



TWO-THIRDS

Alessia Brlio



Two-Thirds

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Kess woke to the sound of fucking. Voices she did not recognize grunted and squealed in a syncopated rhythm. The former, masculine. The latter, fake. Porn, she surmised as her whereabouts swam into consciousness mere moments before her disappointment overtook all other sensation, making her eyes again sting with tears.



For weeks, she'd looked forward to their Valentine's Day trip—away from home, away from kids, away from any need for discretion or any fear of interruption. She reserved the hotel, did all the preparation. Surely, Kess reasoned, the opportunity for some serious fucking would be seized. If Jack truly desired her, as he claimed, how could he resist?

But resist he most certainly did.

They shared a lovely afternoon, shopping and sight-seeing, then enjoyed a quiet dinner. On the way back to the hotel, they picked up a bottle of wine. Everything was proceeding as she hoped. For the most part, anyway.

Jack repeatedly told her how much he liked her outfit, a special purchase made solely because he'd spotted the blouse

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hanging in the store and said she'd look good in it. Ever eager for his sexual attention, she bought it along with a pair of pants and a whimsical hat. However, he seemed to gleefully take pictures of everything *except* her. Kess told herself that it was out of consideration for her camera shyness, but deep in the recesses of her subconscious, she knew better.

She knew Jack collected photographs of women he admired and desired. Kess wondered if he'd ever regret not having an extensive collection of her pictures. Like, perhaps, if she died... or bailed out of the relationship in search of emotional fulfillment. The ones he did have on his hard drive had been foisted upon him, making Kess feel rather cheap and desperate, especially since they never quite produced the enthusiastic reaction she sought.

In the room, they each slipped out of their street clothes and into something more comfy. Kess grabbed the laptop for a quick email check, passing it to Jack a few minutes later so he could do the same. She poured herself a glass of wine and settled onto the bed to watch television while Jack checked his messages.

Okay, so it wasn't exactly romantic. Domesticity tended to suck the romance out of a relationship, not that they ever had much of it to begin with. Their story only

sounded romantic to the outside world. The reality was a lengthy, painful journey full of intense longing and bitter disappointment. And yet, they'd survived it, albeit scarred for life. She'd tried many times over the years to inject that elusive element, never achieving much more than added disappointment. Jack was either oblivious or indifferent. Kess couldn't decide which was worse. Neither provided her solace.

Two-thirds of an hour and two-thirds of a bottle later, Jack was still on the computer, and Kess was more than two-thirds drunk. She stood on shaky legs, stripped off her clothes, and slid under the covers without a word.

The movement distracted him from whatever was holding his interest online. There was a rustle as he placed the laptop on the nightstand, then his hands slid over her bare body.

Too late, Kess thought. Even her thoughts were slurred. *Two-thirds too little and two-thirds too late*.

"How sleepy are you, baby?" His voice dripped with a plaintive guilt, the kind that grated on Kess' last nerve. If he'd just fucking pay attention, such tacit apologies would be completely unnecessary.

"Not sleepy. Drunk."

"How drunk?" He seemed surprised, as if

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he'd no clue how that could've happened, and annoyed, as if she'd robbed him of some entitlement.

"Bed spins drunk." Kess' anger fueled the slight exaggeration.

And that was that.



Kess knew she'd slept, if only because her cheeks were crusty with dried tears and her nose felt stuffed up from crying, but not how long. She ventured a peek at the clock on her side of the bed and discovered it to be well after midnight. The sex sounds emanating from the laptop ended with a smug, "Is that what you wanted?" followed by a whimpered affirmation.

The laptop closed with a click and Kess braced herself for Jack's touch. In the darkness, fresh tears filled her eyes when his hand landed on her hip. If only he'd reached for her earlier, before she'd gotten quietly drunk waiting for his attention. But, no. He reached for her after someone *else* turned him on. Not her. She was just the convenient recipient of his arousal. It was a disturbing pattern, and one that made her feel like a sexual doormat—not the irresistible vixen she longed to be.

Jack rolled her onto her back and pulled the covers away, diving for her crotch. No kissing, at least not her mouth. In spite of herself, Kess responded. It felt good. It

always felt good—just not quite good enough to overcome the hope and the hurt and the ever present disappointment. She used to come easily and often, which was another disturbing pattern. Now, with Jack, she struggled to get there without allowing her mind to engage other scenarios. Of course, who knew what—or who—he was thinking about as he munched away. At least her triggers still involved him, although in a capacity she was certain he'd find alarming at best, infuriating at worst.

As she wove her fingers through his hair and thrust her hips at his eager mouth, Kess warred with herself. She could surrender to the aberrant images and attempt to reach orgasm, or she could endure Jack's oral assault until he tired of eating her pussy and shoved his cock in her mouth. She knew that achieving orgasm was by no means a sure thing, given the ache in her heart. Cock sucking, on the other hand, did provide Kess a form of satisfaction. She had wicked skills, and she knew it.

Before she reached a decision, Jack took the choice away from her. She lacked the will to insist he finish what he started, knowing full well that if he'd jumped her earlier—when she could've easily deluded herself that his desire was all about her—the same amount of effort would have produced at

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least one orgasm, perhaps more.

Jack crawled up her body, finally kissing her. She tasted her pussy on his face, mild and sweet, not tangy or pungent like some women. Moments later, his cock replaced his mouth. Kess purred her pleasure as she threw herself into the endeavor.

She fully enjoyed having a cock in her mouth, and it never failed to turn her on. Jack's half-mast erection quickly grew to full rigidity in her care. Kess went at him full steam, not bothering to prolong the pleasure. One saliva-slippery hand chased her mouth, while the other hand fondled his balls and pretended to edge toward his asshole. Bobbing faster, swirling her tongue around his head at the apex, and squeezing harder with each cycle. In no time at all, she felt his balls contract and his thighs stiffen.

His come coursed into her mouth, and Kess held it there until he stopped pulsing before she swallowed. He tasted every bit as mild as she did, which was unusual in her experience. It made blowing him even more pleasant. Oddly enough, she didn't feel used after sucking his cock. She felt triumphant, invigorated, aroused.

"Is that what you wanted?" Kess growled, parroting the porn flick's closing line.

Jack flopped alongside her, oblivious to her sarcasm and on an unalterable trajectory

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toward slumber, as he whimpered his sated affirmation.

Kess wove her hand between her legs and rubbed her clit until she came, quietly shuddering with release. "Happy Valentine's Day," she whispered, and only the darkness heard her pain.

~ The End ~

About the Author

Take one part Appalachian redneck, one part insatiable sex goddess, and one part filthy-minded wordsmith. Mix well and serve with chocolate-covered cherries. There you have the one and only Alessia Brio.

Alessia writes all colors and flavors of erotica, from heterosexual to ménage to same sex, and from twisted to humorous to deeply touching. Sometimes, usually by accident, it even qualifies as romance.

Her work has earned her critical acclaim in the form of an EPPIE for Best Erotica (*[fine flickering hungers](#)*) and a Romantic Times Top Pick (*[Coming Together: For the Cure](#)*) in addition to a plethora of glowing online reviews.

Readers can find her online at alessiabrio.com and virtually every social networking site.