

# Ana's Betrayal

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*A husband eagerly returns to his young wife; he finds someone with her when he arrives*

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I was so excited when I found out that I'd be returning home a day earlier than expected from my first business trip as a junior banker at Martin Keller Group.

It was early April, almost nine months since Ana and I got married and moved to Los Angeles. I started at Martin Keller about a week later, choosing to spend my first week back from our honeymoon in an effort to extend it. I bet we made love at least three times a day all week long! It got to the point that we'd have to slather ourselves in vaseline to save poor Ana from chafing too much.

Both of us took our Catholic faith very seriously, and somehow made it all the way up until our wedding without going all the way; now we were making up for lost time, with a vengeance! As for Ana, she got a job at an Architecture firm, doing just the kind of cutting-edge buildings that always inspired her. Whereas I ended up in a firm with mostly older men (I was the only new hire that year, and the next youngest banker in our division was 30), Ana's office had several young designers in their 20s, giving her a nearly-instant network of friends.

Ana grew up in a fairly wealthy family in Guadalajara, and came to the University of Arizona, where we met at the Campus Catholic Center after having caught each other's eye at the church services for a few months. I was from a small town in northern Arizona, and was immediately dazzled by her beauty and sophistication. She had seen so much of the world, and I'd never been east of the Mississippi. In turn, Ana had never had a close relationship with an American, and I knew right away that her attraction to me was strong.

Within a year of meeting, we were engaged and planning our wedding, which was in Guadalajara and was absolutely the biggest private celebration I'd ever seen. I bet her family invited 500 people, all who seemed to know them. My contingent numbered maybe 25, and most of those were my brothers and cousins. Since then, we've had a pretty ideal life for a newlywed couple. We got a small rental house in West LA, which we pay a small fortune for, but it puts us just a few blocks off the 405 and only a couple of miles from the beach. We've made some friends in our neighborhood, and Ana's

office has a regular happy hour that I try to make it to whenever I'm out of the office on time. Luckily, I've made a good impression on the higher-ups at Martin Keller, and recently was told that I'd start accompanying the bankers when they went out of town for meetings and negotiations. With any luck, I'll make Vice President in a few years and we can afford to buy a house.

Our trip was to Seattle, with the intention of negotiating a merger between two software companies, and as luck would have it, the deal was done the second day, when we'd scheduled a three-day stay. I'd talked to Ana the night before, and she said she'd probably just stay home and watch movies the next night. She said she missed having me there, but to enjoy Seattle and she'd look forward to seeing me on Thursday night. I had the phone in my hand to call and tell her the good news, but I couldn't resist the image of her curled up on our couch, eating ice cream in a pair of tattered shorts and a t-shirt, as I surprised her with flowers and her favorite bottle of white wine. Smiling to myself, I instead called the airline and made plans to come back unannounced. On the flight, I couldn't keep my mind off my beautiful young wife: her long, silky black hair, pouty lips that look like she's wearing lipstick even when she's not, perfect breasts, shapely hips, sexy legs, and pretty little feet with always immaculate, bright painted toes. Her bronze skin glowed in whatever light she stood in, and glistened in the sunlight. I often wonder how I got so lucky in life, to land such a beautiful, loving, God-fearing woman for myself. Driving home from the airport, I stopped to get a dozen of her favorite tulips, and a chilled bottle of pinot grigio. As I pulled onto our street, darkness had finally enveloped the sky; the streetlights illuminated each driveway as I passed.

Approaching our house, I noticed a car parked just behind Ana's Altima. It was a red Toyota SUV, California plates, and I didn't even remotely recognize it or who its owner could possibly be. I parked on the street in front of my house, confused by who could possibly be visiting. I took the bottle of wine in my hand, forgetting about the flowers for the moment, and slowly exited the car. Something didn't feel exactly right, and this unsettlement made me approach the house with some hesitation. I didn't know what to be afraid of exactly, but my nerves were standing on end as I walked up the sidewalk, eyeing the red Toyota as I approached the house. Turning toward the front door, I noticed that the living room lights were all off, and the house appeared dark from the front. I stood at the front door, ready to put my key in the door, but instead stepped away and toward the side of the house. I couldn't shake this feeling; something was wrong. I opened the gate to the backyard, entering the darkness.

Peeking around to the back side of the house, I could see that the light in our bedroom was on. Without really knowing why, I tiptoed my way across the back of the house, glancing into the still darkness of the dining room and kitchen as I passed. Approaching the glow of the bedroom window, I felt certain that I should see my wife curled up on the bed watching TV, or perhaps milling in and out of the bathroom or closet. Then I heard her voice. "Aaagghhhh...." she moaned, startling clearly into the night air. Frozen head to toe, I could see from the side that the bedroom windows were open. Before I could take another step, I heard her moan again, this time slightly louder. I didn't even

consider that these were the moans of someone in the throes of ecstasy; I only knew that it was Ana's voice, and it made me a little scared.

I stepped forward and moved quickly to the edge of the window, then peered in from the side. What I saw sent me into a catatonic stupor for the next several minutes, in total disbelief at what my eyes were witnessing: The first person I saw was not Ana, it was the deeply-tanned muscular man, kneeling at the foot of our bed, completely nude. I couldn't see his face, as it was buried between Ana's legs. His thick, curly hair was all that was visible above and below her thigh. She was laying on the bed and also naked, writhing on her back, legs draped over his shoulders, heels resting against his toned back.

She moaned over and over as he was eating my wife's pussy to her very apparent satisfaction! Her delicate hands clutched his head, appearing to pull him harder into her crotch as he worked. Ana's belly clenched, her eyes squeezed shut, and her face contorted, before all releasing and relaxing again. All the while, that mane of curly hair shook as this man's aggressive oral sex sent waves of ecstasy through Ana's body. I saw him grip her waist with both hands and lift her body, scooting her up toward the head of the bed. He then climbed up on the bed with her before sinking his face back into her crotch. His hair continued to hide his face from me, but all the rest of him was plainly in view. Her breathing quickened and her moans again grew louder.

"OHHHHH GAAAHHHHHD!! JAKE!! JAKE!!!"

Jake! From her office!

Suddenly a jolt fired through my body as I realized who this man was. Jake, who works with Ana. Jake, who's always at the happy hour. Jake, who's eaten dinner with us on at least two double dates. Jake was now naked with my wife, on my bed.

Ana went silent as her body tensed up, her legs drawing up, toes stretched out, face scrunched up with eyes closed. Jake's head shook almost violently as his tongue worked feverishly between her legs. Suddenly, her body uncoiled and she released her breath in a loud groan, her body shuddering. I'd never watched Ana have an orgasm before when I wasn't physically attached to her in some way. As it happened before my eyes, I was unable to move, or look away. Jake's head finally raised up, making eye contact with Ana. She smiled widely at him, the same look she's given me so many times in bed; my heart sank.

He kissed her belly, then moved up to her breasts. As he slowly climbed up her body, I could see his erect penis rubbing against the bedspread. I couldn't look away, studying the large head, shadowed underneath his torso, knowing it was bigger than mine, but unsure of how much bigger it was. Jake

moved in to kiss Ana, but she pushed his face away. "Not after what you just did!" she said with a laugh. Jake's mane of hair moved to the side of her head, kissing her neck. Her arms rubbed down his muscular sides; his arm squeezed her thighs and ass underneath. I knew that his dick was rubbing somewhere around her crotch, anxious to enter her .

Part of me really hoped she'd stop him before it got that far, but mostly I was just numb; a bystander helpless to do anything but gaze at the action in front of me. Her feet rubbed up and down his legs, toes squeezing into his buttocks each time she drew her legs up high on his body. They were each writhing in pleasure against the other's body. His much bigger muscular frame seemed to almost swallow her small, curvy figure below him.

Jake whispered something into his ear, to which Ana's face showed a slight frown, saying, "I shouldn't, Jake....I shouldn't." He continued to whisper, and she smiled, chuckling softly, rubbing her hands into his hair. Jake kept on talking, and Ana squirmed, clearly conflicted about what he was telling her. "Oh jesus....this is a...." she said, trailing off into a mumble. Jake's hand kneaded her breast as he kept whispering. "Oh fuck..." she moaned, then after a pause: "Just do it...."

With that, I saw Jake slip his hand between her legs, and I felt the blood drain from my head as I knew right then what she had agreed to and what he was about to do. His face again dipped into her neck and his back flexed as he pushed his buttocks forward slightly. Ana's eyes opened wide and she shrieked slightly as Jake obviously started to penetrate my wife. Her legs were opened wide to each side of his body, feet resting near his legs.

Jake is so much taller than Ana; his feet stretched to the end of the bed, while her feet stretched to the middle of his calves. His buttocks moved back before pushing forward again, forcing a moan from Ana. My vision seemed to blur a bit as I looked away from his clenching buttocks, his midsection pressing his penis progressively further into my wife's body. I looked down at Ana's ankle, my eye focusing on the gold anklet with the small heart charm dangling below. I gave this to her after we'd been together for three months. By that time, I knew we'd end up married to each other. Also at that time, I never imagined I'd see her willing body underneath another naked man, having sex. I felt my whole world silently crash down around me.

Ana's belly tightened then relaxed as Jake continued to pump more of his length into her with each stroke. Her hands clasped his back, her moans growing more frequent and at a higher pitch, and her hips started to buck in rhythm with his strokes.

"Oh my god....oh my god...." she moaned, face appearing anguished as Jake sank deeper into her vagina, pushing her pelvis into the soft mattress. Was she struggling with the gravity of what she was allowing to happen, or was she just overcome with sexual pleasure? I had no idea, and was unable to

really consider the question.

Jake wrapped his arms under Ana's shoulders, holding her head in his hands as he fucked her deeper and deeper. When she lifted her legs up and over his back, I could see that he was now burying his entire cock inside my wife's delicate pussy, to this point enjoyed only by me, her husband. Her lips hugged his thick shaft, pulling away from her body each time he withdrew from her vagina. His balls smacked against her ass each time he again thrust deeply within her. The pace of their fucking picked up with each thrust, and soon I could hear the wetness of her soft skin clapping each time his pelvis met hers. I knew that his penis was stretching farther into her than mine ever had, and I knew that she was enjoying every second of it. Her fingers, nails painted deep maroon to match her toes, dug into his back as he fucked her harder and harder.

I forced my eyes to avert from the horror of watching my wife get nailed by her co-worker on our bed. I saw the teddy bear that I'd given her after we'd dated a month, positioned atop a pillow on the bed, not two feet from where their her head rested, hair starting to mat from sweating, her eyes alternately shut and open wide, her face contorted from ecstasy.

"Oh fuck!", she said, with an animalistic growl, "you're so fucking big...Jesus!!" I'd never heard her take the Lord's name in vain, and I'd surely never heard her say the f-word in bed. Who was this woman in my bed? Was it the same woman who stood smiling in her wedding gown photo, which hung on the opposite wall, facing our bed? I saw other photos from our wedding, encased in a frame atop the dresser. I gazed at her smile, her surprise as I fed her a piece of cake, her pride as she flashed her ring for the photographer. Without realizing it at the time, tears were now starting to trickle down my cheeks, my soul's realization that our union as a married couple, as we knew it, was dead.

I could see her ring glinting in the light as it pressed into Jake's back. Her hand was slapping at him as she started to lose her breath. I looked down to see her hips gyrate hard against him, then she seemed to choke, before moaning louder than ever before.

"Oh shit!!! I'm coming so hard...aggghhh!!!" Her breasts jiggled as Jake hammered even harder into Ana's little body. He pushed her a couple of inches toward the headboard with each thrust. Her feet, tensed and rigid, stood straight out from her legs, which she extended into the air in the middle of her orgasm.

"This is so tight....ohhhhh!!" Jake panted huskily as his body smothered Ana's, his hands now clasping hers at the head of the bed. "Ohhh fuck.....oohhhhhhhhh!!!" I knew that he was building toward a climax, and I so wanted to look away, to run away, to get in my car and get as far away as possible...but I was unable to move. So, there I stood as the sex between my wife and her co-worker barreled toward its inevitable conclusion.

As practicing Roman Catholics, we don't believe in or use contraceptives, which other than the sin of sex out of wedlock, is the reason why we didn't have sex before we got married. We've used the rhythm method, staying away from fertile times of the month, knowing that if God wanted to intervene to give us a child, that He could do so.

This entered my mind as I noticed the glistening sweat on Jake's back. His groaning grew louder and more desperate, his hips jerking as he pistoned in and out of Ana's body. Ana's body quivered underneath, her skin rippling in reaction to his thrusts, her breathing heavy and deep. If Jake ejaculated inside my wife, she could very well end up having his baby! I pleaded with myself to do something...bang on the glass, scream, go inside and toss Jake's ass out the door...anything! But all I could do is stand and watch this event unfold. Jake's rhythm slowed, his hips bucking against hers. His face was beet red, his mouth agape, his eyes pressed shut. Then it happened. "Ohh god...oh my god...Ana....OHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!"

I watched as Jake's buttocks clenched and unclenched, holding the length of his penis within my wife, who was writhing hard beneath him, mewling almost like a cat. I saw the base of his penis throb, knowing that he was shooting his seed deep into my wife's fertile, unprotected womb. Her legs rubbed his legs again, her belly clenched up. A few moments later, both of their bodies relaxed, and she lay still underneath him.

He shuddered a couple more times, holding himself as deep as possible within her vagina before pulling his softening member out of her body with a low groan. She moaned softly, her whole body shaking as he lifted himself up and then laid next to her. I saw her exposed vagina, lips beet red from the sex, and the start of a thick, long white stream seeping from its gaping opening. His thick penis, wet from both of their juices and red from stimulation and orgasm, rested on his belly.

"Oh my God..that was...oh man!" she said as she smiled into his face, her hand brushing his hair to the side. "That was so good..." Feeling like I might faint, I turned away from the window and leaned back against the stucco wall. Ana and Jake still lay naked on my bed, and I was already having flashbacks to their sex: A million snapshots of her feet and ankles locked around his legs, her face grimacing from a mixture of pain and pleasure, her belly rising and falling with each thrust of Jake's penis, his buttocks clenching and his penis throbbing as he came inside her...it was all I could think about. I heard him say he needed some water, and Ana told him he'd better get some cover if he was going to walk around her house without any clothes on.

"Here," she said, "throw this on...Michael says it's really comfortable."

I looked back through the window to see what she'd given him to wear- none other than the

monogrammed bathrobe she'd given me as the groom's gift after our wedding. She knew my favorite color, what material I liked best, and even what font I'd want my initials sewn in. It was the best gift she'd ever given me, my most treasured piece of clothing, what I always wore on our lazy Saturday mornings and on nights just like this one after we made love. Now she was having Jake wear it to conceal his big penis while he walked around my house after fucking my wife!!?

With that, I finally snapped out of my stupor and knew it was time to do something, if only for my self-respect. Walking around to the front of the house, I thought of all that was now gone...the family we were going to build together, my relationship with my wife....what was left? Was this even the first time? I quietly unlocked and opened the front door then waited in the entry area for Jake to walk by on his way back to the bedroom. I heard his footsteps, thought about his big cock destroying the life I had with Ana, and filled with rage.

Before I could think about it, I coiled the wine bottle in my right hand like a tennis racket. As I saw his shadow approaching, I swung it forward. "CLUNK" was the sound it made as the base of the wine bottle made contact with Jake's skull. "Ohhh!" he exclaimed as he collapsed, struggling to maintain consciousness after the blunt blow to the head. "What the..." Just then, I swung it down again, this time connecting the middle of the bottle with the top of his head, shattering the bottle. Glass and liquid showered over him as he lay crumpled against the wall near my front door. I knew he was unconscious but I wasn't satisfied yet.

Now I know what it means to 'see red'; that's all I saw the minute I was close enough to Jake to hurt him in some way. I lunged the jagged neck of the bottle forward, plunging the sharp shards into his neck. Even in the relative dark of our hallway, I saw blood go everywhere. I stood straight up again, looking down on his motionless mass, then dropped what was left of the bottle on his torso, where it landed with a dead thud. This all took about 7 seconds.

Ana noticed the strange series of noises and was asking what was going on. "Don't worry, Ana, Jake won't be bothering you anymore...whether you want him to or not." Panic set into her voice.

"Michael!?"

"I took care of it, Ana. Just call the police, tell them he broke in."

"Jake? Michael, where's Jake? Um...he was just about to leave anyway....are you okay? What's going on? I was gazing down at the blood starting to soak into my prized cloth robe as Ana ran toward me from our room, covered in a towel.

Even in the psychotic state I was in, I was bemused to see that she covered up to come see me, but

was perfectly happy to be naked and slutty with her co-worker. "OH MY GOD! JAKE!!!" she screamed, covering her mouth with her hands, body completely tense.

"Michael, what did you do? We've got to call an ambulance!!", she shrieked. "Why are you just standing there? Call 911, Mike!"

"You better make that call, Ana," I said flatly, avoiding her eyes. "He's all yours now, and I'm not."

"Oh my god....oh my god..." she said, starting to cry, overwhelmed by the whole thing.

"Goodbye, Ana," I said, before turning away and leaving the house that was previously yours together.

Now, I couldn't think of it as ours anymore. It was tainted, poisoned, and I had to get away from it. I tried to drive, but found myself lightheaded and shaking heavily, unable to get anywhere safely. Instead, I parked about a block down the street and watched as an ambulance and a couple of LAPD cars rushed to the front of our house within a few minutes. In the glow of the streetlights, I could see Ana talking to the police, hands in her face and very upset. The shorts and t-shirt that were in my daydreams on the plane just a couple of hours before were now on her body as they rolled her would-be lover out on a stretcher. Another patrol car came a few moments after the ambulance rushed off, and the small group of police officers milled in and out of the house, while one comforted Ana, sitting her down on the front stoop and covering her with a thin blanket.

All this I watched as if it were a movie on a TV set across the room; then suddenly, a couple of the cops turned toward my car, gestured toward my wife who nodded slowly, then jogged briskly toward me. Even if I'd been able to drive, I don't think I would've tried to get away. I knew I was responsible, no use running from it.

What happened next was a blur, but this trance that had taken over for the last hour or so didn't fade until I was secluded in a small, grey room in the police station. I knew that whether Jake lived or died, I would be punished for what I'd done. My fate awaited me, so I would patiently sip the coffee in front of me, and wait for it in return.

I never thought I'd be the kind of guy who would be violent with someone for messing around with my wife or girlfriend. I've never been the jealous type, and I always thought that most of the fault would lie with my wife, not with the unwitting guy who got involved with her. I didn't know such an animal resided within me. Sitting here, I know I'll probably go to prison whether he lives or dies. My marriage is over, and I never want to see Ana again.

My faith teaches to forgive, to have mercy, as our sins are forgiven as well. But while I may know that



this is how I should feel, I can't bring myself to do it. I'd invested too much of my identity, my hopes, my dreams, and my future in the idea of a perfect life with Ana. She took that away from me, so I took it away from someone else. I'll spend the rest of my life trying to forgive and forget; I'm not sure which one I'd rather happen first, but I lean toward forgetting. Forgiving may be too much to ask.