

Cheating on Kate

by Pan

Chapter 5

“I promised I’d pick him up from the airport,” Sam said.

I was staring at him like a deer in headlights.

He knew. He must have known. We’d never explicitly said it, but...we hadn’t had to.

And even though we’d never discussed it, I knew Sam knew. And he knew I knew he knew.

Right?

But that’s the thing about stuff you never discuss. You’re both just running on assumptions. But...he *must* have known. He must have.

So why was he asking me to do this?

My first instinct was to tell my boyfriend that I couldn’t do it, that I was too busy. But that would have been a lie.

I didn’t have classes over the summer, and I didn’t have a job. I’d been looking for something, but it was a bad time of year. Every college kid has left school and started looking for work, and there’s just not that many jobs around.

Sam, the infinite sweetheart that he is, had been covering the bills for me. And there’s only so many hours in a day you can job-hunt, so...yeah.

I’d basically been laying around and watching TV while my boyfriend worked. While he supported me.

He never said anything about it, of course. Again, it was one of those things that we just...didn’t discuss.

I think he liked being able to be the breadwinner. He liked being able to spoil me a little.

But if you never discuss it, there’s no way to know for sure...

So when he asked me to pick Luke up from the airport, I couldn’t exactly say that I was unavailable. “Sorry, Sam. There’s a new season of *Stranger Things* that I want to binge. Can’t help you.”

I could have told him that I didn’t want to, of course. And I know my boyfriend – he would have

accepted that. He would've called in sick to work or moved his shift or something.

Like I said, I think Sam enjoyed treating me like a princess.

But telling Sam that I didn't want to pick Luke up...that felt a lot like discussing it. And, well... we didn't discuss it.

I don't know how long the silence was after he asked me. It felt like my mind was running at a million miles a minute, trying to process, trying to work out what to say.

Why had he asked me? He knew – he *had* to know. He knew our history. He knew what it had done to me.

And then it dawned on me: This was a test.

My boyfriend was testing me.

If I said 'sorry, no can do, work something else out,' then he'd think that something was up. That I was nervous about seeing him, or that I still...I dunno, had feelings for Luke.

I didn't. Let me be completely clear about that. Dating Sam had taught me what a real relationship looked like – one built on trust, and love, and understanding. One where you communicate with your partner.

The longer I'd been with Sam (and it had been almost four months now) the more I saw Luke for what he truly was.

Cowardly. Weak. Pathetic. *Selfish*.

Sam was what a real man looked like. He made me feel loved, and cherished. He made me feel safe, and secure. He gave me the things that Luke never had. Would never have been able to.

Sam was a good man. A beautiful, wonderful person. He was everything that Luke wasn't.

And so while I hated Luke, while I hated what he'd done to me, what he'd made me do, while I couldn't stand the sight of him...I had to agree. I *had* to.

For Sam.

"Of course," I said, shooting Sam a smile. He smiled back, before leaning down to kiss me.

He's never been a great kisser. Is that awful to say? He treats me so well, I love him so much, but when Luke kissed me, my toes curled. When Luke had kissed me, I'd felt it all the way down to my soul.

When Luke had kissed me, I wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck him until neither of us could walk for days.

I loved Sam. I loved our sex life. But when it came to kissing...

He wasn't *bad*, of course. It was...I dunno, sweet.

But compared to the way Luke had forced his tongue into mine, his stubble against my face, covered in the cum that I'd just milked out of his cock...

I tried to block the thoughts out of my mind, kissed Sam back, and got dressed to go pick up his friend.

I knew that it was important not to give Luke the wrong idea. I couldn't wear anything provocative. It was important that I didn't risk making him think there was any chance of anything happening between us ever again: there wasn't.

We were done. Forever. I was with Sam now, and I'd never been happier.

On the other hand...I didn't want to look like I was trying too hard *not* to impress him. Like, if I showed up wearing baggy pants and an oversized shirt, what would he think? He'd think that I was afraid of something happening between us.

Which I wasn't.

Nothing would ever happen between us again. I'd found...I'd found my soulmate. Sam was everything I'd ever wanted in a guy.

Except he never came on my face, pulled me to my feed, and practically made me cum with a single kiss.

Not that I wanted him to, of course. That's not the kind of girl I was.

Not any more.

As I looked through my closet, trying to pick the absolute perfect outfit, I became aware of another factor. I was Sam's girlfriend now – the way I dressed would reflect on him. If I showed up wearing a dowdy outfit, it'd look like I was...I dunno, depressed. Instead of blissfully happy...which I *was*.

I couldn't dress like a skank, of course, that would send the wrong message as well. I finally settled on a cute 'girl next door' kind of outfit: a white button-down shirt with a floral print, paired with a pair of jean shorts and my favorite flats.

It showed some skin, and some cleavage (honestly, it's hard for me to dress without showing at least a little cleavage) but not enough to be slutty.

It was sexy, but not overtly so. Cute, without being boring. It was perfect.

"Okay," I said to myself, finally satisfied with my outfit. "Ready to go."

My leg bounced for the entire drive. Sam lives on the south side of town, so I practically had to drive past my old place to get to the airport. I used the time to practice what I was going to say, my tone, how I was going to act.

I had to be cold, I knew that. Frosty enough that he knew I was doing this as a favor to my boyfriend – my *boyfriend*. I wanted to be short with him, but not rude; it was important he knew I'd gotten over him. A long time ago.

I was happy now. That had to come across too, so he'd know that what he'd done – what *we'd* done – hadn't affected me. That I was thriving without him.

I'd stick to neutral topics. The weather. Sports. Maybe I'd drop in a pointed question about Kate, make him feel bad about cheating on her. Like he should.

Like I still did.

I smiled as I pulled into the airport. Yeah, I was going to make him squirm.

It was deeply satisfying to see Luke's face as he saw me pull up. I was in Sam's car (I don't have my own) so I guess he'd been expecting my boyfriend. And for whatever reason, I guess Sam hadn't told him that I was the one picking him up.

His eyebrows shot up at the sight of me, and I couldn't help but grin in triumph. He must have felt so bad; the sight of me bringing back so many memories. I immediately knew I'd picked the right outfit – I looked cute as hell.

My bravado faded a little as he returned my grin with one of his own. Had he thought I was flirting with him? I'd been going for snow queen, and already I'd been...well, way more Ana than Elsa.

I dropped my smile, but he just kept grinning at me. That smug, cocky grin.

I'd forgotten how good-looking he was.

Luke opened the trunk to deposit his bags, then slid into the passenger seat. "I didn't know Sam was sending a welcome gift," he joked, and I shot him a look. *You're disgusting*, my look said – well, it was intended to. *You're a piece of walking trash, and I was never good enough for you.*

But despite it being my most potent glare, Luke didn't miss a beat.

"How've you been, Amelia?"

I didn't say anything. All my clever remarks left me, all my rehearsed small-talk disappeared. I just pulled out of the pickup zone and started heading into town.

I have no idea where Luke lived, and since he didn't offer an address, I just started instinctively driving him to Kate's. Like I said, it was on the way home anyway. I knew they were still together – she'd blocked me on social media, but if I opened up an incognito tab, I could still see

her public posts. Just a few days earlier, she'd updated her profile picture to a cute couple shot of her and Luke.

Yeah, I still checked. We'd been friends for years, after all. I was just keeping tabs on an old friend.

Luke didn't have social media...not that I would've looked at his if he did.

Luke didn't try to force me into conversation or anything like that. He just sat back and stared at me, that cocky look on his face. God, that look – I'd seen it so often. He just loved seeing the effect he had on women. He'd stared at me with that look whenever I'd been going down on him, or riding him, or kissing him when Kate left the room for a moment.

It wasn't unique to me, either. He looked at Kate like that when she cooked him dinner, or dressed up for him on date night, or bought him a gift, just because.

He was such a douchebag.

I hated him. But as the memories ran through my head, as his cocky gaze threatened to burn a hole in the side of my head, I found myself getting wet.

It wasn't my fault. Our relationship had been almost purely sex. We'd never gone out or stayed up all night talking or connected over childhood memories.

It wasn't a real relationship. Not like the one I had with Sam. It had just been sex. Pure, animalistic sex.

"You miss me?" Luke asked. I'd expected that, and prepared a pithy response. I'd told myself I was ready for him. I'd been mentally prepared.

But my body hadn't been. I hadn't been ready for the way he was staring at me, the way that he made me feel like I was the only woman he'd ever want. It was flooding my system with memories – the way his eyes had devoured my body with such hunger. The way he'd taken me just how he wanted: hard and rough, over and over, taking everything he wanted from me.

Luke reached out and put one hand on my bare leg. It was such a casual move – Sam had done it a thousand times while he was driving. It denoted affection, ownership. Intimacy.

I should've shrugged him off. I should've pulled the car over and told him to get out, told him he was a pig. I could've told Sam what he did, and he would've been on my side. I could've contacted Kate and told her that her boyfriend was up to her old tricks.

No matter how much she hated me, surely she would've believed that. Surely she would've recognized the patterns, recognized the inherent truth in what I was saying.

But instead, I did nothing.

I just continued to drive, Luke's hand on my leg, and tried to ignore the warmth that was

growing between my thighs. I hoped against hope that my hardening nipples weren't visible through the thin button-up shirt I was wearing.

I tried to remember how bad it had been. How *used* he'd left me feeling. How poorly he'd treated Kate.

He'd never even cared for my pleasure. I tried to focus on that, on remembering what a selfish lover he'd been, but it didn't help. I could feel my panties growing damp. I could feel my body remembering how good it had felt to be *used*, to pleasure a man.

I could remember the way he'd fucked me until I couldn't breathe. Until it had hurt to walk the next day. Sam was such a gentle, considerate lover. He always made me cum.

Luke had just taken. He'd taken everything I could give him. He'd taken his pleasure from me, selfishly. Constantly.

God, I missed it.

A car honked at me – I'd failed to notice the light turning green. I blushed with embarrassment, pulling forward faster than I'd meant to, and forced myself to calm down.

So what if he had his hand on my leg? That wasn't my fault. It wasn't like he was doing anything.

Luke had eaten me out. He'd fucked me more times than I could count. He'd grabbed my hips while taking me from behind, while my housemate snored, blissfully unaware in the next room.

What was a hand on a leg, compared to all that?

My flush returned as I thought to Sam. Sam! I loved him. He was my soulmate. He was everything I wanted in a man. He was the antithesis of Luke.

He was a good, kind, loving boyfriend.

And here I was, driving his best friend home from the airport, letting him rest his hand on my leg. I was betraying him – worse than I'd betrayed Kate. Worse than I'd ever betrayed anyone.

We were stopped at another red light when Luke spoke.

“Give me your hand,” Luke ordered, his voice a low rumble. I almost jumped at the words, before shooting him a look.

The intent was for it to be a 'fuck you' look, the kind of withering stare I'd spent the entire drive to the airport preparing for. But when I turned, I realized what he wanted my hand for.

As I'd been lost in thoughts of my boyfriend, Luke had pulled his cock out.

Jesus Christ, his cock.

Sam's face left my mind as I stared at Luke's cock. It was just as thick as I remembered it being, and so fucking hard. Sam never got that hard – I swear, you could hammer nails with Luke's cock. I tried not to remember how good it had felt, buried deep inside me, fucking me hard and fast. How strong and powerful and dominant he was.

How helpless he'd made me feel. I'd never felt as feminine as when Luke's strong, thick cock was buried inside me, using me. Taking me. His fingers tangled in my hair, his breath harsh as he thrust into me, his firm body pressed against mine.

I tried to resist. I really did. I tried to throw him a 'fuck you' look.

But instead...well, I threw him a 'fuck *me*' look.

Off by one pronoun.

I swear, I tried to forget how good it had felt to be controlled. To be helpless. I tried not to remember how much I'd enjoyed it. How much I'd loved every wrong, wicked moment of it.

But when Luke reached and took my hand, I didn't resist. And when the light turned green and I started driving once more, my hand was wrapped around his hard dick.

I knew I should pull away, but I couldn't. Instead, I moved my hand up and down his shaft. Slowly. Adoringly. My fingers curled around him, gripping him tightly, stroking him lightly.

I wish I could have told him to stop. I wanted nothing more than to be loyal to my boyfriend, who loved me. Who trusted me.

But, no – there was one thing I wanted more. To give Luke what he wanted.

What I needed.

I was betraying Sam, but I couldn't stop myself. I couldn't help it. Luke was a real man, one who took what he wanted...and what he wanted was *me*. It was intoxicating, and when he ordered me to pull into an alleyway, I obeyed without question.

Anyone could have seen as I leaned over, eagerly taking Luke's cock into my mouth for the first time in months. He moaned with pleasure as my lips closed over his erection; my body filled with pride at the sound. I could taste his precum on my tongue, and I savored it as I bobbed my head up and down his thick cock.

"Fuck, baby," he groaned, inspiring me to go faster. I was so wet, my nipples were so hard; I felt so guilty, so turned on, so *alive*, I just couldn't stop.

Anyone could have seen us. Anyone walking past could've seen Luke's face, contorted with pleasure. Anyone peeking into the car would've seen my head bobbing up and down on his hard

cock.

I didn't care though. I just kept sucking his cock like he owned me. Like he had the right to take me however he pleased, no matter who saw. Like I was nothing more than an object to be used.

It felt so good.

"I've missed you," he said tenderly, his hand softly stroking my hair. I took his cock deeper than Kate ever could – that's what he'd told me, and every inch of me wanted to believe it. His tenderness just made me feel worse; I didn't want him to be sweet. I wanted him to force me into this, so I had no choice. I didn't want affection.

I don't know what I wanted.

"You're wasted on Sam," he whispered, and I let out a moan at the words. I felt terrible, but at the same time...it was true. With my body, with my *mouth*...Sam was a sweet boy. He deserved a sweet girl, someone he could shower with affection. Someone who deserved it.

Not a slut like me.

I closed my eyes and tried to shut my brain off as Luke's cock throbbed in my mouth. I recognized the signs as I took him deeper and deeper. He was close. So close. I could tell by the way he was gripping my hair, the way he was letting out small gasps and moans.

I wanted him to come in my mouth. I wanted to swallow it all. I don't even like the taste of cum, not really, but I wanted to taste him again. I wanted to feel him explode.

"Oh fuck," he said, and I felt him tense up. Did he think of me when Kate went down on him? Did he remember my 'sweet little mouth' when his girlfriend gave him head?

Did he imagine me when he fucked her?

"Good girl," he groaned, flooding my mouth with hot, salty semen. I swallowed quickly, trying to keep it all inside me, but some leaked out. I sat up, remembering how much he liked that, how much he liked the look of his cum overflowing from my mouth.

It dripped down onto my cleavage, and Luke gave me a satisfied look. My pussy felt like it was on fire – I couldn't even remember the last time I'd cum, and now I was aching for release.

I would've done anything he'd asked in that moment. He could've ordered me to strip naked, right there in the alley, and I would've done it. He could've told me to get out of the car and bend over the hood so he could fuck me, and in my haze of lust, I would've obeyed.

Instead, he just pulled himself away and zipped up his pants. "Take me to Kate's," he ordered with a chuckle.

"W-what?" I asked, but he didn't answer. He just kept staring at me with that familiar, cocky



look.

My throat felt raw from all the swallowing and my stomach was churning. I felt sick, and I couldn't look at him.

This was so familiar. He'd used me to cum, and now he was done with me. He'd taken his pleasure from me, and now he was just disposing of me. Once he'd filled me with seed, I was no more useful to him than a used condom.

He took me out, came inside me, then threw me away.

I'd betrayed my boyfriend, and for what? For him to cum, and for me to get nothing. I'd been used. Truly *used*.

I didn't look at Luke as I drove the few remaining blocks to Kate's apartment, pulling into a parking spot just outside. My face was burning, my head spinning. Sam could never know about this. Sam could never know about my moment of weakness. Sam could never know what I'd done to him, what I'd done with his best friend.

And the next time he asked me to do a favor for Luke, he'd be met with a middle finger.

I thought I'd gotten over Luke. I thought I'd grown as a person. But after twenty minutes alone in the car with him, I'd had my hand around his cock. After half an hour, I'd let him fuck my mouth in a public alleyway.

I was nothing but a whore.

No, I wasn't over him. Not even close.

And I couldn't trust myself alone with him. Never again.

I didn't say anything as Luke climbed out of the car and got his bag. I should've just driven away, but I felt paralyzed. Why had I let him do that to me? Why had it *excited* me? He was such a selfish asshole. He'd used me for his pleasure and...I'd let him. I'd let him, and gotten nothing in return.

The passenger door opening again made me jump, and Luke shot me a look.

"Kate's not home for an hour," he said, his eyes sparkling as they met mine. "Want to come up?"