

It's Harmless

by Pan

Chapter 1

"No," Willow panted, her face flushed with need. "No, Victoria, please. I-I'm engaged. I love my fiance. We...we can't..."

"We can," Victoria replied with a smile. "We are. And we will again."

Willow's eyes rolled back in her head as she came, shuddering against the couch. Before she had time to recover from her orgasm, Victoria's lips were on hers, taking her housemate's mouth possessively.

If you encountered the two women downtown on a weekend, you'd probably find them dressed casually in jeans and t-shirts – although a discerning eye would spot that Willow's clothes were expensive and chic, while Victoria's looked like they came from the rack of a department store.

Victoria was almost a foot taller than her housemate – she typically wore her long blonde hair in a ponytail, while Willow's brown locks were always styled in a bob cut. They were both beautiful: skinny and flat-chested, though Victoria had an athletic build, while Willow was quite petite, her fragile appearance masking the lithe flexibility she'd developed from years of yoga.

If you encountered the two women at home, you'd probably find them naked. Well, Victoria would occasionally wear clothes, but Willow was always nude.

The two had been friends, once. But now, their relationship was far more complex than that.

"Victoria," Willow moaned, when her housemate finally pulled away. "Please..."

"Please stop?" Victoria asked teasingly, her fingers tracing patterns on Willow's bare, flushed skin. "Or please don't?"

"Please," the short woman weakly replied. "I...please..."

"Mmmhmm," Victoria purred. She leaned forward and took one nipple between her teeth, tugging gently before releasing it. "That's what I thought."

It had all started when Willow had announced her engagement. She'd expected Victoria to be excited, especially when she'd asked her blonde housemate to be in the wedding party. And while Victoria had tried to play the part of an excited bestie, she'd been unable to mask her jealousy.

Willow should have been used to it. Victoria had never been good at hiding her envy: at Willow's family money (her great-grandfather had been an early investor in Pepsi) or her law degree, or the way that men seemed to naturally gravitate towards the shorter woman.

But there was something about telling your closest friend that you were getting married... Willow had been hurt and disappointed that Victoria hadn't been able to put her jealousy aside and just be happy for her. Unlike her friend, however, she'd hidden her emotions, and pretended not to notice Victoria's green-eyed reaction.

"What's that sound?" Willow had asked the next day.

"Oh, it's a white noise generator," her housemate had replied with a smile. "It helps me concentrate."

"So why is it in the kitchen?"

"I was studying and forgot to turn it off. I'll get to it soon – let me know if it bothers you."

It did, at first. But after a few hours, it was like something switched in Willow's brain; not only did it stop bothering her, she realized she kind of...liked it.

"How did we even start talking about this?" Willow giggled a week later. The ladies were most of the way through their second bottle of wine, sitting in the kitchen and sharing secrets.

Despite Victoria's jealousy, they really were close.

"Doesn't matter," Victoria replied with sly smile. At a glance, one would assume the two women were equally drunk; it would take a close look to realize that while Victoria's words were just as slurred as her friends, her hands were steady and her eyes were sharp. "Answer the question."

"I've always thought it would be pretty hot to roleplay," Willow blushing confessed. "Like, pretending that I'm a sexy high school teacher with a crush on my student, or a secretary who needs to convince her boss not to let her go. Something like...something like that, y'know. God, this is so embarrassing."

"You think that's embarrassing? Will, that's the most vanilla sexual fantasy I've ever heard."

The young woman held her hands up defensively.

"I'm just being honest! What about you?"

"Oh, no. I don't think you could handle it."

"What?? I told you mine!"

Victoria topped up her friend's drink and watched with a hungry smile as Willow gulped it down. "Willow, honey," she said with a smile, "you told me you fantasize about having normal, vanilla sex while pretending to be someone else. You don't even fantasize about having sex with the student?"

"Ew, no. That's, like, statutory rape. And completely unprofessional."

"Yeah, that confirms it. You don't want to hear the kind of stuff I think about."

Willow shot Victoria what she hoped was an imploring stare. "Now I have to know. Like, kinky stuff?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Tell me!"

Victoria laughed at her friend's whine.

"Well, you have to promise not to judge."

Willow rolled her eyes, then took a moment to re-steady herself. "I promise."

"And you can't get mad."

"What? Why would I get mad?"

"You have to promise."

After throwing her friend a look, Willow held up three fingers. "I solemnly swear I will not get mad, or judge, or...I dunno, tell your mom. Now tell me what kind of sick stuff you're into."

Victoria licked her lips, then leaned in close. Willow followed suit, until their noses were almost touching.

"I'll tell you what I thought about last night when I got off."

"Okay..."

"You know your ex-boyfriend Phil?"

Willow's nose wrinkled. "You're into *Phil*?"

"Let me finish."

"Okay..."

"Your ex-boyfriend Phil comes around, and you two hook up." Victoria didn't pause at the sign of Willow's eyebrows raising. "You don't have any condoms, so you let him fuck you bareback. He gets you pregnant--"

"Jesus, Vicky..."

"--and you have to cancel the wedding. You ruin your life by getting knocked up while

cheating on your boyfriend.”

A smile slowly spread across Victoria’s face as Willow stared at her in shock. The two sat in silence, the only sound the white noise generator in the background.

“*That’s* what you think about when you...when you...”

Willow trailed off, and the blonde woman nodded.

“You promised not to judge.”

“Right. Yeah. Right. Um...”

Victoria waited for a conclusion to the thought that never came. Finally, she broke the silence herself.

“It’s getting late,” she offered, and Willow blushing accepted the excuse.

“Yeah,” she said. “I should, um. Bed. Um. Yeah.”

Victoria grabbed her friend’s arm, and helped guide her to the bedroom.

The next morning, neither girl spoke about what they’d discussed the previous night. Victoria was her usual friendly self, while Willow did all she could to avoid her housemate’s eyes. The two of them ate breakfast without speaking, white noise filling the room.

It was two more nights before Willow finally brought it up.

“Victoria,” she said, her face bright red before the conversation even started.

“Mmm?”

The blonde woman was sitting on the couch, scrolling through her phone.

“I wanted to, um...” Willow hesitated for a moment – when had Victoria installed a white noise generator in the living-room? – before resolving not to let herself get distracted. “I wanted to talk about the, uh, conversation we had the other day. In the kitchen.”

“Oh? Have you and your boy started roleplaying?”

“No! No. It’s not that. Actually, it’s...um, it’s about what you told me.”

“You promised not to get mad,” Victoria warned, and Willow nodded. She had.

“Yeah. But...I don’t know if I’m entirely comfortable with the idea that you’re thinking about...y’know, *that*.”

A wicked smile slowly spread across Victoria’s face, and she patted the couch beside her. Willow hesitated, before eventually sat beside her.

“Firstly, it’s not like that’s my only fantasy. I have so many more – that was just the first one that came to mind.”

“Um. Right. Okay...”

“But more importantly: you can see why that’s sexy, right?”

Willow blinked twice, then ran her tongue over her dry lips. This wasn’t where she’d expected the conversation to go.

“I mean, um...”

“You’ve thought about it, right?”

“N-not really, no...”

“I think you should. Just to, y’know, understand where I’m coming from.”

“Victoria, I don’t really want to...”

The taller woman cut her off, her eyes bright and intense.

“Just imagine it – you and Phil reconnect. You get to talking. You rediscover why you were so into each other in the first place. Then, you can’t help yourself. You find yourself kissing, passionately making out right here on the couch. You want him. Your whole body tingles – you have to have him, right now. You want to feel him inside you, you want to feel him inside you...”

Willow made a strangled noise, and Victoria pressed on.

“You don’t have a condom, but you won’t let that stop you. His hardness is at your entrance, and you tell him to do it. You tell him to fuck you. You tell him that you’re going to cheat on your fiancé; that you *want* to cheat on your fiancé. That it turns you on to think about letting another man inside you before your wedding day.”

“Victoria...”

“And he does. He fucks you harder than your fiancé ever has, until he’s cumming inside you, filling your unprotected womb with his seed...”

Both women were breathing heavily.

“It’s two months before you realize that you’re pregnant. One night of passion has ruined your life. You have a baby growing inside you. You know you can’t tell Phil; he doesn’t want you anyway. But your fiancé does. Your fiancé wants you, and he doesn’t know what happened. You don’t tell him. You resolve to living a lie.”

“I...I can’t...”

“A week before the wedding, he catches you throwing up in the bathroom. He works out that you’re pregnant. You two have always been so safe, so sensible, so he knows it’s not his. He cancels the wedding. You ruined everything by being such a hot, needy slut...”

“Oh, *god*...”

“You’re a slut, aren’t you?”

“W-what?”

“Say it,” Victoria hissed. “Say that you’re a hot, wet, cheating little slut.”

Willow’s eyes widened. “Victoria, I...”

“Say it!”

“I’m a...I’m a...”

The young woman’s voice was thick with arousal. She was panting, staring into Victoria’s eyes, her skin flushed, her hands balled into fists, as though they were desperately fighting the urge to remove her clothes, to reach between her legs and touch herself.

“I’m a...I’m a...oh, *god*!”

Victoria’s smile never left her face as she watched her housemate run from the room.

That weekend, Victoria looked up with a smile. Willow was standing in her bedroom doorway, silently staring at her. Her face looked gaunt, as though she hadn’t been sleeping.

“C-can we talk?” she asked, and Victoria nodded, patting the bed beside her. Willow sat down, and turned to her friend. “V-Victoria, I don’t think...I don’t think you should...”

The blonde waited patiently as her housemate got her words together.

“I d-don’t think that you should be...that I should be...”

“Is this about the fantasy I shared with you?” Victoria asked gently, and Willow nodded, a tear running down her cheek. “It’s hot, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes,” Willow confessed.

“Have you been thinking about it a lot?”

The smaller woman simply nodded in response.

“Then what’s the problem?”

“It’s wrong,” Willow said, her eyes downcast. “V-Victoria, it’s not right to...that kind of thing isn’t right.”

“Why not? It’s just a fantasy.”

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” Willow whispered, meeting her friend’s intense gaze. “I-it’s like my brain keeps going over and over in circles about it – I think about it when I touch myself,

or when I'm fucking my fiancé, or..."

"It's okay," Victoria said soothingly. "It's not real. Like, when was the last time you even saw Phil?"

"A year ago?" Willow admitted, and Victoria stroked her back soothingly.

"Well, there you go. It's a completely harmless fantasy, isn't it?"

"I..."

"Say that it's harmless, Willow."

"It's...it's harmless."

"That's right," Victoria said with a nod. "It's completely harmless. You can think about it whenever you like. There's nothing wrong with thinking about it while you're having sex. Imagining that it's Phil on top of you instead of your fiancée. Picturing yourself getting knocked up, cheating on your future husband, getting left at the altar. Fantasizing about being forced to live the rest of your life alone, because you were too much of a slut to use a condom. It's okay to accept that you're a hot, wet, cheating slut."

"I'm not a..."

Victoria held one finger up to her friend's lips. "Shhhh. It's okay. You're a slutty little whore who loves to cheat."

"But...but..."

Victoria leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on Willow's forehead. "You need to say it."

Willow stared into Victoria's bright blue eyes for a few moments before nodding.

"I'm a...I'm a..."

"You're a whore," Victoria prompted. "Say it."

Her housemate swallowed, and a single tear escaped her eye. She cleared her throat nervously.

"I am. A wh-whore."

Her entire body seemed to relax as the words left her mouth.

"Good girl," Victoria said, pulling her housemate in for a hug. "What do you love?"

"Cheating," Willow admitted, breathing a long sigh of relief. "I'm a whore who loves to cheat."

There was a long pause. The sound of the white noise machine filled the room.

Willow didn't say anything when she saw Phil in her living-room. Her eyes widened, her mouth fell open, but nothing came out.

She didn't know what she *could* say. What's the correct response when you see your ex – whom you've been thinking about each night as you masturbate – sitting on your couch, making out with your housemate?

But she couldn't leave. So she stood there, entranced by the sight of Phil and Victoria kissing, their hands roaming around each other's bodies. Willow bit her lip as her friend's hand slid up his shirt, needily grasping at his chest hairs.

She knew those chest hairs well. She remembered them from when they'd been together, and over the past two weeks had imagined them, so many times. Touching them. The feel of them, pressed against her bare breasts.

Slick with sweat as Phil unloaded into her, filling her unprotected womb with his seed.

When the kiss ended, Willow took a step back, her heart pounding. Victoria looked at her expectantly. Phil hadn't even noticed she was there.

Willow knew exactly what her housemate wanted her to do.

Over the past two weeks, Victoria had shared many more of her fantasies. Willow starred in each of them.

Victoria's entire range of fetishes all had one thing in common: her petite, engaged housemate ending her relationship by taking big, stupid risks. By ignoring her brain, and listening to her pussy.

In one, Willow and Victoria had a lesbian affair, and her fiancé caught her and called the whole thing off. In another, Willow decided to start an OnlyFans, publishing lewd photos and sexy confessions, only to be found out by her betrothed: he called her an internet whore and dumped her for a good girl. A sensible girl. The kind of girl that Willow truly was.

Just not in her fantasies.

Victoria had gone into particular detail about Willow going to a local bar and offering head to anyone who wanted it. By the end of the night, there was a line out the door...with her fiancé at the end, horrified to learn what a dirty slut he'd fallen in love with.

Cheat. Whore. Slut. The degrading language was another recurring feature of Victoria's fantasies.

Hearing Victoria's perversions had been worrying enough, but even worse: they were somehow...contagious.

When her housemate shared her disgusting visages of Willow's future, the petite woman wanted to be horrified. But instead, she found herself fascinated. Intrigued.

Aroused.

By the end of each recounting, Victoria's mouth was on Willow's ear, coaxing confessions out of her. "You like it, don't you? Slut."

She tried to resist. She really did. But Willow wasn't a dishonest woman, and eventually a sobbing "Yes" would escape her lips.

Willow would return to her room, tears in her eyes, and she'd touch herself. She'd touch herself, imagining she was living out the fantasies Victoria had shared with her. As the white noise machine Victoria had installed beside her bed filled the room masked the sounds of her self-pleasure, Willow would get off. She'd imagine herself sucking a line of cocks, making out with her housemate, taking nude photographs for money...and getting pregnant to her ex-boyfriend Phil.

And now here he was. Sitting on her couch. Willow didn't know how Victoria had gotten him there, but she didn't care.

All that mattered was that he was there. He was there, and he was horny.

Almost as horny as she was. It was as though every time Victoria had shared another fantasy, Willow's brain had relinquished more control to her pussy.

Victoria crooked a finger, beckoning Willow to the couch. As if she was in a trance, the young woman obeyed. One foot slowly moved in front of another, until she was standing in front of Victoria and Phil. Her hands were shaking with nervousness, her heart was pounding in her chest, and she was soaking wet.

God she was wet.

Phil was here. He was here. The man she'd fantasized about so many times was sitting on her couch.

And she was going to fuck him.

"Victoria," Willow whispered, and Phil's eyes widened as he noticed her for the first time. Until she spoke, he'd only had eyes for Victoria.

"Willow," her housemate replied, amusement dancing across her lips.

"I don't want...I can't..."

"Come here," the blonde woman whispered. "Come sit on the couch."

Without a word, Willow obeyed. It was like everything else faded into the background – the sound of traffic outside, the three white noise machines in the corner of the room, the hum of the refrigerator, the ticking clock. All that mattered was the woman in front of her, and the things she was saying.

"Kiss him," Victoria ordered. Willow wanted to fight, to resist, but she didn't. She couldn't.

With a soft groan, she moved her lips to Phil's. For the first time, she cheated on her fiancé. She kissed her ex, a thrill running through her body at the familiar taste.

"Touch him," Victoria commanded, and Willow did. Her hands explored Phil's body, touching a man other than the one to whom she was engaged.

"Strip for him," Victoria instructed, and in no time at all, Willow's clothes were off. She stood in front of the attractive pair, completely exposed, naked in front of someone other than her beloved for the first time since she'd met him.

"Fuck him," Victoria hissed, and – for the first time – Willow hesitated. She didn't even know when Phil had brought his cock out; that long, slender cock which had brought her so much pleasure in the past.

But...she couldn't. She didn't want to.

Her body did. She was wet and ready, her pussy aching for attention, her body tingling at the prospect of taking Phil inside her, taking his bare cock into her needy cunt.

Her pussy wanted to fuck. But her mind didn't.

"Please," Willow whispered. "I love my fiancé. I can't..."

"You want to do this," Victoria snapped, her green eyes flashing. "You've been thinking about it for weeks. I know you want it, and that's all that matters."

"I-I'm engaged," Willow protested. "I can't."

"Tell me you don't want this," Victoria pressed.

Willow's face was flushed. She couldn't.

"Tell me you want to be faithful," her housemate continued. Willow remained silent.

"Then do it," Victoria ordered. "Sink down onto him. Feel him enter you. Feel his unprotected skin against yours."

Willow blinked twice. When had she moved to Phil's lap? Her pussy was hovering directly above his hardness. He was pointed straight at her wet slit, ready to penetrate her.

All she had to do was relax. All she had to do was stop fighting it, and she'd sink down onto his cock.

But...she couldn't. She didn't want to.

Did she?

An image of herself pregnant at the alter sprung to mind. Her fiancé leaving her, calling her a whore. Slut.

Cheat.

Phil and Willow both let out a long groan as her pussy-lips parted to allow his cock entrance.

The thin, impossibly hard length of flesh was splitting her open, and Willow couldn't stop it. Her pussy wanted to take him inside. She had to.

As if her ass was on autopilot, one of her hands reached back and used the grip to help her descent. Without her brain's consent, Willow's hips started to lower, and her pussy swallowed the first few inches of Phil's cock.

They both let out a long moan, and she couldn't stop. Her hips continued to lower, and her throbbing, aching cunt swallowed his cock until his bare skin was pressed against hers.

It was happening. She was fucking her ex-boyfriend. She was fucking him with her fiancé in the next room. She was fucking him without a rubber, without a condom.

The thrill of it all was almost too much for Willow. She'd never been unfaithful to her fiancé before, and now she was fucking another man without protection. Her pussy was throbbing around Phil's cock, her body tingling with lust. She couldn't stop.

And she loved it. She loved every second of it.

"Beg for it," Victoria hissed. "Beg for his cock. Tell him how much you want to fuck him."

"I-I need it," Willow whispered. "I need his cock. His unprotected cock. I need to fuck my ex-boyfriend, please."

Phil groaned, and Willow's eyes went wide. Her pussy throbbed around his cock. She was so close...so close...

"I'm fucking him," she gasped, her body trembling with lust. It had only been a few moments, but Willow was already on the brink of orgasm, struggling to hold it back. "I'm riding his cock. I'm fucking my ex-boyfriend, please, I'm fucking him."

She punctuated the sentence with a moan, louder this time, as her pussy involuntarily clenched on Phil's cock. She knew she should stop, but her body refused. Even as her mind started to panic, her hips started to gyrate. She was riding her ex's cock, moving her body up and down on his shaft. Each movement brought her closer to climax, brought her to the edge of orgasm, but she didn't stop. Couldn't stop. Her hips continued to gyrate, her cunt continued to swallow Phil's cock. His hands were on her hips, guiding her, encouraging her to fuck him harder and faster.

"You're a slut," Victoria purred. Her housemate's eyes were locked onto Willow, noting each and every movement of her hips. Victoria's eyes were locked on Willow's slit, and the young woman was sure that she could see her former lover, bare inside her.

"I'm a slut," Willow shuddered in response, continuing to lower herself. Her walls stretched to accommodate Phil's cock. It felt incredible. The pleasure coursed through her body.

"You're a cheating slut," Victoria whispered.

"I'm a cheating – oh! – s-slut..." Willow echoed.



“That’s it,” Victoria whispered. “That’s your pussy. Get used to his cock inside of it. Get used to the fact that you’re fucking him. You’re fucking him without protection. You’re fucking Phil while your fiancé is sleeping in his bed, all alone. You’re fucking your ex while you’re engaged to someone else.”

“I can’t,” Willow panted. “I won’t!”

But her body told a different story. Victoria was right. She was fucking him, taking his unprotected cock deep inside of her. Her pussy was wrapped around him, pulling him in deeper.

“Your pussy is his,” Victoria continued. “It’s warm and wet and waiting for him to use it. It’s ready to take his seed. It’s ready to let his cum spread through your body, and it’s ready to fulfil its sole purpose: to give him a baby.”

Willow shuddered as those words sunk in. Her cunt clenched, her body shuddering as she imagined herself pregnant. A hand on her belly, and Phil’s lips on hers as he whispered to her...

“Fuck him,” Victoria hissed. “Fuck him like the slutty little bitch you are. Fuck him like a dirty slut. Fuck him like a cheating whore. Fuck him, and cum on his cock. Cum on his unprotected cock. Cum on his bare dick.”

Those words pushed Willow over the edge. She couldn’t hold it back any longer: her orgasm had arrived. It ripped through her body, hot waves of pleasure coursing through her, the sensation of her pussy clenching on Phil’s cock making her squeal. She loved it. She loved the way he felt inside her. She loved the way it felt to be unfaithful behind her fiancé’s back. She loved it all.

She loved it.

As the waves of pleasure started to subside, the occasional shudder still rippling through her body, Willow’s hips started moving again. She needed more. She needed to cum again.

“Fuck me,” she whispered. “Fuck me bare. Fuck my pussy. Fuck my cunt. Fuck my hole. Fuck my slit. Fuck my hot, wet cunt. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.”

Incoherent, Phil grabbed her hips and started to thrust. The young woman groaned as his cock penetrated her again, as his bare dick punched into her wetness, as he penetrated her again and again, as he fucked her.

“Fuck my pussy,” she screamed as her body quivered. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her, making her vision blur and her head spin. Nothing had ever felt this good, this intense.

Her mouth was open, but she couldn’t speak. The words were trapped in her throat, unable to pass her lips. She could only moan, helplessly, as her body shook with pleasure.

“Cum with him,” Victoria ordered, and Willow’s eyes widened. She couldn’t cum again... her body was spent. No, it couldn’t do it again. She was spent. Her body couldn’t take it.

But she could. She did. Another orgasm tore through her, making her vision swim, making her pussy pulse frantically on Phil’s cock. It didn’t matter that there was nothing to stop his cum from entering her. Her body simply refused to stop. It continued to lower itself onto Phil’s cock, accepting each delicious inch of manhood into her body.

“That’s it,” Victoria moaned. “Get used to this. Get used to Phil’s cock inside your pussy. Get used to fucking your ex while you’re engaged to someone else.”

Her hand dove between Willow’s thighs, and the cheating slut gasped as her housemate’s fingers slid against her clit. Victoria was still talking dirty, but her words weren’t important. The only important thing was Willow’s pussy, which was still clenching on Phil’s cock. The only important thing was her fingers on her clit, which were busy teasing her, which were busy...

Phil came, and Willow’s own orgasm hit her like a wave. She tumbled away from reality

itself. She was gone. Her body kept moving, but her mind was gone, lost in the totality of the sexual experience. She'd cum once, and now she was cumming again. Her pussy was being fucked by Phil's cock, and she was cumming again. Her cum continued to flow through her body, through her cunt, through her pussy, through her body, through her very ...soul

The pleasure had passed, harder this time around, leaving Willow spent. Her body was limp, but her pussy continued to twitch, draining the last drops of cum from her former lover's cock. Her eyes were glazed over, her brain a puddle.

"That's a good girl," Victoria purred. The woman's fingers were dancing on Willow's clit, and the younger woman remained immobile, incapable of reciprocating. Her housemate's eyes were locked onto hers as she reached for a discarded towel. She pressed it against the girl's pussy, and the young woman barely noticed.

"You're a good slut," Victoria whispered, stroking Willow's hair softly. "You're a good little slut, Willow. You're a good little slut for yourself, and you're a good little slut for Phil. You're a slut for yourself, a slut for your housemate, a slut for your ex...a slut for everyone."

Willow smiled, a dazed smile. She looked up at Victoria, and her housemate smiled back.

"It's time for both of you to get some sleep," Victoria said, turning towards Phil. "You two should share Willow's room tonight. You can sleep where her fiancée normally does. She can fuck you in the bed where she normally fucks the man she's going to marry."

Willow trembled with arousal at the idea.

"Cuddle together," Victoria continued. "Make love again. As many times as you like. Do anything, but remember that you can't use condoms. You should make sure that you cum inside her. You should make sure you plant your seed inside of her. You should make sure that she gets pregnant. If she's not already."

Willow's eyes widened, and she wanted to protest. Before she could, Victoria continued. "You might be pregnant, Willow. Our little slut is pregnant, Phil. Your pussy is full of seed, babe, seed that is growing inside of you, seed that is germinating within you, seed that will become a beautiful baby. You're pregnant. You're pregnant with Phil's baby. "

"T-thank you, Victoria," Willow whispered, a tear sliding down her face.

Her fiancé was sleeping alone across town, with no idea that she'd cheated on him. She'd cheated on him, having the most powerful orgasm of her life. Her pussy was full of another man's cum, Phil's cum, her ex's cum, and she'd never been happier.

"Good slut," Victoria whispered, kissing the girl's forehead. "Good, cheating little slut."

"Cheating little slut," Willow echoed, before standing up and reaching out to Phil. "Come on, lover," she said with a brainless smile. "Let's go to bed."