

How Far is Too Far? chapter 20

By DontJudgeMe_

The usual disclaimer - this is a cuck-story, and one where lies, deceit and humiliation play a major role. Please don't read it if that offends you.

However, since you've most likely already read 19 chapters of it, you probably already knew that.

As always, thanks to my wife, who is fortunately nothing like Jia. Couldn't have done it without you, babe.

David

The next couple of months went by so fast. Our entire lives got upended, and chaos reigned. Every Wednesday and Saturday, Jia would go Tom - just like before. But besides that, I had no control over what happened and very little input in general.

Tom took full advantage of our new... agreement. Of course he did, the fat, lazy bastard. Some days he took unreasonably long lunches, some days he took off unreasonably early. Some days he 'worked from home.' Every time that happened, Alice would tell me, an unreadable expression on her face.

Naturally, my other employees weren't too happy about that. I had to explain to Tina and August that Tom was testing a new employment-arrangement when they came to voice their complaints.

What sold the lie was the line about 'severely reduced pay'. No one else wanted to try this new arrangement if it meant pay-cuts.

As long as the quality and quantity of his work remained the same, corporate didn't care - and his work didn't suffer the slightest. In fact, it was better than ever before.

To ensure that, I had to stay late several more days a week and even work from home some weekends. Anything to keep the secret from coming out.

Even so... in tore at me. I had to stay late, had to struggle with deadlines, so he could freeload. But it was for the greater good, so I gritted my teeth and got down to it.

Meanwhile my homelife became... interesting.

I never knew what was waiting for me when I came home. Some days, it was like always - Jia smiling at me, dinner ready, and we would talk about everything and nothing, about politics, about how our days had been. It would be normal. Maybe our sheets had been changed, maybe not. Maybe her hair was still damp from a shower, maybe not.

Other days, she wasn't even there when I got home. Maybe I'd gotten a text to inform me,

maybe not. She *usually* texted or called if she was gonna stay the night... though not always. If she hadn't planned on staying over and just fell asleep, she couldn't very well text me about it, could she?

It stung. Every time she wasn't next to me when I went to bed, every time I rolled up to an empty house, it hurt, and the pain was always fresh.

It was at these times that I considered whether this whole relationship was even worth it. Maybe we should end it, rather than continue to endure this loneliness? But when I saw her again, all the bad feelings melted away, and I was free to enjoy the insanely arousing knowledge that she'd just gotten royally fucked.

And then I'd... I'd text Tom to ask for permission to make love to my wife. It would go something like, she came home, we'd kiss and hug and go to the bedroom to continue. I'd kiss and suck her magnificent boobs, lick her all over, maybe even make her cum and be oh so fucking turned on, while waiting for a message back from Tom. Then when it finally came, I'd sink my iron-hard dick into her sweet, sweet pussy and make love to her until she came – and that was damn important to me, I had to be as good as Tom, even if she came harder from his cock – and then I'd finally find my own release.

If he said yes, of course. He did that sometimes, but only when she'd been with him - to give me sloppy seconds, I think.

But oftentimes he would just say no. No explanation, no reason, no nothing, just a cold rejection. And Jia would smile sadly, and I'd go down on her until she came, and she'd jerk me off while she told me how mean Tom was to not let me have sex, how it was so unfair for her poor little cuck and about how hard he'd fucked her.

I usually came embarrassingly fast from that. From being denied sex with my own wife, from being teased about it and from hearing about her escapades with her hung lover.

She still didn't have good things to say about Tom as a person, only about his abilities as a lover, so that was a relief at least.

One episode more than anything defined the new relationship between us and with Tom. It was Wednesday three weeks after the... the new arrangement had been put into place, and she came home earlier than usual.

I was playing Tekken with Alice but quickly apologised to her and logged off when Jia's car unexpectedly pulled into our driveway. Alice was a bit miffed at my sudden exit, but I had to spend time with my wife, so I went out to kiss her and hug her as usual.

God, she was hot. She was wearing a pretty, purple dress that barely reached her thighs, so

thin it was easy to see she wasn't wearing a bra – and that her nipples were hard – and heavy, sexy make-up. I rarely got to see her like this, almost only when she was leaving to go see Tom. Her long, beautiful mane of raven-black hair was set up in a pony-tail – apparently the beautiful and intricate knot she'd left the house with had come undone... somehow.

Hard to imagine how.

I reached her and went in for a hug, but she side-stepped me with a naughty smile, grabbed my hand and led me towards the bedroom.

“Come, nae sarang,” she said in a low, intense voice.

Who was I to object? Naturally and with a wide smile, I followed her sexy ass, almost salivating at the thought of what was to come. If only I'd known.

“Tom,” she said slowly and held my eyes with her own, “wants me to tell you something.” Those words sent so many thoughts tumbling through me, the most intense of which were the panicky notion that she was going to leave me, and the hopeful idea that we'd have sex tonight. I waited with bated breath to find out which.

“Nothing too serious,” she added quickly, obviously reading me like a book, “buuut... he said if you, you know, go down on me, we can have sex afterwards.”

What? That had to be a trick, right? I went down on her almost every night; I loved licking her delicious pussy. Nothing made me feel better than to make her cum. There had to be an angle?

“I don't-“ I began, furrowing my brows, but she went on, interrupting me as if I hadn't spoken.

“Although, you should know that he... ehm, finished inside me, just before I left. And... and he said it was ‘one helluva nut,’” she made quotation-marks with her fingers and made her voice deeper as she imitated her doofus lover, “so there's that.”

“I... he wants me to... eat...” I said slowly, trying to gather my thoughts, not even managing to finish the sentence. I felt almost dizzy, from humiliation, disgust, doubt, worry... and deep, deep arousal. It was so freaky! It was so far out there, to eat that stupid fuck's cream-pie, to submit myself in such a real, tangible way. To debase myself to such a degree, just on his whim.

My masculinity and the sad remnants of my pride were horrified at the situation I found myself in, and even more horrified that I hadn't immediately shut her down and said no. But

other parts of me had come alive and were very excited at the decision I had to make.

“Yes,” she said, not breaking eye-contact, but her voice got warmer, more intimate, “he wants you to... to eat his sperm. To lick his vile semen out of me. To clean me of his taint before you’re allowed to make love to me.”

Her words sent shivers through me, shivers of... anticipation? Revulsion? I couldn’t say. I stood frozen, so close to my beloved that I could easily smell her sweet perfume and unable to tear my eyes off of hers. She smiled knowingly, obviously sensing my inner turmoil and took a step back, and with slow, determined movement she hiked up her short dress, before she sat down on the bed. Still holding my gaze steady, she spread her legs invitingly, and finally I had to break eye-contact – I had no choice. Her panties were ridiculously sexy, red lacy boy-shorts that were basically see-through, and I could easily make out the contours of her delicate sex... and I couldn’t help but notice that fucking tattoo.

“Jia...” I sighed while staring raptly as her fingers gracefully hooked the waistband and lowered her panties. Wriggling her butt she soon had them off and threw them on the floor. Her pussy was all red and puffy and looked oh, so tempting. I was excited but still hesitated – was this really a good idea. Was this where I wanted our relationship to go? Was this who I wanted to be... the guy who ate his wife’s lover’s cum? It wasn’t. Was it?

“He said that you don’t have to. You don’t *have* to go down on your knees and clean me. It’s only if you want to... but he figured that you would...” she teased me and laid back on her elbows, her legs dangling over the edge of the bed, her wonderful pussy so temptingly near. “Jia...” I croaked, unable to get my thoughts under control. This was happening so fast, this was crazy! I still had some dignity! I wanted her respect. I wanted her to love me, to see me as her equal, her partner. Not some submissive plaything.

Then getting on my knees and eating a big fat creampie wasn’t the best choice right now! Desperate, I cast about for a way out - and maybe there was one.

“What... what do *you* want me to do?” Tom wasn’t the only one who mattered, after all. She smiled, almost serenely, as she looked up at me.

“I want you to do what you want, nae sarang,” she said in a husky tone, “what you *really* want.” She spread her legs further apart, wordlessly letting me know what she’d figured I’d want to do.

My knees slowly bent until they met the floor, and I lowered my face until it was right at her beautiful, smooth pussy.

“Kiss me,” she said, and I knew she didn’t mean a real kiss, lips to lips. Well, not *those* lips. And of course I did it. With a raging erection and a heart that was pounding so hard, it felt like it was trying to escape my chest, my lips touched her soft pussy.

“Tongue,” was all she said and obediently, my tongue licked her. First on the outside, but then... in for a penny, in for a pound, right? So I stuck it up her once-tight passage-way. She tasted as she always did, sweet and a little musky. Nothing out of the ordina-

My tongue hit a slimy blob of salty liquid, and a shock went through me. I pulled my head off her as quick as I could and looked at her with wide eyes.

“What?” she asked, and she sounded... not cross or angry but still annoyed. Like I was being squeamish. She was looking at me like I was acting like a baby because I didn’t want to eat Tom’s disgusting cum, was that it? How was that fair?

“No-nothing,” I muttered and lowered my face in embarrassment. Was this worth it? I didn’t get up, I didn’t throw a tantrum. I just quietly lowered my face to her honeypot again and stuck my tongue back into her.

Oh GOD, it was vile. The cum, I mean. Still, I lapped it up, gathered it on my tongue and immediately swallowed it. It was sticky and gross and tasted like salty snot, and it was a struggle to get it down my throat. And when I’d swallowed that first portion, I had to go back for more. I hated it, but a part of me loved it too. *So messed up...*

“Mhm, yes,” she sighed, apparently liking the attention, “get all Tom’s cum out of me...” Cheeks burning with shame, I did just that, licked her insides, gathered little pearls of his nasty juice. The part of me that yearned to give up control was loving this, was loving surrendering myself to this degrading act.

“Yes...” she moaned, “oh wow, I didn’t think you’d do it... oh, yes...” She hadn’t thought I’d do it? I had demeaned myself in a way, my wife hadn’t even imagined? Christ, that was so fucking *wrong*! Fuck, that should make me stop, not make me hard!

Nevertheless, I went on. Gathering the revolting stuff, sliding it down my throat, managing not to throw up... and sliding a hand down into my pants, squeezing my hard dick.

“Oh wow,” I heard her laugh at me, “you really *are* Tom’s bitch, aren’t you?” Not even those damning words made me stop. They were so humiliating, so crass, and they were so, so far from what I wanted to hear from the woman I loved, and all they did was

make me stroke my dick as well as I could with my pants still buttoned.

“Mhm, yes, nae sarang, eat that cum, eat Tom’s sperm...” she taunted me, and I did, gathering what little was still left and ate the vile stuff, basking in my sickening submission and rubbing my dick as best I could.

“My clitoris now, honey, lick it, lick it,” she suddenly commanded, and I scrambled to obey. I focused on her little happy button, licked it, flicked it with my tongue, and it didn’t take long before she was panting with need.

“Oh, yes... yes... lick me, cuck, lick me...” she moaned loudly, and of course I did. I also got my jeans opened and got to jerking my snake, and man oh man, it was just what I needed.

“Oh YES! Yes, yes... YES! Ohhhh!” she cried and grabbed my hair, bucking her hips in my face as she came with my lips around her clit. It hurt, the way she pulled my hair and felt mighty uncomfortable when she grinded her groin into my face, but I rode the wave, giving her as much pleasure as I could

Her orgasm was short and intense, and she soon released me with a last, deep sigh and fell back on her back. I stayed on my knees, not knowing what else to do. She’d promised me sex, after all. Was that still on the table? God, I hoped so.

“Mhm, that was nice, nae sarang,” she said. Slowly I crawled up her body to her face and kissed her. She allowed it, though she didn’t open her mouth for my tongue – still not overly fond of the taste of pussy. Crazy, as she tasted divine... at least when she wasn’t full of Tom’s sperm.

“Now, my cum-eating cuckold,” she taunted me, making me flinch a little, “Tom promised you something didn’t he?”

“You said we could have sex,” I agreed and ignored her barb. It hurt though, hurt and turned me on - just like it sent a shiver through me that *Tom* had promised me sex... with my own wife.

“I did... and I see you’re quite ready,” she added with a meaningful glance down at my hard dick. My jeans were down around my hips and it stuck out over the waistband of the boxers.

“Yeah, I... eh...”

“*Liked* eating Tom’s cum, hmm?” she teased me, and I blushed again.

“No, that’s... no, I liked... going down on you,” I tried, but her knowing grin told me I was

fooling no one. Which again was unfair, because I hadn't *liked* it. Being turned on by something is not the same as *liking* it.

"Whatever you say, nae sarang," she teased me, and I blushed harder.

"But, how about you get out of your clothes?" my teasing little wench smiled, and I nodded eagerly. I quickly stripped, and she got her dress off too, leaving her naked and ready. I was about to mount her, when she stopped me.

"Ah-ah. Say thank you to Tom first," she admonished me and gently tapped the cat-tattoo on her mound. I hated that part, but I was too far gone to make a big deal out of it – just like I always was when we got this far. I bent down and kissed the smirking cat and muttered an insincere "thank you for allowing me to make love to your pussy" before I slid in between her open legs.

I did not last long that night. Jia didn't have a chance to get worked up to another orgasm. Her magnificent pussy squeezed the pleasure out of me, and I came with a loud grunt a few minutes after I entered her. And boy, it felt great!

For a while. But afterwards, as I lay with an arm around her, thoughts milled around in my head. Had I really just eaten Tom's cum? Yes. Had I liked it? The jury was still out on that one, but no, not really. Had it turned me on? Fuck yes. And that was the worst part. Well, the worst part on my end. But had Jia really called me Tom's bitch? Her cum-eating cuckold? It had been hot while it happened, but now it filled me with dread. I wanted this woman's love and respect, and now...

"Jia?" I asked softly.

"Hmm?" she answered, clearly sleepy.

"Did you... did you mean what you said?" I tried.

"What?"

"When... when you called me... do you think I'm... Tom's... bitch?" It was damn hard to get the words out. Damn hard, but I had to know!

"Of course not, honey," she mumbled and patted my hand in a comforting manner.

"Okay. Good," I answered and went back to speculating. Did she mean it? Was she being sincere? Or was she just saying what I wanted to hear?

Did she think I was Tom's bitch?

From that day, she would no longer shower before she left Tom's - or after he'd left our house - which meant there was almost always remnants of his vile spunk in her, and I'd always lick it out of her, like a good cuck. I didn't really know how I felt about this.

On one hand, it was damn hot in its own twisted way. On the other... I couldn't shake the feeling of being violated. That might sound like an exaggeration, but forcing me to eat his junk was just... cruel. It certainly didn't help my sense of masculinity, of independence. Aside from that, from that day forward, Tom would simply refuse me, when I asked for sex on days when they hadn't seen each other... days when Tom hadn't fucked my wife.

In essence that meant that whenever I was allowed into my beautiful wife, I had the taste of his cum on my tongue. How messed up was that?

I tried to talk to Jia. Not that I wanted to end things with Tom, per se, but I certainly would like it if we could... dial things down a notch or two. We had ceded so much control to Tom, and while that was definitely hot *in the moment*, it tended to leave me with a bad taste... literally.

She didn't seem to understand though. Like when I casually mentioned that I would like more 'her and me' time, she giggled and stroked my dick while asking if I was sure that was what I wanted? If I wouldn't rather she get fucked through and through and come home to me, dripping of sperm for me to enjoy? Of course that got me hard, so while jerking me off, she made me admit that I loved swallowing Tom's cum. So no, that hadn't worked out.

I felt so... adrift these days. On one hand, holy smokes, the sex was hot. Handjob almost every day and even though I now had to beg Tom for sex, I still got it more often than before we started this entire adventure. And the sex was great. I was loving the new confidence in Jia.

On the other hand... this couldn't go on. Right? We'd gone so far outside the realm of normalcy, we'd have to turn back at some time, right? We had to. Just not yet.

Jia

The months after David and Tom came to an understanding were *amazing*. Simply put, I was

living the best of two lives. I had my wonderful, caring husband at home and our lives were basically as they'd always been; married life stuff, eating together, talking (and no-one had ever listened to me as David did), helping each other... *being* there for each other. Our marriage really was the bedrock of my life, and I loved my husband so, so much.

And I couldn't help but notice how much our day-to-day life had improved since Tom assumed control of our sex-life. Since he turned David down more often than not, I had far fewer orgasms to fake. And David was so much more pliable these days, so eager to please. It really suited him, and it made our homelife so pleasant, so enjoyable.

And then there was my *other* life. Where I went to Tom's, or he came by, and I got absolutely *stuffed* by his big cock. That man filled me like no-one else could, his powerful tool giving me what no-one else ever had and his dominant personality treating me like I *needed* to be treated. He was my Daddy and the dirty things he made me do were insane... and the pleasure he gave me was out of control.

One night, I was lying across the armrest of his couch with him standing behind me, just hammering away in me, one hand locked on my waist, the other holding an iron-grip in my hair, forcing my head back, forcing me to arch my back... and I was loving it. I had no idea how many times he'd made me cum, but it was *a lot*, toe-curling, mind-shattering, screaming-my-lungs-out orgasms of the highest order. He was breathing hard behind me, his poor heart not used to the cardio, and he kept grunting and swearing and calling me all kinds of names. To the calm Jia, the rational Jia, the Jia that David had married this would be revolting... but to kitten, Daddy's little slut, there was nothing hotter than being called a cunt or his yellow whore or a rice bunny.

That loss of control, of utter submission... it turned me on like nothing else.

"Who's your Daddy?" he asked, and that was a really easy question these days.

"You are!" I readily replied. I'd have turned and looked at him, but his grip in my hair didn't allow for much movement. It was such an arousing feeling to be controlled like this, and I sometimes wondered if I should let my husband do it to me too. It might make having sex with him more enjoyable. But of course I couldn't let David know what a deranged slut I became when I was with Tom. He thought I was merely slightly more experimental with my lover, and that's how it was going to stay.

"Really?" my mighty lover grunted, though it was no surprise to anyone – he just liked hearing it, "not your... little hubby?"

"Nooo," I whined in response, just like I knew he wanted, "he's such a... a pathetic beta. He... he can never be my Daddy!" The words were mean, but they also did something to me.

Being mean made me feel good, wicked, gave me a powerful rush.

“What’s his name, bitch?” he demanded while he thrust that wondrous tool up into me. My slutty pussy was loving it, all the nerve-endings down there sent messages of pleasure to my brain, and I was almost getting there again.

“Dinky! Dinky-dicked... Davy!” I cried, out of breath but on the verge of another colossal explosion. Oh, it was so close, and it was going to be so goood.

“Fucking right! Now... take my... ALPHA cock!” he groaned and slapped my ass, hard. The wave of pain and indignity caused my arousal to grow further.

“Yes, Daddy! Yees... you’re the alpha... you’re the alpha...!” I grovelled before him, humiliating myself and my husband for his amusement, and I loved it.

“I’m gonna cum in your... whore-cunt,” he declared, trying to speak while sorely out of breath from giving me one of the best fuckings of my life, “I’m gonna... breed that yellow pussy!”

“Oh GOD, yes! Gimme... gimme your cum, Daddy!” I cried.

‘Breed’ me? That was new. He’d not talked about that since he found out I was on the pill - the very first time we had sex. I still took my pills, of course, but this... was honestly quite hot. Though only dirty talk, it still did something to me.

“Gonna fuck a... a baby into you! Gonna knock you up you uggh... fucking rice-whore!”

“Fuck yes! Yes! YES YES YES!!” I cried as my insides exploded in pure pleasure, “knock me up, Daddy! Gimme your white baby!”

I didn’t mean that, of course. I didn’t want this bastard’s child. David and I were going to have two boys and a girl, and they were going to be a beautiful mix of us both. David’s warm understanding, my sharp intellect and just the perfect mix of Asian and European heritage. Knowing that, however, didn’t make the fantasy of David’s worst employee knocking up his wife any less exciting... if anything, it made it more forbidden, more taboo.

Tom let go of my hair and slid his large hand around my face and clamped it over my mouth, effectively shutting me up. It didn’t stop the explosion going off inside me, his ardent control, his easy dominance just made it even better, and the orgasm stretched on even longer while his huge cock kept hammering home in me.

“And I want you... to take my cum home,” my powerful lover went on, breathy voice closer to my ear now, “and... and make the fucking... cuck *eat* it...”

I tried to moan my deep arousal and approval for his plan out, but only a tiny hum escaped out between his strong fingers. But I bucked and pushed my butt against his hard strokes, and I came and came. The thought of humiliating David like that was intoxicating, was so over-the-top that I couldn't stop my body from shaking and convulsing in sheer arousal. It didn't take long before he roared his orgasm and filled my insides with his salty stuff. Which he'd now decided was for David's mouth.

There was no afterglow that night. As soon as he'd cum, he found my panties and made me put them on to 'avoid spillage' as he put it. Then, while I was still drunk on his cock and trying to get my other clothes back on and tying my hair up, he gave me some harsh directions on what to tell my husband. Evidently, David would be allowed into my pussy, once he'd eaten all the slimy stuff in there. I was barely paying attention, still basking in the afterglow of the most intense orgasm I could remember.

"Listen up, cunt!" he snarled and slapped me. Not hard, just to get me to mind his words, though it still smarted. Frowning, I absent-mindedly rubbed my cheek while he told me what to say to poor David.

"He's gonna love it," he ended up promising me, and I had to agree. Admittedly, he'd never right out *said* it, but I'd read enough about cucks to know that this was where they were all heading. According to the blogs and reddit-posts, every cuck wanted to eat his wife's creampie. And David was a pretty kinky guy...

"You know," he finished with a chuckle, "if the little guy starts eating my cum, you could stop taking those damn pills..."

It was a joke, of course it was a joke, so I giggled approvingly and ignored the warning bells that were going off in my brain. *Just a joke...*

As it turned out, he *did* love it. He was completely enamored by this utter act of subservice to my lover. He gladly sacrificed his masculine pride for the pure, humbling experience of submitting to me and Tom in this extreme way.

I was a bit nervous when I got home, but I couldn't show him that. He wanted his hotwife to be confident, secure in my power, not shy or worried.

Fake it till you make it, I thought and forced my voice to be steady, my smile to be convincing – I was in control.

It worked like a charm, of course it did. David was like putty in my hands and barely even hesitated. I spread my legs for him and did as Tom asked – told my husband, the love of my life that all he had to do to make love to me tonight, was to get on his knees and eat me out. It was such a strange sensation. Not terribly different from other times he went down on me, and at the same time so, so different. He moved his tongue differently, paying more attention to my interior than usual, and the way he moved it, like trying to scoop up the semen still in me... delicious.

My husband, so proud and in control, reduced to a cum-eating cuck, his dignity abandoned as he wiggled his tongue to get all of his employee's sperm out. When he got that first wad out, he pulled away from me, like he was trying to escape. He looked green, as he swallowed his first load. I almost felt bad for him, but not really – this was what he wanted after all.

"What?" I asked him, all stern like I knew he wanted me to be, and he blushed and muttered "no-nothing" and got back to work. Mhm, his very important work of licking his wife, of cleaning her up after her brutish lover had taken her.

"Mhm, yes," I sighed, when he got back into it, "get all Tom's cum out of me..." The way he redoubled his effort, I could tell he liked that. My little husband enjoyed his humiliating encouragement, did he? What a surprise. Boy, he was such a *cuck*! How much lower could he sink, eating his rival's jizz out of his own wife? It felt really good too, but I wasn't certain what I liked more, the physical aspect of being eaten out... or the knowledge that he was feasting on Tom's cum.

"Yes..." I moaned as the pleasure grew in me, "oh wow, I didn't think you'd do it... oh, yes..." It was sort of true too. I'd been sure he'd end up liking it, of course, but I'd thought he'd balk at the idea at first. That I'd have to 'persuade' him to do what we both knew he really wanted. The Lord knows it wouldn't be the first time.

Tom had 'suggested' that I withheld sex until my dear hubby fell in line, but it hadn't been necessary. No objections, no tantrums or discussions - he'd taken to eating cum like a fish in water. It was so naughty, so weirdly erotic, how I'd reduced my big, strong husband to slurping semen out of me. Well, big and strong are relative terms. These days, the masculine energy was more Tom's department.

Tom was the alpha, the leader, the strong one. David was the beta, the follower, the cum-muncher... the...

I giggled as I thought about what he really was. And then the words just left my mouth:

"Oh wow, you really *are* Tom's bitch, aren't you?"

I immediately paused, mortified that I'd said it out loud. I hadn't meant to do that, it just... happened. His submission, the pleasure, it had gone to my head – I hadn't meant to say it! It was just a joke.

The apologies were many, and I was ready to use everyone of them, but it wasn't even needed. David just kept eating me out, kept fishing the last remnants of semen out of me – it even felt like he was working harder. He had *no* objections to being called a bitch? Okay. Good to know.

Fuck, that was hot! He accepted he was our bitch! That realization made me moan out loud, and I realised I needed to cum soon.

"Mhm, yes, nae sarang, eat that cum, eat Tom's sperm..." I panted, getting closer... closer... I just needed... a little more...

"My clitoris now, honey, lick it, lick it," I told him, when the need grew too great, too intense. He'd probably gotten all he could reach out now, and the entertainment-value was dropping. Now I needed my little bitch to get me off. He obeyed instantly and served my clitoris just like I needed him to, making me pant and whine. I grasped the bed sheet, curling it between my fingers as he licked me. My orgasm grew and grew, and I was so in control. It was crazy how I wanted to submit to my lover but wanted to dominate my husband. But why ask questions?

I got the best of both worlds.

"Oh, yes... yes... lick me, cuck, lick me..." I moaned loudly, and he did, of course he did. Was he going to stop now? Didn't think so!

"Oh YES! Yes, yes... YES! Ohhhh!" I cried as he finally pushed me over the edge, and my world exploded in bliss. Nothing like when Tom had told me he was going to knock me up and forced that huge cock of his into me, of course, but for David it was spectacular. I grabbed his hair and pressed him against me, wanting to ride him, needing to get every little advantage out of him. Oh Heavens, it was so good!

Of course, as with all of David's orgasms, it was over soon, and I let go of him.

"Mhm, that was nice, nae sarang," I told him earnestly, telling him the truth. How I loved him, and how I loved when he submitted to me. It was crazy, but there it was. He came up to me on the bed, and I noticed his hard little dick sticking out of his pants. He had jerked himself off while eating Tom's cum? How... masculine.

He kissed me, the smell of pussy strong around him, but it would be too mean to turn him away now. My poor little cuck had just done something amazing, and he deserved some

recognition... even if it apparently was something he'd quite enjoyed. I drew the line at tongue though, I was not taking his pussyjuice-covered tongue in my mouth, simply put.

"Now, my cum-eating cuckold," I smirked, and he looked away, apparently a little embarrassed by his new title, "Tom promised you something didn't he?" We both knew what, of course, but I was feeling a little mean.

I couldn't say why, but it... it irked me that he'd just eaten Tom's cum out of me. It might be crazy, but a part of me felt disgusted by that, especially now when I wasn't aroused anymore. I wanted my husband to show a minimum of backbone and stop emasculating himself completely, but he was not in agreement, it seemed. I didn't let it show in my voice or face, of course, but I felt it.

"You said we could have sex," he reminded me, his voice a pathetic mix of hope and worry. I felt the urge to shake him and tell him to man up, but I didn't. Of course I didn't. It might ruin everything. As much as I wanted him to grow a spine, it was so much easier if he didn't.

"I did... and I see you're quite ready," I teased him and looked down at his erect little thing. He'd pulled his jeans down and exposed himself – it would seem he couldn't help himself.

"Yeah, I... eh..." he stammered, trying to explain away his eagerness. As if there was any other explanation than he'd enjoyed his little meal.

"Liked eating Tom's cum, hmm?" I finished his sentence with a knowing smile, and his obvious arousal made him blush.

"No, that's... no, I liked... going down on you," he tried, but come on... who did he expect to buy that one? I kept my smile and gave him a look, letting him know he fooled no-one, and he looked down.

I teased him some more but decided to move on, and we both got our clothes off. And my beloved cuck was on his way down between my legs, when I held out my hand and stopped him.

"Ah-ah. Say thank you to Tom first," I commanded and gently tapped my tattoo just above my pussy. Sometimes, I was still ambivalent about it – it hadn't been fair of Tom to brand me like that without my consent. And it hadn't been nice to have sex with me while I was drunk and wasn't in the mood, not to mention letting that fat pig Spencer do me. Buuut at the same time, it was such a real, constant reminder of his power over me. By literally marking my pussy with his namesake's face, he had staked his claim on my sexuality, and there was nothing my husband could do but accept it. No wonder Tom was the alpha in the relationship, and David wasn't.

As was evident when the beta in question bowed down and graced my tattoo with his lips and muttered “thank you for allowing me to make love to your pussy.” After openly acknowledging Tom’s superiority and showing his deference with his eyes downcast, he crawled in between my legs, his little pee-pee leading the way.

I didn’t even have time to fake an orgasm. He was so ready, so turned on by his humiliation that he only lasted a couple of minutes. We kissed, he groaned, he humped and suddenly he screwed up his face and gave me one last, hard thrust. That was our love-making for the night.

Hardly a mystery why I preferred Tom these days, huh?

But I still loved him, and cuddling with him afterwards was so nice. I needed that, even more than I needed Tom’s huge cock. Love and understanding was what David offered, and I couldn’t live without it. He was such a good man, a loyal and honest companion, and now I could rest and be myself in his loving embrace. It had been a long day, after all...

“Jia?” he said suddenly.

“Hmm?” I answered, without opening my eyes.

“Did you... did you mean what you said?” he wanted to know.

“What?” What was he talking about now?

“When... when you called me... do you think I’m... Tom’s... bitch?” he fumbled the words, clearly nervous about the answer. Well, if he had to ask, what did he really think the answer was? But I couldn’t say that. Not now. When his dick was hard was one thing, and here cuddling afterwards was another. Even if I didn’t understand his kink completely, I did understand *that*. Horny David needed different things than Worried David, and I had to satisfy them both.

“Of course not, honey,” I mumbled and patted his hand, trying my best to comfort him. He’d earned that small respite. Even if I wasn’t being entirely truthful.

“Okay. Good,” he answered, relief clear in his voice. His good wife had calmed his nerves and everything was good again.

Although... wasn’t he Tom’s bitch?

David

The day after that humiliating experience, I met Tom at work. Just a random bump-in, bound to happen every now and then – I was still his boss, after all, and this was just a random Thursday. But that *smirk*. That triumphant *grin*. He knew, without a doubt, that I'd done as he'd asked. He knew I'd submitted myself in ways no man should ever have to. He didn't speak to me, didn't say a word, just gave me a polite nod while silently laughing his ass off at my weakness.

I was so frustrated with myself that tears came to my eyes. I hurried to my office, luckily dodging Alice and took a good long break from everyone else in there.

Fuck, I hated being a cuck. I loved it, of course I did, but I hated it too. It filled me with revulsion aimed at myself. Why the fuck did I allow that creep to touch my beautiful wife? And why did I allow such an uncaring individual to rule our sex-life? It made no sense! Except... I was hard. Right now, I was aroused. And I hated that too.

"Fucking hell..." I muttered and wondered if Tom would approve of me sleeping with Jia again tonight. Two nights in a row was pretty rare, but he might feel generous after... after last night.

Jia

David came home a little early the next day, and I was still cooking. We were having something from his childhood, apparently it was a Danish thing that his dad had brought with him from his old country – meatballs (and never, ever tell him that that's a Swedish thing) in curry with rice. It tasted fine, though nothing special. Oh well, Scandinavians aren't exactly known for their culinary expertise.

Still, I figured David could use something familiar after what he went through last night, and this was one of his comfort-foods. After we'd eaten, I'd planned a movie – *Beoning* (or *Burning to the savages*), one of the best Korean movies ever made, if not *the* best. We could cuddle and enjoy each other, just like married people were supposed to.

I heard the door, but was focused on the food – the curry-sauce was almost boiling – until he suddenly stood behind me. His arms went around me and hugged me to him, and I felt his hard prick through his pants. What could I do here?

I turned and hugged him, and his mouth quickly found mine. He was so eager, almost desperate, pressing his lips hard against me, parting them and sticking his tongue into my mouth, as subtle as a horny teenager. We made out while the sauce started boiling and his

hands roamed my body, squeezing my butt and playing with my boobs. I hadn't expected any sex tonight, so I was just wearing a random knee-length skirt and a nice, black top with a comfortable but unsexy bra underneath.

"Wow, nae sarang," I said when I pulled away, "what's gotten into you?"

"I just love you so much," he said, though he didn't meet my eyes when he said it.

"Uh-huh?" I asked and dodged his lips, when he tried to kiss me, "nothing has happened?" When he was this horny, there was usually only one explanation: Tom.

"Nooo..." he muttered, but there was no conviction in that denial.

"No?" I asked, doubt clear in my voice and with a small, playful smile, "nothing with Tom?" He swallowed, so easy to read, so transparent.

"Nae sarang?" I asked and crossed my arms across my chest and raised my eyebrows expectantly.

"He just... looked so... so smug. Like, like he knew what... what I'd done last night," he said quickly and looked down. Aww, my poor husband, feeling embarrassed about his own desires... again. Oh, and it wasn't 'like' Tom knew. He knew. I'd told him, texted him earlier, when David went to work. Not that David necessarily needed to know that, he didn't.

"And... that made you...?" I nodded down at his hands that were still encircling my butt.

"I don't know, maybe?" he said dodging the question, which was the same as admitting it. I knew my David.

So, he got embarrassed and that made him horny, and now he wanted sex. The only problem in that equation was me – I had been looking forward to a nice, cozy night, just the two of us. I bit my lip, thinking quickly. How upset would he be? From the look in his eyes, quite a bit.

"Then," I said slowly, and leaned in to whisper the last in his ears, "you better ask Tom for permission..."

He swallowed and nodded quickly. While he fumbled with his phone, I grabbed my own real quick – though I tried to make it look casual, and David was too preoccupied to notice – and wrote a quick text.

[Please tell him no. I can't be bothered to fake it tonight.]

It really wasn't as mean as I made it out to. I just didn't have the heart to shoot him down,

and I didn't have the energy to go through it tonight. Was a nice, relaxing night with my husband really such a bad thing to want? I didn't think so.

"There. Hope he says yes," David said and put his phone down.

"Did you ask him nicely?" I wondered, though I knew it didn't matter. I highly doubted Tom would let him go for it – he'd enjoy it more that I'd asked him to reject my husband... which left a sour taste in my mouth, but no helping that now.

"I... of course," he answered, looking thoroughly embarrassed. That didn't ease my bad conscience – that I made him beg for nothing.

"Food's done in fifteen minutes," I told him, expertly hiding my feelings.

"Okay, great, I'll go wash up."

David

The food was great. I loved rice with meatballs in curry; I'd cherished it ever since I was a kid, and Jia made it almost as well as my dad. She really was the perfect woman, I thought as I stole a glance at her cute face, while she blew on her food. The way she pursed her lips reminded me of the few times, she'd had my dick between them, and what a pleasure that had been! And though we didn't do that anymore, just looking at her gave me a sense of happiness. Beautiful, kind, great cook and willing to put up with my weird sexual desires – she really was the whole package. God, I hoped Tom was reasonable. I needed my amazing wife so badly. To hear her delight, to feel her underneath me, to cum inside her.

"I figured we could watch *Beoning* tonight?" she asked, looking at me expectantly, "it's your favourite, after all."

My favourite *Korean* film, yeah, maybe, but it was very far down the list of movies I *actually* liked. Why couldn't we ever watch something I understood? But I couldn't say that... the way she looked at me, she clearly felt she was doing it for me, that I'd be happy with one of her Korean movies, and I forced myself to smile in return. At least, it was a decent movie, not like the French garbage she often made me watch. Her taste in Korean flicks was a lot less artsy than in other languages for some reason. But I didn't care much about movies right now, I had something completely different on my mind.

Like those wonderful breasts that kept giving me peeks of her cleavage... and what kind of

panties she was wearing.

We finished eating and while we were cleaning up, my phone buzzed.

[Na u had ur fun yesterday] it simply said. Fucking fuck, that arrogant cock-sucker of a motherless ass! Fuck! Just no, no explanation, no nothing. And after that grovelling message I'd sent him. That piss-ant was probably having a real laugh at my desperation right now.

"Fuck!" I snarled, and Jia looked up. She quickly read the situation and gave me a sad smile.

"Oh," she sighed and shrugged, and then she went about her business, filling the dishwasher. Clearly, she wasn't as upset about this as me, or maybe she was just hiding it better. God, and now she was even bending over, showing me that nice ass, just begging to be touched, groped...

Actually, why not? Fuck Tom.

"You know," I said and gingerly touched her soft cheeks through her skirt, "so what? He doesn't have to know..."

She straightened up, and I could only marvel at how the muscles in her ass worked under my fingers. I was about to move in to kiss her neck when she turned.

"Honey, no..." she shook her head and slid out of my arms to get the empty pot from the table. I just watched her, so incredible turned on, so incredibly frustrated. I wanted to scream, to cry to wail at the injustice of it all, but instead, I merely took the pot from her and rinsed it off before putting that in the dishwasher too.

"I bought us some snacks. I know you're watching your calories, so I figured cheese and melon would be good?" she asked, obviously trying to change the subject. The problem was the only melons I wanted were located on her chest, and now they were out of reach.

"That sounds nice, honey," I said and hid my disappointment behind the fakest smile ever.

"Doesn't it? I'll get it sorted, you go ahead and start the movie..."

Nodding, I went into the living-room, forcing myself to be calm.

[Please Tom, I really need this!] I texted the fat asshole, but I knew nothing would come of it. When King Fatso had made a decision, he stuck by it.

"Asshole," I muttered, though I didn't know who I was most angry with – him or myself. Why had I ever accepted that stupid arrangement? Who was he to decide? And why the ever-living fuck did it make me so hard, so excited to be told no by my wife and her lover? It

was sick!

Jia

It was just such a good movie. And to hear the flawless Korean was just a treat. My own was getting rather rusty, since I hardly ever spoke it. Only with mother, really, and I didn't speak much with her anymore. Not since I'd left the church.

David wasn't too into the film though. His Korean was bad, but he could read the subtitles. Was he still mad about the sex-thing? He probably was. I could understand why he was disappointed, but he didn't have to sulk like a child, did he? He sat on the other end of the couch instead of being snuggled up with me, and that only made me feel worse about it all. Not that Tom would have agreed, would he? No, I was pretty sure he would have turned him down, even if I hadn't texted him. The reply he'd sent didn't make me feel better though – it was just one word: 'HAHAHAHAHA!!!' like he was laughing at us, at our marriage. How was that fair? I just needed a break.

But so did my husband. And... and there was something deeply erotic about Tom still dictating our love-life, even if he was far away. With just a single message, he'd put my husband in his place, shown him to be a true beta. Tom ruled this house, and he didn't even live here. That was a pretty arousing thought.

"You know, nae sarang," I said when we were about halfway through the film, and it was clear that David was scarcely paying attention to it.

"Yeah?" he asked, looking up.

I was feeling incredibly randy out of nowhere, and if he didn't want to enjoy a cozy night with me, I could enjoy something else. I forced my hand off my nose-stud and looked at him with what I hoped was smoldering eyes.

"Tom... didn't say you couldn't... you know, go down on me..." I said, trying to make it sound both enticing and something I was doing for him.

"What?" he asked with a frown.

"I'd just really like if you...you know..." I suggested and bit my lip and sent him a long look. He knew what that meant.

"Yeah?" he asked and moved closer to me on the couch.

"I just really want your tongue..." I said in a quiet, inviting tone.

"Do you now?" he asked and moved even closer until we were touching, like we ought to.

"Yes..." I admitted, and finally he kissed me. With no subtlety at all, his tongue invaded me, licking the inside of my mouth. I hugged him to me and deepened the kiss. This was better. This was so much better.

My man was quite horny, it seemed. It took him about nine seconds of kissing until he had his hands on my boobs, kneading them like I was dough. I was about to tell him to slow down, but I figured he needed this, so I just tried to enjoy it.

"Need me to lick your pretty little pussy, do you?" he whispered when we halted the kiss to catch our breaths.

"Yesss..." I replied again, with more feeling this time.

"Get this off then," he instructed me and pulled on my top. I gave him a wicked grin and pulled it over my head, leaving me in my boring, black bra. He didn't seem to mind it and buried his face in what little cleavage it provided.

"God, I love these!" he declared and licked my exposed skin. Should I say it...?

"You and Tom both," I grinned, and he groaned audibly. Still in a rush, he pulled a boob out of its cup and latched onto it with his lips. A shock of excitement ran through me, and I felt myself warming even more to the exercise. Then he switched to the other, leaving behind a stiff nipple, and he seemed to like that one just as much.

"Ahhh..." I sighed, as another bolt of desire rushed through me. To show my approval, I ran my fingers through his hair, and in response he bit down on my nipple. Not hard of course, David was nothing if not gentle, but it still sent a jolt through me and made me gasp. He looked up at me, worried that he'd been too rough, but he saw nothing but arousal in my face. So he did it to the other nipple too, biting carefully into my delicate little nubbin, and it felt surprisingly good.

"Ah, nae sarang," I sighed and caressed his head. He grinned proudly, but was apparently in a hurry, so he soon left my boobs behind and kissed his way down my stomach (was I starting to get pudgy? Or was it just my position that made it look that way?) and down to my skirt. With some cooperation from me, he got that down too, revealing my boring, black panties. He sent me a quick, disappointed look, but what did he expect? I'd been at work,

and I'd cooked and prepared a cozy night for us – was I supposed to change into lingerie too?

No matter. Sexy or not, the panties came off too, and he could finally get to my moistening pussy.

David

I had to force myself to slow down once I got to that beautiful little slit. I wanted to just devour her, but it was rather closed and not at all as eager as I was. The stupid tattoo gave me a taunting look, mocking my inability to turn my wife on. But I'd show him, oh yes, I would. What did that stupid cat know anyway? Jia and I had always had great sex, and she came almost every time we made love.

Taking it slow, I started licking her. I didn't have the patience for the long game tonight, so I skipped the teasing and playing, and went straight for her inner labia. Up and down the sides of her soft taco my tongue went, and occasionally across, just to spice things up, and it didn't take long before she was breathing hard. She was getting red, and her delicate flower slowly opened to reveal her deepest secrets.

When my lips locked themselves on her clit, she gasped, a sound I loved to hear. I kissed it, I licked it, I made love to it with my mouth. Oh, it was delightful.

"Nae sarang... are you hard?" she asked, her melodic voice somewhat out of breath.

"Of course, honey," I replied and gave her a long, teasing lick the very bottom of her all the way up to her stupid tattoo. I wanted to spit at that obnoxious cat, but that would probably ruin the mood.

"Mhm... why don't you... don't you whip out you little dick?" she asked.

Ouch. Did she have to call it little? But nevertheless, I did so.

"Yesss," she sighed, "stroke that little thing..." Again, she didn't *have* to use the word little, did she? Even... even if a part of me liked it, delighted in it.

And again, I did as she asked, jerking my lit- jerking my dick, while I licked her, while I tasted her delicious pussyjuice... and remembered last night, when a vastly different taste had been in my mouth.

Suddenly, it felt wrong to sit here on the couch, and as soon as that thought entered my mind, I slid down on the floor, down on my knees. To get more room, of course, not because

I wanted to kneel before my wife, as I serviced her and rubbed my iron-hard dick.

“Oooh, yesss, down on the floor...” she sighed, echoing my own thoughts, and I couldn’t help but bask in the submissive feelings she was inspiring in me. It was so hot...

It *might* be a coincidence, but it seemed like she got a lot more vocal and a lot more... into it, once I was on the floor. She moaned and gasped and finally just grabbed my hair and pressed my face into her pussy, while I kept licking her, alternating between her clit and her slit.

My tongue was pretty well-trained by this point from many a night between her sexy legs, so I didn’t get tired. I just gave her pleasure, and I knew what she liked. Even if it hurt when she pulled on my hair, I didn’t stop, didn’t slow down, just kept going and going... while my hand around my dick did the same, bringing me more and more pleasure, closer and closer to the edge.

“Ye! Ye, eolin sonyeon!” she suddenly cried in Korean, “lick me, lick meee!” Her words were accompanied by a convulsion, and she bucked and shook, as she came, and I... I did the same. I’d been on the verge for so long and now that she’d gotten there, I allowed myself the sweet, sweet release.

“Ahhh...” I groaned into her soft pussy, though I couldn’t say if she heard me over her own cries of joy. Cum burst forth from me and landed on the couch and floor, but I couldn’t care less, I was so lost in the moment of our shared orgasm. It felt heavenly. It felt... right.

Right? That I was jerking off while eating her out?

What was *wrong* with me?

Jia

Wow! That was intense. For a David-orgasm that was truly something!

“Mhm, nae sarang, that was really... niiice...” I smiled down at him. He looked up at me, a look of almost puzzlement on his face, as if he couldn’t phantom what had happened, but then he slowly smiled.

“It... was,” he agreed, nodding with that silly smile on his lips. I bent down to kiss him and noticed the spray of white slime across the floor, the couch... and my foot.

“Ew, honey! You came on my foot,” I exclaimed and wrinkled my nose at him, and my poor hubby blushed so hard. I giggled and finally did kiss him – though no tongue. He was the one

who enjoyed the taste of pussy, not me.

“Are you gonna lick it up?” I asked in a stage-whisper, and he gaped at me. He looked so stricken that I broke down laughing again. He got another sweet kiss, and then we got up. He went for a washing cloth and I put my clothes back on.

“Hey, eh, what ehm... did you say? In Korean? When you... you know?” he asked, and I had to look away, biting my lip in embarrassment. I’d called him a little boy in Korean, how weird was that? How twisted?

Oh well. I couldn’t be held accountable for what I said when I was cumming, could I?

“Hmm?” I asked, acting like I didn’t know what he was talking about.

“That... that thing you said. In Korean, what was it?” He knew a little Korean, lucky he hadn’t been paying attention. Or maybe not lucky – he’d been occupied by more important matters.

“Oh, just... how good it felt,” I lied with a shrug, “watching a Korean movie, you know, my brain just suddenly switched.” I nodded towards the tv where Beoning was still running.

“Yeah, makes sense,” he nodded, and we finished getting things in order. With nothing else to do, we sat down and finished the film together.

David

Over the next weeks, I realised that my life had taken yet another turn that night. Jia apparently no longer felt I needed *her* to provide the handjobs. Not when I was perfectly willing and capable myself. Whenever Tom turned down my requests for sex (and he did that a lot), I’d try to get Jia interested, and she was usually game. So I’d lick her delightful pussy, and she’d tell me how good it felt... and to get my little dick out and stroke it. And of course I did, whacking myself off while pleasuring her. I was getting quite skilled at timing it too, so we came at the same time, together, just like we used to... back when I was allowed to make love to her.

When I didn’t get the timing right, though - like the following Monday - things got... intense, for a lack of a better word.

“Mhm, nae sarang,” Jia said, looking down at me, softly caressing my head. Just a moment ago, that same hand had been wrapped in my hair, forcing my face into her glistening wet

pussy as she came, my tongue playing with her clit, two of my fingers making love to her pussy. Her skirt and panties were on the floor next to me, and her small, tight top was pushed up above her impressive melons, so she could play with her nipples while I served her.

"That was so nice."

I loved hearing that, loved knowing I'd pleased her, been good for her. I missed, of course, the times when I'd do it with my dick, but Jia didn't seem to mind we'd moved onto a more... oral-based way of being intimate.

I was still stroking my hard dick, having not quite managed to finish while licking her. My neck had cramped too badly to focus on my pleasure, so here we were.

"Oh... you didn't finish?" she sounded surprised. That's how our love-life was these days - my wife didn't even notice if I didn't cum. Then again, she didn't really need my dick anymore, did she?

"No, I..." I shrugged, not entirely clear on how to explain that I hadn't gotten myself off while licking her, "maybe you could...?" I looked hopefully up at her, but she frowned back down. Was she mad? What was there to be angry about, I'd just asked for a handjob!

"I would, nae sarang, but I know you. If I do it this time, you'll expect it every time you lick me," she said slowly.

"Aw, come on, Jia!" I exclaimed - that was an unfair accusation! - "I just didn't get there this time, so why-"

"And if I help you now, you won't ever get 'there' again, not on your own," she said in a berating voice that grated my nerves. Her words did make me pause though. Was she right? Would I hold my orgasm back next time, hoping to feel her soft fingers wrapped around me? Yes. Yes, I would. But on the other hand, shouldn't a wife be there for her husband? Was a handjob - a *handjob* - really too much to expect after going down on her? Shouldn't I-

"Tell you what," she interrupted my thoughts, "why don't you look at my pussy and jerk your little thing? Hmm?"

I was about to object, when my eyes caught her hand slowly caressing the outside of her beautiful flower, and I shut up. Slowly, reluctantly, I grabbed my dick again and rubbed it. It had lost some of its strength while we argued, but it would get it back in no time, I was sure.

"Yes, nae sarang," she encouraged me, "stroke your little dick... stroke it..."

I did. I slid my fingers up and down my shaft, looking at her pretty pussy, hearing her soft voice, her delicious smell still in my nostrils. I quickly felt myself harden - it was that easy for me to get aroused these days.

"And what have we here..." she went on and her hand slid up and cupped that damn tattoo.

"Nhgh..." I grunted, jacking myself off at full speed now.

"My tattoo... Tom's tattoo..."

That fucking tattoo. I hated it, I hated it so much. My fist was a blur around my dick as I watched her cuddle that stupid cat with that stupid, arrogant smile. *Look at me, you loser, look at me while you jerk off*, its smile clearly said.

"Jerk your little dick while you look at it," she ordered, and of course I did. How could I not? It felt so good...

"Go on, nae eolin sonyeon," she said, the Korean words both beautiful but also condescending, "jerk it. Watch how a real man has claimed me, and jerk your little peepee!"

"Fuck... fuck...!" I grunted, getting so close.

"Jerk it! Tom OWNS my pussy! You like that, don't you? Look at his mark and cum, little cuck!"

"Oh God, Jia... oh God..." It was insane what her words did to me. I hated this whole situation so much, but it was so hot, I was so aroused, I couldn't...

"I bet if Tom's sperm had been in me, you'd have cum so fast! You love eating his cum, don't you cuck? Cum-eating cuck..." she taunted me, her words so mean, her tone so derisive. I couldn't... couldn't...

"FUUUCK!!" I cried and came all over the towel that I'd laid on the floor in expectation of this precise situation. It was such a powerful orgasm that I almost passed out. Feeling dizzy, I slowly crawled up to my wife. She gently stroked my hair and kissed me while I came down from that incredible, horrible high. In her arms, I relaxed and she told me she loved me, which I really needed to hear.

And that became the ritual, when I didn't manage to time our orgasms right. It was such a rush, being humiliated and scorned like that by my wife, but afterwards... it didn't feel good. Not at all. So I always did my best to cum together with her.

The only times I had a fair shot at getting some *actual* sex, was the nights when she came home from Tom's. The fat bastard seemed to be more generous those nights. I'd eat his disgusting load out of her and afterwards, I'd take my rightful place between her smooth thighs. Sometimes, I'd get too excited about it and cum too fast, but I managed to get her off more times than not. That was still the best feeling in the world, her moans of pleasure, her gasps of desire, her little "yes, yes, yes!" I loved it.

"I'm getting sick of Tekken," Alice whined in my headphone, as her stupid champion, the Devil Jin fell to the floor... again. She just couldn't make him work, much to my amusement.

"Understandable. No one likes sucking," I grinned and revelled in my almost flawless victory, while my long-legged blonde champ took a victory-lap.

"I don't mind sucking, you know that," she teased me in that characteristic Alice-way, and I quickly shut up, "it's the game that blows. We should play something else."

"Oh?" I wondered as I chose Nina again. I'd gotten a new outfit for her, and it showed even more of her long, slender legs, and I didn't mind that. Not at all, in fact.

"Ooh, I know! Ever heard of Baldur's Gate?"

"Yeah, of course. I played the first two in high school," I answered.

"Nerd. Wouldn't have gotten laid been more fun? Anyway, heard of the third one?" Of course I'd heard of it, but I couldn't let that comment slide.

"I'll let you know that the girls at Center High were *very* interested in how I defeated Sarevok and saved the Sword Coast," I told her in my most pompous voice. I could just imagine her rolling her eyes, and I fought not to laugh.

"You haven't played in ten years, and you still remember the bad guy's name?" she asked incredulously.

"Of course. Memory like an elephant. Irenicus was the bad guy in the second and in the expansion it was that woman, eh..."

"Yes, oh mighty elephant?" Alice grinned, and I quickly reached for my phone, not willing to let her have this one.

“Without looking it up?” she said quickly, just as I’d started typing.

“Ehh...Am... Ame-lyssan?” I read off a reddit-post, “yeah, Amelyssan.”

“You looked that up! You can’t remember shit!” she accused. No reason to fight over that, so I quickly changed the subject.

“Why are we talking about Baldur’s Gate anyway?”

“We could play it. The third one is awesome, but I’ve only ever played it solo.”

“Oh.” I’d heard good things about it too, but I hadn’t played all that much video-games lately. Mostly quick games when Jia wasn’t home. Of course, she ‘wasn’t home’ a lot these days, so I could play some longer games.

Did I want to play a game that was rumoured to be extremely immersive and engaging with Alice?

“Yeah, sure.”

And so we started playing BG3. It really *was* awesome, and we had a lot of fun – even if Jia didn’t approve. Though she had no idea what had really happened in Florida, she seemed to have developed a petty, jealous streak that hadn’t been there before.

Maybe because she was getting railed by a guy from outside our marriage. Or maybe because I’d slept with another woman. Either way, it wasn’t an attractive look on her. After all, Alice and I were just friends and colleagues! But she kept coming with small, snide remarks about how ‘that game’ (meaning Alice) stole our time together, how I paid more attention to ‘that game’ (again, meaning Alice) than to her. So I mostly played when Jia wasn’t home. Which, again, was a lot of the time now.

I’d also started working out regularly. Not to impress anyone, but when I’d taken that photo for Alice, I’d noticed how I was losing my edge. I needed to get back in shape, so I renewed my gym-membership and went regularly – and also watched my food intake. Alice was mightily impressed with my discipline, and we started eating at salad-bars when we had lunch together.

Between my working out and taking extra shifts at work to pick up the slack, it meant that Jia and I had even less time together, but such are the realities sometimes. It’s not like she sacrificed her time with Tom, now was it? If she cared all that much, she could stay at home every now and then, couldn’t she? Or *at least* come home every night when they were... done. But she didn’t, so I really didn’t see how I was at fault.

A random Tuesday, I decided to let work be work and take an early day. I needed some time off. Alice eyed me curiously, clearly wondering if something was wrong, but didn't comment on it.

I drove home, where I found a strange car in my driveway. An old, black Jaguar.

I knew that car.

A thick knot formed in my stomach. It wasn't hard to figure out what that car meant. The wisest thing would be to leave and come back in a couple of hours. I should do that.

But of course I didn't.

I parked down the street and walked back to our house. I silently closed the door behind me and sneaked inside.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" The faint sounds of my wife getting what she wanted echoed through the house. Quiet as a mouse, I moved towards the bedroom, until I reached the closed door. Her loud moans were clear even through it, as was the sound of our bed creaking and the loud grunts from her fat bastard of a lover.

I had to watch. I had to. Still being a silent little mouse, I opened the door.

I was not prepared for what awaited me.

My wife was on her knees, face down, ass up, with her big, burly lover behind her, both naked of course. His repulsive gut hung down, almost touching her, and the sight of his hairy ass flexing when he rammed into her was revolting.

And yet I couldn't look away. The power of the man, the strength of his thrusts, the easy way he handled her captured me. And her too, obviously. Whenever he bottomed out in her, she gave a loud, guttural moan of pleasure.

"Take that cock, kitten!" he grunted.

"Yes, Daddy!" she answered immediately, "give it to me! Give it to me!" She really was into it, pressing her sexy ass back against his hard cock. I couldn't really see *it* from my angle, but she sounded like she was getting split open. God, it was so wild to hear her call him Daddy. I was hard as a rock.

"Anyone else ever fuck you like this? Huh, whore?"

I didn't have time to ponder the 'whore'-part because her answer made it impossible to think of anything else.

"Noooo, Daddy, only yooouuu..." she gasped. Her words, so full of need and lust, went straight to my dick... and twisted my heart.

It was insane. Finally witnessing my wife in all her glory. She'd told me it was good, but I'd never imagined it was anything like this. The passion, the power, the wild abandonment. Our lovemaking suddenly seemed quite... tame.

I couldn't help myself. I snuck a hand down my pants and closed it around my hard dick, while my eyes never left the scene before me.

Tom, the fat asshole, was gasping for breath. His heavy body moved with more speed than I'd ever imagined, pumping in and out of her wonderful little hole. Sweat was pouring down his hairy back and his breathing came in ragged, wheezing bursts.

"Yes!" she cried, "yes! There! YES! MORE! OOOOH!" She all but howled as the orgasmic bliss obviously crashed over her. I saw with my own eyes the difference between a Tom-orgasm and the ones I gave her.

It was amazing. And it was gut-wrenching. And I couldn't stop whacking off.

Her entire body shook, her fingers dug into the mattress as she desperately grasped for something to hold on to. Her legs spasmed, kicking in the air while the oaf kept fucking her, kept pounding into her.

"Take it. Take it, you fucking kitten!" he grunted. "Take my cum, you fucking whore! I'm gonna knock you the fuck up!"

"Yes," she agreed hoarsely, still in the throes of pleasure, "yes, knock me up! Give me that baaabyyy!"

What the fuck?

The fat fuck lunged forward one last time and with a loud, animalistic roar he obviously came. Deep into my wife's pussy. Deep into her womb.

But she was on the pill. Right? She didn't want this moron's baby. Surely not!

"Fuck, that was- David?" The oaf had pulled out and turned around - and he could hardly avoid noticing me standing there.

Jia quickly turned too, staring at me wide-eyed.

"Eh... I took off early..." I explained and pulled my hand out of my pants as quickly and discreetly as possible. Which wasn't a lot, and they noticed.

"You don't have to stop on our behalf, cuck," Tom laughed and stood up. I shouldn't look but I couldn't help myself. The fat snake dangled between his thick legs, and it... it drew the eye. It was enormous. I knew that from the videos, of course, and from that one time I saw them in the breakroom... but this was different. Huge. Powerful.

Get a grip! It's just a dick! I scolded myself, and forced my eyes to Jia. She sat on the bed, naked as a jaybird. She tried to cover up, but realised there was no reason. Everyone in the room had already seen all she had to offer. With a kind of indifferent shrug, she slid down on her back.

"Well, I left you quite a meal," Tom laughed, his eyes gleaming menacingly. He gestured to my wife's pussy, that was probably overflowing with his vile cum. Her legs were closed, though the Tom-tattoo was still more than visible.

"I eh..." I was not gonna go down on her with him in the room. How sick did he think I was?

"Aw, he's shy," he grinned at my wife, who gave him a sickly smile in return.

"Tell you what, little buddy," he said, clearly in a good mood, "why don't yo go an eat that delicious creampie I baked you? Hmm?" He patted me on the shoulder with a wide smile. "I'll let you put your little thing in her afterwards."

No. It was not worth it. My dignity might be bleeding, but this was too far. He saw the refusal in my eyes before I'd said anything, and his face hardened.

"And if you don't... who knows when next you'll get a chance? Hmm?" His voice was still friendly, but his eyes were merciless.

I opened my mouth to say something, anything, but I closed it again. Looking down, I nodded, accepting my defeat. What did it matter? I'd eaten so many of his loads already - and he knew that. So why not let him watch?

Averting my eyes, I crawled in between Jia's legs - she spread them accommodatingly - and got down to business. Her pussy was red and puffy and even gaping slightly. A slight stream of clear fluid was running out of her. I gave her a lick, stifling a shiver at the salty taste, and gave her another, cleaning her.

"Heh. Pathetic." Tom's voice rung in my ear, but I ignored him. He didn't matter. It was just

me and Jia. He wasn't here. He didn't exist.

Soon I was lapping away at her honeypot, swallowing his load bit by bit. I'd gotten used to the sticky texture of cum by now, and though I still found it disgusting, it wasn't such a chore anymore. Jia's sighs and moans of desire made it all endurable.

"There," I finally said and sat up on my knees, "that's all of it."

God, how I hated Tom's condescending smile. I couldn't maintain eye-contact with him for long though, all on their own my eyes glanced down at his huge cock. It was so thick and ridiculous. How did that thing ever fit into my dear Jia?

"Well, get to it then." Tom gestured to my wife's pussy, and I nodded. Fuck, was he staying? Was he gonna watch? *Fuck, fuck.*

Jia

This was a mess. Why did David have to come home early? What had he heard? I hadn't said anything... *bad...* had I? Or Tom?

Okay, that whole 'knock me up' thing wasn't great. But I could explain that. It was just dirty-talk after all. David knew I was taking my pills. So no real harm done there. We'd not discussed David, had we? More specifically, his inability to make me orgasm. Or his nickname. No. We hadn't. *Good.*

Tom hadn't called me anything... too bad? 'Whore' wasn't... great, but it could be chalked down to passion. Right? At least he hadn't called me a rice-bunny or fucked my ass. That would have been too much.

David couldn't know I let him do those things. He couldn't know I... liked those things. He'd think me a degenerate. And I wasn't! Besides, who was he to judge? Eating Tom's cum, getting off on being degraded. I wasn't the degenerate here!

And now Tom wanted to humiliate him. We all knew David wouldn't last long. It was easy to recognise how aroused he was.

I gave a slight moan when his little thing slid into me. Apparently he assumed I was in the mood, because we skipped any kind of foreplay and went straight for the fucking. Okay, eating me out had been nice, but it'd hardly been enough. Not after the shock of suddenly

seeing him in the bedroom.

"Mhm... nae sarang..." I sighed. He did feel good. Not great, not like Tom. But nice and safe. Admittedly, there was less friction than usual, but...

"Jia... Jia!" he gasped humping away in me. Tom was looking at his watch. Why was Tom looking at his watch?

"You feel so good! Oh Jia!" he gasped and kissed my neck.

"You too, nae sarang," I whispered back. It wasn't a lie - even if I had a feeling it was better for him than for me.

"Oh... oh! Oh! Jia... Jia!"

Are you kidding me? Already?

"Ahhhh..." A hard grunt and that was that. My dear husband had gotten overexcited. From watching us? Getting humiliated by Tom? Eating his semen? Who could say?

"Good effort, champ," Tom laughed, "two minutes and 23 seconds. Better than I expected." David stared at him, confused and weak. Shaking his head and laughing, Tom dressed and left, leaving me and my husband. Soon we heard the outer door, and we were alone again.

I looked up at David. He looked so dazed, so painfully defeated that I couldn't help but feel bad for him.

"Thank you, nae sarang," I whispered and kissed him.

"For what?" he wondered.

"For everything."

That made him feel better. I could see it in his eyes.

"I'm on the pill," I assured him.

"I know."

"It's just... talk. He likes it."

He nodded. And we hugged and didn't talk more about it.

David

What the fuck had just happened?!

Less than two and a half minute? Eating his cum in front of him? Christ, it was the most humiliating experience in my life! This... this right now, right here was the nadir of my life. It was deepest, darkest, worst experience I'd ever had.

So far at least. Who knew what else was in store for me?

After a while, we both got up and went about our day, pretending nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Jia

Monday five weeks after Tom and David struck their accord that basically gave Tom veto-power over my pussy, he showed up at the library again. I was shelving children's books, when I got his message.

[Where r u]. I knew what he meant this time – he knew I was at work; he just needed my exact location. I considered ignoring his question, but that was not really a feasible option, was it? Although... just thinking about getting punished by Daddy was enough to make my nipples stand at attention. A good, hard spanking was just what this bad kitten needed... On the other hand, there was that night of horror to consider - when he hadn't let me cum at all. That had been pure torture, and we were never doing *that* again, not if I could help it.

[I'm in the children's section. Why? Are you here?] I answered, not feeling like I had much of a choice. I hurried with the books, trying to finish shelving them before he arrived, while anxiety flared up in me. Was he coming? What was I going to do if he did show up? Could I... *would* I turn him down again?

And there he was, tall, wide and imposing. He seemed out of place, stepping on the carpet of barnyard animals and walking next to toys and books about dogs and talking cars. He spotted me and moved towards me in his slow, determined walk. He wore a nice, blue shirt and dark slacks, and it actually looked good on him. Not as good as my husband, mind you, but he'd obviously made an effort, and it showed. I had no illusions it was for my benefit

though, but maybe he'd had a meeting at work.

Just knowing that he was near, was making me feel nervous and agitated, and like one of Pavlov's dogs, my pussy had started drooling at the sight of him.

Doing my best to keep calm, I waited for him with bated breath, wondering what this day would bring. Trying to guess Tom's motives was rarely a difficult game – the man thought with his oversized cock, so some kind of sexual release was almost guaranteed to be his goal.

"Looking good, kitten," he commented and gave me the old elevator-look.

"Eh, thanks but what are-" I began, but he continued without giving me time to finish my sentence.

"Not as good as I'm used to, but I guess you can't really wear that to work." He laughed at his own lame joke, and I forced a smile. No, I couldn't wear lingerie at the library, how terrible acute of him to notice. I was wearing a rather nice dress, tight around the chest just the way he liked it and knee-long. His gaze quickly ended on my breasts, drinking in my not-really-hidden charms – just like the old man I'd helped finding a book about half an hour ago. Since the operation, my breasts had been the center of male-attention, and though it could be tiresome, it was miles better than the indifference I'd been showed most of my life.

"Right," I let my smile fade and tried to get serious, "but what are you doing here, Tom?" He frowned at me using his given name, but come on – what else was I supposed to call him when he showed up at my work?

"I think you know why," he said with a smug smile. And yes, I did know, it wasn't a difficult puzzle to solve. He spelled it out nevertheless: "I need a nut."

Heavens, could he put it in a cruder terms? And he didn't 'need a nut', he'd delivered a large portion of sperm into my ass only yesterday, just before I returned home to my neglected hubby, sated and tired.

"Absolutely not! This is my work, and you very well know that I won't. We've discussed this earlier, and my answer remains the same!" is what I should have said. I should have sent him packing, should have reinforced the stance I took the last time he came to my work - back before David went on his stupid conference, before Tom invaded my home, before he marked me and claimed me. Before David cheated and lost his privileges.

I didn't though. His confident demand made me dizzy with submissive desire, and my pussy was flooding, so what I did do, was to quickly look around at the near-empty section of the library with the guiltiest expression imaginable. A woman was reading to a toddler in the

other end of the room and a couple of kids were playing near her; no way they could hear us. Secure in that knowledge I turned to Tom, my punishment and reward both.

“It’s... it’s my job, Tom!” I implored him nervously.

He stared at me. Not menacingly or anything, but insistingly, and he kept his eyes locked on me. It felt incredibly awkward – why didn’t he say anything? – and I swallowed nervously. Then in a lower voice I corrected myself: “...Daddy...” A part of me was furious at myself, but mostly I just wanted to kneel and service him. I couldn’t, obviously, but the need was strong.

“I know, kitten. But you have a more important job to do,” he said and slowly lifted his hand. I knew what was coming, but was paralysed. When his finger was pointing at me, I snuck a quick look back at the mother, who was engulfed in the story of Taddy the talking donkey. I half-turned so I hid what I was about to do, and with my heart pounding in my ears and my pussy screaming for attention, I sucked his finger. Just a quick bob or two before I pulled off him and looked up at the most pleased, the most superior smile I’d ever seen.

“Somewhere we can be alone?”

I nodded silently and left the half-full cart of beloved children’s tales behind and led him to the elevator. We rode it down, though not before I caught a glimpse of Madison through the closing door. She was entering the children’s section, looking in our direction. Damn, damn! Hopefully, she hadn’t seen me... us. But what could I do if she had?

The basement was a large, rectangular room with rows and rows of less popular books – books that were rarely shelved upstairs with the public. Stalking down the rows, guilt and arousal battling within me, I led him down to the far corner. Whenever I looked back at him, he just looked back with that same victorious smile. He knew, as I did, that this was a momentous victory for him. The last vestige of my resistance, the one thing I’d denied him. Until now. I was about to surrender it all, and I couldn’t be more excited at the thought. Soon he’d have had me everywhere he pleased. His work, his home, my home... and soon my work. Nothing was sacred anymore. Nothing off limits. Or maybe he was just horny, and I was reading too much into it.

“Okay, here,” I mumbled when we reached the corner. There were no beds or comfy chairs to make it enjoyable, but it hardly mattered. Without waiting for instructions, I knelt down and got his pants open and his cock out.

It was already half-hard and imposing, and I wrapped my hand around it. As always, it dominated the situation, making me salivate with need and want. I couldn’t wait, I wrapped my lips around it, letting the strong, masculine taste fill my mouth. I kissed it, I licked it, I

loved it... I worshipped it. It was everything I wanted, everything I needed. To be allowed to serve it was a privilege, one I took nothing but pleasure in.

“Fuck yeah, kitten...” he grumbled, “take that cock.”

I paid no heed to his words. I didn't stop, I didn't speed up, I just continued my servitude. My tongue found his sensitive spots, paying special attention to the soft spot just underneath the head, flicking it, teasing it, while I bobbed my head up and down the thick shaft, and my hands stroked him. Time lost meaning as I lost myself in the task of serving Daddy, of being a good little girl for him.

Again and again, I was rewarded with a strong taste of salt, as his precum flowed into my mouth, and I kept hungrily swallowing it. Obviously enjoying my treatment, he groaned in delight.

“Look at me. You know I wanna see those slanted eyes,” he commanded, and I looked up at him through my heavy eyelids, showing him nothing but utter devotion.

“Fuck, you're such a greedy whore!” he grunted, and how could I deny that? I kept sucking him, taking less than half, but stroking the rest of him. A part of me wanted nothing more than to swallow his delicious monster, but I had to go back to work afterwards – I couldn't drool or throw up on my clothes, so I had to stay in control... sadly. Here, at my work, I had to remain Jia without disappearing into kitten. It got a lot harder when he wrapped his hand around my braid and forced my face deeper down his thick cock.

“Shit, yeah! Suck that white cock!” he snarled in that mean voice he sometimes got when he got aroused – or was drunk or angry.

“Glaagh! Glak!” I responded but allowed him to control me.

“Fucking chink, that's what you want, huh? A fat, white cock in your mouth!” he declared, and I could only keep sucking, keep stroking him. His cruel words did nothing to quench the fire between my legs, and I wanted so much to touch myself. Or better yet, for him to touch me! But I stayed still, both hands wrapped around his thick shaft, giving him the pleasure he deserved. I served, I obeyed, and I lost myself completely in that role. I was nothing but a vessel for his pleasure, and I *loved* the feeling. Up and down his thick shaft, as deep as he demanded, I took him, my jaws got tired, my throat hurt and my eyes ran, but nothing would stop me. Daddy was getting his pleasure.

“Fuuuck! Fuuuuck...” he grunted, and I knew he was close. I braced myself, eagerly looking forward to my reward and anticipating the taste and texture of his slimy discharge.

“Fucking... fucking whore...” he grunted and while I kept pleasing him, and then he gave a long, loud grunt. Too loud, but I could hardly tell him that, when my mouth was suddenly flooded by his gunk. It landed on my tongue, it hit the back of my mouth, waves and waves of the salty goo. I locked my lips around his shaft and swallowed and swallowed, while the taste of salt overwhelmed me. But as distasteful as it was, it also gave me a sense of peace and purpose – I had done good. I had pleased Daddy. And disgusting as it was, his cum was my reward. Even if I could, I wouldn’t spit it out – it was mine to keep, a sign of my devotion. Finally, I gave his spent cock a last kiss and looked up at Daddy. I proudly opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue to prove I’d done good.

He gave me a wry smile and a appreciative nod.

“Fuck, you know how to suck a cock, kitten,” he said, and there was clear respect in his voice. Taking it as praise, I beamed up at him.

“Now,” he said as he put his dick back into his boxers and did up his pants, “you have a choice.”

“A choice, Daddy?” I asked, forcing my voice into that high pitch he preferred. He smiled, pleased.

“Yes, a choice. You can be a good employee and go back up and do whatever it is you do here,” he waved his hand at the ceiling, his voice telling me he didn’t think much of my job, “or you can turn around and get a reward for being a good girl.” He held up two fingers, telling me what he meant – he was going to finger me, if that’s what I wanted.

Shit. It wasn’t an easy choice. On one hand, Madison might have spotted me, so it would really behoove me to be back at work as soon as possible. On the other, my pussy was *screaming* for relief, she was practically creaming herself right now. I’d done good... didn’t I deserve a break? I played with my nose-stud as I looked at his fingers – they would feel so good right now, so right, so... wonderful. Then I looked at the way we’d come, between the rows of book-covered shelves. Duty, obligation, being a good employee and Madison’s trust were all that way.

Resolutely, I turned around, lowered my face and spread my legs while I pulled my dress up, giving him easy access to my privates. I needed this.

In the end, it wasn’t a difficult decision. What else mattered?

“Ah... Daddy!” I gasped as his fingers slid into me, and I found myself wishing he’d stuck his cock in my pussy instead of my mouth. Oh well, I’d ride whatever he gave me and be happy with it.

After all, I was his good girl.

One mind-shattering orgasm later, I smuggled him out of the basement and he left the library, walking away a happy man. I returned to the my book-stacking, a silly little grin on my face. It had been so good! So, so good. To think I'd wanted him to leave me alone. How stupid was that? No, this was just what the doctor ordered. Work was so much more easy and manageable when I was relaxed and satisfied like now.

"Jia?" a voice interrupted my happy musings, and I looked up to see Madison looking at me, a guarded expression on her face.

"Ye-yes?" I asked, immediately all flustered. What did she want? What did she know?

"Can I see you in my office? Now?" she asked, but it was no question.

When your boss speaks like that, the answer is always "yes, of course." So she *had* seen us. This was a mess!

It seemed no-one would just leave me alone today, and she led me to her office. I steeled myself, awaiting the worst – from an angry scolding to a notice of dismissal. But what could I do? Except apologise and remind her of our years of friendship and my hard, dedicated work. I was already building an impassionate speech of defense, when she ushered me into her office and told me to sit.

"Look, Madison-" I began, choosing to go on the offensive rather than wait for her tirade to begin, but she cut me off.

"You've got something here," she said in a cold, emotionless voice and indicated a spot on her shirt near her collarbone. I quickly looked down and saw that a little, white worm of drying cum was making a damp spot on my dress. Dang it! I'd been so careful to swallow it all! Or so I'd thought. I blushed from my cheeks all the way to my neck, as I realised the implication, and the humiliation really sunk in. She knew, she knew everything.

"Here," Madison found a packet of paper handkerchiefs and chucked it at me, and I clumsily caught it. Under her stern eyes, I dabbed the slimy substance away, though a small, dark spot remained. I threw the handkerchief away and tried to meet her eyes. It wasn't easy.

"So that was Tom," she remarked casually, and I nodded. My bravado had deserted me,

leaving me utterly embarrassed.

“I trust that will not happen again?” she remarked, her voice entirely devoid of emotion, and I nodded, trying to sink into the ground.

“Good. Please consider this a verbal reprimand,” she said carefully, clearly still in full boss-mode. I nodded shamefully and was about to get up, when her voice changed.

“At least you didn’t exaggerate,” she remarked. A small smile was playing at the edge of her lips. Did... did she mean...?

“Though how you ever get that thing inside you, I have no idea,” she continued, still in a dry voice, but an edge of admiration had snuck into it.

“It... it took some practice...” I admitted, “wait, did you-?” My cheeks lost their colour as I realised what she meant. She’d been watching?! Heavens, no!

“A bit. I’m manager here, you know, and sometimes my business takes me down into the stacks,” she smirked. Oh, that little pervert!

“So you... saw...”

“I saw that you choose a handjob over getting back to work, yeah. And I heard some of the things he said...” I looked down in embarrassment. It was hard to explain why I liked being called a chink whore while sucking on Daddy’s big fat cock. Impossible, really.

“Not here to judge. As long as you’re not begin taken advantage of or are in a situation you can’t get out of...?”

“I’m not, I’m fine,” I muttered.

“That’s good. I know I shouldn’t say this, but it was kinda hot, what you did down there,” she confided in me.

“I... thanks?” I already knew Madison had a lustful, even perverted streak, but this was a little much.

“In fact,” she went on without paying any notice to my reluctance, “you inspired me.” She found her phone, while I tried to digest her words.

“What?” I asked, when curiosity finally got the best of me. She turned her phone and

showed me a text-message that she'd sent.

[Okay, let's meet tonight.] She'd sent it about 20 minutes ago.

[Great I'll get us a table at the Chessaire hotel. At 8?] someone named Miguel had answered.

[Perfect, we'll be there.]

"Madison...?" I asked, not seeing what this had to do with me.

"It's a date!" she exclaimed in an over-excited tone, "Rick and I are gonna meet up with Miguel tonight!" She clapped her hands, all giddy. Two minutes ago, she'd been my stern boss, now she was a sorority-sister, celebrating a hot date? What was going on here?

She took the phone back and clicked a couple of times before showing me a picture of an older Latino gentleman. Grey beard, waning hair-line, but still handsome with dark skin, dark eyes and a wide smile. He was wearing a nice suit and looked fit.

Still, a Latino? Being Asian, I had experienced my share of racism - from a boy at the playground calling me a gook when I was seven, to guys casually saying 'sucky-sucky ten dollah' to my face before I even turned fifteen, to my current lover calling me a rice-bunny while I worshipped his cock - so of course I went out of my way never to perpetuate stereotypes. But to me Latino men just had this... smell. I never got the appeal. Not that I would ever say anything to Madison.

"This is Miguel. Isn't he dreamy?" she breathed wide-eyed.

"Oh. So your eh... watching dates turned into something more?" I asked.

"And how! Rick is so fully on board. I'm SO glad David talked to him about it. I want what you have, Jia, I need it!"

"O-okay... just don't get caught giving blowjobs in the stacks, huh?" I said, nervously trying to ease my frayed nerves with some humour.

"Oh, you never know!" she giggled.

Holy cow, she had it bad.

David

[Hey, BG tonight?] I texted Alice while Jia was in the bathroom getting ready for a date. It was Saturday, five weeks after Tom and I made our... our agreement. And I had a feeling Jia wasn't coming home tonight, so I had plenty of time to play with Alice. I wasn't gonna boot the PS5 up until Jia left, of course, I was just making sure that Alice and I were on for tonight. I was really looking forward to it too – we were heading up to the big bad in act two, and Alice had told me again and again how cool act three was. She kept telling me how much I'd enjoy it, especially since I'd played the two first installments of the game-series. Joining up with Jaheira, just like in my youth, had been SO awesome, but she'd told me it was nothing next to what was coming, and I was all aflutter.

[Sorry, cant tonite. Going out] came the disappointing reply.

“Damn,” I sighed. There went my plans for the entire evening!

[Family back in town?] I asked. Maybe she'd be done early, and we could play later. I wandered the house nervously, while waiting for her to answer or for Jia to finish up, so I could behold what wonders Tom was gonna sink his teeth into tonight. Both my ladies took their time though. Jia was probably doing her hair or make-up, but what was keeping Alice?

[Not... exactly] came her reply, and I frowned as I read it. What did that mean? Not exactly?

[What do you mean?]

Another long, strange pause. Then:

[My cousin arranged a date] it said followed by an emoji that shrugged.

Oh. Oh, of course. It was Saturday night, after all. Why wouldn't an attractive, funny and smart girl like Alice have a date? It was only logical. And of course she'd rather go out with a handsome guy than sit around playing video games with her boss. Of course.

[Ah okay have fun! :D :D :D] I made a lot of happy smileys so she knew I didn't have a problem with her going out. Because of course I didn't. She was just my friend. The crushing despair I felt right now was only because I'd been looking forward to playing with her. Yeah. I had fun playing with her, and now I couldn't. It'd made sense I was feeling lonely and deserted. Jia was gonna have fun without me tonight, why shouldn't Alice? It was only logical.

It's not like we *had* anything together or *meant* anything to one another. We were just work-friends.

“What do you think?” Jia asked with a wide smile, as she exited the bathroom and confidently strode into the living room, her sexy heels clacking, her generous hips swaying.

Fuck, she was hot! A short, black skirt, so tight it seemed like a second skin and a low-cut orange blouse that showed her deep cleavage created by a new, black bra. Her make-up was held in a bright, silvery hue, looking positively royal against her golden skin, and her lips were dark, dark red. God, I wanted to grab and kiss her and make love to her. But just like Alice, she preferred to go out instead of staying with me.

“You look amazing,” I said and forced a smile to my tired lips. She looked questioningly at me for a second, then she gave me that wide, lovely Jia-smile that always melted my heart.

“Thanks, nae sarang. You’re okay, right?”

What could I say to that? ‘No, I’d actually rather you stay home tonight, since my gir- since my friend doesn’t want to play video games with me.’ I wasn’t that pathetic.

“Of course,” I answered, and she nodded happily. Two minutes later, I watched that sexy ass sway its way out to her car and drive off, and I was alone.
All alone.

Sorry if you don’t get the Baldur’s Gate-talk. I know it’s not for everyone, but I hope you can enjoy the tale nonetheless.