

Cucked

A Dumb Slut Story

DirtyClicksDirtyBits

Author's Note: I always feel like I need to explain myself. HAHAHA.

I don't condone cheating. This is a work of fiction and fantasy featuring adult characters in adult situations.

Part One: How We Met and I Forgot My Boyfriend

I've always had a bit of a wandering eye. The critic in me is always looking for the next best thing. I blame it on my astrology. If I'm being honest, it's hard *not* to compare people? Especially with the social media conditioning these days.

I haven't been with my new guy for very long.

This one has been alright though. He takes me out to nice meals and we've made a few weekend trips to his cabin. He's got a thing for whip cream in the bedroom which I'm not really into though. His interest in dirty outfits is a bit goofy, but I didn't mind dressing up like a cartoon horse that much, I guess. When we first started chatting he promised me a good time and it would be a lie to say I'm not a bit disappointed. At least he can eat pussy. It's mostly been about him, in a boring way though. He's started talking about marriage in that half joking way though.

It's only been six months. I'm not impressed. I'm not fully checked out, but not really checked in, either.

One thing I do like though, is he's into some really unique styles of music and it often ends up with us going to performances at the theatre.

He's had the tickets since before we got together and he keeps talking about how they never come to our part of the world.

This is probably very true.

We have shit for venues, so we get shit for shows.

He's played me a few songs and it is pretty music, in a dark way. It would be good music for a rainy day, but otherwise it's not really my thing.

So, we're at the show. It's that moment between the opening act, a local group who... I *know* the guy on guitar. I used to go to school with him. Neat. That's exciting.

Boyfriend doesn't seem to care much though. Apparently they went to junior high together. Small world. Still, it would be nice if he acted like he cared? It's kind of interesting?

I'm annoyed with him though, so I leave to go to the bathroom and pick up some drinks. If nothing else, I can drag my feet a bit and

get back to him right before the show starts and then I don't have to carry a conversation I don't really want to have.

I'm waiting my turn at the bar, obviously bored, when I feel a gentle pressure on my arm. I almost ignore it, assuming it's someone pushing in beside me to order a drink. I glanced quickly anyway, a bit bothered. There is more than enough room, they don't need to be pressed against me, what is their issue? Do I need to move? Are they trying to cut the line? The line of me and no one else? Even more annoyed.

I feel like an idiot when I realize it's my friend from school and I can't help but laugh at my reaction and offer him the second drink I had ordered, technically for the boyfriend, but how will he ever know?

We spend a bit of time catching up and I order another round of drinks as we chat. What else has he been up to? Oh I'm not super busy these days, blagh blagh, giggle, touchy, Oh for sure, let's go for dinner sometime, I would loooove that. It's a nice quick catch up.

I need to order another drink though, and get back to my seat before...

The...

Show...

The show has already started.

I have to wait for an intermission to get to my seat.

Well, that was a dumb move on my part.

Kind of a date-ruining move, but it's not like he came to find me...

Oops?

I'm stirring my drink trying to decide what I should do besides send a text explaining, and I move to stand by the door so I can hear the music while I play on my phone. I'm taking my time getting to the text message. He didn't text me? Clearly things are vibing strong on both sides tonight.

The music is nice though, too bad I'm missing the show.

I'm halfway through gathering a plan to maybe just leave? I know

there are some nice bars a few blocks away where I can have a quiet end to my evening. I can listen to music in my own comfort at home. But would that be rude? Mmmm... yeah... it would be...

I sigh and cringe at my phone's charge level. I'm not even going to have my phone to entertain me soon. I guess I have to wait for my ride home. Fuck.

It's not long before I notice this guy pacing the lobby, looking, annoyed perhaps? Not happy. I can't help but notice him though. I'm not very subtle in how I'm watching him as he approaches the door I'm standing waiting by. I can't help but notice the way in which he moves. Confident perhaps? He's dressed really sharp, and I don't think he's from around here. He's got an easy smile when he's talking to the bartender, learning for himself that, nope, you can sit down when intermission comes. I can't help but notice he's still polite despite his clear annoyance. That's always interesting to me.

There is a bit of an intense aura though? His vibe says he's about his business. Intriguing.

Girl, you are here with someone. Come on. Focus.

Hard to focus when he's walking straight toward me.

Well, not 'straight' at me, but to the other side of the door, clearly with the same idea I have. At least the music is pretty clear standing close to the door.

I don't have my phone to distract me, and I've had enough drinks to forget how to be polite. My eyes are working over him, making small notes in my mind about how he's got nice shoes, he had a bit of an accent from what I heard...

I bite my lip to keep myself quiet and pretend to look at my phone. My very dead phone.

Side eyes on you now. You're on your own phone, probably texting whoever you are with letting them know what happened? Your forehead is wrinkled in an annoyed kind of way and you let out a sigh as you lean against the wall to wait.

It takes a moment for you to notice me openly watching you. I'm so subtle sometimes; like a brick meeting a window. I can faintly smell your cologne and I want to strike up a conversation but I'm feeling a bit tongue tied.

You glance up and I do that dumb thing where a person looks away too slow after getting caught and I hear you smirk at me.

"Did you miss the seating call too?"

I let out a slow breath to calm myself and then meet your eyes with an embarrassed smile, "Yeah... Oops?" I let out a laugh and shrug in a dismissive way. Not much I can do about it, you know?

"That sucks. They are a great performance. I was so happy to catch them..." you trail off and let out an annoyed huff.

"Oh yeah? I'm sure the intermission won't be too long off..." I trail off and give you a sympathetic smile. "Big fan?"

"Uh, I guess you could say that?" You let out a laugh and then continued, "I was in town for a business thing and I was so excited to catch them in a different venue. Fuck me, right?"

"If you have the time, sure?" The words are out of my mouth before I can stop myself and I catch your eye, seeing a flicker of something heated.

I have to laugh to distract myself from my words and save it, "I mean.. If you have the time to catch the show. The shooow." I laugh again and point to my head, "I've had a few drinks, sorry. I didnt..."

You cut me off with your own laugh and shake your head, waving your hand to dismiss me, "I heard canadian girls were friendly, but wow. What an offer..." You get a mischievous, easy smile as you slip your phone in your pocket and then you offer your hand out to shake, telling me your name, "Nice to meet you." You chuckle and I feel my cunt response to it, aching at the sound.

I let my hand slip into yours and we shake, pausing to pull apart, you holding my hand in yours, with a gentle firmness, amused, "And you are...?"

I'm distracted by the electricity, my eyes locked on our hands. I wonder if it's just me? Sometimes it's just me. Then I remember I'm supposed to be answering a question and I realize how stupid I must look, and I laugh, embarrassed, as I meet your eyes again, trying to play it cool and buy myself a moment. "Im sorry! I'm Bits! Fuck, I am off my game tonight. Hi, nice to meet you!"

I laugh in an apologetic way and slip my dead phone into my own pocket giving you my full attention.

Yup, pretty fine up close too. Maybe even more so? Your vibe is still a bit electrifying, putting me on edge. We are close enough I can feel your body heat and smell you. Fucking intoxicating. I fight to keep my head clear and innocent as we get to chatting. I find out you're in town for the week, blagh blagh.

The electricity isn't just me. I can feel your eyes work over me as we get to know one another and I can feel the tension build up in a weird way. You tell me a bit about the music group and I offer to buy you a drink, which you accept. We move to the bar to wait for intermission and I offer to maybe show you around the city a bit if you have the time, maybe and your smile is a little too excited at that offer. I have to bite my lip to ignore the way my body feels electrified as we talk and I'm so delighted by how easy it is. When we go to swap numbers, I'm reminded my phone is dead and I cringe in an apologetic way, pulling a business card out of a hidden place. I don't want you to think I'm giving you a fake number. You hand me your business card back in return and we agree to link up in the next day or two when you have a free afternoon.

As we shake again and pull away from one another to meet our respective parties (Oh yeah, I'm here with a boyfriend), you call out to me across the lobby, "Hey! Don't forget to call, kay?"

I can't help but blush a bit and nod back, "Oh don't worry. I wil"

I can hear your laugh from across the lobby as you head in, fighting the crowd that is coming out for intermission drinks and then you are gone. I put my attention back to getting to my own seat, waiting for the crowd to slow a bit before going in, and then find my boyfriend who laughs at me for missing the first portion of the performance. Jokes on him, I didn't bring him a drink and he leaves me to go get his own, probably a bit annoyed with me, but I'm too distracted to really notice.

I spend the rest of the concert thinking about places to take you, wondering what might excite you the most. Maybe the car museum?

I make up an excuse to go home alone after the concert and it takes me a moment before I finally get my phone on the charger. When it lights up, I see the messages pour in.

A Couple friends, boyfriend letting me know *we* need to talk, and, delightfully, a message reminding me that You really would be interested in seeing the city a bit, smiley face. How does Wednesday sound?

It sounds too far away to me, but I can be patient and I play it

cool as we set up our plans. We end up texting a bit later than is probably appropriate considering you have a work conference to attend tomorrow, but it's an easy conversation that gets flirty quickly. I end my night playing with myself as I think about how you smelt and the easy way you laughed at my jokes. I'm excited to get to know more about you.

I cum thinking about how badly I want to press myself against you and it's sweet, if not enough to fully satisfy me.

Our date on Wednesday feels like a success when it ends with you pulling me close to kiss me in a deep, hungry, animalistic way. When you finally let me go, I am breathless and fully lost in my lust and how badly I want to pull your shirt off you.

Fuck, you taste... like I want more, and we get lost in each other's mouths for a moment on the street, before you pull away, reluctant, admitting you have to get up early tomorrow for the last day of your business conference.

The next part is a bit of a surprise to me when you ask if I would be okay with you pushing your flight back so we could spend a few days together. You want to see more of the city and you thought it might be nice to hit a local brewery that is pretty well know too, if I might have time? No pressure of course, it's a weird ask after a few drinks and one date, you understand if it doesn't work out, but... You trail off with a mischievous smile.. You know I have a boyfriend. I've mentioned him once or twice in passing.

It takes me about half a second to decide to call into work sick and another half second to call into the boyfriend with a massive pile of work that just can't wait.

Casually, I agree. I'm sure I can clear my schedule. Can I get back to you tomorrow morning though?

I text you a yes the minute I wake up.

We don't make it to the brewery. We don't even see much of the city. We started our Friday meeting up to get a late breakfast and you tell me a bit about your work and we get to talking industry bullshit. We work in adjacent fields. We take our time, enjoying the conversation.

At one point you comment off handedly that you're pretty tired from the week of rubbing shoulders. I don't say anything, but I wonder how long of a day we might have and I hope it doesn't mean you want to wrap up early.

As we finish our breakfast, you ask if I would be okay with popping up to your room quickly. You have to send off a quick work email, shouldn't take too long, it's okay if I want to meet up after, too.

I don't know how I missed the devious glint in your eye when you asked. I guess I was too distracted by my own dumb cunt to notice? I follow you up to your room. Easy. You seem so nice...

There is no email, obviously. But you act like it while we are in the room. You're staying at one of the fanciest hotels in the city and I am delighted to look around a bit while you are busy.

My phone chirps and I open it to check what the alert is about and it's at that point that you move behind me. I'm distracted by the text from my boyfriend, which is fairly long and starts with "I'm sorry" so I'm not paying close enough attention to you and I jump when I feel your hands on my waist, gripping me firmly.

I feel your heat on my back then and I feel my cunt turn on in earnest, aching painfully and dripping. Your breath is gentle on the back of my neck and I feel you squeeze my waist, flexing your fingers on me. I freeze, my eyes on my phone screen but not focused on any part of it. I'm in my head, running scenarios, but my mind goes blank when you step half a step closer to me and I can feel you barely against my back.

"Boyfriend, huh?"

Your voice is low and amused as you let one hand move around my waist to press my ass against your hips and I can feel your cock against the small of my back.

"Uh... I... yeah?" I'm a bit unsure what I should do, and then I feel your lips light on the back of my neck. My breathing is slowing and becoming deeper as I try to keep myself under control, but I feel my pulse jump and my cunt tense, demanding I fill it, right now.

I let out a gasp when I feel your teeth on me, biting, firm, and then your hands are on my tits, pulling my back against your chest and I'm closing my eyes to give into it, moaning at your touch. I can feel you tugging at my top as your mouth works over my neck and my shoulders, your hands slipping under the thin fabric to grab my tits and squeeze them hard. I gasp then and realize I'm panting.

Your voice is low in my ear asking "Are you sure? Won't your boyfriend be upset?" and then your tugging at my earlobe with your teeth and I'm moaning out a "Oh fuck him." I consider this in my head for a moment, then your fingers are twisting my nipples and you're biting that spot on my neck that makes me melt and I moan out a longer "Oh... fuck meeeeeee" and reach back to pull your head harder to my neck.

I let you have your way with me like that. I can feel the bites on my neck and I wonder if you are leaving any marks, then I realize I do not give a single fuck and I melt into you, grinding my ass on your cock as you play with my tits.

Your voice is a bit... condescending? But excited in my ear then, "Yeah, I knew you would be an easy slut."

I let out a whine at the comment. I'm sure as fuck not easy.

I turn then in your arms to face you and I'm immediately trapped in your eyes as you give me an amused smile. "See? Easy."

Then your mouth is on mine and you're pushing me back against the wall, kissing me hard, deep, aggressive. Your hands are on either side of my face, holding me to you. I'm returning the favor, my tongue working against yours and I let out a small growl as I bite at your lower lip, grinding my hips on yours, the height difference making it awkward. You're pulling me off the wall and against you then, my tits pressed hard against your chest, your left hand moves to the small of my back, pulling me tight so I can feel your cock along my stomach.

I realize then, it's bigger than my boyfriends.

My panties can't get any wetter and I let my hand rub up and down your shaft as you possess my mouth with yours, growling for more.

You push me away then and undo your pants and pull out your shirt before tugging me back to you again, tongues locked. I can push your pants off now and I include your underwear in that too, as I finally break the kiss to drop to my knees.

Your cock is hard and hot in my hand and I take only a short moment to appreciate how fucking beautiful it looks before I wrap my lips around it, sucking at the head and then deeper, driven by dumb lust and eager to taste you.

It doesn't take long for me to taste your precum and I let out a whimper as I shift to really commit myself to sucking you dry. You taste way better than my boyfriend, and I love how my mouth is stretched wide with your cock. I'm not even thinking about what it's going to do to my pussy.

I pull off you to tell you so, stroking you with my hand as I let my eyes lock on yours, "You taste fucking amazing."

I stroke you a bit longer, milking the precum to your tip and then clean it off, moaning as it hits my tongue, taking my time to clean it up. I can feel your hands in my hair and you let me have my way, but then you are changing gears to grip my head, fucking my throat hard and deep. I let out a moan of excitement around your cock. I haven't been throat fucked in a moment.

You pull me off pretty quickly though and let out a husky command as you finish taking your shirt off, "Get naked, slut."

It sends an excited chill down my spine and I comply as quickly as I can. As I stand up from dropping my panties (soaked and they sound like it when they hit the floor), your mouth is on mine again and we are lost in each other again.

When we finally part to catch our breath, you turn me around to bend me over the small writing table in the room. I let out a squeal of excitement. I haven't encountered anyone *quite* that smooth before and I give in as you get me into position and moan low and hard when I feel your fingers on my cunt, exploring it.

"Does your boyfriend get you this wet, whore?"

I answer instinctively, "No... " and then I'm immediately embarrassed by the question. I don't have a lot of time to think about it though. I feel your head pressing into my pussy and you grunt out a "Good. Fuck him." before you slam into me.

It's a marked difference from the earlier attention and I let out a scream of surprise and pain as you try to bottom out in me. I'm excited, but I'm not quite ready for you to stretch me out like that. Your hands are on my back, holding me in position as you grunt behind me. My scream of pain turns to moans of pleasure as you work into me and I can hear my wetness as you thrust in and out of me, gunting and grabbing at my hips, pulling me back hard on you, just as you slam hard into me.

I'm gasping out a stammered, "Yes, yes, yes, fuck me. You're so good..." It turns into a ragged moan as I cum on you, squeezing and

shuddering at the intensity. I can feel my pussy gush a bit and then you are fucking me even harder and I let myself get lost in it.

"So good. Fuck me. Fuck me better than he does. You have such a good dick. It's so big. You are ruining me... "

It's all interspersed between gasps and whines and moans and I can hear you behind me, grunting "Yeah. Fuck him. I'll fuck you better, bitch. Just take it." Your hips are slamming into me savagely and I feel you stretching my ass cheeks apart to get a better view of your cock stretching me out.

You are pressing my head down then and I'm pinned to the table, your hand hard on the side of my head, pinning me to the table as I scream out another orgasm.

My phone goes off on the floor. It's clearly my boyfriend based on the picture on the screen.

I moan out a "Oh fuck off," and then you are slamming into me hard and then not at all as you pull out to come on the small of my back, grunting and rubbing it out of your cock into a massive puddle, some spraying up my back to my shoulders.

I'm panting and half undone on the table, and you step away to let me catch my breath. You sit on the bed and give me a lazy confident grin. "I'm not done with you yet, slut".

I can't help but give you a tired smile back as I try to catch my breath. I'm not sure how I'm going to stand up without making a mess, and I suppose that's part of the reason why you put your load there: so you can watch it drip down my ass when I finally stand up.

As I recover, I shiver a little wondering what else you have planned for me.

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I finally let my knees give out and slip down to the floor, feeling the cum ooze down my back. I remember it's your hotel room and I stop caring then, reveling in how it drips to the floor.

You give your cock a pointed look before looking back at me, beckoning me over with a small nod. I let out a sigh and crawl the few feet over to you, my tits swaying as I shuffle across the carpet.

It's maybe a bit silly, but it's also not very far to travel and I take my time, glancing up to watch your face as you watch me. I can tell your eyes are locked on my ass and I feel a smile creep onto my lips as I draw out the crawl, shaking my ass for you. When you let out a small groan, I quickly finish covering the last foot and a half to settle between your knees to look up to you.

"Wanna clean me off?"

I feel a flip in the back of my mind for just a moment, now that I have finally caught my breath and started to process the situation. I feel a spark of anger at your question and, if I'm honest, I resent you in that moment for how easily you had me moaning for you. Begging really.

Who the fuck are you, with your nasty comments and that lazy smirk across your face, like you know I won't say no...

But your cock is right in front of my face, closer than not and I can see a drop of cum collect at the tip and I'm lapping at you then, first sucking at the head to slurp at your cum, then lapping up and down your shaft, cleaning my juices off you with small moans and whimpers. I can feel your hands running over my shoulders, then down my back to slap my ass, hard.

I squeal onto your cock and wriggle my ass under your hand, letting out a moan of approval. You take a few more swings at my ass, and I stop sucking for a moment, stroking your shaft in my hand as the slaps become harder and I finally have to cry out for you to stop, when you leave a dark red handprint on my right ass cheek.

You're shifting to grab my chin then and I let you pull me up for a gentle kiss, sighing when you pull your lips off mine, drunk on you and your excellent touches.

"Good girl"

I let the words hang in the air, and I find my eyes locked on yours. Your hand wraps around my throat then, squeezing firmly and I feel my stomach drop.

Fuck, I hope you can't see how desperately I want you to say those words again and how hard I'm resisting the urge to melt for you. I bite my lip to keep myself barely grounded. You shake me gently then, by the throat and I whimper in your hand.

You let me go then and I feel so fucking stupid and a wave of embarrassment washes over me and I press my face into your neck to hide, taking a deep breath of your scent, my breasts pressed against your chest, your cock trapped between my tummy and your pelvis.

You're wrapping your arm around me tight and flipping me onto the bed pinning me down, with a hard kiss.

So. Fucking. Smooth.

You slip into me again, and I break our kiss with a gasp, and your mouth has moved to my neck and my shoulders and my breasts and my nipples, devouring me in your own right: kissing, sucking, biting, growling and moaning into me.

I let out a sob as you thrust into me slowly, grabbing my hips to shift my ass closer to the edge of the bed. You're tugging my legs up and together then, gathered into one arm letting them rest on your shoulder. Your other hand finds my tits then and you're twisting my nipples as you slowly thrust in and out of me, enjoying my whines of pain and moans of lust.

You're growling filthy things at me then, reminding me I'm covered in your jizz, I'm making an awful lot of noise for such a small thing, will my pussy ever get looser, or is it always that tight and difficult. I'm barely paying attention to what you are saying with my mind on the way I'm squeezing down on you.

It becomes a bit of a blur then as I cum again, begging you to stop, please stop, fuck! Please! stop! Which becomes a plea for you to keep going when you finally do stop, a wicked grin on your face as you immediately pick up your pace.

You let my legs go so you can grip my tits hard, your fingertips digging into the soft flesh, your hips beating into my thighs, and I gasp out a, "so good, so fucking good," my hands gripping the sheets to either side of me in tight fists.

You growl over my moans, "You're such a cute little whore, though," and I cover my face with my hands in response, torn between snapping at you and riding the wave of pleasure that is welling up, closer to popping.

You grab my wrist to uncover my face with a grunt and I'm whining in embarrassment; I don't want you to see the dumb look I know is plastered across my face. When my eyes meet yours, I see the lust and heat in your eyes and I give up trying to hold myself back. You look so intent on pulling it out of me and I whine out your name as I cum hard, my legs trembling as my cunt squeezes down on you. You slow your thrusts then and I feel a hot liquid pulse when you bottom out in me, your balls slapping my ass.

You're grunting and letting out a hard groan as you pour into me, your fingers digging into my tits hard, forcing me to scream out in pain. I feel my pussy tighten on you even more and I cry out as I strain under you to get away from the overwhelming sensations. Your grunt and pull out and then slip back into me again, hard, and I sob, grabbing at your wrists.

"Please..." I'm begging you in a pathetic way, for it to truly stop and after a half breath you shake your head, exhale, and release the tight grip on my tits, easing back off me gently.

Time slows a bit then as I let my eyes meet yours, and you smile at me then, in a gentle way.

The slap comes out of nowhere, hard, sharp, and mean and you snuff me like a candle flame, in a blink, and I am lost in darkness.

Tags

[F4M] [F4A] [Story][Narrative] [Slow burn] [Romance] [Emotional]
[Tension] [Desperate] [Thirsty] [Horny] [Slut] [No Will Power]
[Date] [Dumb Slut] [You're Hot] [Too Tempting] [Danger] [S&M] [BDSM]
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