

Trinity: The Three and the One - Chapter 10

Hello Everyone!

It has been a while since the last chapter of Trinity came out, which I apologize for. Sometimes it can be hard to coordinate between two authors with busy schedules. We are prioritizing finishing up the series now. I hope that you enjoy this chapter! Let me know what you think in the comments.

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Collin checked one more time to be sure that Kelly and his wife weren't going to come back into the room, then pressed play on the video Kelly had sent him, his heart thundering in his chest. A feeling of dark foreboding curdled in his stomach, and his first thought was just to rip the band-aid off and discover the truth, no matter what it was.

The video started dark, then a sudden spark illuminated the screen. A match bursting into flame, and only the barest view of a hand holding it and bringing it to a spiralling, multicolored wax birthday candle. The hand held the match to the wick, and after a second, the match flared out.

Now the only light came from the candle.

As the camera adjusted to the dim lighting, the view zoomed out, showing the candle stuck into thick white frosting with colorful sprinkles. Soft panting could be heard from off camera. The video focused as it zoomed out a little more.

"Happy birthday to you..." Cassidy's voice came through clearly as she began to sing to Collin. Nothing about the video seemed all that scandalous so far. It was a little strange that Kelly had been so sly and secretive about it.

Then the lights came on.

They faded up to show exactly where the candle was. It wasn't stuck in a cake. Cassidy's pale, shapely thighs framed the frosting and candle sticking up between her legs. Now that it was zoomed out, the camera revealed Cassidy's flat stomach. Just below her navel, thick white frosting was smeared and spread all along her crotch. The sweet, sticky cream smothered her pussy, topped with a dusting of multicolored sprinkles, and the candle placed perfectly between her labia, held by her tight grip.

The realization hit Collin hard. The "birthday cake" that his wife had prepared for the video was her own pussy, complete with a lit candle. He watched the flame flicker and the wax slowly melt as she sang the song.

But if she was on camera... Why was Kelly the one who had given him the video?

In answer to his question, Kelly's voice joined in as she peeked into frame, eyes wide and sultry, framed with colorful eyeliner. Her cheeks were rosy and sparkling with glitter, hair up in pigtailed tied with colorful twirled ribbon. Her lingerie was just as colorful. Vibrant cream with spots of color, just

like the sprinkles on Cassidy's cunt cake. It clung to Kelly's luscious frame, her tits squeezed tight and puffing up over the lace cups. Her panties were painted on, sheer enough to show her bald cunt. Every inch of her skin was glittering.

Kelly waved at the camera with a giggle, clearly amused at Cassidy's embarrassing position. "Hey, Colly! Happy birthday! We wanted to give you a super special present. I mean... besides the one you're getting on your *actual* birthday." Kelly winked playfully at the camera. "I hope you enjoy tiger, we're gonna give you a filthy show today, so make sure you jerk real good." She made the universal motion with her hand as if she were stroking a cock and pushed her tongue into her cheek as if she were sucking one.

Despite the fact Collin had just cum twice in quick succession, his cock stirred to life at the fascinating, strange sight of his wife's sexual display. It was completely out of character for her to act like this, but somehow that mismatch only made it hotter. Collin was a little uncomfortable with the idea that she had played sexually with Kelly without discussing it with him first... but then again, if the point was just to make a sexy video for him, he might be able to look past that. He would definitely have to discuss that choice with her later, though.

The camera jostled and turned to face Cassidy. She lay back on her bed, dressed in the same lingerie as Kelly, sans panties. Legs propped up and open, she was looking straight into the camera with bright rosy cheeks that were glittering just like Kelly's. Her pussy was slathered in thick icing and the candle was slowly burning down between her labia.

"H...hey baby." Cassidy stammered and bit her lip. "Happy birthday. I hope you don't mind, but our friends are going to get a piece of cake a little early."

Kelly was giggling behind the camera. It jostled again, then went still. Kelly walked back into frame, pulling Jack along with her. He was naked.

Collin's heart nearly stopped. His mouth was suddenly desert dry, he felt like the air had been sucked out of his lungs. His eyes darted over the screen as Jack walked forward on the screen, his thick, erect cock bobbing and a grin plastered on his handsome face. Collin's brain fizzed and spluttered, unable to form coherent thoughts. But, perversely, his cock instantly pulsed back to full stiffness, mimicking the larger cock thrusting up from between Jack's hairy, toned thighs in the video.

The married couple knelt between Cassidy's thighs and leaned close to blow out the flame together. Kelly plucked the candle out from between Cassidy's tight pussy lips, performatively licked it clean, then turned back to the camera with a wide smile and salacious wink. "This sweet, moist little cake looks so tasty. You're really missing out Colly, maybe if you're good, Cass will give you a taste too."

Turning back to the frosted pussy in front of them, Jack and Kelly leaned in on either side of Cassidy's slit. With teasing slowness, they extended their tongues and greedily licked the icing off her labia.

"Ohhhhhh." Cassidy fell back on the bed, gasping in pleasure as her friends sucked and licked the tasty sugar from her smooth mound with busy, intertwining tongues.

"So tasty," Kelly moaned. She dove back in again, noisily slurping as her tongue explored all along Cassidy's crotch.

Jack was silent and focused, licking deeply between Cassidy's lips. His tongue came away with thick globs of the icing. He swallowed greedily and went back for more.

"Ohhhh god," Cassidy moaned, trembling. "Oh, holy fucking god."

Kelly loaded her tongue with icing, then moved up onto the bed, bringing her tongue and lips to Cassidy's. They kissed deeply, sharing the frosting. It swirled and dripped along their lips.

With the space freed up by Kelly, Jack moved directly between Cassidy's thighs, grabbed hold of them, and began truly eating, licking deep inside her. All Collin could see from the camera's point of view was his pastor's head between his wife's stocking-clad legs, and Kelly on the bed next to her, making out like they were pornstars.

Cassidy was panting between sloppy kisses, her hand falling to grip Jack's hair and pull him closer as he devoured her. Shaking with the intensity of the sensations roaring through her. "God! F-fucking shit," she gasped into Kelly's mouth.

"Mmmmm, you're such a dirty-mouthed girl," Kelly giggled. She began kissing down her friend's neck to the valley between her little tits, licking her skin before moving up to her nipple. She pressed a kiss against the sheer lace, then sealed her lips around the stiff, blushing nub beneath, beginning to suck on it.

"Ohhhh, fuuuuck."

"Get loud, baby." Jack groaned between Cassidy's thighs. "We're putting on a show for the birthday boy, remember? Make sure Collin hears how good you feel."

Cassidy started to whimper, bucking her hips into Jack's mouth.

The married couple assaulted Cassidy's body from two angles. Devouring and sucking. Licking and kissing all over her most sensitive parts.

"I'm...I'm gonna..." Cassidy panted.

"Mmmm, is our good girl gonna cum? Hm? You wanna cum on my husband's sticky, sugar-coated tongue?" Kelly grabbed hold of the bra, tugging it down to expose Cassidy's stiff pink nipples.

"Yes! Yes!" Cassidy panted.

"Mmmm say it, then. Tell the birthday boy how his wifey is feeling."

"Ohhh fuck, Collin. Collin, I'm gonna cum on Jack's tongue!" she shouted to the camera, making Kelly laugh and silence her liquid cries of pleasure with her mouth.

Collin's cock throbbed with powerful, devastating arousal as he stared open-mouthed at the antics on the video, feeling totally numb. It occurred to him dimly that none of the filthy, dirty talk in the video sounded awkward or forced. In fact, it sounded... natural. Almost like this was normal for everyone involved. The dark, humiliating truth pushed through Collin's numb shock, and a moment later, his suspicions were confirmed by the video.

The couple pinned Cassidy down, Kelly kissing her hard and deep while her husband made out with her lower lips. Jack's tongue swirled and pressed further and further in as Cassidy began bucking her hips, stringing together orgasms from Jack's talented mouth.

"Fuck! Fuck! Ohhhhh fuck!" Cassidy cried, her passion muffled by Kelly's lips on hers. Kelly reached down, rubbing Cassidy's clit in tight little circles as her husband continued his assault between Cassidy's trembling thighs.

Collin's wife was overwhelmed with pleasure, and it was clear things were just getting started.

Suddenly, Jack stood up, his face a mess of Cassidy's arousal and frosting. His cock bounced between his muscled legs, fully erect and throbbing a deep red as he took his position between Cassidy's open legs. With slow strokes, he moved his cock along her pussy, smearing the slick frosting and wetness all over his shaft and head, coating it in the sticky, creamy goop.

Cassidy lay panting, trying to catch her breath, her tits bouncing with every heave of her chest. Kelly reached over to the nightstand and picked up a canister of whipped cream, shaking it with a wide, playful smile. "I think this pretty cake needs some more decoration. Don't you honey?"

"Definitely. Whipped topping always makes a cake better," said Jack in a low, smug voice that set Collin's teeth on edge. He took the canister from his wife and gently pushed the nozzle into Cassidy's pussy. Already sensitive, she bucked her hips, gasping harshly and then moaning when Jack pressed down and shot a thick stream of whipped cream deep into Cassidy's cunt.

"Oh, God!" Cassidy whimpered, grabbing Kelly's arm. "It's fuck...fucking cold ohhhhh."

Once the cream was dripping out, overflowing from around the nozzle, down her lips, and between her ass cheeks, Jack tossed the canister aside. With confident, possessive hands, he pushed Cassidy's legs open and pressed his tip against her creamy opening. He moved with the assurance of a familiar lover... Jack had clearly fucked Cassidy many times before. So many that he felt no need to warn her about what he was about to do. Jack eased his cock into Cassidy's pussy, pushing out the whipped cream like he was pushing a finger into a cream-filled donut.

"Ohhhhhhhh fuuuuuuck!" Cassidy cried, her fingers twisting sweaty handfuls of sheets.

Kelly grabbed the whipped cream and sprayed it messily onto Cassidy's nipples and into her belly-button. Then, with a sultry wink at the camera, she proceeded to push the nozzle into her own pussy and shot a stream of cream inside her with a deep gasp. "Oh fuck! You weren't kidding...fucking cold!"

Jack pressed his thick cock into Cassidy's tight, cream-filled pussy, watching the cream puff and drip out around his already goopy shaft. "Fuck...warm and cold... fuck, that's a weird feeling." He chuckled.

Cassidy was trembling, her body sticky with cream and sugar and filled with Jack's hard, hot cock. Kelly mounted her friend's face, pressing her cream-filled pussy onto Cassidy's mouth. "Mmmm, someone hasn't had a slice of cake yet. Eat me, honey, mmmm, fuck, eat my pussy out. Taste the creamy goodness." She laughed, grabbing hold of Cassidy's head and pulling her tight against her dripping cunt.

The couple had her from both ends, Kelly covering Cassidy's mouth and Jack sinking deeper and deeper into her pussy until finally his balls pressed against the melting, sticky cream. "Fuuuucking shit, Cass. So tight. Squeeze me, squeeze out the cream and clench on my cock for the birthday boy. Show him how talented you are." Jack held Cassidy's legs wide as his wife ground her pussy into Cassidy's mouth.

The camera caught Cassidy's pussy bulging around Jack's cock. Sticky, dripping, and slick with sugar and juices. Cream dripped down Cassidy's chin, all along her neck and down her chest, meeting the melting cream on her nipples as Kelly swiveled her hips, undulating like a belly dancer, grinding her pussy into her friend's mouth.

Collin was stunned. Devastated. Turned on beyond belief. Tonight, being with Kelly and Cassidy together had been sexually intense, but even that paled in comparison to the filthy action that was taking place on the screen in front of him. Cassidy was making out passionately with her best friend's cream-filled pussy while Jack fucked her deep, cream oozing out along the edges of his cock. Collin was shocked that this was even something his wife was capable of.

"Oh, fuck Cass. That's it. Eat me. Eat out the creamy center of my pussy. Oh, fucking god, you're so good..." moaned Kelly, throwing her head back in sexual abandon.

"Put some in your ass," Jack grunted, sliding his cock out of Cassidy's clinging pussy and then thrusting back in, making her cream-splattered tits jiggle with the force of his thrust. "Fill that asshole with some cream, too. Give her a taste of both those sweet holes, honey." He chuckled, but kept his gaze focused on his cock as it penetrated the married woman beneath him.

"Mmmm, good idea." Leaning forward, the camera caught Kelly's ass opening to expose her rosebud and her creamy lips. Cassidy craned her neck upward further, still digging her tongue deep to lick up all the whipped cream she could from Kelly's sweet pussy. Kelly eased the nozzle into her asshole and squirted the cream deep into her bowels.

The three of them moaned, the sound filling the camera's microphone. Caught together in a mess of sugar and cream and juices as the camera rolled.

Collin sat stunned, staring open-mouthed at the video in front of him, his cock a stiff spike of arousal in his pants and his heart filled with a sort of hollow desolation.

The awful truth had swept away all of his lingering doubts and half-formed suspicions in an instant. Cassidy was cheating on him. Some part of his brain still insisted that maybe this was all some kind of misunderstanding. Maybe this video showed the second-ever time that his wife had fucked their friends, and she had just intended it as a sexy gift.

But the excuse was so flimsy that it couldn't even stand on its own for a moment. Collin watched with sick fascination as Kelly winked at the camera, then pressed again on the nozzle of the whipped cream canister in her tight little asshole, filling it up with another squirt of cream before settling back over Cassidy's sticky, cream-smearred face.

You didn't jump from your first threesome to sloppily eating whipped cream out of your best friend's asshole. Yet that was precisely what Cassidy was doing on the screen, with every sign of slutty enjoyment despite her delicately blushing cheeks.

Right now, Collin just felt numb, although massive, dark feelings were boiling beneath that surface layer of shock. When it came right down to it, he just had a hard time believing it. Maybe that was silly, considering his suspicions had been growing for weeks. But, even though he had begun imagining that Cassidy was cheating on him, that belief had always come with the bedrock assumption that he was overreacting. That his sweet, innocent wife could never actually do that.

He had thought that his recent addiction to cuckold porn had been poisoning his mind, yet here was the filthiest, most heartbreaking cuckolding sex he had ever seen playing out on screen, brought to life by the woman he had placed all his trust in.

Collin watched as the camera zoomed in on his wife's tongue, tracing a circle swiftly around Kelly's tight asshole, then pressing greedily inside. It didn't look like the woman he knew. His shy, sweet bride, who used to be too embarrassed to have sex with the lights on. Well... Cassidy *had* become a lot more sexually adventurous lately. Now he knew where that impulse had come from.

And if it was just Cassidy and Kelly playing together, Collin may even have been ok with that. Maybe that was an awful double standard, and it shouldn't matter, but Collin thought that sex with a woman was on such a different axis than sex with him that he wouldn't necessarily feel threatened.

The camera moved down from Cassidy's enthusiastic rimming to focus between her thighs. To where Jack was plunging deep into her pussy.

Jack. Jack's bigger, thicker cock. That sight really made the dark, despairing feelings bubbling inside Collin rise to the surface. Collin was almost mesmerized as he watched the wet, pumping action. Jack's cock was thick enough to force his wife's delicate lips wide with every thrust. Her delicate pink pussy clung tight to his pumping shaft, stretched around Jack in a way Collin could never manage, gripping with every backstroke. It was obvious how deeply aroused Cassidy was from the deep drilling she was receiving. Her hips writhed and humped upward in time with her pastor's thrusts, eagerly meeting his strokes. Her slick, syrupy juices flowed freely, mixing with the cream, leftover frosting, and sprinkles to make a gooey mess between them that stuck and pulled into messy strings as their bodies met and parted again and again with wet slapping sounds.

Maybe it was wrong to think this way, but Collin saw a man stealing his wife. Defiling her and claiming her primally as his own. And the worst fucking part was how erotic it was. Even as he felt his heart splintering to pieces, Collin's cock was as hard as ever. Watching cuckold porn had primed him to find this kind of thing just as hot as it was distressing.

With a groan, Jack pulled his long, thick cock out of Cassidy's pussy. It was obscenely smeared with cream and pussy juice up and down its shaft and collected beneath the flare of its mushroom head. "Well, buddy, I think it's time your wife had some dessert as well. Come here, sweet Lilly. You too, angel. There's a lot of dessert for one woman to eat. You two can share."

Strangely, even though he was watching his wife fucked by another man, the fact that Cassidy had a special nickname that she only used with Jack and Kelly hurt the worst. She responded to the name “sweet Lilly”, slipping off the bed along with Kelly to kneel on the ground at Jack’s feet, both staring up at the camera with sultry, lustful expressions. There was a secret side to his wife that Collin had no access to. A name that she only heard from another man’s lips. Collin didn’t know how to handle that.

“Come on,” said Kelly eagerly, reaching out to grip her husband’s thick, throbbing cock by its base, smearing her hands with cream, “Let’s eat!” She dove in eagerly, extending her tongue to lick performatively up the side of Jack’s shaft, collecting a thick layer of cream mixed with Cassidy’s arousal. For a second, Collin hoped that Cassidy might hold back... but a second later she leaned forward as well, ready to join in and give Jack’s massive, dominant cock the two-mouth blowjob he demanded.

The two women on screen devoured the cock standing before them. They licked and kissed and sucked, running their lips all along the shaft and head. Slurping, squelching pops filled the room, along with moans from the woman as if they were partaking of something so delicious there was no choice but to let everyone know. Cassidy swallowed Jack’s cock as he stood towering over the women, gripping his firm thighs and bobbing with eager need.

Gwak Gwak Gwakgwakgwak.

Kelly placed a gentle hand on the back of Cassidy’s head. “That’s right, honey, take every inch of that cock for the birthday boy. Let him see how good a cock sucker you are.” She gave her friend’s bare ass a hard slap before leaping up, retrieving the whipped cream can, and returning to kneel beside Cassidy as she enthusiastically deep-throated her pastor.

Kelly trailed slick kisses down Cassidy’s back until she reached the plump swell of her ass and bit her soft skin, moaning and fondling her. “Such a gorgeous ass.” She pulled a cheek open, exposing the dripping mess between them. Cassidy’s asshole was glazed with a mixture of juices and cream, and Kelly dove in and began lapping it with her tongue without a second's hesitation.

Collin could barely believe what he was seeing. Part of him wanted to throw his phone away and spare himself the heartbreak that was raging through him. But another part of himself, a weak, miserable part that he hated, never wanted to look away. He watched every filthy detail as Kelly buried her face between his wife’s plump cheeks, licking and slurping at her creamy asshole.

Cassidy let out a low, muffled moan, sucking cock while her best friend feasted on her ass. She yelped in surprise a moment later, glancing back to see Kelly pushing the whipped cream nozzle into her ass, spraying it once again to fill her with cream.

Popping off Jack’s cock, she cried out in a mix of shock, pain, and ecstasy. But the outburst only lasted for a second. Cassidy only had time to suck in another deep breath before Jack palmed the back of her head and directed her back to his cock with a primal groan, shoving his cock back down her throat.

Kelly was clearly having fun with the cream because she continued squirting it out as she pulled it from Cassidy’s ass and trailed the cream up her friend's back, along her neck and then into her hair. She

stood up and, with a mischievous laugh, sprayed her husband with the whipped cream, splashing his chest as he laughed.

Finally, Jack allowed Cassidy to pull off of his cock, gasping for breaths but smiling as she looked up, joining in the laughter at how messy they were all getting.

Squirting a shot of cream into her mouth, Kelly gave the other two a playful grin and jumped onto the bed. "Alright! I think we need a good birthday money shot!" She declared, reaching out and pulling Cassidy up onto the bed with her.

They were both an utterly sticky mess. Cream, spit and juices were splattered all over their bodies, glittering and dripping smeared all over them in ways that were beyond arousing. The cleanup after this performance had probably been a major chore.

Kelly reached for Jack too, pulling him down with them both. As if arranging mannequins in a boutique window, Kelly positioned Cassidy onto all fours, facing the camera. Her tits swayed beneath her, dripping cream onto the bed. Pulling her husband up behind her friend, Kelly gave Jack a sloppy tongue kiss as she stroked his cock. "Alright baby, let's give the birthday boy a really good finale to his present."

Cassidy's eyes met the camera. Staring beyond the digital recording into the very eyes of her husband. Behind her, Jack aimed his cock at Cassidy's dripping cunt and slowly slid inside. All the camera showed was the reaction on Cassidy's face. Her eyes widening. Mouth opening in a gasp. Soft moans as Jack took hold of her hips and started to thrust at a steady but fast pace.

Smack, Smack, Splack Splack. The sound of Jack's hips and balls slapping against Cassidy's messy ass cheeks and thighs poured from the phone's speakers as the screen focused on her face, contorted in pleasure.

Crawling up next to Cassidy, Kelly grabbed her friend's chin and turned her so their lips connected, tongues tangling open-mouthed and graphic.

"Mmmmm you taste so good." Kelly nipped at her friend's lips before turning her attention to the camera and pressed her cheek against Cassidy's. "Let's sing happy birthday to your man."

As they began singing, Cassidy's gasping breaths punctuated the song as Jack thrust his bare cock inside her. Her tits bounced. The loud, lewd sound of wet, sticky smacks and splashes adding a musical background to the innocent song.

"Happyyyyy Birthday dear Coooooooooollin...." the final verse came... and so did Jack.

Behind Cassidy, Jack slammed his cock into her married pussy, crying out hoarsely along with the climax of the song, his balls spasming and cock spewing his cum into her cunt just as thick and creamy as the frosting he'd licked off earlier.

Cassidy cried out, arching, gasping, "Coooooooooollin!" as she came right along with Jack.

Kelly groaned, grabbing hold of her friend's tit, pinching her messy nipple and biting her ear. "Happy Biiiiirthdayyyyy tooooo..." Her eyes darted to the camera. "You." She hissed seductively and covered

Cassidy's mouth with her own in a hard kiss as Cassidy came on her husband's cock and Jack filled her with thick semen.

Somehow, there had still been a part of Collin that wished Cassidy would stop things. Would loudly say that what was going on was wrong and that it should go no further. Why had she screamed his name when she came? Why was she acting like this was some sort of fun, sexy gift for him when it was the deepest betrayal he could imagine? It made no sense. Collin's brain couldn't pick up the pieces of his shattered relationship and make them fit together again. He watched his wife orgasm as another man filled her with cum, and through all of his anger and pain, his cock remained a stiff spike of lust in his pants. He hated himself for it.

Kelly jumped up from the bed and grabbed the camera, the video shaking for a moment as she returned to the bed. Cassidy had collapsed onto the mattress, panting heavily. The camera moved along the sweaty, sticky, exhausted woman's body until it came to her ass, legs wide and still propped up as Jack pulled his drained cock out of her pussy. Cassidy's well-used cunt was such a mess of thick, goopy juices and cream that it was hard to tell what was dripping from her as Jack slipped out with a slick pop.

Focusing the camera directly between Cassidy's legs, the video showed her messy pussy gaping slightly and dripping. Dripping with filthy betrayal. Her opening spasmed in aftershocks from her orgasm.

"Mmmm fuck, look at that. Gonna be so fun to clean up." Kelly's voice carried through the speaker. "Happy Birthday, Collin! We love you! Hope you enjoyed this part of your gift. I know your wife did." There was a jovial giggle as the camera got closer, closer. The whole of Cassidy's used pussy filled the screen. Clenching, pushing out thick globs of another man's cum mixing with whipped cream and juices.

The image lingered for a full ten seconds. And then the screen went blank. The video was over.

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Collin tossed his phone to the side, feeling crushed and overwhelmed by the depth of his despair. He had been right. The whole time he had been scolding himself for being paranoid and not trusting his wife, he had been fucking right all along.

Cassidy had been cheating on him for months with Kelly and Jack, fucking them behind his back every Sunday, then coming back and fucking him as if nothing was wrong. He couldn't breathe. Could barely think. And the worst part was, through it all, his cock throbbed with powerful lust, through his heartbreak and anger and betrayal.

Collin heard a noise that made him look up sharply from the bed. Quiet laughter and casual chatting between Kelly and Cassidy, approaching down the hallway from the kitchen.

Anger flared up inside him as the reality of the situation became clear to him. He had been so fucking happy that Cassidy had finally offered him his reciprocal threesome with Kelly tonight for his birthday. But in the end, the "threesome", if you could even call it that, was just a cruel joke. It had to be. Otherwise, how could you explain the fact that he "wasn't allowed" to fuck Kelly?

Cassidy had smugly denied him the right to fuck Kelly, while she spent every Sunday getting deep-dicked by another man. It was stunning hypocrisy... or probably just deliberate cruelty. Cassidy thought she was better than him. Thought Jack was better than him. She was probably laughing with Kelly right now about what a gullible idiot he was.

Collin didn't even think about why Kelly had sent him the video. At this point, that hardly mattered. What mattered was what he planned to do with his cheating wife.

The door swung open, and Kelly sauntered inside, turning to continue talking over her shoulder to Cassidy, "No, I swear, honey. I was reading online that it's absolutely good for the skin. I probably should have left it on a little while instead of..."

Cassidy was smiling back at her, but as she entered the room and saw Collin's expression and posture, her good mood instantly evaporated. "Collin?" she asked in a timid voice. "What's wrong?"

Collin could see the fear and guilt plain on her face. She must have known he would figure it out, eventually. Now it was time for the shoe to drop.

"Kelly," said Collin stonily, his eyes still locked with Cassidy's, "I would appreciate it if you would get your things and go. I need to have a private conversation with my wife."

Kelly's smile faded as she heard the grim tone in Collin's voice. Her eyes darted between her best friend and Collin as a worried frown pulled her lips downward. "Collin, sweetie, what's the matter?" she asked hesitantly. "Did I go a little too far? I thought we were all having fun here."

"Kelly! I..." Collin's voice cracked, and he swallowed hard, trying to keep a hold of his emotions.

"Was it something in the video?" Kelly ventured, taking a step towards Collin. "It was all just for fun, Collin. But if we said something that hurt you, I promise we didn't mean it like that."

"V...video?" Cassidy's voice came out strangled. Her chest was heavy. She couldn't breathe.

Kelly looked back at her, confused. "Yeah. The birthday video. I know you said you were going to give it to him later, but I figured... Well, he deserved his treat. Ya know?"

The simple way Kelly spoke was like a nail into Collin's temple. Was Kelly still playing a game? Did their disrespect of him go so bone deep that they were going to mock him to his face? Or was Kelly actually stupid? Was she blind? Had Cassidy pulled the wool over her best friend's eyes just like her husband's?

He shook off the thoughts. He would sort Kelly and Jack out later. But his conversation with Cassidy had to come first.

"Y-you should go home, Kelly," said Cassidy in a miserable voice, her face pale as the full weight of what had happened hit her. What it meant. "He's right. We need to talk." She made it sound like a death sentence.

Kelly looked like she wanted to argue for a second, but then seemed to realize that staying against both of their wishes was probably not wise. She scooped up her clothes and dressed swiftly in awkward silence, then gave Cassidy a peck on the cheek and a whisper of "call me later" on her way out.

Then Cassidy and Collin were finally alone.

For the first time in her life, Cassidy felt truly exposed. Vulnerable. As if her very skin had been peeled back, and her organs and muscles revealed and laid bare. Collin could simply reach out, grip her heart, and crush it. Funny enough, that's exactly how Collin looked. Like she'd crushed his heart. It made Cassidy want to throw up...

Her stomach lurched. She barely made it into the bathroom and to the toilet before she was violently vomiting. Retching.

The shadow of her husband loomed in the doorway. Not once in all her life had Cassidy been afraid of Collin. He was a teddy bear. But just his shadow now was enough to make her fear for her life. She couldn't blame him for his anger. He knew what she'd done. The video was proof enough that not only had she cheated on him, but it had been going on much longer than just that single movie.

Wiping her face clean with some toilet paper, Cassidy nervously looked back at Collin. Her eyes were hazy. Cheeks red. Nose dripping stomach acid and snot. Every breath was painful, like a truck had parked on her ribcage. "C...Col...Honey, please... I... I know what this seems like and... I'll tell you everything..."

God, why did this all sound so cliché? She'd heard these same pathetic words in so many soap operas and romance movies. *I can explain, honey. It's not what it looks like. It was a mistake.* Yada Yada Yada. It was all useless, hollow platitudes. Cassidy had known exactly what she was doing. It was a mistake, but one she made willingly. It was exactly what it looked like. She'd been carrying on an affair with her friends. With her pastor! And sure, she could explain, but what good would that really do? The only explanation was that she loved sex with Jack and Kelly and wanted more of it.

"I'm so sorry," she finally croaked, her throat raw and still tasting like bile.

Collin stared down at his wife, pitifully clinging to the toilet. He couldn't understand her at all. "I'm sure that you're very, very sorry that you got caught," he said flatly.

Cassidy shook her head, eyes brimming with tears. "No, Collin, you don't understand..." she began weakly.

Collin didn't think Cassidy could possibly have a satisfying ending to that sentence, and he had no desire to hear her attempt. He cut her off, trying to keep a tight leash on his voice so he wasn't yelling. "You're right! I don't understand. I mean, what is this?" He gestured with a jerky wave to where Cassidy slumped on the floor, to the vomit in the toilet. "Some sort of play for sympathy? Where was your sympathy for me, all those Sunday afternoons you spent fucking our pastor behind my back?"

Cassidy was silent. She hung her head, tears spilling down her cheeks. And, despite it all, even through his anger, Collin felt a lump rise in his throat. Even after she had betrayed him, he couldn't just turn his love off like a switch. It tore him up inside to see her so clearly devastated.

But that reaction just made him more furious. At himself this time. Cassidy had probably done this to him because she thought he was a fucking doormat. And here he was, proving her right! He had to remember that he was in the right here and not fall for her emotional manipulation. Collin forced down any sympathy he felt with cold ruthlessness. She didn't deserve any.

“Get a hold of yourself,” he said angrily, turning his back on the pitiful sight of Cassidy crying. “I’m not going to talk to you while you’re making a scene like this.” He stalked out of the bedroom, pulled on some pajama pants, and sat heavily on the end of the bed, rubbing the heels of his hands into his eyes and willing his own tears to stay inside.

Cassidy’s legs were weak. She felt sick. Everything was aching. It had all happened so fast. She knew the awful feelings weren’t anything physical. All the mental blocks and avoidance tactics she’d engaged in to excuse her behavior had crumbled in an instant. The video... god that video. She winced as she realized that it probably wasn’t even the worst one they had filmed! But it had been bad enough. The video was so graphic, so blatantly in your face, that there was no way to explain it away.

Stumbling to the sink, washing out her mouth and splashing her face, Cassidy tried to remember all the things she’d said and did. What Collin had seen. The details were fuzzy. She had never actually imagined that Collin would see the video, so the events hadn’t seemed all that important at the time. She knew he’d seen Jack and Kelly fucking her like a toy. Using her. And she knew in the end, Jack had cum inside her, and Kelly had gotten a close-up. So close. Collin had just watched a screen filled with the image of another man’s semen dripping out of her.

She sobbed. Throat tightening. This wasn’t how things were supposed to happen. She had been working herself up to a confession for a while now. She had known that Collin would be mad when she told him. But she’d wanted it to come from her own mouth. But she knew now that, deep down, the only reason she had wanted to confess was so she could control the narrative. She had put it off too long. Gotten too greedy. And now fate had stolen her chance to soften the blow. Now it seemed like she had never intended to tell him. All of her excuses were just shit. Her betrayal was laid bare before her, as naked as she was. The manipulation. Her desire to—she almost laughed—have her cake and eat it too.

Collin probably should have been trying to calm down a little himself, but he could barely even think at the moment. His head was just a ball of raw, buzzing pain, too tired and shattered and devastated to think clearly.

He looked up as Cassidy came out of the bathroom, and felt another pang of sorrow and pain as his eyes flicked unconsciously over her naked body. Her soft, womanly curves looked as tempting as ever to him... but now they also inspired a spike of wounded jealousy. Those firm breasts and wide hips had once been his territory. But Cassidy had freely and repeatedly shared them with other people. He couldn’t stand to look at her naked body right now.

“Put on a robe or something,” he muttered darkly, looking away. Cassidy jumped as if stung by his words, but did as he asked, hiding her body away beneath one of her silk robes. She sat gingerly on the bed a few feet away from her husband, but Collin scooted over a few inches more, putting even more distance between them.

They sat in silence for a while, the awful, awkward tension palpable between them. Collin’s anger grew hotter and hotter as his mind ran over the facts again and again, probing them even though they hurt him, like a tongue running over a sore tooth. Finally, he glared over at where Cassidy sat, shoulders slumped and hands tightly folded in her lap, and snapped, “Well? I don’t think it will make any

difference at this point, but I want to hear your explanation. How did it happen? Why did you decide to blow up our marriage? Just so you could fuck other people?”

Cassidy winced at his harsh language and tone, and her tears welled up again. Collin hated himself for hurting her, but he forced himself not to back down, glaring at her with a judgmental frown painted on his face.

Cassidy shook her head silently for a moment, but seemed to realize that she had to say something. “I... I don’t have any good excuses.” She thought back to all the lessons she’d had in church. About how secrets never stay that way. How everything would be brought to light. Cassidy knew she could lie. She could try to manipulate and steer the conversation. Gaslight her husband. Play the victim.

But that was selling Collin short. She’d already disrespected him enough. She’d...cuckolded him. There was no way around it. She’d gone behind his back. Taken advantage of his trust. His love. He’d given her one pass, an opportunity for some fun with trusted friends. But instead of simply taking that pass and coming home and being the faithful wife again, Cassidy had run straight into the arms of seduction and sin.

Emotions warred inside her. There were far too many thoughts and emotions raging inside her to deal with in a moment like this. But Cassidy had to do something. Say something. Try to keep things from completely falling apart.

“I know it was wrong. I knew it was wrong the whole time. That first... that first time, with Kelly... with Jack, it... it sparked something in me. It was so different. I never knew... I didn’t know sex could be like that.”

Collin cringed. “Like what? Are you saying sex with me was bad?” His stomach was turning to acid.

“What? NO! Collin, please, just... try to understand. I’m not comparing you to what I did...was doing, with them. That’s not what I’m trying to say. It was an amazing experience. I thought it was just a one time thing, but when Kelly alluded to the idea that maybe... maybe we could do it again...” Cassidy’s words caught in her throat. “I just... the temptation was too great.”

“So it’s Kelly’s fault? She’s the seductress? Is that it?” Collin growled. “You’re going to try to blame her and Jack? Did they make you, Cass? Huh? Did Jack force you to suck his cock? I didn’t see your hands tied in that video! I didn’t see a gun to your head! In fact, you were practically diving onto his dick!”

Cassidy winced and wrapped her arms around herself tightly. “NO! I... it’s not Kelly’s fault. I’m not blaming her. I’m just saying I wasn’t strong enough to resist the offer. Kelly and Jack wanted to include you. They would never have done it if they thought you wouldn’t approve.”

“Oh! Well, that’s so much better. My friend wouldn’t fuck my wife unless I gave the thumbs up! Great! And what? You just told them that old Cuck Collin was over the moon for the idea of his wife getting stuck like a pig by his friends? By his pastor?!” Collin was practically yelling, and Cassidy was cowering from him by sheer instinct.

“I... I knew you wouldn’t agree. I lied because I wanted it.” She sobbed honestly.

The words stung, and Collin's mind filled with the filthy images of cuckolding porn he had been watching lately. Of husbands sidelined. Disrespected. Forced to watch and jerk off while wives fucked men they preferred. While their wives talked about how they weren't good enough... how their bull was so much better.

"So that's it," he said in disgust, jumping up off the bed and pacing, his nervous energy powering him across the floor. "Tale as old as time. You found a bigger, better dick, and I wasn't good enough for you anymore. I thought you were better than that."

Cassidy looked up at him, and bizarrely, she seemed shocked at his characterization of her motives. "Better?" she said, in what seemed like genuine surprise. "Collin, no. Not better. Different. Having sex with you is always fulfilling. And didn't you notice that things between us have been even better lately? I wanted to come back to you and try new things. None of that was fake. None of that was..."

"Stop!" barked Collin harshly, pointing a finger at her. "Don't do that. Don't try to pretend you were doing me some sort of favor. Don't try to pretend you were doing this for anyone other than yourself."

Tears were flowing freely down Cassidy's cheeks. Snot dripping from her nose. Her breaths were coming out in hiccups. Collin turned away to prevent a lump from forming in his throat.

"Collin, please... I'm trying to be honest. And... and I know how it sounds. It sounds so selfish. And it was. I was. What do you want me to say? Tell me where this conversation is going. I don't want to lose you! I made a mistake, more than one, but..." Cassidy could barely get the words out, reaching out a hand to him like a woman who was drowning.

Collin knew why she asked where the conversation was headed. He was asking himself the same thing. What did this mean for their relationship? If you had told Collin that he might divorce his wife before he watched the video, he would have called you crazy, even with his growing suspicions. But now he wasn't so sure. The enormity of Cassidy's betrayal seemed to pull at everything with its dark gravity.

"I don't know," he admitted, his mouth dry and his palms suddenly sweaty. "I just... I don't even think I know who you are anymore."

His words seemed to pierce Cassidy's heart. "Collin! Don't say that," she begged, standing, her robe fluttering open, showing her nudity. "I'm the same! I'm the same woman you married. The same woman who wants to start a family with you."

"Family? You want a family with me?" asked Collin in stunned fury. "You let Jack cum inside you! Don't you dare look at me and tell me all this bullshit about loving me and cherishing me. Wanting kids with me. I saw the video. He came inside you, Cassidy! Are you even still on birth control? Were you going to try to pass his kid off as mine?"

Cassidy stumbled back. "I... what? No! Never. I'm still on birth control. I would never do that to you! Collin, you're the only one I want babies with. I've even talked about it with them. That if we were gonna start trying that, Jack would start wearing..." She stopped, realizing how utterly absurd what she was about to say was.

Collin's rage was blazing now. "Oh, that's so generous. Instead of sending my wife home dripping with his cum, he'd start wearing condoms. So nice of him. That just makes it all better."

She wiped her eyes and face with the sleeve of her robe. “Collin. I’m sorry. None of this is coming out right. And I know how messed up it is. How horrible it is. But none of this is what you think. I wasn’t unsatisfied with you. I wasn’t replacing you. We never laughed behind your back or anything like that. Kelly and Jack thought you approved. They thought you liked what we were doing, and I let them believe it. I’m the one to blame. I lied. To you. To them. If they knew the truth, they’d never have touched me.”

“So you’re just a whore! Is that it?” Collin took a step towards her and grabbed her arm, hard enough to bruise.

Cassidy whimpered. “N...no... I...”

“Were you fucking other people at church too?”

She wailed. “NO! No! It’s not like that.”

Collin was blind to his actions. His rage, desperation, and despair were in control. Cassidy’s robe was open, and he saw her body. How beautiful she was. Tight. Firm. Bare. Her tits swaying as she sobbed. He stared down at her pussy. Seeing visions of Jack fucking her. Of his thick cock stretching her.

Cassidy had denied him so much. She wouldn’t tell him what happened during that first threesome. She promised him a threesome with Kelly, but then attempted to deny him what she’d promised. Even what she’d done earlier for his ‘present’ had been meant to be done with a condom on. She’d given Jack and Kelly full access, but then attempted at every turn to keep him in the dark. Contained. Restrained. Denied.

His grip tightened, and he threw Cassidy on the bed. She yelped, bouncing, her legs opening wide to expose herself. “Collin!” She gasped, shaking as her husband stalked towards her and put his hand on her mound, shoving two fingers into her wet depths.

Cassidy gasped and fell back. The pleasure was immediate and intense. Collin curved his fingers and rubbed the tight bundle of nerves inside, making her buck her hips. She was soaking wet; still aroused from her earlier activity with him and Kelly. Even all this chaos and anger hadn’t done anything to dry up her lingering need for more.

“You’re fucking soaked,” he growled. “Do you like this? Humiliating me? Does it get you off lying and making me look like a fucking fool?”

“N...no....no...” It came out in whimpering gasps she could barely articulate. His fingers rubbed furiously, thrusting into her hard. “Collin! Collin please! I’m...I’m gonna...”

“Do you even cum when you’re with me? Huh? Is it all fake?” Collin’s eyes were overflowing with tears as he fingered his wife faster, harder.

“No! NO! OHHHH GOD FUCK!” she cried out, her orgasm ripping through her, dragged out kicking and screaming by her husband’s fingers and fury.

Collin was in a red-tinged haze of blended fury and lust. As he felt his wife’s pussy, slick and hot and tight against his pumping fingers, he couldn’t stop himself from imagining Jack, smug grin on his

handsome face, thrusting in and out of this same pussy. Pumping it full of cum and sending Cassidy home to her dumb cuck husband.

Although seeing Cassidy crying and miserable had killed the troubled erection that the video had given him, it was now back in full force. It felt like his cock was throbbing and filled to bursting with his dark, despairing anger. He needed relief. Collin withdrew his fingers from Cassidy's dripping pussy, took a step back, and shucked his pajama pants roughly to the ground, letting his cock bounce free into the open air.

"Here," he said harshly, snapping his fingers insultingly and pointing down to the floor beneath him. "On your knees. Sucking cock is your new favorite hobby, right? Since you love being treated like a slut, I think it's my turn. I want you to show me all the tricks that your new man taught you."

Cassidy was in a haze of endorphins. The orgasm had been swift. Unintended. Not something she'd imagined being able to do when her marriage was on the brink of collapse. But Collin had ripped it out of her. Her legs were shaking as she pushed herself up, staring at the rod of solid burning iron between her husband's thighs. She'd never seen it more swollen and angry.

"Collin..." She choked, torn between arousal and disgust. Not disgust at her husband, but at how he was treating her. How he was looking at her. But... in some twisted way, she was hopeful. He was still looking at her with desire. He wasn't disgusted by her, at least not enough to no longer want her to touch him.

Maybe... maybe if she did this... he could get his anger and frustration out. Give him post-nut clarity. Drain him of his anger and anxiety through his cock.

It wasn't that far-fetched. She'd read a number of articles over the years about how sex was a stress reliever. This was just a very, very high-stress situation. And it required something more than a good hand job or missionary.

Still shaking, Cassidy slid off the bed, feeling her pussy throb from her earlier orgasm. She sank to her knees in front of Collin, staring at his cock. It was so red. The head was almost purple, throbbing and dripping viscous pre-cum in thick strings.

"Worship it. Come on. Show me what Jack taught you." Collin growled, seemingly possessed.

"Collin, it's not like..."

"Shut up and put it in your mouth!" The command was choked by constrained tears.

Cassidy quickly moved in, hands grasping his shaft and mouth swallowing his head. It burned her tongue. His slick, thick cum left over from his session with Kelly quickly coated the inside of her mouth and drained down along her tongue into her throat.

"Fu..." Collin gasped. The sudden sensation of his wife's mouth, even in his rage, was intense. Her tongue swirled around his sensitive head. Her lips dragged along his taut skin. Her fists pumped and twisted along his length, simulating his already overly sensitive member.

Cassidy guiltily tried to think of everything she'd done over the past weeks with Jack and Kelly. What she'd learned to do with her mouth. Her tongue. Teeth.

Gwak Gwak Glug Guug Gwakgwakgwak

She let herself choke, Collin's cock hitting the back of her throat hard enough to cause her mouth to fill with saliva. It dripped out around the corners of her mouth and down her chin, splashing onto her bouncing tits. She reached up and began massaging his balls, squeezing and caressing, then instinctively trailed a fingernail along his taint and then pressed her finger against his asshole.

"Fuck! What the shit!" Collin gasped at the sudden, unexpected stimulation.

Cassidy looked up with desperate, tear-filled eyes. The tears were from her guilt, her anger, her hope, and from Collin's cock gagging her. She didn't stop, even when she thought she might throw up for a moment. She managed to swallow it down and continued bobbing up and down onto her husband's dick, saliva, spit, and drool coating the entirety of his member, sliding down his balls, making her fondling palm slick, adding to the stimulation.

Collin was, of course, wildly turned on by the eager, slobbering, deep-throating blowjob. But his strange feeling of disconnect was only intensified. The teary-eyed woman on her knees eagerly devouring his cock was a stranger to him. He had never seen Cassidy act like this. And that wasn't even to mention the unprompted touching of his asshole. He had demanded that Cassidy show him all the tricks that Jack had taught her, and now that he saw them, his eyes were opened.

Jack had really turned his wife into a slut, hadn't he?

With a sound halfway between a growl and a sob, Collin reached down and grabbed a handful of Cassidy's lovely auburn hair, then thrust forward, taking control of the blowjob away from his unfaithful wife. Her eyes widened in surprise at the sudden rough move, but Cassidy didn't resist. In fact, she clasped her hands tightly at the small of her back, giving Collin utter command. The submissive meekness from her only made Collin feel worse. But he couldn't back down now that he had taken control. Cassidy must already think he was weak if she had betrayed him so utterly. He had to prove her wrong.

Keeping his tight grip on her hair, Collin began thrusting forward, fucking his wife's mouth. She accepted his rough treatment, staring up at him with eyes that were both softly submissive and filled with a blend of guilt and heartbreak that made Collin feel even worse. Eventually, he had to close his eyes and focus completely on the sensation. The feeling of a tight, wet throat on his thrusting cock. The wet noises rising from Cassidy would have been erotic in any other circumstance, but right now they only reminded Collin that he was face fucking the woman he loved... the woman who had stabbed him in the back.

It was no good. Treating Cassidy this way wasn't helping him feel better. It was only dragging him down. Collin withdrew with a low grumble of frustration, his cock still iron-hard and now dripping with his wife's thick saliva.

"On the bed," he said in a rough, harsh voice.

Cassidy coughed a little, red-faced, but obeyed, hurrying to jump back up onto the bed and spreading her legs.

The movement displayed her puffy pink pussy, and once again, Collin felt a rolling wave of lust and anger and inferiority crash over him. It looked perfect. Cute and tight and soaking wet for him. Just like his cock, it seemed the swirling, negative emotions hadn't completely driven away Cassidy's lust. But no matter how attractive his wife's body was, it was tainted now.

That pussy was no longer his alone. Jack had been inside it on a weekly basis... cumming raw in his wife. The idea filled Collin with powerful rage.

There was a trembling fear and excitement in Cassidy's eyes. Something that both ignited Collin's love and fueled his fury. Flashes of her face twisted in tormented pleasure brought on by Kelly and Jack sped up his heart. Made his cock pulse.

"Turn over." He didn't want to see her face. He couldn't look at her face right now.

Cassidy saw the torment in her husband's face and desperately wanted to do something to help. To soothe the pain she'd caused. But all she could do was turn over, placing herself on all fours like she had for Jack in the video, and present herself. She reached back and pulled open her cheeks, offering herself like a sacrifice. She flexed her asshole, making it pucker. Her pussy glistened with guilt-driven need.

She looked back. Collin was staring. "C...Collin...honey..."

His hand cracked against her ass cheek, making Cassidy cry out. Another slap. Another. She moaned, pushing her ass higher. If he wanted to spank her, she'd let him. It was the least she deserved. Again and again his hand fell on her cheeks, stinging them and making them red with his relentless assault.

Cassidy cried, tears dripping down her cheeks onto the bed as she pressed her face down and held her ass up. She kept her grip on her cheeks, spreading them wide letting Collin know that these holes were for him and she'd always open herself. Expose herself. He didn't even need to ask.

Suddenly the slaps ceased, but Cassidy didn't get any time to catch her breath. Collin thrust himself into her dripping cunt. Cassidy screamed, crying out at the sudden invasion and stretch of her moist tunnel. Another orgasm hit her like a sledgehammer. It crashed into the load-bearing beams of her resolve. She was a shaking mess as Collin grabbed her hips, nails digging into her skin, and began to thrust. Pound. Fuck.

"Collin! Oh...oh god...honey...please!" She whimpered loudly. He was slamming into her with abandon, hips slapping her raw cheeks over and over, making them jump and bounce. Jack had fucked her hard before, but never like this. Never so powerfully uninhibited. Collin's cock plunged in deep, balls slapping her clit, taking her beyond her limits as her pleasure became an insistent current. An electrical shock that wouldn't cease.

Collin breathed heavily, sweat pouring down his face, every muscle in his body straining and trembling with the force of his emotions and the effort of the rough fuck. He had never fucked anyone this hard, and especially not Cassidy. A part of him had always seen her as a delicate flower to be treasured and cherished, and he brought that attitude with him into the bedroom. Their lovemaking had always been tender and sweet, even if it had grown a little... spicier in the past few months.

But the video had shattered his illusion of Cassidy as delicate and innocent. It turned out that she was just a slut who loved to take big cock. Well, Collin might not be as big as Jack, but he could still give Cassidy a hard fuck, if only to show her that just because he had treated her kindly didn't make him a weakling. And it felt like Cassidy enjoyed this just as much as their soft, sweet lovemaking. Her hips writhed backward into his strokes, as an endless stream of inarticulate dirty talk dripped from her lips.

Collin groaned in heartbreak and pleasure as he felt his wife's tight pussy grip and slide up and down his thrusting cock. It felt good... but it filled him with jealousy and twisted, insecure arousal to know that another man had enjoyed exactly this same feeling. Cassidy had moaned and begged for Jack's cock the same way she was begging for more of his now.

"Collin more! Give me more," she whimpered, her reddened cheeks bouncing backward into his punishing thrusts. "I love you! I'm... I'm s-so sor-"

"Stop!" growled Collin, cutting off her moaning apology with another sharp spank up her plump ass. "I don't want to hear it." He was going to say more. About how badly she had betrayed him. That she had shown him through her actions that he would never be enough for her, but he couldn't get the words out. Instead, he reached down to grip her wide hips tightly and somehow fuck her even harder, shoving her face down into the sheets and turning her worthless excuses into muffled moans.

Collin felt himself spooling up toward an orgasm as well. As he got closer and closer, his anger and pain, jealousy and shame, swelled up along with his pleasure. He was riding his wife with the desperation of a man trying to exorcise his demons, to pour out all of his negative feelings in one violent burst.

Cassidy was cumming for the third time as his cock slammed into her with a jackhammering pace. "Pleeeeeease," she moaned breathlessly, looking over her shoulder with eyes that seemed desperate to connect with him. "Please cum for me, Collin. I... I need you."

Collin groaned deeply. He wasn't sure if his orgasm was because of Cassidy's begging or in spite of it, but he thrust himself balls deep into her climaxing pussy one last time and held there as he tipped over the edge into orgasm.

Collin's veins felt like they were filled with molten fire as his cock twitched inside Cassidy, draining his balls into her deepest places. He wanted it to feel like he was reclaiming her. Like he was winning her back.

But it didn't. It felt like he was using something that another man had already enjoyed. Clearly none of the times he had fucked her in the past few months had "reclaimed" her in any meaningful way anyway.

Collin's orgasm faded away, leaving him feeling drained. He collapsed back onto the bed beside his wife, sweaty and panting. Collin had hoped that the catharsis of orgasm would wash away some of his negative feelings... but that had been naïve. Now that the sex was over, he just felt empty and hopeless. He wasn't filled with wild rage anymore, but his sadness and sense of betrayal were far too deep for an orgasm to wash away.

“Honey, let’s talk,” said Cassidy gently. She reached out to touch his arm in an intimate gesture. As if things were ok now. As if the sex had magically fixed everything. Collin shrugged uncomfortably away from her hand.

“There’s just one thing left I want to talk about...” said Collin in a dry, passionless voice.

“Collin... please. I’ll tell you anything you wanna know,” pleaded Cassidy next to him. She sounded desperate, but Collin didn’t turn to look at her face. “I know I made a mistake. I hurt you. I hurt us. Just... don’t give up.”

Collin ignored her outburst. “You keep dodging the question. I want to know why. Why did you do it? If you knew it was wrong, why did you betray me over and over again?”

Cassidy sniffed. Her voice was wobbly as she answered, “I... I don’t know what to say. I’m not trying to lie or avoid the question; I just don’t have a good excuse. It was just selfish and stupid. I did it because it felt good. When I was with them, I felt free.”

Collin closed his eyes. His insides felt hollowed out and cold. “And you didn’t when you were with me. I just wasn’t enough.”

“I didn’t say that! I’d never say that. You’re more than enough!” said Cassidy, with an edge of frustration creeping into her voice. But Collin had heard enough. He was done with this whole situation. Maybe forever. Definitely for tonight. He got out of bed and tugged his pajama pants on.

“I can’t stay here,” he said in a flat, emotionless tone.

Cassidy sat up, her face a picture of heartbroken shock. “Collin! No, honey, please! I know I made a mistake, but...”

“Cassidy, stop,” he said. There was no anger in his voice right now, but Cassidy’s words died out. His tone was so desolate and dry that she could instantly tell that it would be no good.

Cassidy sniffed again and curled into the fetal position. “Please. Don’t go. I’m the one who screwed up,” she insisted mournfully. “I’m the one in the wrong. Just give me a few minutes, and I can pack a bag...”

“And go stay with your fuck buddies?” Collin barked sharply, heat creeping into his voice. “Let them *console* you a little?”

Cassidy stared back at her husband. Broken. But it was a self-inflicted wound. She couldn’t blame Collin for being angry. For speaking spitefully. She deserved his wrath and then some.

“No. Stay,” He softened his tone. There was no point in being bitter and cruel. It wouldn’t help anything. “I need a change of scenery, anyway.” He said dryly.

Awkward, tense silence filled the room as Cassidy helplessly watched her husband grab the bare essentials, stuffing them into a gym bag and marching out of the bedroom. He didn’t look back at her once. No word of goodbye. Nothing.

Maybe that was a good thing. Silence meant there were possibilities. At least that's what Cassidy chose to believe. When the door slammed closed, Cassidy began to sob and quietly whispered, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

No one was there to hear her.

Just an empty house. An empty home, housing an empty person.