

Chapter 1

“Come on, baby, you know you miss it.”

David’s hot breath steams on my neck. His hand squeezing my ass. If I didn’t hate him so much, I might take him up on it. It’s been 623 days since I felt a man inside me. I really need to stop keeping track. Maybe letting him wouldn’t be so bad. Maybe I could do it. Maybe I should do it. It’s just sex.

Sometimes I stop hating David long enough to look at him, really look at him. He’s a stunning specimen. Gorgeous. Muscles, Adonis hair, and stylish dresser. I had never been into pretty boys, but somehow David won me over... until he got me. How fast he slipped from adoring me to ignoring me.

I used to love him, deeply. I used to crave him. I needed to feel him close. When did it stop? In fact, I know exactly when my love for him crashed off a cliff. Two years ago on December 12th at 2:05pm. When I walked in on Ms. Blonde Big Tits riding him in my bed dressed like Mrs. Claus, screaming, “I’ll be a good girl, Santa... yes, yes... I’ll be a good girl!”

Merry Fucking Christmas to me.

I yank his hand off my ass, “Um, not so much.”

He knows I have to catch a flight. Can’t he be a grown up for ten minutes? Our son has more maturity, and he’s only five.

David slides his hand between my legs and squeezes, “You’re gonna grow a new hymen if you don’t get something hard in there, Doll.”

I can feel myself get wet. How can this feel good? Have I lost my mind? I really need to find a man. Any man but him.

Tossing my trusty vibrator into my suitcase, I snarl, “I’ve got that covered.”

I race to my closet, snatching clothes. Why is he always late? Why does he endlessly disrespect my time? Maybe the better question is, why would I think he’d ever change?

I am nothing but an object to him. Would it have killed him to notice I had feelings, a heart, a mind, and ambitions of my own? All he ever cared about was if I was thin enough and the perfect Stepford wife. If he finished the orange juice at breakfast, he expected a new bottle in the fridge by nightfall. Perfection. Physical, sexual, and domestic perfection. Now that I work, the judgment never ends, especially his claims

that I neglect our son. But oh, how he loves to see me in a business outfit and heels. Now that he doesn't have me, all he wants is to conquer me. Where was all that lust for me while Barbie's boobs were bouncing on top of him?

He is an endless stream of contradiction. He exhausts me.

Holding my vibrator in his hand, David chuckles, "I always thought you'd end up with our divorce lawyer instead of a dildo."

"Stop going through my things," I snap and grab my toy from his clutches, squeezing it back in my bag.

I should have listened to my mother and gotten a sperm donor instead of a husband. At least then, I wouldn't have to protect my son from seeing this as an example of love. Leaving my precious boy with him every other week is excruciating. Half the time, he has his Barbie doll girlfriend taking care of him, and the other half, he pays the local teen boys to amuse him with video games too complicated for David to understand. Then again, David barely understands PacMan.

I fumble with my suitcase as I race toward the door.

Jerry trots toward me, "Mommy, let me help!" He grabs the handle, trying to wheel the bag. I can't help but beam. He is nothing like his father. At least I did that right.

"Jerry's backpack is all set for tomorrow. Don't forget to give him lunch money and make sure you take him in. I don't want him on the bus his first day of Kindergarten."

David sneers, "Then maybe you shouldn't be going away, Nina. You know, maybe it's time I take custody of the little man."

I glance toward my precious boy, who is too busy with my suitcase to hear.

I lean in and angrily whisper, "I will not be bullied by you or your lawyer again, David. You're lucky I was generous enough to give you visitation."

"Damn, you are hot when you get angry."

"I mean it, David. Don't push me."

"Doll, all I think about is pushing you... right up against a wall."

He pulls me in for a deep kiss. One hand on my ass, the other on the small of my back. He always knew how to get me. The kiss. It's always the kiss.

I desperately want to slap him, but I can see Jerry watching from the corner of my

eye. I slowly push him back.

“Nice try.”

I’ll never admit my knees are weak. My panties wet. My heart pounding. I need to get out of here before I do something I regret.

I lean down to Jerry and wrap him in my arms, “I love you, Buddy.”

He whispers in my ear, “Mommy, I think Daddy loves you too.”

The next generation’s warped perception of love is born.
