

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 blasé 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.