

## How Far is Too Far? chapter 21

By DontJudgeMe\_

*If you've read this far, you'll be well aware that it's a cheating wife/cuckold story.*

*Please treat it as such.*

*As always, major thanks to my wife for editing and ideas.*

Jia

A Wednesday night a couple of months after Tom's and David's agreement had been made, I let myself into Tom's apartment, so ready for a much-deserved pounding. More and more, I longed for these times when I could let everything go and just be Tom's good girl... and of course the orgasms. By golly, I needed a good, strong, toe-curling orgasm, one of those that left me weak in both body and mind. David's tongue kept me tied over, but it just wasn't the same. I loved him, I really did, but... I mean, just yesterday, he'd begged Tom permission to have sex with me, gotten denied and ended up jerking himself off while he looked at Tom's mark on my pussy.

How's a girl to respect *that*?

Oh well... love conquers all, right? I'd be lost without him, that was for sure. Life without David was a dark and lonely prospect. But sometimes I wished he'd man up... just every now and then.

I shut the door behind me, shrugging off my coat and was about to hang it up, when I froze. A bright blue and very feminine jacket already hung on the coat-hanger. I frowned, looking at that out-of-place jacket. What was it doing in Tom's apartment? Something was wrong. With narrowed eyes, I quickly hung my own coat next to it and moved into the living-room. Usually, I'd get him a beer first, but I needed to figure out what was going on.

I hadn't even made it into the living-room before I stopped dead in my tracks: two - two - figures were sitting on the couch. Tom, of course, large and imposing, wearing dark slacks and a dark-blue button-down shirt next to - and uncomfortably close to - a woman. A strange woman. A tall, white woman. And pretty too, with a long, dark-blond braid curling down her left shoulder and ending at her collar.

She turned to me, her deep-blue eyes studying me, while I did the same to her. There was no hostility in hers, more... curiosity. She was wearing a bright-red shirt, a loose, black skirt that reached well past her knees and sneakers; normal clothes for a normal day.

Me on the other hand, I was wearing a slutty purple tank-top that barely reached my belly-button. It generously showed off my boobs, my black bra and my lily-tattoo. The skirt was short and loose, easy to flip up to make myself available to my Daddy, should the need arise. Oh, and of course I was wearing towering heels, like a good girl should.

The blood froze in my veins. With the way I was dressed, this woman, this stranger probably thought Tom was paying me to be here. Never, ever in all my life had I felt so exposed, so embarrassed, so *humiliated*. I wished the ground would open up and swallow me whole! Why hadn't Tom told me he was having a friend over?! I looked at him, my angry eyes meeting his, but he was just smiling broadly, like it was the best day of his life.

"Hello Jia," he greeted me, like everything was normal, like I wasn't dressed like a hooker and a strange woman wasn't silently judging me. Like he hadn't just made me commit the greatest faux pas in history. I licked my lips, trying to figure out what was going on, and my fingers itched to play with my nose-stud.

"This is Kandy," he said, and put his hand on the woman's leg, just above the knee, "with a K."

Why was he touching this strange woman like that? What was going on? I looked at her again, really looked at her. She had a broad face, not beautiful but not ugly either, with thick red lips and carefully curated eye-brows. Her make-up was discreet and carefully put-on, accenting her features and making her look fresh, but far from the slutty, over-the-top coating that decorated my own face. Make-up or no make-up, I was certain only a very few men would prefer her over me. She was just too ordinary, so why was Tom all chummy with her?

It was hard to meet her eyes, they were all intense and were drilling into mine, like she was trying to read all my secrets.

"He-hello," I said, swallowing and trying to read the situation, "is... the K important?" "Most people think it's with a C," Kandy with a K replied, as if that helped clarify anything - why would I care how she spelled her stupid name? She had a soft, dark voice, and she raised her eyebrows at me and smiled, like I was being silly.

Silly? *Me*? I wasn't the one who needed to clarify how to spell freaking Kandy! What kind of name was that anyway, *Kandy with a K*, I scoffed internally, was she a stripper or a barbie-doll? What the fuck was she even doing here? This whole situation - and this woman in particular - was quickly raising my hackles. I'd come for a good, hard fuck, and now I found some random cun- some *woman* moving in on my territory.

"I'm Jia," I said in an icy tone and gave the woman my most condescending smile, "with a J." Her eyes narrowed, and she gave me a hard look. Oh, yeah, this bitch got the message - don't start with me.

"And I'm Tom. With a T. And with two hot bitches!" Tom let out his bellowing laugh and held an arm out to me, indicating I should sit next to him.

Shooting a baleful look at my new rival, I sat down right next to my man, our legs and sides touching, and he draped his heavy arm across my shoulders. Kandy with her stupid K saw and scoffed, acting like it was nothing, but I was the one snuggled up to Tom, and she was the one with just his hand. Why was his hand on her thigh anyway? What was she even doing here?

"So, *Kandy with a K*, how do you know Tom?" I said, pouring sugar and honey into my voice.

"Oh, we go way back," she waved her hand dismissively, "class-mates in Center High. Cut classes together, smoked behind the shed together, got high together... did *other stuff* together." She said that last part with a wink, as if her words were too subtle, and she was afraid I would miss her point.

"How... nice..." I said, forcing my voice to remain sweet, though I found it distasteful to brag of such illicit activities.

I turned my sweet voice on Tom, "how come you've never mentioned your dear, old friend Kandy... with a K."

"You've never asked," he said and turned to that... woman, "we don't talk much," he told her with a leery smile, "Jia's more interested in... *other stuff*." I looked away, and the woman smiled wickedly.

"He's told me aaall about you though..." she leaned forward and slowly, deliberately licked her lips. I took a sharp breath, my face suddenly heated, and I resisted the urge to slap her taunting face. That'd shut the bitch up, but I was nothing if not civil.

"How nice," I forced a smile back on my face, though it was a tight-lipped one, "but if that's true... why are you here? Tonight? Didn't Tom tell you he and I have a date?"

"A... date?" her eyes slid down to my tight top and my boobs that were ready to pop out the second I moved too fast or too suddenly. I crossed my arms across my chest defensively, trying to hide my near-nakedness under her cool gaze, but she just laughed.

"Yes, a date," I snapped, angry with her, with myself and with Tom who just sat there, enjoying himself while a verbal cat-fight took place on his couch.

"Tom invited me," she shrugged. I turned to him and looked at him expectantly.

"Could you can the bitching? I'm missing the game," he grunted, though he still looked amused by it all. Fuming with anger, I leaned back into his embrace and watched the stupid baseball-match.

I had no idea what was going on though. What the deuce's an inning? What did third inning mean? Usually when we were watching the game, *I* was watching something

else entirely... but now stupid Kandy with her stupid K and her stupid smirk and her stupid *actual* clothes - I pulled the hem of my skirt further down my thigh, but it was in vain - was ruining it. Was the game over soon? Hopefully, she'd leave then.

"Five bucks say Gideon strikes out," that woman said, apparently able to follow the game.

"You're on," Tom grunted, and we all three watched in excitement. Or... well, I pretended to, trying to figure out just what was going on. If a woman named Kandy could, so could I. She seemed a little slow, at any rate, so how hard could it be? Still it was irksome that they were having fun without me. My lack of knowledge made me feel like a third wheel, even though I'd been invited. I still couldn't fathom why she was even here. Why would he care about a plain woman like *her*, when he had a hottie like *me*.

On the screen, the man swung his bat a couple of times, and suddenly Kandy threw her arms in the air with a triumphant whoop, while the man with the bat spat on the ground and left the field. He'd struck out? Kandy won the bet?

"That's ten bucks you owe me," she cackled, and Tom gave an annoyed grunt. While she was occupied by the game, I assessed her out of the corner of my eye. She was clearly engrossed in the game... had it been a lucky guess earlier? Was she smarter than she led on? I shook my head - knowing the rules to a game didn't make you smart. Getting a Masters, working in a library - that took intelligence, skill. I highly doubted she even went to college.

So what if I didn't know baseball? I knew a host of other things... *and* I was prettier. Softer features, less coarse face, *clearly* a better skin-care routine... not to mention the big boobs my husband so generously bought for me. I sat up straighter, pulled my shoulders back and pushed my chest out - I had absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. So what if I wore less than conventional clothes? It just meant that Tom... *Daddy* had more to look at. And he did, whenever there was a pause in the boring game, his eyes sought my cleavage or my thighs. The silly woman pretended not to notice, but no-one was looking at *her*.

The game went on though, on and on... forever. I soon lost interest in both her and the players running around on the screen - both were stupid at any rate. Instead I found something far more interesting, something more worthy of my attention. From Tom's crotch and down the side of his leg, a bulge was hidden. You had to look carefully, but it was there. Saliva gathered in my mouth at the thought of it and what we'd do once that woman left.

Oh wow, I needed it. In my mouth, in my pussy, in my ass - wherever he wanted to shove that wonderful cock, I wanted it. I *needed* it. I couldn't go home to my little husband until I'd had it. It had already been far too long since last, and it was temptingly close. I had to do something...

Under the guise of adjusting my position, I took a small pillow and, without that simple woman noticing anything, I covered that fine piece of equipment and snuck a hand down there. I just wanted to feel it, to touch it, be in contact with that powerful, strong, but hidden, marvel.

Tom winked at me as I ever so slowly stroked his fat sausage, while Kandy was oblivious to my machinations. Too engrossed in the stupid game on TV to see the real game being played, but then again, I was far more subtle than anyone named *Kandy*... with or without a K. A feather-light touch was enough, maybe my nail teasing the head, just enough for the both of us to enjoy it.

On the screen another guy managed to hit the ball way out of the field, and the woman scowled for some reason, while Tom and I smirked at her - Tom because his team was winning, me because I was pleasuring my man right under her nose. That immature little goose stuck her tongue out at Tom and fell back into the couch, her arms crossed in angry defiance.

Let her stew. I couldn't care less about her or her ballgame - more people stepped up to the plate, more balls were missed or hit, and none of it mattered. Not when I had Daddy's enormous third leg under my hand. Oh my, if only I could wrap my lips around this fine pleasure-rod, I'd be so happy.

"Held back as long as you could, didn't you?" a mocking voice said, and I quickly looked up at her. She was nodding at the pillow in Tom's lap, obscenely moving up and down a top of my hand... somewhere along the way, I seemed to have lost my subtlety.

I froze, mortified, my eyes wide and blood rushing to my cheeks, while this obnoxious woman gave me the most superior, the most smug smile the world had ever seen. Even though it was too late to perform damage-control, I tore my hand off Tom and put it in my lap.

"I... I'm... I..." I stammered, trying desperately to come up with an excuse, an explanation... *anything*. But nothing came to me. My extremely effective, super fast brain that had been sharpened and trained for debates and reasoning was drawing a complete blank. I could barely even get words past my lips.

"Jia!" Kandy burst out laughing, "it's *okay*! I was just teasing!"

"Huh?" What did she mean?

"Oh, you should see your face. It's *fine* if you want Tom's cock! Really, what do I care? It's what you're here for, right? Go nuts." She smiled and nodded enthusiastically at me.

What? What an odd reaction. Did she... did she expect me to... to fondle Tom while she was watching? She really was an unrefined person, wasn't she? What did she

take me for, some kind of harlot? I still had *some* pride left, and that was important to me, even if she didn't care.

Although... I took a quick gander at that magnificent member bulging out alongside Tom's thigh before I looked away. She *had* already caught me working it. What was the harm in... a little more?

My fingers were rotating my nose stud, while I debated back and forth. My little lady downstairs was more than ready to throw caution to the wind, that was certain. *She* didn't seem to mind that Kandy was present at all. I was breathing hard, and a strange warmth was spreading in me at the thought of this unsophisticated woman watching me...

Do what, exactly? What were we proposing here? I wasn't certain, and that unknown both frightened and excited me.

"Kitten, she's right," Tom weighed in, while my internal discussion stretched on, "just do what you want." They seemed to have forgotten their game and was giving me their full attention, and I wasn't keen on that.

'What I want'. Like I was some kind of hussy that couldn't keep my hands off of him. I absolutely refused to entertain the notion that that was what had just happened. It was different. I thought I was unobserved.

"Take it out, kitten. You know you want to..." he told me, his voice soft and persuading. He was right, I did want that. I did. But what would *she* think? Swallowing nervously, I reached out and clumsily opened Tom's pants. Once the way was clear, I reached inside and drew out that strong, hard tool I was here for.

"Still looking good," Kandy remarked dryly, while my hands reverently closed around its full size. With slow, loving movements, I stroked this magnificent beast, and Tom sat back in the couch with a satisfied grunt, his attention returning to the screen. That bitch better stop eyeing my man's cock. She tried to hide her interest, but I was too perceptive for her and saw right through her seemingly aloof attitude. She was *gagging* for it. But what else would you expect from a bimbo named Kandy?

"Aw, come on!" Tom said when he took in the score or positioning or whatever else that might upset him, but I didn't care. I had his cock in my hands again, and even if Kandy's amused, blue eyes stayed on it and me, this was still what I wanted.

Slowly, I ran my hands up and down it, loving the warmth of it, the strength, the soft skin over its hardness. It was becoming increasingly difficult to pay attention to anything except the pulsating one-eyed snake in my hands... and the ever growing need between my legs. I was breathing hard, trying to control myself but it wasn't easy. His musky scent filled my nose and made me salivate, and I wanted it so much.

"Is that really all you do? A handjob? Is that all she does?" Kandy's grating voice broke my reverie, and I shot her an angry glare.

"It's all I do when nosy women are staring at me," I snapped back at her. By gosh, she was infuriating!

"Oh, she's shy! That's so adorable," she grinned at Tom.

"Who, Jia?" Tom grunted, "nah, she's not shy. She once blew me in her car. And at her work, the library."

I blushed at the memories - the car-thing had been when I'd just gotten my first tattoo and hadn't been in the mood for much of anything. Tom had still convinced me to suck him off and swallow his load though. And then again at the library just last month.

I shot her a triumphant look. Tom was the ultimate judge of these kinds of things, and if he said I wasn't shy, what could this aggravating woman really say?

"Oh. Then why isn't she blowing you right now?" she turned her measuring eyes on me, "don't you want Tom's cock in your mouth?"

Of course I wanted that! And I would be sucking on it right now, if she wasn't here! How could this frustrating creature not see that!? It was *her fault*!

"Yeah, kitten. How come you aren't blowing me right now?" Tom echoed her, "don't you want it anymore?"

That made me pause. Did he mean that he wanted me to...? With that insufferable twit right here?

"I... I'm..." I frowned, trying to gather myself. But all I felt was this overwhelming need. Need to serve, need to feel him in my mouth, need to *cum*. I looked hard and long at his cock, forcing myself to ignore the silly woman beside him. It looked so good! Hard and long and with little pearls of milky pre-cum leaking from the tip. I could just swirl my tongue around it and gather it all up.

Without looking at either of them - and hoping profoundly that they were busy with their stupid game - I lowered my face. My lips made contact with the head, and I kissed it long and sincerely, and the faint taste of salt coated my tongue as more pre-cum ran out of him and into my willing mouth. I opened up and slowly slid the fat cock between my lips, doing my best to ignore the fact that a complete stranger was watching me do so.

"Mhmmm..." I hummed, satisfaction filling me as his cock did the same.

"Yeah, no, you were right," the little ditz remarked in a highly amused voice, "definitely not shy."

My cheeks burnt from embarrassment, but I ignored her - I had what I wanted now,

and she didn't. She could just sit and watch her nonsensical game, while I had the strongest, most handsome cock in the world between my lips. My tongue played with his sensitive head, and I heard him groan as I bobbed my head up and down the thick shaft.

"Can she take it all?" she wondered, and a flash of anger went through me at being discussed like that. I was right here! Don't talk about me like I can't understand what you're saying!

I was about to pull off and give her a piece of my mind, when I felt Tom's strong hand on the top of my head, pushing me downward. Reluctantly, I ignored her and focused on my task - it was more important anyway, to bring pleasure to Daddy than to tell off a woman named *Kandy*.

"She can," Tom told her, "but it takes some work... and half the times she throws up!" The last was said with a laughter and the imbecile woman joined in, laughing at me. I was burning with embarrassment, but I was also so, so, so turned on. Oh my, I wanted him to touch me, I didn't even care that the annoying bitch was in the room. It was because of the cock in my mouth, of course. Her watching me and even laughing at me was not arousing in the slightest. Not in the *slightest*!

I forced more and more cock into my mouth, wanting to prove myself an effective cock-sucker, and I loved the small, aroused grunts I got from Tom.

"Finally, there's my boy Randolph. He's gonna go far, trust me," she said, a palpable excitement in her voice. She spoke loud, perhaps to drown out the sound of me sucking on Tom's wonderful pogo-stick.

"What's his average?" Tom grunted, his fingers playing with my hair while his attention was apparently on the screen.

"I don't know," she replied with contempt in her voice, like she'd ever stoop to the level of learning numbers. That checked out with what I knew about her.

"He's a ball-hitting machine, that's all I care about," she continued, "now. Look..."

"He missed," Tom remarked, voice dry, and then he casually pressed down on me. I got the message and started deep-throating him, taking him as deep as I could. The pain was well worth his pleased grunt as his fat cock-head slipped into the small of my throat.

"Give him a chance," the woman hissed back, "you just focus on your little slut there, Randolph will focus on hitting the balls. Speaking of, why aren't you playing with his balls with your other hand? He really likes that..."

Oh, so now she was giving me advice!? I struggled against Tom to get off him and tell this little harlot exactly what I thought of her, but he held me down, and I grudgingly

let it slide... and carefully took his balls in my free hand, playing with the soft, heavy set.

"There we go, good girl," Kandy said, and I hated her. Who was she to-  
"And there we fucking GO!" she exclaimed, triumph in her voice, "I told you he would! Home-home-hooome ruuun!"

She clapped her hands as she sang her triumph, and Tom gathered a good chunk of my hair in his hands. Then he used it to hammer himself up into my defenseless mouth, fucking my face hard and fast. I gagged, I cried, I drooled as he took his frustration out on me, but I didn't resist. What would be the point? I just did my best to make it enjoyable for him, until he finally let me go. I pulled off of him, breathing hard, lines of drool connecting my mouth and his cock. Tears were streaking down my cheeks and I quickly wiped my face. A large glob of thick spit was stuck in my mouth, and as much as I wanted to spit it out, I forced myself to swallow it.

"Wow, girl," Kandy said, looking at my ruined face with something like admiration in her blue eyes, "you really know how to take a cock, don't you?" It sounded like a compliment, so I forced a smile on my lips and took another mouthful of air. I had no doubt that I wasn't just prettier than this foolish woman, I was also a better lay.

"Fuck, yeah, Jia's a real cock-hound. No holes barred for this slut," Tom boasted and put a hand on my neck, pushing me down towards his cock again. His praise felt good - it's always nice to have your hard work acknowledged - and I allowed myself to be led down towards that wondrous piece of meat again.

"No doubt," Kandy remarked, as my lips closed around the head of Tom's cock again. I took it slower though, focusing on just the head, and the two turned their attention back to the game.

I pleased him, they discussed the game, and I wondered if anyone would notice if I snuck a hand down between my thighs. And did it matter if they noticed? I was just so wildly aroused! I needed some relief...

But they'd see. It'd be too humiliating. Wouldn't it?

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David

I arrived home to my dark house in a darker mood. Jia wasn't home, and I found it frustrating how often she was away.

The greasy pizza had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now I felt disgusted with myself for stuffing my face with all that fat. Why was I working out three times a week now? And watching my calories? Just to feast on fast food?

I found my phone and pondered if I should text Alice. Things had been weird

between us since I found out she was dating some guy. It was fine, of course, she was free to date whomever she liked. It wasn't like I was on the market or anything, but even so, I didn't like it.

Some might think I was jealous, but of what? I wasn't in love with Alice, that was crazy. Sure, she was extremely pretty. And fun to hang out with - she was so funny! And I loved playing video games with her. And her laughter was just the most heavenly sound, pearly and contagious. And the way her soft, silken hair fell down-

Anyway, I loved Jia, so that was that. Maybe I was feeling odd because I wanted to continue playing Baldur's Gate with Alice? That made sense. I really wanted to know how it ended, and I didn't feel like starting over from scratch alone, because... I just didn't.

At the same time though, I didn't want to impose myself on her. She was probably busy with her new beau and had better things to do than to waste her time with her boss.

Well, what's a cuck to spend his night on when his wife is out with her lover? With my phone in hand, I sat down on the couch, unzipped my pants and started a video of my beautiful, raven-haired wife swallowing an impossible large cock while staring up at the camera... at me.

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Jia

I was so randy! I *needed* relief, and I was ready to throw cation to the wind. I finally eyed my chance when they made another of their childish bets - and therefore were occupied with the screen. Unseen, I took my hand off his balls and snuck it down between my legs. My small moan of desire and relief was hidden by the fat cock in my mouth, and hopefully they were none the wiser.

Oh, but it was just what I needed. Ooooh... yes... My fingers found my clitoris that was more than ready, eager little thing that it was. Flashes of pleasure rushed through me, and I couldn't keep a louder moan at bay, though I was still certain the flesh in my mouth silenced it.

"Hah, told you!" Tom barked, and the strange woman made a very unladylike sound, "only five bucks now."

"Yeah, yeah," she dismissed him, "won't be so cocky when your precious yankees bite the grass. We're still in the lead, we've still got this. By the way, your slut is rubbing herself like a bitch in heat."

My eyes widened in shock - did she see *everything*? - and quickly pulled my hand out from under me. Damn, damn, damn! How embarrassing! I could just *die*... and I'd

been so close too! Couldn't she have watched the damn screen for just a couple more minutes!?

I tried to withdraw from his massive cock too - it's quite the challenge to argue your innocence when your mouth is filled to bursting point - but once again, Tom put his hand on my head to force me to stay put. Without much other choice, I returned to sucking his cock, thoroughly humbled by my actions... and these two who took obvious pleasure in my discomfort.

"She'll do that," he explained, "never met anyone who gets off on sucking cock as much as this little chink."

His words mortified me to my core. Now I was just a chink who got sexually aroused by performing oral sex and had no self-control. I had completely humiliated myself before a woman named *Kandy*. How would this make me look in her eyes? Dear Lord, why didn't I have any restraint? She was leaving soon, I could have just waited! I shouldn't even have touched him. Then I wouldn't be in this mess; I wouldn't have been tempted to touch myself.

Also, why did he have to use *that* word in front of this woman? Couldn't he let me have *some* dignity?

Not that it mattered what she thought of me, of course it didn't. Why would I care? I'd never see her again, let the cow think what she wanted... Even if what she thought was absolutely horrible.

"You can't use that word, Tom," the woman chided him, "it's offensive."

Oh God, the silly woman was even standing up for me and my race, while I was just laying here with the condescending asshole's big, fat cock still stuck in my mouth. How low could I sink? Was I now supposed to be grateful to her?

"Ah, don't get your panties in a twist. The little slut likes it," I heard Tom explain, and once again the humiliation rushed through me, making my cheeks flush and my stomach churn. It wasn't true though, I didn't like it! Not... not really. I couldn't help that my body got all hot and bothered when he degraded me this way, could I? Not knowing what else to do, I focused on his cock and the delightful way it stretched my mouth and hid my shame and embarrassment.

"Whatever," the woman said, but I could feel her eyes on me, watching me... judging me. I just knew she was wondering what kind of a woman would like that kind of humiliation - like I was betraying some kind of sisterhood.

For a good long while, no-one said anything, and the only sound in the room was chatter from the TV about this and that player... and of course my slurping mouth as I buried my intense shame in sexual service to the man who caused it. Every now and then he'd mutter something arousing like "that's my good kitten" or "yeah, take that

cock” and “you just love my cock, don’t you?”

Naturally, I could only agree with that last statement and nodded, still with my lips wrapped around his mighty tool. When I finally dared glance up at the other woman, she was completely engrossed in the game and no longer watching me. Which was good. Of course it was. I certainly didn’t like debasing myself in front of her, that was just embarrassing. Now I could focus on pleasuring my man without worrying about her curious, judgemental eyes on me.

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David

“Yeah, suck that cock, Jia,” I muttered as I watched my beloved wife devour the monster in her mouth. Tom agreed with me, and said something alike, only he called her kitten.

I didn’t like that. I didn’t like that he had a special petname for her, didn’t like how that seemed to make them closer.

At least I was her nae sarang.

*Even if he’s her Daddy.*

My dick loooved it though. It loved that she only sucked him and not me, and it loved that wanton look in her eyes as she sucked him too.

Mostly I just felt empty. Like, I’d seen this video so many times by now, and she hadn’t made a new one for me in ages. More and more, I felt like an afterthought in this cuckold-relationship. Of course, I enjoyed going down on her, I’d even come to find the sexiness in eating his creampie... but when it came to sex, Jia seemed bored and unenthusiastic, like she was going through the motions. I hated that feeling, but I didn’t know what to do about it.

For the hundredth time, I pondered if maybe it was time to call it quits. But as usual my hard dick objected, and I looked at the screen again, where Jia was taking a break, breathing hard with tears streaming down her cheeks. Fuck, she looked good like that. I wish I could see it in real life.

[Hey wanna play?] came a message suddenly, making me forget my wife’s debauchery. It was from Alice!

And she wanted to play with me? Wasn’t she busy with her new guy?

[Sure] I texted back. Because of course I wanted to play with her. She was just what I needed to get out of my dark mindset, so I packed my junk away and booted up the PS5.

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Jia

"Seventh inning stretch, and your precious yankees are losing," that woman said and stretched, a clear air of triumph about her.

"We'll get there," Tom grumbled. I pulled myself off of him, not knowing what was really going on and sat up on my knees. Seventh inning stretch? David had mentioned that once or twice... that was like half-time, right?

"Oh well, might as well have some fun while we wait," he grinned and got up. Both that other woman and I followed his magnificent tool hanging out of his open pants with our eyes. It was so strong and powerful, coming out of his fly and curling upwards along his large stomach, and though I'd had it in my mouth just a few seconds ago, I longed for it again. So did Kandy evidently, as she eyed it too. Bitch probably thought she could steal Tom away just because she knew that stupid sport. Like Tom cared. Who had sucked him? Who had showed how much they loved that cock, huh? Not *her*.

And it wasn't her that he stopped at, and it wasn't her ass he was pawing now... oh. "Tom... what are you...?"

"I said I wanted some fun, didn't I?" he remarked and pushed me down on all fours. It was clear what he wanted, he wanted to mount me, to fuck me right here and now. Oh dear Heaven, how I wanted that! I *needed* that cock in me. I needed him to make me forget everything but that big, fat cock. To turn me into his 'cock-drunk slut' that just came and came while he took me. Oh, I wanted it...

But no. This was too much. We had to wait until that... Kandy-woman left. I couldn't just abandon ALL principles because he wanted some half-time fun. A girl gotta have some standards.

Even if... I had just sucked him off in front of her. But two wrongs don't make a right, and this was too far.

"Tom, we've got company," I reminded him and moved away. Not a long way, mind you, but enough to let him know I wasn't interested.

Which was a lie, of course. I was *way* too interested, as he realised when his hand moved up under my short skirt, past my tiny panties and into my wet, wet tunnel. Unsurprisingly, I was drenched. Flooded. Overflowing. But come on, stick a cock like Tom's in my mouth, how was I to *not* get wet?

"Tooom," I whined and undulated my hips, trying to stop him, as he pushed his finger up into me, "please..."

"It seems she doesn't want to," Kandy remarked with amusement in her voice. Like I

was some kind of spectacle, “or does the lady protest too much?”

“Nooo...” I gasped, not too far out of it to wonder how a bimbo like Kandy knew Shakespeare. Oh, she’d probably seen it in a sit-com or an internet-meme. Probably didn’t even know where it was from.

I wanted to stop him, of course I did. I wasn’t some common whore to be used for entertainment while the house-guest watched, not at all. I wanted to move away, to show him I meant it.

But my body refused to obey. I tried to crawl away, to move myself out of his way, to close my legs, but as he slowly positioned himself behind me, nothing happened. I tried to object again, to tell him to leave me alone, but my panting breath was the only sound in the room. Tom calmly lined himself up behind me and rubbed his fat, bulbous cockhead against my nether-parts. Against my drenching wet pussy. Any minute now, he would work his way into me and turn my world into an orgasmic bliss, and I braced myself. I was so ready. He could have me. I was his. He just had to take me.

But he didn’t?

A needy, whiny sound grew out of my throat when he didn’t plunge into me, but stayed on the outside, teasing me. His mighty weapon slid along my wet labias, slightly touching my clitoris every now and then... but it was far from enough! Why didn’t he take me? What more did he want? I’d stayed put, hadn’t I? I’d shown how ready I was, hadn’t I? I was a feast laid out in front of him and he stood there with his fork and plate and refused to eat! What was *wrong* with him?

How long were the three of us frozen like that? Tom with his cock *almost* inside my dripping wet pussy, me on my knees desperately waiting for him to do it, and that other woman looking on with an amused expression. Time lost meaning in my lust-hazed mind, so it was hard to say, but it was *too long*!

“Toooom...” I finally whined. Like, were we doing this or what? - or rather, why weren’t we doing this yet?

“Yes, kitten?” the absolute bastard answered, like I was about to ask him to hand me the remote-control. Why was he so infuriatingly impassive? He usually didn’t have a problem with taking what he wanted... what we both wanted.

“Why... why don’t you...?” The words got stuck in mouth, wouldn’t get past my lips. It’s no easy thing wondering why your Daddy isn’t fucking you, when a curious, strange woman looks on.

“I thought you didn’t want to fuck though?” he asked in that infinitely smug voice of his, and I heard that absolute cow of a woman giggle at my predicament. What kind of deranged person would find this situation funny?

"I... I didn't... I'm..." I stammered, trying come to up with a clever answer that gave me what I wanted - and drawing a blank. Presumably because I didn't know *what* I wanted! Instead I wiggled my butt invitingly, hoping he'd make the decision for me.

"Oh no, it's clear she doesn't want to fuck," that woman, that absolute bimbo interjected, amusement clear in her voice.

"Stay out of it, you..." I snarled at her, only just holding my tongue from calling her a bitch. I'd always prided myself on my civility, but this witch was flaying my nerves. I gave her a threatening glare, warning her to stay out of this.

"Oooh, kitten got claws, does she?" she mocked me, and smiled at me, "or maybe she just think she does?" She held my eyes for a moment, before I looked down, awfully confused. She wasn't stronger than me, that was ridiculous - I was just off balance right now. Because of Tom, because of her teasing.

"Bitch," I muttered under my breath, but she didn't hear me. More's the pity.

"I think," Tom interrupted our little back and forth and thrust his big cock forward - only not *inside*, it ran alongside my pussy and up towards my stomach, "that you really *want* to get fucked, don't you, kitten?" His cruel ministrations made me whimper and I humped his hard shaft, trying to get some sort of friction but it was not enough.

"Yesss..." I admitted, and hid my face in the couch, "yes, please..."

"Yes, please... who?" he grunted and pulled his cock back. It was right at my dripping wet entrance now. All he had to do was put it inside and he'd take me to Heaven. But he wanted that last indignity from me. To call him Daddy in front of his cow of a friend. I... really didn't want that. Not in front of... Kandy.

Not saying anything, I reached between my legs and tried to position that wonderful piece of meat so I could fuck myself on it - I hoped we could solve it that way. Was a little mercy really too much to ask for?

But he slapped my hand away, so apparently it was. I gave another whine, but I knew my Daddy, he wasn't one to change his mind once it was made up. I knew that, but I'd had to try.

"Da-daddy..." I wailed, surrendering the last of my dignity, "please... please fuck me..."

And then he finally, *finally* did. A rough, animalistic moan escaped my lips as he split my pussy open. Slowly, inescapably his cock worked its way into me, and the usual intoxicating mix of pain and deep, deep pleasure overwhelmed me. It was just what I needed, and I pressed myself back against him, taking him deeper and deeper.

"Oh Daddy..." I gasped, and he grabbed my hips to fuck me for real.

"She seems to like it, huh?" that silly woman remarked, but I barely heard her. She didn't matter, she was inconsequential, Daddy's cock filled my world, and I couldn't care about anything else.

The sounds of Daddy's rough breathing, my gradually louder moans and the sounds of his thighs slapping against my ass filled the room, and less loud the amused chuckles of a stupid wench, a pair of sports-commentators discussing the match and the wet squelches of my wet pussy getting penetrated again and again. It was amazing, it was wonderful, it was...

"Ah! Ah! AH! AHH! Daddy... DADDY!!" I gasped when the first explosion of the night rushed through me. It came suddenly, crashing through me and making me spasm and cry and gasp in pleasure. Fuck, it was JUST what the doctor ordered!

"Haha, wow!" Kandy the cunt laughed, "*she sure likes it!*" She was laughing at me, at *me*, but right now I was too preoccupied to put her in her place. I was too busy riding that wondrous high and wallowing in euphoria to care about that jealous hag. The world had narrowed down to that single feeling of pleasure, crashing over me. It was nothing but pure, primal bliss, the same a cavewoman would have felt twenty thousand years ago when she submitted to her big, strong hunter. And my caveman wasn't done, far from it, and he kept pushing himself into me, keeping my body at boiling point.

"Ah... ah... ah..." I moaned instead everytime that big monster bottomed out inside me.

"Oh hey, the game's starting up again," the cow said and looked up at Daddy, "you done soon?"

"I can... watch the game... and have my fun... at the same time," he grunted and kept thrusting into me.

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David

"Aw, son of a bitch! How did that attack miss!? That's bullshit!" Alice's unhappy voice came out of my headset, and I had to swallow a grin.

"Yeah, tough luck. Anyway, I'm gonna fireball the ones on the left," I told her and watched as I set fire to five enemies in the aptly named House of Grief - damn it was a good spell!

"Goddamn Viconia. I should have let them burn you in Athkatla," I muttered.

"What?" Alice wanted to know as the big, bad drow priestess did considerable damage to Jaheria, our druid-tank.

"That drow. She's from the first two games. I saved her in BG2," I explained, feeling awfully nostalgic.

"God, you're a nerd," she mocked me, "ouch!" Her character took damage from one of the other clerics and she swore loudly at him.

"Takes one to know one," I shot back at her and then finally gathered the courage to ask, "your eh... new guy? You gonna play with him too?"

"I'm taking out this guy, and if I miss again, I'm gonna..." she mumbled, then apparently heard what I said, "Hmm? Justin? Nah, I don't think so."

"Oh? Not a gamer?" I asked, as inconspicuous as I could. Didn't want her to think I was interrogating her about her... what? Boyfriend? Date? What?

"Doubt it'll last," she explained and I could practically hear her shrug, "don't wanna start up something if it just gonna fizzle out you know?"  
That made my heart swell with joy. She was already planning to end it with that guy?

"Sounds fair," I said quickly, so she didn't get suspicious of anything - not that there was anything to be suspicious of, "he wasn't good enough for you anyway."

"Good enough for me?" she asked, and there was something in her voice, something I couldn't quite place.

"Yeah, you're the best, so you deserve the best," I told her honestly. It was easier to say these things when I couldn't see her.

She didn't reply for a good, long while. Then she said: "Yeah, but he's married."

And there wasn't that teasing quality to her voice, no laughter bubbling up underneath, no shared joke to be had. She wasn't serious, was she? Did she mean that...? I'd had a suspicion that she'd been hung up on a guy, but... surely, it couldn't be me? Surely not!

"Alice... I..."

"You know what, I don't feel like playing anymore tonight. Can you handle the save?" she said abruptly. Had she overshared? Had she hoped for a different reply? I'd barely given a reply!

"I... yes, of course, I'll just-"

"Thanks, David," she said and hung up on me and logged off the game. And I sat back, alone and confused.

---

Jia

"Uh! Uh! UH!" I moaned into the pillow that cowered my mouth. Apparently, Kandy couldn't focus on the game because I was too noisy, so she'd given it to me to muffle me. What a killjoy shrew.

Daddy didn't care though, he just kept going and going. Once more, he was taking me on the path that lead to orgasm-city, a place I simply adored and loved to visit... again and again. It didn't matter that that woman made me quell my loud moans with a pillow, it didn't matter that she was still in the room when she shouldn't be. I just wanted my Daddy's cock.

"And that's GAME!" the annoying woman suddenly shrilled, jumping up and throwing her arms in the air, "fuck yeah! Your precious yankees lose three to five." Tom stopped. Stopped fucking me that is.

"No..." I groaned and pushed against him, trying to restart him. I looked back at him, but his attention was on the screen. Oh for Heaven's sake! What did it matter who won or lost a stupid ballgame? I was *right here, getting fucked!*

"We lost?" he grumbled, his voice filled with displeasure, and he pulled his wondrous cock out of me, leaving me empty, desperate and stupidly humping the air. What was he doing? We were going to orgasm-city! Weren't we?

He stood up, his pants around his thighs and stared at the screen, making unhappy sounds.

"Oh yes," the harpy cackled, "sorry about that." She tilted her head and blinked at him, her wide smile clearly betraying her words.

"Fuck... there goes the title..." he said in a sullen voice.

"Eh, like you had a shot anyway," she dismissed him. Then her eyes moved to me, and they glittered dangerously. I was still on my knees and elbows, hoping Tom would come to his senses and stick his cock back into me - where it belonged.

The look in her eyes make me uneasy, and when she moved towards me, I backed up, crawling away from her, like a frightened mouse backing away from a stalking cat. It was instinctual! It wasn't that I was scared of her, of course not that would be ridiculous. I just... wanted to be further away from her.

She followed me, and I had just enough pride left to not get off the couch and flee

from her completely. I stayed put, backed up against the armrest and watched her wearily.

"See, Tom and I had a bet," she told me, in a quiet voice and nodded towards the TV. My eyes flickered to the screen where a bunch of men in blue uniforms were hugging and dancing, and then back to her again.

"A bet?" I asked. Why would I care about their stupid bets. From what I'd heard, Tom owe her ten dollars - granted, I'd stopped paying attention once I helped his monster escape the confines of his pants.

"Yes, a bet," she repeated, talking as if I was a little slow, "I bet him that his precious yankees were gonna lose. As they did." Her eyes never left mine, and there was something very troubling about it all. Why was she telling me about their wager - what did I care? She still stared into my eyes, and suddenly an unbidden image of a snake trying to hypnotise its prey entered my mind. Why couldn't I stop thinking about this woman as a predator?

Or of myself as prey.

"And," I said and swallowed nervously, "wh-what were the stakes?" I had a bad feeling in my stomach and would rather not hear the answer, but still I had to know.

"You," she said evenly and pressed her lips softly against mine. It wasn't really a kiss, more a... meeting of lips, so feathery and fleeting that it felt like nothing at all.

As her meaning sunk in, my eyes widened, and I turned from her and looked at Tom. He gave me a foolish smile and shrugged, as if he was innocent in it all. As if he hadn't bet me on a fucking game of baseball.

"What... what does that mean?" I asked, my breath coming fast. "Me? Me what?" That was not a normal thing to bet. In fact, it was the opposite of normal - what was going on here? What was Tom thinking?

"I think you know what it means," she whispered, her breath hot on my face. She smelled of peppermint and promises of debauchery. Why was she so close? How was I supposed to *think*, when she was all up in my face?

"I..." I tried, "I'm... not gay." It came out weak and feeble, even to me, and she smiled that predatory smile of hers. Before I had time to insist on my straightness, her lips pressed against mine again. I froze, like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck - I couldn't move, couldn't resist. All I could feel was her warm, soft lips against mine. It felt so different from both the men in my life - not aggressively demanding and scratchy like Tom or loving and eager like David. More... gentle, teasing... feminine.

"I'm not gay either," she whispered into my mouth, "but that doesn't mean I can't

appreciate a pretty little thing like you. Or enjoy her..."

I didn't have to stay. I could just get up and leave, I was not Tom's prisoner or possession, I was not something he could win or lose, I didn't owe him anything. If I wanted, I could be out the door and down the stairs and in my car in five minutes. Or I could at least get off the couch and insist I didn't... kiss women - or did anything else with them. So why did I stay? Why did I let her kiss me?

*Was I gay?*

Her tongue licked the length of my lips, prodding at them, trying to get me to open up. But I didn't want that. I didn't. I didn't...

Then why did I open up for her? Why did I suddenly have this strange woman's tongue in my mouth? Just the tip, but even so. It was all so confusing, I needed a time-out, I needed to *think*!

"Good girl," she told me, and before I had time to react, she was kissing me again. I didn't want to be her good girl! Did I? No. That rush of warmth was... that was just a residue from Tom's hard fucking. It had to be. If only he'd made me orgasm again! How's a girl to think when she's *this* turned on?

"You're so beautiful," she said and ran a hand through my hair. It felt... good. Odd but good. Not that I wanted her hand in my hair, but I didn't hate it. And I didn't hate that she kissed me again, or that she used her hand in my hair to press me against her lips. I willingly opened my mouth for her tongue, and I even touched hers with my own. She wasn't kissing me anymore.

We were kissing each other.

Wait, wait, wait! No, this wasn't right.

I pulled back, even though she tried to restrain me, to hold me back. I scooted further back, pressing myself against the armrest.

"I'm really not..." I tried but the words froze in my mouth, as she straightened up on her knees and slowly followed me, towering over me. I looked up at her, and the sight of the dominating lady coming closer made my pussy tingle in the most interesting way. No, *not* interesting - disturbing! The most *disturbing* way! I wasn't gay, I wasn't. I wasn't...

"Shh... don't worry about it," she shushed me and tenderly took my face in her hands.

"But... I'm..." whatever I was going to say got interrupted when she kissed me again. And there was no more couch, no more places to retreat to, so I had to stay put and be kissed... and kiss her back. I even let my tongue explore her mouth, and she

teasingly sucked on it, making me feel very strange. Like, it was sexy, right? But she was a girl, a woman, so it shouldn't feel like that! Not that I subscribed to mother's idea that homosexuality is wrong, it just wasn't for me.

It got stranger still, when one of her hands slid down my body and cupped my breast through my thin top. Butterflies flapped their tiny, but excited wings all through my body, and my breath caught in my throat. I tried to formulate some sort of response, when she spoke again.

"You're a very sexy girl, Jia," she murmured into my mouth, and I tried to determine if I should reply - or possibly run away. In the end, I didn't even move, I was frozen with inaction. Her hand felt uncomfortably good, and when she pinched my nipple it quickly hardened, and I made a whiny moaning-sound into the kiss.

"Goddamn, I love watching two bitches make out," Tom, that brute, laughed, a lewd sort of laughter, and I pulled back from her sweet lips, all confused. My eyes darted from her to Tom, who was standing in the middle of his living-room, one hand slowly stroking his mammoth cock, the other holding a can of beer and a vulgar grin on his face.

"Can it, pervert," Kandy quickly snarled at him, before turning back to me, "forget about him," she said in a low, purring tone, "just focus on... this..." her lips met mine again, and I loved how soft, how sweet they were.

I did just as she asked, forgot about our audience... or I ignored him, at least. Somewhere deep inside me, a perverted part of me knew he was watching, knew... and enjoyed that knowledge. But for the most part, I focused on what was right in front of me - that other woman, my first lesbian kiss. Was she going to touch my breast again? It was so wrong! So dirty... so naughty...

I tried to stay silent, but the moan broke from my lips with her fingers closed around my nipple, and the naughty feeling intensified. The forbidden connection between us felt electric, and even though I was being pressured into this I still wanted more.

"Get this off," she demanded and tugged at my top. I hesitated only for a second before I grabbed it and pulled it over my head and my bra followed quickly, letting my breasts out into the open.

"Niiice," Kandy breathed and gently touched them, playing with my nipples - she'd already made them hard as little rocks. As she cupped my full-sized breasts, I cast a quick look at her smaller chest and did my best to hide a smirk. There was no doubt whose set of boobs Tom would prefer. Not that she was carrying around bee-stings or anything, but there really was no comparison.

All thoughts of her smaller boobies left my head, however, when she closed her soft lips around my nipple and sucked it into her mouth. Oh, it felt good - so different from both David's eager reverence and Tom's possessive dominance. She was light

and teasing, using her teeth and tongue in equal measure, and she shifted from one to the other with passing intervals. Mhm, she could play with my nipples all night long...

"You're a sexy, little bitch, aren't you, Jia?" she whispered in my ear, while pinching both nipples between her sharp nails.

"Uh-huh," I agreed, barely managing to keep a moan in check. A wicked smile appeared on her lips, but before I could decipher it, her lips were back on my nipple, and I forgot about everything else.

---

David

I felt numb. I had no idea what to do about any of the women in my life. Not that Alice was a woman in my life, not really.

I paced the house as my mind whirled. Alice wasn't my girlfriend, not by a long shot. She wasn't just a friend either that's for sure. That surge of happiness I'd felt when she revealed she didn't have high hopes for that new relationship was definitely not friendly.

Naturally, I felt *something* for her, we'd worked together for years, and she was so much fun to be around. Cute and beautiful, sexy and sophisticated, the whole package in other words. And that night we'd shared in Florida had been magical. But that didn't matter! I was married to Jia, I loved Jia. From now until the end of time, as that song went. Alice was fun and sweet and sexy. Jia was... was... well my wife. I loved her. I always would.

Even if she preferred to be with someone else.

No, that was unfair. I'd asked her to be with him, I argued with myself as I poured a glass of wine. Even though it was only Wednesday, I needed one. Hopefully, it could ease the twisted knot in my stomach.

"I didn't ask her to visit him," I counter-argued, "and I certainly didn't ask her to mark her pussy or to cut me off..."

Taking a good, hard look at my life... was I happy? The whole hotwife-thing was hot, but did it make me happy? We had a ton of sex, of course - or what counted for sex for me these days, but was I happy? Did it make me happy to be degraded and humiliated on a daily basis?

Yeah, her saving her mouth for him had been hot. And there was a certain sexual allure of him having sole-access to her pussy, but at what cost? It felt like we were drifting apart, and I had no doubt that Tom and her relationship with him were to

blame.

What did I actually want? I should probably try to answer that question...

---

Jia

My pussy was on fire. I was panting with need, as I was eagerly humping the small hand that was stroking my clitoris and occasionally slipping a couple of fingers up into me.

Kandy's lips were locked around my nipple, biting and teasing it, while she was playing me so expertly. That woman seemed to know my body better than myself, and she used that knowledge to keep me riight on the edge. Whenever I tried to increase the friction or hump myself against her fingers, she would withdraw, her teasing frustrating me to no end!

"Please..." I begged, but she just grinned and bit my nipple.

"I need to... I'm so close..." I moaned. Why wouldn't she let me orgasm? Why was she so mean? Couldn't she see I was in need?!

"You want to cum, little girl?" she asked, her eyes glittering with mischief. I nodded anxiously, all thoughts of dignity long gone. My body was burning up, nothing mattered but the overwhelming need between my legs.

"You gotta do something for me first, though," she said, her tone low and seductive.

"Anything," I declared immediately, not even considering what she might demand in exchange - it was impossible to see past the here and now and the ever-growing fire inside me.

"*Anything*, little girl?" she asked, and raised herself back up on her knees. Her hand slipped out of my needy pussy, and she cupped my face in her hands, kissing me tenderly.

"Anything," I repeated, still having no idea what price I'd have to pay, and still not caring. Whatever it was, it couldn't be worse than being kept in purgatory by her masterful fingers.

Obviously, that was the answer she wanted, because a predatory smile spread across her lips, and her eyes gleamed victoriously. She kissed me again, harder this time, more demanding, and slipped her tongue into my mouth - just for an instant, before she broke the kiss. While staring deep into my eyes, she scooted backwards, just a little, and sat down on her butt, right in front of me. Still maintaining eye-contact, she slowly spread her long, strong legs, her long skirt riding up. Still with slow,

leisurely and controlled movements, she hiked her skirt up further, and I had the distinct feeling she was putting on a show for me. I had no idea why though, or how I was supposed to feel, but I stared enraptured as she pulled the garment up. Up past her knees, up her thighs, up until a pair of white, silken panties came into view.

"Take them off me," she said in that enticing voice, while she let her fingers run across the hem of her panties.

She wanted me to take her panties off... because she wanted me to...

Oh...

But I wasn't gay! I wasn't. I had no interest in girls - making out with this woman was just... just...

Well, I wasn't gay.

And yet...

For some reason my hands were reaching out, my fingers hooking the waistband of her smooth panties. Never having made the conscious decision to, I slowly pulled them down, while she raised her butt to allow it. I kept my gaze low, but I could feel her eyes on me, could feel the amusement, the triumph, the-

What was that?! WHAT WAS THAT?!

There, on her vulva, above her pussy! It was a tattoo, a tattoo I knew all too well, because of how many times I'd seen it in the mirror. The face of Tom the cat, with the same smug smile, the same arrogant look in his eyes. It was less sharp than my own, the colours faded with the years, but it was obviously the same image. What the hell was going on? Why did she have that tattoo?

My eyes flew from the cat to her and on to Tom who sat on a chair, still playing with his oversized dong.

"What... when... I... why...?" I tried to say too many things at once, and nothing coherent came out. What was this? Was that asshole just going around marking women? Was he trying to start a cult? Was he building a harem? The indignation made me sputter.

Not that I was jealous of her, of course, that was ludicrous. I'd never wanted the tattoo, and I'd never put any value on it. It certainly hadn't ever made me feel special that Tom had chosen me to wear his symbol. That he had wanted me enough to claim me, to try and steal me from my husband.

"Oh that?" the woman shrugged, "just an old joke from when we were young." She spoke in a bored voice, as if she didn't care, as if she wasn't honoured to wear Tom's

mark. Which neither of us were, obviously.

"Joke?" I wondered, forcing my voice to remain calm, "you got a tattoo as a... joke?"

"Just a bit of silliness. Tom thought his cock was good enough to 'claim' me," she made air quotations around the word and giggled, like it was ridiculous. And of course it was, he couldn't claim a woman's pussy, what a silly notion. That's not how the world worked.

"Hahaha," I forced a laugh and looked at Tom who just smiled an overbearing smile at his friend.

"Spencer's work, I take it?" I asked, working hard to keep my voice under control, though it might have slipped a little.

"Yeah, yeah," she leant forward and studied the artwork, "he got the nose a little big, but it's still really good... especially considering he was still in high-school." Under closer scrutiny, I saw that she was right - the nose was somewhat out of proportion, something that was not true for my own. But then, 20 years of practise should give some skill. How many times... on how many girls had he painted this image?

"How... how many others have this tattoo...?" I asked, trying for a casual tone, but without looking at him.

"Why, you jealous, kitten?" Tom's barky voice asked.

"Of course not!" I snapped, "I'm... just... curious." Jealous? Really, that was what he thought? How preposterous.

"Hmm. Don't worry, the two of you are the only ones," he laughed and brazenly met my eyes. I couldn't read him though - was he lying? Trying to assuage my feelings? Would he do that?

"Okay," I said, trying to get myself under control, "so you just one day decided to get a tattoo of that damn cat?"

"Something like that," the woman replied, her voice smug, "of course I was high as hell, and we'd just finished fucking, when the fat bastard started pestering me about it. Before I'd even said yes, he'd called Spencer and *that* fat bastard came right over with his kit." She shrugged again, "it was quite funny back then, and here we are..."

"Did Spencer fuck you too?" I couldn't help but ask, remembering the vile worm a top of me, forcing my legs apart, forcing his ugly thing inside me...

"SPENCER?" she burst out laughing, "God no! Ew! Spencer..."

"Hahaha," I laughed alongside her with a hollow, mechanical laugh and shot an ugly

look at Tom, who actually lost his smug expression for a second.

"Spencer..." Kandy shook her head, "girl, even back then I had better taste than fucking Spaz-Spencer - that's what we used to call him."

I faked a smile at her, not wanting her to know just what that spaz had done to me. Waking up to that fucking freak jerking his disgusting dick in my face, cumming all over me was probably the lowest point of my life, and I certainly didn't feel like sharing it with this woman.

"But..." she said and sat up, her voice changed completely from mocking mirth to salacious seduction, "enough about Spencer and tattoos... you were about to..." She took my face in her hands and kissed me, and just like that the spark was reignited. Still holding my face, she leaned back and pushed me downwards... gently, tenderly but irresistibly.

Dry in mouth, I came face to face with the woman's bald, tattooed pussy. It was pretty, larger than my own, but then again, she was larger too. It was pink and open, her labia engorged and ready. What... now? What did I want? I didn't really want to... to go down on this woman, did I? I didn't even know her, and I certainly didn't *like* her! So what was I supposed to *do* down here?

The burning desire in my own pussy gave me the answer - please her, so she would please me. Was that the answer? Like so often in this apartment, I felt stripped of options with no choice but to follow instructions.

But how? What to do with a woman's vagina - *another* woman's vagina. What did David do to me? With glacial slowness, I lowered my lips to her thigh and planted a light kiss on her skin. He was always so fond of teasing me, of taking it slow, of creating and growing a need that brought greater orgasms. That was the idea, at least - I'd found that just lying back and let Tom do as he pleased with me rocked me way more.

"Not there, little girl," the woman chided me and pushed me on the side of my head, moving me down to her pink slit.

"There. Now lick me..." she said and what else could I do? My tongue slid out and tasted her slick folds. She didn't taste... bad. Not good either, but it wasn't as repulsive as I'd have thought.

"Mhm, yes... you like that, don't you?" Kandy murmured far above me. I couldn't stop and tell her that I felt ambivalent about her taste, now could I? So I purred my agreement and licked her again. And again.

"Yesss..." she sighed and ran her hands through my long, black hair, softly pushing me further into her crotch, pressing my nose against her wet snatch. Not a lot to do in such a situation, right? I licked her more, even stuck my tongue into her, lapping

up her juices.

More and more I got into it and explored her wet pussy, licking her all over, finding sensitive spots and paying attention to them. It was so different from sucking a cock, but it wasn't bad at all, actually. She clearly enjoyed when I stuck my tongue up into her or when I touched her clitoris, so I mostly did that, though I remembered how David always paid attention to different spots.

"Fuck, there's nothing hotter than a dyke-show!" Tom's crude voice penetrated my concentration, and the embarrassment shook me. I tried to look up at him, maybe scold him or maybe explain, but Kandy's hands on my head stopped me.

"Ignore him," her honey-sweet voice sounded, "just focus on me... on making it good for me..."

I relaxed and did just that. Her taste was quickly growing on me, it was already more sweet, and I didn't mind letting my tongue swipe up and down her long slit. How long had I been down here? I had no idea, but my jaw and tongue were getting tired. I couldn't quit now though, I needed to prove my worth to this woman, I needed her to cum.

"My clit now, baby," she commanded, "lick my clit."

I moved up and found the hard, tight button, and my lips locked around it like David had done so often for me. My tongue flicked her pearl, and she moaned louder and tightened her grip on my head, her fingers digging into my skin.

It obviously worked, so I kept going, kept licking her little jewel, even rubbed my teeth against it, like David sometimes did to me, and she liked that too. I was quite the cunnilinguist, it seemed, though I was unsure if that was a good thing.

"Oh... I'm getting close, little girl," she sighed, "a finger... finger me, girl." Her voice turned commanding with those last words, and again I had no other option than to obey. Shifting around, I brought my hand up to her gushing pussy and slid a finger into her welcoming hole.

"Ooooh..." she sighed and gripped my finger while I licked her. Working in tandem, I found a good rhythm, tongue on clit, finger fucking her. I soon added another, and she only moaned louder. It didn't take long before she was undulating her lower-body, rubbing herself against me, trying to get every little bit of friction, of pleasure. I knew that feeling, so I redoubled my efforts.

My neck was cramping, my jaw was aching and my tongue wanted a rest... but I kept on. In that regard, it wasn't different than sucking on Tom, except at least my throat wasn't getting wrecked - so in that way, it was actually easier.

"Oh God, oh God... Oh GOD!" she moaned loudly. Her fingers on my head gripped my hair painfully while she rubbed herself on my face in orgasmic bliss. Relieved that

it was almost over, I did what I could for her, giving her what extra pleasure I could. It stretched on, her orgasm, and she moaned and cried, and I had to admit to taking some pride in it. I'd taken that confident woman and made her cum in uncontrollable gratification, turned her into a moaning mess.

Finally she released me, and I fell back, breathing air free of pussy-stench once again.

"That was... *very* nice, little girl," the woman purred and kissed me again. Unlike me, she didn't seem to mind the taste of herself, as she even licked my lips.

"Do you think it's your turn now?" she wondered, and I nodded vigorously. It was! She'd had her fun, now it was my turn. I wasn't sure I'd really like a girl going down on me, but my pussy wanted *some* action, it didn't matter from who or what. Hell, if David was here, I might have given him a ride.

Or... probably not. But I would let him go down on me! I could only hope that this Kandy woman was as skilled with her tongue as my cucked hubby was.

"I gotta prepare," she said and gave me a last kiss, "why don't you keep Tom warm while I find my little friend, hmm?"

What? What friend? I tried to think, to piece together her meaning, but Tom had gotten up and stuck his mighty tool in my face, so that stole my attention. Soon, I was bobbing my head up and down his fat shaft, my aching jaws once again begging for a respite that wouldn't come.

"Ah... that's the stuff," the big man grunted, and we both lost ourselves in the sensation of me once again servicing him on his couch.

Trying to give my jaw a break, I found a good, quick rhythm, where I jerked his massive shaft with both hands and sucking and licking the tip. Just sucking on 'the tip' of Tom still took more effort than swallowing all of David's pitiful thing, I smirked.

"Mhm... mhm... mhm..." I let out small, pleasurable noises, telling the world how much I enjoyed sucking on this big thing.

"Room for one more?" the other woman's voice broke my reverie, and - still with that monster in my mouth and hand, I half-turned to look up at her. She stood right next to the couch, naked now... except for a large, bright-pink dick that was attached to some a belt that went around her and between her legs. Straps around her thighs seemed to keep it stable.

Even if I wasn't overly familiar with porn, I knew what that was. A strap-on dildo, and though a bit smaller than Tom's cock, still imposing - and certainly bigger than my poor husband's! I had a pretty good idea where that was going - into me. This was crazy! Two cocks at once was for... sluts. And whatever Tom had made me say in the heat of passion, I wasn't that kind of girl... was I?

I hadn't been one for oral either... until Tom had made me. Nor anal or pain or humiliation or girls... until Tom had made me. And now... seeing as how I kept sucking on Daddy's big, fat cock while eyeing Kandy's slightly smaller one, maybe I was *precisely* that kind of girl.

"Hah, yeah, you better get it warmed up, though you don't have to get it hard," Tom laughed jovially and pulled out of me. Without knowing just how it had happened, suddenly I found myself sitting on a couch and sucking on a piece of hard rubber. It felt so different from Tom's soft skin that failed to mask the strength and hardness within, but it was not... unpleasant.

Like a slut in a damn porno, I held these two big cocks, one in each hand and went back and forth between them with my mouth, sucking and slobbering over them, getting them and myself all wet with saliva. I was almost numb with desire, with arousal. If I'd stopped and given a thought to what was about to go down, I might have run screaming from the building - a threesome with another girl was crazy! But I didn't. I stayed where I was, worshipping these two cocks, my pussy gushing over what was to come.

"I think she's ready," Kandy said with a chuckle, and Tom agreed with a grunt. They seemed eager for what would come next, and she moved up on the couch, where she sat down next to me, turned and swiped up her feet.

"Come, little girl," she bade me and patted her big, pink cock. I pulled my mouth off Tom and looked from him to her to her impressive phallus, and I swallowed hard. Was this really happening?

"How... how do I...?" I asked, my voice small and meek, my eyes wide and... scared? Eager? Both?

"Ride me," she told me, "come." Her voice was firm and there was no room for discussion. My heart was beating so hard, and my hands were almost shaking, but was it from lust or nerves? Who could say?

With slow, deliberate movements, I crawled up on her, my knees on the outer-sides of her thighs, looking down on the dominant woman's face. Her eyes shone with desire and control, and I had trouble meeting them. Her lips formed in a confident smile, a smile that told me everything was going just as she had planned, that she had played me perfectly from the start and I was now powerless to stop her from getting what she wanted... or maybe I was reading too much into it.

To think that a couple of hours ago, I had thought of her as silly and frivolous, and now she was about to fuck me.

She held the dildo upright in her tight fist, and I slowly lowered myself down upon her. Her long, thick tool spread me wide as I gradually slid down upon it.

"Oh... ohh..." I sighed as my pussy was once again overwhelmed by the pleasure of getting stuffed.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you? Don't you, little girl?" the woman smirked, and I could only nod. There was no denying it, after all. Lower and lower, I slid on the hard pole, more and more of it filled me, and I loved it. It felt different than Tom's sure, but it still felt so... good...

I closed my eyes, focusing completely on the sensation of being filled.

"Tell me you like my cock," she demanded and groped my tits.

"I like your cock!" I immediately replied, the truth spilling from my lips without a moment's hesitation.

"You don't care if it's real or not, if it's a man or woman, you just want to get fucked by big cocks, don't you?" she taunted me and pinched my nipples hard.

I didn't like the way she framed that statement, I didn't like it at all. It made me sound like a faithless hussy, always on the lookout for cock, and that was hardly the truth. Still, as I reached the bottom of the dildo, I could hardly argue with her statement...

"Yesss..." I admitted, though the words shamed me as they left my mouth. It felt so good being filled with her dildo though, and I started to fuck it, up and down, up and down, hard and fast. I *needed* to cum, and I needed it now. I put my hands on her shoulders for better balance and rode her the best I could.

"Oh! Oh! Oh..." So freaking good!

---

David

The second glass of wine might have been a mistake, but it was too late for second thoughts now. Besides, I found it easier to soul-search with a little buzz on, and I had a lot of soul-searching to do. So what *did* I want?

I loved Jia. Of course I did, I always would. The knee-jerk thought came immediately, but... lately, I'd felt an awfully lot alone, and I didn't just mean when she was with Tom. The closeness that had been the trademark of our marriage had gone missing. She didn't really listen to me anymore, and we always did what she wanted. Maybe that was why I cherished the time I spent with Alice so much more?

Alice... I wasn't in love with her. Right? I wasn't. I just liked spending time with her, I always felt happy when I saw her cute little smile, and the memory of our night shared was a secret I carried in my heart. But all that certainly didn't mean I was in

love with her! Of course not.

I had Jia. If only-

Bzzz! My thoughts were halted by my phone, and I quickly opened it, only too glad for the interruption.

[Hey cuckoo hope ure having fun we are]. A message from Tom? He didn't usually text me, so this was certainly out of the ordinary.

Then a new message arrived, only it was just an image. It was of Jia, her body almost naked, kneeling on a couch with a tall, strange woman... and that other woman was kissing her! Her pale hands were groping Jia's golden boobs, and the two of them were obviously loving it.

I didn't even have time to process this before another image arrived - this time of the stranger on her back with Jia's face buried between her thighs. Apparently she was going down on the woman! What was going on with my wife?

Fuck, it was hot!

The stranger wasn't especially beautiful - good looking in a wholesome kind of way, but nowhere near Jia's league. More like the kind of woman you'd expect with a guy like Tom. God, I'd like to see her licking pussy in real-life, but I supposed this would- A third image. Jia riding the stranger's big, pink strap-on dildo, her head thrown back in ecstasy, the stranger's hand playing with her large, beautiful boobs.

"Oh wow. Oh fucking wow!" I breathed as I watched my wife ride that huge dildo. Like with so many men, I'd harboured a secret fantasy about two women at the same time, but Jia didn't have a bi-sexual bone in her body, so I'd never even mentioned it to her. And now here she was, giving it to Tom. Of course she was. My hand was rubbing my dick, and I only wished it was a film instead of just an image, but Tom was never a generous man - of course he didn't give more than absolutely needed to hammer his point home.

A new image arrived. It was taken a lot closer to the action, Jia's tanned back and ass filled most of it. I could just see the pink dildo go into her pussy, but what immediately caught my attention was the big, fat cock worming its way into Jia's asshole. She was taking two cocks at once! And one in her ass!

Jia had never had *anything* in her ass before. God, this was wild! Losing her anal virginity while in her first ever lesbian tryst... WOW! I couldn't even comprehend it, it was so... so not Jia. Tom made her do all kinds of things that were so far out there though, and it was so freaking hot.

At the same time, however, the nagging feeling of being an outsider returned. Jia did all kinds of things that were so far out there... without me.

---

Jia

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Ooooooh..." I gasped, all manners of feelings swirling inside me. Pleasure, obviously, as Kandy's cock was still buried in me, giving me small, shallow thrusts so as to not interfere with Tom's plans, but pain too as he continued his slow, unavoidable entrance into my ass.

"Are... are you sure you used enough lube?" I asked, my voice a hoarse croak.

"Of course," he answered and slapped my butt. That seemed to be the extent of his compassion, and he slid another inch inside me, making me squeal anew. This was a brand new experience, the cherry on top of a night of brand new experiences. The sex with an audience, the kissing and licking a girl and now this, getting both my holes filled at the same time.

I wasn't sure if I liked it, but I didn't seem to have much choice. Kandy kept her plastic cock in me, and Tom had just crawled up on the couch and started lubing my asshole up before sticking his monster inside me. Maybe I could have said stop or something, but honestly I'd been too shocked, too frozen to mount any resistance. And now it was too late, now he was once again conquering my ass, the place where no-one else had ever been.

"Sloooooow..." I begged, but Kandy took my face in her hands and cut my complaints off with a deep, soft kiss. I still moaned into her mouth, but it became harder to lament the intrusion when her tongue was teasing my own.

"Relax," she smiled when she let go of me. Easy for her to say, she wasn't the one getting stretched by twice the usual amount of cocks, was she? Didn't think so. But as inevitable as the tide, Tom continued into me and Kandy rocked me back and forth, the pink dildo touching so many of the right spots, that it made my moans a mix of pain and pleasure. The asshole hadn't even let me cum on the delicious, fake cock before he started his assault on my poor butt, but what could one expect? He had the finesse and patience of a jackhammer.

"There we fucking go, kitten!" Tom finally declared, when the last of his fucking cock was buried inside me. Never in my life had I felt so full, so deliciously wicked. Both of my lovers started rocking in and out of me, using only small thrusts, so not to give me too much, too fast.

I loved it. It was fantastic! The pain was quickly subsiding, to be replaced by sheer pleasure. The orgasm that had evaded me for so long was within reach again.

"Oh my GOD, Daddy," I gasped, "it feels... it feels..."

"I think she likes it," Kandy commented, mirth obvious in her voice.

"Told you she would," Tom grunted, triumph in his.

"You like being fucked by two cocks at once, little girl?" the woman asked and grabbed my face, forcing me to look at her.

"I love it, I love it!" I declared. My ass and pussy were so full, and it was the most intense feeling I could remember.

"Ready to take it up a notch then?" she wanted to know, and I was... I so was. It already felt divine, and I wanted, needed more.

"Yesss..." I agreed, and the two of them sped up. They found a good rhythm, one went in while the other withdrew, and it was... it was unbelievable.

"Fuuuck..." I cried and finally the dam burst. Pleasure washed over me as the other two took me to new heights. The orgasm hit me like a truck, pleasure exploding everywhere in me, my ass and pussy screaming in joy at their intruders, and I could only howl my desire, my arousal, my bliss out into the world.

Not that they cared. They kept going and going and going, turning me into an orgasmic wretch that felt nothing but sexual gratification.

---

David

When was she coming home? Soon, I hoped, but I had no idea how far... along they were. In their fucking, that is.

My eyes were glued to the screen, and I kept finding new details. Like the smirk on the strange woman's face, as Jia ate her out, or how her braid had come loose from the first to the second image.

I wished I could see my wife's face, but they were all taken from her back or the side. She could have turned and smiled at me or something, but she was apparently too busy. And seeing how she was busy with the hottest act I'd ever seen, that was okay with me. Time went incredibly slowly as I waited for her. I'd already jerked off right to the edge without going over so many times now, I was worried I'd explode if I even touched my dick.

It was almost 11 o'clock. She had to come home tonight, she just had to. It would be too terrible if she stayed in his apartment tonight. Though, seeing that other woman kissing her and groping her, I could understand if she did.

But no, she had to come home tonight. She had to...

---

Jia

"Fuck! FUCK! Take it, you little, yellow WHORE!" Tom yelled out and slammed into me again and again. He was clearly close, and I held onto Kandy, as he took his pleasure from my ass.

How long had I been fucked? I had no idea. Time lost meaning in the pleasure-void where these two were taking me again and again. I had no idea how many times I'd cum either, but it was *a lot*. My body was spent, and I was sated from the inside out. I doubted I could cum again, even if Kandy hadn't slowed down considerably.

"Fuck!" the brutish bringer of orgasms behind me slapped my ass hard, "I'm... cumming, you fucking rice-slut!"

One last, hard thrust later, and he emptied himself deep within my bowels, pushing me down on Kandy as he did so. She welcomed me with a smile and a kiss, but she looked as tired as I felt.

Still, her mouth was welcome, and we made out, while Tom got his breathing under control and slowly pulled out of me. Damn, had he ruined my asshole? I wasn't sure if I closed properly...

"Wanna get up?" Kandy asked, and I nodded weakly. Moving careful, because my butt was starting to hurt now I wasn't riding a sexual high anymore, I maneuvered off of her and stood.

"Hey, anyone seen my panties?" I wondered, worried I'd start dripping Tom-spunk. He'd be pissed if I got any on his floor, I'd bet.

"On the floor by the computer," Kandy said and helpfully pointed at my tiny garment. I gave her a weak smile and got them on.

Then an awkward silence descended on us. Now what? Watch a movie and discuss what happened? These types of situations really lacked a social protocol. Kandy, who I had sorely underestimated got rid of her strap-on and started to get dressed, and I followed her example, while Tom turned on the television. It all seemed horrible anti-climatic, but what could one do?

"I'm heading out," Kandy told us, "I've got work in the morning. But eh, thanks for inviting me." Tom just grunted at her.

"And thanks for the awesome orgasm," she told me with a cheeky smile and kissed me on the lips one last time. Then she moved towards the door.

"Uhm, I'm off too," I told Tom who shrugged, like he didn't even care. Honestly,

sometimes I didn't get the man. No kiss goodbye, no farewell, nothing.

I followed Kandy out the door, moving very carefully, as the pain was starting to flare up in my butt. Dear me, I needed to get home and rest.

---

David was waiting for me at home. I forced myself to walk normally, though it pained me. I'd had the drive home to consider what David needed to know, and I'd come up with: nothing. I didn't want him to know about this at all. Not about Kandy, not about the anal-sex. He couldn't know his wife was a degenerate who let her lover do whatever he wanted to her.

I wasn't ashamed of what I had done, of course not, and I didn't think kissing a woman is a hell-worthy trespass, like mother did. I just didn't want anyone to know I'd done these things. It stayed between me and Tom... and Kandy, of course. That woman had seriously surprised me. Not that I hadn't liked her, but I might not have given her the credit she was due, when I first met her.

I could still feel her soft lips on mine, and it was a feeling I'd cherish... but in secret. No one could know.

"Hey nae sarang," I told the love of my life when I saw him. He was in the kitchen, obviously eager for my return. A half-empty wine-bottle and an empty glass stood next to him, but I didn't say anything. It probably wasn't easy for him when I was out at night... in fact, it was probably quite *hard*. I had to fight to keep a smirk off my face at that thought.

"Hey honey," he replied, "how was it?"

It was... confusing, to say the least. But again, I couldn't tell him that.

"It was... good," I said instead and smiled. Heavens, I was tired. I really didn't feel like having him go down on me tonight while he jacked off, like we did most nights.

"Yeah?" he asked, seemingly overeager, "what was the best part?"

The best part? Definitely when Tom took my ass and Kandy my pussy. Getting double-stuffed like that was an explosive feeling like nothing else. But what to tell David?

"When... when Tom fucked me, of course. Like always," I said, a little annoyed his question. What was with the interrogation?

"Oh. So it was just business as usual?" he wanted to know. He seemed upset, but I didn't really have the mental fortitude to get into his cuck-headspace.

"Normal for Tom is still great," I told him. That ought to get his motor running, though tonight I really didn't care. I just wanted to get to bed.

"But--"

"Look, David, I'm really tired," I told him, "we can have our little talk or whatever you want to call it tomorrow, and you can wank your little thing then, okay?"

He looked at me with a confused expression, but I couldn't deal with his neediness right now. I left him alone in the kitchen and got ready for bed.

---

David

Normal? I looked at the images on my phone. *Normal?*

She'd been tired, and that was only natural, seeing how her world must have been turned upside down. But too much had happened for her to just play it off like that.

"You coming to bed, nae sarang?" she asked from the bedroom, but I shook my head and called "not right now" to her. Something was going on, and I was trying to piece it together.

Why wouldn't she tell me? I literally *knew* what had gone down, knew that she'd been with a woman, knew she'd given Tom her ass. Why would she-

*She didn't know.* She didn't know that I knew. Tom had taken the pictures without her knowledge and sent them to me, just to be an asshole, just to mess with me, with us.

She hadn't planned on telling me at all. She'd planned to keep it secret, to keep me in the dark.

"Fuck me..." I muttered and poured myself another glass of wine. She... shit, she *was* shutting me out, it wasn't just a feeling I'd had for like... well, for a while now. How much else didn't I know? Was this even the first time with a woman? Had there been other men? Was this her first time doing anal? Did I know *anything*?

I took a hefty swig of wine. Now what? I needed to gather the strength to confront her, to get to the bottom of it all.

I needed to-

And that's when I noticed her handbag on the floor. Was her phone still in it? I couldn't... I shouldn't snoop...

*But she shouldn't lie! She shouldn't keep secrets!* I thought and was already rummaging through it, quickly finding her phone. Naturally, I knew her code, just like

she knew mine, so I put in the digits...

And was denied.

She'd changed the code. She didn't want me to find the truth. She really *did* have secrets.

"Shit!" I swore out loud. Now what? I sat down again, finishing my glass of wine.

---

Half an hour later, I snuck into our bedroom. My peacefully sleeping wife was on her back, one arm outside her comforter. Perfect. Quiet as a mouse, I stalked through the room, the lamp in the hallway my only source of light. I reached her and took her hand, pressing her thumb against the fingerprint-reader on her phone, and it unlocked. Without making a sound, I moved back out, into the kitchen, where a fresh glass of wine was needed. My heart was beating so fast, both after my little Mission Impossible and in fear over what I would find.

With trembling fingers, I opened her text-app, found her conversation with Tom - Daddy, she'd renamed it - and started reading.

"Please tell him no. I can't be bothered to fake it tonight," I read out loud, an icy hand gripping my heart. She'd *asked* him to turn me down? When I'd abandoned all dignity and humbled myself like a pathetic worm to get his permission, she'd *ASKED* him to deny me?!

Because she couldn't be bothered to *fake it*? I nearly dropped the phone as the implications hit. She hadn't enjoyed it. I hadn't been winning her back. She'd been lying to me, giving me what she thought I wanted to shut me up... and then she'd been telling that fat fuck all about it.

Images rolled before my eyes, images of the love of my life laughing - *laughing* - about it with that asshole.

It was... it was too much. Never in my life had I felt so low, so ridiculous, so pathetic. The indifference in this one message was enough to bring tears to my eyes, and I simply couldn't understand what had happened. To her, to us. A pit opened in my stomach, a gaping hole that left me cold and nauseated.

But I had to know. Clenching my teeth, I read on. I hated it, but I couldn't stop now, couldn't pull an ostrich here and stick my head in the sand. Not anymore.

"*Dinky-dicked Davey?*" What was this? Why? *Why?* I'd never, I didn't... deserve this. Did I? Why would she stoop so low?

My entire world was crumbling around me. Jia had been the foundation of my life for so long, and now I found that it was all rotten and hollow.

It became hard to breathe. My chest tightened, like a rope was coiled around it and slowly squeezing the air out of me. What now? What... did I do?

"Get a grip," I snarled at myself. There was only one thing to do - keep on reading. I scrolled past images upon images of her in various positions and states of undress, but I didn't have time for that now, I just noted that she'd sent a *lot* of scantily clad selfies to him, much more than she'd ever let on - and certainly more than she'd ever sent to me.

More of her telling him how much she wanted to suck him, to fuck him, his barely eligible English saying the same back... and then...

A long conversation from the time just after my convention in Florida.

She hadn't wanted the tattoo? Tom had done it to her without her permission? Had she been knocked out? Drunk? High?

"You and that asshole raped me. It was rape! I tried to stop you, and you did it anyway! FUCK YOU TOM!"

Reading those words were a punch to my stomach. While I was in Florida... she was raped? Tom and another asshole RAPED her?

Was that why she was so angry and skittish when I got home? Oh my fucking God, she was raped?!

Why hadn't she told me?!

All that bullshit Friday, when she'd convinced me she wanted that fucking cat-tattoo, that it was Tom's pussy now.

I wanted to throw up. I wanted to throw things, destroy something.

That was why she'd put a stop to the... the affair. Because the asshole had raped her. Why had she gone back to him?!

Forcing myself to stay calm, I reread their entire conversation from that point on. How he'd taunted her, lured to to post images... childish, immature taunts that a smart woman like Jia really ought to see through. She tried to get the upper hand, it seemed, and taunted him back with explicit photos...

Why? It didn't make sense. What was she trying to prove, to gain? Instead of confiding in me, she was... teasing him, egging him on. He might have forced himself on her, but after the first couple of days, she seemed awfully keen on him again.

And then after their big reunion - which apparently happened before she convinced me to start the cucking up again, surprise, surprise - it was nothing but her fawning over him and humiliating me, walking over me.

This was my wife? This was the love of my life?

Sitting with her phone, reading all these nasty things again and again, became the longest night of my life. I never even considering waking up the woman sleeping in my bed, the woman claiming to love me. I needed to be alone.

All night I tortured myself with these texts, reading her evil words, looking at the sexy images that rightfully should have been sent to me, until it finally became too much.

The sun found me sitting on our couch, a wedding-photo in my hands like some cheap cliché. When my alarm went off, I called Alice to take a sick day.

Then I waited for Jia to get up.

*Holy smokes, we're almost done! Just the final chapter left.*

*Thank you all for reading and for your support all the way to this point. Please leave a comment, it means the world. :)*