

Elle Ventures
The Ex



ELLE VANZEL

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by Elle Vanzel

The first time I realized there was something different about me, my husband and I had not yet married. I came home from work and his ex-girlfriend was just leaving; they had been having coffee and chatting. I was upset. And threatened. I was afraid he would want to go back with her and leave me. But that night, when we were in bed together and he was going down on me, all I could think about was him eating her. I came so hard I thought I would pass out. I struggled with what I was feeling; I tried to ignore it. But the hardest orgasms I ever had were from thinking about him - first with his ex-girlfriend, then with my friends, then with any woman we happened to come across: waitresses, the clerk at the hotel, women we passed on the street. I finally confessed to him what a turn on it was.

Life has not been the same since.

Content Notes

Out of respect for the many people who suffer from some form of PTSD or would otherwise be impacted by the content of this story, I'm making these notes available to anyone who wishes to review them prior to reading this book. While some readers might consider these warnings 'spoilers,' they in no way impact the telling of the story or your enjoyment of it.

Elle Ventures: The Party contains the following:

Content of an adult nature; designed for readers over the age of 18. Purchase of this book is restricted.

- Infrequent use of bad language.
- Several graphic scenes of sexuality and nudity.
- Violence in the form of consensual BDSM scenes.

Should you read this book and find that there are content warnings that should be included here that are not, please feel free to contact me at elle@ellewrites.com with your suggestions.

This story is a work of fiction. None of the characters in the book are real, and nothing of the action in this book is based on real events.

Even though I had often fantasized about my husband, Ian, reconnecting with his ex-girlfriend, I didn't think it was possible. We had moved away, and they had lost touch. But circumstances changed and we ended up back in the same town. I came home from work one day after a long day with my dreadful boss, and she was there, sitting next to him on the sofa.

When I saw her, I drew in a sharp breath. Could she tell by the look on my face how many times I'd cum thinking about her? Did she know about my naughty thoughts? I felt my face flush and tingle, and I knew.

Ian locked eyes with me and said, "Elle, you remember Diana, don't you? She'll be joining us for dinner tonight. Why don't you go pour us a glass of wine before you start preparing dinner."

I felt frozen in place, realizing that he'd just dismissed me to the kitchen and subtly relegated me into a subservient role. I glanced at Diana and she looked at me with hungry eyes. I couldn't speak, so I just nodded and walked into the kitchen and poured them each a glass of wine.

When I returned to the room with their wine, they were all but oblivious to me, locked in a passionate kiss. Her hand was rubbing the hard outline of his cock that was bulging beneath his trousers; his hand was under her shirt cupping her breast. When she realized I was standing there, she slowly pulled away. She looked at me with a glimmer of amusement. He searched my face for some sign of discomfort but when I returned his gaze, I knew all he could see was the heat that was building up in me. My pussy was soaked already. I didn't know exactly what the night ahead would bring, but I knew I had never seen anything hotter than my husband passionately kissing his ex-girlfriend in front of me.

I returned to the kitchen and stood there. I knew I was supposed to be preparing dinner, but I couldn't think straight. All I could focus on were the soft moans I heard from the other

room. I walked over to the counter and poured myself some wine. As I was standing there, Ian came into the kitchen and stood behind me. He pressed up against me and I could feel his hard cock, barely capable of remaining contained. He leaned down and whispered in my ear, "Don't worry about dinner. We'll order something later. I'm going to be in our bedroom with Diana. I'll let you know if we need anything, but... Why don't you go take a shower and freshen up just in case?"

Ian knew how turned on I was and what his words would do to me, so he anticipated the buckle in my knees and caught hold of me. He whispered, "I love you." He started to walk away and turned back and said, "By the way, Elle, Diana will be staying for a few days. You should make up the guest room; that's where you'll be staying while she's here. She and I have a lot of ... catching up to do."

As he walked away, I was in a state of emotional turmoil. This was what I'd always wanted, right? But to be relegated to the guest room.... Was that really how I imagined it? Could I handle not being in the room for everything that happened? I couldn't help but wonder what they were doing right then.

But then I thought about how different it must be for Diana, too. She lost him to me, or so we'd thought at the time. So, how odd it must be for her to be back with Ian, only with me here, knowing. Maybe she needed time alone with him to feel comfortable and safe. It was worth letting it play out.

I finished my glass of wine, took a quick shower, and made up the guest room. I could faintly hear the murmurs of their voices, and it sounded like they were doing as much talking as anything else. Suddenly, it became quiet... And then, I heard her moan. I knew that moan ... or at least the feeling that caused that moan. I knew Ian must have been between her legs. I imagined his tongue exploring every fold, every crevice, pushing inside her and tasting her.

I was so wet I could feel it running down my leg. I laid down on the bed and allowed my towel to fall open. I reached down between my legs; my wetness was so profuse, the pain of my desire so powerful, that I slipped two fingers deep inside myself, and, thinking about what (and who) my husband was doing in the next room, started fucking my pussy with my fingers. I was so involved in my own pleasure that I didn't even hear the door open or the two of them step inside.

Ian said, "Aw. Look at my pathetic little cunt fucking her sloppy pussy like a desperate, discarded whore."

I pulled my hand away as if it's been burned and tried to pull my towel back around me. I was blushing feverishly, embarrassed to have not even realized they were there. Ian was wearing his robe; Diana was in his shirt. If I'd had any question about what they had been doing, seeing them certainly erased all doubt.

Diana looked at Ian, slipped her arm around him and said, "Aren't you glad I'm here?"

He looked at me and smiled before turning to Diana and kissing her deeply, reaching inside the shirt to fondle her breast. "Yes," he said, as he turned to look at me. "Elle is nothing compared to you."

As I looked into his eyes, I could see that he was drunk with desire for her; the way he pulled her close and caressed her body with such intimacy and such possession made it obvious. I felt like I could see the passion they once had spring back to life. Diana interrupted my reverie.

"Oh, she's worth keeping around," Diana said with a smile. "Especially if she's even half as good at sucking cock as you say she is. I have a few friends who will enjoy that. In fact, why don't you show me what you mean about what an eager little cum slut she is and fuck her mouth right now."

Ian stepped up to the side of the bed and put his cock to my lips. I immediately opened my mouth and accepted him inside.

I'm not even sure I was aware of the whimper that came out of me, but I knew without a doubt my life had changed forever.

Everything I was feeling was so unreal, but at the same time I felt contentment wash over me. When Ian pushed his cock into my mouth and I tasted her on him, I moaned with pleasure and eagerly engulfed his cock further into my mouth.

As she slipped next to him, Diana whispered, "Fuck her mouth hard."

She grabbed a handful of my hair and forcefully pushed my face forward, ramming my mouth down onto Ian's cock. The head of his cock slammed against the back of my throat. She put her hand on the back of my head and held me against him, my face pressed against his abdomen, his cock plunging into my throat. My breath waned; my eyes watered – and still she held me there. When she finally jerked me back off his cock, she kept ahold of my hair.

As I gasped and drew in a desperate breath, she pulled my head back, reached up, and slapped my face with her open hand. The tears in my eyes, already welled up from choking on my husband's cock, spilled over.

Diana smiled, leaning close to my face. She looked into my eyes, gently wiping away a tear from my face, and said softly, "That's *my* cock. It always was. Don't forget that. You will only get it when I say you can have it, and it will always be only after it's been inside me so that you can remember your place."

She then pulled my head toward her pussy and commanded me to lick my husband's cum from her cunt. I felt my own surge of wetness between my legs as I obeyed. How long had I fantasized about this? How often had I worried that the reality of it could never live up to what I'd fantasized in my mind? Yet here I was, a handful of my hair curled

tightly in her fist, my tongue desperately pushing into the folds of her pussy to lap up my husband's cum while tasting hers mixed with it.

As I felt my face become wet from their mingled cum as she moaned and pulled me to her pussy, I could hear myself whimpering. It was a whimper of desire, of joy, of knowing life would never be the same.

I had seen the way my husband looked at her, the way he marveled at her beauty. I had seen the cruel streak in her eyes and the joy she took in encouraging him to tell me that he craved her.

He didn't care if I watched or went to bed; she was his only desire. I knew that I would willingly do anything - and anyone - the two of them wanted me to do to remain a part of their world.

It was at that moment that I truly felt myself assuming the role I'd always wanted: cuckquean.

Thank you so much for reading my book!

I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

This is my first foray into erotica, and it would mean so much to me if you would leave a review.

Thank you for reading – please connect with me!

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Love,
Elle 

About the Author

Elle Vanzel is a happily married, bisexual, curvy sexual experimenter who has always wanted to write erotica. Her stories are a mix of experience, fantasy, and research.

Elle travels full-time and lives in a variety of places throughout the year, making herself at home wherever she goes.

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