

How Far is Too Far? Part 14

By DontJudgeMe_

As promised, a short summary of part 13:

Jia was preparing for Tom when he showed up at her house with Spencer, the tattooist in tow. They stayed and enjoyed David's whiskey.

David called and accidentally overheard Tom - which upset him. He left his phone in his room and joined Alice at the bar.

Alice and David drank heavily, while Tom kept pouring whiskey, rum and beer on Jia and all three got quite drunk.

Alice and David went to Alice's room (David realised that he'd forgotten his key-card in his room) and had sex. Meanwhile, Jia was getting black-out drunk herself, and Spencer forced himself on her. She tried to resist but couldn't and he fucked her and came on her face while Tom watched and cheered him on.

Then Tom took her ass. Against her wishes, he even made her orgasm while doing that.

The last she noticed was a buzzing-sound coming from her crotch while someone - Tom - held her legs open. Then she passed out again.

Fair warning: this is STILL a cuck-story, and now it's also dealing with the fallout of the night before. If you don't like lying and cheating, you shouldn't read this.

David

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The alarm was so loud! Its horrible noise pulled me from a cozy dream in Jia's warm, loving embrace and into the cold reality of day. Like the fact that the woman crawling to the night-table to shut off the alarm was definitely not my wife but rather my secretary.

Yesterday came crashing back to me. The phone-call with Jia (and Tom!), the drinking, the missing key-card and... well, everything that had happened once we went into Alice's room.

"Oh my God," I muttered. My mouth felt like someone had sandpapered it but as Alice turned back to me, I forgot about that. She looked as tired as I felt. Her usually voluminous silvery hair hung flat and uninspired down her shoulders, a mess of loose locks and stray tresses. Her make-up was half-way gone and she had bags under her normally lively blue eyes, which looked like they wanted to go back to sleep. She pulled the cover back up around her waist, leaving her large, pierced breasts naked before my eyes. Naturally, as a gentleman, I did my best not to stare. It was a challenge, but I managed... somewhat. A quick peek or two at most. Her eyes sought mine, and she smiled at me.

"Morning," she said, her voice barely more than a croak.

"Morning," I said hesitantly back at her. I had no idea what else to say. I'd never had

a one-night stand before, especially not with a friend (or friendly employee) before. What was the protocol here?

"Look," she began, obviously reading my mind as she had become so adept at, "I know what you're thinking. I understand. I'm not expecting anything, and I'm not gonna use it against you in any way."

"I... eh, I wasn't thinking that." Not in so many words, at least. She just gave me a look, and I nodded and looked away.

"It was fun, okay? We had fun," she went on, "I'm not here to steal you from your wife." She paused and then continued, "unless you want to get stolen?"

"Alice," I began, without having any idea how to end the sentence. I was married to Jia. Right? And that meant something. It had to. I loved her. Still. Despite yesterday. Despite the lies. Didn't I?

"It's okay, David," she said, interrupting my thoughts. She still smiled at me, though it seemed less genuine, less happy now... more forced somehow, "I'm not making you choose or anything."

"I, eh..." I had no idea what to say. I had no idea what to think. I woke up next to a beautiful, sexy woman - by all rights I should be freaking out. I had never cheated on Jia before, had never even considered it, had never been tempted. And now that I had, and Alice was laying next to me, looking all sweet and tired, I felt... fine. Not indifferent but not guilty either. It was hard to put a finger on but it didn't seem like I'd done anything wrong. Jia was off getting her own, after all. And sleeping with Alice had felt so natural, so *right*.

"You know," she said slowly, and suddenly she didn't look so tired anymore. There was a new energy to her, a naughty smile, a spirited way she held her head, a pep in her hands as they slid in under my cover.

"If I *was* trying to make you choose," she went on and slowly, sensually peeled my cover off my, letting the light of day see my naked body - my chest, my stomach and finally my shriveled dick.

"I might do something like this..."

She tossed the cover to the side and crawled to me, her large tits swinging invitingly. Without any further ado or foreplay or anything, she bent down and swallowed my dick, easily fitting all of me inside her mouth.

"Oh shit, Alice," I groaned, unprepared for the sudden pleasure that shot through me. It was brand new feeling, getting sucked without being hard, but I rapidly grew in her mouth. She began bobbing up and down, her lips forming a tight seal around my hardening shaft. She made sure to dive all the way down, though soon her throat

made those sexy little gagging-noises as I grew to my full size. She looked up at me, all trace of tiredness gone from her blazing, blue eyes. She was loving this as much as I was, and that shared connection only made it so much hotter. God, how had I gone years without a woman's lips around my cock? All thoughts of Jia was driven out of me by this incredible woman. I felt no guilt, no shame, I just enjoyed her pleasurable machinations.

"Fuck, Alice, you're so sexy! So hot..." I murmured and gently caressed her hair, while her lips split into a pleased smile around my dick.

Jia

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Slowly, ever so slowly I opened my eyes. There was a noise. An irritatingly loud, irritatingly penetrating noise that refused to stop. I tried to locate it but the searing pain in my head was far more pressing. The sunlight coming from the windows cut my eyes like knives, and I quickly shut them again.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

For the love of all that was holy, that noise was excruciating - every beep cut into my head like a sword. I opened my eyes again, trying to ignore the sharp pain to determine where I was. It was hard to see, as everything was foggy and out of focus. I wasn't in my bed though, that was certain. I wasn't even in my bedroom... or in a bed at all.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Everything hurt. My head most of all, but also my butt and my lady-parts. My vulva for some reason. My throat was dry as the Sahara and my eyes wanted to stay closed to avoid the burning intensity of the sun.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

"Fuck off!" I croaked and my voice sounded old and rusty. Slowly I sat up, fighting the urge to vomit and tried to figure out where I was and what was going on. It was a couch. My couch. My nice, white couch. Which meant... that I was in my living-room.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Okay, living-room. My eyes gradually got used to the merciless light and I saw my coffee-table littered with a empty beer-cans and bottles of booze. Had we had a party? That would explain the splitting headache. There! On the table was my phone and the painful noises were emanating from it. I

grabbed for it, missed, knocked over a couple of cans before I finally got the evasive little thing in hand.

It was my alarm. Of course. What else? It was 7:30 and I was supposed to get up. I finally got it turned off, and a blessed silence filled the room. So delightful....

I looked down at myself. I was wearing a black and completely see-through dress. It was bounced up around my waist though.

Suddenly everything came screaming back to me. Tom. Spencer. The whiskey and the rum, all the liquor.

The little fat man on top of me. Calling me his yellow whore. Kissing me. Forcing himself upon me.

I ran from the room and threw up in the sink in the kitchen. Only some bile came up and I spat it out, my head feeling like it was about to explode. I felt so vile, so defiled. I remembered his little hard-on, slick with pre-cum and his proud expression. I'd let him...

Oh fuck. That was why I hurt down there. I hadn't been ready for him at all. And then...

I gingerly touched my face, remembering how I'd woken up with his loathsome semen getting fired down upon it. There was little left though, maybe they'd cleaned up after themselves.

I remembered Tom then. That filthy betrayer! He'd gotten me drunk to fuck my ass, the *foul* Judas. Had I really orgasmed during that or was that a dream? The uncaring asshole, no way he'd spent time cleaning me up.

I must have rubbed all that little bastard's filthy sperm off on the couch - on my beautiful, white couch. I staggered back into the living room and sure enough, there were several spots on it. Most noticeable a large, dark stain where I'd slept. It must have leaked from my... no, I refused to think about that.

"God... why?" I asked. What had I done to deserve this? I'd tried to do good, tried to please everyone but they'd turned their backs on me. David wouldn't talk to me and the asshole I trusted had abuse me and *lent me out* to his filthy little friend. Why? Why me?

But He didn't answer. No-one did.

Slowly, I sat down on the couch again, avoiding the worst stains. Tired, pained and with tears pouring down my cheeks, I'd never felt more alone. Everyone had deserted me.

David

"Oh God, oh God... oh that's so good, oh God..." I muttered again and again. I was barely aware that I was talking, words just tumbled out of me in complete awe. Alice still had my dick in her mouth, and she was making sure I wouldn't forget her *ever*.

Her petite hand was wrapped around my shaft, jerking me off in time with her

bobbing head, and she held my gaze with those beautiful sapphire eyes. There was no doubt that this sexy woman loved sucking my dick. She told me that wordlessly, her entire being radiated pure satisfaction, as she moved her lips up and down my shaft. Her tongue played me like an instrument and her slobbering, sexy sounds made me groan in arousal.

"I'm getting close. Oh fuck, Alice, I'm..." It was so good! I wanted to give her a fair warning - a gentleman doesn't just cum in lady's mouth, however much he wants to. But she didn't stop, didn't hesitate. She just continued, speeding up if anything. Oh God, she wanted it in her mouth again. Oh fuck, oh Jesus, she was amazing!

"Alice... oh God, I love your mouth! Aliiiiice... NNGH!"

The eruption was sudden and surprising. My hands still in her hair held her as I emptied my balls into her sucking mouth. Waves and waves spewed forth, and she dutifully stayed still, her throat working overtime as she swallowed my load. I groaned and grunted like an animal, completely engulfed in the pleasure. Everything felt right and just in that long moment as my body shook in pleasure.

I relaxed and let go of her, slumping back in the bed, spent and pleased. She stayed on my dick, playing with my sensitive head, making sure I was completely empty before she pulled off me. She swallowed again, sending the last of my boys down her throat and smacked her lips like she'd just had a pleasant meal.

Then she giggled and snuggled up to me.

What could I do? She was so cute, so I had to kiss her. Long and hard.

I'd read somewhere that women appreciate that after a blowjob, and Alice had certainly earned it. So we kissed and rested and life was good. I didn't spare even a thought for my unfaithful wife back home, the here and now was far too good to ruin.

Until we realised that we had to get down to breakfast.

Jia

I took some painkillers and some water. It helped... some. After a while. Once I had the full function of my voice, I called Madison and told her I was sick. Thankfully, she didn't ask questions, just told me to get some rest. And yes, I needed rest. I desperately needed rest. But I also needed to get my house under control.

And myself. I found some clean clothes and staggered into the bedroom, pulling off that stupid dress that I'd put on yesterday, when everything had been bright and good. When I'd wanted to tempt Tom into a fun rump under the sheets.

The very thought gave me a sour taste in my mouth, and I made a face at the full-length mirror.

Something caught my eyes. Something out of place. Something I ought to have discovered immediately, if everything else hadn't been so horrible. There was a layer of film of some sort on the mound above my vagina. And there was something

coloured underneath it. Like when I had the lily on my shoulder done.

"No. Nononono," I whispered in panic and looked closer.

Yes. It was a tattoo. A brand new tattoo that the absolute ASSHOLES had done to me when I was passed out!

About ten centimeters tall, it was the smug, superior face of a dark grey cat with a white muzzle.

It was Tom from Tom & Jerry.

He had marked my pussy with a picture of his namesake.

He had marked it as his own. He had marked ME as his own.

"Motherfucker..." I breathed as I stared at the arrogant smile, the eye-brows lifted in self-satisfaction, the yellow eyes screaming of victory.

This was too much. It was unfair. I hadn't agreed to this, I hadn't consented to this, *any* of it. He had PERMANENTLY marked me as his, or my pussy at least, which I guessed was the only thing he cared about.

"Motherfucker..." I repeated louder as I studied the painting on my skin. It was well-made and if I had wanted it, I'd have been highly appreciative of the fine workmanship. The proportions were right, the expression was telling - this was the cat that had eaten the canary, so to speak.

The only problem, of course, was that I DIDN'T WANT A FUCKING TATTOO OF A CAT ON MY PUSSY!

"MOTHERFUCKER!" I screamed and grabbed the nearest thing I could get my hand on - a brush - and hurled it through the room, "MOTHERFUCKER! MOTHERFUCKER! FUCK YOU, TOM!" Something else, a toothbrush hit the wall, then a lipstick that I had left out on the sink yesterday when I was dolling myself up for that ungrateful asshole.

"Fuck you. Fuck you..."

I kept repeating that and throwing things until I ran out of ammunition.

I breathed. Hard. Deep. Calmed myself, at least somewhat. Then I took the shower I'd come for.

David

It was easy to get an extra key-card for my room, even without ID. Since Alice vouched for me, and I gave the receptionist my most trust-worthy (if a bit hungover) smile, I soon got into my own room. I pointedly ignored my phone, took a shower and put on some fresh clothes.

The shower did me good, and I felt like a bright new man. And the fact that I'd just cum in a beautiful woman's mouth made me feel like *quite* the man.

I was in a surprisingly good mood, especially considering the mess that awaited me at home. Rightfully, I should be choking on guilt at my unfaithfulness, not whistling a

merry tune. But eating breakfast with my vivacious and gorgeous Alice made it impossible to feel gloomy. She was even more animated than usual and cheerfully explained the difference between American and European pancakes, while she stuffed her mouth with the kind the hotel served.

Admittedly, it was difficult to pay attention, as I kept remembering her stuffing her mouth with something else not that long ago, and it was a very erotic image indeed. We didn't have much work today. Merely a sort of shared conclusion in the auditorium and a quick questionnaire about the stay.

"You think they actually use these for anything," I mumbled to Alice as I tried to decide whether I thought the work-shops had been 'good' or 'very good'.

"I hope not," she answered with a wink and folded her paper, "I just put very good in everything."

"You cheat!" I laughed... and did the same. What did it matter after all? We went back to our rooms, and for a moment outside them, there was an awkward silence. We had an hour till check-out. Now what? Should we meet up, or-

"I'll pack my stuff and join you in a minute, okay?" she asked as she unlocked her door and disappeared into her room without waiting for a reply.

"Eh, sure," I said to the closing door. Apparently it had only been awkward for me? True to her word, she knocked on my door shortly afterwards, and I let her in, just after closing my suitcase.

"All done?" she asked, as she entered my room. She looked good, wholesome, pretty and happy. Not at all like someone who had spent all night getting drunk on whiskey. She was wearing the same grey dress she'd worn on the trip down here - apparently that was her travel-dress? I felt less guilty about looking at her cleavage now that I'd seen her without clothes, so I took a good, long look at her, taking in her sexiness while I had the chance.

"Yeah, just about. You?"

"Yeah, yeah," she nodded absentmindedly, "look, David... boss, there's something we need to talk about." She seemed remarkably serious for my cheery secretary, so I stopped staring at her breasts and gave her my full attention.

"What's up?"

"It's just... well, with last night, you know, suddenly we're not *just*... ehh... 'professional friends,'" she made air quotes around the words, "but when we get back home..." her voice trailed off.

"We'll need to be," I finished for her, "yeah. Yeah, of course." I hadn't thought that

far ahead, but of course she was right. Not only would HR have a field day if they found out I slept with my secretary, Alice would get a reputation, a reputation one as dedicated and professional as she didn't deserve.

"Don't worry," I said solemnly, "everything will go back to normal." I gave her a determined nod to demonstrate my sincerity.

"Good," she said and held my gaze for a second. Then her lips split in that most sexy Alice-smile.

"But that's when we get home! For now, we still have," she checked her watch, "53 minutes until check-out." Without waiting for my brain to catch up, she hiked up her dress and jumped on the bed, spreading her sexy legs to reveal her naked, bald slit. That brazen minx wasn't wearing panties! I gawked at her spread legs - or rather, where her legs met - trying desperately to catch up with the events unfolding before me.

"And by my calculations, you owe me one," she finished and wiggled her lower body invitingly.

"Oh, we're keeping scores, are we?" I said in a mock-shocked tone and knelt down before her.

"Maybe," she said in an small, innocent voice, "at least when I'm behind." I couldn't keep a smile back. She was really something. I was tempted to go straight for the honeypot, as I had last night, but with 53 minutes... we had some time to spare. She'd gone out of her way to make it good for me earlier, I'd do the same for her.

So instead, I started with her thigh, kissing its soft skin, feeling the muscles underneath. I kissed and licked my way down, taking my time, making her breathe harder, making her want it for real.

But Alice - whose patience was nearly limitless when it came to handling shipment-delays or busted deadlines at the office - quickly grew restless. She reached down and pushed my head towards her beautiful little kitty.

"Get to it," she half demanded, half begged.

I grinned to myself and gave her a quick lick across her sexy slit, seemingly giving in to her demand. But then I went back to teasing her, licking her outer labia, staying clear of her most sensitive spots.

"Daviid..." she whined, her hands on my head, trying to steer me right.

"What is it, my pretty?" I wondered innocently and gave her another, long teasing lick. She sat up on her elbows and caught my eyes as I looked up at her from between her spread legs, my mouth still on her privates.

"Just freaking lick me!" she demanded. My tongue obediently shot out and flicked her clit.

"Yes! Like that!" she hissed and lay back down again.

I gave her clit another quick brush with my tongue, but then moved back out to her outer, less sensitive area, teasing her with my tongue and lips.

"Uuugh!" she growled, clearly frustrated, "just you wait! The next blowjob you get will be torture!"

The next? She thought there was gonna be another blowjob? Was there?

Thinking about the unknown future sobered me quickly, and I stopped teasing her. Instead, I gave in and focused on her clit, and soon she was moaning and writhing in pleasure.

Jia

The shower did me good. I felt cleaner and calmer, even if I couldn't quite get the dirty feeling of having Spencer a top of me off. The very thought of it was nauseating and made me shiver with disgust. I did my best to scrub his touch off of me, inside and out but I couldn't quite manage. I was still... unclean.

I carefully avoided my new tattoo, trying my best to ignore it and its implications - just pretending it wasn't there was the best course of action.

I was still dead tired, but having showered and putting on fresh clothes - not to mention some actual underwear (oversized cotton panties disturbed the tattoo the least) - made me feel more like a human being and less like a zombie... though I still walked slowly and carefully.

Time to give the betrayer a piece of my mind. I found my phone and called Tom to call down my fury on him. He didn't pick up. Coward, of course he didn't.

[You and that asshole raped me. It was rape! I tried to stop you, and you did it anyway! FUCK YOU TOM!] I texted him. Fucking asshole. I stood with my phone in hand for a minute waiting for his reply, but he never even read my text.

I sent him some more scathing texts but he didn't see them either. Was he at work? It was possible. I had no idea how much he'd drunk last night or how late he'd left. Since David wasn't at work, there'd be less control at the office. He could probably show up hungover and get away with it.

Oh my Lord, David! What was he going to say. He was probably still angry with me for that whole Tom-debacle from yesterday, and now I had that fucking tattoo to explain. How would he react? My stomach turned into a pit as I imagined his angry face, but what could I do? We'd had to work it out. I couldn't comprehend anything else.

Maybe he'd even like it? Like that whole marked by my lover-thing? Although... he'd been less enthusiastic about the whole affair lately.

Well, he couldn't come home to a messy house at least. With a deep sigh and slow, controlled movements, I began on the arduous task of taking the covers off the couch cushions.

David

Alice's delightful little scream as she came on my tongue was definitely the highlight of my day. Hmm... unless I counted coming in her mouth, and her then swallowing all of it. That had also been awesome.

Okay, oral-sex with Alice was the highlight of my day. After we'd finished, I cleaned up and Alice found a pair of panties in her suitcase and put them on. A part of me had been wondering (hoping?) if she was going commando on the way home, but no. After that, the day went downhill. We checked out of the hotel and started the journey home, and neither of us much enjoyed that. Sure, Alice was still fun and good company, but all the way from the hotel to the airport, on the flight home and on the drive back to my house there was this... foreboding fear of the unknown future.

What was going to happen now? We'd had such a great time together, and looking back, the sex really seemed like the natural conclusion to the week we'd shared. But now we were back home, and as she'd said, we were boss and secretary again, and that felt sad.

Also, I had to go back to Jia, and I had no idea what was waiting for me. My heart was aching and I was so hurt from her betrayal... and now I had betrayed her too. It was all such a mess that whenever I thought about it, I got angry and sad, which is a very uncomfortable and confusing mix of emotions.

Alice had asked me if I was sure I wanted to go home when we'd loaded our stuff in her car. And yes, I was sure. I needed to talk to Jia and find out what was going on. So she drove me there. She got a long, tight hug where I tried to tell her how much she and this whole trip had meant to me. I grabbed my suitcase and my bag and steeled myself for what was to come.

It was so unfair! This should have been a joyous return, a time to reconnect with my wife and tell her how much she meant to me. Instead, a seething anger was burning in my stomach and a twisting fear in my heart.

"Good luck in there," Alice said with serious eyes. She knew some of what was going down - I'd told her that Jia wasn't alone last night, but I hadn't told her with *whom* she wasn't alone, or what we'd been doing for the last couple of months. She didn't need to know *that*.

"Thanks," I answered, honestly. Whatever else she was to me, she was a good friend.

"Call me if you need me, 'kay?" she said and I promised. I waited till she was gone, took a deep breath and walked up to my door, suitcase in tow and bag over my

shoulder.

Suddenly a shocking thought hit me - what if Tom was still here? What if they were doing it right now?

Well, I'd turn around and leave. That's what I would do. I WOULD NOT stay and watch, that would be sick and disturbing! Too much even for me.

At my front door, I had to fight back a desire to knock - I was *not* a stranger in my own home - and opened it. No-one was there. No Jia, no Tom (thank God). I put my bag and suitcase in a corner and went inside. I almost called out but didn't. I wasn't really sure why but it felt... wrong.

I went into the kitchen, and that's when I finally saw her.

Jia. The love of my life. The knife in my back. She leaned against the counter, a guarded expression on her face, her eyes watchful. She was so beautiful! Her long, jet-black hair hung free down her shoulders and she was wearing a dark blouse with a wide, deep neckline, giving hints of her cleavage and showing off most of her tattoo. A dark, loose skirt complimented it and showed a confident woman who didn't need to dress up to show off her beauty. Her golden skin looked a little pale and her dark eyes a little red but other than that she was beautiful.

"Hey," I said quietly, testingly. I had no idea what to do, what to say. Would it help if I screamed and shouted? I just felt tired and cold, despite the lovely weather.

"David," she answered, and her lips formed something like a smile.

David. Not nae sarang, not honey, not nothing. Just my name. Why was *she* mad at *me*?

"Where's Tom?" I asked, trying to sound nonchalant. I failed miserably though.

"Not here," she answered, ice in her voice.

"Not here *anymore*," I corrected. Anger started to gather in me, and it felt good. How dare she stand there and be all pissed at me! I was not the one cheating... at least not to her knowledge. She was the one who'd lied. She was the one who'd broken our arrangement. She was the one who should be fucking sorry!

"Not here anymore," she agreed, her face giving me nothing. Everything was boarded up.

"Too bad I called and interrupted your fun, huh?" I said spitefully, and she looked away.

"Or did I interrupt the fun?" I asked, her reaction a little puzzling, "when did he leave?"

"Sometime last night," she shrugged, apparently not caring.

"But not right after I'd called?" I asked. I noticed her fingers playing with a seam in

her skirt. Was she nervous? I hoped she was. That would make two of us.

"No," she admitted with a deep breath, "not right after."

"Makes sense," I nodded, pouring all my sarcasm into my words, "after all, you'd already been discovered. Why ruin a good party? Not when there was a chance to get fucked, huh Jia?"

"It wasn't like that," she muttered, still with that guarded expression. She gave me nothing, it was like trying to read the emotions of a rock. Except for that hand that kept trying to pull out the seam.

"You saying he didn't get one last fuck out of you before he left?" My heart was beating like crazy. Her silence and her holier-than-thou attitude pissed me off, and I threw in the mean words just to see if I could put a little crack in her armour. Her mouth curled in disgust and for a second there was something in her eyes, something I couldn't read before she regained control of herself.

"I couldn't get a hold of you," she pointed out.

"Oh. Oh, of course. You'd lied to me for a week, you'd gone behind my back, you'd done the *one* thing I asked you not to... and I turned off my phone. Basically the same thing," I nodded, hoping she could hear how ridiculous she sounded.

"I didn't mean-" she began but I wasn't finished.

"Yeah, I can see how you had no choice but to spread your legs for the fatty again," I interrupted her. Her mask slipped for an instant, and I saw real pain in her face. Good. She'd earned it, I thought with fierce and wrathful pride.

"David," she began with a deep breath, steeling herself, "I couldn't-"

"No, I turned my phone off. I didn't want to talk to you. I found someone else, who I *did* want to talk to though." The last part came out with more vitriol than intended. I hadn't meant to rub it in her face, honestly, she was just... her cold attitude after getting caught red-handed goaded me something fierce.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked and took an angry step towards me, her coolness dissipating in an instant. Her eyes were staring at me intensely, trying to catch my meaning, and I saw something raw in them.

"It means, if you're not loyal, why should I be?" I said, and it was my turn to be calm, and hers to be upset. I crossed my arms across my chest defensively.

"*You fucked some floozy at the hotel!?*" she shrieked, apparently not hearing the hypocrisy in her own words.

"You fucked some doofus in my house? My bed?" I parried the question right back at her, and again my words went right in. Her mouth was twisted in pain and anger and her eyes were shining.

"You wanted me to! You *asked* me to, remember? But I never agreed to another woman! It was that whore Alice, wasn't it? Wasn't it?" she snarled back at me with such venom that I took a step back from her.

"You think I'd sleep with my secretary?" I answered without answering, "there were loads of willing women around. And I didn't-"

"So some random slut," she spat, "how proud you must be!" A little rich coming for her, wasn't it?

"Well, you were busy being a slut back here!" I pointed out, and again I saw how I scored a point by the pain in her eyes. She closed them for a second.

"*Don't* talk about me like that!" she told me loudly, "and stop yelling!"

"I'm not yelling!" I answered even louder.

She made a face at me but kept quiet, breathing hard. My own pulse was hammering in my ears, and I realised that this was not helping anything.

"I'm not yelling," I said again calmer, "but you gotta see how all this made me feel. Hearing Tom... realising you'd been lying to me."
She shrugged but looked a bit mollified.

"So please," I said, forcing myself to be calm, "explain. The lies. The cheating." I was trying to make peace here. Surely, she could understand that.

"Maybe you should explain your cheating first," she bit back, severing my olive branch with a snarl. Well, fuck her then.

"Okay. Okay, I will," I sneered back, "I found out my beloved wife is a lying slut who fucks my dumbest employee behind my back. So I said screw it and found myself a pretty girl who was lonely too. And you know what? It was good. *Good*. She even sucked my dick. God, I've missed that!"

She gaped at me for a moment then fired back: "You wanted that, you fucking prick!"

"Oh yeah," I said sarcastically, "thanks honey. Thank you for saving me from all the blowjobs."

"You *wanted* me to save that for Tom, you fucking weasel *cuck*!" she screeched at me, apparently forgetting her own instructions about not yelling.
It *had* been crazy hot that she'd denied me that but done it for Tom. That was not something I could admit during a fight though, so I just huffed, crossed my arms over

my chest again and rolled my eyes.

"You asked for my reason. There it is," I said, avoiding taking her bait. It was a little rich that she called me a cuck while taking objection to being called a slut.

"Well, Tom came over Monday night and I needed a *real* cock," she gloated at me.

"Uh-huh," I said, acting indifferent, hiding my pain at her words, "and the lying? How is Mrs. Moore?" There'd been a time when she'd enjoyed my dick. And Alice certainly had, so her mean comment hurt less than she probably hoped.

"I knew you were gonna be all prissy about it," she sighed, "I figured a little white lie was--"

"Prissy? Prissy! Yeah. Yeah, the fact that you're so addicted to that yahoo's dick that you'd rather lie and cheat than send him home, yeah, that does make me a little *prissy!*" I exclaimed, raising my voice again.

"I'm not addicted to anything, you sanctimonious... urgh!" She just grunted instead of calling me whatever word she wanted to use. Probably a fancy librarian-word for prick.

"I'm not addicted," I repeated in a false falsetto, imitating her, "I just need Tom's big cock everyday..."

"Fuck you," she snarled, giving up on fancy insults.

"At least Tom knows how to please a lady," she added, just for good measure.

"Oh yeah. I was talking about Alice about him," I said, "apparently he sexual assaulted her at the last Christmas-party. He really has a way with the ladies."

"Oh, come on! I bet that hussy was asking for it!" she spat.

"Hashtag metoo, I assume," I said with raised eye-brows. She widened her eyes angrily and her mouth was just a thin line but she had no response.

"Okay, fine," she admitted with a sigh, "he's not the perfect gentleman. But that's not what I need him for either."

"I guess," I shrugged, not sure where to go from here.

Jia

This was going all wrong. I had said all the wrong things, and somehow I'd ended up

defending the asshole that had assaulted me last night. Worse, I was actively driving my husband away. I needed my David, I needed him! And the thought that he might find someone else was terrifying. The thought that he might leave me was like a rotting hand around my dreams, choking them.

I was trying, really trying to quench the rage that had been burning in me since I awoke this morning. It wasn't easy though.

David should be on my side, and I should be on his. That's all that mattered.

But he shouldn't have slept with someone else! I was still sure it was Alice, she was always drooling over him, and I'd seen how she was clinging to him before she drove off. Typical man-stealing behaviour.

Anger was bubbling in me again, but with David being the only viable target within reach, I had to force it down. It would do us both well to bury the hatchet. It wasn't really him I was angry with anyway.

"You really think it was okay for you to sleep with Tom and lie about it?" he asked, and I could see how his jaw-muscles were working. He was doing his best to keep his voice steady and not explode.

Of course I didn't think it was okay! I had wanted to send him packing from day one but I just couldn't. He was too strong, and I was too weak.

"You really think it was okay to sleep with a random slut at the conference?" I asked instead of admitting my weakness. He couldn't know that, that was private. David only knew me as a strong, independent woman, and that's how it was going to stay. He looked pained at that. Yes, that's right - you shouldn't have cheated on me. And you shouldn't have begged me to sleep with Tom if you couldn't handle it.

"Maybe I don't," he admitted, "but I'd never have done that, if you hadn't lied to me."

"I was going to tell you when you got home," I threw back at him. Wasn't I? I probably was. Yes, definitely. I'd have told him about it.

"It would have been a... a... a kinky surprise," I shrugged. Actually, that was a really good line. Why hadn't I thought of that before?

"What?"

"Yes, you know," I explained, warming to this new line of defense, "tease you. Have fun with you. Isn't that what you're into?"

"You mean you planned this?" he asked, eyes narrowed suspiciously. Not in the slightest.

"Not planned," I admitted, "but when the opportunity presented itself..." I gave him a half-smile and forced my hand off my nose-stud when I realised I was playing with it. This was definitely my best way out. I forced my anger down and presented an innocent facade.

"So you have videos, pictures - stuff?" he asked. I could tell he was trying to hold on to his childish anger and immature resentment, but there was an intrigued note in his voice despite himself. The way he tilted his head, the gleam in his eyes - David was not uninterested in this new angle.

If only I'd thought this far ahead four days ago. I'd have so much... material for him.

"Eh... no. We, eh... I was going to, but we got... you know," I gestured helplessly with my hands, "carried away..."

"I see." The words held both suspicion and regret, but at the same time his weird fantasies were drawing him in. He wanted to believe me, and he wanted very much to know what had happened.

"I... well, honestly, I wasn't planning on seeing Tom at all while you were away. But when he showed up at the door Monday, I..." I bit my lip, letting some of the truth out, "it was difficult to say no." I forced myself not to rage at him and instead continued this version of events.

He didn't say anything, just stared at me, but he was breathing faster now. He was thawing. I was winning. I had to stay cool, stay calm.

"And I knew you'd like it. I was going to record it all, but somehow I kept forgetting. *Tom* made me forget..." I put a lot of emphasis on that last sentence, and it was easy to see what it did to my poor husband.

"I bet," he said and like that, he was on board. He'd bought it, hook, line and sinker. He even had a silly little smile on his lips
Not that I was lying. I was merely... embellishing the truth. And that's okay.

"So you understand why I'm so agitated that you slept with someone else, don't you?" I needled him. He had to see how in the wrong he was.
He narrowed his eyes at that and his frown was back.

"That's... hardly-"

"I was... just trying to live up to your fantasies the best I could," I weaved on, "and imagine my dismay now? When you bedded some..." I almost said *whore*, but decided against it, that would only ruffle his feathers all over again, and I was doing so well at unruffling them, "... other woman."

"It's not that easy, Jia. I never lied to you, and I very specifically asked you *not* to-"

"I know," I interrupted him, "but what's done is done. We *both* have reasons to be upset, but we need to put that behind us." No matter how much it hurt that he'd been with another woman - *Alice, that little bitch* - the thought of him leaving, of me driving him away filled me with dread. It was all so confusing! Fear and anger were intermingled within me, but I couldn't be anything but his collected wife. I couldn't

show him anything else.

"You wanna just call it even? After you lied to me for *four* days straight? AND slept with Tom?" he asked incredulously. He really thought he was the wounded part in this? It wasn't like two guys had gotten *him* drunk and forced themselves on *him*, now was it? He wasn't the one who had been permanently marked, was he? And to top it all, the love of his life hadn't taken some skank to her hotel-room, had she? He'd known about Tom all along, and just because he'd made an arbitrary line about when and when not, it didn't come close to the betrayal he'd committed. And still I was the one who had to make peace? The world was never fair.

"What's the alternative? You want to stay angry?" I asked and crossed my arms across my chest, right under my boobs, pushing them up for his benefit. It made me feel sick to even think about sex again, but I needed him on my good side, and this was the way to do it. It always had been.

Ignoring the phantom hand of Spencer groping me, I forced a smile on my lips: "Or do you want to know what happened?"

His attention slid down to my chest, caressing my boobs with his eyes, just as I had predicted. David was so easy in that regard - that's probably what the little floozy had done too, just flashed him some cleavage and he'd lost all willpower. He swallowed hard.

"No, I... I don't want to stay angry," he mumbled, his eyes going from mine to my chest and back again.

"Didn't think so." I couldn't keep a smirk at bay. He was so easy. Some cleavage and the promise of me telling him what went down over the week, and he was as good as eating out of my palm. Like most men, David was a simple creature - he couldn't be angry and horny at the same time. And by the looks of it, he was quickly shifting to horny. Relief flooded me - at least we didn't have to keep fighting. He'd accepted the reality, even if it took some convincing... and a carefully crafted version of reality. The one, small hiccup in my plan, however, was the tattoo. He didn't know about that, and from the way he'd been acting, I wasn't certain he'd like it. No, scratch that. I was sure he wouldn't.

But it was a fairly prominent mark, not something I could hide from him. I'd have to get him onboard with it, no matter how much I detested the silly image myself. If he liked it, I'd be in the clear. My little misrepresentations throughout the week would be forgotten, my adventures with Tom would be celebrated and everything would be back to normal - whatever normal was now. No matter how little I wanted to praise the blatant betrayal that Tom had made Spencer etch onto my skin, I needed David to accept it as a part of our... game. If he didn't, I'd be back in a sticky mess. To get him to embrace it, I'd need to tap into his ever-horny fantasies, his desire to see me with Tom and to deny him sexual attention in favour of the other man. What was this, after all, but another step in that direction? Albeit a rather large, a rather irreversibly step but still.

I needed to set the mood.

As a result of last night, the thought of a man's hands on me made my skin crawl, but nevertheless I forced an inviting smile on my lips and took a slow step towards him. *I'm in control, I'm in control, I'm in control.* It was David. He was safe. He'd never hurt me.

I reached out and drew him into my embrace, and he allowed it without resistance.

"I don't want to be angry either," I lied through my teeth. Anger was right under the surface, but I couldn't let it out, not now. Anger with him for sleeping with someone else, anger at Spencer for forcing himself on me, anger with Tom for all he'd done. I kept my voice disciplined, and he had no idea what was really going through my mind. Instead, we hugged and despite me not wanting to be touched, being pressed against David's chest was precisely what I needed. He smelled of safety and home, and I breathed deep. I'd needed that smell and that safety for the last four days. Tom might be exciting and the orgasms were indescribable, but he wasn't *safe*. David was my haven, my port in any storm, and I'd been adrift without him.

I almost broke, as I hugged him, almost dissolved into tears and hysteria. It'd be so easy to surrender to the deep despair and sadness and anger that revolved in me like a whirlpool of madness. To tell him about last night, tell him how I wasn't in control of anything, how Tom had trampled my resistances, my objections and my boundaries more or less since day one.

But I didn't. I held it together. David mustn't see me as some weak, snivelling girl. Never.

Instead, I turned my head upwards and found his lips with my own. He was not at all unwilling and kissed me back - a little hesitantly at first but then with greater and greater vigor.

"I missed you," he admitted between kisses.

"I missed you too," I answered honestly, but then added: "except when I was... *otherwise* occupied..." I needed to get on with this.

"Christ, Jia," he gasped and kissed me again, harder, "you don't waste any time, do you?"

I shrugged as I answered, "why don't we... head into the bedroom and I'll tell you a bit about my week?" The thought of his hands on me sent a wave of panic through me, but I forced it down. I had to do this, I had to do this.

Besides, David wasn't Spencer and he definitely wasn't Tom. He wouldn't... do... anything to me if I didn't want it.

"Yeah... yeah!" he agreed, his brown eyes alight. Still with his arm around me, he guided us through the living-room towards the bedroom, but stopped when he saw the mangled couch. The covers for the cushions were still hanging out to dry in our small garden, and the cushions were spread on the floor where I'd left them.

"What happened here-?"

"Nothing," I interrupted him quickly, "just some cleaning." Naturally, I was never going to tell him how I'd rubbed obese Spencer's filthy sperm off my face on the couch. Or how traitorous Tom's filth had run out my ruined butt and pooled under me, leaving the most disgusting stain. No-one would ever know that. I swallowed the bile that was rising in my throat and continued through the living-room with my beloved, clueless husband... who was sprouting a serious stiffy. At least someone was enjoying this. We sat down on the bed and kissed again.

"So what happened?" he asked impatiently, looking as eager as a kid in a candy-store. "I'll tell you what happened," I said slowly and unbuttoned his skirt. Since he'd just come from Florida's heat, he wasn't wearing anything underneath, just his naked, sexy chest and stomach. It was so different from Spencer and Tom that even my anxious nerves calmed somewhat. This was known territory, and I kissed his pecs, his abs, even his nipples.

"Well?" he asked, apparently more keen on hearing my story than for some nice foreplay.

"Well..."

David

My heart was hammering in my ears. All my anger with her had vanished, and I was so hard. It was so messed up! She'd lied and cheated, and I was all hot and bothered for the details! It was a sickness. Really, that was it.

But I didn't want the cure.

We got my shorts down and my boxers too, and my erection was pointing straight out in the air.

"Oh my," she breathed, "someone's eager. Ready to hear about my week?"

"Yeah," I admitted, my voice filled with shame and arousal.

"All week," her voice was so husky and hot, "I've been positively *banged* by that huge COCK *all week*."

"Oh God," I muttered. It was still so naughty to hear sweet, innocent Jia use these words.

"All kinds of positions. Hard, slow, loving, he's done it all to me," she went on and grabbed my dick, squeezing it. Her dark eyes were alight with passion, and she

smiled wickedly as she told me how she'd cheated on me.

"Oh God," I gasped again. Why did I love hearing about this? Why?

"Yes... He's used my pussy so much, it's *his* now. Tom's!" she declared. Oh fuck, that was hot! I'd read about such things on the internet, of course, where a hotwife would 'give' her pussy to her lover. Only words, perhaps, but damn the idea was setting my groin on fire.

"Re-really?" I stammered, excitement, anxiety and shame all straining my voice, and my dick was leaking pre-cum like a goddamn faucet.

"Yeeesss..." she said, her hand working faster and faster on my dick, making me groan, "how does that feel... *cuck*."

Oh fuck, it was so hot when she said it like that! Christ, her hand felt too good. I was not ready for this, I had been ready for fighting and heartache, screaming and crying, but not for this overwhelming arousal, these intense images in my mind.

"It... it feels... Fuck, Jia..." I lost the ability to speak.

"In fact..." she grabbed my hand and put it on my dick, making me jerk myself, "in fact..."

She stood, and while I was still beating my meat, raised her skirt up around her waist. What was going on? Underneath, she was wearing a pair of old, white granny-panties, a pair I honestly didn't even know she owned. They were very loose on her fit body, and she easily shimmied out of them.

"In fact, Tom made it official."

And then I saw it. The tattoo. Covered with a layer of film, but still easily visible. The cat from Tom & Jerry?

Tom the cat. Tom her lover. Tom on her pussy. Tom had had this done. Tom had marked my wife's pussy. She had given it to him. She had let him mark her. Her pussy, my wife's pussy was now his?

My head swam, and I was getting sensory overload. I was still jerking my hard dick, but I had no idea how I felt.

It was outrageous, of course. It was demeaning, it was humiliating, it was a huge decision that she'd made without even consulting me and I should be incensed. But at the same time, looking at her tight little box with that smug cat on it... that cat that told me my wife's pussy now belonged to another man.

It was the most erotic vision I'd ever seen. Jia's pussy - the source of my pleasure, the place where my children would one day emerge from, was now telling me and everyone else that...

That I was her cuck. That I was second-best.

"Fuck!" I gasped, staring and staring and trying to come to terms with all my conflicting and super-charged feelings. My conscious mind hated that cat. The cuck-side of me loved it. And that part of me was taking charge, realising that an orgasm was quickly growing in me.

"It's Tom's now," she said, her voice low and hoarse and so fucking sexy, "you see? Tom's pussy." She stood in front of me, her panties around her ankles and showed me her glorious, naked, hairless and inappropriately tattooed beaver. Her hands were circled around it, showing it off in a twisted way. Her dark, spirited eyes studied me, read me like an open book, and she had a mysterious, knowing smile on her lips.

"Honey, what...? Fuck!" I was jerking my cock like a jack-rabbit, my hand a blur on it. Why was this so fucking hot!? God, I was... I was...

I could barely even recognise my sweet, caring wife or her once innocent voice, when she spoke to me: "Yes... yes, it's Tom's now. Not yours... *cuck!*"

"I... FUCK! NHGGG!" My entire world exploded in a white-hot blur of ecstasy, and waves of my hot mess spewed out into the room, hitting me and the floor... and even Jia's foot. She curled her lips in distaste as my sticky boys hit her, but she didn't say anything.

I sat for a moment, relaxing, enjoying the afterglow... then I fell back into the bed, leaving my spent dick alone and hid my face in my hands. God, what had I done? How pathetic could I be? I had just masturbated to my own defeat. *Again*. I heard Jia move and felt the bed shift as she crawled up next to me.

"Shh... it's okay, nae sarang," she said softly, all trace of her husky voice gone. Instead, she was sweet and caring and gently stroked my hair as I wallowed in my shame.

"I... I don't understand..." I tried to get a hold of my feelings, but they were all so messed up.

I didn't find the tattoo hot anymore, not in the slightest. But how could I be upset with her after what I'd just done? That would be the height of hypocrisy. She'd done it for me, hadn't she? Because she knew I'd like it, and she'd been right! God, I was a mess, and she knew that better than anyone.

Gradually, her calming presence made me relax, though I still couldn't show my face.

"There's nothing to understand, nae sarang. You like giving me to Tom. That's just how you are, *who* you are." I couldn't see her face, of course, but her voice was soothing, though her words didn't help my bruised ego at all. If anything, it made me feel worse.

I nodded quietly, not knowing what else to do. I wasn't sure that I agreed with her interpretation of events, but how could I argue with her? My cum was still staining the carpet for crying out loud!

I'd come home pissed that she'd been with Tom, but instead of unleashing that righteous fury upon her, I'd... well, yeah... unleashed something else out onto the floor.

What the *hell* was the matter with me?

Jia

I utterly failed to keep my triumphant smile in check. Not that it mattered - David was still hiding from the world and couldn't see me from behind his hands. I'd taken all his sanctimonious anger and turned it upon him himself, and it hadn't even been difficult. The hardest part had honestly been keeping my own temper in check. I kept slowly stroking my dear husband's hair, cooing softly to him like a mamma-bird to her young. He was in quite a tumultuous state right now and needed my reassurance, and of course he'd get it.

I still couldn't quite understand how easily this had gone. He'd accepted me having Tom over, and he'd even accepted the tattoo with only the meagrest of explanations. Not that either of those had been my fault, but it was no surprise that I had to shoulder the blame - especially since I couldn't tell him what had happened. He would never know that I couldn't stop Tom, that he had... overwhelmed me. That wouldn't do at all.

I didn't mind that he was dominant. Rather, I liked that. What I didn't like, and what David could never, ever know was that he was *so* dominant that he left me helpless to resist him. It wasn't willing submission, it was plain weakness, and I wasn't weak. Since I couldn't quite explain this, even to myself, it was better to keep it a secret. Which meant that as far as David would be allowed to know, I had been the instigator behind both Tom's visits and the tattoo. Despite the sour taste in my mouth I didn't have any other option, since the truth was... unacceptable. All that didn't matter right now though. All that mattered was that my husband was mine once again. I'd taken all the anger that he'd obviously been feeding since the... accidental reveal last night and had channelled it into his kink. In the end, he'd had no choice but to surrender to his perversions, and now he was left spent and in need of affirmation - in short, he was like putty in my hands.

"It's okay, nae sarang," I murmured quietly in his ear, "I still love you. I'll always love you. It doesn't change anything. You prefer that Tom takes care of my sexual needs, and that's fine..."

He muttered a feeble objection at that, but he was too powerless to find any real resistance to my words. I myself was of two minds though. On one hand, I never wanted to see that asshole again. Never. Ever. What he'd done was so far past the line, I ought to call the police on him. He deserved nothing less than the full fury of the judicial system.

On the other... seeing my husband so humbled by his own actions was making me

feel... strange. He was so weak. I'd never thought of him like that before, but now I saw that it was the truth. He was practically crying in my arms because he'd giving in to his own desires. *His* desires. He'd done what he wanted and now he was mewling because he felt ashamed of it.

You'd never find Tom whining because he gave in to his lust. He'd take me like he damn well pleased and afterwards he'd feel damn good about himself. He'd gone waaay too far last night, and while I resented him for it, there was also a tiny shiver of... respect. He'd seen what he wanted and he'd taken it, consequences be damned. I was his prize, and he'd conquered me, claimed my last and final virginity as his right. I might have given my cherry to David, but Tom had seized that too and marked it with his seal.

And yes, that was a dirty, chauvinistic way of looking at it - a positively medieval way of thinking, one that feminism fortunately had done away with. And yet... there was something primal about it, a feminine desire for the stronger male. An ancient yearning to be ruled.

As I lay with my husband in my arms, relaxing for the first time in a long time, I allowed myself to explore my feelings surrounding last night. Dry in the mouth, I realised that I didn't altogether hold it against Tom. Well, I did and I didn't. It was complicated!

Objectively, I hated him, didn't want anything to do with him, except maybe to see him punished... and another, more primitive part of me actually revelled in being marked and used by him. A part centered around base instincts and eager submission, the part that had fetched him beers and called him Daddy and served him whenever he wanted. That part, the kitten-part of me, didn't mind the ass-fucking or even the tattoo. She was strangely quiet about Spencer though, and that really did feel like a betrayal. That Tom - after making me call him Daddy - hadn't protected me against that low bastard. That he debased me in such a way. Was he just passing me off to his friends? That was certainly not something-

"Wait... does that mean Tom knows?" David interrupted my thoughts and finally took his hands off his eyes and twisted around to look at me, "did you tell him?"

"What?" I said, caught off-guard, "oh. Yes. I mean no. Yes, he knows, no I didn't tell him. He... he said he'd figured it out - that you'd acted differently at the office and that it was too suspicious that I was always available on Saturdays," I explained. "Oh." He turned around again, hiding his face again. Not in his hands this time, but still. Afraid to face the truth.

We lay like that for a while, him digesting this piece of news, me wondering if he was going to be mad at me again. It was hardly my fault that he couldn't keep a straight face at work.

"So he knows," he said finally in a small voice, still keeping his face turned away.

"He does," I agreed, keeping my tone neutral and free of judgement, "how does that feel?"

"I'm not sure..." he said. It was hard to guess what he was thinking, but I figured he'd either be delighted and ashamed at the same time, or he would freak out. A freaked out David was *not* what I needed right now, so I would have to nudge him in the right direction.

"Nae sarang, talk to me, please," I asked.

"It's just... I don't know! It was never part of the plan that he figured it out! What will he think of me - oh fuck, what will I say to him on Monday! I can't face him!" he cried. I narrowly avoided rolling my eyes at his pitiful moaning.

"Just act normal," I suggested, "he's known for a while, and he's held his piece, hasn't he?" Evidently Tom had a better poker-face than my husband.

"But what if-" he went on.

"David, relax. Nothing's going to happen. Okay? So he knows! He's known for *a while* and nothing's happened, right?" I told him unwaveringly.

"But what if-" he tried again.

"Nothing's going to happen!" I cut him off before he got started, more forcefully than intended, "he doesn't want to get fired and he doesn't want to upset the thing he has with me, right?"
He stopped panicking.

"I... guess," he admitted in a subdued voice, and I could feel him relax. I smiled victoriously and resumed stroking his hair, calming him as much as I could. His tense muscles eased up under my attention, and he let out a long sigh.

"What... what does it mean?" David asked suddenly, a strain back in his voice.

"What does what mean, nae sarang?" I asked. What did it mean that Tom knew?

"The... the tattoo? What does it mean that... that Tom has... well, you know, has marked your pussy...?" he wanted to know and twisted around to look at me again. Why did he ask? It could mean whatever we wanted it to mean. What did he want it to mean?

"What do you think it means?" I asked with a small, mocking smile. I held back a sigh of relief. Really, he was taking this much better than I had feared.

David

What did I think it meant? A hundred thoughts rushed through my head, each more catastrophic and exciting than the last. I'd read about these things on forums and in stories, though only the most extreme couples went there. Stories where the bull - the lover - took charge of the sex between the wife and husband... between the hotwife and the cuck. Sometimes the cuck was completely cut off from sex, and the wife relied exclusively on her bull (or bulls, though Jia would never go for more than one lover that was certain) for sexual relief. Or maybe the cuck had to ask the bull for permission or something like that.

But it required a very dominant man to pull off something like that, and a very submissive couple. Were we submissive? Was I? I'd never thought of myself as a sub but...

My heart was beating like crazy at these thoughts, and I had to remind myself to breathe easy, so as to not hyperventilate. That mark on Jia's pussy was humiliating, was devastating, was potentially very damaging for our relationship, but it was fucking hot!

"It means... it means that Tom ow-owns you," I paused and swallowed nervously, "your pussy."

"Uh-huh," she smirked at me, "what else?" Was she enjoying my humiliation? Was that why she'd gotten the tattoo? To taunt me? Or couldn't she resist him? I cast a quick look between her legs, but her skirt was in the way. We both knew it was there though. The tattoo. *His* tattoo. His mark.

How had this all happened so quickly? A couple of months ago, Tom had just been my incompetent employee that Jia had never even met - and now his mark was on her goddamn vulva! And half an hour ago I was yelling at her for going behind my back and now I was acknowledging that a stranger owned her pussy! Was I the crazy one here? Or was it all just insane?

What else? What did she mean what else? How would I know what else it meant?! *She* was the one with the tattoo, *Tom* was the one that had given it to her - shouldn't they be the ones to tell me what else? In the stories and forum posts I'd read it had had wildly different meanings - though it was always the married couple's symbol of submission to the bull. But how?

"I don't... know," I admitted, "I guess it... it means that... that Tom..." I stopped, embarrassed, weak... and awkwardly exhilarated. I couldn't explain it, but there was something so wicked, so indecent about all of this, and as humiliating as it was, it was also extremely erotic.

"Yes?"

"That... we, that you..." it was so difficult to formulate the words, to say them outright, "that you acknowledge that... that he's... that Tom's the one..." the words were forming a traffic-jam in my mouth, and I had to struggle to squeeze the right ones out, "that Tom's the one you... want to please your... pussy."

That admission made me feel both nauseated and more excited than I could remember. If I hadn't emptied my balls into my hand a few minutes ago, I'd be hard as steel right now. As it was, I felt both small and free. Surrendering to Tom, making him the alpha was a new brand experience, something so far out of my comfort-zone that it was maddening... and unequivocally thrilling.

"Interesting," my sexy wife whispered in my ear.

"What..." I swallowed nervously before continuing, "what does it mean to you?" Did it mean what I thought it meant? Did it mean nothing? Did it mean everything? It had to mean something, right?

"That," she said slowly and carefully, "is something you will find out." What? What kind of non-answer was that? Find out? When!? How!? That answer left me with even more doubts and uncertainties, and to say that I was frustrated with it would be an understatement. I was about to explode in a thousand questions but with a heroic effort, I quieted down. It wouldn't do to come off as *too* needy. I'd bide my time and learn the new rules as they came.

In the mean-time, I had a lot of new things to learn about myself and my wife. How far was I willing to take this? Jia sleeping with other men had always been a sexual thrill but now that Tom knew about it, so many new feelings were popping up. Did I like that he knew? Did I like that new tattoo and whatever it might represent? Would I... would I like to be dominated by him? To cede control?

I had no idea. My pride refused, of course, and my cautious side told me there could be consequences I couldn't see yet.

But there was something in my stomach that found it all exhilarating.

"Jia, you can't just... what do you mean, I'll find out?" I blurted out when I couldn't hold my tongue any longer.

"It means it's not an easy question is it?" she answered, again without answering. It seemed, however, it was the best I was going to get.

How long did we rest like that, me in her arms? Hard to say, but eventually, we got up. She cooked us a quick meal, and we ate together for the first time since Sunday, keeping to safe topics. I told her about the conference, keeping Alice's involvement to a minimum, and she told me about the library.

It was nice and relaxed, even though there still was an underlying, unresolved tension between us. It was clear that we were both carefully avoiding certain subjects. I barely even mentioned Alice, and her days seemingly always ended when she got off work.

With these caveats in mind, however, it was still a pleasant evening. After dinner, we helped each other with the couch and relaxed in it with a boring Korean movie, but I was in no mood to object. We needed to reconnect, and a restful evening with each other was a good start.

Jia

I was on pins and needles the entire evening. Was David really okay with all that had happened? It seemed so, but I was still waiting for the other shoe to drop, for him to be angry again, for him to somehow discover the whole Spencer-thing and freak out about that too. He would probably blame me for that as well. Sure, he could take strange women into his bed and have the whores suck him off but I wasn't allowed, even though I had been too drunk to protest. What did he expect me to do, fight off a man the size of an elephant seal?! Be realistic!

These thoughts made me tense, and I was so focused on defending myself that I hardly paid attention to the movie I'd put on. Even when I realised I was getting angry and defensive with him for something he hadn't done yet, I couldn't relax. Even if David didn't know about Spencer (and hopefully never would), there were so many unanswered questions still. Tom - what did he want now? What DID he mean by the tattoo? Was it a joke? Was it a claim, like he was some blasted golddigger in the olden days, and I was a stretch of land he was planning to dig out? Not that it mattered what he wanted - we were through. That asshole was never coming near me again! But it was still an unanswered question, and one that bugged me. What kind of man would tattoo his cartoon-namesake on his... love-interest's privates? And for what gain? There had to be a reason, hadn't there? It wasn't just something-

"I'm beat. Travelling really takes it out of me," David suddenly said, and when I refocused on the situation in my living-room, I noticed that the credits were running down the TV.

"Oh. Eh... sure," I mumbled, doing my best to hide my confusion. How long had we been sitting here?

"Wanna head to bed?" he asked. It wasn't that late but it was a sound idea nonetheless. This had been a long, tumultuous day, and the sooner it ended the better.

"Sure, yes," I nodded. While David went to the bathroom, I took my phone and noticed Tom had answered my many, angry texts from this morning. I quickly opened it.

[Did the pipsqueak notice] it just said. No apology, no acknowledgement of my plight or my messages, just a plain question.

"Bastard," I muttered and left him on read. That's what he deserved.

Instead of caring more for that villain, I joined my husband in the bathroom and made ready for bed.

While brushing my teeth, I studied myself critically in the mirror. I was looking better.

My eyes were almost back to normal, my skin was regaining its usual golden colouring and the general sick aura I'd had all day was lifting. Well, aside from a zit that was growing in my right eye-brow, but I stopped my brushing to pop it.

"You're looking good," David said and wrapped his hands around me from behind. For a split second, all my muscles tensed and strained, my fight or flight-reaction kicking in. It wasn't until my conscious mind accepted that David was no threat that I relaxed, and even leaned back into him, loving his chest against my back. My husband could hug me whenever he wanted.

"In fact," he said intensely and gently kissed my neck, "you're looking *very* good." Ah. It wasn't just a hug. He wanted... that. My boy was randy. I didn't know how to react. Should I shake him off? Should I encourage him? What did I want? Did I want sex - David-sex?

He took my lack of action for encouragement and kissed his way down my neck to my shoulder, while his hands slid upwards, cupping my chest.

No, I didn't want sex. I was tired, I was hurt and my body was still not fully recovered from last night - not to mention that I had a new tattoo I needed to take care of. Even if I didn't want a damned Tom-tattoo on my vulva, I wanted a smeared and scarred Tom-tattoo even less. I might be persuaded to do the deed, if only to heal some of the wounds our relationship had suffered today, but I didn't really want to.

While he was groping and kissing me, something came to me. His voice from earlier today: 'It was good. *Good*. She even sucked my dick! God, I've missed that!' I spat the toothpaste into the sink and found his eyes in the mirror.

"I think you owe me an apology," I said darkly.

"What?"

"You asked me to have an affair with Tom. I *never* agreed to you sleeping with someone else, and it really hurt that you did," I stated honestly. He bit his lip and looked down. He wasn't pleased by that.

"I thought we were in this together, but the first time we experience a problem, you find another woman," I went on, "that's how you *end* a marriage, David." Wide-eyed, he quickly looked up, and I stared him down, his hands leaving my body. Now that my own trespasses had been forgiven, he didn't have a leg to stand on, and we both knew it. Maybe he thought that we had swept everything under the rug, but I was not so easily placated.

"Honey, please understand-" he tried but I was having none of his explanations.

"No, I do not understand. *You* wanted me to sleep with Tom. I wanted you to stay faithful. We never discussed anything else, and I assumed it went without saying." He squirmed and swallowed under my piercing gaze but said nothing.

"Was I wrong?" I asked pointedly.

"No," he mumbled.

"And yet you found yourself some random harlot! I never minded that you left for that conference, because I knew it was a great opportunity for you, and I knew I could trust you," I went on, "imagine how stupid I feel now that I realise that you *couldn't* be trusted."

"That's... that's hardly fair," he objected weakly.

"What's not fair is you being unfaithful!" I said, my words like a whip across his face.

"But... I heard Tom and..."

"Immediately invited another woman into your bed!" I finished for him, rapidly tiring of his excuses, "instead of talking to me, you ran away, and I couldn't reach you - because you were with another woman! How do you think that feels?" Some might think this cruel and that he had legitimate reasons, but I couldn't look past the fact that he'd cheated on me. Had it been Alice? I wasn't sure but it was likely. I'd have to keep an eye on that particular strumpet.

"I... I'm sorry," he choked and looked down.

"I understand that the circumstances were... extreme," I said, my voice tight, "but this was the only strike you get. Understand?" I held his eyes with my own, and he nodded slowly.

"Good," I said, and he left me to finish brushing my teeth in peace. After our little chat, he didn't seem to be in the mood for fooling around, so we kissed each other goodnight and went to sleep.

Only sleep wouldn't come to me. I tossed and turned for hours, long after David had started snoring. Images and thoughts from the last 24 hours kept haunting me. Spencer's hands on me, David's hurtful words, Tom's complete indifference to my troubles. Finally, I picked up the phone and scrolled Instagram and reddit, while carefully avoiding my messages. Not that I had any new ones - lovebombing was not one of Tom's faults. Well, there was one from mother but I ignored it. I couldn't deal with her too, on top of the other messes.

But the message from Tom kept taunting me. The lack of emotion, the cold indifference to me... only a simple question about David's reaction. I was doing my best to avoid it, but in the end, the flame was too tempting for this moth.

[He's seen it. He's okay with it.] I sent. There. Now I didn't need to communicate anymore with him. I should put the phone down and get some rest - maybe it was the unanswered text that had kept me awake? The subconscious is a mysterious

place after all, and it was very likely that-
BZZZ! A new text arrived, interrupting my thoughts. Unable to stop myself, I clicked it open.

[Course he is the lil cuck]. I rolled my eyes at his predictable answer.
[I'M not happy about it though! What gives you the right to tattoo me?!] I sent back, infuriated with him.

[Dont b like that babe its a symbol of our relationship]. Symbol of our relationship?
Please! It was a symbol of his hubris if anything!

[You marked me without asking me! How is that a symbol of anything!?!]

[Its a symbol of ur my girl] he answered. What did that even mean? Though I knew very well what it meant. Slaveowners had marked their property like that for millennia. The only problem was that I was not a slave! And despite the small, secret rush I just experienced when I read his text, he had no right to do this to me.

[Whatever. We're done. I never want to see you again!] There. I'd said it. Now he'd know the consequences of his actions.

[It turned out good didnt it]
What? He just ignored me ending our... relationship or whatever it was? Why didn't he care? Didn't he believe me?
Or maybe he was in denial.

[Im tellin you spencers the best in the city]
Putting aside his childish ignoring my message, I couldn't argue with that - the quality of the work was excellent. Spencer, despite being a creep was remarkably skilled in his chosen profession.

[At least you didn't force me to wear an ugly tattoo. Even if it is a silly motive.] I grudgingly sent back.

[Haha its not silly its ur buddy Tom!]. I shook my head but couldn't keep a small smile at bay. Among all the many words to describe him and our relationship, buddy might be the last I'd choose.

[You're not my buddy!] I shot back at him.

[What am i then?] came the immediate reply. Out of nowhere, my heart sped up, beating fast and powerful as I pondered the question. What was he? My ex? My former lover? David had mentioned something about a hotwife's lover being called a bull - so former that?

My Daddy came a thought, as strange as it was unwelcome. I waved it away before it could take root. It was absurd after all. Especially as we were through.

The truth was, I had no idea what he was. Ex was probably the right word. I didn't

want to see him again, after all. Or did I? Why was I chatting with him if I didn't want to see him? To try to get an apology? Might as well try to get one from a stone. [You owe me an apology.] I texted nonetheless, choosing not to answer that confusing question.

[Show it to me] he texted, which wasn't an apology by any stretch of imagination.

[No! Didn't you read what I sent? We're done, and you owe me an apology!] I replied, feeling odd. He wanted to see it - he wanted to see my pussy. That was an exciting, forbidden thought, but of course I was not going to send him a picture. We were through after all. And you don't send naked pictures to people you're through with.

[I didnt see it clear for all the blood and color last nite does it look better] he wrote. I sighed. I wasn't getting an apology, was I?

[It looks better, yes. I still have that second skin on though.]

[Good you need to take care of it send me a pic now]. I shook my head exasperated. He could hound and be as insisting as he pleased, he wasn't getting his way. I was done with his malarkey.

[I'm not sending you a picture of my vagina!] I texted and felt myself blush. To think I had to spell it out for him like that.

[Its a pussy]. This again? Him trying to get me to speak on his low level? I rolled my eyes, but then again, if I wanted him to comprehend my meaning, I might need to talk in a language he could understand.

[Fine! I'm not sending you a picture of my pussy!!!] There. Maybe he got the message this time around. Three exclamation points ought to get it through even his denseness.

The next text wasn't words. Instead it was an image of a huge, hard cock. Not a penis, this was definitely a cock, and one I knew intimately. I could easily recognise it from its perfect size and the veins and ridges on the long shaft. The big, purple head made my mouth water, as I thought of the last time I had it in my mouth. It'd only been a day, but I missed it, missed the sheer size, missed how it grew strong and powerful in my mouth, missed the knowledge that I brought it pleasure.

A certain other part of me missed it too and made it known by a rush of desire, and I wondered if my ugly, wonderfully loose, white panties might be getting wet.

A new text arrived, saying: [Was thinking about fucking ur tattood pussy and this happened].

"Oh my..." I whispered. I could almost feel the heat coming off that majestic rod. I wanted it so badly.

But I couldn't have it. He'd betrayed me and handed me to that fat bastard. He'd

marked me with his unwelcome drawing and he'd taken my ass without even asking. Every one of those trespasses was enough for me to say goodbye to Tom forever, and combined they made him the biggest bastard in my life.

So I should *not* be drooling over his cock while my husband slept beside me. If I had to drool, I could do it over my husband's penis.

In fact, I shouldn't answer his juvenile messages. I should ignore him.

[Right, because you never got hard for me before I got that damnable tattoo...] I replied sarcastically, ignoring my own advice.

[Haha true u r HOT] he sent. Well, I couldn't take offense with that, that was just the truth.

[Now send that pussypic].

I ignored him. In fact, I ignored him so much that I put down the phone and tried to sleep again. That would teach him to be a little prick. Or a giant prick, at any rate. Sleep still wouldn't come though. The phone bzzz'ed again but I was sending a message here, so I disregarded his continued attempts at communication. He just wanted his picture, the pig.

Not that I could entirely blame him. My pussy was gorgeous after all. And now that he couldn't have it anymore, he was growing desperate for it. That thought gave me a wicked smile. Too bad, he should have behaved. He had it all, and he threw it away, because he wanted that stupid cat on my kitty. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

I was doing him a favour here. A picture would only remind him of what he'd lost. That might drive him completely insane, like a siren's song. Fitting, really - while Tom was hardly as clever as Odysseus, he was as vain and self-absorbed as the Greek hero. Not that Tom had ever read the Odyssey.

I found myself growing restless and excited. Why not, actually? I could do it. I should do it, I should send him that picture, just to show him what he was missing. That'd teach him.

Silently, I slid out of bed and back to the bathroom, where I got rid of the ugliest but most comfortable panties in the world. I hefted my night-gown up and studied the painting Spencer had made on me.

Even through the film, it was easy to see that it was really good work. Sharp lines, rich colours and a most telling expression on the cat's face - arrogant and condescending.

It turned out to be hard to take a selfie of your nether parts but after many tries and various positions, the tenth image was acceptable. No, more than acceptable. It was downright delicious, and it would drive Tom mad with desire. He would want my delectable vagina... ugh *fine*, pussy again, but he could never have it.

With a mean grin, I sent it, noticing that the last message from him had been a [Come onnnnn]. Truly, how could I resist that? I shook my head in disgust and went back to bed with a strange feeling in my stomach.

I hadn't sent that picture because he'd asked, right? I'd done it to torment him. Right? Yes. Of course.

Finally, I was able to find sleep.

Thanks for reading. Please leave a comment. :)