

# **Caught Cheating**

**By Crimson Rose**

~ ~ ~

# Caught Cheating

Copyright© 2015 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Content**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

Kelly opened the large orange envelope she got in the mail and withdrew the contents. On top was a typed letter which she moved aside for the moment without reading. When her eyes landed on the first picture she gasped in horror and nearly had a heart attack. It showed her butt naked in the bedroom on all fours on the bed with a dildo shoved deep in her pussy. The next showed her in a similar position in the living room and a third depicted her and her best friend Connie kissing. In all, there were more than twenty such intimate photos of her and as she began to tremble in fear, she set them on the kitchen table and read the letter.

*Dearest Kelly,*

*You've been a very naughty woman. And while I find your sense of adventure intoxicating, I wonder if your husband will feel the same. I'm guessing probably not, or else you would have been doing this for him instead of keeping it behind his back. Unless you want him to find out your dirty little secrets, you're going to do exactly as I say. The pictures I sent are just a small sampling of what I've collected over the last couple of months and I will send every single one of them not only to your husband, but to everyone on the internet as well.*

*You will receive another package tomorrow. Consider it to be your first test. Fail, and you can kiss your marriage and reputation as a good girl goodbye. But pass and you just might have a little bit of fun pleasing me.*

The letter wasn't signed nor was there a return address on the envelope, but the evidence was clear. Glancing at the stove clock, her panic level increased. Her husband would be home in less than half an hour and she had to get rid of the evidence. Running to her small office, she ran the letter and the photos through the shredder, but that wasn't enough. After emptying the basket into a trash bag, she put it in the trunk of her car and drove to a local business where she tossed the bag into their dumpster. She wasn't worried about anyone complaining as her brother owned the shop and almost everyone there knew her.

After dumping the bag, Kelly went grocery shopping as a means of calming her nerves as well as an excuse as to why she was getting home after her husband. She pulled in the driveway beside her husband's truck and got out – entering the house with an armful of grocery bags as if nothing untoward had taken place.

“Need a hand?” Brian asked when he saw his wife carrying several plastic bags in one hand.

“Nah, I got it, but you could get the door.”

Brian got up from the chair and shut the door as his wife walked by and gave her behind a soft pat and smiled at her when she turned her head to look at him. “What's for dinner?”

“Lasagna. Want to give me a hand making it?”

“So, you want to go out then?” Brian laughed. He was so skilled at the fine art of cooking that he could burn water. The last time he attempted to cook a meal they ended up with severely scorched eggs and became the first person in all of history to burn bacon so bad as to make it inedible.

“Sometimes I wonder if you fuck up on purpose just so you don’t have to help,” Kelly sighed as she carried the bags into the kitchen and set them on the table. “Can you at least help me put the groceries away? I’m almost positive you won’t burn the house down in the process.”

Brian followed his wife into the kitchen, but his eyes were on her shapely ass and not the bags of food she carried. He helped her put a few things away, but when he saw her bend over to put a bag of potatoes in the bottom cupboard he walked over, shoved her skirt up over her hips and quickly pushed his throbbing cock into her.

“Uuhhnnn! W-What in the hell are you doing?” Kelly moaned in surprise. It was highly unusual for her husband to be interested in sex outside of the bedroom and she could count on three fingers the number of times they did it in another room of the house.

“I’m fucking my sexy wife! Now grab hold of something because it’s going to be a rough ride!” Digging his fingers into her hips, he slammed into her harder and faster. She managed to raise up a little as his powerful thrusts drove her forwards and onto the counter. He grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked her head back and he pulled his cock from her clenching pussy and pushed it up her ass in one swift stroke.

“Aahhgghhh! T-Take it out you bastard! You know I don’t like anal!”

“For someone that doesn’t like it up the ass you sure as hell took it easily enough. Now relax and enjoy it because I’m not stopping until your ass is full of jizz!”

“W-Will you s-stop!? I..I’ve got d-dinner to make!”

“Dinner can wait until I’m done,” Brian replied, pushing her head against the counter as he continued to fuck his cock in and out of his wife’s ass. The excitement was overwhelming and the pressure was building fast. After a few dozen more thrusts, he pulled out, shoved it back into her pussy and came.

What in the hell was that all about?” Kelly asked as she turned around to face her husband. “You haven’t fucked me like that in a long time.”

“I just saw your sexy ass and had to have it,” Brian shrugged. “Don’t tell me you didn’t like it.”

“Of course I liked it. Well, except for the whole being taken up the ass part!”

“And yet you took it like a seasoned pro. Have you finally started experimenting with your toys?”

“Not really. I tried a few times but could never get into it,” Kelly lied. The truth was she’s taken a whole lot more up her ass than the few toys she owns, but the less her husband knew the better.

“Well, I think I’ll be fucking your sexy ass a lot more from now on.”

“Is that right?”

“Damn straight, babe! Now go get cleaned up while I put the rest of the groceries away.”

Kelly left the kitchen, giving her husband a curious look over her shoulder as she went. Although he had moments of spontaneity, this was far from the norm and she wondered what had gotten into him to be so sexually aggressive.