

Done for Love

By SinnerScribe

Ch. 01

It should've been a perfect day for work.

The office was just as Flin liked it. He couldn't hear any of his coworkers' voices past the usually too-thin walls, and the air was still crisp with lemon-scented cleaner as it always was after weekends. Rays of sunlight cascaded through the open window onto perfectly vacuumed carpet, giving life to an otherwise corporate pattern of assorted grays. While the weeks ahead surely had nothing but chaos in store for him, right now, his room knew nothing of it.

Despite that, Flin only found himself staring up and down between his computer and the tablet in his knees, stylus hovering idly as a blank page glared back in blinding white. The room was quiet, but he somehow found it unbearably loud. The wall clock ticked incessantly. The air conditioner droned endlessly. Even outside among the clear, blue sky and verdant treetops, cicadas screeched their summer song, ruining what was supposed to be a beautiful afternoon. They insisted on distracting him -- on making damn well sure he couldn't work.

...Although work, too, was just a distraction from everything else in the end.

Flin laid the tablet and stylus back on his desk and leaned back in his chair. His eyes ended up wandering anywhere in the room that wasn't his screen, as they so often did when he couldn't concentrate. They found the bookshelves lining the wall and lingered on the trinkets inside. Certificates and trophies won by the company, his

own graphic design degree -- he'd once relished in their mere presence, but now, they hardly seemed to matter.

He regretted looking away instantly. His eyes landed on his desk again, then quickly the pictures he couldn't bear to get rid of. Graduations. Vacations. High school, college, beaches, mountains.

In a desperate attempt to escape the memories, his eyes flicked to another picture, one where his best friend's beaming face was nowhere to be found. In it, he saw himself, fully suited and a year younger, standing next to a jaw-droppingly gorgeous brunette wearing a white bridal dress.

How he'd managed to marry Irina, he honestly still didn't know, but looking at the picture now, he at least had a better idea. His hair was longer and fuller, his smile warm and genuine. Crazy how much could change in just a year. He was twenty-seven, but he bet he looked far beyond his twenties by now. Not like Irina, who had never aged a day. Her face was bright and beautiful in that picture as it surely was this very moment.

...God, he wished he could just go back and be with her already.

As he thought this, the door creaked open.

"Hey, Flin! Sorry for the intrusion, just wanted to check on today's--"

The deep voice trailed off as Flin snapped around in surprise. Under the threshold stood Tray -- a tall, stocky man who, despite his age and status, still wore a tacky sports suit and striped blue tie. He leaned on the door frame, glancing at the blank screen on Flin's desk with a hint of pique in his eyes.

"You could've knocked," Flin muttered.

"I did."

The office sank into stillness as he found himself unable to find anything else to say. The two looked at each other, faces indiscernible, until the intruder broke the awkward silence with a sigh.

"Flin, I hate to tell you this, but I need to be honest. If this keeps happening..." he started his warning, but at the sight of Flin's worn expression, he didn't finish it. Clearly, he'd been expecting this conversation. "Look. We all know you're hurting, and I never knew you as well as Kanan did, okay? But if this is still so raw for you, why are you still coming in right now?"

"Force of habit, I guess."

"Well, go on and take an early weekend. You need it, and we need it. You're our best designer. You're in our name, for god's sake, remember? It's KF Designs for a reason."

Flin didn't really know how to react to the gesture of kindness. If it hadn't been Tray giving it, he'd probably have been much happier about getting home early today. He would've appreciated it. Hell, he'd just been daydreaming about it. But of all the people he knew, this man wasn't one he was too ecstatic to be getting favors from. He nodded at the offer and forced a weak smile, waiting for the catch.

"On one condition, though!" his boss exclaimed on cue, throwing up a boisterous finger. "Let me join you for dinner tomorrow, or sometime this week, at least. We can't be strangers forever. I mean, how long've we both been here, now?"

"...Of course. Tomorrow's fine for us."

Of course. Of course that was what he wanted.

As he picked up his bag and hurried for his escape, Tray caught him by the shoulder at the door. His smile looked painted on. "Sounds like a plan, then! I'll be there tomorrow at six thirty. Just send me an address when you can. Don't worry about things here in the meantime. I'll close up for you."

The poor designer nodded halfheartedly in thanks. When the much larger man let go of him, he reached the end of the hall in seconds flat.

And so, Flin Manuelli's work week came to an early end.

For his boss, however, it was just getting started.

Peering down the hall to make sure Flin was gone, Tray slipped into the room and shut the door behind him. He walked right by the bookshelves, plaques, and degrees, paying no mind to anything Flin held dear. To him, the sunlit carpets beneath and lemon-scented air all around were no different from any other part of this crummy old building. He sneered at his earlier excuse of "closing up" as he stopped by Flin's desk, sorting through the pictures neatly lined up by the monitor. The milestones, memories, and friendship that idiot shared with the old boss... The history of this company...

He didn't give a shit about any of them. Not even a little.

No. Only one picture here truly caught his eye:

The woman in a bride's dress.

He'd first spotted her at the old boss's funeral and hadn't been able to get her stunning body out of his mind since. Her hourglass figure held small, perky tits above a thin waist, and her hips, cut off enticingly above the bottom of the photo, stretched her fabric much too tight for a wedding. As he stared at her, he could only imagine her turned and bent over, dreaming of how irresistible her ass surely looked under that dress. Even more unbearable was her face: smiling, innocent, and unaware of just how her glossy lips, milky skin, and big, brown doe eyes tempted.

The perfect target.

The kind veneer Tray wore slipped off his face as he cracked a devious grin. The old boss dying had been a tremendous stroke of luck. Back when he was around, he'd

been held back from misbehaving like this -- stopped, restrained, and then lambasted, only saved by money. No more. Now, with him gone, he could take what he wanted, act as he pleased. Knowing this, he leered on at the new object of his desire, hand resting on the growing bulge in his pants.

He couldn't wait to meet her.

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"Breathe in... Breathe out."

Irina Manuelli closed her eyes and followed the calm woman's voice through ethereal music. Though she couldn't see the sun room around her at all, she felt the day's warmth shining onto her skin from every direction, evaporating the tension as she sat with her legs splayed wide open and bent all the way to the floor.

She'd only started yoga a few weeks ago after a mutual tip, but with a lifetime of gymnastics experience, the movements and poses came naturally, so much so that each gentle instruction from the woman felt nostalgic. It brought her back to those times as a kid when she thought a split was impossible, back before the competitive world molded her. Now, these were little more than fundamentals she'd perfected long ago.

She was surprised how much she liked it anyway. It was just as therapeutic as her friend had suggested, not like the strict sport that sought to beat all enjoyment out of her. Besides, despite its ease, yoga somehow still surprised her. Every once in a while, she'd stretch somewhere she'd never worked before -- a sudden pull in the shoulders, a hitch in the lower back. It was why, despite everything, she bothered doing any of this. Even after being so diligent all her life about flexibility, she could never be ready enough for what counted.

She found an especially tight spot in the small of her back as she crossed one leg behind her for a full split, and she hummed to herself as she felt it unwind. She swore she even heard it rip a little, but she dismissed the idea, feeling no pain at all.

Just as she settled back into a resting position on her side, the doorbell beckoned her from across the house, snapping her eyes open. The sun room flickered back into view, separated from the bright outside world only by glass and a thin, white frame. The woman and music continued on as if nothing had changed, urging her to stay, but Irina regretfully silenced them both with a tap of her phone.

On her hurried way through the house, she made sure to peek into one peculiar door just before reaching the living room. The space inside was dark save for a few rays of sun peeking through the closed curtains, but it was enough for her to see everything was nice and tidy. It had been a year now since they'd set the crib up, and she'd be damned if she let even a single speck of dust get in.

Just a little longer, she reassured herself.

She pulled away from the nursery, finally crossing the living room to the front door. As she stood in front of it, pausing with her hand on the handle, she sighed to herself. She couldn't help but wish it was Flin waiting for her, but that definitely wasn't the case. It was an afternoon and a weekday, and his weekdays were unbearably long. Still, she could always hope he'd take it easy one day.

Especially now.

With that hope in her heart, she pulled the handle the rest of the way, sun breaking through the dimly lit house-

And her hope was squashed once again.

"Hi, ma'am!"

The man standing on the other end of the door was not her husband but a delivery man holding a small box. Actually, delivery boy was probably more accurate. He was a little cute, she'd give him that -- tall and dark with a baby face that always sported a confident, beaming smile. He likely had no shortage of experience with college girls his age. That said, his blue uniform ate up his lanky figure so much it made him impossible to take seriously.

"Hi, Jamie!" she replied with well-practiced enthusiasm. She somehow never expected him to show up, but handling him when he did was easy. "Another package, is it?"

The boy stammered a bit at her polite but short response, fumbling with the box in his hands as if he'd forgotten it was there. "Oh, yeah! Here. Figured it was too small to leave on the porch and all. Wouldn't want someone to get any ideas, right?"

Irina wanted to roll her eyes as she accepted the package -- anyone could see how ridiculously affluent this neighborhood was -- but she indulged his efforts anyway with a laugh.

Jamie was a face she'd had to get used to over the past year or so. She didn't remember when she first saw him -- or worse, when he'd first taken an interest in her -- but ever since she moved here, he basically never missed an opportunity to "deliver" things like this, always meeting her at the door where a normal person would have just left the delivery on the porch. Sometimes, he rang the doorbell just to see her even if he didn't have anything to give. His persistence did bother her a little at first, coupled with the fact he called her "ma'am" even though he couldn't have been five years younger than her. After she dropped the existence of her husband on him and saw no change in his behavior, she considered ratting him out with a complaint. However, she didn't really want the trouble, and at the end of the day, his flirting was always polite and simple enough to take in stride. No need to ruin a kid's life over some daydreaming. Besides, she couldn't deny it was a little flattering sometimes.

"I must say, ma'am... You must be sick of hearing this by now, but you're looking fine today," Jamie went on. His eyes darted beneath hers, stealing a more indecent glance at her before flicking up in a rush. They flashed with panic and then relief at her apparent lack of reaction. Of course, she had caught him just as she did every guy who looked, but she couldn't really blame the male gaze in this case. In her hurry to get here, she'd forgotten she was still in her crop top and yoga pants.

"Oh, get out, you!" she bantered, this time letting herself roll her eyes. "Thanks for the package, but I don't think my husband would appreciate that."

"Don't you?"

Her face hardened instantly at the brazen escalation. He clearly picked up on the shift, chuckling nervously as he backed off a step or two. While she was willing to play along somewhat, her actual boundaries never changed, and honestly, she wasn't in the mood to be polite about those today. Still, seeing his puppy-like dejection, she let him slide with a warning. "You be on your best behavior from now on. I have things to do, alright? Have a nice day, Jamie."

His face lifted a little, though not enough to fully hide his disappointment. "...Of course, of course. You, too, ma'am."

Without wasting another moment, Irina smiled weakly at him until she closed the door between them. The instant he was out of sight, the smile vanished, and a heavy breath escaped her. She practically fell onto the couch in the living room and began chipping away at the box tape with her fingernails, too lazy to walk to the kitchen for a knife as a mixture of irritation and guilt warred in her head.

He was nice. *Every* guy was nice to her.

She pried beneath the tape with an extra aggressive jab, fed up with its resistance. The worst part of being her was that ultimately, it wasn't anyone's fault she got so much attention from men. Such was nature. That didn't change just because she had

a husband, nor did the fact that eyes would always wander. Her "unique" figure tended to make sure of that. Put plainly, she had a big...well, very big butt, something made far more obvious by her small bust and even tinier waist. No amount of baggy clothing ever seemed to be enough to hide it. In college, she just stopped trying altogether. It hadn't taken long for her to snatch her shy work crush up after that, and she slept in his house and bed to this day.

Still, every time she was on the brink of thinking her bottom-heaviness was a blessing, something happened to remind her it was also a curse. Turning heads, instinctive glances -- those, she could forgive. But even if Jamie himself was harmless, why couldn't guys like him take a hint? Even back when she was just dating Flin, she'd dealt with them: men who took her already being taken as some sort of challenge. They never listened, too entranced by the oh-so-glorious sight of her ass to realize she had no interest whatsoever. Maybe they'd succeeded in getting other women to cheat on their partners, but to Irina, it was just stupid. What about hurting someone you loved -- or getting someone to do it -- was a turn on?

She ripped the box open all the way, revealing an even smaller one wrapped in plastic. It was what she'd ordered, alright. She smirked, allowing herself a moment of playful cruelty toward poor Jamie. He hadn't known he'd delivered her pregnancy tests to her.

The little triumph only lasted a few seconds. Before long, she'd flopped back on the couch with the tiny box to her chest, suddenly missing Flin a whole lot more.

She wracked her mind, desperately searching for something she could do to help him. She wanted to comfort him, really make him feel better, but how? Food? Quality time?

Sex?

Was any of that the cure? After losing Kanan like that? She hadn't even known the man all that well, but anyone could tell the two were brothers in all but blood. They built a whole company together, for god's sake.

Compared to that, what had she done?

It was so unfair. Their married life together had barely just begun, and she already felt so helpless. No matter what she thought of, she had no idea what to do.

Before she could sink deeper into that vicious train of thought, a light knock at the door pulled her out. She bolted upright and stormed over, huffing in exasperated anger as she glared at the doorknob again. She could handle Jamie once, but if he was back for more, so help her, she'd stop being so...

She yanked the door open, and her heart and mind both stopped as if slamming into a wall. She blinked twice, thinking her eyes were failing her, but no -- it really *was* Flin standing there this time. He wasn't the tallest man alive, but it wasn't hard to be taller than her. Somehow, that made his stubbly face and frizzled black hair all the more irresistible in her eyes. Looking at him now in that suit, she felt like she was back working in that cafe five years ago, reliving the moment she'd fallen in love with him...

As always, though, that memory faded in an instant, replaced by his unbearable real state. His suit was disheveled with his white undershirt untucked on one side. His arms hung limp from his shoulders, and his whole body slouched slightly under an invisible weight. Worst of all was his smile. The corners of his lips didn't reach his ears, and sunken shadows dragged his tired, blue eyes down like anchors.

Despite all that, he was beautiful, and Irina loved him.

After staring up at him in a daze for an instant, she threw her arms around his shoulders and pulled him down into a hard kiss. He let out a little startled grunt, but she didn't let him go until she was through with him. It served him right for

worrying her so damn much. "Flin! You're...You're back! So early!" She tried to sound angry, but her elated stammering gave away her relief. "What happened? Is everything alright? Why didn't you call me?"

He grinned a little more genuinely, making her heart skip another beat. "...Surprise?"

She raised an eyebrow. Ever the terrible liar.

Before she could form a response, she realized with embarrassment that both of them were still out on the front porch, and while no one seemed to be watching from any of the other houses, their scene was still in plain sight. Grabbing Flin by the collar, she marched back inside and closed the door a final time before turning to him again to give him a scolding--

God, he was so hot in this lighting...

She shook her head and spoke firmly. "You're hiding something from me. I can tell." He tried to look away from her, but she caressed his face back toward hers with a hand. "Come on, babe. I know things are hard. Work can't be easy for you right now. What happened?"

Flin's eyes looked both sad and conflicted at once, wincing as if he was holding himself back from saying something. Irina, in turn, moved her hand to his trembling arm, trying again to reassure him everything was okay. She sighed, reassuring herself, all the while failing to notice the effect her own touch had on *him*.

"Please. I hate seeing you like this. You can talk to- *mmmmph!*"

Her voice was cut off as, all of a sudden, Flin dove forward and mashed his lips into hers. His hands slid down to her waist, and in her shock, she mewled into the abrupt kiss. Her head became a fog as she tried to process it. Eventually, she let her mouth mould to his, heart racing, before pushing him away. She couldn't say she minded this new boldness of his, but what on Earth had gotten into him?!

"B-babe...! You can't just...!" she said through heaving breaths. Once again, she tried to sound angry, but she wasn't fooling either of them. Flin pulled her back in with a chuckle, and she immediately met his kiss with more ferocity, her tongue dancing with his as she let herself go. He tightened his grip in response, pressing his stiffening bulge into her bare tummy.

By the time he broke the kiss to look deep into her eyes, her head was spinning. The responsible, caring side of her still questioned him in the back of her mind, but her growing heat, charged by all the earlier agitations of the day, quickly snuffed it out. Realizing this, she slapped him weakly on the chest in frustrated horniness. The jerk always somehow managed to do this to her.

"Bedroom?" he asked. She began a hum of agreement, but it melted into his mouth as he resumed his onslaught.

"Mmmmmhmmm..."

Without another word, Flin ushered Irina backwards toward the hallway, and she didn't resist. Every one of his touches was a shot of pure pleasure, each kiss a spell she let herself fall under. The last remnants of her worry retreated for the final time that day, replaced by a liberating passion. Explanations, problems, tragedies that seemed insurmountable -- she could forget about all those.

Sex might not have been a cure for his sorrow, but for now, it was enough.

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Irina wrapped her arms around her husband's neck as he pinned her against the bedroom threshold, melting into his lust as they made out violently. Her heart thumped like wheels on a train track, and her body buzzed against the hardness in his pants. She wanted him closer. Even closer to her than he already was. Even though she held him to herself tightly in their storm of kisses, pressing her chest into his own, she wanted him impossibly close.

Flin broke the kiss and looked down at her. She could see the heat in his eyes, and she was sure hers were even hotter. They gazed at each other in silent understanding -- the wordless agreement only a charged couple could decipher -- and slipped into the bedroom, closing the door on the rest of the house.

Total darkness enveloped them. The blackout curtains had been her idea, a deliberate choice to obscure day from night. Needless to say, they were almost always closed for moments like this, and Irina didn't mind. She was more sensitive in the dark.

She moaned softly as she felt Flin expertly remove her crop top. Her nipples hardened against the cool air, anticipating his touch, but it never came. Instead, his hands immediately sank into her ass, fondling it just the way he always loved to--

"*Gasp!*"

"You might need a new pair, Rina..."

She trembled at his whisper, feeling the unmistakable feeling of his own skin against hers. One of his hands, pressed firmly into an ass cheek, had found a sizable hole in her yoga pants and slipped inside. A blush spread across her face, fortunately hidden by the darkness, as she finally clicked that tearing sound she'd heard earlier with her current predicament. She silently thanked herself for not turning around during her earlier encounter with Jamie. These kinds of mishaps with clothing sadly weren't anything new for her, but if that stubborn idiot mistook her carelessness for any kind of consent...

She'd have to check the mirror after yoga from now on.

Before she could worry further, she yelped playfully as Flin tugged her pants down in one swift motion. Just like that, she was completely naked and back in the moment, surrendering herself to the blind sensations around her.

She giggled at the light touch of Flin's grasp around her waist again, then gasped as she felt the ground beneath her disappear. He was always stronger than she expected. With a light push, she fell to the king-sized mattress behind her and laid in wait for him to join, to be closer... She heard the shuffle of his suit and pants falling to the floor, then nothing but his deep, heavy breathing.

She didn't have to see him to know just how hard he was.

She spread her legs wide, presenting herself in the darkness, and spurred her lover on with a simple demand:

"Fuck me."

The bed creaked, bouncing slightly as he climbed on top of her. He placed his hands on both sides of her head, and his legs brushed against her own, making her coo softly in anticipation. She felt his warm breath against her lips and knew their faces were mere inches apart, just as she knew he was surely a hair's breadth away from being inside her... She couldn't help but shiver. One of his hands wandered down to her hips, fingers lightly tickling her skin as they explored her closer and closer to her aching sex. No matter how much she bucked her hips to close the rest of the distance, however, he never touched her like she craved. Eventually, he lifted himself off her entirely, and she laid bare and hopelessly horny once more, waiting for her husband to take her.

He was being cruel tonight. He was about to make her beg if he didn't hurry up.

But just as she was about to do so, just as she was about to clamp her legs around him in frustration, a bolt of pleasure lanced up her body as something firm and spongy pressed against her pussy. In that magical moment, her entire world stopped.

Both of them held their breaths in silence as Flin pushed forward slowly. Irina could do nothing but focus on the feeling of his length sinking into her inch by inch,

savoring his heartbeat as it went deeper and deeper. She wanted it to never stop, to keep going, to keep coming closer. As he hit his deepest point, pressing his hips against hers, she still wanted more. She wanted him to ravage her.

They laid there for what felt like forever, not breathing, and not thinking.

Then, Flin pulled out...and thrust back in.

Both of them let go of their pent-up moans as their bodies finally took over. Flin pumped harder and faster until a steady, slapping rhythm filled the room, and Irina met his thrusts, grinding up into him as she moaned uncontrollably. She really couldn't help it. When he pulled out, she missed him, ached for him to come back. When he pushed in, a pang of pleasure coursed through her whole body. Each one was better, fuller, closer than the last.

Empty, then full... Empty, then full...

Irina squeezed her eyes shut and let herself go to the cycle, losing track of how many times it repeated itself. She didn't feel time at all. As long as her husband was in her, she only knew the feeling of his throbbing heartbeat, the building pressure between her legs, the longing for more...

And then, her eyes snapped open as Flin picked up his pace, huffing urgently, and mashed his lips against hers...

Before he thrust deep into her one last time, and froze.

They moaned into each other's mouths as they both came. As her husband throbbed inside her, Irina felt the tension leave her body like steam. Her loins trembled, her heart fluttered, and her legs quivered. The greedy, horny side of her faded away, satiated, as a soothing warmth spread inside her. They remained like this for what felt like forever -- what she wished could be forever -- until, at last, Flin gradually pulled away and collapsed on the bed next to her. The two soulmates turned to each

other, finding each other's eyes in the absolute darkness as the hot air between them subsided, until they both laughed.

"You think...?" Flin began. Irina giggled as she caught her breath.

"Yeah. This time for sure."

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When Irina awoke, the light on the nightstand was on, and the blackout curtains were actually open for once. The dark had migrated outside the window, where night had almost arrived.

Despite her waking grogginess, the sight immediately unsettled her. Lights on and curtains open always meant something serious was on the horizon, and as she turned her head to check on Flin, her worries were immediately confirmed. Her husband sat straight up against the headboard, face tense as he stared intently at his phone. She pursed her lips as she cursed herself for getting carried away by desire earlier. She'd already known it wouldn't fix his mood in the end, but it still hurt to see every time. Plus, she couldn't deny she wanted to enjoy the afterglow at least for a minute before the hammer dropped.

After a while, Flin finally noticed her and put his phone down on his lap, trying to cover up his distress. There it was again: that smile that didn't reach his ears. Her mind, paranoid, automatically shot to the worst possible thing it could, but she smothered the thought of an affair before it could fester. It wasn't fair to him, and she knew it.

His saving face around her was annoying, though. And this time, she wasn't horny enough to let it slide.

"What's wrong? An answer this time, please," she asked. Really, it was more of a demand in the disguise of a question. Flin stuttered a little and tried looking away again, but she caught his face with both hands and snapped it back to hers in a curt

motion, forcing him to look at her. "Flin, I know you're hurting, but you have to talk to me about things. I can't read your mind."

His eyes widened a little at her words, almost looking pained. She loosened her grip a bit. She didn't know what she'd said wrong, but she could tell she had. Before her resolve could waver any more, however, Flin finally sighed and spoke. "It's just something with work. I don't really know how to say it... I don't want to upset you."

Thump.

Her heart, in one heavy beat, jumped all the way to her throat, and all she could squeak out of her mouth was a single, feeble "huh?" All sense of logic left her mind, and that stupid suspicion she'd quelled so easily before suddenly felt terribly, undeniably real. She still didn't want to believe it, but in her vulnerable state, the little things began to pile up. His standoffishness after the tragedy. Her never being able to lift his spirits for long. That intense staring at his phone...

And what if their attempt today really *had* worked this time? What if their family was just about to start? What if-

Somehow, she dragged herself back to some semblance of reason with a shaky breath. In the end, she could do nothing but remain silent and listen as Flin tried to find his words.

"It's..."

Gulp.

"My boss."

...What?

All at once, her panic crumbled to dust, and in its place, she just felt stupid and annoyed again. Admittedly, though, feeling stupid felt a lot better than being right, so she couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief as she pressed him further. "Go on?"

"My new boss gave me the rest of the week off in exchange for inviting himself over for dinner tomorrow. He's been a thorn in the company's side ever since he wormed his way in, and now..." He paused, searching Irina's eyes for any sign of discontent. Maddeningly, this earned him another heart flutter. "I said yes. I wasn't sure how to explain it to you, Rina. You don't know how he is. I have to stay on his good side if I want to keep my job. I'm sorry. I didn't think you'd appreciate-"

Before he could ramble on any more, Irina stopped him with a sudden yet gentle kiss, then finally let go of his face. "That's really all? You scared me so much just for that?" she muttered. She settled back into bed, beckoning him with a finger. For added motivation, she let the covers fall from her naked chest, and as expected, he obediently turned off the lamp and joined her again in darkness. The dim glow of dusk made it not quite pitch black, but that was good enough. "I mean, I won't lie and say it's great you're suddenly throwing a professional dinner at me... But come on. Cooking is my whole thing. You should've just told me to begin with, dummy."

Flin chuckled at her in defeat for a bit, and then the peaceful silence returned.

Even so, Irina couldn't ignore how uneasy he seemed about this mysterious man. If he was taking advantage of her husband's grief, she'd show him a fury the world had never seen.

"What's this idiot got over you, anyway? You could've just said no. You're one of the company's founders, for Christ's sake. You're way more important. You should be the boss, not him."

"Kanan was the one who owned everything, though... I was always too shy for it..." Flin replied. There was a certain hesitation in his words, a dejection Irina couldn't quite place. She waited for him to elaborate, but as more silence took over the air, it was clear he didn't want to. She didn't push it. Despite how long they'd been together, she didn't understand much of what went on at his company, and work talk had never really been their thing.

"Well, what's so bad about him, then?"

"The new boss... he's a bit of a character, you see. I worry about him being here..." he trailed off. Irina used her signature move once more, placing a hand on his cheek in the dark, to make him finish his thought. "...With you, I mean. I worry, that's all."

Thump. Her heart was in her throat again, but this time only because of how hard it had skipped a beat. He was being protective? This far along into their relationship? She couldn't help but swoon at least a little. "Ah. So he's just another perv, is what you're saying?" she teased.

"Rina, I'm serious. He's really not a good person."

"And you're letting him eat dinner. My food, no less." Another silence followed. She sighed. "I'm sorry. He's holding your job hostage, isn't he?"

"Yeah. After all we've been through, too. He was one of Kanan's first hires back when we were still green to it all. We always regretted it because he ended up being an asshole all around, but we never realized quite how bad of a leech he was until recently. Kanan even wanted to fire him before..." He didn't finish that sentence, and Irina didn't make him. She didn't know how Kanan died -- everyone had been tight-lipped at the funeral -- and she still didn't want to know. "God, it's all so fucked up... I don't want to appease the bastard, but if I don't, everything we built...all this..."

"Hey," she interrupted, stroking his smooth skin with her thumb. "I'm not going anywhere, babe. I understand. It's just a dinner. And I'll be extra affectionate to you the whole time if that's what it takes to shoe the perv away..." She let a self-satisfied smirk spread across her face for an instant before composing herself. "But please stand up for yourself next time. I don't want to see you suffer -- for Kanan's memory or for me. I'll be right there with you no matter what. Why do you think I married you?"

She listened to Flin ponder her words before he let out another defeated chuckle. This one was even weaker than the last. "You're right. What was I thinking?" He leaned forward to kiss her lightly. "Sorry for waking you, Rina. I love you."

"Love you too."

Facing each other in the dark room, the two closed their eyes to let themselves drift off into the night together. However, as time passed, only Flin was able to. Listening to her husband's soft, steady breathing, Irina found herself teetering on the edge of sleep, tired yet unable to fall over completely. Despite all she'd said, there was a lingering unease in her mind, a shred of worry she'd avoided bringing up. She would deal with it if it meant helping her husband get through his grief.

Still, the selfish part of her stubbornly held onto her brain like meat stuck between her teeth. This didn't need to happen. She already dealt with enough pervs already. Was this job really so worth it to him that he'd introduce her to another?

The troubling thoughts evaporated almost as soon as she thought them. She had to remember this wasn't his fault. Consciousness fading away, she resolved to cook something nice tomorrow -- not too nice, but nice enough for polite conversation. Something to be only halfway eaten at best like professional dinners almost always were. Then, after it was over and the perv had left, they could put all this heartache behind them.

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Salmon Wellington.

As Irina opened the oven to the crisp aroma of fish and golden-brown puff pastry, she congratulated herself with a gleeful hum. Her cooking sense had yet to fail her.

At a glance, the dish looked and sounded just as extra as Beef Wellington, but it was secretly nowhere near as much of a pain to prepare. There was no need to worry about getting the cook just right as she had to with beef, and it didn't involve showy

ingredients like mushroom duxelles or prosciutto. Salmon, spinach, and cream cheese. Wrap it all snug in a puff pastry and shove it in an oven for a while, and what came out would have to taste good.

In other words, Salmon Wellington was an extremely easy meal wrapped in fancy clothing. Just right for this evening, she presumed.

The same couldn't be said for the dinner table. It had been fully furnished since morning, candles and folded napkins and all. They'd even broken out their nicest glasses and wine for the occasion, which Irina still thought was a little unnecessary. As she set the piping hot Wellington down in the center of everything, her husband paced back and forth in the living room just a few feet away. Rain and thunder drummed above as he glued his eyes to his phone. The summer storm had started in the afternoon, popping up without warning as these types often did. It still had yet to stop.

"Breathe, babe. He's not gonna get here any faster," Irina sighed.

"He said six thirty. Six. Thirty."

"Well, no one could've seen this storm coming. Sheesh. I'm starting to think this was your date with the guy..."

He glowered at her in clear dismay.

"I'm kidding, I'm *kidding*. Jeez. Wouldn't it actually be great if he stood you up? The weather outside is awful, and you don't want him here... Maybe we could even make this a real date night, then..." She sauntered up to him seductively, stopping just close enough to grab his tie and look up into his startled gaze. She wore a sultry, teasing smile, but she really meant what she said. It had been a while since they'd done this, and aside from that pesky third plate that didn't belong, everything had been prepared. The food, the table, the room...

Themselves.

And god, Flin looked hot -- again, and as usual. Not that he hadn't yesterday, but fixed up like he was now, he was just unbelievable. He'd tamed his long hair so that she could actually see his face properly -- clean shaven, skin spotless, and blue eyes glistening like the bottom of a pool on a sunny day. It didn't help that his simple navy suit fit him downright perfectly. It hurt her womanly pride a little for him to look so good with seemingly so little effort. She'd agonized about her outfit almost as much as the food all day, but wanting to remain modest enough to not impress the perv too much, she'd settled on the same old modest azure dress as always.

...As modest as her own body allowed.

For the thousandth time that day, a flash of worry and discomfort took over her. She still wanted to help Flin, but frankly, her unease from last night was gaining ground. In truth, she didn't want this boss of his to come over. She'd been too caught up in relief last night to properly see it, and now, she was second guessing how readily she'd agreed to all this. It must have shown in her eyes, too, because Flin smiled down at her in that soft, consoling way of his as he turned down her suggestion. "I'd love to make this just the two of us, Rina, believe me. But he'll show up. He's doing this on purpose."

"You don't know that. And he's not entitled to this house just because he employs you. You can still call it off now. It's his fault for being so late."

"Rina... I can't. He'll fire me."

"For what?"

"He'll find something. That's just how it works..."

Before the couple's quarrel could escalate any further, they trailed off at the dreadful, distinct sound of a car rolling down the rainy road and into their driveway. Irina shared one last anxious look with her husband, but in the end, she still followed him to the front door and waited in silence. Each second felt like it

dragged on for a minute, each muffled sound loud and unwelcome. The rain raged on, but she heard the car door shut through it. New footsteps crackled on their neat gravel walkway. Soon, they pressed down on their front porch, creaking heavily on the wood before stopping at last at the other end of the front door.

The doorbell pierced the air, and Irina realized she'd been holding her breath. A still moment passed -- a few seconds, to let the air settle between everyone -- and finally, Flin opened the door to greet this new boss.

Irina didn't like him.

It wasn't that the man standing below the threshold was all that ugly or looked unkind. In fact, most women would've certainly found this man very, even extremely attractive. He was tall under that umbrella -- truly tall, far taller than Flin - - and exorbitantly well-dressed. His green, satin suit complemented his well-built figure and hazel eyes, even after being peppered with rain. His face as a whole was symmetrical and manly, complete with a powerful jawline, clean scruff, and slightly damp blond bangs. Few would deny his smile's charm. Even the woody scent he radiated was pleasant on the face of it.

But that was just it: he was tailored. *Too* tailored. His suit looked like it had been professionally dry cleaned and pressed for this specific visit; that, or he'd bought it the very same day. His gelled hair, while nice, was hardly fitting for a simple dinner with an employee, and it looked a little too young on him. He was clearly fighting a losing battle with the wrinkles of his fifties. His cologne was also unusually strong. Irina immediately suspected he probably had a dresser lined with dozens more, each for a separate occasion.

"Sorry for the wait, you two," he said, interrupting her thoughts. His voice was deeper and kinder than she expected. "The storm hit me first."

"It's okay. I was starting to worry if everything was alright," Flin replied as he shook the man's hand. Irina saw him strain his smile, but the visitor seemed absolutely

oblivious judging by his own unbreaking grin. Her husband let go before long and gestured her way, turning his overbearing gaze onto her. "Tray, this is my wife, Irina. Rina, Tray. My new boss."

"Ah! I've been looking forward to this. Wonderful to meet you, dear." Tray extended his free hand to her, and she shook it with a hint of reluctance, watching her fingers disappear into his much larger grip. She managed to stammer out a short greeting as she did, surprised at how gentle his touch was after retching at the thought of it since last night. She didn't get the best feeling from his general vibe, but she wasn't expecting him to be so...polite based on Flin's descriptions.

Her anger wavered in the midst of her confusion. Perhaps she had judged him wrong, and Flin had just overreacted-

Her face froze, hopefully on a smile, as she watched his eyes wander slowly -- *deliberately* -- down her whole body before climbing back up to rejoin hers. A shiver crawled up her spine. Normally, she ignored looks, but this one was different from the rest. Unlike someone like Jamie, who always seemed flustered after being caught, this man didn't show a single sign of it. If anything, his gaze only intensified afterwards.

Irina suddenly felt the urge to yank her hand from his like it was a hot stove, but bizarrely, she found herself unable to move. While his grip never once tightened, he was holding the handshake just a moment too long, and his eyes seemed to pin her in place.

Gotta make a good impression. Have to impress him, just not too much. Can't let go first. Can't pull away...

She flinched at the feeling of another hand on her shoulder. Flin had come to her rescue, pulling her ever so slightly closer to himself in a subtle yet clear gesture. Tray finally let go as noticed it, and Irina felt herself catch her breath again for the

second time that evening. Thank god for this man. He was always there to support her in her times of need.

Although he was the reason she had to deal with this perv in the first place...

In the end, everyone silently decided to move on from the uncomfortable moment. Flin invited Tray inside, and the door soon shut on the stormy evening. Irina made sure to wait until the boss had set his umbrella down and walked in front of her to turn around. She absolutely refused to give him a show -- not in the way he was no doubt hoping.

Somehow, that didn't stop him from making another cheeky remark on the way to the dining table as he marveled at their living room. His bright, shiny suit clashed hard with the soft colors around him. "You have a beautiful house, Flin. And wife, might I add."

She waited for Flin's retort, but it never came. Instead, to her utter disbelief, he let out a nervous chuckle and left it at that.

At the table, she damn near slammed the knife into the Wellington as she cut it, steam fuming from the cooked innards as she served each piece. She sat right next to Flin when she was done, scooting extra close to send a message. His words from last night about his insecurities echoed in her mind, and she squeezed his arm for good measure. *I'm here. You have me. Don't let this asshole get under your skin, dammit.*

Yes. Despite her frustration with her husband, it was the perv sitting across from them who she was truly furious at. The one who abused his leverage, the one who used her husband's grief and vulnerability to get closer to her. If Flin's job wasn't so important to him, this man wouldn't be allowed within an ocean's distance of her, and she wanted him to know it. Even so, Tray didn't pay her clinging to Flin any mind, rather focusing on the fresh meal right in front of him.

"Wow. I never thought I'd ever use the word 'scrumptious,' but this really is. Did you make this, Rina?"

"*Irina*," she corrected, maybe a little too harshly. Flin threw her a disapproving look, but she ignored it. She wouldn't have this old perv using his pet name on her. "**Ahem...** But yes, I've been in kitchens my whole life."

As always, Tray seemed to completely miss her disapproval. "Is that so? Flin, how'd you get such a catch?"

"We, uh... met back in college. Worked at the same cafe. I was a bartender, she was a cook. Gave me free meals for weeks before I caught on."

"Oh, please. I saw you looking at me wayyy before that. You never stood a chance," Irina chided playfully. She then took Flin's face in her hands, not caring about the bite he was still chewing, and kissed him right in front of his boss. The taste of Flin mixed with her own food as she showed off, and to her surprise, she found it a little hot. She pulled away eventually, not feeling bad at all at her husband's troubled face. She *did* say she'd be extra affectionate to him this evening.

Unfortunately, it didn't have the intended effect at all. Tray simply bellowed a laugh at her brazenness, then went on. "Well, that explains your fine taste in wine, Flin..." He took an exaggerated swig from his glass. "Before you ask, by the way, don't worry. It's a short drive back home, and I'm no lightweight. This storm is nothing."

Flin forced a chuckle, but Irina could only swallow. She dreaded the thought of this man having to stay the night, and she wondered why someone like him didn't try to make an excuse to do so. For some reason, he just began talking work with Flin, allowing her to relax for once.

Over time, that was the general pattern dinner took: Tray semi-cordially talked with Flin about assorted business before, all of a sudden, offering a passing "appreciation" her way -- a blatant ogle, an unwelcome compliment. She could never truly enjoy the

periods between the flirting. They never truly lasted. Still, in a messed up way, they were a brief respite, so she found herself looking forward to them anyway. At the very least, it wasn't hard to see what he was after. He didn't barely try to hide it.

"Would it be rude of me to ask for seconds?" he asked, presenting his empty plate. "I have to say it again. You really are an incredible cook, Irina."

"Thank you. And of course. I made too much, honestly."

He indulged without another word, cutting an extra thick portion off the remaining Wellington before shoving a forkful into his mouth. "Mmmm... Man, you're a lucky guy, Flin. I'm jealous."

She pursed her lips, pressing closer to Flin as she watched his boss devour her meal. She was good at cooking, and unlike gymnastics, which required painstaking training, she'd always known it. She was simply talented when it came to food. Her food sense, she called it. She discovered it when she was a kid, back before she knew just how much of a model housewife it would make her in the future -- not that she minded anymore. She loved cooking, and she loved Flin. Cooking for Flin was a win-win in her book.

That was what she thought, at least. But now, seeing this man so greedily feasting on the skill she thought she'd reserved just for her husband...

She *really* didn't like him.

Eventually, dinner finally came to an end, and as everyone stood up from their chairs, she realized she was practically stuck to her husband's side, unable to let go. She felt like an idiot for teasing him earlier about being so antsy over Tray's arrival. Right now, the man couldn't leave fast enough for her. As they followed him to the front door, she feared she might push him out herself, but she managed to refrain.

"That was amazing, you two! We have to do that again sometime!" he exclaimed, utterly unaware -- or uncaring -- of her contempt.

"I don't know about that, Tray. We're very busy, you know," Flin replied weakly.

"Aw, come on. I know you. You can make time if you want it." Tray's voice was friendly, but Irina didn't like the sharp undertone of his words. Not at all. After a spell of silence, he eased up a bit, but that rotten feeling still loomed. "Well, I get it. I am your boss and all. I guess it might be awkward. Just...let me know if you need anything from me, alright? I wanna do anything I can. I need you in tip-top shape, got it? Oh, c'mere..."

Without warning, the large older man stepped up to Flin and pulled him into a bear hug, separating Irina from him in the process. She cringed at the act, her fake smile long since worn down by the events of the dinner. She knew for a fact that this man was far from close enough to Flin to hug him, but she could do nothing but watch her husband awkwardly accept it until it was over.

And then, before she could react, it happened.

Tray let go of Flin and, out of nowhere, hugged her next.

"It was so nice to meet you, too. Thank you for the meal," he muttered, voice huskier than usual.

"Oh! Um- uh... Okay..." she stammered, looking desperately at Flin for any help. In that moment, however, he looked as shocked as she must have. Her mind scrambled for a way to escape from the boss -- yell at him, try to push him away, turn him down like she did Jamie -- but for some reason, she could do nothing. The earlier gentleness with which Tray shook her hand was gone, replaced by a stern, unrelenting grip just a hair too low on her waist. It didn't hurt, but it did fasten her body tightly to his. She noticed against her will how solid the muscles beneath the satin was, and the close, overwhelming scent of his cologne made her head spin.

She could also feel it.

A soft yet distinctly thick shape pressed against her stomach as he hugged her close. The bulbous mass shifted slightly at her most minute movements, and the longer she stood frozen in his arms, the less she could ignore it: a rhythmic pulse beating against her through their clothes, a warmth seeking something warmer. In her shocked stupor, all she could process was that the bizarre, sudden, unfamiliar feeling...

It was growing.

"Hey. Hey!" Flin's shout must have startled them both, because Tray's arms unlocked in an instant, and Irina recoiled away just as fast. Still trying to comprehend what had happened, all she could do was lean against her husband as he spoke. "Tray, thank you for coming, but you're making Rina uncomfortable. Please leave."

"I apologize. My family's always been very handsy. I meant no offense." Scarily enough, out of everything the man had said today, these were the words that sounded the most genuine of all. Not that it mattered. Irina refused to look anywhere near him. She didn't dare. When enough time had passed for it to be clear he was officially unwelcome, she heard him open the front door at last. The sound of rain outside had grown even harder, thwacking incessantly against every surface. "Well, I'll be going, then. I'll see you next week, Flin. And thanks again for the meal, Rina. It really was scrumptious."

With that, he closed the door behind him, and his heavy footsteps disappeared off the front porch into the storm. Irina waited on Flin's shoulder to hear his car engine start and rumble away, and after what felt like a lifetime, his headlights finally shone through the window before fading away like a phantom.

As the rain beat hard against the roof, the two lovers stood wordlessly before Flin broke the silence. "Rina, are you-" he stopped the moment he studied her face. "I'm sorry. This is all my fault."

You think? Those were the words she wanted to say, but her mouth just wouldn't do it. She'd agreed to this, after all. That meant she had a hand in allowing that bastard in the house, especially since Flin had warned her about how he was. She just hadn't taken him seriously enough. Even so, she felt a real, undeniable anger at him right now. It was something she'd never felt toward him. Something irrational. Something scary.

So he'd been pressured. So his job was on the line. So it wasn't *all* his fault. So what? If not for that job, this never would've happened.

"I promise this won't happen again, okay? You won't have to see him again," he rambled, trying to reassure her. He was about to continue when she peeled herself from his shoulder and looked at him. She didn't even want to imagine the face she was making.

"I know. Just..." She took a deep breath to stop herself from screaming at him. She knew she wasn't in her right mind. "Just let me be for a little. I'll be in bed in a minute."

Flin opened his mouth to say something more. He quit it just as quickly, slipping down the hallway and into their bedroom without another peep. Just like that, she was alone with the drumming rain as her only company.

After standing for who knew how long, she absentmindedly made her way to the table, collecting each dirty dish one by one to take to the sink. On the platter at the center, only one slice of the Salmon Wellington remained. Its filling oozed idly from the puff pastry, the rest long since ravaged by the visitor. She dumped it in the trash can without a second thought, then added the empty dish to the pile under the hot water.

As she scrubbed away at the remnants of the disastrous dinner, she snapped her head up to the window at the sound of booming thunder. The lights flickered just

once as they revealed the white pellets falling in the dark outside. No one had noticed during dinner, but the rain had turned to hail.

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Unbeknownst to the married couple, Tray had been unable to contain his crude grin the moment he closed the front door. Though the hail hurt a little as it pelted him from above, he didn't even bother using his umbrella on his short walk to his car. He was in far too good of a mood to care.

Dinner couldn't have gone better. Well, maybe it could've, but even he knew when to separate fantasy from reality. After all, it wasn't like Irina would be letting him plow her senseless on her bed right away. Not yet.

For now, he'd done everything he'd intended to. He showed Flin his place, got to learn more about his wife, and, most importantly, made an impression on her. She was as perfect as he'd imagined. The girl could cook -- *really cook* -- and she looked absolutely divine in that light blue dress of hers. She also didn't care at all for any of his flirting no matter how polite or direct he was. He was sure of it: she was Flin's loving wife through and through, not some slutty gold digger. She'd even made a point of not turning around in front of him, though he was able to get a good peek at her ass once at the end of dinner when her guard was down. She wouldn't be easy, of that Tray had no doubt, and that was exactly how he liked them.

He tossed his umbrella in his Camaro and paused as he opened the driver's side door, turning around to regard Flin's house. It glowed peacefully in the fog of the storm, unabated by the hail blown sideways by thrashing winds. His smile only deepened at the sight.

For sure, Flin would never let him back in after tonight. But he was positive he'd be invited again.

Indeed, a seed had already been planted in Irina's mind. For her type, Tray knew physical touch, even if it took a little risk, was just about the only way to do it. Hugging her out of nowhere like that was worth it if it meant taking his pursuit to the next level. It was just a damn shame she was too shaken to look at him afterwards. He could only imagine how her face would have looked if her eyes landed below the belt, how she wouldn't have been able to peel them away like every other woman... He'd worn khakis just a little too tight for that purpose, though that, too, ended up being a mere fantasy in the end. All he had to show for it now was a massive hardon.

"Fuck..." he muttered, rubbing himself through his pantleg to quell the pressure. Just the memory of the embrace threatened to drive him crazy. The intoxicating scent of her floral perfume, the way her soft, supple chest pressed up against him, the view he had of her long hair spilling down her curves from above... He'd wanted so badly to slide his hands the rest of the way down her waist and palm her fat ass in front of her husband, but even a horny bastard like him knew that was a stupid idea. Still, his cock had ached for him to pull her closer, and denying the urge made his blood run a little too hot. It would take all he had to not relieve himself the moment he got home.

No matter. Just as he would remember the feeling of her, she would remember the feeling of him. Whether she wanted to or not.

As he drove away up the cul de sac, he found his gaze lingering on the house in his rear-view mirror, wondering what Irina was doing right about now. He imagined her lashing out at her husband for being enough of a pussy to let him visit, but as much as he reveled in the idea, the couple seemed far too close and mature to bicker without thinking. If she were so easy as to fall for his manipulation, he'd have fucked her tonight. Instead, if his suspicions about her were right -- as they so often were -- she was probably reflecting on everything quietly by herself, trying to sort out all the emotions he had so rudely disorganized.

The sky flashed with lightning, and thunder soon followed. Tray felt the sound deep in his gut, and he couldn't help but chuckle. How long would it be, he wondered, until Irina found something in her head that wasn't there before tonight? How long would it be until she realized she couldn't get rid of it?

For a woman like her, he would gladly wait.

Ch. 02

Irina woke up groaning as the rising sun lashed her eyelids from the window. She hadn't closed the blackout curtains all the way last night, too distressed to think about anything other than burying herself in deep sleep. Back then, she'd expected her mind to settle down on a digestible emotion by the morning. Maybe, she'd thought, her borderline hysterical anger at Flin would subside into something normal. Maybe she'd catch up with her relief and cry against his shoulder. Maybe, despite all odds, she'd even calm down completely.

Instead, she was horny.

She didn't understand why, but even in her waking grogginess, there was no mistaking the feeling. She lifted the covers slowly to check anyway. Sure enough, her panties were sodden, and the sensitivity beneath them gave away an agitation that had gone on through the night.

She dropped her head back on the pillow with a huff, and almost immediately, her hand idly wandered between her legs beneath the sheets. Before long, her eyes were closed as she breathed heavily, suppressing her light moans as she rocked her hips gently into her fingers. It was more an instinct than anything -- a deep itch she had to scratch. As she did, she opened her eyes and saw her husband next to her, face still and beautiful as always. He was sound asleep.

It was the same sight she had known ever since they started living together, but it hardly felt that way. He looked so calm it was hard to believe he was the same man she had constantly tried to comfort over the past week. He certainly wasn't losing any sleep over what happened last evening, either.

Why? Why was he only at peace when she couldn't talk to him? Was she enough?

As she agonized over all this, her hand never once stopped rubbing herself beneath the sheets. In fact, the more she stared at him, the harder she went, and the more difficult it became to quell her moans. Despite the heartache, despite the anger she still felt deep down, her growing heat this morning was so strong it overruled it all. It was the frustrated kind of horniness -- the kind that didn't care what else was going on. Given that Flin, the love of her life, was right there next to her, there was but one thing she could do to satiate it.

She nudged him to check if he was truly asleep, though her touch was purposefully too soft to wake him. Confirming his lack of reaction, she carefully crept under the sheets and found her way to his underwear, guided both by her intimate knowledge of his body and the dim morning light piercing through the covers. She kept working diligently between her legs with one hand as she pulled down his waistband with the other, watching intently as his length sprang free. As always, it was awake long before him. Its outline was nearly invisible in the dark, but in her entranced state, she could look nowhere else. Her face hovered closer unthinkingly, each breath washing over the naked, throbbing member right in front of her.

All she knew for sure was that right now, she wanted it in her mouth.

So, not wasting another moment, she parted her lips and took him in.

"Mmmh...h..." Flin moaned from above, stirring in dreamy pleasure. Irina responded in kind with a moan of her own, no longer bothering to be quiet as she began bobbing her head. She matched her pace with her busy hand, and soon she had lost control altogether, her heat raging as she began to finish herself off in earnest.

God, what am I doing?

The thought was fleeting, gone as soon as she sank down further. Flin twitched as she locked her lips tightly around his shaft, his head brushing back and forth between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. Each pulse brought a precious drop

of precum, all of which she lapped up without delay. The salty, musky taste only turned her on more, and she felt herself getting close. She wanted all he had before she came, though, and damn it all, she'd make him give it to her before that happened.

"Ugh... Huh...? *Rina?*"

She didn't slow down as she heard her husband finally wake up, solely focused on satiating her need. Even when Flin pulled the covers back from her, revealing her sucking him off diligently in the morning light, she only paused for a mere moment. Her eyes met his for a split second, piercing and demanding, before returning right to their task. He didn't stop her.

A few moments later, he thrashed inside her mouth, thrusting up reflexively and dousing her tongue with another dollop of clear seed. She, in turn, pulled away from him and held his torso down with her free hand. He was close, too, no doubt, and she did want his load, but she wasn't letting him off so easily. Her anger-fueled horniness wasn't so forgiving. This was *her* moment. For him, that meant punishment.

She stared up at him again as she began treating him more gently. His face looked tortured, on the agonizing brink of ecstasy. Good.

She focused on the head, which had grown swollen and red as it leaked a continuous trail of precum. She licked it all up before smothering his skin with her lips, reveling in the dirtiness of it all -- especially the sounds she made. Suckling, kissing, popping, moaning. The lewd, wet drag of her tongue rolling slowly around the cap. Whenever Flin began to tremble and breathe intensely, she would stop her treatment and simply wait. By the time he settled down, there was always a fresh supply of precum for her to clean up again, and she started over.

She almost lost herself in how long she repeated this cruel cycle for. Seconds? Minutes? She couldn't tell, but she kept it going for as long as she could before,

finally, her own pleasure reached a breaking point. She locked her lips around him, sucking as hard as she could as she lashed her tongue up and down the head. Predictably, this made Flin groan harder, and not soon after, he came straight into her mouth.

The potent taste fell on her tongue in steady pulses, and it sent her over the edge, too. She moaned around his throbbing skin, hips bucking uncontrollably into her sore hand as her whole body took with shivers from head to toe. Somehow, she maintained enough free will during the powerful orgasm to keep attacking her clit beneath her panties, trying to ride it out as long as she could. As she did, however, her mind, still not fully awake, began to wander without her consent, overcharged by the intoxicating experience of her husband's climax aligning with her own.

They found a flicker of a memory.

A shock. A skipped breath at something strong and irresistible pulling her in -- not in embrace, but in possession. Keeping her there. *Holding* her there. Rough, firm hands gripping the small of her back, holding her against a toned body and a huge... growing...

Her orgasm erupted again. The pleasurable shiver became a violent, animalistic shudder, and her back arched without warning, pushing her ass against something invisible in the air. Her hand, unable to keep up with the overwhelming feeling, fell limp and useless to the mattress, covered in her own juices. Meanwhile, her face remained firmly planted on Flin's crotch as she sucked and moaned helplessly against his manhood. It was long since spent now, but she barely registered his poor cries for mercy. It was her only tether to reality.

Eventually, the feeling subsided enough for her to regain control of her movements. Drool trailed down her chin as she caught her breath and locked eyes with her love in shared confusion. He clearly didn't know what had gotten into her, and she sure as hell didn't either, but right now, she let herself enjoy the afterglow anyway. She

couldn't remember an orgasm that intense in recent memory, and even as the heat slowly evaporated, little sparks of bliss caused her to tremble long after the fact.

She looked down at Flin's softened dick again, his taste still lingering on her tongue. He'd also cum more than she'd ever witnessed, though she had swallowed it all in her unthinking euphoria. She briefly lamented not taking it inside her where it counted, but she dismissed the idea just as fast. This hadn't been a passionate, romantic experience -- certainly not fit for loving conception. She'd simply lost control.

Realizing this, the last traces of her morning horniness faded away. As one last middle finger, it took the high of the moment with it, leaving only frustration. Anger, distress, worthlessness -- those were all still there after yesterday, and each of them whispered into her mind about the vile thought that had invaded her when she came. She abruptly stood up to ignore them, but by the time she was dressed, it was too late. The guilt had already begun, and the day hadn't even started.

Not knowing what else to do, she headed for the bedroom door to get some fresh air. Flin's voice called out from behind her, still snug as a bug in bed.

"Rina--"

"I'm still mad at you."

===

Horny mornings became a regular thing over the week Flin spent off, and Irina quickly betrayed her decision not to have sex during them. She had just been prudish that first time -- well, as prudish as she could've been while sucking him dry.

In part, she justified it by telling herself she needed to be more ambitious in starting their family. She'd always wanted "the moment" to be romantic, but she couldn't afford to be so choosy in the way their first child was conceived. It had been a year,

they had a forever home, and they both were on the other end of their twenties. She was ready for a kid. They both were.

That logic always came after the fact, though. In reality, in the moment, she backpedaled because sex on horny mornings felt so, so good.

For reasons she still couldn't explain, waking up had become a storm of unstoppable urge. It didn't matter how furious she was with Flin. Her skin tickled at his lightest touch. Her lips sought his body, coaxing out little reactions as they explored him. Her pussy, most of all, craved his attention no matter what. What she felt there on horny mornings now could no longer be called an itch. She burned deep inside. Every nerve of her crotch buzzed and ached, her womb radiating hot want like a hungry, dying star. Just grazing her outer folds with the tip of her finger made her gasp now, but maddeningly, her hands weren't enough anymore, either. She needed the real thing.

So, from the second morning onward, she turned to Flin and woke him up by sliding his dick inside her. He never once complained about this, of course, and she came all throughout the experience every time. Whenever he breached her, the burning fire within roared fully to life, driving her hips up and down until she rode him wildly. Minutes later, her climax would hit that second screaming high as she pressed herself down as hard as she could, grinding around to make his cock hit every spot she could, before he filled her up with the load she craved.

It wasn't the passionate lovemaking she was used to, and it never lasted long, but she didn't mind. Those mornings were overwhelmingly the best sex she'd ever had. Perfect, even.

...Almost perfect. That same stupid memory always resurfaced when she arrived at those leg-shaking orgasms -- the one of being held at the small of her back by an unrelenting grip. She always buried it immediately in turn, recoiling at whatever her brain was up to. The guilt was instant and much harder to bury. She would've been able to fully turn herself over to desire if not for that.

Just ignore it, she decided. That was the best she could do.

Once she managed to, she allowed herself to relax in Flin's arms as they prolonged the start of their day. She was sure by the fourth that she was thoroughly impregnated, and she hoped that much, at least, was getting through to him. Even if sex hadn't been a cure for him so far, perhaps the fact that he was capable of breeding her could give him a jumpstart to see sense.

The anger which sparked in her after that fateful dinner had settled into a quiet, fierce determination to reel Flin back to health by the end of his week off. Constant morning sex was only part of that. She cooked her very best breakfasts -- eggs benedict, biscuits and gravy, chicken and waffles, cinnamon rolls. She pulled him out on walks in their favorite park when he seemed down, the one where they'd shared their first kiss all those years ago. When reminiscing of the past inevitably drew him to tears, she brought him back to the house and drifted off to sleep with him on the couch, cuddling as he cried into her shoulder.

In her fury, she'd pulled out all the stops to do just about the only thing she could: remind him how much she loved and appreciated him. Body, belly, and soul. She'd force him to remember if she had to.

As far as the dinner with Tray went, it was a topic they'd silently decided to move on from, though she was still mad about it for sure. She just knew nothing good would come of bringing it up, and thinking of that man always led her mind back to that moment -- and then, of course, guilt, which she had to rebury. Besides, acting on love felt better than insisting on a grudge anyway. She wouldn't let anything get in the way of Flin getting better. Or anyone, for that matter. During one of their midday naps, Jamie knocked at the door to flirt, and she purposefully opened it just to show him her husband right in the living room. The creep didn't show up for the rest of the week.

She felt like she was banging her head against the wall at first. Like this was no different than anything she had done to help Flin before. But gradually, day by day,

she did begin to notice changes. Even more passion in bed than usual. More appetite, and more plates cleared. Gentler downs, though they never quite went away. When the tears came during and after walks, there were less and less of them, and when she cuddled him to sleep, his slumber grew soft and content, not just vacant as he so often seemed in the mornings. The days became easier, and slowly but surely, she allowed herself to believe their relationship was going back to the way it used to be.

That was, until the dreaded day came when it was time for him to go back to work.

As he checked his bag and outfit by the open front door, the light outside poured in around him like a halo. She wanted to grab him by the wrists and pull him away. "You don't have to go..."

"I do, Rina," he rebutted softly. "If we want to keep all this, I really do."

There was real truth in his words. She just couldn't accept it, even now. She'd tried to bring her growing anxieties about his job up to him over the week, but every time she even insinuated he should leave KF Designs, he gave her the "deer in headlights" look, unable to even comprehend the idea. He wasn't ready for that talk. Not yet.

For now, Irina just let herself enjoy the smile he gave her as he left the front porch -- a testament to the past week's grueling effort.

"I'll text you when I get there."

"You better."

Without wasting another moment, he was in his car, and he was off.

Irina sighed to herself as she closed the door, smothering her discontent. Sure, Flin was gone in that place again. But it wasn't all bad.

Her period was supposed to come around yesterday. It still wasn't here.

Giving into her curiosity, she cracked open the box of pregnancy tests that had been laying on the coffee table since last week. Just the sight of the little devices inside scared her. How many times had she been here only to find disappointment? She didn't even want to consider the idea of hope, but her mind went through with it anyway.

Minutes passed. She paced around to make them pass quicker, but she didn't dare look at the device laying on the kitchen counter. Even when she was sure five minutes had gone by, she couldn't so much as twitch her neck in its direction.

Eventually, like diving into deep, cold water, she shut her eyes tight and snapped her head around with force. It was a battle to pry her eyes back open, but little by little she did, until at last-

One line.

She steadied her breathing, calming her mind. Denial came right away. This didn't mean anything. No. Maybe it was still too soon. Maybe another brand would do. She could try again in a few days.

She went on about her day thinking like this until Flin returned. When she saw him, the last of the hope she'd let in slipped away.

Slumped shoulders. Worn face. Eyes full of sadness.

All that hard work, down the drain after just one shift.

Both of them fell asleep quickly after a quiet dinner that evening, too exhausted to speak more than the bare minimum. Needless to say, she didn't tell him about the test.

As if to mock her, her period came early in the morning the next day.

===

"...Mr Paller? Mr. Paller?"

Tray snapped up from his desk, eyes refocusing on the pixie-like intern in front of him. Her scolding gaze brought him right back to high school, back when his teachers caught him zoning out in class over whatever hot piece of ass caught his eye that day. Admittedly, not much had changed since then.

...Except age, of course. The secretary standing across the desk was much younger than him -- a cute, bubbly grad student who went above and beyond to prove she deserved her position. He was far from surprised when he found out she gave really, *really* good head. "Uh, sorry, Maddie... You were saying?"

She sighed, but he knew from the slight smile at the corners of her lips that he wasn't really in trouble. "I was just wondering if that was all you had planned for the day. Do you want me to list your itinerary again, or...?"

"No no! That won't be necessary, Maddie. Please spare me..."

The two laughed off the incident, but Tray couldn't help but drift off into his thoughts again, eyes lingering idly on Maddie's tight ass as she turned away.

It had been just over a week now since he met Irina, and Flin had been back for two days. That meant two days of her home alone, fermenting in the memory he'd given her. Her, who would almost certainly do anything to help her husband... If he was going to act, it was now or never.

"...Actually, Maddie?" he called out. The girl twisted around, files clutched tightly to her flat chest as she awaited instruction. "Go ahead and call Flin over, would you please? And call up a meeting with the board while you're at it. I'm thinking we'll also need the B project done for tomorrow's presentation. Could boost our rep with CeraTech to give 'em the whole pitch at once."

"Really? I thought everyone only planned for A. Flin might not even have the file on..." she trailed off, her raised eyebrow settling down as realization dawned on her.

A sly grin cracked across her face, and she circled the desk expertly before placing one hand on his shoulder. Her movements weren't overly suggestive, but they were far too close to be professional. Tray just smiled in response. The old boss's secretary had only been *officially* his for just over two weeks now, but she already knew him well enough. "You really have seemed distracted lately. Any other projects on your mind?"

"Ha... Yeah, something like that."

"I can help you out, if you'd like..."

Her hand slid one or two centimeters down his jacket, her pinky rubbing lightly just above his chest. He clenched his fists, fighting the urge to give in as he tried to maintain his smile. He could feel his cock rapidly growing beneath the desk, and he didn't have to look at her to know she was looking, too. With every throbbing heartbeat, her hand trickled down just a little further, then further, then again...

No. He'd saved up since dinner last week just for this chance.

It was stupid and he knew it. Perhaps Flin did actually have the file on hand. Even if he didn't, there was no guarantee Irina would be the one to come and return it. And even if she *did*, Tray would still need to find an excuse to push the affair further. What he was doing was basically equivalent to casting a line into murky water with just a lure, all while he had a delicious catch right there next to him waiting to be devoured.

But it was a chance. And damn it, the chance was *thrilling*.

"I *would* like that, Maddie," he grumbled, gently -- regretfully -- removing her hand from his body. "But not today, I'm afraid."

To his surprise, Maddie's smile only deepened when he denied her. She threw him one last mischievous glance, playful and knowing, before leaving him in the office to stew in his arousal for the day.

"Well then... I'll go ahead and give Flin the notice, then. Good luck, Mr. Paller."

===

Irina bumped her head on the steering wheel as she pulled into the last place she wanted to be.

Why her? Why now? Why any of this?

It didn't make any sense. Today had been fine until thirty minutes ago. Boring, but fine. She had been in the middle of another yoga session, distracting herself from all the stress in her life, when Flin's ringtone screamed out over the music. Apparently, his higher ups had suddenly bumped up the due date for one of his projects to tomorrow, and he just so happened to have left the thumbdrive with it in his work room back home. He was already too swamped with work to drive back for it, meaning one thing:

Only *she* could come to his rescue.

His panicked voice had tried to make excuses, but she was hardly listening by then. All she could think about was what he said that night.

You won't have to see him again.

She seethed all the way through the drive. *Save your breath, liar.*

KF Designs really hadn't changed much. It was still the same compact, three-story box of an office building as always, a small getaway tucked in the trees on the outskirts of the city. She didn't come here that often, but she remembered how happy Flin had been when Kanan finally announced it was done.

Of course, now that she knew who else occupied it, she wanted nothing more than to go back home.

Her tense gaze wandered to the thumbdrive sitting in the passenger's seat. She thought about texting Flin to have him come get it -- anything to avoid going in there -- but she knew not to even try. He was too busy.

She sighed. In and out. Quick and easy.

The two guards out front perked up at the mere sight of her the moment she left her minivan, opening the doors before she could even ask. The combined scents of cleaner and cold brew hit her instantly as she walked inside. The culprit, of course, was the cafe still shoved haphazardly into the corner of the lobby. Its pitiful attempt at a rustic, woody atmosphere didn't make it far before sterile grays and plastic plants took over. None of the employees in the lobby participated in its charade besides a young, bored-looking barista behind the counter. She shot Irina a strange look, eyes tracking her voluptuous new figure before flusteredly returning to her phone.

Irina pressed on, and the eyes continued to follow her hips as if they invited freely. Men forgot their tasks in the hallways and admired. Women envied -- and also admired, sometimes. She thought she'd dressed modestly in her nondescript baggy t-shirt and blue jeans, but she ignored the attention with grace anyway, hurrying along without looking back. One elevator ride later, she stood at room 312. Flin had given her the number and map in case of emergencies. She never could've expected all that memorization would be for this.

The moment she was inside, she released the breath she'd been holding since getting out of her car. Luckily, she'd managed to avoid any unwanted encounters.

She expected her relief to fade back into frustration when she looked at Flin, but instead, she was stunned. He sat at his desk, hunched over and scribbling away at his tablet like a madman with his suit jacket strewn over the back of his chair. He was so drawn into it that he hadn't even noticed her quietly enter his room.

"...Flin?"

His head whipped up and around at the sudden interruption, staring at her in a daze before his eyes locked onto the device in her hand. Not a moment later, her brain short circuited as he took her into a soft embrace. She opened her mouth, but to her utter bewilderment, the angry speech she'd practiced in her mind all the way here puffed away like smoke.

"Oh, thank you, thank you! You're a life saver, Rina. Really, I mean it," rambled the baggy-eyed idiot. He cupped the hand holding the drive in his own, and she felt her heart tug uncontrollably. She wanted to punch herself for being so easy, but all she could do was listen to his voice go on. "I'm really sorry I made you rush over. I know how hard it is. You must be furious. It's just... They really caught me off guard. I didn't think I'd need to finish this one before next week, let alone tomorrow."

"It's...fine. I'm glad I could help." She'd intended for the words to have a sarcastic bite, but it was no use. Even after all the bullshit he'd put her through, her husband had completely disarmed her. He took the thumbdrive with a big, dumb smile and zipped back to his desk, plugging it into the computer with utter glee.

Yeah. I still love him, she thought, watching on. As if on cue, another bout of random horniness came over her, and she pressed her legs together. Damn this man. Here he was, her type personified, and yet she couldn't do a thing about it. Not because this was his workplace -- if anything, the thought of jumping his bones right now for everyone to hear turned her on. No. Her period, as usual, was just very ill-timed.

Regardless, she didn't want to get out of here so quickly anymore. She leaned on the back of Flin's chair, rubbing his shoulders for good measure. "...Can I watch?"

"Oh...well, you're not cleared..." he began sheepishly before noticing her pout. He relented instantly. "But I guess I can make an exception for you this time. Feel free to leave whenever, though. It's not all that exciting."

He sounded surprised, and honestly, she was, too. In all their time together, even back in college, she'd never taken much interest in what he did. Their areas of

expertise were just worlds apart. She couldn't even draw a straight line with a ruler, much less pump out professional artwork on a weekly basis. Some might've found the career disparity unhealthy, but she never minded it. Flin couldn't stretch to save his life, and his cooking was so bad everything else equalled out in her eyes.

But now, she felt a vague sense she *should* watch him work for once. Maybe it was recent events, maybe it was spontaneous curiosity -- she wasn't sure. As she looked on, though, she couldn't help but marvel at the images filling the monitor. They were just logos for some company called CeraTech, but each looked so different from the last she could hardly tell they were all for the same company. Some were drawn in flowy, embellished text. Others, more reserved and deliberate.

From time to time, she quietly pointed out one that really caught her eye as Flin sifted through them, trying to butter him up. It was so cute how he simply couldn't accept the praise.

"No, that's too busy." "Basic." "I kinda liked that one too, but the team wasn't so hot..."

She let out an exasperated sigh every time. To her, all his creations were beautiful.

She desperately wanted to bear one of them someday. Probably more.

Eventually, he stopped clicking through the dozens of designs and settled on what was apparently the most popular one. Before long, he was back to tinkering with it, refining every little thing that Irina's untrained eye skipped over.

To her, it was like magic. But as time went by, she found her gaze landing less on the work and more on Flin's face. Focused. Determined. A small bite of the lip when he paused between strokes, then a satisfied smile when he figured out the next. She remembered what he'd said to her during one of her walks about how he just couldn't work after losing Kanan, but what she saw told her otherwise. He might as well have been in a different world as he drew.

Her eyes flicked to his desk again, this time landing on the framed pictures adorning it. Memories of his friend -- and herself. Seeing them, it finally hit her:

This really was his life.

So, she watched and watched, drawn in by this side of him that she had never truly seen.

She was *so* drawn in by her husband's work, in fact, that she failed to notice the eyes watching her through the cracked door.

By the time thirty more minutes had gone by, she basically had to tear herself away from Flin's shoulder. Regretfully, she still had groceries to buy for the week. "I'd better be going," she murmured softly as she approached the door. "I'll see you in a few hours. Love you, babe."

He was too focused to reply. She just smiled at this, basking in the sight of her love one last time before finally leaving.

Ten seconds into walking back toward the elevator, she wished she'd never left his side.

There, waiting to go down as he talked loudly with another colleague, stood Tray.

===

His voice called out for her the literal moment she turned for the stairs instead.

"Ah! It *is* you, Rina!"

She froze in place, looking back at the older man sheepishly like he'd caught her red-handed in a heist. He gave his colleague a rough clap on the shoulder before approaching, giving two other passerbys a pat of their own on the way. He hadn't lied -- he really was handsy with everyone.

It didn't make her feel better.

"I almost missed you! Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?" he boomed, shaking her hand with fervor. She just looked up at him in a daze, unable to process her dire situation. All her mind could do was note how uncharacteristically sloppy his attire was today compared to that night. He hardly seemed the boss type in a plaid sports suit and...and...

Her eyes flicked down to his khakis in an uncontrollable instant. The memory whispered into her mind, and she shut it out immediately, looking back up as fast as she could. She prayed he didn't notice.

Luckily, that didn't seem to be the case. Before she could formulate her stutters into anything close to a response, he let go of her hand and pointed at the metal door she had tried to escape to. The elevator just across from it opened as he did, too late to be any kind of useful. "You taking the stairs? It's never a bad time to work those legs, I suppose."

She let out a shaky, nervous laugh, trying -- for some reason -- to maintain face as she followed him. It was like she was right back in her dining room last week, putting on a mask even though there was no reason to hide her disgust.

That was exactly the problem, though. As Tray prattled on to her about his leg workout regimen on the way down the stairs, she couldn't place how she exactly felt toward this man anymore. Well, she knew she *hated* him at the very least, but seeing him now just muddled everything else all over again. Whenever she opened her mouth to respond to his onslaught of words, her own always got stuck in her throat as she remembered that moment by the front door, smothered in his grasp. It brought back all those unwanted, unsorted emotions, and this time around, the world was moving too quickly for her to rebury them.

Where was all that anger now? What happened to showing him that "fury the world had never seen?" This wasn't her. Not at all.

"Care to join me for a quick coffee?" Tray asked, snapping her out of it. "You must've seen our cafe."

For the first time, she managed to complete a thought, perhaps out of sheer panic. "Oh no, that's not necessary, really. I-I really should be going-"

"Oh, come on, I insist! We're friends, right? We've had dinner together. Counts in my book."

The two emerged back into the front lobby, and she found herself unable to form a concrete rejection to his offer. He was so much more assertive than she was used to, even more than he was at dinner. He stood up completely straight, almost as if to demonstrate his sheer height and figure to the entire building, and his voice, while overbearingly friendly, never left any wiggle room for his words to be denied. Even in his ridiculous clothes, Irina realized, this man commanded attention. Her current stuttering state was no match, so she could do nothing but follow for the time being.

Two orders of pumpkin spice latte later, he sat right next to her at one of the cafe tables instead of across -- far too close for comfort. Sighing, she looked longingly out the window to her car sitting in the parking lot.

Might as well ride this out until it's over.

Tray interrupted her brooding once again with a loud, long slurp from his drink. "Mmm-mmm! You gotta try this, Rina. Hits the spot every time."

"Can you-" she blurted, stopping herself as her voice echoed through the mostly empty room. The barista and a few employees working on their laptops at a distant couch glanced her way, but they forgot all about her by the next moment. She continued in a lower tone, her courage finally set off by Tray's audacity. She was almost glad to find her ire intact. "Can you please stop calling me that?"

"What, does Flin own your name or something?"

When she glared at him, all he did was chuckle.

"Alright, alright, I gotcha, I gotcha. It's a cute pet name, though. A shame he gets it all to himself."

"It's the least I can give him. You all work him too much for his own good."

"Well, I hope he made up for it with interest last week. He should know how lucky he is to have a woman like you around. Go on, try your latte." He gestured casually toward her cup before she could even balk at his crude pass, and reluctantly, she gave her straw a curt sip. Sure enough, the drink was nothing special. Judging by the deepening smugness in his gaze, he knew this very well. He didn't give a shit about the latte or the cafe from the start. He was just doing this to get close to her.

He resumed their hushed interaction as she put the cup down. "Anyway, I really do owe you one. Flin's been a lot more productive lately. That week off with you really was the trick. Seriously. Don't take this the wrong way, but he wasn't getting anything done the week after the old boss died."

"Gee, I wonder why..." Irina's words came out with venom, but deep down, she lamented hearing her husband's earlier story be affirmed. He was having it hard here even while doing what he loved, and she'd been almost nothing but selfish over the past week.

Tray noticed her softening expression scarily fast, his voice instantly taking on a consoling tone. "Hey, look. It's no one's fault Kanan went the way he did. Seemed like the happiest guy in the known universe. But this is a business at the end of the day, y'know. I gotta make sure everything keeps on a-runnin'. Can't help that Flin's our best guy." Just as Irina thought he was maybe being polite for once, a sly grin grew between his ears. "...I guess that makes you our best girl by extension. I wouldn't complain about that, at least. Could use you under me."

"Look," Irina snapped, though her voice only rose just above a mutter. "What's the point of this? If all you wanted to do was flirt with your employee's wife, I think we're done here."

She shifted in her seat to get up, but Tray placed a hand on her shoulder to stop her. As always, his hold wasn't exactly tight, but she still shivered at his touch. His gargantuan fingers covered all the way to her collar bone, drifting dangerously close to her neck.

Why are you letting him touch you? Move, dammit.

Instead, she reluctantly relaxed into the chair, and he let go with a victorious smile.

"You're right," he chuckled. "I like a woman who catches on quick. Y'see... That file you brought to Flin's office was...oh, how do I say this?" He leaned back and held his chin between his finger and thumb, exaggerating a ponder. "You're a great woman, Rina, you really are. But the truth is, you're not authorized to see those kinds of things. It's not your fault. You didn't know. But Flin... He really should know better."

"What are you getting at? Wait, were you *watching* us?"

Tray sighed, acknowledging her realization by showing her his phone. The screen showed a picture of her leaning over Flin's chair in the office, admiring the logos all over his computer screen. Of course, the framing from directly behind was hardly flattering for her.

"NDA violations are serious business, baby," Tray continued. "Firing is the least of his worries. I hate to say this, but worst case scenario, he might never find a job in the field again if this gets out."

At once, the lump in her throat exploded, gasping away all her air as if she'd been punched in the gut.

Well, you're not cleared...

So *that's* what Flin was talking about.

She didn't know how long she sat there staring at Tray in terror before she got her next words out.

"You can't."

That had to be it. Tray had to be lying, or exaggerating. There was no way something as harmless as her sneaking a peek at those pictures could be punished so severely. She didn't care about them. Hell, she didn't even know what kind of company CeraTech was, and she'd probably forget their name by the end of the day. What about those logos was so confidential? What was she going to do with them? Besides, she was Flin's wife! The wife of the most important artist here! Surely there were exceptions written in for close contacts...

The more she wracked her mind, however, the more hopeless she began to feel. She recalled what Flin said that evening just before this bastard of a boss butted his way into her life.

He'll find something. That's just how it works.

Her face paled as, for the first time, she realized how real all this was.

Sure, she hated Flin's current situation here. She'd rather have him all to herself, and it killed her to see him so burnt out. But sadly, he was also right: this place was what made their future possible. Their house, their comfort, their kids... All of it came from here. And to lose not only that, but his career, too? All he worked for, gone because she didn't think this through?

Dumbass. *Dumbass.*

She'd already been so useless to him -- so selfish, so insensitive -- but apparently, that still wasn't enough. Now, he seriously might lose his *job* because of her.

"Let me paint that face tonight and I can make it go away."

The words cut through her thoughts like a hot knife.

She looked blankly at the man sitting next to her, not entirely believing what she'd heard. "Excuse me, what did you just say?"

"What I said. Let me cum on your pretty face and I'll forget all about the violation," Tray explained, his soft voice not once wavering. The expression in his eyes remained completely calm, too, bearing down on her seriously as if what he was suggesting were totally normal.

Without another thought, she shifted to get up from the table as fast as she could. Tray stopped her once more, taking her by the hand. Before she could do much more than squeak in surprise, he dragged her own down, down, and down...

Before resting it on his crotch.

A silence passed between them, brief and heavy. She couldn't move. She couldn't breathe.

"You've been thinking of me since that night I see it. You have an awful poker face, you know." Tray's voice lowered again, taking on that sultry, husky, disgusting tone he'd used after dinner. Back when he hugged her. Back when he violated her.

Back when all those guilty thoughts and orgasms began.

Under her hand, she felt a shift. A familiar warmth taking a familiar, thick shape. Her fingers reflexively responded, squeezing to feel it out. Tray let out a deep hum, and she finally looked down to see that she was, in fact, caressing his bulge. With her rationality in total disarray, her head generated just one thought at the sight of it -- an ancient, primitive instinct.

Big.

"Why don't you come by tonight?" Tray muttered. "There's no use in beating around the bush, Rina. Just walk on in when no one's around, get a little sample of what

you're curious about, and save your husband's job while you're at it. Two birds with one stone and all that."

For the first time in what felt like forever, Irina took a shaky, labored breath. The soft warmth in her palm pulsed once, then hardened slightly. Then again. She absently noted to herself how much it kept growing despite its size, each of his heavy heartbeats flooding it with what should've been an impossible amount of blood. Over time, what had once been only a vague shape became undeniable. Veins. Ridges. A hint of a downward curve -- a real weight. She felt them all, separated from her naked hand by mere millimeters of fabric.

She saw them, too. Their impression, still prominent even in loose khakis. She couldn't look away.

Tray went on as she tried to process it. "Oh, and while you're at it... When you do visit my office, wear that blue dress again. You looked wonderful in it. And put on some lip gloss, too. Just in case things...you know, escalate."

Very -- *extremely* slowly, he pushed Irina's hand down the contour, guiding her all the way up and down its length.

At this single stroke, her mind at last caught up with what was happening.

They were in public. Exposed. Someone had to see what was going on here.

When she tried looking around, she only felt more invisible. The barista's eyes were glued to her phone, eardrums sealed shut behind airpods. The workers sitting at the couches were similarly preoccupied with their laptops, and they were too far away to properly hear any of this.

Scream. Pull away. Get their attention. DO SOMETHING, she agonized.

She didn't. She couldn't. Both her mind and body were stuck.

Whatever hate she felt for this man, however much he disgusted her, all of it ground to a confusing halt when he showed his true colors. Every fiber of his being from his stature to his chiselled face shut down defiance. His eyes demanded, subtly. His words commanded, gently. He never needed to use more than a shred of his overwhelming strength to trap her. Even now, he wasn't holding her hand so hard she couldn't slip out. He was just resting his own on top of hers, gently sandwiching her between his palm and what was, without a doubt, the most massive cock she'd ever seen.

When her reason fully returned, it took all she had to say what she should've from the beginning. Under his gaze, it was like lifting up a mountain. "This is blackmail. Let go of me."

Not wasting a moment, Tray lifted his hand. She didn't leave hers for long after he did so.

But it did linger.

She stared at him for a while after she recoiled away. Her heart had gone berserk, and she couldn't even begin to find the words to respond to his ridiculous advance.

How could she?

With nothing left to say, she absentmindedly picked up her cup and got up from the table. She felt Tray's eyes, hungry with lust, follow her swaying bottom loyally as she drifted away. Despite how many times she'd dealt with these stares before, she'd never felt more exposed than by his.

He spoke out one more time as she opened the front door. "I'll be here 'till 9. Room 330, third floor. Can't miss it. It's a bit further down the hallway than Flin's."

She tossed her latte into the trash, still barely touched, and got away from that building without looking back.

===

Irina had forgotten all about the groceries when she pulled back into her driveway. Not that it mattered; she wasn't in the mood to cook at all. She'd just order out for her and Flin tonight.

What to eat, then? What next? Neither of them really liked pizza, and she made better Italian than any restaurant here could hope to match. Maybe a simple burger... Oh, but then she'd be so worried about weight...

Weight. *Weight.*

She shook her head and hurried inside.

Distractions. Yes. Distractions would work. They had so far. She'd distract herself until Flin got back.

She washed her hands and tried resuming her yoga session from where it left off. Unfortunately, there was no recovery from an interrupted flow. She couldn't sink as far into the movements and positions as usual, and the calming voice and music simply weren't working to calm her. Her mind refused them like they were all a collective joke told at the wrong time.

"Breathe in. Breathe out."

I can't.

Okay. If not yoga, then cooking.

Oh, but how could she forget? She didn't want to cook right now.

With no other options left, she settled on TV instead, blankly lounging on the couch as she zoned out at the screen. The news wasn't exciting in any way whatsoever, but it was at least something to chew on until Flin got home.

It only worked until the first commercial. It was one she saw on basically every channel, a chirpy ad for an interior decorating company with way too much money to spare.

"Whether it's fabrics, furniture, or the pots and pans in your kitchen, we'll help you find the style you need! For first-time customers, we'll even paint your walls, free of-

"

With a click of the remote, the flat screen went black, drowning the living room in silence.

That word bounced around in her head, echoing over and over again.

Paint. Paint. Paint.

Let me paint that face tonight and I can make it go away.

She flopped onto the couch, hugging the pillow as if it could smother the memory into oblivion. When it didn't, she pressed into it harder until her strength gave out. She let go and turned onto her back, staring up at the spinning ceiling fan as she tried to lull herself to sleep.

That bastard.

That. Bastard.

She held her hand -- the one he'd grabbed -- out above her, inspecting it like it wasn't hers. It certainly didn't feel like it anymore. She hadn't even been the one to grab him, but that didn't matter. The useless thing already felt defiled beyond repair. She could practically still feel the stretched fabric in her palms, the pulsing warmth confined within.

The thought to wash her hands crossed her mind. Of course, she'd already done so a couple times by now without even thinking about it. Her hands should've been squeaky clean.

What to do, then? What the hell was she supposed to do?

I'll tell you what, her conscience sneered. *You get Flin away from there and you run the hell away.*

That memory of her husband smiling peacefully as he drew flashed in her mind. She shut it out and steeled her resolve.

It didn't matter how much the job meant to him. It didn't matter how ready he was to face the fact that it was ruining their lives. Both of them had to get as far away from Tray as they possibly could, right now.

What that man had done was undoubtedly illegal. Blackmail and sexual assault. With their income, they could easily afford a lawyer who would put him under the ground. After that, Flin would find another gig that didn't keep him stressed and sad all the time, they'd have their kids, and they'd live happily ever after.

That's what her reasonable side kept saying, but somehow, despite the fact that it made sense, it gave Irina no confidence. The very idea of trying to win against Tray made her...uneasy. The way he looked at her so smugly, absolutely free of worry, told her against all odds that he was sure of his own safety. So he'd committed some crimes. So what? She'd need to get evidence, find weaknesses. She couldn't tell in good faith if someone like him even had any.

He was nowhere near her, but she still felt trapped in his grasp -- locked in a hot, dark place with only him, staring up into his dominant gaze as his fingers simply rested around her. He didn't need to tighten them. Even if she struggled against them, like a cage, they wouldn't budge.

He held her now with each of his hands. One found her own, and the other her waist -- a blend of the two terrible memories which wouldn't leave her alone. They made her heart race, though not in a good way. It was the pitter-patter of a scared animal, not arousal.

That's what she was. Scared. When she was horny enough, her foggy mind simply couldn't tell the difference.

As if responding to her attempt to rationalize, Tray moved, and she, unable to resist, followed. His grip on her waist tightened ever so slightly, pulling her even closer. He guided her hand once again to his crotch, gently rubbing her over that vile, bulging heat. Her breaths intensified uncontrollably, puffing into the air and mingling with his.

She couldn't look away.

Seeing this, the older man cracked that smug, self-satisfied grin and led her trembling fingers to his waistband. With a soft push -- barely a touch at all -- they slowly disappeared beneath, and her heart skipped a beat as she felt that unbearable warmth grow closer, and closer, and closer, until-

-!

Her eyes shot open at a loud knock at the front door, brought back from the deep slumber which had taken her without her noticing. Quickly straightening herself up, she scrambled over to unlock the door, ignoring the idle wetness between her legs. No time for that. This was an emergency.

Just tell Flin, she reassured herself. If she just told him, all this would be over. She was sure he'd leave no questions asked. He loved her more than anything.

When she opened the door, it wasn't him.

The man standing in front of her had bloodshot eyes and pallid, clammy skin. His suit jacket was gone, forgotten in a rush to get home that left his undershirt drenched in sweat. He trembled as he stared down at her now, ragged strings of hair cutting down his face like deep, black ravines.

No. This couldn't be her Flin. She'd never seen him look so mad, so mortified.

Before she could bring herself to say anything, let alone greet him, he rushed past her without a word.

"Flin? Flin, baby, what's wrong?" she called after him. For a few seconds after the door shut, he didn't respond, just leaning on the dinner table as he heaved in exhaustion. She took a step toward the love of her life before, for the first time ever, hesitating to go any closer.

"I'm done for. This is it. I'm fired."

His droning words hit her from a blind spot.

"What...?" What had they done to him?

"The drive..." He shook his head with an empty chuckle before, without warning, slamming his fist down hard on the table. Irina jumped back. She could only watch as her husband's face contorted into something even more unrecognizable as he yelled. "That damn drive! What a bunch of bullshit!"

He hit the table again and again. Only when he looked up and saw Irina pursing her lips nervously did he stop, almost looking a little ashamed of himself.

"I'm... I'm sorry... We had a meeting, and they're threatening my job... Said I broke the rules by showing you the stuff on that drive. Which, of course, I did. Yep. Just my luck. They. Found. Out! I don't even *know* how they did! This doesn't make any sense!" He looked up at her, eyes pleading. "You didn't tell anyone, did you?"

"No. Never." Her response was reflexive and final. The last thing she needed was for Flin to start having doubts in her. After all, the truth was far more disturbing.

"It's that guy," he said as he sat down, echoing her thoughts. "That *fucking* guy. The rat. Tray. He's behind this, I just know it."

She averted her gaze from his, guilt rising again in her chest. If ever there was a time to spill the beans about what actually happened at the cafe today, it was now.

So why couldn't she?

She shivered as that smug grin wriggled its way into her head again.

She'd assumed the blackmail was his only bargaining chip, that the ball was in her court. She'd thought wrong. Tray knew she would waver after their encounter, and he was forcing her hand while everything was fresh.

She bit her lip so hard it almost drew blood. It was a mistake to have ever let him in this house. The man wasn't just a perv, or a jerk, or a cruel boss.

He was dangerous. This had to end now.

So, despite her fear -- god, was that how she felt toward her own husband right now? -- she cautiously walked up to Flin and took him by the arm, trying to calm him as she always did. He didn't react at all to her touch this time, as if she were caressing a cold, dead limb.

She spoke anyway. "Flin, please leave that place. It's tearing you apart."

It was the first time she'd ever told it to him straight. The longer the following silence went on, the more she regretted it.

"Ha..." Another laugh escaped Flin's lips, breathy and aloof. She barely had time to register it before he dropped the act and snapped at her. She recoiled again as he glared her way, still not used to the foreign feeling. "Ha! If only it were so simple! Where're we gonna get the money, huh? You think I can pull it outta my ass or something? Do I look like a fucking magician?"

"Babe, I didn't mean--"

"None of this is free. And I get it. You must be bored outta your mind sitting here all alone all the time now, but that's just life. I. Have. To. Work. And guess what? I'm lucky enough to have a job I love! I love this job, okay? Is that so hard for you to understand? God, why did I even show you the file today? You don't even care!"

She could only listen to him shout on, his demeanor twisted and wrong. His rambling, something she'd once found endearing, was now crude and calculated, meant to hurt. Gone was his stuttering, replaced by a precise, biting cadence. The cursing, the vulgarity, the venom... It was hardly Flin at all. She didn't have to look hard to see he knew this, too. Despite his mania, he winced in regret every time he berated her. He knew none of what he said was true, and that none of this suited him. He was just finally breaking under the pressure that would've killed a lesser man from the start.

Even so, it hurt to hear him say these things anyway. She'd tried so hard to help him heal. Once, a few days ago, she'd had hope that her efforts were even working, if only a little. Now, she saw the truth.

She was invisible. There really was nothing she could do. Not like this.

"That company is my life's work!" Flin spat. "Kanan left all this behind for me! I can't just...give it all up to that motherfucker! Don't you get it?! *Don't you?*"

He was already crying by the time he mentioned his best friend, and when he was done, he collapsed against her shoulder, quietly wetting her shirt with his tears. She slowly wrapped her arms around him as she did, staring forward numbly.

She still hadn't said what she meant to. About the cafe.

The truth.

Why? It was no different from joking to him about some asshole who ogled her on the street, as she so often did.

Go on, urged her logic. This is your chance. Tell him. Really tell him. "Tray blackmailed me for a sexual favor. He set you up to get me to agree in exchange for your job. There's no need to stay." Say it.

She. *Couldn't.*

Deep down, she was still guilty. Guilty she hadn't rejected Tray's advances outright. Guilty she let him defile her in such a way. Guilty she found it so, so hard to tell Flin in fear he would misunderstand, in fear that he would see her as she saw herself. He was already going through so much, and to add that on top of it all...

He might quit his job if he knew, but would it truly make him better?

She stared at her husband sobbing into her shoulder, catching a glimpse of his face contorted in sorrow. The quiet determination and focus he'd worn hours earlier in his office was nowhere to be found, so utterly gone without trace that she wondered if she'd only imagined it. That moment as he drew was the only true satisfaction she'd seen him experience in all this time since Kanan died. Even during his week off, the happiness she tried rekindling in him only resembled the man she'd known. The fixes she gave him were temporary, no better than band-aids on a festering wound.

He muttered into her shirt, his cracking voice muffled and tired. "I'm so scared, Rina... I need this job..."

The memory of the cafe wormed its way into her mind by force, no longer content with hiding in her subconscious. Tray's offer whispered into her ears again, and she shut her eyes tight, trying to shut him out, too. It didn't work. She couldn't stop thinking of him, of the moment her hand pressed against his bulge in the lobby for all to see. It disgusted her so much her stomach flipped.

But she kept thinking of it anyway.

She held onto her husband tighter.

If she was in her right mind, if she hadn't been so tired and shaken, she might've had the sense to push through this feeling and tell him the truth. She desperately wanted to. Unfortunately, as always, he was her weakness, and she couldn't bear to be selfish any longer. That determination to nurse him back to health all on her own

had been little more than a fantasy. When cornered by this blunt reality -- by the fact that his job was what he needed to be fulfilled -- the resolve she'd spent weeks building shattered.

For their future, she wanted him happy. She saw only one way to make him happy again.

So, with a shaky breath, she said a single word that would change her life forever.

"Okay."

===

This was all a bad dream.

As Irina drove down the highway for the second time that day, that was what she settled on telling herself.

Dusk had properly arrived, tinting the clouds above a violet-orange ombre and casting the trees flanking the road in shadow. She could count every passerby she spotted on one hand as she ventured through the encroaching darkness, but even by the end of the drive, she hardly felt alone, much less unwatched. The "one way" sign off to the side of the exit ramp gleamed against her headlights, striking against the rest of the darkening world.

A bad dream. Only in something like that would her movements feel so numb, her decisions so unfathomable. It was like she was experiencing her own time on train tracks, unable to deviate no matter how much she wanted to. No matter how much she should've.

"Forgot my grocery trip. Be back in an hour," she'd told Flin as he settled into bed. Even though it was only seven thirty, he was already half asleep from the exhaustion of the day and barely registered her ridiculous coverup. Sleep would be a mercy for him.

After changing into her blue dress in the bathroom and heading for the bedroom door, he mumbled after her, still oblivious. The mania was gone from his slurred voice. "I love you, Rina..."

She sat in the parking lot for what must've been ten minutes alone when she arrived at KF Designs again. The lights of the building were still on, but nearly everyone was gone -- even the guards. There were barely any cars in the lot save for hers and a few others.

The terrible sound of wheels descending their cul de sac all those days ago echoed in her mind. Those were here, too, somewhere.

Turn back. Turn back. Turn back, stupid girl.

Her conscience had been damn near screaming at her since her decision, but she'd long since shut it out. Still, she could hear its muffled warnings anyway like a pestering neighbor shouting through the walls.

This is just a moment of weakness.

It's not too late.

You're betraying him.

You'll regret this.

She slathered on a layer of lip gloss before stepping out into the summer evening's cool embrace. Without a second thought, she locked the nagging voice behind her in the car for the night.

It was right. She'd never once argued otherwise. Unfortunately, the image of Flin sitting at his desk, completely content without another care in the world, overpowered every other thing. Even being right was powerless against it. It twisted her judgement to the point she didn't care what she had to do to get it back.

Yes, this was all bad and disgusting and cruel. But at the end of the day, it was still a dream. That was how she'd look at all this after the fact. She'd wake up tomorrow, the deal would be settled, and even if she regretted it, it'd all be over, therefore better.

It was just a facial.

The air inside KF Designs hadn't grown any less tense, but it was somehow heavier anyway. Gone were the barista and employees in the lobby. With the cafe left unattended and dormant, the scent of cold brew now vanished completely under the omnipresent cleaner -- an illusion at last broken. The table by the glass wall where Irina and Tray sat was still there, of course, silent yet thick with memory. She passed it by without even a glance. Her quick, clicking steps echoed for too long, and through every turn and hallway on the path to the elevator, she didn't pass a single soul.

Just as she thought she might truly be alone here, the elevator doors opened on floor 3 to the sight of a petite young woman in a suit dress. Irina fumbled around herself to get past her, chuckling awkward apologies before finally getting through. The little lady didn't do much aside from forgive her in a bubbly voice, but the encounter bothered her anyway. She caught the woman's impish grin just as she passed by. It was too sly. Too knowing.

She pushed through the paranoia, ignoring Flin's office as she headed further into the hallway as Tray instructed. Another number played on a loop in her brain. She'd only heard it spoken once, but it stuck out like a sore thumb in the useless pile of mush, refusing to be forgotten.

330. Come on, 330.

When she finally reached the sprawling double door, she froze with her hand just above one of the handles as she noticed a camera hanging above her. An idea snuck its way into her mind at the sight of it, a shred of stupid logic smuggled in from the

car. It even tried convincing her to turn back again, too, though that idea she promptly denied.

Too late, she lamented. I'm already here.

With a labored push, she swung the door open.

To her dismay, though not to her surprise, Tray was here just as he said he would be. He sat at a woefully oversized office desk, his broad upper body hunched slightly as he focused on his laptop screen. Aside from it, a yellow desk lamp was the only other source of light here. Left with the impossible task of illuminating the entire office, the puny thing gave every shelf and file cabinet a gloomy film, framing the seemingly unaware boss within.

Irina clenched her fists but said nothing. In spite of these circumstances, in spite of his undeniable control here, this man was completely -- unbearably -- readable. Not like Flin. The love of her life was her personal, heretofore undiscovered island, an entire world that drew her closer and closer with fascinating revelations every day. No matter how much she knew him, his eyes hid things, for better or for worse. Tray's were different. They unabashedly displayed his whole life. A life of pride, of scandal, of endless, unquenchable lust... They hid nothing, for this was a man with nothing to hide.

For example, right now, he was only pretending not to notice her. He sat at his desk for a good while before even bothering to look up from his laptop, clearly reveling in the excruciating wait. Only when the door slid shut against the carpet behind her to seal her inside did he speak. "Ah, good! You're here."

She didn't respond, unsure if it was because she was too scared or too annoyed. He closed his laptop and rose from his seat, leisurely making his way over until his silhouetted form towered over her. Despite the dark, she could still feel his eyes crawling up and down her dress, lingering on the subtle shine of her glossy lips in the soft lamplight.

"Hmmp... *And* you came prepared." His voice turned that melting flavor of husky again, reverberating in her stomach. "God, you have no idea how much I've been looking forward to this. Let's not waste any more time. Why don't you go ahead and get on your knees?" he urged, closing the distance with just another step. She still didn't move, eyes shut tight as she apologized over and over to Flin in her mind for what was about to happen. "Earth to Rina? You listening?"

Something in her ignited at the cheeky remark. She whipped her gaze up to his, staring daggers. They bounced off his victorious face like they were nothing. "No, you listen to me, asshole. I'll sit here and do this, and you'll get your fix, but it's on my terms. No stripping me. No touching me. Nothing. When you're... *done*, you delete that photo and get me the building's camera footage from tonight. I don't leave here until you do." The feebleness of the idea which had seemed so genius out in the hall hit her as soon as she said it. Still, she spoke on, desperate for whatever leverage she could manage. "After that, you never threaten Flin again, and we go our separate ways. Do anything else -- anything at all -- and you'll be seeing me in court. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," Tray hummed, adding a whistle for good measure. He had no reason to listen to that request, but he'd indulge her anyway. Best to break in women like this at their pace.

It was still harder than he thought. He couldn't help but step closer to her, his eyes searching her figure down with no hint of shame or reluctance. After staring for a bit, he realized his hands had instinctively begun to reach out for her waist when she slapped him on the wrist. He gave her a joking pout. "...Not even a little touching?"

A glare was all he needed to know she really meant it.

After taking another moment to brace herself, she slowly sank to her knees, trying and failing to hide the fact that she was trembling. "Go on. Get it over with."

"So eager..."

She averted her gaze as soon as his hands crept downward, refusing to look. Hearing him was no better. The unmistakable treble of his zipper coming undone buzzed in the cool air, making her shiver. She pursed her lips at the rattle of a belt going loose and then falling to the floor. Shuffling and rustling followed, and after that, silence. She hesitantly glanced back at him, almost certain it was a trap, and saw him standing there in only his underwear, pants bunched up at his feet. It was a relief he still wasn't completely naked, but...

Her eyes lingered on the unnaturally big bulge straining beneath the flimsy undergarment. Only when he proudly placed his hands on his hips did she snap out of it, huffing in annoyance. "Jesus, are you going to do this or not-"

The moment she spoke, he casually tugged his waistband down over his bulge, letting his underwear drop to his ankles.

His cock fell into the open air.

It swayed heavily like a pendulum from this motion alone, its weight freed all at once. It only settled down after a few seconds.

All she could do was stare.

Tray was a tall man. Muscular and all-around huge, too. But even at his size, this...*thing* hung down too far. Halfway down his thighs.

The dim light ran along its length only on one side, leaving the other half of his girth traced in shadow. It was still more than enough to take in the details. Prominent veins snaked across the rippling shaft, which thickened considerably closer to the tip, giving it an almost club-like appearance. His foreskin did its best to cover the meaty surface, but the hood could barely conceal even half of the fat head. A pair of testicles, equally as unbelievable as the rest of the grotesque organ, hung nearly as low, the sac drawn taut like grocery bags filled to bursting.

As she stared on, the motionless beast suddenly twitched, each of its freakish parts flexing and rising as if taking a deep breath before falling limp again. A waft of manly musk, baked low and slow for hours in tight, compact confinement, grazed her nose as his damp, bunched up skin found room to breathe. She flinched back with a gasp.

It was the first time Irina had seen a penis aside from Flin's -- in person, at least -- but somehow, it seemed something else entirely. More ghastly and exotic than attractive, an oddity that couldn't possibly be meant for reproduction. Without realizing it, her jaw loosened, lips cracking slightly agape.

This was what she'd been pressed against all those nights ago?

This was what she'd felt up today?

"Theeere's the look. Never seen one like this before, huh?" Tray's voice smugly commented, once again drawing her out of her stupor. He took hold of his member at the base, raising it up until the head pointed right at her mere inches from her face. Even his gargantuan hand didn't encircle the entire width, and she realized with idle astonishment that he was still soft.

Taking advantage of the moment, he stroked the length for the first time, stretching it another inch closer to her face. The skin glided smoothly in his grip, folding over the head before retracting. He let out a grunt of pleasure as the thick appendage began to fill out even more.

Irina turned her head away in disgust, frowning defiantly.

"Oh, come on. That's no fun. Look at me, baby."

She considered a harsh retort -- nothing about the deal required she do that -- but ultimately relented. She wanted this over fast, and even if it made her stomach flip, eye contact was the way to make that happen.

So, for minutes, she knelt there as Tray pumped his huge cock at her face, looking up into his eyes. A soft, steady beat of strokes filled the dark room. The longer it went on, the more Tray grew. The shaft straightened completely, its rock solid skin coursing with hot blood. The head aimed at her nose thumped visibly with each of his heartbeats, fattening, and fattening, and fattening... The erection closed the inches between them one by one until *only* one remained. At this distance, every breath she took was full of his powerful scent.

At last, the shape she'd only guessed at since dinner last week stood fully erect and exposed above her.

Tray, meanwhile, could only grin. For all the married woman's indignation, she couldn't hide her fascination with his sex. She tried to keep her eyes on his, but more often than not, they drifted back down to it before long, awe traveling her expression as she tried to comprehend its very existence. It was the first real step in a conquest: willing, if reluctant, reciprocation -- his favorite part of all this apart from the fucking itself. She didn't even realize that at this very moment, despite any lies she told herself, she was being broken down.

He took an intense breath, feeling a distinct pressure build up in his groin as he basked in the image of Irina waiting patiently for his load beneath him. His balls tightened periodically, and his twitches grew erratic -- the work of breeding instinct, muscle contractions rumbling through his nerves like a thunderhead approaching fast on the horizon.

It was time.

"Open your mouth."

Irina clenched her teeth, pulling her eyes away from the huge, hard dick in front of her as she glared up at Tray's smug face. That was a boundary she would *not* cross...if she could help it. Yet, she knew deep down that she couldn't. Tray was going to push this one no matter what.

Even so...

"You said just a facial!" she protested.

"Your mouth is a part of your face, right? You know the deal." Without missing a beat, Tray stopped stroking his cock and shifted closer toward Irina, pointing the plump head right at her glossy lips. He held it dangerously close, but still remained just a hair's breadth away from touching her as agreed.

Irina let out an involuntary gasp at the abrupt move, parting her lips just barely as her attention turned back to the member before her. A hot breath washed over the tip and left it slightly damp with warm spit, coaxing a soft moan from him in return.

Suddenly, Tray's hand tightened around the base of his thick shaft as it began to throb harder. Fat veins bulged against his skin with every pulse. His gigantic balls rose and fell, warming up for their call to action. A terribly intense pressure inflated the head with even more girth and a rosy red tint. Reacting instinctively to the building euphoria, the slit at the very tip of Tray's cock spread as wide as it could to make way for the sheer volume of thick liquid that would soon surge through.

As if on cue, a foreboding bead of clear precum emerged from the dark hole.

Irina didn't realize she had frozen in place at that moment. She sat still, eyes locked on the shiny fluid practically touching her mouth. She didn't understand why, but even though she was furious, she didn't dare move.

She didn't dare move as another heavy, desperate throb swelled through Tray's massive dick.

She didn't dare move as the twitch closed the distance between the precum and her lips.

The brief, wet sensation shocked Irina out of her stupor, but she still didn't move. She could only focus on the thin strand of clear seed now connecting Tray to herself.

Only a dribble rested on the inner part of her bottom lip, but its salty, potent taste and scent spread throughout her whole mouth and into her nostrils. It took her more than a little while for her to remember to wipe it off.

There technically still hadn't been any skin contact, and the exchange had lasted only an instant, yet she felt herself shudder with anger, nervousness, and...something else. She hated that she didn't know how to react to this.

Thinking that seeing her affair partner would remind her to only be angry, she brought her attention back up to Tray's face. It didn't work. No trace of that irritating smugness was left in him compared to mere seconds ago. His dominant side had taken over, his hazel eyes glazed over as if taken over by primal urge. His brow creased into a slight scowl while his mouth hung open loosely. He was tense and relaxed all at once as an honest, sensational pleasure drove him toward a single, fixed goal.

Irina recognized this look. She'd seen it before on her husband. This only worsened the cocktail of conflicting emotions inside her. As her chest lurched with disgust and frustrated curiosity, she ended up meeting Tray's blank gaze with unintentionally awestruck blue eyes.

If she had known what that would look like from his point of view, maybe she would've been more careful. Despite how far she'd let this go, she still might've found a way to avoid everything that would occur from then on. Unfortunately, she had no way of realizing to what extent her actions goaded him. She didn't understand how heavenly her warm breath felt to him as it tickled his cock. She couldn't have known that the sight of his essence grazing her soft lips would change everything.

So, the moment her confused, almost inquisitive doe eyes looked up at his, an invisible tension snapped beyond repair.

Tray spoke clearly and assertively, his order deep with unmasked desire. "*Ugh... Come on. I'm close. Open.*"

Irina's eyes widened at the sudden change in the man's demeanor. How could he talk to her like that? Did he not hear her earlier? News of this blackmail would surely ruin his reputation and cause legal trouble, so where did he get off being so...?

Her appalled mind once again raced with snapbacks, but this time, they faded away as she saw Tray's intent, unchanging expression. He wasn't thinking about any of that. In place of scheming conceit, genuine lust dripped from his coarse words and doused her retorts before she could utter them.

So, instead, against her better judgment...

She obeyed.

At first, only hesitantly. Her bottom lip quivered as her jaw steadily lowered, only for her to shut it again and again as she glanced back at the fat head aimed at her. Thoughts of her husband delayed her, but she also simply lacked experience. She'd never done anything so demeaning even with Flin, and she probably never would've at all if not for...this. Now that she was, she understood how nerve-wracking such a simple act could be.

Eventually, she managed to part her lips far enough so that Tray could see the enticing darkness behind them, but she could clearly tell by his irritated grunts that he wasn't satisfied. She silently and shamefully bemoaned her insecurity.

Tray brushed it aside with a simple command. "*Wider. Tongue all the way out, too. Now.*"

Irina glared into his eyes with pique, but she listened to his demand at once. Wanting nothing more than to get this over with, she pushed through the nausea and extended her jaw as far as she possibly could until it gave Tray an unobstructed

view of her throat. She then carefully extended her delicate tongue past her teeth, making sure not to brush it against him before draping it over her bottom lip.

As Irina held her mouth fully open, something strange tingled inside her. It started as a subtle electricity somewhere in her lower stomach. She felt it arc around aimlessly before settling in her crotch, becoming little more than an itch.

Then, the itch grew. It grew and grew and grew until it was unbearable.

Her eyes widened as her body remembered the sensation of horny mornings.

She began to shake, tears welling up. This feeling *wasn't* for Tray, but in this position, she couldn't stop it. She helplessly looked up at him with reddening cheeks as she put her tongue and throat on display. Upon meeting his focused eyes like this, the itch immediately became a distinct heat inside her.

No. This couldn't be.

Irina squeezed her thighs tight underneath the blue dress, squirming to hide this feeling from the man above her. Unfortunately, the slight movement of fabric against her now hyper-sensitive crotch sent the twinge through her whole body like an electric shock. She couldn't fully suppress a little moan from escaping her throat.

None of this went unnoticed by Tray. He let out a low chuckle as he looked down at Irina, who was plainly just as horny as she was confused and rebellious.

It was amusing...and so, so very hot.

Losing himself in his own horniness, he groaned at the sight of the young, waiting wife below him. "Oh, yeah... Stay just like that..."

After lingering on the edge for so long, he finally resumed stroking himself. With his gripping hand, he slowly pushed his strained foreskin up toward the tip inch by inch, then pulled it all the way back to the base before repeating. He had to nurture

this load carefully and delicately. One twitch or sudden movement, and he would release before he intended to.

And he intended to give her all of it.

As Irina held her mouth wide agape for Tray's cum, an agonizing wave of guilt passed over her. She was doing this for Flin. He didn't deserve to lose his dreams and livelihood to this asshole, so she had given into this deal. That was truly all. She just wanted him to be happy and to share in that happiness. Never once had she betrayed him or even thought about betraying him, and even now she could hear her conscience screaming at her from the car, screaming at her to stop this.

And yet, despite it all, she could no longer deny the simple fact that this was turning her on.

Tears trailed down her face, but she kept her mouth open. She reminded herself that no matter what she felt, it was for Flin. She let Tray take his time as he stroked his shaft at her face. It was for Flin. The wet tingling in her crotch intensified as she sniffed in Tray's musk. It was for Flin.

Yes, it was all for Flin. Irina closed her eyes and imagined his beautiful face. Perhaps if she just fantasized-

"Eyes open. Look at me."

Tray wouldn't let her escape.

Irina reopened her eyes to the sight of his intense, lustful glare. He kept on pumping himself towards his climax, gluing his eyes to the face and mouth he fully intended to paint with his seed.

In that moment, reality hit her:

This was happening.

Flin wasn't here. He wasn't the one standing above her. She'd left him at home sleeping in their bed. She'd dressed up for his boss and let him use her for his own sick needs -- tasted his *precum*. She'd thought about staying behind, about standing her ground, but she ultimately chose this path.

Flin had no idea this deal was happening at all.

As she gazed up at Tray, she saw him clench his teeth and draw in a hitched breath. His whole body trembled, his strokes became shorter, and an uneasy growl rumbled in his throat.

She would soon taste more.

Suddenly, he stopped caressing himself altogether, holding his dick firmly at the base like he did before. He steadied the precum-capped tip in front of Irina's nose, breathing in rapid, shallow puffs.

She was sure this was it. She kept her mouth open for defilement, trying to forget her guilt. It was almost over. For Flin, she had to see this through.

However, Tray held his cumshot back. His instincts cried out against him, but he still had one thing to do.

Irina flinched and shut her mouth as he placed his large, rough hand on her head. With a surprisingly gentle firmness, he angled it backwards until her face was nearly level with the floor. Like this, he could properly see how long and thick his manhood was above her.

It wasn't comfortable at all. Her neck hurt. If he'd done this earlier, Irina would've lashed out in fury for violating the no touch rule, but all her heat-filled self could do now was stutter in confusion.

"Wh-what're you-"

"I'm not touching you with this," he reassured her, waving his cock by her nose. He was trying to muster up some wit, but his hurried words betrayed his struggle to not let loose then and there. "I'm just choosing how I cum on this face."

He wiped her tears from her eyes with his thumb, then let go.

Her heart leapt. Perhaps it was because she'd already been following his orders, but it was becoming scarily easy to follow them. Without him having to tell her, she presented her tongue and throat again.

They looked straight into each other's eyes -- Irina's, wide with shock and guilty lust, and Tray's, warning of imminent release. They both silently agreed on one thing at that moment.

Don't move.

Time crawled to a standstill.

Neither of the two made a sound.

The air conditioner droned by the window. The clock on the wall ticked away, counting down to something big. In the midst of the unbearable quiet, the yellow desk lamp kept illuminating Tray and Irina in the otherwise shadowy office, their figures frozen silhouettes at the height of sexual tension -- him, holding his breath while aiming his manhood at his partner's face, and her, chest heaving and fluttering with her open mouth poised for his load. They stayed like this for what seemed like an eternity, each second longer than the last.

Irina wondered if Tray was ever going to cum. He stared down at her in a blank daze, and his cock head overflowed with precum, but he'd still somehow managed to keep himself from letting go. She was annoyed at how long he was drawing it out.

She blinked ever so slowly, flitting her pretty eyelashes at Tray as she tried to think of something to make him get it over with. There had to be a way to-

Tray hyperventilated without warning, breaking the silence as an extreme jolt of pleasure lanced through his entire length at Irina's accidentally seductive act. Unable to wait any longer, the tip of his penis engorged to its limit and tingled violently. His chaotic heartbeat coursed through the appendage like an alarm.

Irina chirped in confusion. What did she do that was so-

Tray threw his head back while bellowing in ecstasy, and not soon after his entire dick seized with a fierce spasm. His balls, finally called to action, jumped and tightened. Every muscle in his manhood squeezed in tandem, and the first of many creamy, white torrents sprayed from the bulbous tip onto Irina's face.

She yelped from the force of its impact as it landed across her right cheek and eye. All of the built-up tension left her open mouth in a throaty, drawn-out moan.

It was hot -- burning hot. Irina thought she'd prepared herself mentally for this moment, but feeling so much cum against her skin from just one shot made her shiver against her will. It was viscous, syrupy. Not like any she'd felt before. Not like Flin's. Her nipples hardened, and the itch in her crotch ached like mad.

With one eye plastered shut, she tried to keep her mind on Flin, remembering his voice.

The new boss invited himself over for dinner. He's a bit of a...character.

A second rope came down on the bridge of her nose, draping over her forehead.

Tray, this is my wife, Irina. Rina, Tray. He's my new boss.

A heavy glob of cum fell on her tongue.

I promise this won't happen again, okay? You won't have to see him again.

A powerful jet splashed against the back of her throat.

I'm scared, Rina. I need this job.

Another blasted over her uncovered eye.

Irina was left to experience Tray's climax with her other senses. He grunted rhythmically, each time spilling more and more semen over her whole face: her cheeks, her forehead, her hair, her lips, her tongue, her chin... The shots were so strong she could practically hear them jettison out from the tip. A few more even flew into her mouth, and she promptly swallowed them all. Compared to his precum, the taste was like night and day. It was still salty but also many times stronger -- strong enough to make her head spin.

Thoroughly disoriented, her mind wandered back to her bedroom, where Flin surely still lay motionless and unaware. Guilt and shame berated her at the very thought, but more than anything, she felt a crushing sadness as a cum flowed endlessly down her face.

Back then, when she'd left him there, she hadn't said it back.

Love you too, babe.

Ch. 03

"Ungh..."

With a final, strained grunt, Tray stroked one last spurt of cum out onto Irina's face.

It was done.

For the next minute, all she could do was simply sit there, listening to their heavy breathing take over the room. Her racing mind tried to catch up with the gravity of what had just taken place, but frankly, it was more immediately concerned about the sheer amount of ejaculate oozing down her skin. Its powerful scent invaded her nose with every breath. When she tried breathing through her mouth instead, its taste exploded across her tastebuds. Her eyelids were plastered shut, drowned in layers of sticky liquid with no hope of prying themselves free.

She reflexively reached up with her hands to wipe it off but stopped herself. A shred of her conscience, inexplicable in the heat of the moment, reeled at the idea of touching Tray's essence of her own volition. Deep down, she knew it made no difference -- she'd just let him give her a *facial* -- but the excuses were already mounting.

She hadn't been the one to touch any part of him.

She hadn't made him cum.

So, if she *did* wipe his cum off now, wouldn't she, in a sense, be breaking her own rules?

Before the dilemma could trap her for another moment, she flinched at the sensation of another's touch. With a pinky, Tray carefully swept his own load off her eyes. They slowly opened as if waking, taking in his image after the lull of blindness. That made the second time he'd broken the no touch rule, but she wasn't about to punish

him. He wore that same knowing, revolting grin as he held the cum on his finger up to her face. "Want it?"

She turned her nose down, and he shook his finger clean with a laugh. Almost immediately, her gaze wandered to his still-naked bottom half. His silhouetted cock hung flaccid in the lamplight once again, its completely hard form a fever dream of a memory. The only evidence of the excessive release it had experienced a mere minute ago was a pool of leftover cum gathered at the tip. As she stared, his member convulsed with another throb, and it fell in a thick drop, slapping audibly against the carpeted floor.

Her heart leapt, and her rebellious pussy hummed in appreciation.

She also really, *really* had to throw up. "...Where's the bathroom?"

"Down the hall, to the left."

She was out the door in a heartbeat. She didn't pay any mind to the fact that she was dripping wet, nor Tray's chuckle as he noticed the stains on the carpet where she'd knelt. The gaze of the camera beat down on her in the fluorescent hallway, and though she had a contingency for the evidence, she couldn't help but worry about what she looked like in the footage.

The bathroom door slammed shut behind her, and she headed straight for the toilet, not sparing the mirror even a glance. She retched and retched over the clear water, her nausea hitting a violent peak as Tray's taste echoed again in her mouth. The regret was hitting her just as her logical side had warned, but nothing could've prepared her for how sickening it would actually feel.

What had she done?

What had she *done*?

She held onto the porcelain rim, bracing herself, berating herself for ever going through with this.

Worst of all, despite all her retching, she wasn't actually throwing up.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't expel Tray's seed. It had defiled her inside and out. It clung to her face even from this angle, refusing to let go. The several mouthfuls she had swallowed had already settled in her belly, sating her. It felt warm and comfortable like a hot drink on a frigid day. Her body didn't want to let go of it, and she couldn't bring herself to force the reflex with a finger.

After only managing to cough up her own spit into the toilet, she finally stood and turned to look at herself in the mirror. She looked about as unrecognizable as she expected -- painted, as Tray promised. Her eyes were clear, but her tears fell into a dense, virile white, absorbed into a salty mixture. The fluid flowed lazily down all her features like candlewax, and it fought gravity at her chin, where only a few heavy drops separated to stain the neckline of her dress. The stray ropes which landed in her dark hair had settled well enough to pass as highlights if she didn't look hard enough.

Her hand idly wandered up to her cheek, and this time, she didn't stop it from gathering up a glob. She brought it up to her eyes and, for what must've been another minute at least, just stared.

What on Earth am I gonna do?

The thought began with deeper meaning at first. A dread, a panic. A desperate plea for some sort of plan that would fix all of this, and fast. But as she stared at her finger, her shaken mind, still favoring the simpler problems, just ended up wondering how she'd clean up all this stuff.

She'd seen cum before -- Flin's in person, and other men's through her online "research" as a gated trophy daughter. All of it had been varying degrees of runny

and cloudy. This semen, on the other hand, was impossibly thick, and it really *was* pure white. Even the small amount on her fingertip stuck relentlessly to her skin, and no matter how close she looked, it remained bright and opaque like glue, packed full of genetic material. If not for the distinctly intense taste and smell, she couldn't possibly have been convinced it was the same substance.

She glanced again at her glazed face in the mirror. For all of that to come from one set of balls, to be forced out of one penis, to be spurred on by one orgasm... It wasn't normal, and it couldn't have been healthy. Yet, there Tray stood, tall and muscular and...

She lurched forward, hacking and spitting into the sink as his taste met her tongue again. In the midst of her pondering, her cum-covered finger had taken the opportunity to wander inside her mouth without her consent. Maybe the seed looked a little too much like vanilla icing. Maybe -- terrifyingly -- a part of her was still curious. Either way, the taste had completely lost the head-spinning quality she'd first experienced now that the moment was gone. She couldn't believe she'd actually tried it again, let alone swallowed it minutes ago.

Luckily, the shock of the moment was enough to kick her back into gear. An obscene amount of water and paper towels later, she was back in Tray's office, just barely holding herself together as he lounged in his chair with his arms crossed behind him. The lights were on -- the real overhead ones this time.

She shivered. Had even the lighting been set up from the start?

"Took you long enough," Tray scoffed as he stood back up. His pants were back on -- thank god. "Have fun in there?"

"Fuck off, asshole. You know why I'm still here. The deal."

He whistled amusedly at her curt response as he showed her his phone screen. The picture of her bent over looking at Flin's work was already in the trash, and with one

more tap, Tray deleted the evidence for good. After that, he reached into his desk and pulled out a thick, jet black roll of tape. The moment he held it out to her, she snatched it away as if waiting a second longer meant death. "Swiped it from security. It's got the whole day of the building on it -- well, 'cept the rest of the night starting now, but there's no tape for that anymore anyway. Secret's safe with us."

At the door, she stopped with her back to him, unable to hold her tongue. As always, when his domineering side was nowhere to be seen, it was quite easy to tell him off. Maddeningly so. "No. There is no 'secret.' You can think whatever, but as far as I'm concerned, the moment I'm out of this door, nothing happened. Now, are you happy? Is Flin's precious job alright?"

"Oh, more than. You passed with flying colors. And the board will forget all about Flin's transgression, I promise you that. I'm a man of my word."

She stood still a moment longer, not believing him yet not knowing what else to say.

"A shame you'd rather forget, though. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were enjoying yourself for a moment there."

"*Shut up!*" Her shout pierced the office, though made dull by the carpets. The wall clock ticked on. She straightened herself up and, not waiting for a response, pushed herself out of there -- forever, never to see Tray again. She clutched the tape in one hand on her escape through the building, fingernails digging into the plastic. She had no intention of watching the thing. It could burn for all she cared. It *should* burn.

The rest of KF Designs blurred past, and she soon stood back in the crisp, outside air. It was still dusk, but even in twenty minutes -- it *had* been twenty minutes somehow -- night had fast approached. Her car sat undisturbed in the parking lot, still radiating heat from the drive it never should've taken.

When she got in and started it back up, the rest of her sense, locked inside throughout the ordeal, instantly rushed back into her head -- first to berate her

thoroughly once more, then to ask if she'd at least covered her tracks. She couldn't believe herself. After betraying her husband in such a way, she had the gall to worry about him finding out. Still, she was sure she had cleaned herself up well enough in that bathroom. Save for the stains she couldn't get out of her dress, there wasn't a drop left on her.

She dropped her head to the steering wheel and sobbed.

It didn't feel that way.

===

Flin heard Irina open the front door again about an hour after she first left, just as she said she would.

He hadn't been able to sleep. He was damn tired -- he was always tired nowadays -- but real, active sleep hardly ever graced him anymore unless his wife was in bed with him. Especially not tonight. Not after all the stupid things he'd said to her.

It wasn't for a lack of trying. If he could've buried all his woes in his slumber where they belonged, he would've started last month. Then, at least, he wouldn't have to still feel so guilty about everything. Unfortunately, as it was, that was even more of a dream than the idea of sleep itself. So, after tossing and turning in bed following Irina's departure, he'd sat up and stared idly at her contact on his phone, trying to think of ways to make things right.

None of this was her fault. She was just trying to help him. Damn it all, that had been all she'd done over the past few weeks. It killed him just thinking about how it must've looked from the outside: her, desperately tending to his every need and desire, and him, not even registering any of it as he moped about. He *knew* that was how it looked to her. But it wasn't true. She was the most important thing in the whole universe to him. No, she *was* his universe. She didn't need to do any of these

flashy things to remind him of that. Just her presence made it feel like everything would be okay in the end.

So why, oh why, was it so hard to get that across? Why did he stand in his own way like this? He needed this job, but he needed her more. Even if he didn't deserve her.

His nagging half told him to call her. It was the sensible thing to do: call her and apologize right away. Listen to what she had to say. But he knew Irina better. She was mad at him. That was why she'd opted to go to the store at such a ridiculous time. She needed to clear the air on her own. He couldn't even blame her. If he was her, he knew he'd rather do anything than be around someone who said they were a burden.

Still, her contact shone out into the dark bedroom like a spotlight, and the urge remained. Even though he'd decided against it, for that hour, it quietly sat there like an omen, whispering.

It was when he finally heard the front door open again that he first felt it: an unease, a pit in his stomach. He couldn't explain it. All he knew was that for some reason, he suddenly very much regretted not listening to the nagging urge to call.

It came in waves. The plastic rustling of grocery bags came muffled through the walls, and the unease settled, appeased by the fact she hadn't lied. Then, it rose again as her footsteps and shadow passed the bedroom door in favor of the bathroom. The sound of the shower starting filled the house, and he started vacantly at the ceiling, listening to the rushing water in the plumbing concealed just beyond.

Don't worry. It was just a grocery trip. She always showers late.

The consoling logic came like reflex, but he couldn't help that seed of doubt. It had been there since the dinner with Tray, fostering paranoia deep within. Maybe that was why he snapped today. After all, of all the thoughts that tortured him most since the funeral, one stood out above all the others:

It had happened to Kanan the same way.

He remembered it all too well. How could he not? They talked about their love lives as much as anything else. By college, it had become a sort of running gag the two of them poked fun at -- Flin, the quiet, reserved one, had bagged a beautiful girl of his own while Kanan, by far the better-looking and more outgoing of the two, struggled to land even a single date. Even as the young, hot CEO of an up-and-coming graphic design firm, he was handily the unluckiest guy Flin knew when it came to romance.

That was, until he finally did get lucky. A woman, stunning in her own right, came into his life last year. A lover just for him, just as Irina was for Flin. Everything seemed great. They looked happy together. Flin, blind with pride, decided to be happy for him. His best friend was finally growing up.

Then, Tray happened. And though it was never publicly acknowledged, everyone at the company knew it.

Ever since then, Flin's mind hadn't once stopped searching for things he could've done to prevent that humiliating heartbreak. Signs, red flags, little moments that stuck out in hindsight. If he'd gotten there faster, warned Kanan about the seduction taking place right under his nose, been there for him more in the aftermath...

But in reality, he knew deep down that none of that would've changed anything. He'd noticed nothing because there *was nothing*. The two really had been in love until that bastard went and corrupted it. And by the time he met his best friend for the last time in that office, his soul had already gone and died as a result. His body just didn't catch up until a week later.

The running water above him stopped, and he shut his eyes as the bathroom went silent. When Irina softly opened the door to sneak in, he was already turned over, pretending to sleep. He didn't want to worry her. He didn't want to worry himself.

So, he let the consoling voice go on. It washed over every suspicion, numbing them like anesthesia. It wrote off every thought of Tray instantly. He'd already nipped that problem in the bud. That man wouldn't be coming back to this house. Not ever. There was nothing to worry about.

The bed bounced lightly as Irina got under the covers. After it settled, he turned and spooned her in the dark, taking a deep breath as his hand silently found hers. Her hair was still slightly damp, and she smelled absolutely heavenly.

As he felt sleep finally make its approach, he trashed the seed of doubt into the depths of his subconscious. He had no need for it.

No. Not for his wife. She would never. Even if she was mad, Irina loved him.

If only he'd known just how much.

===

At first, the following morning greeted Irina just like any other. Flin's work alarm rang out, waking them both before the sun could peek through the blackout curtains. She sat up with a wide stretch, sharing a slurred "good morning" with her husband, and then opened her eyes.

That was the last time she'd ever know the peace of an oblivious waking mind.

It felt more like death than remembering. The moment the cool air met her naked eyes, the events of the previous night rushed into her mind all at once, discordant and incoherent. The headache came immediately, and the realization soon after. She raised a hand to her face, driven by the memory of being covered in seemingly endless waves of semen, only to meet her own clean and smooth skin. Even as she rubbed it in disbelief, the warm, sticky sensation of Tray's cum somehow remained alongside the reality of the present.

Eventually, over the coming minutes of waking and getting ready, it did fade. The headache did not. It persisted through getting dressed and brushing her teeth, beating right behind her eyes as she zoned out in front of the mirror. No real thoughts came with it aside from the blank, undeniable acceptance that yesterday really had happened.

She'd expected it to be worse than this. Perhaps it was just because she was delirious, but last night, the guilt had been so unbearable she ugly cried the whole way home, then again as she fell asleep holding Flin's hand. Now that the tears had run dry, though, it had settled into something akin to emptiness. Sure, what she'd let Tray do was awful. But it was a fact. And it was in the past. She'd ripped up the tape and thrown her dress in the wash last night, and that was that. In a way, her earlier rationalization during the drive last evening hadn't been entirely wrong. As long as she just didn't poke this empty feeling, it wasn't so bad.

She quickly found this strategy had its limitations. The numbness always peeled away like paper in the rain when she laid eyes on Flin. It left her mad. Not furious like she'd been after dinner, nor sexually agitated.

Just...mad. At him. At herself. At everything and everyone.

She made breakfast -- simple bacon and eggs -- and turned from the counter to see him finally walking out of the bathroom, yawning in his well-ironed suit. She gripped the plates so hard she felt she might shatter them.

He glanced at her sheepishly as he entered the living room, none the wiser. "Hey."

"Hey."

He was as bad as ever at dealing with awkward situations. It normally would've been cute, but it wasn't this time. The air was still heavy with yesterday's "fight," and though Irina struggled to even call it that, whatever it had been obviously still bothered Flin. The guilt was plain on his face this morning.

The two of them sat and ate silently at the dinner table, letting the rising sun tint the room orange before he finally mustered the courage to say anything. "I'm sorry about what I said yesterday."

"It's fine."

She didn't mean to shut him down. Really, it was just that she didn't know how else to respond. His fit and all the things he'd said to her during it seemed laughably trivial now. The fact she'd even been remotely affected by them, let alone enough to cave to Tray's twisted, blatantly illegal offer, frankly amused her in hindsight. What kind of a wife was she?

Her face had broken into a stupid grin before she knew it, and naturally, Flin interpreted it as a sarcastic sign of anger. "No. It's not fine," he urged, taking her hand from across the table. "I've really been terrible to you lately. An apology is the least you deserve."

"Flin, just drop it already. I appreciate the fact that you're sorry, but it's not like you were all wrong. You need your job. And I won't be getting in the way of it anymore. I promise." She covertly wrapped an arm around her stomach under the table. The moment her last words passed her lips, the few bites of eggs and bacon that she'd taken threatened to come back up. She figured her face must've gone green, but Flin somehow didn't notice, and she managed to collect herself before the nausea made her vomit.

Don't poke it.

Her husband went on, still oblivious. "You don't have to promise anything. Rina, you've done more for me than I can possibly begin to express. Please, let me make it right."

She raised an eyebrow at him inquisitively. For reasons she couldn't begin to understand, this only made him look sadder.

"Look. I did some thinking last night. About my job. I do need it -- *we* need it -- but damn it, I need you more. And I love spending time with you. Hell, I can't remember a time as happy as last week. Not since all this started. So just...just don't hesitate to tell me if you're lonely. I'll even take more off days from now on if you-"

"No."

The word cut sharply through the entire living room, finally shutting him up. Irina could take his incessant apologies. A weak part of her was even warming back up to his rambling. But him relenting now after what she'd done to make him happy...

Just the idea of it filled her with rage.

She continued after a deep breath. "You don't have to feel bad about liking work. Really. Now drop it."

The rest of breakfast went on without another peep.

Flin only spoke again at the end of their morning routine as he pulled her into a gentle embrace at the front door. "I love you, Rina. And I'll get through this. I swear."

Once again, she didn't say anything back.

God, couldn't he have done all this mushy stuff *before* she'd let his boss cum all over her face? Would that have been too much to fucking ask?

She was mad at him, alright. Even so, she held the hug about three times longer than usual before he left.

===

Despite everything, she was still horny.

She'd felt it earlier in bed, too -- that raging heat, that fluttering heartbeat. It was probably the only thing in her life since last night which had remained constant. Of course, she hadn't acted on it this morning with her husband. She couldn't even begin to reckon with what kinds of feelings *that* would spawn.

Still, the horniness remained through the emptiness. And now that she was alone on the couch, it was all that she could think of. Plus, although her period came late this month, it seemed to have ended right on time for this very moment. Whether she liked it or not, she had to handle it so she could move on.

She pulled down her sweat pants and panties in one swift motion, spreading her legs wide on the cushions to inspect herself. Unsurprisingly, her lips were glistening wet and swollen, so sensitive that just the feeling of the air against them made her tremble. With a light touch, she ran her middle finger up and down along the opening, her gasps filling the room as she teased her clit.

Once she settled into a steady rhythm, her eyes rolled back and squeezed shut as she focused solely on finishing herself off. It was a mistake. The darkness instantly pulled her mind back into that office, back onto her knees before the gloating boss. She thought of his pants falling to the floor, of the way his cock swayed in the air before settling. She remembered his fist pumping it at her face carefully, folding the foreskin back and forth over the tip as the grotesque member grew to an incomprehensible size. Then, finally, he stopped, his breathing fast and erratic, before he let out a mighty bellow as that fat head swelled...

"Ah-!" Her hitched moan came out louder than she intended, her back arching and legs shaking as she came. Her wet flesh clamped down over and over on her finger, only letting go after about ten seconds of nonstop climax. She went limp on the couch to catch her breath.

Once she did, she sighed in utter annoyance.

She thought getting herself off would help. That was how this was supposed to work.

So why wasn't it?

If anything, she felt worse now than before. Her memories of Tray were fresher than ever now that she'd given into her body's stupid instincts. On top of that, the empty, guilt-fueled anger which pervaded her every action and thought was no closer to being gone.

Above all else, though, her heat confused her. She hadn't wanted to do any of that last night. What right did her body have to react this way?

Needing another distraction, she made her way to the sun room for a morning yoga session, letting herself fall under the trance of the synths and calming voice. This only worked for around twenty minutes before, as she bent down straight into a downward dog, she felt a signature, sensitive buzz in her groin.

She was horny again.

Ignoring the woman's instructions, she collapsed on her side to the floor with a groan as her hand wandered inside her pants.

Over time, she discovered with horror that this was a different kind of arousal. It was idle and relentless like a stain she couldn't wash out. She took care of it throughout the day each time it came knocking -- once more after yoga, then again on the couch just before she prepped dinner -- but it was always back later no matter what she did. Like her cravings during horny mornings, nothing seemed to be enough to satisfy it, but unlike them, this feeling was downright impossible to ignore or put off.

By the fifth time, she could no longer deny it: something was wrong with her. Something had changed after yesterday. No matter how hard her climaxes were, a deep, visceral disappointment always followed.

Put bluntly, on top of all the other problems in her life, she couldn't stop thinking about Tray's penis.

A bottle of all-cleaner.

A rolling pin.

A half-used roll of paper towels.

The thoughts which had once laid dormant in her subconscious like traps after the dinner had now become fully invasive, turning once-innocent household objects into subjects of comparison. Length, thickness, shape -- she knew it was ridiculous, but that didn't stop her mind from immediately making them, nor did it prevent her body from instantly reacting to the memories that followed.

When the sixth round arrived again on the couch, she huffed and, giving into her vulgar curiosity in the hopes that it'd end all this, opened an incognito browser on her phone. Her fingers moved with surprisingly practiced ease, her muscle memory still intact after all this time.

Huge cock

She scoffed at herself as she watched the letters appear on the search bar one by one. She might as well have been right back in her horny, gated self, back when the mere mention of boys and sex made her vulture parents shrink back in horror. Not their trophy, three-time state gymnastics champion daughter. No sirree. So, naturally, secret getaways to the internet had been her only saving grace for her sexual frustrations. It wasn't all good, of course -- the slew of big penises quickly threw her expectations out of wack, and once during an especially stupid and hormonal night, she'd snuck into the kitchen to "try" one of the smaller eggplants along with the lube she'd borrowed from her parents' bedroom.

As it turned out, she wasn't a size queen.

That's what she thought.

In the present, as lists upon lists of dick pics flooded her screen, all she could think of was how...normal they all looked. Sure, there were big ones, but really, none of them came close to the size of that monster she'd seen yesterday. It had been so big that trying to even put a measurement on it felt pointless, and even now as she pictured it clearly in her head, it didn't seem real. She vividly remembered how seeing it had made her feel -- that distinct, awful sinking sensation from her chest down to her stomach -- and she thought if she felt it again, like prying a pebble from inside a shoe, it might clear her mind enough to make the horniness go away.

But she couldn't find anything else that gave her that feeling, so horny she stayed. She closed the tab in defeat and, left only with the warped memory of Tray stroking himself to completion over her mouth and face, reached between her legs to sate her body again.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell shook the room before she could properly get started. She flinched, scrambling to her feet and checking herself to make sure she was presentable before heading to the front door.

She opened it to see Jamie standing on the front porch, beaming in that overconfident way of his. "Hi, Ma'am!"

"Hello, Jamie." She stopped her groan before it could escape. Of course it had to be him of all people who interrupted her, and *now* of all times. He also wasn't holding any package. She stared at him confusedly, her fake smile drooping lower and lower under the weight of every long, awkward second. "Soooo... What're you doing here?"

He shrugged, not even trying to cook up any real kind of excuse. "Figured I'd just stop by and say hi. I know you must get lonely and all."

"Thanks, but I'm okay." She was surprised how much bite came out with the words as she said them. Then again, she absolutely *was not* in the mood to deal with Jamie's antics today, and as she watched him stand in wide-eyed shock at her stark refusal to play along, she found herself praying he'd just give up this instant and actually go do his job elsewhere.

Instead, after recovering, he just tried harder. "...I don't know, Ma'am. You sure you're okay? Looks like something's up."

"You'd be correct. And with all due respect, it's none of your business, either."

"Oh, come on. You know me. Well, you don't know me know me, but...I'm around. You know, if you wanna get something off your chest to someone unimportant that won't say nothing. And between you and me, it'd be nice to talk to someone in this stuck-up town for once."

"And you accused me of getting lonely..." She knew she should've closed the door on him without another word, but she couldn't resist getting in a cheeky remark. It was still a habit to indulge him just a little.

He chuckled to himself, lifting one of his spindly arms to put a hand behind his head as he grinned down at her.

Ha. Cute.

"You got me, you got me," he sighed. "But really. I wanna get to know you. I know I say it every time, but you're one fine lady. You got me staring whenever I see you. Can't blame a guy for trying to get closer."

Her face hardened. A shame, too. She'd almost gotten comfortable enough to let her guard down around him for once. "And you think that's *at all* appropriate to say to a married woman?"

"Well, yeah. I seen your husband. Not to be rude or anything, but he kinda seems like a crybaby..."

It was her turn to look at him in stunned silence. His kind, quirky grin deepened and transformed into something else entirely, taking on a very familiar cockiness. She realized that despite his young and awkward exterior, he wasn't all that different from Tray -- just another horny, desperate creature driven by lust and lust alone. All the more reason to get him off her ass once and for all. "Don't you *ever* talk about Flin that way," she seethed. "You have no idea what he's been through."

"I don't, but that's none of my business, right?" He laughed at her indignant face, clearly pleased with himself for using her own words against her. "Not that it matters to me. You didn't tell me I was wrong..."

"Wha- yes, I- Ugh! You're wrong! There, happy now? God, what is with you fucking animals?"

"Like I said, women like you. We can't help but try. That's just how it is."

"Not in this household, it's not. So you'd better stop trying fast."

"I don't know, I'm not so sure I wanna."

"Not my problem."

"It could be."

Irina opened her mouth for another retort but froze in dawning horror. Not only had the conversation spiraled way too far out of control, but she had also begun to drift ever so slightly closer to Jamie without realizing it as they argued on. Now, she stood only a few inches away from his lanky body, staring straight up into his eyes. Seizing the moment, he wrapped one arm around her waist and pulled her in the remaining distance, pressing up close against her.

"See? Isn't it nice getting to know each other?"

"Wh-What- I didn't say you could- Let go of me!" That's what she said, but her body had other ideas. Her protests hardly matched her arms, which, for some reason, barely even tried to push away from him.

She instantly gathered why, though it filled her with dread: this was the same position Tray had put her in during their first encounter. Given that she was still horny, it was the exact kind of thought she didn't need right now. Just beneath her sweatpants between her legs, her pussy drooled without a care in the world. It probably *hoped* Jamie would see. Fortunately, the garments were dark enough to camouflage the stains that were no doubt growing by the moment. Nevertheless, they were both out on the front porch, and she dreaded the possibility of a neighbor catching her precarious situation.

Jamie read her worried face like a book. "We're kinda making a scene out here. You mind if I come in?"

"Uhm... Wait... T-that's not..."

She only got more incoherent the more she tried to form a response. Despite the fact that she desperately wanted to get away, despite the fact that she'd rejected this guy probably hundreds of times by now, she simply couldn't bring herself to do it again as Jamie tightened his grip. Her conscience, reawakened for the first time since yesterday's shock, immediately sprung to action.

Hey, hey. You're not about to let this happen, are you? Are you a slut Why are you just standing there?

Because she was a hypocrite.

She'd dismissed Jamie so many times up until this point. His single-minded pursuit of her, a very clearly taken woman, was never something she'd taken seriously. It was the fantasy of an immature college boy. The reality that she was truly faithful and not interested would hit him eventually. That's what she thought.

But she'd taken Tray's facial last night. Reluctantly, yes, but also willingly. And somehow, the thought of it still turned her on.

Jamie nudged her backwards toward the living room, encroaching further. She pushed against him weakly but still didn't truly revolt. What right did she have anymore to mock his advances? He was serious, and she'd already gone against her ideals. Plus, it was a simple fact that she was horny, and nothing she'd done by herself so far had satisfied her. Why deny her body's traitorous behavior? Why not just...

Flin's smiling face flashed in her mind -- the last, most powerful line of defense against her weakening will.

"No!"

She shoved him away and, before he could even get another word in, slammed the front door in his face and turned the deadbolt. Frantic knocking immediately followed alongside his muffled, pleading voice.

"W-wait! Ma'am, I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me! I j-just... I thought you... I thought you liked it! Please, Ma'am, open the door...!"

His pathetic words only made her lean hard against the locked door, barricading it with her own body. After what must've been a few minutes, his begging finally ceased, and she heard his defeated footsteps creak against the porch before disappearing down the driveway and into his van. She waited for another few to peek out and see that he was really gone.

The moment she did, the emptiness finally lifted from her like a curtain, and she collapsed to the floor against the wood. She cried for the first time that day. It almost felt good to feel something real again.

Almost.

As the tears poured down her face, the same question from last night played on repeat in her head.

What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?

Her groin buzzed in response, giving a very clear answer. She balled up two fists and slammed them down on her thighs to resist the urge.

It was true that she was hornier than she'd ever been, but that was it. Really, she hated the feeling. It was like a will that wasn't her own had burrowed deep inside, demanding sexual sustenance. A *parasite*. The seed Tray planted had sprouted at last. As it was now, she could barely even think about what the future had in store for her.

Even so, now that the curtail had lifted, she knew what she wouldn't do: she would *never* cheat on her husband ever again. Not even if that made her a hypocrite. She'd deal with these feelings by herself until they went away, no matter how long it took.

She pulled herself up and went back to the couch, taking a deep breath as she mentally prepared herself to sate the urge again for the time being. However, before she could, her eyes landed on her phone on the coffee table. It buzzed against the glass as the screen lit up with a notification, no differently from any of the times it had done so before. She figured it must be Flin, so she picked it up and swiped upward to see.

A gasp tore from her throat.

The text had come from a number she didn't know, but she recognized Tray's dick immediately.

Directly across from it was her face, eyes closed and mouth wide open, covered in cum.

===

It couldn't have been her.

As Irina went pale looking at the picture, that was her gut reaction. She remembered exactly what she'd looked like in the mirror last night, and it wasn't this. It couldn't have been this. Her eyes, at least, had been clear. The woman before her hadn't received even that small mercy -- she was drenched in so much pure white fluid that it could've been anyone. It stuck to every last inch of her skin, completely obscuring everything underneath.

...Almost everything. If Irina looked hard enough, she could see the slightest hint of a smile in that sea of cum, barely showing through like the vaguely content expression on a marble statue.

She remembered how she'd felt back then. That was no smiling mood. So, once again, this slut could not have been her.

But deep down, she knew.

She knew that face shape.

She knew that hair.

She knew that dress.

She knew that carpet.

She knew that faint yellow light.

And she knew that cock.

She went slack against the couch, almost fainting as she tried to catch her breath. Her eyes didn't leave the screen. They couldn't. They focused in on the member held just above her face, the final proof of last night's unforgivable act. She'd almost let herself think it really was a nightmare, but no -- as she looked at it now, that feeling

she'd been seeking closure with all day relapsed hard. Her heart sank. She felt like she might get sick any second.

Above all else, her pussy hummed in undeniable want.

She struggled not to touch herself as she stared on and on. The unknown phone number stared back at her from the top of the screen. It was just an anonymous, random line of digits, but she already knew damn well who was on the other end of them. She swallowed hard, recalling those seemingly endless moments of wet, warm blindness as she sat there plastered in Tray's essence.

She should've known something like this would happen.

Several more minutes passed. She kept on gazing at the screen, waiting for another text to come. It never did. Fed up, she acted against her better judgement and replied first.

[What the fuck? Who is this?]

It was less of a question and more of a probe -- a vain plea to whatever cosmic authority was in charge to change the truth she already knew. As soon as she sent it, three dots jumped up in a speech bubble on the other side of the screen as if they'd been waiting. The next text came not long after.

[You know who.]

Reading the words came like a gut punch. Her head spun violently, and in the carnage, she was left to try and reorient herself.

That asshole had taken that picture when she was blinded by his cum. Now what? What could she do to get out of this situation?

Her mind was riddled with questions, but she couldn't answer a single one before, without warning, her phone vibrated in tandem with her ringtone. She looked again at the unknown number, not moving to answer the call nor rushing to reject it. She

couldn't have done either if she'd wanted to. Eventually, the buzzing, cheery music stopped, and another text followed.

[Good. You still catch on quick.]

[What do you mean?]

Genuinely, she didn't get what he was playing at. She was still too busy trying to ignore the picture of Tray's hard dick pointing at her painted face, which got bumped further and further up and out of view with every new message.

[You didn't block me. Good thing, too. Do that and the pic gets sent straight to your husband.]

She lurched forward, holding her head in one hand and her stomach in the other. Her mind fled for the best excuse it could think of: a bad dream. Yes, this was all still just a bad... dream...

But her eyes wandered back to the photo, and that rationalization crumbled for the very last time.

No. This was undeniably real. She was awake, and she was cornered. Again.

He wasn't even giving her any time to recover after last night.

[How the fuck did you get my number?]

[Employee contacts. You're the only one Flin's got. Sweet, huh?]

She didn't have time to linger on the revelation. She needed answers.

She needed a way out.

[What do you want?]

[You know what I want. :)]

Before she could type out her next response, another picture came through: that ghastly, repulsive organ again. It stood semi erect as its owner lounged back in his daylight office, his undone zipper and spread legs visible below. He wasn't holding himself in this one. He just left his dick to its own appearance, jutting out into the open air for all to see. With no foundation aside from the blood pumping within, it balanced poorly under its own weight, bending slightly to the left where the shaft thickened the most. It clearly wasn't all the way hard -- a fact Irina still found hard to believe even after seeing it first hand -- but the head just above already leaked a shiny stream of precum, which trailed all the way down to his gargantuan balls.

Her reply was still fresh in her mind, but for the next ten or so seconds, all she could do was stare at the unsolicited material. Her hand, unable to put off the raging urge any longer, made the decision on its own to creep down beneath her panties.

"Ooh..."

She couldn't stop the soft moan, nor her rocking hips as her fingers properly got to work. She berated herself for taking any amount of enjoyment in the act, but a part of her knew it needed to be done. This was the first chance she'd actually gotten to free herself from that damned parasite. So, she let her one hand deal with her swollen, aching pussy as the other did its due diligence to reject the asshole on the other end of the chat log.

[This is illegal. Stop texting me or I'll call the police.]

[Suit yourself. Just be ready to do some explaining once hubby gets home.]

She bit her lip. She knew exactly what he was playing at, and... and...

God, this feels so good...

And she didn't like it. Even she knew how big of a deal it was for someone to abuse their standing to obtain an employee's personal contact info. It was something that

anyone who'd worked any job would know. Just one word of it would be enough to blow this man's entire career to kingdom come...

"O-oh, shit..." she gasped, caught off guard by her sensitive clit.

Tray didn't care how legally he was fucked here. He must've known she still couldn't bring herself to do anything about it. This time, he was hitting her where it hurt: her marriage, directly.

She shivered from head to toe as she felt herself getting close. Exposing him meant exposing herself. No one would be spared.

Her eyes remained locked to the screen, barely registering his next message over the illicit image.

[Why don't we talk about this face to face? I'd love to see you again.]

Her right hand labored out a few feeble words.

[And if I don't?]

[Use your imagination.]

She dropped her phone to the cushion, throwing her head back. Her working hand pressed two fingers fervently into her wet, pulsing flesh. The other, lost to pleasure, abandoned all reason and flew around the back of the couch, providing much-needed support as the pressure inside her grew, and grew, and grew, until...

"Oooooohh f-fuckkk...!"

The shaky squeal which had been stuck in her throat escaped as her climax impacted her entire being with full force. Bursts of pure, wanton energy surged from her womb like nukes going off over and over. They coursed through every vein, rippling through every muscle and contracting them along the way. Her hips bucked. Her legs quaked. Quite literally, no part of her could do anything except convulse -- she

was helpless. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and her vision went woozy as the very idea of thought briefly slipped from her mind in the chaotic mess.

At some point, the pulses weakened, and she found she could move through the convulsions. Thought returned to her, but her hand didn't listen.

Stop it. Get off your damn hand. It's done.

It only resumed rubbing in response, her legs remaining unwound, almost defiant. She gazed incredulously at the activity going on without her say. Despite being dark gray, her sweatpants were now visibly soaked through at her crotch, and she could feel her cooling juices smearing against the back of her hand as it continued its assault after her orgasm. The sensitivity she felt now was agonizing. Overwhelming. Every time she grazed her clit took her breath away, and even the slightest pressure now hurt.

But as she went on, she found herself growing hornier and hornier again anyway, and the exasperated, tired thoughts disappeared.

In their place came a new voice: the voice of the parasite, one she'd yet been too scared to listen to until now. It beckoned her eyes back to the phone laying on the couch, then to the vulgar picture shining into the air like a spotlight. At the mere sight of it, her needy arousal erupted again after mere moments of recovery, and she went back to furiously driving herself to completion.

She didn't need to think, said the voice. She only needed to cum just one more time.

She knew it was lying, but in the moment -- in that weak, stupid moment -- she didn't care. Her eyes stayed fixed on Tray's penis, drawing in every last detail they could as her brain hungrily demanded more. After yesterday's conflictly...intense experience, she could no longer suppress any of her intrigue, especially now that she was in private. She saw the shaft and imagined those veins pulsing, struggling to supply blood to all that meat. She traced them down to the two heavy balls sagging

between the man's legs, noting how full they looked even after last night's relief. Her gaze then climbed all the way back up to the fleshy, pinkish crown, remembering how it grew and shrunk softly with each throb as if breathing...

For the first time in her life, she wondered if it would fit -- and if it did, how it would feel.

Letting herself succumb fully to these thoughts, she kept masturbating past the first ecstasy and came again.

And again.

...And again.

Until, at last, her horniness subsided enough for reason to outweigh it. She wouldn't call what she felt now good. She'd been stupid to think seeing that thing again would fix this, but her mind was no clearer than before. Cracking her eyes open with a deep, frustrated breath, she looked to the phone again and saw that ten minutes had gone by, lost to time and mindless pleasure. The sight of the picture made her pussy tingle in remembrance, but thankfully, the predatory desire was tasteful enough to not return again. However, her repose ended when she saw that at the bottom of the message board, another new text -- three minutes old -- had appeared.

[You done rubbing your little pussy or do you still need time?]

Her face shriveled in anger, but her fingers could do nothing but hover over the keyboard. Perhaps it was just an aftereffect of the chain orgasms she'd just experienced, but every fiery response she thought of fell flat in her mind when she knew he was right on the money. She just couldn't deal with Tray the same way she rejected a lowlife like Jamie. "I was just busy." "Not everything's about you." "This is sexual harassment." "Like I'd ever do that to a picture of your..."

Nope. That one *definitely* wouldn't work.

Fuck. It had been a mistake to give into her urge, and this man knew she'd make it. Why? Why did he seem to know exactly what she was doing and how she would react at all times? Even this far away, he knew what effect that photo would have on her. She didn't need to affirm that he was right about it -- hell, it would probably be better if she didn't -- but at this point, there was no need. She could practically see his smug grin from here.

So, in the end, after minutes of deliberation, she settled on another plea.

[Please leave me alone]

A brief stillness -- thinking, calculating -- then more typing.

[No can do. You see what you do to me.]

Great. Of course that wouldn't work. No amount of groveling would ever please a man like this.

Irina's mind kept racing to find a quick solution to the situation. Block him and call his bluff, or even call the police anyway. However, neither of the ideas seemed good enough. Too much risk. Far too much. After only a minute, she relented, too tired from the stress -- and recent, overwhelming relief -- to deal with the problem carefully. In this state, she cooked up the only possible way forward left to her:

Buy time.

[Next week. I can't go tonight. Flin will get suspicious.]

Another stillness -- longer this time. Long enough to make her worry. But eventually, the reply came.

[Sounds good to me. 8 PM next Tuesday, my office. I know you'll love it.]

A sigh passed from her lips. Even as he felt the weight of the exchange leave her shoulders, though, she couldn't resist the thought to expel her remaining fury in one last text.

[You're making me do this.]

She waited for minutes upon minutes. No more texts came.

Almost immediately, she sank down into the couch, covering her face with one arm. Her drenched sweatpants and panties clung to her uncomfortably as she lay, but she was far too exhausted to even remove them. Besides, laying naked right now would probably just dirty the cushions more, and she didn't need another thing to worry about. Her head was already filled with enough stupid bullshit at the moment.

So, what to do? What to do?

Certainly, she wouldn't actually go through with Tray's deplorable demand, but that meant she now had only a week to figure out a way to deny him without blowing up everything else along the way. Needless to say, that was a hell of a tightrope to walk, and even the new ideas she was having now didn't come close to balancing it.

Do nothing?

...Tell Flin?

Tears welled up against her arm the moment the thought crossed her mind. The mercy of empty anger had already faded away. All it could do now was think of the future she desperately wanted with him, of her holding his baby, of growing old in his arms...

All of it was in mortal peril.

She already knew from the start that coming clean was the right thing to do, but at this point, it was barely a choice at all. She'd already cheated on him. God damn it,

she'd betrayed him. And just now, even if she was alone, she'd definitely done it again in her head. She deserved her entire life blowing up.

But he didn't.

As she was busy trying to sort out her guilt and sorrow, her arm unfurled from her face and found its way to her phone. Before long, she was idly looking again at Tray's dick, trying to understand when and how all this went so wrong.

Once again, her hand didn't seem to care. She caught herself just before it grazed the damp fabric between her legs.

No. You're better than that. Just remember the eggplant.

In the sad, angry, horny mess that was her current self, she miraculously found a smile. That stupid memory was the first thing today that had worked so well against the parasite. After all, it had a point. It didn't matter how much her charged, clouded mind obsessed over that perverted size. She hadn't even found it attractive yesterday, and she already knew how it would feel. It wasn't good. The real thing hardly made a difference.

It couldn't.

She found herself looking instead now at Tray's unnamed number, truly ignoring the photos for the first time, though with effort. She couldn't block him. Still, there was no reason she couldn't delete the material on her end. It was foolish to throw away evidence, yes, and that unquenchable horniness would no doubt return, craving it.

But the consequences of keeping it around were too great. Besides, she had a husband for that already, anyway. If anyone was capable of helping her, surely it was him. She'd been too numb and mad this morning to try, but that hardly mattered now. She needed a cure.

So, giving both pictures a good, long look before casting them to the inferno, she drifted peacefully to sleep, waiting for him to return and show the parasite what for.

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In the third floor hallways of KF Designs, the summer afternoon bustled on just like any other. The emon-scented cleaner from the start of the week still lingered heavily in the air as suited agents and clients waded through, quietly talking money and marketing as designers worked tirelessly beyond the doors to make their dreams come true.

Flin, too, worked among them today, perhaps the hardest of all. Past door 302, the scent of cleaner faded beneath the musk of sweat and body odor as he hunched over his tablet yet again, satisfying the orders of a board and boss who cared none for his legacy or well-being. Still, he scribbled away at the screen, drawing what little enjoyment he could out of the activity he'd spent a lifetime polishing. Yes, it was hard, but it was all worth it. He had a wife back home. And soon, a family. For that, he was convinced he had to work.

But just down the hall at door 330, "work" was hardly the story. It was the most important room in the whole building, but right now, it was locked to the rest of it -- to the bustle of footsteps, to the arduous grind of exploited artists. If one passing by bothered to listen close enough -- if they even thought to -- they would hear not the muffled sounds of scribbling and falling sweat...

But sucking. Popping. Slurping.

And then, throaty laughter.

"Hahaha..."

Tray shuddered and laid his head back on his office chair as Maddie dragged her tongue up his naked shaft. It wasn't intentional. He'd rather have taken in the sight

of her big, cute smile next to his manhood, but given how close she'd already brought him to the edge, it was too dangerous to look.

He sucked in a breath right as she sucked in his plum of a tip, hollowing her cheeks as they filled with warm, throbbing dick. This treatment was a long time coming. Given how long he'd made her wait in favor of pursuing Irina, she'd practically forced him down onto his chair when she clocked in today. This was her fourth blowjob since.

"You really do have no shame, do you?" Tray chuckled through a groan. He still didn't dare look down.

"Look who's talking." Her words were quick and impatient, rushed out the moment his cock left her mouth before she shoved it back in without delay.

Tray sank back into utter paradise as the short, curly-haired girl went on. She knew every trick in the book: she licked around the head, sucked his balls one after the other, and even serviced the underloved parts of his shaft every once in a while. Even now, it was still a marvel to him how such a tiny mouth was able to get him so close so quickly. She also knew exactly how to read his throbs -- which were ones of simple pleasure, and which were warnings. Once she felt the latter, she gagged as she forced him deeper into her throat, her lips stretching flexibly around his thickening length, and then she stopped almost at the base, looking straight up at his strained face.

Unable to resist any longer, his eyes crept down to meet hers.

For the fourth time that day, it happened again: he saw Irina in her place, staring up nervously and innocently with her mouth stuffed full of his meat.

"Hah!"

His entire member constricted at the thought, beginning the long process of emptying his load into Maddie's throat. She didn't do so much as flinch once

throughout it. She just sat there, eyes calm as she swallowed each heavy spurt of cum, gazing up at his tense, silent grimace. He could almost hear her seductive, cooing voice in his euphoria.

It's okay. It's okay. I'm here. Let it all out.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.

When it was over and she retracted her head all the way from his softened dick, they both shared a breathless laugh.

"Wow...that's way more than usual. You're very fixated on that girl, aren't you?" Maddie asked. "Not that I blame you. I saw her last night. She really is a work of art."

He hated to admit it, but she was right. The truth was, were it not for his extremely successful encounter with Irina yesterday, he wouldn't have been able to cum buckets over and over as he had been for the past few hours. Every time Maddie got him off, those wanting eyes glimmering in the lamplight flashed in his mind, and his balls seemed to work overdrive. Of course, that wasn't actually the case -- he was already feeling lightheaded from all the fluid loss -- but damn it, just the thought of that woman threatened to drain him of every last drop.

Still, all that was frankly embarrassing to acknowledge to Maddie, so he saved face with a crude remark instead. "Damn straight. Glad you can appreciate a good ass."

"Mr. Paller. That kind of language is unfitting of your station," she wiped a dribble of spit from the corner of her grinning mouth as she stood up. "In any case...how is that latest project going, anyway? I assume you made great progress last night."

Tray scoffed amusedly. This girl had some unreal kinks. Not that he could judge -- he'd be lying if he said it wasn't fun to play along. "Of course I did. We had a productive conversation. I think Irina has good taste now."

"That's good. Seems you'll have yet another supporter soon."

"Yeah, seems so..."

They both laughed again, and Tray couldn't help but trail off into his own thoughts, reveling in his victory. He had Irina right where he wanted her. She clearly didn't know it, but the moment she'd let him cum on her face, she'd lost. Like hell he'd let that be a one-and-done thing, and like hell she didn't like it. He knew exactly what she was doing with that dick pic he'd sent her the moment she didn't immediately respond.

She'd be back next week. Of that, he was sure.

If only she'd known how much of a gamble he'd taken with her, though. He thought it would be harder to get in her head. Naturally, his whole threat yesterday had been a bunch of bullshit. He'd just gotten lucky for her to wander straight into a NDA violation with Flin when she did, and even then, that man was way too useful for the company to ever let go of. Still, it was enough to convince the board members to at least put Flin in his place, and his face during the meeting when they called him out... God, it was priceless. He figured sending him home to her all shaken up would be the tipping point, and lo and behold, he was right.

Then again, he'd have made something else up to try and trick her into a facial anyway even if all that didn't happen. Fate tended to favor him when it came to getting what he wanted.

"So, what's next?"

The secretary's question pulled him out of his head. He stood up to join her, stepping closer and caressing her shoulder, earning himself a pleased hum. "Nothing, of course. She'll come around. Ask any woman in this building. Surely you remember what it was like, too..."

Even though his words made her moan again, she averted her eyes as he said them. Her teasing facade cracked just a little, and in the uneasy space between, he saw it: a hint of shame, of the person she used to be.

He gently yet firmly turned her face back to his with a hand. No. He'd be having none of that.

"I have things I need to tend to, Mr. Paller..." she muttered. But she couldn't fool him. He could see the deepening arousal in her gaze. His cock, slickened with her spit, began to rise again, brushing up against her crotch. Their eyes stayed locked, frozen in shared understanding.

A blowjob wouldn't cut it this time.

Tray recalled her peppy, nervous voice during their first meetings all those months ago, back when their affair had begun.

"I have someone already." "I can't." "I shouldn't." "This is wrong."

He'd heard these lines so much by now he was convinced every woman came with them prepackaged. He still wondered why they even bothered. No matter how guilty or reluctant his targets acted, they always submitted in the end. It always ended the same way...

Maddie yelped as he took her by the waist with both hands and flipped her around, mounting her forcefully over the desk. Her suit dress hiked up above her tight ass, revealing her soaked through panties. His semi erect manhood hardened all the way as he took aim, once again picturing Irina in the horny girl's place -- her much fatter, milky ass bent over as he held her down by the small of her back, waiting needily for his dick like the bitch in heat that she was.

In due time, she would come to accept it like the rest of them. There was nothing he enjoyed more than seeing their guilt and faithfulness give way to total submission.

And as for the losers he stole these women from...well, what did he care? What did he care if some poor schmuck offed himself because he fucked his girl better than he ever could? That was just reality. They could curse god or fate or whatever for giving them small peckers if they wanted. It wasn't his fault, and it *definitely* wasn't the woman's. He wasn't going to stop taking the ones he wanted just because it made other men sad.

Before he could even do it himself, Maddie reached back and pulled her panties aside to expose her engorged pussy. Her head turned back over her shoulders to look at him, her eyes pleading, expectant. The sexy, professional mask she'd been wearing had slipped off entirely, revealing only the ruined lust beneath.

"Hurry up, you fucking bastard..."

He smirked as he lined himself up with the wet hole. He could spare one more load today, he supposed.

After all, he wasn't one to deny a woman in need.

===

"Ah..."

Flin deflated on top of Irina as he came inside her. She wrapped her arms around his back and moaned along with him, basking in the familiar warmth filling her womb.

A part of her had been worried all day that sex with her partner of over five years would feel different after her experience last night. She was relieved beyond relief itself to learn that it didn't. Despite the tense moment they had that morning, she had no issues pulling him aside to the bedroom when he returned from work today, determined to quench these stupid feelings once and for all. Right away, her body kicked into gear, remembering how much she truly loved him. She embraced his smooth, beautiful figure, drawing him close to savor every touch, and at no point did she want him to stop.

As their romance escalated in the dark, thoughts of yesterday's encounter *did* try to interfere with her enjoyment, but each one just made their lovemaking more intense. They mingled with each of Flin's thrusts, charging her sex drive, making her want him even more. She moaned loudly as she pictured Tray hardening in the lamplight. She hugged him closer as the man stroked his immense length right at her face. She pulled him into a sloppy kiss as she felt his thick, seemingly endless cum land on her face all over again.

It wasn't so much that the thoughts turned her on directly. She just used them like coals in a furnace. That's all they were: fuel. Flin was the one doing all the driving, and like always, he did it splendidly.

Indeed, when her husband finished deep within her, her soul was fulfilled. Her groin buzzed, and her toes curled on instinct.

...

...But.

That word. That maddening, infuriating word. It bounced around in her mind, itching, incessant. As Flin's essence settled inside her, it didn't allow her to fully enjoy the moment as she always used to.

The moment felt good, yes. As wonderful and magical as always.

But apparently, it wasn't enough for the parasite that had infected her.

As she lay there in bed with Flin splayed across her naked body, she realized with confusion that for the first time in a long, long while -- probably since their first date, back when they were still learning each other's bodies -- she hadn't quite cum. Not as she did every horny morning in his company, and certainly not as she did today as she shamefully masturbated to the pictures of Tray's penis. Opposed to Flin, who sighed contentedly in the afterglow of his own orgasm, Irina was fully awake and left hanging, wondering what the hell to do next.

Should she ask him for another round? Could he go another round, being so tired?

She considered asking him to finish her off with his mouth or fingers, but she couldn't bring herself to. It was all so awkward, and she knew doing so would embarrass him, especially in his current state. Not cumming together as they always did was such a novel, unpleasant feeling.

Half an hour of recovering in bed went by before she had another idea to appease her heat. As Flin napped softly next to her, she snuck beneath the covers again and found her way to his soft dick in the pitch black. He mumbled in incoherent pleasure as she wrapped her fingers around him, and she returned a hum of her own as she breathed in his intoxicating scent, still fresh with her own sex. This surely would've grossed her out in the past, but all it did now was make her wetter.

Before long, she had him in her mouth, bobbing her head steadily and focusing on the hot feeling of him hardening against her tongue. His lewd taste had also mixed with her own, and surprisingly, she found it even better than the smell.

It still wasn't what she was after, though. She sucked harder, fondling his balls, trying to coax out the prize within as she began rubbing herself as usual. She didn't bother edging him -- she wanted his load right away. Sure enough, one lash of her tongue later, his head jumped, spilling it into her mouth obediently. She curled her finger into herself, managing to bring herself to orgasm as she readily swallowed the gentle pulses of seed.

...But.

It wasn't as thick. I wasn't as potent. It wasn't as strong. And undeniably, there wasn't as much. He jolted only two or three times before he was all out. Her orgasm rumbled once through her nerves and then vanished -- a far cry from the leg-shaking rapture she'd experienced when she first did this last week.

Why? Tray's cum had been so repulsive she'd wanted to vomit it all out. She actually liked how Flin's tasted.

A wave of nausea passed over her as she realized she was comparing her husband to Tray. Quickly, she battled back for control over her mind, then crawled back up next to him and turned over in bed, trapping her hands beneath her head so they wouldn't automatically tend to her still unsatisfied pussy. She couldn't stop a wave of frustration from coming over her -- frustration that she unfairly, reflexively directed at Flin. He, not knowing a thing, draped a loving arm over her, spooning her as she silently fumed.

Deceitful bitch. Like you have the right to be mad.

Her reasonable voice, still loud enough to be heard over her arousal, swiftly reprimanded her. It was right. She knew it was right. None of this was his fault.

But the parasite -- the other, newer voice -- countered with a much simpler argument.

Her pussy was still soaking wet.

For the rest of the week, she ignored it and kept trying to quell the urge with Flin anyway. She was still convinced, despite all the contrary evidence her body provided, that the man whose babies she wanted to carry was the one who could do it. He had to be the one who could do it. She wasn't ready to face the reality where that wasn't the case. She jumped him whenever she could -- in the morning, after work, at night, even during dinner before they could even finish their meal.

Still, that dissatisfaction never left no matter how passionate the sex was. Their sessions always left her feeling a harsh dissonance within -- her soul satiated, yet her body far from it.

Thus, whenever Flin had to work and she was left at home alone, she was at the mercy of the parasite that grew more and more ravenous by the second. It forced her

onto the couch four, five, sometimes countless times a day. It was these times when she realized her decision to delete Tray's pictures had backfired horrendously. They were the only things which had quieted that horny voice even briefly, and in their absence, her brain now constantly tried to reconstruct the image of his huge dick to no avail. Little coping mechanisms like "the eggplant" no longer worked to stop it. Paradoxically, her own imagination still couldn't live up to the moment she'd had over the phone that day -- the moment she'd cum so hard over and over, she forgot she was even a person. So, even the climaxes she brought on herself, though more thorough than the ones she only occasionally had with her husband, failed to fill the void she felt inside her.

By the third day, she was sure of it: it was a mistake to take on this burden herself. Nothing she did made it any easier.

Often, she found herself staring blankly at her phone screen again, rereading the short string of texts between her and the "unknown" number. The pictures were always gone, but the spaces they had once occupied, now indistinguishable blips between the bubbles, drew her attention and wouldn't let go.

The memories wouldn't let go.

That massive, club-shaped cock sticking into the air.

Her own face presented just inches away, covered in its sticky aftermath.

They were all in the past. But they weren't going away.

She should've known better than to listen to her own ruminations that night. She should've just been selfish, should've sucked it up and told Flin everything. Should've this, should've that...

It was too late for that, though. And now, the text she'd sent to buy time stared back at her, warning.

Next week.

Eventually, despite all her dread, next week came. She woke up that Tuesday completely defeated. All of her agonizing and planning over how to deny Tray's plan had amounted to a big, fat nothing. For an entire week, the parasite had sabotaged, not even letting her think.

Sitting at the dinner table, she once again watched as her love walked out from the hallway into the living room, dressed and ready for work. He *did* look better. At the very least, Tray had done good on that end of their deal. Flin stood straighter now, and the bags under his eyes, while not gone, had softened remarkably quickly. The weight of work was clearly lighter than it was before. Plus, while their sex life had been...off over the past week, she couldn't deny that he was much more forward than usual. The healthy kind of forward -- not that she minded him taking her out of nowhere like he had a few weeks ago, but it had still confused the hell out of her.

It was the tiniest bit of silver lining in a mess of her own making. Thanks to her actions, he was able to feel some sort of normal. In that, she let herself take an infinitesimal amount of solace.

Then, her phone buzzed in her lap. She glanced down.

The text had come from the unknown number.

[Today's the day. Don't forget.]

He knew. He'd known from the start.

Irina squirmed as Flin sat at the table, forcing a smile as he complimented her cooking as always. When he wasn't looking, she gazed longingly at him, her heart clenching at his happy, blissfully unaware mood.

She wanted him to save her, to be there for her in her time of need as he always was.

She couldn't say it out loud. If she did, she'd have to explain herself. If she did, she'd ruin him. All of what she'd done would be for nothing.

So, she went about the morning miming her former self until she kissed him goodbye for work. Not even letting her grieve, the parasite beckoned the instant he was out the door. She, no longer willful enough to resist, went to the couch and did what she could to please it. It was extra relentless today. Anticipating. Excited.

She hardly did anything else that day.

Later, Flin came back to see her slumped and groaning in the living room. She was so lightheaded that for the first time in a while, she hadn't prepped dinner, nor did she greet him at the door. Even still, he simply laughed it off as pure exhaustion, naively noting how hard she'd worked for him lately. She laughed with him.

It was during dinner as they vacantly ate leftovers that she finally spoke somewhat from the heart. She thought her voice came out shaky, but Flin showed no signs of noticing. "Hey, babe?"

"What's up?"

"I'm going to the store again tonight, and I...I think I'm gonna start going later in the evening more often. You know, like last week. It was actually a lot calmer than usual. Way less people." She fought the urge to bite her lip, knowing she'd draw blood if she did. Every lie she told him was a stab in the chest, every excuse a strike to the face. They all felt so stupid and obvious. She couldn't imagine how insulted she'd feel if the roles were reversed.

Yeah. As if *she* of all people would go out alone in the dark, knowing full well what effect her body had on every single man she passed by.

Flin clearly wasn't convinced, either. Even he wasn't that dense. "Oh... Is everything alright?"

"Yeah."

He raised an eyebrow. "Rina, you don't have to hide anything from me. You know that. Something's bothering you, right?"

She balled her fists up beneath the table, opening her mouth to reply yet not saying anything. She couldn't find the words, and for once, the parasite couldn't find the lies. Her conscience had resurfaced again, clashing with it hard.

This is your chance to make it right. Communicate like you always do. You're married, for god's sake.

She stared her husband in the eye, drawing a breath. In that single instant, the parasite pulled her reason back under the water, silencing her admission of guilt along with it.

"It's the eyes, isn't it?" Flin interrupted, sealing the moment behind her. She blinked as if snapping out of a trance, not having registered his words. Once again, all he did at this obviously suspicious reaction was smile. "It's okay. I'm not mad. I know guys look at you in public. Shit, I've had to bite my tongue about it more times than I can count. It's probably not fun for you."

"Yes!" she blurted, immediately seizing the way out he'd so generously provided. She almost felt like she'd pass out as she did. "Yes, you win, you're right... I'm sick of the stares, okay? I just...I need to be around them less. It's exhausting."

"Well...why not take me with you? I could help you shop, and it might make others think twice about ogling you."

An alarm went off in her head -- the parasite, hissing in protest. *No. He can't know.*

She reached across the table and took his hand, reassuring him with another sweet lie. "Babe, you do enough for this house already. You need as much sleep as you can get. Let me do this for you, alright?"

The worst part was that technically, it wasn't one.

"Well...okay," he replied. "Just let me know what's up, okay?"

She pursed her lips.

He trusted her so much it hurt. It hurt so much she felt as if she might burst into tears at any moment.

But tears wouldn't sate the parasite. The constant wetness between her legs was proof enough of that.

She stood from her chair, gazing at her love eating peacefully one more time before checking the time.

7:00 PM.

"You going already?" Flin asked.

"Yeah, I should. I'm sorry."

===

The veil of emptiness, as it turned out, wasn't gone for good. As she got dressed alone in the bedroom, it covered her again, blocking the volatile emotions that had threatened to boil over. It was as scary as ever to suddenly not feel a thing, but she clung onto it anyway like a comforter on a cold night. It made the whisperings of the parasite seem far more rational than they would've otherwise.

This is all for the best. You're doing this for him. You'll feel much better after.

As always, she knew it was lying, but that didn't matter. The past week had been torture on every front. She needed, *needed* liberation. From Tray and the sickening urges she had toward him.

She slipped on a button-down blouse and skirt that rode just a little too close to her knees. It complimented her butt, naturally, but in a different way from everything else she wore. This outfit was thought out. Intentional. It was something she never would've worn around Tray all those weeks ago -- no, something she actively would've avoided.

But that didn't matter anymore. Her shrewd reason, subdued by the parasite and muffled beneath the veil, approved of the decision.

If she was lucky, it would make all this end sooner.

In a twist of fate -- she couldn't tell if it was being cruel or sparing her -- Flin was in the bathroom when she emerged, and she slipped by without saying anything more. She texted him goodbye in the car, of course, since remaining totally silent would be too conspicuous. She just couldn't bring herself to talk to him knowing full well what she was about to do under his nose. If she did, the veil would slip off, and the numbness with it.

Don't poke it.

Her twisted logic teamed up with the parasite during the drive, comforting her, lulling her into a false security as her rolling wheels thrummed on the road. They told her, despite her gut feeling of Tray's intentions, that it wasn't so serious, pushing the needle just a little further with every horny thought. She didn't actually need to do anything that bad with him tonight. Not at all. He was making her do all this anyway. She'd draw the line at a handjob if it came to it. As long as she didn't cheat -- truly cheat -- she wouldn't be a hypocrite.

By the time she pulled into KF Designs, her panties were drenched, and the voice hummed its temptation like a siren song.

She just needed to see it again...just once more. For her and Flin's sake.

The inside of the building was exactly as she'd left it, unsurprisingly. The cafe, the smell...the table where Tray had made her feel up his bulge. The cameras still beat down on her from above, too. She'd need to get that building footage again.

That's right. She'd already done all this before, and she wouldn't be shaken by it again-

Walking out of the elevator, she bumped into someone and fell onto her backside with a yelp.

It was that petite woman she'd seen here last time.

"Oh my god! It's you again! I'm so sorry!" she apologized, holding out a hand. "What a terrible way to introduce myself. I'm Maddie, Mr. Paller's secretary."

Irina just stared back at her in a daze, not taking it. "...Mr. Paller?"

"Tray Paller. The new CEO of this company."

"Oh." She finally grabbed the bubbly girl's hand, hiding her distaste. There were a lot of things about Tray she'd rather not have known, and his last name was definitely one of them. "Don't worry about it," she sighed. "I wasn't watching where I was going." She dusted and straightened her skirt out for a few seconds before noticing that Maddie was beaming at her expectantly, awaiting her introduction. As much as she didn't want to get stuck here, she relented. "I'm Irina. Um... My husband works here."

"You mean Flin? Ohhh, so you're that Irina! Your husband is a star around here. You should be proud."

"Believe me, I am." She averted her gaze as she spoke. An awkward silence grew between them, and she realized she'd let too much of her heart bleed into her words. She began walking again, trying to rush past and forget about the weird interaction

as soon as possible before the numbness could fade. "Well then... Sorry again for running into you. I'd... I'd better be going now..."

Just when she thought she'd shaken Maddie off, however, the girl's voice called out behind her. "You know, Tray can't stop talking about you."

She froze mid-step.

Her heart pounded. Her legs trembled, unable to move in spite of her mind begging to get away.

The veil had fallen off.

When she turned to look at Maddie again, she finally remembered it: the uneasiness she'd felt when she'd last seen her. A knowing, conniving grin. Indeed, she wore it again now, and it made Irina feel no better. She wondered how much she knew, and more disturbingly, how she knew it. She'd done all she could to erase last week's incident, but if it had already leaked to someone, and then to the rest of the company where Flin worked...

Maddie giggled playfully, almost mockingly at her stumped face as she found herself unable to respond. "Oh, it's nothing to be ashamed of, hun. Every one of us here at KF Designs goes through the same thing. You get used to it."

Irina was about to ask what she meant but paused at a momentary shift in the girl's face -- for an instant, a hint of sadness, there and then gone.

"...Anyway. Like you said, I'd better be going. I'd hate to keep either of you waiting. Good luck."

Just like that, she disappeared down the elevator, leaving Irina alone in the hallway.

After finally registering her words, she kept storming down the carpet, simmering with every step.

She *wasn't* waiting for this! She was forced to be here!

By the time she reached the door to room 330, she was too angry to remember her worry. Maddie didn't know a thing about her. No. She just wanted all this to be over with. Not hesitating even a little, she swung the door open and-

Oh my god.

Her eyes widened, her body stuck in place under the threshold.

Tray was sitting there at his desk just as he had before, but this time the room was already fully lit by the overhead lights, and he wasn't wearing his suit jacket or button-down. Both had been hung lazily over the back of his office chair, and all that remained to cover his torso was a black V-neck T-shirt. It fit him just right -- just wrong? -- she wasn't sure. The fabric stretched taut across every ounce of his figure, revealing enough to give her pause. His shoulders tapered neatly to his lats, then again to his thin waist. Even in this lighting, he could see the distinct peaks and valleys of his abdominal muscles running down his stomach, and his chest fanned out above like spread wings, wide and mighty.

She glanced up further and saw that he was already looking at her, but he hadn't yet given her that devilish smirk. In its absence, his chiseled, stubble-covered face was truly statuesque -- stoic, symmetrical. Divine, even. Irina barely even noticed the wrinkles of imperfection on his cheeks.

In that moment, no matter how much she hated him, not one shred of her psyche could deny it: he really was an incredible male specimen, especially for someone his age.

Then, of course, he had to go and talk.

"Wow. You look good, baby. Though you forgot the lip balm. A shame..."

He finally cracked that smug grin, and at once all that attractiveness was gone in an instant. Already feeling his thoughts, she covered her lips with her fingertips self-consciously, suddenly regretting dressing up like this.

"What happened to forgetting all about me?"

"I was until you pulled this shit, asshole. Be grateful I didn't call the cops."

"Yeah, yeah... Sure you were..."

She balked indignantly at his utter nonchalance, then stepped inside with a deep breath. Once again, the double doors closed behind her, sealing her with the pervert.

"So, what? What do you want? Are you going to... Going to f-finish on me again?"

She tried to remain defiant as she spoke but ultimately devolved into a stutter once it came time to acknowledge what was coming. Just thinking about it already had her mind in complete shambles over the past week, but saying it felt strange. *Wrong*.

And most infuriatingly, it made her pussy buzz in anticipation.

"Hey, hey. Don't get ahead of yourself. I never said anything like that... I mean, now that I think about it..."

"Wait! I didn't mean-"

Tray waved his hand jokingly to cut her off, chuckling to himself. She made this too easy. Still, he wanted to really play with her for a while longer -- make her truly his. For that, he couldn't rush into sex. Not quite yet. "Relax. I'd never force you to do anything. I had something else in mind today. If you want me to get rid of that pesky little pic I took..."

He stood from his chair and approached her, towering over her just in front of the desk so that her eyes could savor his body all over again. Then, before she could react, he dropped his already undone belt and pants to the floor.

His cock unceremoniously dropped with them, already semi erect.

Just like last time, Irina could only stare at it as its weight settled in the air, bumping up lightly with every heartbeat. It looked exactly as long, as thick, as...*awful* as she remembered. Even the pictures he'd sent couldn't compare. She'd been kneeling in front of it last time she saw it in person, but now that she was standing, it protruded out toward her belly, its throbbing head just a foot away from rubbing her navel through her blouse.

She wanted to run away.

And the parasite licked its chops greedily, making her wetter than ever.

In the midst of her stupor, she didn't move, and she didn't look away. Tray's voice spoke one, simple order.

"Make me cum."

Her heart fluttered uncontrollably.

The next moment, however, she was reeling inside. She could've guessed this was what he was after all the way back when he'd sent that picture -- deep down, she had already been certain of it -- but hearing it said hit her again with that strangeness, that wrongness. This was a situation she never should've allowed to escalate.

At the thought, her mind's emergency defense mechanism deployed once more -- Flin's happy face, and the future she had worked so hard for.

The clarity that brought stopped her hand as it rose to obey. The parasite screamed out in protest, but for once, she managed to ignore it.

"I...I can't do that. N-no. I just can't. I'll do anything else. Just...not that."

Tray grinned. There it was. The default response.

He took hold of his member, waving it up and down to watch her amusedly. Despite her words, her eyes dutifully tracked its movement, her mouth hanging agape and unaware. "Well then, why don't we make a little game out of it? For a little added motivation," he proposed. She glanced up at him with that offended look, annoyed he still wasn't listening, but didn't stop him from going on. "If you can make me cum in under fifteen minutes, I'll delete that little picture I took of you, and I'll leave you alone for good. If you can't, come back next week and try again."

Her head swayed back down, locking her back to his naked manhood. "...How can I trust you?"

"Like I said. I'm a man of my word."

"Like hell you are!" she exploded. Soon, however, her eyes were on his dick again. She was sick of this. Sick of knowing exactly how full of shit this man was, yet falling for the lies anyway -- all because of feelings that weren't her own. She'd only wanted to help her husband, damn it all. "You took that picture when I was... you know! After you promised to delete everything!"

Tray wagged a finger in her face. "Ah-ah-ah! Not everything! How could you forget, Rina? The deal was to delete the proof of the NDA violation, give you the building footage, and forget about Flin's little fuckup. You never said anything about me taking another photo for safekeeping, masturbating, blackmailing...et cetera."

She scowled indignantly, but he could tell the meager resistance she'd put up was already faltering. After letting her stew in her own head for a minute, he pressed on, not letting her properly gain her bearings.

"Well, it's your choice. But I'm not letting go of that picture until you prove yourself. It's too pretty."

Put on the spot, she finally caved. "...Fine. But you'd better be quick."

"That's up to you..." Before she could say anything more, he reached for his phone on the desk, opened up a new stopwatch, and started it without delay. "Aaand the clock starts now!"

"W-wait, what?!" she stammered out, completely blindsided by his abruptness. One look at his smug face was all it took for her to realize he wasn't kidding, and with no more time to debate what was right, she closed the remaining distance between them with a step.

Her hand continued toward his jutting cock.

However, she paused again before she made contact, flinching back over and over. Her conscience was raising hell, but more than anything, she simply couldn't grasp how she'd go about satisfying this thing, let alone finishing it. "What... How should I...?"

"How you choose to do it is up to you. But hurry up. Time is ticking."

She swallowed heavily, squeezing her thighs together. Tray took this opportunity to take her by the waist, pulling her to his side. "Hey-!"

"I don't have to tell you why the 'no touching' thing doesn't fly here, right?"

She searched her mind for a rebuttal but couldn't find one. Not only was he right, but the sudden, intimate move had scrambled her brain, quieting her reason while emboldening the parasite -- a deadly combo. Now that she was vulnerable, the horny voice ushered her forward, using the current reality as fuel.

She had fifteen minutes.

Draw the line at a handjob.

She took a deep breath, then reached out definitively.

She moved so slowly she felt she was in slow motion. Her heart pounded. Her heat raged. The gigantic erection beneath her palm pulsed all the while, its beat steady, unyielding. It patiently expected her touch.

First came her pinky. Her ring finger -- and her ring -- soon after. One by one, each of her fingers curled around the base of his shaft.

She let out a shaky breath. For the first time in her life, she had touched another man's penis.

...Although, to say her fingers "curled around" it was the overstatement of the century. Her hand was unfathomably tiny in comparison. She held it firmly, and yet she still didn't encircle his entire circumference -- and the base wasn't even his girthiest part. Her thumb and forefinger rested a whole inch from each other, an insurmountable distance no matter how hard she squeezed.

As she did so, the monster hardened even more in her grip, throbbing in approval. She couldn't help but gasp. She'd already technically grabbed him here before last week, but the difference between now and feeling him through that tiny barrier of fabric was like night and day. She felt his heartbeats clearly across every vein like marching snares, filling his damp skin with an active heat. Sometimes, his flesh expanded through sudden twitches and flexes, parting her fingers just that much more.

It was so warm, so...alive.

Irina could barely wrap her mind around the idea. Flin's sex was undeniably a part of himself, and it reacted accordingly. He had control of it. This thing, on the other hand, seemed to have a will of its own. It bucked upward like an untamed stallion the longer she held it, all while Tray simply stood still, watching.

No. Stop comparing. Just get it over with.

She began the long, slow journey up, eyes still wide as she watched her hand travel further and further before descending back down. His foreskin aided her, gliding smoothly above the rock solid surface beneath and folding over the head just as she pictured in her daydreams. She wasn't used to the feeling but begrudgingly accepted the extra help. Without it, she had no hope of ever completing a single stroke around the bulky organ.

For the next couple minutes, she slowly caressed Tray's length over the table as he held her firmly to his side, not once looking away. The more she did, the wetter she became, and the more she squirmed against his solid body.

She'd rushed into this too willingly, she realized. It felt like an eternity had passed already, and she wasn't even close to making him cum.

Tray had been unusually quiet throughout the ordeal. She looked up at his face and saw that he wasn't grinning, but coolly focusing on her actions. He breathed deeply, intensely. She couldn't tell if that meant she was doing a good job, but as much as she wanted to put this to an end tonight, she wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of her asking.

Luckily, he already knew from the obvious apprehension on her face that she was having trouble. "You might wanna go a bit faster..." he muttered.

She was already trying. With all her strength, she quickened her arm's pace, pushing and pulling her hand vigorously until her wrist was sore. But even at her fastest, the angle was too awkward and her strokes too drawn out to truly satisfy him.

After a while of this, Tray gently took her hand in his and, in her stunned confusion, guided her at the speed he desired, jacking himself off with her fingers. He gradually let go, leaving her to do it alone like she was riding a bike without training wheels for the first time. "Yeah, like that..."

Easy for you to say, motherfucker, she fumed, though her frown didn't reach him. She was too busy trying to keep up this new pace. Given how much taller he was than her, she had to change her stance to achieve it, coiling her arm around his back to give herself a more solid foundation. This put her in an even more intimate position with him, much to her chagrin, but it couldn't be helped. As for her sore arm, she simply kept stroking and soldiered through it. She could handle a little soreness. Endurance, at least, wasn't something she lacked with her background.

"Five minutes left."

Tray's blunt announcement came like lightning.

He smirked as he saw her panic, then sighed in relief as she got right back to work. He'd lied. She actually had two minutes -- far from enough time to drive him over the edge -- but he still wanted her to try her absolute hardest.

And try she did. Under the threat of having to do this again, she threw caution to the wind. This spoiled the parasite with attention, and she could feel her juices running down her thigh, but she didn't have any room to be picky right now. She experimented with her hand and gauged his reactions to see what worked -- firm grip versus light grip, short strokes versus long ones. There was so much room to work with, every little thing she did resulted in something different. He groaned when her hand flew up and down his shaft, then gasped as she teased near the head.

Still, no matter what she did, he wouldn't cum.

"Wanna know a secret?" he eventually said, breaking the constant beat of skin on skin. "I'm weak to spit."

Her stomach flipped. As always, he knew how to push the boundaries without technically breaking the rules. In her current state, though, she couldn't bring herself to disobey him. With a frustrated grunt, she let go, spat into her palm, and quickly returned to him. Soon, his cock shined with her saliva, polished and slick.

Not long after, Tray began to twitch more than usual. These were different from the normal throbs -- rapid, almost trembling muscle contractions. Up above, he began to grumble uneasily.

That was the sound.

She switched techniques again, rapidly rubbing the thick portion of dick just beneath the crown. She had him, and she'd be damned if she let him go now. Everything she knew depended on it.

She depended on it.

Caught up in the moment, her voice came out sluttier than any she'd ever known, as if the horny parasite's voice had been made manifest. "Cum. Come on. Cum for me."

Tray drew a short breath then rutted forward with a low, passionate growl. His manhood swelled, and the fat head flared out. Irina braced herself, keeping her strokes steady, and...

"Aaaghh... Fuck yes..."

Sure enough, he couldn't hold back any longer. His balls tightened, forcing their entire load out in waves. She felt it deep within his shaft: a constant, bloated pulse rushing past her fingers, an incomparably thick fluid backing him up like syrup in a water hose. It jettisoned from the tip over and over and over in ropes that never seemed to end. Each one landed heavy and unbroken on the desk, the straight, virile white lines lurid against the dark wood. She was far away from them this time, but their smell still hit her where she stood.

She'd long since lost count of his shots before they waned into leaking drops, then stopped entirely. The portion of the table just below it was fully covered, just as her face had been when she was in its spot.

She let go of his member almost as hesitantly as she had grabbed it, her gaze lingering on its softening form and the pool of cum beneath it. She was hornier now than ever, but in the quieting calm, her reason finally got another word in over the erotic scene surrounding her. She could deal with her own heat later -- being this turned on, she was sure she'd cum at least as hard as she did over those texts. Then, it would be over for good.

After all, this terrible situation was finally behind her. All that couldn't have lasted more than-

Smack!

"Ah-!"

A sharp pain forced a moan from her lips. Her pussy jolted in a surprised, sudden pleasure.

Without warning, Tray had slapped her ass. His broad hand, spanning across one entire cheek, now rested beneath her skirt with its fingers spread, sinking into her silky fat like kneading dough.

What?

What?

She shuddered at the new feeling. Flin had never, never treated her like that. As much as she wanted to scream at the older man, however, she also couldn't move. His thumb drifted over her ass crack, rubbing at her undergarments wantonly as if inspecting them. In the stinging aftermath, she lost her equilibrium and fell forward onto the desk, bending straight over. She landed just next to his drying load, and his familiar, head-spinning scent soon filled her nose all over again.

She instantly knew how bad this position was. She needed to get up.

But at that moment, she couldn't even stand straight.

"You... You b-bast... Ah..."

Tray simply looked down at the pretty picture below him, fully taken aback. This woman acted like no one had ever *slapped her ass* before. Her!

It hadn't been a serious consideration on his end. He just saw the opportunity after getting off and couldn't resist the urge to take it. And it was worth it, to be fair. Getting a sample of her ass for the first time was even better than he could've ever hoped.

Unfortunately, though, he'd put himself in a bit of a predicament.

This had gone further than he planned.

She now bent over the desk beneath him, presenting her plump ass as he still held one cheek, frozen in awe. Her skirt hiked up to reveal her luscious, satin skin. Her panties were soaked, and the shape of her inner thighs, spread and trembling, formed a lewd V with the curves of her ass that pointed straight to her pussy -- nature's arrow, he liked to call it. No straight man could possibly resist after seeing it.

And currently, at the arrow's source, right across from her wanting pussy, was his own cock. It had been soft after the handjob. Needless to say, that was quickly changing.

He'd daydreamed of her in this position countless times.

All he had to do now was fling that flimsy garment aside, line himself up, and...

He shook his head, fighting like hell against his inner demons. It felt like hell, too, naturally. Those things were his best friends when he allowed himself to let loose. But he couldn't be so careless. For now, what he needed was to...

Control yourself. She's not ready yet.

By the time Irina recovered enough to get up from the surprise attack, she turned to see Tray holding his phone to his chest with a wide, victorious grin. His dick was still soft, though she had no way of knowing he'd almost burst a blood vessel getting it to go down again through sheer will alone.

She didn't know what her face looked like. As she watched his grin deepen, however, she wished it was a lot scarier.

"Okay, now," he said, turning over his phone. She didn't get why he bothered with the theatrics. He'd clearly already looked. "Let's see how long that took, and... Aw, too bad!" He flipped the screen over to her, showing her where the stopwatch had landed.

Twenty-four minutes and fifty-one seconds.

"Looks like I keep the picture. Better luck next time."

She expected her heart to drop. Instead, it couldn't stop racing. She had recovered from the slap enough to move, but her mind was stuck on it, replaying it over and over. She barely registered the numbers Tray now showed her, nor the fact that she was doomed to another meeting -- that she'd need to betray Flin again. The parasite was full to bursting. It needed release.

It didn't care where. It didn't care how.

So, fearing the absolute worst, she tore herself away from that man and his office, throwing open the door.

"Same time next week! I'll text you!" he called after her.

She sped to the elevator without another word. She'd deal with that problem later...next week. *Whatever.*

Right now, she had to get to her car.

When she did, she slammed the door shut, spread her legs, and pushed aside her panties, not even looking to see if there were any bystanders outside.

She attacked her pussy with reckless abandon.

Seconds later, she came. She came again. Her ass clenched, her hips rose, and her back arched. Her juices flowed freely, tainting her fingers and the seat beneath her. She didn't care about how hard it'd be to clean. Her state of being was one of constant orgasm, and if she stopped for any reason at all, she risked losing it forever.

When it did inevitably end, she sat there in the driver's seat for an age, drenched in her own sweat and filth, breaths too heavy to catch. Her eyes cracked open, dilated and hazy, and she realized for the first time that she was finally seeing the world clearly again.

For the first time since that morning last week, the parasite was asleep.

Ch. 04

Tired.

For the whole drive home, that was all Irina felt. Sheer, crushing exhaustion.

It was the only relief life provided her. Any tiredness she'd felt throughout the past week had been fake, infected with other, more nefarious things. Idle horny thoughts and urges filled the empty space it left and played over and over in her dreams, not letting her truly sleep. Now that they were gone, she didn't need to cover herself with the veil of emptiness anymore. She could simply sit, zone out behind the wheel, and relax.

Of course, that didn't mean all was well. Everything had gone to shit. Her panties were ruined, and she'd squirted all over everything -- her seat, her fingers, the dashboard. After her orgasm, she finally took in the fact that she'd have to be back with Tray again next week. Her mind had been so clouded, she'd even forgotten to demand the building's camera footage from him again. She was in no better of a position than she was before -- no, it was worse. She knew that.

But she could at least be normally worried for once without anything else getting in the way. Right now, that meant getting to her home and bed as fast as possible so she could figure it out tomorrow.

The car bumped against a pothole as she turned out of the highway exit, rustling and rattling the grocery bags in the back seat. It was a good thing her mind had cleared up after her meetup with Tray -- back then, when her arousal hit its final breaking point, she'd been so disoriented that along with the camera footage, she even forgot all about the store, the alibi she'd set up for Flin in the first place.

Even with her newfound clarity, she hadn't wanted to stop by it at all. On top of just wanting to go to bed, a distinct shame pervaded her beneath all the exhaustion. She

smelled fresh from sweat and pussy juice, and one look in the mirror was all it took to see her hair was disheveled beyond repair. She felt the few eyes that remained in the store all on her, and not in the usual way. They saw through her. They judged.

She was so tired, though, that she pushed through the shame without flinching. That was yet another thing to be handled later.

It took all of twenty minutes for her to make it back home from KF Designs -- an hour total since she left. She silently thanked god that the store was close to that crummy building, or else this easy excuse wouldn't have been possible. Taking all the grocery bags in hand, she ignored the flaming soreness in her arms -- her left one especially -- and made her way to the front door like it was the ribbon at the end of a hundred mile marathon.

Inside, the sight of the living room and kitchen behind it welcomed her back with the scent of minty incense, still shining and unbroken. Her dream world, still intact.

The beautiful moment ended before she could sigh. She caught another whiff of herself over the incense, and she rushed to put the food away -- and only the perishables, too. She didn't even touch the bags of spices and the like before heading straight for the shower.

It was a miracle Flin was in bed already just like last time. This time of night, it tended to go either way.

As the hot water ran over her body, the grime and filth of her debauchery slid from her like mud. The streams hissed against the ceramic, running down between her toes and rising again in a steady cloud of steam. It filled her nose, and soon the last remnants of Tray's smell, breathed in while she bent over next to his semen, left her nostrils at last.

And yet, even after scrubbing down her entire body with soap and sponge, she just stood there in the shower, curtains closed, staring up at the ceiling.

She'd never *really* be clean again.

She felt it, deep down. She'd enjoyed this evening too much. The parasite in her head had influenced her, coaxed her actions with feelings she didn't have any mental barriers for. She was weak.

She turned the nozzle, and the water cut off, stray droplets spilling from the shower head for a few more seconds until they remembered to stop, too. Her lips cracked into a slight, sad smile as she looked at her hand. Just last week, she'd been traumatized to the core by simply feeling Tray's bulge, and that hadn't even been her fault. She'd washed her hands again and again just to erase the feeling. Now, she'd gone so far as to give him pleasure with them, to get him off, and she didn't feel a thing after a single shower. The dirtiness had penetrated them so deep she couldn't tell the difference.

In the bedroom, Flin was turned over in bed away from the door, fast asleep. At least, that's what he wanted her to think. He'd done the same thing last time she came home from his workplace and showered, and the worst thing was not knowing why. There was no way he could've known what had transpired. Seeing him like this, however, she began to doubt herself. Her actions suddenly seemed so stupid and obvious, cracking under the slightest consideration.

Too tired to think about it, she tried to forget it. He'd been utterly trusting of her until now, after all, and he hadn't shown any signs of suspicion. He didn't know. Still, even this thought only deepened the guilt.

She'd hurt him today, and he didn't even know it. Next week, she'd have to do it all over again.

She snuggled under the covers, still slightly damp in her pajamas, and Flin turned around to spoon her. She couldn't help but croon back at him. Both of them knew the other was awake, but neither said a thing, accepting the presence of their soul mate and awaiting sleep together.

At least she could savor his touch again -- truly savor it without her mind snapping right to sex and the unstoppable urge to cum. The last wholesome moment they had like this seemed a lifetime ago, so much so that this one was already pulling at her eyelids.

Yes. At last, the parasite was asleep.

She took the chance with a smile and slept along with it.

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The tears had come in the night when Irina wasn't watching.

She only noticed because the morning air came cold and wet against her face, which never usually happened in the summer. Only half conscious, she reached a hand up and felt the two dry trails drawn from her eyes to her chin, traces of the shame even sleep wouldn't let her escape.

The snot below was less subtle. It smeared lopsided past her mouth and into the pillow, stubbornly refusing to dry. It stuck her to the bed, thick and wet, like living glue trying to keep her from sitting up.

This soon after waking, the next batch of guilt had come out fresh, straight from her revitalized conscience.

Before she could even try to wipe her face off and reckon with it, she flinched at the feeling of a hand wrapping around her lower belly. Flin pressed up against her from behind, and his hard cock, tented under his underwear, poked between her ass cheeks over and over as his hips gyrated back and forth, ready and waiting for her approval.

Her breathing deepened. "It's Wednesday... Don't you have to work?"

"I took off today."

"Hmm..."

Last week, that statement would've infuriated her -- even if he said it in that sexy morning voice. In the present, however, she could only manage a content hum, comforted by the fact that he wouldn't be leaving her. She couldn't show him her messy face -- she didn't want to make up an explanation as to why she was crying now of all times, so she pressed it further into the pillow as he kissed the back of her head -- but she wanted his company nonetheless.

For minutes, the two squirmed against each other in waking passion, their movements growing faster, harder, more intense. Flin's hand lowered and slipped into her pajamas, resting just above Irina's sex, and his humps became solid, needy thrusts as he hardened all the way between her thighs. Irina felt his face tighten against the back of her head, nose scrunching and mouth drawing firm, charged by a lust that grew more ravenous by the second.

But as she lay in front of him trying to enjoy the sensual foreplay, her face twisted into something else entirely.

Confusion.

For an entire week, sex had been there at the forefront of her psyche, a constant thorn in her side. It had been her sole, primary thought, courtesy of a parasite that wouldn't shut the fuck up.

But now, she had an entirely different problem.

She wasn't horny at all.

She loved what her husband was doing. Her body moved reflexively with his, trying to reciprocate as usual.

Her pussy wasn't reacting to him in the slightest.

She backed her ass up hard against his groin, grinding her hips to get an even better feel of his dick. He chuckled proudly at this, probably thinking it was because he'd successfully turned on his wife, but it was just the opposite. She kept pressing into him harder and harder, and her bemusement boiled over into anger.

It felt good. Really good.

But she wasn't going crazy from his touches as she always did. Far from it.

Once again, though, she didn't get to sort the feeling out. Flin suddenly unwrapped his arm from her and pulled her pants down to her upper thighs, exposing her ass beneath the sheets. As his hand buried deep into one of her impressive cheeks, his other, inactive until now, grabbed the comforter and slowly began pulling it down.

She didn't mind him fondling her. Even in the absence of her horniness, it was a strangely relaxing feeling. However, one thought was enough to cut that comfort short. A realization. A memory.

Tray had slapped her ass yesterday evening. *Hard.*

Quickly, all her frustration turned to panic as the only thing hiding the evidence slid inch by inch from her body. Her brain almost overheated, ending the emergency in the only way it knew how.

"Hey, babe?" she spoke out -- a little too loudly. Flin stopped in motion, and she sighed, composing herself. "Could we wait until tonight? I'm still a bit tired."

She cringed as she hit the kill switch, feeling his disappointment immediately even though she couldn't see his expression. With no other choice, he reluctantly let go of her ass and the comforter, settling back into their original spooning position with one arm draped over her. It took many painful minutes for the feeling of his hardon pressing against her to disappear, and only then did he grumble out a few words. "Well... If you can bear it, alright."

Her heart clenched. *God*, this felt horrible, plain and simple. It wasn't like she wanted him to stop. Even so, the fact that she wasn't horny remained, and more than anything, she *would not* have him seeing her butt right now. Not before inspecting it herself.

She waited wordlessly for him to get up and head to the bathroom as usual. The moment he was out, she snapped upright and bolted straight for the vanity across from the bed, wiping her face with some tissues before turning and dropping her pajamas in front of the mirror.

It was bad.

Looking over her shoulder at her reflection, her bare ass was the same as always -- outrageously fat and milky white, ballooning out from a thin waist like puberty had forgotten the blueprint for her own proportions -- save for one thing. On one cheek, a handprint showed through in bright, sore red. Its shape was clear, undeniable -- fingers, a palm, even the empty spaces between where skin and skin just barely hadn't met. A brand left by Tray, proof of the moment her once pristine butt, desired by so many, including her husband, was defiled forever.

Unable to look away, she noticed in horror how truly big his hand was. The impressions of his fingers spread impossibly wide, with his pinky at the end of the cheek and his thumb stopping just a lewd hair before her ass crack, pointed ominously toward her sex. Somehow, his handprint spanned half of the stupidly huge curves she'd fought with for the better part of her life. She grazed it incredulously with her own finger, and the red skin buzzed -- not a sting anymore, but a tingle of remembrance.

A gulp rippled down her throat unconsciously. It was a good thing she'd stopped Flin earlier. There would be absolutely *no* explanation for this.

She covered up the harrowing sight with the loosest jeans she could find, and for the most part, the rest of the day went great. With her horniness nowhere to be found,

she was actually able to enjoy Flin's time off with him. She cooked his favorite egg sandwiches for breakfast, and they were actually able to talk about how good they were at the table. He joined her for yoga, and she laughed at his clumsy body falling to the floor mat while trying to tree pose. After hanging out in each other's arms on the couch, she prepped the first real date night they'd had in months, candles and carbonara and all, and didn't even break a sweat.

It was magical. Everything was moving so smoothly, it was hard for her to believe this had been her life before Tray butted into it.

Even so, all the guilt she'd built up over the weeks lurked in her mind like crocodile eyes above water, whispering self disdain. No matter how genuinely she smiled or laughed, she could feel the corners of her lips sag in the end. Sometimes, when Flin wasn't looking, she let them fall into a frown as a biting question blared in her soul.

Did she have to do any of that to have this again? Flin was healing just fine. If she'd just waited patiently instead of...

The thought never lasted long. She wouldn't let it.

Dinnertime came to a close, and inevitably, it came time for the finale she'd promised her husband earlier. Once again, though, she found as he passionately kissed and carried her into their bedroom that she was stuck in the same state of complete non-arousal. In spite of how fun it had been, the day hadn't warmed her up to this moment at all.

Still, she had to do something about that handprint. And she had a plan.

"Slap my ass, baby!" she shouted as Flin took her from behind in the dark bedroom. She'd triple checked the blackout curtains earlier to make sure not even a granule of light would get through.

"What?"

"Slap my ass!"

Of course he was confused. He was well aware how averse she'd been to the idea since they first talked about sex, and he'd clearly noticed something was off when he had trouble entering her just moments earlier. However, in the heat of the moment, he obeyed anyway.

She chirped as his open hand landed a blow, limp and unsure.

That wouldn't do.

"Fuck! Harder, baby!" she urged, encouraging him with more exaggerated moans as he thrust into her. "Ohhh my god, I love it! Don't stop!"

She didn't have time to feel bad about it before another slap came down on her, much harder this time per her request. Then another. Flin grew bolder and bolder, testing the waters as the smacks echoing through the room crescendoed. Soon, he was slapping her ass almost every other second, alternating between her two cheeks as if he couldn't get enough at once.

With each burst of pain, she let out a yelp and gripped the sheets harder. Her sounds were indistinguishable now from a woman in sexual rapture, but underneath them, this perverted experience was far from enjoyable. Her pussy didn't care at all for the fucking it was receiving, and her yelps were more from the fact the slaps hurt than anything else.

This had to be done if her cover was to last, though. She squeezed her eyes shut and held on for dear life.

With one last spank, Flin grunted and came inside her, then fell over onto the mattress as he always did. Needless to say, she hadn't even been close to finishing. She had to recover anyway, though, since her butt stung like mad from the beating he'd given her. She stayed bent over with her ass up in the air, listening to Flin's exhausted, heavy breaths.

In this position, her mind wandered back to last night, regretfully recalling Tray's slap. It had been casual and sudden, done like it was nothing. Still, even at his hardest, none of Flin's strikes had been as hard. They didn't crack through the air like Tray's had, nor did their pain resonate sharply in the same way. Even their aftermath was different. Already, the sting was subsiding into an idle throb, warm and apologetic. As enticing as the idea was to him, Irina realized that Flin just couldn't bring himself to fully hit her.

It made her heart ache.

The next morning, he confronted her outright about it as they both stared dumbfoundedly at her bare, bruised ass in the mirror.

"What was that about last night? I thought you hated spanking more than anything."

"I don't know," she lied. "People change, and I know you've always wanted to do it. I just got a bit curious to see if it was that bad."

"Ah. So you were just treating me. Rina, you know you don't have to force yourself to do that."

"Babe, it's okay." She took his hand just as his head sank in regret. "It's true I don't like it that much. But honestly...after last night, I can't say I dislike it, either. Really."

The couple shared a hearty laugh, and that was where the topic ended.

Shortly after, when Flin had once again left for the bathroom to get ready for work, Irina's smile faded as she looked on at the mirror.

The plan had been a success.

For better or worse, her entire ass was now red and raw, her delicate white skin long gone. Flin had left it riddled with so many handprints that no single one was even recognizable -- like those ancient paintings on cave walls. Naturally, that also meant

that Tray's had been buried completely, assimilated into the constant, sore redness along with all the others.

Even so, she frowned at the mirror. The shadow of a thumb, much larger than the smattering of fingerprints, peeked through the bottom of the crowd, ever encroaching toward her pussy. It was such a minor detail, Flin hadn't even been able to see it was there, let alone tell what it was.

She still knew.

===

It was when Flin started leaving for work again that the meager normalcy she'd managed to uphold for one day fell apart.

Every time, she sat back down on the couch out of habit after she was left alone. Every time, she remembered the days she had spent here fingering herself like mad, trying to get the stubborn arousal out to no avail. Every time, she leaned back on the cushions and stared at the rambling, incoherent TV, wondering why none of those thoughts were turning her on anymore.

She tried convincing herself that this *was* normal at first -- that her sexual equilibrium had been thrown so out of wack, she was experiencing a weird sort of withdrawal.

Yes, Irina, her conscience would say. It's perfectly normal to not be horny all the time. It's even more normal to not constantly be obsessing over your husband's boss's cock.

And she listened. She forced herself off that couch and did yoga, went on walks, bleached her filthy car out -- anything in the hopes she'd recover from the unhealthy routine her body had unintentionally gotten accustomed to. To her credit, she did actually feel better when she was doing something. She could cook, clean, and exercise without issue now, almost with a higher degree of focus than before. When

she realized this, she began to fill her days with as much stuff as humanly possible, bustling about like a madwoman.

Still, every day, without exception, she'd find herself back on the couch. It was impossible to fill every second with activity. Inevitably, there would always be moments of reprise when nothing was going on save for her own thoughts. Then, and only then, did the strange feeling make its move.

She was empty. Not in the numb sort of way that the veil provided -- this was an imposed vacancy. Her mind had gone back to business as usual, but her body had done a complete 180. She used to get horny from time to time -- no longer. Something had severed her control of that instinct.

It wasn't just Flin. Simply put, she couldn't get *herself* off anymore, and not for a lack of trying. She made countless attempts. Whenever the empty feeling returned, she frustratedly ripped off her clothes and tried rubbing herself off to no avail. Her body refused to provide lubrication, leaving her lips dry and insensitive. Even focusing on her clit failed to get her going, and that always used to work. It was like her pussy was locked off to the entire world, herself included.

However, the worst moments, of course, were always when Flin returned from his job. She wanted so badly to be intimate with him. Her mind, at least, was dead set on that. She wanted his baby, and she'd be ovulating again soon. Now that he was a little happier, there was no better time to have a steamy romance.

Her body didn't care. No matter how many times she initiated bedroom time or accepted it, the sex was always mediocre at best. She never got wet, and she never came.

She tried her absolute hardest to make these moments more passionate, but it was clear he knew she was putting on a show. He'd only been able to hide it that first night because it had been so unexpected on both ends. As the days passed, despite

her best efforts to reciprocate, he grew less and less confident in bed, leading to even worse sex.

It was all so embarrassing for her, but more than anything, it just deepened the already unbearable guilt. What right did she have to be disappointed in him? Why couldn't her body be eager for his love like it was before?

What the fuck was going on with her?

The morning after an especially sour night, she sat on the couch and did the only thing left that she could think of: let in the memories of Tray's cock again. Deliberately this time. As much as she hated to admit it, the most intense orgasms in her life had been brought on thinking about it, so surely remembering it would kick start her body's instincts again. Her conscience warned against it -- it was reckless, dangerous. If it went wrong, she'd just be at the mercy of constant arousal again. Back to square one. She knew that.

But she'd seen the look on Flin's face before he left this morning. The sadness was returning to his eyes. Thanks to her, he was slipping back. She would *not* let that happen. So, she'd suck it up and do what had to be done.

She closed her eyes and rubbed slowly in a circular motion around the surface of her panties, trying to stimulate her labia beneath. Just as slowly, the thoughts came.

Make me cum.

Tray's deep, husky voice ordering her as his pants dropped to the floor...

Her tiny hand exploring his length, eyes fixated as he held her close to his side...

His growl as his manhood, wet with her spit, throbbed repeatedly in her grip, spewing more and more of that dense semen onto the table...

She imagined herself in its position again, catching every rope, remembering the warmth falling heavy onto her skin...

...

Fuck.

She stopped, sighing. Even this wasn't working -- the memories all fell flat. Her guilt was too pronounced for them to gain any ground whatsoever. All they did now was fill her with disgust as they should've from the start.

This emptiness was a sinister feeling, alright. She wasn't horny -- she couldn't be -- but it still ended up making her think of Tray.

By Friday, she had to confront the fact she'd been avoiding all this time:

She still had to go meet him again in a few days.

She already had no idea what to do about it before. There was no safe way out from having to make him cum again -- if there was, she would've gladly wrestled herself free by now. All those threats of legal action on her end had no teeth, and they both knew it. On the other hand, what was she supposed to do in her current state? Her last handjob couldn't even make him finish in less than twenty minutes, and that had been when she was blinded by feverish desire. Without that, would she even have enough energy to get him off again?

She wanted to slap herself for these questions, but they had to be asked. And they needed to be answered soon.

Because if she kept failing, she'd have to keep going back.

Later that day, as if on cue, a text came when she was in the kitchen. She recognized the unknown number immediately. She still hadn't renamed it. She never would.

An image was attached. Against her better judgement, she tapped it.

There it was again. Long, thick, and proud.

Another message came right after.

[Miss me?]

She dropped her phone to the counter, hands trembling as her wide eyes stuck once more to the new yet familiar image.

Deep inside her groin, she felt it: activity. Heat. Like an engine starting up again after idling for days on end.

As she took her phone and rushed to the couch, it all finally clicked. The emptiness. The dissatisfaction. The dissonance between her body and mind.

The parasite. That stupid, two-faced little bastard.

It had gone into hibernation after her earth-shattering orgasm in the car, and it had taken her entire sex drive with it. Now, after throwing her sex life with Flin into shambles in its deep slumber, it was back and hungry again as if nothing had ever happened.

There was no time to be angry at it. She was back on the couch again, pants off, vigorously masturbating to Tray's picture in no time. It felt like drinking water after days of wasting away. The memory hadn't been good enough, but seeing it, apparently, was another story.

No. This wasn't what she wanted to be turned on by. It wasn't right.

She couldn't stop herself. It seemed so long since her last release, and the parasite needed it right away -- a snack after waking for a petulant brat.

"Fuck!" she screamed, voice echoing through the living room as the orgasm hit her. It wasn't the strongest one she'd ever had by a long shot, and it hardly satisfied her already blazing arousal, but that didn't matter. The sheer catharsis of knowing the drought was over was good enough for now.

After catching her breath, she idly looked at the huge penis on her screen. For some reason, something snapped inside her this time as she did. Her conscience bristled at

the return of its arch nemesis. It would not put up with that stranglehold again. This was the final straw.

She needed to talk to someone. Now.

Swiping the picture away with more than a little effort, she opened social media and started scrolling. It was something she almost never did -- strange for someone her age, but it was a deliberate choice to avoid the pissing contest between every hot person online. She'd loathed the volatile environment of constant comparison and competition ever since she was in high school, and looking at it now, she saw not much had changed since those days.

Nevertheless, she ignored it all until she found it: the sole reason she ever came here. A user by the name LailaLove posted just yesterday. The post showed off an apparently happy couple smiling at the camera with their baby. Irina recognized the man and woman; she'd gone to school with both of them. Laila in particular looked about as well-endowed and scantily clad as ever. Underneath her photo was a short, peppy caption:

Back in town to see the fam!

Irina tightened her grip on the phone, staring enviously at the baby in her arms. It had been this woman who cheekily suggested she start prenatal yoga to help get pregnant, knowing how badly she wanted it.

She considered just turning the screen off and forgetting her idea. In the end, though, she sighed and opened up a chat log.

The police were off the table, and talking to Flin was essentially a bullet to the head. But she needed to talk to someone, and in her condition, Laila was just about the only option left.

It took her several minutes to type out a simple invitation to her oldest friend.

[Hey, saw that you're back in town. Sorry I haven't been in touch much lately. Would you like to catch up at my place?]

Laila replied seconds later as if they'd never grown apart.

[Omw <3]

===

Laila was the kind of friend Irina couldn't imagine making had she met her today.

She still had the same little green electric car, but she certainly didn't drive like it. It sped down the cul de sac and into her driveway like she had places to be. Not a moment after the engine stopped, the door sprung open, unable to contain her any longer. Her eyes locked onto Irina's through the storm door, and like a cat ambushing its prey, she started down the gravel with almost playful glee.

The picture of her on her post hadn't done her justice -- if that was the word to use. She'd only grown bustier after childbirth, and her clothes revealed more skin than not. Her blonde hair and bosom bounced freely as she ran, so much that Irina feared her crop top would tear in public before she even reached the door. Luckily, it survived through the journey, and she stood before her on the front porch in all her abundant beauty, welling tears threatening to ruin her mascara.

Irina took a deep breath and pushed the door open. Before she could even consider what to do next, she was tightly embraced in the bimbo's arms.

"Oh my god, Irina Manuelli! I missed you so much! How are you, girl?"

"I-I'm good, I'm good! I missed you too..." Irina blurted back, feeling her tears against her shoulder. She didn't know what else to say.

Laila had always been like this -- dramatic and upfront in a way that could disarm nearly anyone. If she designated you a friend, a friend you became, no questions asked. She knew no such thing as awkwardness. She had been the first person to

approach Irina in kindergarten, and naturally, she had been fatally weak to her type. Back then, she knew the harsh world of training, trophies, and nothing else.

She thought she'd grown more confident since then. As Laila held her, though, she already felt old habits start to kick in.

"Just...Just look at you! You're as gorgeous as ever! And your house! Flin really hit it big! Can I come in?" the woman rambled, smattering her with affection.

"Of course. I, uh, invited you..."

She cackled a laugh, then followed her inside. "Do you have coffee?"

"Yeah. In the kitchen."

Irina guided her there automatically but watched with clenched fists as Laila made herself a cup, planting herself down in her domain like it was completely normal. She poured in enough sugar to kill an elephant. As she looked on, Irina tried to initiate some form of regular conversation, however stilted. "I...saw you had your baby, finally. Do you have him with you?"

"Our little AJ?" Laila said back, not looking at her. "Don't worry, Hal is with him right now. Figured this was the perfect time to give him some dad time, you know?"

Irina remembered the man standing next to her in her post -- a nerdy albeit well-built fellow who still had no sense for fashion. The three of them had been a tight-knit trio in high school, and Hal had always had the hots for Laila, something he always nervously confided in Irina about. She never knew what to say. Laila was the most popular girl around, and she was an insecure gated kid herself. In hindsight, she always chuckled a little when she thought about how she kept both the shyest boy and shyest girl under her wing. She couldn't have been less of a showoff.

Despite all the red flags, though, Hal did finally end up with his crush in college. Irina was happy for him at first.

Only at first.

She and Laila moved to the living room couch, and there the reunion continued. As her old friend prattled on and downed the coffee in a few gulps, she squeezed her legs together, hoping she'd washed her scent off well enough. Laila didn't seem to notice it, at least.

The conversation went on, and Irina nodded along. Married life, Hal's job as a sales rep for some random company, boredom at home, new favorite shopping spots -- it was always Laila guiding the conversation, always Laila dictating what was and wasn't relevant. All Irina could do was get in a few "uh-huh"s and "yeah"s before the woman was on to something else. None of it had anything to do with getting to know what she had been up to, of course -- despite appearances, Laila had no interest in that.

Irina recognized the tactic. It was something she'd suffered through many times before coming to notice it. Quiet people tended to have things to say, and they got more antsy if someone they trusted wasn't letting them. That was how Laila always got her in the past. Even now, she could feel the urge to spill all her thoughts nipping at her tongue.

It was part of why she hardly ever spoke to her anymore beyond niceties. In a weird way, it was also why she'd invited her back now.

Perceptive as ever, Laila eventually quit her vain rambling and took the initiative. "So... What was it you wanted to talk about? What really?"

"What do you mean?" Irina hated validating her, but it was too late for anything else.

"Oh, please. Your husband's away, and it's just us girls. You've gotta have something spicy to discuss."

She opened her mouth, but her words got stuck in her throat. She'd been terrified of this moment for so long, they'd basically become hundred pound weights to lug

around. Still, as much as she didn't like her anymore, she knew Laila was the one person who wouldn't judge her. If she was going to do this, the time was now.

She had to say it.

"...I cheated on Flin."

Right away, the weight of those four words left her. Her shoulders loosened, and her back straightened up. She hadn't even noticed. In spite of how awful what she just said was, getting it out felt...good?

Strangely, Laila didn't say anything back at first. She just stared at her in a daze, mouth slightly agape. When she did speak, her voice was hushed even though no one was around -- her go-to tone for gossip. It was almost a little nostalgic to hear again. "Who's the guy?"

Deep breath.

"My husband's new boss."

Laila shifted a bit in her seat but restrained herself. She spoke again. "How far has it gone?"

Take another.

"I... I gave him a handjob yesterday, and he, uh... He came on my face last week."

The living room sank into silence again as Laila grabbed her forehead, absorbing the information she'd just been dealt. Irina waited with pursed lips. After what felt like forever, the woman looked straight at her, gasped hard, and finally...

"Oh my god, girl! I'm so proud of you!"

She pulled her into another hug, shaking her back and forth like a ragdoll.

Irina just looked at her blankly in response, not quite understanding what was happening. Not judging her was one thing, but being...excited?

Laila chuckled. "What's with that look on your face? What, did you think I'd be mad?"

"I don't know, we just haven't spoken in so long, I guess...I thought you would've been more shocked."

"I mean...of course I'm shocked! How could I not be? You're...well, you're Irina Manueli! The ice queen! The beautiful, untouchable state champion! I never even saw you look at any men until Flin came along!" She sat back down, taking Irina with her. Her eyes damn near sparkled. "Come on, gimme the deetz. Cough 'em up. I wanna know everything. How'd this all begin?"

"Don't get it twisted. I didn't want to do any of this. He invited himself over for dinner last month, and he kept coming onto me. I rejected him every time. I only let him give me a facial when he threatened Flin's job. Then, he took a picture of that and threatened my marriage. I let it spiral too far out of control, and now, I'm stuck in this fucked up deal..."

"Go on."

Irina frowned. She didn't want to explain it directly, but she swallowed her pride and forced it out. "I have to make him cum under fifteen minutes. If I don't, I have to come back next week and try again, or else he'll send that...picture of me to my husband. I don't know what to do, Laila... I thought you might...I don't know, have some advice?"

She puffed her chest out proudly. "Well, you came to the right woman. If I were you, I'd let this go on if the boss was hot. It's about time you got some excitement in your life... God, Irina Manueli, exploring her sexuality! Who would've thought?"

Irina's face went beet red. There were many reasons she and this person had grown apart, but this above all else was why.

She was a total slut.

To say she was the most "popular" in high school was to tell only half the story. Really, she was dating another guy almost every other week, and Irina had been her personal outlet to spill all the gross details to. How big they were, how good they were, how many times they'd done it and where... To her virgin ears, just one of these things was overwhelming, and they certainly didn't help her own hormonal imbalance at the time.

More than anything, though, she hated hearing about Laila's escapades because she always had to comfort a sulking Hal. She had to reassure him that it all meant nothing, that she'd give him a chance, maybe, if he bulked up a little...

In truth, she actually wanted to tell him to get away, to save himself. But that would've meant losing her only two friends, so she didn't. Until college, she didn't say a thing.

Now, in the living room, she couldn't believe how much of a hypocrite she was. She used to think she was so much better than this whore. Part of her had wanted to see her again just to remind herself things could be worse. But as Laila told her to her face that she should continue this affair, to explore it further, she just locked up. The parasite chimed in for the first time during the visit, its approval humming deep within her womanhood at the thought of letting Tray take her.

She swatted it aside and balked in disgust. "That's not an option and you know it. I was asking you how to get out of this."

Laila shrugged. "I don't know. I wouldn't just jerk a guy off and wear his cum if I were you. You have to be enjoying this a little, right? I know how much of a freak you were behind the scenes..."

"Laila!" Irina squeaked, face reddening even more. She should've never told this person about her private inclinations back then.

"Fine, fine, I get it! But from what it sounds like, you're not exactly in a good spot with this... 'boss' fellow, right? What's his name, anyway?"

"Why do you want to know? He's gross. I'm trying to get away from him."

"Aw, someone's jealous! You afraid I'll go sniffing around?"

Irina just scowled, unable to think of a response.

"Oh, come on! I'm kidding! Anyways, I never knew him all that well, but Flin seems like a nice guy. Communication's important, you know? If you really want to make this right, just explain yourself. It's not like you let this other guy tunnel you out or anything."

"I don't wanna hear that from you of all people!"

"Why not? Hal's the same way. He gets it. All nice guys do."

Irina froze again, gawking in disbelief. Her old friend really hadn't changed at all.

Back in college, she didn't want to believe it. She didn't want to believe that even then, after all the personal improvement Hal had done to earn her love, Laila was still sleeping around with other men. She'd told her all about it in their dorm room when she was drunk -- all about how she'd gotten her back blown out by some random tinder date, and how he had been so much better than Hal. The look on her face, even when she saw Irina's look of disgust, had been utterly shameless. Not a shred of guilt. None.

Irina went straight to Hal afterwards, not listening to any of the bitch's excuses. She told him exactly what she heard in excruciating detail. She wanted his heart to break so badly he'd never trust a woman again. That was what he needed if he was ever going to be free.

Instead, he just smiled at her.

"I know."

His eyes were as soft and timid as they'd ever been as he said it, but there was a deep sadness behind them. A disillusion he had to suppress in order to say those ridiculous words.

Following that incident, Irina finally started to distance herself from them and spend more of her time with Flin. She couldn't help Hal, and she sure as hell couldn't stop Laila. She was done with all their drama. She just wanted to live a happy life.

So, even after all of that, how could she be having these feelings now? How could she be so guilty, so sorry over what she was doing to Flin, and still be so helpless against her own body?

"He's not making you wet now, is he?"

Her train of thought crashed at her visitor's blunt words. Her eyes widened even more as she stared on, going bloodshot in an instant.

All she could do was yell.

"*Laila!*"

"What? I'm just stating the facts." Her smile never left her face as she gave her abhorrent explanation. "I know I'm right. Girl, I've seen the look on your face on so many other women more times than I can count. We've got needs, and... Well, Flin's nice, but he's just not quite doing it for you anymore, is he?"

Irina simmered beneath her skin. She wanted to choke this woman out -- tell her exactly how wrong she was, that Flin was all she needed. The problems she'd had this week were the parasite's doing, not hers.

She *wasn't* like her. She wanted her to know that. Yet, for some reason, she couldn't say it.

"It's that dick, right? It's bigger. You said this boss sent you pictures. Show me, show me!"

"Laila... T-that's not..."

"Come on, show me. I can't make a diagnosis without them."

Old habits died hard. As if drawn by strings, her arm shakily pulled out her phone, bringing out the image Tray had sent her before Laila's visit, and handed it to a waiting Laila.

"What the- Jesus, girl!" She gaped in total wonder at the tremendous cock. Her mouth almost watered as she went on. "No wonder you don't want me around this one! How the fuck did you manage to pull..." She tore her eyes away from the screen and looked Irina up and down, gaze lingering on her hips. "Actually, forget it. I should've known. You know, I never told you how many of my dates were lusting after you."

"Laila, please... Can you just help me? I can't tell Flin about this. It'll destroy him."

She ignored the plea. "Guess I'm the jealous one for once, huh?"

"Laila, for god's sake, shut up! What do I do here?"

Finally, the room went quiet again.

Irina couldn't look at Laila anymore. She hadn't noticed it when she came in, but now she was certain: she was mad at her. She held a grudge. Not just for trying to sever her relationship with Hal way back. No. If she'd just done that and kept talking to her like always, she would've been forgiven in a heartbeat -- if Laila saw such an act as a transgression at all. Her real crime had been breaking away from her and not coming back. She'd slipped from under her wing and spread her own,

becoming something more than the idle listener she designated her as. That, more than anything else, was Irina's sin.

For that, Laila had decided to make her pay. Why else would she, after all these years, still remember exactly what got under her skin? She knew how much infidelity bothered her, and she delighted in seeing her struggle with it now. She wanted her to become the same kind of beast. It was the punishment that would hurt her the most.

When she spoke again, her voice was still smooth, so well-practiced Irina wouldn't have been able to tell it was laced with poison if she hadn't known her since childhood. "Listen. You probably don't wanna hear this, girl, but he's got you hook, line, and sinker. With a cock like that, you just know he fucks a lot. That means he's got control. He made that deal because he knows he can last that long and keep you coming back. He's not gonna cum under fifteen minutes. Mark my words."

Irina just hung her head, shutting her eyes tight, trying not to listen -- trying not to see any truth in what the slut said.

"Well, keep doing your best if you want. Maybe you'll get lucky, or he'll let his guard down. But you're already seeing the greener grass, Irina. It'd do you right to get some good dick for once. You deserve it."

That did it. "God, this was a mistake," she mumbled. "Why did I think this would work? Just get outta here. Please."

Laila obliged, bouncing swiftly to the door without so much as an apology. No, never to her. Before opening it and bouncing out, she turned and waved happily, her smile wide from ear to ear. "Thanks for the coffee! Oh, and I'll say hi to Hal for you! It was nice seeing you again!"

Irina didn't say anything back. She just let her go away, back to her little green car, to her life, to her Hal, to her baby that almost certainly wasn't his.

The moment she was out, her face contorted in rage.

She didn't even love that man, and she got to have one!

For several minutes, she just sat on the couch with her head in her hands, once again back in the throes of lonesome self-pity. She'd just wanted someone to confide in safely. Why did that have to feel like pulling out the last Jenga block? She did everything she could to make sure the tower didn't fall, and in the end, she was at least able to get her woes out of her chest, but not without digging up years-old baggage she'd already moved on from. All for a mere moment of catharsis.

By the time Flin returned, the parasite had fully gone back to work. She was horny again, and thoughts of Tray wouldn't leave her. Not doing any explaining, she dragged her husband to the bedroom and had the first good sex with him in a week, leaving him confused and satisfied all at once.

Flin was all she needed.

Her parasite disagreed.

He didn't question the sudden resurrection of her sex drive, and for the rest of the weekend off, sex was almost all they did. Irina started ovulating, and she fucked him like she wanted to prove a point. It didn't matter if her orgasms with him weren't what they used to be. She came every time, fueled once more by forbidden memories. She didn't need to look at Tray's picture even once.

Because she had Flin.

But the days passed regardless, and a few days later, it was time for another "grocery trip." With the lie already laid out, she quickly said bye and left that evening, telling herself this was the last one for sure.

She didn't see the pixie girl on the way through KF Designs this time. It was a bit of a boon, she supposed; when she had time to think about it through all the sex over

the weekend, she realized her and Laila had a lot in common despite differences in appearance. It would explain why the little minx made her so uneasy.

In front of Tray's door, her old friend's words played in her head, mocking. She ignored them and pushed through.

She would keep trying. No, she would settle this bet. She could get out of this, if only she remained vigilant.

Tray smiled down smug as ever at her as she arrived, already sitting back on top of his desk to show off his bulge. She took a prolonged glance, breathed a deep breath, and spoke at him with prepared resolve.

"Do *not* slap my ass ever again."

===

Irina bit her lip despite herself as Tray's cum poured down her face.

"Hoooooh... You're getting better at this, baby, I'll give you that..."

She wiped her eyes off and glared up at Tray, but as always, her pussy only got wetter at his sultry tone and praise.

Needless to say, things had gotten slightly out of hand a bit into the handjob.

"Five minutes," Tray had said, smirking.

Until that point, she thought she'd done well. She was in the same spot as last time: at his side with her arm locked around his waist, jerking his entire length with the other. She pleased him with all the techniques she thought would make him go crazy. Speed, spit, focus below the glans.

For some reason, however, he wasn't reacting as strongly to them today. It was like he'd turned up the difficulty. She didn't even know that was something men could do.

After hearing his smug announcement, Laila's voice echoed again to her.

He's got control.

She didn't want to admit she was right, but the evidence was becoming too overwhelming to ignore.

With so little time left, she improvised. Her lust-intoxicated mind went back to her very first meeting with him -- her first agreement. The parasite rubbed its hands together in excitement. The decision was as good as made. Still, her logic tried to justify it.

Maybe it would make him cum faster.

She stopped, turned him by the dick away from his desk, and before he could ask her what she was doing, dropped to her knees like she'd done back then. Then, she spit in her hand, grabbed his cock again, and kept stroking, this time directly at her face as she looked up at him.

"Is that better?" She made sure to add a hint of wantonness to her annoyed words, knowing by now that he liked it. That wiped the gloating grin right off his face.

Minutes later, his focus broke, and his shaft throbbed erratically -- the point of no return. Irina didn't believe it, though. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth, determined once again to not let him get away. Sure enough, he grunted not a moment later, throwing ropes all over her pretty face like it had too many to spare.

His taste and smell filled her being, familiar yet still overwhelming. Her head spun, and her pussy begged profusely for attention. However, she managed to resist when she heard Tray's words of praise.

She'd just given herself his facial this time around. Unambiguously.

Her useless brain churned up excuses right away. It had been to get this over with, it reasoned. It was an emergency.

The parasite laughed in her face, and she almost laughed out loud with it. Even she couldn't deny her reasoning was becoming more and more absurd.

"Alright, let's check again..." Tray muttered to himself as he picked up his phone, already knowing it had all been in vain. Truth be told, he'd been completely taken aback by her stunt. He was planning to cum just a minute or two earlier to give her the illusion she was improving. He'd even lied again when he announced the time left. He hadn't expected, however, for Irina to get on her knees for him with no input from him at all. For underestimating her, he'd kissed goodbye to more than four minutes compared to last time.

He wasn't complaining. It wasn't enough, anyway.

The final time was twenty minutes. Even.

As Irina looked on at the timer, she instantly coped with the fact in any way it could.

This was far shorter than her last attempt. She was getting much closer. At this rate, she only had...what, two meetings left before the deal was up?

Everything was okay. She still had some control here.

But you have to see him again. He'll expect this next time, too.

Her wild arousal spiked again as she touched a finger to her cum-covered cheek.

After a grumbling farewell to Tray and a trip to the bathroom sink, she was back in her car, and she promptly got to work on her leaking sex. Just like last time, her experiences in that room turned her on beyond reason, though she was far more in control of herself now that she knew what to expect. The parasite could easily be dealt with in this state. Unfortunately, it left the car she'd so thoroughly bleached once again smelling of her own sweet essence, and she still needed to go to the store.

No matter. She'd handled it all before. She told herself she could do it again.

When she returned to Flin, though, the week did nothing but repeat itself. Her horniness was gone once more in the face of the satisfied parasite, and devastatingly, they couldn't have proper sex throughout the rest of her ovulation. Then, at the beckoning of a dick pic from Tray, the damn thing suddenly sprung to life again when the window was gone.

She didn't understand what was happening to her or why, but on this third week of the deal, she was certain of it: her sex drive was now dependent on that asshole. Hijacked. This only worsened the guilt and shame, of course, but at this point, what was she supposed to do about it? By the time she realized it, the next Tuesday was already upon her, and she was back below him, taking his load to the face.

For the third time in a row, she failed to finish him in time.

Rewind, repeat. More or less, that was how the weeks that followed went. Her horniness came and went like high and low tide, peaking on Tuesdays with Tray, vanishing right after, and bubbling back up through the days. It never stopped feeling terrible.

But gradually, in spite of Irina's best efforts, the guilt began to recede. The tears which fell in the nights grew lesser and lesser.

It terrified her. On some level, she was getting used to the pattern this fucked up deal put her in. Flin hadn't noticed anything off since that first week, but that was only because she learned to only initiate sex with him on later days when new dick pics arrived. She never made the mistake of deleting those again, either. That way, on empty "low tide" days, she could at least hold herself over. Her life and marriage were both adapting to the invisible strain Tray put on both -- her husband's happiness was protected, and she wasn't constantly going crazy.

However, there was never, not once, a true moment of relief. She knew all of this could still come crashing down if she didn't get that original picture taken care of.

Thus, her Tuesday appointments with Tray only got more desperate. That's what they'd become: appointments. Events she had to attend every week not out of genuine interest, but sheer, procedural necessity. Partly, that was what ate away at her guilt. Each one felt more and more like an obligation in her mind. Still, it was the part of the week her parasite absolutely, positively would not let her miss. It was to their mutual benefit, it always said. Satiating it in the car was the only way Irina could ever get her few sober days.

In return, she had to participate more in her office sessions. Her heat roared between her legs when Tray dropped his pants, and she experimented even more with the beast underneath each time. Her two hands fit on the shaft quite easily, so she began using both to stroke him. She fondled his powerful balls one after the other, trying to coax their seed out. When it eventually worked, she was always in awe of the amount there was. He never seemed to run out of it.

She didn't enjoy it, though. Even if her sex-filled mind said otherwise, she had to remember that. She *wasn't* like Laila. She couldn't be.

Regardless, Tuesday after Tuesday, cumshot after cumshot, she got better at handling the huge cock. She didn't notice until weeks in that her lips, as she jerked Tray at her open mouth, were growing closer and closer to the fat, precum-dripping tip, wetting his pulsing flesh with every breath yet never touching it.

When she finally realized, aroused nonsense was the first thing to crowd her head.

Could she even fit this thing in her mouth? What would it taste like?

No. She'd drawn the line for a reason. This was all still transactional.

She ignored her curiosity as the weeks went by, and slowly but surely, she whittled him down.

Twenty minutes.

Nineteen.

Seventeen. Sixteen and a half. Sixteen and one second.

When she bumped the time down below the sixteen minute mark, she attempted to bullshit her way out of the deal early. She owed it to Flin to try, at least. "That counts, doesn't it?!" she said proudly, pointing to the number on Tray's phone. "You said to make you cum in fifteen minutes! You didn't say 'under!'"

He just looked at her with that same smug grin. She didn't know it, but he was actually a little proud of her for using his own slimy tactics against her. Ultimately, of course, it didn't work, and the weeks continued as planned.

That was when the real frustration began.

Fifteen minutes and fifty seconds. Fifteen minutes and thirty. Fifteen and fifteen.

Then came fifteen and one.

Fifteen and one.

Fifteen and one.

For twelve weeks, she'd been giving this asshole handjobs. For almost three months now, she kept betraying her husband, all so that they could keep what they had. She didn't like it one bit, but in that time, she got very good at driving Tray over the edge. She knew what made him tick, what made him react. And well into the affair, when she thought she knew everything, she was convinced she almost had him -- that all this was almost over for real.

But that number stood in front of her like an impenetrable steel wall.

Fifteen and one.

On the tenth week, Tray held up his phone, exaggeratedly lamenting how close she was to winning their little deal. Then again on the eleventh, and likewise on the

twelfth. She resisted the urge to punch him every time. The bastard was doing it on purpose; she was sure of it. No matter what she did, she couldn't get past fifteen and one.

By week thirteen, she stared vacantly at the shadowy road on her drive to KF Designs, mentally numb to what she was actually doing. She'd resinded back to her tired form -- tired of the whiplash she went through every week, tired of this useless game. She just wanted it to be over.

Of course, the parasite wanted nothing more than for it to continue.

She ascended the building the same as always, preparing herself for yet another unsuccessful attempt.

Then, when the elevator opened on level three, she heard it:

Laughter echoing softly through the hall.

She knew the voice. As she slowly ventured closer, more sounds joined in -- lewd slurps and pops, which she also immediately recognized. Her heart sank, but she couldn't help but keep approaching, listening more and more intently. Her pussy was already reacting excitedly to her presence here as usual, and the curiosity that had built up through the weeks was too intrusive to ignore.

The noises were so...passionate. No, they were *ravenous*.

When she reached room 330, the door was already cracked slightly ajar. She peeked inside.

Her eyes shot wide open as she covered her mouth.

Tray leaned back against his desk with both hands, pants already down to his ankles as Maddie viciously impaled her face with his cock.

Irina feared they might spot her when she saw them, but in that moment, she quite literally couldn't move. The two were fully immersed in what they were doing, and the longer she watched on, the more she couldn't tear her eyes away, either.

The petite girl was *swallowing* that thing whole.

Her lips stretched disturbingly wide as Tray's member disappeared behind them over and over. Every time she sucked back, her cheeks hollowed out with a high-pitched whine like a tea kettle, then loosened when she lunged forward to take him in again. She guided the shaft inside with one hand until it was all in, her throat bulging grotesquely with an abundance of meat it was never meant to accommodate.

My god... Irina would've mumbled her disbelief by accident if she was able to find her breath. Maddie's jaw and throat had to have hurt from all this, but she never once slowed, keeping her pace quick and steady as if she were sucking any other dick. Teeth also seemed not to be a factor here at all despite how much suction she was applying. She simply bobbed her head back and forth across the length, calm eyes locked upwards onto Tray's, patiently waiting for him to cum.

Irina found her gaze stuck on him, too, though for a different reason -- for now, at least. If it weren't for the oversized cock, she wouldn't have believed this was the same bastard who'd run circles around her for months. Whenever she worked on him, his expressions ranged from smug satisfaction to idle, intense focus. Now, with Maddie, the look on his face was...pathetic. Mouth drawn open, eyes rolled back. Sometimes, when she changed up her speed, he squeezed them shut as his arms trembled against the table, their muscles and strength made nothing. The moans she got out of him weren't low and husky, but soft. Whimpering. *Weak*.

She'd completely tamed this animal.

The scene went on for a long, long minute before he couldn't take it anymore. He growled loudly, clenching his teeth as his hips bucked forward. Maddie smoothly

responded by sinking down to the base, nuzzling her nose against his crotch, and wrapping both arms around his hips, holding him in place.

His entire body jolted with a grunt, and his balls jumped up against her chin.

Irina could only describe the sound that came next as a beat of wet, choking splatters muffled by flesh. The bulge in the girl's throat visibly pulsed as the whole sex organ stuffed inside ejaculated without restraint, depositing as much cum as it possibly could. Irina passively traced her own neck in something between horror and intrigue as she remembered how much there always was. It should've been impossible for Maddie to stay still, but even now, she swallowed with practiced ease.

Eventually, the pulses subsided, and the gulping stopped. She let go of his hips and pulled away for the last time, lips slipping from the cock head with a final, gentle smooch. As the couple chuckled at each other, Irina regained her bearings at last and retreated quietly from the room, still holding her mouth shut. Their voices seeped through the cracked doors.

"*Fuuuck*. You're as good as always," said Tray.

Maddie giggled. "I live to serve."

Irina clenched her fists. She only arrived a few minutes ago. For all she knew, the girl could've been at it for hours beforehand.

She found herself envying her anyway, knowing deep down that wasn't true. She wasn't jealous of her skills -- no, that looked more painful than anything she'd seen. Her stupid curiosity had just been nipping at her brain over using her mouth on Tray for weeks now, and seeing the act wasn't helping. She still wouldn't let herself - it was absolutely off the table. No way.

But she couldn't help but picture Tray's strained face, utterly powerless and at the mercy of Maddie's attention. He never reacted that way with her, at least when she used just her hands. If she used her mouth, too...

Her logic, twisted by the parasite, got right to work, repeating the same lie as if doing so would make it true.

Maybe it would make him cum faster.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard Maddie say her goodbyes to Tray in the office. She straightened herself up as best she could as the girl emerged from the double doors. She was spotted almost right away.

"Oh! You're already here! Wait..." Maddie took out her phone in realization, a blush spreading across her face. "I'm so sorry! I, uh...got a little carried away in there, you know!"

"Uhm... Uh..." Irina couldn't form a single word. Not only did she not want to acknowledge her situation at all to this person, but she couldn't rip her eyes away from the ghost of a spit trail dribbling down from a corner of the girl's lips. She remained blissfully unaware of it.

"Irina, there's no need to be so embarrassed about this! We're basically sisters in arms now. I know all about what goes on in there."

She didn't even register her statement. All she could think about was how she couldn't let the secret out again. "No, you don't understand... I was forced to..."

"Honey," Maddie spoke softly, putting a hand on her shoulder -- the same one she'd used to guide Tray's cock down her throat. "It's alright. I'm not gonna tell anyone. Like I said, we all go through this in this building. You're not alone here."

Irina just stared at her in a daze. If she was trying to comfort her, it was *not* working.

She clearly didn't notice, nor did she care. She let go of her shoulder and continued down the hall to the elevator, but not before giving her one last impish grin. "Good luck. Now get in there. I promise you he's not done."

Irina was left alone in front of room 330, head spinning.

Somehow, she was wetter than she'd ever been.

Again.

===

Tray hadn't put his underwear back on in the office.

Irina's mind raced as she found herself unable to look away. After witnessing the illicit scene between him and his secretary, her conscience had reemerged through the dull haze of parasitic heat, activating her defense mechanism and rapidly filling her head with memories of Flin. It recognized the crisis at hand. It recognized that the arousal she felt now had gone too far.

It screamed at her on loop, trying to get her to recognize it, too.

You have to do this.

You have to do this.

You HAVE to do this.

She took a deep breath. That was right. She only *had* to do this. She'd never been here because she wanted to be. The things she felt over the weeks were circumstantial -- byproducts of a parasite Tray had put there. When this was over, it'd be gone. She would move on.

These were appointments. That's all they were.

As she tried to focus on these thoughts, Tray approached casually. She was too distracted to have any idea what he was thinking tonight. "Sorry for the delay. Maddie gets like that sometimes."

All she could really do was glare at him halfheartedly before her eyes sank back down. Once, the fact that he'd known she was there the whole time, let alone that

he'd probably cracked the door open just for her, would've driven her mad with fury. Now, it was barely a footnote of a consideration.

The past few months had conditioned her to care only about one thing.

He stood barely a foot away from her, his dick hanging limp across from her stomach. It was still wet with a coat of Maddie's spit, and the added shine only made the veins and bell end stand out more. They were polished, enticing. Like freshly picked fruit, ripe and juicy.

She stood there for many seconds just staring at it. Normally, she would've sunk to her knees and got to work, ignoring all of the older man's crude comments.

Tonight was different. Tonight, she didn't trust herself enough.

Tray, as always, read her hesitation like a book. "You liked that little show, didn't you? Finally ready to have a taste?"

Her heart skipped a beat. His cock throbbed at the same time, bouncing as if inviting her closer.

She still didn't move.

To the parasite, not moving itself was a resistance. It whispered into her ear cheekily, and her pussy tingled in response.

You have to do this.

The urge brought her a tiny step closer, but no more. As her defense mechanism soldiered on against all the temptation around her, one thought blared louder than any other.

These were the lips she used to kiss the love of her life.

With that thought, she was able to back away. "I- I don't know, Tray. That's just...that's too far."

"If you suck my dick, I'll raise the time limit of the deal to thirty minutes."

His blunt offer cut through her defenses, targeting her twisted reason directly.

If she used her mouth, she'd get double the time. She already almost had him with just her hands. If she agreed to these terms, the deal would most certainly be over after tonight. Plus, she'd be able to satisfy her curiosity just this once...

But she recognized this tactic. He'd done the very same to get her to touch his cock for the first time -- to push things as far as they had gotten. No more. This time, she would put her foot down for good. "No. I'm sorry, but that's just gross. It was just in another woman's mouth..."

She meant to sound disgusted -- because it *was* disgusting -- but confusingly, the lewdness of the statement made her heat surge to new heights. Still, she refused to listen to it. Who knew what she'd catch from that slut?

Tray just smiled at her conflict as though he expected it. "Follow me."

Without another word, he put his pants and belt back on and pushed past the door. Irina trailed behind him cautiously, not having a clue what he was up to this time. Opposed to their last time in the hallway all those months ago, he engaged in absolutely no idle chatter. There was no need for him to put up that front. He led her to the elevator, and they silently rode down together. She couldn't bear it. As she stood next to him, it was almost impossible to not to keep glancing his way. The charged atmosphere was wearing her down by the second.

The door slid open just as she thought she might die, and he continued on, pretending not to notice. They were on the first floor again now -- halls she hadn't bothered to learn. He stopped around a nook at what looked to be one corner of the building, a place where the carpeted floors cut off at the walls to be replaced by white tiles. They ran along two small, separate corridors -- one marked by a symbol of a blue figure, and the other, a pink one in a dress.

"You have locker rooms here?" Irina asked.

"Of course. Some of our employees don't have time in the morning to shower at home. Besides... You never know what'll happen." Tray grinned knowingly at her again, and she pursed her lips.

"...What do you mean?"

"I'm saying, if I cleaned off in there...would you suck my dick?"

Thump. Her heart leapt again.

Not waiting for an answer, he entered the men's locker room, disappearing around the turn.

She swallowed hard.

She knew not to listen to anything he said.

She knew she shouldn't even be standing where she was.

She knew if she followed him around that corner, there would be no turning back.

But she had stayed here too long, and finally, her defenses broke against all the pressure put on her by the evening and the weeks leading up to it. Even the thoughts of a happy, smiling Flin became fuel for her faltering, horny mind.

If she didn't go in there and do what had to be done, that would be lost forever.

So, one step after another, she ventured into the locker room after Tray.

The light dimmed as she left the hallways behind. Grays and whites took over all around her, and her footsteps echoed against them the deeper she went, each a voice warning her to turn back. The familiar hissing of running water grew closer and closer, beckoning her past them into the steam. It filled her nose, warm and wet, making her forget the cold, calculated scent of sanitizer.

She turned, and, without any fanfare, she was in.

The men's locker room was dim, dingy, yet impeccably clean. There were just two benches and rows of lockers, all gleaming in the hazy air, knowing little of wear. Tray was nowhere to be seen -- he had already gone and started the shower in the bathroom area around the next corner. The only sign of his presence here were his clothes folded up neatly on one of the seats.

All of them.

Irina's legs were weak now as she walked inside, shaking with every step. It was taboo to be here in every way. Wrong, against the rules. This was where men undressed, exposed their disgusting bodies, and let go of all shame. It wasn't for her.

Her body didn't care. Her mind couldn't resist it anymore.

About halfway into the room, she froze an unforgettable sound.

"Mmmph..."

A low, hoarse groan echoing from the shower nearby.

Her breathing grew unsteady as she looked on in the direction of the voice. There, she saw it: a shadow -- barely visible in the gloomy room, but still there if she squinted. It took the form of a body stretching out from around the corner, its host unseen yet present in shape and movement as dark streams of water fell upon it. She saw the outline of an angular head, the impressions of a solid, ripped torso. Its arms, even obscured by darkness, were both gigantic and defined, its muscles given proper attention. One of them propped the giant figure up against the wall.

The other was stroking the unmistakable length protruding from between its legs -- its cock. The silhouetted member cast long across the wall, every detail captured perfectly.

The focal point of a true masterpiece.

Irina couldn't take it anymore.

She dropped to the floor as Tray's shadowed hand pushed and pulled mesmerizingly, not even bothering to try the benches. The floor was slightly damp from the hot steam, but she had no choice in the matter. Her legs had given out. Without hesitation -- without even thinking to hesitate -- her own fingers flew beneath her skirt and wormed under her panties.

She sucked in air through her teeth. Filled with traces of the ongoing shower, it tasted of sweat. Of musk. Of *him*.

Fully under the control of her urges, she humped into her hand with increasing fervor. Her conscience had fallen asleep at the wheel by now, leaving her lust to speed faster and faster out of control. She felt the instinct to throw her head back against the lockers and close her eyes, but her eyes clung to the dark image of the large man pleasuring himself. She could look nowhere else.

She matched his movements, his rhythm, everything she could to make her own desire burn hotter. When he sped up, she sped up. When he went harder, so did she. When he moaned, she moaned and gasped with all her being, not caring if he or anyone else heard.

Laila's voice came back again in the midst of it all.

You have to be enjoying this a little, right?

Fine. She'd admit it. This all made her fucking *horny*. And in the moment, it was true that she...didn't hate it.

But what about after? What about her future...?

The pesky questions evaporated, becoming little more than the steam around her. This environment was inhospitable for them. It was too hot and humid for complex things like guilt to survive.

Miraculously, there was still a part of her that wanted to feel guilt again. A part that weathered the arousal like a flag in a violent storm, wishing for a normal that grew more distant every time she came back to this godforsaken building.

But even it went quiet once she heard Tray grunt.

"Ngh!"

He stopped stroking, and the shadow of his dick spasmed over the wall. Ropes jettisoned from the shrouded tip, appearing only for an instant before falling out of view. They each landed weightily, thudding on the hard ground audibly over the constant sound of water.

As they did, Irina heard another voice squeal out in the locker room.

It was hers.

"Ohhhhh... Fuuuuuck!"

Her hips bucked, and her back arched -- an orgasm exploded through her, powerful as ever, only charged further by her situation. Her fingers continued to dig into her wet, gripping hole as it went on, trying to keep the high going. She kept panting and cursing loudly, not even trying to suppress her voice. She knew Tray heard her. In her state, she was too far gone to care.

When her climax subsided, though, a strange, euphoric confusion washed over her. Her mind wasn't clearing. She was more than satisfied -- that orgasm had been phenomenal -- but now, the horniness remained.

The shower shut off, and she rested breathlessly against the lockers, listening only to the fans as the steam began to disperse. When she opened her eyes again, Tray was standing naked above her.

She didn't startle. She just took in the image of his bare, magnificent figure for the first time. It was an intensely womanly feeling, she realized -- to be below him,

admiring every groove and chiseled feature of a man at the physical peak of masculinity. The giant dick between his legs also firmly had her attention. The manly appendage hung mere feet away at eye level, flaccid yet still incomprehensible. She gazed longingly at it for who knew how long before finally turning her head up to his face.

They simply stared into each other's eyes, silently acknowledging what needn't be said.

Slowly -- painfully slowly -- he placed a hand on her head as the other reached for his phone on the bench. His fingers lightly threaded through her dark hair, and with a subtle pressure, barely even a push, he angled her head back down, drawing her eyes back to his cock. She got the message at once.

It was clean.

A million questions rushed through her mind. A million more desires rose up against them. How did it come to this? What if he pushed this further? What if she didn't resist? As these thoughts all warred with each other, the only real words she could push out of her mouth were of pure astonishment, devoid of any resistance they might've once contained.

"You...you just came again..."

His voice was resolute. "So I did."

He started the timer.

Snap.

A blur of motion. A loss of control. A curiosity, tempted too far.

Irina didn't register exactly what happened in that instant. But the moment Tray's thumb tapped down on the start button, she was there, face at his crotch, smothering her lips against his soft manhood.

Their moans melted together as his grip tightened on her hair. This was shameless -- she knew it. She felt it. She also couldn't stop herself any longer. As Tray hardened again from her kisses and licks, she only felt the need to please him more.

She apologized over and over to Flin in her head, but that didn't stop her. What had come over her now was far louder than any apology she could give.

Tray's taste spread across her tongue. Salty. Bitter. And yet, somehow, still clean from the shower. It was like getting a full helping of the delicious sample the steam offered earlier. As he pulled her forward to make her kiss the tip, she lapped up the remnants of his last cumshot -- thick and unimaginably potent. While she was at it, she twirled her tongue around the fat cap to tease him, laughing at his sudden twitches. This technique often made Flin cum right away, but not him. The distance was so much greater, the journey so much longer.

In almost no time at all, she had him fully erect and lathered in her own spit. Tray brought her head back again, lining his dick up with her lips. Once, she'd done all she could to look away from him, to deny his advances. Even as she made him cum on her face over and over again for months, she resisted the worst of her body's screaming impulses.

But at least for now, in the hypercharged locker room, she just smiled. She could feel herself do it.

She opened her mouth as wide as she possibly could, presenting her throat to the dominant boss she found herself completely at the mercy of.

With a groan of ecstasy, he shoved himself in.

It was...sobering. Painful.

Hot.

She was no Maddie. Her lips could barely wrap around his head, and even doing *that* made her jaw stretch beyond its limit. But it was what she had been craving deep down for ages -- an old, old attraction she thought she'd left behind. His taste filled her entire mouth now, rich everywhere the velvety skin touched. With the aid of her tongue, she could feel his throbs more clearly now than ever. She moaned around him in something between discomfort and needy hunger, staring straight up into Tray's eyes.

He began to thrust.

She forgot about time. Unholy gagging noises escaped her throat as she let the older man finally indulge in the act he'd no doubt dreamed of for months. He hardly fit, but that didn't matter-- he fucked her mouth, groaning and growling, and she bobbed her head as best she could. With every thrust, she pushed forward past the retches to meet him, feeling his tip brush up against the back of her throat.

It was all so novel. Each stretch of pain made her heart flutter. Each gag made her pussy wetter.

And for some reason, she wanted his cum. The same cum she'd found gross until just earlier today.

Her curiosity needed to be sated.

Her neck was sore. Her throat was sore. Her jaw was sore. She kept going anyway, trying to shove as much of him as she could past her lips and drive him past the edge. When it became extra clear all she could handle for now was just the tip, she sucked hard on it and began to stroke the rest of his slickened length with both hands, looking back up at Tray to gauge his reaction.

She couldn't help but giggle, remembering how he looked with Maddie earlier. Her skill hadn't driven him there for most of her shoddy blowjob.

But she could see it now: that slackened jaw, those glazed over eyes. That weakness.

He couldn't take it anymore.

He was about to paint her tonsils white.

"Ugh... Get ready, baby..."

She moaned around him again and kept pumping. His veins throbbed, and the head swelled, filling out the empty space in her mouth like it was settling into a new home.

Then, the trembles began -- the beginning of the end. She closed her eyes, tightening her grip with both hands, and...

"Agh!"

"Mmmmmph!"

Tray shouted, and she mewled as he thrashed against her tongue, cumming for the third time in a row that evening. The first shot alone hit her throat with so much force and volume, she instinctively gargled and tried to pull back. Tray helped her along, holding her head in place. She had no choice but to try and gulp down every creamy load that followed. It was easier said than done -- the stuff felt even denser in her mouth now that she was getting it straight from the source. Hotter, too -- not just warm. Swallowing it all so fast was like drinking steaming, underbaked cake batter right out of the oven.

Eventually, despite her best efforts, the strain of his ejaculation was too much for her cheeks, and dribbles of seed began to leak from her lips. He let go of her, and she broke the vacuum seal, letting the last few strings land across her face like normal.

Ha. "Like normal."

For the next few minutes, the two sat and panted heavily, completely taken aback once again by how far they had gone. The last of the steam from Tray's shower dissipated into the vents, leaving the room cool and damp. As Irina's horniness

finally faded with it, her mind lingered on the flavor of the semen now resting comfortably in her belly.

Only two words she thought of could describe it right.

Power. Fertility.

However, as time passed, even this aroused thought vanished without a trace, leaving the taste in her mouth as awful as always.

She slumped against the lockers, numb to the boatload of cum on her face.

Why did she just do that?

The question didn't come with any guilt or shame as it usually did before today. Instead, she asked herself with genuine bafflement. It wasn't like she'd come here today planning to take her betrayal to the next level. This appointment was supposed to just be like any other.

Her recovering reason answered her on autopilot. It was for Flin, she made a deal, she wanted it to be over, et cetera et cetera...

But these cheap answers no longer satisfied her. In the face of this, her question shifted.

What made her do this?

She'd felt wrong since she entered the locker room. *Off*. From the beginning of this mess until then, all her obscene actions with Tray -- all her ridiculous, constant arousal -- felt driven by something else. Something that wasn't her. She sensed its presence clear as day, and over almost three months, she'd learned its schedule out of necessity.

But she didn't feel it anymore.

Her face sank into her hands, not caring that she was smearing them with cum.

It was at that moment, in that locker room, that the storm of denial which had been torturing Irina for months came to an end.

It wasn't the parasite.

It was her.

===

The drive home was both better and worse than usual.

It was better because, for the first time in months, Irina felt normal. Real normal -- not the fake clarity granted to her by a worm in her head that didn't even exist. She was lucid.

But that was it.

Indeed, it was worse for one simple, all-encompassing reason: time had resumed.

Her escapade with Tray in the locker room hadn't felt all that long. Hell, it felt like no time at all. But he quickly showed her the contrary, gloating with his phone in hand -- she'd been so caught up in her arousal that she didn't even notice thirty five minutes had gone by.

She almost wanted to break out into hysterical laughter when she saw it. When all was said and done, she hadn't even won the deal by blowing him, just as her conscience had warned her.

But that wasn't all. Because time had come back to her, she realized something even more dire when she got back to her car -- something so simple, she couldn't believe she didn't consider it when Tray first proposed the alteration to the deal.

With all the extra events of the night included, the appointment had taken just under two hours -- a whole hour more than she allotted for on these days.

Naturally, the phone she'd left in her middle console had been blowing up for fifty minutes by the time she got back to it. Her heart sank when she saw how many texts Flin had sent.

[Hey, you done at the store?]

[Did you get everything?]

[What's up?]

[Hey what's going on]

[Please answer my calls]

And he sure did call. Several times.

In a panic, she texted back the only thing she could think of. She wanted to just hurry right home, but if she did so without going to the store, the gig was up.

[Hey sorry babe, I'm okay. Got held up in traffic and the store's crazy busy for some reason tonight. I'll be home soon tho, ily <3]

She wanted to cry. Instead, she drove.

One grocery trip later, she finally rolled back into the driveway. It was the first time she'd ever dreaded the feeling. She opened the front door, and exactly as she feared, Flin was waiting for her on the couch.

"Babe, I'm so sorry I was late! The store was super crowded tonight..."

She'd made her order super big to prove it. As she put everything down on the counter, though, Flin didn't so much as look at any of it. She kept sorting through everything, though, bustling in and out the door with more and more bags. If she stopped right now, she would break. If she stopped, it would be over.

In the middle of one of her paces, Flin spoke, not looking nor moving. "Rina... Is...is everything alright?"

She almost dropped her bags. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't want to mention it -- and please don't get mad at me -- but I've...noticed you acting a bit weird lately. I don't know. Is distant the right word to describe it?"

"I'm still not sure what you're getting at..."

"It's just...you seem so stressed all the time -- god, look who's talking, but it's true. And I don't wanna make you uncomfortable, but you're...you know, all over the place. You jump me some days, then go completely cold the next. I'm sorry if that's mean to say. I just wanna know what's up. I wanna be there for you. God knows you were for me."

As it so often did with him, her heart squeezed. She put down her bags and sat beside him, leaning her head on his shoulder. It was scary how naturally it came after what she'd done. "It's the baby," she muttered. He glanced at her but didn't interrupt. "I really want this baby, Flin. I want this family. You know that. I think it's getting to me. I just can't stop moving. We've had everything in place for over a year, and still..."

He looked her in the eye for the first time since she got back. He caressed her hand softly, sadly. "I want it too. I'm sorry I haven't been able to give you that yet."

Another squeeze. "Babe, don't say that. It's not your fault..."

"I know, it's just hard not to feel that way."

"Believe me. I feel the exact same," she gently retorted, refusing to let him take all the blame. She cuddled there with him for a while, letting him know she meant it before changing the subject. "I'm sorry I took so long at the store today. I didn't mean to

worry you. Turns out, I was wrong about there being less people this time of day. Looks like I'll be going back to my regular schedule..."

But the deal, her conscience murmured. She ignored it. She didn't want to think about that right now.

"It's fine. Just don't scare me like that again, alright? It's late out," said Flin. Irina was about to settle into another cuddle with him when he blurted out another question without warning. "Also, by the way, um...have you seen my boss lately?"

She flinched. That came completely out of left field.

She stared incredulously at her husband. So *this* was what he'd been so nervous to say from the start. She could tell because he completely fumbled bringing it up naturally. "No," she started, "no, of course not. Why on Earth would you think that?" She couldn't stop a bit of anger from escaping in her words.

Gaslighting piece of shit, rumbled her conscience. She wanted to smother it with a pillow.

Was he onto her? If so, how? If he confronted her now, what was she going to-

Flin immediately put her worries to rest, at least for now. "It's nothing. He just mentioned you earlier today, that's all. Wanted to make sure he was staying off your tail. I know how much you don't like him."

Her anger evaporated at once, leaving only guilt. Even that, however, peeled away into something else -- something that hadn't been allowed by her stupid body until today.

She loved him. *Fuck*, she *loved* this man.

She looked into his eyes, searching for permission to kiss him. She found it, and soon, they were down together on the couch, making out like it was their first date.

His cock grew against her skirt, and to her delight, her body reacted -- truly reacted, without any exterior stimuli or ulterior motives.

For the first time in months, they could have normal sex together.

Before they did, though, she kissed him deeper, and anxiety flashed once in her mind, recalling. Luckily, he noticed nothing and kissed her back.

Thank God she'd bought all those breath mints.

Ch. 05

Tray had never been more comfortable in his bed.

The instant he was back home in his room, he collapsed face-first into the king size mattress, sinking into it without even taking off his suit and tie. Truth be told, he'd barely been holding it together all evening, and the drive back to his mansion was like floating through limbo. Even as he turned over onto his back, tired and spent enough to hibernate through the coming winter, he was stuck in a daze staring up at his spinning ceiling fan.

He still couldn't believe what had just happened.

It wasn't that he was surprised he finally got inside Irina's mouth. He'd already known that would happen since he first saw her kneel in front of him in his office, when her lips unconsciously parted in idle curiosity. His plans always worked because he could tell when a woman held those desires -- whether they knew it or not.

But in spite of his confidence, those moments when those urges boiled over, and he truly got to enjoy a shiny new toy...

It never got old. *Never.*

He groaned, undoing his belt and pants to let his cramped package free. His dick was still sore from the relentless attention it had been given. He hadn't shown it at all during his encounters with the two women tonight -- he was far more concerned with gratifying his own lust -- but cumming three times so quickly in a row like that was no small feat even for him. He was getting older, after all. He was worried after Maddie deepthroated him that he wouldn't be as pent up for Irina, but the moment he saw the young hot wife, that worry instantly vanished. As usual, just being around her kicked his body into overdrive, forcing him to act.

He was sure of it now: he'd never enjoyed a pursuit quite as much as this one.

For the first time, she'd truly impressed him. So much that he could still see her clearly in his mind, lips wrapped around his cock head as she vigorously tried stuffing even more past her throat. It wasn't the best blowjob he'd ever received, but the situation had been so intensely charged that it still ranked up there in his eyes. His decision to move the action down to the locker room had turned out better than he ever could've hoped. She lost control just the way he wanted her to.

But for the first time in a long, long while, so had he. This woman kept putting him in dangerous spots. He wanted to play with her for a while longer, but in truth, if she had asked him to tonight, he wouldn't have had the self control to resist picking her up and fucking her like a fleshlight against the lockers right there.

He remembered her moans, her chokes, the sucking sounds of her lips, and slowly took hold of himself again, feeling the blood begin to flow anew. To his astonishment, his body could probably handle a fourth session today. Like a pot left to stew on low heat 24/7, his balls just kept on churning out more and more of their essence second by second, only ever pausing for the occasional cumshot before getting right back to work. He may have gotten tired, but they never did.

However, before he started to stroke himself hard again, he stopped. No matter what his undying instincts told him, he'd had enough for the night. He didn't want to spoil the memory of his last release -- that of Irina staring straight up into his eyes as she swallowed his pumping load. It had gone exactly as he'd pictured it so many times. Like a dream come true.

He rested his head back on his pillow, not bothering to change for bed. He'd shower again in the morning. For now, he just wanted to sink further into the dream, to see what happened next. Contrary to what she probably thought, the ball was in Irina's court now -- well, save for the picture he still had of her. But that hadn't been a factor as she rammed his cock into her mouth today, had it?

It would continue not to be. In the coming weeks, she would be the one initiating. She would realize it, too -- that she was breaking, doing all this truly willingly. By that time, it would be too late. She'd already be too far gone to resist her body any longer.

And after that, there was only one way left to go.

===

Irina stirred in bed as she woke, still feeling a warmth deep in her belly. Groaning, she turned over and cuddled up to her husband. "Good morning."

"Good morning..." he groaned back.

A pleasant sigh escaped her lips. It had been too long since she'd come to like this -- calmly, with nothing more than Flin on her delirious mind. If it wasn't a work day, she would've asked him to cuddle an hour or two more.

Of course, Tray's cum was still in her stomach. But if she thought of it as just a warm drink she'd had before bed, it didn't spoil the moment as much.

She hummed a tune to herself as she got ready and made breakfast that morning. It was a strange feeling -- the weight of her perilous position had almost completely lifted off her, as had the overly oppressive guilt. This was despite the fact she'd gone further than ever with Tray last night, betraying her husband in a way she'd never once dreamed of. Following the example of the past few months, she should've been reeling from horniness, depression, or both. Instead, she felt lighter on her feet than ever, and her love for Flin was unchanged. When she looked at him sitting there at the table, she just wanted to abandon everything else and sit with him, losing herself in his eyes.

She was starving. Not for his dick, or for the sweet release of orgasm. She was starving for all of him again, and she was ready to prove it.

"I'll have the bed ready for tonight, babe... I've got a feeling this time," she crooned at him after breakfast, batting her eyelashes. She had a feeling he would approve.

"Oh. O-okay."

And just like that, with a single stutter, the momentum of the entire morning ground to a halt. The progress she'd made wasn't gone, but amidst the perfect glee she'd drowned herself in for an hour, worry began to creep back in.

She bit her lip as she adjusted Flin's tie for work at the front door.

Yes, of course. She'd been far too quick to throw away her panic last night, hadn't she?

She couldn't help it. The feeling of normalcy returning to her body was like waking up after a long, long nightmare. When she realized during their tense encounter that it meant she could finally be with her husband again -- truly be with him without forcing it -- intimacy was the first thing she went for, and it had been about as amazing as she ever could've hoped. The fulfillment given by the orgasms she had in the car outside KF Designs, and even the one she'd had in the locker room last night, couldn't even hold a candle.

Waking up after the fact, though, there was no denying the lingering conflict in Flin's eyes, even if she didn't want to admit it. He still smiled at her just the same, and their conversations were almost back to normal, but the moments in between were just a little too drawn out. He averted his gaze, pursed his lips. He'd worn the very same expression before asking about her and Tray last night.

She was far from out of the woods. He didn't know anything -- not for sure -- but he was suspicious. He was right to be.

Still, she wouldn't let him find out. Not now. If there ever was a time to come clean without destroying the marriage, it had long passed. The game now was to hide everything until it was safe to forget.

As soon as he was gone for work again, she was on her phone with the unknown number again, determined to finish this all for real.

[We need to talk.]

As always, the response came immediately.

[Any time if it's you.]

[Shut up. We took too long last night. Flin said you mentioned me to him at work, and now he's suspicious. What the fuck is your problem?]

[Relax. I just reminded him how much I enjoyed dinner with you both. Nothing unusual. It's his fault for being so insecure.]

She paused, trembling as she suppressed the urge to send a scathing text back defending her love. She had to think carefully. Nothing this man did was ever so simple as "nothing unusual." He probably meant to light a fire under her ass, and to her total frustration, it was working.

Her fingers resumed.

[Look. We can't do evenings anymore.]

[If you finish me in time, there shouldn't be a problem.]

She wanted to punch her screen. This bastard.

[I already told Flin I'd stop going out on Tuesdays. The alibi is gone whether you like it or not.]

[How about afternoons?]

[You're joking. Flin will be in the building.]

[Sounds like his problem.]

[It'll be your problem too if we're caught.]

[Is that a challenge? :)]

Before she could finish typing her next message, yet another new dick pic flashed across her screen, stunning her. She bit her lip, but unlike every time this happened over the past three months, she felt no need to tend to herself as she took in the image. Her pussy simply hummed in instinctive want, then let her continue on.

Like normal.

[Fine. Next Tuesday. Just don't get used to this.]

[Already am.]

She threw the phone back to the couch, rubbing her face to try and smother away the worsening predicament. The deal was far from the only thing she had to be worried about. Sleep had solidified something she'd only suspected last night in the car.

The odd feelings and urges she'd once relegated to "the parasite" were now embedded deep within her -- absorbed. Accepted. In exchange for not going completely insane at the sight of Tray's well-endowed body, she could no longer even attempt to deny to herself that she found him outrageously hot, and that she had unambiguously enjoyed all of their previous encounters to an extent. She hadn't wanted them to happen, but that was the hard truth. Their time in the steamy locker room had merely been the breaking point.

She'd enjoy their next meetup, too. And if she didn't end all this soon -- as in next time -- she'd keep enjoying herself. Again, and again, and again.

She went straight to the kitchen and began slicing up veggies for dinner, more focused than ever. It was wrong that she didn't feel as guilty anymore, but if she wanted to help Flin, she could no longer afford to fixate on such things. Those thoughts were only keeping her from getting his boss off in time, and that kept this

from ending as it should've long ago. It was a shame she'd need to use her lips on the smug asshole again. It did make her heart break. But at the end of the day, they were hardly different from the knife she used -- a tool, perfect for handling that monster of a pervert.

So, she went about her week with her rekindled normal, mentally prepared for what she had to do.

She couldn't wait to be back.

She couldn't wait for it to be over.

===

Pulling up to KF Designs in the middle of the afternoon again brought back feelings Irina didn't realize she'd buried.

Mainly, it was the discomfort of being watched. She'd gotten far too used to being here when there were few other cars in the parking lot. Now, they crowded her in every direction, dark windows shimmering at her like bug eyes -- emotionless, calculating. The building, too, was no longer dormant -- the same two guards stood guard at the front door again, yawning from boredom. She felt the inexplicable fear that they would turn her away for some reason this time. They didn't, of course, but the lecherous pressure of their gazes was just as potent as ever.

It was hardly any better inside. She recognized the faces of strangers she once thought she'd never have to see again -- the barista behind the cafe register, employees in the lobby couches and hallways beyond. All of them clearly recognized her too despite having only seen her once months ago, and she still didn't like their eyes. They were full of confusion and lust as usual, but there was also...something else. Rumors. There was speculation in those looks.

She pushed past them all the way to the third floor. Those, she could handle.

What Irina couldn't push past was the urgency beating in her chest.

Last time, she'd been here to deliver a thumb drive -- a simple task, one that should've taken minutes tops. For loitering with Flin back then, she'd encountered Tray. Everything that had befallen her after that one goddamn decision was her fault.

And now, here again, her objective was not to avoid the pervy boss, but the husband she loved so much.

Her pace slowed as she walked by door 312. She expected the guilt to come knocking, but no -- her mind's immediate reaction was simple, resigned acknowledgement. She felt bad and nothing more. She remembered him completely immersed in his work, face content as he drew. If he was lucky -- if she was -- that's where he still was at the moment, and that's where he would stay. She hoped so.

She waited an awkwardly long while in the hallway before even thinking to approach door 330. It was on the cusp of empty, but not quite. There were always two to three other people occupying the space, walking within eyeshot of the massive entrance. They all glanced at her with raised eyebrows as they passed her, wondering why she was just standing there, but as red as it made her, she bore them, too. They were already clearly suspicious of her. She couldn't risk even one of them seeing her, a strange, out of place woman, walk into Tray's office. They would chirp immediately, and some of them had already seen her visit Flin once, word would spread like wildfire... No, since she was here now, it definitely would...

She realized she was tapping her foot. This was getting too messy. In a weird, fucked up sort of way, she missed being able strut right on in as she did in the evenings, when Tray's cock was the only thing on her mind.

When she saw that the hallway was finally empty, she took her chance and damn near bolted for the double doors. Inside, Tray sat at his desk immersed in his laptop

as usual, this time lit by daylight. It took him some time to acknowledge her presence.

"Goodness gracious," he said with one of those grins. "You actually showed up. You're kinda crazy, you know that?"

"What- this was your idea, asshole!"

"Hey, hey. Watch your voice. There're people here now, remember? I know you're used to getting carried away, but still..."

She felt her face flush, stuttering incoherently to defend herself.

He laughed. "Ha! I'm just messing with you! This room is soundproofed. Thoroughly. I could fuck you silly over the desk for hours and no one would hear a thing. Ask Maddie, or any of the other women you walked by on your way here."

She recovered at the brazen suggestion, sneering. "Bullshit. I could hear you two from the hall last week."

"I left the door open."

Deciding to just leave that subject in particular alone, she cleared her throat, trying to assert herself. "Listen, Tray. I-I just don't think I can keep doing this. I shouldn't even be here in the first place..."

"And yet you are. Isn't it exhilarating, trying not to get caught?"

"No!" she snapped. "Where do you get off on this, anyway? You lose Flin if word of this gets out!"

"So do you." He shook his phone at her, reminding her of what it contained. Once more, she couldn't properly respond before he went on. "But enough chit chat. Come over here. I've got something to show you."

Despite her protests so far, she did what he said, rounding his desk slowly, timidly. The closer she got, the more of his sitting form revealed itself underneath. As it turned out, his suit and tie today were merely a professional courtesy. His clothes disappeared in their entirety below the waist -- no pants, no belt, not even socks or shoes.

His cock was already rock hard, pointing straight up at the underside of the desk.

Her mouth was already watering.

His grin deepened as he saw her swallow hard to avoid drooling. Of all the women he'd seduced this way, he had a hard time recalling one quite as fixated on his size as her -- and that was saying something. "Go on, get down there," he encouraged. "I've got a meeting in an hour."

She ripped her gaze from his member, glaring, but as always, it was soon back where it started. She was totally engrossed. All her prior feelings about it still stood - - about how ghastly it was, about how unrealistic it was in the grand scheme of things -- but simply put, she liked how it looked. She liked how much cum it always shot out. And now, after her loss of control last week, she knew something else for sure: she liked how it tasted, how it felt in her mouth.

So, she moved under him, kneeling and shimmying between his legs under the desk. It was so cramped she barely fit, and his musk hit her immediately, which only made her salivate more as her face crept closer and closer to his manhood. Meanwhile, he readied himself for her attention again, reclining back into his chair and prepping the timer on his phone. She glanced once at the screen, reminding herself -- and her drooling pussy -- why she was her in the first place. She would end this today. She hadn't really been trying to make him finish from the start last week - - she'd been relishing in it too much in her heat, drawing it out without realizing it. This time was different.

This was the last time she'd enjoy bringing pleasure to this man.

He tapped the start button again. With a deep breath, she leaned forward and kissed the bottom of the crown lightly.

A soft smooch resonated over the ticking clock.

Tray sighed in relief as she began, closing his eyes to take in the sensation. Her lips felt as heavenly as he remembered, but their gentler, teasing intent added a whole new layer of paradise to the mix. She kissed around the vast expanse of his veiny shaft almost as if surveying it, then extended her tongue to explore every ridge and vein more confidently. He hadn't made her say it outright, but it was clear as day how much she'd thought of their time in the locker room.

He wasn't far from the truth. Irina couldn't help but let out a moan as she took in his taste again. Being trapped tightly within his pants and underwear for so long, it was much, much sweatier than before. More bitter. More powerful. It wasn't filthy or anything -- it just wasn't perfectly clean, and that made it feel more real. Since he was so big, each area had time to accumulate a slightly different flavor throughout the day, each of which her tongue savored without complaint.

As satisfying as this was, however, she hadn't forgotten what she was ultimately here for, and she opened her mouth to get it over with. She took his head in, looking up to check the reactions of the man above her. He didn't meet her gaze as he grunted in ongoing euphoria. She glared -- a strange feeling coupled with the huge cock in her mouth. Now that her thoughts were her own again, she could show him she was undoubtedly angry but couldn't bring herself to stop. With a frustrated groan, she began to bob her head, sucking in what little open space remained in her cheeks.

Time passed. She blew him slowly all the while, trying to fit more and more of him in with every stroke. The room filled with the illicit sounds of her traitorous act, making her wetter by the second.

But it was too quiet. He was too quiet.

Whenever she looked up at Tray, she saw him gritting his teeth and closing his eyes, but he wasn't even close to cumming. She could tell without a shadow of a doubt. He only groaned and grunted occasionally, and never in that distinctly urgent way. His breathing was deep, relaxed, as if meditating. The throbs she felt against her palate, too, were steady, synchronized with the calm flow of precum trickling down her tongue. She was making him feel good for sure -- just not good enough.

Her mouth popped away from the tip, going back to kissing and licking. Her brow furrowed as she lamented the obvious issue at hand.

She wasn't as into it as she was last week.

Simply put, her head was too clear. She wasn't acting out on his dick as she had last week. Back then, the atmosphere in that locker room had done most of the heavy lifting -- for both of them.

In the absence of such mind-numbing arousal, the sheer impossibility of this task was far more pronounced. It wasn't an intimate, collaborative effort like pleasing Flin was. It was a challenge. Just the fat end was truly too big -- she could barely stuff it past her lips, and even when she did, it crowded her entire mouth, making her choke. It was quite literally impossible to keep her teeth away from it, which made bobbing her head an enigma. She couldn't even begin to understand how to properly go about pleasing the tip, let alone the even fatter, club-shaped shaft, and that pissed her off immensely. She knew it was possible. She'd seen that waif of a girl do it no problem at all.

God damn it. She wanted to get it all in. She wanted to win.

She was completely drenched between her legs at this point, and as she extended her already sore jaw to try and take Tray in again, her hand idly snuck down past the button of her jeans. However, she stopped it at her pelvis, right above her aching sex. Tray was looking again, and she didn't want to give him the satisfaction.

Unfortunately for her, as usual, he gathered her internal predicament with just a glance. "Go on. Don't leave yourself hanging. Rub your pussy for me."

She gave him yet another glare, but his words were still enough to tip the balance. Her middle and pointer finger crept the rest of the way down to her sensitive clit. She reasoned with herself as she moaned around the mouthful of dick, her decision swift and unanimous, bereft of any conflict she would've once grappled with. Tray had basically already heard her do it in the locker room -- no better than seeing her, really -- so it wasn't a boundary they hadn't yet crossed.

To her delight, it seemed to work, if only just a little. Tray couldn't stop a quick gasp from escaping his lips -- a fragment of that elusive weakness Maddie seemed to know so well. With renewed confidence, she resumed her earlier efforts, gagging to push past the barrier of his thick shaft.

Still, over time, she came across the exact same problems as before. She just didn't have enough experience, enough technique to handle a cock like this -- no matter how much she wanted to.

Well into the awkward, ineffective blowjob, Tray stole her attention with an infuriating observation. "Hmmm... Maybe you need some extra motivation."

She whipped her face up to his, shaft still in one hand, and scowled so hard she felt the creases in her skin might never come out. Of course he knew she was struggling. It was in his best interest that she kept doing so. So, initially, her eyes tried to bore a hole into him, thinking his comment was just a sarcastic taunt.

Then, he grabbed his phone, tapped around the screen, and brought it up to his ear. A faint rattling sounded from the miniature speakers.

A dial tone.

She knew what he was doing immediately. "W-wait!"

It was too late. She heard her husband's voice take over the dial tone in mere moments, his voice like a fly buzzing in the air, words too quiet to pick up.

Tray responded to them, not once breaking eye contact. "Yes, Flin... I was just calling to ask if you were available. Would you come down to my office real quick? There're some things I'd like to discuss before today's meeting..."

Her grip on his dick tightened, trying to strangle him, to punish him in any way, but this only made him smirk. It was too meaty for her tiny hand to have any effect even with her ring on.

She couldn't stand how helpless she was. She wanted to yell, scream at this man as hard as she could, to berate him with all the vitriol she'd berated herself for so many weeks. But as he kept the phone up and talked to her husband, she kept rubbing herself and put her lips back to work on him. She couldn't so much as make a sound, or else she risked her voice coming through on Flin's end. For the duration of the call, she begrudgingly teased all around Tray's length with her tongue and lips again.

He hummed shamelessly in approval. "*Mmmmmph...* Yes, don't worry... You can take your time..." He hung up and put his phone down in a hurry, relaxing again into his chair as he smiled at the wife beneath him. "Well, he's on his way. Clock's still ticking. I'd hurry if I were you."

She growled, unable to form a response, but engulfed his plump head again anyway. Knowing him, and knowing how fast time went by with him, she had a feeling not much time was left.

Not long after, the door opened. Her heart dropped to her knees.

And terrifyingly, her pussy gushed like mad. She couldn't stop her hand from tending to it as she listened to Flin's footsteps approach. Even though she knew the

back of the desk hid her completely from his angle, she felt like he could see right through it.

The door closed behind him, and the footsteps stopped. The office sank into silence. She, in turn, sucked hard on Tray's dick, carefully trying to balance the pleasure she gave with remaining as quiet as possible.

Eventually, Flin spoke. "So... what was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Nothing serious. I just wanted to congratulate you preemptively. CeraTech quarterly reports are in, and apparently they're booming. Your logo redesign is working wonders for them so far."

"Oh. I'm glad to hear--"

Pop!

The sickening noise pierced the air like a gunshot as Irina pulled too far back with too much suction, accidentally ripping her lips from Tray for all to hear. She stopped rubbing herself and covered her mouth right away as an overwhelming, unbearable flood of emotions crashed upon her: panic, anger, shame, arousal, embarrassment... Her face was redder now than it ever had been, and she didn't know exactly which one of them to blame the most. She knew as silence took back over the room that Flin had surely picked up on what was happening under that desk. All that remained for him to find out now was who the culprit was.

Strike one.

Heart beating out of control, she looked up at Tray for guidance. Of course, she wouldn't find any -- he was just as unable to acknowledge her presence as she was. Still, although he didn't look back at her, she could tell from his put-on composure that she needed to keep going. *Now.*

She put him back in her mouth again, this time suckling lightly. Tray continued, and for the first time ever, she heard him stutter. "T-this is going to come up in an hour, so I figured you should hear it sooner than later. The board'll...probably have you say some words. You know, just regular old back-patting."

"I'll, uh... I'll start thinking about it now."

"Don't be so nervous, boy!" Tray bellowed. Irina glared at him for calling her husband that, but all this earned her was a deep, unwanted moan. Maddeningly, this sound turned her on for some reason, too, and her free hand went back to work between her legs as he kept on. "You're... *hf*... You're doing great. *Really* great. I was worried after Kanan, but it looks like you've got a spine after all."

She waited for the retort from Flin. Even with Tray's huge cock stuffed in her mouth -- what little of it she could fit -- she wanted to hear it.

Instead, nothing.

"On that note," Tray said, "how's that other project coming along? Mmm... I'd hope you've got that ready for Friday. Our client list just keeps on growing and growing. Are you up to the...t-the challenge?"

His breathing intensified as she lashed her tongue beneath his glans. She wouldn't let him keep on treating her love this way. If she couldn't do that through words, she'd do it through this.

But Flin's next words froze her in motion.

"Yes, of course I am. Leave it to me."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Once -- so long ago, it felt like -- she'd told him to be more assertive to his boss. Listening to them both now, hearing what their interactions were actually like, she realized her words had fallen on deaf ears. Her husband still didn't stand up for

himself in the slightest. He accepted everything Tray told him to do without question, and even when the man threw biting insults at him, he just took them with little more than a nervous chuckle.

Her face contorted in rage, tightening her lips around Tray and coaxing out another careless moan. No one, not even herself, could've predicted what she'd do next.

It was a moment of weakness. Of fury. Of being fed up of not being listened to. In that moment, spurred by those wretched feelings, she pressed her fingers harder into her pussy, lurched forward on Tray's cock, and...

"Hurk!"

She choked. Her lips strained, feeling as though they'd tear as the head pushed further into her mouth, brushing up against her throat. She'd reached his shaft at last, and it was painful. Uncomfortable. Like stretching a muscle that had never been hit during yoga.

That didn't stop a bolt of sudden, undeniable satisfaction from arcing down between her legs, nor did it hinder the sense of victory blossoming in her head.

She'd done it!

...But it only lasted an instant. She teared up in equal parts pain and pleasure as guilt bubbled back up from deep within. She could suppress it well enough throughout the week, but this position -- betraying her husband so close to him, making this kind of sound for another man in his vicinity -- was just too much.

Strike two.

Forgive me. I'm sorry. Forgive me.

Her gag reflex instinctively tried to pull her away as she apologized in her head, but she couldn't. Tray reached for the back of her head with one hand and stopped her. With a light yet inescapable force, he invaded her a millimeter further. It felt like an

entire mile. Then, he held her in place as his girth rumbled, contracting rapidly and wildly.

Her eyes widened, but she soon squeezed them shut along with her lips, locking the seal around his pulsing skin. She prepared herself for the inevitable.

The first spurt of cum came right in time.

Her own orgasm came simultaneously, but both of them had to swallow their moans as they shuddered. All the while, Tray pumped his load into her throat without restraint. She couldn't breathe as she gulped each shot down. Her head was so light she felt she was about to pass out, but she held on. The cock in her mouth was the only thing plugging the wanton sounds of her climax in.

The little reason that remained in her mind through the experience was confused by how quickly Tray finished. She'd failed to drive him over the edge for so long now, but it had only taken him moments after her husband arrived. It wasn't like her technique had changed. At this thought, a realization washed over her, hammered in with each heavy spasm of Tray's dick. It was so obvious she couldn't believe it hadn't yet occurred to her.

Above all else, he enjoyed the conquest.

As usual, it took forever, but the torrents of cum eventually passed, settling into a slow, regular drizzle. Irina had given up on keeping all her sounds quiet -- her swallowing was more than loud enough for anyone in the room to hear. When Tray stopped ejaculating entirely, she slowly withdrew her lips, spinning head still catching up with the overpowering taste of the seed now resting in her belly. Though her body begged for air, she caught her breath as quietly as possible, trying to hide her voice -- assuming her choke earlier hadn't already given it away.

After another prolonged silence, Flin spoke again. "Um... Was there anything else, Tray?"

"Boss," Tray corrected, relief clear in his voice. "But no. That was all, Flin. Run along. I'll see you in a bit."

Flin's footsteps scurried quickly out the door like they'd been waiting to leave.

Once again, it was just Irina and her affair partner in the office, both reveling in the aftermath of their climaxes. She gasped for air as thought properly returned to her, then placed a hand on her stomach. It was warm, and it felt full, like she'd downed an entire milkshake in one go.

"Wow. Now wasn't that fun?" Tray smugly remarked. His own cumshot had been nothing to scoff at. He felt ten pounds lighter.

Irina just rolled her eyes. He got the message right away, taking his phone to check the timer although he was certain she was doomed. Sure enough, as she stood up and they both looked at the screen, she was still nowhere close to thirty minutes.

Her heart sank even more, but she could hardly express it at this point. So much for this being the last time.

"Damn. Still no luck," Tray said, echoing her thoughts. She just straightened her shirt up in response, ignoring his unending gaze on her bottom as she turned away from him. It was obvious at this point that what Laila had told her was true, though she hadn't wanted to believe it: he was very much in control of when he finished, and he timed himself accordingly. It was all a charade.

She didn't get why he even bothered with it anymore.

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Flin stopped walking in the middle of the hallway although he still had work to do.

It wasn't something he did often. Hell, he'd never done it when Kanan was his boss. Ever since Tray had taken over, though, he sometimes found himself pausing at the

window between the double doors and his own office after being called over for a "chat."

Ha. "Chat." Did Tray think he was stupid?

He'd heard all the sounds right from the start. He knew damn well what was going on under that desk. It wasn't even a first -- Maddie was probably the one down there.

He placed a hand on the windowsill on it as he gazed out into the parking lot. He didn't so much as disturb the lemon-scented air, but he was angry. Fucking. Angry. Of course Tray didn't think he was stupid. He counted on just the contrary.

What was the point of this, even? Did he just want to gloat? "Look what's become of her. I'm in charge here now." Was that really so enjoyable to him? Spitting on his best friend's memory over and over again?

Every time this happened, he wanted nothing more than to bolt straight to the bathroom and vomit. That's why he'd left so quickly. But whenever he was beyond those doors again, his stomach settled, and the tragedy he'd let fester beneath his nose played all over again in his head. The guilt.

Should've fired him. Should've done something. Should've been there.

Too late now.

His eyes, seeking a distraction, settled on a particular kind of car down below: a red Honda Odyssey. A few of his female coworkers -- all mothers -- had one, so there were always a couple in the lot. A convenient twist of fate -- his wife owned the very same minivan. She'd gotten hers last year in anticipation of the coming years, a future filled with school trips and soccer games and family vacations. He never told her, but he couldn't stand the sight of it. It made him feel useless. No matter how much she told him otherwise, he hated not being able to give her what she wanted.

He dropped his head, shutting his eyes tight. It was always times like this when he wished he could just listen to her for once and quit. In the weeks following Kanan's death, he hadn't been able to accept it, but she was right. There wasn't much left for him here except bad memories. He should've left by now to focus on what really mattered. He had enough savings for both of them plus one to last a good while before finding a healthier job.

He balled up his fists.

Yes. They loved each other. That was what mattered most, right?

So...why? Why, deep in his gut, did he still feel that unease? That incessant sense that something was horribly, catastrophically off?

He'd been able to bury it at first, to trash that seed of paranoia and not look back. That was only before she began acting strange, though. He hadn't thought much of her first late-night grocery trip, but week by week, Tuesdays became the catalysts to wild mood swings he couldn't keep up with. She'd go from lethargic one day to hyper the next. Her sex drive followed the pattern, too, being virtually nonexistent on lethargic days and completely out of control on the hyper ones.

He didn't mind the more explosive sex life that came out of this. The problem was that he seemingly had nothing, or at least not that much to do with it. He chalked it up to stress initially, but then, of course, there was last Tuesday, when she had stayed out an hour later than usual...

He knew it was irrational to even consider thinking this way about her. He had no reason not to believe what she'd told him after the fact. But after Tray's statement yesterday and his illicit show today...

Well, he couldn't help but be paranoid now.

Fuck. That's exactly what the bastard was probably after. Get under his skin and drive a wedge between the two of them. After that, he'd covertly try to get under her skin, too -- just as he did with Maddie and every woman before and since.

Too bad for him. It wouldn't work. Irina was his, damn it. She was all he had left, and he refused to lose her to these stupid mind games.

He tore himself away from the window, heading for his room. He didn't make it even two steps before he froze again, face to face with someone impossible.

It was Maddie.

He stared at her like she was a ghost, and she looked back at him with a raised eyebrow. Normally, these two avoided each other like the plague, limiting their interactions to the barest, most professional minimum. Now, however, Flin was too caught in his own racing mind to bring himself to get out of her way. She had approached from the direction of the elevator.

Opposite from Tray's office.

"Um, Mr. Manuelli...? Are you alright?" she asked, snapping him out of it. There was absolutely no concern in her annoyed tone.

"Oh- yeah. Yeah, I'm good, sorry..." he muttered, equally unenthusiastic as he stepped aside. However, as much as he wanted to hurry along and leave her behind, his eyes tracked her as she kept walking. She stopped in her tracks again as she felt them, sighing in exasperation.

"*God.* Are you really still on that? When are you gonna let go, Flin? It's all in the past. Kanan made his choice, and I've moved on. You should too." She remained motionless for a while longer before deciding it was pointless. "I'm gonna go now."

She kept walking for Tray's office, then disappeared inside. He stood there in a daze, just now registering her words.

In truth, Maddie had completely misunderstood his body language. He hated the little bitch for sure, but that wasn't why he was staring holes into her.

He'd thought it was her under that desk in Tray's room.

So, if not, who in the world was it?

===

Irina was just about to peek out the doors to see if it was safe to leave when Maddie waltzed right inside.

"Mr. Paller? I ran the documents you asked for, but it seems like- Irina?!" The switch from prim and proper secretary to bubbly college girl was so instant it was jarring. "I had no idea you switched to days! Mr. Paller, you sly dog! Why didn't you tell me?"

Irina began to panic, trying to figure out how to get out even faster, but she could see her escape slipping away before her eyes. "Oh, no, no. I was just leaving, actually-"

"Surprise!" Tray interrupted, not even acknowledging her statement. "She had some, uh...schedule problems, if you catch my drift. She came here earlier to smooth things over."

"Ohhhhh..." Maddie patted Irina on the shoulder, though she didn't want her sympathy. "So that's why Flin was all moepy in the hallway. It's okay, hun, don't you worry. All of us have had close calls in the past. It's nothing you can't cover up."

Irina opened her mouth to respond but stopped as she saw Maddie's face. It had taken on that bizarre, resigned sadness she sometimes wore -- jaw wound tight, eyes clouded with a hint of regret. As usual, the expression was gone before she could inspect it any further.

Tray's voice stopped her from thinking about it, too. "Well, I'll be honest... I didn't actually consider you two might meet this way, but now that you're here..." He stood from his desk. His pants were back on.

But his bulge was as big as ever.

"...How about a little more fun?"

Maddie licked her lips as a mindless, dead-eyed lust took over her, forcing her gaze down beneath his belt. Seeing the spell's effect on someone else, Irina had never been more disturbed. Was this what she looked like whenever she let the horny craze take over around Tray? How bad had it been in the locker room?

Of course, she didn't have much room to talk. She could barely keep her eyes away from his bulge, either. But she did try. For the first time in a while, there was dissonance within her -- her mind pulling her toward the door while her already recovering heat begged to stay despite the orgasm she just gave herself.

She already knew which side would win.

"But you just came..." she murmured, thinking back to the moments just before her first blowjob with Tray. She didn't know why she tried the same flimsy excuse twice.

Maddie giggled, taking her by the wrist. She didn't stop her. "And he'll keep cumming. You should know that well enough by now. Come on!"

In no time at all, she was down on her knees again, this time with another girl. The distended fabric just above eye level drew her undivided attention now, the thought of leaving through the door compromised beyond repair. If she wanted to escape now, she reasoned, she basically had no choice but to please this man again. So, to the surprise of all three people in the room, she was the one to loosen Tray's belt, unzip his pants, and set his semi erect cock free.

Maddie cooed, openly turned on by the act. Meanwhile, Tray smirked down at both of them, amused by how differently they both presented their arousal. "This one won't count toward the deal, by the way," he noted to Irina. "No timer. Two on one isn't fair."

A part of her immediately began to punch herself. She was far too horny to stop now, but she no longer had even a weak pretext for being in this position. If this wasn't for the deal, she was just here...because.

Maddie picked up on her conflict right away. "Don't look so sad, hun! Just think of it as practice. Here, let me help..."

She took hold of the massive member in front of her with both hands -- they were even smaller than Irina's -- and began stroking. Tray sucked in air through his teeth and shuffled his feet a few inches further apart, spreading his legs just a little more to let his balls swing with her movement. Their pendulum motion mesmerized Irina, but it only lasted a few seconds before Maddie stopped her hands and leaned forward, swiping her tongue up the slit at the very tip, sampling the pool of semen left over from his most recent climax.

"Mmmm... You really did a number on him, Irina..." she praised. "But Mr. Paller here tells me you're still not used to handling something of this caliber. Is that right?"

Irina felt her face flush as she looked down dejectedly. To try and fend off the feeling, she reached out with her own hand and grabbed Tray at the base, adding a third to his more than impressive length. There was still more than enough room for one -- no, *two* more.

"Aww! Mr. Paller, you're not being rude to your guest, are you?" Maddie scolded, once again reading through her front.

"Hmph... Not at all..." he mumbled. His eyes were closed, drawn into the magic of the moment the two women were giving him. He was barely half aware.

Maddie rolled her eyes. "I'm sorry, Irina. The boss is a bit of a trickster sometimes. He never told you how to please him, I bet. Do you wanna know how? I mean, how really?"

"I- um... I don't know, that's..."

Yes. I do. That's what she wanted to say, despite all the pressure she felt not to.

The bubbly girl saw through her a third time. She was glad she could, in a way. This didn't hurt as much when she didn't have to say the things she knew were wrong. "Say no more, hun. Let me help you..."

Not waiting another second, Maddie took a deep breath and opened her mouth, stacking her hands at the base along with Irina's. At first, Irina wanted to scoff -- it didn't look nearly wide enough to take Tray in. Even *she* had extended her jaw further when she tried. However, as the girl's lips once again met the head and pushed forward, her doubts disappeared -- inch, by inch, by inch. Slowly, what was once a tiny mouth stretched around the organ, pushing past the fat tip she struggled so much with. Then, Maddie shuffled on her knees, leveling her throat with the cock's angle, and kept going. Her lips expanded around the thick shaft, and for a moment, Irina thought she might take the entire thing again as she did that evening. To her relief -- or perhaps disappointment -- she stopped instead.

She had engulfed half of Tray with ease.

With a drawn-out slurp, she pulled away just as slowly, moaning around his skin before popping loose. "Hah... God, you taste so fucking good, too. You've got potential. I can just see it," she laughed throatily. Irina blushed again, realizing Tray still had traces of her saliva on him, and that it hadn't given this girl any pause.

"But anyway," Maddie continued, "with something this big, relaxing is the key. If you try to shove it in all at once without any warning, it'll lock up in a heartbeat. It's a living thing, too, y'know. Go on, try it!" She put both her hands over Irina's and

lightly pushed, angling the cock it held her way. It swayed back and forth before settling, its spit-covered tip staring right into her eyes.

She gulped. She was no more confident about her ability to do this than before, and the sight of another woman's fresh spit on Tray's penis made her uneasy, but right now, her curious arousal was too strong to deny. She wanted to learn, to figure this out.

So, she opened her mouth only half as wide as usual this time and leaned forward, shadowing Maddie's technique. When her lips met the spongy head, she breathed heavily through her nose and pushed. Maddie's taste wasn't as gross as she expected -- a hint of strawberries, likely from her lip gloss. The pleasant surprise helped her slacken her jaw, making it unhinge smoothly as she took more and more of Tray in. As he filled out her cheeks, she found the stinging strain on her lips far more manageable than before. Maddie was right -- it wasn't so much about making room or wholly avoiding tooth contact. If she relaxed, every part of her mouth conformed to Tray rather than resist him, letting his size do most of the work for her. She had no doubt her jaw would still be sore afterward, though.

With all of his tip covered, she bravely decided to venture on until, at last, he hit her throat. She retched, but her body didn't pull back.

"Okay, good," said Maddie. "Now, turn up your head to open your throat. This takes some getting used to. Try folding your left thumb into your palm -- it'll help with the gag reflex. Took me some, uh...trial and error."

Tray chuckled deeply at her comment, recalling a private story between them. Irina didn't dwell on it. She just tried to reenact the girl's earlier position, shifting her knees and tilting her chin up. It wasn't comfortable in the slightest -- it took arching her back and straining her neck muscles to get her head in this unnatural spot. However, it did do what Maddie said it would. There was more free air in her throat than ever, so much that she could now feel the coolness of her own spit.

She breathed through her nose again, grabbed her thumb, and pushed once more.

Her eyes teared up right away. There may have been more space, but it didn't feel like enough. This sheer amount of dick needed more. She felt the wet flesh at the back of her throat try to expand around it before her muscles reflexively rippled up, rejecting him.

She could've pulled away at that point. Instead, she squeezed her thumb harder.

The rippling subsided, her focus drawn away. In the brief calm that followed, she pressed forward again. Her lips finally made it over the swell of his shaft, and his cock head pushed into her throat.

Any triumphant feelings she had were instantly overtaken by dread. Her gag reflex reactivated at the novel sensation of her throat being stretched, of being filled in a way it was never meant to. It tried to expel Tray's cock with as much force as it could.

But he was stuck.

The girthy shaft she'd taken fully into her mouth plugged her throat, keeping her head from retracting. She choked over and over on the meat crowding her airway, whimpering as she urgently patted Tray's pelvis.

He just let out an intense moan, throbbing even harder.

"Look at you go, Irina! Your throat might feel even better than mine!" Maddie cheered. Irina looked at her, mouth full of dick and eyes full of panic. She placed a hand gently on her back in response, crooning at her. "Relax. Relax."

Gradually, she did. Breathing as deeply as she could through her nose, she pulled away with very little force as she pushed against the solid body in front of her. After a few seconds, the hard shaft finally gave, the head slipped out of her throat.

"There we go... Just like that..." Maddie encouraged as she withdrew. The moment Tray popped from her lips, she doubled over coughing, not paying any attention to the girl's clapping.

Her first deepthroat, and just a few inches of one at that. It was not pleasant.

And somehow, as she recovered from almost choking to death on a huge cock, she was more soaked now than she was before.

Once she regained enough of her bearings to wipe the tears from her face, Maddie licked her lips. "Now, let's do that again..."

Irina, now thoroughly horny, shuffled forward and followed along.

For minutes, they alternated between each other -- Maddie taking the dick between her lips with ease, and Irina doing her best to repeat after her. It got easier each time. Her throat, though sore, became increasingly accustomed to Tray's incredible girth, and while she never quite reached the halfway point like Maddie did, she got comfortable enough to bob her face up and down just over a quarter of it.

At that point, the gloves were off -- the two of them moaned as they fully serviced Tray together, with one tending to any free space on his cock as the other took him in. It became less teaching and more taking turns. Maddie swallowed his length as Irina lathered his balls in spit. Irina sucked deliberately on his head and foreskin as Maddie kissed around the areas she couldn't reach. As their sexual hunger grew and grew, they even began to share evenly, dragging their lips up and down together to jack Tray off. Irina didn't think anything of it. In her state, it logically followed that such a big cock needed as much attention as it could get.

Needless to say, Tray was on cloud nine throughout the entire experience. It had been a good while since two women blew him, and it was no easier now to keep himself from cumming immediately at the feeling of two mouths working their magic. It didn't help that Irina was such a fast learner. He hadn't expected to feel her

throat already, nor for it to be so slick, so buttery. Tight, too. Once again, luck was on his side for Maddie to be there to teach her.

The lesson had paid off immensely. He was already close, and his will to not look down was steadily crumbling. Eventually, he caved, thinking he could maybe handle a quick peek as he opened his eyes. As always, it was a fatal mistake.

Irina and Maddie gazed straight up at him with doe eyes, lips locked to both sides of his shaft.

He began to breathe raggedly, and Irina urgently looked back at Maddie across the wide, veiny expanse of dick. They both knew what was coming. They slurped up to the fat head, awaiting it with their cheeks pressed together and their lips a mere whisker apart.

Irina could've guessed what Tray would demand next. "Mnnnnhhh... Oh, yeah... Come on... Kiss on that dick, now..."

She'd never liked other girls that way, but she obeyed the order anyway, slowly closing in on Maddie's mouth with her own over his smooth skin. The girl giggled at her hesitation, wrapping an arm around her shoulder and closing the rest of the distance. The sudden, new feeling made her let out a muffled yelp. Maddie's lips were thin yet fully lubricated with spit and precum, molding to hers with no resistance. It was the first time she'd kissed anyone other than Flin, let alone a woman.

To her astonishment, it...wasn't bad. It felt less like an act of intimacy and more so one of illicit, lust-driven necessity. The objective here was to service the cock head wedged between their mouths to completion -- their lips mingling was only an incidental outcome of that. Still, the novel mix of sensations made her pussy cry out for attention. The slippery, almost puddy-like nature of Maddie's lips blurred with the velvety surface of Tray's glans, and their tastes mixed together into a lewd, salivary cocktail -- strawberry-flavored lip gloss and salty, manly musk. A small

fragment of her old, stuck up self still found all this disgusting in the back of her mind, but she couldn't help but moan and press harder into the kiss anyway, turned on by all its lurid contrast.

Just as their tongues began to dance all over his precum-spewing tip, he removed his cock from their loving embrace and took aim with his signature bellow. They stopped kissing right away and opened their mouths, and not soon after the grotesque organ erupted. Maddie caught the first strand, and Irina the second. Tray went back and forth between the two with each shot, spraying them both equally. By the time he was done, both were caked in his thick, pearly white, groaning in total satisfaction.

To Irina's surprise, however, the moment didn't simply end with all of them catching their breaths. Maddie found her shoulders in the sticky blindness, cupped her face, and kissed her again. Her startled protests quickly became horny mewls as she kissed back. The taste was just so indescribable, so intoxicating, that she couldn't stop. It didn't get her off or anything, but the more they made out and swapped cum, the harder her pussy buzzed.

After a while, they did slowly pull away from each other, Irina was back in control of herself. She felt...strange.

She shouldn't have done that. But she didn't regret it, either.

She wiped off her eyes and took in the scene around her. Tray was leaning back on his desk, dick flaccid between his legs, and Maddie was still basking in the semen all over her. She seemed to be the first one here who had come to.

"Can I have some paper towels?" she asked, getting Tray's attention. He smiled and sauntered over to one of the file cabinets. For the first time, there was already a roll on top of it.

"I started bringing in some just for this."

He ripped out a hearty stack and handed them over. Even after losing herself in a maelstrom of lust with his secretary, she still managed to glare at him. He'd been parading her down the hall every evening with his load on her face, all underneath the building cameras. That, too, had been on purpose.

She cleaned the rest of the cum off her skin as best she could and stood up, sighing. "I do actually need to go, now."

"You sure you don't wanna have some more fun?" Maddie asked teasingly, just now wiping her face.

"I need to make dinner."

She giggled. "Well, let me check the hallway before you're out. Wouldn't want Flin to see you walk through those doors, would you?"

Irina didn't have any counterarguments to that. She watched Maddie sneak over to the double doors and crack them open, peeking outside. Once the coast was clear, she waved her over, beaming. "I had fun, Irina! We should do that again sometime."

She nodded blankly, unable to make herself say she agreed. She didn't look back to say anything else to Tray.

The hallway just after her escapade with the two of them was the scariest place she'd ever been in her life. She couldn't get out of there quick enough. She felt like she still stank of cum and sweat, and unlike every other time here, there were people around to notice -- and her husband could've been among them anywhere, waiting around a corner to encounter her by complete accident.

And that would be strike three.

She ducked beneath the window in his door just to be extra safe and hurried to the elevator. Luckily, that future didn't come to pass, and no one else entered with her.

Soon, she was outside again at last, and she damn near ran to her car, gasping once she was inside like she'd been holding her breath for a whole hour.

She was wet, of course, but ignored it for now. She'd been there, done that. She didn't wait to start the engine. She just popped two mints into her mouth and hurried home to sort out her thoughts.

===

It happened again at dinner.

"Rina, can we talk?"

She flinched at the four ominous words like Flin had poked her with a bug zapper, almost dropping her fork with the meatloaf still attached. "Um...about what?"

It was stupid to play dumb. She knew that, and she knew what he was referring to. Despite how much better she'd felt throughout the past week, despite how much she'd wanted to remain in that ignorant bliss, those averted gazes and pursed lips from Flin hadn't stopped. If anything, they'd become more frequent as it went on. It was only a matter of time before this came up again.

"I know I already asked last week, but...are you sure you didn't see Tray again any time after that dinner night?"

She stared at her half-eaten meal, zoning out at the question. *Of course*, she impudently thought. *I blew him earlier today*. Obviously, though, she couldn't say that. But he must've noticed something that let him see through her lie, so she couldn't just say no again either.

In the end, she settled for a diversion. "Why are you so worried about this? You already know how I feel about that guy."

She feared it didn't work at first. Flin just sat there, gazing at her apprehensively. The soft ambiance of the house took over for half a minute at least before he decided

to reply. "I never did tell you how Kanan died, did I? No one mentioned it at the funeral either."

She shook her head, and he nodded solemnly.

"There was a woman. At work, I mean. A new employee around his age who came to the company two years ago. And let me tell you, these two were a perfect match. Just...soulmates. You could tell it at a glance from the start. They might've even given us a run for our money!"

They shared a laugh, but it wasn't real on either end, and they could both clearly tell. However, neither of them wanted to acknowledge it, so Flin went on.

"Anyway... They hit it off great. Even though their work dynamic was a bit...risque to say the least, there wasn't an impure spec of dust in it. They were truly in love, and for a year and a half, they only fell more in love. It was Kanan's first real experience with such a thing -- I always told you about his troubles, so you know. He was even planning a double date between us all, and he was going to propose to her.

"That was when Tray met her. It was at a meeting. This woman...well, she didn't normally go to them, but this one, she did. And back then, Tray was still an asshole, but he was a bit of a laughing stock, too. The 'peaked-in-highschool' jock type. We all thought nothing of it. It should've been a completely innocent meeting, just like the hundreds of others Kanan had done before.

"But Tray... He used that moment to worm into that woman's head. Every time that bastard saw her from then on, he pushed boundaries. He flirted, spent time walking with her in the halls when Kanan was busy. And since their relationship was technically against company rules, even though everyone obviously knew about it, Kanan couldn't say anything. He couldn't do a thing to stop him."

Flin paused, his next words caught in a skipped breath. Irina reached across the table and took his hand, caressing his fingers with her thumb.

"A month later, Kanan walked in on them having sex in his office."

She shut her eyes. She had a feeling that was how the story would end, but hearing it set off a chain reaction of memories -- from her blowjob in the office today all the way back to that very first dinner, back when Tray had hugged her against his bulge.

"You get that?" Flin muttered. "His relationship -- the happiness he'd built for a whole year and a half -- was all gone in the span of a month. It broke him, Irina. He found what he thought was the love of his life, and she was taken from him. And for the first and last time, I couldn't do a thing to help him."

Irina steadied her breath, a lump forming in her throat. "...Who was this woman?"

"Kanan's old secretary."

Of course. Maddie.

Her stomach turned. She rocked in her seat, trying to stabilize it. She'd been pleasuring of the man who'd essentially murdered her husband's best friend.

As she struggled to focus, Flin looked straight at her again. "That's why I'm asking you, Rina."

"You're worried he's trying to steal me," she responded by instinct. "I already told you way back. I have you. I don't want anyone else, dammit."

"I get that. But please, I just have to know. It's eating me inside. I never should've even entertained the idea of inviting him over for dinner. Has Tray approached you at all since then? I doubt he would've just...stopped trying anything."

Now that she was really listening to him, she was more positive than ever that she'd done something wrong. Somewhere along the line, she'd made one too many

missteps, acted off one too many times. She wasn't sure when exactly, but that didn't matter at this point. Lying now was no longer an option.

"...Once," she answered with effort.

"You said you hadn't seen him last week. Why'd you lie to me?" The question was soft, but piercing. She withstood it, though. She wouldn't give up on their future so easily.

"You were so upset that day. I didn't want to stress you out any more. But I should've told you after you calmed down. I'm sorry," she explained. "It was the day you had me deliver that drive. He was in the halls, and he came right over to me the moment he saw me. Tried flirting, getting touchy, all that. I denied him and got the hell out of there. It shook me up real good, but that's the last I've seen him. I swear."

For an eternity, they gazed into each other's eyes. The candlelight flickered in Flin's discerning, calculating stare. All she could do was plead silently that the truth she'd spun into a lie was good enough.

Thankfully, it was. For now, at least.

"I believe you. I'm sorry for grilling you like that. I just love you so much, I don't know what I'd do if anything-"

"Shush," Irina spoke, tightening her grip on his hand. "I know."

The rest of dinner went on semi-normally, but the weight of the conversation loomed. When Flin left to get ready for bed, she sat vacantly at her seat, her plate still unfinished. The meatloaf hadn't turned out quite right today.

She didn't get why she wasn't feeling guilty again like she had earlier in Tray's office. Sure, she still felt bad. But she wasn't crushed as she should've been. In the past, Flin's story would've made her burst into tears.

The lucidity had been a welcome feeling at first, but now it was just maddening. It made lying so easy, so second-nature, that she wanted to slap her own face swollen. At the same time, her body now carried the weight of that suppressed guilt. While her mind reacted numbly to basically everything she was doing, the nausea in her gut was working overdrive to compensate and remind her that yes, everything she had done and enjoyed doing today was irrevocably wrong.

After finishing the dishes, she passed by the bedroom and bathroom to open the nursery door. It was almost pitch black in there save for the dim light of dusk seeping in through the window. Just that much was enough to see she hadn't kept true to herself. Everything from the crib to the mobile was covered in dust now. Every passing day, every failed ovulation made it harder to even look in here, let alone clean it.

As she looked now, however, she couldn't help but think about next week and all the weeks after. She couldn't see an end.

What was she going to do? Keep spending all her Tuesdays trying to make Tray finish when she knew it was a lost cause? Keep "practicing" with Maddie? She could already picture how that would go: the numbers on the stop watch ticking down closer and closer to the time limit, ever approaching the thirty minute mark yet never quite touching it. She could get as good at Maddie at blowing him -- learn how to throat his entire cock all at once -- and it would *still* never happen.

Thirty and one. Thirty and one. Thirty and one.

That's what would happen. Each time, her will would break, and she'd enjoy herself more and more. Then, once she was stuck for long enough, he would push the envelope to the only place left, and she, succumbing once again to her hijacked instincts, would oblige.

Her pussy reacted at this thought. With it, her mind came up with a terrifying idea.

What if she just gave it to him now to be done with it?

Her nausea roared back to life, dragging her into the bathroom. She stopped herself from vomiting. No amount of guilt would change the facts, nor how she felt.

She couldn't take it anymore.

She *did* want to try. What had she known when she was young? This wasn't an eggplant. It was the real thing. Besides, if she did it, she was basically certain she would finish the deal for good.

That's right. She had a real responsibility here. She had to end this for her future family. It wasn't a full betrayal if she kept her eyes on the prize.

Legs trembling, she took her phone and began typing to the unknown number at once, steadying herself against the bathroom vanity with her elbows.

[Would there be any way for you to come to the house again next week instead of me coming to you]

She laughed under her breath as she sent the text. It was so unlike the snappy, defiant messages she always reread thrice over. This one was disorganized, rushed, and insecure, like it might somehow vanish into thin air and be forgotten immediately if she just typed fast enough.

Unfortunately, this person never forgot her. He knew her well. Too well.

[I want to hear you say it.]

Before she could register what he meant, she dropped her phone into the sink as it buzzed her peppy ringtone. The flashing screen read the caller's number -- the unknown one, of course. By the time she picked it back up, another text had come through, also from him.

[You might want to answer.]

She was panicking -- Flin was in the bedroom, on the other end of the wall -- but with no other choice, she pressed the green button. "H-hello?" she murmured under her breath.

"There's that beautiful voice," said the caller. His voice was just as deep over the phone as it was in person. "Now, let's cut to the chase. What exactly did you ask me, again?"

"Please, I don't- just stop. Isn't it enough that you've made me do all this already?"

"Not quite, but I'm open to more suggestions. Please, tell me what you want. Your word is my command."

"My husband's in the house. I already told you he's suspicious."

"Speak quietly, then."

She took a deep, shaky breath. "Tray. I want you to come to my house next week."

A still moment pervaded the call. She could almost hear his smug grin crack across his face, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

"Hm. I see," he continued. "Now we're getting somewhere. I'll take off next Tuesday, then."

"Monday. Tuesdays are too conspicuous now."

"Oho! Eager, aren't we? Consider it done."

"Bye."

"Don't think about me too much-"

She hung up just like that.

That night, as Flin slept soundly next to her after another wonderful evening of sex, she lay wide awake.

It wasn't a full betrayal, she kept telling herself. Just ninety-nine percent of one.

===

Even after all this time, Irina still remembered the sound of Tray's car wheels rolling down the cul de sac distinctly.

She'd been waiting at the door ever since Flin left for work, unable to think of anything else. Usually, she would've been doing yoga by now, but there was no way she could think of it the same way in her current position.

Nothing had been the same since she heard that dreadful, foreboding rumbling. As she stood frozen to that spot looking out the glass for minutes on end, she wondered what the car it had belonged to looked like. She hadn't seen it that evening, and even though the parking lot of KF Designs was sparse at night, there were still some cars there for the few who dared stay late, always muddying the waters.

Now that she was finally watching it barrel down the hill, though, she had her answer. It was a shiny, black Camaro -- a much cheaper car than she expected for someone so vain.

She bit her lip as Tray pulled into the driveway and stood up out of his car, taking time to stretch and tower over his surroundings before strolling her way. She wanted him to be quicker. She wanted him not to be seen.

He gave her his usual smirk when he stepped on the front porch, waving. She sighed and opened the storm door.

No turning back now.

Who was she kidding? The time for turning back had passed long ago.

"Ahh... It's good to be back," Tray said as he hung his jacket on the coatrack. He hadn't even attempted to dress up today, probably realizing there wasn't any point in it.

Irina ignored his cheeky comment, closing the door behind them. "You took the day, right? No one's wondering where you are?"

"What's the point of being CEO if you can't take your days off?" he sneered, looking around the living room. He whistled. "God, this is quite the place, though. You do a good job here. I could get used to a woman like you. Is that a new lamp over there?"

"Shut up," she snapped. "Just...shut up. I wanna get this deal over and done with, okay? I don't wanna see you ever again after this."

"Alright, alright. If you wanted to suck my dick that badly, all you had to do was -"

"No," she interrupted. She made her way to the couch, and his eyes followed her questioningly.

Then, with a deep breath, she said it.

"You're going to have sex with me today. Just this once, and then you're out. Got it?"

They both stared at each other for a moment, completely silent.

"You're serious," Tray stated blankly. He'd been waiting for this moment, and he suspected that was what she'd invited him here for, but still, hearing it said was...disarming. The realization coursed through his veins, setting his blood on fire.

She'd finally broken.

She'd finally let him fuck her.

His smile vanished as he approached the couch, stopping up a hair's breadth from her. Slowly, he took her by the waist with one hand, making her coo softly.

He wasn't wasting any time.

A good thing, too. She was so *fucking* horny.

As they stared into each other's eyes, sinking into the moment, their faces grew closer. She lifted onto her toes, feeling his breath wash over her face. His lips parted expectantly, and ever so slightly, so did hers-

Her feet slammed flat back onto the floor as she turned her face away. "No. None of that. Just start the timer and get it over with."

"Suit yourself."

Without another word, his free hand began the stop watch, threw his phone to the table, and joined the other hand on her waist to lift her up. She yelped, surprised by the sudden weightlessness, but had no time to question him before he tossed her to the couch, laying her on her back. He knelt down after her, moving his hands to her inner thighs and spreading them with little effort.

Her breathing deepened. As humiliating as it was, his touch was exactly what she craved right now, and she had an excuse to sate that craving. Instinctively, her entire body relaxed for him, spreading her legs just a bit further.

He chuckled at this physical reaction as he traced her sweatpants up to the waistband, prying a finger underneath. With a swift pull, both them and her panties were at her feet and then the floor, leaving her bottom half completely naked. She felt an unstoppable blush bloom across her cheeks, but worse than that, she was only getting wetter.

"God, you're so pretty..." Tray grumbled. Normally, she would've rolled her eyes at such a cliché statement, but his husky tone coupled with her intimate exposure just made her whimper.

She expected him to prepare himself after seeing her like this. She didn't think he'd be able to resist. Part of her hoped he wouldn't.

Instead, he wrapped his thick arms around her legs, holding her in place, and planted a gentle kiss on her pussy.

"Ah-! Wh-what're you-"

"You've never taken a cock as big as mine," he interrupted matter-of-factly. "You need to be nice and wet."

"I didn't say you could... Ah...!" Her words devolved into moans as Tray's tongue ignored her complaints. It was an unfamiliar feeling -- Flin rarely gave her such treatment, and in the past, she hadn't minded. She actually found being eaten out to be a pretty repulsive idea, so for the longest time, she thought that just wasn't something she was into.

But this...nothing had ever compared to *this*.

Tray's large tongue worked her effortlessly, gliding along her sex in short, careful licks. He seemed innately aware of what spots would make her react and how strongly. Over time, he focused more on her clit, letting her mind keep up less and less with the bolts of sheer bliss sparking across every nerve. Her legs quivered, and her toes curled. Before long, she was holding back her moans as Tray took her breath away over and over.

Right as she was about to cum, however, he stopped abruptly. She grabbed at his hair with both hands, but she wasn't nearly strong enough to pull him back. "No...! Please...!"

"Oh, you wanna cum, don't you? Then turn over, girl. Show me that ass."

She didn't think. All that filled her mind was her impending, ruined orgasm and how much she didn't want it to slip away. However, as much as she tried to, she

couldn't obey Tray's order. She was still writhing uncontrollably on the couch, unable to flip around like he wanted.

He let out another deep chuckle at her predicament, deciding to help her out. He took her by the waist and flipped her himself, turning her around on the cushions for extra comfort. At last, the vision he'd lusted over for months now was right in front of him: Irina's perfect figure bent over, face down against the couch, ass up in the air. Her pussy glistened for him, legs spread slightly, nature's arrow calling.

She'd tasted sweet as nectar -- floral, just like the rest of her. Now, he would have her.

Now, it was time to let the demons out.

Irina breathed into the soft, warm linen, letting herself fall to a drunken lust. Tray had maneuvered her so far with such expertise, she hadn't had to do any of the work so far. Even now, her desire only grew as she listened to the shuffling sounds of him undressing behind her. Soon, another weight joined the couch, heavy and strong, and she felt the man's muscular legs brush up against hers.

This was it. She was about to let him-

The moment of clarity hit her like an oncoming train. "Wait! Condom! I left some...o-on the coffee table right there."

They were Flin's, of course. He hadn't used them in years, and she already knew they were a far cry from the right size, but they were all she could find.

Tray seemed to agree. "These cute little things? You're kidding, right?"

Even this horny, though, she wouldn't budge. "Condom. *Now*."

He grumbled, but he wasn't about to fumble this over a rubber. He listened to her demand in a heartbeat, and the sensual moment was back as though it had never left.

Silence, save for breathing.

Back to waiting. Irina couldn't stand it. "Are you going to fuck me or n- ah...!"

Evidently, Tray couldn't either. A novel yet familiar warmth tapped her pussy, firm yet spongy. It was wide. Wider than anything she could remember. She felt one of the man's hands wrap around her waist again as he mounted her, lining her up properly for the rough session ahead. The pressure on her sex grew -- steadily, patiently. He never let up, but he never pushed too hard, either. Hands braced around her waist, he was certain that eventually, he would go in.

She squeezed her eyes shut, some part of her still fishing for another way in the back of her mind. It was an old fragment, something that had somehow survived all of this unchanged and untainted. It wanted to hope.

Maybe he wouldn't fit at all. Maybe he'd stop trying and go away. Maybe, just maybe-

The pressure gave. Her ring widened. Tray grunted.

A smiling memory of Flin flashed in her head, then vanished. That part of her went with it, broken.

She gasped.

Ch

It all started as a work crush.

When the end of her shift came, Irina would always lean back against the kitchen counter and look at him closing up the bar. He was a new guy, only a little younger than her, and he was, as freshies tended to, having trouble fitting in with the rest of the team. Most everyone who worked at Price's had been there for a year at least, even the wait staff. Pay was good for a college job, and Alec was a nice enough boss. Still, being smack dab in the middle of a college town, the clientele could be more than a bit iffy. You had to stick together to make it. The fact that they were all part of a tight-knit circle was what scared away all the new hires.

All the new hires, of course, except for Flin. He tried. He came in that tweed vest, cute as a button, and went right to work every day, fumbling around with the glasses as Kyle and Sasha suffered to show him the ropes. He was clumsy, and he couldn't carry a conversation for the life of him. He was, perhaps, the worst bartender she'd ever seen, and that intrigued her. This wasn't your average cafe -- it was basically a seedy bistro in all but name. How on Earth did he get hired?

Her coworkers were always mean about it. They gossiped, talked behind his back as tight-knit circles always did. As the weeks went on, they started placing bets on when he would finally leave. A bumbling new hire who knew their place, they could handle, but a bumbling new hire who stayed around? That was unforgivable.

Irina never participated in the flogging, but the atmosphere did keep her away from him, too. It made her feel terrible. After all, she and Laila had joined together this time last year, and they fit in right away. Laila...well, that girl could make a friend out of anyone, and it was safe to say she had enough "charm" to bring in the tips from admirers. Meanwhile, Irina's cooking was quick to make up for any social skills she lacked, and the men warmed up to her instantly anyway. She wanted to console

Flin somehow, but she knew deep down she couldn't relate to him. For months, she just kept looking at him from the counter, silently making him free meals in the hopes that he would one day notice.

That was, until a snowy night a couple days before winter break. She was zoning out as usual when Laila's voice cut through her daydreaming. "When are you gonna make a goddamn move, girl?"

She straightened herself out, pretending she hadn't just been staring. Not that it mattered -- Laila always saw through her. "I don't wanna bother him."

"Psh." The busty college girl bent over the counter from the other side, not caring who saw. The few male customers that remained at some of the tables turned like moths to a lantern. "You should learn a little from Hal. You know, he confessed to me on a knee after our first real date like he was proposing. It was the cutest thing ever."

"Yeah, I *do* know. That's like, the tenth time you've told me."

"Well, if you want me to stop, why don't you just go over there and take your knee? It's about time you saw some action. He's not the most impressive guy, but I won't judge. We all start small."

Irina glared at her, but she just flipped her hair teasingly and went back to cleaning the empty tables. Figures that she only knew love by how many notches she could get on her bedpost.

Even so, her words did strike a cord. Maybe it really was time to do something. It wasn't often that she found a man cute. Sure, she wasn't all that confident when it came to things like this, but she just had a feeling about this one. She was fairly certain he'd say yes if she asked.

Just as she steeled her resolve, one of the kitchen staff called her out from behind.

"Yo, Irina!"

She stifled an annoyed scowl and turned to Kyle, who had just finished up closing the fryer. The head cook was the classic playboy type -- tall, thin, pretty face, and wavy locks. Kitchen dress code forbade loose clothing, but his kind knew nothing else, and unfortunately, the rules didn't apply much to those in charge.

He was also well into his 30's and had been trying to get in her pants since she started last year.

"You doing anything tonight?" he asked.

Noticing them from the salamander, Pavitr rang the alarm. "Ohoho, there it is! Kyle's at it again, y'all!"

The kitchen howled together in a fit of laughter. Irina smiled weakly but couldn't bring herself to join in. The rest of the kitchen staff knew his antics well and always made fun of him for it, but none of them knew how much it bothered her. They weren't all rude and vulgar like Kyle -- hell, most of them were good people -- but they were also men at the end of the day. They just couldn't understand.

Kyle ignored his kitchen's mockery with an eye roll and pressed on. "You look like something's on your mind. Wanna grab a drink with me before you head out?"

She concocted an excuse on the spot. "I...I'm sorry. I have to study. I've got a test tomorrow, and I procrastinated. Sorry..." she cringed as she apologized one too many times, but she wasn't about to just say "no" to this guy. Who knew how he would react then?

"Knock it off, Ky! It's never gonna happen!" Pavitr heckled on.

Kyle just kept on chugging along, drawing a bit closer to her. She tried to back up, but she was already right up against the counter. "Oh, it doesn't have to be long.

And you walk to work, right? Come on, it's been a year, and we hardly know each other! I'll have Flin pour us a drink. You can have something clean."

"Uh...Kyle?"

The gentle voice barely broke from the bar in the quiet of closing. Irina didn't even register it until she, Kyle, and the rest of the staff had turned around to see Flin facing them sheepishly from the bar window -- she'd never even heard him speak beyond the occasional mumble.

"Sorry," he said. "I already locked up the cabinet like you told me to."

Kyle blinked, just as stunned to hear him mount any resistance as anyone else, before swatting his opinion aside. "That's alright, buddy. You can just reopen it."

Irina couldn't stop her scowl this time. This man was always mean to newbies, but

he was extra mean to Flin. He constantly belittled and insulted him with a smile on the job, especially when she was watching. Unfortunately, he'd picked up on the fact that she liked the shy guy, so he tried to emasculate him as much as possible. "Buddy" was his go-to nickname for him. He clearly got off on it, too, as if that was supposed to somehow turn her on.

But today, for some reason, Flin wasn't taking it. Maybe he was more chivalrous than she expected, or maybe he'd just gotten fed up. "I, uh, don't think she wants to drink with you, Kyle..."

The entire restaurant went dead silent. Irina used this chance to shimmy out from Kyle's pinning. His smile remained, but his eyes were fully distracted, filled with bloody murder at the insolent loser who still denied him.

Before he could lay into him, the kitchen burst into laughter again. The remaining customers and wait staff outside joined in.

By now, he was prime pickings for Pavitr. "Damn! You heard the big man, Ky! Time to pack it up!"

Being the whole building's new laughing stock, he had no choice but to finally relent. He threw a hand up and yanked a towel from one of the nearby oven handles, almost pouting as he went back to scrubbing his stations. Irina puffed a snicker as the guffawing died down, looking back through the bar window at Flin. He'd already returned to his closing duties as well, but even he had cracked a small grin.

Later, she waited for him once everyone save for Laila had left. She often stayed behind as her friend changed back into clothes suitable for the public in the bathroom, but only now did she finally take that chance to shoot her shot.

She stopped him dead in his tracks just as he was about to leave through the back door. He looked completely stunned -- total deer-in-the headlights look -- and a blush instantly spread across his face. She had no room to judge. She was wearing an even worse one. "Thanks," she blurted out. "For earlier, I mean. Like, I've been trying to shake that guy off since I started here and all, I just didn't know how..." She felt like a total idiot as she rambled on. Laila's tics had infiltrated her own speech, but they hardly fit.

Luckily, Flin was there to come to the rescue. "Don't mention it. You just...didn't look all that happy, so I'm glad I could help."

Her heart skipped a beat, but his words loosened her up enough to briefly get a hold of herself. "Look who's talking," she chuckled. "Why do you put up with this place, anyway?"

"Pay's good. Alec's nice."

Ha. Of course. Alec was nice, but it was *Kyle* who was always around.

"Is that so? You don't seem the type to stick around somewhere that makes you uncomfy. Oh!" Her hands flew to cover her mouth, realizing she'd just said something incredibly rude. So far, her attempt to flirt had gone about as well as trying to kiss an oncoming train. "I'm so sorry! Is that mean of me to say?"

Once again, however, all her flustered ramblings did was make Flin smile. He actually laughed this time -- a beautiful sound, like wind chimes in the breeze. He put one hand behind his head as he did it, and Irina realized for the first time that he was actually a bit taller than her.

Ba-dump. There was the second hit.

He continued on, not knowing a thing. "No, it's okay. You're actually kinda right... Truth is, I need the money. It's kinda... Well, I don't know..."

"Personal?"

"A bit. Me and my friend have this dream, you see. We're both art students here. You might've seen us walk out of the studio before..."

He was cute, but at this she wanted to strangle the hell out of him. She'd always kept an idle eye out for him on campus, but to no avail. He was like a cryptid. Perhaps it was this thought that finally made her make the leap of faith. "Well, if you're down... I'd love to know all about it sometime. Over a drink." Her face went beet red. "A coffee! I meant coffee!"

He went red, too. When they both realized it, they broke into laughter, completely forgetting about the blunder. "Saturday?" he proposed.

"Saturday," she agreed, wiping the tears from her eyes.

When she finally let Flin go, her heart was fluttering until she saw Laila peeking through the cracked bathroom door, giving her a thumbs up. Despite that

embarrassment, the days passed by in a flash, and that Saturday arrived in all its magical glory.

And so began her first and only relationship.

Their first date was lovely: a simple coffee meetup. They talked, stared into each other's eyes, and nothing more. He was funnier than she expected him to be, and she finally learned about his passion for graphic design. She could listen to him talk about anything for days -- so much so, in fact, that these dates became a weekly thing even through winter break. By the second month, they went public to everyone at work, much to Kyle's chagrin. This seemed to put more pep in Flin's step, too. By the third month, he was about as good a bartender as one could be.

It was all going swimmingly. He was exactly the type of dork she'd imagined herself falling for ever since she was young.

There was only one problem: her.

Did she deserve someone so perfect?

Even on their best dates, this question nagged at her brain, putting a thin yet impossibly irritating barrier between them. It culminated in averted gazes and little, awkward silences. No matter how used to their outings she became, she just couldn't get rid of her damn insecurities.

She wasn't confident or competent or even all that kind. All she had were the sport her parents had forced her into and the one skill which had never failed her. Beyond those two things, she was nothing -- her studies were a complete joke, her Kinesiology major something she knew she'd never actually use. She didn't have some big dream like Flin. She was just...her. As she'd always been.

On top of all that, she didn't know how to handle any kind of physical intimacy. Flin clearly didn't either, and because of that shared shyness, they -- two *college* students - - hadn't warmed up to even kissing after three months.

By that point, she was sick of it. She wanted this to work. She wanted to love him more than she hated herself. So, she "invited" him out on a walk in the campus trail one evening, almost yanking him out of the dining hall by his wrist. They were both blushing, stuttering messes in that forest. They knew why they were there.

Eventually, when the sky was purple and the trees dark silhouettes, they sat down at a random bench, sighing into the cool air. She turned her head and saw him just looking at her -- deep into her eyes on that young, starry night. Neither of them said a word as a silent understanding passed in heavy breaths. Their faces drifted closer. Closer. So close she could feel the heat of his mouth.

The barrier broke.

As she pushed herself more fiercely into their first kiss, she wondered why she was ever scared.

Flin didn't rush her into anything. He didn't expect anything out of her. All he ever did was listen, be there for her. It was so simple, yet he did it so well.

That moment, there in the park, was when she knew for sure.

She did have a dream. She wanted to spend the rest of her life with this man.

===

Irina couldn't even moan.

It hurt. He was barely even in yet, but the pain was immediate, searing. She couldn't stop it.

She didn't want it to stop.

The pressure had moved inside, slow yet still unrelenting. Tray's thick mushroom cap pushed aside her inner walls like a snow plow clearing a path forward on a road, aided by the aroused juices she now constantly produced. They gushed from

her onto his shaft as it entered inch after excruciating inch, lubricating the girth that only kept stretching her hole wider and wider.

It just kept going. It felt like it would never end.

After roughly thirty seconds of constant penetration, she sucked in breath through her teeth as she felt his pelvis press up against her ample bum, bottoming out all the way. She couldn't think of anything else except for the huge, fat cock lodged deep within her. It felt like she was being torn in two just to accommodate it -- she couldn't close her legs for the life of her, and his plastic-covered tip crowded her womb. Her whole body from the navel down was tingly from adrenaline. She reached a weak, shaky hand there while still bent over and, to her astonishment, felt a slight, pulsating bulge.

Everything about it was completely unfamiliar. Tray had made her a virgin all over again.

"Fuuuuuck, you're tight..." he groaned, growing lightheaded at the feeling of finally being inside her pussy. He couldn't believe he was all in on the first try. He'd expected to meet resistance like he did with every woman he took for the first time this way; after all, most hadn't taken anyone like him before. Given how she struggled to blow him, he thought it reasonable. Instead, as he kept his pressure up, her body kept accepting more and more of him. She was unbelievably flexible.

He'd underestimated her yet again. This poor woman must have been a size queen-in-waiting all her life.

He stayed buried in her for who knows how long, letting them both get acclimate to each other, before his empty hand joined the one on her waist. Irina gasped again as he started his long, long withdrawal. He pulled out just as slowly as he had gone in, and all the overwhelming sensations played back in reverse. He was so thick, her stretched walls, even drenched in aroused juices, gripped him like a vice. She had

her eyes closed and wasn't looking at him at all, but she could feel herself being turned inside out.

In the times she got herself off to this forbidden act, she thought she could imagine how this would feel. She thought about the pain of the eggplant, of the feeling of his penis in her hand and mouth. But this was more different than she ever could've imagined. Her grip only got tighter the more he left her, making her feel every detail of his member even more clearly. More intimately. A map of winding, throbbing veins pressed into her flesh and touched places she didn't even know she had. Their pulse responded to her own, harmonizing with it. It was like having a second heartbeat.

Tray kept pulling out until just his head remained inside, then stopped again. She waited and waited for him to do anything. In a way, it felt even worse than having his hard, forearm-sized dick shoved into her. She couldn't stop shivering. Her pussy was unbearably sore, yet it roared for attention more now than ever before. It leaked shamelessly on his tip, begging to feel it again.

He obliged. With the same, steady motion, he pushed forward with another full stroke -- faster this time. It still hurt, but she took him just a tad easier. The navel-down tingling returned, shooting through her crotch and charging her arousal all the more.

It was happening.

She was having sex with Tray.

"*Oh... This is so...so...*" She couldn't even finish the sentence, though she knew she should. Her disoriented mind couldn't keep up with her morality. "Wrong?" How could she say that? It was painful unlike anything she'd experienced, and he was stretching her too far. She'd never felt anything so...intense. So powerful.

But of all the words she could think of to describe this, "wrong" wasn't one of them.

In, and out. Breathe. Breathe, Irina.

She lurched forward on the couch as Tray settled into a consistent rhythm, taking her slow and steady. Every few seconds, he disappeared into her all the way to the base, then slid out again with a slick, illicit noise.

Soft, drawn-out groans escaped her now when he bottomed out, each fully beyond her control. "*Mmmm... Oh... Nnnnnh....!*"

Over time, he sped up. She moaned louder with every minute acceleration, now hypersensitive to the activity happening between her legs. She could hardly believe it was even sex. The intimacy she was used to was slow, yes, but she was never this full.

With Flin, she always wanted more. She could feel his heartbeat, but she was never one with him. She couldn't get enough of him, and that was, for the most part, what drove their best nights.

Not so with Tray. Tray was more than enough. *Too much*, at first.

But only at first. And with every stroke, that was rapidly changing.

As she tried to catch up with the methodical treatment, Tray was doing just the same with her. He had to be careful. She clearly didn't recognize it herself, but her body was instinctively very good at this. Already, she was essentially sucking him in on her own as he went on, squeezing tighter and tighter whenever he pulled back as if she was trying to not let him escape. If this didn't feel so damn good, he would've cracked a grin down at her horny display.

His months of conditioning had paid off as well as he could've hoped. Now, all that was left was to give her what she oh-so-desperately wanted.

He thrust.

Slap!

"Ah!" she let out her first full-on moan, wanton and wailing. Taking him at a leisurely pace was one thing, but feeling so much meat jam its way in, dealing with all those dazzling sensations in one instant... It was incomparable. Just that one thrust sent a white-hot bolt of tingling rapture through her like a bolt of lightning. She felt the impact deep in her gut.

And he was already doing it again.

And again.

And again...

Slap, slap, slap!

A grunt escaped Irina's lips as Tray began to pound her properly into the couch from behind. She could barely process anything she felt anymore -- the two big, firm hands grasping her waist, the toned body slapping against her ass...and, of course, the huge cock pistoning in and out of her wildly, its fat head kissing up against her deepest part over and over. He wasn't giving her any more time to adjust. The shred of dignity she had left wanted complain that he was being too rough, but as he kept fucking her, it left her in a guttural moan. Carnal instinct took the wheel and grabbed the cushion with both hands, burying her face in a couch pillow as she let the novel cocktail of pain and pleasure go on.

Tray chuckled a soft groan. She was a flattering sight. His hands fit almost all the way around her thin, delicate waist, but her ass was as fat and bouncy as he'd dreamed since he first admired it in that blue dress. It rippled beautifully as her pussy clamped around his strokes. All the while, the rest of her slender form held onto the couch for dear life, her hair spilling onto her crop top and the cushions beneath in long, black streams. Her head came up from the pillow for air, and he caught a glimpse of her jaw hanging open in idle ecstasy as he fucked the moans out of her.

"Ohhhh...! Oh god! Fuck!"

He tingled inside her warmth. He was already close. Then again, he couldn't really blame himself. In this situation, who wouldn't have been?

He could've slowed down when he noticed, controlled himself so that the rising pressure in his groin settled. Instead, he just sped up. There was no need to hold back on this fine piece of ass any longer. She was already past the point of no return, deal or no. In fact, it was better if he finished early today.

Even so, as good as this looked and felt, and as much as he couldn't wait to cum, he knew it could be even better. His glans -- his most sensitive spot -- still couldn't feel her properly. The condom just barely fit around it, choking it too hard to feel natural. Though she took him all on the first try, Irina was still the tightest woman he'd gotten this lucky with. If only he could feel her completely bare...

"Hmm...I'm starting to think this condom's just getting in the way..."

Irina's head snapped back at her husband's boss, her eyes wide with disbelief even through the hard fucking he was giving her. "Nuh...no!" she pleaded. "Me and Flin-uhn! We've been...ah...trying for- *oh! A baby!*"

She bit her tongue, immediately regretting her choice of words. Stuck in the throes of sex, her mind instantly wandered back to that night in the office -- back to how she looked in that bathroom mirror, her whole face plastered with Tray's thick, white seed. She thought back to when she'd guzzled down his seemingly endless torrents of cum. She remembered all the times she'd thought about how potent he tasted, about how virile he surely was...

Inevitably, her mind wandered further. Even if today was supposedly safe, what would just one of those loads do to her? What if he pulled off the condom and just...

No. She had already gone too far.

Luckily for her, Tray decided against it...for today. He had something else in mind.

"Okay, fine..." he relented. However, just as Irina was about to sigh in relief, she gasped as he sank his hands into her soft, springy asscheeks and pounded her even faster. He huffed urgently as he spoke, his voice stiff in the way it always was before he came. "But you can always call me if you...need any help! *URGH!*"

Tray roared with all his might and pushed as deep as he could into the wife below him. His cock strained against the rubber as it reached the point of no return, throbbing hard against her womb. This load wouldn't reach it...probably. He just needed her to remember this feeling. Giving into temptation, he took one hand from her ass and slapped it down on a cheek, reminding her just who was in charge. She was in no position to be mad about it.

To the surprise of both of them, she arched her back and pressed hard against him, welcoming him even deeper as she screamed in unthinking euphoria.

"OHHHH FUCK!"

Her hold on the couch tightened, and her toes curled inwards. Her hole gripped Tray like a vice as mind-bending pleasure swelled up inside her. Then, she felt him spasm in her depths, and it exploded. Nukes, a million of them, thrummed from her crotch across every nerve in her body. Their force bucked her hips into him, and her legs shook uncontrollably as he pumped his seed dangerously close to her womb. Her eyes shot wide open as he rutted forward over and over to meet her convulsions.

He was trying to inseminate her.

Fortunately, she could feel the condom doing its job. With each of his grunts and throbs, it inflated deep inside her like a balloon, filling her up more and more...

One, two, three, four...five...six...seven.....eight.....nine.....

Ten.

...

...Eleven.

With drawn-out groans, both of their climaxes wound to a stop. Tray let go of Irina's hips, and her body went limp against the couch with his softening girth still inside her. A strange, unfamiliar warmth flooded her. It was surprisingly soothing -- she'd never been so full after sex before, and though she vaguely understood she should be panicking, for some reason, she felt almost instinctively calm. The more time passed, the more her body became accustomed to the feeling. It seemed as if time had stopped entirely, her body paused in eternal, fulfilled bliss.

In reality, that eternity only lasted a few short, sweet seconds, ending as Tray began to pull out. As he did, the warm fullness deep inside her also began to pull away, and without thinking, her body tried feebly to rock against him to preserve it. Nevertheless, she was far too weak in her trembling state to stop him, and with a mysterious pop, his member as well as that warmth left her. In its place was nothing. A cruel, empty nothing.

The two lovers listened to each other catch their breaths, drenched in the sweat of sex as the realization of what had just happened trickled over them.

Irina labored her head to look back at the man behind her. His flaccid length throbbed, still glistening with her essence. More than that, however, her gaze was stuck on the source of that warmth she'd just felt: a bulbous, softball-sized pouch filled to the brim with thick, pearly white seed. The well-used condom hung loosely from the tip of Tray's dick, stretching and sagging under the sheer weight of the load inside.

"Lucky you. I've popped this size a few times," Tray said, breaking the silence. His words pulled Irina somewhat back to her senses. She wanted to call his bluff --

condoms didn't "pop" like that...did they? Instead, as she met his eyes in the afterglow of her orgasm, she couldn't muster her usual ire at all.

As usual, of course, she'd only given Tray another pretty picture to admire. From his angle, she peered back at him through messy hair as she rested her head on her crossed arms, unaware of the want in her own eyes. All the while, her teardrop form bent over to show off his hard work, presenting her gaping, twitching hole and the large, red handprint on her plump ass.

"Wow..." he muttered. Maybe it was a little cliché to admit after fucking her, but to him, she looked about as beautiful as a woman could right now.

Irina noticed his appreciation, and finally, as she regained coherent thought, the recoil hit her. *Hard*. Thoughts of Flin that had been locked out during the hard fuck burst into her mind like an angry mob. The memories once again endlessly berated her for her stupidity, her naivety, her weakness...all of it in his voice, in futures that could be -- no, *would* be. The line had been crossed. Thoroughly. And now that it had, how on earth could she say that she was doing any of this for him? She literally forgot about him as she got fucked. She felt like she should cry, but all her jumbled mind could do was feebly try to put together her reasoning, only for it all to fall apart under the brutal truth. It felt like she was struggling underwater, like she was punching inside a dream.

Worst of all, through this conflict, her body still hummed to Tray's "wow" as she bent over, and she felt a lingering frustration at the sight of the filled condom. The line between what her body and mind desired was so blurry, she couldn't even tell if the dream was good or bad anymore.

In any case, the frustration let her guilt take back the control she'd lost. She brushed aside the sensitive pulsing inside her and forced herself to sit up, ignoring Tray as she reached for her sweats and crop top on the floor.

"There. We're done." she said flatly as she pulled her pants up. She gestured to the wall clock in the living room. If she redirected her attention to the original deal, she figured she'd be able to keep her composure better. After all, despite what she'd done, there was a silver lining to all this.

The clock read 10:43. At last, she'd made Tray finish in well under half an hour.

"I guess. I'll delete the picture, as agreed," he sighed.

"Show me."

He just shrugged in response, smiling in cool resignation. She watched him like a hawk as he removed the condom and put his clothes back on, suppressing a gulp as he packed the cock which had given her so much pleasure back into his underwear. She wouldn't have him pulling anything like he did after their first deal. Once he was fully dressed again, he retrieved his phone and showed her the screen. Her heart, disobeying her, skipped a beat at original picture of her face glazed in his thick cum. Time had flown by, but it felt like this had all begun yesterday. Now, looking at the blackmail photo, she had no issue telling that it was, in fact, her.

"Give me that. I want to delete it myself," she ordered, hiding her uneasiness. He didn't seem to notice it as he handed over his phone without complaint. She trashed the picture before her tainted mind could linger on it any longer, then emptied the bin, casting it away forever. She took a while to look through his gallery over the past three months as well just to make sure there were no secret stragglers. Aside from the numerous dick pics she recognized from their texts, she didn't see anything.

Reluctantly, she returned the device, and he nodded. However, the moment he put it back in his pocket, he jumped on his toes a little, face lighting up as he recalled something. "Oh! Before I forget! I'll be right back..."

He hurried out the front door. Irina wanted to get up and follow him, but her whole bottom half was too sore to even stand. The echoes of her orgasm had left her legs a weak, quivering mess. She had no choice but to listen anxiously to the muffled sounds of Tray opening his car door. Just as she feared he might be taking the chance to make a run for it, his footsteps approached again, and he came back inside with a sagging, black grocery bag in his grip. He put it down on the coffee table in front of her, then sat back down beside her as though this was his own house.

She couldn't stay annoyed at the brazen action for long. Her thoughts all ground to a halt the moment she looked in the bag.

It was full of rolls of black tape -- the same type he'd given her in exchange for a facial. She was staring at weeks upon weeks of Tuesday night footage piled up high, presumably going all the way back to the very first evening of their deal.

Back when she'd laid her hand on his bulge for the first time.

"I think you mentioned something about this during one of our little meetups," Tray explained. "It wasn't part of the original deal, but I figured you'd appreciate the extra security."

She bit her lip. Frankly, she didn't remember saying anything about these over the past few months. She only remembered worrying about them. Whenever she was in that office, her entire being became a horny fog, and what remained of her logic and reason poured every ounce of energy into making sure she didn't go too far. Her brain was just too preoccupied to keep track of the things she said.

But Tray remembered. Where did he get off on that? Him, being considerate for once? After all this time?

Her eyes welled up with tears.

He had no right. None.

After a prolonged silence, he sighed at her and spoke again, pretending to be a decent person. "Well, with that, I'll be off. Thanks for your time, Rina."

"Fuck you." What else could she say? He started all of this.

She shimmied on the couch, not daring to look at him. She adjusted her legs as the tingle of aftersex went on.

He'd done this to her.

It's over. Like you always wanted. Be happy, her conscience begged, trying to divert her attention away from her heat. It didn't work. All her previous times with Tray felt short yes, but never like this. They were so intense, the time just flew by -- they had never *truly* been all that brief. By comparison, this session might as well have been in seconds. After months upon months of constant anticipation, the sex had been over just like that, and though it had given her yet another record-breaking orgasm, the lingering dissatisfaction wasn't going away.

Still, she echoed her conscience as Tray kept staring at her expectantly, as if saying the words out loud would make them true. "Are you happy now?"

"Of course. I had tons of fun, and I'm satisfied. And I thank you for that. But, uh..." he cleared his throat, getting Irina to glance at his face. She followed his eyes down to her gray sweats, then down to the patch of cotton covering her crotch...

Which was absolutely drenched.

"Are you?" he asked.

Irina snapped.

The tears she had been holding back burst from containment, flowing uncontrollably down her face as she unleashed a flurry of blows against Tray's muscular stomach. Her fist bounced off him like a pebble against a brick wall, but she kept hitting him with all she had.

"Get the fuck out of our house!" she screamed. She grunted and shouted, punching her blackmailer over and over. She punched him for who knows how long, and when she couldn't any more, her weak hand rested against him as she leaned on his shoulder, wetting his shirt. "Just...just get out...please..."

Tray didn't say a thing during her breakdown. He didn't move. He didn't do anything. When she was done, he simply took her wrist from his abs and put it down on the cushion gently, keeping her body steady as she sobbed. She kept her head turned down, refusing to even look at him again. There was no other way to see it -- this day was over, and the only thing left for him to do was leave.

She would come around. In time.

Irina listened to his steps against the wooden floor grow distant until they reached the door. She waited for the sound of him leaving, but for a single, silent moment, it never came -- he was occupied with something else, hesitating. However, the second she thought about yelling at him once more, she heard the door open and close, followed by his muffled footsteps outside. Then, at last, his car engine rumbled to life and faded down the road.

Now alone, she opened her teary eyes and looked to the front door. Something rested on the lamp table just next to it. She cautiously stood up, relearning how to stand with her weak legs, and walked over to inspect it as if it might've been rigged to explode.

-!

She froze.

Tray had left his tied up condom on the table. It sagged on the wood, the thick white within stressing the plastic as it tried to ooze outward.

Inevitably, what he said just before filling the condom echoed in Irina's mind.

His offer.

And with it, she remembered the feeling of him hiltng inside her, of pressing into his big cock, of filling with warmth after each of his throbs...

She grabbed the condom as well as the black bag and stormed into the kitchen. Her sweatpants were a mess, but she paid them no mind as she found the trash can and tossed the two relics inside. She didn't bother ripping up the tapes this time. Garbage ran tomorrow. The can was basically empty, so she simply stuffed as many paper towels as she could on top of the evidence. Then, she took the trash bag outside into the sun and buried it in the larger bin, not thinking about whether or not any passerbys would see the state she was in. Out of sight, out of mind.

Yes, she was hiding everything from Flin. She sure as hell didn't want him finding out about any of it. But more than anything, she wanted to hide it from herself. She wanted to forget this temptation, and that her body didn't seem to care about betraying the one she loved.

She went back inside and collapsed onto the couch, covering her face with one arm. By all means, the house was now completely back to normal, just as it had been after her and Flin had finished moving in. It hadn't even been all that different while Tray was there, and after today, he wouldn't be ever again. When the trash ran, the last traces of his presence would be gone. Even so, as she laid on that couch, she couldn't help but feel the entire aura of the place had changed, as if the fact that Tray had been there with her at all made her unwelcome. No matter how she tried to get around it, her memory of the house was now forever tainted with her mistake. Her stupid, mindless, idiotic fuckup.

She looked down at her pants once again. *I should probably change*, she thought, her mind numb from disbelief. However, her body didn't seem to agree. She was a passenger inside it as her curious hand crept down slowly and carefully, and as her pinky grazed the wet fabric-

"Ngh-!"

Her body lit up, and a short moan escaped her lips at the slightest touch. Her hand recoiled away.

To resist the urge to touch herself more, she curled up into a ball on the couch and sobbed. She buried her face in her knees and let the tears flow, hoping vainly that they would douse the itch inside her. She tried reminding herself of the time, of the fact that it was all over, and that she didn't have to worry about this bullshit anymore.

But the more she thought of the clock, the more she thought of the lonesome hours she had until her husband would be home from work.

Oh, if only he were there.

===

Normal was dead.

Irina should've known it would be after what she'd done. No, deep down, she'd already known before she made that call that succumbing to lust would ruin all that came after. But simply knowing was nothing compared to feeling it be so.

"Fuck...! Rina, I'm close...!" Flin grunted as he thrust rapidly into her. Her chest grew tight, heart pulse excited. He was about to cum.

She hummed as he slammed down into her one last time, closing her legs around him. He let out a hitched sound, like exhaust blowing from an overheated muffler, and twitched.

Once, twice.

And no more.

He collapsed on top of her, still wrapped in her tight embrace as the quiet dark caught its breath. She felt his contented smile form on her shoulder. He grazed her neck with a kiss afterwards, treating her with the same love and care she'd come to cherish so much over the past five -- going on six -- years.

It was amazing. It soothed her. It was the lovemaking told of in romances from the dawn of womanhood.

But she hadn't cum.

It wasn't like the times after her Tuesday sessions when she still deluded herself into blaming the parasite for everything, back when she quite literally couldn't get wet. She was undoubtedly horny right this very instant -- she had been since Tray left her for good, marking the end of the deal. She had no trouble providing the lubrication Flin needed to get inside her like she had back then, and when he had, her body did react to him. He was as good a lover as ever.

But she hadn't cum.

Not like she had earlier today. Not like she'd been craving. It was impossible not to think about throughout the sex -- about how different it felt even though it was exactly the same treatment Flin had always given her. She quickly pulled him into the bedroom today after he got back from work again, wanting nothing more. It should've been the first thing she went after since this whole predicament began, not Tray. How stupid was she to believe anything else? The bond she shared with him in her memory was better than anything that bastard ever managed.

She realized something was wrong as soon as he penetrated her in the dark. It was the same, and it wasn't. It was good, and it wasn't. Her body was still tainted from her encounter with his boss. When Flin pushed inside her now, she expected the fullness she'd felt a few hours ago. She expected to be fucked breathless, to be pumped to bursting when he came. Instead, his length stopped short, and his width only somewhat filled her out. It didn't truly stretch her, nor did it touch those all

those places Tray had discovered for her today. There was no tingling numbness, no lightning, no impact from his strokes. He took her with love and care, and when he finally reached the limit, it was over before it even began.

She moaned throughout the entire experience. Not because she was faking it or playing it up even a little -- no. She knew what a gigantic cock felt like now, and that expectation coursed through her body with every thrust. His touch just made her cravings grow more and more with every thrust. He felt so good.

But damn it all, he *wasn't* making her cum. The pleasure just built, and built, and built, never reaching its peak.

This couldn't be.

She lay in bed awake after slithering out from underneath her husband, watching him drift off to sleep. She was tired, too, but as was the case many times over the past few months, she couldn't join him. Her mind was stuck on the sensations Tray had given her, still trying to process them as her pussy ached for attention.

The excuses began immediately, smothering away the horrible thoughts before they could gain any ground.

That man wasn't better. Just different. There was no love in what they had done. It was transactional. Not like the sex she had with Flin. He cared about her. No one else had learned all the intricate details of her body like him.

And yet, despite all that, Tray made her cum today, and he didn't.

As this conflict distracted her from her exhaustion, sleep took her without resistance. It wasn't a peaceful slumber. The war raged on even in her dreams. She tossed and turned, moaning incoherently until the sun peeked through the blackout curtains the next morning. She woke up before the alarm went off and found Flin draping his arm over her chest. He must've noticed her distress throughout the night and come to help her.

The day began with her chest tightening, squeezing at her tear ducts. They were still dry from yesterday's breakdown, and in their absence, she just laid her hand on top of his, rubbing his thumb. He was ever oblivious to her misdeeds. Now that they were over, she would never tell him. He would never know how badly she'd betrayed him.

When the alarm rang and he came to, she greeted him as always, and he got out of bed as if all was well. She didn't tell him she was still soaking wet beneath the sheets, much less act on it. Only in hindsight did she realize how insanely suspicious that must've been on her deal-induced horny days. Still, that didn't change the fact that she was, and the moment he left for the bathroom to get ready, she plunged a finger into herself, driving herself the remaining distance almost instantly.

She got up and went to the mirror, finally calm enough to go about her day. The clarity only lasted those few steps. Her stinging butt beckoned her like an alarm, and she turned around in surprise, pulling down her pajamas.

Tray's handprint was there on her asscheek again, red and prominent over the milky white. She'd told him not to spank her, but she hadn't stopped him yesterday. The memory throbbed in tandem with the raw, bruised fat. Despite its release mere seconds ago, her pussy buzzed to life with it, too.

Fuck.

She was in trouble, alright. Big, big trouble.

===

Irina tried her absolute damnedness to resurrect her old life. She really did.

Get up. Get ready. Make breakfast for Flin, kiss him goodbye for work. Then, fill the time without him with things meant for him. Prepare.

It used to be the easiest thing to do. In the years since she met the man, her only two real skills blossomed into the tools she used to please him -- to realize her dream. Even before Laila told her to do yoga, she exercised religiously to maintain the body that would bear his children. She went on walks and runs, played back her old calisthenics regimen. She kept honing her cooking to nourish them both, making dinners that put every restaurant in the city to shame. It used to all be so easy, she thought it was destiny that she'd turned out this way.

Now, she could barely focus on any of her duties as a housewife. She couldn't even do the things she liked doing. The rhythm of yoga, no matter how many days went by, was eternally lost to her, and she no longer put any passion into her meals. She just fell back on the easy stuff -- spaghetti, burgers, even store bought chicken noodle soup when she was feeling particularly down. If it was fancy -- if it even looked fancy despite being easy, like Salmon Wellington -- she just couldn't muster the drive to put in the effort.

Why? She'd done this her whole life, her whole marriage. Hell, she'd even done it that day, just after Tray had nailed her into the couch-

"Ah! Oh, shit... Right there..." Her moans echoed through the living room as she tended to herself. Her clit was so engorged she could hear it flicking.

That was another problem. Or rather, it was *the* problem. The sole culprit.

Of course she couldn't get that day off her mind. She couldn't get it off her body, for that matter. When she thought back to her time with Tray, her pussy, ever at the ready for some action, tingled in remembrance. Before long, the living room couch had become her most visited spot of the day, and she had gone back to rubbing herself multiple times before her husband returned.

She was relapsing. *Hard.*

Flin, as usual, didn't seem to notice. He had gone right back to his normal, loving self after being fooled by her lie about seeing his boss only once after their dinner together. It was eerie how his suspicion had simply vanished overnight. She wondered if he was putting it on -- a callous, self-destructive part of her wished he'd see through her blatant dishonesty -- but she knew, sadly, that he wasn't. As shy as he could be, he wore his emotions on his sleeve. He had probably chosen to forget about his rightful apprehension, thinking it was just irrational paranoia and nothing else.

She'd successfully gaslit him, and it crushed her every day. She didn't deserve him.

But she was a coward. The fact remained that she still wanted him, and she'd do anything to keep their current life afloat. Why else would she debase herself for so long? It had been for his happiness. To save him from his grief, to...to...

Tray pounded her from behind, then roared as he pushed deep and stopped. His huge cock throbbed, stretching her walls and filling the undersized condom against her cervix, trying to defile her most sacred place. She shook violently against the couch, screaming as her own orgasm hit her at the same time...

When she opened her eyes, she realized that it was only her fingers inside her pussy, and she was just reliving the moment. She looked under her legs and saw she'd squirted all over the couch and pillow. Her head sank into the cushions as she groaned in agony.

Every attempt to explain her actions to herself culminated in a similar outcome. Her sex with Tray was more than a memory at this point. Her body still felt him at times. The heartbeat in her womb called out for his like a lovebird longing for its other half, and she swore she could still vaguely make out his ripples and veins if she focused hard enough. He'd quite literally imprinted on her, and there was nothing she could do to forget it.

Had she let *that* happen for Flin? Maybe at first, in those first encounters, that was why she'd let the man have his way. But she didn't know why she'd let it go so far. She couldn't remember, and she couldn't bring herself to truly, fully regret it.

She had sex with her husband whenever she could to try and assuage these feelings, though she still did her best to not act too much on her overactive sex drive. She only dragged him into the bedroom some of the time, and she made sure not to go too crazy. She didn't ride him senseless, nor did she ask him to spank her anymore -- Tray's handprint faded by the second day after their last meeting, and she hid it well from her husband well enough until it did.

However, that didn't change that the nights she spent with him weren't getting any better. She desperately wanted their old intimacy back -- the real kind of lovemaking, the kind that sated every part of her, not *just* her soul. She wanted her old self back, to just flip a switch and go back to normal like Flin did. She began to envy him for being able to. Unfortunately, day by day, she realized that those feelings actually were memories.

They were gone. They were gone and they weren't coming back.

She still tried to resurrect them, but each time she didn't cum was another blow to her will. The sex continued to feel good and nothing else, and she continued to lie in bed awake every night, unable to fend off the dissatisfaction.

In these moments, she felt not guilt, but fear.

Fear that somehow, he'd find out, or that he already had. Fear that the future she'd sacrificed so much of herself for was now out of reach. That it had all been in vain.

By the next week, she was limp again on the couch, idly rubbing herself for the nth time. She wasn't even doing it because she thought it would work anymore. Although the deal was over, she'd lost all her progress. She was right back to her original state after it had all begun, only there was no down time, and there was no

parasite. Just her, her wanting heat, and the shadow of what she'd done with Tray in this very living room.

Her eyes closed as she rested on the pillow, but her hand didn't stop. She had what she wanted, didn't she? Flin and her, in this house, happy and ready for a family. She had her dream. Her chains to Tray were broken. Everything she felt now was just withdrawal. Surely, if enough time passed, it would all go away...

As this hope washed over her, the darkness faded only slightly, and the light, whirring sound of the ceiling fan grew distant until it was silent. She found herself alone in some dim, humid place.

It was another dream, but it was familiar.

She didn't have to wait long before another figure joined her -- a man, tall and muscular, took her by the waist from behind, making her flinch. His hand was gentle yet firm, wrapping halfway around her without issue. He twisted her around to face him, and she looked up to see that this mystery man was, in fact, Tray Paller.

Though it had been a long while since she found herself here, she remembered how it went. He pulled her close, making her feel his growing, pulsing bulge against her belly. Their hot breaths mingled again, faces close yet not quite touching. After what felt like a lifetime, he loosened his grip and took her hand, guiding it down into his waistband. Her chest fluttered as her palm met the smooth, shaved skin of his naked pelvis, beating harder and faster as she slid further down. She was no scared animal this time -- she was simply so excited she thought her heart would burst. She thought she'd wake up.

But the dream didn't stop. Not this time.

He let go of her, grunting in ecstasy as her fingertips grazed the base of his semi erect cock beneath his pants. She hastily slid the rest of her hand down, grabbing as much of him as she could. For the next lifetime, she jerked him slowly within the

confines of the fabric, feeling his length erect with every heartbeat. He took her by the waist again, pressing her to his side, and she coiled her arm around him. It was a nostalgic position. She didn't know she missed it this much.

When she inevitably grew too hot from the handjob, she dropped to her knees and undid his belt for him. Her waking self was always too proud to admit it, but she'd always been curious to try unwrapping him like this. As she got to his zipper, she bit her lip at the solid contour running down his pant leg, grabbing his waistband and underwear with immeasurable greed. She yanked them down, and his manhood sprang forth. His pants vanished into thin air as they fell to the floor, and as she took him into her grasp with both hands, she looked up to see the rest of his magnificent body bare, his clothes lost to the dream.

He was in her mouth in no time. She stuffed as much of him as she could in, recalling Maddie's teachings, fighting to get him all the way down her throat. She didn't have to gag, but she chose to. This was her dream. Here, she could lose control as much as she wanted. She could be as good at sucking his cock as she wished.

He growled as she reached all the way to the base, grabbing her by the back of her head as the corners of her lips turned up into a victorious smile. For the next solid minute, she did nothing but swallow his pumping load.

Although it was a dream -- or perhaps because of it -- Tray still recovered right after. He brought her up by the shoulders, then swept her off her feet as though she weighed nothing. She yelped as the ground disappeared beneath her, feeling only the security of his hands around her body. They weren't trapping her as she'd once thought. They handled her with care. As she gazed up into his eyes, he put one behind her head again, guarding it from harm as he gently flipped her onto her back. She gasped at the sudden feel of the tiled floor against her naked skin. The dream had taken her own clothes now, too, without her even having to take them off.

Like the last piece of a puzzle, the familiar floor finally gave away where she was. This had been the locker room at KF Designs all along -- the place truly she'd given in for the first time.

Her legs instinctively parted at the realization. Tray, registering her consent, promptly got on his knees and leaned over her, putting his hands flat on the ground next to both sides of her head. His hard dick pointed directly between her spread legs, flexing up and down, begging to be let in.

She looked up, batting her eyelashes, and their gazes met.

He sank his entire length into her with a single thrust.

Her screaming moan pierced the humid air. She'd cum instantly, but he didn't stop for her. He fucked her through her orgasm, pistoning in and out, taking her over and over on the cool, wet floor. Her pussy welcomed his beastly cock in, savoring its girth, its veins, its plump, throbbing head. Though it was just a dream, it was the best she'd felt in a week.

She came again, and again, and again. She lost count of how many times he pushed her over the edge. *This* was the treatment she wanted. This was what she'd been craving.

The loud and fast clapping of flesh against flesh echoed through the room for eons before she noticed him approaching his own climax. His breathing grew rapid, his thrusts erratic. Rumbling contractions rippled down his shaft, vibrating along her inner walls. The sensation made her shiver uncontrollably.

He wasn't wearing a condom.

She didn't stop him. He planted himself all the way inside her, pressing hard against the soft, pillowy fat of her inner thighs, and froze. His head flared against her womb, his hole opening wide in preparation for his manly duty. She gazed up at his strained face, and with a powerful grunt...

Ding-dong!

Her eyes shot open.

The anger came right away. No, fury. Who dared to interrupt her dream? Already, she could feel it fading into obscurity in her mind like all others, all because of some insolent intruder.

With a groan, she turned her head down and saw the couch cushions beneath her spread legs absolutely drenched. Her earlier session hadn't held a candle to...*whatever* she'd just gone through in her sleep. She didn't quite remember what she'd been up to with Tray in her head, but it had to have been life changing. Her pussy was still swollen, aching for the forgotten ecstasy.

Unfortunately, she couldn't do anything about it right now. She went to answer the door, prepared to lay into whoever was unlucky enough to be on the other side.

It was Jamie. Again.

As usual, he didn't have a package. He'd stopped bothering for a while now. She wasn't surprised, but she was no more happy that he was here. Frankly, she'd started tuning out his little visits over the past three months. He'd only gotten more ambitious after their close call, so she'd had little choice. Reporting him was getting more and more tempting, but a part of her still felt too bad for him to actually go through with it. Besides, as bold as his flirting had gotten, he never actually had the stomach to push things as far as they'd gotten that day.

Pussy.

"Hi, Ma'am," he said, not bothering to put on the sheepish act.

She opened her mouth to reply, but she couldn't say anything. A blank, exasperated realization dawned on her as her words caught on her tongue.

She was still horny.

He went on. "You know...I saw you last week."

"Oh, really? I mean, you see me every week..." she muttered, not registering the ominous undertone in his statement. She was too exhausted, too busy fighting her own battles to care.

"Really tuckered out today, huh?"

She raised an eyebrow at his observation. She didn't like that knowing smile. "What are you getting at? If you don't have anything to drop off, just leave."

"Oh, I do, I do, it's just..." he chuckled, grin deepening, "that didn't look like your husband with you in there the other day."

She gaped at him, caught completely off guard. Honestly, she felt she should've been panicking at the obviously terrible situation, but once again, she was just too absent for that kind of emotion right now. She didn't linger on how he'd even caught her in the act with Tray. She just glared at him in quiet, resigned realization.

Oh.

So he'd *seen her* seen her.

"Look, can you...can you just go away?" she grumbled, rubbing her forehead. She should've known by now not to rely on the humanity of this kind of man, as lo and behold...

"How about this? You suck my dick, and I'll keep this a secret."

She closed her eyes, pinched the bridge of her nose, and sighed.

Not this shit again.

"Or, I dunno. It doesn't have to happen. Maybe next time, when your husband's around-"

His words were cut off as she snatched the beanstalk of a college boy by his shirt and pulled him inside. She slammed the door shut behind them and, before he could ask what was going on, pushed him to the couch and pried his legs open, revealing the bulge in his oversized trousers.

Honestly, she didn't even care about his pathetic excuse for "blackmail." She just wanted him out of here. She wanted him to leave her the fuck alone, and she saw only one way to make that happen.

As she sank to her knees before him, he just stared at her in a horny daze, not understanding what had gotten into her yet not minding it all the same. "Damn, bitch... No need to rush... I ain't going nowhere..."

"Shut the fuck up. Don't talk."

He pursed his lips, obeying as her hands went straight to his zipper, setting him free. It all happened so fast, he couldn't have said another word even if he'd wanted to.

He was big. She'd give him that. His dark penis fit nicely in her palm with room to spare for a second, and it was nice and well-washed. He was also circumcised unlike Tray, giving it a neat, smooth sheen. Laila had told her about these supposed "BBCs" before, saying they were something every woman alive needed to try at least once. To the slut's credit, she could see it at a glance. No doubt this was a cock that had seduced a great many girls his age.

He was probably very, very proud of it.

But she wasn't impressed. He was bigger than Flin for sure, but compared to Tray, he might as well have been average. The color made not one lick of difference.

Nevertheless, she aimed him at her lips and, without another second of delay, took him into her mouth. His clean, somewhat bland taste spread across her tongue, and as she sucked back, he couldn't hold back his first groan of pleasure. She hummed in

response, earning herself another. Adding a little vibration, she'd learned, was a kind of cheat code to getting men off. Of course, it also helped that she was still aroused from her recent dream.

After a while of slow, intense suckling, she added her other hand to his shaft and began blowing him properly. He was huffing and moaning like a man in paradise at this point, but really, she was just going through the motions. It wasn't intimate like the moments she had with Flin, and it most certainly wasn't hot like the times Tray's cock had stretched her mouth out. This was a pragmatic solution to her predicament, not a real act of love or even lust. She just wanted to snuff out this kid's stupid plan before it became a real problem.

As she did, she couldn't help but degrade him in her head. Who did he think he was? Some big shot who could threaten her marriage and get away with it? His little deal was cute, but it had no teeth. He was no Tray. He wasn't even the same type of man. Tray would never have let her best him so easily. He was dominant, unwavering to the core. Even a girl like Maddie was only able to get the better of him because he desired it.

Her pussy buzzed to life again at the mere thought of him, but she held back for now. She wouldn't touch herself in front of this guy. He didn't deserve it.

When she felt him get uneasy, she lunged forward, taking all of him in at once. Maddie's tips made it surprisingly simple, and she barely gagged. What was he, eight inches or something? He seemed like the kind of guy who cared enough to measure. Confident, cocky. Not anymore. When she glanced up into his eyes -- a calculated move meant to make him cum and nothing more -- she saw his jaw hanging slack, all of that vanity gone.

Not a moment later, Jamie gasped, releasing a pulsating slurry of semen down her throat. It was more than normal, but, once again, didn't come close to the sheer volume Tray always produced. Its flavor also wasn't as intoxicating. It was

medicated, unnatural. Even with his big cock, Jamie covered up his insecurities with supplements.

Still, she allowed herself a little pride. If the blowjobs she gave her husband weren't proof enough, her experience with his boss had certainly made her more than a novice, at least.

Never cum that fast, have you?

As she withdrew and wiped her dirty lips clean, she scoffed at herself.

Something was really, *really* wrong with her.

Even so, what was done was done, and she wanted Jamie out of her house. She wouldn't have him sullyng this place any more than it had already been. Without warning, she took him by the shirt again and pulled him up, dragging him back to the front door. She shouldn't have been able to overpower him, but in the wake of his ejaculation, he was too dizzy and disoriented to do anything about it.

"I, uh... Wait, what- I didn't- Ma'am-!"

She pushed the stammering fool outside and closed the door in his face, deadbolting it for good measure.

That was the last time she ever saw him.

===

Irina didn't know when she started looking back at the messages the random number had sent her.

At first, after the deal with Tray ended, it was the one personal rule she'd imposed on herself. No matter how much her body ached to see his cock again, she absolutely refused to listen to it even at the height of her private time. She'd had a reason to touch herself to those pictures when the deal was still going on, but she couldn't do

it now without explicitly cheating of her own volition. She would never do that -- her little encounter with Jamie didn't count, of course. She still believed all these lingering feelings were the work of her jumbled mind. Once it settled down, perhaps, she could forget them, or at least come to terms with them.

Of course, she knew this wasn't true. Normal was dead, after all. Even though she didn't dare look at the pictures he sent her, she couldn't bring herself to delete them. The leftover urges were simply too strong to deny.

She realized she'd reverted to her old habits one day just after she gave herself another back-arching orgasm. She opened her eyes only to see her phone in her hand with that distinct shape shining on the screen. It had taken roughly a week and a half for her will to break, and her body had betrayed her. She no longer tried to deny it following this incident.

However, masturbating to the photos of Tray's huge cock, while gratifying in the moment, just reopened the wound left by her months of depravity. God damn it, she couldn't get that bastard out of her head. The dreams weren't going away. Even after so long, she felt an emptiness deep inside her that Flin simply couldn't fill.

Sometimes, she screamed into a pillow, cursing the old boss with all her might. Like all his other sex stunts, he'd finished early on purpose. He knew he'd left her unsatisfied.

The more time passed, the more she felt him waiting. Knowing.

She wouldn't let him win. This was over, she told herself for the thousandth time.

So, one afternoon while Flin was away at work, she forced herself to do it. She shut off her brain, selected the unknown number in her contacts, and hit delete. It felt like burning an old keepsake, but she knew it had to be done if she had any chance of moving on.

Afterwards, she pulled herself away from the house, driving to the store to keep her mind off the battlefield of emotions raging from her abrupt decision. In commemoration of the accomplishment, she figured she might as well cook something genuinely nice for dinner. She shifted in her seat as she passed the turn to KF Designs, ignoring it as best she could. If she wanted her old life back, she would need to try for it.

She'd been to many grocery stores in her time, but every single one of them felt like a second home. Her food sense was particularly useful for navigating the aisles; currently, she found herself at one of the potato stalls, inspecting all the different types to see what flavor she fancied for tonight.

Yukon gold? Too fancy...

Russet? Plain, but tasty...

Before she fully lost herself in the piles of tubers, she laughed a little to herself. She was thinking about other things again.

It really was over.

And she was just about to accept it.

"Oh my god, is that you, Irina?"

The familiar, high-pitched voice ripped her away from the brink. She didn't want to turn around but did anyway, drawn in as if hearing a siren song.

Maddie had appeared behind her like a haunt, small and bubbly as ever. She was wrapped in a baggy blouse and jeans, a far cry from professional. It was the first time she'd seen her in anything other than a suit dress. "What're you up to?" she asked.

At first, Irina couldn't say anything back. Who could blame her? The last time she'd seen this girl was just after they'd slobbered on Tray's cock head together, kissing and swapping his cum...

She wanted to cry. She could feel the one escape route she'd found all this time crumbling beneath her, damning her again to uncontrollable lust.

She rambled to try and keep the light in view, though to no avail. "I'm, uh...making steak frites for Flin tonight, so I was just stopping by for some extra ingredients. *Ahem!* You? Aren't you supposed to be working today?"

"I'm off," Maddie chirped. "Tray's extra lonely today. He misses you especially, you know."

Irina staggered on her feet at the sound of his name. Bile rose up in her throat, and the store lights pulsed in tandem with a thunderclap headache.

In the midst of it all, she felt the wetness return between her legs.

She understood instantly that she needed to get out of public. She made a beeline for the store entrance and dropped the cart off there without buying a thing, her meal for Flin already forgotten. What she needed was *home*.

Maddie trailed behind her as she clicked down the parking lot. "Wait- Wait up! What's wrong? Was it something I said?"

"Please go away."

"Irina, please. I thought we were friends!"

"Leave me alone!" Her shout echoed too loudly through the plaza, turning the heads of passerbys. She didn't care. She was already at her car. However, her hands trembled violently as she fumbled around with her keys, keeping her from getting inside. This gave the minx enough time to fully catch up to her, and she dropped her head against the driver's side window, surrendering.

She stayed like this for a while, not once looking toward Maddie, before the girl spoke again.

"You can't get over it, can you?"

Irina swallowed her tears. There were too many to hold back, though, and they began to fall anyway.

Why did this person have to be here?

What business did she have calling her a friend?

This was the person half responsible for the death of her husband's best friend. The depression he'd gone through -- was still going through at times -- was her fault.

And Irina was hardly any better.

"Oh, you poor thing. You can't ignore your own needs, you know. It'll only make you feel worse in the long run," Maddie continued softly. "I meant what I said. Tray does miss you. He would be happy to help."

"Go away."

The two words hung in the air, cutting off the girl's sweet-sounding words. Irina didn't want to hear them.

Maddie sighed. "Well...alright. I'd like to talk more, but I see I've gone and upset you. I'm sorry." The apology sounded real at first, but as she waltzed away toward the store, her tone shamelessly returned to its peppy deceit. "Let Tray know if you're ever down to get in touch with me later!"

Irina found her car key, unlocked the door, and sped off. She shifted more often in her seat throughout the drive, trying to keep her weight off her very obviously soaked panties.

It was times like this when she wished the guilt would go away forever. There were moments when it was dormant, but whenever she really couldn't handle it -- moments like this -- it came screaming back just as she thought she'd thrown it away forever. It just wouldn't stay dead.

Why couldn't she just have her dream in peace?

We've got needs.

Laila's words echoed in her head. Taunting. Luring.

She went right back to the couch when she got back to the house, but as she rubbed herself, a primal disappointment followed. By habit, her hand had gone for the unknown contact again only to find it -- and those wonderful, terrible pictures -- gone.

That was it.

She didn't care about Maddie.

She didn't care about the deal.

Hell, at that moment, she didn't care much what Flin would think.

She'd held back as well as she could throughout the past two weeks, but she was at her limit. Guilt or no. Her pussy constantly reminded her of his shape, his feel, his essence. It whined for him 24/7. This was unbearable. This was torture.

Whether or not it had been right to do, all of this had started because she was worried about her husband's happiness. That was what she wanted: a happy marriage.

So what about her happiness, damn it?

She opened her call logs and scrolled. Most of the calls had naturally been with Flin, but there, two weeks ago, she saw it: the unknown number. She'd deleted his

contact, but she hadn't blocked him. Perhaps a deep, traitorous part of herself knew she'd be back soon.

She tapped the number, and the green button stared back at her, waiting.

She'd just escaped. She knew that. But...just one more time. One more time was all she needed. Then, she'd be done.

As if breaking free from its chains, her thumb fell on the call button.

He picked up immediately.

Ch. 07

In, and out.

Deep breaths.

The calm yoga instructor's words had been Irina's lifeline ever since she let Tray take her. Right now, it was more important than ever that she remembered them.

Her car poked forward inch by inch into the unfamiliar driveway as if scared to intrude on it. When it came to a stop, she just sat there for a great many minutes, not unlike the little lapses of time she took to steel her resolve before going into KF Designs. This was that, times a hundred -- no, a thousand. Her heart soared at mach speeds, and even in the safe confines of her vehicle, she was already more lightheaded than she'd ever been.

After all, she'd just arrived at Tray's mansion.

"Mansion" wasn't really the right word to use. When she pictured somewhere a CEO his age lived, she pictured lavish brick walls, a grand courtyard with a centerpiece fountain, a stoop held up by Corinthian pillars. This place flourished none of those things. On the contrary, it looked more like...well, a normal, albeit very big house. It had the same beveled, off-white vinyl walls as any other modern home, the same gravel driveway and wooden front porch. It only met the definition of "mansion" by the thinnest possible margin, being three stories tall and sprawling out much more than normal.

As its shadow loomed over her, Irina couldn't help but think it was actually fitting for someone like Tray, not unlike his mundane car. The man had never been one to care about conventional tastes.

He never cared much for tact, either.

Her current situation was hastily concocted over the phone just after she'd reached a breaking point. Infuriatingly, he acted like no time had passed when he picked up her call.

"Hi Rina! What's up?"

That was all he had to say. After all the mental turmoil she'd gone through over the past two weeks because of that brutal yet all-too-short fucking, he had the gall to greet her as if all was well. Of course, he was absolutely well aware of her predicament. He always was. It just gave him so much joy to hear her say why she was calling, to rub it in. That had to be it.

Indeed, as ludicrous as she found his words, she didn't hang up on him yesterday like she once would have. She just took a deep breath and pressed on, voice shaky but resolute.

She'd made only two demands. One: wear a condom like last time, and two: she wouldn't have him at her house ever again. That would be too dangerous for a number of reasons she didn't want to confront.

So, now she was here. For "dinner." An early one at that -- it was just one o'clock. Apparently, he'd taken off early just for this, and they had a whole two hours for their date before she had to beat Flin back home.

Lucky her.

Yep. She sure was mad. She also had no one to blame but herself. She still chose to drive here after having a whole day to consider calling it off. Even after her hysteria from the encounter with Maddie yesterday wore off, she decided not to. That time had passed -- she was going through with this. For real. With no strings attached.

Deep breaths.

Just like she was about to dunk her head underwater.

She opened the car door, and the cold forest air hit her face with the scent of pine and smoke. It was so nice, it almost made her forget the reason she'd come here for a moment. Like her and Flin's neighborhood, Tray's big house was just outside the city, though tucked within the rolling mountains on the opposite end forty minutes away. She had almost wondered if she made a wrong turn somewhere on the drive here given how much the road looked like any other scenic route. However, since it was winter, she eventually spotted the gigantic houses peeking through the naked tree branches, occasionally dotting the duff.

It was all so alien to her. Eerie, unlike the outwardly well-off atmosphere of her neighborhood. As unassuming as Tray's house looked alongside the others, this quiet, barren place was for sure where the real wealth slept.

She made her way to the front door, heart beating faster with every step forward. She felt her conscience tugging at her back despite its wretched state, still trying to reel her to the comfort of her car. She stepped onto the front porch anyway, ignoring it. It didn't matter how wrong this was.

As had been the case for the entire day, she was soaking wet.

She pressed the doorbell, hearing the sound resonate through the house just beyond the walls.

She waited.

At first, she was left to the quiet rustle of wind against the trees. She knew Tray had to be in this house -- his car was right next to hers in the driveway -- but she wavered again the longer the stillness went on. Perhaps, she thought, it really was best if she disregarded her urges. She'd just been about to overcome them yesterday before bumping into Maddie. It was a shame to leave herself hanging like this, but it was ridiculous that she was even here...

The instant she backed away one step, footsteps came. Booming, approaching thuds from inside the house shook her to her core. Even though she was the one visiting upon another's space, she locked up at once, hoping they would somehow turn the other away and forget about her. Instead, they stopped just past the front door, mere feet away from their source. He didn't open it to answer her right away. They both just stood there, separated by a flimsy barrier of wood, soaking in the still respite, letting the air settle between them.

Only then did Tray reveal himself.

They took a single moment to regard each other, and Irina tensed up just at the sight of him. The two weeks she'd spent obsessing uncontrollably over him were already coloring their reunion, something his current attire wasn't helping at all. He wasn't in much of anything today -- just a tank top and basketball shorts. It was even more...casual than the outfit he'd worn during his last visit, and her wanting body immediately appreciated it. The top was just a little too small, revealing a sliver of midriff alongside his arms, and no one as endowed as him could ever hope to properly hide themselves in shorts, no matter how loose they were. Not that he'd ever once intended to.

Her gaze wandered up to his face, and as always, she was taken aback by its uncanny allure. He'd clearly just been sweating, but that somehow only intensified it. His bangs were slightly wet and frizzled, falling messily over his piercing eyes, and little beads shimmered in his clean stubble like jewels.

She still didn't get it. How was this older man so perfectly crafted? He shouldn't have been able to pull off that attire, but her body absolutely approved. In hindsight, she struggled to understand how she resisted him when they first met. That feeble resistance she'd once mounted was becoming harder and harder to recall.

But it wasn't gone completely. That was, paradoxically, why she was here.

So that she could be happy for Flin. Yes, that was it.

Little did she know that as she toiled with herself, Tray was doing the same, though his perfect poker face did well to conceal it. She was extra stunning today, and that wasn't just the two weeks talking. She was done up in a slit sundress and everything, no longer bothering to be even the slightest bit modest. This was practically lingerie -- her hips split the part far wider than intended, juxtaposing her soft, milky skin against the red fabric.

It was all he could do to stare in that moment. Already he wanted to throw her over his shoulder and hoist her to his bed, but he contained himself. Two weeks was two weeks, after all. This wouldn't be worth it if he didn't savor every second.

After letting the silence between them sit, he was the one to break it. He threw his arms wide open and took her in a hug before she could react. "Rina! I didn't expect you so soon! It's so good to see you again!"

She yelped as her feet left the ground, her whole body pressing tight against his. His grip, as usual, was firm but not crushing. His musk, fresh from sweat yet sweetened by deodorant, filled her nose. She felt like a cat being cuddled against its will, but at the same time, the feeling was far from unwelcome. "W-we agreed to meet at one, though..."

How she managed to even shakily question him in this position, she had no idea. Her pussy was screaming at her by this point. It screamed even more as he slowly let her down.

"Ah. That's right. I always show up fashionably late to everything," he mused. He gestured inside, his smile almost glowing. "Come in, come in! Dinner's not quite ready yet, but make yourself home in the meantime."

He retreated to the foyer, leaving the door open. Her conscience and womb tugged against each other so hard she felt she'd be ripped in half. Ultimately, however, the latter won out, and she followed into the dragon's den.

Deep breaths.

Just like she'd done a thousand times before.

It backfired. The moment she crossed underneath the threshold, an absolutely divine aroma hit her. Something savory yet not too powerful wafted through the halls, alluring even over Tray's scent. He really was serious about this whole dinner thing, it seemed.

As he led her through the many rooms on the first floor of his house, she couldn't help but boggle at how odd their layouts were for someone so rich. There were so many, and they were all so big, but he owned so little in the way of decoration. The few furnishings he did have were as black and gray as the corporate entity he owned -- a 100-inch flatscreen, a black leather sofa, black coffee and side tables, gray carpet... It was like all the color had been sucked out of the place, which was confusing given how distinctly Tray tended to dress. This went a bit beyond minimalist.

Then again, it made sense the more she thought about it. Despite his age and attractiveness, there was only one car in the lot, and he seemed alone. If he could stick with just one woman, she would fix this bland place up in a heartbeat.

Just as she was about to tune out her surroundings, a glint of metal caught the corner of her eye. She paused midstep and realized it was the gym, chock-full of weights, exercise machines, and equipment she didn't even know the purpose of. This was the only place where Tray's musk rose above the delectable, meaty scent in the kitchen.

She gulped. It was also where he sculpted that body of his.

Tray noticed that she'd stopped following him to the dining room and chuckled. "You actually caught me right as I was finishing up my last set. I'm gonna take a

shower upstairs real quick before dinner, but you can use this room if you'd like. Though you'll be getting a workout in a few minutes anyway..."

She glared back at him. She hated how smug he always was. She hated that it worked.

"I didn't come here for 'dinner,' Tray," she huffed. The aroma tickled her nose again. "Just...just let me in the shower with you. Let's get this over with already. Please."

She tried to avert her gaze from him, but he took her by the chin and turned it back up. A full body tremor took her from head to toe. "Now, now, baby. Hold your horses. I know you're starved, but we haven't seen each other for weeks. Let's take our time with this. You'll appreciate it -- trust me."

Her pussy hummed in agreement, and she had no choice but to begrudgingly go along with it.

He sat her down in the dining room, then hurried upstairs just as he said he would. As she listened to the water start running above her, she looked around the room and frowned. It was the only one so far to have any character whatsoever. There was an old liquor cabinet and grandfather clock nestled in one corner, both bathed in rustic lighting by the chandelier. The dining table beneath it was complete with candles, folded napkins, a bottle of champagne, and likely the nicest china he owned. It was nice, but it clashed hard with the rooms just outside. Irina could literally turn and see the abrupt cutoff. This place was a ruse meant solely to impress.

Her unease faded when Tray finally came back after fifteen minutes or so. He was dressed properly in a suit, and he even had a red rose pinned to his coat, which did earn a scoffing puff of a laugh from her. He returned a smile as he passed her by into the kitchen, and she squirmed in her seat. She wanted him to take her now, but the smell coming from that room was almost equally as irresistible. He reemerged holding two large plates, setting one down in front of her. "I hope you're hungry."

She looked down, inspecting the meal: pot roast, potatoes, and carrots, each glistening in a generous slathering of broth. Steam rose from the plate, infiltrating her nostrils once again, more fiercely this time. She couldn't wrap her head around it -- she'd made pot roasts more times than she could count, and it was far from her favorite meal, but she was confident in admitting she'd never smelled anything better. As she pondered this, Tray poured them both a glass of wine with a victorious smirk, then sat down in front of his own plate -- right next to her.

She glanced at him apprehensively. He scooted closer to her in response. "What? Don't tell me you've got a problem with me sitting next to you *now*."

She rolled her eyes, but her attention quickly turned back to the dinner. She felt his eyes on her as she took her first bite. She chewed, and chewed, and chewed...

And then took another. And another.

She couldn't stop.

In truth, it wasn't fitting for a dinner date at all. The taste wasn't subtle in the slightest. But to his credit, this man could cook.

He must've seen her expression. Not that she minded. She could always appreciate skill in this aspect, even if it came from someone she hated. "Good, right? Discovered this little recipe way back in college. Well...at least I 'discovered' how to actually follow directions. It was my mother's brainchild. Just stick a chuck roast in a pot with beef broth and every fancy seasoning you can find, shove it in the oven, and you get this. Fed me and pa real nice."

"Your mom was a cook?" The question came out before she could stop it. She couldn't resist when it came to matters like this -- or, perhaps, being in this position just disarmed her. It had been a long time since she had been the one served instead of serving.

"Ooooh, yeah. Would've given you a run for your money, even, if I do say so myself. Although, pa never much gave her the respect she deserved..."

"Hm." Her little grunt damned the room back to the tense ticking of the grandfather clock as she sank into deep thought.

You're not here to get to know him, her conscience blared. She heard it loud and clear, but her aroused, interested mind only settled on a half-measure.

"You're one to talk about respect. You ever think you took too much after him?"

"All the time," he said without a hint of shame. "Like him, I can't really help myself around beautiful women. I suppose I should thank the bastard for that."

"That wasn't a compliment. God, how did you even get like this...?"

"I come from money. Pa made it big in the stock market, and I followed suit. Your husband's company ain't my first rodeo, baby."

She balked, not knowing what to say at first. After a few more bites, she set her fork down and went on in a low voice. "I don't come from money. Flin didn't either. But we're both successful now, so I think you're full of shit. Money doesn't make you a bad person."

"Ha! I suppose you're right. After all, you are here... By your own volition..."

She gaped at him indignantly, but she couldn't find an answer for that no matter how hard she tried.

"Look," he sighed. "Loving sex doesn't make you a monster, Rina. It makes you human. And if there's one thing I've learned in my life so far, it's that women never meet the man that makes them human. That makes them alive."

"Shut up. I was living perfectly well before you came along. Flin's good enough for me." She regretted her choice of words as soon as they left her mouth, sensing the trap too late.

"'Good enough,' yes. But you've never screamed for him the way you did for me, have you? None of them do. I was just born gifted, Rina. I was born better. And there's nothing wrong with that."

She kept eating, trying to ignore him. It was no use talking to him -- appealing to his sympathy just made him dig his heels into the ground harder. He was too old, too stubborn to change his ways.

What was worse was that she didn't want him to.

"And speaking of the others... I heard you had a run-in with Maddie yesterday. Do try to be easier on her. The girl's more sensitive than she looks, you know."

"I don't care what happens to that bitch. She's as guilty as you are."

"As you are," he countered.

Once again, she was stumped. All she could do was go to take another comfort bite of his pot roast; however, as soon as she did, he fork clinked against the plate, finding nothing.

He gestured to her champagne. "Go on. Wash it down."

She grabbed the glass to take a sip at first but froze mid-motion, scrunching her face to take a cautious sniff.

Tray just laughed. "Oh, please! I'm about to fuck the shit out of you in my bed, Rina. What use is there in using such an underhanded tactic now of all times? I like when my women actually want me."

Her body rumbled at the simple yet incomparably lecherous statement.

His women.

The idea used to disgust her. Now, after going so far with him, it seemed scarily natural. As if a man like him deserved as many as he wanted.

She downed her entire glass in a few gulps, then slammed it down on the table next to her empty plate. With nothing left to occupy herself with, her heat was free to wreak as much havoc on her brain as it wanted. She could do nothing but wait patiently for Tray to finish his meal, not having anything more to say. The shape he'd imprinted deep within her throbbed wantonly, seeking him more than ever. Her eyes drifted beneath the table to his already swelling bulge, and she had to resist the gravity pulling at her hand to join in.

By the time she looked back up at his face, he had finished his own plate and glass of champagne and was focused entirely on her. He laid a hand gently on her shoulder, ushering her up to her feet along with him. Her heart tremored. Her pussy ached like mad.

Right away, their hands got to work -- his, slipping into her dress's slit to fondle her butt, and hers, rubbing up and down the rapidly growing distension in his pants. She was the first to relent to the pleasure. She shivered, stopping her work and coiling her arms around him, breathing heavily into his rippling abs as his strong hands kneaded her ass.

Eventually, he, too, paused, resting his palms on both cheeks with a tense, reluctant grip. She could feel him trembling, too. She could feel him losing control.

In, and out.

They stared straight into each other's eyes, neither of them saying a word for a whole minute at least. Her head spun the longer it went on. She doubted she even needed the alcohol.

Then, after prepping her as easily as he had any other, he leaned down and muttered huskily in her ear.

"Why don't we take this upstairs?"

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"Oh, fuck-! Mmmmph!"

Irina's face hit the mattress as the strength in her arms gave out. Tray's grip around her waist only tightened, letting him fuck her even harder. "Yeah... You like that, don't you?"

It was a good thing her words and moans were muffled by the sheets.

She did.

Oh, *god*, she did. And right then, as she arched her back for him and hit another climax, she would've said it.

She'd underestimated how good having him inside her again would feel. The dreams gnawing away at her mind didn't even come close. Her pussy welcomed his girth back like a long lost keepsake, and though she'd already taken him before, she clung to him even tighter. Her body didn't want this feeling to ever go away. Naturally, this coaxed no small amount of pleased sounds and twitches from Tray, which, in turn, only spurred her on more.

She knew she'd regret this as always, but she was past the point of caring, at least for now. The moment he carried her up the stairs into his candlelit bedroom, all her worry and tension evaporated into the charged air. As he ripped off her dress and tossed her to his king-size bed, she bent over right away, beckoning him with an ass shake. When he braced his hand on one asscheek and pushed into her at last, she was content.

She was free.

The fucking that ensued had gone on for what felt like both hours and no time at all. Tray just kept pounding and pounding, never once getting tired. The sensual dinner foreplay he'd planned downstairs had served its purpose -- neither of them had any more restraint to bother with any oral action this time, though Irina was far from opposed. They were both simply too pent up from the two weeks they'd spent apart. It was only natural that they would skip right to sex.

Tray didn't mind it either. He was still amazed by how tight this wife was, mesmerized by the way her ass jiggled when he slammed against her. Frankly, he would never get tired of it.

When she finally recovered enough strength through all the roughness, she raised her head and almost came right away again. She always did when she looked at the mirror. It stood from the wide dresser just across from the foot of the bed, spanning almost the entire wall, and it showed her exactly what she looked like as Tray fucked her. She still couldn't believe it was really her. Her face scrunched into a knot, all while her mouth hung loosely open in a permanent O-shape, drooling beyond her control. Her naked body rocked back and forth, hair flying and ass bouncing, as the beast of a man behind her did his due diligence.

She had never realized how incomplete Flin's strokes were by comparison. Her butt was so big, he couldn't really reach the places past all the fat as Tray did with ease. She hadn't minded before -- she hadn't even known about those places, given he was her first. She'd actually thought nothing of it.

Not anymore. Those places needed attention now. They *needed* to be touched.

Inevitably, Tray began grunting more and more, unable to contain himself much longer at their current speed. He didn't slow down, of course -- he didn't have to. By now, Irina hadn't even realized that she was the one doing all the work as he held her waist, bouncing herself on his hard cock all on her own. Only when he felt himself reach the point of no return did he fasten his fingers around her again, holding her all the way down.

"Aaaaghhhhh!"

"Oh shit...!" Irina couldn't even scream as she felt him throb inside her -- she was too busy dealing with her own orgasm. It kept hitting her over and over again, restarting with each of his deep, intense pulses. She shivered violently, excruciatingly, as if taken by a heavy fever. Once again, all her focus drifted to the condom-covered tip pressed against her cervix, pumping its thick essence near her womb. It filled, and filled, and filled. When he was spent, she felt that familiar, comforting warmth again, humming in satisfaction as they both sat there in the aftermath of yet another meeting gone too far.

Still, although it felt heavenly, it was different from before. His massive loads didn't stretch his condoms as sheer as he had Flin's, given they actually fit him right. While this undoubtedly made the sex safer, she couldn't deny that she did miss the extra fullness of the mismatched rubber more than a little.

The thought of taking his climax raw popped up again in her head. She promptly shut it down. Even in her horny state, she wasn't stupid enough to go there.

After a while of leaving his soft dick buried inside her, Tray pulled out and carefully removed the condom. She watched him intently as he did, still intrigued by the shiny, plastic sleeve. It was so strange to see one wrapped so easily around such a monster. Her gaze especially lingered on the pouch filled with seed at the very end. While it didn't quite sag under the weight as Flin's had, the sight revived her arousal again before it could even start to wane.

Tray tied the filled condom tight, then set it on his nightstand next to the others. That made the fifth fill of the afternoon, and he'd be damned if it was the last. This bitch was still glistening wet. He reached inside the box for another condom.

He smiled. "Haha... That was the last one..."

Irina gasped, unable to form a coherent response to the looming announcement. Despite her restraint just seconds ago, her heat dialed up to ten at his words, and she looked back at him with a mixture of desire and anxiety in her eyes. They should stop, she thought, but she also undeniably craved another session. She didn't know how much time they had left, but Tray hadn't stopped yet, and he said he would when it got close to three o' clock.

She knew it as soon as he said it: he was going to get his way.

Since when had she begun to trust him? She knew damn well how he operated. There was a good chance he was lying about not having another condom just to do her bareback. Still, her arousal did all the reasoning for her right now, twisting the facts to suit its goals. She couldn't have been the first woman to be in this place, in this situation. It made sense that Tray, who had as much sex as he did, might forget that his box was running low.

So, instead of telling him off, she sank her head back into her crossed arms on the mattress, raising her ass at him as she kept staring at him wantonly. His flaccid dick grew to full mast in mere moments, and he shuffled toward her on his knees.

He wasn't about to stop. She didn't want him to.

However, he didn't penetrate her from behind again like she expected.

"Turn around," he ordered. "I want to see your face."

She did as she was told. Her orgasm had worn off enough for her to move on her own accord again, though with a little trembling. Once she was on her back, she sucked in air through her teeth, not expecting the change in position to feel as salacious as it did. His cock swayed heavily over her stomach, lined up with her entrance as it throbbed in anticipation, and her legs parted on her own in kind. She tore her gaze away somehow, biting her lip as it slithered all the way up Tray's

muscular body, stopping at his face. For the first time, she'd be able to look at him as he had his way with her -- not through the mirror, but with her own two eyes.

Not wasting another moment, he grabbed her waist to prop her up, then drew his hips back. She cooed as the underside of his manhood slid along her belly, drawing a trail of precum all the way to her bush. In his grip, she could do nothing but watch it hover a hair's breadth from her pussy. The fat head breathed again, expanding and contracting steadily as he took the shaft in one hand, inching it closer and closer...

When it tapped her wet lips, her eyes shot up to meet his, almost by instinct. He pressed forward, breaching her in one slow motion.

"Ahhhn!"

"Oh, wow..."

Tray's dripping moan contrasted with her loud, dirty scream. He kept pushing, splitting her inner walls until bottoming out. Her legs quivered as she got used to his huge cock all over again. It felt worlds different in missionary, and those differences were only heightened by the lack of a condom. Just not having that micrometer of plastic between him and her made her more sensitive to the feel of his intimate heat. His velvety head snuggled up to her cervix, no doubt spewing precum as always. She could hardly worry about the risk, though. She glanced down and, with a look of stupefied amazement, saw the bulge in her tummy where Tray filled her -- an anatomical anomaly. She had only been able to imagine what it looked like during doggystyle.

Tray wasn't faring much better in this position. She was somehow even tighter now, likely because of the angle. She clamped down on him so much it kind of hurt. That didn't mean it felt bad -- far from it. He just didn't know how well he could endure this kind of heaven. It was like her body had been specifically made to challenge his lifelong confidence in bed.

It was a challenge he was willing to take.

He pulled out of his first stroke, but her pussy didn't make it easy. A slick, fleshy sound resonated through the whole room as he slid from her, which got a moan from both of them. Soon, it was joined by a lewd cadence of slaps as he began to fuck her again.

She tried to hold back her moans. She really did. She squeezed her eyes shut, clenched her teeth, and closed off her throat with all the willpower she had. The breath she'd taken caught inside, and her head was so light she feared she'd black out. She couldn't make so much as a peep as she went limp on the bed, entirely at Tray's mercy.

But the pressure was building.

She felt it rumbling from her chest, boiling against her throat like a pot of water left too long under the lid. She held her breath as long as she could, but the effort was in vain. As soon as she opened her mouth again...

"Fuck! Oh my god! Yes! Don't stop! FUCK ME!" Her illicit pleas -- the ones she'd been suppressing since the sex began -- burst out amidst an onslaught of shrieking cries. She arched her back as she was gifted yet another orgasm, basking in the explosive waves of pleasure that came with each of Tray's strokes.

That was it. She said it. She admitted it with all her being. She loved how sex felt with Tray. In her shaking ecstasy, she managed to make eye contact with Tray, eyes glazed over with sated tears.

Was that good enough for him?

He answered by fucking her harder, faster. He leaned ever so slightly closer, giving himself more leverage as he used Irina like a fleshlight. *"Nhh... You like that dick, don't you?"*

Of course he wanted more than that. And in her current, shameless condition, she couldn't possibly deny him. *"I love it, I love it...! Ah! Just...Mmm! Please don't stop!"*

"You want it again, huh?"

"Yes! Keep fucking meeee!"

He grunted, speeding up again. His thrusts became erratic and labored, and his twitches got more and more frequent. Irina's eyes widened as she felt the undeniable sensation of his head flaring up inside her, drawn back from her high to lucid reality as he announced it with gritted teeth:

"I'm gonna cum. Tell me where you want it, slut."

So *that* was it. He wanted her to give herself fully to him. To grant him permission to ruin her, to do what nature intended.

She couldn't deny she was tempted. That very same nature was tickling her mind, too, trying to activate her instincts. *It's a safe day*, it tempted. Fortunately -- by some divine miracle -- she resisted the urge to lock her legs around his torso and hold him in. Perhaps it was that her orgasm had come just seconds too soon, and she'd had enough reason afterward, however small, to see sense. She didn't care that it was a safe day. She had a sneaking suspicion that with Tray, it wouldn't matter.

Besides, that right still belonged to Flin.

As she so often did, she settled on a compromise. "N-not- *ah!* Not inside! Cum on me! *Please!*"

He obliged despite his disappointment. He'd just gotten unlucky today. Although she was clearly wavering, he wouldn't push this until she was absolutely broken. Sex with regrets always left a sour taste in his mouth. There was always next time. And he *knew* there would be a next time.

His growl hit a lusty forte, and he pulled out in one quick stroke, holding his pulsating cock at the base as it erupted. She let out a winding moan and watched rope after rope of hot, white seed land on her belly and chest. She couldn't help but stare up at the man in awe as she witnessed the feat. These shots were unbelievably powerful even for him -- even the cum he'd covered her face and filled her mouth with hadn't pumped so hard. She would've choked on it if it had. Did her pussy feel that great? On top of that, how were his condoms able to handle such ferocious treatment? How was Flin's?

Could *she*?

As her mouth hung open, Tray's dick spasmed again, launching yet another string all the way across her face and tongue. She yelped in surprise, but the taste and her shock quickly became further fuel for her arousal. She shifted forward on her back, lifted her hips up, and gyrated them up and down, gliding her pussy lips along his lengthy shaft. He gasped at the sudden, athletic move, and his weakening orgasm exploded again, sending four more strands onto her already plastered body.

After this second cumshot subsided, he let out a satisfied grunt and slumped over on his knees, laying his softening length across her navel. The two of them laughed in the quiet aftermath, both still overwhelmed by what they'd done. The room now thoroughly stank of sex, and the sheets were soaked through by sweat and ejaculate.

Tray could do nothing but gaze upon his own handiwork, once again enraptured by her beauty. She lay back with her arms and legs spread over the mattress, convulsing slowly as the effects of her own orgasm lingered. Her eyes were glued shut by his cum, and a wide, happy smile spread across her face. The sight couldn't have been more fulfilling as a man. She had given into the pleasure he'd provided, losing herself in ravishment.

A grin grew on his own face. He'd given her more than that wimp ever could, that was for sure.

Though he felt a little dizzy from how spent he was, he let go of her waist and shuffled closer, straddling her with his semi erect dick inches from her face. She wiped her eyes off and opened them, looking up at him curiously, but said nothing.

"Look what you did to me..." he muttered. "Come on, clean it all up..."

Disgusting.

That was the first thing she thought upon realizing what he wanted her to do. His cock was lathered in her juices, and the cap still leaked the last remnants of his cumshot. It was filthy.

Within a second, she had it in her mouth anyway. The flavor made her head spin all over again -- a potent mix of sweet and salty, the natural result of the union between his sex and her own. She'd never tasted pussy before, let alone her own, but it didn't stop her. She wasn't done with him until she was sure he was spent.

There was more in there. He couldn't fool her.

Sure enough, soon after she began slobbering on his head, he grunted, twitched, and two more globs of cum rolled out onto her tongue. Though they were much smaller than the full load, just one of them was still more than her husband had ever released during his own climaxes. She wasn't disappointed in him for being less virile. This man was just abnormally so, a fact that she'd come to find quite hot.

After polishing him off, she popped her lips from his head, and they both sighed in relief.

Now they were done.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" Tray chuckled. Her eyes refocused as if realizing the true gravity of what she'd done, and she huffed, throwing her head back.

"...I shouldn't have done that."

"But you enjoyed it. That's nothing to be ashamed of, Rina."

She didn't respond as she sat up, looking at herself. He wasn't wrong. She wouldn't have let him cover her this way if she didn't want him to. Hell, it was why she'd come here. To tie off a pesky little loose end. To be satisfied.

And satisfied she was. Somehow, she felt even warmer in his fluids than her own clothes. Still, she couldn't exactly go home like this.

"Can I...Can I use your shower?" she asked.

"By all means. Just don't expect me to join you. I'm all out. And I mean me, not the box."

By god. He actually got a genuine giggle out of her with that.

She took her sweet time in the bathroom, and in all honesty, she was glad he didn't join. If he'd made a move on her in there, she couldn't say with confidence that she would've been able to stop him. She was still reorienting herself as the hot water ran down her skin. The cum slid off her with ease, but as usual, the sticky, dirty feeling was much harder to get off. Even when her skin was completely smooth again, she swore she could still feel his warmth settled in her pores, too deep to clean out.

When the water dripped to a stop, she found herself thinking of Maddie. Tray was right. She had no right to judge her, especially after today. Who knew what kind of tricks that man had played on her to pry her away from Kanan's loving arms? She probably understood the consequences of her affair more than anyone, and as much as Irina hated to admit it, what the girl said yesterday was right in the end. She *did* feel better after having sex with Tray. Her body was sated, and her mind moved at the proper speed again.

It was a familiar feeling. Of course it was. She had fully relapsed, only this time, she wasn't delusional enough to deny it.

She headed down the stairs back to the foyer, and Tray was already there waiting for her. He was back in his suit, and she in her red dress. It was like nothing had happened between them. The sole giveaway that anything had was the clock on the wall reading two thirty.

They were done earlier than expected, but she hardly cared right now. Minus the time she spent in the shower, they'd been fucking nonstop for over an hour. Just the idea of it was surreal. Flin had never lasted more than a few minutes, let alone through multiple cumshots.

"Well... I'd say we both had fun. Am I wrong?"

"Do you really have to rub it in?" she hissed. He simply smirked with a raised eyebrow in response, and she realized she'd fallen into yet another trap. "Look. It was fun, okay?" she admitted before he could say anything cheeky. "But this really is the last time. I've got a marriage to get back to. A family to build. You can be as proud as you want for 'conquering' me or whatever, but that's not going to change. I only said what I did earlier in the heat of the moment."

"That you'd let me fuck you again?"

"N-no. I mean- yes! This was a one-time thing!"

"You mean two-time."

"Stop it! You know damn well what you did to me! That first time doesn't count...!" she could barely hold back her tears as she tried desperately to defend herself. Unfortunately, all this really did was dig herself deeper into a hole. She knew deep down that every word coming out of her mouth, no matter how right or rational, was a lie.

He clearly knew it, too. "Of course, of course. You hurry on back to Flin, now. Be happy with him. I hope that you can..."

She stared at him for a split second, then pushed past him and out the door. She didn't know why he let her do it. He could've kept her in there with just an ounce of his strength, called her bluff just one more time. It might've been enough.

"See you later!" he called after her.

She quickened her pace.

Backing out of Tray's driveway, she glanced at the front door just once and saw him standing there waving. The smile on his face was calm and collected, just as knowing as ever. She felt him again in that instant -- his length, his girth, his veins coursing with hot blood as he took her. She'd gotten out just in time.

On the forty-minute drive home, she almost drew blood as she bit her lip, shifting over and over in the driver's seat. There was no down time in her arousal. No emptiness, no leftover frustration as she'd come to expect. Alone, she couldn't possibly reject the truth.

She didn't know what was worse: that she'd have to lie to Flin again, or that she was one-hundred-one percent coming back for more.

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Flin arrived back home about an hour after Irina did.

She was kicking herself a little over it when she heard his car rolling down the cul de sac. She'd been so meticulously worried about what would happen if he got back before she did, and for that reason, she'd ended her date with Tray much earlier than she needed to. She probably could've gotten at least thirty more minutes with him. Given how far they'd already gone, she might as well have gotten as much as she possibly could've from their last session.

Too late now. Besides, it was a good enough experience. A memory she'd file away with all the others now that she'd had her fun.

Of course, her sense of responsibility had taken back the wheel once she got back. It whispered all kinds of sweet lies into her brain, telling her she could resist her impulses with time for Flin's sake -- that, despite how undeniably horny Tray made her, today's affair could really be their last if she just decided it be so. She knew none of it was true, but it felt good to listen, to put what she would inevitably do later on the backburner. She was too far gone, but the least she could do for her husband was pretend she was still the proper wife he'd married.

Wasn't it?

When she came to meet him at the front door, she feared that this facade would shatter instantly upon seeing his face. Instead, she found it easier than ever to hold up. After all, she was essentially acting out the role she'd lived for almost six years.

"Welcome back, babe!" she chimed.

"Glad to be back," he smiled, grunting as he slung his bag under the coatrack. He pulled her close by the waist and met her with a soft kiss. She kissed him back, and he didn't notice a thing wrong.

Breath mints. And *lots* of toothpaste. Her saviors, yet again.

"How was work?"

"Oh, same as usual. Nothing special. We're winding down for the holidays, actually, so maybe a little less busy than usual."

"You sure? You still look a bit tired. That asshole isn't mistreating you again, is he?"

"No, no. Well, Tray's still a dickhead if that's what you're wondering. But he hasn't been any worse lately. The best I can do is just...you know, duck my head and pretend he doesn't exist. Until I'm called to his office, that is."

She still didn't appreciate him for ignoring her advice all those months ago. If he'd stood up for himself a bit more, none of this would've happened. Still, what was

done was done, and judging by his growing glower, talking about that man was clearly souring the bright mood he'd come home with. "Enough about him. Sorry. I shouldn't have brought him up. I just can't help but worry..."

"It's fine, I get it. I did dump a lot of drama on you last week," he laughed, though he couldn't fully hide how much he was still hurting. "How about I take a shower real quick? I was actually feeling a walk, if you're down. It's been a while."

"Um, actually..." she hummed, grabbing him by his coat sleeve. "Why don't you skip the shower for now and we walk tomorrow? I'm kinda lazy today. Sorry."

A lie, unless "lazy" meant "sore as hell."

"Oh, okay. Are you alright? You look kind of tired..."

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just wanna crash on the couch for a bit with you. I've been so sluggish lately, and I don't know why..." Her womb buzzed, mocking the haphazard fib, but she smothered it away by subtly squeezing her thighs. Upholding a gentler truth for Flin was all that mattered. Without any resistance, she led him to the couch and collapsed side-by-side with him as she desired, nuzzling her face into his shoulder. He was a bit fresh, but she didn't mind his scent at the moment. It tickled her mind in just the right way, not overwhelming it like Tray's musk had earlier.

He reached for the remote and put on some TV behind them, though it quickly faded to white noise. They sighed into each other, basking in the quiet, simple beauty of being together.

As they did, though, she found herself staring confusedly at the ceiling fan. She'd just cheated on the love of her life -- for real this time -- yet, as she cuddled up to him on the couch, all she felt for the man was love. Maybe even more than before. How was this possible?

She tried to find the guilt she was once so ridden with, the shame that she'd come to know so well. They should've been natural in this position.

She didn't feel anything.

Her conscience was dead.

And she was happy.

She closed her eyes and pressed into her husband's shoulder once more, holding him tight so that he would never go away. He responded by tightening his own arms around her and smooching her hair.

Her heart leapt. They were both happy. Just like she wanted.

Before she knew it, she was convulsing quietly against him, trying to stifle her sobs. He loosened his grip and looked down at her, face full of worry. "Woah, woah. Why are you crying, Rina? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I just love you so much."

She mashed her lips suddenly to his, and though he let out a muffled grunt of surprise, he quickly accepted her advance. They made out on the couch together like there was no tomorrow, minutes passing them by until they became hours. The light of late afternoon went dim, then orange without them batting an eye. Sometimes they kissed hard, others more softly; however, no matter what, they couldn't bring themselves to stop.

Irina was sure of it now: what she'd done today hadn't changed how she felt at all. She still wanted nothing more than to be with this man. So what if it took sex with Tray every now and then to clear her head?

She almost laughed at the thought. She wasn't so different from Laila after all. But if it felt like this, maybe it wasn't such a bad thing.

As she sank deeper and deeper into their long, long kiss, she felt Flin's fingers begin to wander more naughtily. Naturally, his cock began to firm up against her stomach, too. Though she didn't mind his touch, she pulled away from him and caught one

hand before it could grab her ass. "No, not right now. I just...want to kiss a while longer. Is that okay?"

He just gave her that winning smile as usual, not questioning her decision. "Of course."

They resumed their intense yet wholesome makeout session, and the growing hardness in Flin's pants gradually subsided. She buried her disappointment -- it wasn't like she didn't want to fuck him this instant. It was just a risk she couldn't take for the time being. Who knew what she'd feel like to him after how badly Tray had tunneled her out today? Who knew how he would feel *in* her? She needed time to recover, for her pussy to fill in all that empty space -- if that was even possible.

They kissed for an eternity more before they finally got too tired to continue. They met each other's gazes, getting lost in each other's eyes in the darkening living room, breathing heavily as the weight of the day left them both. As usual, Flin began to drift off long before Irina did.

When she felt sleep start to take her too, one thought more than any other resonated in her head, no longer stopped short by that pesky, useless conscience.

This.

This could work.

===

Tray growled in satisfaction as the barbell clanged down on the rack. Right away, that incomparable, floaty sensation of blood coursing in his head washed over him -- the sensation of accomplishment.

He'd hit a personal record today. In more ways than one.

As he wiped his forehead off with a towel, he checked his phone for probably the twentieth time that minute. No messages or calls had come -- yet. He logged his new

bench PB on his notes app -- five plates -- and turned the screen off again, waiting patiently for the inevitable.

He was still enjoying the afterglow of today's sex even hours after the fact. He'd been debating it after she invited him over to her house last week, but today made him sure beyond a shadow of a doubt: she was the best lay he'd ever had. And to think, he almost forgot about their meeting time! He'd actually been in the middle of his routine, so focused on his lifts that the dinner and dining room he prepared practically slipped from his mind.

Not that it mattered. Though he was caught off guard, the date had gone down exactly as he'd dreamed of all those months ago: with her bent over on his bed, screaming for his cock like the bitch he'd always known she was.

He chuckled at the memory. Honestly, she was quite dangerous. If she started calling for him more often -- *when* she did -- he wouldn't be able to resist taking all these days off specifically to fuck her. Once a week was one thing, but everyone at the company would start getting suspicious if he took more.

Fine by him. It was worth it.

Throwing the towel over his shoulder, he made his way up the stairs and into the bathroom. He turned the shower on, but he paused a while before getting in. As the hot water ran and filled the room with steam, he found himself admiring his own bare body in the foggy mirror. He glanced again at the phone turned screen-down on the vanity.

He was in the endgame now. He could feel it, and Irina definitely could, too. This was his favorite phase of all for one simple reason.

He didn't have to do anything anymore. Not one thing. No blackmail, no coercion, no silly little games and deals. After so much careful conditioning, this was when he got to lay back and enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Not every woman took this long to break in. Most of his female employees relented quickly, and even those that didn't usually caved within a month. Really, the only two at KF Designs who'd impressed him so far were Irina and Maddie. The loving types were the most fun to steal -- they always had been, and they always would be for every day he had left in the world.

After getting out of the shower, he checked his phone again and lit up at a notification only to then see it was just one of his past conquests. Apparently, she was in town again, and she asked if he wanted to meet and "catch up."

A faint smile cracked across his face as he idly answered.

[Sure, it's been a while. Wanna have a drink at my place tonight?]

Might as well, he thought. All the women he'd ever shown the light to were absolute stunners. Like hell he'd throw them away just because the most fun part of the process was over. Besides, tonight was cause for celebration. Though he'd cum six times in rapid succession just a few hours ago, he was already down for more.

He suited up, prepped the bedroom and dining room for another visitor, and waited. He kept his phone on him all the while, but still nothing.

His second date rang the doorbell while he was staring at Irina's contact. He couldn't help it. She was his current target, after all. Still, he opened the door for the newcomer, ready to please yet another woman in need. Patience was key. Patience.

The one standing before him now was a curvy, smoking hot redhead in a sparkly cocktail dress. He'd met her ten years ago as an executive at another random company, setting his sights on her the moment they made eye contact. She was a married woman back then -- needless to say, not anymore. Time and age had only boosted her allure tenfold. Just at a glance, she now had a demure, dignified aspect that even her past, younger self couldn't have hoped to match.

"Sam! Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?"

"Oh, come off it, Tray. You know why I'm here," she shook her head, smiling. "But yes. I knew you lived around here, and I figured I might as well stop by. For old time's sake."

"Nothing like the old treatment, eh?"

"Hey! You want me here or not?"

They both laughed, slipping into their old dynamic as if it had only been yesterday. Tray always remembered what kinds of people his best conquests were. He figured they'd earned at least that much.

Just as he let Sam in, his phone buzzed wildly in his pocket. He broke into a smirk as he took it out and read the caller's name.

His date turned in the hallway, batting her eyelashes as she stared at him curiously. "You coming or what?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Just lemme take this real quick. I'll be right in to serve you."

She cracked her own grin. "Well, alright. Let me know when you're finished with your new toy..."

Alone in the foyer, he pressed the green button and brought the phone to his ear.

Irina was hanging by just one thread now. All that was left was to wait for the right moment, then cut it.

And then, finally, she'd be his.

===

The next four weeks were what Irina could only describe as bliss. Pure, mindless bliss.

While she had every intention of going back for more sex, she hadn't known when she did that calling Tray after their first true date would spark a chain reaction there was no turning back from. They scheduled another meetup at his house that Wednesday, just two days after that steamy afternoon.

As planned, she showed up at his front door right on time while her husband was at work. She stared up into his eyes from the front porch for a drawn-out second before sighing.

"One more time."

"One more time," he agreed.

She went inside. Not long after, he did, too.

And so the cycle went. She would call, he would answer, they would meet, and once all was said and done, she would call again that evening to make another appointment. At first, she tried to keep it in moderation, as was her wifely duty. She only met with him every other day that first week, the last being Friday. She couldn't do weekends for obvious reasons. If Flin questioned her now of all times, her facade would crumble.

It was the Monday of that second week when she realized she couldn't hold back anymore, not even slightly.

"*AHHHH! OH, YES, TRAY! FUCK MEEEEEE!*" she screamed, lost in her orgasm as she rode Tray as hard as she could. He grunted, spasmed, and filled the condom within her not soon after, and they spent the next few minutes recovering together, her still sitting all the way down on his cock.

"Hey," he eventually grumbled. "Wanna meet up tomorrow? I can take longer lunch breaks, and we can do it then. Although we will have less time..."

Coming down from her high, she knew the right thing was to say no. Two days in a row was just too much. It was too suspicious. Flin would start to talk again, and she didn't know how long she could pretend to know nothing of it.

But Tray had just given her yet another day full of orgasm after orgasm, so despite it all, she said yes.

Tuesday came.

One more time.

Then Wednesday. Thursday. Might as well add Friday.

One more time. One more time. One more time.

She didn't know when she stopped bothering to say it at his doorstep. Each time she went was like an out-of-body experience, as though she was being taken over by primal desire and watching her own body from the sidelines. Yet, afterwards, the fulfillment she felt was undoubtedly her own. Once she agreed to meet him that second day, she had doomed herself into fucking Tray five days a week.

When she had the free time to think about it, it was strange. He took so much time to get her to the point of even reluctantly letting him inside her, but once she did --once he broke past that invisible barrier at long last -- it took almost none at all for her to submit to his will. She'd slipped from a slope into a sheer cliff, and now she was in freefall. She didn't even want to know how many condoms she'd made him fill by the end of the second week alone.

As for her husband, weekends became the time she designated to him. They were off days for her as much as they were for Flin. Though she always showed him affection during the week, her initial plan ended up completely upside down -- she had sex with him in moderation instead of Tray, still worrying that she'd be noticeably loose those evenings. There wasn't much sense in it -- if she was loose, waiting until the

weekends to make love to her own husband hardly hid anything -- but it was the best she could think of.

One thing was absolutely for sure, though: she didn't feel him anymore. There was no denying it. Cruel as it was to admit, she hadn't cum from his intimacy in a long, long while. That still made her sad, but she never had the heart to tell him as she played up her moans. Besides, it wasn't like she was getting nothing from their sex.

He was still the love of her life. Knowing he desired her sated her soul whether or not her body came.

Even so, she did sometimes get lost in thought at night as she lay by her sleeping husband.

Would any of this have happened if he was as well-endowed as Tray?

She always swept the idea aside before sleep came to her, but she still wondered. It quietly loitered around in her dreams, coming back night after night, again and again.

As the days went on, her afternoons with Tray only left her more charged, and she gradually stopped being as careful, letting Flin take her even on the evenings after she was pounded senseless. Her fear that he would feel any difference whatsoever was immediately quashed -- he came even quicker from their lovemaking now that she was more experienced, though he didn't seem to notice. He could barely last a minute when she used her mouth on him now, and though he still couldn't drive her to orgasm, the enjoyment she once reserved exclusively for him began to rekindle under all the pressure. Very slowly, even that one small drawback to her affair was starting to disappear.

Thus, her sex life with her husband was once again entirely dictated by her encounters with Tray. This time, she didn't mind. She had everything she wanted: a happy husband, and happiness herself.

On her seventh or eighth date with Tray -- she'd lost count of which she was on by then -- she walked into his house expecting yet another "normal" afternoon of violent sex. She froze upon seeing a familiar figure walking down the stairs.

"Oh my gosh! Hi, Irina!"

She recognized Maddie's voice before she did her face. Tray had already given her a facial, leaving it wholly unidentifiable.

"Oh, uh... Hi," she stammered. The girl walked up to her and Tray casually with his cum still on her face, her beaming smile still visible beneath.

"He told me about your little meetings. I figured I might as well pop by..."

Irina opened her mouth to respond but couldn't find the words, leading to an awkward silence. How was Maddie acting like nothing was wrong? The last time they'd seen each other hadn't really been pleasant. She'd caught her at exactly the wrong time at the grocery store, back when she was still trying her very best to be a good wife. A good woman. A good person.

Back when she'd still been resisting.

Maddie's smile softened. "Honey, I'm not mad at you," she reassured. "It's hard for me to hold a grudge, especially for someone in the same boat as me. So please don't worry, okay?"

Irina just looked at her blankly. What a selfish bitch. That wasn't what she was conflicted about at all. She couldn't stand being reminded of her old self -- a self that, until very recently, she'd done her very best to maintain. At the same time, though, she wanted to get to know this girl. Now that she was no better than her, she wanted to know what she'd gone through, how she'd coped with all these changes.

As she was about to offer an apology, Tray stepped between them and placed a hand on their shoulders, grinning smugly. "Actions speak louder than words, Maddie. Why don't you two make up in my room?"

Before either of them could react, he scooped them up with one arm each, hoisting both women over his shoulders with ease. Irina yelped. Maddie giggled playfully. Neither resisted as he carried them up the stairs.

As soon as he kicked open his bedroom door and threw them on the bed together, the tension Irina was feeling earlier evaporated. She looked up and met Maddie's eyes. The girl's smile faded into something more intense, more heartfelt. She felt herself softening as well, and after a few moments of staring, she realized their faces had grown so close they were practically touching. She didn't pull away. Maddie, in turn, slowly took her head with two hands and closed the distance.

Right away, a familiar flavor washed over her tongue. Strawberries, spit, cum. Nothing else tasted quite so much like lust -- like pure, passionate sex. She couldn't help but kiss back, lips mashing and tongues dancing.

Tray chuckled as he watched, undoing his belt. He was right to get these two back together again. Not only did they have so much in common, but they also worked together on him better than any other duo he'd had.

His pants fell to the floor, and his cock sprang free. As they kissed, Irina watched Maddie's eyes fixate on the hypermasculine organ. Their lust only deepened, becoming something far more ravenous. Her own gaze locked onto it as well, and her heat raged fully to life, making her mewl.

She finally realized what had happened to them -- why she'd once been made so uneasy by how this girl acted around this man.

Addiction. They were both hopelessly addicted to him.

He inched just that little bit closer, spearing through their makeout session. They continued through it, smothering their spit all over the shaft invading their space like it was a lollipop to be shared. Seeing that they weren't opposed, he began to move his hips back and forth, fucking between their lips.

He groaned almost immediately. It didn't take long for him to harden all the way, and by then, they were doing all the work, licking, kissing, and sucking as they'd once done in his office. This was paradise.

As much as he loved it, however, he'd done this before. He withdrew from their mouths, reveling in their confused expressions as they both looked up at him.

"Maddie," he announced. "Lay down."

She smiled and did as she was told, removing her shirt and pants without question. She fell back onto the mattress with her legs spread, and Tray took a step closer to line himself up with her sex.

Irina just stayed out of the way and watched. She felt a tad jealous he'd chosen her first, but mostly, she was intrigued. The size difference should've made this impossible.

However...

"*Ahhhhh!*" Maddie squealed as Tray pressed forward, steadily entering her just as he did with Irina. Before long, slapping filled the room as he pistoned in and out of the poor girl, though the sounds she made scarcely indicated any objection.

"*Ohhh....! Oh, yeah! Hit it like that, like that! Oh- oh shit- uuugghhhhhhHHHH!*"

Her back arched as she shivered violently. Irina's hand flew to her mouth as she watched Tray bring her to orgasm in the blink of an eye, thinking back to her own climaxes. Did they all look like this?

Tray hilted as deep as he could, growling as Maddie shuddered all over his cock. Sure enough, he couldn't bottom in her out given how small she was, but the act of them fucking still looked obscene, much like her blowjob had. He might as well have been a literal giant in comparison to her. His manhood alone was almost as girthy as one of her calves, and each thrust bowed her legs unnaturally as he stretched her apart like a wishbone. It looked quite dangerous, actually. However, after her shivering subsided, he just kept fucking her, and she never once complained. It was beautiful in a grotesque, disturbing kind of way.

Eventually, Tray slowed and pulled away from her, turning to Irina. She heard it pop from the girl's twitching hole, shivering a little herself as she gazed at the penis slicked in juices.

She was ready. Right now, she wanted nothing else.

Maddie laughed through her heavy breaths as she quickly recovered. It seemed she was already quite used to that rough treatment. "Mr. Paller tells me you're a real special case. Go on, boss. Show me."

"You heard her," Tray chuckled. "Spread."

Mirroring the girl's earlier eagerness, Irina obeyed, flopping on her back without even bothering to take her dress off. Tray shuffled near her, pushed aside her panties, and breached her in one swift motion.

"Mmmnnh!" she moaned, pursing her lips. Her pussy molded naturally to his shape now. It was the only thing that made her truly feel good anymore -- the only thing that fulfilled her. As he started to thrust -- as those impacts against her cervix began -- she threw her head back, crying in ecstasy once more as she squinted up at the man taking her so thoroughly.

Maddie whistled. "Well I'll be damned! You really can take the whole thing all at once!" She shifted into Irina's view, watching Tray with her. His eyes were glazed

over as his jaw hung agape, focused entirely on his current task. "Shit, you must feel really good, too..."

He sped up at her cooing encouragement, which then made Irina moan harder. She never expected to be part of a threesome, nor for it to feel so good. Maddie's presence only heightened her sensations. It was an unforeseen side effect of being watched. She didn't care anymore how filthy it was, nor that Tray wasn't wearing a condom -- her mind didn't even register that the dick stretching her inner walls now had just been inside another woman. If anything, the extra juices just lubricated him, letting Irina feel his length even more intimately.

Yes, she was enjoying it without issue. That was, until the minx decided to take it just a little further.

"I bet you wanna cum in her, don't you?"

The question rang through the air like a bolt from the blue. Irina's eyes shot open.

She knew instantly what she was doing.

Stop, stop, stop. Please don't egg him on, she frantically thought. She wanted to say it, but Tray wasn't slowing down, and she was too busy moaning to form a coherent sentence.

"Look at me, Tray," Maddie continued, gently turning his face to hers with a hand. His drying cum still shone dully on her cheeks. "You wanna fill her up?"

"Ngh... Don't...be ridiculous. Of course I- Uhn! Do..."

She leaned close, whispering into her ear. "Fill her up, then."

He sucked in air through his teeth and, to Irina's horror, sped up. She recognized all the telltale signs of his impending release -- erratic strokes, rapid breathing, rumbling contractions rippling through his entire member. Genuine panic surged through her at the realization of her current position.

Panic, and something else.

Desperate, she opened her mouth again to try and put a stop to this. "*Ahhh...! D-don... OOOOH! Fuuuuuuuck...!*"

Nothing. She still couldn't manage anything that would snap him out of it.

Her eyes shot to Maddie, begging for mercy as much as they were asking why the hell she was doing this. The girl's impish smile only deepened. Irina groaned in something between betrayal and wanton pleasure, caught between mind and body. She should've known better than to trust this devil. She wanted to see her ruined.

With nowhere else left to go, her gaze finally turned back to Tray. His face twisted into an uneasy grimace, and he began to throb uncontrollably, veins pumping within her like an array of pipes about to burst.

She had seconds. Seconds before her life changed for good.

She stared up at him, eyes wide, frenzied, pleading.

Pleading for him to not listen.

Pleading for him to not give into the moment.

Pleading for him to spare her from herself.

At last, he met her eyes and slammed all the way into her, pressing firmly up against her womb.

"Oh my god!" she groaned. She didn't dare look away from the man above her. She couldn't. A part of herself resigned her fate in that moment -- whatever happened now was up to him. She'd done all she could. She was not responsible.

A growl bubbled in his throat. His cock head flared, and his balls dragged up the skin of her ass preemptively, ready to let their supply loose. All he had to do was let go.

He gritted his teeth, locked his hands tight around her waist, and, letting out a grunt...

He pulled out.

The instant his tip left her pussy, it spewed a thick, pungent rope all the way across her dress and face. The trio on the bed all moaned together at the sight, mesmerized. It was his most powerful cumshot yet. About a dozen more strings followed before, with a hitched grunt, he was done.

Irina stared down her body as she caught her breath. Her hand idly wandered down to her pussy and then back up to her eyes for inspection. She checked the clear wetness for any signs of white -- any at all -- before sighing in relief.

That was way too close.

Still, as she looked on, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of disappointment. The part of herself that had resigned in that moment saw all that cum as a waste. The virile genetic material streaked across her dress and chin in perfect, unbroken lines. Was it even possible for all of that to be concentrated in a single womb...?

Reading her conflicted expression, Maddie giped playfully. "Aw... That's too bad..."

Irina glared, but her face settled sooner than later, and she didn't end up talking back.

The end of the afternoon went mostly the same as all the others. The three of them each headed to a different shower in Tray's big house and cleaned up before heading back downstairs. By the time Irina arrived at the front door, Maddie was already there alone with Tray nowhere to be seen.

She stood on the last step awkwardly before the girl noticed her and smiled brightly as always. "Wanna grab a coffee on Wednesday? There's a lot I wanna talk about."

Irina wanted to balk at her. Even now, this girl had absolutely no shame despite what she'd just tried to do. However, she quickly found that she couldn't bring herself to deny her offer.

That's right. She was like her now, so it was probably for the best that they made up anyway. They would be seeing a lot more of each other from now on, after all. She nodded reluctantly at Maddie's question, then shakily offered her phone.

"Here. My contact."

"Okay... Aaaaand...there!" she chirped, bouncing as she copied down the number. "I'll let you know where. It'll be so much fun!"

Irina stared at her for a second before shimmying past her and out the door. "I have to go. Tell Tray I already headed home."

She turned back only once to see her respond. Her smile remained painted on her face, friendly, unbreaking, and yet somehow vacant -- like an addict crashing after getting their fix for the day.

The girl's voice chimed along again, none the wiser. "Sure thing. See you soon!"

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A bell jingled above Irina's head as she went inside Rockings Cafe for the first time.

She recognized the place as soon as Maddie told her about it over the phone. It was a small restaurant tucked right next to the grocery store along with several other retailers lined along the shopping center. It was one of those places you passed by almost daily yet never actually took the time to go in -- a flavor building, there for the sake of being there and not much else.

To her surprise, Rockings was actually quite a cute place, especially considering how many cafes this city sported. Beige leather booths, red and white checkered floors, rock music blaring from overhead speakers -- it was a bit dated, but in the charming,

old-timey way. She could imagine her parents meeting for the first time in a spot like this before they became the prudish assholes she'd disowned.

She could only admire the scenery before she spotted Maddie's curly hair turned away in one of the booths. She headed right over, and the girl spun around like she saw in radar.

"There you are! I was hoping Tray wouldn't keep you too long today..."

"Shhhh!" Irina pressed a finger to her lips, eyes darting side to side to search the establishment. It was a vain gesture -- aside from the few patrons dotted around here and there, it was practically dead in here.

She sat down and sighed as she finally registered Maddie's words. It was true -- as always, she'd stopped by Tray's for a while before coming here. Her happiness took priority, after all. "We were actually done early," she explained. "Where were you? I thought you said you'd be joining us more often."

"You missed me that much? You're so sweet!" she giggled. Irina blushed, and she only giggled harder. "Well, I did, but actually, I had some errands to run. I won't be able to make it every time. Glad to see you had a good one again, though."

They both laughed quietly for a while before a server came to take their orders. Irina ordered an iced latte, and Maddie nothing at all. After the server left, a heavy silence grew between them.

It only lasted a few seconds before Irina got fed up with it.

"Why'd you try to get Tray to cum in me the other day?" she hissed under her breath. The rock music blared over her words, shrouding them from the rest of the cafe.

"Cutting right to it? Bold," Maddie said. "You're not on the pill?"

"No, you idiot! My husband and I are trying to have a baby!"

"Oh. I'm sorry. I just figured..." She stopped, then sighed. "Gah. Who am I kidding? No point in lying to you anymore. Truth is, Irina, I think Tray's better for you. Better for all of us, if I'm being totally honest." She turned her head out the window and to the parking lot, gaze growing distant. "If my scrawny-ass body could handle it, I'd have had his babies by now, too. It kills me a little to have to use birth control..."

Irina couldn't believe herself. She'd just felt a flicker of sympathy for this girl of all people.

"It's so hot when he knocks one of us up... If you saw it, you'd agree for sure."

...And it was gone. "Well, that's great, but I'll pass. Thanks for the offer."

The server came back with Irina's latte, and she took a prolonged sip before the booth sank back into silence. She averted her gaze from Maddie, but she still felt her eyes, not to mention that knowing smile.

"...What does it feel like, though?" she blurted, relenting to the pressure.

Maddie went on with a smile as though she knew she would break. "It's hard to describe with words. When he does it... How do I say... It's warm. And it's a lot. You think you're full now? Just wait." She leaned back in her booth, sighing longingly. "I guess, the best way to put it is... It feels kinda like you're made for it, y'know? It might be scary, but you should let him finish in you one day. Believe me. It's worth it."

"I can't," Irina mumbled, giving the rote response. "I'm married. I love Flin. I can't do that to him."

"God, you've gone this far and you're *still* on him? He values Kanan's stupid company over you. Why else would he have invited Tray over to your house knowing he would try to get in your pants? Irina, the guy's pathetic!"

"What- how did you-?" she stopped short of finishing her question. Of course Tray had told his secretary about their first encounter. "That's not how it was, Maddie. We talked about it beforehand, and I agreed. Your boss was forcing him to make a decision! It's not like we can live off nothing!"

"Sure. That's reasonable. But Irina, I'm pretty sure you've witnessed how Flin actually acts with Mr. Paller, right? He doesn't have a spine. He just goes along with everything. He'll let the boss humiliate him to his face if it means not risking his position."

Irina wanted to argue with her, but truth be told, she didn't have it in her anymore. She knew what she said was right, at least partially, and that was what hurt so much. Even so, that didn't make Flin a bad person. Far from it. He was just flawed like everyone, and he'd foolishly chosen to trust in her.

She didn't regret the days she spent with Tray as a result. She was beyond that now. But she still wanted to be with her love. She wanted her bodily needs to be met. Was it so wrong to have both? Why did this girl want her to choose so badly?

As tears welled up in her eyes, Maddie continued, trying to calm her down rationally -- whatever that meant at this point. "Now, look. Tray Paller is many things. A womanizer. An asshole. Some might even say a criminal. But neither you nor any of us can deny how hot he is, and if there's one more thing I've learned about him, it's that he never devalues his women. In fact, women are what he cherishes most about the world. He knows how good he is with them, and he can't stand to see even a single one left unfulfilled by a weak man. I promise you this: if it meant never being able to please even one of us again, he'd give up his chair in a heartbeat."

Irina shuddered in her booth at how matter-of-factly Maddie explained it all. There it was again: that phrase. *His* women. Not long ago, she would've felt a reflexive repulsion to it, but now, all it did was make her soaking wet.

Why? Was that all they were to Tray? Things to be collected? Did she truly like being treated as one?

As she pondered this, she finally asked the one question which had been on her mind since Flin told her the truth.

"What about Kanan? Why'd you leave him to die? You loved him, didn't you?"

Maddie just stared at her for a while. Irina was frozen the whole time, unable to even take another sip of her drink before the girl muttered an answer.

"You didn't know him that well, Irina. He wasn't all sunshine and rainbows as Flin's probably told you. He could be very cold. Very distant. Like your husband, all he ever really cared about was his dream company. It got to the point where I couldn't take it anymore, and when I met Tray..." She searched for the right words for a while before she huffed and rolled her eyes. "God. I still feel bad about what happened, okay? But what's done is done. I can't change that. I can only do what's best for me now."

Irina couldn't believe what she was hearing. This was a person who could not admit any wrongdoing. She had barely coped at all.

She supposed she should start learning from her example.

"You're a good woman, Irina. Anyone who lays eyes on you can tell. I'm of one mind with Tray on this: every woman deserves the very best. That's why you deserve what's best for you, too. You do like sex with Tray, don't you?"

"What kind of question is that? Why do you think I'm even still in this mess?"

"Mess? Are you saying you wish you could go back to how you were before?"

Irina paused, cornered. Indeed, whenever she thought of the sheer pleasure she experienced throughout the past few weeks, her body warmed up all over again,

awaiting what the next day would bring. It was far better than the months she spent paranoid and guilty.

She couldn't imagine a world without that freedom now.

"See? That's the problem," Maddie observed. "You're still fighting it, Irina. I'm telling you, you don't have to anymore."

Irina acknowledged her with a defeated sigh and nothing else.

"...Well, whether you let him or not, Tray can give you what you want, Irina. Trust me. Just think on it a little, okay?"

Another long silence passed between them. In it, the rock song which had been blaring since Irina walked in came to an end, leaving the establishment in true stillness for a split second. Then, the next song came on, and it was all back to normal.

Maddie was the first to break the quiet this time. "Anyway... Have you had this place's sandwiches? God, they're to die for... I should've ordered one off the bat..."

She carried on with the conversation like nothing had happened. Aside from the very flagrant fact that she was a dirty cheater just like her, she was actually quite an interesting person.

Unfortunately, for the rest of lunch, Irina could think of nothing else.

===

Aside from that one close call, Irina's weekdays went on as euphorically as they'd begun. Sometimes Maddie was there, others not. But every time, no matter what, Irina left feeling fully refreshed.

Still, she hadn't been able to shake this feeling of unease ever since her coffee date with the girl.

You deserve what's best for you.

She was wrong. What did she know about her marriage? She was happy with how things were with her and Flin, especially now. Even if she no longer felt him, she still wanted to carry his child. She wanted to spend her life with him.

If that was so, then why was she so...worried?

The Saturday of her fourth week -- the Saturday before Christmas -- she found herself standing in the nursery again, arms wrapped around her flat belly. She had often assumed this position over the past year, but she felt the emptiness in her womb now more than ever. The flatness felt pronounced. It felt wrong.

She couldn't deny the obvious reason why. It was her own fault, of course -- sex with Tray had shown her just how fickle a thing conception really was. In the span of just over four weeks, she'd almost crossed the line twice with him. Compared to a whole year of trying to get pregnant with Flin, those experiences, though scary in the moment, stuck around in her head far more prominently than they should've.

Deep breaths.

She tried to sink back into yoga. That had been the entire point of it from the beginning -- to prepare her for childbirth. Now, however, the very thought of it was tainted. She couldn't forget the feeling of Tray's fat cock head flaring up inside her, preparing to shoot his seed deep in her fertile grounds...

Tray can give you what you want, Irina, Maddie's voice echoed. She shuddered.

If he wanted to get her pregnant, could've done it easily by now.

She jumped Flin in bed that night, desperate to work a miracle. She had to make this work, and soon. Though she'd done well to put up a brave face in front of Maddie at the cafe, she could feel her very last shred of dignity faltering. She didn't have the strength to keep it up much longer.

It took only a few minutes for him to finish in her. Three small spurts, and he was done.

"Whew... I don't think I've ever cum that hard..." he groaned. She pretended to agree -- perhaps he hadn't -- but her perspective was forever skewed. Just one of Tray's thick ropes contained more breeding potential than a whole ejaculation from Flin. Hell, they probably had more than a whole year's worth.

Irina shut her eyes tight as she hugged Flin close, trying and failing to shut the thoughts out. No conscience meant no resistance. Her body knew what it wanted.

"Hey, Rina?"

She frowned in the dark. Nothing good ever followed those words. "What's up?"

"Um... I'm sorry for bringing this up now of all times...but... I was thinking of getting a fertility test."

The announcement hit her like a death knell. Right away, she felt herself grow green, and she rolled off her husband, afraid she might actually throw up.

Maddie's words played on in her head, reminding. Taunting.

It feels kinda like you're made for it, y'know?

"Wh...why?" she stuttered, unable to hide her impending sobs. Flin turned over to spoon her, comforting her through the news.

"I mean... It's been more than a year now since we started trying to conceive. I'll be honest, I've been dragging my feet on this. I didn't want to upset you. But I've been having doubts for a while now about...my, uh...you know...viability." he trailed off, and she realized he had begun to cry, too.

As the two of them cuddled in the pitch black, she felt the shadow of her sins nuzzle up against her womb again. The tingling electricity sent all the wrong signals to her brain, giving rise to the greatest sin of all:

An idea. A horrible, cruel, yet foolproof idea.

It had been there for a while now, lurking quietly. Her insistence upon having Flin's baby had been the only thing keeping it at bay.

But Flin had unknowingly toppled that himself.

"Wait..." she mumbled, choking back tears. Her love startled behind her, and she calmed down, trying to deliver her wretched plan as convincingly as possible. "Please...can you wait? Just for another two weeks? Please?"

Only now did she realize it: giving in had backfired. Even the past four weeks had just been another part of Tray's trap. The happiness had been a lie. Unfortunately, the revelation had come too late.

Her next thought came as easy as breathing.

He doesn't have to know.

"I want to keep trying. I'll be ovulating again in a few days." She turned around, wiping the tears from both of their faces. "Besides, babe...it's almost Christmas... I've got a feeling this time..."

"Well... I am a bit busy... There's a company party the day before Christmas Eve..."

She looked at him like he wasn't serious, and he laughed genuinely at his own self-ridicule. She felt her chest throb as he met her gaze again in the night.

Even in the dark, she saw the wet glint of tears in his eyes. They were full of absolute trust. "Okay, okay. No more harm in just one more try, right?"

Ch. 08

As much as Flin was looking forward to it, the Saturday of the Christmas party arrived without fanfare. The sun peeked through the swaying blackout curtains like it always did early in the morning, and the space heater hummed along next to their bed, working overtime to keep him and his wife safe from the cold.

Once again, he had woken up before she did.

He smiled at her peaceful, sleeping face, brushing a loose strand behind her ear. This wasn't always how it used to be. Until just a few weeks ago, she was the one who was always awake by the time he came to, greeting him back to the waking world like an angel.

She stirred at his touch, groaning in protest over her slumber coming to a slow end. She'd been so exhausted all the time lately -- she tried to hide it from him, but he knew. Whenever he was around her, he could see it in the occasional stumble, notice it in her drooping eyelids and nodding head when she thought he wasn't looking.

It reminded him a little of the lethargic days she'd had during her months of wild mood swings, only all the time now. That said, it wasn't exactly the same -- she was actually more intimate than usual around him, and their sex was better than it had ever been. The outside force he thought he'd felt influencing her a while back was nowhere to be found anymore, which did comfort him.

He'd actively decided not to worry about that sinking feeling in his stomach anymore. He would trust his wife, and that was it. Her lie about Tray, the odd ways he'd been acting, that time in the office -- he dismissed it all. Paranoia was the last thing he needed, and lo and behold, life seemed to reward him for not being suspicious. He couldn't remember a time in their relationship when they'd been closer.

Still, it killed him to know something was up. He never asked about it out of respect -- and to avoid paranoia -- but he wanted to understand.

Her eyes cracked open, bleary and dilated from a fleeting sweet dream. She smiled faintly at him as her hand embraced his own on her face, rubbing a thumb over his knuckles as she always did. He smiled back.

Of course. She'd already told him, hadn't she?

It was about the baby.

Trying to start a family had been more stressful than Flin ever could've imagined, and he was sure it felt even worse for Irina. This past week had to have been especially hard on her.

Frankly, he began to have doubts about his virility a while back. It started as a twinge in the back of his head, a possibility he laughed off as ridiculous. That was something that only happened to other men, he thought. The ones who'd done something wrong. He'd led a perfectly healthy life -- no drugs, no freak injuries or illnesses, nothing that would put his capability as a father in question.

But month after month, ovulation after ovulation, that twinge started to mount. Frustration came first. Nothing he tried worked -- cold showers, supplements, going a week or two without sex or masturbation to make his loads bigger. Humiliation followed. How could he not get his beautiful wife pregnant? How could he not fulfill the one explicit purpose nature had given him?

By around half a year after they married, every failed test came with heartbreak, and eventually, not even that -- just sad, resigned acceptance. He had to face the fact that something really was wrong with him. It was around this time, too, that he thought about seeing a doctor, but he couldn't bring himself to communicate this to his wife at first. He knew she'd be devastated. She still deserved to know about the

possibility that he couldn't conceive, though. He didn't want to lead her on, to drag out a hopeless situation. So, he ultimately decided to tell her.

Then, Kanan happened. The months that followed were still a blur to him.

Even after somewhat recovering from the loss, however, that ugly reality never went away. It reared its head again last month like it had been patiently waiting, just another problem that insisted on interrupting his peace.

Truth be told, he thought enough time had passed since then for him to come to terms with it. He'd rehearsed exactly how he'd break the news to Irina every day.

When it came time to actually say it last week, he cried alongside her anyway.

After cuddling in bed just a while longer, Irina was the first to stand and start getting ready for the day. As she turned around bare in front of the bedroom vanity, Flin could only admire her figure from behind. Not one day had gone by where he hadn't thought about how lucky he was to have earned the affection of a woman like her. As a man, that just made it even harder to accept his own inadequacy, but no matter what happened, he would never stop loving her-

Was that...*red* on her asscheek?

He saw it -- he thought he saw it -- as she bent over to step in a crumpled-up pair of yoga pants: a bruise, faint as a whisper yet prominent above her milky skin.

She shimmied into the pants, and like a phantom, the redness vanished in the motion without a trace before the fabric swallowed up her voluptuous curves. He shook his head.

Thank god. Just the lighting.

She looked back at him topless, grinning as she playfully admonished him for staring. "Having fun back there? Don't you have a big party to get ready for?"

"Oh, you... That's not for hours. I can take my time..." he smirked. He got up, joining her face to face and taking her by the waist. It was true that he didn't usually have any work obligations on weekends, but they'd snuck in their fair share of quickies in the morning even when he had to work.

"Don't you go getting ahead of yourself, mister..."

"I'm not." That's what he said, but his hands slid down to her ass over her yoga pants, lightly palming her. He didn't feel a difference.

"Hey!" she squealed, giggling and writhing. "I just got in those!"

"Didn't look so hard."

She pushed away from him, though only enough to look back into his eyes. She looked...conflicted. He could feel her trembling -- a telltale sign she wanted the attention -- but again, for that same, nebulous reason, she hesitated. "We should wait."

"You sure? You said today was a good day..."

"It is. I just want it to be special." She traced a line on his chest with a finger, a sultry technique he'd never grown resistant to. "Besides, you'll be out for a while, right? It'll give you something to look forward to when you get back..."

He smiled down at her again, and they softly embraced, brows touching like courting swans. She was right, he supposed. They hadn't had any sex this week per her request, all in preparation for today. He'd even held himself back from masturbating again, too, even if that hadn't worked so far.

Her refusal to give up was his last shining light. As conflicted as she looked, she seemed so sure that this time, a miracle would happen. It was impossible to not be infected by such beautiful optimism. So, although he'd all but given up in his head, he played along and postponed the doctor's appointment he'd laid out for yesterday.

How could he deny her this one last chance? If it bore fruit despite the odds, they'd finally have their dream, a child they would cherish more than anything. If not...

...Well, there were always options. They could adopt. Surrogacy wasn't off the table either. And if she was insistent on having his children, he had money -- surely he could come up with something, spend a pretty penny for some experimental program that would make a miracle. It would be worth it.

And if all else failed even then? They had each other. That, more than anything, was what mattered.

As he wordlessly got dressed next to her, he glanced over and saw her looking tensely into the mirror. It was a face he clearly wasn't meant to see, and that killed him inside. Hopeful as she was, the fact that he'd even mentioned the possibility of his own impotency still weighed heavily in her mind.

Even so, he pretended not to see and didn't say anything. He was sure what he had planned for today would lift her spirits right back up regardless of whether or not they succeeded in conceiving.

They spent most of the day as they did most off days: cuddling, watching TV, staring into each other's eyes... They'd just crossed the six year anniversary of their time in life together, and he still hadn't gotten bored of it. He couldn't imagine that ever happening. Still, unlike their normal Saturdays, he eventually had to get back in his work clothes and drag himself to the front door after dinner. As he stood there suited up and ready to go, his wife never once took her eyes off him, staring apprehensively.

"Are you sure you have to go...?" she mumbled, rubbing his arms. He could feel her trembling, and when he looked closely, he saw her jaw quivering too, face on the verge of tears.

"Rina... What's this about?"

She sighed. "Nothing. We were just having such a great day is all, and now..."

"Please. Like you said, I'll be back," he soothed, wiping her eyes before the tears could fall. "Would you rather come with me?"

She puffed a laugh at him, and he laughed awkwardly with her, though he was secretly not all that opposed to the idea. Figures she wouldn't want to go. Even if he'd been taking strangely long lunch breaks as of late, Tray would almost certainly be there. The yearly Christmas party, while not required, was not something anyone at the company could miss, let alone the CEO. The social damage from that alone would get you on the board's shitlist.

Whatever. None of it would matter after today.

He stepped out onto the front porch, his sleeve slipping from his beloved's fingers.

"Well, I'll text you when I get there and when I leave. Love you." He didn't really consider the words as they came out. They just naturally did at this point, reflexively, like an obvious fact.

She responded to them in kind. "Love you too."

They nodded at each other, and he kept walking, steps crackling further and further down the gravel. On his way to his car, however, Irina's voice stopped him in his tracks again.

"Flin?"

He turned, eyebrow raised, to see her cupping her hands around her belly, fidgeting nervously. She stuned his gaze from afar with doe eyes to die for. "Yes, Rina?"

"I *love* you."

The way she emphasized that word sent a shiver down his spine. Despite how much they both said it, it held more weight than normal. A meaning he couldn't quite place.

"I love you too," he replied in a daze. Before he could question any further, she waved him along and slipped behind the front door, leaving him speechless in the driveway.

Strange. *Strange.*

But that didn't change what he would do. Whatever had her so down, surely his early Christmas present would make her forget all about it. She hadn't noticed the letter he'd snuck out of their room, thankfully, and now it sat in the passenger seat, ready for one last journey.

As he started his car, he went over how he'd surprise her in his head for probably the thousandth time that week. He imagined her blubbing, that signature shocked face as he broke the news -- good news, this time.

She would probably complain. She might even slap him. But she couldn't fool him. Above all else, she'd be ecstatic.

He couldn't wait to be back.

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Think of it as your Christmas present to him.

Over the week, that was what Irina kept telling herself as she tried to justify what she was about to do. Sitting on the couch now with her phone in her shaking hand, the thought repeated itself louder than ever.

Her reasoning was beyond twisted at this point, and she knew it. But frankly, she didn't care anymore. The nagging remains of what had once been her conscience had been possessed entirely by desperation and wanton desire, puppeted around by

instincts that had gone completely haywire. Sometimes, they spoke in Maddie or Laila's voice -- others, her own. No matter what, though, they always arrived at the same conclusion:

She needed this.

And she'd gone too far to stop now.

Everything was in place. The truth was, she wasn't simply ovulating. She was at the literal peak of ovulation -- the apex of her fertility, a time when even one drop of seed in her womb was like a hair trigger for pregnancy. At least, that was how it was supposed to be. It hadn't turned out that way with Flin so far, but if it was him...

She shivered, and her heat drummed in tandem with her heartbeat as she stared at the contact, still unnamed after all this time. She didn't have to wait until this point in her cycle. The plentiful memories she had of condoms lined across his nightstand, each filled with that dense, solid white, were a testament to that. She just didn't want to leave a single inch of room for doubt, and, well...right now, there was none. Somehow, she'd convinced her husband to hold off on sex until this evening, and she had essentially ghosted Tray the entire week. The cheeky bastard didn't even try to contact her -- he was probably well aware, as he always was, that she was leaving herself hanging, not him. She didn't even touch herself over the days.

It had been torture to not have any sources of relief, that was true. Just thinking straight in the thickening haze of irritated horniness was a feat in itself. In her current state, however, it was also easier to bear knowing exactly what reward awaited her for enduring it. Every time her pussy begged for attention, she was able to appease it for once in a language it understood -- the promise of ultimate pleasure, the orgasm of all orgasms, the magical moment which had been so out of reach until now.

She thought she'd be ready when the day was here. Indeed, her heart pounded, and her mind raced. Even so, she still stopped Flin at the door. Perhaps it was nerves,

paranoia, or something else entirely. Perhaps, despite all she'd done to eradicate it, a shred of guilt had survived after all this time. As she stood there looking at him, whatever it was whispered some tiny amount of decency into her head.

Out of love, maybe, just maybe, she should call this off...

Of course, the consideration died in an instant. Love was not enough to quench the inferno raging within her. In fact, it probably just fueled it more. After all, what had all this been for in the first place?

Flin wanted a family too, didn't he?

In the end, all she could do was reassure him of how much she valued him before he left. He clearly hadn't gotten the message, but that was okay. It was better this way. Everyone would get what they wanted.

She'd known ever since that night last week what life would look like if she let him go through with a fertility test, and just the idea of it made her sick to her stomach. Normally, she would've deluded herself into hoping for the best and let him do it. Unfortunately, she trusted his judgement. Her only option was to take matters into her own hands.

Simply put, she didn't want to adopt.

She wanted to have a child. Preferably -- in a perfect world -- that child would've been his. But that wasn't an option anymore, and her body cried out to fulfill its natural purpose anyway regardless of who did the deed. That was why she couldn't let Flin take that test. If she let him only for it to come out badly, she would lose the chance to satisfy her womanhood forever.

It was cruel to him. She understood that. In the past, she wouldn't have dreamed of hurting him this way. She would've given up on childbirth and settled with spending the rest of her days with her beloved.

Not anymore. As long as she felt this incompleteness, their marriage would pay the price. She had to do this. As long as he never found out, this was a favor she was doing him. His Christmas present. The final tie, even deeper and more intimate than the rings they wore, that would keep them together forever.

Steeling her resolve one last time, she tapped the green button beneath the unknown number and waited. The dial tone whined into her ear, making her tense --he usually responded so quickly, it never had any time to sound out even once.

However, before even a modicum of doubt could take hold -- as if calling her bluff -- Tray finally picked up.

"Hello?"

Deep breaths.

"Hi."

"Oh good, it wasn't just a buttdial. Did I ever tell you your voice is to die for, Rina?"

She squeezed her thighs together at his crude comment as she so often did, though any rebukes she once had were long gone by now. Hearing his voice after so long, too, was having an immediate effect on her. "Please don't tease me..."

"Relax, relax. No need to be so serious. I'm not mad. Things happen," he laughed. "So... What's up? I'm at the Christmas party now. Just got done with my little opening speech, actually. You coming with Flin tonight? I thought he'd be here by now."

"No. I'm at home alone."

"Tsk. A shame. This party could use some life, you know."

"Tray," she declared, not allowing herself to delay any longer. There was no point in it. She just had to dive in. "Are you busy right now?"

Silence met her as he didn't respond, broken by the occasional, garbled noise of the crowd on his end.

She steadied her breath as best she could, then rephrased. "I mean, is there really any point in you being at that party?"

"Oh, I see..." he murmured. She quivered at his tone, imagining his smug, lewd face in the midst of the party. "Yes, yes... I see. I can make that happen. Would you like me to bring Maddie? She's here with me."

"No," she stated bluntly. "Just you."

"Ha. You'll break her heart, you know."

She highly doubted that. The girl probably approved of nothing more than this.

"Don't worry. I'll tell her all about it," he chuckled. "See you soon."

He hung up the call, and that was that.

No turning back now.

She dropped the phone and slumped on the couch, feeling an odd sense of déjà vu. This was where it had all begun in a sense -- where she'd met him, where she'd rubbed herself to his first texts, where she'd taken him for the first time. This couch was forever tainted with her infidelity, but over the months, she found nowhere else in the house quite as comforting. After her betrayal, it was the only part of it that didn't feel any different.

Her phone buzzed on the cushion, and she flipped it over to see a new notification. She expected it to be from Tray, but it was actually her husband who had texted her this time.

[I'm here. Love you <3]

She flipped the screen face down again after reading it. As she sat there, hand still wrapped around the device, she stared at her slim ring finger and the golden band wrapped around it. She hadn't had the wherewithal to take it off during her affair; honestly, she'd forgotten every time. Now, however, she had no excuse. Tray was likely on his way at this very moment. The respectful thing to do was to leave it on the coffee table and not dirty it any more.

But halfway into sliding it off, she stopped.

No. Flin deserved to be in her mind as it happened, at the very least. In that way, their child would be his.

So, she left it on.

===

Flin felt a bit of a pang in his heart upon seeing the office emerge from the dense trees. Since it was the holiday season, the exterior was done up in lights as he and Kanan had made tradition, no different from any year before. Wreaths hung merrily from the windowsills, and the pruned bushes, normally as bland and reserved as any other part of the halls inside, now glowed with unrelenting festivity. He thought he'd toned down his sentimentality of late -- it was necessary to keep him sane for the rest of the year -- but every once in a while, sights like this caught him off guard and took him back by surprise.

"It'll give us some soul, y'know?" Kanan had said that first Christmas as they both marveled at the decorations. "To help remind us where we started."

Pulling into his parking spot, Flin chuckled to himself. How silly, he mused, to be so taken by a place like this. To anyone else, it was just like any other office building: a cookie-cutter concrete box interspersed with glass, perfectly as replaceable as the next.

But not to him. This was KF Designs. His and Kanan's dream, built up over years and years of blood, sweat, and tears.

Today, he was letting it go.

He sat in the parking lot for a few minutes, closing his eyes and letting the memories flow, before finally pressing on. He grabbed the letter from the passenger seat, tucked it in his coat, and headed straight for the front door. Paul and Alfredo stood guard there as always, laughing at each other with fondue in their hands. Their smiles only widened when they saw him approach.

"Manueli! You're late to the party!" Alfredo shouted, throwing his arms open. Flin had no choice but to meet him with a hug -- he was clearly buzzed, as was Paul. Not that he minded. The company wasn't open to the public right now, and it was impossible not to like these two anyway.

"I know, I know," he said. "Been a bit slow today. What about you guys? Aren't you going to go in, have some fun?"

Paul held up his empty cup. In the mere seconds Flin had taken to reach him, all the fondue had mysteriously gone. "Already did, my man. We've got a job to do, so you go right on in. Tonight's your night."

Flin laughed again with them and obliged, passing them through the door. Honestly speaking, they probably had the easiest job in the universe, but as a security detail, he wouldn't have had anyone else. Kanan picked them well, even all those years ago.

He realized he'd miss them.

The inside was just as done up as the exterior of the building. No longer was there any separation between the cafe area and lobby proper. The air smelled of peppermint and chocolate cookies, and garland hung from the ceiling in hoops no matter where he looked. Plastic Christmas trees stood by nearly every window, and all the gray furniture had been moved out of sight, replaced by a few dozen circular

tables covered by white tablecloths that draped to the floor. Every single one was packed to the brim with assorted refreshments -- cheese platters, sweets, wines, you name it. This amount of food had to be a lavish endeavor on the company's end, but Flin was glad to see the tradition still going strong. Everyone deserved it for working so hard.

All the decorations were exactly the same as every year, and the layout hadn't changed either, but for some reason, he had an easier time seeing this than the outside of the building. Perhaps it was the people here, the crowd stirring about the tables, that made it so. A few, he recognized. Most of them not. As he stared on at the party from the fringes, he felt like a complete outsider.

Yes, that was it. He was always so busy laboring away at one project or another, he didn't even realize until now that KF Designs had long since outgrown him. It was far bigger now than that silly idea he and his best friend had conjured up together while drinking in their dorm room. That had likely been the case even before Kanan died.

Smiling, he dove into the crowd, offering a passing greeting to those he knew as he searched for his boss. Seeing all this familiar scenery had lessened the weight on his chest. He was more sure now than ever that whatever the future had in store, everyone both new and old would find a way to keep this place afloat. He still felt bad for leaving them behind with Tray, but neither that man nor the board could kill the passion that started everything. He'd been foolish -- no, selfish to try and burden all their ridicule alone in the fear that they would.

His hand idly slipped into his jacket, checking to make sure the letter was still there amidst all the bustle. He was ready -- as ready as he'd ever be -- but of course, now that he was, the hulking beast of a boss was nowhere to be seen.

He stood still with his head on a swivel until he spotted her: like the final hurdle she was, Maddie stood at one of the tables directly across from him in a suit dress, talking face to face with one of her female colleagues. He took a deep breath,

preparing himself to leave his grief behind, too. As he came nearer, she quickly finished up whatever small talk she was engaged in and met him head-on.

"Hi, Mr. Manuelli. I wasn't sure you'd show for a second there."

"Oh, please, Maddie. Even I'm not that dense." He realized his hand was still resting on the letter. This was as good a time as any to take it out, but after a brief hesitation, he didn't. Leaving it with the secretary, not his asshole boss, didn't sit right with him. Besides, it was too early anyway.

Maddie didn't appear to notice, eyes darting around him in the short silence that followed. "...Irina with you?"

At once, the pit in his stomach returned. As far as he knew, his wife had never even *seen* this person before, and that wasn't something he wanted to change. Had Tray been talking about her in private? "No. No, she's not. She didn't want to come."

"Hm. A shame. A shame..." The girl cracked a small yet devious grin.

The pit deepened. "What's it to you?"

"Nothing. I was just hoping to meet her finally. We might have more in common than you think."

Flin didn't notice that he was glaring at the petite woman now, so enraged by her flagrant taunt that his initial goal of coming here almost slipped from his mind. How dare this bitch compare herself to the love of his life? Irina was a better woman than she could ever be, and she would never dream of hurting him like that. She wasn't capable of it, just as he wasn't. So, he opened his mouth to tell Maddie off, and...

He couldn't say it. In that moment, he remembered his uneasiness, all the things in the past months that had felt "off." He wavered.

It only lasted an instant. Looking at Maddie's smug grin again snapped him out of it, and he readied himself to do what he'd come here for. He didn't need to see Tray

after all. He just needed to get out of here, away from all the sullied memories and paranoia. There was too much drama in this place for a weary soul like himself.

Just as he was about to take the letter out, however, a booming voice broke over the crowd.

"Ah! There you are, Maddie! I go to the bathroom for five seconds, and you hop across the entire lobby!"

Both of them turned to see Tray approaching from the far hallway. He was dressed in a green satin sports suit -- the very same one, Flin noted, that he'd worn to the dinner with him and Irina. The man threw his arms out boisterously upon noticing him, but unlike the two guards outside, Flin was far from happy to return the favor.

"And Flin!" Tray bellowed. "Glad to see you here. Missed my speech -- don't worry, it was a bunch of nothing anyway. I was just leaving, actually."

Flin froze.

This man couldn't be serious. He *could not* be serious.

The party had only begun ten minutes ago. He was the CEO. He couldn't just leave now of all times. Didn't he care for this company at least a little?

He went on, none the wiser to Flin's judgement. "Help yourself to the refreshments! Maddie here will help you if any of the board start asking for 'entertaining.'"

Flin gawked, words stuck in his throat. His hand was still inside his coat, letter at the ready. What was he waiting for? His boss was here right in front of him, just as he'd pictured a thousand times. All he had to do was give him the damn thing and be done with it.

But he found he couldn't do it. The man was so imposing, and his audacity to leave his own company's party early so shocking, that Flin just stared in stunned silence.

Tray didn't waste another moment waiting for him to respond. "Well then, I'd hate to linger any longer... I'll see you two later." Without another word, he kept sauntering on through the crowded lobby until he reached the front door. He ducked under the threshold, and just like that, Flin's chance to tell his boss off for the first and last time was gone.

"He's a busy man, Flin. Maybe even busier than you," Maddie's voice taunted again, drawing his attention. Her smile was even more unbearable now. More knowing, though he had no idea of what. He ignored her comment -- whatever it was supposed to mean.

"When he said to 'entertain' the board, what was he...?"

"Oh, just the board's theatrics. They might make you do a little speech of your own if they spot you, so keep an eye out. You wouldn't wanna be kept here too long, would you?"

He drew his lips to a thin line. "No, I wouldn't. Enjoy the party, Maddie. It's what Kanan would've wanted, I'm sure."

With that, he turned away and headed off in a random direction, not allowing her to mock him further. He knew she was long past the point of shame, but he felt the need to demean her anyway, and now that he had, he did feel a little better. He saw clearly again. She was just trying to get under his skin like Tray always did, and he was done playing that game. After tonight, his life would be infinitely better off, free of the constant reminders of the tragedy that had almost destroyed him.

But that was enough of that -- just thinking of it threatened to bring him back to that dark place, and in this setting, that was the last thing he needed. He could give the letter to Maddie soon. In the meantime, his plan to return to his wife was still in motion.

Sorry for messing with you like this, Rina, he thought. He meant it. Whenever he remembered the sad, dejected face she made when he went to work, an overwhelming guilt took over him. He regretted not listening to her about this job from the start. Still, it was necessary for her to feel that way just a bit longer if he wanted to pull the rug out from under her properly.

For now, he supposed he could waste time for a little while longer -- loiter around here and there, banter with the old colleague or two, say his goodbyes to the place for as long as it would take... Cruel as it was, it would make her miss him more.

That way, when he finally got home, the surprise would be all the sweeter.

===

Irina's eyes shot open, awakened from her concentrated daze by the sound of footsteps on the front porch.

She was trying not to touch herself.

The past thirty minutes since her short call with Tray had been a gauntlet of self control. As much as she'd convinced her body to wait for today, just hearing his voice again had made a mess between her legs. A week without orgasm, after all, was one hell of a tall order. She was running out of patience. She couldn't hold back for much longer. So, she did what she always did when the heat grew too hot: she lounged on the couch, trying to stifle it in a state of half-sleep. It wouldn't stop it -- there *was* no stopping it -- but if she could at least delay her urges until Tray arrived, that was good enough.

The distinct sound of those footsteps alone, heavy enough to creak the wooden planks outside, almost made her moan. Her legs spread on their own, the tight fabric of her yoga pants rustling against her cameltoe, and her hand began to wander down. In a final marvel of self control, she stopped it. She knew who was behind that door.

In, and out.

The doorbell rang, but it took a while for her to reach her destination. She was so sensitive, the mere act of standing up and walking was a monumental task. She wobbled and stumbled, equilibrium ruined, until she arrived at the other end of the front door. Even as she stood still, her vision swayed and distorted, literally inebriated by the constant, buzzing warmth emanating from her womb.

For the first time in her life, she was fully, truly cock hungry.

She threw the door open, not even stopping to consider who was behind it. For once, it actually was the one she expected.

Tray.

She could no longer mince words. He looked so *fucking* good. His broad frame towered over her as the sun set behind him, fitted perfectly in a shiny, green satin suit and khakis. She recognized the outfit, though she could hardly place exactly from where or when in her current state. Her eyes freely examined every inch of him, eating him up from top to bottom. His chiseled, stubbled face and hazel eyes were as enthralling as always, his arms big and strong enough to hoist her over his shoulder with ease. Of course, her gaze focused the most on the prominent bulge beneath his belt, savoring the image after so long without a dose. As she did, his intense cologne invaded her nostrils, making her eyes roll back into her head.

Seeing him prepared like this, she reflected on her own attire and realized just how shameless she must look. She was dressed in nothing but a slutty crop top and yoga pants that she'd long since outgrown. Her ass had been straining the poor garment all day, practically spilling out like soda bubbling over. There was also no hiding how outwardly horny she was -- her legs were visibly shaking, and she'd already stained her inseam.

He didn't appear to be judging her, though. If he was, he was only doing so favorably. "I've delivered myself, per your request."

"C-come in."

She took him by the wrist, leading him into the living room. She herself was led by a desire that had reached the breaking point, and as the door shut behind them, it stopped them both just after the coatrack. They stood there for an age, looking at each other yet not saying anything further.

Her hand never let go of him.

Instead, as they continued to get lost in each other's presence, it slid up his sleeve, feeling out the muscular arm beneath before settling lightly on his chest. He responded by taking her by the waist in the way he always did in her dreams -- firmly yet tenderly, with just enough strength to remind her how at his mercy she was. Before long, she was pressed against his torso in an intense embrace, her hot breaths absorbed into his shirt as her head grew light from his scent.

They didn't need to waste time on meandering small talk today. Both of them knew why they were here.

"Did you miss me?" he muttered.

"S-shut up. You don't know how I feel."

"I think I know exactly how you feel..."

A throb rumbled from within his pants, faint yet clear against her belly. She didn't gasp or startle -- she just let out a deep, shaky breath, then moved her hand from his chest to the source of the familiar sensation, grabbing the growing softness. She no longer felt any fear from the action. No conflict, no insecurity. All the feeling in her palm did now was comfort her. Her entire being -- the raging, wet heat within, her foggy mind, her twisted soul -- for once, all of it was in sync.

"Take your time, baby..." Tray groaned, reveling in her attention. "That's it... take your time. We've got plenty."

That's what he said, but his body said otherwise. His hardon grew rapidly against her, and soon, she felt his pulse roar in her grip, pushing the back of her hand into her bare belly.

It wanted to be set free. *Now.*

She turned her face up to his, a sultry smile stretching ear to ear. Slowly, she stopped feeling up his cock and brought both hands to his jacket, unbuttoning him and tugging at the lapel. He got the message instantly and did the rest of the work getting it off, hanging it on the coatrack -- she was far too short to do it all for him. As he handled his undershirt, however, she sank to her knees to handle his belt and zipper. That, she was quite confident in.

His clothes fell to the hard floor one article at a time, and soon, only his underwear remained. Irina bit her lip at the huge, bulging contour, wanting nothing more than to pull the last shred of fabric from him. However, she stood back up instead, dragging her palms from his pelvis back to his chest. He was right -- they did have time, unlike all their previous encounters. Based on how long these Christmas parties usually lasted, Flin would be gone for hours -- possibly until the wee hours of the night.

In that case, she wanted to get the most out of this and torture Tray a little. She might as well.

As she rubbed his naked musculature, his own hands promptly wandered to her ass, sending an electric bolt of pleasure through her. He chuckled -- and she moaned -- as he kneaded her fat expertly through her yoga pants, sinking his fingers in like he couldn't get enough. Then, as she started to relax into the treatment...

Rrrrip!

She gasped, feeling the cool air contact her skin. She wasn't wearing anything underneath. She looked up at him, prepared to scold him out of habit, but found she couldn't manage even that. She wasn't mad. As he helped her out of her torn yoga pants, she just giggled at him naughtily as if the act had been a compliment.

"Sorry... They just looked so uncomfortable..."

She no longer cared that he was so smug and full of shit. She just wanted him to keep grabbing her ass, to keep working her cheeks over and over...

She removed her crop top, joining him in total vulnerability -- well, near total. Once again, all that remained between them was that one last flimsy garment. She knelt again, this time exploring his body with her mouth on the way down. She licked the ridges between his abs, kissed down his navel, leaving marks wherever she could. A trail of spit and sticky lip gloss marked her descent, and as she stopped at her prize, she took her time again to relish in it. She rubbed her face against the throbbing member and decorated it with more licks and kisses through the thin fabric. His musk joined the rest of his irresistible fragrance, only making her more passionate as time went on.

She didn't feel any semblance of regret as she heard him groan from her actions. The heat against her lips was the beast of a cock that would soon claim her completely. It deserved to be treated well as much as her.

So, finally giving into both of their desires, she pried her fingers beneath his waistband and, with a single, firm tug, released him. His rock-hard dick sprung from pent up confinement, smacking dully against her cheek. Her heart caved inward as her pussy thrummed wantonly -- that sinking feeling she got from seeing him in all his splendor never changed. His two balls hung taut, fat with virility. His veiny shaft beat with the flow of blood, pumping with vitality. His plump head, capping it all off, already oozed preseminal fluid, ready and willing to be milked. She took him in both hands, laughing throatily, and a clear string stuck to her face, thick and foreboding.

She realized as she held it now and felt its pulse why it had always been so intense for her to look at. The entire thing coursed with life. It was both living and made life possible. While she knew from past experience what his climaxes looked like, she didn't need to see them to know it. Any woman could tell from just a glance.

With a sigh, she angled him at her lips. Right when she opened her mouth wide for him, though, her phone rang from the coffee table, making them both jump. It was an upbeat acoustic guitar tune -- the ringtone she had set for Flin. She was usually ecstatic to hear it. Now, all it did was make her groan in frustration.

She wouldn't be stopped. Not now. Not even by her husband.

"Could you get that for me? He'll be suspicious if I don't answer." she asked Tray. He raised an eyebrow at her at first, taken aback by the brazen suggestion. He still obliged, however, reaching over for her device and holding it to her ear. Flin's name shone at her on the screen, and she stared at it for a split second, collecting herself before tapping the green button. Her hand rejoined the other on Tray's shaft the moment her husband's voice emerged from the speakers.

"Hey, Rina! Just calling to see how you're doing? Did you get my text?"

"Yeah, babe. What's up?" She leaned forward, planting a soft, silent kiss on the fat tip. Tray grunted, too quiet and far from the mic to register on the other end.

See what I do for you? she wanted to say. Instead, she spoke innocently to Flin as if nothing was happening. "How's the party?"

"Great, actually! Guess who's a no-show today?"

She kept kissing up and down his boss's dick, getting louder and less careful. As she responded, she accidentally let a few get through. "Um... *Smooch!* Who?"

"My dickhead boss," Flin went on, unaware. "He didn't even stay at his own company's party!"

"O-oh, really? That's great, babe!" she stuttered with a laugh, looking up at the man above her. He chuckled lowly at the irony, then went right back to groaning in slack-jawed rapture as she continued her work on him. She opened her mouth again and took him in properly, engulfing a whole third of the ghastly appendage before gagging. She held herself there for as long as she could. It was as far as she'd ever managed to go, after all -- proof of all her hard work.

"Bet you're kicking yourself for not coming now, huh?"

She pulled back until the head popped from her mouth. "Haha! Funny..." Her hands took over as she talked, spreading her spit all over Tray's cock while jacking him off. She gazed at his foreskin, mesmerized by how it folded over the end. "What's on your mind? That can't be the only reason you're calling me."

"Damn. You know me too well."

She rolled her eyes.

"So...don't be mad at me, okay? The board's asking me to do a small speech tonight before the dance. I don't want to, but you know how it is..."

"Yeah."

"Well, it looks like I might be home later than usual. As in, a couple hours later. I don't think I'll be in time for dinner."

"Oh, that's okay!"

A stunned silence followed her ready acceptance, pronounced even over the slick sound of her handjob. She took this chance to put Tray back in her mouth, bobbing her head furiously on his throbbing bell end as he threw his head back in growing pleasure.

"...Really?" Flin finally said over the phone.

Her lips popped shamelessly from Tray again. "This is important to you, right?" She went down below his shaft, sniffing his balls before slobbering all over them. "You love what you do." She licked all the way back up to the tip, swirling her tongue around. "And this is what you need to do to keep it."

"Well, yeah, I guess... Just don't miss me too much, okay?"

She couldn't reply. She had already taken Tray again, lips stretching over the thick swell of his shaft with ease until she had a third of him in again. This time, she didn't stop. She pushed, and pushed, and pushed, rubbing the precum-spewing cap all over the back of her throat.

Relax, Maddie's voice echoed in her head.

Her gag reflex screamed at her, but the heat of the moment won over. She reached the halfway point, then kept going inch by painful inch, each feeling double the distance of the last. Her closed eyes watered, and her whole body retched and curled, trying to expel the foreign meat she kept shoving down. This action only turned her on more, and as her back arched...

"Mmph-!"

Her squatting legs quivered, knees going weak as she came. At the same time, she felt her nose and lips press up against his pelvis, running out of room to proceed. The pulsing length stretched her in a way it never had before, filling out her entire esophagus.

It was all in.

She turned her crying eyes up to Tray's face in pride, her orgasm still shooting through her nerves. She'd never cum from having a dick down her throat -- she hadn't even known it was possible -- and while it wasn't at all comparable to the explosive bursts of relief that came from penetration, it was worthy of being her first climax in a week anyway. The look on Tray's face only made it better. At last, she

had him under her control just as she so often fantasized about -- his mouth hung idly agape, eyelids drooping in utter ecstasy. He realized the weakness he was showing and tried to hide it with a grin, but he couldn't fool her. The corners of her lips turned up into a victorious smile around the base of his shaft.

His free hand reached inside his jacket on the coatrack, reemerging with his own phone. She didn't stop him as the camera flashed right at her. She didn't even try. The fact that he wanted proof of her feat flattered her, and if he was sending it to Maddie like she suspected, that made it all the better. Now, there was nothing the girl was better than her at.

"...Rina? You there?"

Flin's voice interrupted the moment right as her orgasm buzzed to an end. She had completely forgotten about her phone in Tray's other hand as well as the fact that the call was still going. As her heart leapt in both panic and pleasure, she came to another profound realization. Once, sucking this massive, thick dick under her husband's nose had filled her with guilt. Now, her charged mind just filed the risk of him finding out under arousal, making her hornier.

She didn't know when it had exactly happened, but it was undeniable: somewhere along the line, she'd begun to enjoy betraying him. She'd become unrecognizable to herself, and she didn't even care. It turned her on.

Clearly, the scenario was having the same effect on Tray. His cock head, buried deep in her gullet, began to grow and shrink rapidly, flaring at the end of each rapid, rippling motion along the shaft. Her eyes widened -- not just because she was more in peril than ever of Flin finding out what she was doing, but also because she recognized the sensation immediately. Tray was about to cum straight into her stomach.

And she couldn't have him doing that. Not quite yet.

She carefully retracted, lips slurping loudly as they gripped his spit-slickened skin. She resisted the urge to laugh as she did. Frankly, if Flin couldn't infer what was happening from that, she didn't think he ever would.

"Ough! Hah... Sorry, babe... Was just drinking and got some- *Koff!* water down the wrong pipe...!"

"Oh... Are you alright?" Somehow, his voice was filled with concern and not suspicion.

"Yes. It was just a close call, don't worry." She grabbed Tray tightly at the base of his shining manhood, reacting immediately to his erratic breaths. He'd grown dangerously swollen and red, leaking precum all over the place, and she squeezed hard to keep him from erupting. The hand with her phone shook like crazy, but miraculously, it held on. "Anyway, take your time, babe," she said after clearing her throat. "I'll be here for you when you get back."

"Alright. I love you. I'll call you when I'm on my way, okay?"

"Okay. Love you too. Bye."

She hit the red button without waiting for anything else on his end. Tray tossed the phone all the way to the couch, and slowly -- very slowly -- she let go of his penis, watching it carefully as if it had been rigged to explode. The flushed redness faded with time, and it shrunk ever so slightly, though he remained erect. She sighed in relief.

Tray groaned through a laugh. "God, Rina. You're crazy."

"Look who's talking. I thought you'd break."

"Oh, I'm not far off... You've made sure of that."

As she got up, her whole body flinched as his jutting cock brushed her navel, leaving a trail of precum to match the glimmering spit on his own. She was still sensitive

from her orgasm, and she already found herself craving another as they stood naked and face to face. The call had only left her more aroused than before.

Not wasting time, she grabbed him by his member, the only reasonable way to steer him, and led him past the couch and into the hallway. She kicked open the door to her bedroom like it was a nuisance.

They weren't done. Oh, far from it.

===

Tray was in heaven. Of course, he'd been in metaphorical heaven for about a month now, and he hadn't complained.

But Irina's bedroom was about as close to the literal pearly gates as he'd been.

On the face of it, it shouldn't have made a difference to him. She'd been in his own bedroom countless times by now, and he'd pounded her into his mattress just as many. That said, that room was a trap of sorts -- just another step on the way to the real goal. He practically tailored it for seducing the opposite sex, and for that reason, the sessions he had there, while plenty enjoyable, was also hampered by a sense of inevitability.

That was what made being in another's bedroom so captivating. The scenery in them was shaped not by design but daily life. Invading on the normalcy made him feel like he'd truly won.

Nowhere was that truer than in Irina's. She'd done her best to fix everything up for his arrival, but little things here and there gave away intimate fragments of her life that she intended for him not to see. Her bed was perfectly fixed, black and red heart-patterned covers drawn over the mattress, but she hadn't changed out the pillows indented by night after night of sound sleep with her husband. The carpeted floors were cleared and vacuumed, but the top drawer of her vanity dresser cracked slightly open, revealing a mishmash of clothes stuffed hastily inside.

Not noticing his inspection of her room, she shut the door behind them, let go of his cock, and climbed onto the bed in front of him. This was a sacred place, somewhere she shared only with that wimp. A picture of them smiling happily together was even on the nightstand just behind her, illuminated by the lamp.

And yet, she now spread her legs not for her husband, but Tray. The door was closed, the blackout curtains drawn shut, as she presented dripping pussy freely to him in total privacy.

He couldn't help but grin. He was sure that this was the night. He was positive.

Even now, however, he refused to rush it as he leisurely approached her exposed body. "Slow down, baby. Enjoy this moment."

"Damn it, Tray, I need this. Fuck me already."

He didn't doubt it. Her sex was hopelessly swollen, her lips glistening with a constant spring of lubrication. As he drew closer, her gaze locked firmly to his erection, and her hips rocked up toward it as if it had its own gravity. Still, he denied her, passing over her stomach with what she craved most as he knelt, face hovering by her complex organ. Her scent was nigh irresistible. "Let me show you. I promise you won't regret it."

"You fucking asshole. I don't need... Ah! Ohhhhh... I never s-said... Fuck...!" Her complaints quickly devolved into incoherent, horny nonsense as his finger made contact. He had only drawn a straight line along her slit, but she was so sensitive at the moment that even this was enough to stimulate her. He wouldn't be stingy, though -- he found her clit soon enough, rubbing the bud in tiny, steady circles.

"Ugh-! I... St-stop teasing my- ahn! Oh! Pleaaase don't! I want m-more! Oh god...!"

He obeyed, though not in the way she was hoping -- if she was thinking clearly at all. He leaned just a few inches forward, lowering his hand as his mouth took its place.

Her whines stopped in a sharp gasp as his tongue lapped sluggishly along her spot. She was as sweet as ever -- sweeter now that she was so turned on.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"I- ah! Shit! Ohhhh! Hng! Let me- AH! OH, GOD, TRAY!"

She went back to screaming in pleasure as he kept his attention up, sliding two of his thick fingers deep into her folds while his tongue worked above. Eating pussy was both a science and an art, and he'd learned both halves to a T, keeping his eyes on her face to make sure she was getting the most from it. Despite her desperate lust for actual sex, her existence now was one of contradictions. She looked at him with wanton frustration, but her moans hit all the right notes. Her words told him to slow down or give her a break, but her fingers laced through his hair and pulled his head deeper between her legs, trapping him there as her thighs tightened. His smile remained all the while, and as all these unbearable contrasts built up for her, he continued with patience until he drove her over the edge.

"Ohhhhhhggghghhhghh!" Her wet flesh rhythmically clamped down on him as her shaky growl filled the room, legs locking around his neck as her whole body convulsed. He licked her clit faster and harder as she did, a trick he'd learned a while back to keep a lady's orgasm going as long as possible. After what felt like at least a hundred writhing shudders, her grip on him finally loosened, and he pulled back with a gasp, face smothered in her juices.

Standing back up, he regarded his handiwork with a whistle. She lay lax on her back, twitching in the afterglow of her mindless climax, with her eyes closed and arms raised above her head. He absorbed the tremendously hot scene for as long as he could before he looked down at his own needy organ, which was still hard after so much time without attention, if not harder.

He was ready now.

As much as he wanted to shove it into her bare right this instant, he still wanted her to beg for it. She needed to tell him herself what she wanted, and seeing as she wasn't in any sort of "telling" mood, he began to turn toward the door. "Hold on. I brought some condoms in my coat pocket."

"Wait..." her voice, hoarse yet lustfully abrupt, called after him. Her hand caught one of his fingers, weak after her second consecutive orgasm. He turned to see her eyes looking at him longingly as though all the magic in the room would escape if he opened the door.

He got the message instantly.

"Are...you sure about this? I haven't cum all week."

Normally, he would've reveled in his own smugness at her clear want, but he couldn't bring himself to smile as he asked her honestly. He had too many bastard children to count, but he still knew how big of a step this was. He didn't mind knocking women up -- hell, he loved it. He dreamed of it. He had more than enough money to satisfy them all afterwards if they decided to keep the pregnancy. As far as he saw it, he was doing both himself and humanity a favor at once, ensuring that his conquests stayed with him while also providing fresh blood to the world.

But after all the mind games he put these women through, they deserved to be the ones to decide to take his load where it counted -- even if, deep down, Tray had already conditioned them to. That corruption, more than anything, was the hottest part of it all.

So, when she covered her face with her other arm and muttered her next words, his heart jumped in his chest.

"I want it..."

He let her pull him back toward her, fully enchanted. There was no going back. His length rested across her stomach, each throb smacking quietly in the thick air. As he

drew his hips back, they never once broke eye contact, reading each other's thoughts in silent understanding. He lined the tip up with her labia, making her gasp as their most intimate parts connected.

Only when the desire in her eyes became demand did he press forward.

===

Maddie could only smile as Flin stumbled through his speech.

"The company has been through some, er, hard times this year... The loss of Kanan was hard on every one of us. But I know that if he were here today, he'd be standing right where I am, drunk as a sailor and telling us to press on..."

A few awkward chuckles rippled through the crowd, courtesy of the very few remaining figures who had known him from the start. The rest just stared in confusion, the passion of the party lost.

Naturally, Maddie hadn't helped him out of this situation at all like Tray asked her to when a board member caught sight of him, so she supposed the travesty which had been going on for minutes on end was partly her fault. She did get a bit of a kick out of how pathetic the man was, though. All this time here as the head designer, and he still didn't know the first thing about rousing an audience. No one wanted to hear about Kanan or their hardships. This was a party, not a memorial. They wanted to celebrate all their accomplishments. CEOs were replaceable. Founders were a dime a dozen.

His own incompetence aside, however, Maddie let this happen because it would keep him here. He'd clearly been itching to leave this place early when he spoke to her, and she couldn't have that, could she?

Tray had come to her after his own speech, informing her of Irina's call and that the poor woman had requested his sole assistance in her lonesome. She instantly knew the direction the night was headed after that. Her job was to be the wingwoman for

him, to do all in her power to prolong the time those two lovebirds got. Doing his bidding never got old -- not yet, at least. It helped that he was so well-endowed, too, unlike Kanan. It was a shame she couldn't be part of his schemes this time around, but he deserved some proper one-on-one fun. Besides, there was always next time.

Sure enough, just as the crowd went quiet before a trembling Flin, the first text came through. Her breath caught in her throat as she saw Irina applying her teachings: face impaled all the way down on Tray's cock, blue doe eyes staring up into the camera as she smiled around him, all while he held another phone just by her ear. Maddie smiled, remembering the sight of Flin talking happily over the phone just minutes ago.

"Yeah... You go, girl... Eat that thing up..." she mumbled as she stared at the illicit image in public. She quickly realized what she was doing and put her phone away, looking around to make sure no one had seen her horny side slip. Luckily, they were all too lobotomized by Flin's speech to notice the actions of a lady as insignificant as her.

Still, the revelation had left her proud and, more importantly, aroused. It had been several minutes since then. She could only imagine what they were up to now...

"...Which is why I'm sad to announce that I will be leaving the company effective immediately."

The announcement cut through her daydreaming. The entire lobby sank into stunned silence.

Then, it exploded.

As Flin offered a terse goodbye and got off his soapbox, board members flocked to him en masse, trying to swarm him before he could walk away. They shouted all manner of questions, none of them comprehensible in the sudden scrum. Every

employee here had turned to another, gossiping amidst the excitement, questioning if they'd truly heard what they heard.

Meanwhile, Maddie stood among them completely speechless, staring at the man at the center of attention.

A million thoughts rushed through her head. He was headed for the front door through all the agitated board members and curious onlookers. She couldn't let him reach it. He'd go straight home, and that would make her a terrible wingwoman.

Wait, what was she thinking? This extended beyond just tonight. She was the CEO's secretary. Forget about what would happen if he found out what was going down at home -- if he left the building at all, the whole company was in jeopardy. He, their best designer, just publicly quit. He wouldn't be coming back.

She pinched the bridge of her nose as she waded her way through the crowd to intercept him. This was a hell of a curveball, alright. One she never would've expected from Flin of all people.

She managed to block him by one of the last tables before the door just in time. "What the fuck are you doing?" she said under her breath as she leaned in close.

"I quit. Didn't you hear?" He pulled a sealed letter from his breast pocket and handed it to her. She didn't even open it before throwing it aside to one of the tables.

"I heard you perfectly fine. And no, you aren't. You have obligations. *Legal* obligations. You can't walk out on those projects until you've turned over-"

Before she could finish her desperate attempt to scare him into submission, his hands returned to the pocket and produced three thumbdrives. He took her hand, placed all of them in her palm, and cupped her fingers into a grip, patting it for good measure. "Here. All of my projects are on these. Every agreement, every piece of intellectual property you entrusted me with. It was hell getting them all done before

the end of the year, but hey, Tray asked it of me, right? And now that my contract is up, you don't have to pay me. You don't even have to credit me. Lucky you, right?"

She couldn't think up a response as he smiled at her. Over time, the bitingly sarcastic expression softened into something more forlorn, dampened by a tinge of regret.

"I apologize for the theatrics. Goodbye, Maddie."

Without another word, he grabbed a cup of fondue from the table, strode past her, and walked right out the front door.

Just like that, Flin Manuelli's time at the company he'd started was over.

As the chaos continued in the lobby behind her, Maddie just scoffed the ridiculousness of the situation.

It turned out Irina had been telling the truth at that cafe after all. The man did have a spine. But as she stared out the glass door after him and watched his headlights shine to life, her smile returned to her face, cruel and vindictive.

It didn't matter. He deserved what was coming to him for pulling a stunt like this on her.

He was too late anyway.

===

"Mmmnnn...!"

Irina hummed as Tray's cock head split her open. He pushed into her slowly and deliberately, drawing out the firing of every nerve. For the first time in a week, she felt that growing fullness again as he nestled up against her cervix and kept going, stretching her out in the way only he could.

Yet, despite how often she'd done this, it felt different somehow. More intimate, now that their bodies were aware of their intent. He breached her on the bed she shared with her husband, touched her bare where she'd once only reserved for her love.

And this time, she wouldn't stop him.

His smooth, shaved pelvis crammed against her pillowy thighs, balls settling on her ass as he bottomed out. Grunting in satisfaction, he flexed just once deep within her.

She came instantaneously.

"Ahhhhhhm! Fuck!"

Her body shook like mad. Tray only let her adjust to his girth and heartbeat for a second before he began to move, encircling her waist with his hands. He was still going slow, but by the second stroke, she had lost track of time entirely. She was tense and relaxed, sensitive and relieved all at once as his length slid in and out of her. Her orgasm spiked over and over with each heavy throb of his veins, her inner walls gripping down on his vulgar shape without mercy like they never wanted him to leave again.

As she went limp on the mattress, she felt glad amidst all the overwhelming sensations that she'd held herself back for this long. Nothing in her life had ever felt this good.

This was what she'd been missing.

She didn't actively notice Tray speed up. He did so gradually, naturally, coaxing her moans out thrust after thrust until, suddenly, she realized she was constantly out of breath. Her eyes were locked to him, and his to the action going on in her pussy. Gone was his perverted smugness. His face was dead serious, twisted in intense, focused pleasure as her body readily accepted as much fucking as he desired. Her breathless gasps only spurred him on more. Right now, in her bedroom, on the bed she shared with Flin, she belonged absolutely to this monster of a man.

Shlk, shlk, shlk, shlk

The lewd sounds of her wetness clinging to him only grew louder the faster he went, only overpowered eventually by the signature slapping of sex as his hips slammed into hers. She threw her head back and screamed, orgasm hitting yet another peak. She was in a constant state of cumming now -- it just had high and low points, each dictated by Tray's movements. Even as she moaned for him, she knew it was wrong for her to feel this way, but she no longer had any interest in regaining control. The wrongness only enhanced her enjoyment, adding raw, potent flavor to their passion.

With another grunt, he wrapped his strong arms around her back. She chirped in confusion before yelping as she felt the mattress disappear below her, his cock still buried in her as he lifted her into the air. Her legs dangled helplessly around his torso, but she had no time to ask what he was doing. Stabilizing her in his grip, he began to fuck her standing.

"Oh! OH MY G-GOD- *AHHH FUCK!*"

His thrusts accelerated in no time, and soon, the slaps resonating through the room were even faster than before. Meanwhile, Irina held on for dear life, moans muffled against his sweaty chest as he relentlessly pummeled her pussy. She realized he had been going easy on her all this time. Had he taken her like this the first time she invited him for full-on sex, she doubted she would've been able to resist coming back the very next day.

Before she could get used to the rough fucking, he switched positions again. Then again. Then once more. He kept alternating, each one feeling like it lasted both an eternity and not long enough. He jackhammered into her from below on the bed, locking her body against his. He plowed into her from the side, holding one leg open as his hot breath washed against her neck. At one point, he even laid back and did nothing, letting Irina ride and grind on him on her own, drunk from total ravishment. She thought she'd known the truest form of pleasure already, that she couldn't possibly feel fuller from his cock. She'd been wrong. Every new angle made

him feel different, made him touch even more uncharted parts within her. She couldn't get enough of him.

It was when he climbed onto her husband's side of the bed himself, bent her face-down ass-up into the sheets, and began pounding her from behind that he spoke during the sex for the first time.

"Hmmmnnnhhhh... Oh, yeah... You always wanted this, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes... OH, I love it I love it I love it...!"

Her words were more a mindless drone of corrupted rapture than a response, hardly distinguishable from any of the moans that came before them. Still, below their slutty exterior, a small part of her did wonder:

Why *did* she do all this?

She couldn't quite remember anymore. She vaguely recalled a sense of discomfort, an unwanted visitor, an inkling of doom as that car rolled down the cul de sac... But she couldn't imagine not accepting this paradise willingly. Not anymore.

Still, that small part of her insisted: surely she didn't want this from the very beginning. That couldn't have been further from the truth. He forced her hand months ago with a veiled threat. He trapped her in a perverted cycle, gradually raising the stakes and breaking her will. It wasn't something she'd actively wished for. She'd just been led here, had her instincts hijacked against her will.

So, why didn't she say no all the way back then? She never would've agreed to all this for her own sake.

That's right. This was for someone else.

For his job. For his happiness. For his family.

This was a Christmas present for... For...

A present for who?

As she wracked her mind for that one's name, Tray picked her up and flipped her again, this time into a mating press, leaning parallel to her as he stared into her eyes. Their faces, covered in each other's essence, rested mere inches apart as he crushed her from above, folding her in half. His strokes were no longer fast, but simply hard -- lengthy, labored, each heavier than the last. They reached deeper into her in this position than any other. She felt his fat, spongy crown tremble each time it nuzzled against her womb, balls churning to life. As the slaps grew ever slower, harder, and louder, the rising scent of pheromones filled the air.

The scent of the imminent end.

Tray had done well to last this long in so many positions -- that he'd changed them so many times without bursting was an impressive feat of endurance on its own. Even so, she saw his face now. She knew that tense stare, those clenched teeth. She felt his uneasiness, his slipping control.

Trapped beneath him, her head turned feebly to the side, regarding the picture on the nightstand. She still couldn't quite remember the name of the man she smiled next to in it -- it was on the tip of her tongue -- but she did manage to hold onto her memories of him. His voice, his touch, his dorky focus on his work.

She told him she loved him this morning. Only now, as Tray fucked her senseless, did she realize why.

It wasn't to convince him, but herself.

Because deep down, she knew it didn't matter how this started. Her initial determination to do all this for him, to have this baby be his in some small way, was just an echo of someone who no longer existed -- a thin shell of her former self just waiting to be shed. There was a reason she could enjoy betraying him. Now, whether she liked it or not, the new, rotten person beneath loved it more than him.

And she did like it. Oh, she fucking *loved* it.

Still, she felt it well up inside her -- the smallest shred of resistance, that last impossibly resilient ounce of guilt she thought dead time and time again. She hardly felt its effects anymore -- Tray was doing too good a job for that -- but it did activate an old reflex.

She reached for the picture, for the man whose name she did not know. Her ring gleamed in the lamplight.

Tray caught her hand in his own before she could reach it. He dragged it away, then slammed it down above her, pinning her down for good as he kept driving his hard dick into her. She whimpered at the move but didn't resist as he dragged her other hand into his grip.

She heard his message clearly above the guilt.

Look at me.

She did. His face was on the brink now, his thrusts heavy with restraint. As she felt his rumbling throbs ripple through her, warm with the sensation of naked flesh, the realization that he wasn't wearing a condom boomed in her skull yet again, reminding her of her own ovulation.

"Here it comes, baby. Tell me what you want," he growled, breathing hitched and rapid. The head of his cock flared.

She felt no panic. No fear. The picture flashed in her head, but it had no sway. That part of herself had been dead for weeks. It just didn't know it until now.

With the final string snapped, she gave herself over fully.

"Get me fucking pregnant."

At this simple order, Tray slammed into her one last time, shaking the whole bedroom as she squealed in pleased submission.

The picture fell flat on the nightstand.

Her hand slipped from Tray's prison of fingers, but it didn't reach to pick it back up. Instead, it shot right to the lamp's pull cord on its own. She wanted this to happen in the dark, in the sensitivity that only came with the pitch black.

What came next couldn't have taken more than an instant at most, but in Irina's state, senses heightened to a fiery extreme, she felt everything in excruciating detail as though in slow motion. The huge cock within her expanded...and expanded, and expanded, and expanded. It was nothing like how he grew before his usual climaxes. It just kept growing. It wouldn't stop. Each throb made him bigger, each strain stretched her wider. He was soon larger than he'd ever been -- so large she feared the veins pumping overtime against her inner walls would pop.

In that minute moment, she tried to squirm and realized she could not even budge him. He could not pull out. His own body, reacting to her desire, had made sure she could not escape her fate now even if she wanted to.

Like the calm before a storm, the chaotic, rumbling contractions along his shaft abruptly stopped. At the same time, his balls constricted hard, dragging up the skin of her ass.

An unmistakable swell rose up in his groin.

His inner workings did all they could to keep it moving along, and not a moment later, that swell passed into her body. The thick, bulging lump traveled up his inflated organ, brushing her wet flesh as it crawled deeper and deeper. Just as it was about to reach the tip, however, it paused -- a last gasp, a fragment of stopped time just long enough to let her eyes widen.

Tray was fully loaded, his flared glans perfectly aligned with the opening to her womb, long past the point of no return.

He was going to cum in her unprotected pussy.

Time returned. His length surged with a violent jerk. Despite the void all around her, she swore the world went white.

"FUUUUCK YEEEESSSSS!"

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHNNNNNGGGHH!"

Tray's tremulous, triumphant roar filled her ears, harmonizing with her orgasmic scream. They were both so loud, she was sure at that moment that the whole neighborhood had to have heard.

And yet, at the same time, to her, their voices were...quiet. Almost inaudible. Her body was numb. Nonexistent. Her eyes dilated fully in the dark, sinking into her new reality.

All she felt was him.

The first shot lasted a whole second -- a long, heavy, unbroken rope splashing directly into her most sacred place. It was not warm, as she'd felt when he filled the condoms. No. Unbound by any barriers, his semen was hot, almost scalding. As it met her fertile ovaries, she felt it stirring, bubbling, sparking like a chemical reaction.

She knew instinctively and right away as she felt it: just that one was enough.

But Tray kept going anyway. He emptied the life she so admired and craved into her one rope at a time. In the white haze, she saw her future, eyes tearing up not in grief, but joy. She was thankful to him. She was going to be a mother at last.

By the second, she had pulled him down into their first kiss in the midst of the creampie, lips mashing and tongues dancing as he pumped her full.

By the third, she was no longer conscious.

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Flin reached up to rub his eyes on the drive home and found, to his surprise, that he was crying.

He didn't know when it began nor why. Frankly, he'd been reeling from adrenaline as soon as he walked out the front door, mind racing at the fact that he'd really done it -- he'd finally quit. Like tearing a band-aid off, it was far easier to do than he'd imagined. He'd already emptied his office of all his belongings. As far as he was concerned, he'd been done with the place last week. Judging by the tears he bled, though, actually announcing it had cracked open a wound which had not fully closed.

Were they of grief? Happiness? Relief?

He wiped his face off and decided to forget about it. He was done with the memories, done with KF Designs. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to be back home with his wife like he'd planned.

The moment he thought of her, he shuffled in the driver's seat, shifting his tented dress pants. It was shameless of him, he knew that, but if ever there was a time he could work a miracle, it was now. He hoped she was ready for him. It was going to be a long night.

...Well, of course she wasn't ready. He'd made that call before that stupid speech to ensure she wouldn't be. It was part of the present. She needed to think he wasn't going to be home any time soon in order to be caught fully off guard. She had no idea that he'd left the party just ten short minutes after that call, making a beeline for their house. He'd even picked up a fondue for her on the way out.

Yes, he could hardly wait to see her reaction.

And...it also doesn't hurt to check.

He screeched to a halt at a stoplight, pinching his brow. The second, nagging voice had emerged without warning, carrying a baggage of emotions he thought he'd smothered away: suspicion, worry...and, more frightening than all, paranoia. They were all still there, just hidden in his subconscious.

Despite all he'd done to ignore them, Maddie and Tray had gotten under his skin in the end. The way the secretary talked so familiarly about his wife, the way the boss had left so early... He couldn't help but feel they were all hiding something terrible from him, just as Irina had been doing this morning. He didn't need to notice that correlation now of all times.

He shook his head as the light went green. He was still convinced that it was all a ploy. The paranoia itself was the trap. Give in, and like Kanan, he'd be doomed. He had to believe in Irina.

They loved each other. That was all that mattered.

When he turned into the neighborhood, he had forgotten about his fretting again, shoving it back down into the annals of his mind where it belonged. He filled his head with pleasant thoughts -- the fact that he was free, that he would be able to spend more time with his wife, and that he would soon make love to her. Damn it, one might say that in his newfound freedom, he even allowed himself to share in her hope.

He passed over the hill and looked over the cul de sac, sighing as he laid eyes upon their house's windows glowing in the shade of dusk.

The sigh got caught in his throat halfway.

There was another car in their driveway.

His foot pressed down on the brake pedal, slowing his descent to a crawl. He rubbed his eyes again, but the foreign car remained. With this second glance, he recognized it immediately: a Chevrolet Camaro, black as the shadowed forest towering over his residence.

Denial came to his defense right away. Maybe his eyes were still tricking him. Maybe it was another Camaro. Maybe Irina had invited another one of her old girlfriends in her loneliness, and they just so happened to have one.

Maybe it was anything other than the possibility that bore a pit in his stomach.

Swiftly, reality hit him with a brutal check as he rolled closer to the intruder: the license plate was Tray's, full-stop. He had parked in the middle of the gravel lane, blocking Irina's Honda in. There was no room left for Flin to enter, so he pulled around the cul de sac instead, stopping by the mailbox.

Don't go any closer. Drive away. You know this feeling.

Foolishly, he didn't listen. If his boss was here, Irina could be in serious trouble. Maddie had probably already notified the man of what he'd done. He would try to take revenge in his own way, and Flin could easily guess how. Even so, it had only been roughly an hour since Tray left, and Irina was resilient. She would stonewall him no matter how persistent he was. He couldn't have been here for more than thirty minutes...

Dumbass. You know he speeds.

He grabbed the fondue and scrambled out of his car without even locking it, running full speed through his yard. He didn't think about why he took the cup. It was meaningless at the moment, but he still fully intended to give it to her. She needed help, and after he kicked Tray out of this place, she'd need comforting. Maybe he wouldn't get lucky tonight, but that was okay -- his wife's happiness was all he cared about. They would get through this.

As his feet stomped on the front porch, he shivered, and the pit in his stomach widened. He felt a strange disturbance in the planks below him -- rumbles, thumps vibrating his body in slow, even beats. Being too quiet to hear, though, he chalked it up to his imagination and took another few hesitant steps forward toward the front door.

That was when his wife's voice came muffled through the walls.

"...Oh yes, Tray... Please give it to me... Give it to me baby...!"

The fondue slipped from his hands, splattering on the wood. He staggered back.

No. No. No. No. No. No.

No.

He held his mouth as vomit rose into his throat, trying not to pass out. His eyes were shut tight, and when he opened them, he found he was stumbling around the porch and sunroom.

His whole being screamed for him to turn back and run away, but his stubborn mind overruled it. It hadn't caught up. It simply did not believe -- could not accept -- the evidence his ears had given him. He was a coward. He couldn't go inside and confront them, but he couldn't run away, either.

As much as he didn't want to, he needed to see for himself.

Leaning on the side of the house, he felt the rhythm from earlier clearly through the bricks -- thump, thump, thump, thump, thump -- each bump powerful as an earthquake. He knew inherently what these sounds meant, but even now, they were too intense for him to believe it.

Then, he rounded the corner and saw his bedroom window.

Just over a year ago after they'd married, Irina asked for blackout curtains for their room, and, not doing any research, he'd ordered her a cheap pair online. She never noticed anything wrong with them since they kept the light out well enough. Unbeknownst to her, however, the ones he'd gifted her were not true blackout curtains. The fabric was dark but still slightly translucent, leaving shadows if a light was bright enough in the right conditions. He'd been dragging his feet on getting them quietly replaced.

As he looked through them now, he wished he had.

Lamplight shone against the curtains, and two dark silhouettes filled the backdrop: a man positioned above a woman on Flin's bed, pinning her by the hands as her legs dangled uselessly around him. Joining them at the hips as a straight yet impossibly thick length, a crude shadow disappearing repeatedly into the woman's body. Her fat thighs rippled with every impact, and as Flin watched on, the source of the beating thumps became undeniable.

He froze in place, unable to think. This was not sex. This was not the tender, loving act he and his wife engaged in.

This man was *fucking* her.

His thrusts were slow but hard, fixed in pace. He pistoned in and out, never once changing speeds. There was no love in it, no fluid consideration for the other. It was pure, mechanical instinct -- reproduction. The sounds coming from the room reflected that -- growls, howls, grunts. Carnal noise.

Flin realized that he didn't know either of these people. He didn't know the man, and he certainly didn't know the woman.

Yet, the voice screaming through the window was undoubtedly Irina's. And the sounds she was making were happy ones.

He had never heard them before. She had never made them for him.

He remained stuck in place until, suddenly, the man buried himself inside her, and the clapping stopped. A horrible, revolting squeal pierced through the glass as he pressed the woman down on the bedframe, straining the wood.

She reached for the source of light, and with a click, the window went dark. The voices went on, groaning, screaming in simultaneous release.

His feet broke from their place, released at the same time. Perhaps it was the lights going off, that image vanishing from his sight like a waking nightmare, that set him free. He didn't linger on it. He didn't want to think of anything. He sprinted back around the house as fast as he could, spotting his car still in the cul de sac. It seemed miles away.

Don't worry, Kanan. It wasn't your fault. You just got unlucky. You were too good for her anyway. You'll get your chance one day.

He would've laughed at his own stupid words right then if he wasn't trembling too hard to even speak. No wonder his best friend killed himself.

He got in his car and drove. He did not cry on his way out the neighborhood. He just wanted to go away. Some place far. Any place was fine.

Anywhere but here.

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One year later

The night was young enough to see the pink fall beneath the horizon. The city lights streaked through the skies, cars rushing by and beeping like they were all late to getting somewhere. The sidewalks, too, didn't leave one much room -- downtown this time of day was drunk town, filled with swaying idiots and swooning broads, all too horny to remember whatever sex they had when they woke up hungover the next morning.

In the booze-smelling air, Jamie tiptoed around them all, searching the storefronts. Living in these streets made you a master of footwork. You had to watch your step if you didn't want to step in someone's vomit, something he unfortunately had experience in. No way in hell was he walking in a joint with that on his shoes. Bouncers would get you out right away.

Eventually, he found the place he'd been recommended: a thin spot with one little window. The sign read "Ruby's," but he wouldn't remember the name. It was a seedy place he'd never been to, but like all seedy places, he knew exactly what to expect as he walked in.

Somber lighting over rustic scenery, smooth jazz echoing softly from above. This was no club. The flirting here was soft and demure, though no one here bothered to hide themselves. Naturally, it was mostly tons and tons of white folk, minus the one other black guy sitting at a booth across from him -- stocky and beer-bellied with a dolled-up redhead in one arm. Despite them being polar opposites in appearance, they acknowledged each other when they made eye contact. They both played the same role here.

Jamie sat down at the bar, deciding to go for an early drink seeing as his friends had yet to show. At a glance, the bartender standing across from him was familiar, but he thought nothing of it. He found the ones in these kinds of establishments always gave off the suave, familiar vibe. Hungarian stache, black hair, a distant look in the eye -- you could tell they were sad and storied, and yet like all the best in their profession, they would never, ever tell. They simply did their job, took your money, and sent you on your merry way without a word, leaving their past a mystery for you to chew on until you accepted that everyone had that kind of thing in one way or another.

"Whiskey sour on the rocks," Jamie said. The man nodded and got right to work.

Just as he zoned out waiting for his drink, he jumped as the seat next to him slid against the hard floor. A mature, stately brunette had taken the chance to approach.

She wore a blue cocktail dress that was just a tad too tight, accentuating her curves and matching her eyes. The wrinkles in her face were slight but noticeable -- not that this was a bad thing. She was unquestionably a stunner.

He froze as he looked at her. She, too, was familiar, but it was just a trick of the mind. He quickly got over it, shooting his shot. "You had a drink tonight, ma'am?"

She looked him up and down. Unsurprisingly, she was after someone "exotic" tonight. "Could do with another."

"Bartender? Could I have a martini dry for this one?"

Impressively, the man wordlessly began prepping the other drink right as he was finishing up the whiskey sour. He served them both at the same time.

Jamie took a sip before she did. "So, what brings a fine lady like you here? Place isn't exactly the most fun."

"Maybe not, but you can find real gemstones in the run-down ones. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Heh..." he chuckled, watching her slim fingers as she took her turn to drink.

No ring. Good.

"You alone?"

"My husband's left me for the night. Unwise in these parts."

His heart dropped. He opened his mouth, but he found he couldn't work his magic.

Come on, you idiot. What're you doing?

"Aww, what's the matter?" the woman echoed. "Don't want any trouble? Did me mentioning another man make you chicken?"

"I- I, uhm... That's not... Damn. Sorry, ma'am. Don't know what's come over me."

"It's alright, hon. You take your time. I won't force you. Don't forget about me, though. I'll be here for a while, just in case you change your mind..."

She stood and sauntered over to the fat black man. The redhead in his arms smiled wickedly at her as she tried the same charm all over again.

"Sheesh. How the mighty have fallen."

The voice came from behind. Jamie turned to see his college friends, Harry and Jessica, walking toward him, both of them smiling at his misfortune.

"Damn. You saw that?" he muttered.

Harry laughed as he and his blonde girlfriend sat down. "Every second. Heard it, too."

After the two ordered their drinks, Jamie looked around to make sure no one was listening and spoke under his breath. "What's with this place? It's just another brothel, man."

"Hey. You said you wanted to meet someone. This is where you meet people."

He sighed. He loved these two -- he really did -- but he should've known better than to trust them with this sort of thing by now. Swingers were just a different breed of freaky, and you couldn't trust freaky to play matchmaker.

Jessica took a big swig of her margarita before speaking loudly as always. "Shit! We gotta come back here, Harry!"

"You got it, baby."

Jamie chuckled at the exchange, not wasting the chance to take a peek at the girl's assets. While he wasn't really into that life anymore, he'd still tapped her a few times

himself back before they graduated. He still wasn't sure if Harry knew about it. He probably didn't care anyway if he did.

"So what's happened to you, lil' Jamie?" she asked. "Never thought you were one to let a woman get to you."

"Oh, brother, Jess. Now you've done it," Harry groaned.

Jamie just laughed, taking another sip as Jessica hummed in confusion.

"What? It's just a question."

"Yeah, and he's going through a phase right now," Harry ridiculed, taking a swig. "He's gonna start talking about that damn CEO guy and his dream girl and how he got cucked so badly, even though that girl was married to some other schmuck! Don't tell me that's what's got you down again, man."

"...What? Harry, don't tell me you're already drunk. Jamie, what's he talking about?"

Jamie shared a look with Harry, who silently pleaded for him not to go on. He didn't listen. After all, it was still weighing on him. "You hear of the Palmer CEO scandal a few weeks back?"

"Of course I have. A bunch of women came out against a bigshot for playing loose with sexual favors. He basically had a harem. What about it?"

"Well, sit tight. Because I met a woman 'bout two years ago. Most beautiful woman you ever saw -- drop-dead gorgeous face, hips to die for. Fine shyt all 'round." He paused, realizing he'd begun to draw some prying eyes and ears. He went on. "Anyway, I was running delivery in her town, and you know how I went back then. I saw she was married, and I didn't give a damn. I flirted. And you know what? She never denied me outright. She'd shoe me away but never complained when I came around again. I thought I had a chance."

"And you're *sure* she was interested?" Jessica asked. A collective laugh rumbled through the room.

"Damn right she was! I was after that ass for over a year. She didn't stop me. Hell, she'd flirt back. And...shit, man, you think I'm wrong not to fall for that after so long? I know it was delusional -- I knew it then -- but I started to get ideas. Maybe I could work my magic on her. Maybe I could show her that husband wasn't so right for her."

Yes, he remembered. He used to enjoy that kind of fling, getting other guys' girlfriends and wives to cheat. It made him feel powerful -- more like a man, for lack of a better term. Simple and stupid as it was, it never failed to get him off. He thought Irina would be no different.

"Fast forward a month or two: we have a close call. She gets all up on me. She stopped herself before it could go anywhere, but I saw it as progress. But after that, I started noticing changes. She was actin' weird. She was tired all the damn time, and her smiles became a rarity. I thought it was because she was feeling guilty about what had almost happened, so I decided to go 'comfort' her like the piece of shit I am. And you know what I see through the window when I get there again?"

He paused for effect, and the crowd all leaned in.

"That's right. Another man dickin' her down into the couch. Not me, not her husband. I shit you not, it was the Palmer CEO. Only realized after the fact when I saw the pictures. She was one of those women. And lemme tell you, he was a hung motherfucker. I'm talking he had the type of dick you see in porn, and I mean *drawn* porn. His shit was like, this big."

He measured a ruler and a few extra inches out with his flat palms, and the bar erupted into laughter.

Jessica spoke again once they quieted down. "What'd you do after that?"

"Well, I got mad. There I was, being my romantic, woman-stealing self, trying to get in this woman's pants for years. Then, this guy comes along and lays her in...what, months? Weeks? I was jealous, man!

"I stormed back to her place the next week, and I admit. I told her what I saw when I peeked through the window blinds, and she sucked my dick to keep me quiet. Best head I ever had. Came in seconds. But after that... She just kicked me out. No emotion, no happiness. I hardly even recognized the woman I'd been flirting with. She was just a machine at that point. Never talked to her again after she blew me, but I did see she got pregnant on my drivebys. It wasn't the husband's, I'll tell you that much."

He knew it to be true. As the weeks went by, he saw that Camaro in that driveway more often than not. Sometimes, that man came alone. Others he had a new, petite girl with him. But one thing was for sure: Irina's husband was gone by that time, and she had stayed.

It was at that point that he realized he was disgusted. Every man had imagined themselves as that Palmer CEO at some point -- big, strong, hung, rich as can be. But seeing it for himself, he realized he could never be someone like that, and he would never want to be. Those women enjoyed the sex with him, that was for sure, but outside of that? The life had been sucked out of them. And Palmer hadn't been spared in the end, either. The moment his health turned for the worse, his victims went public all at once, picking him clean in the aftermath until nothing was left. Flew too close to the sun. It broke Jamie a little to see *that* was what he'd been aspiring to. It made him truly self conscious for the first time in his life.

He sighed. "I guess it just made me think, you know? I ain't got no right to bitch about anything. She wasn't even mine -- she was cheating on her husband, not me. But I did want her, and it hurt to see what she became. How many women have I changed in the same way? How many brothers have I betrayed?"

The establishment went silent, and soon, those who had listened were back to their prior engagements, bored with his story.

After contemplating it, Jessica scoffed and took another sip. "Psh. Doesn't sound to me like you did anything wrong, Jamie. I'd bet she was always that way. Nothing hotter than a woman discovering herself..."

"Bull. You didn't meet her. She wasn't the type to cheat. Not until that Palmer guy got to her."

"You sure? There're lots of sheltered women out there who haven't broken outta their shells. Can't blame 'em for doing what they want eventually. It's on their husbands for not knowing something's wrong."

Harry nodded along, completely on his girlfriend's side as usual.

Jamie rolled his eyes. "But she never did more than flirt with me. She was head over heels for her husband, too. Looked like a healthy relationship, communication and all. Why'd such a real person break so quick? It couldn't've been natural, I tell you. A huge dick couldn't've been enough."

"I don't know, alright?" Jessica snapped, clearly getting annoyed. "Maybe this CEO was just a little smarter than you. Maybe he put a wrench in their communication. Maybe he knew he needed to get a little forceful. And yes, maybe it really was just his gigantic schlong, ridiculous as it may sound. You've got a big one. You know. We like those. If she didn't want it from the start, none of anything he did would've made a lick of difference." She huffed as she finished her rant, eying the room. They had begun to draw attention yet again. "Nevermind about all that, though, you crybaby. Did she...you know, go through with it? The pregnancy, I mean."

"What? Uhhh..."

He didn't like thinking back on it, but he remembered when he first noticed that, too. It had been just a month after that CEO began coming over, on a day just like any

other. He saw her in her sunroom doing yoga in a crop top and skintight pants, only this time there was a bump in her stomach. He wrote it off at first, but over time, it became clear as day. Her midsection swelled week after week, navel popping as her flat chest filled out. The old man kept coming over all the while.

Even worse, though, was when Jamie spotted her on her front porch, rubbing her belly contentedly. She didn't notice him at all, and she didn't seem to regret anything either. By all accounts, she looked happy to carry this bastard's child.

He stopped seeing her shortly after that, so he never did find out for sure what she ended up doing. She just up and moved out of that house one day, and it was sold soon after. He couldn't stand driving by it by that point. Luckily -- well, unluckily for the new buyer -- a bad hurricane blew through a month later, wiping the building off the map. Thus, all evidence of that young, sweet couple at the end of the cul de sac was gone.

Going back to Jessica's question, though, he answered her honestly. "I can only assume. Last I saw her, there was definitely a baby in that belly."

"Hmmmnnn..." she moaned at his words, shocking him with her shamelessness. Her eyes began to wander around the place, spotting another couple at a distant table. Jamie smiled as her legs rustled together beneath the counter. Somehow, she had a way of sniffing out her ilk. "Honey? Wanna head out?" she cooed.

Harry pinched her cheek, then stood up with her with a groan. "Welp. You know what time it is. Duty calls. I'll catch you later, Jamie. Hope you feel better soon. Oh, and your next drink's on me. Don't worry, I already paid."

Jamie looked down at his glass, realizing he had already finished his first whiskey sour without realizing. Now that he thought of it, his head was spinning a bit. Before he could call after his retreating friends, though, he flinched as the suave bartender set his second drink down a bit harder than usual -- not a slam, but loud enough to

startle him. The man had already gone on to take someone else's order when he thought to ask him what he'd done wrong.

Sitting alone and idle with nothing else to do, he started sipping again. His eyes fell on the mature brunette. She'd left the fat black man with his original girl, clearly having given up on the pursuit. She sat at the other end of the bar just as unoccupied as Jamie, tracing the rim of her glass with her ring finger. Now that he really looked, he could see the indent of where a band had been.

He rubbed his face in one hand, frustrated with himself. He wasn't about that life anymore...

But he was horny, damn it. And he wanted intimacy from somewhere. No matter how much guilt he felt, that fact would remain. That was true for them all, wasn't it?

The woman noticed him, and her bored expression swiftly switched to one of seduction. She crossed her legs, batting her eyelashes at him from afar.

He threw caution to the wind and took a swig of his second glass.

It was the best drink he'd ever had.

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