Revenge

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Revenge is a dish best served HOT!

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It was one of those lonely days that spilled over into the darkness where again nothing awaited me but empty silence, or the droning hum of the television.

It had been a long time since we'd done anything really spectacular together. He was always working; I had my own career, but nothing that even mildly interfered with my loving him.

I still had a good body, I was clean, and I was smart. Then why? I wondered. What is worse? The not knowing or the knowing? I'm not really sure. I do know however, whatever it was that he could not find in me, he thinks he can find in her.

I saw them you see. I saw them in the most intimate of all moments, and in those moments a thousand different emotions played themselves out in their acts of sexual abandon.

Any woman worth her salt knows when her man is drawing away from her. Too much sex, not enough, gone altogether? Too many late nights at the office, too many business trips out of town.

I ignored the red mark on his thigh that looked like a hickey, and he swore that he'd banged his leg against his desk. Odd, how I wanted to believe that just then. Blatant signs that we choose not to see.

We hadn't been to our cabin in the mountains of Pennsylvania in over two years. Something always came up, usually on

his part. I figured that I would surprise him, by going up there during a week he was away on business trip, and getting it all ready for a special weekend with just the two of us.

On the Thursday before he was due to return, I loaded up our SUV with all sorts of goodies, including a very sexy negligée from Victoria's secret. It would take me a good part of the day to get the cabin ready with flowers, candles and our special music but I knew it would be perfect when I was done.

As I drove, I could see clouds building off in the distance. Damn! I hoped I could beat the storm that was coming. I didn't.

The downpour was sudden and drenching. The mountain roads were treacherous and too muddy even for my 4WD SUV.

I pulled into a little diner just about thirty minutes south of our cabin. Other cars were there, also intending to wait out the rain. I ran inside and took a seat near the window hoping I would be able to see when the storm cleared. It was hours! At 9:00 the pouring rain turned into a teasing mist, but there were still bright hits of sheet lightening and distant rolls of thunder.

I paid my bill for the sandwich and three cups of tea I had, and got back in my truck. It was a little slow going, but finally I turned into the road that led to our cabin. I smiled as I saw the trees become less dense and the roof of our cabin came into view.

My smile turned to puzzlement when I saw a dark four-by-four parked out front. Whose could it be? My heart pounded. Squatters? I stopped my car in the glade and contemplated calling the police to come and remove the errant trespassers.

Suddenly a dreaded feeling closed over me and I knew I had to see just who was in our cabin. I got out and walked in the rain to the cabin door. There was a light on somewhere, so I went to the window and saw that it wasn't a light at all, but roaring flames in the fireplace.

A huge boom of thunder sounded, nearly scaring me to death, and the rain began to fall in sheets once again. Then, I saw her. She was naked and on her knees with long auburn hair falling in waves around her.

Who was she and what was she doing in our cabin?
I saw her mouth move and I was suddenly afraid to know to whom she spoke.

Then, with his back to me, he arose, also naked. It was a body I knew all too well. Tall, lean and with still strong arms and legs. It was my husband and he was standing before the young woman with what looked like a leather-flogging whip in one hand and a raging erection in the other.

My mouth dropped open as I watched in horror as he said something to her and she bowed her head. He must have spoken harsher, because she closed her eyes just as he brought the flogger down across her back. She winced and then looked up at him with a mix of pleading and… pleasure.

He smiled and pointed to his erect cock. The girl moved forward

and took my familiar beast into her mouth.
I saw my husband's eyes close as she took him in inch by inch. When she reached the hilt she drew back and then slammed her mouth back down it again. She began to move rapidly, and I saw him push forward to make sure she got the full measure of him. Every so often he would slap her ass with the flogger and she would suck him faster and harder, her jaws drawing in as the whip urged her on.

I was incensed. How long had this been going on? What was he saying to her? I had to know. I went to the door and found the spare key we always kept over the top jamb. I waited until there was another loud peal of thunder before inserting

it into the lock and turning the knob. I waited for yet another
before pushing it open and stepping into the dark foyer.

It was warm inside, a welcome change to the chilliness outside.
I could hear gulping as she sucked him, and I heard him whispering.

“Come on little cunt that’s it, suck it, ” he said, “suck
my hard dick, suck it until my cum pours down your fucking
little slut throat.” Was that my kind hearted gentle husband saying
those things?

I stopped there in the darkness, rain dripping in a puddle
at my feet. “Are you my bitch slut?” He asked bringing the whip down
across her perfect little ass cheeks. She mumbled something; but to me it sounded like a gurgle. He pumped hard into her mouth.

“Take it bitch! Take it all.” He shoved her back and lifted his still hard cock up towards his stomach exposing his ball sacs. “Suck them little cunt.”
She moved down and took his balls into her mouth, first one then other, then both. She sucked and licked them as he leaned over and ran a finger down the crack of her ass.

“You’re nice and juicy. I like a slippery cunt. On all fours!”
He ordered. She complied and he moved behind her and got on his own knees
behind her. He splayed her legs wide apart and separated
her ass cheeks. His face disappeared between them and I heard her gasp as he ate hungrily. She moaned loudly and moved a little with his rhythm. He sounded like a rabid wolf as he pinched her fleshy breasts to keep her still.

He had never taken me orally from that position, and judging
from her expression, I knew she was ecstatically aroused.

I could hear him lapping and sucking at her sopping cunt.
He opened her wider and told her that he was going to lick
her inner walls. He was always good orally, but never this good with me.

He got down on his back and pulled her sopping, dripping pussy down onto his face and continued his eating.
After a short while he shoved her over onto her back and slammed her legs open. “I want your clit, get it ready for me.”
I could see her hands obey him as she began to maneuver the hood off her clit, exposing the nub that looked like a tiny pink cock.

My husband licked his lips. He sank between her legs and took the nub between his teeth and gnawed. She screamed out loud. He chewed and sucked the pink nub as she writhed in painful agitation.

I could see his tongue move rapidly across it like a little whip beating it. Then he’d stop and suck it hard, pulling the nub far from its hood at an almost impossible range.

Again and again his face disappeared further down as he ate her sopping hole. When he raised his face I could see how shiny with her juices it was.

It was all very hurtful to watch, but erotic too and I found myself getting strangely aroused, but my anger outweighed it. I heard him groan and arise, pulling her with him forcing her over the arm of the couch. He kicked her legs apart and ran a finger slowly down her ass crack. With a jerk he shoved it in hard and she screamed and bit her lip.

“Just getting it ready for my rod little cunt.”

She cried, but she was begging too. Begging for his fat thick cock to enter her ass. “Pussy first my dear, pussy first”

Because she was so wet, he slid himself into her easily, and with slow undulating movements he fucked her. He fucked her slow with long strong strokes, but nothing hurtful.

He reached around and caressed her hanging breasts, pinching

her nipples until she winced. He spoke softly to her and made her answer him. He called her the vilest names, but somehow it was with a sort of affection. His strokes were stronger and she was loving it, pushing back ardently to meet his thrusts.

They were fucking for almost twenty minutes and she was lost in a euphoric fog of passion. I had the advantage of seeing what she could not. I saw him yank his cock out of her now gaping pussy. She waited for him to slide it back in, and he did. But this time, hard and right into her tight ass.

She screamed in pain, shut her eyes tight then opened them. When he shoved into her again, her vision focused and she saw me.

“Master!” she said.
“Hush!” he said, “Or I’ll shove it right through you little bitch.”
“Master Please!” she begged.

He slapped her ass cheeks so hard it sounded like a whip cracking.

“One more word and you will feel the pain of THE ARMOUR in your ass and pussy, now not another word.”
Her lips snapped shut, but her eyes never left mine.

What was the ARMOUR? Why had it frightened her into sudden quiet submission?

He pounded in her ass so hard, tears leaked out of her eyes and slid down her face. He was about to cum. I knew because I had seen that look many times. He stroked harder, and just as the moment arrived, he pulled out, turned her over and grabbed her by the hair so that her face was level with his engorged cock. “Open and receive!”

She tried to turn her head back to me, but he held her hair too tightly. She opened her mouth and he shoved his cock inside it, claiming her mouth with the dick that had just assaulted her ass.

He tensed, and released his thick heavy streams of cum into her mouth and throat. I saw it move up and down as she swallowed, but I knew it would be too much. It always was. Streams began to leak out the sides of her mouth, down her chin, and onto her breasts. Still he pulsated with cum, almost gagging her. As he took it out, a thick wad of it spilled from her mouth and over her lips.

“I love the way you look when you do that, be sure not to lose any.” She scooped up the dripping cum and slipped it back into her mouth, swallowing each drop.

My husband smiled and went to sit on the couch. The girl righted herself slowly. “Now! What did you want to say to me?” he asked her.

I stepped into the light. “She wanted to say that I was here!”

Startled, he jumped up, his face ashen, but only for a moment as the color returned when he saw me. “Quite a performance” I said moving forward. “It’s not what you think.” He said in the stentorian voice I had lived with for more than five years.

I saw his member lose its rigidity and shrink slowly to nestle against his thigh. “Oh really? Then what is it? I find you here with some woman who is obviously not me, with your dick hanging after it’s been in every orifice of her body.”

The woman looked afraid, but not of me, of him. I turned a steely gaze to her. “Do you enjoy him?”

She looked at him as though asking for permission to answer. I was astonished to find that is exactly what she was doing, when I saw him nod once.

“Yes!” she said softly.

I wanted to slap her silly submissive face, but it was not only she, it was him too.

I took off my rain soaked jacket and walked towards them.
She was an exquisite creature, more perfect than I would
ever be, but she lacked character and will. Even I could see that.

Neither made a move as I sat on the couch where only moments
ago she lay with her ass doing his bidding. The musky smell of sex was heavy in the air. I don't think either of them was ready for my next question.

"So tell me, what is…. THE ARMOUR?"
Neither said anything.

I looked at my husband who wasn't backing down an inch.

"You…." I pointed to him "Have much more to lose than she
does. Now what is it?"

He moved slowly to a black leather bag that I hadn't noticed
by the fireplace. He reached inside and extracted a hollow
dildo about thirteen inches long and as thick as my fist.
It had a multitude of tiny rubber spikes all over it.

I took it from his hand and turned it over in mine. It was impressive.

"Surely you don't…." I couldn't imagine it. I looked at
her. "Does he use this in you?"

She wanted to answer but didn't dare.

"Make her answer me!" I shouted at him.
He nodded to the now trembling girl.
"Yes"
"When?"
She hesitated. I couldn't stand her mewling submissiveness
and I went to her and grabbed her nipple and twisted it.

"When?"
She made no sound except to utter a small moan of pain.

My husband didn’t order her to speak, and I suspected he was enjoying my charge-taking performance.
“Make her answer me.”

“You may answer the mistress little cunt, ”

I let go of her rosy, now red nipple.
“He uses it when I am disobedient or when he is displeased.”

I turned it over and over.

“It must be excruciating.”

“Yes Mistress, ” she said just above a whisper.

Somehow, I think I enjoyed the sound of the title on her lips when referring to me. I got up and walked to the little bag from which he had extracted the studded dildo.

“Well, let’s see what other little toys he has in here.”

I extracted nipple clamps, and dildos in various sizes and colors. There were also whips, floggers, candles, clit pincers, blindfolds and handcuffs.

I looked at my husband who dared to smile back at me.

"So, what have you to say for yourself darling?” I asked.

“It’s who I really am when I am not with you.” He said.

“You enjoy being in control?”

“I do.”

I didn’t like his self-assured tone. He looked at me with dark hazel eyes.

“It seems, ” he began, “you have a proclivity for power.
Little cunt noticed right away and gave you the respect
you deserve.”

“Do you think so?” I raised my brows in feigned surprise.

“Of course.” He smiled evilly. “The two of us can reduce
her to a mass of quivering jelly.”

The prospect was exciting him, and his cock was creeping
back to life. I took the handcuffs and twirled them around my finger and
walked toward them.

“Do you think she’ll do anything I say?”

“Yes! If I order it she will do anything you say.”

“Without question?”
“You will have absolute power over her?”

He was almost salivating at the prospect of the unanticipated
threesome. He looked at the girl.

“Clean the mistress’s shoes.”

The girl knelt before me and began licking my muddy shoes.
I moved my feet back in disgust.

My husband looked at me with shining, excited eyes.

“Together we can have her any way you want.”

What made him think I was interested in her that way?

“Help the Mistress out of her wet clothes little cunt” he ordered.

The girl came over to me and began to remove my clothes. I

let her until she reached my undergarments.

“That will be all. I don’t want to show you all my charms just yet.” I smiled at her with what she thought was sincerity.

I turned to my husband and licked my lips.

“I never knew you possessed such strength and power, even after all these years of marriage. But I think I want to control her now.”

“Indeed my dear. Indeed.” He was beside himself with joy.

“Order it!”

He ordered the girl to follow my instructions to the letter.

Immediately I commanded her to suck his cock. She bent to her knees and pasted her mouth firmly around the head and began to lick him.

It wasn’t until I moved behind him and began to caress his body gently, slowly that he closed his eyes and began to really enjoy himself. I reached around and squeezed his nipples and he hissed with pleasure.

I licked his neck and let my tongue flutter down his back to the very brink of his ass. The anticipation of what he thought might happen was too much as he let out a loud moan.

I let my hands rove up over his arms allowing my nails to dig in slightly. I brought them around in back of him and before he knew it, I had the handcuffs secured tightly. His eyes popped open. I grabbed a ball gag that I had taken out of the bag and shoved it in his mouth before he was able to utter an order to the wide-eyed girl.

He began to struggle.

“Oh but my dear, you know I will never hurt you. But you did give me control over her.” I said pointing to the still sucking girl.

I went to the bag and grabbed a harness. I fit the ARMOUR spiked dildo into it. I bid the girl to rise and I strapped it on her tightly, too tightly onto her lovely flat pelvis.

I took my husband and bent him over the same arm of the couch where he had bent her. His eyes were pools of angry fire.

“Move behind him--little cunt is it?” I queried her.

My husband began to moan and shake.

“Ya know, had I known this is the sort of thing you liked, we might have been able to at least talk about it.” I began to don my discarded skirt and blouse.

“But you wanted to do things in secret, while I sat at home with nothing to fill me. Well now something is going to fill you.”

I finished dressing and went to the girl. I placed my lips close to her ear and began to whisper.

He tried to strain around and see what I was doing. He tried to shake his head ‘NO!’ to her. But as I whispered, a slow smile crept up the corners of her mouth. I finished and went to face my husband.

“Do you know what I told her?”
His eyes were huge and a little glisteny.
I patted him on his head.

“No matter. It isn’t that important.”

I nodded to the girl and she moved forward with the 13 inch studded dildo in her hand, heading straight for his ass.

“Go on my dear, just remember what I told you.”

I went to the door and all I could hear was my husband trying to moan over his gag. Angry at first, then pleading.

I could see she was spreading his ass cheeks as he tried to wiggle away. I opened the door but stopped before I stepped through it.

“Oh and by the way, after this, if you decide to come home, you will be my bitch from now on. Unless of course you would rather face embarrassing divorce court proceedings where I will denounce your decadent behavior, naming little slut here as correspondent.”

He closed his eyes and I could have sworn I saw a tear squeeze through his lid as I shut the door.

As I hit the bottom step, I head a loud crying moan and I knew the girl was having him. She was having him hard. Splitting him. Doing to him what he’d done to her.

And that my friends, is what revenge is made of.