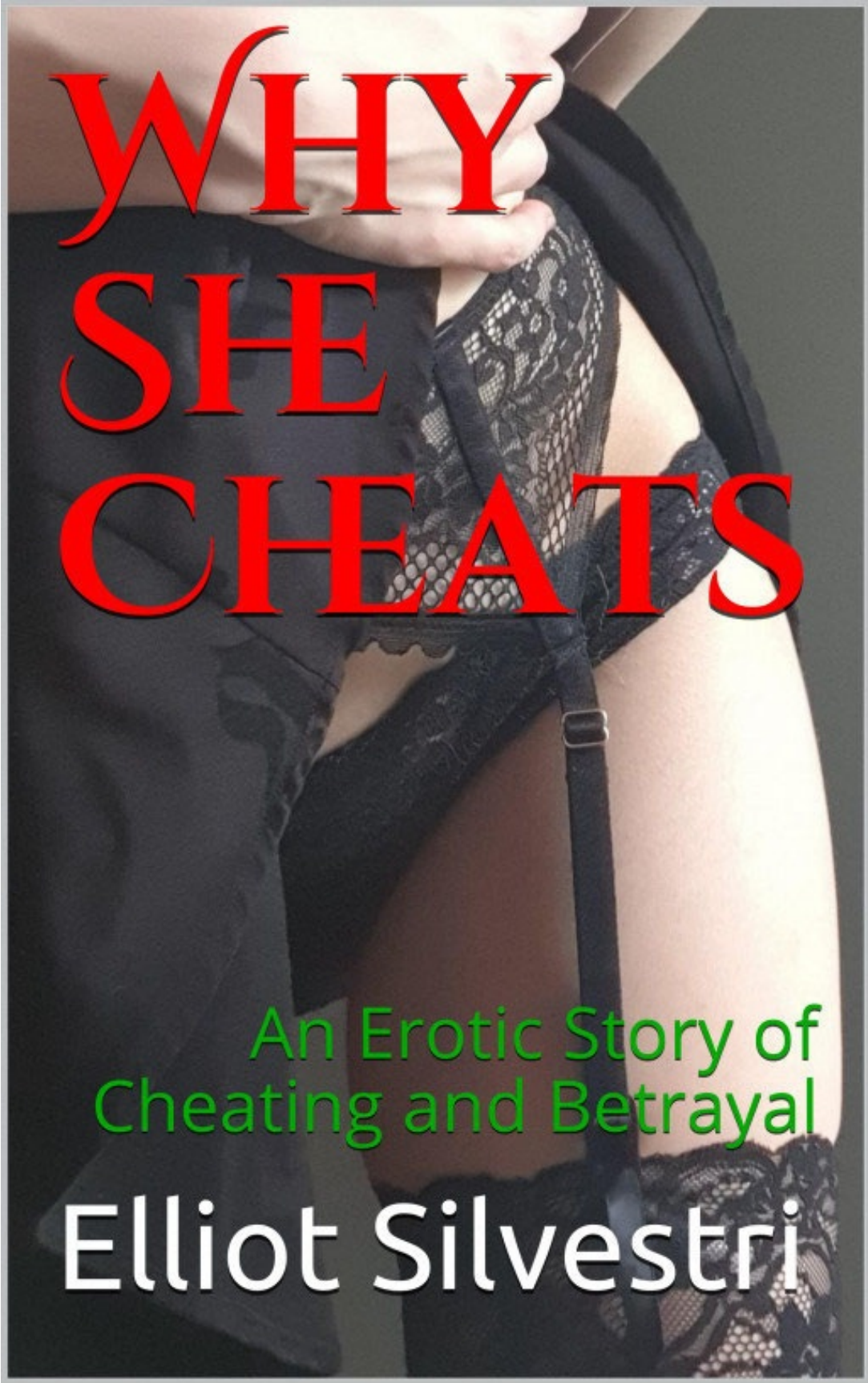
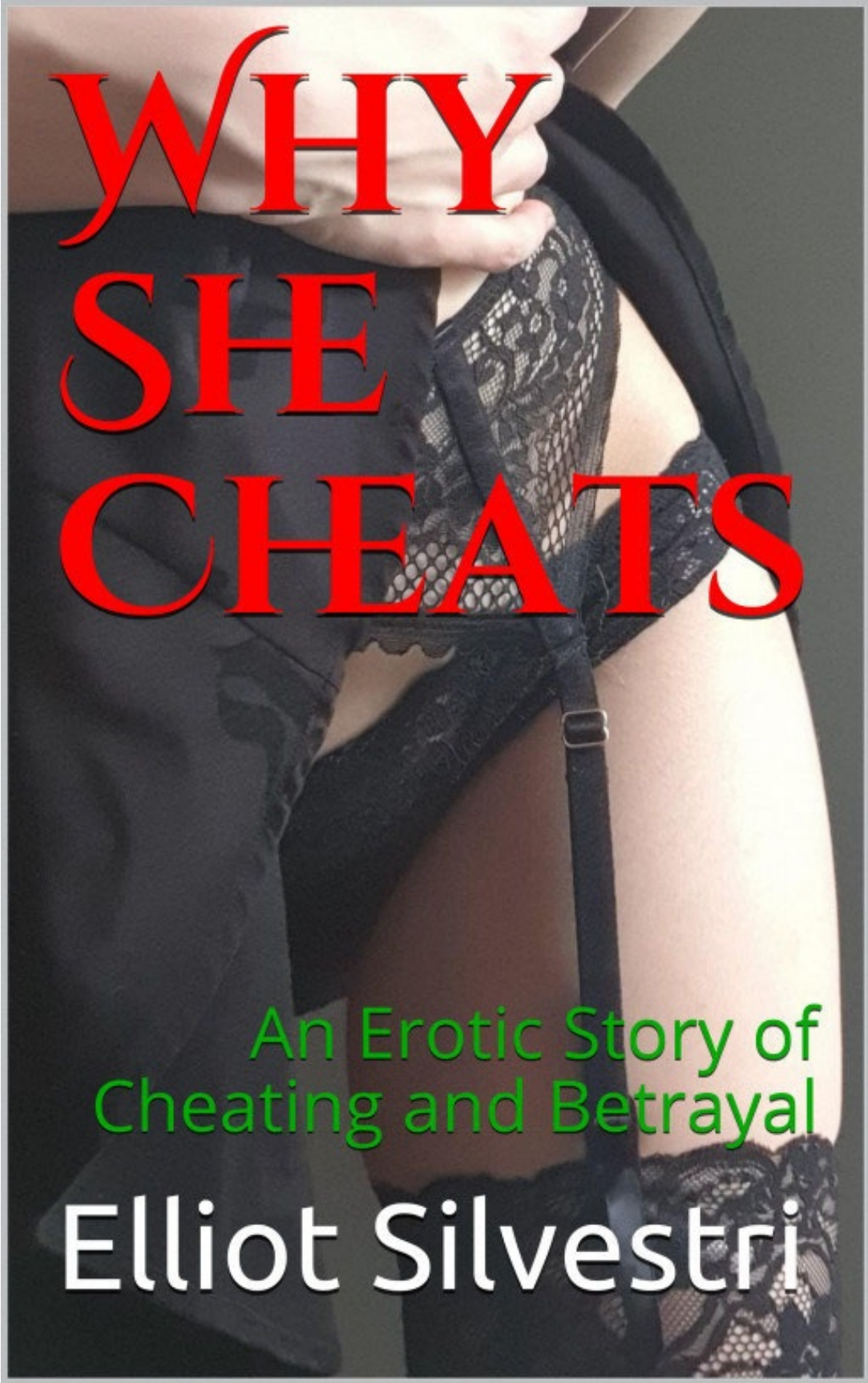


A close-up photograph of a woman's torso and arm. She is wearing black lace lingerie, including a bra and a strap that crosses her shoulder. The background is dark and out of focus.

WHY SHE CHEATS

An Erotic Story of
Cheating and Betrayal

Elliot Silvestri

A close-up photograph of a woman's torso and arm. She is wearing black lace lingerie, including a bra and garter belt. A black strap with a buckle is visible across her right shoulder. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Smashwords Edition

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Why She Cheats

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Chapter One

Naomi took my dick out of her mouth.

“Do you know why I like to cheat on you?” she asked.

I shook my head back and forth slowly. “Uh-uh.” I was fully erect and I couldn’t concentrate enough to form actual words.

“It’s because you have a little dick,” she told me.

I continued to shake my head back and forth slowly, as if I didn’t believe her.

She put my dick back in her mouth and sucked. I shivered as I felt the suction going straight to my spine. I wasn’t going to cum. Not yet. But soon. Very soon if she didn’t stop sucking on me.

It wasn’t that Naomi was a particularly accomplished cocksucker. She probably was but I didn’t have that much of a data set to compare her against. She could deep throat me because, fully erect, I was just over four inches in length.

That’s well within the norm for an adult man. Five inches is the perfect average, so anything between four and six is normal range.

Yes, I know how large I am when erect. I’ve measured. My mind is just built that way. I need empirical data. Just like I know that Naomi’s breasts are approximately 480 cc in volume because she wears a 34C bra. I’ve never actually measure her breasts—she might have been offended that I asked to—but I know how to read and study published scientific data. Because humans’ bodies are constantly changing in weight and women’s breasts are especially vulnerable to size changes from their monthly cycles, an approximate volume was good enough for me.

Maybe later, as our relationship progresses, she’d be open to an actual measurement.

The important thing here is that I didn’t have a little dick. I have a perfectly

average dick which came about from generations of women selecting their mates based on a variety of factors, penis size among them. Average was desirable and while there are outliers, most women wanted average cocks.

I had an average cock.

According to Naomi, her other lover, Neal, was easily twice my size and she said she loved fucking him because he stretched her out and made her feel alive.

That might have been true, but she spent a lot of time fucking me, and if she didn't like fucking me, she would have stopped. That only makes sense.

The real truth of the matter, I suspected, was that she enjoyed fucking both me and Neal but she couldn't handle him all that often. If his cock was as huge as she claimed, it only made sense that she wouldn't want to fuck him all the time.

That and what she said a moment earlier was the truth. She liked to cheat on me. She didn't need just physical enjoyment for sex, but she needed a emotional thrill as well. For Naomi, the emotional thrill was cheating.

I pushed back on her shoulders, forcing my cock out of her mouth. I have to give her credit. She continued to suck on me for as long as possible, slurping the precum from the slit on the end as we finally broke contact.

She raised her eyebrows and gave me a look to let me know I had fucked up.

"I was going to cum," I explained.

"Maybe I wanted you to cum."

"In your mouth?"

"Better than my pussy. Less mess."

We had been through this before. I didn't know what was wrong with me. Why couldn't I just cum in her mouth and let her do what she wanted? It wasn't like she was going to change her mind.

With a sigh of annoyance, Naomi stood up. I tried not to leer at her body. It was hard.

She was wearing a matching set of bra and panties. Bright red. Lace. Revealing without being too slutty. Or maybe her panties were a thong. I didn't know. She hadn't turned her back to me yet. She had the body for a thong. She had the body for the push up bra she was wearing, not that she needed it. I could clearly see her dark nipples through the lace.

When she had arrived at my place she had ordered me out of my clothes. Naturally I had complied and was naked before she had the chance to fully undress. She had only taken off her blouse and unzipped her skirt. I was already erect. She sighed again and had kicked off her shoes before she got down on her knees and started sucking me off as I sat on the living room couch.

"Are you leaving?" I asked as she looked around the room. I wanted to fuck and she was already annoyed with me.

"Not yet."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to fuck but you're being an unreasonable shit."

I didn't think I was being an unreasonable shit. I was just horny and she was teasing me.

"I'm sorry. Do you want to have sex or not?"

"You're so romantic," she said scathingly.

I blamed myself, but I should have blamed her. We both worked for the same company, I in the mechanical engineering department and her in administration. I didn't know exactly what she did, but to be honest, she probably had no clue about my job. She saw me one day and decided we should date. I, being my socially awkward self, went along with her. It was for the best. We've been dating nearly two years. Right away she said it was never going to get serious.

From our first date she said she was seeing other people.

From the first time we had sex she said we weren't going to be exclusive.

From the six month mark she said she was going to fuck other people and tell me

about it.

My cock had never been harder.

I wasn't sure if we were serious or not. Two years is a long time and a lot of sex. We hadn't moved in together or anything like that, but she pretended in public that we were at least a semi-serious and committed couple.

In private she told me she loved to cheat on me and fuck other men.

The first time we fucked I couldn't tell if she was disappointed with my cock or not.

Naomi was a hard woman to understand. I didn't understand her at all.

"Sorry. I'm an engineer."

She sighed and turned away from me.

As it turned out she was wearing a thong.

My living room was an L-shaped room that was half living area and half dining room.

She walked to the table and pushed aside two chairs. She shoved my D&D books across the table. I sat on the couch while she pulled down her thong and stepped out of it. She spread her legs and bent forward, ass in the air. I could just barely see her pussy.

"Come on and fuck me," she said, arching her back to let me know she was ready.

In a flash I was halfway to the table before she added, "But get a condom first. I don't want you cumming in me tonight."

This was an annoyance of hers. She was using other birth control, I knew, but she didn't like semen in her vag, so I was forced to use a condom whenever she wasn't feeling generous.

I ran to my bedroom, my cock bouncing up and down as I hurried, pulled a

condom from the box, and rolled it on before heading back to where she waited. I grabbed the lube bottle before I left the bedroom.

She was still there when I returned. I wouldn't have put it past Naomi to leave me frustrated because she was bored or annoyed with me.

"Want me to get you wet?" I asked politely as I stepped behind her.

"I'm already wet enough. Just shove it in."

I wasn't willing to take the risk of pissing her off because she wasn't wet enough, so I dosed my condom-covered cock with a good dollop of lube before getting into position behind her.

I slipped in easily. Maybe it was the lube. Maybe it was her wetness. It didn't matter. I started humping her like I was a high school geek virgin.

I had been a high school geek virgin, so it was easy for me to do that.

The sex only lasted two minutes at the very most. I couldn't hold back that long. It didn't matter. Naomi had her hand down between her legs rubbing her clit the moment I entered her. She liked sex that was fast and intense. At least she always told me that she liked it that way. How was I to know the actual truth?

"That didn't take long," she said after I was done and had pulled out. With one hand I steadied myself against the wall.

"Sorry," I apologized.

She scoffed and picked up her thong to put it back on. "I was making a joke about your tiny dick," she told me.

I just nodded. This was the life I had chosen.

Chapter Two

“Do you want to see him fuck me?”

I couldn't help it; my cock got instantly hard when Naomi asked me that. It was a couple of days later and, as always, I was eager to fuck her no matter how she treated me.

I wasn't ashamed. Well, not exactly. Naomi was the beautiful girlfriend I never had in high school. She was the girlfriend I never had in college. My every thought about her was sexual. I couldn't help it. Imagining her fucking another man didn't make me jealous (well, it made me a little jealous, but that was beside the point), it made me aroused and curious. There was only one possible answer to her question.

“Yes.”

She smirked at me. Of course she smirked at me. I was her public boyfriend, the one with the good job that was acceptable to have. Her other boyfriend—Neal—was the socially unacceptable one, the one she kept hidden. Did he even have a job? I had the small dick. Neal had the massive cock.

“I knew you'd say that,” she told me.

“I know,” I agreed with her.

“I was a bit slutty in college, did you know that?”

I lied to her. “No. I find that hard to believe.”

I'm not a good liar, but maybe she believed me. Her smirk didn't change, but maybe it was just a bit of a smile now. “I was.” She let that hang in the air between us a moment. “If I'm being honest, I'm still a bit of a slut now, aren't I?”

She was regularly fucking me and another guy. Maybe she was fucking other men as well. I didn't know for sure. I often worked late or extra hours. I didn't ask what she did with her time when I was busy and she wasn't working. “I wouldn't call you a slut,” I carefully answered her.

Naomi laughed at me. I wouldn't call her a slut, even if she was one and even if I

thought she was acting like one because I was afraid she'd leave me and then I wouldn't have a girlfriend, the one thing in life that gave me a little more status among my meager group of friends and former college classmates. The one thing that kept my parents and family from prying constantly into my life.

"I'm going to see Neal tomorrow night," she told me. We were in bed together. She was wearing some soft cotton nightie that clearly showed the outlines of her nipples. I knew she wasn't wearing any underwear. She sometimes spent the night at my place, but often didn't. It depended on whether or not she wanted to have sex at night and not drive home, or if she was planning on having sex in the morning.

I didn't have any say in the matter.

I wasn't allowed to spend the night at her place. She had a roommate—Catherine—who was stuck up and judgmental and wouldn't let men spend the night. I think Naomi liked it that way because she could keep her boyfriends—as varied as they were—at arm's length when she wanted.

Tonight she had invited herself over and asked me to order dinner from the local Thai place. We ate dinner together and now we were going to bed together. There was no discussion as to whether or not we were going to have sex. She would make that decision and I would get no say in the matter.

"Are you going to have sex with him?" I asked.

"Of course I am. That's why I asked if you wanted to watch him fuck me."

"Right." My cock was incredibly hard inside my pajama bottoms. The covers of the bed were heavy enough that I wasn't making a tent, but it wasn't from a lack of trying.

"I'm not going to have you watch us."

I was confused. "Then why did you ask?"

"I'm going to video us fucking," she went on, ignoring my question as if I wasn't there. She already had a plan and a script that she was following. I had to follow it exactly or I'd piss her off and wouldn't get what I wanted.

“That sounds...exciting.”

Her smile returned, it was a knowing smile, but it was a secret smile as well. She was hiding something from me and she was getting off on hiding it.

“It sounds like I’m turning into an amateur porn star.” Her voice was just barely sarcastic.

I shook my head. “No, no it doesn’t. That would only be the case if you were to post the video on a porn website. Private erotic film and photography and drawings are a tradition that goes back hundreds or even thousands of years.” I had launched into professor mode without realizing it. While I had taught some classes at the local community college, I wasn’t a professor. Not yet. I was planning on working on my Ph.D. after I had a little more practical experience. Porn and erotica wasn’t even my area of expertise. I had an engineering degree. “Sharing private information with a lover was a way of securing an emotional bond between a couple.”

Naomi looked blankly at me. I knew she understood the words I had said, but I couldn’t read if she actually comprehended what I was communicating to her. To be frank, it would be difficult to imagine a scenario where she actually cared about what I had said.

“I’m going to record me and Neal fucking,” she clarified, unnecessarily, for me. “And I’m going to have you watch it.”

“That sounds great,” I happily agreed.

“Are you going to jerk off to it?”

The question wasn’t exactly out of nowhere, but it was odd to say the least.

“Uh...maybe?” I hedged. “If it’s hot enough.” Shit! I cursed at myself. She’d see that as an insult. I hurried to cover my mistake. “I mean, you’re incredibly hot. I’ve watched some porn that is just dull. All you see are some vague body movements and faint groans. Not sexy. Do you want me to jerk off to it?”

Naomi eyed me as if I was trying to fool her in some manner. I was, but probably not in the way she thought.

“I’m going to watch you as you watch it,” she said carefully. “You’d better get hard and you’d better jerk off as you watch it.”

Maybe my girlfriend had a desire to be an amateur porn star. I was oddly okay with that. “I can do that.”

Her hand suddenly snaked under the covers and grabbed my hard cock. I was fully erect and as big as I ever got, which wasn’t that impressive. She didn’t push her hand down into my pajamas, she just grabbed me through the material.

“You’re already hard.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Just talking and thinking about it got you hard.”

“Uh-huh.” It wasn’t necessary to agree with her, but I did for the sake of convenience. She wasn’t asking a question.

“Do you want to fuck me right now?”

“Yes,” I croaked out. “Always. I always want to fuck you.” It was a way to boost her confidence and cement—in her mind at least—her control over me. It was also the truth.

Now she pushed her hand down into my pants and wrapped her fingers around my shaft. She didn’t jerk me off, but just held me, controlling me as always.

“You’re easy, you know that, Isaac?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Okay, I’m a little horny and you have a little dick. So this will work out.” She was constantly reminding me I had a small cock. I was fine with that. “Do you think I’m wet?”

“P-p-probably,” I stuttered. I didn’t know what the right answer was so I couldn’t properly answer her.

“Check,” she ordered.

I put my hand between her thighs and found her pussy. She was shaved completely bare. I was used to that. I liked it. I liked everything about Naomi's body. I knew that if I asked I'd be admonished for asking about something that didn't concern me—because it was her body and she'd do with it as she pleased—or she'd tell me that a shaved pussy was easier to deal with when she was fucking more than one man.

Of course she was wet. Teasing and taunting and abusing me always got her wet.

She pushed down the covers and I pushed down my pajama pants. I helped her climb on top of my hips and she slipped my cock into her pussy. Just like that. No preliminaries. Just sex. She rode me bouncing up and down.

Her tits moved around inside her cotton nightie. I could see the nipple outlines. When I tried to slide my hands up inside the nightshirt, she slapped them away. Instead I rested them on her hips and guided her in riding my cock. This was for her and not for me.

Her eyes were closed. Undoubtedly she was fantasizing about fucking someone with a bigger cock. She came first because sex with Naomi was all about sex with Naomi. I didn't matter.

She collapsed down on my chest with a little groan. My cock slipped free of her pussy as she moved off me and rolled to her side.

“Jerk off,” she said.

“What?”

“Jerk off for me,” she clarified. “I want to see if watching you jerk off is worth it. Otherwise I'll skip the video of me and Neal.”

I did what she asked, pumping my fist up and down on my hard cock, a fantasy inside my head of her doing filthier things than even Naomi could imagine. It didn't take long. I climaxed and shot my load over my stomach.

She ran a finger through the puddle I left behind.

“I think I can watch you do that at least one more time.”

I had passed her test.

Chapter Three

The first words I heard on the video were hers.

“Let’s try out my birth control tonight.”

My stomach tightened up and my dick got so hard it was painful inside my jeans. It was what I wanted to see. It was what I wanted to hear. It was all too much.

The video started off dark. I heard the words before there was any action on the screen.

Naomi was sitting at a right angle from me. I was on my couch, she was in the big chair, watching me as closely as I was watching the screen on my phone.

The next thing I saw was her backing away from the camera. Judging from the quality of the picture, she had to be using her phone propped up on something. She was already completely naked. Obviously something had occurred before she started the video, but I had not clue as to what.

It made my dick harder so it must have had the same effect on her lover.

The picture focused on a bed where her lover—Neal—was waiting. He was tall and muscular. From my perspective it looked like he spent all his time working out...and getting tattoos. He was covered in tattoos. I was no expert in the field, but they didn’t look to be particularly high quality tattoos or very interesting ones, though, like I already said, the picture quality was poor.

He was wearing boxers when Naomi joined him on the bed, but she quickly stripped them off to reveal a cock that was thick and lay limply on his thigh.

It didn’t lay there very long. She took crouched on the bed, straddling his legs, looked directly into the camera, and then took his cock in hand and put it in her mouth.

It only took thirty seconds at the most for him to get fully erect.

He was twice my size. Easily twice my size in every dimension.

She couldn’t get the whole thing into her mouth.

Unconsciously I moved my hand down to my crotch and rubbed my cock through the thick denim.

“Just take it out and jerk off if you want,” said Naomi.

I glanced up from the screen, reluctant to miss a moment of what she had been doing. I couldn't tell if her smile was one of warning or encouragement.

On screen Naomi's mouth was slowly consuming Neal's cock. It seemed to go on forever. There was no way she was going to get it all in her mouth...unless she was able to defeat her gag reflex and accept it into her throat like a real professional porn actress.

I shifted my phone from my right hand to my left and then used my right hand to fumble about a bit while I attempted to unzip my jeans. I should have just paused the damn video and used both hands for a couple of seconds, but my brain wasn't getting as much blood flow as it should have at that moment, meaning my brain wasn't as fully oxygenated as it should have been, which, in turn, meant that I wasn't thinking as clearly as I should have been.

Eventually I managed to open up my pants and get my cock out. I was already as hard as a bar of steel so jerking off was easy as I continued to watch my girlfriend give another guy a blowjob on my phone's tiny screen.

I wish she had just sent me the video file ahead of time. That way i could have put it on my television screen. A fifty inch display is better than a five inch.

I knew that size matters.

At the periphery of my eyesight I could see Naomi watching me intently. She didn't go so far as to hike up her skirt and start masturbating, though I wished she would have. That would have been perfect.

My life isn't perfect.

On the screen Naomi continued to fellate Neal with surprising skill. She had never deep throated me because I didn't have enough of a cock to penetrate her throat. I barely filled up her mouth.

Even though she had a great deal of skill in sucking cock, she still struggled to

get it all down her throat. There was a bit of gagging and gasping as she forced it all the way inside. The sounds she made were inhuman, but it didn't stop her.

Neal stopped her. "You're gonna choke." He pulled her mouth off his cock. When it plopped out, it slapped audibly against his stomach. His lower stomach was covered in some tattooed design I couldn't make out, mostly blue and dark inks, which was in high contrast to his lily white cock.

"Worth it," she said.

"We gonna try out your BC?" he asked.

"Yeah. Let me just move my phone."

She moved away from the bed and grabbed the phone. The camera became confused. She should have taken some time afterwards to edit it, but I guessed that Naomi didn't have that much technological skill. That was sort of sad.

Eventually she had the phone's camera re-positioned. It was now aimed at the bottom of Neal's feet, looking up his body. I could see his big ball sack and his thick cock pointing up his body. Naomi came back into view and she climbed on top of his body.

At first I thought she was going to lower her pussy onto his face and give me a little more time of her sucking his cock in a 69 position.

I was wrong.

Instead she got on top of his hips in the traditional reverse cowgirl position. At this point I realized I had been watching too much porn.

He held his cock up vertically and she steadied herself on her knees before lowering her pussy down on his length. She had to work slowly up and down to get it all in. There was no way for his entire length to slip in on one go. It made me wonder if she was wet enough for him. I hadn't seen her use any lube. He hadn't gone down on her. That didn't mean it didn't happen before the video started running.

I could never entirely shut down my engineer brain.

Eventually she did the disappearing trick with Neal's cock. It went all the way into her pussy. It was amazing and thrilling and horrifying and exciting and jealousy inducing and other emotions I couldn't properly define at the moment.

She looked directly into the lens of the cell phone's camera and grinned triumphantly. Was she she grinning because she was proud of herself for getting all of his big cock into her pussy? Was she grinning because it just felt good? Was she grinning because she was getting a good start on her porn career? Was she grinning because she was humiliating me by fucking another guy?

It had to be the last one. That was the only one that made sense.

Or maybe they all made sense and I was too fucked up in the head because of my small cock and overactive engineering imagination.

I watched in fascination as she started pumping her hips up and down on Neal's cock, making it appear and disappear in sequence. I was rather impressed with the strength in her thighs and legs. True, Neal was holding her hips, guiding her a bit, but she was doing most of the work.

When ever Naomi and I had actual, penetrative sex she or I always had to play with her clit otherwise she couldn't cum. I knew that most women can't cum without some clitoral stimulation, but some could if the guy's cock reached their g-spot or filled them up enough or they were fucked hard enough that they got all the stimulation they needed.

I couldn't do any of that with my small cock. Neal could easily fill up her pussy with his huge cock. The enthusiasm she was showing in bouncing up and down on his cock was certainly giving her enough impact stimulation.

I was jealous.

I saw her eyes roll up into her head and she paused in her bouncing so she could concentrate on cumming.

My hand was still busy on my cock. I wasn't stroking myself fast or hard enough to make myself cum, but just enough to stay on that edge of desire.

I had completely lost track of what real Naomi was doing now. I presumed she was just watching, but I wasn't willing to stop my viewing to check.

As she finished cumming on screen, Naomi came back to herself and had that smug grin on her face again as she resumed pumping her hips. One orgasm wasn't good enough for my girlfriend.

This time Neal had his hands more directly on her ass, helping support her weight, but he was also directing the speed and angle of her movements. I was briefly worried for him that she would sit down the wrong way and break his dick.

The audio wasn't great. There was some noise in the background (water running? maybe an appliance with a loud motor? music with terrible quality?) but I managed to make out what he said next. "I'm gonna cum."

"Not yet," she ordered him.

I'd heard that tone and order from her before. I expected him to obey.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. "I need to, baby!"

I didn't like him calling her baby. She was supposed to be my girlfriend (though in the final analysis, she wasn't really my girlfriend; it was just a role she was playing).

"Don't! Fucking! Cum! Yet!" She enunciated each word carefully, timing each one with a downward thrust of her hips on his cock.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to see him pull out and cum on her belly and thighs and pussy or if I wanted him to cum insider her pussy and then pull out and let it all drip down on his cock.

He continued to grunt and groan for another minute. My hand was active on my cock. Naomi's motions got more intense until she let out with a low, throaty groan that I was well-familiar with, though not as familiar as I wanted to be. Her body was trembling and shaking as she came.

That was enough of a signal for Neal. He grunted and groaned as well. I could see his cock pulsing as he came. I could see him pumping his cum into her pussy.

I hoped she was on decent birth control. She always told me she was, but what

the hell did I know?

He continued to hold her up so she wouldn't fall over. That would have been embarrassing for the two of them. Or maybe not. It was hard to tell the emotions of someone I had never met. I knew Naomi well enough, but I was certain I didn't know her all that well.

Eventually they both stopped moving and she pushed herself off his cock. It was still semi-hard and it seemed to go on forever before it was finally clear of her pussy to land with a wet plop on his thigh.

She held herself on top of his thighs for a moment, her legs splayed wide, giving me an intimate view of her pussy. We all waited and then in less than a minute I could see his cum dripping out of her pussy.

That was what I needed. My hand of its own volition suddenly started pumping up and down on my short cock. It only took a few seconds, just a few seconds where Naomi was laughing delightedly on the screen as Neal's cum dripped out of her.

I came just before the video ended. I managed to get cum on my jeans, my hand, my stomach, my cock, and my phone. It was a fucking mess, but not literally.

The laughter on the screen was joined by laughter in real life as Naomi, sitting in my living room and watching me, laughed as I came.

I stabbed at the phone, getting the video to stop just as the opening audio started to repeat. "Let's try out my birth contr—" In addition to stopping the video I managed to smear more of my cum on the phone.

That was just fucking great. I was going to have to remove the case and carefully clean it.

Naomi got her chuckles under control. "Did that make you cum?"

My face flushed red. "Yes," I admitted. Lying wasn't an option. She had eyes and wasn't stupid. She just didn't care about what I felt.

"I'm glad. Now get over here and help me out."

While I had been too caught up in my own masturbatory fantasy, Naomi had hiked her skirt up over her hips and pulled her panties down. They formed a little pile between her feet. They were bright red. Her skirt was black. Her blouse was blue. The colors were so vivid. It had to be post-orgasmic clarity.

“What...what do you want?” I asked, unnerved by her use of her commanding tone.

My eyes were now focused on her pussy. It was bright pink and she had obviously been fingering herself while watching me. She got off on humiliation as much as I did, only she liked to dish it out and I liked to receive it. Her light brown pubic curls were shaved into a neat triangle because she said only true sluts shaved everything.

If she wasn't a true slut, then I didn't know what type of woman she was.

Now was not the time to find out.

“I want you to make me cum,” she said, already exasperated. “What good is it to have a boyfriend if I don't have someone who can make me cum when I need to?”

“Right.”

I stood up and put down my phone on the coffee table. Right as I started to hike up my jeans and take the first step forward she said, “Stop!”

“What?”

“Crawl over here.”

It was all about control. From the couch to her chair it was all of five steps. I could crawl it in five seconds.

It was all about humiliation. I wanted to be humiliated.

“Okay,” I agreed and pulled my jeans the rest of the way up.

“No. Leave them down. I want to see your little dick.”

Stifling a sigh, I pushed my jeans back down off my hips, got on the floor and crawled toward her. My jeans slipped down further so it was a good thing that the distance was short. By the time I was between her legs my jeans were at my knees.

Naomi scooted forward on the chair, leaving her pussy at the edge, and leaned back. “Make me cum. Make me cum hard or you’ll never see this pussy again.”

I responded well to threats when it came to sex.

Focusing on her pussy was my entire reason for existing. She wasn’t forbidding me to use my hands so I slipped a pair of fingers inside her and pressed lightly on her back entrance with my pinky. We had never discussed anal but she seemed the sort of woman who would appreciate new and novel stimulation. At the very least she didn’t complain about me probing at her anus.

The real focus was on her clit with my lips and tongue. What I knew about her body was permanently etched into my brain. Lick. Suck, but not too hard, then lick again, firmly because she needed the pressure. Suck some more. Stroke the inside of her front pussy wall, looking for the little ridge of bumps that made her shiver. Circle the clit with my tongue. Repeat. Repeat again. Make the sucking more and more intense with each repetition until she told me to stop or she came.

This time the only variation was that she put her hand on the back of my head and directed exactly where she wanted my tongue to go. She scooted her butt forward far enough and opened her legs enough to give me easy access to her ass. It was as if she wanted to be fucked in the ass—not that I was going to be able to do that for her. At best I could cum twice a night and I had just blown my first load all over myself. A second shot was a long shot at best.

Still, when she started humping my face with her pussy I knew that something was up. Naomi was never quiet in bed and maybe she put on a personalized show for me, but when we fucked, she was loud. She liked being loud. My apartment building had decent walls but under the right circumstances I could hear my neighbors. I was certain they could hear Naomi when she was being loud.

She was always loud when we fucked.

Maybe that was why I always got strange looks from my neighbors and they

never wanted to talk to me.

Eventually she hooked an ankle around the back of my head and held me in close. She was so loud I knew she was going to cum and it was going to be incredible.

It was incredible. I just wasn't ready for it.

When she came, she squirted in my face. It wasn't that fake squirting like you see in porn where women are obviously peeing highly diluted urine. I didn't taste urine. It wasn't like getting hit in the face by a jet of water. It was more like a sudden flood of moisture that had me choking for a second and then I did the smart thing and started swallowing.

Yes, it immediately occurred to me that women had made this same choice again and again when blowing guys who didn't warn them they were about to cum. It wasn't exactly the same, but it was damn close.

I was enjoying it more than I should have been.

The taste wasn't terrible. It was actually sort of enjoyable, if drinking another person's bodily fluids is your thing.

It was apparently my thing.

I swallowed and swallowed again as Naomi's orgasm lasted for longer than I would have guessed.

Finally she was done and released my face.

I couldn't help but glance downward. I hadn't drunk all of her amrita. Some had dripped down the front edge of the chair and soaked the rug. I was going to have to do a thorough cleaning.

"Your face is all wet," she told me.

Using my hand, I wiped away her leaving the best I could. "Yeah. That was you."

"I know. I haven't cum that hard with you ever."

“Glad I could make you squirt.”

She smirked at me. “It wasn’t the first time I’ve squirted.”

Of course it wasn’t. “When...when was the first time?” I already knew the answer but I needed to hear her say it.

“I can’t remember the first time, but I squirt a lot with Neal. Of course, he’s using his dick on me, not his tongue. We have to do it doggy style, but when he reached that right spot.” She shivered and looked down at me still kneeling between her legs.

“How...how often does that happen?” I shouldn’t have asked the question, but I couldn’t help myself. I couldn’t stop myself. There were so many things wrong with me.

Her smirk changed to a smile. Why? I don’t know. Maybe she was proud of herself. Maybe she liked to twist the humiliation knife. “At least half the time. It feels sooo good.”

I knew I wasn’t good enough for her, but to hear her say that...it made my cock hard.

Nothing was beyond Naomi’s powers of observation. She immediately saw my cock rising. “Do you like that?”

“Making you cum?” I asked knowing that’s not what she mean at all.

“Do you like me humiliating you?” she asked as she used a hand to cover her pussy. Maybe she was fingering herself. Maybe she was just denying me something that should have been available to every boyfriend. “Do you like to hear how my other lovers are better than you? Do you like to hear and see how Neal has a much bigger cock?”

My face was undoubtedly already a little flushed red from my exertions. That didn’t stop it from getting redder. Maybe I was humiliated, but I liked that feeling of humiliation because I’m an idiotic sex fiend.

“Yes,” I admitted.

“Do you want to hear more?”

“Always.”

“Do you want to see me fuck Neal again?”

“Yes.”

“In front of you?”

I hesitated even though I knew it was a yes.

“Well?” she prompted me.

“Yes. I want to see that.”

She laughed at me. “You’ll get your chance soon enough. You’re going to watch him fuck me and you’re going to jerk off while he does it.”

I nodded in agreement. I wanted that scenario to play out. I needed it to play out.

She toed my cock and balls. “This thing is impressively hard...even if it is so small.”

My heart swelled with pride. She was humiliating me and complimenting me at the same time. I guess negging works.

“Do you want to use it?”

I nodded eagerly. “Do you want me to jerk off again?” I knew I could cum. It would take some work but I could do it.

She shook her head and laughed. She toed me again, this time a bit harder. I felt it but it didn’t hurt, not really. If anything, it made me want to cum all the more. I feared, though, that the next thing she would do would be to actually kick me. I didn’t want that. “No. I want you to fuck me. Do you think that you can do that?”

“Of...of course I can,” I stuttered out. I started to move forward, but she put her foot to my chest and pushed me backwards. That gave her enough room to turn over and present her ass to me.

Looking over her shoulder she said, “Fuck me doggy style. See if you can make me feel it.”

Her ass was perfectly curved and wonderfully shaped. I couldn’t ever remember fucking her in that position. Not wasting any time lest she change her mind, I moved in close and got my little cock between her legs. I spent too much time probing because she eventually reached down, grabbed me and inserted my smallness into where it was supposed to be.

I knew it wasn’t penetrating her deeply, but I decided to make up my smallness with forcefulness.

There was no satisfied grunt from Naomi as I pushed all the way into her. I had often imagined hearing that sound: a little gasp or sigh of fulfillment, but I had never heard it myself.

Pulling back I started thrusting my hips back and forth into her as fast as I could. I was nice and hard. She was soaking wet from my cunnilingus and her copious amrita. It wasn’t like we needed other preliminaries. I liked the sound of skin slapping against slapping as we fucked. I would have loved to see the expression on Naomi’s face. Undoubtedly it was a look of amusement as I tried to measure up to Neal. Maybe there was a bit of pleasure mixed in as well as I fucked her.

As always, she continued to humiliate me. “Are you in yet?” she teased.

“Yes,” I grunted.

“Just checking. Would you just...just fuck me like a man?” she asked. She tried to keep her tone neutral but her repetition of the word “just” was a giveaway. Maybe I wasn’t doing her like Neal could have, but I wasn’t completely ineffective either.

I grabbed her hips and started fucking her harder. “You mean like this?” Without warning I smacked her right ass cheek as hard as I could. I wanted it to hurt her.

She cried out in pain. “Fuck! Yes! Just like that! More. Fuck me harder!”

There was no way I could fuck her harder, but I tried. The chair was already braced against the wall so there was no unexpected thumping. I was certain I was driving her hip bones into the chair, but it was well-padded and she wasn’t

experiencing any pain.

I wanted to hurt her, but psychologically I couldn't. There was a line I was unwilling to cross, no matter how much she wanted to be abused.

"I can barely feel it!" she burst out after a round of heavy breathing. I could feel her pussy clamped down, hot and wet, on my cock. I knew she was lying, but the mere fact that she was willing to state such a bold lie in the face of empirical evidence that contradicted her made me want to fuck her even harder.

Keeping one hand on her hip, I timed my thrusts with hard smacks to her ass. It quickly reddened under my manual assault. The angle I was at, when I looked down at our joined bodies, exposed her tightly puckered light brown anus. I wanted to pull my cock out of her pussy and plunge it into her ass. She wouldn't have tolerated that, so instead I let go of her hip and pressed my thumb against that tight entrance.

"No!" she exclaimed, but I wasn't listening to her.

A little more pressure and I was inside her where she didn't want me to be.

She made a little noise that wasn't a word and wasn't just a grunt. "Ngh!" comes close to being accurate. Maybe she meant to say no again, but I wouldn't have listened. Instead I continued smacking her ass. It was bright red at this point and I could see individual impacts of my fingers. Because of the way I was resting my left palm on her left cheek, it was relatively smooth and unblemished; her right was a mess and bright red.

I felt her hand busy under her body. She was frigging her clit. That was good. She was liking this even if she was protesting at the same time.

And then her hand slipped lower and she grabbed my balls. I gasped. And then she squeezed.

"Do you like that?" she grunted angrily at me.

"No..."

"Then stop slapping my ass!"

“No!” I slapped her again to prove my point.

She squeezed harder. It didn’t stop me from thrusting.

A second later I was cumming.

“Fuck!” she groaned out. I recognized the sound. She was cumming as well. Her sphincter tightened on my thumb. She was enjoying the ride even if she didn’t want to.

My cum forced its way into her pussy and then almost immediately started dripping out.

She gave one final heave and then collapsed against the chair, lightly crying.

I fell back on the heels and my cock easily slipped free of her pussy.

“That was the first time you fucked me that it was any good,” she told me.

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what to say.

Chapter Four

I double checked the address that I had put into my GPS. I was in a sketchy neighborhood in front of a house that could generously be described as having seen better days and was in serious need of preventative and routine maintenance.

I hadn't looked carefully at the background of the video that Naomi had shared with me, but now that I thought about it and her sketchy occasional lover Neal, it was possible this was the place she was getting regularly fucked by someone other than me.

Naomi's car was in the driveway next to some car that a gear head had spent way too much time on modifying and tuning with less than impressive results. I parked my car on the street at curbside. I wanted to be able to make an easy exit.

I knocked on the front door. The doorbell was hanging loose on a couple of wires; I didn't want to risk pressing it and meeting an untimely end in this location.

I recognized the man who answered the door. His face hadn't been clear in the video, but it was definitely Neal. His tattoos were more than enough to establish his identity. It was early spring and he wasn't wearing a shirt when he answered the door. I suppose I should have been glad he was wearing jeans, even as low-slung as they were.

"Isaac?" he grunted at me through the broken screen door.

"Yes. Are you Neal?" I asked more cautiously.

"Uh-huh." He banged the door open. "Come on in. Mi's waiting for you."

It took me a moment to realize that he was using a shortened version of Naomi's name ("Mi") and he wasn't saying "Me is waiting for you."

This wasn't off to a good start.

In all honesty, the interior of the house wasn't bad. It was reasonably clean and there wasn't much in the way of clutter or smell. Neal led me through the small house and into a bedroom. It took me but a moment to get oriented. It was definitely where Naomi had gotten fucked and made the video. If there was any

doubt to that, Naomi was lounging on the bed in lingerie.

There's no way for me to accurately describe what she was wearing. It was red and elaborate and had straps and lace and was revealing while covering up everything at the same time.

"You're late," she greeted me.

"Sorry, I had trouble finding the place."

"Did I write the address wrong?" It came out like an accusation. It was an accusation.

"No. Just...traffic."

"Well, I've been waiting and I hate to wait."

I sensed that Neal entered the room behind me.

"She's a demanding bitch, isn't she?" he asked me, half joking.

I never would have called Naomi a bitch to her face or behind her back. I didn't have that courage. But Neal and Naomi had a different relationship than I had her with her.

Naomi uncurled from the bed and sidled up to Neal, slipping around me. I watched as she tilted her head up for a kiss. They kissed right in front of me. I wasn't sure if it was because she was trying to humiliate me (a real possibility) or if she just wanted to kiss him (also possible) or if she was just eager to get fucked again.

What type of woman waits in her underwear in a strange man's bed while her supposed boyfriend comes for a visit?

My girlfriend, that's who. And I was tacitly encouraging her to do exactly that.

After their long kiss, she slapped him across the face and he laughed at her before throwing her on the bed.

"Take off that thing," he ordered her. "I don't want it in the way when I fuck

you.”

She did exactly as he wanted. I got the impression she always did what he wanted.

“You too,” he said to me. I turned my eyes from where Naomi was stripping on the bed to see that Neal had already divested himself of his jeans. He was still wearing socks but I was taken aback by his huge cock. It wasn’t erect. It wasn’t anywhere near erect and it was still imposing.

“C’mon, man,” he said as he moved to the bed. “We’re going to fuck her together. That’s what she wants. She’s a slut that way.”

Naomi laughed as he crawled on top of her and they began kissing. My cock got instantly hard and was trapped in my pants. They rolled around a little bit as I started undressing, not believing that I was doing this just because my girlfriend had asked for it.

I couldn’t see everything they were doing, but I could easily figure it out. Eventually they turned over and Neal was on top. Then he whispered something in her ear and she glanced my way and nodded. They turned over once again as I finished undressing. My cock was nice and hard, but small as always. I couldn’t help myself and started stroking my cock as I watched them.

Naomi held my eye as long as she could before sliding down Neal’s body. I knew what she was doing, but watching it in person as opposed to on video is something else entirely.

She had to open up her mouth all the way. It was almost like a snake unhinging its jaw to swallow a much larger animal. His cock wasn’t all the way erect and it slowly went into her mouth and down her throat.

I kept beating off as I watched them. I’m sure that Naomi was enjoying me watch her and jerking off to her. I was fascinated with Neal’s ever-growing cock. It went from large to huge to enormous in almost no time at all. It got so hard that I was certain it would break Naomi’s neck as she fellated him.

“Okay, baby,” Neal said, far too familiarly for my comfort. “Let him have his turn.”

She took his cock out of her throat. “But he’s already hard,” she almost whined to him.

Neal grunted a bit of laughter. “Yeah. Sure. But let him fuck you in the ass. I want to see that action.”

My hand stopped moving on my cock.

Naomi almost winced when she looked back at me. “I really want to try anal but you know that Neal’s too big for me. That’s why I need you tonight.”

“Oh.” I couldn’t think of anything else wittier to say. I couldn’t think of anything else.

Naomi had invited me to her boyfriend’s place for sex. She had kept it vague beyond that, even when I pressed her on the issue. I had asked exactly what she wanted me to do and her answer was along the lines of, “I want you there to watch and pick up the slack.”

I didn’t know I was going to get to try anal for the first time in my life.

I was so excited that I was glad my hand had stopped moving on my cock. Any additional stimulation would have been too much and I would have blasted my load all over the floor.

As I stupidly stood there Naomi retrieved a tube of KY from her purse that was on the floor next to the bed. I didn’t blame her for wanting to keep it close at hand.

Neal moved to the side of the bed where he would have a good view of us. I continued to stand there. Naomi shot a heavy load of the thick lubricant into her hand and started applying it to her ass after she assumed the position on her hands and knees. When she was done greasing her back hole she tossed the tube to me.

“Put some on your cock, though that’s not really going to be necessary, is it?” she asked and winked at Neal.

I don’t think he got her subtle humor.

Still, I did what she asked and applied lube to my cock, especially the head. A condom seemed like it would have been a good idea, but I didn't have any on me, Naomi hadn't offered, and I didn't want to ask Neal for one. I was going in raw.

When I was as ready as I was ever going to be, I stood next to the bed where Naomi was kneeling. She reached out for Neal and gave him a kiss as I got into position. It would have been easy to just slip it into her pussy from behind, but she would have protested and that would be that.

I looked down at her cleft glistening with the lube. Her light brown asshole puckered in anticipation of being penetrated. At this point everything was beyond me. I didn't know truth from reality. Had she done anal before? There was no way for me to know.

Taking my small, hard cock in hand I pressed it against her entrance. She momentarily tightened up and Neal, somehow, sensed this.

"Just relax, baby. You've had my finger up there. You'll love it."

She nodded and looked over her shoulder at me. "Go ahead. Prove your cock isn't useless."

Putting my cock in her ass was easier than I thought it would be. There was a bit of resistance as I pressed forward. She opened up and I went all the way in, not that I could go that far.

Naomi groaned.

"Good, huh?" Neal asked.

She nodded but didn't verbally answer.

"Give it to her, dude," Neal told me. "Just fuck her asshole like it was her cunt."

I nodded and gripped Naomi's hips. The angle was different than what I was used to. Her ass felt different to my cock than her pussy. I wasn't complaining.

Slowly I started thrusting, not wanting to pull out too far and not wanting to be too rough with her. I wanted my girlfriend's first anal experience to be one she

looked back on fondly.

“Yeah...” she breathed out. “Keep going,” she encouraged me. “More...”

I did as she asked. At the same moment, she gestured to Neal and he moved closer to her, uninterested in watching me fuck her ass because my small cock wasn't giving him all that much of a show.

I watched as he got into position and her mouth went down on his large and still hard cock. From where I was I couldn't see all that much detail, but it was obvious what my girlfriend was doing. I was positive this was part of her fantasy as well. It was my job to make sure her fantasy was everything she had dreamed it would be.

“Go ahead an' fuck her hard,” Neal encouraged me. “She'll love it. Don't worry. I won't cum in her mouth.”

Before I could say anything, Naomi had a response. She took his cock from her mouth. “Maybe I want you to cum in my mouth.”

Neal laughed at her. “No. I'm using your pussy. Make sure your pill or whatever is still working. Or maybe I'll give you a bellyful.”

“Fuck me like a real man,” she said after licking his length.

“Or maybe I'll fuck your ass after he loosens you up.”

She nodded eagerly. Or maybe it was just her head bobbing up and down on his cock again. I couldn't tell.

“Don't cum in her ass,” Neal told me. “Shoot it on her back. You don't want her shitting out your cum.”

The image soured anal sex in my mind, but I didn't stop fucking Naomi. I was too far gone at this point. I closed my eyes and focused on a fantasy of my girlfriend in the future sucking my cock while her face was buried between the thighs of another beautiful woman.

Neither of these fantasy figures were Naomi.

And then I was at the moment of inevitability. I pulled out of her ass. My cock wasn't covered in shit. That was good. The lube was a bit frothy, but that was fine. I pumped my cock a couple of times with my hand and finished all over her back.

It seemed to be a good amount of cum. I couldn't tell in the dim lighting of the lower class bedroom in the sketchy part of town.

I was spent and stumbled backwards.

"He came," Naomi announced, pulling her mouth off his long, thick cock again.

Neal grunted. "Still want me to finish in your mouth?"

"Cunt," she said, using a word I'd never heard her use before.

This wasn't my girlfriend.

This wasn't the woman I wanted to be my girlfriend.

He flipped her over onto her back and was between her legs with his big cock. I didn't see him penetrate her, but I saw his heavy balls start slapping against her ass. It was missionary and Naomi was hyperventilating and crying out like a cheap two dollar whore.

I didn't think she was faking it.

I wiped my hand off on the carpeting and started dressing.

They didn't pay the least bit of attention to me. I doubted they realized I left until after they were done.

I ran into another man on the way out of the house. "Neal home?" he asked. It was an odd question considering he was in the living room of the small house and the sound of the two of them fucking would have been obvious to a deaf man.

"Yeah. Fucking some bitch in there." I jerked my thumb over my shoulder as I walked out of the house.

Chapter Five

I never expected to see Naomi after that. We worked in different buildings and avoiding her at work would be easy enough. We had been dating—or fucking, at least—for a couple of years but we hadn’t intertwined our lives.

I didn’t send her a text the next day. I didn’t call her. She didn’t text or call me either.

When I was summoned to HR two days after fucking her ass, I was a nervous wreck because I was certain I was going to be fired.

In the conference room where I had been directed I found Naomi with another woman. I had never seen her before but she was wearing an employee badge of our company.

“Adele, this is Isaac. I think you’ll be perfect for him.”

“Thanks,” Adele said. She was rather plain looking with shortish brown hair and small breasts hidden under a soft pastel sweater. I couldn’t see anything else about her because she was sitting down at the conference table.

“I think we’re done, aren’t we, Isaac?” Naomi asked me.

I was confused. “I guess so...”

Naomi turned to Adele. “He’s got a small dick, but he knows how to use it. I’m done with him. He’s got a good job. See what you can get out of him.”

I was stunned. Adele, however, was not.

She hadn’t taken her eyes off me since I walked in. “I like anal,” she said to me.

Silence.

“Don’t be rude, Isaac. I told her you were very good at fucking my ass.”

I nodded. “It was good.” What else was I going to say?

“There are boyfriend dicks and husband dicks,” Naomi opined. “Boyfriend dicks are fun to fuck every once in a while, but if they’re too big, it’s too much effort. Husband dicks are good for daily fucking...and anal.”

“What...whatever happened to Neal?” I asked her. I knew we were over but I had to know.

“He’s barely boyfriend material,” she told me. “But neither are you. Not for me.”

Adele drummed her fingers on her chin. “We’ll try doing anal tonight. Then I’ll decide if he’s worth keeping.”

Naomi nodded her head.

And that is how I met my wife.

[Preview](#)

Trapped: Cuckold Cheat 1

I met Tomassa at one of those horrible work-related conferences that no one wants to go to but the company dropped a ridiculous amount of money on the meeting, so everyone in the office had to go. I only half paid attention to the workshops. I'll admit it. I was scanning the crowd for attractive and likely women. Tomassa was rather plain, but she had long, straight blonde hair and I couldn't resist flirting with her. Maybe she was a few pounds overweight, but that would be overly critical and judgmental of me. It wasn't as if I had a perfect body. Yes, I tried to stay in shape and work out, but I wasn't gym obsessed.

Still, Tomassa played along when I approached her after one of the workshops.

"That's an unusual name," I said pointing at the tag right above her breast.

Okay, sorry. I admit it. I aimed my finger more at her breast than her name.

I can be an over ass more than I like to admit.

"My friends call me Tomi," she replied.

"So...can I call you Tomi?" I asked.

She laughed.

It was that easy.

We sat next to each other at the terrible lunch that was served. It was edible, but just barely.

We talked more than we ate. Half the conversation was about how terrible the food was.

"Want to cut out of here and get something decent to eat?" I asked her.

She looked around nervously. None of my coworkers were in my afternoon workshops. "Aren't we supposed to stay the entire day."

"I'd rather go home and get something good to eat."

"How far is your place from here?" she asked.

Suburban sprawl is weird. It's easier to measure distance is drive time as related to the time of day. "Right now? Fifteen minutes. After the workshops at five o'clock when everyone else leaves? Easily half an hour. Or more."

She was reluctant. I could tell. Anyone could tell. But still she played along. "What do you have to eat at your place?"

"Mostly leftovers."

She laughed again. "You know how to romance a girl."

"I'm sure they're delicious." I got up from the table and headed to the exit. She caught up to me by the time I reached the door.

On the way out to the parking lot I gave her my address and she promised to follow behind in her car.

My heart was thudding in my chest and I couldn't believe my good luck. We kept things cool as we headed to our cars. We weren't leaving a club where you were supposed to hook up with strangers. I saw her just as she got into her Honda Civic. Her face was flushed as if she were blushing.

I hoped that was a good sign.

I didn't live in some super-exclusive place. I rented a place in a garden apartment complex. It was nice but not fancy. Tomi didn't comment on it at all as we went into my place.

"So...what do you have to eat?" she asked as she looked around my rather plain apartment. The living room was little more than a nice couch, huge television, and every gaming system known to man. I'm sure it didn't impress her. I didn't care.

"I was hoping you'd supply that," I said, moving too close to her.

She went back one step, pressing her back against the wall, but she didn't look afraid and she didn't protest.

When I ducked my head to kiss her, she lifted her chin so that our lips met.

The kiss was intense.

She willingly accepted my tongue into her mouth. I sparred with her tongue and stroked the inside of her cheek for a little preview of what she had below.

I don't know which of us broke the kiss, but when we both stopped for a breath of air and a moment's reflection, she looked me right in the eyes. "You want me to supply the food?" Clearly she was bewildered by me. I didn't blame her.

"Uh-huh," I said before sliding down her body, landing on my knees in front of her.

Tomi, like myself, was dressed casually because that's what conference day was all about. She had a thick black belt that cinched her jeans tightly around her waist. The button-up blouse she wore did a terrible job of hiding her large tits. I hoped that was intentional.

I ran my hands down her hips and to her thighs, feeling the soft flesh underneath the denim. I fantasized a minute about what her skin would feel like and then I moved on to find out exactly what it felt like. I fumbled a moment with her belt and she took over to loosen it. I helpfully popped the button open and unzipped her jeans.

"I'm sorry I'm so fat," she apologized.

I hated her for just a second when she said that. She was looking down at me with her round face that was flushed red with embarrassment, or maybe with lust. Her blond hair perfectly framed it. Yes, she wasn't perfectly proportioned with a model's body, but that didn't make her any less sexy to me.

"Don't say that," I told her. "You're beautiful." I wondered if she had Polish ancestry with her hair and face. Maybe Danish. It didn't matter. I wiggled her jeans over her hips. Yes, she was a little fleshy, but I loved that and kissed her tummy right above her cotton panties that were decorated with sheep. I glanced up at her questioning her sartorial choice.

"I wasn't planning on getting laid today," she explained.

"They're cute," I commented before pressing my face into her crotch. I could smell her pussy. She was clearly aroused and I grabbed the elastic band of her

underwear between my teeth. It was an ineffective way of stripping her, but I hoped it showed that I was playful as well.

“Fuck,” she cursed.

I wasn’t sure if she was worried or eager.

“Problem?” I asked.

“It’s been a while since I’ve...since I’ve had sex with someone.”

“Do you not want to?”

“Hell no,” she declared and yanked her blouse up over her body.

I was right. She had huge tits. They were barely contained by her bright pink bra that didn’t match her panties. Still pressed against the wall, Tomi kicked off her shoes and I yanked her jeans all the way off, leaving her in just her undergarments.

My cock was hard and uncomfortable in my jeans. I wanted to go down on her to taste her pussy before we went any further. That was the way I judged women: by how their pussies tasted.

I’m sure there are worse ways to judge.

Before I could press close again and ease her panties down, she tugged at my shoulders, trying to get my shirt off. I helped her and pulled it off, tossing it aside.

“Stand up,” she said. “I want to see what you look like.”

“Really?” I asked, getting back to my feet, but taking the opportunity to get my sneakers off, stepping on their backs to expedite the process.

“I’m not going to fuck you unless I like what I see.”

That was a reasonable request and I unbuckled my jeans, opening them up, before pushing them down. Just like that I was naked in front of her. My hard cock bobbed around a little while I stepped clear of my jeans. I felt a little

foolish in just my socks, but I'd take care of that soon enough.

"Wow," she said, reaching out for my cock. She gently ran her fingers up from my balls that were tight against my body, up along the shaft, all the way to the head that was just starting to leak some precum. Circling the head with one finger she let her hand slid back down a bit to lightly grip my shaft.

I shivered at her control.

"I like your cock," she complimented me.

"Thank you."

Her fingers curled around me and slowly went up and down. She wasn't masturbating me like I would do myself, but that was the point. Tomi wasn't trying to get me off; she was trying to tease me.

It was working.

"Is this too forward?" she asked.

"No...it's perfect." I closed my eyes and let her manipulate me for a minute, but then I grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Except I don't want to cum that way."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

I opened my eyes. "Yes."

"Here?" she asked looking around the living room.

"Bedroom." I took her hand off my cock and started to lead her through the apartment. It wasn't that big. It didn't take long. My bed was a mess but I didn't care and she didn't comment. Only when we were in my bedroom did I notice the ring that pierced her belly button. There was a small charm dangling from it.

Tomi didn't protest when I moved her onto the bed, shoving the sheets and blankets aside. She was on her back and I was on top of her. We kissed for a minute, my hard cock pressing on her thigh before I started kissing my way down her neck. I planted a bunch of kisses in her cleavage, but I didn't remove her bra, not yet. It was still too soon.

With more kisses I worked my way down her body, briefly tonguing her belly button and the little ring and charm which made her gasp, before I stopped at the edge of her sheep-covered panties.

This time I used my hands to pull them down her hips and legs.

She helped.

Her skin was perfectly smooth and pale except for her shoulders and chest which were generously covered with freckles. It was still early spring. Her body was still white from having been hidden from the sun all winter. There were faint red marks on her hips where her underwear, just a little too small, cut into her skin.

Between her legs she had shaped her pubic hair into a neat strip, a couple of inches wide. For a woman claiming that she hadn't had sex in...a few weeks? Months? A year? I didn't know. For a woman claiming a lack of sex, her pussy was well-groomed. I kissed above her mound and then to the side. She didn't shave. It was perfectly smooth. Maybe she waxed or had it laser removed.

Just that little detail let me know she took some pride in her body and was a sexual woman.

That was perfect.

I pushed her legs apart and her scent rose up from her pussy. Running my tongue through the blonde curls, I found the top of her slit and then her clit.

My cock throbbed when she gasped at the touch. I wiggled my tongue against the tiny bit of flesh and she tensed up, squeezing her pillowy thighs against me.

"Should I stop?" I asked her.

Her eyes were clamped tightly shut. "Nooo," she moaned.

I moved my tongue lower, into her pussy. She was wet. She was tart and sweet and musky all at the same time. The inside of her tunnel was as smooth as the inside of her mouth.

Her knees went up toward the ceiling, giving me better access to her pussy.

“Can you cum from oral?” I asked her, taking a quick break.

She answered me by enthusiastically nodding her head. I traveled back up to her clit and got to work on it. I sucked. I licked. I slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy and stroked the front wall searching for her little hidden spot behind the pubic bone.

Tomi was a very sexual woman. I brought my best game to her pussy and it only took a couple of minutes before she was gasping for air. When I sucked hard on her clit she pounded the mattress with her fists before her entire body shook and a little trickle of her natural juices filled my mouth.

It was only polite to swallow.

Pulling my face up from her pussy I smiled at her. “Did you cum?” It was a cliché question, but I wanted to ask it because I knew I had made her cum. Unless, of course, she was the best actress I’d ever been with or seen.

I’ve seen a lot of porn.

“Fuck yes,” she answered. “Are you going to use your cock on me?”

I knelt up and moved to the side of the bed. I was good and hard. She was wet and panting to be penetrated. “Yes. Just let me get a condom.” I opened the drawer next to my bed and got one out.

“You don’t have to use one. I’m safe,” she said as I rolled it on.

“Better safe than sorry,” I said as I got back into position. Her hand went right to my cock and guided me in.

I had no regrets about fucking her or going down on her.

There are lies and then there are lies. Lies of omission aren’t as bad of a lie, but that’s my opinion.

And what’s cheating really? Looking at another person’s body? Flirting? Kissing? Mutual masturbation? Oral sex? Penetrative sex with a condom? Penetrative sex without a condom?

Pick a line. Wherever you put the line, someone has cheated.

Once I was inside Tomi, I realized that not only did her pussy look perfect and taste perfect, but it felt perfect to my cock.

It might have felt better than my girlfriend's pussy. Or maybe it was the thrill of fucking someone new for the first time combined with cheating. Either way, the sex was, to use the cliché, fan-fucking-tastic. I didn't regret fucking her at all.

I don't want to brag, but I'll do it a little. I made her cum twice before I finished. Once on her back and once doggy style. She didn't seem to have a preference for which position she came in. I liked seeing the full flare of her ass when we fucked doggy, but it was just as satisfying to kiss her while we did it in the traditional missionary.

Maybe she peaked a final time when I finished inside her, but I'm sure that was just my imagination.

I didn't pass out and neither did she, but we faded into that hazy afterglow that accompanies amazing sex. I wasn't sure how long we half-slept there in my bed.

I can tell you, however, precisely when I was awoken from dozing. 4:37pm. It was the exact time my girlfriend walked into the bedroom of my apartment. She had the right. We'd been dating six months and she had the spare key. She almost always stopped at my place after work because I lived alone and she had two roommates in her bigger and nicer place, but mine had privacy.

Except for when I had a guest over.

This was the first time I had a guest over that I had been fucking.

Did you forget that this was a story about cheating? I hope not because there's going to be a whole lot more cheating going on before we get to the end.

Her first words at catching me in bed with another woman?

"Really Travis? You couldn't go to her place?"

I sat bolt upright and Tomi clutched the sheets to her chest, hiding her tits.

"Uh...here was closer?" I had no idea if that was true or not, but I felt the need to

say something, even as stupid as it was.

Perrin ignored my stupid remark and looked at Tomi. “Get your clothes on and get out. I need to speak with my...boyfriend.”

With those words she turned on her heel and left the bedroom, politely closing the door behind her.

“Oh fuck, oh shit,” Tomi cursed. “What are we going to do?” She was in full panic mode. I didn’t blame her. I wasn’t sure if Perrin’s cool was worse than if she had turned into a raging maniac.

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[About the Author](#)

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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