

How Far is Too Far? chapter 15

By DontJudgeMe_

This is still a cuckold story where lies and deceit play a major role. If that bothers you, please don't read it. I wanna make people horny, not angry. ;)

As always, thanks to my wonderful wife for editing. I couldn't do it without you, babe.

<3

Please comment, I really enjoy reading your thoughts about it.

Jia

I was still tired when I woke up. I had no idea what time it was, but I was alone in the bed - David must have gotten up early. Still in my nightgown, I made my way first to the bathroom and then the kitchen, where the smell of coffee made me feel alive again. I poured myself a cup and went into the living-room where my husband was typing away on his laptop... working as always. Or chatting with some out-of-town harlot, maybe? Or an in-town harlot? My eyes narrowed suspiciously.

He heard me enter the room and looked up with an honest smile that didn't seem the least bit guilty. Probably just work then. I allowed myself to relax.

"Morning, honey," he greeted me.

"Morning, nae sarang," I said slowly and smiled back. I was starting to feel better about everything that had happened. I wasn't as angry anymore, not at him for his cheating, not at Tom, not even at Spencer that little creep. I could look at David without wanting to tear his head off, so that was solid progress.

We chatted for a bit, but it was clear he needed to work, so I found my phone and left him alone.

[Now THATS what a pretty pussy looks like!!!]. A text from Tom, obviously. I rolled my eyes - the bastard was trying to worm his way back into my good graces. Not that it would help. I was done with him.

And he deserved to know as much.

[Honestly, the picture doesn't even do it justice. Too bad for you it's only for my husband from now on.] I texted him back, feeling deliciously wicked. He'd lost out on something great, now I got to mock him with it.

[Pff its wasted on a dinkydick like him] he replied.

Always so coarse, I thought and shook my head, pretending to be above his childish mockery, though a little part of me, a nasty, evil part of me read his mean words with a strange, evil glee. David was good and clever and handsome, and it was... fun to degrade him with Tom. Especially since he'd never know about it. There was no harm in making him the butt of a joke or two.

[Be that as it may, at least *he* doesn't take a girl's butt without even asking!] I answered.

[Haha yeah that was awesome man u came good from getting ur ASS fucked!!]. My lips curled in disgust at his reply. I couldn't remember much from that particular exercise but it *was* true that it hadn't been entirely unpleasant towards the end. That, however, didn't change the fact that he hadn't had permission to plunder my butt... my ass. Why was I still talking to this uncaring brute?

[You still had no right to do that!] I shot back, not able to stop myself.

[Don't b like that kitten you liked it no harm no faul] he replied, and I felt my blood boil at his casual dismissal of my traumatic night.

[I didn't like it! You and your filthy friend forced me! It's thanks to YOUR actions that we're through. I hope you're pleased with yourself!]

There. That ought to wipe that shit-eating grin from his face. Was an apology really that much to ask for? And what did I get instead? 'you liked it no harm no foul'!

"Damn him," I muttered. He couldn't even spell it right. I should block him. I really should.

My finger was hovering above the button to do just that when a new text arrived.

[Send me a tittypic] it just said. What in the name of everything holy was the *matter* with that man?!

My immediate frustration made me groan out loud, causing David look up from his laptop and look at me with a troubled expression. I forced a smile at him while returning my focus to my phone and Tom. How twisted would one's mind have to be for that to be the reply? I tossed the phone on the table, all thoughts about blocking him forgotten in the exasperation.

My body was tingling with irritation, and I needed to do something, anything. Clean. Yes, the kitchen could do with a cleaning.

Soon I was scrubbing the counter where Tom had taken me so wonderfully hard and without mercy several times, giving me just what I needed. I tried to think about other things, *normal* things, but my mind kept wandering back to Tom... and to his last text. What a preposterous suggestion. No, not even a suggestion - a demand, really! Honestly, the gall of that man! I bristled and scrubbed and grumbled and was generally in a horrible mood as the kitchen became clean. If David noticed, he didn't say anything, just stayed focused on his work. Clever man - I would most likely have bitten his head off if he came with any suggestions or questions in my current state of mind. Seriously, how *dared* Tom? The nerve! The lack of respect! If I'd needed more proof of what low regard he held me in, this was most certainly it!

The kitchen was sparkling by now, but I couldn't let go of my anger. It kept churning in me, his ludicrous demand at the front of my mind, and I'd been in a good mood too! Why did he have to ruin everything?

I went to the bathroom, grabbing my phone on the way. I was trying to determine if I

should continue my cleaning-rampage there but instead found myself staring at my reflection in the mirror. I was still wearing my night-gown - basically an oversized t-shirt - and it was easy to see the contours of my breasts through it. With a sudden, almost violent movement, I pulled it off, over my head and threw it on the floor, leaving me naked from the waist up.

There they were. My boobs... tits. No, actually, my *boobs*. I didn't need to dance to his crude tune anymore, and my vocabulary was so much more refined and sophisticated than his. He had no say in what words I chose, not anymore. No matter what I called them, I still sometimes found it strange how my breasts had changed, even if it was several years ago by now. How they were no longer small bumps but actually a large pair that men (and women too at times) stared at. I'd never regretted getting that operation, not for a moment, not when my back ached or when people at the library addressed them instead of me. I didn't mind getting checked out or ogled. I was bigger than Nari now, and that was something I'd always wanted.

David had worried they'd be *too* big but even he had to admit that was not the case. They were perfect! Larger than his hands could grasp and as firm as he could want... and the scars were practically invisible by now. I ran my hands over them, hefted them, cupped them. No wonder Tom was desperate to see them again. That thought hardened my nipples for some odd reason, making them point out into the room. I half-turned, studied myself from the side - they looked good in profile too.

The naughty idea that I *should* send a picture of them to Tom struck me. Not to give in to his demand, of course, but to tease him with what he could no longer have. Like I had last night. The poor fool was never going to see them in the flesh again, after all - maybe the kindest thing was give him something to remember them by? Without stopping to consider the logic, I grabbed my phone and snapped a couple of pictures. One where I held my arm across them, teasing him. One from the side, not letting the nipple show... and then finally full frontal. With a wicked grin, I sent all three to Tom.

[That's what you're missing because of your actions!] I added.

[Damn thats what im talkin about fuck i love ur cans!] came the near-instant reply. Seemed he liked them. Too bad he had touched them for the last time. I smirked at the thought and was writing a teasing reply about how they were only for my husband now, when I received an image.

[Look what youre doing to me] was the accompanying text... and yes, it was a big, hard cock. A deliciously hard cock. A cock that would fit so well first in my mouth, then in my pu- in my vagina.

I vaguely remembered when I'd had it somewhere else entirely, where huge cocks weren't meant to go... and a shiver of lust went through me, despite myself. He did have a point in that I'd cum like a banshee when he took my final virginity. I'd cum as

only he could make me. I couldn't help but remember the many times he'd taken me, filled me with his powerful tool throughout the week. In the bed, in the kitchen, in the hallway, on the couch...

And now that was over. I'd have to make do with dinky-

Eh, with my husband, I meant. And that was fine too. We'd done so before, we'd do it again. Better to live with small orgasms than the betrayal that Tom put me through. Though... it could have been worse, I supposed. After all, he did take it slow with my ass... my butt, and it was true that I'd orgasmed from his treatment. A powerful one, as I remembered.

But Spencer! He'd given me to that fat freak and had made him tattoo me. That could never be excused!

Just thinking about that repugnant man was enough to make me realise I needed a shower.

David

Saturday turned out to be a strange day - I got a lot of work done, and Jia cleaned the house. I detected a sort of dark mood in her at first, but it cleared up before I was done working. Well, working AND assuring Alice that everything was alright. She'd been worried, since I didn't reach out last night - which I should have done. That had been thoughtless of me. But in my defense, a lot had happened then. Even as Jia's mood lifted, we both seemed... well, not necessarily estranged but there was something missing. Something that had been there before I left for the damn conference. An invisible bond between us had, if not broken then been stretched really thin, and neither of us really knew how to get it back into the old shape.

Even so, I decided to try and push my luck after dinner. Despite her promise to fill me in, she'd barely told me anything about what had happened here during the week, and that didn't sit right with me.

"So, honey," I said after pouring her a glass of wine and sitting down close to her on the couch, "what eh... what else happened while I was in Florida?"

After her shower, she'd put on a nice dress that let me see her sexy body. Her curvaceous body filled it inexplicably, and it was difficult to keep my eyes off her large chest and well-trained hips. It might not be as slutty as the get-ups she put on for Tom, and she hadn't bothered with make-up but my wife was a beautiful, sexy woman, no matter what she wore.

She looked at the wine-glass on the coffee-table with disdain and ignored it. Instead she turned to me she gave me that sexy Jia-smile that made me melt.

"Are you referring to the county's new budgetary suggestions for the libraries that was up for review in the committee Tuesday? Or were you thinking something... closer to home?"

"Wow, yeah, that sounds interesting, yeah, library budgets, yeah," I nodded, managing to not to crack up - barely, "but what about... here?"

"Ooooh... you mean when Tom came over after you left?" she winked seductively at me, "is that what you want to hear about?"

"I mean, yeah, let's start with that. We can always circle back to budget meetings later," I nodded, enjoying the joke more than it maybe merited.

"It was quite the shock you know," she admitted and leaned a little closer, her soft voice caressing me and her dark eyes trained on mine, "when he suddenly showed up at my doorstep. I didn't even know he knew my - our - address!"

I nodded silently, only too eager for her to continue.

Her hand snaked down between my legs and found my dick, giving it a loving squeeze.

"I was about to send him away," she said and looked down at my crotch, "but... well," she leaned into me and whispered in my ear, her voice sending shivers of arousal down my spine, "he was already here... and I was horny."

"Christ, Jia," I mumbled, as excitement filled me.

"So yeah, I invited him in. I knew you wouldn't like it... but I also knew you'd *love* it..." Her words taunted me but her breath was hot in my ear, and I wanted more - especially as she kept massaging my rising member.

"What do you think happened next, nae sarang? Hmm?" she wondered and opened my pants. It didn't take her long to have my stiff guy pointing out into the air, her small hand rubbing it tenderly.

"I... mhm... I'm guessing you didn't have a cup of tea?" I suggested, and her rich laughter sounded in my ear as a reply.

"Nooo, no we did not," she agreed. Oh fuck, her hand felt so good.

"Guess again?"

"Ah... you had sex?" I ventured.

"David," she said seriously and I turned my head to watch her. My beloved wife looked at me with a serious expression.

"We didn't *have* sex. He FUCKED me," she said, that one word overflowing with sensual desire.

"Oh God," I muttered. A few months ago, such a crass word would never have come from her full, delicious lips... to think how Tom had corrupted her was seriously wild!

"He started with my mouth though..." she said slowly and then a magical thing happen. My beautiful, darling wife, bowed down and without missing a beat took my entire hard dick in her mouth.

"Oh FUCK!" I gasped.

Jia

So it was good to get sucked by your mystery harlot, David? Well, let's see if your WIFE doesn't have a trick or two to show you too.

I easily took all of him inside. Considering how I had been progressing on Tom's mighty cock, this was hardly a challenge.

"Oh God, Jia! Oh fuck!" he gasped above me, making me smile around his shaft. I held his penis in my mouth, and I used my tongue to tease him, touch him where Tom had always liked to get touched. Since this was only the second penis I had in my mouth, I had to use the experiences I'd gathered, right? And a penis was a penis, after all... even if there was quite the difference in size.

Twisting my head, so I could look up at my lucky husband and catch his eyes, as Tom had taught me, I bobbed my head up and down his shaft, licking its soft skin, forming a tight O around it with my lips. He moaned in pleasure as I sucked him, the entire length of him - from the sensitive head to the widest part of the shaft - getting a loving it'd never had before. I quickly established a good, fast rhythm that ought to drive the poor guy crazy. The first taste of his salty pre-cum... his pre-ejaculate fluids filled my mouth, and I swallowed the sticky liquid without hesitation.

If it had been Tom, I'd be struggling to breathe by this point, tears would be running down my cheeks and I'd be drooling and spilling his fluids all over his cock and pants... and my vagina would be overflowing with her lusty juices.

Tom's cock just had that effect on me. David's penis did not create the same level of arousal or discomfort... well, it was poking at the small of my throat, but didn't have the length to really lodge itself in there, to push through and cut off my air-supply, not like Tom's monster did with such ease.

Oh well, can't have everything. And this was for David more than anything. Well, and to prove to that arrogant bastard Tom that we really were through. His command, his *wish* that I should save my mouth for him was no longer valid. He didn't deserve me.

Not that David really deserve this either, not after cheating on me, not after deserting me that night, leaving me alone and destitute. If he'd only talked to me, I wouldn't have been tempted by the booze and thus left unable to resist the two beasts that I'd unwittingly let into my home.

That changed nothing, however. As undeserving he might be, I still couldn't have him run after strange women who offered him the use of their mouths. It might be a

50's way of thinking, but it seemed my husband needed to be reminded why he should stay loyal.

And I didn't want to have sex. Not real sex, penis-in-vagina sex. It made me feel icky to think about a man sticking his thing in me. I did realise that it was probably a form of trauma from the... incidents Thursday night, something I'd have to work through at some point, but right now it was easier to pleasure him with my mouth.

This way, I was in control.

David placed a hand on my back, gently caressing me, egging me on, while he made delighted groaning noises. He really liked his wife serving him like she'd only done her lover, huh?

"It feels so good, Jia," he mumbled, "so good..."

"Well, I'd had plenty of practice," I smiled up at him, pulling his wiener out of my mouth with a wet 'plop!'

He groaned louder at that while I jerked him off. He still liked being reminded of that, did he?

"Although..." I said slowly but didn't finish the sentence. He looked down at me, his eyes blazing with pent-up need.

"Although what?"

I bit my lip and sent him a smoldering look before answering: "although I usually practice on a... larger specimen."

He sat stunned for a moment, and I took the opportunity to swallow him again, inhaling his penis like it was nothing.

"Fuuuck, Jia..." he gasped, arousal colouring his words and the salty taste of his pre-ejaculate assaulted my taste-buds. It would seem he still liked a little teasing.

I bobbed up and down, listening to his sounds of pleasure and serving his small penis like a dutiful wife. From the slit all the way down to the base, I sucked and licked and teased. It didn't take long before he was sort of half-thrusting upwards, meeting me and trying to get more purchase. I wondered if he'd grab my head and fuck my face, and the thought made me feel excited for a second - until I realised that David was far too polite, far too insecure... far too weak to ever do that.

In the words of Tom, he was the beta, and he'd never take me like Tom did... how I'd come to crave to be taken. He was sweet and caring and respectful - he was my nae sarang. Tom was dominating and powerful and controlling - my Daddy. The difference was night and day. One had won my heart, the other ruled my pu- my vagina.

Except that Tom didn't rule anything anymore, of course. He was an ex, he was the past. David's little penis was all I was getting now.

"Jia... I'm..." my treasured husband moaned, evidently getting close. I slid off him,

not at all willing to take his yucky sperm in my mouth. Instead I wrapped my hand around his base and stroked him, milking him while giving him a sultry look.

"The most naughty part though?" I said, my voice low. He gazed down at me, intent on hearing the details despite obviously balancing on the edge of a great orgasm.

"Ahh.... wh-what?"

"It was out in the hallway. We couldn't wait..." I told him, looking up at him.

"Of fuck!" he gasped and closed his eyes and tilted his head back, no doubt imagining it.

"You can picture it, can't you? Hmm? Your wife on all fours, getting absolutely and thoroughly *fucked* out in the hallway?" I gleefully described it for him, while my hand was jerking him hard and fast, and he was writhing in desire, his breathing laboured, "me, on all fours, Tom behind me and that glorious *cock* inside me."

"Jia... Jia..."

"You like it, don't you? You like your wife acting like that for her lover?"

"I... I do!" he groaned, "God, he's turned you into such a slut!"

My brow furrowed. I wasn't sure I liked him using those kinds of words about me. He wasn't Tom, after all, he was my sweet David. He shouldn't be calling me a slut. I resolved to take it up with him afterwards.

"And now... you're going to cum while you imagine it, aren't you?" I teased him, forcing my voice to remain sensual, though that word had killed my lust.

"Yes... yes!" he readily complied. He was almost there.

"Because..." and I leaned in and whispered the last part in his ear, "because you're a little *cuck*, aren't you?"

"Yes! Yes, I'm a cuck, *your* cuck!" he gasped.

"Yes... such a little beta cuck. You can just sit here and imagine how Tom- oh!" He interrupted my teasing tirade with a loud groan and squirts of his warm, white sperm leaping from his little member. I kept my movement going while he groaned in ecstasy, wetting his clothes, my hand and himself with his sticky discharge.

"Oh Jia..." he murmured, "oh Jia..."

"Yes, let it all out, nae sarang," I said and my tone taking on a soothing, nurturing quality.

His penis spasmed a couple of times more and a last dribble of his viscous fluids left

it, leaving him spent. I gently released him and wiped my hand on his shirt - it was already spoiled anyway.

"Wow... honey, that was really..." he looked at me with huge eyes and a grateful smile.

"It was my pleasure. Don't mention it," I shrugged, though he'd better keep lavishing praise upon me. I didn't exactly enjoy reliving these moments with that scoundrel Tom, and my hand was slimy with his disgusting seed.

"You're just so amazing," he smiled at me, "so amazing..."
He did have a point there.

David kept paying me compliments, letting me know how much he appreciated my efforts until he ran out of words, and a comfortable silence settled in the room. I was enjoying this, just relaxing with my husband, though I needed to wash my hands - especially the sticky one.

"You... eh, want me to return the favour?" he asked, interrupting the peace and quiet.

I didn't. In fact, I didn't want anyone or anything down there. The memory of Spencer taking me against my will was still fresh in my memory, and the thought of my vagina being... used again was repulsive.

"No, it's okay, nae sarang. This was for you," I forced a smile on my lips. He didn't know why, couldn't know why, and it wasn't his fault.
He nodded with a look of disappointment on his face.

"I... I just want the tattoo to heal properly, that's all," I lied, thinking fast.

"Oh. Oh, okay," he nodded. I was pretty sure he'd have to manhandle it seriously to hinder its healing-process - like if Tom was to mount me - but David knew next to nothing about tattoos and skincare.

"I guess that makes sense," he said after a moment's consideration, and he smiled at me, "good thing you're taking care of it."

I smiled back at him. I really loved my clueless husband, I really did. No matter what, I always had him to lean on.

"So eh... what about... Tom?" he asked, furrowing his brow, "you're taking a break from him too?" What he jealous? Or nervous that he wouldn't get his cuck-fix? Whatever it was, it was time to get this band-aid ripped off.

"I'm thinking it's time to call an end to this whole affair, nae sarang," I said slowly, watching his eyes.

"What?" he asked, incredulously, "why?"

"I've been thinking about it a lot," I said slowly, giving him the reason I'd come up with, "and... it's just not worth it anymore."

"Jia, what do you-"

"You slept with another woman, David," I said in a cold voice, "the first sight of trouble, you found someone else. That's... that's not *working*." With that I stood up and went to wash my hands, leaving a stunned husband.

Perhaps it had been unkind to lead him on, only to inform him so unceremoniously that it was over, but here we were. One could argue that I'd softened the blow with a blowjob. Yes, that was actually the version of events that I preferred.

David

So... it was over? And it was my fault? Had I ruined a good thing, or had Jia taken the only viable option to save our marriage?

Monday found me still struggling with these thoughts at the office. We'd discussed it *at length* over the weekend, since she'd let me know that it was done. Not that discussing it had done much good - she was set in her decision, and there was no budging her.

Apparently, she didn't like that 'I was changing' either and used the fact that I'd called her a slut when she sucked me off to prove it. One little slip-up, and I was the bad guy? I knew Tom had called her that too, but he never got called out on it. How was that fair?

Had the blowjob been her way of telling me that it was over? To demonstrate that I was no longer a cuckold? That Tom was no longer a factor in our relationship - not that he'd ever held any real power, but we'd given him the illusion of being in control, at least a little. Like when we'd decided that Jia was saving her mouth for him, and we'd pretended it was his decision.

I wondered what Tom thought about it. I hadn't seen him today - I'd come in early and had basically hid in my office. It was not the most mature or confident actions, but it was easier this way.

At 11 o'clock there was a knock on the door, and Alice came sauntering into my office, looking good as always. She was wearing a pretty, green dress, though nowhere as tight or interesting as what she'd been wearing at the conference. Her long, silver-blond hair was done in a thick braid that hung down her back, and her make-up was professional and subdued... except her lips that were blood-red and inviting. They instantly sent my mind back to Friday morning when I'd had my dick lodged between them as she gave me that wonderful blowjob.

"Hey boss... eh, David," she flushed, trying to figure out what to call me, and she hurried to close the door behind her, "you ready?" We had a scheduled meeting, and she was punctual as always.

"Of course," I nodded, "but eh... even if we *are* 'professional friends', I think it's better with 'boss' here at the office, don't you?" We needed to establish some boundaries after Florida... especially after our secret meeting Thursday night. And then later Friday morning. She bit her lip, looking less than pleased but nodded.

"Probably better," she agreed. It was a good decision, a smart one, just not a nice one. I really liked her - she was cute, smart, funny and sweet - not to mention great in bed. The perfect package, in short. There was just that one little drawback... that I was married! And I loved my wife. Was crazy about her. Even if she drove me insane sometimes. Even if she had changed over the last months, since we started all this whole cucking-adventure.

But that was over now. Over and done with, and we were in the process of reconnecting. We'd find each other again and be closer than ever. In the end, nothing would have changed between Jia and me. Nothing.

Except that now she had a tattoo on her pussy, a tattoo that said it belonged to another man, her former bull. Also a lily on her shoulder, but I liked that one. I couldn't quite figure out what I thought about the cat on her pussy though... I shook my head and refocused on the here and now - which was Alice sitting down in the chair in front of my desk. I did my best to keep my eyes on hers, but it was impossible not to notice her large breasts in the thin dress. That sparked the memory of her pierced nipples in my mouth, her sweet moans as I licked and sucked them...

"So, anyway," I interrupted my own daydream, "did you have anything to add to my report of the conference? We need to get it to Grover soonish."

"I had a few, minor tweaks, yeah" she nodded and slid a small stack of stapled-together papers across the desk. It was my report where she'd made some suggestions in red.

"Isern... yeah, makes sense..." I mumbled as I quickly scanned her improvements to my text, "commas? Really, Alice?"

"Grover cares about grammar," she shrugged, "just looking out for you."

"What the? 'Almost slept with a bimbo from Dinbert'??" I gaped at her. She nodded and looked awfully serious... for about four seconds. Then she burst out laughing.

"You should see your face, boss!" she chortled, evidently very amused by her little joke.

"Goddamnit, Alice," I shook my head but couldn't stop a smile, "you're just... wait... 'seduced his innocent secretary!?' What the hell?"

"Uh-huh," she agreed, still fighting her laughter, "I think that's an important part of

the conference that you left completely out of the report.”

“*What* innocent secretary?” I poked back at her, and she stuck her tongue out at me, “the way I remember it, *you* invited *me* into your room to take advantage of my drunken state.”

“Hmm... that does sound like me,” she admitted with that cheeky grin of hers.

“Anyway, if we could focus a little here?” I admonished her, “we still need to get this done for Grover...”

We worked seriously for more than an hour, me typing away at my computer with the changes we agreed upon, until we were both satisfied with the result and sent it to my boss.

“There. And just in time for lunch too,” Alice smiled and got up.

“Yeah. Ehm, wanna go out and get something together?” I asked, and suddenly I felt nervous. Like I was asking her out on a date or something. But that was crazy. It was just one coworker asking another to share a bit of food.

“Really?” She raised an eye-brow questioningly at me.

“Sure. We’re professional friends, aren’t we? My treat,” I offered. Shit, that made it sound even more as a date, didn’t it?

“Okay, that sounds nice,” she nodded and gave me her pearly smile - which certainly made my offer worth it.

Jia

[So when are u coming by tonite?] came a message from Tom. It was Wednesday half past four in the afternoon - just after I’d come home from work and the gym, and it made me roll my eyes at the naked audacity and arrogance. How hard was it to understand that we were through?

Yes, admittedly, I’d sent him an image of my naked vagina yesterday, when I had finally peeled off that film that the creep Spencer had put over the tattoo - but that had just been to lord over him how hot I looked, and how well it was healing. It had nothing to do with *us*, because there was no *us* anymore.

[I’m not. I’m bringing my husband his dinner. See, he treats me well, so he gets treated well. I know it’s not something you’ll understand though.]

There. That ought to tell him just where he stood in my universe, the damn troll. He could stay under his bridge, I was going to surprise my husband with something nice. And tonight, seeing as my vulva was healing nicely, I was going to rock his world. Not that I really wanted to, but I was running out of excuses. Besides, married couples

have sex, and we were just an ordinary married couple now. It would also prove just how little I needed that obnoxious knucklehead, how thoroughly *done* I was with him.

[Pff dont waste ur time on the cuck come and get fucked instead!]
Again, the only appropriate answer to his text was a good, old-fashioned eye-roll. How else could I react? The excited ping from down below definitely didn't mean anything, and it most certainly didn't mean I was going to visit him. I didn't even bother to reply. It wasn't worth it.

As I rode the elevator up to David's floor, I remembered the last time I'd been here. It'd been... five weeks ago? Six? It was hard to keep track. It had only been the second time Tom had fucked me - back when I still had pubic hair. Man, he'd spanked me good for that! I smiled at the the memory and bit my lip - it was definitely a hot memory. Maybe that was the point when I started to realise that he was in control, and that I liked that.

I *had* liked that. It was over now, I admonished myself. I'd given him so much, but it hadn't been enough, and he'd gone too far and pushed me away for good. The elevator reached my floor, and I stepped out, thinking about how our relationship had imploded due to Tom's hubris. I made my way down the row of cubicles, for once not stopping at Tom's, briefly remembering how it had evolved from me wearing a pair of tight jeans to getting fucked right there at his desk. I shook my head at it all and finally reached my dear husband's office and opened the door.

He looked up, and his face lit up in such a smile when he saw me that it made my heart skip a beat. And I hadn't even dressed up for him, just an ordinary blouse and skirt-combo. Well, I had that one little secret but he didn't know about that... yet.

"Hey sweetheart," he said, as he got up and moved around the desk to hug me.

"Hey nae sarang," I answered and hugged him back, "working hard?"

"Yeah, got a lot to do after the conference," he explained, and I felt a sting - that whole conference had really messed with us. I was never letting him go on a work-trip again - and certainly not with *Alice*.

"I brought you some food," I explained, pushing aside thoughts of that little trollop, and pulled a couple of burgers out of the bag for him. I should maybe have cooked for him, but I hadn't had the energy when I got home from the gym. It'd have to be enough that I showed up. From the look of him, he hadn't expected it.

"Thanks, babe," he smiled and kissed me, and I eagerly kissed him back. We made out and hugged and loved one another for a while, and it didn't take long before I felt his hard-on against my thigh. We hadn't done anything... sexual... since Saturday

when I'd blown him. But with my tattoo healed and me completely over Tom, I guessed it was time to get back up on that horse. Even if it filled me with trepidation. Not here though, even if he was willing.

"I better let you get back to it," I said and stepped back. He let me go with a resigned nod. I turned to leave but at the door I stopped and looked back at him over my shoulder.

"Don't stay too late, nae sarang..." I said in my most seductive voice and slowly, teasingly lifted my skirt up, revealing my butt in that porn-red thong I'd bought for Tom all those weeks ago - and which David had never even seen.

"Oh my God, Jia!" he exclaimed, his eyes fixed on my golden globes.

"I'll be waiting..."

And with that I lowered my skirt and left his office without another backwards glance.

David

I had to get this finished. *I had to, had to, had to.* I couldn't just leave now. But holy mother of God, I wanted to. She was so hot! I'd never seen those panties before, but the way they disappeared between her sexy ass-cheeks was unbelievable. Come to think of it, I'd never seen Jia in a thong before. Wait, were those the panties she'd bought for Tom?! Shit, they were, weren't they? And now, they were for me.

First his blowjobs and now his sexy panties. It seemed I was taking Tom's position, and I could really get to like that. I was still torn on the sudden way Jia had ended the relationship - on one hand, she was right and it was the healthier choice, on the other, I missed the excitement, the strange, life-affirming angst that came with being cucked. The thrilling aspect of submission that the tattoo had awoken in me and that I'd never gotten to explore - and now never would. Tom and I had more or less ignored each other since I returned to the office from Florida - I'd pretty much stayed out of his way these past few days. Neither of us acknowledged that he'd been staying in my house, drunk my whiskey, fucked my wife and even tattooed her pussy while I was away. It wasn't that I was afraid of a confrontation or anything, I just found it easier to avoid him altogether.

I worked furiously for another hour and a half before I could finally shut down the computer with a clear conscience. I almost ran to the elevator - which took *forever* to get to the bottom-floor - and then hurried to my car, driving like a madman to get home to my sexy wife.

She was waiting for me in bed - and unlike so many times before, she was not wearing a boring bathrobe or every-day clothes. No, not at all. She wasn't even

wearing those... ordinary clothes she'd had on when I saw her in the office. Instead, she was wearing the most spectacular red matching set of bra and panties. She held her legs closed, reclining in bed with one leg pulled up under her. The base of the bra was filled with swirly patterns with thin, see-through fabric in-between, leaving her boobs more exposed than covered, while it was working overtime to try and contain them. She was even wearing heels! Tall ones that looked dangerous to walk in, if I had to be honest... but then again, my plans for the night didn't involve her marching around.

Her make-up was heavy. Slutty even, with dark eye-shadow and mascara and dark red lip-stick.

She was as she'd been for Tom up until now - only it was all for me.

"Wow!" was all I could say when I'd had a second to take in the vision that was waiting for me. She was beautiful, she was gorgeous, and she was all mine. I loved this magnificent woman, and I was starting to realise that not sharing her with Tom might not be so bad. Not if this was what was waiting for me after a long day's work.

"Oh, hey nae sarang," she smiled, like it was any other day, like she wasn't looking like a sex-goddess, "how was work?"

"Boring," I said honestly and feverishly started undressing. The damn buttons were a menace to get opened! I needed to get them off NOW! I needed to get naked with my sexy wife.

"That's too bad..." she purred low and sensually, "maybe I can... make the rest of the evening more... interesting." She swung her legs out of the bed and stood up, almost as tall as me in her imposing heels. She pushed my hands away and her deft little fingers with the blood-red nails unbuttoned my shirt quickly and efficiently. Every movement sent little waves down her body and made her tits wobble invitingly.

"I bet you can!" I croaked, already breathing hard, trying to tear my eyes off her sexy forms. She smelled good too - this close to her, I could easily smell her perfume, and it was intoxicating. I couldn't resist and put my hands on her hips, touching her soft skin. She stiffened for a moment then bit her lip and sent me an inviting look, as she got the last button undone and opened my shirt. Together we pulled it off, and then my t-shirt.

"Looking good, nae sarang," she muttered and kissed my flat stomach. She looked up at me with a grin and opened my pants, obviously as eager as me. That did a lot of good to my confidence - to be honest, I had feared she'd be a lot less enthusiastic about sex after she and Tom were done... especially seeing how it was my fault they'd stopped seeing each other. Luckily my fears seemed to be unfounded. We quickly got my pants off and she could hardly avoid noticing how my dick was already hardening against my boxers. She finally pulled those down too, freeing my one-eyed friend and he burst onto the scene like he'd been waiting for his cue.

"There it is," Jia sighed and carefully petted my attention-loving dick.

"Tell me, my love, what do you want now?" she asked while slowly stroking me. What did I want? Eh... sex? What else? Wait, was this her trying to make me take control, like Tom apparently had done? I could do that. I could be the alpha, the leader... the dom. For her.

"Ehm, lay-lay down on your back," I said, trying to put command into my voice. She obeyed and spread her legs for me, the tempting little fox. It worked! Pleased with myself, I moved after her, laying down next to her.

"You're so sexy," I said and kissed her soft lips. She kissed me back, but remained passive, so I figured I should move on. With soft, passionate kisses, I moved down her chin, neck, collarbone until I made it to her gargantuan tits, struggling to break free of their sexy prison. I tried to take my time, though I wanted very much to hurry on and kissed her through the thin fabric. I could feel her nipple and squeezed it to make it hard.

I spent a lot of time on her twin peaks, kissing and licking and nibbling them, even pulling them out of the cups to really get to them, and Jia started to breathe harder, clearly enjoying my work. I lost track of time playing with her melons, but eventually I kissed my way downwards, down her ribcage, across her soft tummy, licked her bellybutton and at last made it to her tiny, red panties. I didn't hurry, I took my time, making sure it was good for her, though I personally would want to jump to the main attraction under her new, red panties.

They were so sexy! I could easily see her through them, and see her new tattoo. Tom the stupid, pompous cat smirked at me, clearly letting me know I'd never be able to please my own wife as well as Tom could. His arrogant leer told me to keep trying by all means, as long as I understood that I'd always be second best.

Determined to prove him wrong, I pulled her panties down with an almost angry movement, letting both her pussy and that stupid cat out into the light. She was beautiful, even with the tattoo marring her. Her golden skin gave way to her darker labia and within, the pinkness peeked out.

"God, you're hot," I mumbled and put my entire face into her pussy, breathing in her womanly smell. I stuck my tongue out and tasted her, licked up and down her delightful slit.

Jia

At last he got down to business. At last his tongue touched me and finally started to make some headway.

Not that I didn't appreciate his attempt at foreplay, it was just... predictable, uninspired. Just the usual. Yes, my body reacted to a small degree but there was nothing of the spark, the thrill... the excitement of getting pushed down and absolutely fucked by my big lover. *Ex-lover.*

"Mhm..." I sighed when David began licking my clitoris, but mostly because it was what he expected. It felt... nice, sure. But it didn't feel electric, not like it used to. What was wrong with me? Was I even turned on? What an odd question, but... was I? I felt like I should be, after all his hard work but I just wasn't sure.

I put my hands on his head to encourage him - I would definitely need more work if we both were to enjoy tonight, and he took my hint and kept licking. More and more, he teased my little rosebud, played with it, washed it.

To think that Tom turned me into a faucet just by having me suck his giant cock, but my own husband couldn't do the same for me, no matter how hard he tried. Tragic, really.

Pathetic, even.

No, that was too harsh. He couldn't help it. It wasn't his fault I'd gotten addicted to Tom's alpha cock. Oh dear, now even I was starting to think in his stupid terms.

David was not a beta. He was a kind, warm man... that just wasn't good at sex. Or at being assertive. Or at dominating a woman. Admittedly, that *was* what Tom would call a beta. But it was nonsense, of course.

Still, thinking about Tom dominating me, of him pushing me to my knees and putting that majestic dong in my mouth did have an effect on me. While David was labouring away, I did start to feel something. My arousal grew, my breathing got faster, and I even rewarded him with a moan - and that clearly spurred him on. He introduced a finger, slid it into me with some difficulty - where Tom's much, much thicker cock went in easily, once *he'd* gotten me turned on, I might add - and it felt... nice.

"More, nae sarang," I sighed, trying to be encouraging. I closed my eyes and imagined it was Tom, imagined I was spreading my legs for his monstrous cock. He'd take me, claim me, make me his. Maybe pull my hair, show me who was in control.

"Oooh..." I moaned, the image was so sharp in my mind, and David's tongue felt better and better.

It was easy to imagine the harshness in Tom's eyes. He didn't care if I liked it, he just wanted to use my body, whether I wanted to or not. He'd slap my face and call me a racial slur, while his big cock plundered my little pussy.

"Yes... yes..." I gasped, my hands gripping David's hair, pressing him into my groin. The image of me getting fucked long and hard while Tom called my beloved husband 'Dinky-dicked Davy' and maybe even made me do the same danced before my closed eyes and I felt an orgasm build. When had I become so evil? Craving humiliation, not just for myself but for my husband? It was sick.

Tom smacking me with the wooden spoon, Tom making me suck his stupid finger just to prove his superiority, Tom spitting on my tits to make them slick enough to fuck, me asking to get spat on in my mouth... all the images aroused me, more and more. David's tongue never left my clitoris, and the orgasm got closer and closer. It wasn't a big one, but it'd have to do.

Tom slapping me, Tom making me call myself a rice-bunny while I was bouncing on

his colossal cock...

And suddenly, despite my memory being somewhat fuzzy on the details from that night: Tom rubbing my pussy while he plundered my ass, ignoring my pleas to stop, making me orgasm against my will.

"Ooooh... YEEESSS!!" I moaned as my body finally, finally rewarded us with an explosion.

David kept licking and fingering me as I cried out in bliss. The pleasure rushed through me, making me shiver, before it died down as fast as it'd come.

"Oh, that was nice," I said and sat up, smiling down at my husband. He had a very pleased grin on his face, clearly impressed with how he'd gotten me off... and never would he hear what I'd really been thinking about. His fragile mind couldn't handle that truth - that I needed the memories of Tom to enjoy his tongue.

Honestly, I didn't want to dwell on it either. It was sick, quite frankly, sick and disturbing. Especially what had finally made me blow! I hadn't had a choice, he'd forced me to endure that vile act... and now I was cumming while I remembered it? What was wrong with me?

It was definitely for the best that I was done with Tom. His sick and twisted influence had to stop.

"Thanks, nae sarang," I said, pushing the strange thoughts aside, "that was really nice."

"You're more than welcome," he answered and stretched his neck from side to side, like trying to get a cramp out. Yes, yes, I got it. It had taken a while.

Then be more exciting next time.

"Your turn," I said and gave me a long, inviting look and laid down again, spreading my legs in a clear invitation.

"Don't need to tell me twice!" he grinned.

David

"Oh FUCK, Jia, you feel good," I groaned as I sank into her. My dick disappeared into her tight, little pussy, and it was amazing.

"Mhm, yes," she purred back at me. I wondered if I could get her off again, just with my dick, but I wasn't holding out hope. It took a lot to get her to cum these days, if your name wasn't Tom. Still, I'd managed in the end. A nice orgasm, a good one. It might not have stretched for as long as that one time I'd seen her with Tom, but it was still something. It just showed that my perseverance and love could get the job done as well as his big cock.

"You like that, don't you?" I grunted as I began thrusting into her - not hard, of course, gentle, sweet.

"Mhm, you know I do," she answered, her eyes half-way closed. Yeah, she was into it. Again, her body might be tuned in to Tom, but Jia was still all mine, and eventually, I would re-tune her sexy body, and we'd be stronger because of it.

I took it slow, built a solid rhythm. It felt good, but I held the orgasm at bay. I'd been able to make her cum like this so many times, and I would again. I just had to keep calm and in control, not go overboard like some inexperienced teenager.

I grunted and groaned as her velvety pussy gripped me on every instroke. She felt so good! But I had to keep going, had to prove I was worthy of her.

I kissed her sweet lips, and her tongue immediately met mine and pushed into my mouth, and we made out while I kept grinding my iron-hard dick in and out of her. I changed position, stretched my arms out, which sadly meant that I had to leave her burning hot lips behind, but also meant that I could look down at my beautiful wife as I pleased her.

She was a sight for the gods. So beautiful! Her long, black hair was tousled around her head, the golden skin on her cheeks had darkened as she blushed, and sweat was trickling down her slender neck. Her big, beautiful tits were bouncing with every thrust into her, trying to escape the ridiculously small bra she still wore, and I loved to watch them do so.

She made little pleasurable moans every now and then, and they kept hope alive within me. Could I make her cum again? It would mean the world if I could.

How long did I make love to her? Hard to say. Time had lost all meaning long ago. I had no idea how long I'd licked her either.

She moaned again, louder. Harder. I kept my rhythm, pushing into her softness again and again, getting more moans and gasps as a reward.

"Oh! It's so good!" she gasped, clearly loving my efforts. She was getting there! I just needed patience...

"You're so sexy, babe," I told her, though I wasn't sure she heard me, as she interrupted me with her gasps and cries. Fuck, yes! It was working! Her hands moved up to my arms, groping me admiringly, and I flexed my bicep for her. She smiled wickedly up at me, and I felt like the king of the world.

"Yes! Oh nae sarang!" she sighed, "it's so... it's so good!"

I kept going and going, bringing her closer and closer until finally...

"YES! Oh YES!" she shook and writhed and came in a massive orgasm. Her nails dug into my arm as she let loose - and the pain was well worth it!

"Ooooooh!" she sighed, "oh... David..."

Her moaning my name? Yeah, that feeling was priceless. I fucking RULED! I kept going with my slow and steady pace.

"Please, nae sarang," she sighed and looked imploringly up at me, "please... *fuck* me..."

Oh wow. Okay. Okay, I could do that. I shifted around again, getting a grip of her shoulders to use a counter-balance and thrust into her hard.

"Mhm! Yesss..." she gasped.

That sounded good. So I did it again. And again, and it didn't take long before calm and controlled had been exchanged with a mad dash for orgasm. I hammered into her, and it felt amazing! She moaned loudly, though that was more from a general good feeling. I seriously doubted I could make her cum again - especially as I was already on the verge myself. Fuck, it felt good to just... take her. To claim her, to fuck her for real, like Tom had.

"Jia...!" I gasped.

"Yes, do it. Cum... cum for me..." she gasped.

How could I resist? Not a full minute later, I hammered into her as hard as I could, making her groan, and I came. Hard. Deep within her. And it felt so, so good. Like a volcano was going off within me and finally lifting a pressure that had been building for eons.

"JIIIIIAAAA..." I groaned.

She smiled up at me and I had to kiss her again. Long and hard, letting her know how much I loved her.

Life was so good right now. We didn't need Tom. I'd made her cum twice, and the strength of the one from my dick was mind-blowing.

We were so back.

Jia

It was finally over. It had taken a while. Not that it had been unpleasant, but after a certain amount of time, it just became tiresome. The same again and again and again. His penis was decent, I'd never claim otherwise but after getting used to a real monster, it just... fell flat. It wasn't the same.

I did feel bad for faking it. But we couldn't lay here all night, and David needed the ego-boost, so what was a good wife to do? I needed to keep him happy - that was all that mattered. And he *had* managed to bring me off once - with a little help from my imagination.

I couldn't suppress a shiver of disappointment. This was sex for me now. No more excitement, no more huge cock forcing its way into me. Just... adequate normalcy. Oh well. David was taking care of me in every other way, I thought as I settled down in his arms, so sex would just have be... what it was.

Thanks for reading.

And ladies, please don't fake it. Teach us how instead. ;)

