

Deana Michaels

Pleasing Her Husband's Boss

Hot Wife and Her Cuckold 2

Naughty Ladies



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by

Deana Michaels

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Table of Contents

[Pleasing Her Husband's Boss](#)

[Naughty Excerpt from “Pleasing Her Husband's Boss”](#)

[Other Naughty Works](#)

[Pleasing Her Husband's Boss](#)

Naughty Excerpt from “Pleasing Her Husband's Boss”

I stroked him as I sucked on his wondrous cock. My tongue swirled around his dick. I bobbed my mouth up and down his shaft. I stroked him faster and faster. My cheeks hollowed every time I suckled. My pussy clenched.

Another wanton thrill raced through me. I felt so naughty for doing this. I moaned around his cock. I took more and more of him into my mouth. I bobbed my head, my hair spilling around my face as I loved him. I made his groan and squirm, his chair creaking.

Then the knock came at the door.

I froze as Mr. Masters growled, “Don't stop, slut.” Then, louder, called, “Enter.”

The door opened as I fluttered my tongue around his dick and sucked again. I shivered, hearing the thud of footsteps marching forward across the office's marble floors. I squirmed on the Persian rug his desk rested on, my pussy growing hotter and hotter.

Would the newcomer know I was beneath the desk sucking on Mr. Master's dick?

My hand tightened on his dick, stroking faster and faster as the footsteps came closer and closer. My tongue licked and lapped faster, gathering sweet juices, loving how they tasted. I slid my mouth down his dick until he nudged at the back of my throat, loving it.

“Mr. Masters,” a familiar voice said.

My husband's voice.

To find out what happens next, read on!

Other Naughty Works

[Husband's Billionaire Boss \(Hot Wife and Her Cuckold 1\)](#)

[Maid's Creamy Interview \(The HuCow Maid 1\)](#)

[Maid's Creamy Discipline \(The HuCow Maid 2\)](#)

[Maid's Creamy Submission \(The HuCow Maid 3\)](#)

[Spying on the Hot Wife \(Mrs. Brady's Naughty Fun 1\)](#)

[Naughty MILF's Wicked Delight \(Mrs. Brady's Naughty Fun 2\)](#)

[Sultry MILF's Naughty Menag \(Mrs. Brady's Naughty Fun 3\)](#)

[BBW Claimed by the Grizzly \(The Werebear's Passion 1\)](#)

[BBW Claimed by the Kodiak \(The Werebear's Passion 2\)](#)

[BBW Claimed by the Werebear \(The Werebear's Passion 3\)](#)

Pleasing Her Husband's Boss

I left the office of my husband's boss with mixed emotions. I buzzed from the power of my orgasms. Mr. Masters, the dominating African-American billionaire my spouse worked for, had fucked me hard. He had used me, making my married pussy cum over and over before he ripped his huge, ebony cock out of my cunt and unloaded his passion on my face. I'd never orgasmed so hard, so much, in my life.

The best sex I ever had.

I never thought I could cheat on my husband. I loved Chris. Even now, riding high on my climaxes, I knew I still loved Chris. I should feel guilty for enjoying myself, but I didn't. I was angry at my husband. He sent me in here, prostituted me to his boss, to make sure he got a promotion. To keep his job.

Because Mr. Masters preyed on all the hot wives of his employees. The billionaire used his position to enjoy married woman after married woman, taking pictures of them, posting them in his office and boardroom as proof that he'd cuckolded all the men who worked for him.

But I was also grateful my husband sent me in here. Because the sex was incredible. And I knew it wouldn't be the last time I enjoyed Mr. Masters's big, Black dick. I'd be taken over and over by his cock, cuckolding my husband again and again. My pussy dripped with that thought as I strode through the boardroom in my slinky, black party dress, cum dribbling down my face.

Mr. Masters had coated my face in his seed. The salty treat covered my lips and smeared across my cheeks. The jizz dribbled down my forehead and ran to my neck. I felt like a complete whore. A hot wife slut. Everyone at the party knew Mr. Masters called me into his office. They knew what happened in there. And I wanted them to see. I wanted my husband to know that I was his boss's whore.

Just like he wanted.

I threw open the doors to the boardroom, stepping out into the office party. Music thudded. People talked and laughed, the women all in exciting

dresses, then men in suave tuxedos. Drinks held in hands, food snacked on, joy had.

People looked at me. Rita Bryans, the wife of Chris's coworker Michael, grinned at me. The redhead had her own pictures hanging up, proving she'd whored herself out to Mr. Masters. She'd cuckolded her husband just like I did. Linda van Sciver, the CFO's wife, arched an eyebrow, a shiver running through the mature cougar as she licked her lips, hungry for the jizz on my face.

"Honey," Chris said, his face pale, standing in his own black tuxedo. The tall man brushed across his slicked-back, brown hair, his chest rising and falling as he took deep breaths. He licked his lips, and he stared at me. "You...pleased him."

I snagged a flute of champagne from a table as I walked to him. "It's what you wanted, right?"

He winced.

"You got your promotion, honey." I took a sip from the champagne.

My husband looked around the room. Then he took my hand, tugging on me. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up."

"What? Embarrassed that your wife is your boss's whore now?" I asked, arching an eyebrow, feeling the cum trickling down my face. One line reached my lip. I took a sip of champagne, tasting the salty cum mixed with the bubbly drink.

His cheeks went crimson. "No, no. You're just... I mean... Let's talk."

"Yes, let's," I said, my heart pounding. How could he do this? I thought he loved me, and yet he served me up to his boss. As much as I cared for him, I just grew more and more angry with him. I felt all the eyes around us. "Let's talk about how you whored me out to your boss."

"I..." He swallowed. Then he moved closer. "We needed the money."

"So badly you were willing to let another man fuck me?" I licked my lips, tasting more of Mr. Masters's cum. "And he used me. Every time you go into his office, you'll see my face coated in his jizz, his big, Black dick aimed right at my mouth. A reminder how you let your wife be used. And I enjoyed it." I leaned in to whisper at my husband's ear. "And I want to do again and again, if he asks, I'll come running. That cock pleased me far, far more than yours ever did."

“Oh, god,” he groaned, his voice throaty. Then he seized my hand and pulled me away.

“Chris,” I gasped as he hauled me forward, grip crushing my wrist. He pulled me towards the elevator.

“You said we needed to talk,” he groaned, reaching the elevator, jabbing the button.

“You don't have to drag me off,” I hissed, slapping his shoulder. “Let go of me this instant Chris Russel. You wanted me to be his slut! Don't be ashamed now! I loved it. Mr. Masters made me cum hard!” I shouted loud, wanting everyone to hear, to embarrass and humiliate my husband. The anger fueled me, but also this wet itch burning in my pussy compelled me to speak. It excited me to say these words, to let everyone know I was no longer a faithful wife.

But a cheating, cuckolding hot wife.

Something had changed in me. The moment I realized what was happening, my outlook shifted. Broadened. And now I didn't want to go back. Not after I had a taste of something better than my husband. If Chris hoped I would hate it and just put up with it for a better life, than he was sorely mistaken. I wouldn't stop, as much as I loved him, even if this destroyed our marriage.

Because *he* wanted this.

The elevator dinged open. “Chris!” I gasped as he hauled me in. “Stop this right now.”

He jammed the parking garage button.

“Oh, you can't run away from this. They all know I cuckolded you,” I groaned.

“And?” he asked. “Every other man in there sent his wife to Mr. Masters. They're all cuckolds like me.”

The doors closed.

“Well, I am not stopping. I would have been faithful, Chris—I *would* have!—but you wanted me to be—”

He kissed me hard, pinning me against the elevator wall. I shuddered in shock, feeling my husband's body against mine, slender compared to my curves. His tongue flicked across my lips as he devoured them, tasting his boss's cum on my lips. My husband groaned into kiss, his hands sliding up my body.

And then I felt his hardon, not as big as Mr. Masters's, but throbbing through his slacks. Instead of embarrassed and humiliated, my husband was aroused. Turned on. His hands squeezed my big breasts through my dress, the material rubbing into my nipples.

"Oh, god, you look so hot," groaned Chris when he broke the kiss. His tongue lapped at a line of his boss's cum dribbling down my face. "He used you. He made you into a whore. My wife's my boss's whore. God, yes."

He kissed me again, this time shoving Mr. Masters's jizz into my mouth. I shuddered at the salty delight. We passed it back and forth as my hands grabbed his ass, pulling him tight. My anger evaporated, new lust kindled. Fucking another man turned my wife on.

I broke the kiss. "What is going on? You're not jealous. You're not humiliated. You're...happy?"

"I am so humiliated," groaned my wife. "Seeing you walking out drenched in his cum... Oh, god, I've never been more humiliated in my life. Everyone knew you were in there, getting fucked, but to have you walk out drenched in the proof... It made me so hard. Harder than I was while waiting and imagining you being fucked."

"You...want to be a cuckold?"

He licked another line of cum off my face, starting at my neck, dragging up my cheek and to my forehead. He groaned, swallowing, then answered, "Yes! When I learned how you had to get ahead in this company, I was horrified. I thought about quitting. About telling you why I couldn't work here, but..."

"But you started thinking about me with your Black boss, and it turned you on?" I glanced down at the black dress he bought me for tonight. "You even chose the outfit to send me to fuck your boss. To cuckold you."

"It was so hot," my husband groaned. "I felt so emasculated, a little wimpy bitch. And that just made me harder and harder. I knew he would fuck you, make you cum, please you in ways I never could. That you would want his more than me... And I couldn't help how excited that made me."

The elevator reached the parking garage, doors sliding open.

I kissed my husband this time. Hearing the passion in his voice turned me on so much. It made my pussy wet, juices flooding down my thighs. I left my bra and panties behind in the billionaire's office, so no flimsy cloth

caught the flood. I pushed my husband back out of the elevator, my hands caressing his body through his shirt.

I wanted him in me. All my anger gone. My husband wanted me to have pleasure he couldn't give me. He wanted to be my cuckold. Just like in Mr. Masters's office, things changed. Broadened. I felt his passion throbbing against my crotch, his dick so hard, a slab of lead.

He bumped into a car. The alarm went off, beeping and blaring. I broke the kiss, pushing him onto the hood. "So you get off knowing other men fuck your wife," I moaned, pulling up my skirt as he sat there on the hood of the red sports car. His dick tented his black slack. "That other men have been in this pussy."

I hauled my skirt higher, exposing my black bush, soaked with my juices, adorning my cheating cunt. He stared at it, licking his lips, nodding his head. His chest rose and fell with his swift breaths. His dick twitched and throbbed, trapped by his clothing.

"Say it!" I hissed, a finger playing through my silky pubic hair.

"It gets me off," groaned my husband. He unzipped his slacks and raised his ass to shove them down his thighs. He revealing his dick tenting his red boxers. He shoved his hand in and pulled out his hard cock, stroking the ivory shaft. "See how hard I am."

I mounted my wife on the hood of the car, not caring about the blaring alarm. My body burned too hot to give a shit about anything but fucking my husband right now. I impaled my cunt down his shaft, groaning as he slid into my pussy.

Not as big, but it was my cuckold's cock in me. He wanted me to be happy, to have huge orgasms while writhing on the huge cock of his boss. I shuddered, squeezing my hot flesh on his shaft as I rose back up him, fucking him.

"I'm going to fuck him again and again," I hissed, my hands mauling at his shirt. I tore it open, ripping buttons and exposing his chest. I stroked up and down his lean body. No fat, but he lacked his boss's muscular build. I didn't care. I clawed him as I rode his dick.

"Do it!" he groaned, his hand seizing my big breasts through my dress, squeezing and massaging them. "I want you fuck him over and over. To really enjoy his cock. To cheat on me over and over."

“Ooh, yes, you do want that,” I hissed. “Such a pathetic cuckold to let another man fuck my pussy. Only a wimpy husband would do that. A beta-male!”

“Yes!” he moaned, his hands squeezing my tits.

He leaned forward, licking more cum off my face, loving the salty taste as much as I had. My pussy clenched on his dick as I rode him hard, churning my pussy to hot froth of his shaft. Chris groaned, his hands squeezing my big boobs.

Then he fell back on the hood, metal crumpling. His hands pulled down my dress, my pillowy breasts spilling out. He grinned at the sight of them. He cupped my soft mounds as I rode his cock, the car's shocks squeaking, headlights flashing.

“My boss played with these tits,” groaned my husband. “No one but me has touched them for so long, then he squeezed them. Sucked on your nipples.” My husband pinched my fat nubs.

My pussy tightened on his cock, tingles of rapture surging through my body. I groaned, working my cunt faster and faster up and down his dick. I felt like such a whore right now. I loved it. I was a slut for another man.

And Chris knew it.

“He did,” I groaned. “And he ate my pussy. I sucked his cock. Mmm, and he rammed that huge cock into my pussy. Right at his desk. Every time you visit him, you'll know I writhed on it, cuckolding you there.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” he moaned, his face twisting in pleasure, his eyes burning. He licked his lips, hands kneading my heavy tits.

The pleasure built fast in me. I ground my clit into his pubic bone every time I slammed down his dick. Sparks of delight shot through me, landing in the hot depths of my cunt. I shuddered, racing for my climax.

Rapture crossed his face. He thrashed on the hood of the car, letting out a loud groan. My eyes widened, his spunk spurting into the depths of my cunt. My little cuckold came inside my cheating pussy.

“Another dick fucked this pussy to an orgasm, too,” I hissed as he spurted in me. I slammed down his dick.

“Yes!” he groaned, squeezing my tits hard. His thumbs brushed my nipples. “That's so hot. Fuck my boss over and over. Then tell me all about it. Every detail!”

I came on my husband's dick.

A powerful orgasm, stronger than any Chris had given me in years, washed through my body. I groaned, spasmed, and collapsed on his body. My breasts pressed into his chest as my lips planted hard on his. I moaned my rapture into his mouth as the pleasure surged through me.

Stars danced across my vision as my wife cradled my body. I groaned, my eyes rolling back into my head. His tongue danced with mine as my pussy milked out every drop of my husband's cum into my cheating cunt.

Our kiss deepened. I felt his love. Felt my own. I kissed my husband, forgiving him for setting me up to be his boss's whore. I squirmed on him, nipples brushing, tingles racing down to my pussy as his cock softened in me.

And then blaring of the car alarm ruined the mood. I broke the kiss. "Let's get home. I could use a bath."

He grinned at me. "Well, good thing we finished remodeling the bathroom. I'll join you."

"I'd like that." I stared into his eyes. "I meant it though, I'm his whore now. If he calls, I'll come to him, even if we're doing something together."

"I know," he said. "It'll only turn me on more. It'll humiliate you." He swallowed. "But there are others he has. I hope you won't be hurt if it's not for a while."

A strange jealousy surged through me for Rita, for Linda and June and Priscilla and all the other women whose pictures graced the walls of the boardroom and Mr. Masters's office. I wanted the billionaire all to myself.

But one woman would never please Mr. Masters. His appetites were too broad.

"I'll have you if he breaks my heart," I said. "You'd never ignore me. You'll always love me."

"Always," my little cuckold breathed. "I love you, Nancy."

"I love you," I groaned and kissed him again. The car's blaring alarm rattled through my head. "Ugh, I want to keep cuddling, but that damn beeping."

"Yeah." He grinned. "Let's go home, pour some wine, slip into the bath, and you can tell me every detail."

My pussy clenched on his soft dick. "Hoping to get laid a second time tonight?"

He licked up cum on my neck. "When Mr. Masters can't satisfy that horny pussy of yours, I'll have to do."

* * *

The next morning, I resigned myself to only being Mr. Masters's lover on occasion. With twenty other beauties to enjoy, I doubted it would happen soon. Maybe in a week or two, I told myself after Chris left for work. In my sweatpants, I set about cleaning the house. So long as I was unemployed, I did all the housework. It hardly felt right to lounge around all day and then expect Chris to pitch in after he came home from work.

I'd just finished the bathroom when my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number and braced myself for a telemarketer. I swiped the green circle and said, tone cautious, "Hello."

"Be at my office, noon sharp," the growling, powerful voice of Mr. Masters ordered.

"Yes, I—" The phone went dead.

A powerful shudder ran through my body. My pussy exploded in molten passion, juices soaking my panties. My nipples hardened in my bra, poking at the front of the old T-shirt I wore. I glanced at the clock, saw it was 10:13. I had little more than an hour to prepare before I'd have to leave to make my appointment.

I ripped off my clothing and pinned up my black hair before hopping in the shower. I had to be perfect. Smelling sweat, looking like a hot wife. I had to please my lover. At his office while Chris worked. I shivered, excited as much by wanting to tell Chris when he came home tonight what I did as I wanted to fuck Mr. Masters.

Cuckolding my husband was a rush.

I fought hard against the urge to use the shower massager on my aching pussy as I rubbed my loofah across my body. Or to linger with the silky spongy on my nethers. Washed, I stepped out and tackled my hair, working to make the black fall in beautiful, silky waves about my round face. I applied my makeup, bold, red lipstick, dark eye shadow. I perfumed myself, adding a dab on my inner thigh and another between my breasts.

Then I hurried to my closet to find something to wear. Not a slinky evening wear, but something sexy. Something a housewife would wear but still make her look gorgeous, at once something that shouted I had a husband but that didn't mean you couldn't fuck me hard.

I settled on a whale-back thong and the tightest pair of skinny jeans I had. I grabbed a wide-neck blouse that clung to my shoulders and swept low down to show off my breasts. Especially in the push-up bra I used that lifted my big tits into a lovely shelf of jiggling cleavage. The cream blouse left an inch of my belly exposed, showing off my thong. My wedding ring sparkled on my left hand as I completed the look with the heart-shaped amulet that had a photo of my husband and me kissing on our wedding day.

The ultimate proof that I loved my husband and yet was eager to cheat on him. Soon, his boss would be nestled between my big, heaving breasts.

I rushed out of the house, forty-five minutes to fight through Seattle's traffic and get to my husband's office.

I barely made it. I thought I wouldn't, that I would let Mr. Masters, and my husband, down. But I reached the building, pulling into the parking garage. I trembled with excited lust as I rode the elevator up and up and up.

To reach Mr. Masters's office, I had to pass through the boardroom, dominated by a long table. Pictures of the other hot wives decorated the walls, all sultry but without showing off any flesh. A new one of me—looking so sexy as I leaned on the billionaire's desk, my breasts stretching out my dress, a look of wanton desire on my face—hung in the room.

I groaned, my pussy growing wetter, my poor thong struggling to cope. Then I reached the office door, knocking.

“Enter,” came the billionaire's command. For whatever reason, his executive assistant had her desk out in the rest of the office. I'd never seen quite the setup like it.

I opened the door and stepped into an office bigger than the first floor of my house. My eyes went immediately to the blank spot Mr. Masters showed me last night. And there it was, me looking up at Mr. Master's as he basted my face in cum, his big, Black dick hovering just in frame.

“Yes, you do look so ravishing,” Mr. Masters said.

He sat at his desk, wearing a starched, white dress shirt, his dark-gray blazer hanging on a nearby coat hanger. He stared at me, his eyes hungry, his thick hands folded before him. He looked so dashing and powerful.

“The moment the workers hung it, I had to have your mouth wrapped about my dick again,” he growled, eyes gripping mine.

I licked my lips, striding to him in my platform shoes, my hips swaying in my skinny jeans. “Then I should crawl beneath your desk and suck on your poor dick,” I groaned. “Since it was my picture that turned you on.”

“What a wicked, wanton wife,” groaned Mr. Masters. “Does your spouse even know you're here?”

I shook my head, black hair swaying about my bare shoulders. “I wanted it to be a surprise when he came home. A wicked story to tell him while he pumps his little cock in and out of my pussy.”

Mr. Master's smile grew. “So he's the type of man who gets off on his wife being fucked by another.”

“Isn't that why you hired him?” I asked, reaching the big, mahogany desk. I trailed my fingers across the smooth, dark wood, remembering lying on it last night. “I've been thinking about it. You have so many employees willing to share their wives with you. I think you hire married men you suspect are closet cuckolds.”

“Maybe,” he said. “There is a test I have them take. It's...predictive of certain predilections.”

“Mmm, you are just such a wicked man,” I groaned, straddling his waist, his slacks rustling against my jeans. I rubbed my pussy into his hard crotch, his dick feeling so much larger than my husband's. “Seducing your employee's wives. Holding their promotions over their heads and their jobs unless they whore us out.”

“And you like being whored out,” he groaned. “To the right man. I have a gift for you.”

I turned around, spotting the jewelry box on his desk. I craned my arm behind me to snag it, leaning back on his lap, my shelf of cleavage right before his face. “Did you buy me a present?”

“Just a little token. You have to receive your compensation, too.”

I gave a throaty laugh then gasped when I opened it. Last night, I wore a diamond necklace Chris gave me for our fifth wedding anniversary. This one dwarfed it, the diamonds larger, set in platinum instead of gold. They glittered with their inner fire as I lifted the necklace out of the case. He was

flaunting his wealth, proving how he exceeded my little cuckold in every way.

"I want you wearing it when your husband sees you next," he ordered, hands squeezing my ass through my jeans. "Put it on."

"Yes," I gasped, my heart beating so fast. I pushed my hands beneath my hair, joining the ends of the necklace together at the nape of my neck. I clasped it, felt the weight draping down to my neck towards my heart-shaped amulet.

"It doesn't go with what you're wearing," he said.

"My heart," I giggled, grabbing it and opening it for him. "I have to carry this with me always."

He let out a throaty laugh. Then he nuzzled his lips into my cleavage, kissing at the top of my breasts. "You are such a wicked wife, Nancy. Keep that on. I want you wearing it every time you visit me."

"Yes," I groaned as he kissed lower, his chin pushing down my bodice, my breasts swaying beneath in my push-up bra.

"But you promised to take care of my hardon, and we're not doing that."

"You are right," I groaned, licking my lips. I slipped off his lap, sliding beneath his desk. My hands pushed his thighs apart, stroking up his muscular legs towards his crotch. I rubbed at his bulge, feeling him aching. "I need to make sure you can think clearly so you can run your company and keep paying my husband his salary."

"Such a loving wife, eager to be a cheating whore to help her spouse."

"Mmm, yes."

I unzipped his fly and unfastened his slacks. I opened her, finding his gray boxers tented by his cock. He lifted his ass as I pulled down pants and boxers. His ebony dick sprang out. I shuddered, staring at the thick dick thrusting up from his thick tangle of black hair. I pulled his slacks and boxers down to his ankles before I leaned in.

I licked up his thick, dark shaft, climbing towards his crown.

I reached the pinnacle and brushed the spongy crown of his dick. I swirled my tongue around it, gathering her salty precum. I fluttered my tongue over and over, loving the texture of his spongy crown. A hot thrill ran through me as I slid my lips over the top of his cock. I sucked on him as I wrapped my ivory fingers about her ebony shaft.

I stroked him as I sucked on his wondrous cock. My tongue swirled around his dick. I bobbed my mouth up and down his shaft. I stroked him faster and faster. My cheeks hollowed every time I suckled. My pussy clenched.

Another wanton thrill raced through me. I felt so naughty for doing this. I moaned around his cock. I took more and more of him into my mouth. I bobbed my head, my hair spilling around my face as I loved him. I made his groan and squirm, his chair creaking.

Then the knock came at the door.

I froze as Mr. Masters growled, "Don't stop, slut." Then, louder, called, "Enter."

The door opened as I fluttered my tongue around his dick and sucked again. I shivered, hearing the thud of footsteps marching forward across the office's marble floors. I squirmed on the Persian rug his desk rested on, my pussy growing hotter and hotter.

Would the newcomer know I was beneath the desk sucking on Mr. Master's dick?

My hand tightened on his dick, stroking faster and faster as the footsteps came closer and closer. My tongue licked and lapped faster, gathering sweet juices, loving how they tasted. I slid my mouth down his dick until he nudged at the back of my throat, loving it.

"Mr. Masters," a familiar voice said.

Chris's voice.

"I have wonderful news, Mrs. Russel," the billionaire said, hardly betraying the fact my mouth was wrapped around his cock. "You've earned your promotion. You are now the head of new prospects."

"Thank you, Mr. Masters," my husband gushed. "That's wonderful to hear."

"Your wife put her all into pleasing me last night," the billionaire continued, squirming in the chair as I bobbed my head, working my lips slowly up and down his dick. "She's very eager to please me."

"I knew she would be," my husband answered, his voice throaty.

"In fact, she has her mouth wrapped around my cock as this very moment, her hand stroking my dick."

"What?" my husband gasped.

I popped my mouth off the billionaire's dick to moan, "It's true. And his precum tastes so delicious, honey."

"Oh, god," panted Chris.

I shuddered, hearing the desire in his voice. I wiggled my hips as I decided to lick his balls again. I fluttered my tongue, so glad my husband knew. I lapped up from his balls, sliding through his thick hairs, to reach the base of his dick. I licked at his ebony shaft, climbing towards the pinnacle.

I reached it, flicking my tongue around the mushroom-shaped tip. The billionaire groaned, his dark face twisting with pleasure. I felt so wanton. So naughty. Such a cheating, cuckolding wife to blow another man with Chris in the room.

I engulfed Mr. Masters's dick.

"Mmm, she's such a good cocksucker," groaned the billionaire. "Just so hungry for my cum. She's a real slut for it."

"She told me, Mr. Masters," panted Chris. "Last night, she told me all about it."

I moaned, remembering it. How I rode my husband's dick again in the bathtub, whispering in his ear. It wasn't the hot, frantic fuck on the hood of the car, but something slow. I made love to my husband while telling him every detail of my affair.

My pussy clenched in my panties. I sucked harder, making nasty, slurping sounds. Drool ran down my chin as I bobbed my head. I slid Mr. Masters's dick in and out of my hungry mouth. I wanted his cum in me. I wanted my husband to hear me be a whore.

"I can hear her," Chris groaned. "She's so eager for is, Mr. Masters."

"Just a little slut-wife for my cum," groaned Mr. Masters.

"Uh-huh," agreed my husband. "Cum in her mouth. Give my wife what she needs."

I squeezed my eyes shut, my entire body convulsing at the those words. My husband had totally surrendered to this. I could hear it in his voice. I shivered, sucking so hard, bobbing faster and faster. I found his balls. I massaged and kneaded his nuts, stroking them.

The billionaire groaned, his body shaking. His nuts tightened in my hand. He grunted. His hand shot down, gripping my black hair, holding my head in place. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked so hard, knowing the explosion of cum hurtled closer.

“Drink it all, whore, while your pathetic husband listens,” growled my Black lover.

“Yes,” echoed my husband.

Hot, salty jizz spurted into my mouth. I gulped it down, not hesitating to swallow the delicious treat pouring out of the billionaire's dick. The thick cream coated my throat on the journey to warm my belly. I felt like such a wanton wife, such a cheating slut.

My husband groaned louder, hearing my noisy swallows. I moaned my enjoyment, letting him hear how much I savored another man's cum filling my mouth. I wiggled my hips beneath the table, my pussy burning, needing stimulation.

To be fucked before my husband.

“That's it,” groaned Mr. Masters, his chair creaking as he arched his back. “That's it, you nasty slut.”

“Drink it all, honey,” moaned my wife.

I gulped down the last spurt, sucking hard just to make sure I had every drop. The billionaire let out one final sigh then moved his hand away and pushed his chair back. I shuddered, his dick popping out of my mouth. I stood up, my legs shaking, turning to face my husband with cum dripping down my lips.

“Do you like the new necklace Mr. Masters bought me?” I purred, stroking the diamonds as I faced my husband. I smiled as I saw his cock tenting his dark-navy slacks.

“For being such a good whore to Mr. Masters?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” I purred, wiggling my ass in my jeans at the billionaire as I stared at Chris. “I pleased him so much. This is expensive. Far more than the little trinket you bought for our wedding anniversary.”

“Yes,” Chris whimpered, squeezing his dick through his skirt.

“What a lovely sight,” groaned the billionaire. His hands gripped my ass through my jeans, his body pressing behind me. He nuzzled into my neck, kissing it as he groped me. “Have you ever enjoyed your wife's ass?”

Chris shook his head, his cheeks burning.

“Say it,” growled Mr. Masters.

“I've never had the pleasure. He told me no the one time I asked.”

“But I'll give it to you, Mr. Masters,” I whimpered, the billionaire's fingers digging into the denim, groping my curving rear. My pussy

clenched. "Anything for you."

"Why?"

"Because you're so much better than my husband," I groaned, staring into Chris's brown eyes. "You're richer, you're a better lover, you have a bigger cock." My asshole clenched. "Take my cherry ass while my pathetic husband watches."

"Oh, yes," whimpered Chris, licking his lips.

I wanted Mr. Masters to fuck my asshole to satiate my own pleasures as much as to please my husband by humiliating him. I didn't fight as the billionaire pushed me down, bending me over his desk. My ass pressed back into his dick, still hard.

Such stamina.

I groaned as his hands unsnapped my jeans. Then he wiggled them off my tush. They were so tight, they pulled my thong off with them. I shuddered, his dick nudging into the hot folds of my pussy. He thrust into my cunt in a single plunge, my eyes widening as his girth stretched me open.

My asshole tingled more. Soon I'd have his dick in my bowels.

"I'm going to fuck your pretty wife's cherry ass," groaned the billionaire, his dick pumping in and out of my hot pussy. "Listen to her whimper as she squirms on my dick."

"I hear her, Mr. Masters," panted my husband, staring at me as my face contorted in rapture.

"What does that tell you?"

"That she's your whore. That she loves your big, Black dick in her married pussy. Far more than mine."

"Far more, honey," I whimpered, squeezing my hot flesh down on the big shaft reaming me. I squirmed, my White pussy loving the Black cock filling me to the hilt. "Oh, god, I can barely take him. He's so big. He reaches so deep into me."

"You want to cum, don't you, slut?" groaned Mr. Masters, hands gripping my hips.

My nipples throbbed against my bra as I squirmed on the desk. "Yes, yes, yes. I could cum over and over on this dick. It's the best cock I've ever fucked. I haven't had a lot, but I can't see any being better."

"Yes, your wife's earned you that promotion and more," groaned Mr. Masters to Chris. "And look at you, rubbing that little dick, so turned on watching your wife being my whore."

"I am," panted Chris. "My wife's so beautiful and so bold. Just seeing her being your slut, the joy on her face, makes me so hard."

"Because you know you can't give her this pleasure."

My wife's face twisted with disgust before the lust blazed back in his eyes. "I can't, Mr. Masters. But you can. She deserves it."

"Oh, honey, I love you so much," I groaned, savoring the other man's dick pumping away at my snatch. "Mmm, yes, I do."

"Now beg for me to take your wife's cherry," groaned Mr. Masters. "Beg for my big, Black dick to violate her tight, White ass."

"Yes," my wife groaned, stepping closer, squeezing his dick so hard. "Fuck my wife's ass with your big, Black dick, Mr. Masters. Just violate her. She needs it."

"I need it," I whimpered, my juicy pussy clenching down on the pumping shaft, coating the dick in the lube to take my anal cherry.

"Fuck her ass!" gasped my husband as he snapped open his slacks and unzipped his fly. "Do it. I want to see her face twist in pleasure."

"What a pathetic cuckold," sneered Mr. Masters. "Nancy, your husband is a wimpy thing. Why are you even married to him?"

"Because he loves me so much he can beg for you to fuck my ass," I groaned, staring into my wife's eyes. "That make me love him so much. Even if he can't satisfy me like you, he's still my loving cuckold. My cute husband."

I gasped as Mr. Masters ripped his massive dick out of my pussy. I groaned, whimpering, wiggling my hips. I needed to be filled. It didn't matter which hole. My asshole would work as much as my cunt. I just needed stimulation.

I needed to cum and cum while my little cuckold watched.

Chris pulled out his dick, his slacks bunched around his knees, his dick thrusting out of his white boxers. He jerked it fast, staring at me while I waited. What was taking so long? I wanted Mr. Masters's dick in me. My butt-cheeks clenched as I let out a frustrated moan.

"Chris, guide my dick to your wife's asshole," groaned Mr. Masters. "Make sure I take your wife's anal cherry."

“Yes, Mr. Masters,” he groaned, so whipped by the situation.

He hurried around the desk. I threw a look over my shoulder. My husband didn't hesitate to grab another man's cock. He guided the slippery shaft between my ivory butt-cheeks. I grasped, feeling the thick tip nudging my asshole.

“Right there!” my husband moaned. “Fuck my wife's asshole!”

“Yes!” I squealed.

Mr. Masters thrust.

My eyes widened. “Chris!”

The huge cock spilt my asshole in two. Mr. Masters ripped into my sphincter. My puckered ring widened and widened and widened to take his huge dick. The ebony shaft speared into my bowels. Burning pain radiated through my sheath and straight to my simmering pussy.

And ignited a fire.

I gasped, shocked how the pain could twist into pleasure as the huge dick, lubed by my pussy juices, pulled back. Rough, velvety friction burned in the depths of my bowels as he thrust back in again, hammering my virgin asshole.

“Oh, my god, Chris,” I moaned.

“He's fucking your asshole,” panted my husband. His hand stroked his little dick out of the corner of my eyes, watching where the ebony shaft vanished into my ivory ass. “He's pounding you, honey.”

“I know.” My bowels clenched on the invading dick, increasing the rough pleasure surging through me. “Oh, god, it's good. Oh, yes, fuck my ass, Mr. Masters. Fuck it so hard!”

The desk creaked and groaned as the billionaire hammered my asshole. I whimpered, his dick plunging over and over into me. The pleasure swirled and grew in my pussy. But the true delight came from my husband watching.

Watching me be a whore.

A slut.

Another man's fuck-hole.

He watched as Mr. Masters groaned and gasped, fucking my bowels to satiate his own desires. The billionaire didn't care about my pleasure. He only wanted to satiate his lusts and humiliate his employee. A power trip that required my active participation.

And I gave it.

"Mr. Masters!" I howled as I came.

The orgasm spasmed hard through my body. I quaked on the desk, rubbing my tits into the hard surface through bra and blouse. My bowels writhed about the thrusting dick while juices squirted from my pussy, running hot down my thighs to my jeans and panties bunched around my knees.

I screamed out my rapture, staring at my husband. He watched me cum so hard on another man's dick. A cock plunging over and over into my untouched bowels. The thrilling ecstasy flooded my mind, drowning me in euphoria.

"Oh, that's it, honey," he moaned. "Pleasure Mr. Masters with your bowels. Beg for him to cum in you."

"Yes, yes, yes," I gasped, clenching my bowels on his boss's dick. "Cum in me, Mr. Masters. Fill me to the brim with your hot cum."

"Just a whorish slut," snarled the billionaire. "That's all you are."

"All I am," I groaned in complete agreement.

"Fuck," my husband groaned. His little dick spurted cum, splattering on the floor as he shuddered and shook. He watched me cum, and it turned him on so hard.

My orgasm burned hotter, my bowels spasming harder. Mr. Masters hammered my bowels, slamming over and over into my cumming depths. His crotch smacked into my quivering ass. Rapture surged through me.

So much pleasure. So much joy. I stared into my husband's shame-filled eyes as he squeezed out the last drops of cum from his dick. He couldn't even last as long as the billionaire. Just less in every way.

"What a wanton wife you have, Mrs. Russel," gasped the billionaire.

"She is," groaned my husband. "Cum in her, Mr. Masters."

"Yes!" I squealed.

The ebony cock buried into the depths of my spasming bowels. Hot cum spurted into me. I shuddered, feeling the jizz flood into me. I whimpered, squirming, the heat rippling through my bowels. My eyes rolled back into my head.

"He's doing it, honey," I moaned. "He's cumming in me."

"Yes," groaned my husband, licking his lips, hungry for more of my cum.

When the final spurt flooded me, the billionaire yanked his dick out of me. My husband didn't waste a beat. He fell to his knees behind me, spreading my butt-cheeks, and lapping the jizz flooding out of my bowels.

I clenched, forcing out more cum to fill his mouth. The billionaire laughed at the sight. "What a cuckold. He loves my cum like the little beta-male he is."

"Loves it," I panted. "Last night, he licked my face clean of your jizz."

I shivered and groaned, savoring the buzzing delight my husband stirred through me. He licked me clean, devouring every drop of cum to flood out of me. My eyes closed, my hips wiggled as I enjoyed this moment, knowing Chris loved me so much.

"Are you on the pill, Nancy?" the billionaire asked.

"I am," I groaned then let out a purring sigh as Chris's tongue dove into my asshole, soothing my sore hole, searching for more cum.

"I think your husband will make a good VP," Mr. Masters said, moving before me. He grabbed my hair, guiding his half-hard cock to my mouth.

I swallowed it, tasting my sour ass. I shuddered, sucking him clean just like my husband cleaned me. I felt like such a whore. I stared up at the dominating man, a grin on his dark face as I nursed on his big, Black cock.

"Yes, once I've bred you, your husband will need more money to take care of my child," Mr. Masters said. "Stop taking your pill. Do not let your husband fuck your pussy until I plant a baby in your belly."

I shuddered, moaning my agreement, my husband sucking harder at my asshole, hearing every word. I would truly cuckold my husband now. I couldn't wait.

To be continued....

[Want to read the next part? Click here for Pleasing Her Husband's Boss!](#)

Sneak Preview of “Husband's Billionaire Boss”

My heart quickened. Priscilla Thompson was on the other side of the room in a red dress that almost exploded with the brightness of the hue, her hands pulling up her skirt, on the verge of revealing her panties, a naughty look on her face. And I saw a petite woman, with platinum-blond hair, her sparkling blue eyes bursting with passion as she cupped her small tits through her dress.

“Isn't that June Vasser?” I gaped. I met her and her husband, Curtis, once. Curtis Vasser, one of the VPs, was my own husband's immediate boss.

“Yes, she is,” Mr. Masters said, pulling away from me. “All of these women posed for me.”

“Posed?” I gasped, flicking from one picture to another, the lust on the women's face, the hunger to please the photographer. “You took these?” These women hungered for you?

“I did.” I heard a sound, like something scraping on wood.

I turned to see the billionaire pick up a camera sitting on the boardroom table. “I love photography. It's one of my two passions.”

He stared at me, the camera in hand, and a shiver ran through me followed by a hot wave of heat. He wanted me to pose. To stare at the camera with one of those hungry, I-want-to-fuck-you expressions. Had these women fucked the billionaire?

Some of them must have. The looks in their eyes... Rita seemed so happy with her husband, and yet... I stared back at her picture, those green eyes almost melting the photo with their burning heat.

“Would you care to pose for me?” Mr. Masters asked, his voice a deep growl, hungry to immortalize my flesh.

[If you want to read more, click here for Husband's Billionaire Boss \(Hot Wife and Her Cuckold 1\)!](#)

Other Works by Deana Michaels

Check out Deana Michael's catalog of hot, taboo erotica on [Amazon](#)! If you love step-dads getting naughty with step-daughters, step-mom's enjoying their study step-sons, or all other manner of forbidden passion, than check Deana's other works!

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[Husband's Billionaire Boss](#)

About the Author

Deana is a naughty girl that wants to share her forbidden stories. Taboo delights lurk in her mind and she's not afraid to pen them. Writing in her own, private lair, a glass of wine at hand, Deana pushes the societies boundaries the type of acceptable love. So if you like your woman to get down and filthy with those closest to them, then you will love the depraved tales Deana tells! Check out her [Author Page](#) or follow her on twitter [@TabooDeana](#).

Table of Contents

[Pleasing Her Husband's Boss](#)

[Naughty Excerpt from “Pleasing Her Husband's Boss”](#)

[Other Naughty Works](#)

[Pleasing Her Husband's Boss](#)