

Soren ~ Chapter One

“I'm home! Dinner ready?”, Dexter said loudly to let his wife know that he was back and hungry.

“It's in the oven. Should be ready in about fifteen minutes.”

Sitting at her desk in her office, checking work related e-mails, Soren's head turned sideways to face the open door. Her husband didn't come in. Instead she heard the bathroom door shutting and shortly after the shower turning on.

“Why would it be different today?”, she thought to herself as she finished typing the last sentence.

“Done for today... sadly.”

Soren was working for a newly founded company called “Bel Ami Computers Inc.”. The founder approached her several weeks ago and offered her a surprisingly well paid job. Now, 'well paid' wasn't for no reason. She was trusted with the creation of shell designs for a new all-in-one aiming at the lower price classes as well as the development of a GUI. She was able to do both, though she was glad that she only had to assist with the shells since she hadn't done that in years and it was actually more of a hobby. Coding and programming was what she was an ace at, among the top 3 of her graduating class.

Letting out a sigh she lifted herself from the desk to look after the vegetable dauphinoise in the kitchen. Some time was still left. After setting the table, she made her way to the bedroom to change her clothes for the evening.

In the hallway she could hear the shower going, but Dexter only now entering it, judging by the change of the sound of the running water.

“You have ten minutes left, then we can eat”, Soren called in the direction of the bathroom.

“Alright.”

When she stood in front of the wardrobe, she pulled out a comfy shirt and some short pants. It was summer, but still neither of them bothered too much about pumping up the air condition. As she picked up the fresh pieces to cover her nude body again, she took a moment to look at herself in the mirror next to her.

A tall parasaurolophus woman in her late twenties looked back. Her skin was as blue as the zenith of the sky on a high summer day while having a purplish touch, with a more pale, pinkish underbelly color that started under her chin.

The same colour also decorated the skinny sail which filled the space between the top of her bony crest and lower neck.

With the delicate shoulders she had, her breasts and hips appeared even wider and bigger than they already were in the first place. The big belly and butt she had since her early teens did nothing but add a lot to her very ample stature.

Her face however, so she noticed, showed a murky expression, dulling the shine of her bright blue eyes that normally radiates confidence. Often she had been told that she had a pretty face; but certainly not right now...

“You changed and I don't know why. I never wanted you to change like this, so why are you making me too?”, she said in her mind imagining her husband listening.

She was married to Dexter for only three years and it was all fine until about three months ago. When she dug around in her memory, Soren could remember that he was talking about several new colleagues at his work-place who all seemed like good people. In fact, he was all about them and they got along greatly.

When he mentioned this she was honestly happy for him since it meant that he could be nearly as happy at work as he was with her, what a great gift for hard working guy like him!

In retrospect though... She made out the appearance of these new men... and women... as the point where her husband started to change.

Work was important for Soren, it was her life, her passion; but so was love and a harmonic home that felt safe. The latter one went away first. Dexter began to talk less to her than usual and being a corythosaur, this was indeed unusual. By now, she felt like living with a stranger. He stopped greeting her with a kiss, he didn't even went into the room where she was working in just to say hello, like today.

Something else that was adding to the sadness in Soren's mind was he didn't seem to want to have sex with her anymore. They just went to bed, said 'good night', the lights went out and that's it. For the past three months.

“So how was your day?”, she asked after filling Dexter's plate with food.

“Oh pretty good again, how was yours? I saw you did the laundry, good job!”, he answered.

“Asshole...”, she thought to herself. “I earn whatever how many fucking times more than you do and you talk some shit about laundry”.

Lately, all evenings went like this. New was her suspicion about his behavior. Deep within herself, Soren longed to confront him about the changes she noticed and she hated herself for not being assertive enough to bring it up. She knew this flaw of hers for quite a while, yet at the same time she was too afraid to risk the still peaceful everyday-life, be it with love and lust or without.

As they went to bed later that evening it went as it always went. Before she switched out the light on her side of the bed, she decided not to sleep naked tonight. He had already fallen asleep with his face turned away from her. Even though this minor circumstance didn't have any meaning in it of itself, it seemed to take away another bit of her self-esteem this time. She was looking at him. Thinking.

“Are you intimidated because I earn more money than you? That would be untypical... Or don't you find me attractive anymore? Well... I mean... I didn't lose weight, but I didn't gain any either... Maybe you never thought I was attractive in the first place and were putting on a show the entire time... I refuse to believe that, then we wouldn't have married, right? ...or did I make a different mistake that I haven't noticed myself? Was the sex bad? Do my cooking skills suck?”

Becoming sadder and sadder she finally decided to shut her brain off for the night; at least she was still able to do that.

“Soren Wood speaking... -...- Ms. Tyranus, who? -...- On behalf of Ms. Lanoro, I see! How are you doing? -...- Who me? No no! Everything's okay! -...- Yes it is, but nothing I can't solve. Creating a system that's easy to use for everyone is complicated, but I've done similar things before! -...- Sure, I don't see any delays for now. -...- Likewise, thank you! Goodbye.”

“Her way of talking was kinda weird, but she was awfully nice”, Soren thought to herself after the call was over. Before she could continue her work though, her mind started wandering away.

“A woman I have to face to connect to and never talked to before asked if I was okay, because I sounded like I was not. That's what she said... I know the situation with my husband gets to me, but... that much?”

After a while she continued programming. It went good enough, but then another call came in. The number on the display popping up was new to her, but the 'anti-solicitor AI' she had created signaled that it was none of the like.

“Hello?”

“Hello? Is this Dexter Wood's number?”, a female voice asked with a confused undertone.

“This is his wife, how can I help you?”, Soren's eyes widened a bit.

After an awkward silence, she was met with a reply.

“Oh it's nothing serious, I'm one of his colleagues! Could you tell him to call me back? It's something about what happened today in the factory, nothing bad, just annoying. He will know what it's all about when you tell him 'machine 2323-B’”, the woman answered.

“Why not... Who am I speaking to?”, Soren asked.

“Julie Gloster, I recently began to work here in the accounting department”.

“Fine fine, I'll let him know.”

Soren ended the call before the woman could say anything else. Something began to unfold inside her that she had never experienced before. It was a feeling she never thought would make her blood boil that much. A mixture of anger, disappointment and... jealousy!

“You bastard...”, Soren said aloud and was not sure whether she referred to the woman on the phone or her husband... Most likely both.

She breathed heavily, trying to focus.

“I need to find out... I MUST know if it's true or not... I can't... I can't do this... I could lose my job...”

Soren looked up, facing the blank space above her monitors.

“IF anyone finds out!”

Quickly she opened a browser and closed her work after bringing up enough patience to save

everything.

“Actually I was hoping that I would never need you”, she said to herself opening a program deeply buried within her personal files. It was a little software package she and a fellow student developed together during their wild university years. Being highly illegal, she and him had sworn to keep it under the rug at all costs, because they knew it was working...

She went to the representative wired-page (for better understanding: equal to the internet) of her husbands company and it didn't take her long to make out the data she needed. With a speed she didn't expected herself to have, she was able to ascertain the main-servers... and hacked in.

Digging around, she found out that Gloster didn't actually lie: Machine 2323-B had been reported damaged about two hours ago, but that was not really of interest for her. She went to the files of the personnel department and noted all data she could find of the new colleagues, especially Julie's.

Not having trouble with this at all, the company was a little behind in terms of digital security, she left the severs and made sure not to leave any traces.

It was easy to find Julie Glosters accounts in social media and therefore easy to hack into her personal files online, as well as those at home... She was a rather average looking Corythosaur, like Dexter.

Ignoring every moral question Soren's deeds MIGHT have raised, she went through Gloster's personal files and social media data... and found something!

“Makes perfect sense now why you didn't tell her you were married... WERE!”, Soren shouted at the screen.

A private hidden image on a social media-site and two other pictures showed Julie and Dexter hugging and having sex.

She felt her heart sinking to her feet. Well, now she had clarity. Painful clarity. Her eyes began to fill with tears, unable to grasp this level of intimate betrayal. For several seconds, before she caught herself enough again, she forgot to breathe, an empty stare aimed at the pictures of her husband loving another woman.

Soren did the same as she did before to erase all traces, turned all programs and her computer off and looked at the clock on the wall. About an hour till Dexter would arrive... what should she do? She sat there silently, tears running down her cheeks. Now she knew what was going on. Now she knew that the man she loved so much that she married him was betraying her behind her back. She cried and sobbed for what felt like an eternity.

About half an hour later, she was finally able to pull herself together more or less. A new emotion came

to her, as unexpected as the other feeling of jealousy was.

“...you think I am this weak? You really think you can screw me over like this?! I will give you a lesson you and your slut won't forget for as long as you live!”, Soren thought. Plans were starting to form in her mind.