

How Far is Too Far? Chapter 17

By DontJudgeMe_

Remember that this is a cuckolding story (and we're getting back into the cucking now), so please treat it as such.

As always, thanks to my wife for editing. It would be such a mess without you, babe.
<3

David

That Wednesday night when Jia met Tom again turned out to be vastly different than I had hoped. I couldn't say why, but seeing him upset her, and she wouldn't tell me what had happened. Come to think about it, she didn't say much all that night and seemed quite distracted. Her voice had gone hoarse, though she said it was nothing - she was fine. When we went to bed, it was with a quick, chaste kiss goodnight, and that was Wednesday. No sex.

Of course there was nothing wrong with that, and I did enjoy the time I spent with my wife... but I still cursed Tom for ruining my night. She'd looked gorgeous when she showed up in my office, like an angry goddess. With her black hair flying around her, her beautiful body moving furiously and her eyes burning, she'd looked ready to smite any who dared offend her. Even if she was a little scary, I would have loved to take her to bed in a more carnal manner.

The moron had, of course, said something to her, something inappropriate, and she'd handled him in her usual competent Jia-manner. The poor sap really ought to know better, now that he knew her more intimately - she was not one you wanted to cross. No doubt she'd giving him a dressing down he was still embarrassed about. Admittedly, the cuck in me had had some saucy fantasies about what *could* have happened in the cubicle, but that was too far-fetched. Even if she hadn't ended things with the dope, there was no way he could get her in the mood when she was *that* pissed. Believe me, I'd tried more than once. Besides, she'd have told me if anything had happened.

Like she did when you were in Florida? a snide little voice whispered, but I waved it off. I trusted her. A marriage needs trust, and while I felt that she *had* messed up, it had been for a solid reasoning.

What was that reason again? the sly voice asked, but it knew why - she'd done it to arouse me, to keep the game going, to spice up our sex.

She never really told you anything about what happened though, did she? Despite your many platitudes, the voice kept nagging. I gritted my teeth. She had told me bits and pieces, and I was sure that was on purpose. By letting me know slowly over time, she kept it fresh and exciting, so it felt like the kink was still going strong. She did it to keep our sex interesting, and I appreciated it.

So no, they hadn't done it in the office. He had said something dumb, and she'd bitten his head off. And I'd have to deal with the fallout.

Not that it mattered. We had a lot of Wednesdays ahead of us, and I'd be working late for the foreseeable future. Maybe I'd even succeed in seducing her in the office - that had always been a dream of mine, and it seemed much more attainable in this post-Tom world.

These were the thoughts that occupied me as she and I relaxed Thursday night with a movie - Jia's choice. It was French, an artsy one at that, and despite the subtitles, I wasn't quite following what was happening. But none of that mattered. The important thing was Jia's head on my shoulder, the sound of her soft breathing, the smell of her perfume and her arm around mine. Nothing could compare to being with the woman I loved.

Though, as I'd mentioned to Alice when we'd eaten lunch together, sometimes I did wish that Jia was into *Lord of the Rings*, just a little. Just enough to watch them with me again. She'd not cared for them the one time she saw them, not at all. 'Pretty but without substance' was her verdict.

Alice had smirked at that, and I'd almost invited her over for a movie-marathon, but I'd thought better of it. The night that she and I had shared - and the following morning - did put a strain on what we could and couldn't do, even if Jia didn't know who I'd... been with.

Which meant strange, French films for me. Not that I minded, since I was watching it with Jia, and that was great in and of itself. Having said that, a decapitated orc here and there would have spiced this flick up considerably.

I was not about to complain though. The other night when I'd suggested we watched something with a little more action, she'd shut me down cold: "Maybe your Florida-girls like brainless movies, but I like things with depth and cultural significance." So no, I was not about to say anything about this French mess.

At long last the word *Fin* stood across the screen, which even I didn't need the translation for, and Jia turned off the screen.

"Did not see that coming," she mumbled, talking about the movie I assumed. Had it been a twist-ending? I honestly couldn't say.

"Hmm," I replied, not committing to an answer. She gave me a quick glance and smiled at me.

"Thank you for watching it with me," she said and gave me a kiss on my cheek, "I know it's not exactly your preferred style."

"Oh, happy to, dear," I said, almost without lying. I *was* happy to watch a film with her - maybe I would have been happier if I'd had a clue what was going on, but that was neither here nor there.

“You’re so sweet,” she said and kissed me. A nice, long kiss, the kind that warmed me to my heart.

“In fact,” she went on when we broke a part, “I’ve been thinking...” She gave me a naughty look and her fingers were playing with that cute little stud in her nose.

“Yeah?” I asked, eagerly, since I had a strong feeling that something good was about to happen. I deserved it too, after almost two hours of French nonsense, but I wasn’t dumb enough to say that out loud.

Without answering, she moved on top of me, straddling me. Suddenly taller than me, she took my face in her hands and kissed me again, harder this time. Perplexed but not about to question a good thing, I readily kissed her back and opened my mouth for her probing tongue. My hands very naturally reached around her waist and found themselves a nice resting place on her tight, round asscheeks, easily groping her sexy butt through the long, loose skirt she was wearing.

“I love you so much, nae sarang,” she whispered into my mouth.

“I love you too,” I answered. What else was I going to say? She grinded against me, her crotch against mine, and my dick – that was already interested due to her kisses and the delightful ass I was fondling – really started to pay attention and come to life.

“You like that, baby?” she asked and kissed me again. Of course I did. It was hot as hell! My prudish, demure Jia was acting like a stripper in our living room. And when had she ever called me baby?

“I love it,” I said in between kissing her.

“You do?” she wondered and rubbed herself against my hardening dick again, “you like when I do this?”

“Yeeesss...” I sighed into her kissing mouth, and she grinned, looking quite pleased with herself. I took the chance and pulled her skirt up, diving under it with my hands to feel her soft skin. Her panties were small and light, covering her smooth butt. Sadly it was not the thong, but it was still better than fondling her through the skirt.

“You like my butt, don’t you, nae sarang?” she wondered and gyrated her lower-body a top of me.

“Uh-huh!” I agreed and squeezed her. She felt heavenly! Soft but still strong, her muscles well-defined.

“What about these...?” she asked and grasped her tits through her blouse. It wasn’t a tight thing, but it was still easy to see her large melons when she held them like that.

“I love them!” I grunted, moving my pelvis slightly, as if we were having sex, “I love your tits!”

“I know you do,” she grinned and pulled the blouse over her head. She was wearing a small grey top underneath, her purple bra-straps and the large flower-tattoo on her shoulder clearly visible. The straps of my favourite bra (or one of them, at least, that red one she’d bought for Tom was also a strong contender) told me she had planned this in advance. The purple one wasn’t one she ‘accidentally’ wore, it was for seduction only. The night was certainly looking up.

My hands left her ass and grabbed her large jugs, squeezing them gingerly. I could never get enough of those two globes. I loved her ass to death but my first love would always be her tits.

Eh... I meant, I had always respected her as a woman and her mind and soul were what I was most attracted to. But after that... her huge bangers were my first love.

“Mhm...” she sighed, obviously enjoying the attention, “you know...” She stopped speaking and looked down at me with an unreadable expression.

“What?” I wondered, feeling the size and shape of her tits through the top and bra, catching a nipple between my thumb and forefinger, pinching it gently.

“Tom loves them too...” she finished her sentence, staring intently into my eyes.

“I bet he... does...” I said, the use of present-tense unsettling me somewhat. Like, wasn’t he in the past? A has-been? An ex? It was hot that she brought him up, but the wording was... strange.

“Yes,” she nodded and pulled her top over head, throwing it on the floor next to her blouse, “he is completely enamored by them.” She didn’t let me digest that little tidbit – or the proud tone she’d used - but rather leaned forward, pushing her divine tits into my face. Even captured in the bra, it was a wonderful feeling, the twin globes being pressed against my face.

“God, you’re hot,” I gasped into her rack.

“Yeah?” she asked and leaned back again. Her deep cleavage immediately caught my eyes, and I couldn’t look away. They were being pressed together by the sexy piece of fabric, creating that deep line that I loved.

“You can see why he loves them, can’t you?” she asked and shimmied her shoulders, making the ladies jiggle in all manner of interesting ways.

What the hell was happening to my shy wife? Had the aliens replaced her with this sexy goddess? Or had Tom brought it out in her? Had she always been like this, and she’d just needed someone to liberate her?

That was a troubling thought, and not one I was going to entertain now – not when I had this pair of knockers to worship!

She kept rubbing herself against my crotch, and by now I was more than hard, as she no doubt had noticed.

“In fact,” she said as she reached around her back and unclasped the bra, letting it fall and showing me the goodies in the flesh, so to speak, “he’s the only man to ever... fuck... my... tits.”

“Oh God, Jia,” I gasped, my arousal instantly spiking. The thought of Tom’s big cock between her tits was an insane one! And to hear her describe them in such a way – had I ever heard her use a word harsher than boobs? And to top it off, I was now watching the finest pair of breasts, I’d ever laid eyes on. Majestic as the mountains, big and firm and perky, with dark areolas and hard nipples pointed at me.

What about Alice’s? But I waved the thought away. I was *not* about to compare my wife and my secretary.

“You like that thought, David? That Tom *cucked* you by fucking these...?” she grasped her breasts, unable to hold all of the massive hooters.

“Yes...” I admitted, unable to say anything else.

“Does it make you hard?” she asked, her dark eyes boring into mine.

“Yes...”

“Does your little dick get all excited at the thought of Tom’s huge cock fucking my boobs? Does it?” she asked, and there was a very uncharacteristic tone to her voice. She didn’t sound like my sweet, gentle Jia. She didn’t sound sweet or gentle at all.

“Yes...” I admitted again. Even if her words were mean, they were also insanely hot, and I was so hard for her. And even if I didn’t think my dick was small, I had to admit that next to Tom’s... it was. But so were most things.

“Show me,” she demanded and moved off me. I hurried to get my pants down and off and my boxers quickly followed suit, leaving me in socks and shirt. Meanwhile, she also stripped out of her skirt, leaving her naked except a tiny pair of purple panties. I couldn’t help but look, and it was so easy to see her new tattoo through them.

“You ARE hard,” she smiled and I grunted affirmatively, hoping she’d suck me off again. Or jump upon it.

“Close your eyes, baby,” she asked. Baby again? What did that mean? Did it mean anything? Nevertheless, I did as she said.

“Imagine me naked like this...” she said. Why would I have to imagine that? She was right there, I could just look at her!
She moved close to me again, her warm voice in my ear.

“Imagine me naked and on my knees... And Tom is sitting right where you are...”
I could imagine that, sure.

“His big, wonderful *cock* is hard, of course. Mhm, it gets so hard, baby, you have no idea.”

Her words were slow and loving, and it was hard to convince myself that she was merely playing a role. She wasn't missing him, was she?

“And I was kneeling right in front of him, my big boobs wrapped around his huge cock. Can you imagine it?”

Of course I could. God, it was hot.

“I rubbed them up and down at long, thick shaft. Mhm, it was sooo sexy...”
“God...” I was so turned on. I could feel my dick pulsate.

“I fell in love with that big cock so fast, baby,” she confessed, her breath in my ear sending shivers down my spine, “I couldn't help it. It's just so... perfect.”

“Jia...” I whimpered and squirmed in my seat. Her words were scorchingly hot, and I couldn't help but react. God, if only she would-
She took one of my hands and placed it on my hard dick.

“Play with yourself, nae sarang,” she whispered, “play with yourself as you imagine me on my knees with Tom's fantastic cock between my tits...”

What could I do? I did as she asked, started stroking myself while I pictured her getting her tits fucked by that simpleton and his mastodont dick.

“You can see it, can't you? It's sooo hot, isn't it?” she went on, and I could only nod. It was! It fucking was.

“If only you could have seen. Wouldn't you like to watch that, nae sarang?” Her soft words teased me, and I could only regret that I'd missed the sight.

“Yes...” I gasped, stroking myself hard. It felt... it felt strange, jerking off in front of Jia, but it was also extremely thrilling. The fact that she wasn't touching me, just telling me what had happened turned me on way too much.
And hearing that Tom got another thing that I never had was like the world's sexiest torture.

“Yes, stroke yourself. Stroke yourself while you think about Tom and me...” she said

and moved away. She shifted around on the couch and I couldn't stop myself from looking.

She'd taken off her her panties, showing me all her goodies, from her smooth, golden thighs to her dark pussy, her cartoon-tattoo that was both silly and the sexiest symbol I could imagine and finally, of course, her large, naked tits, her nipples still hard. She moved her hands down to her vulva, caressing the image of his namesake that Tom had imprinted there.
She was so sexy!

"Jia..." I sighed, drinking in her body and still pleasuring myself. I couldn't stop, she was so arousing.

"You know what this tattoo means, David?" she wondered and cocked her head, looking at me questioning eyes.

"It means... it means that Tom... that Tom wanted to-"

"No," she interrupted, "not wanted to." That comment confused me. Not wanted to? Did she mean that... the thought sent a shockwave of sexual energy through me.

"It... it means that Tom owns... your pussy?" I asked, my mouth dry. I couldn't stop jerking off though, and those humiliating words only advanced my impending orgasm. I hated Tom, I despised him – and yet it still turned me on to no end that he'd claimed my wife's pussy for his own.

"That's right!" she exclaimed, her eyes ablaze and her hands stroking that fucking cat, "that's right. He OWNS it... how does that feel... cuck?" Her words were like knives in my heart and fuel for my fire.

"Oh God..."

She got up and crawled on all four towards me, her big juicy tits hanging down beneath her and swaying gently as she moved. I couldn't keep my eyes off them. She reached me and put her lips close to my ear.

"Maybe I was too harsh on you. Maybe... maybe we don't have to stop..."

Did she just say that? Did she mean that? But... what? Did I want that? I'd love that! Wouldn't I?

"What?" I gasped, my mind trying to break down all the different thoughts and emotions that her words started. My hand was working overtime though, and I was quickly getting close.

"You want me to keep seeing Tom, don't you?" she asked and grabbed my wrist, stopping my masturbation.

"I... I don't..." I said, not knowing one way or the other – all I knew was that I wanted to cum.

"Look at me," she said and I stared deep into her eyes.

"Tell me. Do you want me to see Tom again?"

Oh God. Her voice was so soft, so sensual. I couldn't think! I wanted her to myself... didn't I? Or did I? The thought of her under Tom, his huge cock making her cry out like I never had entered my mind. I started jerking off again, slowly though, so she wouldn't notice... or at least, so she might not get mad.

"Do you want him to fuck me again? To put that huge cock into me, to make me cum like no-one else can?"

"God, Jia..." I said.

"Do you understand that it his pussy? That you can't have it without his permission?" she went on, as if I had already accepted that she was going back to Tom. Fuck, that was a hot image! To be denied my wife's very pussy, to be dependent on that oaf's word to have sex with her.

"Jia..." I whimpered, stroking harder. I needed it. I needed to cum so I could think, so I could-

"Don't cum. Don't cum, nae sarang. Not until you've answered..." her words were kind but strong, and I gasped and nodded. She was so demanding, so powerful, and I loved it!

"Just think... when you've said yes, Tom will really OWN my pussy. He can have it whenever he wants, and you can't... not unless he allows it..."
Oh God. Oh God, I was so close. I couldn't *think*, couldn't... Oh Shit, oh fuck, oh-

"Once you've said yes, I'll get FUCKED so often by that huge cock, and you'll get nothing but your hand, unless Tom is in a good mood. How does that feel? Huh?"

"It feels... it feels so dirty, so good!" I gasped.

"Then say yes! Accept your fate... after all, he's the alpha... and you're just the beta," she said, her voice full of smugness.

"Yes... YES!!" I gasped and ropes of cum erupted from my cock, "YESYESYESYES!!!" I shouted the word out, surrendering to her, to Tom, to my own twisted cuck-fantasies. The orgasm was so powerful, it swept over me, making me feel nothing but intense, submissive pleasure for a moment. Sperm poured out of my dick and painted my shirt, my hand and my naked groin white.

“That’s a good cuck,” she smiled and gave me a long, smoldering kiss.

What had I done? I had no idea.
But it was fucking exciting.

Jia

[We’re on for Sunday. David just came in his hand while I called him a beta and told him it’s your pussy. I don’t think there will be any problems from him.] I texted my lover, while David was taking a shower, getting his sticky sperm washed off. I felt oddly proud as I sent the text to Tom. Like I’d done good. I’d taken a problem and solved it to everyone’s satisfaction.

Tom would be pleased, since he got to have sex with me again, David would be pleased since he was back to being my cuck, and I... well, I got to get fucked by Tom and his huge cock again. Everybody was winning with this arrangement.

At least that’s what I told the nagging bad conscience that threatened to spoil my good mood. *Technically*, it could be argued that I had manipulated David into agreeing, and if he hadn’t been aroused out of his mind, he *might* not have said yes. [Hahaha so pathetic good girl] came the inevitable reply, and yes, it did leave a guilty taste in my mouth. Maybe I shouldn’t have mentioned *how* I’d persuaded David, maybe I should have let him have some pride left.

Oh well. If he doesn’t want to be a beta, he shouldn’t cum when I call him that, I smirked to myself as I went to the bedroom, preparing for bed. And to think I’d been fretting over how to persuade David, had been wondering if he’d rather we stay monogamous! My little cuck couldn’t wait ‘till I got filled by Tom’s delicious cock again.

All he really wanted, it appeared, was to submit to me and my hung lover. Maybe there really was such a thing as alphas and betas, I reflected as I crawled under the cover. Tom took what he wanted and would always want to be in charge, whereas my dear husband couldn’t stop submitting. It was probably why Tom had always hated David being his boss - he could sense the weakness in him.

Was I really starting to give credit to this alpha-beta incel nonsense? It troubled me somewhat, since the entire discredited theory came from unreliable sources, but it did seem to fit. It explained why David was happiest when he lived out his beta-tendencies and submitted to his alpha.

[I’m really looking forward to Sunday. I didn’t get enough yesterday AT ALL.] I texted Tom, feeling extremely naughty. I was discovering that I liked being naughty. I’d tried being a good wife to David, but that had only been boring.

This really was the best of both worlds. Everyday life with David, watching interesting movies and talking with an educated man... and then having my pussy absolutely destroyed by the alpha on the weekends, getting the excitement I'd come to crave.

David had been so right - he was a cuck that needed a real man to do his marital duties for him, and I was so glad he'd accepted his place on the totem-pole.

[Haha its never enuff for u is it? Dont worry Daddy will take care of you good care!]

David

I stood in the shower for a good, long time, trying to sort through my feelings. It wasn't an easy task, as many of them contradicted one another, and a lot of them weren't nice. Above all, I couldn't shake the distinct impression of being manipulated, of being used... possibly of being taken for a fool.

The timing was just too conspicuous. She met Tom for the first time in weeks last night, and now we were restarting our... our game? Come on, something had happened yesterday, something she wasn't telling me about. But what?

Had they... had they hooked up? Or just discussed it? If they *had* done it, it changed everything, right? 'Cause that would mean she'd gone behind my back. But what did that even matter? She was gonna get fucked by Tom again on Sunday, so did it really matter if she'd done it yesterday too?

"Yes," I told myself. It mattered. Tonight, we had agreed to start the game again, and therefore Sunday was okay. Yesterday would not have been okay... which was why nothing had happened at the office. Jia wouldn't gamble our relationship on a quick thrill. I knew my wife, and she had an iron-grip on herself - she was not that easily led astray.

'Agreed to start the game again'. Had we really agreed? Her presenting the idea while I was already so aroused seemed more than a little calculated. Like, she knew I wasn't going to say no once she got me all worked up. Why not wait till I'd cum - or better yet till we'd both orgasmed - to make the decision? So it could be with a clear head?

Because she didn't want to risk me saying no. That was the obvious answer. She wanted this more than I did. And, yes... that was about the hottest thing I could imagine, but it was also deeply worrying. She wanted it so much, she wouldn't risk me saying no when I wasn't close to cumming and ready to agree to anything.

These clear implications of my wife's cunning manipulation should have made me

angry. I should march into the bedroom and demand an explanation. But in reality, it just made me tired and sad. Why was she playing these games? Couldn't she just be honest?

I didn't have the strength or the energy for a confrontation. And she was right, it was what I wanted, just not *how* I wanted it. God, it was a mess. But we'd get through it. We were meant for each other after all. It would all work out.

I just wish she'd stop that alpha-beta nonsense. She was too smart to believe that gibberish, and I wasn't enjoying her being a mouthpiece for Tom's inane ideas. Tom. That fucker was truly living his best life, wasn't he? Now he'd get my beautiful, sophisticated wife again. But really... she couldn't be serious about needing his permission. Could she? That thought gave me a hollow feeling in my stomach, an uncertainty I couldn't quite place... but it also made my dick jerk in eagerness. Fuck, I was messed up.

I exited the shower without being that much wiser on my feelings, but still it was nice to work it through. I wouldn't cause a scene and I wasn't going back on my word - the thought of starting the game up again *was* hot as hell, after all. But I was also going to keep a weary eye on Jia and make sure nothing upset our marriage. It was the most important thing we had.

Naked and still drying myself off, I entered the bedroom to see her already in bed, tapping away on her phone. When she saw me, she quickly turned it off and put it on her bedside table. The only light in the room came from the nightlamp on her side of the bed, so the room was cast in shadows.

"Mhm, there you are, nae sarang," she purred.

"Here I am," I replied, her tone catching me somewhat off guard. What was going on?

"I was..." she said in a low voice, playing with her nose-stud, "I was just thinking about Sunday..." Her eyes sparkled in the dim light, and her excitement was palpable and contagious... though I couldn't stop a lightning-quick feeling of disappointment. It would have been nice if she just every now and then got worked up at the thought of having sex with me.

I had no-one to thank but myself though - I was the one who asked her to fuck Tom.

"Really?" I asked and gave her my most seductive smile. In the end, it didn't matter what got her in the mood, did it? Especially not when I was the one who got to reap the benefits...

"Yes," she answered in a low and intimate tone, while she pulled the covers off of her, revealing her naked body, "you cannot *imagine* how much I'm looking forward to it," her hands slid up and groped her mountainous tits, forcing my eyes on them, "I *need* that big... *biiig* cock..."

My eyes followed her hands as they left her breasts, travelling down her slim stomach and onto her mound, gently caressing the skin of her new tattoo. That fucking cat smirked up at me as she petted him, telling me how he now owned my wife's pussy, and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Re-really," I stammered, dropping my towel, suddenly standing naked and nervous in-front of her. My dick was starting to pay attention, and I was suddenly dry in the mouth.

"Yes... and I was wondering... if you'd help me relieve some... pressure while I wait for my *real* man," her eyes bore into mine, reading my mind as she said those last, three damning words. They felt like a gut-punch, and my jaw dropped in amazement at her boldness, her lack of consideration. She really had been replaced by an alien, hadn't she? Christ, she was... changed. She'd *never* been so brazen before.

"O-okay..." I whispered, utterly, utterly confused and aroused.

"That's my good cuck," she smiled, her perfect Jia-smile that used to show me love but now was strangely twisted. It was the same smile, but... it sent a different message, though I couldn't put a finger on what had changed. Maybe me. Maybe her?

"Come here, then," she beckoned me closer and cupped her naked, hairless slit, "come lick me..."

Gingerly, I moved onto the bed, in between her spread legs. What else could I do? I lowered my mouth to her soft but strong thigh and kissed my way up.

"Don't bother with the foreplay, nae sarang," she said, dismissing my efforts, "thinking about Tom has already got my motor running..."

Embarrassed but also with a dick that was now demanding attention, I did as she said and buried my face in her warm, wet snatch, easily finding her excited clit. Meanwhile, my hand snuck down between my legs and pulled on my hardening dick, seeking a new release to the pent-up arousal I was harbouring.

Jia

"Mhm, yes..." I sighed. What a rush. This control, this power of my husband was a heady experience indeed. I was never going back to being the meek little housewife again!

His speedy tongue felt good, really good. It was just what I needed.

Well, what I *actually* needed was Tom's huge cock utterly rocking my world, but

failing that, my husband's tongue was a decent consolation prize. And he was obviously hungry, probably needing to prove himself, now that he was about to share me again.

The sexting I'd done with Tom had gotten my motor running... and then taking control of my poor hubby, telling him just what to do... and now he was delivering the coup de grâce with his mouth. It was exhilarating.

It was amazing how much better it was than before! Was it just last week when he'd gone down on me, and I'd had to focus so hard on Tom to even get in the mood? And now I was ready to explode almost from the get-go? I really needed my Daddy to get off, even when he wasn't here in person. Just knowing I was only a few, short days from kneeling down and taking that monster in my mouth, in my pussy... Oh Heavens!

"Ah, nae sarang, that's... oh, that's good," I gasped. The orgasm was already growing, and my encouragement only spurred him on. Oh wow, it was good. I gripped his hair and pressed him against my crotch. It didn't change much, only gave me a feeling of power, of superiority, and I liked that. I liked that a lot.

"Oh yes! Oh, lick me! Such a good cuck!" I sighed, the words spilling out of my mouth, "yes, like that... be my good little cuck. Lick me..."

Oh my word, he was jerking himself off while he was paying homage to my pussy. Of course he was! The guy was probably exalted he was going to share me with his alpha again. Even *he* knew his little dinky wasn't enough for me, so it stood to reason he was overjoyed he didn't have to be my primary sexual outlet anymore. "Yes, nae sarang! Yes, like that... oh, jerk your little dick while you... while you lick me. Mhm, yes..." I gasped, and pulled harder on his hair, putting him in his place, like I knew he wanted. His tongue continued unabated, bringing me closer and closer, obviously spurred on by my comments.

"Oooh, it feels good. So much better than your little thing," I sighed, barely even registering how harsh my words were, "oooh... you think... you think Tom will ever... let you into... this pussy again?!"

He slurped, he licked and showed his devotion to my pleasure, and it didn't take much longer before it became too much. I gave him a few more nasty comments to really make his day until I finally cried out in orgasm, a good one. Not a Tom-orgasm by any means, but far better than anything David had given me in *quite* a while. And all the while he was pumping his little wiener, pleasuring himself to my orgasm and me belittling him. When I came down my orgasmic high, I couldn't help but feel... disappointed in him. For some reason, I wanted him to act like he used to. Loving me, sure, but also standing up for himself. Why didn't he? Tom would never allow himself to be treated like this, why did David?

Why was he such a beta cuck?

“Kiss me... right here,” I told him and pointed at Tom’s tattoo. He looked up at me with wide eyes, yet he never stopped jerking his little thing.

“Ji-Jia...” he muttered, his voice hoarse, pretending he didn’t want to. If he wanted me to believe that, he probably shouldn’t be masturbating right now, should he?

“I’m waiting, David,” I said, keeping my voice stern. He needed to do this, needed to show his devotion, his commitment.

It was what he wanted anyway, what we both wanted.

Just like I knew he would, he lowered his lips to the tattoo of Tom and kissed it, paying his respect to the alpha in his life.

I let him soak in the humiliation, just for a little while, just to get the message across. Then I moved down to him and pushed him on his back. He followed my lead obediently, and I grabbed his hard dick, easily sliding my fingers around its girth. It didn’t give me the same excited feeling as Tom’s, it was so small and insignificant compared to his.

“This,” I said and jerked him off with quick and methodical strokes, “is all you’re going to get.” The power rushing through me was insane. He was completely at my mercy.

“Jia...” he groaned, looking up at me with huge eyes.

“Not my mouth. That’s for Tom only,” I went on, ignoring him. He didn’t try to stop me or take things further - this was what he wanted.

“Oh God...”

“Not even my pussy. That’s for Tom too, now,” I told him, and he closed his eyes. Sure, he could hide from his shame, but the way he was humping my hand told me he really loved this.

“Not pussy, not mouth... just hand left for the little cuck...” I went on, teasing him. He couldn’t stop himself, he was fucking my hand by now, while I still jerked him. He groaned loudly, obviously loving it. What I didn’t do for this man...

“What kind of a *cuck* lets his wife’s pussy get marked by her lover?” I asked, my mean words driving him towards the edge. Perhaps the comment wasn’t entirely fair, since neither of us had had any say in what had happened that night Tom claimed my pussy. But that didn’t matter right now. All that mattered was what my dear, little cuck needed to hear.

“Now, are you going to finish soon?” I asked.

“Uh... uh-huh,” he grunted, and I took that as a yes.

In the end, it took more mean, demeaning words and more playing with his dick, but then again, it wasn't long ago that he'd finished. When he finally did ejaculate his slimy content, it was more of a slow dribble than anything. It ran down my hand, smearing it with stickiness, and I had to wipe it off on the towel he'd left on the floor.

"You like?" I asked with a smile as I scooted down next to him.

"Of course," he smiled back at me, but there was something forced about it. Didn't he like it?

"You don't sound happy?" I asked, furrowing my brows. Was this too much for him? He was always a little skittish after an orgasm though. It was probably just that.

"Of course I am," he assured me and now he sounded genuine. Okay, good. For a second, I had worried that I'd overstepped a line.

"You're sure?" I asked, relief flooding through me.

"Of course," he said again and I snuggled up close to him. Sure, he was a weird little cuck but I still loved him. He was my husband after all, and everything I did, I did for him.

David

"A French film? Really? *French*?" Alice asked, her beautiful, blue eyes wide in shock, when we were eating lunch together the next day.

"I can't even pronounce the title," I shrugged helplessly and took a bite of my sandwich. Alice had introduced me to this small cafe last week, and their sandwiches were seriously *good*. Trust her to find the best place to eat within a ten minutes radius of work – she always knew her stuff, whether it was work or cafes.

Or sucking my dick. The thought came unbidden, and I couldn't help but glance at her soft, full lips. A pleasant shiver went through me at the memory of them wrapped around me, while she looked up at me with a mischievous look in her eyes. Swallowing hard, I forced my mind off... that. It didn't help to think about it. It was over. I was happily married.

"But... why?" my blonde companion wondered nonplussed, "did we suddenly run out of American movies?"

"Jia likes that kind of stuff," I shrugged again, struggling to eat and talk at the same time, "I've seen a lot of French and Korean movies over the years."

"Must be hard being married to a librarian," Alice shook her head, her long silvery

hair bouncing around her.

Well, lately what had made it difficult, was that my librarian had developed a taste for huge cocks... and for humiliating her husband sexually.

I still didn't quite know how I felt about what had happened last night. Like, sure, it had been crazy hot while it happened, and I really did enjoy going down on her but... all those belittling words. They weren't nice to think back on, once the haze of arousal had lifted. One of the things I'd been worried about from the start of our little game had been losing her respect. In that regard, last night didn't feel great.

And her and Tom again... it still didn't sit quite right with me. She could claim it was for my benefit all day long, but I wasn't buying it. Not any more. She met him at the office, and the next day I needed them to be together again? Please!

"It has its ups and downs," I remarked causally, not willing to let any unhappiness I might feel shine through. Not that I was unhappy, of course. I had everything I wanted - a beautiful wife, a good job, a gorgeous blonde friend to eat lunch with. And I was finally exploring my cuckolding desires. So why shouldn't I be happy?

"She must be excited about the new Harry Potter-series though? All librarians loove Harry Potter."

"Ehm," I shrugged helplessly, "she likes that Rowling makes kids read, sure, but she really feels... children's books are for children."

"Oh. My. God," Alice said and rolled her eyes.

Saturday night dinner with my parents was nice but mostly uneventful, at least on the surface.

We were all gathered: my sister and brother-in-law (and their kids) and Jia and I. All of us at my parents' to eat mom's cooking and just touch base. It was all so normal, so mundane, chatting with my dad about work, listening to my sister brag about her oldest child's grades... and all the while, I couldn't stop thinking about Jia getting railed by my fat coworker. It was happening again tomorrow night. Yet here she was, smiling at her mother-in-law and asking for recipes?

What a strange fucking world I lived in now.

Dad kept pestering me about leaving Falkner & Co. to come work for him. He was opening up a new office in another city and needed someone to oversee it, and, as he put it, 'he'd only wanted me to work for Falkner to get some much needed experience and contacts, before I came back to the family.' That's great, dad, so great. Thanks for making my career all about you. Really makes me feel special.

I gave him vague and non-committal answers, while my thoughts stayed on

tomorrow night. What was she gonna wear? What was gonna happen? Well, I knew what would *happen* - Jia was gonna get fucked. So much, and she was gonna cum so hard, in ways I couldn't make her. But more like... how? I didn't know *that*.

It was all fucking with my mind. I mean, it was so goddamn hot! But at the same time... I'd not been in her pussy for a week, and according to her, I might not be allowed to anymore - because 'it was Tom's pussy.' What did that even mean?

Yesterday and last night, I'd licked her to nice orgasms, and then had to make do with her hand afterwards, while she teased me with Tom. And yes, it had made me cum, quickly and hard. But it still felt so humiliating and emasculating. I *was* still her husband, wasn't I?

I was sure she still loved me, but did she still respect me? That was a question I couldn't stop pondering, and it really seemed-

"So, Jia, when are you going to have one of your own?" Mom's question cut through my musings with ease, and I whipped my head around to look at her - and she had her attention on my niece and nephew who were playing on the floor.

Jia and I looked at each other, she with a playful smirk on her lips, me with panic in my eyes. Jia was on the pill, so there was no chance of kids... but if she was to get pregnant, who would be the father?

The cuck who wasn't even allowed inside her pussy? *Hardly...*

We both made some generic answer about not being ready, but for some reason that one, innocent question felt like a bucket of cold water. Jia *was* still taking her pill everyday... right?

Thanks for reading. Please leave a comment if you enjoyed it.