

A Wife and a Hard Woman

(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic story contains explicit Futa on male domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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A Wife and a Hard Woman

She was a little too charming, you know?

The kind of neighbour that's so agreeable, so content, so All-American.. that you just can't help wondering what she's hiding.

True she was divorced. That was enough dirty laundry right?

Ethan observed the woman as she carefully cleaned the swimming pool in her back garden. The woman crouched down on powerful thighs and calves to clean the edges, dressed only in a bikini.

Nothing weird about that, just a girl enjoying some sun in her own residence, right?

Ethan spied the huge bulge in the front of the bikini bottoms and felt saliva building on his tongue.

Disgusting, who shows their package like that? True, she was ridiculously hung, or she was storing a spare salami....

He made sure not to open the curtains too wide as he went on tiptoes, seeing the way the woman's back flexed as she reached down to the centre of the pool, before stretching a little. Her healthy breasts were barely contained in the scant material, providing a wonderful view from above.

Phillipa was a solid 6'2, and well built on an athlete's frame, lightly tanned skin and a shock of wavy dark hair contrasting each other perfectly as she prepared to dive in.

Ethan usually had no issue comparing himself to others, but when it came to Phillipa, well Phillipa was different. She was somehow attractive and aggressive... the most difficult of both worlds for a loving husband to deal with whenever she decided to come over and emasculate him with her overly-friendly charm. Like the arm wrestle at the barbecue last year... she'd beaten him one hand vs two. Or the year before when she'd picked up his wife and spanked her in front of him. She'd forced him to take her place, and left him with a baboon's ass for the rest of the evening, much to the delight of Ethan's wife.

Strength.

Height.

Curves.

Attitude.

Ethan toyed with his own wispy brown hair.

He had always been somewhat inferior in the way he dressed and looked, and his short stature was something that had always bothered him.... until Phillipa had ended up being their neighbour, at which point it had expanded into a full-blown complex.

Phillipa flew through the air, and when she hit the surface of the water and disappeared with the softest of splashes it was like watching a dolphin knife through the water.

“Having fun?”

Ethan jumped so violently that he nearly pulled a stringy muscle, whirling around to see his wife.

Brooklyn was a petit blond with a face that rarely emoted too much, and yet possessed the remarkable ability to reflect her mood with a simple flick of an eyebrow. She was also razor sharp, rarely wore more than the most trifling of makeup (but then, why would you need to with a face as full and pretty as hers?), and possessed the remarkable trait of taking charge in most aspects of life, including the bedroom (which was lucky for Ethan, because he was terrible in that department.)

“Hey honey.... Sorry, just uh... birdwatching.”

She sidled over to the window, and crooked an eyebrow a hint upwards.

“Pretty sexy bird if you ask me.”

His face went bright red, gorge rising in his throat as he imagined Phillipa pressing against his wife. It hurt him sometimes when she teased him like this, compounded by the fact she could get any man or woman she chose being openly bi, and he... well, Brooklyn was the only girl that had given him the time of day.

He thrust the curtains together.

“I’ve noticed you birdwatching a lot, ever since we moved in.”

“Shut up.”

“Like, a LOT a lot.”

“Just... can we talk about this another time, I’ve got.... Stuff to do.”

“Oooh stuff.”

“YES, stuff.”

“What exactly?”

“L... Laundry.”

Her lip curled a fraction upwards.

“Real pressing affairs, huh?”

He grunted, before stamping off to go and check if the laundry basket needed emptying.

Over the next month his wife seemed unusually coy with him, offering suggestive comments or flirty touches. That in itself wasn't worrying.

What worried him was that they had stopped having sex.

He had never been the one to initiate, as she would drag him to the bedroom whenever she felt the need, forcing him on his back and riding him, either to completion or to the point where she could finish herself off.

The one time he had tried to move things upstairs, she had tapped her finger to his nose, chuckling.

“Cute... real cute babe.”

He had been left with only his wounded pride, watching her ass as it swayed into the living room.

He was beginning to get erections at the merest sight of another human being... and especially when Phillipa was outside swimming.

Then one day, Brooklyn made a proposal.

“Babe... I have an idea.”

“What?”

“We should go to a sex show.”

“Huh?!?”

“It'll be great... we watch someone else having sex, and we can have a good time as well.”

It had been a while.

“Um.... Okay...”

“Good, clean your asshole, because we're leaving in thirty minutes.”

“W-what?!?”

A touch of furrowed brow was all that was needed to force him whippet-like to the shower, where he freshened up considerably, including quite far where the sun didn't usually shine.

After feeling considerably more polished, he followed Brooklyn out to the car.

"Hey Phillipa!" Brooklyn called out to their neighbour who was on the front porch reading, "looking good!"

Phillipa looked up, in a long dress that hid any potential bulges as far as Ethan could tell, but the top of the sun-dress was welded to that body like it was made of oil, revealing every line of definition in those swollen breasts and tight abs.

"Hey guys, nice to see ya.... Looking great today!"

Ethan stepped a little closer to his wife automatically.

"We're off to the *show*," said Brooklyn.

She emphasised the latter word, and Phillipa's ears pricked.

"Oh, the *show* huh? Well, have fun..."

Ethan detected an unusual tremor in her voice, but tried to ignore the worrying thoughts in his head as they entered the car and Brooklyn revved the engine. He noticed that Phillipa hadn't put her head down to read again as they backed out of the driveway, but was watching them go.

The car ride was awkward and silent, although Brooklyn didn't seem to mind, eyes on the road as Ethan fidgeted in the seat next to her.

What would be there in a sex show?... And was this why she had been avoiding sex, because she wanted to try something new?

Worms began to dig into his stomach as they left their sleepy suburb, racing towards the dirty part of town. He could barely believe it when they parked in the dirtiest car-park he had ever seen, and the walk through a series of alleyways to a door hidden down a side street was one of the scariest that Ethan had ever experienced, clutching pathetically at Brooklyn's side as they walked through the darkness, ushered inside as if everything had been arranged beforehand.

A tangy smell hit his nostrils.

Ethan wondered how on earth this could be happening as he was led through carpeted hallways with club music thudding through speakers above him at just a quiet enough volume to be able to hear the occasional moan coming from behind marked doors.

Eventually she stopped in front of one and guided him into a circular room, with what looked like one long mirror running from the edges of the door all the way around.

In the centre on a raised dais was what looked like a pommel horse, with straps on the front and back.

“So uh..... where’s the show?”

She placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Right here...”

He allowed himself to be guided to the pommel horse, but when Brooklyn gently pressed him onto it, Ethan stopped.

“B-Brook.... What?”

“Just do it.”

“Why?”

Her face didn’t change, but her demeanour became colder.

“Because I told you to.”

A hand flicked down and rubbed across his crotch, and he shivered.

Slowly, he lowered himself onto the pommel horse.

Brooklyn quickly strapped him in, fully clothed, to the pommel horse.

He tried moving his wrists.

The leather straps allowed him the barest of movements. He was immobilised.

“Right...”

Ethan then heard a tearing, cutting sound, and realised that she was cutting his jeans off of him.

KSSSHHKKK

“B-Brook! What the hell?!”

“Quiet darling.”

KKSHHK

Within moments he was naked from the waist down, and she took a single careful slice to remove his t-shirt.

The cool air chilled his skin, raising goosebumps as he began to pull at the restraints, but they were firm and tight, and he realised that he was truly immobilised.

“B-Brook... I don’t think this is... can we go.....”

“I said quiet.”

The harshness in her voice cut him, and he shivered as she took a seat in front of him, legs wide, leaning back as if waiting for a spot of light entertainment to begin.

He kept his mouth shut despite the questions waiting to burst from his lips, pulling at the restraints which dug into his wrists.

“Hnn..”

Time began to pass.

Her eyes locked with his, boring into them, and he felt the earth go still as they waited.

Then a door opened, and through one of the mirrors Ethan saw.... the incredible sight of an almost totally naked Phillipa, a quiet smile set on her gorgeous features.

Instant saliva filled his mouth.

She looked as she often did, about to go for a swim, except the bikini had been replaced by a shiny black bra and thong that must have been cinched around one of the biggest cocks he'd ever seen, every last ridge and vein outlined through the latex.

His own cock began hardening beneath him, and Ethan was thankful at least for the hole beneath his hips where it protruded freely instead of squishing against the pommel horse... until he realised it also allowed completely open access and viewing.

He mewled at the thought that Phillipa would be able to see his member, unable to compare to even half of Phillipa's length and girth, even in its hardened state (which he could feel himself reaching) as the woman sauntered over to him.

“Ph-Phillipa! What are you doing here....”

“Oh.. Your wife invited me.”

“My... what?...”

A hand touched his ass, and the restraints clinked as he tried his best to pull away from it.

“AH! Phillipa, okay, this is kind of funny but can we please stop now, I think Brook just...”

The woman's hand rubbed a little more firmly.

“OH, okay, haha, seriously Phillipa, I know we’re neighbours but.. OHH!”

A finger slipped to his anus and pressed against it.

“UUUHG, PHILLIPA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!”

“I’m going to fuck you Ethan.”

His erection strained under the table, even as he cried out in dismay.

“WHAT?! NO, I REFUSE!!”

Phillipa came round to his front and settled those beautiful features inches from his.

“Oh really? Well that’s fair enough Ethan... I guess I’ll have to find someone else who wants to fuck then....”

She looked over at Brooklyn, who gave a suggestive smile.

Ethan’s face stretched in horror.

“Wait, NO....”

Phillipa sauntered over to his wife, and brushed a hand across her chin.

“Phillipa STOP, BROOK, will you tell him....”

Brook opened her mouth and placed her lips around the woman’s finger.

“OKAY STOP, DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME, PLEASE!!!!!!”

Tears were in his eyes at the thought of this woman taking his wife, and he was almost sobbing in relief when Phillipa grudgingly stepped back, Brooklyn containing a jealous look as the finger popped out of her mouth, and the powerful legs of Phillipa moved behind her husband, two large hands pressing deep into the flesh of his ass.

Ethan whimpered as she kneaded his cheeks, black-varnished nails pressing deep into the tissue.

“If I’m not going to fuck your wife, you’d better put everything you’ve got into pleasing me.”

“Yes, yes I will!” sobbed Ethan, pre-cum wetting the tip of his cocklet as he felt Phillipa’s breast lower against him, the oddly sticky latex beginning to weigh him down against the pommel horse.

Then Phillipa dropped her weight fully, lying on Ethan’s back to the point he struggled with every breath.

“Huhurg-“

Someone else's weight on top of him was the most overbearing position he had ever endured, Ethan whimpering as Phillipa settled into a bear hug of his back, mirroring his posture but subsuming him within his grasp, a human shadow that placed a ton of pressure on Ethan's body, sinking onto the pommel horse. Her breasts felt like two large cushions heating his back and shoulders.

Phillipa wasted no time sliding her huge bulge up Ethan's crack, making him squeal as he felt the raging hardness, separated by the thinnest of materials that meant he could feel every ridge of the shaft catch his asshole.

"HUHHHG!!! PH-Phillipa!!!...PHHILLIPA!!!!"

"The name's Mistress to you."

"HHNNN!"

Ethan realised through the fear that Phillipa must have covered the bulge, and everything underneath it, in some kind of lubricant, because it was sliding easily between his cheeks, parting them like a hot plough through a field of snow.

The woman reached back and adjusted something.

The huge object was pressed to his entrance; no longer covered, now soft and fleshy, with an inner steel to it.

"No...."

The object was wet and lubed, and somehow it began to make progress, steadily opening him up.

"OH JEES... GOD OH BROOK, PH-PHILLIPA NO, IT'S UHHHNN!!!!!!!!!"

The feeling of his entrance being distended had him kicking madly at his restraints, but the moment came when his body's resistance fell in the face of the woman's overpowering strength, and he squealed as Phillipa began to force the head of her massive cock into Ethan's body, mouth hanging loosely as he was forced to accept girth that felt impossible, like someone was pressing a fist into his butthole.

"UUUGHHHHHH!!!!"

A pair of lips kissed his shoulders, and he shivered, horrified that Phillipa was enjoying the sensuality of the moment.

It became ten times worse when the woman's fingers slid underneath and began to massage his balls.

“Uuuuhhhh.... Phillipa, Phillipa look, *PHILLIPA I-OHHHH!... Phillipalllll-uuuuhhh....*”

“The name’s Mistress.”

The groans seemed to force their way from his lips despite trying to keep them pressed together, spurts of arousal that were more humiliating than the worst of his living memories.

He would take a million wedgies in front of all of his classmates over openly enjoying the touch of a hung neighbour with his wife watching.

The bulbous helmet lodged in his anus began to move once more, journeying towards his centre, and Ethan bitch-whined as he was taken, eyes flicking up to his wife for a source of comfort, for help, for anything.

She merely watched with the tiniest hint of a smile on her face, and tears formed in his gaze, his stomach dropping as it was forced to make space for the woman bullying his insides, forcing them into a new realm of pleasure and pain.

Then the trap slid shut, and Ethan whined as Phillipa’s hips dug into his butt-cheeks, his asshole so wide he could have sat on a coke can and not felt it as the beast thrummed in his core, his asshole wrapped around it in a position of complete inferiority.

They both shivered for a moment, lost in the intense sensations.

“NNhhh...Phillipa...Brook....Please...HNNhh..”

“Ooh you’re very tight honey,” Phillipa whispered into his ear.

Ethan could feel how hard and throbbing Phillipa was, how much she was loving the feeling of his insides by the fact that a little warmth and wetness had blossomed deep inside him.

“Huuhnn.”

The pocket of pre-cum became warmer, bigger, hands on his balls beginning to juggle them, rolling them heavily in the hot palm, and somehow it was making him release, which was almost worse than feeling forced ass-first onto a bollard, because it meant his body was beginning to accept it.

‘Men don’t let cocks in their asses!!’ thought Ethan, desperately fighting against the restraints even as a thrill ran through him when Phillipa kissed his neck again.

“Nnnnnnnoooo,” Ethan moaned, far too softly as Phillipa kissed up and down his jaw, soft lips tickling his skin, ending on the back of his neck again, a naturally

sensitive area due to it being so exposed. Phillipa laid heavy kisses there, plus a bite that made all sorts of things happen in his body; a wooziness, a dizziness hit him.

“*AHhh hhhhey...* Hey guys.. H-HNN!”

He grunted as Phillipa retracted her hips three inches, and sank the cock back into him.

“PH-HUNNN!”

The cock went out and in again, pressing up against something that made his back arch.

“OOHhh-Ph-Phillipa Sto-UHNNN!”

The woman began to saw back and forth, each slap a little harder, each retraction a little longer.

She hit that place again and Ethan temporarily forget who he was.

“HHHN! HnNN! UHNNNN!”

Ethan was beginning to moan from his soul now as something terrifying and wonderful was stimulated through the heavy movements of Phillipa’s cock, the touch of the woman’s helmet where it had no right to be, rubbing sensitive nerve-endings that were making Ethan grab hold of the pommel horse for support, legs taut, anus flexing subconsciously every time the woman hilted in his ass.

SHLICK!!

“UHNNN!!!”

Then Phillipa began to pump her hips harder.

“OOOHMY-!”

Ethan’s body began to shake as Phillipa fucked him for real.

SCHWUP-SCHWUP-SCHWUP!

“O-OH God... OH God... OH God, OH GOD-OH-GODOHHHHHH!!!”

The sounds of sweaty sex began to fill the room, echoing in their ears as the huge woman began bouncing off his ass, pounding the young man beneath her with strokes so violent that the pommel horse strained against the bolts set into the floor as all kinds of slutty sounds were extracted, long sweat-drenched moans crescendoing to painfully loud levels as Phillipa decimated Ethan’s asshole.

“UUUUGGGGGHHHHHUuughh!”

Sweat began to thrum in the air as other moans began emanating from behind the mirrors encircling the two entwined figures.

“Uhn.”

“Oh-yeahhh..”

Ethan heard moans that weren't his and felt his head heat up like it was being boiled, looking in shock to Brook, but she remained seated, cheeks flushed.

“W-wha-UHNN!-Uhh-HNNN!-Is-HUHUN!-*fuck*-HUHGNN!”

He realised now.. people were watching.

Watching him getting fucked.

A sopping wet whine sliced through the air as he realised how dirty it was to be taken, in front of his wife, whilst other people watched.

“NNNOHO-OH-OH-OuH-UHNNN!”

His cock was the hardest it had ever been in his life, straining harder than any of his limbs had for release.

“*Hh he likes it.*”

“*With his Wife watching! What a fag.. hunn!*”

It was all a dream, or rather a nightmare, it had to be..

Phillipa's cock reminded him that it was very much real life, slamming back into him so hard that he nearly passed out, eyes rolling up as something heavenly passed through him, and suddenly his cock was spurting everywhere onto the floor as he moaned like the loudest pornstar in existence, his entire body shaking, five seconds of something he had never been even close to experiencing snapping his conception of reality in two.

“OHHHHHHMMnnnnuuh!!!!”

“*That's it,*” Phillipa grunted into his ear, loving the feeling of Ethan's anus cinching her cock like a vice, the orgasm so brutal that the boy's body felt like it had been plugged into the mains, his spaghetti calves now steel strips as everything in him went taut.

Brooklyn watched, entranced as her husband lost the battle for his soul, flexing under the woman who was beating his masculinity to the ground and breaking it, moulding a cock-slut in its place.

His lips opened wide in a long scream as sperm fired everywhere, dicklet so hard that it looked ready to launch into space as he covered the floor in a child's fingerpainting composed purely of strings of white icing.

“UUUUHHHHHHhhhhYYYuhhhhhh....!!!!”

Brook's breathing became shallow as she tried to control her shock... and arousal. There were no comebacks from a sexual awakening like *that*.

Everyone watching shared a collective moment of something special as Ethan's eyelids, which had been screwed shut, fell open revealing a boy who no longer knew where he was, who he was, or what he was.

The searching orbs found Brook, and he managed to find some sort of focus at her with tears of orgasmic release rolling down his cheeks as he tried to understand what had just happened.

“B-Brooooghkk...”

Saliva was falling from his lips, and he tried to swallow it down, his cheek clenching as pleasure rippled through his insides.

“Hhhellp...”

He looked at her, pleading.

She silenced him with a simple sentence, spoken matter-of-factly.

“If you stop, I'm divorcing you.”

He moaned, a guttural, animalistic cry of pathetic hurt, and Phillipa growled on top of him as she began to kiss his neck.

“Uhhhhnooooooooo Br...UHNnn, Brook..... B... yeea.....Mmuhh...”

It was like sensations out of his control were sweeping over his body, blocking out the shame, the humiliation, and giving him the deepest, most fervent sense of direction he had ever had.

That direction was wherever Phillipa's giant dick made him go.

At that point the object in question retracted almost entirely from his body, and then slammed back into it.

“UGHH!”

SMACK

“UGHGNNN... OH my God, Oh mmmmmGooooO000-“

SMACK

“AHUUUUHHH!””

The quiet moans around them became far louder as people drank in a guy getting slain, his whole body being slammed into the pommel horse with such force that it looked almost painful, Phillipa contorting herself to bury her cock as deeply and violently as she could inside Ethan's defenceless asshole.

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK

Brook's mouth opened as she watched savagery take place, unable to believe quite how far Phillipa was taking her husband as the boy's eyes bulged with each sheathing of the erection inside him.

“UGHHGH!” **SMACK** “UHGHGN” **SMACK** “BRUGHGHNNN!” **SMACK-SMACK-SMACK**

His ribs ached from being crushed into the leather, but he no longer wanted it to stop.

The sounds from his mouth ceased, replaced by a silent scream with jaws wide open, eyes rolled up in his head as another brutal orgasm was forced into Ethan's ass, raging through the boy and making him shake like he was having a fit, Phillipa clamping herself against him to prevent movement beyond the slightest trembles, superior frame crushing Ethan's back down as she continued battering the poor boy's body beneath her.

Ethan's mind was somewhere in the highest clouds, being caressed by feelings so wonderful that he no longer remembered anything that had existed before Phillipa, the woman fucking him to high heaven.

Heat rushed to Brooklyn's pussy, her nipples aching against the confines of her bra which despite being soft felt like it was made of sandpaper, so sensitive were her nubs.

Wherever Ethan's head was, the body left on earth was being forced into multiple orgasms so strong that synapses in its brain were being burnt and rewired faster than it was able to create them, the nerves in his body lit up like a Christmas tree with over-stimulation that was providing the blueprint for his mind to forever be turned to complete and total submission.

And still, Phillipa didn't let up, a woman with the stamina of a horse, hips slapping against the boy's buttocks like she was trying to split him in two as she fucked the boy's body into a pulp, whilst all around them groans began to

crescendo, people obviously in states of release as some of the mirrors shook where people were being pressed up against them.

Hip rotations began to hit him, and Ethan swooned as all new special places were found, ones which required more dick than ever to keep him sated.

“OHhhh... uhnn!!!!... HNNNnnnn!!!!...”

His cock was swinging in a slow circle beneath him, dying to cover the floor in more cum as his balls tightened when Phillipa pressed herself down onto the boy, biting his neck again.

“HhHHNNnn!”

Ropes of his arousal sprayed all over the floor, spurt after spurt of seed which would never see the womb of a woman, the smell of two studs in heat saturating the room like the humidity had been turned up.

Brook murmured, legs squeezed tight together, her fingers spreading on her thigh.

Ethan’s jaw was slack now, drool running freely from his lips as he waited for the next world-changing thrust to come from his new idol, his Goddess of pleasure, and it took him a few moments to realise that the restraints were being undone, and then he was flipped onto his back, staring into the face of his conqueror.

Lips descended.

A long, lingering kiss didn’t seem wrong. Ethan let her close tight to him, the pressure of a wild animal forced against him, inside him, tonguing him, so right and perfect in that moment, as Phillipa explored his mouth with devilish precision.

Then Phillipa’s hips spasmed, the woman moaning into his mouth as the cock in his ass flexed harder than it had the whole time she had been inside him.

And the flood hit.

Ethan screamed into Phillipa’s mouth as a wall of heat submerged his insides, a geyser of piping hot sperm pumping into his core as her hips slammed a few more nasty strokes into his ass.

Brook’s mouth fell open, cheeks red, thighs tight together whilst juices leaked from between her legs as she watched the hottest scene of her life play out, Ethan clinging on in total submission as Phillipa made guttural, gorilla noises whilst dumping the heaviest load she had ever witnessed into the boy’s ass.

She didn't have to wait long for confirmation as his belly expanded, and Brook nearly orgasmed herself as cum began to pour from his entrance, around Phillipa's dick and onto the floor.

Tears were running down Ethan's face as he placed a hand on his belly, feeling the warmth of someone else's seed deep within him.

A changed man.

The car ride home was the most silent drive of Ethan's entire life.

He'd just been fucked to high heaven by his alpha neighbour, in front of his wife. The only sliver of silver lining was that Phillipa hadn't taken her as well.

He couldn't bring himself to look at her.

Somehow the fact she was.. satisfied seemed to placate him in some small way. Hopefully this would be the last of it?

Cum continued to leak from his ass all the way home, and when they arrived back at the house, Ethan made to limp off with his wife, eyeing Phillipa's car already parked in the driveway next door with a twitch of his hands.

"Excuse me, where do you think you're going?" she said politely.

"Um... I'm going with y--"

Phillipa's hand appeared from nowhere and snaked into his, entwining with his fingers, and suddenly Ethan was being dragged towards their neighbour's front porch.

"WHAT... Phillipa, wait, look let go of me... this isn't funny!" he whined as Phillipa's vice-like grip pulled him away from his wife.

Ethan gazed desperately at her as she stood on their lawn, a sympathetic smile on her face, waving as Phillipa began to unlock the door.

"I'll see you in a month darling!"

"W-wha... a MONTH!?!?! Phillipa, s-STOP it!"

He tried to pull his hand away, but it didn't budge, and Ethan even tried to slap the woman's arm, but it only stung his palm.

He watched in horror as his wife turned and walked to their front door, stepping inside, ignoring her pathetic husband's pleas.

"Ph-Phillipa... please.... I.. BROOKLYN!!! He squealed, as she disappeared from view, and then Phillipa's door was open, and he was dragged inside.

The door slammed shut, and Ethan began to cry as he was led upstairs, too pathetic to even fall to his knees, led like a pet up to the bedroom.

He realised Phillipa was going to fuck him again.

The heavy load sloshed around in his bowels.

“*Ph-Phillipa.. please... I’m married... I’m.....*”

“And your wife is a charming young woman who knows you need a vigorous sex life,” she said airily, forcing him into a large bedroom with white sheets and cream carpets, before locking the door, and placing the key in her dresser.

“A sex life which we have *both* decided *I* can provide Now stop talking and suck my cock.”

She let go of Ethan’s wrist, and Ethan backed away to the corner of the room, even though his erection was already rising.

“N-no, I want to see my wife... you can’t keep me here!”

Phillipa stepped forwards, and Ethan whimpered.

“Don’t make me come over there.”

Ethan’s knees found the floor.

“Good boy. Come here.”

He crawled forward, head down, until two large sets of black varnished toenails came into view.

“Look up at me.”

He looked up, and into the vision of Phillipa’s gigantic penis hovering in front of his nose, like a pillar of flesh that had been erected just for his private viewing.

The vein running down the side was light blue and pulsing subtly, the thing itself jumping in time with the woman’s heart.

It was slow and steady.

“I said look up at me.”

He had to tear himself away from Phillipa’s cock to her face.

“Are you ready to suck my cock?”

His lower lip trembled.

Phillipa’s voice became stern.

“I won’t ask again.”

“....Y-Yes, I’m ready to s... t-to suck your cock”

A hand came to his neck, and pulled him onto the smelly monster in front of him, and Ethan winced as it parted his lips, sliding towards the centre of his tongue.

It felt just how he imagined it would.

A powerful salty tang raged through his sinuses, and Ethan felt himself going light-headed just from the smell.

“Glhhughhh...”

Tears began to fall from his face as Phillipa’s hips pressed the cock into his cheek, distending it in the most whorish way imaginable.

‘This is what she’s making me... a cock-sucker for a stronger companion.’

“Your wife will still visit to watch,” she groaned as Ethan’s tears ran down his cheek, mixing with the woman’s salty, pungent cock in his mouth, “but I’m your owner now.”

“OOwwnnmmuuuuuhh?” Ethan moaned into her penis.

Phillipa’s chuckling response rumbled in her belly, vibrating through Ethan’s head.

“Yes darling, I think you’d look beautiful on a leash... you can sit on the floor next to me, and eat what I give you from the table. I’m sure your wife will love to see me feed you. She’ll know that you’re a healthy young man.”

Ethan cried as he enjoyed the flavours of Phillipa’s beastly dick.

“Shhhhhh,” said Phillipa, stroking Ethan’s face, “you’re going to love this.”

Brooklyn’s ears pricked.

Again?

Her clit started to throb as she heard a faint sliding, retching sound coming from the open window.

“I do hope he’s alright...”

She slipped out of the sheets, legs aching, careful not to wake the woman whose toes were poking off the end of the bed, eyeing the gigantic black cock which lay next to her like a separate animal.

She let a hazy grin cross her features as she remembered earlier this morning. And last night. And pretty much every waking moment over the last two days.

The sheets would have to be replaced, maybe alongside the mattress considering the amount of her juices that had drenched them. It wouldn’t have been as good if

she hadn't been able to enjoy the views of her husband through Phillipa's bedroom window. She chuckled to herself. That woman was truly a gem - always did her the service of keeping the curtains open so Brooklyn could see the ecstasy on her husband's face, the poor boy usually holding onto the bed frame for dear life as he was pounded.

She staggered over on jelly legs and touched the curtain back, looking over the fence separating the houses.

Brooklyn smiled at what she saw.

It was so lovely to see her husband being kept busy, blissfully unaware of what was being done to his wife in their marriage bed less than ten metres away as he crouched next to the sunbed, head bobbing up and down whilst working away at the crotch of Phillipa, who had sunglasses on and was staring blankly up to the sky, arms behind her head. The woman's naked breasts had clear bra tan lines around her nipples, a sheen of sweat on them, Ethan occasionally worming a hand up to tease one of the pink, chunky bullets there. Brook sighed... It was such a beautiful sight. What a *lucky* boy.... He'd find out soon enough his second task of eating the cum from her pussy, but she just had to watch him finish his main task first.

Ethan was bringing up a sweat, so hard was he working at blowing Phillipa like a pro, and even Brooklyn, who had quite a kinky view on sex, felt her chest tighten when he came up, revealing a pretty black choker on his neck and slobber everywhere on his face, like Phillipa had already cum there except it was purely the boy's saliva because the colour was transparent, making his face look laminated.

He looked ecstatic.

Brooklyn bit her lip as Ethan smiled up at his master who paid him no heed, the choker looking more and more like a bitch's collar as he kissed the sides of Phillipa's humungous cock like it was his first and only love.

"Jesus, he never kissed me like that," she muttered, squeezing her legs together as the space between them began to ache with longing.

Not exactly true, but then again by the way he was tenderly making love to that fat stick, it seemed like he hadn't exactly been having many thoughts about *her* today.

The moan he made as he sank back down the shaft was so loud that Brooklyn had to stifle laughter as Ethan's eyes rolled up, and he began to jerk himself whilst gagging on the woman's cock, caught in a one-man love story with the penis which apparently loved him back, because when his suction-cup lips pulled up to the top again, pre-cum dotted his lips.

Brooklyn realised she was not at all concerned about the state of her husband... hell she was looking for tips.

"Go my love. Debase yourself... swallow every drop of her essence."

She watched as he sucked it like a harmonica, then licked it like a lollipop, then covered it in spit like an iced bun.

'Wow, that is so... disgusting.... And sexy.... he really is going to town.'

Impressive didn't quite cover how incredibly slutty her loving husband was acting, slaving away like a dog as Phillipa began to groan.

"Good boy," she moaned, grabbing Ethan's head and pulling it to her hips.

"MGHHh!!"

A breath escaped Brooklyn as she watched the boy's lips slam against Phillipa's iron pelvis, gagging and spluttering on the cock that was now deep in his throat.

And he was loving it.

'Jesus.. She taught him how to deep throat as well.... Even I couldn't get that deep.'

The hand between his legs was jerking harder than she'd ever seen him, and when Phillipa began to tremble, tiny ropes of white began to fly from Ethan's barely-visible dick as he squealed, his cheeks expanding, eyes bulging as he was hit with what seemed like an enormous load.

And not a drop escaped his lips.

He slurped and sucked like human vacuum, gunning for first place at the cum-eating championships as he gulped down the long pulses of spunk, Phillipa grunting above him, a vein in her temple standing out as she pumped her hips upwards.

Ethan met them with a soulful moan.

He was the biggest cock-slut that Brooklyn had ever seen.

It took Phillipa a while to finish, so long in fact that Brooklyn was almost becoming jealous as Ethan's belly began to distend like he was being force-fed a three-course meal.

When it ended, he looked like he was in his second trimester of pregnancy.

He couldn't have looked more owned if he'd tried.

Brooklyn smiled and poked her head out of the window as he was cleaning up the spent pillar, polishing it with his tongue, eyes closed and basking in its glory.

"*Honey!* I'm afraid my pussy is full of this kind lady's sperm... could you come and assist?"

Ethan's shock was delicious, even more so when Phillipa stroked his face.

"You want to?" she smirked.

He nodded, blushing hard.

"Go."

As he stood, Phillipa clicked her fingers.

"Ah.. excuse me? Did I say you could stand?"

"N-no Mistress.."

"Well then."

Ethan whimpered with excitement, manhood bobbing between his legs as he got down on all fours and crawled through the brand-new gate in the fence.

"Your husband... sure is a real pussy," the woman on the bed groaned, blinking awake.

"Wrong... he is the *perfect* pussy. And I am sure you'll never find a man who's as much as of a pussy as him," Brooklyn shot back, steadying herself against the wall as her legs shivered, "a boy like Ethan is.... One in a million. And he's mine."

The woman grinned.

"Damn... you're one hard bitch."

"And *you're* jealous. Listen - he's crawling up the stairs now. I'll allow you to watch him eat the cum out of my pussy.... Maybe I'll even allow you to use a hole... if you're willing to ask Phillipa for permission too."

"From the sounds he was making? Hell yeah...."

"B-BABY!"

Ethan appeared, looking like something out of a hardcore porn movie, his jaw still trembling with rivulets of cum clinging to the pale skin. He took in the giant in his marriage bed and squeaked, looking down at the floor. Brooklyn growled at his trembling form.

"Suck."

A click of her fingers had him shooting between her legs, and he closed his eyes, savouring the special cocktail of his wife's juices mixed with a stranger's sperm.

"Damn girl," the onlooker breathed. Brooklyn barely recalled her name... was it Sheryll or Chantelle? It didn't matter... Ethan's tongue was already tickling her clit, and she was already in heat from watching the show.

"Mmmmhuh-"

"Fuck, I need to get me some of that," the woman growled, but Brooklyn wagged an aggressively sassy finger at her whilst bending over from the pleasure.

"Nope.... Ask permission...*oouhh*.... you can crawl next door if you want."

"I ain't gonna *crawl!*"

"Then I guess you can leave."

The woman watched with growing arousal, her dick inflating slowly as Ethan gorge on her cum like his life depended on it. Then she began swallowing saliva... and finally rubbing a breast.

"Weren't.... w-weren't you leaving?" Brooklyn breathed, barely able to control the air racing in and out of her lungs as a slop of cum exited her vagina straight onto her husband's face.

The woman stopped teasing her own nipple, growled.... And slowly got down on her hands and knees.

"Next door, yeah?"

"Yes... use the gate. The neighbours complained about us using the front lawn.... And be polite."

The woman crawled out, her gigantic hog almost touching the floor as it bobbed between her lags. Brooklyn watched her go with a growing sneer.

"You're such a p... pussy Ethan... you even make bulls into pussies with your cock-sucking!!!"

Ethan squealed in delight. He loved this... it was closer than he'd ever felt to his wife. Maybe if he was fortunate, the bull would come back and crush him into his own bed like Phillipa next door did every single day, not that anyone could match her physicality. Then his brain went into la-la land as Brook's fingers tightened in his hair.

"*Nothing like...a.... a h-happy ending*", she moaned, pulling him deeper between her thighs, the cocktail of sex from his wife's pussy dripping down his face.

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About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their panties. If you enjoyed these stories, please consider leaving a 5-star rating or review — it really helps more than you might think!

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