

When I returned home the next morning Rolf was not there. I took a long shower to wash off Rolf's father's traces from my body. I couldn't understand why Rolf had gotten so mad. By now he should have been used to the fact that I sometimes bang other men. I mean, I do love only him and I would never cheat on him emotionally.

The money embezzled by John Smith was not a problem anymore, now I needed to settle my problem with Rolf. He had never mentioned his previous business failures to me. It was obvious now that, that was why his father had been manipulating him. Maybe I needed to take care of his debt as well? Well, sure, his father was a disgusting old man but at least he wasn't shooting any of this fucking on video, so no one would know... I heard the front door slam.

'Rolf, honey, it's all good! Your father will leave us alone now!'
Rolf walked past me without saying a word and started packing his suitcases. I could smell serious liquor on his breath.

'Rolf, what are you doing? I did it all for you, for us!'

Next time I saw Rolf was in court. It didn't take long. The judge asked us to announce the reason why we were getting divorced and Rolf mumbled something about us being 'psychologically incompatible'. That got me really angry.

'We have been living together for many years and now he's pissed off because I had to sleep with another man to pay off his debts!'

'Come on, you'd serviced, like, a thousand men and I'm just fed up with it! I thought you wanted to earn some dough and then get back to normal life but you just can't stop with this fucking filth!' yelled Rolf.

'Money? Yeah, I did earn some money but you kept flushing it down the toilet and borrowing more from your father!'

'So, do you have any material claims against each other?' asked the judge, who was obviously witnessing this type of argument for the umpteenth time

in his career.

‘I don’t want anything from you! I’m going to war and you can keep on fucking my father. In fact, he is not my father anymore!’ roared Rolf.

‘What war?’ I mumbled sounding unexpectedly frightened. ‘Rolf, what are you talking about?’

‘That’s none of your business,’ he responded.

It hurt so bad I started screaming. The guys started kicking my guts even harder while the doppelganger pinched my clit and slapped my breasts making me feel better and better despite all the pain. I laughed through the pain and succumbed to an incredibly powerful orgasm.

‘That’s right, bitch, that’s right, that’s what you’d wanted!’ bellowed the doppelganger Nicole as she continued spanking and biting my body.

I reached out towards this evil mean copy of myself. It’s me, Nicole! I started caressing her holes gently, kissing her, our eyes met. She was an exact copy of me but I didn’t feel like I was touching myself. Her eyes were serpent like, with vertical pupils of a snake. Suddenly, I didn’t feel scared, I felt very tired. Then it came to me, I’ve been so stupid! I was like a kid in a candy store, stuffing my face with every visible candy in sight, feeling completely stuffed to the top, fully covered in sticky chocolate but still begging for more candy, for more chocolate!

‘There’s only one Nicole here and it’s me. And you are just my hallucination.’

He got his stuff together and left. The front door slammed again, our house filled with icy emptiness. Later that day I got a call from a man who introduced himself as Rolf’s attorney. My mind refused to comprehend what all his legal talk was about, divorce, expedited hearing of some sort, bla bla bla... urggg, then Rolf coming home, so aloof and completely hammered. I felt so frustrated! After this crazy day I couldn’t get any sleep at night, I restlessly paced our empty house thoughts whirling in my head; I was so tired of men being such assholes! Where was my best friend Kat?

Unlike men, she had never complained about anything I did. Finally I flopped lifelessly on the couch and fell asleep.

When I woke up the following morning, someone was knocking on the front door. It was a FedEx guy with an envelope full of divorce papers. Rolf really wanted to end things between us as quickly as possible! How could he? After all that we have been through together?!?! And now, when all of the real hardships were finally over, when I was finally through with my porn career and I have resolved the debt with his father ...

Now he feels his pride was hurt or what is this?!?! I should have never borrowed money from his father to invest in to such risky stuff! Why is it that I had managed to step over my pride in order to do all those nasty things with men and he couldn't step over his pride just this once? This was driving me crazy! Rolf had taken part in orgies a few times himself. What was so special between him and his father? Why was that one fuck more important than me fucking hundreds of men? I have some pride left too! If he wants a divorce, he will get it!

'Nicole, do you have any claims against Rolf?' asked the judge.

'Don't let him go anywhere! Yes, I have tons of claims against him; get him under arrest so he can't escape to any war or wherever he's going! I've got so many claims to file; he shouldn't be allowed to leave the country until he resolves all of them!'

'Just tell me the sum, you will have it by the end of the day,' said Rolf as he was rolling his eyes.

'Gonna borrow it from father again? Rolf, stop trying to scare me, what war are you talking about?! Enough is enough!'

'Nicole, it's all over and you're gonna have to get over it one way or another. It's time we part ways. Democracy is in danger. I'm going to Afghanistan.'

I felt totally drained when I walked out of the court. All men are assholes! I

went directly to Kat's place and told her about everything. She hugged me, bathed me like a baby and fed me. She is the only one who understands me. I dozed off in her arms.

Suddenly everything went dark. Me, lying on the floor, naked, in a puddle of cum, feeling cold and disgusted. Complete darkness enveloped me. I heard approaching footsteps, then a familiar cough, the hair on my body stood up, it was Jack! My skin was crawling; I was terrified, I began yelling and kicking. Jack was a dead green moaning zombie that staggered towards me.

I had a bad dream. I saw myself with a cock in place of my pussy. Kat was standing next to me and scolding me by telling me that I got what I had always wanted. I wanted to do something to that penis of mine but it just kept on getting bigger and harder. Then Kat took it in one hand and swung a knife overhead in the other hand...

I woke up screaming, my heart pounding, grabbing my crotch to check if everything was in place. Kat was next to me, she jumped up from my yell. I backed away from her, afraid that the dream was still continuing.

'Nicole, what's wrong? What's the matter? Everything is ok... come here...'

Kat pulled me close to herself and embraced me. I was trembling. Her body was warm and soft. My Kat...my dearest sweetest Kat...

'I don't want to... It's not right, Kat, please, don't...'

Kat didn't listen. She was passionately kissing me and her hands were already exploring my body. At first I thought it was a dream until I felt her licking my clit, then looking at me with her beautiful eyes from between my legs, then fingering my pussy with a smile on her face...

'You got what you wanted...' she purred.

I felt lightheaded and dizzy. The thin wall between reality and nightmares was starting to blur. I left Kat's house and went home. The whole day was a

complete waste of time. I was really afraid of going to sleep in my empty house but I didn't want to call Kat. I took a sedative and dozed off. I was dreaming about my college years and our local theater company. Something was going on up on the stage. Everybody around me was wearing a mask. Somehow, I was both a performer and an observer.

The people in masks took off my clothes, tied me up, and then they began copulating right on the stage next to me. Nobody was touching me but I hated being in the center of all of this fucking. I could feel that I somehow stood out; I was different from all of them. Then people from the audience noticed me and started getting up from their seats and pointing fingers at me. I was rolling around the stage, naked and bound, begging for someone to fuck me but the masked men and women just kept on screwing each other and had no interest in me. I woke up with a feeling of total dissatisfaction and a sense of shame. Why was I begging them to fuck me? Why do I always think that everyone has to sooner or later fuck me? That's not who I am!

'Baby, come on, come to daddy,' he groaned.

Disco ball and strobe lights started pulsating around me and I found myself surrounded by a horde of green zombies. They were dancing to Michael Jackson's "Thriller" as they were moving closer and closer. Hell No! I was not going to have sex with these dead motherfuckers! I was trying to fight them off and break free from the reeking sleazy circle that they had formed around me but they grabbed me and pinned me down to the floor.

Rolf really did join the military forces and was shipped to Afghanistan. I started avoiding Kat. I spent a whole month staying home alone and popping antidepressants. After that night with Kat I hadn't had sex for a whole month and my body was feeling it... I took out a DVD with my porn and put it on. Three men were fucking me, one in each hole. I saw this on the screen and felt disgusted, so I tried turning off the video, but it wouldn't turn off. The screen just wouldn't go dark and the Nicole on the screen was looking me straight in the eye and laughing.

The men were fucking her raw and she was yelling and begging them to do it harder. Humm... I couldn't recall this happening during the shoot! The Nicole on the screen was moaning from lust, opening her legs wider and wider, pushing her wet pulsating cunt into the camera. My cunt was right in front of me on the screen, I felt dizzy for some reason, so I moved closer to the screen, reached out and touched it. The screen suddenly went black. I had a very strange feeling about everything that had just happened. I think I might be going crazy! That couldn't have been me!