The Bet – Chapter 1

As Dan watched his old friend Zane shovel another handful of Nachos between his greasy lips, he couldn't help but reflect that his wife Claire was right: this was a friendship that he had outgrown.

Zane had felt fun in college. Despite his blunt, crude demeanor, he had a certain greasy charm, and he had always known where the best parties were and where to buy weed. But now Dan's life looked a lot different, and his values had changed too. And Zane? Well, in some ways he had been traveling the other direction from Dan.

Unlike Dan, who had gotten a job in city planning, Zane was… well there was no delicate way to put it. He was a pornographer. Zane ran a website named "Freaks in the Sheets", which claimed to show how kinky and slutty average, normal women were underneath their innocent exteriors. Dan had guiltily checked it out once or twice, and had been disgusted to see that Zane himself starred in many of the videos.

Dan wasn't sure why anyone would want to see and porn starring Zane Koch. He was a short, overweight man with frizzy blonde hair in a ratty ponytail and bulging eyes. Not that the women were anything to complain about. They tended to be some of the most gorgeous women he had ever seen… barring his wife Claire of course.

It didn't make any sense. Zane tended to not only attract and date total smoke-shows, but he managed to talk most of them into appearing on his gross, misogynistic website. Who was the last girl he had been with? That curvy little redhead? Oh, right, her name had been…

"How is Marissa doing?" asked Dan curiously, his interest piqued. If this was the last time he met up with Zane, he might as well indulge his curiosity.

Zane raised an eyebrow and chuckled, saying through a mouthful of nachos, "She's good, dude. She's making money hand over fist from the videos we're shooting."

"So you guys are still dating?" asked Dan pointedly. It would be one of the longest relationships Zane had ever had if so. He tended to have a different hottie on his arm every week

"What? Oh… naw, we broke up. If I'm being honest, I only went out with her in the first place because I was scouting a redhead for the site." Zane shrugged his rounded shoulders nonchalantly, as if turning a veterinarian into a porn star was a common occurrence. And for him, oddly, it was.

Dan frowned. He had always skirted around this issue. It was a big part of their friendship; an elephant in the room. But right now, when he was considering cutting Zane off entirely, maybe it made sense to cut the bullshit. "Man, I don't know," said Dan with a twist of his lips, "It seems shady to push women to…"

Zane's cheerful expression faded into a cold, blank stare. "Don't go there man. There's no pushing. No coercion. No girls film for my site unless they are completely, one hundred percent on board. You want me to put Marissa on the phone right now? She'll say the same thing."

“No… I was just saying…” blustered Dan awkwardly, suddenly wishing he hadn't opened this can of worms. He had never seen Zane upset like this. It was actually, strangely, a little intimidating.

Zane pushed his plate away and wiped a napkin over his greasy mouth. “Ask,” he said in a flat, hard voice, leaning back in his chair and crossing his arms over his gut. “Everybody asks in the end, although it took you longer than most. I don’t mind talking about it. So ask.”

Dan hesitated, licked his lips, then shrugged. He was curious after all. “Ok, fine. How do you do it? How do you get such hot women when you…?”

He trailed off, but Zane finished his sentence. “When I look like shit?” He barked a harsh laugh, seemingly not offended in the slightest. “Because that doesn’t matter. Let me let you in on a little secret, Danny boy.” He leaned forward across the table, his eyes glowing with an internal light.

“All women are sluts deep down. I know that secret, and that’s all it takes to be successful with women.”

Dan scoffed a little laugh, but Zane’s expression didn’t change. He was dead serious. “What?” asked Dan, shaking his head. “You can’t be fucking serious.”

“Oh but I am,” said Zane solemnly. “It’s hard wired into the female brain. You know how you can’t keep your eyes away when you see a big, bouncy pair of tits? That’s male hard-wiring. Our primal instincts want us to find a good mommy for our kids. Young, fertile, and healthy. And women want a good daddy. They can’t fight it. It’s baked into their genetics.”

Dan raised his eyebrows. What sort of ridiculous misogynistic shit was this? Was Zane playing some kind of joke? “So…” he said slowly, “You’re saying women just start drooling when they see…” He gestured expressively at Zane’s squat body.

Zane laughed again, taking a noisy slurping sip of beer. “You haven’t seen what I’m packing under these shorts, hot shot. But more seriously, looks aren’t that important for women’s instincts. They want someone forceful. Confident. Dominant. That’s what their subconscious screams is good daddy material. All of that nurturing and supportive crap is great, but those kinds of guys will always be around to help raise the alpha’s kids later.”

Dan frowned. This didn’t feel funny anymore. The joke was getting old. “Come on man,” he said, getting a little testy, “You can’t believe that crap. Not all women are sluts. That’s fucking ridiculous.”

Zane shrugged with a slimy grin. “I’ve personally found no exceptions. The only reason that some women seem innocent is that they’ve never met an alpha that wants them. When they do, they all spread their legs.”

“There are clearly some women who aren’t sluts,” said Dan, his voice rising a little as he got heated.

“Name one,” Zane shot back, his voice still cool and hard. It seemed like Dan’s insults hadn’t been forgotten.

“Claire,” said Dan with a smug grin, as if laying down a trump card. It was hard to imagine a woman that fit Zane’s insane worldview less than his wife. She was powerful, driven, and a paragon of self-control. Dan watched Zane carefully, ready to accept his surrender in the argument.

Instead Zane looked evasive, a sly grin spreading across his face. “No comment,” he said with a little chuckle.

Dan’s face grew red. He leaned across the table with a frown. “And what the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

Zane shrugged. “I don’t know what to tell you man! If she has tits and a pussy, she has the same instincts as any other woman. In the right circumstances, she would spread her legs like all the rest.”

Dan’s mind buzzed with rage, but he managed to control himself, taking a deep breath, leaning back and stiffly saying, “You’re delusional.”

Zane’s slimy grin grew wider. “Wanna bet?” He asked in a low, dangerous voice.

Dan was about to blow up. The idea was insulting. The offer was disgusting. The whole thing was sleazy and misogynistic in a way he never would have expected even from Zane.

But then a thought crossed his mind. What better punishment could there be for this sexist prick than letting Claire cut him to ribbons. Claire was a knock-out, and she was used to guys hitting on her. They were usually sorry they had afterward. It would be a deeply satisfying way to teach this little toad that Dan had once considered a friend that his worldview was stupid.

So, giving in to his anger and his desire to prove Zane wrong, Dan opened his mouth and asked, “What do I get when I win?”

Zane shook with laughter for a good few minutes, wiping a tear from his eye while Dan stewed. We’ll see how much he is laughing once Claire tears him a new one, Dan thought sourly.

Finally Zane shook his head and said. “How about this? If Claire is as virtuous and pure as you say, I’ll fund that honeymoon you keep putting off. I’m swimming in dough, it’ll be no problem for me.”

Dan felt another spike of anger. It was a low blow. Although both of their careers were doing fine, they had mutually decided to put their money towards a nice house after getting married rather than an expensive honeymoon. They kept talking about having a honeymoon later, but at this point it had been a few years since their wedding. “Fine,” he said tersely. “And what do you want if you win? Not that you ever could.”

Zane gave Dan a leering, lopsided grin. “Ohhh, I wouldn’t worry about that, buddy. I get the

feeling that the process of winning this bet will be its own reward. What's the time limit?"

"A month," said Dan distractedly, losing a little bit of his momentum. Zane was actually taking this seriously. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. He wasn't worried that Zane might succeed, but if Claire found out that he had put Zane up to this, Dan would be in serious trouble.

"Make it two," said Zane solidly. "Can't rush perfection." He wiped his hands on his pants and stood from the table, a strange excited energy radiating off him, like he couldn't wait to get started. Dan felt a little disquieted at Zane's confidence. "I'll pick up the tab, today Danny," he said, patting Dan on the shoulder as he slouched toward the bar to pay.

"Hey," said Dan, licking his lips, "You're not going to tell Claire that we made this bet, right?"

Zane gave him a pitying look over his shoulder and snorted. "Of course fucking not. Why shoot myself in the foot? Don't worry, I won't tell her you put her in my hands. Your dirty little secret is safe with me."

A few short minutes later, Zane paid for the meal and left the bar and grill with a little mocking wave to Dan on his way out, leaving his former friend sitting stunned at their table, wondering what he was in for.

But all this sudden anxiety he was feeling was for nothing. Claire hated Zane. She had sent Dan here today with instructions to break off their friendship. There was no possible way that Zane's fucked-up sexist view of the world was correct in any way.

Right?

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Zane cruised up to his house in his sports car and hurried inside, his mind already buzzing. Without even glancing at his daily site traffic and subscriptions, he cracked open an energy drink and got right to work researching his next project.

He had projected confidence in his discussion with Danny, and he was confident. In the end, Dan's stuck-up wife would be begging for his dick. But he wasn't stupid: he knew that Claire would be a hard nut to crack.

He poured over Claire's online presence. Social media posts, the website for her interior design business, public records... and he began to contemplate plans of approach.

The most important task, initially, was to find some way to have regular contact with her. Claire didn't like him, and she would be resistant to getting to know him better. Zane had to find some way that he could interact with her regularly without Dan around to ruin it. There were a few different options that Zane considered...

Option A: The first option was simple and straightforward: Claire was an interior designer for the rich and famous. If Zane hired her to decorate and furnish his home, they would need to have

regular one-on -one meetings, not to mention the fact that she would often be alone in Zane's home with him.

Option B: Based on her social media posts, Claire liked to keep in shape. Specifically, she was a swimmer, working out on a near-daily basis at a high-end pool and spa near her home. Zane wasn't much for working out himself, but a facility with hot tubs, saunas, and massage tables presented a lot of opportunities to increase the sexual tension between them if he happened to become a member.

Option C: Claire had one close best friend ever since college, Liliana Castillo, a cute, curvy little Latina. And Liliana was single. Since she had no pre-existing bias against him, Zane was confident he could be dating Liliana within a week. And at that point, she and Claire were so close that Zane would have plenty of opportunity to see Claire socially. One might think that dating her friend would only make Claire want to fuck him even less, but this was a tactic Zane had used before. Annoyance and disbelief that her friend was dating a troll like Zane would transform into burning curiosity over what Liliana saw in him, which would then transform into jealousy and obsession.

The only question was… what approach should he take?

Vote for the story direction you prefer!

The Bet – Chapter 2

Claire Harrison used her stylus to ink one last precise line on the concept art she was preparing for her client and pushed back from the screen to survey her work.

This client (a very well-known television actress, if you must know) wanted a clean, simple space for entertaining and daily living, and Claire had knocked it out of the park once again, if she did say so herself. The color palette, the artwork she had selected, the tasteful elegance of the furniture… it all blended into a seamless, perfect whole. She was sure the client would love it. A job this big would spread word of mouth about her burgeoning business.

Claire heard the door open and a faint smile crossed her lips. Dan was back from his "special mission". Claire reached up to power down the monitor and go greet her husband, then paused and took one last moment to admire the clean lines of her concept art.

In a lot of ways, creating the perfect life was like designing a room. You had to choose all aspects of it to harmonize perfectly together. Last year, a rich, eccentric businessman she had been working with on designing a den had insisted that she include his favorite ratty old armchair in her design for the room. Claire ended up quitting the job over that very issue. You couldn't have a harmonious, perfectly designed room with a ratty old armchair in it. And you couldn't tolerate imperfections in your life either.

Zane was a ratty old armchair of a human being. That was why she had told Dan to drop him. Claire had spent years shaping and molding Dan into the perfect man for her (in the most loving way possible, naturally), and having a disgusting pornographer like Zane as a friend was one last stubborn rough spot on her husband that she was happy to sand off.

Claire left her studio and breezed into the kitchen, where Dan was looking through the mail, a distracted, almost worried look on his face. Claire's eyes narrowed. He had told Zane that this was the last time they would be hanging out, right?

"Hey, babe," she said cautiously, circling to the other side of the kitchen island and watching his face carefully. 'So… How did it go? With Zane?'

Dan looked up, startled, his blue eyes flashing with some sort of intense emotion for a moment. Guilt? "Fine," he said simply, his eyes darting away from hers. "Wasn't as hard as I thought."

Ok, something was definitely up. Claire reached across the table and grabbed one of her husband's strong hands, her voice taking on a bit of an edge as she asked, "Dan… you did break off your friendship with him. Right?"

Dan sighed heavily, then lifted his eyes to meet hers with a grimace.

"Zane and I aren't friends anymore," he said heavily.

Claire saw it in his eyes. He was telling the truth. She felt the tension building inside her release. …Then she felt a twinge of guilt. She had maybe been a bit of a bitch about this issue. She knew that telling Dan to drop an old friend was a big ask. In many ways, Dan was wrapped around Claire's little finger. She liked it that way. But she also loved her husband deeply, and tried not to abuse his devotion except when she considered it very important.

I mean, her career was taking off! What might happen if gossip got out that she had a sleazy pornographer as a friend of the family?

Claire circled around the counter to snuggle up to her husband, kissing him on the tender part of his neck just below his ear. Claire wouldn't say she used sex as a reward to control Dan. That was far too crude a way to put it, and every relationship was a complex give and take.

But her husband had been a very good boy by doing something for her that was awkward and difficult, and was it wrong for a lady to want to show a little gratitude?

"Come on, honey," she whispered in Dan's ear, her delicate hand slipping down to palm the bulge already forming in his pants from the Pavlovian response to her kiss. "Let's not think about him anymore. Follow me… I want to focus on us instead."

Biting her lip, she tugged him by the hand toward the bedroom, watching with pleased amusement as his troubled expression melted into an eager smile.

…

Dan felt his lust and pulse surge, filling his body with needy heat as his wife kissed him hard. One of her hands snaked around his neck to pull him close as the other fell to the front of his pants, grasping and kneading there as her tongue eagerly slipped and slid wetly against his.

Claire was a woman who didn't know how to take a back seat or let others take the lead, either in life or in the bedroom. But she loved him. She wanted him deeply, and he could feel that in the bruising force of her kiss, the urgency of her hand as it rubbed and squeezed at his throbbing crotch.

Claire might be a little… pushy at times, but she was also a red-hot sexual dynamo, and why nitpick a good thing?

Claire pushed him back onto the bed and stood above him with a sultry grin, reaching up to slowly tug her shirt over her head. She was initiating a teasing game they often played in bed: a sultry little striptease as foreplay. Dan knew his role in the game well. And was more than willing to play along. Dan unzipped his pants and shimmied his jeans down his hips, taking his cock in hand as he focused all of his attention on his smoking hot wife. "You're so beautiful, baby," he murmured as his hand began slowly stroking up and down the length of his cock.

And she was. Claire's eyes flashed with teasing green fire and a smile played on her full, pouty lips as she reached back to unclasp her bra. She was tall and curvy, with perfect pale skin and long, shining black hair. The type of woman that made men's eyes pop out of the skulls and cocks wake up in their pants. But God fucking help you if she caught you staring where you shouldn't. There was only one man whose eyes Claire welcomed. Only one man that she showed off for, and he was stroking his cock appreciatively at the sight right now.

Claire shrugged the cute, lacy bra down off her shoulders and tossed it away, thrusting forward her chest a little to display her exquisite breasts. They were full, round, and heavy, with large, sensitive pink nipples that puffed up with desire whenever they made love. There was a little black beauty mark on her left breast, just to the bottom left of the nipple, that always drew Dan's eye. He knew that hundreds of men had pictured his wife naked, but he also knew that they got the image wrong. He knew about that beauty mar and they didn't: a sweet little secret that was only for Claire and him.

"Beautiful?" asked Claire in a raspy bedroom voice, raising an eyebrow. "Am I?" Her eyes fixed on her husband's cock as he pumped his hand up and down… worshiping her beauty, intoxicated by the very sight of her. Dan wasn't sure why Claire loved this teasing game so

much… a kinky exhibitionist streak that was unsafe to indulge in elsewhere? The sense of power from being the source of Dan's pleasure? Sheer vanity? But he didn't mind one bit. His hand pumped faster as he saw Claire bite her lip, her nipples growing stiffer. They fed off each other's crackling sexual energy as Claire popped open the button on the front of her capris and hooked her thumbs through the waistband. "Well… don't stop there, big boy," she purred. "Keep talking. How beautiful am I?"

"A Queen," breathed Dan, his eyes staring hungrily as Claire turned away with a smokey glance over her shoulder, bending low as she shed her pants to display her thick, juicy ass and the tiny panties wedged deep between her full cheeks. "Your beautiful round ass…" Claire slipped the tiny panties down to her slim ankles and kicked them gracefully away, turning back around toward her husband.

"Your perfect breasts…" he groaned. She laughed and bounced on her feet a little, making them jiggle for him. Then his eyes slid down, over her wide, feminine hips, between her thick thighs. To his favorite part of her body. His territory. Her puffy little pussy, topped with a thin, close-cropped patch of dark pubic hair and currently hot and oozing with desire from their arousing foreplay ritual.

"And your tight, juicy c-…"

"Hey now," she cut in, her voice still warm, but with a stern undercurrent. "Let's not get carried away, mister. I love dirty talk, but let's stay polite, shall we?"

"Your tight, juicy pussy," amended Dan sheepishly.

"Better," said Claire approvingly, reaching down to lazily rub between her lips, sending a light squishing noise and the smell of her arousal spreading through the room. "Now get the condom, Dan. I want to show you how proud I am of you."

Dan reached to the bedside table and rapidly unwrapped a condom, rolling it down his cock as his wife mounted the bed, coming for him on her hands and knees. He wasn't thrilled about the fact that they still used condoms, but he had lost that battle long ago. More accurately, Claire had told him she didn't care if he wanted to go bareback, but she didn't plan to alter the rest of their sexual routine if he did… and that had settled that argument.

Dan lay back, his heart pulsing with love and lust as Claire swung a thick thigh over him, taking her favorite position.

Dan had had his wife in all sorts of positions, of course: she was absolutely willing, and even enthusiastic to indulge in experimentation with him. But she made no secret that cowgirl was her favorite. On top. In charge. Setting the pace. It just fit too well with her personality. Dan didn't mind that it was the default for them at this point; She was fucking good at it.

His hands rose to grip her wide, squishy hips as she planted a knee on either side of him, staring up at her perfect femininity in awe. God, she was so fucking hot. Soft and feminine in all the right places, lean and toned elsewhere. The perfect woman. And all his. All his, no matter what that little douchebag tries.

Claire reached beneath her and positioned her husband's cock, dragging its latex-clad surface up her slit and just barely inserting its swollen head into her tight, wet opening.

“Fuck me, big boy,” she whispered, as her hips sunk down, taking him to the hilt. Dan squeezed his eyes shut and let out a hot, shuddering breath as he sank into his wife’s warm, welcoming depths. Her hips began moving in slow, sensual, liquid movements, her inner muscles gripping and milking rhythmically as she worked.

“I love you…” said Claire above him, low and sweet. Her heavy, hanging breasts swayed and bounced tantalizingly in front of Dan’s eyes as her hips pumped up and down his cock. “My good boy. My strong man, doing what needs to be done for our family, even when it's hard. I may be a Queen, but every Queen needs her…”

“… King,” grunted Dan, gripping his wife’s wide hips with greedy fingers and beginning to thrust harder up into her.

Claire chuckled, plucking Dan’s hands from her hips and pinning them on either side of his head, her fingers twining through his. “… her consort,” she said with a smoky, teasing edge in her voice. Her hips moved harder and faster now, her pussy squeezing his cock like a silky vice. “Are you going to cum for me, honey?” she asked heatedly.

Although she clearly had a lot of fun with cowgirl, this part of their encounters was really about Dan’s needs. Claire never came from penetrative sex. She had spelled that out frankly to Dan early on in their relationship. She never had from any previous boyfriends, and she wouldn’t with Dan either. Some girls just didn’t. Sex felt great, was lovely for bonding, and was a lot of fun, but Claire was one of those ladies who needed other types of stimulation to climax.

The downside was that Dan didn’t get to experience his wife cumming all over his cock. The upside was that during their penetrative sex, Claire was very focused on making sure that he had as much fun as possible, knowing she would get hers later.

“Yes,” he gasped, feeling his orgasm rushing toward him with the unstoppable force of a runaway train. “God, Yes. I’m going to fucking cum!”

“Quick shot today,” commented Claire with a chuckle. “Guess I really am as beautiful as you say… Cum for me, honey. Cum for your Queen.” Then she leaned down and pinned him to the bed with a kiss, her hips swirling and humping on his cock, pulling out all the stops to send him hurtling into a mind-melting orgasm.

His toes curled, his hips strained. Dan felt like his soul was practically leaving his body as powerful pulses of thick, potent sperm fired from his cock… and into the latex surrounding it. Above him, Claire watched his face with loving satisfaction.

Another job well done. And now that she had held her husband down and milked him dry, it was her turn to have some fun.

Claire rolled over so that she was now beneath her husband and spread her legs as he pulled out of her swollen, dripping pussy, his filled condom dangling from his softening cock. She pulled Dan back into a forceful, searing kiss… then pushed his head down her body, trailing kisses as he went.

“My turn,” she said, her voice thick with lust.

Dan had become an expert on eating pussy over the years. He had needed to in order to qualify as the perfect man for Claire. Because, while Claire couldn’t climax by getting fucked by a cock, she could definitely cum from a skilled tongue slithering over her clit. Loudly, wetly, and

enthusiastically. It had become their standard routine: a little teasing foreplay, some wild sex to get Dan off and warm her up, and then a tender cunnilingus session to bring Claire to climax.

“Good boy,” moaned Claire as Dan gripped her thighs, kissing and slurping noisily as he began to feast between her legs. “Very, very good boy.”

…

The email came in later that evening, as Dan and Claire were sprawled out comfortably on the couch. Dan was absentmindedly rubbing Claire’s legs in his lap while focused on the TV show they were supposedly watching together. Calire, as usual, was catching up on some work emails, because it never fucking stopped when you ran a business like hers.

Claire didn’t handle initial business inquiries. Her assistant Perlah fielded all of the requests for Claire’s services and selected only the most promising before sending them along to her boss. So any email about a potential job offer in Claire’s inbox was automatically a good potential prospect.

This one definitely looked good. At the stage Claire was in with her business right now, she had two types of clients. Some were prestige clients, like the actress she was currently designing a living room for. Taking these kinds of jobs built her portfolio and her reputation, but weren’t actually that good for her bottom line. It wasn’t that famous people were stingy or cheap… but Claire was always forced to got the extra mile with materials and work hours to make sure she gave her prestigious clients the best experience possible, and that cost money.

The other kind of client were the cash cows. Nouveau riche idiots with questionable taste who were willing to pay anything she asked in order to bring in the hot designer who worked for celebrities. With this type of client, she could turn in competent, but low-efffort designs and not need to waste much time with revisions or feedback.

Her business needed both types of clients currently, and it had been a while since she had landed a cash cow. This request seemed straight forward and easily accomplished: a redesign of a bedroom in one of the tacky McMansions up in the hills. The potential client was willing to pay an amount that Claire would have considered borderline robbery if she had suggested it first. It was perfect. A simple little job that would fit into her schedule and pay well. She was about to snap of an email to Perlah telling her to proceed with the paperwork when she saw the name of the client.

She must have made a sound of displeasure, because Dan looked over from the TV with a worried expression. “Everything ok?” he asked curiously.

“Fine,” said Claire with a frown, her mind whirling furiously. Zane. Why would her husband’s slimeball ex-friend want to hire her to design a room for him? She was under no illusions that this was a coincidence. Based on the timing, he must have requested her services shortly after his lunch with Dan concluded.

Was is some sort of attempt to butter her up and get her to change her mind about Dan being friends with him? That was annoying. Maybe it was a petty power play… “You don’t want to associate with me? Fine. Now you work for me.” She could see that. Some men just couldn’t take a slight to their ego. Maybe the simplest and safest solution would be to tell Perlah it was a no-go and let her deal with the polite rejection.

But fuck that. Why give the little worm the satisfaction of thinking she was scared? She would take his money, and simply ignore any game he was playing. If he was hoping to get on her good side, he would soon find that a professional and a personal relationship were very different things to Claire Harrison. And if he wanted to order her around like a servant, she would just terminate the contract and keep his deposit money. Either way, she won.

Claire scoffed and looked up at her husband with a confident smirk.

“Looks like you’re finished with Zane… but I’m just getting started.”

…

Dan listened to his wife’s breezy, dismissive explanation of how Zane was planning to hire her for some design work feeling a creeping sense of dread.

So that was Zane’s game. Get Claire alone with him again and again over time by hiring her. Not a terrible plan, although Zane was still wildly underestimating Claire. The whole thing was making Dan more and more nervous. Not that Zane would somehow actually succeed, but that he would get caught up in the fiery aftermath of Claire’s rage when she realized what Zane was attempting.

No, there was no possible way Zane could actually successfully make a move on Claire… right? It was ludicrous. But it did make Dan uncomfortable that Zane seemed so confident.

Well, if he was feeling nervous, why not… even the playing field a little? Zane had never said that Dan couldn’t work against him behind the scenes. Maybe there was something he could do to ruin Zane’s schemes and subtly work against him. Dan thought about it carefully as Claire explained how much money Zane was offering for the simple job…

Option A: Working in City Hall, Dan had the opportunity to talk to a lot of cops. The other week, some of the detectives had been telling him about surveillance software that you could install on a cellphone that would allow you to remotely access the microphone and camera. If Dan could install software like that on his wife’s phone, he could secretly monitor her meetings with Zane, gather information, and counteract whatever schemes Zane tries to pull when he got Claire one-on-one. This plan had the advantage of being very subtle and secret, but it was also a huge violation of Claire’s privacy.

Option B: Claire would obviously find Zane’s philosophy of all women being sluts utterly repugnant. Why not tell her about it? Describing Zane’s horrible misogynistic attitude would no doubt put Claire off of Zane even further and maybe make her more wary of any approaches he might make.

Option C: No half-measures. No sneaking around. Just tell her. Admit the truth about the bet that he made with Zane. Claire would no doubt go ballistic, at him as well as Zane, but it would sink any chance of Zane succeeding. Maybe if Claire can calm down, they could even work together to win the bet and claim that fully-funded honeymoon.

The Bet – Chapter 3

“He *what*?” asked Claire in a tone of shocked disbelief. She wasn’t quite sure she could believe her ears. Why would anyone say something like that?

Dan shrugged with a twist of his lip. “That’s what he said. Direct quote. All women are sluts. Something about how it is all hard-coded into their genetics.”

Claire shook her head in disgust with a pitying laugh. Just when she thought the squat little slimeball of a man couldn’t get more pathetic. “Ugh, as if,” she said dismissively. “No self-respecting woman would touch that creep with a ten-foot pole. That ‘alpha male’ bullshit that terminally online losers try to sell themselves on doesn’t work in the real world.”

Dan laughed along for a moment, looking happy to pile on his former friend, but then he grimaced. “Well, yeah, I think so too… I just don’t understand why he always has a beautiful woman on his arm.”

Claire gave her husband a flat, cool look. “I said self-respecting women, Dan. Those are *gold-diggers*. Obviously every woman seems like a slut to Zane when he’s constantly being hit on by women who want a taste of his filthy porn money. He probably hasn’t met a *normal* woman in years.”

Dan just shrugged uncomfortably, rubbing his wife’s legs planted in his lap while looking away. Claire snorted and turned back to her phone. “There’s no magical, magnetic big dick energy, Dan. That’s just his pathetic fantasy. One hundred percent of his charm comes from his wallet,” she said condescendingly. “He convinced you for a second there, didn’t he?”

“No,” said Dan defensively. But Claire could read the guilty flash in his eyes like a book. Zane had actually momentarily sold him on the idea of secret genetic sluttiness. Why did guys want to believe that there was some sort of cheat code to sleep with women? The way Dan had attracted a hot wife like her was by being reasonably smart, kind, and attractive, plus having a willingness to change the way she wanted him to.

The idea of Zane dating beautiful women was darkly fascinating to Claire, in the same way that watching a true crime documentary would be; enthralling, but disturbing. The idea of a beautiful woman letting the little pervert touch them with whatever shriveled thing he kept in his pants sent a shudder of horror through her. And all of this “all women are sluts” talk? Infuriating. The disgusting, ugly, conceited little man saw all women as ripe fruit, just waiting to be plucked whenever he wished.

She was glad that Dan had told her. Claire knew how attractive she was and how even supposedly decent men lusted for her. If Zane thought women were fruit for the taking, she was surely one of the juiciest. Her lips set into a grim line of determination. She would take his money AND prove to him how wrong he was. Show him the error in his insulting worldview.

This ‘slut’ wouldn’t be as easy prey as the gold-digging, aspiring porn stars who normally threw themselves at him.

…

A few days later…

The petite asian slut knelt in front of Zane, her toned thighs were spread into a wide-legged stance and the dark nipples on her tiny, firm little tits were stiff and crinkled with lust. Zane was

pleased to see that her tight pussy was shaved silky smooth, and he idly wondered for a moment if that meant she was regularly hooking up with one-night stands. She was certainly hot enough to have frequent casual sex. But unfortunately for the other guys, they would never compare to what Claire's cute little assistant was about to experience.

But, as tantalizing as Perlah's tight, petite body was to look at, it didn't make Zane's dick throb like the expression on her face did right now. Her lovely, almond-shaped eyes were slightly cross-eyes as she stared up at the massive white cock looming above her. Her glossy lips were parted with hot, panting breaths as she said softly, "It's so big, Za-... I mean, Sir." She said, remembering what Zane had instructed her to call him. Zane had seen this dozens of times before, maybe even hundreds. She was cock-drunk, totally enthralled by the sight of his incredible penis. It was possible that up until this point, she thought she was doing Zane a favor by having sex with him. A lot of girls felt that way... right up until they saw his cock.

Zane chuckled and leaned forward, pressing the thick, blood-hot length of his throbbing cock agains the kneeling Filipina's face. She groaned, feeling its dominant, masculine energy against her skin. Her breaths puffed, quick and shallow, against Zane's hairy balls as she moaned, "M-maybe it's too big, Sir! I don't know if it will f-fit!"

Zane grinned. It would fit. It always did. In fact, soon Perlah would be begging for more... for him to go deeper. He could feel it right now as he watched her squirm with lust, her hand sneaking down to rub and squish between her spread thighs: he was going to turn this little slut into a size queen, just like he had so many others. If she played her cards right, he might even let her play with her new obsession on screen and get more money than Claire could ever pay her.

"You don't need to worry about that now, honey," he said. "You just need to worry about making me feel good... and answering my questions. Worship me."

With a shuddering breath, Perlah obeyed, pressing soft lips to his cock in a series of warm, wet kisses up and down its length.

"Now... is Claire a good boss?" asked Zane, settling back and enjoying the petite woman's slutty service.

Perlah looked up at him, confused, as she swirled her little pink tongue around his cockhead. "Ms. Harrison? Well, ummm, she can be hard to get along with sometimes, but she's honest and fair."

Zane nodded, his concentration intense. "She seems like she can be stubborn. When you really need to convince her to change her mind, how do you go about that?"

"Why are we... *slurp*... why are we talking about my boss, Sir?" said Perlah, pausing mid-sentence to run her dripping wet tongue over Zane's throbbing shaft.

Perlah hadn't been a challenge at all. By the end of Zane's first visit to the office, she had been giggling and twirling her hair; by the end of the second visit, he had gotten her phone number; and the third time had, as they say, been the charm. Single women were like easy mode, and Zane liked the hunt so much that he rarely bothered with pursuing them these days unless he badly needed a particular type of slut for his porn content. But, quite apart from what a delectable little snack she was, Perlah would be a useful tool in his toolbox. Once she was hopelessly addicted to him, he would have a woman on the inside, able to monitor all of Claire's communication and activities.

Zane slapped his thick cock wetly against Perlah's tawny cheek, leaving a shiny streak of her own saliva. "I thought you said you were going to do anything I said." His voice was low and hard, and made Perlah look up at him with a little catch of intimidation and arousal in her breath. "Or should we just get our clothes back on and go our separate ways?"

"N-no, sir," said Perlah hurriedly, her eyes still focused on his cock, hazy with lust. "I can be a good girl."

"That's what I like to hear. Now answer the question. And my balls could use a little attention while you're at it."

The tight little Asian hurried to obey, lapping at his rough, hairy balls with her cute pink tongue while she stroked his slimy, spit-covered cock. "Well… she's very hard to convince once she makes her mind up," said Perlah between licks. "But sometimes if you distract her, or present new information on the issue that confuses her, you can sneak things past her."

Zane nodded and moved on, quizzing Claire's assistant on everything she knew about her boss. What made her angry. What made her laugh. Any stories she told about Dan, positive or negative. Her favorite food. Eventually, Perlah forgot all about how weird it was to answer questions about her boss. She was too busy stuffing her mouth with cock to think about anything other than Zane's meaty dick.

Finally, Zane had everything he needed. Just one more thing that had to be done… time to blow the little asian slut's mind and make her a true beleiver. A worshipper in the church of big cock. Without warning, he bent to scoop Perlah up, tossing her onto the bed behind him as she let out a gasp of shock. He worked quickly and confidently, manhandling her tight young body into position. Her ass up and her face in the sheets, her back arched to give him the best possible view of her smooth, dripping slit.

"Hands behind your back, slut," he growled. He could see her little body heaving with passion as she held her arms behind her back for him, being a good, obedient slut just like she promised. He gripped her wrists tightly in one meaty hand, the position forcing her face down into the bed, giving Zane complete control.

He raised his cock with his other hand, rubbing and teasing at Perlah's swollen slit. "It's sooo big, Sir!" she whined, her voice muffled. But even with the intimidation in her voice, her slim hips squirmed back into the feeling of his cock rubbing against her pussy.

"So do you want to give up?" asked Zane, his voice mocking now.

"N-no sir… please… Please f-fuck me. Just g-go slow, ok?"

And Zane did. He may be a pushy, chauvinistic jerk, but he knew good sense when he heard it. He wanted Perlah to have hearts in her eyes when she saw him, not remember him as the asshole who hurt her pussy. He pushed forward with aching slowness, parting Perlah's tender lips and sinking deep into her tiny pussy inch by inch, making her gasp and moan and writhe beneath him from the intensity of the sensation as her hot, wet pussy clung to his cock like a silken glove.

As he suspected, Perlah had been wrong. With a little patience and soft murmuring about how good of a girl she was, plus a short pause to rub her clit, Zane was able to push himself balls-deep into the petite woman, stretching her pleasurably to her very limit.

And, after a long moment of luxuriating in that feeling, he began moving. Slowly at first, giving Perlah time to adjust to his girth, but then faster and faster, using his grip on her wrists as leverage as he plunged deep and hard, making Perlah moan and gasp like a bitch in heat beneath him.

“You’re mine now,” grunted Zane as he thrust, using his free hand to send a spank cracking down on Perlah’s tight bubble butt.

“All yours, sir!” agreed Perlah enthusiastically with a whining moan. “Fuck me!”

They fucked, hot and sweaty and passionate, with Zane dominantly thrusting Perlah down into the mattress while she moaned and milked his cock with her tight, smooth pussy. Zane could feel that both of them were about to cum. Him from the long tease of the submissive blowjob, her from the mindblowing experience of getting fucked by a real cock at last. Time to seal the deal.

“You don’t work for Claire anymore,” he growled, increasing his pace ever further as his heavy balls tightened against the base of his cock. “You work for me. You do what I say. In and out of the bedroom.”

“Mmmmmm God!” howled Perlah, her toes curling and her thighs shaking in orgasm as Zane roared in triumph, filling her with hot, sticky seed. “Yes, sir! You own me! I’m your little slut! I’ll do whatever you fucking want!”

She didn’t mean it. Not yet. This was just the first time they had sex, after all. She would wake up tomorrow walking a little funny and think this was just a kinky, slightly embarrassing little experiment. But she would be back… and planting the idea early was important. She would be his obedient slut soon.

And that would get him one step closer to turning Claire into the same thing.

…

A few hours later, Zane sat at his computer. He had just finished typing up the info he had pumped from Perlah into the document he had started on Claire. He had a folder full of similar documents from the past few years, and he took a second to run his eyes over them fondly.

Heather - SUCCESS

Billie - SUCCESS+HIRED

Vernonica - SUCCESS

The list went on and on.

When Zane first started his little hobby, he had planned to mark any files where sleeping with the woman had proved impossible with FAILURE. But not a single document bore that label. Some of them had taken a while, and a few had managed to wriggle away after he had fucked them, but so far, Zane had managed to bury his cock at least once in every single woman he had pursed.

Two days from now, he would have his first in-person meeting with Claire. It was scheduled to take place at his home, where she would look over the bedroom she was supposedly redesigning and ask him about what he wanted for the space. He had managed to get Perlah to

pull some strings and move up the timeline: yet another perk of boinking Claire's assistant. But he had to decide what tactic he would take with Claire during their first meeting.

There was a reason why he had asked Perlah how best to change Claire's mind. Everything Zane knew about her told him she was a strong-willed, opinionated woman who stuck to her instincts. And she had already decided that Zane was beneath her.

There were a couple of possible approaches he thought could work...

Option A: Perlah said that sometimes Claire was vulnerable to distraction. Counter-intuitively, it might be a good idea to antagonize her during the meeting. Right now, Zane wanted Claire to be thinking about him as much as possible, and at this stage, it didn't matter if that obsession was positive or negative. The more time he could get Claire to stew in her anger over him, the more time he had for his dominant confidence to seep deep down into her subconscious. So, maybe it was the best approach to lean into Claire's dislike of him and be as abrasive and obnoxious as possible, at least initially. Hate wasn't that far from passion, so he had no fear it would make his job harder. But it would be a delicate balancing act. He couldn't be so infuriating that he made Claire consider cancelling the contract.

Option B: Perlah also said sometimes new information that didn't agree with Claire's preconceived notions could fluster and confuse her. Zane could try to play against Claire's expectations, presenting a cultured and polite appearance that would throw Claire off her guard. If he played the gracious host, it might shake Claire's preconceived notions enough that her curiosity would be piqued, and she would want to prove that underneath, he was just the pervy creep she originally thought. This might also serve the purpose of making Claire obsess over him.

Option C: Or, he could cut through the mind games and go for something primal. If he arranged for Claire to see him naked and erect, the problem of her getting obsessed with him would take care of itself. It wouldn't get her into his bed on its own - Claire was far too difficult a challenge for it to be that easy. But it would get her thinking about him and his cock, and that could provide a useful opening for further games. The only question was how to do it and make it seem like an accident...

The Bet – Chapter 4

Claire took off her sunglasses with a sigh, looking up at the large house with pursed lips. Just as she had assumed based on the address, it was a tacky, cookie-cutter design. The sort of house that someone who had never been inside a truly expensive home thought looked impressive. She had intended to schedule this first face-to-face out as far as possible as a minor power play; a way to show Zane that she was in charge and he would just have to wait. But, according to Perlah, there had been some sort of scheduling mix-up with her plans for today, and Zane was the only appointment on the calendar that could be moved up at short notice. Which meant she was seeing him just a few days after he had hired her. Which made it look like she was rushing to be at his service.

She slammed her car door as she got out, already in a foul mood before she even had to speak to the little worm.

Claire noted a large, dark SUV from a luxury brand parked in front of the garage as she made her way to the door and rolled her eyes. No wonder Zane had been willing to overpay for an interior designer. He obviously loved to flash cash. She stabbed a finger at the call button on Zane's video doorbell and crossed her arms, tapping a foot impatiently. The sooner she was able to get this meeting over with, the better. Maybe taking this job had been a mistake, even if it did give her the opportunity to put Zane in his place.

The doorbell connected with a chime, and a deep, panting voice on the other end of the line said, "Uhhh, Hello?"

Claire delicately pinched the bridge of her nose and had to count to three before answering so that she could maintain a professional tone. "Mr. Kruger, this is Claire Harrison. I'm here for our two o'clock," she managed to get out in a cool customer-service voice.

Zane barked an undignified laugh. "You mean our three o'clock? I'm afraid you caught me in the middle of something…" in the background, a moaning feminine voice said "Who is it, Z? Tell her to fuck off and get back to work! I was sooooo close."

Claire flushed red, certain in the moment that Zane was doing this to fuck with her. "I think you'll find," she said icily, "that our meeting is scheduled at two. And I think you knew that already, Mr. Kruger."

Zane snorted. "Hold on one second, Mona… Look, I don't know what to tell ya, Claire bear. It says three in my calendar. Are you positive that you have the correct time?"

"I'm quite certain," said Claire through gritted teeth, not enjoying the casual nickname at all. She navigated to her calendar app to prove that… She stared down at the time in confusion. [Preliminary site review and project outline w/ Zane Kruger - 3:00 PM] She blinked. Refreshed the page. It said what it said. She would have bet all of the money she had that the appointment was at two. She had checked it before she left.

But the only two people with access to her calendar were her and Perlah, and neither of them had any reason to change it. Fuck! "It… it appears that I might have been mistaken," said Claire, each word feeling like acid on her tongue.

The whole point of taking this job in the first place has been to fearlessly respond to whatever petty mind game Zane had been trying to play, and she had fucked it up instantly by making a basic, unprofessional mistake. "I…" she began, then took a deep, calming breath and got a hold

of herself. Mistakes happened. She couldn't let herself spin out over one minor embarrassment. She was still the better person here, and that's what would win out in the end. "I apologize for the confusion. Sorry to disturb you. I'll return in an hour, at the scheduled meeting time," she said in a clipped, professional voice.

"What, and sit in your car?" asked Zane with another coarse laugh. "No, that's no good. Just sit tight for a second. I'll just finish up and be right down."

Claire's mouth fell open in disbelief. Was he really suggesting that she wait while he… "That won't be necessa…" she began, but by that point, the doorbell had already disconnected. Zane had hung up on her. Claire stood in silent fury for a moment. This entire interaction had thrown her completely off-balance. She was supposed to breeze in and make Zane feel awkward by how cool, calm, and competent she could be. Now she was standing on his doorstep waiting for the fat slug of a man to finish having sex?

No. She refused. She would just get back in her car and drive back to the office. Tell Perlah the meeting had to be rescheduled. She had already taken a few steps toward her car when she stopped with a grimace of frustration on her face. She was the one who had made the screw-up here. If she had come an hour later, when the meeting was apparently scheduled, Zane would have been ready for the meeting. Leaving now would only make her look more unprofessional.

She turned stiffly back to the door, boiling with impotent anger while she waited a few long, infuriating minutes for Zane to come down and let her in.

Finally, the door swung open, and Claire was face to face with Zane for the first time in years. Claire looked down her nose at the scruffy little man with barely concealed contempt. Short and broad, with unpleasantly protruding eyes and thick, greasy blonde hair gathered back into a messy ponytail, Gene certainly wasn't handsome. It had been a while since Claire had seen him in person. He was maybe even uglier than she remembered, and it surprised her in that moment that even gold diggers would be interested in this repulsive little man. He was wearing a thick burgundy robe that thankfully fully concealed his body.

"Claire!" exclaimed Zane with a big crooked smile, sticking out a pudgy hand for a handshake. "Long time no see. Glad you could make it so, heh… punctually." Claire stared at his hand and had to repress an urge to slap it away. This was the worst part of Zane. Not how he looked: people couldn't help it if they were ugly. No, the problem was his utter, unshakable confidence. Despite looks that would make any reasonable person self-conscious, there was a lurking arrogance behind his eyes. A sense that he thought he was better than everyone he met.

Claire ignored the hand and instead put on a cold little customer-service smile. "Let's get straight to business, shall we, Mr. Kruger?" Zane withdrew the offered handshake, but instead of looking annoyed or confused by the slight, a little smirk crossed his face as his hand dropped to his side. Claire's rage bubbled up inside her. What exactly did he mean by that expression? She felt completely off balance; even when she deliberately snubbed and disrespected him, Zane had somehow found a way to make her feel like she had made an embarrassing mistake.

Zane turned and gestured her into the house, and wanting nothing more in the world than to get this over with, Claire followed. "As you can see," said Zane conversationally over his shoulder as he led her through the spacious living room toward the stairs, "A little interior decorating is long overdue."

Well, Claire couldn't disagree with him there. Zane had purchased expensive furniture, and clearly had enough money to hire a cleaning service, but his home still gave off the unmistakable air of a bachelor pad. There didn't seem to be decorations of any kind on the walls or any surface, giving the whole place an odd, lifeless, sterile feeling. Even rental properties had cheap, generic artwork for God's sake. It made Claire feel a little better as she followed Zane up the stairs. He might think highly of himself, but Zane seemed to have no taste at all when it came to decor. One area, at least, where she was unquestionably superior.

The improvement in her mood lasted until she entered Zane's bedroom. The unmistakable smell of sex hung in the air, immediately wrinkling Claire's nose and turning her stomach. But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was the woman sitting on the edge of the bed.

Claire supposed she should have realized that a woman would be here. She had heard a female voice in the background of the intercom after all, and it wasn't like she would hide or evaporate in the time it took Zane to hustle down the stairs. Zane's sex partner was a slim, petite woman with wavy light brown hair and sharp blue eyes. She was currently dressed in a skimpy silk robe that showed off a scandalous amount of her lovely crossed legs, and was smoking a cigarette with a look of faint amusement on her cute features.

As Zane bustled inside, Claire froze in the doorway, nonplussed at suddenly sharing the room with one of Zane's floozies. Just like Dan had mentioned, this mystery woman was undoubtedly attractive, so she was no doubt one of the gold diggers who flocked around Zane. Not the type of person Claire enjoyed associating with.

"Oh!" said Zane, noticing Claire's surprise, "Of course. How rude of me. Claire, Ramona. Ramona, Claire."

Ramona raised an eyebrow and ashed her cigarette in an ashtray on the bed next to her. "Charmed," she said in a low, musical voice, her tone utterly insincere.

"Likewise," said Claire stonily, her eyes pointedly running up and down Ramona's state of undress. "I'm guessing that you and Zane… work together?"

Ramona shrugged languidly and blew out a stream of smoke. "In a manner of speaking. I'm his accountant."

Claire snorted with amusement at the joke, but neither Zane nor Ramona laughed. "She stopped by to try to convince me that I'm overpaying you," said Zane, flopping back onto the bed next to Ramona and throwing an arm around her casually.

Ramona accepted the thick, flabby arm around her waist without apparent discomfort, instead giving Claire a cool, appraising look and saying, "Some of the top designers in the city would do the job for less than what you're asking."

Claire glared at the small, sharp-looking woman, bewildered. Was she actually an accountant? Why in God's name would an attractive professional have sex with Zane? And she was apparently sharp as well: Zane certainly was overpaying for Claire's services. She didn't even know how to respond. Everything about this meeting felt like it was going against her. She had planned to sweep in as a powerful, unflappable professional and make Zane feel small. Now, not only had she looked unprofessional, but the quality of her work was being questioned.

She felt herself blushing and opened her mouth to say something, anything in retort, when, embarrassingly, Zane bailed her out.

“Shush, Mona,” said Zane with a chuckle, reaching down to give his accountant a little spank on the side of her ass, drawing a giggle from the confident little woman. “Since when has money ever been an issue for me? I know what I like, and I think Claire can give me exactly what I’m looking for.”

Zane’s assistance was even less welcome than Ramona’s disdain. To save herself from having to engage, Claire pointedly turned away, pulled a small notebook from her purse, and sketched some notes as Ramona and Zane whispered and giggled back and forth to each other. Luckily, it seemed like the job would be simple. The room was just a box with one large window, a walk-in closet, and an en-suite bathroom. Nothing particularly notable design-wise, and no architectural quirks to work around. Claire lost herself in the work, eyeballing a few basic measurements, then snapping a few pictures with her phone as references for when she sketched her proposal. She felt some of the embarrassment and frustration ebb away as she went through the motions, and by the time she turned back to her infuriating patron, she felt a bit calmer.

“I would recommend a sleek modernist redesign,” she said in clipped tones. “That way, the bedroom won’t clash with the rest of your house’s decor… or lack thereof, I suppose. I can sketch a proposal for you by the end of the week and present some artwork options that are within the project’s budget for your approval.” There. All he needed to do was agree, and Claire could get out of here and leave this awkward meeting behind her.

Zane looked thoughtful, pursing his lips. “Hmph. Well, it’s certainly impressive that you could come up with a plan just like that, but I’m afraid that “sleek modernism” just isn’t what I had in mind.”

Claire gritted her teeth. “Mr. Kruger, in my professional opinion, this plan will…”

Zane cut across her protest in a firm voice. “Yeah, yeah, and I appreciate that, Claire Bear. I do. But I hired you because I thought you had the creative spark to not just make something that looks good, but to design something in the style I want.”

This arrogant little fucker… “Which is?” snapped Claire.

“Masculine. Powerful,” said Zane, his pale blue eyes boring into Claire’s. “To put it bluntly, I have a lot of guests in this room, Claire. A *lot*. When a woman walks into this room, I want her to know immediately what kind of man I am. A dominant male. An alpha.”

It might be a little unprofessional, but Claire couldn’t help snort in derision and roll her eyes. “What,” she asked disdainfully, “shall I get started commissioning a ten-foot granite statue of your dick?”

Zane met her mockery with a wide, unapologetic grin. “Let me know if you need reference photos,” he said with a wink.

Claire flushed red. She had walked right into that one. *Mental note: don’t be the first one to bring up sex around this creep.* “Zane, you don’t need to hire a decorator if you want to act like a neanderthal. Here: Mounted deer head on the wall there,” she said, pointing with a withering expression and a cocked hip. “Bearskin rug on the floor, yellow warning sign that says ‘bone zone’ above the bed. There, now you look exactly like the type of guy who calls himself an ‘Alpha’. You can have that consultation on the house.”

Zane raised an eyebrow, and Ramona gave Claire a flat, unimpressed glare, crossing one lovely leg over the other. “So you’re saying you can’t do it,” said Zane lightly.

“I’m saying I’m not interested in doing it,” corrected Claire, trying to keep the annoyance out of her voice.

“I get it,” said Zane. “I’ve seen your portfolio. Soulless minimalism; that ‘sleek modernist’ look you tried to sell me. Oh, and breezy, feminine rustic designs. I thought you had the chops to work a little bit outside the box you’ve put yourself in, but hey, if you don’t feel comfortable with that, I completely understand.”

Claire felt her blood boiling. All of the annoyances and frustrations of this trainwreck of a meeting came to a head as that smirking floozy Ramona laughed behind her hand. She opened her mouth, ready to show both of them the error of their ways…

…

Claire sat at her computer, tired, but too annoyed to go to bed. Dan had gone off to sleep ages ago after tiptoeing around her all evening.

That fucking prick Zane felt like a splinter deep in her mind, constantly irritating her in a way she couldn’t let go. He had made her feel small today, and that was particularly galling from someone so beneath her.

Currently, she was flipping through social media of various men who identified as “alphas” with an unimpressed sneer on her face, growing more and more annoyed. Some of the men were good-looking, maybe even the majority, at least of the men who were most successful at projecting that image online.

It wasn’t that Claire found confident, masculine men unattractive. She could definitely see the primal appeal of a rugged man who knew what he wanted and wasn’t afraid to push for it. But, even if some of these guys online had a certain animal magnetism, Claire had never considered a partner like that for himself. It felt… dangerous to put all the power in the hands of a romantic partner like that. She much preferred to wear the pants in her relationships.

And all of that was beside the point anyway. Zane wasn’t an “alpha”, if such a thing even existed. He was a pretender. A wannabe who thought he could toy with his betters. But that was fine. In fact, this assignment would be a perfect chance for Claire to prove that to him.

Still feeling the thought of Zane’s arrogant eyes throb inside her like a painful splinter, Claire began taking notes, determined to create a design so powerful and masculine that it would make Zane look foolish in comparison every time he stepped into the room.

…

“You’re going to fuck her aren’t you?” asked Ramona, her voice holding just the trace of a moan as she pumped her slim hips up and down Zane’s cock. “That stuck-up designer… That’s the point of hiring her, right?”

Zane lay back, scrolling through his phone as Ramona claimed her reward for helping out today. He had needed a very particular type of woman from stable to make the perfect impression on Claire, and she had fit the bill perfectly: smart, professional, and gorgeous. The fact that an objectively beautiful accountant had been willing to fuck him had definately planted some important seeds in Claire’s subconscious.

“Hmm?” he said, eyes flicking upward briefly to where Ramona bounced and whimpered above him. “Yeah, that’s the plan. Why? Feeling a bit jealous? Or just nostalgic for the time when I first manipulated you into bed?”

“You fucking bastard…” panted Mona, but her hips just bounced faster, her pussy gripping his cock with needy desire. “You get off on it, don’t you? Dragging women down into the mud…”

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it,” said Zane fondly. He tossed his phone aside and put his hands on the slim accountant’s hips, smoothly taking control. “Do you remember what first got you to fuck me?”

Mona’s eyes glittered down at him, antagonistic, but full of helpless lust as her hips squirmed and writhed down onto his cock.. “I don’t even undertand how you did it,” she admitted breathlessly. “You just acted like an asshole. Always criticizing something about my clothes or my hair. I think I finally just snapped and had to prove you wrong.”

“Your wardrobe has improved a lot since then,” said Zane with a wicked smile.

“God, it’s fucking humiliating,” gasped Mona, her hips bucking wildly now as the sorts of things Zane made her wear crossed her mind. “I swear half the men in my building stop what they’re doing and just enjoy the show every time I walk by in those tiny fucking skirts you love so much.”

“Maybe you should stop wearing panties,” teased Zane as Ramona neared orgasm. “The wind blows wrong a little and all those men will get a real fucking show.”

“Don’t… God! Don’t fucking jooooke about that, asshooollle!” moaned Ramona, gasping and grunting as she came all over Zane’s cock, imagining further exhibitionist humiliations. Zane gave it even odds that Mona would actually stop wearing panties: he had really let a kinky bitch off the leash when he corrupted the sassy accountant, and she might not be able to resist.

So, he had managed to win over Ramona by insulting her… Ahhh, negging. An old pick-up artist trick. It wasn’t as broadly useful as some people thought, but for a certain type of proud woman, it could be a great wedge to get your hooks in. Women who assumed they were above Zane just couldn’t stand it when he acted like the opposite was true… and sometimes it could lead them to do desperate things to address that mental imbalance

Maybe a similar approach could work with Claire? But he would have to decide what type of mild criticism would most annoy her… and give him the opportunity to capitalize on the resulting insecurity.

Option A: Criticize her appearance. Sometimes the classics are classic for a reason. If Claire found her looks disparaged by someone who she considered far less attractive than herself, it might make her feel like she had something to prove.

Option B: Criticize her skills. Claire prided herself on her design abilities and her business. If Zane was able to convincingly criticize her design proposal, it would cut her deeply and make her subconsciously even more determined to prove her worth to Zane.

Option C: Criticize her taste in men. Zane had done his research. Claire had a type: kind, mild-mannered underachievers who she could walk right over. Even before boring old Dan, her previous boyfriends all fit the same description. It was obvious to Zane that Claire always played it safe romantically. And maybe it would be useful to press her on that point.

The Bet – Chapter 5

Claire sat back, watching with smug satisfaction as Zane flipped through her concept art. In one sense, Zane had been correct. She had been forced to step out of her regular design instincts to create a design this forceful and masculine. But her skill and artistic talent had shone through in the end. She had knocked it out of the park.

Bold, daring use of color. Sharp, blocky angles. Stone and leather, and bronze. All garish on their own maybe, but coming together to harmonize in a room that wasn't just something a knuckle-dragging "Alpha Male" would find impressive, but also looked fucking incredible. Even Zane looked impressed as he perused the portfolio of designs.

Claire's ego had fully recovered from her embarrassing first meeting with Zane about a week ago. It had really been a perfect storm of bad luck and Zane's obnoxious ego, uniting to embarrass her and throw her off balance. That day had filled her with a burning desire to get back her dignity and show Zane who was really superior between the two of them. He had implied that she wouldn't be able to create a compelling and masculine design, and today she had her answer.

It helped her mood immensely that this meeting was happening in her office today rather than Zane's home turf. She felt calm, confident, and in her element.

Right up until Zane opened his mouth.

"I have to say I'm pleasantly surprised," said Zane with a wide smile, flipping the folder closed. "I really didn't think you would be able to capture the alpha male spirit. But this is excellent work."

"Well, it's not my usual aesthetic," admitted Claire, not able to help preening a little, "but a good artist can adapt to other visual styles."

Zane chuckled, his eyes meeting Claire with a mischievous gleam. "I'm sure that's true. But it's not what I meant. I thought you wouldn't have any insight into powerful, confident masculinity."

Claire stared down the ugly little man sitting across her desk, the smile fading from her face. The correct choice was to ignore his barb and conclude the meeting… but Claire couldn't do that. It felt too much like letting the little toad have the last word. 'There isn't much depth to so-called 'alphas'," she said icily. "Just unearned confidence and thinly-veiled aggression."

Zane shrugged, flipping open the folder again and avoiding her gaze as he looked at the concept drawing of his new room. "I'm not sure how you would know that…" he said mildly, "considering you avoid dominant men like the plague."

Claire rolled her eyes, trying to keep her annoyance under control. "Trust me, Mr. Kruger, as an attractive woman, I have plenty of experience with over-confident men. More than I would like, even if I were actively avoiding them. Which I'm not."

Zane's eyes flashed back up to hers. "And yet you've only ever dated betas. Why is that?" He asked, his voice sharp.

The stunning inappropriateness of the question took her breath away. This was a business meeting for God's sake! Zane was wildly out of line, and she would be well within her rights to simply have him escorted off the premises and tear his contract to pieces.

But she couldn't let this insult go unanswered. An insult against her husband, Zane's former friend. And an insult against her, more importantly, questioning her taste in men.

"My husband," she said angrily, drawing herself up in a stiff posture of rage, "Is a wonderful man. Ten times the man you will ever be. He doesn't need all of your stupid "Alpha Male" bullshit to be secure and confident. He knows how much better he is than men like you without having to swagger around and beat his chest like a gorilla."

"Is that why you married him?" Asked Zane in a calm, amused voice, completely unintimidated and unimpressed by Claire's angry outburst. "Because he is soooo 'secure"? Or is it because he's easy to push around, and that feels safe to you?"

"Get out!" yelled Claire, red-faced with anger. "Get the fuck out of my office!"

Luckily for his own bodily safety, Zane didn't argue. He just scooped up his folder with a smug look on his face, gave an obnoxious wave, then strolled out the door, leaving Claire shaking with volcanic anger behind him.

That little PRICK! How dare he? To March into her office and disrespect her like that! To disrespect her husband, her marriage, and herself on a deeply personal level. How did he have the balls?

He was wrong, obviously. Claire had married Dan because he was a wonderful man. Her other half. Not because he was somehow the easy choice. Dan could be manly and confident… at times. And besides, what was wrong with being attracted to submissive men?

And Dan wasn't fucking submissive!

She felt scrambled and off balance once again, despite her excellent design and meeting Zane on her territory. The creep just had an uncanny knack for getting under her skin. She picked up the phone to ring Perlah and tell her to cancel Zane's account. Then she tossed her phone to her desk and leaned back in her chair, breathing heavily.

She would cancel Zane's account tomorrow. But tonight, she wanted to prove him wrong.

Tonight, she was going to explore the manly, confident side of her husband.

…

Claire took off from work a little that evening to go home and prepare. Zane was wrong. In many, many ways… but most importantly, he was wrong about men. Aggression and high libido weren't something to be proud of. They were impulses that all men had inside them.

"Alpha" men were just guys who had less impulse control. Beneath his calm, controlled surface, Dan was just as much of a horny brute as Zane. He was just able to control himself like an actual human being. Tonight she would prove it.

She considered just dressing up in lingerie, but decided that that would be cheating. Tonight, she wanted Dan to be bold. To take what he wanted. To be confident, with an aggressive edge. If she was just wearing a lacy bra and panties when he got home, that would be like giving him direct permission to initiate sex. And for this particular experiment, that wouldn't do. She wanted Dan to pursue her forcefully because that's what he wanted.

So she wore the next best thing: a skimpy and sexy, yet casual pair of pajamas. Tiny little pink shorts that showed her legs off perfectly, and a tight, tank top that her nipples practically burst out of when she wore it without a bra. In other words, she was offering herself to her husband on a platter and daring him to take a bite. And he would. She was sure of it.

When Dan came in looking tired from work, she shashayed into the kitchen with a showy, hip-swaying walk, making sure her husband got a good look at her body. “Hey, handsome,” she said, leaning over the kitchen counter and giving him a look straight down her cleavage. “How was your day?” She was gratified to see his eyes practically pop out of his head. His gaze began to crawl over her curves, and Claire was certain he would pounce on her right then and there…

But then he stopped, shaking his head and meeting her eyes instead with a clear effort to restrain himself. “It was alright. Nothing special. A little busy this time of year. People trying to get permits in. How about you?”

Claire felt a flicker of annoyance. Here she was, looking like a sexy little minx, just begging for him to come take her, and he was… resisting? Well, it was true that most of the time, she would probably be annoyed if he came on too strong when she wasn’t interested in sex, but he should be able to read signals a little better. Well… if just the sight of his smoking hot wife in skimpy clothes wasn’t enough to get Dan to let his inner beast of the leash, maybe she needed to rile him up a little more.

“I’ve been lonely all day, missing you,” said Claire with a smile. “C’mon, big guy, let’s spend some time together.” She took him by the arm and led him to the living room. She was half hoping that he would pull in the other direction toward the bedroom, but he followed willingly enough toward the couch. Claire sat down snuggled up to him, her annoyance growing inside her. She could have taken him to the bedroom herself. He would have gone eagerly.

But she wanted him to take the initiative tonight. And instead, he just mildly put on one of their tv shows and sat there making small talk. Claire’s frustration only grew as the night went on. She made sexy bedroom eyes at Dan, rubbed his thigh meaningfully, even pressed her tits into his arm. Everything she could think of short of directly initiating sex. She knew it was having an effect on him. He was obviously hard as a rock. Arousal wasn’t the issue.

The issue was that he was absolutely refusing to make the first move.

And, as frustrated as that made Claire, the worst part was that she knew that she was the one to blame. She had trained Dan over the years that they had sex when and how she wanted. She was always the one to initiate. Any time in their early relationship when Dan had tried to push for sex, exactly like she wanted him to do now, she had actively discouraged him.

If there had been a wolf inside Dan once, Claire had domesticated it long ago. Even if she teased him and flirted shamelessly, he would obediently wait until she decided they were going to have sex.

Claire knew, with absolute certainty, that if Zane got the same treatment she had been giving her husband, he would have already made his move. Probably as soon as he walked in the door. Of course, if he tried something like that on Claire, he would get the smug grin slapped right off his face. But that didn’t change the fact that Zane would already have pushed hard for what he wanted at this point.

That didn't make him an alpha, but it did make him different from Dan in a way that irritated Claire. She wanted Dan to be a manly, confident man who did what she asked because he respected her. Not a meek yesman who couldn't think for himself. The difference might be subtle, but it felt significant to Claire. She knew it was unfair to test her husband without discussing her concerns with him first… but would it really count if she had to tell him to think more independently?

It wasn't even that she wanted a pushy guy like Zane (Not an 'alpha'. The term was stupid. And besides, Zane was more accurately termed 'a jerk'). She enjoyed her sex life with Dan, and playing a leading role in her relationships had always been her style. But it bothered her that Dan couldn't be demanding and rough and spontaneous… that that was an option she had somehow been locked out of even if she did want to experience it occasionally.

And even worse, it bothered her that Zane might have been right about her taste in men.

Claire stood up suddenly, pulling her shirt over her head to display her perfect tits. Dan looked up at her, his face a picture of bewildered shock. She stared down at him, hands on hips, topless, her breasts heaving with anger and strange arousal.

'Well?" she asked challengingly.

"I… what are you…?" spluttered Dan. Claire could see how aroused he was… but still, with his wife half naked in front of him, he couldn't take that extra step.

Her little lapdog… loyal and obedient and utterly safe. Claire turned away toward the bedroom so Dan couldn't see her face, calling over her shoulder, "Clothes off. You're going to fuck me."

She didn't look back to see if he was following her, but she knew he would be. She stalked into the bedroom and removed her shorts and panties in one smooth motion, tossing them aside and tossing herself back onto the bed. She was a little surprised by the powerful wet heat between her legs. She was filled with a strange blend of anger and lust. An annoying itch that needed to be scratched.

Her husband appeared in the doorway, his cock rock hard, but his face troubled. "Honey, is everything ok?" he asked cautiously as he entered the dim room, taking in the sight of his lovely wife lying back on the bed, her pussy flushed and dripping, but her eyes flashing with dangerous heat.

"No talking," she growled, spreading her legs wide and beckoning him forward impatiently, "only sex."

Normally, they had foreplay first. Normally, Claire preferred cowgirl. Normally, she made Dan wear a condom. None of that mattered to her right now. She needed to feel a cock inside her, hot and hard and powerful. When Dan joined her on the bed, she pulled him down into a fierce, bruising kiss, her fingers tangled tight in his hair, desperately trying to spark the same desperate, fiery passion in him that she felt.

Dan tried his best to rise to the occasion, finally sensing what his wife had wanted all evening. He thrust forward into her pussy, raw inside her for the first time in months, feeling her wet, clinging heat directly against his skin. He pumped his hips, thrusting into her with slow, languid strokes.

Claire groaned in frustration against her husband's lips. "Harder!" she urged, lowering a hand to grip and pull his hip demandingly. "Fuck me! Fuck me like you mean it!" And he did speed up, pressing her against the bed with powerful strokes. He didn't lack the strength, and his cock was a good size…

…but he was only fucking her hard because she told him to. In that moment, Claire didn't picture Zane. She wasn't *that* far gone. But she did picture a strong, cocky man… pulling her into the bedroom himself. Stripping off her clothes. Fucking her hard and fast because that was what he wanted, not what she instructed him to do. And for a moment, Claire found herself unexpectedly on the edge of orgasm. She never came from penetration, yet there she was… almost there.

"Is this ok?" asked Dan above her in a panting voice. "Is it too hard?

She lost it. Her orgasm seemed as distant as the moon now. She swallowed her disappointment and purred, "Mmmmm, perfect, honey. I want you to cum for me…"

"Already?" asked Dan, confused, "But babe, we just…"

Claire shut him up with a deep kiss, working her hips against his frantically while gripping his cock tight inside her. He finished up within a minute, but Claire couldn't blame him for that. She was doing everything she could to get him off as quickly as possible so she could exit this awkward, failed sexual experiment and have time to think. He came inside her, a rare treat for him, and Claire assured him immediately that she didn't need his regular oral service tonight.

Finally, Dan went off to take a quick shower, and Claire was left to her own devices.

She wasn't proud of herself. She had let Zane get into her head tonight and played a game with her beloved husband. A game where she hadn't even explained the rules or warned him that they were about to play. She had no right to be frustrated with Dan. She had married him because he wasn't a pushy asshole like Zane. It was a good trait. And the reason why he didn't aggressively push for sex was because he knew that she didn't like that.

She had to stop thinking so much about what Zane thought. It wasn't good for her.

Claire's phone buzzed, and she picked it up to find a work email. Oh God, speak of the devil… It was Zane, with a request for an element to add to the design of his bedroom. As she read, Claire's eyes narrowed, and that sense of frustration and annoyance she had been feeling all week flared up inside her. This request was ridiculous! He couldn't really expect that Claire would be willing to work something obscene like this into her designs, could he?

Option A: The little pervert was requesting that she include furniture specifically designed for BDSM. A bed with tie-off points for ropes and restraints, and a sex swing. Who did he think she was exactly? There was no way that Claire would ever design a room that harmoniously included obscene furniture designed only for sex!

Option B: The creep explained in the email that he had a collection of panties from the women that he had conquered, and wanted a way to display his "trophies" in his room. That was actually the way he phrased it, "Trophies." It made Claire want to roll her eyes and shudder in disgust at the same time. He should feel bad for even typing that out, let alone requesting it in his design!

Option C: The slimy asshole wanted Claire to help install a camera above the bed, and also review the sight-lines on the room to make sure he would have good positions to set up cameras for filming. The idea that the bedroom she designed would be used as a set for Zane's filthy pornography turned Claire's stomach. She would obviously refuse to consider that in her design in any way… He would have to get someone else to make his new bedroom porn-ready after she was done.

As she began to draft a heated reply to Zane's unacceptable request, Claire didn't even realize that her idea from earlier in the day of cancelling Zane's contract had completely slipped her mind…

The Bet – Chapter 6

Zane had to hold back a laugh as he walked into Claire's office the next day. Bingo. Bullseye. It looked like he had scored a direct hit.

To the untrained eye, it might look like the lovely, confident woman behind the desk had the same dismissive expression of hate and disgust she had always worn when looking at Zane. But he knew better. There was an obsessive edge in her eyes now. Claire still hated him, but after he had questioned her choice in men, she also felt like she had something to prove. An axe to grind. And that was why Zane was here today. He wanted to strengthen that reaction and mold it to his purposes.

That was exactly why he had sent his audacious request to Claire last night.

"Mr. Kruger," said Claire icily, "Welcome. Before we continue, I want to address the inappropriate remarks you made about my personal life yesterday. Let me make one thing perfectly clear. In order for me to work on this project, you and I need to have a professional relationship of utmost respect."

Zane sat heavily in the chair across from the beautiful, arrogant woman he planned to make his depraved submissive slut. She wouldn't be making demands from him soon… just asking sweetly. Begging. But for now, it didn't pay to be hasty. Pushing too hard too fast would spook her.

"I'm an unfiltered guy," said Zane in a flat voice, leaning back in his chair with his arms crossed over his flabby chest. "I say what's on my mind. But I recognize that I run in social circles that might be a little less… polished than yours. So if you felt uncomfortable over what I said, then I'm sorry."

"You didn't make me uncomfortable," said Claire sharply, leaning forward on her elbows with an intense expression.

"Then what's the issue?" asked Zane, raising a questioning eyebrow.

Claire glared at him for a long moment, then blinked and shook her head, moving on quickly from the awkward exchange without even extracting a real apology from Zane. "…Anyway. I called you here today to give you some options for design elements. Let's get right to business."

Zane smiled and stroked his chin. "Excellent. I wanted to pick your brain on the design for my trophy case. I think that just having hooks in a glass case is a little, I don't know… boring? I was hoping you might have some fresh visual ideas."

Claire's face had hardened into an angry scowl as he talked, and Zane had to repress a smirk. Claire really was too predictable.

"I made myself quite clear in my response to your insane suggestion last night," snapped Claire, playing with a lock of hair distractedly as she stared daggers at the infuriating man across from her. "I'm not designing anything of the sort for you. You can commission someone with looser morals to build your disgusting monument to misogyny after I'm finished. I won't have any part in it."

Zane's smile was wide and toothy as a shark's. Perfect. This was exactly what he wanted. A firmly drawn line in the sand that he could pressure Claire to cross. Submission was a state of mind, and some women had never learned that way of thinking. Claire was a prime example.

She had always insulated herself from strong, dominant men, never putting herself in a position where she had to bend to someone else's will. Zane would need to patiently teach her how to surrender.

You couldn't rush to sexual submission first. That would flow naturally once Claire learned to give in to Zane's desires in other ways. This was why he had sent Claire a design request he knew she would refuse. It would be Claire's first lesson in submitting to him when she finally gave in and accepted the request she had so firmly refused.

"My room is supposed to reflect my style," said Zane calmly, "and also be functional for my everyday life. This trophy case is important to me. It represents who I am. I'm not asking you to like it, but if you're designing a bedroom for someone like me, you had to have known sex would be involved."

Claire stared him dead in the eye across her desk, her gaze blazing with contempt. "Zane, read my lips. I am not going to design a special case for you to display the underwear of women you tricked into having sex with you. It's not going to happen."

Zane stared back at her, sparks flashing between them in a battle of wills. Zane could see that there was no way Claire would give in today. He hadn't expected her to, and honestly, he would have been a little disappointed if she had. He always had enjoyed a good chase.

"We can table the question for now," said Zane decisively. Claire opened her mouth angrily to say that tabling the discussion wasn't necessary, but Zane raised a finger and cut her off… a victory in and of itself. "Ah! We won't get any further with this discussion today, I think. Let's sleep on it. In the meantime, I would like you to keep a space open for the trophy case in your design, even if you don't end up designing it."

Claire took in a deep breath, then let it out in a frustrated sigh. "Ok. Fine. We can talk about it at our next meeting, where I'll tell you again that I won't do it. Now… as I mentioned, I have some options for design elements that I would like your opinion on. Alright?"

Zane enjoyed the fact that Claire was now asking his permission rather than pushing forward confidently. The cracks were already starting to show.

"That sounds lovely," he said with a little smirk, settling back into his chair once again.

…

When Dan got home that evening, Claire didn't come to the door to greet him. She wasn't in the bedroom either. It was a little strange. No matter how busy she was, Claire usually made a point to connect with him after he got home, at least for a few minutes.

He found her in the next most likely place: she was at her desk in her home office, muttering irritably to herself as she sketched on her tablet.

Last night had been a little strange, and Dan had to admit he was getting concerned. When he got home, Claire had been dressed in a tight, slutty little outfit, which was unusual all by itself. She had flirted with him aggressively in a way that left him equally bewildered and aroused. And then, for reasons that Dan still didn't quite understand, she had got… annoyed? And despite that annoyance, she had demanded a kind of rough sex she normally didn't like.

It didn't add up. And Dan was a little worried about what might be driving these sudden shifts in behavior. He approached his wife silently from behind and laid a hand on her shoulder.

She jumped with a gasp and closed the tablet, but not before Dan saw the project label in the top corner: Zane Kruger, Bedroom. Dan felt a prickle of anxiety. It was just a bedroom design, right? Why was she acting almost guilty for working on it?

“God! Don’t scare me like that!” said Claire huffily. She sighed and raked her fingers through her lovely, dark hair, losing a little of the tension from her body. “…Sorry. I guess I’m all over the place today. I didn’t hear you come in.” She wrapped one arm around him and pressed her head into his side in a half-hug.

“You’ve been working too hard lately,” said Dan, rubbing a hand over his wife’s tense shoulders. “What you need right now is a glass of wine and some mindless TV, not more work.”

“Honey, I…” she began reluctantly, staring sidelong at her tablet with an odd expression of annoyance mixed with longing. She let out an explosive breath. “You know what? You’re right. A glass of wine sounds perfect. I’ll meet you at the couch.”

As Dan uncorked the wine, his mind was racing. Zane. It had to be. Whatever plans Zane was trying in order to seduce Claire were having some sort of effect on her. It still seemed impossible that Zane could succeed, but even the fact that he was influencing Claire’s behavior at all was disturbing. Dan had worried in the past that Zane might succeed at his perverse bet, but it had felt like a terrifying, but impossible fantasy. Like imagining that a meteor would randomly fall and kill you dead. Or wondering what would happen if the bridge beneath you were to randomly collapse while driving. A horrible thought, but not something you actually expected to happen.

Dan had avoided bringing Zane up to his wife the past few weeks, even though he knew she had begun work on his project. He thought it would be better not to call more attention to the sleazy pornographer than was necessary. Besides, he assumed that no news was good news.

But now, it felt important to dig a little into what was going on with that situation. If only for his peace of mind.

As they curled up into their usual positions on the couch and Claire took a big sip of wine, Dan casually asked, “So… how is that project for Zane going?”

Claire almost choked and came up coughing from the swallow. She gave her husband a sidelong glare, then ,when she finally got herself back under control, she said guardedly, “He’s exactly what I thought he was. A rude, arrogant, misogynistic pig. So, I suppose just about as badly as I expected.”

Dan was relieved to hear that, but also a little confused. It was clear that Zane had done nothing to endear himself to Claire over the past couple of weeks. She still hated the slimy little jerk as much as ever… so why did she seem frustrated and distracted lately? What was up with her strange sexual outburst last night? Coincidence?

“Well, if he’s bothering you, you could always just decline the job. We’re doing fine with money right now,” he said casually. That would actually be the ideal solution. It would frustrate whatever plan Zane had, and more importantly, it would do so without requiring Dan to admit the perverse bet he had been pressured into.

Unfortunately, Dan could tell instantly that he had said the exact wrong thing. Claire stiffened beside him, her lips drawing into a thin, angry line. “He’s not bothering me, Dan,” she snapped. “A little worm like him doesn’t have the ability to bother me. I don’t need to run away the first

time a man acts like an asshole. I'm a big girl, and I can deal with a slimeball like Zane no problem."

'Oh, I know you can," said Dan hurriedly, squeezing his wife's thigh reassuringly, "I was just saying that if Zane is..."

"I don't want to talk about Zane anymore," said Claire firmly. 'Let's watch some TV like you said."

After a few minutes of watching TV silently, Claire unwound a little, but she still had that same air of prickly annoyance all evening, and when Dan tried to kiss her that night on the way to bed, she turned so that his lips contacted her cheek instead of her lips.

"I need to catch up on some work," she said coolly. "You should get some rest. I might get to bed late, so don't wait up."

Dan watched her head back to her home office with worried eyes. There was definitely something going on with her, and Dan was just now realizing he didn't know enough about Zane's methods to understand what his plan even was.

...

About an hour later, Dan lay in bed, doing a little research.

Now that it was becoming clear that Zane's plans were having an effect on Claire, it was important that Dan understand his enemy. And luckily for him, Zane had published a sort of online playbook that Dan could sneak a peek at.

"Freaks in the Sheets" looked just as trashy as the name implied. Zane's porn site had an aesthetic of lurid neon lights against velvety blackness. The premise of the site was simple: Zane's performers weren't porn stars, allegedly at least. They were normal, average women who had been tempted away from their everyday life by the lure of sexual debauchery.

It was an interesting concept, although Dan assumed that it had to be bullshit. Zane probably just hired amateur porn stars who weren't widely recognizable and sold them to the public as girls-next-door to increase the taboo appeal. But even if it was all fake, the sorts of things that Zane wrote about the performers on the website would hopefully tell Dan a lot about how Zane thought these types of seductions should work in theory.

It wasn't necessary for Dan to pay for an account to browse through the performer profiles, which were part of the "free tour'. Which was lucky, because Claire monitored their bank statements closely. There was a high chance she would notice if he paid for a porn subscription.

Dan scrolled through the profiles. Each had a gorgeous woman staring at the camera with a smile, wearing either lingerie, a skimpy bikini, or nothing, with an arm strategically covering their breasts.

Clicking into a few of the profiles, Dan found that many of the women were married, and a good number of them had been highly-paid professionals like Claire before entering the world of porn. Or so Zane claimed at least. But it was harder than he thought to find useful information in the small blurbs about the various women. It usually just briefly commented that Zane had "taught them how to be a slut", or "put them in their place", or other degrading language, before encouraging the reader to "watch their videos to find out more!".

Dan couldn't help feeling a little aroused by the content of the website, even as it made him uncomfortable. It was a compelling fantasy, even if it was dark and twisted. That an ugly, crass man like Zane had some sort of irresistible sexual magnetism. That something about him could turn proud women into sluts, desperate for his cock.

Dan scrolled a little further down, then his eyes went wide. It felt like he had been dunked in ice water. He couldn't believe what he was looking at.

It was Leah. Unmistakably. Staring at the camera with her usually confident, toothy grin, and dressed in angelic white lacy lingerie, her signature honey-blonde braid trailing down over one shoulder. There wasn't even a fake pornstar name; "Leah" was printed right there next to the erotic picture.

It wasn't possible. Dan's mouth was suddenly dry, and perversely, his cock was suddenly throbbing, tenting up the sheets. Leah had been a friend of his in college. And also the subject of a desperate, embarrassing crush for him from freshman year up through graduation. It wasn't until he met and began dating an amazing woman like Claire after college that Dan was able to fully get over her. Despite being utterly in love with his wife, Dan still kind of kicked himself for not making a move on Leah during freshman year. By the time he finally got up his courage, Leah was already dating an older guy. The man she eventually married.

Right. Leah was fucking married. And had a kid. Dan had fallen out of touch with her after her wedding, but he still saw updates from her occasionally on social media.

And, most importantly, Leah had always hated Zane. They had both been members of the same loose friend group, but Leah had made frequent complaints to Dan about how obnoxious Zane was during college, and it may have been because of Zane that Leah eventually drifted away to hang out more often with her boyfriend's social circle during senior year.

Dan clicked into the page for Leah on the porn site, feeling both oddly numb and pulsing with arousal at the same time. He scanned the short blurb with uncomprehending eyes.

"This one is close to my heart… an old friend from college! Little Leah never used to be able to stand yours truly when we hung out on campus, and I've got to admit it hurt my feelings. So when I happened to run into this hot little married slut years later, I couldn't resist turning her into my personal whore. Leah started out wanting nothing to do with me, but by the time I got done with her… well, you'll just have to watch her videos to find out!"

Dan unconsciously pressed the "Watch Here" button, but was taken immediately to a payment screen. With a grunt of annoyance, he exited the page and tossed his phone onto his nightstand. He lay back in bed, staring up at the ceiling with a new sense of panic rising in his heart.

Maybe it was a trick, or Photoshop, or something. The Leah Dan had known was a smart and snarky woman who didn't take shit from anyone (he had always had a thing for strong-willed women). If Zane had somehow managed to lure or trick her into a sexual relationship, even though she hated him… Well, the parallels with Claire were troubling.

Dan decided to put Leah out of his mind for now. Maybe he could try to snoop on social media and see if there were any hints that she had actually been corrupted by Zane. Right now, he needed to focus closer to home: working on a way to fight back against whatever influence Zane was having on his wife.

When the idea came to him, it felt obvious. Whatever plans Zane was working on, it clearly involved frustrating Claire and getting her mentally wrapped up in the project he had hired her to work on. The best way to counteract Zane's plan would be to take Claire's mind off work and reconnect with her. Break the focus on Zane that his former friend was trying to foster.

That was an excellent plan: a date. A chance for Claire to unwind and unplug. The question was, what kind of date would be best?

Option A) Why not go with something tried and true? Claire was a classy woman who loved to be treated like a queen. Dan could take her out for a meal at a fancy restaurant. An evening of being wined and dined might soothe her frayed nerves from dealing with Zane's crude flirtation.

Option B) The weather had been great lately, and Dan and Claire had been so busy this summer, they hadn't really had a chance to take the boat out. It was a bit of luxury for their income level, but Claire had always loved the sun on her skin and the sea breeze in her hair. Going out on the water for a day might be the perfect way to help Claire forget the stress of her job.

Option C) Claire was so tense tonight, Dan could feel it in her shoulders. He knew that Claire's favorite spa had couples' packages. They had gone for the day a few years ago for Valentine's, and although it wasn't Dan's favorite thing in the world, he knew Claire had loved it. A day of couples' massages and skin treatments might be a great way to soothe Claire's annoyance and frustrations.

The Bet - Chapter 6.5

“You told me to update you if there were any big changes in her upcoming schedule,” said Perlah’s soft, hesitant voice over the phone, “I know this one isn’t a work thing, but I thought you might want to know.”

Zane scratched his cheek pensively with one finger, staring into the distance. “You did exactly the right thing by calling, sweetie,” he said thoughtfully. “Let me know about any changes like this in her schedule from now on.”

“Z, I was thinking that maybe we could get together again sometime soon?” Asked Perlah plaintively. “It feels like you’ve been so busy lately.”

Zane chuckled. “Soon. I promise, sweetie. Speaking of busy, I’ll have to call you back later. Night.”

“Night, Z,” said the cute little assistant with a clear tone of disappointment. Zane set down his phone and looked out the window of his bedroom into

So… Claire and Dan were going out on a date. It was an obvious countermove to Zane’s strategy of frustrating and fascinating Claire. But Dan still didn’t know who he was playing against.

The date was happening this coming Friday. Zane’s schedule was quite flexible as his own boss. He could be free all day… Free to pop up wherever Claire and Dan went to try to get away from him, with a beautiful woman on his arm. Dan wanted this date to take Claire’s mind off Zane, but he was about to discover how badly that plan could backfire. Zane was going to crash their romantic little getaway and make sure that Claire had no chance to put him out of her mind.

But every detail needed to be perfect. Zane wanted to be there with a hottie on his arm who would get under Claire’s skin… but which woman would have the maximum impact?

Option A) In their first meeting, Claire seemed to strongly dislike Ramona. A sharp, intelligent woman who was totally unashamed over her love of Zane’s thick cock? It went totally against how Claire understood the world. Ramona also had a talent for cutting words. Zane was sure that if he brought Mona with him, sparks would fly between her and Claire once again.

Option B) Perlah was an excellent mole in Claire’s system, but she was also a card that Zane always planned to play eventually. Showing up to crash Dan and Claire’s date with Claire’s cute young assistant on his arm would drive Claire absolutely crazy. Perlah was someone that Claire liked and trusted. To see her devoted to Zane would raise all sorts of angry questions in Claire’s mind. Questions that she might be desperate to discover the answers to.

Option C) Or Zane could spoil another dirty little secret… Zane had always kept his seduction of Leah a secret from Dan when they were friends. He knew that Dan had a thing for her, and finding out she had become just another one of Zane’s sluts would be humiliating for Dan. But that might be exactly what Zane was looking for here. Brining Leah would be a major power move, throwing Dan off completely. And maybe Claire would have some sharp questions for Dan about who this mystery woman was, and why she flustered Dan so badly…

The Bet – Chapter 7

“No way,” said Claire with a wide smile, “that can’t possibly be true.”

“It is!” protested Dan emphatically, humorously playing it up a little. “Why would I lie about something like that? I’ve never had anyone but myself do anything to my toenails, let alone polish them, or whatever it is they do here.”

“Your mom clipped them when you were a kid,” said Claire confidently, with the air of a woman laying down a trump card.

“Not that I remember,” replied Dan stubbornly, having fun with the playful, bantering fight.

Claire threw her head back and laughed. She looked… good. Relaxed. They were both in fluffy, comfortable robes, waiting patiently for the pedicure session that was part of the all-inclusive couple’s package that Dan had purchased.

It had been a lot harder to convince Claire to come today than Dan thought it would be. Even he hadn't realized how stressed out and wrapped up in her work his wife had become. But, in the end, he had managed to persuade her to come, and even managed the more difficult task of convincing her to leave her phone in the locker with her clothes.

She looked better already. Her eyes twinkled as she reached out and threaded her fingers through Dan’s, her smile warm and loving as she said, “Well, here’s to exploring new experiences together then.”

Dan was just congratulating himself on doing the exact thing that his wife needed when disaster struck, in the form of a brash, obnoxious voice splitting the hushed relaxation of the pedicure room.

“Hey, hey! My two favorite lovebugs! Fancy seeing you here!”

Claire stiffened with horror, all of the stress and annoyance dropping back onto her shoulders like a heavy weight right in front of Dan’s eyes. They both turned to see Zane, looking squat, ugly, and confident as usual. His fluffy robe was open almost to the belly button, showing off a crop of frizzy blonde chest hair.

But, although he could tell all of Claire’s hateful focus was drawn by Zane, Dan found himself distracted immediately by the woman on Zane’s arm.

Leah.

It had been a long time since Dan had seen her, but even years later, after they were both married, Dan suddenly felt like the same tongue-tied kid, charmed and dazzled by the snarky, feisty girl he met on his freshman dorm floor.

Motherhood had changed her body a little of course. He probably shouldn’t have, but Dan realized instantly that Leah’s hips and butt looked a bit wider and fuller now… her tits just the slightest bit bigger. It was easy to make the comparison when he had spent so many nights fantasizing about her body back in college. But her honey-blonde hair, worn in her usual braid was the same, and so was her smile, toothy and genuine, with always just a hint of mean-spirited teasing in it, no matter the context.

And her eyes were the same too. Sharp. Hazel. Lively.

“Hey Danny boy,” said Leah with a wink, her arm threaded through Zane’s. “Long time no see.”

…

Claire had opened her mouth to angrily address Zane, who was quickly becoming a sort of nemesis to her, but she halted in confusion, glancing over at her husband’s stunned face, then up to Leah with a frown.

“Wait,” she said, her brows wrinkling, “aren’t you…”

“Nice to see you again, Claire,” said Leah flippantly. “I’m not surprised you don’t remember me that well. I was pretty busy on the only day we met.”

Grace looked over to Dan for help, and he flushed red, murmuring, ‘Ummm, it’s Leah, sweetie. We went to her wedding.”

Claire’s mouth fell open as she turned back to Leah, noting the glittering gold ring still proudly displayed on her finger as she cuddled up to a man who definitely wasn’t her husband.

Jesus. How low could this man possibly sink? Well, Claire would give him one thing, he had a talent for sniffing out sluts, apparently even if those sluts were married. She turned deliberately away from Leah, already mentally writing her off, and back to Zane.

“Mr. Kruger,” she said coldly, “I don’t appreciate you following me around outside of work.”

Zane chuckled, his hand slipping down to rest on Leah’s round butt and idly squeezing. Next to Claire, Dan for some reason cleared his throat and fidgeted in his seat, but Claire didn’t have time to babysit her husband right now.

“Awwww, come on, Claire Bear,” said Zane jovially, “You aren’t the only one who likes a spa day every now and then. It’s a coincidence. Besides, is it so wrong for us to hang out as friends? We practically have a little college reunion going on here.”

That was right… now Claire remembered. Dan had talked about his old college friend Leah before. Based on his guarded speech, Claire had easily inuited there had been deeper feelings there at some point, but she was mature enough not to feel jealous about things like that. In any case, that must be why Dan looked sick to his stomach now. It would be hard to see any friend with Zane like this, let alone someone you once had feelings for.

“No, Zane,” said Claire, a little heat creeping into her voice. “As my husband made very clear last time he spoke with you, you are no longer a family friend. Just a business contact.” Claire could tell based on the wide smile on Zane’s face that something was wrong. She glanced over to Dan in confusion. Her husband now wore a sheepish expression of guilt.

“Reeeeeally?” asked Zane, voice dripping with amusement. “So Dan told you that he broke off our friendship? I don’t remember having any sort of discussion like that.”

Claire snorted in derision. Of course Dan had told Zane their friendship was over. He had told her as much. Right?

“Babe… maybe I didn’t say those words exactly. But I think the context of our conversation made it pretty clear that…” said Dan nervously.

Claire put her head in her hands, unable to even look at Dan right now. She had been going toe-to-toe with Zane’s rudeness for weeks, and Dan hadn’t even had the balls to face up to him for

one fucking conversation. She stood up. Dan reached for her hand, but she slapped it away, breathing heavily. She didn't want to be around Zane, but right now, she didn't want to be near her husband either. Without a word, she strode to the other side of the room and sat in an unoccupied chair, staring daggers across the room. Dan gave her a wide-eyed, pleading, apologetic expression as Leah and Zane sat next to him.

Let them have their little college reunion. The prick, the slut, and the wimp. She had no desire to be part of that company.

…

"So, things are going well for you, I hope?" asked Leah sweetly as the spa employees knelt at their feet, buffing and clipping and massaging. "I mean, besides today, of course. Jeez, wifey seems a little mad, doesn't she?"

Dan still felt off balance from seeing his old friend, let alone just casually chatting. This was the woman he had pined after for so long that her face felt burned into his brain forever, even after finding the love of his life. It felt bizarre to talk to her again, especially after his discovery the other day. Leah might be producing porn with Zane, a man she used to hate. And now here she was, arriving arm-in-arm with Zane without shame. It had to be a misunderstanding. Or some sort of trick.

"I… well, everything is going just fine," he said shakily. He glanced across the room to his wife, sitting all alone, her lovely face like a thundercloud as the technician worked on her nails. "How are things going for you? You're right, it's been forever since we talked."

"Things are great," said Leah happily. As she spoke, Zane's fat hand reached over from where he sat on her other side, gently massaging her thigh. "Bella is starting kindergarten in the fall. I'll have to show you a picture, she's growing up to look just like her Dad. But cuter obviously. Bill just got the promotion he's been after, and my career has really been taking off as well."

Dan watched with fascinated horror as Zane's pudgy hand rubbed higher and harder, slipping beneath Leah robes. Then, with a sharp movement, she stopped him, her wedding ring glittering on her finger as she grabbed his wrist. Even though it was silly, Dan felt a wave of relief. He had misunderstood after all. Zane was trying to fake him out by making him think he had converted Leah into some sort of slut, but this was actually some sort of platonic day out for them. He should have known better. Why would she gush about her husband and daughter while openly hanging out with her lover?

But his blood ran cold and his relief drained away when he heard Leah whisper, "Down Boy! Not in front of everyone. Wait until you get me alone in the couple's massage room… I have a little surprise for you."

It was low enough to keep the room from hearing, but Leah seemed to make no attempt to hide it from Dan, rolling her eyes and giving him a wry smile as if to say "this guy… right?"

Oh God. It was true. Leah wasn't just here with Zane. She was here… *with* Zane. Even with all the evidence before now, Dan hadn't quite believed it. But as Leah leaned over and gave Zane a brief, but tongue-heavy kiss to tide him over, he couldn't deny the truth any longer.

For some reason, he felt his cock stir beneath his fluffy robes.

He cleared his throat uncomfortably and tried to change the subject. “So, um… your career is doing well? Baking, right?”

Leah laughed, her lips quirking up at the corner in a way that Dan was all too familiar with. The smile that meant that he was the butt of the joke. “No, I gave up baking about a year back. I’ve taken up a new career that I find much more… fulfilling.”

Dan’s mouth was dry, and Leah’s Hazel eyes bored into his. He felt the question bubbling up inside him, unable to be stopped. And he could tell that Leah, his old friend, his crush that he still carried a flickering torch for even after moving on long ago… she wouldn’t hold back. She would proudly tell him every filthy detail. No matter how devastating and arousing that would be for him.

But he was saved at the last second. Dan had been so wrapped up in the conversation with Leah that he hadn’t realized the pedicure had wrapped up, and the spa employee guiding the couple’s day announced that they would be moving on to the sauna experience, which, of course, would be separated by gender.

Dan had been hoping to catch his wife and apologize, but Claire followed the guide quickly, her face still annoyed, not even glancing back.

“It was good catching up, Danny,” said Leah with a smile as they stood. Without warning, she pulled him into a close hug. Even with the thick robes, Dan couldn’t help but think about the fact that they were both naked beneath them. “We’ll have to do this again sometime. Soon.” With that, she waved and followed the rest of the women out of the room, leaving Dan with Zane, who gave him an aggressive thump on the back. “Looks like it’s just you and me for now, buddy,” he said with a manic grin, “And I think it’s about time you and I caught up as well.”

…

The guide told the half dozen men entering the sauna that they could choose to keep or remove their robes.

Dan chose to keep his on, but Zane instantly whipped his off without a care in the world as he plopped down onto one of the wooden benches.

It felt like a power move, and Dan instantly wondered if maybe he should have removed his as well. He couldn’t now, obviously. It would look like he was trying to copy Zane.

He tried hard not to look at what Zane was packing between his legs, but, well, it was extremely… present. Zane cock swung thick and long between his legs even when soft, radiating the dormant power of an elephant’s trunk. Even with the briefest glance before his eyes flicked away, Dan knew immediately why Zane had no problem whipping off his towel. He might not measure up in looks to the rest of the guys in the room, but he had nothing to be ashamed of beneath that robe.

“So!” said Zane, slapping the bench next to him to indicate that Dan should have a seat. “Let's talk. I'm sure you’re eager for a little progress update on our bet.”

Dan sat gingerly as Zane lounged back, his piggy little eyes gleaming with smug assurance, his thick cock hanging long and soft between his spread legs. “No. I don’t really have any interest in…” protested Dan.

Zane cut him off with a snicker. “Really? You aren’t curious about how close I am to claiming your wife’s sweet pussy? Well, buddy, I really shouldn’t be giving away free info to the enemy, but the answer is *closer than you think*.”

Dan flushed red in the hot, steamy air. This bastard was so cocky. He remembered again why he had made this stupid bet in the first place. It would be so satisfying when Zane lost. He couldn't just let Zane taunt him and Claire like this. “Not from what I've seen,” he fired back angrily. “Claire hates you even worse than she did when you started! You’re moving backward, dumbass.”

Zane just shook his head with a pitying look. “Is that what it looks like to you? God, sometimes I wonder how you landed a fox like Claire. You’re lucky she likes Betas, dude.”

Dan was so stunned that he couldn’t even respond to the open insult before Zane continued. “I mean, the proof is in the pudding, bud. I used the exact same method to claim the pussy you weren’t man enough to win. Remember, sweet little Leah used to hate me too.”

Dan was speechless with a sort of weak, helpless rage. His eyes flicked down and then away again to see that Zane’s cock had started to grow.

“She liked you a lot more than me…” continued Zane in a taunting voice, “and where did that affection get you? Clapping and smiling like a good little boy while she married and bigger, better man.”

“That’s right,” said Dan, trying to regain his footing while Zane seemed determined to trample over him verbally. “She married. That’s awful. How could you?”

Zane gave him a blank look, and slapped his knee as if Dan had just made the funniest joke in the world. “Is that supposed to be some half-assed condemnation, or are you literally curious about my methods?” He asked in a sneering, fake-cheerful voice. He suddenly leaned forward, getting uncomfortably close.

“It was easy… Leah was doing this baking class at her local community center, and anyone was welcome to join. So I did. And do you think that I spent my time sucking up to her and trying to make her like me?”

Zane’s pale blue eyes seemed to almost glow with wicked delight in the dim, steamy room. “Of course fucking not. I pissed her off every chance I got. I fucked my way through every married suburban milf in her class. I made myself an irritating, unforgettable nuisance while showing off my dominant nature every chance I got. She hated me worse and worse every day. And with all that tension and frustration in her mind… while her body absorbed all the signs of a powerful, virile male… Well, tension needs relief at some point. She snapped, just the way I wanted her to. Our hands all over each other. Kneading that ass like bread dough. Letting her sample my baguette. Doing my best to pop a bun in her oven… I could go on all day, I’ve got a million of ‘em. That’s the difference between you and me, pussy. You jerk off and cry and worry about how bad you want a girl, then watch another guy take her away from you… And I see that same hot piece of ass, I make a plan, and I get that fucking pussy. Simple as that. Anyway, I sent Leah home to hubby with big floury hand prints all over her chest and that luscious milf ass. Mission fucking accomplished”

“Her husband… You broke up a happy marriage,” said Dan, suddenly aware of an erection pressing against the front of his robe. God, he was glad now that he hadn’t removed it.

“Did I?” asked Zane, raising an eyebrow with a cocky grin. “I still see a ring on her finger, don’t you? She wasn’t just bullshitting when she talked about her and Bill.”

Dan shook his head, unable to understand what Zane meant. “But… if you and Leah are… Then why are they still together?”

“Well, buddy,” said Zane with a chuckle, laying his head back on the bench above and closing his eyes, luxuriating in the infernal heat, “I would tell you allll about what happens to inferior men after I claim their wives… but I wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise.”

Dan stared at him questioningly, but it seemed like Zane was done talking.

What the fuck was that supposed to mean?

…

Claire couldn’t help but sneak a little peek at Leah’s body as they both removed their robes. The short blond was carrying a little extra weight around her hips and butt, but she wore it well. The kind of heft that drew male attention.

Claire tried to sit on her own, but, annoyingly, Leah followed and sat right beside her, settling in and sighing with pleasure from the moist heat. They sat in silence for a long few minutes, Claire prickly and annoyed, Leah comfortable and relaxed, at least on the surface.

“You can ask, you know,” said Leah eventually in a languid, drawling voice, crossing her thighs to bounce one foot lazily in the air. “I’m not embarrassed to talk about it, and I can tell you’re curious.”

“I have no idea what you mean,” said Claire stiffly, crossing her arms tightly over her impressive chest in a defensive gesture.

“I *mean*,” said Leah with a sharp grin, “You want to know why a woman like me is fucking a man like Zane.”

Claire snorted and rolled her eyes. “Oh, please. That’s no mystery to me. You have sex with that little troll because he pays you and you have zero self-respect. There’s no other possible explanation for walking in with that pathetic pervert on your arm and not immediately dying of humiliation.”

Leah took the withering barb with a soft laugh and a shake of her head. “I see a lot of myself in you, Claire,” she said warmly. “I would have said the same thing a year ago. But I have plenty of self-respect. Why wouldn’t I? I have the best of both worlds. A sweet, obedient husband at home and a dominant lover who knows how to make me cum my brains out.”

“That’s the difference between you and I,” said Claire with a superior sneer. “I chose a good enough man that I don’t need to seek out strange dick.”

Leah gave her a knowing sidelong glance that made Claire’s blood boil. “Did you though?” she asked slyly. “Is Danny really… scratching all your itches?”

Claire flushed, her face growing even hotter in the boiling room. Leah's little question hit a bit too close to home after their disappointing experiment with rough sex the other night. “You don’t know me,” she said in a low, dangerous voice, glaring at Leah. “Don’t pretend you do.”

“You’re right,” said Leah lightly. ‘I don’t know you that well, Claire. But I know your husband. Oh yes… I know Danny Boy *very* well. You know he had the most adorable crush on my all through college, right?”

Claire remained silent, and Leah nodded. “I can see the idea doesn’t shock you at least. He thought he was sneaky about it, but everyone knew he had a thing for me. I could have picked up Dan any time I wanted. And I almost did. Let me tell you the story, Claire. It might make things a little… clearer. You don’t need to say a thing. Just listen.”

Claire thought about speaking up, or even just standing up and moving away. But she was curious despite herself. Dan was a good looking, charming guy. If Leah was unattached, and knew Dan was interested, why had she rejected him?

“It was May of our freshman year,” began Leah, shifting her wide butt a little on her seat, making her C cup breasts jiggle with the movement, and dislodging a trickle of sweat to run down her naked body from her collar bone down her soft belly between her legs. “The weather was warming up, so Dan and I and some of our other friends decided to do a little hike up to a quarry near our college. It was supposed to be pretty. Crystal clear water.”

The attendant put another ladle of water on the coals, sending up a hissing cloud of steam as Leah went on. “Anyway, in the end, everyone cancelled except for Me and Danny. We went anyway, and we had a lot of fun. I knew he liked me, and we flirted back and forth on the way up to the quarry. And, even though I had hesitated in the past, I had such a good time and felt such nice chemistry with him that I said, hey, why not? I was ready to give him his shot.”

Leah chuckled warmly at the memory. Maybe it was the intense heat and the odd vulnerability of her nudity, but Claire found herself totally absorbed in the story, holding on to every word.

“I’ve always been a bit of a tease,” said Leah with a cheeky grin. “So when we reached the quarry, I worked the conversation around to wild things we had done… and specifically, skinny dipping. He said he had never done it, and neither had I. So without even asking him, I tore off my clothes and took the plunge, down into the cool, clear waters of the quarry. Totally nude, daring him to do the same.”

Claire could imagine it. The first heat of summer. The deep blue sky. The adrenaline rush of young attraction. How must Dan have felt to see his crush flirting so brazenly? To catch a glimspe of her naked body as she jumped into the water?

“And to his credit, he did,” said Leah with a laugh. “Stripped off his clothes and took the plunge to join me. We were both there, feet away from each other in the water. Totally naked and all alone, without another soul for miles. And you know what happened then?”

‘What?” Claire asked, forgetting her disdain for Leah for just a moment in her curiosity.

Leah’s smile dripped with mockery as she hissed, “Fucking nothing! Poor Danny boy was feet away from his desperate crush, wet and willing and naked, and he just floated there for a few awkward minutes with his teeth chattering, making small talk. I practically hung a sign over my head saying “come fuck me”, and Dan was too much of a pussy to go for it.”

Claire shook her head uneasily, looking away. “He was just young and nervous. Anyone can make a mistake.” It reminded her uncomfortably of what had happened the other night, when Dan hadn’t pursued her despite obvious signs.

“If he had taken me right then, had the balls to swim up and kiss me… I would have let him have me. Let him have anything he wanted. He could have thrust his cock deep in my tight, wet pussy all afternoon. And… well, who knows what the future might have been? Maybe we would have been dating by the time we got back from the hike. Maybe I would be the one with his ring on my finger. But he didn’t. And the week after that, I met Bill at a party. Dan was too much of a loser to take what he wanted. You know, I remember it clear as day: I saw his cock when we got out of the water. His stiff little prick could have cut glass. He could have fucked me silly with it right then and there, but he chose jerking off alone later instead. The safer choice. The beta choice. I’m sure he yanked that little hard-on all night to the memory of how he could have fucked me… if he had only been man enough. That night and a hundred nights since then, I would guess.”

Now that the story was over, Claire felt her anger flare up again. “Don’t speak about my husband that way. Maybe he could be more assertive sometimes, but he’s a wonderful man. Far superior in every way to a creep like Zane.”

Leah just laughed again. “Listen, Claire. I know that a lot of things are subjective and based on preference, but don’t say “every way.” I know at least one way that Zane is far, far superior to poor Danny Boy. I saw your husband’s cock when we got out of the water, remember?”

“Dan’s just fine,” snapped Claire irritably. “He’s average.”

“Why settle for second best?” said Leah mockingly. “Tell you what, Zane and I are booked in room 153 for the massage. Stop by and take a peek if you want to see the real difference between Zane and your husband.”

“Why would I want to watch some whore sneaking around on her husband?” said Claire with a smirk, bringing out the big guns in her discomfort.

“Bill?” said Leah with a confused tilt of her head. “Oh, he knows I’m here. He even knows that I’m here with Zane. My husband is a cuckold, darling.”

Claire recoiled with a silent look of disgust, and for the first time, Leah looked mildly annoyed. “Don’t knock it till you’ve tried it,” she said sharply. “Anyway. based on what I know about Danny, I think he might be a little more receptive to the idea that you are.”

“How dare you?” said Claire furiously, finally rising from her bench. “My husband and I aren’t hopeless perverts like you and Bill apparently are. Dan would never enjoy something like that.”

“Are you sure?” Asked Leah calmly, her cool amusement apparently restored by Claire’s outburst. “Here’s a suggestion, sweetie… Tease Danny Boy a little next time you’re in bed. Not about you, that would make it too obvious… about me. Ask him about the story I told you and about Zane and I’s relationship and see how he reacts. It might surprise you.”

“I don’t have to listen to this,” said Claire in disgust, grabbing her discarded robe and turning to leave. She paused for one last second though. Leah wasn’t a reliable source of information, but it couldn’t hurt to ask.

“What is Zane’s game exactly?” Claire asked sharply. “Why is he being such an asshole to me and Dan?” She was afraid that she already knew the answer, but she didn’t want to say it. Didn’t even want to think it.

In any case, Leah was no help. She simply smiled enigmatically and said, “Sorry darling, I could tell you… but I wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise.”

What the fuck was that supposed to mean?

…

Claire stalked through the halls of the spa, glaring at any member of the staff who tried to assist her. Today was supposed to have been a day of relaxation, but instead she was more stressed and furious than ever.

Furious at Dan for lying to her. He had never told Zane that their friendship was off like he promised to. Couldn't even handle one moment of confrontation.

Furious at Leah for her smart mouth and her knowing eyes and the filthy implications of her words.

But most of all, furious at Zane for refusing to leave her alone. For pushing and pushing and needling her to the breaking point.

Technically, she was supposed to report to room 123 for her couples massage with Dan, but she wasn't sure that she wanted to see him right now.

What should she do?

Option A) Maybe she should just attend the couple's massage with Dan. She had some questions for him about what Leah had said… and despite her disgusted reaction to Leah's suggestion, she was a little curious what Dan's reaction would be if she teased him about Leah. If only for her peace of mind, to be certain he had no cuckold tendencies. Maybe she could fool around with him a little and see what effect teasing had on him…

Option B) Leah had told her what room she and Zane would be in, and implied that it would be quite a show if she stopped by. Well, maybe she should. Not because she thought it would be erotic in the slightest, but just because the sad, disgusting sight of a troll like Zane trying to fuck a beautiful woman like Leah might give Eliza a mental image she could picture the next time Zane tried to act like a big shot. She was sure it would deflate his image in her mind and make it easier to treat him with contempt.

Option C) Claire didn't want to see anyone else right now. She wanted to be alone. Or no, better yet, she wanted to find a hunky guy and flirt with him (harmlessly obviously, she wasn't a whore like Leah). Maybe she could go get a solo massage with the cutest masseuse in the building and wind him up a little bit. Show that she was a woman who was desirable to men who weren't liars like Dan or disgusting perverts like Zane. Just a little cathartic flirting to blow off steam, and then she would leave the hunk with blue balls and return to extract a thorough apology from her husband.

The Bet – Chapter 8

By the time she reached the hallway with the massage rooms, Claire already knew that this was a bad idea. It was reckless, irrational, and she stood a high chance of getting caught. She considered herself a sharp, level-headed woman, and doing something like this was totally unlike her.

But, even with all those reasons clamoring in her head, something still drew her forward toward room 153. Her palms were sweaty, and her body jangled with nerves. As much as she hated to admit it, what drew her was a sort of desperation. Zane's mind games had succeeded in getting under her skin. She wasn't too proud to admit that much at least. It felt like every time they had a conflict or argument, Zane was somehow one step ahead of her, holding all the cards.

Of course, Claire knew instinctively what Zane's ultimate objective was. It was the same objective that every sleazy man she had ever met had shared. He wanted into her pants. That didn't shock Claire, although it did disgust her. That was obviously why he was always trying to flaunt his power and masculinity to her, and why she had brought a married slut with him today to parade around like a prize show hound. Claire had absolutely no anxiety that she might be tempted, of course. She wasn't the type of woman who could be tricked into sex.

But, even if his goal was eyerollingly impossible, that didn't mean that his games didn't bother her. He left her feeling flustered and off-kilter. He had made her feel uncomfortable about her relationship with Dan by making her think about what sex with a more dominant man would be like. And, frankly, he now occupied far too much real estate in her brain.

She needed something to recenter her opinion on Zane. A way to cut through his mind games and remind herself, consciously and subconsciously, that Zane was a disgusting little toad unworthy of her time or energy.

As crazy as it was to go and spy on his sexual rendezvous, Claire thought it was just what she needed. She would watch Zane's pathetic attempts to act like the "alpha males" he always harped on about, see his stocky little body, and all the mystique that Zane had been trying to build would drain instantly away. The next time he tried to act like a big shot, Claire would remember his pathetic attempts at sexual dominance and write off his bluster completely.

That was what pulled her forward as she reached the doorway marked. A stubborn belief that underneath it all, Zane had to be as unimpressive as she always assumed.

She took a deep breath and parted the curtain hanging across the doorway.

Inside, she expected to see the massage table, but it seemed that there was a small entryway room between the hallway and the massage area. Probably to ensure that there was no accidental exposure of the guests as the masseuses moved in and out. Neat trays of supplies and a small handwashing station sat along one wall, and opposite the door she entered was another curtained doorway… one that Claire could hear voices coming from.

"… pisses me off so bad about you, Z. You only ever think about yourself."

Claire crept closer to the curtain. She had definitely gotten the right room, that was that slut Leah's voice.

"Oh, please. Don't act like it's some sort of chore. You love it just as much as I do, you dirty slut."

Zane's voice made Claire's old familiar rage bubble up inside her. He sounded just as cocky and smug as ever. No one should speak to anyone else that way, even if they were a slut. Claire paused at the shrouding curtains, trying to judge how easy it would be to peek through them without being caught.

Leah scoffed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Charming as always. How could I ever resist?"

"Resist…this?" Zane's voice was low and utterly confident. There was a long moment of silence.

"Fucking asshole…" murmured Leah quietly enough that Claire could barely hear it. Then… soft wet noises. Were they kissing? The thought sent a squirming sensation of complex discomfort through Claire's belly. Her ideal scenario was that she would discover that Zane was merely pressuring or paying Leah to act a part. Things had sounded promising at first: Leah hadn't sounded like a submissive sex doll in the conversation up until now. But how did kissing fit into that?

Claire needed to get a look. She took a chance and just barely parted the curtains enough for one eye to peek through. White hot shock flooded her body as she struggled to process what she saw.

Well… they weren't kissing. Leah lay on the massage table on her belly, her feet kicked up behind her, still shrouded in her robe. Zane, however, was totally naked as Leah messily slobbered all over his cock, glaring up at him with challenge in her eyes.

Zane had tossed aside his robe completely, and stood nude and proud, a hand on each hip as he enjoyed Leah's blowjob. In some ways, his body was just as disappointing as Claire had hoped. He was just as flabby and squat as he appeared with clothes on, with coarse golden body hair covering his chest and a round, soft belly.

But there was something unusual about the way he carried himself. Even when naked, he still had the supreme, annoying confidence that Claire had come to recognize. And it was no surprise why. Zane had the largest cock that Claire had ever seen in real life. And not just long: it looked perfectly formed. Girthy and arrow-straight, with a flared deep-pink mushroom head that naturally made Claire think about *stretching*… and *spreading* before she could stop herself.

Something about that thick rod of masculine flesh, pulsing slightly with Zane's heartbeat, called to something deep inside Claire. Some deeper instinct, beneath her conscious disgust and frustration with Zane. The very fact she felt that magnetic pull disgusted her, and made her focus even harder on the flabby, unimpressive nature of the rest of Zane's body, and remind herself of what an annoying little shit he could be. But covering up that bone-deep reaction wasn't enough to extinguish it, and it continued to flicker deep in her mind. The sort of smoldering coal that might ignite a wildfire.

Her initial idea of just getting a quick, laughable image of Zane had already fallen by the wayside, yet she couldn't look away. Something about the strange, obscene act playing out in front of her was darkly fascinating.

Leah seemed to feel that same primal attraction to Zane's cock. She was truly worshiping the impressive dick Zane was proudly shoving into her face, licking and kissing every inch with obvious relish, despite her hateful eyes glaring up into Zane's cocky grin, covering every inch of his massive erection with shining saliva.

“Asshole?” said Zane with a chuckle, reaching down to grip Leah’s thick braid in a fist and pulling her head upward to line up her mouth with the tip of his cock , “That can be arranged, sweetheart. You've become quite the accomplished rimmer since I started training you.” Leah responded by raising on slim, manicured middle finger, but dropped her hands away, allowing Zane to thrust forward and begin fucking her face without resistance.

Zane raised an eyebrow. “Hmmm, so little Leah wants to act like a brat today huh? I like that. Makes it sweeter when you finally break down and beg for Daddy's cock later.”

Leah didn’t reply. But right now, she couldn’t. Only wet sounds of submission rose from her mouth as Zane’s thick powerful cock thrust inside over and over, making spit drip down her chin.

Claire watched with wide eyes and a look of horror on her face. God, this wasn’t a blowjob. Zane was using Leah like a sex toy, thrusting his big cock in and out of her mouth while the curvy married woman obediently took it, the angry defiance in her eyes giving way to helpless, hazy lust. How could a woman allow someone to do this to them? How could Leah go from sneering a Zane one moment, to letting him fuck her mouth the next?

It made no sense. Claire couldn’t look away.

Finally, Zane pulled Leah’s dripping mouth off his cock, letting her gasp for breath, red faced. “You told me you have a surprise for me earlier,” said Zane with amusement as Leah wiped her dripping mouth with the back of her hand and regained some of her composure.

Her eyes were sharp again as she looked up and said, “I did say that, didn’t I? But then you started acting like a fucking prick. I’m not sure I want to show you the surprise anymore.”

Claire’s eyebrows crinkled in confusion. Earlier, Leah had made it sound like she was perfectly happy having sex with Zane, but now it sounded like she barely tolerated his presence… Well, it sounded like that, and then she slobbered all over his cock. Claire felt like she had whiplash. If Leah hated Zane so much, why would she submit to him sexually?

Zane gripped Leah’s thick braid and pulled her upward, drawing a hiss of pain from her lips, then roughly kissed her. Leah didn’t turn away, making a sound halfway between a moan and a snarl of frustration as her tongue tangled wetly with Zane’s.

“Show me,” commanded Zane in a flat, demanding voice as he pulled away, his eyes serious as they locked with the submissive wife on the table beneath him. Leah slapped Zane’s hand away with an angry sigh, then slipped off the table and dropped her robes, revealing her soft, curvy body. She turned away from Zane, presenting her big, plush ass to both Zane and Claire, hidden behind the curtain.

Claire wasn’t… completely immune to female charms, although she didn;t broadcast that fact publicly. People tended to assume certain things about women who appreciated both sexes, so Claire hadn’t even told her husband about that tendency. In any case, she was temporarily distracted by Leah's impressive ass. Claire had noticed Leah’s hips when they were naked together in the sauna, but hadn’t gotten a look at her best asset.

Leah’s enormous cheeks were pale, thick, and round. Chubby, maybe even a little fat, but not chunky or flabby looking in the slightest. Just soft, lovely flesh that made you want to give it a slap and make it pink. It took a second for Claire to notice what the surprise was that Leah was showing Zane, but when she did, her stomach dropped.

Two stylized letters in dark black ink, a Z and a K, one high on Leah's lovely left buttcheek, the other on the right. Tattoos. Leah had permanently branded herself, acknowledging Zane's ownership of her fat, sexy ass. For some reason she couldn't fully explain, the sight started a dark wet heat blazing in Claire's core.

Zane let out a low, evil chuckle, tracing the Z with a thick finger, then giving Leah's ass a resounding slap. "I thought you said it was impossible," he said, his voice dripping with cruel amusement. "I thought this was your pathetic cuck's ultimate red line. Nothing permanent."

Leah looked away with a blush, but arched her back to press her ass further into Zane's hand as she said in an embarrassed tone, "Well… you would be surprised at what a week in chastity would accomplish. Especially when I spent all week showing him our videos and whispering in his ear how hot it would be for him to give in and let you win."

Zane laughed out loud, sinking his fingers into Leah's butt as he palmed it greedily. "Man, I can just imagine it. Widdle-willy Billy must have had the best orgasm of his pathetic life when he finally accepted his place and gave up your ass to me."

"Don't call him that," said Leah angrily, her eyes flashing as she looked over her shoulder at Zane. "You know how much he hates that stupid fucking nickname. And he's a good man. A handsome man. Not a fat, disgusting pig like you!"

Despite the mismatch of Leah's words and actions, Claire found herself agreeing with Leah. Yes, how dare Zane badmouth better men? Especially when he was such a fat slob? Despite how clear Leah's overall failure to defy Zane was, especially considering her tattoos, Claire wanted to hear her put Zane in his place.

Zane seemed taken aback for a moment by the outburst, then his face split into an ugly grin. 'A pig? Well… if that's true, I suppose that makes you my slutty sow, doesn't it?" With Leah still glaring at him, he sank behind her to his knees, one hand gripping each lush cheek and parting them to reveal a tight pink hole and flushed, dripping pussy.

"Why don't you squeal for me, and we'll see who the real piggy is here, fat-ass?" growled Zane, then dived between her cheeks with hungry ferocity, licking and slurping wildly all over Leah's vulnerable asshole and pussy.

Leah immediately hissed in pleasure, leaning forward heavily on the massage table and going to her tiptoes, arching her back dramatically to give Zane the optimal angle for his sloppy oral assault. "You think… Uhhhnnn, you think you can talk shit about my husband?" she snarled as Zane's fat tongue messily explored her married holes. "Bill was fucking homecoming king. President of his frat. You're fucking nothing compared to him you fat, short, ugly… Fuck! Godddd! Right there! Right fucking there!"

Claire could hear the passion in Leah's voice. Anger and disgust, yes, but another type of passion as well. Sheer animal lust, bubbling up molten and primal beneath Leah's dismissive words. This had gone way beyond a quick little peek. It felt wrong to be watching this, but some part of Claire yearned to see where this went. Leah's furious words spoke directly to her soul… but the fact that they were so deeply entwined with desire was disturbingly erotic.

Zane stood, slapping Leah's ass again and getting into position behind her, rubbing his thick cock up and down her dripping pussy, teasing her. "And yet," he said with a grin, "This worthless fat asshole is about to be balls-deep in your pussy while that incredible husband of yours sits at

home and jerks off to the thought of his wife's fat ass, branded and owned by another man. Just goes to show that appearance isn't everything."

"Fuck yooouuu,' said Leah, her angry outburst turning into a moan as Zane slid into her up to the hilt. "Your … Unnhhh… your appearance isn't the main problem you fucking prick. You're a misogynist. A manipulator. A exploiter. An evil, predatory pervert!"

Zane began fucking her then, slamming her forward into the table with deep, powerful strokes that silenced everything but moans and whimpers coming from between Leah's parted lips. Claire bit her own lip then to stifle a sudden unexpected moan bubbling up from inside her as well. She fought to get a hold of herself. She hated Zane, but the obscene sex act in front of her was impossibly erotic nonetheless. Zane looked more like a beast than a human, and he wasn't making love. He was fucking. Rutting. Dominating the soft, curvy woman beneath him and putting her in her place with his powerful cock.

Leah's legs were trembling and her hands gripped the table tight for leverage as Zane punished her insolence with his conquering cock. His hips snapped forward, contacting Leah's soft ass with loud, fleshy slaps every time he thrust. It was primal, and raw, and utterly unlike Dan's careful, considerate lovemaking. Claire dimly remembered that her mission was to see a laughable example of Zane's false dominance. It looked like that wasn't something she was going to get. She should leave right now.

Instead, she slipped a hand beneath her robe, gingerly touching the hot, wet center of twisted pleasure between her thighs. She shouldn't… but no one would ever know, and in her erotic haze, Claire wasn't sure she could resist. Her fear, worries and conscious mind took a little vacation as her wondering eyes greedily absorbed the scene playing out in front of her.

Zane grabbed both of Leah's arms from behind, pulling back to force her up, her back arched, her lips panting and moaning as he slammed into her, his hips an endless jackhammer.

Leah found her words again, although by this point they were half moans, dripping with pleasure. 'I was… God… I was right about you in college, you monster! I knew I should stay away from you."

Zane thrust forward, then stopped, holding there, deep inside, stretching Leah's married cunt to its limit. "That's right," he said savagely. "You really tried your best to avoid me. And you failed."

He withdrew his cock, slimy with Leah's eager arousal. Leah whined, "No! Not yet, you bastard! I was so fucking close!"

Zane flashed her a cocky grin, gesturing to the table with a nod. "Get up there. I want to take you up close and personal."

Leah rolled her eyes, but hurried to obey, jumping up onto the table, laying back, and spreading her legs, revealing a pussy leaking with desire and turned pink already from Zane's powerful thrusts. "Ok," she said impatiently, reaching down to rub herself, keeping herself on the edge of pleasure. "Fuck me."

Zane jumped up onto the table as well, his ease showing that he must have some muscles beneath his flab. He loomed over Leah, his wicked cock inches from her pussy.

'I don't know…" he teased with infuriating smugness, "convince me."

Claire panted harshly behind the curtain, her eyes focused on Zane's thick, dripping cock. It looked like a weapon. A stinger. Its purpose obvious: to pierce, to inject, to invade. A symbol of masculine brutality and dominance. A tool he used to trample over feminine pride and purity. Claire's hand moved with wet noises between her thighs, her mind clouded over with voyeuristic lust. A huge part of her was still horrified by the sight, but right now, in her secret dim hiding place, she allowed herself to run wild, knowing that no one would ever know.

"Ugh…" growled Leah, her face a picture of horny frustration.

Do it, urged Claire mentally. *Shut him down. Show him what you really think of him*.

But the next words out of Leah's mouth were meek and hesitant. "P-please," she said, her eyes looking away as her face blushed deeply. "Please fuck me, Z."

"You know what I need to hear if that's what you want,' said Zane in a taunting voice, rubbing his cock head all over her pussy. Her hips squirmed forward, desperate for more, but Zane wouldn't give Leah what she wanted. Not yet.

Leah's voice was a humiliated whimper as she said, "Please… Daddy. Please fuck your little married slut's pussy."

Claire almost gasped. She could hear it… the moment that Leah broke. The tone of reluctant submission threading through her voice. Despite her defiance, despite her anger, despite her disdain for Zane, this is where she ended up. Spreading her thighs wide and begging for his cock in a sweet voice. Calling him "daddy", just like he predicted.

This was apparently the correct answer. Zane slid forward, deep into Leah's pussy, making her throw her head back with a deep, satisfied moan. His hips began pumping forward, capturing his slut in a deep kiss, pinning her to the padded table with mouth and cock. Claire pumped two fingers in and out of her throbbing pussy as she watched, soaking in the twisted, terrifying scene of a proud woman humbled. Despite Zane and Leah fucking in deep, intimate missionary, it still didn't look like love-making to Claire. It looked like Zane was claiming Leah. Marking his territory. Reminding her who she belonged to.

As if responding to Claire's thoughts, Zane pulled away from the kiss, his hips still pumping deeply and powerfully. "Who do you belong to, slut? Who owns this pussy?"

"You!" gasped Leah, her fingers clawing at Zane's back. "'"You do, Daddy! I belong to you."

"Whose cock do you prefer? Who is better?" Demanded Zane in a rough voice, reaching down to play with Leah's jiggling breasts, holding himself up with one hand.

"Yours, Daddy," moaned Leah, her hips swirling upward into Zane's every stroke, her voice delirious with pleasure, all traces of hate and defiance gone. "You're bigger and stronger than him!"

"Than who?" demanded Zane sharply.

"D-don't make me say it, Daddy,' whined Leah. "It's too mean!"

Zane's hips stopped for a moment. He silently stared down at Leah with a cruel grin as she writhed beneath him, desperate for his cock. Finally, with a groan of frustration, she squeezed her eyes shut and said, "Fine! You're bigger and more manly than my husband. You're better than… than… Widdle-willy Billy."

Claire could hear the humiliation in Leah's voice from being forced to say Zane's degrading, childish nickname for her husband, but could hear the pleasure there too. The pleasure of being forced to submit. Of being forced to betray her cuckolded husband once again.

Zane surged forward, rougher and harder than ever before. Leah's thick legs locked around his waist as her fingers scrabbled at his back, desperate to get him closer. Zane was a wild beast, Leah a bitch in heat, their sex was raw and explosive, a brutal dance on conqueror and conquest. He was taking Leah in a way that Claire had never been taken. Seeing Leah hate broken and transformed into submission and service was deeply frightening to Claire… but also deeply erotic. She watched with bated breath, one hand rubbing her wet pussy while another snuck up to tweak and pinch a nipple. She needed to see the climax of this twisted exchange.

Zane thrust into Leah, deep and hard, both gasping and writhing together now as they hurtled toward orgasm. "When?" grunted Zane into Leah's ear, just loud enough Claire to hear over the wet slapping of their bodies. "When are you going to let me knock you up? You know what I want Leah."

"Nooo!" moaned Leah desperately, shaking her head back and forth even as her pussy eagerly accepted another man's cock. "You can't, Daddy! That would really, really be too much! We… Ohhhh Goodddddd! We would never be able to take that back! Billy would never say yes!"

Claire felt a thrill of dark lust as she noticed that Leah never said she didn't want to… just that her husband would object.

"That's what you said about the tattoo!" growled Zane. "But like you said… a little chastity and dirty talk seems to work wonders on your cuck husband."

"I… I…" whimpered Leah, squirming and gasping. 'M… Maybe Daddy…"

"That's my girl," growled Zane. His hips slammed forward with new, fierce intensity now, and Claire found her fingers moving with that rhythm without even intending it. 'Now cum for me! Cum for Daddy!"

Zane silenced Leah's howl of pleasure with his lips and she passionately gripped his head in both hands, pulling him close. Claire clamped a hand over her mouth as her own orgasm washed over her, sudden and overwhelming, forcing the wave of dark heat inside her to crest and break, leaving her legs wobbly and her whole body warm and tingly.

She panted harshly in the dim side room for a moment as she watched Zane and Leah kiss for a moment, now still, their sweaty, naked bodies entwined in adulterous intimacy.

The taboo erotic thrill drained away with the last waves of Claire's orgasm, and she was suddenly aware of where she was… and what she had been doing. Self Loathing filled her in an instant. She had done this to help her see Zane as a ridiculous fraud, and what had she done instead? Touched herself. She could barely believe her own lack of restraint… or the fact she had somehow found Zane having sex erotic.

Claire realized that she was actually in a vulnerable position. She had stayed here watching for too long. Without further hesitation, she slipped into the hall, walking quickly away from whatever trainwreck she had inadvertently witnessed back in the massage room.

There was no doubt about it, this was not going to be helpful at all in her ongoing trouble dealing with Zane. She suspected that the image of him dominating Leah would flash into her mind now every time he flashed that stupid, smug grin.

But it didn't matter. She had heard anger and disgust in Leah's voice that mirrored her own. But she had also heard weakness and submission there. And she didn't have a single ounce of weakness or submission in her body.

Never ever for Zane Kruger at least.

...

Zane toweled himself off and frowned at the sticky puddle they had left on the massage table. It would probably be fine... they had to be prepared for a little cum in the massage rooms, right? He turned to Leah, who was also calmly wiping the sweat from her sexy little body.

"You seemed really... spicy today," commented Zane neutrally. "Good job. We really needed her to see that move from resistance to submission."

Leah smirked at him. "Oh, I meant every word, 'Daddy'," she said archly, the word was sarcastic again... for now. "I just don't normally say what I'm thinking about you anymore, because I know it won't do any good."

Zane laughed. 'Well maybe you should. You know how much I like a good chase."

Leah snorted and rolled her eyes, then looked thoughtful. "So... what's next for Claire? You think she's ready to give in?"

Zane shook his head. "Not yet. We planted a seed today, but it still needs a little watering. And even if she starts getting turned on by me now, she will still need to learn how to submit. That won't happen in a day."

Leah shuddered. "I'm not sure if I pity her or envy her. Just thinking back to how it was when you first seduced me..."

Zane smiled at the memory. Good times. But he still thought Claire would be even more satisfying.

"What about Dan?" asked Leah suddenly.

Zane scoffed and gave her an incredulous sidelong glance. "What *about* Dan?"

"What are your plans for him?" asked Leah, a frown crossing her face.

"My plan is to fuck his wife and enjoy the stupid look on his face as he realizes he never should have assumed he was better than me," said Zane firmly, using the towel to wipe off some of the cum from the table and hopping back up.

"You know what I mean," said Leah with a flicker of annoyance. "You're about to do something terrible to him. It would be better for him if he could... learn to enjoy what was about to happen. Like Bill does."

Zane shrugged as he lay back on the bed. "Well that's really up to him, isn't it?"

"Come on," said Leah, walking up and running a hand up Zane's flabby body, "You used to be friends with him right? Turn Dan into a willing cuck. For old times sake. Or just for me, if you

prefer. He's a loser, but he was still one of my best friends. I don't want to see him totally crushed. Besides, it might make him self-sabotage and make your job easier."

Zane grimaced and sighed.

"Maybe. I'll think about it. Now where the fuck is that masseuse? I told them to come in after a half hour!"

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What should Zane's next step be in Claire's corruption?

Option A: Claire needs to be taught to submit. Zane should press the advantage now that she is flustered and thinking about him sexually. In their next meeting, he needs to press her hard on the topic of the trophy case and force her to agree to design it. That will get the ball rolling on making submission to Zane second nature to her.

Option B: Zane needs to follow up immediately on making Claire think about him in sexual terms. "Accidentally" sending her a link to his porn site in an email should do the trick. At this point, Claire won't be able to resist the opportunity to see him in action again.

Option C: Maybe Leah is right and it would be worth it to cultivate Dan a little. In fact, maybe Leah would be up for the task. Leah could discuss her new job and lifestyle with Dan in more detail... and maybe lead him down the cuckold path.

The Bet – Chapter 9

The car ride home from the spa was awkward to say the least. Dan made one or two half-hearted attempts to engage his wife in conversation, but Claire didn't bite. She was still angry at Dan, for one. He had been misleading her this entire time, letting her believe that he had cut off his friendship with Zane like she asked.

But more importantly, Claire's brain was roiling and buzzing with conflicted emotions right now. She simply didn't have the bandwidth for light conversation. She laid her head against the cool car window and closed her eyes, trying to calm her whirling thoughts and feelings. She needed to take stock.

Claire hated Zane. For the past few weeks, he had been a constant thorn in her side, getting under her skin with his arrogance, pushy demeanor, and crass tastes. She had also just watched him have sex. And not just any sex: filthy, red-hot fucking that, as annoying as it was to admit, proved at least some of what Zane claimed about his own dominant nature.

Seeing Zane have sex had turned Claire on. There was no getting around that: she had even orgasmed touching herself while she watched. Rather than trying to deny that, the more important thing was to think about what that arousal meant. Claire furrowed her brow as she probed her feelings carefully. Did she find Zane attractive? Claire was relieved to find that the answer was a firm "no". Zane's squat, hairy little body was still repelling to her.

So what exactly had turned her on?

She knew the answer, although she didn't like it. The dominance had made her horny. The power that Zane held over Leah. The way that Leah had shown her distaste for Zane, but still wasn't able to help herself from submitting to his animal lust.

Claire's eyes opened and flicked over to Dan, who was driving the car in silence with a troubled look on his face. She had molded her husband into a passive, and yes, submissive, partner in bed. Zane had awakened a need for something more inside her. A thirst for powerful masculinity that Claire didn't know she had. That is what made her so turned on watching Zane have sex with Leah.

Claire let out a long sigh. Dan looked over, but she still wasn't prepared to engage him right now and ignored him. So… she had a submissive side she never knew existed. That was annoying in many ways, but it was also a relief. It meant that this wasn't actually about Zane at all. Right now, Dan couldn't scratch that itch… but she had shaped him once, hadn't she? Claire would simply have to work with Dan to figure out a system. One where she could opt in to submissive sexual encounters when she felt the urge to be dominated. She was sure it would take him some practice to get the hang of it, but they had all the time in the world.

As for the idea that she would see her dominant fix from Zane… the idea remained laughable. As if he was the only man on the planet with a big dick and a pushy attitude! If Claire was willing to cheat on her husband (which obviously she wasn't), she could go out to any nightclub in the city and find a man just as obnoxious as Zane and ten times better looking in five minutes.

She conceded the fact that Zane might be good at sex. Leah had certainly seemed to think so. But Claire would never in a million years allow Zane to touch her. For many reasons. She was married. It was unprofessional. He was gross.

But most importantly, above all other considerations, was this: Her pride wouldn't allow it. She had decided long ago that Zane was beneath her, and nothing in heaven or earth would make her bend down to his level.

By the time they got home, Claire felt better enough that she allowed Dan to rub her feet while they watched some TV. Things were already beginning to make sense to her again now that she had straightened up her thoughts.

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Zane parked in front of Claire's office and looked at himself in the rearview. No matter how well he did with women, no matter how much money he made, he still felt that tiny sting of self-loathing when he looked at himself. A feeling that perfect hotties like Dan and his smokeshow of a wife would never understand.

Zane didn't waste much time with self-reflection normally, but he knew why he acted the way he did. Maybe on the inside he was still the despised fat ass all alone on prom night, or some maudlin crap like that. He had left-behind self-pity and tears long ago. Ever since college he had worn his repulsive looks like a badge of honor, proudly saying to the world, "Yeah, I do look like shit. And I can still get any woman I want, so what does that say about you?" He had taken his physical flaws and made them just another part of his mental strength.

Today would be an important step forward in his latest conquest. Claire was the kind of woman who had never submitted to anyone. There was a certain type of attractive woman who could pick her way through life, surrounding themselves with fawning men, avoiding strong-willed males entirely, and calling themselves powerful and strong from the inevitable contrast.

Zane had no doubt that Claire was coming up with a complex reason why peeping on him having sex didn't matter or didn't count somehow. Arrogant women like her were very talented at self-deception. That was why Zane was going to make Claire build a trophy case to house the panties his conquests had gifted him. It was something that Claire would never do on her own. When she finally gave in and agreed, it would be impossible for her to weasel out of the truth: she was doing it because he said so. Perfect proof, even for a self-absorbed woman like Claire, that she had submitted to his will.

But it wasn't going to be a walk in the park. After watching Zane thoroughly dominate another woman, Claire would be flustered and on the back foot. But she was stubborn, and probably more suspicious of Zane than ever. He was going to have to come at this with everything he had.

But Zane wasn't intimidated as he hopped out of his luxury SUV and strolled into the office. He was exhilarated. This is what he lived for: his revenge on all the perfect, pretty people who looked down on him. He would be the one looking down on Claire soon enough, as she used that sharp little tongue to please him.

Claire was going to design a fucking trophy case for him, and by the time it was finished, the classy, demure panties Zane was sure she wore would be taking the place of honor in his collection.

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Claire was a little frustrated with herself. She felt nervous and awkward about her meeting with Zane, but there was no reason for that feeling. She had seen him naked, but the essential terms

of their relationship hadn't changed in the slightest. He was still beneath her, and she was still going to prove that while taking his money.

But, no matter how much she repeated that to herself, she still felt a strange twist of anxiety in her belly when she saw Zane again for the first time since the spa. She could see him arrive at the reception desk through her office door, laughing and chatting with Perlah (who seemed a little too flirty, come to think of it. Maybe Claire should have a word with her). Just the sight of his face made red-hot memories jolt through her mind. Zane, kneeling behind Leah to aggressively eat her out from behind… Pinning the cheating wife's soft, bottom-heavy body to the massage table with his thick cock.

Just as those disturbing, arousing memories flooded her mind. Zane turned, seeing her through the door. His face split into his infuriating grin, and he gave her a little wave, turning to walk toward her.

Desperately trying to stop herself from thinking about the size and shape of her least favorite client's cock, Claire rose to greet him. The meeting had begun.

Zane held out his hand to shake, but it immediately reminded Claire of how he had used that same hand to grip Leah's braid, using it like a handle as he fucked her mouth. She ignored the hand and gestured for him to sit, doing her best to clamp down on her imagination. This had been exactly what she was afraid of… Her purpose in peeping on Zane having sex in the first place was to gain a mental edge by seeing how pathetic he truly was. That had backfired. The fact that Zane had actually performed impressively was making it difficult to maintain the cool, dismissive attitude she had always tried to take with him.

If Zane was offended by her refusal to shake hands, he didn't show it. He leaned back comfortably in the chair on the other side of Claire's desk and rested his hands on his gut with a contented expression. "Good to see you, Claire Bear! It feels like forever since we've last checked in with this project!" he said jovially. "Although I guess you did see me this weekend for other reasons, didn't you?"

Claire blushed as a spike of adrenaline shot through her. Had Zane noticed that she was watching? She opened her mouth to make an excuse, then caught herself. He meant in the pedicure room. "Um… well. Yes. I suppose I did," she said haltingly, looking anywhere but Zane's piggy eyes, twinkling with some secret amusement. This meeting had barely begun, and it already felt like things were twisting out of her grasp. How did Zane have such a talent for flustering her? "Anyway," she said, a decisive tone creeping back into her voice. "Let's get to business." She forced herself to meet Zane's gaze, her eyes hard. She would push through this awkwardness with sheer force of will if she had to.

"Agreed," said Zane with a smirk. "I want to discuss the panty presentation case that you'll be designing for me."

He said it with such straightforward confidence that Claire was momentarily confused. "Excuse me?" she said, not even outraged, just genuinely thinking there must be a misunderstanding. "Mr. Kruger, we already discussed this. I said that…"

"Call me Zane," said the repellent man, cutting Claire off sharply. His face was still relaxed and smiling, but his eyes suddenly glittered with a hint of steel that took Claire aback.

"What?" she asked, off balance once again in an instant.

“I call you by your first name,” said Zane smoothly, his voice smooth and unthreatening. “It seems like it would be polite to reciprocate.”

Claire bit the inside of her cheek to keep a sour look off her face. Refusing to use his first name had been a deliberate attempt to snub him. But now that he had brought it up directly, she couldn’t continue without looking petty. “Fine,” she said flatly, feeling a little outmaneuvered, even if it was for something insignificant, “*Zane,* I already told you that I would have no part in designing the juvenile little showcase you have planned.”

Zane held up a finger. “No, Claire. We said we would table the discussion. Now I want to discuss it again. I’m afraid that I must insist. You will make me a trophy case to display the favors from women I have slept with. I won’t take ‘no’ for an answer.”

Claire just stared at him, stunned. Zane had heard a straightforward refusal, but he didn’t seem shaken or deterred in the least. He had simply pushed through her refusal with his usual infuriating confidence, completely unbothered. It was one of the most stunningly arrogant reactions she had ever seen, and she worked with the rich and famous. His ugly face, with its bulging eyes and scruffy stubble, had an expression of certainty that made her want to slap him. … But she also couldn’t help but wonder: was this the same sort of attitude that had gotten him into the pants of women out of his league? Women a thousand times more attractive than him? Smart, confident, independent women? Married women?

This pushy, arrogant attitude had to be effective to some extent if he was that successful, right? More images flashed through Claire’s head… Leah calling Zane Daddy in a whimpering voice, The sight of Zane’s initials tattooed on a married woman’s ass, Leah faltering on her refusal to let Zane impregnate her just before he came. Claire fought to keep the filthy memories out of her head before the blush she felt forming became obvious.

“Well, I’m sorry, Zane. But whether you like the answer or not, no is no,” she said, wincing internally at how defensive she sounded. *Focus, idiot! Don’t let him throw you!*

“If money is the issue, I’d be happy to…” began Zane with a condescending smirk.

“It isn’t a question of money!” The very idea was annoying to Claire. Zane must think he could buy anyone he wanted. But it wouldn’t work on her.

“I’d like you to explain your refusal then,” said Zane sharply, still not thrown off in the slightest by Claire’s firm “no”. “I’ve seen your work before. I even have a few acquaintances whom you’ve designed for in the past. They tell me that you occasionally refuse certain design choices, but refusing to design a specific element when given free rein on how it would look and incorporate it into the room? That’s unheard of for you.”

So Zane had been talking to her other clients? Claire leaned back in her chair, staring at him with her lips drawn into a thin line of disapproval. As much as she hated to admit it, he did have a point, in a twisted, backward way. It was unusual for her to refuse outright to design an element of a room. But these were special circumstances after all.

“It’s simple,” said Claire challengingly, not backing down from Zane’s confident gaze. “I don’t design obscene furniture. It doesn’t fit my brand.”

“Yet you designed a room for me with the specific brief of fitting my personality, and I’m an obscene man. My sexuality is a big part of who I am. Why can’t my room reflect that?’ His words

were cool, cutting, and targeted. Claire caught a flash of ruthless cunning that lurked beneath Zane's normal bombastic attitude. It was… oddly a little intimidating.

"Your request is misogynistic. I won't even entertain it," snapped Claire. *Shit. I sound flustered*. Every time she tried to shut Zane down, images of his monstrous cock would flash before her eyes. But her job was easy here. She just needed to keep saying 'no' until he gave up. Nothing could be simpler… even if Lilah's moans seemed to be echoing in her ears.

Zane looked genuinely surprised. "What? Misogynistic? Claire… I didn't steal these panties. They were gifts. Tokens of affection from women who willingly became mine. Symbols of their submission. Their *willing* submission. Ask any one of them, and they'll say they have no problem with me showing off their gift. I guarantee it."

Now Claire knew that she was blushing. What Zane was saying had to be bullshit. He may have tricked women into sex. Or bullied them. Or paid them. But so many women just… giving in like that? The word that he said… *submission*. It sent a shudder of horror down Claire's spine, and sent a flicker of heat through her core. That was what the trophy case represented: Zane's inexplicable sexual success and the humiliating defeat of the women he had bedded. Why would any attractive, independent woman put themselves beneath a creep like Zane?

And not just one, enough to fill a trophy case. Zane's eyes bored into hers, unshaken by her refusal, infuriatingly confident that she would say yes in the end. Was this the secret? Force of will and patience and a big, throbbing cock? Was that all it took to bring a proud woman to her knees, literally and metaphorically? What would it feel like to give in? To let him have his way? Maybe those other women would tell her how pleasurable it was. But no… she couldn't. Not even on small things like this.

"Even so," she said, her mouth suddenly feeling dry, "The answer is 'no'."

"For no reason?" asked Zane, raising an eyebrow.

"For personal reasons."

This response, to Claire's discomfort, made Zane chuckle darkly. "Well… there we have it at last. It has to do with your feelings about me personally. Well, that's no problem then."

He leaned forward, and suddenly his entire energy seemed to change, becoming forceful. Intrusive. Claire had to stop herself from scooting back from him on her rolling chair. This wasn't the tubby, crass clown she was used to. This was suddenly the sharp-eyed, masculine beast she had spied on while he fucked Leah into submission.

"That means all I have to do is change your mind," the look in his eyes told Claire that he didn't think this would be difficult. He looked like a wolf closing in on its prey. Claire opened her mouth, but no words came out. She felt like a deer in the headlights.

"And I will," said Zane in a low voice. "You're going to do as I say eventually, Claire. So why make this harder than it has to be? Say 'yes'. I promise you that you'll be happy you did."

Claire breathed heavily, caught in a torrent of emotion. Anger at Zane's presumption. Disgust with herself for not shutting him down right away. But most of all… a sense of twisted curiosity. What would it feel like to give in? To… submit. It wasn't something that Claire had ever considered until recently. But seeing the effect Zane had on others made her wonder.

The idea was taboo… kinky even, in a strange way. For a woman who had always prided herself on her control and power, giving in to a man's desires just because he said so was forbidden in a way that made Claire's heart beat faster. True, this was just one minor thing… it would barely count as submission at all. But even getting a taste of what it was like to bend to the will of a powerful man sent a twist of strange arousal trhough Claire's belly that she couldn't quite squash.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe bending a little and letting someone else win for once would even be relaxing. She felt totally under Zane's power in that heated moment, his eyes locked with hers, the memory of his thick cock sinking into Leah flashing before Claire's eyes. The way her pussy stretched to take his monstrous cock… the slutty moans that tore from the married mother's throat… the way she had held Zane, pulling him closer to kiss him deeply and intimately.

Claire opened her mouth, to her own shock, she realized that she was about to say yes. It felt like she was under Zane's overwhelming power. Yes was the easiest option now. The one that would be the most satisfying.

Then Claire saw the ghost of a smirk on Zane's lips, and she remembered the downside of doing what he asked. She would have to deal with his insufferable smugness. She would never allow this little creep to celebrate his victory over her. She screwed up all of her willpower and changed her answer on the way to her lips.

"I think about it," she croaked. Even that was a compromise that left a bitter taste in her mouth, but it was satisfying to see the sudden expression of shock on Zane's face as he realized that Claire hadn't quite given in completely, like he wanted.

"Listen," said Zane with a frown, "I thought we agreed that…"

"I have another meeting coming up, Mr. Kruger," said Claire flatly, carefully avoiding Zane's eyes so that he couldn't use his force of personality to change her mind. "I told you that I would think about it. And that's more than you deserve. Goodbye."

For a long, tense moment, Zane sat in the chair. Claire didn't look up to see his expression, but finally, he stood. "Fine. I'm a patient man, Claire Bear. But let's not drag this out longer than we have to. At our next meeting you're going to tell me 'yes'."

And he left, leaving Claire alone in her office. She let out a long sigh and put her head in her hands. What the fuck was that? Why had it been so hard to say 'no' to him? And had she gotten a little aroused just by the idea of giving in to him? She had managed to avoid agreeing to his ridiculous request, but only just barely. Somehow, his force of personality was a lot more effective than Claire ever could have guessed. She needed to be more careful around him…

And more importantly, she needed to stop picturing him naked every time he spoke.

…

Zane sat behind the wheel of his SUV, gripping it tightly in his hands. He took a long breath in, his grip tightening until his knuckles were white, then let it out in one explosive burst, releasing his anger with it.

Claire was a hard nut to crack. Maybe the hardest he had ever worked on. She was proud, and smart, and stubborn. Zane had used every trick in the book, logic, subtle insults, and sheer

force of will, and he had still failed to get her to agree. It had been a long time since a woman he wanted hadn't just fallen into his lap. True, he had moved her from a "no" to a "maybe", but that was hardly a win compared to what he had done with other women in the past.

A frustrated erection tented up the front of Zane's pants as he started the car and pulled out of the parking lot. He wanted to fuck Claire more than ever now that she was playing hard to get like this. And he would, he was positive. Soon that smug, perfect bitch would be begging for his dick. He just needed to apply a little more pressure.

The first order of business was dealing with Dan. The little spa trip, even though Zane had turned it into an opportunity, had been proof that Dan had grown some balls and was trying to work against him behind the scenes. If Dan somehow found a way to genuinely relieve Claire's tension, it could actually throw a wrench in Zane's plans.

Zane knew that, as pleasant a guy as old Danny Boy could be, he wasn't the type of man who could handle a woman like Claire. But Zane needed Claire to see that as well. Zane suspected that Claire was already feeling new appetites for dominance and realizing that Dan couldn't satisfy them. Zane needed to deepen that gap between Claire's desires and Dan's abilities.

Once Claire realized that Dan could never give her what her instincts craved, Zane's job would get a lot easier.

But how best to let Dan's inadequacy shine?

Option A: Right about now, Claire was probably looking for ways she could prod her husband to be more dominant in bed. She would fail of course. Dan just didn't have it in him to dominate a fierce, powerful woman like his wife. But what if Zane could make that process go as wrong as possible? Make it a total humiliation for Dan rather than just boring? Perlah was the perfect avenue to influence Claire on this: she had told Zane that she and her boss were close enough to have "girl talk" sometimes. If Claire was slipped a few wildly off-base "sex tips" from her assistant on how to push Dan to take charge in bed, it could turn into an eye opening experience for both of them. (As a sneak peek for what I have in mind: Perlah would tell Claire that she should act dominant toward Dan to encourage him to fight back and turn the tables. But he wouldn't, so it would turn into a sex scene of Claire dominating her husband in bed even more than she usually does. Both would find it hot, but it would convince Claire more than ever that Dan isn't dominant.)

Option B: What if Dan went from not being dominant enough in bed, to not being able to perform at all? If Zane sent Dan a free gift subscription to his website, there was no doubt at all in Zane's mind that a cuck-in-the-making like Dan would spend every free moment jerking himself raw thinking about what Zane might do to his wife. Which would leave him drained and limp in bed, unable to satisfy his wife. Leaving her hornier and hornier by the day, ready to submit to her new master.

Option C: The spa trip had proved one thing clearly: Dan had never actually gotten over Leah. Zane could use this to his advantage. A wimp like Dan would never be able to resist if his old college crush came onto him. And if, for example, it was arranged for Claire to walk in on her husband receiving a handjob from another woman… well, that would be something a proud woman like her would find hard to forgive.

The Bet – Chapter 10

The email came in as Dan was processing permits at work. Just another buzzing notification from his phone that he paid little mind to. But when he checked it a few minutes later, suddenly it was all he could think about, and focusing on his work became impossible.

The email was brief and blunt.

Hey bud,

Since you seemed so curious about Leah the other day, I thought I would let you see the whole dirty business for yourself. I paid for a subscription to Freaks in the Sheets for you, so go nuts. You can find Leah's whole story under her name.

User name: CuckyD

Password: thankuZane

Dan spent the rest of the afternoon in a haze, making multiple mistakes on his work that he had to iron out, staring into space, and generally having a terrible time. Obviously he wasn't actually going to use the gifted subscription. It was some sort of trick… or at very least a barely-veiled taunt about what Zane planned to do with his wife. About an hour after he received the email, Dan deleted it, feeling like he had won a victory.

But it still ate away at him, and he knew that, thanks to the taunting nature of the username and password, they were now seared into his brain. He would be able to remember them if he tried, so deleting the email had been a hollow gesture.

All afternoon, he was taunted by the knowledge that, if he really wanted, he could sit down later that evening and see the woman he had a crush on for so long naked. The fact that she would be fucking Zane when and if he saw her was a bitter pill to swallow… And, even worse, he would know the entire time that whatever he watched on the screen was exactly what Zane intended to do to his wife.

Speaking of Claire, Dan had been worrying for the past few days about her. The trip to the spa had been a dud. Dan had no idea how, but Zane had somehow gotten wind of his plan to help Claire and worked decisively and effectively to counteract it. The whole point had been to calm Claire down and soothe her stress, but after the trip she seemed more moody and distracted than ever.

It had also put up a barrier between them. It had come out at the spa that Dan hadn't actually cut off the friendship with Zane per se, and Claire was still upset about it. Over the years they had been married, Dan had discovered that Claire had a very predictable cycle of anger and forgiveness. For this particular issue, Claire had now moved from the silent treatment period to brief, neutral conversations without pet names and kisses on the cheek. Soon she would be ready to receive his apology… unless this whole thing with Zane had sent their natural rhythm out of whack.

Dan spent the rest of the day nervous and distracted by both issues, and so, by the time he arrived home he was a buzzing ball of tension, temptation, and arousal. A quick investigation showed that Claire wasn't in her home office… which meant she was working late tonight. Probably. Dan immediately crushed the squirming feeling of uncertainty in his belly. Claire was at the office. Where else would she be? In Zane's bed, pinned to the bed by his thick cock? Of

course not. The idea was ludicrous. If he started doubting his wife now, the battle was already half-lost. His strong-willed, beautiful wife would never fall for a toad like Zane.

…*but Leah did*. A small, treacherous part of his brain whispered. He could go now and view the proof if he wanted. And, despite the hope that had lingered at the back of his mind, his wife wasn't home right now to distract him from the taboo gift that Zane had cruelly dangled in front of his nose.

In the end, Dan made it a little over an hour before his resolution crumbled. What pushed him over the edge was the perfect excuse that his mind cooked up for why investigating the porn site would be a good idea. The same reason he had tried to stealthily check out the website before: it would be excellent research on the methods of his opposition. If he understood how Zane had tricked Leah into sex, he could maybe get some insight into the prick's plans for Claire.

The fact that he would get to see Leah moaning and sweating in the depths of filthy, adulterous passion had nothing to do with his decision. Or, at least, so he told himself.

Dan double checked through the window that Claire wasn't pulling up, then nervously opened his laptop and navigated to the website. Despite his insistence to himself that this was just for research purposes, he was already fully erect and straining against his pants by the time he reached the familiar, sleazy-looking porn page.

He froze one last time at the login screen, fingers hovering over the keys as he hesitated. The smartest move would be to do the opposite of whatever Zane wanted. He didn't believe for a second that Zane had sent this login info out of the goodness of his heart. But, on the other hand, maybe Zane was just underestimating him. If this was an attempt to intimidate Dan by showing what would happen to Claire… well, then all Dan had to do was not feel intimidated and use the information to sabotage Zane's plan. He was made of stronger stuff than Zane thought.

Dan entered the username calling himself a cuck, typed in the password thanking the man who wanted to fuck his wife, and pressed enter. His eyes lit up as the website unlocked. A second later, he frowned. The website looked quite different than the one he had previewed earlier. Instead of a deep black background with neon highlights, this webpage had a background of soft pink. For a second, he thought he had been sent to the wrong site.

Then he saw the logo at the top. It still said "Freaks in the Sheets", but now there was a small addition on the bottom right of the words: "Beta Edition." Dan rolled his eyes. Had Zane made a pink reskin of the website just to fuck with him? It felt sort of petty. Whatever, as long as all the content was still there.

But, as he scrolled down, searching for Leah, Dan noticed that the background color wasn't the only change.

There was censorship on the page now, when Dan could have sworn there wasn't before. All of the women had a black bar covering their eyes now, and the women posing nude had black boxes covering their nipples and pussies. Dan felt a prickle of anger, no longer quite as dismissive of the games Zane was playing. The taunt felt a lot more pointed now. An implication that Dan was a beta who didn't even deserve to see these women naked, while Zane got to fuck them as much as he wanted.

Dan grit his teeth. The joke was on Zane. Although this version of the site might not be as… satisfying to Dan's curiosity, all of the written portions were in tact, and, by clicking into a few videos as a test, Dan found that he had access to all of those as well… although each and every one had been carefully edited to censor all female nudity. The worst part was that Dan found the censorship a little erotic in a strange way. He had always liked it when Claire (and other women before her) teased him in bed. And in some ways, this felt like the ultimate tease. Getting so close to seeing these gorgeous women, but being denied right at the last step.

Dan shook his head, irritated with himself. He wasn't being "denied" by anyone. This was a mind game from Zane. If he wanted to see these women naked, all he would have to do is pay for a subscription. But he didn't need to. He needed to get to work. In theory he could learn more about Zane's methods by clicking on any woman on the site, but Dan wasn't kidding himself. Now that he had come this far, he wasn't going to hold himself back from what he really wanted to see.

He scrolled down the page until he saw the name "Leah" once again. There was her photo, smiling her familiar, teasing smile. Since she was wearing a bikini, there were no black bars on her body here, but the black line covering her eyes still gave the photo a taboo, naughty feeling, like Dan was looking at something he shouldn't.

Which maybe he was.

He clicked into the page, his heart pounding and his cock straining in his pants. First, he was given the options of "Leah's Training" or "Professional Scenes". As tempting as the scenes sounded, he probably needed to get all the info he could first, so he clicked "Leah's Training".

He was greeted by a sort of… report. A collection of dated entries, written in lurid, pornographic style, accompanied by pictures and footage. A lot of the earlier footage was clearly taken using some sort of hidden camera, though prominent disclaimers advised that all people with unblurred faces in the videos gave their express permission for the footage to be posted. Dan considered scrolling right down to the bottom to see if there really were filthy pornographic videos of Leah having sex with a gross little troll like Zane… but he restrained himself. He was supposed to be looking for clues, not getting off.

He started at the beginning.

The page started with a brief introduction detailing information that Dan was already familiar with. The fact that Zane and Leah went to college together. That she never liked him. That she got married to a jock shortly after college. Dan skimmed it, though he was more interested in the content further down the page… for research purposes, of course.

The next section was a bit more interesting.

So, with all that in mind, dear strokers, you won't be surprised to hear that when I ran into Leah recently at my local grocery store, she was downright rude to me! Dismissive even! She tried to brush me off like I was trash. And you know how that attitude makes Z feel, coming from a slut-in-the-making. It makes me feel like I have to prove her wrong. Especially because Leah and i go way back. I just had to get a little revenge for poor college-aged Z, you know? So I did a little digging and found out that Little Leah was about to run a baking class at her local community center. It wasn't hard to join up. After all, 'everyone is welcome'!

Every entry was written in the same smug, joking style, with chummy asides to the reader. It made the writer, presumably Zane, sound like a pompous prick. But Dan supposed that that was the audience for this type of website liked. There was a video beneath the entry, so Dan clicked play.

The video was clearly being taken from some sort of hidden pinhole camera, based on the low angle and the fish-eye lens. The perspective showed Leah approaching. Even with the odd perspective, it was easy to see she was angry… although Dan noticed that her eyes were still covered by a black bar as she moved.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” she hissed quietly. The camera showed her torso, but not her face this close to the camera.

“I thought the flyer said everyone was welcome,” said the man wearing the camera, calm and amused. It was obviously Zane. Dan could tell from the voice alone. He would recognise that smug prick anywhere.

“I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing, Zane, but whatever it is, I…”

“I’m just here to learn to bake,” said Zane with a chuckle. “You’re the one who seems to be making a big deal out of it. But fine, go tell the organizers to kick me out of the class because you knew me in college and think I’m annoying. I’m sure that will get exactly the response you’re looking for.”

Leah made a frustrated huff and turned away, showing the camera a tempting view of her plump backside as she retreated, stiff with anger.

The video cut off there. Dan was confused. If this was supposed to be an example of Zane’s progress, it didn’t look encouraging. Leah was obviously pissed off and dismissive. But Zane wouldn’t have posted this on his website if it ended in a rejection. With a sinking feeling in his belly, oddly compounded by his thumping heart and throbbing erection, Dan scrolled down and read further.

The twisted arousal and disquiet only swelled within him as he read the following entries. Zane was meticulous and thorough. He researched Leah’s weaknesses and applied strategic pressure. Strangely, his aim wasn’t to endear himself to Leah, but just the opposite. Zane worked, at the beginning, to get under Leah’s skin and make her obsessed with him.

He slept with the other members of the class, mostly married women, and flaunted it in Leah’s face. He researched and became an expert in baking to question Leah’s teaching in class. He pushed Leah to give in to his desires on petty issues, supposedly “training her to submit.” And, most importantly, he slowly introduced innuendo and crude jokes to get Leah to connect him in her mind with sex.

All of it was written in the same leering, gloating style, smugly confident that Leah would soon be his. Pictures and short clips accompanied the updates, and Dan couldn’t help but note that, although her expression remained annoyed, there was a noticable hungry edge to Leah’s expression as the updates went on.

The parallels to Claire’s situation were obvious and disturbing. Dan’s wife was becoming more distracted with time, more obsessed with Zane. Was she thinking about him sexually at this point? Was she at that stage? Dan shook his head. Of course not. She would never reach that stage. She was Claire, not some easily manipulated slut.

He didn't understand why his fucking erection wasn't going down while his gut twisted with anxiety like this.

Dan's mouth was dry as he read the next update.

As all of my regular strokers know, the pieces were all in place at this point. All poor Leah needed was one final push. She needed to see my cock. She needed a chance to really think about what it might feel like to submit to a dominant man like me, not just in everyday life, but in bed. So I sent her a dick pic. "By Mistake" obviously. I told her I was sending a picture of a loaf I made at home asking for tips, or some shit like that, but she got a glamor shot of my throbbing cock instead. One of those timed links that only opens once. You should have seen how she cussed me out! But she didn't block me. Not even after I sent the second picture the next day. Not even after I sent her one every evening, at a time I knew was after her hubby had gone to sleep. And, then, dear strokers, when I knew she was getting used to seeing my cock regularly… I stopped. And that was all it took to get this sneering, superior, married mom to crumble.

A screenshot of a messaging app was posted below. Dan felt second-hand indignation as he realized that Leah was listed simply as "Buns" in Zane's phone, but then he remembered that, for reasons he still couldn't quite wrap his brain around, Leah had approved Zane posting this.

Buns: I just want to know why.

Zane: There's nothing to explain. You wanted me to stop sending you dick pics. You said they were disgusting and pathetic. So I stopped. Isn't this what you wanted?

Buns: You're insane! I told you to stop every time, and you kept sending them again and again. And now all of a sudden you stop out of the blue? It makes no fucking sense!

Zane: I know what this is. You want more, don't you?

Buns: WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU? Are you even reading my messages? How could you draw that conclusion?

Zane: I get it. Asking me straight out would be too humiliating. So I'll make you a deal. You don't need to ask me and admit you want to see my cock. All you need to do is send me a picture of your tits. I won't even gloat or say I told you so or anything. The second you send me the picture of your naked tits, you get a picture of my cock back, no hassle.

Buns: You're delusional. Don't contact me again.

Dan was on the edge of his seat as he scrolled down.

Well, strokers, I let her be for a little while. Didn't text. Didn't show up to class. I let her have what she thought she wanted: peace and quiet with her pindick husband. And you'll never fucking guess what popped into my inbox a week later.

The tone prepared Dan for what was coming next, but it still hit him like a punch to the gut. The picture was clearly taken in the bathroom, and although her face wasn't in the picture, Dan was sure it was Leah. She lifted her shirt up over her breasts, with a clear blush all the way down her neck… to her bare naked tits, on display for Zane.

On display for Zane, but not fully for Dan. Frustratingly, the nipples were once again covered in a black bar, leaving the picture unsatisfying. Yet Dan couldn't tear his eyes away. He had obviously seen naked tits hundreds of times, but this felt intensely personal. These were the

breasts he had lusted after. The tits he had only ever seen once during one stressful, confusing skinny-dipping session. And Zane had somehow earned that sight just through being an arrogant prick with a big cock. And Zane not only got to see Leah's tits, but put them onto to the internet for any guy to see.

Well, almost any guy. Not guys who had the Beta Edition.

Before he realized what he was doing, Dan felt his hand squeezing his cock, shoved down his pants. His eyes bored into the photo as his hand gripped and squeezed, as if by staring hard, he could penetrate the black bars. Somehow, despite how humiliating and frustrating it was, the denial was part of the pleasure for him. The humiliating denial pressed a button inside Dan that he didn't know he had. With a tortured groan, he scrolled further down the page.

More pictures followed. Zane insisted that Leah send a brand new photo whenever she wanted a dick pic, and it soon became a nightly ritual. Dan gave up on the pretense as he scrolled, tugging his pants down his thighs and openly stroking as he watched Leah's photos grow sexier… flirtier. She held the shirt in her teeth as she lifted it over her breasts in one photo. In another, she arched her back to thrust them forward. In a third, she leaned forward, letting them hang down softly from her chest. And in each photo, Dan was blocked. Denied. Not allowed to see her nipples, just the full, rounded curves of her tits.

And then Zane switched it up. He told Leah he was bored of her tits. He needed something different. He wanted to see her fat ass. Zane arrogantly demanded that he needed to see Leah bending over and holding her cheeks open if she wanted to see another cock pic. Predictably, she refused, saying that Zane had gone too far this time.

And, after a few more days of Zane's cold shoulder, predictably, she sent him a new picture anyway.

Dan unconsciously increased the speed of his stroking, his heart pumping wildly and sweat beading on his forehead as he saw Leah in a way he never would have predicted.

Leaning over, bent at the waist, one hand gripping each luscious cheek, pulling them apart to reveal… a perfect round black hole censoring Dan's view, as well as a black bar obscuring even the tiniest glimpse of her pussy. It drove Dan crazy. As badly as he had fumbled his chance that day, Dan treasured the memory of skinny dipping with Leah. He had seen his crush naked, and that was a victory in itself.

But Zane had seen more. Now, every random subscriber to this website had seen more. It made Dan want to log out a buy a subscription for himself, even if it would make Claire question the charge on the credit card statement. But he was too deep now. He read the next update in a cold sweat, his hand pumping rapidly on his cock.

Oh, course, at this point I had her, strokers. She was mine, even if she didn't realize it yet. All that I needed to do was reach out and take her. I know that this has been a photo-heavy training log this time around, strokers, but it all leads up to this. I told Leah that if she wanted to see my cock again it would have to be in person. And, after some token resistance, she agreed. The scene was set, after class at the community center, a couple of minutes after the last would-be baker left…

The camera approached Leah. who stood at a table at the front of some sort of food lab. Even with the black bars covering her eyes, Dan could tell she was embarrassed and annoyed. She

gestured nervously toward the perspective of the camera. “What’s with the camera. You didn’t say you were going to film this.”

Zane chuckled. “I already have a picture of your asshole, sweetcheeks. What does one little video matter? If it’s a dealbreaker, we can just go our separate ways, of course…”

“Fine,” snapped Leah, blushing heavily, clearly embarrassed to be on camera, but unwilling to walk away from this taboo encounter. “Let’s just… Let’s get this over with. You’ll send more pictures if I do this, right?” She was already unbuttoning her jeans as she spoke, turning around to face away from Zane.

“Scouts honor,” said Zane, his voice dripping with smug amusement. “Enough stalling. Show me what I came here to see.”

Leah hooked her thumbs through her waistband, pulling her jeans and panties down over the swell of her impressive ass, revealing their pale, chubby roundness.

“That’s not enough,” said Zane in a hungry voice. “Show me everything.”

“I know. I’m doing it,” snapped Leah, irritated, but with a slight rasp of arousal tainting her voice. She reached back and gripped her cheeks with her pants down around her knees, pulling them apart slowly. It had been erotic in the photos, but it was twice as fascinating here… and twice as frustrating as the blank black disc and bar of censorship appeared. For an instant, maybe a single frame, Dan swore he could almost see a glimpse of her tight pink hole, but then it was blocked. The twisted pleasure roared inside him as he stroked his cock faster and faster.

Zane stood for a long minute, zooming in on what, for Dan, were just featureless black zones, then he spoke again. “Well. After that little treat, I think I’m ready to give you your reward too.”

Leah turned gratefully, beginning to pull her pants back up. Zane stopped her. “No, leave those down… who knows, the mood might strike you and you’ll appreciate the easy access.”

“Of course not. Pig,” muttered Leah, huffily crossing her arms, but leaving her pants pulled down. Dan’s vision was still completely denied by the back bar, but she was clearly naked from the waist to the knees.

“Whatever,” she grumbled, fidgeting uncomfortably. “Like you said, it’s your turn. Show me.” Her voice was prickly and harsh, but it was obvious to Dan that she was eager for the sight of Zane’s cock. She bit her lips lightly in anticipation, fidgeting and rubbing her thighs together lightly as she waited.

“One last thing…” began Zane.

“Oh, come on!” said Leah with a frustrated sigh. “You said all I had to do was show you my… what I normally show you! You’re going back on the deal!”

“Not at all,” said Zane smoothly, clearly unfazed by Leah’s outburst. “I’m about to show you my cock right now. It’s just about how I want to show you. I want you to get down on your knees.”

Leah blushed heavily. “Don’t fucking joke about that, Zane,” she said in a waving voice, her thigh rubbing fidgeting becoming even more noticeable.

“Who’s joking? I mean, you can make all the excuses you want, but it’s clear by this point that you enjoy the sight of my cock. Don’t you want the chance to see it… close up? We both know that you’d enjoy it.”

Dan’s pumped his fist rapidly up and down his cock. Part of him screamed at Leah to reject the ridiculous, demeaning request. But another part of him wanted to see her do it. To kneel in front of the man she hated. To get up close and personal with the cock that had broken her pride. That was the part of him that was feeding the poisonous, jealous, insecure lust that was pumping through his veins and radiating outward from her stiff, slippery cock.

But he somehow knew that Zane wasn’t going to be the one who lost here. He wasn’t surprised when Leah, eyes downcast with shame, slowly dropped to her knees, still bottomless, silently giving in and placing herself beneath the man she used to look down on.

There was the loud sound of a zipper, and Zane stepped forward into Leah’s personal space, making her look up with an expression of mixed intimidation and arousal.

Zane’s cock bobbed into the frame, stiff, veiny, and fucking massive. Obscenely, it wasn’t censored at all, visible in all of its masculine glory. Dan, shamefully, couldn’t help but compare it and the cock he was currently fucking his fist with. First and foremost, Zane’s was bigger. Not just longer, but thicker too. Dan wasn’t naive enough to think that big dicks were essential, or even necessarily superior to more reasonably-sized penises. But Zane’s manhood had a certain aura of power to it, and it was obvious that it was affecting Leah. She started up at Zane’s cock in awe, her mouth falling open lightly in an expression naked need. Dan couldn’t see her eyes behind the black bar, but it didn’t take a genius to tell that Leah’s gaze was laser-focused on the throbbing phallus in front of her eyes. She licked her lips as Zane’s cock towered over her, and in that moment, Dan knew that it would never be possible for him to inspire that kind of worshipful gaze from a woman.

“Don’t be shy, Leah,” said Zane smugly. “This is your chance to really get to know your new obsession.” Then, without warning, he leaned forward and laid his hot, pulsing cock across Leah’s blushing face, drawing a shocked gasp from her glossy lips. “Z-zane, what the fuck!” she whimpered. But she didn’t shy back from the thick veiny cock pressed against her face. “You can’t just… You can’t fucking touch me with that!”

“So fucking push me back,” said Zane flatly. He hand reached into frame and gripped his cock, insultingly using it to gently slap Leah’s cheeks. “Or move away. Or do fucking anything to stop me from rubbing my cock all over your pretty face.” But she didn’t. Leah just groaned in tortured arousal and slipped her hand down between her thighs to touch herself as Zane arrogantly rubbed his cock all over her face.

Dan couldn’t believe the sight. Zane was wildly crossing the line here, just boldly violating her face with his hard cock. And Leah was just… submitting! Zane was completely correct that there was nothing forcing Leah to stay where she was and accept the demeaning treatment, nothing physical, at least. Although Leah looked furious and humiliated, her hand was clearly moving and rubbing between her thighs… behind the black box, obscuring Dan’s vision. She was held in place by her reluctant lust, stronger than the hatred she had for the arrogant man disrespecting her.

Finally, when he had smeared the scent of his dick all over the submissive wife's face, Zane rubbed the bulbous head of his cock over her delicate lips, smearing them with precum, which Leah unconsciously licked away.

"Suck my, cock, Leah," Zane insisted.

"Zane, I can't!" protested Leah, breathing heavily, her voice sounding like a desperate whine rather than the decisive statement of a confident woman. "I'm married! I can't just…"

"Shut the fuck up, Leah," said Zane, his voice steady and even, but firm. "We both know you want to. And we both know you're going to do it in the end. You've done everything I wanted so far, after all. Let's save the hassle. Just open up those lips and suck."

"You're a monster," growled Leah, looking up at Zane with an expression of helpless lust and hate.

"Yeah, yeah," chuckled Zane. "Suck this monster's cock, sweetcheeks."

And she did. Dan watched with his heart in his throat and his hand pumping wildly up and down his cock as Leah growled in frustration… then visibly surrendered, opening her mouth to give Zane's cock a long slow lick with the flat of her tongue from root to tip, then sealed her pouty lips over his dick's drooling head.

Dan knew that this was what was coming. Leah had basically admitted as much to his face. But even though he understood Leah had a sexual relationship with the man she once despised, seeing her submission on video was still a punch to the gut. As he watched Leah's lips gripping tight, clinging as they slipped up and down the shaft of the arrogant, obnoxious man looming above her, Dan's hand gripped tighter and moved faster on his own cock. This was a man who she hated. Someone who had done nothing but get under her skin, insult her, and push her around from the beginning. Yet she still slurped and sucked, admitting her defeat in the most humiliating way possible.

Zane had managed to do something that Dan had failed to do. He had made Leah his. That stung… but at the same time it made Dan's twisted, jealous pleasure rise higher. He watched with fascinated envy as Leah reached up to cup and rub Zane's testicles with one delicate hand. Her mouth slowly slid up and down his thick shaft, leaving it shiny with her slick saliva, going deeper and deeper with every stroke.

Is this what Zane planned to do to Claire? The thought was chilling. Claire hated Zane, and so Dan had felt safe up until now. But that was all part of Zane's plan, wasn't it? To fill a woman's mind with hate and obsession, crowding her thoughts with only him, then igniting that obsession into lust with well-timed exposure to his sexual prowess. And if that was the case, wasn't Zane right on track? How soon did he plan to have Claire in the exact same position as Leah? Dan watched as Leah came up for air, panting heavily with exertion and lust, saliva dripping from her mouth. Then she dived back down, bobbing her head with frantic sexual hunger, like a woman possessed, no longer able to control herself.

What could Dan even do? He suddenly realized why Zane didn't mind showing him this information. Zane didn't believe that Dan would be able to stop him even if he knew the plan.

Zane was one hundred percent confident that he had already won. That Claire would go from hatred to submission the same way Leah had. And even though he knew the thought should be chilling and terrifying, Dan still couldn't stop stroking his cock, staring at Leah's sloppy,

enthusiastic blowjob on the screen. Wet sounds filled the room as Zane plundered her married throat. Her hand moved rapidly between her kneeling thighs, pleasuring herself in a way that the Beta edition wouldn't allow Dan to see.

Then, finally, Zane pulled Leah off of his cock, degradingly slapping it down against her tongue a few times, then stroking it rapidly, using her saliva as lube. "Ready to take my cum, you fucking slut?" he growled. Dan was shocked at how far the dynamic had come over the course of the video. Instead of persuading or manipulating, Zane was openly and unapologetically dominant now.

But he was even more shocked at Leah's reaction. There was no more resistance or reluctance at this point, she simply nodded eagerly and moaned, "Fucking give it to me!"

And, in one, electrifying, confusing moment, Dan didn't see Leah kneeling there in front of Zane's cock. He saw Claire, her face frozen in the same expression of weak, humiliated lust. That sudden, unexpected fantasy pushed him over the edge, just as Zane on the screen grunted in orgasm, spurting thick, hot ropes of pearly cum all over Leah's upturned, panting face.

"Shit!" said Dan, unprepared as his dick shot cum out as well, splattering onto the screen of his laptop to join Zane's load in a pathetic accompaniment to the dominant man's act of sexual triumph. Cursing and embarrassed, Dan reached out to pause the video, his cock still spurting and dribbling all over himself. The image froze on the screen: Leah's moaning face, covered by Zane's digital cum mingled with Dan's real load. Dan panted and covered his eyes with his hand that wasn't dripping with sperm. His lust began draining away, leaving him confused, disturbed, and a little scared.

He hurried to go find a cloth and clean off his computer while his mind began spinning. So now Zane's methods were clear, at least in the outline. He intended to get under Claire's skin, then convert that obsession into lust. Dan would never have believed such a thing could work if he hadn't just seen Leah fall for the same trick.

The problem was… what exactly could Dan do to counteract this strategy? He couldn't exactly tell Claire to stop obsessing over Zane. If it were that easy, she would have done it herself. It might stop Zane if he could convince Claire to drop him as a client and cut off contact, but she would never do that just to make herself feel better: she would consider that a surrender. He could try to sabotage Zane's move to make Claire see him in a sexual light… But Dan wasn't sure what Zane would do to accomplish that: it didn't sound like he used the dick pic method every time.

And, maybe most importantly, Dan couldn't stop questioning why the fuck he had climaxed to the idea of Zane cumming on his wife's face. It was an idea that terrified him, so why was it also strangely erotic? Dan rubbed his eyes, frustrated by the questions pounding in his brain, compounded by the emotions of shame and fear pulsing through him. No wonder Zane had sent him this account. Dan felt more confused and demoralized than ever.

But after he cleaned the soiled screen and carefully washed the rag, Dan found himself growing more determined. Zane hadn't won yet. And it had been a month; his time was already half up. If Zane was so certain that he couldn't possibly lose, that would only make it more difficult for him to see Dan's counterattack coming. After checking once again to see if his wife had pulled into the driveway (This was turning into a really late night at the office… Dan pushed down the squirming thread of doubt inside him once again), Dan sat back in front of his computer, feeling

more focused. He exited Leah's page after one last lingering glace at the paused video, her face dripping with Zane's cum, and picked another woman at random from the list, diving into her training log.

He needed to find a pattern. To see what Zane's plans had in common.

Then maybe he could find and weak point and stop him.

...

Claire glared down at her drawing tablet, a headache born from sheer irritation pounding in her temples.

On the screen was another quick sketch of a glass-fronted cabinet with various swatches of colorful cloth displayed within. Zane's fucking trophy case. Ideas for various designs had been popping into her head all day, and Claire had felt compelled to draw them. With a growl of frustration, Claire stabbed at the delete button, but when the pop-up came up asking if she was sure, she hesitated. Her mouth drew into a thin, angry line, then she hit "No" and instead saved the design in the folder with the others.

Did it matter that she had a folder full of possible designs for Zane's misogynistic panty display? It didn't necessarily mean she had to show them to him and agree to have it built. But she would, wouldn't she? If she kept going down this path she was on. Zane had gotten into her head, and nothing Claire did seemed to be able to shake him out.

Claire sighed deeply and leaned back in her chair, eyes flicking toward the clock on the wall. It was late. Dan would be getting worried about her. She should just go home and have some sex to relieve this burning, frustrating tension inside her. If only she had some way to turn the tables on Zane. Make him sweat for a change...

Wait...

A smile crossed Claire's face. That actually made a lot of sense. The reason she always felt like she was on the back foot with Zane lately was because she was always playing defence against his crude advances and insults. By why should she? She was a beautiful woman, and he was a troll. If anything, she should be the one making him sexually frustrated and upset.

That's what she would do. She would go on the attack for a change. It was time to give Zane some of his own medicine. But what was the best approach?

Option A: Zane clearly wanted her. Why not give him a little tease of what he could never have? Get him drooling, then leave him with blue balls. What if Claire dressed extra sexy in their next meeting, dropped some innuendos and teasing flirtation, got him allll riled up... and then walked right out the door, leaving him desperate for more. Maybe it was a little disrespectful toward Dan to flirt with another man that way, even if she had no intention of letting Zane touch her, but it was time to fight fire with fire. After a stunt like that, it would be Zane who had uncomfortable, frustrating sexual thoughts about her, and that would put them on a more even footing.

Option B: As much as Zane tried to act like it was no obstacle, Claire was fucking married. Maybe it was time to remind Zane of that fact. Claire controlled the schedule in her office... what if she invited her husband for a little afternoon delight, and arranged for Zane to walk in on them in the act? A little show for him to match the eyeful Claire got the other day. It would show Zane that Claire was perfectly satisfied with her man, and Dan was the ONLY one allowed to

enjoy her physical love. It would also give Zane the same sort of infuriating sample of Claire's sexuality that Claire had gotten of his, and in theory, make him less certain of himself around her.

Option C: Claire noted that Zane had blocked off the coming Friday as a time he wasn't available for meetings. He was apparently going to a big charity event hosted for the rich businessmen of the city. Claire thought it was sort of pathetic. The sleazy pornographer wanted to be taken seriously and rub elbows with the real upper class of the city. Well… Zane had crashed and ruined one of Claire's dates, so as far as she was concerned, turnabout was fair play. She had enough connections with wealthy clients to get an invite to the charity event, and she could use it to embarrass Zane: pointing out to the high society guests that he seemed to want to impress that he was just a sleazy smut-monger. It would also give her a chance to dress up in a dazzling dress and show how much classier she was than the little toad.

The Bet – Chapter 11

Dan looked up from munching a bowl of cereal at the kitchen island as Claire breezed in, shopping bags in hand. Shoot. She had been hoping he would be out and about somewhere on this particular Saturday morning. It wasn't exactly uncommon for Claire to be working during the day, even on the weekends, and most of the time Dan found his own entertainment.

But not today apparently. "You're back early," said Dan with a nervous smile, swiftly locking the tablet and scooting his body subtly under the lip of the counter.

Had he been watching something… inappropriate? Well, whatever. Claire didn't want to open the door to serious conversations right now… not after the awkwardness of last night.

Dan had… failed to perform in bed last night. It was the first time this had happened in their marriage, barring one incident of extreme whiskey dick. He had just sat there, trying to complete their foreplay ritual of jerking off to her sexy striptease and… nothing. His dick had stayed soft in his pumping, kneading hand. It had been especially frustrating, because Claire needed Dan more than ever lately. Her libido had been off the charts ever since she had seen Zane's cock.

Well, like a good wife should, Claire told Dan that things like that happen, and she loved him, and all the necessary sweet words. All while seething with frustration inside. Whatever, it was a one-time thing. Dan would be back to satisfying her soon.

"Just in and out, dear," said Claire breezily, planting a swift kiss on her husband's cheek as she passed on the way back to the bedroom. "I have to change for a meeting. I'll let you know when I plan to be back later tonight."

Claire clicked the bedroom door behind her and tossed the shopping bags on the bed, pulling out the wardrobe for her meeting with Zane. A wide, devious smile crossed her beautiful face. This outfit was really going to drive the sleazy pervert crazy. Wicked anticipation bubbled through her as she slipped into the clothes. Zane was about to find that the tables had completely turned on him. Now it wouldn't be Claire tongue-tied and flustered by intrusive sexual thoughts during their meetings. This was going to give her exactly the upper hand she needed.

Finally, everything was in place and Claire turned to look at herself in the mirror. She couldn't help but let out a sultry chuckle of triumph at the sight, cocking a wide hip in a provocative pose to really show off how the clothes clung to her body.

Claire's long, shapely calves and thick, toned thighs were encased in dark, clinging pantyhose, presenting her incredible legs like they were gift-wrapped. The skirt was cut above the knees,and tight enough to make her hips and ass pop. A cinched belt devastatingly emphasized her hourglass figure, and the tight, fitted short-sleeve blouse made her big, round breasts impossible to ignore. Claire considered the view carefully, sweeping her long, coal-black hair back over her shoulders, then, after a moment's hesitation, unbuttoned one more button on the front of her blouse, displaying another half-inch of soft, creamy cleavage. Maybe more than was necessary… but if her aim was to give that bastard blue balls, might as well really torture him.

The outfit was probably still appropriate for most offices, but only barely. Claire hadn't owned anything nearly this sexy in her work wardrobe. Most of the clothes Claire bought were intended to downplay her womanly assets rather than display them, which she had made a special shopping trip to find something to make a knuckle-dragger like Zane drool.

She liked the way things looked. She was a sex bomb no matter what she wore, but putting her body on display was rare for her. It was almost refreshing. When Zane saw this, he was going to get the mother of all erections… and not be able to do anything with it. It would put all the power in Claire's hands. She had no idea why she had never thought of this before!

One final touch… Claire pulled out the tall stiletto heels that she had purchased and eyed them doubtfully. She had never been a huge fan of heels, although she didn't find walking in them too difficult. They just felt a bit… demeaning. Wearing shoes that hurt and made walking harder just to make your legs and ass look better? It clashed with Claire's distaste for other people ogling her body: she didn't want any more men checking out her ass than already did.

But ogling was what she was going for today, so she slipped on the shoes and turned in the mirror, giving herself a look. She raised an eyebrow. Well, she had to admit that the heels made her ass look even bigger and rounder than it already was.

She clicked confidently toward the door, ready to head out for her meeting. She hadn't even really considered how her new sexy outfit would look to her husband. The idea that Dan might object to how she chose to dress simply didn't occur to her. It wasn't how their relationship worked.

Dan's eyes grew wide as he saw his wife emerge, and for a second, Claire felt a little twinge of guilt. But she tossed that feeling aside quickly. Yes, this sexy, revealing outfit was intended for another man's eyes. But that didn't mean that Dan had anything to worry about. This outfit was a weapon. A tool. She had no intention of actually doing anything with the little sleazeball she planned to tease.

In fact, maybe a little light teasing toward Dan would cure her husband of his embarrassing little issue from last night. "Trying a new look, sweetie," she said with a teasing smile. "Like it?" She struck a sultry pose, running her fingers through her hair and relishing the look of stunned arousal on her husband's face.

"Wh-where are you going?" Dan asked weakly.

Claire leaned forward, treating him to a look down her luscious cleavage, and gave him a lingering kiss on the lips. "Meeting with a client," she whispered in his ear. "I'll see you… tonight, dear."

Then she headed out the door, Dan staring after her open-mouthed with lust and horror.

…

This was the second meeting that Claire would be having at Zane's tacky home, but unlike the first, she was looking forward to it. The supposed purpose of the meeting today was a walk-through of the room, showing Zane the concept drawings as they would actually be applied in context. But the purpose of the meeting had changed in Claire's mind. She walked up to Zane's door with a strut, already picturing the look on his stupid face when he realized that she was about to beat him at his own game.

This time, there had been no scheduling confusion. Zane's rough, cheerful voice greeted her immediately, telling her that he would be right down. He had no idea the teasing, frustrating feast for the eyes he was about to receive.

But when the door swung open and Zane got a look at her, Claire had a sudden sense that she may have miscalculated slightly. Zane blinked for a second, in shock as his eyes traveled slowly down her body, taking in her juicy breasts, her shirt clinging to every curve and open to display her soft cleavage… her curvy hips and ass nearly popping trhough the tight, short skirt… and her long, luscious legs, packed tight into dark hose and lifted by her tall sharp heels. A wide, predatory grin spread across Zane's face, and for a moment, Claire didn't feel powerful or in control at all. She felt vulnerable and on display for him.

And the worst part was that the feeling wasn't completely unpleasant.

She forced herself to focus. Of course Zane would immediately assume that she was ripe for the taking now that she had dressed this way: that was the point of this exercise. His humiliation would come later, when he realized that she was as unavailable as ever despite her teasing.

And the teasing wasn't just going to be visual. It was time for Claire to enact the next part of her plan. "Enjoying the view?" she quipped with a grin, lightly reaching out to push Zane to the side as she walked forward into his house, giving him a view of her swaying backside as she walked ahead of him. "Try to keep those eyeballs where they belong, Z," she purred, using the nickname she had heard other women call him as a spur of the moment improvisation. "I'm a married woman after all, you bad man."

"I'm not the only one who's bad," said Zane in a voice dripping with amusement, immediately slipping into the flirty banter that Claire was offering. He followed behind her on the stairs, his eyes locked to her plump ass as he said, "I don't know if I've ever seen a married woman wearing a fuck-me outfit like that to a business meeting."

When Claire looked over her shoulder at him, a little thrill zipped through her at the open, drooling lust on his face. Wow… she really was having an effect on him. Even though she had absolutely no interest in having sex with Zane… it did feel pretty thrilling to see how much he wanted her.

"Is that what you think this outfit is saying?" she asked with a little smirk. "'Fuck me'? I think you have the wrong idea altogether, Z. Can't a lady look good at work without wanting to fuck? I have no interest at all in men like you."

They had reached the upstairs landing, and Claire turned toward Zane, her heart thumping in her chest with excitement as he mounted the remaining steps to join her. Something about this teasing banter was getting her worked up. Maybe it would be better to rein herself in… but why worry about that when she was having so much fun? It was all harmless in the end, anyway. She knew how this would end: with her laughing as she left Zane with nothing but an neglected boner.

"So what sort of men are you interested in?" said Zane, moving close to stare up into her eyes. "Maybe I can change." With a pulse of squirming heat through her belly, Claire noted that a bulge was already forming in his pants. Her mind flashed instantly back to the day when she had seen him fuck Leah with that monstrous cock that was now tenting his jeans. She dismissed the memory as her face turned pink. Zane looked aroused, but he didn't seem uncomfortable at all. Once again, Claire was starting to feel like she was the one on the back food. She needed to turn up the heat…

Claire leaned forward a little, presenting her deep cleavage for Zane's piggy little eyes. *Take a look, you little troll. Get a good view of what belongs to a better man.* She played up her sultry

smirk and tapped her chin as if in thought, then leaned even close and whispered in Zane's ear, "The kind of man that's married to me…" Before turning swiftly and entering his bedroom.

Claire felt more in her element as she began to run through her plans for the bedroom design. She was sexy. Powerful. In control. Zane's eyes followed her every move, but she didn't mind in this context. He was supposed to look. Claire was showing him what he couldn't have deliberately. As she ran through the proposed design elements, handing Zane concept art as she spoke, she grew more and more turned on. Turned on by her own teasing power… but also by the eyes of a sleazy man like Zane on her body.

The creep was probably imagining all the filthy things he wished he could do with her… and as her presentation went on, Claire found that she began imagining them as well. With a sort of hazy, distracted amusement, she pictured how Zane would love to tear the revealing clothes off her… to run his grubby hands all over her soft curves… to kiss and lick her perfect body with his unworthy mouth. Not to mention what he would do with that brutish cock. Her eyes flicked down to his crotch as she spoke. Yes… a thick throbbing bulge had formed there. She had him right where she wanted him.

"I'm impressed," said Zane lightly as she finished, sitting on his bed, apparently completely unashamed by his obvious erection. "You seem to have almost every angle covered. A masterful vision."

"Thanks, Z," said Claire, crossing her arms beneath her breasts to give him a little better view, and rubbing a finger sensually over her plump, rosy lips. "I always leave my clients satisfied."

"Do you?" said Zane, raising an eyebrow, "I can think of something else you could do that would satisfy me a lot more." Claire couldn't help but laugh. The little slimeball was just so certain he was about to get in her pants.

But this time, it seemed like it wasn't just a naked proposition, but actually a double entendre.

"What I'd really like from you is a display case for my trophies."

Claire frowned, her mask of teasing flirtation dropping for a moment at the sudden curveball. She hadn't expected Zane to discuss a real point of contention during their flirtation. But maybe she should have known better. That was his bread and butter, wasn't it? Using raw dominance and sexuality to get his way. Claire opened her mouth to end the fun, snapping at Zane that, of course she wasn't going to make him a trophy case for his stolen panties, as she has said many times before.

Then she hesitated. Getting annoyed and dropping her teasing act would almost be letting him win. She had truly enjoyed making the slobby man drool over her, but she had been looking forward to the final part the most: when she laughed in his face and denied him. Ending the fun now would deprive her of the best part! And, as much as she hated to admit it, flirting with Zane was just fun. Putting herself in the crosshairs of an unscrupulous, dominant man like Zane was thrilling. Dangerous yet controlled, like bungee jumping.

So why couldn't she tease Zane with the idea that she might build his stupid misogynistic case in the same way she was teasing him with the thought of her body? He wouldn't get either one, but that would just make it even sweeter when she denied him.

"Hmmmm," said Claire pensively, slipping back into the role of wily temptress, "Well, I don't know, Z… I'm not sure you need anything to stroke your ego. It's already big as it is." She let her

eyes rest on his crotch for a moment. Let him catch her looking. The warm flush of excitement deepened and strengthened in her belly. Ok… she had to admit that she was getting a little turned on, but that was just because she was toying with a man sexually. As a dominant woman, that was a totally normal reaction, and had nothing to do with Zane in particular.

Zane got up from the bed, stalking forward, surprisingly light on his feet for a man of his size. “Come on, Claire Bear,” he said softly, “you can’t tell me you haven’t at least considered what the trophy case could look like. A brilliant designer like you?” As he circled around her, his eyes on her body rather than her face, Claire had the impression that she was being stalked by a hungry predator. The idea sent a shudder racing up her spine and goosebumps prickling her skin. But she wouldn’t be easy prey.

“Maybe I have, maybe I haven’t,” Claire said, hand on hip, sharp green eyes following Zane. “But even if I thought about what it might look like, that doesn’t mean I would build or install it for you.”

Zane stopped in front of her, his expression hungry and sharp.

“Tell me.”

His voice was low and compelling, a hint of steel beneath his pleasant tone. It was a simple two words, but they hit Claire like a ton of bricks. The sheer force of will piled behind the quiet command made something deep inside her sit up and take notice. Her teasing tormentor act slipped again, her cheeks flushing as she looked down and away. She turned toward one wall, currently blank due to Zane’s lack of decorative instinct, and gestured toward it.

With her mouth dry and her heart beating hard and rapid in her temples, Claire said, “It would be right here.” *Why am I doing this? Why am I even entertaining the idea of making an obscene monument to Zane’s sexual prowess? More importantly, why the fuck am I sharing the design ideas that had occurred to me with Zane when it will obviously give him the wrong idea?* Claire had no idea. But in this hazy encounter of mutual lust and animosity, responding to his command felt correct on a level that Claire couldn’t resist. She insisted to herself that just outlining her plans didn’t matter, but a voice inside her whispered that this was a significant compromise. But regardless of how smart or stupid it was, here, in these slutty clothes, with Zane’s hot eyes crawling over her, it simply felt impossible to refuse his command.

“Small boxes, one for each… uhh, trophy,” said Claire, describing the design in her usual clipped, professional tone she used for design presentations. She was avoiding Zane eyes, worried that she would see triumph there. Worried about how seeing that gloating victory might make her feel. “Sort of like a display case for neck ties. Each pair of underwear would be folded into a small square or triangle, just large enough to display the color and material.”

Claire risked a glance at Zane, and thankfully he wasn’t leering at her like she feared. He was staring keenly in the direction she indicating as if imagining what she described. He nodded, stroking his chin. “I like it. Tasteful, but a good way to display the sheer number and variety. One thing I’d like to add, though. A mannequin torso from hips to thighs. Just one, in the center of the display.”

“And which pair of panties would go there?” asked Claire, unable to stop herself. Zane’s eyes flicked to meet hers, and Claire’s breath hitched. The heat inside her flared as sexual electricity arced between them.

“The crown jewel,” said Zane in his infuriating, cocky voice. “The woman who was the most difficult to seduce of course.” His frank, insultingly forward eyes seemed to burn into hers, and Claire came to a horrible realization. She wasn’t just turned on because of flaunting her sexuality. She was turned on by Zane. Her blazing hatred for him hadn’t calmed one bit, and her repulsion for his squat body still lingered. But something about sparring with him like this, feeling his powerful lust for her, seeing his confidence that he would have her in the end… it was compelling in a way that Claire had never experienced before.

A cunning, powerful man was after her, determined to conquer her sexually, and that fact lit a dark fire inside her. Especially when compared to her husband’s soft, eager-to-please style of romance.

Claire cleared her throat and turned away from Zane. This was getting out of hand. She had to find some way to wrap this up, sooner rather than later. “Of course,” she said in strangled voice, “A lot would depend on how many ‘trophies’ we’re talking about. And the variety of colors and materials. It might not be possible to make the presentation harmonious with the rest of the design depending on the panties in question.”

“Not that I’ll be the one designing it for you,” she added quickly, risking another quick glance toward Zane.

Zane chuckled and unexpectedly turned away to root around under his bed, extracting a small wooden trunk. “Well, in that case you should take a look at the collection. You know… just in case you do end up as the one making my trophy case for me.”

He threw open the lid of the box and stepped back, letting Claire get a look. Claire stared down at a messy swirl of feminine hues and silky cloth. She snorted. If this was how Zane had stored his collection of sexual mementos given by fallen women up to this point, he really did need a new way of displaying them. The way they were all sort of mixed together in a box didn’t really do justice to what they represented.

Claire bent over the box, hands on her knees as she peered closer. There must have been dozens of them… and each one represented a sexual victory. A woman who Zane had tricked, pushed, or tempted into trying out his massive cock. The sight was… a little overwhelming. Thinking about it that way, this collection was a testimony to Zane’s sexual prowess that was hard to argue with. It was no wonder that he was so cocky. His skills at seduction had been successful again and again.

Claire reached down and moved aside some of the panties, looking for a bottom that was deeper than she thought. “Geez,” she said with a dry, unconvincing chuckle, “would it kill some of these ladies to wear a little lace? If you’re gifting underwear it should be your nicest pair, right?” She was trying to make light of the moment, but she had to admit that seeing Zane’s collection of trophies for herself was making her feel a little disquieted.

For the first time ever, her unshakeable confidence that it was impossible for Zane’s seduction to succeed faltered just the tiniest bit. How many of the women who had donated underwear to this collection had said the same thing once upon a time?

Maybe coming here with the intention of riling Zane up had been a mistake…

That’s when it happened; while she was distracted, bent over at the waist, her eyes on Zane’s trophies and her mind of his skills of seduction.

Zane's hands grabbed Claire's wide hips with quick, easy confidence. As if he had done it hundreds of times before. As if she was a lover, and not a woman who had shown her contempt for him in a thousand different ways. He was standing behind her practically in doggy-style position, one hand on either hip, gripping firmly. "Well then… when you give me your donation, you'll have to show them what a superior woman wears," he said in a smirking tone.

Claire was stunned into inaction for a moment, her hands on her knees, Zane behind her. Powerful, conflicting emotions roared through her. Pure rage at Zane's presumption. Unchecked animal arousal at the feeling of a dominant male's open pursuit.

Guilt and humiliation for being so foolish.

Zane wasn't a passive man like Dan. How had she expected him to act when she came in to his home and flaunted what he desired right in front of his nose? Zane was the kind of man who took what he wanted. She should have known that he would try to take her.

She stood, unable to speak, unable to even move, frozen in the infuriating, erotic moment of Zane touching her sexually for the first time. She needed to get away. She needed to draw a clear line with Zane and tell him that he had gone way over the line. But in that moment she couldn't break free from Zane's dominant power. And, shockingly, embarrassingly, there was a part of her that was curious about the sensation of Zane's strong hands on her soft hips. Part of her wanted to feel more…

But Zane was never the kind of man who rested on his laurels. He pushed things further. With aching slowness, Zane shifted his hips forward, and Claire's eyes nearly popped out of her head.

The full length of his massive, throbbing cock pressed against Claire plump backside through his pants and the tight material pulled taut over her ass. It felt impossibly big. Impossibly hard. But, although the sensation of the cock she couldn't stop picturing pressed against her backside made Claire weak in the knees with reluctant lust, it also finally spurred her to action. She managed to stand and turn, wriggling out of Zane's grasp and slinging her arm out to plant a ferocious slap across his cheek.

With his head turned to the side from the force of her blow, Zane looked stunned, raising a hand to touch his already reddening cheek. Claire breathed heavily, suddenly feeling exposed and ridiculous in the slutty office-wear she had foolishly worn.

Zane turned his gaze back to her and opened his mouth to speak… But Claire had already heard enough from him today. She turned and ran like a coward, hustling out of the room in the tall heels she had worn to better show her ass off to her worst enemy.

She didn't stop until she was in her car, panting with exertion and close to tears. She slammed her hand against her steering wheel with a frustrated snarl. What the fuck had she been thinking? The entire plan had been stupid from the start. Teasing Zane was playing into his hands. And the scary part was that she hadn't even recognized that. Zane had confused her to the point that dressing sexy for him had felt like a logical way to fight back. And of course, giving a pig like Zane an inch had meant he took a mile. Today, Claire had felt Zane's cock pressed against her. A man who wasn't her husband had rubbed his dick on her.

And God help her… it had felt fucking good. That was the real problem with what had happened today. Flirting with Zane had felt exciting. Doing what he said felt natural. And feeling his hands and cock on her body had made her blaze with desire. Luckily her anger had won. This time.

Claire took a deep breath and let it out as she started the car. Luckily, it seemed like Zane was smart enough not to push his luck by coming out of the house after her. She might do a lot worse than slap him if she saw his face again right now.

As she drove, Claire's adrenaline faded, but her worries and confusion didn't. And neither did her arousal. It crackled and roared inside her like a spitting flame. She was going to have to come up with a plan to deal with Zane, but, in the mean time, Dan had better have sorted out whatever his issue was with his dick.

Because Claire needed to get fucked worse than she ever had before in her life. She was thinking doggy-style tonight. Just for a change of pace.

…

Zane watched Claire pull away from his bedroom window, rubbing his sore jaw. God that woman had an arm on her!

He could admit it: he had maybe gone a little bit too far this time. He was a simple man with dominant instincts: he saw a fat ass being waved in front of him by a woman practically begging for his cock, he grabbed it. He might have even gotten away with grabbing her hips too… if he hadn't thought with his dick and pressed up against her. That had definately been too much too soon.

But there was no real harm done, besides maybe loosening some of the teeth on his right-hand side. It wasn't the first time he had been slapped, and it wouldn't be the last. It was the price of doing business. Besides, his little improvisation had gotten them over the major hurdle of first sexual contact, which was always tricky to maneuver. And he was willing to bet that Claire would be thinking long and hard about the feeling of his cock pressed into the tender flesh of her ass.

The whole day had been a pleasant surprise. He knew that Claire's sexy little outfit had been a misguided attempt at turning the tables rather than a real submission, but it did demonstrate that she was already thinking along the correct lines.

But Zane couldn't let up. Despite how she had reacted, Zane couldn't allow Claire to cool down and think through her feelings for him right now. He needed to capitalize on the volatile sexual chemistry they had both felt today.

And he thought the best way to do that would be an apology gift…

A wildly inappropriate one.

Option A): If Zane knew Dan, Claire's limp-dick husband was probably already jerking himself silly on a nightly basis to Zane's cock fucking censored pussies. Why not send Claire a gift subscription of her own? She was far enough along now that she would definitely be tempted to investigate, especially if she thought that no one would ever know. How romantic! Both members of the loving couple masturbating separately to the same big cock bastard that wanted to steal Claire away!

Option B): If Zane had to guess, he would say that Dan was becoming less and less useful in bed right about now. Claire would be growing more and more frustrated. More and more desperate for satisfaction. She wasn't quite ready to seek that from Zane's big cock yet, but she might be convinced to try the next best thing. Maybe Zane could send her a dildo, with a sly note letting her know that it was approximately the same girth and length of Zane's cock. She would never acknowledge it publicly, but in the secret depths of the night, when her husband was asleep… Zane thought that she might give his gift a try. And that experience would plant all sort of useful thoughts in her head.

Option C): Claire had been pretty disparaging of the panties Zane had collected. She thought fancier underwear would be more appropriate. Maybe Zane should gift her a set of red-hot lingerie, with the implication that one day he would be claiming the panties back as his own. Claire had already shown a tendency to find dressing up for Zane hot… sending her a breathtakingly slutty set of lingerie would get her mind working on what it would feel like to model them for him. Maybe she would try to wear the lingerie for Dan instead… but that might be even better in the end: displaying a perfect contrast between her useless hubby and the dominant stud pursuing her.

The Bet – Chapter 12

Claire looked down at the design on her tablet with a stormy expression. It was all there, the design that she had sworn she wouldn't even consider. A professional, sleek display case made to showcase Zane's trophies that he had tricked and cajoled out of his sexual conquests.

Her design had a look of danger about it. Imposing and intriguing, like Zane himself. Although Claire's disgust for the horrible little man had never dimmed, she couldn't deny how oddly compelling he could be. The idea that he had charmed women into his bed no longer seemed laughable.

Zane had crossed a serious line yesterday at their meeting, and Claire was still processing how to respond to his escalation. In theory, she could simply terminate his contract and refuse to speak with him ever again. But, just like it always had, that felt like running away. And, as shameful as it was to admit, there was a part of Claire that didn't want to be done with the infuriating sleazeball.

Claire sighed and buried her face in her hands. Maybe, in the end, Zane was doing her a favor in a twisted way. He had uncovered a sexual hunger inside her for male dominance that she never knew existed. But, no matter how darkly fascinating the little toad could be at times, Claire was married. And even if she wasn't, Zane obviously wasn't a safe and responsible partner to practice a newfound submission kink with. Not when so many of his conquests ended up doing porn for him…

The problem was that Dan was also proving unable to rise to the challenge. Last night, when Claire had arrived home buzzing with anger, humiliation, and sexual need, Dan had begged off from having sex, saying that he felt unwell. Claire had been forced to masturbate for the first time since she had gotten married. Normally, Dan was ready and willing to fulfill her every sexual craving, so she simply hadn't felt the need to touch herself for a very long time.

The worst part was how she couldn't stop thinking about Zane's thick cock pressed against her ass while she fingered herself to angry, grunting climax in the shower.

Despite her best efforts, the little weasel had managed to successfully insert himself into her mind… which was why she had to take a mental break from Zane altogether. And probably have a frank discussion with her husband about her sexual needs as well. Regardless, she had already asked Perlah to put all currently scheduled meetings with Zane on hold until she could properly process her feelings and respond appropriately. She closed the project on her tablet with a shake of her head. Despite the real estate Zane was taking up in her mind lately, she did have other clients she needed to finish some work for.

As she wallowed in her thoughts, Claire was startled by a knock at her door. Perlah stood in the doorway with a large gift box and a sheepish smile on her face. "Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," she said in her perky voice, "But a courier just delivered this for you. I thought you'd like to know right away."

Claire frowned in confusion, instinctively reaching out to accept the package as Perlah crossed the room and held it out to her. "What is it exactly?" she asked in a curious tone. "Who sent it?"

Perlah only shrugged. "Doesn't say on the package. Or, well… it does, I guess, but I don't understand what it means."

Claire flipped open the attached tag and saw that it was signed only with a hastily scrawled capital “Z”. She felt a sudden surge of annoyance and adrenaline. It could only be Zane, and if he was sending her a gift, Claire had no illusions that it was an innocent peace offering. A predatory seducer like Zane didn’t know the meaning of the word innocent.

What the fuck is he up to this time?

“Thank you, Perlah,” said Claire in a tight voice, her eyes still fixed on the gift box held in her hands. “I’ll take care of this myself.”

Perlah lingered for a moment longer, but Claire had been fairly clear with her tone, and Perlah had worked with Claire long enough to take the hint. As she left, Claire called out, “Close the door behind you as you leave, please. No calls for the next… fifteen minutes. Thank you, Perlah.” If she knew Zane, she didn’t want to be disturbed when she opened this box and saw what was inside.

With one last look up to check that Perlah was gone, and a thrill of anticipation in her heart that she couldn’t quite suppress, Claire lifted the top of the large, flat gift box, holding her breath as she looked inside to see what Zane had gotten her.

She blinked as a pulse of lust shot through her, centered between her thighs. Well, in the end, maybe this is exactly what she should have expected. It was the sort of inappropriate, provocative statement that was Zane’s bread and butter.

Inside the gift box lay a set of lingerie. Although that bare description was underselling its appearance considerably.

The Bra was two lacy black triangles, small enough that Claire could tell just by looking at them that wearing it would expose most of the sides and tops of her massive tits, and sheer enough that they would certainly display her nipples as well. A lacy garter belt and stockings were also included, ready to adorn Claire’s narrow waist and long, luscious legs, showcasing them for the viewing pleasure of whatever male was fortunate enough to see her in this erotic bedroom ensemble.

But the panties especially caught Claire’s eye. How could they not, after all the arrogant talk of women’s underwear that Zane had spouted yesterday? It looked like a little scrap of see-through gauze. Meant to tease and entice rather than to conceal. The back of the tiny thong was just string, and the front was just a panel of delicate lace that would do nothing to hide the feminine secrets beneath. And at the top of the lacy triangle? A tiny bow of black ribbon. As if what lay beneath was a gift just waiting for someone to unwrap it.

It was some of the most alluring underwear that Claire had ever seen, and likely the most expensive as well. Not trashy or even slutty, but cut with intense eroticism in mind. They were quite unlike anything that Claire normally wore. She had an amazing body, of course, and one that would look absolutely incredible in revealing underwear like this, but lingerie had never really been her style. It felt too much like she was making herself eye candy for a man’s pleasure. The last time she had worn lingerie for Dan was probably their wedding night. Dan had tried to buy her a set for Valentine’s Day one year, but it had been tactfully put away in the back of the closet and then “lost” at the first opportunity. Dan would have to be content with her incredible, fully naked body, instead of seeing her dolled up for his amusement.

And now a different man had bought her a set far more luxurious and revealing than anything she had ever worn for Dan.

Claire reached down and felt the silky material between her fingers, her mind instantly thinking what it would feel like on more intimate places. Despite her normal distaste for lingerie, she had a sudden strong impulse to see what these felt like on her body… To see for herself the vision of alluring femininity that Zane wanted to turn her into. Maybe this was just another part of her new submissive awakening. Suddenly, the idea of dressing in a teasing, alluring set of underwear to delight a dominant man sounded much more arousing than demeaning.

But along with that arousal came the same old dull pulse of rage she had grown used to when it came to Zane Kruger. This gift wasn't just something inappropriate to send to a married woman. It was an arrogant declaration of intent. Zane may have made innuendos and hints before, but this was practically shouting his plans from the rooftop. The annoying little man intended to fuck her. He was confident enough that he was calling his shot: this would be the sexy lingerie he expected to see when he took her to bed.

Once again, she was being underestimated.

Probably the safest plan would be to throw the gift box in the trash and forget she ever saw it. But Claire was past the point of playing it safe with Zane. She wanted to hurt him. To watch his smug face fall into frustrated disappointment. And she had the perfect way to turn his gift against him.

He was doing her a favor really. Dan had been struggling a little in bed, but what red-blooded male could hold back when they saw a curvy goddess like Claire wearing sultry lingerie like this? It would be like her husband had died and gone to fucking heaven when he saw that his wife was finally willing to doll herself up into a sex kitten for him.

Claire closed the gift box and scooped it up into her arms excitedly. It was the perfect plan. A way to bring her and her husband closer, relieve her sexual frustration, and turn Zane's insulting gift against him. She wasn't just pleased, though… she was aroused. This was also a great opportunity to have deeply satisfying sex with her husband, and finally releive the pent up sexual frustration that had been haunting her. The thought of wearing the revealing lingerie for Dan made a moist, insistent heat burn between her thighs. She decided that her plan just couldn't wait.

Perlah looked up guiltily, hastily hiding her phone as Claire breezed out of the office with a sharp, triumphant smile and the gift box in hand. Normally Claire might have made an arch comment about her assistant texting during work hours, but she was too excited and horny right now. "I'm headed out early today Perlah," she said with a wave as she headed to the door. "Cancel my three o'clock, and then head home yourself."

She barely heard Perlah's shocked replay as she rushed out the door, her head already filled with thoughts of her lace covered body and her husband's cock.

…

Dan stared at his screen, cock in hand, filled to the brim with that tangled acidic blend of arousal and insecure jealousy he was becoming more and more familiar with these days.

He was on "Freaks in the Sheets" again. He found that he had a hard time staying away lately. He kept telling himself he was going to be strong, that this time he wasn't going to give in and

look up another of Zane's conquests. And then, he would find himself home alone again, and the temptation would creep up on him.

It was happening too often now. He could recognize that. Jerking off this often, especially while worrying about what Zane might be planning with Claire, was affecting his ability to perform in bed. But there was something so darkly compelling about the exploits that Zane had documented on his site that Dan simply wasn't able to resist. Each of the women that Zane seduced had a number of professionally shot porn videos, but the slickly shot, well-produced sex videos weren't what drew Dan back again and again. It was the "training logs" that fascinated and deeply aroused him.

Despite the fact that he still was only able to access the censored "Beta Edition".

Right now he was reading the training log for a woman named Ramona. A petite, sharp-eyed brunette who looked like she didn't let anyone push her around… or at least she hadn't until she met Zane.

By this point, the entries on the website had the sense of awful inevitability. Dan's cock throbbed in his pumping fist as he read, his heart in his throat, knowing that Zane would win in the end, like he always did.

Apparently Ramona had been Zane's accountant, who annoyed Zane with her sarcasm and acid tongue one too many times. That was all it took for a beautiful woman to attract the wrong kind of attention from Zane. But, even though he always won in the end, each seduction had different methods and a slightly different flavor. In this particular case, Zane pointed out how Ramona loved chic designer clothes… like she was showing off her wealth, taste, and beauty to the world. And Zane decided that he wanted Ramona to learn to love showing off in other ways.

Dan took a shuddering breath as he read and watched the clips and photos. Through subtle manipulations and strategic gifts of clothing, Zane slowly manipulated Ramona's wardrobe, turning her into a slutty exhibitionist step by inevitable step. God, he wished he could see the full effect of what the once-proud accountant started wearing, but at a certain point the outfits became so revealing that black bars showed up, preventing someone with the beta edition like Dan from seeing how slutty Ramona truly became.

At a certain point, every woman reached her breaking point. The point where the sexual pressure and tension built up so far that they cracked, submitting sexually to Zane in an act of surrender filmed for the pleasure of his audience.

For Ramona, it was a handjob.

That was a little tame compared to some of Zane's triumphs. There were times when he managed to jump straight to sex. Even anal sex in one memorable training log. But Ramona's submission made up for it's modest sexual contact with the daringness of its context.

The camera showed Ramona kneeling in front of Zane, white-faced with anxiety, her bare tits swinging free from her dress as she rapidly pumped her hand up and down Zane's cock. Then the camera swung to reveal that this was taking place in Ramona's office, with the door open. Someone even walked past the open door without looking in before the camera panned back to the action of Ramona's delicate hand rapidly jerking off Zane's massive cock.

Ramona had finally given in to Zane's advances in the middle of a busy work day. It was a breathtakingly risky exhibitionist act of sexual submission, and Dan found himself already on

the edge of orgasm as he watched. The training log had detailed how sharp and confident Ramona had been to start… and now here she was, panting with lust, tits jiggling in the open air as she sexually serviced the man who had become the center of her world.

Dan focused on Ramona's small, but firm tits, feeling his orgasm building. But, as usual, he was frustrated and mildly humiliated by the thick, impenetrable black bars blocking his view of her nipples. As always, however, Zane's cock remained uncensored in all its glory.

As he watched Ramona's skillful hands bring Zane's massive cock to orgasm, Dan couldn't help but think how small his own dick felt in his hand comparatively. And when Ramona hissed in a quiet, but passionate whisper, "Cum for me, you fucking prick. Shoot that fucking load right onto my fucking tits!" Dan could hear the intertwined hate and lust in her voice. The same hate and lust that he worried was building up inside his wife day by day.

Dan found himself tipping over the edge as he saw Zane cum burst out, splattering the tits of the submissive exhibitionist beneath him. Like it always did, his terror that this same thing might happen with Claire was part of what set him off, and as he stared at the screen, wide with lust and horror, he pictured Zane's cum erupting over his wife's soft round tits instead of Ramona's small, perky breasts.

But, just as he erupted into the tissue held in his free hand, Dan heard the rumble of the garage door and his head snapped up in alarm. *Shit!* Why was Claire home this early? His whole body burned with the shocked anxiety of being caught in the act. He had maybe three minutes until his wife entered the house if he was lucky. With frantic speed, Dan slammed his laptop shut, pulled his pants up over his still-dribbling dick, and sprinted to the bathroom to toss away the shameful evidence of his masturbation session.

He barely managed to make it to the kitchen, sweating lightly, as Claire made her way in the door.

He could tell right away that there was a… different energy around his wife today. Her green eyes gleamed with an inner light, and her curvy, expressive lips were quirked into a tight little smile that seemed angry but excited at the same time. As she met his eyes, Dan felt an electric pulse of volcanic attraction and frustration burst from her.

She had never looked more beautiful to him in than in that moment, her eyes flashing with sexual energy and her arms full of some sort of large flat gift box. But despite the pang of longing in his heart, Dan felt a twinge of disquiet as well. He had seen this sort of energy before. Many time in fact, even though the eyes of the women were hidden behind black bars. This was the look of a woman being wound up by Zane's games.

A disturbing sign of exactly how far along his wife was.

As their eyes met, Claire's little smile curved up into a wide, sultry grin. Dan was intoxicated by the wild sexual heat pouring off of his wife in waves, but at the same time, a stab of anxiety lanced through him. This was a woman clearly on the prowl for sex. And he had wasted his load into a tissue just seconds ago.

"Hello darling," said Claire in a purring voice, biting her pillowy lower lip lightly as she clicked across the kitchen floor toward him on her high heels. "I hurried home today because I just missed you sooooo much."

As she approached, what Claire wanted was so obvious that even a naturally passive man like Dan could read it easily. He reached out and wrapped his arms around his wife, pulling her into a warm, wet, passionate kiss, crushing the gift box between them. Lust pulsed through Dan's veins, and he silently willed his dick to get with the program and rise to the occasion. But so far, it still lay dormant and flaccid.

"Mmmmm, someone's eager," purred Claire approvingly. "That's the spirit, big boy. But you'll have to wait for a minute or two. I have a surprise for you today." She placed a finger on her husband's chest and gave him a teasing, playful wink. "Stay out here for a minute while I get your surprise ready for you. You can be patient…. Right?"

"Y-yeah," said Dan, his eyes flicking downward to the gift box in his wife's hands. What exactly was the surprise she was referring to? And why did the idea suddenly cause him with a flicker of anxiety?

"Good boy," said Claire with a chuckle, giving him a swift kiss on the nose and turning away. "No peeking now."

Dan stared after her in confusion as she clicked her way to the bedroom, her hips swaying as she went. This sort of heavy, teasing flirtation wasn't normally her style. Something had gotten into her… And unfortunately, Dan thought he might know what… or who, it was.

…

A few minutes later, Claire preened in front of the full-length mirror, her skin flushed with arousal as she took in the sheer, luxurious sensuality of her lingerie-clad body. Zane must either have had a miraculous eyes for judging women's clothing sizes or an inside source for her measurements, because everything fit perfectly. The bra cups were two small lace triangles that lifted and present her big round tits, leaving plenty of bare creamy flesh exposed on either side of the tiny, sheer scraps of cloth. Her nipples poked obscenely through the wispy material, the color and size of their pink areolas clearly visible even through the black lace. As expected, the garter belt and stockings emphasized and elevated the natural beauty of Claire's hourglass waist and long shapely legs, and perfectly framed the kinky little pair of panties.

The panties were the best part. The thin gauze of black lace with a tiny, cute little bow was alluring and erotic in a way that would make any man drool. Claire couldn't help but think that sexy panties like this would look just perfect as the crown jewel off some sort of collection… Too bad that Zane would never have that privilege. She gave the vision of tempting sexuality in the mirror a smug little grin as she ran her hands over her curves, devastatingly emphasized by the sexy lingerie. This sight would be for her husband alone. *Thanks for the gift, loser*. Claire would make sure the better man enjoyed it thoroughly.

Enough enjoying herself into the mirror, it was time to let her man dig into the sexual feast she had prepared for him. Padding forward on stockinged feet, luxuriating in the velvety heat radiating from between her thighs beneath the sexy little panties, Claire opened the bedroom door and paraded out, ready for her man to show her a good time.

Dan did an almost-humorous double take as he saw her coming, walking toward him with smoldering sexual intensity in her wild green eyes. Her heart leapt at the sight. She saw the passion she craved there in his loving gaze. But a small wrinkle of discontent troubled her as well. As Dan's mouth dropped open and his eyes went wide, he looked like he was in the presence of a goddess. Like he wanted to fall on his knees and worship the vision of sexuality

these sexy underwear had turned her into. But that wasn't quite what Claire had envisioned for this sexual encounter. She didn't want to be a goddess right now. She wanted to be a sex kitten. A wicked little plaything in her man's strong hands. She chased away the mild disappointment. All that was needed here was a little communication.

She stopped in front of where her husband was sitting on the couch, cocking a hip and giving him her best fuck-me gaze with warm, submissive eyes.

"Do you like your surprise, hubby?" she asked in a soft, teasing voice, trailing a hand down the swell of her hip, over the delicate lace of the garter belt and onto the dark stockings.

"Yeah…" said Dan in a strangled, awestruck voice.

"Then come over here and take me," growled Claire, her voice vibrating with throaty lust.

…

Dan's pulse drummed through his body as he stared up at his wife, transformed into a sex bomb by mind-blowingly erotic underwear. The sinful black lace clung to her like a second skin, teasing and revealing the secrets of her feminine curves in a way that was far more erotic than mere nudity. Dan wished he could enjoy the sight untainted by his latest anxieties, but that now-familiar mix of insecurity and lust that he felt when watching Zane's training logs spread through him.

He couldn't help but think about how Zane had manipulated and controlled Ramona through gifts of slutty clothing.

The certainty sat heavy on his mind even as his body pulsed with filthy lust: this was a gift from Zane. And Zane was at least part of the reason that Claire was so wildly turned on right now.

"Then come over here and take me," said Claire in a rough voice, dripping with sexual need. Her eyes were filled with desperate craving, and Dan knew that he needed to step up. Like it or not, Zane had successfully turned his wife on, and if Dan couldn't relieve that pressure and help scratch the itch for male dominance that she was feeling… well, then she might end up just like Ramona, on her knees, submitting to a man who could give her what she needed.

Dan rose from the couch, determined to rise to the occasion. Claire face broke into a eager grin as he strode forward. She threw her hands over his neck and drew him close as they came together in a passionate kiss.

Dominant. *Powerful*. *Like Zane*. He had to be what his wife craved. Dan ran his hands hungrily over delicate lace and soft warm skin, drinking in his wife's body through touch as his tongue slid aggressively into her mouth. One hand dipped to feel the thin, sheer lace between her thighs. Claire moaned into his mouth and pressed her pussy harder into his fingers as he discovered the wet heat there. Her soft body was melting against him, giving herself to him completely, and for a moment Dan's confidence soared. He could do this.

And then a worm of doubt crept in. This was what Zane planned to do with Claire, wasn't it? That was why he sent her this sexy set of lingerie. He planned to have Dan's wife in this same position, moaning into his mouth, eagerly presenting her hot wet pussy for his grubby fingers to touch. In a way, Dan was just a substitute. The safe option. He didn't have the instinctive power and command that Zane somehow possessed.

He especially wasn't as gifted between his legs. And that thought, of worried inadequacy, made the erection that was beginning to form die as Dan focused on it. As he felt himself lose stiffness, that only panicked him further. He pushed his fingers into the soft, lace covered mount between his wife's legs, but now it was with a sort of desperation rather than confidence.

"Mmmm, yes… Yes, Dan!" moaned Claire softly against his lips, before drawing him back into a tongue tangling kiss, humping her hips needily against him. She hadn't realized yet that Dan was beginning to spiral. And even though he recognized that he needed to calm down and be in the moment, he found it impossible. His mind was filled with images of Zane's conquests. Story after story with censored nude women fucked and dominated by his superior cock. Dan's dick felt small and useless in his pants. He kept imagining the gorgeous sex goddess who was kissing him giving in in to Zane the same way, no matter how hard he tried to push that vision away.

"Enough foreplay, stud," gasped Claire finally, her face flushed and her eyes flashing with desire. "These sexy undies aren't the only surprise I have for you today." With a teasing wink, she slowly slid down Dan's body, ending up on her knees in front of him, staring up at him with soft, submissive eyes.

All Dan could see was the parallel with the videos he had watched. Leah and Ramona and countless women on their knees, ready to serve their new master's cock. As Claire reached up to undo his belt, Dan pictured a thick black bar covering her eyes.

"W-wait," he said desperately. His cock was a cold, limp noodle in his pants, totally emasculated by his insecurity. But it was too late. Calire's sexual hunger wouldn't be denied, and she was already tugging his pants and boxers down his hips.

…

Claire didn't suck cock often. Just one more thing that she had never thought a self-respecting woman ought to do. She occasionally made exceptions, considering the fact that Dan went down on her almost every time they had sex it was only fair, but she didn't enjoy it that much usually.

But right now, her body burned for it. She wanted to serve on her knees as Dan looked down with possessive eyes. She imagined a smug, dominant look there, and for a moment her mind flashed to a different set of eyes… ones that protruded from an ugly face. But Zane didn't haunt her thoughts too badly at the moment. Dan was doing great so far, taking her in his arms and touching and kissing her confidently. She was ready to give him the reward he richly deserved. Her mouth watered as she tugged his pants down, ready to give her husband the best blowjob of his life.

She blinked uncomprehendingly at what flopped out to greet her.

Dan's cock, soft and limp, dangled disappointingly between his toned thighs. Claire could barely process what she was seeing, and stared up into her husband's reddening face with uncomprehending shock.

"I… I can explain…" said Dan hurriedly, looking like he could do anything but.

At his weak, stuttering tone, a wave of intense anger washed over Claire. She had dressed herself up in this hyper-sexual bedroom outfit for him, offered herself on a plate. It was an offer that would have any man drooling. If Zane were here he would already have torn the flimsy lace

off her body and claimed her. All that she asked was for her husband to make an effort. And he couldn't even fucking get it up?

What the fuck is wrong with this pussy?

All of the tension and sexual desperation Claire had been feeling for weeks crashed over her as she rose from her knees, eyes blazing with fury and frustrated arousal. Maybe she was being unfair to her husband. He wasn't the root cause of her problem, despite not being able to help. But right now she didn't care.

"Well… if you can't even manage to fuck me," she snarled into his shocked, guilty face, "then I guess I'm going to have to find another use for you." She reached up and seized his collar, and, working off pure angry adrenaline, yanked him down to the carpet of the living room floor, pushing him onto his back so hard that a soft "oof" of breath left his lungs.

"Honey, wait," he said in a breathless voice, as she straddled his chest on her knees, her breasts heaving with passion and her body singing with arousal and fury. "Just give me one second to…"

"No!" said Claire, cutting his off sharply, reaching down to strip the delicate panties down her thighs, leaving them rolled and crumpled around one ankle. Her flushed and swollen pussy was now revealed to Dan's wondering eyes, leaking shiny trails of arousal down her thick, juicy thighs. Claire wondered for a moment if the sight of her dominantly pinning him down would finally get her weak husband in the mood for sex. But even if it did, it was too late.

"If you're not man enough to fuck me, then I guess you'll have to serve, won't you?" said Claire in a low dangerous voice, moving forward to plant a knee on either side of her husband's head. "But that's what you always do, isn't it? That's the only thing you're good at… serving." Dan stared up at the hot wet pussy now inches above his face, gulping visibly and licking his lips. Claire waited for him to protest, or get mad, or better yet, throw her off and hold her down and teach her a lesson for speaking to him that way.

But instead, he said, "Yes, dear," in a small, defeated voice, his eyes hazy with lust as they locked onto his wife's dominant pussy.

Claire lowered her hips with a savage grinding motion, pressing her sopping sex down into the face she couldn't stand to look at right now. She grunted in a blend of fury and lust as she felt his tongue slip past her lips, flicking and swirling over her swollen clit as she humped her husband's face.

It felt good… but it wasn't what she fucking wanted. It wasn't what she had been craving. Claire rode Dan's face harder and harder, smearing her hot, slick juices all over his mouth and chin as she chased satisfaction that she knew only a thick, hard cock could give her. She needed a man who could fuck her hard, not a weak, compliant man and his wriggling tongue. She whined in frustration, her hips grinding faster, mashing her hot, dripping cunt hard into Dan's mouth. But in was no use. Her normal sexual preferences had been turned on their ear by Zane's insidious influence. She needed penetration right now.

And that was the one thing that he husband simply couldn't give her. He was trying his best, reaching up to hold her hips and desperately trying to please her from his submissive position below, his tongue and lips working overtime between her thighs, but it was useless. Claire tried for a solid five minutes, grinding down relentlessly as Dan did his best, but she knew the truth:

Dan simply wasn't going to get her off today. Not with his mouth at least. The sexual frustration she had been carrying with her would find no relief.

With a snarl of frustration, Claire stood, leaving her husband on the ground, panting and shiny with her juices. She stared at him for a moment longer, furious and humiliated, then turned and retreated to the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

She lay on the bed, chest heaving, mind raging, and body burning with filthy, pent-up sexual tension. She needed release, and if her husband couldn't give it to her, she was going to need to pursue… other avenues. She could simply get herself off… but she refused to give Zane the secret victory of thinking about him while masturbating in the lingerie he bought for her. She needed something to help her climax while keeping her mind safely off Zane.

Option A: Claire didn't masturbate often, but when she did, she had a go-to fantasy. Her high school boyfriend Kellan. Prom night. It had been one of the most intense sexual experiences of her life. Kellan had turned out to be sort of a loser after high school, but he was the most popular kid in school at the time, and getting fucked by the handsome prom king had made Claire feel like a queen in a way that still turned her on. She could simply let her mind wander back to that explosive sexual encounter while using her fingers, and she was sure she could reach climax in no time, considering how turned on she was right now. (Of course, fantasizing about a pushy jerk with a big cock might lead her mind down… unhelpful pathways)

Option B: Claire saw that Dan's laptop was lying nearby. She never watched porn under normal circumstances, but if there was ever a time she needed quick sexual relief, it was now. She could call up some porn starring a dominant man with a big cock and get off without thinking about Zane specifically.

Option C: Maybe Claire had gotten rid of her husband too quickly. True, she didn't think he was going to be able to get her off physically right now, but Dan was pretty good at dirty talk, and Claire enjoyed his appreciative eyes on her normally. They had never done it before, but maybe Dan could be an audience and dirty talk partner while she brought herself to orgasm. Maybe it would even bring them closer after his inability to perform. Even in her anger, Claire still loved Dan, and involving him in her climax at least in some way was appealing.

The Bet – Chapter 13

Porn.

Even the thought of it made Claire's lip curl a little in distaste. She wasn't the type of person who watched porn. She wasn't the type of person who needed to. She wasn't a slave to her lust like some people, and was perfectly content to satisfy her sexual cravings in her marital bed.

...or at least that was the case normally. Now she was sizzling with pent-up desire that her husband had utterly failed to quench. It was no use denying it; she was so fucking horny she could barely think straight. And that was exactly the type of person who watched porn wasn't it? Claire needed to take the edge off her sexual frustration, and there was no reason to be a hypocrite.

Claire got up and locked the bedroom door with a firm click. Then flopped back down on the bed and pulled her husband's laptop over to her, idly massaging her wet, throbbing pussy with a look of annoyance on her face. What did one do to find porn anyway? She wanted to watch a powerful man with a big cock fuck the shit out of a submissive woman. Did she just type that into a search engine?

Dan's laptop was locked, but Claire knew the password. They didn't keep secrets from each other. Or at least she hadn't thought they did. Her eyes widened in shock and her fingers froze between her legs as the screen unlocked, revealing that, when he last closed his laptop, Dan had been watching porn himself. A paused scene filled the screen, showing a woman kneeling at the feet of a big-dicked stud, her tits splashed with his thick, creamy seed.

Claire let out a little scoff of disbelief, her eyebrows scrunching into a frown. She had no idea that her husband watched pornography. Wasn't she supposed to be good enough for him? Maybe it was a little hypocritical to be upset at him when she was actively seeking out porn herself... but it wasn't the same at all, was it? The only reason she was even considering watching porn in the first place was because of Dan's failure to perform. She would have happily satisfied her cravings with him instead.

The thought made Claire's frown deepen even further. The entire situation got worse and worse the more she thought about it. Dan had been unable to get an erection for the past week or so in bed with her... and he decided to jerk off to girls on the internet instead? The idea felt extremely insulting to Claire. And if the website was still open on his laptop... had Dan been jerking off right before she came home? And then he couldn't even fucking get it up a minute later when she wore slutty underwear for him?

Claire cast a venomous glare at the closed door of the bedroom, anger boiling up inside her and blending with the arousal that oppressed her. *That little fucking weasel!* It was almost like he considered her inadequate! His gorgeous wife, who had been fending off the aggressive seduction from a man that women couldn't resist! What about the sluts on this website was so special? Claire suddenly had to know.

She peered closer at the frozen, slightly dimmed image on the screen, partially hunting for what made this digital image more compelling to Dan than his flesh-and-blood wife, partially simply horny and curious about what the filthy porn had to offer.

It was strange. Now that she looked closer, the woman on the screen was censored. There was a thick black bar covering her eyes, but it clearly wasn't just about concealing her identity: her

nipples were blacked out as well. Even stranger, the thick cock poised above her, still in the act of squirting a thick rope of cum out onto her presented breasts, wasn't censored at all. Although it was a little bit blurred from the motion of the video.

Claire's heart sped up in her chest a little as she stared at the screen, and her hand began moving again between her legs. She was still pissed that her husband had chosen this filthy porn over her… but in a way this had been exactly the sort of scenario she had wanted to seek out. A submissive little slut kneeling down, taking a thick, hot load over her tits. Claire bit her lip at the twinge of arousal that pulsed through her. Maybe she wouldn't have to navigate the process of searching for porn after all. If her husband was rude enough to watch porn while not performing for her in bed, she would use his porn to get herself off when he couldn't. Served him right.

She wanted a clearer look at that cock. With two fingers swirling around her throbbing clit, Claire used her left hand to navigate the trackpad, clicking to restart the video. The rope of cum that had been frozen in the air fell, splattering over the small, perky breast of the kneeling brunette. The woman moaned, rubbing the sticky cream into her tits, saying in a heated whisper, "Fucking yes! Cum all over my fucking tits you cocky prick… Mark your territory like the bastard that you are. Make me your fucking…"

Claire paused the video, feeling a spike of adrenaline and confusion. She knew that voice from somewhere. Why did she know the voice of a random pornstar from the internet? The only person she knew who did porn was… The realization hit her like a slap in the face. Her eyes locked onto the cock hovering over the cum-splattered woman. Now that she was trying to place it, it wasn't difficult to recognize. She had felt it's hard, pulsing length pressed against her ass just yesterday.

This was Zane's website.

Dan, you have got to be fucking kidding me. You didn't…

She scrolled to the top of the page, hoping that it was some kind of mistake, but the lurid words "Freaks in the Sheets" greeted her. The name of the filthy site that had made Zane a wealthy man. Her husband wasn't just jerking off to porn, he was jerking off to the porn of his cocky, dominant college friend. It was honestly kind of pathetic, and despite herself, Claire couldn't help but see her husband in a brand new light. What kind of loser looked up porn of his big-dicked friend and jerked off to it?

And worse, she saw on the top banner that Dan was signed in. He was *paying* to jerk off to the exploits of his "alpha" friend. And it appeared that he had paid for the "beta edition" as well, which explained the censorship. What kind of man would willingly choose to be denied nudity? To willingly self-identify as a "beta"?

Suddenly, all Zane's infuriating implications that Dan was a weak-willed pussy felt like they hit a little closer to home. But with the surge of disgust for Dan came a twinge of guilt as well. Dan didn't even know that, when he was jerking off to his asshole former friend, he was jerking off to the man that had invaded his wife's sexual fantasies by force. She hadn't done anything wrong with Zane, with the possible exception of the teasing flirting, but she still imagined that it would hurt Dan to know that she was getting turned on by his awful friend.

But this wasn't about Dan right now. Dan had betrayed her by jerking off rather than fucking her when she needed it the most. All he had to do to keep her from fantasizing about that prick was

to fuck her right, and he couldn't even manage that. She bit her lip, staring at the logo for her worst enemies porn site, remembering how filthy and hot it had been to watch Zane fuck another woman. The idea of masturbating to Zane's cock again was insane. The whole reason she needed to cum in the first place was how wound up Zane had made her. Giving in to temptation would only make that problem worse.

But the temptation was strong… If she was being honest with herself, the reason she was so horny right now was the sight and then brief feel of Zane's cock. And here and now she had a chance to see it in action once again in all its glory, with no chance of being caught by him and having it hung over her head. Maybe this was a good chance to indulge her curiosity safely.

Claire made her choice. She was going to take this opportunity to indulge her fantasies about Zane. She could get it out of her system in her own home, in a way that had no chance of being discovered by the cocky little troll. Tonight, Claire gave herself permission to fantasize about whatever she wanted without guilt. She needed it.

With growing certainty in her heart and growing fire between her thighs, Claire scrolled down again. She blinked at the name "Ramona" near the top of the page, then sighed and shook her head with a smirk. Of course it was that annoying bitch. That was where she recognized the voice from. The idea of watching more of Ramona didn't appeal. Claire returned to the main page of the site.

Her breathing got a little heavier as she scrolled down the long, long list of women on the site. A thrill of dark lust bloomed inside her as her fingers delved a little deeper into her wet pussy. Her eyes greedily took in the women… Barely clothed or not clothed at all. Almost all stunningly beautiful. And all of them willing to allow Zane to post their sexual submission publicly for the internet to see.

Tentatively, Claire imagined submitting in such a humiliating way, tasting the idea like an exotic new delicacy that she wasn't sure if she would find delicious or repulsive. She had spent so much time fighting tooth and nail against the idea of giving in to Zane. And maybe that was smart…

But right now this was just about her. She was all alone, with no one here to judge her. No smug fucking prick Zane to gloat over her the second she showed weakness. This was her chance to explore the idea of submission mentally. Get it out of her system.

Claire's whimpered lightly as her teasing fingers sent little jolts of sexual electricity blazing through her body. So many beautiful women, and she could click on any one of them and watch them get brutally fucked by Zane's massive cock. But who should she pick? She recognized Leah as well, despite the black bar covering her eyes. But she had already seen the married mom with the shapely ass get fucked by Zane, and she was more interested in some variety.

A little further down, a small banner caught her eye, proclaiming 'NEW!!" in bright, eye-catching letters. She had thought that her shocks were over for the day, but she let out a little gasp as she saw the woman posing for a photo. Claire would recognize her anywhere, despite the fact that she had a black bar obscuring her eyes and was wearing a slutty little rainbow colored tube top and a tiny white thong.

Why the fuck is Perlah on Zane's porn website?

There was no mistake either: her name was printed right there next to a short blurb which read:

“Sorry strokers, no complicated seduction and training log for this particular slut… But that’s only because she was eager for my cock practically from the first time I met her. To make up for her too-easy submission, I made sure to work her extra hard in her professional video debut. It’s one you aren’t going to want to miss!”

Claire was stunned, but even as she gawped open-mouthed at the screen, her eyes darting over her assistant’s tawny, sluttily-displayed body, her fingers never stopped rubbing frantically between her spread thighs, sending hot, buzzing pleasure spreading throughout her lower belly. Perlah? Her bright, enthusiastic assistant? She had succumbed to Zane’s obnoxious seduction?

Not only that, but if the website was to be believed, she had barely put up any resistance, pouncing on Zane’s cock immediately. It was hard to reconcile with what Claire knew about her assistant and friend. Perlah was only a few years younger than Claire, but Claire liked to think she had been a mentor to the younger woman. They had grown close over the past year that Claire had employed her, and Claire trusted Perlah more than almost anyone in her life.

So to see that she had fallen so easily to a creep like Zane was disturbing. And also darkly erotic.

Claire couldn’t help the perverse curiosity building inside her… and besides, she had already told herself that whatever she got off to right now in the bedroom was just a harmless exploration that didn’t count. Claire clicked into the page of Perlah, an indescribable feeling of anxiety, disgust, and powerful lust rioting through her.

She was immediately met with a choice between ‘Perlah’s training” and “Professional Scenes”, both with an icon with “New!” next to them in bright yellow. What exactly did Zane mean by “training”? It was an insulting way to think about someone you had sex with… but come to think of it, Claire wasn’t exactly surprised by that. Zane wasn’t exactly the respectful type. She clicked into the section on “Perlah’s Training”, that sense of erotic anticipation building inside her as she slowly rubbed herself, keeping an edge on her pleasure.

The page was quite short, but deeply illuminating on how Zane saw the world and the art of seduction. It started with a short paragraph, followed by a few pictures.

“What can I say, strokers? Some girls are challenges for even a stud like me (although I always get that pussy in the end), and some girls start out practically drooling for cock. This tight little Asian slut wasn’t a challenge. Just look at the fuck me eyes she was giving me the day we met! (First picture below). You know how I feel, strokers: Pussy is just way sweeter to me if I need to work for it. It gives me a sense of accomplishment to fuck a bitch who thought I was beneath them. So normally a total slut like pretty little Perlah would bore me. But Fuck, sometimes a hot slut is a hot slut, am I right? What I’m trying to say is this: this training log is sort of a dud, because Perlah didn’t need any training. She’s a natural submissive slut. But I made sure to work her hard in her first professional shoot to make up for the short training log, so I’ll meet you all over there. Happy stroking!”

Claire’s eyes scanned the words, her eyebrows scrunching into a frown. So Zane specifically enjoyed seducing women who he thought would be a challenge… and he considered it “training”. Training to become a submissive slut. The idea sent a tingle through her pussy, another wave of heat spreading up through her core. Was that what Zane thought he was doing with her?

Was she being trained?

Her instincts instantly pushed back against the idea. She had more respect for Zane than she once had, but the idea that some perverted asshole had the capacity to train her like a dog was ludicrous. But after her immediate rejection, Claire started thinking about it more carefully. She had started out with nothing but dismissive disgust for Zane. Now she was grudgingly aroused by him. She had wanted to cut him out of their lives completely, and now he invaded her thoughts constantly.

She was masturbating to the thought of him even now. Wasn't this the sort of behavior that Zane wanted and had been encouraging? What was that if not training? The idea was disturbing, but also arousing on a level Claire didn't expect. The idea of a cocky asshole like Zane pulling her strings and corrupting her still felt hard to believe, but it spoke to the growing submissive desires inside her in a powerful way.

But despite that disturbing thought, Claire had told herself she wasn't going to feel bad about what turned her on during this masturbation session. So she continued rubbing her hot, throbbing pussy, filling the bedroom with soft wet noises as she scrolled down to view the pictures. The first showed Perlah sitting at the reception desk, smiling up at the camera. Claire couldn't see the "fuck-me" eyes that Zane had referenced in his blurb thanks to the censorship, but Perlah's coy smile was unmistakable. The fish eye of the lens made it clear that Zane had taken it through a hidden camera at the time…

A shock of icy realization shot through Claire. If she was on Zane's radar for conquest… did that mean that he had already recorded their meetings so far? Zane certainly hadn't pulled out a camera and stuck it in her face… but had he been wearing anything that could have hidden a camera? The idea that her attempt at teasing flirtation the other day might have been filmed made her wilt with humiliation and rub her pussy even faster, biting her lip. At least the website was very clear that all of the videos and pictures were posted only with permission, which Claire hadn't given… and never would… obviously.

Well, there was no use worrying about that now, despite the distressingly erotic idea of Zane saving up footage and pictures of a "Claire's Training" log that would never come to be. The leering, perverted tone of the website was already making Claire's swirling fingers feel good on her clit, but the small paragraph and handful of pictures showing Perlah willingly flirting with Zane were hardly titillating enough to bring Claire to orgasm. She clicked through to the "Professional Videos" section for Perlah.

There was only one video available for now, and Claire wasted no time in pressing play, her heart thumping a sickening rhythm in her chest and her skin feeling hot and tight with arousal.

The video showed a brief logo of the website's name before fading up from black to show Perlah laying back on a bed. Claire's breath caught in her chest at the sight… It really did look professional. Crisp, clear video showed Perlah's exposed body in mouth-watering detail.

Perlah was wearing the same outfit she had posed in for her profile picture. A cutesy ensemble of a rainbow-colored tube top that barely covered her firm little tits, a tiny white thong wedged between the alluring delta of her slim thighs, and spotless knee-high socks. The overall impression was of a sort of sleazy, hyper-sexualized, girlish innocence. The sort of thing a pervert would make a woman wear if he wanted to emphasize her youth and cuteness.

Claire had always respected her assistant. She knew that it could be awkward working as the assistant for someone just a few years older than you, but Perlah had never given the

impression she resented the power imbalance. In fact, they had grown friendly, trading small talk, fashion tips, and even talking about men.

Perlah's issue, in Claire's view, had always been her overly-casual attitude toward sex. It looked like that had been her downfall: giving an apex predator like Zane a pity fuck had been like trying to rub a tiger's belly. Her cute little naive assistant had found herself swallowed in one gulp.

The sexy little outfit had been obscene when Perlah was standing still in a photo, but it was much more erotic now that she was writhing on the sheets, running delicate fingers over the white cloth between her legs while performatively sucking on a finger of her other hand. Claire felt very strange looking at her trusted assistant in this pornographic context… but the idea of seeing someone she knew, not some random slut, get fucked by Zane was make her tremble with taboo excitement. Despite the fact that she had always respected Perlah, Claire couldn't wait to see her get fucked. Her breaths were hot and ragged in her throat now, and she could feel her stiff nipples pressing hard against the lace of the bra Zane had bought her.

The arousal inside her only roared higher when Zane crossed into the frame, his squat, hairy body standing above Perlah, his huge, throbbing cock looming over the lithe body of the slutty submissive eagerly waiting for him. Perlah's head turned toward the trollish man standing above her with a sultry smile. Although her eyes were censored, Claire had no difficulty recognizing the expression on her assistant's face… It was a look of enthusiastic, eager submission.

It was a feeling that Claire felt an echo of inside herself… and right now, she let herself experience that lust without crushing it down like she normally did.

"Ready for your debut, sweetie?" asked Zane in his usual smug voice, reaching down to rub Perlah's thong with his thick fingers in a confident display of ownership.

Perlah parted her thighs wide with a moaning purr of satisfaction, eagerly granting Zane further access. "Ooh, yes sir! I want everyone to see how much I love this cock!" She reached up to prove her words, wrapping delicate fingers around his thick shaft and pumping her hand up and down Zane's massive dick.

"I guess you had better suck it then, sweetie," said Zane, pressing forward. Perlah didn't reply this time, except by rising to one elbow to give her a better angle, extending her dripping pink tongue, and running it up the length of Zane's shaft.

Claire let out a sweet little moan, pressing her fingers into her burning cunt as she watched a friend of hers sloppily submit to Zane's dominant cock. Her whole body seemed to pulse with the beat of her heart as her eyes locked onto the filthy scene, watching Perlah seal her sweet lips around the pulsing head of Zane's dick… God, it was so fucking big it stretched her lips out obscenely around it.

What would it feel like… to put herself in that position? Just the idea sent a roaring flush of desire through her, drawing a shuddering gasp from her lips. It would be so awfully humiliating to give in to Zane's arrogant pursuit, proving him right all along. Sucking Zane's cock like Perlah was doing right now, humbling stuffing her mouth with the thick shaft of the man she hated, would be so devastatingly painful and humbling that Claire would never, ever do it… But that didn't mean the thought wasn't hot. It played right into the growing curiosity she had for submission. There was nothing more submissive than sexually servicing an arrogant prick like Zane, especially since he acted like it was inevitable.

On screen, Zane had pushed aside the tiny thing between Perlah's legs to give him better access, and a black bar now covered the action. But that didn't stop Claire from imagining that the fingers teasing her clit were Zane's. Her hips humped and strained upward into her hand as she gave in to the shameful fantasy, finally admitting to herself what it was she had been desiring for so long.

It felt so amazing that she was certain this had been a good idea. This masturbation session was allowing her to safely explore the kinky idea of losing sexually to Zane without having to actually experience it. The best of both worlds. Her sharp green eyes devoured the action on the screen as Zane climbed onto the bed, manhandling his petite Asian fuckdoll into position. One of Claire's hands rose to tweak and pinch one of her nipples beneath the lace as Zane tore away the scrap of white cloth from Perlah's cunt and tossed it away, leaving her pussy bare, although obscured by censorship in her husband's beta edition. Zane forced the petite woman into a brutal, dominant doggy-style, her head pushed down into the sheets and her flexible body arched dramatically to present her dripping sex for his pleasure.

"Please, Sir!" whined Perlah breathlessly, sounding exactly like the desperate little slut Zane had turned her into. "Please fuck my tight little pussy! I want everyone to see that you own it!"

Zane chuckled, slapping his cock against Perlah's upturned ass with a few meaty *thwacks*. He turned to the camera, his face, just like his cock, completely uncensored. The sharp eye contact through the screen sent a white-hot bolt of desire right through Claire's core. It was like he was looking straight at her, dominating her with his commanding gaze. "Well, you heard the lady," he said with a wolfish grin. "She needs this cock. Watch closely… see how I make a slut all mine."

With that he gripped Perlah's hips and thrust inside. She was so turned on that he slipped in almost to the hilt in one smooth motion, despite his massive size. Claire's fingers between her thighs began plunging into herself in time with Zane's thrusts as he fucked Claire's trusted assistant into the bed, drawing trembling squeaks of pleasure from the cute little Asian slut.

Claire felt like her body was on fire. God, it would feel so fucking good to be powerfully fucked by a cock like that. But it would be so fucking wrong too… Not just because she was married, but because she would have to swallow her pride and get fucked like a bitch, submitting to a man in a way she never had before. … but right now, in this guilt-free masturbation session, that was what she wanted. She wanted a real man, a powerful man to make her submit and dominate her with his thick cock, no matter how humiliating it might be.

On the screen, Zane seized both of Perlah's arms in his, jackhammering into her from behind with powerful strokes. Her little rainbow tube top slipped down, letting her firm little naked tits bounce and jolt with each, loud slapping impact of Zane's thighs on Perlah's ass. Perlah was moaning loud and wild, her lips parted as animal sounds of pleasure poured out.

Claire grunted in pleasure mixed with frustration. She wanted to see Perlah's stiff nipples bounce. She wanted to see her eyes hazed with lust. She wanted to see her pussy lips stretched wide around Zane's conquering dick. But all of those were covered by black bars. Because her Beta of a husband didn't think he deserved to see these women naked like Zane did.

Despite her frustration, Claire was finally getting close. She was approaching the orgasm that her husband had failed to give her. And it was all from imagining herself in Perlah's place. It felt so good to let this forbidden fantasy out of the box… Claire pictured herself beneath Zane, his thick cock pushing deep inside her, stretching her wider than Dan ever could, teaching her the

pleasure of penetration that all of the small-dicked betas that she had ever dated her had failed to.

“Yes…more…” moaned Claire lightly, writhing on her marital bed in lingerie another man had bought for her, fingering herself to the thought of submitting to her worst enemy’s thick cock. “Fuck me…” She hesitated, thrown off for a second by what she had been about to say. But why not? This didn’t count right? If she had come this far, why not go all the way?”

“Fuck me, Zane,” she moaned, her eyes entranced by the sight of Zane’s glistening shaft sliding in and out of her friend’s tight pussy. “Fucking make me yours…”

Saying that out loud suddenly seemed to bring her orgasm rushing to the surface all at once. The porn video still had almost 15 minutes left, but she was already cumming. Claire’s curvy body strained hard, every muscle singing with tension as a sweet cry of pleasure broke from her lips. Zane was on her mind as her pussy clenched tight around her dripping fingers. His thick, powerful cock. His arrogant, dominant gaze. In that moment, she indulged in the most forbidden fantasy of all… surrender.

Finally, she slumped back on the bed, breathing heavily as her legs trembled. *Fuck.* She couldn’t remember the last time she had cum that hard… and all from just her fingers. She reached out to pause the video as she basked in the warm afterglow of an orgasm that had finally managed to take some of the edge off of her sexual frustration. That had been fucking intense.

And it was all from imagining Zane.

Something definitely needed to be done about the whole situation. That much hadn’t changed. Allowing the what-if to play out in her head had been cathartic, but having sex with Zane was out of the question. Claire never lost. Especially not to assholes like him. She needed to put an end to Zane’s attempts to fuck her. And, luckily, in the clarity of her post-orgasm reflection, Claire found that her fantasizing had finally shaken loose the obvious solution to the problem of her annoyingly persistent seducer.

Zane thrived on mind games and manipulation. Trying to play his game by flirting with him had been foolish. He was the master of that sort of thing, and had a home field advantage. Claire had always been straightforward and confrontational. That was the way she could solve this problem.

If she wanted to stop Zane from trying to fuck her, she should just sit him down and confront him about it directly. Give him no chance to weasel away with his mind games. Just get in his face, force him to explain himself, and tell him it was never going to happen. Before, she had felt like even acknowledging Zane’s aggressive pursuit would be giving it too much weight, like she would be admitting it might be an issue. But this masturbation session had finally helped her see that she couldn’t afford to pretend that Zane’s seduction was having no effect.

Before she could change her mind, she grabbed her phone and typed out a terse message to Zane, demanding that they meet to discuss a non-work-related issue. She felt like she had a sense of purpose and drive once again. Letting herself cathartically imagine the worst case scenario had been freeing. A truly great idea.

… And if it had been a good idea once, why not do it again? Claire still felt invigorated and horny after her orgasm. Why not go for another? After all, she hadn’t even made it through the whole

video, and she was curious how Zane was going to make the little slut take his cum. Who knew, maybe after another couple orgasms, she might feel good enough to forgive her disappointment of a husband and let him back into the bedroom.

Claire pulled the laptop back toward her and slipped her hand back to her hot, sloppy pussy, ready to get Zane even more out of her system.

…

Zane felt his cock stiffen almost immediately as he read Claire's text.

Game Over.

Well, maybe not exactly, but this was a crucial step. Claire asking to see him outside of a professional context could only be good news. It was no doubt another attempt to escape from him, but whether Claire recognized it or not, it was a softening in her stance toward him. A gap in her armor that he could exploit.

Claire had been a tough nut to crack, but her resistance was on its last ropes. All it would take is one more push.

The ball was in his court. Claire was asking for the meeting, which meant it was Zane's privilege to name the time and place…

Option A: Maybe he should simply insist that she visit his house again. A casual setting like that, all alone with no one else around… in the bedroom that she had worked so hard on. It was a situation ripe with temptation. Maybe the private setting would make Claire more vulnerable to humiliating compromise than if she had others watching.

Option B: On the other hand, Zane thought it might be effective to invite Claire out to dinner. The context of a fancy night out at a nice restaurant might force Claire to see him as a lover subconsciously. It might also throw her off her guard if he pampered her a little and demonstrated that his alpha status and wealth could be fun and pleasurable rather than just dominant and abrasive.

Option C: If there was anything that was going to make Claire break, it was raw, filthy sexuality. Zane could simply demand that she visit him on set during a porn shoot. Forcing her to be around him in such a loaded, sexual context would no doubt arouse her at this point, although it might be a little ham-fisted.

The Bet – Chapter 14

Claire found herself struggling with an odd mix of emotions as she gave her husband a kiss on the cheek on the way out the door, feeding him a smooth lie about having something to take care of at the office.

There was the dull, stubborn rage that she was used to, of course. She had felt that for Zane almost from the beginning. And today, he had more than earned that anger. Asking her to meet him on his porn set was obviously a provocation. Like always, he was trying his best to get a rise out of her.

But there were other emotions roiling inside her as well. Anticipation for one. Now that she had decided to confront her issues with Zane head-on, she could hardly wait. She wanted to see the surprise on his face as she directly addressed his aggressive flirtation and told him to stop. After so many mind games, a direct contest of wills sounded cathartic.

…And she couldn't lie, there was a certain amount of curiosity as well. She had been invited to the set of a porn shoot. And not just any porn shoot, one for the website she had spent all last night rubbing herself raw to. Not that she thought Zane would be actively shooting when she got there. Some things were too far even for him. But the idea of being in the same place where all the filthy things she watched had taken place was darkly intriguing.

Her emotions twisted and writhed within her as she drove across town toward the address Zane had provided. She hoped that this straightforward talk with Zane would finally relieve the sexual tension she had been troubled by for the past few weeks. At this point, it would have to. She wasn't sure she could go on with this much pent-up sexual frustration. Her long masturbation session last night had only made things worse, and when she opened the door of the bedroom late at night to grudgingly invite her husband back to the bedroom to try again, he was already out like a light.

Something had to give. One of them had to lose this battle of wills, and Claire was grimly determined that it would be Zane. Once she directly confronted him and forced him to stop his pursuit, she was hopeful her mental block toward deep, satisfying orgasms would be cleared away. At that point, Dan could make her cum with his mouth, regardless of whether or not he could get it up.

Rather than a studio of some kind, the address provided by Zane led to a two-story house surrounded by a privacy fence, with the upper-story windows completely blocked out by blinds. Interesting. Well she supposed most of the scenes on "Freaks in the Sheets" *were* set in a house. It was probably easier to just buy a house for that purpose rather than build a completely custom-made set for a kitchen, living room, bathroom, and so on.

She texted Zane that she was there, but received no reply. She waited with increasing impatience at the front gate, and just when she had decided that Zane had probably just sent her to the wrong address to fuck with her, the gate swung open, revealing a cheerful-looking, black woman a little older than Claire, who smiled broadly.

"Claire, right?" she said, holding out a hand to shake.

Claire was so wrapped up in her mental armor, preparing to face Zane, that she was completely taken aback by the beautiful woman's sunny smile and offered hand. Maybe Claire would have normally snubbed the offer of a handshake from someone who worked with Zane, but she found

herself reaching to take the woman's outstretched hand and shaking it. The gorgeous woman radiated such positive energy that it seemed wrong to be rude to her.

"Summer," said the woman confidently. "Nice to meet you. Sorry to hurry you along, but we were right in the middle of a shoot when you arrived. I left the camera locked on a shot while I ran down to let you in, but I can't leave it unmanned for long, and Zane never wants to stop filming for fucking anything when he's in the zone."

With that, the woman turned on her heel and hurried up the walkway toward the front door of the house, which, once you got past the tall privacy fence, looked like a totally average suburban home. Claire scurried after her, her stomach doing flip-flops. "Wait… Zane is… he's filming right now?"

The lovely woman gave Claire a confused look over her shoulder, the quick motion flipping the braids she had pulled back into a loose ponytail. "Well, yeah. We don't really hang out on set unless it's a shooting day. I assumed you knew what you were getting into when Z invited you here to see him." Her eyebrows scrunched together in a look of mild concern as she held open the front door of the house for Claire to enter. "Wait… you *are* potential talent, yeah?"

The inside of the house was pleasant-looking, but generic. The living room looked fairly average, except maybe for the fact that the couches were made out of stiff-looking, easy-to-clean material. The scent of disinfectant and bleach hung in the air. Claire cocked her head, unsure of what Summer meant for a second. Then she understood. "No," she said firmly, a faint blush coloring her face. "Not potential talent at all. I'm his interior designer."

Summer sighed deeply and put her hands on her wide hips, her dark eyes flashing with displeasure. "He invited his fucking interior designer to a porn shoot? That fucking dick! Go home, girl. I'll tell him to learn some fucking manners."

Claire winced. "No, ummm, I… I need to meet with him and…" She cleared her throat and straightened up, trying to regain the energy and determination she had felt last night when thinking about this meeting. "I'm not some prude that can get thrown off by the thought of sex."

Summer gave her a flat, disbelieving look with her arms crossed over the tight t-shirt she was wearing, then shrugged. "Ok, if you're sure. Anyway, I have to get back, so if you're coming, follow me. Bedroom shoot today." She waved for Claire to follow as she turned toward a staircase and began climbing.

Claire couldn't help but notice that Summer had incredible, shapely thighs and a bouncy, plump butt as she climbed behind her. A sudden suspicion formed in her mind, and she suddenly had to know. "If you don't mind me asking, are you… *talent?"* asked Claire, a little embarrassed, but burningly curious.

Her question was met with a snort of laughter and an amused smirk over the tall black woman's shoulder as she ascended the stairs. "Why, you want to know if you can see me naked on the site?" Claire spluttered in embarrassment, but Summer waved her to silence with a laugh. "Ha! I'm just teasing, settle down. I used to be. My videos are still up. But Z gets bored with sexual relationships after a while. Women either become friends or fade out of his orbit. I happened to become an employee, because he needed the help. Now I do camera work, lighting, tech, you fucking name it. Z likes to work with as small a crew as possible to cut down on overhead, but, to be fair, he never stiffs me or the talent. He pays well."

Claire shook her head. “You seem… a lot more level-headed about this than the other people I’ve heard talk about Zane.”

Summer shrugged, leading the way down the upstairs hall, past a large, luxurious bathroom with a glass shower that Claire had seen in more than one video last night. “Yeah, I know what you mean. Z’s an… acquired taste. But I don’t know… I don’t know why fucking him has to be a big angsty deal like a lot of women seem to think. Sex is fun, Z’s good at sex. Why overthink it?”

It sounded simple, but it was a perspective that Claire struggled to wrap her head around. It wasn’t just as simple as saying sex with Zane would be fun, so why not let loose and try it. She was married! And giving in was a question of pride… right?

But regardless of Claire’s mental turmoil, it was clear that Summer had no more time for idle discussion. Summer opened the door to the master bedroom, letting loud sound of fleshy slaps and breathy moans of female pleasure roll out into the hallway, and ducked inside.

…

Dan had just settled into another night of jerking off to one of Zane’s filthy, upsetting training logs on “Freaks in the Sheets” when his phone buzzed in his pocket. He had a text. He felt a stab of disappointment at being interrupted, but removed the phone immediately anyway. Claire had just pulled out of the driveway five minutes before, but it could be her letting him know that she didn’t need to spend the evening at the office after all. Dan was hoping he would have a chance to reconnect with her tonight. Things had gone very, very badly yesterday. If she might be coming home early, he needed to know so he could stop jerking off right away and be ready for her.

Instead, his heart went cold as he saw that it was a text from Zane. He hadn’t just texted casually since they had first made that bet nearly a month and a half ago.

Dan’s anxiety didn’t get any better when she saw the message.

[It’s five thirty PM. Do you know where your wife is?] It read starkly.

Dan felt a riot of fear and twisted arousal bloom in his belly. The implication was obvious. Zane was claiming that Claire had left the house to go meet him. That she had callously lied in order to make time to spend with Zane. That would be a very, very bad sign.

It had to be a mind game, just like the free “beta” subscription to his porn site. Zane had everything to gain by making Dan feel insecure and needy.

[You’re bluffing.] Dan texted back rapidly, trying to control his rising panic.

Zane was quick to respond. [I don’t need to bluff, Danny. I’m just informing you that you might lose the bet tonight. Well, that’s a little optimistic, I admit. But if it isn’t tonight, it’ll be soon.]

[You’re just trying to scare me. If Claire’s with you, prove it.] There. Zane wouldn’t be able to prove shit. It was all hot air. Just like it had been from the beginning. Hot air was Zane’s fucking specialty.

[Don’t worry, cuck. I’m not going to ask you to take my word for it. When I win, you are going to have all the fucking proof you need. You’re on the site right now, aren’t you? I pushed out an update recently. Look at the “coming soon” section. I’ve got to run. Gotta get back to work. I’ll update you on if I won later.]

With his heart pounding in his throat, Dan returned to the main page, scrolling down to the "coming soon" section, which had been empty since he started using the website last week. Now it had one entry.

A silhouetted woman stood next to the "coming soon" banner, with a blurb written next to her:

Oh boy, strokers, have I got a treat coming up for you! "C" is one of the hottest ladies I have ever pursued, and honestly, one of the most difficult seductions your buddy "Z" has ever attempted! I can't show you the goods yet, because she hasn't sealed the deal or signed any waivers. You know how careful I am about that. But I'm calling my shot, strokers: this hot, bitchy piece of ass is going to be mine, and then I'll have the privilege of sharing one of the most satisfying training logs I've ever written. Oh, and did I mention that this slut is married? Her hubby is stroking to this right now, wearing out that F5 key, hoping to see his wife fuck a real man. Keep your eyes on this space for the best stroke of your life. Especially you, "D"!

Dan stared at his screen in mute horror, his breaths coming hot and heavy and his cock throbbing in his pants.

He tried to text Zane back, but his old college friend didn't answer.

...

Summer entered the bedroom immediately, but Claire hesitated. Her heart was thundering in her chest. The sudden sounds of sexual pleasure made an unwilling pulse of heat spread through her body. Maybe she had been lying to herself. Maybe she always knew that she would see Zane having sex again if she came here today. Rubbing his sexual prowess in Claire's face was one of Zane's specialties.

She had come today because she didn't mind seeing Zane fuck. Even wanted it on some level. That was the simple truth, and she wasn't going to lie to herself about it anymore. The real question was... How did she plan to deal with that traitorous desire inside herself?

Even if that question only filled her with doubt, Claire wasn't about to retreat now. It would be weakness to run when she had come this far. And besides... after seeing all of the censored porn that her husband received through the "beta edition" he had for some reason chosen, there was an insidious instinct inside Claire to see something... a little more raw.

She entered the open doorway into the master bedroom, and, even though she had mentally steeled herself, Claire's breath still caught and her eyes widened as she saw the scene laid out before her on the bed.

On crumpled, sexily disheveled white sheets, three bodies, not two, met and writhed in sexual ecstasy. Zane lay on his back, his blubberly gut bulging upward as two beautiful women in scandalous lingerie rode him. Claire instantly recognised Leah, even though she was facing away from her, from the "Z" and "K" tattoos on her thick, quivering ass cheeks. She was on her knees over Zane's face, pressing her pussy hard down into the sleazy pornographer's eagerly slobbering tongue while letting out low, purring moans. The sight sent a twisted thrill of heat through Claire's belly. This was a married woman, acting utterly shameless with another man. Not only riding his face, but doing so in a slutty set of red stockings with a matching garter belt, and a bra that, as Leah turned to the side, Claire could see only lifted her tits without concealing them at all.

It took Claire just a second longer to recognize the other woman, but when she did, she lost all interest in Leah.

Wearing a slutty red lingerie set to match Leah's, with her lovely raven hair in an up-do that would look classy in other circumstances, was Perlah, Claire's assistant and trusted friend. She currently had Zane's thick, powerful cock buried in her pussy, riding it with breathy whimpers of pleasure, her slim, lovely hips desperately humping up and down. Riding Zane's throbbing pole with every sign of submissive delight, impaling her tight cunt again and again as Summer, who had returned to her place behind the professional-grade camera, filmed every second in high definition.

Then, in one heated instant, Perlah looked up and saw Claire standing in the doorway. Their eyes met, and an intense wave of silent communication passed between them. Claire simmered with anger and a sense of betrayal. She had known she would have to confront Perlah eventually over the fact that she had been sleeping with Zane. A friend she trusted had been sexually involved with the man she had been resisting with all her strength. It felt like having a spy in her camp. She was sure that her eyes were accusatory, and Perlah's emotions, in turn, were easy to read on her face.

There was guilt in Perlah's lovely almond-shaped eyes, and a recognition that by fucking Zane, she was doing something wrong. But there was also defiance. A stony, stubborn refusal to give up on the man she had chosen. And, of course, laid over all of it was a powerful haze of sexual pleasure.

The two women stared into each other's eyes in a moment that crackled with emotional intensity. Claire, white faced, shocked, and angry, standing in the doorway fully clothed. Perlah, her thighs spread wide, Zane's thick cock impaling her tight, juicy cunt. The moment couldn't have lasted more than a few heartbeats, but it felt like an eternity for Claire. Then Leah, noticing Perlah's surprise, looked over her shoulder. Her wicked eyes sparkled, and she broke into a teasing grin when she saw Claire standing there dumbfounded. Without saying a single word, Leah's expression effortlessly signalled her amusement that Claire was here, falling one step further into Zane's grasp.

Claire flushed red at the mocking glance. She had a sudden urge to tell the smirking bitch in no uncertain terms that she was only here to convince Zane to leave her alone, not because she was considering giving the awful little man what he wanted. But Leah was currently grinding her pussy down onto Zane's slobbering mouth, and Claire could see Summer frowning in concentration over the recording camera. Claire had no desire to accidentally end up on film with the three naked porn stars. She held her tongue.

Leah turned to Perlah, leaning forward to whisper something in the cute, slim Asian's ear. Perlah nodded and giggled, flashing one more fiery glance at her boss before beginning to move her hips again, sliding Zane's massive cock into and out of her pussy, stretching her tender lips wide around his girth. She leaned forward and kissed Leah passionately, both women moaning into each other's mouths as Zane bucked powerfully beneath them, somehow pleasing two women at once with his grotesque body. Claire found it hard to look away. Leah and Perlah were both objectively beautiful, but in utterly different ways. Leah's thick, tempting juiciness and Perlah's slim beauty were almost opposites, but both clashed with the hairy, squat man who was busily licking and fucking the eager pussies grinding against him.

Claire was so transfixed that she almost didn't notice that Summer was trying to get her attention, impatiently gesturing for her to come closer. Claire shook herself and scurried over behind the camera with the lovely camerawoman, who took the opportunity to zoom the camera out into a wide shot. She turned and put a hand up to Claire's ear, whispering in a low tone, "Sorry, babe. Couldn't have you in the shot… Now, why not just sit and watch for a while? I'm sure that this scene will be finished up soon." Summer's low, breathy voice sent a tingle up Claire's spine despite its fairly tame message, and the shiver of arousal was only compounded by the sweet moans that filled the air from the two women on camera.

Claire found her eyes drawn like a magnet to the gap between Perlah's thighs, where her assistant bounced up and down eagerly, sheathing Zane's stiff cock inside her again and again. She was just here to talk with Zane… anything she saw that turned her on was just a trick from Zane to further ensnare her. But despite that, a flood of consuming heat welled up between her legs as she watched Perlah's tender lips grip Zane, leaving his pulsing shaft slick with her juices as she rose, before slamming her butt down, engulfing him again.

Leah looked nearly as happy, besides only getting Zane's tongue right now. Claire could see the married mother's face from this angle, and Leah was biting her lip hard, her cheeks flushed and her eyes closed in ecstasy. Her breasts and honey-blonde braid jiggled as she energetically rubbed her pussy downward against her master's mouth. Both women were obviously approaching orgasm, and Claire could feel the arousal inside her growing stronger as well. She licked her lips unconsciously as the powerful eroticism of the scene seeped into her body and soul.

Perlah broke first, giving a sharp, wailing cry of release, her thighs shaking badly and her hands reaching out to clutch Leah for support. Leah leaned forward to pull her orgasming scenemate into another kiss, locking tongues as she tipped over the edge into orgasm as well, moaning against Perlah's lips as her chest heaved in passion.

It was one of the most stunningly erotic things that Claire had ever seen in person, and her whole body suddenly felt like it was warm and tingling with excitement. Her belly twisted with dark lust as the two women on the bed parted, a string of saliva briefly connecting them before breaking. It was one thing to watch filthy pornography behind the safety of a screen, but seeing it in person was a whole new level of taboo thrill. Not to mention the fact that she could finally see the female nudity that her husband's "Beta Edition" had blocked. She was surprised by how much seeing their eyes uncovered increased the intensity of sex as well. Something about the fiery lust that she could see blazing in Leah and Perlah's eyes as they gazed at each other made the heat inside her burn even hotter.

Finally, Summer gave a thumbs up to the ladies on the bed, and Leah raised a thick thigh, uncovering Zane's slimy red face, grinning ear to ear. "God fucking damn!" Zane said with a breathless laugh, "You nearly killed me there, you bitch!" He aimed a playful swat at Leah's fat ass, and she responded with a middle finger and a throaty laugh.

"I guess then I'll have to work a little harder next time, Master," she said, smiling fondly.

Zane turned his attention to Perlah, who was still sitting on his lap with his cock deep inside her, breathing heavily. "And you, you little minx… I'm not supposed to cum yet in this scene, so why is someone milking my cock with her little pussy like she wants that nut?"

Perlah bit her lip, then giggled, giving her hips a few teasing bounces. “I just can’t help it, sir,” she said meekly. “My body just… wants what it wants.”

Zane gave her another second of mock annoyance, then slapped her on the butt too, pulling her into a laughing kiss. The whole scenario felt… weird to Claire. Although Zane was clearly the dominant partner here, and Leah even seemed to jokingly defy him, the whole tone of the interaction was light and even friendly, not the strict humiliation and control she had been expecting to see. It looked like they were all having fun, bizarrely.

It was then that Zane noticed Claire standing next to Summer. His smile broadened, and he finally lifted Perlah up and off of his dripping cock as he said, “Hey! No one told me that Claire Bear had made it! Come on, ladies, we need to say ‘hello’!” He scrambled up from the bed, heading toward a rack positioned out of frame with three robes hanging off of it, his stiff cock bobbing, dripping Perlah’s juices as he went.

“Sorry to call you out to the set instead of somewhere a little nicer,” he called to Claire as he slipped a set of robes with “Z” printed on its back over his rounded shoulders, “but I’m afraid I’m really in crunch time with this shoot. The site’s a hungry beast, and if I don’t get something up on a weekly basis, the strokers get upset.”

Leah helped Perlah up onto legs still a little wobbly from the cute little asian’s powerful orgasm. Perlah cast a doubtful glance toward her boss, but Leah leaned in and whispered something in Perlah’s ear that seemed to steel her, and they walked toward the rack to don their own robes (the female robes only reaching to mini-skirt length, Claire couldn’t help but notice) before following Zane a half-step behind toward Claire, walking hand in hand.

Zane held out a hand to shake, and Claire just looked at it, then back up to his eyes. He laughed, absently wiping it on his robe. “Probably a smart move with everywhere it’s been today,” he said with a wink.

Leah and Perlah joined them, still flushed and breathing heavily from their orgasms, looking a little classier in their silky robes than just the slutty lingerie, but not much. “So good to see you again,” said Leah with one of her teasing smiles that Claire had already come to loathe. “I’m surprised to see you here after how adamant you were last time. You know… how you said you wanted nothing to do with Zane. Surprised, but pleased.”

Claire ignored her pointedly, instead looking at Perlah with her mouth drawn into a firm line of disapproval. Perlah stared back, looking a little guilty and uncomfortable. “Hi Claire,” she said hesitantly, “I just wanted to say that…”

Claire cut her off sharply. “I don’t think we have anything to say to each other, Miss Baquiran. You’re a grown woman and can make whatever choices you want. Even if that choice is to become a slutty pornstar for a disgusting slob. But I might need to reconsider whether you fit the… image requirements for working at an upscale interior design service like mine.”

Perlah’s eyes went wide at her boss’s open insult and cold tone. Her face paled, then flushed. She turned to Zane abruptly, saying in clipped tones, “I’m going to go get some water.” Before stalking away with a hurt and furious expression.

Leah no longer looked teasing. She had raised a cool eyebrow with a faint sneer on her face, obviously upset at Claire’s rudeness. Zane looked a little exasperated as well. “Look, Claire, I

know you're shocked, but don't you think that's a little harsh? Can you really blame a single girl like her for messing around when you yourself…"

'I don't want to talk about our personal business in front of…" Claire stared down her nose at the curvy, unimpressed-looking blonde now standing with her arms crossed, "… uninvolved parties, Zane. You said we could talk if I came to see you on set. I'm here. Let's talk."

"Soon, Claire Bear," said Zane with a smirk, already sliding back into his sleazy air of complete confidence. "We just have one little scene left to shoot, then the moneyshot. You can head down to the kitchen to grab some water or something and wait for us to finish up… or, of course, you could stick around to watch."

Claire snorted and looked away. Despite her confrontation with Perlah, she could still feel the insistent buzz of arousal in her veins. She would never admit it to Zane in a million years, especially not in front of that married slut Leah, but she didn't want to leave. She wanted to see more of the live, uncensored porn that she had stumbled into just a few minutes ago… even if she did have issues with all the participants.

"I'm not going to let you out of my sight until we talk," she muttered, looking away. It was a weak excuse, but she couldn't think of a better one in the moment.

Zane just chuckled at her and gestured toward Summer, who was frowning down at the camera. "Suit yourself, I suppose. I just need to check things with Summer, and we can get this whole thing wrapped up. Won't take a minute." He bustled away, leaving Claire alone in prickly silence with Leah.

Claire was perfectly willing to let the awkward silence stretch, but Leah spoke up, her voice a deep, dangerous purr. "I find it very interesting that you're acting so judgmental toward your friend, considering the path you're currently on."

Claire felt rage bubble up inside her, temporarily overwhelming her lust and confusion and giving her back some of her old confidence. "You don't know me," she said with a sneer. "And you have no idea what so-called 'path' I'm on."

Leah didn't back down, moving forward to stand nose-to-nose with the taller, dark-haired woman above her. Now some of Claire's lust crept back in, to her discomfort. There was no doubt that Leah was a beautiful woman, and Claire had just watched her in the throes of sexual passion. Her wires were all crossed from her hatred and desire for Zane, that was the issue. Not because she actually wanted to be sexually involved with a woman. And certainly not with Leah.

"Every single woman on the site right now was just as confident as you." Leah's Hazel eyes were sharp as a knife, seeming to cut straight into Claire's soul. Claire swallowed down the sudden burst of arousal inside her, but before she could speak, Leah's lips quirked up into another teasing smirk. "Hey, I know… since you're so confident, why don't we make a bet?"

Claire could tell that the very suggestion was intended as a mockery of her confidence, but she actually wasn't opposed to the idea. Leah was being unforgivably smug right now, in a way that reminded her uncomfortably of Zane. Beating Leah in whatever bet she had in mind would certainly help Claire reclaim a bit of her bruised dignity. She raised an eyebrow haughtily. "Ok… what are the terms?"

“Simple,” said Leah with a shrug. “If you fuck Zane, like you keep insisting will never happen, you have to apologise to poor Perlah for being so rude. In whatever way she wants. On camera.”

Claire snorted and rolled her eyes, even as a twist of dark arousal pulsed through her. Now there was a kinky thought… but an impossible one. Perlah was cute, and despite her current disappointment in her assistant, Claire valued her as a friend. But between them, Claire was obviously the top dog. The implication that Perlah could push her around sexually, like Leah seemed to be crudely implying, was laughable.

But still, there was no good reason to take that risk… Except for the fact that Leah was currently smirking at her as if she was positive Claire wasn’t brave enough to accept. Claire let her emotions get the better of her, sneering and saying, “And if I win, I’m going to redden that fat, slutty ass while you apologize to *me*. But not on film. I suspect you might get off on that. When is the time limit? When will I know I won?”

“A week,” said Leah with a chuckle. “I actually think that’s generous, but it's a nice round figure, don’t you think?”

“Fine,” said Claire flatly, simmering with anger and arousal, trying not to look at the round tits that Leah’s posture had lifted upward and pressed against her robe. “If you want to lose that quickly, then it’s your funeral.”

Zane clapped his hands from behind Summer, grinning widely and saying, “That’s enough of a break. Let’s wrap this up… Where did Perlah get off to now?”

…

Perlah flounced down the stairs, gritting her teeth in rage.

She had known that it would be… a little tense when Claire finally found out about her sexual relationship with Z. But where did that bitch get off being so judgmental? Especially when she, a married fucking woman, was practically drooling for Zane’s fat cock? It was so unfair and hypocritical that Perlah wanted to scream.

Instead, she had decided to get a bottle of water from the fridge to cool off before she said something she shouldn’t and got in the way of whatever game Z was playing with her boss. As she pulled out a bottle and began sullenly sucking at it, Perlah heard and felt the vibration of her phone inside her robe. She fished it out of the pocket with a frown, unsure of who would be calling her right now. Most of the guys she used to hook up with had gotten the message that she was more interested in someone else right now.

The Caller ID read “Daniel Harrison”. Perlah rolled her eyes. She didn’t speak to Dan that often: for the most part, Claire left her home life at home. But he did call Perlah occasionally when he was trying to reach his wife about something and she was so in the zone she was ignoring her phone. It happened often enough that Perlah had saved his name in her phone, but she doubted if she had ever exchanged more than fifty words with the man.

Her first instinct was to simply ignore the call. Despite the rude dismissal Claire had just given her, her instincts to be a good assistant ran deep. But then a wicked smirk lit up her face. Why should she be a good, obedient little assistant in her off hours? Especially when her boss was being such a bitch? She accepted the call and said, “This is Perlah. How can I help you, Dan?”

“Hi Perlah,” said Dan in a voice that seemed just on the edge of panic. “I’m trying to reach Claire, but she isn’t picking up. Could you just pop into her office and tell her to call me back?” Perlah clapped a hand to her mouth to hold back a giggle. *Uh-oh, looks like hubby suspects something. How would he react if I told him you’re on a porn set right now?*

Perlah wasn’t that evil… but nor did she feel any particular responsibility to cover for her boss right now. Claire was the one who was throwing words like “slut” around. Let her deal with her own slutty choices.

“Sorry, Dan,” she said, keeping her voice pleasant and even. “I’m not in the office today, so I won’t be able to help with that. I don’t think Claire is there either, to be honest, she normally calls me in if we have work to do.”

“A-are you sure?” asked Dan in a panicked voice. “Maybe there was something she had to take care of real quick, and didn’t want to bother you.”

Perlah could hear Zane’s low, gruff voice calling her from upstairs. Time to wrap up the call with Claire’s poor husband. “Sorry, Dan,” she said airily. “I really couldn’t say. I guess it’s *possible*. You would have to ask Claire.”

Then she hung up and hurried up the stairs. If Claire wanted to judge other people, it should be easy to explain her totally pure motives to her frantic husband.

…

“There you are,” said Zane as Perlah ducked into the door and hurried to stand beside Leah. The pretty young assistant gave Claire some sort of knowing smirk for a second that Claire couldn’t quite understand, but the expression was gone in a flash as she folded her hands and listened attentively to Zane.

“So ladies, we’re going to film a little girl-on-girl scene here,” said Zane, reaching out to rest a possessive hand on the women’s hips, Leah’s wide right and Perlah’s slim left. “I want it to be soft. Tender. Sensual. The opposite of the raw power-fucking we’ve filmed so far. But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to see some red-hot lesbian orgasms.”

His hand snaked down to cup the ass of each of the two ladies asses, making them squirm and giggle beneath his dominant touch. “How about this for an incentive… Whoever cums last will be the lucky lady who takes the moneyshot today.”

Perlah gasped in delight. “You mean it?” she asked excitedly. “I thought for sure you were going to give it to Leah.”

“He’s still going to,” said Leah in a challenging growl, taking Perlah by the hand and pulling her toward the bed, using her other hand to untie her robe. “Now come here, you little slut. I'm going to earn that jizz by making you cum your brains out.”

As the two women giggled and stripped off each other’s robes, Zane waved Claire over to where he stood behind the camera. “So,” he said in a chummy voice, gesturing her toward the bed, “you decided that you wanted to watch? Get the full experience?”

Claire shot him a flat, angry look. He always had to push her fucking buttons. “If you’re trying to chase me away, it’s not going to work,” she said doggedly.

Zane held up his hands in a placating gesture. “Hey, I’m not looking for a fight!” he said in an oily voice. “I think it’s great that you want to see how the sausage gets made. Pay close attention to their passion. Before they met me, Leah and Perlah had never even kissed a girl. But when I ordered them to give it a try… Well, that’s the magic of submission and dominance. They took to it like fish to water.”

Claire sneered to cover up her irrepressible reaction of aroused intrigue. So they had become eager bisexuals just because Zane had ordered it? He had to be exaggerating. “You’re disgusting,” she said in a huff.

“I know I am, but that’s what makes me so interesting. Are we ready, girls?” asked Zane, turning and raising his voice to get their attention.

“Yes, Sir,” said Perlah, overlapping with Leah’s “Yes, Master” And they did look ready. Eager. Their eyes darted to meet each other with affection, but also with a certain competitive edge. They were taking the obscene little game that Zane had proposed seriously.

“Action!” called Zane. Leah and Perlah continued gazing at each other hungrily for a few moments longer, then drew close to each other, their lips meeting in a gentle, but passionate kiss. Claire found herself surprised at the crackling sexual energy she saw between the two women as Perlah’s eyes gently closed, her hands rising to cradle Leah’s face, then tangle in her hair. She had expected this to be a poorly acted farce (her impression of what most lesbian porn was, honestly), but when Leah’s hands slid down to explore Perlah’s tight little body, Claire saw genuine heat there.

Was it really possible for two women to be this passionate for each other just to please a man? The idea was kinky enough to color Claire’s cheeks. She would never let another woman into their bed just because Dan wanted it. Dan had known better than to even explore the possibility of a threesome. But there were a lot of things that she would never tolerate from Dan that she was discovering might be acceptable coming from another man. Would she ever be willing to… experiment with another woman? Her eyes traced the meeting of Leah and Perlah’s lips, the soft flowing motions of Leah’s hands as they explored every inch of Perlah’s tight young body. Claire was so in the zone, she hadn’t even noticed that Zane had crept up beside her until he spoke.

“See, I told you that they love playing with each other for me,” he said in a low voice, watching alongside Claire as Leah pushed Perlah onto her back, kissing her down into the mattress with firm, dominant pressure. Claire could feel wetness between her own legs as she watched Leah’s pump ass wiggling in the air, her pussy dripping hot juices of arousal down her thick thighs.

“They wanted me so much that they discovered how much they wanted each other, too,” said Zane, his voice low and pleasant in Claire’s ear. Just being this close in the same room as them made her feel intimately connected to what was happening. Arousal pulsed through her. She could almost feel Leah’s lips on hers. She imagined that her hands were touching Perlah’s hot, soft skin.

“It’s what you want, too,” insisted Zane. “You’re just too proud to admit it.” He was only inches away from her. She swore she could feel the wild heat radiating off his skin from beneath his thin robe. A quick, nervous glance downward confirmed that Zane’s robe was tented up from beneath by a powerful erection. She didn’t trust herself to speak. Something about watching this intimate lesbian scene while Zane spoke softly to her felt like it was putting her in a trance.

Claire lost focus on Zane for a moment as Leah moved, turning and reorienting herself above the swooning Asian beneath her to swing a wide thigh over Perlah's face, straddling her like she had Zane just a few minutes before. Claire felt like she couldn't breathe. Her pussy tingled in anticipation as she watched Leah's fat rump nestling down, Perlah's little pink tongue extending eagerly as Leah's pussy came closer and closer.

Claire almost moaned as she felt Zane's broad, powerful hand land on her hip, pulling her close. She knew she should squirm away, slap him, call him out for his arrogant assumption… But right here, as she watched Leah's hot, dripping pussy press firmly against Perlah's mouth, she welcomed the touch. She craved stimulation, and… Oh God, Zane was right, a big part of her wished she was there on the bed, giving in to her wildest cravings.

So she didn't push Zane away. She let his hand grip her wide, squishy hip as he continued his low, smooth monologue. "Wouldn't it feel so good to actually get what you want for once? To be truly fulfilled? Wouldn't it be fun to not have to stage manage and direct every second of your love life and get fucked by someone who is confident enough to know what they're doing?"

Claire licked her lips, Zane's words soaking in as most of her mind was occupied with the filthy sex act in front of her. Leah's head dipped down, her stiff nipples pressing into Perlah's tight tummy as she seamlessly transitioned the face-sitting into a close, intimate sixty-nine.

Confidence… It was an attractive quality Claire suddenly realized. Leah certainly looked confident as she slipped her hands beneath Perlah's pert ass to pull her closer, feasting on the petite cutie's tight pussy. That was all she really needed from her husband. For him to stand up and act confident without having to be coached into it. Was that so hard? Why couldn't he just be a man?

"But this is just the warm-up," promised Zane wickedly at her side, his hand rubbing up and down the swell of her hip. Another little glance showed Claire that the tent beneath his robes had grown as the two women competed greedily for the privilege of catching his cum. "You'll get to see what real confidence looks like in a minute after Leah wins."

As Claire turned back to the action, she could see that Zane was right. Leah was going to win this sexual battle, and it didn't look particularly close. Perlah was making muffled sounds of delight up into the juicy pussy of the woman lying on top of her while writhing her slim hips upward into Leah's skilled tongue. Claire's wide, eager eyes focused on Perlah's smothered face, savoring the twisted eroticism of her assistant's obvious frustration blended with inescapable pleasure.

"Cum. Cum for her," she found herself muttering under her breath, completely entranced by the obscene sight. Her pussy felt hollow and needy between her thighs. She needed a tongue there herself, if not something thicker and harder.

Finally, Perlah gave in to the inevitable, her back arching and toes curling with delicious defeat as Leah sucked and slurped at her tight young pussy. But she didn't quit pleasuring Leah just because she was a sore loser, rubbing her face right up into Leah's pussy until the bottom-heavy blonde was cumming as well, raising her dripping face to groan in delight and grinding her spasming cunt down hard into her lover's face.

Claire jumped as Zane patted her on the ass, saying, "That's my cue! Let's bring this all home for the finale."

Claire's hand flew to her butt where Zane had touched it. She was annoyed, of course, but she was so aroused and confused and distracted by the filthy sex in front of her that she was too tongue-tied to say a thing before Zane dropped his robe, exposing his squat, repulsive body and his thick, mouth-watering cock.

The two ladies on the bed, entwined and still panting from their shared orgasm, scrambled eagerly to their knees at the foot of the bed as their master approached, eyes hungry and bodies slick with sweat and lubrication.

"Good girls. I think you've earned a reward." Perlah and Leah needed no further encouragement. They eagerly scrambled forward, Leah sealing her lips around the pulsing head of Zane's cock and Pelah lapping and sucking at his huge, hairy testicles.

Summer unhooked the camera from the tripod and moved forward with it, angling it down to capture a perfect shot of the two sluts on their knees, eagerly servicing their master.

Claire hesitated, her pulsing drumming hard in her ears, her whole body hot and buzzing with lust. She was even hornier than she had been in the past few weeks, and that had been unbearable. Her eyes locked onto Leah's lips, smoothly sliding up and down Zane's shaft, their soft pinkness pulling slightly as she rose, then pressing in as she sank.

She couldn't run from the truth. She wanted that cock. She had wanted it ever since she had seen it fucking Leah hard in the spa. She had wanted it during every one of the filthy videos she had watched last night, fingering her burning pussy, desperately chasing an orgasm that she wished would take that craving away.

But, even though all she wanted in the world right now was to wrap her lips around that thick cock, it was forbidden. She couldn't give in like that. For Dan's sake, but even more importantly, for her own. She couldn't become the type of woman who submitted to a prick like Zane. It was unthinkable.

But she needed some sort of relief… and everyone was currently absorbed in the frenzied two-mouth blowjob happening at the foot of the bed. Claire slipped a hand down to the crotch of her modest, dark jeans and rubbed softly. Just enough to give herself the slightest stimulation to go with the obscene display in front of her. Twisted pleasure flooded every nerve of her body, and she bit her lip hard to stifle a whimper. Leah's head was bobbing faster and faster, her neck darting with sinuous, snake-like movements up and down. Perlah was busy sucking first one heavy, full testicle between her eager lips, then the other, leaving them shiny and dripping with her saliva.

They were no longer trying to drag this out to be sexy for the camera, although Summer had moved to get the perfect angle and was filming with a look of intense concentration. Perlah and Leah were two women utterly possessed by desire, desperate to make their master cum. And with the amount of effort they were putting into the task, Zane didn't take long to give them exactly what they wanted. His balls drew up tight to the base of his shaft, and Leah, sensing that he was about to burst, pulled her dripping mouth away, opening wide and sticking her tongue out in a slutty display of dopey submission, her eyes shining with need.

Claire's breaths were hot and heavy, her fingers pressing tight to the crotch of her jeans, watching eagerly to see Zane's climax. She had forgotten all pride now. She could feel her wild pulse throbbing in her throat. Her hard nipples. Between her legs where her fingers rubbed ceaselessly. This was so much more arousing than just watching online. And certainly more

arousing than anything Dan had done recently, as much as it pained her to say it. She thought she might cum just from this small amount of stimulation. Seeing Zane pump that kneeling, married slut's mouth full of cum would be all it took to push her over the edge.

As if on cue, Zane grunted, jerking his thick cock rapidly and sending a torrent of thick, pearly semen spilling over Leah's extended tongue, making her mouth swim with his thick jizz as Perlah continued to obediently lick and suck at his nuts below. Claire felt her own pleasure peak as Zane's thick ropes of cum filled Leah's mouth.

And then, in a gut-wrenching moment of shame and desire, Zane's eyes lifted from Leah… and met Claire's. He saw her openly touching herself at the sight of his sexual triumph. Zane's face broke into a wide, evil grin as he continued to pump his thick cock. Claire felt a small orgasm rush through her. Not deeply satisfying like she craved, but it still made her shudder, waves of pleasure pulsing through her as she stared into Zane's greedy eyes.

The electric moment of taboo connection was broken as Leah pulled away, mugging to the camera in Summer's hands and rolling Zane's thick, creamy load around on her tongue. But Perlah couldn't be denied for long. She tugged needily on Leah's arm, and the curvy woman turned indulgently, her lips meeting the petite Asian's to sloppily pass the load of cum back and forth between them as Zane beamed down, his cock slowly deflating.

The two women enjoyed themselves in front of the camera, tangling their tongues with hot, thick cum between them until finally, they both swallowed the remains of the load, giggled up at the camera, and waved goodbye to the viewers of Zane's website.

"Cut!" said Zane sharply, striding over to put on his robe again with a look of deep satisfaction on his broad, ugly face. "Fantastic work today, girls. You're going to make a lot of pervs very happy with this one." He grabbed the ladies' robes as well, slinging them over first Perlah's shoulders, then Leah's before helping them up in an oddly tender gesture.

Claire would have expected the two women to look drained and depleted after such a demeaning display, but Perlah and Leah seemed to be in high spirits, glowing in the aftermath of the intense encounter, laughing and joking with Zane as they tied their robes. All three performers looked… fulfilled. In sharp contrast to Claire, whose orgasm had only seemed to intensify the frustration boiling inside her. Not for the first time that evening, she felt a stab of jealousy, then quickly pushed it down.

"Ok, I've kept my guest waiting long enough!" announced Zane loudly. "Go clean up, ladies. Summer, take five, we need the room."

Finally. Claire pushed aside all of her arousal and confusing feelings and steeled herself for a confrontation. This is what she had come here for. She had made it through another harrowing gauntlet of sexual mind games, and now Zane was going to have to contend with her in her element.

Direct confrontation.

…

As Summer locked the camera back onto the tripod, Zane met her eyes across the room and made a subtle hand motion with his hand. A small circular motion of his finger low by his waist, hidden by his body so Claire wouldn't be able to see it.

Keep it rolling.

Summer had to keep herself from rolling her eyes. Zane was an irrepressible horndog. With any other man, Summer would have thought he was bluffing about anything happening just a few minutes after that thick load he had pumped into Leah's mouth, but with Z, she could believe anything.

She left the camera rolling, pointed at the bed, and gave him a covert thumbs up as she hustled out the door, earning a saucy wink from her boss before he turned to address the prickly, gorgeous woman spoiling for a fight.

Summer wished Claire luck. It seemed like she might get more than she bargained for.

…

"Ok," said Zane heavily, crossing to plop down heavily on the edge of the bed and staring up at Claire with a placid smile. "Once again, sorry to give you the run around. But the work's all done now, and you wanted to talk. So… what's on your mind?"

Claire took a deep breath in, then let it out, trying to focus her mind and calm the roiling anxiety and arousal in her belly. This had seemed a lot simpler in the privacy of her bedroom last night. After watching another live performance of Zane's dominant sexuality, direct confrontation and admitting that Zane's seduction attempts were getting under her skin felt embarrassing.

But Claire was no coward, so she looked Zane directly in the eye and said in a calm, but accusatory voice, "You've been trying to fuck me."

"Yeah, I have," said Zane simply, leaning back on his hands.

Claire frowned. She had thought that getting him to admit what he was doing would be the hard part. She felt a little bit like someone trying to break down a door with their shoulder, only to have it open at the last second. One sentence into the confrontation and she was already off-balance. She struggled to pull herself together.

"Well… stop it," she said, feeling a little ridiculous.

Zane cocked his head at her, as if she had said something incomprehensible. "Why should I?"

Now Claire felt her old familiar friend bubbling up in her belly. Anger, pure and strong, fueling her and warming her from within. "Because I'm married. Because it's pathetic to flirt this shamelessly with someone you're paying to put up with your bullshit. I could go on, but I don't have to, because the most important reason is the simplest. Because I'm telling you 'no'." For the first time in a long time, Claire felt in control as she looked down at Zane. He no longer seemed smug either, his face was serious for once, regarding her with a narrow-eyed expression that almost seemed like… respect.

But Claire's elation was short-lived. Zane shook his head a second later and said, "No, Claire. I don't think so. I appreciate your objections, but I'm very happy with the way things are going."

Claire took a step closer, as if getting into his personal space could physically force the infuriating little man to bend to her will. "What the fuck are you talking about?" she snarled. "I just told you that…"

Zane held up a hand, cutting her off. “I heard what you said. But I just don’t buy it. This is a front. A bluff meant just as much for yourself as it is for me. I don’t think your answer is ‘no’ at all. I think your answer is ‘I can’t’.”

“For all practical purposes, those mean the same thing,” said Claire hotly.

“I disagree,” said Zane with a shrug, still obnoxiously calm.

Claire rubbed a temple in frustration. She should have known that Zane would be this fucking stubborn when it came to his favorite pastime: wearing women down until they slept with him. She needed to make him understand that what he wanted simply wasn’t going to happen. And that meant she was going to need to get uncomfortably honest. Zane had thrived on mind games so far; the only way to outplay him was brutal straightforwardness.

“Look, I’m attracted to you,” said Claire bitterly, her stomach twisting as Zane’s lips pulled up into a cocky little smirk. “So in a certain sense, you won. But that’s the thing. You know me well enough by now that you know I would never just let you get what you want. Pride is important to me. Way more important than whatever fleeting fun you and I might have together… Not to mention the fact that I would never stab Dan in the back that way,” she added hastily, wincing a little at the fact that it sounded like an afterthought. Even if Dan had disappointed her lately, he was still her husband. Her loyal partner. She needed to make up for this crisis of faith and reconnect with him. Soon. When this was all over, she would make sure he was never just an afterthought again.

“But I’m a proud man too,” said Zane, a hint of steel creeping into his voice. “What makes you think I would be happy to accept a loss? Especially when I can just continue trying, turning you on more and more every day.”

Claire grimaced at the thought. He really had been effective at winding her up, and she had precious few sources of relief. “I could just drop you as a client,” she fired at Zane, gauging his reaction.

“As if I couldn’t find ways of running into you outside of work,” Zane drawled in a tone that begged Claire to stop boring him. “I mean, you could try for a restraining order, but I think on some level, you love my attention, so I doubt you’ll go that far.”

‘So we’re at an impasse,” said Claire angrily. “You’ll keep hitting on me and I’ll keep saying “no”. I’ll get hornier and hornier and you’ll get more and more frustrated until one of us snaps.” She didn’t add the fact that she was the one who seemed much closer to that point. She felt a lot hornier than Zane seemed to be frustrated.

“Unless…” said Zane, raising an eyebrow with a knowing smirk.

“Unless what,” said Claire in a dubious tone, unsure if she wanted to hear his answer.

“Unless we compromise,” said Zane smoothly. Claire shook her head and opened her mouth to reply, but Zane held up a finger. “Hear me out. I know it sounds crazy, but really think this through. You perform a minor, *insignificant* sexual favor for me…”

“You fucking wish!” scoffed Claire, but Zane talked over her again.

“Barely anything. A handjob. Doesn’t even count as sex. Afterward, I promise not to flirt with you at all during our business meetings. I get a little sop for my ego, and you get the breathing room

you need to calm down and get me out of your head. All while having the satisfaction of knowing you never gave me what I was really after."

Claire wanted to laugh. She wanted to spit in his face. Instead, she was silent for a solid minute, her mind working rapidly as she stared the ugly little man in the eyes. Was it really that bad of a deal? On its face, it was unacceptable, but what would she really be giving up, and what would she be gaining?

"Flirting is too vague of a term," she said bluntly. "How do I know you won't try to fuck me and weasel out of it by saying it's technically not flirting?" She knew the question made it seem like she was considering the indecent proposal, but she needed to know all the facts before she could sort this out properly.

"Fine," said Zane with a curt nod, "I will make no moves at all during our professional dealings intended to convince you to have sex with me. Does that make things clearer for you?"

Claire bit her thumbnail, deep in thought. There was obviously a loophole you could drive a truck through in the terms. Zane could pursue her out of work as much as he wanted. But Claire wasn't deeply concerned about that. She thought it would be much easier to avoid Zane than he seemed to think. She rarely went anywhere but her office and home.

So… would it be worth it to give Zane a handjob to get him to back off? She didn't buy Zane's assurance that it "didn't count". She knew he would consider it a victory. But did she? Zane also had a point that it wasn't what he was truly after, so it wouldn't be like she was fully submitting to his desires. And Claire thought that it might put her back in the driver's seat to cut off Zane's main avenue of seduction: her position as his interior designer.

And there was one other motivation. One that she was trying as hard as possible not to let influence her decision. Claire was deeply, distressingly horny, and the thought of wrapping a hand around the thick shaft of Zane's hot, throbbing cock was dangerously tempting. This would give her a perfect, glorious excuse to feel that magnificent dick for herself and finally get this curiosity out of her system. Who could blame her when she was only doing it to chase Zane away for good?

"One handjob," she said grudgingly, her eyes darting away so she couldn't see the smug expression on Zane's face, "and then you leave me alone when I work for you?"

"Neither of us gets exactly what we want, but neither of us walks away a loser," said Zane smoothly.

Claire's mouth was suddenly dessert dry. Her nipples throbbed, painfully stiff against her bra. Her whole body ached with desire. She was going to do this. She was about to jerk off Zane's fat cock. She never would have imagined it a month ago, yet somehow, right now it seemed like the best option.

"Fine," she said quietly, feeling like a dam inside her was bursting, letting loose a flood of humiliated lust as she gave in to her worst enemy's perverse bargain. "How… How do you want to do this?"

Zane patted the bed next to him, clearly trying hard to keep a gloating smile off his face, but not quite succeeding. Claire saw, with a wet jolt of desire deep in her belly, that despite cumming just a few minutes before, Zane's cock was already rising to the occasion, straining up against the silky material of his robe once again. But this time, that bulge wasn't some disgusting

annoyance or a distant hypothetical. It was the cock she would soon be gripping tight in her delicate fingers. The cock she would be pleasuring with her married hand.

Her eyes locked onto that bulge as she stepped closer, sitting gingerly beside Zane hip to hip. This wasn't so bad. It almost felt impersonal. If Zane had tried to loom above her, or, heaven forbid, told her to kneel and jerk him off, she would have maybe been scared away. But despite the lower intensity of sitting side by side, Claire's heart was hammering in her chest, and she had to wipe her trembling hands on her jeans so that they weren't quite so clammy. She could smell the powerful, bleachy musk of Zane's cum heavy in the air from his earlier orgasm, and it only turned her on more.

Zane, the bastard, looked pleased, but entirely calm, lounging back on the bed as his cock pulsed obscenely beneath the thin robes. He waited a moment for Claire to psyche herself up, then murmured. "Open the robes, Claire. If we're doing this, let's do it."

Claire flashed him a venomous look. Easy for him to say. He wasn't fucking married, and all he had to do was sit back and accept her sexual favor. But… he was right. Claire didn't need to linger in this moment of stifling lust. She should get this over with as soon as possible.

Repeating to herself over and over that she was only doing this to get rid of Zane forever, Claire reached up and fumbled with the knotted tie around Zane's big gut, her fingers clumsy with nerves. She finally managed to undo the knot, and as the robes fell loose, Zane's throbbing erection sprang free, causing a light gasp from Claire. *Zane's cock*… it was so fucking big. So powerful. By this time, Claire had practically memorized the shape of Zane's dick, after replaying her memories of the encounter she had spied on and watching so many videos last night. But having it here in front of her was something else entirely.

Right now, this cock was hers. Hers to touch. Hers to play with. To explore. The thought made the heat at her core burn painfully hot. It felt like all the frustrated lust of the past few weeks had been boiled down and concentrated inside her, singing through every nerve of her body.

"Don't just look," said Zane in a low, compelling voice. His cock was drooling a fat bead of precum already, slipping down its swollen purple head. "Touch. I know this is what you've wanted."

Claire didn't bother to deny it. He was right. This is what she needed. What she deserved for holding out against his pressure for so long. Just one little indulgence. No one would have to know that she had been momentarily weak and submitted to Zane in this small, unimportant way.

Claire reached out, licking her lips. She held back for a moment, her palm just inches away, feeling the heat radiating off Zane's cock. Instinctively, her eyes flicked upward to meet his. He stared into her soul, his eyes filled with greed, and lust, and sheer, dominant masculinity.

"Jerk my fucking cock, Claire," he said in a quiet, firm voice.

And in that moment, Claire didn't argue, or scoff, or stand up for herself to teach Zane a lesson. She did something that she never even realized she was capable of.

She submitted.

Zane's cock felt just like she imagined it would. It throbbed with power against her soft palm as she ran her hand down its stiff length. Her fingers could barely close around its hot girth. She

gulped as the thought came to her unbidden: *what would a cock like this feel like somewhere else…*

Zane groaned in satisfaction as Claire's hand made its slow journey down to the root of his cock before sliding upward to the tip once again, pausing to rub a thumb teasingly over its bulging head, smearing slick, warm precum as it went. Claire shifted on the bed as pleasure flared through her. This was even better than she thought. Even though the humiliation of sexually pleasing Zane was there, there was a sense of power as well. Zane was staring down at her hand as it moved back down his cock in open-mouthed delight. Claire held him in the palm of her hand in more ways than one.

She chased that feeling of control as she slowly increased the speed of her hand, feeling every contour and vein of Zane's impressive dick against her palm. The experience was totally different than when she stroked her husband. There was just a lot more real estate, for one. But also, Zane had a much greater… presence. It was hard to describe, but as he grunted and thrust lightly up into her strokes, Claire could feel a dominant energy rolling off him that made her body heat up in a way that Dan had never managed.

Claire fell into the filthy rhythm of the handjob, her fist pumping smoothly up and down Zane's thick cock, her body pulsing in time with the pace of her hand. Zane let out a constant low stream of grunting dirty talk. "Right there." "Fuck yes. Jerk that Cock." "It's yours. Work it, Claire." It was filthy and a little demeaning at times, but Zane's obvious pleasure and appreciation helped to make Claire even hornier.

"Spit on it," grunted Zane suddenly, his voice rough with arousal.

'What?" said Claire, a little confused and a little disgusted. "Why would I…?"

"No questions," said Zane sharply, his eyes snapping to meet Claire's. "Spit on my fucking cock while you jerk me off." She was taken aback by the ferocity she saw there. Zane was a wild animal, ready to rut. She squeezed her thighs together tighter as her pussy clenched, submissive desire welling up from inside her. She couldn't say "no". Not when she was caught up in this filthy spell. She leaned over, brushing her hair away from her face with one hand as she continued to stroke Zane's cock feverishly. Her eyes stayed locked with Zane's commanding gaze as she opened her lips and let a thick stream of drool drizzle all over the head of his cock, swiftly spreading it up and down his shaft with her pumping fist.

Claire saw immediately why Zane had wanted her to spit on him. Her hand was gliding now, faster and faster, her slick saliva making lewd squishing noises between her hand and Zane's cock. Zane was breathing in heavy, harsh pants, and Claire was nearly as aroused as he was. She wanted his cum so fucking bad. But she also didn't want this to end. This would be her one and only sexual encounter with Zane, and she had to make it last. She needed to scratch the maddening itch that this awful little man had somehow forced into her.

"You can feel it, can't you?" said Zane gruffly with a wide smile. "You can feel how compatible we are. How much you want to be mine."

"Shut up," said Claire, fidgeting on her seat as her hand worked up and down Zane's shaft. Hearing his voice right now was suddenly uncomfortably intense, making her feel things she didn't want to feel. "I'm only doing this because… because I want to be done with you."

"You'll never be done with me," said Zane in a voice of smoldering certainty. "Because no one else can make you feel this way. It might sting. It might humiliate you. But the reward for giving in… the fulfillment will make it all worth it." God, his cock felt so right in Claire's hand. She wanted more. She wanted to throw caution to the wind and give in completely.

"Here, let me show you," said Zane, and then, alarmingly, his face was right next to Claire's. His hand came up to roughly grip the back of her head, and their lips pressed together.

Claire made a muffled sound of shock at the sudden and unexpected kiss, her brain frozen for a moment from the unexpectedly intimate contact. This was way beyond what she had agreed to. Zane was once again greedily trying to push her, taking more than she wanted to give him. *Fuck*. That just turned her on more. She hovered on the edge of pushing Zane away or giving in to the sensation. Then Zane's tongue thrust into her mouth, and somehow that arrogant push melted her. She leaned into the kiss, her own tongue tangling wetly with Zane's as her hand continued to stroke his slick cock.

This arrogant fucker. Thinking he can just kiss whoever he wants. Even a handjob from a married woman isn't enough for him, he needs to force me to make out with him as well…

Her thoughts were bitter, but her body was on fire as she aggressively kissed Zane back. His free hand rose to grope a round, full breast, palming and squeezing greedily as Claire's hand moved faster and faster. Claire could feel her arousal winding up to a breaking point, like she was approaching some sort of awful climax. Something had to give. There had to be some sort of release from this sexual torment.

Zane pulled away, panting, his eyes fiery as he stared at Claire.

"Fuck it. It's not enough for me. I want you, Claire, and I know you want me too. Enough of this 'winning' and 'losing' bullshit. I don't care about that, I only want you. If you give yourself to me, right fucking now, I swear that I'll never tell anyone. It would just be for us. One night of secret passion."

Claire stared at him, her pussy aching. Empty. Needy. Buzzing with powerful desire. She found it hard to think. This is what she had been avoiding for months. The result that her pride would never allow. But he said no one would have to know… and her body was on fire. She needed this cock so fucking bad.

What should she do?

Option A: Right now, her pride doesn't matter. Her marriage doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is Zane's cock and her pussy. Claire needs to get fucked, and Zane is the right man for the job. She can deal with whatever fallout there will be later. Not that there will be any. He promised not to tell anyone.

Option B: Zane must think she was born yesterday. Yes, she's horny. Yes, Zane's cock feels perfect in her hand. But Zane is underestimating her, just like he has been all along. The only place that Zane is cumming tonight is in her pretty little hand, just like they agreed. There is no way Claire would surrender her pride and have sex with him that easily.

The Bet – Chapter 15

Dan paced the floor of his kitchen, his hands running through his hair distractedly as he tried to decide what to do.

First, Zane had sent him that taunting text, boldly claiming that he might win the bet tonight. That hadn't worried Dan too badly. Making an empty boast to get under Dan's skin.would be just like Zane. But, just to be sure, Dan had called his wife to make sure she was catching up with work at the office, just like she had said.

And he had received no answer.

Even worse, when he called his wife's assistant in case Claire was too busy to come to the phone, Perlah said that she wasn't at the office, and she didn't think Claire was either. So if his wife wasn't at the office, where was she?

With Zane? His cock deep in her cheating pussy as her long, luscious legs locked around his flabby hips, drawing him closer… moaning and clawing at his back as his monstrous cock stretched her wide?

Dan took a deep breath and collapsed onto one of the stools and the kitchen island, trying hard to think and not let himself slip into filthy fantasies. His cock throbbed, painfully hard in his pants, fueled by the powerful storm of anxiety and twisted lust raging inside him. This had to be some sort of trick or mind game from Zane. He wanted Dan to panic and track Claire down in a frenzy, revealing his insecurity and distrust of his wife. If Claire thought Dan suspected she might be fucking Zane… well, to say she would be angry would be an understatement.

Dan leaned heavily on his elbows and shook his head wearily. That must be it: a crude attempt to prove he didn't trust Claire. He was a step ahead of Zane this time. Zane had underestimated his bond with Claire. Dan would never in a million years suspect his sharp, confident wife of slutty infidelity.

And Claire? She would rather die than give in to a cocky ogre like Zane.

…

Zane's heated words echoed through Claire's mind as his thick cock throbbed powerfully against her pumping palm. How much better would it feel plunging deep inside her, filling her completely, stretching her needy pussy wide open… finally satisfying her growing need to get fucked?

God… he's inside my head He's more dangerous than he looks.

"Shut up!" growled Claire in a husky whisper, looking away from Zane's burning gaze toward his cock, swollen with lust in her hand. She saw her wedding band glinting in the bright porn set lights and it only made the twisted desire building inside her flare stronger and hotter *God, I shouldn't be doing this.* Claire had always told herself that she was stronger than Zane. Smarter than him, but now her hand was wrapped around his cock… and damn it, she wanted more. A huge part of her cried out to be filled by the cock that felt so fucking good in her hand.

She began pumping her hand faster and harder on Zane's cock, trying her best to rapidly bring him to orgasm. If she could get him off quickly, his obscene offer would be a moot point. Looking into Zane's piggy eyes with a hateful, challenging gaze, Claire leaned over and spit on

his cock again, just like he had asked her to a few minutes ago. her hand swiftly spread her slick, warm saliva all over Zane's shaft, lubing him up and filling the room with sloppy wet noises as her delicate hand pumped and twisted.

Zane raised an eyebrow with a dirty chuckle, leaning back on his hands with a satisfied smile, clearly enjoying himself immensely as the haughty married woman he had been pursuing energetically jerked his dick. But he was also clearly not anywhere close to orgasm. "Wow… You learn fast, don't you, Claire bear?" he teased with a wink. "Aren't you glad I taught you that one? Now you can spit on your hubby's cock whenever he gets a handjob! Be sure to tell him you learned it from his old buddy Zane."

"No," panted Claire, her voice angry, but rough with arousal, "He doesn't need shit like this to get off. He's not a pervert like you." She squirmed a little on the bed, her pussy blazing with arousal that was so powerful it was almost uncomfortable. *Why does it turn me on when he acts like an asshole? What the fuck is wrong with me lately?*

Zane laughed, low and nasty. His sly sidelong glance at Claire was filled with secret certainty. "I wouldn't be so sure, Claire. Your hubby might just be a bit more kinky than you think."

Claire felt a stab of anxiety, thinking back to the strange censored "Beta Edition' of Zane's website she had found on Dan's computer. Did Zane somehow know about what sort of things her husband jerked off to? No, it had to be a shot in the dark. Just another jab intended to get under her skin.

"Shut the fuck up," she snapped. "Just… don't talk. Focus on the fucking handjob that you don't deserve. It's a one-time thing, so enjoy it while it lasts. And to answer your stupid fucking question, of course I'm not going to let you fuck me. That's the entire fucking point of this."

Zane snorted, as if Claire was being ridiculous, but he fell silent for a while, letting Claire focus fully on his cock.

It really was an impressive specimen she held in her tight fist. For a few minutes, Claire focused completely on the filthy rhythm of her handjob, letting her breathing fall into a steady pace in time with her pumping hand, feeling the ridges and veins of her worst enemy's hot, pulsing flesh. Claire's body sang with tension and arousal. Her husband had let her down lately, so she had a lot of built-up sexual frustration, but this was more than just that. It wasn't just that Dan hadn't made her this horny lately; she wasn't sure if her husband had ever made her this horny. There was something about Zane's attitude and the antagonism and competition between them that lit a powerful spark of sexual energy inside her. Not to mention the perfect size and shape of his cock.

It was making her decision not to have sex with him harder and harder to maintain

"What?" said Zane with a nasty chuckle, watching the clear arousal and frustration written all over Claire's snarling face, "having a little trouble? Feeling horny? You know, it's a shame that you aren't getting anything out of this. Just say the word, and we can make this a little more… mutual…"

"You little fucking piece of…" hissed Claire in shocked disbelief. "You're assuming too much. You're lucky my hand is even touching this disgusting, oversized donkey dick at all! I'm so far out of your fucking league that you shouldn't even look me in the eyes without asking first, you arrogant little prick!"

Zane shrugged. “Yeah, yeah, that’s what they all say. That they’re better than me. That I don’t deserve them. That I should thank my lucky stars. And you know they do then?”

His eyes were two sharp pinpricks of predatory heat, burning into Claire’s soul. Her breath caught despite herself, and she was forced to once again confront how horny she was. Her nipples throbbed with painful stiffness in her bra, and moist heat roared between her shifting thighs. “I…” she said softly, licking her lips, “I don’t know what you…”

One of Zane’s hands reached over and rested on her thigh with warm, firm pressure. It felt like he had just broken an important barrier. Now it wasn't just Claire performing a service for Zane. With just the light touch of one hand, this had become a mutual sex act, just like Zane had promised. It made Claire feel dirty and wrong, but more importantly in made her feel unsettled, like she was walking on shaky ground. She considered moving Zane’s hand… but instead, her hand continued to slide up and down his slick shaft, pleasuring his cock as his hand rested just inches from her hot, desperate pussy.

“Then they fuck me,” said Zane in a heated whisper. “They tremble. They whimper. They beg for more. And after that, I don’t hear about how beneath them I am anymore.” His hand slipped just an inch closer toward the center, and Claire felt her pussy throb with filthy heat. Her decision not to fuck Zane now felt like an open question once again, and his words didn’t help.

“Why make this harder than it needs to be?” asked Zane in an oily, persuasive tone. “We both want it, it will make it easier to fulfill our little agreement, and no one has to know!”

Claire could feel herself teetering on the edge of giving in… then pulled herself back. No. She had to be strong; otherwise, she would never be able to live with herself. But Zane was right in one respect: the longer Claire let this handjob go on, the hornier she would become. And it would become harder and harder to resist Zane’s continued insistence that they take things further.

She needed to step up her game and finish this.

Without any further hesitation, Claire did what her instincts told her would work. She lunged forward, capturing Zane’s flabby lips in another searing kiss. But unlike the first kiss he’d stolen a few minutes ago, this one felt different. On the one hand, as her tongue slid between his lips boldly, tangling wetly with his, Claire felt a surge of power. She was taking control. Doing what she wanted instead of just being pushed around by Zane again and again.

But on the other hand, it was a little troubling how the kiss affected her. Her arousal pulsed blood-hot just beneath her skin. Her whole body tingled and ached for touch. She didn’t just want to serve a man with her hand; she wanted to *be* served. She wanted relief from the sexual frustration that had been plaguing her. As her hand pumped ceaselessly on Zane’s rock-hard dick, and her mouth locked hungrily with his, trying to turn him on enough to make him cum, her pussy felt needy and empty beyond belief, crying out to be filled and satisfied.

As Claire concentrated on making Zane cum as fast as possible… he answered her body’s wordless cry. Claire gasped in alarm as she felt Zane’s hand slide down the curve of her inner thigh, heading toward the center. Her free hand flashed down, gripping his flabby wrist hard in a desperate grip. She pulled away from the kiss, panting with lust, but still strong in her beliefs, whispering fiercely, “Don’t. That’s not for you. Ever.”

Zane stared back at her with a defiant look in his eye. “Very impressive, Claire. Full marks,” he said in a sarcastic murmur. “When you have trouble sleeping at night, you can tell yourself that you just jerked me off, and didn’t have any fun at all doing it. Let’s be real, Claire Bear. You’re horny as fuck. And you need some relief soon, or you're going to fucking explode. Isn’t it actually better if you cum from this? That way, you’re not submitting to me. You’re just… *having fun* right?”

Claire felt frozen, unable to make a rational decision. The thought of Zane’s skilled fingers on her crotch was hard to resist… but would saying “yes” make her look weak? She scowled at Zane, and her blush flamed red-hot as he seemed to read her expression like a book, saying, “Ok, ok, don’t worry, Claire. You don’t need to say ‘yes’.” He moved forward again, his last few words a hot, wet breath against her panting lips.

“…Just don’t say ‘no’.”

Then his lips were on hers again, and her hand was pumping his cock with even greater speed. Claire’s hand holding Zane’s wrist faltered… then fell away, allowing it to move toward its destination, sliding down to firmly rub and tease, mashing her soaking panties into her pussy over her jeans.

Claire had to hold herself back to prevent a moan from slipping between her lips. Zane’s fingers felt so fucking good rubbing between her thighs that it was hard to fully believe it. Before long, all hesitance was gone, and Claire spread her legs wide, eagerly receiving all of the attention that Zane could give her while pumping her tight, slippery fist up and down his cock.

Zane twisted and shifted for a moment, and it took Claire a moment to realize that he was shrugging out of the robe he was wearing, leaving his flabby, hairy body totally naked on the bed beside her. It should have been an unimportant gesture: after all, she was already jerking him off, and it was difficult to get more intimate than that. But somehow being next to Zane fully naked seemed to ramp up the intensity of the moment even further. He was signalling that they still had further to go before this encounter was finished.

Claire had started out by firmly kissing Zane, but now he turned the tables on her, pushing his heavy naked body against her, slipping his tongue into her mouth and rubbing his thick fingers with unrelenting pressure between her thighs. Claire’s breaths came in big, shaking gasps, hitching her chest and making her tits jiggle lightly beneath her shirt with each inhale. Her hand squeezed tighter on Zane’s huge throbbing cock, holding it like a good-luck charm; an anchor that kept her rooted in this powerful, heated moment of intense sexual freedom. How could someone’s fingers feel this good over the clothes? How could Zane make her feel this way with high school level shit like handjobs and second-base fondling?

Was all of this heat coming from the taboo of the encounter and Claire building it up in her head, or was Zane really some sort of sexual virtuoso like he claimed? Claire couldn’t tell, but she knew a cock deep inside her would feel so much fucking better than his fingers rubbing over her jeans…

Claire’s thought process was interrupted by a strange tugging sensation. She was so wrapped in the handjob and kiss that it took her a second to realize what was happening. It was Zane’s free hand, slowly flipping up the bottom hem of her shirt, tugging it up to expose the tanned flesh of her taut belly.

Claire's insides twisted with aroused anxiety, and her hand that had been busy cradling the back of Zane's head and pulling him closer flashed down to once again grab his wrist and halt his progress. She pulled away from the kiss and gave him what she hoped was a stern glare… although her hand never ceased its pumping up and down the stiff length of his shaft.

"Stop," she said in a voice that was firm, yet husky with desire. "I already told you that I'm not going to have sex with you, you creep. Just fucking drop it already."

Zane's eyes were hard and focused now, his voice low and direct and powerful in a way that made his still-moving fingers tingle between Claire's thighs. "You want to make me cum right? This will help. I want to see that beautiful body. It's not that big of a deal anyway… unless you're saying that you won't be able to help yourself if you get naked in front of me. Are you that weak, Claire Bear?"

Claire stared at him, taking in his disgusting little naked body. By any objective measure, Zane was undesirable. He had a big, soft belly, squat legs, and a flabby chest all covered by a layer of curly golden body hair. But somehow… in a way that Claire couldn't put her finger on, his confidence and arrogance almost let him pull it off. He felt less like the disgusting loser that Claire had assumed for so long and more like some sort of mythological beast: a troll or ogre, bursting with dangerous sexual power.

A big part of this was his cock, admittedly. It jutted out, stiff and proud, with Claire's delicate hand still wrapped tightly around its base, wedding ring slick with a mix of saliva and precum from her eager handjob.

Claire felt arousal pulsing through every inch of her body, throbbing in her nipples and between her legs, making her feel flushed and hot all over. The temptation to throw caution to the wind and let this confident, assertive man tear off her clothes was powerful, but the strength of that impulse scared her. Worse, he had put his finger directly on her anxiety with his taunt. Zane thought that being naked together would be too much temptation for her to handle.; that she would just automatically let him fuck her if she let things get that far.

But he was wrong. She knew that it was a reverse psychology tactic, and she knew that her decision might be partially driven by her wild arousal, but Claire wasn't the type of woman who could back down from a challenge. She finally released Zane's cock from her slippery grip and stood before him, breathing heavily and blushing red, angry and horny and confused.

"Weak?" she purred with a sneer, staring down at the little troll beneath her from her commanding height. "We'll see who's weak after your disgusting dick spurts in my hands five seconds after seeing my tits." She reached down and popped open the button of her jeans, feeling butterflies roaring through her belly. She was actually going to do this. She was going to be naked together with Zane. Just like all those girls on his filthy porn site. Just like Leah had been when she spied on her getting fucked to moaning orgasm by the cock beneath her right now.

"I'm only doing this to get this over with faster," she insisted hastily, trying unsuccessfully to ward off the sudden expression of horny triumph that crossed Zane's ugly face. The sudden sense that Zane had successfully manipulated her and won this round made Claire hesitate for a second, but her hands were already pulling the waistband of her jeans down over the curve of her ass, and pulling them back up at this point would only make her look weak.

So she pressed on, dropping her tight jeans to the ground and kicking them to the side. She could feel Zane's slimy eyes crawling all over her naked thighs and ass, turning her insides to water and making her knees weak. She hurried to tug her shirt up and over her head before she lost her nerve further, cutting off her view of Zane for a moment when the tight fitted shirt caught on her large breasts. Finally she tossed it aside to land on her jeans, and she stood in front of her naked enemy wearing only her underwear.

It wasn't the fanciest set she owned, and, despite what Zane had maybe been hoping, certainly wasn't the pair he had bought for her. Shamefully, that idea had actually crossed her mind when she got dressed to go out a few hours ago, sending a little zip of taboo energy racing through her body, but in the end, this trip had been about resisting Zane, not pleasing him, and wearing that lingerie would have been admitting defeat before the game even started.

But, with that being said, she had also worn underwear nice enough that she didn't mind being seen in it, which maybe indicated a certain amount of defeatism after all… Her bra was elegant yet sexy, white with black lace decorations. A matching simple white thong, currently soaked through with arousal, clung between her legs.

Zane looked up at her, and the mockery dropped from his face, replaced by open, naked hunger. He wanted her so badly that Claire could practically smell the pheromones, and her own body responded to that lust, her pussy throbbing dully with pure sexual need between her thighs. She wasn't finished yet. Zane was completely naked and completely confident. If she couldn't match that, she would be admitting defeat. Claire reached behind her and began unhooking her bra.

Zane slowly stroked his long, thick cock, his eyes focused on her with blazing heat. It reminded Claire uncomfortably of her usual bedroom ritual with her husband, where Dan would praise her while she stripped for him, jerking himself off the whole time. The fact that Zane was doing the same thing only convinced her body more strongly that she was about to get fucked, lighting a dark, sickening fire deep in her belly. Claire did her best to work quickly, trying not to make it a teasing show as she shrugged off her bra and tossed it onto her growing pile of clothes.

But her attempt to make things less openly sexual had no noticeable effect on Zane. "Fuck," he growled as his burning eyes bored holes into Claire's naked tits. They really were impressive, Claire had to admit. Full and round, with big perky pink nipples. They looked even bigger when bare, thanks to the clothing Claire wore to de-emphasize them, and she could tell that Zane was in heaven now as he got his first view of their full naked glory. "You are so fucking hot," he gushed in a rough, lustful voice that made Claire lust burn brighter. "I can't believe you're worthless hubby can't get it up for you."

Claire paused and frowned. "What? Why do you say that?" she asked suspiciously. She had never mentioned her husband's difficulties in bed to Zane, and she never would, no matter how frustrated she got.

Zane shrugged as if it was of no importance. "No reason. He just seems like the type. Now get that thong off, Claire Bear. We need to get back to the action.'

Claire gave him a searching look, and reached down to grip the waistband of the thong. Although her arousal hadn't faded one bit, she felt a little warier suddenly. She slipped her white thong down an inch or two… and then pulled it back up into place. Weak or not, maybe it wasn't a good idea to be totally naked with this manipulative asshole.

Zane frowned. “What the fuck? I thought you said…”

“Shut the fuck up,” growled Claire, lunging forward and seizing his cock in her hand and kissing him hard once again. It was time to make this asshole cum… and quickly, before he could trick her into going any further.

This time she didn’t sit, leaning forward on one knee in a dynamic pose, her hand pumping wildly on Zane’s cock while her tongue aggressively explored his mouth. One of his greedy hands came up suddenly, making her gasp against his lips as he firmly and confidently grabbed her naked breast, pressing his hot, sweaty palm against a stiff nipple. God, she had let him get so far… giving him a handjob, letting him see her naked, now even allowing him to touch her naked tits. But she didn’t stop him. Couldn’t. Seeing that her only reaction was to jerk his cock with more frantic speed, Zane grew bolder, using both hands to grope, rub and tease every inch of her breasts as they hung softly between them. His strong, teasing hand sent crackles of electricity blazing through Claire’s body, setting her on fire with twisted lust. Claire’s hand twisted and pumped, relishing the feel of Zane’s thick, throbbing cock against her grip.

She wanted more. And Zane, in tune with her needs, was willing to give it to her. One flabby hand slipped down her body while the other took an aching nipple between his thumb and forefinger, rolling it lightly. His hand traveled down until it reached her panties, hooking under the front of the thong and pulling down.

“No,” said Claire firmly, pulling away a little. This time, her words were backed with resolve. “Leave them on.” That barrier between his cock and her pussy, as thin as it was, seemed essential right now.

Zane attempted to keep going for a second, then looked up at Claire’s expression and saw she was serious. A wry grimace crossed his face. “Fine,” he said with a sigh, “Be that way. For now. But you’re never going to finish me off with just a handjob, Claire Bear. You’re going to have to find some way of upping your game.”

Once again his words were taunting, needling Claire in just the right way to awaken her competitive spirit. With a fierce desire to prove him wrong, Claire decided on a different tactic. She pushed Zane’s hands aside and straddled his pudgy lap, reaching down between them to play with his cock once again. *The pervy son-of-a-bitch seemed to like the look of my tits*, she thought wickedly. *Let’s see how long he can last once he gets a taste*. While one hand swirling its palm over the swollen cock head between their laps, Claire reached up with her free hand and grabbed a handful of Zane’s frizzy blonde hair, pulling his face into her breasts.

Judging by the stunned pleasure on Zane's face the instant before it pressed deep into her big soft tits, Claire had chosen a winning strategy. The little troll looked like he had died and gone to heaven. And, a second later, a tidal wave of pleasure hit Claire as well. Zane sucked one delicate, perfect pink nipple into his greedy mouth, lashing it roughly with his tongue before nipping it between his teeth. Claire sucked in a deep gasp of pleasure, one hand pumping Zane’s cock head in short, tight strokes while the other rubbed and tugged gently on his massive hanging testicles. It was mildly uncomfortable to sit like this, perching her fat ass on Zane’s knees and leaving enough room to work his cock, but the powerful pleasure she was receiving from Zane’s mouth more than made up for it.

God he know how to use that fucking mouth. Claire found herself arching her back, offering up her tits for Zane’s slobbery but skillful attention as he licked and sucked and kissed every inch of

them, covering her married tits with his unworthy saliva. Defiling them with his filthy animal lust. She had hoped that letting him suck her tits would be enough to put him over the edge, but so far, it apparently wasn't. "Fuck… cum you little shit,' she hissed between clenched teeth, pleasure pulsing in her veins and crackling up and down her spine as Zane teased her stiff nipples, one with his rough tongue, and the other with his finger and thumb. Every minute this went on tempted Claire more and more to give in, tear off the tiny scrap of soaked cloth between her legs, and fuck Zane within an inch of his life.

Zane's only response was a deep, mocking chuckle. He reached behind Claire and grabbed a big handful of her perfect butt, pawing and palming it with obvious enjoyment. The feeling made Claire grunt in surprise and unexpected pleasure, but she didn't stop him. The man was tongue-bathing her naked tits, it hardly seemed like a little goosing was crossing a line at this point.

But Claire was too horny to realize Zane's true plan.

Zane's grip on her ass became stronger… more insistent. It pulled her forward, scooting her up Zane's lap. Claire was confused for a moment about what exactly was going on. If Zane kept pulling her forward like this, she wouldn't have any room to maneuver her hands and jerk him off. That second of confusion was all it took for Zane to get what he wanted.

Claire's hips slid forward the last few inches and the thick, hot length of Zane's cock pressed hard against the sopping cloth of her thong. Every nerve in her body sizzled with sexual heat as felt the rigid shape of her enemy's throbbing member pressed against her pussy. She moaned involuntarily at the powerfully taboo sensation of such intimate contact with the cock of man who wasn't her husband. Who was so much bigger and badder than her husband.

Claire's head swam with crumbling defiance and arousal. She panted harshly, staring into Zane's sharp eyes, arrogant and bold, daring her to refuse his obscene offer of closer contact. Daring her to accept. For the hundredth time that night, all the reasons she should slap the smug look off Zane's face and tell him to get fucked rushed through her head.

And then, in the heat of the moment, she tossed all logic away and gave in to pleasure, throwing her arms around Zane's neck and pressing her hips forward hungrily. The soaking wet cloth of her thin thong rubbed up and down the rigid length of Zane's cock, smearing her hot, slick juices of arousal all over his dick. She put all of her lust into that powerful grinding motion… all of her hatred. She didn't just want to feel his cock rubbing against her forbidden intimate place; she wanted to dominate it with her pussy. To defeat it. To make him cum.

"Is this what you wanted?" she hissed angrily into his ear, her panty-clad pussy grinding her wet heat into his cock, "Huh? You want to fuck this pussy so fucking bad? You can't. You can't have it, you fucking loser. You aren't good enough. You never will be."

Something about her words seemed to finally sting Zane for some reason. His powerful hands latched around her waist and he thrust forward, rubbing actively against her instead of passively accepting her service. "When are you going to fucking get it?" he grunted back, his voice smoldering with frustration and rage. "You thought you were too good to kiss me. Then you did. You thought you were too good to jerk my fucking cock. Then you did. You think you're too good to submit to a man like me, but you're not. I've already proven that I'm better than you. It's just taking a second for your snooty little brain to catch up to your new reality."

Claire bit her lip hard at the intense sensation of Zane's cock rubbing hard between her legs. His words were stinging acid, but the feeling of his magnificent thickness rubbing right where she

needed it was sweetest honey. Claire could tell how things were going to go. Zane would ramp up the dirty talk. Hump her harder and faster. All it would take was one swift movement, his greedy hands reaching down to slip her thong aside while his hips scooted back just a touch further. He would slip inside, and at that point, Claire knew that she was too far gone to protest. She would fuck him. She would enjoy it. And afterward, he would gloat about it insufferably. The only question was if that was too high of a price to pay.

Claire hovered on the razor's edge as her pussy and Zane's cock ground together with wet friction, separated by only a thin cloth barrier. Once more, the choice loomed in front of her. Accept humiliation and mind-blowing sexual pleasure, or go home with her gnawing sexual frustration still unfulfilled.

Ironically, it was Leah that tipped her over the edge toward refusal. The stupid side bet that they had made. Zane had promised that whatever happened in this room would stay between them, but Claire wasn't sure how far she trusted that promise when it came to his loyal sluts. If Leah found out she had fucked Zane and held Claire to her end of the bargain… Well it would be unthinkable. Claire's mind was made up in one heated instant, and before Zane could take any action to move things further, she made her move.

Claire squirmed out of Zane's grip and back off his lap, taking a moment to savor the look of stunned confusion on his face as she fell to her knees.

Claire gulped as the intense feeling of the position hit her like a tone of bricks. She was on her knees beneath Zane. His squat, hairy body loomed above her. His cock, especially, stood like a thick, pulsing pillar of masculine power right above her upturned face. The look of shock left Zane's face, replaced by a smug, leering grin. Zane had Claire on her knees, ready to serve him. It was humiliating. Shameful. Overwhelmingly erotic. It was the pose that Claire had been glad not to be forced into just a few minutes before. But now it was necessary. A gut-wrenching, erotic compromise that Claire needed to make in order to prevent the ultimate defeat.

She reached up, One hand massaging Zane's heavy hanging balls while the other once again jerking his slippery cock, this time in a position of humble subservience. "You wanted me here," she said in a heated purr, her hands never ceasing. "Beneath you. Well here I am. Begging for your cum on my knees like a slut. So give it to me. Give me that fucking cum, and we can end this."

Claire could see the wary hesitation behind Zane's smug expression. This wasn't actually what he had been after. All of that talk of spontaneously throwing caution to the winds and "going for it" in the heat of the moment had been bullshit. He had intended to fuck her all along. But now she was offering something that was maybe too tempting for him to resist.

Submission.

"That's right you pervert," hissed Claire, sensing her advantage and increasing the speed of her hands. "You want a married woman to jerk your filthy cock. You want to cum all over her face while she serves you on her knees."

Zane raised an eyebrow, then seemed to reach a decision.

"No," he said decisively, his eyes locked with Claire's. "I don't want to cum on her face. I want her to swallow."

Claire gulped, her pussy fluttering and pulsing beneath her flimsy thong. *Fuck*. He had named his price. This time it wasn't a ploy or manipulation, but a real offer of a compromise. If she sucked his cock, Zane would let her get away without pressuring her to fuck him. She stared at his massive dick looming above her, suddenly intimidated by its size all over again.

Blowjobs weren't something that Claire did very often, and certainly not something she enjoyed. Sucking a man's cock made her feel… used, even when she gave them to her loving, appreciative husband. But somehow, being used by Zane didn't sound all that bad right now. The idea of that thick shaft stretching her lips wide open had a certain filthy appeal, in fact.

"In for a penny, in for a pound, Claire Bear," said Zane above her. His cock pulsed with the beat of his heart, hot and strong in Claire's hands. His voice was low, deep, persuasive. Claire didn't look up to hear him speak. She only had eyes for the thick veiny cock in front of her eyes. "Come on. I won't tell anyone. It's our little secret."

She shouldn't. For so many reasons. She was married. Zane was an asshole. She hated blowjobs. It would make her look weak. But right now, that desire for a strong, powerful man that Zane had awakened inside her rose up and took the reins. Zane wanted her to suck his cock. And she would do it. Claire took one last shuddering breath…

…and submitted. She closed the distance and wrapped her soft lips around the swollen head of Zane's cock, tentatively running her hand over it, tasting the salty ooze of precum from its tip. She she did, Claire stared up into Zane's triumphant eyes and experienced the thrill of submission. She was his plaything right now. His slut. His slutty married cocksucker. And giving in to a powerful, pushy man like this was everything she had dreamed it would be.

Now that she had given in, Claire wasted no time. No more teasing, no more slow sensuality. Claire hungrily swallowed Zane's cock, her tongue slithering over every inch of his thick shaft while she locked eyes with him, her gaze soft and submissive, buut demanding, willing him to give in and cum. Zane's expression of dominant triumph made Claire's insides twist with humiliation and lust as her head bobbed rapidly, especially when he reached down and grabbed the back of her head, guiding her to go faster, harder, deeper.

Zane had apparently been a lot closer to climax than he let on. So close that maybe a little more work with her handjob might have been enough. One last manipulation from the tricky asshole now fucking her mouth. Claire could feel him approaching orgasm, his heavy balls drawing tight to the base of his cock as he plunged his dick deep into her mouth again and again, conquering the arrogant woman who thought she was better than him.

Claire closed her eyes, not wanting to see his face when he came and filled her mouth full of his foul seed. She knew that she would never be able to forget the moment when his hot semen coated her tongue. The erotic humiliation would cling to her forever. But she still didn't loosen the tight grip of her lips around his shaft. Her tongue never ceased its wriggling service. Her throat didn't stop clenching and milking his thick cock. A part of her craved that humiliation.

Finally, Zane grunted, holding Claire's head down and spurting a thick, gluey load of cum deep into her throat. Almost deep enough that she wouldn't have the shame of his taste in her mouth. But, of course Zane wasn't the type of man to spare her that shame. He pulled out just far enough for his last rope to land directly on her tongue, printing the taste of his cum in her memory forever.

He squeezed out the last few drops onto Claire's waiting tongue with a deep sigh of satisfaction, then smiled wide, staring down at the naked beauty beneath him, covered in a thin sheen of sweat, naked breasts heaving and still shiny with his saliva, and with a thick drizzle of his jizz displayed on her stuck out tongue. As he watched, she closed her mouth, her eyes shining with a confusing riot of hatred and lust, and swallowed heavily.

"Pleasure doing business with you," he said with an earthy chuckle.

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"A deal a deal then," said Claire stiffly, standing awkwardly outside the door of the porn set house, her expression cold and shut off once again. "You won't bother me anymore during our working relationship."

She had, predictably, immediately returned to the angry, hateful version of herself moments after she had swallowed his cum. Zane wasn't exactly surprised. Women like Claire couldn't be broken by one instance of submission. In fact, although Zane always fucked the women he wanted in the end, even he wasn't good enough to convert every woman into a submissive slut. Sometimes, especially with women like Claire, it was more of a one night stand situation.

Zane considered arguing that a blowjob didn't count for their deal, but decided against it. Right now, it was important that this first sexual encounter served to draw Claire further in, not push her away. After all, he hadn't managed to seal the deal quite yet.

"A deal's a deal," he agreed lightly. "No more flirting during business meetings. You have my word."

"Good," said Claire with a sigh, looking a little less stressed. She really seemed to think that after this, she would be able to put Zane behind her. She was still extremely skilled at lying to herself.

Claire turned away without another word, heading down the now-dark front walk toward the gate. "Hey, no kiss goodbye?" Zane called after her. The only response he got in return was a smoldering glance and an upraised middle finger.

Zane watched Claire go, eyes glued to her swaying backside. She had really impressed him tonight, although obviously giving any sign of that to her would be counter-productive. He wasn't sure that he had ever gotten that close to sealing the deal with a woman and still had her successfully pull back. It spoke of a deep well of inner strength that fascinated Zane... and just made him want to conquer her even more. He only had a week and a half left in his little bet with Dan. It would sting to lose that little wager, but this little game had gone beyond just the bet at this point. Regardless of whether or not he won that bet, he had already decided that he wasn't just going to have a one night stand with Claire. She was going to be his slut. The crown jewel in his collection. The trophy he was most proud of. And if that meant taking things slow enough that he lost the bet, so be it.

He waited until Claire exited the gate and he heard her car pull away to head back inside. Leah was waiting for him at the counter of the kitchen, calmly sipping a cup of tea on the same counter he had bent her over to fuck her in a video last week.

"So," she said eagerly, "Did you do it?"

“A gentleman never tells,” said Zane, wagging his finger. “Sorry, I promised that what happened in that room will be a secret. For now.” Maybe it was a silly habit for someone as manipulative as him, but Zane always kept direct promises and agreements. Playing by the rules made games more interesting.

Leah looked annoyed. “I should have known,” she said with a sigh. Zane gave her a curious look. She was oddly invested for someone supposedly uninvolved. But that wasn’t any of his business. He shrugged and headed for the stairs. Leah called after him, “Hurry up and fuck her more publicly, Master. And let me know as soon as you can share.”

“I promise,” said Zane with a wink. “You can go ahead and head out when you want. It’s just going to be packing up equipment and editing from now on.”

Leah took a big gulp of tea and shouldered her purse as Zane continued up the stairs. “Sounds good. See you later, Master.”

Zane would normally head straight to the bedroom to help Summer with the cameras, but there was one other little task he had to take care of first. He made his way to the little editing bay they had built into the unused bedroom and sat at the computer. Time to compose a short message to a certain lonely hubby. There was plenty of raw footage from the camera in the bedroom that he was sure would be devastating to the poor cuck, but that would certainly qualify as telling someone what happened in the room, breaking his promise. Besides, he wanted to drive Dan crazy without knowing exactly what happened.

And the camera from the security footage of the front door would work perfectly well for that.

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Dan stared down at the text, his heart hammering. In many ways it was an innocuous photo. Nothing explicit. Just a photo of his wife on a doorstep he didn’t recognize, looking slightly uncomfortable as she spoke with Zane.

But the implications were massive. Claire had lied to him when she said she was going to the office. And she had used that lie to meet up with Zane without him knowing. The accompanying text made it clear that Zane hadn’t yet claimed victory, but this was alarming new evidence.

Dan had to do something.

This had gone beyond fun and games. It was no longer a kinky fantasy or a erotic hypothetical. His wife was being manipulated by a serial seducer, and Zane had already succeeded beyond Dan wildest expectations. Now wasn’t the time for caution or half-measures. Dan needed a real plan that would derail Zane’s seduction before it reached its inevitable conclusion.

Option A: Trackers. Surveillance. Spyware. They would be an invasion of Claire’s privacy, but knowledge was power, and Dan was willing to cross any line to save his relationship. If he knew exactly what Claire was saying, where she was, and who she was there with at all times, it would give Dan the ability to fight back. All Dan had to do was install the right programs on Claire's phone, and the humiliating powerlessness of tonight would never happen again.

Option B: What Dan needed was an ally in his corner. Someone on the inside who would help him keep tabs on Zane and maybe even sabotage his plans. Dan even knew the perfect person. Leah. True, she was fucking Zane right now, but they were old friends, and even though they had

a sexual relationship, Leah didn't seem to like Zane that much. It was risky, but if Dan could convince Leah to betray Zane, he was sure the arrogant slob would never see it coming.

Option C: So far, Dan had maintained secrecy and silence about his bet, afraid that telling Claire what had really happened would make her furious. But Zane had used that secrecy to divide and conquer. Right now Claire and Dan needed to be on the same page, fighting together. And that meant doing what he should have done from the beginning: it was time to be honest with Claire and finally lay everything out on the table.

The Bet – Chapter 16

Leah rinsed off her hands with a sigh, looking over to where Bill was painstakingly guiding Bella through the process of making playdough. It was an adorable trait that her daughter had picked up in the past few months: when Mommy was baking, Bella wanted to bake too. Often, Leah was happy to have her five-and-a-half-year-old underfoot in the kitchen "helping", but today she didn't have the time. She wanted to have the pie in the oven and baking before her guest arrived, so that it would be ready in time for lunch.

But she had finished on time. Leah made her way over to the table, gently wrapping an arm around her husband. A smile flashed across his big, broad, handsome face, but his hands were too busy with the electric kettle right now to embrace her back. Bill had always been a looker. Leah remembered back in college, when she had felt like the luckiest girl in the world to have caught the attention of the suave, good-looking frat president. She still felt lucky… despite how her eyes had been opened to other ways of thinking. Bill was a good man, a supportive partner, and a wonderful father. She settled in to watch as he finished the craft with their daughter.

Moving the kettle into position, Bill said sternly, "Ok, Sweetheart, for this next part I need you not to touch. The water's really hot, and you could get hurt."

Bella stuck out her lip a little and gave her dad a sullen glare. She wanted to be involved in every step of the process. Luckily, this time she seemed to accept Bill's explanation and nodded solemnly. Despite being a bit of a daddy's girl, their daughter was already taking after her mother: a strong-willed, independent thinker. She couldn't have gotten it from Bill: after all, despite his macho appearance, he had turned out to be kind of a marshmallow.

Suddenly, unbidden, Leah had a wicked thought. If Bella was already becoming a little terror, how strong-willed would her child with a much stronger and more confident man be? She pushed the thought down quickly. It was one of the most important rules she had made for this new, strange lifestyle she lived: she didn't think about her master during family time, and she didn't think about her family during Z time.

Of course, those lines had started to blur more and more, and if Zane got what he wanted, "Family Time" and "Z Time" would become hopelessly entangled.

But that was a concern for another time. The steaming water poured into the bowl, turning the mixture bright red and filling the room with the sickly scent of artificial cherry. Bella watched with wide-eyed curiosity, but, despite Leah keeping a sharp eye out, she kept her hands to herself as Bill mixed the ingredients with the boiling water using a spoon.

That was when the doorbell rang. Bill and Bella looked up, Bella with the sort of breathless excitement only a five-year-old could summon, and Bill with a look of barely concealed discomfort.

"Someone's here, Mommy!" said Bella excitedly, hopping a little on the chair where she stood, pointing toward the front door as if Leah hadn't heard.

"Yes, sweetie," said Leah, releasing her grip on her husband's waist and planting a swift kiss on the top of her daughter's silky blonde hair. "It's an old friend of Mommy's. He's going to eat lunch with us."

…

Dan shook his hands at his sides, trying to dispel the squirming butterflies in his stomach. This shouldn't be hard. A casual lunch with his old college friend. A meetup that he probably should have arranged a long time ago, honestly.

But he couldn't fool himself into thinking it was that simple. This was more than a meal to catch up with Leah. This was a make-or-break mission to get an advantage over Zane in a way the cocky douchebag would never expect: by enlisting the help of a woman that Zane believed was thoroughly under his control. It was a long shot. Dan knew that. At the very least, as hard as it was to accept, Leah and Zane were regularly having sex, not to mention the fact that Zane was Leah's employer now.

But Dan refused to accept that things were that cut and dry. He was old friends with Leah. He knew her inside and out. And Leah he knew had always been a woman who hated pricks like Zane, and looked after her friends before anything. Dan had to believe that if he came to her with a serious request for help, she wouldn't ignore him.

And besides, a sneaky voice in the back of Dan's head said that Leah might be jealous that Zane was completely focused on a new woman. If she wasn't swayed by an earnest and straightforward plea for help, Dan was prepared to attempt to prime her jealousy. He was that desperate for an ally.

Despite his mental preparations, Dan was still surprised when Leah swung open the door. Suddenly, he felt like he was a tongue-tied college freshman again, shyly working up the courage to speak to the gorgeous, grinning girl he met at his dorm welcome mixer.

Dan had to keep reminding himself that they were both married now as he looked at his former crush. She was older now, but Leah was still as beautiful as the day Dan had met her, with an hourglass figure that had only gotten more pronounced now that she was a mother, a thick honey blonde braid over one shoulder, and hazel eyes that always held just a hint of mocking mischief.

For a moment, Dan thought he could read the mockery in her eyes even more strongly than usual, but then Leah's face broke into a soft, welcoming smile, and the moment was gone.

"Danny, so good to see you!" said Leah warmly and enthusiastically. She launched herself forward into an embrace, pulling Dan close. He tried his best not to focus on the way it felt as her breasts pressed against his chest, but it's difficult to force yourself not to think about something.

"So good to be here!" he said, trying to cover up his nerves with a big smile. "We should have done this ages ago! My fault. Sorry."

Leah drew back from the hug and waved her hand airily. "No, no. We're both busy people. Nobody's fault. I'm just glad we happened to meet up randomly the other week."

Dan's smile stayed on his face, but he felt a sour twist in his stomach. The fact that they had met up hadn't been "random" at all. Bringing Leah to the spa had almost certainly been a play by Zane to throw Dan off. But if Leah didn't know that, it might be another lever to convince her to turn on Zane. Either way, now wasn't the time to bring up the short, fat elephant in the room. Dan wanted to butter Leah up a little first.

So instead, Dan said, "Absolutely. Once I heard you had taken your incredible baking skills pro, I knew I had to come over and taste the results myself."

Leah threw back her head and laughed like she always used to: a rough, uninhibited cackle that was somehow way more attractive to Dan than a demure little giggle. *I'm married. I'm just here to find an ally so I can help my wife: the woman I love. I need to control myself. No matter how hot Leah is. I can't even think about cheating on Claire.*

Leeah raised an eyebrow at him, her lovely eyes sparkling as if she could read his thoughts. But if she noticed his sudden attraction to her, she didn't say anything about it. Instead, she held the door open to let Dan inside her suburban two-story home.

As Dan walked through the door, he passed into a world of pure domestic bliss. The house was light and airy, with homey little design touches everywhere, making it still feel cozy despite its open layout. The smell of baking pie and, for some reason, artificial cherry filled the air.

Leah bustled forward ahead of him, leading him toward the dining room, where her husband and daughter stood at a table, working some bright red play-dough with their hands.

Bill. As Leah's husband saw Dan, a confident grin crossed his face. He grabbed a towel to wipe his hands, then strode over, extending his hand. "Daniel! Long time no see, buddy! Glad you could make it!" Dan had to swallow back a little bitterness as he took Bill's hand for a crushing handshake. It was unfair, really: leftover sour grapes from Bill "stealing" Leah during college. Now that they were both married, it should be water under the bridge, but some of those feelings still lingered.

Bill had always made Dan feel insecure, and not just because he had successfully attracted Dan's crush. He was tall and handsome, with the type of easy confidence that Dan would have killed for. Not to mention the fact that he had been a football star and president of his fraternity. It almost made it worse that he was unfailingly pleasant and polite.

"Glad I could make it. Should have come earlier," said Dan, trying not to wince as he endured the grip of Bill's strong hand.

"And where's the wife?" asked Bill jovially. "I've heard a little about the infamous Claire, but I didn't even have time to say 'hello' the one time we were in the same room."

Dan shrugged uneasily. The real reason Claire wasn't here was that she was going to be the topic of his conversation with Leah. "She's working," he said truthfully. "Claire's been trying to get her business to take off this past year. It means a lot of long work days, but I'm sure it will all be worth it in the end."

Bill clapped him on the shoulder with a look of sympathy. "I'm sure it will, buddy."

Leah was moving toward her daughter, who had looked up from the snake she was making with playdough, wearing an expression of uncertainty. Leah put a hand on her shoulder and gently said, "This is Mommy's friend Danny, Bella. Say 'hi'."

"Hi, Danny," said Bella shyly, then turned back to her much more interesting playdough.

It was a little surreal. Leah seemed like she had the perfect little cozy family here. Beautiful house, handsome husband, cute daughter. Yet she supposedly worked as a porn star for a fat asshole that she had always used to hate? Dan couldn't square the two images of Leah in his mind: the wholesome homemaker and the depraved slut. He stood for a second, feeling scrambled and tongue tied, before Leah saved him by clapping her hands together.

"Well, I think it's time to clear the crafts away and get eating. What do you say, everyone?"

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The lunch was a delicious pasta salad with some crusty bread that Leah had baked earlier. A little light for Dan's taste, but not bad at all.

The conversation was light, too. Small talk about what they had been doing for the past few years, Bella's excitement for kindergarten, and Dan's work at City Hall. It was actually fun, despite Dan's growing anxiety. He needed to talk seriously with Leah, but he wasn't sure how he could get the opportunity. He didn't want to discuss his wife's seduction in front of Bill, and he would never bring up that sort of thing in front of a child. He hadn't mentioned his specific reason for coming over when he set up the lunch, which he was realizing now was probably a mistake.

He was still worrying about how exactly to peel Leah off for a private conversation as they laughed and talked through dessert: an incredible berry pie with hot, dark coffee to go with it. But it turned out that, whether through intuition or a corresponding desire to speak privately with him, Leah was way ahead of him.

After she had cleared away the last of the dishes, Bill opened the dishwasher to start loading, but Leah put a hand on his shoulder, smiled at her husband, and said, "Dear, I think Danny and I need some private time. Could you take Bella to the park? I'll call you when we're finished."

Dan winced a little at how she used the phrase "private time". It almost made it sound like they planned to do something inappropriate. He hoped that Bill would just shrug off the unfortunate wording, but his response was even stranger than he expected. A sudden conflicted, almost timid expression crossed Bill's face, then he gulped and nodded, his expression returning to its normal, self-assured smile as he turned back to Bella and scooped her up to go find the things they needed for a trip to the park.

In just a few minutes, they were out the door, and Dan was all by himself with Leah for the first time in years. She gave him a teasing smile and turned to head into the living room, sitting on her couch and patting the seat beside her. "Come, Danny boy. Sit. Let's get to why you're really here."

Dan felt a blush forming on his face. Had it really been that obvious that he had ulterior motives? "I… I really did enjoy catching up," he said guiltily as he approached, settling in to sit next to his old friend.

"Mmmhmmm," said Leah with a smirk. "That's why you come over all the time. I'm kidding, Danny. It was nice to see you. But you didn't come over just to say 'hi' and we both know it. So spill."

Dan took a deep breath and rubbed his hands nervously on his pants. He had considered just telling Claire the truth and decided that he simply didn't have the guts to face her anger for the foolish bet he had made. But even telling Leah was turning out to take some courage. With his eyes fixed on the floor, he said, "I… I was talking with Zane a month and a half ago, and I… I made a pretty big mistake."

"Go on." Leah's Hazel eyes were piercing. Weighing. This was harder than Dan thought it would be, but there was no way out but through. He had already decided that he needed Leah's help. "Zane was being… well, to be honest, sort of a cocky loud mouth."

Leah snorted and rolled her eyes. "Like always," she said ruefully.

Dan took it as a good sign, gaining a little courage as he said, “Yeah, tell me about it. Well, anyway, he was going on and on about how he thought all women were sluts, and when I said my wife wasn’t one, he wouldn’t back down. He said even Claire would be a slut in the right circumstances.”

“Oh dear,” said Leah, resting her chin on her hand and staring at him with an expression that was interested, but so far fairly neutral. “Not a very diplomatic thing to say in front of her husband.”

“So I overreacted, maybe,” said Dan with a grimace. “I sort of… made a bet with him.”

Leah gently bit her lip, clearly doing her best to hold back a laugh. But her voice was totally even as she said, “Oh Danny… you didn’t.”

“It seemed impossible!” protested Dan miserably. “And I thought it would be satisfying to see the wind taken out of his sails a little.”

Leah shook her head, unable to hold back a little mocking grin any longer. “Oh come on, Danny Boy,” she said, giving him a sidelong glance with her wicked eyes, “that’s not the whole story, now is it?”

Dan cocked his head at her, his heart suddenly in his throat, although he couldn’t have said why. “I… I don’t know what you mean,” he said uncertainly, feeling her blush grow hotter and a flow of blood pulse between his legs.

“Come on, Dan,” said Leah with a crooked grin, scooting closer to him on the couch. “Do you know what a normal guy would say if his friend bet him he could sleep with his wife?” Her lips were right up against his ear now, and she rested a warm hand on Dan’s thigh. “He would say ‘fuck off’, Danny. He wouldn’t even entertain the idea. So why did you say ‘yes’?”

Dan jumped up from the couch as if he had been burned, his hand unconsciously falling to arrange his suddenly-too-tight pants. He stared down at Leah, wide eyed, his nostrils flared, breathing heavily. What game was she playing here exactly? It almost felt like she was coming on to him! “I… I said yes because I was angry and trying to teach Zane a lesson,” he insisted numbly. “Leah, why are you…”

He was struck dumb by Leah’s sultry chuckle. She leaned back and crossed her arms, her eyes smoldering as she stared up at him with insolent glee. “Danny, you’ve been surprisingly honest with me, so let me be honest with you,” she said in a purring voice. “Like you said, Zane is a bit of a talker. And lately, he’s been talking about you. Claire more often, obviously: he can’t fucking shut up about how much he wants to sink his cock balls deep into your wife. But he talks about you as well. And you know what he told me?”

Dan’s mouth was suddenly dry. He had never heard Leah talk like this before. She wasn’t above dirty jokes… but callously talking about Zane fucking his wife? That felt like a completely different woman from the one he knew. But, even though hearing Leah talk like this as she stared up at him with a teasing smile was distressing, it only made the throbbing spike of uncomfortable arousal in his pants ache even more.

Seeing that Dan seemed to be struck dumb by shock, Leah continued. “He told me that he gave you a little gift… a chance to see your old college buddy in action on his porn site. And here’s something you might not have known: Z can look up which videos you watch, and how often. And you’ve been indulging yourself a lot, you bad hubby.”

Dan's blood ran cold and his mouth dropped open. *Oh no. No. This can't be.* In some ways, it was the ultimate nightmare of every man since adolescence: the revelation of his masturbation habits to a pretty girl. "That's not…" began Dan desperately, licking his lips, "He's lying to you."

Leah caught sight of the stricken look on Dan's face and clapped her hands with glee, that same rough, unfiltered laugh bubbling up as her eyes sparkled with wicked amusement. "Oh, Danny boy," she said fondly, "As if your face didn't tell me everything I need to know. But I'm sorry, I'm sorry. For real, I'm not just being a snarky bitch, I have a point I'm trying to prove. Come on. Sit back down." She patted the couch next to her companionably, her wide crooked grin half-sinister and half-welcoming.

Dan gave her a dubious look. This didn't feel like a very good start to his mission. Even if Leah hadn't straight-out said that she supported Zane's seduction of his wife, the fact that she saw Zane's manipulations as hilarious couldn't have been a worse sign.

But he hadn't even made his pitch yet, and besides, Dan was starting to get a funny feeling. The same blended feeling of arousal and frustration that he felt sometimes when he watched the censored porn Zane had sent him. Leah's teasing smirk made that same strange arousal flare up inside him, making his cock, which hadn't been performing for his wife lately, into a stiff, aching rod of sexual frustration.

He sat gingerly next to Leah, who patted him condescendingly on the shoulder. "Sorry, Dan. I got a little carried away there. Here is what I'm trying to say. When Z suggested a bet about fucking your wife, your first instinct wasn't to punch his lights out, it was to agree to the bet."

"What exactly are you trying to say, Leah?" asked Dan with a frown. He had a feeling he knew exactly what she was getting at, but he didn't like it one bit.

"I'm trying to say that it gives some guys a charge when other men… appreciate the charms of their wife," she said lightly, her grip warm and reassuring on his shoulder, but the corners of her lips quirked up into a smirk.

"I'm not a cuck, Leah," said Dan angrily. Even saying the word that had been in the back of his mind made that strange, anxious arousal swell inside him. His cock was stiff and painfully hard in his pants, almost bursting the seams. Leah had gotten the entirely wrong idea. Dan needed to make her understand, fast. Otherwise, he was never going to convince her he deserved her help. "In fact, I came here today because I'm determined to stop Zane."

Leah cocked her head, the smirk slipping from her face, and her hand dropping to clasp with the other in her lap. "So why come to me, Dan?" she asked with a thoughtful expression. "Why not go to Zane?"

Dan let out a sigh. Here it finally was. Time to make his pitch. "Because I want your help. I want you to work with me to stop Zane's plan."

Leah had been in confident, teasing control all day, but by the widening of her eyes, Dan could tell that he had actually surprised her this time. She took a moment, studying his face, before replying.

"Dan," she said carefully, her sharp eyes locked with his, "I'm not sure you know what you're asking. Zane and I… Well, I won't get into filthy details, but we have a special relationship. One that has certain rules and expectations that I wouldn't break lightly. Even if we didn't, he's my employer. Stabbing him in the back would be a huge betrayal of trust."

Dan wasn't about to back down now. Not when Leah finally seemed to be taking him seriously. "And what about my trust, Leah? You were my best friend, back when Zane was just an annoying guy you avoided at parties. Doesn't that mean anything to you? I'm asking you this because I trust you, and I know that you're a woman who does the right thing. Please, Leah. I can't just watch my wife get… devoured by a monster like him."

Leah leaned back against her couch, bouncing the foot crossed over her knee. "Devoured?" she asked softly, her eyes staring into space. "Is that what you think happened to me, Danny Boy? Well… you aren't wrong. But maybe the belly of the beast isn't as bad as you think." Her eyes snapped to his again, and Dan saw a strange mix of affection and the teasing heat from before lighting them up. "I'm flattered that you trust me that much. And, yes, our friendship still means something to me. But I would be sticking my neck way waaaay out if I helped you. Never getting in the way of his games is, like, Zane's number one rule to stay off his shit list. I'm going to need to know for certain that if I help you out, you aren't going to… self-sabotage and blow this up for the both of us."

Dan felt both elated that Leah was taking his request seriously and a little concerned that she didn't seem to be jumping to agree. And more importantly… "What exactly do you mean by self-sabotage?" he asked cautiously, licking his lips.

He was completely unprepared for it when Leah reached over casually and groped the bulge still straining at the front of his pants. His first instinct was to jump up out of his seat again, but this time Leah gripped his cock through the cloth, refusing to let go and keeping him right where he was. "This is what I mean," she said with a little laugh as Dan gasped and blustered, unable to even put a coherent thought into words. "Either you are really, really excited to see me, or you're rock hard just from talking about Z trying to fuck your wife. How do I know that the kind of guy who watches hours of Zane's cock going in and out of women won't eventually crack and help him do it?"

But Dan wasn't currently capable of responding to her ideas. Instead, he put his hand on hers, weakly trying to pry it away. "Leah, stop! We're married! You can't just…"

Leah gave his cock a gentle squeeze that made his protest drop into a choked noise of reluctant pleasure. "Oh come on now, Danny," she said with a hint of exasperation. "Weren't you just telling me that your wife is about to fuck Zane? Why are you so hung up on a little over-the-pants stuff with your old flame? And as for Bill… Well, I think it's quicker to show you than to tell you."

Alarmingly, she reached to unzip Dan's pants, and in one swift motion, pulled out his cock before he had time to react. With her other hand, she hedl up her phone, smiling wide with Dan's hard, throbbing dick clutched in her hand. It felt like it was all over in the time it took Dan to blink. "Wh… What the fuck?" he said in shocked dismay, "Leah, you can't… You can't fucking…"

The smooth skin of her hand felt amazing on his bare cock, and it felt even better when she gave it another squeeze. "Quiet, Danny, I told you: I have to show you something." She was messing with her phone, and Dan felt paralyzed. Rooted to the spot by conflicting signals of pleasure, guilt, and confusion.

Finally, Leah gave him a wide grin and turned the phone so he could see. Dan felt an icy wash of terror as his blood drained from his face. Leah had opened a text chain with her husband and sent him the photo, along with the message:

[Hey sweetie, just wanted to give you a little update on our “private time”. Just to make Danny Boy feel better, can you send a message back telling him to enjoy himself? Thanks, Hun.]

The image was obscene: it was unmistakable what was going on in the photo. Leah smiled widely, her hand gripping Dan’s cock as he stared at the camera in shock. There was no innocent explanation that Dan could give to Bill that would explain away the visual evidence that his wife was currently touching his cock.

“Leah, come on,” said Dan, trying to calm himself down enough to put up serious resistance. “Th-this is wrong! Maybe if we stop right now, we can tell Bill that this just got a little out of hand!”

“Aww, Danny Boy,” said Leah teasingly, stroking her hand up and down his cock in a way that drew a whimper from his throat and made his eyes close tight from the intensity of the sensation, “How can it be wrong when it feels… so… right?” She rubbed her thumb teasingly over the tip of his cock with each final word, spoken in a low, sensual purr. When had his snarky, sharp friend turned into a sultry sex kitten? Dan knew the answer. It was Zane who had caused this transformation.

“Besides,” said Leah lightly, “You might want to see how my husband responded.”

She held up the phone again, and Dan was shocked to see Bill’s text.

[Sounds good, dear. Have all the fun you want, Dan.]

He stared at it in confusion, wondering if he had missed something or if Bill had somehow misunderstood what Leah had sent him. “But… how? Why?” he asked, turning toward Leah.

“Woooww, you’re slow when you’re horny, aren’t you?” laughed Leah. “Be careful, stud. Don’t let Z figure that out, or he’ll have yet another trick up his sleeve. Don’t worry, I’m going to tell you all about all the hows and whys of my relationship with Bill. It’s super relevant to you after all. And it will help me give you a little test to see if I can safely help you.”

“Leah, I’m married! Even if Bill is fine with it, Claire, she would never, ever–” His protests cut off again as Leah lowered his other hand and cupped his balls in a firm, but not painful grip.

“You want me on your side, tough guy?” she asked with a crooked eyebrow. “This is my price. You’re going to sit back and listen to me while I jerk your cock, and if I am satisfied by your reactions, we might be able to work something out. If you can’t do that, then the answer is going to be a flat ‘no’.”

Dan groaned as Leah’s hand began to work up and down his cock, its tip drooling with precum already as Leah’s skilled fingers touched and squeezed his sensitive testicles. The sensation made it hard to think clearly. Leah did have a point… Dan wasn’t sure if Claire really had done anything with Zane yet, but she was obviously thinking about it. She had lied to him yesterday when she said she was going to work! It wasn’t even that bad to receive a handjob compared to what Zane planned on doing.

Dan took a deep breath, and nodded jerkily.

“Good boy,” said Leah smugly, increasing the speed of her hand as it pumped up and down his cock. “Now sit back and listen as I tell you how it happened with Bill. When Zane first managed to push me into a blowjob… which I know you saw, by the way, you naughty boy. What kind of person watches their ‘friend’ get face fucked by a massive dick over and over again?”

She swirled her palm over the tip of his cock for emphasis, making Dan hiss with the powerful sensation. “I… I don’t know. For some reason, I just can’t help it! I try to resist, but I just have to watch.”

“I know, Sweetie, I know,” said Leah, her voice just inches from Dan’s ear now. “That’s exactly how my husband is, too! To get back to my story… I had just sucked Zane’s cock. I had cheated on my husband. And, just like you, I couldn’t stop. It happened again and again. I was certain that someday, Bill was going to find out. I was so worried I mentioned it to Zane, and he came up with the perfect plan to help me.”

“What d-did he do?” asked Dan in a cracked whisper. He was totally entranced now. The slow, rhythmic motion of Leah’s hand up and down his cock was almost as hypnotic as her voice. Her hand tugged at his balls, just on the edge of pain.

“Well… Zane told me that there was an easy way around our little problem. All we had to do was plant a few seeds in my hubby’s brain. I started commenting on how good actors on TV looked… little comments about what I would like to do to them. Nothing obscene, just joking little side comments. Then I started saying those same things about hot men we saw in public. Whispering in Bill’s ear what I thought they could do to me.”

Dan took shuddering, gulping breaths. He could imagine what it would be like to have Claire whispering in his ear how much she wanted other men… innocently at first, then with greater and greater graphic detail. He found that he was more invested than he thought he would be in how this story turned out, although he could guess the broad details of the ending based on the text Bill had just sent. “And… and what did he do… when you told him that kind of thing?” he asked, almost dreading the answer.

Leah chuckled, her grip growing tight on the base of his cock while her wicked finger pulled just enough to cause the slightest jolt of pain in his balls. “Well, he tried to act like it was bothering him… But men are simple creatures, Dan. They are programmed to get horny when they hear a woman talking about sex. Even when that woman is their wife, talking about how hot it would be to fuck another guy. He blustered and protested, but he also got hard. Exactly like you, Danny Boy.”

She giggled and released her hand from his cock for a moment, giving its swollen, sensitive tip a sharp little flick with her pointer finger. Dan gave a little yelp and moved to clutch his cock, but his hands got swatted away by Leah, who was already moving to grip his shaft and continue her slow, teasing strokes. Dan could see where Leah was going with this, and he felt like he had to speak up to defend himself.

“I’m not horny because Zane wants to fuck my wife!” he blurted out. Leah raised an eyebrow, staring at him doubtfully as her thumb rubbed teasingly over the head of his cock. “I’m turned on because of you, damn it! You know that I… That I sort of had a thing for you for years. Hearing you talk dirty turned me on, it has nothing to do with… the other thing.”

Leah chuckled, her beautiful eyes sharp and lively as she increased the speed of her handjob. “Oh is that so? Well, I have to say that I’m flattered. I didn’t know that those lingering feelings were this…” she made her thumb and forefinger a tight ring, jerking just the tip of his cock in tight, short strokes “…strong.”

“I’ll tell you what, stud,” she continued with a wink, pausing the handjob for a moment, “if that’s really what’s going on, we can stop with this teasing game and have some real fun. I’ll strip down

and you can fuck my sweet married pussy just like you've always dreamed of. You can be the kind of strong, dominant man that Zane is. Bill is totally fine with it, and you've already gone as far as a handjob. Claire probably wouldn't even be that much angrier if you went all the way. I'm here, telling you that I'm willing. All you have to do is take me."

Leah stared at Dan with half-hooded eyes, and in that moment, he knew that she was utterly sincere. If he kissed her now and tore off her clothes, the woman he had dreamed about for so many years would be all his. But, even as he fantasized about it, all of the reasons he couldn't crowded into his head. He was married. *She* was married. Was he really the type of person who could fuck a married woman on her living room couch while her husband was at the park?

Leah saw his hesitation and snorted, rolling her eyes as her hand continued its motion, now squelching with Dan's precum. "That's what I'm talking about," she said condescendingly, giving Dan's balls a light pat that sent a jolt of somehow-erotic discomfort up his spine. "That's the difference between you and Zane. He takes what he wants. And you? You get more pleasure from being denied. Even with your ultimate fantasy dangled in front of you, you couldn't take it. You're just like my poor hubby. You prefer to be a good little boy, watching the real men from the sidelines."

Dan tried to speak up for himself again, but at this point Leah's hand was moving faster and faster, and he felt too overwhelmed with pleasure and stinging humiliation to speak. Instead, he let Leah's poisonous, honeyed words wash over him, closing his eyes and breathing heavily as he focused on the feeling of Leah's fist pumping up and down his throbbing cock.

"But I haven't even told you the end of the story!" purred Leah. "Eventually, after a month of hard work, just the thought of me with another man got Bill red hot. I pretended that I had just started noticing, and then worked in a little teasing dirty talk into our bedroom routine… And the whooole time I was whispering dirty words in my husband's ear about how another man might fuck me better, another man actually was, in secret. Sometimes Zane would send me straight home, freshly fucked, to give my husband some unknowing sloppy seconds, while pushing him to imagine a bigger, stronger cock fucking his wife."

Dan whimpered, his hips rising to grind upward into Leah's hand, which was now moving at a quick, steady pace, pistoning up and down his slick cock. He couldn't stop his imagination from putting himself and Claire into that same position. What would it be like to sit at home, his cock hard as a rock, knowing that Claire was with Zane? Having her come home afterward and tell him all about what she had done? Part of his mind reacted strongly against the filthy idea, but there was a certain dark hunger inside him that was deeply curious.

"From there, it was easy. I started 'roleplaying' the idea that I had a secret lover on the side. I blended reality and fiction, then started to deny poor Bill. I kept him on edge for a week, teasing him relentlessly, but never letting him cum."

Dan felt like she was doing the same to him. Her twisting strokes had slowed a little, keeping Dan hovering right on the edge of orgasm, but never letting him reach it. Leah's luminous eyes fixed on his face, reading his every expression, expertly edging him as her low, purring voice continued her story.

"By the time I introduced him to Zane, Bill was so fucking horny and confused that he stood no chance. To his credit, he did try to put up a fight… but, as much as I love my husband, his false bravado was no match for a real man like Zane. He learned his place that night, and when the

time came, he sat right where Zane told him to: in his own special chair on the side of the bed. He watched his wife be taken and owned by a better man, He watched his wife's pussy get fucked by a bigger cock while he fucked his fist. And do you know what he did next?"

Her hand had ramped up again, and Dan could feel himself rushing toward a powerful orgasm. "Wh-what did he do?" he breathed, looking deep into Leah's heated eyes.

Suddenly, Leah's hands were gone, removed from his cock in a split second, leaving Dan in the lurch just on the wrong side of orgasm.

"He came all fucking over himself while Zane shot a hot load into my cheating cunt, of course," said Leah sweetly. For some reason, she stood up, her eyes sparkling with mischief and her lips curved up into a wicked little smile.

"Leah… what?" said Dan stupidly, his cock pulsing with sexual need, his mouth hanging open with mindless lust, "Please, I'm so close, can't you…?"

"Ah ah ah," said Leah, shaking a finger. "I want you to get a little taste of what my husband feels every day. You said you still feel something for me, right you poor baby? Start jerking off like a good little cucky and let me show you how Z owns me now. Maybe you can feel a fraction of what Bill does."

Dan was frozen with indecision. Getting a hand job was one thing, but Leah was right that jerking off felt much closer to… the sort of fetish she was describing. He wasn't sure if that was a road he was willing to go down, despite the dark hunger that was growing inside him. Before he could think about it too deeply, however, Leah, for some reason, unbuttoned her pants and turned around.

"This has become one of Bill's favorite things to look at while he jerks off," purred Leah as she wriggled her hips, sliding her jeans and panties down the swell of her round butt. "A permanent symbol of who I belong to, even when I'm with my husband. Jerk that cock, cucky. Look at what a real man was able to do, while you couldn't even fuck me when specifically invited."

Dan watched wide-eyed and shocked as a pair of tattoos were revealed inch by inch. A large Z on one round cheek and a K on the other, with the thin strip of Leah's pink thong between. A powerful, inescapable declaration of Zane's victory. He had taken a married woman and turned her into his slut. Not just for a few months. Forever.

It was exactly what he planned to do to Claire.

Leah stared at him over her shoulder and reached down to jiggle on fat cheek. "Stroke, loser," she commanded in a voice rich with amusement.

Dan couldn't resist any longer. The sight was too erotic for him to hold back. His hand gripped his slippery cock and pumped, flooding his body with sick, twisted pleasure as he stared at how far his friend had fallen.

"That's right," cooed Leah, bouncing on her knees a little to make her fat ass shake, "it feels natural, doesn't it? To jerk your little dick while admiring the work of a real man? I wonder where your wifey's tattoos will go? On her big juicy tits, maybe? Ooh, or better yet… maybe he will give her something a little more permanent. Maybe he will fuck a baby into Claire's flat belly. Make it swell up with a permanent reminder of who's the better man…"

Dan's body was wracked with terror and lust. His fist was a blur, jacking up and down his cock. "St-stop!" he whined. "That will n-never… never…"

"Shut up, Danny Boy," said Leah sharply. "This is training for when Zane takes his place in your bed and you take *your* place in the chair across the room." She reached down, sliding her fingers beneath the edge of her thong and letting it snap down onto her luscious ass. "Shall I remove this and show you the pussy that Zane owns? Oh, right," she said with a cruel giggle, her lips pulling up into a smirk. "You have the "beta edition" of the site don't you, loser? You get off on *not* seeing hot girls' pussies. I guess I had better deny you then, since you love it so much."

Dan felt the sting of her mockery, but it only blended with his intense arousal. He could feel it: he was hurtling over the edge. "Leah, I'm going to…"

"Do it!" commanded Leah, bending over and sticking her ass out until it was almost touching Dan's face. "Cum for my tattoos. Cum for another man's name, you pathetic cuck."

Dan came hard with an undignified gasp, splattering the carpet of Leah's living room with a shameful load of cum, spraying it right between her spread legs so that not a drop touched her. The whole time, Leah looked at him over her shoulder, murmuring, "That's it. Let it all out. Really let that feeling sink in."

Finally Dan collapsed back onto the couch, his cock spent and already softening. Leah pulled her pants back up over her butt. Then she clicked her tongue, putting her hands on her hips and staring down at the splatters of cum on her carpet. "Jesus, Dan," she said in a reproving voice, "Couldn't you have at least cum on my ass? Leave it to a beta like you to not even be brave enough to do that."

Now that Dan's lust was draining away, he felt totally defeated. He had set out to prove his determination in fighting Zane, and had basically proven the opposite due to Leah's skilled teasing. He couldn't imagine he had passed whatever test Leah had set up for him.

Leah left for a second and came back with a wet rag, tossing it to Dan and nodding at the mess he had made on the ground. Hanging his head in shame, Dan got to his knees and began wiping up his shameful load.

"So, what did you have in mind, as far as my help goes?" asked Leah as she stood above, her arms crossed under her breasts and a warm smile on her face.

Dan looked up in shock. "Wait… I thought that I failed the test!"

Leah laughed. It still had a cruel edge to it, but there was much more fondness there than there had been during her teasing handjob. "Please, Dan. The test wasn't whether or not you would cum. I knew you were going to do that from the beginning. Don't question it too much. Just be glad you passed. Now spill; what did you need my help with?"

Dan finished scrubbing and scrambled to his feet, holding the rag between thumb and forefinger. "I mean… information is what I need mostly. If you would be able to figure out what Zane is planning and let me know what his next moves will be, it would be super helpful in fighting back."

Leah put her hand to her chin, a thoughtful expression on her face. Finally, she nodded. "Sure. I think that the risks are acceptable there. Zane doesn't always tell me what his plans are when it comes to new conquests, but when he does, I'll pass them onto you."

Dan felt so relieved and hopeful that he pulled Leah into a spontaneous hug, not even focusing on her breasts this time. The hug was so close that he didn't catch the sudden flash of guilt that crossed her face as her chin rested on his shoulder.

By the time they pulled away, Leah was her regular smiling self.

"Well, I think that it's time to call Bill back home, so I guess you had better get going," she said regretfully. "I'll be in touch when I learn something. Don't be such a stranger from now on! Maybe next time we can have lunch without all the hidden psycho-sexual drama, eh?"

...

Dan felt amazing for about the first half of the ride home, but then the shame started to creep in around the edges.

Leah had agreed to help him, but she had also exposed something about himself that he had successfully been covering up for a while. Whether he was comfortable with it or not, the idea of cuckolding turned him on. And that might be a fatal flaw when struggling against a wily, resourceful genius who was trying to fuck his wife.

Dan squared his shoulders and set his jaw with determination. Fetishes and fantasies were one thing, and real life was another. Even if the idea of Claire having sex with Zane was hot in an abstract way, it was far too dangerous to allow.

He would have to be extra careful now, and struggle twice as hard. He had a difficult enemy to defeat in Zane... and now he had an internal enemy to fight against as well.

Himself.

...

As Dan pulled away from the curb, Leah made two calls. The first was to her husband, telling him it was time to come home. Bella was probably tired and cranky at this point, and she was past due for her nap. She could hear the longing and curiosity in Bill's voice. He wanted her to give him the details of her private time with Dan.

But that would have to wait for tonight. She had another call to make.

The second call picked up on the third ring, Zane's rough, jovial voice coming through. "Just the call I was waiting for! So what did the little guy want?"

"I didn't think he would be that dumb, but it was just like you thought, Master," said Leah, her lips twisting with a bitter expression, but her voice cheerful, "for some reason, he thought he could pry me away from you. He wants me to spy on you."

"And you agreed, of course," said Zane with an evil chuckle. "My sexy little double agent. How exciting!"

Leah stared out the window, that spasm of guilt crossing her face once again. Dan really should have known better. There was no beating Zane. If Leah had lost to him and Claire was in the process of losing, how did Dan think he would stand a chance? The only hope for him was finding joy and fulfillment as a cuckold, like Bill had. She had tried her best to help him find that path today. Hopefully he would take the out.

Because otherwise he would be crushed.

“He won’t know what hit him,” said Leah in a cheerful voice, her eyes grim as she stared out the window.

When she hung up, she looked down at her phone, pulling up the camera reel and flipping to the incriminating photo of Dan with his hard cock gripped in her fist. She couldn’t believe that Dan had forgotten all about it after she finished texting Bill. Should she tell her master about this photo? It might be a potent tool in his corruption of Claire… But it might also deal a crushing blow to Dan’s marriage.

She still hadn’t decided by the time her little family trundled in the front door, so she slipped her phone into her pocket.

A decision for another time.

…

Claire stared at her tablet, poking at it idly, but she knew she wouldn’t be getting much work done today.

Her mind was still racing over what had happened last night. She had totally disgraced herself, submitting to Zane in the heat of the moment and sucking his monstrous cock. Letting him strip off her clothes. Suck her tits. Cum in her mouth.

She had only managed to hold off going all the way with him by the slimmest of margins. A bittersweet victory, if you could call it one at all.

Supposedly she had won the concession that Zane would no longer pursue her during business meetings. And, in theory, she would be able to test his commitment to that theory today. Materials had arrived at Zane’s house, and Claire was supposed to head there to inspect them with Zane in around an hour.

But she wasn’t sure if she was ready to see Zane just yet. The humiliation of her submission last night was still raw. She could practically taste his cum on her tongue, although she had gargled with mouthwash for what felt like hours last night.

She had to decide what to do.

Option A: Now wasn’t the time to be weak. She should face her fears and head to the meeting with Zane. Make him prove that he will stay respectful and businesslike.

Option B: Claire came in early with the specific intention of avoiding Perlah this morning, but she could see through her office door that her assistant had arrived and was set up at her desk as usual. Regardless of what had happened with Zane last night, she and Perlah had some unfinished business that they needed to discuss. Specifically, Perlah’s utter betrayal of Claire’s trust. Maybe she would go to the meeting with Zane afterward, maybe not.

Option C: Claire still hadn’t had a good sit-down with her husband, and at this point, it felt overdue. She had been deeply sexually frustrated lately, wanted to see more dominance from him, and, maybe most importantly, had discovered his strange porn account on Zane’s website. Maybe if she could straighten out her relationship with Dan, everything else might get a lot easier. That, combined with Zane being more respectful during work, might solve all of her problems, in fact. She could easily play hooky for the day and head home. Dan wasn’t working today anyway, so they have a good discussion as soon as she got home.

The Bet – Chapter 17

For the third time, Claire found herself sitting in her car, staring up at Zane Kruger's tacky McMansion.

The first time, she had been dismissive and annoyed to even be meeting him. The second time, she had been confident and eager to show off her sexual wiles. She didn't know how she felt this time. Zane had successfully manipulated and confused her to the point that she wasn't sure what to think anymore. The loathsome little pervert took up more space in her mind than any man ever had before, and that included her husband, as shameful as that was to admit.

Claire sighed and checked her makeup in the rearview. Flawless as always. Then she cursed herself for even caring. Her body still burned with sexual heat after her illicit meeting with Zane last night. He had cum in her mouth… The memory still made Claire cringe with embarrassment, even though it sent a crackle of erotic energy pulsing through her every time it came to mind. But Claire hadn't orgasmed at all. At least, not until she got home and took a shower. She had cum multiple times then, with hot water cascading down her body and her fingers working frantically between her legs… but none of those climaxes had been truly satisfying.

Claire shook her head to clear her thoughts. This was going to be a perfectly normal business meeting. The first truly professional meeting she had ever held with Zane. It didn't matter what she looked like. Zane wouldn't be pursuing her regardless. Zane had pledged that he wouldn't flirt with her at all during business meetings anymore. That was why she had given him thatblowjob in the first place.

But, as Claire slammed the car door shut behind her and clicked her way up the driveway to the house, she wondered if Zane would really be able to keep that promise. Zane was an… despite everything that had happened so far, Claire was still unwilling to think of him as an 'alpha'; the term was eyerollingly repugnant to her. But he was a dominant, confident man. The kind of man who took what he wanted when he wanted it. Would he really be able to just sit and politely smile when a woman he desired was right there in front of him?

As she rang the doorbell, Claire grew more and more certain that there was no way that Zane would be able to resist. Especially after last night, when she had given him a submissive blowjob, but denied him the prize he wanted most: her sweet married pussy.

No, thought Claire with a smirk, there's no chance the little weasel will be able to hold himself back once he sees me. Today will be another meeting where Zane practically slobbered all over her, made even worse this time by the fact that she had given in a little yesterday.

The thought made Claire smirk with a feeling of superiority, but it also lit a little flame in her lower belly. Sparring with Zane was… interesting. Engaging. She had to admit that the idea of going toe to toe with Zane in an erotic battle of wills wasn't one hundred percent unpleasant anymore.

"Claire!" came Zane's voice over the intercom. "Glad you're here.. I'm not used to having boxes all over my bedroom, so I'm actually kind of relieved you were able to meet today. Give me a second. I'll be right down."

Claire unconsciously smoothed her skirt over her hips and straightened her shirt as she waited for Zane to make his way down the stairs. She mentally prepared for their usual game of cat and mouse, determined that today she would be the one who came out on top.

Claire could sense that the energy between them was different the second Zane opened the door. “Come on up,” he said briskly, holding the door open for her and waving her inside. “If I read the manifest correctly, everything should be there. Spent all morning cracking the dang things open with a crowbar, so you won’t have to worry about that.”

Claire narrowed her eyes at the squat, ugly man as she entered his house. For someone who had been dealing with his obnoxious flirtation for over a month, the difference was night and day. Zane’s tone was friendly, but not familiar. His body language was passive and relaxed instead of predatory. His eyes met hers without taking a moment to scan her body. He was treating her exactly how she expected any professional acquaintance to act.

It was a little unnerving.

The treatment continued as they made their way up the stairs. Normally, Zane would have insisted that Claire walk ahead of him and kept his eyes glued to her ass as she climbed. This time, he went first.

He half turned as he made his way up the stairs, smiling as he asked, “Is this the usual number of house calls that you do for clients, or are you giving me special treatment?”

Aha! Here it is. He’s taking the chance to bring up last night. I knew he couldn’t resist teasing me. “Now why would I give any special treatment to a man like you?” said Claire challengingly, a defiant spark in her eyes, the little flame of antagonistic interest leaping up in her belly.

Zane’s eyebrows wrinkled, a picture of innocent puzzlement. “Well,” he said with a little shrug, “Not to be rude, but I feel like I’m paying you a little bit more than this job is worth. I guess I’m just wondering if that comes with enhanced customer service.”

He paused at the top of the stairs, and Claire strode up to loom over him, her heart beating a rapid rhythm in her chest. She could feel her nipples stiffening against the cups of her bra as her body began to heat up.

“And what sort of enhanced service were you expecting?” she asked in a smoky voice crackling with antagonistic heat.

Zane stared up at her, his eyes blank and bland. There was absolutely none of the dangerous, confident, sexual swagger that Claire had come to see as his default state. He cocked his head at her. “Uhh, additional house calls? Are you feeling ok, Claire? It kind of seems like you aren’t following the conversation.”

With a look of concern, he pushed past her and entered his bedroom, leaving Claire stunned, standing by herself on the landing.

That little fucking asshole!

On one level, Claire understood that he was just upholding his agreement. Claire thought this had been what she wanted. Yesterday, it had felt like Zane leaving her alone during business meetings was the perfect solution to his bothersome pursuit. But today, with the filthy heat of last night’s sexual encounter still clinging to her, his ability to switch off his desire when Claire

couldn't felt... insulting. She had expected more of a half-hearted effort, with lingering glances and visible frustration painting Zane's ugly face.

Claire found it hard to accept that acting like this was possible for Zane. He was a pervert. A beast of a man driven by his base instincts. Yet he had just completely and perfectly given her the cold shoulder, leaving her embarrassed and looking like an idiot. He shouldn't be able to see a woman like Claire, who he wanted so badly, and just turn off his lust.

Unless Zane was never as interested in me as it seemed.

The thought sent a chill through Claire. All of that talk about how much he wanted her. About how her panties would have been "the crown jewel of his collection". Was it all just flattery? Had she been utterly fooled by a man, like some sort of naive teen tricked by an older predator? How else could an over-sexed creep like Zane be able to so easily ignore her after having her lips wrapped around his cock last night? After denying him her pussy?

Claire bit her lip until she nearly broke the skin. *No. It's not possible. I know what I saw from Zane this month. And especially last night. He wants me. He wants me so fucking bad that he would do anything*. Which meant that he was just a good actor.

But all actors had their limits.

Working on instinct rather than thought, Claire reached down and unbuttoned the top button of her sensible work blouse, exposing just a hint of her tempting cleavage. As she did so, Claire looked down and realized with a shock exactly what she was wearing.

Shit... What was I thinking, wearing this today?

Beneath the demure work clothes that she had on, Claire was wearing the fancy lingerie that Zane had sent her as a gift. She had been in sort of a sexual haze this morning as she dressed, thinking about Zane and their scheduled meeting today, and she must have just picked them out subconsciously.

It actually gave Claire pause for a moment. What had she been preparing for subconsciously? Why would she wear this fancy lingerie to work if she didn't have a sneaking expectation, somewhere deep in the back of her mind, that she might have an opportunity to show them to someone?

For instance, someone I have a scheduled meeting with today...

Maybe she just needed to calm down... have a professional meeting today and sort through her tangled feelings and desires tonight over a glass of wine.

But then she thought about Zane's blank, mild eyes, looking completely calm and even bored while she roiled with volcanic lust and frustration. *No. No, it isn't fair. Zane has to be feeling the same powerful emotions that I am. He can't pretend that the filthy, awful, mindbendingly erotic connection we made last night meant nothing. I won't let him*.

She reached down and unbuttoned another button of her blouse, exposing a large "V" of her soft breasts and just the edge of her bra. *There. Let's see if Zane can act all cool and professional when he sees this!*

She strode into Zane's bedroom with a renewed sense of purpose. But Zane was a harder nut to crack than she thought. His eyes didn't dip down to her cleavage at all as he gestured to the

packing crates littering the floor of his bedroom, saying, “Well, here we have it. I have the packing list here as well. Shall we get started?”

Claire snatched the list from his hands with an annoyed glare, doing her best not to snap at him. Things didn’t get any better from there. This meeting with Zane wasn’t a thrilling game of sexual antagonism like they normally were. It was a dry, slightly boring chore of looking through boxes and making sure that all of the furniture and art was accounted for, matched the color and description of what Claire envisioned, and was ready for the contractors to come and begin work later in the week.

Through the whole process, Zane was polite when speaking to Claire, but, insultingly, he seemed mostly disengaged, focusing on his phone rather than the task at hand. To be fair, there wasn’t exactly much for him to do except give his input when Claire asked for it, but his utter disinterest in her rubbed Claire the wrong way, making her more and more frustrated as the minutes wore on.

Finally, they had reached the final box, and Claire was boiling with sexual frustration. Zane was treating her like just another one of his little whores… getting a blowjob from her one day, then tossing her away like a piece of garbage. But there was one more tactic that she had up her sleeve. Zane had always admired Claire’s firm, juicy ass. In fact, the first time she felt his cock, it had been pressed up against her butt.

With a determination to beat Zane at his own game smoldering in her heart, Claire planted her legs a little wider than necessary as she stood above the final crate. Then she slowly bent at the waist, arching her back and pressing the perfect globes of her ass cheeks out, presenting them in all their glory. She knew Zane was directly behind her on the bed, and he was getting an eyeful that could give any man short of a corpse a raging hard on. She waited there, stirring the packing peanuts of the crate beneath her idly, swaying her perfect ass with small rhythmic movements of her thighs.

Any second now, Zane is going to crack. He thinks he’s so smart, pretending that he doesn’t give a shit anymore. Acting all high and mighty. But in a moment, I'm going to feel his filthy hands gripping my hips again. Feel that thick cock press up against my ass. And I’ll prove that he can’t resist me, no matter what he promised.

The time stretched out. Ten seconds. Thirty. Claire’s certainty waned. She risked a peek between her thighs. Zane was absorbed in his fucking phone, not even paying attention.

Claire had to bite back a growl of rage. She plunged her hands into the crate in front of her, suddenly determined to get out of the house and head home to try her best to pull her thoughts together. But her hands closed around something that gave her pause. She lifted it out of the crate, her interest caught despite her current frustrating circumstances.

It was a mannequin, or at least, a mannequin of a very specific part of a body. It represented a woman’s pelvic area, from the hips down to the upper thighs. The modeled legs were parted lightly, with a metal post coming down from each thigh to a base made of gleaming, polished wood. Claire had commissioned it herself, and it had turned out perfectly. It was a bit more anatomically correct than a model you might find in a department store, with the soft outline of lips between its ceramic thighs, and each ass cheek modelled separately. Embarrassingly, although it wasn’t modeled after Claire’s body directly (obviously), it was fairly close, proportionally speaking. Maybe an unconscious choice on the part of its designer.

It was a place for Zane to showcase his “crown jewel”. The pair of panties that he was most proud to have won.

Claire straightened and approached the bed, where Zane seemed to be wholly consumed by a text conversation. She held the lower torso out wordlessly, and after a moment, Zane lifted his eyes. For a second, he wore a look of mild annoyance at being interrupted, but when he saw what Claire was holding, his face broke into a broad grin, and he pulled it from her hands.

“Incredible!” he said, his eyes glowing as he ran his hands over the presentation stand. “It’s perfect! I knew that you were the right woman for this job. You have an unmatched eye for aesthetics."

His tone was sincere, and it was the first real enthusiasm Claire had heard from him all day. But there was still no heat there to answer the throbbing desire that Claire felt filling her to the brim. Foolishly, impulsively, Claire blurted out, “So… whose panties are going to be displayed on this? Who’s going to be the crown jewel of your collection?”

Claire wasn’t even sure what response she was expecting. For just a second, she thought she saw just a glimmer of that predatory cunning and amusement in the depths of Zane’s piggy eyes… Then he raised an eyebrow and said, “My my, Ms. Harrison. That’s an awfully personal question. If you must know, I’m saving it for a very special lady.”

Claire’s eyes flicked down to Zane’s crotch. Nothing. No bulge. He was calm, collected, and ice cold, while she could feel a buzzing, distracting heat burning between her thighs, and her nipples were twin points of throbbing heat pressed tight against the sexy bra this bastard had bought to taunt her.

Something snapped inside Claire. She needed a response. Needed to prove to herself that she wasn’t just some gullible girl that Zane had tricked into a blowjob by pretending he was obsessed with her.

She would do anything, including…

Option A: Zane was a man who thrived on conflict. If she opened up on him with some filthy, aggressive dirty talk, she was positive that it wouldn’t take long for his cool professionalism to crack. Getting nasty and insulting him verbally would needle him enough to arouse his dominant instincts and make him respond. Claire was sure of it.

Option B: If there was one language that Zane understood, it was physicality. He had been handsy in the past when Claire acted disinterested… Why shouldn’t she return the favor? Let’s see how calm and collected Zane can act once Claire grabs his crotch!

Option C: Zane probably didn’t realize what lingerie Claire was wearing right now… so why not give him a little peek? If Claire stripped away her frumpy business clothes and showed Zane the sight of the sexy underwear he had bought her, there was no way he would just sit there with a faint, infuriating smile on his lips. It would be like waving a bloody steak in front of a tiger. Maybe Claire should remind Zane whose panties would really look best on that mannequin… not that he would ever win them, of course.

How should Claire try to attract Zane’s attention?

The Bet – Chapter 18

“Oh yeah?” asked Claire in a smoldering voice, a firm resolution forming in her mind. “Someone special, huh?” She knew that she should be careful. She had learned the hard way that Zane was a manipulative sexual force of nature who couldn’t be trusted… but right now her pride was on the line, and Claire had always been a proud woman.

Her hand fell to the third button of her blouse. She pushed her chest forward a little more, making the material strain against the natural swell of her breasts.

She was gratified to see the calm, confident smile on Zane’s face freeze, a look of reluctant intrigue lighting up his bulging eyes. As she toyed with the straining button, he cleared his throat and shifted a little uncomfortably on the bed, looking away from the tempting sight of Claire breasts. “I’m not sure what you’re doing, Claire, but…”

“What you mean, Z?” asked Claire with a catlike smile as she rubbed the little button between her fingers, her chest pushed outward provocatively, “I’m not ‘doing’ anything.” Claire sensed weakness in Zane’s evasive behavior, and a feeling of triumph welled up inside her. *Let’s see the little weasel act all cool and confident now!* But she didn’t just want Zane to feel a little uncomfortable; she wanted to get him so heated up that he broke his promise, proving once and for all what a hopeless, lustful pig he was.

“In fact…” Claire purred, taking a step closer a bending down to run her free hand sensually over the mannequin torso, coincidentally letting her tits hang directly in Zane’s eyeline, “weren’t we just discussing underwear? You shouldn’t be so blase about it. Haven’t you put any thought into what you want that… special lady to wear on the night you finally claim her? I mean, if it’s going to be displayed in your bedroom for all time, it has to be a very special pair of panties, doesn’t it?”

She slipped the button through its hole, making her tight blouse dramatically pop open further, exposing her juicy tits, lovingly cradled by the lace-trimmed bra that Zane had gifted her. “Oops!” she said innocently, staring down at Zane, where he sat on the bed, looking increasingly uncomfortable.

“I don’t know,” said Zane, folding his hands in his lap, and pointedly looking away from the luscious, barely-covered breasts hanging right in front of his face. *Trying to cover up a growing bulge, maybe?* “I don’t think it’s all that important. I mean, who knows how long the panties will even stay in the place of honor? Another girl might come along and dethrone whoever I put there initially.”

Claire stared down at him with a challenging glare. “I don’t think that will be an issue. A stud like you can surely find a superior woman to take that spot. Someone who isn’t so easily replaced.” She bent down toward him even further, until they were at eye level. Except that Zane was finally struggling to meet her gaze, staring instead deep into the depths of the soft cleavage she was parading in front of his eyes.

With apparent difficulty, Zane raised his eyes to look up into Claire’s. “Ok,” he asked in a voice that seemed to be teetering on the edge of interest, “Ok, I’ll bite. You seem to have some strong opinions on my little centerpiece. What kind of woman do you think would be that difficult to replace?”

He was almost there, Claire could feel it. She straightened up, her pulse drumming hard through her quickly heating body. Her pussy already throbbed with a hungry need. She reached down to already half-open blouse and popped open another button … then another.

“She would have to be a powerful, confident woman,” Claire said in a low, heated tone as her flat tummy came into view behind the parting blouse. “Not some easily manipulated little floozy like the other girls who gave you their cheap undies. She would be a classy woman. One who you could respect.” Her shirt draped loose now. Her breasts pushed out through the opening, covered in the expensive, high-quality bra that Zane had gifted her. His eyes danced over it, curious and greedy, before looking back up to her eyes. A thrill went through Claire as she saw that a bulge was finally forming in his pants. I fucking knew that he wanted me, she thought with a strange savage joy, the heat low in her belly flaring higher in response to the gleam in Zane’s eyes.

Zane chuckled, raising an eyebrow. “My my, that is a… stimulating hypothetical,” drawled Zane, his eyes running smoothly over Claire’s body. “But I have to say that this doesn’t feel very professional to me.” Despite his chiding tone, his eyes never left Claire’s chest, a hungry heat beginning to gleam in his gaze.

“Nonsense,” said Claire firmly, swiftly stripping off her blouse and tossing it aside to stand tall and proud in the sexy bra that Zane had bought for her. “We’re discussing the key design element of your room… the one that will tie everything together. You said yourself that your sexuality is crucial for this design. So…” stepped forward again, subtly arching her back to present her bra-covered breasts for Zane’s inspection. “…if you think about it, you and I talking about sex is highly professional.”

Zane shrugged, a wide grin spreading across his face. “If you say so, Claire. Fine. Let’s talk.”

Here it was… exactly what Claire had expected when she walked in the door: Zane’s eyes crawling over her barely clothed breasts. *I knew he wouldn’t be able to resist!* Claire’s body drummed with pleasant, warm tension as she once again entered into the antagonistic, flirtatious combat that she had grown used to with Zane. It had been oddly frustrating for Zane to be completely platonic with her. As much as she disliked the little toad, she had to admit that their game of cat and mouse was… stimulating.

“I’m not sure that you’re right, by the way,” said Zane lightly, snapping Claire out of her train of thought. He was leaning back on his hands now, not even bothering to hide the growing bulge in his pants. The sight of it made Claire’s mind flash back to the night before… on her knees, worshiping the thick, veiny monster that stood stiff and proud between her worst enemy’s legs.. She shook her head to clear away the thought, but not before it made a flip-flopping sensation of molten lust squirm warmly through her belly.

“What do you mean?” she asked sharply, trying to cover up the sudden pulse of arousal with her forcefulness. Luckily, the bra that Zane had bought her wasn’t thin enough to make her stiffening nipples obvious, or she would be giving Zane an even better show that he was getting right now.

“I mean, I don’t know if I want a woman who thinks she’s my equal,” said Zane with a faint smirk, his eyes continuing to stare Claire’s breasts rather than her eyes. “I tend to prefer desperate, obedient sluts.”

The words sent a fresh sizzle of arousal through Claire’s veins. *That’s just what he wants, isn’t it? To break me down into his obedient slut… kneeling at his feet and serving him like I did last night*.

Over my dead body. She had already gotten the rise out of Zane that she wanted, and now it would probably be safer to back off… but she couldn't help herself. She was locked into the intoxicating swirl of hatred and attraction that Zane had addicted her to.

"Exactly," she said haughtily, crossing her arms beneath her impressive chest and staring down her nose at the disgusting little man on the bed beneath her. "You have a habit of pursuing… easy targets. Women who would give their panties to any ugly stranger who waggles a cock in their direction. Would you really be happy taking panties from one of your run-of-the-mill sluts and putting them in that place of honor?"

Zane chuckled and slowly stood, not trying to hide or diminish the huge bulge tenting the front of his pants. "Are you suggesting what I think you are, Claire? Again, I thought this was supposed to be a professional meeting, but here you are using, such filthy language…"

Claire gave him a venomous glare. How could this little prick still stand there, his cock obviously as hard as a rock, and still try to pretend he wasn't fucking out of his mind with arousal? *Does he think I'm stupid? I know he wants me. And there is no way that he has good enough self control to hold himself back. Not when I really turn up the heat…*

Claire clicked forward with a slow, sultry, hipswaying walk, until she stood at Zane's side. Her blood pulsed hot and fast against her skin as she leaned down, cupping Zane's cheek in one hand and pulling him close to whisper in his ear. "How's this for professional? I can see that thick cock trying to tear a hole through your pants to get to me. It wants to feel my hot, wet mouth around it again, doesn't it? But that's not all… your thick throbbing cock wants to go further. It wants to fuck my married cunt until I scream for more… until your powerful cock turns me into one of those obedient sluts that you love soooo much."

She straightened again, a teasing smirk on her lips and a perverse fire burning in her eyes. "Well… am I warm?"

For a second, she thought she had him. Zane stared up at her with naked lust, his eyes burning with wild lust to match her own. Then he took a deep breath, flexed his hands into fists, then back again, and turned to pick up the mannequin torso, ignoring Claire's dirty talk completely.

"I think I can see the appeal of a more… strong-willed woman as the crown jewel of my collection," he said musingly, turning the mannequin this way and that, as if picturing what might look best covering it. "But I imagine a strong-willed woman wouldn't be afraid to show me the prize I would win." His eyes flicked to Claire for one heated moment. "She would know that just walking around topless wouldn't be enough to interest me."

Claire snorted and rolled her eyes, blushing. What a ridiculous provocation! But, on the other hand, it was a clear sign of interest as well. Claire bit her lip and considered her options. Stripping off her skirt right now would be playing right into Zane's hands. It would make her look, at least for the moment, exactly like those submissive sluts that she looked down on.

But Claire's body was burning with filthy heat now. Memories of Zane's cock, thick and hard, filling and stretching and owning her little mouth, kept leaping into her mind. Powerful, almost uncontrollable lust roared through her… and even if she hated the idea of giving in and making a fool of herself to satisfy that craving, she needed to know that she wasn't alone. She needed to know that the twisted, adulterous spark she had felt the night before with this awful man was mutual. And if that meant leading him on a little further… even to the point of sluttiness, then that was a price that Claire was willing to pay.

Claire maintained fiery, defiant eye contact with Zane as the sound of her skirt zipper broke the silence between them. She tried to convey through her piercing glare that she was doing this for her own reasons; because she wanted to, not just because he suggested it. But, no matter what lies she told herself, the submissive lust she had felt on her knees last night pooled with slick, buzzing heat between her thighs as her skirt fell in a puddle at her feet, revealing the lacy little set of panties Zane bought for her, topped with a cute black bow.

Claire could tell that she had come even closer to her goal of driving Zane wild. His eyes couldn't help but scan up and down her barely-covered body at this point, soaking in the sight of her feminine curves. There was a smug sense of victory in his eyes as well, which sent a sharp pang of annoyance through her, but she brushed past it and refused to cringe from his gaze. Claire was a proud woman, who knew what she wanted. And right now, what she wanted was Zane on his knees, drooling and begging for her. She wanted just one victory in this sexual struggle with the infuriating man in front of her. She wanted to crack his fake mask of indifference and take back her sexual power.

So Claire didn't shrink back from Zane's lustful gaze. It might be shameful for a married woman like her to be here, in this situation, letting herself be ogled by this perv, but Claire had never felt as alive as she did right now. She cocked a hip and raised a haughty eyebrow, looking down from her impressive height to ask, "Well… you still don't have any idea of who would be the ideal woman to fill your 'crown jewel' position?"

But, despite her near-nudity, it seemed like Claire still hadn't won. Her simmering anger flared as Zane pursed his lips, saying, "I don't know what you think you're doing Ms. Harrison, but taking your clothes off in front of a client hardly seems…"

Claire strode forward, her hand aggressively reaching down to palm the thick throbbing length of Zane's cock through his pants. "If you say the word professional one more fucking time, I'm going to slap that smug look right off your face," she hissed, her palm sliding up and down the length of Zane's thick erection as she glared down into his eyes.

"So… you're saying that this is no longer a business meeting?" asked Zane in a low, dangerous voice. He was poised to strike like a snake, sexual energy roiling off him in waves. For a moment, Claire hesitated. A thrill of intimidation tingled up her spine. Part of her wasn't sure she should pursue this. Was she poking a bear that she shouldn't wake?

But, in the end, she needed this. She couldn't take Zane's cool indifference when she was so twisted up inside with dirty heat. "Fuck business," she snarled in a raw whisper, gripping his cock hard in her hot little hand, "this is about you and me."

Even with Zane's powerful masculine energy rolling off him in waves, Claire was unprepared for what came next. He launched toward her, smooth and confident, capturing her lips in a rough, possessive kiss. His hands were all over her in a flash, rough and grasping, feeling every warm, feminine curve, grabbing both cheeks of her bubble butt and squeezing with almost painful force, pulling them apart and mashing them together again.

Claire was taken back, overwhelmed by the sudden sexual aggression coming for a man who was seemingly indifferent just a few seconds before. Her arms moved by themselves, loosely draping over Zane's shoulders. Her tongue fawningly stroked Zane's as it plunged confidently between her lips. Claire realized she was swooning, falling under the irresistible spell of the powerful lust that roared through her.

She was barely aware that Zane was moving her before she fell back onto the bed with a quiet *oof*. It was only then, as Zane loomed above her with lust in his eyes, that her position snapped into perfectly clarity. After swearing to herself that last night was a one time thing, she was here again, nearly naked on her worst enemy's bed, practically gifting herself to him on a silver platter. Her nipples were two throbbing points of heat pressed tight against her sexy bra, and moist, tingling desire welled up powerfully between her thighs. Even if her mind was in denial, her body was preparing for what it knew was the only possible result of the fiery, greedy gleam in Zane's eyes…

A hot, filthy, deeply satisfying fuck session that would finally blow her mind and curl her toes the way she had been subconsciously craving for weeks.

And then, before Claire could mentally prepare herself, Zane was on her, pressing her down into the mattress with his heavy bulk. His lips were on hers again, and no matter how much she hated him, no matter how much his chauvinistic desire to own her like an object disgusted her, Claire's body responded to his dominance, coming alive with hot, twisted lust, pouring through her veins like molten darkness. Her thighs spread, welcoming him between them, her arms wrapped around him, her pussy clenched and fluttered, desperate for penetration.

One clear thought struck Claire out of the blue through her torrid sexual haze. *I wanted this on some level. It wasn't about pride, or proving that Zane couldn't control himself. I wore this underwear because part of me wanted to be right here, in this situation, with him.*

I did this to myself this time, without any help from Zane.

Claire moaned, writhing beneath the chubby pornographer and lightly biting his lip as she gave in, indulging in the submissive lust that she had been fighting tooth and nail. She had already sucked his cock… was making out in her underwear even that big of a deal? She could feel Zane's raging erection pressed tight against her soft belly, sending riots of butterflies through her insides. *How can a horrible little man like this turn me on this much?* Thought Claire, drunk on her own submissive arousal. *How can a worthless slob like him be so much better at sex than a good man like Dan?*

Despite her self-image as a tough, independent woman, Claire let out a needy whimper as Zane confidently reached between her legs, laying two thick fingers over the surface of her lacy panties, feeling the shameful, slick heat that had soaked through her panties. Her hips pressed upward instinctively, grinding her hot, wet sex against the fingers of her pursuer, her body craving his control no matter how much her conscious mind protested. Her hands clawed at his hairy back, her tongue slipping and wrestling his his in an obscene kiss as her whole body burned with filthy lust.

Well… I wanted to get a rise out of Zane… Mission accomplished.

Zane pulled back from the deep kiss, his eyes wild and cruel, his expression a barely-repressed smirk. "I've never taken a woman's panties before in my life, Claire. I've never pushed any of my conquests to give up a trophy to me. All of them, every single one, knew that I wanted their panties and offered them up of their own free will without being asked, knowing exactly what that meant."

Claire felt the force of Zane's will crashing down on her. His fingers which had been gently, but firmly massaging the surface of her panties, fell away, leaving her empty and needy.

She felt flushed, and confused, and horny beyond all reason. She knew what Zane was asking.... But she wasn't sure that she had it in her to give him what he demanded.

Option A: Give him the panties. The panties in Zane's collection were an humiliating symbol of female submission and Zane's victory. If she gave in now, she would be handing him control, slipping even further into a subordinate position in their antagonistic relationship. But right now, Claire's pride felt distant and abstract, and the burning need in her pussy felt real and immediate. She had never needed to get fucked like this before. To give in... slip her panties down and off... hand the shamefully soaked undergarments to the man she hated most in the world, a explicit white flag of defeat... Right now if felt like an acceptable price to finally taste the forbidden fruit of Zane's dominant cock.

Option B: Refuse to give in. Claire was no longer able to say for certain she would never have sex with Zane. After all, she never would have expected to suck his cock either. There was still a stubborn inner voice insisting that she resist, and, as disappointing as he could be sometimes, Claire had never stopped loving her husband. But she had needs. Needs her husband couldn't or wouldn't fulfill right now. And she was willing to accept that at some point, those needs might become so great that her will would crack and she would give in to Zane's pursuit.

But it wouldn't be like this.

She might fuck Zane, but she wouldn't do it as his pathetic puppet. Zane said that he had never asked a woman for her panties, but he would have to make an exception for the crown jewel of his collection. Clare would fuck Zane as an equal with her head held high, or not at all.

The Bet – Chapter 19

Claire took a deep, shuddering breath. Zane's heavy body pressed down against her, his thick cock iron-hard and throbbing against her belly, through his pants.

Claire's belly swilled and twisted with butterflies as shame filled her to the brim. She couldn't believe she was going to do this. She couldn't believe she was even thinking about it! But even as her mind rebelled, a deep, primal need swelled up inside her. An ancient, bone-deep craving for power. Masculine strength. Dominant control. The basic instinct of a woman for a strong, confident man to take and own her.

To fill her with his cock and make her moan her surrender.

Zane must have seen Claire's resolve crumbling in her eyes because he let out a deep chuckle and got off of her, leaving her alone on the bed, wallowing in the shame of what she was about to do. Her mind rebelled against the humiliation of letting Zane win, but her pussy surrendered, tinging and gushing slick, hot lubrication, desperate for the superior male that had already conquered her spirit.

Avoiding the eyes of the man who now loomed above her, staring down from the foot of the bed where he stood, Claire hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties, held them there for a minute, then slowly dragged them down her thighs. The warm, wet silk of her soaked panties pulled away from her throbbing pussy, leaving it feeling raw and exposed in the open air as the underwear glided down her thighs… then her calves, then as she bent her legs upward, off her ankles, leaving her naked and defenseless beneath the eyes of a man who planned to fuck her brains out.

Claire saw exactly the look she had been dreading when she stared up into Zane's eyes. Gloating, smug victory. Zane had set out to fuck a married woman ten times hotter than him. Claire had been determined that he would never even get close to his perverse goal.

He had won. She had lost.

And it stung, even though the humiliation of her defeat filled her insides with dark, squirming desire. But, while a part of her boiled with hate for the cocky prick smirking down at her, Claire still couldn't look away as she lifted her trembling hand…

…and held out her panties to him as tribute. The symbol of her submission. Of his victory.

Zane reached out and took them without a word. The brutal expression of satisfaction on his ugly face said it all. He turned for a moment and admired the sexy pair of panties up against the light. The ones that he himself had picked out, knowing that one day they would be his prize. Then he picked up the special lower torso mannequin from the bed, worked for a moment to fiddle with the metal posts affixing it to the wooden base, and smoothly pulled the panties into place.

A perfect fit, Claire ruefully observed, even though the haze of her lust. She *knew* that he must have modeled it after her measurements.

Grinning like an excited child, Zane took a few steps and set the trophy on his dresser. The display case that the mannequin would decorate one day hadn't been built yet, but he wasn't willing to wait to display his prize. Claire was treated to the humiliating sight of her panties on display. The knowledge of what would happen next burned like a live coal in her lower belly.

Zane turned slowly to look at Claire, defeated and blushing on the bed, pussy bare and glistening with desire for a man she still despised, despite everything.

He dropped his pants without ceremony, letting his massive cock spring free, throbbing and swollen and glorious in Claire's horny eyes. After so many days of obsessing over that stiff, thick rod of masculine flesh, here it was in front of her. Her pussy pulsed with need, slick and wet and empty, desperate to receive. Her legs spread wider without her conscious thought, operating instinctively for what her body knew was coming. Claire's eyes stayed locked on Zane's cock as he pulled off his shirt, her pulsing thumping powerfully in her ears, in her throat, in her stiff, aching nipples.

Zane was naked now. She had seen him like this before, when she spied on him in the spa and when she had watched his filthy porn videos. But that had been different. She had just been a bystander then. Now she knew that Zane was naked *for her*. And that cast the sight of his ugly body in a whole new, disturbing, erotic light.

As he plodded forward on his stumpy legs, Zane seemed like some sort of mythical monster. A troll. An ogre. He was fat and hairy, in a way that Claire knew should disgust her. It did disgust her… but for some reason, his unattractive body carried an inexplicable allure as well. It was his unshakeable confidence, Claire realized as Zane drew near with fire in his eyes. Most people as ugly and fat as Zane had a certain cringing quality. Like they knew that they repelled others. Zane didn't have that. He seemed utterly comfortable in his body.

Now Zane stood above her again, after setting her tribute in a place of honor, naked and powerful and in his element. His hand fell to his cock, and he began stroking it. Slowly. Teasingly. Claire could only stare up at him, her thighs spread to display her shamefully dripping pussy, her whole body burning with humiliated lust. She was just starting to wonder when he would get on with it when he spoke.

"I never had any doubt," said Zane in an infuriatingly smug voice as his fist slowly pumped up and down his cock. His eyes didn't even glance up at Claire's face. Instead, he focused with laser-like intensity on her pussy: the prize that he had been aiming for. "I knew from the first business meeting that you would be a tough nut to crack… but I saw the submissive streak inside you, too. A slutty nature that you couldn't quite hide."

Claire gulped down the shame, closing her eyes so that she didn't have to see Zane's smirk as he stared at the pussy he knew he was about to enjoy. In theory, she could still back out… she just had to slam her legs shut and tell Zane to go fuck himself. But she knew that she couldn't. Her whole body ached with desire for the superior cock Zane held in her hands. She had already admitted defeat, and now she wanted her reward for her abject surrender… Even if that came with a side of infuriating gloating.

"I want to hear you say it," said Zane in a deep, commanding voice. Claire's eyes snapped open to see that Zane's expression had grown serious. "It's all well and good for you to hand over your panties and spread your legs for me. But I know you now, Claire. Tomorrow you're going to have all kinds of clever excuses for why this didn't actually count. You're going to tell yourself that taking off you're undies and showing me your wet pussy didn't mean you actually wanted to fuck me. And when you lie to yourself, I want you to remember what happened next. I want you to remember that you begged for my cock."

His eyes were hard as he stared down at the defeated woman beneath him.

“So beg.”

Claire was so taken aback that she let out a little scoff of disbelief. But as her eyes darted over Zane’s stony, uncompromising face, she saw that he was dead serious. Handing over her soaked panties and practically serving her pussy to him on a silver platter apparently hadn’t been enough for him. He wanted to strip every scrap of pride she had left before he would give her what she needed so desperately.

Claire covered her throbbing pussy with her hand, closing her legs slightly as she scowled. She was already having enough difficulty as it was. As a proud woman used to being dominant in bed, it was hard enough to openly submit without Zane rubbing her fucking nose in it.

“Come the fuck on, Zane,” she muttered bitterly, turning her head to the side so she didn’t have to look at his stupid face. “I’m not the only horny one here, I see that fucking rock-hard cock. Can we just fuck like two adults and not play these games?”

Zane chuckled and got up onto the bed, moving forward on his knees. He reached out with firm, strong hands and slipped them between Claire’s knees and up her inner thighs, smoothly parting her legs again. She kept her hand stubbornly clamped over her pussy for a moment, glaring up at him defiantly, but the dark tide of submissive lust inside her swelled again as Zane confidently manhandled her, looming over her with his cock throbbing like a dangerous stinger.

“Come on now, Claire Bear,” he teased, his hands slowly rubbing up and down her inner thighs in a way that made Claire feel wet and hot and weak all the way down to her core. “You know me by now. You know the game is the best part for me… And you should know that I play to win. But this doesn’t have to be a zero-sum game. If you just ask me nicely to fuck you with my big, hard cock, then you win too, in the only way that matters. So let’s hear it. I want to hear that sexy voice begging for my cock.”

His tone was oily and persuasive now, but that hardly made his ultimatum any easier to swallow. Zane was making another cocky gamble by trying to force her to submit further, and Claire was sorely tempted to make him lose that gamble. She gritted her teeth as she stared up at him, on the knife’s edge.

But then what? If I turn him down now, what happens? I go home to Dan with this lust and curiosity still burning inside me? Try to convince my husband to fuck me even though he can’t even get it up? Keep fantasizing about the cock in front of me while Zane taunts me? Every time our wills have clashed so far, he’s come out on top. If I refuse him now, how long will it be until I give in?

Why not just get it over with and hopefully get this out of my system?

Claire took a deep, hitching breath and let it out. For a second her hand clutched even tighter over her pussy… then she released it, covering her eyes instead.

“P-please…” she said in a cracked whisper, shame and arousal twisting through her belly like two slippery eels. “Please fuck me, Zane. I need it.”

As Claire tasted the bitter sting of defeat with her legs spread wide and her pussy exposed for the worst man she knew, she was certain that he was going to push even further. Make her beg in even more humiliating language. Make her get on her knees.

But Zane seemed to have an excellent instinct for when he had pushed her to the absolute limit. Instead of further taunts and denial, Claire felt him settle her bulk down over her. Claire uncovered her eyes to see Zane's face inches from her own, mockery replaced by sheer sexual hunger.

"Good girl," he rasped, his breath was warm on her face. It smelled minty. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now you get that reward that you wanted so fucking bad…"

Claire let out a little gasp of pleasure and shock as she felt the hot, velvety head of Zane's cock press demandingly against the sensitive flesh of her pussy, just an inch off the mark to the left. Zane grunted, reached down, and repositioned himself, sliding his swollen head between her dripping lips.

And then, as Claire's arms raised and wrapped instinctively around his hairy back, Zane pressed forward.

"F-fuck! Wait… Wait wait wait Oh *Godddd*," gasped Claire, her chest heaving with passion as Zane's cock pushed inside her for the first time. *Fucking Christ, he's huge!* That had been obvious to Claire for a while, especially since she had managed to fit his thick cock into her mouth the other night, but feeling it stretch open her sensitive pussy was another thing entirely. She had understood in her head that Zane was bigger than her husband, but the difference in sensation was even more marked than she expected. Even though her pussy was slick and receptive from their antagonistic foreplay, the explosive pleasure of the penetration was still blended with the sweet ache of being stretched wider than she was used to.

Surprisingly, Zane waited, just like she had asked. "Relax," he murmured, pulling her chin up and giving her a brief but deep kiss. "I know you can take it, Claire. Let me know when you're ready." His tone was oddly tender, despite his normally crude demeanor, and Claire found that she was relaxing. This time, it was she who pulled him close, kissing him while the tip of his cock sat just inside her throbbing pussy. His tongue slid dominantly into her mouth, and one of his hands reached up to roughly palm her breast beneath the fancy bra that she was still wearing. Claire felt the mild pain in her pussy fade, then disappear as they continued their sloppy makeout session.

She was ready for the main event. For the moment, her humiliation and dislike for the man above her were gone. She was just a horny woman beneath a hung man, with a pussy that ached to be filled. She continued to kiss him hungrily. She didn't even pause to tell Zane to continue. She simply reached down to needily pull at his thigh, silently urging him forward.

Zane slid forward with the slow, but unstoppable force of an avalanche. Opening. Spreading. Impaling. Packing Claire full in a way that she had never felt before. She pulled back from their kiss and threw her head back, squeezing her eyes shut and letting out a whining, primal moan of deep satisfaction as Zane scratched the maddening, horny itch that had been tormenting her for weeks.

She suddenly suspected that this experience would do very little to "get him out of her system". It might even have the opposite effect.

Finally, when Zane was fully inside, his fat balls pressing tight against Claire's ass and his thick cock stuffing her pussy completely full, he paused and held there for a moment, just bearing down and pinning her to the bed with his dick.

He didn't say anything, but Claire felt her humiliation come roaring back as she realized what he was doing. Zane was savoring his victory. Luxuriating in the feeling of her hot, married pussy wrapped snugly around his cock like a glove around a hand. Maybe with just the tip, she could have argued that it wasn't really sex. But now he was balls-deep inside her. Zane had fucked her, and she could never take that back.

"Don't… Don't stop you bastard," gasped Claire. "You wanted my pussy so fucking bad? Well, you got it. Now make it fucking yours." She needed to feel his passion. She needed to get lost in the pleasure of his dominant physical prowess, or the enormity of how far she had fallen would swallow her whole. She pulled her hated tormentor down into another deep kiss and flexed her pussy tight around his cock, egging him on.

Luckily, the provocation worked. With a grunt, Zane began moving, letting Claire's slick lower lips pull and cling to every inch of his thick shaft as his cock pulled out with deliberate slowness. Then his hips pushed forward again, forcing Claire to moan against his lips, her fingers clutching tight to his back as she felt the incredible sensation of complete and blissful fullness and stretching once again.

He gained speed, from a slow, teasing pump in and out to a deep, steady, rhythmic fucking. Claire's hips squirmed upward in little humping, liquid motions against his thrusts, her pussy clenching and milking the thick, powerful cock impaling it again and again. Their tongues continued to writhe together in a passionate kiss as their genitals merged like lock and key. A perfect fit that sent deep, mind-numbing pleasure radiating through every nerve of Claire's overstimulated body.

As much as she hated to admit it, it had never felt this good with her husband, even when he had been able to get it up. Dan was a good lover, but there was something about Zane. A primal, fierce energy that Claire couldn't explain, but that her deeper feminine instincts picked up on right from the beginning. The way he held her down with his heavy body. The way his thick cock pinned her to the bed with his slow, powerful thrusts… The way his tongue writhed and snaked against hers… All of it turned her insides into hot, submissive jelly.

Zane's pace increased, growing faster and faster as he slowly ramped up. Claire could feel her heart hammering in her chest. Zane's hand still grasped and palmed her breast over the bra, and she made a whining sound of dissatisfaction, writhing and twisting as Zane continued fucking her to reach behind herself and unclasp her unwanted bra. In another instant, it was gone and tossed away to the bedroom floor of the man who bought it, letting his hot, strong hand close over the bare skin of her tits.

She let out a needy whine as Zane rolled a sensitive nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Her hips humped up into Zane cock as his pace grew faster, fast enough to fill the room with rhythmic wet slaps as Zane's hips and thighs made contact with hers again and again. Zane wasn't just talking shit when it came to boasting over his sexual prowess. His slow buildup to these powerful, jackhammering strokes had played Claire's body like a violin. She clutched at him desperately, her legs spread as wide as they could go, her pussy eagerly swallowing his cock again and again.

Claire was shocked to feel an orgasm building up within her. She had never experienced an orgasm through penetration before in her entire life. She certainly hadn't been a slut… until now, that was, but Claire had dated and hooked up with plenty of men in high school and college, and although her body count was well into the twenties, none of them had ever made her orgasm

during penetrative sex. She had long ago accepted that she was just the type of woman who needed clitoral stimulation to cum. But the wild, electric heat radiating between her legs and the increasingly strong pulsing of her pussy around Zane's pounding cock were unmistakable. Her whole body was filled to the brim with filthy heat, and it was building up to something powerful.

Claire could only think of one thing that was different; one factor that must be what was driving her toward a penetrative orgasm when no man had been able to accomplish it before. Submission. Claire had never allowed any man to dominate her like this. She had always been the one in charge, the one who set the pace, the one who led her men around by the nose. But Zane had come in and enforced his will on her. Won her pussy despite her best resistance.

Maybe on some subconscious level, her orgasm was a tribute to her conqueror. Her body was simply doing what her mind had done a few minutes ago by handing over her panties and begging for Zane's cock: waving the white flag and submitting to the prowess of a superior male.

Claire back arched dramatically up off the bed, a deep, animal moan pouring from her throat. Her thighs trembled and her toes curled. *God, it's never been like this before… Dan can make me cum with his mouth after he's warmed me up enough with sex, but even then…* When she came with Dan, it was like a warm, swelling tide flowing over her body. This was like a tidal wave, drowning her in fiery pleasure. She moaned louder as the orgasm roared through her, clawing red marks down Zane's hairy back, her pussy clamping like a hot, silky vice around his dominant dick.

Zane never stopped, maintaining his endless, relentless, powerful thrusts downward into the tight, wet cunt he had won by right of conquest. His perfect cock kept Claire right on the cresting wave of her orgasm, making her ride the climax for a long few minutes, moaning and writhing like a bitch in heat beneath him as he taught her the pleasure of deep, fulfilling orgasms that only a real man's cock could give her.

Finally, Claire collapsed back, like a puppet with its strings cut, panting and trembling, her sinful curves glistening with a sheen of sweat from the intensity of her orgasm. Her whole body tingled and buzzed, over-sensitive from the power of her release. But her sexual energy felt barely diminished.

It's almost too bad that it's over! I still feel like I need more…

But wait… Zane pulled his cock from her pussy, still hard as a rock, with no telltale drip of semen. *Fuck! The fucking horny bastard didn't even cum!* Claire had been so focused on her own powerful, unexpected orgasm that she hadn't even realized that Zane didn't cum. It sort of blew her mind. Zane's stamina must have been truly mindblowing if he was able to get through a session of intense fucking like that without cumming.

But it didn't just impress her. Claire felt a little thrill of erotic fear trace up her spine as she realized what this meant: Zane wasn't finished with her yet.

Her fears were confirmed as Zane moved forward confidently on his knees. She made a choked sound of awkward surprise as he straddled her chest, one hairy knee planted firmly on either side of her body, trapping her in place beneath his bulk as he loomed over her, smirking down with heated, lustful eyes at the once-proud woman beneath him.

Claire grimaced and wrinkled her nose as she realized the position that Zane had trapped her in. With one flabby thigh on either side of her chest, Zane's huge cock was now directly in her face. It was an even more humiliatingly submissive position than kneeling. With Zane above her pinning her down, Claire was unable to move. She had no choice but to confront his stiff, throbbing cock. As she stared up at it, intensely repelled yet attracted to the powerful symbol of masculine power, some of her juices dripped down off of it onto her cheek.

"Aww, is the high and mighty princess grossed out by the big bad dick?" snicked Zane above her. He shifted his weight a little and reached down to slap the hot, slimy cock against Claire's blushing face, making her squirm in embarrassment beneath his flabby bulk. "You didn't seem to mind it a second ago… Does your pretty-boy hubby make you cum like that, Claire Bear, or is it just bad boys that make you cream on their cocks?"

Claire snarled up at him, regaining a bit of her hateful rage that she held for this insufferable little man. His cock was right there, so she craned her neck upward, taking it between her lips and closed her teeth around it lightly. Her eyes flashed dangerously as she threatened to bite it and teach the smug prick belittling her a lesson.

But Zane didn't seem intimidated at all. He looked utterly confident that the light pressure of her perfect white teeth would be as far as she went. It made Claire boil that he seemed to think she was utterly broken… But her whole body still burned with desire, and being forced into this humiliatingly subordinate position made the submissive lust that Zane had been training into her spread through her veins like hot, weakening poison.

Claire could wriggle out from between his legs at any moment. She could bite his cock hard enough to make sure he never disrespected her again… But she didn't. As much as it stung to admit it, Zane was absolutely right in his assumption that she was his obedient little sex kitten, at least for now. Instead of biting him, Claire reluctantly swirled her tongue around the head of his cock, tasting her pussy on him while she glared daggers up at him with her fierce green eyes.

"There we go," he crooned, "suck me off, you little cocktease. Don't feel too bad for giving in, honey. You were probably the biggest challenge I've ever faced. You really played hard to get, didn't you? It must have been hard to deny yourself when you were this much of a slut on the inside."

Claire pulled her mouth away from Zane's cock long enough to bitterly say, "You think you're so clever, don't you? So tough and manly, swinging this freaskish cock around all the time… Well newsflash, *Z;* you're just a bully. You push and insult and exhaust people until you get your way. Women don't sleep with you because they like you, they sleep with you because it's easier than saying 'no' to a persistent little fatass like you on a daily basis."

Zane threw his head back and laughed, and when he looked back down, Claire could see a gleam of antagonistic lust reignited in his piggy eyes. "You see? This is what makes you so fascinating, Claire Bear! Even after you lost, you still have a sassy mouth on you!" He reached down to grab his cock, tapping it against Claire's pouty lips. "But let's not oversell your point, sweetie. I know you hate me, but I think there was a little more to your submission than just shutting me up. I heard those desperate moans. And let's not forget how sweetly you begged… *Please fuck me, Zane. I need it!"*

Claire flushed red and opened her mouth to hotly contest Zane's condescending mockery, but Zane bore down, sticking his cock into her open mouth and silencing her before she could get a

word out. “Now shut the fuck up, Claire…” he grunted with a savage grin. “I was nice enough to make your first time with me sweet and tender. But now it’s time to put you in your place. Suck my cock, sweetheart. Warm me up so I can fuck you like the cheating slut you’ve become.”

Claire tried to say something and argue back again, but it was no use. Zane’s cock pushed in further against her tongue, and it came out as a ridiculous wet gurgling noise. The shame of being silenced by dick made her pussy pulse with fresh lust and her nipples ache with stiffness, pressed up against Zane’s sweaty thighs as they clamped down on her chest. Zane pushed forward, carefully but firmly fucking her mouth as she lay back with her head against the pillow.

He was using her like some sort of sex doll, treating her resistance as a cute but meaningless tantrum. She really had become a slut in his eyes… and for some reason that deep disrespect just made the submissive lust deep in Claire's belly writhe and burn, spreading through her core, making trickles of fresh lubrication run down her thighs as her pussy prepared for more domination from her new master.

Zane’s thick cock slid in and out between her lips, stretching them around its shaft as it dominantly filled her mouth again and again. Claire’s anger faded away, replaced by desperate arousal… but the humiliation stayed. Normally, she was the dominant one in bed, but now she was getting her mouth fucked by an asshole she hated. That thought alone made her body ache with shameful desire.

Finally, Zane had had enough. It was clear that he had no intention of using Claire’s mouth to cum during their first time having sex. No, a bastard like Zane must have something much more special planned.

He pulled away, leaving Claire gasping for breath as he got off of her chest. But she didn’t have much time to rest. In a few swift, confident movements, he had manhandled his new slut into position, flipping her over, pulling up on her hips, and pressing down on her shoulders until she was in an arched-back, slutty doggy style position for him, her drooling, flushed pussy on full display between her spread, trembling thighs.

Claire’s breaths were hot, humid gasps, trapped against her face by her tormentor’s soft, expensive sheets. Her breasts were pressed down into the soft mattress as well, her sensitive nipples brushing against the Egyptian cotton again and again as her chest heaved with passion.

Zane had her right where he wanted her now. Something he had said kept running through her mind… that what they had just done was an example of Zane being “sweet and tender”. If the jackhammering, deep, intense missionary fucking he had just given her qualified as sweet… what was she about to get right now? The idea aroused her almost as much as it scared her.

Just as that sizzling, anxious thought crossed her oversexed mind, Claire felt a thick finger trace down her slit from behind, pausing at her clit to rub in slow, lazy circles. She let out a muffled moan down into the sheets pressed against her face, her hips involuntarily squirming back and up into the delicious sensation of Zane’s dominant, possessive fingers.

“You still don’t realize what’s happened to you, do you?” Said Zane in a low, smoldering voice as his fingers expertly circled her clit, making her squirm from the electric sensations crackling through every nerve. “You’re mine now. No metaphor. No exaggeration. You belong to my cock. And by the time you finally absorb that, it will be way too fucking late.”

She felt his hand fall away, and a second later, the thick head of his cock was teasing at her eager entrance once again. “Anyway. Time for your first lesson in being my submissive fuckdoll…”

This time, there was no slow, teasing entrance. Zane slid his powerful thickness deep inside Claire in one swift, smooth motion, pressing her face hard into the bed. Her arched-back pose let him reach even deeper inside her than he had been able to during missionary. For a second, Claire was so overwhelmed by the feeling of Zane’s cock filling her that she couldn’t even make a sound, silently screaming her pleasure downward into the sheets beneath her.

Then Zane’s fingers gripped tight onto her wide, squishy hips, and he began roughly fucking her down into the bed with deep, powerful strokes. Suddenly, Claire couldn’t *stop* making noise. Loud, choking sobs of primal sexual pleasure poured from her, so embarrassingly desperate that she seized a mouthful of sheets between her teeth, trying unsuccessfully to muffle her cries. Zane’s hairy thighs slapped against her pillowy butt again and again, blending wet smacking noises with her slutty moans.

“Fuck!” growled Zane. “I love fucking married cunt. Especially when they have husbands with worthless, tiny dicks. You’re so fucking tight you’re practically a virgin for a real man like me, Claire Bear.”

Claire now knew exactly what Zane meant by the contrast between “tender” and what he was doing now. His strong, dominant thrusts pressing her downward from behind hammered the lesson he intended to teach into Claire’s fizzing mind with every thrust. She was his. Her pussy belonged to him now. She was just a stupid slut to him; only good for taking cock. She felt those truths burning in her soul as her whole body lit up with pleasure.

Zane’s hand flashed downward with a loud *crack*, his palm landing in a stinging spank that sent shock and sexual fire blazing through Claire’s shuddering body. She let out a primal scream of rage and submissive lust, her hips writhing backward to meet Zane’s punishing thrusts as he battered her pussy with his thick, powerful cock. She had never allowed a man to touch her like that. She would have cut off the balls of anyone foolish enough to try… before today. Now she just bit the sheets harder, sobbing with overwhelming, humiliating pleasure from how far she had fallen.

She lost herself in the filthy, rough rhythm of Zane’s conquering thrusts, pressing her down into the mattress, and making her sensitive nipples rub against the sheet every time his flabby hips contacted her ass. Her pussy was on fire, gripping and milking the thick shaft inside it, desperate for the superior seed of the dominant male claiming her. She pushed back against his cock, meeting every stroke with her hips, her toes curling, and her fingers twisting sweaty handfuls of sheets as she raced toward another deep, powerful orgasm.

But Zane wasn’t about to let her off that easily.

He reached down and gripped Claire’s hair, forcing her head upward. “I want you to look,” he grunted in a bestial tone, “I want you to see what you gave up to become mine. Look at the symbol of defeat as I fill that slutty married cunt full of my cum.”

Claire had no choice. Her bright green eyes, once so sharp and intelligent, but for now clouded with weak, willing lust, flew open as Zane’s cruel hand held her up by her hair. She stared

directly where Zane wanted, at the mannequin displayed on the dresser directly across the room.

Despite the dark dampness on the crotch, the underwear still looked classy. White silk and dark lace, with a cute little feminine bow. But Claire had given up that classiness; sold it as the price for the brutal, domiant fucking her new master was now giving her. The sight of the lost panties filled her with shame… but also pushed her screaming over the edge.

Claire took deep, whooping breaths, letting them out a breathy, whining yelps of raw pleasure. If anything, this climax was even stronger than the one she had had just a few minutes before. Her whole body shook and spasmed with it's power. Her heavy tits swung behind her as Zane refused to let up his powerful thrusts. One fist still held her hair in a tight, painful, but somehow erotic grip in her hair while the other held her hip, stabilizing the flabby man as his cock pistoned into her spasming pussy. Claire was in heaven and hell, her body roaring with the fire and ice of pain and pleasure, radiating through every nerve of her body as Zane stretched her climaxing pussy to its limit, making it his.

Finally, when it felt like Claire had been trapped in the most powerful orgasm of her life for a thousand years, Zane grunted and thrust forward to the hilt, his balls pressing up against Claire's clit as he drained them into her married pussy, firing rope after rope of hot, potent cum into her deepest depths.

Claire deliriously reflected that it was a good thing she was on the pill. She could tell instinctively that she would be knocked up otherwise. She knew it didn't make medical sense, but Zane was so fucking powerful that she half wondered if his sperm would find some way to impregnate her anyway.

After shooting his massive load, Zane pulled his spent cock out of her pussy with a deep, rumbling, satisfied sigh, leaving her thighs trembling as his thick, pearly seed leaked out of her well-used hole.

Claire slumped down to the bed, panting and shaking, still trying to come back from the aftereffects of her orgasm. *Oh fuck. I fucked him. I fucking lost. I even let the bastard cum inside me. What the fuck am I going to tell Dan? Fuck that… Dan can never ever know.*

Before she could spiral further, Zane patted Claire's plush ass fondly, then, without warning, he turned her around and pulled her up the bed toward him, snuggling her into a tight, but oddly tender embrace.

"You and I are going to have so much fucking fun, Claire Bear," he said smugly, staring into her orgasmed-hazed eyes. "This is just the fucking beginning. Just wait until you see what's in store for my new woman."

Claire stared back at him with a vague scowl, a little confused from the abrupt transition from fucking to this odd snuggling. Her mind felt as slow as molasses. Now that she had been satisfied, her obedience and desperation were fading, replaced once again by a stony, stubborn desire to resist. She swore to herself that he was wrong. This had been a mistake. A bad one, absolutely, but everyone made mistakes. She had Zane out of her system now. She had tasted the forbidden fruit and satisfied her perverse curiosity.

Now she was going to kick Zane to the curb. She could get contractors to finish up the physical work and send him an invoice in the mail. She would never see Zane again, and Dan would never

have to know about her embarrassing failure to keep her legs closed. She wanted to tell Zane that. Tell him that this had been a one-time thing, no matter what perverted hopes he had to make her into his slut.

But suddenly Claire felt completely drained… And strangely warm and comfortable in Zane's flabby arms. All of the tension and anger and frustration she had been carrying with her for weeks was gone, wiped away by strenuous physical activity and the most powerful sexual relief of her life. She felt a wave of fatigue crashing over her with shocking rapidness, making the idea of getting into another pointless argument with Zane deeply unappealing. So instead, Claire contented herself with just shaking her head with a bitter twist of her lip. She shut her eyes. Just for a second. Just to just rest and catch her breath.

As she was unintentionally drifting off, a tiny, nagging voice in Claire's mind reminded her that she had been absolutely certain she would never sleep with Zane as well…

So how can I know for sure that I won't become his obedient slut?

But she ignored the little annoying voice and fell into a deep, satisfied sleep of physical and sexual exhaustion.

…

When Claire started lightly snoring, Zane carefully extracted himself and rose from the bed.

It was time for a well-deserved celebratory cocktail. He padded out of the room and down the stairs, his deflating cock still dripping cum and pussy juice as he made his way to the kitchen.

He mixed himself a 7 and 7 and raised it silently with a wide, triumphant grin painting his features. A toast to himself and his victory. Then he downed the drink in one gulp and started to think about next steps. He had never been a man to rest on his laurels.

Maybe when he first started this bet, this was all he planned for. He had won handily, with a week to spare. Even if Claire never spoke to him again, which he was sure was her current hope now that he had scratched her itch, he had still convinced her to fuck him. A married woman fucking a pornstar out of wedlock was slutty, no matter how you sliced it.

But now Zane wanted more… Claire wasn't going to be one of his occasional slip-ups, where the woman got away after one night of sex. No. Claire was going to be his loyal slut, and she was going to love every minute of it.

Which raised the question of how exactly to handle his victory. How should he approach breaking the news to poor Dan?

Option A: Tell him flat out. Zane had never been very good at being modest. The simplest solution would be to snap a pic of Claire sleeping naked in his bed, cum leaking out of her swollen pussy, and send it to Dan with a mocking message. He couldn't wait to see what the pretty-boy loser would do when he found out he was a cuck for real now, and not just in his pathetic fantasies.

Option B: Let Dan find out through the porn website. Zane knew that Dan was watching his porn religiously by this point on the censored site reserved for Betas like him. Wouldn't it be deliciously ironic for poor Dan to find out he lost while in the middle of one of his pathetic jerk-off sessions? Zane had some great footage of Claire's first blowjob the other day, and the hidden cameras in his bedroom had gotten today's full sexual submission in multiple camera angles. Of

course, Zane would have to get Claire's permission to post them first. He may be a sleazebag, but that was one of his personal lines: it was much more satisfying to have women willingly submit to being on his site. But Zane wasn't worried about that. He had a feeling it would be very hard for Claire to say "no" to him before long. If he prioritized convincing her to join his site, he could probably have her debut up in time for the bet's deadline.

Option C: Play the long game. If Zane wanted to make Claire his long-term, and really teach Dan a lesson he would never forget, it might be a better idea to keep his cards close to the chest. Let Dan think he's won for now. Maybe even send him off on that little honeymoon he promised. …Then maybe follow behind. There was a lot of potential fun to be had with poor Dan in the dark while he got his hooks even deeper into Claire.

The Bet – Chapter 20

Leah nodded with a sympathetic expression on her face, trying her best to look and act like the co-conspirator that Dan expected.

“You’ve listed an awful lot of circumstantial evidence, I’ll give you that,” she said thoughtfully, pausing to take a sip of coffee. Dan was giving her a haggard puppy dog look that made a pang of guilt shoot through her, so she plowed ahead with her deception. “But do you have any actual proof?”

“Well,” said Dan with a frown, turning his own small cup of black coffee around and around in his hands, “I guess nothing specific. But Zane was clearly implying with that photo of him and Claire that…”

Leah snorted, cutting him off with a sidelong glance. “Oh, come on now, Danny Boy,” she murmured, reaching across the table to place a hand on his. She could see that the gesture both soothed him and made him uncomfortably aroused at the same time. Not for the first time, she reflected on how easy it was to influence boys who had a crush. Even a crush as old and played out as Dan’s. “You know that Zane would say anything to get under your skin. Him taunting you isn’t proof of anything, no matter what pictures he sent you.”

Leah could see the hesitant relief flood Dan’s features, but he wasn't fully convinced. “But she told me she was going to the office,” he fretted, squeezing her hand for comfort. “And instead, she was meeting with Zane. If it was all innocent, why would she lie to me?”

Leah shrugged nonchalantly. “I mean, Zane is her client right now, isn’t he?” she asked with a cool raised eyebrow. “Maybe she had to meet with him for business purposes. She might not have told you because it’s a perfectly normal aspect of her job. Or because she knew you would be insecure about it.”

Leah saw the barb hit Dan, twisting his expression a little as he pulled his hand away. Men could get so caught up in their egos. But, and entertaining as it was to tease her old friend, Leah’s current mission wasn’t to make Dan feel bad. It was to convince him that his wife was still faithful… for now.

‘Dan, I don’t think Claire is sleeping with Zane,” said Leah with flat confidence. Dan was an open book, wearing his heart on his sleeve, and she watched as his tension dissolved away at her words. In reality, Leah thought that Zane had probably already fucked Claire. Maybe multiple times. She wasn’t positive, of course. Zane, for all his underhanded habits, had a weird personal line about privacy. He wasn’t about to spill the beans over whether Claire had fucked him until she was willing to submit publicly. It was all part of his weird game. But the signs were all there. He was getting all precious and coy about his private time with Claire, which meant that there was something to hide. If he hadn’t fucked her yet, he was close.

Zane’s instructions had been clear. Leah had to reassure Dan and throw him off the scent. Whatever game Leah’s master was playing, it involved Dan believing that his wife was still faithful. Leah had given up on directly defying the man who had taken over her sexuality long ago. She felt sorry for Dan, considering that it seemed like Zane was planning to crush him, but there was nothing that she could do but try to soften the blow the best way she knew how.

“So I think you’re in the clear, at least so far,” said Leah innocently. Then she leaned across the table, giving Dan a subtle motivational peek at her cleavage. “But did you think any more about what I told you the other day? And what you told me?”

Her voice dropped to a sultry whisper as she asked, “I know that it made you worried that your wife might have fucked Zane… but did it also turn you on?”

Dan jumped up out of his seat like the chair was burning hot, scowling down at Leah. “St-stop that,” he said, trying to seem determined and commanding, but only managing to look confused and embarrassed. “I didn’t mean what I said the other day. I was just a little confused. There’s no part of me that’s… happy about my wife cheating on me.”

He looked so cute trying to deny his feelings that Leah had to stifle a laugh by biting her lip. She couldn’t have gotten a stronger confirmation of Dan’s blossoming cuckolding fetish if he had enthusiastically agreed. Maintaining smoldering eye contact with her friend, Leah reached out with snake-like speed, raising a hand to his crotch and giving it a sharp little flick with her pointer finger.

Just like Leah thought it would, her finger made contact with a growing bulge. “Seems like at least one part of you is pretty happy,” she said with a lopsided grin.

Dan darted his head around the quiet coffee shop to see if anyone had seen, mortified by the public sexual teasing. Apparently, Leah had gone a bit too far this time, because with a huff of annoyance and a tossed off “What the fuck, Leah?” Dan turned and slouched out of the shop, hunched forward in a way he probably thought hid his boner, but only made it more obvious.

“Wait, come back!” called Leah with a laugh, but Dan looked like he wasn’t in the mood for her games today. With the tinkle of the bell over the door, he was gone.

Leah sighed and took a long drink of her coffee, trying to finish it up quickly. It looked like Dan wasn’t quite ready to roll over and show his belly yet, even if that was the smartest move when confronted with an apex predator like Zane. Well, she would keep working on him. Even if her former friend was offended now, she doubted he would stay away forever.

More importantly, she thought she had succeeded at her primary goal. Her master would be pleased.

…

“Z’s here to see you, boss. Just like you asked,” said the insolent voice over the office line. Claire pinched the bridge of her nose with a deep sigh. Maybe she really should fire Perlah if this was the sort of attitude she wanted to take. Claire had been bluffing when she threatened to let Perlah go at the porn set the other night, but she wasn’t going to just let her bratty little assistant disrespect her like this.

But that was something she could deal with later. For now, she had bigger fish to fry.

“Send him in,” she said crisply, then clicked the receiver down decisively. She smoothed her hair back nervously and shifted in her chair, trying to put on an appearance of confidence and calm in the few seconds she had before Zane’s arrival. She had a feeling that this meeting would set the tone for how they interacted moving forward.

Claire had done her best to mentally steel herself, but the sight of Zane’s ugly, grinning face still sent a pulse of adrenaline through her veins as he pushed open the door.

The memory of that leering face inches above hers as his massive cock entered her flashed through her mind. She blinked it away, and gave her guest a tight smile. “Mr. Kruger. So glad you could make it.”

He’s just a client. What happened before was a mistake. I need to be firm and tell him how it’s going to be from now on.

If she knew Zane, he was going to make that as difficult as possible.

“Glad to be here,” affirmed Zane as he took a seat, returning her neutral smile. “May I ask what this meeting is concerning? Perlah was a little vague on the phone.”

Claire grit her teeth. *What do you think the meeting is about, asshole? The fact that you fucked me harder than anyone ever has and made me cum all over your big cock? The fact that it’s hard to look my husband in the eyes anymore because I’ve become the kind of woman I’ve always looked down on?*

Claire pushed down those angry words on the tip of her tongue and instead said coolly, “I wanted to let you know that, now that the initial planning and design work is done, I am putting the actual assembly and installation in the hands of some hired contractors. They'll report back to me, of course, but my direct involvement is at an end.”

She studied Zane’s face for his reaction, but his expression was carefully bland as he responded, “I see…”

“They are quite capable, I assure you,” said Claire, folding her hands in front of her on the desk. “I’ve worked with them many times in the past and can vouch for the quality of their work. I know you were paying a premium for my direct supervision, so if that’s a concern, I could offer you a discount on the overall invoice.”

“No, that’s perfectly alright,” said Zane pleasantly. “I hired you for your design skills, and I certainly received your best work in that sense. It’s fine with me if you delegate the physical labor.”

Claire stared at Zane for a moment over her folded hands. He was taking this very well, but then again, he had proven that he had iron control over his outward reactions. Was he really ok with letting Claire cut him out of her life completely?

“Will that be all?” asked Zane calmly, raising an eyebrow and shifting with apparent impatience in his seat.

Claire considered letting him go… but there was something of vital importance that they needed to discuss, even if it was embarrassing.

“About my last visit to your home…” began Claire hesitantly.

“Yes? What about it?”

He was so infuriatingly calm that it set Claire’s teeth on edge, but she knew better than to rise to the bait at this point. “I think we need to discuss what happened,” she said, controlling her emotions almost as well as Zane himself.

Zane leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms. “Is this a professional conversation, or a personal one?” he asked, tilting his head curiously.

“A professional one.”

“I was satisfied with the quality of all of the materials we inventoried. Nothing seemed out of place to me. Was there some sort of issue you noticed?”

“God damn it, Zane,” said Claire heatedly, “You know that’s not what we need to talk about! We had sex, and I need you to understand that it was a mistake I don’t intend to repeat!”

“This sounds like a personal conversation to me…”

“Fine, you fucking asshole, I want to have a personal conversation!” snarled Claire.

As if a switch was flipped, a broad, gloating grin crossed Zane’s face, and his eyes immediately made a long, lazy tour of Claire’s body. She was dressed perfectly professionally at the moment, but his filthy gaze made her feel naked. By the time his eyes made their way back up to meet Claire’s gaze, her body pulsed with that old familiar sexual frustration she had grown used to. She had hoped that fucking Zane would finally satisfy her curiosity and scratch that particular itch for good… but it looked like that had been foolishly optimistic.

“Well… if you don’t want to fuck me again,” said Zane flippantly, his eyes glinting with obnoxious certainty, “then that’s completely up to you, Claire Bear. If you decide never to see me again, I can live with that.”

Claire snorted, crossing her arms over her chest in a subconscious attempt to hide her suddenly-stiff nipples, even though they were completely covered. “I know you, Zane. You expect me to believe that you’ll just give up? Don’t make me laugh.”

Zane raised an eyebrow, leaning forward with a teasing grin to say, “Oh yeah? And how much have I been pursuing you since I promised to keep our business meetings professional?”

Claire scoffed and opened her mouth to retort… then she actually considered the question and her mouth snapped shut again. Zane hadn’t actually pounced yesterday until she had thrown away the pretext of the business meeting. Today, he had refused to discuss sex at all until she had told him it was a personal meeting. It didn’t feel like it to her, but technically, Zane had been absolutely true to his promise. She had been the one pursuing him.

“You see?” said Zane in response to Claire’s embarrassed silence. “The ball is completely in your court. I’ve got plenty of pussy to play around with; one more makes no difference to me.”

Claire didn’t think that was true, at least. It didn’t make sense for Zane to take the extreme efforts he had been if she was just another woman to fuck. But the idea that the relationship was under her control now did give her a certain sense of relief.

She sighed heavily and considered just kicking the vile little man out of her office immediately. But, unfortunately, there was one other important matter to discuss. One that might not be as smooth and easy.

“Zane,” said Claire seriously, her lips pulled into a tight line of grim determination. “You can’t tell anyone about what happened yesterday. I need you to promise me.”

This was going to be a lot harder. When Claire had given Zane a blowjob, she had extracted a promise from him that he wouldn't tell a soul. But he had made that promise before they started, as a condition for the blowjob to happen in the first place. She couldn't help but worry that Zane might extract some sort of price from her if she wanted to secure another promise of secrecy from him.

But once again, Zane surprised her. He just shrugged, looking unimpressed, and said, "Sure. If you don't want me to tell anyone, it's our secret. I promise."

Claire narrowed her eyes at him. This felt too easy for a man who had used every available angle to manipulate her into sex. "So that's it?" she asked suspiciously. "You won't tell anyone, and we're done?"

Zane chuckled obnoxiously. "I mean, I don't know about that second part, Claire Bear. I think you might find it harder to resist a second taste than you're assuming. But as for the first part, absolutely. Here, as a sign of good faith, I'll even give you this."

He fished around in his pocket and pulled out a sleek metal flash drive, setting it on the edge of Claire's desk.

Claire glared down at it. "And what's that supposed to be?"

"Ok, confession time," said Zane with a lopsided grin. "I'm a bit of an obsessive recorder. When you live life like me, you never know when something spontaneous might happen that will work great on the website. I have cameras all over my house, recording all the time."

Claire's eyes widened, then darted back down to the suddenly much more sinister-looking flash drive on her desk. "You little weasel," she said in a stunned voice. "You're saying that…"

"That I filmed our glorious little mistake from multiple angles yesterday?" asked Zane with a cocky grin. "You're damn right I did."

Claire sighed and rubbed her temple irritably. "You should have just deleted it."

Zane shrugged. "I thought this was better. More symbolic." He got up from his chair. "Is that all you wanted to talk about? I hear you loud and clear. Contractors will finish out the project, you don't want me to tell anyone we fucked, and right this minute, you don't anticipate fucking me again. That about right?"

Claire frowned at him, saying, "I mean… yeah. Except that the not fucking you thing is permanent. But Zane, I don't want the video." The flash drive on her desk seemed to radiate menace. She wished Zane would take it with him.

"Then throw the drive away," said Zane lightly, already heading toward the door. "See you soon, Claire Bear," he called over his shoulder. "Say 'hi' to your hubby for me."

And then, all of a sudden, Claire was alone, staring at the evidence of her slutty mistake sitting on her desk.

It still felt a little too good to be true. Claire had the sense there was some game being played here. She knew Zane too well at this point to truly believe he was giving up so easily. Could she actually trust Zane to keep his mouth shut?

Claire reached out with a grimace and picked up the flash drive between thumb and forefinger like it was something dirty. Which, in many ways, it was. Her hand hovered over the trash can, then she hesitated. If she threw the flash drive away, it would probably safely travel to a landfill and rust away there forever.

Probably.

But what if the janitor found it? What if a garbage man did? Surely it was worth the precaution of opening it up and formatting the drive. With an irritated sigh, Claire plugged the drive into her work computer, ready to get this over with.

All there was in the drive was one large video file. Claire right-clicked and prepared to reformat the drive when she paused, staring at the little thumbnail. It was a view from directly above, looking down at the bed, showing Claire's hourglass curves. Zane's hand was thrust forward, grabbing a handful of her dark hair and pulling hard.

The climax of their filthy tryst. When Zane had given her the powerful orgasm of her life while filling her with cum. She had been forced to hurry to the shower as soon as she got home, fearful that her husband would somehow smell Zane's thick, potent cum on her.

Trust a weird little creep like Zane to have a hidden overhead camera. Must have been in the light fixture. The thumbnail image was oddly compelling. Living in that filthy, humiliating moment had been intense… would it be just as intense to see it on the screen? The thought sent a flush of powerful lust through Claire's body, making her shift slightly in her seat from the tingle between her legs.

In the end, what would the harm be in giving it one watch? She had already done the deed. Watching it wasn't going to be any worse. Claire's eyes flicked up to her door. Closed.

Decisive as always, Claire made her choice. One quick viewing, just so that she knew where Zane kept his hidden cameras. Then she would delete everything for good. She popped in her earbuds and double-clicked the video, her heart beating a swift, thumping rhythm against her ribs.

The video faded up from black with a shot of her lying on her back, chest heaving, and legs splayed. Zane was above her, leering down, just on the edge of the shot to the right.

Claire was fascinated and appalled by the quality of the shot. Zane had high-definition cameras running all the time throughout his house? With multiple angles in the bedroom? It boggled the mind how much storage space he must take up with boring videos of empty rooms. It didn't make any sense…

Which left one of two choices. Either Zane was lying about constantly recording, and turned on the cameras manually when she came over yesterday, or the recordings were on a loop that constantly deleted. Either choice was troubling. The first meant that she had just been a puppet under Zane's control this whole time, and he knew they were going to fuck before Claire even made the descision. And the second meant that Zane had no reason to make a big show of copying and deleting the files: he could have just waited.

Almost like he thought it was to his advantage if she watched this video.

But despite that disquieting thought, Claire was already hooked on the video, watching with a dry mouth and wide eyes as her past self slowly removed her panties to offer them as tribute.

The static shot of the fixed hidden camera wasn't as cinematic as some of the porn she had seen on Zane's website. She could imagine it now… the camera zooming in on the glistening lips between her juicy thighs, then refocusing on the silky panties dangling from her fingers.

Fuck, that would be kind of hot.

Even without the benefit of dynamic angles and zooms, the action on the screen was still pretty fucking erotic. Claire watched herself submit… first physically and then verbally. Her body boiled with humiliated lust as she watched the scene unfold just as she remembered it.

God, I looked like a fucking slut. It was embarrassing, but unfortunately true. The woman in the video's full breasts heaved with passion as she begged a man who wasn't her husband to fuck her. Her face was flushed pink, and her legs were spread wide as she completely caved in, giving up her dignity for a chance to fuck the man she had grown obsessed with. Zane's room must have been wired well for sound as well, because Claire's husky, trembling voice was crystal clear as she begged for Zane's cock.

Claire's hand slipped down to lightly touch her crotch as she watched Zane's hairy form crouch over her. The angle changed again, this time to show them from behind, perfectly framing the view between Zane's chunky legs as his cock nuzzled up against Claire's spread, glistening pussy.

How many fucking cameras does this asshole have in his fucking bedroom?

Claire was utterly focused on what was happening in the video. Despite knowing what was coming, she still breathed in sharply as she watched Zane's cock sink into her cheating pussy inch by inch. Her fingers pressed tighter to the throbbing flesh between her thighs as the sight washed over her.

The memory flooded back to her, raw and hot and powerful. The feeling of Zane's heavy bulk above her, the smell of his minty breath… the exquisite blend of pleasure and pain as the biggest cock she had ever felt spread her pussy wide.

Fuck it. She couldn't take it anymore. Claire unbuttoned her pants and shoved her fingers greedily down the front of her panties, sliding a finger between her juicy lips and sending a powerful zip of sexual energy up her spine as it made contact with her clit.

In some ways, the image on the screen looked even more intense than it had felt in the moment. At the time, she had been caught up in her sensation, but now, watching later, the intensely humiliating contrast of beauty and beast was powerful. Zane looked like a fucking pig. Like a wild boar, rutting and grunting.

And Claire? She looked like a bitch in heat. A filthy slut completely drunk on cock. As upsetting as that thought was, it made the submissive lust she had become addicted to boil up inside her, stirred and empowered by the firm little circles her fingers were drawing around her clit.

Claire watched as her past self choked on Zane's thick cock, cleaning her pussy juice off as he gloated above her. It looked so obscene. More filthy than most porn. In fact…Claire nearly came as she realized that this was exactly the same as many of the videos she had seen on Zane's website. She was just another notch on Zane's bedpost. Another uptight bitch he had trained to think with her pussy. And, although that thought made her angry enough to punch a hole in the wall, it also made her whole body light up with submissive lust, her thighs clamping hard around her hand.

God, she could imagine his thick, juicy cock in her mouth. Stretching her lips out and making her feel small and weak. Even though Claire was taller than Zane normally, when she was beneath him, looking up at his cock, he seemed like a fucking giant. Watching herself submit to his cock and suck him off made her cringe with humiliation… but it made her new submissive side melt.

Even touching herself while watching Zane fuck her was ten times more intense than anything Dan had done for her in the past month! There was no greater sign of Zane's complete dominance in their relationship than the fact that he could casually agree to never see her again while she was burning up with filthy, frustrating lust for his cock.

Claire grunted and grit her teeth as the anger and shame and deep, clinging arousal twisted and merged inside her, her fingers rubbing deeper and harder between her legs as she gripped her onrushing orgasm by the throat and wrestled with it. On the screen, Zane was owning her, dominating her like the bitch he had molded her into. His cock was making her moan, making her beg for more.

Claire couldn't hide the truth from herself. Not in the depths of passion like this. She wanted to feel that cock inside her again. She wanted Zane's control. She couldn't act on that impulse, obviously. Not when it meant giving up all of her pride as a woman, but that didn't mean the temptation didn't exist. But fuck it… she didn't care about thinking pure, proper thoughts. Right now, she needed to get off as hard as possible.

She let herself slip into the fantasy… of giving in completely. Of being just another slut in Zane's stable. Dressing like a hooker just to please him. Being his stupid, slutty arm candy. Choking on his fat dick and having hot, sweaty, filthy sex all night every night.

Proudly starring in his porn…

The fantasy was terrifying, and disgusting, and utterly demeaning… and it was also so fucking hot it felt like Claire was burning up on the inside. Her eyes locked to the brutal, dominant fucking Zane was giving her on the camera, the tension inside her rising, growing hotter and hotter until something had to give.

When Claire came this time, it wasn't beautiful or fulfilling or magical. It was ugly and harsh and primal, her hips grinding up hard as her fingers strummed and flexed in her soaking-wet panties. Her face flushed red as the climax wracked her, making every muscle in her body go taut as she watched the hairy slob on the screen pump her cheating cunt full of his cum.

Then she collapsed back on the chair, face beaded with sweat and legs trembling with the intensity of her orgasm.

Suddenly, a white-hot bolt of panic shot through her, and she looked up to the door. Perlah was still here, and if she had happened to come by, then…

There was no one at the door of the office, but it was cracked open. Was Claire certain that the door had been completely closed when she started the video? She thought it had been, but she had also been distracted.

So… there was a possibility that Perlah had seen her masturbating at work. That was deeply embarrassing, and certainly wouldn't help when it came time to fire Perlah for how bratty she had been acting lately… but at least her computer was set up so that the screen couldn't be seen from the door.

Claire took a deep breath and pulled a wet wipe from her purse to clean her fingers. Then, she once again prepared to format the drive.

And then she stopped again. *Why should I delete it? It's not like deleting it will unfuck Zane.* Sure, maybe there was a minor risk that Dan could find the video someday, but, as many wonderful qualities her husband had, Claire didn't really see him as an expert sleuth. Besides, if she was cutting herself off from Zane, she needed some way to get off, and she had proven today that the video could make her cum even if her husband couldn't.

So, feeling a little guilty, but unable to stop herself, Claire unplugged the flash drive and dropped it into her purse.

Then she rolled her shoulders, cracked her neck, and opened up her draft sketches of the next room she was designing, because it didn't matter how unsettled and frustrated she felt; the work of a small business owner never ended.

...

Perlah was practically bouncing in her seat, biting her lip hard to keep herself from giggling.

This was the best day of her fucking life.

Perlah had had a lot of time to stew over her boss's rudeness the other night. She used to think they were friends. Claire had never treated her as anything but an equal. But then, suddenly, it had all come crashing down. Claire had made it crystal clear that she saw Perlah as beneath her for the way she had become involved with Zane.

Which was hilariously fucking hypocritical considering the evidence that Perlah had just collected.

Claire apparently wasn't aware of the little trick Perlah had... Sometimes it was nice to be able to quickly tell what Claire was working on. When a client called to ask about when they could expect sketches, Perlah sometimes needed a quick view of how far along Claire was in the process without interrupting her. So she had discovered a way to look at her boss's screen without entering her office.

When Claire won an interior design award last year, she hung it proudly behind her desk, without really thinking about the fact that the etched glass of the plaque shone with a mirror finish. From a certain angle standing at the door, a watcher could see exactly what was on the screen of Claire's computer.

Or, for example... film it.

The footage Perlah had captured on her phone wasn't perfect. After all, it was a cellphone video of a reflection. But it was more than enough to prove that Claire had already fucked Zane.

And if she had... then Claire was going to have to pay up on a certain bet she had made with Leah. When Leah had told Perlah about the obscene wager she had made with Claire, Perlah had actually been skeptical. Zane was a sexual force of nature, and could be intensely charming when he wanted, but Perlah had known her boss for a long time, and therefore knew that Claire was no pushover.

But it looked like Zane was the one that Perlah had been underestimating.

Perlah pulled up her text chain with Leah and began typing, her thoughts rushing at one hundred miles an hour. They needed to plan how they were going to confront Claire. How they were going to convince her to pay up on the bet…

And most importantly, how exactly Perlah was going to make Claire “apologize” on camera.

There were just too many good options, it was hard to choose.

For this update, voting will work a little differently. Choose any number of options for things Perlah can plan for Claire. The top three to five vote getters will be incorporated into the upcoming lezdom scene!

The Bet – Chapter 21

Leah stood with her arms crossed beneath her breasts, looking down at Claire with satisfaction singing in her heart. Beside her, Perlah was practically vibrating with giddy joy, biting her lip to keep herself from giggling more than she already had. The cute young assistant had been over the moon ever since yesterday when she had gathered the proof of Claire's defeat, and it had taken some work from Leah to convince her to wait until today to spring their victory on Claire.

Claire, obviously, didn't share her assistant's joy. She stared down at the phone in her hands as the incriminating video played, as if she could make the contents of the video disappear through sheer force of will alone. But the proof was undeniable. The minute-long video showed Claire masturbating enthusiastically at her desk, her fingers flexing and plunging beneath her straining panties. Then the view of the camera zoomed in, focusing on the reflection of Claire's screen in a polished reward behind her desk.

The reflection clearly showed a video of Claire being fucked by Zane. And that meant one all-important thing: Claire had lost the wager she had foolishly made with Leah last week. And pay-up was going to be a bitch.

Claire's grip grew tight on the phone held in front of her for a moment, then she sighed and slid it across the desk toward Perlah, the video still playing.

"Not going to try to smash the phone? Maybe claim that the video is AI?" asked Leah with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

Claire glared back at her, barely containing the rage simmering just beneath the surface. She shrugged and managed to maintain a look of wounded dignity as she replied, "What would be the point? You're both smart enough to back up the video before showing this to me. And even if it were AI, you could still ruin my life with something this detailed."

Leah shook her head, sinking to lounge back in one of the guest chairs in Claire's chic, well-decorated office. "Really dear? You think that little of me? Of course we wouldn't leak a video like that. We would never have to, because I know you're a woman of your word. I mean, you do intend to pay up, don't you?"

"Oh, she's going to pay up," said Perlah with a wide grin. "She's going to experience what it's like for *me* to be boss for a change."

Claire wouldn't even look at Perlah, but amusingly, a blush crossed her face. She was clearly envisioning exactly what 'paying up' would entail, and her reaction certainly didn't look like pure disgust. *Wow… Zane certainly has made a lot of progress with this high-strung bitch if she is already turned on by the idea of this kind of humiliation. That little prick has a fetish for breaking down strong women…*

"I don't see that I have any choice. What, do you want to do it right now?" asked Claire, her eyes darting between the two women confronting her.

Perlah and Leah gave each other a bewildered glance, then Perlah broke into a laugh, and Leah couldn't help but chuckle as well.

"What's so funny?" asked Claire stiffly. She was doing an admirable job of seeming calm and collected, but the tight grip of her folded hands on the desk showed the turmoil inside her. Leah knew Claire was a proud woman, and what she and Perlah planned to do was going to be

incredibly difficult for her. But thanks to Zane's training, Leah suspected that Claire would enjoy herself quite a bit as well.

"It's not going to be some simple little 'I'm sorry,' *Boss*," said Perlah, using the honorific mockingly. "I'm afraid that you're going to have to give us a little time to set up."

Leah touched Perlah's leg gently to stop her gloating speech. The slim little Asian was really getting into this! Perlah's eyes were glittering, and just from getting to know her over the past month, Leah could tell that she was powerfully aroused. It seemed that Claire had badly wounded her assistant with her dismissive rudeness the other night, and Perlah was hungry for sexual revenge… But right now she needed to stay calm. Pushing Claire too hard now might make her dig in her heels.

Leah hadn't exactly run this plan by her master. She was reasonably certain that Zane would be overjoyed with her little side bet and its results. A little lesbian submission was all in keeping with his overall goal of making Claire into the perfect depraved slut. But he might not be happy if they pushed Claire too hard and backed her into a corner. And no matter how much Claire might worry, Leah and Perlah certainly couldn't tell Dan about this. Not when Zane wanted to keep him in the dark.

So they had to tread carefully.

Leah took the reins from Perlah, calmly asking, "You remember the terms of our wager, don't you, Claire?"

Claire's blush deepened, and she swiped some of her lovely dark hair out of her face as she leaned back in the chair, attempting to seem nonchalant. "Of course I do."

"I want to hear you say it. What did I win?" said Leah, putting a little force behind her words. If she was correct about how far Zane had rewired the curvy brunette's sexuality, then a tone of confident command should… Claire's breath hitched, and she bit her lower lip lightly for just a fraction of a second. It was long enough for Leah to see that she had scored a direct hit. This little punishment that Claire was about to face turned her on… Even if she didn't want to admit it.

"I have to '*apologize*' to Perlah. However she wants," said Claire grudgingly, her eyes flicking to her assistant with a faint sneer. She was obviously taking refuge in anger rather than dealing with her submissive arousal. Leah hadn't known Claire well for very long, but that strategy seemed like a go-to for her. "Although I'm still not sure what I did that is worth being sorry for. Anyway, I assume, because we're talking about you two sluts, that you intend for the 'apology' to be some sort of humiliating sex act."

"You always were a smart one, Boss," said Perlah with a wide, eager grin.

Leah gave Perlah a warning look, then turned back to Claire. "You're close. But you're missing a key detail. The apology will be filmed."

Claire gulped, her fingers fidgeting on the desk in front of her. For a second, Leah wasn't sure if Claire was more aroused or scared, but her raspy voice made it clear that her arousal was winning as she asked, "And… what would the purpose of the video be? I can't allow my reputation to be ruined… no matter what the consequences might be."

“Purely for our personal enjoyment,” said Leah smoothly, nodding toward Perlah, who was still grinning ear to ear. “And Z will get to watch it, of course. We’re willing to promise that the video won’t be seen by anyone else… Unless you decide that you want to start working on the website. We would definitely put it on your page in that case.”

Claire snorted. Rubbing a hand distractedly through her hair. “As if I would ever stoop that low,” she muttered, then in a louder voice asked, “Why does Zane need to see it? Shouldn’t this just be between us?”

“I don’t hide anything from him,” said Leah with a shrug, fudging the truth just the tiniest bit. “Besides, you have to admit he has a stake in this, considering exactly how you lost the bet.”

Claire went silent, staring down at her hands with a frown. Perlah started to say something again, but Leah kicked her ankle and she shut up with a scowl. For a second, Leah had no idea if Claire would cave in, or if they were going to have to lean on her a little harder… Then Claire sighed heavily and leaned forward on her elbows, covering her eyes as she said, “Fine… fine. If you can guarantee that only you three will see the video and no word of this will leak to anyone, then I’ll… live up to my end of the bet. When did you have in mind?’

“Friday. After work,” said Leah confidently, standing up from her chair. “You already know where the set is. It will be free that day.”

Claire uncovered her eyes, and Leah noticed with a sizzle of erotic interest that a little spark of submissive lust had lit up the lovely woman’s eyes. This was going to be a lot of fun…

“Anything you want me to wear?” asked Claire in a sarcastic tone, trying to take the sting out of her submission with a little levity.

“It doesn’t matter,” said Leah as she turned toward the door. “You can wear whatever you like. Come on, Perlah. I’m afraid I’m going to have to borrow your assistant for the rest of the day, Claire dear. We have some planning to do.”

Claire waved them away irritably. “That’s fine with me. Take her for the whole week for all I care.”

Perlah seemed annoyed on the way out of the office, and when they were out of all possible hearing range, she rounded on Leah. “Why did you make me hold back?” she asked sharply. “She called me a slut! She proved that she doesn’t see me as an equal at all. She treated me like dirt. And now, when we have her right where we want her, I have to be a perfect, polite lady? Fuck that!”

Leah snaked an arm around the prickly petite Asian and pulled her close to her hip affectionately. “You really think that I’m going to let her off easy after she looked at you like something she scraped off her shoe?” she asked softly. “No, I totally agree that she needs an attitude adjustment. If Zane has his way, she’s going to be a fellow employee before long, and she needs to learn that she isn’t any better than the rest of us. We’re definitely going to need to drag little Miss Perfect down off her pedestal.”

“I don’t know if I want to be equal with that hypocritical skank,” grumbled Perlah. Leah gave her a sympathetic sidelong look. Claire’s harsh snub and subsequent cold dismissal had deeply affected Perlah. Leah knew that Claire used to be someone that Perlah really looked up to, so that must be where these extreme emotions were coming from.

“We’ll see,” said Leah, bumping Perlah a little with her hip as they walked side by side. “Don’t decide whether you forgive her now. Wait until you see how well she can apologize.”

Leah stopped Perlah and grabbed her by the shoulders, looking down into her lovely eyes with a wide, wicked grin. “Because I promise you, Perlah… That little show of politeness up there was just to lull her into a false sense of security. Once she comes to the set, and it’s too late to back out, we are going to show that horny bitch who the real slut is. Are you with me?”

Perlah’s face lit up once again, all of her annoyance forgotten.

“Yeah. Let’s teach that snobby bitch that she isn’t just a slut for Z… It’s who she really is.”

…

Claire sighed and ran her fingers through her husband’s hair, then kissed him gently on the temple. His hand was rubbing up and down her thigh as his head rested on her lap, both of them relaxing as they watched one of their shows together.

It was hard to hold back the guilt and act like nothing was wrong.

It was true that Dan hadn’t been taking care of her sexual needs lately. And that he was sometimes disappointingly wimpy. And it was also true that Zane was a crafty sexual force of nature who was difficult to resist.

But none of those were good excuses. Claire was supposed to be better than that. Dan was the man she had chosen, and in almost every respect, he was better than Zane. Handsomer, kinder, funnier, more athletic. There was almost no area where Zane was better than her husband. Except one. One big… hard… throbbing advantage Zane had over Dan that made him hard to ignore.

But that was the thing. Claire loved her husband. Maybe that was silly to say after a few months of obsessing over another man, but it was what she felt here in this quiet, intimate moment with him. What would a night at home with Zane even look like? He would probably just needle her five different ways until she snapped and they fucked each other’s brains out. A long, passionate, sweaty night of hate fucking, his thick cock spreading her open as his hand reddened her ass…

Claire cut off that unhelpful train of thought sharply. She owed Dan more than thinking about Zane while they were together. She owed Dan a lot more than she had been giving him, in fact. And after one last humiliation, she would finally be able to give him her ful,l undivided attention.

“You want to get a pizza?” asked Dan vaguely, his eyes on the screen as his fingers idly traced over her thigh.

The wave of guilt was so strong that Claire was silent for a moment, just collecting herself and making sure her voice wasn’t strained as she replied, “No, sorry babe. I have that client dinner, remember.”

Dan’s hand stopped moving, then fell away from her legs to rest on the couch. “Oh yeah, that’s right.”

His tone was dry and neutral. But did Claire detect some undercurrent of emotion? Was there a tinge of suspicion in his voice? The idea made Claire uncomfortable. She thought she had been

careful to give her husband totally plausible excuses, and it wasn't unusual for her to be busy in the evenings… But Dan wasn't stupid, and maybe she had slipped up somehow.

She pushed away her panic and guilt and did what she always did: push through with sheer confidence.

"Tell you what," she said, tilting his face up towards hers, "Order that pizza anyway. Maybe I can make this meeting quick and hurry back… Maybe you'll even get something a little sweet for dessert, so be ready for me."

Claire was probably promising more than she could guarantee, but the smile that spread across her husband's face was worth it.

Besides, Claire had already decided that she didn't have much to worry about from those two sluts. It wasn't like they were Zane. She could handle anything they threw at her.

…

Despite her earlier confidence, Claire's heart was beating fast as she pulled up to the porn set in the quiet suburban neighborhood. She had been here during the day last time, and at night, the tall privacy fence and sturdy metal door seemed to loom forbodingly.

Or maybe that was just her imagination, played up by her anxiety for what the night might hold. She didn't trust that fat-assed skank Leah at all, and Perlah, well…

She knew that her cold dismissal and judgment of her assistant had been harsh, especially since, as Leah had pointed out, she herself hadn't exactly been immune to Zane's charms.

But her hypocrisy was beside the point. Claire reacted the way she had because she had discovered someone she knew and respected wasn't who she thought she was. Her friend, who she had trusted, had betrayed her by hooking up with the man Claire hated most. Claire giving in to Zane's seduction didn't change that.

So, in other words, Claire wasn't feeling particularly apologetic as she rang the buzzer to be let into the house. But she *was* worried about what Perlah might demand from her. She had seen hurt and lust burning in her assistant's eyes the other day in her office, and she knew that those could be a potent combination.

After a silent minute of waiting, the latch of the gate thunked, and Perlah herself swung it open, wearing one of the skimpy robes that Zane reserved for his female costars.

She looked a lot more controlled tonight than she had in the office the other day, but no less smug. "Welcome," she said with a wide grin. "So glad you could make it, Boss. We have a lot of fun stuff planned for tonight." She moved to the side to let Claire in, her eyes scanning hungrily up and down Claire's body as she went.

A strange sizzle of lust flared in Claire's lower belly at her assistant's obviously sexual appraisal, and it gave her pause. Maybe this was more dangerous than she thought. Perlah planned to sexually humiliate her on camera. That wasn't something that should turn her on, yet it did. Maybe letting this go further could awaken something in her that was best left sleeping. That slight prickle of fear. made her turn to Perlah and say cautiously, "Perlah… do we really have to do this? I mean, maybe this whole fucked up Zane situation has strained things between us, but I'd like to think we're still friends. Let's not do something that could ruin that."

It was far more vulnerable and humble a request than Claire was usually willing to give, and Perlah knew her well enough to recognize that. For a second, she seemed taken aback and thoughtful, the vengeful gleam in her eyes disappearing.

“Ok… you know what?” said the lovely young Asian cautiously, crossing her arms tightly over her chest, “I can appreciate what you’re saying. If you humbly and sincerely apologise to me right here and now, and admit that we are both the same, equally bad for how we gave in to Z, then I will accept your apology. Leah is going to be pissed, but your “filmed apology” will be just that, verbally saying you’re sorry.”

Claire grimaced. It would be so easy. Just open her mouth and say some bullshit about how she and Perlah were both sluts because they both gave in to Zane. Then she could bypass this entire humiliating ordeal.

But she couldn’t. They weren’t equal. Claire had given in after a month and a half of concentrated effort on Zane’s part, using every trick and strategy he could muster. Perlah had apparently fucked him after two brief meetings. Claire’s pride wouldn’t allow her to put them both on the same level. And, even though she knew this way of thinking was kind of shitty, the fact remained that Claire was the boss and Perlah was her underling. Part of her refused to humble herself in front of an employee when she had worked so hard for her position of respect.

“I’m sorry that you felt upset. And I think it’s true that we both made mistakes,” attempted Claire.

She could tell that her non-apology hadn’t landed. The spark of annoyance leapt back into Perlah’s eyes as she turned toward the house, forcing Claire to trail after her. “I guess we’ll have to do this the hard way then.”

Claire rolled her eyes and followed, fresh arousal welling between her legs as she realized that this was about to happen after all. As she entered the porn set house for the second time, Claire saw Leah sitting at the kitchen island, swirling a glass of wine while reading from a notepad.

She was also wearing some of the sluttiest lingerie that Claire had ever laid eyes on. The skyblue thong that she had on was pulled into a tight wedgie between her luscious cheeks, offering Claire a breathtaking view from behind of her thick, juicy butt, adorned with the initials of the man who had conquered her.

Those bold black letters were almost more arousing than Leah’s fantastic ass in itself. They showed an utter, humiliating submission to a man who wasn’t her husband, far beyond anything Claire and Perlah had done. Claire might quibble over who was sluttier between her and Perlah, but neither of them even approached the bottom-heavy blonde sipping wine at the counter.

Leah looked over her shoulder, obviously caught Claire staring at her ass, and waved her over with a laugh. “Enjoying the view, Claire Bear?” She asked with a mocking twinkle in her eye, wiggling her butt a little on the stool for emphasis.

“Don’t call me that,” muttered Claire irritably, trying to cover her flustered arousal by crossing her arms tightly and frowning.

“There’s no shame in enjoying yourself tonight, you know,” said Leah warmly, swiveling on the stool to face her and revealing the pale blue lace hugging her firm breasts tightly. “It’s just us girls. You can cut loose and really let your submissive slut flag fly with no judgment.”

Claire very much doubted that was the case. In fact, she suspected that making her feel bad about her slutty behavior was a major purpose of this meeting. Refusing to let her guard down, she asked stiffly, “So when are we going to do this? I want to get iy over with. My husband is waiting for me.”

For some reason, that made a flash of annoyance cross Leah’s features. “Oh, so *now* you’re worried about Danny Boy?” She mused with a sharp look in her eyes. “Interesting. Well, if you’re that eager to start, head up to the bedroom. We’ve laid your clothes out on the bed. Call down when you’re ready, and we can get started.”

“Clothes?” asked Claire, then she shook her head ruefully. Of course. She should have known that it wouldn't be as easy as wearing whatever she wanted. The reason that Leah had said that her outfit didn’t matter was that she always planned on dressing Claire herself.

“Don’t worry,” said Perlah with a smirk. “You won’t be wearing them for long. Now scoot!” She aimed a demeaning little swat at Claire’s plump ass that made her yelp in surprise. Claire turned to her assistant, ready to cut her down to size, but was taken aback by the look in Perlah’s eyes. All she saw there was brazen, dominant command. Perlah was absolutely certain that Claire wasn’t her boss tonight… tonight, at least from the sassy young Asian’s point of view, Claire was just her plaything.

Claire’s anger deflated as she realized that Perlah was absolutely correct. She had no power here tonight. She would just have to get used to that and try to get through this quickly with as much of her dignity intact as possible. With a halfhearted grumble of protest, Claire turned and made her way toward the stairs, feeling the eyes of the two other women following her as she went.

The hallway upstairs had been burned into her brain from the events of the last time she visited the house, and she found her way to the bedroom with no issue.

The issues came when she saw the outfit laid out on the bed. Her face immediately flushed red in a combination of arousal and anger. So this was how they wanted her to look while they humiliated her on camera. The idea made Claire feel like she had swallowed a red-hot coal, lighting up her insides with lust and frustration.

It was a good thing that no one else would see this… Oh God, except for Zane, of course. The idea of Zane seeing her in this ridiculous outfit just made the heat growing between Claire’s legs roar higher.

She had no choice. Claire began unbuttoning her blouse and preparing to don the humiliating ensemble that the two sluts downstairs had left for her.

It was only when she moved the flimsy top on the bed that she found the surprise they had left underneath it. She stared down in horror as it finally dawned on her exactly how bad this evening could go.

“They have got to be joking,” she said to herself in a quiet voice, trying to convince herself that Perlah and Leah couldn’t possibly go THAT far.

…

Zane took another long, slow, cool sip of his cocktail as he went over the subscriber numbers from the following week. Business was… plateauing. Probably inevitable now that he was so

focused on his latest conquest. Things would pick up again once he was able to convince Claire to let him release her training log. That one would be one for the ages.

Speaking of which… it had been a few days since Claire had contacted him. She was likely to be stewing in her own repressed longing for his cock by now. Maybe it was time to throw out a little bait and draw her back in.

Just as he thought that, a message popped up on his phone. But not from Claire. Leah had just sent him a message.

[Hey, Master. Just had a fun night in with the girls. Thought you might want to see…"

Zane frowned down at his phone. He had no idea what Leah might mean… but she was a woman with a dirty mind and a filthy mean streak, and Zane had to admit that he was intrigued. A second later, a link popped up, which led to some sort of streaming site.

Zane leaned back in his chair, finished off the rest of his drink, shrugged, and stabbed a fat finger at the play button in the center of the screen. If Leah thought he would find the video interesting, he probably would. Maybe it would even be something he could market on the site to drum up a little more interest before Claire was ready for her debut.

The view from a handheld camera traveled down the familiar hallway of the porn set toward the bedroom door. A hand that Zane recognized as Leah's rose to push the bedroom door gently open, revealing…

Zane leaned forward, his eyes widening as he saw Claire dressed in a slutty parody of business-wear. A figure-hugging little vest tightly encased her chest, but swooped down beneath her breasts, leaving them covered only by a thin, sheer white blouse that showed the color and shape of her nipples clearly. The dark skirt matched the color of the vest, but didn't even come down far enough to hide the tops of her lacy stockings, even showing a peek of her garter straps. The look was completed by tall platform heels and cosmetic glasses, which made the intended effect a little clearer: someone had dressed Claire up as a slutty secretary.

More importantly, Claire had agreed to it. Zane set his empty drink down and focused completely on the video as Leah began talking. His cock began stirring between his legs.

…

Leah could practically smell the humiliated arousal coming off poor little Claire as she entered the bedroom. The curvy woman looked like a perfect slutty picture: a ditzy secretary willing to do anything for her boss. A pointed mockery of Claire's pride in running her own successful business. Claire's face was already pink, and her thick thighs rubbed together in subtle shifting motions beneath the inadequate skirt.

Well… if Claire thinks this is embarrassing, just wait until she sees what Perlah has in store for her.

"Well, are you happy?" asked Claire defensively, crossing her arms over her chest to hide the obvious pink nipples of her stiff nipples between the sheer blouse. "You made me look like some kind of fucking porn star. Congratulations."

Leah shook her head with a smirk. So the little wildcat still had some fire in her, despite her situation. Leah would need to prime her a little before she was ready for the main event downstairs. Break her spirit.

Luckily, that sounded like a fun task.

She silently circled the embarrassed woman fidgeting in the middle of the bedroom floor, slowly panning up and down her juicy body put on full display by the porny outfit they had chosen for her. The view from behind was almost as enticing as from the front. The tiny skirt wasn't quite big enough to cover Claire's bubble butt, letting the lower curve of her incredible ass peek out from beneath the bottom hem, above the tops of her lacy stockings.

Claire grew visibly less comfortable and hornier as Leah circled her, shifting on her feet and clearing her throat as the silent appraisal continued, her face flushing a deeper red. She was sort of adorable, really. Poor Claire was used to head-on confrontation, but silently leering at her assets got her all flustered.

Finally, Leah stopped again in front of Claire and made her move.

"Why... yes, honey, I am pretty happy," said Leah in a low, confident voice. 'Aren't you? You look divine." Leah knew that right now was a delicate moment. Claire had just been introduced to the pleasures of submission by Zane recently, and she would resist submission to anyone else... especially a woman she looked down on. She needed to take that embarrassed arousal that Claire was feeling right now and really exploit it to the fullest.

"You missed your calling as a secretary. And as for a porn star... well, I don't know what else you would call a woman about to film the kinds of things you are, Claire Bear," purred Leah, approaching slowly, rolling her hips as she went.

"Sh-shut up," said Claire in a wobbly voice. 'Don't call me that." Her eyes darted down Leah's body, taking in the skimpy powerblue thong and lacy bra. Leah could do her job just as easily tonight in casual clothes, but she had chosen to give Claire a peerpshop for a reason. Leah had suspected that Claire had a thing for girls ever since the night at the porn set, when she couldn't tear her eyes away from Leah and Perlah's lesbian scene. Now all she had to do was take that lesbian attraction and weld it to the new submissive instincts that Zane had been nurturing.

"I'll call you whatever I want," said Leah in a low, dangerous voice, reaching down to run a gentle finger along the edge of Claire's lacy stockings. "You need to face facts, sweetie. Right now you aren't Claire Harrison, powerful businesswoman. You're Claire Bear, the slutty little plaything. The sooner you get into that headspace, the easier it's going to be for all of us.

Leah was gratified by Claire's response. Her breath hitched a little, and goosebumps rose over her creamy skin. She pressed her thick thighs together tightly at the feel of Leah's touch... perhaps imagining how that touch might feel somewhere else. She was clearly falling deeper and deeper into a submissive haze... but her words were still defiant, at least for now.

"I don't have to do anything for you, Leah... The deal was that I apologize to Perlah. Leave me alone."

The words may have been firm, but her tone wasn't... and her body language had almost the opposite effect. Her arms were clutching her chest rather than shielding it now, and her hips and thighs were doing a little wiggle, which could only mean poorly suppressed arousal.

Leah let out a rich chuckle. "You say that, Claire Bear... But you want to submit even if you don't have to. Isn't that right?" Her finger slowly traced to Claire's inner thigh, then Leah ran just her fingernail up that soft flesh, toward the wet, hot junction between Claire's thighs. "Doesn't your body crave to give in? To submit?"

“No… I don’t… I don’t feel that way about…” gulped Claire, closing her eyes and shaking her head even as her thighs spread, anticipating Leah’s touch.

Leah’s heart pounded a quick, powerful rhythm in her chest, her body pulsing with dirty heat. God, it felt good to be in control for once. It was obviously incredible to let go and let her master take the reins, but she could tell why Zane enjoyed being dominant. She was getting the same feeling from bossing Claire around that she did when she teased her husband. The power was intoxicating.

“About women?” asked Leah with a smirk. “I just don’t think that’s true, sweetheart. I think your whole body is begging you to give in and experience something forbidden. I think that juicy little cunt is all hot and wet at the thought of serving your cute assistant in your new slutty outfit.”

“I…I…” stuttered Claire, her brain overloaded by conflicting defiance and pleasure.

“Let’s put my guess to the test, shall we?”

Despite her protests, Claire did nothing to stop Leah or move away as her finger moved all the way up, nestling against her hot, wet…

Panties?

“Someone has been a naughty girl,” said Leah with a raised eyebrow, rubbing her finger up and down Claire’s lips above the silky, soaking wet panties. “I don’t remember us including any panties in the uniform we gave you tonight.”

“I couldn’t…” Claire paused to take a shuddering breath, her hips grinding downward subtly into Leah’s fingers, “I couldn’t wear a skirt this short with nothing underneath. I’m not…” Her eyes focused for a second, meeting Leah’s in a green blaze that still held a spark of defiance. “I'm not a slut like you.”

Leah kept a short leash of the little surge of anger that rose inside her. Being the dominant one meant being cool and in control. Let Claire stomp her feet and have her little tantrums. She had to learn that a sharp tongue wouldn’t let her get her way in bed. Whether it was with Zane, Leah, or anyone else, Claire’s destiny was to be a pathetic, horny sub. Zane had already declared that he would make it happen. Claire stalked across the room to one of the tripods that was set up for their regular shoots and locked her phone into it, pointed at Claire. It was time to capture some truly worthwhile footage.

“Maybe not,” said Leah lightly. “But tonight, you will be. Take off those panties. You won’t be needing them when you apologize.” Leah's voice was firm and demanding, not allowing any argument. Claire glared at her for just a second… then broke eye contact, biting her lip.

Leah could see she had won. She watched, crossing her arms and cocky her hips while Claire awkwardly reached up beneath the tight skirt, tugging down the silk panties she had come with. She had to momentarily unclip her garter belt to slide them down further. The whole time Leah watched her with a smug smirk of amusement.

By the time Claire stepped out of the silky panties, she was clearly mortified, and even more turned on than before.

It seemed like a good opportunity to push her a little further.

“Give them to me,” demanded Leah, holding her hand out demandingly. “Clearly you can’t be trusted with them, naughty girl.”

Claire scowled at the belittling language, but she was already slipping a little further under the spell that the slutty clothes and Leah’s demanding tone were casting. “Fine, if you want them so bad,” she muttered, looking away as she dropped the panties into Leah’s outstretched hand.

Leah raised them to her nose, taking a deep, performative sniff of the musky, wild scent of Claire’s arousal.

Claire’s lip curled up in a sneer of embarrassed disgust. “Ugh… you’re all perverts,” she said with flaming red cheeks. “You, Zane, Perlah… all of you.”

Leah surged forward. This time, she didn’t take the time to subtly tease Claire. Her hand slid up confidently between the taller woman’s thick thighs, slipping her middle finger between the dripping lips of Claire’s pussy in one smooth motion.

“Perverts?” she asked forcefully, over Claire’s shocked gasp. “Is that so? Well, what does that make you? You’re standing here in a slutty little outfit, bitching and moaning about how unfair this all is.” Leah’s finger slid deep into Claire’s pussy, feeling its hot, velvety depths press tight around the invading digit, drenching it in the slickness of her submissive arousal. “But your tight married cunt tells a different story,” said Leah smugly, pressing her body up against Claire’s… flesh pressing against soft flesh as she began pulsing her finger in and out of the shocked, wide-eyed bombshell. “Based on how horny you are, I think you might be a little perverted too, miss wet and wild and eager.”

Claire's hand fell to Leah’s wrist, almost as if she wanted to push Leah’s hand away… but instead of acting, they just rested there, holding on weakly as Leah’s finger pumped in and out of her. “MmmmMMm Fuck!” panted Claire, staring at Leah with an expression of shock melting into lust, “What the fuck do you think you’re…?”

Leah rolled her eyes and lifted her free hand with the panties she had just been handed, stuffing them into Claire’s mouth midsentence. “Jesus Christ, woman, shut the fuck up,” she said with a laugh, her finger making sloppy sounds between Claire’s legs as it thrust in and out of her pussy. “I have no idea how Master can even stan that incessant motormouth. Now shut that trap and hump my fucking hand like a good little secretary.”

Claire’s eyes locked with Leah’s. Wild and green, with fury and submissive arousal warring in them. For a second, Leah could feel Claire’s tongue working against the panties pressed into her mouth, the cloth bulging against her palm. Claire’s hands tightened on her wrist.

“Hey!” barked Leah, pressing her finger as deep as it would go into Claire’s fluttering pussy, “I said… hump my fucking hand like the bitch you are.”

Her sudden, rough, forceful tone clearly shocked Claire. She looked stunned for a second, and Leah could tell that she was on the knife’s edge between rebellion and submission once again. Leah pressed her luck, increasing the speed of her finger as it fucked Claire’s juicy cunt. Claire’s eyes hazed over, and with a little whimper, she closed them. Her hands once again felt weak as they grasped at Leah’s wrist, almost holding her close now instead of pushing her away.

And, best of all, Claire’s hips began making needy little motions, grinding against the hand between her thighs, submissively accepting Leah’s dominant affections.

“That’s right,” gloated Leah, feeling a savage flare of lust rise as Claire's defiance crumbled, her hot wet cunt beginning to grind eagerly into her finger. “Doesn’t it feel good to submit? To be who you really are?”

She rocked her hand slowly, rubbing the heel of her hand against Claire’s clit as her finger continued to fuck her with slow, pumping thrusts, meeting the liquid movements of her hips. “Zane saw it inside you, Claire. He didn’t make you a submissive slut. He just uncovered what was beneath the surface. That’s why this feels so good. That’s why you want to do what I say.”

Claire kept her eyes closed, little muffled moans sneaking their way past the cloth of her panties and the fingers still clamped over her mouth as she lost herself completely in the pleasure of the moment. Leah glanced over the camera, giving it a little wink. She knew that this had to be a red-hot image: Claire on her feet in the ridiculous porny outfit, her hips grinding and humping as Leah stuffed her hand up her tiny skirt.

Claire was clearly winding up for an orgasm. The outfit and Leah’s dominant teasing had primed her perfectly, and Leah’s relentless fingerfucking was rapidly driving her to the edge of climax.

But this was still just the appetiser. Claire still had to accomplish her main task of apologising to Perlah. Leah couldn’t in good conscience let her cum just yet. What if she wasn’t as submissive after she got her rocks off? So, just as she felt Claire’s humping hip motions reaching a desperate speed and her pussy clenching hungrily around her middle finger… Leah withdrew, smoothly pulling her hand away just in time to deny Claire the release she so desperately craved.

“Ahhwf! Gwhg fuh whlf!” whimpered Claire incoherently, reaching out needily toward Leah, all dignity forgotten for the moment.

“Consider that a little lesson about how to follow orders. I’ll forgive you this time for wearing panties when you were supposed to go without, but you had better not test Perlah’s patience like you did mine.”

Leah reached up and plucked the damp panties from Claire’s mouth, which allowed her to whine, “Leah, please, you can’t just leave me hanging like that! I’m so fucking close!”

Leah pushed forward, getting right in Claire’s face as she whispered, “Good. I want you fucking close, Claire Bear. I want you right on the edge of orgasm when we go downstairs to meet your pretty little assistant. Because don’t forget… I’m not the only one you’ll be submitting to tonight.”

Claire looked taken aback, and then it finally seemed to dawn on her what she had been doing, and how pathetic she must have looked on film. She gave the camera a quick glance, her blush deepening again, and muttered. “Right, so why are we up here messing around? Let’s get this over with.”

“Ooooh, so eager for the main event!” said Leah with a giggle. “Well, don’t you worry, Claire Bear. I was just thinking the same thing. But before that… There’s one other dress code problem we have to address.”

Claire gulped, her eyes flashing back toward the bed behind her. So… she hadn’t missed it. Claire had left her last accessory out on purpose. Well, Leah had to admit that she didn’t really blame her. It was by far the most humiliating piece of the entire ensemble. But wearing was even more important than going without panties, and Leah couldn’t just ignore it.

“I… I thought maybe it was some sort of joke,” said Claire in a hushed tone. It was clear from the anxious look on her blushing face that she was reconsidering that thought. Based on Leah’s attitude, it was obvious that she had been absolutely serious.

Leah didn’t even bother responding, simply walking past Claire toward the bed and treating the curvy slut to another look at her plush rump, proudly carrying the initials of her master. She bent over a little further than was strictly necessary, wiggling her fat cheeks as she bent low to the bed…

And picked up the studded leather collar and matching leash they had left there for the hapless, horny brunette.

Claire’s hand went to her slim throat as Leah turned and walked toward her, twirling the collar on one finger.

“Come on, Claire Bear. Let’s get you ready to meet your boss for the evening.”

…

Zane let out a breath and adjusted the now raging bulge in his pants as he paused the video momentarily.

What the fuck was Leah thinking?

He knew that Leah had a cruel streak. Even a dominant streak, despite her enthusiastic submission to him. He had seen it come out plenty of times before with her husband. The few times they had scheduled a good old-fashioned in-person cuckolding session, Leah had really let her inner bitch out of her cage.

But she had never shown this sort of interest in participating directly in the domination of one of his conquests. Zane wasn’t sure how he felt about it. He liked to keep his stable of sluts firmly under his control, and allowing this sort of powerful struggle between a current and future member felt… risky in some way he couldn’t fully define.

But even if Zane felt a little conflicted about Leah's little side-project, his cock’s reaction was unambiguous. It throbbed with pure, concentrated lust.

He pursed his lips, then shrugged and unzipped his pants. Whatever Leah had done with Claire, it was already over. He might have to teach her a lesson about the chain of sexual command, but for now, there was no harm in enjoying the slutty little show she had prepared for him. He took his cock in hand as he stabbed a fat finger at the play button again.

The video faded up to a view of the stairs, and a second later, two women walked down, both scantily clad and visibly horny.

…

Claire felt the leather collar pull tight around her throat as she wobbled down the stairs on the massive heels the two vindictive bitches forced her to wear. It wasn’t tight enough to give her trouble breathing, but Leah wasn’t acting like the humiliating combination of leash and collar was just for show. She was holding it taut, leading Claire forward to the humiliation waiting for her downstairs.

The leash and collar, the shameful costume, and Leah's entire swaggering, gloating attitude were demeaning and infuriating for a woman who prided herself on her intelligence and independence.

So why the fuck is it turning me on this much?

As much as Claire wanted to deny it, the truth was as plain as the shine on her upper thighs. Her whole body thrilled with twisted arousal, hot, liquid lust swirling in her belly and pounding against her skin with every heartbeat. Claire insisted furiously to herself that she shouldn't be feeling this way. Nobody should be able to mock her and push her around sexually, and if anyone could, it should only be the twisted, well-hung genius who seduced her in the first place.

But against all logic, all it had taken was a confident tone and a nominal amount of physical dominance, and Claire had been whining, humping, leaking putty in the blonde fatass's hands. It was a startling revelation about herself that Claire had no time to come to grips with. Not when Leah was pulling her forward to her next humiliation.

Finally, they reached the bottom of the stairs and reached the living room, giving Claire a view of exactly what was awaiting her. Her stomach dropped, then filled with burning butterflies as she saw Perlah.

Her normally cute assistant sat stiff and regal on the couch facing the stairs, dressed all in black leather. A tight corset gave her slim body more dramatic curves than usual, and she wore knee-length boots and elbow-length gloves, both in shiny, liquid-looking latex. Her lovely raven hair was swept straight back behind her, shining and pin-straight, and she had added some dramatic dark eye makeup while Leah had kept Claire busy upstairs.

But the hair and makeup and even the clothes weren't what drew Claire's eye the most. The most important part of Perlah's outfit was the long strap-on dildo jutting up from between her slim, toned thighs, standing proud and obscene, with one of Perlah's hands lightly stroking up and down its length as she watched her boss descend the stairs, collared, leashed, and ready to submit to her.

They paused at the bottom of the stairs, and Leah leaned in close to Claire's ear, whispering, "Time for the main event. I was just the warmup. She's your real mistress tonight. Go to her. Offer yourself to her." Leah suddenly held the leash up to Claire's face. For a second, Claire had no idea what Leah even wanted her to do… then, with a fresh flush of shame, Claire took the stiff leather of the leash between her teeth and turned her focus to the young leather-clad woman across the room.

Perlah was staring her dead in the eyes, stroking the rubber cock between her legs, her face a picture of horny concentration. Despite her recent experience with Leah, Claire was still skeptical that the petite Asian would be able to dominate her. It just wasn't how their relationship worked. Claire called the shots and acted as a mentor, and Perlah did as she was told. It was why Claire wasn't able to take the insistence that she and Perlah were the same seriously. They weren't the same. One day, Perlah might reach her level, but right now, as arrogant as it might be to say, Claire was simply a superior woman to her assistant.

Either way, it was time to get this farce over with. She rolled her eyes and took a step towards Perlah.

“Stop.” The word was cold and confident, stopping Claire in her tracks as it dropped from Perlah’s pouty lips. Claire flushed as she realized she had instinctively obeyed a firm command, even though it was Perlah who was saying it. Leah’s teasing penetration and dominant priming upstairs had clearly messed with her head. But she had little time to think about it. Perlah was already pointing downward with one shiny gloved finger while her other hand continued to flow up and down the dildo at her waist.

“Kneel. Crawl to me.”

This command was even more unacceptable. Claire wanted to tell Perlah that she was being ridiculous, but the Leash between her teeth effectively gagged her and kept her silent. She stewed for a second in prickly indecision, considering refusing the demeaning command…

But in the end, she decided it wasn’t worth it. If she balked at this, it would only drag out the process of the obscene apology, instead of finishing it as soon as possible.

And so, painfully conscious of the multiple cameras set up and filming around the room, Claire sank to her knees. Her breasts hung softly beneath her, pressing against the sheer fabric of the blouse. As she began to crawl, the tight constricting skirt made her hips wiggle dramatically, and based on the cool feeling of air on her hot, throbbing pussy, she was certain that some of the cameras would be capturing gratuitous up-skirt angles of her dripping cunt.

Claire approached Perlah on her hands and knees, her own leash held in her mouth. She tried to tell herself she wasn’t really submitting. She was doing this because it was the quickest and easiest way to make sure Leah and Perlah weren’t an ongoing problem.

I’m not doing this because it feels good to look up into Perlah’s dark, wicked eyes while she strokes her strap-on.

I’m not doing this because being dominated makes my pussy tingle.

I’m not like that.

I’m not…

Perlah reached down and seized the leash, taking control. “So… are you ready to apologize?” She asked in a husky voice, loud enough for the cameras to pick it up.

Claire reminded herself once again that, no matter how humiliating and even, yes, arousing it was to be beneath a beautiful young woman, she was the one who was in charge in the long run. She cleared her throat, ready to say the words that Perlah wanted to hear. She was under no illusion that she would be let off the hook at this point, even if she made the humblest apology of all time, so she didn’t bother to debase herself too much.

“I’m sorry for being rude to you, Perlah,” she said bluntly, staring up into Perlah’s eyes with what she hoped appeared to be calm confidence.

Perlah giggled… then gathered the leash, wrapping it around her fist and pulling Leah closer… closer… until the smooth shiny surface of the black dildo pressed against her face: a physical sign of her power and control in this situation. “First of all, Claire Bear,” purred Perlah, clearly relishing the use of the annoying nickname, “I want you to call me *Boss* tonight. That’s why we got you those cute new clothes. Tonight, you work for me. A nice little role reversal to get you in the proper apologetic mindset.”

Claire's breath caught in her throat, hot and wet, as Perlah slid her hips forward, rubbing the dildo across her cheek. "And secondly," continued the smirking Asian beauty, "That has to be one of the worst apologies that I have ever fucking heard. I want you to try again. Make me believe it."

Claire's belly twisted with humiliation and reluctant arousal. Her nipples throbbed, painfully stiff beneath the tight blouse containing them. Her pussy clenched around nothing beneath her embarrassingly short skirt as the dildo continued rubbing obnoxiously all over her face. Perlah was taking this too fucking far. I should really just tell her off and break the stupid charade that I'm actually submitting to her.

But, instead, Claire opened her mouth and said in a raspy voice, 'I'm sorry.... B-Boss. I'm sorry I said you were a slut. It wasn't... It wasn't f-fair of me." She wasn't sure why she was going along with this, but for some reason, it just felt right to give in.

As she talked, Perlah scooted her hips backwards and applied downward pressure on the dildo resting against Claire's face, dragging it across her cheek until its bulbous, realistic tip pressed against Claire's lips. "That's a good girl. Better," said Perlah in a gloating tone. "But I still think we can bring a real, humble apology from you. Why don't you suck your boss's cock while you think of how you phrase that better?"

She didn't wait for Claire to choose one way or the other. Without giving Claire any time to think, Perlah pressed forward, sliding the rubber cock between Claire's lips and invading her mouth with the symbolic instrument of dominance. She pulled the leash even tighter, sinking Claire's mouth further down the shiny black shaft, pressing it against her tongue.

Claire found herself instinctively swirling her tongue around the fake cock in her mouth, wetting it with her spit as her upturned eyes searched Perlah's face for approval. She looked inside herself for all the superiority and confidence she had felt a minute ago as she sucked the thick dildo like she could actually make it cum, but now all she found was weak, willing submission.

It was hard to be defiant when you were on your knees sucking cock. Zane had taught her that, and now Perlah was teaching her that it was true with any cock, even a rubber one. Despite how much the idea humiliated her, Claire did feel dominated by her younger assistant.

And a part of her wanted more.

Perlah pulled the leash cruelly tight, pulling Claire even closer as she pushed the dildo deeper, bumping it against the back of her submissive little secretary's throat.

"Not so high and mighty now, are you?" she hissed. "Not looking down on me anymore. Apologize again. Tell me how sorry you are, you pathetic submissive slut."

Claire stared up at Perlah in incomprehension. *How can I say anything at all when she...?* Then it hit her. Of course it would be impossible to say anything. That was exactly the point.

Her attempted apology was just a series of wet choking noises as Perlah stuffed the strap-on into her mouth again and again.

"You weren't friends with me." Claire could hear the raw emotion sneaking through Perlah's performative dominance. Apparently, her cold, dismissive attitude toward Perlah these past few days had really touched a nerve. "You just thought I was an obedient little assistant you could order around. Well... you aren't looking down at me anymore."

Perlah's eyes blazed with triumph and arousal as she pressed the dildo forward with a slow, steady thrust of her hips, pulling Claire's leash toward her from the other direction. "Now you're looking up at me. Serving on your knees. Come on now, Claire Bear. Be a good employee and take every inch."

Claire breathed heavily through her nose. Her body felt like it was on fire. Perlah's gloating words rubbed like sandpaper on her soul… but also made her throbbing pussy leak with the taboo pleasure of submission. Perlah's rubber cock pressed hard against her throat, thick and strong and insistent. And then, with a little whimper, Claire let her in. She opened herself and let Perlah take her slutty throat.

It was the first time she had ever been deep-throated. She had certainly never allowed Dan to do something that demeaning, and even Zane hadn't gone that far. Instead, her assistant was the one looking down with a smug smirk as her dildo made Claire's tight, married throat bulge.

"Now that's an apology that I might be able to accept,' said Perlah, and began to move, pulsing her thick dildo in and out of Claire's throat. You would think by the eager humping of her hips and the expression of glee on her face that Perlah could feel the hot, wet throat around her dick, but just the exhilarating feeling of dominance must have been stimulating enough for her. Claire herself was heating up further. Her body pulsing and roared with dark, twisted arousal. She was losing herself in a tidal wave of sensation as her bratty assistant relentlessly owned her mouth.

Perlah's pace increased, and Claire's hand snuck shamefully between her thighs and up beneath her skirt to play with her pussy, augmenting and intensifying the powerful sensation of Perlah's thrusts. Both women made little grunts and sighs, both getting wound up further and further by the twisted moment of revenge and bonding, until finally Perlah stopped, breathing hard, and allowed Claire to retreat, panting and drooling as the long dildo popped free of her mouth.

Fuck… Claire had been so close once again, but Perlah had stopped at the last second. Her body cried out for satisfaction. She would do almost anything at this point.

Perlah leaned back on the couch, smirking down at Claire and patting one toned thigh. Her black dildo, now shiny with Claire's saliva, wobbled obscenely.

"Come on up here, Claire Bear," she said eagerly, tugging on the leash. "You've apologized with your mouth, but you didn't think I was going to let you get away without apologizing with that sweet little pussy, did you?"

Perlah was really shocking Claire tonight. Perlah had always been a little… cheeky, but a month with Zane had apparently transformed her into a filthy, dirty-mouthed slut. In other circumstances, it may have turned Claire off, but right now, Perlah's arrogant command sounded like music to her ears.

"Yes, boss," said Claire meekly in a voice that had been roughened by Perlah's dominant thrusts. She rose on shaky legs and planted one knee on either side of her slimmer, smaller assistant on the couch, then reached beneath her to position the strap on, biting her lip as its head, slick and warm from her throat, teased at her entrance.

Perlah stared up at her with stars in her eyes, losing a bit of her dominant edge as she gave in to sheer arousal. Even though she was focused on getting revenge for Claire's snobby attitude, it

was hard not to be aroused when a bombshell like Claire stuck her big, soft tits in your face as she prepared to ride your lap.

Claire pressed down until just the tip sank into her throbbing pussy, then locked eyes with Perlah beneath her. Some instinct told her that she needed to wait for Perlah's permission. She had accepted on some deeper level that, at least for the moment, her assistant was truly her boss. Perlah had gotten a hold of herself once again, and her eyes were brimming with steely, dominant lust as she stared up at Claire, the tip of her strap-on inserted, ready to claim her in a way neither of them had ever dreamed was possible.

"Ride me," hissed Perlah, her sinking into Claire's wide hips and pulling her downward, plunging the well-lubed dildo deep into her cheating cunt, 'Fuck yourself on my cock and show me how much of a slut you really are."

Claire obeyed, her hips descending until her bubble butt pressed down into Perlah's thighs. Then she rose again, the lips of her pussy gripping and draggingly greedily up the length of the dildo. It was almost a shame that Perlah wouldn't be able to feel this, because as Claire settled into a steady pumping rhythm, she was pretty sure that even a stallion like Zane wouldn't be able to resist the intense cowgirl riding for long.

...

Leah watched with a big smirk on her face as Claire crumbled completely. Her shapely ass slapping down against Perlah's slim thighs again and again, her tiny skirt now bunched up around her waist, showing everything. She impaled herself on Perlah's thick black dildo, tits bouncing and swaying wildly with her dramatic circular hip motions. Low sultry moans began to pour from her throat as she completely surrendered to her submissive punishment.

Perlah was enjoying herself as well, her dainty hands reaching back to maul and grope Claire's bouncing ass. As Leah watched with glee, she disengaged one hand to reach up and tear open the thin material of the slutty blouse, sending buttons clattering to the floor. Then the bratty little assistant seized one of Claire's bouncing nipples between her teeth, sending fresh moans of submissive pleasure pouring through the room.

Both women were in their own world, completely forgetting the cameras existed. Completely forgetting that Leah existed.

Which was too bad for Claire, because it had given Leah enough time to run upstairs and grab Claire's phone. It was locked with a pin, of course, but Claire had shared that info with her trusted assistant. Perlah had told it to Leah during the planning process just in case an opportunity like this came up. It took only a second for Leah to unlock the phone and move to Claire's contacts.

This was probably taking things too far, but it had rubbed Leah the wrong way when Claire brought up Dan waiting at home for her earlier. When Leah had been seduced by Zane, her husband had been on her mind all the time. True, she had fallen to Zane's charms in the end, just like everyone did, but it had torn her up inside to know what she was doing to her husband. And later, Leah had insisted on bringing Bill into her new life and made a place for him, humiliating though it might be.

Dan, Leah's old friend, seemed almost like an afterthought to Claire. So now it was time to remind her of the ripple effects of becoming a submissive slut for people outside her marriage.

There was a significant risk that Dan might find out what was happening… but maybe that wouldn't be the end of the world. It would save Dan a lot of pain, and Leah could innocently protest to Zane that it had been a mistake she made in the heat of a sex game. Zane had made her call her husband while they fucked lots of times, even before Bill knew she was cucking him, so she could plausibly claim she didn't know that kind of call was off-limits.

Claire stalked toward the moaning, bouncing slut on the couch and pressed the call button next to Dan's name, a grim smile on her face.

…

"What the fuck…" said Zane blankly as Leah stepped into frame, holding a phone up to Claire's sweating face.

Ok, this is way waaaay too far. Leah might derail my entire fucking game!

The scene rolled on, and Zane began stroking his cock again, because, after all, it was still fucking hot. But a little flare of annoyance burned inside him as well.

Leah might need to be punished.

…

Claire felt the cool glass of her phone pressed to the side of her head, and was momentarily shocked enough to cut off her moans. Considering what she heard next, she was lucky she wasn't moaning anymore.

"Hey, babe, what's up?" asked Dan's voice over the line.

Claire's eyes went wide, and her mouth dropped open, momentarily stunned. The sound of her husband's voice clashed with the rest of the situation, scrambling her thoughts and sending them whirling in every direction like dry leaves in a storm. She was half-naked, half-dressed in fetish gear, a thick dildo was buried deep in her pussy, and she was riding the lap of her personal assistant. Her husband simply didn't fit with that in her brain.

"Hello? Is everything ok?" asked Dan's voice with a growing edge of concern.

Claire panicked, feeling a sudden need to reassure her husband so he didn't get suspicious. "It's ummm… everything's fine, babe," she said in a wobbly voice, trying her best to control herself so that Dan wouldn't suspect something was going on.

She cursed herself a second later. She could have just hung up and pretended it was a butt dial. Too late for that now, she had messed it up in her panic.

"Ok," said Dan in a troubled voice. 'So why are you calling? You're usually too busy to even respond to texts during client dinners."

"Oh! Ummm, I just wanted to check in with you, since you've seemed a little down lately. Sorry that I had to take another night for work."

She almost had her voice completely under control now, and her excuse sounded at least half-plausible. She almost thought she had gotten away with it.

Then Perlah started moving.

It began with little teasing thrusts upward, wiggling just enough to stimulate Claire and remind her that the rubber cock was there. Claire had to bite her lip hard as the unexpected sensation almost surprised a sultry moan from her. She glared down at Perlah, but the little minx just grinned back unapologetically as Dan said, “Well… thank you, honey. Yeah, I have been a little down lately. But I understand. You’re always working hard for us.”

Perlah’s thrusts grew more forceful. Deeper. “Y-yeah,” said Claire, struggling to control her voice. “Soo harrd.” She tried to think of something else that would feel natural to talk about on a call like this. Something that would have Dan doing most of the talking. “ Enough about me. What are you up to tonight, baby?” she asked as Perlah's thrusts pushed relentlessly upward into her quivering pussy.

“Oh, you know,” said Dan with a nervous laugh, “Just surfing the internet. Keeping busy.”

What? Why does he sound guilty? It suddenly hit Claire like a ton of bricks. Her husband was watching porn. While his wife filmed a real-life pornographic scene across town. Maybe he was even watching a video of one of the two women who had dominated her tonight. Jerking off at home while someone else fucked her… the thought was as kinky as it was dark. The sudden erotic thought blended with a massive spike of physical pleasure as Perlah latched onto one of Claire’s stiff pink nipples again, lashing it with her tongue as she stared up into Claire’s eyes with an insolent twinkle in her eyes.

“Ohhhh, it’s… It’s good you’re having fun, honey!” whimpered Claire, her hips beginning to move on their own against her will, her body chasing the orgasm it so desperately craved. Perlah reached back and gave Claire’s plump ass a hard smack. Loud enough that Claire was certain that Dan must have heard it. She clapped her hand over her mouth, just barely stopping a low, animal moan from escaping. She was so close to being caught. So close to her husband finding out what a weak, submissive slut she had become. And somehow, that just made the whole fucked up situation hotter, filling her insides with pure, crackling lust.

“Claire, are you sure everything is ok?” asked Dan suspiciously. “It sounds a little…”

Claire summoned up every ounce of self-control she had to uncover her mouth and quickly say, “I’ve got to run, Dan. Need to get back to my table. I’ll see you later tonight. Love you,” in a tight, controlled voice. With shaking hands, she hung up the call and threw her phone to the couch. Then she let out a powerful, throaty moan, draped her arms around Perlah’s neck, and increased the speed of her bouncing hips. She would probably have to cook up a good excuse for the weird phone call later, but right now, the only thing she gave a shit about was how fucking good the thick rubber cock felt as it stretched out her clenching pussy.

Perlah raised her face from the vicious nipple sucking and hissed in Claire’s ear, powerful and hot, “Apologize. I know you mean it now. Tell me what I want to hear and I’ll let you cum.”

Claire let out a breathy whine, her hips pumping up and down, her naked tits bouncing in her assistant’s face. She still wasn’t sure if she meant the words, but she needed Perlah’s approval. She needed to fucking cum. And if what it took was humiliating herself, right now, that was a price that was well worth it.

“I'm sooorry!” She wailed. “I'm so sorry for treating you like a slut, B-Boss! Especially when I’m a pathetic, married slut who couldn’t resist Zane’s cock! Punish me! Teach me how slutty I really am. Make me cum on your big fucking cock!”

“Now that’s what I wanted to hear!” crowed Perlah. She reached back to spank Claire’s big, bouncing butt again, but this time her hands stayed there, gripping tight and pulling Claire down faster and faster onto her thrusting dildo. “Cum for me. Cum for me, you little slut. Show me what a greedy little submissive you are.”

Then her mouth captured one of Claire’s nipples once again, nibbling and sucking as she squashed her face deep into Claire’s soft, sweaty tits.

Claire’s hips pumped up and down, slapping against Perlah’s thighs again and again. The bratty Asian’s wicked little mouth sent tingling sparks of erotic sensation through her tits, and her pussy milked the rubber cock inside her like it expected a creampie. She felt a powerful orgasm coiling inside her like a snake ready to strike, the tension building and building toward an incredible snap of sexual release. It was deeply humiliating to submit to her assistant this way, but at this point, that only fueled the fire.

Claire moaned out as she fell over the edge into climax, “Oh Godddd! Fuck me! Fuck me, Boss! Prove how much of a fucking slut I ammmmm!” And then she was lost. Seeing stars as the climax crashed into her, making her thick thighs tremble and her words dissolve into sloppy, incoherent moans. Her pussy gripped the dildo with primal hunger, pulsing around it with milking contractions to extract non-existent cum. One hand rose to the back of Perlah's head, pulling her face even harder into Claire’s tits as the filthy fire of submissive orgasm flowed through her every nerve.

Her hips continued to swirl and grind as wave after wave hit her, for what seemed like an eternity, although it must have only been a few minutes. Finally, Claire fell still, spent and panting, her straining muscles loosening, feeling weak and hot all over.

Perlah released her nipple with a wide, pleased smile lighting up her face. There was no way that Perlah reached orgasm from penetrating Claire with a strap-on, but she looked blissful and satisfied nonetheless.

She reached up, took both of Claire’s cheeks in her hands, and pulled the stunned, embarrassed woman into a tender kiss.

Her voice had lost the bratty, prickly edge it had held all night as she looked Claire in the eye and said, “I forgive you, boss. We’re equals now.”

…

The video cut off abruptly. Zane gave a grumbling sigh and reached for another tissue. Just one wasn’t going to be enough to clean up the load he had just shot.

The video had been hot. Extremely so. Now that it had been produced, he was eager to add it to the collection of videos he was preparing for Claire’s debut.

But whether or not it was hot wasn’t the issue. The issue was that Leah had gone off like a loose cannon and risked fucking up Zane’s entire plan for Claire. Maybe a little lesbian domination was helpful in furthering her corruption…Zane could accept that argument. But putting her on the phone with her husband was reckless. If Dan found out what was going on at this point, it would spoil half the fun.

There was no doubt about it. Leah had to be reined in. Sooner rather than later, maybe.

It left Zane at a crossroads. Bringing Leah back to heel might be important enough to prioritize up front. But on the other hand, it was obvious from the video that Claire was ripening fast into a submissive slut. Now might be the best time to strike and break the flimsy pretense that she was finished with Zane for good. Maybe the Leah issue could wait. If he took a greater controlling hand over Claire, Leah would have less opportunity to fuck things up for him.

(Author's Note: This vote, in essence, is a choice between a side-story chapter where Zane reestablishes control and dominates Leah, or skips that potential plot point and focuses exclusively on Claire. The plot point that Zane is annoyed at Leah won't disappear altogether if you all go with a focus on Claire, but it won't be a major plot point.)

Good Afternoon!

I know it's a little early, but it looks like the preference of the readership is overwhelming. Zane will pursue Claire immediately, and put the issue of Leah's personal agenda on the back burner.

Zane's objective now is to show Claire the true state of things: she can no longer live without his cock.

The question is, what is the best approach to tear apart the lie Claire is telling herself: that things between her and Zane are over?

Option A: Despite the fact that Dan is a pathetic disappointment, Claire is still hung up on the idea that she can't be with Zane because she's married. Well, there is one easy way to clear away that roadblock. All Zane needs to do is find an opportunity to interact with Dan and Claire together. Using a tried and true tactic that served him well during the spa visit, he could crash one of their dates. Not only would this give him the opportunity to push Dan around a little and show Claire which man she should choose, but he could also tell Dan that time was almost up and he still hadn't slept with Claire. An efficient way to advance his plans with both of them at once.

Option B: Zane has always preferred it when his woman come to him, horny and desperate. Maybe it's time to show Claire that her desires are too strong to resist. Make her understand that it isn't Zane who is making her want him… that desire comes from inside herself. From her very nature. All he has to do is sent her some dick pics and links to porn videos. Build up the lust and temptation inside her. Throw out the bait and watch with triumph as she comes crawling back with her tail between her legs, willing to trade her pride for another taste of his cock.

Option C: No more games. No more subtly. Zane is a dominant man, and Claire is a submissive woman. Their sexual chemistry is undeniable. All that Zane needs to do now is show up at Claire's house and claim her. Once he makes his move, he knows she will instantly submit. He wants to take her in her home. On the bed where she sleeps with her cuck roommate. Teach her that he is now the most important man in her life through raw, physical dominance.

The Bet – Chapter 22

Claire sent her husband off with a kiss, then smiled and waved at him through the front window as he drove off. Then her warm, happy expression dissolved, her brows crinkling and her mouth drawing down into a light frown. She collapsed back onto the couch with a sigh and rubbed a temple thoughtfully. She had gotten herself into a fine mess with this Zane situation, but she was free now. All loose ends had been tied up.

At least in theory.

Her submissive sexual encounter with Leah and Perlah had been intense and humiliating, but it was in the past now. Her phone call with Dan in the middle of it had, miraculously, not raised any red flags with him. Dan had just mildly asked if everything was ok later that evening. He accepted her reason for hanging up abruptly, that dessert was coming out and she had to hurry back to the table, without any complaints or follow-up questions.

The encounter had changed her relationship with Perlah, however. The pretty young Asian was a touch less respectful now… a little less deferential to her boss in subtle ways. And Claire found herself phrasing things a little more politely to her assistant. Requesting rather than commanding. It was hard to see yourself as unquestionably above someone else when they had fucked you to sloppy orgasm with a strap-on, it turned out.

That was part of the reason she was working from home today. She had increased her work-from-home schedule to escape the filthy flashes of memory that Perlah's wicked eyes caused her. She was sure they would fade with time, but for now, they made every day at the office embarrassing, erotic torture.

And as for Zane… There was nothing to report. Claire hadn't seen him at all since the meeting where he had passed her the flash drive. If Leah had shown Zane the video like she said she would, it hadn't provoked any reaction or contact.

Considering that all of the work on his bedroom had been passed to contractors for completion, that meant Claire had done it. She had escaped from Zane entirely. She was free… Physically, at least. Mentally was another story.

Claire lay back on the couch, covering her eyes as another searing memory washed over her. Zane thrusting into her from behind while his sweaty fist yanked her hair backward. His cock pumping in and out of her quivering pussy in a primal, frantic rhythm. Her eyes focused on the symbol of her defeat: the panties she had willingly surrendered while she begged for her enemy's cock.

Claire bit her lip hard, her thighs shifting and rubbing together as she felt heat pooling between them. The memories had been growing stronger and stronger this past week. They were getting more difficult to ignore. With careful coaching, Dan had actually been improving in bed. His ability to… rise to the occasion was still only on and off, but he was making up for it with enthusiastic use of his mouth and fingers.

Fingers… Claire's fingers slid down the seam on her jeans, rubbing lightly over the crotch, sending fiery sparks of sensation radiating out and up through her lower belly. The problem was that, no matter how much Dan improved, he was just missing something that Zane had. There was no sense of that volcanic, dangerous heat in her lovemaking with her husband. The antagonistic struggle and humiliating defeat that set her soul on fire. She still hadn't stopped

hating Zane's guts, but she couldn't deny that there was chemistry between them… the kind of chemistry that sizzled and smoked and gave off noxious fumes… but God, the fire was pretty.

Like when Zane had manipulated her into sucking his cock. She saw that now; even if his original intention was to fuck her, and she had prevented it, a married woman willingly kneeling and worshipping his throbbing cock was a win for Zane no matter how you looked at it. In fact, it had been all wins for Zane from the beginning. Every move that Claire had tried to make to resist him had only drawn the noose tighter around her neck.

She wasn't sure if that meant she was dumber than she thought, or if Zane was right about all women being sluts for him, but either way, it was humiliating.

Mmmm. Humiliation. Claire's fingers pressed harder against the crotch of her ,jeans feeling how wet she had become as her arousal soaked into her panties. That was maybe the most surprising aspect of this entire sordid affair: Zane had awakened a submissive streak inside her that she never knew existed. *Could he be right that I spent my whole life surrounding myself with weak men? Is that why a cocky jerk like him can push my buttons so easily?* The button of Claire's jeans popped open beneath her shaky fingers, and her hand greedily dove down the front of her panties, touching her slick, heated flesh directly.

The way Zane had taken control… drawn her in as if she was just another one of his bimbo sluts… That was what a confident man with a big cock could do. He could take even a smart, confident, driven woman like her and make her drool for him. Make her lust after his thick cock.

As Claire closed her eyes, Zane's cock seemed to float in her vision. She could almost feel his hot, pulsing girth stretching her lips. Taste his salty precum on her tongue. Claire's fingers circled her clit, and a soft moan puffed from between her lips. But the sound dripped with frustration just as much as it did pleasure. It wasn't enough. Just the memory of Zane's dick couldn't satisfy her. Not even when combined with her husband's earnest attempts with his fingers and tongue.

She needed more… but she couldn't get it without compromising her principles and slipping further down the rabbit hole. Her fingers swirled and flexed, but she was stuck on the wrong side of climax. She was also trapped between two impossibilities: she couldn't crawl to Zane and agree to be the sort of desperate slut he expected, but she couldn't just go back to mild, unsatisfying sex either.

The doorbell rang, shocking Claire out of her haze of self-pleasure and self-pity.

She sat bolt upright, jerking her hands out of her pants while her heart pounded wildly in her chest. *Who the fuck is that?* They lived in a quiet neighborhood, and she couldn't remember the last time they had a salesman come to the door.

A certainty formed in her mind… it seemed impossible, but somehow she knew it had to be him. Claire rose from the couch, filled with jittery nervous energy, and headed to the entryway, buttoning her jeans as she went. There was no possible way he was here at her house. There was no reason for him to come. She had made it clear to him that things were over.

But as Claire walked slowly to the front door, her heart in her throat, she knew that she wouldn't find some random salesman behind it. The toxic, white-hot attraction that had been forged between her and Zane was undeniable. He had to feel it too. It had drawn him here to her.

When Claire swung open the front door to see Zane standing there with a flat, smoldering look of lust on his face, she wasn't sure what to feel. Pure adrenaline rushed through her veins. Hatred and disgust for this horrible, presumptuous little man burned in her heart. But even stronger her hate was the shameful, bone-deep longing she felt for him. The age-old desire of a woman for a man. She hated the fact that he had come here. But she was thrilled to see him. Both were true.

But even if a part of Claire was thrilled to see her tormentor, the fact that he was here at all was risky beyond words. Her home had been a refuge. A place where she could worry and rage about Zane's antics, but he couldn't reach her. A place for her and her husband. Zane being here felt wrong. Another type of intimacy that Zane had claimed.

She opened her mouth to tell Zane he had to leave. Part of her might want to drop everything and experience the red-hot passion only Zane seemed to be able to give her, but her habit of shutting presumptuous men down still clung to her powerfully. Zane wasn't going to get Claire to break that easily. She wasn't that sort of woman.

But, like he always managed to do, Zane surprised her. Just as Claire was about to say something cutting him and send him away, he lunged forward, his hand raising deftly to pull her into a deep, searing kiss.

Claire's mind went blank with shock. Not only had Zane fucking kissed her, a married fucking woman, without even saying a word of greeting, but he had done it in the open doorway of heer home, where anybody passing by might see them. She went stiff in Zane's arms, panic and humiliation washing over her at the thought that her nosey neighbors might see her making out with a squat, ugly man who certainly wasn't her husband.

But, even though she weakly tried to push Zane away, his strong arms wrapped around her, holding her close. His tongue insistantly pressed tight to her lips, demanding entrance. *He is so… fucking…arrogant! He thinks he can have anything he wants, just because it's him who wants it!* The thought brought Claire's anger roaring to life… but overwhelming lust came with it. Before she knew what was happening, Claire's lips parted, her tongue wrestling aggressively with Zane's. She gave in to her roaring, red-hot passion, kissing Zane back as her pulse drummed in her ears and the wild heat between her legs that still lingered from her masturbation session grew hotter and wetter.

Finally, she managed to pull away with an angry gasp. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she snapped, peering over his shoulder to see that, thankfully, no one seemed to be watching. "Someone might see us!"

"Then I guess we'd better get inside," growled Zane. "Otherwise, who knows what I might do to you in the doorway?"

Claire stared at him in blank shock. There was none of Zane's oily charm in his tone right now. And he wasn't joking. His eyes blazed with sexual dominance. With one glance, Claire could tell that he meant what he said. He would allow her to take this confrontation into the privacy of their home… or he would strip her right there in the doorway and have his way with her on the front steps. Just walking away wasn't something he would even consider.

The pushy, insulting certainty in Zane's ultimatum sent a submissive thrill through Claire's core. She could feel her body eagerly preparing for Zane, her pussy flushing with heat and her nipples

stiffening in her bra. Her mind struggled desperately to push back, to reclaim some of her dignity by saying "no" to Zane this one crucial time.

But she couldn't fight against her basic sexual instincts. A part of Claire that she hated wanted desperately to give in to Zane's arrogant control… to be dominated and conquered by his irresistible will. And, after being starved of Zane's sexual intensity for several days, that part of her had grown stronger than her pride. Claire bit her lip, hesitated, then stepped to the side to let Zane into the house that she shared with her husband.

That movement by itself felt like it was a bigger betrayal of her husband and her own dignity than when she had sex with Zane. This was supposed to be her home turf, and she was caving completely to Zane's demands. A little embarrassed at herself and defensive, Claire huffily asked, "What the fuck is this about Zane? Why are you even…?"

As soon as the door was closed behind Claire, Zane pounced once again. This time pinning her back against the front door with his bulk. One hand greedily clutched between her legs, pawing and rubbing over the tight denim, while another rose to palm a full breast over her shirt. "F-fuck!" gasped Calire, feeling her knees go weak at the intensity of Zane's sudden rush. His mouth was on her neck, nuzzling and licking, his face bristly and rough against her tender skin. His hands were firm and confident, touching her body as if it belonged to him. Claire was overwhelmed by how fucking good it felt. She had been tortured and conflicted about how much her body craved Zane's touch for the past few days, but now all of that confusion was gone, blasted away by raw sexual need.

But, despite how good it felt to be manhandled by him, some ragged scrap of dignity clinging stubbornly in Claire's mind made her moan, "You… you can't just come in here and… oh God! You can't just… take me like this, Zane!" Her weak words were only further undermined by the way her hips needily ground downward into his rubbing hand, her chest arching outward to accept his touch.

Zane rose from her neck, eyes glinting with a hard, steely light. His fingers traced upward to the waistband of her jeans and plunged inside, stuffing his fingers greedily down the front of her panties like she herself had done just a few minutes earlier.

Claire let out a low whimpering moan, biting her lip hard and leaning back against the door as she felt Zane's dominant fingers touch her quivering, needy cunt. *Fuck! Why the fuck does his touch feel so fucking good when a better man like my husband leaves me so cold?*

"That's why I'm here, Claire Bear," said Zane, staring straight into her eyes. His voice wasn't gloating, or joking, or cloaked in layers of subtlety and teasing like it normally was. Just calm and confident, like he was telling her the way things were. "To teach you that I *can* just take you like this. Whenever I want. Because you're mine now, even if that makes you uncomfortable."

Claire flushed red, anger welling up inside her at Zane's monstrous arrogance… But then his fingers moved again, slipping between her slick, tender lips and brushing over her swollen clit with a feather-light touch. Her half-formed angry words dissolved into a mewl of pleasure again, her legs spreading instinctively to welcome even more sensation. Her fury faltered, then dissipated as she gave in to the pleasure once again.

"You've been lying to yourself for too long now," said Zane in that same voice of absolute certainty. The hand on Claire's breast cupped and squeezed with firm, even pressure while his strong fingers began to swirl slowly around her clit, tearing a hot, ragged gasp from her

throat. “Every time you submit to me, you say it's the last time. Not anymore. Today you’re going to admit the truth: that you and I didn’t just fuck. We *are fucking*. It’s an ongoing thing, and I’m the one in charge of where and when it happens, not you.”

Claire shook her head in desperate denial. *No! I didn’t agree to that! I’m not just the kept woman of a sleazy pornographer, fucking him behind my husband’s back!* But any sense of resistance that she started with was crumbling completely. Zane pinned her against the door with another rough, possessive kiss, making Claire’s logical brain fuzz out into a haze of lust. Her tongue tangled with Zane’s, hot and wet in her mouth, where his had rudely intruded. He slid his middle finger deep into her pussy, which clenched around it greedily. Her nipples pressed, tight and stiff against her bra, as if straining to feel the direct touch of Zane’s rough palms. Her body wanted exactly the filthy, shameful relationship he had described, and right now her body was in charge.

Fuck it… I can always just correct him later… After I’ve gotten my fix.

Claire draped her arms around Zane’s shoulders. Giving up. Giving in. Kissing him just as fiercely as she once resisted his advances. Grinding her hips downward into his dominant touch. It was humiliating to surrender like this, but also unbelievably hot. Like her entire sordid relationship with Zane had been from the beginning.

Zane pulled away, now with the ghost of a smug, yet approving smirk flashing across his face. He pulled a blushing, panting Claire away from the door where she leaned, half-collapsed from arousal, saying, “Come on, Claire Bear. I’m not going to fuck you in the entryway. I want you to treat me like the man of the house.”

Oh. Oh fuck. He wants to take me in the bedroom. The place of so many tender love-making sessions with her husband was going to be defiled by Zane’s aggressive, mind-blowing dominance… stained by the juices of their adulterous lovemaking. The idea was distressing, but only fed the fires of Claire’s twisted lust. She didn’t even try to resist anymore. Setting boundaries in her relationship with Zane was a distant problem for future Claire to worry about. Right now she was about to get fucked just like she needed, and nothing was going to stand in the way of that.

She took Zane by the hand and turned to lead him upstairs, breathing heavily, blushing, and keeping her eyes to the ground. She knew that if she took a second to think, she would realize that this was the worst idea she had ever had. But she didn’t want to think right now. She wanted to get fucked.

Zane made it easier by playfully giving her ass a hard spank as they walked, sending a blazing bolt of submissive lust singing through her. She actually moaned a little… Not so much from the physical sensation, but from Zane treating her like one of his pet sluts. Like her body was just a toy for him to play with. It was so fucking filthy and wrong that Claire couldn’t help but fall deeper into her haze of arousal, pulling Zane eagerly into the master bedroom.

Zane flopped back on the bed, his thick bulge pressing hard against the crotch of his pants in a way that made Claire feel weak and wet and hot all the way down to her core. He stared up at her with insolent hunger.

“I’m your man now. I want what he gets.” Zane gestured with his chin toward the framed photo of Claire and Dan on the dresser. Claire’s eyes flew to it, a fresh stab of guilt lancing through her. It was a simple picture of them on a date, Claire smiling widely and reaching across the table to

put her hand on Dan's. She remembered the picture vividly, because Dan was too shy to ask the waiter to take it for them, so she had needed to step in and ask.

It was a frame that Claire had intended to fill with a picture from their honeymoon, but that was one more disappointment from her husband. He kept saying that they would go soon… But soon never came.

Claire turned back to Zane, guilt and desire warring inside her. Here was a man who would always deliver exactly what he promised, because all that he promised was top-shelf dick and dominant control. A man who always got what he wanted and never hesitated to fight for it.

"I…" Claire gulped, clearing her dry mouth. "I normally give him a little striptease to start." Even if it was wrong to perform her usual bedroom routine for another man… it was Zane asking, and Zane always got what he wanted.

"Kinky," said Zane with a nasty chuckle. "I fucking love it. Give me one of your best strip tease, wifey. Show me what only Danny Boy got to see before I claimed you."

Claire took a deep, shuddering breath, then slowly reached down and pulled her sweater upwards, revealing her wide hips and flat, toned belly. For a second, her vision was blocked out as it came up and over her head, and when she could see again, Zane was already pulling his growing cock from his pants. Just the sight of it made Claire's insides twist and burn with desire so strong it was almost painful. His perfect cock had become an obsession for her. She couldn't count the number of times in the past few days she had pictured it in her mind… imagined the feel and taste of it.

Zane began lazily stroking himself as he grew to his full, proud length, throbbing and dominant, clashing with the warm familiarity of the bedroom she shared with her husband. "Keep going," said Zane in a low, compelling voice. "Who's stripping for who here, slut?"

Claire blushed and reached behind her back to unhook her bra, her fingers trembling a little at the sheer taboo eroticism of stripping for another man besides her husband. Her bra fell loose and she shrugged it off her shoulders, draping her arms across her bare breasts for a moment while giving Zane a sultry sidelong glance.

"God, you're fucking hot," growled Zane, pumping his fist up and down his shaft. "And all this was just for fucking Dan? You were wasted on a wimp like him, Claire."

It felt utterly bizarre to perform her usual bedroom ritual with this crude man. Technically, this is exactly what she would do for her husband. She would take off her clothes, and he would praise her while jerking off. But the tone of this encounter couldn't have been more different. With Dan, she felt like a goddess. Every word he said dripped with worship and awe.

Zane's eyes roamed her body like she was a delicious meal he couldn't wait to devour. Like she was his to play with as he chose. She didn't feel like a goddess at all… she felt like a sleazy stripper, getting Zane off.

So why does this feel so much fucking better?

Claire let her hands slide sensually down off of her tits, flowing down like water to rest on her hips, allowing Zane to feast his eyes on her bare breasts. She loved the way he looked at her, like some sort of wild beast waiting to pounce… her nipples were diamond hard under his scorching gaze, stiff and crinkled with desire.

“Touch them for me. I can tell you’re fucking horny. Tease those gorgeous tits while you watch me stroke.”

Claire’s heart skipped a beat at the firm command. Another way this was totally different from what she did with Dan. He watched and praised her as she revealed her body, but he didn’t tell her what to do.

There was no question over what Claire’s reaction would be, however. Right now, submitting to Zane’s desires was exactly what she wanted. She ran her hands back up over her heaving breasts, feeling their hot, soft skin beneath her palms. She cupped one large breast in both hands, stared at the thick, pumping cock between Zane’s thighs… and squeezed. She let out a little huff of air at the pleasurable sensation of pressure, her nipples two hot, throbbing points against her palms.

It felt so good that she shifted her grip, greedily circling her thumbs around her nipples, watching with growing desire as Zane’s thick cock pumped into his tight fist, already slick with precum.

Her pussy felt hollow, desperate to be filled. Still groping her tits with one hand, little moans building in the back of her throat, Claire reached down to unzip the front of her jeans, sliding them awkwardly down her thighs to reveal the simple pink panties she had chosen for today… and the dark wet spot on their crotch.

“I fucking knew it, you little minx,” said Zane triumphantly. “All of that resistance was bullshit from the very beginning. You’re a cock hungry slut like all the rest… You just hide it a little better.”

Claire shook her head at the insulting words, for a second, some of her old wounded pride fighting to be heard over the haze of lust she was trapped in. *That isn’t true. I didn’t always want Zane like this… right?* But her hands pawing her breasts felt too good, and once again her resistance crumbled. Claire’s hips thrust forward to give Zane a better view of her shameful wetness. She wanted him to see… to know how far she had fallen for him.

“Panties off. Give them to me,” said Zane gruffly, gesturing demandingly with one hand while the other continued its ceaseless pumping.

Claire shoved her jeans the rest of the way down and kicked them aside, turning and bending at the waist, arching her back dramatically to give Zane the best view possible of her plump, heart-shaped ass. “How many trophies do you want from me, Z?” She purred. The nickname dropped naturally from her lips, as though she had been saying it for years, just like all his other girls.

“Just one,” said Zane in a smoldering, sincere voice. Claire turned. Zane’s eyes were locked between her legs, single-mindedly focused on her juicy, married cunt. The prize that he was really after. “I want you. The whole thing. You’re going to be my trophy, Claire. The thing all the other men look at and envy, knowing how much of a winner I fucking am.”

Fuck… Claire’s belly erupted in butterflies, and she looked away as she tossed her soaked panties to Zane, scoffing a little to cover up how much his possessive words had turned her on. “Whatever. You say that to all the girls you fuck, don’t you?”

“No,” said Zane, standing up and quickly stripping away his pants. “You’re different.”

Claire's eyes widened, and she took a step away from the man suddenly coming toward her with a thick, powerful cock swinging between his legs. 'W-wait, normally Dan waits for me, and then we do reverse cowgirl before…"

"I'm not your pussy husband," grunted Zane as he stepped forward. In an instant, his strong hands grabbed her waist, setting her ass onto the edge of the dresser. Claire's legs instinctively wrapped around his bulky torso, pulling him closer, while her hands clung around his neck for balance.

Dan never tried this in all the years we've been married. He's always sat on the bed like a good boy, waiting patiently for me to…

"Fuckkkk!" All of Claire's thoughts of her husband flew out of her head completely as Zane entered her from below, thrusting upward to instantly sheathe himself balls-deep in her vulnerable pussy. Being held like this, barely resting her ass on the dresser while Zane supported the rest of her weight, made her feel mind-meltingly submissive. She was cradled in his strong arms, under his control, while he impaled her with his thick, throbbing cock. It felt like fireworks were exploding in her brain, pleasure bursting through her again and again as her pussy greedily clutched at Zane's cock. All he had done was enter her, and Claire was already on the verge of orgasm… An orgasm that was ten times as explosive as the weak half-climaxes her husband could inspire with his mouth.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Zane began slamming upward into her tight, silky pussy. Claire leaned forward to kiss him, eagerly egging him on with her lips and tongue. Wrapping her thick, powerful thighs around him. Accepting his passion and masculine power with submissive delight. Zane's powerful upward thrusts pushed her back against the dresser, rattling the mirror attached to its back and toppling the photo of her and her husband to the ground, unnoticed.

There was just something so… primal about the way Zane fucked. He fucked like a starving man tearing into a steak: hard and fast and hungry. His cock pumped in and out in long, fierce strokes, imprinting every curve and vein of his magnificent cock into the walls of Claire's fluttering pussy. And she in turn milked him with powerful internal squeezes, urging him deeper, needily clinging to his cock with her silky heat.

Claire bit Zane's lip, throaty purrs muffled by his mouth as she felt the powerful, deep satisfaction she had been missing ever since the last time Zane fucked her. How had she ever thought that penetration couldn't get her off? Zane's thick, throbbing rod spearing deep into her sensitive pussy made it feel like her brain would melt out of her ears from sheer submissive pleasure.

Zane's mouth pulled away from hers, but immediately set to work on her bouncing tits, sucking a stiff nipple into his mouth and lashing it with his thick, rough tongue, sending jittering little crackles of sexual electricity out from her breasts to join the stronger molten cascade of pleasure roaring upward from between her legs. Zane never missed a stroke with the steady, pounding rhythm of his hips as he claimed her tits with his lips and tongue, just like he was claiming her pussy with his thick cock.

He was taking her. Just like he said: because he wanted to. Claiming her in a way that her husband never had, despite winning her over and doing everything a good husband was supposed to do. In this moment of primal sexual need, it didn't matter that Zane was an awful, arrogant man who saw her as a hole to fuck and Dan was a sweet, loving man who saw her as a

goddess. All that mattered was that Zane was able to create this dangerous, explosive, live-wire sexual energy inside her when his cock pounded hard and fast into her pussy.

Claire could feel her orgasm coming, bubbling inside her like hot magma just waiting to erupt. She leaned back against the shaking mirror, loud slutty moans pouring from her throat as Zane continued to lick and suck every inch of her bouncing breasts that his tongue could reach. The dresser slammed loudly into the wall again and again with the power of Zane's thrusts as he conquered her pussy. All the little everyday items that Dan and Claire had left on the dresser scattered. A bottle of Dan's cologne fell to the ground and shattered, filling the room with her husband's scent as she let another man fuck her senseless.

But, just as she felt like her orgasm was about to overwhelm her, Zane pulled back. But before she could even open her mouth to protest, he grabbed her by the arms, spun her around, and threw her over the front of the dresser.

Claire was confronted by her own image in the mirror, and it sent a hot, arousing flood of shame through her. As she scanned her face and body in the mirror, she saw no trace of the competent, powerful career woman she thought she was. All she saw was a panting, eager slut, green eyes drunk on cock, lips glossy with a man's drool, sleek dark hair disheveled from vigorous fucking. Her ripe tits hung beneath her, covered in red marks from Zane's teeth and sucking lips, stiff nipples almost scraping the top of the dresser she was bent over. She looked exactly like the fallen women she had seen in Zane's porn videos.

And behind her loomed the man himself, the one who had turned her into this. Zane was smiling again. A wide, arrogant grin split his face as he watched the humiliating realization wash over Claire. The knowledge that she had been lying to herself: that Zane really had beaten her, through and through. There was nothing left for her to do but enjoy the sweet rewards of her defeat.

Zane's hands slid over the upturned cheeks of her ass and locked in, holding her wide hips tight. He slipped his throbbing length into her pussy again, his first powerful thrust pressing Claire's face up against the mirror in front of her. "Tell me, Claire Bear," he grunted as he resumed his punishing pace, this time in a brutal, dominant doggy style. "Tell me what you see in the mirror."

"Uhhhnnn, I see…" It was hard to focus with Zane's thick cock pumping into her pussy, stretching her little hole wide. But she knew what Zane wanted to hear, and right now, as she submitted completely to his powerful cock, Claire was willing to tell him anything he wanted to hear. "I see a s-sluuuttt!" she moaned, her hot, gasping breath fogging the glass of the mirror.

Zane spanked her ass hard as it eagerly slapped back against his thighs, making Claire whimper in pain and pleasure.

"*My* slut," he growled. *Crack* He spanked her again, aggressively punctuating his claim of ownership.

Claire couldn't disagree. Her thighs were trembling, and her pussy was eagerly accepting every thrust of his manly cock. She belonged to him right now. And it felt fucking good. "Y-your slut, Z!" she gasped in agreement, her fingers white-knuckling the back of the dresser, holding on for dear life as she wriggled her hips back into his pumping dick.

"That's right. I own you now. And that means you're going to fuck me whenever I want," growled Zane, increasing his speed and sinking his fingers deep into Claire's meaty hips, his bulk

slapping against Claire's plump butt with every stroke, her pussy juices dripping down his bouncing, heavy balls and onto the carpet of Claire's marital bedroom.

Claire moaned in despair. She knew that Zane meant every word and was trying to get her to agree. If she submitted to him now, this wouldn't be the last time they fucked. Claire would be saying goodbye to her precious illusion that she and Zane were done. She would be sinking one step deeper into the depths of perversion that Zane promised.

Her pussy clenched hungrily around Zane's intruding cock at the thought, and she heard herself say in a trembling, moaning voice, "F-fuuuuck! Yes! You own me. My pussy belongs to you, Z! Again and again, whenever you fucking want! Now making me cum, you fucking bastard!"

Despite his already feverish pace, Zane somehow dug deeper, pistoning in and out of Claire's pussy with brutal speed, pushing her forward enough that her face and tits pressed hard against the mirror, leaving an impression of her naked upper body in sweat on the glass. Claire's back arched and her butt pressed back into the punishing strokes, moaning and gasping as a powerful orgasm took her. Every muscle in her body strained as she saw stars, her nerves lighting on fire with deep, satisfying pleasure. Her pussy spasmed and clutched at Zane's cock, milking it desperately. Every part of her sang with a kind of pleasure no other man had ever taught her. All traces of Claire's pride and resistance were burned away in an instant, replaced by genuine sexual submission.

"Fuck meeee, oh fucking God, fuck your little slut! I'm cumming, fuck I'm cumming for you, Z!" Her liquid, babbling moans of devotion sent Zane over the edge. He grunted and pressed forward once again, burying his full length in her hot, wet depths… then erupted, his heavy balls pumping rope after sticky rope of hot, potent sperm into the cunt of his former friend's wife.

They stayed in that position for a moment longer, Zane holding Claire from behind, her upper torso pressed hard against the steamed-up surface of the mirror. They both took in deep, gasping breaths, sweat rolling down their bodies from the strenuous fucking. Sperm rolled in a thick trail down Claire's thigh.

Then Zane let out a deep sigh of contentment, pulling back and withdrawing his cock. He gave his slut's thick ass an affectionate little slap and asked with a smirk, "So… does your hubby normally do that during your little bedroom routine?"

Claire slid to the floor, leaning back against the dresser and panting. Apparently, her legs were still too weak and wobbly to stand on after the powerful orgasm Zane had given her. She laughed weakly, shaking her head. "Of course fucking not. I ride him for a little, then he finishes me off with his mouth."

Zane looked down at Claire's crotch, red and puffy from rough fucking and leaking his thick, pearly cum. He snickered meanly. "Well… sorry, Claire Bear, but I'm not putting my mouth anywhere near that sloppy mess until you've taken a nice long shower. But hey, maybe your hubby can keep that task. He'll just have to do it after a real man fucks his wife."

Claire rolled her eyes at the crude joke. Her husband wasn't as talented as Zane in bed, but that didn't make him… whatever sort of pervert Zane was suggesting. "Very funny."

"Who's joking?" said Zane with a savage grin. Mercifully, he moved on from the unsettling topic, reaching a hand down to help Claire to her feet. "Anyway… I'm going to grab some water while you clean up for round two."

Claire gave him a bewildered, wide-eyed look. “Round… Round fucking two? You can’t be serious, Z! I’m already going to be walking funny tomorrow, and I need to clean this fucking mess up before Dan gets home!”

Zane raised an eyebrow, then reached his hand out, placing it gently but firmly around Claire’s throat. He applied no pressure at all, but Claire could feel her body react, the residual heat of her orgasm flaring up again in her veins from the casual gesture of dominant ownership.

“You told me you belong to me, Claire. Did you mean it?” asked Zane in a deep, calm voice.

Fuck… It’s one thing to say shit like that in the middle of an orgasm… Claire felt her face grow hot. She didn’t have it in her to resist him. Not right now. Not when her whole body still pulsed with sweet, golden pleasure from one of the best orgasms of her life. She gulped, feeling her throat work against his rough, hot palm. “I mean… yeah…” she said in a cracked whisper.

“Then, like you agreed before, I fuck you wherever and whenever I want,” said Zane simply, dropping his hand and giving Claire his best oily smile. “And I want you in about five on the bed where your husband disappoints you every night.”

Claire bit her lip, then nodded and turned away to the master bath as Zane grabbed his phone and left the room, headed downstairs for something to drink. It was fine to give in to Zane on this. She would still have time to clean up after one more round of mind-blowing sex… and it would give her a chance to orgasm again, harder and stronger than she had with any other man before Zane.

…

Zane thumped down the stairs with a spring in his step and a big smile on his face. He had made great strides today… Although that didn’t mean he was finished.

No, he wasn’t going to be done until Claire was his full-time slut, and even though she was closer after admitting she was his today, she still wasn’t ready for that. One crucial step was the porn website… but Zane still didn’t think he could convince Claire to let him post her videos quite yet. Tentatively admitting she was a slut for him behind closed doors and that she wanted an ongoing sexual relationship was one thing; agreeing to put her name and face out there connected to filthy pornography was quite another. That would still take a little work.

He had some ideas about what he wanted next for Claire Bear, but first, he had to tie up a loose end.

Zane, still naked, with drops of cum leaking out of his cock, leaned back against Dan and Claire’s kitchen counter, unlocked his phone, and dialed Dan.

“What do you want, Zane?” asked Dan irritably over the phone. “I’m at work.”

“Hey!” said Zane jovially, absent-mindedly grabbing a dishtowel with a printed lemon design and wiping his cock with it before tossing it back, “Is that any way to talk to a guy calling you with good news?”

‘What do you mean?” Dan’s whiny voice was cautious, but optimistic. He must suspect what this call was about, considering how close it was to the deadline.

“I mean you won the bet! Turns out that Claire is just as pure and innocent as you thought!”

“But… I mean, you still have two days left.”

Poor Dan. Zane could tell he was trying to maintain an air of suspicion, but the hope in his voice shone clearly through. The sucker just wanted to believe so badly. But that had always been Dan’s problem, hadn’t it?

“Yeah, but I’m getting nowhere,” said Zane, putting on a voice of mild frustration. “There’s no way I’m getting from where I am now to sex in two fucking days, man. I’m willing to call the game right now rather than embarrass myself. That is, if you’re cool with it.”

“Well… yeah, that’s fine with me,” said Dan, sounding pathetically relieved.

‘Tell you what, buddy. Why don’t you take Claire out for a fancy dinner on the night the bet was supposed to end?” asked Zane chummmily, standing naked in Dan’s kitchen, fresh from fucking his wife silly. “My treat. You can tell her you’re taking her on the honeymoon she always wanted.”

Dan was quiet for a moment, then said with a trace of gloating, “You know what, Zane? I’ll take you up on that. You know… you’re taking this loss rather well.”

Zane had to use every ounce of willpower he possessed to sound a little disappointed as he said, “Well, buddy, you’ll find I’m anything but a sore loser. I’d like to think that if the situation were reversed, you would take defeat just as well, if not better.”

“I don’t know about that,” said Dan with a scoff.

“I do,” said Zane flatly. “Anyway, just text me the name of the restaurant that you’ll be taking her to, and I’ll wire you enough money for a nice evening. Thanks for the laughs, buddy.”

He hung up, not even waiting for Dan’s limp-dicked response. Finally, Zane let out the laugh he had been holding in, doubling over with cruel amusement. He really hadn’t been lying. Claire was different. He had never felt this alive in years. With any other challenge like this, he would have rubbed his victory in Dan’s face, then walked away. But his eyes were on the prize now. Claire was going to be his forever.

And that was where his next idea came in. Claire wouldn’t be making it to that romantic dinner with her husband. It was time to show Claire what belonging to him meant, not just by making Claire choose him over her husband and stand Dan up for a date…

But by pushing her sexually to places she never thought she would go.

…

Audience participation!

Hello! I have another experimental type of audience participation for this chapter!

Zane plans to get Claire to abandon her husband on their date night, enforcing his rule of “anytime, anywhere” access to her sexually.

But that’s not all he wants to do! On that night, Zane wants to push Claire’s sexual limits. He wants to make her prove that she is his slut by doing a new sex act with him.

What sex act? That’s what we need to decide!

Here's how this will work: besides your usual comments and suggestions, make suggestions for what Zane wants to do with Claire on the night when Dan "wins" the bet. It should be something perverted, or degrading, or humiliating in some way. A sex act that Claire would never let Dan do in a million years.

Is it as simple as Anal? A threesome with another man? Bondage play? Let your perverted minds run wild and make suggestions, then like the comments from other people that you support! In a few days, I will collect the popular comments and ones I like and make a poll. If people struggle with this, I might toss in a few choices of my own.

A couple of guidelines:

The perverse act Zane wants can't involve Claire's videos being posted to the website yet. Zane doesn't think she is ready to say yes to that and wants to corrupt her behind closed doors first.

Also, the perverse act can't involve Dan's presence. He will be waiting nervously at the restaurant, wondering why Claire is running so late.

Other than that, go nuts! Can't wait to see what you all think up.

The Bet – Chapter 23

[I'm at work right now, Z. I can't.]

Claire set her phone down with a decisive click, turning back to her tablet and doing her best to concentrate on her latest design. But Zane kept burning in the back of her mind.

He had gotten so… pushy since that scorching hot visit to her house the other day. After Claire had given Zane an inch by accepting an ongoing sexual relationship with the cocky little prick, he had taken a mile. Although it had only been a few days, he was now constantly blowing up her phone with dirty talk, dick pics, and demands to know what she was wearing.

From another man, it might have felt desperate. From Zane, it only gave Claire a sense of his dominant control. He knew that hearing from him instantly turned Claire on, and so he abused that fact at every opportunity.

Claire was completely unused to being a submissive lover. In all her relationships with men before, she had been firmly in the driver's seat, choosing how and how often to contact them based on her whims. Being at Zane's mercy was frustrating and erotic, like their whole relationship had been so far. It had become so difficult to resist Zane's commands that when he showed up at her office yesterday, Claire couldn't say no to the humiliating bathroom quickie he had demanded. Getting bent over and fucked in her own office bathroom by a greasy little asshole like Zane had to be one of the most humiliating experiences of her life.

She had masturbated twice last night just from the memory of the encounter.

Claire's phone buzzed loudly, rattling on the surface of her desk.

No. I shouldn't look at it. For one, I am legitimately busy. Second, if I don't set some sort of boundaries with Z soon, he is going to think I'll do whatever he wants. And with a man like Z, that could be incredibly dangerous.

Claire had something that Zane's other conquests didn't. Class. A sense of propriety. The sooner Zane learned that, the better this would go. Claire had gotten a little caught up in her new submissive kink lately, but she needed to set some ground rules for her interactions with her new lover. She was willing to accept that sex with Zane was something she needed right now, as embarrassing as that was, but she refused to be just another one of his slutty bimbos.

In retrospect, giving in to him when he showed up unannounced and telling him he owned her during dirty talk had probably been a mistake. She needed to correct the impression of complete slutty submission she had given him. And step one was ignoring his demanding messages.

But focusing on her work felt impossible. Her phone laid on her desk like a coiled snake. A message from her infuriating, passionate, dominant lover waited for her, and the suspense was killing her over how he had responded.

Finally, with a grunt of frustration, Claire snatched up the phone, glaring at it like it was what had caused the sexual predicament she found herself in, rather than her own failures.

[It didn't matter that you were at work yesterday. I won't ask again, Claire Bear. I want a pic. Now.]

Fuck this little prick. Seriously. He really thinks he can take that tone with me? Claire fucking Harrison? I'm not some needy little slut like Perlah and Leah. Claire moved to throw her phone back to the desk with contempt… and then considered what their next encounter might look like if she refused Zane's demands. Yesterday, when she had tried to refuse to have sex with him, Zane hinted that he might restrict her to blowjobs until she learned her place.

It was humiliating to consider, but Claire just wasn't sure she could go back to just blowjobs. After having sex with Zane a few times now, she was already hooked. Unlike every relationship Claire had ever had, she was the one at a disadvantage. Despite his massive libido, she needed Zane's cock more than he needed her pussy.

Well… after what we did yesterday, is a quick little picture really a big deal? Classy women send tasteful nudes all the time.

Feeling her face flushing red with embarrassment, Claire moved quickly, hiking her sensible skirt up her wide, womanly hips. She reached beneath them to tug aside her panties, a little disgusted with herself to feel how wet and hot she was. She shoved her phone down beneath her skirt, tried to guess the angle blindly, and took a picture with a partially obscured flash.

The knock on her open office door startled Claire so badly she dropped the phone and looked up at Perlah standing in the doorway with an undignified yelp, her face red and her skirt pulled up indecently high.

"Jim Rossbach just called, asking if the initial proofs will be finished today." Perlah's voice was sharp and professional, but Claire could tell by the twinkle in her wicked, dark eyes and the faint smirk on her face that her assistant was laughing internally.

"Absolutely. Should be finished within the hour," said Claire a little too quickly, trying unsuccessfully to wiggle and shift her hips enough to subtly get her skirt back into place.

"Great," said Perlah sweetly, the grin spreading further across her face. "You know, if you ever need help with a little photo shoot, I could always give you a hand, Claire Bear."

Claire wanted to die. Losing her authority with Perlah had been hard enough without looking like a desperate slut in her assistant's eyes. "That… won't be necessary," she said awkwardly, finally giving up on being subtle and reaching down to yank her skirt lower.

Perlah shrugged and turned to leave, then looked back over her shoulder. "Oh… and before I forget. The bathroom in the office is pretty echoey. If you do something too loud in there, everyone near the reception desk can hear it. Let me know if you need anything else!"

Claire stared after her, dumbfounded, her brain temporarily overloaded with embarassment. *Fuck.* Well, there was no point in crying over spilt milk. She would just have to hold Zane off a little better next time. Somehow.

Oh, right! Zane!

Claire dived beneath her desk to scoop up her phone, taking a second to rearrange her panties beneath her skirt, a movement that made her fingers graze the overheated flesh of her pussy and send a tingle of sizzling sensation through her core.

The picture she had taken before Perlah interrupted was a little blurry… but it got the point across. It showed Claire's flushed, glistening pussy, her lavender panties pulled hastily to the side. An image of slutty, sexual desperation. Claire made a face. True, at this point she had

entered some sort of twisted relationship with Zane, which was a slutty act in and of itself. But she still had a strong image of herself as a classy woman.

She was confident that she could steer this relationship with Zane into a passionate, but refined affair. Classy, elegant women had affairs all the time. She just had to pull back on the reins a little, and she was sure that Zane would accept the new terms of the arrangement. She would get the dick she needed without turning into one of Zane's pathetic sluts.

So perhaps the quick and dirty under-the-desk photo sent the wrong message. But she didn't want to take the time to take another photo, so she sent it anyway.

I can always lay down the law with Zane next time.

Zane's response was quick and predictable. A well-shot image of his thick, powerful cock. God, just looking at it was enough to moisten Claire's mouth and pussy. When it came to Zane, she always felt totally insatiable… all the more reason to carefully restrain her appetites.

Remember Claire. Classy. Refined. You are a better sort of woman than the sluts he normally picks up.

[I told you I'm at work, Z. Is there anything you needed?]

[You. That's what I need. Come by my house tomorrow. At six.]

Claire bit her lip. She wished it didn't turn her on this much when he spoke to her so forcefully, but it did. But no matter how horny the whole exchange with Zane had made her, this was an excellent time to set some boundaries. She was busy at six tomorrow. Dan had asked her out for one of their rare date nights. At a fancy restaurant no less.

Claire had managed to justify her affair with Zane to herself. She was a woman with sexual needs that her husband simply failed to meet. She would continue to rendezvous with Zane until Dan got out of his sexual slump and her strange sexual fever broke, but she wanted very clear boundaries. Her relationship with Zane was purely physical, and Dan deserved all of her love and affection. That meant that skipping bonding time with her husband was out of the question.

[I can't. I'm busy then.]

She thought for a moment, then added,

[Five?]

There was no conflict if she was able to squeeze in a quick session with her lover before giving her husband her full, undivided attention.

[No. Six o'clock. My house. I'll see you there.]

"Claire… I thought you said you were working on the Rossbach account."

For the second time that morning, Perlah's appearance made Claire jump guiltily.

"I am!" she yelped, sounding sulky and defensive. Perlah simply gave her a frank, knowing look before turning away with a shake of her head.

Claire sighed and set down the phone. She really did need to get back to work. If she spent all day, every day, obsessing over Zane, she would go out of business. She considered sending one

more text to Zane, but decided that it didn't matter. He had told her what he wanted, but she had given her final word as well.

Zane would just have to learn that he couldn't expect her to follow every word that came out of his mouth.

...

Dan felt his phone buzz in his pocket just as he pulled into the restaurant's parking lot. He knew exactly what it would say before he even read the message.

[Sorry, babe. Got held up at work. Go in and get a table without me. I'll be there as soon as I can.]

Dan scoffed lightly, but his face held a wry, loving smile as he climbed out of his car into the warm evening. Once again, he would be spending a little time alone, waiting for his wife. But he didn't feel suspicious of her this time. Because of her business, Claire was probably late to more dates than she was on time for. Besides, ever since Zane had called to concede defeat, all of Dan's anxieties and insecurities had drained away. In retrospect, all the times it had seemed like Claire was sneaking around could easily be explained by her odd business hours and practices.

I never should have doubted her in the first place.

Tonight was Dan's victory lap. Their victory lap, in fact, although he obviously couldn't tell Claire about the bet he had just won. Even in victory, he doubted his wife would be understanding.

Dan couldn't help but smile as he walked into the upscale restaurant, dressed to the nines. It was a restaurant he knew that Claire had wanted to go to for a long time, and now that Zane had offered to pick up the considerable tab, it seemed like the perfect occasion. Cassa Rossa was a hotspot for the powerful and rich citizens of the city, and he knew that Claire would love the opportunity to get dressed up and rub elbows with the elite that she one day hoped to join.

The maitre d swiftly and efficiently brought Dan to a secluded table in the corner of the room and left him alone. There was nothing left for him to do but settle in and wait.

Dan spent a minute flipping through the menu, then another few scrolling listlessly through his phone. As time went on, his pleasant mood began to sour. He had been hoping that this would be one of the times that Claire was held up for a minute or two... but it was starting to feel like she might be significantly late. He checked his phone again to see if she had sent an update. It would really take the wind out of his sails if he was forced to eat dinner alone on the night that was supposed to be his triumph.

Just as he had opened the menu again in irritation, ready to order an appetizer so he didn't look like a loser sitting all alone and waiting, Dan was surprised by a voice calling to him across the restaurant.

"Well, what are the chances? Danny Boy!"

Dan looked up in surprise to see Leah crossing the restaurant, her curvy form displayed in an ivory evening gown just on the correct side of the line between tasteful and revealing. Her husband Bill trailed after her with a boyish grin, wearing a sharp, tailored suit that made Dan feel a little underdressed in his nice button-up.

“Leah,” he said, feeling a little bit caught on the back foot. “What are you doing here?”

Leah gave him an odd look as she leaned down for a hug. “The same thing you are, I assume, you silly man. Date night. We finally managed to find a sitter. But speaking of dates, where is your lovely bride?”

“Oh… ummm, caught up at work,” said Dan awkwardly. It was the truth, but for some reason, he still felt a little defensive, like he was a loser being stood up by his date.

Leah nodded with a sympathetic look. “Ahhh, the trials of a small business owner. Well, why don't Bill and I keep you company until she gets here?”

“Oh, that’s not necessary. I don’t want to impose on your date night,” insisted Dan, wincing a little as his eyes flicked to Bill. He had nothing against the man… But it was hard to see Leah’s tall, handsome husband in the same light ever since Dan found out he was a cuckold.

Especially after Leah had jerked him off with Bill’s knowledge.

“Nonsense,” said Leah firmly, pulling out a chair and sitting decisively. “We can’t just leave our friend alone and bored, can we, Bill?”

“No, dear,” agreed Bill cheerfully, following his wife’s lead and sinking into the chair across from Leah.

“Excellent,” said Leah with a broad grin. She leaned across the table toward Dan, treating him to a distracting view down the cleavage of her low-cut dress. “Now, tell me, Danny Boy… what’s the occasion for such a fancy date?”

…

Claire sped quickly up the drive to Zane’s house and screeched to a halt. Although she was on a clock, she took a moment to give herself a quick once-over in the mirror.

Perfect. Her hair and makeup presented an image of classy, refined sexiness. Exactly what she was going for tonight. Her hair, makeup, and the sexy but modestly cut black cocktail dress she wore would look perfectly at home in the fancy restaurant her husband was taking her to.

And, perhaps more importantly, it would show Zane just what kind of woman she was. It was time to bring this strange, fraught relationship back within acceptable bounds. Claire could accept that sex with Zane was something that she needed right now, but it had to be on her terms. A discrete, contained, purely physical transaction. Zane could dominate and “own” her as much as he wanted in the privacy of the bedroom, but Claire would walk away every time with her head held high and her body cleansed of filthy desire.

With a look of determination on her lovely, made-up face, Claire got out of the car and marched up to Zane’s front door. She was hoping that she could get him off relatively quickly. It wasn’t unusual for her to be a few minutes late to dates with her husband for business reasons, but if Zane tried to turn this into a marathon session, it could be crushing to Dan. So he planned to turn up the charm immediately and initiate a quick and dirty fuck session.

Hopefully without a blowjob this time. She really didn’t want to have to redo her makeup.
This time, when she pressed the intercom button, Zane didn’t reply or come to the door to greet her. He simply buzzed her in. That was a little odd. Normally, he bounded down the stairs from his bedroom to meet her, eager and horny.

With a faint suspicion growing in her heart, Claire opened the door and entered her new lover's home.

It didn't take long to discover what was different today. Zane wasn't in his room; he was downstairs in the living room, fussing over what looked to Claire like some sort of combination of dentist chair and gynecological exam table.

He looked up as Claire entered with a big grin and a wave, his eyes hungrily scanning her body like they usually did. His blatant, open lust made an echo of hot, liquid desire surge through Claire's belly.

"Claire Bear! I thought you said you had a date? And yet here you are, at six on the dot. How... unexpected."

Claire flushed and bit her lip. *Shit. That's right*. When she left off the conversation yesterday, she had told Zane she definitely wouldn't be coming over when he wanted. But somehow, over the course of the evening last night and her workday today, as she idly daydreamed of Zane and his thick cock, her firm no had morphed into a yes without her really realizing it. Zane seemed to have a talent for turning her 'no's' into 'yes's'.

She looked for a way to change the topic, wandering over to wear Zane hunched over the strange chair, running her fingers curiously over one of the padded leather armrests.

"What is this, some kind of prop for your porn?" she asked in a tone of faint disgust. She imagined that she and Zane would make quite a contrast right now for anyone watching them. He was wearing a clean but worn-looking sleeveless undershirt and boxers, while she was dressed to kill, ready to go on a fancy date. The contrast between his crass slobbiness and her elegant refinement couldn't have been starker.

Zane chuckled. "No, no, this is for personal purposes. Although I'm sure it will feature in some videos. I'm going to use this bad boy when I mark my property." His wicked eyes turned to her, flashing with dirty lust.

"And you're going to be the first lucky woman to help test it out."

Claire felt a strange mix of sensations at Zane's bold declaration. A chill ran down her spine at the casual mention of "marking his property" at the same time that hot molten lust bubbled up from low in her belly, turning her body into a battleground of hot and cold.

"And what the fuck is that supposed to mean?" she asked, her mouth suddenly dry.

Zane laughed and straightened up, his big soft gut pressing hard against his undershirt. "What can I say, Claire Bear? I'm a jealous guy. Especially with women who have other losers still clinging to them like you do. You've seen Leah's tattoos, right? I usually ask my women to wear some sort of sign that they belong to me, no matter what other guys they might hang out with sometimes. A change to their appearance that I request, that makes it crystal clear that they're mine, and that their husband or boyfriend or whatever is just borrowing them."

Claire stared at him like he had just grown another head. "Absolutely fucking not," she said flatly. Rediculous. Sure, she had told him that he "owned her" and that she was "his slut" the other day when he had shown up at her house, but even a horndog like Zane had to recognize that that was all dirty talk, right? He couldn't actually think she literally meant she was his property to mark as he saw fit.

But Zane's eager grin never changed. He simply stared into her eyes like he was expecting her to cave once again, just like she had caved about showing up at his house today.

It kind of pissed her off.

"I'm married," Claire snapped.

Zane still stared at her. "So?"

"So if I show up with a fucking tattoo, I think my husband might have a few questions," said Claire, her voice dripping with bitter sarcasm. "Look Z, I'm willing to… continue what we've been doing up until now. In the bedroom… God fucking damn it…" she flushed red and looked away. "In the bedroom, I'll be your slut. You can use me however you want. But I'm a grown-up, classy lady who, no matter what you think, still loves my husband. I'm not going to get a fucking tattoo for you. There needs to be a line."

Zane shrugged languidly, as if he didn't agree with Claire's objections, but didn't think they were worth arguing over. "Well, sure, I accept that that's how you feel right now," he said in a condescending voice. "We don't have to jump straight to something blatant and permanent. It took Leah a little while to warm up to the idea as well. We can start with something more subtle."

Claire's anger flared. "Are you fucking stupid?" She hissed. "Zane, I don't know what other kinds of women you wrap around your finger, but I'm not some bimbo slut. My appearance and my reputation are important to me. I make all decisions about my body, and you don't get a fucking vote! Now… are we going to fuck, or should I just go?"

Zane stared at her for a second, cocking his head as if he was a little confused. Then he turned back to the chair.

"Sure, have fun on your little date."

Claire stared down at him, burning with anger, her lips drawn down into a stiff, disapproving line, then turned and flounced off toward the door. F*ine. The cocky prick wants to play games; I can play games. I may have given in in the past, but I'm not just going to melt into a submissive puddle every time he tries to order me around. We'll see how long it takes for him to come crawling back, wanting another taste of…*

"But don't expect to get any more calls from me then," said Zane casually over his shoulder.

Claire stopped in her tracks. She hated the fact that his words sent a pang of anxiety through her, but they did.

"Yeah, right. You're bluffing," she said hotly, refusing to turn around so he couldn't see the expression on his face.

"Why would I? I have a dozen women at least as hot as you in my little black book, Claire Bear, and each of them would jump at the chance to come over and serve me. They would all mark themselves for me, too. They've all done it before, in fact."

Claire couldn't help it. She turned back to Zane, worry swelling up inside her. Now that she had reconciled herself to having a sexual relationship with Zane, a part of her had begun to rely on it.

A part of her mind now depended on Zane for sexual satisfaction, and, even though their new affair had only started a few short days before, the idea of giving it up was… unpleasant.

“Not every woman changes her appearance for you,” she claimed, trying to keep the desperation from creeping into her voice. “Perlah looks the same as she ever did.”

Zane chuckled. “She hasn’t shown you yet? I booked her for a belly-button piercing a few days ago. She has one of those dangling pendants with a big golden Z. It looks so fucking ridiculous, but hey, she wanted anyone who sees her naked to know who she belongs to.”

“What about Summer?” shot back Claire, remembering the tech assistant who had once been one of Zane’s women. She had seemed incredibly breezy and down to earth, and didn’t seem like the type to accept a “sign of ownership”.

Zane raised his eyebrows, clearly a little surprised to hear Summer used as an example. He rubbed his chin. “That’s fair… Summer didn’t get any permanent changes, but like I told you, not all women do. But they all do something. I demand it. Tell you what, if you want, we can start you out with what Summer did for me.”

Claire hovered on the edge, half turned toward Zane, half turned toward the door. It was important to establish the boundaries she wanted and drive it into Zane’s thick skull that she wasn’t his sex toy… but on the other hand, how important could this change to her appearance be, if it didn’t leave any lasting effect on Summer?

“Ok. I’m not saying yes necessarily… but what is this… thing that Summer did for you?”

Zane picked up a can that he hadn’t noticed before from the side table near the chair, then squirted a dollop of this white cream onto one finger, holding it up with a crooked grin.

“Nothing major. Just a little… personal grooming.”

…

“You don’t say!” said Bill with a wide grin, slapping the table animatedly. “You know, I had a buddy who bought some land out by the railroad tracks, and he said that he had a hell of a time trying to get it developed. I mean, doesn’t the city want people building on unused land?”

Dan smiled politely and shrugged. “Well, unfortunately, it’s not that simple. Most of the land in that part of town is zoned for industrial use. If he was trying to open a business, I’m not surprised his permits weren’t approved.”

Something about Bill had always gotten on Dan’s nerves. He wasn’t sure if it was residual resentment from back in college, when the tall, handsome frat president had swooped in and started dating Leah, who Dan had a devastating crush on, or if it was just who Bill was as a person, but after talking to him for twenty minutes, Dan was starting to think it was the latter. Bill reminded him of a big, friendly dog. Obviously overflowing with nothing but good intentions… but annoyingly insistent in his friendliness..

Dan couldn’t believe that Bill had turned out to be a cuck… Dan wasn’t an expert in the fetish, but the impression he generally had of men who enjoyed being cuckolded was wimpy, effeminate types. Bill, big, broad, and relentlessly confident, couldn’t have been further from that stereotype.

Just thinking about it made Dan flustered and uncomfortable. He tried to focus on whatever poor understanding of zoning Bill was good-naturedly grousing about and put the fact that the boisterous man liked to let his wife fuck other men out of his mind.

“Honey, I’m sure that Dan doesn’t want to talk about his job all night long,” said Leah gently, laying a hand over her husband’s. Her sharp hazel eyes turned to Dan’s, lit up by curiosity. “Tell me, Danny, how are things with Claire?”

A day ago, that was a topic that Dan would have been even less enthusiastic about than explaining zoning laws to a layman. Today, though, he didn’t mind talking about it.

“Just great!” he said simply, taking a second to have a sip of the beer Bill had insisted on ordering for him. “I mean, things have been busy at work, but we’ve never been stronger.” That… wasn’t necessarily the full truth. It was obvious to Dan that his failure to perform in the bedroom had been a source of discontent for his wife. But that was behind him now. All of that had been caused by his anxiety about what Claire might have been doing with Zane. Now that he knew that his fears were unfounded, impotence wouldn’t be an issue for him anymore.

Leah nodded, but there was a wry twist to her smile that Dan didn’t appreciate. “I only ask because… it does seem like she is a little late to your romantic evening.”

“She’s caught up at work,” said Dan firmly, trying to head off the twinkle in his old friend’s eyes.

But Leah wouldn’t be dissuaded; she leaned across the table, giving Dan a view straight down her dress to the warm, soft cleavage within. Her voice was a silky pur.

“Are you sure?”

Dan couldn’t help it; the combination of Leah’s sexy voice and provocative pose sent a rush of blood straight to his cock. But that wasn’t the only thing that aroused him. It was the fact that Leah’s husband was right there, suddenly studying his glass of beer uncomfortably, but not saying anything as his wife sexually teased another man. It was also the fact that Leah had teased Dan about being a cuckold just like her husband before. It was the fact that she was making a mocking insinuation right now that Claire might be sneaking around on him.

Dan tried to shake off the sudden pulse of lust at those dark thoughts. “Stop it,” he muttered. “I’m done thinking about stuff like that.”

“I have no idea what you mean,” said Leah with a little giggle, her eyes shining as she toyed with the end of her braid.

“Yes, you do,” snapped Dan irritably, a little louder than he intended. He continued in an undertone. “All of this cuckold shit you’ve been trying to push on me. It’s just not something I’m into.” His eyes flicked involuntarily to the awkward-looking Bill as he added, “I’m not that kind of man.”

That made Bill look up at him with a frown, his hand tightening on his glass of beer. “I’m not sure I like your tone, buddy,” he said, his normal friendly voice taking on a note of strain.

Shit. I should have been more careful with my words. Dan floundered, trying to find some way to take back his veiled insult. But Leah jumped on the moment eagerly.

“Don’t be upset, dear,” she said lovingly to her husband, before turning her teasing eyes back to Dan. “Danny Boy is just… struggling with some new feelings. I think it would be really helpful if you could tell him your perspective.”

Now it was Bill’s turn to look like he wished he hadn’t spoken up. “Ah. I don’t know, sweetheart.” His face was red now, and he was looking anywhere but at Dan. “I don’t know if he wants to hear about…”

‘Nonsense,” said Leah firmly, a little glint of steel creeping into her tone. “Tell my friend why you find cuckolding hot. Now, Billy.”

Bill was actually right. Dan had no desire to pry into Leah’s twisted marriage and hear why Bill liked to watch his wife have sex with Zane. But he also knew that, based on Leah’s dominant tone, there was no way he OR Bill was going to get out of this now. Bill gulped, sighed, and then began speaking hesitantly.

“I… actually used to think the same way you do. That men who like to watch, or just to know that their wives sleep with other guys were weak and pathetic,” said Bill, turning his beer glass around in his hand. “And I hated the fact that it turned me on, whether I liked it or not. But then I read something that really clicked for me. I read that the reason that cuckolding turns men on is because of their competitive drive. The fact that another man is… tempting our women away activates our instinct to fight for her. It makes us horny because, on a primal level, we want to reclaim her and make her ours again. So, if you think about it, that means that the people who get off most to being cuckolded are the men who are most instinctively competitive. Not the weakest ones.”

He said the speech in a stilted rush, and when he looked up into Dan’s eyes, Dan could tell that it was a justification: something that Bill had desperately tried to tell himself. Dan wasn’t sure what to say. He didn’t believe that being a cuckold made you strong, and Bill’s desperate justification had only made Dan think less of him. But that wasn’t something he could just come out and say.

Leah broke the awkward moment, but the way she did it didn’t exactly fill Dan with a sense of relief. She scooted her chair closer toward Dan’s, then reached beneath the tablecloth to teasingly rub her fingers over his crotch. The move sent a hot bolt of electric lust through Dan, and made him splutter, “L-leah, what the fuck are you…” at the same time that Bill said nervously, “Honey, I don’t know if this is the time or place for…”

Leah reached her free hand up to lay a finger on Dan’s lips while under the table, she began to unzip his pants.

‘Shush now. Both of you. Bill said his piece, and now it’s my turn.”

Dan let out an embarrassed moan, but felt paralyzed by indecision as Leah fished his rapidly hardening cock out of his fly. His eyes darted around the fancy restaurant, terrified that someone might see. It was lucky their table was in a secluded corner.

“Let me tell you why I think it turns you both on so much to be cucks…” she began, giving her husband a teasing wink as she slowly began jerking Dan off beneath the snowy white tablecloth.

…

Claire felt intensely exposed in the new chair that Zane had purchased. Part of that was the position, tilted back dramatically with her legs spread open. But a significant part of her vulnerability was the fact that she was completely naked from the waist down, her privates slathered with thick, pungent shaving cream.

“So… what? You're saying that you’ve never gone Brazilian for poor Dan?” asked Zane with a snicker. “Not even on your wedding night?”

He knelt between Claire's spread thighs, in the special gap created by the design of the chair. But even though he was on his knees, there was still nothing submissive about him at the moment. He looked completely in charge as he reached up with the razor in hand, gliding it over Claire’s intimate areas, leaving a stripe of smooth skin behind.

Claire took a deep breath, the familiar feeling of helpless lust rolling over her as Zane confidently and possessively gripped one thigh for support, going back to swipe away another inch of her well-groomed pubic patch. She could tell from the way her pussy was getting hot and moist beneath the mercifully shrouding foam that this had maybe been a bad idea after all. It was a minor concession to allow Zane to shave away her pubic hair, and one that would be easily explained to her husband. But it was still changing an aspect of her appearance for Zane’s pleasure.

And the fact that doing something like that for him was turning her on made the whole thing feel even more dangerous.

“I never felt the need to,” said Claire, keeping her voice cold and controlled so that Zane couldn’t tell how the feeling of his control was getting to her. “Dan isn’t some pervert who likes his women to demean themselves like that. Pubic hair is a sign of adulthood. To find it unsightly says a lot about a man.”

“I see…” said Zane thoughtfully. Claire bit her lip as the razor carefully glided over her sensitive skin once again, taking part of her pride along with it. “So that means you ARE willing to demean yourself for me. I’ll keep that in mind.”

His fingers gently pulled at her skin, flattening the surface he was about to shave as he continued to speak in a low, compelling voice. “I’m not sure we agree on the meaning of a bare, smooth pussy… although I agree it can be a little demeaning. Pleasantly so, for everyone involved.”

Another glob of cream mixed with dark, curly hairs came away with the razor, and Zane swirled it through the bowl of warm water he had set up by his knee to clean it.

“A shaved pussy is soft and perfect. But above all, it’s submissive. You know me, Claire Bear. I'm a man who enjoys the hunt. There is nothing sexier to me than getting a woman to submit completely, making her soft, sweet, and submissive. That’s what a smooth, shaved pussy means to me.”

Claire had closed her eyes during the speech, breathing heavily, her tits bouncing lightly in her bra, which she had insisted on keeping on. Her body pulsed with dark, corrosive lust as Zane’s words poured into her ears. He was wrong. Maybe she liked to submit in bed. She could admit that to herself now. But that was just a sexual kink. She would never submit herself completely to Zane. It wasn’t who she was. She was a classy lady. An elegant queen. Zane couldn’t change who she was with a sharp voice and a hard cock.

… Even if she did let him shave her pussy.

Claire's eyes flew open as she felt the touch of a soft, warm towel between her legs, tenderly wiping away every last trace of the thick, clinging foam. She looked down with a strange thrill of anticipation in her heart as the towel was lifted away, revealing what lay beneath. The result of Zane's careful work with the razor.

In the big scheme of things, it really was a minor change. Claire already did a significant amount of work on a weekly basis to keep herself neat and tidy down there. So all that was really gone was the dense triangle of hair above her pussy.

But aesthetically, the difference was night and day.

Her flat, toned belly now led down to a bare, soft, silky pubic area, with her flushed, dripping pussy beneath. Just like Zane said, she looked submissive… ready to be penetrated. Almost begging for it.

She tried to tell herself that the thought was ridiculous. Whether or not a woman shaved her pubic hair had no bearing on her relative dominance or submission. But the thought that she had somehow made herself defenseless and soft to please Zane still tied her belly in knots with reluctant arousal.

Zane was also entranced by the sight of Claire's freshly shaven pussy, nearly crosseyed as he stared between her legs. He laid a hand on her thick thighs and pushed them apart to get closer. Claire knew that the effect was purely psychological, but being completely shorn and smooth made her feeling of exposure much more intense as Zane moved forward, his warm breath fanning over her tingling, sensitive flesh. A fresh welling of moisture and heat rose between her legs, sending a trembling thrill of arousal through Claire's body. Zane had marked her now… remade her body how he saw fit.

And now he was going to claim his prize.

Without another word, Zane closed the distance, his lips making contact with Claire's hot, throbbing pussy. His surprisingly long, dexterous tongue confidently parted her lips and lapped at her thick juices of arousal. A surprised moan puffed lightly between Claire's parted lips as she squirmed in Zane's new sex chair, trying to process the intense new feelings that Zane was creating between her legs.

Claire loved cunnilingus. She was practically an expert in good and bad pussy eating, considering that it had been the only way her boyfriends and husband had ever been able to make her cum. Her surprise didn't come from being unused to the sensation of a man's tongue lodged in her pussy… but from the man doing the licking. Zane had never struck her as the pussy-eating type. He seemed too… pushy to enjoy selfless acts that were all about his partner's pleasure.

But the proof was in the pudding. It turned out that Zane was an expert in this particular area. His tongue wriggled and flicked skillfully over Claire's throbbing clit before plunging boldly inside her… then sliding out to restart the process all over again. Claire's fingers gripped tight on the armrests of the chair. Fuck it was good. Zane was eating her pussy like it was a delicious meal, yet it didn't feel like he was submitting or serving her at all. Despite being on her knees between her legs, it felt like Zane was claiming her with his mouth the same way he had with his thick, throbbing cock. Her new smooth, soft pubic area lent a new dimension to feeling to his

mouth on her pussy as well, a certain warm, buttery frictionlessness that made Claire's chest heave with passion.

Zane's intense eyes stared up at her from between her legs, his mouth locked over her wet cunt, his tongue slipping in and out of her, and Claire had a sudden, embarrassing realization. *He's fucking better. He's better than Dan*. This whole time, she had been thinking of Zane and her husband as two men who were skilled in completely different ways. Zane was a pushy, rough man only skilled in self-centered use of his cock, while Dan was a generous, tender lover who could make her cum with his mouth.

But Zane was making her feel things with his mouth that Dan never had. Maybe he was just better in every respect.

Claire bit her lip to stifle a moan as her back arched up a little and her legs unconsciously spread wider to grant her lover greater access. She tried to hold herself back, feeling like she owed something to her husband; to preserve him as the only one who could make her cum with his mouth. Dan was waiting for her still, and it felt like a double betrayal to keep him waiting while orgasming in their preferred position. But her efforts were useless. It would be easier to hold back the tide than the powerful orgasm that was welling up from deep inside her. Zane's skilled mouth on her freshly shaved pussy, claiming and marking her, wouldn't be denied.

Finally, she gave in, moaning loud and low, her eyes squeezing shut as her back arched and her hips swirled forward into the delicious sensation of Zane's tongue. Her guilt burned away in the fires of climax, her pleasure unspooling from inside her into a glorious, red-hot orgasm.

"Well… I'm sorry to interrupt… But I was wondering when you wanted me to do my thing," said a low, amused voice from over near the door.

Claire gasped in shock, instinctively pushing Zane away and slamming her thick thighs shut in a white hot panic as she realized that they had an audience. A tall, broad man stood by the door, grinning widely beneath his bushy black beard, thick tattooed arms crossed over a barrel chest.

Zane didn't seem the least bit surprised to see him. "Shiner! Took you long enough to get here! I had to get started without you." He got up off the ground where he had fallen, not looking the least bit annoyed that Claire had pushed him.

Claire, blushing, clutching her hand desperately to her pussy, and furiously asked, "Zane, who the fuck is this? Any why is he here when I'm fucking naked?"

Zane gave her a mischievous grin. "Oh, don't be a prude, Claire Bear. Despite his looks, Shiner is a professional stylist. He helps get my ladies ready for shoots. More importantly, he's a tattoo artist."

Claire's mouth dropped open, and her eyes fell to the heavy case that the newcomer was holding in his hands. Her wide eyes slid back to Zane in disbelief.

"He's fucking *what*?"

…

Adrenaline pumped through Dan's veins as Leah's hand closed firmly around the base of his cock. Within seconds, it had twitched and pumped up to diamond hardness, despite Dan's near-panic.

This would be the second time Leah had given him a handjob… but it was one thing for her to jerk him off in private, and quite another for her to pleasure him in a crowded restaurant with her husband watching uncomfortably.

‘L-Leah, we can’t do this,” he hissed. He thought about slapping her hand away, or simply wriggling out from beneath her grip, but he couldn’t think of a way to do it inconspicuously. There was a real danger that, if he made a wrong move, everyone in the restaurant would see his dick.

“Ha!” Leah’s grin sparkled as her palm slowly glided up the length of Dan’s cock beneath the tablecloth. “I think that we can, Danny Boy. Your cock certainly isn’t complaining. Now be quiet and accept my little gift… I need to tell you my perspective on cuckolding. It's at least as valuable as my husband’s, wouldn’t you say?”

Dan knew he should talk back: put his foot down and insist that this public sex act was inappropriate, not to mention unbelievably risky. But the pleasure from Leah's soft hand and the confident force of her words held him back. He felt paralyzed. Like a fly caught in a spider’s web. And when he glanced across the table at Bill, he saw the same sexual helplessness reflected back at him.

“Now… my dear husband prefers to think that cuckolding is about his competitive, jealous spirit,” said Claire conversationally. Her tone never let on that anything unusual was happening, despite the obscene act she was committing beneath the table. “I tend to disagree. I think cuckolding is about… the natural order of things.”

“Honey, please, don’t tell him about the…” said Bill quietly, looking like he wanted to crawl under the table and disappear.

Leah snorted, cutting him off. “Wow! Another loser who wants to pretend he doesn’t enjoy this. Just for that, you don’t get to touch yourself, hubby. Hands on the table. I want you to strain and leak as you watch me get my friend off.”

Dan wasn’t even sure what she meant, but it soon became apparent that she knew her husband well. Bill’s face flushed an even deeper red, then Dan heard the sound of his zipper closing, and Bill’s hands appeared above the table, balling into fists of shame.

He was already touching himself under the table? Dan marveled at how far gone the perverted husband and family man was.

“That’s better,’ said Leah with a wicked wink toward her husband. Her hand began moving a little faster up and down Dan’s cock. “Now, where was I? Oh, right. The natural order of things.”

Dan tried to keep his breathing slow and even despite the toe-curling pleasure from Leah’s handjob. Under normal circumstances, he might expect that it would be difficult to pay attention to Leah’s words. But for some reason, her low, sultry voice seemed to blend with the sensations radiating from his lap, forming one unified blend of pleasure and shame.

“I think that when a pathetic cuck sees a real man pleasure a woman, their dinky little dicklette can’t help but celebrate,” purred Leah into Dan’s ear, her voice like warm, poisonous honey. Dan’s cock was leaking precum now, and Leah’s fist made squishing, squelching noises as if moved faster and faster up and down his shaft. “Their brain might feel sad. Their heart might break. But their dicks know the truth. That cucks don’t deserve pussy. Only real men do. And so their primal instincts give them a little reward for bowing to reality. Their pathetic, submissive

cocks stand at attention and squirt in joy when they give up their woman to a man who truly deserves her pussy. Like I said… it's alllll about the natural order of things."

Dan was clutching the tablecloth now, sweating freely as Leah's wicked hand took him to paradise. Her quick, tight strokes felt better than anything he had experienced sexually in the past month, even with his wife. He was already on the edge of orgasm after only a few seconds of stroking, and based on Leah's crooked grin, she could tell.

"You're the same way, Danny Boy. I can smell that weakness on you," she whispered in his ear, her finger relentlessly squeezing and milking his cock. "Even while you were sooo stressed over your wifey and what she might be doing with Zane's big bad cock, your little dicklette was still hard as a rock, wasn't it?"

"I don't… that's…" panted Dan, his voice rough with need and his hips straining forward into Leah's teasing touch.

"You just need to accept what you are,' insisted Leah, her soft lips scraping his ear. "Bill has… and he had been happy ever since." Dan looked across the table at Bill. Contrary to Leah's claim, he didn't look happy… but Dan had never seen anyone look at pathetically horny as Leah's normally strong, confident husband. He was practically drooling as he stared across the table with hungry eyes, watching his wife jerk off another man.

"And no matter what excuses he makes, Bill is accepting his rightful place more and more every day," said Leah. Her fist squirmed and writhed, lubed by Dan's copious precum. She was holding him right on the edge now, expertly leading him right up to orgasm without letting him spurt. "By now, I've convinced him to submit in ways neither of us would have thought possible. I mean… look at him. You aren't even a particularly superior man, Danny Boy. No offense. But still, my poor hubby is ready to cum just from watching me jerk you off while I ignore him. Pathetic, right? Sometimes he watches when Master fucks me as well…"

The way that Leah said the word Master with submissive desire dripping from each syllable made Dan's cock throb with longing in her hand. For a moment, he could understand what she was saying about superior and inferior men, although he still didn't agree with it. He knew he would never be able to inspire the type of helpless, submissive lust he heard when Leah called Zane her master. Zane had something that he lacked, whether or not the repulsive little man had been able to fuck Claire in the end.

"Bill will just sit in the corner, having a ball. Wanking his little willy as he watches another man own his wife. It makes him cum harder than my pussy does these days! Maybe we should just reserve my pussy for Master, since Bill likes his hand so much… What do you think, honey?"

Her last words were directed toward her husband, who let out a quiet groan, his fists squeezing tight on the table and his face a picture of misery. But he didn't contradict her, or even interrupt at all.

Leah's tight, pumping fist picked up speed, and now Dan was legitimately worried that the motion and position of her arm were going to give them away. His heartbeat thumped in his ears. Any moment now, a murmur of disgust could go through the restaurant… a waiter could stop by and throw them out of the restaurant for their indecency. Or worse… Claire could suddenly appear just as Leah made him cum. But it didn't matter how terrified Dan was of exposure. He couldn't escape the powerful pleasure of her twisting, pumping hand.

“But that’s not even the most embarrassing thing I make poor Billy do.” Dan could feel himself tipping over the edge. The pristine tablecloth in front of him bunched in his hands as his balls drew tight to the base of his cock. “I want to show you, Dan. I want you to see what a cuck in his rightful place looks like.”

It was hard to pay attention to her words anymore. Dan’s cock flexed and twitched, squirting ropes of hot, sticky jizz into Leah’s soft hand. Dan was cumming in public, and as his balls emptied, he felt like the burning eyes of the restaurant guests around him were searing his skin. Leah’s palm was positioned expertly at the end of his cock, carefully catching every drop of cum that emerged while cooing half-mocking encouragement into his ear. “That’s it, Danny Boy. Let it allll out for Leah. It feels good, doesn’t it? It feels good to do exactly what I say.”

Dan couldn’t respond, only whimper as he climaxed so heavily it felt like his soul pumped out along with his hot, thick load. His orgasm seemed to last forever, and by the end, he was certain that everyone in the restaurant would be turned and staring at him like a freak. But, when his shoulders finally slumped and his cock let out the last dribble of cum, he was surprised to realize that the quiet, refined conversation of the other patrons seemed to be continuing as if nothing had happened. They hadn’t been caught. Either this crowd was much more oblivious than Dan had feared, or Leah’s actions had been more subtle than he assumed.

With a cat-like smile, Leah rose smoothly from her chair, holding the hand she had used to stroke Dan off low by her side. Dan stared at her uncomprehendingly as she walked to her husband’s side. In the jittery aftermath of his public orgasm, he couldn’t even begin to guess what she was intending to do.

Why wasn’t she hurrying to the bathroom to clean off the palmful of his thick, pearly load?

He got the answer to his question almost immediately. Bill had a haunted look in his eye: the same blend of shame and arousal he had worn during the handjob, but cranked up to an almost painful degree. He looked up into his wife’s eyes, and as Dan watched with sick fascination, tried one last time to head off his humiliation.

“Please, babe. Not here,” he said, all of his boisterous confidence stripped away and replaced by weak, needy lust.

“You’re going to do as you’re told,” said Leah to him simply, her voice thrumming with dominance. Her eyes turned to Dan as she stood at her husband’s side, just behind the chair where he sat. “Watch, Danny Boy. This is how I taught my husband to submit and respect men who are above him.”

Dan had to hold back a gasp as Leah raised her hand and held it up in front of her husband’s mouth. His stomach twisted in knots as Bill, red-faced and sweating, closed his eyes… and extended his tongue, licking up some of the thick, creamy load that Leah held in her hand. Dan’s eyes flicked up to meet Leah’s and saw she was staring at him with a heated gaze and a knowing smirk.

“The ultimate humiliation, Danny,” she purred as her husband tasted Dan’s load. “A straight man being forced to swallow another man’s seed. To taste the superiority of the man his wife prefers. It’s perverse, isn’t it? But hot too… It really reinforces a cuck’s proper place at the bottom of the sexual hierarchy.”

The most twisted part of the whole thing was that Bill almost looked like he was enjoying himself.

“Of course, my hubby is normally used to… higher quality material,” said Leah with a wrinkle of her nose. “Like I said before, you’re not a superior man like Z. This is just a demonstration.”

Dan was hypnotized by the disgusting sight of Bill lapping at the thick, warm puddle of jizz in his wife’s hand. What would drive a man to debase himself so thoroughly? He could almost understand Leah’s explanation… but a grudging admission that some men were superior and this level of abject surrender to another man’s masculinity were two very different things.

“Hey,” said Leah, her voice firmly calling Dan’s attention back to her. Her hazel eyes glowed with intense inner light.

“You want to try?”

“What? I… Of course not!” said Dan in a stunned tone. Even seeing Bill lick up the sperm from his wife’s hand was enough to tie his stomach in knots. The thought of tasting it himself sent a flood of hot, wet panic through his veins.

“Don’t be shy,” said Leah with a warm chuckle, pulling her now-mostly-clean hand back from her husband's mouth and moving around the table back to Dan’s side. “I can see how much the thought turns you on… even if you don’t want to admit it.”

Dan shook his head, his eyes wide. I*s she fucking crazy? The idea of eating cum doesn’t turn me on. Of course it doesn’t. Well… maybe the idea of a cuckold like Bill being forced to submit that way is a little hot. But I’m not a cuck. I would never want something like that to happen to me.*

But it looked as though Leah had other ideas. She was already looming above him, and her hand was already moving closer to Dan’s face. His eyes almost crossed as he focused on the thick, globby streaks of his own cum on Leah’s palm, tilted a little so that it wasn’t easy for the rest of the patrons to see. The smell of his cum hit him, musky and bleachy and unmistakably male. His stomach roiled, and his freshly spent cock, still hanging loose from his pants, twitched beneath the table.

Like many guys, Dan had tried his own cum before. Not exactly his proudest moment, but sometimes curiosity was irrepressible. It wasn’t something that he had ever felt the need to do again. Since it was his cum, taking a taste of it shouldn’t really have been a big deal. Certainly not as humiliating for him as it was for Bill. But the context of the act freighted it with confusing, humiliating meaning. A beautiful woman he still had confused feelings for was pressing the cum into his face, right after saying that cum eating was a symbol of inferiority. Her mischievous eyes showed that this was a test. And one that she was certain that he would fail.

Dan shook his head wordlessly, his mouth suddenly dry. He thought about pushing back from the table, but he had been so distracted by Leah’s dominant display that he had completely forgotten to tuck his soft cock back into his pants. Leah’s hand moved forward toward him, as she said in a calm, conversational voice that wouldn’t raise the suspicions of the other patrons, “You’re going to eat it, Danny Boy. Either that, or I’m going to smear the sticky load you made all over your face. Good luck explaining that to the other diners.”

That added an element of threat which pushed Dan over the edge. It allowed him to tell himself that he didn’t really have a choice, and that made all the difference. He stopped craning his

neck backward and let Leah's hand travel closer. He closed his eyes, extended his tongue… and tasted bitter submission.

"There we go. You're finally learning your place," said Leah above him. "I know it stings a little now, but it will be better for you in the long run if you learn to enjoy it."

Dan's sperm was salty and sticky on his tongue, but the taste was secondary to the crushing sense of humiliation. Leah was feeding him his own cum because she thought he was a lesser man. And he had gone along with it. The whole thing was ridiculous. Now that he knew he had won the bet with Zane, Dan could put the whole idea of being a cuckold behind him. But as the salty, rank taste of sperm filled his mouth, and Leah's encouraging, yet mocking eyes stared down at him, it wasn't so easy to dismiss the idea of his own inferiority.

Finally, all that Dan's tongue licked against was Leah's soft palm. He and Bill had finished off the thick copious load together. Leah withdrew her hand, wiped her slick palm on the back of Dan's shirt, and returned to her chair.

There was silence at the table for a few moments. Leah smug and satisfied and both men humiliated and aroused. Finally, Leah snatched a menu from the center of the table.

'Well… after an appetizer like that, I'm sure you boys are both hungry! Let's order something. It looks like Claire is going to be a bit later than you thought."

…

"No fucking way, Zane," said Claire heatedly, her hand clamped tight over her bare wet pussy as she distractedly searched for her discarded panties. "That's the first fucking thing I told you. Nothing permanent. Nothing I couldn't explain to my husband. You must be out of your fucking mind if you think I'm going to get a tattoo for you."

Zane chuckled, sharing a look with the huge bearded man who was apparently named "Shiner". "Oh come on now, Claire Bear," he said with a grin. "First of all, I invited my old friend over way before I knew how uptight you were going to be about this. Besides, when I said I wanted to mark you as my woman, did you really think that just going bare down there was going to do the trick?"

Claire rolled her eyes, but her angry front was partially bravado. The truth was, as hard as it might be to admit, Zane's perverse demands were beginning to sound tempting. The sane, rational part of her brain knew that it was crazy to get a tattoo to proclaim herself the property of a man who wasn't her husband. Especially when she privately hoped that this would be a short-term fling and Zane would quickly be out of her system.

But the small, slippery, submissive part of herself that Zane had fostered inside her could see the appeal of giving in to Zane's command. *It would be so hot*, insisted that hated little voice, *to just give in completely and be Zane's completely. To show everyone who you belong to. Like that slut Leah. Zane's initials… big and bold and black, carved into your fat ass with a stinging needle. His forever…*

She pushed back as hard as she could against that voice, even as a fresh welling of moisture rose beneath her clenched hand. It was deeply arousing to give in to Zane, that was true. But that was exactly why she needed to guard herself. If she became too submissive, her entire life could be ruined. She knew better than to assume that resisting Zane would be easy. That was why she needed to remain vigilant.

“There is no way. No way in hell that I’m getting a tattoo for you, Zane,” she said firmly, ignoring the steamy heat beneath her hand as it hid her bare, shaved-smooth pussy from the newly-arrived stranger.

Zane sighed. “I thought you might say that. I knew you probably weren’t ready to go all the way.” He turned toward the broad, bearded man in the entryway again. “Did you bring our plan B?”

The bearded man shrugged nonchalantly. “Of course. I always come prepared.” He crossed to one of the low couches a few feet from Zane and Claire and set down the case he held, flipping it open to reveal a shiny metal tattoo gun that made Claire bristle. But he didn’t pick up the tattoo gun. Instead, he reached for a little squeeze bottle with a pointed tip, holding it out for Claire to inspect.

“Henna,” he said with a raised eyebrow. “Lasts a few weeks. After that, you’ll be good as new. As if you never gave in to a pervert like Zane.”

Claire felt a strange prickle of mixed apprehension and lust as she stared down at the murky greenish-brown liquid in the stranger’s hand. Her skin raised in goosebumps all over her body. The little voice inside her was suddenly a lot louder. Almost deafening.

This solves the problem, doesn’t it? This is the perfect way to feel the thrill of submission without permanent consequences. You can be Zane’s little marked slut… and then erase the evidence later as if it was never there.

So what excuse could you possibly have this time?

Zane moved forward, pulling apart her legs again and stepping between them. Claire whimpered and tried feebly to push him away, but when her reached down and replaced her hand between her legs with his own, she did nothing to stop him, despite the fact that Shiner was watching with leering, slimy eyes.

Claire’s eyes squeezed shut and she let out a shuddering moan as Zane dominantly slid his middle finger deep into her pussy, sending cascading tingles of pleasure rushing up and down her spine. The voice of logic and resistance and reason inside her was getting weaker and more distant. That weak, soft impulse to give in and be the slut that Zane wanted was rising, drowning out all of her resistance.

“Come on, Claire Bear,” said Zane in a low, oily voice. “I can tell you want to. Stop thinking so hard. You know it will be hot to get marked for me. So why not just say fuck it and give in? Won’t it turn you on that much more when I fuck you to know that you belong to me completely?”

Claire’s mind was swimming in a hot, throbbing haze. It was hard to think. A minute ago, she had had so many reasons why allowing Zane to mark her as his property was completely unacceptable. But now she could only think of how hot it would be to roleplay as his property.

Roleplay. That’s all it would be. Harmless. And the henna would be gone within a few weeks.

“I… I can’t get your name on me…” she moaned, her hips beginning to grind upward into the delicious feeling of Zane’s penetrating finger. “I could never explain that if s-someone saw it.”

“You’re right,” said Zane soothingly. “Too much too fast. Luckily, I have a better idea.” he reached behind her with his free hand, deftly unclasping her bra with nimble fingers. Claire made a whining noise and blushed as Zane plucked her bra away, biting her lip as she looked toward Shiner, who was watching the slutty display with obvious interest. It was fucking humiliating to

be exposed like this in front of a stranger. She had obviously been exposed in front of Perlah and Leah before, but somehow the fact that another man was seeing her naked made this scenario feel much more embarrassing and volatile. But it also made Claire's blood race in her veins, and only increased the heat of her lust. Why was some random guy staring at her naked tits turning her on? It had something to do with the way Zane was so casually treating her as his. Like it was his decision whether to show off her body to this other man, not hers.

"Here," said Zane, touching gently at the little dark beauty mark on the outer swell of her left breast. Claire's nipples began to stiffen from the combination of Zane's light touch and the hungry eyes of the tall, masculine stranger.

Claire felt a swooping feeling of panic in her stomach. That beauty mark… she used to feel like it was an unsightly blemish, and had considered having it removed. But she had changed her mind because Dan seemed to love it. Covering it up with some symbol of her helpless submission to Zane would be a crushing act of disrespect toward her husband.

But looking up into Zane's blazing eyes, she knew that there was no way she could dissuade him. This is where Zane would plant his flag on her pure, married body. His grin was savage as he murmured,

"I think this is the perfect place for a little sign that Claire Bear belongs to me."

…

Claire whimpered, trying her best to control her breathing. Shiner had already sternly told her once that he wasn't going to be able to draw clean lines if she kept "bouncing her tits everywhere". In fact, shortly after that he had grabbed her left breast in one meaty palm to stabilize it as he worked. Claire's erect nipple throbbed against the strange man's sweaty palm.

But that wasn't why she was so fucking turned on. It was because Zane had refused to stop fingering her. For the past ten minutes that Shiner had been slowly and carefully applying the Henna dye to her soft, flawless skin, Zane had been touching her, blunt fingers circling her clit with maddening pressure, just enough to keep her on edge without letting her cum. It was becoming more and more difficult not to squirm and fidget, despite both Shiner and Zane ordering her to stay still.

"How's it coming?" asked Zane. Claire bit her lip hard as he pulled his fingers back a little bit, then pressed the tip of his middle finger against the pulsing entrance of her hot, wet pussy.

"Close," grunted Shiner. "It would go a lot fucking faster if you didn't insist on finger-fucking your slut while I work." For a second, the grip of the massive hand palming Claire's breast tightened and shifted, rubbing his rough palm against her stiff nipple. Claire's hand gripped the handrest of the chair with white knuckles. She had never wanted to cum so badly before in her whole life. But, besides Zane being upset with her, she thought the only thing worse than a Henna tattoo proclaiming her as Zane's property would be a slutty Henna tattoo that was fucked up and looked shitty.

But, despite the danger that she might move involuntarily, Zane didn't seem to be able to resist teasing her. "You hear that, Claire Bear?" he said gloatingly above her. "It's almost over. You're going to be mine. My mark, stamped on those juicy fucking tits. So any other man that sees it will know that you already have a master."

Claire's eyes flew open, and she looked up into Zane's heated stare. He wasn't just putting on a show to humiliate her. His eyes blazed with possessive lust, and a massive bulge tented the front of his pants. In many ways, his obsession with marking and defacing the bodies of women he thought belonged to him was juvenile. The urge of a moody anarchist to graffiti a wall. But the fact that she was giving in to a selfish, demeaning request like this only made it hotter to Claire.

She had come here today with the mission of showing Zane that she was a classy woman, unlike his other conquests. She had utterly failed, but she was learning that failure could be almost as sweet as victory when it came to Zane. It was just another chance to experience the pleasure of humiliating submission.

"You're mine," growled Zane, sliding his thick middle finger forward into Claire's steamy pussy. "Say it."

She groaned, biting her lips hard and trying to keep still. Her pride as a woman rebelled against this oppressive feeling of ownership. But her pride wasn't in charge right now. Right now, her pussy was in charge, and it wanted to feel more of Zane's cruel, degrading control.

"I'm yours. All yours, Z!" she panted in a rough, raspy voice. Zane rewarded her by moving his finger in a slow, pumping rhythm, giving her the penetration she craved. Her internal muscles milked and gripped Zane's intruding finger like a miniature cock. Miniature… A perverse thought filled Claire's head. Zane's finger felt more satisfying than Dan's cock. She immediately flushed in shame and let out a whimper at the comparison. It was unfair. After all, she hadn't really felt Dan's cock in over a month. And it was undoubtedly bigger than Zane's finger, no matter how thick his digit was. But on the other hand, Dan had never managed to make her cum with his dick, and right now Zane was holding her right on the ragged edge of orgasm with his middle finger alone.

Maybe there were some gaps in sexual ability that were too wide to bridge with love…

"There," said Shiner with a sigh, scooting back on the stool he pulled over to do his work. "Finished, no thanks to you, you fucking horndog."

Zane withdrew his finger, making Claire whine in needy protest. But right now, he only had eyes for the henna tattoo.

Claire looked down at herself, her heart thumping and her belly twisting with aroused shame as she surveyed the symbol of submission she hadn't been strong enough to refuse. The tattoo was on the lower swell of her large breast, so it wasn't easy to see from her position, but the general design was simple and straightforward.

A stylized bear, with her beauty mark serving as its button nose. In a way ,it was cute and innocuous. Except for the fact that it was on her breast and referenced the insulting nickname that Zane loved to call her. But whether or not the tattoo was obscene wasn't the issue. The issue was its location.

"Oh Goddddd," groaned Claire, covering her face with her hands. "How the fuck am I going to explain this to Dan? Just tell him that I decided to get a fucking henna tattoo on a whim after work, and let the artist do it on my bare fucking tits?"

Zane and Shiner looked at each other and let out a mocking laugh. “Come on now, Claire Bear…” said Zane with a cocky grin. “I thought you were supposed to be smart. The answer to that little issue is obvious.”

His hand reached out to grasp her breast, his grip firm and tight. Playing with his toy.

“Just don’t let Dan see your tits until the tattoo is gone,” he said in a rough, possessive growl.

Claire gasped, the bear tattoo bulging outward as she arched her back, pressing her tits further into her lover’s palm. “F-fuck… I can’t do that, Z!” she protested, her voice smoky with reluctant lust. “He’s my husband! I can’t just tell him…”

“You don’t have to tell him shit,” said Zane flatly, cutting her off. In a few efficient motions, he dropped his pants. The sight of his thick straining cock made Claire’s heart leap and her pussy pulse with hunger. She hadn’t realized how much she wanted his dick until she saw it in front of her, but now her protests died. All she wanted was to get fucked by Z while wearing his humiliating mark. His little “Claire Bear” at last.

“Just find an excuse to keep your bra on,” said Zane with a chuckle as he pushed Claire’s thighs open and stepped between them. It seemed that this special chair was perfect for more than just shaving and tattoos: It was at exactly the right height for Zane to fuck her while she remained reclined. “Your pathetic cuck is so whipped he’ll swallow any lie that you give him.”

“Don’t… don’t call him that,” protested Claire weakly. That sharp, dismissive word… *cuck*. She had never thought of Dan that way, although technically she supposed that it fit at this point, since she now had an ongoing affair behind his back. Still, as submissive and disappointing as Dan was in bed, “cucks” were men who willingly allowed that type of relationship, and Dan would certainly never do that.

She opened her mouth to defend her husband further, but Zane chose that moment to take hold of his cock and slide its swollen head teasingly up and down the length of her juicy slit. Her new smoothness between her thighs made the sensation feel buttery smooth and even more taboo than usual. Her protest dissolved into a needy moan.

“Why not?” asked Zane with a smirk, pressing his cock up against Claire’s quivering entrance, almost but not quite penetrating her. “I mean… if the shoe fits, Claire Bear. Your pathetic hubby couldn’t even stop his ‘friend’ from stealing you right out from under his nose. Now his wife has another man’s mark on her tits while he sits alone, wondering where she is. He’s a weak pussy whose soft little cock couldn’t keep his woman satisfied. And what do you call someone like that?”

Claire whined in frustration, unable to think of anything but deep penetration from Zane’s thick, powerful cock. Her hips ground forward needily into the feeling of his swollen cock head pressed against her vulnerable entrance. Zane didn’t move, staring down at her expectantly. She knew what his price was… what she had to do to get fucked like she craved. And right now, it seemed like a price that was well worth paying. Just because she said it didn’t mean that she really meant it.

“A… a cuck,” she admitted in a broken whisper. “My husband is a cuck.”

Zane surged forward, sliding his cock balls deep into Claire’s smooth, wet pussy, claiming it just a thoroughly as he had just claimed her tits as his. Claire’s legs spread as wide as they could on the chair, throwing her head back to let out a long, purring moan. As humiliating as it felt to be

treated like property and have her marriage so utterly disrespected, none of those degrading feelings could match the sheer animal satisfaction of having her cunt packed tight with Zane's thick cock.

It was a sensation she could already tell she was growing addicted to.

Zane plunged into her, lust enflamed by the dominant acts that Claire had allowed. And Claire writhed and squirmed her hips upward into his thrusts, gratefully receiving his cock, milking it with every backstroke as it slammed balls deep into her eager pussy again and again. Her position in the chair made her feel especially defenseless, and her smooth pussy made her extra sensitive and vulnerable, sending a tingle of arousal up her spine every time Zane's thick gut slammed forward into her bare skin.

"You're mine now," grunted Zane, pumping his hips forward powerfully to stretch her tight pussy wide with his girth. "Every fucking inch of you. This pussy is bare and ready for me at all times…" he reached down to skillfully rub her clit while thrusting into her. Claire saw stars. She covered her blushing face with her hands, not wanting Zane to see how crazy he was driving her. As if he couldn't already tell based on the needy, liquid motions her hips were making… not to mention the way her pussy was desperately grasping at his cock as if it never wanted to let go.

Then Zane raised his hands to Claire's breasts, cupping with almost reverent tenderness and circling their achingly stiff nipples with his thumbs. His cock continued a steady, deep rhythm as he worshiped her tits like they were his prized possession. "And these…? These are only mine. Your pussy husband doesn't even get to fucking see them," he said in a low, wondering voice. Claire could feel his cock throb powerfully inside her, and she felt an answering thrill of lust well up from between her legs as Zane's thumb traced gently over the bear with the beauty mark nose.

Her husband used to love to kiss and touch that beauty mark. It had been a clear sexual focus for me. He had called it a sweet little secret that only he knew about her body. All the other dirty men who pictured her naked would get the image wrong, because they didn't know about that little mark.

Now that had been stolen from him. Now she had a little secret with Zane that her husband wouldn't be allowed to know.

It was the biggest betrayal she could imagine, and for some reason, it made the taboo thrill of this illicit affair even hotter.

Claire lost herself in the perverse heat of sex, feeling the deep, stasifying rythm of Zane's cock claiming her again and again. Her bare pussy hugged his cock closer than ever before, his skin rubbing against hers a constant reminder of how she had submitted to him completely. Zane's fingers tweaked and rubbed her nipples, staking his claim on a part of her bady he had claimed completely from her husband.

She was pulled out of her focus by the feeling of something hard and hot grazing her cheek. Her eyes sharpened out of her sexual haze, and she looked up with a start to see Shiner looming above her, his pants dropped to reveal hairy thighs as thick as treetrunks and a truly massive cock rising from a forest of dark, thick pubes.

"Wh-what the fuck!" she gasped. For a second, she tried to squirm away, but the confines of the chair and Zane's bulk still pressing into her from above gave her very little ability to get away.

“Ha! Calm down slut,” said Shiner, backing away a step, but still looming over her. “Don’t act like you’re above it. I can see how much you love big cock.”

Claire opened her mouth to tell the massive man to fuck off, but Zane reached down and turned her face toward him, capturing her eyes with his intense gaze. His pumping rhythm of penetration never stopped, but he did slow down, gliding in and out of her slick heat in a slow, calming pace.

“Calm down, Claire Bear. You said you were mine. Did you mean it?”

Claire moaned low in her throat, a sound of mixed arousal and reluctance. Her eyes flicked sideways to stare at the massive stranger’s huge, intimidating cock. It throbbed slightly, big and veiny and thick… maybe even bigger than Zane’s. The idea of a strange man waving his naked cock in her face was repellent… mostly. The feeling of Zane slowly fucking her tinged everything with eroticism, and it was hard not to notice how strong and well-formed the stranger’s dick was. “Z… I can’t. I can’t just… With a fucking stranger?” her voice was breathy and whiny, her hips still swirling down into Zane’s thrusts. She had to stick to her guns on this. *I’m a classy woman meeting her needs with a discreet affair! Not some sort of wanton slut who sucks every cock she sees*.

Zane’s firm fingers pulled her chin to focus on him again. “Answer the question Claire. Do you belong to me?” His voice was warm and firm as his strong fingers.

And the answer was obvious to Claire. The feeling of his powerful form above her, his thick cock filling her completely, his eyes staring into her soul. They all resonated with Claire. She had let this man mark her. She had broken her marriage vows and surrendered her pride for him. The truth was inescapable.

“Yes… Yes, Z, I’m yours,” she admitted, focusing only on him rather than the strange cock just inches from her face.

“Then if you belong to me… I can do what I like with you,” said Zane firmly. “Even share you with my friends.”

The demeaning statement felt like a slap in the face, but her anger just blended with the overpowering pleasure of Zane’s cock as he began moving again. “No… No, Zane, I w-won’t,” she insisted in a weak, wavering voice. Her words dissolved into a moan as Zane reached down to pinch a stiff nipple between thumb and forefinger.

“And it also means I can shape you into whatever I see fit. Like the type of slut who can’t resist a thick, juicy cock, no matter who it belongs to,” insisted Zane. His cock thrusting in and out of Claire's smooth, defenseless pussy, which pulled and gripped it eagerly; willing and desperate to submit to his thick, pumping shaft. “Now look at it, Claire Bear. Doesn’t my friend Shiner have a nice cock?”

When Claire looked at the stranger’s powerful cock this time, her arousal overwhelemed her disgust. She felt her will crumbling, and she knew that she stood on the precipice of the sluttiest thing she had ever done. That very fact filled her belly with hot, fluttering arousal. Proud, classy women definitely didn’t touch the cocks of men they met less than an hour before. *Only a desperate, horny slut would do that… I have to… I have to resist*.

“Shiner was nice enough to tattoo you for free,” said Zane, his cock never stopping its deep, throughout strokes. “I want you to repay him… the only way a slut like you knows how.”

It was so fucking hard to think. *I belong to Zane. Shiner's cock looks so fucking good. I need to repay him. No! No, I can't be the slut that Zane wants… even if it would be sooo fucking hot…*

"Z, I… I…"

"I want that pretty little hand wrapped around my friend's cock, Claire Bear. Now."

Zane's hard, commanding voice seemed to reach inside Claire and flip a switch. Still not quite believing she was doing this, Claire reached out a trembling hand… And wrapped it tentatively around the hot, hard flesh of a stranger.

"Fuck! That's right. Jerk me off you little slut." Shiner pressed his massive bulk intimidatingly forward, sending a dark thrill of lust through Claire as she began pumping her fist up and down the rigid length of his shaft. It felt so wrong… but the wrongness only augmented and enhanced the lust pulsing inside her, spreading to fill every inch of her insides with squirming, pleasurable heat.

Zane bore down on her, gripping her hips to push into her harder and faster, bouncing and jolting her breasts with the force of his thrusts. Claire couldn't believe what she was doing. It was another complete victory for Zane. She had hoped to come here tonight and draw boundaries, but now Zane had convinced her to jerk off another man. He hadn't just claimed her as his property, but shared her as well. Claire closed her eyes again, focusing on the feeling of Zane's cock in her pussy and the giant throbbing dick in her hand. Her heart thumped wildly against her ribs as she felt her arousal coiling inside her, like a snake about to strike. She opened her glossy lips to moan…

Only for Shiner to push forward unexpectedly, the bulging head of his cock slipping between her parted lips. Her eyes flew open again in shock… but then her tongue curiously traced the curve of this stranger's dick, tasing the salty tang of his precum as it spread over her tongue.

"Fuck, you greedy son of a bitch… Whatever. Suck his cock, Claire," grunted Zane, his hips beginning to pump faster and faster. "I'm about to fucking cum, and you are too. Let's fucking cum together. I want you filled from both ends."

Claire didn't resist. She swirled her tongue around Shiner's thick cock greedily, then began bobbing up and down his shaft with swift, sinuous head motions. Zane was right, she was on the edge of orgasm, and if he wanted them all to cum together, she would have to work fast.

Her body burned with perverse arousal. Marked and claimed. Filled from both ends by the cocks of other men while standing her husband up on a date. She had a heartbreaking realization just as the waves of orgasm began to crash over her.

This wasn't something that a classy woman would ever do.

She had become exactly the kind of stupid, horny slut that she had looked down on.

With that erotic, crushing thought, Claire's pussy clamped down on Zane cock like a vice. She sank her head lower and took a strangers, thick throbbing cock deep into her married throat. Shiner grunted and grabbed the back of her head, holding her in place as he gave in to her swift, slutty blowjob.

Zane lasted for a few seconds more, pumping into her shuddering, climaxing pussy a few more times before her muscle contractions finally milked an orgasm out of his penetrating cock. He sheathed himself balls deep into his Claire Bear's pussy and filled his property full of thick,

sticky cum, just as Claire paid back her tattoo artist by taking his hot load right down her slutty throat.

Claire's back arched, and she let out a choking, muffled moan. She had never felt this dirty and used in her entire life. Hot squirts of cum fired into her from both ends, filling her with filthy sperm as the heat of a powerful climax roared through her, making her thighs quake and her toes curl. Her tongue wriggled madly and her pussy milked the sparsming cock inside it. Her body rejoiced in the slutty submission that her lover had taught her, and Claire's conscious mind surrendered the the overwhelming pleasure.

A moment later, Shiner backed away with a deep sigh of satisfaction, leaving Claire coughing, red-faced… and already beginning to feel mortified by what she had done. She collapsed back on the chair, panting heavily, her mind racing.

I'm a married woman, for God's sake! And all that it took to trick me into getting spitroasted was a stern voice and a big dick. Oh God, if Zane was able to make me do this… what else could he get me to do?

Maybe this is even more dangerous than I thought.

Zane called her attention back to him by once again tracing the outline of the new henna tattoo on her breast. "Hey. Don't worry," he said, his voice warm and forceful.

Claire couldn't help but scoff and roll her eyes, even though the feel of his touch sent a thrill through her still-sensitive body. "No, you're right," she said sullenly, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "I just got a new tattoo from my secret lover while standing my husband up on a date. What do I have to worry about?"

Zane didn't smile or quip this time. He leaned down and kissed her forehead in a gesture that felt oddly tender to Claire… until she realized he had done it to avoid her cum-sullied mouth.

"You belong to me now," he said, staring deep into Claire's eyes. "You're my woman. And I don't let bad things happen to my women. You can depend on me."

Claire looked away, blushing, her mouth tasting like dick and her pussy dripping semen. A lot of women would consider the sort of things that Zane had done to and with her so far to qualify as "bad things". But for some reason, she felt reassured by Zane's cocky words anyway. It was just hard to imagine that a man as resourceful and determined as Zane would allow anything to go wrong for her if he didn't want them to.

A realization suddenly hit Claire like a bolt from the blue.

"Fuck! What time is it?"

She scrambled up off the chair, searching for her purse and pulling out her phone to check the time. Her stomach sank like a stone as she realized she had been at Zane's house for over an hour and a half. Strangely, it seemed that Dan hadn't tried to call her in that time, but he must be devastated by her absence. She needed to go. Right fucking now.

Which made it especially infuriating to turn and see Shiner cleaning his cock off with her discarded cocktail dress.

With a wordless snarl of frustration and rage, she crossed the room and snatched it out of her hands. But it was too late. Streaks of cum stained the whole front of the dress. She looked up with rage in her eyes, ready to slap the shit out of the grinning, unrepentant man above her.

But Zane laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t worry, Claire Bear,” he said mildly. “I have some back up clothes you can wear. And a few suggestions for how you can make up for your lateness to your poor husband.”

Claire turned to look back and Zane suspiciously… but at the same time, her pulse quickened at the thought of what he might say.

I should at least hear him out… after all, he just said he would never let anything bad happen to me. So what’s the harm in taking his advice to… spice things up a little with Dan?

…

Zane’s find raced with possibilities as Claire turned toward him, her eyes receptive. She was falling faster and faster under his control, but it was obvious that her husband and her marriage still had a hold on her mentally. That needed to change. Her feelings toward Dan had to shift from guilt and a feeling of nagging obligation to contempt and amusement. And her date tonight was the perfect venue for that mental shift.

Claire was ready to follow his commands after his domination. He just needed to set things up juuuust right.

Option 1: Zane had a variety of clothes available at his house. This wasn’t the first time that one of his lady's clothes were ruined by sexual escapades. But Claire didn’t need to know she had options… If Zane presented her with a tiny, slutty dress and told her that it was the only thing he had, it would set her up to massively embarrass her and her husband at the restaurant. It would be good practice for Claire in getting turned on by public exposure, which would help to convince her to let Zane post her porn videos. It could also be a good opportunity to get Claire to play a little… joke on her husband. It might take a little convincing, but if Zane commanded Claire not to clean up his creampie, but go have sex with her husband anyway, he was sure she would obey.

Option 2: Maybe this was a good time to show Claire how pathetic and submissive her husband could be. Zane could simply “lend” her a strapon from one of his porn shoots and experiment with pegging her husband. Zane could claim in would spice things up for her and Dan and let them reconnect in the bedroom, but in reality he knew a submissive sex kitten like Claire could never respect Dan again after fucking him in the ass.

Option 3: If Leah had done as she was told, she should be at the restaurant right now, keeping Dan distracted. Maybe Zane should suggest a little swinging adventure between the two couples. It would let Leah role model cruel femdom for Claire, and plant the cuckolding dynamic in the back of Claire’s mind as she plays with Leah and Dan fails to perform.

Option 4: But, of course, things might not go so smoothly. Zane had nibbled at the edges of Claire’s love and respect for her husband, but never pushed back against it directly. Zane had little respect for Dan, but there must have been a reason Claire married him in the first place. Maybe Claire would refuse to humiliate her husband directly when it came right down to it. It seemed unlikely, but it was possible.

The Bet – Chapter 24

Claire cursed as she got out of her driver's seat, tugging down the stretchy material of the hot pink cocktail dress to try to bring it at least a little bit lower down her thighs. She stopped when it became apparent that any further "adjustments" would probably make her boobs pop out the top. Her tits were already on display too much as it was: the dress had a deep scooped neck beneath the thin shoulder-straps that exposed a jaw-dropping amount of cleavage.

During her frenzy to leave Zane's house and make it to dinner on time, the dress honestly hadn't seemed that slutty. It had certainly been the best of the options that Zane presented her from his "emergency stash" of clothes. It was obvious just taking one look at the selection that they were intended for porn shoots. But, regardless of how innocuous this dress had seemed in comparison to the other skanky outfits Zane had on offer, now that she was walking up to the high-class restaurant, she felt awfully exposed.

Claire let out an irritable sigh and crossed her arms over her chest, chewing her lower lip. She really did look slutty. Maybe it would be better to just go home and call this whole thing off. But she had already texted Dan she was on her way, after making him wait for over an hour while Zane marked and then fucked her. It would be awfully rude to cancel after all that.

And… as much as she hated to admit it, there was another reason that Claire felt like going through with the date. Zane had selected this dress to wear. So, in a way, Zane was the one who had made her look slutty tonight. Just like he had shaved her pussy bare and marked her breast with a henna tattoo. By walking into that restaurant in a tiny pink dress, she would be secretly showing the world who she belonged to, without anyone realising the full truth.

The idea was perverse, but compelling. She could only imagine the way that the stuffy clientele would judge her when they saw the way her curvy body was packed into the skimpy, stretchy dress. But Zane had taught her that a little humiliation could be hot… and where was the harm really? She would be sparing her husband's feelings at the same time as she enjoyed a forbidden thrill. And hey… maybe wearing something a little provocative would get a rise out of Dan for once.

Dan… as Claire began tentatively walking toward the front door of the restaurant, she couldn't help but focus on the extra slick gliding sensation between her legs. In the end, it didn't really matter if this dress turned Dan on, because having sex with her husband was out of the question tonight. Zane, the disgusting little perv, had insisted that Claire carry a little piece of him along with her on the date "to remind you who you belong to now." Zane had pushed her to… not clean herself up after he creampied her. She protested that she didn't want his cum leaking out into her good panties all night long, but that had only prompted him to provide her a fresh pair: an eye-rollingly skanky leopard-print thong.

So now Claire was wearing the tight, leopard-print undies, sealing in the remains of Zane's thick, creamy load. By the end of the date,, most of it would have leaked out… but considering the fact that making love with her husband usually consisted mostly of cunnilingus, Claire would have to deny him tonight even if he was somehow able to perform.

Denying her poor husband after letting Zane fuck her… that sent another taboo shiver through her. Claire shook herself a little and tried to get a grip. She needed to focus. Tonight had to be about her and Dan from now on… regardless of the embarrassing outfit Zane had tricked her into.

As she opened the door and walked into the restaurant, Claire realized that she may have still been underestimating exactly how inappropriate her outfit was. The maitre d's eyes practically popped out of his head as he saw her, and, with a sense of hot, prickling shame, she noticed conversations die and attention turn to her from all corners of the restaurant. The eyes of upper-class diners burned into her from all angles. She could feel the judgment in their faint sneers… and also detect the glimmer of disrespectful interest in the eyes of the male viewers.

The moment was broken as the maitre d cleared his throat and asked, "Ummm, do you have a reservation with us this evening, madame?" in a strained voice. Claire could tell that he was locked in a desperate struggle to maintain eye contact and not look down at the massive tits that were nearly spilling out of her slutty dress.

Coming here in the dress had been a mistake. Claire could see that now. Zane's enthusiasm for the dress and her frantic desire to hurry to her date had blinded her to how ridiculous she looked. The entire reason she had wanted to come to this restaurant in the first place was because it was where the rich and powerful came to dine. Now she was making a fool of herself in front of the very people she was hoping against hope to join once her interior decorating business took off. She looked like some sort of pathetic bimbo slut thanks to Zane, and she had been so horny from his manipulative teasing that she hadn't even realized that this was just another part of his game. He was humiliating her here again without even being present. His corrupting influence was creeping into every corner of her life.

Maybe if I leave right now, I can minimize the damage. But, just as she had that thought, it became too late. Across the room, Claire saw her husband, and he saw her. Dan was sitting at a table with that skank Leah for some reason (which by itself made alarm bells ring in Claire's mind… but she put that aside to worry about another day), and his eyes were as wide and surprised as the Maitre d's had been.

Shit.

Claire would have to go through with this now. What possible explanation could she give Dan for showing up in a tiny little dress to the restaurant, making eye contact, then turning around and leaving? It would make things obvious that she was hiding something, and the last thing in the world she wanted was for her husband to discover her embarrassing indiscretions.

No, there was only one option available to her now: she would have to push through with complete confidence and act as though she saw nothing wrong with her dress.

She took a deep breath that pushed her luscious, perfectly-framed tits out, then smiled tightly at the maitre d and informed him that her party was already seated. The eyes of the other patrons followed her progress as she clicked across the floor of the restaurant, focusing on her plump, bouncing ass and round, luscious tits. Claire had possessed a distractingly curvy figure since high school, and she had always hated it when she was objectified.

Or… at least she used to hate it. A funny thing was happening to her as she endured the leering stares of the upper-class men throughout the restaurant. Although their avid gazes were still insulting and humiliating… Claire also found their slimy interest oddly arousing. It all had to do with what she had gone through earlier tonight. Zane had marked her… staked his claim on his woman by shaving Claire's pussy smooth and bare and tattooing her tits with henna. And the dress was just another humiliating part of that. She was wearing it because that's what Zane

wanted… he wanted to show off the hot body of the woman he owned. And that made the objectifying stares of the men Zane's fault. Just another indignity he put her through.

Fuck… why is it so hot when that fat little perv puts me in my place?

Because that's what it was in the end… Claire was learning to become instinctively aroused by submitting to Zane. And parading around in an embarrassingly slutty dress was just another submission to his will.

By the time she reached her husband's table, Leah had already stood, a leering smile spreading across her face.

"Claire Bear," she cooed, "so good to see you! Bill and I saw your poor hubby all lonely, so we kept him company while he waited… LOVE the dress by the way. Is it new?"

Claire could tell from the mean little smirk on Leah's face that the bitch knew precisely where this particular dress had come from. Claire plastered a matching fake smile across her face as well. Now was not the time to poke the bear. After her last encounter with Leah, she had developed a grudging respect for her husband's old friend.

"It is. I thought I would try something a little different tonight," she said without a trace of the discomfort that was slowly seeping into her from the watching eyes all around her. The novelty of her appearance had worn off enough that the entire restaurant was no longer staring at her, but she could definitely tell that she was getting occasional dirty looks from the women and appreciative leers from the men whenever they were able to sneak a glance.

"Well, it's WORKING for you," said Leah with a teasing wink. "Don't you think so, boys?" She turned to Bill and Dan, who were both staring goggle-eyed at the tall, curvy goddess poured into the tiny pink dress. "Yes, dear," said Bill numbly, his eyes helplessly glued to Claire's tits.

Dan didn't say anything, but mutely nodded, looking somehow shocked, pleased, and uncomfortable all at the same time. Claire felt another cringe of shame. Dan didn't know it, of course, but if this dress was just another humiliating sex game Zane was putting her through to demonstrate his control, then it was also a direct insult to her husband. She would have to make it up to Dan… but not tonight. Not while Zane's semen was still leaking from her cheating pussy.

"Well, we'll get out of your hair then," said Leah airly, gesturing for her husband to follow. "Wouldn't want to get in the middle of this hot little date." Suddenly, she turned to Dan. "But don't forget what we discussed, Danny Boy. I think it might be more relevant than ever tonight…"

Claire glanced suspiciously between Leah and her husband, but Dan just blushed and shook his head, and by the time Claire turned back to Leah, she was already walking off on her husband's arm.

There was nothing left to do but sit across from Dan and try to somehow get through this dinner without letting on why she was dressed so inappropriately.

…

Dan felt a strange combination of arousal and discomfort swelling within him as his wife smoothed her tiny dress over her luscious backside and took a seat across from him.

He honestly had no idea why Claire would wear something this revealing. And not just because they were in a fancy restaurant like this. Dan didn't think he had ever seen his wife wear anything even approaching the slutty little dress. She hated being objectified and drooled over by strange men, and with a body like hers, that usually meant quite conservative clothing.

So… if Claire hated showing her body off that much, why was she showing it off now? And why wasn't she acting like the glances of men all over the room were bothering her? In fact… maybe it was just Dan's fevered imagination, but he could have sworn that Claire was subtly pushing her chest out a little as she cracked open the menu… and the way she slowly crossed her long, smooth legs almost made it seem like she wanted everyone to see.

No. I'm just being paranoid. Leah's little speech about other men… appreciating my wife is just getting to me. I have to keep it cool.

"So, that's a… a new look for you," Dan said nervously, taking a sip of his water. *God, why do I suddenly feel like a dweeby nerd talking to the popular girl? This is my wife. I know her better than anybody.*

But Claire didn't feel like the woman he knew right now. The tight, revealing dress and the faint pink blush across her normally sharp and intelligent face made her feel like a different person. She cleared her throat and gave him a lopsided smile. "I know, isn't it? I wanted to wear something special for our date and give you a little thrill, darling… But I think I overdid it, honestly."

Her embarrassed tone and little self-deprecating chuckle made Dan feel better. So, just a miscalculation. It was the same old Claire he knew, who had just made a mistake in the heat of the moment. That was unlike her, but it certainly wasn't impossible.

"So… work ran a little long?" he asked, trying to steer the conversation back into more familiar territory.

"Oh! Right, yeah…" said Claire distractedly. "I'm sorry about that, babe. Just an asshole client wanting to act like a big shot, as usual…" She continued with a fairly typical story of an entitled rich client, but Dan kept getting distracted. While she spoke, Claire absent-mindedly fanned herself with the drink menu as if she was feeling warm. The movement made her tits jiggle distractingly, their soft creamy globes half-exposed by the skimpy dress. She looked around the restaurant and lightly bit her lip as if flustered, and it was easy to tell why. Claire had become the center of attention.

It wasn't as if all eyes in the room were on her one hundred percent of the time, but some of the men were being remarkably unsubtle in the way they sizied up Claire's assets. For some reason, it made the uncomfortable arousal Dan had been feeling bubble up even more strongly in his belly. Claire's perfect body, which had once been only his to see, was now a public spectacle. The pink dress left very little to the imagination. In a way, Claire was sharing herself with all of the men in the restaurant, and they were taking advantage of the opportunity to eye-fuck her ruthlessly.

Fuck… why the fuck am I getting hard again? I need to get this under control right fucking now. Leah is wrong. I'm not… not like that.

"Dan… are you listening to me?" asked Claire sharply, snapping Dan's attention back to her with a start. Her eyes held that glint of sharpness that he was used to now, and as she leaned

forward toward him with an annoyed expression, Dan could see deep into her cleavage. By now, he had a full-blown erection. But he couldn't let Claire know that. The reasons why were too confusing and embarrassing to explain.

"O-of course, dear, you got held up by a dick, but you're here now with me. That's what matters."

"Right," said Claire, with an odd shadow passing over her expression.

The awkward moment was saved by a waiter approaching, and Dan breathed a sigh of relief, scooting his chair a little closer to hide his crotch under the tablecloth.

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Fuck... everyone's looking at me... including my husband. Claire could feel her body heating up as she babbled a made-up story about a picky client, piecing it together from a dozen similar stories she had told Dan before. But her mind was on her exposure; the male attention that was turned toward her from every corner of the room.

It felt like she was under the blazing sun. Wet heat built steadily between her crossed legs, her own fresh lubrication blending with the leftover sperm from her early tryst, turning the slutty panties Zane had lent her into a gooey mess. She could feel her traitorous nipples pressing outward... and this obviously wasn't the type of dress you could wear a bra under. If she couldn't find some way to calm down, it wouldn't be long until her stiff nipples broadcast her arousal to all the horny men watching her.

But what distracted her most was the strange way that Dan was reacting to her outfit. Her husband was looking around nervously and licking his lips, a flush creeping up his face from his neck. When he wasn't staring around the restaurant nervously, his eyes roamed Claire's body... as if he were just one of the other horny spectators, rather than her man.

It was bewildering, but unmistakable. Dan was turned on. Claire could read him like a book. The question was why. It was true that a dress like this on a body like Claire's would draw any man's attention, but it felt like a loving husband would be more upset about the public audience than horny in this situation... Right?

The word rolled around in her head. The one that Zane had pushed her to say about Dan earlier in the evening, in the heat of passion.

Cuck.

She said it at the time because Zane insisted, although she hadn't believed it. She was cheating on Dan, but by her definition, a cuckold was a man who willingly lets his wife sleep with other men because it turns him on. And that didn't describe her husband. Or did it? Why exactly was Dan getting flustered and turned on now that all the men of the restaurant were seeing her in this revealing dress?

"Dan... are you listening to me?"

Dan's reaction to the question was to stare straight down at Claire's tits, while practically yelping, "O-of course, dear, you got held up by a dick, but you're here now with me. That's what matters."

Claire felt a jolt of uncomfortable arousal at his unfortunate phrasing. Did Dan suspect something? No… no, even Dan wouldn't be ok with what she and Zane were doing. But he still apparently didn't feel the need to say anything about the way his wife was dressed.

"Right," said Claire awkwardly, shifting in her seat a little in a vain attempt to alleviate the unstoppable arousal boiling up inside her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the waiter approaching… and a perverse idea crept into her mind.

Maybe it was just the kinky idea of Zane making a sexual spectacle of her… maybe it was the eyes of the men around the room focusing on her body… or maybe it was her husband's unexpected reaction to her slutty dress, but Claire suddenly wanted to push things just a little further. Zane said that her husband was a cuck, and far from disproving that, Dan had gotten horny from other people seeing his wife exposed.

So why not give her dear hubby a little test? If Claire flirted a little with the waiter, an average husband would get upset. If she was misreading his reactions, she would back off, but if taking her public exposure one step further got Dan even more hot under the collar… well, that would be interesting information indeed. Besides, the damage to her reputation was already done with the other people around the room, and if she got a little… saucy with the waiter, their table was far enough away that most people wouldn't even notice.

It felt like there was very little harm in conducting her experiment. The worst that could happen is that Dan would get upset, and she had dealt with an upset Dan before. And the thought of getting even more attention was oddly appealing, despite the humiliation of her exposure.

The waiter was a tall man with a sharp grin that looked too big for his face. He had an oily, annoyingly confident air that told Claire he probably considered himself God's gift to women. In normal circumstances, Claire would consider it almost her duty to ignore him, if only to discourage him from hitting on other women in the future. But tonight was this guy's lucky day. Claire just so happened to need a man to test her theory on.

"Hey there," she said in a warm, welcoming voice, leaning her chin on her hand and favoring the approaching waiter with a sultry smile. "I hope you're here to take my order. I'm just dying for a bite to eat."

"Of course… I can help you get what you need." The waiter's dark eyes scanned every inch of Claire's exposed body, not even pretending to be professional. A shiver went up Claire's spine. He was looking at her like she was a piece of meat. A potential conquest that he wanted to pursue… even though she was here with another man. The idea made her nipples stiffen even further, becoming obviously erect and visible through her dress's fabric. In any other circumstance, Claire would have hidden her breasts from the sharp, greedy gaze coming from the tall man above her. Instead, she pushed her chest out a little more, inviting him to look closer and notice how turned on she was getting.

"I love a man with confidence," said Claire with a throaty chuckle. She traced a finger up the length of the leather-bound menu, giving the waiter a smoky gaze with her chest still pushed outward provocatively. "So… what do you have that will satisfy a girl like me?"

Claire's tone and posture made her invitation obvious, and the waiter seemed more than eager to play her game. "The house alfredo is an excellent choice," he said, rubbing his chin in a way he clearly hoped would show off his muscular arm. "Hot, rich, and creamy. It could satisfy any hunger."

God, what a cheesy little fuck boy. He was lucky that Claire was so horny right now. Shamelessly flirting like this, and right in front of her husband, no less, was completely unlike her… but it felt like Zane had unlocked a whole new side of her. Just the act of showing off was intoxicating… especially because it seemed to be what Zane wanted.

“Oh! It sounds like maybe a bit more than I can handle,” said Claire with a wink. “After all… I need to watch my figure.” She leaned back in her chair, running a hand swiftly and teasingly down her side and over the swell of her wide hips.

The waiter clearly wanted to keep an eye on her figure as well. He looked like he had died and gone to heaven, and Claire thought she detected a certain tightness in the front of his slacks. He leaned down a little, moving confidently into Claire's personal bubble as he said, “It’s fine if you work off the calories later…”

The waiter's reaction to her flirty tone was obvious and enthusiastic… But Claire wasn’t primarily concerned with what the slimy waiter thought. Her eyes flicked to her husband to see how Dan was taking her forward attitude toward the wait staff.

That brief glance was all it took for Claire’s sneaking suspicion to take root. Dan was staring at his wife and the waiter with open-mouthed dismay… But disgruntled shock wasn’t the only thing on Dan’s face. Claire knew her husband well enough by now to tell when he was horny, and the only other times she had seen the awed, star-struck expression on his face were when she was giving him their regular foreplay stripteases.

Dan wasn’t completely on board with his wife flirting with another man, but it was having a profound effect on him. One that filled Claire with strange curiosity.

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Dan’s cock throbbed with the fast, drumming pulse of his heart, harder than it had been in months.

His brain was struggling to process what was going on in front of him, but, despite the disturbing implications, some deep, primal part of him appreciated the view deeply, transmitting his wife’s strange actions into dark, sizzling lust that roiled sickeningly inside him.

Claire was flirting with the waiter. No. That was too mild a description. She was coming on to the waiter, dropping thinly veiled double entendres while openly presenting her body for his gaze. And she was doing it right in front of him. Her husband was just feet away from the shameless display, and she didn’t even seem to care.

Dan knew he should stop it. Angrily speak up, or deftly redirect the conversation, or even just clear his throat. But he did none of those things. He sat blushing and tongue-tied through the humiliation as his wife made a fool of him and practically propositioned the grinning waiter.

The question was, why? The fact that his wife was giving another man a come-hither stare and allowing him to see her body filled Dan with anxiety, but it was also making him uncomfortably aroused.

The things that Leah and Bill had told him kept echoing in his mind. Bill said that jealousy turned him on because of a need to reclaim his wife… Leah insisted that inferior men couldn’t help but get aroused when they saw superior men pursuing their women. But they had to be wrong. Both of them. The dark, twisted arousal Dan was feeling right now was the same as what he felt

watching Zane's website, and that had to hold the key. He had been so confused lately by Zane's pursuit of Claire that he had gotten disconnected from her sexually.

Yes. That made more sense. He was turned on by Claire right now, not because she was flirting, but because it had been too long since they had satisfying sex. He had to remedy that tonight.

Claire finally finished her giggling, flirty order, casting occasional glances over to her husband as she went. Almost as if she was teasing him on purpose. Dan himself ordered in a haze, barely paying attention to what he asked for and the waiter's responses. He could only focus on his wife, just like almost every other man in the restaurant.

Things got better after the waiter left.

"So…" said Claire, her heated tones and provocative body language fading away as she focused on her husband, "you never did end up telling me. What's the occasion? I've been trying to get you to take me here for ages. What changed now?"

The twisting anxiety in Dan's stomach stilled. That was right. Claire might have decided to tease him, but she had an odd sense of humor sometimes. He had to remember why he was here in the first place. He had won. That by itself should give him enough self confidence to brush off some harmless flirtation. "Can't a man take his wife out just because he loves her?" he asked with a gentle smile. Claire's answering grin made the sting of her teasing feel less sharp.

During dinner, things almost seemed normal. Dan was almost able to forget the daring dress his wife was wearing completely. Men around the restaurant continued to sneak peeks and murmur amongst themselves about Claire's incredible body, but Dan was able to tune them out and just enjoy his wife's company.

Right up until she recrossed her legs, giving Dan a brief, sizzling glance up her short dress. To the tiny, leopard-print panties beneath.

That just brought everything flooding back to him. Her mysterious lateness. Her slutty dress. The eyes of the male patrons that still focused on her… Dan couldn't take it anymore. Maybe Bill was right. He needed to reclaim his wife.

By the time the check came, Dan was desperate to leave. But it seemed that Claire wasn't quite finished with their waiter. Dan had managed to hold her attention when he brought the food, but this time she wouldn't be deterred.

"I wanted to thank you for your attentive service," said Claire in a simpering voice. She traced a finger idly up and down her collarbone, just above the exposed tops off her breasts, drawing the eyes downward toward them. The movement looked casual, as if she she didn't even realize that she was doing it. Dan knew better, and he was sure the waiter did too. "I was very impressed."

"I can think of a way for you to repay me," said the waiter in a low voice, barely concealing his intentions at all anymore, and acting as if Dan didn't exist.

"Of course," said Claire, opening her purse and dipping inside. "I know *exactly* what you need." She pulled out a neat stack of bills. Claire's business paid much more than Dan's job, and she often handled the check. "You're after a little gratuity," purred Claire. She reached up and tucked the bills into the waiter's pocket in a deft movement that sent a lurch of surprise through Dan's stomach. "Lucky for you I love big tips."

The waiter looked just as shocked as Dan at the fleeting contact, but much more pleased. “That’s… not exactly what I had in mind,” said the waiter with a dreamy grin, “but I suppose I won’t refuse.”

Claire laughed and bit her lip. “Oh, not enough for you? Well that won’t do.” She pulled a pen out of her purse and grabbed the check. Dan’s mouth dropped open as she rapidly scribbled something on it and tucked it into the waiter’s pocket along-side the bills. “Why don’t you give me a call and we can discuss if there’s any way I can thank you properly.”

With that, she stood and turned swiftly toward the entrance. “I’ll see you at home dear,” she said to Dan with a blown kiss.

Then she was gone, leaving her husband and the grinning waiter behind as she hurried toward the entrance, giving the restaurant a perfect view of her swaying ass in the tight dress as she went.

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Dan couldn’t help speeding on his way home from the restaurant, humiliating images running through his mind.

Claire walking in, her curvy body displayed in her tight pink dress. The eyes of every man in the room undressing her.

Claire's eyes shining with mischievous arousal as she leaned forward, giving the waiter a perfect view of her tits.

The tiny flash of leopard-print cloth between his wife’s juicy thighs… a type of underwear he would never have expected her to wear in a million years.

Claire hastily scribbling a number on their bill and stuffing it in the smarmy waiter’s pocket with a wink, her hand slipping confident along his thigh.

Dan cock throbbed with painful stiffness and his mind felt clouded with dark, swirling thoughts. He knew that he had been disrespected tonight, but he had no idea why. What had gotten into Claire? She had acted utterly out of character. Was it some sort of test? Based on the way she had observed his reactions from the corner of her eye, she obviously was playing some kind of game with him… but to what end? And if it was a test, how exactly was he meant to pass?

With how fast he was going, Dan made it home well before his wife. He stood in the entryway waiting for her, pacing and fretting. He had to show her that he could be the only man she needed… show himself. He thought he understood now, after thinking about it. Dan had been disappointing Claire lately in bed. This was her way of needling him. Of showing him what an attractive woman she really was. It had worked. Other men were desperate for Claire, and now Dan was too. He felt a deep need to reclaim her from the filthy eyes of the other men, just like Bill had been talking about.

When Claire finally arrived home and slipped in the front door, Dan practically pounced on her, wrapping his arms around her and pinning her to the front door with a needy, passionate kiss. His hands slipped down to grip hungrily at her plump ass, pulling her close, pressing the hard bulge at his crotch into her soft belly.

Claire went stiff for a moment with a sound of mild alarm, her lips tight against Dan’s. Then a little chuckle bubbled up from her throat, and her lips opened, her tongue dancing teasingly

with her husband's. Her arms slipped loosely around his neck as she allowed herself to be kissed, lightly grinding her hips forward into Dan's crotch.

"My my…" she said in a low, throaty voice as Dan finally pulled away. "Hubby's all riled up… I wonder why that could be?"

Dan stared at her, panting with passion. This was unlike her. She would tease him lightly in bed sometimes, but he had never seen this wicked gleam in his wife's eyes. It only fueled the insecure arousal burning inside him more.

One burning question stuck in his mind. He had to know. "Your number… You gave the waiter your number…" He couldn't even fully form the accusation with his lips.

Claire smirked, maintaining the strange new role of teasing temptress she had adopted. She leaned forward to Dan's ear, whispering, "Did I? Maybe I just wrote down some random numbers to tease you both… Or maybe I wrote allllmost all the right numbers, with a few question marks. Did he seem persistent enough to guess until he gets my number right? What do you think I would say if he calls me?"

Dan ran a hand down the curve of his wife's breast. The cloth was so thin he could feel the heat and stiffness of her nipple beneath. She purred and pressed her chest into his touch. His hand slipped lower… lower… down past her belly into the triangle between her thighs. Up under her dress….

He felt just a hint of hot, wet cloth there before Claire squirmed out of his grasp, putting a little distance between them as she moved deeper into their dark house. "Ah ah ah," she said over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow. "You might be horny, dear, but I just don't think I'm in the mood tonight. I had a long day at work, and I need a shower."

Dan frowned and pursued her as she stayed just a few steps ahead of him. Her tone was still teasing, but for some reason, Dan detected a genuine reluctance beneath her words. She wasn't just trying to rile him up right now; for some reason, she was genuinely pushing back on the idea of having sex.

After her public teasing, it only made him want her more. Dan's cock seemed to be pulling him toward her like a magnet as she made her way to the bedroom, glancing over her shoulder at him with eyes that were half-encouraging, half-dismissive. His lust for her burned even brighter now that he had seen it reflected in the eyes of all the men in the restaurant.

He managed to stop her with her hand on the door to the master bathroom, grabbing her wide hips and once again rubbing his cock against her, this time pressing it deep into her pillowy cheeks. "I want you," he groaned, kissing her neck.

"You and every other man I met tonight," purred Claire, reaching up to run her fingers through his hair and pull him closer into her neck. She turned, her green eyes flashing as she said, only half-joking, "Where was this fire the past few weeks?" Her hand slipped down, her palm pressing with fleeting pressure against the bulge in his pants, and her lips quirked up into a crooked smile. "What's different about tonight, I wonder? What has my poor hubby so stiff and eager?"

Darren made a low, frustrated growl in his throat. He remembered that Claire had wanted him to take charge in the bedroom. Be a little more dominant. With the possessive fire of jealous lust burning inside him right now, he felt like he could do it. He reached up to slip the pink straps off of Claire's shoulders, ready to pull down her dress and expose her tits…

And then something odd happened.

A look of near panic crossed Claire's face, and she planted a hand on his chest, pushing him back. He stumbled a little and fell back onto the bed a couple of feet away, looking up at her, shocked.

Claire also looked surprised at her reaction, hurriedly slipping the straps of her dress back over her shoulder. "I said I just want a shower," she muttered, glancing away and turning to the bathroom door again.

Normally, with something that unexpected happening, Dan would think the mood would be broken. But the sexual tension between him and his wife felt thicker than ever. As she turned, he could clearly see the outline of the hard nipples she had just refused to let her husband see, and the light hitch in her breath made it clear that she was as aroused as ever, despite her rejection.

Dan didn't understand it. They were both horny… Claire had just spent all night teasing him… Why was she saying no? She opened the door to the bathroom, but before she could go inside, Dan called out to her.

"Please. Please babe. I want you so fucking bad."

Claire turned back to him, biting her lip with a strange look of reluctant lust that made Dan's pulse pound in both heads. She seemed to think carefully before she spoke.

…

Claire felt her body humming with erotic energy as she stared down at her husband. He was begging for her. Passionate at last now that she had made herself seem available to other men.

She was starting to think that Z might be right.

The whole experience at the restaurant had been… illuminating… humiliating… intoxicating. She was still reeling from the aftermath of having her body on display like that, all thanks to Zane's manipulation. But one thing became clear over the course of dinner: it was definitely a turn on for her husband when other men were interested in her. She had found his aroused reaction so fascinating, and had gotten so horny herself, that she had maybe pushed the envelope a bit further than necessary.

The numbers she had scribbled on the bill had been fake, of course. She had no desire to have an oily young hound like the waiter sniffing around her constantly, and even if flirting with other men turned Dan on, she somehow suspected that Zane wouldn't appreciate her pursuing a third man. But Dan's reaction had been highly amusing. He looked like he wasn't sure if he wanted to crawl under the table in embarrassment or start jerking off right then and there.

God, if only he knew the real truth about me and other men. The thought sent a shiver through her. Would it turn him on to know that she had been taken by his former friend? No… surely not even Dan was that far gone.

The problem was that there was no way she could have sex with Dan right now, even if he was stiff and ready to go for the first time in weeks. She was just as horny as he was… but Zane had left a thick, gloppy load of sperm deep inside her pussy held in only by the slutty pair of panties he had loaned her. She couldn't let her husband discover that no matter what… not to mention the fucking henna tattoo he had left on her breast. That would also be impossible to explain.

But that, perversely, meant that she would be denying her eager, horny husband sex on the same night she had let Zane fuck her. The same night that she had sucked the cock of a total stranger. That was utterly cruel… and for some reason sent a flush of deep, pulsing heat through her core. Far from being an inconsequential side-piece, Zane had maneuvered perfectly to gain more privileges than her husband. He got to fuck her hard, and poor Dan got nothing.

She bit her lip, looking down into her husband's pleading eyes. Even when he pushed for sex, he wasn't as forceful or dominant as Zane. But it was unfair that he didn't get anything tonight, when she had given Zane so much. And she was sooo fucking horny…

"Take your cock out," she said decisively. "You want me that fucking bad? Stroke for me." This was probably an awful idea, but she couldn't resist. She would have to control this session carefully to make sure she wasn't outed as a cheater… and that would mean some further cruel denial of her husband. But at this point, in her horny daze, that only made it hotter.

Daren swiftly obeyed, yanking down his pants to reveal his cock, already dripping precum as he eagerly took it into his fist. It had been a while since Claire had seen it fully erect, and she was surprised to find that she was… disappointed. After sucking and fucking the monster between Zane's legs, Dan's cock just seemed a little unimpressive.

But Claire didn't worry about that right now. This wouldn't progress to sex anyway, no matter what Dan was hoping. As Dan began to pump his cock, staring at her slutty dress, Claire was strongly reminded of the stares of all the men in the restaurant tonight. Dan was looking at her with that same hunger… and even though he was her husband and not a pervy stranger, he had just as much chance of getting his dick wet tonight. A sly smile crept across Claire's face, and heat surged up in her belly at the cruel thought.

She was already betraying Dan by having sex with Zane, so adding insult to injury was hardly fair. But on the other hand, he seemed to enjoy teasing, so why not lean in and do something they would both enjoy? It was part of their normal routine for Dan to jerk off to her a little as foreplay. He didn't need to know that he had no chance of getting further than that.

Claire began gyrating her hips, running her hands up and down her curves over the tight, slutty dress. "So… I think you noticed that my new dress was quite a hit at the restaurant," she said coyly, her bright green eyes staring deep into her husband's.

"F-fuck…" Dan took a shuddering breath as his fist worked steadily up and down his hard cock. It was almost lost in his hand, only its tip poking out when he gripped it around the base. "Yeah. Everyone in the restaurant was staring…"

"Staring at what, Dan?" asked Claire in a teasing tone, turning around and bending over a little to press her ass tight against the material of the dress. "Be specific."

Dan groaned, the blush on his face flaring up. "Your t-tits. You thighs. Your beautiful ass." *He's* really *into this. I didn't think it was possible…* The arousal inside Claire was winding tighter and tighter. She should really stop poking this bear, considering that she absolutely couldn't allow this to go too far. But she couldn't stop.

"Your *wife's* ass," she agreed with in a sultry purr. "Your *wife's* tits." She turned around and squeezed them through the thin material of the dress, putting on a show for her husband, teasing him with something he wouldn't get to see for a few weeks… until the henna faded away,

the sight of her tits was reserved only for Zane. “And that got you all hot and bothered, didn’t it, you bad boy?” she added in a smoky whisper.

Dan shook his head, looking as if he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, spluttering a half-formed excuse incoherently. “What? No! I just… I was a little bit distracted, and…”

“You were hard as a rock when you saw all those men staring at me,” said Claire with a mock pout. She leaned forward slowly, letting her luscious tits hang softly from her chest in front of her husband’s wide, wondering eyes.

“What do you think all those men wanted to do to your wife, Dan?”

Dan was breathing heavily now, tugging his cock with short, furious strokes. “God… they wanted to fuck you, Claire.”

“Mmmm, yes, I could feel it,” said Claire with a smirk, running her hands all over her body and giving her masturbating husband a show. “They wanted to tear this slutty little dress off and fill my married pussy with their thick, hard cocks. They wanted to press these beautiful tits together and slide their filthy dicks between them. They wanted to cum in every hole your wife has, honey. But they didn’t get to.”

Dan looked relieved for a moment. A little more secure that she was all his. It made Claire hesitate for a moment. Dan *should* be confident that she belonged to him… even if that wasn’t strictly true anymore. It was much safer that way. But now she was in a spiral of arousal she couldn’t get out of… and she wanted to see how far she could push Dan.

“But here’s the bad news baby,” she crooned, straightening up and again and clutching her breasts tight once again. “Those strange men don’t get to fuck me… or touch me… or see me naked… But tonight, you don’t either.”

Fuck… the look of stunned, horny despair on her husband’s face was worth the dangerous ground she was treading on.

“But… what do you… are you serious?” spluttered Dan, but his hand never stopped pumping up and down his cock. His eyes never stopped roaming his wife’s scantily clad body, as if by looking hard enough, he could somehow see the nudity she had denied him.

“Oh I’m afraid so, honey,” said Claire with mock sympathy. She paused for a moment, biting her lip, wondering if what she wanted to say was too mean. *Hey, I’ve already come this far. Why hold back at this point?* “You haven’t even been able to get it up for the past few weeks. What makes you think you even deserve to fuck me at this point?”

Dan groaned again, his hips actually bucking upward a little into the air as he continued to stroke. “Don’t… don’t say that babe,” he whined.

“I’m serious,” said Claire innocently, sliding a hand down to the front of her dress to teasingly press the material between her legs. “I really don’t think you deserve this pussy tonight.” She was having a hard time keeping control of her own arousal at this point. Because her words carried a obscene double meaning that her husband didn’t even realize. Because, while Dan might not deserve to see or touch her luscious body, one particular lucky man had gotten that and more.

“But…” she continued in a taunting tone, “I do think you can see just a tiny bit more… you are my beloved hubby after all. I have a kinky little surprise for you under my dress.”

Dan didn't say anything, he seemed beyond speech, his fist a blur working on his cock. It was a shock to Claire that he hadn't cum already considering how hard and fast he was jerking it. *Probably due to lots of recent… endurance conditioning in this particular activity*, thought Claire.

She reached down and rolled up the bottom hem of her tight pink dress, revealing more and more of her thick thighs…

Before reaching the sodden leopard print thong, clinging so tightly to her pussy that her lips were clearly discernible. Dan took a long, shaky breath, his eyes locked at the slutty panties between his wife's thighs. Claire didn't think her husband paid particular attention to her underwear wardrobe, but he had to know that these weren't a pair she normally wore.

"Where did you get those?" he asked in a raspy voice, his hips now humping upward faster and faster into his hand. His words weren't accusatory… just deeply troubled and horny.

Claire reached down and rubbed the squishy panties into her hot, aching pussy. Now she was really playing with fire. Because there was a bigger kinky secret just beneath the leopard-print panties. She could feel the remains of Zane's cum as she rubbed the surface of the undies. She was playing with another man's cum in front of her cuck husband and he didn't even realize. A light moan squeezed its way from her throat as a crackle of pleasure flashed through her. Fuck… being mean to Dan was turning her on far, far more than it should.

"I borrowed them from a friend," said Claire, a slight moan creeping into her voice as she pressed the panties tightly against her overheated flesh, Zane cum sliding and squishing beneath the damp cloth.

"And… fuck… you shaved…" gasped Dan, his eyes focused intently between her thighs.

Shit, that's right… Claire had been so distracted by the other events of the night that she had totally forgotten that she had let Zane shave her pussy bare. The tiny thong made that obvious: it was slung low enough that her previous groomed triangle of hair would have easily stuck out of the top. Without even thinking, she had shown her husband one of the marks of Zane's ownership. *Well… might as well sell it with confidence.*

"I thought that you might like it… and maybe other men might too…" She watched her husband's reaction carefully as she dropped another tiny teasing hint that she might be interested in fucking someone else.

She was gratified to see his eyes go wide, his hand stopping and holding tight at the base of his cock. *He had to stop*, she realized, *otherwise he would have cum right then and there.*

"Claire…I…" Dan heavily gulped, seemed to get a hold of himself, then slowly began stroking again, less fast this time. "I know you're just having fun teasing me. But please… give me a chance to prove myself."

Claire felt a faint stab of guilt, even through her dominant lust at teasing her husband. If only Dan knew how real her taunts about other men were. But she had to stay strong. There were important reasons why she couldn't give in and fuck her husband tonight. "I've already decided though dear," she said with a shake of her head, making her dark, glossy hair flip enticingly. "No sex for you tonight. You can cum with your hand if you want… but you don't deserve me."

“Let me prove that I do,” said Dan fervently, stroking his cock in firm, even strokes. “Let me show you how good I can make you feel.” He sounded serious, and a glint in his eyes told Claire that this meant a lot to him for some reason.

“Sorry hubby, but…”

“Come on baby, I can eat you out sooo good,” promised Dan in a low, persuasive voice. “I know how much you love it when I do that. Let your husband make you cum.”

Claire bit her lit hard as another moan built in her throat. A filthy image of Dan diving between her thighs, licking and slurping and… cleaning flashed through her mind. The thought was disgusting and wrong, but strangely also red hot. It took the kinky, slightly guilty thought of denying her husband while accepting Zane and turned it up to eleven.

Making my poor clueless hubby clean up the mess another, better man made…

Waves of pleasure were now flowing through, radiating upward from between her thighs as she mashed the cum-stained panties deep into her needy pussy. She shook her head, just as much to clear it of the filthy, distressing, arousing idea as to deny Dan’s suggestion. “No Dan… not tonight. You can’t.”

But for some fucking reason, Dan had chosen this moment to man up and push for what he wanted. He rose from the bed, crossing the distance between them and taking Claire’s hand, pulling her toward the bed. “Come on babe,” he said pleadingly. “Let me show you. I want you to remember how good I can make you feel.”

Shit… Fuck! Claire felt adrenaline buzzing through her, entwining with the roaring, unstoppable arousal pulsing in her core. She needed to seize control of this situation. She needed to really put her foot down. But instead, she was lying back on the bed, her whole body throbbing with dark lust.

Dan was single-minded. If this continued, he was going to get a mouthful of Zane's cum, unknowingly emasculating himself in an disgusting, and completely crushing way. Claire had to stop it, or everything would be ruined.

But, as Claire pay back on the bed, her pussy pulsing with slimy heat, a little voice whispered in her mind, sounding almost like Zane at his most convincing.

Really? Would it really ruin things? Most of Z’s cum has probably leaked out into the panties at this point. Not all of it… but enough to give me a little plausible deniability. For all Dan knows, I’m just extra wet tonight. Besides, Dan probably doesn’t even know what cum tastes like…

It would be the ultimate cruelty… a humiliating betrayal of a husband who, even if he was a little passive and disappointing sometimes, had never been anything but loyal.

But that was what made it so fucking hot. Claire had discovered a kink for teasing Dan tonight, and this was the ultimate expression of that, tricking Dan into unknowingly embracing his cuckolding.

Fuck… what the hell, he seems to enjoy thinking about me with other men. Let’s give him a little taste of the truth… This is such a fucking stupid idea…

Her breasts heaving with passion beneath the dress she still wore on her upper half, Claire reached down and swiftly slipped the borrowed panties off and tossed them across the room so

Dan wouldn't notice the cum pooled in their crotch. This was the moment of truth… would it be obvious that she had been creampied?

A quick peek showed that at least there was no obvious white, pearly semen on the surface of her pussy. It was now more of a thin, slick glaze over her labia. Dan was already moving forward eagerly, crawling between her thighs, his stiff cock still looking small to her as it wobbled and bounced between his thighs. But luckily, it seemed like he was focused on her tits. He reached up again toward them, his eyes needy, trying to expose them once again.

And once again, Claire denied him, feeling another spike of anxiety and arousal from refusing to allow her loving husband to see her naked breasts. "Focus," she said sharply, reaching up to twine her fingers through Dan's hair, then pulling tight. "I thought you said you were going to make me cum."

Her belly roiled with disgust and taboo arousal. Now was the crucial moment. If she was going to do this, she needed to do it fast, so Dan didn't have time to think about it or examine her used pussy too closely. With one last shaky breath, Claire looked into the eyes of the man she was about to betray, then pulled her down between her thighs, pressing his face tight against her jizz-smeared pussy.

As his lips pressed against her, Claire waited, her breaths hot and harsh in her throat. She had taken a massive risk here. Any second, he might rise with an angry "What the fuck? Is this cum?" And then her relationship would be over.

But, after one heartpounding second, Dan pushed closer, his tongue extending to part her lower lips, still slightly swollen from the pounding force of Zane's cock. Without even knowing, the essence of a more dominant, well-hung man was flooding his mouth. He was slurping up the leftovers from his wife's new lover.

Like the cuck he was.

Claire bit her lip and let out a whining moan, tightening her grip on Dan's hair and pulling him in tighter. It was so fucking bad. So evil. The very thought of the disgusting task she had tricked her husband into turned her on even more that his tongue flicking submissively over her clit.

Would he get off even more if he realized what he was doing? Was her husband a pathetic fucking cuck? Right now, in the heat of the moment, even that possibility turned her on.

"Fuck! Jerk that cock, Dan," she demanding in a voice throaty and ragged with forbidden lust. "Show me how much you love the taste!"

…

Dan could feel the difference as soon as is lips touched his wife's hot, wet pussy.

Fuck she was smooth now that all of her hair had been shaved away… perfect buttery skin made it feel like his lips were gliding over her as he opened them wider and began feasting on his wife's throbbing sex.

Claire looked like such a fucking slut tonight. All the men in the restaurant had seen it from just her skimpy dress alone. But she also had tiny slutty panties and a freshly shaved pussy…

And worse, she had teased that her smooth, shaved pussy was intended to please someone else.

Dan slid his tongue deeper between Claire's lips, teasing at her hole before slightly withdrawing to circle her clit. She was totally drenched after flirting with another man and letting a crowd of strangers see her body. Her juices were thicker and saltier than usual… or maybe it was just sweat? The taste was different than Dan was used to.

Claire moaned and pulled him deeper with a sharp, painful tug on his hair, mashing Dan's whole face deep into her pussy. Dan eagerly devoted himself to his task. After tonight, anxious jealousy left him feeling like he had something to prove. He needed to show Claire his sexual worth… that she belonged to him in way she never could to another man.

Another man…

Leah's words burned in Dan's mind once again. How some men couldn't help but be turned on by other men fucking their wife. Claire had teased at the edges of the idea tonight, pushing him to imagine what all of the other men in the restaurant wanted to do with her… flirting openly with the waiter… The idea of her with someone else felt his guts with squirming, uncomfortable lust.

Maybe he had been watching too much of Zane's porn site, but for some reason, when he pictured Claire with another man, it wasn't the tall handsome waiter… it was his short, fat, cocky friend. As his tongue delved deeper into the Claire's wet heat, tasting the salty tang of her quivering cunt, he couldn't help but picture Zane claiming her. Sinking his cock deep inside her again and again and making her scream like the girls in his videos.

Although obviously that was ridiculous. Whatever games Claire was suddenly playing, they definitely didn't involve Zane. Zane had called him to concede defeat, and Zane was the sort of proud, cocky asshole who wouldn't hesitate to rub it in Dan's face if he won.

Dan pushed his face even tighter into his wife's pussy, rubbing his lips and tongue all over her sensitive folds, doing his best to prove to her that he could be the only source of pleasure she needed. His mind also kept flashing back to earlier this evening to when Leah fed him a handful of his own cum. It had been salty and rank… close to the taste of Claire's pussy in fact. That made sense, since feminine lubrication and semen were both sexual fluids, but it still made Dan's stomach twist. Bill ate Zane's cum… maybe even directly out of his wife's pussy. The idea sent a pang of disquiet through Dan and made his cock throb between his legs, but before he could think about it any further, Claire moaned above him, "Fuck! Jerk that cock, Dan. Show me how much you love the taste."

Dan rose his face a little, gasping, "What? But I thought that we were going to…?" His intention had always been to rile Claire up enough that she would give up on her teasing denial and let him fuck her. He hadn't even considered that she might actually deny him now that he was finally hard and desperate to fuck.

Claire looked down at him over her heaving, still-covered breasts, her eyes blazing with hot, cruel lust. Her fingers tightened painfully in his hair.

"No. I told you Dan. You don't deserve it. This is what you deserve…"

She pulled him into her pussy, grinding her sexual heat against his face with muscular rolls of her hips. "Eat that pussy baby. Taste what you deserve. This is where you belong. F-fuck, eat me out…" Her voice was dripping with pleasure now, and, despite how humiliating it was for his own wife to so thoroughly deny him, Dan couldn't help but lick and suck and slurp at her dominant pussy as she rubbed it all over his face.

And, like she had commanded, he reached between his legs, jerking himself off as he did it.

…

Claire's body was on fire, powerful waves of pleasure roaring through her as Dan served between her thighs.

This was so wrong. She was being an evil bitch right now… But she had never felt more alive. Dan's tongue was deep inside her cheating cunt where Zane had been just hours before. Her husband was cleaning out every last trace of his rival's sperm. All while jerking off. Pathetically jerking his too-small cock, denied access to her pussy, which she had promised to Zane wherever and whenever he wanted.

Zane had awakened a new appreciation for submissive sex inside her, but Claire had always enjoyed being dominant in the bedroom, and trying out a new flavor of sexual pleasure hadn't erased her old love of being in charge. She couldn't even imagine taking the lead with Zane, but she had years of experience pushing Dan around in bed. This kinky play was just an extreme version of what she already loved.

She could feel that she was about to cum. The first orgasm that her husband had given her in weeks, and it was because of how badly she was treating him. But, in the depths of her sexual pleasure, Claire let go of all guilt. This felt too fucking good to spoil with second thoughts.

She humped her pussy powerfully into her cuckold husband's face, her thighs trembling and straining as she rushed toward orgasm. She wanted him to taste ever last drop of sperm as he licked it out of her well-fucked pussy.

"Cum for me," she panted as she began tipping over the edge into orgasm. "Shoot it all out on the fucking sheets. You want to prove yourself to me? Show your wife how much you're really worth."

Dan groaned into her, setting Claire off into a toe-curling, back-arching orgasm as the sound of his despair vibrated through her sensitive pussy. Her wild moans set Dan off as well. At first he tried to catch it, but his sperm dripped through his fingers and down onto the sheets, wasted pathetically in his hand, while Zane had the privilege of cumming in Claire's pussy.

Claire knew that in the aftermath, there would be awkward questions between her and Dan over what had happened tonight, even though she had avoided showing him the most incriminating evidence on her tits… but for now, Claire cast aside all guilt and moaned her forbidden pleasure to the ceiling, rubbing her soiled, cheating pussy all over her clueless husband's face as she savored her kinky, taboo orgasm.

…

Zane sighed happily and flopped down into the seat in front of his computer, ready to go over number and business emails… a nightly ritual for him.

It had been a good day. He had gotten further with Claire than he expected to be able to. The henna tattoo had really been pushing the envelope. He had also had Shiner bring along a piecing kit, and would have settled for something a lot more explicable to Dan if necessary.

The happy couple were probably finished up with their date by now… presumably Leah had kept Dan distracted at the restaurant long enough for Claire to make it. Zane wondered what the

dope would think of his wife's new wardrobe… not to mention what the rest of the restaurant patrons would think.

Claire accepting the sluttiest dress Zane had ever seen her wear was another surprise. To his delight, Claire was falling faster than he had anticipated. But for some women it was like that. All of their submissive sexual urges were hidden behind a strong dam. But once that barrier was cracked…

Zane opened up some customer comments from the site and frowned thoughtfully. People were getting restless over the "coming soon" tease he had put out to taunt Dan. They wanted to hear more about the mystery woman and her training log.

Unfortunately for them, the time wasn't ripe for Claire to make her pornstar debut. Despite beginning her way down a slippery slope, she was still clinging grimly to respectability, at least in her own mind. More importantly, posting her directly on the site would give the game away to her porn addict husband.

…But it wasn't to early to start planting seeds and laying groundwork. Slutty or not, Claire was a woman who could be stubborn. Zane needed a way to make sure that, when he ended up posting his conquest of her online, she thought it was her idea.

Luckily, he had a few ideas.

…

Option A: Claire was a sharp business woman. Anyone could see that. She was also justly proud of her business skills. Zane thought that maybe, if he flattered and pushed her enough, he could convince Claire to get involved in the business and behind-the-camera side of the porn business. It would give him an excuse to get her on set again, and start convincing her that porn wasn't that big of a deal. He also thought it might be fun to push Claire into being his personal fluffer…

Option B: There was simply no way that Claire would agree to put her name and face on a porn site currently. But what about if her face was covered and she was completely anonymous? That might be *just* within reach. If Zane could convince Claire that no one would know, he might be able to make the idea sound hot enough that Claire would allow a video of her onto his porn site.

Option C: The idea of publicly being owned by him had turned Claire on. Zane could tell. He had sent her off to the restaurant in a slutty dress, and he was willing to bet that his new slut found the exposure thrilling. Maybe the most effective way to push Claire toward porn was to push that nascent fetish for exhibitionism further. Once she found the idea of public exposure unbearably hot, pushing her to release porn of herself would be much, much easier. A public date could do the trick. If Zane made Claire date him publicly, then took the opportunity for some risky semi-public sex, it could turn the new flame of Claire's exhibitionism into a raging inferno.

The Bet – Chapter 25

“F-fuck… I can’t… I can’t do this anymore, Z!” gasped Claire desperately, beads of sweat rolling down her face. “I have another client coming in ten minutes.”

“I guess you’d better cum for me then, Claire Bear,” said Zane’s low, amused voice over the phone. “Wouldn’t want anyone walking in on you doing something this slutty.”

“Oh Godddd,” whined Claire, her fingers circling her clit madly as her other hand clutched the phone to her ear. “Z… maybe if you sent me something… Just a little peek of…”

“Inspiration?” Zane let out a chuckle. “I think I can do that for you. This time. Since you’re in such a big hurry.”

A second later, Claire’s phone pinged, and she lowered it from her face, her eyes frantic and greedy as she stared down at the picture Zane had sent. There it was… Claire could feel the pleasure between her spread thighs roar into a blazing inferno at the sight of her lover’s cock, tall and proud, throbbing with masculine power.

In seconds, the orgasm she had been chasing for her entire phone conversation with Zane crashed over her, swallowing her up in its white-hot intensity.

She could hear Zane’s voice murmuring from the speakers, but for now, she was only focused on the glorious image of his cock as her fingers strummed her clit and her toes curled with pleasure.

Finally, she sighed and collapsed back in her chair, raising the phone back to her ear. “Well, did that take care of your stress, Claire Bear?” asked Zane, a twist of amusement coloring his voice.

“A little,” said Claire with a gentle snort. She reached down to pull her panties up from her left ankle, where they dangled, bunched up.It was embarrassing that Zane could convince her to do shameful things like masturbating at work, but it didn’t do much harm in the end. Claire had already learned that giving in and being a little slutty for Zane could be lots of fun… as long as she was careful that things didn’t go too far.

“But when am I going to be able to see you again?” she asked, trying her best to sound confident rather than needy. She and Zane were two busy professionals, and it was inevitable that at some point their schedules would conflict. It had been nearly a week since she had seen him in person… and she had to admit that she was kind of missing him. Or his cock at least.

“Tomorrow,” said Zane confidently. It was one of the things that Claire found irresistible about him, even if it was a little annoying at the same time. Dan would have asked her if tomorrow would work for her. Zane just told her when they would meet like she had no say.

The next thing he said pleased her significantly less.

“I’m taking you out.”

The very idea caused a sneaking feeling of unease to sprout up in Claire's chest. “Not possible,” she countered, trying to sound equally firm and confident. “I’m having an affair with you, remember? We need to keep a low profile.”

Claire wished that, for once, Zane would just accept that she had put her foot down and move on, but he seemed never to back down from this type of confrontation as a matter of principle.

“Trust me, Claire Bear, where we’re going, no one will recognize you.”

Claire sighed and rubbed her temple, but by now she was familiar with the feeling growing inside her. The feeling that it wouldn’t be that bad. That it would be kind of hot and fun, actually, to let her dominant lover have his way.

“Come on,” coaxed Zane. “You keep saying you belong to me. You even let me mark you. But what good is that if I can’t ever show off the hot little slut I own to other people?”

Fuck. It did sound hot. Not just Zane’s sex kitten in private, but on his arm out in the world, showing everyone that she belonged to him…

“It can’t be anywhere that someone could even possibly recognise me,” she said reluctantly.

“I’ll even get you a wig,” promised Zane, an eye-rollingly smug undercurrent in his voice.

“Fine. Text me what time and we can meet at your place,” said Claire, and hung up, tossing her phone onto her desk irritably. Even now, when she had given in on so many things, it still stung a little to cave and do what Zane wanted. Without thinking, Claire’s hand rose to gently touch the outer swell of her breast over her blouse, right over where the Henna bear tattoo stained her skin.

Zane was leaving a different type of mark on her… one that might last longer than the dye marking her breast. And that idea filled her with terror and excitement.

…

Claire glanced at her husband over her book, watching as he frowned down at his phone, clear tension in his face. Things had been strained between them for the past week, and the reason why was obvious.

Claire fed her husband Zane's cum on the night of their date. Dan still didn’t realize that, thank God. Claire had to imagine that a revelation like that would be the end of their marriage, no matter how submissive Dan was.

But what she had done openly was more than enough to make things awkward between them since then. Even if the cum was a secret, Claire had openly flirted with other men while dressed like a slut, denied her husband sex, then heavily teased him with the idea of pursuing other men. And, even worse as far as Dan’s self-esteem was concerned, the entire experience had made him hard as a rock, and then had given him a powerful orgasm.

They had learned a lot about each other that night, and Claire knew that they were both still processing what that meant. They hadn’t had any sort of sexual encounter since then, and Claire wasn't exactly sure if it was because she was still denying Dan sex, or if he wasn’t ready yet. Maybe a mix of both.

Regardless, the revelations about Dan’s cuckold fetish did make Claire feel less guilty about her dalliances with Zane. Maybe it was just natural for her to lust after other men if Dan was aroused by other men wanting her.

Wasn’t she just giving him what he subconsciously desired? Overall, it made it much easier to make excuses.

“I’m going to be out with a client tonight,” she said mildly.

Dan looked up, a frown of discomfort twisting his face. “Oh? Tonight? You mean like… late?”

“Yes,” said Claire serenely, staring into her husband’s eyes without a trace of guilt. “He’s a big fish. I want to butter him up, see if I can squeeze a little more out of him.”

Dan’s eyes widened at her brazen declaration that she planned to be out late with another man. It was yet another provocation dangled in front of him. A chance for him to put his foot down and be a real man.

Claire maintained challenging eye contact. Would Dan object? Openly declare that he didn’t trust her? Or would he fold, deciding to trust her faithfulness despite her teasing?

Claire knew the answer even before Dan looked away.

“Just… be safe,” he said weakly.

Claire glanced at his crotch before returning to her book. There might have been a bulge there. With Dan’s size, it was sometimes difficult to tell.

“Yes, dear. I always am.”

…

Claire felt anxiety twisting her belly more and more as they sped through town in Zane’s luxury SUV. She tucked a strand from the high-quality blonde wig Zane had provided behind her ear nervously, shifting in the leather seat and feeling it stick slightly to her thighs.

Her old, proud, practical self was waking up now that this seemed close to actually happening, bringing up a furious list of reasons why this was an awful idea.

All it would take was one client, or, God forbid, one of her friends, to recognize her, and everything would be over. Not only would she be seen publicly with the ugly little pornographer who had somehow conquered her; just being seen in this dress alone would be enough to make her a laughing stock.

It was made of gaudy, shimmery gold cloth, with a tiny, flowy little skirt that came barely a quarter of the way down her thighs and put her at risk of flashing the whole world her panties if she made any sudden moves.

But she was used to short skirts by now. But this dress left her feeling exposed in other ways. The design of the dress left her back completely bare, with just two strips of cloth covering her tits and coming up to loop over her neck. Even those cloth strips themselves were only barely adequate, leaving enough side-boob uncovered to display a little peek of her new tattoo.

The dress left her feeling almost naked, although all the most critical areas were covered. And she wouldn’t just be in public in this dress. She would be with Zane. Acting as his slutty bombshell arm candy. Displaying her curvy body as a sort of decoration to advertise her lover’s power and dominance. It offended everything she once believed about her place in the world.

She shivered, and Zane reached over, laying a broad palm on her leg as he drove, eyes forward on the road. “Relax,” he said simply. “You’re with me. I’ll take care of you.”

The notion that Zane could take care of her better than she could look out for herself was so condescending that it should have enraged her. But instead, she did feel calmer. Zane was

bringing her into a world that he understood, as his guest. And all she had to do was depend on him. That was relaxing in its own way.

Before she knew it, they were parking and making the short walk to the club. Claire wasn't a total novice at walking in high heels. They were basically a requirement of women's formal wear after all. But still, the height of the sparkly golden stilettos that Zane had lent her to match her dress made her cling to Zane's arm as they walked. They made her look even more like the simpering eye candy that Zane wanted her to be.

Zane had brought them somewhere simply called "Quiver", which he had assured Claire was currently one of the hottest nightclubs in town. Not that that mattered that much to her. But it was obvious that he had been telling the truth. There was a line down the block for the club's front door.

Zane breezed right past the end of the line, headed for the front. Claire wasn't sure if he had some kind of connection or if he was just that confident that he was sure he could talk their way inside. But that question wasn't what concerned her most at the moment; she was far too distracted by the male attention that her skimpy dress was attracting.

As she clicked her way down the sidewalk past the waiting line, wolf-whistles, low cat calls, and dozens of appreciative eyes followed the progress of her swaying hips. She grew more and more uncomfortable as they went. Showing up at the restaurant in a slutty dress last week had been bad enough, but at least the men there had been high-class enough to keep their thoughts to themselves. The whistles and groans and furtive calls of "Over here, mama" and "Damn, come back here, pretty lady" felt like direct insults.

Zane must have felt her bubbling rage, because he chuckled and, shockingly, reached down to squeeze Claire's ass, saying under his breath. "They're jealous, Claire Bear. The men because you're mine, and the women because of how fucking fantastic you look. You're a status symbol right now. A luxury watch. An expensive car. Enjoy it."

Claire glanced over and noticed for the first time that Zane was absolutely correct. Claire saw glinting glares of disapproval from the women waiting in line, even though many of them were wearing outfits just as revealing as hers. Being a sex object was an uncomfortable and humiliating idea to her… but she had to admit that it was kind of hot that all of the men in the line wanted her and all the women wanted to be her.

And then there was the added twist of being Zane's property in public for the first time. It was intoxicating to submit to the obnoxious oaf in private, but to have his hand squeeze her plump ass in front of all these people dialed her steamy sexual embarrassment up to eleven.

Apparently, it wasn't even a question whether they would get in. The heavyset bouncer at the front of the line had sleepy eyes and a grim expression, but his face broke into a wide grin when he saw Zane coming, and he clasped hands eagerly with the short, hairy man when he got close.

"Damn, Zane, you outdid yourself with this one!" said the man in a deep, rumbling voice, speaking about Claire as if she wasn't even there. "Is she working yet? I've got to up my subscription!"

Claire felt a flare of furious heat flash through her, her old instincts rising to the surface to tell this presumptuous man to get fucked. Before she could speak, Zane's hand, which still rested

on her ass, rose and fell in a shark little spank, making her intake of breath to start yelling into a strangled gasp.

“Nope, this one is strictly business rather than pleasure,” said Zane, tipping the big man a wink that Claire was too distracted to notice. “But keep an eye on the site. I promise you there will be lots of new material soon. Now, would it be any issue if we head inside?”

The Bouncer laughed as he stepped aside and waved them forward, much to the apparent annoyance of the group of women waiting impatiently at the front of the line. “I think the boss would have my nuts if I tried to stop you. You have a nice evening, Mr. Kruger.”

Zane pulled her forward by the hand, and they entered the pulsing darkness of the Club Quiver.

The noise hit Claire like a physical force, pounding against her skin and throbbing in her ears. It didn’t sound like music to her so much as the deep, booming pulse of a massive heart. Lights flashed and strobed with blinding neon hues, illuminating the darkness in one moment before leaving the club in shrouding darkness again the next. Claire felt the brush of hot, sweaty bodies against her exposed body as Zane pulled her forward, although her eyes had not adjusted well enough for her to make out faces. It almost felt like she was rubbing against one massive, multilimbed organism, twitching to the throbbing beat. The hot air was heavy with the scent of perfume, cologne, sweat, and alcohol; a primal scent that spoke of lust and wild abandon.

Claire’s eyes finally began to adjust, and she took in Club Quiver as an actual space rather than a sensory experience. It was a large open room with a huge dance floor and tables scattered around the edges. On one side of the room, there was a slightly raised VIP area with fancier tables, and on the other side sat a bar, mobbed by a crowd of eager patrons looking for a drink.

Even now that her eyes had adjusted to the wild mix of flashing lights and near darkness, the atmosphere of the club was overwhelming to Claire. She had never been much of a club-goer herself. There had been a handful of trips with girlfriends in college, but the issue was always the same. Claire hated aggressive male attention, and men at clubs refused to be discouraged when they saw a woman as beautiful and curvy as Claire. No amount of cold dismissal or flat out rudeness could convince them she was only there to dance with her friends.

And Claire could feel the same thing right now in the hot, electric air of the club. Her arrival in the slutty, flashy dress had awakened the appetites of the men around within sight range, and they were already devouring her luscious body with heated eyes. But, like she had been noticing more and more lately, things had changed inside Claire. The obvious appreciative glances at her chest and plump rear as she brushed past men in the crowd no longer made her bristle with indignation, but instead raised the temperature on the simmering heat boiling low in her belly. Zane had taught her the pleasure of dominant male attention, and now that she had a taste for it, simply rolling her eyes and scoffing at the men nearly drooling over her body was no longer an option.

Zane’s hand stayed slung possessively over her waist as they walked, casually laying claim to the premium piece of ass that all the men of the club desired. It was just like she had envisioned when Zane made the invitation: she was his arm candy right now. Like he said: a status symbol as lavish and gaudy as the expensive watch on his wrist. It was a demeaning thought, but it still made Claire’s stomach twist with dark desire.

They finally reached a high-top table that was empty except for some scattered drink glasses. Zane craned his neck so that his lips were almost right up against Claire's ear and yelled to be heard over the pounding electronic music.

"I need to make sure we're on the list for the VIP area. Wait here."

He squeezed her ass possessively and then was lost in the swirl of the crowd before Claire could say a word in return, leaving her alone at the table.

Claire felt the change in atmosphere instantly. A moment ago, the men in the surrounding crowd had been casting veiled looks at her body. Checking out her ass and tits with obvious interest, but held at bay by Zane, a man with first claim. But now that intense interest sharpened. She felt like she was a doe encircled by wolves. It was the same as she remembered from going out with her friends in college. Except this time, she was dressed like a complete slut, and her heart was pounding in her throat with reluctant arousal.

A muscular man with slicked-back hair was the first one to break from the crowd, sauntering up with his eyes blazing, locking onto her gaze for a moment before sweeping down her body in an obvious and performative show of interest, Just like Zane, he had to come close to be heard, but his presence felt invasive as he leaned close into Claire's personal space. She could smell his too-strong cologne, spicy and sharp… feel the feverish heat radiating off his body.

"How you doing, little mama? Can I buy you a drink?" His voice was deep, with a rough edge. Claire was momentarily taken aback by his breathtaking confidence. What kind of man got this close to a woman he had just met? She could feel his pushy, arrogant masculinity rolling off him in waves, just as strong as his cologne. She knew that she had to refuse his attention. She *wanted* to refuse his attention. But right now, coming here with Zane had put her into a peculiar passive mindset. Right now, she wasn't Claire the conquering self-made badass… the skimpy dress and blonde wig had transformed her into Claire Bear, the slutty, simpering eye candy, and even though she reached inside herself to find a sharp, angry voice to set this presumptuous man straight, she came up empty-handed.

"Come on, pretty lady, you don't need to be so shy. Lose the little fatty and come talk to me," rumbled the man, a sly grin spreading across his face. His hand moved to catch her wrist, and Claire felt a spike of fear that somehow didn't dampen her growing arousal one bit.

And then, without warning, a flabby but familiar arm slid around her waist, and Zane's bulk was at her side once again. He grinned up at the man with an expression that was friendly, but had a noticeable edge to it.

"Sorry, man," he shouted over the music in a tone that wasn't the least bit apologetic, "She has all the drinks she needs."

The stranger stood there for a moment with a flat, bemused expression. Clearly, he wasn't inclined to give up when confronted with someone he had just dismissed as a "little fatty". He raised an eyebrow and took a challenging cross-armed stand that puffed out his chest and emphasized the bulging biceps that he probably had to slave away at the gym to maintain.

But Zane continued to stare up at him, his eyes sharp and his grin sharper, refusing to back down despite their difference in size, looking confrontational but not distressed. His fingers didn't even tighten on Claire's hip; they simply lay there with a sense of confident ownership.

The man opened his mouth, then tilted his head, confused. It seemed to go utterly against his expectations that Zane would be so confident. A flicker of doubt crossed the tall man's expression, and a second later, he had slipped into the crowd in search of easier prey.

Claire could feel the attitude of the crowd change once again. The men looked on in grudging respect as Zane led her away through the crowd toward the VIP area, his arm firmly around her. She had been claimed publicly: she belonged to Zane, and no one else could have her.

All of the other men probably assumed that she was with a fat, ugly troll like Zane for his money, but the truth was even more humiliating than being a gold digger. Zane had won her submission fair and square: with utter confidence and a big, tempting cock. It wasn't just a superficial appearance: she really was his. She had sworn it while he claimed her cheating pussy with his magnificent cock, and even though she hadn't meant it sincerely at the time, she was starting to feel that ownership more and more deeply with every dominant display of affection her lover made.

...

Even though the VIP area was still in the same open room, the sound was much quieter here thanks to careful placement of the speakers. Zane led her to a rounded booth by the wall that looked like it could seat 12. They slid into it alone, and Zane cracked open the bottle of vodka that was already waiting for them in a bucket of ice, pouring a healthy measure over a glass of ice and sliding it to Claire.

She took a sip of the drink and gave him a long, considering stare over the rim of her glass. Zane had opened a lot of new doors for her. Experiences she had never dreamed she would have. And interacting with him in public was yet another strange new world for her. She just wasn't the type of girl who let a man lead and take charge, and although Zane had taught her the pleasure of submission in bed, it still felt strange to be a pliant and docile woman for him where others could see.

But she had to admit that it had been pretty hot... the way that Zane had taken charge of that situation, confidently defending her and staking his claim all at once. It was unfair to keep comparing him to Dan, but Claire couldn't help but remember last week when Dan had just blushed and squirmed while a different confident man flirted with her.

Just as she suspected, Zane wasn't the type to be disrespected that way; he was in charge at all times. But still, Claire might have ceded control to Zane during their private time, but some remaining dignity inside her prompted her to try to draw a boundary here.

You didn't have to do that," she said tentatively, watching as Zqane poured himself a class of expensive vodka twice as full as hers. "I can take care of myself, Z."

Zane took a long pull of his drink, then, without a word, scooted closer to Claire until they were hip to hip. He reached up, his expression serious and his eyes blazing with desire, then cupped her face and pulled her into a deep, unexpected kiss. Even though it happened so suddenly, Claire leaned eagerly into the kiss, her tongue dancing with Zane's as it slipped dominantly between her lips. She swooned at the powerful confidence her man put into his kiss, gripping the front of his shirt and pulling him closer. She tasted the burn of alcohol on his tongue, felt the heat of his lips pressed against her, and she surrendered to the pleasure of being his for a long, sweet moment.

Finally, Zane broke the kiss. “I did have to, Claire Bear. I told you that when you were with me, nothing would happen to you. And there was no fucking way I was going to go back on that promise.”

It was a cheesy line, but the unbelievable confidence in Zane’s eyes when he said it made Claire’s cheeks flush even as she rolled her eyes. A smile crept across her lips that she wasn’t able to repress. “Well… I guess it is kind of nice to have someone I can always rely on,” she grudgingly admitted.

Zane lifted her hand to his mouth and planted a showy kiss on it. “That’s something I can guarantee, Claire Bear. When you’re with Z, you get the five-star princess treatment. Always.”

“And how exactly am I supposed to pay you back for that?” asked Claire. It sounded sarcastic in her head, but somehow as it was on its way out of her lips, the phrase picked up a little unintended heat. The dim, pulsing atmosphere of the club was getting to her, making her feel woozy, mixing with her growing arousal.

“Well.” Said Zane with a cocky smirk. “I can think of at least one way.” One of his hands slid up behind her hips and pressed forward, while the other reached up to her shoulder, pressing down. The combination of movements took Claire by surprise, and she stared at Zane in bewilderment for a moment, not sure what he was even trying to do. It wasn’t until her butt slid off the seat and Zane pushed down more firmly, beginning to push her beneath the table, that her eyes widened with understanding.

“Are you fucking crazy?” hissed Claire angrily, her eyes darting around the VIP area as she pushed back against Zane’s hand. “There are people around!”

But that stupid cocky smile never left Zane’s face. “Aww, come on Claire Bear,” he said calmly, “They won’t know if you don't make a big deal about it. Loosen up a little. You did ask me how you could repay me after all.”

Claire wasn't sure why she was even surprised at this point, but pushing her under the table was so breathtakingly arrogant that she was at a loss for words.

Fine. He does have a point, after all. If I fight him on this, it will only draw more attention. He can get me under the table, but he can’t get more than that. I’ll wait down there for a minute until he realizes that I won’t play his stupid game, then come back up.

Claire stopped fighting, and a moment later, she was in the even dimmer light beneath the table of the VIP booth. She took a deep breath, her heart pounding in her chest as she crouched beneath the table. Her mind raced with frantic thoughts. Had anyone seen Zane push her down here? If she stayed, would they assume what she was doing? The dark tablecloth hanging down from the table’s edge at least mostly obscured her from casual glances, but a part of her still wanted to crawl back out from under the table immediately.

But that part of her faltered and faded into silence as Zane unzipped, fishing his magnificent cock out of his pants right before her eyes. It throbbed, stiff and veiny and powerful in the dim pulsing light beneath the table. Claire could smell his musk in the stuffy, cramped space. Her body responded powerfully to the presence of the perfect masculine specimen in front of her, her pussy instantly coming alive with a flush of heat and her nipples rising instantly to stiffness beneath her slutty dress.

She took a shuddering breath as her pupils dilated and her mouth started to water. She felt drunk, even though she had only had one drink. Suddenly, she was a lot less concerned with how demeaning it was to suck Zane's cock under a table in a busy club and a lot more interested in how fucking good it would feel to wrap her lips around his throbbing shaft.

She hesitated for a moment, biting her lip. This wasn't the kind of woman she was. She didn't suck cock in public… But on the other hand, it was dark, and there was a tablecloth in the way that would prevent people from seeing what was happening exactly. She was wearing a disguise anyway… The idea of submitting to Zane's will and doing this slutty act for him seemed unbelievably hot. Just like he always had, Zane was pushing her to greater depths of sexual depravity. And the very act of giving in was irresistibly arousing.

Shocked at herself for going this far, her whole body flushed with shame and arousal, Claire crawled awkwardly over, between Zane's parted knees. He grinned smugly down at her from above, looking particularly grotesque from below with his soft double chin, sprinkled liberally with stubble. He said something inaudible in the bone-deep pulsing beat of the club's music, but Claire almost heard the words spoken directly into her soul. In any case, his lips were easy to read.

"Suck my cock, Claire Bear."

She obeyed, reaching out trembling hands to grip his thick shaft at the root while leaning forward to plant a soft, submissive kiss on its swollen tip. The salty taste of her master's precum immediately spread over her pouty lips, and she licked it away before eagerly pressing forward to take his cock deep into her mouth.

Fuck I'm actually doing this. I'm sucking cock in public. What the fuck is wrong with me?

She could hear the buzz of conversation nearby, see the shadows of people dancing sprayed across the wall by the lurid pulsing lights. It made her pulse race and her pussy throb between her shaking thighs. *God, this so fucking slutty…* She slowly sank her head down Zane's cock, swirling her tongue around it as she went, serving the man who owned her. Proving to the world that she belonged to him.

Luckily, no one seemed to immediately notice the curvy woman stuffed beneath the VIP table, allowing Claire to begin bobbing her head up and down Zane's pulsating cock, staring up into his gloating eyes as she bathed every inch of his veiny shaft with her tongue. She felt drenched in filthy heat, her panties humid with raging desire. It was too much temptation to bear. While she continued to smoothly sheathed her lover's cock in her wet, warm mouth, her hand slipped down to rub and touch the surface of the slutty thong that Zane had lent her, adding to the delicious, taboo pleasure of her public service.

She had hesitated at first, but now that she had started, Clairre found the semi-public blowjob perversely thrilling. She started to take Zane cock deeper and deeper, preparing to deep throat him. If Zane wanted to embarrass her with a public sex act, let's see how he liked his own little taste of public exposure. *I'll make him cum, and we can see how he plays off his orgasm face in front of the crowd. Serves the pervy fucker right.*

That was when she heard it.

"Zane! What's happening, my man?" *Shit.* It was a deep, charming male voice, and by the sound of it, it was coming from someone who was only a few feet away from the table. Claire froze with

Zane's cock lodged deep in her mouth, looking up at him with wide, anxious eyes. Zane didn't look down. Instead, he laid a hand on the back of Claire's head. She interpreted it as a gesture of reassurance and waited for Zane to get rid of whoever this acquaintance was.

"Caleb! Buddy! It's been too long!' said Zane with his usual sleazy confidence, not sounding at all like a man who was secretly receiving oral sex beneath the table. Something about the name combined with the man's voice tickled something in Claire's mind, but she was too busy not breathing and praying she wasn't noticed with a cock buried in her mouth to think about it too hard.

"You're telling me!" said the stranger, and Claire heard his voice drawing even closer. C*ome the fuck on, Zane! Get rid of this guy.* She tried to stealthily spit out Zane's cock, hoping to minimize the damage. It still would be pretty obvious what had been happening if the man saw her kneeling there with Zane's cock out, but anything was better than getting caught in the act itself. But Zane apparently had other plans. As she tried to withdraw, his hand grew firmer, holding her down against his crotch and keeping his thick, throbbing cock wedged between her lips.

She hoped that he would quickly get rid of the strange man he had decided to speak to while holding her head down on his cock. But, much to Claire's shock, Zane took a different route.

"Have a seat, buddy, have something to drink!" said Zane companionably.

Claire had only a moment of white-hot panic as the man slid into the booth. She was frozen with shock, heart in her throat and cock in her mouth. And then it was too late. A handsome black man slid into view, sitting next to Zane. His eyes met hers, and in that moment, Claire realized that she recognized him. It was Caleb Lemarc. A minor celebrity famous mainly because of his much more famous popstar father. A favorite of the tabloid press for his good looks, his habit of serially dating celebrities, and his bad-boy behavior.

Caleb's mouth dropped open as he saw the shocked and embarrassed woman kneeling beneath the table, her mouth full of Zane's cock, then he threw his head back and clapped his hands, roaring with laughter. "Holy shit, Zane! You should have told me you were busy! The poor girl…"

Zane smirked and looked down into Claire's eyes. "Don't worry, Caleb. She loves it. Don't you, Claire Bear?" And then, the prick had the audacity to wink.

Mortified rage and embarrassment bubbled up inside Claire, but somehow, a fresh wave of submissive arousal came with it. Zane had been training her, bit by bit, to respond to his pushy arrogance; to flush with desire when he showed her off as his property. And what was more arrogant than stuffing her mouth with dick in front of another man? What more humiliating show could there be?

Claire hovered with indecision for a moment, feeling the pulse of arousal inside her warring with the shock and anger of being deliberately exposed by Zane.

Then Caleb spoke again. "Come on, sweetheart," he said with a laugh, "Don't stop because I'm here. I'm not going to tell anybody. And I think it's fucking hot." It was undoubtedly a sleazy thing to say, but something about his half-joking, casual tone strangely did put Claire a little more at ease.

“You heard the man, Claire Bear,” said Zane, his hand growing a little firmer where it rested on the back of her head. “Finish what you started. Let’s put on a little show for my friend, huh? Weren’t you the one telling me that you were desperate for my cock yesterday?”

Claire’s face flushed red. She certainly didn’t remember putting it that way, but Zane did have a point. She had wanted to reconnect with him sexually after a week away. The twisting lust inside her and the heartbeat pulse of the music once again made her head feel fuzzy. Was it really that big a deal to suck a cock in front of a guy she didn’t even know? She had done worse in front of her assistant. And she was wearing a wig anyway… who was to say Caleb would even recognize her if they met again?

It would feel so fucking good to submit and let Zane have his way…

Hating Zane for making her do this… hating herself for loving it so much, Claire swirled her tongue lazily around the cock lodged in her mouth. Zane let out a groan of satisfaction, then began applying rhythmic pressure with his hand, moving Claire’s mouth up and down his shaft, fucking her face and displaying his dominance in front of their new audience.

“Oh fuck man,” commented Caleb in a voice that was half-amused, half-aroused, “She’s a real freak, isn’t she?”

“Fuck yes, she is,” said Zane in a rough grunt, increasing the speed of the sloppy public blowjob. “She would do anything for this dick.”

The words made the blended anger and lust inside Claire spiral even higher. Mostly because they were true. She never would have guessed that she would want a man so badly that she would humiliate herself like this. Zane’s smug eyes burned into her as his throbbing manhood plunged into her mouth, stretching her lips again and again. His gaze was approving… but also victorious. He had beaten her again, this time in a game she didn’t even know she was playing. Caleb’s eyes blazed as well. This was how he met her… as a bimbo on her knees, choking on a dick beneath a table in public. This was all she would ever be to him. One of Zane’s slutty floozies.

The twisted erotic wrongness of the situation was so hot that Claire began touching herself again, augmenting the roaring emotions and pleasure inside her. She would have words with Zane later about respect and restraint. But right now, all that she wanted was to turn this roaring inferno of lust inside her into a deep, satisfying climax. At least the tablecloth and the angle of her body meant that the men enjoying the spectacle of her humiliating blowjob wouldn’t be able to tell she was masturbating. She tugged her soaked panties to the side and began rubbing her aching cunt, sharpening and intensifying the weak, submissive pleasure winding tight in her core.

I’m going to cum… Fuck, I’m going to cum from sucking cock… in fucking public.

The heated thought burst through her mind just as Zane grunted, pulling her down harshly until he was balls deep, stretching her throat wide. She could feel his cock pulse and jerk, and then hot spashes of thick, gooey cum were spurting down her throat. She closed her eyes and let out a choked, sloppy moan around Zane’s cock as her orgasm washed over her. She continued circling her clit with needy fingers as Zane dominantly shot his hot, thick load of cum down her throat. Her crouching thighs trembled as perverse heat pulsed through every square inch of her body. She could feel the intense interest of their audience of one. It was one thing to cum like a slut for Zane where only he could see… Even letting go into embarrassing orgasm in the

presence of Perlah and Leah hadn't been that bad: she knew that they had done the same with Zane.

But Caleb was a stranger, and she could feel his disrespectful judgment pouring off him in waves, no matter how much her slutty show pleased him. His dark, handsome eyes only drove her orgasm to greater heights.

Finally, Zane was finished, and he pulled his softening cock from between Claire's panting lips, leaving a few salty drips of semen behind on her tongue. Claire's orgasm left her as well, and she hastily tucked her panties back over her dripping pussy. Now that the heat of the moment was cooling, crushing shame took the place of her lust, and Caleb's mocking grin no longer seemed quite so arousing.

Claire had the sudden impulse to retreat under the tablecloth and hide. But that would simply be ridiculous. The only way through this was to pretend it was no big deal, get through an awkward conversation with this semi-famous stranger, and hope that they never met again… or that if they did, he wouldn't recognise her. Claire awkwardly slipped out from beneath the table and sat on Zane's other side, keeping her eyes down and self-consciously adjusting her skimpy dress and blonde wig.

"You already know Caleb I'm sure," said Zane jovially to Claire as he zipped up his pants. He turned to Caleb, and in a jolt of adrenaline, Claire realized what he was about to do.

She managed to get out a warning, "Zane…" but it was too late, Zane was already pushing forward with the mutual introduction.

"Caleb, this is Claire Harrison, my interior designer. She's a pro. If you ever need a room redone, give her a call."

Calire sat stunned, her mouth open, as Caleb snickered, a smirk cracking his handsome face. "Oh, I can tell that she's skilled. I think I could find a use for her… services."

Claire barely heard him. Her pulse was pounding in her ears. *Fuck. He used my real name. He told him my real fucking job! Now someone knows who I am… and that I fucking suck dick in public!*

After a fresh orgasm, none of this felt hot. Instead, the only thing left inside of Claire was red-hot rage. Zane was saying something else in his infuriatingly smarmy voice, but Claire was in no mood to listen anymore. She stood on shaking legs, powered by rage alone, and turned away, marching straight toward the exit. She heard Zane calling after her, but didn't slow down.

She knew he loved pushing boundaries, but he should have known that this was going too fucking far.

She was almost to the door when Zane caught her wrist from behind. She jerked it out of his grip and turned toward him, her eyes wild with rage.

"Where do you think you're going, Claire Bear?" asked Zane with a bemused expression. "The night's not over until I say it is."

"Shut the fuck up, you little prick," hissed Claire. In this moment, she couldn't believe she had ever been attracted to smarmy little freak standing beneath her. "You gave him my name! You told me that no one would recognize me, and then you gave him my fucking NAME!"

He could have at least tried to look sorry. Instead, Zane just looked confused. “What? You think he’s going to tell people? Caleb is the best secret keeper I know. Discretion in his middle name! Besides,” Zane stepped closer, his voice growing deeper and more commanding. “You’re mine, Claire Bear. I can do whatever I want to you, even introduce you to my friends.”

Claire saw red, and before she knew what was happening, she had planted a ringing slap across Zane’s stupid, smug face. He still didn’t look angry as he raised a hand to rub his fat, pinkened cheek, just shocked. “Listen, you dull fucking creep,” said Claire flatly. “I can put up with a lot of shit. Sometimes it's even fucking hot. But when you come after my business? That’s crossing a fucking line. Goodbye, Zane.”

With that, she turned and pushed out of the front door, leaving a stunned Zane behind her in the flashing darkness.

...

It took a long time for Claire to calm down. Through the taxi ride to Zane’s house to retrieve her street clothes, the whole trip home, the awkward, terse conversation with her husband, and several sleepless hours tossing and turning, she fumed.

But by the morning, she was having second thoughts about her extreme reaction. Not that she thought what Zane had done was fine. Far from it. She still thought he had crossed a line last night. But, to be fair, she had done an awful job of showing Zane where the line was exactly. Every time he had pushed her so far, she had given in and found his pushing hot. Was it any surprise that he had gotten the message that he could do whatever he wanted?

Despite his boneheaded betrayal last night, Claire wasn’t ready to be done with Zane. But she needed to teach him a lesson. She needed to push back in a way that would actually hurt him, rather than just trying to sternly tell him “no”.

She thought she knew a couple of ways...

Option A: The first option was the easiest. Claire would simply go cold turkey. No calls. No texts. No meetups. Zane liked to act high and mighty about how Claire needed him more than he needed Claire, but Claire didn’t think that was true. If she cut him off completely for a week, she was sure that he would be desperate for her by the end of it. She even knew a way to spice things up a little... if she played with her assistant Perlah during that time, she was sure the news would get back to Zane, driving him crazy to even imagine it. Messing around with Perlah would also help to stave off her sexual appetites.

Option B: Zane seemed to have a healthy disrespect for Dan. So why not make an effort to rekindle their relationship? Go on romantic dates with her husband. Offer him sexual services that she had recently been exploring with Zane. Even better... maybe she would get a heena tattoo that Dan picked out. Maybe even a real tattoo! Claire was sure that the thought of Dan genuinely competing with him would drive Zane crazy.

Option C: But who knew if Dan could rise to the challenge? There was another man who might drive Zane even crazier. She had just been introduced to him, in fact. If Claire came on to another dominant, powerful man ... a friend of Zane’s, in fact, she could see that really getting under Zane’s skin. Maybe it was time for Zane to learn that she was a desirable woman who he needed to treat right in order to keep. Caleb already thought she was a slut, so pursuing him

wouldn’t further damage her reputation. Maybe it was time to make Zane feel a little jealousy, just like she had done to Dan that night at the restaurant.

The Bet – Chapter 26

Claire leaned back in her seat and let the warm sun on her skin and cool wind in her hair blend together into a soothing symphony of sensation. It felt good.

And it felt even better to be teaching that fucking pig a lesson. She hadn't messaged Zane back since that night at the club three days ago. The night when he had crossed the line and outed her real name to one of his friends, right after pushing her to suck him off in a crowded club.

Zane had taken Claire's silence stoically so far. He had messaged her the very next day as if nothing had happened, but Claire hadn't responded. It had taken a titanic effort to hold herself back, but she had left him on read. Zane hadn't messaged her again after that, mirroring her silence. Even though he was playing it cool, Claire was confident that she was getting to him. Zane liked to put on shows of indifference like this, but he was probably stewing in rage over her little act of rebellion.

He would be even angrier soon… Claire had dropped a hint to Dan that he never took her out anymore, and her husband was such a considerate and attentive partner that he decided to take her on a romantic trip up the coast for a picnic.

Claire opened her eyes, then reached out and took Dan's hand in hers, flashing him a warm smile. She forgot about Zane for a moment and just enjoyed being here with Dan. She had been tempted away from him by the sparks that flew between her and Zane, but Dan still had qualities that the stumpy pornographer couldn't match. And even if it was selfish, she wouldn't hesitate to enjoy them.

"What?" He asked with a grin to match her own, squeezing her hand.

"Nothing. I love you." It was true. Despite everything, it was true. And maybe it made her an awful person to love Dan while still fully intending to fuck Zane's brains out when he had learned some manners, but she did.

"I love you too." It was all that needed to be said. They drove off into the warm sunshine with windows down, enjoying each other's company. And in that moment, for the first time in a long time, Zane left Claire's mind altogether.

…

"I have a little surprise for you," said Dan, snapping Claire out of a pleasant haze as she stared out at the crashing waves further down the beach.

"Besides this fancy bottle of wine?" she asked with a chuckle, taking another sip. Dan had probably spent too much on it, but she appreciated the gesture.

"Even better," said Dan with a self-satisfied smile. "You remember that honeymoon that we kept putting off?"

Claire's eyes went wide, and she had to struggle not to spit out her wine. Finally, she managed to gulp it down, saying, "What?! But I thought we said we wouldn't be able to afford it until…"

Dan took her hand and squeezed it. "You let me worry about affording it. I've already booked us tickets. A Caribbean cruise. The Honeymoon suite. All expenses paid. Just like we talked about."

“Honey, I don’t know… My work is at such a crucial point right now, and it’s all so sudden!” Honestly, Claire was simply shocked. It had been years now since they were married, and she had made her peace a while ago with the fact that the honeymoon just wasn’t going to happen. She had stopped even bringing it up, content to let it just fade off the agenda.

“I’m not going to make you go,” said Dan earnestly, raising her hand to his mouth to kiss it. “But you're a genius, babe. I know if you put some effort into it, you could change things around enough that you’re free.”

Claire felt another excuse rising to her tongue, but then caught herself. Dan was right. It would be a bit of a pain to shift her responsibilities around a little, but it wasn’t like it was impossible. She would also have to spend a whole week away from Zane, but now that she thought of it, maybe that was a good thing. Wasn’t she the one who wanted to keep Zane as a less-important side-piece to work out her sexual frustrations on? He had been quite presumptuous lately, and maybe leaving on a cruise without him would be a good way to properly put him in his place.

Suddenly, all of her excuses seemed unimportant. Here in the warm sunshine on the dunes, with a glass of wine already pleasantly leeching into her bloodstream, only her relationship with Dan seemed to matter.

She drained the remainder of her second glass and flashed Dan a wide, genuine smile. “You know what? Let’s do it! If we don’t celebrate our marriage now, when will we?”

Dan said nothing more. His expression of happiness was all that he needed to say. He pulled his wife into a tender kiss, and Claire reflected that she wasn’t sure why she had ever felt like she needed more than this.

Before they packed up their picnic, Claire made sure to snap a sunny, smiling selfie of the two of them and post it to social media. She wanted her disrespectful lover to see what it really looked like for a man to treat her how she deserved.

“It’s almost a shame to leave it all behind,” Claire said wistfully, looking out at the waves once again.

“Well, good thing I have more planned,” said Dan with a laugh. “How does a couple’s massage sound? After that, I have dinner booked at the highest-rated restaurant in the resort town nearby. I thought we could turn this into a whole day thing.”

Claire hung her arms around her husband’s neck and kissed him within an inch of his life. Saw what you would about Dan Harrison; he knew when to step up his game when it really mattered.

…

The place was lovely, and Claire had to admit it was nice to be in a high-class restaurant without the sneer, disrespectful looks of lust around her. She felt nothing but her husband’s affectionate gaze right now… even though the henna tattoo still marking her left breast seemed to burn beneath her clothes.

It really had been wrong for her to agree to be marked that way when she had a loving husband at home, and in this moment of loving connection with Dan, the guilt was almost too much to bear.

After dinner, while they were waiting for the waiter to bring them the Creme Brulee, Claire impulsively grabbed her husband’s hand. “Why don’t we get matching tattoos?” she blurted out,

trying her best to fight off the pink blush that was staining her face. Something about this night made her feel like she had when she was first dating Dan. Head over heels and giddy.

Dan burst out laughing, but squeezed her hand affectionately. “What?! That’s crazy, sweetheart. I thought you didn’t like tattoos. What brought this on?”

What brought it on, of course, was the way she had submitted to a temporary tattoo from another man. But she couldn’t tell him that. “I don’t know… it just… feels romantic,” she said with an embarrassed shrug. “It doesn’t have to be something big. Just a little heart with initials or something like that.” She wanted something permanent. A silent, secret victory for Dan over the temporary marking that Zane had given her.

“Well, maybe,” said Dan, but Claire could tell by his little smile that Dan could be convinced if she pushed a little further. And she *would* push. She needed it, a way to push back on her guilt for falling so deeply into another man’s clutches.

“Tonight,” said Claire, using her best puppy-dog eyes. “Let’s not wait. We can stop somewhere on the way home.” She didn’t want to hesitate. She wanted to capture this moment of pure, innocent love and stamp it on her skin before Zane had a chance to confuse her again.

But Dan shook his head. “I’m afraid it will have to wait for tomorrow,“ he said with a sheepish grin. “Because I have one last surprise for you. I rented us a nice room in the Grand Vista hotel, a couple of miles up the coast. I even did my best to pack your bag for you so it could be a surprise.”

Well… it was hard to be disappointed by that, even if it meant that her tattoo plans would be put off for a day. Claire wasn’t too worried. Today had turned over a new leaf in her relationship with Dan, and there was nothing that would happen tonight that could change her determination to mark that love forever on her skin.

Before they left the restaurant, she took a short video of herself and Dan spoonfeeding each other creme brulle and posted it to her social media.

Not even to annoy Zane anymore. Just because she was having such a good time with her husband.

…

Claire bit her lip as she pulled her husband through the door of the hotel room. Dan had been just full of surprises today, in the best way possible.

The entire day had been incredibly sweet and thoughtful. Dan was doing everything right. He had proven that, despite the weakness and inadequacy he had been displaying lately, he still possessed the romantic impulses and kindness that first attracted her. Things that Zane would never be able to match. And this time, Claire thought that he deserved to be rewarded.

She led her husband to the bed and pushed him onto his back. She grimaced as she saw a hint of apprehension in his eyes. This was the same position they had been in last time… when she had teased and denied him mercilessly, before feeding her poor unsuspecting husband an illicit creampie. The whole memory felt shameful now. Especially because it had turned her on so fucking much. She had a lot to make up to Dan.

Working swiftly so that he didn’t think she planned to just tease him again, Claire unzipped her dress and left it in a puddle on the floor. Even when she thought it had been just a picnic, she

had been well aware that this date with her husband might lead to some sexy time, so she had been sure to wear an appropriately fetching set of lingerie. She had also been sure to choose a bra that wasn't lacy or sheer in any way… and it would have to stay on as well. She didn't want to flaunt her henna tattoo to her husbands and raise all kinds of questions she couldn't answer.

Last time she had made her husband jerk off and then eat her out. This time would be different. She wanted to give him the same kind of service that she offered Zane. Claire knelt at the foot of the bed almost reverently, running her hands up the thighs of her husband's pants while staring him in the eyes with a heated, loving gaze.

He looked almost deliriously happy, not quite believing that she might be offering what he thought she was.

Claire wasn't a fan of blowjobs. Or at least she hadn't been before Zane had begun training her. Wrapping her lips around a cock had always felt a little too demeaning and subservient. So, although she had blown her husband a handful of times when specifically requested, it had never been part of their normal bedroom routine.

But tonight, Dan deserved it. And not just because she had been sucking Zane's cock a lot lately. Her husband had really impressed her today, and she wanted to show him some love.

Claire tore open Dan's pants with fierce impatience, and this time he sprang out of his boxers hard and throbbing and ready for her. Claire had somehow known he would be. Tonight was too perfect for him to fail to perform.

Claire wasted no time. She reached out to grip the root of his dick.

…too thin. Scrawny and dissapointing in comparison to her lover's thick, throbbing manhood.

She extended her tongue to lick slowly up the underside of her husband's cock…

It felt like she had barely begun before her tongue reached its end. Surely Z couldn't be more than a few inches longer, but those few inches felt like a mile when it came to the impressive intimidation Zane's cock was capable of.

… And planted a soft kiss on its head, before parting her soft lips and slowly sinking her mouth down the length of his shaft, swirling her tongue the whole way.

*Too small. **Too small**. She was used to Zane's cock stretching her lips wide. When she dipped her head this low, Z was already pressing his bulbous head against the back of her throat. But by the time she had reached the bottom of Dan's cock, he had just barely reached her throat.*

She stared up into her husband's eyes, desperate to feel that sizzle of sexual connection that his romantic gestures had made her feel earlier… that Zane could so easily inspire with his obnoxious, bullying dominance.

The ick. Claire had heard the term before, although she had always found it kind of stupid. The concept that one moment could turn you off of someone you were attracted to up to that point… It sounded shallow and petty to her.

But something did happen when Claire stared up into her husband's eyes. Despite the nagging thoughts about his inadequacy that lurked in the back of her mind, Claire was still horny, and wanted more than anything to light the spark of desire and connection inside her into a raging inferno of love and lust with her husband.

But Zane's training had taken root in her deeper than she realized. Her body was primed to see a powerful, dominant man glaring down at her when she looked up with a mouthful of cock, and that wasn't what she saw at all. Dan, who couldn't believe his luck and was nearly dying of shocked pleasure, had chosen that moment to bite his lip and close his eyes in a weak, faltering expression of sexual ecstasy.

The ick.

The was no other word for it. When Claire expected to see a confident expression of command and dominance like Zane would give her, he husband let her down once again. She looked down immediately, averting her eyes from his face, and, shamefully, tried to imagine the expression that should be there instead. Zane's ugly face floated in her mind, replacing her husband's. She rapidly bobbed her head up and down his disappointingly short cock, trying to forget her shock of disappointment and remember the spark and first she had felt a moment ago.

"Oh God! Where did you learn that baby?" asked Dan in a quavering voice, and Claire had to resist an urge to tell him to shut the fuck up. His tone was soft and hesitant, almost as if he didn't want to bother her. His hand hovered over the back of her head, but he didn't touch.

Weak. Too fucking weak!

Claire cleared her mind, swiftly and smoothly bobbing her head to stuff her husband's cock deeper and deeper into her throat, wriggling her tongue over every inch of his pulsing shaft, trying her hardest to lose herself in the sexual heat of a blowjob well-delivered. But, although she made rhythmic choking sounds in the back of her throat, and thick saliva began to drip down her chin, she simply didn't feel the powerful, filthy lust that seemed to fill her to bursting every time she was with Zane.

"Honey, slow down," groaned Dan weakly, "if you keep going that fast, I'll cum!"

Claire held back a snarl of frustration and withdrew, leaving her husband's dick dripping with her saliva. *Ok, so a blowjob won't do the trick. No big deal. That's just the warm-up anyway. After the perfect day my romantic man gave me, we are going to have dynamite, lovey-dovey sex and rekindle a connection that Zane could never even dream of.* Working in a frenzy of sexual desperation, and trying her best to avoid her husband's eyes, Claire dropped her panties to the ground and mounted the bed, planting a knee on either side of her husband's hips.

With Zane, she would normally prefer to be held down and dominantly fucked into the mattress… but she no longer had the same confidence in Dan she had enjoyed up until a minute ago. Cowgirl had served her and Dan well for their entire relationship, and that seemed like the best choice for a position that could rekindle their sexual connection.

At least Dan was stiff and eager for her… she reached down and gripped his cock, rubbing up and down her slit, trying to stir up the heat of desire she had felt burning there for him this evening. She closed her eyes, biting her lip, and let out a low, artificial moan… trying to fake it until she made it, willing herself to get horny again. Luckily, she was still dripping wet from earlier, and her husband's cock slid inside her easily.

It's wrong. It… it isn't filling me completely. It isn't stretching me the way I want.

Claire ignored the nagging feelings of dissatisfaction as she ground her hips downward, clenching her hot, slippery walls around her husband's cock.

“Fuck baby, it feels so fucking good,” groaned Dan. He didn’t push her to fuck him. Didn’t gloat over how she belonged to him. Just softly voiced his appreciation. He reached out to hold her hips… tenderly, softly. Not the dominant, commanding grip she craved. Claire couldn’t even look at him, bouncing her hips up and down, faster and faster, desperately chasing a feeling she wasn’t sure that Dan could give her.

She tried to ignore the voices in her head, but they grew stronger and stronger, more and more insistent as Dan’s inadequate cock failed to thrill her…

He isn’t enough. It was an awful, uncharitable thought, but Claire couldn’t deny it. Dan had done everything right tonight. He had pulled out all the stops and put in a truly impressive performance as a romantic partner. Claire had been swept off her feet. Had been totally willing to fall into bed and turn that romantic spark into a sexual blaze of passion.

But Dan couldn’t do it. It didn’t matter if he was more romantic, and kinder, and a better conversation partner. She and Dan simply didn’t have the sexual chemistry that sizzled between her and Zane.

She humped her hips faster, sweating and grunting with the effort of frenzied movement, her tits bouncing in the bra she had been careful to keep on, the muscles of her belly straining in the dim light as she squeezed her husband’s cock tight with every upstroke. Her fat ass slapped down loudly against her husband’s thighs again and again as she struggled to feel something… anything that could rival the dark heat of sex with Zane.

But it was no use. Dan’s cock couldn’t hit the right spots. It wasn’t thick enough… wasn’t long enough. But it wasn’t just a problem with his cock. There was no sense of command from Dan. He just laid back and took it, staring up at her in worship.

“You’re so beautiful, babe,” he breathed, reaching up to cup her cheek and try to pull her into a kiss. Claire ignored the gesture, biting her lip hard and increasing her pace further. He was treating her like a Goddess, but that wasn’t what she wanted right now. She wanted to be treated like a slut! Something that Dan might not even be capable of.

“Fuck!” gasped Dan beneath her, thrusting his hips upward… but not as hard as Claire wanted, “Fuck s-slow down a little, honey. You’re going to make me…”

Claire didn’t care. She was lost in her own world, fiercely denying what she already knew was true, trying to force a pleasurable reaction from her body that could only happen naturally. Her hips pumped and her pussy clenched and her tits bounced heavily in her bra from her feverish pace. But she didn’t even detect the ghost of a potential orgasm.

Which shouldn’t have been a surprise. Only one man had ever made her cum on his cock, and it wasn’t the man she married.

Dan gave increasingly desperate, strained protests, but Claire paid no attention. She rode her husband mercilessly until he finally groaned and released, shooting a pathetically small load of inferior cum into her pussy.

Claire kept pumping her hips for a moment in her single-minded obsession with feeling good, but in just a few moments, Dan went soft and slipped out. Claire leaned forward heavily on her hands, bitter disappointment raging through her. And not just disappointment in Dan. She was equally disappointed in herself, if not more so. Something was wrong with her. Dan hadn’t changed. This is the way they had made love for years.

It just wasn't enough for her anymore. Not after the changes that Zane dick had made inside her. If she had been less weak, less foolish, she could still be happy with Dan. Zane was to blame for the new sexual incompatibility between her and her husband, but she had let it happen.

"I love you, sweetie," said Dan beneath her, looking up into her eyes with the same old love and admiration.

"I love you too," said Claire with all the warmth she could muster, hiding her confusion and despair behind a smiling mask.

...

Claire lay awake on the soft, luxurious mattress, staring at the ceiling. Dan snored softly beside her, but she felt miles from rest. Her brain fizzed and popped with dark, fleeting thoughts that she couldn't turn off.

Am I just going to be stuck like this forever? Forced to either cheat on the husband I still loved or live life sexually unfulfilled? She wasn't sure she could make that choice now that she had experienced true satisfaction.

She lay in a cold sweat, rethinking the same conundrum that she had puzzled through a dozen times already, when her phone buzzed, rattling on the hotel nightstand. Claire's eyes focused on it immediately, her adrenaline spiking. Suddenly her pulse was racing through her again, her belly twisting with anxiety.

The devil on her shoulder had chosen the perfect time to strike once again. In theory, it could have been a spam text. Or a notification from social media. Or even her mother reaching out at an unfortunate time. But she knew that it wasn't. She knew what she would find in the messaging app before she even reached out to hesitantly pick up the phone.

[How was your day, Claire Bear?]

Claire frowned down at the text. For Zane, it was conspicuously innocuous. Really, what she ought to do was pay no attention and let him stew, just like she had planned. The very fact that he had double-texted meant that her silent treatment was getting to him.

Claire glanced over at her sleeping husband, curled up and facing away from her, his chest gently rising and falling. He was a good man and a good partner despite his shortcomings. But tonight, it was hard to focus on his strengths. Even after pulling out all the stops and giving Claire the most romantic day ever, he had tripped at the finish line.

Claire was hungry for a spark of passion, and she knew that Zane could give her that. Even over the phone.

[You saw, I'm sure. I had a lovely day with my husband.]

She waited, eyes glued to the screen, a sneaking sense of arousal already creeping through her from the illicit contact while lying just feet away from her peacefully sleeping husband. It took Zane long enough to reply that she thought that he might have turned her game back on her, but then the dots appeared, and a response popped it.

[Uh huh. I knew that little performance was for my benefit. Looks like the cuck did his best. What was the result? Did he wow you?]

Claire felt a surge of annoyance at Zane's response. Mostly because, as usual, it seemed like he had instantly put his finger on her insecurities and pushed them to the fullest. Just from knowing her and looking at some happy pictures, Zane had been able to predict her dissatisfaction before she even felt it. Claire couldn't just let him think he could win that easily.

[Yes, he did. Ten times as romantic as I've ever seen you act. I didn't think about you at all. We had a perfect day.]

Claire smirked at the phone. *There. Let's see how the little troll reacts to that!*

[Wow. That's high praise from a woman with standards as high as yours. So little Danny was perfect, huh? Even in bed?]

Claire stifled a groan of angry frustration and set the phone face down on the bedside table. Fucking Zane. Once again showing his talent for pushing her buttons… and manipulating her. To her horror, Claire found that she was getting more and more aroused just from sparring with him over text. More aroused than she had felt when her husband was fucking her. She had to get a hold of herself. The entire reason she had gone on this trip in the first place was to reconnect with her husband and prove to Zane that she didn't fucking need him. She had to cut herself off right this second. She might have done irreparable harm to her mission already just from that brief conversation.

The phone buzzed again. Claire bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut. Willing herself to stay right where she was and not pick up the phone. There wasn't another buzz. She waited, her pulse drumming through her and adrenaline singing in her veins. Her resolve wobbled. *There isn't a problem if I just read the message… as long as I don't reply, Z will never know that I read what he sent.*

Claire snatched her phone back up almost greedily, eager for the opportunity to scoff at whatever petty trick Zane had cooked up to try to hook her deeper.

Her eyes widened and her breath caught as a sickening pulse of lust blazed through her. Zane knew when to use a scalpel and when to use a sledgehammer, and this time he had gone for forceful, aggressive sexuality. A picture of Zane's towering, swollen cock filled Claire's screen, and her eyes traveled over it hungrily against her will, drinking in every stiff, veiny inch. The sexual hunger her husband had failed to satisfy earlier roared back, throbbing between her legs and stiffening her nipples as she saw what she really wanted vividly splashed across her screen.

[Fuck you!] Claire texted back without even thinking, in a blind rage over Zane's audacity. How dare he send her a picture of his cock when she was making an effort to reconnect with Dan?

How dare he make her want him that easily?

Zane's answer flashed across the screen in an instant, as if he was waiting for her reply.

[That could be arranged.]

Claire bit her lip again, but this time it wasn't from frustration. It was to hold back the sudden surge of longing that pulsed through her. Fuck, even just him mentioning the possibility sent a fleeting blast of images through her brain. Zane's cock sinking into her wet, aching pussy, filling it completely. Her lips stretching around the throbbing head of his dick as he stared down at her

with a dominant sneer of command. Filthy images of sweaty, satisfying rutting, of getting fucked down into the bed by a man who knew how to put her in her place.

The dirty heat rushing through her body was pooling with uncomfortable intensity between her legs, but she still defiantly texted back, [Are you even listening to me, you idiot? I don't need you! You took me for granted and went way too fucking far. I'll stick with a man who deserves me, asshole.]

Zane didn't respond for a while, and Claire felt a strange pang of mixed satisfaction and disappointment. It felt good to win an argument with him for once, but she still craved more of that spark that only a fight with him could give her.

But it turned out that Zane wasn't done. Her phone vibrated in her hands once again.

[Claire, you can lie to me all you want, but you're never going to feel like you are in control of your life until you stop lying to yourself. You think that Dan deserves you? Ridiculous. I know the type of woman you are, Claire Bear. The only man you can truly accept is one that wins you by right of conquest. One who proves his superiority by putting you in your place and physically claiming you as his own. Dan can't do that, but I already have. I'm the man who deserves you, and you know it.]

Claire stared down at the confident, obscene message with her heart in her throat and her pussy pulsing with needy, wet heat between her thighs. Her anger was still there. She was furious at this man's naked presumption, but she couldn't help but admit that what he said had a ring of truth to it. Zane's dominance did make him feel more deserving than Dan's kindness, even if Claire could recognise intellectually that that was a fucked up way of looking at things. She tried to think of some way to respond to Zane that would defend her and her husband's honor, but before she could even begin typing, Zane had texted her again.

[Touch yourself for me.]

Even in this moment of heated, contentious exchange, Claire couldn't help but snort and roll her eyes. Of course, that's what Zane would want.

[No. I told you I'm not interested.]

[And I told you to stop lying to yourself. Apparently, I need to show you who you belong to. And I fucking know that your cuck husband didn't get you off tonight, so you must be pretty pent up.]

Claire shook her head, denying the dark, taboo appeal of the idea even as her body warmed up. She glanced over guiltily at her husband's sleeping form, biting her lip. Obviously, she couldn't fucking rub her pussy for another man while lying in bed with her husband. Zane was being fucking ridiculous.

But Zane didn't stop. It just wasn't in his nature.

[You know what, Claire Bear, you don't need to say anything. Just read what I have to say and decide for yourself whether you're going to rub one out. I think we both know what choice you'll make in the end.]

Claire's whole body throbbed with anxious arousal. Dan shifted in bed next to her, mumbling something in his sleep before settling back down. She couldn't even entertain this. In fact, since Zane was so good at manipulating her, she should probably just turn her phone off to remove

the temptation. But she couldn't. She was like a deer in the headlights, helpless to do anything but watch as her doom approached her.

[I want you to imagine yourself on your knees in front of me. Staring up into my eyes. Seeing the power and control there. My cock is right in front of you. Thick. Hard. Throbbing with masculine power. Is your mouth watering, Claire Bear?]

Fuck. Claire wiped her lips with a shameful swipe from the back of her hand. Say what you wanted about that pudgy little freak, he had a way with words. Claire felt her body growing hotter and hotter from Zane's obscene teasing, her nipples almost painfully stiff against her bra, and her panties beginning to feel clingy and moist against her aching pussy. She teetered once again on the edge of turning off her phone…, but the temptation was too great to resist.

[I'll take that as a "yes". Are you touching yourself yet, Claire Bear? I know you need it. You've been aching to cum ever since your pathetic excuse for a man stuck his limp noodle inside you and failed to do anything worthwhile. I know it's true. So why not touch yourself? Just a little. No one has to know. Not even me.]

Claire bit her lip and let out a stifled whimper. *Damn it. God fucking Damn it! He's right. I do need it. And, in the end, I won't have to admit it to Zane even if I do indulge myself.* So why not do it and quench this burning desire that had flared up inside her? With a shuddering breath, her face blazing with a hot blush and her belly roiling with the feeling that she was playing right into Zane's hands, Claire slipped her fingers beneath the waistband of her panties, probing the slick, heated flesh beneath.

[Good girl. Now imagine how it would feel to serve me on your knees. Taking my thick cock between those soft lips and worshipping every inch of it with that wicked little tongue. Showing your man that he's in charge with an act of pure, humble submission. That's what you want, isn't it? For a man like me to take charge?]

Claire's fingers slowly circled her clit, and she had to bite her lip even harder to hold back a moan. *Fuck, how can he do this with just words?* She felt like she was already close to orgasm just from this tease, when her husband hadn't been able to get her there through hard fucking. Without thinking, she texted Zane back, too swept up in pleasure to care how weak it made her look.

[Yes, Z.]

[That's what I thought. Here. This is what you need, isn't it?]

He sent another picture of his hard cock, and Claire's hips squirmed upward into her fingers at the powerfully erotic sight. His teasing words and pictures had awakened the powerful desires that her husband had failed to fulfill, and now that hunger felt like the only thing that mattered.

[But we wouldn't stop with a blowjob, Claire Bear. You and I never do. I would fill that hot little pussy completely with hot, hard cock. I would drill you down into the bed again and again until you screamed for more. Until you told me I was the only man you need. I would make you cum, whimpering and moaning and bouncing on my thick cock. Make you feel so good that you can barely think from the mind-melting pleasure of it all. Does that sound good, Claire Bear? Do you want to cum for me?]

Holy shit, I'm so fucking close. Claire panted hot, heavy breaths, her fingers working madly on her clit as she stared at the phone in front of her, focusing on Zane's poisonous words. This was

so fucking wrong… Dan was sleeping right beside her. He had given her a perfect day of romance and love, and she was repaying him by getting off to another man's filthy dirty talk. But she ignored Dan for now. Right now, Zane was the center of her world.

[Yes, Z. I want to cum so bad.]

His answer was cold a harsh as a slap in the face.

[Too bad. You don't have my permission.]

Claire stared at the text in incomprehension, her fingers slowing down for a moment. *What the fuck kind of game is this cocky little prick trying to play? He got me right to the edge, and now he wants to pretend he isn't interested?* Claire tried to get herself off anyway, rubbing feverishly and swirling her hips up into her fingers, but suddenly her orgasm felt distant again. Zane, the man who was supposed to be controlling her, had forbidden her orgasm, and even though Claire knew the dominance and submission was only a game, that took some of the wind from her sails.

She whined in frustration, trying to stay quiet and not wake Dan, and furiously texted him back.

[What the fuck, Zane? You can't just wind me up like this and leave me hanging! Let me fucking cum!]

[Oh… so you DO need my permission. Interesting. Don't worry, Claire Bear. I'll let you get a little relief. But I'm going to need something from you in return.]

Claire shook her head, her fingers still circling her swollen clit. *No. No, I have to be strong. Giving in to his demands will mean sinking deeper into his clutches. The whole point of this fucking day with my husband was to teach Zane I don't need him! What message would it send if I beg him for an orgasm?*

She tried. She pushed herself hard to cum on her own, then tell Zane to go fuck himself. But in the end, it felt just like it had when she tried to orgasm with her husband, and after a few desperate, sweaty minutes of sexual frustration, she grudgingly texted Zane back.

[Fine. What you you fucking want, you monster?]

[Simple. I want you to come see me. Right away. Right after you cum.]

Claire hissed quietly in frustration, her fingers making wet, sloppy sounds in her panties.

[I can't fucking do that, Zane! I'm in bed with my husband right now! And besides, I'm out of town.]

[Haha, you're rubbing one out to dick pics with your husband sleeping right next to you? You're such a little slut, Claire Bear! I know you're out of town. I saw your pics, remember? I'm close to you. Maybe five minutes from the restaurant you ate at. I can send you the address after you cum your brains out.]

Claire's heartbeat sped up, and her pussy pulsed needily beneath her fingers. Zane… had taken the day off to follow her? Her cold shoulder must have affected him more deeply than he was willing to admit. Zane liked to pretend that he was above feeling any sort of special connection with her, but he had tipped his hand this time. But that didn't matter for the moment. What he was suggesting was foolish and risky.

[No way. Impossible. What happens if Dan wakes up in the middle of the night and I'm not here?]

[Oh, I know… it would be a terrible risk, wouldn't it? You're right. We should just call it a night then. Sleep tight, Claire Bear. If you can get to bed after I don't let you cum, that is.]

Claire closed her eyes and frantically rubbed her pussy, chasing the orgasm she wanted more than anything in the world. But the fact that Zane told her not to had somehow dropped an impenetrable wall between her and climax. *Fuck… I can't. I can't do what he says. Not this time.* Claire reached up and yanked down her bra, exposing her nipples and a peek at the bear tattoo on the outer swell of her breast. She tossed the phone aside and focused completely on pleasuring her own body, grunting rhythmically and flexing her hips while her fingers pinched and pulled her stiff nipples, trying to force an orgasm out.

Finally, she collapsed back in a sweaty, trembling heap. Mercifully, even through that slutty display, Dan still hadn't woken up. But that was the only positive aspect of the situation. Dan's lackluster performance had left her wanting more, and Zane's teasing had brought her to the brink of desperation.

Suddenly, her mind began bubbling with excuses. Maybe giving in to Zane's demands wouldn't be the end of the world.

I can just slip out and visit Zane, then slip back into Dan's arms without him knowing… right? And even if the worst does happen and Dan wakes up to find me gone, that wasn't impossible to explain. I can just claim I went out to satisfy a late-night craving… for food. Dan will never have to know!

Claire scooped her phone back up, filled to the brim with frustrated desire and twisted taboo arousal.

[Fine. Fine, I'll come see you. Just let me fucking cum!]

[That's what I like to hear. Cum for me, Claire Bear. Rub that hot, wet pussy and imagine a real man filling it. Cum for a man who knows how you actually need to be treated. For a man who really "deserves" you.]

Claire had to admit that, even though it was humiliating, Zane's permission was what unlocked the key to her pleasure. Suddenly, it was like the intensity of sensation coming from her clit was multiplied by one hundred. Her hips bucked upward into her fingers with needy, liquid movements, and stifled whimpers of pleasure poured from her throat. She belonged to Zane. Depending on Dan to make her cum had been foolish. He couldn't even manage to make her cum with his cock, and all Zane needed was a few smug words and…

Zane sent one last picture of his hard dick, his fist wrapped around its base to emphasize its impressive length.

"F-fuuuuuck!" moaned Claire, and then her orgasm washed over her, toes curling and thighs trembling beneath the fancy sheets of the hotel her husband had thoughtfully booked for her. Guilt and frustration and submissive desire mixed and burned inside her as her pussy spasmed beneath her rubbing fingers, sending cascades of pleasure roaring through her body.

Dan stirred beside her, and Claire hastily pulled the covers up to just beneath her chin, her heart hammering in her chest even as the waves of orgasm continued to wash over her.

“Honey… are you ok?” asked Dan in a low voice, muzzy with sleep.

“Everything’s fine, dear,” said Claire softly, working as hard as she could to keep her voice calm and even. “I just… I had a nightmare.”

“Oh… ok then, babe, hope you sleep better now.”

“Yes, dear,” said Claire, “I think I will.” Her phone buzzed one last time. The only contents of the message was an address and a room number.

…

By the time Claire made it to the address that Zane had sent her, she was reconsidering her agreement. She was a bundle of nerves now, tapping her nails on the dashboard as she squinted through the dim night. Dan was such a heavy sleeper that making it out of the hotel room without waking him hadn’t been a problem, but even he got up sometimes during the night to pee. He could wake up at any moment. Claire kept expecting her phone to light up with a call from him, suspiciously demanding to know where she was.

But Claire didn’t have it in her to deny Zane’s request. It might have been fine if she had told Zane “no deal” and refused to entertain his perverse bargain in the first place. But instead she had agreed to his terms, and she couldn’t shake the feeling that trying to back out of the deal now would have consequences she was unprepared to deal with. Besides, she was willing to grudgingly admit at this point that doing what Zane said felt good.

All she had to do was say hello. A short visit would fulfill what she had promised. Then she could go back to her husband before he even realized she was gone.

Claire’s GPS informed her she had reached her destination. She wrinkled her nose as she pulled into the crumbling parking lot. The “Shoreview Motel” was an inaccurately named shithole. The only view that the dimly-lit strip of doors looked out on was a gas station and a pizza restaurant that looked like it had gone out of business years ago. The contrast with the luxury hotel her husband had booked was so sharp that Claire was certain the comparison was purposeful. Zane had enough money to rent the finest room in town. He wanted her to meet him in a sleazy motel room, and he wanted her to leave her husband’s side in a luxury suite to do it.

Claire parked and made her way swiftly to room 7 beneath a buzzing, flickering streetlight, hugging herself close and staring nervously around at the shadows surrounding the seedy motel. There was no light coming from beneath the door… but this was where Zane had insisted on meeting her. Claire knocked hesitantly, half-hoping that there had been a mix-up and Zane wasn’t here. It would give her an excellent excuse to get out of this situation and go back to her husband’s side, safe and secure.

But as soon as she knocked, a firm, confident voice called out from inside.

“Come in. The door’s open.”

With her heart in her throat, Claire checked the knob, finding that it was indeed unlocked. She swung the door open silently to the dark room, and in an instant her disquiet and fear was transmuted into equally troubled lust.

Zane sat across from her on the motel bed, utterly naked. The only light in the room was the deep red of the neon light outside the room, bathing Zane in a surreal tint. His eyes glinted in the shadowy half-light. His cock lay dormant, but long, hanging down between his squat, hairy legs.

The sight of him naked in that dim, dingy hotel room sent an instant flush of desire through Claire's body, taking her breath away. Up until a second ago, she thought her masturbation session had taken care of her sexual cravings completely, but when her eyes focused between his legs… all of that hunger roared back, stronger than ever before. As she watched, Zane's cock stirred, jerkily lifting as blood pumped into it.

"Come here, Claire Bear," said Zane in a low, calm voice. "Close the door behind you." He beckoned her closer as his cock stiffened to its full impressive length, jutting up from his waist. Claire's heartbeat pounded in her ears. She knew that if she obeyed, this wasn't going to be a quick greeting and then a trip back to her husband. If she walked forward toward the fat little man on that bed, she would be doing whatever he said for as long as he wanted.

The door clicked loudly shut behind her as she stepped forward, her mouth watering and her eyes locked onto Zane's cock. Zane held up a hand when she was just a few feet away.

"Clothes. Off."

Claire's whole body was alive with crackling, dirty sexual electricity. Her resistance was all used up for the night. Right now, she was a plaything for Zane's twisted desires, and that thought flooded her with weak, trembling, submissive lust. She pulled her shirt up and over her head, then dropped her pants to the ground, shivering in the cool, unwholesomely moist air spat out by the room's rattling air conditioner.

Her panties slid down over the swell of her thighs, leaving her sensitive pussy tingling in the air of the room. Claire was thankful for the darkness. From Zane's perspective, she must just be a curvy silhouette outlined in red. Hopefull,y he couldn't see how instantly and completely he had turned her on. Her desperation to get fucked just at the sight of his cock was pathetic.

Her bra came next, and in a few efficient movements she had unhooked the bra from behind her back and dropped it to the filthy carpet, leaving her nipples to stiffen instantly in the coolness of the room. She knew it was only her imagination, but the henna tattoo on her breast seemed to burn on her skin.

Zane didn't say another word. He didn't need to. Claire closed the distance between them. His eyes stared up into hers, glittering with the confident command that Calire had wanted to see in Dan's eyes so desperately. Claire's knees went weak, and she followed that impulse, sinking to the ground in front of him until, despite his short stature, she was staring up into his eyes… and more importantly, at the thick, throbbing cock just inches from her face.

The only command that Zane gave was the command in his eyes. The only hint of what he wanted was to slightly scoot forward on the bed, spreading his legs a little wider. The movement made his cock bob obscenely up and down, and Claire's eyes followed it, desire rioting through her.

She took the next step herself, gripping her lover's cock around the base and sucking it eagerly between her lips. She instantly felt a wave of powerful satisfaction mingled with shame. This whole day had been about proving to herself and Zane that she had standards. That he couldn't expect her to bend to his every whim. Yet here she was, on her knees in a filthy hotel room while her husband slept alone somewhere else, eagerly sucking Zane's cock, feeling more sexually satisfied than Dan had ever made her with more respectful, equal lovemaking.

Zane seized the back of her head in a rough grip, taking charge of the blow jobb and sinking her head down, slowly but firmly, until he was fully lodged in her tight, wet throat.

“I want you to get one thing through that pretty head, Claire Bear,” said Zane in a possessive growl, beginning to slide Claire’s head up and down his stiff cock. “You’re mine. My woman. No one else’s. And especially not that pussy that you call a husband.” Claire was utterly under his control now. His powerful hand on the back of her head pushed her face up and down, making thick gargling noises in the back of her throat as Zane slowly fucked her face. Every nerve in her body sang with humiliated pleasure. Her pussy burned between her legs, dripping slick lubrication down her thighs. Her breasts, which her husband hadn’t even laid eyes on in a week, bounced lightly, her stiff nipples scraping against Zane’s thighs.

“You were made for my cock. You were born to submit to me. I’m your man.”

Claire could feel the truth in what he said. She wanted to be his. She wanted to be claimed by him. Possessed by him. No matter how much of an asshole he could be. *Because* of how much of an asshole he could be. Her neck began doing most of the work, no longer needing Zane’s brutal guidance. Sliding his thick cock into and out of her throat while her hand slipped between her legs, flexing and rubbing feverishly, adding sloppy wet noises of another kind to the choking throat noises already filling the room.

“And I’ll do whatever I want with you. You’ll serve me whenever and wherever I want. Just like you promised me.”

It brought her vividly back to that night beneath the table. Humbly serving Zane on her knees while so many people were close by. While his friend was watching her directly. God, it had turned her on, even while it had infuriated her. Right now, devouring his cock with single-minded intensity, she imagined burning eyes on her like that night, and her blood boiled with the shame and arousal of that moment once again, like it was fresh.

Then Zane pulled her up, gasping and red-faced, off of his cock, and, to Claire’s shock, bent down to kiss her passionately. Claire’s hand fell automatically to his slimy cock and began to jerk him off as they kissed, tongues wrestling between their writhing lips. Zane pulled away first, and said the last thing that Claire ever expected to hear.

“But… I’m sorry. As the man in charge, it’s my job to make sure that I push you just enough, but not too much. I went too far at the club. The next time I push you, I’m going to be certain that you can handle my orders.”

Claire stared into his eyes and felt something she didn’t expect. Just a ghost of the deeper, warmer connection she felt with Dan… but somehow mixed with the exciting sizzle of dominance and submission. Zane’s cock felt strong and hot in her hand as she smoothly pumped his fist up and down its rigid length. Her body burned for more..

“Fuck me,” whispered Claire, her voice roughened by her enthusiastic blowjob. She wanted to make this night complete. For Zane to prove his superiority by making her cum all over his cok like her husband couldn’t.

But Zane surprised her once again.

“No,” he said with a cocky smirk, staring down at her with eyes that regained a bit of their displeased edge. “Not tonight, Claire Bear. I fucked up the other night, but you fucked up since,

haven't you? You tried to make me mad today, and you fucking succeeded. Now you're going to have to make it up to me."

Claire felt a pang of disappointed desire. Was he fucking serious? He had called her out to this shitty motel, and all he was going to let her do was suck his cock? But on the other hand… His reference to her "making it up to him" was as scary as it was intriguing.

"How?" she asked, unable to keep the bitterness from her voice. "What do I have to do?"

"That's the attitude I like to hear," said Zane with a smirk, patting her cheek. His eyes flicked downward. "Keep jerking my cock. Don't stop."

"Pig…" muttered Claire. But despite her annoyance, her hand began moving once again, sliding up and down Zane's thick, veiny shaft.

"You fucking love it. Well, the first thing you're going to do is spend the night here with me."

Claire stared at him as if he were insane, but her hand unconsciously gripped tighter around his shaft and began jerking faster. "Z… you know I can't do that. I snuck out on Dan. I left all of my clothes and stuff back at the hotel… We brought one fucking car for God's sake. What the fuck is he going to think when he wakes up and finds me missing?"

"I have no idea, Claire Bear," said Zane with a raised eyebrow. "Maybe you should have thought of that before you tried to make me jealous. I want you to prove you care more about me than your husband, and this is how you're going to fucking do it. You'd better start thinking of a good excuse to tell him."

Claire took a shuddering breath, her belly fluttering with dark flames of twisted lust. *Fuck… I'm actually going to do this aren't I?* It was the same feeling she had experienced the night when she fed Dan Zane's cum. An utter betrayal of her marriage in the cruelest way possible… After Dan had worked so hard to impress her, after he had booked her a luxurious room for a night of love, she would be sleeping instead with his ugly rival in a filthy motel room.

"Fine," she said, her insides twisting with guilt and lust. "Fine. I'll make some sort of excuse in the morning. He'll believe me."

"He always does," said Zane with an evil snicker. "Secondly… I need you to clear your schedule for me tomorrow. That's when I'll fuck you again. If you're a good girl, that is. But tomorrow night… You have to do everything I say. No more little Miss sassy, strong, independent woman. You're going to be my willing fuckdoll all night long. Can you do that for me, Claire Bear?"

Claire shuddered. She knew the depths that Zane could go to with the women he called his. He had already demonstrated how far he wanted to go with her. The sort of complete submission he was suggesting could lead her places that would be hard to come back from. She hesitated… but her whole body was swooning with submissive heat. Her fist pumped wildly up and down her lover's cock, and the urge to please him and earn the right to get fucked by him once again was strong.

"Hey," said Zane seriously, his gloating tone giving way to sincerity for a moment as he reached down to grip Claire's chin and turn it upward toward him, "I told you. I won't push you further than you can handle. Next time, you'll enjoy what I make you do. I guarantee it."

Claire bit her lip… then nodded. "O-Ok," she whispered. "I promise. Tomorrow… Whatever you say goes."

“Good,” said Zane with a broad smirk, leaning back on his hands. “Now… one last task. And it’s one I want you to take care of right fucking now. I made you cum tonight already. Now it’s my turn. And this time, it’s going to be all over that pretty face.”

Claire blanched at the thought. If blowjobs were too demeaning for her, facials were beyond the pale. Their only purpose was to brutally and disgustingly put a slut in her place. To primally mark a man’s territory with a hot, sticky gush of… Fuck, Claire was turning herself on just thinking about it. When had she become so depraved that the idea of submitting to a man jizzing all over her face made her horny?

With her heart leaping into her throat, Claire worked both hands up and down Zane’s massive cock. She had swallowed his load at this point. Taken multiple creampies deep in her pussy. But this would be the first time she let him fire a load of thick, sticky sperm all over her lovely features, marking her as his in the most humiliating way possible.

She began masturbating again with one hand as she pumped his cock faster and faster, licking her lips and sucking in hot, gasping breaths as submissive pleasure roared through her veins.

“That’s it, you little slut,” growled Zane above her, pressing his bulk forward in anticipation. “Smile for me. Your husband might get all kinds of cute pictures with you, but he doesn’t get to paint that pretty face with cum. Fucking take it all.”

Claire felt hypnotized, her eyes locked to the swollen head of Zane’s cock. She could feel him tensing in her hand and knew that she was only moments away from the most demeaning experience of her life, which was saying a lot after what Zane had put her through. She found herself craving that humiliating hot splash of goo… she wanted to be dominated and disgraced by the man who had conquered her body and soul.

Claire let out a gasp as a spurt of thick, pearly jizz splashed across her nose and lips. Her tongue poked out automatically, licking up the salty cream, but by then the second blast of cum had already been fired from her lover’s heavy balls, splattering thickly across her cheek and forcing her to close one eye. Another spurt hit her face, then another, covering her in thick, gluey ropes of semen.

It was just as humiliating as she had assumed… but Zane had trained her well, and by this point, humiliation was just another turn-on. She was being marked, just a surely as the bear tattoo had. Baptised in Zane’s filthy lust, changed from the snooty woman who considered Zane beneath her into a wanton whore who would do anything for his cock. Her hands never stopped moving, one of them milking every drop of hot cum out of Zane’s cock and onto her upturned face, while the other rubbed incessantly between her thighs, reveling in the shameful pleasure of her first facial.

Claire didn’t realize what Zane was doing with his phone until he had already snapped a few pictures of her with his cock in hand and sperm splattered all over his face.

When she did realize that he had already captured her disgrace, Claire shook her head in exasperation… but the fire had gone out of her for the evening, and the only protest she could muster was a weak, “Z… what the fuck?”

Zane chuckled and tossed his phone aside. “Don’t worry, Claire Bear. Just for my own personal collection. You got all sorts of nice pictures with your hubby this weekend. I wanted at least one

of us. Now… why don't you get washed up? It's late, and I'm sure you're tired. You've got a long day ahead of you tomorrow."

…

Zane stared down at Clairre's face as she tossed and turned on the narrow, uncomfortable motel mattress. *Mine. Forever. I'm going to make fucking sure of it.* Zane could count the number of women he had ever apologised to on one hand, but Claire was an exception he was happy to make.

He had meant every word that he said to her tonight. He really had pushed her too far at the club when he had revealed her real name to Caleb. He had gotten too excited over the prospect of getting her on the website and rushed things.

But that didn't mean his general thrust was wrong. Claire was close. He could tell she was turned on by being shown off in public, and getting a facial had almost made her cum by itself. Yes, Claire was nearly ready to make her porn debut despite this little setback. She would be the crown jewel of his site, and a slut he was proud to have on his arm besides.

Claire didn't know it, but tomorrow they would be filming her porn debut. She wouldn't necessarily agree to post it immediately… but by the end of the night, Zane was confident he could get her most of the way there. This little speed bump today had been annoying and even nerve-racking, but Zane actually thought it had probably brought Claire closer to total obedience. She had learned that she needed him now, and learned the stark difference between him and lesser men.

Everything was in place. Zane had meant it when he said Claire would enjoy it the next time he pushed her boundaries. He was confident that by the time he finished with her, Claire would be the happiest porn star on earth.

…

Audience Participation:

Claire has agreed to be utterly submissive to Zane for tomorrow, and Zane intends to use that leeway to film her very first porn scene.

The question is… what should Zane make Claire wear for her porn debut? Special lingerie? A porny costume? Something symbolic?

I want to collect suggestions from you all for what Claire should wear in the video, and in a few days, I will put the most popular options up for a vote! Please leave your idea in the comments!

The Bet – Chapter 27

Claire woke, feeling groggy and sore. She shifted against the thin, saggy mattress and grimaced. For a second, she was bewildered, not knowing where she was.

Then she heard a snore and turned to see Zane's bulk lying crushed up against her on the tiny bed.

Fuck.

Her memory of last night came flooding back. Yet another humiliating submission to Zane. Yet another betrayal of her husband. It was then that she realized what had woken her up. Dan was calling. Her phone buzzed angrily on the nightstand where she had left it.

FUCK!

Claire scooped it up and tried to stab the accept call button, but she was too late. It went to voicemail, and saw with a sinking feeling it was the sixth time that her husband had tried to call her in the past twenty minutes. Last night, in the throes of lust and totally under Zane's spell, it had felt sort of hot to abandon her husband to spend the night with her lover in the seedy motel room. But in the harsh light of day, the consequences of that slutty betrayal felt all too real.

She rose from the bed, pacing over the grimy motel carpet as she dialed her husband. Last night, the motel room had seemed alluringly trashy and sleazy, but now it just felt dirty and sad. Like Claire herself. Dan picked up on the first ring.

"Claire, where are you?" he demanded immediately in a voice buzzing with anxiety.

Claire closed her eyes, her mind trying its hardest while still shaking off the haze of sleep. *Shit. Fuck! Why didn't I think up a good excuse before I went to sleep last night?* The answer to that was obvious. Because she was under Zane's spell so deeply she hadn't really been thinking about her husband at all.

"Work emergency," she said, her voice rough from last night's… indulgences. "Came up out of nowhere early in the morning. I didn't want to wake you, so I just took off."

'What?!" said Dan in sheer bewilderment. "What the fuck do you mean you didn't want to wake me up? You have the car, Claire! How am I supposed to get home? And you… fuck Claire, you left all your clothes and shit here. How bad of a work emergency was it?"

Claire felt a spike of adrenaline as her hasty lie immediately ran into trouble. Dan sounded shocked, not suspicious… at least, not yet. Claire rubbed her temple and took a breath, trying to think this through. If she scrambled and told another obvious lie, Dan would be suspicious. She needed something better on the second try; otherwise, she could be caught.

"I know," she said calmly, willing her thumping heart to slow down. "It sucks. I thought it was the kind of thing I could take care of quickly and be back in time to pick you up for breakfast, but I got wrapped up in the work, lost track of time, and… I'm sorry, honey."

Her voice cracked a little on the last phrase, letting through a glimmer of her genuine guilt. Dan was silent on the other end of the line for a long time. Finally, he sighed and said, "Fine. I mean, that's shitty, but fine. I don't know, sweetie, it feels like if your job needs you to do crazy shit like this? You need to take a step back, or delegate, or something."

Claire's guilt was like a live animal in her guts. “Yeah,” she said quietly, “Maybe you’re right, babe.” She looked over to Zane, only to see him sitting up in bed, staring at her with a cocky, lopsided grin.

“Hang up on him,” he said in an undertone, his eyes glittering.

Claire was about to scoff and turn her back, but then, with a prickle of arousal and apprehension, she remembered the pledge she had made yesterday. Today, she had promised to be utterly obedient to Zane.

And that meant doing what he said, even if it was another cruelty piled up on her husband.

“I've got to go, honey,” she said tonelessly. “Something came up.”

“Are you coming back to pick me up? Check-out is in, like, an hour,” said Dan in a disbelieving tone.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to make it. You’ll have to catch a rideshare or something,” said Claire in a rush, while Zane raised an eyebrow.

“All the way back to the city? Claire, that’s going to cost…”

“Bye, I love you.” Claire pressed the red button firmly, cutting off her husband’s voice and ending the call.

“There,” she said grumpily, tossing her phone to the bed and crossing her arms. “Happy now?” She intended the gesture to look displeased and confident, but she had forgotten she was only wearing lingerie right now, and pushing her tits up this way probably only made her look extra sexy.

“Actually no,” said Zane with a chuckle, rolling out of bed. “I don’t think saying you have to go and that you love him qualifies as hanging up. But that’s ok. It’s your first time being an utter sub. You’ll get the hang of it eventually.”

He stalked toward her with that same infuriating grin on his face that he seemed to always wear, and Claire had a sudden, powerful urge to slap it off his face. In this moment, in the broad daylight, he didn’t seem cute or charming anymore. Just obnoxious. But that wasn’t all that Claire felt. She had been denied sex last night after her husband had badly disappointed her, and the sight of Zane’s thick morning wood swaying beneath his boxers as he waddled closer on his stumpy legs sent a little tingle through her, waking up a faint stirring of heat between her thighs.

Zane stood in front of her, staring up into her eyes, and Claire’s anger and impulse to rebel faltered in the face of her suddenly growing arousal. Zane was an slut trainer, and by this point, his cocky attitude caused a Pavlovian response. She was addicted to Zane, and she could no longer sustain any effective resistance.

“Kneel,” said Zane simply, eyes flickering over Claire’s body, then back up to her eyes, filled with arrogant certainty that she would obey.

Zane had been training her to submit for months now, but Claire had been training herself for years to not take shit from anyone, and her instincts rebelled against Zane’s obnoxious command.

She rolled her eyes, “Don’t you think it’s a little early in the morning for…”

“No,” said Zane firmly, cutting her off. “I’m not going to hear any of that today, Claire. This is your second warning, and I don’t expect you to need a third one. You wanted to play all sorts of games this week. And to apologize, you told me you would submit to me today. Not half-submit. Not grumble under your breath. Not obey only when you're desperate for cock. When I tell you something, I expect you to do it. Now. Fucking. Kneel.”

Zane’s eyes blazed with dominance as they stared up into hers, and Claire felt her breath hitch. The arousal building deep in her core unfurled and spread through her, stiffening her nipples and making the heat between her legs roar hotter.

He was right, she had agreed. He hadn’t really expected to be ordered around like a dog, but it was well within the bounds of what Zane had said he expected from her.

When Claire realized she was going to obey, a massive wave of shame and arousal swept over her, staining her face pink. Before she met Zane, she had been a strong woman, not some blushing, stammering weakling. But it was no use insisting that things hadn’t changed. She was the one who had blinked first in the sexual game of chicken she had played with Zane, and this was her punishment.

Claire's knees buckled, and she followed the motion down until she was once again kneeling on the dusty, threadbare motel carpet. Her pulse drummed in her ears, and the heat between her thighs was almost uncomfortably strong now. She almost didn’t dare to look up, but it felt like her eyes were drawn by magnets.

Zane was ugly from any angle, but looking up at him from below was especially unflattering, with his roll of stubbled flab below his chin, his leering, sharklike smile, and, of course, his pale, gloating eyes floating over them all like twin moons of disrespectful lust. Claire stewed in the humiliation of being caught and conquered by a little toad like him. She hadn’t just been seduced and made to submit; she had been defeated by a man who, by any reasonable standard, was beneath her. By now, that shameful truth only served to fuel her lust.

But even more than his face, the thick bulge pressing up against Zane’s boxers drew Claire’s eyes, and caused a spasm of arousal to roll through her.

“Are you ready to serve me, Claire?” asked Zane in a smug, gloating voice.

Claire’s eyes flicked from his eyes down to the growing erection training his boxers, then back again. “I…” she swallowed. Suddenly, her mouth was swimming with saliva. “Yes, Z. I’m ready.”

“Good!” Chirped Zane, patting her on the head condescendingly and turning away. “Well then, I want you to serve me by joining me for brunch. We’ve got a long day ahead of us after all. Best to start with a good meal.

Claire stared at him with a confused scowl, still on her knees as he bustled over to a duffel and pulled out a towel. *Is he fucking serious?* Seeing that he indeed was getting ready for a shower while humming tunelessly to himself, Claire let out an annoyed huff and got to her feet. She could tell that he was toying with her at this point. Last night he had refused to fuck her, and this morning she had been denied even a blowjob! It was strange to think about it that way… denied a blowjob… as if it was something she would do for her own pleasure. But she felt denied all the same.

She had a chance to stew in her annoyance as Zane disappeared into the grimy little bathroom and the shower turned on.

This might be a longer day than she thought.

...

The diner that Zane chose didn't fit Claire's expectations.

It didn't give off the vibe of tasteless opulence that his SUV or McMansion radiated, nor the purposeful sleaze of the dingy motel he chose for last night. It was just a modern, comfortable eatery that looked like it served good food. Claire had always thought of Zane as a man with awful taste... but maybe that was just another mask he showed the world.

Claire felt like she was on a sort of walk of shame in the same clothes she had worn over to Zane's room last night, but as she sipped a surprisingly well-brewed cup of coffee, she began to relax.

"So... how's business?" asked Zane, pushing a big bite of bacon and eggs into his mouth, then promptly and neatly wiping his lips with a napkin.

Claire gave him a wary look. "Do you really want to know?" she asked dryly.

"Yeah," said Zane with a shrug, his eyes for once without artifice. "I'm a business owner myself after all. Besides, my own project you did for me piqued my interest in the process."

"You mean the project you paid for just to get into my pants?" said Claire, chuckling despite herself.

Zane joined her laugh, shrugging and raising his hands self-deprecatingly. "Guilty! Worth every penny in my opinion, and hey, the room looks fucking awesome, so I got that out of the deal as well."

"Ass," muttered Claire, but a little smile touched her lips as well. Zane could be charming when he wasn't being annoying on purpose. "Business is good. But it can be exhausting, especially with how... distracted I've been lately." She ran one foot teasingly up Zane's leg beneath the table. His denial last night and this morning had left Claire with a lot of pent-up desire, and it felt like it was forcing itself out all over the place.

"Do you enjoy your work?" asked Zane in a frank, sincere tone.

"Of course."

"No, no, no, don't just give me the knee-jerk canned response," said Zane, waving a fork at her across the table. "Tell me the real answer. Think about it. You're supposed to do everything I say today, right? So consider it an order."

Claire raised an eyebrow at him. "It wasn't like I was lying! Sure, there are annoying parts of the job. Rich clients tend to be entitled. I seem to spend more time with billing and paperwork than actually designing. The hours can be long. But it's something that I'm good at. Something that can make the money I need to fund the lifestyle I deserve. It's as good a job as any."

"None of that adds up to being a job you actually like," said Zane around a mouthful of hashbrowns.

Now Claire was feeling a little irked. She leaned forward across the table, trying to keep her voice calm. “So what? Probably 90 percent of people have jobs that aren’t their favorite thing in the world. All of this ‘get a job doing your hobby’ crap is pie-in-the-sky bullshit. I do interior design because I’m fucking good at it, Z.”

Zan took a glug of orange juice and swallowed heavily. “Let me tell you what I think, Claire Bear. I think you do this job not because you like the work itself, but because you feel like it’s what is expected of you. You think highly of yourself… no, don’t shake your head, you do! And you deserve to think highly of yourself. But you need a job that gets you recognition. Where you are put on a pedestal as the best. And being the boss of a business, showcasing your raw skill? That gives you just the sort of ego-boosting recognition that you need. It gives you the chance to appear perfect, and you feel that’s what you need to project to the world. Perfection..”

Claire felt stripped raw by Zane's precise analysis. She didn’t want to look in his eyes anymore, so she stared down into her coffee cup. Did he have a point with what he was saying, or was it just another game to pull her deeper under his control? She didn’t know anymore.

Before she could formulate a response, Zane reached across the table and grabbed her hands. He flicked his nail lightly against her wedding band. “And this… isn’t it the same thing?” he asked in an undertone. “A woman needs a handsome, socially capable husband in order to appear perfect, doesn’t she?”

“I don't really want to talk about my marriage with the guy I’m fucking on the side, Zane,” said Claire stiffly, yanking her hands out of his.

“Well, the guy you're fucking on the side does want to talk about it,” said Zane with a cocky smirk painted across his face, “And you promised to do what he says all day. I’ll make it quick. I just want to show you something.”

He pulled out his phone and began scrolling through it. ‘Do you remember that I was invited to your wedding?” He asked distractedly, his eyes locked on the screen.

“Yeah,” said Claire cooly, taking another fortifying sip of coffee. “Dan and I argued about it. I wanted to cross you off the guest list.”

“Ouch!” Said Zane with a chuckle, not looking in the least bit offended. “Well, I get invited to a lot of weddings, Claire Bear. You might not believe it, but a lot of former employees remember me fondly. And you know what I see at most weddings I go to? Brides smiling and laughing and sometimes even crying with joy. Sure, there is stress too, but their happiness usually shines through, at least in the marriages that last.”

Claire could tell where he was going with this, and she didn’t appreciate his “Dr. Kruger, psychoanalyst” schtick. He finally found what he was looking for and thrust his phone into Claire’s face. On, he had a picture from Claire’s wedding, of her and Dan standing at the front of the church.

Claire looked regal and stunning in the designer gown she had picked out. But her face was held in an icy display of haughty calm.

“Weddings are stressful,” she snapped.

“Sure, but *this* stressful?” Asked Zane with a raised eyebrow, sliding his thumb to move through the gallery. In each and every photo, Claire was either obviously posing or had a faint look of

stressed annoyance on her face. “It stood out to me even at the time, and I didn’t know you so well then. It wasn’t a day about being happy for you, was it? It was a day about projecting a certain image.”

Claire stared into Zane’s eyes again, growing angry.

“Quite a foundation to start a marriage on, Claire Bear.”

“What is this about Z?” she asked heatedly. “Do you want to marry me? Is that what this has all been about? Fat chance. It doesn’t matter how good you fuck, Z, that’s not going to fucking happen. Regardless of what you say, I do love my husband. Just because I had a stressful wedding doesn't mean anything.”

Her wedding, in fact, wasn’t a particularly happy memory. She had gotten a little over-focused on the fact that it might be an opportunity to advertise her design sense for the business she was thinking about starting, and her divorced parents had once again insisted on trying to make the entire event about their failed relationship. But that had nothing to do with her relationship with Dan.

“Whoa, whoa,” said Zane with a smirk, “Easy there. All that I’m trying to say is that I wonder what you would look like at an event where you were really having the time of your life… and what kind of event that would be exactly.”

Claire glared at him suspiciously, but Zane just took the opportunity to polish off the rest of his food, and after a moment, Claire sipped at her coffee in brooding silence.

Zane had always had a talent for getting under her skin, but he had never done it in quite this way before. She was happy with her life. She was happy with her marriage. Zane had come in like a wrecking ball and made things a lot more complicated, but that was because of him, not some base dissatisfaction in her life.

Finally, Zane finished his food and sat back, patting his belly. “I fucking love this place,” he said happily, then leaned forward to rub his hands together, grinning ear to ear. “Well, anyway. Time to get moving.”

“What are we doing next?” asked Claire, feeling a fluttering of anticipation rise in her chest. Zane’s teasing denial meant that her arousal was still bubbling under the surface, even after his rude, invasive questioning. And she was certain that Zane had something a lot more obscene than a conversation over breakfast in mind for her day of utter obedience.

“We need to get you into hair and makeup,” said Zane with a wink as he rose to his feet. “You need to look your best before we put you in front of a camera.”

Claire froze with her last sip of coffee halfway to her lips, carefully studying Zane’s face to see if he was joking. He was grinning back at her with the same fucking smirk he always wore, but that meant nothing. As far as she could tell, he meant what he said. “Zane… you only make one kind of video that I know of… this had better not be what I think it is.”

Zane threw his head back and laughed. “God, Claire, I wish you could see your face right now, you look so horny and scared!”

“I’m not fucking scared, I’m mad!” said Claire hotly, then blushed as she realized her mistake. “And I’m not fucking horny either! I’m not like those other skanks, Z. I don’t want to be one of your bimbo porn stars.” But Claire realized, to her shock and discomfort, that she actually was

horny… It was partially left over from the low-level background arousal from her denied satisfaction, but the idea of her crafty, perverted lover using her pledge of loyalty to expose and humiliate her in the most public way possible was turning her on.

Zane took her hand across the table and squeezed it. “Relax, Claire Bear! I swear to you, I’ll never post videos of you online without your specific permission to do so. But yes, I want to have a shoot. For my own private collection. Think of it as a souvenir.”

Claire rolled her eyes, but some of the tension in her evaporated. She wasn’t sure why, but she believed Zane on this point. He wouldn’t post videos of her online unless she gave her permission… which she never would, of course.

“Ugh, pervert,” she said with a sneer. “But I did say I would do what you want… so what choice do I have? Don’t you think hair and makeup is going a little too far, though? Can’t you make a sex tape like a normal fucking person?”

“I’m anything but normal,” said Zane with a grin, offering a hand to help her up. “Just wait until you see the wardrobe.”

“I think I’m going to murder you before the day is over,” said Claire cooly as she took his offered hand.

…

Claire stared into the mirror with a feeling of chagrin, turning her head from side to side. She had been less than enthusiastic when she heard that the massive, bearded man that Zane called “Shiner” would be her stylist for the video shoot that Zane had in mind, but she had to admit that the man could do a good job. She had been half-expecting some sort of sloppy, degrading “whore makeup” scrawled over her face, but the burly man had applied a deft hand and left her looking fresh and beautiful. The eyeliner was perhaps a little thicker than she would have normally worn, but that was more or less her only complaint. She knew people who would have paid good money to have their makeup done this well. Her hair also looked perfect, sleek and shiny, hanging in dark waves down her back.

Claire glanced away from the vision of beauty in the mirror and up to Shiner, who towered over her, staring down at her with an expectant expression.

“It’s… not bad,” she said grudgingly.

“High praise, coming from a high-class slut like you,” said Shiner with a nasty chuckle. “Hey, if you want to pay me back, you can suck me off again. I’ve been dreaming about that since last time.”

“Fuck off,” snapped Claire. “Not in a million years.” She might take some shit from Zane, but he was a special case. Besides, although it was true she had reluctantly given the burly bearded man a blowjob, it was only because it was the heat of the moment and Zane told her to. Just thinking about the fact that she had swallowed this ogre’s cum made her feel queasy.

Shiner just laughed. “Wow! I’ve heard the sharpest tongues give the best head, and you’re living proof, babe!”

Just then, the door opened, and Zane swept in, bizarrely wearing a tuxedo. It was as well-cut for his figure as it possibly could be, but the sight of a short, fat man like Zane in formal wear still looked a little ridiculous.

He noted Shiner's grinning leer and Claire's obvious annoyance and rolled his eyes. "You'll have to forgive my asshole friend, Claire Bear," he said ruefully, extending a hand to help her to her feet. "This one tends to think with his dick, and doesn't have a courteous bone in his whole fucking body."

Shiner scoffed with a lopsided grin. "Like you're one to talk!" But Zane was already hurrying Claire out of the room before she had a chance to bite Shiner's head off.

"You look fabulous, though," said Zane with a wink. "There's a reason I keep that barbarian around. You ready to get dressed?"

Claire let out a breath, trying to dispel her annoyance at the stylist casually assuming she was a slut who regularly sucked strangers' cocks. "That depends," she said cautiously, "on what kind of outfit you plan to dress me in."

She had been suspicious about the surprise video wardrobe since Zane had casually mentioned he was excited about it at brunch, and his giddiness now only made her more nervous. Zane loved to degrade and humiliate her, so she could only imagine that he would want her to wear something incredibly slutty and revealing.

"Well, I mean, not to be a dick about it," said Zane with a chuckle, "but you're going to be wearing it no matter how you feel. That was the deal, remember? Total obedience today, or no dick for you."

Claire looked away with an angry blush. He made it sound like she was a dog or something, eagerly drooling for the treat dangled just in front of her nose. And even if that were partially true, framing it that way was a deliberate way to needle her and made the humiliation sting that much worse.

"Anyway," said Zane lightly, leading her down the stairs, "They got the wardrobe all set up downstairs while you were getting pretty, so it should be ready for you to..."

Claire stopped paying attention as they descended, and she saw what was waiting for her in the center of the living room, presented on a mannequin torso.

It was a wedding dress. But not just any wedding dress. It was a parody of the very dress that Claire had chosen for her own wedding. It was a very similar style and cut, but with certain... alterations.

The bodice of the dress was sheer lace rather than opaque white cloth, and Claire could see instantly that it would put her breasts on open display when she wore it. This version of her dress also had a daring slit up its front. Too daring in fact. Claire was confident that it would allow at least occasional glimpses of her panties if she made the slightest movement. It still held some remnant of the ethereal grace and elegance that the original dress projected, but now it was tainted. Tarnished by compromising changes intended to reveal and display the tawdry sexuality beneath.

Beside it, a set of pure white lingerie was displayed on a hanger. Gossamer white lace panties, thigh-high stockings, and a pure, snowy garter belt. They matched the dress perfectly: a sinister blend of innocence and blatant, sleazy sensuality.

Claire stopped dead on the stairs, staring open-mouthed at the perverse wardrobe that Zane had prepared for her. She turned to him in shock. "You have got to be fucking kidding me."

Zane didn't even have the grace to look sorry for himself. He stood grinning ear to ear as if he was the cleverest man in the world.

"What? I thought this would be kinky and fun! You're a married woman cucking your husband after all, isn't a little naughty wedding play just what the doctor ordered?"

"Come on down, Claire," called a singsong, feminine voice. "We have to get our blushing bride ready for her close-up!" For the first time, Claire noticed that Leah was there as well, wearing a pale rose dress of the same style and color that Claire's bridesmaids had worn.

"Why the fuck is she here?" asked Claire in an undertone, turning to Zane with a scowl. "Don't tell me you plan to have her in the fucking video."

Zane chuckled. "Nope! Not unless you want her in it, I guess. She just got excited about the idea when I asked her to help out as an extra set of hands. The whole dress thing was her idea."

"I just thought you could use a maid of dishonor on your big day!" said Leah with a wink, messing with the train of the wedding dress. "Well… I mean, on your second big day."

Claire pointedly ignored her and turned back to Zane. "Listen, Zane, I know you think it's kinky that I'm married, but this…" she waved her hand toward the dress. "This is really fucked up." But despite her clipped, decisive tone, Claire was already struggling to contain her own arousal. She had left her husband behind this morning to spend all day with his former friend. She was shooting a porn scene with another man, even if no one would ever see it. And now that filthy scene was going to be a deliberate mockery of her marriage. The whole thing made her shiver with a combination of guilt and twisted lust. She hoped that she could convince Zane to back down… not because she was actually disgusted, but because she was nervous about how much she might enjoy the twisted roleplay that the dress implied.

But as usual, Zane seemed like he read her like a book. He patted her on the arm condescendingly and said, "Don't worry, Claire Bear. Your disapproval is noted. If anyone asks, I'll tell them that you objected and thought the whole this was gross and inappropriate. And then you can quietly enjoy being my slutty little bride anyway. I'm headed upstairs to help Summer set up the equipment. You get dressed, and then you can come up and enjoy a second wedding night… one that will be ten times better than the one Dan gave you, I'm guessing."

Claire wanted to give him a cutting retort, but suddenly she was at a loss for words, her insides swirling with eager desire, guilt, and lingering humiliation.

Zane disappeared up the stairs once again, and Claire was left alone with Leah.

Well… she had promised to obey everything Zane asked of her… It wasn't her fault if it was something this obscene.

…

"It's ok to be nervous," said Leah, adjusting Claire's veil outside the bedroom door. "A lot of girls get nervous."

Claire gave her a venomous glare. "Drop the fucking act, Leah, this isn't actually a wedding."

Leah giggled, "Oh, I know, sweetie, trust me. Imagine how your wedding guests' jaws would have dropped if they had seen you like this."

With the obscene wedding dress on Claire's curvy body rather than the flat mannequin, it looked even more erotic than Claire had been expecting. Her lush, feminine curves were presented in an alluring blend of innocent bridal purity and pornographic sexuality. Guaranteed to short-circuit any horny male mind with a cock-stiffening mixture of madonna and whore. She was still floored that Zane had managed to create a dress that looked so close to her actual wedding dress from the day itself, aside from its erotic alterations. Had he purchased the same dress from the designer and had it modified? Had he commissioned a custom dress based on her wedding photos? Either one implied a breathtaking amount of time and money.

How long had Zane been planning this shoot? Since before they first had sex?

"Anyway, I know it's not a wedding, silly," said Leah with a giggle. "I thought you might be nervous about shooting your first porn."

"My only porn," corrected Claire testily, feeling a jolt of humiliated lust at the stark reminder of what she was about to do. "And it doesn't really count anyway, since no one outside of this house is ever going to fucking see it."

"Hmmm," said Leah with a shrug. "I wouldn't be so sure. I thought the same thing when Z got me in front of the camera for the first time."

Another wet, hot surge of embarrassed arousal. Claire was uncomfortably aware that with the sheer lace covering her tits, there was no way of hiding her stiff nipples from Leah's discerning eyes. "He said he wouldn't post it," she insisted stubbornly.

"I know Zane. He told you he wouldn't post it unless you agreed, right?" Leah leaned in to whisper in Claire's ear. "But I think we both know that Z has a way of making us want what he wants."

Before Claire could respond, she reached forward and knocked sharply on the door. "Come in!" called Zane's voice from within, and with a fluttering of warm butterflies in her stomach, Claire realized that her time had come.

Leah swung open the door, and Claire adjusted her bouquet of white lilies in front of her. As she stepped forward into the room, the first thing she saw was Zane, sitting at the edge of the king-size bed with a shit-eating grin plastered across his face. He was wearing his tuxedo, which made a lot more sense now, and already had a massive bulge tenting the front of his pants.

The second thing that she noticed was the camera. Just like the previous time she had walked into a professional scene being filmed, Summer, Zane's tall, confident camerawoman, stood behind a professional-looking camera. And its shiny glass eye was pointed straight at Claire.

She froze for a second, her breath catching in her throat and her body flushing with heat. She clutched her bouquet tighter as her nipples crinkled with powerful lust and her pussy throbbed beneath the airy dress. *Fuck… I'm on camera*. It was silly… she had been filmed in compromising situations before, once without knowing in Zane's bedroom and once on Perlah's phone, but this felt different.

Even though she knew that this video was for Zane's private collection, it was still being shot and produced like any other professional porn video he put on his site. She truly felt like she was making her porn debut, and the idea of exposing and degrading herself in that way sent her heart beating faster and her reluctant arousal spreading through every inch of her body.

“Here comes the bride,” said Zane in a low, appreciative voice. But, despite the fact that he was talking, the camera didn’t pan to him. It stayed focused on Claire, hungrily recording every inch of her slutty bridal apparel.

“Why don't you introduce yourself?” asked Zane.

Claire shot him a glare, but she recognized a command even when it was phrased as a question. “I’m… I’m Claire,” she said in a voice that wasn’t nearly as confident as she wanted. She had been about to add her last name before barely stopping herself. Despite the fact that no one else would see this, the shiny black eye of the camera was still deeply intimidating and arousing. The fact that her embarrassing current outfit would be immortalized forever hung over her mind like a heavy weight.

“And why did you come here today, Claire Bear?” Asked Zane in an amused, almost taunting voice.

Claire shifted uncomfortably. ‘Well… I guess I’m here to…” she cleared her throat, hating the fact that she was blushing. She was a confident, intelligent, self-assured woman, but Zane was making her seem like a stammering, bashful girl.

‘It’s ok, don’t be shy, sweetie,” said Zane in a condescending purr. “You’re here to get fucked on camera. You can say it.”

She scowled at Zane again, but he just nodded at her expectantly, still out of frame of the camera.

“I… I’m here to get f-fucked on camera,” said Claire quietly through a dry mouth. Her nipples were throbbing now, almost painfully erect. She could feel a moistness between her legs as her warming pussy began to overflow with slick, eager juices.

“Well. you certainly came dressed for the job,” said Zane with a snicker. “Tell me, Claire Bear, is that the kind of pretty dress that you hope to get married in one day?”

“I’m already married,” snapped Claire, flustered. She realized in the very next instant that she had walked straight into a trap.

“Ooooh, you bad girl!” crowed Zane. “Why don’t you get a little closer to the camera, show off that ring a little?”

Claire could have died from the embarrassment… but she had agreed to follow Zane’s commands today. With a wet, hot sensation squishing between her thighs as she walked, Claire moved closer to the camera and held up her hand, her simple gold wedding band catching the light.

“Does your husband know you’re here?” Zane asked from behind her.

“No, he doesn’t,” said Claire simply.

“Maybe that’s better. He might not like it if he saw his wife having a second wedding night with another man. Now come over here, wifey. It’s time to see what that married mouth can do.”

Claire turned toward Zane and saw that he had unzipped his pants, allowing his thick, throbbing cock to jut up through his fly. The view didn't surprise her. She knew that his dick would come out at some point, of course. But her body’s response to seeing his cock was instinctive and

automatic at this point. A flush of primal heat. A throb of sensation through her stiff nipples. A hungry clenching of her pussy. Zane's cock was something her body lusted for on a deep, subconscious level. There was no fighting it. Maybe their never had.

As she strode across the room, Claire could see Summer unlocking the camera from its tripod and carrying it closer, ready to get some up-close footage of Claire's next humiliation. She reminded herself once again that Zane was the only one who would ever see this… But that didn't make it any less embarrassing when the swish of her dress as she walked kept displaying little glimpses of her wet, lacy panties.

Finally, she made it to Zane and knelt gracefully in front of him without being told, the dress dividing as she did so in a way that put her panties on permanent display. A feature that was no doubt intended.

"You really do look like the perfect innocent bride, looking up at me from your knees," said Zane in a voice smoldering with lust. "Well… except for those big slutty tits hanging out. Now grab my cock… I want to show the perfect angle of your ringed hand stroking my dick while your poor dumb cuck sits at home jerking himself off."

"Don't talk about him that way," said Claire heatedly. "It isn't his fault that I'm doing this." She had known the second that the dress was revealed that Zane would be hammering on the idea of infidelity and cuckolding today, but still, the filthy dirty talk was already filling her with a blend of guilt and filthy lust.

Her hand wrapped around the thick, pulsing heat of Zane's cock, and her body sang with submissive arousal as she began to slowly stroke up and down it. Summer loomed over them, the camera capturing every detail as her wedding ring glinted in the soft light of the bedroom.

"But isn't it though?" Asked Zane with a smirk. "Your husband's fault, I mean. You're a beautiful, intelligent, dynamic woman. It takes an equally exceptional man to deserve you. To keep your attention. I mean, sure, it's sad for the poor little guy, but if he wasn't good enough to be your man, isn't that because of his own failings?"

Claire shook her head, her belly twisting with her shame and uncomfortable arousal. "No. D… I mean, my husband is a good man. I'm not…" her hand sped up for a moment as she jacked it up and down the biggest cock she had ever touched, his hot, smooth skin feeling heavenly against her stroking palm. "I'm not doing this because my husband failed. I'm doing it because I failed. I wasn't strong enough to resist."

Zane leaned down and grabbed her chin, raising her head to look into his eyes. He kissed her, deep and fierce and passionate. "No. You betrayed your husband, but you betrayed yourself first. You made vows binding you to an unworthy man. One who couldn't satisfy your needs. That's all this is. The natural order reasserting itself. Your primal needs trumping the social niceties of a marriage to a man who never deserved you."

Claire tried to argue, but Zane kissed her again, and her mind felt all hot and fuzzy. His cock was pulsing in her hand with a mesmerizing rhythm, and suddenly giving in and submitting to his twisted views felt infinitely easier than explaining why her boring, distant husband mattered. She could feel it… Now that she was dominated and on camera, Zane would no longer hold back. After a week of conflict and a night of nearly painful denial, she was going to get fucked. Her body cried out for it, and she had no reason to deny herself.

“Today, you’re going to swear a new set of vows,” said Zane with a sinister chuckle, leaning back on his arms as Claire continues to stroke slowly up and down his drooling cock. “But these ones are going to be a lot easier to keep. Because they are going to work with your natural instincts, not against them.”

Even in the depths of her increasingly desperate lust, Claire frowned uneasily. “Z… I’m not going to marry…”

Zane laughed. “Don’t worry, Claire Bear. This isn’t going to be a traditional ceremony. Just a pledge that… let’s just say recognizes certain realities. Not a marriage. Just a little kinky fun. Now…”

The camera zoomed in on Claire’s pumping fist as a line of precum dripped down the outer side of her fingers and over her golden wedding ring.

“Do you, Claire, take this thick fucking cock to be your master and obsession from this day forward? To suck and to fuck, to faithfully serve with every hole, for as long as your master desires?”

Claire could not have rolled her eyes harder. It was beyond cheesy… but despite herself, she had to admit that the idea of pledging herself to Zane's cock on video was kind of hot. She raised her eyebrows and looked up into Zane's sneering face, pumping her hand faster and faster up and down his raging erection.

“I do.”

Zane reached to his side and picked up a box that Claire hadn’t noticed before. “Open it,” he urged, looking like he could barely hold back his excitement.

Claire took her hands off his cock for a moment, absentmindedly wiping the slick precum onto her dress, and opened the wooden box. She was confused to see a shining golden ring inside… but one that seemed to be the wrong size. It was way too big around to fit on a finger.

Zane chuckled and flexed his cock, making it bounce obscenely. “Well, wifey… Let’s make your little pledge official. Slip that ring on. A symbol of your faithfulness to utter slutty submission.”

Zane had really pulled out all the stops to make this cheesy, farcical ceremony as embarrassing as possible. But, despite its hokey nature, Claire was getting more and more aroused by the depravity of it all… It might be silly, but she was still pledging herself to Zane’s cock on camera. Her heart began beating faster, and the heat in her body flared higher as she reached into the box and pulled out the heavy golden ring.

It was a snug fit, and only fit over the bulbous head of Zane's raging erection with the help of his precum as lube. With difficulty, Claire managed to slip it down until it sat tight around the root of Zane’s magnificent cock, shining dully to match the ring on her own finger. With it in place, Zane’s cock seemed to swell further, menacing in its bulging length.

“You may now kiss the cock,” said Zane proudly.

Summer crowded even closer as Claire rose a little on her knees and leaned forward. Suddenly, the memory of her wedding day flooded her mind. Standing for what felt like an eternity as the priest droned on and on…. Focusing on keeping a beautiful, serene expression on her face… getting mildly annoyed as Dan got weepy… When it came time for the kiss, she was so focused

on the angle of the shot the photographer was snapping and looking good that she barely focused on the kiss itself at all.

This time was different. The camera seemed to fade into the background as she made smoldering, electric eye contact with her illicit lover. She gripped his thick cock around the base with a little metallic click as their rings collided. Her soft lips mashed up against the pulsing surface of his swollen cock head, smearing them with slick, salty precum. She lived in the moment, relishing the feel of his cock beneath her lips, the intense stare of his eyes on hers.

Guided by instinct, her lips parted, dragging over his sensitive head as she took him into her mouth, slowly tracing every inch of his hot, velvety skin with her curious tongue. She was in a world with only him, maintaining her intense eye contact, and in that heated moment, she meant every word of her pledge, silly or not. She would be his. Belong to him in a primal way that Dan could never manage. In a way, their sexual bond was more real than any marriage.

Claire began bobbing her head, gripping the base of Zane's cock tight as she took his cock deeper and deeper, leaving it shining with her thick, eager saliva. She wasn't just doing it to please him now. The feeling of his powerful thickness plunging between her gripping lips again and again fueled the submissive lust inside her, turning the wet heat between her thighs into a raging inferno of desire. She needed him… and she would make any pledge, humiliate herself on camera in a thousand ways, to earn the deep fucking she craved. Finally she swallowed him whole, taking him all into her tight, wet throat, sealing her lips around the obscene wedding ring at the base of his cock, the symbol of her complete submission.

"Wait, wait, hold up," said Zane in a pleasure-roughened voice, tapping Claire to signal her to withdraw before her enthusiastic blowjob made him cum. "There's something that I've always wanted to try…"

He reached down and wormed two thick fingers into the delicate lace of the obscene dress, just below Claire's tits, ripping a little hole in the gauzy fabric.

Then he grabbed her shoulder and raised her up firmly but carefully, and slid his cock up into the hole he had just made in her bodice.

"Press those tits together, blushing bride," grunted Zane. "Since it's our wedding night, it's only appropriate that I claim you in a whole new way."

Claire was only dimly aware of what a titfuck was. It was the sort of sex act that seemed much more appropriate for porn than a real-life bedroom. Even more so than a blowjob, tit fucks seemed like an act that was wholly focused on the man's pleasure. For her, all she felt was awkwardness and embarrassment as she pressed her tits together, her stiff nipples scraping against the sheer lace covering them as she created a warm, squishy tunnel for Zane to fuck. But as Zane began thrusting, moving his hips and grunting in pleasure as his leaking cock quickly spread a slick layer of precum over the inner swell of her tits, Claire began to get more and more turned on.

Not because the feeling of Zane's cock between her breasts was particularly stimulating, but because of the disgraceful way she was being used. Her beautiful breasts were being claimed and defiled by the cock she had just pledged herself to. Her rock-hard nipples ached against her palm as she felt the hot, hard girth of Zane's cock press against her breasts. She was sure that the sight must be solid gold as far as the porn video was concerned. Zane's monstrous cock speared upward again and again from between the luscious tits she clutched tight in her hands,

pressing against the lace at the top of her bodice and leaving a dark splotch of precum there from its seeping head.

This wasn't her actual wedding dress, of course. Claire was pretty sure hers was still hanging deep in a closet somewhere. But Zane had deliberately modeled this one after her original dress, apart from his pornographic modifications, and now he was deliberately defiling it. Ripping holes to insert his throbbing cock and staining its pure white lace with his lustful juices.

Claire was staining the lace of her panties with juices of her own, and although Zane sliding his thick cock between her pressed-together tits on camera was arousing in its own humiliating way, Claire needed to get fucked.

"Z... There's one thing that every bride expects on her wedding night," she said in a throaty growl, staring up at Zane as his hips pumped, fucking her heavy, round tits, poking upward out of her soft cleavage again and again with lewd noises of squishing precum. "Fuck me."

Zane laughed, thrusting his cock up so hard it strained against the delicate lace of the bodice, just inches below Claire's face. She bent to kiss it, running her tongue over the lace's thin, scratchy surface, tasting the salty precum seeping through.

"If only past you could see you now. The proud, haughty social climber... on her knees begging to get fucked by the pudgy pervert she despised."

Claire flushed red. He was right. She had tried to stay strong for so long and hold on to her pride, only to crumble completely into utter submission. Trying to resist Zane had been the greatest and most humiliating defeat of her life... but there was a good reason she had lost. Zane might be the most infuriating little prick she had ever met, but he had opened an entire new world of sexuality for her. And going back to the tame, dull feeling of sex with her loving husband after experiencing what Zane had to offer felt unacceptable

So she pushed past Zane's teasing, standing and withdrawing Zane's stiff cock from the same ragged hole in the lace he had slipped it into in the first place. It left her tits slippery and shining on their inner surface from his copious precum, and her nipples pressing tight against the lace bodice, throbbing from the prolonged stimulation of her breasts.

Zane looked up at her, surprised, but not displeased, as she pushed him back onto the bed, his cock sticking straight up into the air along with his blubbery gut.

"Just shut the fuck up for once," said Claire wearily, planting a knee on either side of his hips and tugging her soaking wet white panties roughly to the side. "In case you didn't know, genius, weddings usually involve vows from both sides. And since this thing can't talk..." She reached beneath her and gripped his hard cock in one hand, slapping it into her other palm roughly and making their rings click against each other once again. "Your cock is going to have to peldge itself to me physically rather than verbally."

Zane chuckled, grabbing Claire's hips and lifting her slightly so she could position his cock at her hot, dripping entrance, shuddering with delight as his bulging head slid through her senstitive folds. "You know what? You got it, Claire Bear. This is your special day after all..."

His strong hands slowly lowered her. Summer brought the camera closer, zooming in and capturing a perfect HD video as Zane's thick pock spread her lips wide, penetrating her dripping pussy.

Claire threw her head back with a low, throaty moan of pure satisfaction, biting her lip and squeezing her eyes shut to better savor the sensation as Zane sank into her slick, velvety depths inch by inch, filling her completely with hot, throbbing cock. The difference between Zane and her husband was night and day, and because she was riding Zane cowgirl, the comparison was even more sharp.

Last night, she had given her husband every opportunity. She had tried her utmost to enjoy sex with him. And it had been a complete failure. His earnest thrusts and words of love had failed to arouse her. As Claire slowly sank, relishing every vein and curve as she impaled herself on Zane's dick, she had already enjoyed herself more than she had all evening with her husband before he even reached the bottom.

Finally, her plump ass squished down onto Zane's hairy thighs. Claire sat atop him like a queen on her throne, taking deep, ragged breaths as she felt her pussy greedily contracting around his cock. "Fuck you feel good," she groaned, grinding and shifting her hips around to feel the thickness of his dick inside her and provide delicious pressure on her clit as it rubbed against his skin.

"Better than hubby's?" asked Zane with a wicked grin, his fingers sinking possessively into the softness of Claire's womanly hips.

"Don't talk about him," whined Claire breathlessly as Zane began thrusting upward into her with short, teasing strokes, making her whole body throb with needy desire. "I don't… I don't want to think about him right now."

Zane's chuckle was pure evil. He let his hands rest as Claire began to do his work for him, bouncing her perfect ass up and down, slapping it against Zane's hairy thighs again and again as she sheathed his rigid length in her hot, wet pussy. "Too bad, wifey, because that's exactly who I want to talk about right now. You really thought you were going to get away with dressing up in a wedding dress and pledging yourself my cock without talking about how you already have a husband? Sorry, Claire Bear, but your viewers want to know who you really belong to."

Zane gestured toward the camera, and Claire shook her head, distracted by the deeply satisfying feeling of Zane's cock plunging into her deepest parts. It was like an itch being scratched, but so much more pleasurable. She could barely even focus on his taunting words. "It's… f-fuck Z, he's not the same. He loves me, but he can't fuck me like this. He couldn't fuck me like this in a thousand years."

"And why is that?" asked Zane, beginning to pump his hips upward in long, smooth strokes, meeting Claire's bounces in perfect harmony. "What's the difference between him and me?" The slits of the wedding dress allowed it to spread to either side of them, but Claire's bucking hips still sent the pure white fabric puffing up and down dramatically, the rustling sounds of cloth almost but not quite drowning out the wet, sloppy sounds of Zane's cock filling her pussy over and over.

"F-fuuuuck," moaned Claire, leaning forward and planting her hands on Zane's flabby chest to gain leverage as her hips began to buck faster. "He's kind, and you're an asshole. He's handsome, and you're a fucking troll. And you… Oh God you're so much more of a man than him!"

Her braless tits bounced and jiggled from the force of her squats, making her nipples scrape against the lace of her bodice, sending crackling blots of sexual pleasure through every nerve. It

also probably provided an excellent view for the camera. Summer hovered close, taking in the breathtaking sight as Claire, all sinful curves and pure white lace, humped her lover's cock with slutty abandon. Not only was the erotic sight of her bouncing tits captured perfectly by the camera, but the dramatic slit up the front of the dress allowed a perfect view from the front as the lips of Claire's juicy mound hugged the slippery, plunging shaft of Zane's cock. The heavy gold ring on the base of his cock, the symbol of Claire's commitment to total sexual submission, glinted in the mood lighting as Claire's juices dripped and ran down it.

"Your cock is bigger!" gasped Claire, her hips winding and grinding downward in needy circular movements, desperate to feel every inch of Zane's cock. "You're more dominant… more confident… You get what you want, and don't take no for a fucking answer. Dan could n-never do that. I fucking hated you, and I still couldn't resist this fucking cock."

"And I couldn't resist this perfect fucking body," grunted Zane. He reached up and grabbed two handfuls of the dress. "You're a little too slutty to wear white anyway. Let's give the camera a look at what you're really working with."

Claire gasped as Zane strained, ripping the white dress right in fucking half. For a second, she was stunned by the act of masculine forcefulness and strength. She realized a second later that Zane must have commissioned the dress with a weak seam in order to make the aggressive act much easier than usual, but she had to grudgingly admit that it was kind of hot to be forcefully stripped like that.

Summer backed up a little, looking a little horny herself despite her experience with pornography as she captured Claire's body in all its glory.

Claire's tanned skin gleamed lightly with sweat, her heavy, round tits shifting and bouncing with the force of her gasps, marked with a bear tattoo as a symbol of Zane's ownership and topped with big, stiff, slutty nipples. The hourglass of her waist widened into broad, womanly hips supporting her plump, luscious ass. Her thick thighs gripped the blubberly bulk of Zane beneath her, instinctively holding tight to the man who had conquered her. The only things she wore now were sheer white stockings, a lacy garter belt to hold them up, ivory high heels, and lily white panties that had once looked almost innocent, but were now soaking wet and pulled roughly to the side to expose her shaved pussy and the cock spreading it wide.

"That's fucking right, Claire Bear," said Zane beneath her, with an oddly serious look in his eyes. "I'm a better man than little Danny boy could ever be. I'm your man now. And you're my woman. Let's prove that to the cameras. You've been aching for this since last night, right? When your pathetic hubby failed to satisfy you? Now I'm going to make you fucking cum. Like he can't."

Claire couldn't even respond. All that came out of her mouth was an ecstatic moan as Zane began to thrust upward into her, claiming her pussy as his own with deep, powerful strokes, filling and satisfying her in a way her husband never had. Claire leaned back, gripping the heels of her classy ivory heels and allowing the camera to get a perfect view of her perfect, curved form. Her bouncing tits, with their teddy bear tattoo. Her wide, swirling hips. Sights that only belonged to her husband were being captured forever in all their slutty glory.

"You're perfect, Claire," said Zane beneath her. "A fucking Goddess. You want a job that puts you on a pedestal? That shows everyone the incredible woman you are? This is fucking it. Thousands would worship your perfection if this was on my site. Let me fucking post it. Let me make you a star."

“No… fuuucking… waaaay,” said Claire in a whining moan. But she had to admit that the idea was intensely erotic… Although she would never admit it, Zane wasn’t wrong. She had always liked to be admired, although before she mostly preferred to be recognized for her mind and accomplishments rather than her body. Suddenly, the memory of when Zane had sent her to the restaurant in that slutty fucking dress flashed through her mind, and her pussy clenched hard around his cock. To be seen not by a few dozen people, but by hundreds… Not just in a revealing dress, but to see her fucked dominantly like a bitch in heat.

The idea was humiliating, but hot. So hot that it sent her tumbling over the edge of climax.

When Claire’s orgasm hit her, it gripped her whole body like a hot, sweaty fist, straining her muscles and sending hot blood pumping hard against her skin. Her pussy closed like a vice around her new obsession, desperately milking it for cum. Her thick thighs quaked with a pleasure her… her first husband had never been able to give her, and she shouted cries of deep, fulfilling ecstasy to the ceiling as she rode out the high, her tits bouncing heavily.

Finally, Claire relaxed, letting out a deep breath and collapsing forward to lay on Zane’s soft belly. She kissed him, hot and loose and wet. Maybe it wasn’t right to kiss during a porn shoot, but she couldn’t help it. Zane had bewitched her with his sexual prowess, and it was impossible to treat him like just any other man right now. For good or bad, he was right: he was her man, maybe even more so than the man she had actually married.

Claire’s half-lidded eyes shot open as she realized something… Zane’s cock was still as hard as a rock, pulsing with the beat of his heart inside her sloppy, freshly-fucked pussy.

Zane felt her surprise, and he chuckled, deep and nasty. “That’s right, Claire Bear. I can last a little longer with this cock ring on. And good thing too… because there’s one other thing we need to do tonight.

Suddenly, he surged upward, his thick cock slipping from Claire’s pussy as he moved. Claire’s muscles all felt pleasantly warm and loose after her powerful orgasm, so Zane was easily able to manhandle her into position, flipping her over and raising her hips while keeping a firm hand on her shoulder to get her into a face-down, ass-up doggystyle position. Her hips arched dramatically to present the delicious site of her thick ass and drooling pussy to the camera.

What? Doggy style? Thought Claire fuzzily through her pleasant post-orgasmic haze. *Well, that’s fine, he could have just fucking asked.* She wiggled her butt enticingly, ready to get fucked down into the mattress by Zane’s cock.

She didn’t quite realize what was happening when Summer leaned over and handed something to Zane. It wasn’t until he pulled apart her fat cheeks and she felt the cool dollop of lube on her asshole that she realized what he had in mind. A shock of panicked adrenaline pulsed through her, and she tried to rise, but Zane had foreseen her reaction, and in her post-orgasmic state, a firm hand on her shoulders was enough to pin her down.

“Z! I… I can’t,” whimpered Claire, not even thinking about how weak she must sound on the camera. “I’ve never done… that before.”

“Relax, Claire Bear. Just breathe,” said Zane soothingly. “Summer, cut the recording for a second.”

Summer lowered the camera, and Zane took his hand off Claire’s shoulder. She straightened up a little, the panic subsiding.

“I want you to try this,” said Zane seriously, “But I’m not going to force you. Not for something that might hurt you if you aren’t ready.”

Claire felt an odd sense of shame creep through her, like she was letting Zane down. “Even though I was supposed to do everything you say today?” she asked sheepishly.

Zane laughed. “Listen, Claire, it’s not fun for me if the women I’m with aren’t having a good time. Every time I’ve pushed you up until now, it’s because I thought you would be turned on by it in the end. But this is different. As I said, this could actually physically hurt you if you aren’t completely on board… But it *is* something I want from you. It’s sort of the ultimate submission. And it's also something that Dan has never gotten.”

Claire bit her lip. Her initial instinct was to say hell no. Zane wasn’t the first guy to try to sweet-talk her into anal. Some guys just saw her juicy ass, and it became a sort of obsession. She had never been the least bit tempted, and, in fact, had gotten annoyed at some past boyfriends for even bringing it up. In fact, one of the points in Dan’s favor had been that he never worked up the courage to ask her about anal. If vaginal penetration had never done it for her in the past, she was certain anal wouldn’t be pleasurable. And it just felt… a little embarrassing. And too submissive. On the other hand, embarrassing and submissive was how most of her sexual encounters with Zane had gone so far, and he had taught her how fun those feelings could be in bed.

Even looking at Zane’s cock right now, massive and throbbing, and thinking about it going into her ass made Claire shiver. She could see the sincerity in Zane’s eyes. He was serious about making this her choice, but it was something he badly wanted. And the fact that he was so passionate about it did kind of turn her on. Besides, she appreciated the fact that he was being a little more careful about pushing her boundaries after he went too far last week at the club. Maybe she should reward that impulse.

“I’m… not sure that I can,” said Claire reluctantly. She stared at Zane’s cock with nervous reluctance. Even if she was inclined to give it a try, what if it was just… physically impossible?

“That’s fine,” said Zane confidently, waving her objections away as if they were of no consequence. “All that matters is that you want to give it a try. If it doesn’t work, it doesn’t work. We’ll just cut out that part of the video.”

Claire gulped and nodded, the reality hitting home that she had actually agreed to this. She was going to get fucked in the ass. The thought filled her with hot, wet, trembling desire. It felt like a whole new level of submission. Zane guided her back to the position they had just left, firmly pressing her shoulder downward while lifting up on her hips with his other hand, arching her back, and leaving her vulnerable and exposed. Claire’s nipples throbbed as they pressed downward into the silky sheets that had seen countless filthy sex acts. Her pussy leaked eager juices down her thigh, even though it wasn’t going to see any action. Summer lifted the camera again and gave a silent countdown with her fingers.

Claire could feel her pulse drumming hot and heavy through her veins. Her breath came in hot gulps. Zane laid a hand on her ass, and she shuddered, half in arousal, half in intimidation.

Then Zane did something that Claire never expected. He suddenly leaned forward, one hand on either cheek, and pulled them apart. Claire had just enough time to feel the heat of his breath on her asshole before he had nestled himself between her thick cheeks, his tongue slipping in to squirm, wet and hot, over her most intimate area.

Claire grunted in surprise, her back arching and her fingers digging into the sheets beneath her at the strange, intimate feeling. The odd, pleasurable sensation of Zane's tongue on her asshole surprised her out of her stress, and suddenly all she could think about was how good it felt despite its unfamiliarity. Well… that and the fact that she was currently having her ass eaten on camera by one of the ugliest men she had ever met.

"Mmm, that's it, wifey," said Zane with a chuckle as he came up for air. "See how good my tongue feels on your little rosebud? It's so fucking tight… No other man has ever been here, has he?"

He dived back in, and Claire felt a low, slutty moan dragged out from deep inside her. She bit her lip hard and tried to muffle it, but her back arched even harder, instinctively presenting her asshole to her lover's tongue. It felt so strange… the pleasure that was flooding through her from between her thick cheeks was unlike anything she had ever experienced. "No…" she panted. "I… I've never let anyone else near my ass."

"But I bet every guy who ever fucked you wanted to," said Zane wickedly, rising and swirling a finger around Claire's tight, twitching hole, pressing softer, then harder against the tight sphincter. "Even your hubby has never even touched you here, has he? I bet he wanted to so fucking bad… just too much of a pussy to ask."

Claire whined and squirmed at the intense sensation of Zane's probing finger. But it wasn't discomfort anymore. She was beginning to feel a need… almost an itch. She wanted more. Something deeper and more satisfying than this teasing. She didn't particularly want to talk about Dan right now, but she knew that she was expected to respond, and Zane wouldn't let her weasel out of it.

"No. Not even my husband," she said, hanging her head and trying to hide her combined blush and expression of sexual need.

"But that's perfect," said Zane, pressing slowly with his finger, increasing the pressure. "What's more appropriate than giving up your virginity on your wedding night? I'm about to make you my woman in a whole new way, Claire Bear. Something that only belongs to me."

Glaire groaned and twisted two sweaty fistfuls of sheets in her hands as Zane increased the pressure more and more. His thick finger slipped inside her… and it felt so fucking weird. But weird in a way that made the needy sexual curiosity swell up inside her until she thought it might burst. She couldn't get the idea of being butt fucked by Zane out of her head… of being bent over and fucked in a way no man had ever done. Conquered and dominated completely by the man she had surrendered to.

She needed it.

"Stop…" she groaned.

Zane froze, withdrawing his finger. Clearly, he thought that Claire was trying to call off the anal sex, just like he had promised she could. But he misunderstood. Claire just needed to catch her breath.

"Stop talking about it and just fuck me," she moaned, wiggling her virgin ass temptingly and giving him bedroom eyes over her shoulder. "Your blushing bride wants to give you her last and dirtiest virginity. Don't make her wait."

Zane looked at her with wide eyes, then a wide grin spread across his face. “What the lady wants, the lady gets,” he rumbled, reaching for the lube once again and squirting a healthy glob onto his finger.

Claire’s stomach swooped and knotted with lust and fear. She had talked a big game just now, but God… she sneaked a nervous glance at the thick, throbbing rod of meat between Zane’s thighs as he leaned forward and smeared the cool, thick goo against her tingling asshole. She wanted to try, but that didn’t make her less nervous. *His cock feels impossibly big when it stretches out my pussy… can it even fucking fit inside my ass?*

She was about to find out one way or the other. With the lube applied, Zane grabbed his cock, with its shining gold cock ring gleaming in the light and nestled it between Claire’s luscious cheeks. Claire sucked in a breath as it pressed against the tight ring of her ass. It felt impossibly huge against her. Monstrous in its heat and girth. Her whole body throbbed with adrenaline and lust, her nipples as hard as bullets as they pressed down into the soft sheets.

Zane laid a soothing hand on a quivering ass cheek. “Just breathe, sweetheart,” he said calmly. “We’ll go slow. Ready?”

Claire bit her lip and nodded, and Zane slowly moved forward. Claire groaned and strained at the alien feeling on the tenderest part of her body. The pressure grew and grew, her asshole twitching against the hot, fleshy bulge of her lover’s cock. Zane pressed forward harder, and Claire began to feel that the whole thing was impossible. The feeling of Zane’s cock rubbing against her tight virgin hole was pleasant in the same strange way his tongue had been, but it just couldn’t fit.

But Zane just kept pressing, leaning his bulk forward until the intense pressure on her anus actually began to hurt a little. Claire gritted her teeth, trying to push through and give this a real try… but it was clear that Zane was too big and her ass was just too small.

She was about to open her mouth and call things off when Zane pushed forward one last time with a grunt of effort. And suddenly, with a feeling of resistance giving way, Zane’s bulbous cockhead slipped inside.

“Fuck!” Claire gasped at the sudden intense feeling of intrusion. It hurt! And it was humiliating! Summer got closer with the handheld camera, zooming in close between Claire's cheeks to capture the shameful sight: Claire's perfect, fat ass speared and conquered at last.

“Shhh,” crooned Zane as her newly deflowered asshole spasmed and clenched around the head of his cock. “You're doing so well, Claire Bear. Just breathe and relax. Focus on my voice.”

His hand slipped between her legs and began slowly rubbing her wet, aching pussy, sending waves of pleasure through her that went a long way toward distracting her from the pain of her first anal penetration. Slowly, she began to relax as she took deep breaths and focused on the pleasure radiating outward from her pussy. The cock in her ass stopped feeling quite as painful, and as Zane felt her sphincter reluctantly loosen, he pushed a little deeper. Slowly, slowly, he worked his way in. Inch by inch, impaling her perfect ass with his thick, dominant cock. As he slowly slid inside, Claire let out a little whimper, then a soft moan. As he worked, the pain from his first intrusion was transforming little by little into a new type of pleasure.

Pleasure that was strange and foreign and humiliating and oh so deliciously submissive. Zane was forcing himself into a place that Claire thought would always be off limits, and the sensation was better than she ever could have imagined.

Finally, Zane stopped. All the way. Balls deep. The thick golden ring at the base of his cock pressed against her conquered butthole, the touch of metal reminding her of her illicit pledge. Zane paused there, his thick, powerful length pulsing inside her, spreading her wide and packing her full. Summer captured the moment forever, Claire on her hands and knees, her back arched to offer her ass up to be fucked, moaning like a slut for her first anal penetration.

And then Zane began moving again, slowly pulling out, her tight hole gripping his shaft as it slid outward, clinging to him like she never wanted him to leave. Claire gasped and groaned, thighs shaking as the new sensation washed over her. It was a completely different kind of pleasure from when Zane fucked her pussy. There was an intense feeling of fullness. And also one of satisfaction, like when she stretched her muscles long and hard.

She craved more.

“Fuck me,” she said in a rough, lustful whisper. “Fuck my ass, Z. Show me who owns it.”

For once without a little quip, Zane did just that, slowly picking up speed until he was sliding in and out of her asshole with long, deep strokes, his golden cock ring bumping up against her asshole again and again as he packed every inch of his cock into her tight asshole.

“God damn,” he groaned in satisfaction, reaching down to give Claire’s thick rump a little spank and watching it bounce and jiggle. “So many fucking guys must have wanted inside this ass. But only one got to. Only one.” His pace picked up speed, and by this point, Claire was warmed up enough that it was no problem; she easily accommodated Zane’s faster pumping thrusts.

Claire’s arousal built higher and higher. She pushed back into his cock and slid her hand between her shaking thighs to touch herself while Zane fucked her, moaning desperately down into the sheets. Even through the haze of her arousal, Claire noticed that Summer had unbuttoned the front of her jeans and was touching herself as well as she filmed the erotic sight.

Claire couldn’t imagine that the professional camera woman normally masturbated while filming, but she couldn’t exactly blame Summer. It must have been an overwhelmingly erotic sight to see a curvy goddess like Claire bouncing her fat ass backward into Zane’s thrusting cock. Her slutty moans contrasted with the pure white innocence of her stockings and garter belt, a kinky mixture of innocent bride and anal slut.

Zane was fucking her hard and fast now, driving her down into the mattress with the force of his powerful thrusts, grunting with effort and pleasure as he drove forward into her pillowy butt over and over, stretching her wide, forming her asshole around the shape of his cock. It began to hurt a little once again, but the pain blended with Claire's pleasure in a way she never dreamed possible. She frantically bounced her hips backward into Zane’s driving cock, biting the sheets beneath her and seething in pain and shameful pleasure.

Crack

Zane spanked her again, harder than before as he rode her ass, primally claiming her. “Fuck, Claire,” he grunted. ‘You have to let me fucking post this. I want everyone who has ever stared at

this fat fucking ass to know that I fucking took it. I want everyone to see how you submitted to me."

"Nooo," moaned Claire, panting with overwhelming lust. That slow, deep feeling of stretching satisfaction was blending with the sweet ache of pain and the feeling of her rubbing fingers between her thighs to push her towards orgasm once again, this time even stronger than the one Zane had given her earlier. It was getting hard to think. But she knew that she couldn't give in to this request. It would be burning down her whole life! She couldn't do that… no matter how fucking hot it sounded. "I c-can't do that, Zane. Never."

Zane gripped her hips, switching up his technique to fuck her slow and deep. "What if I blurred your face?" he asked in a wily, persuasive voice. "Hid your name? I never do that for any other woman, Claire, but that's how much I need people to see this. To see how fucking perfect you are."

Claire whined in pleasure and tortured indecision. She didn't want to be a porn star, did she? But who would fucking know? And then everyone would be able to see her… see how slutty she was. Watch Zane take her anal virginity while she begged for more. Where was the harm if no one would ever know it was her? She knew that it was wrong to have videos of her fucking on the internet… for some reason she couldn't think of right now. Zane's slow, teasing thrusts clouded her head, only letting her think about how fucking hot it would be.

"Maybe," she whispered down into the sheets, her whole body burning with a desperate need to orgasm.

"What's that? I couldn't hear you," said Zane sweetly with a tone of mocking triumph.

"I said maybe you fucking asshole!" moaned Claire, "Now fuck my fucking ass until I cum on your cock!"

Zane surged forward once again, fucking her firm and fast, his palm flashing down onto her bouncing cheeks until they were pink with palm prints. Driving Claire wild with the intense pleasure of raw, unfiltered male dominance. "Hey," he roughly growled, snapping his fingers at Summer, who was mesmerized by the erotic display, her hand stuffed down the front of her pants, "Go around front. I want you to get her face when she cums her fucking brains out."

Summer dutifully moved, and suddenly Claire had the camera right in front of her face as her orgasm rushed toward her. She went bright red, stung and aroused by the sudden reminder that she was being observed… maybe by thousands if she let Zane do what he wanted…

"Remember how you looked at your real wedding, Claire?" said Zane mockingly, his voice heavy with lust, "So annoyed and distracted and unhappy? I want you to remember that when you watch this… and see the difference. See what you look like at a wedding where you are having the time of your fucking life."

Moaning and straining and sweating, Claire rode into her first anal orgasm, bucking back enthusiastically into the monster cock splitting her open, showing her humiliating expression of submissive delight to the camera pointed right in her face. She could feel Zane cum inside her, but her didn't stop, continuing to plunge into her again and again, churning his jizz into a frothy mess inside her hot, sloppy asshole. He kept going as long as he could, prolonging Claire's moaning, trembling orgasm until his cock was too soft to penetrate her.

Then, while Claire was lying ass-up in a blissful daze, He reached down to her hand and slipped the wedding band off her finger. He beckoned Summer back toward him as he set up the final shot.

Claire's thick, juicy ass was stuck in the air, reddened by spanks. Between her fat cheeks, her freshly fucked asshole lightly gaped and leaked thick, perly cum. And right over it, framing her puckered hole perfectly, Zane had laid her wedding band, staining it with his cum.

"I fucking love weddings," said Zane with a grin.

"Ok, cut. That's a wrap."

...

About an hour later, Zane lay with Claire in bed, feeling satisfied by a good day's work. It hadn't been easy. In fact, at times, Claire had fought him tooth and nail. But he could sense it now. She was his. It might take a little while longer for her to realize how far she had fallen, but Zane truly didn't think anything was beyond his grasp at this point.

Claire was his now. Everything yet to come was just a formality.

"So... you said that you would let me post this video as long as I blur your face and remove your name," said Zane softly, testing the waters.

"I don't know," said Claire non-commitally. She looked exhausted now and was snuggled into Zane's shoulder, closing her eyes. "I said maybe. It seems like a huge risk. I mean, Dan subscribes to your site! I'm not sure it's worth it."

"You don't need to decide now. Just think about it," said Zane placidly. He was confident he could convince her over the next few days. He didn't think that Dan recognizing her would be a major issue. Denial was a powerful thing, and the key mole on her breast that would identify her was now covered up by a tattoo. If necessary, he could use Leah to throw him off the scent, but it would be fine if he was suspicious, as long as he wasn't certain. It was almost time for the finale after all.

Claire's phone buzzed once again next to her like it had a few times already. Claire had requested Summer fetch it for her before the camerawoman went off to edit footage, but so far she hadn't checked it.

They both knew who was probably calling. At this point, Claire had spent almost all day with Zane after giving Dan a lame excuse first thing in the morning. He was probably frantic with worry. But Claire made no effort to pick up the phone.

"He invited me on a cruise for our honeymoon," said Claire softly, turning her wedding band over and over in her hand. She still hadn't put it back on after rinsing it off in the sink. She let the sentence hang between them, with just a hint of a question on the end.

She wasn't sure if she should go anymore. She was no longer certain about her relationship with Dan. She was fishing to see if Zane would tell her not to go.

But Zane had other ideas in mind. This was never going to end with Claire respectfully divorcing Dan. Where was the fun in that? No, Zane had had something much more fun in mind when he told Dan he would pay for their honeymoon.

“I think you should go,” said Zane firmly. “In fact, send me the details of the cruise he picked out. I want to book a trip on the same boat.”

Claire’s eyes snapped open, and she stared at him warily, a frown forming on her face. She might be his now, but Claire was never going to be a simple or easy woman to handle.

“Why is that?” she asked suspiciously. “You can’t seriously expect to fuck me while I’m on a honeymoon with Dan…”

It was time. Zane had to convince Claire to cuckold Dan. Not behind his back, but out in the open. Rubbing his nose in his defeat up close and personal. It was what Zane had dreamed about from the first moment that stupid, self-absorbed pretty boy had talked down to him in that restaurant. But he needed to introduce this carefully. Claire might have finally realized that her relationship with Dan wasn’t viable, but that didn’t mean she would be on board for utterly crushing him. She would need the proper explanation to go through with the cruelty Zane had in mind…

Option A: The first option was to prey on Claire’s guilt and remaining love for Dan. She now knew that her husband would never be able to physically satisfy her… But she had already been shown a relationship that accommodated Zane into a new dynamic. If Zane could convince Claire that Dan would accept the role of cuck, she might think that that was the kindest possible solution. Dan could stay as her cuck husband and Zane would be her full-time lover. It worked for Leah and Bill, why not for her and Dan? Now, whether Dan would be happy with that remained to be seen, but Zane thought the possibility could get Claire to give it a try.

Option B: Time to bring out the big guns. Both Zane and Dan had refrained from revealing the original Bet to Claire up until now because of the fear of mutually assured destruction. But Zane thought he was past that now. Even if he revealed the Bet, he thought that Claire was too addicted to him now to give him up… but Dan would catch the full brunt of her wrath. In fact, Claire might be so angry that she was willing to put on a little slutty show to demonstrate exactly how badly Dan had lost…

Option C: Claire wasn’t ready yet… all in good time. In fact, Zane thought it would be better if he engineered a situation on the boat so that the cuckolding was a surprise for both of them. If he could get Dan to walk in on him and Claire fucking, and then convince Claire to continue even while her pathetic husband watched… that might be the ultimate victory. For now, he had to play innocent.

The Bet - Chapter 27.5

[Please. You've got to tell me. Is it her?]

Dan tossed his phone to the table and buried his head in his hands, trying to ignore the insistent throb of his cock. He had just jerked off 20 minutes ago, but even though his cock was sore and chapped, he was ready to go once again.

His phone buzzed in response, and he scooped it up only to read:

[I don't know, Danny Boy. You ought to know your own wife better than me. Does it look like her? Does it sound like her?]

It did. That was the problem. The woman who had just made her debut appearance on Zane's website had her face blurred and her voice altered. Added to that the regular black boxing of her nipples and pussy that came with Dan's "Beta Edition" of the website, and a great deal of the woman on the screen was obscured. Really, it could have been anyone with a curvy build and dark hair.

But that didn't stop her from ringing a bell. Part of Dan's subconscious brain told him that the way she moved and the cadence of her altered voice were the same as his wife's, even though he knew Claire would never get a bear tattoo in a million years.

[I don't know.] He texted truthfully. He and Claire were already packing for their upcoming cruise, which was supposed to be the celebration of their love and marriage… but there was a reason why this sudden new video update had him more worried than he would have been normally. Claire had been oddly distant lately.

And there had been that day last week. She had disappeared in the middle of the night, and her only excuse was some vague work emergency. She hadn't come home until the following evening, and when she did, she went straight to bed with scarcely a hello.

[Tell me the truth, Dan. Is this turning you on?]

Dan groaned. His sore, chafed cock was at full-mast again, dribbling precum. God help him… Leah had put her finger right on the truth again. After he had won the bet, he felt like the troubling, humiliating arousal and suspicion were behind him, but recent events had brought it back to the surface, stronger than ever before.

But he couldn't tell Leah that. Not even if she was helping him think through things. She already thought he was a loser as it was.

[No. Of course not.] He stared at the text for a solid minute before he sent it. It sounded a lot more confident than he felt, but maybe he could fake it until he made it.

He waited a little for a response, but it seemed like Leah was done for the day. Dan sighed and set his phone aside. He really should finish packing. But first, he squirted another blob of lotion into his hand and scrolled the progress bar back to the beginning of the video. He would watch it one more time, just to be certain that it wasn't her.

…

"Fuck!" hissed Claire, seizing Perlah's silky black hair tighter in her hand as she ground her spasming, climaxing cunt all over her cute little assistant's face.

Despite the petite Asian servicing her under the desk, Claire's attention was laser-focused on the screen of the tablet in her other hand, where her debut video played over and over.

She couldn't fucking believe she had let Zane talk her into this. Even thinking about the fact that there was a professionally shot porn video of her live on the internet sent Cascades of erotic humiliation roaring through her. When she watched it, those feelings grew even stronger, letting her chain orgasms together as she watched her pussy stretched open by Zane's thick cock again and again.

The comments were almost as erotic to her as the video itself. Hundreds of anonymous men gushing over how fucking hot she was… how much they wished they could fuck her… how many hot, sticky loads they had wasted jerking off to her body. The thought of so many strangers lusting for her sent pleasant tingles through Claire's body. She had been checking and rechecking the comments for days, and it almost always led to another masturbation session.

Her identity seemed to be well hidden, at least. Her biggest fear had been that her husband, who was intimately familiar with her naked body, might recognize her, but he hadn't said a thing.

And besides, she didn't particularly care about hurting her husband's feelings for the moment.

Even thinking about Dan sent a wave of fury through her, turning her off and choking out her glorious rolling orgasm. She sighed and tossed the tablet onto her desk, digging the heels of her hands into her eyes.

A bet. A fucking bet. As if her virtue was a fucking horse race or a college football game. And even worse than the flippancy of it was the direct effect that the bet had. Dan had practically turned Zane loose on her, giving his perverted pornographer friend free rein to harass and seduce his wife.

No wonder he had been jerking off to Zane's website and exhibiting cuckold tendencies. He had practically served her up to Zane on a silver platter.

Honestly, Claire wasn't sure how she felt about Zane anymore either. On the one hand, his pursuit of her was rendered even more crass and chauvinistic by the fact that it was all a dick measuring contest and competition. But, on the other hand, he had always been an asshole. Zane wore his disgusting, lustful heart on his sleeve and had never pretended to have pure motives when it came to conquering Claire. So… maybe that made it better?

Claire didn't know what to think. She had met up with Zane a few days after he told her the truth about The Bet, but they hadn't talked about it. Instead, Zane had spent the evening slowly teasing her with his cock until she couldn't think straight, and getting her to agree to post the porn video. It had been good to turn off her brain and enjoy herself, but seeing Zane again hadn't gotten her any closer to figuring out how she felt about him. Dan was easy. A husband should never make a bet like that. But Zane had her stumped.

Perlah's nuzzling and licking between her thighs felt as good as always, but Claire wasn't in the mood anymore. She reached down to tap her assistant on the head when an unexpected guest interrupted them.

"Wow," said Leah as she peeked in the door, a wicked smile lighting up her face. "I thought you guys did design here. I would visit way more often if I had known that cunt munching was your main pastime."

Claire scooted back from Perlah and clapped her thighs shut with a blush and a scowl. “What are you doing just waltzing in?” she asked irritably.

Leah shrugged, entering the room. “Door was open. You two should be more careful in case a client makes an unexpected stop.”

Claire made a little frustrated sound as she leaned down to pull her panties back into position. Truth be told, business had been slowing down a little. Claire was still producing good results for her current clients, but her efforts at scouting new projects had suffered from her distraction, and the client list was a little light these days as a result.

“And I’m surprised at you, Pearls,” teased Leah as Perlah got to her feet, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, “I didn’t take you for the type of submissive secretary who serves her boss under the desk.”

Perlah grinned at her and winked. “I’m not. She had to promise me something pretty special so I would help her out. Zane broke her ass in the other day, and I want to be her second ever with my strap.”

Leah giggled and started to say something that Claire certainly did not want to hear, so she cut through the chatter with an annoyed, “Leah, if you don’t have a reason to be here, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

Leah’s jovial, teasing air fell away with a sigh, and she dropped into the chair across from Claire's desk. “I didn’t just come to make a pest of myself, Claire. We need to talk about your husband.”

Claire snorted in derision, but Leah's now-serious expression didn’t budge. Claire couldn’t imagine what an obnoxious slut like Leah had to say to her about Dan, but she was confused anyway. What could it hurt to hear what she had to say? The worst that could happen was that it was useless and she needed to kick Leah out.

“Fine. Perlah, can we have the room?”

Perlah seemed to read the serious atmosphere and ducked out gracefully, leaving the two women alone in Claire’s office.

“Well?” said Claire with a raised eyebrow, leaning back in her chair and crossing her arms.

“Dan is falling apart,” said Leah simply. “He still doesn’t know what’s going on exactly, but he suspects enough that it’s eating him up inside.”

Claire shook her head. “So you’ve been in touch with him, huh? I should have known. Well, I’m not shocked he’s beginning to worry. Dan is an idiot, but even he should be putting the pieces together by now.”

Leah’s sad eyes were beginning to piss Claire off. “If you keep going down this path, you’re going to crush him completely. Is that really what you want?” Leah asked.

Claire leaned across the desk, the molten magma of anger that had been building inside her all week erupting from her mouth. “Maybe that’s exactly what he deserves! I’m going to give him a good, clear look at the results of his actions when we go on that cruise. He made a bet knowing for a fact that it meant Zane would try to seduce me! What kind of husband offers up his wife like that?”

Leah sighed. “A husband who trusts his wife completely,” she said dryly.

Claire thought that she was just about done with this conversation. If Leah thought she could tear-jerk Claire into forgiving her idiot of a husband, she was barking up the wrong tree.

But Leah did something unexpected. She pulled out her phone, saying, “I want you to take a look at something.” She passed the phone across to Claire, who had to admit that she was curious in spite of herself.

The image on the screen shocked her so badly that for a moment, she wasn’t even mad. It was a selfie of Leah and Dan, taken on an unfamiliar couch. Dan looked uncomfortable with his pants down around his ankles, and Leah looked smugly triumphant with her hand wrapped around Dan’s cock.

Claire rose from her chair, the shock wearing off to be replaced by white hot rage. “You… you fucking slut,” she growled, deep in her throat. “What are you trying to do here? Did you come in here wanting me to slap your face off? If you want me to forgive Dan, why show me this? It just makes me want to cuck that asshole even more!”

Leah looked like this was exactly what she expected. She grimaced wryly. “I’m not surprised that you’re angry. I would be too. But can you guess who told me to give your husband a handjob?”

Claire paused for a second, thinking quickly under the roaring, white hot rage on the surface. “Well… I’m guessing you’re going to say Zane did. But it doesn’t fucking matter! Why didn’t Dan just fucking refuse?”

Now, Leah looked a little frustrated. “Just like you refused each and every one of Zane’s games?’ she asked sarcastically. “That’s what I'm trying to say, Claire! Zane has been working on your husband just like he’s been working on you. How can you blame Dan for failing to resist when you couldn’t either?”

Claire huffed, refusing to let go of the anger warming her from within. “Dan was the one who started this in the first place! All he had to do was say no when Zane suggested the bet. Then we wouldn’t be in this mess at all.”

Leah gave her a flat glare. “Let me describe a situation, Claire, and you tell me if it sounds familiar. Zane is being a cocky ass, acting like he is unquestionably right when you know for a fact that he’s wrong. He’s being so obnoxious that it feels like it would be incredibly satisfying to prove him wrong and wipe that smile off his face.”

Claire frowned. She wasn’t stupid. She knew what Leah was saying. She had taken Zane on in similar circumstances more than once and lost her cool every time.

She sank back into her chair, no longer feeling lit up with rage, but as cold and dry as ash. “So… what?” she said wearily, “you just want me to forgive Dan? Ride off into the sunset with him and pretend it never happened?”

“No,” said Leah soberly, “Dan isn’t blameless. Neither are you. Maybe whatever sordid fucked up show that Zane is planning on that cruise needs to happen just to teach you both a lesson. But I want you to ask yourself… are you’re doing this because you truly want to see Dan suffer… or because it’s what Zane wants.”

Claire frowned at Leah silently for a moment, unsure of what exactly she meant. Of course going along with Zane on this was her decision. Sometimes Zane had managed to push her hard into

decisions she wasn't sure of. He had done it just the other day by convincing her to post the porn video online. But the idea of showing Dan the results of his actions on the cruise ship hadn't been one of those times. Claire had pounced on the idea immediately. Dan deserved to be punished for his foolishness, and even if she wasn't sure what to think about Zane, fucking him in front of her husband would certainly accomplish that.

Leah noted the disquiet on Claire's face and nodded knowingly. "You know what I mean," she insisted, "even if you don't want to admit it to yourself. Take it from me, Zane can be frustrating at first, but most women discover he can be strangely charming and fun beneath the surface."

Claire found herself nodding back. Zane wasn't the crude monster that she thought he was in the beginning. There was more to him, beneath the performative crassness and ugly exterior.

"But, you'll make a second discovery if you stick with him for too long," said Leah dryly, a faint bitterness in her expression. "Zane isn't as evil as he first appears, but he is… hollow. There's something missing in him that means he'll never be satisfied. In the end, he always loses interest in his latest obsession and begins working on a new girl. Always."

Claire scoffed. "What? Who cares?" she asked incredulously, "Do you think I'm planning on dating Zane?"

"Aren't you?" said Leah with a raised eyebrow. "You might not think of it that way, but you're burning your bridges with your husband and planning on exclusively fucking Zane. And I bet if he wants to take you for dinner or on weekend trips, you'll allow yourself to be persuaded. Call it whatever you want, but that might look like dating to an outside observer. Be careful, Claire. You'll think that you're different. That you're the one who's captured Zane's interest forever. You won't be the first. Or the last."

Now Claire was getting angry again. Not because Leah was being ridiculous, but because she was making too much sense. She recognised that she was reacting emotionally, but Leah was the last person she wanted to point out how her knee-jerk reactions might backfire.

"You know what? This just sounds like jealousy," said Claire haughtily. "You're not talking about me, you're talking about yourself. I have absolutely no emotional attachment to the little troll. But you do, don't you? You're the one who wants something more from him, and this is just your pathetic attempt to scare me away so you can pursue whatever twisted little relationship you're after."

It was a taunting barb intended to get Leah angry, but shockingly, she just sighed and nodded. "Yes. Yes, I fooled myself into thinking the twisted, fucked up threeway relationship that I had with Zane and Bill was special before you came along. But you're wrong about my intentions here. I'm not trying to scare you away to get Zane all for myself. In fact, regardless of what happens, I'm disentangling myself from Zane's entire situation. It will be hard, but not impossible, now that his interest is flagging. He actually asked me to go on this cruise with him as a sort of… facilitator. It will be my last hurrah. I need to cut ties before things get pathetic."

Claire stared at her in bewilderment. "But… you have his initials tattooed on you! You were…" she lowered her voice to a scandalized hiss, even though there was no one there who could overhear them, "You were going to let him knock you up for God's sake!"

Leah laughed. "Well, let's just say that I'm glad that I had this little epiphany before things went too far. Yes… Zane left his mark on me. And on my relationship with Bill. Maybe we'll find

another man to fill that role… or maybe it will always be the memory of Zane. But, even if my relationship with Bill has changed… I still have him. I made sure of it. Zane has already moved on to you, but Bill is there for me. Can you confidently say that you will have someone waiting for you when Zane loses interest?"

Claire didn't know what to say. She disagreed fundamentally with some of Leah's interpretations and insinuations, but the things she said were disturbing enough to at least give her pause. She stared at Leah, hand on her chin, for the first time in a few days, more thoughtful than mad.

Leah smoothly stood, not waiting for a response. "I've rained on your parade," she said apologetically with a little smile. "You're enjoying your debut, and plotting some very satisfying revenge on a husband who even I admit should have known better. Just… for the sake of my friendship with him, promise me that you'll think carefully over whether you want that revenge to teach him a lesson… or burn him to the ground."

Claire sighed. "I'll… consider what you've said."

Leah waved and left the office, and Claire could hear her chatting and giggling with Perlah for a few minutes. She didn't listen in, though. She had too much on her mind.

What exactly were her intentions with Zane? What were her intentions with Dan, for that matter? Zane was… intensely arousing. Every moment with him felt dangerous and heartpounding. Claire still held an intense dislike for him inside her, but their sexual chemistry was electrifying. Claire still didn't believe that she had any interest in a relationship with him beyond sex, no matter what Leah said, but when he was around, it was hard to focus on anything else, including her marriage or her career.

And Dan… Zane had opened her eyes that there had always been problems in her marriage. She just hadn't been willing to see them for what they were. She and Dan weren't sexually compatible like she was with Zane. It was hard to get past the fact that Dan had sold her out for a stupid bet. But was it true what Leah said? Was she being hypocritical by holding her husband to a higher standard than herself? And, as angry as she was right now, Dan was a good partner. Getting rid of him to focus on a purely sexual relationship was perhaps short-sighted.

Claire had a choice to make.

Option A) Focus on Zane. Maybe Leah was right, and Zane would forget about her someday. And maybe Claire couldn't imagine Zane as a boyfriend or God forbid, husband. But belonging to him and submitting to him sexually made Claire feel more alive than she had in years. It was rawly addictive to feel his intense sexual control, and Claire thought that maybe if she didn't embrace her relationship with the odious little man and explore this aspect of her sexuality fully, she would regret it. Her relationship with Dan was over. Time to see what twisted delights Zane had to offer.

Option B) Zane just wasn't something she could bet on long term. Dan had fucked up, and Claire had every intention of teaching him a lesson on that cruise ship. But maybe Dan was still what she needed long term. Whether that was a cuckold like Bill, or just an apologetic husband who promised to show her more respect, remained to be seen. Zane was a fun distraction, but maybe Leah was right. Maybe he just wasn't someone she could rely on. Maybe she could even transition into seeing a man a little less wily and dangerous than Zane to fulfill her sexual needs, while Dan remained her life partner.

Option C) In fact, maybe Claire didn't need either man. Just because she had sexual chemistry with Zane didn't mean that she needed to throw her life away for him. Just because she had wasted some time with Dan didn't mean she needed to keep up with that charade. There were lots of fish in the sea, and surely she could find a man who was more sexually dominant than Dan while being kinder and more trustworthy than Zane. Perhaps she should use the cruise to punish Dan, then punish Zane himself for his part in the Bet, and leave them both.

What should Claire do?

The Bet – Chapter 28

“Fuck! Give it to me, you fucking pig!” snarled Claire as she lay beneath Zane’s kneeling porcine form, using her hands to press her big, juicy tits together beneath the cock he was pumping rapidly in his fist. She was still reeling from the third back-arching, toe-curling orgasm he had given her that night, and at this point, anyone would agree that he deserved to cum wherever the fuck he wanted.

She moaned and bit her lip in perverse delight as Zane let go, spraying hot ropes of sticky sperm all over the heaving, sweaty globes in her hands. As the cum splashed all over her, she gazed over at the camera running in the corner, making a mental note to ask Zane for the video later. He had made it a habit to record all of their encounters since the porn shoot, and although the videos since then had all been more amateur-level than the first, Claire still found them thrilling to watch.

Zane finally groaned, flicked one last drop of cum down and off his cock onto Claire’s heaving tits, and threw himself down on the bed beside her.

Claire wrinkled her nose at the cooling spurts of jizz glazing her tits as the erotic heat of the moment faded, and Zane, seeing her discomfort, rolled over to grab a package of wet wipes from a drawer in the nightstand.

“Cruise starts tomorrow,” he said with his usual cocky smirk as he tossed the package to her. “Ready to teach your cuck of a husband a lesson he’ll never forget?”

“I mean,” said Claire with a raised eyebrow, plunking out a wipe and mopping up the sticky mess on her chest, “It sounds like fun, but I’m not sure what you want me to do exactly. You’re the evil mastermind here. I guess I was just waiting for you to appear and then follow your lead.”

“No, no, no, Claire Bear,” said Zane, sounding almost scandalized, rolling over on his side to give her a concerned look, “You have an incredibly important role tomorrow! I want Danny boy to be on the fucking edge by the time we make the big reveal.”

Claire slowed her cleaning and circled one of her stiff nipples with the wet, cum-soaked wipe as she stared into Zane’s ugly face.

“I want him so jealous and horny and anxious that he can’t fucking think straight,” insisted Zane in a low voice. “I want you to reach inside him, grab two handfuls of that pathetic cuckold fetish, and YANK. By the time he sees us fuck, sitting down like a good boy and jerking off to his own emasculation is going to seem like the only possible choice.”

“Jesus Christ,” said Claire, feeling her already-satisfied body heating up once again from the evil passion in Zane’s voice, “I mean… I want to teach him a lesson too, but you really fucking hate him, don’t you? What did he do to you?”

The strange, dark erotic spell was broken. Zane seemed to sober up a little in that moment, wryly shaking his head and reaching over to pat Claire’s cheek. Claire wrinkled her nose again. His hand smelled like sex. “Don’t you worry about that, Claire Bear. Just focus on how fucking hot it is. What I’m saying is I want you to drive him crazy with jealousy. Find ways to embarrass him. Flirt with other men. In fact, go as far as you can with other men, as long as he just suspects, but doesn’t know for sure.”

Claire frowned over at Zane, plucking another wet wipe from the pack. “It kind of sounds like you want me to fuck other guys,” she said slowly. She wasn’t sure she liked the idea. Dan was the man who got turned on by her fucking other guys, not Zane.

“No,” said Zane flatly, pulling Claire into his flabby arms. “Let me be clear. I want you to do everything but. Flash them. Give them a sly handjob when your cuck hubby isn’t looking. Even suck them off. I want you to really unleash your inner slut tomorrow. Dress to impress and let everyone on that cruise know that you’re thirsty for cock.” One hand slid upward between her sweaty thighs, pressing one thick finger up between her still-hot-and-juicy lips. “But you don’t give this pussy up for anyone. Especially not Dan. It belongs to me now.”

That… that was something that Claire could approve of. She had long since given up on feeling bad about being Zane’s possession. Now it just filled her with glowing, submissive heat. There was no sarcasm in her voice at all as she murmured, “Yes, sir. No one gets to fuck me but you, Z.”

Zane laughed and slapped her ass, then turned to get out of bed. “Well… big day tomorrow. You had better hurry home so hubby doesn’t get suspicious.” His face was almost scary with the intensity of his evil anticipation as he turned back to look at her, his cock stiffening once again. “Don’t want the dumb cuck putting two and two together before the grand reveal, now do we?”

…

Dan wiped his forehead as he climbed into the back of the cab. The muggy Florida heat was already getting to him, and it would probably only get worse as the ship got underway.

But the weather was really the least of his worries. It felt like there was a lot riding on this trip with Claire. The distance between them had only grown since he had texted with Leah about their issues, and Dan had also grown more and more obsessed with the mysterious censored porn video on Zane’s website. Part of him insisted it was Claire in the filthy video, but he resisted that interpretation with all his might.

In the end, it was simply inconceivable that Claire would ever let a video of herself be put up on Zane’s website. Dan could maybe have believed that Claire could be tricked into sleeping with Zane. He had seen too much evidence of Zane’s skills of seduction since he made the Bet in the first place to really doubt that. But posting a video of herself getting fucked on Zane’s filthy website? Ludicrous. Claire had too much self-respect for that.

Or at least that was what he kept telling himself.

Dan slammed the door behind him, let the driver know where they were going, and turned to his wife, filled with determination that this was going to be a magical time of reconnection in their marriage. But he was immediately thrown off once again by the outfit Claire had chosen for the day.

She smiled down, staring at her phone through dark glasses and clicking away on the screen with long pink nails. Her top was a thin, airy white blouse unbuttoned at the front to reveal her juicy breasts, barely concealed by a skimpy navy blue bikini top. Below, she wore tiny cutoff jean shorts, with the thin, high-waisted straps of her matching thong bikini bottoms poking up over the low-slung waistline.

To say that it was unusually revealing for Claire would be an understatement. For as long as Dan had known her, Claire had done everything she could to conceal and demphasize her

curvaceous figure, but her current outfit practically invited the male gaze. Dan had tried to casually bring up the outfit as she dressed in the hotel a few minutes ago, but her only response had been an exasperated glance and a terse explanation that she didn't plan on dressing like a nun in the tropical heat.

Last night at the hotel had been a poor start to the trip, awkward and quiet, with both of them locked onto their phones and going to bed early. Dan was determined to get things back on the right foot today. He reached out and took Claire's hand, squeezing it in his, and winced a little at the cool, unimpressed look that she shot him, her hand limp and unresponsive in his.

"Honey," he began, licking his lips, "I know that things have been crazy lately. But I'm really hoping that this trip is a chance for a brand new chapter in our relationship. I mean… it's our honeymoon, isn't it? Can't we just use this to start our marriage over again and do it right?" He stared into Claire's face, finding it kind of difficult to read her expression behind the dark sunglasses. He had been cooking up his little speech since they got on the plane yesterday morning, but he had no idea whether it would get through to her. After all, he still wasn't positive exactly why she was so upset and distant in the first place.

Claire's expression remained neutral for a few more moments, then her pink, glossy lips curved upward into a smile.

"A brand new start?" she asked in a low, sweet voice. "I think that sounds just… wonderful."

…

By the time she got into the cab that bright, sunny Florida morning, Claire was already completely ready to move on from her husband. She had had a lot of time to reflect on where she wanted to take her life. Leah had given her a lot to think about. But in the end, Claire had come to some simple, bedrock conclusions.

First, right or wrong, her relationship with Dan was over. It had been over for a long time, if she was being honest. The only thing that had kept her from recognizing that was stubborn pride. A refusal to admit that she might have made a mistake as massive as shackling herself to a man unworthy of her.

Second, she was ready to see where things led with Zane. It might be just as foolish and self-destructive as Leah had implied. It might be just as big a mistake as marrying Dan… But in the end, there was something obscenely compelling about the man. Submitting to him gave Claire a bigger thrill than anything before in her carefully controlled life. And she wanted to feel the ultimate thrill… complete submission. And not just in the bedroom. She wanted to be his completely. After so many years of carefully managing every aspect of her life, it was almost relaxing to put herself completely in the hands of a man worthy to tame her.

Lastly, this major change in her life deserved a powerful, cathartic sendoff to the old her. And, more to the point, her spineless little husband deserved to be taught a lesson for his role in the whole sordid affair. And if the thought of her fucking other men got him off… well then, maybe this little sendoff would finally let him live out his perverted cuckold dreams.

Claire resisted the urge to snatch her hand out of his when Dan took it and made some sort of pathetic speech about love and his desire to bond with her. It wasn't time yet. There was still so much fun teasing to do before she finally revealed that Dan had lost her long ago. So she let him

finish his little speech, then smiled at him, little sparks of arousal traveling up her spine. *Speaking of fun… now's as good a time as any to get started*.

She pulled her hand out of his and instead slid it down into his lap, causing Dan's eyes to widen and his pathetic little cock to jerk to attention beneath her fingers. Well… at least her husband's pathetic foray into the cuckold fetish had cured him of his erectile dysfunction.

But it clearly hadn't made him any less of a pussy. His instant reaction was to try to squirm away from her touch, looking nervously toward the driver in the front seat of the small sedan. "Wh-what… are you crazy?" he hissed, seeming more scandalized than pleased by the touch of the wife he supposedly wanted to reconnect with. But Claire wasn't going to let him get away that easily. She scooted closer, until her warm, bare thigh pressed against him, keeping her hand firmly in place between his legs. Her goal for today was to get Dan as anxious and horny as possible, then spring his surprise on him tonight, when they were away from shore and it was too late to turn back. This seemed like the perfect place to start.

"But I thought you wanted to start fresh on our marriage, dearest," said Claire sweetly, her fingers rubbing over his rapidly stiffening cock. "Isn't this the sort of thing that young couples in love do?"

Dan might be uncomfortable with this brand of public affection, but it was clear that his dick was loving it. It was already hard and throbbing against Claire's hand. "I… Claire, the driver is going to notice," protested Dan in a shaky whisper. Despite his protests, he did nothing to physically stop his wife. He didn't grab her hands or try to push her away. He had always been a bit of a pushover when it came to Claire's desires.

"So what if he does?" purred Claire, grinding her palm downward into her husband's twitching cock. "Isn't it kind of hot anyway? To have another man watch you and your beautiful wife having some… fun?"

Dan leaned back in the seat, eyes squeezed shut, panting with nerves and pent-up desire. He was right. From the corner of her eye, Claire could see that the driver had tilted the rearview to look into the backseat. She winked and mimed a kiss as she worked her husband's cock hard beneath his pants. "Maybe we could even give him a real show…" continued Claire in a seductive voice. "Ask him to pull over and let him get a real good look. You could take me right here on the back seat, hot and sweaty and quick. Show him what I look like when I get fucked. Make a little deposit in his spank bank."

Her hand moved faster and faster, clutching the fabric around Dan's stiff cock. Claire was surprised that the taxi driver hadn't crashed, given how focused he was on the action in the back seat. She double checked that Dan still had his eyes squeezed tight, then slyly pulled her tiny bikini top to the side, giving the watching driver a little peek at one stiff pink nipple.

"Maybe our driver would even want to join in," she whispered to Dan, maintaining smoldering eye contact in the rearview mirror. "Would you like that, honey… sharing your wife with a poor, needy man?"

Claire twitched the bikini top back into position just as Dan made a choked sound of shameful release, his cock twitching and spurting in his pants. Calire smirked and gave him one last firm pat. "You know what?" she said lightly, pretending that she didn't realize that her husband had just filled his pants with a fresh, sticky load of semen, "I'm being silly, aren't I? Our boarding time is soon. We'll have to wait and have fun later."

“Y-yes, dear,” said Dan, his face an almost comical mask of shame. His body language was no better, half-curled around the wet mess he still thought he could conceal. But even in his private hell of shame, Dan’s forehead still wrinkled with disquiet. “What was that you were saying? About sharing?”

Claire giggled and slapped his shoulder playfully. “Oh, Dan,” she said, shaking her head, ‘Don’t take everything so seriously! I was just teasing you a little!”

Dan nodded doubtfully, shifting uncomfortably beneath the sticky mess in his pants. Claire smiled to herself, looking out the window at the massive cruise ships as they approached the port. This would be far from the last embarrassing tease that Dan would experience today. Not if she and her lover had anything to say about it.

...

The check-in process felt unbearably long for a man who had filled his pants with cum. Dan felt like everyone could sense it. Or smell it, maybe. His withering embarrassment only grew stronger as they made their way aboard the ship.

The cruise ship was luxurious. The best that money could buy. Which only made sense considering that Zane had footed the bill for the whole experience. Even on the luxury ship, their accommodations were the finest available. Dan had booked the honeymoon suite, complete with a balcony, a king-size bed, and a bottle of champagne just waiting for them to celebrate.

“Woooow,” said Claire, taking off her sunglasses and turning to stare around at the hardwood and brass fixtures. “I have to say... you’ve outdone yourself, hubby. How did you afford all this?”

“Well...” said Dan with a shaky smile, his discomfort from the sticky, oozing mess in his pants reaching its peak. “Sometimes I think it makes sense to splurge on the important things. This weekend is going to be worth it.”

Claire flashed him a glossy smile. “Yes, Dan... yes, it absolutely will be.”

The bellboy hustled in after them with their bag, smiling brightly. “Well, sir, madame,” he said, with a leering glance at Claire's scantily clad body. “Thank you so much for choosing to voyage with us. Welcome to the honeymoon suite, where you will be staying with us for the duration of the cruise. It would be my pleasure to show you the amenities that this room has to offer.”

Dan knew that the young man was just after a tip, but by this point, the feeling of drying semen against his skin was nearly unbearable. “That’s quite alright,” he said hurriedly, taking his suitcase from the bellboy’s hand and unzipping it, ready to dig inside for a fresh pair of boxers... maybe even a new pair of pants too, depending on how messy things were down there. “We’re good. We’ll figure everything out ourselves.”

Claire rounded on him with a raised eyebrow. “Really, Dan? You aren’t going to let the man do his job? What’s the hurry anyway?” Something about the mean little smirk at the end of the phrase told Dan that his wife was well aware of what his hurry was, although he was mystified why she wanted to torture him like this.

He shook his head and took the only way out that wouldn’t lead to direct conflict. “I... I’ll just be in the bathroom then, while he gives you the tour,” he muttered evasively, snatching a pair of boxers from his bag and trying to hide them low and close to his side as he retreated to the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

Finally, Dan had a second alone to think. He shucked his pants and boxers down to his ankles and sat back on the toilet to breathe for a second.

What the fuck is going on with Claire? Her strange new willingness to dress in revealing clothes… her odd sexual aggression in the car… her teasing, smirking attitude. All of it was new and strange.

Dan scrubbed a little at the sticky, half-dried mess covering his crotch with a handful of toilet paper, but it was obvious that he would need some water to make any headway. He was just about to turn on the shower when he heard odd sounds coming from behind the bedroom door. Claire and the bellboy were talking… he could make out the bellboy's deeper voice, and Claire's higher-pitched one. But the tone felt… off. It didn't sound like a professional exchange between a bellboy showing off the room's amenities and a guest asking questions. Dan couldn't make out the words, but he caught his wife's teasing tone, her light, uncharacteristic giggles… and it didn't sound like the bellboy was disinterested.

Shamefully, Dan's mind flew right to the worst possible scenario: his wife openly flirting with another man while he was in the next room over. And, even more shamefully, his cock reacted to that thought, slowly growing to half-stiffness even as the pang of anxiety shot through him. It was a stupid thing to think anyway. Leah had gotten way to far into his head with this cuck nonsense.

Dan took a handful of toilet paper and wet it under the sink, scrubbing it over his crotch and cursing at the way it shredded and disintegrated, leaving his hardening cock covered in wet paper. Maybe he didn't have time to shower after all. There was no possible way his wife was flirting with the staff just feet away from him, but there was also no reason for him to keep Claire waiting…

…

The bellboy put on a good professional front, but Claire could tell within a minute or two that he was thinking very unprofessional thoughts about her indeed. His eyes lingered and stuck at the edges of the skimpy bikini top beneath her flowing white blouse. He made a point of walking in behind her so that he could get a better look at her ass in the tiny, ridiculous cutoff shorts that Zane had encouraged her to wear. His smiles were a little too wide. His laugh a bit too friendly. Quite bold for a man talking to a married woman right in front of her husband.

Once upon a time, it would have infuriated her. She would have verbally torn the man to shreds where he stood for daring to disrespect her with his leering eyes. Zane had changed her perspective. Now her heart beat a little faster, and her body began to heat up at the thought that she was the center of attention… that this man wanted her so bad that he was willing to openly stare at her ass in front of her poor, distracted husband.

She even thought that such boldness might deserve a little reward.

As soon as Dan slipped into the bathroom to take care of the embarrassing mess he had made in his pants, Claire rounded on the bellboy with a hungry grin.

"You know what, maybe my husband *is* right," she purred, stepping closer to the nearly drooling young man. "I think I can figure out what this hotel room has to offer… There's something even more important that I think we need to take care of instead." Her hand rose to brazenly press

against the bellboy's chest, feeling the firm muscles beneath his shirt. "I think it's customary to tip the staff when they give exemplary service… is it not?"

"Yes ma'am," said the bellboy, his eyes bugging out of his head in disbelief. His eyes flickered toward the bathroom door where Dan had disappeared just a moment before. He still didn't quite believe that Claire was seriously offering anything to him while her husband was just feet away in the bathroom.

But seeing was believing, and Claire had every intention of proving exactly how serious she was. "We'll have to be quick then," said Claire with a giggle, sinking to her knees and swiftly unzipping the stunned bellboy's pants. "You see, while I'm a generous tipper, my husband might not like to see me… spreading the love."

The young man's cock was… modest when Claire fished it out of his fly. Probably about the same size as Dan's, honestly. But this wasn't really about finding the manliest specimen on the cruise. It was about sneaking around behind her husband's back in a taboo moment of unleashed sluttiness.

Claire didn't waste any time in wrapping her lips tight around the bellboy's stiff cock and bobbing her head, her tongue wriggling over every inch of his heated, throbbing flesh. All of the bellboy's confident flirtation was gone now. The young man let out a low groan of shocked pleasure, his legs shaking a little with adrenaline as Claire's skilled tongue and lips worked his cock.

It was sort of cute. Although Zane had awakened her to the pleasures of submission, Claire still had a deep dominant streak, and the added taboo layer of sucking off a guy while her husband was nearby made the forbidden act even more exciting.

But Claire had to be quick. The clunking noises in the bathroom made it clear that Dan had started to hurry. Claire was sure the thin door wouldn't hide sounds that well, and the bellboy's excited pants and grunts may have already given them away.

The smart option would probably have been to instantly spit out his cock and straighten up… but at this point, Claire was horny and committed. She wanted to swallow this stranger's cum while her dumb cuck husband washed his unwanted jizz down the drain.

Instead of giving up, Claire doubled her efforts, staring up into the bellboy's blissful expression with blazing green eyes, taking his cock deep into her tight, wet throat, and reaching up to tug gently on his hairy balls.

Cum for me. Cum right down my slutty throat. Give me what my stupid husband can't…

…

Dan's heart raced and his cock grew stiffer and stiffer as he heard a masculine groan from behind the door. *What the fuck are they doing out there?* As hard as he tried, her couldn't imagine any innocent explanation for the soft grunts he heard.

He wasn't making any headway on the mess he had made of himself. In fact, the toilet paper was only seeming to make things worse. Short of a shower, he wasn't sure what he could do to get cleaned up again, so he decided to say "fuck it". He hurriedly pulled up his pants, his cock bulging awkwardly against the crotch as he stood from the toilet, heart pounding and mouth dry.

Just the fact that he was aroused by the wild things he was imagining was humiliating in and of itself. Too much time spent watching Zane's disgusting porn videos. Too much of letting Leah get into his head about cuckolding. From this moment on, he had to stop polluting his mind with that kind of thing. His relationship may have already suffered.

Dan took a deep breath and put his hand on the handle of the door, his pulse quick and his body jangling with nerves. Although he was absolutely terrified what he might find on the other side of that door, his cock pulsed with sickening arousal from what he expected.

In a rush, he threw open the door to see…

Nothing much. His wife and the bellboy were standing near the bed, and Claire was delicately dabbing at her mouth with a tissue. The bellboy looked maybe a little red in the face, but Claire seemed totally composed. She glanced over at her husband with a cool, reserved expression as he cautiously exited the bathroom.

"What… were you two up to?" asked Dan, eyes darting over the scene, but finding no damning evidence of anything untoward.

"What do you mean?" said Claire lightly. "I was just giving the bellboy his tip." She sauntered over, a smirk curving up her glossy lips. When she reached Dan, she pulled him forward into a deep, passionate kiss, her tongue sliding into his mouth to wetly tangle with his. Dan was taken aback by the sudden show of affection, stunned by his wife's strange, mercurial mood. His cock throbbed even more passionately in his pants for a moment before she pulled away.

Claire looked over her shoulder at the bellboy, standing with an oddly flustered look on his face. "That will be all. Thank you for all of your… help."

"Yes ma'am," said the young man with a broad grin, "Any time."

…

Claire was walking on cloud nine as she sauntered out toward the pool. She felt like she was dripping sex from every pore, and she fucking loved it. Until Zane, she had had a complicated relationship with her sexuality. She hated it when men stared and drooled at her curvy body. But now she saw the truth. It was like God himself had sculpted her perfect tits, her wide hips, and her bouncy ass for one thing: hot, sweaty, filthy sex. It was just one more natural advantage, in addition to her sharp intelligence, that she could use to conquer the world.

And the men on the cruise were definitely catching her newfound air of sexual liberation. It was like they could smell the sex wafting off her. Conversations trailed off and heads turned as she walked by, eyes of dozens of anonymous men locking onto every sinful curve of her body.

She thought Dan sensed the change as well, although as usual, he was ridiculously oblivious of what was really happening. It had been all that Claire could do not to laugh, giving him a deep French kiss seconds after swallowing down a fresh load of cum from a stranger. She was starting to think that Zane was right… Dan really was a natural-born cuck. She was curious to see what her husband's reaction would be to the grand reveal tonight. Her relationship with him as a married couple was obviously over, but he might be fun to keep around as a pet cuckold. Someone to rub her feet and fetch drinks and food for her and Zane. Something to consider at least, if the pathetic little perv was into it.

Claire made her way onto the sunny deck near the pool, taking a moment to survey the clear blue sky, decorated by a few fluffy clouds, and the cerulean waves beneath. The land was still in sight as they pulled away, but it wouldn't be long until they were surrounded by loathing but sea and sunshine. Which was perfect. She didn't want any chance for Dan to run away when she rubbed his nose in the situation she still saw as his fault.

The weather was so perfect that all of the well-placed deck chairs were already taken, but that wasn't an issue at all for a woman like Claire. She simply sauntered up to a chair taken by a boy in his early twenties and purred, "Excuse me, sweetheart, do you think I could borrow your chair? I'm just dying to get a tan."

The young man gawped up at the curvy, scantily-clad woman above him, his mouth flopping open as his eyes wandered over her with a life of their own. "I ummm… I was supposed to save this spot for my girlfriend," he said vaguely, without much conviction.

Claire put a hand on her wide hips, raised her eyebrow, and gave the overwhelmed young man a challenging grin. "Well, she's not here right now, and I am. Besides, it's going to be a nice long cruise, and if you do me a favor, I might be interested in doing something for you in return down the line…"

The boy's eyes widened, and he scrambled up off the deck chair almost by reflex. Dan came bustling up from behind, a little too late for him to hear her teasing promise, which was all for the best. Claire wanted him on the edge of suspicion at all times, but it was important that she have at least a little plausible deniability before tonight.

Besides, Claire knew an even better way to drive Dan crazy than hearing her make vague sexual promises to a stranger.

"Thanks, sweetheart," said Claire, lowering her sunglasses to wink at him. "Now I can get a little sun on this skin." Claire looked around the poolside to make sure she had an audience, and was gratified to see that she was currently the center of attention for the forty-odd people gathered on the sunny deck near the pool. Her mouth curved up into a sultry grin as she anticipated how she planned to hold their attention.

"Ummm, babe, maybe we should…" began Dan in an uneasy voice. He probably didn't even quite realize what his wife was planning, but he could read her energy and was feebly trying to spare himself the humiliation.

And it might even have worked, if his humiliation wasn't the point.

Claire arched her back and thrust her sizeable chest outward as she slid the thin white blouse down her arms, revealing her upper body to the eyes of her raptly watching audience. The bikini that Zane had picked out for the day was tiny. Two little triangles of dark blue cloth that did a deliberately poor job at covering the ample swell of her breasts, leaving deliciously rounded curves hanging not only out of both sides, but the bottom as well. For the moment, Claire had been forced to apply makeup over her still-fading henna tattoo. If Dan saw it right now, it might give the whole game away. She wasn't certain how long the cover-up would last in the hot sun if she got sweaty… but it was a risk that she was willing to take.

She thought that she knew a way to distract her husband's eyes from her chest, however…

Claire popped open the button of her jeanshorts, which was already under massive pressure from her broad, curvy hips. She had to squirm and strain a little, bending forward, to

successfully slip the tight shorts over the thick swell of her ass, giving her eager audience an even better show. The thong that she wore beneath the shorts was the perfect match for the top: dark blue and ridiculously revealing, with a tiny wedge of cloth as the only thing between her and total exposure. Her incredible ass itself, which she had once torn men to shreds for even peeking at, was completely bare apart from a thin blue string wedged deep between her bubbly cheeks.

Claire lay back on the deck chair, her pulse beat wildly in her chest, her body thrumming with sexual energy and her nipples slowly stiffening as she felt the attention of a dozen horny strangers focusing on her exposed body. Fuck… over the past week, the idea of anonymous rangers getting off to her had become more and more erotic. Zane had a way with words, and her had shown her how arousing the idea of being the center of attention could be.

This was just like the time she had worn that slutty pink dress to the restaurant. In fact… maybe I packed it. That might be an excellent choice for later on…

Dan stood above her, looking down at her with wide eyes, just another horny boy in the crowd… and although he didn't know it right now, he had just as much chance of fucking her as the rest of the stiff-dicked nobodies ogling her across the cruise ship deck. "Ummm, babe," he said miserably, his eyes still soaking in every luscious detail of her displayed body. "Maybe you should cover up a little? Everyone is… I mean, they're…"

He looked around and gulped, and his objection was painfully obvious. The men surrounding the pool were anything but subtle in their open lust for the hot, barely clothed vixen lounging in their midst. Even the death glares of their wives and girlfriends weren't enough to deter most of them.

It was exactly what Claire wanted. Today, she belonged to everyone except Dan. Zane had primed her to find displaying her perfect body arousing, and this was the ultimate expression of that. If Dan thought he could stop her with a bit of mealy-mouthed whining, he was sorely mistaken.

"Don't be silly, dear," she said in a withering tone. "If I cover up, how am I supposed to get tan?"

"But honey…" said Dan miserably, wilting under the sustained sexual interest of the surrounding men toward his wife. "Everyone can see… well, everything!"

It was the closest that the weak little man could get to condemning her open slutty display. Pathetic. "Don't be insecure, dear," she said sharply, giving him a pointed glare over her sunglasses. "It's a fucking pool. Everyone is wearing swimsuits. I certainly hope that you don't plan on being that type of controlling husband who gets jealous over every little thing!"

"Of course not!" said Dan, looking defensive and confused.

"Good, then go get me a drink," said Claire with a dismissive flick of her fingers. "You're spoiling the sunlight."

Dan gulped, with eyebrows drawn together in a picture of reluctance and, unless Claire was very much mistaken, a bulge forming in his pants. He was clearly unhappy with the idea of leaving his barely clothed wife here in the middle of a crowd of horny men, but he was too weak-willed to mount any sort of effective protest. Finally, he sighed and scurried off, leaving Claire alone in the wolf's den.

Her lips curved up into a secretive smile. As she covertly glanced around behind her sunglasses at the men around the pool. Who would be brave enough to approach a woman clearly here with her husband?

Anyone brave enough might earn a reward…

…

Dan was in a cold sweat, and his mouth felt like cotton as he made his way on wobbly legs toward the poolside bar. Something was very wrong. And even though that was obvious, he had no idea how to stop it.

It was totally out of character for the brilliant, acid-tongued wife that he knew to deliberately flaunt her beautiful body to strangers, but that was unquestionably what she was doing currently. Claire might be a little… strict on him at times, but it was also strange for her to disregard his discomfort completely. This entire trip was sliding surreally into a sort of twilight zone, and Dan had no idea how to get it back on track.

He could only hope that this was just a strange mood his wife was going through and it would even out over the course of the trip. This was supposed to be their time to bond and renew their relationship after all.

Dan leaned heavily on the bar and ordered them both a sex on the beach, which seemed appropriately fun and fruity for the beginning of a cruise. Hopefully, it would improve his wife's mood.

But as he was impatiently waiting for the drinks to be prepared, Dan felt his phone buzz in his pocket. He pulled it out to see if it was anything important, and saw that he had just received an email. He was about to disregard it, after all, the only important emails he ever got were for work, and he had made it clear he wouldn't be doing any work while out of his office this week, but then he froze as he read the subject line.

[Our latest star makes her stunning debut tonight! The face reveal you've all been waiting for!]

It couldn't be… the woman with the blurred face that Dan had been obsessing over, the one that some part of him insisted had to be Claire… was the truth finally going to be revealed tonight? Dan looked around to make sure no one nearby would see him opening a porn website, then navigated to "Freaks in the Sheets". The lurid website with the stinging "Beta Edition" label at the top opened as usual, but there was something new there as well. A countdown just under eight hours, advertising the grand debut of the lady Zane promised would be "the best fucking model we have ever hosted on this website".

Dan's heart was in his throat. It was for the same video he had been watching and jerking off to over and over. Tonight, he would finally know for sure if it was Claire. Or, rather, he would finally put his mind to rest and get proof that the pornstar wasn't his wife. Obviously. There was no way that Claire would put a porn video of herself online. The fact that they were going to reveal the woman's face nearly proved that it wasn't her all by itself.

Just under eight hours… since it was early afternoon now, that would put the reveal around nine o'clock. Dan would have to see if there was a window for him to sneak away and ease his mind. It shouldn't be too hard. A quick trip to the bathroom would do it.

The bartender cleared his throat, and with a start, Dan realized he had been totally zoned out, focusing on the porn website on his phone. He quickly paid his tab and scooped up the drinks. But when he turned, he saw something that made his jaw drop.

A scruffy, potbellied older man stood looming and leering above Claire…

And he had a bottle of tanning oil in one hand.

…

Claire watched her husband scurry off toward the bar, then focused on the men surrounding her, lifting one knee to display her shapely legs and arching her back subtly to press her juicy tits out a little further for their inspection.

It wasn't long before the boldest and least scrupulous of them stepped forward.

Claire looked him up and down, holding back faint amusement. The bellboy had been kind of cute, although below what Claire considered her usual standards. This man, however, made the bellboy look like an adonis.

He was bowlegged and short, with a scruff of stubble on his cheeks, tin, balding hair on his head, and an avid leer on his ugly face. He looked old enough to be Claire's dad, but he apparently had a deep well of unearned confidence, because he chuckled hoarsely and commented, "Hehe… Well, well, well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes, miss. I'm surprised your hubby lets you out of his sight wearing a sweet little number like that. Some guys might take it as an invitation."

Claire didn't know about other guys, but this old vulture had certainly seen her as vulnerable and pounced. She bit back a sudden, strong impulse to tell the creep to get lost. He might be old and gross, but in many ways, Zane was also repulsive on the outside. Besides, flirting with an ugly old man like him would be perfect for the purpose of making her husband jealous, and that's what this was all about anyway.

She lowered her sunglasses and lightly stretched, giving the creepy old man an even better look at her assets. One that he seemed only too happy to take advantage of. His slimy eyes roamed her body, and his grin grew wider.

"Well, maybe it is an invitation," she said with a coy smile. "I'm always looking for new friends, mister…?"

"Hehe, you can call me Roy," said the older man in an oily voice. "And I promise you that you'll never find a better friend." He pulled a wallet out of his back pocket and peeled out a hundred-dollar bill, turning to the middle-aged lady in the closest chair and saying, "Scuse me. Hundred bucks for you to fuck off and find another seat."

The woman looked offended… until Roy pulled out another hundred, which she accepted with a huff, then left the older man to drag the deck chair closer to Claire and sit staring at her with a hungry grin.

"Maybe I'm way off base here," said Roy roughly, "but it sort of feels like your hubby… might not be a deal breaker as far as having some fun on this cruise. Is that right?"

Claire chuckled. She could see through this man immediately. An opportunistic scavenger, trying to scoop up beautiful women who would otherwise never look twice at him by exploiting

the moment. She would have to be careful. As a disgusting old man, he would be perfect for making her husband insecure… but she had no intention of being his next conquest.

“You're not totally wrong,” said Claire teasingly, licking her lips. “But don’t get too optimistic. I’m not sure I can offer you… everything you’re looking for.”

Roy nodded, not looking the least bit discouraged. If he was anything like Zane, he probably didn’t think she would be able to resist, and if Claire gave an inch, she would probably give a mile in the end.

“I get you, I get you,” said Roy placidly, scratching his stomach. His lips curled up into a sly grin. “I’ll take what I can get.”

Claire snorted a laugh, then looked over to see her husband totally absorbed in his phone, still waiting for their drinks.

This seemed like a good opportunity to give her dear hubby a little surprise. She reached down into the over-the-shoulder bag she brought with her and pulled out a bottle of tanning oil. Roy’s ugly face lit up like a kid on Christmas as she tossed it to him. “Well then, since my hubby isn’t here,” she said with false innocence, “I might need a helpful stranger to help me apply some oil to all the… hard-to-reach places.”

…

Dan rushed over, weaving between deck chairs the best he could, doing his best not to trip or spill the drinks, but still desperate to reach his wife before the strange old man next to her could get her hands on her.

He made it just in time, right before the squat, ugly man was about to pour a stream of oil into his hand.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, panting, “What exactly do you think you’re doing?”

The old man looked a little taken aback and disgruntled at Dan’s sharp tone, hesitating in the act of oiling up his hands. He cast a glance over to Claire, who, to Dan’s shock, actually backed up the creep who was trying to feel her up.

“This nice man agreed to help me apply some tanning oil,” said Claire, reaching up and snapping her fingers demandingly. Dan put her drink into her hand without thinking as she continued, “So I would appreciate it if you didn’t bite his head off.”

Dan felt flummoxed and uncomfortable. The mocking eyes of all the horny men around the pool were on them. “But dear, don’t you think it’s a little inappropriate for…”

“No, I don’t,” said Claire, cutting him off. “I’m not sure why you have to make everything about your jealousy and insecurity, Dan. It’s just a little tanning oil. Now stop insulting my new friend and go find yourself a chair.”

Dan looked around, but the deck around the pool was just as packed as before. “But there aren’t any chairs,” he said sheepishly.

Claire sighed, “Well then, I suppose you’ll have to head back to the room. Don’t worry, Roy will keep me company.”

Roy let out a dirty chuckle and winked at Dan, shrugging in a “well, what can you do?” gesture. “Hehe, don’t worry, boss!” he said jovially, opening the squeeze top of the oil bottle once again. “You wife will be in gooood hands with me.”

Dan stood by, feeling impotent and confused, as the ugly old man poured a warm stream of oil into one hand. God… he hoped the bulge forming in his pants wasn’t noticeable. He knew that Claire was being unreasonable and treating him badly, but he never had been very good at standing up to her, and if he tried to put his foot down at this point, he had a feeling things would just get worse. He watched, tongue-tied and reluctantly aroused as the stranger rubbed his hands together and leaned forward to begin applying the oil.

“I actually agree with Danny Boy on this one,” said a sharp, obnoxious voice from a few feet away. Dan looked up in shock to see Zane striding across the pool deck as if he owned the ship. He was wearing swimtrunks, his blubbery belly hanging over them and swaying with his walk. Leah waved to Dan with a smirk as she hung on his arm, wearing a red swimsuit that could have been the twin of Claire’s. It left her bountiful ass exposed, along with the scandalous tattoos Zane had marked her with.

What the fuck is he doing here?

Since Zane had paid the bill for the cruise, he obviously knew the details of what ship they were taking. Buying a ticket to joining them would have been easy. But the question was… why he had bothered? Dan narrowed his eyes, the sudden appearance of his former friend spiking his adrenaline even worse than the threat of his wife being publicly felt up by a stranger. *Is he here for one last chance to win the Bet? Or is Claire really in that video on his site, and he’s here for some worse reason…?* Dan’s suspicion and twisted arousal spiralled so high he could barely breathe.

“I think that having strange old men rub oil all over your skin is a little…” he made a tilting motion with his hand, grimacing. “… I mean, there’s no other word for it. Fucking slutty is what it is. If you want someone to help you slather oil on those perfect curves, you should really ask someone you know.”

Roy looked up at him in consternation, then over to Claire’s curvy, nearly-nude form, clearly reluctant to let her prize get away. “I don’t know who you friggin’ are, bud,” he said with an oily smile, “But the lady said that…”

“Fuck off,” said Zane in a cheerful, confident voice. “The lady’s taken.”

For a second, a spark of competitive masculinity crackled between the two men’s gazes… Then Roy looked away, muttering under his breath. It seemed like Roy had no stomach for an actual fight… which made it all the more humiliating that the old man had had no problem dismissing Dan as a threat.

“Bye, Roy,” said Claire with a smirk, waving as he got up with a look of sullen disappointment. “Cheer up… I’m sure someone on the cruise who isn’t taken will be happy to… play with you.”

Roy didn’t even bother to say anything back, just turning with a sour grunt and trudging off down the deck. Dan stared after his hunched, retreating shoulders with a frown. The old man had defied him, but folded almost instantly when Zane pushed back. Was it really that obvious that Dan was no threat?

“Anyway,” said Zane with a wide grin, plopping down on the deck chair and angling his legs so Leah could sit on the footrest, “Fancy meeting you two here! Great minds really do think alike!”

Dan had to stop himself from bitterly reminding Zane that he knew Dan and Claire would be on this cruise. As far as Claire knew, Dan had bought the cruise tickets himself, and he didn’t want to dispel that notion. He looked over to his wife, keen on gauging her reaction to Zane’s arrival. For most of the time she had been working with Zane as his interior designer, she had absolutely hated him. The one time they had all been together in the spa and Zane had dropped by just like he was doing now, Claire had practically bit his head off.

But now she just stared at the pudgy little man with a faint smile, her expression unreadable behind her dark glasses. “I’m not sure why you boys are getting all up in arms over a little tanning oil,” she said dryly, with just a quirk of a tease in her voice.

“Then you don’t know what a body like yours does to men,” said Zane with a snort. To Dan’s speechless horror, he plucked the bottle of oil up off the ground from where Roy had left it and promptly oiled up his own hands, taking up where the stranger had left off. “Here, if it’s not a big deal, I can just take care of it quick.”

Alarm bells began ringing harshly in Dan’s mind. The Claire he knew would be snapping at Zane at this point, questioning why he was here, and demanding that he leave them alone. Dan’s mind flashed back to the mysterious porn video that was set to be revealed tonight. If Claire was acting so comfortable with Zane’s presence now… was that because there was something between them? Something felt seriously wrong here, but he couldn’t identify any particular smoking gun either… and he badly wanted there to be nothing to worry about. So instead of leaping to any rash conclusions, he decided to wait and observe.

But he couldn’t just let Zane oil up his barely clothed wife without protest.

“I… I think that I should be the one to take care of that, actually,” said Dan with as much confidence as he could muster.

Both Claire and Zane turned to him, their smiles fading a little. Claire tsked and shook her head with an expression of impatience. “Dan, I don’t have any idea why you are getting so upset about this! Like I told you before…”

“No, hold on now, Claire Bear,” said Zane soothingly, regaining some of his good cheer. “I would feel a little possessive too if you were mine. Can’t blame a man for getting a little… territorial. Here, tell you what buddy…” He held up the bottle of oil with a wide smile. “Let’s divide and conquer, shall we? You start low, I’ll start high.”

Dan wasn’t sure that he wanted to see Zane’s hands on his wife at all, but at this point, Claire already felt like he was overreacting, and turning down a compromise would make him look even worse in her eyes. He took the offered bottle with roiling disquiet swirling through his chest and moved down to Claire’s feet.

“So… don’t play coy,” said Claire to Zane, a smile curving up her lips. “What are you doing here exactly, interrupting Dan and my wedded bliss?”

Dan couldn’t tear his eyes away as Zane confidently moved forward, his oily hands gliding without hesitation over Claire’s shoulders and arms. Zane didn’t seem to be stopping to savor the feel of Claire’s smooth skin beneath his hands, even when he dipped beneath her collar bone and got perilously close to the tops of her barely-contained tits, which was a relief. But on

the other hand, a suspicious, anxious voice inside Dan insisted that he saw a certain… familiarity in his touch.

“Oh, just a coincidence,” said Zane lightly. Dan glared at him, but Zane took no notice. It wasn’t possible that it was a coincidence. Zane was here on purpose… and he was also lying. “I’m here for a… professional celebration, I guess you could say.”

“What, filming another scene with this shameless, married slut?” asked Claire acidly, waving toward Leah, who had been watching silently with vague amusement.

Leah chuckled and took a sip of Dan’s drink that he had set down. “Oh, I am here for pleasure this time, not business,” said the curvy blonde with a mysterious smile. “And don’t you worry about Bill. He knows exactly what I’m up to and approves fully. It’s a wife’s duty to maintain her husband’s trust, don’t you think, Claire Bear?”

Dan glanced back and forth between his wife and Leah curiously. Now he was finally seeing the annoyance on his wife’s face that he had expected ever since Zane showed up, and she seemed to be about to say something else when Zane cut in.

“I thought you were going to be helping me out with this, Danny Boy,” he said jovially, moving lower to rub his oily hands over Claire’s ribs. Dan was thankful to see that he had tactfully skipped over Claire’s tits entirely… although oddly, part of him felt almost disappointed by the fact that Zane hadn’t taken advantage. Dan shook himself and got to work, removing his wife’s sandals and squirting a healthy amount of oil over her feet, beginning to rub it into her soles, embarrassed at being distracted for so long.

“Anyway,” said Zane, turning back to Claire. “I actually have a big release for my website planned for tonight, so I decided to treat myself as a celebration. You ought to see my newest slut. She’s going to be the most popular girl on the site, I guaran-fucking-tee it.”

Dan glanced sharply at his wife, reading her reaction. She smirked and rolled her eyes. “What the fuck, Z… I don’t want to hear about your porn website. I’m on vacation right now.”

That was a good sign… wasn’t it? Zane was telling her about the new porn star like she was hearing about it for the first time, and she was reacting negatively. Or could they be playing a game with him? Wouldn’t Claire’s reaction normally be even angrier and more disgusted? Dan didn’t know anymore. He was so frazzled and anxious and horny it was hard to think.

Especially as Zane’s hands moved lower. Dan watched with his pulse thumping in his ears as Zane’s hands glided over his wife’s toned tummy, making her squirm and giggle a little at the ticklish sensation. “Oh, my mistake then,” said Zane lightly. “I wouldn’t want to make you uncomfortable, now would I?” Dan started rubbing the oil between his wife’s toes, and the perverse contrast wasn’t lost on him. He was rubbing Claire’s feet while Zane’s hands were all over some much more intimate parts of Claire’s luscious body. Zane was sitting at his ease while Dan knelt on the hard ground. Zane held Claire’s undivided attention while Dan was left ignored.

It should have infuriated him, but instead it only made his cock throb harder.

“Good. You’re much more charming when you behave,” said Claire with a raised eyebrow as Zane’s fingers squished into her wide hips, slipping beneath the thin strings holding up her bikini at moments, spreading the thick, shiny oil over every inch of her glowing skin. “If you’re willing to play nice, maybe you and your pet wife should come eat dinner with us.”

Dan knew that Claire had softened on Zane at least a little based on the fact that she hadn't instant told him to fuck off, but this was frankly shocking. *She wants to eat dinner? With Zane? On purpose?*

"That sounds great, Claire Bear," said Zane with a toothy smile, his hands beginning to glide down her silky thighs. "We can really catch up. It's been forever since I just shot the shit with your husband. I was beginning to think we weren't friends anymore or something!"

Claire chuckled and spread her thighs a little, granting Zane access to rub the shining oil all over their tender inner flesh. "Oh come now, Z. Our family just can't get enough of you. We'd be delighted to entertain you tonight. Isn't that right, dear?" Dan heard the words, but didn't quite register them. He couldn't stop staring at the way Zane's hands were moving. He couldn't stop thinking back to the way Zane had gripped and manhandled and fucked the mystery woman in the video. His gliding hands seemed to show the same confidence now on his wife's thick thighs. This was feeling more and more wrong by the moment. Wouldn't a real man object at this point? Wouldn't a husband normally get upset to see another man, who he knew had been pursuing his wife, touch her inner thighs like this? One thing was for sure… a normal man wouldn't have a pulsing, rock-hard erection in this circumstance. But Dan felt trapped in a twisted vortex of lust, suspicion, and desperate, unrealistic hope. He wanted someone to tell him this was just a nightmare. That he was being silly. That there was no way his wife had fallen for Zane…

Claire's feet flexed in his hands. "Hello? Are you listening to me, Dan?" she said with exasperation. "I said that Zane will be eating dinner with us. You have no problem with that, right?"

Dan tried to screw up his courage and put his foot down. But staring into his wife's face while on his knees, submissively rubbing his feet… somehow he couldn't do it. He lost his nerve instantly, looking down to the slim, feminine feet in his hands and murmuring, "I… Sure babe. If that's what you want."

Zane made his excuses and sauntered away with Leah on his arm a few minutes later. Dan had been so distracted that Zane had done almost all the work of rubbing oil into his wife while leaving only the feet to him.

He was hoping that Zane's leaving would finally give him a chance to connect with Claire, but when Zane left, she was finished with her drink and demanded that Dan go fetch her another one. By the time he returned, Claire was deep in conversation with the lifeguard, and someone had taken the open chair next to her. Dan had no choice but to hover nearby awkwardly as his wife chatted up one man, then another, seeming to preen beneath their wandering eyes.

He could only hope her strange mood would pass and she would warm up to him a little… or at least cool down toward the other men on the cruise. Especially before their planned dinner with Zane…

…

The main dining room of the ship didn't quite match the luxury of a high-class restaurant, especially with some of the cruise guests wandering in wearing cargo shorts and Hawaiian shirts, but it played the part admirably, with crisp linen tablecloths, hardwood floors, and a breathtaking view of the sunset through the large windows.

Claire looked breathtaking and deliciously slutty in the same tiny pink dress that Zane had tricked her into a few weeks before. And just like she had described to Zane about that day at the restaurant, she was drawing the attention of nearly every man in the room, and some of the women. Her skin had a warm, healthy glow from her oily tanning session that made her deep, bountiful cleavage that much more mouthwatering. Leah had pulled out the stops as well, wearing a tight forest green gown that would have looked at home at any classy event while also showing off her curves to devastating effect. She wasn't turning many heads at the same table as a juicy slut like Claire nearly spilling out of her hot pink dress, but she was still a feast for the eyes.

Even Zane had made an effort, in a dinner jacket well-cut for his awkward size and a bowtie. Dan was the clear odd man out. Claire had deliberately "forgot" to mention to him that there would be any call for fancy clothes on the cruise, and he looked seriously underdressed in a polo and jeans.

Zane was in a relaxed and focused mood, lounging back in his chair with his arm slung over Leah's shoulders. He took a deep sip of the ship's most expensive wine as he surveyed the doomed couple across from him, satisfaction rolling through him. This whole evening was really more of a victory lap than any sort of challenge. Dan wasn't an obstacle. He never had been. The man was a cuckold waiting to happen, saved only by the fact that his wife was a tough nut to crack.

Claire had been one of the most fascinating and erotic conquests of his career. He couldn't help but admire her now as she sat across the table, publicly playing the part of good little wife for the last time. The dress that Zane had bought her hugged her sinfully… but he thought it would look even better crumpled on the floor of the master suite that Zane planned to steal from Dan. She winked at him subtly, her green eyes sizzling with banked heat, and reached over to take her husband's hand in hers.

Dan looked so absurdly grateful for the unexpected act of affection that, for a split second, Zane almost felt bad for him. But he chased that feeling away as soon as it arrived. Dan deserved every bit of what was coming to him for assuming that Zane was less than him… for being a fake friend willing to end a relationship longer than his marriage just because he wasn't able to stand up to his wife. Weak men like that disgusted Zane. And tonight he was going to show Dan exactly how weak he really was.

"Well, look at us," said Zane with his best warm, chummy tone, "two couples out on the town. I never thought we would get to go on a double date like this."

"Especially since you two aren't actually a couple," said Claire dryly, taking a sip of her wine and smirking across the table at Leah. "Just a pornstar and a hopeless married slut."

Leah laughed, swirling the wine in her glass and snuggling up against Zane's torso. "Oh, I wouldn't judge too harshly, dear. I'm not the first lady Zane has charmed. Nor the last."

Zane enjoyed the double entendres, but he could see that the suspicion was peaking on Dan's face right now, and this was a delicate art… keeping Dan on the edge of certainty for just long enough until they made the reveal. Now was the time to change the subject.

"Well, let's put that little disagreement aside, ladies. No reason to spoil the evening," said Zane placidly, grinning across the table at Dan. "How's work going, buddy? As the only one at the table with a regular 9-to-5, it must have been hard to get off for this little adventure."

Dan shrugged his shoulders and clutched his wife's hand tightly. "Not too bad," he muttered, his thoughts clearly occupied with Zane and Leah's profession as he glanced furtively across the table at Zane's sexy blonde companion. "I don't take PTO very often, so they didn't give me a hard time."

Zane's hand rubbed up and down Leah's shoulder as he glanced over at her as well. She was drifting away from him. He could feel it. It happened with a lot of women when they realized that his attention was being pulled elsewhere. Most women loved being the center of his attention, but weren't so keen on playing second fiddle. He would let her go, if that was what she wanted. He prided himself on maintaining a good relationship with his former conquests whenever possible.

"Speaking of work," said Leah warmly, her eyes twinkling with a little of the old fire as she glanced over at Zane, "Did you ever get a look at your wife's wonderful bedroom that she completed for Zane, Dan? I hadn't had a chance to see her work before that, but I must say I was impressed."

Dan looked over at his wife curiously. "Actually… I never did see the finished product," he admitted, with a twist of curiosity in his voice. "I mean… maybe a few sketches here or there, but I didn't see how it fit together."

"Describe it to him," said Zane in a low commanding voice to Claire. "I don't have any pictures with me to show him, so you'll have to paint a picture with your words." She stared at him across the table with a tiny smile touching her lips, clearly reveling in this chance to emasculate her husband right in front of his nose.

"A room to match the man," said Claire in a sultry tone. Zane stiffened and had to carefully control his face as he felt her shoe press up against the surface of his crotch beneath the table. "Dangerous. Confident. Masculine. Sexual… both on the surface and in ways you might never expect. A complex design capturing a complex man." Her foot pressed a little harder as she simultaneously rubbed a thumb over the back of her husband's hand. "Is that a clear enough picture for you, Z?"

"Sexual?" said Dan with faint alarm, squirming in his chair a little, red-faced. Claire rolled her eyes and unclasped her hand from his to pat his cheek, all the while teasingly rubbing her foot up and down Zane's crotch beneath the table. "Relax, honey," she said calmly. "I need to match my client's vibe in order to deliver the perfect design. I think you can agree that sexuality is a huge part of who Zane is. He's a fucking porn star for God's sake!"

Zane chuckled, partially because Claire's flippant comment called for it, and partially at the delicious irony as Dan's expression faded from open alarm back to guarded suspicion. Any other man would be absolutely certain at this point, and confront his wife and Zane over their obvious affair. It wasn't that Dan was stupid… he was just too weak. Confronting his wife and her confident lover would require inner strength that Dan simply didn't possess. Zane's cock was at full mast now, throbbing beneath the pressure of Claire's shoe.

"Well…" said Dan, clearly interested in changing the subject from this uncomfortable topic, "how is your business going lately, Zane? You said you have a big release coming up tonight? That's exciting."

Zane raised an eyebrow. This was a lot more daring than he suspected Dan to be comfortable with. Of course, Dan was aware on some level what the reveal would be… nevertheless, he was clearly fooling himself into believing he must be wrong.

“Oh, honey,” said Claire with a roll of her eyes, “I think your friend’s job is a little too…” she ground the sole of her shoe hard against Zane’s throbbing crotch “…filthy for polite conversation.”

“I don’t mind at all,” said Zane expansively, leaning back in her chair and thrusting his crotch forward subtly. He was going to have to teach Claire a lesson later for this tortuous under-the-table tease… but he knew he would get the opportunity. “Everybody gets curious about it. I’ve had this conversation dozens of times. To answer simply, business is booming, Danny Boy. I know how to find hot women and make them mine. The strokers who log in just eat it up. Have you ever watched my content?”

Zane knew he had… Claire knew he had… even Leah was well aware. But Dan still blushed heavily and stammered, “Oh! W-well, I don’t know. I might have c-caught a little bit of a video or two.”

“Then you know the format,” continued Zane, staring deep into his former friend’s eyes, happy to have the chance to twist the knife. “I take innocent women. Women who would never look at me twice. Who think I’m beneath them. Then I make them desperate for my cock. And you know why it’s so easy, Dan?”

Dan gulped heavily and pulled his wife’s hand into his grasp once again as if searching for strength. He wouldn’t find it from Claire, who was staring at Zane, her eyes hazy with lust as she teased his cock beneath the table. She was on Zane’s side now. She had been for a while.

“Why?” said Dan in a quiet voice shot through with dread.

Zane reached down and stealthily grabbed Claire by the ankle, taking control as he ground himself against her even more heavily. “Because all women are sluts, Dan. At least… they are for me.”

Dan went red in the face, and Zane could see him warring with himself, trying to work up the nerve to throw the example of his wife back in Zane's face, just like he did at that fateful lunch several months ago. But things were different now… Dan, once so positive that his wife would never submit to a filthy, ugly little toad like Zane, wasn’t certain at all anymore. He had no confidence left that his wife wasn’t a slut, although his self-delusion still didn't allow him to recognize the truth.

Dan looked over at his wife with something like desperation in his eyes. He knew very well that once upon a time, Claire was the sort of woman who would be furious to hear Zane’s insulting assessment. But Claire did nothing to ease his mind here. She controlled her expression well as Zane slipped off her high-heeled shoe and ground his throbbing erection against her stockinged foot, but a faint blush colored her face as she calmly said, “My, my… that’s quite a sweeping assessment, Mr. Kruger. Surely there has to be some exception. At least one woman must have gotten away.”

“None of them,” said Zane with grim satisfaction, reaching down to covertly unzip his fly, pulling out his hard cock to rub directly against her stockinged foot, smearing his precum against it. “Every single woman I ever pursued became a slut for me in the end.”

Zane could see that Dan was just bursting to say something. He looked indignant and confused. After all, Zane had told him he won the bet. That was the only reason he was here on his long-delayed honeymoon. But there was no lie here, and even if he was confused now, Dan would see the truth all too clearly by the end of the night.

“Well… that must make things easy for you,” said Claire tartly, taking a sip of her wine to cover up her deepening blush and hitching breath. “All you do is choose the hottest women you can find, mess with their minds until they are hopelessly horny, then fuck them on camera. Must be easy when you have a magic cock.”

“Hardly magical,” said Leah with a smoky chuckle. She reached over and began rubbing her hand all over Zane’s cock and Claire’s foot, completing the secret threesome while the clueless cuck stared at the three participants obliviously. “It’s just that a man with enough confidence and… animal magnetism is hard to resist.”

“Besides, there’s quite a bit more artistry to the job that you're suggesting,” said Zane pointedly. “In fact, I think that our jobs are a lot more similar than you think, Claire Bear.”

That shook Claire out of her lustful haze a little. So much so that she withdrew her foot from Zane’s crotch, giving him a skeptical glance. “Well… let’s not go crazy, Z.”

“Yeah,” said Dan, looking thankful to have something he agreed with Claire about. “I really don’t see the connection between interior design and something like porn.”

Zane took a deep breath, steadying himself and controlling the annoyance boiling up inside him. Dan looking down on him was what got the pathetic cuck into this situation in the first place. And, despite the fact that he had conquered her sexually, Claire still somehow saw him as beneath her. Leah’s hand curled around his cock beneath the shrouding tablecloth as though trying to soothe him. But he didn’t need to be soothed. He needed to finally make this couple understand that they were no better than him.

“In your profession,” said Zane calmly, staring deeply into Claire’s fiery green eyes, “you need to read people. Understand them on a deep level. I do the same thing in my seductions. And after that, it’s all visual presentation. I need to dress up my little slut and fuck them in ways I know my audience will love. Just like you designing the most aesthetically pleasing room you possibly can. You and I have the same skillset, Claire Bear. I don’t know why you can’t see it.”

Claire just raised an eyebrow and took a sip of wine, looking a little uncomfortable rather than mischievous for the first time since they sat down for dinner. She was still uncomfortable with the idea of porn, despite being talked into her big debut tonight. She didn’t see herself as a porn star… she just thought that this was too good an opportunity to pass up to burn her husband. She had even twisted Zane’s arm into using a fake name, despite her face reveal, a deal that he had never offered any other woman.

But all of this half-hearted secrecy was going to change. Zane didn’t want Claire as his part-time secret fuck buddy. She was going to be his public, slutty porn star partner if it was the last thing he did. And if that meant that her interior design business fell by the wayside, that wasn’t the end of the world. With Claire’s sinful body and their sizzling sexual chemistry, Zane was pretty sure that Claire could earn more as a porn star than she ever had working on the rooms of entitled rich people. She would probably find it more fulfilling too… Claire had been developing quite a taste for being the center of attention with Zane’s help, and there was no outlet for exhibitionism quite as strong as posting videos of yourself fucking on the internet.

Dan was looking ill at ease, and Zane could hardly blame him. There was tension between Claire and Zane in this moment, but it was so obviously sexual tension that Zane thought even a delusional cuck like Dan would pick up on it. “I’m going to hit the bathroom,” said Dan suddenly, pushing away from the table with a lurch. The coward's way out, as usual. Zane really couldn’t see what Claire had ever seen in the little weasel.

“See you soon,” said Claire, breaking her challenging eye contact with Zane to give her husband a little smirk. “Wouldn’t want to order dessert without you, hubby.”

Dan scurried away, and when he was out of sight, Claire looked around furtively, then slipped beneath the table, hidden quickly by the low tablecloth. Zane chuckled. “Couldn’t wait for even a minute more, could you, you little slut?” he asked in a growling voice. “Well then… looks like you're getting some dessert without your husband after all. Get over here.”

“Shut up,” said Claire irritably. “I’m trying to get back the shoe you took off in the middle of the fucking meal before Dan realizes it's gone. I thought you wanted to keep this a secret until after dinner!”

“I’m not the one who decided to play footsie under the table! I’m hard and ready to go here. Come on. Just a little suck while your dumb cuck is in the bathroom. It’ll be hot.”

Claire’s flushed face appeared, flipping up the tablecloth, eyes already locked onto Zane’s stiff cock. Leah chuckled and rolled her eyes, withdrawing her hand so that Claire could perform her slutty service, and Claire shot her a withering look. But the embarrassing circumstance wasn’t enough to dissuade Claire. Despite her protests, Zane knew that nothing would turn her on more than secretly sucking his dick while the other diners continued to chat and eat around them, acting like the whore she had become rather than the classy lady she had once imagined herself to be.

Zane felt a thrill of dominant lust as Claire seized his thick cock in her hand, running her tongue up the underside slowly, her fierce green eyes locking onto his, burning with shame and lust. She was all his now. His little tamed tiger. He didn’t think he had ever felt this turned on by one of his conquests before. “Did you enjoy acting like a slut in front of your oblivious husband?” he asked with a cocky grin.

Claire responded by extending her slim middle finger on the hand still gripping the base of his cock while she kissed its swollen head. “Yeah… I even sucked off the bellboy while he was in the bathroom cleaning up the mess I made him shoot in his pants. Jealous?”

The question sounded flippant, but Zane could hear the genuine curiosity in its tone. Claire loved being a slut… but she loved being his more. It could be concerning to his women at first that Zane liked to share them. At least before he framed it properly for them.

“No,” said Zane confidently. “Not jealous at all. Because I know you did it for me… and I know that it’s my cock you're actually drooling for. I love it when your slutty for me. I love it when you give all the other guys stiff pricks. I even love it when you take care of those stiff pricks for them, as long as you have my permission. Because I know that they could never actually own you like I do. That’s what separates me from your cuck husband.”

Claire’s blush only deepened, and to keep her from running her smart mouth any longer, Zane reached down and pulled her head closer, pressing his cock up against her soft lips. She bent to his silent demand, opening up and accepting his cock into her warm, wet mouth, submissively

swirling her tongue around his cock and letting out a low hum of satisfaction. Despite how much it turned her on, submission didn't come naturally to his latest conquest. Zane had a feeling that it was always going to be a battle with her… but it was a battle that he would always win. And her resistance was what made Claire so fun.

"It's not fair, Master," said Leah with a sultry pout. "I want to have fun too, you know."

"Who's stopping you?" said Zane with a chuckle. "More than enough room down here for one more.

Unlike Claire, Leah didn't even make a show of reluctance. She slipped beneath the table with eager speed, and soon both women were sucking and slurping contentedly, Claire engulfing his shaft with her tight, wet throat while Leah licked and kissed every inch of his balls. Zane had experienced more sexual delights than the average man, but nothing quite compared to the feeling of two eager married sluts worshipping him on their knees. He took a sip of his wine and savored the moment. And the best part was that it wouldn't even be the most satisfying thing that he did today!

He looked up to see Dan approaching once again. Apparently not a particularly long bathroom break… if fact, if Zane had to guess, he would say that his former friend probably just stepped away to check his phone. The countdown timer to the big reveal was likely almost over, considering the long, leisurely meal they just had. Zane considered warning Claire and Leah, but it was too late now anyway.

It made more sense for them to just stay where they were and continue while he had a one-on-one talk with Dan.

…

Dan felt his stomach roiling and his blood surging through his veins as he sat in the bathroom stall, frantically opening his phone.

Fuck.

He had misjudged the time slightly. There were still fifteen minutes left on the countdown clock, which meant that waiting to watch the debut right now was out of the question. There was no way he could spend that long in the bathroom without comment.

The whole conversation over dinner had him at the end of his rope. There had been a strange, simmering chemistry between Claire and Zane that was difficult to deny. They had been practically eye-fucking each other across the table. Dan closed his eyes and leaned back against the cool tile of the bathroom, breathing heavily and willing his erection to go down. He found his thoughts running in circles.

It's impossible. Zane said he lost the bet. It's impossible, Claire is too strong to submit to a creep like him. It's impossible. Zane said he lost the bet. It's impossible…

His mind flashed with images of Claire and Zane making electric eye contact across the table… of the mysterious, blurred-faced woman in the video getting fucked in the ass by a grinning Zane. The woman who part of him whispered was definitely his wife. The video loomed large in his mind. It seemed all-important. The one thing that could prove things either way. He knew intellectually that he could just confront Claire and figure things out… but instead, he was fixated on the idea that the video would tell him everything. That he was being silly, and if he just

waited a few more minutes, the video would prove that. He would watch the video, and some other woman's face would be revealed, and he would feel a little silly. He would find out what was upsetting Claire and causing her to be so distant. They would patch things up. Everything would be right again, and he wouldn't have to fuck things up by accusing her of doing something she didn't do.

He had to believe that. He had to. But he couldn't stay in the bathroom any longer. He had to go back to the table for fifteen minutes at least.

When Dan emerged from the bathroom, Zane was alone at the table. Dan felt a wash of faint relief. At least for a couple of minutes, he wouldn't have to observe the sickening chemistry between his wife and another man.

Zane raised a glass to him as Dan approached, and Dan had the sudden, strong thought that he wished he had never gone to that fucking lunch with Zane to begin with. If he remembered correctly, he had considered blowing it off entirely. Claire had asked him to end the friendship with Zane, but he hadn't met with his old friend recently anyway. It had probably been a friendship that was on its way toward petering out. But Dan had gone because he was worried Claire would find out he had blown it off and get mad.

It could turn out to be the biggest mistake he had ever made.

"Have a seat, buddy," said Zane, gesturing toward the empty chairs at the other end of the table. "It's been too long since we talked, you and I."

Dan sank into his seat, his eyes narrowing at Zane suspiciously. The squat, ugly man seemed distracted somehow… or maybe uncomfortable. It was hard to tell what exactly was up with Zane. "Where's my wife?" Dan asked nervously.

"She's busy. She and Claire went off to do some girl stuff," said Zane, airlily. "You just missed them. How has the cruise been going for you so far, pal?"

Dan stared daggers at Zane. Now that Claire wasn't here, there was no reason to beat around the bush. "What are you doing here?" he asked sharply. "And don't give me all of that 'coincidence' bullshit. You knew exactly where we would be right now."

Zane bit his lip with a strange expression of discomfort, shifting in his chair for a second and clearing his throat before his eyes sharpened again and he fixed Dan with a piercing glare. "Why don't you ask what you're really wondering, Dan?" he demanded with an evil grin.

Dan felt his insides roil with powerful anxiety, mixed with the volatile, humiliating lust he had grown used to since this whole awful affair had started. It was easy to recognize the taunt… but Dan still found himself unable to respond. Unable to put his fears into words. He had made his choice. He was going to find out the truth by watching the reveal. Anything else felt too raw and confronting. He broke eye contact with Zane, looking down at his hands on the tablecloth and asking, "When do you think Claire will be back? I was thinking we might call it a night." His phone felt like it was burning a hole in his pocket as the timer counted down to zero, drawing closer tp his date with destiny.

"Hard to say," said Zane with a dirty chuckle. "You never know. Maybe she and Leah are having a great time somewhere. Could be a while."

Dan could feel his leg start to bounce from anxiety. He couldn't wait too long. He needed to see the video as soon as it released. It had become an obsession, a burning need that he had to satisfy. Wild, uncomfortable lust was rioting through him now, making him jittery and flushed.

Zane seemed to sense his discomfort. A slimy sneer crossed his face. "Got somewhere to be, Danny Boy?" he asked in a taunting drawl. "Well, I'm afraid even when she comes back we might not be done for a while. We still have to have dessert… and then maybe after dinner drinks… Could turn into a long night."

Dan shook his head. He couldn't wait that long. And even though he might be able to check the video in the bathroom in a few minutes, he was realizing now that what he really needed was catharsis from the corrosive, gnawing arousal inside him. It was going to feel so fucking good to cum to the face of the anonymous woman in that video, washing all of this anxiety away. He needed more than just seeing the video. He needed to jerk off… which, come to think of it, might be hard if he went back to the room with his wife.

As if reading his mind, Zane said conspiratorially, "If you need to step away, buddy, just fucking go for it. I'll cover for you!"

Dan bit his lip, his mouth dry and his palms sweaty. It was a stupid idea. He recognized that, at least on some level. If he really suspected that his wife might be fucking Zane, it made no sense to leave them alone together. But in Dan's fevered mind, the situation felt like schrodinger's box. Either Zane and Claire were fucking and staying here didn't matter, or they weren't and it was all a misunderstanding. There was no in between. The video would collapse this whole nightmare into one of the two possibilities. He needed to see it. Now.

Dan stood on shaky legs, feeling light-headed. "I…" he licked his lips. "Tell Claire I'll be right back." Then he turned and made his way out of the restaurant, his anticipation nearly killing him. On the way out, he checked his phone. Less than five minutes to go.

…

Zane flipped up the tablecloth to reveal the flushed panting faces of his two eager sluts, their tongues extended to twine around his stiff cock. They had been sucking and slurping on him so enthusiastically during the conversation that Dan probably would have heard it if he hadn't been distracted by his own fretting and whining.

"Come on, ladies," Zane said eagerly, rubbing his hands together. "That's enough of a warmup. It's showtime. Leah, go after him. Steer him to the other room. Claire Bear and I are going to need the master suite for ourselves." Leah sighed but nodded. She had always been a little wishy-washy when it came to crushing Dan, but she would do as she was told here. It was too late to save him anyway.

"And as for you, Claire," said Zane, reaching down to cup her cheek. "It's time for you and I to have some fun."

Claire gave his cock one last adoring kiss, then tucked it back into his pants. The wicked smile that split Claire's face was everything that Zane had ever dreamed.

…

Dan was halfway toward his room when he was stopped in his tracks by a voice calling out after him.

“Where are you headed off to in such a hurry?”

Dan recognised the sultry purr instantly, and he knew before he whirled around that he would see Leah standing there, lovely in her deep green dress, her plump lips curved upward into a teasing smile.

Dan felt a spasm of disappointment. His phone was practically burning a hole in his pocket, seeming to pulse with heavy, leaden heat against his leg. The last thing he wanted was a distraction right now, but he couldn’t think of any way to get rid of Leah without giving his perverse intentions away.

“Just… getting some air,” he said with a tight smile, fighting hard to keep his frustration from edging into his voice.

Leah only chuckled, swaying closer on the tall wedge heels she was dressed in, her sinuous movements emphasizing her dramatic curves. “The countdown is almost over, isn’t it, Danny Boy? You can be honest with me. I know how much you’ve been obsessing over that video, remember?”

Dan shook his head, but Leah had him dead to rights. He had already spilled his anxieties and fears to her. There was little use in trying to hide.

Leah unexpectedly reached down and took his hand. “Come on,” she said in a voice that was gentle despite the dark undercurrents swirling beneath it, “We can watch it together, and discover the truth. I might even be able to help you… enjoy the experience.”

Dan wanted to deny her… but actually the idea sounded strangely pleasant. Leah had been there for him these past few weeks. Her presence would be a comfort… not to mention the fact that he was still carrying a torch for her after all this time, and an offer by a beautiful woman like her to watch porn with him was hard to pass up.

“But we can’t do it in your room,” said Leah decisively. “What if Claire hears you weren’t feeling well and comes to check on you? I’m not sure she would understand if she saw us together.”

Dan winced at the thought. Leah definitely had a point. “But then where should we go?” He asked numbly.

Leah was pulling him further now, down a corridor he hadn’t been before. “I can take you to Zane’s room,” said Leah confidently. “He won’t be back for a while.”

…

Claire laughed breathlessly as Zane threw open the door to the honeymoon suite, whirling her around and kissing her deeply. Her blood sang with filthy, white-hot desire for him. His dominance, his confidence, the thick cock that felt so fucking good against her palm, between her lips, deep inside her tight, hot cunt. She needed him with an urgency that she had never experienced with another man, let alone her weak husband.

As Zane threw her to the bed and pinned her wrists down, kissing her with bruising force, Claire couldn’t help but make the comparison with Dan, the man she had once thought she loved. She had felt angry and betrayed by the fact that he had ever made the bet in the first place… but if she was really honest with herself, that hadn’t been the real reason she was willing to betray him… no, Dan was guilty of a much greater crime than making a foolish bet.

The truth was as clear as day to Claire as she squirmed and moaned beneath the man who had conquered her, fumbling with his fly to free his monstrous cock and stroke it needily in her hot little hands.

Dan's crime was that he just wasn't good enough. He deserved his treatment because he wasn't Zane. He had arrogantly tried to claim a woman that only a real man deserved, and now karma was humiliatingly putting him in his place. The thought was cruel and stark and darkly erotic, enflaming the hot, pulsing lust in Claire's loins as Zane ripped off the slutty pink dress he had once tricked her into but she now wore for him willingly, exposing the stiff nipples atop her heavy, heaving breasts.

Zane had opened Claire's eyes. She deserved a man who could dominate her, and a weak pussy like Dan deserved to watch every second of his defeat.

...

The room that Leah led Dan to was tiny and cramped, with barely enough room for two people to stand in with the twin bed. Compared to the massive honeymoon suite that he himself had booked, it was shockingly small and spartan. Dan was almost surprised that they sold rooms this dismal on a luxury cruise like this.

Even in the middle of his anxiety, he had to mutter under his breath, "This is the room that Zane chose?" In confusion.

Leah's only response was a mysterious chuckle, sitting back on the bed and patting the empty space beside her. "Oh, you don't need to worry about that, Danny Boy," she assured him. "Zane has thought this whole thing through, I promise you. Now... are we going to waste time comparing hotel rooms, or are you ready to jerk yourself silly to some porn?"

What she was saying seemed ominous, but Dan had no time to worry about that, because she had a point. As Dan pulled the phone from his pocket, he saw that the deadline had passed by two minutes. The video that might change everything was live on the site, waiting for him.

He collapsed on the bed next to Leah, wiping his sweaty palms on his jeans, taking deep, panicked breaths. He knew that this was the moment he had been waiting for, but now that it was here, he wasn't sure he was ready.

Leah nearly made him jump out of his skin as she reached over and ran her fingers teasingly over the throbbing bulge in his pants. "Come on now," she whispered, hot and close in his ear, "don't lose your nerve. You're so close to the answer you've been craving. Open the site, Danny Boy. I'll be here with you every step of the way."

She was right. Dan couldn't bear to look, but he couldn't bear not to look either. With one last sickening pulse of adrenaline, he unlocked his phone and refreshed the page. He had tunnel vision, his hands shaking as he read the banner at the top of the screen...

...

Claire was naked now, her dress crumpled in a sweaty heap on the floor along with Zane's clothes. She felt the thrilling, wild heat of his bulky body pressing down into her. Her stiff nipples pressed hard into his soft chest. His thick, throbbing cock nuzzled against her lower lips. But he was still teasing her now. Winding her up to greater heights of arousal before he filled her with the dick that she craved.

“He’s probably watching right about now,” said Zane gleefully, reaching down to slip a finger into her hot, juicy cunt. “Him and a couple thousand other pathetic perverts. They’re all seeing how this pussy belongs to me now… watching how I own it.”

“I d-don’t want to talk about Dan right now…” whimpered Claire. Right now, in the heat of her humiliating submission to his former friend, the thought of her husband as a cuck was almost uncomfortably erotic, but tinged with creeping guilt as well, despite her new disdain for him.

“But I do,” chuckled Zane. “You’re stolen goods, Claire Bear. A fallen wife that I turned into slutty porn star with my cock.” He began pulsing his middle finger in and out of her quivering pussy, deep and slow as he grabbed her hand and held it up, her wedding band glinting in the light. “This little ring is just as much a trophy of my sexual dominance as that pair of panties you donated to my bedroom. Aren’t you happy everyone gets to see you submit?”

“Yesssss,” hissed Claire in despairing pleasure, her whole body burning with humiliation and lust. “Yours, Z. I’m all yours now. I want everyone to fucking see. Especially him.”

The idea made Claire’s pussy clench hungrily, a whimper of submissive lust rising from her throat. In a lot of ways, Zane had already ruined her. Even if she had extracted a promise that he would use a fake name, her real face was now out there to see for all of his “strokers” as he called them. Along with a filthy, demeaning explanation of how she had fallen prey to Zane’s sexual manipulation. Right now, hundreds of men were jerking off to her utter defeat… maybe even her husband. Would one of them recognize her in the street someday as the filthy porn star she had become? What if a client found out? The questions were terrifying, but also somehow erotic.

“Speaking of trophies, I think it’s time we got this changed to real ink,” said Zane with a chuckle, tracing the fading teddy bear tattoo on the outer swell of her breast and leaving a shining streak of her own lubrication. “Make my mark of ownership a little more permanent.”

“Anything,” said Claire fervently, her hips humping upward against him with horny urgency, desperate to feel his cock fill her. “Anything you want. Just fuck me. Please,” she whimpered, staring into his eyes with a vulnerable neediness she had never felt vulnerable or submissive enough to ever show another man.

Zane positioned himself at her quivering entrance, the hot, bulbous head of his cock nuzzling against her sensitive, tender lips. Claire's body was flooded with overwhelming heat. Her beautiful thighs spread wide, welcoming the evil beast of a man who had won her body and soul.

“Can you imagine what that stupid cuck’s face will look like when he sees the truth?” Asked Zane, his eyes glittering with dominant cruelty, just inches from hers.

Claire considered telling him not to talk about her husband again… but this time, instead, she fully accepted the awful, cruel feelings inside her heart. She imagined Dan’s face, filled with pathetic sadness and shame. Imagined his stiff little cuckold prick dripping with embarrassing lust as he watched his wife stolen from him. And she let herself be set on fire by the evil, bullying glee she saw in Zane’s eyes. It would be unimaginably cruel and wrong to get off on destroying the man she had once loved… but that was the point, wasn’t it? Life wasn’t fair. Zane was a better man and Dan was a pathetic weakling. She had been getting off on humiliating Dan all day, and there would be nothing more humiliating that looking in her husband’s eyes and seeing his expression when she declared Zane the winner and Dan the loser.

“I won’t have to imagine for much longer,” she whispered back, her evil grin matching his. Then she leaned upward to kiss him, just as he slowly pushed inside her, filling her and making her feel the submissive bliss she craved.

…

Dan let out a huff of released tension. The banner on top of the site read “Meet our newest slut: Crystal!”

Crystal. *Not Claire*. A heavy weight that he hadn’t even realized he had been carrying unwound inside him, leaving him feeling weak and drained.

“What’s wrong?” asked Leah with a smirk. “Disappointed?”

Dan shook his head, although strangely, she wasn’t entirely wrong. Part of him had been so certain that the woman in the video was Claire… and an even more shameful part of him had taken a sort of perverse thrill from that. Now all he was left with was the unpleasant task of finding out the real reason that Claire was distant from him.

“Hold on,” said Leah, chuckling softly as her fingers reached up to grip the zip of his fly. “Is that it? Don’t you want to read the training log? Zane did say that it was the hottest one that he had ever written, after all… It would be such a waste to just go back to dinner now when you have a pretty lady willing to jerk you off to your favorite website.”

Dan almost refused. Contrary to his expectations, he no longer felt like he needed release anymore. His panic was subsiding, and he mostly just felt tired… But on the other hand, Leah had a point. When would he ever have the opportunity to get a handjob from her ever again, now that this whole messy thing was over? He nodded and turned back to his phone as Leah pulled his still-throbbing cock from the front of his pants and began twisting her fist around it in slow, teasing motions.

[Here it finally is, strokers,] read the lurid text, [The filthiest, most exciting conquest I’ve ever done. Some girls are easy, and some play hard to get… but Crystal was the white whale. A stone-cold bitch with a body built to get fucked but a mind built to tear men to shreds. But you know what they say, strokers. The bigger they are, the harder they fall, and this ice queen was a natural-born slut just waiting for a dominant dick to wake up her natural instincts. There was no obstacle that could stand in my way when it came to claiming that sweet, forbidden pussy. Not her distaste for me, not her dominant habits… and especially not her marriage to her pussy of a cuck husband.]

A little tension crept back in, worming its way through Dan’s gut. Leah’s hand moved slowly and steadily up and down his cock as she read over his shoulder, whispering softly in his ear, “Oh my… it seems like this particular lady was a tough nut to crack. A bitch with a weakling for a husband… it sort of reminds me of someone I know.”

Dan was speechless, his tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth as he scrolled further down.

[The first challenge in turning this sharp-tongued girlboss into my personal cocksocket was even getting access to her in the first place. But that was no problem for a man of means like myself. She owns her own interior design business (for now at least… she’ll be a full-time porn star for me in the end, boys). All I had to do was hire her to do a little job for me, and that gave me all the opportunity I needed.]

Dan closed his eyes tight, his anxiety and dark corrosive lust suddenly back in full force, twisting and burning inside him, making his cock throb wildly in Leah's merciless hand.

"Don't look away. You helped start this, Dan," said Leah in his ear, her voice soft and hot and mocking. "Now you have to see how it finishes. You need to see the awful, filthy, heartbreaking, mindblowingly erotic result that the weakest, most shameful part of you secretly wanted all along." Dan could feel her reaching over his shoulder, swiping her finger to scroll down the page while his pulse thundered in his ears and his carefully constructed delusions crumbled inside him.

"There," said Leah gently. "I pulled up the video you wanted to see so badly. The video that you've spurt to again and again since the censored version came out. All you need to do now is open your eyes and press play. It's time to get what you deserve."

...

Fuck it felt good to get fucked by a real man. Claire relished the feeling of being held down and pounded into the mattress by the thick, hard cock of a man who knew how to dominate her... who was strong enough to conquer even a woman as strong and dominant as her.

Her hips writhed upward into his, meeting him stroke for stroke, milking him hard with her pussy, just enjoying the feeling of their bodies merging. The sexual chemistry between them was electric... molten and bright-hot as magma. When Claire opened her mouth and let out a low, sultry moan, when she clawed desperately at Zane's flabby back, when she took his cock again and again, there was no acting or performance, just true, deep submission to a man she deemed worthy. When Zane silenced her by pressing his lips down into hers, for this one moment, there was no smug, snarky taunts or preening superiority... just the primal physical claiming of woman by man.

Too often in their videos, she and Zane were playing to the cameras or trying to prove something to each other. It felt good to just let go and connect with each other in this moment.

"Fuuuuck," groaned Zane above her, panting heavily as his body slid sweatily against hers. His thick cock impaling her and spreading her wide, claiming the deepest part of her. "I want... I want..."

"Anything," breathed Claire, Leaning up to plant hot wet kisses on his neck and chest, delirious with pleasure. "I'll give you anything Z. You want to take my ass? You want to make my husband watch as you stuff that big cock in my fat ass?"

"I want you to be mine for real," said Zane, shockingly freezing for a moment and staring down into Claire's eyes, his nostrils flaring and his expression dead serious. "I want you to be my full-time porn star slut. I want you to work for me."

Claire stared at him with her mouth open. Her heart racing. Her pussy pulsing with dark corrosive lust, snug around his cock. He had always beat around the bush before. Slyly suggesting that they would wait and see, and maybe do some other videos in the future. She had figured that he might try to turn her into a real porn star in the long run, but she had never expected such a direct and forceful appeal.

"Zane I don't know..." she said uncomfortably. She couldn't think clearly in this moment of sexual heat. Temptation and revulsion warred inside her.

“Don’t decide now,” said Zane in a rough voice dripping with desire. He began fucking her again, slow and deep, filling Claire’s brain with a hot pink mist of pleasure. Just think about it.

Zane’s voice was deep and soft, whispered right into her ear. “No more clients and deadlines and stress. No more worrying about keeping up appearances and worrying about it others respect you…” Claire let out a breathy moan, her whole world filled witht he sensation of Zane’s slowly pumping cock ad the seductive words he was pumping into her ear. “All that you would need to do is look pretty and take your man’s cock in every hole. My perfect slutty princess living a life of luxury without a worry in the world.”

Claire squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip as she pictured it, milking Zane’s cock hard with her pussy. It would be the ultimate humiliation. The ultimate submission. To give up all of her own ambitions and become Zane’s slutty eyecandy. Becoming a porn star, known only for getting fucked on camera. A complete inversion of everything that she once considered important. But Claire had become so addicted to submitting to Zane… so turned on by humiliation and exposure, that the idea was perversely attractive.

“Zane…” she moaned, her back arching upward and her round breast hitching with her gasping breaths, “Zane… I… I…”

Even she didn’t know what answer would come out off her mouth. But Zane stopped her with a finger to her lips. “Not during sex. I don’t want you to think I tricked you this time. When you submit for real, I want it to be real. We have other things to enjoy tonight. Just… think about it.”

And Claire did. While Zane fucked her deep and slow, making her feel the thrill of physical submission with every fiber of her body. For now, they just enjoyed each other.

Before Dan arrived and they put on their biggest performance yet.

…

Dan tried to keep his eyes closed. To toss the phone away and avoid what he now knew was coming. But he knew that he couldn’t do that. Just like he hadn’t been able to refuse the perverse bet in the first place. Just like he hadn’t been able to tell his wife that Zane was after her.

Maybe it was destiny. Maybe it was just weakness and self-sabotage from a cuckold humiliation fetish that had always lurked under the surface. Maybe it was just the irresistible combination of Leah’s taunting voice and her hand smoothly stroking up and down his cock.

Whatever compelled him, Dan opened his eyes and pressed the play button hovering in the center of the screen.

His wife was the very first shot on the screen as the video faded up from blackness.

It’s her it’s her oh fuck oh God it’s really her.

Dan’s brain was frozen, overwhelmed by the sudden culmination of all of his worst, most erotic nightmares. But his cock responded immediately, twitching and pulsing to even greater stiffness in Leah’s pumping fist, drooling out another flood of slick, hot precum at the soul-eviserating, distressingly erotic sight on his screen.

Claire was as lovely as the day Dan first met her. Or, a more direct comparison, as beautiful as the day of their wedding. He should have realized the first time he saw the video that the slutty

parody of a wedding dress she wore in the video was based on the one she wore during their ceremony.

Maybe he had noticed. But his self-delusion hadn't let him see.

And, of course, Zane had taken that pure, loving memory and defiled it. Perverted it into just another mocking symbol of the marriage he had destroyed. Claire's face was unblurred now, but in a cruel joke, her breasts and the peeking shots of her panties were still hidden. The "Beta Edition" once again denied Dan a full, satisfying view of the slutty costume that Zane had gotten to enjoy.

"Here comes the bride," Zane said in a mocking drawl in the video. A line that Dan had heard over and over at this point. But it hit him even harder, filling him with humiliation and cuckold lust now that he knew this wasn't some hypothetical slut, but the woman he loved, degrading herself for a filthy pornstar. Participating in the mockery of their marriage with obvious enjoyment.

Dan was struggling to process the tide of emotions that washed over him as the video played on. All of the parts of the dirty conversation that had turned him on when they were just the abstract idea of a cuckold husband being humiliated now hit their target directly. *Fuck… why the fuck does this feel good,* he thought to himself desperately, his mind filled with scattered emotions.

"It's ok," whispered Leah gently in his ear, her pumping fist now making squelching noises from his free-flowing precum. "There's nothing wrong with a lesser man like you enjoying the beautiful, natural sight of a superior man claiming a superior woman. There's a reason that you enjoy it, Danny Boy. Because a part of you knows that you never deserved her. That this was always your place… to watch her surrender to a real man. Don't be ashamed… Oops, that's not quite right, is it? The shame of it is what makes it hot, isn't that right, cuckie? So *do* feel ashamed. But embrace that shame. Feel the submissive pleasure that comes with it."

Dan was so weak. So overwhelmed by his nightmare coming true, that he couldn't even resist anymore. He just stared at the screen, surrendering to the feelings of Leah's skillful hands as he watched his wife swear perverse vows of loyalty to another man's cock.

Then came the blowjob. Claire on her knees, worshiping the thick, veiny monster swinging between Zane's legs. It was much hotter than the version where her face had been blurred, for obvious reasons. Dan couldn't stop staring at the lips he had kissed so often as they sealed tight around another man's shaft. Normally, the Beta edition put a black bar over the eyes of the porn star performers. But this time, Zane had seen fit to leave Claire's face exposed completely.

Dan could see the submission in his wife's eyes. Claire. The fierce, intelligent woman who never bowed to anyone, knelt and worshiped Zane's cock. Seeing his Queen conquered was breathtakingly erotic. Mindnumbingly heartbreaking. And through it all, the relentless pleasure of Leah's teasing handjob, and her low, purring voice in his ear.

"She looks good with a cock in her mouth, doesn't she? But a lot different from the disinterested blowjobs she's given you before I'm sure," said Leah with a soft giggle. She held her palm flat against the head of his cock, grinding it down against him in tight, circular motions. "That's the sight of a woman who is truly thirsty for cock… and I think we both know Claire has never wanted you like she does Zane. It's different for him… he just has that effect on women."

Before Dan was mentally ready, the video was moving forward to sex. He knew every beat of the video by now. How Claire bucked and moaned. Begged for cock. Told Zane in a whimpering voice dripping with pleasure that he was better than her husband could ever be. He knew by heart the moment that Claire came with Zane's thick cock buried deep inside her. Something that she had sworn to him throughout their marriage was impossible: that she had only ever orgasmed from tongues or fingers.

Dan watched again with twisted, all-consuming arousal as the man he now recognized as his worst enemy took Claire in the ass, plundering something that Dan would have never thought his proud, intelligent wife would ever give to anyone. And all through every moment of the filthy pornographic video, Leah's hand was there, playing with his cock, making sure that this memory was forever tainted and mingled with sexual pleasure. Forging new links in his mind and making sure that the fetish she had encouraged took deep root.

"This was your fault, you know," hissed Leah into his ear, in a voice so rough and raw that Dan knew she was turned on as well. "It was your weakness that made this happen. You weren't strong enough to deny who you really are inside." They both watched the screen as Claire grunted and sweated, bouncing her thick, jiggly ass back into Zane's monstrous cock, clearly enjoying her first anal fuck as punishing spanks rained down on her.

"I asked you before, didn't I?" said Leah with a breathless giggle. "What kind of man accepts a bet with his wife's pussy on the line…? Well, let me be even more blunt than I was before, Dan."

Her lips were so close that they brushed against Dan's ear. Her fist pumped hard and fast, skillfully bringing Dan right to the brink of orgasm without letting him cross that threshold. "A cuck. That's who. A man who subconsciously wants another man to fuck his wife. You made this happen, Dan. It couldn't have happened without you."

Dan watched Zane cum inside his wife, filling her ass with thick, pearly sperm. He knew the final shot that was coming. It had practically burned itself into his memory, despite the censorship that spoiled it. He could feel his orgasm rushing forward now, and he knew that it would break him. But somehow, he had never wanted anything so badly before in his life.

He watched with horror and arousal as Zane reached down in the video, plucking the ring from his dazed, cumdrunk wife's finger. Leah's fist was a slick, tight hole, pulsing and rubbing every inch of his cock. Claire's thick ass was pointed up toward the camera, blurred by the frustrating censorship of the Beta Edition, but Dan could still see the thick cum dripping downward. He knew where the wedding band Zane had slipped on his beloved wife's finger was going.

But just as Zane laid the symbol of Dan and Claire's love over her blurred, cum-glazed asshole, and Dan felt himself right on the edge of orgasm, Leah pinched the base of his cock cruelly hard, cutting his pleasure short as the video ended and the screen faded to black.

Dan let out a choked sound of frustrated lust, eyes bugging out and hips bucking upward as his body did its best to chase the orgasm and catharsis it craved so very badly. But Leah was merciless, holding his cock in a cruelly tight grip until his imminent orgasm passed and Dan collapsed back onto the small bed.

"Why?" he asked her in a broken voice, unable to comprehend why she had denied him the satisfaction he needed.

“Because this isn’t how you get to cum tonight,” she said with an expression that was somehow half-pitying and half-mocking. Dan thought the anxiety and dread would have eased now that he had finally learned the truth, but they were stronger than ever, raging like a storm inside him.

“Tuck that little dick back in your pants and follow me,” said Leah simply, standing from the bed. “Time to live the dream, cuck.”

Dan wished he could say he lost his erection when he realized what she meant. But it was as hard as ever as he followed her reluctantly into the ship’s corridor.

…

“I… I can’t do it,” said Dan. His voice sounded weak and pathetic even to his own ears, but he was beyond caring. The wild sounds of the fucking were loud enough to pierce straight through the door of the honeymoon suite. He could practically smell the sex… feel the heat of it rolling beneath the door.

“Don’t lie, Dan,” said Leah, cozying up to his side and reaching down to teasingly stroke her fingers over the bulge in the front of his pants once again. “I know that this turns you on. Every step of the way, you’ve whined and protested and sniveled. And every step you’ve followed along like a good boy in the end.”

Dan turned to her with one last miserable scrap of pride burning in his heart. “But this is different,” he insisted. “If I go in there, I’ll be exactly what they say I am. I’ll be giving up everything that makes me a man. I’ll just be a… a…”

“A cuck,” agreed Leah softly. A grimace quirked up the edge of her lips, and she looked reluctant for a moment. “You’re right, Dan. We both know what will happen if you go in there. You’ll do just what your wife says. And tonight, she plans to turn you into the worthless, humiliated cuck that you’ve always feared you are. And you’ll deserve it, because you chose to submit just by walking in that door.”

Dan frowned. Leah was silent for a solid minute, a conflicted look on her face, but he could sense that there was something else.

Finally, she turned to him and said, “You have a choice, Dan…”

Option A: “… You can walk into that room. You can submit to your total defeat. Become the pathetic cuckold jerkoff you were always meant to be and cum in your cuckold fist while watching Zane take your wife. I know enough now to know that you’ll enjoy it. It’s going to fucking ruin you, but it will also be the best orgasm in your life as you stare into the eyes of the woman you love and watch her cum on another man’s cock. That’s what Zane wants. It’s what Claire wants. And I think part of you wants it too… But it isn’t your only choice.”

Option B: “You could leave with me. Right now. Stand up for yourself for once and refuse to follow the path Zane laid out for you. I mean, don’t get me wrong, it would still be nothing to be proud of. You would be slinking away and reconginizing your complete defeat. It would be the coward’s way out…. But you could at least console yourself with the fact that you didn’t cum to your own emasculation. Tell you what: since I am such a softie, I’ll even give you a pity fuck. You could end the night letting that big, cathartic load out into a wet pussy instead of your hand… if you’re just man enough to seize the opportunity.”

The Bet – Chapter 29 (Dan Triumphant)

Hello Everyone!

The answer seemed pretty clear the other day that people wanted the material that was finished as soon as it was done. A couple of important points to stress about this release.

1) In case you haven't been following closely, **THIS IS NOT THE ONLY VERSION OF THE FINAL CHAPTER THAT WILL BE RELEASED**. So before you get upset that this chapter doesn't follow the preferences you prefer, please keep that in mind.

2) I found that the fact I was doing both versions of this chapter allowed me to go more extreme with both versions. So this is what I envision as the absolute best realistic case for Dan. That does mean that it makes a fairly significant shift from the previous chapter in one aspect that I will call out here: Leah pivots toward being much more supportive of Dan in this chapter. I chalk that up to the fact that his choice at the beginning of this chapter impresses her and gives her hope that he is salvageable, but I knew it might bother some people, which is why I'm bringing it up.

I hope that you enjoy this version of the end, and if you were more looking forward to the other cuckold-heavy version, I already have about the same amount of that chapter written. The only reason this version is coming out first is that it is a little shorter.

...

Dan stood, caught in a dilemma by Leah's unexpected offer.

He felt the pull of the dark, erotic future he sensed inside the hotel room. Inside, he could hear his wife's passion peaking into wild orgasm. The part of him he hated, the weak, lustful part that couldn't help but watch Zane's porn site endlessly and jerk off, even when he knew it left him spent and soft for his wife, urged him to open the door and submit to his fate.

But, even after everything, a spark of defiance still burned inside Dan. He had never asked for this, no matter how much everyone wanted to tell him this was his fault. He had made that bet because he had trusted his wife so deeply. And, true, maybe that had been a bad idea. Maybe it had been giving Zane a green light to harass Claire. But, when he really thought about it... would Zane have stayed away from Claire even if he had refused to bet? He wasn't sure anymore. Winning the bet no longer felt like it was Zane's primary motivation.

Dan had made mistakes... but so had Claire, and no one deserved what was going to happen to him if he stepped into that room. He looked up at Leah, feeling raw and vulnerable and a little lost. He had been on track for a while now... following a plan carefully laid out by Zane. And now that he was thinking of breaking away, he had no idea what might happen.

"Fuck them," he said heavily. "I'm not going to play their game anymore."

Leah's face spread into a wide grin, and she reached out to take his hand. "Good. Then let's play a different game together. Come on, hot stuff. You've earned the reward that I promised..."

...

The tiny, cramped cabin was a poor consolation prize for the luxurious room that Dan had chosen to book, and Dan realized that this must have been Zane's plan all along. To usurp his place with Claire in the honeymoon suite and banish him to the worst cabin on the ship.

The thought clung to him and made it hard to appreciate it when Leah pulled him close. Her hands were warm and tender on the small of his back, her lips soft on his as her tongue slipped teasingly into his mouth. Once upon a time, this kind of attention from Leah would have been all that he had ever dreamed of. But now that he had escaped the dark vortex of cuckolding lust that had trapped him, the true darkness of his circumstances started to hit Dan.

His wife was gone. Stolen from him by a man who hated him. Turned against him so thoroughly that she apparently didn't just want to leave, she wanted to crush his spirit completely.

It was enough to make anyone despair. So it was no wonder that when Leah reached down to palm his crotch, she felt no stiff, eager desire there. Dan felt as cold as ice, exhausted and hollow.

Leah pulled back, staring up at him, concerned. "What's the matter?" she asked, then shook her head with a rueful smile, realizing that the answer to that question was obvious.

But Dan answered her anyway. The truth was bubbling up from inside him and needed to force its way out, regardless of whether or not Leah needed to hear it.

"It's all over. I fucked it up," said Dan in a weary voice, slumping down onto the bed and holding his head in his hands. "I was tricked by Zane in a moment of weakness, and he's been leading me around by the nose ever since. I guess he really is just better than me."

Leah pursed her lips, her expression more annoyed than sympathetic. She reached down and took Dan's face in her hands, forcing him to stare up into her eyes. "Dan… do you know what the difference is between you and Zane?" she asked calmly.

Dan snorted a laugh that was half a sob. " A bigger cock?' he asked, only half joking.

Leah shook her head dismissively. "No. Well… I mean, yes, but that doesn't matter. Lots of women don't like dicks as big as his, honestly. Dan, the answer is confidence. Zane would never question whether he was worse than some other man. The thought wouldn't even cross his mind. He was able to fuck me and Claire because he was absolutely positive that he could and pursued that goal with single-minded purpose."

Dan barked a bitter laugh. "So you're saying that I should just march back to that room and demand Claire come back to me? You think that would work?"

Now Leah did look sympathetic. "No… no, I do think you need to accept you lost this time, Dan. And that's going to suck, don't get me wrong. Zane has been playing this game a lot longer than you, and he's convinced Claire that she can put all of the blame on you for her own embarrassing failure. I don't think you can change her mind."

Dan let out a painful exhale as the sense of defeat swelled up inside him. Even while giving him a pep talk, Leah couldn't manage to soften that particular blow. Things with Claire were truly over.

"Listen to me, Dan," said Leah, her voice suddenly strict. Dan's eyes focused again on her, and he saw certainty blazing in her eyes. "Normally, I would say that the best thing for you is to lie low and cry and get it out of your system for a month or two, but unfortunately, you need to step up. Zane and Claire want to grind you into the dirt during this cruise, and if you want to have the slightest chance of getting out of this with your pride intact, you are going to need a crash

course in confidence and self-respect. And to start, you're going to fuck the shit out of me, the woman you've been pining over for years. There's no better source of confidence for a man."

"I don't know if I can," said Dan miserably. 'I've been having… issues in the bedroom with Claire these past few months, and I think with how depressing this whole thing is, I…"

Leah made a little sound of frustration in her throat. She tugged on her braid for a second with a thoughtful expression, then grabbed Dan's hand and pulled.

"Leah? Where are we…?"

"Come on," she said briskly, pulling him out of the depressing little room. "I think I know something that will spark a little confidence from you, like it or not."

…

Zane picked up his phone and checked the time again, a faint twinge of frustration worming through him. Leah was fucking late. Surely she hadn't been dumb enough to actually let the cuck cum.

Claire was licking and sucking at his cock dutifully, keeping him hard for the big performance, but it was clear that, even for her, the moment was stretching out a little too long. It was difficult to keep the tension and passion at its peak for a long period of time.

Claire glanced up at him, and Zane silently willed her not to ask. Right now, they could just pretend that Dan was about to waltz through that door. If she asked, it felt like the issue might become real.

She asked. Of course she fucking did.

"Where are they?" she said, her voice carrying the same growing annoyance that Zane felt inside himself.

"Leah's just going overboard with the teasing buildup," said Zane confidently. "Keep sucking. I'll text her to move that fat ass."

[Ok, bring him over now.] He texted, then tossed his phone aside and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. It was just a little wrinkle. Soon, Leah would walk in through that door, and the show would start.

"My jaw is getting tired," said Claire five minutes later. "Where the fuck are those two?"

Zane didn't know. And he didn't particularly want to talk about it either. His balls were starting to ache a little. It had been years since Zane had experienced blue balls, and the fact that he could cum at any time if he so chose wasn't much of a consolation.

In a huff, he got up from under Claire and plucked one of the fluffy robes that had come with the luxury room off the back of a chair.

"Where are you going?" Asked Claire in her old bitchy voice.

Zane didn't answer her. It should have been obvious. He was going to the other room to see what the fuck was taking them so long.

…

The pool area had been blocked off by small gates, each posted with a warning explaining that the pool was closed for the night due to the lifeguards being off duty. Although they had passed some late-night partiers on the way, this part of the ship was quiet and still… obviously designed to be used during the daylight hours.

Dan looked both ways nervously as Leah quickly and confidently vaulted the waist-high gate. “Leah, are you sure that it’s ok for us to…”

She looked back at him with a flat, unimpressed glare. “We’re supposed to be building your confidence, Danny Boy. Can you at least pretend to have a spine for once? I promise that the worst that can happen is a teenage staff member tells us to leave. I think you’ll survive.”

Dan still wasn’t comfortable with breaking the rules in such a public way, but she did have a point. Following his instincts had gotten him nothing but pain lately. He awkwardly jumped the fence and hustled after Leah, who was approaching the silent pool with a slow, hip-swaying walk.

The pool and adjoining bar had been bustling with people in the sunny afternoon, but it was dark and silent now, with a full moon glinting off the water. “What are we even doing here?” whispered Dan, his heart pounding as he looked around, somehow expecting to be caught at any moment.

Leah smirked at him, her wicked eyes catching the moonlight in a way that lit a flicker of the old flame Dan held for her deep in his heart. “I’m giving you a redo,” she said softly, and turned her back on him gesturing toward her dress. “Unzip me.”

Dan froze for a second. Shit. She wanted to go skinny dipping. The pool area was empty and silent, but it was a crowded cruise ship, and he couldn’t imagine that the pool area would remain completely unchecked by staff and unobserved by the other guests for long. Getting caught naked here could be quite a bit more embarrassing than just being told to leave the area.

But he remembered what Leah said… he needed to be confident. To get out of his comfort zone. And, despite the turmoil in his mind, the idea of undressing Leah here under the moonlight wasn’t wholly unappealing.

He reached forward, his hesitation fading away as he gripped the pull on Leah's zipper and tugged it down, loosening her forest green dress. Leah let it fall in a shimmery puddle at her feet, then, still facing away from Dan, reached behind her to deftly unhook her bra, shrugging it off and tossing it on the pile with the dress. Dan’s heart was in his throat as he watched her strip quickly and confidently, as though she wasn’t worried at all about someone catching or seeing her.

He had always admired Leah’s free spirit and mercurial nature. She was always smiling, always teasing, always bursting with energy and new ideas about what to do next. It was part of the reason he was so shocked she had let a man like Zane tame and control her. But here and now in the moonlight by the silent pool, she was back… the spontaneous, wild girl he had wanted so badly. He felt a surge of desire for her again, pushing through all the pain and hurt of the evening.

The surge of desire became a flood as Leah hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties and bent forward to remove them, pushing her fantastic ass out behind her. The big,

glaring initial of the man who had conquered her were prominent. Z and K, one on each cheek. A stark reminder of the boogeyman hanging over both of them. But it was hard to focus on Zane too much when Leah was now fully naked in front of him, bending low to present him with a perfect view of her perfect ass.

A moment later, she stepped forward swiftly and dove into the pool with barely a splash, surfacing with her skin dewy and her eyelashes decorated with beads of shining water in the moonlight. “Well… are you coming or not?” she asked, mischief in her eyes as she tread water beneath him. The rippling water of the pool obscured her nakedness in a way that reminded Dan of the censorship on the “Beta Edition” of the website.

Suddenly he decided that he didn’t deserve to be denied anymore.

It took Dan a little longer to get undressed than Leah, and he certainly felt much more self-conscious than she had looked, especially when he nearly tripped and Leah let out a giggle at his awkward hopping with his pants around his ankle. But finally he managed it. He was naked and shivering. Strangely, despite his utter dejection and lack of libido a few minutes before, the adrenaline of public nudity and Leah's little tease meant that his cock was as hard as steel as he jumped into the pool beside her.

The cool water engulfed him for a moment as he slipped beneath, and then he surfaced face to face with his college crush. Her eyes were alight with playful affection as she swam close.

“Tell me, Dan… do you remember the last time that we went skinny dipping together?” she asked in a husky voice.

Dan did remember. Of course he did. It had been one of the most heart-pounding moments of his young life. No one would be able to forget a moment when they came so close to something they wanted that badly. Leah was right in front of him now. She was naked beneath the water. So was he. Just like on that day during college. And just like on that day, electricity seemed to crackle between them as their eyes met.

“You know, I wanted you to fuck me that day,” said Leah in a husky whisper, her curvy lips quirking up into a slightly mocking smile.

“No, you didn’t,” said Dan automatically. It was stupid to tell Leah what she had been thinking, and Leah’s raised eyebrow said that it was certainly a bold response, but it popped out of Dan automatically. It was something he had told himself over and over again in the years following that hiking trip. “We were just friends. You made that super clear to me again and again. If I had just… ignored that and pushed past your comfort zone, what kind of guy would I have been?”

Leah chuckled softly, and put her hands on Dan’s shoulders. “Oh my God… they say that boys can be oblivious, but this is just silly. Trust me, Danny Boy, no girl suggests skinny dipping alone with a male friend if she isn’t expecting something to happen. The only way I could have been clearer is if I had a sign on my forehead saying ‘please fuck me, Dan’.”

“It wasn’t as simple as that,” insisted Dan, doggedly. “We were friends. I valued that. What if I had tried to fuck you and you turned me down? I could have ruined the friendship we did have for a fling that might not have even worked out anyway.”

Leah’s eyes took on a mocking tone, and she moved even closer, close enough that Dan could feel her stiff nipples just barely brush up against his chest. She moved her lips right up close to

his ear and whispered. “And what do you think would have happened if Zane had been naked with me in that quarry, big guy? Do you think he would have worried about upsetting me?”

Dan felt a shock of anger and shame flood through him as Leah pushed herself away with a giggle, her eyes flashing with mischief as she turned and floated away. It was a low blow. For a second, he had forgotten about Zane and Claire completely, and now it all came rushing back to him. But, strangely, he didn’t just feel defeated and exhausted now… he was starting to get mad.

“I’m not like him,” he growled, swimming after Leah to pursue her. “He’s a fucking asshole. And to me, it sounds like that’s what you want. Are you in favor of any random guy who thinks you’re hot pursuing you and refusing to take ‘no’ for an answer?”

“Ooooh, someone’s getting mad,” said Leah tauntingly, leaning back against the far wall of the pool, causing her tits to break the surface of the water, showing off her stiff nipples, glistening with water in the moonlight. “Took you long enough. To answer your question… no, I think if most guys tried to push me that way, I would slap them down hard.”

Dan made a sound of frustration, swimming forward until he was just feet away from the grinning woman in front of him. “You're not making any sense,” he snapped. “You want guys to read your fucking mind, then act with total confidence. But if the guy gets it wrong, then he’s an asshole.”

Leah shrugged languidly. “Oh, poor baby. Is it too tough for you? Would you rather stay home and jerk your cock to naked ladies on the internet? Zane didn’t care about all of this bullshit. When he came on to me, he cut through my bullshit and *showed* me what I wanted. And that was without me dropping any hints at all.”

Dan could tell what Leah was doing. He could see it in the mocking glint in her eyes, mixed intriguingly with the spice of arousal. She was needling him on purpose. Trying to spur him into action. It was fucking working. Dan’s cock throbbed insistently between his legs, and nervous energy pumped through his blood. He no longer felt sad and defeated by Zane and Claire’s betrayal. He felt angry. He felt like he wanted to do something about it.

Not even knowing what he was doing exactly, and still worried about taking the step without any open invitation, he lurched forward, wrapping his arms tight around Leah and pulling her slippery nude body close to him. He pressed her lips against hers, and in response, she reached up to cradle his head, fiercely kissing him back. Her soft breasts pressed tight to his chest, warm in the cool water of the pool and tipped with stiff, throbbing nipples that broadcast her arousal. Luckily, they had moved into the shallower end of the pool during their conversation, because otherwise Dan was sure he would be underwater right now as she clung to him. Her thick thighs wrapped around him as her tongue slid daringly between his lips, her ankles locking behind his back.

“Good boy,” she purred with a low chuckle as he pulled away from the kiss. “You’re already doing better than that sad little college boy back then. What do you plan to do now?”

Her mocking tone only annoyed him further… but it spurred his arousal too. “I’m going to fuck you, you little brat,” he growled, his hands sinking into her squishy hips, “Just like you wanted back then.”

But Leah wasn't going to let him claim his prize that easily. She wriggled out of his grasp and pranced away with a sharp grin. "But what if I say 'no'?" she teased. "What if I say that I don't want that runty little dick swinging between your legs?"

Dan pursued her, completely forgetting his earlier worries about someone seeing them. "Then I'll catch you and fuck you anyway," he said confidently.

Leah danced out of his grip. "What a naughty boy," she laughed. "Aren't good, well-behaved boys supposed to take no for an answer? I'm a married woman, Dan. I ought to save myself for my loving husband."

Dan moved toward her slowly, arms spread to cut off her escape, cock throbbing hard between his legs, dominant instincts he didn't know he had stirring to life inside him at Leah's coaxing. "If you really meant 'no' then I would leave you alone, Leah," he said with a new sense of confidence, his blood thumping in his ears. "But I felt those stiff fucking nipples. I can see how bad you want to fuck when I look in your eyes… and I'm willing to bet when I thrust into that married pussy, it's going to be hot and wet and ready for me."

He was close now, and Leah was staring into his eyes with a challenging grin. "Want to bet, Danny Boy?" she purred. "I guess you'd better come over here and see if you're right…"

All hesitation was gone as he grabbed Leah this time. He reached down to spread her thighs, and this time she didn't try to escape, obediently allowing herself to be manhandled by her inexperienced dom.

His cock slid home into her tight, hot pussy beneath the lapping waters of the pool and the silvery moonlight. Dan's heart sang as he finally won a bet. Leah wrapped her arms around his neck and he pushed forward into another fierce claiming kiss. Outside of this one moment, things were complicated. Leah had been lost to him long ago, and his life had spiralled out of control thanks to Zane's cruel games. But right now, he could forget all of that, because he felt like he had righted a wrong. He had finally fucked Leah, the one who got away, and that made him sizzle with an unfamiliar feeling.

Dominance and pride.

His new sense of power filled Dan with eager lust. He pressed Leah back against the wall of the pool as the water lapped against his chest, thrusting up into her fiercely and quickly. Leah moaned, her fingernails tracing hot lines of pain down his back as she whispered in his ears, "Dan Harrison, you are a bad boy… Didn't you hear me tell you no?"

"Fuck you," whispered Dan back, panting with arousal as his plunged into her tight pussy again and again, "You've been teasing me for years… It's about time that I taught you to behave."

"Teach me Danny," she purred, hot and soft in his ear. "Teach me to respect you with that big cock." Dan knew that she was just playing a game and humoring him, but the words still made him feel powerful. He tightened his grip on her thick, juicy ass as his speed increased. All of his pain and indecision was left behind in the blazing, powerful moment of sexual dominance. He felt free.

With a snarl of repressed sexual frustration, Dan plowed forward, thrusting Leah up against the wall of the pool with a rhythmic slosh of water, savoring the feeling of her forbidden fruit… the pussy he had dreamed about for so long, pulsing around his thrusting cock with obvious passion. He didn't need to ask or guess whether she was interested in him; he could feel it in the

way she clung tight to him, locking her ankles around his back. Soon, little gasping moans puffed from between her lips. The nipples crushed against his chest were like twin throbbing pebbles. Leah was horny. For him. Just the thought alone was driving him closer to orgasm with every desperate thrust.

“Fuck me, Dan,” said Leah in a whimpering voice, punctuating her pleas with hot little kisses on the crook of his neck. “Fuck me so good that I forget my husband. That I forget Zane. Make yourself my only man right now. Make me fucking cum.”

Dan was breathing heavily now, his body singing with the effort of fucking hard and fast. He would probably be sore in the morning… but he didn’t give a shit. He had a primal, desperate need to do exactly as Leah said. To somehow own her, if only for this one powerful moment.

Dan felt like he was right on the edge of cumming, but he held back with all his might. Tonight, he wasn’t just fucking Leah for his own pleasure. He was fucking to prove something. That he could be as good as Zane. He managed to restrain himself long enough. Leah whined and arched her back, her pussy gripping and milking Dan’s cock with passionate strength as he felt his college crush orgasm in his arms.

“It’s goood, Dan… fuck it’s good,” hissed Leah, her hips writhing against him as she luxuriated in the powerful orgasm rolling over her.

Dan was getting close as well. He could feel his balls drawing tight to the base of his shaft, and he knew that when it came, his orgasm would be complete, thorough, and powerful. He began rhythmically grunting, not even caring that his noises might be embarrassing. It just felt too good to hold back.

“Are you going to cum?” asked Leah, her voice suddenly sharp and urgent.

“Yeah,” breathed Dan, thrusting harder and faster than he ever had in his life, making loud splashing noises in the cool water of the pool.

“Not inside,” said Leah firmly. This time, there was no hint of teasing or needling in her tone. She was drawing a serious line, and despite Dan’s sudden twinge of disappointment, he knew he would have to respect it. “But don’t worry, big guy… I think there’s somewhere you can put that thick load that will be even more fun.”

Dan groaned in frustration as her sleek, wet body slipped out of his arms and his stiff cock was suddenly surrounded by cool pool water rather than the tight heat of her pussy, but he was rewarded a second later as she rose dripping from the water, her delightful curves shining in the moonlight as she knelt at the side of the pool, spreading her thick thighs wide. She beckoned him to follow, saying, “Up here, big boy. It’s time for you to cum. You deserve it.”

Dan was quick to follow, his disappointment from being denied a creampie giving way to horny anticipation as he realized exactly what Leah was offering. Water cascaded off of him as he levered himself up and out of the pool to tower over the kneeling Leah. She immediately reached out to take his cock in her hands, one of her signature teasing smiles playing at the edges of her lips as she began stroking him.

“How many times did you jerk off to this thought, Danny?’ she teased, her hands pumping up and down his throbbing dick. “Little old me on my knees, begging for your cum? I bet you lost sooo many loads into tissues and socks and your own slippery fist thinking about me.”

Even in the heated moment, Dan couldn't help but let out an embarrassed chuckle. She was absolutely right, of course. The number of times he had masturbated to a scenario just like this was honestly kind of embarrassing. But the warm flush of shame was more than balanced out by the sight of Leah on her knees, stroking him off with a warm sizzle of lust glinting in her moonlit eyes. Not to mention the feeling of her little hands pumping up and down his shaft.

"Well… now you get to live that fantasy, stud," giggled Leah with a wink. "I want you to paint my face. Let out all those years of frustration in one big cathartic load and leave me dripping with your jizz. Can you do that for me, Danny boy?"

"Fuck yes, I can," grunted Dan, so eager that he was beginning to pump his hips forward into the feeling of Leah's hands. Every cell of his body screamed for him to cum, and he couldn't take his eyes off Leah's incredible body, her curves sleek and shining wetly under the light of the moon

"Cum for me," whispered Leah, her fist pumping hard and fast. That was the last little push that Dan needed to tumble over the edge into orgasm. He groaned with powerful satisfaction as a thick rope of hot, sticky cum painted Leah's smiling, upturned face. Then another. And another. He was cumming so hard that the muscle spasms almost hurt. But Leah was right. It felt like all of his years of frustration and unrequited love were pouring out of him, splattering over her lovely face in a torrent.

He was shaking with the intensity of it… after a long month of jerking off to Zane dominating women, Leah included, he was finally in the position of power, marking a woman's face with his hot, potent sperm. It helped to loosen the tight bonds of hopelessness and despair that had bound him ever since he had started to suspect that Zane was fucking his wife. Every spurt of semen felt like it gave him back just a little bit of his dignity, as shallow as that might sound.

Leah waited until his spurts had trailed off into a dribble, then gave his cock one last slow jerk upward from the base of his cock to his tip, wringing out the last few drops. "Wow, big guy," she said with a giggle, planting a brief peck on the tip of his softening cock, "I didn't know you had that much in you!" She was a bit of a mess, truth be told. Stringy blobs of goo slipped silently off her face as she spoke, and one eye was glued shut by cum. She patted him on the thigh and got awkwardly to her feet. "Get dressed, Dan. This was fun, but I don't actually feel like getting caught breaking the rules while naked on the first day of the cruise."

Right. He had completely forgotten their exposure in the heat of the sexual moment. Dan scurried off to find his clothes, but half-turned when he heard a splash behind him. He let out a disbelieving laugh as Leah surfaced in the pool, scrubbing at her face with one hand to remove his copious load.

"Gross, Leah! People swim in that!"

She rolled her eyes. "Easy for you to say. You wouldn't have to walk back to the cabin with your face looking like a cinnamon roll. Relax. It's chlorinated. You think you're the first hotshot to get your cum in this pool? Fat chance."

By the time Leah got out of the pool and struggled back into her dress, the adrenaline and euphoria of the moment had calmed, and Dan just felt tired.

They didn't say much on their way back to the tiny cabin that Zane had booked as a humiliation to Dan. But Leah's hand in his did give Dan warmth and strength as they made their way through the dark corridors of the ship.

…

Claire looked up from where she was listlessly scrolling through her phone to see Zane throw open the door, his face locked into a scowl. The sight immediately disquieted her. She had seen Zane momentarily annoyed at setbacks, and when she had escaped him at the club, he had seemed genuinely put out afterward, but she had never seen him look like this… Like he wasn't even sure what to do.

Claire didn't know how to interact with him when he was like this. But she couldn't stop herself from asking the question. "Well… What happened? Where are they?"

Zane closed his eyes and took a deep breath, and when he opened them, it looked like he had a better handle on himself. "I don't know," he said dryly. "They clearly made it to the other room for a while, but they weren't there when I checked. Maybe Dan decided he would prefer a drink to being cuckolded."

Claire wasn't sure what to think. The point of this whole trip had been a cathartic goodbye to her loser of a husband by rubbing his nose in his defeat. It had never even crossed her mind that Dan might resist. Their relationship had always had the dynamic of Claire making the decisions and Dan meekly going along with them.

And more importantly, why had he chosen this moment to resist, instead of any earlier moment that might have actually saved his marriage?

But regardless of her annoyance, Zane did not seem to be in the mood for more discussion on the topic. "I don't think our first cuckold session is happening tonight," he said sourly, untying his robe and stripping it off to reveal his cock dangling soft between his chubby legs. "I'll track down Leah and find out where things went wrong tomorrow. Hopefully, we won't have any false starts tomorrow night."

Claire considered asking Zane if he wanted to have a quickie just to work off some of his stress. He hadn't cum when they fucked earlie,r after all. But before she could ask, he had plodded over to the bathroom and shut the door firmly behind him. A second later, she heard the shower start to run. Maybe it was for the best. Claire had to admit that her own arousal had cooled considerably as well.

…

The night was long and uncomfortable. The bed in the tiny cabin barely fit them both, and Dan lay awake for hours, not just physically uncomfortable, but tortured by the knowledge of how his life had gone off the rails.

Despite the cramped bed, he was grateful for Leah sleeping next to him. He had no idea how he could have gotten through the night without her. After an hour or two of troubled sleep, he woke with the sun to see Leah staring at him with warm, serious eyes.

Without so much as a "good morning", he asked her the question that had risen to the top of his turbulent mind during the night. "Is Zane right?"

Leah yawned and shrugged, commenting in an alluringly raspy morning voice, "Sometimes. Sometimes not. What do you mean specifically?"

Dan groaned in frustration. Leah always had to tease. "I mean about women. How they're all… you know."

“Sluts?” asked Leah with a chuckle. “Really, Dan? He’s converted you to his bullshit way of thinking that easily?”

Dan frowned, feeling defensive. “I mean… can you blame me? He took two women who wanted nothing to do with him and turned them into his willing… I mean, there’s no other word for it, is there? You and Claire became his sluts!”

Leah shook her head with a thoughtful expression. “Well… I guess it depends on your definition of a “slut”, Danny Boy. Are all women flawed? Absolutely. Zane’s genius is reading flaws and exploiting them to his ends. Would every woman in the world have sex with Zane? I think not. Maybe Zane thinks that’s true, but that just shows that he’s flawed himself.”

“But you and Claire were the last people on earth that would want to sleep with him!” protested Dan heatedly.

“I don’t think that’s true,” said Leah doggedly, propping herself up on her elbow. “Both of us found Zane annoying and crass, but he was able to use that to get under our skins. Both of us weren’t completely sexually fulfilled in our marriages, and Zane has a keen nose for that sort of thing. There are probably millions of women who are sexually satisfied, or truly have no submissive streak, or just find Zane tiresome rather than annoying. And that’s not even counting lesbian or asexual women. My view is that Zane doesn’t even attempt to seduce women that he subconsciously knows he would truly have no shot with. That’s what accounts for his success rate.”

Dan sighed and rolled over onto his back. He wanted to believe that Leah was correct, but he was too tired and heartbroken to think about it now. All he wanted to do was sleep… and maybe drink. That sounded good.

“Get up,” said Leah, stretching and rising herself, "We've got work to do today.”

Dan stared at her as if she were insane. His body hurt almost as much as his heart, and besides, he couldn’t imagine any pressing business he might have on the cruise ship the day after finding out his wife had been cuckolding him. Before he could even get a word out, Leah caught his bewildered expression and rolled her eyes.

“Look… I know your first instinct is to turtle up and lick your wounds, Dan. I mean, it's understandable. And once you get home, I think that’s a good plan. Recharge. Take stock. All of that good stuff. But we still have another day and night at sea before we reach the first port, your first possible chance to escape. And during that time, Zane and Claire have their hearts set on humiliating you and grinding you into the dust. If you want to have any self-respect left at all after this, you need to rise to the occasion and defy them. Otherwise, they’ll never stop using you as a punching bag.

Dan put his hand over his eyes. What she was saying was the absolute last thing he wanted to do. Bravely face his spiteful wife and the man who had orchestrated her betrayal? It sounded like a nightmare. But she wasn’t wrong. Zane and Claire still hadn’t seen his reaction to the news of their betrayal, and if he reacted how they wanted, all aroused and timid and submissive, they wouldn’t leave him alone after the cruise either.

He needed to perform the acting challenge of his life: the angry, defiant spurned lover.

“What do you want me to do?” he asked wearily.

“You,” said Leah, reaching down to offer Dan her hand, “Are going to finally learn how to pick up chicks. And I’m going to be your wingman.”

…

“This is stupid. I feel stupid,” said Dan miserably, shifting uncomfortably in the swim trunks that Leah had bought him from the Cruise gift shop. It was basically the only option that he had for a change of clothes, considering the fact that he had no intention of going back to the honeymoon suite to retrieve his luggage. At least not yet.

“You didn’t seem this nervous last night,” said Leah with a smile. “Try to channel a little bit of that energy, ok, big guy? This is important.”

They had gone over the plan while they were getting dressed, and Dan had to admit that it made a certain amount of sense. Claire and Zane had created a narrative: that Dan was a pathetic loser that no woman would ever want. They would be eager to enforce that point of view on reality today, especially since Leah told him that she had gotten some angry texts from Zane last night.

Dan needed to be proactive in fighting back. If Claire and Zane came to hassle him and found him successfully chatting up another woman, it would seriously undercut the way they were attempting to pigeonhole him.

But even apart from frustrating Zane and Claire’s plans, Leah insisted that Dan needed this for his own mental health as well.

“Remember,” she said calmly, pulling him into a brief hug, “You are a man that so many women would be proud of. You are worth it. Don't let Zane and Claire tell you who you are.”

Dan gave her a tight-lipped smile, but couldn’t help reminding her, “I think you also told me in the past that I was nothing compared to… what did you say, ‘a real man like Zane’?” His tone was light, but there was a troubled undercurrent beneath his words.

Leah, to her credit, did look a little guilty. Her hazel eyes were troubled, but her hands were firm as she gripped Dan’s collar and pulled him close, face to face with her. “I’m not going to tell you that I didn’t mean a single bit of it,” she said softly. “You wouldn’t believe me if I did. There’s a reason that Zane won that bet, Dan. There are things about him that are more attractive than you. The old you. That’s what I'm trying to do here. You don’t need to be a swaggering, dominant bully to attract women, Dan, but you do need to be confident in yourself. I told you those things earlier because I knew they would turn you on… but if they also made you upset, use that. Prove me wrong.”

She leaned in to whisper directly in his ear. “And if that isn’t incentive enough, remember the reward that I promised you tonight!”

Dan felt his blood quicken at that thought. Leah had promised that if he could be brave and confident today in his mission of hitting on women and defying Zane and Claire, she had a secret surprise reward for him tonight. One she promised would make him feel like a real man.

And, even if his heartbreak and confusion made the idea of coming on to women on the cruise unappealing, that was something he could use as a light at the end of the tunnel.

He nodded with a look of determination, and Leah’s face lit up with an answering grin. “I knew that would be helpful.” She slapped him on the rear and nodded toward the same poolside bar

that Dan had ordered from yesterday. “Go get 'em, Tiger. I’ll be watching. This is the birth of a new, more confident Dan.”

Dan wished that were the case, but although he did his best to walk and think and even breathe confidently, he still felt awkward and artificial as he made his way to the bar.

As he leaned against the bar and nervously ordered a beer, the panic began to set in a little. It had been years since he had tried to do something like this. He looked around the open-air bar nervously, trying to remain calm and see if there were any likely ladies he could talk to. It didn’t have to be a love connection. All he had to do was prove that he was strong enough to get out there and flirt with someone.

There was a group of young women in bikinis ordering a round of shots at the bar, but Dan almost immediately discounted them as a possibility. They looked barely old enough to drink, and he suspected they would immediately sneer at him as a dirty old man, especially since they were in a group. There was another woman at the other end of the bar who was probably ten years older than Dan, and he seriously considered going over to talk with her, but even as the thought crossed his mind, a man came up from behind her and hugged her affectionately. It was only then that he noticed the ring on her finger. It looked like this was going to be more difficult than Leah was making it out to be.

Feeling a little overwhelmed, Dan was about to give up and go back to Leah with his tail between his legs when a woman slid up to the bar next to him and ordered a Vodka Soda. Dan felt taken aback by her sudden appearance and proximity. The woman had sandy blonde hair, cute features with a hint of crow's feet at the edges of her eyes, and was wearing a conservative one-piece with a towel over her shoulders. More importantly, she was alone, was probably only a couple of years older than him, and a quick check showed that she had no ring on her finger.

Dan’s belly flip flopped. Now that the opportunity had landed right in front of him, he suddenly no longer felt ready. But it was now or never. He reminded himself that this wasn’t about convincing a woman to sleep with him. It was just about building confidence. He took a deep breath.

“Vodka soda,” he said, a little louder than he intended. “Refreshing. Perfect for this weather.” His voice cracked a little in the middle of his last sentence, and he cringed internally. But it was too late to back out now. The woman had already turned toward him with a raised eyebrow, and Dan braced himself for a cold dismissal.

But the woman, somewhat to Dan’s surprise, just chuckled mildly and said, “Actually, I’d prefer to have one of those giant fruity tropical drinks that everyone else has, but I’m counting calories right now.”

For reasons that Dan didn’t fully understand, he was in. Or in for a conversation at least. After the crushing blow of his wife’s betrayal, his self-confidence was at a low ebb, and he had half expected to be ridiculed just for attempting to speak to the woman. He had to push himself to stay calm and try to keep the tentative conversation going. “Well, this is a cruis,e isn’t it?” He asked with a smile, “Shouldn’t you live it up a little while you are on vacation?”

The woman rolled her eyes good-naturedly and leaned back against the bar, sipping her vodka soda. “I wish it felt like a vacation. I’m here because my friends dragged me along… It's a long story, but more or less I plan to spend the whole day drinking and reading in my cabin. Not exactly fun in the sun.”

This was going better than Dan expected. She was actually opening up to him a little. He licked his lips and tried to focus on the budding confidence growing in his heart. “Hey, if you give me your number, maybe we could meet up later. It would beat just reading for the rest of the trip.”

For a second, Dan thought he had succeeded. The woman looked amused rather than dismissive, and it was clear that she didn’t take his advance as a joke or an insult. But in the next instant, her eyes flicked down to the hand Dan had wrapped around his bottle of beer, and Dan realized his mistake.

“I don’t know if your wife would like it if you called strange women that you met on your cruise,” she said mildly, nodding down to the ring glinting on his finger. Dan cursed his stupidity. He had worn the ring nonstop basically since the wedding ceremony, and it felt so natural that he hadn’t even thought of removing it for this mission.

“Oh… Well, it’s not like that,” he said, embarrassed. “I mean… It's kind of complicated.”

The woman’s smile wasn’t unkind, but it wasn’t encouraging either. “Maybe a little too complicated for me,” she said apologetically. “But I hope you have a good trip.”

She picked up her drink and wandered out of the bar, leaving Dan alone. He sighed and took a long swing of beer. Well, that was an unfortunate mistake. But regardless, he was encouraged by the encounter. The goal had never been to actually hook up with a stranger after all. It had been to get out there and flirt, and he had certainly managed that, despite the rocky start.

His buoyant mood dissolved the very next instant, however, as Claire entered the bar, hips swaying and eyes blazing angrily. Dan’s immediate instinct was to run and hide. But then he remembered what Leah had said. The entire reason that he had hit on someone in the first place was to build his confidence and put on a brave front. If he didn’t face his wife head-on, that would all be pointless. He needed to show her immediately that he refused to be dominated.

She marched right up to him, her body pure curvy sin in the same tiny bikini she had insisted on wearing yesterday to embarrass him. In contrast, her eyes blazed with roiling hate and annoyance, markedly different from the smug teasing confidence he had seen the other day.

“What’s this I hear about you pestering poor, innocent women?” Said Claire acidly, not even bothering with a greeting. “It’s not really fair, Dan. They might not realize how pathetic you are before it's too late.”

Despite everything that had happened the past few days, the venom in her voice and the contempt in her expression still surprised Dan. For a second, he just stared at her, troubled. Then he hardened his resolve. He remembered what Leah told him, about how he was worthy. He had to prove that to himself, even if Claire would never believe it.

“I’m not sure if I would talk about being pathetic if I were you,” he said determinedly, his voice shaking a little too much to fully sell his confidence. "When it only took an asshole negging you for a couple weeks to turn you into a full-blown pornstar.”

The stunned expression that spread across his wife’s face was almost worth the volcanic wrath he knew would follow. Their relationship had worked almost from the beginning on the principle of Dan meekly following Claire’s lead. The idea of defying her openly hadn’t occurred to him in years… and judging by the open-mouthed shock on Claire’s face, it hadn’t occurred to her either.

As he expected, Claire's speechless shock was short-lived. Her face hardened. "You say that as if it has nothing to do with you. As if you weren't the one who served me up to that pervert on a platter. Who drove me right into his fucking arms."

Her words were sharp and withering, and they hit home squarely. A spasm of guilt passed through Dan. He wasn't blameless here. He had watched and gotten horny while a part of him knew that Zane was pursuing his wife. But after the guilt came indignation… Claire was twisting things to her advantage. Just like she always had, come to think of it.

"I didn't fuck anyone, Claire," said Dan, forcing himself to stare her right in the eyes. "I didn't post a video of myself fucking someone else onto the internet for everyone to see. Maybe it's fair for you to be mad at me, but if we are competing for who was wronged more, you don't even come close."

"Look who finally found some balls," snapped Claire, leaning forward to get right in her husband's face. "Too late. Way too late. That bitch Leah may have given you some false confidence, but I've lived with you for years, Dan. I know who you really are. And I know that you can't say no to me. Not for long. You'll be begging to sit by like a good boy and watch the little show we have planned. Just like you jerked off for months just thinking about it beforehand."

Dan wished he could say she was totally wrong. But he had done whatever Claire said for years. And it was true that he had jerked off to Zane corrupting and fucking other women. He had been weak, foolish, and even complicit in his own destruction.

But Claire was wrong. All of his past mistakes didn't mean he would never be able to change. He tightened his fist. Normally, the feeling of his ring was so normal that he didn't even notice it anymore, but now he concentrated on the metal around his finger. It had already gotten him in trouble today. He didn't think he needed it anymore.

Claire's anger faded once again to bewilderment as Dan pulled off the ring and dropped it to the ground in front of her. "I think… No… I don't just think. I know. I'm done with you, Claire. I want a divorce. And then I never want to speak to or see you again."

"Well, the joke's on you," she said coldly. "I had the divorce papers written up before we even left for the cruise. We were supposed to reveal it to you on the last day, but I guess that's just one last thing you had to ruin."

Dan shook his head, and his fear of Claire drained away. He would always admire the woman that she once was, but whatever she had sacrificed to let her submit to a man like Zane had… diminished her somehow. He felt sorry for her more than he feared her. "Good," he said simply, letting out a deep breath and feeling more relaxed than he had in a while. "Good luck, Claire. I think if you plan to be Zane's girl, you're going to need it."

He turned and walked away. "Running away!" called Claire angrily after him, hands on hips. "How original. How brave. I hope you're proud of yourself, Dan, because…"

He tuned her out as he walked out from under the cabana roof of the bar, looking around for Leah. He couldn't see her… but he did see Zane. The squat little man was waiting for him, sitting at one of the poolside deck chairs. He had saved one for Dan, patting it companionably. "Have a seat, buddy. You and I need to talk."

Dan approached warily. He was riding high from shutting Claire's humiliation down, but he was also uncomfortably aware that Zane was likely much more dangerous than his wife. He was the

one who had defeated Claire in a battle of wits to seduce her after all. “I’m not sure I have anything to say to you,” he said warily.

“Humor me,” insisted Zane with a grin that someone who didn't know him might mistake as friendly. “I mean… after all, has ignoring your issues and hoping they go away on their own solved any of your problems lately?”

Dan didn’t relish the idea of sitting down with the man who had destroyed his marriage for a chat, but Leah’s words echoed in his mind once again. A confident man faced his problems head-on, and his objective today was to show both Clare and Zane that he couldn’t just be pushed around. Running away without even speaking to Zane would look cowardly. He reluctantly took a seat next to the pudgy, grinning mastermind, his guard up. “I’m not sure what there is to talk about, Zane,” he said testily. “You won. Claire clearly prefers you. I no longer have any interest in her.”

“I agree with the first part, Danny Boy,” said Zane, leaning back in his chair and propping his arms behind his head. “It’s the second part where I run into a problem. You think that you can just switch off your feelings for a woman you loved and served for years? You think that you can bluff me into believing that you have no erotic interest in me fucking her after you’ve jerked off to other women being stolen on my website for months? Let’s be real, champ.”

Dan felt a sneaky sense of shame sprouting up in his heart. Zane was right. Right now, he was riding high on Leah’s pep talk and pure adrenaline. But even Leah admitted that when he got off the cruise, he would probably crash hard. Could Dan really guarantee, sitting here right now, that he would never be tempted to call his ex-wife, or watch more of her videos on Zane’s website? No, he didn’t think he could, and that curdled his sense of defiance a little. But still… if he didn’t push back now, Zane would never stop trying to reach out and bully him.

“All that sounds like to me,” he said calmly, “is a spoiled child upset that someone is taking away his toys. Leah and I are both done with you, Zane. I know that makes you mad, but why don’t you try acting like a mature adult for once?”

Now he actually had Zane’s attention. The smarmy grin on the ugly man’s face slipped a few notches. “Yeah, about that… I talked with Leah just now. Sounds like she’s been filling your head with all sorts of nonsense about how you can be a real man if you try. She’s just another slut, Dan. How the fuck would she know? She told you she was done with me, huh? That’s funny, considering I just fired a fresh morning load of cum down her slutty throat about five minutes ago while she told me all about your little swim last night.”

Dan was stunned, but a scan of Zane’s face showed that he didn’t seem to be lying. How could Leah make such a big deal of defiance only to turn around and suck his cock the next morning? … maybe fighting back against Zane was impossible after all.

“Now you’re getting it,” said Zane with an evil smirk. “Leah wants to believe that she can just quit me any time that she wants. But I meant what I said, buddy. All women are sluts deep down, no matter what lies they tell themselves. But let me tell you about men, Dan. Because I left that part out earlier to spare your feelings.”

“I don’t want to hear it,” said Dan, rising from the chair. He was suddenly lost at sea, even the brief surge of hope that Leah had given him seemed to disappear, leaving him feeling drained and hopeless.

“You’ll want to hear this,” said Zane sharply, sitting up as well. “Women are all sluts, but men come in two varieties. There are real men… and there are total pussies. Some people call them alpha and beta and all that shit. It doesn’t matter which labels you use. The important part is this: you are what you are, Dan. And you’re a man who jerked off to sluts moaning on my fat cock for months while you knew I was trying to seduce your wife. You can whine about it all you want, but your place is in the cuck chair while I fuck your wife. Claire Bear knows it. I know it. And I think you know it too. This little rebellion you’re putting on is just wishful thinking.”

Dan stared down into Zane’s face. It was filled, as usual, with obnoxious, sneering confidence. Suddenly, this felt impossible. Zane blazed with pure, selfish certainty. He saw the world in one narrow way and he attacked every situation as if he couldn’t fail. He had decided what Dan was and was going to make sure that he was proven right in the end, no matter what. What could Dan do in the face of that sort of dogged mental strength? It had worn down and crushed Leah and Claire, who were both a lot stronger than him.

There was only one thing he could do. And it wasn’t impressive or badass or even particularly satisfying. But it did have the advantage of being simple.

“No,” said Dan simply. Then he turned and started walking away.

Zane let out a guffaw behind him. “No? That's all you have to fucking say? No arguments against me? No brilliant defence of your manhood? Of course not, because you know I’m right!”

Dan just kept walking. He heard Zane getting up from the chair and coming after him. “You think walking away solves this problem, you pathetic cuck?” Dan was amazed to hear, for the first time ever, a note of true annoyance in Zane’s voice. It was surprising enough that he stopped and turned around to see a scowl on Zane’s face. “You know that in the end you’re going to do what I want anyway. Everyone always does. Why prolong it?”

Dan shook his head. Suddenly, things seemed a lot simpler. Unlike Leah and Claire, he had known Zane pretty well back before his whole macho womanizer thing. And finally, everything was clicking into place. “Listen, Zane. I have no comment on all your insane ramblings about everyone’s true nature. But you won. You hurt me, just like you planned. So now I’m going to hurt you back by telling you the word that stings you worse than anything.”

He leaned forward until he was right in Zane’s pudgy face.

“No.”

The wild punch came out of nowhere and surprised Dan more than hurt him. Zane had some strength, but absolutely no technique. Much more of a lover than a fighter. Zane was well and truly enraged now, losing his cool completely. And all it took was one little two-letter word. “*No! No!*” he said mockingly, massaging his fat fist from his ineffective punch. “You sound like a fucking toddler! This is why you’ll never be a real man, Dan, you…!”

“Toddlers are hard to manipulate, Zane,” said Dan with a chuckle, watching Zane’s face turn red as he cut him off. “What will you do if that’s the only comeback I ever have for you? What levers will you pull if the only answer you ever get is refusal? Hey, I have a bet for you. What do you think you’ll do if you can’t make me into a cuck? Will you melt down even worse like this and throw a total hissy fit, or will you reconsider your insane worldview like an adult and quit living your life to prove the people who made fun of you in high school wrong?”

It had clearly been a long time since anyone had struck a nerve with Zane like that. Dan's knowledge of Zane before the hype began had allowed him to score a hit that all the scornful women he had ever tried to seduce couldn't. Zane was white-faced with rage, and his fists were balled up and trembling. "You're going to be sorry, Dan," he said in a small voice. "I swear you are going to wish you had never said that."

"No," said Dan, and turned away, flipping Zane off over his shoulder. It was time to head back to his tiny, shitty room and try to calm down from the two intense confrontations he had just had. And maybe find out exactly what was going on with Leah.

...

Leah was waiting for him when he got back from the room, looking tired and a bit unhappy. She got up as Dan entered the room, a grimace on her lovely face. "I'm sorry, Dan," she said nervously. "I didn't think that Zane would be that mad. I thought you would have at least another day before they really came after you. I didn't expect them to ambush you first thing in the morning."

Dan let out a shaky laugh and slumped back onto the bed. "Well, it had to happen sooner or later, right? You should have seen the look on Zane's face!"

"Why? What happened?" said Leah, sitting next to him with a look of fascinated horror painting her face.

Dan explained the best he could how he almost successfully hit on someone, threw his ring away in front of his soon-to-be-ex wife, then had a confrontation with Zane in front of the pool. By the end of it, Leah was shaking her head in disbelief. "Wow, Dan. I... I mean, I knew that I said you should put on a show of confidence, but you did a lot better than I imagined you could! That's impressive. Truly."

Dan smiled, but looked away. "He also told me that you sucked him off and told him all about our night last night while I was in the bar."

He felt Leah go stiff next to him, although he didn't look up to see the expression on her face. Finally, she sighed heavily. "It's true. What do you want me to say, Dan? I never said I was perfect. Zane is a weakness of mine. And maybe he always will be. That doesn't make anything I told you untrue. But I'm sorry. I couldn't say no to him."

Dan shrugged. He didn't want to be a jerk about it. Not when he had come so close to caving to Claire and Zane himself. "It's just..." he said wearily, "It just feels like there is nothing I can do. He's already won."

Leah chuckled grimly. "Winning has never satisfied Zane in the past. The very fact that you managed to keep any dignity at all is probably deeply upsetting to him. I wouldn't want to be Claire tonight. It would be like sharing a bed with a grumpy wild boar. But... if it's competition with Zane that you're after..."

Leah reached up and turned his head toward her, and her sultry bedroom eyes immediately washed away his lingering stress. "When I see a man facing impossible odds, but being brave anyway... well... that really impresses me. Makes me feel like that man deserves a reward. So what do you say, Dan? Do you want to punish me for being a bad girl and sucking your worst enemy's cock?"

Her body language was open and receptive, and Dan could feel all the boldness that he had been struggling to maintain boil up inside his body. He really had faced down Zane, hadn't he? And maybe that did deserve a reward, now that he thought about it. This was one other way that he could compete with Zane, at least indirectly. Maybe he couldn't compete with the pornstar's stamina, size and technique, but suddenly he was eager to do his best.

Dan pushed forward into a kiss, and Leah accepted eagerly, her soft warm lips pressing firmly into his and her tongue snaking into his mouth with genuine hunger. The nerves and anxiety of his confrontations a moment ago was transformed into lust in a blazing instant.

But his sense of betrayal toward Leah remained, smoldering in the back of his mind. He had been able to stand up to his fears and defy Claire and Zane… why couldn't she? In that moment, he really did want to punish her. To make her feel sorry for her inability to resist. And… yes, it was undeniable that some of his emotions about Claire and her betrayal bled into that. In fact, that was probably Leah's explicit intent. She was offering herself up as a sacrifice, letting Dan work out his twisted up lust and sorrow and jealousy on her, because the woman he was actually angry with would never allow him to have the satisfaction.

Dan had no qualms with taking her up on her freely offered submission. His hands reached down, roughly and hungrily pulling up Leah's shirt. Their kiss was interrupted for a moment as the shirt came up and over, but a moment later their lips met again. Dan kissed Leah as if he was dying of thirst and she was a tall, cool glass of water. It felt like, in this moment, she was his only lifeline, and he held on with powerful determination.

Now fumbling hands were reaching and tugging and stripping each other's clothes in a mad rush, driven by passion and hot, raw dominance and guilty submission. Leah was yielding before him, soft and willing and painfully real in his arms. A poor substitute for his wife, but a welcome one.

Soon they were naked together, rolling on the firm, uncomfortable little bed of the cabin that Dan had been banished to. Leah's hand was on his cock, stroking and gripping needily. Dan reciprocated, and as his hand slipped down her soft, warm belly, Leah's thighs opened beneath him, welcoming his gentle touch on her slick, heated flesh.

"Mmmm fuck," she murmured in his ears. "It's all yours tonight, hotshot. You earned it." She ran her hot little tongue up and around the curve of her ear, adding, "And I still haven't told you the best part… but if you want to earn the real prize, you're going to have to keep impressing me. Think you can manage that, Danny Boy?"

Dan grunted, Leah's needling words spurring the feelings of frustration inside him. He inserted his middle finger deep into her hot, sopping cunt, drawing a little whimper of pleasure from her lips. "Tonight, you're going to give me everything you have, Leah," he said in a low, smoldering voice, finding a source of hard, steely dominance inside himself that he didn't know existed. "And, since you apparently can't resist when a pushy man insists, you're going to start by sucking my cock."

Leah chuckled and flipped Dan over so he was lying beneath, somewhat exposing the fiction that she was being dominated. But other than that, she acted the part well, her eyes big and her expression meek as she said, "Yes, sir," and began kissing slowly down his chest, leaving hot wet lip prints on her journey down her body.

Dan's cock was throbbing with lust so strong it was almost painful. He realized in a flash of insight that this must be how Zane felt all the time: like a fucking king. Leah's sexy, submissive gaze seemed to sear into him as she trailed further and further down the bed until she was finally looming directly about his cock, her heavy tits hanging beneath her, tipped with rock hard nipples.

Silently, and maintaining her intense eye contact through her long lashes, she leaned down and planted a slow, lingering kiss on the tip of Dan's cock. The sight was so fucking erotic that it almost made him cum right then and there, but he managed to just barely hang on by the skin of his teeth.

With a faint smile playing on her lips, Leah went deeper, taking Dan's cock into her mouth, and swirling her tongue around his head. She raised her head a little afterward, asking innocently, "Do you like it when I do that? Z just loves it."

The taunting look in her eye made her intention crystal clear: Leah knew that bringing Zane up would annoy Dan. She wanted him annoyed. She wanted him angry and defiant.
Anything except mopey and sad and defeated.

"I'm willing to bet that you don't talk this much when you suck his dick," growled Dan. He reached down and finally did something that he had fantasized about for years… he seized the thick, honey-blonde braid that Leah always wore and pulled her head down toward his cock, using it like a handle as he thrust his cock deep into her hot, wet mouth.

Leah played along enthusiasticaly, submitting to the humiliating treatment and wriggling her tongue all over Dan's cock as he began fucking her face, moving her mouth up and down his shaft. Fuck, it felt good. Better than any blowjob that Dan had ever had. Maybe that was because Leah was simply more skilled than Claire… but Dan suspected that it had more to do with the dominant power that Leah had granted him to pleasure himself with her willing mouth.

But he wanted to go deeper… he had seen Leah deepthroat Zane's monstrous cock in the online videos, and although he knew that he was physically incapable of reaching as deep as his enemy could, he had a burning desire to feel the tight embrace of Leah's throat. Slowly and carefully, he pressed down on Leah's head, making her sink lower and lower, until his cock pressed against the back of her throat. Dan hesitated for a second. Despite the fact that he had seen her do this with Zane on the website, his instincts still told him he might hurt her.

Leah looked up at him, her face a little red from the exertion… and she winked. That was all the permission that Dan needed, his grip on her braid tightened and he eased further, plunging into the exquisite tightness of her throat. Leah, of course, being used to taking a cock much larger than Dan's, barely batted an eye, and when Dan began moving, using her throat like a sex toy, she simply closed her eyes and rhythmically stroked his cock with her lips and tongue.

Once again, Dan found himself right on the edge of climax almost instantly. He rode the edge, fucking Leah's throat with short, quick strkes while keeping a tight grip on her braid, relishing the wet slutty sounds she made around his cock almost as much as the feeling of complete dominance and control.

But within two minutes of sucking and slurping, he had no choice but to back off to avoid cumming, releasing Leah's braid and letting her rise from his cock. She turned and slumped back onto the bed beside him with a laugh, her voice slightly rough as she said, "That was hot! I think you're getting the hang of this whole dom thing. But now…" She turned to him, her eyes

sparkling with lust and mischief. "...I need to get fucked Dan. Have I been a good enough girl to earn that dick?"

Dan growled in assent, rolling over on top of her and staring down at her flushed and grinning face. This felt even more intense than when they had fucked in the pool the night before. It was somehow intimate for reasons that Dan couldn't quite put his finger on. Something in the faint blush on Leah's face, the hitch of her breath... She was wildly horny. Was Dan somehow drawing this reaction from her? If so, it was incredibly flattering.

"Are you just going to stare at me or are you going to fuck me, stud?" teased Leah, biting her lip seductively and reaching up to palm a breast. Dan decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. Leah had invited him to prove his worth in direct competition with Zane by fucking her, and right now he felt up for the challenge.

Leah spread her thighs wider in anticipation as Dan reached down to position his cock, shuddering as he slid it upward through her hot, slick folds and found her entrance. She twined her arms around his neck, smiling up at him, and urged him forward again. "Don't keep me waiting Dan... I want to feel you inside me."

When Dan pressed forward, smoothly sliding his full length into Leah's tight, wet heat, it felt like coming home. It had been a little hard to tell in the water of the pool yesterday, but now it was unmistakeable. Leah was utterly, completely turned on for him. Even if the eager heat of her pussy hadn't been enough to tell him that, the little gasp that she gave as he pressed himself against her would have told the story. Leah's face was flushed red now, her eyes squeezed shut and her breaths ragged with arousal.

It gave Dan an intoxicating sense of power, to have a beautiful woman that he admired so much get so horny for him. He couldn't shake the feeling that this was something he didn't quite deserve. How could a woman this stunning, who was used to a sexual beast like Zane, want him so badly in this moment? It didn't feel possible. He was a man who had just lost his wife to another man. Who had anxiously jerked off to his rival's sexual prowess for weeks. Was Leah maybe just a good actress, or did his confidence today really turn her on that much?

All of those scattered thoughts flew out of his head as Leah pulled him forcefully down into another kiss, writhing her hips upward into his with needy, liquid motions, the buttery heat of her pussy gripping and milking his cock insistently. There was no time for second-guessing and self-consciousness here. Not when she needed him so badly.

Dan began thrusting in slow, intense, passionate missionary, and was gratified when Leah began moaning enthusiastically, her hips tilting and writhing upward beneath him to meet every stroke. "Yesss! Fuck me Danny Boy," she hissed, into his ear, pausing to nip at his lobe with sharp teeth. "Make me feel like I belong only to you. Make me forget everyone else."

Dan was forgetting everyone else too. For a few long, satisfying minutes, there was nothing else in his brain but the soft, beautiful woman beneath him. Her sweet moans and the feeling of her arms around him, welcoming and holding him. His cock and her pussy and the deep, satisfying pleasure they shared.

Leah's soft moans were taking on a needy, whining tone that Dan recognised from her porn videos, and he felt a sudden surge of pride. He was going to make her cum again. Him, just some loser who had lost his wife, was going to fuck a porn star to orgasm. His pace quickened and his breaths grew shallow as that thought brought him closer as well.

He wondered if Leah was going to make him pull out and finish on her face again… She had seemed to be insistent on that last night. But in this moment, it was the last thing Dan wanted. His deepest instinct told him that finishing deep inside her would be utterly and deliciously satisfying.

It seemed as if Leah had read his mind. She let out a low, rich chuckle, her eyes gleaming with powerful lust and mischief as she pulled Dan's head down to whisper in his ear again.

"I told you that you were going to be competing with Zane, right big boy? Well… my dirty little secret is that you'll be competing with my poor hubby as well. I wasn't so sure you deserved it last night, but today sealed the deal. I'm ready to enter you as the third contestant in a kinky little competition I'm running."

Dan wasn't sure what she meant exactly, but her low, smoky voice seemed to send a jolt of sexual electricity straight to his cock. "Leah," he panted, unable to slow his hips this deep in the grip of pleasure, "What are you saying?"

Leah's whisper was a hot, wet hiss in his ear. "I'm saying that I've been off birth control for a while now. I want another baby, Dan, and I want you to do your best to give it to me."

The shock rolled through Dan, but did nothing to interrupt the intense arousal and pleasure that had seized him in its grip. If anything, the filthy, taboo thought only synergized with his deep compulsion to cum inside Leah, bringing him even closer to orgasm. But still, a part of his conscious mind rebelled at the obvious irresponsibility of what Leah was suggesting.

"Leah," he grunted, his cock still plunging deep inside her with slow, even strokes despite her shocking announcement, "You can't just… I mean, isn't that something a little too serious to just…?"

Leah let out a laugh that trailed off into a moan, her pussy milking his cock needily with every deep thrust. "Don't overthink it, big booyyyy. My husband knows all about this and agreed to it. He even got the first try. I've been with Zane twice since then, so you might be late to the party. But you never knooooow! You may beat Zane in a way he would never expect."

At least the mystery of why Leah was so turned on was solved… The kinky idea of giving yet another man beside her husband the chance to knock her up had clearly driven Leah into a sexual frenzy. Dan groaned, wrestling with the deep lust and guilt inside himself while his hips continued to pump and his cock was embraced by the silky vice of Leah's pussy. But then something changed in Dan's mind. Reluctance and guilt and feelings of inadequacy were what had lost him Claire. Leah wanted this. She was begging for his cum. And every nerve in his body was screaming at him to fill the writhing beauty beneath him with his hot seed and give her the child she so clearly wanted. It wwas time that he took what he wanted. Damn the consequences.

With the last mental block clear, and Leah whispering heatedly in his ear a low chorus of, "Give it to me Dan… fill me up. Breed me and make my belly swell up with your child. I want that cum!" Dan didn't hold himself back any longer. He ramped his speed back up to a frantic pace as he felt the pleasure built up to the bursting point inside him, then he thrust himself as deep as he could go and released.

The night before, he thought that he had released the biggest ejaculation of his life, but this one put the load he had fired all over Leah's face to shame. Leah moaned, her legs shaking and her

hands tightening into claws on Dan's back as she surrendered to an orgasm that seemed just as powerful as Dan's.

Dan's cock pulsed powerfully again and again, firing rope after rope of thick, virile semen deep into Leah's fertile pussy. He was fulfilling a primal instinct to breed that he had never been able to satisfy before, and the red-hot erotic intensity of the moment seemed to scorch him to the core.

Dan pushed another fierce, possessive kiss down onto Leah's lips and let the long moment of sexual fulfillment hang between them. It seemed to go on forever. Dan felt endless spasming pumps of semen rush through the length of his cock, emptying every last drop from his balls while Leah's married cunt milked him relentlessly, pulsing around him and coaxing out more and more.

But finally, things came to an end. Dan felt drained… and not just in a literal sense. He felt hollow of emotion as well. He collapsed down to the side to lay beside Leah again, and it was only when he hit the bed that he realized how tired he was.

Leah just breathed deeply for a moment, one hand covering her blushing face and her legs still spread wide to reveal her well-fucked pussy, dripping thick globs of pearly semen from her pink slit. Finally, she seemed to collect herself from the depths of her orgasm and turned to face Dan, her eyes alive with teasing pride.

"You did it, Danny Boy!" she said in a husky voice, snaking her arms around him to embrace him. "You dominated me! And even might have knocked me up, you lucky dog!"

"That was…" said Dan, shaking his head with a faint smile painting his face, "…fucking crazy, Leah. What the fuck are we going to do if I actually got you pregnant?"

Leah snorted. "Dan, if my husband is ok with raising Zane's baby, he's not going to have a problem raising yours. He'll probably breathe a sigh of relief! Besides, I'm probably already pregnant from Bill anyway. So relax. I'm more interested in what your more immediate plans are."

Dan shrugged, and the enormity of his current circumstances settled on him again like a heavy weight. "Like you said I guess. At the first island tomorrow I'll skip out on the rest of the cruise and fly home. Then I'll have to pack a bag and move into a hotel for now, and look into hiring a divorce attorney, and see if I can do some preemptive damage control with my family friends and…"

Leah put a finger to his lips. "Let's think even more immediate," she said in a gently chiding voice. "You and I are sharing this shitty room for another night… and I want you to get one more chance to knock me up."

Dan couldn't hold back a laugh, his anxiety disappearing over the horizon once again. "I don't think so," he said ruefully. "I think you got every drop in round one."

Leah reached down and palmed his balls in her warm hand. "Never say never, big guy," she murmured, gently massaging with a mischievous smile on her lips. I bet you felt like it was also impossible to tell Claire to fuck off, and look what you did today!"

Dan rolled his eyes, but he was glad that Leah was there with him.

And in the end, like she often was, it turned out she was right.

...

I guess this is it," said Dan, standing outside the airport on the island where they had disembarked the next morning. "The rest of my life starts now."

It wasn't a hopeful statement. At very least ditching the cruise and flying home would help him to avoid Zane and Claire for another week, but now that the time had come to go back to his old life, Dan's mind crowded with what came next. Messy divorce proceedings with a woman who now hated him. Distentangling their living situation and shared assets. Awkward questions about their splitup from well-meaning friends and relatives that Dan had no idea how to answer.

Not to mention the fact that he was positive that this wasn't the last he had heard of Zane and Claire. Both of them were stubborn and strong-willed, and he was positive that they wouldn't give up on humiliating him and forcing him to become a cuckold.

Leah saw the gloom on his face and reached up to pat him on the cheek. "That's right, Danny Boy. The fun can't go on forever. In the end, we have no choice but to pick up the pieces." A quick glance down confirmed that Leah's other hand was resting gently on her belly... maybe without conscious thought. Was she carrying someone's child right now? Her husband's? Zane's? Maybe even Dan's? Maybe no-one's. Dan felt that they had made a deeper connection than they had ever had before in the past forty-eight hours, and he was reluctant to let it go.

"I'd like to keep seeing you... you know, after this," he blurted out, pulling Leah's hand off his cheek and holding it in his.

Leah smiled sadly. "Sure Dan, let's plan lunch again sometime soon." It was clear what she was thinking... that in the hectic scramble of everyday life, they would soon slip back into their old habits and fall out of touch.

Dan shook his head impatiently. That wasn't what he meant at all. "No... I mean..." he took a deep breath. This was probably out of line, but hadn't Leah herself told him he needed to be bold and push for what he really wanted? "That's not enough for me. I want more. With you."

Now Leah raised an eyebrow, catching his serious tone. "Dan," she said affectionately, but with a hint of warning in her voice, "yesterday was a lot of fun, and God knows you needed a little love, but let's not lose our heads. I'm a married woman with a child. And despite what you might think, I love my husband."

Dan knew that, of course... and maybe it was more polite to back down and accept the offer of platonic friendship. But the events of the past few days had filled him with a hunger for more, and a reckless sense of boldness.

"You and Bill have had another man in your relationship before," he said in a low voice, taking a step closer toward Leah and looking straight down into her eyes. "Who's to say that you couldn't have that arrangement again?"

Leah scoffed and gave him a flat look of disbelief. "Dan... I know you're fragile right now, and I don't want to be mean, but you aren't bull material. You came a long way in a short time yesterday, but that is 100% not going to happen."

Dan had gone too far to back away with an apology now. With adrenaline pumping through his veins, he slid a hand around the back of Leah's head and pulled her demandingly into a fierce

kiss. Her eyes went wide, but she allowed the daring, forceful gesture, her tongue cautiously meeting his as it slid into her mouth.

Dan pulled away, and said breathlessly, “I bet that’s what you said to Zane as well… but all you needed was a little persistence to change your mind.” He stared into her eyes, reading her reaction carefully. He wasn’t Zane. If she insisted again on a hard line after his declaration of intent, he would reluctantly back off.

But he was rewarded by a smirk and a chuckle. “Ok, big boy,” she said fondly, pushing him away, “If you want to challenge yourself, you can do your best to convince me. But I’m warning you, I still don’t see it.”

He turned and left her with a faint grin on his face, his dour mood brightening just the tiniest bit now that he had a challenge in front of him.

Still, his thoughts were a whirl of anxiety and depression as he checked in for the last minute flight he had booked to escape the cruise, and waited to board.

One last surprise for the trip awaited him as he took his seat. The woman he had met in the bar the day before looked up from her book with an expression of surprised recognition as he sat next to her. “I guess great minds think alike,” he said ruefully. “The cruise wasn’t working out for you either?”

She smiled and laughed a little uncomfortably. “No, I suppose it didn’t. I see that pesky ring is gone now.”

“Long story,” said Dan with a weary shake of his head.

The woman pursed her lips and gave him an uncertain look, then seemed to decide that there was no harm in the conversation. “Well… it’s a good thing we have a long flight then. I’m Rachel by the way.”

“I’m Dan,” he said with a carefree smile as he settled back. The upcoming weeks promised to be miserable, but right now? Maybe this flight wouldn’t be so bad.