

How Far is Too Far? chapter 22

By DontJudgeMe_

Final chapter. Enjoy!

Three years later...

David

I only had eyes for my beautiful wife on her chair beside me. Bowing down, I gently, carefully and more than a little reverently petted her growing stomach, felt its size that had grown just since this morning – I was sure of it. To think that a little boy was in there, getting bigger, stronger. Her silken dress was between me and her taut skin, but even so, if he chose this moment to kick, I'd feel it. He was a strong one, this little guy.

Like his father.

"You're so beautiful," I whispered and looked at her, "thank you for... everything." She beamed a smile at me, that beautiful smile that showed her white teeth against her blood-red lips. The world was perfect whenever that smile was directed at me, and nothing else mattered.

"You're welcome," she laughed, that rich, pearly laugh that I'd fallen in love with so long ago, "but... weren't you about to hold a speech?"

Her words brought me crashing back to the real world, back into the filled restaurant, where her family and mine were all gathered to celebrate our big day. I looked out at the tables, and all the heads that were turned towards me made me feel a little flustered.

"Oh. Right." Embarrassed I got up, while my cousin and best man, Leonard, laughed at me and mimed a whiplash. Yeah, I might be whipped, but whenever I looked at my bride, I couldn't help but feel so unbelievably lucky.

"So yeah," I began, trying to remember the words I'd carefully prepared to tell the world how grateful I was for everything that had happened to me, "eh... first of all, thank you all for coming." People nodded at me, so that was a good start.

"Thank you for sharing my... *our* special day," I went on and turned to my wife. God, she was beautiful in her pristine white dress, her beautiful eyes resting on mine, her mouth curled in a happy smile.

"Thank you, Alice," I said, too low for everyone to hear, "thank you for making me the happiest, luckiest man in the world. Thank you for always spreading joy and happiness around you, thank you for always being there."

I went on, sharing with the world how much I loved my life, how much she brightened it, how wonderful and beautiful she was. I might have droned on a bit, but it was important that everyone here understood just how special this lady was.

When finally I finished, we toasted to my bride and her beauty... and the new Martinsen she carried in her belly. My mother cried, like she had in church, and even my icy father looked a bit thawed. But then again, Alice had him wrapped around her little finger, and the heavier her stomach grew, the more enthralled with her he got. Him and me both.

The party went on with more speeches, some more raunchy than others, and more and more booze got consumed. There were fewer guests today than at my first wedding, but it was a more intimate, more joyous gathering. Jia's family had been numerous, and half of them only spoke very poor English, which had caused... well not a rift, but people had generally kept to themselves.

This party was more like Alice – joyful, full of merriment and unapologetically fun. Our two families mingled well. When the dancing began, Meredith, one of Alice's cousins, dragged Leopold out on the floor to the general amusement of the crowd. I had assumed that Alice's stomach would make dancing difficult, but we managed the bridal waltz fairly well. She was less graceful, perhaps, than she used to, but she more than made up for it in enthusiasm. And the feeling of swinging her around on the floor, knowing she was mine, was making my heart sing with joy.

"My feet are killing me," she confided in me once the dance was done and we retired to our table. I looked past her bulging stomach to her dainty feet... that looked swollen and painful in her high-heeled pumps.

"Why did you-" I began, but she cut me off.

"Cause they look good, okay? My ass is starting to look like a dump-truck, it needs all the help it can get!" she hissed. Not angry with me, so much as at her body for betraying her like this.

"Your ass looks divine," I told her truthfully and stopped her protests with a kiss.

"Wanna get out of here?" I asked. I'd been looking forward to the reception, sure, but now the promise of sharing the bridal suit with my sexy wife beckoned.

"It's not even midnight yet," Alice objected, though not seriously.

"Eh, they've got it," I said and nodded towards Leopold and Meredith who was moving ungracefully around on the dancefloor. They had promised to take care of everything if we wanted to duck out early, seeing as Alice was six months pregnant. She looked unconvinced, so I moved closer.

"You know, there's a bed up there, waiting for us..."

"Hmm... I *am* pretty tired..." she nodded and shot me a mischievous look.

"Just tired?" I speculated.

"Why? What else do you imagine we do in a big, soft bed?" she teased me and laughed her pearly laughter, when I stuck my tongue out at her.

Soon after, we said our goodnights and headed up to our room. As we closed the door behind us, and I wrapped my arms around her and kissed those soft, loving lips, I couldn't help but marvel at how lucky I was. I'd really landed on my feet after that horrible blow three years ago.

Three years earlier...

I was still sitting on the couch, when Jia finally emerged from the bedroom. The sun was streaming in through the windows. It'd been a long, sleepless night, but I was wide awake.

She'd flung a bathrobe around herself and looked awfully tired, with her hair in disarray and a funny, hesitant walk.

No doubt, having those monsters forced into her last night had taken a toll on her. My heart was in my throat, hammering away like mad, but I steeled myself. I had to be calm. She was smart and crafty, and if I wanted to get the upper hand, I had to keep my cool.

"Morning, Jia," I said, forcing my voice to remain steady. I wanted to shout at her, shake her... make her admit to what she'd done.

My voice startled her. She almost jumped on the spot before turning to me.

"Nae sarang! You scared me. Why aren't you at work?" Her eyes took in my determined face, my hard eyes and she tilted her head suspiciously. "Is something wrong?"

I wetted my lips. I'd decided to give her one last chance to explain. I didn't know why, but... I really wanted to hear her tell the truth.

"Please. Tell me about last night," I asked. Perhaps I should have made my voice into that pathetic cuck-begging I'd so often used with her. Except the rage burning in me refused to let me sink that low.

Never again.

"What?" She gave me a disbelieving expression, "did you stay home for that?" But there was an edge to her voice. She didn't know what was wrong, but it was clear that she sensed that something was off.

Jia had always been sharp.

"Please, I need to know," I said. I kept my eyes on hers, which seemed to unnerve her.

She shrugged. "I went to Tom's. We made out, I sucked him, he fucked me. What did you think?" She tried to pour her usual superiority into her voice, but it was mixed up with something else.

"Interesting," I said slowly. "Very interesting. Because Tom sent these to me last night..." I showed her my phone and scrolled through the four damning photos her idiot lover had sent.

First her making out with that strange woman. Then going down on her. Then riding that pink dildo. And finally my beautiful, loving wife getting tag-teamed by a huge dildo and a huge cock, one in her pussy and one in her ass.

Truth be told, as much as I hated this, it was still fucking hot. But I forced that feeling down.

"He... he sent you these?" she asked in disbelief, staring at her own little porn-show. "How else do you think I got them?" I shot back.

She looked away, and I could practically see the gears turning in her brain. How mad was I? How was she going to explain it away? What would I believe? She was twisting her nose-stud so fast, I wondered if it would come loose.

"Okay, I know I should have told you. About Kandy - that's her name. And... and about..." she licked her lips nervously, "about the... anal. But... but I was saving it. For... for a..." her voice died down.

"For a rainy day?" I suggested, and she laughed. Not her real laugh, rather a high, unconvincing titter.

"Precisely." She even managed a sexy smile.

"Save it, Jia. I went through your phone." My voice was cold, devoid of feelings. *That* got her attention. Her eyes widened in outrage and panic, her entire body stiffened, her mouth opened.

"You did *what*?!"

"I know everything." My heart was pounding so hard, and I folded my hands to keep them from shaking. Hopefully, she couldn't see me sweating.

"You had no right-" she began in a furious voice, but there was something in her eyes that didn't match.

"*No right?*" My eyebrows flew up. "Is the problem that I went through your phone,

or that you've been lying to me for MONTHS!?"

She was as white as her golden skin allowed. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, and I was almost worried she'd hyperventilate.

"Okay, yes." Her control was admirable. She even managed to force that smile back on her lips. "David... nae sarang. I realise how that might look, but-"

"David? Not... Davy?" I asked, gritting my teeth. The way she flinched gave me a stab of dark, vengeful pleasure. "*Dinky-dicked* Davy?"

"It... it was a joke. You know how... how he is." She was fully in defensive mode, so I pressed my advantage.

"I know how *he* is," I snarled back, losing some of my cool, "but I also thought I knew how *you* are!"

"It was... it was part of the game. Please, nae sarang, I didn't mean anything by it. It was just a silly-"

"And the rape?" My voice was back under control, but I had no desire to hear her deflections. She stopped talking and went still.

"The... rape?"

"Apparently, he raped you while I was away." My eyes remained on hers, but she wouldn't meet mine.

"It... it wasn't a real rape. It was just... I... I'm not... I was just..." I had never seen my controlled wife faltering like this. At any other time, I would have been worried for her. Now, I just felt cold.

"It sounded real to me. Why didn't you tell me?" That might just be the worst - that she hadn't even bothered to tell me. Like she didn't trust me... or need me.

"I... I just..." she floundered around for words, then stopped. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath, calming herself. When she opened her eyes again, the old Jia-steel was back in them. "What would you have done, if you'd known?" Her mouth twisted in contempt.

"What would I- are you serious?" I asked and jumped up. "I would have killed that asshole! Or had him thrown in jail! Fired him! At the very least," I pointed an angry finger at her, "I'd have made sure he never, ever touched you again!"

She crossed her arms over her chest, like she didn't believe me. Did she think that my cuck-fantasies had been more important than our marriage, than *her*?

"For Heaven's sake, Jia! I loved you! I would have gone to the ends of the Earth to protect you!"

Loved? Was that the right word? I looked at the woman I'd spent all my adult life with. Did I still love her?

"Loved? *Loved?*" she asked. She'd heard it too, and her voice was thick with... something. Anger? Fear? "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You killed it," I said quietly, and as I spoke I realised how true the words were. "You took my love and twisted it and ground it into dust."

"Oh, come on! You're really blaming it all on me?" She looked at me incredulously, "I wasn't the one that started this game, David. You wanted it. You *begged* me for it, remember?"

I gritted my teeth. I had been enthusiastic about it... once. But as I said, she'd ruined it.

"It doesn't matter," I said slowly. "It's over."

She took a sharp breath, then slowly nodded as she let it out. "Okay. We'll stop. We'll handle Tom somehow. It won't be easy, but I have--"

"No, Jia. *We're* over. You and me." I gave her a contemptuous look. "I don't care about Tom."

That got through her armour, and it was definitely fear I saw in her eyes. Seeing my wife afraid should have made me feel bad. Instead it gave me nothing but savage pleasure.

"No. David, nae sarang. I... I don't want--" she began, frantically searching for words.

"It's not about what *you* want, Jia. Not anymore. This is what *I* want."

I'd spent all night trying to figure out if I could forgive her, if we could move on, if we could salvage our love.

But the one conclusion I kept reaching was simple: there was nothing left to salvage.

"David, please. Let's... let's think about it. You love me, I love you." She was speaking fast, just short of begging. "That's all that matters. We can... we can fix this!"

"No. That... that doesn't matter anymore." I said slowly. "You can't fix something that's dead." With my head high, I walked past her and into the bedroom. Jia followed me, trying to convince me otherwise, as I packed a suitcase and dragged it out.

"David, *please*," she tried, as we made it to the front door. I half-expected her to make a grab for my suitcase, but she didn't. "I need you. I *love* you."

"Sorry, Jia," I said, "I don't know what it is you feel for me, but it isn't love."

Hearing my words, understanding that I meant them, her face changed, like a mask torn off. Her beautiful features twisted into something ugly. Her lips curled back from her teeth, and her dark eyes shot lightnings at me.

"Of course, you're running away. That's what you do when it gets tough. A real man would face his problems, but not you."

I almost took her bait. Almost started into it with her. But why? What would I gain? She could go enjoy herself with her 'real' man and see how fun that was. With her hurtful words ringing in my ears, I left her, left my house.

I didn't know it then, but this was the last time I was ever alone with Jia, the once love of my life. If I had known though... I wouldn't have cared. All those messages had finally opened my eyes to who she really was.

The divorce was fast, brutally fast, thanks in no small part to the prenup my dad had made her sign before we got married. She hadn't liked it back then, but she had been too much in love to let it stop her. Had she known how it'd end, she probably would have put up more of a struggle.

The texts between her and Tom that I'd copied to my own phone also helped showing just what had happened.

I left the company too, getting as clean a break as possible. I couldn't work there anymore. Tom had too much on me, and I was sure rumours were already starting to spread.

The higher-ups were pissed, especially Grover, and even more so, since I brought Alice along with me to work for my dad. I did feel guilty for leaving the team in disarray like that, but I had to get out. And I had to bring Alice.

I recommended Tina as my replacement, and when Grover accepted, I pulled her aside and showed her all of Tom's lack of achievements. I had lists, detailing how I'd covered for him for a while. She gave me this long, searching look, her dark eyes boring into mine, but she didn't comment. Just told me she'd handle it. Thankful, I left Falkner & Co. for good.

It didn't take Alice long to settle down in a new job in a new town. That woman would always land on her feet and always find new friends. Within a couple of months, she'd seduced me. A couple more, and we moved in together and started the most happy chapter of my life.

Living with Jia had been good, and I had truly loved her, but sharing my life with Alice was so much *fun*. She made me laugh, she made me feel good about myself and my hobbies – that she mostly shared.

And by God, the sex! She was insatiable. Where sex with Jia had been... fine for the most part, sex with Alice was always a thrill, and we enjoyed exploring new things together. To my surprise, I found that anal-sex was actually grossly overrated. We did it a couple of times, but since none of us enjoyed it more than regular sex, we pretty much stopped... though it gave me a secret thrill to know, that I'd fucked my beautiful woman's ass.

Oral, though, was another chapter entirely. We both loved it, and when Alice found out that Jia had only sucked me once or twice, she took it upon herself to make up the difference. God, the times I'd cum down that sexy woman's throat while she was staring up at me with her beautiful, blue eyes... I sincerely didn't deserve her. She'd sucked me off in the car, in an alleyway, in different men's room and even in the park once. She got a major kick out of doing it in public, and I was far too weak to resist when she got *that* look in her eyes.

We tried many other, new and exciting things, though we never brought strangers into it. I'd learnt *that* lesson the hard way. I told her about... everything. I had to. Told her about my old fantasies, how Jia had fulfilled them, then turned them into her own and twisted everything around until there was nothing left of my love for her. Alice was surprisingly understanding, and we had long, honest conversations about it.

And the beautiful little devil, I was now holding in my arms, was more than willing to play with some of my fantasies. Never the hotwife/cuck-angle, neither of us wanted to bring *that* up, but we started to play with denial.

Like, she would tell me she wouldn't suck me off, until I'd made her cum five times (that usually took me a long, wonderful afternoon, spent with my head between her shapely thighs) or one night she told me I couldn't taste her pierced nipples at all – which made me ache for them in the most intense way. She never took it too far, and it was always such a kick.

Three weeks ago, she suggested that our wedding-night should be *extra* special. I agreed, naturally, not know what I was going in to – I was thinking maybe I'd tie her up or something...

But no. We weren't to have sex, weren't even to orgasm, until this very night. It had been a *long* three weeks, especially with my bride-to-be teasing me and rubbing her big boobs all over me, whenever she got the opportunity.

It had backfired, however, and she'd been horny all last week herself... which was why neither of us held any illusion that we were heading for the bed to sleep right now.

She was not as lithe as she used to, so carrying her over the threshold to our room was hard on the old back, but she was worth it.

She was so beautiful! Her hair was a vision of light that cascaded in waves and caught the light in all the tiny, silvery pins that kept it up. Whoever had styled it had made a long braid that snaked around her head like a crown. From it, her hair flowed freely down her back in long, soft curves, except a few loose strands that framed her face, making her a work of art.

Her face was carefully painted, high-lighting her blue eyes, soft skin and full, red lips - her feminine beauty was enough to make my heart ache.

The immaculately white dress was tight, especially around her breasts and tummy – as both had grown significantly just over the last month, since the dress had been chosen. It presented her in a dignified, refined way, while still making sure no-one would overlook her obvious sex-appeal.

“Ngh...” she groaned, sliding heavily down to her knees, once the door closed behind us. Her cumbersome stomach stole all grace from her, but she was still a sight for sore eyes. She quickly turned her attention to me, pawing at my slacks to get them opened.

“Why don’t we just use the bed?” I suggested, as she got my fly open.

“Because,” she explained and pulled down my boxers, letting my already semi-hard dick spring free, “I want to suck your cock *now*.”

When she closed her lips around me, I lost all will to argue. Instead, I put a hand on her beautiful, carefully set hair and groaned loudly.

“Besides,” she added, pulling off of me with a soft *pop*! “it’s more kinky on my knees.” She grinned up at me and swallowed me again. She was so good at this, deep-throating me without concern, her tongue licking me here, there and everywhere.

“Alice...” I gasped, when she settled into a quick rhythm, milking me with her throat, teasing me with her tongue and loving me with her big, blue eyes.

“It sends a message, don’t you think?” she continued, talking like she wasn’t bringing me to the edge of bliss and then just stopping and pulling me out of her mouth again, “that the first thing your new wife does, is to drop to her knees and suck your cock?”

“Ah... the message kinda gets lost when you keep talking,” I grinned down at her, and she made a face at me... and went back to sucking.

“Oh God, Alice...” I muttered, but then had to add: “and what kind of message will it send, when I don’t go down on you, until you’re lying on the bed?”

“That you don’t love me,” she said in a wounded tone, though her eyes were

sparkling with glee, “or at the very least that I love you more, than you love me.”

I was gonna have to get on my knees and lick her, wasn't I? I sighed and shook my head, but then she went back to sucking, and I forgot everything else, as she quickly and expertly brought me back to the edge. Fuck, I had to hold back... but I hadn't orgasmed in three fucking weeks! How's a guy to restrain himself after three weeks of constant teasing and denial?

I couldn't. Of course, I couldn't.

“Alice... I'm gonna...” I groaned.

Her blood-red lips formed a seal around my shaft as she bobbed up and down on it, and soon I felt the all too familiar sense of release. Of joy. Of ecstasy.

“God... take it...” I gasped just before I exploded and sent all my little soldiers down my new wife's gullet. Fuck, it felt good! So good...

Her throat worked overtime as she swallowed mouthfuls of my warm goo, and she never broke eye-contact. It was just such a powerful declaration of love!

Finally, when I was good and spent, she pulled my dick out of her mouth and smiled up at me.

“Feel better, dear?” she wondered, and when I could only grunt in agreement, she giggled that delightful giggle of hers.

“Help your wife up, will you?” she asked and held up a hand. With our combined efforts, we got her back on her feet in her too-tall and too-small shoes. What's a husband to do in such a situation?

As she leaned against the door, I knelt before her and gently lifted first one shoe off her foot, then the other, leaving her in her white stockings. Her pregnancy had swollen her ankles, but her vanity had still made her wear these uncomfortable, but beautiful pumps, and I could only shake my head.

“Ah...” she sighed when she could rest on her heel again, “now that's better than getting head.”

“Hey!” I protested, and she laughed her wonderful laugh at me.

“How's a guy even to get under here?” I asked and pulled at her many-layered dress.

“Just dig deep,” she giggled and, after a bit of fumbling, I found her feet again. Using them as a focal point, I managed to get her dress lifted up to her bulging tummy and thus freeing her thighs and groin.

She wore a garter around her smooth thigh in bridal white with flowery decorations, and I kissed her just above it, meeting her smooth skin with my lips. I wanted to look

up at her to read her reaction, to look at her beautiful eyes, but the dress and her stomach made that impossible. I just continued upwards, trailing kisses as I went. Until I finally met the prize, her white, silken panties, small and cute and hiding that most desirable of treasures.

"And what have we here..." I wondered and slid my fingers into the waistband.

"Like you don't know," she answered with obvious mirth in her voice and wiggled her butt to help me get those pretty little panties off.

Finally, my eyes feasted on her delicious little pussy. Pregnancy hadn't changed it, it was still the cute little slit I'd fallen in love with. Hairless (I'd shaved it myself, since she could no longer see it), pink and already very wet. Of course, it was a little more difficult to get to, with her stomach bulging above it. But I managed.

"Mhm..." she sighed when my tongue made contact. She tasted sweet and tangy, and I craned my neck to get the angle right. The position was unpleasant, so I didn't waste time with my usual teasing foreplay. Instead, I went right for the sacred cave and her pleasure-knob right above it.

"Yes... there..." she sighed and ran her hands through my hair. I kept the pressure up, focusing on her clit while she moaned and twisted around. It was over almost before it begun. Alice had clearly been on the edge for a while, and I was more than happy to push her over.

"God, *David!* Fuck, I love your tongue!" she gasped. "Lick me, lick me, there, there, there!" Why, yes, my love, I wasn't planning on stopping.

"Ooooh..." She pressed herself against the wall, as she convulsed in agonising pleasure, keeping my head against her sex. Not until she let go, did I stop licking her. I untangled myself from her dress and slowly stood.

"I love you," I said earnestly, looking into her bright eyes.

"I love you too," she smiled back. Then she grabbed my hand and dragged me to the bed.

"Time to get this marriage consummated!" she giggled, and I couldn't really do anything other than eagerly follow her. She was my everything.

Jia

"Nghn, yes... deeper..." Daddy groaned above me, so of course I tried. I shifted

slightly on my knees, trying to get a better angle and sent my tongue further into his asshole. My hand was still wrapped around his thick cock, stroking it the best I could, though my focus was on the rimjob. My tongue pushed through his sphincter, but my tongue-piercing prevented me from going too deep.

Daddy liked getting his asshole licked, while I jerked him off.

He was sitting on my once-pristine white couch in our apartment, curling his body up and spreading his legs to give me access to his asshole. It wasn't easy getting past his meaty, hairy cheeks, but what's a girl to do?

"Ahh... yes, like that," he sighed.

"What? No, I just have the slut lick my ass," he added. The hell? Hadn't he muted the headset?

"Haha, yeah, she likes it. I betya she's wet as a fountain right now."

Obviously, he hadn't muted himself! It was bad enough that I had to service him, when he was playing his stupid video-game, but talking about me like that was too much! I should-

"Hey kitten," he said and looked down at me, "Frank wants to know if you're wet right now."

"Yes, Daddy," I said in the little-girl's voice that had become second nature to me.

"Speak up, slut, he can't hear you."

"Yes, I am," I said louder, aiming it at the head-set he wore.

"Told you," he laughed and let me get back to my task, while he focused on his silly shooting-game with his buddy, "the bitch loves licking my ass."

Gee, thanks a lot, I thought bitterly, but didn't say anything... and didn't stop trying to please him.

"Fuck, they are coming from the tower!" he suddenly exclaimed and sat up, inadvertently pushing me away. His attention was now solely on the screen, but I wasn't about to give up. I left his ass well enough alone and instead closed my lips around his cock. The powerful tool more or less ruled my life these days.

Since getting the stud in my tongue, I'd found a new way of serving his big, fat monster. Instead of going deep, I kept the head in my mouth, using my piercing to tease and play with it.

Daddy loved it.

"Fuck, that piercing was worth the price," he grunted, as the pleasure grew in him. I would have liked to send him a mean look, but I was too occupied by his wondrous

cock.

The 'price' for the tongue-stud had been me sucking Spencer's disgusting little dick (again) and thanking him for it - and for the tattoos he'd drawn on me. To be fair, there were quite a few by now. My left arm was covered in a long sleeve of flowers, starting with the lily on my shoulder and going all the way down to my wrist; lilies, peonies, a large lotus and lots of small roses. It was beautiful, if I did say so myself, and even though it was something I'd never have even considered when I was with David, I loved it. I adored it.

I was less fond of the tramp-stamp with the heart, or the tribal pattern mirroring Tom's on my right arm, but I'd learnt to live with them. Tom had wanted them, and in the end I'd not had the strength or the will to argue. It was easier to just let him have his way. He got less angry then.

Like just a minute ago. Had I wanted to lick his ass? No. Had I done it anyway? Yes. Had it turn me on? Yes, but that's not the point.

Eating ass wasn't so bad, really. The taste wasn't horrible, a little acrid but nothing terrible, not as I had assumed before he made me do it the first time. The worst part was the raw humiliation - to stick my tongue up his ass... which was also the best part.

"Fuck! Where are you? I'm getting fucking- Ah, fuck! I'm down." Daddy snarled into the headset. His sudden angry outburst disturbed me, but I knew better than to stop pleasing him. He was unpredictable when angry, but it was better that he was angry with his dick in my mouth than anything else.

"Whatever. I'm off. Need to blow off some steam," he said and threw the headset on the coffee table. I knew what that meant and braced myself. He grabbed my head and started fucking my face for real.

"Glark! Gaaah! Grak!" My throat protested loudly against his rough treatment, but I knew better than to resist. Hopefully, he'd fuck me properly after. At any rate, it was easier to just let him have his fun.

The pain was intense, but that only made it better. His fat cock stretched my throat, and I constantly felt like throwing up. He fucked my face like a cheap slut, enjoying my feeble protests and the stream of tears and lines of drool that poured from me.

"Ah! Fuck...!" Without warning, he suddenly let go of me, and I slid off his monster, coughing and gasping for breath. I had to force the bile down to keep from being sick.

Like so often when he took his pleasure from me, I didn't feel much. Not anger, not even pain. I'd lost control - no, I'd given it to him, and I just followed along. I didn't care much anymore. I just wanted to cum. And I knew he'd give me my orgasms.

"Get up here, kitten," he grunted and patted the couch. I didn't hesitate but crawled up beside him, giving him a smile on the way. He pushed my face down into the couch with my ass up, presenting him my ass and pussy.

A shudder went through me, as I wondered which orifice he'd choose. I hoped for pussy - it was just the easiest, most direct way to orgasms. And I needed a good cum.

"Ah!" I gasped, when he rammed that wonderfully thick piece of meat up into me. Oh God, that was just what I needed. Just what the doctor ordered.

Rough and impatient, he started fucking me with long, hard strokes. Into me, into me... so deep where no one else had ever been. Well, no man.

In no time, I was moaning like a bitch, humping back against him, trying to take him as deep as possible. And orgasm number one rolled around almost as fast. Just like I knew it would.

"Fuck me, DAAAADDYYYY!" I cried as I came. And he did just that. Fucked me like I deserved. It made it all worth it - the humiliations, the powerlessness, the emptiness. All fell away in this glorious moment of fulfillment. At least for a while...

Tom was playing on that damn PlayStation again. I disliked that childish thing. I'd disliked it when it had been David's, I disliked it now. But it had been one of the few assets I'd won in the divorce. That, the couch, my clothes and jewelry. Not even David had been petty enough to take that away.

It had felt good to claim the PlayStation from him - since I had been the one to buy it. I hadn't much of value left. Most of it had been sold by now. When Tom's ridiculous car needed a new cooling system - and new paint, for some reason? Yeah, there went my gold necklace, diamond bracelet and way too many beloved hand-bags. When the fridge blew up? Bye-bye watch (that I never wore anyway) and emerald earrings.

When Tom didn't find a job for two and a half months after being fired from Falkner & Co.? That was my dresses, shoes and gems that paid for rent and food - not to mention my wedding ring.

And now that he worked as telemarketer, I still had to sacrifice what little remained of my collection every now and then to make ends meet. And did he ever thank me? Nooo...

I didn't count the gaudy, gilded stuff he'd bought me to make up for it, as gratitude - I only wore that stuff because I had no better option.

Right now, I could hear him talk to his buddy Frank - they were playing their stupid game again. I'd cleaned myself up and put on some clothes - the usual kind I wore around the apartment now. Hotpants and a halter-top that stretched tight across my

chest.

I looked down at myself and pinched a roll of belly-fat. I'd gained some weight since the divorce, I couldn't deny that. Stress would do that to a girl. That, and the fact that we no longer could afford my gym-membership. Or healthy food.

That was probably why my OnlyFans didn't really generate income. Or maybe because I still had some pride left and refused to upload more than seductive, teasing photos. Tom was constantly pushing for more... intense material. But I was not a pornslut, no matter what he thought. I had to draw the line somewhere.

Besides, I had a feeling Madison wouldn't be too keen on having a pornstar at her library. She already disapproved enough of Tom as it was. Not that she had much ground to stand on. Like we all didn't know she was getting railed by her beaner boyfriend every weekend, while her pathetic cuck watched.

We weren't really friends anymore. She refused to see, that a husband like Rick was just a millstone around her neck, holding her back. If she got rid of him, she could have fun everyday. But she still thought she was in love with the little guy. I shook my head and returned to the business at hand. I checked out my tits in the mirror - they were still spectacular. Tom loved them as much today as the first time he groped them.

But for now at least, he was more engrossed in shooting aliens or Germans or whatever on that stupid machine. Just like David had been, when he and that bitch had been playing all the time.

So what's a girl to do when her man didn't pay attention to her? I was scrolling on my phone when I saw it. For some reason or other, I was still following David's dorky cousin, Leopold, and his update froze my blood.

Congratulations to my cousin and his new wife. Long live David and Alice Martinsen!!!

He married that COW!?

I clicked on the images and bared my teeth in frustrated anger. Alice, that blonde whore in white, as if a husband-stealing slut had any right. The sight of her big, fat stomach hit me like a punch in the gut. She was pregnant?

Well, that explained why they were getting married. But even so...

"That was mine," I whispered, my wide eyes staring at her huge stomach.

I shook my head. I didn't want David's brat, of course. If I was gonna have children, I'd have Tom's - his kids would grow up big and strong, just like him. Not that he'd been too keen on the idea since the divorce. Apparently, the point had been that David should raise them, not he himself.

I flicked to another picture, the two of them dancing the waltz and laughing. They looked so happy.

He slept with the whore. Stabbed me in the back. Took everything in the divorce, and now that little weasel-cuck dared to look happy?! Was there NO justice in this universe?!

Another picture, this one of Leopold and a smiling, fat blonde. Whatever. The next was David and the bitch sneaking off.

"Pff. Up and hump her for two and a half minutes and then shoot your shot, cuck?" I growled at him. I tried to smile at my derisive joke, but my mouth refused. I opened the chat and clicked on David, quickly unblocking him. I hadn't wanted to listen to his self-serving, sanctimonious reasons for the divorce, so I'd blocked him almost three years ago.

[Congratulations on your wedding. Are you going to send her to Tom too, so she can get a real fucking?] I wrote to him, and that did make me smile. That should show him just what I thought about him and his fucking whore.

It took a little while, then three dots appeared, showing that he was writing me back. This should be good. Maybe he would ask for a video of me and Tom... just like he used to.

[Jia, please get help] he wrote - and added a link. A link to a sex-addict helpline!

"What the fuck?!" I hissed. How dare he? Sex-addict?!

[Very funny, you pathetic little CUCK! I'm just sorry that the cow will have to fake her orgasms from now on. Unless she finds a real man, of course!] I texted him. That ought to-

Unable to send message. The user has blocked you.

"Motherfucker!" I screeched and threw my phone onto my bed. I looked around for more to throw - preferably something less valuable. I grabbed the handbag next to the bed and slammed it against the wall. Thankfully, it didn't break.

It'd been the last expensive item I'd bought. When Tom saw the pricetag, he'd gone berserk - that was the first time he'd hit me. Well, hit me for real. Outside of sex. Fuck it. I needed to cum. I needed to feel good. Right now. And if Tom was just going to play with his boyfriend then...

[Hey. Are you free?]

[Sure come on over] was the near-instant reply. At last some good news.

I grabbed my coat and shouted at Tom, "I'm going out!" A loud grunt was the only answer, so I slipped out of the apartment.

Kandy was waiting for me. And she didn't prefer to play videogames. It was his own fault, really. He should pay more attention to me.

Oh well. What Tom didn't know, wouldn't hurt him.

The End