

Interactive story: The Bet - Part 1 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

Interactive story: The Bet - Part 1

- Option A: Hire her as a Decorator.59
- Option B: Cozy up to her at the Spa.9
- Option C: Date her friend to infiltrate her social circle.48

2025-04-30 12:33:00

- 116 votes

Content

Hello!

Let's give this a shot! Here is the first installment of "The Bet"! Just a plot setup chapter for now, but I'm excited to see how this interactive story concept works!

At the end, vote for how you would like Zane's plot to proceed!

I hope you enjoy!

...

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?

...

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...

The Bet - Part 2 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Part 2

- Option A: Install surveillance software on Claire's phone.48
- Option B: Tell Claire that Zane thinks all women are sluts to put her off.63
- Option C: Come clean about the bet.11

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- 122 votes

Content

Here is the second part of "The Bet"! This is proving to be a fun and interesting story to work on! Please vote for how you would like the story to proceed, and comment what things you would like to see in the story moving forward! This experiment is all about audience participation, so I would love to take some inspiration from your ideas!

...

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 mark 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 smoky 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. Claire, 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 get 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-effort 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.

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Poll

The Bet: Part 3

- Option A: Get under Claire's skin by annoying her on purpose69
- Option B: Confuse Claire by charming her13
- Option C: Arrange for Claire to see him naked42

2025-05-07 21:09:21

- 124 votes

Content

“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 against 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 believer. 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 pursued.

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...

As always, vote for your favorite direction! Also, if you have any larger ideas you would like to see for the direction of the plot, let me know!

The Bet: Part 4 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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- Option A: Criticize her Appearance35
- Option B: Criticize her Design Skills24
- Option C: Criticize her Taste in Men50

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Content

Here is the next installment of "The Bet"! Let me know what you think with a like or a comment! Still would love to hear what you would like to see later in the plot!

...

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 definitely 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 understand 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 joooooke 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: Part 5 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet: Part 5

- Option A: Zane is demanding sex furniture.21
- Option B: Zane is demanding a "trophy case".55
- Option C: Zane is demanding an overhead camera for filming porn.49

2025-05-14 21:18:05

- 125 votes

Content

Hello!

Hope you have all been enjoying "The Bet" so far!

I am going to be taking a short hiatus from this project (Likely a week) so that I can really buckle down and finish some stories I have due by the end of the month. But I hope to bring it back as soon as possible, since it has been a lot of fun.

If you like the series or have any ideas, be sure to leave a comment!

...

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 off 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: Part 6 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet: Part 6

- Option A) Take her out to a fancy dinner13
- Option B) Take her out for a day on the water45
- Option C) Take her to a day trip at the spa55

2025-05-21 20:22:45

- 113 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Thanks for bearing with me as I enter writing crunch time at the end of the month to finish some projects that are due. I'm a decent way into Cumbunny 7, so count on seeing that before the end of the month!

Please enjoy The Bet part 6! A bit of a set-up chapter here, rather than a sex-heavy one, but I thought it was important to dip back into Dan's perspective. One programming note: there will be a special release tomorrow of a very very short part 6.5, because I wanted two votes to influence what happens next, but couldn't think of a way to do it elegantly in one poll.

I hope you enjoy! Please vote and comment! Really enjoyed seeing the spirited discussion last time!

...

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: Part 7 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet: Part 7

- Option A) Tease Dan about Leah to see if he had cuckold tendencies.8
- Option B) Spy on Leah and Zane to prove to herself that Zane can't be sexy.22
- Option C) Find a hot guy to flirt with and blow off steam. Obviously things would never go too far.1

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- 31 votes

Content

Hello everyone!

I'm here today with an extra long edition of "The Bet" since I skipped this weekend.

Lots of teasing and tension building in this part, but I promise that something explosive will happen next chapter... but what? That's up to you to decide!

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

...

"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-blond 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 intuited 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 alllll 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 glimpse 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.

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Poll

The Bet: part 8

- Option A: Push Claire hard about the trophy case to teach her to submit.79
- Option B: Send Claire a link to the porn site to deepen her sexual thoughts about Zane.60
- Option C: Send Leah to introduce Dan to the idea of cuckolding.19

2025-06-02 00:25:59

- 158 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Enjoy The Bet part 8! This one might have a couple more typos than usual, because it is hot off the presses!

For the choices this time, I think there is a decent chance that any of these could happen at some point, so don't worry that you are locking choices off this time.

Let me know if you liked it and any larger story ideas in the comments!

...

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 at 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... Uhhnnn, 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 Gooddddd! 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 cuckold. 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!”

...

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: Part 9 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet: Part 9

- Feed Claire sex tips to make her dominate her husband in bed.39
- Gift a porn subscription to Dan to make him limp and useless in bed.115
- Use Leah as a honeypot and let Claire catch them in the act.30

2025-06-09 11:20:32

- 184 votes

Content

Hello everyone!

Another setup chapter here! Self-reflection! Angst! Mind games! Character development! This chapter has it all!

Next chapter will get back to some fucking, one way or another, I promise.

Loving your comments and votes, keep them coming!

...

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.

...

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.

...

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 through 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 - Part 10 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Part 10

- Option A: Claire should dress up sexy and flirt with Zane to frustrate him.115
- Option B: Claire should flaunt sex with her husband to show Zane that Dan is all she needs.30
- Option C: Claire should crash the charity event that Zane is attending to embarrass him.35

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- 180 votes

Content

Evening Everyone!

This part of The Bet is a liiiittle bit long. But since I was basically telling the whole story of Leah's corruption in miniature in this section, I didn't want to short-change it.

Loving the discussions these updates are getting! I'm reading every comment, so please keep them coming. Let me know what you liked and disliked, and any other ideas you have for later in the series! And, as always, be sure to vote in the poll to decide where the story goes next!

I hope you enjoy!

...

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 noticeable 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 and 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 glance 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 a 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 - Part 11 (Patreon)

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Poll

The Bet - Part 11

- Option A: Zane should gift her a subscription to his porn site, just like Dan.43
- Option B: Zane should gift her a dildo the same size as his cock to satisfy her when Dan can't.90
- Option C: Zane should gift her a set of slutty lingerie, implying she would soon wear it for him.118

2025-06-21 00:46:39

- 251 votes

Content

Hello everyone!

I have a busy weekend, so I decided to get this one done a little early! I hope you enjoy! Keep the comments coming, I've been trying to work some ideas from comments in as well in addition to the polls!

...

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 through 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 foot. 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.

“Hmmm,” 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 definitely 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 - Part 12 (Patreon)

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Poll

The Bet - Part 12

- Option A: Claire should fantasize about past sexual encounters while she masturbates.5
- Option B: Claire should use Dan's laptop to look up some porn while she masturbates.113
- Option C: Claire should have Dan watch and provide dirty talk as she masturbates.28

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- 146 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Sorry for this being a little late! I hope you enjoy the chapter, and as always let me know how you liked it and what you would like to see coming up in the future with your votes, likes, and comments!

...

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 relieve 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 its 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's face broke into an 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 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. Claire'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 incomprehendingly 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 incomprehending 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 him 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 - Part 13 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Part 13

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- Option C: Zane should demand Claire meet him on his porn set.162

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- 318 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Sorry for this taking a little longer than usual!

I'm taking the feedback that the pace should be speeding up to heart, and this section tries to lay the groundwork for that, although obviously we weren't in a position for Claire to fuck Zane this chapter.

Hope you enjoy the installment! Please vote and let me know what you think in the comments!

...

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 stokers, 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

ensorship, 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 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Chapter 14

- Option A: Give in to temptation. Fuck Zane.138
- Option B: Zane hasn't won yet. Resist and make him cum from the handjob.137

2025-07-17 22:14:01

- 275 votes

Content

Holy shit, this chapter is long. Longer than a typical Cumbunny release. I really hope you guys enjoy this one, it took a lot of blood, sweat and tears to get this one to you in a reasonable amount of time.

I had to make a lot of interesting creative choices for this chapter, considering a lot of potential ideas from the comments. Maybe I can get into some of my thought process if people are interested, but for now I just want to get this in your hands.

You will notice that the choice at the end of this chapter is unusually stark and binary. I really wanted to put my readers in the hot seat for this one. I'm curious what your votes will be. Depending on the results, follow-up votes may be necessary.

Again, really hoping you all enjoy!

...

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 stiffes 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 moneyspot 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 desert 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](#) by RabbleLaid

4 de ago. de 2025



Hello everyone!

Here is the next part of "The Bet"! Sorry for the wonky schedule lately. All I can say is that I am doing my best to deliver content as quickly as I can.

One note here: as I started writing this, the vote between "fuck him" and "don't fuck him" was evenly split, 50/50. I watched it for a few days as I drafted, but the numbers didn't budge.

So this was a rare case where I was forced to cast the deciding vote myself. I took a lot of comments into account to write the chapter, so I hope the result is to your liking! As to what decision I made... well, I will let you read and find out for yourself!

I hope you enjoy! And that you all so much for all your interest and comments!

...

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. "... 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 it 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. Gene's fingers felt so fucking good rubbing between her thighs that it was hard to fully believe it. Before long, all hesitation 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 sloppy 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 she 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, but 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.

...

"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.

...

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.

The Bet - Part 16 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Chapter 16

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- Option C: Claire should have a serious conversation with her husband.61

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- 280 votes

Content

Hello Everyone!

Another chapter of The Bet, another piece of writing I thought would be short and ended up long.

This one, being much more Dan-centric, has a bit of a different flavor, but I hope you enjoy it all the same!

As always, I love to read your comments, and try to take them into consideration when it comes to where the story goes!

...

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?"

...

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 waaaaay 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 held 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 - Part 17 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Poll

The Bet - Part 17

- Option A: Claire should taunt and tease Zane with some filthy dirty talk.72
- Option B: Claire should be bold and openly grope Zane.38
- Option C: Claire should strip and tempt Zane with the sight of the lingerie he bought her.268

2025-08-18 16:48:10

- 378 votes

Content

Hello!

As you can see, this update is shorter than some of the monstrously long chapters I've been putting out recently. But it's also coming a little earlier, so there!

I wanted to give you all a little more fine-tuned control of how this particular confrontation would go, so this chapter is a bit of a setup for a more sexually explosive chapter next time.

I hope you enjoy!

...

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 that blowjob 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 feel... 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 - Part 18 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

Hello Everyone!

I'm proud to present the next update of The Bet! Once again, I curbed the length a little here, and left you with a pivotal choice!

Is it finally time for Claire to admit defeat? I'll leave it up to you to decide!

I hope you all enjoy. Leave a comment!

...

"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 and 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 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.

Claire should take off her panties and give them to Zane.

Claire should know her worth, and make Zane work for his prize.

The Bet - Part 19 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

Good evening everyone!

Well here it is, the chapter that you've all been waiting for. It's been a long time coming, so I sincerely hope that you find it worth the teasing build-up!

As always, let me know what you think in the comments below, and vote on where you want the story to go next!

...

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, tingling 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, she 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?" snickered 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.

Option A: Zane should tell Dan directly and rub it in his face.

Option B: Zane should set up a finale where Dan discovers his loss on the porn site.

Option C: Zane should keep his victory a secret to keep corrupting Claire in secret.

The Bet - Part 20 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

Hello everyone!

This one is more of a set up chapter than sex sex sex from beginning to end, but it isn't one hundred percent dry.

I thought I would try a fun experiment for the audience participation this time. As you will notice, the voting this time will work a little differently! You can choose multiple options, and I will select 3-5 of the options with the most votes to combine into an upcoming scene.

As always, I love to hear your ideas and what you think in the comments!

...

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. "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 decision. 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!

Foot Worship

Strapon Fucking

Spanking

Face Sitting

Nipple Clamps/Nipple Play

Bondage

Anal Beads (or other anal toy usage)

Vibrator play

Orgasm Denial

Pet Play/Leash and Collar

Body Writing

Tribadism/Scissoring

Dildo Gag

Rimming (Claire rimming Perlah)

Demearing Outfit

Threat of exposure (“we might press this button and make it a livestream”)

Blindfold

Tickling/Teasing with a feather

Making Claire call her husband during the session