

The Cheating Secret

by Elliot Silvestri

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Chapter One

“Tell me your kinkiest fantasy,” Sam said to his fiancée as she ground up and down on his cock. Her breasts her bouncing just the way he liked with the small rings through her nipples winking in the half-light that snuck through the curtain of their bedroom.

“Uh-uh,” Kierra refused. “You wouldn’t like it.”

“How do you know?” he asked and reached up to lightly twist both of her nipple rings.

She sucked in her breath. That little shock of pain to her tits never failed to excite her and when done at just the right moment he could bring on her orgasm by tweaking them.

She groaned in satisfaction but hadn’t reached climax yet. “Because last time I gave away that secret my boyfriend left me.”

“He was probably a stupid little fucker,” Sam said.

“He had a big cock and fucked like a champ,” she retorted and she clasped his hands to her tits.

In response Sam said, “Tell me and I’ll do everything I can to make it happen. Tell me and I’ll make you a queen. Tell me and I’ll be your slave forever.”

She laughed at him and reached down to her pussy to flick her clit. “I’m already marrying you,” she said. “That will make me in charge.”

“Tell me and I’ll give you reality-altering orgasms every night of your life,” he promised.

“Maybe I already get that.” She flicked her clit again and whimpered. Sam grabbed her hands away and pulled her body down to his.

“Tell me. If you don’t I’ll make sure you never cum again.”

Kierra giggled in his ear and tried to grind her clit down on his pubic bone but couldn't find the right angle. "You'll regret it, Shamus."

"Just tell me already!"

The urge for an orgasm was too strong. She needed to cum but the only way that was going to happen was if she relented and gave Sam what he thought he wanted. Her mind wasn't working right. His arms were so strong she couldn't move at all. "Fine, fucker. I like to cheat on my boyfriend."

Sam froze and his grip lessened just enough for Kierra to wiggle free and grind her hips down. Her orgasm washed over her body and she cried out in relief. It was only when she was coming down from the high did she realize Sam hadn't cum. He was still staring at her in surprise.

"You're fucking lying," he accused her.

"Why would I lie about that," she said with a nasty grin. "You haven't cum yet. Want me to get you off with my hand or mouth?" she offered. He was still hard inside her pussy. Harder than before she had cum.

Before she knew what was happening Sam flipped her over on her back and fucked her with an uncontrolled fury. She came again and screamed a bit in both pleasure and pain. Sam's spunk squirted up inside her and filled her pussy. Kierra was satisfied. Sam's mind was shattered.

When he had recovered enough, his weight still heavy on top of her, Sam asked, "Were you kidding earlier?" There was a hint of doubt in his voice.

Kierra wiggled out from underneath him. After the fun of the sex she was a bit worried about his reaction to the truth. "No. You asked for my kinkiest fantasy and I told you. It got you off. It got me off. Everyone wins."

"Have you cheated on me?"

Now she threw her legs over the side of the bed and stood up. She wanted to retreat to the bathroom and lock herself inside where it was safe. Sam had never hurt her, had never slapped or hit her—except when she had explicitly asked for it in the middle of sex—and she wanted to believe that he wouldn't do anything like that now, but she had had a bad experience in the past.

And she knew not answering was just stupid. It would make him suspicious and possibly angry. And maybe out of control. She didn't want him out of control. Setting everything else aside, Kierra knew she loved Sam and wouldn't mind spending the rest of her life with him...as long as she could have other men as well.

She plucked her robe off the back of the bedroom door and belted the silk garment around her body. Being at least partially clothed next to Sam's nudity gave her a little boost of confidence.

"Yes." Her answer was direct and blunt, but she tried to keep her voice as soft as possible without making it seem like she was hiding something else or was ashamed of what she had done.

But she was a little bit ashamed.

That was the paradox, the shame made the cheating better and the sex better and the orgasms better. The sex with her lovers and the sex with Sam. It was terribly complicated and she didn't know how to explain it to her fiancée.

"What the fuck?" he asked. His question was half directed to her and half directed to himself. "How?" he said. "Why?" he said.

Kierra remained quiet a moment, not moving, then she knew she had to do something even if it was just going to the bathroom to wipe away Sam's cum that was running down her thigh. Instead of running away, she faced Sam. She wanted to keep him and not retreat into another failed relationship.

"I do it because I need to," she said, trying to explain her actions. "When I'm with another man the sex is fucking incredible but then when I come home to you the sex is even more fucking incredible and I realize I need to keep doing this. Cheating. Having sex with other men."

"Fucking hell," he said quietly.

"I like cheating," she told him, becoming bold.

"Really?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yes. And like it or not, it's made your sex life better. What did you tell me

about your previous girlfriend? At the end of the relationship you were having sex once a month. How often do we fuck? Twice a day sometimes?"

"But I want you," he suddenly exploded sitting upright in bed and glaring at her. "I don't want you fucking around with other guys laughing behind my back, making fun of me!"

She shook her head. "No. Never. The guys I cheat with, they know about you. But I tell them up front they can't disrespect you. I love you. I just need more than what any one man can give me. You can't believe how many guys wanted to..." She trailed off suddenly realizing where her comment was taking her.

Sam wasn't so easily distracted. "How many guys?" he immediately asked.

"How many guys?" she repeated trying to buy time. She didn't want him to know the actual number.

"We've been together almost five years. Let's set aside the first year because we weren't exclusive then. So how many other guys have you banged in the last four years?"

Kierra tried to dodge the question. "You don't want to know."

"I asked the question. I want to know the number."

She sighed and looked at the floor, then offered up an answer. "I don't have the exact figure but...figure a new guy every three months or so about sixteen different guys. So...I'm only seeing two...right now." She winced and realized that she shouldn't have offered that last bit of information.

"Huh. I suppose it could have been worse. Could have been more."

She shook her head. "No. You're not getting it. It doesn't matter if I was cheating with one other guy or a hundred." She found her courage and stepped forward. Sam's head had drooped down a bit. The news was hitting him hard. She knew he was prone to depressive periods and didn't want to be to blame for bringing one on him. Carefully she rested her hand on his shoulder. He was strong—not ridiculously strong, but he worked out almost every day as a means to help fight off his depression—and she respected his strength. "Sam, I'm going to cheat on whoever I date, whoever I marry. It's part of my nature. It's who I

am. You need to accept that.”

“When were you going to tell me?” he asked. “Before or after we got married?”

“Never,” she said. It had been her plan to keep this secret from him. She didn’t know what caused her to blurt it out during sex. “I like cheating. I know it’s wrong in the world’s eyes, but it’s what I get off on. I like keeping it a secret.”

“Uh-huh.” He couldn’t meet her eyes. What she was saying was too painful. “So you like being called a tramp, a slut, a whore?”

It was time to be honest. “Sometimes, yes.”

Sam knew he worked too much. He had spent his entire life after college doing two things, battling depression and building his career. Working as a PR flack for one of the many state agencies in the city wasn’t a dream job, but it was work that paid well. It also made him work a lot of hours. This gave Kierra plenty of time to cheat on him he ruefully realized in retrospect. And she spent a lot of time talking to her sister...and emailing and texting her as well. And they always seemed to have a standing date for Thursday evening for shopping. Whenever he had occasion to call Emilie it was easy enough for her to cover for Kierra. He felt like a fucking fool and chump. “Emilie helps you, doesn’t she? She covers for you when you’re fucking other guys.”

There was no reason to lie. “Yes.”

“She knows and helps you cheat on me...and your boyfriends before me.” It was a statement, not a question but Kierra couldn’t let it go unanswered and so she offered up some more information that should have been kept quiet.

“Yes. She knows just about everything. But that’s okay because she’s the same way with her husband.”

Sam burst out laughing. “Oh, that’s perfect. How long have they been married?”

“Almost ten years.”

He laughed some more. “Does Darren know?”

“No, he does not.”

“And you expect me to keep silent on this?”

“Yes, yes I do. It’s for the sake of their marriage.”

“What about the sake of our marriage. Oh, wait. That’s not going to happen now. Is it?”

“Is it?” she asked him. “Have you been so miserable these past years that this one thing—one of the most important things in my life that keeps me happy and sane—is going to break us up?” Her voice went up an octave. She knew she had to make the next offer to keep things even between them. “You can have sex outside our relationship if you want. It’s only fair.”

His barking laugh returned. “Oh. Really? Fair?”

“Yes.”

“You think that’s going to keep us together?”

She shook her head. “No. Me getting to fuck other guys will keep us together.” She paused and looked down at him. “Admit it, you like the idea.”

He scoffed. “Of getting to fuck other girls. Oh yeah, how magnanimous of you since you’ve been fucking everything that moves for the past four years.”

An annoyed flicker passed over Kierra’s face and then she pulled back the sheets that had been hiding Sam’s legs. He was still naked only now his cock was revealed. It was erect, rampant. Only at the height of excitement had Kierra ever seen him so big and hard before. “What’s making you hard, Sam? The idea of fucking other girls with my permission or me fucking other guys?”

He looked at her angrily and quickly jumped off the bed and stormed into the bathroom.

She sighed and lay down on the warm spot he had left behind. His cum was still leaking out of her pussy and she angrily wiped it off her thigh.

He didn’t come out for twenty minutes. She heard him flush the toilet flush, run the shower, and turn on the sink faucet for five very long minutes. Finally he came out. “It really gets you off?” he asked quietly in the half-dark of the room.

“Yes. More than anything else.”

“That’s...wow.” He was wearing a towel around his waist but Kierra could see his erection straining against the heavy material. She crawled off the bed and knelt in front of him before pulling off the towel. He didn’t resist or try to hide his hard on. She wished he hadn’t showered. She liked the taste of her juices on his cock. That was okay. She’d still get to swallow his load when she was done.

Chapter Two

Linking the silver chain between her nipple rings was easy. All she had to do was pull out the bead from each ring, put the closed ring of the chain into the now open CBR, then place the bead back in place to close the ring. Getting the bead back in place was the hardest part. Before repeating the process on her right nipple ring she made sure to slip her engagement ring off her finger and place it on the chain. When she was done she took a close look at herself in the full-length mirror provided by the hotel. She wore black thigh high stay up stockings with a black matching g-string and nothing else. Her blond hair was pulled back into a French braid behind her head; in that style it was out of the way and not subject to bed-head or sex-hair. Except for her nipples rings and the chain she wore nothing else.

Her engagement ring floated on the chain between her nipples like a charm on a necklace. She couldn't help but giggle at it. The first time she had displayed it for Scott in that fashion he had practically fucked her through the bed. It was now her custom to use the ring on the chain as an enticement to make him fuck her harder. It worked every time.

She did wish her tummy was flatter and her tits were bigger but she had never received a complaint from any of her lovers so it was best to leave that alone.

The knock at the door always made her jump. It was that final thrill of anticipation coming to a head. After quickly checking the peep hole to confirm it was Scott, Kierra let him in the room, stepping behind the door to conceal her nudity from the hallway. He grinned the moment he saw her, all but naked and ready for him. He must have come directly from work, he still wore his suit. That was fine by Kierra. "I see you're ready," he commented when she stepped behind him and helped him take off his jacket.

"Yes, I've been waiting for you." She walked around from of him and started loosening his tie. Scott let her strip him. He didn't mind being waited on. As she worked he looked down at her tits and admired the ring on the chain.

"You're still going to marry him?"

“Of course. I love Shamus.”

Scott couldn't help but grin. He liked the fact he was using her for sex and she was promised to another man. “Does he know you're doing this?”

“Of course not,” Kierra lied as she unbuttoned his shirt.

“How do you feel about being a liar and a cheat to your fiancée?”

Her grin was nasty. “I love it. It gets me off.” She dropped his shirt on the spare bed and fell to her knees to unbuckle his belt. “Are you going to cheat on your wife when you get married?” she asked.

He laughed. “I'm never getting married. Too many easy sluts in the world to satisfy before I die.”

Kierra pushed down his pants and underwear, releasing his cock. It bounced a second before she took it in her mouth. Once his semi-rigid cock was trapped between her lips she finally managed to relax. The anticipation had built up to the point where she had to violate her promise to Sam. Taking another man's cock into her mouth was the perfect violation.

In another few moments Scott had Kierra on her back on the bed. He wasn't gentle when he yanked off her tiny g-string exposing the little landing strip of golden curls that decorated her pussy. He didn't go down on her though she sorely would have appreciated the gesture. She loved a good pussy licking. Instead he simply got on top of her, aligned his cock to the correct angle, and shoved it hard inside her.

She loved that as well.

“I love your slutty little groans,” Scott grunted in her ear as he started fucking her. Kierra hadn't realized she had made any noise at all, but it didn't surprise her. She wrapped her legs around his body and focused on the sensation of his cock in her pussy. It had been months since she had made him wear a condom while fucking her. It was so much more wrong to cheat on Shamus without that little barrier of protection. Feeling her pussy inundated with another man's cum was the ultimate violation in her mind. It was what she needed to have that ever more powerful orgasm.

Scott was built much like Shamus, big and strong, and full of confidence. She was drawn to men like that. She had so little strength compared to them it was a thrill when they manhandled her because that was exactly what she wanted from them. In the back of her mind she could pretend that they controlled her and she had no control over her cheating. It was a lie and she loved it.

Abruptly Scott flipped her over onto her hands and knees while pushing her head down to the bed. Complying with his wishes she arched her back and presented her ass and pussy to him while wondering what her body looked like from that angle, her legs encased in the black stockings. Scott quickly slipped his cock back into her pussy and started pounding away while he kept one hand on the back of her neck, forcing her to stay down on the bed. Everything he was doing was exactly what she loved. Her pussy kept getting wetter and hotter. Her breath came faster. She knew she was going to cum soon and she hoped he would hold off for a long time. She wanted to cum several times for him.

His thumb wormed its way into her asshole and Kierra yelped in shock. Her tiny bud had been moistened a bit by her pussy juices flowing down her crack and Scott had licked his thumb before shoving it in her, but it still hurt. "Stop," she complained. "It fucking hurts!"

"You like it," he told her.

It was all she could do to claw at the sheets and endure what he was forcing upon her body. She'd been fucked in the ass before and while she didn't particularly like it, she had done it often enough to please her partners that she knew what to expect. It wasn't truly painful; his thumb inside her ass just made her feel incredibly full. Scott had an occasional vicious streak so she easily could have been spanked hard, or fucked in the ass, or had her nipple rings savagely yanked on.

None of these would have bothered her and she would have endured and even enjoyed the pain.

Without warning her body betrayed her. She wasn't ready yet. Her clit hadn't even been touched but there was no stopping the orgasm. A keening cry escaped her lips and her pussy spasmed with delight. Her anus clenched on Scott's thumb and when it couldn't fully contract her orgasm was made that much more powerful.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” she declared.

“You like that, don’t you, slut?” Scott asked her.

“Uh-huh,” she moaned into the pillow under her face. She couldn’t move; his hand was still on the back of her neck.

“I’ll give you a choice,” he said. “Where do you want me to cum: ass, mouth, or pussy?”

“Pussy,” she automatically said.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you, slut?”

“Yes!” she screamed.

He came in her pussy. It was burning hot and she came again. Each spurt of his cum caused an electric shock of excitement to burst forth from her pussy and energize her entire body. Coming down from the high he had instilled in her was almost as painful as the moment Scott had thrust his thumb in her asshole. She now realized her ass was empty and she was lying fully prone on the mattress.

“Was it as good for you as it was for me?” Scott asked her. He was coming out of the bathroom and she started at the sight of him. He was naked, of course, and was wiping his dick off with a wet washcloth that he casually tossed on the spare bed. It wasn’t his lack of clothing that startled her, it was his location. She honestly didn’t remember him getting up off her and going to the bathroom. This happened occasionally—she blacked out, passed out, lost track of time and reality after a particularly powerful orgasm. It scared and delighted her at the same time.

“Better,” she told him and rolled over, displaying her body for him to admire. The chain still connected her nipples, her engagement ring rested against her skin between her breasts; she kept her legs spread open just a bit so he could see her pretty pussy, raw and red and ready to be fucked again. Kierra could even feel a bit of his cum leaking between her lips. “Want to fuck again?”

Unexpectedly Scott shook his head. “No. I’ve got to go meet my girlfriend.”

That caused a twinge of regret to flare behind Kierra’s eyes. Certainly Scott was

free to date and fuck whoever he wanted, but this was the first time he had ever mentioned a girlfriend. She was immediately jealous and upset. The jealousy she knew was ridiculous. But she was upset because she didn't like the fact Scott was cheating on his girlfriend. She knew she didn't really have much say in the matter if she intended to keep on fucking Scott. "I didn't know you had a girlfriend."

"She's new," Scott admitted as he cast his eyes around the room for his clothes.

"Does she know about me?" Kierra asked.

"No. And I intend on keeping it that way." He had found his underwear and pulled them on, hiding his dick away.

"I'm still horny," Kierra complained and placed her hand on her pussy. Scott paused in dressing as she started masturbating. Her right hand was already playing with her clit while her left was pinching her nipple. While she was horny Kierra didn't intend on jilling off in front of him. She wanted it to be an enticement for his briefs to come off and his dick to go back inside her pussy where it belonged.

Her eyes closed as her fingers got busy. She heard him moving around but he didn't touch her. She wanted to open her eyes back up and glare at him but she was too keyed up. She knew she'd cum in a minute if she didn't stop. She didn't want to stop.

The orgasm easily rolled over her body and she rolled to her side, squeezing her hand between her thighs as she luxuriated in the sensations she had given herself. After a minute's rest and recovery she looked up at Scott who was manipulating his smart phone. When he spied her watching him, he just gave a grin and said, "Just recording you. Hope you don't mind."

Disappointed, Kierra shook her head. As one final enticement she licked her wet fingers, tasting his cum and her juices. Scott barely noticed her.

"Great, I know a couple of guys who'd love to see a show like you just gave me. Can I share it?"

Her first instinct was to tell him no, but then Kierra gave in to her base desires. She liked to show off and display herself. Who knew? Maybe one of Scott's

friends would be as good a fuck as he was. “Sure. Go ahead.”

“Thanks, babe.” He finished dressing and left, pocking his phone and her video.

With a heavy sigh Kierra pulled a spare pair of plain white panties from her purse, pulled them on and got dressed. Before she left the hotel room she took off her nipple chain and put her engagement ring back on her finger.

When she arrived at home Sam was already in bed, but was awake and reading. With a winning smile she stopped at the foot of the bed and put on an impromptu striptease for him but stopped at her panties. These she allowed Sam to remove right before she climbed onto his cock.

“You’re really wet tonight,” he whispered in her ear as they started fucking.

“I’m really horny,” she confessed.

If he was aware of her earlier dishonesty he gave no other indication.

Chapter Three

Kierra rang the bell to Ryan's house. She was so excited that her fingers were trembling and couldn't hit the bell on the first two attempts. After depressing the lighted circle and hearing the chimes go off inside the house she took a few deep breaths and forced herself to calm down. She had cheated with Ryan before—he was a wonderful lover even if he was almost ten years older than her and was working on a little pot belly—but this was the first time she had been to his house.

This was the type of cheating she prized the most—a violation of trust and boundaries. Ryan was married and said his wife knew about her—supposedly they had an open marriage—but they were going to have sex in Ryan's bed, where he fucked and slept with his wife. Kierra didn't bother to ask if Ryan had asked his wife for permission to entertain his sometimes-girlfriend at their house and in their marriage bed. For all she knew, Ryan could be lying to her about everything. Either way, she knew her next orgasm was going to be mind blowing.

Ryan opened the door and greeted her with a kiss on the cheek.

“Aren't you worried about your neighbors seeing?” Kierra asked as she stepped inside. The neighborhood was quiet and suburban. It was late enough in the evening that very little was going on outside, but Kierra always tried to be discrete when meeting a lover.

“Bah, what do they care?” he said dismissively, running his hand over his smooth head. It was obvious Ryan had started going bald years before and had recently started shaving his entire head. “What do I care about them? Most of them are assholes.”

Inside Kierra discovered Ryan's house was indeed very nice, definitely a step up from her current circumstances, even when sharing expenses with Shamus. Ryan had always been a bit vague about his job merely leaving it as something to do with the state judicial system. She wasn't sure if he was a lawyer or a judge or merely a court clerk. It didn't matter; she wasn't trying to date him for purposes

of social climbing. She just wanted to fuck.

When he took her hand to lead her through the house Ryan immediately said, “Is it that cold outside? You’re shivering! Do you want something warm to drink?” He started walking back to the kitchen.

“No, no, it’s nice enough. I’m just nervous. “Do we have to hurry?” she asked anxiously. “When will your wife be home?”

He laughed at her anxiety. “We have plenty of time, but if you would like to proceed directly to the bedroom...”

“Yes!” she cried with a little too much enthusiasm. “Please.”

He laughed again and once more took her hand. “You don’t need to worry about my wife. She’ll be gone for a while and she’s given permission to use our bed. She’s out with her boyfriend.”

Kierra gave him a quizzical look as she got a whirlwind tour of the house. He was taking her on a direct path to his bedroom. “It’s so strange that you two have an open marriage.”

“No really,” he commented. “When you’ve been married as long as us...well, you look for variety and when we both discovered we both had desires to have sex outside of our marriage, well, fair play in everything when you’re married if you want to stay married. You’ll probably understand better after you’ve been married a few years.”

She shook her head. “I don’t think so. I don’t think I could give my husband permission to have sex with another woman.” She thought back to her half-sincere offer to Shamus allowing him to pursue and bed other women. The only reason she had offered was because she knew he’d never be able to act upon the offer.

He laughed at her. “But here you are having sex with me while wearing your fiancée’s engagement ring.” Ryan was a bit more conservative than Scott. While he liked her nipple rings, he found the chain she wore between her breasts to be a little over the top so she had dispensed with the chain when meeting up with Ryan a few months back. Instead she had found fancier rings for him to admire and play with. She hoped what he found tonight pleased him.

“It’s okay for me to cheat,” she said confidently.

Another chuckle passed Ryan’s lips as he opened the door to his bedroom and ushered her inside. “A two-tiered system is hardly fair, my dear. But it’s not my place to judge you, only to fuck you.”

It was all Kierra could do to keep from gasping when she saw the bedroom, it was huge and was occupied by a similarly huge bed, king sized, of course. It had a set of stairs on the side which were necessary to reach the elevated mattress. There was an elaborate carved headboard and matching side rails. “Wow.”

“Thank you, Kierra. Now if you would do me the pleasure of disrobing while I watch?”

In some ways Ryan was a dirty old man and Kierra liked that. After placing her purse next to the door and kicking off her shoes she walked confidently to the middle of the room and reached behind her back to pull down the zipper on her dress. It wasn’t anything terribly fancy, but would have fit right in at a corporate cocktail party. The spaghetti straps slipped from her shoulders and she stood before Ryan in a green and black corset that pushed up her breasts to an impressive amount of cleavage that was only half-hidden by the now discarded dress. She wore matching thong panties—even though wearing that style annoyed the hell out of her—and her customary black stay up stockings. She smiled at him, cocked her hips to one side and absently pulled her braided blond hair over her shoulder. “See anything you like?” she asked.

Ryan reached for his crotch and adjusted his cock inside his pants. “Everything,” he said.

She walked over to him, leaned forward and got up on her tiptoes to kiss him lightly on the lips. “Help me with the corset hooks, dear?” she asked. “They’re a bitch to get undone.”

Kierra loved the way her body looked in the corset but it was almost impossible to put on with assistance. When she left work instead of going home to change she visited her sister to help her get ready for her date with Ryan. “Hot date tonight?” Emilie asked as she carefully went up Kierra’s back attaching each hook to the matching eyelet.

“Ryan.”

“Older guy? Big cock?”

“Older, yes. Big cock, no. Average. He takes Viagra or something. But he loves to eat pussy.”

Ryan was delighted to undress his lover. “Of course.” She turned and presented him with her bare buttocks. “I thought you hated thongs,” he commented, trailing his hands down the silk material of the corset to knead her egg-shaped ass. She wished there wasn’t so much fat back there but Ryan didn’t complain.

“I do, but I know you love the view.” He chuckled at her comment. “The corset hooks are up higher,” she told him. Sadly Ryan let go of her ass and proceeded to free Kierra from the corset. The stiff garment was dropped to the floor and she spun around once more, but held her arms up to her chest, fists just under her chin, forearms obscuring the view of her tits. “Now, you’re sure this is okay with your wife?” she asked.

Once again he laughed at her. “Positive.”

“Okay.” She moved her arms away from her chest and displayed her newest nipple jewelry for him to admire.

His smile spread across his face. “Wow. Hearts.”

“Cupid hearts,” she corrected him. The golden hearts were held in place by a bar that was decorated to look like an arrow, essentially making her nipples into Cupid’s hearts pierced by arrows. “I plan on wearing them for my fiancée on Valentine’s Day. Now why don’t you get down on your knees and do what you’ve been waiting for,” she suggested.

Ryan needed no more encouragement. He knelt before Kierra and pulled her thong off her hips, down her legs, and allowed her to step out the scrap of lace. Then he buried his face into her cunt. “Oh, yes,” she sighed as his lips and tongue found her clit. She only allowed him to feast between her legs a minute before she forced him back with the heel of her hand to his forehead. “I need to lie down.”

They moved over to the bed, she mounted the stairs, pulled back the cover and luxuriated on the yellow satin sheets. Ryan was on her immediately burying his face between her thighs and eating out her cunt. “I need to make you extra wet,”

he told her, after coming up for a breath, “so you can handle my big cock.”

Ryan seemed to labor under the assumption that he had a huge dick and her pussy was continually dry unless he ate her out. Kierra never did anything to dissuade him from either belief. She loved having her pussy licked and sucked; Ryan was a pro at it. She wouldn't let him get his clothes off until he made her cum at least once with his tongue.

Knowing that they were fucking where Ryan and his wife normally made love along with her need to hurry because his wife would be home at any moment made her orgasm arrive all the more quickly. When she peaked Kierra soaked Ryan's face with a little squirt of girl cum. “Oh, that's delicious,” he exclaimed as he tried to lick up every drop from her thighs.

Kierra sighed with contentment. It was nice to be serviced by a man who knew what he was doing. Ryan considered himself lucky that Kierra wanted to fuck him at all since he was ten years her senior so he worked extra hard at pleasing her. “Are you ready for me?” he asked.

She forced her eyes open to see that in her orgasmic reverie Ryan had stripped and was naked, his hard cock in his hand. For an older man he was still in good shape, even if some of his chest hair was turning gray. “Lay on, Macduff,” she ordered.

Her legs were already spread and she was well lubed. Ryan's cock easily slid into her pussy and started fucking her with great enthusiasm. Kierra enjoyed Ryan's cockmanship; he knew when to kiss her lips or her neck or her tits; he knew when to shift her position to allow deeper penetration or firmer friction on her clit; he knew when to slow or increase his pace. He played her body like a fine instrument and he was a virtuoso. Her second orgasm approached and arrived with a satisfying crescendo, the third one came when he reached under her hand and just touched her asshole. That's when he came as well, filling her up his hot spunk.

“Oh, fuck that was good,” she practically wept into his shoulder. They had never used a condom, Ryan assuring her his vasectomy had taken place years earlier. She didn't worry; her womb was protected by an IUD tucked safely upside her body.

“I love it when we cum together,” Ryan told her.

“Mm-hmm,” she agreed and snuggled against him. His body was warm and inviting. She promised herself she’d just drift off to sleep for a few minutes. He’d be sure to wake her shortly to fuck her again. That was the magic of Viagra with Ryan. He was always good for more than one throw.

The sound of a door closing woke Kierra. She couldn’t tell what time it was or how long she had been asleep. For a moment she wasn’t sure where she was but then found Ryan sleeping next to her. “Ryan!” she hissed. “Wake up! Someone’s here!”

“Probably just Cathy,” he mumbled and rolled over to his side. She started to shake him, trying to wake him up, but that was the moment his wife walked into the bedroom.

“Oh!” Cathy was startled to find another woman in bed with her husband. She quickly recovered her composure and smiled at Kierra. “You must be Kierra. I’ve wanted to meet you. Ryan makes you sound like a charming young woman.”

Cathy had brilliant blue eyes and long black hair at had just a hint of a few grays interwoven with the heavy tresses. She definitely had sex hair. She wore a blue dress to match her eyes.

“Hello,” Kierra replied and pulled the covers up to hide her breasts from Ryan’s wife.

“He fell asleep, did he? Don’t worry about it. He does it to me all the time. Did he get you off at least?”

“Yes.” It was odd to be discussing sex with her. It wasn’t...right.

“I can see why he’s obsessed with you, young lady. You’re gorgeous.”

Kierra flushed. “Thank you,” she mumbled. “I should probably get dressed and go.”

“Nonsense,” Cathy stopped her. “Why don’t we wake up Ryan and see what happens? I have a present for him.”

There was no easy way for Kierra to try and ease herself out of the bed but she tried. "I'll just get out of your way while you give him your present."

"No!" Cathy said a little too loudly. "Are you kidding? This is Ryan's dream come true, his wife and his piece on the side in bed at the same time." Cathy quickly disrobed, tugging the zipper at the back of her dress down and letting the material crumple to the floor. Underneath she wore a standard-issue sexy blue pushup bra and, somewhat to Kierra's amazement, a pair of plain white cotton panties, much like the spare one's Kierra kept in her purse. The bra was gone in a moment as well and Kierra found herself admiring the older woman's chest.

Her breasts weren't perfect, but they hadn't been enhanced by surgery either. Maybe they were starting to droop a little and weren't as full as they might have been earlier in her life, but the confident way that Cathy bared herself and walked across the room Kierra admired.

"Ever been in a three-way, dear?" Cathy asked her.

Silently Kierra shook her head. "No. Uh. Never did that."

"I was thirty nine before I even considered the possibility." She laughed at herself. "Now I wonder why I was holding myself back." She climbed up the steps to the bed and kissed Ryan on the cheek. "Honey. Ryan. Dearie. Wake up. I've got a present for you."

She winked at Kierra and then, as Ryan began stirring, she got on the bed and straddled Ryan's head with her legs. While Cathy might have been older with wrinkles and gray hair starting to come in her body was still in excellent shape. Kierra admired the woman's thighs as she carefully lowered herself onto her husband's face and let him inhale her scent. That was enough to wake him fully up.

"Present?" he managed to mumble.

"Take off my panties," Cathy instructed him.

Kierra wanted to take the moment to let the married couple play their game and she made to slip out of the bed again, but Cathy grabbed her hand. "Grab the scissors in the nightstand drawer," she asked Kierra.

As much as she wanted to escape with her sanity intact, Kierra was also curious about what was going to happen. The scissors in the drawer weren't for sewing or general office work but were the sort carried by EMTs to cut through clothing. Excited by what she was about to see Kierra wielded them and, with Cathy's careful assistance, cut the cheap cotton panties from the other woman's hips. The moment the material was free she dropped her crotch down on Ryan's face and sighed.

"Oh, you're getting a good load tonight, aren't you, honey?"

Ryan made a noise that Kierra understood to be agreement.

"You were with another guy tonight?" Kierra asked.

"Cathy had closed her eyes but answered the question. "Uh-huh. God I love Ryan's tongue. He likes to clean me up when I get back. It's his little treat. Some men love a tasty little cream pie from their wife."

Up to that point Kierra had been certain that cream pie eating was just an invention of the porn industry. Apparently not. "Wow."

"Yeah, wow. It's nice be worshipped as a woman, isn't it?" Cathy's eyes were still closed and she reached out for Kierra's shoulder for some support. "Look at him," she said.

Kierra had been trying to avoid looking anywhere but Cathy's face. It seemed rude to star at the couple's weird copulation but she spared a quick glance down at Ryan's face that was mostly covered by Cathy's bare pussy. She briefly wondered how Ryan managed to breath covered up as he was, but he wasn't complaining so there was no need to worry she reasoned. Ryan wasn't so much eating his wife's pussy as he was waiting for her pussy to drip out the remains of her lover's cum. "Very nice," Kierra said as casually and complimentary as she could.

Cathy's eyes were now open. "No, not his face, his cock."

Kierra shifted her eyes down and saw that Ryan was at full staff. His cock was up and pointing toward the ceiling. It was bouncing slightly; Kierra was unsure if this was from the motion on the bed or because Ryan was eager to fuck again.

“He always gets hard when cleaning me up,” she said. “Get on him.”

“Get on him. It’s a special treat for him. Normally I make him eat me out and make me...” She shuddered a moment and then regained her senses. Kierra saw that Ryan had reached around Cathy’s thigh to play with his wife’s clit. “Make me cum. If he’s good he gets a handjob. It’s a tease he deserves. If he’s bad he gets nothing.” She shuddered again and Kierra wondered if she had just seen the woman cum twice—small orgasms but orgasms nonetheless—while they talked. “Tonight’s special. I want to see him fuck you.” She tugged at Kierra’s hand, pulling the girl along. Kierra found she was turned on and couldn’t resist the commanding tone Cathy had taken. Before she knew it Ryan’s cock was inside her once again and the two women were using Ryan as their personal sex toy.

“I love sharing a man with another woman, don’t you?” Cathy asked as she ground her cunt down on Ryan’s face.

“Never done it before,” Kierra reminded her.

“That’s right. Forgot. Go ahead and fuck him. Cum. Have a good time. You’re a pretty thing. I like watching women cum. Can I help you?” Without asking further permission Cathy reached out and gently caressed both of Kierra’s pierced nipples. Her touch was soft and insistent. Without knowing really how she had arrived at this point Kierra realized she was going to cum again, on top of Ryan’s cock while his wife watched and helped her. Kierra rested her hands on Cathy’s shoulders. The older woman seemed strong enough to handle her and she closed her eyes and concentrated on her pussy.

A moment later there was a hand between her legs stroking her clit. Kierra knew it wasn’t Ryan’s hand but she couldn’t open her eyes to admit it was Cathy who was going to make her cum. And then she came when she admitted it was Cathy playing with her pussy. A small flood of girl cum coated Ryan’s cock and, feeling Kierra’s heat and tightening pussy, he came again inside her cunt.

“Wasn’t that good?” Cathy asked her.

“Uh-huh,” Kierra vaguely agreed. She was still coming down from her orgasmic high. She was also still vaguely disturbed by the fact it was Cathy who had gotten her off. More than anything she wanted to slink away and hide from the couple. Dirty and naught was a familiar emotion for Kierra, but not in this way.

“I was glad I could help you out.”

Kierra didn't know what to say to that so she simply nodded. Cathy took the opportunity to get off her husband's face and knelt on the bed next to him. Ryan's face was covered in her juices. With a smarmy grin he looked at Kierra. “Sorry I fell asleep on you, but it's all for the best, isn't it? We both got a little more of what we needed tonight.”

“Right,” Kierra agreed. She was suddenly growing nervous and wanted to get out of the house right now. As it was, Cathy gave her the perfect opportunity to do so.

“Can I go down on you?” Cathy asked. “Or would you prefer Ryan to clean you?”

Kierra blushed. “I was actually saving it for my fiancée.”

“Does he like cream pies too?” Ryan asked a little too eagerly. For just a moment Kierra was worried that he was looking for a friend to share an interest in. That was the last thing Kierra needed, her lover becoming friends with her fiancée.

“Um. No. Not that I know of. I like to have sex with him with another man's... semen inside me.”

“Cum, or spunk, honey,” Cathy corrected her. “Semen is so clinical. Have fun with it if that's your kink.”

“Right,” Kierra agreed.

“Does he like to fuck you that way too?” Cathy asked. For a moment Kierra avoided answering the question as she climbed off the bed and carefully walked to her purse. When she pulled out her plain white panties Cathy giggled. “Just like mine,” she commented.

Kierra ignored the giggle and comment. “Um. He doesn't really know.” Admitting it made her feel guilty. She liked to feel guilty every once in a while.

Her answer caused a confused look to pass over Cathy's face. “Why doesn't he know?”

Before Kierra could answer Ryan spoke up. “Because Kierra cheats on her fiancée. She gets off on the fact that Sam doesn’t know she’s screwing around on him.”

Now Kierra was terribly embarrassed. Her blush turned a deeper red. She had been totally upfront and honest with Ryan because it was only fair. And to tell the full truth Shamus did have a good idea that she was screwing around on him because it’s what got her off—and she suspected it got him off too, but he couldn’t admit that. It didn’t matter. She pulled on the panties and found her clothes. There was no reason for Ryan to tell Cathy everything in front of her. Maybe he would tell her anyway, but the humiliation was a little too much. She didn’t mind humiliating Shamus, but she got off on cheating, not humiliation. “Yeah. Sort of,” she said softly.

“Honey, you shouldn’t do that to him,” Cathy advised her. “That can only end badly.”

Kierra made a face and finished dressing. She could already feel Ryan’s cum starting to leak out of her pussy. It wasn’t a long drive home. That was good. “I’ll remember that,” she said and walked out on them. She didn’t want to be rude but couldn’t find a more elegant way to leave.

On the way home she was forced to turn her car radio up loud to drown out the conversation that was running inside her head. She liked cheating. She always had. Nothing some old married couple could say would change the way she was. And if Shamus left her then...she’s worry about that when the moment came.

Upstairs in the bedroom she slipped silently into bed. Ryan was most definitely asleep this time. She pressed her body against his warm one. Her body was cold enough to wake him up. “What time is it?” he mumbled.

“Late.” It was nearly two a.m. but she wasn’t going to tell him that at the moment. He couldn’t see the clock without putting on his glasses or contacts.

“Oh.” In the middle of the night Ryan wasn’t much of a conversationalist.

As always Kierra was still horny. The thought of getting in bed with her fiancée after fucking another man was enough to get her aroused again. Not that she needed it all that much. Her pussy was always wet and ready to go it seemed. Taking Ryan’s hand she pressed it to her tummy and encouraged him to slide his

fingers into her panties. They weren't soaked but they were most definitely damp. How much would it take to encourage him to go down on her? She bet she could do it. She wondered if he'd notice the taste of another man's cum in her pussy.

"Not tonight," he managed to say. His voice was thick and slow. "Too tired. Too late." In a moment he was back asleep and snoring.

There wasn't much to do for the next few minutes. Kierra didn't want to go to sleep, she wanted sex, but that wasn't going to happen with Ryan tonight. It would be too rude to masturbate right next to him while he was sleeping. She had masturbated for him before as part of foreplay, but he wanted to sleep. She remembered hearing him mention it had been incredibly busy at work because of an unexpected resignation and he had to pick up much of the slack.

Still, she wasn't going to sleep without a little recreation first. Stealing out of the bed Kierra slid open her nightstand, pulled out her trusty blue vibrator, and went to the living room where she put both her feet up on the coffee table and hung her ass over the edge of the couch. Because she was already so keyed up so cumming with the vibrator took only a couple of minutes. She kept her small cries of passion to a minimum. She didn't want Shamus to know what she was doing. Was using a vibrator in secret cheating as well.

She decided it was. That made her happy and she went back to bed.

Chapter Four

It still felt odd on her finger. Kierra twisted her wedding band around and around on her finger. It shouldn't feel weird because she was accustomed to wearing all sorts of rings and the engagement band had been on her finger a good year but the pair of rings together somehow didn't feel right. She thought it would just take some getting used to, but it was already a month after their low key wedding and relaxing honeymoon and it still felt wrong. The size was perfect and the edges were smooth. It was perfectly formed, a perfect circle, but somehow wearing a wedding band felt wrong.

Kierra didn't want to admit to herself that cheating so brazenly while wearing a wedding band might be the ultimate limit on her strange sense of morals.

"I don't want to push you, honey," Shamus said to her, "but when did you want to start trying to have kids."

The words all but made her choke on her cereal. They were eating breakfast together like any other normal married couple even though Kierra had been out two nights earlier in a hotel room with Scott. He had fucked her twice cumming in her pussy once and on her tits the second time. Naturally she didn't tell Sam about any of it.

"Kids?" she managed to squeak out between coughs.

"Yeah, we talked about having a couple, right? And we're both not getting any younger..."

"Right. I guess, it's just, wow, you know, such a huge decision and everything."

Sam smiled confidently at her. "Scary, sure. But the upside is that we won't need to worry about birth control anymore."

After the conversation Kierra found herself at the doctor's office two weeks later having her IUD removed. "So you got married and decided it was time to settle down?" her gyno asked her during the procedure.

“What?” The question caught Kierra off-guard. Then after a half-moment’s reflection she realized her doctor wasn’t asking if she was going to just have sex from that point on with only Shamus. “Oh, yeah. I suppose so.”

“Well, you’re young and healthy, so why not?” The procedure was done and the doctor stripped off her gloves. “Give it a few months before you expect anything to happen,” she advised. “But I don’t foresee any problems with you getting pregnant.”

Just with who might be the father... Kierra thought to herself.

It was only a few days later that Kierra found herself in bed with Scott. It wasn’t really as if she had planned it, but her sex drive just seemed to propel her into bed with men. Since she didn’t fight her drive she got fucked more than she ever really planned for. Although she still wore her nipple rings she had dispensed with the chain this time. Her engagement ring and wedding band were safely tucked away into her purse. In the back of her mind she kept reminding herself to put them back on after she left the hotel; if she didn’t Shamus was sure to notice their absence.

Scott was worshipping her down between her legs. The night before Kierra had carefully shaved and trimmed herself so her lover was enjoying the tiny bit of hair and her mostly exposed pussy. Scott didn’t always go down on her, but she enjoyed it when he did. After he caused a minor orgasm to race through her body Kierra grabbed his face and brought it up to hers. Since she was already naked and her legs were spread she expected Scott to sink his cock right into her wet pussy when he moved up.

It was a lesson in frustration when she realized he was still wearing his boxers. “Get them off!” she ordered struggling with the waistband of the garment. Scott half laughed at her then pulled them off and quickly got back on top of her body. His cock was already erect; that was good, Kierra didn’t want to waste time getting him hard. As he kissed her she guided him into her pussy and sighed when he sank all the way into her depths. She could taste her pussy on his lips and that was wonderful. She loved her pussy more than anything else in the world.

When he started thrusting Scott off-handedly remarked, “Love fucking you.

Love cumming in you.”

That started Kierra to reality. “Fucking hell! Do you have a condom?”

He laughed at her. “Nope. Why?”

“I had my IUD taken out.”

Scott sniggered again. “An unprotected pussy? You’re a cheating slut. A cheating married slut...and you might get knocked up. That’s great.” He grinned at her and fucked her harder.

Normally Kierra loved to be called a cheating slut by her lovers. It turned her on, it made her cum. But knowing that she could get pregnant made her nervous. Should she really risk carrying another man’s child? It was wrong and the idea turned her on even more. Silently she cursed herself and her fucked up sexuality.

“No,” she managed to say and push against Scott. “Pull out, I can’t do it.”

“I don’t want to pull out,” he said and continued to fuck her. Kierra sighed contentedly and concentrated on the sensations his cock was making inside her pussy and against her clit. She wanted to cum. She wanted to feel him cum inside her. She wanted to go home to Sam with her pussy full of Scott’s cum and have him fuck her so she wouldn’t know who was going to get her pregnant. She knew it was all so very wrong and that’s what caused her first orgasm.

When she settled down from her high-pitched moaning and managed to open her eyes, Scott was still fucking away and grinning at her. “Want me to pull out and cum on your belly or maybe your tits? I love to see you cum.”

“No, no,” she said. Even though it was wrong....no, because it was wrong she told him, “No, cum inside me. I need your cum in my pussy.”

“Thought so,” he grunted and put his head down for another hard fucking. It wasn’t long before he came and caused an incredibly hot burning in her pussy. She cried out again, not in pain but in wonderful ecstasy. He kept cumming, each thrust ending in a spurt that filled her up. After he was done with his orgasm he rested on top of her a long while. Kierra wasn’t sure why but in the back of her head it was as if he were willing her to get pregnant.

After he finally got off her and she found her white cotton panties in her purse he asked her, “Did you know that in this state whoever a woman is married to at the time her baby is born is legally the father?”

“Didn’t know that.”

They had met in the early afternoon. Kierra got home before Shamus, which was her normal routine except on days she cheated on him. She waited anxiously for him to get home and busied herself with making dinner. When he finally came through the door Kierra practically jumped all over him.

“Let’s get to bed,” she said grabbing him by the hand and all but dragged him up to the bedroom.

“What?” Sam was tired from a long day at work and hadn’t expected this.

“I’m horny and dinner’s in the oven. It’ll be an hour before we can eat.”

Shamus didn’t take much persuading to get naked and on his back. Kierra only pulled off her top and bra before falling on his cock. She sucked happily away, wanting to get him good and hard before she took off her pants. Hopefully her saliva on his cock would help cover the fact her pussy was dripping with another man’s cum.

“To what do I owe this occasion?” Sam asked.

“Horny,” she said between slurps. Kierra slid all the way down his shaft and took his balls in her mouth. He shuddered. She reminded herself to be gentle—not because she was afraid of causing him a little pain but because she didn’t want him to cum anywhere but in her pussy. “Want to get pregnant,” she added when his balls had pulled to tight to his body she went back to the head. There was just the slightest taste of precum there. It was time.

“Really?” he asked. “Thought you were nervous about that.”

“I am,” she admitted but she was more nervous about possibly there being someone else’s baby inside her body. “But I’m horny too.” She grinned wickedly at him. “We’ll have to risk it. Let’s see what your cum can do.” It was at that moment she realized that having a man’s cum inside her body made her hornier than she was before she started fucking him.

He laughed and flopped his head back. She took the opportunity to take off her pants and panties at the same time. The damp cotton clung to her bare pussy lips as she pulled them off, then released. Before Shamus could take the opportunity to do something with his cock other than fuck her she jumped on top of him and guided him into her pussy. “Wow, you are wet,” he commented as his length filled her up. It was nice to have a cock in her pussy, Kierra reflected. It was what her body needed, it was what her psyche needed. She was a slave to both.

“Some women, when they’re pregnant, find having sex doggy style the easiest,” Shamus suddenly commented.

Kierra paused in her steady up and down on Shamus’s cock to open her eyes and look at him. “Ready to see me fat and pregnant?” she asked. “Once I get pregnant that’s pretty much it for our sex life.” She didn’t know where those words came from.

“I want to fuck you when you’re pregnant,” he told her and reached out for her breasts. He cupped them and gently tweaked the rings. Each time he did so she inhaled sharply at the sensation. “I want to see your tummy grow and your tits get big and full of milk.”

“You like fucking fatties?” she asked and ground down on his cock.

“Preggos,” he corrected her and laughed. “Maybe I won’t mind you fucking other men when you’re pregnant.” He thrust his cock up into her a few times and she moaned in appreciation.

“Like they’d have me.”

“Some guys will fuck anyone or anything.”

“Guys like you?”

“No, just my wife.”

“Even though I gave you permission to fuck other women?”

“Yeah. Even though.” He closed his eyes and she could feel him getting harder inside her cunt. He was trying not to cum. “You like fucking other guys, don’t you?”

This was why she didn't like to talk when they fucked, she revealed too much, she was too honest. "Yeah."

"You fucked another guy today, didn't you?"

Her eyes closed and she turned her head, letting her hair fall halfway across her face. "Yeah."

"What's his name?"

"Scott."

"Did you cum when he fucked you?"

"Twice," she admitted.

"Do you feel guilty about it?"

She shook her head but said, "A little. I like the guilt, it makes me cum harder."

His cock was getting ever bigger in her pussy and she knew he wanted to cum but he had stopped moving. "Did he cum inside you?"

"Yeah."

"Did he use a condom?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Is his cum inside you right now?"

Now she nodded. "It made slipping your cock inside me soooo easy."

"You like having fighting sperm inside your pussy, don't you, you cheating slut?"

"Uh-huh. I'm a cheating slut."

He came. He came again. His cock spurted hot cum up into her. She came because she could feel the two men's sperm swimming inside her and she knew she was a cheating slut and she loved it.

When they were both done and Kierra had collapsed on top of Shamus's chest he asked softly in her ear, "When are you going to stop cheating on me?"

"Never," she answered honestly.

"Good.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub).

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