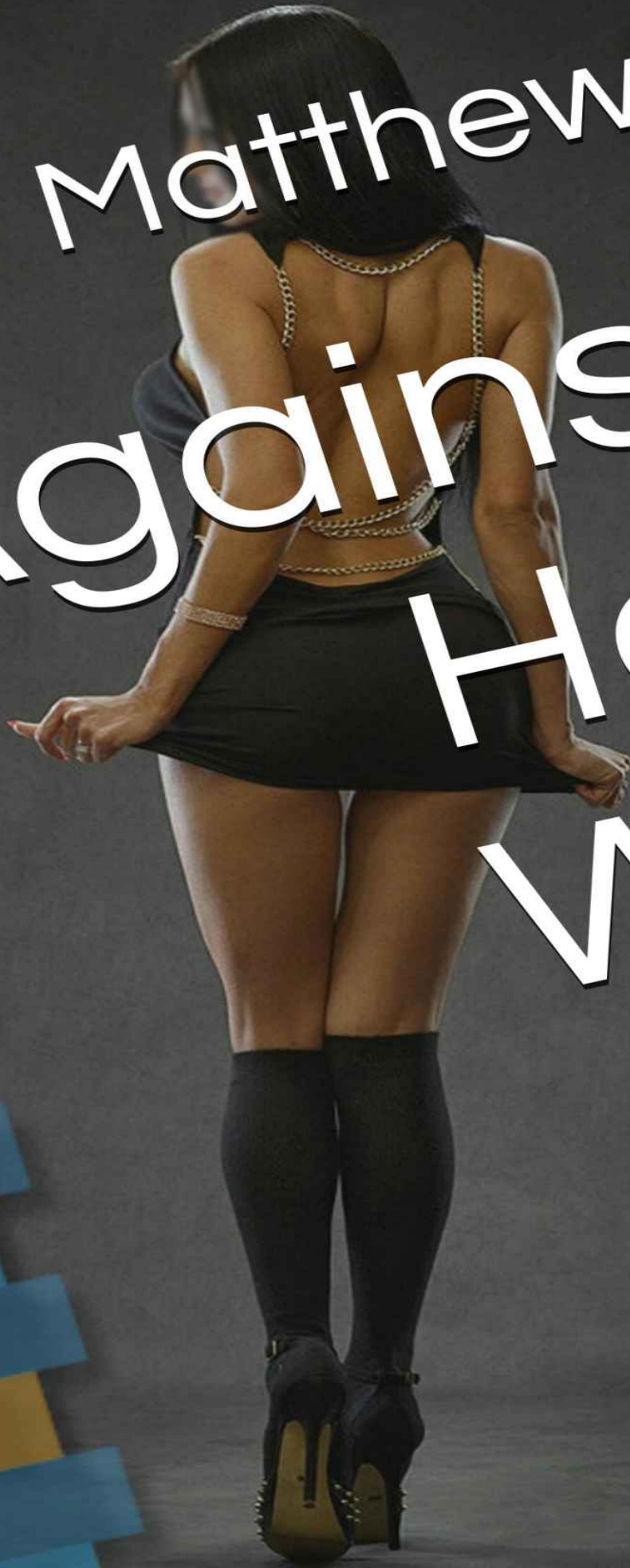


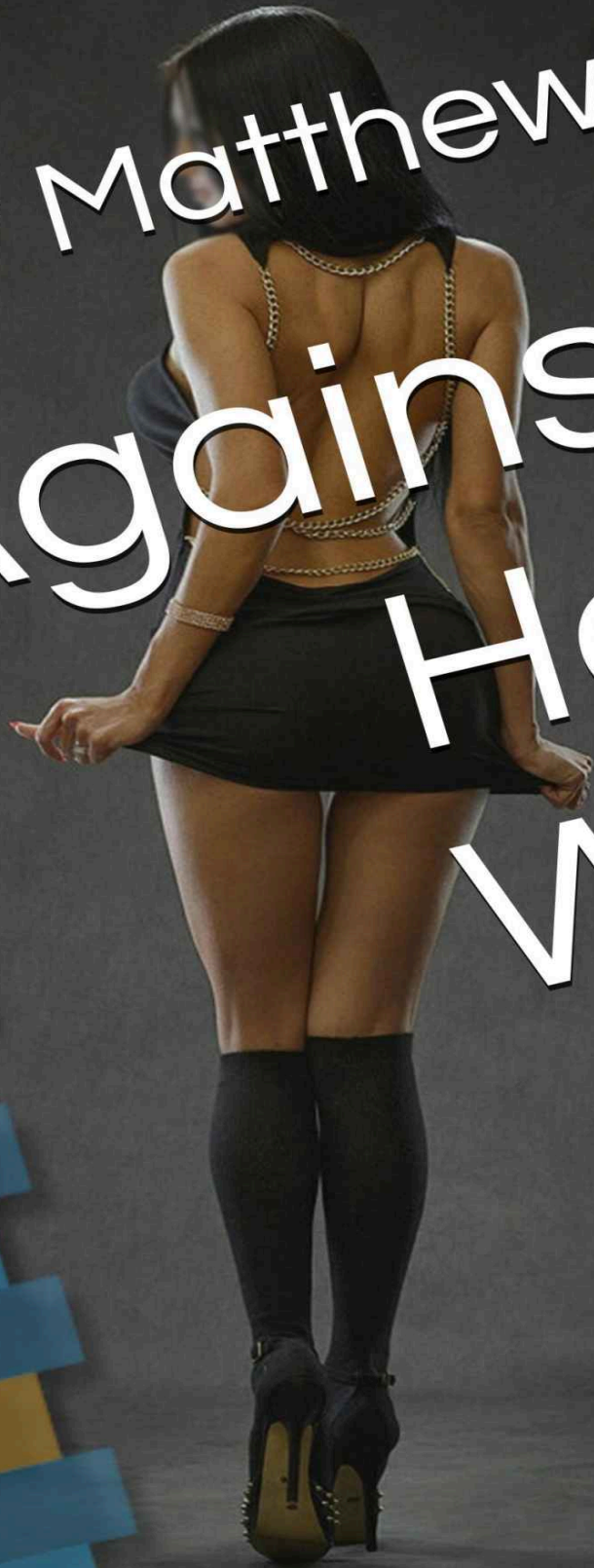
By Matthew Lee

Against Her Will



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Against
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Will



First the clunk, then the ping, then a long screech, and then the engine died. I used the last of our momentum to pull off the road and onto the sandy shoulder.

“That sounded serious,” stated Candy, my wife. “You should go look under the hood.”

I stepped from the car and into the Mojave heat. We were returning to Vegas from vacationing with friends in San Diego and of course we were on that long stretch of Highway Fifteen North, east of Barstow and south of any place else.

Well, shit.

I lifted the hood expecting a cloud of steam but nothing. The engine looked fine to me. I haven't worked on cars for a long time. I pulled out my phone; zero bars. Shit, shit.

“Mark?” Candy called. “Can you fix it?”

“Afraid not, Honey. Looks like we walk.”

“Okay.”

No complaint, no bitching, no nagging; just, okay. Candy is amazing. All my friends give me a hard time for scoring the best woman of us all. Candy can hang out on Sunday watching football like one of the guys and then change into a slinky, clinging dress and knock everyone dead with her incredible body and big, hazel eyes.

I dropped the hood and came around to the passenger side. I watched her slip off her sandals and slip on her tennis shoes. She pulled her long brown hair back into a pony tail. Just like that she was ready. We locked up the car.

“Back or forward?” she asked, shielding her eyes from the bright desert sun and looking far up the highway. I took the opportunity to appreciate the way her white tank-top followed the curves of her big tits. The bumps of her nipples proved she wore no bra.

“Forward, I think,” I answered. “Barstow was a long way back. I'm sure there's a gas station or something up ahead.”

Candy slapped a golf cap on her head and gave a quick nod and a smile. I got a great look at her bubble butt before I caught up to her.

Two hot and dusty hours later we left the highway and followed a dirt road that led to a single-pump gas station. A hand-written sign nailed to a tree informed us they had “No Gas” but apparently the beat-up and dirty

white van at the pump hadn't seen the sign. I wiped the sweat from my face. The place looked deserted. We opened the door and entered, a little bell attached to the door ringing as we did.

“Hello?” Candy called out. We looked at each other and she shrugged. “We need to find a bathroom,” she said.

I looked around at the dusty packages lining the shelves. Expired potato chips sat next to rock-hard Fig Newton.

“And a phone,” I added. Candy walked towards the back of the store and I tried looking behind the counter. I made noise as I went, shuffling my feet and frequently calling out hello. Behind the counter was a hallway that led to a small room with a filthy twin bed and trash on the floor. Foil covered the window. A television glowed in the dark but the sound was off. I was uncomfortable invading such a private space so I backed out. On the way I spotted a key on a hook with a large piece of wood attached and the word “john” scrawled on it. I took it with me.

As I returned to the front Candy joined me there. Her search had been pointless too. I showed her the key and she smiled.

“My hero,” she said. We left the store and walked around behind the building. A lonely dirt road trailed away farther back into the hills. The sun was low now but the desert air still hot. There was one bathroom so I told Candy to go first. She used the key and opened the door.

A man, mid-forties, tall and thin, with piercing blue eyes and black hair, stood before the toilet urinating, his pants down around his knees. He held his dick in his hands and yes, he needed both. His penis was a long, thick, python of pink and tan flesh. Candy yelped “I'm so sorry!” and tried to close the door but in her haste missed the knob and pushed it open wider. Blue-eyes continued peeing, drinking in Candy's curves with a wolfish gaze. Her back was to me but by the tilt of her head I knew she was looking right at his penis. I reached passed her and pulled the door shut.

“Holy shit!” Candy laughed. “I'm so embarrassed! What a klutz.”

“He didn't seem too bothered,” I noted.

“No, he didn't, did he? He didn't even try to hide.”

She seemed distracted.

I thought about mentioning I knew she stared at his dick but it had been a long and exhausting day. I let it go. After a few minutes he exited the bathroom, giving us both a nod and a grunt and taking another eyeful of

Candy's bra-less titties, and then he disappeared around the corner. I stood guard while Candy went and then it was my turn.

When I left the restroom, Candy was not waiting for me. I checked the lot behind the building and then went around the front. I'm sure she was hungry but she's a picky eater; I could not imagine her eating any expired junk food from this place. I entered the store and Blue-eyes now sat behind the counter working a cross-word puzzle. He looked up when I came in. I handed him the key and asked if he'd seen Candy and he shook his head twice.

"Not since she walked in on me," he muttered. I glanced down the rows but she wasn't in the store.

"Do you have a phone?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Where's the closest one?"

"Ten miles up the highway; Jake's Place. They sell burgers."

I studied him. He'd kept his eyes fixed on his puzzle the whole time we talked.

"Thanks," I offered and left. I circled the building looking for Candy but did not find her. I walked a bit down the road we'd come up with the same result. I called out her name. I remembered the private area inside the store and a chilling wave swept through me. Had Blue-eyes done something sinister?

When I got back to the store I walked in and right by him. He told me to stop, that I was headed for an area off-limits to customers, but I didn't care. I was worried.

She wasn't back there and nothing had been moved.

Blue-eyes followed me back and stood behind me, telling me to get out. I told him my wife was missing and he said sorry but what's that got to do with me?

When I stepped outside it was darker. The sun was behind the mountains and I knew it would get dark fast. I returned to the bathroom and scrutinized the ground, looking for any signs of Candy. I saw marks in the dirt and gravel and a few steps later, towards the van, I saw a few more. I ran to the van and tried to look in through the dirty windows. I tested the doors but they were locked. I went around to the back and pulled on the handle and the door opened and there was Candy, a rag tied around her head gagging her, her wrists bound behind her back and tied to her ankles. Her

eyes were huge with fear. Next to her lay an older man likewise bound and terrified.

I took one step towards her and my world went black as a huge and heavy canvas bag dropped over my head and down to my knees. Before I could rip it off I was flipped on my back and a loop of rope encircled my ankles. The cinch on the bag tightened and I was completely incapacitated. Clearly they had done this before. Something wet splashed the cloth over my face and in two breaths, I blacked out, blind panic swirling up like dark ocean water closing over my head. I kicked hard towards the surface a few times before I was lost.

Motion. Bumpy. Worst. Headache. Ever.

Gradually my surroundings came into focus. I was inside a heavy cloth bag inside a vehicle and we were driving down an incredibly uneven road. I reached out my foot to search for Candy and heard her whimper. She wiggled around until her hands found my foot. The relief from the contact felt amazing.

“Don't be afraid, Honey,” I assured her. “We'll get out of this. Just play along until an opportunity presents itself, and I promise you it will, and then we'll be free.”

The thick cloth muffled my voice and I didn't know if she heard or understood me. I tested my bonds and they were solid. I rolled over so my body pressed against hers as we drove on. She held herself tight against me.

Eventually the van stopped. The back door opened and I heard Candy trying to cuss and then someone taking her away. I struggled but just ended up hitting my head against the wheel-well. The old-timer was removed next and soon hands grabbed me and lifted me from the van. The rope around my ankles was removed and the cinch on the bag loosened. A voice told me I could remove the bag, so I did.

Candy stood about forty feet across the room from me. Blue-eyes held her with a knife to her neck. We were inside a barn but there was no animal smell. Chains and leather straps hung from the rafters. Off to the side a solid metal chair sat bolted to a wooden platform. Metal cuffs, attached to the chair, sat open and waiting at the wrist and ankle points. Blue-eyes gestured to the chair.

“Sit,” he commanded. “And press down until they click.”

I considered my options and moved to the chair. What choice really? When I pressed my wrist down the metal band snapped shut. Three clicks later I was locked into place. I discreetly tested the clamps. I'm pretty strong and I suspected that given a little time, I could work these clamps loose. Blue-eyes quickly covered Candy's mouth and nose with a damp cloth. She jumped and struggled but he was too strong. I yelled at him to stop but he ignored me. Candy looked dazed and then sleepy and then slumped to the floor. I pulled hard on my bonds but they held.

Blue-eyes set about undressing my wife, which flipped me out. I started shouting at him to leave her alone. Finally he had enough and walked over to me and pulled a Taser from his belt. I thought he would warn me but instead he jammed it against my neck and blasted me with several seconds of pure white-hot intense pain. When I came back around he was pulling Candy's tank-top off over her head. Her large breasts tumbled free and he stood back to admire them. She tried hard to open her eyes.

“You're a lucky fucker,” he said to me. He pulled a chain down and attached wide leather cuffs to Candy's wrists. He moved to the wall and pulled another chain and the slack was taken up until her arms raised and then her limp body lifted from the hay covered floor. Her arms over her head made her big tits jut out and that made me nervous. He lifted her until just her toes touched the ground.

I started to say something to him as he approached her again but he glared at me and reached for the Taser. I bit my tongue. He unsnapped her shorts and drew them down along with her lacy panties. He pulled both off her feet. Candy's shaved pussy was on full display and he used his fingers to spread her tiny labia open. I wanted to look away but couldn't.

Candy felt him and tried again to open her eyes. She appeared intoxicated. Her head lolled around as she took in her situation. When she saw me her eyes opened wider and she seemed to come around a bit. I saw her look down at Blue-eyes and try to struggle. She summoned all her will and tried to kick him but he easily caught her bare foot. He jammed the Taser against the bottom and zapped her. Even gagged her scream was loud. I strained against my manacles again but I'd need time. Candy slumped and started crying.

Blue-eyes looked at us both and shook his head.

“Morons,” he chuckled. “Both of you need to stop and think; what could he do if he really wanted to? Do I need to get my razors? Should I come back with my knives? You know, I own a blow-torch. Would you like to like to see it?”

He seemed to think these were real questions so I shook my head no.

“Okay then. Don't make me angry. Consider your situation and start acting accordingly. I'll give you a few minutes to think about it.”

He exited through a door in the wooden wall.

I talked fast. I told Candy I'd get her out of this. I told her I loved her. I told her be brave and be ready to follow my lead if I ever got the drop on this guy. She stopped crying and focused on my words and soon she was nodding in agreement. He was gone long enough that we calmed down. He returned.

When he entered our circle of light, he was nude except for a pair of black, knee-high motorcycle boots. His virtually hairless body was lean and wiry and he looked healthy and strong. His muscles were not large but were well defined, especially his abs, and his ass was round and hard. Hanging from his groin was the longest and thickest cock I'd ever seen in person, and I've been going to the gym all my life. This circumcised horse-dick had veins all over with one, thicker than the others, running from the base almost to the head. The head was pink and smooth, as big as a plum, and flared widely around the crown. His testicles were huge and hung heavy in a fleshy sac.

When Candy saw him she freaked out and tried to swing her suspended body away. It was useless of course, hanging like that. I saw her eyes fix on his genitalia and grow wide in horror. Even through her drugged stupor, panic flared. Her fear made me nauseous and I again tested my wrist and ankle bands. Blue-eyes ran a gentle hand up her thigh and cupped an ass cheek. It killed me to see him touch her. He ran his other hand up her abs and fondled each firm breast. Candy started crying again but he didn't care at all.

For the next thirty minutes Blue-eyes took his time getting to know my wife's body. His hands roamed everywhere. He was never rough as he caressed and enjoyed her delicious female shape. She calmed down after a few minutes but still seethed, fear and rage just beneath the surface.

At last his hands found her sensitive nipples. He pinched them in turn and they grew erect. He sucked one into his mouth, working it gently with teeth and tongue. After several minutes, he dropped to his knees and spread her hairless labia again. Candy squirmed. Blue-eyes leaned in and I saw his pink tongue snake out and flick across her clit. Candy jumped. His tongue circled her little nub and he closed his lips on it. His cheeks dented. My wife gasped and her hips made a small rotation before she could stop them and then she pulled them away.

Ashamed, Candy began struggling again, drunkenly twisting her body away from him, trying to shove him away with her knees. He pulled the Taser from his boot and zapped her belly button and Candy screamed around her gag and began to cry once more. He stepped back from her and shook his head, disappointed. Candy saw that his penis had swollen some and stared through her tears. He caught her gazing at it.

“Can't pull your eyes away?” he taunted.

She squeezed her eyes shut. Tears trickled down her cheeks. We were trapped in a nightmare. She opened her eyes looking straight up, but slowly her gaze drifted down until landing once more on his massive organ.

Blue-eyes turned to me. “It happens exactly the same way, every time.” He stepped closer and took his shaft in hand, aiming it at me, stroking it a few times and tugging the loose skin back and forth easily. I stared at it. “The wives always hate me, at first. They fight and kick and scream. But they come around. Some faster than others.”

He hefted his large penis, showing it to me. I tried not to stare but did anyway.

“Your wife will cave in too. I see in your eyes you're absolute certain I'm wrong but you should know every husband looks at me like that. Remember this moment. I'll show you how nature really works.”

He slapped his thick pole on the palm of his hand.

“Before too long, she'll love my big cock. At first all these high-class rich women look at me like I'm an insect, but then I teach them the truth; Jacob is their Master. It's a lesson the husband's learn too. It really breaks them up inside when their wives get addicted to Jacob's big dick. A few come back for more. Your wife has already stared at it several times. She's curious. Subconsciously she's already excited.”

I shook my head. “You're wrong,” I boasted. “She's not curious or excited, she's terrified. You don't know her. She's not like that. I'm sure

every husband says exactly the same thing but you'll see.” I hated everything about this guy but at least now I had a name, and his comment about some coming back for more gave me hope he'd let us go and not kill us.

He turned to Candy. His hands traveled her flesh again and he shook his head and marveled.

“Honey,” he said, “I'm not gonna lie; you are by far the hottest piece of meat I've ever touched, and I've touched a lot. With those big green eyes and that Hollywood movie-star face, you're already the prettiest girl I've ever seen, but this body of yours is ridiculous. You were born for sex. You're a wet-dream walking around on two legs.”

He stepped forward until his body touched hers, his heavy dick bumped her thighs and, loathing his touch, she instinctively moved them out of the way. When she did his cock swung up between them. Panicked, she clamped her legs shut, trying to trap him.

He reached down behind her knees and lifted, pulling both legs up and open. My wife fought but he kept pushing, forcing her legs higher. Candy tried to swing away without success. She tried to kick him but he held her close. Her struggles excited him and his cock continued to engorge and rise. When my wife felt his penis bump her ass from below she yelled into the gag. Jacob fished the Taser out of his boot and held it in front of her eyes. She froze. I threw all my weight against the manacles, causing my wrists to bleed, but they held.

Jacob rubbed her pussy along the top of his shaft. Candy started crying again. I hated him touching her. I pulled on my bonds until I thought my bones would break. He held her legs up, lifting them and spreading them, hooking his elbows under her knees. Her little pussy spread open obscenely. He leaned back and his cock rose up between them, nearly fully erect. It looked powerful and solid; thick and masculine. He was aimed directly at my wife's vaginal opening. Candy shook her head again and again and I yelled at him to stop but he ignored us both, gently guiding her swinging body forward. This man was about to slide his penis into my wife and I was powerless to stop him.

His huge head skewered her labia, holding for a moment before mashing her lips aside and settling between them. They folded themselves around his head. Horrified, Candy yelled through her gag and struggled to get away but Jacob just sank an inch in. She raged at him. His cock was so

thick and hard I saw his biceps bunch as he pulled on her; he was forcing her down the length of him.

I threw myself against my bonds and started screaming for him to stop. He put up with me for a minute and then sighed. He withdrew his huge shank, the tip gleaming with Candy's pussy juice, and walked to a nearby table. I saw him approach me with a ball gag in hand and I clamped my mouth shut. He jammed the Taser into my neck and jolted me and my mouth flew open and he slapped the ball gag in. A second later he fastened it behind my head. Candy looked terrified for me.

Jacob slipped the Taser back into his boot and stroked his shaft a few times. Candy never took her eyes off it. He stepped up to her. He again lifted her legs behind the knees and pushed them back and lined up his big throbbing cock to her pussy. He cupped her ass and drew her forward and the large head spread her open like a flower and began to disappear inside. Her pussy lips enveloped him like an octopus wrapping around prey. Candy's eyes were glued to what was being done to her pussy.

She struggled like crazy, twisting as much as she could; trying to prevent the inevitable, but her efforts only worked him deeper. The muscles on her arms stood out like ropes and her abs flexed like crazy. She was trying to force him out and away from her. He ignored her, working it in and out, getting it wet and sliding a little deeper each time. The deeper he went the more she struggled and the more she struggled, the harder he got and the deeper he went. Candy winced and jerked, her cries muffled as she tried to adjust to his immense size.

He had about three-quarters in when he hit resistance and stopped. He slowly pressed forward and Candy gave a painful groan. He had hit bottom. He worked it back and forth a little and then pressed forward again and Candy grunted a dampened, "No, no, no..." Her pussy was stuffed full of dick and stretched so far it looked ready to burst.

"I'm going to teach you something," he told her. "At first you'll hate it but trust me, once you learn, you'll love it."

He gave her a moment to catch her breath and then leaned his weight forward while pulling her pussy towards him. Of course he hit bottom again but this time he held his cock buried there, pushing with constant and steady pressure, pushing against an internal barrier preventing him from burying his entire length inside her. Candy's moan built into a groan and then a yell and I shouted around my gag for him to stop.

He stopped and withdrew completely. Candy was panting. Sweat sparkled on her forehead. He cock looked huge and angry; deep red and glittering with wetness.

Around her gag Candy murmured something like, “You're too big, too big,” while shaking her head.

He lined himself up again and slowly sank until he touched bottom once more. The deeper he went, the farther Candy arched her back. He nudged his fat head against the obstruction that separated her vagina from her uterus. He pressed his hips forward again. My wife groaned in pain, shaking her head vigorously.

I was losing my mind feeling powerless and unable to protect her. I wanted to kill him.

Jacob redoubled his efforts, pulling my wife's pussy down onto his iron-hard spear with steady and unrelenting force. Candy's legs and hips thrashed as she tried to get away. Again her groan became a yell and then a scream which rose higher and then higher again.

The muscles in his arms bunched and his ass flexed and then, as something inside her opened up and Jacob's cock sank in another inch, her scream turned into a groan and then into a long, deep, and heart-felt moan. Jacob kept pushing and buried his last remaining inch and Candy's moan became a deep, rumbling sigh of pleasure. He filled her completely. He held himself buried and kissed the tip of her nose. Candy looked up at his face, amazed.

“I knew you could do it,” he praised. “You have all of me.”

He held both of them perfectly still, allowing my wife to adapt to his incredible size. Candy drew ragged breathes and gazed down between her tits at their merged bodies. She actually looked a little proud.

Jacob withdrew half his penis and gently slid it back in. He met resistance at that same point but this time when he pressed forward, the resistance eased after only a second or two. Candy barely had time to wince.

“Take a deep breath,” he told her, “and let it out slowly as you feel me touch your cervix. If you concentrate on breathing, you'll relax on the inside.”

My wife drew a lungful as Jacob pulled back, leaving only that massive head inside her. He gently pulled her forward and her drenched pussy easily swallowed his length. This time when his head reached her

cervix she exhaled and, as promised, he was blocked only a second before she opened up and let him in. My lovely wife held his entire length and girth. Candy's eyes grew wide. She'd expected it to hurt and was delighted and relieved by the surprising pleasure.

For the moment she completely forgot this was being forced on her and marveled at the sensation; she was stuffed with more cock than she'd ever had before. What had been impossible a moment earlier was now real and, judging by her expression, intensely pleasurable.

He moved his mouth to her nipple and sucked gently. His hips began an easy in and out and my wife closed her eyes and held herself still. He moved a little faster. Moments later Candy parted her lips and a moan escaped her. Occasionally she winched as Jacob hit a bad angle, but mostly I watched her face melt into a mask of pure pleasure. Jacob's immense cock filled and stretched her, hitting every nerve, stimulating every ending and overwhelming her senses. His wide penis pulled her clit down so it rode against his shaft, sending Candy to unknown heights of pleasure. His cock gleamed and glistened from her gushing wetness.

She fought it. My wife did not want to give in. She remembered he was violating her. He was taking her against her will. But it was too much. Here was relief she craved, and not just sexual; all the fear and anxiety and tension of the last few hours needed a way out too. Jacob's penis offered her the distraction she so desperately desired. Waves of pleasure washed over her, blotting out the terror, smothering the nervousness and apprehension. She had feared Jacob for hours and now here he was, making her feel amazing things. Forcing her to feel them, yes, but regardless they were too powerful to ignore or resist. My wife began sobbing again but this time not from dread or horror or pain. Her relief was palpable.

His big cock moving in and out of her became her whole world. She stared down between her legs as if unable to comprehend what was being done to her, as if she needed visual proof that just a penis was making her feel all this. I still saw hatred and anger, but some things are just nature; step on the gas and the car will go faster and it does not matter who is driving. Jacob repeatedly sank his behemoth inside my wife as he switched his mouth from nipple to nipple. Her resistance was crumbling fast. Smooth and steady, Jacob kept a strong rhythm; in, out, in, out.

No more fight, no more cries of protest, Candy now moaned around her gag from intense pleasure. My heart broke when she crossed her ankles

behind his back but my pain went through the roof when I heard her take those sharp, pre-orgasmic breaths I knew so well. My wife was going to orgasm? How was this even possible?

I told myself it was just her body responding. I told myself it was part of her plan to get us out of this mess.

Minutes later I desperately wished my hands were free so I could cover my ears and block out the high-pitched wail that erupted from her throat as she climaxed all over Jacob's cock. Her toes curled and her legs bent and her back arched. His fleshy spike pumped her cunt ruthlessly and relentlessly, pushing her higher than any orgasm she's ever had with me. Her prolonged explosion twisted her body as her strong legs pulled him deep.

Jacob drove his hips faster and then answered her screams with a lion's roar of his own, driving his thick cock into the heart of her and releasing his flood of sperm. His hips jerked and then he buried it as far up as he could get it, spurting his semen directly into her womb. He came a long time. From my angle I saw his massive testicles pulse and constrict with each ejaculation.

Candy looked completely spent. Her hair stuck to her sweaty forehead and her arms and legs trembled. Resentment and hatred slowly returned to her eyes but I thought I saw something new; she now also hated him for what he had made her feel. He stayed in her a long time but finally withdrew and when he did, a flood of cum followed his cock. She looked down, watching as he dripped out of her. Jacob's sparkling soft cock hung heavy between his legs.

He left her hanging and visited the table again and then came to me and fastened a metal ring around my neck welded to a long pole. He popped my cuffs. He walked me to a heavily secured bathroom and told me to strip, which I did, leaving a pile of my clothes on the floor. He told me to use the bathroom while he waited outside, then led me to a cage against the barn wall and attached my collar to the bars by a chain. He removed my gag.

I got nervous when he approached Candy but he only lowered her to the floor and led her to the bathroom too, and then to a cage similar to mine, although across the room from me. All the fight was gone from her. He removed her gag and collared her like me. He left and returned shortly with food and water. We were starving and devoured what he gave us. He

collected our plates and stood in the center of the room holding two new ball-gags.

“Time for sleep,” he stated, moving around behind us and attaching the gags. “I don't want to hear you trying to communicate. If you do, I'll zap you. If you do again, I'll hurt you in a more permanent way. I won't ask if you understand me because I know you fucking do. Don't even play that game. A few years ago I had a husband that would not shut up.” Jacob pointed to a dried out, wrinkled piece of black rubber nailed to a central post. “That's his tongue hanging right there.”

The lesson was lost on Candy. As soon as her gag was in place she curled up into a little ball and shut out the rest of the world. She was asleep seconds later, exhausted.

Jacob and I looked down at her.

“She's amazing,” he said. “Everyone wants beautiful lovers but she's on a pedestal all by herself. She's just heart-stopping gorgeous.” He absentmindedly rubbed his deflated penis, lifted his big balls. “I saw lust in her eyes; she loves being fucked. She's furious with me, but she still loved it. Couldn't help herself. You saw how hard she came.”

He was right, I had.

“I couldn't hold back anymore. I wanted to fuck her longer but I got too turned on and came too fast. Oh well, plenty of time for more later.”

He moved to the bench and fished through Candy's purse. He held up her birth-control.

“She hasn't taken today's pill yet.” He smiled cruelly and wrapped the package in his fist and walked away, leaving us alone.

The next day Jacob showed up late. He fed us and let us use the restroom again and then took us one at a time to the far corner where he allowed us to wash. He returned me to the heavy chair and cuffed and gagged me and then held open the wrist straps for Candy again. She reluctantly placed her hands within and he hoisted her gorgeous body.

Once he made some fine-tuning adjustments to her height, he once more ran his hands all over her perfect flesh. Finally he dropped to his knees.

He kissed all around my wife's pubic mound and then his hot mouth closed on her cunt. I saw Candy tense and close her eyes. Her head fell back. Jacob lifted one of my wife's legs over his shoulder and came at her little pussy from below. From the movements of his jaw, I knew he was

fucking her with his long tongue. When he pulled back I saw she was becoming wet and tried to tell myself it was all his saliva. I told myself it was just her body responding naturally.

Over and over again Jacob worked my wife with his tongue and lips and fingers and mouth. Time ticked by. Candy's rage and fear slowly drained away and was eventually replaced by sexual tension. Jacob took his time, enjoying every savory second of my gorgeous wife and her beautiful body. Enough time passed that I became uncomfortable. I shifted the little I could.

Jacob was patient and relentless; he clearly loved touching Candy. He loved having her under his power. He had scored a huge jackpot and was going to enjoy every second of his treasure. He was patient. He knew she could not resist him forever. He went back to work on her.

Much later, Candy finally moaned. A dagger of jealousy stabbed my heart followed by a wave of shame. She caught herself and clamped her lips shut but Jacob kept the same slow pace, leisurely licking and sucking every inch of her now swollen cunt. Soon Candy moaned again and Jacob brought her other leg onto his other shoulder. She no longer fought him. She crossed her ankles behind his neck. He buried his face in her pussy. A hard gasp escaped her and she bit her bottom lip and I knew his tongue was driving her crazy. Her hips circled as she ground her clitoris against his taste-buds.

When I heard those quick little breaths she always makes before she the climb to orgasm, I wanted to scream at them both. I distracted myself from what was happening by working on my shackles but I kept one ear fixed on them. I told myself she was only playing along, buying time.

Candy's moan turned into a whine. I looked up.

Jacob stood two feet away, gazing at her. His face gleamed from her juices and his hefty cock had raised even higher, his balls now nestled up tight against the base. He smiled cruelly.

He left Candy hanging and brought a chair to face her. Seated, he began stroking his cock. His eyes devoured every inch of her. As the haze of lust slowly cleared from her face, she looked down at him with renewed contempt. He seemed to enjoy it.

Jacob studied her, waiting. Soon he knelt again and returned his tongue to her exquisite torture. He repeated this pattern; tease, sit and stroke and enjoy his handiwork, tease again, until my wife was almost crying from sexual frustration. Each time he brought her to the edge of

orgasm only to stop completely. Each time he stopped he sat and stroked his erection, admiring his captured prize, waiting for her disdain and loathing to return. As soon as it did, he went back to work on her.

Insidiously, her reasons for hating him were changing. She was beginning to despise him for what he *wasn't* doing to her instead of what he had done.

More than an hour passed. I actually dozed off, awakening to Candy moaning in bitter frustration. Jacob was behind her, licking back and forth, worming his long tongue repeatedly all around her sphincter and then her pussy and then back to her anus. She moved her hips and ass, grinding back against him, now desperate to cum.

Once again he pushed her to the edge of excitement and then abruptly stopped. His patience was staggering. How many women had he done this to before us? He wanted to break her will and was prepared to take all the time required.

Jacob walked to the wall and fed some chain, lowering Candy until her feet touched the floor. He pulled his chair closer and sat under her, his legs between hers. I held my breath. He took his cock in hand and began stroking and the head reached to her belly button. Her pussy rested on his balls. She strained her neck to look down at that monster standing up against her abs.

He dropped his thick cock onto his stomach. He scooted his chair forward, farther under her, until her pussy sat on the base of his shaft, and then reached for my wife's tits. First he mauled them and then he gently caressed them. He pinched her nipples roughly and then pet them as if they were butterfly wings. Of her own accord Candy inched forward and rested her engorged labia higher on his shaft, just a few inches down from the head. Her pussy lips split to either side. My wife sighed. It had to feel good. After everything he'd done to her, firm contact on her super-charged clit no doubt provided some relief.

I tried to forgive her and understand but jealously flooded my guts like ice water. When Candy began little back and forth motions, I turned my head. He wasn't making her do that, that was all her. My wife was willingly rubbing herself on another man.

Two seconds later Candy whimpered and of course I looked back. I had to know why. She ground her pussy against his cock hard. Jacob's face

was a grin of conquest. He seemed to know something I didn't. Anticipation filled his eyes.

My wife planted her toes and walked her hips farther forward. Her suspended arms arched backwards which made her big tits stick out. Her nipples were rock hard and standing straight up. When she rode him now, his cock-head disappeared under her pussy on every stroke. Her tits swayed like crazy. Her face was a desperate mask of sexual frustration.

She looked right at me, at last remembering her husband. Her hips stopped and her body sagged and tears welled. I wanted to order her to stop but I was torn; it seemed so selfish. I hated the idea of demanding something from her too. Her apologetic eyes pleaded with me to understand. I couldn't rescue her so I sure didn't need to condemn her.

But jealousy only has room for itself. Jealousy does not care about anyone else.

“Honey,” I began. “Stop. Please get off him. Back up, Honey. Back away from him.”

Jacob ran a hand over the full, firm globe of her left breast. He felt the weight of it. He rolled his thumb over her erect nipple.

Candy bent her neck to see the dick trapped beneath her.

“Candy,” I begged one last time. “Get off of him. Please.”

Jacob brought his other hand to her right breast. Candy tossed her head in frustration, her long brown hair flying wildly. Jacob pretended to pull his chair back, acting as if to leave, and around her gag Candy protested and instinctively tightened her legs to trap him. Their eyes met. A wide grin stretched his lips. He put his hands behind his head and relaxed.

Slowly, her hips returned to the back and forth motion. Jacob was excited by the conflict between Candy and I. My wife quickly built up speed as her drenched cunt slid the length of him. She added a twisting motion every time she reached the head, grinding that plump organ directly against her clit. She was breathing hard and moaning. She was going to climax. She was going to get herself off rubbing on his cock.

Just as I accepted she would cum, she drew a sharp intake of breath and her whole body froze. Her pussy was directly over the head of his dick. Her eyes grew bigger and her eyebrows lifted.

When her hips moved next, instead of back and forth they went up and down; just the tiniest fraction of an inch, but I knew exactly what it meant. I knew, either accidentally or intentionally, her pussy had caught an

angle and she now felt his dick poised to enter. She was breathing hard. She drew a huge breath and held it. I saw her muscular thighs flex and relax and I knew she was sinking down onto him, working him deeper. She was slowly taking his dick. He remained motionless as my wife did all the work.

I kept telling myself it was all an act; she was trying to win him over, she was trying to win our freedom. But watching her gave me doubts. Her pleasure was too intense. Her desire for his penis seemed too real.

She remembered I was watching and we locked eyes. I saw a desperate excitement but also frustration and sadness. He had wound her up so tight she was ready to explode. He was making her do things. He was her tormentor, abductor and violator; she rightfully despised him. But part of her, the animal part in all of us, craved the raw penetration. I'd never seen the animal in her and found it strangely exciting. I shook my head to clear it of such inappropriate thoughts.

Until you are in a stressful situation, you never know what you'll do. You have ideas about what you hope you'll do, but you never know. In real life, Candy would never have allowed Jacob inside her. She would never pick him as a lover. But now here he was, huge and partially buried and her yearning need to have the rest of him drove her.

Last night he taught her how she felt when truly filled. Today he was leaving it up to her if she wanted it again or not. He had awakened an understanding, an awareness of what she'd been missing, and my sweet faithful wife now battled demons of loyalty as she struggled to remember her vows to me.

She stopped and threw her head back. A soulful muffled wail bubbled up from deep within her. She gazed at me and in her eyes I saw this was the exact moment of her surrender. Her lids fluttered and she lowered another inch. She drew a huge breath and then exhaled and relaxed her legs, sinking her drenched cunt down around his massive upright pole, impaling her tight pussy on his spear.

As before, her decent stopped with his last two inches remaining, but now she knew what to do. With a deep breath and the inner-relaxation she'd learned the night before, her labia soon began moving downward again, stretching and flaring as he thickened at the base. A heartbeat later she'd swallowed his entire length. My wife was utterly stuffed with steel-hard cock. Any movement sent electric waves of sensational pleasure coursing through her body.

I stared down at the straw-covered floor. Jacob had been right. There was no denying Candy's desire. For her, even with me in the room, his big cock screamed sex so loud she thought about nothing else.

I heard his chair squeak. I looked up and saw her pumping her cunt up and down his glistening tower. My wife was soaked. The veins on his cock stood out like twigs. She had him harder than he'd ever been and I knew why. He grinned right at me. She'd fallen under his spell just as promised and my mental agony fueled his delight.

"Fuck me, Candy," he said, encouraging her but looking at me. "Ride my big cock. Use me. Take what you want."

Candy needed no encouragement. I was now invisible to her. The only thing that mattered to my wife at that moment was what was happening between her legs. She lasted only moments. I heard those quick gulps of air and then a high keening and then her thighs turned to stone and she screamed into the gag as her entire body shook from her mind-blowing orgasm. She screamed again and arched her back and rivulets of her juices ran down his shaft and dripped from his balls. She pulled hard on the chain, lifting and dropping herself, slamming her cunt down around him and screamed again as another orgasmic wave rocked her. I was stunned. I could not believe the power of her orgasms with him.

His eyes were alight. He'd won; no longer an insect to this gorgeous woman, he'd conquered her completely, showing all of us he could. He waited patiently, allowing her to fuck him, waiting until she had climaxed completely before lifting one leg and extricating his iron cock. He stood. Candy hung limp from her arms.

Jacob walked over to me and stuck his giant cock in my face, gleaming like a trophy with my wife's juices.

"Most wives take three days," he gloated. "Yours only took two. One and a half, really."

He lowered her and returned us both to our cages. He stood over me.

"You saw with your own eyes," he taunted. "I left fucking me up to her and she did. From this moment everything gets easier. I'll leave you both alone to think about what just happened. A husband and wife should discuss such things, I think."

Smug asshole.

Candy and I sat staring at each other for a long time. I tried to read her but failed. Her face was a blank, emotionless mask. I was paralyzed; she

could always claim she was acting, trying to get him to lower his guard so we could escape.

After a while she curled up to nap and so did I.

When I awoke much later I was alone. Candy was not in her cage. Jacob had slipped in and silently led my wife away. I waited agonizing hours, yanking on the bars and trying to dig through the floor, before she returned. When she did she wore a dog-collar with an attached leash, her hands cuffed behind her back. He followed her holding the leash. Her bald pussy was puffy and pink and she would not make eye contact with me. He removed her collar and she lay down right away and even from across the room I saw his milky cum glint as it leaked from her. How many times had he taken her? Even worse, how willing had she been? Did she fight him or had she welcomed him?

Day three arrived. We performed our usual morning routine and then Jacob returned me to my cage before attaching a collar and leash to Candy's neck.

She seemed more upbeat today. Her fear and apprehension were diminished. She knew she would perform forced sex but she understood Jacob had no intention of physically harming her. Humans can adapt to any situation. In spite of herself, knowing she was physically safe as long as she followed the rules calmed her.

I suspected a part of her welcomed the domination. Was this a dark fantasy for her? She seemed comfortable so quickly. Either she had a hidden submissive side or she was the best actress on earth.

Jacob led her to my cage. He placed his chair close and sat with legs wide apart. His heavy phallus hung towards the floor, cushioned by the massive balls beneath. One slight tug on the leash and Candy knelt between his legs. She avoided eye contact with me but she did steal a glance and I was surprised by what I saw there; she resented Jacob but the flaming hatred was drastically diminished. Her eyes fixed to Jacob's fat cock and never left it. The tip of her tongue flicked out and wet her lips.

"I've taken your pussy," Jacob intoned, "so now it's time to take your mouth. You will suck my cock until you make me cum and when I do, you'll swallow every drop I give you. Do you understand?"

Candy raised her big hazel eyes to his and nodded, the hint of a smile playing with her lips. Jacob leaned back and put his hands behind his

head.

I wish I could say she did a terrible job. I wish I could say her bitterness was obvious and she clearly performed at the bare minimum she thought required. But I can't.

Without further instruction Candy cupped Jacob's huge balls and licked the sac. Not a tentative disgusted lick but a wide swath of wet tongue, rolling the testicle within and sucking briefly on the sensitive skin. Then she switched to his other testicle and did the same. His scrotum filled her hand.

As usual I told myself she was just playing his game and buying time, and maybe she actually was, but it sure didn't look that way. It looked like Candy adored his big cock, like she revered it. She held it straight up and marveled at the size before returning her tongue to his scrotum and painting it with saliva. She aimed the big spear right at her face and stuck her tongue out, curling it around the crown before snaking the tip into his cum slit at the end. His fat head disappeared into her mouth as she closed her lips around the crown.

I stopped watching long enough to glance at Jacob. He had that same arrogant grin he always did and was staring right at me and had been the whole time.

“Isn't she sexy?” he asked. “Your wife loves sex more than most women. Did you know that about her? Probably not. Most husbands have no clue. Many wives don't even know it about themselves.”

As her mouth bobbed on his still soft dick, a few strands of her long brown hair fell across her face. He thoughtfully swept them back behind her ear. She rolled his balls in one hand while wrapping her fingers around his shaft with the other. She paused and opened her lips and pushed his dick farther into her mouth. His hips rose a little to help. He was thickening rapidly and each trip down she was able to take less and less.

Soon he was rock hard and she held only the head inside her mouth as her lips closed on the tube behind it. Her cheeks dented as she sucked. Jacob placed a gentle hand on my wife's hair, guiding her as she orally worshiped him.

I couldn't look away. Candy has given me countless blow jobs but I'd never seen her like this. Perhaps I was resigned to my predicament. Perhaps hopelessness had sunk its claws into me. Perhaps I needed stress relief just as she had, but watching her pretty face suck that large member

began to fascinate me. That was my wife, but that wasn't my dick. I saw her in a new way. She'd had very little experience when we met. Mine was the second penis she'd sucked. Something about the size of his cock in her mouth got to me. I felt my penis stir and come to life, which shocked the hell out of me. I swelled rapidly.

I cannot remember ever getting as hard as I got right then. Jacob noticed and pulled Candy off his dick and made her look at me. She got the strangest look in her eyes; surprise and curiosity and desire and something else all wrapped into one. When Jacob steered her back to his erection she complied easily. Maybe I imagined it but when she returned to sucking him off she did so with more energy and enthusiasm than before.

Candy looked so sexy. I felt insane admitting it but she did. My penis was so hard it hurt. What was happening to me? Jacob smiled broadly and leaned back as Candy sucked harder and bobbed faster. She gagged often but seemed to relish it and forced his cock deeper next time. She loved that his penis was too much for her. She couldn't handle it and that made her feel petite and feminine. I felt inadequate; she could swallow mine completely and I'd never touched her cervix.

His huge balls lifted from her palm and drew up tight at the base, a sign I'd learned meant he was becoming really excited. My wife worked hard to please him, both hands wrapped around his shaft and pumping in time with her vacuuming mouth. I'd never seen her attack my penis the way she was attacking his. My nuts ached. They felt full and hot and heavy. When Jacob groaned I felt my semen rise and the urge to cum grew strong.

Jacob's hand drifted back to Candy's hair and I knew he was close. My desire to cum filled my mind. How can I be feeling this way at a time like this? A stranger was violating my wife and it turned me on? I was disgusted with myself. Self-loathing made me blush. A sneer twisted my lips, but I reached for my penis. My hand felt electric. As Candy sucked hard and pumped fast, I began stroking. Jacob groaned, "Here it comes Love," and Candy moaned too and sucked harder.

Jacob exploded. His hips jerked and jumped up from the chair and Candy gripped his ass hard and pulled him deep. I saw her throat swallowing, her white lips sealed tight around his tube. Jacob roared again and another spasm shot through him and I knew he was blasting his sperm down my wife's throat. Candy's face was frozen in desire and longing as she swallowed again and again, pumping every drop he possessed up and out,

drinking him down like sweet honey. She sucked so hard her cheeks dented deeply. My wife was mewling in desire, drinking his seed straight from the source.

I was wildly excited. Just as Jacob was coming down from his climax mine hit and I groaned and both turned to watch me, although Candy carefully kept his cock in her mouth. I could not hold it back. A powerful rope shot through the bars of my cage and then another. My hips pumped and I cursed around my gag. I squeezed my eyes shut. So many conflicted emotions raged inside me but at the moment the pure sexual eroticism of my wife sucking a huge cock shoved them all aside.

When I opened my eyes both of them stared at me. Jacob wore a huge grin but Candy only a slight, shy, curious smile. Her head rested on his inner thigh, his softening but still thick manhood less than an inch from her lips. She looked at me strangely and I knew I had a lot to explain, but honestly, I didn't understand my own feelings.

Candy maintained eye-contact with me as she leaned in and kissed Jacob's dick on the head. Then she kissed it again farther back on the shaft. I watched as she lifted it and her small pink tongue curled around the crown and licked away a milky drop she discovered hanging from the slit at the tip. She squeezed his shaft in her hand and pulled. Another white drop appeared at the slit and she licked it away. She smacked her lips. Jacob pets her head. Candy began giving his dick a leisurely tongue-bath. She licked from the tip to the base with wide swaths and then flopped his monster across her face as she swabbed underneath and every inch of his balls. About half-way through her hand slid down to her pussy and she masturbated as she mopped him.

Jacob let her play with herself until she had a small orgasm and then walked her up to my cage. He bent her at the waist so her face was next to mine, separated only by the bars. He knelt behind her and spread her ass cheeks and began licking. Where they gripped my cell, I covered her hands with mine and soon witnessed close-up as Jacob gave my wife a powerful orgasm. I kissed her fingers as he made her cum.

Jacob stood her up again. Eating my wife to orgasm had excited him and his cock stood at half-mast; not fully recovered, yet, but well on the way. When Candy saw it she dropped to her knees without being told and sucked him, tenderly pumping the shaft with both hands. It was too soon for him to cum or even get fully hard again but Candy didn't care; she loved

sucking that big dick. He allowed her to continue for a while and then tugged the leash. She stopped sucking reluctantly and rose to stand beside him. She looked radiant and sexy; from her messy hair to her lips swollen from sucking, to the trickle of pussy juice working its way down her thigh, her presence screamed hot, raw sex.

Jacob read my face and read my mind.

“Look at her now, hmm?” he teased. “She's come so far so fast.” He slipped his arm around her shoulders and she leaned into him. “I knew sweet Candy would crumble. I knew it that moment in the bathroom when she first saw my exposed cock. I knew it was just a question of time. I did not know she would fall so far and so completely but I'll count myself lucky and accept it.”

Candy wrapped her delicate fingers around his dick as he spoke and softly slid the skin back and forth. She couldn't take her eyes off it.

“The real question here,” Jacob continued, “is why *you* climaxed. You looked shocked while it was happening, like it caught you by surprise. It turned you on to watch your gorgeous woman suck another man's cock. You've never seen her like that, have you?”

I remained silent.

Jacob took my wife's free hand. I climbed to my feet. Jacob turned his back and led my wife out of the barn. She looked back at me only once, as they closed the door, and I saw excitement had returned to her. She knew Jacob was taking her to fuck and she wanted it. The door closed and she was gone.

I remembered reading about the Stockholm syndrome in a college psychology class and wondered if that was happening to Candy. I pictured the wild look in her eyes. Her desire for Jacob seemed real to me. What hurt the most were those times she initiated contact. She wasn't just following his orders; she reached for him, wanted to please him, craved his touch but mostly desired him inside her again. If she was still acting then she had me completely fooled.

They returned much, much later. Candy wore a short white dress that fit her a little snug and apparently nothing underneath as hints of hard nipple showed through. Her hair was pulled back at the temples and pinned behind her head. My little darling looked like a sex-charged flower-child. She was especially girlie and feminine, more than I'd ever seen her. She looked happy and I hated it; Jacob had transformed her into someone else.

He'd obviously dressed her and I saw on her face how pleased she was with her appearance.

He explained they'd gone into town for lunch and to get Candy a manicure and a pedicure, but then he'd taken her shopping. I wanted to ask her a million questions but my gag prevented me.

“Your wife is stunning, Mark. Out in public with her is an exercise in ego-strength. I'm sure you're aware how many heads she turns. I was proud and intimidated. I have new-found respect for you, truly.”

He brought both of them closer to my cage.

“Would you like to come into the house? Are you ready to leave the barn behind?”

I nodded suspiciously.

“Good.” He reached into a shopping bag he carried and handed Candy a metal device. “Face the bars and step forward, please.”

I stood my ground.

“I have no patience for negotiation. You have nothing. Do what I say or I'll starve you to death and sell Candy to a gang in Juarez.”

With as much hate as I could put into my eyes, I stepped forward.

“Farther,” he ordered. “Press your body against the bars. Stick your penis through them.”

I leaned into it. Candy encircled my penis and testicles in a heavy stainless steel ring.

“Perfect,” Jacob said. “Now, the rest, just like I showed you.”

Next she slid a series of connected metal rings around my shaft, topped with a metal cap; all linked to a thick, downward-bending bar. She attached this bar to the heavy ring at the base. Lastly, she scooped my balls into a wire mesh basket and then attached that to the heavy ring too. My penis was trapped and held down. An erection was impossible.

Jacob held a small black plastic egg about the size of a walnut. A short wire ran from it to a metal clip. Jacob handed it to me through the bars.

“Wet this and then place it in your rectum,” he instructed. “Then clip the wire to your penis cage.”

Of course I ignored him. He waited, allowing me to consider my position again. I rubbed the egg and it was coated with a slick plastic. I popped it into my mouth. I reached back and pushed it an inch up my ass and then clipped the wire to the base ring.

Jacob held up a remote which had a green button, a smaller red button, and a dial. He pressed the green button and the egg vibrated and intense pleasure radiated up from my rectum all the way to the tip of my penis. In four seconds I felt ready to orgasm. I gasped for breath and Candy giggled and clapped her hands. My trapped penis swelled but had no place to go. I filled the rings and butted against the end-cap but remained held in a downward position.

“I know how excited you get watching your wife suck my cock, but I you are not allowed an erection. I'll bring you into the house and make you more comfortable, but mine is the only cock that gets to stand up, mine is the only cock that gets serviced. Understood?”

I nodded slowly, wondering where this was headed.

“I'm not completely cruel,” he continued. “You'll be allowed to orgasm while watching us. In fact, I encourage you to do so. It excites me to take your woman in front of you and watch you waste your cum. Any time you feel the need, press this button and turn this dial. You saw how fast it can happen. You'll get the hang of it quickly and if you're anything like the others, you'll use it a lot.”

I promised myself I'd never use it. I refused to play his crazy game.

“But be warned; that device can deliver more than just pleasure.”

Jacob pushed the small red button.

I screamed into my gag. My penis and testicles were on fire. Razors had slashed the length and breadth of me. I collapsed to my knees and tried to rip the device off but it didn't budge. Jacob turned the dial down and the pain vanished. I was trembling and Candy looked ready to cry. He held up a second remote.

“We both hold a remote, Mark, and mine overrides yours. I leave it to you if I ever use it. You can use yours as often as you wish. Understand?”

Indeed I did.

“Good. Then we just have one last thing.”

Jacob opened the door to my cell and stepped back. I joined them, wanting desperately to wrap my arms around Candy and kiss her and run away with her. Our eyes met and I saw her love for me, I saw she longed to hold me too but knew she couldn't. Jacob handed her a pair of padded cuffs. She attached them to my wrists and then to a belt around my waist. I could reach the remote but nothing else.

“Perfect,” Jacob said at last, looking truly pleased. “One happy family. Let's leave the stables behind and retire to the bedroom. We have a long night ahead.

He spoke the truth. The barn was connected to the house by a covered gravel path. The house was clean and provincial; visitors would never suspect our boy of madness. The bedroom was big with heavy drapes and a large bed. Jacob pointed to a chair near the bed and I took it. Candy attached a strap to the belt I wore so I could not leave my seat. Jacob sat on the bed and gave Candy a single nod. She knew what to do so obviously she'd played this game with him last night. She'd been gone a long, long time. I wondered what other games they'd played.

My wife stepped back from us and slowly ran her hands over her incredible body. Her big tits spilled over her palms. The dress came off over her head and I'd been right about no underwear underneath, but I was surprised to see each nipple sported a tiny metal ring which kept them erect and sensitive. The hood over her clit had a small decorative broach clamped to it that I was sure could vibrate. I knew who held that remote.

I hated the liberties he'd taken with her body. I hated that I had no choice. I was her husband yet this man decided what she wore and how she was adorned.

Candy swayed.

I realized she was excited to perform and the longer I watched the deeper my understanding grew. Candy wasn't just excited, Candy was wildly, insanely aroused and barely able to keep herself under control. She was actively trying to hide her excitement from me. Her bright hazel eyes glowed with anticipation. Her tight skin was covered in goose bumps, her nipples erect and yearning for contact, her face and neck flushed and she already breathed a little heavy. I was sure her pussy was drenched. Jacob seemed to have tapped into deeply repressed erotic feelings my wife held.

Jacob pulled the remote to Candy's toy from a pocket. Her eyes grew big. She knew what was coming so I knew he had used this on her before, probably while they were in town having lunch. I burned with anger and jealous. What else had they shared?

When Jacob touched the dial, Candy's legs almost buckled. Both hands flew to her nipples and she pulled hard, crying out in pleasure as the hornet attached to her clit buzzed and stung. He turned it up and she nearly screamed, falling onto her back on the carpet and lifting her gyrating hips

off the floor. Her pleasure was so intense her face was a twisted mask of pain. If not for the incredible sounds of lust pouring from her throat I'd have thought she was in agony. Jacob left the dial where it was and sat the remote on the bed and undressed. My wife was a writhing tangle at his feet. Her hands rubbed her electric skin. She seemed close to orgasm already.

When Jacob's mammoth cock flopped into view, Candy struggled to get to it. He stood above and watched her efforts, a sly smile on his lips. Gasping and groaning, Candy rolled onto all fours and crawled to him. She knelt and braced her hands on his thighs. She opened her mouth and closed it lovingly on his huge cock head. He pet her hair.

"That's my good girl," he soothed, looming over her.

Her hips rotated as she sucked him erect and soon she came hard, gasping for air around his cock. He chuckled and reached for the remote. I felt my penis begin to swell. I had promised myself I would never use mine but inside the house was not like the barn. Jacob's bedroom was well lit, I had the perfect angle, and they were only about two feet away. I saw every detail, heard every sigh and gasp. I was close enough to *smell* how excited my wife was and that familiar scent filled me with longing and put me over the edge.

I pulled the remote from the leather loop on my belt and thumbed the green button. Two clicks of the dial and fantastic sensations began radiating from inside my ass through my body. My balls tightened and throbbed. Candy worked him until she was sweating. She wanted his seed so much.

Jacob withdrew his fully erect cannon from my wife's eager mouth. He held her face by her chin and took over stroking his meat. My wife opened her dainty mouth without being told. She tilted her head back. Jacob's hand moved faster. I glanced up and discovered Jacob was looking at me. He was breathing harder.

"There's something I want you to see," he said, aiming his slit at Candy's waiting mouth. His hand moved even faster and he grunted loudly. My wife dropped her jaw, opening wide, wanting to catch every drop he gave her.

A steady white fount of pre-cum arched from his slit directly into my wife's mouth. It looked like he was peeing milk. Jacob groaned for a heartbeat as he poured this seminal fluid onto her tongue. This wasn't sperm; he hadn't even begun to cum yet.

Then his balls lifted and his groan became a roar and the first real blast of sperm shot out and hit the back of her throat. He held her by the hair, forbidding her from closing her lips on him like she craved. He wanted me to see how much he ejaculated. He knew my mind would remember the times he had cum inside her and how she must now be flooded with his jizz. He jerked and more shot out. Stray ropes landed all around her mouth and over her lips and cheeks. He aimed for her mouth and most landed inside, but there was just so much.

Jacob was a fountain of semen. His huge balls were cum-making factories. Big ropes of liquid sugar splattered her face and painted her waiting tongue.

He released her hair and she lunged forward, attaching her vacuuming mouth to his pulsing cock-head, sucking still more from him. The slutty way she mouthed him turned me on and I ticked up one more on my dial. At this level, I would orgasm soon. I was so emotionally conflicted; my wife loved his huge penis and for reasons yet unknown to me that turned me on instead of making me angry or hurt. In just a few days Jacob had turned my wife into a complete slut. What would our lives be like once we did escape?

“I see turmoil all over your face,” he said to me as my wife cleaned him. “I’m sure all this has turned your world upside-down.” Candy licked long strokes from the base to the head. “In case you have any hope of being rescued,” he continued, “You should know that first night, while you were unconscious in my van, I got your car started and moved it. It’s hidden inside a garage. Nobody looking for you has any idea where you are. They won’t find you. Ever. You are both here until I let you go.”

My wife was oblivious to his words; she only cared about that fat, warm cock in her mouth. I felt like crying. I felt hopeless rage. But Jacob had timed his revelation perfectly; with my eyes glued to Candy, I ticked the dial one more time and convulsed as my load shot down and out, coating the seat and basting my balls. My butt jerked and jumped as I shot again and again. Candy and I were completely under his power. Submission now had more appeal than resistance. Defeated, I hung my head and stared blankly at the floor. He owned us both. Candy nursed on him until he stopped her. She stood too.

Jacob and Candy walked me back out to the barn and locked me in my cell and then they returned to the house. I knew exactly how they would

spend the evening.

The next afternoon Jacob and Candy reappeared carrying a plate of food. Candy looked exhausted but deeply satisfied. Jacob wore jeans, boots, and a green long sleeved shirt but Candy was nude except for the collar and leash and her nipple and clit jewelry.

“I was thinking,” Jacob began. “You two haven't even touched each other for days. I should at least let you hug. Would you both like that?”

Candy and I looked at each other and nodded. A big smile spread across her face.

“Okay,” he told me. “Step to the far side of the cage.”

I did. He opened the door and let Candy in with me. I measured the distance wondering if I could attack him but there was no way. Also, he still had the Taser and the remote for my penis-trap. Candy crossed the cell and she hugged me and kissed me and he told her it was okay to remove my gag and free my hands. He locked the door behind her.

I stroked her head and squeezed her and she leaned into me with all her weight. We held each other and both felt the love swirl through and around us. I got choked up and so did she. I also grew rock-hard, or at least as hard as my chastity device would allow. Candy noticed and smiled.

“That's good to see,” she chuckled. “I was worried you hated me now. I can't even imagine how difficult this has been for you.”

“What about you?” I asked. “You've suffered too, although I must admit you look amazing like this. You're so beautiful and sexy it makes my heart ache.”

He let us hug and kiss a long time. I trailed my kisses down her throat to her breasts expecting Jacob to stop me. It felt so good to touch her. An over-powering need to reclaim her welled up in me but I fought it. Caged, my penis was of no use to anyone. My hot lips kissed her collar bones and then moved farther south to the first swell of her large breasts. A glance at Jacob showed he was watching but doing nothing. I pushed it, kissing rapidly across her smooth skin until my lips closed on her nipple. The tang of metal from the ring filled my mouth as her gasp filled my ears.

Still Jacob did nothing.

I dropped to my knees. Candy's pretty pussy stared me in the face and I marveled at it. The little clit-disc glinted and glittered. Instinctively I leaned in and drew my tongue across her clitoris. She fell back against the wall and I did it again, this time at the end I slipped the tip of my tongue up

inside her folds. She was salty and tangy and filled with a slick and slippery fluid. Her hands came down to my face as she tried to steer me away saying, "No Baby, no, no, he's cum inside me so many times. I'm sure I'm a mess down there."

But I was not stopping. I spun her around and spread her ass cheeks. Jacob's cum coated her like sugar frosting. Milky fluid covered her inner and outer lips. She braced herself against the wall as I buried my face in her pussy and my tongue far up inside her cunt. I heard her cry out and I attacked her clit and lips. I fingered her slippery G-spot and pushed a slick thumb up her ass.

I wanted to make my wife orgasm. I needed to make my wife orgasm. The desire to reclaim her raged through me and I'd let nothing stand in my way. I whipped her with my tongue until she was whimpering and mewling.

My desire got to her. Although worried about my reaction to the presence of Jacob's sperm, the fact that I wanted her so badly really turned her on. Women love to be wanted. She stopped resisting and pushed her cunt back against my mouth, offering me her disgraced and unfaithful pussy. I was an animal, feeding on her carcass, ripping her apart as I consumed her.

"Cum for me," I mumbled, fucking her with my tongue.

She surrendered to me and when she did her climax took hold and almost broke her back. She screamed as her body trembled and then begged me over and over to devour her cheating cunt, admitting she'd been a bad, bad girl, pleading with me to forgive her. Her confession drove us both higher and I fumbled for my remote. I pushed a button and spun the dial and gasped as a freight-train of pleasure slammed into me and forced an almost instant ejaculation. One spasm followed the next as my hips involuntarily convulsed and my penis vomited my salty load. In seconds I had to stop eating my wife and turn the dial down as the intense pleasure became too much to take.

Candy staggered a few steps and collapsed to the floor, breathing heavily, eyes tightly squeezed shut, both hands covering her throbbing cunt. I plopped onto my ass. Neither of us moved for a minute or two and then I crawled over and gathered her into my arms. She started crying. She buried her face against my chest and wrapped her arms around me. We remained

silent. There was so much to say we did not know where to start so said nothing.

In a few minutes she regained her composure and we kissed and I wiped the tears from her face.

“I've been very naughty, Mark.” she said. “Jacob and I have...done...things.”

I gazed into her eyes, searching for understanding. I saw guilt and shame and self-reproach.

“We'll talk about it later, Honey.” I replied. “Hang in there. Don't give up.”

She held my face and kissed my lips.

Jacob approached and opened the door, set my food inside and waited. Candy kissed me once more, a deep, loving, passionate kiss, and then stepped out with him. He locked the door.

I caught a whiff of the food and realized I was famished. I dove in. Jacob took her hand and led my wife out the door. He never reattached her leash. She just went with him.

I was left alone for hours. I'd given up trying to find a way out; I'd scrutinized every square centimeter of that cell and it was solid. I absentmindedly pulled the remote from the belt loop and turned it over in my hands. I was bored. I pressed the green button and turned the dial one click. Even this low level felt great.

I closed my eyes and instantly a cascade of images flowed through my mind. From every angle I saw Candy enjoying Jacob's cock. She loved the ways he fucked her. I couldn't deny what I'd seen. Each time he took my wife, her eyes filled with excited anticipation. Her body language invited him. She grew wetter and came harder than I'd ever seen her. I turned the dial up again. Blood surged and my excitement grew. I was glad Candy wasn't here to see me masturbate to her captivity and degradation.

We were trapped in a nightmare. Insanity had consumed us. Yet buried within me were deep erotic desires and fantasies. I was ashamed of them but powerless to stop them. Jacob had revealed us to ourselves, exposing a previously unknown side.

My mind floated to a memory from yesterday; Candy captured Jacob's sperm in her mouth and swallowed it. I knew he held himself outside her mouth like that to show me the huge volume he ejaculated. That was purely a man versus man move. He wanted me to know how much

semen he injected each time he took my wife. He was trying to drive me crazy, and he was, but not completely in the way he intended. I nudged the dial higher.

Candy's mouth bobbed and sucked. Jacob's cock was huge and she made him so incredibly hard. I saw her tongue slip out the sides and bottom as she sucked; little touches and teases she didn't have to do but added because she wanted to, because she desired to please him. I caught my breath as the anal egg buzzed. Candy loved his big cock. He'd promised she would and he'd been right. I turned the knob higher and pictured his cum entering her eager mouth. A second later my penis jumped and spurts. Shame flooded me; I was climaxing to my wife with another man, but I couldn't help it. I sprayed and sprayed.

The next day Jacob appeared without Candy. I worried until he told me she was sleeping; he'd been especially horny last night and had taken her repeatedly. She was comfortable in his big bed. He told me to back-up to the bars and stick my hands through, which I did, and he cuffed me too. He had me spread my ankles wide and cuffed each to a bar as well, and then he reached through and gagged me.

Nude, Candy entered the barn. I thought she was sleeping? In her hands she carried a new penis-trap device. Like the first, this was heavy stainless steel too, but from the bottom of the thick anchor-ring a bar curled down and backwards, turning into a large, smooth, fully erect chrome penis. It was longer and thicker than my real one. I pulled on my manacles but they held. I grunted a protest. Candy smiled and removes my old cage. I missed the egg as soon as she removed it and realized I'd come to appreciate the full feeling it gave.

“Don't fight, Honey,” she soothed. “Jacob swears you'll love it and he's been right about everything so far.”

My wife squirted gel on the tip and worked it all over the shaft. She knelt and applied some gel to my sphincter too. The gel grew warmer by the second. Before I could growl a protest, my wife lined the head up and gently pushed.

I don't know what that gel was but it worked perfectly. A split-second of discomfort was followed by intense pleasure as the pressure of that cock slowly filling me made my toes curl. I groaned. The egg had been nice but this warm, gently-curving cock was astonishing. I was surprised when I felt my penis start to rise.

Candy chuckled. "I told you, Baby, didn't I?"

She held up my half-erection and dropped the ringed tube around it until the helmet covered my head. She captured my balls in a wire cage and then laid my ringed penis on top of the wire cage and locked them together. As before, everything was then attached to the heavy anchor-ring encircling my genitalia. I was once again firmly locked up, but this time the weight of the apparatus pulled everything down. The cock in my ass continued to stimulate and by the time she clicked the last lock in place, I was swollen, as swollen as the ringed tube allowed me to be. Candy impulsively kissed the metal cap covering my dick head.

"Yesterday you said I looked amazing with my nipple rings and my clit jewelry, but I can say the same thing about you. I don't know why it turns me on to see you like this but it does. I'm sure I should get my head examined but don't you feel sexy being forced to be so submissive? God, I do!"

I wanted to tell her no but because of the gag I couldn't, but I'm not so sure that was the truth anyway. A part of me I wasn't ready to acknowledge yet did like it.

Candy was changing fast too. She was adapting to her new situation with remarkable ease. How many couples had Jacob broken?

Candy stepped back to admire her handiwork. The cock in my ass continued to sink into my depths a quarter-inch at a time, gradually settling deeper. The farther inside me it went, the better it felt. My contorted penis throbbed.

I needed some relief right now. I got Candy's attention and motioned with my jaw towards the remote. She caught on right away and clapped her hands.

"May I?" she asked Jacob. He nodded.

Candy pressed the green button and turned the dial. The cock buried in my ass pulsed and vibrated. This was infinitely better than the egg. Size does matter. I sucked in as much air as I could as Candy experimented with the settings, turning the dial higher and lower, playing with it like a child. I screamed as she twisted it higher than I ever had and cum shot out the end of my penis. She left it turned up and pleasure quickly gave way to a kind of pain and I howled for her to turn it down but she ignored me.

She clicked it two notches higher. My back arched against the cell bars and my penis felt like it would explode. I squeezed the big cock in my

ass as hard as I could and Candy kicked it up one more click. My balls contracted and another load of cum shot out of me and my stuffed rectum multiplied every sensation until I thought I would die. I came and came and came and even when I had no more fluid to release my orgasm continued dry and unrelenting. Only when Candy dialed it back did I return to earth and only briefly before I passed out.

I awoke alone and curled in a ball on the straw floor, my new cage locked firmly in place, my hands once again cuffed to the heavy belt around my waist. As soon as I moved the cock in my ass sent a wave of pleasure up my spine. I shivered and stood and even that made my penis grow slightly. Jacob was diabolical.

A plate of food sat on the floor next to me and I struggled to eat, lowering my face like a dog. On the floor I spotted dozens of droplets of my dried cum. I'd been out long enough for everything to evaporate. Head down and ass up made the dick feel bigger and better than ever and pre-cum leaked from my slit. My lewd position made me feel decadent and submissive. I wondered what a real penis fucking me would feel like and the idea turned me on briefly before I quickly shut it down.

After I ate I tried pacing my cell but the anal stimulation was too much. I thoughtlessly sat on the floor, which pushed the cock deeper and sent blood surging to my exhausted penis. A cock in my ass felt so good! I felt full. I loved having something to grip and squeeze back there.

I lay down and curled into a ball and that is how they found me about an hour later. I heard the door open and lifted my head.

Jacob wore a bathrobe and Candy was still nude but no longer wore a collar or leash. The tiny rings encircling each nipple had been replaced by circles of metal about the size of a quarter with a hole in the center and Candy's nipples tugged through, which stood up half an inch or more. Two tiny golden hands held each labium and pulled them back, exposing her clitoris and inner-labia to open air. The hands were connected to a thin gold chain that encircled her waist. Her unmasked pussy was a bawdy and vulgar invitation. Jacob had turned my wife's genitalia into a visual enticement and temptation no man could resist, announcing her permanent consent and availability. From her ears dangled new diamond earrings.

I hated to admit she looked sexy. In fact, she looked incredibly sexy. She radiated pure, whorish, carnal Hedonism, yet somehow still carried an innocent air, like a virgin stripper stepping onto the stage for the first time. I

filled with yearning. Like an over-sexed frat-boy I longed to get my hands on her. I awkwardly climbed to my feet, the cock in my ass fucking me with every move I made.

Jacob stared at me staring at my wife. She didn't just look amazing physically; she radiated a wild joy, like Jacob had removed a weight from her shoulders. Her eyes glittered and danced. She clung to his side like she adored him, her big breasts mashed against his chest, his hand resting comfortably on her bubble butt. They shared an easy familiarity and I wondered again how many times they'd fucked. Jacob lifted her hand and my wife did a slow twirl. She glowed. Her face beamed. She loved the way she looked. I gawked at her like I was seeing her for the first time.

“Have I set you wife free?” he asked.

I swallowed. No way was I giving him that satisfaction.

“You don't need to answer; I know the truth. Candy is more herself with me than she ever was with you.”

I swallowed again.

“Should we show him?” Jacob asked her.

She smiled broadly and nodded her head. Jacob grabbed the chair and sat it before my cell. He opened his robe and dropped it to the floor, his huge cock swinging, and seated facing my prison. Candy knelt beside him and sucked his cock briefly, running her tongue up and down, painting him with her saliva, making him grow. Once she had him hard and wet she put her back to him and straddled his legs, walking back until her pussy was directly over his cock. She reached down and held him straight up. She tilted her hips and I saw how the golden hands pulled her pussy wide open. I saw up inside her. A drop of Jacob's ever present sperm leaked from her. I moved closer, only a foot away now.

My wife touched the tip of his cock to her pussy and dabbed the head in semen. Then she lifted her hips a little and guided him back an inch or two.

She was going to give him her ass! I've never fucked her ass and Jacob was about to! I shook my head and growled a muffled protest. She moved him around, searching, until she smiled and lowered her hips half an inch or so.

This was not their first time. They moved together like they'd been lovers for years. Jacob gripped each butt cheek and spread her and Candy held him to her sphincter. He held still as she relaxed and then her ring

spread and engulfed his head and opened wide as she sank around the crown. My wife moaned loudly, rotating her hips, as Jacob's thick weapon penetrated her rectum a slow inch at a time. She leaned back against his chest and lifted her feet to his thighs and aimed the action right at me. I saw her tight ring descend his cock gradually, her breathing ragged and uneven. He grew so hard his cock skin gleamed; this man loved mastering my wife. No doubt she'd confessed I'd never taken her that way. Now he'd had my wife in ways I hadn't. This was something he alone shared with her and the obvious emotional agony on my face fueled his glee.

Candy's tight ring swallowed his shaft at a glacier's pace. Jacob fished a remote from his robe and pressed a button and the warm pulsing of the cock in my ass sent a wave of blood racing to my penis. I pressed the button on my remote to turn it off. I did not want him to have the satisfaction of my erection while he took my wife's ass right in front of me, but nothing happened. Jacob's remote over-rode mine.

Candy concentrated all her attention on the massive shaft moving up her rectum, her gaze riveted at the meeting of their bodies. She spread her legs wider, placing her feet on the edge of the chair and outside Jacob's thighs. A trickle of cum left her pussy and dripped onto his shaft and became lube. Her labia parted and I saw up inside her sperm-filled vagina.

Jacob thumbed the dial and my trapped penis throbbed and engorged further. I felt the bars of the cock-cage press into my shaft. Candy began a small up and down rhythm on Jacob's cock, enveloping a little more on each down stroke. Jacob advanced the dial one click. I tried my best to remain flaccid but the pleasure was too great. The cage tightened on me with each passing second.

Jacob's eyes narrowed and his concentration on me grew.

He spoke. "If you are worried I'll fuck your ass or make you suck my cock, relax, I'm not into that homo stuff at all. I wonder, though, if after having that big cock up your ass you kind of wish I would."

I shook my head as convincingly as possible. Jacob chuckled.

"You sure?" he asked, and pressed the green button twice quickly.

Inside my ass that big chrome cock began to piston in and out. No longer merely warm and pulsing and vibrating, now it was also pumping in and out of me. I had a massive cock probing my depths and I was powerless to stop it but worst of all, it felt fantastic. I sucked in air and arched my

back and before I could stop myself, I actually moved my ass backwards, trying to drive it deeper. Jacob and Candy chuckled.

“Don't worry, Baby,” Candy breathed, “I understand completely.” She bit her bottom lip and sank her ass down on Jacob's remaining inches. He was so thick at the base I don't know how she took it. He stretched her ring far and wide.

The cock in my ass began fucking me faster and my legs went weak. I sank to all fours, or at least I tried to; my wrists were still cuffed to my waist belt so I ended up on the floor with the side of my face against the cool concrete and my ass high in the air. That big cock fucked me now with a strong and steady rhythm, plunging deep and then retracting until only the head remained inside and then plunging deep again. Goose bumps erupted across my skin. My nipples turned to diamonds. Shivers swept through me as waves of intense pleasure wracked my body. Despite my reluctance, I was moved closer to orgasm with each heartbeat.

My wife ass-fucked Jacob like a whore. Her sphincter gripped him firmly and she pushed and pulled it up and down the length of his slippery cock. His huge balls were drawn up right to the foot of his tower and he allowed Candy to use her ass to please him, and my wife was utterly willing and eager to do so.

I came before they did. I lifted my eyes to the point of her penetration and that sight was enough to throw me off the ledge. I thrust my hips at the ground and roared around my gag. Not much came out but that did not lessen the intensity. My muscles clamped and clenched and I squeezed my stuffed ass around that intruding phallus as hard as I could. I felt wonderfully full and it altered my climax. I came forever. Every time my ass clenched and that cock kept me spread, I shot and clenched again. My orgasm tapered off, fading slowly, leaving me weak.

Jacob turned the dial up four clicks.

My mind exploded. My toes curled and my back arched. I rose to my knees and howled at the roof. Two more clicks and my defeated and drained penis came again, spitting only drops but twisting my hips and back into spasms of euphoric pleasure. Candy rode his huge cock hard and fast, watching me, moaning and groaning, her voice risen to almost a shriek. Was this how he would kill me? The cock in my ass was a slick piston, pounding my prostate and driving me insane. I started laughing, hard. Jacob upped another click and I rolled onto my side in a fetal position, my penis

climaxing again. My mind was filled with white-hot sensation, overwhelming satisfaction, pure indulgent pleasure. I looked up at my conqueror through bleary eyes and watched him click the remote one higher and set it aside. I was left at this level, forgotten and ignored, my mind and body overwhelmed. I drooled. I groaned. I whimpered. I spiked and came again.

Candy closed her eyes and her head fell back. Jacob spread her knees wider and began driving his cock deep in time with her thrusting hips. Candy's mouth slowly dropped open. All at once her head snapped forward and her eyes went wide. Insanity danced behind them. My wife screamed as her anal-orgasm slammed into her and Jacob fucked her right through it. The muscles in her legs and arms flexed and locked and I saw her entire body cum as one. Sperm ran from her empty pussy and her pulsing asshole squeezed Jacob's fat cock like she wanted to crush it. He fucked her ass with his steely cock and drove my wife insane. Her orgasm lasted a long, long time.

Mine never stopped. From the time he set the remote aside I'd been trapped in a state of perpetual climax. It wasn't real, of course, it only felt real, but that didn't matter; my penis came and came and came. I hoped to blackout but this time I did not. I stayed awake and aware for every excruciating second. It transcended pain. It wasn't pleasure anymore; those nerves wanted to be left alone. It was an intense ache combined with a searing, agonizing sensation which blanketed everything yet somehow still occasionally felt good. I was turned into a zombie. My mind gave up and stopped fighting.

It is hard for me to admit this, but Jacob broke me. At that moment I finally gave in and gave up. My wife was now his fawning slave and loved every inch of his cock without reservation and I no longer resented this incredible cock fucking my ass. I no longer wished to fight him. Our captivity had been one long lesson in pleasure and I no longer had the will to resist. He was free to do to me whatever he wished. I welcomed his next degradation.

I glanced up at them to discover my wife still on his lap but facing him now, his cock still fucking her ass, both of them kissing passionately, lovingly. The sight excited me, pure and simple, and I fully allowed it to. A real orgasm was ready and waiting and as I watched Jacob push his cock up inside my wife's ass and begin to ejaculate his seed there, I happily joined

him, shooting my few droplets through the heavy wires of my cock-cage, embracing the sweet, blinding sensation of powerful release. Jacob and I groaned at the same time, long, loud, and deep.

When I awoke I was hooded and moving. I groaned. Jacob was driving me somewhere. Panic seized me and I felt around me for Candy. I was sure he would keep her and dispose of me but I felt her behind me, bound as I was. The movement stopped and the door opened.

“Not yet little babies,” Jacob said. “Go back to sleep.” Liquid splashed the hood and pungent fumes sent me spiraling down to blackness again.

I opened my eyes slowly. Focus came begrudgingly.

I sat in our car back at the convenience store. It was night. Candy, still asleep, sat next to me. We were both dressed as we had been; I wore a cock-cage and Candy had jewelry adorning her nipples and pussy. I glanced around and discovered a box in the back seat stuffed with our belongings. I woke Candy and checked to make sure she was alright. We were both dazed and disbelieving.

I stepped from the car in my cage and cautiously looked around again but we were alone. The box in the back seat held our clothes and keys to our various locks. In just a few minutes we were free and dressed. I was relieved to pull that big cock from my ass but also somewhat disappointed; I felt empty now. I dressed. Candy removed the tiny hands holding her labia but left in place the metal disks encircling her nipples and pulled her T-shirt on over them. Her nipples poked the fabric like nothing I'd ever seen before. She pulled up shorts and slipped on sandals.

We were both moving in a fog. We entered the store and discovered the true owner tied on his bed, so we freed him. He'd been held captive like us but alone in a back bedroom at Jacob's house. He did not want to talk about what was done to him. I told him we'd call the cops once we reached the next phone but he hesitated and then told us not to bother. What could they do? He'd prefer to put the embarrassing event behind him.

In the next town Candy and I checked into a motel, showered and scrubbed until we ran out of hot water, ordered room service and ate like wolves, and then slipped into bed, exhausted. Sleep came quickly.

The next day, surrounded by strangers, we ate a silent breakfast. There was so much to say but where to begin? I asked again if she was okay. She blushed and awkwardly assured me she was. I asked her what she

thought we should do. I wanted to call the cops but report what? We'd been kidnapped for several days and violated. They could get all the semen samples they needed but something told me Jacob would not be in their database. But even if he was where were we held? Where would they start? We were free now. She thought it was best to just put it behind us and count our lucky stars. She said, "No real harm has been done."

We drove home. On the drive we pieced together what had happened; Jacob must have passed us as we walked along the highway. He guessed we'd stop at the gas station and he beat us there and threw the owner in the back of the van, probably knocked out by the same fumes he used to knock us out. The rest was easy. He knew Candy would need the restroom so he waited for us in there. A little planning and a little luck and we were his for days. We were shocked at how easily a person's life can be toppled.

I approached her for sex a few days later but it seemed clumsy and embarrassing. As I slid my erection into her all I could think about was that Jacob had recently done the same. He had cum inside her. She had climaxed from his cock. That knowledge haunted me. Every time I closed my eyes I saw Jacob fucking my wife. We stopped and just held each other.

Candy felt ashamed and guilty and although I told her I understood she was just trying to survive, to help us both survive, she still felt mortified. I felt confused.

Days later I attempted sex again and we had some success, but now it felt like something was missing. I could not name what it was and neither could she. In less than a week Candy and I were back to our old routine as far as work and home were concerned. It was only in the bedroom we still had trouble. I didn't try for sex again, deciding when the moment was right, I'd know it.

Several days later, I was awakened in the middle of the night. I thought Candy was having a bad dream until I realized she was awake and silently masturbating. I remained perfect still and listened as she got herself off, catching only a harshly whispered, "So big..."

I grew erect under the covers. I knew what she was thinking about and it excited me. I slid a hand up to a big breast and startled her. I tried to pinch a nipple and discovered she once again wore the metal teasers Jacob had placed on her. That excited me even more. I knew I had to say

something but I didn't know what to say. I decided to open my mouth and blurt the first thing that came out.

“Are you imagining it?” I asked. “Is Jacob fucking you right now?”

I felt her tense and freeze. It was a stupid thing to ask. What if I was wrong?

“I would totally understand if you were, Honey,” I quickly added. “I won't hold it against you. You can tell me. I won't get mad, I promise.” I felt her relax some.

“Yes,” she exhaled. “Oh my God, yes. Mark, I'm so sorry. I know what happened to us was terrible. I know I should be outraged and demanding justice. But that's not what I feel. What I feel is horny all the time. I can't stop thinking about sex.”

She turned to face me in the dark.

“You wanted to make love and I wanted it too but it seemed so high school. Our love-making has lost its innocence. I spent my whole life arranging things so nice and neat and then Jacob comes in and tears the roof off everything. He turned my world upside-down. I fought him at first but soon I had to admit I wanted it. I'm not saying I want to be with him and I'm sorry if it sounded like that at all. I'm saying he showed me a side of myself I'd been blind to or denied. I'm so sorry my Love.”

“Don't be,” I croaked. “The same thing happened to me.”

“So what do we do?” my wife asked me, completely unfazed by my admission.

I had no answer. We sat gazing at each other. She had no answer either.

Two weeks later I was cleaning out the car and found a padded envelope with a masculine “J” scrawled across the front. I realized it must have been attached to the box in the backseat and gotten knocked to the floor in the dark. I ripped it open with trembling hands.

Inside I found a DVD and a letter. I read the letter and then carried both to the house. Candy was at her computer when I sat them in front of her. She looked up at me, confused, but I said nothing. She reached for the letter. After five seconds she whispered, “Oh my God.” After another thirty she stated more emphatically, “Oh my God!” She finished the letter and looked at me. I nudged the DVD towards her.

“Not on my computer,” she said, her voice strained with suppressed excitement. “We watch this on the wide-screen in the bedroom.”

Minutes later we sat with our backs against the headboard as the screen came to life. Candy looked at me and gulped. I nodded and she hit the play button.

It was all there; three hidden cameras in the barn but at least six in the bedroom. Jacob captured everything. All those hours Candy had been away from me and in the house suddenly lay revealed and it was worse than I'd imagined. Candy was a shameless slut for Jacob. Out of my sight, she held nothing back, trying her best to please him in every way. They were inseparable. She fondled his penis often, fascinated by it. They kissed and snuggled and nuzzled. They hugged and held hands and rubbed shoulders. They made love, fell asleep, woke and made love again and again and again. While I had been held trapped in a cage in agony imagining the sex I knew Jacob was forcing on my wife, I was sure he took her frequently. I now saw my estimation had been way too low and more than half the time, my wife initiated it. They were newlyweds.

Hours later a scene played for us that crushed my heart but also turned me on. Jacob lay sleeping on the bed and Candy awoke. They had previously made love vigorously for over an hour and Jacob was exhausted. Wearing only the collar and leash Candy slipped from bed to use the restroom and Jacob did not budge. She returned and watched him sleep for a few minutes and then moved about, examining the room. Jacob slept through it all.

She had every opportunity to escape. She could have easily slipped away and freed me. She could have smashed his head with a lamp if she wished.

We could have gotten away.

But Candy did none of that. Instead my wife carefully pulled back the covers and gazed at naked sleeping Jacob. Candy touched her tits and rubbed her pussy and then leaned in and sucked Jacob's limp cock into her mouth, waking him and beginning another bout of sex that lasted well over an hour. My wife had chosen to remain with him. I hit pause and looked her in the eye.

She seemed about to cry.

“Why?” I asked, deeply hurt.

Her lip trembled. “I was scared,” she answered, weakly.

I was unconvinced. I knew that was true but my gut told me it did not explain everything. I waited her out.

“Oh Baby, I'm so sorry,” she finally confessed. “I wanted more of him. He felt so amazing, like nothing I'd ever imagined. The first day I thought about escaping but soon I loved being his sex-slave. I'm infatuated with his penis and I loved being under his control. I'm sure that sounds awful, but I've thought a lot about it and I realized it only works for me because I'm married to you. I'd never want to just be with him. I want to be with you. But I love the way he forces me, I love how he exerts his control over you through me, but most of all I love when he's inside me.” She started to tear up. She swallowed hard. “Please don't hate me,” she whispered. “I'd die if you left me. Believe me when I say I couldn't help it, Mark. I swear it's true.”

I tried to get angry. My penis had engorged some while she was talking. She wiped tears off her cheeks and gave me a quizzical look and then reached for it.

“You're not angry, are you?”

I shook my head.

“You're as confused and conflicted as me. He got to you, too.”

I nodded.

Her eyes turned from sad and frightened to confident. I saw an idea bloom in her mind.

“Baby, his big cock did things to me. It cast a spell on me that remains to this day. He's handsome and his blue eyes kill me but there's more than that. I don't understand it myself. He forced me to look at myself. I think he did the same thing to you. We both have a darker side we know almost nothing about.”

I nodded slowly. With her free hand she started the DVD again. On screen, Candy slurped Jacob's rapidly growing cock, pure lusty joy lit her face as she laughed and flopped his meat back and forth before sucking the head as deep as she could. She loved being with him. Jacob put a hand on the back of her head and forced it deeper and Candy did not resist at all.

I put my hand on her head now and did the same. She moaned and sucked my inches, keeping her eyes on the screen. I pushed into her mouth roughly and she groaned and adjusted her throat. I quickly discovered that every time I dominated her she got more excited and soon I was fucking her mouth hard. I reached back. She was drenched.

I flipped her onto her back and rammed my penis into her pussy a few times but an evil idea occurred to me. I bent her legs back and aimed my dick at her little puckered asshole and pushed. She took it with a low moan, submissively spreading her legs and lifting her hips. Refusing me never entered her head for a second.

I used her. I fucked her ass hard and came fast. She curled up next to me like a pet.

The rest of the DVD was more of the same. Jacob had my wife every way a man could take a woman and she always came back for more. As we approached the end she snuggled closer and kissed my nipple.

“You like it too,” she whispered into my chest. I hit pause and looked down at her big hazel eyes. “Jacob's big cock fucking me; you like it too. I saw it in your eyes. You get excited. It makes you cum so fast. Jacob said he's seen lots of husbands like you. You love it too.”

I sighed. “I do,” I admitted.

After a minute of silence Candy spoke; “We need to discuss his letter.”

“Yes, we do.”

“I want it.” she stated. The desire in her voice crushed me. I knew exactly what she wanted; I knew exactly what “It” was.

Jacob had given us a contact number and complicated instructions to meet him if we wished. He was smart and his directions ensured he would not get caught.

“I want it,” my wife repeated. “I miss it. I don't want him all the time but I want the option. It won't last forever but can you live with your wife fucking another man a couple times a month?”

Five days later we rode in the back of a car, blindfolded and handcuffed. The man that picked us up did not know Jacob and was merely driving us to another location. We were transferred to another car before finally reaching our destination. Familiar hands undressed us and steered us to chairs where we were shackled back to back. Jacob only had us for the weekend and was wasting no time.

I heard movement behind me, the light clink of chains, and then a sucking slurp and a man and woman softly moan together. Candy loved sucking his dick as much as he loved her doing it. He fucked my wife's mouth for a while.

“Now suck your husband,” Jacob instructed. I felt someone draw close and then a warm mouth descend the length of my penis. Candy worked me long enough to get me hard and then stopped. I felt a hard plastic tube slip over me and Candy pushed it all the way down to my balls. I felt a strap run under my scrotum and attached to the tube on the other side. I heard a click and then a whir and the tube began an up and down milking motion and the strap began to vibrate. It felt good. It felt really good. I wondered if my ass was next.

Chains were pulled and my arms rose above my head and kept rising until I lifted from my chair and brought to standing. Hands gripped my ankles and attached cuffs and then spread me wide open. A bar was placed between my feet, holding me open. I was turned to face my chair and I knew I was also facing Jacob.

As expected, I felt Candy lube me and then nudge my sphincter with another replica penis. I took a deep breath and relaxed, preparing myself for the intense pleasure headed my way. This one was just as stiff as the chrome one had been, but was covered in soft rubber, which made it feel better sliding in. I eased my ass back as the bouncing tube milked me in front and the strap vibrated my balls from below.

Briefly, Candy's lips touched mine.

“Just let it happen, Honey,” she whispered. I detected an odd tension in her voice. She placed her hands on my shoulders to steady me and held me in place as the head at my asshole began to push.

The vibration climbed a notch and the suction grew and the pressure at my sphincter increased. I felt my tight ring expand as the large head began to penetrate me. The tingling sensation at the base of my penis elevated and I took another deep breath and eased more of my body weight back and down. Smooth as butter the head eased deeper, my ring opening and expanding as my ass enveloped it, my sphincter slipping over and around, closing tightly on the thick, hard shaft behind. I clenched and groaned. Already the pleasure was intense and she was only an inch or two deep.

This one was big, much bigger than the chrome one. The deeper it traveled the wider it became and soon the pressure on my prostate was almost too much to take. I gasped loudly.

“Almost there, Baby,” Candy soothed. “You're doing great.”

The pleasure rose rapidly as I filled up. This cock stretched me in every direction and I was glad it carried a soft coating. I wiggled my hips a little and Candy giggled and pushed it deeper still. A groan exploded from my throat. Good God I'd never felt anything like this. Any move I made sent electric waves of intense sensation radiating out in every direction. My penis throbbed inside the vacuum-tube and I knew I would cum soon.

Part of me was shamed by my eager acceptance of my penetration because along with the physical sensation I felt mental and emotional pleasure. It thrilled me to submit. I imagined what I looked like and found that exciting too. I was embarrassed but not enough to stop. Like Candy, I enjoyed being used. I liked being forced. Lastly, there was something deeply satisfying about being filled. I knew the penis working its way up into my body was fake but the fantasy that it was real turned me on. Honestly, I'd longed for it again. I'd gone my whole life ignorant of this Hedonistic joy but Jacob had changed all that.

The egg had prepared me for the larger chrome dildo and that experience had trained me for this one. I exhaled and let go of all resistance and reluctance. I released all residual shame and embraced my submissive self; I was stuffed full of cock and loved it. The huge penis in my rectum forced me to take its shape and I did joyfully. I was thrilled to be taken.

The chain relaxed and I was bent at the waist over my chair, my wrists attached to the legs. I felt my asshole spread open naturally and the fat dildo was smoothly gliding in and out now. This position was lewd and vulgar and I loved it. Head down and ass up, legs forced apart and kept apart by an iron bar; I was exposed and vulnerable and slutty.

Hands landed on my hips and gripped me, harder than I thought Candy could manage. They squeezed, pulling me back, bracing me as another inch penetrated deeper, the heavy spearhead now buried far up inside my body, bumping and nudging as it pushed farther and deeper. I rose to the tips of my toes and pushed my ass back to meet it, wrapping my rectum around the head and shaft, welcoming it to my most private and intimate region. Is this a version of what women feel? I felt vulnerable but loved offering myself. It felt good to give instead of take. I wriggled my ass again and opened myself fully. I wanted the whole thing. I wanted to take it all.

Then something bumped my balls. I felt a larger, heavier scrotum blanket mine, the testicles within spreading side to side as they smothered

my sac. I felt pubic hair scratch my asshole. I felt hard pubic bone bump my butt and I knew the cock inside me was real. A man was fucking me!

I panicked, certain it was Jacob. I tried to turn but the restraints held me. Every move sent shocking waves of pleasure roaring through me, leaving me breathless and weak. The knowledge rocked me as much as the insane pleasure did. Candy moved in front of me as the cock in my ass began a small in and out and she kissed my lips. I was about to say something when I heard Jacob speak right in front of me.

“Remove his blindfold.”

Candy did.

She wore black pumps and a jeweled collar and leash and nothing else. Jacob was nude as well except for his signature black motorcycle boots. His half-erect cock gleamed with my wife's saliva. I turned my head to see the man behind me although the sheer pleasure of moving almost made me cum.

He was older, with green eyes and thinning blonde hair but a muscular, athletic body. He held my hips with both hands with a half-smile-half sneer on his lips as he withdrew a few inches and then slid back home, pushing the wind out of my lungs and making my whole body tingle. I groaned and turned back to Candy and Jacob.

“Meet Jeremy,” Jacob said. “His dick is as big as mine, as you have no doubt discovered, but his tastes are much more eclectic. Jeremy will dominate anyone. Later I'm going to hand Candy over to him and by the way they keep looking at each other, neither can wait. That will be quite a show.”

Jeremy landed a stinging swat on my ass and shivers ran up my spine. His hard cock felt good as he returned to the slow in and out. He was pulling out a little farther each time, gradually building up to truly fuck me. I felt lube drizzle around my hole and Jeremy push all the way in again. It felt so incredible. I wanted him to leave it there. I knew if he did that just a few more times I would cum and I wondered what that said about me. The sucking tube on my penis and the vibrating belt against my balls contributed, but there was nothing like the intensity of that big cock in my ass. I loved the way it felt and I loved the idea of what was being done to me.

He had enough rhythm now that his nut-sack slapped mine on every thrust. I knew he would cum inside me and that thought raised goose

bumps all over my body.

Candy leaned in to kiss me, holding my face in her hands. Her kisses were tender and loving. Jacob moved up behind her and held her hips in the same way that Jeremy held mine. From her face I knew the moment he penetrated her. My wife and I gazed into each other's eyes, kissing passionately, as two men fucked us from behind.

My mind reeled; watching Candy's sweet face as Jacob drove her to the height of pleasure fed my lust and excitement. Her body began to jump and jerk as Jacob increased his pace and soon both of us were getting pounded. I felt my orgasm begin to rise from my balls and Candy saw it in my eyes. Her cries of pleasure intensified. She knew I would cum soon and she wanted it as badly as she wanted her own climax. Jeremy's fat cock swelled, stretching me even wider. I swear the huge head was up behind my ribs, bumping my heart and lungs, ready to exit my mouth. He felt gigantic. I loved that he felt gigantic. I was getting fucked by a huge-cocked stud and I loved it. A desire to have another cock in my mouth welled up but I fought the urge; I still resented Jacob on some buried level and I did not want to suck his cock. The shame would be too much. That would make his domination complete.

Candy and I kissed one last time and I could take no more. I howled and arched my back as much as the chains allowed and that triggered my wife's orgasm. My first spurt flew into the vacuum tube which gobbled it up and that opened the flood valve and my fluid was powerfully sucked up and out of my nuts. I could not control it. The vacuum took over. Cum flowed from me like a river as I shot over and over. Each time Jeremy thrust deep his cock crushed my prostate and another blast of cum burst out of me. I was powerless to stop this machine from milking everything my nuts contained.

Candy's tight pussy fluttered around Jacob's stiff member, climaxing and convulsing. She clung to me, arms around my neck, as Jacob's majestic cock relentlessly assaulted her. The pleasure was too much for her to bear and she burst into tears, sobbing her release, happy to have Jacob's big cock right where she wanted it. Her face revealed to me how much she loved his cock inside her. It was daunting and exciting.

The tube and strap never stopped. My orgasm was prolonged as the machine held me fast and drained me. Jeremy drove me on, forcing sperm from me well beyond my natural stopping point. My body flailed as my

fluids were drained. His hands gripped my hips hard, holding me in place, and he pumped faster. I was still shooting cum when his cock exploded inside my ass and he flooded my insides with his semen. Like a slut I pushed my ass back and worked it, trying to make him cum as hard as possible. It worked. My submission drove him crazy and made him cum hard and hot jizz spurting and spraying my bowels, painting my insides white. I proudly carried another man's sperm.

Eventually he finished and withdrew his spongy dick. I had finally run out of semen but the tube kept sucking, now so intense it hurt. Jeremy stepped away from me but left the machine working. The pain intensified and I told him to turn it off. He asked me what I'd said and when I tried to answer, he slapped a ball-gag in my mouth and buckled it. The machine continued to milk me and I tried to move my penis away but of course that failed since it was attached to me. I groaned and Jeremy and Jacob laughed. Candy asked if we should stop it since it seemed to be hurting me and Jacob told her to be silent and watch.

For ten minutes I suffered. My over-stimulated penis screamed at me to stop touching it. I jerked my hips as much as I could, and tried to throw the apparatus off, but it was well secured. The two men chuckled at my struggles, taunting me, offering to remove the apparatus if I would say please. It was a bizarre form of pain, one I'd never experienced before. The frayed nerves of my dick were exhausted. Buried within the excruciating agony were tiny threads of pleasure. I set my jaw and focused on those when they appeared and forced myself to take it.

"Excellent," was all Jacob said. He stepped to the wall and adjusted a dial and the vibration and suction jumped ten-fold. I screamed and Candy took a step towards me before Jeremy held her arm. Worry and concern etched her face.

Long minutes passed. I hung suspended in the chains as the machine worked its cruel torture on my flesh. I screamed again. It was maddening. Agony raced around my body. Both men watched and laughed at my suffering. I screamed again. Candy bit her knuckle. The room spun.

Then something happened. Gradually I crossed a threshold of some kind and pain turned slowly into a strange pleasure. Blood surged into my penis and I grew rapidly until I was harder than I ever remember being. The pumping tube and strap felt fantastic. My penis was eager to burst. Before I knew what hit me, my orgasm was ripped from me, forced tiny droplets of

sperm spraying and my nuts jumping. Semen ceased right away but my orgasm didn't.

After a long, long climax they at last turned the machine off and lowered me to the floor and then covered me with a blanket. The last thing I remember before I passed out was Jacob and Jeremy leading my wife out of the room.

What's the difference between waking up and coming to? I don't know, but I did one of them hours later. My body was weak and I trembled all over. The tube and strap had slipped off as I deflated in my sleep. My butt was sore and I reached back as best I could to touch it and discovered Jeremy's slick sperm still leaked.

I felt oddly satisfied.

Hours later Jeremy and Jacob entered my room with Candy. She was a mess; dried cum circled her mouth and fresh cum dripped from her pussy. Her breasts were pink and irritated and her nipples, still wedged through the teasing disks, swollen and puffy. Hand-prints decorated her ass and tits.

They left me cuffed and brought me inside where they fastened me to a heavy chair by the bed. For the next two and a half days Jacob and Jeremy used my wife however they saw fit. All her holes were free for their enjoyment and they took full advantage.

Candy, my beloved, welcomed all of it. She worshiped each cock presented to her until her strength gave out, but that didn't stop them. Twice I witnessed her exhausted and barely conscious body involuntarily orgasm around a big, invading cock. She was hardly aware what was happening as she groaned and stiffened and came hard. Finally they let her sleep.

Jeremy turned on me still fully erect. Jacob had fucked Candy alone. Jeremy had only watched. He approached my chair stroking from head to balls as he walked. He laughed.

"You know, your wife gets that same look in her eye when she looks at it. You two were meant to be married. You're the perfect little Sub couple." He sat on the corner of the bed facing me. After a minute he seemed to reach a conclusion about something.

"I'll give you a choice," he stated. "I'll set you free but I want to fuck you again. If you tell me no, I won't, I promise. Last time you were chained and had to take it. That was hot but I think it will be hotter if you want it too, and something about the way you enjoyed me last time makes

me think I don't have to tie you up.” He leaned back on his elbows and his big dick stood straight up. I stared right at it; so thick, so hard, so beautiful.

“Do you want it?” he asked. “Do you want this big cock inside you again?”

I met his eyes before drifting down to his porn-star cock again. Jacob glanced over only half interested in what was happening then laid his head back down and Candy snuggled closer to him.

His cock was breathtaking. Admitting that made me uncomfortable but the truth is the truth. I wanted to touch it. I nodded to Jeremy and he freed me.

No vacuum tubes, no vibrators, no manacles, no dildos, no bells, no whistles; just a big gorgeous erection right in front of my face. Oddly, I had no interest in Jeremy, the man, I wanted that cock, and it just happened to be attached to him. I rubbed my sore wrists and knelt at Jeremy's feet. A powerful desire to submit welled up inside me. I had no idea what to do or what was okay so I just followed my lust and opened my mouth. Jeremy smiled.

The blood in his cock surged. There was nothing tender or loving about what was happening. I can't fully explain to you why I needed to worship it, but I did. My mind raced, wondering if this meant I was gay or maybe bi, but I didn't worry too much about it. I pulled his curving horn away from his body and slipped the fat head into my mouth. I sent my tongue twisting and curving around the ridge and worming up his cum-slit. I felt the heat and power of it. He was incredibly hard and I was thrilled knowing it was for me. I leaned under and licked his heavy balls and thought about the sperm in them. His manhood was an intimidating weapon. His cock made most other cocks obsolete, including mine.

He didn't touch me. He put his hands on his hips and left them there. I lifted his testicles in my palm, feeling the heat and weight of them. I traced his ridged veins with the tip of my tongue and felt the head pulsing in my mouth. I bathed him with my supplicant tongue, sucking and nibbling and teasing until I had him hard as diamond and soaking wet. I was now as excited as he was, although my penis was as small and soft as a child's. I had no need for an erection and my body knew it. This was not about me taking anything from anyone.

From my knees I rolled slowly onto my back and drew my folded legs back, offering him my asshole. His grin turned into a smile and he

knelt between my legs. He forced his iron rod down and nudged my sphincter with the tip of his cock. I closed my eyes and held my breath, shocked at how badly I longed to be penetrated. He did not make me wait.

The first instant he pierced me hurt and I gasped. He stopped. I calmed myself and gave a little nod and he began again with slow steady pressure. My ring relaxed and blossomed, spreading and twisting as I enfolded him. Pleasure mushroomed as my ring closed behind his head and settled tightly around his shaft.

He pushed deeper and my rectum welcomed him, swaddling his throbbing inches in hot gripping flesh. He moaned and it thrilled me; I was pleasing him, or, more precisely, I was pleasing that kingly slab of manhood. I opened myself wider and pushed my ass up on him. I was thankful Candy was sleeping. Her seeing me like this would embarrass me.

Finally his hands touched me, landing behind each of my knees, opening my legs wider, spreading me so he was better able to take what he wanted. The head of his cock rubbed something inside me and I gasped and leaked a small spurt of semen. He chuckled and aimed his cock at it again and I gasped repeatedly, moaning as he forced a squirt of cum from me on every thrust.

He pulled almost all the way out, leaving only the bulbous head buried inside me, before he confidently plowed forward until his scrotum slapped my tailbone. I arched my back and clawed the carpet from the intense pleasure of it. There is no feeling to compare. I felt full of cock. I felt possessed and owned. I was impaled and pinned. Jeremy used me, fucking me as fast or slow as he wished, and I welcomed it, I loved it. A small residual guilt made me look at Candy and I was surprised to find her awake and smiling, her head still resting on Jacob's chest. I blushed. She moved to better see over the edge of the bed.

Jeremy long-stroked my ass. I actually felt his sexual tension growing. I knew I was driving him towards a powerful climax. There would be no spectacular orgasm for me. This was all about pleasing him. This time my orgasm would be an emotional one, my satisfaction derived from what I gave another.

Candy slipped out of bed and lay beside me.

“Isn't it wonderful?” she purred. “Now you feel what women feel; taken, desired, dominated...we give ourselves to a man. Allowing someone

inside you is such an intimate act. Just wait until fills you with his seed. You'll feel so sexy!”

I planted my heels in the rug and lifted my hips, bracing myself as he began to pound me. I offered him my ass and held nothing back. When he felt my complete surrender he growled like an animal and really began to hammer me. His domination of me was complete; I was not chained. I was not forced. Nobody held Candy's safety and well-being over my head. He was fucking me because he wanted to dominate me and I wanted that too.

He let go of my legs and grabbed my hips. I knew what was about to happen and I was so excited my soft penis was leaking cum profusely. Jeremy gasped loudly and I felt him twitch deep inside me and swell even bigger as he thrust and we both groaned as he exploded, his white-hot cum splashing my walls and filling me. Candy pulled back to watch and Jeremy exploded again, forcing his sperm far up inside me, thrusting wildly, cumming again and again.

Candy was right. I felt so satisfied, so strangely content . As Jeremy pumped his semen into me I peaked emotionally again and again. I ground my ass against him. I pulled on his thighs, trying to get him deeper. Each time he contracted his nuts his penis swelled and another jet shot into me. I squeezed the hard shaft with my ring, milking every drop. Finally he slowed and then stopped. He softened as he deflated and my tight ass forced him out, sealing tightly behind him. Jeremy fell to the rug, exhausted. Candy crawled back into bed with Jacob and soon joined him in sleep. Jeremy drifted off too. I lay there staring up at the ceiling, wondering about the future for Candy and me.

Sunday night they put us in bathrobes and drove us home. We collapsed into bed. We were obsessed with sex. We were carnal zombies. The work-week floated by like a dream.

We've returned to Jacob's twice since then. We never know what he'll have in store for us. Last time I was locked inside a steel cage in the shape of a person on all-fours. I had a man in my mouth while one fucked my ass until they both filled me with cum. I wasn't allowed an orgasm all weekend. I waited there, trapped and available for anyone to use.

Candy was passed around to every man present; black, white, skinny, fat. She has discovered she loves fucking until she is utterly fatigued and can barely move. She's addicted to her role as a sex toy, a

plaything, a rag-doll for big, hard men. We both sport a small black tattoo at the top of our ass crack; a symbol conveying ownership. Jacob has many friends and we've met them all. We've been lucky, so far; Candy hasn't become pregnant.

On Monday I reached for my wife but she said she was still too tender. I wondered if Jacob had ordered her to deny me. Tuesday and Wednesday she said no again with laughter in her eyes. Thursday I tried again and when she told me no, I grabbed her arms and pulled her down to the floor. She fought me. The harder she fought the more erect I got. I forced her. I pushed her skirt up and her panties down and rammed my stiff penis into her, pumping until I exploded in a climax that left me dizzy. She kissed me like crazy and wrapped her arms and legs around me and that's how we fell asleep.

Jacob has forever altered our marriage and our life. I know other couples visit him too. Candy and I have talked about it a few times and we agree Jacob is a fad for us. We will enjoy it for now but he's not something that will remain part of our marriage.

The new sex dynamic we've discovered will.

EPILOGUE

A year after our event with Jacob my wife called me to her computer. She'd been reading the news and pointed to a story about a married Mormon couple gone missing on the drive to Las Vegas from Salt Lake City. They had disappeared with no clues whatsoever but had miraculously reappeared four days later stating they had no memories of what happened.

Candy and I looked at each other and grinned; we knew exactly what had happened to them and why they were lying. That little Mormon girl had her world rocked. I saw it in her eyes as she talked to a reporter; dreamy and far away, visions of Jacob's big beast dancing through her mind. I felt bad for the husband. She was going to need more now; more than one man could give her.

The wife was striking; long dark hair and high cheek-bones. I'm sure Jacob enjoyed himself. The husband's face was a mask of pure conflict. I watched them, calm and composed, talking to the reporter, and I knew that

pretty wife was full of Jacob just as that husband most likely carried
Jeremy.