Cuckolded slowly, the volley

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I fight for my dignity with a more powerful opponent

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My face was buried between my ex-wife's legs, my lips and tongue probing and sucking all the familiar nooks and crannies. Her hands roughly grabbed my hair and pulled me in while her hips pulsed almost painfully at my face, her thighs randomly gripping and releasing my head. It was more a battle for dominance than sex and it certainly wasn't love-making.

I hadn't seen her in many months and had not had her in my home--it used to be *our* home--since we separated. Then she pays me a surprise visit and twenty minutes after she shows, we're romping on the couch. What's that tell you? Hell if I knew, but there we were.

She had seduced me by taunting me and scornfully confirming her infidelity. I had been enraged and humiliated and fiercely turned on all at once. I was tongue-fucking her like never before when all of a sudden--I don't know--I sort of just snapped. Maybe it was the way she was grinding or the derision in her voice. Whatever it was I just sort of hopped up onto my knees and looked at her for a second. She was clearly surprised. I liked that. Then I yanked off my clothes, grabbed her by the hips and pulled her toward me and said, "My turn," and flipped her onto her tummy. She said, "What the fuck?" as I pulled her up and got her into a doggie position, then grunted in surprise and delight as I put my cock into her pussy from behind. I then began pounding her--just pounding for all I was worth--as I listened to her grunts and squeaks and oohs and ahhs. I fucked her as hard as I possibly could. She was having fun too, but I cared nothing about her pleasure. It was all about my release, my needs. When I came I yelled the most guttural animal-like yell I had ever let go. I was like Tarzan after he'd just killed the big ape with his bare hands. For just a moment, I was king of the fucking jungle. And the bitch was scared. Or at least startled by my yell. Her expression when she turned to gape at me was so funny I actually laughed.

She collapsed forward, putting her face into the cushion, but remained with her ass in the air, my cock still inside her. Both of us were breathless. I pulsed my cock into her twice more then on the third just pushed hard, driving her face harder into the couch. Then I abruptly pulled out and, without waiting for her reply, left the room and went upstairs to the master bedroom. I shut and locked the door behind me, then went into the bathroom to take a very long shower.

After the shower I took my time getting dressed, then descended back to the main floor. As I had hoped, she was gone. After locking up the house I went back to the kitchen and on our island found a simple note: 'That was fun. Call me.'

I held the note for a few moments, then threw it away.

We had no contact over the weekend, but I knew it was just a matter of time. She was a conditioned athlete--not just physically, but mentally. When she played competitive tennis, she didn't play to win; she played to demoralize her opponents. She had taken great pleasure over the years in making her "victims" as she secretly called her opponents cry over her punishment. She admitted it actually gave her sexual pleasure to crush them on the court. And more than once she'd had sex with one of these hapless babes and had dominated them in the bedroom as well. I felt I had won a set in the match that was our dom/sub/cuckold game or whatever it was, but she would come back at me. And she would play to win.