

Cheating on Kate

by BurroGirl18

Chapter 1

So I have a flatmate. Let's call her...Kate.

We've been friends since we were kids, and talked about moving in together ever since we knew that was an option. So as soon as we went to college, we did it - we got a little flat together, and it's just been perfect. We watch a bunch of TV together, cook for each other, we have the same standards for how clean everything should be, and we're just always *there* for each other.

Well, until she started dating.

I'm Amelia, by the way. I don't really know how to describe myself - sort of the opposite of Kate, in some ways. She's tall, I'm short. She's studying law, I'm studying visual arts. She's really close to her family, I'm not. She's blonde, I'm a brunette. She's flat-chested, I'm busty. Really busty. Have been since puberty hit. It's a blessing in some ways, a curse in others, but I'm not complaining. I'd much rather have it than not, y'know?

And while Kate is the nicest, sweetest, loveliest girl in the world...I guess I'm the opposite. But we'll get to that.

I'm not proud of what I did. I should get that out of the way up front. I don't even have a good excuse for why I did what I did - I'd been in a dry spell for a while, but there's more to it than that.

I'm not too modest to admit that I'm attractive. Busty, short, dark hair, dark eyes. An ex once described me as "sultry", whatever that means. And so you'd think someone like me would be able to get laid pretty easily, right?

Yeah, no. I think a lot of guys don't want to approach me because they think they'd have no shot. If only they knew how dirty I was...

Although, if I'm being honest, even *I* didn't know how dirty I was.

Not until Kate got a boyfriend. Let's call him...Luke.

When Kate and Luke had been dating for like a month and a half, they were in their honeymoon period, so he was coming over quite often...and they're really fucking loud.

That is to say, they're really loud at fucking.

It bothered me. Maybe that makes me a bad friend or housemate or whatever, but it did. I hadn't been with anyone in so long, and I'm pretty horny in general, and then overhearing them doing it every other night...

So I'd been kind of going crazy, messaging my ex's. No, not just my ex's - a bunch of boys. Boys I didn't even like, but I knew were really into me. Just for the attention.

I didn't do anything with any of them. Probably because deep down I knew it was a bad idea, but I just couldn't stop myself toying with the idea. Toying with them.

And toying with my toys. I don't have a like, crazy huge collection, but I've got two or three favorites. And thanks to the sound of Luke and Kate every night - sometimes twice a night! - my toys got a real workout. I didn't do anything weird like time my orgasms with hers, but I'll admit I wasn't using much else in the way of porn.

Just the sound of my flatmate and her boyfriend was more than enough stimulation.

So there we were. Kate and Luke with each other, me with an overactive libido, a collection of toys, and solicited dick pics from half the guys in my phone book.

And maybe that's where we would have stayed, but my flatmate's boyfriend became less and less discreet as time passed. The more time Luke spent at our place, the more comfortable he made himself. I'd bump into him in the flat, walking around after sex in nothing but a pair of

boxers, the outline of his half-erect cock clearly visible through it.

I mentioned it to Kate, and - for the first time since we started living together - we had a fight. A big one. She was like "Why the fuck were you looking at my boyfriend's cock?" and I was like "Um...sorry? Why is HE walking around half-naked with a boner?"

She was so fucking blinded by love that I was blamed for even *mentioning* it.

But after that, I was like 'fuck it'. If a guest can walk around half-naked in the house like he's at home (and *I* get in trouble for it) then why can't I be comfortable in my own flat?

So when I was at home, I rarely bothered putting on a bra, or pants. I'd just wear a loose top and panties, like I had when it was just Kate and I.

Part of it was because I didn't want to feel like a guest in my own home...but honestly, part of it was to fuck with Kate. I felt like this relationship had totally changed her - we'd been best friends for so many years, and now she acted like I didn't even exist. If she was going to get mad at me for glancing at her boyfriend's (impressive) cock, I was going to give him something to glance at.

Maybe she'd yell at *him* for it, but I doubted it. He probably wouldn't be stupid enough to let her know where he was looking.

And the other motivation was really just that I was so turned on all the time. I think unconsciously, I wanted to tease Luke. I wanted him to notice me, like I'd noticed him. Like I'd been unable to HELP noticing him, with the orgasms he gave Kate each night.

But I didn't admit that to myself at the time.

I tried not to be super obvious about it. You know, so it seemed natural. Like I'd just grown comfortable with him being around all the time, and didn't even see him as a guy any more, just another flatmate.

He basically was, really. You know how new couples are - he'd started to spend more and more time at the flat, even when Kate wasn't here.

At the start they'd arrange their dates ahead of time, so I'd only get to see him for a few minutes before they either went out...or went into Kate's room. I definitely HEARD him way more than I ever saw him.

But then they passed the relationship threshold or whatever, and hit the point where he'd just pop in whenever he felt like it. If Kate wasn't home, he'd just wait for her. Watch TV, or hang out in her room.

We'd occasionally chat, or watch TV together, and I started getting to know him better. I found that he was actually a really cool guy. Not really the kind I'd expect Kate to date, to be honest - he wasn't a douche, but he was definitely...douche-adjacent. Not exactly a meathead, but she was obviously smarter than him.

I don't want to make him out as a jerk or anything. He even apologized to me. Completely unprompted - he just acknowledged that it must have been really tough for me, having a guy in my space all the time. Kate had never done that. If she'd said sorry just *once*, I would have accepted it. I understand being in love and how it changes you, how it makes you just want to spend every second with the guy...but instead, she'd blamed *me* for just wanting to have a bit of privacy.

Anyway, Luke was super nice about it. I told him it was okay, of course. I was totally honest with him - I said that at first it had been weird to have a stranger around all the time, but he was like family at this point and shouldn't worry about it.

Then he asked - out of nowhere - whether they were too loud. God, I swear I went bright red. I've never blushed so hard in my life. I nervously laughed and told him that I couldn't even

hear them, but it was so obviously a lie, he immediately saw through it. Through me.

“Sorry,” he said with a smile. “I can’t control her.”

I laughed again, but before I could change the topic, he continued.

“Was she always that loud? Like, with her other boyfriends?”

I felt sooooo uncomfortable talking about that stuff, but I eventually admitted that no, even though she’d never been the quiet type, she’d never been *this* loud with the other guys.

“That’s good to hear,” he said with a grin. “Not for you, of course. You must find it all really annoying.”

Still blushing, I told him that I’d gotten used to it. He said if I ever brought a guy home and felt like making myself heard in the bedroom, I shouldn’t hold back.

Honestly, that made me laugh way harder than it should have. Then there was a bit of an awkward pause, but he broke it by apologizing again - “Sorry if I was being inappropriate with that joke,” or something like that.

I told him it was okay and we went back to more innocent subjects. I mean, mostly innocent - occasionally it felt a little like he was flirting with me, and I liked the attention.

Like I said, it had been a while. And Luke was hot.

Sooooo I might have flirted back, just a tiny bit. Every once in a while.

Like, he randomly mentioned one time that my legs were really beautiful. Another time, out of the blue, he complimented my flat stomach while I was wearing a crop top. My mind sort of blanked out, and I replied - out of reflex - that he shouldn’t feel bad about his own abs either.

He pulled up his shirt, flexing his abs. “What? These? Well, I won’t complain - Kate has been giving me a good workout routine,” he laughed.

I was like “Seriously?” but I couldn’t stop staring at his exposed muscles.

Luke wasn’t really my type, either - I’ve never been into gym bunnies - but damn...I feel like that kind of body is everyone’s type, you know?

A little after that talk on the couch, Kate finally apologized too. I could tell that Luke had basically talked her into it, but it still really helped. She was way nicer afterwards, so I didn’t mind if it had originally come from him - we even started hanging out more together, all three of us, watching Netflix or playing board games and drinking.

Kate would occasionally bring up the fact that I was a third wheel. Not in a mean way, or like she felt sorry for me. Well, I think she felt a little sorry for me, but it wasn’t like that. It was more like she was trying to help. She told me I should find someone so we could have real double dates, and pushed for Luke to introduce one of his friends to me, Sam.

Sam was a nice guy - way more my usual type than Luke - but as soon as I met him, I couldn’t help but notice he was a bit of a dork. We had a few forced double dates, but there was no spark. I’d look at Sam, then look across the table at Luke and Kate - even in public, fully clothed, even when we were all together, they were *electric*.

I liked Sam, but I wanted something more like that. I didn’t just want to settle, y’know?

One time we were left alone and he tried to kiss me. He was a total gentleman about it though, when I told him he wasn’t my type. He was very understanding. We called it a night then and there.

That was the last of the double dates.

Meanwhile, Luke would still give me looks and comments from time to time. Stuff that was borderline inappropriate - I felt awful about it, but I couldn’t control myself, and ended up teasing him back. Teasing him more. Pushing things further and further, all while trying to, you know, not be found out by Kate.

One time when I knew Kate was working late and Luke would be over, I don't know, I wore this thin white top without a bra. You could see my dark nipples through the material, if you looked closely enough.

Luke looked very closely. He couldn't take his eyes off me.

He tried not to be super obvious about it, but I knew exactly where he was looking. And I might have...leaned over a little too much once or twice. "Accidentally", of course.

I just couldn't stop myself. It was soooo wrong, but it turned me on so much. There was just something *about* Luke. He got me so worked up. And then Kate would come home and they'd fuck, and it would be so loud, and it was so easy to imagine myself in there, under Luke's body, or wonder if he was thinking of me while he fucked my flatmate...

So after a few hours of teasing him in my revealing white top (and getting myself very wet in the process) I went to my room to change, before Kate got back.

And I couldn't help but start touching myself. I tried to be quiet...at first. I mean, masturbation is famously a solo activity, and I think everyone starts quiet. You don't want your family hearing what you're up to.

But a little voice in the back of my head kept egging me on, convincing me that I should be just a tiny bit louder, just so that he could accidentally overhear. Nothing too loud, nothing suspicious.

Just 'not hold back', y'know?

Maybe I moaned too loud. I'm not sure. But I got off at the thought of Luke hearing me, of how hard he must be, how turned on he was by the sight of my tits in the white top, at the idea of him hearing the sound of my self-pleasure. As I came, I imagined Luke fucking Kate later that night, picturing me, wishing it was my body under his...

When I was done, I felt bad. This was my flatmate's boyfriend - he was completely, completely off-limits.

Even though he started it.

I put on a less revealing top and when Kate got home, we watched Netflix together.

She was super tired - she actually fell asleep on Luke's chest. The two of us joked about how cute she was and how comfortable she looked. That was definitely something we had in common - we both loved Kate.

Then that cocky look appeared back on Luke's face, and he said there was space next to her if I wanted to join.

God damn it. Despite having just gotten off a few hours earlier, I could feel this erotic thrill going through my body. I couldn't help but imagine what Kate would think if she opened her eyes to find me there, sharing her boyfriend's chest as we watched the movie.

Sharing her boyfriend's body.

I didn't, of course. I just laughed nervously, and went back to watching the flick.

Kate woke up at the next explosion and said she was going to bed. Luke told her he'd join once the film ended, and the two of us were left alone.

Fuck.

I felt so uncomfortable. Luke must have noticed and thought I was trying to find a comfortable position, because he said "You can put your head here now, it's all yours," and patted his chest.

And I...I don't know what happened, but I agreed. I curled up next to him, placed my head on his chest, and wrapped one arm around him.

I should have just stayed on the other side of the couch, where it was safe, but I just

couldn't resist. There was just something about him that I couldn't say no to.

Plus, I have to admit, I wanted to be there. I wanted to be held by him, held by the strong arms that I'd seen so much of. I could smell his sweat. I could hear his heartbeat. Just for a moment, I felt like I was his, and he was mine.

He placed his arm around and stroked my hair. "There there," he said. "Much more comfortable, isn't it?"

But I could feel his heart beating fast, and could tell that he was much more excited than his calm voice let on.

"I could get used to this," I replied in an affectionate whisper. Maybe too affectionate.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, then tried to laugh it off. "I need a boyfriend, badly."

"Should I call Sam?" he asked jokingly.

"No, thank you," I smiled. "That won't be necessary."

"I get it," he replied. "You're way out of his league anyway."

"Ummm, thanks?" I blushed.

He resumed stroking my hair. "Yeah, you need someone much stronger. Someone who can take good care of you, and protect you."

"All those guys are taken," I whispered.

"Yeah," he said, then asked "Who said you couldn't take them from their girlfriend?"

And I just...froze. He wasn't even trying to hide it any more - he was being so blatant that I couldn't lie to myself about what was happening.

What the fuck was I doing? Cuddling with my flatmate's boyfriend, while he hinted that I should seduce him? I should have sat up, slapped him, and then marched into Kate's room to tell her what he'd just said to me.

Of course, she'd probably take his side. Accuse me of teasing him, of leading him on.

And...well, yeah. I had no idea what I could possibly say to that.

So I just lay there, my head on his chest, and continued letting him stroke my hair.

I eventually gathered my thoughts and collected my strength and said "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Probably not," he replied, removing his hand from my hair. Then he paused. "...but it's still tempting to think about, sometimes."

I looked up at him. "We'd be stupid to give into every little temptation, wouldn't we?"

He looked me in the eyes and whispered. "Define little."

When I turned my head back around, I saw that he was hard. He was wearing pants, but loose ones, and the outline of his cock was clearly visible.

And like I said, I'd worked out earlier that he was far from little.

At this point, my heart was racing and I was like, freaking out inside, but I was trying to keep my cool - or at least fake it. I tried to joke it off by saying "I can't see the TV because of you."

He grabbed my hand and placed it on his erection, pushing it down. "Keep it down then, will you?"

I could feel his throbbing penis through his pants, in my hand. I'd seen it before, like this - through his pants, and through his boxers, and in my head a thousand times...

And I was shocked and I didn't know what to do, but I didn't pull my hand away. I was just like...do I want this?

Kate was sleeping in her room just a few feet away and I was touching her boyfriend's

penis.

I was touching Luke's cock. This was really happening. It was no longer just a fantasy. I was actually doing something - something awful - and I was so fucking turned on by it.

Luke saw that I wasn't protesting and the next minute slid his hand under my shirt, cupping my breast. I had changed tops, but I still wasn't wearing a bra. He whispered into my ear: "How long has it been since you've been touched like this?"

My skin was tingling all over and I was having trouble breathing and at this point I was REALLY hoping that Kate wouldn't wake up and check on us.

I should have stopped him, of course, but the thought honestly never occurred to me. The idea of pushing his hand away, or taking my hand off his cock...it just wasn't an option. I wanted him so much, and it was clear - on every level - that he wanted me, despite how wrong it was.

So I let him feel me up, and whisper "Pretty long", biting my lip, massaging his cock through his shorts.

I'm not a perfect person. I've cheated on boyfriends before, while I was really drunk, and I've always felt so ashamed about it. And I swear, I've never done something like *this* before.

God it felt good.

His cock in my hand, the way he was stroking my breasts - it all just felt so RIGHT. It was so easy to let him, so easy to pretend that this wasn't my friend's boyfriend - my friend who was sleeping in the next room.

In that moment, I was just a woman and he was just a man, and we fit together like two jigsaw pieces. Every inch of me craved his touch, and it was soooooo easy to just let him touch me, and to touch him.

Anyway, he whispered into my ears something along the lines of "It should be a crime to leave a body like yours unsatisfied for so long," and I moaned back lightly as he groped and massaged my breasts.

We did that for the next five minutes or so, him playing with my tits and me stroking his cock through his pants. If he'd reached into my pants, I swear I would have cum. I wish he had - after I cum, I'm generally much more clear-headed. I would have been reminded that what we were doing was *wrong*, no matter how fucking right it felt.

I would have remembered that he didn't belong to me, and that he shouldn't have been touching me.

But he just played with my boobs, getting me more and more worked up, and I petted his cock, and wanted him.

God I wanted him.

Then the movie ended and it got really quiet.

As the credits rolled, he finally removed his hand and whispered to me "I'll see you in the morning after Kate leaves."

I told him I had a morning class and he just said "No you don't" and that was his last word. I didn't go to university the next day.

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Chapter 2

I'd been mad at Kate. I'm not even denying that.

When she was being sort of a bitch, I'd been angry, but I definitely hadn't been mad enough

that I wanted to ruin her relationship.

That hadn't changed. I didn't want to ruin my housemate's relationship. My best friend's relationship.

I didn't *want* to.

But in the morning, I just couldn't make myself go to class.

God, it sounds so pathetic, doesn't it? Like, I'm a grown woman. It's not like I was being held hostage by the president's daughter or anything like that.

There was absolutely nothing stopping me from going in that day.

...but his command had been ringing in my head all night. I had no idea what was going to happen, but...god.

I couldn't wait to find out.

The previous night I'd barely slept, and I stayed in my room the next morning when I heard Kate's voice. I couldn't face her.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't going to do anything, that I was staying home because I felt sick, but I didn't even believe myself. It's not a good sign when you can't even convince yourself of your lies.

Instead, I just lay in bed, my mind racing as I tried to process exactly what was happening.

Okay, Luke wants to fuck me, that's pretty obvious. And he wants to keep it a secret, which means he doesn't really care about me, just wants to score while still being with Kate, because he's a player and I'm a hot girl, and it's actually the perfect cheat. He doesn't have to worry about me telling Kate because he knows I don't want to ruin my own relationship with her, so I'll keep quiet no matter what...

Obviously I gave myself to him too easily. I have to tell him what happened last night, that it was a one night thing we should both forget.

I'd been mad at Kate for throwing our friendship away for a guy, but I was about to be the one to ruin it forever, because of what? Because I'm too horny? No, that can't happen.

Then I heard the front door shut, and I listened, and I couldn't hear Kate any more.

For a while I didn't hear any movement whatsoever, and I thought maybe Luke had left too. Maybe he felt guilty about yesterday too, and realized it was wrong, and had just gone home...

Then I heard footsteps approaching. Slow, calm, measured.

My heart started racing.

"You in there?"

Luke was outside my door, and he wanted to finish what he'd started the previous night.

What *we'd* started the previous night.

I opened the door defensively, most of my body behind it, ready to slam it closed.

"Hey," I said.

"I thought you had a class," Luke said with a smirk on his face.

"I have a cold," I replied quickly, completely unconvincingly. "You shouldn't come in. I don't want you to catch it."

"How will I nurse you back to health then?" he asked, a smug smile on his face.

"Listen, um... forget about yesterday. Kate's my friend. I can't do that to her, so let's just pretend nothing ever happened so nobody gets hurt, alright?"

"Sure," he said, reaching out and taking my hand. "We'll forget about yesterday. Just like we'll forget about today."

It was like my hand wanted to be guided. It didn't even fight back.

I was soaking wet. I hadn't been able to get off the previous night, while I wasn't sleeping.

I'd touched myself, but I'd felt too guilty to cum, so my pussy was still very much famished.

"You just want to fuck me," I whispered to him.

"I don't want to," he whispered back. "I'm going to. Because you want me to."

He guided my hand to stroke him, and I didn't even notice when he let go, because I was doing it on my own.

I'd made out with someone about four months ago, but we'd stopped at petting. I hadn't had sex for more than four months, so...yeah. I really wanted to fuck Luke.

But I knew I shouldn't. I knew he would just use me...but a part of me knew I'd love to get used. To just be fucked for pure lust. Why can men have casual hookups and us girls can't?

Fucking your flatmate's boyfriend is pretty far from a casual hookup, I guess.

So I tried to fight it. "I'm not just some slut you can play with."

He put his hand on my cheek and lightly caressed my face, before running his thumb over my lips.

"This is not a game for me, Amelia," he said, pushing his thumb into my mouth. "I'm risking everything here. Now, which one do you want me to fuck first, your wet little pussy or these pretty lips?"

I'd never had anyone talk to me like that before. Every guy I'd been with was super respectful and gentle with me. Hell, when Sam had tried to kiss me a few days ago, he hadn't been able to stop apologizing when I leaned away. He'd looked genuinely scared that I would think of him as a rapist or someone who'd tried to force himself on me.

And here was Luke, treating me like I was his fuck doll. Like I was some high-tech sex toy that could talk and respond, but was programmed to obey his every command.

Maybe this explained why Kate was so loud with him.

I stayed silent, so he answered for me. "We'll start with your mouth, okay? Get on your knees, baby."

Luke pushed me down firmly but not forcefully, relying on my obedience instead of his strength. Once I was kneeling before him, he started stroking my hair.

I don't know how he was so sure he could control me. He just knew that he could do anything to me. And part of why he could was that confidence.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't like sucking cock, but I didn't just blow any guy who asked for it. It took time to build enough trust with someone for me to take their cock inside my mouth. Like, for me that was even more intimate than sex.

"Take it out," he commanded me, and I pulled down his pants. He was already erect, and his cock almost hit me in the face as it was freed. "Careful," he warned. "It's very stiff."

"I can see that."

I'd touched him the previous night, but I hadn't really worked out how big he was. It kinda just stopped me in my tracks, because I wasn't sure how I was going to handle it.

"Are you okay, princess?" he eventually asked me, looking down at me as I stared at him with awe.

"Yeah," I replied shyly. "You're just a little bit big."

He wasn't the biggest I'd ever seen - I had a short relationship with a guy once who was well-hung, but he was pretty awful in bed. Like he was a no foreplay, just-ram-it-in-and-cum-in-2-minutes guy. Sex often hurt with him.

"If it makes you feel better," Luke said, "Kate couldn't take it either."

His little comment just made me so mad, I wanted to show him that I could do it.

"You'd be surprised what I can do that she can't," I said, grabbing his cock and leaning

closer. I started gently licking its head, lubricating it before trying to take it inside my mouth.

After giving it a few licks, I began to kiss the head, letting more and more into my mouth with each kiss.

My entire body was throbbing.

As soon as I had the whole tip inside my mouth, he said “Did anyone ever tell you before that you look beautiful with a cock in your mouth?”

So fucking cheesy. So why did it make me smile?

Once I got a rhythm going, I went deeper and deeper. I can’t deep-throat, but his penis was pretty close to hitting the back of my mouth. It actually felt somewhat uncomfortable, but I tried my best to impress him, and to show him that I could do it better than Kate.

He frequently complimented my efforts, calling me a good girl and assuring me that I was doing great. At that moment, I felt like it was my job to please him, that he was somehow above me. Like it was a privilege that I, out of every girl, got to take his cock inside my mouth.

My knees starting hurting too, but I didn’t care.

After a while he said “Baby, you’re doing so good that I’m gonna cum inside your mouth. But don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll be able to get me hard so I can destroy that tight little pussy of yours, too.”

I nodded, increasing the tempo, focusing on his sensitive head rather than trying to take in the whole shaft.

A minute later, he exploded into my mouth. He came so much that I couldn’t take it all and pulled away halfway through, so ended up covering my whole face with his seed.

I should have felt terrible. I just made my flatmate’s boyfriend cum. With my mouth.

All over my face.

But I was just so turned on, I couldn’t even feel bad.

After cumming into my mouth and all over my face, Luke just panted “You’re so fucking sexy,” pulled me up and - my face still covered in his cum - he just kissed me. And we just made out, our saliva and his cum mixing in our mouths as our tongues twisted and turned around each other, while my cum-covered face rubbed against his stubble, and it was just so dirty, yet so fucking sexy. Like no guy ever did something like that to me. They want their cum inside your mouth, but they are disgusted by the idea of tasting their own. He wasn’t - I think he even enjoyed it in a twisted, narcissistic way.

That was our first kiss, too. I’d sucked this guy off before I’d ever kissed him. Our first kiss was while my face was covered in his cum. God it was fucking hot.

After making out for a while, I pulled away and told him that I needed to text my friends, ask them to take notes on my next two classes as well.

“It’s going to be a long day, isn’t it?” he replied with a smile.

We took a quick shower, during which I managed to get him excited again. Partly because of our wet, naked bodies, partly because we continued to make out while getting clean.

By the time we were done, he was as hard as ever. I was so ready to fuck him. I couldn’t have cared less about Kate in that moment, I just wanted him inside me.

But when we got back into my room, he pushed me onto the bed. “If you don’t mind,” he said, “I’m going to eat that tasty-looking pussy of yours first.”

I told him that he didn’t need to, that I was already wet, but the next second he was between my legs, eating me out...and this is when I realized why Kate was screaming so loudly all the time.

It took him less than five minutes to bring me to the edge of cumming. I started panting

“You can stop, I’m gonna cum, you can stop, ahhh...”

I wanted him to put it inside me before I came, but he didn’t. He wanted me to orgasm before he fucked me. To sort of tie up the game.

And I did. And god it was powerful; I was still shaking a minute later. And while I was panting, post-orgasm, he climbed between my legs and positioned his cock over my pussy.

“See,” he said. “You don’t get my cock that easily. You have to earn it.”

I still wasn’t sure whether it was going to hurt or not, because my last time with a cock his size hadn’t exactly been a great experience.

“Let’s see how eager this pussy is,” he said, slowly inserting his throbbing hard-on inside me.

It actually slid in rather seamlessly. I’d never felt so stuffed down there before, but it didn’t hurt. I just looked down and saw it disappear completely inside me.

“You’re really fucking tight,” he whispered.

“You’re really fucking big,” I moaned back.

It wasn’t long before Luke was all the way inside me. I felt like I couldn’t breathe, like I was completely stuffed. His huge cock was filling me up. It was too much, almost.

If I hadn’t been on fire with arousal, I would have been in pain. But knowing that I was taking Luke’s entire cock inside me, the cock that I’d thought about so many times when I got off, when I listened to him fucking Kate...it was such a thrill, I could barely feel the discomfort.

“Fuck me,” I moaned. “Please...”

He didn’t say anything in response. Like, I don’t know what I expected - “Sure thing, Amelia, that sounds swell!”

But he just grinned, and - almost as slowly as he’d pushed his thick cock inside me - started slowly withdrawing.

Remember how I said I’d felt completely stuffed? Well, basically as soon as he started pulling out, I started to feel empty.

I’d had his cock inside me for all of five seconds, and already I was missing it. Yearning for it. I wanted it. I needed to feel him inside me again.

“Fuck me,” I moaned once more, and his grin widened. I could feel his skin against mine. The abs I’d admired for the last few months were pressed up against my flat stomach; his chest was pressed against my tits, flattening me. He was on top of me, dominating me, owning me.

I was so fucking wet. Even though I’d just cum a few minutes ago, the feeling of his cock inside me...I’d never been so turned on in my life.

“Fuck me,” I pleaded again, and my eyes widened with delight as he finally obliged.

You’ve got to realize, I wasn’t normally like this. Like, if you passed me in the street, you might notice that I was a little curvy, but you wouldn’t see me and think “Oh hey, there goes a busty slut who likes to get fucked really roughly.”

And like, I *wasn’t*.

I like rough sex, sure. Who doesn’t? But I also liked gentle, loving sex. Sex where your partner stares into your eyes and tucks your hair behind your ears and tells you how beautiful you are.

I hadn’t dated someone seriously for six or seven months, so yeah, I was a little more worked up than usual. But my ex had been a guy like Sam - a sweet, nice guy. And I don’t mean a Nice Guy, I mean a really decent, loving guy. We’d only split up because he’d had to go back to Australia - it wasn’t like I had cheated on him with a well-hung stud. I hadn’t spent the relationship craving hardcore rough sex or anything like that.

I swear, I was just a nice, normal girl.

There was just something about Luke. He just *did something* to me.

I loved it.

In response to my third plea for him to really fuck me, Luke started pounding into me *hard*. He was sort of on one elbow as he did, to give himself the leverage to ram his thick cock into me, fast and steady. His hands were running all over my body, his rough hands on my skin, occasionally grabbing my hips or my boobs. All the sensations started to blur together - the pain, the pleasure, his hands...

At first I'd been pushing back against him, grinding my hips into him, like I wanted even *more* of his huge rod inside my petite body. But as the pleasure started to overcome my brain, I just lay there. I'd heard someone describe girls who did this as "starfishing", but judging by the look on Luke's face, he didn't mind. He used me like a limp doll as I moaned and writhed with ecstasy.

It wasn't long until his eyes lost focus. "I'm gonna cum," he grunted, and I nodded. I wanted it - I wanted to feel him cum inside me.

I wanted him to use me as his sex doll. It was the hottest thing, I'd ever, ever done.

"Me too," I gasped, and my words were enough to make him shudder. After three fast, sharp thrusts, I felt his entire body tense up, and I could feel a warmth between my legs.

"Oh godddd..." I moaned, and there it was - my second orgasm of the morning. My toes curled and my eyes rolled back in my head as I twitched with pleasure, getting off at the feeling of his cum filling me.

After a few gasping, shuddering moments, Luke rolled off me. His grin was back, as his eyes scanned up and down my naked body. I should have felt bad, or at the very least self-conscious...but I didn't.

I'd seen Kate naked plenty of times, and I knew I had a better body than hers. I had the body of a porn star - she had the body of a girl next door. She was the kind of girl you'd take home to meet your parents.

I was the kind of girl you'd sneak out of dinner-with-the-parents to get a back-stoop blowjob from.

"I never imagined this would happen when I swiped right on Kate," he chuckled, and I couldn't help but smile.

Horrible, I know. But the fact that we were cheating on Kate - cheating on my best friend... god, it turned me on in a way that I couldn't explain.

I loved it. Admitting that made me feel worse than I'd ever felt in my entire life. But it was true - fucking my best friend's boyfriend was the hottest thing I'd ever done, and I couldn't wait to do it again.

And I knew we *would* do it again. And again, and again, and again, and again...

Cheating on Kate

by BurroGirl18

Chapter 3

So yeah, the thing with Luke wasn't a one-off.

It was so intense, and I was overflowing with such a mix of different feelings. From lust to jealousy, just...everything. One second I'd feel regret and resentment, the next second I couldn't stop thinking about him and how good he made me feel. Then I'd get jealous of him and Kate... because even though we were having fun behind her back, they were still together, and they still

fucked regularly, and whenever I overheard them it felt like I was being cheated on or something.

Like, one part of me felt super guilty for even doing this to Kate. Ever since it started, I was super nice to her, to make up for something that she doesn't even know about. Another part of me felt like I was being used, that I deserved better than being someone's secret lover. I deserved someone's full attention...but, of course, Luke had been filling a hole in my life.

Not like that. You know what I mean.

I was definitely being used by him, but I was also *using* him, so as long as I didn't fall for him...

Which, of course, I couldn't control.

Last time I mentioned Sam, Luke's friend. The guy Kate wanted me to hook up with.

Well, after our "disaster date", I kept in contact with him. As friends.

At first we both avoided *any* contact. I guess he felt embarrassed that he misread my signals and tried to kiss me, and I didn't want to feel like I was leading him on.

But after me and Luke hooked up, I messaged him. Since then, we'd been on friendly terms.

And then we started hanging out. I guess I sort of wanted to make Luke jealous as well?

Sam and I were hanging out strictly platonically - we talked about it, and he basically agreed to being friendzoned.

It was sort of strategic, too; I wanted Kate to not suspect anything. So having her see me with Sam would make it less likely that I was a threat, or that I was going to go after her boyfriend.

Yeah, she had no idea what her boyfriend and I were up to several times a week.

We were smart about it. It wasn't like that night on the couch - we never fooled around while Kate was in the apartment. But the thing about giving your boyfriend a key and letting him always be over...

It gave us a lot of opportunities, you know?

I say we never did anything while Kate was around...and we didn't.

Not really.

I mean, sometimes when she left the room, he'd throw me a look. A really firm look. A "I want to be inside you look". A look that screamed "I want to bend you over and fuck you hard, right now" so loudly, I'm surprised Kate didn't hear it.

At first I just blushed, when he looked at me like that. I was so paranoid about my best friend finding out - it was bad enough that we were fooling around at all, but doing it in front of her?

Fuck. It made the whole thing even hotter.

That's what got me. At first, I'd just shake my head at him, and try to look unsuspecting. If Kate guessed what we were up to, I knew that'd be it. It'd be the end of a lifelong friendship.

But it was such a turn-on, it wasn't long before I started doing it back.

Just small stuff. "Fuck me" looks when she left the room, or slowly tracing one hand up my leg when I was on the couch and she wasn't looking in my direction.

We never, like, sneaked away to the bathroom so I could give him head.

But I'd be lying if I said I hadn't fantasized about that. More than once.

Anyway, Sam. I actually got to really like him as a friend. He's, like, super kind and super smart...I'm just not attracted to him.

He was basically the opposite of Luke.

So we bonded. I think it actually made Luke somewhat uncomfortable, but he tried to play it

off like he was totally cool with it. He even joked a lot about me hooking up with his friend. I often teased him back that I might, cause he actually gave me his full attention, and I wasn't going to just be a side-chick for him.

I never told Sam about Luke, but I often talked to him "about this guy", you know. Whenever I felt frustrated, I ranted about him to Sam - I just had to make sure not to give away too many details, so he wouldn't find out it was Luke. And of course I never mentioned that "this guy" was dating someone. Just that I was...well, his side-piece, I guess.

Sam was always very supportive, and was never judgmental about my "sluttiness".

At the same time, I was trying to pull info out of him on Luke, because they were such good friends. Carefully though, so he wouldn't suspect anything. I'd usually play the concerned flatmate card, like all I cared about was Kate and making sure she didn't get her heart broken.

Eventually Sam told me that Luke had quite the history with women, but that he swore it was all behind him. Sam believed him - he said Luke would never lie to him.

So I was like, really concerned at this point.

Not just for Kate.

And yet, somehow, the news made me even more attracted to Luke. I honestly couldn't tell you why...I really hate the way our hormones work...

As the weeks passed, I just kept feeling more and more conflicted about the whole thing. Sneaking around and flirting behind Kate's back was so fucking hot...but I knew what we were doing was wrong. A complete betrayal of my best friend. My housemate!

Meanwhile, our sex life had quickly been changing. For the worse. Our encounters were getting shorter, my orgasms rarer. It was like he was becoming more selfish in bed - we'd do a lot of quickies where he'd cum into me, but leave me unsatisfied. "We have to be sneaky," he'd tell me. "Kate could get home any moment."

So I was feeling like I was nothing but a cumrag to him...but at the same time, I could never say no to him.

There was even something about the way he'd use me. It was frustrating, but...god, weirdly hot. Like, he'd given up on any pretence. He was flagrantly just using me for sex.

He was fucking his girlfriend's housemate. From what I heard through the wall, she'd do anything for him...but for some reason, that still wasn't enough. He wanted more.

He wanted me.

I really shouldn't have found that as much of a turn-on as I did.

It was about two and a half months after we first hooked up that things changed. He'd been with Kate for about four or five months at that point - according to Sam, basically a new record.

He told me that he thought Kate and Luke were really good together, that maybe they were destined to be. I don't know if he really believed it, or if he was just trying to make me feel better about my friend dating him.

Of course, I had my own theory.

From what I could tell, his relationships normally ended when he was caught cheating, or got sick of just being with the one girl.

With Kate, that wasn't an issue. He had her...and he had me. All under the same roof.

Anyway, it was a weekend. Kate had worked late the previous night, so Luke had come over and fucked me in her bed. Oh, yeah, that was something that had started happening. Like, whenever we were alone we both knew sex was going to happen. If there was stuff on my bed, sometimes we'd do it on the floor, or the couch, but one time we silently agreed that we weren't in the mood for that.

And so we fucked in Kate's bed.

I was a little freaked out afterwards, that first time, but Luke promised me she wouldn't notice.

Well, actually, he promised me that he'd fuck her as soon as she got home, so even if there WAS anything odd in her bed, she'd assume it was just because they'd just had sex there.

Lying in Kate's bed, trying not to let her boyfriend's cum drip out of me...I couldn't help but imagine him fucking her in just a few hours.

Thinking of me.

Anyway, the next day I had Sam over. We were hanging out and talking. At one point, Luke and Kate - who were in their room - just started doing it. Like, really loudly.

And I was really annoyed, but also very frustrated and turned on. Like I said, Luke didn't seem to care if I came any more - it was all about him.

It was pretty awkward having Sam there, the two of us listening to their screams. We nervously laughed, and blushed, and tried to joke about it. He was like, super adorable, the way it made him uncomfortable.

And I don't know what happened...at one point, something just broke in me.

I leaned forward and kissed him.

Like I just felt so shitty and used and neglected. I needed to feel wanted, I needed the attention and affection that Luke wasn't giving me. And I guess deep down I also wanted to take revenge and make Luke jealous...like, if he can fuck other girls, why should I be faithful to him? He was taking me for granted and I wanted it to stop.

He was so sure I was bluffing when I joked about hooking up with Sam. And in fairness, I had been...until then.

So I just started kissing him.

He was shocked, to say the least. Between kisses he gasped: "What are you doing?"

I panted back "Don't worry," and unzipped his pants.

"Alicia," he said breathily. "You don't have to..." and I just replied "I need this" between kisses as I pulled down his boxers and freed his cock.

He was already hard. His cock was not too big - I'd say below average, but pretty. I didn't look at it for long though, I just pulled down my own pants and sat in his lap. "Are you sure?" he asked again; it was soooo cute. I guess he just didn't believe it was happening.

I just nodded back and slipped him inside me, moaning softly as I did.

I'd fucked two different guys in the apartment in the past twelve hours.

Now I knew how Luke felt.

My eyes widened at the thought. Was I Sam in that relationship...or was I Luke? Was I the hot one who turned him on, or the sex you have because your other fuck partner isn't available?

I close my eyes and tried not to think about it.

Sam was still fully-clothed with his pants pulled down halfway, and I was still wearing my top. We were in the living-room, so I didn't want to get naked, because Luke and Kate could come out at any moment. I wasn't shy though, and I moaned loudly as I rode him.

A part of me definitely wanted them to hear me. It would make Kate less likely to suspect anything was happening between me and her boyfriend, if she heard me hooking up with another guy.

And it might make Luke jealous, open his eyes up to the fact that he could lose me if he didn't choose me.

I had to be the Luke, right? There was no way I was Sam...

Anyway. I was riding Sam's pretty little cock, staring into his eyes, moaning into his face, and I could tell this was his dream come true. He was trying so hard not to cum - like, I could see the concentration in his face, it was adorable. We were like a minute into it when he panted "I can't hold back. You should stop, I'm gonna cum."

"It's okay baby," I panted back between kisses. "You can cum inside me."

I'm on the pill, so it doesn't worry me. Anyway, he tried focusing for like another ten seconds, then he just exploded into me with a cute moan.

Even though I was mad at Luke for cumming into me after like five minutes and leaving me unsatisfied, I wasn't mad at Sam. He really tried and he was so cute - after he came inside me, he immediately started apologizing and asked if I wanted him to "finish me".

I turned him down. "I just want to cuddle," I said, hugging him tightly.

We cuddled for the next thirty minutes. This was what I was missing from Luke, the gentleness. When we were done, he'd always boot me out. "In case Kate comes home". But being held by Sam felt so good and I just felt so loved in that moment. Sam was stroking my back the whole time.

For the next ten minutes or so, we just sat there silently, as Kate and Luke loudly wrapped up. And she came, of course...

After they went quiet, we started talking. "You, uhh, want to talk about what just happened?" Sam said.

"I'm sorry I attacked you," I said. "I just had so much frustration pent up in me."

"I'm sorry I couldn't last longer," he apologized again.

"Don't worry about it," I said, stroking his face compassionately. "You did okay. I enjoyed it."

That really made him smile...I think he was about as lonely as I was.

I honestly expected it to be a one-off thing. Like I said, I wasn't into Sam, not really. We'd both just needed some affection.

And I'd wanted to make Luke jealous.

Which, by the way, he was. The next time we were alone, he unleashed on me. He told me he felt betrayed, he even called me a slut.

Part of me wanted to point out that he was talking shit, but...I dunno. What was the point? If he couldn't see that me sleeping with Sam and him sleeping with Kate were two sides of the same coin, I doubted that me saying anything was going to make a difference.

And so I'd just let him rant and shout. Honestly, I kind of enjoyed it a little. Like, it showed that he cared.

Pathetic, right? But it's true.

So he was standing there, verbally abusing me, and I was sitting there and not saying anything, just getting madder and madder. And then, just as I thought I was going to lose my temper...

...we had hate sex.

It was...wow. It felt so great. I literally despised him at the moment, but he was finally fucking me properly. It wasn't just a quickie.

He was being very rough. He choked me, he threw me around the bed, spanked me hard, and he was talking down to me the whole time. "You like getting fucked, huh, you little slut?" Stuff like that.

I don't know what it was. The passion, maybe, or the attention. Or maybe, in that moment, I just liked being treated like a whore. Whatever it was, it was so sexy.

My head was face-down in my bedsheets (we were in my bed, this time - twenty-four hours, three rooms, two guys), his hand was grabbing my hair right at the base, and he was basically using me as a flashlight as he slid his thick cock in and out of me.

“Whore,” he gasped - just that one word, but it was enough to send me over the edge. For the first time in, like, weeks, I came during sex. I hadn’t cum with Sam the previous night, I hadn’t cum with Luke in almost a month, but while my housemate’s boyfriend hate-fucked me and called me a whore, I managed to cum.

Luke ended up cumming on my face.

I wish I could say that woke me up, or something. That cheating on my housemate’s boyfriend with his best friend had somehow made me realize how fucked up the entire situation was, and I went and found someone halfway between the two. Someone with the tenderness of Sam and the attractiveness of Luke.

I mean, like I said, I know I’m hot. I’m sure if I had really put the effort in, I could have found someone like that.

That would have been the moral thing to do. The sensible thing to do. The smart thing to do. So of course, I didn’t do any of it.

Instead, I kept seeing Sam.

It wasn’t even like he pressured me into it. Like, at all. The next time I saw him, he made it really clear that he valued me as a friend, and that if what had happened on the couch was a one-off, he’d be totally fine with it, that his priority was just keeping me in his life in any capacity.

Sometimes when I’m at a crossroads, I stop and wonder what Kate would do. She’s been my best friend for my entire life, so I have a pretty good idea of how she thinks. Sometimes her reaction surprises me, like when I talked to her about Luke coming around, but for the most part I can tell exactly what she’s going to do.

Obviously, Kate wouldn’t have gotten into this situation. She’d never, ever do to me what I’d done to her. It just wouldn’t happen. But if she did, she’d confess to me, take the consequences, and break things off with both of them. Sam AND Luke.

And then she’d probably go join a nunnery or something, I don’t know.

Sam’s smart as hell, I think I mentioned that. Luke, meanwhile, is pretty much the definition of young, dumb, and full of cum.

Kate’s sensible. Kind. Sweet.

And...well, like I said. I’m more of a Luke than a Sam.

So, yeah. I didn’t do any of that.

Instead, I grabbed Sam’s shirt, and pulled his mouth to mine. This was the third time we’d kissed, and I liked it. It didn’t send electricity up my spine, or soak my panties, but...it was nice.

I needed nice. That’s what I told myself - after the way Luke treated me, I needed nice in my life.

But what I would have told myself, if I was being honest, was that with the way Luke treated me, I didn’t need the spark.

I basically had it all. Both tenderness and passion. Just...in two different boys.