

Chapter 1

####WARNING This story will contain: Strong Sexual Content, Strong Language and Scenes that may be triggering, Viewer discretion is advised.####

In the evening, Quinn Mellon prepared a table full of delicious dishes, waiting for her husband to come home for dinner.

However, until one in the morning, her husband still hadn't returned.

The clock on the wall kept ticking, silently narrating the long night.

The food on the table had long gone cold, much like Quinn's heart.

With a soft sigh, Quinn gathered the cold dishes and stored them in the kitchen, patiently reheating them, trying to retain a hint of home's warmth.

At that moment, the sound of the door opening echoed, and Quinn quickly turned around.

There stood a man in a suit, tall and handsome, walking in.

He had been drinking, stumbling a bit as he walked, but it was this slight intoxication that made his already handsome face even more charming.

This handsome, slightly drunk man was none other than Quinn's husband, Alexander Kennedy!

Seeing her husband return, Quinn quickly got up to greet him.

Quinn had whipped up a hangover x for Alexander, but just as she passed it to him, he clumsily knocked it over, spilling it all on the oor.

Before Quinn could react, Alexander was by her side, grabbing her chin and then forcefully kissing her.

Subsequently, Alexander lifted Quinn up and headed towards the bedroom.

Clearly, Alexander was driven by lust; he sought someone to satisfy his desires.

Quinn was thrown onto the bed by Alexander.

Just as Quinn tried to get up, Alexander's body pressed down on her, pinning her rmly to the bed.

Alexander's strength was overwhelming, and Quinn couldn't resist.

Not only was her body unable to resist, but she couldn't even utter a word of refusal.

After all, she was mute, unable to speak.

Quinn had no choice but to give up resistance.

Alexander passionately kissed Quinn's neck and chest.

Seeing Quinn's lack of resistance or words, Alexander placed his hand on Quinn's cheek and asked in a low voice, "Why don't you speak?"

Tears glistened in Quinn's eyes; she couldn't answer that question.

Being mute, she was destined not to moan like other women, to satisfy a man's pleasure in bed.

Why did Alexander ask this question when he knew she was mute?

Was he intentionally humiliating her?

Or was it due to some complex emotions?

Quinn didn't know what Alexander was thinking. All she could do was comply, fulfilling her husband's sexual needs.

Quinn began to kiss Alexander and used her slender ngers to caress his body...

Alexander soon felt the arousal; his cock in his pants was as hard as a rod of iron.

Alexander couldn't wait; he removed his pants, stripped Quinn, and thrust his rock-hard cock into Quinn's pussy.

Quinn furrowed her brows tightly, a hint of pain showing on her beautiful face.

Even though they had made love before, every time Quinn felt her pussy being lled to the brim.

Alexander's cock was just too big!

Being his wife was truly hard...

But after the brief pain, came the pleasure and ecstasy that sex brought.