

Masochist MILF

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Masochist MILF

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

After weeks of guesswork I finally got the password to my husband's laptop right. Heart rate increasing appropriately, I clicked the Firefox icon and began going through his bookmarked pages. Most were mundane work-related stuff, but there were three folders that piqued my interest titled bdsm, gangs and schoolgirl. Fearing what I would find, I hovered the mouse over the schoolgirl folder and a long list of links appeared. Holding my breath, I clicked the first and a webpage opened showing women scantily dressed as schoolgirls.

Breathing a sigh of relief that it was nothing illegal, I clicked through about twenty more at random before going to the folder titled gangs. As expected, it contained links to websites pertaining to gang bangs with a seeming preference to those of an interracial variety. There were thousands of pictures and videos of women being screwed in one go by more men than most women do in a lifetime. One link went to a website showing free videos. This particular one was of a young, petite redhead being gang banged by one hundred black men. Having red hair myself, I could not help but identify with the woman and my cheeks flushed.

Quickly closing the page, I went to the bdsm folder and let the mouse hover motionless. This was a topic close to my heart and seeing it on my husband's computer infuriated me. Not because I thought it was wrong. Quite the contrary. I had been trying for thirty years to get him to fulfill my greatest fantasy and he refused at every turn. Knowing pretty much what I would find if I clicked the links, I did not bother. Closing the internet, I got up and paced back and forth for several minutes to clear my head and calm my nerves.

Going back to my husband's computer, I began the arduous task of searching every folder. Most were normal systems related stuff, but buried so deep only someone with my level of patience, or the person that put it there would look, I found exactly what I was hoping I would not. Clicking it open with a trembling finger, I stared at twenty-three folders – each named after a woman that was not me. Clicking the first, it opened to show two more folders titled pictures and video. Opening the pictures folder I saw a much younger husband with a brunette in what looked to be a hotel room. The images quickly went from clothed to nude to full on sex but instead of anger, I felt excitement as my unfulfilled fantasy kicked into high gear.

Folder after folder set a timeline of my husband cheating on me for the majority of our marriage and as he grew older, the women did not. *Is that it?* I thought as I watched a video of him fucking a raven-haired beauty half his age. *Am I too old for you now?* Sure, fifty may be old to many, but I have prided myself on taking care of my body. Yeah, I had a few wrinkles here and there but I still looked good for my age and had the men and even a few women hitting on me to prove it. Fighting back the urge to put my fist through the screen, I got up and went to my home office. Grabbing the external hard drive from the bottom left drawer of the desk, I returned to the living room and began copying files.

Pacing back and forth while the transfer took place, I thought about what I had seen and attempted to sort through my conflicting feelings. Yes, I was devastated the man I loved would cheat on me for at least twenty of the last thirty years. Yes, the first thought running through my mind was divorce. But at the same time I felt hornier than I had ever been and I had that same humiliation and betrayal to thank for it. And that was my Achilles heel. I was a masochist. I got off on some levels of pain, but being humiliated and degraded was where I thrived. I had been trying to get my husband to accept that since before we got married, but he wanted nothing to do with it. Now I was giving him no choice.

Once the files were copied, I shut his laptop down and then drove to the office. No sooner was I through the front doors then I was greeted by the receptionist Lauren. "Hey Mrs. Donovan. I thought you were on vacation?"

"I am. I just forgot something in the office. Won't be a minute and then I'm gone for the next two weeks."

"Don't let me hold you up," she smiled.

Smiling back, I went down the hall to my office and stepped inside. Closing the door behind me, I made sure the shades were all down and went to the safe hidden under my desk. Opening it, I put the external hard drive inside and closed it up again. On my way out I bid Lauren farewell and then drove home where I spent the rest of the day weighing my options.

∞ ∞ ∞

My husband came home at exactly six-fifteen and made a show as usual of being exhausted. "And with that we're both on vacation," he sighed, dropping his briefcase on the floor. "How was your day?"

"Enlightening. We need to talk and you're not going to like what I have to say."

"If this is about your fetish, we've been over it a million god damn times and..."

"I know you've been cheating on me for at least the last twenty years," I said cutting him off. While his body remained motionless, his eyes went to the laptop sitting on the desk to his left.

"Yeah, I figured out your password and took a look around. I found some..."

"You had no right to..."

"Shut the fuck up!" I snapped. It was the first time I ever raised my voice to him in thirty years of marriage and it took us both by surprise. "I saw the bdsm links. And the gang bang and schoolgirl stuff too. I saw thousands of pictures and hundreds of videos of you with other women so don't you dare stand there and pretend you're not every bit as perverted as you make me out to be. Hell, you're worse than I'll ever be because I would never, *never* cheat on you like that."

"No, you just want me to abuse you."

"Not abuse. I want you to do to me what you did to the more than twenty women you've fucked behind my back you hypocritical son of a bitch! How many times have you gone on about not laying a finger on me? How many times have you claimed not to be into all that perverted shit? Maybe not with your wife, but you sure as hell have no problem humiliating and degrading all those other women." My temper flaring for the first time since I was a teen, I let it all out. "This is your last chance, Brad, you either fulfill my fantasy or I'm filing for divorce and I'll take you for everything you're worth."

"Good luck with that. I'll just destroy the hard drive and then it's your word against mine."

"Really? I tell you I'll file for divorce and that's how you respond? What kind of heartless asshole have you become?"

"So, I'm heartless because I don't want to use and abuse my wife?"

"Cut the bullshit. You know damn well what I'm asking for is not abuse. I love you Brad and I want to make this work, but I cannot live with a two-faced liar anymore. Will you give me what I want or not?"

"I'm sorry, honey, but I will not do those things to you and if you feel that's grounds enough for divorce then so be it."

"No, you cheating on me is all the grounds I need. In case you forgot I'm an attorney. You will lose."

“Not without any evidence.”

“I copied your hard drive, dear. I have all the evidence I need. And in case you’re thinking of tearing the house apart to find it, don’t bother. It’s hidden someplace you’ll never find it.” My heart was shattering in my chest, but I used every ounce of willpower I had remaining to keep calm and collected. “I want you out of my house.”

“Our house.”

“Mine is the only name on the deed, remember? That makes it *my* house. I’ll give you twenty minutes to pack a bag and get out and then I’m calling the police to have you removed.”

He glared at me and I saw his hands ball into fists. For a moment I thought he was going to kill me, but then he huffed and stormed towards the bedroom. I stood there still and silent as a statue for fear even the slightest movement would send me tumbling into an abyss of despair I would never find my way out of. I heard a lot of slamming around in the bedroom and he came out carrying a suitcase. Grabbing his laptop and briefcase he gave me a scornful look and then left.

When the door closed, I collapsed to the floor and cried. Meeting when we were fourteen, Brad and I became close friends and started dating at sixteen. When we made the mistake of having unprotected sex and I ended up pregnant, everyone expected him to run away and leave me to raise our child as a single parent, but he stuck by my side – getting a job in fast food to help pay for expenses because that was about all he qualified for at sixteen. When our daughter Kaylie was born nine months later he was a doting father and I knew I had found the man I wanted to marry.

Our second child – and first son Brody, was born two weeks before my eighteenth birthday and following a pattern, I had a child about every two years until I was twenty-four and we were raising five kids in a less than ideal environment. Not that we were abusive as we never once laid a finger on any of them, but we were young, fresh out of college and just beginning our careers. Money was tight and there were many days one or both of us went without to make sure there was always enough for the kids to eat. It was a constant struggle, but we made it work.

And now, after thirty-six years of being together, it was over, and I wondered what I could have done differently. Not wanting to be alone, I wiped my eyes on the back of my hand and sent my oldest daughter a text. Yeah, I probably should have called, but I knew I would have another breakdown if I did. She replied a minute later saying she would be right over. Sitting on the couch this time, I silently sobbed.