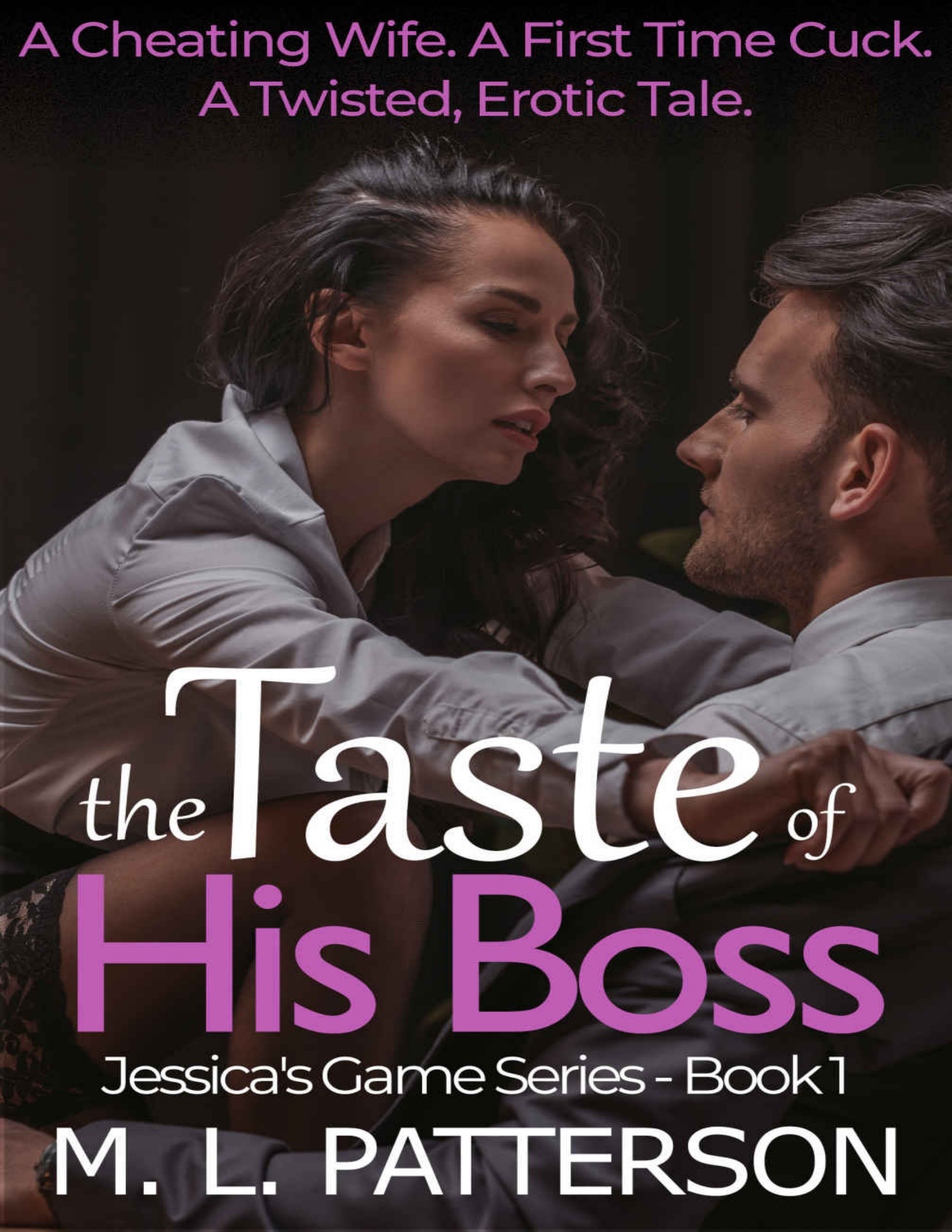


A Cheating Wife. A First Time Cuck.
A Twisted, Erotic Tale.

A man and a woman are shown in a close, intimate pose, looking at each other. The woman is on the left, leaning towards the man on the right. They are both wearing light-colored shirts. The background is dark and out of focus.

the Taste of His Boss

Jessica's Game Series - Book 1

M. L. PATTERSON

THE TASTE OF HIS BOSS

BOOK 1 IN THE JESSICA'S GAME SERIES

M. L. PATTERSON

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PROLOGUE

The tall steeple of the old, country church scraped the sky above. Its hard, sharp edges threatened to cut the lusts of the flesh from the hearts that entered under it. Members filed in, all wearing black to show their grief at the loss of Charles Gamble. They knew him to be a hard-working, religious man who faithfully attended services every Sunday, sat in the front row, and gave his time and hard-earned money to the church.

I knew him differently.

He was my father. A man with many faces. To my mother and me, he showed the face of cruelty and deceit, and so, when I entered that church for the first time in eight years, I was not there to grieve. I wore a short bodycon dress and matching leopard print heels with scandalously high stilettos.

I made my way to the front, pretending not to notice the widening eyes and disapproving looks, and took my seat.

This is where you sat, you prick.

The service began and played like abrasive background noise in my mind. Looking at the coffin up on the stage, I remembered the face of my abuser and my life under his tyrannical reign.

My ravenous sexuality blossomed at an early age. By age nine, I masturbated regularly. One fateful afternoon, my father burst into my room and caught me in the act. I remember the sharp ache from his crushing grip on my little wrist as he dragged me to the kitchen. He pressed my little hand – the one I had used to pleasure myself – palm down and flat onto the table.

As he took off his belt, he barked at me.

“Do you know what you’ve done?!”

The force of the rage in his voice ripped through my chest.

“You’ve invited the devil himself into your soul! And into this house!”

He lectured me about the sins of the flesh. The dangers of lust and sexual immorality. Words I barely understood at the time. But I understood his rage. And his belt. He lashed the back of my hand with it repeatedly, commanding me to never touch myself like that again. Of course, I did. Just more discreetly. It gave me momentary pleasure, release, and escape from living in hell and a sense of control over my own body and sexuality. Even back then, I resented being told what I couldn’t do with it.

By age twelve, my figure began to develop, and I started feeling attracted to boys. My father attempted to hide my newly blossoming form under clothes that looked like potato sacks. My body rebelled with increasingly voluptuous curves and escalating sexual appetite.

I hid fashion magazines under my bed and pulled them out to look at the pictures while he was at work. The women looked so beautiful and

powerful to me. Their outfits flattered and celebrated their bodies. I wondered if I could look like them. I studied them frequently as he stayed away from home a lot. His absences brought a relieving calm between storms. Mother and I were grateful.

But he wasn't away working. I would learn years later that he cheated on my mother during his disappearing acts. Perhaps that was why she got sick. After all those years of being loyal to him, suffering his wrath, she ended up betrayed. Just before my thirteenth birthday, she passed, leaving me alone with him.

At age fifteen, my resentment peaked over his prudish rules for my wardrobe. I watched other girls get attention. Their outfits were so cute. I felt invisible. So, I convinced an older friend to take me to a department store in nearby Witchita. My father seemed pleased when I told him I was going to a Bible study. It tickled me to lie to him and see him deceived. At the store, using money I had saved, I bought my first grown-up clothes. My favorite outfit included a hip-hugging, high waisted mini skirt, a cut off jean jacket, and a low-cut bodice. The next day at school, I changed out of the potato sack in the bathroom and into some of my new purchases. I'll never forget the rush of walking down the hall, seeing heads turn and jaws drop, and most of all, throwing off the shackles of my father's oppressive rule over my body.

My new, devious changing routine worked for weeks until the Principal called me into his office to talk to me about the immodest nature of my outfits. In spite of my pleas, the school called my father who, of course, had to come pick me up. On the ride home in his car, my heart pounded in terror, anticipating what awaited me. He seethed

quietly until he pulled into the driveway and hissed at me through gritted teeth.

“Get in the house!”

He followed closely behind me. As soon as we were through the front door, he grabbed me by the back of my hair and pushed me over to the kitchen table, forcing my head down onto it with a skull ringing thud. I felt the mini skirt get yanked up around my waist, my panties pulled down, and my bare ass exposed. He seared me with the fierceness in his voice.

“Don’t move!”

I don’t know how many times he beat me with that goddamn belt. At some point, the burning turned to numbness. I remember feeling my warm blood run down between my legs, streaming from the broken skin on my ass cheeks. I also remember my new clothes being torn from my body. He tossed them into the wood-burning stove and left me naked and bleeding on the floor.

That night, I waited for him to fall asleep, packed my school bag with what essentials I could find, slipped out of the house, and never returned. I never saw him alive again.

Eight years later, I sat in his spot at his church, glaring at his coffin.

I hope you burn in hell.

When the preacher finished singing the praises of this man they imagined to be a saint, he pulled out an old favorite. Proverbs, Chapter Seven. Beware the adulteress. I found it ironic. They had no idea their fallen "brother" had cheated on my mother.

The preacher almost shouted the words as he read.

“Say to wisdom, ‘You are my sister,’ and call understanding your kinsman, that they may keep you from the adulteress, from the stranger with seductive words!”

I rolled my eyes as the congregation responded with vigorous shouts of “Amen!” and “Preach it!”

“I noticed among the youths, a young man lacking judgment!”

While this selection of scripture fit the occasion of my father’s death perfectly, it seemed an odd choice given their ignorance of his transgressions. The pastor continued, crossing the stage to a spot right in front of me. He aimed his voice in my direction.

“Then a woman came out to meet him, with the attire of a harlot and cunning of heart. She is loud and defiant!”

My eyes narrowed on him as he looked up and made eye contact with me. My mouth dropped open.

This fucker is directing this horse shit at me!

I turned in my seat to look around at the congregation behind me. Several had been glaring holes in the back of my head and felt no need to refrain when I turned and caught them.

My blood boiled. Who knows what bullshit he told them after I left. How he lied to protect his precious reputation. None of them ever tried to find me to see if I was ok.

So, they want to celebrate him and paint me as the sinner? Oh, HELL, no!

I stood up and turned to walk out. I felt their stares and heard the pastor’s voice pelting me from behind as he continued to read.

“Now in the street, now in the squares, she lurks at every corner!”

I’ve got an inspirational message for you ignorant fucks.

I reached down with my hands and took the hem of my dress. As I walked towards the door, I slowly lifted it. Two men in their Sunday suits held the doors open for me, half hiding behind them. Sweat glistened on their foreheads, and neither of them looked me in the eye. I continued to walk and shouted at the top of my lungs.

“Take a good look at what Charles did to his only daughter!”

I pulled the dress up, exposing my scarred ass to them.

Several women gasped, and I heard one man call out.

“That whore is lying!”

The dress fit snugly enough that I didn’t need to hold it up, so I let go. With my ass still exposed, I kept walking, lifted up my hands like goal posts, and shot birds at them.

More gasps. I exited with birds flying until the doors slammed shut behind me.

And I never looked back.

That was twelve years ago.

CHAPTER I

My husband stood at the sink, dutifully doing as I asked, scrubbing stubborn pieces of melted cheese from my breakfast plate.

I smirked.

“Ron, honey, does it irritate you that my breakfast choices cause more work for you in the mornings?”

“No, dear. I’m happy for you to have whatever you like.”

I grinned, and my eyes narrowed on him. I knew his motivations to be mixed. His family and religion trained him to be a selfless servant to his wife. And he loved me. But there was more.

“Because you want this pussy, don’t you?”

He looked down at my body. He was dressed and ready to leave for work while I sat there wearing a semi-sheer black negligee. He swallowed hard, and his eyes dilated as he stared.

“Don’t let me distract you. Finish your chores, little boy.”

I laughed as he grinned, shook his head, and turned back to the sink.

Such a sweet, little man. Easy-going. Seldom lost his temper. I never worried he might raise his hand or even his voice to me. I saw enough of a man's anger in my childhood to last five lifetimes.

When I met him, he had no sexual experience. Never cussed. I thoroughly enjoyed introducing him to a world of firsts in our early years together. Just seeing his lips tremble as he said "fuck" for the first time thrilled me. I felt like a scarlet witch seducing an innocent to take a bite of a poisoned apple.

Our relationship was perfect. Too perfect. And perfection in any form always provoked my desire to fuck things up. Dirty them. Knock the pretty porcelain statues off their pure pedestals and watch them shatter and burn.

What is wrong with me?

That bent on destruction opened a door and my thighs to an affair last year with my co-worker, Steve. Ron still didn't know. Keeping that secret from him had ruffled me a bit. I felt guilty at times. After all, he didn't deserve to have his trust violated. But I also felt aroused whenever I thought of it. Being a bad wife and betraying a sweet, unsuspecting man's trust felt electric. The good wife cookie-cutter most definitely didn't fit me. I preferred to break a mold violently over trying to stuff myself into it. The feeling of power it brought intoxicated me. I lost count how many times I masturbated thinking about it. Since the affair with Steve, I managed to stay faithful, but I fantasized about cheating often.

While Ron scrubbed another dish, I licked my fingertips, slipped them down under my black lace panties, and found the soft mound of my clitoris. Ron worshipped my pussy. My body and devilish sexual brain

constantly captivated him. It manifested in lots of ways. The looks on his face. The frequent erectness of his tiny cock. Eagerness to please me. To do what I asked. And in that moment, to scrub my breakfast plate.

My fingertip softly brushed over my clit while I savored his subservience. My mouth fell open to allow an exhale as my touch awakened tingling sensations in my fleshy bulb.

“Ronald, sweetie, I’m going to need you to warm things up for me at your office today, m’kay?”

I continued to stroke.

“I’m going to make sales calls there, and I want my prospects to be ready…”

Tiny bolts of electric pleasure extended further with each stroke, darting and spreading from my clit into my body, as my fingertip continued to tease. I could feel the dew of my pussy beginning to form.

“…so I can have my way with them.”

I pulled my hand back out, slowly stood and walked up behind him to whisper in his ear.

“Someone has to bring home the bacon, after all.”

He hung his head slightly and sighed. I knew the words would sting. His income didn’t bother me. I just liked to poke at him.

Jessica, you sadist.

“Darling, I would be bringing home plenty of bacon if that cocky dumbass hadn’t stolen my promotion.”

I started to massage his shoulders.

“Awww, honey. I know that hurts you. What’s his name? Aaron?”

“Austin,” he muttered. “Austin fucking Wilder. He doesn’t know a fraction of the shit I know. Doesn’t care. Just kisses ass to the CEO, and somehow, he got hired for that job. That was supposed to be my job. My job!”

He pounded his fist on the edge of the sink, rattling the dishes in it.

“Now I have to report to that meathead and *try* to get him to see how lucky he is to have me. I’m…”

“The best accountant that company has. I know, sweetie.”

Ron was good at his job. He worked at Solidarity Auto Insurance Company for 20 years, moving up from a junior accountant to senior. It sounded horribly dull to me, but I could fake fascination with accounting if it could land me their phone equipment contract.

Oooh, balance sheets make me wet.

I preferred real arousal to faking it, but faking came in handy at times. I faked plenty of orgasms over the years riding Ron’s unimpressive dick. Easier than explaining why he couldn’t get me off, and I enjoyed the private game of manipulating his perceptions. My relationship with Ron felt safe and comfortable. Still, other than the wicked, waning pleasure of deflowering him in a hundred ways, my sex life needed spice.

“Well, sweetie, I know it upsets you, but I need you to put in a good word for me with that meathead because I’m going to be calling on him today.”

“But, dear, you know how uncomfortable I am trying to sell someone on anything. I get flustered. I have nervous sweats. It’s awful.”

“I know, Ron dear, but…”

I reached around his waist and pulled myself into him slowly, pressed my breasts into his back, and ran the palms of my hands down his soft

belly. His body tensed up, and his hips shifted slightly forward.

“...I believe in you. You can do it.”

My hands crept closer to his crotch.

“If you do a good job getting him ready for me, I might need to take your cute little cock later and...”

I put my lips up to his ear so he could feel my breath on it.

“...milk it dry.”

I saw the hair on his neck standing on end. He giggled with boyish delight.

“Ok, dear, I’ll try my best.”

I stopped just short of touching his cock and pushed him back towards the sink.

“So easy.”

I turned to leave the kitchen. Slowly. My ass cheeks were just visible beneath the hem of the negligee, and it brushed gently back and forth on them as I walked away. Before exiting, I stopped and looked back over my shoulder. Ron turned his head to watch.

“Hypnotizing, isn’t it?” I asked. “Well, it’s off to the shower for me. I’m just *dying* to let that hot water spray all over these breasts...”

I cupped my breasts through the thin silk that covered them and gave him a devilish grin.

“...let it run down my body.”

He all but panted and salivated as his eyes followed my hands.

“It will feel sooo decadent. Too bad you have to work.”

I laughed.

I’m such a bitch.

“I’ll be there around 10 a.m. Have a good day, honey!”

CHAPTER 2

I pulled into the parking lot at Solidarity. There was a space next to Ron's dirty, brown Oldsmobile Cutlass. A faithful, dutiful wife would have pulled right into it, but I drove right by it. Faithful and dutiful sounded confining on most days, but today, outright suffocating.

I sleep right next to your ass every night. I sure as fuck am not parking next to it.

It was fun to be mean to Ron. To toy with him. He might not like it, and he might grumble, but he'd always come crawling back under my spell. I had moments of regret, but toying with him entertained me too much to stop, and we were sorely lacking in the entertainment department.

I grinned.

Jessica, you're hateful.

I pulled my new silver BMW X4 Coupe into a spot close to the entrance and sat for a moment. The sunlight illuminated the thin, chrome-plated trim that outlined the digital console on my dashboard. I

ran my hand over the rich leather on the passenger seat next to me and traced my finger along its decorative, double-stitched seam.

“Mmmm…”

I closed my eyes and smelled the clean, fresh scent of the air inside the car.

I love new things. I'm ready for some more new.

VROOM! VROOM!

The sound of a revved engine entered the parking lot. I opened my eyes and saw a Dodge Charger pulling up in front of the Solidarity entrance. Its dark red exterior sparkled as though just cleaned. The passenger opened his door and got out. I recognized him. Jack Johnson, CEO of Solidarity. He shook his head and smiled at the driver.

“That was quite a ride, Austin. Thanks for giving this old fella some excitement!”

“Anytime, Mr. Johnson.”

Mr. Johnson winked back at him as he closed the door.

“Please. Just call me, Jack.”

Austin pointed at him and flashed a smile.

“You bet, Jack!”

So, that's Austin.

I put my index finger between my front teeth as I studied him. Austin's hand rested on the door, showing a silver band on one finger and a matching dress watch on his wrist. He wore a grey, pin-striped shirt. Maybe Versace. His dark, buzz-cut hair matched the length of the facial stubble that decorated his regal chin and surrounded his meaty lips.

Interesting.

He pulled his Charger around into a parking place and rolled up his windows.

It's go time, Jessica.

I unbuttoned my blouse just enough for my cleavage to be noticeable, got out of my car, and walked toward the entrance. I wanted him just far enough behind me to get a good look. My cobalt blue power business suit hugged my curves. The short jacket revealed the matching pencil skirt as it cupped my ass, and my metal-stemmed stiletto heels straddled the line between business and devilish pleasure. My steps made a tantalizing clicking sound and caused my long, dark hair to bounce around my shoulders.

Yep, I'm landing this contract.

Austin's voice came from behind me.

"Let me get that for you."

I acted surprised, turned, and smiled coyly at him.

"Oh my, that's nice! Thank you very much."

"Certainly. I'm Austin Wilder, one of the supervisors here. And who might you be?"

We stopped just inside the door, and he offered me his hand. As I took it, I noticed his iridescent blue eyes.

Oh, damn.

They looked like tropical waters beneath a boardwalk on a sunny Summer day. Ocean waves danced in them, reflecting sunlight like tiny diamonds and revealing a kaleidoscopic orgy of blues.

His shirt and pants were pressed and perfectly tailored to his body. He smiled, showing his perfectly straight, naturally white teeth. The musky

smell of his cologne graced my nostrils and triggered a warm, electric rush in my chest.

“I’m...,”

I paused, fumbling for words. Usually, this was part of my act on sales calls with men. It created an illusion of chemistry, which increased my chances of closing. Except, this time, there was no illusion, and I wasn’t acting.

God, his eyes are gorgeous.

I stood, holding his hand and gazing into those deep pools of sapphire. His smile widened as he kept my hand in his.

“You were going to tell me your name.”

“Oh my god, yes. I’m sorry. I’m Jessica. Jessica Stroker. I’m Ron’s wife.”

“Ron is married to you?”

He took a step back and looked me up and down, still holding my hand. His grip pulsed slightly with his words.

“Forgive me, Jessica, but wow! I did not picture Ron being married to someone so attractive.”

I laughed, tilted my head to the side to let my hair fall away from my eyes, and bit my bottom lip slightly.

“Thank you, Mr. Wilder. You’re quite handsome yourself. And whatever cologne you are wearing smells fantastic.”

Our hands finally separated. I continued to be strangely tongue-tied, standing there looking into his eyes and smelling him. My hands connected and clasped right in front of my vagina. It was now warm and tingling, and that’s where I want to put them when that happens.

“So, are you here visiting Ron?” he asked.

“Oh, no, actually...I mean, sure, haha. Gotta visit the ole’ ball and chain.”

He chuckled with me.

“But also, Austin, I was coming here to meet you. I’ve heard so much about you.”

“Oh, dear, that can’t be good.”

I glanced from his eyes down to his lips.

“No, as a matter of fact, it’s very good. I understand you might be one of the company’s decision-makers for purchasing telecom equipment and services. Is that true?”

“As a matter of fact, it is.”

He seemed delighted to have that answer. A glint of mischief entered his eyes, and he smirked playfully.

“So, would you like to talk about your, um...equipment?”

Very smooth, Mr. Wilder. An entirely ambiguous comment. Baited for the woman who would bite, and plausibly deniable for the woman who wouldn’t. I, of course, wanted to bite. I opened my mouth in half-pretended surprise.

“Oh my god, you are bad!” I said, smacking his shoulder with the back of my hand. Then I turned my hand to grab it, squeezed it slightly, and let my palm flatten and melt onto it. It felt like soft leather stretched over polished marble.

“And, damn, you’re fit!”

He looked over at my hand on his shoulder.

“I try. Working out keeps me occupied and out of trouble,” he said.

“I see. So, you are inclined to get into trouble?”

I opened my lips slightly and lit a mischievous lantern in my eyes as I looked brazenly into his.

“So, would you like to hear about my, um...services?”

His eyes and smile widened. I laughed.

“You’re not the only one who’s bad, Mr. Wilder.”

CHAPTER 3

“Hi, honey!!”

I came up behind Ron at his desk, wrapped my arms around him, and kissed him on the cheek. My whole body buzzed from an hour of reckless flirting with Austin.

“Hey, darling. That’s quite a greeting!” Ron said.

“I’m happy to see you,” I said.

I stayed wrapped around Ron, his body hunched over under my attack hug. My words drizzled on him like hot syrup onto warm pancakes.

This little game you’re playing is so evil.

A part of me desperately tried to pump the breaks. My conscience pleaded with me.

Jessica, don’t do this. Ron is so innocent.

But flirting with Austin unleashed a dark tide in my soul. It had been building for years. Broke loose in my affair with Steve. And now it crested, ready to crash on the beach of Ron’s susceptible soul. Austin made me laugh, sure. Smelled good. He wore great clothes.

And, oh, those dreamy eyes. But more than all of that, Austin's shrewd, cutthroat ambition neutered Ron in the one place he felt powerful. His job. It made Austin the perfect accomplice to the most hateful, evil betrayal my heart could imagine. For my inner lioness, Ron's innocence made him a succulent lamb waiting for slaughter. The more I thought about it, the more my pussy throbbed with excitement.

Fuck being a good wife.

My heart now raced with a lust to commit the crime, break the rules, and burn my marriage to the ground. I whispered a few more sweet nothings in Ron's ear, playing him like a fiddle. Then I kissed him one more time, slowly released him, and dragged my fingertips up his chest until they slid off his shoulders.

He spun around in his chair to face me. "Wow, you look amazing!"

"Why, thank you, dear!"

"I was getting a little worried about you. It's almost 11 o'clock. I thought you said you were going to be here at 10. Are you going to be late for your appointment?"

"Not me, babe! I've been here since nine-thirty. Your boss is very nice and showed me around the building."

I gestured back and grinned playfully at Austin, who was standing behind me. No doubt, he enjoyed the angle when I bent over to hug Ron. Just as I intended.

"Hey, man, why did you wait so long to introduce me to your wife? She's definitely your better half," Austin quipped.

Ron forced a laugh.

"Yeah, she's really something. I'm lucky to have her."

I pretended to deflect the attention.

“Now boys, you two are making me blush. I’m going to run back to my office and start working on that proposal for you, Mr. Wilder. I should be able to be back here with it tomorrow by 5 p.m. Is that too late?”

“Not at all, Jessica. Tomorrow at 5 p.m. will be perfect.”

“Bye, honey!!” I kissed Ron again.

“I’ll escort you out,” Austin offered, gesturing towards the door.

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilder. That’s very kind.”

“After you,” he said, smiling.

I felt the soft, snug embrace of my skirt on my hips as I walked towards the door.

That’s right, boys, keep watching. Both of you.

Ron’s palpable discomfort with Austin and I’s chemistry was a new toy I wanted to play with and torture. I felt intoxicated with power. Both men like puppets on my strings.

As Austin and I got close to the door, I turned and spoke to him in a sultry tone.

“So, Mr. Wilder…”

I looked down his frame towards his cock while I took out my business card and then back into his eyes.

“This is my card, but I’d like for you to be able to reach me in a more *personal* way.”

“I’d love to have access to you in a more personal way.”

“Do you have a pen?” I asked.

I knew he had one. A black and gold Waterman pen hung on his shirt pocket. Based on the quality of his belongings, it appeared he had successfully screwed my husband out of a very lucrative promotion.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the pen.

“Very nice,” I said. I took the pen from him with my right hand and rested the tip on my lips. With my left hand, I turned my business card over, laid it on his shirt, and pressed slightly to feel his firm chest while I fucked him with my eyes.

“No one has this number. Not even Ron.”

“You are a *very* naughty woman, aren’t you?”

I pursed my lips flirtatiously, wrote my private number on the card, and tucked it back into Austin’s shirt pocket. Then, I took the pen and tucked it into my cleavage until it was just out of sight.

He looked with delighted surprise at where the pen had disappeared. I studied his gorgeous blue eyes as his pupils dilated and watched them return to meet mine.

“I’m going to be needing that back,” he said.

“Then, take it.”

“Right here? Now?”

He looked around to see who might be watching. We were, after all, in the main lobby of the building.

“Yes. Here. Now.”

“You aren’t worried about your husband finding out?”

“Austin, are you going to take the pen or not?”

Reluctantly, he looked around again, then reached for my breasts and slipped his fingers between them. When the warmth of his hands met my skin, a hot, electric rush darted from the spot he touched down through my tightening abdomen and into my pussy.

“Yessss,” I whispered, still looking into his eyes.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” he whispered.

“It’s thrilling. Isn’t it?”

He glanced back up into my eyes. In his, I saw the mixture of the slightest fear swirled into a whirlpool of roguish delight. He shook his head, grinning, and returned his gaze to assist his searching hand. I continued to stand, one hand on my hip, my other arm relaxing at my side. The longer it took him, the more excited I became.

“Just think, Austin, how scandalous it would be if someone walked in and caught us,” I whispered. “What if Ron walked in and found you so close to me? Saw you staring at my breasts? Saw you *touching* them? And me clearly letting you?”

“Oh, I’m well aware,” he laughed. “You *are* wild.”

“This is so fucking hot, Austin. It’s making my pussy wet.”

He pulled the pen out and placed it back in his pocket.

“May I?” I asked.

“May you what?”

Without explaining, I reached down to touch the bulge that had formed in his pants.

His torso stiffened, and his lips parted slightly.

“You’re hard,” I said.

I took my thumb and index finger and ran them along the outline of his cock, pushing back the fabric of his pants to get a better feel of it.

“Mmmm, you’re *very* hard. And thick. I like it!”

He turned his head to the side, his breath quickening as he glanced in his peripheral to see if anyone was watching.

I shifted my stance slightly to lock my gaze directly into his.

“I bet that would feel amazing in my mouth.”

Then, I released my grip on him and turned to leave.

“You have my number, Mr. Wilder. I sincerely hope you’ll use it. I promise you’ll be a *very* satisfied customer.”

Once outside the door, I looked back at him briefly, waved and winked. Then laughed. I walked to the car, heels clicking. I could feel his eyes on my ass and taut calves.

That’s right, Austin. Get a good look.

My conscience lay knocked out on the floor of my mental boxing ring. My wicked inner vampire stood triumphant over it, fangs bared. Being this evil was too much fun. I wanted to find out just how far I could take it.

CHAPTER 4

My BMW slow rolled up to a four way stop in a residential area on my way home from Solidarity. Not my usual way home. Most days, I wanted the excitement of fast driving on the interstate, the energy of traffic, and the amusement of flipping off strangers. Today, however, I wanted a quieter, slower ride to savor the events of my delicious dealings with Austin Wilder. No cars approached from any direction. Mine sat in solitude at the stop sign. I took the opportunity to thumb through my phone. A quick social media check. Email. Texts.

A scream shattered the silence.

“No, daddy! Stop!”

The sound came from the house on the corner, and a little girl darted out the front door, off the porch, and out into the yard. Not far behind her, a large man in overalls crashed through the door yelling.

“Get your ass back in here!”

The little girl fled the yard for the sidewalk and started walking. My hands clenched the steering wheel. Instinct took over. I hit the gas,

pulled my car up in front of the house, and got out. As I ran up to her, she turned to look at me, and the sunlight fell on the bruises on one side of her face. Fresh.

My blood boiled. I turned towards the man still advancing through the yard and yelled at him.

“Stay back!”

“Lady, this isn’t your business. Why don’t you get back in your car…”

“The fuck it’s not!”

The murder in my eyes halted the man from coming any closer. He scowled at me and folded his arms across his chest. I turned to the little girl and crouched down to her eye level. She trembled, and her chest heaved as tears continued pouring from her swollen eyes.

“He did this to you, didn’t he?”

She shifted to the side so that my body shielded her from his view. Her big brown eyes searched mine as if looking for a sign of safety.

“He’s done this to you before, hasn’t he?”

She nodded.

“What’s your name?”

Her voiced cracked.

“Amber.”

“Amber, listen to me. When I was a little girl, I had a horrible father who did the same things to my mother and me. I wanted to run away, but I was scared, and I didn’t know where I could go. Is that how you feel?”

Her bottom lip puffed out as her eyes closed, and the tears renewed their flow. I stood and marched back to the car while staring down the

piece of shit in the front yard. I yanked open the passenger side door and glove compartment.

I know it's in here.

I grabbed it and walked over to the edge of the yard, arms folded, with my Luger 9mm in hand, and rested on my arm where he could see it. His eyes widened.

“Listen, mother fucker. I know about men like you. I lived with a man like you. And I have nothing but hatred for men like you. So, unless you want to take your last breath lying in a pool of your own blood right where you are standing, I suggest you get your fucking ass back in your shitty house and stay there.”

“Whatever, bitch. I’m calling the cops.”

My eyes didn’t flinch.

“Go ahead. Save me a phone call. They have special cells for abusers who beat their children.”

He shook his head and turned. I stayed planted in my stance and watched him until he was back in his cage. Amber got into the car with me, and we sat for an hour and talked. I shared more of my story, and she, in the words of a terrified 8-year-old, told me hers.

“Amber, when I was your age, I didn’t have anywhere to go. But you do. There’s a wonderful place nearby where some dear friends of mine take care of little girls like you. You would be safe there. He could never hurt you again. Can I take you there?”

Amber turned and looked at the house of horrors.

“I’ll make sure we get anything of yours that you’d like to have with you. Is there anything?”

“Yes, ma’am. My dog.”

“What’s your dog’s name?”

“Lucy.”

Tears formed in my eyes.

Damn it.

“What’s wrong, Mrs. Jessica?”

“Nothing, sweetie.”

I wiped the tears from my eyes.

“I had a Lucy, too. I’ll make sure we get her for you.”

CHAPTER 5

I spent hours with Amber at the shelter, making sure she got comfortable there before I left and headed home, my blood still boiling.

Fuckin' men. Give them a little power, and they become monsters.

I pulled into my driveway, stopped my car, and took my keys and held up the key to my house. My eyes burned as I glared at the key and got out of my car, and they stayed locked on it as I walked towards my back door.

You assholes all think you can push people around just because you have a dick. Well, the real power doesn't belong to the dick.

My eyes left the key and fell to the keyhole on the back door. I placed my finger on it and stroked it gently.

The real power belongs to the pussy.

Sliding the key into the keyhole, I grinned and cocked an eyebrow.

You don't go anywhere unless we say that you do.

Entering the house, I stripped my clothes off one article at a time, leaving them in a trail from the back doorway all the way up the stairs to Ron and I's bed where I climbed in with *both* my phones. The satin sheets rested gently on my body and caressed my bare nipples, stomach, and legs.

"Mmmm," I cooed.

I spread my legs apart and rested my hands just below my clavicles. Closing my eyes, I ran my hands slowly down my body, tracing the soft curve of my breasts, feeling their silky softness. Then to my abdomen, pressing slightly into my flesh, massaging it. Then down to my inner thighs, pressing more firmly on them. I thrust my hips slowly, undulating, spreading myself open wider.

"This is the center of real power," I said aloud.

I picked up my everyday phone and texted Ron. "Hey, babe. I'm home. Lying in bed, thinking about you." Heart emoji. I laughed and tossed the phone aside. I was thinking about him. About betraying him. Then I picked up my *other* phone...and texted Austin.

"I'm naked. In bed. Thinking about your hands on me."

He responded immediately.

"Fuck! Been horny since you left. Hiding behind my desk." Eggplant emoji. "I'm supposed to call a doctor if this lasts more than 4 hrs?"

"Lol," I responded. "Or just call me and let me suck you dry."

"Damn, woman! NOT helping."

"Hahaha." Smiling devil emoji. "So, how do you feel about fucking Ron's wife?"

After planting that salacious seed, I waited like a huntress, massaging my outer labia to stimulate the crura of my clitoris until he took the bait

and responded. And he finally did.

“It’s tempting, but the guy… your husband… works for me. Wouldn’t want my wife fucking my boss. If I was married, that is.”

“Of course, you wouldn’t. Ron wouldn’t want you fucking me, either. He’d be pissed. And crushed. I’d be an evil bitch of a wife to do that to him. Which makes it sooo fucking hot.”

I could feel the heat building up in my pussy as I massaged myself and thought about taking Ron’s little soul. Crushing it. Watch him run away, crying. And then watch him come crawling back.

To worship.

He’s a slave to this pussy.

I closed my eyes and felt its energy radiating into my fingers.

“Just imagine if I tell him I’m meeting you after work about my proposal. He’d be at home trusting me. Perhaps a little nervous. Perhaps jealous. But he’d never dream that I’d actually fuck you.”

“Damn, Jessica. I feel precum on the tip of my cock now.”

“Mmm, I’d like to lick that off of you. Taste you.”

Another pause. A chance for me to stroke a little more.

“Also feeling bad for talking about this. Ron’s not my buddy, but not my worst employee either.”

“Would u still feel guilty if I told u he thinks ur a dumb meathead who stole his job promotion?”

“Hahaha, he what?!”

“Yep. He complains about it INCESSANTLY. Whining about Austin. Austin doesn’t know shit. I’m so smart. He’s not. It’s not fair. Wah wah wah.”

“Wow. Ok, honestly, not really a fan of his, either. He doesn’t know when to shut up. Gives long, boring speeches to people who aren’t interested. All about best practices. Bla, bla, bla. Like a grumpy old man.”

“That sounds like Ron.”

I had no idea if that sounded like Ron. I’d never seen a confident Ron, but it didn’t matter. I played along and stoked Austin’s ego so he’d sign up to be my partner in crime.

“So, he thinks I’m a dumb meathead.”

“That’s right.”

I waited a minute for that to settle into Austin’s head.

“So, just imagine how it would crush his pathetic, whiney little heart if he found out that the meathead who took his job from him had also ravaged his wife’s pussy.”

“I gotta admit… I like where ur head’s at.”

“You’ll like where my head’s at even better tomorrow night when I’m on my knees in front of you. Letting u go for now. Thumbs getting tired. Need to finish playing with my pussy.” Finger emoji.

“Hahaha, fuck you. Tease!”

I laughed out loud. My other phone vibrated with Ron’s response. Until now, I had ignored it. Austin was much more intriguing. But I picked up the boring phone and read Ron’s text.

“Lying in bed? Thinking about me? Tell me more.” Smiley emoji.

“Thinking about playing with ur cock when you get home,” I responded. I felt a hot rush in my chest as I played him for the fool. I would surely go to hell for this, but at the moment, I didn’t care. I felt fierce and unstoppable.

He sent three smiley face emojis.

“Hurry home, little man. I’m horny af.”

CHAPTER 6

I lay on the bed when I heard Ron's car pulling into the driveway. The crotchless, semi-sheer black bodysuit showed my hard nipples and engorged pussy lips. My heart drummed with devilish anticipation as I listened to him ascend the stairs. He entered the bedroom, and his chin dropped.

"H...hey," he stuttered.

"Hi, Ron." I lured his eyes with my hand, tracing down my body towards my pussy as I spread my legs to reveal it. He watched, mesmerized, as I spread my lips apart with my fingers and stroked my clit. I could almost feel his heart pounding from across the room.

"This pussy is sooo wet."

He stood paralyzed, like prey waiting for me to pounce. His chest visibly rising and falling from his exhilarated breath.

"Do you want to come over here and taste it?"

I lifted my hand towards him and motioned with one finger, beckoning him. He complied, kneeling at the side of the bed as I shifted my hips

to the edge of it, spreading my legs wide open to present my glistening pussy lips to his mouth.

He buried his face into my wetness, then raised his head.

“You’re so wet!”

His nose and cheeks shimmered with my juices.

“I am, baby. I couldn’t wait for you to get home so you could taste it!”

My heart pounded as I thought about the deception. Making him believe I was horny for him.

“What has you so excited?”

I took his hair in one hand and shoved his face back into my pussy.

“Just eat me!” I commanded, playfully, as I laid my head back and closed my eyes. “Mmmm, yessss!”

I had been thinking about Austin the whole time. About being the devilish wife that stabbed her husband in the back. Now Ron wore juices inspired by my deceitful, unfaithful heart.

“Keep going! I’m going to cum all over your face!”

Ron licked and sucked ravenously.

“You’re addicted to this pussy!” I hissed.

Still gripping his hair, I pressed his head into me harder as I began to convulse and gush all over him. I imagined he felt the pressure of his lungs wanting for air, but I didn’t release him. Not yet. I held his face against me, buried in my flesh, as my convulsions jolted his neck. He didn’t fight.

When I was finished, I pushed his head back, and he gasped for air, his face soaked.

“Well done, little man. Get up on this bed. Take off your pants and lay on your back.”

He obeyed. I got off the bed, stood beside it, and took his now naked, hard little cock in my hand. It was moist on the tip.

“Looks like you are quite excited yourself. So, what have you been thinking about today, Ron?” I asked, stroking him.

“Well…” he stammered, “I was thinking about you…”

“Mmm-hmm?”

“…with Austin.”

“Really?” I asked.

I slid my hand to the base of his shaft, pulling it tight, and put my other hand on it, continuing to stroke. I let my voice gush with sordid curiosity.

“Tell me more.”

“Well, don’t get me wrong. I think I would be crushed if you actually did this, but something about the thought of you cheating on me with him stuck in my head today, and it… excited me.”

For a moment, I wondered if my powers over him even included mind control. I grinned.

“I see. Turn towards me and spread your legs.”

He turned until his hips were on the edge of the bed and spread his legs as instructed.

I peeled the bodysuit off my shoulders, exposing my tits to him, and leaned over him, dangling them over his cock as I resumed stroking it.

“Did you think about him touching these delicious tits?”

“I did!” he panted. His whole body stiffened as if my words sent a jolt of electricity through him.

I thought about Austin's pen nestled between my breasts as I lowered them down around Ron's cock and took my hands on either side of them, pressing them together to engulf him.

He had his hands all over them, you dumb fuck, and now I'm rubbing them all over your clueless little cock.

"Oh, God!" Ron exclaimed, his back arching.

"Did you imagine your wife being unfaithful to you with these tits?"

I moved up and down slightly to rub his cock between them.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to cum!"

"Wouldn't that be evil of me, Ron? Stabbing you in the back? Fucking your boss? But it excites you, doesn't it?!"

Ron's cock started to quake between my tits, and his cum began to squirt out in the exact spot where Austin's hand had been earlier. I continued to slide my breasts up and down, letting his cum run back down between them and coat his cock.

When he was fully drained, I stood up and let him watch me walk into the bathroom to get a hand towel. I dampened it, walked back in, and looked at him. With exaggerated disdain, I wiped his cum off my tits, then laughed, throwing the towel at him so he could clean himself up.

"That's a hot fantasy, Ron. I admit sometimes I *am* a little bored with you, but baby, I could never cheat on you. Especially not with your boss. That would be so evil."

CHAPTER 7

“Austin, are you ready to take a good, hard look at my proposal?”
Send.

It was 5:30 p. m. Ron just texted me to tell me he was on his way home and good luck with my proposal. His unsuspecting sweetness made the betrayal more exciting.

For a fleeting moment, I thought about the man who took my innocent mother, abused her, betrayed her, and whittled her life away. Men like him who subjected my friends to their control and repression from behind pulpits and executive desks. Innocent women who deserved better.

And look what they got for being good. Not this bitch.

I stepped out of the house wearing another power suit. This one, a diabolical ruby red, complemented with another pair of CFM stiletto heels. Underneath, nothing but my soft breasts, silky skin, and hungry, treacherous pussy.

Once in my car, I sped down the highway towards Solidarity.

“Good and hard? Definitely.” Austin responded.

When I pulled up to the Solidarity building, there were just a few cars left in the parking lot. Austin’s Charger, a few others, and now mine.

Perfect. Just enough people here to give us a chance of getting caught. I got out of the car, walked up to the locked glass door, and looked up at the security cameras. I missed them before. Someone behind that camera saw everything. My pussy throbbed at the thought. I pushed the call button, and a voice answered.

“Yes, ma’am? What can I do for you?”

They can see me. Yasssss.

“I’m here to see Austin Wilder. I have an appointment.”

“Hold, please.”

A moment later, Austin came jogging into the Solidarity lobby to open the doors.

He opened the door, announcing to the speaker.

“I’ve got it, Sam. Thanks!”

I handed him my leather briefcase and gave him a nasty grin.

“Hold this, please.”

I walked into the center of the lobby and shed my suit jacket. My breasts were plainly visible beneath my semi-sheer, spaghetti-strapped camisole. I spun around to face him as I looked around for the security cameras, intent on them capturing evidence of the deed that was about to be done.

Austin shook his head and smiled.

“Damn, Jessica.”

He walked briskly past the front desk towards his office.

“Come with me.”

“Oh, I will. Over and over.”

He laughed and kept walking, not looking back.

As I followed him, I lifted the camisole up over my head and dropped it to the floor in the hallway. Leaving it behind, I continued, not missing a step, now completely topless. The office air brushed my bare tits like tantalizing feathers. My nipples grew hard.

“Could we stop by Ron’s desk?”

“Umm..ok. We’re almost there. Why do you want to…” Austin turned around.

“Oh, shit!!!”

He looked at my exposed tits and dropped his jaw.

“Jessica! Where is your…”

I moved quickly to him and silenced him with a finger on his lips. Then I looked in his eyes, blew a kiss with my lips, dropped to my knees, and unzipped his pants.

“Oh my God, Jessica, we can’t! Not right here!”

I took out his cock. It was already rock hard.

“Mmm, I think your cock disagrees.”

I looked up at him as I took him into my mouth, caressing the underside of his head with my tongue. He moaned, and the briefcase hit the floor. I wrapped my lips around his cock and took the whole head into my mouth.

“Oh, my God.”

My mouth hummed a muffled, wicked laugh that vibrated around him. I slid my palm down his shaft and pushed against his pelvis, causing his erection to swell and tighten in my mouth. Then I plunged down onto him, taking him fully until my lips touched my hand resting at the base.

“Fuck, Jessica!!”

I began sliding my lips up and down his shaft rhythmically and felt the head of his cock pulse from the stimulation. After several succulent repetitions, I raked my lips slowly back up his shaft, softly grazing its skin, until the tip of his cock slid out of my mouth. I began slowly stroking his shaft with my hand and looked up at him.

“Ron walks up and down these halls, doesn’t he?”

“Yes. He does.”

“Now, when he walks down this hallway, he’ll be walking right over the spot where his wife gave head to his boss. And she did it while he was at home ignorantly wishing her well on her sales presentation.”

He grinned.

“That excites you, I take it?”

“My pussy is dripping wet thinking about it.”

“Do you hate Ron?”

“No, it’s not hatred. Ron has his uses.”

A wry grin crossed my face.

“His heart is a toy I like to play with. I’ve played nicely in the past, but I’m getting bored with that. It’s time to play rough.”

“You’re quite evil.”

“I’m what the devil would be if he had a fabulous body, a seductive sense of style, and a delicious pussy. But he doesn’t, so the devil is no match for me.”

I stood, making sure my bare breast grazed the throbbing head of Austin’s cock.

“Take me to Ron’s desk.”

Austin laughed as he put his cock back in his pants.

“This is so wrong.”

“Ok, dumb meathead, who took Ron’s job.”

His eyes narrowed.

“He really said that?”

“Yes.”

His lips pressed together as he shook his head and rolled his eyes.

“Wow. Ok, follow me.”

As Austin led me down the hallway, I continued to goad him.

“You see, Ron isn’t complicated, Austin. He’s not good at many things, and he knows it. It makes him feel small. He hides it, but he’s an angry little man.”

Not true, but it thrilled me to talk shit about him to his boss.

“For example, he’s aging, out of shape, and has a pathetic little cock, so he’s an uninspiring fuck. Someone like you pisses him off because you are handsome, fit. He imagines you have a fabulous cock.”

Austin turned to look at me with one eyebrow cocked as he kept walking.

“Trust me. He’s thought about it. Little does he know that he’s sooo right. It IS fabulous.”

Austin laughed. I decided to spin my deprecating depiction of Ron even further.

“So, he looks for what makes him better than you. What game he thinks he can beat you in. And he *thought* his career would be that playing field, but you beat him on it. Now you’re his boss, and he hates you for that.”

“Sheesh,” Austin said.

We walked a few more steps. I watched Austin's body move. His youthful, sturdy frame. His broad, muscular shoulders and triceps that filled his shirt. His full, firm looking ass that appeared it could power hip thrusts that would plow through a wall.

"We're here."

Austin motioned to the desk where Ron sat the other day when I visited.

"How long would you guess he has been at this desk?" I asked.

"Well, he's been a senior level for a few years now. This is a senior-level desk. Probably, all that time. I wasn't here for all of it."

"Yes, Ron tells me all the time."

I winked at him as I walked to the desk, looking it over, running my hand across it.

"So, this is his little throne."

I turned my back to the desk and looked into Austin's gorgeous blue eyes.

"Austin..."

I looked down at my waist and began unzipping my skirt.

"Here's the thing. Ron thinks I am his property."

A lie. Ron knew better. But Austin didn't, and it made for a good story.

"It's how he was raised to think. It's how all of you men were raised to think."

"I mean, I don't know if..."

"Didn't you say you wouldn't want your boss fucking your wife?"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"Why is that, Austin?"

"Well..."

“I’ll tell you why. It’s because your ego…his ego…is steeped in the idea that your worth as a man is somehow measurable by your ability to control your property. To protect it from intruders. To be the biggest cock in the hen house.”

Austin’s lips closed together as he folded his arms.

“You see? You know it’s true. And now his property is threatened by an intruder.”

I dropped my skirt to the floor and slipped my legs out of it so that I was now standing in between Austin and Ron’s desk, completely naked save for my provocative heels.

I reached for Austin’s belt and pulled him closer. Still looking into his eyes, I began unfastening his pants.

“So, the little king who thought he could beat you on the battlefield of his career…but lost. Tsk Tsk.”

I pursed my lips in feigned concern.

“If he were to then suffer a loss to you on the turf of his most prized property…”

I took Austin’s cock out. It was still rock hard. I resumed stroking it.

“…and if you were to take his prized property right on top of his precious little throne…”

“There is something wrong with me that I find this so arousing,” Austin said.

“Maybe you are a bit evil, too, Mr. Wilder. But you are in good company. This deed is just the thrill my pussy has been craving.”

I leaned back, sat on the edge of Ron’s desk, and spread my legs.

“Take Ron’s precious pussy from him. You can plow right into it. It’s soaking wet with desire for your cock to be inside it.”

“Shouldn’t I use a condom?”

“If you only want to pretend to take his property. But don’t you want to fully claim it? Ravage it completely? Don’t you want to look at the deposed king tomorrow and remember that you took his wife’s pussy and filled it with your cum right at his desk while he sat at home, oblivious?”

He took his cock and inserted it into me. His thickness filled me completely but slid right into my slickness as it clenched onto him involuntarily.

“Yesssss… fuck me! Fuck me on his pathetic little throne!”

Austin began thrusting. Slowly at first, but as he quickened, his powerful hips pushed me and the desk, rocking it and my hips, penetrating me deeply.

“I’m going to cum very quickly. You’re going to have the juices of his wife’s cock drenching your shaft!”

“Oh, fuck!” he said. “I’m going to cum, too.”

“Do it!!! Fill me up with your cum. Defile his wife’s pussy! Right on his desk!”

I could feel his cock pulsing, ready to blow. It sent my pussy into a violent orgasm.

“Shit!” I yelled. “Fuck me!!!”

Being so loud excited me even more. Others were surely still in the building and would hear my voice – the voice of Ron’s wife – as I came on his bosses’ cock.

“I’m cumming!” he gasped.

We both were. Together, mixing our fluids in criminal partnership, defrauding Ron’s precious workspace, and possibly his work

reputation. I felt Austin's cock pumping.

"Yesss, fill me up with it!"

My whole body quivered as did his. I began to feel other sensations. The warmth of my bare ass on Ron's desk. The sweat from it that was now on the surface. My hands also clammy where they had pressed on the edges of the desk.

"Oh, god, I'm such a wicked witch, haha!"

But I wasn't done.

I pushed Austin away slightly so that his cock slipped out of me. His cum began to run out and down my leg. I took a finger and gathered some of it and held it up between us. Looking him brazenly in the eye, I stuck out my tongue and licked the cum-covered finger clean.

I got down on my knees and took his cock in my hand. Looking up at him, I took him in my mouth and sucked both his lingering cum and mine off and swallowed. Then, I looked up at him.

"I wouldn't want Ron's throne to be marred by this cheating pussy and neglect to include this mouth as well."

I took Austin's cock between my lips again. It was softer now, but still erect. I slid my lips up and down the shaft slowly, savoring it. He moaned as his head fell back, and his legs trembled. Taking my time at Ron's desk felt like rubbing it in. Like I was the bully in complete control and could do whatever I wanted.

I took Austin's cock out of my mouth and stood up in front of him. He pulled his head back upright and looked at me.

"Tomorrow will be interesting," Austin said.

My eyes narrowed with my evil grin.

“You mean seeing Ron sitting here and visualizing me naked in the same spot with your cum running down my leg?”

“Haha, yeah. That.”

“You’ll never be able to look at him the same way again, will you?”

“Um, no, I don’t think so.”

“He annoyed you before, but you perhaps felt a bit like he knew what he was talking about? Like all that best practice bull shit he droned on and on about had some sort of value? But now, whenever he talks, you’ll just see a pathetic little man who lost his dream job and his wife’s pussy to you. Won’t you?”

“Yep, that’s pretty much right.”

“I love it.”

I bent over to take my skirt, stepped back into it, and pulled it up my legs around my hips.

“I would also not object if you were to tell every man he knows in this company just how amazing it was to fuck his wife on his desk.”

“Haha, wow. Ok.”

“Spread the good news, Austin. Who knows? Maybe I’ll find some other nice cocks to ride in this company.”

He shook his head a lot since meeting me.

“Noted.”

“You haven’t really encountered a woman like me before, have you, Austin?”

“No, I haven’t. You’re bewitching. Evil. And insanely sexy.”

I laughed.

“So, what did you think of my proposal?”

“I’d say the contract is yours.”

“Pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Wilder.”

CHAPTER 8

“Hey, honey! Great news! I got the contract!!” I told Ron on the phone as I got into my car.

“Oh wow, darling, that’s great! I’m so proud of you.”

“Thank you! I couldn’t have done it without your help! Austin was very impressed. You must have told him great things about me.”

“Well, I…”

I interrupted him.

“Honey, I’m feeling amazing! And horny as fuck! Can you be my little bitch tonight and let me take your cock? I need it!”

“Yes, dear. You’ll get no complaints from me.”

“I want you to be lying on the bed naked, waiting for me when I get home. Can I tie you up?”

“Whoa! Wow, um…ok. That’s new. But what the hell, you just landed a big contract. You want to tie me up…let’s do it!”

“Awesome! See you soon, my little fuck toy.”

I hung up. I could still feel Austin's cum slowly dripping out of my pussy. I didn't clean it up and had no intention of doing so. I was saving that job for Ron.

CHAPTER 9

Ron lay waiting obediently on the bed. I walked in quietly with a devilish grin.

“Hey, darling,” he said.

I put a finger up to my lips, commanding him to be quiet.

“Ok,” he mouthed.

He lay there naked. His cock already hard, standing up at full pinky length. I went over to a drawer and opened it, pulling out some straps. His eyes widened. I knew he had never seen them before and had no idea that I had them.

“I’ve been saving these for the perfect occasion,” I said.

I walked over to him and used them to fasten his wrists to the bed first. Then his ankles, making sure they were tight enough to restrict anything more than the slightest of movement. I put my hand on his chest to feel his heartbeat racing.

“You’re excited… maybe a little scared? Haha!”

He grinned sheepishly.

I then removed my suit coat and the camisole, exposing my breasts to him. He stared at them, his mouth opening slightly to catch a breath.

“You wish you could touch them, don’t you?”

“Yes, I…”

I put a hand on his mouth.

“No, no, no. No speaking.”

I took the camisole and wrapped it around his head, placing it in between his lips like a gag, and tied it on the side of his head to keep it in place.

“I had that on these bare tits tonight when I was making my proposal. Just think about that!” I said, placing the tip of my index finger in the center of his forehead and pushing slightly.

Then I moved my hand down his chest and stomach to his cock and took the little shaft in between my fingers and thumb to stroke it softly.

“Remember telling me last night how you had been fantasizing?”

He nodded. I kept stroking slowly.

“And how you thought about me cheating on you with your boss?”

His eyes widened.

“I was thinking about it, too, tonight. It *is* quite a hot fantasy.”

I climbed up on the bed, straddling his face with my legs, still holding his cock and stroking.

“You’re not really going to be able to eat me with that gag in your mouth, Ron, and that’s ok, but I want you to feel just how wet I am. How excited I am from thinking about your fantasy.”

I lowered my pussy onto his face and let Austin’s cum drip out onto it. I then took his cock into my faithless mouth and sucked on it while I ground my hips into his face.

“Mmmm, see how wet I am, babe?”

I swung around to face him, now straddling his waist with my legs.

“I want your cock so bad!”

I lowered my sloppy wet pussy down onto his cock. As I felt his cock enter me and Austin’s cum coating its entry into me, a shot of searing energy raced from my pussy all the way up into my brain.

“Oh my God, Ron, I’m going to cum on you so quick!”

I could feel his cock pulsing. I put my hands on his chest and looked into his eyes.

“What if it hadn’t just been a fantasy, Ron?”

His eyes widened even more and filled with fear. He tried to speak, but could only utter a muffled whine.

I watched the pain in his eyes as the suspicion seeped through his mind. As I did, even stronger waves of searing sensation rushed through my body. I closed my eyes.

“That’s right. Do you feel that wetness? What if those aren’t just my juices, Ron?”

I felt him. Felt the conflict. He was, after all, my husband. Even if I treated him like an old toy, I knew this man. Knew his soul. And I felt his cock. It was ready to blow. He was both in ecstasy and torment.

I dug my nails into his chest.

“Yesss, Ron! Feel that juicy, sloppy pussy all over your cock! What if that pussy has been unfaithful to you tonight?!”

His body was tensed up as though the blood would explode through the walls of his veins. He was nearing the most powerful climax of his life.

I looked him straight in the eyes with a venomous, sadistic delight.

“I fucked him, Ron! I fucked your boss! That’s his cum gushing out of my pussy all over your cock. It’s all over your silly, little face.”

He moaned as powerfully as his weak little body could produce. His back arched. I could feel his soul being torn even as his cock exploded with devastating force. I came on his cock as I felt it emptying inside of me.

“Your cum is getting mixed with his, Ron! Mixed inside your cheating wife’s pussy!!”

I slapped him sharply across the face, then threw my head back.

“Ohhh, fuck, I’m cumming all over your cock!”

I looked up at the ceiling as I gushed all over him. The convulsions of my pussy pumped Austin’s cum all over his cock and waist. I ground my hips into Ron’s, rubbing it in.

Ron lay there, convulsing. Spent.

I looked back at him. Tears started to well up in his eyes.

“Pathetic,” I said.

I climbed off him, left him there, and walked into the bathroom to clean myself up.

From the bathroom, I could hear him whimpering through the camisole gag. Strangely, I started to feel the slightest pity for him. This was a lot for him to take in. To find out that the wife of his darkest fantasies was the wife of his reality. My rage and hate began to subside in my chest. The tension ebbed away. It gave way to a slow trickle of softer sensations in my body. I went back into the bedroom and lay next to him. I stroked his chest gently. He turned his head away from me and continued to cry quietly.

“My sweet, pitiful little toy,” I whispered.

I unfastened his wrists and ankles. He got up and removed the gag. He looked at me, his eyes full of pain. He had no words. He just put his clothes on slowly, sniffing, then left the bedroom and walked down the stairs. I lay in bed listening as the front door shut, as the car started, as it pulled out of the driveway.

I walked over to the window to watch as he pulled away, standing naked in the window.

“You’ll be back,” I said. “You’re a slave to this pussy. Even as it has stabbed you through the heart. You’ll still come crawling back to it.”

I turned and walked over to the bedside table where a picture of the two of us was sitting. I picked it up to look at it.

“You always come back.”

EPILOGUE

The sun rose on a quiet Stroker home. Jessica lay alone in her marital bed. Her phone buzzed on the bedside table. She picked it up and read a text from Austin.

“Ron didn’t show up this morning for work. And he hasn’t called or texted. He’s never done that before. Is everything ok?”

She put the phone back down, picked up the picture of her and Ron by the bed, and laid it on the pillow next to her where Ron usually laid.

“You’ll come back,” she said softly.

And closed her eyes.

Thanks so much for reading [The Taste of His Boss!](#) I know, I know. Jessica is one nasty, naughty wife. But don't worry. She's about to get what's coming to her in [The Taste of His Wrath](#). Believe it or not, by the end of the series, Jessica and Ron will both find their happy ending. If you want a taste of what's coming next, check out the excerpt that immediately follows this page.

If you want to dive right in with Ron, Jessica, and her twisted game, you might want to grab the whole series in [one discounted bundle here](#).

Or, if you'd like something less gut wrenching that still has loads of hot sex, check out the first book of my A Hotwife Rides Dirty series, [Mya's First Ride](#).

Wanna join my inner circle of "Patter Peeps"? You'll get a free copy of the subscriber-exclusive prequel to this series when you [subscribe to my newsletter here](#).

Did you like this book? If so, I could really use your help. Ratings and reviews are important for any book, but *especially* if it's erotica. You can post your review for this book [here](#).

EXCERPT

The following is an excerpt from the next book in the series, [The Taste of His Wrath](#).

Jessica

My voice dripped with syrupy seduction.

"Margaret said you wanted to see me."

Steve faced his computer.

"Sit down, Jessica."

"If I do that, you might find out if I'm wearing underwear."

The chair swiveled around, revealing his frowning, pale face.

Wow.

"Dude, you don't look so good."

He leaned over his desk and exhaled.

"Listen, Jessica..."

"If you want, Steve, I can arrange a personal therapy session to take some of that stress off your mind."

He slammed his hand down on the table.

"Jessica, dammit, stop!"

My mouth dropped open.

"Who peed in your cheerios?"

He glared at me.

"That would be you."

"Oh, c'mon, Steve. Give a girl a break."

He collapsed back in his chair, looked at the ceiling, and his voice dropped to a whisper.

"I wish I could."

Wish you could?

"What did you just say?"

He stood up and turned his back on me.

"Look, this is the hardest thing I've ever had to do."

My lips quivered.

"Steve..."

He raised his voice again and turned to look back at me.

"Don't 'Steve' me, Jessica. You gave me no choice."

My bottom lip grew heavy and let go of my top lip as my eyebrows pushed down, wrinkling my forehead.

There's no fucking way.

"I'm the best damn salesperson you have in this department."

"It's out of my hands, Jessica."

Holy shit, he's firing me.

My voice trembled as it grew louder.

"The fuck it is, Steve. You're the goddamn boss."

He faced me, placing his hands on his desk, and matched the escalating volume and sternness of my voice with his own.

"I'm a manager, Jessica. It doesn't mean I can do whatever I want. I don't own the company."

"So, where the hell is this coming from?"

"It's complicated."

"I'd say it's pretty simple, Steve. You're saying I'm out of a job. Do you know what that means for me?"

The lines in his face and tone of voice softened. The light from outside his office door reflected off his glistening eyes.

"Jessica, I'm really sorry."

"So, spit it out, Steve. Whose ass are you kissing?"

He went to the office door to close it, then turned and leaned his back up against it and took a deep breath.

"Remember, after our stay in that hotel, I told you things had gotten rough between Peggy and me?"

"I don't see how that has anything to do with my employment here."

"Jessica, just listen."

"Then, get to the goddamn point, Steve."

He gasped and shook his head, and his speech quickened.

"We were going to counseling and, and in a moment of weakness, I confessed to what happened."

My eyes grew wide as saucers.

"Okay, that was stupid, Steve. But I still don't see what it has to do with my job here."

"Well, Peggy made friends with several of the women here in the office. Including Margaret. They've been thick as thieves ever since."

"Good for them. I still don't..."

"They all know what we did, and they hate you for it."

"Well, fuck them. It's none of their business. Well, maybe it's Peggy's, but fuck her anyway. She's a bitch."

Steve threw his hands up.

"Jessica, my God."

He walked across the floor to a window and peered through the blinds.

"She is, and you know it, Steve. And this just proves it. She's behind this?!"

The blinds made a rippling sound as he released them. He looked down, putting his hands on his hips.

"When Margaret walked in on us, she called Peggy."

"Oh my God, Steve, you fucking coward!"

He gritted his teeth, still speaking towards the floor.

"Jessica, give me a break. It's my marriage and possibly my job at stake."

I marched over to him, pulled him around, and got in his face.

"Your job? What about my job? And I don't give a flying fuck about your marriage! I have bills to pay. Ron is leaving me."

"He's leaving you?"

I stepped back and turned away.

"Never mind. It's none of your business."

"Jessica, I'm so sorry. I had no idea."

I snapped back at him.

"Oh, spare me. Like I said, Steve, none of your business. I still don't understand why you think you need to fire me just because your wife doesn't like me and talks to the damn secretary."

"Jessica, what you did the other day, that's grounds for termination."

I spun to face him again and pointed at him with my trembling hand.

"For a pussy manager, it is."

Steve's mouth fell open. He gestured with his palm up, pointing towards the bitches outside.

"Jessica, they filed a complaint with corporate. I got the phone call an hour ago. They told me I have to let you go. For legal reasons."

"Legal reasons?! What legal reasons?"

"These women are threatening to sue the company, Jessica. Managers can't give any appearance of favoritism. And Margaret caught us in a compromising situation. One that we were in because you wouldn't listen to me!"

"Oh God, Steve, don't lecture me. I drank your cum."

"Jessica..."

I stormed towards the door.

"Margaret will have to escort you out."

The door opened, and Margaret stood there, arms folded across her chest, sporting a sly smile.

"Hello, Jessica."

My voice boomed at Steve.

"If this bitch tries to walk me out, I'll cut her."

I ran over Margaret and headed for my desk. She followed.

"Jessica, I packed up your things. Nothing is at your desk."

I stopped, turned on a dime, and squared off with her.

"You're having quite the time with this little charade, aren't you, Margaret?"

"Jessica, don't be mad because you, for once, got what you deserve."

"Bitch..."

The tendons in my neck pulled and pulsed as I clenched my fist, ready to strike her.

"Go ahead, Jessica. I'd love to see what you look like in orange."

She had a point. I didn't need to go to jail. So, I spat on her ugly blouse, turned, and walked towards the exit. The sound of her footsteps following me grated my nerves like fingernails on a chalkboard.

I hope she lays a finger on me. I'll lay her ass out.

Out in the parking lot, two cardboard boxes sat next to the driver's side door of my car. Flaps closed and taped shut.

Are you fucking kidding me?

I bent over and ripped one of them open.

“Where the fuck is my…”

Margaret stood a few feet back towards the entrance, her face smug, holding my purse out with her extended hand. I stormed over to her and snatched it from her hand. She chuckled as I walked back to my car, fumbling through my purse, looking for my keys.

“What are you snickering about, you catty bitch?”

“I think this is fitting.”

“Really? You think this is fitting? How about I fit this foot up your ass?”

“I think it’s fitting that you’re struggling to get your door open. You know, Jessica, I imagine you’ve used your body and your loose morals to open doors your whole life. But look at you now.”

“I imagine you’ve spent your whole life sporting that fat ass, making close to minimum wage, and hating women like me who had the power to do better. So look at me now.”

I flipped her a bird. She scowled.

“You can manipulate a man, but it’s a lousy way to get a door open.”

“Oh, I get it. You’re gonna teach me about men? That’s fucking hilarious.”

She folded her arms as she huffed.

“Jessica, a good man will open a door for a good woman just because they choose to. If you let them, that is. But you wouldn’t know. You’re a horrible woman.”

“Don’t you have some terrible coffee to make?”

“Goodbye, Jessica.”

I found my keys and stuck them in my car door as I glared at her dumpy ass waddling back to the building.

I open my own damn doors.

My body collapsed into the car seat, puffing hot air through my lips.

Tears began rolling down my face.

What the hell am I going to do now?

XX

Thanks for reading the excerpt! Here's what reviewers had to say about [The Taste of His Wrath](#):

“Jessica and Rons story totally shifted in this one and the power also shifted and I loved it!! Ron has found his voice and was finally able to show Jessica he’s more than what she thought and he even has a new found friend lol. Can’t wait for the next one” – Karin, BookBub reviewer

“What a intense emotional ride reading this book. I didn’t read the first book and you didn’t need to because the author gave you some details while you are reading this book… The character are well written and the emotional turmoil feels real! A very interesting read!” – Samerah, BookBub reviewer

“Extremely entertaining, captivating and interesting sexy read. I could not put it down. Wonderfully written with strong, intriguing characters. I want to read more from this author.” – K. Bradbury, BookBub reviewer

“The characters and the storyline had great development that captured my attention from the very beginning! The dynamics between the characters had me glued to my kindle… this book a real page turner and one that is well worth the read!” – Pat Walley, BookBub reviewer

“I’m almost speechless… I encourage you to read this book. I could not put it down, once I started.” – M. Jones, BookBub reviewer

“This book truly is an amazing work of art and the author has done a superb job in luring you in with the steamy bait, only to leave with a haunting experience of emotional and psychological depth. I highly recommend this book.” – Sabrina Jacklin, BookBub reviewer

You can grab your copy of *The Taste of His Wrath* [here](#).

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

When I was younger, I struggled with a great deal of shame about how sexual I was. I spent a long time trying to be less sexual. Running from my true self caused me to suffer from severe depression.

No more.

I have a vivid imagination, and my sexuality has always played a big part on that stage. Writing gave me an outlet to explore and share that part of my inner world with others.

I am deeply grateful for you, dear reader. Thank you for visiting the erotic places in my mind. If you enjoyed your visit, I hope you will come back often.

You can find out more about me and my writing on my website.

<https://www.mlpattersonbooks.com/>