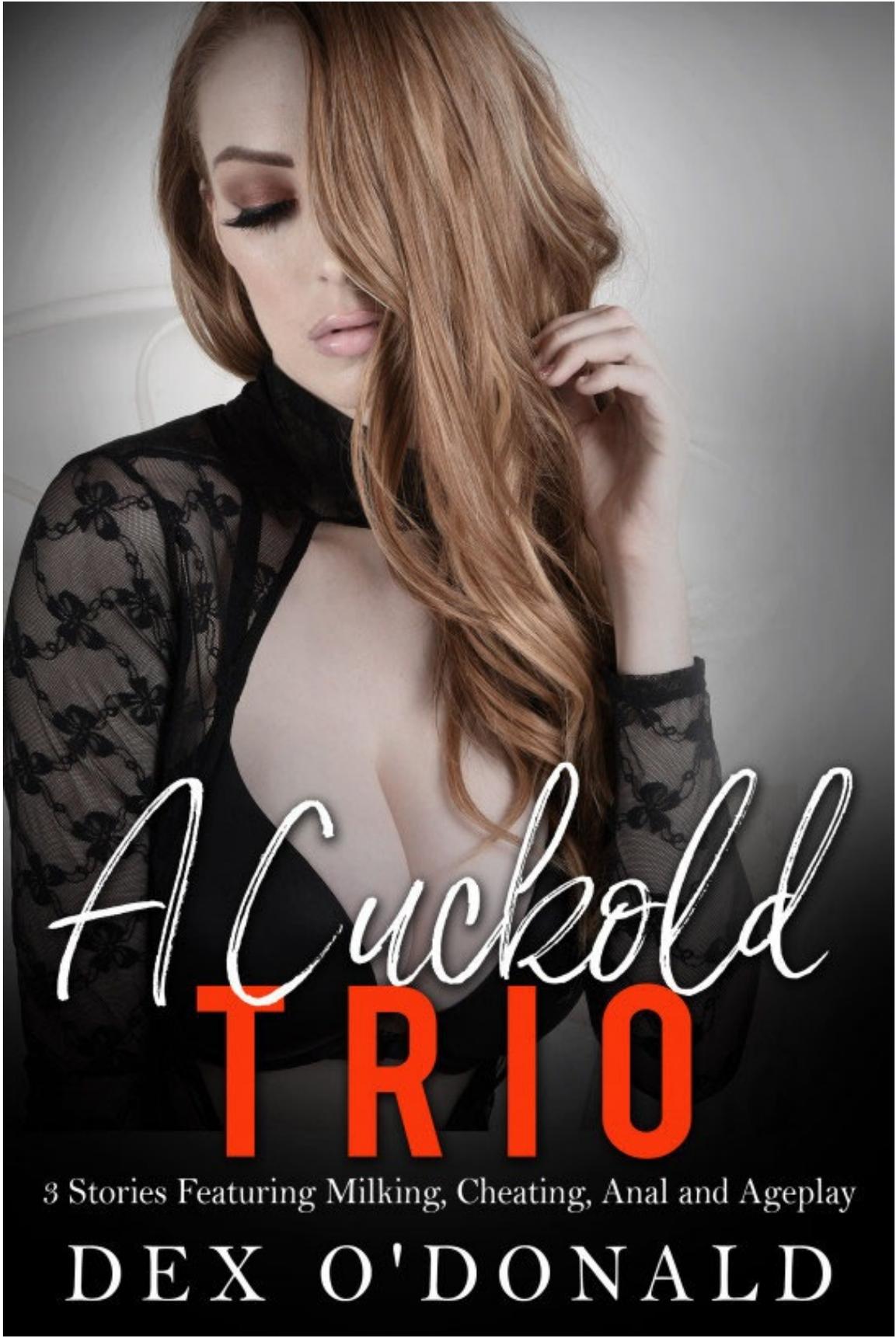


*A Cuckold*  
**TRIO**

3 Stories Featuring Milking, Cheating, Anal and Ageplay

**DEX O'DONALD**



*A Cuckold*  
**TRIO**

3 Stories Featuring Milking, Cheating, Anal and Ageplay

**DEX O'DONALD**

## **A Cuckold Trio:**

**3 Stories Featuring Milking, Cheating, Anal and Ageplay**

Copyright © All Rights Reserved

Smashwords Edition

**Stay in touch with Dex!**

<https://www.cucksmut.com/>

Twitter - @Dex\_ODonald

[Blog](#)

[Join my mailing list](#)

## **Table of Contents**

[Deflowered by Daddy](#)

[Cucked by the Doctor](#)

[The Hucow Hotwife](#)

## **Deflowered by Daddy**

## 1.

She followed Mr. Dalton to the balcony in secret. When she discovered him, he was lighting a thin joint and taking deliberate, prolonged puffs. In the moonlight he looked like some sort of aged debutante; his grey hair slicked back, his silver beard combed and manicured, smoke hanging in a cloud all around him. Mr. Dalton's shoulders were still broad and strong, even for a man of his age. His handsome features had not diminished with turning 55, but rather, had come to a matured peak of magnificence.

“Hello, Marie,” Mr. Dalton said, blowing smoke through his nostrils. “Where's your boyfriend?”

Marie walked gracefully to his side, her red gown flowing and the lunar light casting mysterious shadows across her revealing, creamy chest. Her breasts were held tight against one another, and cautiously sat on top of the dress. She took the joint from between his fingers and brought it to her cherry lips, smudging lipstick on the filter as she pulled a drag.

“Where's your...girlfriends?” She smiled. Mr. Dalton laughed. It was no secret the 55-year-old bachelor got around. In their neighborhood it was not uncommon to see him out on a Friday night with one girl, and a completely different one on Saturday. While many assumed it was the extravagant lifestyle afforded to a billionaire, Marie thought maybe it had to do with the fact that he was incredibly elegant, handsome...and had a rumored prowess in the bedroom.

“Very cute,” Mr. Dalton said, his grizzled smile flashing white teeth. “But you didn't answer my question, young Marie.”

“Oh? I’m young Marie, now?”

“Not now...more like, still. You are still young, Marie.”

He puffed the finely rolled J and looked out over the city. The entirety of downtown Los Angeles sprawled before the dimly lit balcony, and the din of music from inside Mr. Dalton’s house was only faintly heard here. They were on what Mr. Dalton referred to as “the far balcony.” That is, a balcony just for him and his joints. There were several others on the compound and those were for the guests of his 55th birthday party. But this one, was for him. And apparently Marie, as well.

“How did you know I was back here?” he asked.

“Well...I followed you,” she giggled.

“You were spying on me?”

“Something like that,” she said, pulling the joint from his lips again. She felt the coarseness of his beard when she took it, the grey hairs tickling the back of her palm.

“Young Marie. Once the child down the street and now...a woman. Still, you are quite youthful.”

“So you’ve told me,” she said, turning her back to him and walking the length of the balcony.

“Come here to steal my drugs, have you?” he chided.

“Maybe...maybe not. Depends.”

“On?”

“If you deserve to have it back,” Marie said.

“And what is to stop me from just going back into my house and rolling another?”

“Well, this view for one thing. It is quite magnificent. You’ve built yourself quite a life, Mr. Dalton. You know, when I was a girl, I used to stare up at this house on my bike rides home from school. I wondered what it was like to live in it. To sleep in it. To keep it. And now...well, here I am.”

“Here you are,” Mr. Dalton repeated. He crossed the dark balcony and came up behind Marie as she stared out over the hills and to the city beyond.

“You have many friends, Mr. Dalton. And many lady friends. I wonder if between all that money and comradery you are...satisfied?”

“Life is unsatisfying, dear,” he said, his calloused hands taking her by the shoulders and rubbing. “It is only what we do during that can offer some sort of reprieve from the doldrums and boredom.”

Marie faced the aging Billionaire. She reached out a small hand and brushed aside a lock of hair that had fallen over his eyes. Mr. Dalton took her soft hips, pulling her nearer. Marie’s body went flat against his 3-piece, her velvety breasts disheveled against his wide chest.

“Are you bored now, Mr. Dalton? At your own party no less...”

“No, Marie. I’m high. There is a difference. I’m quite content with this party.”

“Oh? And your...girlfriends? Where are they tonight?”

“Funny, they were the furthest thing from my mind.”

She could smell his breath; mint, wine and weed. His fingertips were sneaking along her sides, rising ever higher. She ditched the joint roach over the railing with a quick flick of the wrist and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“What is on your mind, Mr. Dalton?”

“Where is your boyfriend, Marie?”

Marie rolled her eyes and pulled from his grasp.

“I won’t chase you,” he said.

“Yes, but you will chastise me, apparently.”

“I only asked. I didn’t say that I cared.”

She smiled then, warm, and relaxed.

“He’s inside at the party, with the others,” Marie said, “with your guests.”

“And you are out here...with an old man, sneaking a doobie. How naughty.”

Laughing, Marie bent her left leg at the knee and reached back, maneuvering the heel off her foot. She tossed it aside and did the same with the other. She dug her toes into the cedar deck and felt the cool night air rush over her bare feet.

“How old are you now, Marie?” Mr. Dalton asked, pulling a flat tin from inside his coat pocket. He flicked it open, revealing a perfect row of evenly lined joints. He pulled one from the case and placed it between his lips.

“I turned 19 last week,” Marie said, watching him carefully.

“Nine-teen. Incredible,” Mr. Dalton said, sparking it.

“Why is that incredible?” She was coming nearer, walking more freely now that she was sans heels.

“It’s incredible,” he said, blowing tendrils of smoke out into the evening mist, “because it has probably been nine-teen years since the last time I had one so... young.” His eyes narrowed and the jovial demeanor of Mr. Dalton came under a shadow. His playful mouth turned cruel and his posture looming.

“Excuse me?” Marie whispered.

“I’ll ask you one more time, Marie. And you would do well to answer me directly. Where is your boyfriend?”

“He’s downstairs,” she said immediately.

“Go and fetch him. Now.”

Startled and nervous, Marie backed up to the sliding glass door that led into the house. She felt around for the handle in the dark and slid it open, eyes never leaving Mr. Dalton, as if he were some feline predator waiting to pounce the moment her back was turned. She disappeared into the house.

Mr. Dalton smoked his joint.

As he neared the end of the spliff, he heard the interior door to his office open. Then muffled voices (where are your shoes, Marie?). A moment later, the sliding glass door glided on its track and out came Marie and her boyfriend.

“Wow!” The boy exclaimed. “What a view! This is even better than the other balcony!”

“Hello, William,” Mr. Dalton called from the dark.

“Oh, hey there! Hiya, Mr. Dalton! Wait a sec, are you...smoking?” William’s boyish eyebrows raised inquisitively, and he held the dumb look of a teenager on his face. He was dressed in a black suit his mother picked out for him, with a ridiculous pink bowtie that was out of place and ingenuine.

“Smart boy,” Mr. Dalton snickered, approaching the young couple in the doorway. “Would you like a hit?”

“Oh, well sure I would! Crazy, I can’t believe you smoke! How cool!”

Dalton smiled condescendingly and reached into his coat pocket, snatching out the cigarette tin hidden there. He popped it open and offered the clean row of joints to William.

“How about an entire joint, all to yourself?” Mr. Dalton presented.

“Well, that’s great and all, but I don’t need a whole one to myself Mr. Dalton! We can share.”

Marie was standing awkwardly next to her boyfriend, biting her bottom lip, watching Mr. Dalton carefully. The anxiety on her face was unmissable, and constantly she fidgeted as the two spoke.

“Oh, we are going to share, William,” Mr. Dalton said, urging the young man to take a joint from the tin. “But not the joint. That is for you to smoke. Marie and I won’t be sharing the joint, we’ll be too busy.”

“Excuse me?” The boy asked, the dimly-lit balcony now stifling and quiet.

“Take the doobie, William.”

Hesitant, begrudgingly, William took a joint. Mr. Dalton snapped the container

closed and posited it back in his coat pocket. He pulled a lighter from nowhere, lighting and cupping it as he brought it to William. William placed the unlit joint in his mouth and let the old billionaire spark it for him as he began to puff.

“I’m going to give you ten thousand dollars, William,” he told the boy, keeping the flame to the rolling paper. “And in return, all you have to do is stand on my grand balcony, take in the sights of the city...and watch me plow your girlfriend’s virgin asshole.”

Smoke erupted from William’s lungs as a coughing fit took hold of his body. He wretched and yelled, expelling the sweet cloud of haze into the night. Marie, shocked and appalled, patted her boyfriend on the back delicately as the coughing subsided.

“You can’t be serious?” William asked, the mirth gone from his voice.

“Do I appear as if I am anything but?” Mr. Dalton asked, sliding an arm from his black coat, and removing it completely. No one spoke as he laid the coat down over the handrailing and began undoing the cuff links from his wrist. “Marie felt it wise to follow me to my private quarters tonight, and thus wound up giving me a hard on. Now if I were any normal man, I might retire to bed and relieve myself as I saw fit. However, I am no normal man. I am wealthy beyond your comprehension. And I plan to pay you in cash. Tonight. After I take Marie’s anal virginity.”

The young couple looked at each other, hysteria in their eyes. Marie kissed William’s cheek tenderly. She took his hand in hers and rubbed the top of his knuckles, just the way he liked when he was anxious about something.

“It’s ten thousand dollars, William. For a few minutes...”

“Surely you have more confidence in my prowess than that?” Mr. Dalton interrupted.

“Is this why you brought me out here?” William asked her. “Did you want this to happen?”

“Baby...” she tried.

“Enough of this. There will be no haggling, monetarily or emotionally. I’ve made my offer. And your girlfriend has clearly accepted. Perhaps she will split the earnings with you?” Mr. Dalton rolled his sleeves up past his elbows, revealing the soft gray hair running the length of his veiny forearms.

“I can’t watch this...I can’t...I’m going,” William sputtered, turning to storm off.

“On the contrary, boy,” Mr. Dalton boomed, raising his voice. “You will remain. And you will smoke that fine joint I rolled for you. And you will watch. By God, you are going to watch. And if you pay close enough attention, maybe you’ll learn something.”

“And if I go?”

“No deal. I’ll just fuck her in the ass for free. Either way is fine for me.”

William brought the joint back to his lips, hands shaking and eyes watering. He puffed jaggedly with short, sharp breathes that tried to calm his beating heart. A shudder went through his body and he cricked his neck.

“Get on with it then,” he said.

“Marie, to me.” It was not a question.

She crossed the balcony to the elder man standing soaked in moonlight. He looked hardened now, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled. There was an elegant dishevelment about him, like a werewolf on the hunt at full moon. As Marie drew closer, his encompassing presence surrounded her will, making her vulnerable and weak.

“Open your mouth,” the billionaire told her, “stick out your tongue.”

Marie glanced back at William, who was standing with hands in pockets and neck forward. His face was anguish and discomfort. Without realizing it, his head shook back and forth in a gesture of great disapproval.

She looked up at Mr. Dalton and opened her mouth.

“Wider,” he said.

She obliged. And from the wet darkness of her open lips, she protruded her tongue out as far as she thought polite.

Mr. Dalton wrapped a rough hand around her delicate neck, squeezing hard enough to still her nervous shaking. He puckered his lips together and spat a perfect white ball into her waiting mouth. Then he kissed her.

“This isn’t right,” William whispered from the doorway.

Mr. Dalton found Marie’s milky breasts and massaged them over the dress. He explored her mouth and Marie explored the maze of muscles and veins that traced his biceps. For 55 he was certainly no slouch, sporting arms bigger, stronger, and firmer than her 20-year-old boyfriend.

“Hitch up your dress. Let William see your ass,” Mr. Dalton whispered between kisses.

“Yes, Mr. Dalton,” she said.

Mr. Dalton grabbed her neck abruptly and slapped her across the face. She gasped and spittle flew from her lips. His eyes were cruel and dark, and he growled when he spoke to her.

“You will call me Daddy when in the presence of your boyfriend, little girl. Do you understand me?”

“Ye-ye-ye” she stammered and tried but could not get the words out. Soft tears played at the corners of her eyes as she held onto whatever composure she had left.

“Quit stuttering and answer your Daddy, bitch.”

“Ye-ye...yes, Daddy,” she managed at last. Swooning, she plunged herself back into Mr. Dalton's lips, and with free hands began to roll her dress up. She got the garment over her supple ass, exposing the red thong beneath and two, milky white ass cheeks.

William watched the two in the moonlight; undefined and foreboding figures making love. It was hard for him to see where Mr. Dalton's hands roamed, but he heard the man slap his girlfriend. That hurt his stomach in a way he was not prepared for. He could hear them kissing too, and the whispers they shared. When Marie exposed her ass, the soft lunar light gleamed off her round cheeks. He puffed his joint silently, high as a kite, trying to get a hold of himself.

Mr. Dalton's weathered palms reached around and squeezed both cheeks at once, and Marie gasped in his mouth. She grinded against his belt buckle, wet enough now that it was dripping and getting onto Mr. Dalton's low-lying fingertips.

“Your asshole is virgin, is it not?” Mr. Dalton asked, spreading her cheeks wide and letting them clap back together again. “Little William has not been up there, has he?”

“No, Daddy. No one has,” she whimpered.

“Don’t lie to me, little girl. If you lie you will be punished. Have you been a whore, Marie? Have you let a man into your most sacred entrance?”

“No, Daddy. I promise...I’m a good girl...I would never...”

Mr. Dalton grabbed her by the arms and spun her around. Shoving Marie forward onto the railing, he yanked the dress all the way up so that she was bare from the belly down. Marie’s flopping tits were disheveled and spilling over the top of the gown, her hands fidgeting on the railing for purchase. She found herself staring straight down at a 30-foot drop, vertigo plummeting her stomach and vision blurring.

Bent and exposed, Mr. Dalton began to spank. His palm cracked like a whip off her fleshy cheeks, red-stained handprints forming instantly. With each strike, Marie screamed out into the hills and the city beyond. Sometimes he caressed her before hitting, other times he fired off five, six, seven or eight slaps in a row.

“You will be punished before you are fucked, do you understand?”

CRACK!

“You will obey your Daddy and do as I say”

CRACK!

“And your beta boyfriend will watch me use you!”

CRACK!

“Do you understand?” CRACK!

“YES, DADDY!”

“Do you understand, little girl?” CRACK!

“YES, DADDY, FUCK!”

“Stop it!” William yelled, his face in his hands. “Stop hurting her!”

“Do you want me to stop, Marie?” Mr. Dalton asked, yanking her face up by a handful of red hair.

“No, Daddy. Please don’t stop,” she cried.

“Good girl,” he said. “Now shut your fucking mouth William, or I’ll dock your pay!”

The spanking filled the hillside until Marie’s cheeks were red and raw. Mr. Dalton jerked his belt off in haste, yanked down his zipper and pulled away the button. His \$5000 dollar suit pants fell in a puddle at his ankles. He wore no underwear, and his old-man balls hung lower than William could comprehend. His fat, grizzled pecker had a purplish hue in the shimmer of the moon.

“Get on your knees, Marie.”

Marie turned shaking, squatting low to get face to face with his daddy dick. As she worked him into her greedy mouth, Mr. Dalton began to undo each and every button of his white dress shirt.

“She is lathering my cock, William,” he said. His strong, grey chest revealing itself as the shirt pulled away with each button undone. “And when she is done, I will use her ass. I’m not just buying her tonight, William. I am purchasing her asshole forever and always. Now, I am not a greedy man. I will of course pay the property taxes on it. Monthly. But it is mine now.”

The last button came away and he shook out of the shirt. Even at 55, his strength was still considerably chiseled. His flat core flexed when he wrapped a hand around the back of Marie’s head and began to skull-fuck her.

“Good girl, very good. Gag on it.”

“This wasn’t part of the deal,” William moaned. “How long do I have to watch?”

“Until every drop of my seed is spilled inside of her,” Mr. Dalton said.

He pulled Marie up and flipped her over, pushing her into the balcony railing once more. Mr. Dalton pulled her cheeks apart and spit on the opening there. It was dark and he could not be sure of where it landed, so he spit into his palm rubbed it all over Marie’s puckered, shy asshole.

“Hold still, Marie. This may hurt at first,” the billionaire daddy said.

William caught his breath and went silent.

Marie bit her lower lip and closed her eyes.

Mr. Dalton pushed the head of his dick against the 19-year old’s virgin butthole, keeping constant forward pressure.

“It won’t fit, Daddy,” she cried, “you’re too big.”

“It’s going to fit, trust me. Daddy knows best.”

“Oh God,” she moaned.

The head was almost past the entrance when her legs began to shake. Mr. Dalton used the hand that was not guiding his cock to squeeze her thigh and still her. When the first few inches had cleared, Marie’s breaths became quick and shallow. She tried to speak but it was unintelligible.

In the dark, William could see the old man looming over her, defiling her. He could hear his girlfriend’s squeals. The moonlight shown best on her hands, which were white-knuckled gripping the railing.

“There is it. Your virginity. Can you feel it leaving you? The deeper I get the less you have of it. Your anal flower is mine now. Forever and always.” Enough of it penetrated her that Mr. Dalton could let go of his throbbing member and wrap his hands about her waist. Steadying Marie, he was at last free to pump the young woman.

“Oh God, daddy! It hurts! It hurrtrts,” she moaned.

“So tight...good girl. Good girl keeping your asshole clean for me all these years. You’ve always wanted it, haven’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy! Yes!”

“Watch carefully, William,” Mr. Dalton continued to mock. “You may learn how to treat such a young and supple woman.” His pace quickened, and it was

becoming clear exactly what this was. They were not making love or simply “hooking up.” Mr. Dalton was using her, plain and simple. He fucked her like a cheap whore, his sharp and rigid strokes inflicting the utmost hostility on her unused buttocks.

“Oh, fuck, don’t stop Daddy!” she called into the night.

“Good little bitch, take it up your fucking ass!”

William watched the old billionaire slamming his body into his petite girlfriend, the railing she clung to now bending and swaying with each violent pump. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of the savage dick that walloped her, but mostly all he could see or focus on was the profile of his wife’s face against the backdrop of the city. So much pleasure and pain there that he did not know which she felt more.

“Are you ready for your payday, William? Ready to finish the job?”

Mr. Dalton went deep and stayed there. His hands squeezed Marie’s nimble arms at the elbow as he unloaded. He grunted loud, knees bent, ass flexed. As he drained himself, he pulled out an inch or two before slowly pushing deep again.

“It is an absolute swamp in her ass right now, William,” he panted. “I can feel my load inside her even as I give her more. It is an incredible feeling. A shame you will never know it.” Mr. Dalton pulled out brisk and sudden, his floppy cock swinging with a trail of cum on the tip. There was semen running down Marie’s thighs as she continued leaning against the railing, trying to catch her breath.

The joint burned William's finger, he had forgotten all about it. He dropped it onto the deck and stomped it out with his foot. He watched Mr. Dalton pull his pants up and run his belt through the loops. His girlfriend hitched her dress back down, covering the mess that trickled from ass crack to ankle.

"You can wait for me in the entrance hall, William," Mr. Dalton said, regaining his composure. "I will meet you there in ten minutes with payment. Marie will stay."

"That wasn't part of the fucking deal, Mr. Dalton," William said angrily.

"I did not say it was. But she will."

"Go, William," Marie said, at last turning from the vista of the city. "Wait downstairs like he said...like Daddy said. I'll be there in a few minutes."

At a loss, William stomped his feet like a child and exited through whence he came.

"That was amazing," Marie said, sidling back into his arms.

"Did it hurt, Marie?"

“A little.”

“That’s alright. Tomorrow daddy will kiss your boo -boo for you.”

“Tomorrow? Will I see you tomorrow?”

“You’re spending the night, Marie. With me, in the master bedroom. Your boyfriend is going to sleep in the dog kennel.”

“How much will that cost?” she asked, planting a soft kiss on the corner of his mouth.

“Does it matter?”

## **Cucked by the Doctor**

“Paging Dr. Cucking. Dr. Cucking. Your 3 O’clock is ready for you.”

Melanie and Teddy sat side by side on the exam table, holding hands and dressed in hospital gowns. Melanie’s hazel eyes were anxious, and she kept glancing at her husband. She could feel how sweaty his palm was, how it shook when he jittered his knees.

“Seems strange,” Teddy said, perspiration forming on his brow. “A last minute, group examination? Why did he need to see both of us?”

Melanie thought this over, biting her lower lip and smudging the red lipstick onto her teeth. This doctor came highly recommended by a girlfriend who claimed to have been seeing him for years. She said his methods were “different” but that he was one of the most in demand medical professionals in the city. If he was able to get you an appointment, you had better show up.

“Maybe he’s pretty booked?” She said quizzically. “Maybe he only had one time slot and today was the only chance for him to see us?”

“Gowns? On the first visit?” Teddy said, scratching at the seam of his own. “I’ll be honest, I’m not thrilled about being here on a Sunday. Or about being naked under this thing. Aren’t offices usually closed on the weekend?”

“Why so many questions, Teddy? It’s a simple exam. We’ll get it done and then we’re out of here.”

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this,” Teddy told his wife.

“What are you talking- “

The door to the exam room opened abruptly and in strode Dr. Cucking. He was a tall, commanding presence with slicked-back grey hair and a matching beard. His white coat looked fresh from the wash and pressed to perfection. He made no eye contact with the married couple as he spoke.

“OK, OK, OK. Let us get it on, folks. What do we have here? Theodore, 35. Melanie, 32. Good health...so far. No allergies to speak of, that is quite good. And it says here...no children?”

His voice was low and it filled the small examination room. Melanie and Teddy were so taken with his quick, rumbling speech that they barely paid heed to the question he asked. Teddy’s eyebrows were turned up curiously, his mouth slightly parted.

The Doctor pulled his eyes from the chart and stared at the couple.

“Well?” Cucking asked. “No Children? Is that correct?”

“Uh, yes. Yes, that is correct, Doctor...Doctor?”

“Cucking. Dr. Cucking. And good. No children...yet. I like it.” Dr. Cucking walked to the small medical table and applied latex gloves to each hand. He snapped each at the wrist before turning back to the married couple, fingers wiggling. “OK, you first Theodore.”

“Teddy is fine,” Teddy said.

“You will do well to remember whose office you are in, Theodore. Now, no more lip. Stand.”

Teddy opened his mouth to retort but was met with an elbow in his side from Melanie. She motioned him to stand with her eyebrows, rolling her eyes at him in the process. Frustrated, Teddy stood and faced Dr. Cucking. Teddy was a good six inches shorter than the greyed Doctor, his forehead barely on level with the man’s chin.

“Turn around. Bend over,” Dr. Cucking commanded.

“Um, right...right here?” Teddy asked.

“Is he always this dumb, Melanie?” Dr. Cucking asked. Melanie giggled, covering her mouth, trying to hide it from Teddy. “Theodore, you are in a Doctor’s Office. This is an examination. I want you to turn around, bend over, and when I say cough...” The Doctor raised his eyebrows, waiting for Teddy to finish his sentence.

“I cough,” Teddy finished.

“Good boy. Now, without further ado, bend over. Pretty please.”

Awkward and slow, Teddy turned and faced his wife and the examining table. He bent over, hands in front to steady. He felt two fingers slip under the robe and cradle his testicles. He winced at the cold touch of the Doctor’s gloved hands.

“Incredible,” Dr. Cucking said, staring right at Melanie. “This man has the smallest nutsack I’ve ever encountered!”

First a moment of silence as Melanie digested what she had just heard. Then, uproarious laughter that echoed down the hall and into the waiting room.

“Melanie!” Teddy yelled, trying to stand back up. Dr. Cucking shoved him back into a bent position and tucked fingers under his balls once more.

“The exam is not through yet, Theodore. Calm yourself. Now, cough.”

Teddy coughed.

“Again, Theodore.”

Again, Teddy coughed.

“I’m sorry, Theodore. But you are going to need to cough harder than that. This is the smallest pair of testicles I have ever seen, and I can’t tell if they are moving or if you’re hiding peanuts under your gown!”

Melanie clutched at her side, tears streaming down her face. Breasts jiggling as she guffawed, she could not help but notice that every time the Dr. insulted her husband, he was looking directly at her chest. She had not tied it at the collar, and her luscious milky breasts were easily discernible.

Teddy coughed as hard as he could, and the good Dr. was satisfied.

“Right, OK, right,” the Doctor assured. “Up you go, turn and face me.”

Teddy did as he was told, appeased just to be done with the humiliation of his physical. What kind of a Doctor said things like that anyway? Teddy knew Doctors to crack jokes and keep things light, but the man who fondled his ballsack had crossed the line on “appropriate bedside manner.”

“Lift up your skirt, Theodore,” Dr. Cucking said.

“What?” Teddy asked, dumbfounded.

“Your gown, genius. Lift it up.”

“But...why?”

Dr. Cucking sighed, shook his head, and then rolled his eyes at Melanie. Melanie laughed uncomfortably, unsure of what was happening. “If you do not wish to be a patient of mine, please do not waste my time. Thank you and good day,” Dr. Cucking said.

He turned swiftly to leave and was one foot out the door when Melanie jumped from the table and grabbed him by the arm.

“Don’t go!” She pleaded. “We do want to be patients of yours! Never mind my husband...he’s just shy. He gets embarrassed. Please, finish the exam. We can do whatever you need.”

Dr. Cucking thought on this moment, the corners of his mouth quivering. He walked back into the room and pointed a long, grizzled finger into Teddy’s scrawny chest.

“Your gown, Sir. Lift it up.”

Disgruntled, shifting on his feet, Teddy grabbed the bottom hem of the gown and lifted it above his waist. Dr. Cucking scratched at his chin as he leaned in to have a look at Teddy’s toolbox. He was humming to himself as he placed Teddy’s flaccid penis in one of his latex hands.

“Just as I thought,” the Dr. mumbled. “You sir, are genitally challenged.”

Melanie erupted into fits that made the others seem like chuckles. She clutched her sides and howled at the moon with glee. The Dr. smirked at her, taking a moment to appreciate his own joke. Teddy jerked his gown down, his face a screaming magenta of embarrassment.

“OK, Theodore. Have a seat. It is your lovely wife’s turn.”

Theodore parked his bare ass in a chair in the corner of the tiny examination room. Dr. Cucking walked to his medical table and removed both latex gloves, tossing them into the trash can. He returned to the examination table with bare hands and a smile.

“Melanie, Melanie, Melanie,” he grinned. “I need to check a few things out, make sure you are in tip top shape, understand? Only the best care for my Melanie. Is that OK with you?”

Melanie smiled a perfect row of white teeth and agreed enthusiastically.

“Good. Open your mouth.”

Melanie said AH.

Dr. Cucking reached two fingers in and started to run them across the top of her tongue. Melanie's eyes went wide but her mouth stayed open. She could taste his older, rougher fingers. Salt and skin. He rubbed the tops of her teeth and felt the inside of her cheeks. He did it slowly...methodically...sensually.

“Keep your mouth open wide, I've got to go deeper,” he told her. Dr. Cucking reached his fingers back into Melanie's throat until she gagged, spitting up on his hand.

“Oh, I'm sorry,” she said.

Smiling, the Doctor wiped his wet hand off on the front of Melanie's gown, right on top of her breasts. “That's OK, Melanie. You did the best you could.”

Teddy opened his mouth to protest, but Melanie glared at him. She was not going to let him blow it with this Doctor who was, after all, one of the most sought-after medical professionals in the city. The Doctor played with her mouth some more. He pulled her cheeks back with both hands, comically screwing up her face. He gagged her again but this time she coughed less, her lips temporarily closing around the Dr.'s fingers.

“Time for your breast examination, Melanie. Hold still!”

“Hey, wait just a damn minute,” Teddy began, rising from his seat. “What in the hell kind of Doctor are you?”

Cucking. turned on the husband, taking one big step in his direction and knocking Teddy back into the chair he came from. Cucking shoved a finger into Teddy's face and bellowed, "I am one of the most sought-after medical professionals in this city, boy! And you would do well to remember it!"

In one rapid gesture, the doctor grabbed the front of Melanie's gown with both hands and tore it in half. Her breasts spilled out and her naked body was exposed. For a moment she tried to cover up with her hands, but the attempt was futile. She was bare for her husband and doctor.

"Now, now!" The Doctor sang, filling both hands freely with Melanie's breasts. "Nothing to be ashamed of! I am your doctor, and that poor excuse of a man is your husband. So, nothing to hide. Right? Let us see what we have here!"

Cucking squeezed and mashed and prodded and pinched every square inch of Melanie's voluptuous assets. His hands were aged and tough, and the way he was handling her breasts kept causing Melanie to exclaim "oh!" and "ouch!" Her nipples had hardened, and as Dr. Cucking began to focus on them exclusively, Melanie felt something growing quite wet in another of her exposed areas. Suddenly, Cucking's fingers were back in her mouth. Without a word, he fondled her and fingered her mouth all at once. The only sound in the room was Cucking's heavy breathing, and maybe Teddy's heart beating out of his chest.

"Everything seems to check out," Dr. Cucking told Teddy. "Her breasts are in fine condition, quite lively. Her mouth is...healthy," he finished, making Melanie choke on his fingers. "Gag reflex is quite intact!"

Cucking chanced a look down at Melanie's bush surrounding her labia. It was

visibly soaked, strands of the curly pubic hair flat from her lust. His eyebrows danced and he chortled merrily. "I'm afraid my dear, the vaginal exam will need to wait for another day," Cucking told her.

"Thank Christ" Teddy said, sinking back into the chair and breathing a sigh of relief.

"Your rectal exam, however, cannot wait. This must be done today. Urgent matter of sorts. This must be done...right now!"

"What the fuck!" Teddy cried.

The doctor helped Melanie roll over onto all fours, so that her pale white ass cheeks were high in the air, nearly eye level with the lanky, greying doctor. He got behind her grinning ear to ear. He put his open palm high in the air and brought it down fast on Melanie's left ass cheek. The crack of her ass shook the room and Melanie screamed.

"Ha! Sorry! Just making sure we are still awake!" Dr. Cucking guffawed.

"Yes, Doctor," Melanie panted. She was red from embarrassment at the doctor. discovering her wetness. Such a thing had never happened to her before at a doctor's visit. Nothing even close. But somehow, the way he prodded and poked and pulled and pinched had taken an effect on her. And now, she felt him spreading her ass cheeks. She said a small thank you to God for giving her the foresight to shave that morning.

“My, my, my. What do we have here?” The Dr. asked.

“That’s my wife’s asshole you’re staring at,” Teddy chimed in. “That’s what we have here. And what exactly are you looking for?”

“Hmmm,” Dr. Cucking moaned. He placed his fingertip at the brown button entrance and began to push. “Can you feel that Melanie?”

“Oh, Yes. Yes, Doctor Cucking. I can feel...it,” she said.

“Good, good. That is quite good. How about this?” Dr. Cucking flicked her asshole with his middle finger.

“Oh!” Melanie squealed.

“Good, quite good. All checks out. Now... how about this?” The good Dr. abruptly, and without warning, spit onto Melanie’s little butthole.

“Hey! What the fuck!” Screamed Teddy.

“Oh, God. I felt it, Dr. Cucking.” Melanie said.

“Well, Melanie. I’ll be honest with you. We will need to have a deeper look. We

need to get deeper into your rectum if we are to be absolutely sure you are completely healthy!”

“Should we schedule a colonoscopy?” Melanie whispered, looking back and over her shoulder at the doctor nestled between her ass cheeks.

“Oh, don’t be silly! We can do it right now; I’m just going to need some lubrication!”

The doctor stood up and began to fiddle with his belt buckle. The sound of it jingling was hard to miss, and both Melanie and Teddy made sure to get a good look as he unzipped his pants and dropped them to his ankles.

“Now just what in the hell- “Teddy began but was quickly silenced by his naked wife.

“For God’s sakes, Teddy! Shut UP already! Let the doctor do what he needs to do! He’s the professional after all...not you!”

Dr. Cucking rolled his underwear down to his ankles, exposing a thick purple head and a veiny, elongated shaft. It was quite hard already, and his sagging balls were dotted with grey pubic hair.

“Oh damn!” Cucking said. “I just remembered we are out of lube. Well, no problem here! We just need to improvise. Melanie! Suck my cock!” He walked to the end of the table Melanie’s head was at, approaching her with his pulsing

member. Melanie's eyes went wide as she saw it coming closer. Instinctively she tried to back away, but the angle was awkward, and the doctor already had hold of her hair. He yanked her downward, Melanie's lips colliding with his pecker.

“Good, good. Do not be shy. I am your Doctor after all. Yes, slobber. Sloppy. Good, get it wet. That's it!”

Melanie found herself with Dr. Cucking's cock lodged in her throat, gagging. His touch was rough as he held a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back and forth as he had his way with her mouth.

“Theodore! Do not just sit there looking foolish! We need lube on both ends of this exam! Eat your wife's ass!”

Teddy sat still and shocked for almost a minute, watching Dr. Cucking pummel his wife's face. Then, at Dr. Cucking's insistence, he got between his wife's asscheeks and started licking. Simultaneously, Melanie began to moan into Dr. Cucking's unforgiving cock.

“Oh good, good. Yes! Couples therapy, is it not! And quite the cocksucker your wife is, Theodore! Oh, yes indeed.”

Teddy rimmed his wife nervously, using lots of spit and being sure to coat the entire area. He had only eaten her ass once before and she had not let him back there since. In a way, this was a rare treat. Though, he did wish the circumstances were rather different.

The Doctor let Melanie up for air, her chin drooling and her lips glistening wet. He tapped Teddy on the shoulder and shooed him away from his own wife's private parts. Cucking pushed on Melanie's ass cheeks, signaling her to scoot further up on the examination table. He mounted the table behind her, his hairy purple cock glistening from Melanie's spit.

"OK, then. Time for your rectal exam, Melanie. Hold still, this will only take a moment!"

Melanie's screams were heard down the hall as chuckling nurses and PAs made their rounds. Inside of a minute, those screams softened and began to mix with moans. The Doctor rode her ass with a swift and relentless rhythm, burying nearly the entire shaft up her bum.

"Did you find what you're looking for?" Teddy asked meekly, a foot away from the debacle.

"I sure did, Theodore. Thank you for asking!" Dr. Cucking laughed and cracked Melanie's ass again, leaving a fresh red handprint next to the last one. He grunted as he used her hole, and Melanie found herself slipping an arm underneath her body, to reach her clit and begin massaging.

"Oh my, oh my," Dr. Cucking panted. "It is quite tight. My expertise in this area tells me this is the first time you have had a cock up your ass, Melanie. Or at least, a real cock. Little Theodore's Thimble Dick cannot possibly count. No, this is your anal virginity I am taking. And it is quite nice!"

Melanie bit down on the edge of the table when Dr. Cucking buried himself deep

in her buttock, holding it there while he spurted his jizz. He squeezed her hips till they hurt as he made sure to unload every last drop. When he pulled his 55-year-old penis from her used hole, a thin stream of white semen ran out of her ass and down the back of her thigh.

“Rectal exam complete!” Dr. Cucking exclaimed, putting away his member and picking his chart back up. He made a few quick marks on his charts before clicking his pen merrily and placing it back into the pocket of his pristine white coat.

“Everything checks out! You’re both healthy as a horse, even if you aren’t quite hung like one!” Dr. Cucking winked at Teddy.

Melanie tried to sit down but found it quite uncomfortable, her tender asshole not allowing it. Teddy sat speechless, running his hands through his hair in disbelief.

“I’ll leave a note at the front, we need to get you two in for a checkup in two weeks!”

“Two weeks?” Teddy asked, confused. “Why so soon?”

“My dear boy!” Dr. Cucking shouted. “If we do not continue with regular checkups like the one we had here today, how can we be sure the two of you will maintain your good health! Two weeks! Not a day later!”

And the Doctor swept from the room as quickly as he had come.

Melanie looked at her husband, the tickle of another man's cum running down her leg.

"My asshole hurts," she said.

"So do my feelings," Teddy cried.

# **The Hurow Hotwife**

Molly used some of the leftover fast-food napkins from the glovebox to pat her nipples dry. She sat in a parked car with her blouse unbuttoned and bra undone, chin tucked and looking down as she dabbed away the milk leaking from her swollen breasts. If anyone chanced to walk by, they would see a 35-year-old woman with gargantuan, double D breasts so full of milk that they were dripping on their own accord. Lucky for Molly, she was parked in a private driveway where the chance of an onlooker was exceptionally low.

“Shit-shit-shit,” Molly mumbled to herself, daubing away the milky residue. “So help me God, Don, if you walk out here right now...”

But Don was nowhere in sight. The palatial home sat quiet on the hillside, not a window or door disturbed by the presence of its owner. Don had no idea she was coming so it was possible that he was not even home. Regardless, the matter with which Molly hoped to speak to him about was urgent. Molly had donned her prettiest, most revealing blouse in preparation for their talk. She knew, just like everyone else, that Don was a pervert at heart. And while she was certain she would not appreciate the constant, relentless staring contest with her bulging boobs, she knew she needed every edge she could get. This was for her husband after all, which meant it was for love.

“OK, please...please stop,” Molly told her titties, “please stop leaking!”

Her last fast-food napkin became a discarded wet rag sitting on top of ten others just like it. There’s probably enough milk in that pile to feed a goddamn nursery she thought. Molly pulled her bra taut across her chest, fidgeting madly to get it to lock around her oversized melons. They had always been a burden to put away, ever since middle school. But now that she was lactating, they had grown to an impossible size that even her most stout braziers struggled to contain.

Molly surveyed the quiet drive before her and the massive home beyond. Don was filthy rich, had been as long as she had known Jake. It was no secret Don was used to getting his own way. But today, he was going to have to compromise. Today he was going to hear Molly out and one way or another, she would get the message through that thick head of his.

Blouse buttoned, nipples dry, lipstick applied. Molly stepped out of the car and approached the towering front door of the silent house. It was warm that day as she stood on Don's stoop, knocking. She could feel sweat dripping from her ginormous jugs. It was running into her bra and pooling there until it escaped and ran down the sides of her tummy. She said a silent prayer the humidity would not set her breasts to seeping.

Molly knocked three times on the giant white door and then twice pressed the bell. No answer came and minutes passed as the sweat collected on her body. The sun beat down on her fair skin and creamy cleavage.

“Goddamnit, Don!” Molly exclaimed. “Open up!”

*SPLOSH!*

Molly craned her neck to the sound of water. It came from down the gravel walkway that led to the side of the house. Certain she was sick of standing there like an idiot, Molly took the path carefully in high heels, growing more frustrated the more difficult this visit became.

Passing landscaping and thick bushes, Molly came to a gate tall enough that she needed to stand on tippy toes to peer over. Holding her breath and trusting her

heels would not betray her, she rose on curious feet and held the top of the gate for balance. When she saw what lay on the other side, Molly's breath caught in her throat and her nipples began to tingle.

A lavish lagoon filled the space beyond the gate. Bright flowers adorned waterfalls that varied in size from three feet to ten. Other foliage and gardens lay all around, daring one to traipse through them on their way to the crystal blue water. The sunlight was dazzling and defined every color of tulip, every movement of blue water, every leaf on every vine that shimmered and shook in the afternoon breeze.

*SPLOOSH!*

A shape glanced through the air and penetrated the pristine waters before Molly could register it. A body glided along the bottom of the pool and from where Molly peeped, it was as graceful as a dolphin. Reaching the edge of the lagoon in a few easy kicks, arms surfaced and grabbed the ground beyond, lifting the body up and out.

It was Don. He had no clothes on.

“Oh my...” Molly whispered.

It was not just that Don was fit for his age; fifty-five and as strong as someone in their 20's, veins visible on his biceps and a core tight as a boxer. It was not just his finely groomed grey beard and matching head of hair, sandy and wild in all the right ways. It was not just the way he smiled when he ran fingers through his wet locks, revealing a fine row of white teeth.

It was all those things. But really, it was that thing that hung between his hairy, rough legs that made Molly so suddenly fragile.

Her heels buckled and she lost her balance. She came crashing down, collapsing on her legs and barely breaking her fall with skinned palms.

“Oh!” she squeaked, clamping a hand over her mouth. As quickly and quietly as she could, Molly tried to compose herself. She pulled the heels from both feet and tossed them. Crouching low, she began to creep from the gate door, back down the path she had come.

“What’s your rush, Molly?”

She stopped short. Resigned to humiliation, she turned to the sound of the voice.

“Oh...hey there, Don,” Molly stuttered, turning bright red.

Don’s cruelly irresistible smile stretched from ear to ear as he shook his head back and forth. He had a towel around his waist (thank god) and both hands on his hips.

“Sorry if I didn’t hear you knocking,” he said approaching her, “but it certainly didn’t slow you down, did it?”

“Guess not,” Molly sighed, feinting at a chuckle. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to spy on you...I just wanted to talk.”

“Well come in then,” Don said, placing a hard hand on the small of her back. “We can talk all you want, there’s no rush.”

“OK, I mean, I can come back later...I...you looked busy...” Molly let Don lead her back down the path and through the gate and into the backyard. They passed the glowing lagoon and came into a white cabana that offered shade. Here there were several pieces of furniture including a glass-topped center table with some sort of thin, silver tin on top and a lighter next to it.

Don sat in a cushioned wicker loveseat. As she sat across from him, Molly made sure to keep her eyes away from the glaring entrance of Don’s towel. He was sitting in such a position, with his legs spread wide, that it would have been easy for her to peer directly at the goods. Molly hoped to hold on to some shred of dignity and would not be tempted (regardless of what she had seen only moments ago) by curiosity.

“Can I get you something to drink, Molly?” Don asked, surveying the buxom woman. His eyes roamed her pink lipstick down to her thin, white neck and lower. He had no qualms about gazing directly at her pronounced cleavage and rarely looked elsewhere.

“I’m...fine, Don,” she said, still choked up from all the commotion. “Look, I didn’t mean to barge in on you unannounced, or worse, spy on you. I only came-  
“

“Nonsense!” Don interrupted. “You are family, are you not? Last I checked you were still married to that weakling stepson of mine...unless of course you’ve come to tell me you’re leaving him?”

“Oh, for Christ’s sake,” Molly rolled her eyes and found her voice in anger. “Jake and I are not divorcing, OK? Come off it! But now that you mention, you saying crazy shit like that is exactly why I’m here.”

“Ah, disappointing. You have always been too good for that boy, Molly. Too good, too smart, too funny, too...pretty,” Don licked his lips. “You should really put some screen on, Molly. You’re starting to turn red.”

Molly glanced down at her luscious cleavage and realized he was right. Embarrassed once again, she made a half-hearted attempt to pull her v neck up but ended up looking all the more foolish. Don slouched further back in the loveseat and kicked his feet out. The towel was riding higher on his muscular thighs revealing grey body hair. It was almost high enough to see...

“Cat got your tongue?” Don asked, breaking her stupor.

“Listen, dammit,” she shot back, “I was hoping we could talk about Jake. About your stepson. It is time for you to think about lightening up on him. And when I say lighten up, I mean on everything. At the company, at the office, on Facebook, at family gatherings...”

“Let me get this straight,” Don said, snatching the silver tin off the center table

and flipping it open, revealing a long line of perfectly straight, hand-rolled cigarettes. “My sissy stepson had to send his wife, dolled up and tits out, to defend him and ask...ask what? To stop being bullied? What are we, in fucking high school? What is this nonsense!” Don put one of the cigs between his lips and sparked it. The sweet, musky aroma of cannabis filled the air as he began to exhale it from his nose.

“He didn’t ask me anything,” Molly frowned, waving a plume of pot smoke from her face. “He doesn’t even know I’m here- “

“Bullshit!” Don declared, fidgeting in his seat, and causing the loose tuck of the towel to become undone. It was more like a blanket in his lap now, just covering what lay beneath.

“Believe what you want but he said nothing, Don,” Molly continued. “Except that he’s sick and tired of his ‘asshole stepfather’ encroaching on every corner of his life since he was a teenager. He’s nearly thirty now. When are you going to- “

“How old are you, Molly?”

Molly paused and let out a long sigh. He was gazing at her tits and the longer he looked the more she felt like this whole thing was pointless. She planned on him paying more attention to what she had to say, but it was clear now that he could not pay much attention to anything except her two formidable assets.

“I’m 26,” she said.

“My God,” Don said, settling into the awkward silence that followed.

“Look, Don. I can’t live the rest of my life with Jake, listening to him lament your existence. To put it plainly, if you can’t say something nice to him, maybe don’t say anything at all? And for fuck’s sakes, butt the hell out of our business, especially on social media!”

Don smiled, taking another drag. “I had no idea you thought so low of me, Molly. Truly, you wound me.” He flicked the remnant of the cigar across the pagoda and into the pool. “Are you sure I can’t make you a drink?” Don stood up and the loose-fitting towel fell from his lap and landed at his feet.

Molly’s eye widened and she put a hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp.

“Oh, come now, Molly,” Don said, making no attempt to hide himself. “Surely you’ve seen men naked before? Tis only nudity after all. Time to grow up, I say!”

Molly’s eyes transfixed on the mass hanging between Don’s shaggy thighs. She traced the fat blue vein running up and disappearing into a bush of grizzled pubic hair. She spotted the leathery, low hanging ball sack behind his thickness. She estimated it halfway to his knees and at least the girth of her own forearm.

Suddenly, a warm trickle started inside her bra.

“Oh,” was all she managed.

“Everything OK, Molly? You seem concerned....”

Molly tore her eyes from Don’s naked body and tried to make eye contact with him. Still in her peripheral she could see it looming, swinging, breaching like a whale for air. The trickle started up on the adjacent breast and she felt her brassiere beginning to soak.

“I really should be going, Don,” she stood up, “I’ve been gone too long, and Jake will wonder where I am.” As she turned to go, Don tried to steal one last glance at Molly’s creamy chest. He frowned, noticing something odd about her white blouse.

Halfway across the lagoon, Molly was stopped dead in her tracks by the sound of Don’s voice. “HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MOLLY!” He boomed, his voice bouncing off waterfalls.

Molly looked down at her shirt, at the unmistakable wet patches in perfect circles where her nipples were. She felt her neck and face go red with humiliation, and her mind told her to run as fast as she could from Don’s house; to get in her car and drive off and pray he never said a word about it to anyone. But something else...some carnal thought, kept her in place.

Suddenly he was beside her, his hand on her shoulder. He was standing incredibly close, certain parts of his body only inches from hers. She pulled from his touch flinching, trying to hide her shame.

“You’re leaking, Molly,” Don said, disapproving. “And if you’re leaking that can only mean one thing...that my useless stepson has failed in every duty to you as a man.”

Molly forced herself to face him, to look him straight in the face and not at the free willy basking in the sun below. The sheer mortification of it had brought tears to her eyes, the humiliation greater than anything she could imagine.

“I left my pump at home...I should have used it this morning...oh, I’m so stupid, I- “

“Molly,” his voice came in a vicious whisper, “your husband makes you use...a pump?”

Confused by what exactly he was getting at, Molly averted her eyes ...only to have them land on the bloated cock dangling perilously close to her midsection. She felt the wet spots on the front of her shirt grow ever larger the longer she stared.

*It’s not even hard, she thought. He’s just like this all time? It can’t be!*

“My God, Molly!” Don screamed, taking her by the arms and shaking her from her cock-stare. “You’re as horny as a bitch in heat, aren’t you?”

The question stunned Molly into silence. The stains grew.

“Your pathetic husband...my pathetic stepson, has failed you! He can't even take the time to make sure the mother of his child is cared for and drained. It makes me sick, Molly. I've half a mind to drive across town and kick his ass right now!”

“What?” Molly's confusion grew deeper as the shame collided with shock.

“You heard me, Molly. If it wasn't for this emergency needing to be dealt with immediately, I would drive across town and kick your pathetic husband right square in his little cock and balls!”

“What emergency, Don?”

“Why Molly, my dear,” he said, grabbing the front of her shirt and tightening his grip, “you will need to be milked. At once.” Don yanked his arms outward and so too the v neck with it. The shirt came away in two perfectly torn pieces, exposing Molly's milky mammaries barely concealed inside an oversized black bra.

“Mr. Dalton!” Molly screamed, dropping his first name. Her dainty hands instinctively moved to conceal herself, but the difference in size between her fingers and breasts was comical. Mr. Dalton's hand shot out and he pinched hold of her nipples through the black garment, twisting cruelly.

“Stop it! Ugh! Oh!”

“You’re soaking wet, Molly,” he growled, using his handful of titty to pull her closer.

“Mr. Dalton, no! Get your hands off...of...”

“Can you feel it Molly? Can you feel it spurting out?”

“Yes...it’s warm...”

“Does Jake do this for you?”

“No...I have to use a- “

“Pump? How vile. It is his duty as your husband to make sure that you are milked, Molly. If your breasts become too full, especially breasts so large as yours, the side effects can be dangerous. Involuntarily lactating...swollen, painful nipples...lustful thoughts that cannot be tamed...”

Don yanked her downwards by swollen spitting areolas and Molly followed. She came to rest on her knees and face to face with the penis that had so hypnotized her from the moment she laid eyes on it.

*Maybe Don is right. Maybe I do need to be milked more. Maybe it's the milk that's making me stare at his-*

“Open wide, Molly. We’ll need to give you a snack before you can be properly pumped.”

“Mr. Dalton, we can’t! Jake is waiting for me he can never- “

“Shhh, little Molly. Be still. It isn’t your fault you can’t keep your eyes off my shlong. It is your husband’s fault. By failing to milk you, he left you vulnerable to all the things I have already mentioned, not the least important of which is lustful urges.”

“But...you were supposed to stop bullying him. That’s why I came over...” she was speaking directly to his penis now, the fight leaving her voice.

“Stop bullying? My sweet Molly. This is the most egregious thing that peckerwood has ever done. And I aim to make him pay for it. In every way imaginable...now open your mouth.”

Slow and conflicted, Molly’s lips parted, and her jaw began to stretch. Her heart raced and she could feel how soaked her bra was from Don’s aggressive tugging. It was too hot outside, and the mortification was mixing with the heat and she was getting lightheaded. She saw Mr. Dalton take the growing prick in his hand and bring it to her lips.

The next thing she knew it was down her throat, and her nipples were leaking like cracked water -pipes.

Don Dalton let his balls slap against Molly's fragile neck as his manhood plunged deep inside her gullet. He kept a watchful eye on her momentous bosoms, swaying in time with his hips. Milk was starting to leak out the top of Molly's bra, which told Don Dalton that it was likely time remove the restraint.

Molly let her tongue roll the length of his tremendous shaft, marveling at the size and power even as it choked her. She tasted pool water and sweat. He grabbed hold of the base of his prick and shook it between her lips and cheeks like a kitchen mixer. Spit and slobber flew in every direction and large bubbles of it hung from Molly's chin.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Don chastised as he lambasted her luscious lips. "You pretended to come over here to protect your beta husband, but you really came to be milked like a proper hu-whore. Oh yes, yes, you did." Don yanked her hungry mouth off his member and grabbed her bra, tearing it from her body. Molly's mountainous boobs spilled into the sunlight, swollen nipples dripping.

"Hold still, Molly. Let daddy milk you like you deserve!"

"Oh, Mr. Dalton...no, don't..."

Molly watched Don Dalton's calloused palms come in for the kill. He snatched hold of the front of both tits, gnashing the nipples into a painful jumble as he tugged each in time against the other. Molly's mouth opened to scream but all

that came out was a soundless screech.

“There you go, hu-whore,” Don chortled, “there’s your fucking milk.”

Back and forth, right then left, down and down, he wrung and wrenched Molly’s fat fun bags for all they could produce. The cream flooded out in great pale streaks, splashing Don’s furry thighs and running down Molly’s body to coat her little tummy.

“Oh no, oh God!” she stared down at the scene taking place on her chest. “Oh, Don! Fuck! So much milk, oh fuck...oh please, ...”

“You need it, don’t you Molly? You need me to milk you!” Don took one giant tit in his hand and started slapping it. Milk spit and sputtered like a car trying to start, always the white fluid leaking and shooting forth. Molly inhaled sharply at the pain and held her breath.

Licking the sweet drink from his fingertips, Don shoved himself back inside Molly’s mouth. Her tits began to lactate of their own free will as she blew Don on the pool deck.

“Oh, you are full of milk, aren’t you? You fucking cow...you needed this, didn’t you? Yes, you did. You just didn’t know it. Well, now you do. I’ll be paying you and my sissy stepson regular visits to make sure we get every last drop!”

Don spanked Molly’s bouncing bozangas back and forth as he buried himself in

her throat. Milk spluttered and spewed at every strike and Molly's soft, painful moans always followed.

"I milk you; you milk me. Simple as that, Molly. Too bad your weak little husband isn't man enough to realize it!"

Molly caught breaths when she could, but more often than not her airway was blocked by her husband's stepfather's cock. She felt his warm, salty pre-cum dribbling down her throat and she swallowed it.

"You've always had big fat tits haven't you, Molly?" Don pulled himself out and grabbed her by a handful of hair. She rose awkwardly as he dragged her back to the cabana, laying her upside down on the loveseat. Molly watched his erection drip as he leaned in and grabbed hold of her breasts once more, squeezing harder than ever.

"Oh my God, take my milk!" Molly screamed, blood rushing to her head and spit dripping down her face. "Take it all, oh God please, fucking milk me, Don!"

"Shut the fuck up, cow!" Don screamed, grabbing the back of her hanging head and shoving her face into his ballsack. She lapped at his testicles as he continued to pull the sweet cream from her blotchy-red breasts.

Don replaced his bushy balls with a veiny cock and began to pummel Molly's face, inverted. Molly's eyes went wide as a mixture of her own spit and Don's semen dripped backwards across her nose and into her hair. She felt the milk spraying out of her ballooned nipples and raining down on the rest of her body. She could hear Don as he leaned down to her chest, lapping at the drops that

pooled in her belly button.

Don started grunting.

Molly felt a thick wad of it explode inside her mouth and she tasted salt. She coughed on the next shot of it and tried to spit but once again, Don's cock was blocking her airway. It spilled out the sides of her taut lips and ran down her cheeks and into her eyes. Blinded and lactating, she felt her own bladder let go as her orgasm came in waves.

“Swallow it, you fucking cow. That's it, fucking milk me. Oh my God you dirty bitch, you're squirting. That's it. Fucking cum while I fill your throat!”

“BLOUGH!” Molly choked as Don yanked his member from her pharynx. Spit and cum exploded from her mouth and she dripped a nasty mess. Don bent down, one hand still cradling her lactating breast, and began to slap her across the face.

“You like it? You fucking like it don't you? You fucking cow! Say moo! Say moo for your new daddy!”

His hand was cruel and cold as he slapped her over and over, knocking the fluids from her face and making her gasp. Molly was trying to recover from the most intense orgasm of her life and found it hard to compose herself or speak. Every time she tried, she was met with a strike across the mouth and an angry command.

“Are you deaf cow? Say moo! Fucking say moo!”

Don aimed the tit backwards at Molly’s face and forced jet after jet of it into her open, shocked mouth. Molly caught the taste of the cream and lapped at it as it covered her palette.

“That’s it, taste your fucking milk. You gonna moo for me? You gonna fucking moo for your new daddy? You know you want to. MOO BITCH!”

“MOOOOO,” Molly squealed, “MOOOOO.”

Don laughed in her face as he soaked her in her own titty milk. “That’s it, hu-whore! Fucking moo! Moo for your beta husband who needed a real man to drain his cow-slut!”

“MOOOOO!”

“Lower, Molly. Like a cow. Be a good girl and moo like a fucking cow,” Don demanded.

“MOOOOO!”

Molly bleated like a farm animal all afternoon as Don Dalton steadily milked her of every bodily fluid she could muster. Naked, perspiring, and gasping, Molly

eventually collapsed poolside in the waning light of the setting sun. Her emptied breasts hung floppy on the warm concrete, with the last droplets of milk clinging softly to her wide, purple areolas.

Don disappeared inside the mansion, satisfied and perhaps ready for his own nap.

As Molly slept in the sun on the side of the lagoon, her cell phone rang repeatedly inside her car. As a matter of fact, it had not ceased ringing since the moment she first spotted Don skinny dipping. There were 50 text messages, 20 missed calls, and 4 voicemails. All of which belonged to her husband, Jake.

An hour later the sun was set, and a vehicle pulled into Don Dalton's driveway. It parked behind Molly's car. When Jake saw her vehicle parked in his Step-Father's driveway his stomach turned inside out and his blood pressure skyrocketed. He pounded on the front door of Don's house with shaking hands.

"Goddamn it, Dad! Open up! Now!"

Not wanting to wait a moment longer, Jake stomped down the gravel path that led to the backyard. Through the foliage and bushes he came to the side gate and kicked it open. He strode into the lagoon area, barking like a mad dog for his wife.

"Molly! Molly! Are you here? Don! What the fuck is going on!"

Jake froze. There was Molly. A naked lump at the head of the pool, eyes closed and breathing heavy. Her breasts were bruised and red and her nipples looked puffy. Just under her sagging udders was a small pool of white liquid, undisturbed.

“Molly...what...” he leaned down and shook her awake. “Molly wake up! Wake up! What is this? What’s happened?”

Coming to, Molly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was her husband’s teary face as he demanded answers from her. Then she could feel her sore, aching breasts. Her memory came back in the waking world and she recalled all the things that happened that afternoon.

“Jake?” she said, dazed.

“Molly what is this?”

“Jake...”

Silent as a fox, Don Dalton slid his glass door open and padded out into his backyard. His stepson’s back was to him, and he could make out Molly’s pale, sunburned body just beyond. Don could hear Jake talking fast, with a great worry and fear in his voice.

Don clutched a rag in his right hand, soaked with so much ether that it dripped off his palm. As he came behind Jake, Don wrapped his free arm around his

son's shoulders and placed the rag over his mouth. Jake tried to struggle. The fight was over before it began, and he collapsed into a puddle next to his wife.

"What's going on, Don?" Molly asked, rubbing her tired eyes.

"Go inside the house and take a shower, Molly," Don said, dragging his stepson's limp body. "When you're done, join me in the guest house."

"What's happened to Jake?"

"Jake is being taught a lesson. One that he won't soon forget. And you're going to help me teach it to him. Now, run along and freshen up."

For a moment, Molly thought this had all gone too far; that it was time to stop Don at whatever sick game he was playing and maybe even call the police. But as she let the steaming hot water run down her used body, enjoying the magnificent shower in Don's master bath, she decided that maybe she had gotten through to Don after all. Not in the way she planned to originally, but perhaps this was how she would get Don to finally lighten up on Jake.

With one more insult to injury, perhaps Don would finally leave Molly and her husband be.

*Dear Reader,*

*Please take a moment to navigate to the site you purchased this book from and leave a review. It would mean the world to me if you left your opinion on this story, no matter how brief or lengthy.*

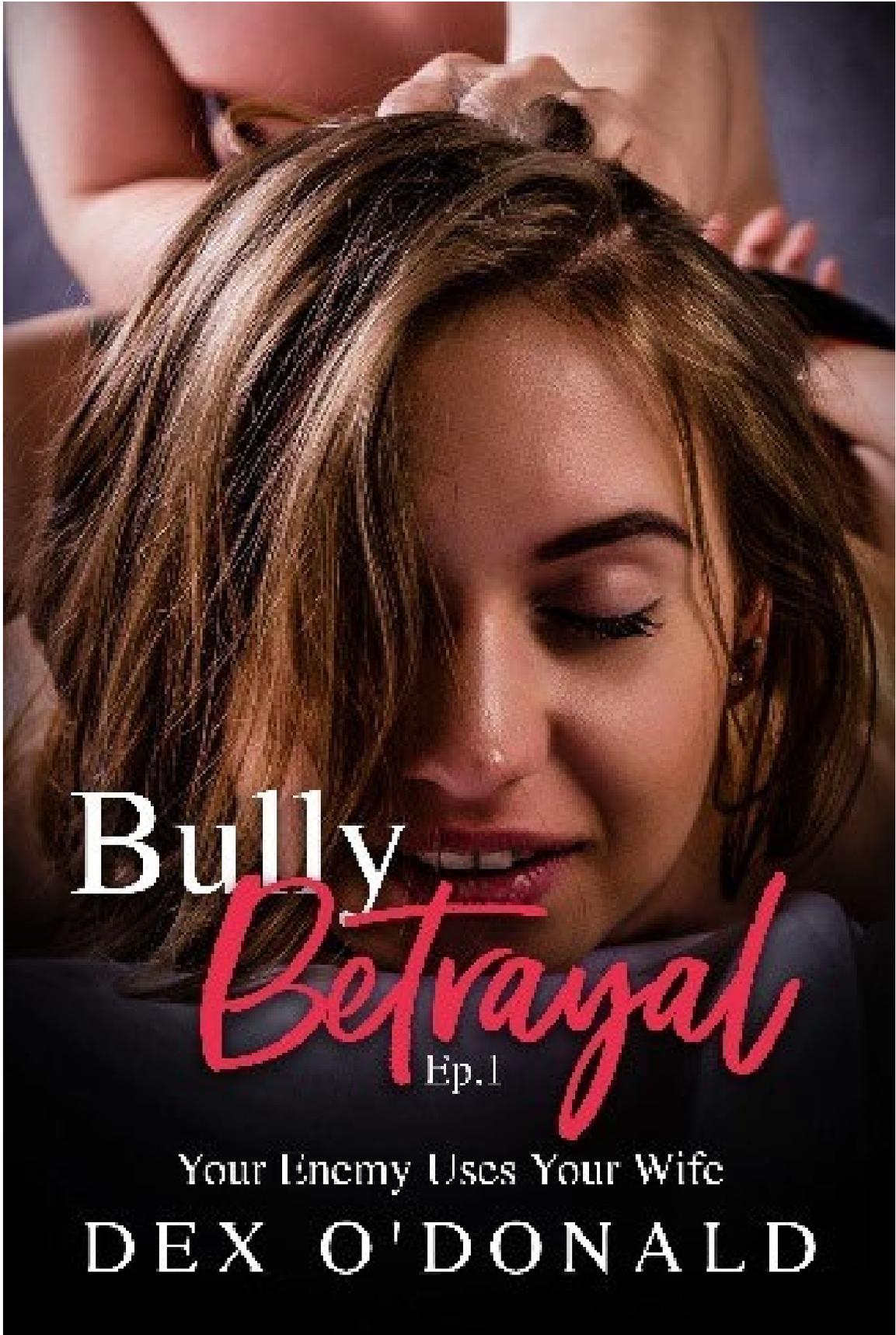
Be sure to join my mailing list for advanced content and updates! Copy and paste this link: <https://tinyurl.com/2yfrpxun>

[Smashwords Author Page](#)

Website [www.cucksmut.com](http://www.cucksmut.com)

**If you enjoyed this story, you may also like:**

[Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife](#)



Bully

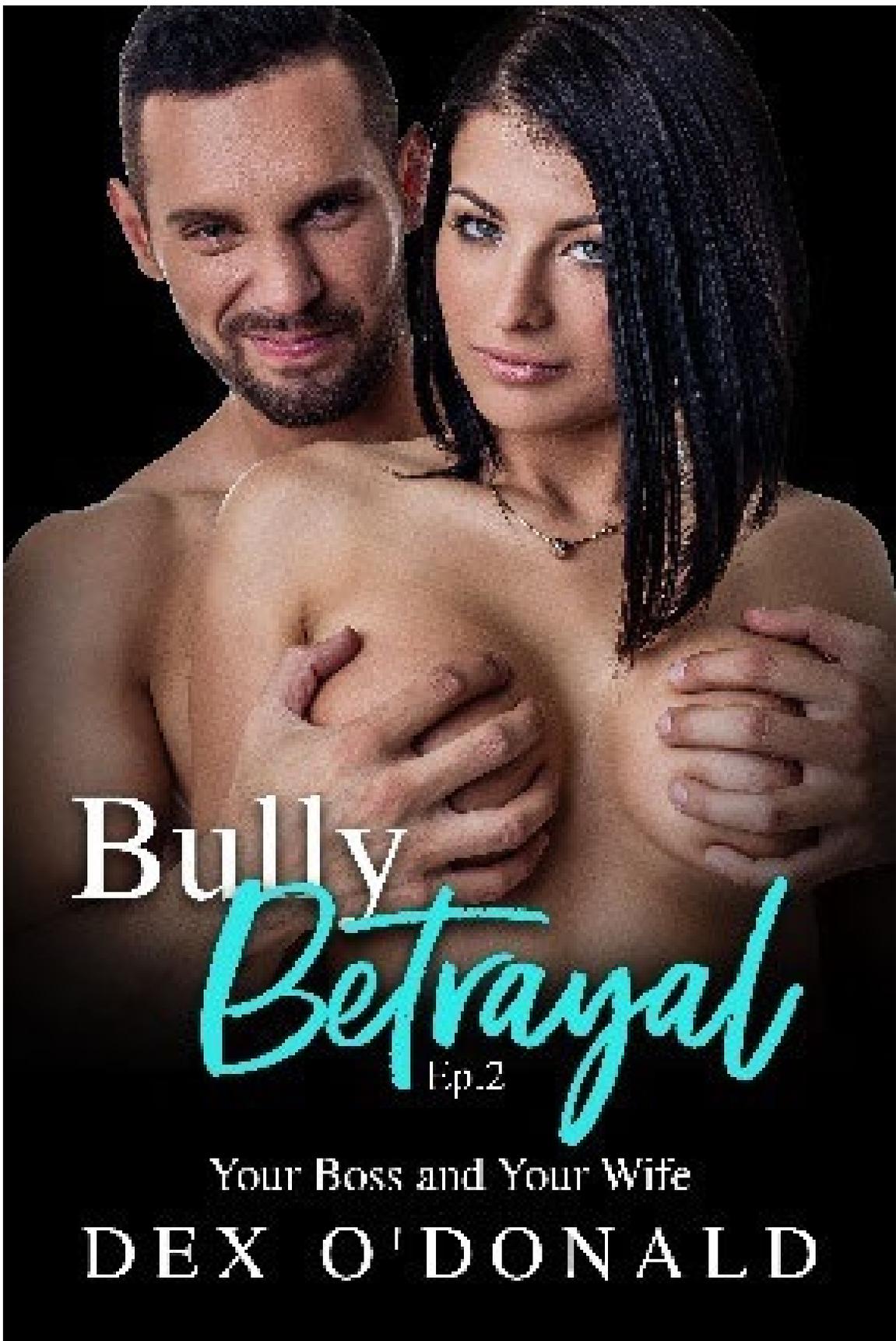
*Betrayal*

Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

[Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife](#)



Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.2

Your Boss and Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

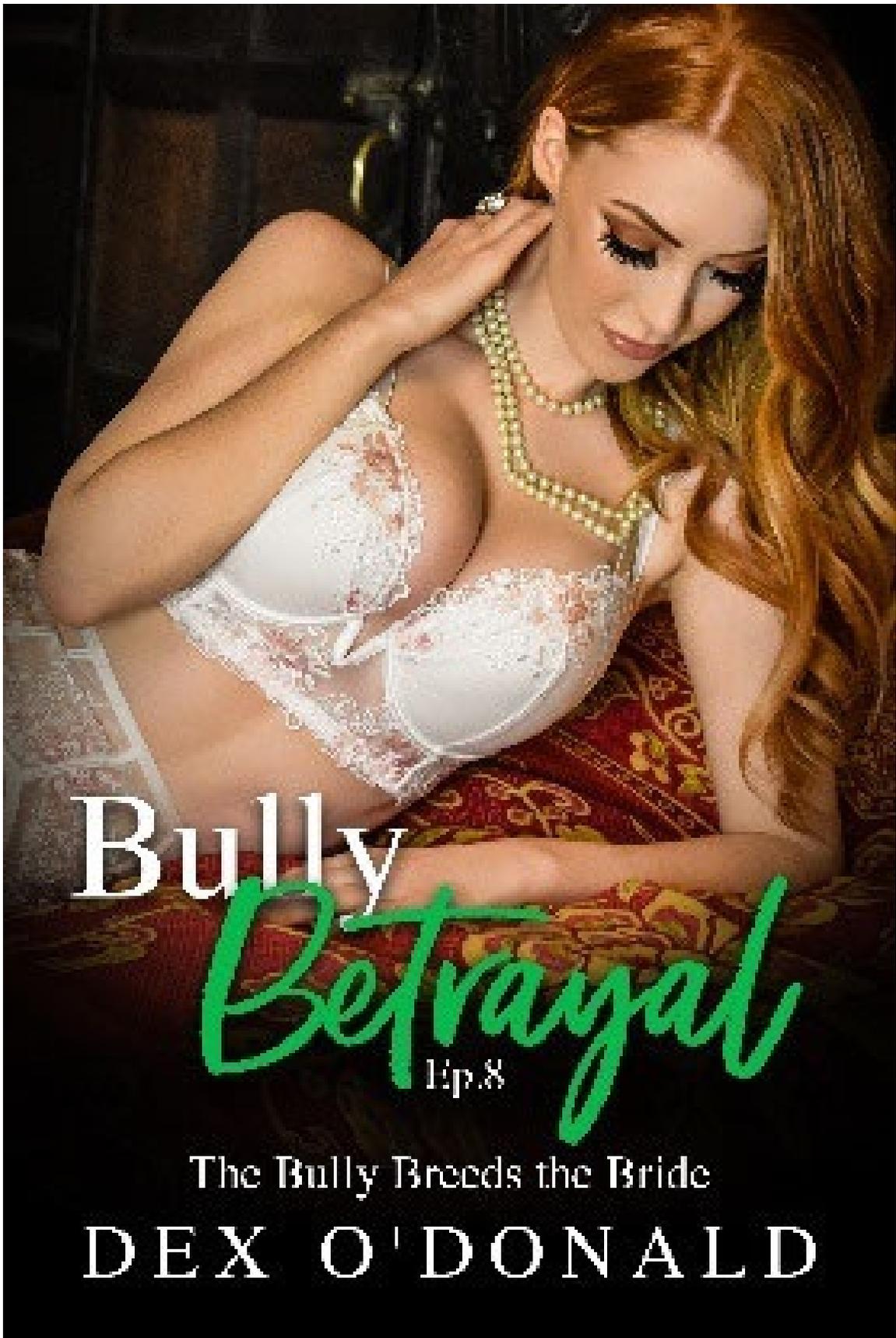
## Kidnapped and Cuckolded

# KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

*They took the wrong couple and  
now a marriage is on the line*

DEX O'DONALD

[Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride](#)



Bully

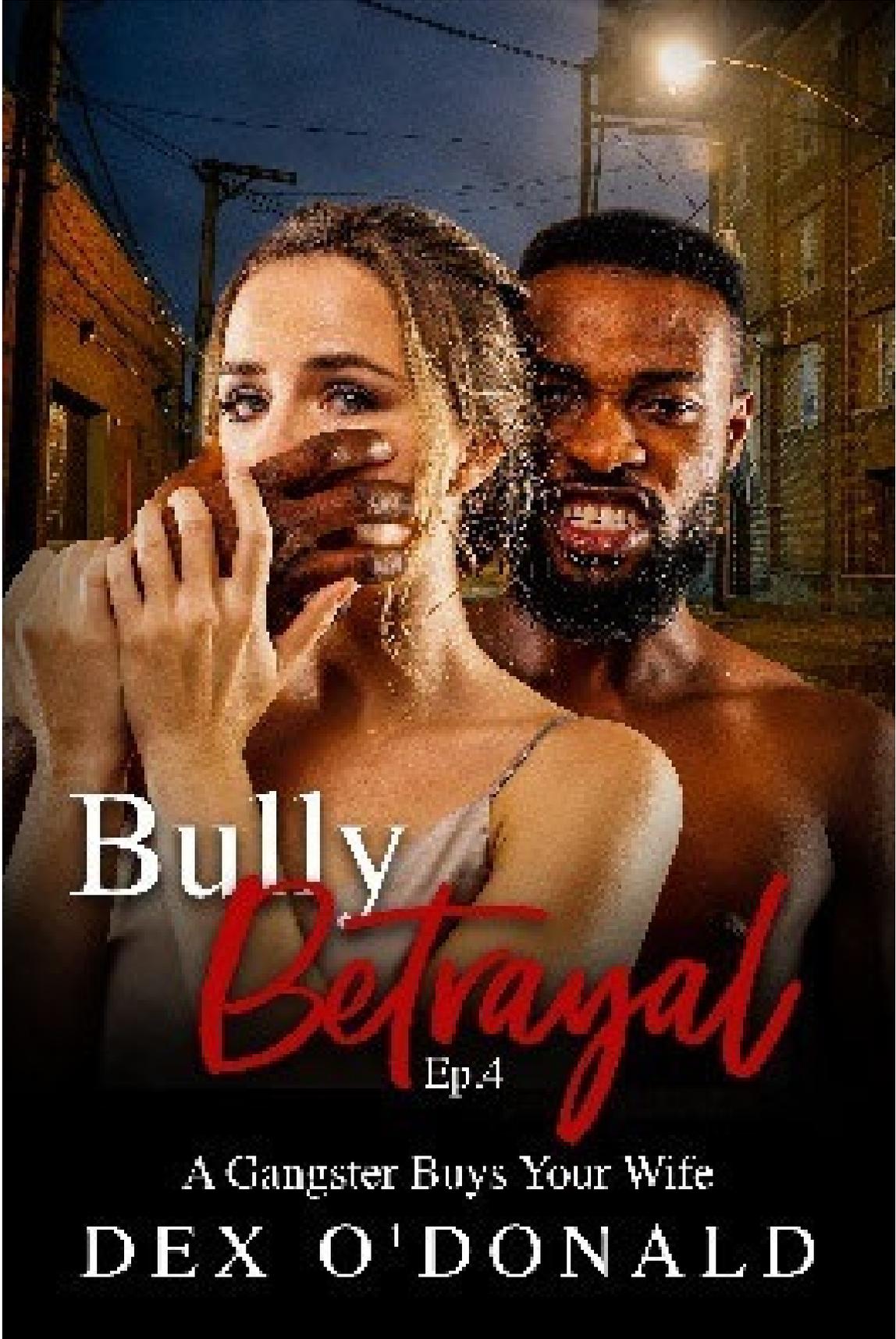
*Betrayal*

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

DEX O'DONALD

[Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife](#)



Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD