

Cheater: Guilty

By Jamie Fuchs

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Smashwords Edition

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“Voila!” I exclaimed as I put the finishing touches on Dale’s birthday cake. It was truly a masterpiece. I had spent the last six hours baking it so it would be done before he got home. Placing the cover over top of it, I carried it and two plates from the counter to the table.

Just as I set them down, I heard the garage door opening and his car pull in. Perfect timing.

I quickly ran up the stairs to our bedroom. I wanted today to be a special day for him. I threw off my sweatpants and the t-shirt I was wearing, replacing them with nothing but a black apron with white frills around the edges. I always knew he had a thing for maids, but I’d been too shy to do anything about it until now.

I ran back down the stairs to beat him inside. Grabbing the broom, I pretended to sweep the floor. I positioned myself so that he wouldn’t be able to see my exposed ass as he came in, but once he reached around behind me, I knew his hands would find it.

As the door opened, I looked up from the floor and met his eyes with mine. It was curious how I could see them change from exhausted to surprised, and finally to intrigued. A devious smile came across his face as he closed the door behind him. It made me feel a little embarrassed to be dressed like this, but I knew it would be worth it if it would please him.

“Well, hello there, beautiful. What are you doing in my house?” he asked as he set his briefcase down and tossed his suit jacket on a chair by the table.

I averted my eyes and played the part of a shy little maid, just here to do my duties. He walked over to me, the sound of his footsteps echoing off the wooden floor.

“Your shoes,” I said, pointing to the mess he would be making on my clean floor.

“What shoes?” he replied as he grabbed the middle of the broom to prevent me from sweeping.

He moaned with a surprised delight as his other hand came around behind me to meet the center of my bare back. Tossing the broom to the side, he took another step closer, pulling my body up against his. I could feel my arousal building as he commanded my actions and slid his hand slowly down to my ass.

“Did my wife hire you?”

I bit my lip and remained quiet, my heart beating as he clawed at my backside. I avoided eye contact, but I could feel the heat of his stare as he exerted his dominance.

Slap! His hand left my ass for only a second before he brought it back down. The strength of his hand on my tender ass forced out a tiny whimper from between my lips.

“Tell me, dear: did my wife hire you?”

“I can’t say,” I replied quietly.

Slap!

“Why’s that?”

“I... can’t say.”

Slap! My ass stung more and more with each of his firm spanks. I could feel the juices building up between my legs already as he took control.

“Do you know what I do to girls who don’t cooperate?” he asked me as he dug both hands into my burning ass cheeks.

“No,” I whimpered.

He leaned in close, his breath hot on my ear.

“I guess we’re going to find out then,” he whispered.

I could feel my knees getting weaker as his fingers intensified the stinging sensation on

my ass. I surrendered all of my power to him as he spun me around and brought my butt up against his bulging cock.

He rubbed himself against me before he leaned back down to my right ear.

“Does this give you a better idea?” he growled.

I remained quiet as his hands found their way to my sides and underneath the apron. He grabbed on hard with one and slid the other down my thigh before bringing it back up to brush it against my folds. With a firm motion, he parted my legs before running one finger up the length of my pussy toward my clit, slowly spreading my juices around.

His other hand moved up my body and around the string that tied the apron on. He let out tiny little groans against my ear as he teased my clit. The other hand found its way to the base of my breast before he cupped it in his strong hand.

He slowly dove deeper and deeper between my lips with each stroke of my cunt. Leaning back against his body, I let him bear most of my weight. The throb of his cock between my ass cheeks had me desperate for more. I couldn't wait for what was to come.

Reaching around behind me, I tried to take it into my hand, but he pressed it hard up against me to prevent me from getting what I needed. I tried to get my fingers between us, but it was futile. He was too strong.

With me still held up against him, he turned us and started walking toward the table. I was barely able to move with him. My knees felt shaky below me as he rubbed my clit.

“On your knees,” he commanded.

Doing as I was told, I knelt on the floor as he spun a chair around in front of me and sat down. I waited for my next command as I eagerly watched his bulge throb with each of his heartbeats.

“Well?” he asked.

My eyes were still focused in on his cock throbbing through his dress pants.

“What do you want of me?” I asked.

Without hesitation, Dale reached around behind my head and pulled my face hard against his crotch. I tried to brace myself against his knees as he threw me forward, but he pulled harder, rubbing my face against his groin.

“You want that, don't you?” he said before finally letting me go.

Not wanting to be punished again, I reached for his belt and removed it before opening his pants. He had clearly been enjoying this. His underwear was soaked with pre-cum where the fabric shrouded the tip of his cock. Eagerly, I pulled the waistband down below his balls and took his rock hard dick into my grip.

I stroked the length of his shaft as I watched bead after bead of pre-cum bubble out of the tip of his cock and run down to my hand. I brought it toward my face, desperate to taste the salty beads of pre-cum that were forming on his slit.

Swirling my tongue around his head, I licked him clean before taking it into my mouth. I took as much as I could in and bobbed my head up and down, craving his pleasure.

I felt his legs relax at my sides as I gave him exactly what he needed. His groaning intensified as I moved faster and faster.

“Good girl,” he moaned, placing one hand on my head.

My pussy was getting more and more desperate the longer I stroked him. I could feel my clit swelling and my juices trickling down my leg. All I wanted was for him to throw me down and take my pussy.

The beads of pre-cum continued leaving their salty trail on my taste buds as I brought

him closer and closer to the peak of excitement.

Pulling his cock out of my mouth, Dale grabbed me by the jaw and brought me up to him. There was a fire burning in his eyes; he was hungry for more. Leaning in, I stole a single sloppy kiss before he threw me face-down on the table and spanked my ass hard enough to leave a throbbing hand print.

I could hear his pants hit the floor behind me before his cock forced its way past my folds and into my depths. He pressed himself as deep as he could, filling me completely as I let out a hungry moan.

Whimper after whimper escaped my throat with each of his thrusts, his balls brushing up against my clit each time his hips met my ass. The thought of being nothing to him except his dirty little maid brought my encroaching orgasm steadily closer as he manhandled me.

His fingers sank deeper into my hips as he threw his body up against mine faster and faster until I couldn't control myself any longer. I needed more; I needed release. Reaching down with one hand, I began to rub my fingers against my clit.

I could feel the tension building, ready to tear through my body at any moment.

"I'm going to fill you, you filthy girl," he growled down at me.

That was enough; that was all I could take. The tension exploded from my clit and rocked through my body, wave after wave of pleasure forcing screams from my mouth as I shook against the table.

His thrusting intensified and became erratic just before he released a massive groan and his cum began filling me. Each thrust filled me more and more before his strength disappeared and he stood behind me, panting.

"Happy birthday, sweetheart," I exhaled.

"Thanks, hun," he said as he leaned down to kiss me on the back of my neck. He pulled himself out. "Oh... by the way—"

"Uh oh," I cut him off mid-sentence and turned myself around to look at him.

"I wasn't done yet," he started again. "Can I tell you now?"

"Yeah, get it over with."

"I told Ed that he could come live with us—"

"Again? Come on, why this time?"

"I guess his business didn't turn out so well again. He lost everything this time, and he has nowhere to go. He promised it would only be for a few weeks while he gets back on his feet."

"Fine," I sighed. "Let's forget about that for now and enjoy your birthday."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and brought my lips up to his, giving him a loving kiss before I turned to get a knife from the kitchen. He put his underwear back on as I walked back to the table, holding the knife menacingly with a firm grip.

"He better get on his feet again quick. Or else." I stared deep into Dale's eyes and squinted. He laughed sarcastically and a smile broke out across my face.

I lifted the cover from the cake I had spent all day making and set it to the side. I cut two pieces, placing one piece on each plate and handing one to him. He grabbed it and took a bite.

"I *love* after-sex cake! This is the best birthday ever."

I just smiled at him and started eating my own piece.

The rest of the night went really well. I made lasagna, Dale's favourite. Then we sat down and watched a movie as we snuggled.

After the movie was over, I turned to Dale.

“So, when is Ed moving in?”

“Well, he has to be out of his house in a week. So probably around then.”

“Okay, I’ll make sure the guest room is ready for him.”

It wasn’t that I hated Ed. He’d been Dale’s best friend since they were four. I just knew that since I was working shiftwork at the hospital for the next few weeks, things would get a little wild and messy when I wasn’t around. I also enjoyed having privacy in my own home, and the occasional ability to just close the blinds when things got kinky. Sex in the bedroom was getting a bit stale, and we were trying to expand our comfort zone. I wondered how that would be possible with Ed around.

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