

## 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 fleshlight 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.