

The Bet - Part 22 (Patreon) by RabbleLaid

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Content

Hello!

I'm happy to present the next chapter of the Bet!

As you will see, the audience participation will work a little differently this time! be sure to leave a comment and like the ideas you think have promise, and a poll will be posted in a couple days.

Thanks for reading, as always!

...

Claire sent her husband off with a kiss, then smiled and waved at him through the front window as he drove off. Then her warm, happy expression dissolved, her brows crinkling and her mouth drawing down into a light frown. She collapsed back onto the couch with a sigh and rubbed a temple thoughtfully. She had gotten herself into a fine mess with this Zane situation, but she was free now. All loose ends had been tied up.

At least in theory.

Her submissive sexual encounter with Leah and Perlah had been intense and humiliating, but it was in the past now. Her phone call with Dan in the middle of it had, miraculously, not raised any red flags with him. Dan had just mildly asked if everything was ok later that evening. He accepted her reason for hanging up abruptly, that dessert was coming out and she had to hurry back to the table, without any complaints or follow-up questions.

The encounter had changed her relationship with Perlah, however. The pretty young Asian was a touch less respectful now... a little less deferential to her boss in subtle ways. And Claire found herself phrasing things a little more politely to her assistant. Requesting rather than commanding. It was hard to see yourself as unquestionably above someone else when they had fucked you to sloppy orgasm with a strap-on, it turned out.

That was part of the reason she was working from home today. She had increased her work-from-home schedule to escape the filthy flashes of memory that Perlah's wicked eyes caused

her. She was sure they would fade with time, but for now, they made every day at the office embarrassing, erotic torture.

And as for Zane... There was nothing to report. Claire hadn't seen him at all since the meeting where he had passed her the flash drive. If Leah had shown Zane the video like she said she would, it hadn't provoked any reaction or contact.

Considering that all of the work on his bedroom had been passed to contractors for completion, that meant Claire had done it. She had escaped from Zane entirely. She was free... Physically, at least. Mentally was another story.

Claire lay back on the couch, covering her eyes as another searing memory washed over her. Zane thrusting into her from behind while his sweaty fist yanked her hair backward. His cock pumping in and out of her quivering pussy in a primal, frantic rhythm. Her eyes focused on the symbol of her defeat: the panties she had willingly surrendered while she begged for her enemy's cock.

Claire bit her lip hard, her thighs shifting and rubbing together as she felt heat pooling between them. The memories had been growing stronger and stronger this past week. They were getting more difficult to ignore. With careful coaching, Dan had actually been improving in bed. His ability to... rise to the occasion was still only on and off, but he was making up for it with enthusiastic use of his mouth and fingers.

Fingers... Claire's fingers slid down the seam on her jeans, rubbing lightly over the crotch, sending fiery sparks of sensation radiating out and up through her lower belly. The problem was that, no matter how much Dan improved, he was just missing something that Zane had. There was no sense of that volcanic, dangerous heat in her lovemaking with her husband. The antagonistic struggle and humiliating defeat that set her soul on fire. She still hadn't stopped hating Zane's guts, but she couldn't deny that there was chemistry between them... the kind of chemistry that sizzled and smoked and gave off noxious fumes... but God, the fire was pretty.

Like when Zane had manipulated her into sucking his cock. She saw that now; even if his original intention was to fuck her, and she had prevented it, a married woman willingly kneeling and worshipping his throbbing cock was a win for Zane no matter how you looked at it. In fact, it had been all wins for Zane from the beginning. Every move that Claire had tried to make to resist him had only drawn the noose tighter around her neck.

She wasn't sure if that meant she was dumber than she thought, or if Zane was right about all women being sluts for him, but either way, it was humiliating.

Mmmm. Humiliation. Claire's fingers pressed harder against the crotch of her jeans feeling how wet she had become as her arousal soaked into her panties. That was maybe the most surprising aspect of this entire sordid affair: Zane had awakened a submissive streak inside her that she never knew existed. *Could he be right that I spent my whole life surrounding*

myself with weak men? Is that why a cocky jerk like him can push my buttons so easily? The button of Claire's jeans popped open beneath her shaky fingers, and her hand greedily dove down the front of her panties, touching her slick, heated flesh directly.

The way Zane had taken control... drawn her in as if she was just another one of his bimbo sluts... That was what a confident man with a big cock could do. He could take even a smart, confident, driven woman like her and make her drool for him. Make her lust after his thick cock.

As Claire closed her eyes, Zane's cock seemed to float in her vision. She could almost feel his hot, pulsing girth stretching her lips. Taste his salty precum on her tongue. Claire's fingers circled her clit, and a soft moan puffed from between her lips. But the sound dripped with frustration just as much as it did pleasure. It wasn't enough. Just the memory of Zane's dick couldn't satisfy her. Not even when combined with her husband's earnest attempts with his fingers and tongue.

She needed more... but she couldn't get it without compromising her principles and slipping further down the rabbit hole. Her fingers swirled and flexed, but she was stuck on the wrong side of climax. She was also trapped between two impossibilities: she couldn't crawl to Zane and agree to be the sort of desperate slut he expected, but she couldn't just go back to mild, unsatisfying sex either.

The doorbell rang, shocking Claire out of her haze of self-pleasure and self-pity.

She sat bolt upright, jerking her hands out of her pants while her heart pounded wildly in her chest. *Who the fuck is that?* They lived in a quiet neighborhood, and she couldn't remember the last time they had a salesman come to the door.

A certainty formed in her mind... it seemed impossible, but somehow she knew it had to be him. Claire rose from the couch, filled with jittery nervous energy, and headed to the entryway, buttoning her jeans as she went. There was no possible way he was here at her house. There was no reason for him to come. She had made it clear to him that things were over.

But as Claire walked slowly to the front door, her heart in her throat, she knew that she wouldn't find some random salesman behind it. The toxic, white-hot attraction that had been forged between her and Zane was undeniable. He had to feel it too. It had drawn him here to her.

When Claire swung open the front door to see Zane standing there with a flat, smoldering look of lust on his face, she wasn't sure what to feel. Pure adrenaline rushed through her veins. Hatred and disgust for this horrible, presumptuous little man burned in her heart. But even stronger her hate was the shameful, bone-deep longing she felt for him. The age-old desire of a woman for a man. She hated the fact that he had come here. But she was thrilled to see him. Both were true.

But even if a part of Claire was thrilled to see her tormentor, the fact that he was here at all was risky beyond words. Her home had been a refuge. A place where she could worry and rage about Zane's antics, but he couldn't reach her. A place for her and her husband. Zane being here felt wrong. Another type of intimacy that Zane had claimed.

She opened her mouth to tell Zane he had to leave. Part of her might want to drop everything and experience the red-hot passion only Zane seemed to be able to give her, but her habit of shutting presumptuous men down still clung to her powerfully. Zane wasn't going to get Claire to break that easily. She wasn't that sort of woman.

But, like he always managed to do, Zane surprised her. Just as Claire was about to say something cutting him and send him away, he lunged forward, his hand raising deftly to pull her into a deep, searing kiss.

Claire's mind went blank with shock. Not only had Zane fucking kissed her, a married fucking woman, without even saying a word of greeting, but he had done it in the open doorway of her home, where anybody passing by might see them. She went stiff in Zane's arms, panic and humiliation washing over her at the thought that her nosey neighbors might see her making out with a squat, ugly man who certainly wasn't her husband.

But, even though she weakly tried to push Zane away, his strong arms wrapped around her, holding her close. His tongue insistently pressed tight to her lips, demanding entrance. *He is so... fucking...arrogant! He thinks he can have anything he wants, just because it's him who wants it!* The thought brought Claire's anger roaring to life... but overwhelming lust came with it. Before she knew what was happening, Claire's lips parted, her tongue wrestling aggressively with Zane's. She gave in to her roaring, red-hot passion, kissing Zane back as her pulse drummed in her ears and the wild heat between her legs that still lingered from her masturbation session grew hotter and wetter.

Finally, she managed to pull away with an angry gasp. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she snapped, peering over his shoulder to see that, thankfully, no one seemed to be watching. "Someone might see us!"

"Then I guess we'd better get inside," growled Zane. "Otherwise, who knows what I might do to you in the doorway?"

Claire stared at him in blank shock. There was none of Zane's oily charm in his tone right now. And he wasn't joking. His eyes blazed with sexual dominance. With one glance, Claire could tell that he meant what he said. He would allow her to take this confrontation into the privacy of their home... or he would strip her right there in the doorway and have his way with her on the front steps. Just walking away wasn't something he would even consider.

The pushy, insulting certainty in Zane's ultimatum sent a submissive thrill through Claire's core. She could feel her body eagerly preparing for Zane, her pussy flushing with heat and her

nipples stiffening in her bra. Her mind struggled desperately to push back, to reclaim some of her dignity by saying “no” to Zane this one crucial time.

But she couldn't fight against her basic sexual instincts. A part of Claire that she hated wanted desperately to give in to Zane's arrogant control... to be dominated and conquered by his irresistible will. And, after being starved of Zane's sexual intensity for several days, that part of her had grown stronger than her pride. Claire bit her lip, hesitated, then stepped to the side to let Zane into the house that she shared with her husband.

That movement by itself felt like it was a bigger betrayal of her husband and her own dignity than when she had sex with Zane. This was supposed to be her home turf, and she was caving completely to Zane's demands. A little embarrassed at herself and defensive, Claire huffily asked, “What the fuck is this about Zane? Why are you even...?”

As soon as the door was closed behind Claire, Zane pounced once again. This time pinning her back against the front door with his bulk. One hand greedily clutched between her legs, pawing and rubbing over the tight denim, while another rose to palm a full breast over her shirt. “F-fuck!” gasped Claire, feeling her knees go weak at the intensity of Zane's sudden rush. His mouth was on her neck, nuzzling and licking, his face bristly and rough against her tender skin. His hands were firm and confident, touching her body as if it belonged to him. Claire was overwhelmed by how fucking good it felt. She had been tortured and conflicted about how much her body craved Zane's touch for the past few days, but now all of that confusion was gone, blasted away by raw sexual need.

But, despite how good it felt to be manhandled by him, some ragged scrap of dignity clinging stubbornly in Claire's mind made her moan, “You... you can't just come in here and... oh God! You can't just... take me like this, Zane!” Her weak words were only further undermined by the way her hips needily ground downward into his rubbing hand, her chest arching outward to accept his touch.

Zane rose from her neck, eyes glinting with a hard, steely light. His fingers traced upward to the waistband of her jeans and plunged inside, stuffing his fingers greedily down the front of her panties like she herself had done just a few minutes earlier.

Claire let out a low whimpering moan, biting her lip hard and leaning back against the door as she felt Zane's dominant fingers touch her quivering, needy cunt. *Fuck! Why the fuck does his touch feel so fucking good when a better man like my husband leaves me so cold?*

“That's why I'm here, Claire Bear,” said Zane, staring straight into her eyes. His voice wasn't gloating, or joking, or cloaked in layers of subtlety and teasing like it normally was. Just calm and confident, like he was telling her the way things were. “To teach you that I *can* just take you like this. Whenever I want. Because you're mine now, even if that makes you uncomfortable.”

Claire flushed red, anger welling up inside her at Zane's monstrous arrogance... But then his fingers moved again, slipping between her slick, tender lips and brushing over her swollen clit with a feather-light touch. Her half-formed angry words dissolved into a mewl of pleasure again, her legs spreading instinctively to welcome even more sensation. Her fury faltered, then dissipated as she gave in to the pleasure once again.

"You've been lying to yourself for too long now," said Zane in that same voice of absolute certainty. The hand on Claire's breast cupped and squeezed with firm, even pressure while his strong fingers began to swirl slowly around her clit, tearing a hot, ragged gasp from her throat. "Every time you submit to me, you say it's the last time. Not anymore. Today you're going to admit the truth: that you and I didn't just fuck. We *are fucking*. It's an ongoing thing, and I'm the one in charge of where and when it happens, not you."

Claire shook her head in desperate denial. *No! I didn't agree to that! I'm not just the kept woman of a sleazy pornographer, fucking him behind my husband's back!* But any sense of resistance that she started with was crumbling completely. Zane pinned her against the door with another rough, possessive kiss, making Claire's logical brain fuzz out into a haze of lust. Her tongue tangled with Zane's, hot and wet in her mouth, where his had rudely intruded. He slid his middle finger deep into her pussy, which clenched around it greedily. Her nipples pressed, tight and stiff against her bra, as if straining to feel the direct touch of Zane's rough palms. Her body wanted exactly the filthy, shameful relationship he had described, and right now her body was in charge.

Fuck it... I can always just correct him later... After I've gotten my fix.

Claire draped her arms around Zane's shoulders. Giving up. Giving in. Kissing him just as fiercely as she once resisted his advances. Grinding her hips downward into his dominant touch. It was humiliating to surrender like this, but also unbelievably hot. Like her entire sordid relationship with Zane had been from the beginning.

Zane pulled away, now with the ghost of a smug, yet approving smirk flashing across his face. He pulled a blushing, panting Claire away from the door where she leaned, half-collapsed from arousal, saying, "Come on, Claire Bear. I'm not going to fuck you in the entryway. I want you to treat me like the man of the house."

Oh. Oh fuck. He wants to take me in the bedroom. The place of so many tender love-making sessions with her husband was going to be defiled by Zane's aggressive, mind-blowing dominance... stained by the juices of their adulterous lovemaking. The idea was distressing, but only fed the fires of Claire's twisted lust. She didn't even try to resist anymore. Setting boundaries in her relationship with Zane was a distant problem for future Claire to worry about. Right now she was about to get fucked just like she needed, and nothing was going to stand in the way of that.

She took Zane by the hand and turned to lead him upstairs, breathing heavily, blushing, and keeping her eyes to the ground. She knew that if she took a second to think, she would realize that this was the worst idea she had ever had. But she didn't want to think right now. She wanted to get fucked.

Zane made it easier by playfully giving her ass a hard spank as they walked, sending a blazing bolt of submissive lust singing through her. She actually moaned a little... Not so much from the physical sensation, but from Zane treating her like one of his pet sluts. Like her body was just a toy for him to play with. It was so fucking filthy and wrong that Claire couldn't help but fall deeper into her haze of arousal, pulling Zane eagerly into the master bedroom.

Zane flopped back on the bed, his thick bulge pressing hard against the crotch of his pants in a way that made Claire feel weak and wet and hot all the way down to her core. He stared up at her with insolent hunger.

"I'm your man now. I want what he gets." Zane gestured with his chin toward the framed photo of Claire and Dan on the dresser. Claire's eyes flew to it, a fresh stab of guilt lancing through her. It was a simple picture of them on a date, Claire smiling widely and reaching across the table to put her hand on Dan's. She remembered the picture vividly, because Dan was too shy to ask the waiter to take it for them, so she had needed to step in and ask.

It was a frame that Claire had intended to fill with a picture from their honeymoon, but that was one more disappointment from her husband. He kept saying that they would go soon... But soon never came.

Claire turned back to Zane, guilt and desire warring inside her. Here was a man who would always deliver exactly what he promised, because all that he promised was top-shelf dick and dominant control. A man who always got what he wanted and never hesitated to fight for it.

"I..." Claire gulped, clearing her dry mouth. "I normally give him a little striptease to start." Even if it was wrong to perform her usual bedroom routine for another man... it was Zane asking, and Zane always got what he wanted.

"Kinky," said Zane with a nasty chuckle. "I fucking love it. Give me one of your best strip tease, wifey. Show me what only Danny Boy got to see before I claimed you."

Claire took a deep, shuddering breath, then slowly reached down and pulled her sweater upwards, revealing her wide hips and flat, toned belly. For a second, her vision was blocked out as it came up and over her head, and when she could see again, Zane was already pulling his growing cock from his pants. Just the sight of it made Claire's insides twist and burn with desire so strong it was almost painful. His perfect cock had become an obsession for her. She couldn't count the number of times in the past few days she had pictured it in her mind... imagined the feel and taste of it.

Zane began lazily stroking himself as he grew to his full, proud length, throbbing and dominant, clashing with the warm familiarity of the bedroom she shared with her husband. "Keep going," said Zane in a low, compelling voice. "Who's stripping for who here, slut?"

Claire blushed and reached behind her back to unhook her bra, her fingers trembling a little at the sheer taboo eroticism of stripping for another man besides her husband. Her bra fell loose and she shrugged it off her shoulders, draping her arms across her bare breasts for a moment while giving Zane a sultry sidelong glance.

"God, you're fucking hot," growled Zane, pumping his fist up and down his shaft. "And all this was just for fucking Dan? You were wasted on a wimp like him, Claire."

It felt utterly bizarre to perform her usual bedroom ritual with this crude man. Technically, this is exactly what she would do for her husband. She would take off her clothes, and he would praise her while jerking off. But the tone of this encounter couldn't have been more different. With Dan, she felt like a goddess. Every word he said dripped with worship and awe.

Zane's eyes roamed her body like she was a delicious meal he couldn't wait to devour. Like she was his to play with as he chose. She didn't feel like a goddess at all... she felt like a sleazy stripper, getting Zane off.

So why does this feel so much fucking better?

Claire let her hands slide sensually down off of her tits, flowing down like water to rest on her hips, allowing Zane to feast his eyes on her bare breasts. She loved the way he looked at her, like some sort of wild beast waiting to pounce... her nipples were diamond hard under his scorching gaze, stiff and crinkled with desire.

"Touch them for me. I can tell you're fucking horny. Tease those gorgeous tits while you watch me stroke."

Claire's heart skipped a beat at the firm command. Another way this was totally different from what she did with Dan. He watched and praised her as she revealed her body, but he didn't tell her what to do.

There was no question over what Claire's reaction would be, however. Right now, submitting to Zane's desires was exactly what she wanted. She ran her hands back up over her heaving breasts, feeling their hot, soft skin beneath her palms. She cupped one large breast in both hands, stared at the thick, pumping cock between Zane's thighs... and squeezed. She let out a little huff of air at the pleasurable sensation of pressure, her nipples two hot, throbbing points against her palms.

It felt so good that she shifted her grip, greedily circling her thumbs around her nipples, watching with growing desire as Zane's thick cock pumped into his tight fist, already slick with precum.

Her pussy felt hollow, desperate to be filled. Still groping her tits with one hand, little moans building in the back of her throat, Claire reached down to unzip the front of her jeans, sliding them awkwardly down her thighs to reveal the simple pink panties she had chosen for today... and the dark wet spot on their crotch.

“I fucking knew it, you little minx,” said Zane triumphantly. “All of that resistance was bullshit from the very beginning. You’re a cock hungry slut like all the rest... You just hide it a little better.”

Claire shook her head at the insulting words, for a second, some of her old wounded pride fighting to be heard over the haze of lust she was trapped in. *That isn't true. I didn't always want Zane like this... right?* But her hands pawing her breasts felt too good, and once again her resistance crumbled. Claire’s hips thrust forward to give Zane a better view of her shameful wetness. She wanted him to see... to know how far she had fallen for him.

“Panties off. Give them to me,” said Zane gruffly, gesturing demandingly with one hand while the other continued its ceaseless pumping.

Claire shoved her jeans the rest of the way down and kicked them aside, turning and bending at the waist, arching her back dramatically to give Zane the best view possible of her plump, heart-shaped ass. “How many trophies do you want from me, Z?” She purred. The nickname dropped naturally from her lips, as though she had been saying it for years, just like all his other girls.

“Just one,” said Zane in a smoldering, sincere voice. Claire turned. Zane’s eyes were locked between her legs, single-mindedly focused on her juicy, married cunt. The prize that he was really after. “I want you. The whole thing. You’re going to be my trophy, Claire. The thing all the other men look at and envy, knowing how much of a winner I fucking am.”

Fuck... Claire’s belly erupted in butterflies, and she looked away as she tossed her soaked panties to Zane, scoffing a little to cover up how much his possessive words had turned her on. “Whatever. You say that to all the girls you fuck, don’t you?”

“No,” said Zane, standing up and quickly stripping away his pants. “You’re different.”

Claire’s eyes widened, and she took a step away from the man suddenly coming toward her with a thick, powerful cock swinging between his legs. ‘W-wait, normally Dan waits for me, and then we do reverse cowgirl before...’

“I’m not your pussy husband,” grunted Zane as he stepped forward. In an instant, his strong hands grabbed her waist, setting her ass onto the edge of the dresser. Claire’s legs instinctively wrapped around his bulky torso, pulling him closer, while her hands clung around his neck for balance.

Dan never tried this in all the years we’ve been married. He’s always sat on the bed like a good boy, waiting patiently for me to...

“Fuckkkk!” All of Claire’s thoughts of her husband flew out of her head completely as Zane entered her from below, thrusting upward to instantly sheathe himself balls-deep in her vulnerable pussy. Being held like this, barely resting her ass on the dresser while Zane supported the rest of her weight, made her feel mind-meltingly submissive. She was cradled in his strong arms, under his control, while he impaled her with his thick, throbbing cock. It felt like fireworks were exploding in her brain, pleasure bursting through her again and again as her pussy greedily clutched at Zane’s cock. All he had done was enter her, and Claire was already on the verge of orgasm... An orgasm that was ten times as explosive as the weak half-climaxes her husband could inspire with his mouth.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Zane began slamming upward into her tight, silky pussy. Claire leaned forward to kiss him, eagerly egging him on with her lips and tongue. Wrapping her thick, powerful thighs around him. Accepting his passion and masculine power with submissive delight. Zane’s powerful upward thrusts pushed her back against the dresser, rattling the mirror attached to its back and toppling the photo of her and her husband to the ground, unnoticed.

There was just something so... primal about the way Zane fucked. He fucked like a starving man tearing into a steak: hard and fast and hungry. His cock pumped in and out in long, fierce strokes, imprinting every curve and vein of his magnificent cock into the walls of Claire’s fluttering pussy. And she in turn milked him with powerful internal squeezes, urging him deeper, needily clinging to his cock with her silky heat.

Claire bit Zane’s lip, throaty purrs muffled by his mouth as she felt the powerful, deep satisfaction she had been missing ever since the last time Zane fucked her. How had she ever thought that penetration couldn’t get her off? Zane’s thick, throbbing rod spearing deep into her sensitive pussy made it feel like her brain would melt out of her ears from sheer submissive pleasure.

Zane’s mouth pulled away from hers, but immediately set to work on her bouncing tits, sucking a stiff nipple into his mouth and lashing it with his thick, rough tongue, sending jittering little crackles of sexual electricity out from her breasts to join the stronger molten cascade of pleasure roaring upward from between her legs. Zane never missed a stroke with the steady, pounding rhythm of his hips as he claimed her tits with his lips and tongue, just like he was claiming her pussy with his thick cock.

He was taking her. Just like he said: because he wanted to. Claiming her in a way that her husband never had, despite winning her over and doing everything a good husband was supposed to do. In this moment of primal sexual need, it didn’t matter that Zane was an awful, arrogant man who saw her as a hole to fuck and Dan was a sweet, loving man who saw her as a goddess. All that mattered was that Zane was able to create this dangerous, explosive, live-wire sexual energy inside her when his cock pounded hard and fast into her pussy.

Claire could feel her orgasm coming, bubbling inside her like hot magma just waiting to erupt. She leaned back against the shaking mirror, loud slutty moans pouring from her throat as Zane continued to lick and suck every inch of her bouncing breasts that his tongue could reach. The dresser slammed loudly into the wall again and again with the power of Zane's thrusts as he conquered her pussy. All the little everyday items that Dan and Claire had left on the dresser scattered. A bottle of Dan's cologne fell to the ground and shattered, filling the room with her husband's scent as she let another man fuck her senseless.

But, just as she felt like her orgasm was about to overwhelm her, Zane pulled back. But before she could even open her mouth to protest, he grabbed her by the arms, spun her around, and threw her over the front of the dresser.

Claire was confronted by her own image in the mirror, and it sent a hot, arousing flood of shame through her. As she scanned her face and body in the mirror, she saw no trace of the competent, powerful career woman she thought she was. All she saw was a panting, eager slut, green eyes drunk on cock, lips glossy with a man's drool, sleek dark hair disheveled from vigorous fucking. Her ripe tits hung beneath her, covered in red marks from Zane's teeth and sucking lips, stiff nipples almost scraping the top of the dresser she was bent over. She looked exactly like the fallen women she had seen in Zane's porn videos.

And behind her loomed the man himself, the one who had turned her into this. Zane was smiling again. A wide, arrogant grin split his face as he watched the humiliating realization wash over Claire. The knowledge that she had been lying to herself: that Zane really had beaten her, through and through. There was nothing left for her to do but enjoy the sweet rewards of her defeat.

Zane's hands slid over the upturned cheeks of her ass and locked in, holding her wide hips tight. He slipped his throbbing length into her pussy again, his first powerful thrust pressing Claire's face up against the mirror in front of her. "Tell me, Claire Bear," he grunted as he resumed his punishing pace, this time in a brutal, dominant doggy style. "Tell me what you see in the mirror."

"Uhhhhnnn, I see..." It was hard to focus with Zane's thick cock pumping into her pussy, stretching her little hole wide. But she knew what Zane wanted to hear, and right now, as she submitted completely to his powerful cock, Claire was willing to tell him anything he wanted to hear. "I see a s-sluuuttt!" she moaned, her hot, gasping breath fogging the glass of the mirror.

Zane spanked her ass hard as it eagerly slapped back against his thighs, making Claire whimper in pain and pleasure.

"My slut," he growled. *Crack* He spanked her again, aggressively punctuating his claim of ownership.

Claire couldn't disagree. Her thighs were trembling, and her pussy was eagerly accepting every thrust of his manly cock. She belonged to him right now. And it felt fucking good. "Y-your slut, Z!" she gasped in agreement, her fingers white-knuckling the back of the dresser, holding on for dear life as she wriggled her hips back into his pumping dick.

"That's right. I own you now. And that means you're going to fuck me whenever I want," growled Zane, increasing his speed and sinking his fingers deep into Claire's meaty hips, his bulk slapping against Claire's plump butt with every stroke, her pussy juices dripping down his bouncing, heavy balls and onto the carpet of Claire's marital bedroom.

Claire moaned in despair. She knew that Zane meant every word and was trying to get her to agree. If she submitted to him now, this wouldn't be the last time they fucked. Claire would be saying goodbye to her precious illusion that she and Zane were done. She would be sinking one step deeper into the depths of perversion that Zane promised.

Her pussy clenched hungrily around Zane's intruding cock at the thought, and she heard herself say in a trembling, moaning voice, "F-fuuuuck! Yes! You own me. My pussy belongs to you, Z! Again and again, whenever you fucking want! Now making me cum, you fucking bastard!"

Despite his already feverish pace, Zane somehow dug deeper, pistoning in and out of Claire's pussy with brutal speed, pushing her forward enough that her face and tits pressed hard against the mirror, leaving an impression of her naked upper body in sweat on the glass. Claire's back arched and her butt pressed back into the punishing strokes, moaning and gasping as a powerful orgasm took her. Every muscle in her body strained as she saw stars, her nerves lighting on fire with deep, satisfying pleasure. Her pussy spasmed and clutched at Zane's cock, milking it desperately. Every part of her sang with a kind of pleasure no other man had ever taught her. All traces of Claire's pride and resistance were burned away in an instant, replaced by genuine sexual submission.

"Fuck meeee, oh fucking God, fuck your little slut! I'm cumming, fuck I'm cumming for you, Z!" Her liquid, babbling moans of devotion sent Zane over the edge. He grunted and pressed forward once again, burying his full length in her hot, wet depths... then erupted, his heavy balls pumping rope after sticky rope of hot, potent sperm into the cunt of his former friend's wife.

They stayed in that position for a moment longer, Zane holding Claire from behind, her upper torso pressed hard against the steamed-up surface of the mirror. They both took in deep, gasping breaths, sweat rolling down their bodies from the strenuous fucking. Sperm rolled in a thick trail down Claire's thigh.

Then Zane let out a deep sigh of contentment, pulling back and withdrawing his cock. He gave his slut's thick ass an affectionate little slap and asked with a smirk, "So... does your hubby normally do that during your little bedroom routine?"

Claire slid to the floor, leaning back against the dresser and panting. Apparently, her legs were still too weak and wobbly to stand on after the powerful orgasm Zane had given her. She laughed weakly, shaking her head. "Of course fucking not. I ride him for a little, then he finishes me off with his mouth."

Zane looked down at Claire's crotch, red and puffy from rough fucking and leaking his thick, pearly cum. He snickered meanly. "Well... sorry, Claire Bear, but I'm not putting my mouth anywhere near that sloppy mess until you've taken a nice long shower. But hey, maybe your hubby can keep that task. He'll just have to do it after a real man fucks his wife."

Claire rolled her eyes at the crude joke. Her husband wasn't as talented as Zane in bed, but that didn't make him... whatever sort of pervert Zane was suggesting. "Very funny."

"Who's joking?" said Zane with a savage grin. Mercifully, he moved on from the unsettling topic, reaching a hand down to help Claire to her feet. "Anyway... I'm going to grab some water while you clean up for round two."

Claire gave him a bewildered, wide-eyed look. "Round... Round fucking two? You can't be serious, Z! I'm already going to be walking funny tomorrow, and I need to clean this fucking mess up before Dan gets home!"

Zane raised an eyebrow, then reached his hand out, placing it gently but firmly around Claire's throat. He applied no pressure at all, but Claire could feel her body react, the residual heat of her orgasm flaring up again in her veins from the casual gesture of dominant ownership.

"You told me you belong to me, Claire. Did you mean it?" asked Zane in a deep, calm voice.

Fuck... It's one thing to say shit like that in the middle of an orgasm... Claire felt her face grow hot. She didn't have it in her to resist him. Not right now. Not when her whole body still pulsed with sweet, golden pleasure from one of the best orgasms of her life. She gulped, feeling her throat work against his rough, hot palm. "I mean... yeah..." she said in a cracked whisper.

"Then, like you agreed before, I fuck you wherever and whenever I want," said Zane simply, dropping his hand and giving Claire his best oily smile. "And I want you in about five on the bed where your husband disappoints you every night."

Claire bit her lip, then nodded and turned away to the master bath as Zane grabbed his phone and left the room, headed downstairs for something to drink. It was fine to give in to Zane on this. She would still have time to clean up after one more round of mind-blowing sex... and it would give her a chance to orgasm again, harder and stronger than she had with any other man before Zane.

...

Zane thumped down the stairs with a spring in his step and a big smile on his face. He had made great strides today... Although that didn't mean he was finished.

No, he wasn't going to be done until Claire was his full-time slut, and even though she was closer after admitting she was his today, she still wasn't ready for that. One crucial step was the porn website... but Zane still didn't think he could convince Claire to let him post her videos quite yet. Tentatively admitting she was a slut for him behind closed doors and that she wanted an ongoing sexual relationship was one thing; agreeing to put her name and face out there connected to filthy pornography was quite another. That would still take a little work.

He had some ideas about what he wanted next for Claire Bear, but first, he had to tie up a loose end.

Zane, still naked, with drops of cum leaking out of his cock, leaned back against Dan and Claire's kitchen counter, unlocked his phone, and dialed Dan.

"What do you want, Zane?" asked Dan irritably over the phone. "I'm at work."

"Hey!" said Zane jovially, absent-mindedly grabbing a dishtowel with a printed lemon design and wiping his cock with it before tossing it back, "Is that any way to talk to a guy calling you with good news?"

"What do you mean?" Dan's whiny voice was cautious, but optimistic. He must suspect what this call was about, considering how close it was to the deadline.

"I mean you won the bet! Turns out that Claire is just as pure and innocent as you thought!"

"But... I mean, you still have two days left."

Poor Dan. Zane could tell he was trying to maintain an air of suspicion, but the hope in his voice shone clearly through. The sucker just wanted to believe so badly. But that had always been Dan's problem, hadn't it?

"Yeah, but I'm getting nowhere," said Zane, putting on a voice of mild frustration. "There's no way I'm getting from where I am now to sex in two fucking days, man. I'm willing to call the game right now rather than embarrass myself. That is, if you're cool with it."

"Well... yeah, that's fine with me," said Dan, sounding pathetically relieved.

"Tell you what, buddy. Why don't you take Claire out for a fancy dinner on the night the bet was supposed to end?" asked Zane chummily, standing naked in Dan's kitchen, fresh from fucking his wife silly. "My treat. You can tell her you're taking her on the honeymoon she always wanted."

Dan was quiet for a moment, then said with a trace of gloating, "You know what, Zane? I'll take you up on that. You know... you're taking this loss rather well."

Zane had to use every ounce of willpower he possessed to sound a little disappointed as he said, "Well, buddy, you'll find I'm anything but a sore loser. I'd like to think that if the situation were reversed, you would take defeat just as well, if not better."

“I don’t know about that,” said Dan with a scoff.

“I do,” said Zane flatly. “Anyway, just text me the name of the restaurant that you’ll be taking her to, and I’ll wire you enough money for a nice evening. Thanks for the laughs, buddy.”

He hung up, not even waiting for Dan’s limp-dicked response. Finally, Zane let out the laugh he had been holding in, doubling over with cruel amusement. He really hadn’t been lying. Claire was different. He had never felt this alive in years. With any other challenge like this, he would have rubbed his victory in Dan’s face, then walked away. But his eyes were on the prize now. Claire was going to be his forever.

And that was where his next idea came in. Claire wouldn’t be making it to that romantic dinner with her husband. It was time to show Claire what belonging to him meant, not just by making Claire choose him over her husband and stand Dan up for a date...

But by pushing her sexually to places she never thought she would go.

...

Audience participation!

Hello! I have another experimental type of audience participation for this chapter!

Zane plans to get Claire to abandon her husband on their date night, enforcing his rule of “anytime, anywhere” access to her sexually.

But that’s not all he wants to do! On that night, Zane wants to push Claire’s sexual limits. He wants to make her prove that she is his slut by doing a new sex act with him.

What sex act? That’s what we need to decide!

Here’s how this will work: besides your usual comments and suggestions, make suggestions for what Zane wants to do with Claire on the night when Dan “wins” the bet. It should be something perverted, or degrading, or humiliating in some way. A sex act that Claire would never let Dan do in a million years.

Is it as simple as Anal? A threesome with another man? Bondage play? Let your perverted minds run wild and make suggestions, then like the comments from other people that you support! In a few days, I will collect the popular comments and ones I like and make a poll. If people struggle with this, I might toss in a few choices of my own.

A couple of guidelines:

The perverse act Zane wants can’t involve Claire’s videos being posted to the website yet. Zane doesn’t think she is ready to say yes to that and wants to corrupt her behind closed doors first.

Also, the perverse act can’t involve Dan’s presence. He will be waiting nervously at the restaurant, wondering why Claire is running so late.

Other than that, go nuts! Can't wait to see what you all think up.