Fantasy Revealed

By neon_dreaming

Published on Lush Stories on 31 Aug 2012

A girl is humiliated as her boyfriend takes a lover

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/fantasy-revealed.aspx

Stacy breathed a sigh of relief as the door to her room clicked shut behind her. She knew she had been lucky to get a resident advisor job as a university senior, as most of those jobs were awarded to graduate students. The money was good. Dealing with the problems of freshmen got tedious quickly, though, and she savored the start of some private evening time free of responsibilities.

She cast off most of her clothes and smiled as she felt the air on her bare skin. She was fit, healthy, and felt good in her body most of the time, a fact that she knew was a blessing and a rarity among her peers. She unpacked and prepared for the next day, moving about the room in her tank top and panties. And then she was done, with an hour left before bed.

Perfect.

With a smile to herself, Stacy opened her laptop and carried it over to the bed. Her movements became slower and more flowing as her mind switched gears into her usual before-bed sexual mode. Stacy had always possessed a high sex drive, although few would have guessed it from her outward behavior. Her evening time was a closely-held secret and pleasure.

Although Stacy loved visual porn, it was erotic fiction that most captured her imagination and fueled her fantasies. Her interests were broad, encompassing everything from roughness to BDSM to group sex. Stacy felt lucky to have recently found fiction about one of her newly emerging fetishes: male infidelity, especially while his girlfriend or wife looked on. She had seen stories fetishizing the reverse for years, and had never felt much of a reaction either way, but the opposite scenario was surprisingly thrilling to her.

She leaned back in bed and brought up one of her favorite stories, one that she had read dozens of times and could nearly recite from memory. Her eyes locked onto her favorite passages, her breath deepening as her body responded. This particular story detailed the humiliations of a wife forced to watch her husband ravage a much younger girl. Stacy’s hand found her clit as she drank in the husband’s careless lust and the wife’s red-faced arousal. And, as had been the case since she began

dating her latest boyfriend, her mind began to compare her own experiences with the story.

Stacy had been seeing Mike for about a month, ever since meeting him at a friend's party. Mike was markedly different from the responsible males she typically dated. He was cocky and untrustworthy at a gut level. It was widely known that he had cheated on his last girlfriend, a situation that had blown up publically. He also turned her on in a way that she had been missing with previous boyfriends. "Boyfriend." She had started using the word to describe Mike, but it didn't feel like it fit him properly. Her friends' opinions of him were decidedly mixed, and the word "jerk" had come up more than once.

When Stacy cared to admit it, it was really the sex that kept her with him. Mike was a great lover, aggressive and single-minded in a way that previous boyfriends had lacked. He was clearly more experienced than her. His sexual deftness never failed to remind Stacy of how many women he had fucked, and that thought never failed to drive up her excitement.

As the pace of her fingers quickened, Stacy's eyes again focused on her laptop screen, finding the passage that reliably brought her to orgasm. The husband was cumming inside his young lover, pumping her full as she writhed beneath him. The wife was transfixed by the sight of her man so captivated by the girl. Mentally in the shoes of the wife, Stacy shuddered as she came.

***

Mike texted her during class the next afternoon: "Free this aft? Can't get your hot ass of my mind." Stacy rolled her eyes at her new boyfriend's forwardness, and for the umpteenth time wondered what her family would think should she ever have to present him. A quick scan of her body's reaction, however, made it clear why she put up with his crassness.

She hurried back to her dorm, breezing past some of her freshman residents and into her room. She was grateful for the fact that it was a single. How would she ever explain Mike to a roommate? He was an inexcusable choice, really. She quivered with anticipation as she slipped off her sweater and perused her collection of more form-fitting shirts. She knew what Mike was hoping to see, and thrilled in his insistence that she express her sexy side.

Mike burst in twenty minutes late and without apology. "Hey, babe!" he crowed, grabbing lustily for her and planting his lips on hers.

Stacy pretended to pout. "You said you'd be here at five."

"Late at the gym. Go on, tell me you don't like the results," he said, winking and offering an arm. No argument there.

“Whatever,” she said, craning her neck to kiss him again. She loved his boyish grin as he ran a big hand down her back.

He broke away and swatted her ass. “Get in bed, I only have an hour. Meeting up with the guys.”

This time Stacy’s pout was real. “So what is this, just a booty call?”

He laughed. “It’s not ‘just’ anything, babe. Let’s see if you feel like complaining when I’m done with you!”

She laughed in spite of herself. “You really are a pig!” she exclaimed, getting another wink in return.

“Lose the shirt. I just gotta check where we’re meeting.”

Stacy obliged, but when her eyes were no longer obscured by fabric, she realized with a stab of panic that the story from last night was still up on her computer screen. Mike scanned it quickly as she grasped unsuccessfully for words to distract him.

“Uh… why don’t you come over here and…” He cut her off with a raised hand and an incredulous grin.

“Wait a sec. This is about some chick enjoying it when her guy cheats on her.”

She flounced out of bed and defiantly slammed her laptop shut. “That is absolutely none of your business,” she informed him.

He laughed. “Stacy, it’s all good if you’re a freak. Hell, I’m a freak! If I’d have known you were into kinky shit I would have been all over it!”

“Thanks. ‘Freak’ – such a good description of me.”

“Don’t get bent out of shape. Like I said, it’s all good. In fact, it sounds like fun.”

She rolled her eyes. “Pervert.”

He stood up and looked at her a bit more seriously. “Pot calling the kettle black, babe. Now where were we?”

“I’m not in the mood anymore,” she lied quietly.

He paused for a long moment and then gave her a sly smile, one that made her wonder what was going on in his head. “OK. I’ll call you,” he said, leaning in and kissing her goodbye. She melded her lips against his, her mind scattered to ten different places. She barely noticed him walking out.

***

“Put on something slutty and be here at eight,” his text the next afternoon read. Stacy’s heart did a loop in her chest. Mike had sent similarly curt messages before, but this time it felt especially… ominous?

What was Mike thinking? Was this something to do with yesterday? Stacy’s eyes swept the room but her thousand-yard stare didn’t lock onto anything, so lost she was in her thoughts. She thought about texting back something snarky, about forwarding the text to her friends, about hurling the phone, about pretending she’d never seen his words. But she had to know, and her worries were mixed with an electric shockwave of excitement flowing through her blood. She opened the closet and began searching for an outfit.

Half an hour later she buzzed the box of his apartment, still blushing from the catcalls she’d gotten while walking over. Tall leather boots and a conspicuously short dress had been a chilly during the rainy ten-block walk, but the body inside them was on fire with aroused curiosity. With a clang the apartment gate unlatched and she walked to the elevator, past the night guard who gave her the once-over twice. Stacy blushed a deeper shade of red as the elevator doors hissed shut, and she was unusually aware of her stomach catching up with the rest of her as she ascended.

She walked into his apartment and froze, her breath in her throat. He was sitting on the couch, whiskey tumbler in hand, his eyes on the smolderingly attractive woman beside him. Stacy couldn’t recall the last time she had seen such sex appeal. Mike’s eyes didn’t sweep up to Stacy, instead continuing to drink in the other woman’s perfect figure snugly ensconced in a maroon dress. It was at once a sexier and classier outfit than anything Stacy owned.

Mike finally looked up and winked at Stacy. “Good of you to make it. This is Rebecca.”

“Hello,” Rebecca said, not rising. There was a confidence in her voice that told Stacy everything she needed to know.

“Hi,” Stacy breathed, still frozen. The two on the couch looked at each other and laughed. Rebecca’s hand found its way to Mike’s muscular thigh in the process.

“So how do you two know each other?” Rebecca asked, a bit cruelly. Stacy had no idea what how to respond.

“She’s my girlfriend,” Mike answered, helpfully.

“Really? Should I be going, then? This part sometimes goes badly.”

“No, she’ll be behave herself. Stacy, come over here and get on your knees.”

No question what this was. Stacy shook like she was outdoors in a blizzard. After a moment of hesitation, she crossed the room on trembling feet and sank to her knees. She was aware of how short her dress was as it rode up her thighs.

Rebecca looked down, laughed, and swirled her hand on Mike’s leg. “Now I’ve seen everything!” she exclaimed.

Mike smiled back. “Where were we before she barged in?” he asked with narrowed eyes. Rebecca leaned in and kissed him with passion and skill. Stacy’s body throbbed and her mind took in the scene through a calm haze. Rebecca, running one hand through Mike’s hair. Mike, pawing at her slim frame with big hands and finding her firm chest. Rebecca, unzipping his pants with the finesse of pure sexual competence.

Disengaging herself deftly from Mike’s lips, Rebecca looked at Stacy, who was still on her knees and with her lips parted in disbelief. “Why don’t we make some use of her first?” Rebecca asked.

Mike nodded, then closed her eyes as Rebecca’s lithe hand eased his pants down and encircled his thick cock. The woman curled a finger at Stacy. “What are you waiting for? You’re his girlfriend, right? Get to it!”

Stacy eased her body over Mike’s lap, feeling every bit as awkward in her movements as Rebecca was graceful. She looked up at him with a pleading expression. He raised an eyebrow and then turned to look at Rebecca again. Stacy’s tongue submissively encircled the head of his cock. It was harder than she could ever remember it being.

“Get it good and ready now,” Rebecca breathed downward. Stacy bobbed her head obediently. As her body moved her cunt positively flowed with excitement, her lips rubbing together with barely a hint of friction. Stacy was suddenly aware of how fantastically hot this all was for her. She moaned and sucked harder at her boyfriend’s cock.

Rebecca’s hand pushed her back off Mike’s lap. “No, no. I guess if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.” And with that, the woman whom Stacy had met five minutes earlier engulfed her boyfriend’s cock in her throat with one effortless, pornstar-quality swallow.

Mike gasped and rose out of his seat a little, his hand wrapping around Rebecca’s hair. “Oh WOW!” he exclaimed. She writhed her head in his lap, coaxing noises from him that Stacy had never heard before, and all the while exhibiting a mastery of blowjob technique at which Stacy could only marvel. Mike pumped his hips upward, seeking every millimeter of contact he could get with her supple mouth.

Between moans, Mike gasped, “Stacy, you need to take fucking notes on this. God DAMN.” Stacy’s face flushed red with embarrassment and lust as she watched Rebecca’s lips caressing the veins of her boyfriend’s rigid dick. She couldn’t imagine a more raw display of sexuality, but that was only because she hadn’t yet seen what followed.

With a moan that bled into a small roar, Mike grabbed Rebecca bodily and flung her down on the couch. The woman’s eyes closed and a knowing smile graced her beautiful features as he tore open her dress, revealing only her smooth skin below it. His rigid cock pointed toward her angrily toward her chest. Rebecca opened her eyes for a moment, made contact with Stacy’s, and then closed them with anticipation. Mike’s movements made it clear that he had forgotten his girlfriend was even in the room, much less on her knees only feet away.

Mike grabbed Rebecca’s legs in his hands, lunged forward, and buried his throbbing shaft in her. Stacy couldn’t tear her eyes from his face, which was a picture of ecstasy as he began pumping into his lover’s body. His mind was totally focused on fucking her. It was clear that this wasn’t going to take long.

Rebecca craned her upper body toward Stacy’s boyfriend, grabbing him by the hair and planting her lips on his. Her other hand snaked down to her clit and danced. She gasped into Mike’s ear, “Cum for me! Cum in me!” And then she shook with orgasm as he continued to pound away at her.

Stacy’s own fingers found her clit without conscious thought. Her cunt drooled over her hand and the first touch of her finger was an electric shock that made her cry out in blissful agony. She had never experienced submission and humiliation so complete. Watching her boyfriend’s complete lust unleashed on the other woman was the hottest thing she had ever seen.

With a final few slams, Mike buried himself to the hilt inside Rebecca’s body and let out a frenzied sound that Stacy had never made him produce. She watched his whole lower body flex as he

pumped stream after stream of cum into his lover. From her vantage point on the floor, she could even watch the base of his shaft pulse. And with that, Stacy's orgasm boiled over in a flash of white-hot oblivion. Her boyfriend had fucked this gorgeous woman like a wild man and had cum inside her. Boom.

Stacy's mind came back to the room over the course of several seconds. She saw Mike flash her a lusty smile as sweat ran down his face. She saw Rebecca twist, catlike, on her back with her boyfriend's cock still buried in her. Rebecca's smile said, "Victory."

Mike leaned back on the couch. He panted and ran a hand back over his sweaty hair. Turning to Stacy, he winked and asked, "You can let yourself out, right?"

Stacy nodded, extracting her hand from her panties and standing up slowly.

"Good. I'll call you. Get out of here."

She walked out the door without a word. The volume on the world was turned down. She passed the night guard without noticing him or caring how she appeared.

On the street, Stacy looked up at his window. The light went out, and she knew that Mike had invited Rebecca into his bed for the night. Rage, pain, and sweet arousal washed over Stacy in a wave. She stayed there, frozen, until a car honked at her in her rumpled and slutty dress. Her humiliation complete, she ran for home. Each breath felt raw, and she felt more alive than she could remember.