8 Days Chapter 1

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With 8 days left before their wedding, Damon and Lacey decide to see other people one last time.

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I sat with my feet up, flipping through random television channels as I repeatedly glanced at the clock on the wall. Although I fully trusted my fiancé, I knew how crazy bachelorette parties could get. Even so, it wasn't Lacey's behaviour that I was concerned about. I was far more worried about how my friend Jenna was fitting in with my girlfriend and her comparatively snooty friends. As a favour to me, Lacey had involved her in her pre-wedding festivities and made her a bridesmaid, albeit after a fair bit of convincing on my part.

Although Jenna and I had been friends long before I met Lacey, my girlfriend had always treated her with an unfair amount contempt. I sensed that jealousy was a motivating factor, although Lacey would never admit it. Jenna had made no secret of how she felt about my fiancé either, constantly referring to her affectionately as 'Barbie.' I had hoped that by convincing them to spend some time together, that some of the animosity might melt away before the wedding.

The knock that came at the door soon dashed those hopes.

Before I could say 'come in' the front door swung open and Jenna stormed in, her face flushed red with obvious discontent. I stared wide eyed as she strode across the floor and whipped her purse into the sofa with an aggression I had never before witnessed.

"Fucking cunt!" she cursed through gritted teeth as she paced across the floor in front of me.

I sucked in a long breath and winced in disappointment.

"Did you have fun?" I asked, cautiously, although I obviously knew the answer.

"No I did not have fun!" she fumed. "That was the worst night of my life."

"Whoa, there," I said, trying to calm my friend down as she continued to pace. "Why don't you have a seat and tell me what happened."

"Nothing happened," she explained, throwing her arms out with exasperation. "She was just her usually bitchy self. That's all."

"Come on. It couldn't have been that bad."

Jenna sat down on the couch and leaned back, slapping her hands into the cushions. I started to feel bad for even pressuring her into attending the bachelorette party. I should have known. The two girls were simply too different to get along. Jenna was a former tom-boy with a unique style and a staunch distaste for all things that she considered trendy. She had had a difficult childhood that forced her to develop a very independent personality and a severe distrust of authority. She worked as a

photographer and had a very insightful way of looking at the world. I had never met a girl quite like her before, and I assumed I never would again. Sometimes we would just lie out on the roof of her old Mercury Cougar and stare at the stars, sharing a bottle of Jack Daniels as we talked about ridiculous topics like ‘who would win in a fight between Bert and Ernie’.

From day one, Jenna had disliked Lacey, resenting my fiancé’s privileged upbringing. In fact, she represented everything Jenna hated, referring to her as a ‘blonde bimbo’ or a ‘pampered princess’. Lacey, likewise resented the time that the two of us spent together. Although most people would not even compare Jenna to Lacey in terms of looks, my friend did possess a certain sexy quality that could be considered quite attractive. Her body was thin, although she could eat anything she wanted without gaining pound. Her breasts were relatively small in size, a fact that Lacey continually liked to bring up behind her back, although Jenna didn’t seem to care at all. She had a cute little pointy nose and thin lips that were often curled up on one side into an adorable smirk. Her hair was straight and brown, somewhat unremarkable unless she decided at the spur of the moment to dye it purple or green as she sometimes was prone to do. Her almond shaped eyes her deep and brown, often outlined with dark liner or blue eyeshadow depending on her mood. Her style of dress was as varied as her personality. One day she would appear in a pair of low riding army fatigues and tank top, the next in a black leather skirt and fishnet stockings. She had a sharp wit and a mouth like a sailor, especially when she was drinking.

“Fucking cunt!”

I sat back and waited for Jenna’s temper to subside before attempting to converse once again. Gradually, she calmed down enough for me to try again. Before I could speak however, she turned to me with a look of stern resolve.

“Are you seriously going to marry that bitch?”

I might have been offended by her comments, but after months of being caught between the two women, I had grown a remarkably thick skin.

“Yes,” I responded calmly. “I am going to marry...her.”

“Damon,” she pleaded, reaching out to grab my hand. “She is not the one for you.”

I tried to smile in order to lighten the mood, but Jenna’s penetrating eyes locked on mine with an intense stare that seemed to freeze my face in a blank, confused expression.

“Look, Jenna,” I began, shifted to face her. “I know you don’t like her but...”

“It’s not just that,” she snapped, cutting me off abruptly. “You should see how she acts when you’re not around. You should have seen her tonight!”

“It was her bachelorette party,” I explained, in an attempt to rationalize my fiancé’s supposed behaviour. “I’m sure she...”

“Damon!”

The intensity of her voice stopped me cold.

“She just...doesn’t,” she continued, her tone softening. “...appreciate you.”

I looked down at my hand, which Jenna was now lightly stroking, and raised an eyebrow with slight confusion.

“Whoa,” I blurted out, pulling my arm back with surprise. “Are you telling me...what I think you’re telling me?”
Jenna’s lip curled up into the smile that I always found so adorable.
“I...I don’t know...” she stammered, her voice now quiet and passive. “I’ve just been thinking about thing a lot lately...and...”
I just stared as I awaited her explanation.
“Well...have you ever thought about...ya know...us?”
I laughed and shook my head with amazement.
“Does it matter?” I asked. “I mean come on Jenna. I’m getting married in eight days.”
Before she could say another word, we both became aware of the sound of a car pulling into the driveway.
“Well,” she said promptly as she snatched up her purse. “That’s my cue.”
As much as I would have liked to continue our conversation, I knew that it probably wouldn’t be a good idea for her to stick around when Lacey walked through the door. I sat back as Jenna stood up and headed for the door. Without another word, she slipped out just as my girlfriend walked in. I cringed as they passed each other without so much as a word.
“What was that little skank doing here?” Lacey, asked in a demanding tone as she slammed the door behind her.
“Oh, hi Hon,” I greeted cheerfully, hopping up from my seat as she walked in and set her purse on the kitchen counter. “How was the...?”
“What...” she snapped again, holding her hand up in an authoritarian manner. “...was she doing here?”
“She just dropped by to say hi,” I explained, leaning in to give Lacey a friendly kiss.
“Yeah, I bet,” she muttered dismissively, kicking off her tall black heels. “Did she tell you how she freaked out and tried to ruin my bachelorette party?”
I shook my head as I walked back in and sat down in the living room, running my hand across my face in dread of the upcoming conversation I knew was going to take place.
“Oh my god!” she began, grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge and following me out of the kitchen. “She is such a little bitch. Okay, so we were at the strippers and she was being all bitchy and sullen...you know...like she usually is. And then Stacy made one little comment about her clothes and Jenna just freaked out! She made a huge scene and stormed out. It was sooo embarrassing.”
I pursed my lips together and listened, remaining silent. I wasn’t going to argue, but I knew that there was more to the story than Lacey was telling. I knew how her friends could be, and I knew what it took to get Jenna angry. I was definitely in no mood for an argument though, so I kept my mouth shut.

“That’s it,” she continued, waving her hand in the air. “She is not coming to our wedding!”
I took a deep breath.
“Lace,” I began, dreading the turn of the conversation. “We’ve discussed this already. She’s...”
“You know she’s in love with you, right?”

Her statement caught me off guard and I stammered as I tried to figure out what to say.
“What...are...I mean...”
“Oh stop it!” she said, taking a drink of water. “You have to have noticed by now.”
I dismissed the notion with a wave of my hand before changing the subject. We talked for a while longer...or should I say, Lacey talked for a while, and I listened.
As she continued ranting, I sat back and watched, barely hearing the words coming out of her mouth. I then realized just how opposite the two main women in my life were. Lacey was, in a word, beautiful. She was the typical ideal most commonly prized by the superficial male. She always reminded me of the antagonist in one of those high school romantic comedies. With blonde hair and big blue eyes, it was easy to see how Jenna could refer to her as ‘Barbie.” In contrary to Jenna’s carefree attitude, my fiancé was the definition of high maintenance. Her hair and makeup were always impeccable, even when she went to the gym. Coming from a reasonably rich family, she had never really had to work, preferring a daily regime of tanning, waxing, trips to the salon and whatever else she felt like she needed in order to maintain her flawless appearance. She had soft, round features with full, thick lips. In fact, those were my absolute favourite physical feature of hers. Soft and pouty, she had often been accused of injecting collagen into them, although as far as I knew, they were completely natural. Her breasts were full, ample and always on display. I got the impression that she had always relied on them to get her way with people. I think that was part of the reason she was always so quick to belittle Jenna’s comparatively diminutive chest. Her penchant for cleavage-revealing outfits and provocative dresses had often attracted unwanted attention from male suitors, landing me in more than one uncomfortable situation.
Her weight tended to fluctuate greatly, and always caused her a significant amount of distress. Border lining obsession, Lacey weighed herself several times daily and constantly fretted over every pound she gained or lost. With our wedding fast approaching, she had doubled her efforts, enlisting the help of a personal trainer for daily sessions at our local gym. I for one loved her soft, curvy physique regardless of her weight. I even joked about how she looked like she had the face of Andi Anderson and the body of Alexis Texas, two of my favourite porn stars.
Unlike, Jenna’s carefree, artistic demeanour, Lacey was driven and ambitious. She was used to getting her own way and usually knew how to get it. She could be the sweetest girl in the world, or she could be one’s worst enemy. I always thought she would make a great business woman or lawyer if she could actually stay focused on one thing for more than a day. She had currently been working as a pharmaceutical rep, although she had recently taken time off to plan our wedding and honeymoon.
As Lacey grew tired of ranting, she headed to the bathroom to have a shower while I went to bed. I was hoping to avoid any further conversation about Jenna by getting to sleep, but I found myself unable before she joined me in bed.
“So how were the strippers?” I asked, as she climbed into bed beside me.
“I...liked them,” she said with a smile as she snuggled up next to me.
“Yeah? Did you get a private dance?”

“Maybe...” she answered cryptically with a mischievious look on her face that actually concerned me. I was about to question her further, when she spoke again.
“Actually,” she began in a tone that tuned my concern to worry. “There’s something I wanted to talk to you about.”
“O...kay,” I uttered suspiciously as Lacey avoided eye contact by watching her own finger lightly stroke along my chest.
“Well, have you ever thought about...,” she began before pausing slightly as if picking the right words to use. “...the fact that I’m going to be the only one that you’ll ever have sex with for the rest of your life?”
I was taken aback be by my fiancé’s query. I took a moment as I sat there stunned, before she looked up into my eyes.
“Uhhh,” I stammered, as she batted her eyes and waited for my response. “Maybe...I guess.”
“And that doesn’t bother you?”
“Okay, look,” I said bluntly in an attempt at easing her worries. “I’m not going to cheat on you. You don’t have to worry.”
“Yeah, I know,” she continued, something still obviously on her mind. “But...do you ever feel like there’s still something...you’d like to try?”
“Like to try?”
“Uh huh. Like...sexually.”
“Like a cheerleader or an Asian girl?” I joked, lightening the mood with a slight smile.
I expected Lacey to laugh, but she just shrugged.
“Sure,” she said. “If that’s what you would like to still try.”
“Okay, wait a sec here,” I blurted out, sitting up straight in bed. “Are you offering me...what I think you are?”
“Well...,” she said, sitting up as well. “I think it might actually be a good idea for us to use our last single days to...,”
“Whoa!” I said, cutting her off with a raised hand. “You want to fuck some other guy? A week before our wedding?”
“Just listen and let me explain,” she returned, squirming into a kneeling position. “We have eight days left of being single. I for one, haven’t really been with that many guys. I just kind of want...to see what else is out there?”
“What else is out there?” I exclaimed with exasperation. “You’re twenty eight years old! You’ve had plenty of chances to see what else is out there.”
“Yeah, but...” she pleaded, growing more desperate by the second. “I really haven’t been with that many guys. I mean...you’ve been with a lot more people than I have.”
“So, is that what this is about?” I asked. “You want to catch up with me?”
“Nooooo,” she whined, her brow furrowing with growing disappointment. “I’ve always been the kind of girl to be in a relationship. I’ve never had the chance to just...have fun.”
“So you want to use the next week to a slut?”

“Look,” she said, trying to stay calm. “I might not even do anything. I just want one week to be single before I marry you for the rest of my life. Is that really too much to ask? Most guys would jump at the chance to screw as many girls as they want!”
I paused for a moment as I tried to process the information. It was true, I had been focusing on Lacey and not the fun that I could be having for the next eight days.
“No...” I said after a long pause. “Nice try. It’s going to be a hell of lot harder for me to get laid than you.”
“Well,” she said softly, her voice taking on a sensual, seductive tone as she ran her fingers up my chest. “What if I...sweetened the pot?”
I looked down into her soft blue eyes as she smiled back at me.
“What did you have in mind?” I asked, growing intrigued by her sensual mannerisms.
“Well...,” she continued, biting her lip as she paused for an agonizing moment. “What if on our honeymoon...I let you do...anything you want to me?”
As she spoke, her soft lips touched my shoulder, gradually working their way up to my neck.
“Anything?” I asked, taking a deep breath as I felt her warm breath in my ear. “Even...?”
“Uh huh,” she purred, biting down gently on my earlobe. “You can fuck...my...tight...little...virgin...ass.”
I could feel the blood surging into my dick as the words left her lips. I have often brought up the subject of anal sex, but Lacey had always vehemently refused. She had always been a little conservative in the bedroom, so the thought of doing whatever I wanted to her was a tempting one indeed.
“Just think...” she continued, running her foot up my leg as she pressed her crotch into my body and reached back to graze her fingers in tantalizing fashion over her luscious, curvy ass. “Me in my little white wedding lingerie...looking so pure and innocent...on my hands and knees just waiting...waiting for you to take me...and violate me...to use my tight...little...asshole.”
“Okay!” I blurted out, before I could think about what I was agreeing to. “Let’s do it.”
No sooner had the words left my mouth, than Lacey’s seductive visage melted away before a broad, beaming smile. She threw her arms around me and pressed her lips into mine with an enthusiasm I had rarely witnessed since we had first started dating.
“This is going to be great!” she exclaimed in between ravenous kisses. “You won’t regret it!”
“I think I already do,” I said with a groan, as Lacey tried to lighten my spirits with more amorous behaviour.
“It’ll be good,” she promised. “You’ll see.”
I nodded and tried not to think about what my fiancé would be doing over the next week. After all, how bad could it be?
“Oh,” she said suddenly as if just remembering something. “There’s just one rule.”
“What’s that?” I asked casually.
“You can’t fuck Jenna.”
* *
When I awoke the next morning, Lacey was already up. I could hear her singing to herself as she

skipped through the house.
At first I wondered why she was so happy, but then it dawned on me and I remembered what I had agreed to the following night. I groaned and pulled the covers back over my head. Twenty minutes later, I hauled myself out of bed just Lacey was heading out the door.
“Where are you going?” I asked, scratching my head as she flitted by, twirling her car keys on her finger.
“I’m meeting with Stacy for brunch and then we’re going to pick up my dress.”
Lacey had insisted on planning the entire wedding. She tended to be a bit of a control freak about things like that and I was happy to hand over the reins. It had actually been stressing her out quite a bit though, so I was happy to see her a little bit more relaxed.
“I’ll be back this afternoon,” she said, giving me a kiss on the cheek before skipping out the door.
“Whatever,” I muttered to myself bitterly as the door slammed shut. “Try not to suck any dicks on the way to the restaurant.”
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“What are you fucking crazy!!”
“Keep your voice down,” I said in a hushed tone as stirred my coffee, staring down into the creamy brown, liquid as it swirled around in the small white cup.
Cale just stared at me dumbfounded from across the table as he shook his head in disbelief.
“Please tell me you’re kidding,” he pushed, slapping his hand down as the dishes rattled from the force.
“Nope.”
“What are you fucking crazy?” he reiterated, louder than before.
I cast my friend a chiding gaze as other customers in the diner were beginning to take notice.
“I’m sorry,” he stammered, holding his hands up in apology. “I just can’t believe you agreed to that.”
“It won’t be so bad,” I muttered, raising the cup to my lips and taking a sip. “I get to sleep around too.”
Cale lowered his head and stared at me as his mouth dropped open.
“Dude,” he said simply as if that one word was enough to prove his point. “You’re not a bad looking guy, but come on...Let’s face it.”
“What?” I asked, not looking up from my coffee.
“Do you have any fucking idea how hot your girlfriend is!” he exclaimed, once again drawing the attention of several of the other customers. “She’s ridiculously hot! She could get laid every minute of every day until your wedding! She’s probably got some guy’s dick inside her right now!”
“Alright, alright!” I stated with annoyance. “I know. I don’t need you to tell me that. I’m trying not to think about it.”
“Okay,” he continued, his tone shifting to one of positivity. “You know what. Let’s make the best of this. Tonight’s your bachelor party, and it’s going to be epic!”
“Sure, sure,” I agreed, although I had a hard time getting excited.
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“So when are you going out?” Lacey asked as I stood in front of the mirror, applying the last finishing

touches to my hair.
“Cale should be here any minute to pick me up,” I explained as she watched me from the bathroom door with vested interest.
“Where are you going?” she asked.
“I have no idea,” I replied truthfully as I gave myself a final look before flipping off the light. “It’s supposed to be a surprise.”
“Oh,” she said, sounding somewhat disappointed. “Well...when do you think you’ll be back?”
“Probably pretty late.”
I walked into the kitchen, grabbing my keys off the counter before sliding open one of the drawers.
“Hey Lace!” I called out, rummaging through the drawer. “Do you have any gum?”
“Umm, yeah, I think so,” she called back from the bedroom. “Check my purse.”
I located my fiancé’s purse and began rifling through, searching for a pack of gum when I found something that caught my eye. I closed my fingers around it and pulled out a white business card with what seemed to be a picture of a naked man on the front. I quickly realized that it was from the strip club that Lacey had been to the night before. I dropped it back into the cluttered handbag, but as the card fell, it flipped over to reveal something else that caught my eye. On the back of the card was the name “Brett” with what plainly appeared to be a phone number. I held the small paper card in my hand for a moment as my mind processed what I had just discovered.
“Did you find it?”
I dropped the card back into the Lacey’s purse as soon as I heard my girlfriend’s voice re-emerge from the bedroom.
“Uh...yeah, I...got it. Thanks.”
As I turned to see Lacey make her way into the living room and slump down on the couch in front of the TV, I watched her to look for any sign that she may have made plans. She was wearing a pair of pink sweatpants and hoodie, with her hair tied back in a pony tail. For the first time since as long as I could remember, she wasn’t even wearing makeup.
“Do...you have any plans tonight?” I asked, pacing slowly as I waited for my friend’s arrival.
“Nope,” she answered. “I’m just going to stay in and watch a movie.”
Before I could ask another question, the blaring of a car horn sounded out over the noise of the TV. I said goodbye, and headed out the door, eager to begin my bachelor party.
My bachelor party turned out to be, in a word, a disaster. After picking up a couple friends we headed to a lounge for a few drinks, where Cale got into a fight one of the other patrons. After getting kicked out, we went to a strip club, where we my friends had reserved a VIP room. The dancers assigned to our little room were not the most attractive however, making the whole experience somewhat unpleasant. We decided to cut our losses and head to a nightclub, where Cale insisted I could make good on my fiancé’s agreement. On route we ran into a police roadblock, throwing yet another monkey wrench into our plans. Even though Cale came in under the limit when subjected to the breathalyser, the police saw fit to issue a twenty-four hour suspension and the car was towed. A couple of the guys insisted on continuing the night, but by then I was cold sober and just wanted to go

home. We said our goodbyes and I began the thirty minute walk back to my house.
After the lengthy walk, I strolled down my street, my feet burning from the dress shoes I had chosen to wear. As I neared the house Lacey and I rented however, I noticed a little red sports car in the driveway. My heart dropped immediately and I froze in place as I studied the vehicle for any sign of recognition. Although I secretly hoped that it belonged to one of Lacey's friends, I didn't recognize it at all. My thoughts kept coming back to that business card in her purse as I cautiously made my way towards the house.
As I came up to the car, I began to look for any sign that would tell me who it belonged to. Aside from a gym bag in the back seat however, the vehicle was spotless. Continuing on my way, I opted not to go through the front door, instead choosing to go around back. As I stepped around to the side of the house, I noticed that the small window looking down into our bedroom was open and the light was on. For safety reasons, the window was able to open only a few inches but we usually kept it closed. Lacey liked to have it open during the night, because our bedroom tended to get quite hot.
Slowly I crept towards the small window as my heart began to race. As I drew near, I took one final deep breath before crouching down and peering through the screen down into our bedroom.
Then I felt my heart drop.
Seated on my bed with his back to me was a naked man. He was leaning back, supported by his arms as if waiting for something. I couldn't see his face but his body looked extremely tanned and muscular, with short dark hair and a tattoo across his shoulders. My girlfriend was nowhere to be seen, but I did notice two half empty wine glasses seated on the bedside table. As I continued to watch with interest, he turned his head to look at something, giving me a partial view of his face. I recognized him from the picture on the business card in Lacey's purse.
"Brett," I muttered to myself in disgust.
I was beginning to wonder where my fiancé was when I heard her whimsical voice call out from another room.
"Ready?"
I settled down into a more comfortable position as I continued to watch with interest. A few seconds later, Lacey appeared in the bedroom doorway, dressed only in a pair of thigh high, black sheer stockings.
"Is this what you like?" she asked the man on the bed as she assumed a provocative pose in display of her naked body and sexy leg-wear.
"Uh huh," he answered simply as he raised his hand and motioned her to come closer.
Lacey smiled and dropped to her hands and knees, crawling across the bedroom floor like a cat with a wide, beaming smile plastered across her beautiful face.
"Lie down," she suggested as she neared the naked man, looking up into his eyes with a look of pure, animalistic lust.
Brett did as she said, lying back on the bed as my girlfriend admired his tanned, hairless body. It was then that I realized Lacey's reasoning for suggesting our little "deal." She had already set up her clandestine rendezvous, prior to suggesting it to me! I seethed with anger, but remained quiet as I

watched events unfold.
Lacey promptly joined him on the bed, flipping a leg over his head to settle her pussy down onto his face in a sexy sixty nine position. Her perfect face flashed with sensuality as she felt his lips between her legs and she lowered herself down to his waiting cock. I swallowed hard as I took in the unbearable sight of another man's dick in my fiancé's mouth as her soft, pouty lips slid down his thick shaft. I looked down to see Brett's face buried in between her thighs, his mouth sucking at her hairless pussy as she encouraged him with appreciative, lusty moans. Her head dipped and dove on his upwards pointing cock as her soft, gorgeous lips travelled the length of his shaft.
"Oh yeah," he gasped, sucking at her rosy lips, moaning into her hole as she rode his face.
The bobbing of Lacey's head produced a wet, slurping sound as she purred around his girth. Brett then reached down and placed his palm at the back of her head, urging her to take him deeper as he began pumping upwards into her open mouth. Gasping with pleasure, she lifted her lips from his cock, stroking his shaft as she let a thick droplet of saliva drip down onto her pumping fist.
"Mmmm, I love your cock," she moaned as she stroked him, gazing with admiration at his long, wet pole. "I want it inside me."
Lacey lifted her dripping pussy off his face, leaving his smiling visage glazed with her juices as she crawled down his naked body. Switching positions, she turned to face him as she hovered over his dick, reaching down to lift it upwards to meet her descending hole.
"Oooooh, yessssss," she exclaimed, her voice dripping with sluttiness as her body came to rest on his, with his long, hard cock planted deep inside her.
Pangs of jealously wracked my body as I watched my future wife ride the male stripper's naked, chiselled body. Brett's hands continued to explore her body, groping wantonly at her large, heaving breasts as she bounced atop his dick.
"Do you like fucking that little wet pussy?" she asked, gazing down into his face.
Her filthy words surprised me, as Lacey had never been a fan of dirty talk.
"I fucking love it," he replied, his hand dropping down to guide her hips along his shaft. "And I love fucking you in your boyfriend's bed."
"Ohhh, you're a dirty boy," she squealed, leaning back to fit more of his cock inside her. "Does that turn you on? You like fucking me in my fiancé's bed?"
"Yes," he gasped, his hands clutching her hips forcefully as he added a few upward thrusts into her writhing body.
"Mmmm," she purred. "It turns me on too. It makes me feel like such a dirty little slut."
Brett smiled.
"You like being a dirty little slut?"
"Yes! I love it. I want to be your dirty little slut!"
My mouth dropped open in amazement as I listened to Lacey's continual barrage of filthy comments. I had used the word "slut" once during sex and I had ended up sleeping on the couch.
"Make me your dirty whore," she continued, her nails clawing at his chest. "Do whatever you want to me!"

“You want me to do whatever I want to you?” Brett clarified, his face lightening with optimistic excitement.
“Yes! I want you to use me! I want you to own me!”
Brett grabbed her thick, curvy ass and raised his torso off the bed before flipping Lacey onto her back, his cock still firmly buried inside her insatiable pussy. With her legs spread wide, he pounded his dick into her with forceful, plunging thrusts as she howled with enjoyment. His muscular ass flexed with every descent, filling my girlfriend’s hungry hole with the entire length of his shaft.
After a few more minutes of savage fucking, Brett pulled his wet cock out of my fiancé and backed up off of the bed.
“Come here,” he ordered, reaching down to grab her hair as he urged her back up onto her hands and knees.
Relishing in the rough treatment, Lacey obediently complied, perching herself at the edge of the bed as Brett rested a hand at the back of her head and guided his swaying cock towards her waiting face. She reached up and grabbed the base of his shaft as she looked up lovingly into his eyes, her tongue swirling around his bulbous head. As she bathed his tip with soft wet licks, she smiled warmly before sucking him deep into her welcoming mouth. Brett moaned with bliss as he held her head in place and began gently pumping his hips, her cheeks bulging with every rhythmic thrust as he sent his dick sliding into her mouth.
Giving herself over to him, my girlfriend closed her eyes in passive enjoyment as she allowed him to use her open mouth for his personal pleasure. As his length disappeared past her lips, he butted into the back of her throat, Lacey struggling not to gag from the sensation. He then withdrew his cock from my fiancé’s gaping maw and I could see a thin line of spittle glisten in the lamplight as it stretched between her lips and his dick. He allowed her a quick breath before pushing back into her gasping mouth, drool leaking lewdly from around his thrusting shaft, dribbling down her chin as he proceeded to fuck her face.
Again, I was surprised. Lacey had always shown a sensitive distaste for oral sex, but there she was on her hands and knees as Brett obscenely pleasured himself between her open lips.
Lacey pulled back, panting as sticky strands of spittle dangled from her parted lips. Rising up, she allowed him to grasp her hair and pull her face to his in a wet, lustful kiss as she reached desperately for his cock. As she wrapped her hand around his shaft, she stroked his dick with her engagement ring sparkling in the dim light. My girlfriend then fed his fat cock back into the back of her throat as he reached down her body to test the firmness of her supple ass with frantic gropes. Brett then slid his hand down in between her fleshy cheeks, wetting his finger in her pussy before stroking it back up over her exposed asshole. Lacey moaned as she felt his probing finger slide easily into her tiny hole, hooking her and pulling her back onto his dick.
“I hope you know I’m going to fuck this tight little ass of yours,” he commented, smiling as his meaty finger dug deeply into her tightening star.
I froze as I waited for my fiancé to refute his claim. As his dick slipped from her dripping wet lips, she looked up into his face with naughty grin.

“I told you that you can do whatever you want to me.”
My blood boiled with anger as I continued to watch my future wife submit to Brett’s every whim. Her virgin ass, long denied to me, was now offered to some sleazy stripper as he smiled down with smug satisfaction.
“Turn around,” he ordered, giving her a firm slap on the ass. “I want to fuck you from behind.”
Lacey immediately spun around and crawled towards the center before arching her back in presentation of her lusciously curvaceous backside. Brett crawled up behind her and planted his face into her exposed pussy as she let out periodic moans of encouragement. With her mouth open in silent pleasure, she lowered her face to the mattress as her honey blonde hair fell across her tightly closed eyes.
“Fuck me!” she begged, as he rose up behind her. “Fuck me from behind like a dirty little whore.”
Rising up to a quadruped position, Lacey swept her hair from her face as she prepped herself for the impending penetration. She then pressed her teeth down atop her bottom lip, taking a deep breath in through her nose as his dick parted her soft folds. Then he was inside her. My girlfriend moaned with satisfaction as his cock filled her tight pussy and immediately increased his pace as he fucked her from behind.
“Yeah. Give me that fucking dick!” she ordered in between blissful pants.
With every slap of his thighs against her rippling ass, her arousal visibly increased until her face became a mask of unbridled ecstasy. Lacey’s cumbersome backside wiggled with his rhythmic thrusting as she groaned blissfully in response.
“Yes,” she exclaimed as she tossed her head back. “Keep fucking me like that!”
She then clamped her lips shut in an expression of aggressive emotion as she bobbed her ass back on his dick. Brett reached out and grabbed her roughly by the hair, forcing her downward as he slammed into her pussy with authoritarian fervour. Her body lurched with every thrust, the bed shaking as he pinned face against the mattress. His thick cock continued plunging in and out, jostling her ample ass with each and every stroke until she became pinned flat against the bed. With his legs straddling hers, she writhed into the sheets, her body shuddering from the barrage of short, quick thrusts.
As Brett paused to take a much needed breath, he pulled out and rolled Lacey onto her side, folding her top leg up against her stomach before sliding back inside her. She looked back at him, watching his face with interest as she lightly stroked her finger over her virgin asshole.
“Yeah, stick your finger up your ass,” he ordered, pumping his thick cock into her pussy with lack of restraint.
Lacey smiled and pushed her tip past her muscular ring as he watched the lewd spectacle with increasing obsession.
“Is this what you like?” she asked softly, sinking her tiny finger right into her tight little asshole.
“Yes,” he groaned in response, leaning low to kiss her with his dick planted deep inside her as she purred with delight.
“Do you want this ass?” she asked with an inviting, sensual tone. “I want you to take it. Take my virgin

asshole.”
Brett pulled his dick back out of her soaking wet hole and stroked himself as Lacey pulled her top cheek upwards in obscene invitation, offering her orifice to his throbbing cock. My gaze was locked on my fiancé’s much coveted hole as another man prepared to take her anal virginity in plain view of my prying eyes. Her eyes then closed and her mouth opened, panting with pleasure as his cock pierced her tiny star and proceeded to sink inside her supple ass. Inch by inch, his glistening pole disappeared into my girlfriend’s squirming body.
Not wasting any time, he then laid his hands upon her large, fleshy cheek and pumped his hips back and forth, sending his cock deep into Lacey’s ass with each increasing stroke.
“Fuck yes,” she urged with wanton desperation. “Take it. Take my fucking ass!”
Her hands clawed at the bed sheets with lustful agony as he continued to pleasure himself in my girlfriend’s virgin asshole.
“You like that, you dirty little bitch?” Brett hissed, violating her most private hole with unabashed enthusiasm. “You like my fucking cock up your ass?”
“Yessss,” she squealed, urging him onward with her salacious panting taunts. “I love it. Make me your bitch! I’m so fucking dirty!”
From my vantage point I could see my fiancé’s tiny hole tightly hugging his plunging rod as he ravaged her with complete lack of regard. Harder and harder, he fucked her as my eyes widened with astonishment. I fully expected her to beg him to slow down, but instead she prodded him to increase his efforts.
“Slap me!” she ordered, gritting her teeth with intensity. “Slap my face while you fuck my ass!”
“SLAP!”
I flinched as Brett’s open hand struck my future wife across the cheek. Again, without question he hit her as her eyes glazed over with a lustful intensity I had never before witnessed.
“Who’s ass is this?” he asked, grabbing her roughly around the front of the neck as his dick continued to plumb her depths with deep, ravaging strokes.
“Yours!” Lacey gasped as his grip tightened around her throat. “It’s your ass!”
“That’s right,” he agreed, watching with pleasure as her face turned red from lack of oxygen. “And I can have it whenever I want!”
“Yes!” she agreed emphatically as he released his grip on her neck and grabbed her hair, sinking his cock inside her asshole with a particularly forceful thrust. “You own my ass! Take it! Use me! Use my fucking asshole!”
Taken aback by the depravity of my girlfriend’s filthy language, I continued to stare wide eyed as Brett subjected her sensitive orifice to a continual barrage of lust driven thrusts, while she screamed and begged for more.
“Are you going to cum in my slutty little ass?” she moaned, her urgent voice broken by ecstatic pants.
“Do you want me to?” Brett shot back as his body began to tense.
“Yes!” she begged. “I want it! I want your cum inside me!”
His strokes grew more frantic as his face took on an appearance of intense concentration. I knew

what was going to happen. He was going to cum in my fiancé's ass.
"Ughhh," he groaned as his hips lurched forward hammering Lacey's butt with three short, quick thrusts as she tossed her head back with satisfied pleasure, feeling his hot cum flooding the inside of her freshly reamed hole.
Brett gave her a few more slow, wet strokes as his creamy white fluids began to seep out from around his withdrawing cock. As he slipped free, his dick swung down between his legs, followed by a trickle of warm fluid that dribbled out of Lacey's asshole down her luscious cheek and onto the bed.
I stood up and staggered backwards, overwhelmed by the slutty scene I had just witnessed. My mind was a confused mixture of jealousy and arousal. I felt betrayed, but also angry at myself for not seeing this coming when I had agreed to Lacey's deal. She had given her ass to another man. A sexual act she had promised to me in return for allowing her one final week of freedom. I was fuming with anger and dying to get even in some way.
And I knew just how to do it.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Damon?"
Jenna held the door open before me with a surprised expression as I stood in the hallway outside her apartment. She looked as though she was just about to go to bed, dressed in a pair of grey sweatpants and a black tank top with her hair tied back in a ponytail.
"What are you doing h...,"
Her words were cut off as I stepped forward to kiss her, awkwardly pressing my lips to hers as she stumbled back with astonishment.
"Okay," she said, holding her arms up before her. "What the hell is going on?"
"I think we should fuck," I stated plainly, stepping into the apartment and closing the door behind me.
Jenna just stood there wide eyed as I awaited her response.
"You think we should...?"
"Fuck."
"Fuck?"
"Yes."
"What about princess Lacey?" she asked snidely, placing her hands on her hips.
"Forget about her. Do you want to do this or not?"
"Wow. You really know how to charm a girl huh?"
My angry expression softened as my friend looked up at me with her adorable smile. I took a deep breath, removed my jacket and began to explain the situation. We both sat down in the living room and had a drink as I told the entire story. At first, Jenna was surprised and perhaps a bit offended. But, as I expected, she soon jumped at the chance to help me get back at her arch nemesis.
"What a fucking bitch!" Jenna exclaimed after hearing my woeful tale. "I always knew she was a heartless cunt, but I never thought she would do something like that."
"Well, I did agree to the...,"
"Stop it right there!" she said with wave of her hand. "Stop sticking up for her."

I smiled and sat back in a relaxed pose as Jenna stood up in front of me.
“I’m in,” she said adamantly.
“What do you mean you’re in?” I asked, perplexed as her lip curled into her usual smile.
“I’m going to help you,” she explained. “I’m going to give you the best sex you’re ever had. When I’m finished with you, you won’t even remember that bitch or her stripper boyfriend.”
I smiled as she stepped towards me, a mischievious glint in her dark, sexy eyes. Before I knew what was happening, she dropped to her knees before me and reached for my flye. She unzipped my pants and immediately began to wrestle with them as I raised my hips in assistance. Pulling them off, she reached for my underwear as I took the liberty of removing my shirt.
“I’ve been wanting to do this for such a long time,” she uttered, tossing my boxers aside as she knelt before my naked body. “Just sit back and relax.”
I took a deep breath as my best friend reached out with her delicate hand and took a hold of my dick, gripping it gently as it began to grow to life under her touch. With one more look up into my eyes, she lowered her head into my lap and flicked her little pink tongue out to tease my tip with short, nimble licks before wrapping her lips around my head. I moaned as Jenna slipped her lips down further, her tongue swirling around as she descended on my growing pole. As her hand began to pump up and down, her mouth complimented her stroking by bobbing back and forth, taking me deeper with each plunge.
“You’re really good at this,” I gasped, overwhelmed by my friend’s oral talents.
Jenna’s eyes drifted upwards, flashing me an appreciative glance before lowering her face and pressing her warm tongue into my balls. Her hand continued to stroke my wet shaft as she lapped at them with soft, moist licks and then sucked them into her pretty mouth. I shifted in my seat as she cradled my sac with her mouth, wetting it thoroughly before letting pop free with a playful smile.
“Do you like having your balls licked?” she asked, her small fist pumping up and down along my shaft.
I nodded.
“What else do you like?” she asked, dipping the tip of her tongue into the end of my dick, tasting the dewy droplet of precum that had formed there.
“Everything,” I moaned, as she smiled and ran her tongue back down my rigid pole.
Urging me to slide forward, she then dropped lower, sucking at my balls once again before sliding her tongue underneath to tease the small sensitive patch of skin below. I moaned with encouragement as Jenna continued to explore my body with her busy lips. I could feel her little wet tongue lashing out under my balls as she prompted me to lift my legs and slide further still towards the edge of the sofa.
“Yes...,” I muttered with eyes closed as Jenna’s tongue touched my asshole for the first time.
Encouraged by my gasping response, she circled my tight little ring with slow, gliding licks before planting a soft kiss right on my ass. The sensation was incredible and I could barely withhold my enthusiasm as she purred into my hole, stabbing it with soft, lustful jabs.
“You like that?” she asked, licking her thumb and massaging it into my ass as she smiled up into my bewildered face with a look of sensual intensity.
“Fuck yes!” I gasped, placing my hand at the back her head and gently guiding her smiling face back

into my ass.
Jenna let out a giggle that soon became muffled as she resumed tonguing my hole with pleasing, wet licks. For the next few minutes she alternated between my ass, balls and dick, treating me to the most mind blowing oral experience I had ever had. At one point, she ever probed my tight little asshole with her finger as she clamped her lips down around my swollen head and pumped my shaft with furious intent. I could feel my climax approaching, but closed my eyes in an attempt at holding off in order to prolong the indescribable pleasure. Slipping her finger from my ass, she quickly replaced it with her tongue, stabbing it in as far as she could before bobbing her head back and forth. Overcome with desire, I grabbed my cock and began to stroke myself as Jenna tongue fucked my asshole, her hands pushing my legs up as far as she could. Faster and faster, my hand pumped, causing my aching balls to bounce against her face as her little wet tongue probed with unabashed intent. As I reached the point of no return, my body convulsed and my asshole clenched as a fountain of creamy, white cum erupted from my dick, arcing into the air before splashing down onto my hand. As I kept stroking and contracting, the hot fluid flowed down over my knuckles, forming an alabaster rivulet that dripped down over my ass. Jenna's tongue lapped at the jism as it trickled over my asshole, catching all she could with her hungry little mouth before running her tongue up over my balls. My shaking hand remained clutching my pulsing cock as she kissed and licked my fingers, sucking up any stray drops she found there.
"We should go to the bedroom," she suggested, glancing at the clock on the wall. "Nikki will be home soon. "
I agreed and immediately began to gather up my clothes as Jenna skipped into the bedroom. I had almost forgot that she had a roommate, since she was rarely ever there.
As I stepped into her bedroom, I tossed my armload of clothing on the floor and closed the door behind me. I moved up behind Jenna and grabbed her around her slender waist, lifting her nubile body into the air and tossing her playfully on the bed.
"Hey," she giggled as she bounced onto the bed. "What do you think you're doing?"
As she rose up to her hands and knees in an effort to crawl away from me, I grabbed her by an ankle and yanked her back towards me. Kicking and struggling, she writhed under me as I took her by the waist and sipped her loose fitting sweat pants down over her hips exposing her tiny round ass to my hungry eyes.
"Oooh, no panties!" I chirped, eyeing her smooth, white cheeks as she reached back laughing. "You naughty little slut."
Pinning her flat against the bed, I lowered my face and bit into the tender flesh of her ass as she squirmed from the sensation.
"Mmmm," she purred as my playful biting turned to a soft kiss, my lips caressing the tiny red mark I had just left on her skin.
As I continued to cover her taut little backside with hungry kisses, Jenna's back arched as she lifted her ass upwards into my face. Holding her firmly around the hips, I slipped my tongue down in between her firm little cheeks, teasing her asshole with sensual, wet licks.

“Fuck yes,” she gasped, reaching back to claw at my hair as my tongue dug into her clenching butt hole with enthusiastic thrusts.
My fingers quickly found her moist slit and I slipped two inside, pushing them deep inside her as my wriggling attacked her ass with lustful, wet lashes. Pulling my juice covered digits from her tight little hole, I stroked them over her ass, coating it with her sweet nectar before licking it clean.
As my unabashed oral assault continued, my dick slowly regained its former strength until I could withhold my craving no longer. Pulling Jenna’s hips upwards, I climbed onto the bed behind her and pressed my swollen tip into her dewy opening. She let out a brief gasp as I parted her soft, pink lips and buried my cock inside her.
“Eghhh,” she peeped as I slid in up to my balls, causing her slender body to buck forward under the force.
I revelled in the unbelievable tightness of my friend’s pussy as she enveloped my plunging pole. My hands gripped her tiny ass, holding her steady as I began driving into her with lust-driven lack of restraint.
“Fuck yes,” Jenna squealed with a high pitched, child like tone a she reached both hands downwards. One of her skinny arms reached under her body, feeling my thrusting, wet shaft before pressing into her clit and rubbing with frantic intent. Her other reached back and slipped in between her cheeks, massaging her asshole with firm but gentle motions. I looked down at her nimble fingers as my hips butted repeatedly into her ass, my balls slapping her wet pussy with each stroke.
Reaching down I grabbed her tiny hand and brought it to my mouth, sucking her middle finger between my lips before placing it back at her ass. With her digit now dripping wet, I prompted her to slip it into her little pink hole as I watched with delight. Jenna’s tiny ring hugged her finger as she pushed it easily inside, pumping it in and out as my dick filled her pussy with each thrust.
“Do you want my ass?” she asked with a moaning, breathy gasp.
“Yes,” I answered promptly, driving her hips down into the bed.
“Okay,” she returned, looking back at me with a playful grin. “Get the lube. It’s in the drawer. In the night table.”
I pulled my dick from her inviting embraces of my friend’s hot little hole and scrambled over to retrieve the lubricant. Sliding the drawer open, I was taken aback by the selection of sex toys and paraphernalia that filled the small space. Making a mental note to question Jenna about her naughty little toy box, I grabbed the lube and climbed back onto the bed.
Jenna’s ass was raised into the air with two fingers now buried inside her clenching hole. I urged her to continue as I popped the top on the tube and drizzled the clear liquid down around her wriggling fingers. As her tiny pink hole began to glisten with a slippery sheen, she slipped her fingers out and pulled her ass wide in shameless invitation.
“Do it,” she urged, her voice shaking with anticipation. “Put it in my ass.”
Gripping my base to squeeze as much blood into my aching shaft as I could, I aimed my quivering dick into her enticing little star and began to push. Jenna’s pursed lips emanated a subtle purring sound as her asshole slowly parted around my pushing cock. My bulbous head slipped inside and her

muscular ring clenched around my shaft. I waited a few seconds before proceeding, cautiously sinking my length into her greedy little hole.
“Fuck yes,” she exclaimed, howling into the sheets as her smooth little tunnel accepted every inch of my descending cock. “That’s soooo fucking good.”
“You like getting fucked in the ass?” I asked, leaning over her prone body as I began to inch my dick back and forth in her butt.
“I love it,” she purred in response as her hips began to slowly sink back into the bed under the weight of my thrusting body.
As she came to lay flat against the mattress, I had to push harder against her firm little ass to get more of my cock inside her intoxicating orifice. I started to grind my hips into her taut flesh as she squirmed underneath me. I reached up and grabbed her wrists, pinning her hands to the bed as I laid my chest against her back. I could smell her hair as I pressed my face against hers, breathing harshly into her ear as I gyrated into her ass.
“We should have done this a long time ago,” I whispered with my dick firmly embedded in her spasming anal hole.
“Mmmm, I know.”
“Where do you want me to cum?” I asked, feeling my orgasm approaching as Jenna pushed her ass back into my gyrating hips.
“Where did Lacey take it?” she replied, her eyes closed in pleasure.
“In her ass,” I whispered, my mind racing back to my fiancé’s naughty tryst.
“Mmmm,” Jenna purred in response. “That’s what I want! I want my ass filled with cum just like your whore girlfriend.”
I wasn’t sure if she was trying to turn me on or provoke me, but she succeeded at doing both. I began thrusting harder into Jenna’s asshole as her moaning turned into a series of groaning shrieks.
“Come on,” she urged. “Use me! Use me just like that stripper used your future wife.”
Overcome with lust, I grabbed her hair hard and drove forcefully into her ass as my balls contracted and a thick load of hot cum began to spilling into her clenching hole. As the warm spurts splashed inside her, I continued thrusting until the increased sensitivity became too much and I was forced to cease. I remained lying atop Jenna’s panting body as I felt my cock wilting inside her squeezing asshole.
Rising up, her ass expelled my flaccid dick and I fell to the mattress beside her as she looked into my face with an expression of contentment. I laid my arm across her back and closed my eyes with relaxation as I drifted off to sleep.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
I awoke early in the morning and left without waking Jenna, silently gathering my strewn clothing and tip toeing out of her apartment. When I arrived home, Lacey was nowhere to be found. I assumed she was at the gym, since she had been working out most mornings since our engagement. I took a shower and then inspected the bedroom for any sign of her recent sexual encounter, but it appeared she had removed any evidence. The sheets had been changed, the dishes were washed and her

black stockings were tucked away neatly in her underwear drawer. It was as if nothing had happened.

I lay down and turned the TV on, soon drifting off to sleep on the sofa. I awoke a few hours later to the sound of the front door slamming shut and my fiancé humming whimsically to herself as she strolled through the house. I got up and walked into the kitchen, noticing a few shopping bags sitting on the table.
“Lace?” I called out, looking over at the bags.
“Oh hey hon,” she called out from the bathroom in a remarkably cheerful voice. “How was the bachelor party?”
“Oh, not great,” I answered, opening one of the bags and looking inside.
My mouth fell open with surprise as I inspected the contents. I was expecting to find clothes or shoes, as my girlfriend had a particular addiction to shopping, but what I found was quite different. There was lubricant, handcuffs, numerous sex toys, fishnet stockings, enema kits and a few sexy outfits that looked far to risqué for Lacey’s tastes.
“What the...?” I stammered as my fiancé sauntered out of the bathroom with a contented smile on her face.
“I see you found my supplies,” she said, unphased as I remained completely dumfounded.
“Uh...yeah,” I muttered. “What is all this stuff for?”
“It’s my supplies for the week,” she explained, crossing her arms and staring at me with an emotionless glare.
I was about to say something when she spoke again.
“I know you fucked Jenna!” she snapped, her voice seething with a hint of anger.
“What? H...How did you...?”
“I saw Nikki at the gym,” she explained. “She told me everything.”
I silently cursed Jenna’s roommate and her big mouth, although I was amazed that word had travelled so fast.
“You...,” Lacey continued, her eyes locked on me in an icy glare. “...broke the rules!”
“So did you!” I snapped back in defence. “I saw you last night! I saw everything.”
Lacey seemed surprised for a moment but quickly regained her composure.
“I did not break the rules,” she replied adamantly.
“You let that guy fuck you in the ass!”
“You never said I couldn’t.”
“Yeah...but I assumed...,” I stammered before she cut me off again.
“You shouldn’t have assumed,” she stated curtly. “And I hope you enjoyed the show last night...because there’s a hell of a lot more where that came from.”
I fumed with anger, but tried to withhold my temper.
“So you go ahead and fuck your little slut as much as you want,” she said, gathering up her belongings from the table. “And you get her to lick your ass just she did last night...”
Again I cursed Nikki’s big mouth.

“Because I’m going to be doing the same things! For the next week, I’m going to be the dirtiest fucking slut you’ve ever seen!”

“I don’t think you want to play this game,” I warned, my voice shaking as I spoke.

“Oh yes I do,” she snapped as she turned and headed towards the bedroom. “You started it. Now...this means war.”

To be continued...