

The Cuckquean



By John D

Credits and License

Codes: MF, cuck, cheat, oral

Copyright © John D 2012

John D has asserted his right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998.

This piece of work is fiction and is adult entertainment, and therefore contains material of an adult, explicit nature. If you are under the age required to view this legally in your jurisdiction, or are easily offended by sexual explicit content or language do not continue reading.

The characters in this story are fictitious and any similarity to any persons, alive or dead, places or situations is purely coincidental. The actions described in this story are not endorsed or condoned by the author.

It should be noted that the age of consent in the UK is sixteen and therefore there are no graphic descriptions of any sex act containing characters younger than this age. There may be some characters under the age of sixteen in the book, but any sexual activities they may partake in, are not described in any detail so there are no underage participants in my sex scenes. It is on this basis, that this work is released so that it complies with all relevant legislation, but may not be uploaded to certain websites due to more stringent regulations.

This work is released under the Creative Commons license Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported (CC BY-NC-ND 3.0), the full text of which can be obtained from the Creative Commons website. The story may be freely distributed unmodified and with the foreword and these credits attached. The story may not reproduced for commercial purposes, or for profit, without explicit permission from the author.

The front cover for this book has been obtained from Flickr and is used under a CC-license. The photographer is Giulia Bertelli and is available at:

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/giuliabertelli/5904413868/>

This work is not endorsed by the photographer.

Preface

This story is an additional tale of the “Growing Pains” universe; one of around 40 short flash stories designed to introduce characters and provide back story where required. Not all of the characters will be familiar instantly, but it will all tie in at the end!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website.

This story is set in 1998 and shows the unfaithfulness of Horace Wright, Alicia's husband. Alicia is a very close friend of Grace and when his adultery comes to light, Andy and Rhea are not unaffected by the events that follow.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards,

John D

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

Web link: <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

Twitter: @johndstories and #johndstories

The Cuckquean

“Where are you off to?” The slim middle-aged figure of Alicia Wright called out from their lounge and the slightly balding man grunted.

“Just getting some files from office, won't be an hour,” he told her gruffly and closed the door quietly behind him before she could interrogate him further. He got into his car and drove across the county towards the small town of Chesham; his executive saloon eating up the miles as he sped down the country lanes and he soon pulled into the little driveway of his mistress (or more accurately, his Buckinghamshire mistress) and opened the boot to pull out a slightly wilted bouquet of flowers.

Pulling out a set of keys from the glove compartment, Horace unlocked the front door and saw the half-naked figure of the young woman cuddling her eldest – a five year boy – as he cried. It was clearly little William's bedtime but as far as he was concerned, it was big Horace's fucktime. The tax accountant cleared his throat and Linda looked up. “I wish you'd knock,” she moaned, throwing him a coy smile that was lost on the gentleman. Horace sneered at her putting the flowers on a little table by the front door.

“I pay for this place, love,” he told her gruffly and she lowered her eyes submissively. “Well my company does, but only 'cause I put it through the books. You'd be on the streets if it weren't for me. Don't need to knock.”

“I know babe, was only joking!” Linda held William tight to her chest and kissed him on the cheek. “Do you want a good night kiss from Daddy?” Horace recoiled slightly but blew the young boy a kiss and waited as his 21 year-old mistress put the young child in bed. “Beer?” Linda offered and Horace looked at his watch.

“Nah,” he muttered. “Alicia's home so I haven't got all night.” He took his tie off and started unbuttoning his shirt, looking over at his mistress's plain looking dressing gown. “And I told you to chuck that,” he hissed. “You look like a tramp.”

“It's warm and comfortable,” she replied and he raised his eyebrows. “Those silk ones you got me, they ain't warm.”

“I don't care,” Horace barked. “That looks shit. I don't pay over a grand a month for this house and all your bills for you to look like a common tramp from a council estate.” He scratched the side of his head and stretched his legs. “Now get it off.” Linda rolled her eyes and removed which caused him to groan again. “What the fuck are they?”

“Knickers,” she replied nervously and rolled her eyes. “If I knew you were coming I would have made an effort.” She touched him on the chest. “You know that.” She smiled sweetly at him and blew him a kiss. “Now what did you want?” Linda's eyelids fluttered seductively and he snorted, throwing his shirt onto the chair opposite.

Linda removed her plain, comfortable underwear and slid to her knees, unbuttoning the suit trousers of her lover. He grunted and watched as the brown haired beauty slowly lowered the expensive trousers to his ankles, followed by his Y-fronts.

Linda recoiled slightly as his penis bobbed free in front of her face, but she allowed him to step out of his garments and kissed the tip of his slimy cock. He gave a nasal grunt and put his hands on the back of her head. “I ain't got all night love. Suck it bitch.”

Linda gagged as her mouth was rammed onto the stiffening cock. She spluttered and wrapped her lips around the base, her nose touching the black public hair of the older gentleman and she wrapped her arms around his legs.

Horace fidgeted as she bobbed up and down on his cock, his hips swinging as her mouth took all of his five-inch length and he pushed on the back of her head. Linda's hands stroked his thigh and he closed his eyes, his body being pushed back onto the wooden panelling of her lounge.

She tried to put a fist at the base of his cock but he knocked her hand away, ramming his cock onto her gag reflex. He swore at her, telling the young mother that she was a "nasty cunt" as she was forced onto his cock. He grunted and watched as she frantically bobbed up and down his shaft.

It felt good; he could feel the tension building inside of him and pushed her away, taking her by the top of her arm and pulling her aggressively onto her cheap sofa. She gasped as she was thrown roughly onto the cool fabric and he parted her legs without making a sound with his fingers.

She winced as his cock stabbed at her but gave an overly dramatic gasp as it slowly slid into her and then began pounding her body angrily. Linda squealed and grunted, crying out erotic sounds as her master slapped his body into her buttocks and her pussy squeezed against his cock.

He grabbed hold of her flanks, squeezing them hard as his rhythm pushed deeply into the girl. He felt himself near the point of no return and grunted, closing his eyes and opening his mouth as his body tensed. His legs shook, his balls tensed upon and his body tingled as he released several shots of his seed into his lover.

She erupted into a flamboyant "orgasm" as he squirted inside of her, and she clamped down as hard as she could on his spewing manhood. He groaned and gasped, squeezing her tightly as he pushed deep inside of her, so he could catch any aftershocks before pulling his cock free and watching as she got up.

She knelt down and kissed the tip, watching him out of the corner of his. "Suck it bitch," he snapped for the second time that night and closed his eyes as her tongue swept around the head of his cock. He watched as she cleaned his loins and he stepped back as she looked into his gaze, getting up.

She felt herself; she was leaking his semen but he just grunted and nodded. "Cheers love," he muttered and walked to the bathroom to bathe his depleted member.

"So when are you moving in?" Linda asked as he returned and picked up his Y-Fronts. "Three years I've been here. Come make an honest woman out of me," she teased and Horace sniffed.

"You know the score," he told her and she flashed her eyelids.

"Come on," she moaned. "Every evening," she teased and swept her hands over his arms but he shook her off.

"It's 'cause of shit like this I ain't moving in," he barked and glared at her. "Listen love, I pay for the 'ouse, and your kids ..."

"Your kids too," Linda added and wiped her cheek. "They love you too, babes."

Horace snorted. "Yeah, well I pay for them so I get mee knob polished a few times a week. I ain't wanting a big relationship. It ain't no big deal to me." She bit her lip and he shook his head, pushing her brown hair back. "I like you, you're nice and cute. And very sexy, but I ain't wanting you as mee wife."

Linda gulped. "But I'll get better at what I do with the more practice," she offered pleading with him. "Move in and I can be giving you blowjobs every day. I promise. You know I love you!"

Horace snorted and found his shoes. "Yeah," he said quickly. "Yeah I do." He watched as she came over to him and kissed him on the lips, her naked body moving seductively. He saw a rope of cum hang down from her labia and splatter the inside of her thighs as she pulled away, still smiling. He sniffed and turned on his heels getting into his car to drive away.

She waved at him from the porch, her naked body, red in places causing a wry smile from him before closing the door.

Horace sighed: Linda was lovely and sweet but she needed to know that she little more than a fuck thing for him.