

Cheating on Kate  
by BurroGirl18 and Pan  
Chapter 4  
So it was New Years Eve.

We were at this house party. All of us. Luke and Kate, and then I was Sam's date. He was really proud to be, like, showing me off. We'd been seeing each other for a few weeks at that point. He wasn't over as much as Luke...and, if I'm being honest, we weren't having sex as often as me and Luke.

Sam was sweet. Kind. Very expressive and loving...he basically worshipped me, and he wasn't afraid to show it.

But Luke was...fuck, Luke was something else.

Once he found out I was dating Sam, he was just...insatiable. I dunno if he was claiming his territory, or jealous, or if it was just one of those things where you don't know what you've got until it's threatened, but...yeah. I'd guess we were having sex like, four or five times a week.

That might not sound like much, but you've got to remember – he was dating someone else. I was dating someone else. We both had partners who we had to hide it from...and one of them lived with me!

I wish I could tell you that the sex had gotten better, but he was just as selfish as ever. That first time, when he went down on me before fucking me, just to get me off...he hadn't done anything like that in months.

But at the same time, even though things hadn't gotten 'better', it was suddenly sooo much hotter.

God, it makes me feel like such an awful person. I mean, fuck, at this point it's hard to deny...I'm an awful person. Cheating on my boyfriend with his best friend, who was cheating on MY best friend (and housemate). Yeah. Ain't no way to spin that so I come out smelling of roses.

When I started dating Sam, it's like it lit a fire under Luke. He'd always wanted me, he had never tried to hide that. But suddenly...he *wanted* me. He was so possessive, it was almost primal. He'd kiss me while we fucked, like he was trying to devour me as he drove himself into me. He'd hold me so hard, it left bruises.

Kate would be standing right in front of him while he fucked me with his eyes. He'd stare at me with such heat, I could barely breathe.

I felt like I was always, always wet. And every single chance he got, Luke would take advantage of that.

Luke was over a lot, so we had a lot of opportunities.

When my pussy wasn't dripping with arousal, it was dripping with Luke's cum. He was finishing inside me more and more. For the past few months, he'd been cumming in my mouth, on my face, on my tits...but now that he was competing with Sam, it's like he wanted to get as much of his seed inside me as possible. To mark me as his own.

It wasn't just Luke, thought. The fact that I was...god, it's so hard to even admit this.

The fact that I was cheating on my boyfriend – someone who wanted nothing more than to love me and take care of him...

Yeah. Whenever Luke wasn't fucking me, I was playing with myself imagining that he was. The knowledge that I was in a relationship with a boy who liked me, a loving man who would have walked on glass to make me happy...and that I was being taken at every opportunity by his best friend.

Fuck. I'd start throbbing just thinking about it.

It was a recipe for disaster, really. Luke and I were starting to push limits, break rules that we'd never broken before. Whenever Luke was over, we'd started watching movies together more and more...and on nights that Kate had work in the morning, we'd coincidentally pick such lonnng movies.

She'd always bail about halfway through, and we'd use the sound of the film to mask what we were doing.

At first we were at least a little smart about it. Like, I'd give him head under a blanket, so that if she came in, we'd have time to get everything back into place before she saw anything.

Well, Luke likes watching my 'pretty little mouth' suck him off, so it wasn't long before we ditched the blanket.

It was like we were recreating that first night. Me, bent over on the couch, taking Luke's beautiful big dick inside my mouth. He was meant to be watching Kate's door so we could get back into place if she came back in (the movie was so loud, we wouldn't have heard her opening the door), but every time I looked up he was staring at me, his eyes burning possessively into mine, watching as I took his whole dick inside my throat.

I loved it. Fuck, I fucking *loved* it. The feeling of being used like that, the risk, the knowledge that even though he was dating my best friend, he was *mine*. He was with her publicly, but his cock was mine. He wanted me so much, even the fact that Kate was sleeping in the next room wasn't enough to stop him.

I have no idea what we would have done if she'd walked out. We told ourselves that we could have hidden what we were doing – Kate's door faces the TV, so she wouldn't have seen me, straight away.

That was bad enough. I mean, that was worse than bad. Every night for a week, I sucked Luke's cock, getting down on my knees the moment Kate left the room.

But it wasn't enough. For either of us.

I remember the night it happened. I remember the feel of Luke's cock throbbing in my mouth. My tongue was moving around his head, my hand pumping the exposed skin that I didn't have in my lips...my other hand was between my legs, stroking my panties.

I was so goddamn wet.

Without a word, Luke reached down, grabbed my shoulder, and guided me onto the couch. I knew what he was doing. In the heat of the moment like that, we didn't need words – we had a sexual connection, and knew exactly what the other wanted.

That makes it so much worse, if you think about it. I knew Luke knew what I wanted – he'd proven that to me, again and again. But he was just too lazy, or too selfish to give it to me. He knew what would get me off, what would drive me wild, but compared to what he wanted...it didn't matter.

And he knew I'd give him exactly what he wanted, even if I got nothing in return.

He knew I'd give him anything.

Luke moved me onto the couch, and spread my legs. I hadn't been close to cumming, not really – I hadn't been stroking myself to cum, more just to...I dunno, stoke the flames. Sucking Luke's cock was hot, but it wasn't enough to get me off.

Which he knew. Maybe that's why he decided to give me exactly what I wanted.

What we both wanted.

My eyes widened as he moved my panties to the side, but I didn't object. I didn't resist, not even a little. I was on all fours on the couch, my best friend in the next room, trembling with

anticipation as her boyfriend prepared to fuck me.

“Good girl,” he gently whispered, and I shuddered with pleasure. It was a real effort not to let out a moan as Luke’s bulbous head moved between my legs, parting my lips, sliding inside me.

Oh, god. He was going to fuck me. He was going to fuck me while his girlfriend lay just a few feet away.

I had never wanted anything more.

If Kate had come out, there was nothing we could have done. She wouldn’t have seen it, not immediately – she wouldn’t have witnessed Luke’s long, thick cock disappearing inside me.

But the way we were positioned, the look of lust on our faces, the smell of my juices that I knew was filling the room...

She would have known what happened. She would have known that I’d betrayed her, that I’d thrown away our friendship just to feel her boyfriend’s huge dick inside me. Kate would’ve known that I’d fucked Luke...she would probably have figured out it had happened more than once.

Maybe she would’ve guessed that it had happened again and again and again, months and months of Luke’s thick rod filling me up right under her nose. He hadn’t cheated on her just once, he’d cheated on her dozens of times, cumming inside me whenever he got a chance.

“Shh,” Luke said in response to my moan. I hadn’t been able to help myself – there was something so *hot* about the idea of Kate knowing, my best friend finding out what a slut I was. She could tell everyone. She could contact my parents, our old schoolfriends. She could tell Sam.

“Amelia...” Luke growled, as another grunt of pleasure left my mouth. His cock was completely inside me now. I felt so stretched, so full...but that wasn’t what had made me emit a dangerously-loud sound of arousal.

It was the idea of Sam finding out. Sweet, innocent Sam, who was so proud to have a hot girlfriend like me. He hadn’t said it yet, but I knew he was falling in love with me. He wanted nothing more than for me to be his pretty, loving girlfriend.

But as his best friend slowly fucked me on the couch, the idea of him seeing me for who I really was, knowing that I’d been a complete slut for my housemate’s boyfriend’s cock since before we’d even met...

Luke reached out and clasped one hand over my mouth. Probably for the best. I felt like I wasn’t in the driver’s seat any more. I’d given up all control to my pussy, to my perverted fantasies. As my selfish lover gagged me, he continued fucking me slowly, driving his thick cock inside me. As my mind kept reminding me of what a slut I was, running scenarios of everyone we were betraying finding out, I could feel my pussy clenching with pleasure.

After he was done, I went straight to bed. I was playing with myself, toying with Luke’s cum dripping out of me, rubbing it onto my clit, tasting it...when I heard it.

Kate’s moans of pleasure.

Apparently fucking me hadn’t been enough. Apparently Luke had been so excited, cheating with me just one room over...sex with one of the two women in the house hadn’t been enough.

He must have woken Kate up, and fucked her as well. Her moans of pleasure were muffled, but I could still hear them from my room.

I came that night, playing with myself, listening to my lover fuck his girlfriend. My housemate. My best friend.

Kate never caught us fucking on the couch. We got lucky, really. It’s not like we were being smart, or careful.

She had no idea that when her boyfriend and best friend stayed up late to ‘watch a movie’, Luke’s cock would be pulsing inside me before the end credits rolled, filling me up with his cum before he joined her in her room.

What we were doing was so stupid. So dangerous. And so *hot*.

But with the risks we were taking, the heat we were letting drive our actions...it was only a matter of time before we slipped up. It was only a matter of time before we ruined everything.

So it was New Years Eve.

We were at this house party. All of us.

Sam was excited to show me off to his friends. We were fucking probably two or three times a week at that point. He never made me cum, but not for lack of trying. He’d even started jerking off before I came around, so he could last longer.

My poor boyfriend had no idea that I wasn’t with him for the sex. For the orgasms. No, I had my own source of that, delivered to my flat almost every night.

I was with Sam for the cuddles. And look, I’m not going to lie – on that, he *delivered*. Probably the most cuddly boyfriend I’d ever had, and I loved it.

Sometimes when he held me, I’d feel like I was drowning in guilt...but then Sam would run his fingers through my hair and whisper sweet words into my life, and it all melted away. When I was with him, I just felt...I dunno, safe. Loved.

*Adored.*

We’d all been drinking. I’d only had two beers, but Sam and Luke had split a bottle of vodka, and Kate was most of the way through the wine she’d brought with her. When Sam got drunk, I’d discovered, he got suuuuper touchy...

...and so did Luke.

He kept finding reasons for the two of us to go off and be alone, like he was tempting fate. He’d grab my butt, my breasts, stroke my thighs...I was anxious as hell, but I let him. I was tipsy, and I don’t know...it felt wrong, but at the same time, it turned me on.

Sam kept raising his arms whenever we returned, like he’d just scored a touchdown or whatever. I’d fall into his arms, and he’d cuddle me. My boyfriend – and yeah, we’d started calling each other boyfriend and girlfriend by that point – felt so nice, so safe.

And then I’d leave his embrace so that Luke could set my whole body on fire.

Whenever we returned, Kate only had eyes for Luke. He always went back to them a minute or two before I did (so that no one would suspect anything), and whenever I rejoined the group their tongues were already down each others’ throats, their hands exploring the other’s body.

It bothered me more than it should have. It felt like I was starting the engine, but Kate got to reap the rewards. I know how dumb that was, but it’s how I felt. Meanwhile, Sam was all cuddly and cosy, telling me how beautiful I was.

I wanted to enjoy it, to bask in his words...but in that moment, I just wanted to be fucked as hard as possible. As Sam was telling me I was his beautiful princess, I was wishing Luke would take me aside and use me like a whore.

And even in the moment, I knew how fucked up that was. But, like...that was kind of what made it hot.

I could so easily imagine a future with Sam. A house, picket fence, two kids, all that kind of thing. Meanwhile, even if Luke *had* dumped Kate and chosen me, I knew it could never go anywhere. Within a month he’d find someone else to cheat on me with, and it would be over.

Maybe I just wanted what I couldn’t have. If Sam had been the cheating type, maybe he would’ve been more attractive to me.

Or maybe I was just self-destructive. Incapable of letting myself enjoy what I had.

It was this thought that stuck in my head when I opened my third beer. And my fourth. And fifth.

I'm small enough that the alcohol started hitting me pretty hard. And I wasn't the only one. I panicked when Sam passed out, but Luke just laughed – apparently he did this all the time. “Can't hold his liquor,” he said with a sneer. Kate was too far gone to notice, but I knew what Luke was doing.

He was just reminding me, again, that he was more of a man than Sam.

As if I didn't know that already.

Luke asked Kate if she'd watch Sam while we went and got some water for him. I don't know if it's cos she was drunk, or if she just trusted him, but she didn't even question why both of us were needed for the mission.

Yeah, we didn't go to the kitchen. Luke found this bedroom – as soon as we were inside, his hands were all over my body. He was kissing me, and...I'd like to say I resisted, but I was kissing him back. I knew my breath must stink of cheap beer, but he didn't care. He tasted of wine, and it took me a moment to realize it was the wine Kate had been drinking.

His mouth tasted like Kate's. He was kissing me hard, like he'd been kissing Kate earlier.

Maybe it was the drinks, but in that moment, I just felt like...I'd won. He could have had either of us that night, and he chose me.

Luke wanted to have sex, and I can't say I wasn't tempted. But with Kate downstairs, and a house full of strangers...I said no. He kept pushing, and I thought if I gave him head, that would calm him down.

I fell to my knees and brought his big, beautiful cock into my mouth. I was so drunk – and so horny – I just completely went to town on it. My gag reflex was completely gone by that point, and there were tears in my eyes as I swallowed down the complete length of Luke's cock, twenty minutes before midnight, in a room belonging to a complete stranger.

God it was hot.

My hands were playing with his balls as I choked on his cock, when I realized the door was open.

“Occupied,” Luke grunted, and I heard an awkward “Sorry” as the guy who'd come in closed the door.

Fuck. What if they told everyone what they'd seen? What if they were friends with Sam, or Kate?

I don't think they'd seen my face, but I was red hot with embarrassment.

“We should stop,” I said, pulling Luke's dick out of my mouth. “This is too risky.”

“Unlike what we did last night on the couch?” he said, his eyes flashing with danger. Even though he was a little drunk, he was just as cocky as ever. And the alcohol apparently hadn't affected his ability to get an erection – his huge member was right in front of me, glistening with my saliva.

“It's different,” I demurred, but I think he knew he had me.

I've never had sex in public before, and the knowledge that someone had *seen* me...it must have been the alcohol, because I suddenly found the idea really hot. Just like the knowledge that Kate could catch us, the wrongness of knowing that *anyone* could stumble in, that literally any person I'd ever met in my life could come through the door...

He must have seen a look of lust come over my face, because he somehow managed to convince me to continue. He leaned against the door and told me that no one would be able to

open it, and pointed out that he was so close, that I was so hot, that he was just about to finish...  
...and I agreed.

God help me, I agreed.

The alcohol apparently didn't diminish his erection, but it must've affected his sensitivity, because I swear it had never taken him so long to cum before. Like, one time he'd fucked me twice and then had me suck his cock (Kate had been away at her parents' that weekend) and even that third time had taken less time than this.

So as I was giving him head, at least two times somebody wanted to come in. And I was like so nervous, but it was weirdly hot, and he kept just calling out "occupied".

He finally came into my mouth, and I swallowed it all down, making sure not to get any on my clothes. Like twenty seconds later there's a knock on the door, and I hear Kate.

"Luke, you're in there?"

I don't know if it's because he was drunk, or had a mental block, or if he was still coming down from his orgasm, but he shouted back "Uhhh...just a second!", letting her know that he was in there.

I immediately freaked out, of course. I quickly stood up, straightened my dress, and wiped my face. Luke was nervously putting his dick away and pulling up his pants.

Kate tried to open the door, but it hit Luke's back. "Luke?"

I was hysterical. I didn't know what to do. Should I jump out the window, climb under the bed? I mean, it would have been crazy suspicious if Kate had found us in a locked room together.

Especially when we'd told her we were just going to get Sam water. God, how long ago had that been?

Fuck.

Before I had time to do *anything*, Luke apologized to his girlfriend and moved from the door. She came into the room, and the first thing she saw was...me. Just standing there, with this look of total panic on my face.

"Amelia?"

I saw the surprise in her eyes as she asked what we were doing in there. It was like time slowed down. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two of us, and I could basically see her piece it together in real time. At first she was just completely baffled, then her eyes glanced down for a second, then back up, then she did a double take.

Her face turned to shock, and a cold look appeared in her eyes, and she just stood there for a second that seemed like eternity, then she stormed away.

I turned to Luke, and noticed his belt was still unbuckled. A tiny detail, but very damning evidence in the circumstances.

Luke ran after her, and I could hear Kate's shouts and screams. I managed to wake Sam up, and we caught an Uber to my flat. As soon as we were there, I gathered most of my stuff, threw it in a suitcase, and left, because I knew once Kate returned she was just going to throw all my stuff out and go mental at me.

Sam was so confused about what I was doing, but I couldn't explain it to him. The thing I'd been basically fantasizing about for weeks was happening, and it wasn't hot. It was awful.

It was just fucking awful.

I asked Sam if I could stay at his house for a while, and he agreed. Sweet, beautiful Sam.

We called another ride and went to his place. Like an hour later, the death threats and insults just started pouring in through Messenger. Sam was asleep on his bed and I was just staring at the vitriol spewing in from my former best friend. She called me, too, but I didn't take

it.

I didn't work this out until later, but Luke, the dumbass that he is, confessed everything to her. Everything. Not only stupid, but completely unnecessary, Like, a one-time drunken hook-up is so much more manageable than months of fucking behind her back.

But no, he had to come clean. The same guy who had been cheating on his girlfriend for months suddenly needed to go all Abe Lincoln, and ruin everyone's lives in the process.

When I woke up the next morning, Sam was cooking breakfast. I don't know if I mentioned, but he works in a kitchen, so he's really good at cooking. Just another on the long list of stuff that makes him so perfect on paper.

He didn't ask why I was crying, and I didn't explain. He just saw that I was in pain and let me be.

I found out that Kate had broken up with Luke the previous night. He called me that day and tried to tell me that he was the one who'd ended it with Kate, because he couldn't live in a lie any more. He told me he wanted to be with me, because he loved me, he'd just never realized it before.

And I told him to fuck off.

But he kept trying for days. And there were moments when I almost believed him, but Sam helped me stay strong.

I didn't tell Sam the whole story, but I'm pretty sure he worked it all out. Like I said, he's a pretty smart guy.

Most guys would have thrown me out. Like Kate did to Luke. Most guys would have realized that their girlfriend was a whore, told me that he wanted nothing more to do with me. Like, I wouldn't have blamed him. I wouldn't have even been mad.

But Sam didn't.

Guys like Sam are like, one in a million. One in a billion. He could've told me to get out of his life and never come back, thrown me out onto the streets. He could've made my life hell.

But instead...he loved me.

He didn't tell me that straight away, of course. I was a complete mess – I spent most of the new year just blubbering. My life was in ruins, and it was all my fault. If my boyfriend (who had every right to kick me to the curb) had suddenly told me he'd loved me, I don't know what I would have done.

I was already in the middle of a complete breakdown. I didn't need more on top of that.

And Sam knew that. He told me later that it was then that he realized he loved me. Like, it's very easy to love someone who has their shit together. Loving someone who's on top of the world isn't hard.

Sam saw me at my worst. He saw a complete trainwreck of a human, and he didn't run. He didn't try to boot me out of his life.

He just loved me.

So I stayed strong. I mean, as strong as I could. Sam held me as I cried, he cuddled me as I freaked out. He put me back together when I fell apart.

And I ignored Luke's increasingly desperate pleas to be with me.

And I'm so glad I did, because a week later, I found out from Facebook that Kate took him back. So while he was trying to convince me that he loved me, he was doing the same with Kate.

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. Except for that one idiot moment where he decided to tell Kate everything, Luke's never been honest. Not to me, not to Kate, not to Sam. Not to anyone.

I kept on living with Sam. I had thought it was going to be a housemate situation – like, we'd always gotten along, and Sam's place had a spare room that they were thinking of renting out. But one day we were laying on his bed watching a movie when he kissed me.

It was our third first kiss, kinda. The first time had been on that double date, and I'd rejected him. The second time, I'd kissed him on the couch.

This time, he kissed me...and I kissed him back.

And for the first time, I felt it. The flutter. The spark. It wasn't just to distract myself from Luke. We weren't doing this so Kate wouldn't be suspicious, or to make Luke jealous. When I kissed Sam back, it was because I wanted to.

Because I liked him.

Maybe because I loved him.

We had sex that night. It wasn't rough, bone-shaking sex like it had been with Luke. It wasn't awkward, like that time on the couch. And I dunno, maybe because he'd seen me at my lowest, because he'd seen me as a complete wreck...Sam didn't seem nervous, or intimidated.

I came. I came like I had with my previous boyfriends, just from the connection, just from the feeling of being someone who I...y'know.

Maybe loved.

We've been together ever since. Not as a cover, not because I needed something that I wasn't getting from someone else.

Because I want to. Because *we* want to. Because we love each other, and because we're compatible.

I remember that first night, when I came, when I felt Sam's pretty little cock come inside me, this feeling of relief filled my body.

I was out. I was done. My life had turned to shit, but I was able to start rebuilding it.

The sick spell that Luke had over me...it was broken. I was free of his charms, of the frenzy his presence filled me with. And I'd never, ever, ever be sucked in again.

Or so I thought.