

Cuckquean

by Pan

Chapter 1

It all started with a stray thought that crossed my mind while Dale was fucking me.

I wonder if he's thinking about Angela?

Angela is Dale's ex. I've always been jealous of her, on some level. She's almost a decade older than me, but even in a decade I can't imagine myself being half as successful as she is.

It was a thought that should have made me mad – furious, in fact...but for some reason, it didn't.

It turned me on.

I can't even explain it – the idea of his mind on *her* while he was thrusting into *me*. Using my body to cum while he really wanted to be in the next room over, sticking it to his ex...

Why was that thought so hot to me?

I came in record time, and Dale followed shortly after. He left my room to go to the toilet, and even though I'd just cum, the second he closed the door behind him, I pulled out my phone.

It didn't take long for me to find it. The picture.

As well as being Dale's ex, Angela was my housemate. She and Dale had been together for over a decade, but they'd broken up shortly after I moved in. I'd felt terrible about it, but...well, Dale and I just had a connection. And Angela had been completely fine about it. I'd offered to move out, or to avoid having him around, but she'd been completely okay with me seeing him and living with her. And both at once.

The picture was of Dale and Angela holding hands and walking down a street in...Italy, I think. The light was warm, golden yellow, dappling off the buildings and reflecting on their faces. They looked so happy. Even if you didn't know who they were, even if you didn't know how in love they'd been, you would've known what a special moment this was.

And as soon as I saw it, my pussy pulsed with need.

I reached down and rubbed myself through my panties until I couldn't take it anymore. Then I pulled them aside and slid two fingers inside my dripping snatch. My hips bucked forward as I fingered myself, trying desperately to get close enough to touch my clit without pulling my hand away. But then I heard footsteps coming from downstairs again. The bedroom door opened, and Dale walked in.

He looked surprised to see me sitting there naked, furiously rubbing my cunt. "What are you

doing?” he asked, clearly confused.

“Nothing,” I said quickly, pushing my skirt back down.

Dale took one look at my face and laughed. “Needed more, did you?”

I nodded, grateful that he hadn’t looked at the computer. That he hadn’t seen that I was masturbating to – of all things – a photo of him and his ex.

Dragging me back to the bed, Dale pushed me down on top of the sheets and climbed between my legs. His cock slipped easily into my soaking wet slit, filling me up almost instantly.

I was so wet that Dale didn’t have much trouble getting himself hard and pumping his thick shaft into me. I grabbed his ass with both hands, using his weight to fuck myself against him, grinding my breasts into his chest. When we were both ready, I rolled us over so that he was on top. As soon as his dick was all the way in, I started moaning loudly. It wasn’t long before I was screaming for him to fuck me harder, faster.

As he fucked me, Dale’s eyes never left mine. We locked gazes like this every time his cock plunged deep inside me. Every thrust sent an electric shock straight to my brain, making it impossible not to stare right back at him. Each movement of his body told me exactly what he wanted: how fast to go, where to push, and even the angle of his strokes.

And the entire time, I was thinking of Angela.

No, not just Angela. Dale and Angela. Together. Doing what we were doing now.

Thinking of Dale thinking of Angela while he fucked me.

After we both came, we lay there panting and sweating, covered in sweat. “That was amazing,” I sighed.

Dale smiled, his breath still ragged. “I’m glad.”

I leaned up to kiss him, but he put a finger to my lips.

“I want to say something first,” he whispered.

I stared into Dale’s blue eyes, waiting.

“I’ve been thinking about Angela a lot lately.”

My eyes widened. *Had* he seen what was on my monitor?

“We haven’t really spent much time together since the breakup, and...well, you know she’s important to me.”

“Of course,” I nodded. My pussy pulsed again at the idea of my boyfriend fucking his ex.

God, what was wrong with me?

“You don’t mind if I start hanging out with her again, do you? Just as friends.”

I waited for my jealous streak to show its face, but it seemed this new (bizarre) fantasy had eliminated it. Instead of jealous, I felt nothing but arousal at the idea.

Not that I could let Dale see that, of course.

“No problem,” I said quickly. “It would be nice for you two to get back together. I mean, uh. Spend more time together. You know what I mean.”

Dale kissed my forehead. “Thanks, babe. I’ll set up something with Angela this week. And thanks for being so understanding about everything. You’re a great girlfriend.”

I couldn’t help smiling at his words. I’d always felt so inadequate compared to Angela, his words meant to so much to me.

The next day, Dale and Angela met up for dinner. It was completely above-board, of course. Dale was a loving, loyal boyfriend. It would never be anything other than innocent.

But you couldn’t tell my mind that. The entire time they were out, I lay on the couch and touched myself.

I kept picturing them in my head. I saw Dale kissing Angela, and I imagined him pulling her dress down to see those perfect tits. I pictured him taking one of those big nipples between his fingers and sucking it hard.

Then I thought of Dale’s dick sliding into her. It was so thick – and she was so tiny – that I wondered how he managed to fit inside her without splitting her open. I remembered the picture from Italy. Had they fucked that night? Had he bent her over and pounded away at her tight little ass until he came all the way down into her womb?

I knew I shouldn’t think these things. But I just couldn’t stop imagining my boyfriend and his ex together.

I came so hard that I was shaking. And before they got home, I came twice more. My hips bucked and I moaned loudly as I got myself off, imagining my boyfriend with another woman. Imagining my boyfriend with his ex..

As soon as Dale got home, I wanted to jump him. I wanted to fuck him. I wanted to cum on his cock, again and again and again...

But he and Angela came home together (my nipples tightened at the sight of them; from the outside, you’d think they were still a couple) and so we had to spend a some time together as a threesome before I could get Dale alone.

When we were finally alone, I think I shocked Dale with how urgently I took him.

“You need to fuck my pussy, baby,” I gasped. “Right now!”

Dale was hesitant, but I wasn't normally one for dirty talk, and I guessed that turned him on. He pushed me onto the bed and climbed on top of me. His cock slid easily inside my dripping cunt and we started making out immediately.

I was so horny. As Dale entered me, I couldn't help but picture him fucking Angela. He'd been inside her so many times, he'd fucked her on so many occasions...he knew her body better than he knew mine. And she knew his.

They were made for each other. Their bodies fit so well together.

I was sure she was better in bed than I was.

That was the thought that got me off, and in no time at all, I was screaming with pleasure as Dale came inside me.

“What's gotten into you?” my boyfriend asked, and I hesitated, not sure how to answer. Obviously I couldn't tell him the truth – that the idea of Dale pounding Angela's tight little body had filled my head and made my pussy throb. Even just thinking about it was turning me on...

“Nothing,” I lied, “it's just...” I trailed off.

Dale kissed my cheek and moved his hand to my breast.

“Just what, babe? Tell me.”

I sighed, realizing that I needed to come up with some kind of excuse for why I was acting like this.

“I'm stressed out,” I said, trying to sound casual. Trying to hide the fact that I was lying through my teeth.

My boyfriend smiled. “I can tell.”

We spent the rest of the evening cuddling, but Angela was on my mind the whole time.

The next day at work, I was in the middle of an intense meeting with my boss's most important client when my phone rang. It was Dale. Normally I don't take calls while in meetings, but just the sight of Dale's picture was enough to make my brain go foggy.

“This will just take a second,” I said with a smile. “Family emergency.”

“Hey hon,” Dale said, as I slipped into the hallway. “What's up?”

We talked for maybe twenty minutes, and I couldn't tell you a single thing we said. The entire

time, my mind kept going back to the image of Dale and Angela together in that photo from Italy. They'd probably fucked that night. They must have. Dale's hard cock had entered her tiny body, stretching her open as he thrust in and out of her.

I couldn't help but wonder: when was the last time they'd fucked? Had they ever done it while I lived with Angela, before they'd broken up? Before Dale and I had started dating?

Maybe they'd fucked the day before. Maybe going shopping had all been a ruse. Maybe they'd gone into a changing room, Dale had gotten onto his knees, his face buried between her legs. I imagined him sucking Angela's clit.

"Oh shit!" I gasped.

"What is it, love?" Dale asked, concern creeping into his voice.

"I've got to get out of here," I stammered. "Can you come over?"

"You know I can't today," he said. "I've got my sister's play."

"Of course," I nodded, reaching into my bag and pulling out my cell. "But tomorrow?"

Dale paused. "I'll be there as soon as I can. I promise."

After the call ended, I returned to the meeting.

"Is everything okay?" my boss asked – the client was long gone – and I shook my head. He must have seen how pale I was. Or flushed. My blood was in the wrong spot, that much I knew.

"I need to go," I said, and – due to my red (or possibly white) face – he didn't even question it.

But there was no family emergency. Instead, I got home, and immediately pulled up more photos of Dale and Angela. As I touched myself, I wondered what Dale was doing, whether he was fucking Angela again or not...

She'd been in his life for over a decade. She was friends with his sister.

Maybe she was at the thing too. Maybe at that very moment, as I played with myself, his cock was deep inside her pussy. Maybe my boyfriend was cheating on me with his ex.

God, I hadn't even thought of that. I couldn't remember any idea ever turning me on so much. Dale and Angela...when they'd gone for dinner, was that all they'd done? Had they just eaten as friends, or friendly ex's?

Or had he followed her to the bathroom, and fucked her in the stall?

Had my boyfriend cheated on me? With his ex? Had he pounded into her while I was sitting at home, none the wiser? The idea of Dale betraying our relationship did something to me that I couldn't explain. I couldn't stop imagining it, my boyfriend, the man who professed to love

me...lying to me, fucking his ex. Fucking his ex because she was better than me. Better in bed, better for him.

Cheating on me with his soulmate.

I came so many times that night I was dizzy.

When I finally fell asleep, I dreamed about Angela and Dale together again. He bent her over the table in our kitchen, fucking her from behind. His big dick stretched her tightness – I could picture every vein, every inch of skin. It was so thick...

The next day, I went to work wearing a skirt and blouse. But underneath, my panties were soaked. And the wetness wasn't sweat.

I hadn't masturbated regularly since I'd started seeing Dale, but now I couldn't stop. As soon as I sat down at my desk, I was rubbing my legs together, my pussy dripping. I could only hope that no one could smell it.

Dale called me during my lunch break. I was in the bathroom, two fingers pistoning in and out of myself. I heard his voice on the other end of the line and I almost screamed with pleasure. What if he was secretly with Angela *right now*? What if he was calling me while he fucked another woman?

No, not just another woman. *Angela*. His ex. My housemate.

It would be the ultimate betrayal.

"Are you okay?" my boyfriend asked as I came down from my orgasm. I nodded, before realizing how pointless that was.

"Mm-hmm," I grunted, not trusting myself to put words together.

"Okay..." Dale said. "I should be around tonight."

"Okay," I replied. The words caught in my throat. Dale was going to come over. Dale was going to be in the same room as Angela. Dale was going to fuck her.

I couldn't help but picture it: his hands on those perfect tits, squeezing them. His lips wrapped around her nipples. Pleasing her. Pleasuring her. Going down on her, more passionately than he'd ever gone down on me.

He saved his best sex for her. I got the lazy sex, the selfish sex. When he was with her, he was focused on pleasing her. When he was with her...

God, I wanted it so bad.

"I might be late home," I lied. "But I think Angela will be there. You two should spend some

time together.”

“Sure thing,” Dale said. “See you later.”

My next orgasm was intense, and I cried out loudly as I came. I washed my hand and splashed cold water all over my face before returning to my cubicle.

Dale was coming over early. Dale was going to spend time with his ex.

At the thought of Dale and Angela together, I got wet again. God, I wanted it so bad.

I kept picturing Dale and Angela making out, and then I pictured her sucking his cock. Her tiny body, swallowing his entire length. The way his huge balls slapped against her ass as he fucked her from behind.

Maybe they’d fuck on my bed. Maybe I’d get home to a wet spot on the bed that I hadn’t caused.

“Fuck!” I moaned aloud, as I rubbed my legs together under the desk.

By the time I got home, I was practically vibrating. Dale must have noticed something different about my behavior, but he didn’t say anything.

He and Angela had clearly been hanging out while they waited – they’d opened a bottle of wine, and finished more than half of it.

“Hey babe,” Dale said. “How’s your day?”

I smiled, trying not to show how horny I really was. “It was okay. What have you two been up to?”

“That sounds like an understatement,” he chuckled, ignoring my question. “You look exhausted. Why don’t I make us dinner?”

We ate together in the kitchen and talked about nothing in particular. My mind was still on my boyfriend fucking his ex. Why had he ignored my question? Was it because he really had been balls-deep in Angela before I’d entered?

The thoughts consumed me, stoking the scorching hot fire between my legs, until I knew I was going to burst if I didn’t find relief.

“I’m gonna go upstairs,” I said, standing up from the table.

“Why so early?” Angela asked, looking confused.

I hesitated. “I’m a little under the weather,” I said. It felt like I’d lied more in the past forty-eight hours than the previous ten years combined.

“You want me to join you?” Dale asked, and I was torn. Part of me wanted to scream yes, yes,

yes – come to bed, fuck me into a puddle.

But the idea of my boyfriend and his ex alone in the living-room was the hottest thing I could think of, and I knew that touching myself while they were together would be better than the best sex of my life.

“No thanks,” I said. “Just take care of Angela, hon.”

Dale nodded, and I headed towards our bedroom. As I walked, I could feel my pussy throbbing.

I climbed onto the bed, and imagined what Dale and Angela were doing without me. They would both be smiling, laughing, enjoying each others' company.

God, I wanted them so badly...

I wanted my boyfriend to fuck another woman.

I reached down and touched myself as I imagined it. They'd finish the bottle of wine, start reminiscing about old times. Dale would move a strand of hair off Angela's face, and she'd lean in for a kiss – and Dale would pull back.

We can't, he'd say. I have a girlfriend now.

You still want me, she'd reply. You want me more than you've ever wanted her.

I moaned at the imagined words of my housemate. It was true.

What are you waiting for? she'd ask. Come on. Come in me. Like you used to.

And then Dale would kiss her. He wouldn't stop until his tongue was deep inside her mouth, and he'd hold on tight as they kissed, their tongues intertwined.

I came so hard that I thought I was going to burst. Just at the idea of Angela and Dale kissing, I squirted all over my sheets.

Afterwards, I lay there gasping for breath. The sound of a giggle from the other room was all it took to set me off again. I closed my eyes, imagining Dale's hands on her perfect body. His fingers exploring every inch of that small frame.

“Fuck,” I whispered as I pictured the chemistry between them. I'd thought that Dale and I had chemistry, but I knew that it couldn't compare to what things were like with his ex. I came again at the thought. God, I wanted them to fuck so bad. I was like a...what were they called? A shipper. But instead of wanting two fictional characters to get together, it was my boyfriend and his ex.

I pulled out my phone and found some photos of Angela at the beach. She was wearing a bikini, and her skin was tanner than usual. I stared at her body, trying to memorize every curve of her

tiny frame. She was so perfect; she was everything I wasn't.

She was my fantasy.

"Fuck!" I screamed out loud, and I squeezed my thighs tightly around myself as I came yet again, touching myself as I looked at my housemate's picture.

I came so many times that night, imagining Dale sliding his cock inside of Angela, stretching that tight little body as he thrust in and out. He wouldn't last long – not with Angela's perfect pussy wrapped around him.

"Oh my god," I whimpered.

When Dale finally came to bed, I pretended to be asleep. I resisted the urge to reach over and mount him, grinding my pussy against his erection. Instead, I just kept pretending to be unconscious, even though I was dripping wet.

I fell asleep that night with images of Dale fucking his ex dancing in my head.

The next day was a Saturday. Dale and I had planned to go to a museum together, but as we were making breakfast, I discovered Angela didn't have any plans.

"Why don't you come with us?" I asked, my eyes widening as I realized what I'd just done.

I'd just set up an entire day of watching Dale and Angela together. An entire day of watching the once-perfect couple interact, talk, casually touch each other on the arm.

It would be like pornography. Like real life pornography. All day.

Angela agreed, and the three of us spent the day at the museum. I barely said a word – it was all I could do not to just run to the bathroom and frig myself silly. Every interaction they had was almost enough to make me cream my panties. Every glance, every shared joke.

I couldn't stop imagining them together. I wanted Dale to fuck Angela. I wanted to her to suck his dick. I wanted my boyfriend to cum inside her. I wanted my boyfriend to make her cum.

"Let's gonna go home early," I told Dale, when I couldn't take it any longer. "I'm exhausted."

Dale looked at me like I'd lost my mind.

"You're kidding, right?" he asked.

"No," I said, shaking my head. My face was flushed red, and I could feel the heat rising to my cheeks as well. God, I wanted Dale and Angela to fuck. I wanted my boyfriend and his ex to be together again. I wanted him to cheat on me, to sleep with another woman.

She was better than me. She was better for him, and she was better than me. She was a real

woman; I was just a little girl.

“It’s only noon. We’ve only seen one level of the exhibits.”

I couldn’t believe it. It had felt like years.

“Yeah, but…” I trailed off. “I think I’m coming down with something. I need a nap.”

“You do look out of it,” he replied.

“Why don’t you and Angela stay?” I asked. “Enjoy the rest of the day.”

“Not while my girlfriend is sick,” he said. He’s always been a kind, loving boyfriend; it was part of what attracted me to him in the first place, but in that moment I hated it. I wanted him to stay at the museum with Angela. I wanted him to take her into the bathroom and have sex with her there.

I wanted him to fuck his ex while he knew that I was sick at home. I wanted him to get off knowing that he was neglecting me. I wanted him to cum while thinking about how dumb I was, how I had no idea what he was doing.

I wanted him to betray me. And here he was, being my knight in shining armor.

I tried to keep my cool, but I was failing miserably. I was so horny, and I was getting more frustrated by the minute.

“Fine,” I snapped. “Let’s go home.”

Angela came with us. Part of me wanted to drag Dale into the bedroom and completely drain his balls of cum; the rest of me wanted a repeat of the previous night: mind-shattering orgasm after mind-shattering orgasm as I left the two of them together in the living-room.

But neither of those happened. After putting me to bed, Dale snuggled up with me.

“Poor baby,” he said lovingly. “I’m sorry you’re not feeling well.”

“Don’t worry about it,” I sighed, trying to relax.

We cuddled for an hour, and I surprised myself by falling asleep. Perhaps I was more tired than I’d thought.

When I woke, I was alone. I groaned and rolled over, my head pounding.

I got out of bed and went into the main room of our apartment.

“Dale?” I called. “Angela?”

“She’s probably still sleeping,” Dale answered from the kitchen. “I wore her out.”

My heart skipped a beat as I imagined exactly how he might have done that. Maybe he'd gone down on her until she'd passed out, or fucked her until she was sweaty and panting.

"I'm going to take another shower," I announced, heading towards the bathroom. "See if I can get rid of this headache."

"Sure thing," Dale said, but I heard him chuckle.

I closed the door behind me and locked it. As soon as I did, my hand began rubbing my pussy through my shorts.

Fuck! I was so wet. Had Dale fucked Angela while I slept in the other room? How long had I been unconscious before he'd cheated on me?

As I'd been sleeping in the next room, he could've been fucking his ex. While I was just a few feet away, he could've been cumming inside her, feeling her pussy clench around his hard dick.

I stripped naked and stepped under the warm water. I started running my hands over my body, and I rubbed myself furiously. My fingers found their way between my legs, and I moaned at the pleasure of the touch.

I kept playing with myself, imagining what Dale had done with his ex. He would have taken her on the couch, right where we were sitting now. They'd kiss passionately, moaning in each others' mouths...

I could hear them kissing, but I couldn't see anything – just my own reflection staring back at me. The sound of their tongues intertwining filled the bathroom.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, and I came hard against the tiled wall beneath my feet. God, it felt so good to cum like that.

I looked at my image in the mirror. I'd never seen myself come so much, and I was amazed by the sight. My eyes were wide, my mouth open, my face flushed red. I looked like a slut. A dirty, filthy slut. A whore.

Not like Angela.

Angela was sexy in a classy way. She was beautiful, intelligent, and kind. She was everything I wasn't.

And Dale knew it. That's why he wanted to fuck her. That's why he wanted her so much more than me. That's why I would never be enough.

I shook my head, trying to clear the fog that had settled inside of it. I needed to clean up. I dried off, put some clothes on, and left the bathroom.

Dale was standing in front of the fridge, drinking a glass of milk. "You feeling any better?"

“Mmm-hmm,” I lied. No wonder Dale was cheating on me. Not only was I unable to hold a candle to Angela, I couldn’t even be honest with him.

I was so fucking stupid.

“Sorry about this morning,” I said.

“No worries,” Dale replied, pouring himself a second cup of milk. “It’s not your fault.”

A mischievous look appeared on my face. “Maybe I can make it up to you...”

“What are you talking about?” he asked. In response, I dropped to my knees in front of him.

He stared down at me, confused. “Are you okay?”

I reached out with both hands and grabbed his cock through his shorts, stroking it gently as I lowered his pants. I leaned forward, pressing my lips against it, letting my tongue run along the length of its shaft.

“What are you doing?” Dale hissed. “We’re in the...Angela could come in any time!”

“I know,” I replied, my pussy throbbing at the thought. “Isn’t that hot?”

Dale groaned and tried to push my head away. When I made it clear that I wasn’t going to take no for an answer, his shoulders slumped. “Fine. Get to work.”

His cock was so big; it stretched out my mouth as I tried to take all of him into my throat. His hands went to the back of my head, holding me in place as he thrust upwards.

I gagged a few times before finally getting used to the size of his member. Every time I sucked Dale’s cock, I had to reacquaint myself to its size. My boyfriend really is a big boy.

“Fuck,” Dale grunted. “I’m gonna cum.”

That did it for me. My orgasm hit me like a freight train, and I came harder than I ever thought possible.

When I finished swallowing Dale’s load, he pulled out of my mouth.

“What got into you?” he asked, and I smiled up at him.

“You,” I said seductively.

He grinned back at me, and ruffled my hair affectionately. Dale is almost a decade older than me – so is Angela, for that matter. It had never been a problem. I think he secretly liked having a twenty-year old slut at his beck and call.

“Again?” I asked with a pout, and he looked around.

“Okay,” he said, faux-reluctantly. “But not here. Get on the bed,” he ordered.

Part of me wanted to resist. If we fucked in the kitchen, Angela might catch us. And if she did, who knew where things would go? But I could tell Dale wasn't into the idea, and so I did as he commanded.

My pussy was soaked as I climbed onto the mattress.

Dale moved behind me, and he shoved his hard dick between my cheeks. I whimpered at the suddenness of it. I'd been craving this for days, depriving myself.

Instead, he'd been fucking Angela.

At least, I hoped he had.

“Relax, baby,” he said. “I'll be gentle.”

He didn't have to say anything else – I knew what Dale was capable of. He would make sure I enjoyed every moment of anything we did.

He pushed in deeper, and I let out a gasp. My ass was so tight, squeezing his cock like it was trying to milk the last drop of sperm from it.

“God damn,” he moaned, “you're amazing.”

I looked over my shoulder at him, and I saw the lust on his face. He wanted to fuck me more than anything.

It was almost disappointing. I didn't want him to want me. I mean, I guess I should have...but I didn't.

I wanted him to want Angela. I wanted him to think about her while he had sex with me. I wanted him to be fantasizing about how good things had been with his ex-girlfriend. I wanted her body to be on his mind, not mine.

I wanted him to be just as obsessed with her as I was.

She was all I could think about. Her and him together. My boyfriend and his ex. Angela and Dale. Had she ever taken him in her ass? She was so tiny. Did she love it when he pounded the shit out of her?

I felt so dirty.

“Oh, yeah,” Dale groaned. “Just like that.”

The thought of Angela taking it up the ass made me come again. The thought of his huge cock filling her tiny body, how much better it would feel than I did.

I was nothing compared to her. She was a sex goddess. I was worthless.

Dale grabbed my hips, pulling them up towards him as he slammed into me. His balls slapped against my pussy with each thrust. I gasped, my eyes rolling back in my head.

All I could think about was Dale fucking Angela. Dale fucking his ex. Dale fucking his ex's ass. She was so much better than I was. She was such a better fuck.

“Fuck!” Dale shouted, his cock throbbing inside of me. “I’m gonna cum.”

He grabbed my waist, and pulled me down on top of him. I straddled his lap, and he buried himself deep inside of me.

“Cum for me,” I begged. “Please!”

“I can’t hold it anymore,” Dale growled, his hands gripping my thighs tightly.

I screamed as I came, and I could feel Dale’s hot seed filling up my asshole.

We both collapsed, panting.

“Jesus Christ,” he groaned. “It looks like you’re feeling better.”

Dale was still inside of me, and I smiled. “Mm-hmm,” I said. “You’re incredible.”

“What was the deal with the, uh, kitchen?”

“Did you like it?” I purred.

Dale turned his head to the side. He didn’t answer, but his look told me exactly how he felt.

After that, I would blow Dale in the common areas of the apartment every chance I got. Sometimes we’d do it while other Angela was home, but mostly when she was out. I didn’t want Dale to get suspicious, of course.

I loved it. I’ve always liked giving head, but sucking on my boyfriend’s erection while imagining Angela walking in and catching us...

While imagining her pushing me out of the way dismissively, telling him that she could do better. That we both knew she was better at giving head than I was.

There was nothing hotter.

She never caught us, to my disappointment. I don’t know if we were being too careful, or if Angela had a sixth sense about it, or if it was just bad luck, but whenever I swallowed Dale’s load, we were alone.

Meanwhile, I was spending each night rubbing myself raw, looking at old pictures of Dale and Angela – or just pictures of Angela. The sight of her body was enough to make me dripping wet, and thinking about my boyfriend inside her, making love to his ex...

Angela.

Her name kept popping into my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about her. She was everything I wasn't: beautiful, smart, sexy as hell. And yet, Dale had chosen me.

I was grateful and jealous and confused, but more than anything...I was turned on.

By the end of our second month together, I knew something was wrong. It was almost like a switch flipped in my brain, turning me from an innocent, sweet girl into someone else entirely.

I started to spend at least an hour each day at work in the bathroom, getting myself off again and again and again. When I was at home, I was either getting myself off in the bedroom, blowing Dale in the common areas, or feeling him cum inside me as I pictured him and Angela together.

Every time I thought of them, my pussy would start to throb, begging for attention. I'd be so wet that I could barely stand it, and by the time I was done with my session, I'd have to take a shower.

I was fucking horny all the damn time.

And I knew I needed to fix this.

The first thing I did was talk to Dale. We sat on the couch, and I looked him in the eye.

"Dale," I said. "I want to...I want to..."

He raised his eyebrows, waiting patiently as I struggled to find the words.

"...I want to fuck you."

Dale grinned. "That's it? You said this was serious."

"Not just you," I said, and Dale froze.

"You...you want to see other people?"

"No," I replied, holding my hand up. "No, not other people. I think..."

Dale's eyes narrowed. "What?"

"I know you're still into Angela."

"Of course I'm not," he protested, but I knew he was lying. Angela was perfect. I couldn't compete with that.

And so I'd decided to stop trying.

"I want to have a threesome," I said. "You, me, and Angela."

His jaw dropped open.

"I mean it," I continued. "This is what you've been wanting."

Dale was silent. He was processing my suggestion, and I couldn't even begin to tell what he was thinking.

Finally, he spoke. "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Yes," I said. "I want it. Please."

Dale nodded slowly. "Okay then," he said.

We both stood up, and Dale headed towards the kitchen. He came back a few minutes later with two glasses of wine.

Dale handed me one, but he didn't sit down next to me. Instead, he walked over to the window and stared out at the city.

I took a sip of my drink, savoring it. The alcohol made me feel warm inside.

"So," he said. "Should I ask her, or will you?"