



FLASH FICTION FOR  
POST OF THE DAY

NEGLECTED  
**CHEAT**

TEDDY GUTIERREZ



# Neglected Cheat

Teddy Gutierrez

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Tobias

Family Ties\*

*The Dehumanisation Series*

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*\*Work in Progress*

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A *Post of the Day* short story based on the following writing prompt:

*Write the middle scene of a novel using the following words:*

1. *Neglected*
2. *Cheat*
3. *Faux Fur*
4. *Charlotte*

Warning: the following content contains explicit sexual content.



## Neglected Cheat

Neglect was n't an excuse for what she was doing. It was merely the reason for doing it. Climbing on him, every afternoon, his cock plunging into her as she moves up and down – grinding as she pushes herself. Riding him to the point of orgasm. The pair moaning in unison before slumping into his bed. Lying in each other's embrace.

She'd married the love of her life – or so she thought... Marcus was perfect, once upon a time. He'd been loving, passionate, intimate.

Now, it's different. He's grown bored of her, neglecting her on every basis. If someone had walked into their house, they would think they're siblings, not lovers.

Lying in Justin's bed, his arms wrapped around her. Charlotte finds herself crying – tears rolling down her face. She'd never imagined that she'd had to be unfaithful in order to be spoken to and listened to as if she was worth something.

“Don't cry, sweetheart – he's not worth it,” Justin tells her, brushing her blonde hair back.

She sighs, her breathing uneven as she sobs. “Do you know how many times I've tried to save this marriage? How many times I've tried to *end* it? I want to leave him, but he doesn't listen.”

Justin removes his arm from underneath her, climbing on top of her – their faces inches apart. “You tried to fix it, and you tried to end it, it's his decision to not listen. You don't have to stop living and put your life on pause because he's a twat,” he says, leaning down and pressing his lips against hers – a soft,

intimate kiss. One that she's not had from Marcus for years but gets from Justin regularly.

As he lies back down next to her, she sits up. Pressing her lips together as she looks at the young man. She'd been with Marcus for thirty years. She married him aged eighteen – and has nothing to show for it, other than misery.

Some may say that she's cheating to be with a younger man, but their fifteen-year age difference means nothing to her. After years of nothing, she's still got enough energy to match him – if not succeed him. "I need to get going," she whispers, not wanting to leave – but knowing that she needs to be home in time for him to arrive.

Justin rolls onto his side, wrapping his right arm around her waist as he kisses her side – making his way up, one kiss per rib. "I know," he mutters against her skin. His hot breath sending a shiver down her spine – making her

core warm, her vulva sopping as she thinks back to an hour earlier with him inside her.

She takes a deep breath and makes a move to leave, getting off the bed and picking her dress up, pulling it on – the faux fur collar tickling her neck.

Justin stands up, pulling his trousers and his vest on, walking his lover to the door of his apartment. “You don’t have to go...” He says, standing in the doorway of his apartment.

She smiles, stepping forward and giving him one last kiss. “I do, I’m sorry...” She steps back, a sad glint in her eyes.

“Don’t you think you upping and leaving would be enough of an explanation for him that you’ve left?” He asks, frowning – his thick brown eyebrows pulling together and creasing his forehead – as he runs his hand through his thick, brown hair.

She presses her lips together again, looking down at her hands. Fiddling with her wedding ring – she never takes it off, even while being unfaithful. There’s no point. The marriage hasn’t been happy since the first year.

“Maybe.” She looks back to him, a sombre smile on her face. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He bobs his head, a defeated expression on his face. “See you tomorrow.”

Arriving at the penthouse, people flooding the rooms, she’s greeted by no one. Marcus seemingly organising another party to fill the silent void.

She moves past people, nobody paying attention to her. She heads to the bedroom, turning and locking the door behind her. The music booming and the people talking and singing loudly. Stepping into the on-suite, using the shower before heading back into the bedroom to get dressed.

While dressing, the door unlocks – a key used. She looks up, finding Marcus stood in the doorway. He enters the room, closing and locking the door behind him. “You were late home today,” he says. The first words from him that she’d heard in days.

“I got caught in traffic,” she tells him, pulling her second stocking on – wearing a high waisted, fitted black pencil skirt with a white, silk blouse.

He stops in the middle of the room. Stood in front of her. “I don’t think so.”

She looks up at him, an angered expression on her face. “What does it matter? You never tell me anything, so why should I tell you?” She scoffs.

Marcus smiles, moving to sit on the bed next to her. “I understand that I’ve been a bad husband...”

Charlotte rolls her eyes. “That’s an understatement. Do you remember the last time you were intimate with me? When was the last time we had sex? Or a meal together?”

His smile fades. “I didn’t think a lack of that meant you’d cheat on me...”

Pressing her lips together, tears welling in her eyes. “You didn’t think I’d leave you if you ignored me for days and weeks on end? Really?”

He shrugs. “I suppose I don’t like being treated the way I treat you.”

“You have been cheating on me, then?”

Charlotte mutters.

“Don’t try taking the high ground,” he groans, standing up from the bed and beginning to pace.

She laughs, crossing her arms across her chest. “I’ve been cheating on you for two years. I was faithful to you, for twenty-eight years...”

Twenty-seven of those years have been without love, passion, or intimacy. You barely spoke to me... I tried leaving you, you never listened. And you refused to sign the divorce papers..."

He stops, looking out of the window. "I've been with my current mistress for five years..." He pauses. "I was with another before her, for twenty years. And another before her..."

Tears stream down Charlotte's face – she bats the tears away, wiping the remains from her cheeks. "But I can't take the high ground for being faithful for the most part of our marriage..."

"I want you to stay..." He says, still looking out the window.

"For what reason?" She shouts, standing – looking up at him as he turns around. "For what reason should I stay? You have your *mistress*; you don't need me as well."

With a blank look on his face, he shrugs. “I love you.”

“No, you don’t. You love the idea of marriage,” she sighs. “I’m going to leave.”

He hangs his head, looking down at the ring on his left hand. He slips the ring off, tossing it onto the bed. “Fine.” He walks past her, unlocking the door and leaving - vanishing into the party.

Charlotte closes the door, locking it behind him, going to her wardrobe and packing. Taking her phone out of her purse, she texts Justin: *I’ve left him.*

A swift response comes back: *are you okay?*

She quickly packs, shoving clothes into her suitcase. *I’m fine, can I stay with you?*

*Of course.*