

How Far is Too Far? chapter 19

By DontJudgeMe_

Still a cuck story, one with cheating, dishonesty and dominance. Also, it's chapter 19, I think you know the drill by now.

As always, thank you to my wonderful wife for editing. It would be horrible to read without her.

Jia

David was warm and comfortable, and I was snuggled up close to him, his strong arm around me, but as I pried my eyes open, nothing looked familiar. Where... where was I? There was a drawer where there shouldn't be one, and the ceiling was white instead of wooden planks. Early rays of sunlight came in through a window, but it was placed all wrong – it shouldn't be at my feet, that's where the door was.

That... that had to mean that I wasn't in my bedroom. Which meant...

I was still at Tom's! The realization hit me like a hammer, and so did the next: the warm body next to me wasn't my husband. His loud snoring really should have clued me in on that.

"Shit," I breathed. I had fallen asleep here. I had slept with Tom, as in slept-slept. Not just sex, I'd actually spent the night. Fuck, fuck, fuck! What would David say? Oh boy, he was going to be so upset. I had to apologize. Now. I would have to grovel and beg his forgiveness. Oh, he must be so scared, so worried!

I slid out of Tom's embrace, feeling incredibly vulnerable in my naked state in a bedroom that wasn't my own. I stalked into the living room, found my discarded panties and got them on. They weren't clean by any means, but just covering up felt better. I briefly wished I'd brought a bra, but I found the sexy top I'd worn and put it on. I looked around for my skirt, but couldn't find it – whatever, the panties would have to do for now.

I ignored my shoes, as I didn't feel like wearing heels right now. It was just inappropriate, and the clacking might wake Tom. What had happened last night to make me fall asleep?!

Okay, I knew what had happened. That royal fucking Tom had given me. God, it had been good. Oh no, did I just misuse the Lord's name... again? I had to stop doing that, even in my thoughts.

But still... good sex was no excuse for forgetting my husband! Feeling somewhat better in my clothes - although I would have liked some that covered a bit more, but I had yesterday's Jia to thank for that - I moved on from the living room into the hallway, where my bag hung on a hook, and found my phone.

There were three missed calls and five messages, just from my husband. Then one from Madison and one from Nari, but I ignored both of those. I would deal with them later.

Last night he'd written that he was going to bed and hoped I was on my way home soon. Poor guy. He must have been so lonely.

And again just 20 minutes ago, wondering if everything was alright.

'I'm so sorry. So, so sorry. I'll be home soon, and I'll make it up to you...' I started to write but then I stopped. Was apologizing really the best approach? Was that really what David wanted? My little cuck of a husband was clearly fine with me staying out all night. I mean, he could have come and brought me home, if he wasn't happy with the situation. But he hadn't. He'd stayed at home, probably playing with his small penis, enjoying the thought of me being naughty with Tom. How best to do this...? If I apologized, he'd start to question what had happened. I had to come off strong, confident. Something like...

[Morning, nae sarang. I hope you slept well. I had a GREAT night. Tom left me exhausted, so I fell asleep.]

Yes. Yes, that worked. He'd know that it was an accident but also that I very much enjoyed it, and if I knew my dear cuck, he'd love that.

I checked the time. I still had enough time to get home, shower and get to work. But what about Tom? Should I wake him up and say thanks for the hospitality – and the great fuck last night? *The great fuck where he took my butt against my wishes? Or the one where I ASKED him to slap me around?* I couldn't deal with those thoughts right now. Suffice it to say, the great fuck when I'd cum and cum again.

Or should I just leave? It'd be easier that way. But where was my skirt? I went back into the living room but still couldn't find it. It wasn't on the couch, on the floor or anywhere in sight. Damn it. I'd have to wake Tom then. With a sigh, I went back into the bedroom and found my sleeping lover, still snoring. He'd kicked the covers off, since I got up, and my eyes were inevitably drawn to that imposing piece of man between his legs. It was soft now, but still looked strong, powerful... delicious.

Come to think of it, I had *plenty* of time. And since I was already here and had to wake up this sleeping beauty, I... might as well make the most of it. Right? Excitement ran through me as I slowly, carefully moved down between his legs and brought my head down to that wondrous cock. It had a stale smell of me, but I had come so far over the last months that it no longer bothered me – to think that he once washed it, just for me. Chivalry might be dying, but my new, whorish ways made

up for it.

This was so naughty! My tongue gently touched his soft head, and I felt electric. He didn't make me do this, this was all me, this was what I wanted. *Me*. Gosh, I was such a slut. I was Tom's little slut.

My lips closed around his head, and I began to suck, while he slowly stirred above me. To think that I was actually waking my lover with a blowjob. Yet another thing my poor husband would never experience...

David

To say that I slept badly that night would be a gross understatement. Without Jia next to me, it was impossible to find rest or comfort. I kept listening for incoming messages or a call from my phone, but the damn thing stayed silent.

When I got up, I sent her yet another message, then tried to go about my business as if it was any other morning. Except that wasn't possible without Jia. Where was my morning kiss? My coffee was weak and my porridge bland, though I was sure I made them both the same way she did. The kitchen felt empty without my beautiful wife and her cute comments and heavenly smell. And reading the news on my phone without discussing it with Jia was a hollow experience. She always had clever observations and cynical remarks about politicians or celebrities, and my morning was empty without her.

I had time to think though, and I guess there's also some value in that. About our relationship, about Tom, about the hotwife-lifestyle in general.

Was it worth it? Was it still? It had been what I'd wanted for so long, but now that I had it, it... it wasn't quite as I had imagined it. Okay, the sex was amazing (or what counted as sex for me these days, and that thought alone made me breathe faster), and when we reconnected after her outings, I felt so close to her, so loved. At the same time though, I felt a lot more alone – like right now. And like last night – if I hadn't played Tekken with Alice, it would have been a damn long night, made even longer by Jia not even texting or calling... or coming home!

It was always the two things, wasn't it? I liked that she was off with Tom, but I hated that she wasn't here, and it was damn hard to reconcile the two.

I kept working it over as I cleaned up after breakfast, but I never reached a conclusion. What was more important? Her being here or her being a hotwife? I wanted both, didn't I? When I was about to head off for work, a text finally came.

[Morning, nae sarang. Hope you slept well. I had a GREAT night. Tom left me exhausted, so I fell asleep.]

Huh. Even though her message was hot, it also felt... callous. Her staying at Tom's without telling me seemed extremely disrespectful, and it seriously stung that she didn't even acknowledge that. I didn't need an apology, not exactly, but something, *anything* to show that she cared would have been nice.

[Okay glad you're okay. I was kinda worried] I sent back. I didn't want to come off as needy, but maybe a little guilt would be good for her. She didn't reply, though, so I went to work.

Jia

"Yeah... yeah! Suck me, suck that cock, you little slut," Tom cheered me on. He was still lying in bed, and I was still between his legs. And more importantly, his cock was still in my mouth, and my hand was wrapped as far as it could reach around his meaty shaft.

"Can't get enough, can you?" he laughed as I swallowed a lot – *a lot* – of his long monster, all the way down to my hand. My throat gurgled and gagged as I forced his fat stick down it, hard and fast. My vision was blurring and I was leaking saliva down my hand and onto his balls and mattress, but I didn't care. I just wanted to please him and his giant member.

A little up and then down again, ignoring the pain and queasiness, just giving him the most pleasure I could. He deserved it. He'd earned it. I loved this enormous cock, and I wanted it to feel the best it could. If only I-

'BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!'

"Ah, shit!" Still with his cock deep in my throat, he reached out and grabbed his phone off the night-table. He hadn't told me to stop, however, so I continued, giving him all I could.

"Fuck, I gotta get to work," he sighed, as I forced my throat to accept more of him, breathing hard through my nose to get some oxygen. I heard him, but I didn't comprehend his words. All that

existed in my world was that beautiful piece of meat, nothing else mattered or even made sense. A sharp pain erupted from my scalp, and my head was forced upwards, up his long, mighty shaft, until I was free of it and my eyes met his, while I filled my lungs with air.

“I gotta get to work... soon. Wanna get fucked first?” he asked. What choice was that?

“Yes! God, yes!” I gasped and nodded as much as his unrelenting grip of my hair allowed. Without a moment’s hesitation, he pushed me down on my back and got in between my legs. Unceremoniously, he spat on my kitty, rubbing his thick spit into me, mixing it with my ample juice.

“Already wet, huh?” he grinned and patted my tattoo of his name-sake before he aimed his powerful stick at my once-tight entrance.

“For you? Always,” I sighed and then he pushed into me, and I didn’t care about anything but the pain-mixed pleasure between my legs.

David

“Sir? Tom’s here,” Alice’s voice sounded from the intercom.

“Okay, good. Send him in, please,” I said and looked at the clock on the wall. It was half past ten, so he was already two hours late. The big man opened the door and walked through, tall and proud. He was certainly not ashamed and didn’t look like a man about to get an earful. Without asking for permission, he pulled up a chair and sat down in front of my desk. I blinked and swallowed nervously.

“So, what’s the matter, David? Alice said you wanted to see me,” he said. *He* said. This oaf of a man started our impromptu meeting, like he was the one in the senior position, like he wasn’t a screw-up who’d come in late. Honestly, the pure gall of the man left me speechless.

“I... I’m...” I tried but I was drawing a blank. We weren’t on first-name basis, but I’d let that slide for now. We had more important things to discuss.

“You’re late,” I forced out, “after... after our last discussion, I really thought-“

“Ah, that. Yeah, sorry, David, that’s my bad,” he interrupted me and nodded sadly, as if he understood and agreed with my plight, “but ehh...” he leaned in over the desk and lowered his

voice, “your wife had her lips wrapped so tight around my cock when my alarm went off. Had to take care of that little firecracker.” He winked at me as he finished talking, like we were sharing a fun little secret, while all blood drained from my face.

“You... you...” I stammered, my tongue tying itself into knots as I stared at his triumphant smile. Everything in me froze, as this fat sack of crap nonchalantly told me how he’d enjoyed my beautiful Jia. Humiliation washed over me, and I swallowed and tried to regain my position of superiority. *I* was the boss here, after all.

“Should have heard her cum. Would have been a new experience for you, I imagine,” he taunted me, and I could practically feel myself deflate quicker than an leaky balloon. I knew, of course, that sex with him was vastly different than sex with me, but for him to so openly brag about it...

I’d had an idea that we’d be gentlemen about this and not bring it up at work. That we’d keep it to chats or phone calls or off-work meetings – something like that. For him to so brazenly bring it up was... was...

“So how do you like her new tattoo, hmm? Mighty fine work, isn’t it?” he went on, the smugness in his voice so thick I almost choked on it.

“I’m...”

“I’ve always loved Tom & Jerry. TOM & Jerry...” He had to empathize the cat’s name, it seemed, to make sure I understood the oh-so-subtle point.

“I... I’m sure,” I muttered and looked down. Christ, this was uncomfortable. This arrogant asshole just came waltzing in and bragged about banging my wife. I hated him, hated him. I hated that he satisfied her in ways I never could.

But... at the same time, there was an undeniable excitement rushing through me. An odd, almost unwelcome feeling of sitting across from an alpha and accepting his dominance. Like a weaker wolf, bowing down to its stronger pack leader.

Oh, for God’s sake! Was I starting that alpha-bullshit too? It was so utter nonsense that no educated person would even entertain the idea. Scientists had proved time and again that wolves don’t behave in that way, and that-

“You know what it means, don’t you?” he asked, and there was an edge to his voice. Like he was staking his claim now, making sure I understood what the mark on Jia’s most private part meant.

The only problem was, of course, that I had no clue what it meant. You can't own someone's body parts, that's just not how the world works.

"I... yes," I muttered with a shrug. His dark, mean eyes narrowed.

"What does it mean then, David?" Again with the first name?

"Uhm... that-that you own her... her pussy," I stuttered, looking down.

"Uh-huh. And what does *that* mean?" he demanded. What did it mean? Like, practically speaking? How would this stupid tattoo and the claim behind it change our lives? I shrugged. I needed him to tell me.

"Yeah, didn't think you could figure it out on your own," he said in the most condescending tone imaginable. I shot him a look, but he stared me down, not backing down an inch. In the end, I looked away, like a beta giving in to his alpha.

"But I'll explain. Think of your wife's delicious, tight, wet pussy as a bicycle."
What the fuck did that mean?

"My bicycle. Like I just got it for my birthday. Or I took it from some loser who couldn't hold on to it." He gave me a triumphant look, but I held my tongue while heat rushed to my cheeks.

"Now, I can ride my bicycle whenever I want, of course. It's mine after all!" he laughed. "The other boys can't ride it though. That wouldn't be right, now would it?"

He flashed that smug grin of his, and I felt my stomach tighten in worry. Was this creep really comparing the love of my life to a fucking bicycle?

I didn't say anything though. Why didn't I say anything?

"That doesn't mean I can't *lend* it to a friend every now and then. Maybe my new friend David does me a solid, and as a reward he gets to ride that nice bicycle."

His meaning was hardly subtle, and I felt my face drain of colour. He couldn't be serious. He couldn't be.
But he was.

"Not that the bicycle will enjoy it, but then again who cares?" he grinned. My stomach dropped at

the casual derision of both my skills as a lover AND my wife. Undisturbed, he leaned forward, his beady eyes shining. "The important thing is that my new friend David understands who's in charge. Does he?"

My mouth was dry, my face was pale, my heart was pounding away... but there was this strange warmth in my chest. Not a pleasant warmth, mind you, but... not unpleasant either. Not by a long shot.

What could I do? I nodded.

That smug smile stayed on his lips, as he grunted his approval.

"Good. That's good," he said.

"Look, Tom," I said, gathering what little pride and professionalism I had left, "this is still... still your job. You can't just..." I couldn't even finish the sentence. Not while he was giving me that look.

"Don't worry about it, *boss*," Tom said with obviously fake sincerity, "I'm not gonna quit on you or anything. But maybe my new friend David would... help share the load every now and then." His wide grin let no doubt in my mind what he meant. He didn't feel like doing more than the bare minimum, and he expected me to pick up the slack.

"In return, maybe he can take my new bicycle out for a spin every now and then." He had a most unpleasant, evil look on his face, as he laughed at his own joke, and my face got all red. I looked up at him, and his laughter died as if turned off, and he stared back at me, almost inviting me to say something, *do* something... anything.

But I didn't, I just looked down, submitting to this repulsive man.

"You know," he said as he got up, "you're being such a good sport about all this, I'll let you borrow it tonight. Just as a token of my uhm... high esteem." The look of contempt he gave me told me all I needed to know about his esteem.

He moved for the door, apparently the meeting was over – the alpha had decided, and the beta just accepted it. And what did I say to his generous offer? What could I say? Silence was really the only answer.

He smirked at me one last time, as he left me to drown in my humiliation, my impotent anger... and for some twisted reason, my beating arousal.

Jia

[I told the cuck he can fuck you tonite so have fun with that haha]. I took a break from cooking dinner to stare at the message with my lips curled in distaste. Why always so crude?

Did I want to make love to my husband? Yes, of course. Albeit not for the sake of sexual gratification, though hopefully he'd lick me first. I hoped I wouldn't have to fake it again, it always gave me the creeps. At my core, I was an honest and decent person, so deceiving David in that way didn't sit right with me. Sadly, it was a necessary ruse to keep him happy.

But I did want to make love to him, I needed the closeness, the love... and to be absolutely sure he'd forgiven me for not coming home last night. I didn't know why I worried though. He was probably over the moon that I had chosen Tom over him... again.

[Okay, good to know.] I wrote back, unsure how else to respond – or what the rules were, to be honest. Was I now beholden to him? Did I have to sleep with my husband even if I didn't feel like it, or did this just give David the opportunity? It was all rather confusing, and the fact that the rules hadn't been properly agreed upon kept me on edge. I had a feeling it was by design – this way Tom could change them as he saw fit. Or maybe it was that way simply because the disorganised man hadn't planned it out at all and was just winging it.

That sounded extremely plausible, come to think about it. He was a force of chaos, not one to make plans. Like the mad Joker-character in that silly comic-book movie David had made me watch. The guy who compared himself to a dog chasing cars while wearing clown make-up.

He was a force to be reckoned with though. Tom, that is, not that silly clown-guy, and he made me do... bizarre things. Had I really asked to be slapped? And orgasmed while... touching myself while he took my butt... my ass? It hardly seemed real, though my ravaged bu- ass was a sore proof that it had happened.

He had tried to make love to me. Last night, he had first wanted to lick me, and then he'd been all slow and caring when he took me. But I didn't want that. It had been so weird – he was the one who introduced me to... that other kind of sex, and now he wanted to be David?

Slow and soft just didn't do it for me anymore. I needed more, I needed the wild ride. Though... there was a stretch from wanting hard sex to wanting to be slapped and spat on. What had gone through my head? It was kind of sick to ask to be hit, wasn't it? A little disturbed, if nothing else.

Bah, it was all Tom's fault! He'd gotten me hooked on the hard way of doing it. If he'd just given me what I needed, I wouldn't have to ask for it. I was hardly at fault here! I was expecting a certain standard, and he hadn't fulfilled his role last night. I'd had to... to get him started.

Yes, that made sense. And it wasn't sick, it was just... different. Yes.

But no matter. David would be home soon, and he'd expect sex, and even if it would be entertaining to deny him, I had to sleep with him. He needed it, the poor man, and so did I. Before he got home, however, I had to decide how to play this. I could be the sultry seductress that Tom had turned me into and give David the best lay of his life. Or I could be the uncaring hotwife that gave her husband a round of pity-sex. Or I could be the old Jia from before I ever met Tom.

Who would David prefer?

Well, that was easy.

David

One time a couple of years ago now, I'd been out with my friend Caspar. He'd just been dumped and was drowning his sorrows, and I was helping him as the good friend I was. We went to several bars, talked and drank... and the night had gotten waaay longer than planned. When I got home, around four in the morning, Jia had been furious, tearing into my drunk ass about how I'd stayed out for far too long, how she'd been worried – despite the fact that we'd been in contact until she went to bed – and how I was basically a selfish jerk for taking care of my friend. It had taken days of grovelling and apologies before she forgave me.

Now, one would think that after she stayed out all night *with another man* and hadn't called or texted or kept in contact at all, the situation would be reversed.

If one thought that, however, one would be wrong. When I got home, nothing was out of the ordinary. She'd cooked, set the table and we ate like we did every day – like she hadn't slept at her lover's and made him late this morning by insisting that they fucked again. From her sweet smile and honest kiss when I got home, one would think it was just another day... and that nothing out of the ordinary had happened the night before.

She was so beautiful! She was wearing make-up and a nice dress – nothing overtly slutty or anything, not like she'd worn last night, but low-cut enough that I had trouble keeping my eyes off her cleavage. And she kept flirting with me. While we ate, she licked her lips, looked me deep in my eyes, winked at me while slowly rubbing the stem of her wine glass, and that all made it very,

very difficult to stay mad at her.

“So,” she said slowly once the food was gone and the dishes put away and we were standing in the kitchen, both feeling a little awkward – or at least I was. She was playing with her nose stud, so she was probably too.

“So?” I asked, wondering why I was so nervous. Something was going on here, I could feel it. She took a deep breath, let her nose stud be and crossed her arms across her chest, spreading her legs a bit... taking a much more powerful stance, as she levelled her gaze on me.

“Did you talk to Tom today?”

The bottom fell out of my stomach, and I swallowed awkwardly as I stared at her open-mouthed.

“Well?” She gave me that crooked smile of hers, teasing and endearing at the same time, and I forced my dry mouth to speak.

“Ye-yes...?” I stammered. Since when did my own wife make me so tongue-tied, so anxious?!

“And? What did he say?”

What did *he* say? Not what I had said to him. She already knew who would have something to say in that meeting and who would be listening. It stung, even if she was right.

Well, he’d said a lot of things - not least of which was comparing my one true love to a bicycle.

“He... he said that we... that we could have sex tonight,” I said, dragging the words from my mouth as if they were stuck there. It was the strangest thing, to tell my wife that a stranger had allowed me to sleep with her, but... it also made me awfully giddy and excited.

“Did he now? How nice of him,” she said, her eyes still fixed on mine, and I was sure she could read my every thought and feeling. I tried a smile, but my mouth had trouble working, so it came out kinda sickly.

“Not sure I’m in the mood though,” she added, and my misshapen smile vanished.

“I... ehm, I...”

“No, I’m not sure I like being taken for granted. Just because Tom says so, you think you’re getting lucky?”

I stood there, blinking at her, trying to gather my thoughts at this shocking development. I started to speak, realised nothing intelligible came out and shut my mouth. Shit, she was right. I'd expected that since I had Tom's... blessing? acceptance? permission? ... it was in the bag. I hadn't taken Jia's feelings into consideration, how messed up was that?

"Say something, David," she laughed at me, raising her eyebrows.

"Shit, yeah. Eh, I'm sorry, Jia. I... I didn't mean to, you know, assume anything," I tried, once I got my tongue working.

She was playing with her nose-stud again, looking out of sort, but took another deep breath to steel herself.

"Come," she said and led me into the living-room, where she sat down on the couch and almost obscenely spread her shapely legs. The implication was clear – she *was* ready for sex, she'd just needed to make a point, and now I needed to pay homage to her.

Which, honestly, I was fine with. I loved going down on her, I loved making her cum. I loved it more when she came on my dick, but we could start with my tongue. No problem at all.

I knelt down before her, and she hooked her dress up a bit further, letting her smooth, golden thighs come to show... and then her lovely pussy with that horrible tattoo.

"You're so beautiful," I breathed.

"You like my pu- my vagina, do you?" she grinned, and I nodded eagerly, though I did notice how she slipped up and almost used the less sanitary word. I knew she spoke dirty with Tom, and I had a strong feeling he was corrupting her – why did she clean up her act around me? Was she ashamed? Or didn't she want me to see that part of her?

While mulling that over, I lowered my face, gently licking and kissing the soft skin of her smooth thigh, slowly working my way up towards her honeypot. She sighed in appreciation and ran a hand through my hair, lightly pressing me upwards – my dear wife was impatient and demanded more focused attention. I ignored her and took my time, enjoying her sweet taste, and I had fun teasing her. She made small, eager noises that grew louder as I neared her delicious smelling treasure trove.

"Mhm, yes..." she sighed when I slid my tongue up and down right outside her labia, slowly getting her worked up. It was freshly shaved – probably yesterday before she went off to her oafish lover –

and even if I didn't exactly hold him in high regard, I had to appreciate that particular change in Jia. Her hairless beaver was just so much sexier, so much hotter, and I couldn't stop myself from planting a solid kiss right on her smooth pussy.

She wasn't drenched or anything, but she was far from dry either. My darling wife liked my work. I allowed myself a satisfied smile before I pulled off her and went down to her other thigh, starting over here. Slow and steady would win this race.

Jia

Oh, for crying out loud, why wouldn't he just get down to it? All this foreplay was sooo annoying. Why did he think I was trying to steer his head to my darn pussy? That's where the party was, and he was halfway down to my knee again.

"Nae sarang," I said in a quiet, but insisting voice, "I need you... to lick me."

"I am," he answered, and he sounded so pleased with himself that I could strangle him.

"No... here..." I took one of his hands and placed it on my pussy. How could he not understand that?

"Eager, huh?" he said, and he sounded so smug I almost choked. Tom could be smug, because his cock turned me into nothing but submissive pleasure. David hadn't earned it.

"Please," I asked nevertheless. He *was* pretty good with his tongue, credit where it's due, and I could go for a round with his head between my legs.

He licked up my thigh and finally got down to business. His slippery little tongue found its mark, and I sighed in pleasure as he tongue-fucked me. It did feel good. Nothing like my lover's huge cock, of course, but still good... My husband's tongue was small but so dexterous that it managed to touch so many places, caress my insides in highly erotic ways.

Tonight was going to be just the two of us. No need for Tom, no need to think about him. David was more than enough, at least when he used his tongue. I enjoyed it so much, I really did. I enjoyed it more, however, when he slid first one then two fingers up into me, and his mouth turned its attention to my clitoris. Yes, that was better. That was just what I needed.

"Oh, nae sarang... yes..." I sighed and caressed his hair, trying to show him he was doing good. He

went on, and it became even better. An orgasm started to gather and grow, and I wanted it. I wanted to share it with him, I wanted him to give it to me.

I closed my eyes to focus on his lips around my clitoris and his fingers inside me. His tongue flicked my little pleasure-button, and that was a welcome feeling, sending electricity through me. Mhm, my darling David. He did so well, he wanted to please me so much.

“Oh... Oh...” I moaned. The orgasm was slowly growing, and I was really getting into it, bucking my hips against his hand, holding his face against my groin, just the way he liked it, the little cuck. Oh, it was growing, the orgasm, and it was going to be a good one. A decent one, at least. Not like Tom’s, of course.

Not like when he’d just hammered that fat thing of his up into me last night and just assumed I’d be okay with it. It was so maddening, but fuck, it’d been so hot! I’d cum so hard.

“Yes... there...” I sighed, my orgasm growing fast. To think that Tom had actually fucked my ass again! It’d hurt so much, and at the same time it had been one of the biggest orgasms of my life. It shouldn’t be possible, but when he’d used me for his own pleasure and made me rub myself at the same time... it had been insane. So good.

“Ohhh... so good...” I moaned, my body responding to the memory of my first sober bugging. He’d want it again, and I had no doubt that I’d give into him again. Oh, fuck, the thought alone turned me on so much.

Shit! I wasn’t supposed to think about Tom. This was supposed to be me and David. Damn! Okay, okay, no harm done. Focus on David. It can still be him and me. Salvageable, definitely salvageable.

“Ah... nae sarang...” His tongue felt amazing, actually. So good. The way he flicked my clitoris while he fingered me was so good. Mhm, yes...

“I love you...” I sighed, “I love your tongue...” That ought to make him feel better about himself. Just like Tom did when I asked him to slap me last night. Damn, I still couldn’t quite believe I’d done that, but by the stars it had been hot. I’d been so small, so insignificant, and he’d been so powerful, so strong... he’d totally been my Daddy.

“Oh fuck... yes... yes... yes! YES! YES!” I gasped, my voice growing stronger and more intense, as my orgasm grew and seized control. Images of my forceful Daddy holding me down, slapping me and using me as he pleased danced before my eyes, as the pleasure grew and grew. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain as David’s teeth closed around my extremely sensitive clitoris, and I gave a cry as my

pleasure-levels jumped like crazy. I held my husband's head against my groin, forcing his head into my pussy, getting him good and wet as I came with a small shriek.

"Oh, fuck, that's goood!" I gasped and let go of him. He kept at it though, licking me like his life depended on it, and he managed to stretch it out a little longer, until it became too much and I pushed him away.

David

It never failed. That small bite, just as she was about to finish made her explode. Not to brag, but I totally rocked her world, and that's a very welcome feeling for cucks like me.

"You're so beautiful," I said and gave her a last kiss on her thigh.

"Mhm, that was nice, honey," she smiled down at me, clearly sated. Well, I had more for her. One orgasm was nice, of course, but two would be better... especially when the other one was going to be on my dick.

"So," I said and did my best to keep the pride out of my voice, "did that get you in the mood?" She looked at me and burst out laughing and nodding, and I smiled back at her. She was so wonderful! I got up and shred my clothes, while she stripped too, her dress and bra ending on the floor next to my pants and shirt. Naked, we moved up on the couch, and I crawled in between her legs.

"Stop," she said, and I halted, looking up at her questioningly.

"Kiss it," she commanded and put a finger on her tattoo. Her *lower* tattoo, not her lily, shockingly. That stupid, arrogant cat. A good part of me hated that image, hated that cat. I'd never watch Tom & Jerry again.

But another part of me found it extremely arousing, and it was that part that made me bow down and press my lips to Tom's smug face, submitting to a man that wasn't even here. From my humbled position, I looked up at her, past her mountainous boobs and caught her eyes that shimmered with... something.

"That's my good cuck," she smiled, not a warm smile but a... powerful one. I might be about to fuck her, the smile said, but we both knew it was only because her real lover allowed it. It made my heart sink but made my dick leak. I moved up her sexy body, stopped briefly to pay homage to her

tits, sucking her nipples hard and then finding her mouth with my own. Her lips were soft and welcoming, and I played with her tongue. It would seem she'd overcome her distaste for her own juices.

In some way, Tom had a hand in that too, but I didn't say anything, I just kissed her and got lost in my wonderful love for her.

Well, until I managed to maneuver my hips in between her legs and my iron-hard dick was knocking against her softness.

"Do you want me?" she asked, and it was like the silliest question ever. I'd always want her, now and forever.

"Always," I whispered and slowly slid into her. Christ, she felt good! Still snug and warm and wet and holy fuck, did I love her pussy!

"Mhm..." she sighed, and I kissed her again. Kissed her like I'd never get another chance, kissed her like nothing else mattered.

Slowly, I moved in and out of her. Since she'd just cum, I needed to take it slow, needed to get her started, get her motor up and running again. It might take a while, but I'd do what it took – even if my dick was screaming at me to just *fuck* her.

"Oh David..."

"Jia, I love you... you feel so good..." I grunted. Maybe not exactly a Shakespearian declaration of love, but it was heartfelt.

"Ah, you too, nae sarang," she gave me back, and I couldn't help but kiss her again. Slowly, slowly, I made love to my wonderful, my beautiful, my amazing wife, and only when she gave me moans of joy did I increase the speed, the power... the passion. We reconnected so well right then and there. We were not cuck and hotwife, we were simply a man and a woman in love. It was wonderful. When she was ready, I gave her my full force, and she came in a small, delightful cry. It was perfect. Nothing less.

I came soon after her, and it was blissful. It felt so good to empty myself into this beautiful woman, to know that she was mine and I was hers. I loved her so much.

Jia

The sex was fine. I did love him after all, and he'd earned it. He was being such a good cuck that he deserved a reward. I only wished I hadn't had to fake another orgasm, but his penis and this gentle lovemaking really did nothing for me. And thinking he got me off made him so happy. What's a wife for, if not to make her husband happy?

At least there were no hard feelings about me staying the night at Tom's.

Thank you for reading. As always, please let me know how you liked it. I love your comments.