

# The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

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A sight I never expected in my entire life stretched before me.

A fucking *orgy*.

Drake, my fiancé, the man I was supposed to marry in three months, who had slipped a ring on my finger a year ago and promised me forever, was buried balls deep inside a blonde woman I'd never seen before.

*In our bed.*

Surrounded by his model friends doing the same thing all over our bedroom.

He'd mentioned us getting involved in an orgy a few months back. I'd laughed it off as a joke, said no way in hell I'd share him with anyone else, and he'd grinned, claimed it was an April Fool's prank. Apparently, I was the fool he'd been fooling all along.

The blonde arched beneath him, her nails raking down his back, leaving red trails across his skin. Her moans bounced off our walls, our white walls that we'd painted together last summer, laughing as we got more paint on each other than the room.

Our framed photos hung above them like silent witnesses. Our engagement photo. Our first kiss under the mistletoe. The picture with my grandparents at the beach, all of us grinning.

Drake wasn't looking at those photos.

He was looking at the brunette pressed against his side, her lips trailing down his neck, her hand wrapped around his balls while he thrust into the blonde. His cock disappeared into her pussy with each stroke, glistening wet when he pulled back.

"Damn, that's it baby," one of his friends groaned from my reading chair, my chair where I'd spent countless nights curled up with books. A woman rode him, her red hair flying, her tits bouncing with each roll of her hips.

Another man sat on the floor beside our bed while a third guy wrapped his lips around his cock, his head bobbing in rhythm. Their moans echoed through the room, each one splintering my heart.

Skin slapped against skin, wet and obscene. The smell hit me next, thick and musky, sex and sweat permeating the air. Burning bile rose in my throat.

*I had to be dreaming. Drake would never do this to me, right?*

*Maybe, it was*

"God, Drake, you're so fucking good at this," the blonde gasped, head thrown back, throat exposed, as if snapping some sense into me that this was realer than it could ever be. "Your cock is so much bigger than..."

He didn't even know I was here. His jaw was clenched tight, his face flushed dark red, his eyes half closed. He was close. Lost in it.

Completely gone. I'd seen that face a thousand times. Had felt pride that I could do that to him.

"Yeah, because you're not my bland fiancée," Drake's voice cut through the music, slightly breathless but crystal clear.

My heart stopped.

"God, Abby makes so much noise it's fucking irritating! She just lays there like a dead fish. 'Oh Drake, oh yes.'" His voice went high and whiny, mocking me.

The brunette giggled against his neck, the sound like nails on a chalkboard. Another crack split through my chest, deeper this time, reaching bone.

His friend on the chair burst into a mocking cackle his hips still moving as the redhead bounced on his dick.

"Duuudee, that sucks."

"You're telling me... oh fuck baby I'm gonna cum!" Drake threw his head back, letting out a raspy groan.

"I keep thinking maybe she'll get better, you know? But four years and she still can't even suck dick properly."

*Four years.*

The number echoed in my skull, bouncing off the inside of my head until it was the only thing I could hear.

*Four. Years.*

I'd moved in with him after our two years anniversary. Said yes when he proposed at that restaurant overlooking the bay, the one where we'd had our first date. Started planning a wedding, a fucking wedding.

My grandparents had already bought their plane tickets. My best friend Annette had her bridesmaid dress hanging in her closet, tags still on, waiting.

The brunette kissed his shoulder. "Poor baby. You deserve so much better." Her hand slid down to stroke his balls, cupping them while he fucked the blonde harder.

"I know, right?" Drake's hips snapped forward again, his cock pounding in and out of the blonde's dripping pussy.

My vision blurred. That fucking music kept pounding in my ears, bass vibrating through the floorboards, through my bones.

*How long had this been going on? Had he done this before? Was this a regular thing? Was this one of the models he worked with?*

He'd wait for me to leave for work, invite his friends over, hire some prostitutes, and laugh about what a terrible fuck his fiancée was?

His friends were here. God, the whole time I'd been running around looking for the best wedding planner, they must have been laughing at me.

Droplets of sweat glistened on Drake's forehead. A flush painted his chest, his neck, his face. He was enjoying this, getting off on humiliating me even when I wasn't supposed to see it.

My heart didn't just break. It shattered into a thousand jagged pieces, each one sharp enough to cut. My bag slipped from my numb fingers, hitting the floor with a thud.

Drake's head snapped toward the door. Our eyes met and for one second, everything stopped. His eyes widened in shock, then morphed into horror.

"Abby..." His voice cracked on my name.

"You're not supposed to be home."

*You're not supposed to be home.*

*Not "this isn't what it looks like." Not "I'm sorry." Not even "I can explain."*

Just that I wasn't supposed to witness this.

His friend on the floor pulled back from the woman sucking him off, his cock slipping from her mouth with a wet pop. He glanced at me, smirked, then actually whistled.

"Damn, Drake, your girl's hot. Now that she knows, care to share?"

The redhead on the chair slowed her movements, looking over her shoulder at me with vague interest before resuming her ride. The man beneath her groaned, his hands gripping her ass, clearly unbothered.

But the guy getting blown looked uncomfortable now, his erection flagging slightly as he shifted. "Uh, Drake, man..."

They didn't all care. It hit me like a freight train. This wasn't the first time. Something inside me snapped like a wire pulled too tight, finally giving way.

My fingers snatched my bag off the floor. I moved into the room on autopilot, my brain kicking into gear. I wasn't leaving here with nothing.

I yanked open my dresser drawer, grabbed handfuls of underwear, bras, socks, shoved them into my bag. My favorite jeans from the closet. Three shirts, didn't matter which. My laptop from the desk, the charger wrapped around it.

"Abby, wait!" Drake's cock slipped out of the blonde with a wet squelch as he scrambled off the bed. She whined in protest, her fingers sliding between her own legs to finish what he'd started.

God, I'd been waiting for this idiot. Pining for him.

"It's nothing. We were just having fun. It doesn't mean anything." His words tumbled out fast, tripping over each other as he stumbled toward me, still fully erect, his dick bobbing obscenely with each step.

I grabbed my jewelry box from the dresser and shoved it into the bag alongside others. My passport from the drawer. My birth certificate. The emergency cash I kept hidden in my tampon box, two hundred dollars in twenties.

"Baby, come on." He reached for me, hands outstretched like he had any right to touch me.

"Don't be like this."

The blonde pouted from the bed, propping herself up on her elbows. Her tits bounced as she moved. She slid two fingers into her pussy, pumping slowly, letting out an exaggerated moan.

"Drake, honey, come back. You can see she's not interested anyway." She paused, tilting her head with mock innocence.

"Besides, weren't you going to break up with her anyway?"

The room tilted. My hand shot out, fingers scrambling for the dresser edge, knuckles white against the wood just to keep myself upright.

*The fool was going to break up with me.*

My hands kept grabbing, kept shoving things into my bag.

"Abby!" Drake's hand clamped around my arm like a manacle. His fingers dug into my bicep, bruising, spinning me around. His face was too close. I could see the sweat on his upper lip, the dilated pupils, smell the sex on his skin. Revulsion washed over me and every bit of love I'd felt for him dissolved into ashes.

"Don't touch me." My voice came out flat. Dead. Empty.

"Just listen to me, we can talk about this, it's not..."

I shoved him hard. Both palms against his bare chest. He stumbled backward, arms windmilling, eyes going wide as I lifted my hand and struck his face with all the fury boiling inside me.

The room went dead silent and the look of pleasure on his face was replaced with pain.

Yes, he needed to feel the pain I was also feeling.

"Asshole! I trusted you!" The words ripped from my throat, raw, ragged, and painful.

"I loved you! I fucking wore your ring for a year while you were planning to break up with me!" A harsh, broken laughter escaped my lips.

"You motherfucking dickhead! I did everything you liked! Dyed my hair the way you wanted!" I grabbed a chunk of my red hair, his favorite color, not mine. I'd been dark before.

"Used the perfume you said you liked even though it made me gag! I pretended to love your shitty friends, watched your boring ass football games, faked every orgasm for four fucking years because you couldn't find my clit with a map and a flashlight!" My voice rose with each word.

"This relationship is over! And no, you don't get to keep this ring." I yanked the silver two-carat princess cut diamond off my wedding finger. It came off easier than it should have, like it'd been waiting for this moment.

"I'm so..."

"I'll sell it." I held it up between us, the diamond catching the light. "At least I get something for the pathetic time I wasted on you. It should cover a few months' rent."

"Abby, you can't just..." He yelled, eyes wide, mouth open, actually looking surprised. Like he hadn't expected me to fight back.

I didn't wait.

I grabbed my bag, now stuffed and heavy, and slung it over my shoulder. My legs carried me out of the room, through the living room where we'd watched movies on Friday nights, past the kitchen where he'd proposed while I was making breakfast, out the door I'd walked through twenty minutes ago thinking my fiancé might be horny and waiting for me.

My car keys were already in my hand even though I didn't remember grabbing them. My vision tunneled as I shut my car door, turned the key in the engine and drove out. I was completely numb.

My body moved but I wasn't in it anymore. I floated somewhere above, watching this shell of a woman drive with shaking hands and blurred vision.

Then the numbness cracked. Hot tears trickled down my cheeks. My hands trembled on the steering wheel, knuckles bone white from gripping too hard. The road wavered in front of me, street lights bleeding together into streaks of yellow and white.

I'd lost my job and my fiancé in one day.

My fingers fumbled with my phone, nearly dropping it twice, the screen slippery with tears before I managed to pull up her contact.

"Hey babe, what's u..." Annette's voice cut off sharp. "Abs? Are you crying? Where are you? Stay where you are, I'm coming to get you!"

"I'm..." A sob caught in my throat, choking me.

"I'm driving. I'm coming to you."

"What happened? Are you hurt? Abs, talk to me!"

"Drake..." Another sob wracked my body, so violent I swerved slightly. A horn blared in the distance. I couldn't do this. I couldn't drive like this. I pulled over onto a curb, not caring where I was, not even looking, just stopping. My forehead hit the steering wheel.

"Please come get me, Annie."

"Okay. Okay, babes, just breathe. Where are you? Send me your location. I'm coming right now."

I sent the pin with shaking fingers.

Fifteen minutes later, a cab pulled up and Annette rushed to my car, yanking the door open. The second she slid in, she pulled me into her arms.

"Hey, hey, Abs. I've got you. I've got you."

I collapsed into her. The sobs came in waves, ugly, choking, snot running down my face, sounds that made my whole body shake. I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Just cried and cried and cried.

"What did that motherfucker do?" Her sweet voice was edged with anger.

I opened my mouth. The words tangled on my tongue at first—being fired, the orgy, cheating, four years, bland, dead fish—but then they spilled out in a rush. Everything. The blonde. The brunette. His friends. The mocking. The laughter. The ring. The plan to break up with me.

By the time I was done, Annette's jaw was clenched so tight I could see the muscle ticking. Her eyes had gone dark and dangerous.

"That piece of shit. That absolute piece of shit!"

As I clung onto her arms as an anchor in this difficult time, I reached a conclusion, one that would change my life forever.