

How Far is Too Far? Chapter 16

By DontJudgeMe_

This is a cuck-story where lies, deceit and unfaithfulness play a major role. If this is not to your liking, please don't read it.

Thanks to my wonderful wife for editing. I couldn't do it without you, babe. <3

Jia

[Waiting for u kitten] the words were accompanied by an image, and *of course* it was of Tom's big, fat cock.

Ugh. How inappropriate. The message reeked of arrogance and overconfidence, of disrespect for me, my marriage, my grievances and my very reasonable request to be left alone.

I wanted to roll my eyes, huff with disgust and otherwise show my displeasure at his impertinence, but instead I found myself staring at the picture. I could effortlessly imagine how it would feel in my hands and mouth, my fingers struggling to reach around its massive girth, its soft, warm skin with the undeniable power underneath. I would have to open my mouth wide to avoid my teeth scraping and causing pain to this delicate, yet dominant tool when I submitted my mouth to it. And when it finally forced its way into my hidden depths, where no-one else could reach it would be-

I interrupted my lascivious (and futile!) thoughts and angrily threw the phone on the bed. We were through! There'd be no more stroking or sucking or fucking that monster, and I'd have to get myself under control. This was no time to think about that bastard, since I was picking out what to wear for my husband when I would bring him his food. My kind, considerate and *loving* husband who treated me well. I expected a repeat of last Wednesday, when I'd shown him my panties and gotten him so worked up, he could barely think of anything else.

That was to be my Wednesdays from here on out. Teasing and making love to my husband and his little peni- Teasing and making love to my husband. *Not* thinking about jerks and their giant cocks!

Hopefully, he could get me off with his tongue again. We'd had sex Saturday - not because I was particularly in the mood, but it's what good wives do, and David had very much wanted to - and I'd had to fake it again. He hadn't gone down on me too much that night, so I'd had to forego an orgasm altogether.

No wonder I was worked up - that lack of release wasn't good for me. That's why Tom's message affected me this way. It wasn't that I was desperate for his cock or anything, it wasn't like I was gagging to shove that behemoth into my mouth and pus- vagina. It was just that I was pent up, and that just happened to collide with his dick-pic. Nothing wrong with that. That jerk was nothing to me, not anymore.

In fact, just to prove that point, I picked up my phone.

[You can wait forever for all I care. I'll be visiting my husband tonight, and he's the one who'll enjoy this.] I wrote and took a selfie. I was wearing my black bra- and panty-set, and it looked good on me. Maybe that could help him understand that I didn't care for his stupid texts or pictures of his giant, strong, powerful member. I was so over him.

David

"See you tomorrow, boss," Alice said as she slowly, sensually walked out my office, all but forcing my eyes on her sexy ass. She was doing it on purpose, I was sure, reminding me what we'd done that night. Her on all fours, that hot, round butt pointed at me, offering it to me. I remembered how I'd held on to her soft hips and hammered myself into her, sending ripples through her cute behind. How she'd cried with excitement and tossed that mane of beautiful hair to the side to look up at me over her shoulder, her eyes filled with-

"Eh, yeah. Yes, see you tomorrow, Alice. Good-good work today," I stammered nervously, hoping she couldn't read my mind. She stopped at the door and sent me a last, brilliant smile, before she was gone, and I let out a breath I hadn't even known I was holding.

That girl was seriously dangerous. Maybe it hadn't been the wisest idea to have lunch-dates with her. Not dates-dates, of course, we were just eating together, every now and then... almost every day, actually. But I wasn't paying every time, only occasionally, so it wasn't that bad. Even so, it was probably for the best that Jia didn't find out about it. Not that there was anything to find out, per se, but there was no reason to upset her. Especially since things were going so well between us.

Because they were. Okay, yes, I did miss the thrill of her meetings with Tom, but there were upsides to this new arrangement too. Like finally feeling her warm lips around my dick or her dressing in sexy underwear for *my* sake. Last Wednesday as well as Saturday had been amazing! Her beautiful face contorted in orgasm as I made sweet, sweet love to her was still one of the best things in the world. We didn't need Tom or his humongous dick - we were doing fine on our own.

I looked at the clock on the wall - soon she'd be here again. I was all giddy with anticipation, wondering what she'd wear. I was reminded of the first weeks of the whole Tom-debacle, when I'd breathlessly been waiting to be shown what she'd worn for him... only now it was for *me*! And that was really a welcome thought.

Jia

I checked my reflection in the blank surface of the elevator-wall as I rode it up to my husband's floor. I looked good, if I said so myself. Not as outlandish sexy - or slutty - as I often had for Tom, but good in a wholesome way. Make-up nice and smooth, lip-stick and nails painted red. My grey shirt was too tight and with one button too many undone for ordinary functions and the short skirt showed off my smooth legs and tight butt. I half-turned and studied it critically. I needed to step up my gym-routines, or I risked that thing getting flabby.

The elevator chimed as it reached its destination, and I stepped off, again feeling strange about being here and not seeing Tom. Not that I wanted to see Tom, it just felt weird getting dressed up for my husband. I couldn't hold a smirk back - Tom with his big cock and his powerful attitude had lost and was home, missing me, maybe even jerking off to the pic I'd sent him, like the loser he was. Meanwhile, 'dinky-dicked Davy' had me all to himself.

Not at all what you had imagined, was it... *Daddy*. Urgk, to think that I'd called him that, I mused to myself as I walked down the row of cubicles, to think that I had subjugated myself to such a degree as to call him-

"Hello kitten."

What. The. Fuck?

I quickly looked up, locating the source of those familiar words from that familiar voice... in that familiar, condescending tone. Tom was sitting in his cubicle, his chair turned to the aisle. He was looking intently at me, his lips already formed in that well-known and much-hated smirk. My mind reeled, trying to make sense of what I was seeing - he wasn't supposed to be here! It was supposed to be me and my husband. Right?

Yes! I wasn't here for him, and he had no business being here, calling me kitten and looking so bloody pleased with himself. And the all damn butterflies that were flapping their wings in my stomach better calm down and be quiet! As always he seemed too big for the small chair, and he'd spread his legs obscenely... which inadvertently drew my eyes down towards his crotch, where I knew his most interesting feature rested.

NO! I scolded myself, *stop looking at his cock!*

"What are you doing here, Tom?" I said, pulling my eyes back up to his and forcing my voice to be cold and hard, even if a certain wetness was starting to appear between my legs. It didn't matter. It was merely a reaction, a memory. My body responded like it used to, but *I* was still in control.

"Why, waiting for you, of course, kitten!" he exclaimed, acting all baffled that I hadn't realised that, "when Mohammed won't come to the mountain, you know, the mountain must come to Mohammed."

"It's the other way around," I snarled, though I shouldn't start discussing proverbs with this... this egoistical buffoon, "and I won't come to you, because I don't want to see you! How hard is that to understand!?" I almost stamped my foot in frustration - it was so obvious a trick, this. I saw right through him - it was just like when he'd shown up at my door and just assumed I was willing to spread my legs for him. But we weren't playing his games anymore, and he'd have to see that. I wasn't his Jia-girl, I wasn't his kitten - I was a married woman, devoted to my husband!

Even if he hasn't been entirely devoted to me... an annoying voice whispered in my mind, but I waved it away. I didn't have time for those thoughts now. David's indiscretion had nothing - *nothing* - to do with what was happening here. My heart was pounding like mad and I felt myself flush from my neck to my hair. Because I was angry, naturally. No other reason. None at all. I was always breathing hard when I got angry.

"Now, I find that a liiittle hard to believe," he said slowly and got on his feet, "with all those nice pictures you've been sending me..." He showed me his phone, where a picture of me in black bra and panties with a sensual smile on my lips filled the screen. It was the very picture I'd taken a few hours ago to taunt him.

"You've been sending me pics!" I retorted defensively immediately, "you started this! All I've done is... answering..." That sounded like a weak excuse, even to my own ears. *Why* had I been answering? To keep his attention? But I didn't *want* his attention. Did I? I loved my husband, I loved sleeping with him, of course I did.

Although... looking at Tom, the thought that I wouldn't have to fake my orgasms anymore entered my mind... and wouldn't leave. It stayed there, reminding me of how I had to think of Tom to cum when my husband tried to get me off.

"And that's fucking kind of you," he grinned and stepped closer to me, "I've really been enjoying them..." He got closer and closer as he spoke, his large bulk filling up my vision, "*really* been enjoying them." He grabbed his crotch, forcing my eyes down between his legs where I knew the source of sexual satisfactions lay. His meaning wasn't unclear at all, and the thought that he'd been pleasuring himself to my selfies made me feel all kinds of tingly. I wanted that, right? That's why I sent them? I'd told myself that I was taunting him, showing him what he couldn't have anymore but was that the whole truth?

"Tom, I'm..." I started but didn't get any further. He was so close! It was hard to think with this big ox right next to me.

"Shh... relax, Jia. We both know what you want. What you *need*..." Ever so slowly he raised his hand, his finger pointing at my lips.

So easy. It would be so easy. I could just close my eyes, open my mouth and accept his dominance. I wouldn't have to keep hating him, keep reminding myself of what

he'd done to me... I could relax, as he'd said, give in and he'd give me what I craved. No more small penis, no more pretending to like what I could barely feel...

"No!" I snarled, knocking his hand away and taking a quick step back, away from him, "you *betrayed* me, Tom! You got me drunk and gave me to that sleazeball! You took me without my consent! You fucking *tattooed* me like I was a piece of cattle, you ass!" My voice was harsh and loaded with determination, my words filled with the fury and hurt that had been festering in me for over a week and finally found an outlet.

"Listen, ki-

"No, *you* listen, Tom! Read my lips: we're THROUGH! I don't want you or your finger or your fucking cock. I'm done!" With a last baleful look, I stalked past him and moved with quick, angry steps towards my husband's office, for once not giving a damn about how my ass- BUTT looked in my heels.

I had more important things to worry about - like what my husband had been thinking, letting Tom stay late on *our* night?

David

The door burst open and a very angry Jia stomped in, slamming the door behind her, her angry eyes turning to me.

"What is *he* doing here?!" she barked at me as soon as the door was closed.

"Who?" I asked nonplussed. What was going on? Why was she so mad?

"Tom! Why is he sitting out there?!" she all but shouted, "I came to see you, not... not *him*! Is this your doing? Are you trying to... to get us back together or something?!"

"Woah, woah... no, I... Tom is still here?" I asked, even more confused. Why *was* Tom here? Not to be a productive and valuable worker, that was for sure. Not if I knew Tom.

"Yes! Obviously! I was not exactly expecting to run into him today!" she hissed.

"I... honey, I swear," I said and stood up, holding my hands up defensively, "I had no idea he was here. He hasn't told me anything about it, and I certainly haven't asked him to stay late." I moved around my desk and tried to hug her, but she took a step back. I let my arms fall awkwardly, while she chewed on a finger-nail, her brows still furrowed, but at least she wasn't shouting at me anymore.

"You didn't know?" she asked.

"No! Of course not," I assured her, talking slowly and softly, trying to calm her down. She was quite agitated just from seeing him, and I couldn't help but wonder why. It would appear she wasn't as pleased with the break-up as she'd seemed. Did she still miss him? Miss the sex?

Did... did she regret it? Was it a problem that she had to make do with me? That thought hurt, it hurt a lot. But underneath the pain there was also that old excitement building in me. That weird need to see her pleased by someone else. No, not *someone* - by Tom and his major cock.

"Okay, yes," she said after a long time's consideration, "sorry I shouted at you." She looked pale and distressed, but I was glad she believed me.

"Did he say anything to you, harass you?" I asked. I'd kick that asshole out so fast if he hurt my wife, he had no idea.

"No. No, nothing like that. It just... it just surprised me," she said and smiled sheepishly. She accepted my hug now, and I felt myself relax as I smelled her sweet perfume and held her delightful body against me.

"Sorry, nae sarang," she mumbled into my neck, and I smiled to myself. I loved her so much!

"It's okay, my love," I said and caught her eyes, "do you want me to get rid of him?" She considered it for a moment but shook her head.

"I can handle him. I was just surprised."
We hugged for a long time before she finally released me and put the small plastic-bag on my deck.

"I'll leave you to your work," she said, not looking at me.

"I'll come with you," I decided, "and make sure there are no funny business." Tom could be a real asshole, especially when he didn't get his way, and I'd like to shield her from his petulant tantrum.

"No, don't do that," she said and walked towards the door, "I can handle myself. I'm a big strong girl," she smirked at me.

"It's no problem, Jia, I'll just-"

"I'll handle it, David." Her voice grew cold and distant, and I almost took a step back.

"Sorry," I muttered, feeling oddly rejected.

"It isn't like that," she sighed, "sorry. I shouldn't have snapped. But there are no funny business to avoid. I'll just leave..."

"If you're sure," I shrugged doubtfully.

Jia

"Eat your food. I'll see you at home," I said and I stepped back out of his office. He'd seemed truthful. More than truthful, he'd seemed confused, like he didn't know what I was talking about. And it made sense, David wasn't underhanded, he wouldn't go behind my back and invite Tom to stay late. He and I were honest with each other - the deceit stemmed from that bastard who'd decided to crash our party all on his own. Like he could worm his way back into our lives and my panties just by showing up. How pathetic was that? And how little did he think of me that he thought that would work?

That day when he'd showed up on my doorstep had been a completely different situation - we hadn't broken up back then, I'd just requested a break. A request that he with his usual Tom-contempt had ignored and violated. Well, it was no longer a request. Now, it was just a fact.

And he'd learn that. Even though my husband was right that he was a slow learner, perhaps it would at long last penetrate his thick skull when he had to go home... alone and miserable. It served him right to have wasted his afternoon at work, just to get shot down again.

Smiling sardonically, I marched down the aisle, rows of empty cubicles on each side of me. Maybe he'd already gone home - bullies are notorious cowards and known for tucking tails, once you stand up to them and show them that they don't scare you. Nothing would please me more if that turned out to be the case. If I never saw him again, it would be too soon. Not that I cared much either way. I didn't.

And yet my heart was beating wildly with nervous anticipation, and I was dry in my mouth as I neared his cubicle.

He isn't there, he isn't there, he isn't there I thought, almost like a prayer, though it was silly. So what if he was there? That would only mean I'd get another chance to tell him off.

Despite that knowledge, I still slowed down as I got closer and closer. I was almost there. Hopefully it was empty, hopefully I wouldn't have another confrontation with him. Maybe I should have taken David's offer of assistance - if for nothing else then he could see his wife stand up to the bully.

But there was too much David wasn't privy to for that to be a viable option. Tom may say something about that fateful night when I got my new tattoo, something David couldn't know about - or I myself might let something slip in my righteous anger.

At last I made it to his cubicle, and it wasn't empty. Of course not, that would have been-

"What the FUCK?" I hissed, caught off guard.

There it was. In the middle of my vision, so grand, so beautiful, so powerful that it instantly demanded my undivided attention.

Tom's big, beautiful cock was out in the free, jutting up from his jeans like a damn tree growing out of the earth. It's long, thick and veiny shaft, the large, bulbous head with the soft spot underneath, where I loved to flick my tongue to hear him groan in ecstasy. It wasn't hard, not yet, not entirely but I knew just how easy it would be for me to change that. Mhm, I could almost feel it gain its strength in my mouth as I served that mighty rod.

No! Stop that! I angrily thought to myself... though I didn't look away from it. I vaguely noticed how he was grinning at me, but I paid no heed to him or anything else. Heavens, I'd missed that thing!

"Seeing something you like, huh, Jia-girl?" he smirked at me, and my eyes widened with embarrassment at having been caught staring.

"You're the one with your... your *thing* out in the middle of the office!" I defended myself, caught off-balance by his weird statement - like *I* was the one acting strange here?!? I was the one still dressed, after all, he should be the uncomfortable one. I tried to swallow but my mouth was dry. I was breathing fast and my heart was going insane... and the butterflies were back, making quite the ruckus in my stomach.

"Just thought I'd remind you of what you're missing..." he said nonchalantly. I cast a quick glance at him but my eyes were inexorably pulled back down to his crotch, its magnetic pull impossible to resist.

"I know what I'm missing!" I hissed at him, my cheeks burning hot. I tried to hiss it at his face, but it came out directed at that exquisite piece of meat. Fuck! I had *got* to get a grip on myself! It was just a cock... a penis. It didn't have any power of me, it couldn't pull me in, it was just skin and flesh and blood, nothing more.

"I mean, I mean, I'm not missing anything!" I corrected myself, but that only made me seem insecure. Damn! This was not going according to plan at all. He'd managed to make me feel all flustered by his unnatural actions, though I should have gotten used to it by now. After all, he'd pulled this stunt on me once before... I chose not to dwell on the fact, that the first time around, I'd ended up sucking him, servicing a cock orally for the first time in my life.

"You sure?" he asked, sounding all innocent, "you look like you miss it," and with that remark, he brought one of his hands up to his large cock, slowly stroking the shaft. Stroking it like I had so many times while I kissed and licked and sucked the strong head.

The butterflies left my stomach and travelled downwards, flapping their wings in my pussy instead... in my vagina. Darn it, but I wanted it. I wanted it so badly! NO! All the reason why I broke up with him were still valid. He was a bastard, he handed me off to that creep, he took my butt without permission and he tattooed me! *Focus on that!* And not on how indescribably great it would feel when I surrendered and allowed him to hammer that thing into me again. No, wait... I didn't mean that!

"I... I don't... I'm..." I mumbled, all confused but trying to sort my thoughts and feelings. I hated him. Yes, I did. I wanted him to burn. Yes, that was good. I wanted to ride that monster until I screamed! No, not that last thing. That was not good. That was not-

He stood up and moved closer to me, his majestic dong still sticking obscenely out of his pants, looking like an elephant's trunk.

"You're just confused, kitten..." he said slowly as he moved closer, my eyes still glued to the pipe sticking out of his pants, "it's okay."

He was too close to me. I took a step back but he just followed me, and I stopped. I didn't want to move back further - though a part of my brain was screaming for me to run back to David and get help.

"It's okay," he said again in a soothing voice.

"It's *not*..." I argued but there was little conviction left. My will to resist was fading quickly. An overwhelming need to surrender gripped me, and it became increasingly difficult to fight, to think.

Slowly, as if to not spook me, he lifted his hand - the hand that a minute ago had been stroking his beast - and held it up to me. His finger got closer and closer to my lips, and a wild desire arose in me. The butterflies were dancing in celebration in my pussy as I looked up at him, finally able to tear my gaze off his dong.

I saw victory in his eyes. He was winning, and I was losing. I wanted to lose, I wanted to give up, to submit... to be his again. I didn't have the strength to resist anymore. I just wanted to...

Desperately, I clung to my anger, my indignation. I tried to summon the will to leave, like I had not ten minutes ago.

Only the well of fury was empty. There was nothing there.

He raped you! He tattooed you! He gave you to his fucking friend!

But it didn't matter. My rage had deflated, my fury had vanished, my anger was gone - if they'd ever really been there.

I opened my mouth and without hesitation, he pushed his finger inside, meeting my tongue as I closed my lips around it. Shame, arousal, desire, fear and *hunger* welled up in me as I accepted my defeat.

"That's good, kitten..." he said as I licked and sucked his finger. I looked up at him, a

raw need painted on my face. We stood like that, me submitting to him and servicing his finger with my mouth, him soaking in his dominion, me getting more and more worked up for the real thing. It was so humiliating, so degrading... and so deeply, intensely satisfying. He'd been right; it was what I wanted, what I *needed*. My pussy was soaking itself in joy at me finally giving in, surrendering to my brutish lover. And more than just arousal, a strangely warm and relieved feeling spread in my stomach, like I'd made the right choice.

"Come," Tom ordered and pulled me into his cubicle. I followed obediently, stretching my neck to keep his finger in my mouth.

He sat heavily down in his chair, and one of his paws pushed on my shoulder - the intent was clear, and again I obeyed and sunk down on my knees, coming eye to eye with his mighty python. I was back where I belonged, on my knees in front of Tom's cock, ready and eager to serve. How quickly I'd gone from angry and defiant to weak and submissive... almost as if all that bluster had been an act, a flimsy mask that was easily removed and discarded.

Carefully, he extracted his finger from my mouth, wiping my saliva off it on my shirt but I paid that no mind.

"Look at me, kitten," he commanded and I looked up and met his eyes, the vanquished looking up at her conqueror. The victory was clear in his eyes, the pride at having brought me to my knees once again was evident.

"What are you gonna do now, kitten?" he asked. The fucker was going to gloat, was he? Bleat his victory out for all to hear - except there was only me.

"I'm... I'm going to suck your cock," I said, slowly but clearly. Embarrassment flared up in me, but another, stronger fire was spreading from my vagina... from my pussy. He gave me a hard stare and raised his eye-brows expectantly.

What? What was- oh. Of course, he wanted to hear...

"I'm going to suck your cock, *Daddy*," I corrected myself, putting extra emphasis on that last word and feeling how the humiliated arousal almost made me whine with need.

"That's my Jia-girl," he grunted and made a 'get-to-it' gesture with his hand. I looked at the task at hand, the monstrous dick in front of me and took a deep breath, his masculine smell filling my nostrils. Then I bowed forward and caught his soft head between my lips and... got to it.

It filled my mouth like nothing else, and I quickly realised what a pale imitation David's dick really was. *This* was the real thing, what I had gotten used to.

"There we go..." Tom grunted above me, "knew it was only a matter of time before you were sucking my cock again."

His words caused a humiliated flush to spread, but I didn't have time to stop and ponder his words - I was too busy, licking and slurping and sucking on his meat to

pay attention to anything else. I stretched my jaws to avoid scraping him with my teeth, just like he'd taught me, making sure he got nothing but pleasure from my mouth.

"Just couldn't stay away, huh?" he commented, obnoxiously pleased with himself and my downfall. I bobbed my head up and down on his thick shaft, choking myself on him as a reply.

I wrapped a hand around his thick shaft and worked it up and down in time with my sucking. Gagging and drooling, I served him, taking him into my throat again and again. How different from David's little thing, that I barely had to struggle to swallow whole. I forced my head down, down his shaft, tears flowing freely from my eyes and the well-known, intensely unpleasant feeling from my throat as it tried to expand to accommodate the huge girth and length that invaded it.

"Glarh," I gagged, "kraugh-kraaah..." I had no control of the sounds I was making, I was too focused on my breathing and on keeping the bile down. Suddenly it became too much and I pulled all the way off him, gasping for breath. My saliva was everywhere, hanging down in long strands, staining my shirt, his pants, connecting his fat cock to my mouth.

"You know what, kitten?" he said slowly, as I got my breathing under control and steeled myself for another go at his mighty weapon, "I think it's time you took it all."

"What?" Panicked, I looked up at him. He couldn't mean that! It would take years of practice to swallow his sword to the hilt, if I ever managed such a feat.

"But don't worry," he said and rose, making me shuffle back, still on my knees, "I'm gonna help." His grin turned evil at that remark, and I knew that he was serious... he was not kidding around.

"You ready to make Daddy proud?" he asked, looking down at me. What choice did I have? I did want to earn his praise after all, I did want him to be proud of me, how sick that might sound. I needed to redeem myself after the last week's petulant behaviour.

"Ready... Daddy," I breathed and straightened up, opening my mouth wide, preparing myself for what was to come. He pushed forward into my mouth and down my throat, and the feeling was much the same as what I'd done myself. I stayed still, as much as I could, even forcing myself forward to meet his invasion. Until I had to pull back. It was too much - it wasn't just unpleasant, it hurt. There wasn't enough room. Simply put, he was too big and my throat was too small. He'd just have to accept that, I figured and moved backwards to pull off. That's when I felt his strong fingers dig into my scalp.

"Stay still now, kitten," he stated, and forced me to do just that. And then he started fucking me, fucking my mouth. Much like he had with my vagina

and butt... *pussy and ass* - he started slow but didn't allow me to stop him. He thrust forward, his enormous cock getting forced down my throat, ignoring its loud protest. Pulling back a little, he pushed further, making me gag and drool.

The pain was intense! It had gone from unpleasant to aching to straight out painful pretty fast, but what could I do? I stayed put like a good girl, while he thrust into my mouth again and again, going deeper and deeper.

"That's my good girl!" he grunted as more and more cock disappeared into me with every thrust, and my pride swelled at his words. My body screamed at me to twist away, to escape, but I remained still, accepting his invasion - because I wanted his praise more than I wanted the pain to go away.

Suddenly it stopped. He pulled out of me, giving me a couple of seconds to grasp some air. I spat on the floor, trying to empty my mouth of saliva and took a few, shallow breaths, then the cock went back in, faster and harder than before.

"Fuck, it feels good!" he told me, and that was all that mattered, wasn't it? That his good little Jia-girl made him feel good.

Everything else lost importance. His cock, my throat and his words - that was all there was left. His hands pushed me forward, when he forced his cock into me, and I didn't resist, didn't fight back, meekly accepting his dominance.

It burnt. It hurt, and the pain was growing steadily, but there was no avoiding it. My fight or flight instinct had been completely replaced with a need to revel in my submission, to prove myself to this man - who I fifteen minutes ago had looked down on with contempt.

What happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object? I would not find out today, since, as it turned out, my throat was not unmovable. With a heavy shove that felt like it burst something in me, he pushed himself deep, deep into me and with one fell swoop, I swallowed more of his long, long cock than I ever had before.

"Rark! Slllaarr!" my throat protested as bile rose, and my mouth got filled with a disgusting taste.

"Haha! We're getting there, kitten!" he laughed as he slowly withdrew, and I took the opportunity to take a couple of quick breaths. My face was wet with tears, drool and very liquid snot that poured out of my nose.

Two quick breaths were all I got, before he plunged into my defenseless mouth again. Hard, fast thrusts down my throat, a little deeper each time, while my throat's protests got louder and louder - and sounded more and more distasteful.

"That's my good, fucking slut!" he growled, his fingers digging painfully into my scalp when he forced my head forward to swallow more cock. That was my purpose in this situation after all, to please his cock, to please him.

He used me for his pleasure without a thought for how I felt, how it affected me. His pleasure took precedence over everything else, my discomfort, my pain, my pleasure and desires... didn't matter. He didn't care.

Never had I felt more like an object to be used.

Never had I been more turned on. How sick was that? I wanted him to abuse me, to take his pleasure from my my body.

And with this realisation, I discovered something else; my hand between my legs, up under my too-short skirt, past my drenched panties where it had found my eager clitoris.

Mother would be furious if she knew, but I pushed that little pleasure-button, I pushed it hard. I needed it, I needed some relief. And really... if mother saw me right now in public with a strange, white, low-life shoving his major cock down my throat while I drooled and cried and loved it - I don't think she'd even care that her precious daughter was touching herself. That would be the least of her worries.

"Take my cock, you fucking yellow WHORE!" he grunted and shoved so hard forward while pressing my face against him that he finally did the unthinkable. My nose got mashed up against his crotch, his pubic hair tickling my face while my eyes were bulging with the sheer pressure. I felt his whole long pipe down my throat, my muscles trying to push him down or up, teasing him as they did so. My hand worked overtime on my clitoris, making this monumental occasion even happier.

"There we go!" he laughed out loud, pride and amazement clear in his voice, "there we fucking go! Knew you could do it, kitten."

I couldn't breathe, but he held me there, lodged all the way in my throat, making it milk its abuser.

Time lost meaning as we stayed like that, but it couldn't have been more than a few seconds - could it? I felt the bile rise quicker and prayed I'd be freed soon, or there would be trouble. When he finally did let me go, I twisted my head off him and I threw up on the floor - a slimy, brownish liquid that burnt its way up my esophagus. I spat it out with a retching sound.

"Ew, haha!" Tom laughed as he watched me get sick on his cubicle floor. It tasted vile, and I wished I had something to wash down the acrid taste with, but instead I gathered the disgusting stuff in my mouth and added it to the shallow pool.

I knelt there on the floor, before Tom and next to my vomit, utterly defeated. Drool and snot leaked from me, and tears streamed down my face - but whether from pain, humiliation, self-pity or my body's natural response to getting throat-fucked, I couldn't say. It didn't matter. All that mattered was- Tom's fingers under my chin interrupted my musings and he pulled my face up, so I could look at him.

"Fuck, you're one, hot slut," he said, actually sounding impressed.

"Really?" I blinked away the tears, looking up at him with a strange, uplifting feeling.

"Fuck yeah. Not many can take all of me," he said and took a handful of my black hair and with his usual cavalier disregard for my person, he started wiping my spit off his prick in my silky-soft hair that I brushed so carefully before leaving to meet my husband. I ignored his demeaning antics and focused on his words.

"I did good then?" I asked, my hand playing with my nose-stud - not the hand that had been busy between my legs. I didn't want its pussy-smell in my face.

"Hell yeah, you did good. And I've got just the reward for you," he grinned. He shifted around and lifted me up by my armpits, carefully avoiding the puke next to me. On my feet, he pushed me up on his desk, making me rest on my butt. I wiped my face in my sleeve and cast a long look up at him - no-one else would just manhandle me like that. I doubted David even could. Not that David was weak, he just didn't have that solid strength, not like Tom. His brute strength made me feel helpless before him, like a damsel in distress. Not that he was what you'd call a knight in shining armour, but it still made my vagi- my pussy tingle something fierce.

He pushed my short skirt all the way up around my waist, exposing those black panties I had already showed him earlier - back when I thought I was teasing him and not daring him to take what was rightfully his. How silly I'd been. He hooked his fingers in the waist-band.

"You showed that to your husband?" he asked, turning my own taunt back against me, "hmm? Your wet cunt in your slut panties?"

"No... I didn't," I protested. Though that was only because I'd been too agitated when I was in David's office.

"But you were gonna, weren't you?"

"Ye-yes... I'm sorry... Daddy," I said and looked away, unable to meet his eyes. What had I been thinking, mocking Tom like that!? I should have known he'd win, that I couldn't stand against him. If I tried to withhold something from him, he'd simply take it - hadn't I learnt that yet? The humiliation of my defeat coursed through me like a warm river, making me feel... strange. Not sad or indignant or even infuriated... more... relieved, relaxed... complete. I could just lean back and take whatever he threw at me now.

These were all complicated feelings, and I didn't have the presence of mind to sort through them. I simply just... surrendered to Tom and acknowledged his victory, grovelling at his feet like a conquered prize. To prove my devotion, my submission I looked up at him with shiny eyes.

"Please, Daddy... spit in my mouth." And I opened up for him, sticking out my tongue. His eyes were oh so smug when he leaned in, gathering saliva. His cheeks hollowed

and he spat at me with a wet phwet-sound. The glob of spit hit my tongue, teeth and lips, sending waves of aroused shame through me down to my pussy. A small sound of desire escaped me, but I kept my mouth open for him, in case he wanted to give me more.

He didn't, instead he grabbed my sexy, black panties again and pulled them off me, leaving me naked from the hips down. I swallowed his saliva then, even licked my lips to get everything, wallowing in delightful submission.

I looked up at him, presenting my naked sex to him, all manner of thoughts and feelings rushing through me. I wanted this so much, but that want shamed me and made me feel dirty. For a brief moment, David entered my mind. I hadn't given him any thought since I'd once again submitted to his rival, but now I wondered what he would make of all this.

Not that it mattered. It was going to happen. I was going to get *fucked* again, finally. Tom was going to take me, fill me up, dominate me and give me what I craved. His cock, his attitude, his easy confidence, his humiliating words... somehow along the way, I'd gotten addicted to them all, and now I was about to get my fix.

"What a pretty tattoo," he smirked and traced the head of Tom on my vulva with his thick finger.

I said nothing. This was still a sore subject to me, and even in my submissive state, it would be wise for him not to poke it too much. He risked angering me, and I seriously doubted he wanted that. At least that's what I told myself, but even as I did, my eyes constantly sought his mighty weapon that right now was pointed at my leg. I needed it inside me so badly!

"You know why I gave it to you?" he wondered as a finger slid down from the smirking cartoon-character to my wet and eager pussy, and I took a sharp intake of breath as excitement rushed through me. His words were a question but his tone said he didn't care much whether I answered or not.

"N-no," I admitted and spread my legs further. Not that it was needed, I was merely making a point of showing my availability.

"You don't?" he pondered while his finger circled the entrance to my pleasure-cave, "the smart librarian-lady with the fancy education can't think why I put a cat with my name on your pretty little pussy?"

"I... I don't...I'm..." I tried to explain myself but his derogatory words and mocking tone made me fluster and fail.

"I did it," he said slowly and leaned in over me, his eyes boring into mine, making me feel small and vulnerable, "because this... is MY pussy!" And with those words, he shoved a couple of fingers deep into me, making me cry out in pained arousal. It hurt but the act was a deeply dominant one, him taking control of me, taking ownership

of my body. He was so big and strong and powerful, and the well-known feelings of being weak, helpless and at his mercy increased. It should have been upsetting. It should have raised my hackles. It should have brought the feminist out in me. But all I felt was lust. Lust and weakness and delicious defeat. He'd won, and he was taking his prize, stealing me away, not just from David but from my own pride, my own independence.

"*Mine!*" he growled, "and your little cuck is soon gonna learn what that means!" He finger-fucked me while make that foreboding promise, and all I could do was moan and nod my agreement - David would learn, and in the meantime I would enjoy Daddy's fingers, I would enjoy whatever he'd give to me.

"Yes... yes!" I gasped, "please... Daddy, please!" I wasn't even ashamed at calling him that anymore. It just rolled off my tongue.

And then, as suddenly as he'd begun, he pulled his fingers out of me, leaving me empty and desperate for more. It'd been maybe a minute, but I was already embarrassingly close to cumming, and I really, really needed to cum.

A real cum. Not a fake one with David's little thing or a weak one on his tongue while remembering the ecstasy that Tom had brought me.

A real, honest explosion like Tom used to give me.

"You want this?" he asked stroking that big, hard cock, the one that had started all this trouble. My eyes were fixed on it, drinking in its size, its shape, its length... to think I'd once been satisfied with David's small penis. Now, all I could think of was this monster inside me.

I nodded – there was no other answer. The question had mostly been rhetorical anyhow. We both knew I wanted it, just like we both knew he did too.

He slapped that mighty club down on my little pussy with a loud 'splotch', a sound that told us both how wet I was, how ready I was.

"You want it, bitch?" he asked again and lifted it, only to slap it down on my pussy once more.

"Yes! Yes, please, I want it!" I gasped, filled by an overwhelming need.

"Of course you do. 'Cause you're a little slut aren't you?" he asked, smirking down at me. I nodded eagerly, willing to agree with anything if he'd just give me what I needed.

"Say it!" he commanded harshly and slapped his big hand down my naked thigh - hard! The pain was sudden and startling and vibrated through my body into the very core of my submissive self, and I gasped in shock... and arousal.

"Yes! Yes, I'm a little slut, I'm *your* little slut!" I blabbered, only too eager to submit. My thigh was burning where he had struck me, but it wasn't the pain or even fear

that made me speak - it was an overpowering submissive need that only he knew how to tap into. Only he could bring me to this state of raw *need*, so only he got to see me completely devoid of pride and dignity. I didn't need decorum or grace when I was this close to the heights he could bring me to.

"Fuck yeah, you are," he grinned and reached down and grabbed my shirt. I didn't have time to react before he ripped it open, tearing it in the process, buttons flying wild.

"Tom!" I exclaimed wide-eyed, but the big man just leered at me and groped my boobs... tits in my sexy, black bra. I gave him a low, throaty laugh, an admiring, feminine laugh to let him know how much I approved of his brash action. Without caring much about me, he mauled my large breasts, pressed them together to form a deeper cleavage, pinched my nipples... and I readily arched my back, pushing my chest up into his eager hands, making it easier for him to reach.

"Fucking nice tits," he said in admiration and reached down into the cup, grabbed me by the nipple and pulled my tits free of the bra, making me gasp with desire. It didn't feel nice, not per se... but the way he handled me like my opinion didn't matter was intoxicating.

"You like them?" I asked, my voice dripping with sensuality.

"Who the fuck wouldn't?" he grunted and pinched my nipples again, even harder this time, his nails digging into my defenseless skin, making me whimper in pain and arousal. It was insane, how he could do whatever he wished to me, and I just accepted it - no more than that, encouraged it! But I didn't have the will to object, and even if I did, I wouldn't have done it. I wanted this more than he did, I wanted it even if he *was* unworthy, even if he did betray me.

And then finally... it happened. What I'd been waiting for. What I'd been missing for almost two weeks.

He adjusted that beautiful behemoth between his legs, pointed it at my welcoming pussy and slowly but inevitably pressed himself into me.

"Ooooooh..." I gasped as I felt myself yield before his massive girth. How I'd missed this feeling! He was pressing against my inner walls, expanding my tight pussy in ways my dear husband never had, never could.

"You like that cock, kitten?" he grunted as more and more of him disappeared into me, and I pushed against him as best I could, hoping to take more of him.

"Yesss..." I sighed, completely honest. It was the best cock, the most impressive, the most wonderful cock in the fucking world, and just as I had managed to swallow all of it, I would take all of him into my nether regions. It was only fair, after all. It was my reward for a job well-done, my prize for winning the competition against my throat...

My wage for going behind my husband's back. I pushed that thought aside – it was detrimental to the exquisite pleasure Tom was giving me, and right now, that was all that mattered.

Instead, I focused on *him*. He pushed and pushed and slid further in, conquering my tight pussy like no-one else ever had, and the feeling only got better. So many pleasure signals being sent to my brain, so many slutty nerve-endings gossiping and bragging about the mighty cock they were taking. He was taking his time, slowly spearing me with his oversized weapon and making me love every second of it.

Already I could feel the beginning of a monumental orgasm begin to form and grow within me. It was going to be a big one, a colossal one, an orgasm that would put my husband and his feeble attempts to shame once and for all.

No need to fake or act with Tom, and what a relief that was.

Finally, his crotch came to rest against mine, as he was fully engulfed within me, and I felt so amazingly full.

“Whose pussy is this, slut?” he wondered in that smug tone of his while he flexed his magnificent cock inside me.

“You know whose pussy it is, Daddy,” I murmured and gave him a long, admiring look. The man might not look like much but darnit he had conquered me, conquered me so well.

“Say it,” he demanded, not satisfied with subtext.

“It’s *your* pussy, Daddy,” I told him, an awfully wicked excitement rushing through me. Until I met Tom, I’d never known how thrilling it could be to surrender, to give up control... to lose. He’d defeated me again and again, won me over, exposed my submissive side and taken full advantage of it. And now we’d both get to experience the fruits of his labour.

“Damn right it is,” he grunted, and then, finally I got fucked. For real. He grabbed my hips, pulled out and thrust back into me.

“Yes!” I gasped as he quickly found a good, strong rhythm. Nothing like David’s weak little strokes that barely scratched the surface. Tom went all in, filling me up, pushing his strong cock into me, forcing me to take that beast in all its glory.

“Fuck, you feel good,” he exclaimed, his big dick going in and out of me, making me moan and sigh like a common whore, “fuckin’ tight pussy!”

“Oh! Oh, you too! Oh, it’s so good!” I gasped, my orgasm rising like a storm.

“Whose pussy is it! Huh, bitch?” he demanded again, like we hadn’t just settled that. “It’s **YOUR** pussy, Daddy! Use it, please, use me!” I answered him, only too keen to demonstrate my total capitulation to my brutish man.

He laughed loudly and fucked me harder, rewarding my subjugation with intense pleasure. His mirth only served to humiliate me... which again amplified my growing orgasm. The aroused seed he had planted when he made me kneel, that he had watered when he fucked my mouth was now blossoming with his long, powerful strokes into me, blossoming into something huge, something uncontrollable.

“Oh! Oh, DADDY! Oh! It’s so GOOD!” I moaned, unable to contain myself. I was so close! It felt incredible! How had I ever dreamed I could make do with David after *this*?

My orgasm grew stronger, more powerful, I was almost there – I was a bomb with the timer almost at zero, and his every thrust, his big dick stretching my walls, him touching my clitoris on his down-strokes made the timer tick ever closer to the big explosion.

“Say thank... you!” he demanded out of nowhere. Despite being out of breath, his voice was very potent.

“Wha-what?” I gasped, barely able to focus on anything but my all-consuming need.

“For the tattoo!... Thank... me!”

No. No, that was too far. I wouldn’t do that, surely he couldn’t make me? It had been such a gross violation of me, that never should I have to thank him for it.

“I’m... I... what...?” I asked, trying to win time. I was almost at the big O – I could think on the other side.

But... then he slowed down. His thrusts became weaker and fewer and I felt myself skirt away from the edge. Nonononono! He couldn’t! I needed it! It was mine!

“Daddy, pl-please...” I whined and tried to hump him.

“Thank me, bitch,” he intoned still breathing hard, and I looked up at his merciless eyes. His jaw was set firmly in a superior sneer. He’d have his way, come hell or high water.

We stared at each other, while his dick slowly slid in and out of me, making me gasp but it wasn’t enough. He’d make sure it would never be enough. If I didn’t submit to him, if I didn’t give him my last shred of dignity, I could kiss my orgasm goodbye. I swallowed, quickly weighing my options. I didn’t need him. I had David. I could go to my husband and have him finish me off. It would be a shadow of what Tom offered but it would leave me satisfied... to a degree. And more importantly, it would allow me to keep the last sliver of self-respect.

Or I could give in and reap my reward. It was only words after all, right?

“Th-thank you, Daddy,” I mumbled and looked down. It wasn’t the orgasm that made me surrender, not really. It was my need to submit to my strong and powerful lover, my Daddy.

“For what, kitten?” he asked, voice surprisingly soft.

“Thank you for my new tattoo,” I said in a stronger voice and looked back up at him, letting him witness my utter submission.

“You’re fucking welcome!” he grunted. And then he fucked me. Harder than before, more violently. His big cock crashed into me, sending shivers of pleasure up my spine, drowning my brain in pure bliss.

“Oh myyyy!” I cried, my orgasm quickly flaring up again. He poured gasoline on my smoldering embers, and the blaze was quickly growing stronger and more powerful than before. I’d submitted myself further, embarrassed myself to a degree I could barely understand, and it made me ready to explode.

“Tom! Daddy! I’m... I’m...” I cried and clasped my hand over my mouth, muffling my shrieks of joy.

More! Harder! Yes! He took me like I needed, and the explosion came as sudden as a lightning and just as powerful. I cried, I whined, I moaned, all muffled by my hand, so hopefully my husband wouldn’t hear – not that it mattered right now. Nothing mattered, *nothing* except the intense pleasure that gripped me. Twitching and shaking, my body released all the pent-up energy as Tom fucked me through the most deep-seated orgasm I’d ever experienced in my life.

It stretched on and on, seemingly having a life of its own, and I could only let go and enjoy the ride, like I was on the most pleasurable roller-coaster in the world.

“Fuuuck...” I sighed as it slowly ebbed out, leaving me weak and sated, “that was...” I shook my head, trying to find words to describe it but failing. My mind was empty, everything had been chased out by the orgasm. Tom stopped, his cock halfway buried in me and looked down at me, his eyes shining.

“Enjoyed it, huh?” If his smugness had been anymore intense, it would be a real, tactile thing I could touch. But one couldn’t argue that he’d earned it.

“I... did...” I agreed, weak and exhausted.

A smarting pain made me look down at my palm, where bite marks formed a small semi-circle. Had I bitten myself to keep from screaming? I must have.

“You know what? I’m glad you’re grateful for that tattoo,” he grinned and slowly, ever so slowly started thrusting into me again. And even though my lust had been slated a moment ago, I felt a new desire rise.

I wanted more.

"You *are* grateful... ain't you?" he went on, working himself in and out of me, his powerful body flexing with the effort. He was still struggling to breathe but it didn't slow him down any.

"Yes... yes, thank you, Daddy," I said, voice weak, my cheeks burning with the indignation, but at the same time revelling in it. He'd given me to his weird friend, he'd marked me for life... and now he'd made me thank him for it.

"Daddy takes care of you... doesn't he, kitten?" he grunted.

"Yes... you dooooo..." I agreed, pleasure soaring through me.

"This," he said, voice straining with the effort, and put his hand on my Tom-tattoo, "means I own your... pussy, doesn't... it?"

"It's your pussy!" I agreed immediately, burying myself in my humiliation, wallowing in the degradation, using the shame to spur me on towards another orgasm. It rose to new heights while this bull of a man panted and groaned as he fucked me, used me, used my pussy. It was an incredible feeling, accepting his dominance and submitting to his power, and the well-known fire spread in me again.

"It's your pussy! It's your pussy! Oh, MY, it's good! It's so good!" I gasped while he pistoned in and out of me. His fingers were digging into my sides, holding me in place and giving him leverage, but the pain was welcome and only helped.

"I don't want... your husband's little... dinky dick... in this pussy! Not anymore!" he grunted.

"No..." I moaned, not caring one way or the other right now, I was just riding the tidal wave of pleasure.

"He'll... he'll have to ask... permission from now on!" he went on, while fucking me the best he could, giving me what I needed.

"Yes! Oh yes, yes!" I agreed. The thought was mean, but by the stars, it was hot. I couldn't say why, but making David humiliate himself like that really spoke to me right then and there.

"Can dinky-dicked... Davy fuck you... like this?" he gasped. We already knew the answer, but we also both enjoyed it.

"No!" I shook my head, my long, black hair flowing around me, "only... only you!"

"Why not?"

"Because... because..."

“Why?” he hissed, demanding an answer.

“Because he doesn’t have a... a COCK like you!” The words were mean and childish but insulting my husband behind his back worked as a cruel aphrodisiac, and suddenly I found myself on the brink of another major orgasm.

“I need a big... strong... COCK to satisfy... me!” I moaned and the derisive words pushed me over the edge, and once again a powerful bliss swept through me.

I bit down on my knuckle to avoid screaming my joy out, and the pain mixed with the pleasure and made it even better. It might not be as powerful as the first, but it was stronger and longer than anything my husband had ever given me, that was certain. Tom didn’t slow down, again he fucked me through the orgasm, though his thrusts became harder, more aggressive. He grabbed one of my tits, squeezing it painfully and using it to steady himself. It hurt but I didn’t mind, I was too busy cumming my brains out.

Even when I came down from my high, I couldn’t find the will to object to his mauling hand.

“Huhn! Hnun!” he huffed while he thrust into me. He too was getting closer it seemed.

“I’ma cum... on your whore-face,” he grunted. I should have been disgusted and insulted, but if he wanted to spray his semen on my whore-face, then that was alright with me. I had no fight left, no strength to be disgusted or appalled. I just wanted whatever he could give me.

“Gonna paint your... yellow face white!” he grunted, “huh? You like... that? You my little... rice bunny?” The racism didn’t phase me either. It was par for the course at this point, and it only made me feel more humiliated, more defeated and weak.

“Yes! Paint my yellow face white, Daddy!” I gasped. I didn’t particularly want his sperm on my face – or anywhere on me – but I wasn’t being asked. I was being *told*. And that made all the difference.

Suddenly, he pulled out of me, grabbed me and pulled me up on my feet. Before I’d found my balance, however, he pushed me down, and I fell to my knees. Confused and dazed, I looked up to see his giant snake aimed at my face, with his meaty hand wrapped around it. What’s a girl to do in such a situation?

I closed my eyes, waiting for the inevitable waves of sticky cum.

“Open your mouth,” he grunted, trying to control his breath. Obediently, I did so, my eyes still closed. I even stuck out my tongue, just to show what a good girl I was.

“Fuck yeah... fuck yeah... yellow slut...” he grumbled, and I could hear how he worked his dick, “my fucking slut...”

“I *am* your slut, Daddy,” I agreed.

“Fucking... Yeah! Yeah! NGGUUG!” he grunted and a wave of warmth landed on my face, a long line from my hair down across my eye, down my cheek and onto my chin.

A new wave followed right after, hitting me almost squarely in the mouth, splashing against my teeth and coating my tongue with its warm, salty taste. A third and fourth wave struck my nose and mouth, and I suspected he’d moved closer to me to aim at better, eager to fire into my mouth, evidently. I stayed on my knees, my face turned up towards him, my mouth open and sperm on my tongue and allowed myself to be used as target-practice, only keeping my eyes closed.

It was so degrading. I was an educated woman, I was a good deal smarter than he was, and yet I was reduced to nothing but a receptacle for his cum. But the idea of objecting or trying to stop it never entered my mind. Tom had earned this, earned it many times over. Even if the tangy, sticky liquid in my mouth felt disgusting, I accepted it as his right.

“Nnnff,” he grunted and a wad of his seed landed on my nose. It sounded like he was squeezing the last drops out of his majestic dong, so I carefully opened my eyes. The dong in question hung in the air just above me, glistening with my juices and his sperm.

It came down hard and hit me on my nose with an embarrassing, wet sound before he pressed out another few drops, that hung from his slit for a long while before dropping onto my face, on my right cheek. The salty taste that filled my mouth almost made me gag again, but I patiently waited for him to finish, waited like a well-trained dog for her master’s command.

“You know what, Jia-girl? That was fucking good,” he grunted, “you can swallow now.”

Gee, thanks. Glad it was finally over with and at the same time basking in his condescending praise, I gathered the salty stickiness and forced it down my gullet. I swallowed a few more times, just to get everything down, though the taste lingered. Even if it was far from a pleasant taste, it was still better than the puke on the floor.

We looked at each other, me basically naked on my knees and him standing above me, clothed but with his softening dick still aimed at me, and it suddenly felt incredibly awkward. Like, what does one say in such a situation? The arousal was quickly leaving me, and I no longer felt the least bit grateful for the accursed cat on my vulva, I no longer felt a need to prove myself to him, to abase myself for his approval.

Slowly, I rose and put my boobs back into their bra-cups and pulled my skirt down, covering myself up as much as possible. I found my panties crumbled up on the floor and put them on next. The shirt was ruined of course, its buttons spread across half the office - and my drool and snot and tears staining it as well. I closed it across my chest as well as could do, but it hung open, showing my bra-cups no matter what I

did.

"Yeah, sorry about that," he said, not sounding sorry in the least, "had to get to your tits. Maybe not wear something without buttons next time, huh?"

Next time? Was there going to be a- Fuck, David! What would he say? How would I even tell him? 'Sorry, nae sarang, I just couldn't help but fuck Tom, even though I said we were through.' No. No, that wouldn't do. He'd think I had no control, that I was completely at Tom's mercy.

You are... an annoying voice whispered but I didn't need those critical thoughts right now. I needed to fix this, and I could. I just needed to-

"Maybe you'd better go and wash your face," Tom grinned, looking at my cum-smearred visage with a prideful expression.

Okay, yes, getting cleaned up would be a good first step. Get some water on my face, get myself cooled off.

"Good idea. I'll-"

"And grab a washcloth or a towel or something. You gotta get this mess cleaned up," he nodded at the vomit I'd left on the floor. Now that I wasn't sexually aroused, I noticed the smell, and it was not a pleasant one.

"I better-?" I started to object but he gave me a long, menacing look, and I shut my mouth, my lips pressed hard together. Of course it was the woman's duty to clean up. It's not like it was him forcing his giant member down my throat that caused this. Nono, it was clearly *my* fault.

I muttered to myself about the injustice of it all as I marched towards the bathroom. I got the filthy sperm washed off, and I'd been right. It did feel better. I grabbed a stack of paper-towels and found a nearly-empty trash can on the way back to the cubicle.

Where Tom was sitting in his chair, fiddling with phone. Heavens forbid he gave a hand! I squatted down in my short skirt and heels, and gathered the disgusting goo in paper-towel after paper-towel. My beautifully painted nails got smeared with throw-up as it soaked through, but in the end I got it all thrown in the trash can.

"Need some soap. I'm not sitting in your vomit-stench tomorrow," Tom, my brave and noble lover remarked, and I looked up at him with burning eyes. *MY* stench?! I almost told him to find some fucking soap then, but instead I forced my lip into something resembling a smile and took the trash can away and found a depot where there was a cart with soap and towels. Why didn't I tell him to fuck off? He'd done his job, he'd slated my need. I didn't need him anymore, not right now at least. But I didn't. It would seem, he'd trained me well, and it left an irksome taste in my mouth. Worse, in its own way, than the cum or the vomit.

It tasted of defeat and helplessness, and while they were exciting feelings *during* intercourse, now they were distinctly unwelcome.

Back in the cubicle, I poured a healthy measure of soap out of on the floor and dried it up with the towel, scrubbing as I did so, like his darned maid.

"David can't know about this," I told him as I cleaned. I looked up at him, making sure he understood.

"What, you cleaning the floor?" he laughed. What a douche. What did I ever see in him? My eyes swept downwards, finding his dick that was still on full display - apparently he didn't feel the same need as I did to cover up.

"That we..." I gestured up towards the desk where he had so expertly taken me.

"Fucked?" he filled in, and I blushed and nodded.

"I thought he wanted it?" he wondered, "didn't he like the tattoo?"

"He... he liked it just fine. But I told him that we - that you and I - broke up."

"Hmpf! 'Cause you thought you could go without this?" He reached down and grabbed that mighty dong, and I nodded and sucked my bottom lip into my mouth. It looked so tasty, even if I wasn't really in the mood for more right now.

"What'd you tell him?" he asked.

"I... I said he clearly couldn't handle this... this kind of thing, since he... slept with another woman while in Florida." Oh. I shouldn't have told him that, should I?

"He fucked someone other than his hand? Little dinky-dick got laid?" Tom asked disbelieving and leaned forward, suddenly interested.

"Yes," I forced out between my teeth, not at all caring for the subject.

"Was it Alice? That bitch is always hanging around him like his shit don't stink."

"He says no, but I don't know," I shrugged, completely honest, "the point is, however, that David cannot know about," I gestured back and forth between us, "this. I'll try to work something out, something-"

"But what if I *want* him to know?" he interrupted me, a shrewd look in his eyes.

"I... what does it matter? I need to-" I tried but got interrupted again.

"Because I was very much looking forward to rub his smug little face in the fact that his slut of a wife couldn't go two weeks without my cock."

His words caused my cheeks to flush with embarrassment. That might be technically true, but if he hadn't showed up, if he hadn't... pushed me, I'd done just fine without him. Or I'd have made do at any rate.

"He can't know, Tom," I said seriously, ignoring his uncomfortable statement - it was easier than to try and justify my actions.

"Fine, but it'll cost you," he answered, his smug smile back on his lips. Ugh, what now?

"What are you-"

"I want you in my bed on Saturday. Wet, ready and eager, just like you used to," he said, his eyes burrowing into mine.

"Not Saturday. We're visiting David's parents, and I-"

"He can't visit his parents without you?" he snorted.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself. The sex was out of this world and the orgasms were mind-blowing but damnit this man was so obnoxious sometimes.

"Listen, Tom... Daddy... we *need* David in on this. We do. And it's also a lot for him to handle already - he thought *we* were using *you*, but, of course," I gave him a sycophantic smile and snapped my fingers, "you saw right through that. So he'll have to adjust to you knowing about his kink..."

His smirk only grew wider.

"So please see it from his point of view - not only do you fuck his wife better than he does, you also outsmarted him." It actually made me feel dirty to stroke his ego like this, but I could see no other way, and it clearly worked - he sat up a little taller under my admiring words.

"And now you both know that you're the... the alpha," Lord, how I hated that expression, it was so stupid, "and he's the beta. And he'll have to come to turns with that. But we need to give him time to adjust... and I don't think it'll be good idea to leave him alone with his parents. He might get... *ideas*." I didn't say what kind of ideas, better to let him fill in the blanks himself.

"But... we'll find a day where I'll be all yours," I smiled invitingly at him and even licked my lips in a show of anticipation.

"Yeah. Yeah, that makes sense," he nodded slowly to himself, clearly liking the spin I was putting on recent events. "Sunday. Wet, ready and eager. With or without his permission," he declared, "I don't care if the little guy wants it or not."

I played with my nose-stud as I quickly thought through my options. Sunday was less time than I'd hoped but it was better than having to blow off my in-laws, and I really couldn't risk him telling David all our dirty secrets. Besides, I could convince David easily enough. When it all came down to it, this had all been his idea.

And even if I couldn't... there was something dark and alluring about going behind his back. But I'd better bury that feeling deep - that was not a healthy one. I gave a curt nod, giving in to his demand.

"But," he went on - because *of course* there was more, "since I'll have to wait for Sunday, I want you to call him a beta to his face. I want his clever, loving wife to tell him he's a little beta and I'm the alpha." His smile was wide and evil as he gave me a challenging look. I barely managed to hold in an exaggerated sigh. We were continuing with this alfa-beta nonsense? Whatever.

"Sure," I sighed with a shake of my head, "I'll... tell him he's a beta."

"Fuck yeah!" he grinned triumphantly.

"Besides," he added after a moment's pause, "how else are you gonna tell him that I own your pussy now? Hmm?" he grunted, "that he can't have it without my permission?"

"That... that was just sex-talk," I mumbled and looked down in embarrassment. It had been hot at the time, but now it just seemed like a bizarre fantasy. I felt his finger under my chin and he lifted my face up, so he could look me in the eye. His eyes were burning something fierce, and his mouth was twisted in anger.

"It was NOT sex-talk, you stupid bitch! Why do you think I tattooed Tom on your cunt? Should I rather have spelled it out with letters, huh? I OWN that pussy now!" he stated, clearly on a power-trip. To demonstrate his firmness, he slapped me across the face - not hard, not painful, just to show that he could... and that I couldn't stop him.

I swallowed nervously, unable to find the strength to object, not to the tyrannical demands, not to the name-calling and not to the embarrassing burning shame that spread across my cheek where he'd struck me. I really wanted to shout at him though - it was one thing was during sex, but this was something completely different! And it seemed ridiculous that *he* would call *me* stupid. I doubted he could even spell ridiculous...

As for his unreasonable command, how could he?

"Tom," I begged, my voice weak and needy, "be reasonable. He's my husband. I can't-"

"You'll work something out," he shrugged, clearly not caring about the details. The thought of simply ignoring him and having all the sex I wanted with my husband

never crossed my mind. I needed to get David back into the cuckold game. But calling him a beta? Neither he nor I believed in that pseudo-scientific rubbish, so it'd actually be humiliating for the both of us.

"Anything else?" I asked sarcastically, but he just grinned at me.

"I'll let you know, if anything comes up."

Thanks for reading. Please, let me know what you thought. :)