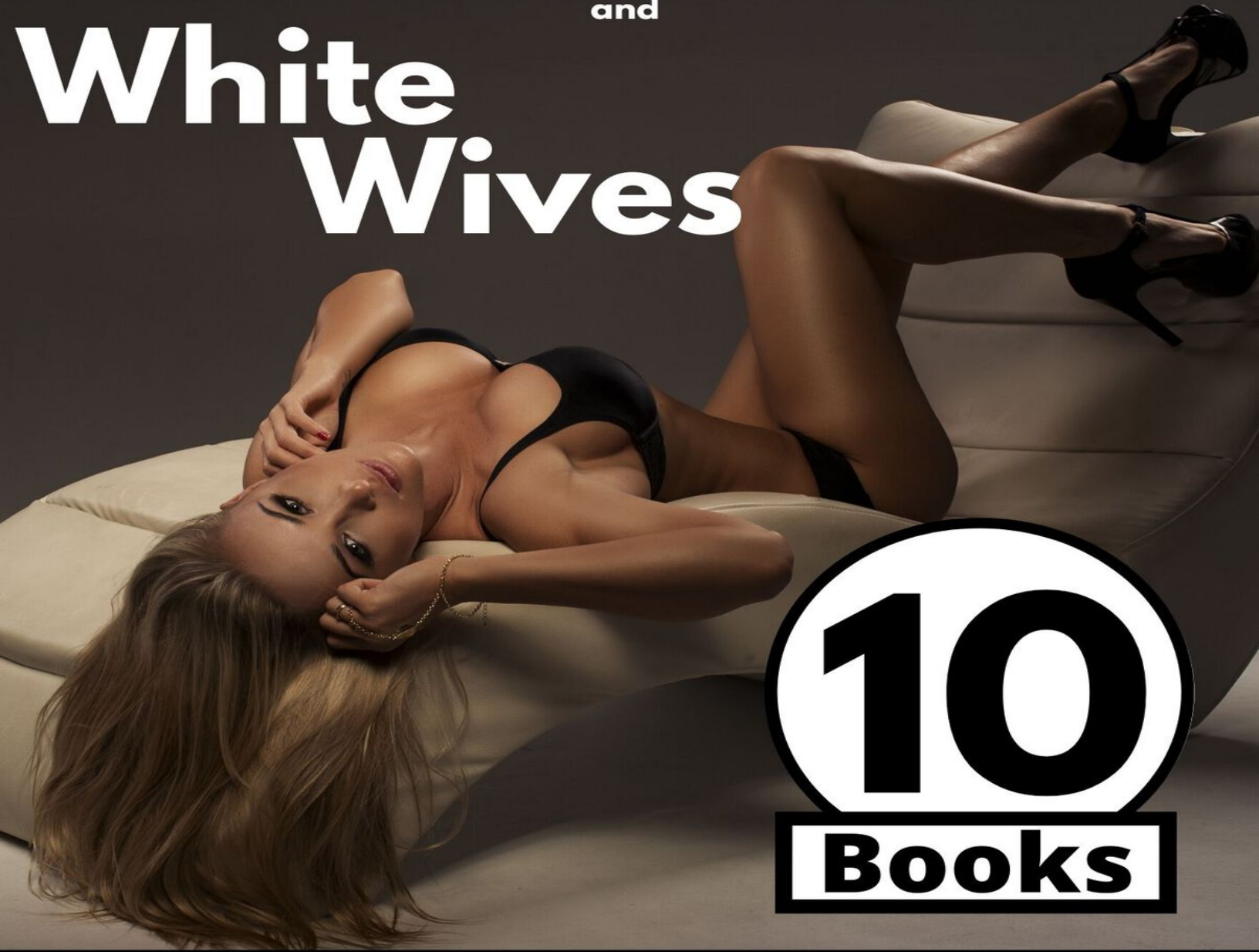


BBC BULLY

and

White Wives



10

Books

Cuckold Collection

R E M Y L E O N E

BBC Bully and White Wives Cuckold Collection

Remy Leone

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All characters are consensual participants and are of
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CONTENTS

- 1 [Sunburnt and Cuck'd in Brazil](#)
- 2 [Alpha Roommates](#)
- 3 BBC Professional Wrestling Cuckold Domination [Round 1](#) and [Round 2](#)
- 4 [Wigger's Wife-Watching Revenge](#)
- 5 [Black Alley Cuckold](#)
- 6 [Busty Wife's Got the Basketbull Jones](#)
- 7 [The Fight For My Wife](#)
- 8 [Busty Wife and the Basketbull](#)
- 9 [Black Best Man Takes the Dumb Groom's Busty Bride](#)
- 1 [Counsel and Control](#)
- 0

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | AGE PLAY | PUBLIC HUMILIATION

**SUNBURNT
AND
CUCK'D**

IN BRAZIL



REMY LEONE

Sunburnt and Cuck'd in Brazil

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [Introduction](#)
- 2 [Welcome to Brazil](#)
- 3 [A Red Morning Teen
Jerk](#)
- 4 [Beach Bar](#)

INTRODUCTION

Erin and Brad were excited for the first time in a long time. It had been a while since they were able to leave the confines of their home let alone town. Here they were, on their way to a whole new country.

Rio De Janeiro, Brazil was supposed to be beautiful this time of year and the beaches would add variety into their life. Erin had won it at a work competition being the number one sales person in the

organization. Her hard work would put them on an all-expenses-paid week long vacation. Not only that, but she was awarded the time off paid without using her own personal days.

Luckily for Erin, she didn't need to get her beach body prepared since her figure was always beach body ready. She had been working out her whole life and had kept her youthful figure even at the age of 32.

Brad, on the other hand, hadn't kept himself into a figure that he was satisfied with. The time he spent sitting around on the computer all day and night had given him at least twenty extra pounds of padding that was on his chest and belly. Even though he had put on the extra weight he knew that Erin loved him though for who he was as a person and not his body.

"Babe what do you think of this?", Erin came out of the bedroom where she was trying on clothes.

There she stood in a two piece neon green g-string bikini. Her 34DD breasts barely being contained by a bikini that looked to be altered by his wife.

"That looks a little small don't you think?", Brad said with concern.

"Well I want to look good.", Erin's pearly white and perfectly straight teeth became visible through her smile. She could tell that Brad was overthinking what she said.

"I want to look good for you babe.", Her soft voice tried to reassure her husband.

"You always look good babe. No matter what you wear."

"You have to say that. Because I'm your wife.", She said in a playfully sad tone. She pulled her brown hair back into a pony tail.

"You think I need to worry about getting sunburnt? I hear the sun on the beach can be brutal.", Erin began to move her slim yet curvy body in front of her husband. Brad just nodded still

hypnotized by his own wife's beauty. He was very much still attracted to her and how couldn't he be. His wife had the body of a social media model and ironically she was starting to become a bit more famous for her posts.

Most of the men were just guys trying to get her to meet up or going as far as propositioning her. Her fans annoyed him especially when they would make fun of him when she would post pictures of them both on her page. He had asked her to stop, but she seemed to have an addiction and with her recent ability to monetize her page that wasn't happening anytime soon.

"Well if you really don't want me to wear this one. I'll find another.", Erin waited for him to admit it.

"Please don't babe. I mean I want to keep some of your body to myself."

Erin smiled. "Well since you *really* don't want me to. I won't."

There was a hint of teasing in her voice about his insecurities as she loved to play on his weaknesses. She did it naturally and not out of malicious intent. She just enjoyed getting a rise out of Brad and she knew how to.

"I guess that means you have to buy me a new one then.", She said sweetly.

"Of course honey. If it gets you out of that piece of string and into something a bit classier."

"Perfect! I'll get you one too and pack it with the rest of your clothes that I will be packing.", She wasn't going to let her husband who had no fashion sense dress himself.

"Sounds good.", He hadn't even questioned her control over himself. A man without a reason and a vision he had lost any sense of manifest destiny and had accepted the world's control over himself.

Brad let Erin do the packing for him and didn't even ask to see the swimming trunks that she bought him. He knew that she would have her way anyway so it was easier to just go along with it.

Sometimes Brad wondered how far he would actually go.

WELCOME TO BRAZIL

The plane ride had been long and when they got there Erin and Brad had the air sucked right out of their lungs. The climate was hotter and more humid than the dry cold air they were breathing during winter.

"Lord have mercy it's a lot more hot. I love it!", Erin said as they exited the plane and into the small terminal where they retrieved their luggage.

The both of them were already sweating and Erin's tight skirt was sticking to her firm body. The attention of the white woman in the Brazilian country was not unheard of, but they were definitely the minority.

The Brazilian' Portuguese was eloquent but not understood by Brad or his wife. There was something strangely satisfying that they couldn't understand everyone as a lot of people were walking up to them even while in the terminal to sell them things.

One man even had wrapped his hand around Erin's bicep and halt her. The aggressiveness of the man went unnoticed by the rest of the people in the terminal as they were surrounded by more locals than tourists. Erin had to pull herself away from the man forcefully and the aggressive man didn't pursue them. The situation was uncomfortable for the both of them to say the least.

As they began to exit the terminal Erin and Brad saw a man holding a sign with their name on it and they went with him. He was an older man with a mustache and very short.

"Good welcome, Americans!", His friendly tone and energy overcame his poor English.

"Why thank you!", Erin said sweetly while Brad offered a smile.

The older man wrapped his hand at Erin's small waist and pulled her outside into the hot heat again. The driver pulled her towards the other end of the car to sit in her the back passenger. He opened the door and held his hand around her to make sure she could get in.

His hand came down to hold her by the butt firmly as she began to get into the car. Erin could feel his hand giving her butt a squeeze as she sat into the car, but thought it was just an accident. Brad saw it too, but figured the same as his wife.

The old man opened the door for Brad and put their luggage in the back before climbing into the driver seat of the cab. The sped off and rolled down the windows to get a breeze in as the car didn't have air conditioning.

They made it to their hotel and entered their room which faced the Copacabana beach and the Atlantic ocean. You could see how many beach goers numbered in the thousands and it was a very lively scene down there. Erin was excited and even though their room was beautiful, she couldn't wait.

"Babe. I think its time we go down there and get into the waters!"

Brad was hoping they could relax for a little bit when they go there. Maybe even have a little intimate time with his wife, but knew that she was too excited to wait any longer and didn't want to be rejected so he didn't even speak up.

"Okay well let's get into our suits.", Brad said as optimistically as he could.

Erin became excited and immediately got their suits out and went

into the bathroom. While Brad slipped on the suit within a manner of a minute Erin took an entire 10 minutes to get ready. By the time she got out it looked like she had reapplied her makeup did her hair and changed.

Her firm body stood in her pink bikini that was similar to the neon bikini she had worn to show off to him earlier. However, the G-string was a thong and the top covered her breasts more. Her natural 34DD breasts jiggled each time she stepped and even her butt had its own bounce to it.

They grabbed their towels and left the room to exit the hotel and make their way to the beach. It was easy to notice that all of the men around them who were of darker skin tone gawking her. Brad felt this nervous tension between him and the other males they became within close distance off.

A man would follow them each block to fully take in the beautiful Erin and her goddess body as she strutted by them with her bouncing American breasts. They began to call out to her in their native Portuguese tongue which neither of them could understand. However, they would make body movements thrusting their hips or holding imaginary breasts on their own chests that properly communicated what they were saying.

While Brad was appalled, Erin seemed unaffected by the constant harassment from the multiple men on their way there. The entire coast was made up of light sands which were not so hot on the feet and the people around them were young and attractive.

There were men playing soccer and women playing volleyball. Erin noticed the hard bodied men who were much better shape than her husband. Brad couldn't help but notice the same thing and watching his wife check out of a few of them made him a bit insecure but he pretended not to notice.

They went and found a spot on the beach. Even with the thousands of people walking around admiring the scenery like they

were there was still plenty of room for them to stretch out and have their own space.

The put their beach towel down on the sand and dropped their bag of stuff they brought. Erin pulled out the lotion she began rubbing lotion over the front of her body.

Her hands would slide the oily lotion that gave her skin a literal glow under the harsh sun. She then handed the bottle to her husband.

“Do you mind?”, She wiggled her brows flirtatiously.

Brad excitedly took the bottle from his wife who laid down on her front her. He sat down next to her and began to rub the lotion over her body. His hands would move up and down her calves and up her thighs and stopped where her legs reached her plump butt.

By now some of the beach-goers were watching him rub the lotion on her sexy body. Brad could tell they seemed to have a look of surprise and disdain that a man like him could be rubbing lotion on such a beautiful woman. Even in the assumption that he was married they were still not pleased that a less than average man could have such a trophy.

He could feel their eyes and their judgement, but had no choice and blocked it out. He continued to rub his hands up and down her body and they would continue to stare. Brad decided that if they wanted a show he would give them one out of spite to make them jealous.

His hands began to rub at Erin’s ass and even gave it a light pat giving her butt an actual spank. He looked up to the men who obviously reacted by looking to one another and back at him. They were shaking their head and Brad felt a sense of satisfaction at their anger showing pride in his own wife’s beauty.

The group of Brazilian men walked off finally as they had places to go and Brad finally ended his entertainment when he laid down

on the towel next to Erin who had dozed off immediately. She must have wanted to get on the beach to get some sun while she rested.

Brad was lost in thought over how he had just showed those guys who was the boss; at least in his mind. He felt proud of himself and stretched out under the sun closing his eyes. His hands came to fold under his head as he relaxed and drifted off. Exhausted from their travels, Brad too was doze off into a deep sleep on the middle of Rio De Janeiro's Copacabana beach.

Hours they rested there and soaked in the southern hemisphere sun. They were only meaning to be there for twenty minutes tops and had overshot their sun tanning session. Erin was reaching over rubbing at Brad trying to wake her husband which wasn't difficult at all.

"Ouch, woman!", Brad hooted. His skin was burning and aching at her touch.

"Brad I think you're sunburnt.", She said with concern.

"Yeah it feels like it. Holy shit how long were we out here for?"

"Three hours."

"That can't be good.", He looked at his skin which was already red.

They retreated from the beach and walked back to their hotel. It hurt for Brad to move and he was groaning the entire way. He drank a lot of water before laying in bed in the cool air of the air condition.

Erin on the other hand was walking around normally and was spritely. She was still excited about being in Brazil. Everything was a new experience and she was ready to go out for the night.

"Babe can we stay in tonight? Just tonight?", Brad asked his wife.

Erin looked disappointed staring at her husband that looked a deep red compared to the white sheets that he laid on. She almost laughed, but was able to hold her composure.

"Yes. Only tonight though. I want to see to go back on the beach tomorrow.", She warned.

The sound of the beach groaned. "The beach?"

"Welcome to Brazil, Brad.", Erin said to Brad who laid there sunburnt. "Where the beaches are filled with people and fun."

Brad could only groan in response.

A RED MORNING TEEN JERK

"Ughhhhh.", Brad said as he tried to stand out of bed. He grounded at the suggestion of leaving today. He was completely sore all over his body and looking over at himself in the mirror he could see that his skin was peeling.

Erin watched her husband get up and couldn't help but be disappointed. She was angry that somehow he forgot to put on lotion even after he took his time to lotion her up.

"Brad. I know you are in pain, but we came all the way to Brazil and we can't sit in the hotel room the entire time.", Erin said in a demanding tone

Brad sighed. He knew he wasn't going to convince Erin to stay in today after keeping her in last night. He got up and slowly walked over to put on a hoodie, hat and sunglasses. He covered his entire skin and actually looked like some sort of criminal.

"You realize that took you ten minutes to put that on?", Erin said looking at the clock. "At this rate we won't be down at the beach for another hour."

“Thanks for your support.”, Brad said.

“Well, I’m just becoming impatient with you right now.”, She sneered.

Brad sighed at his wife chiding him as suffered possibly his worst sunburn of his life. She seemed really uptight and he wasn’t going to argue with her as he did his best to follow her down to the beach to find a spot.

There were people everywhere. They all were having fun like last time and people were kicking around soccer balls while some teens were wrestling one another.

“Can we find a spot with shade?”, Brad whined.

Erin frowned. “Where do you expect to find shade around here, Brad?”

“I don’t know.”, Brad didn’t even try to look as he pouted.

Erin saw that there was a few trees that might provide some shade if the spot was empty. She waved her useless husband to follow her. Brad felt the negative aura that Erin exuded and knew he better try his best to keep up with her which he failed. By the time he had got to where Erin had pointed out she had already set her towel up. She even graciously placed his down too, but it was nearly fifty feet away in the shade while she was in the middle of the beach in the sun.

“Babe are you sure you need to be that far away?”, Brad asked.

“I think its best to for today.”, Erin assured him in a stern tone.

Brad almost rolled his eyes at his wife who couldn’t possibly be this mad at him for getting sunburnt. He walked to the shade where his towel was huffing and puffing the entire way there as he trudged through the hot stands in his sandals. He was sweating

profusely under the hoodie, but couldn't risk exposing his skin to any more sun.

He laid down and look outward. In his view was the sands, his wife Erin and the ocean and nothing else. There were no other people compared to where the main section of the beach was. It was actually quite tranquil and Brad wondered maybe the best thing that could have happened to them was he got sunburnt. He tried to remain positive as they were going to be here for an entire week before returning back to the States.

Somehow even as hot as he was, Brad fell asleep in the shade. He woke up hearing the sound of a couple of younger individuals whispering off in the distance. Opening his eyes he could see two admirers of his wife. They couldn't have been much more than 18 or 19 years old as the both sat near Erin. He could hear them laughing before one of them finally started to crawl over to his wife.

A bit of panic ran through him as he watched one of the teenagers crawling towards his wife. He felt in too much pain to make any sudden movement as he watched the kid get closer to his beautiful wife. He was sitting in between him and his beautiful wife. She was facing down and wearing her neon orange bikini. Just like her other bikini it did very little to cover her big beautiful full ass that pointed straight up towards the sun. The teen nearby looked to be jerking off from where Brad could see. He pulled out his phone and pointed down at the woman on the beach as he started to crawl closer continuing to jerk himself off. From Brad's distance he could see the kid's cock was bigger than his own as it hung off his skinny body. The kid continued to jerk himself until he was on his knees right next to her.

Erin hadn't noticed the stalking teen who was video recording himself jerking off over her ass. In fact she didn't know anybody was there until all off a sudden she started feeling streams of warm liquid shooting on and across her ass. She turned to look up and see the teenager grunting as he continued to cum all over Erin's

ass. He didn't seem to care of the consequences as then aimed his cock up at Erin's chest that was covered by her neon orange top. He was still cumming buckets and her he hit in between her big hefty breasts as well as all over her bikini top. Then he aimed it at her face and after being hit on the cheek she laid back down on her stomach feeling him still cumming streams on her bare back as she covered herself.

"Oh my god... Brad!", She called for her husband.

"Fuuuuck yeah.", The kid continued to milk his cum all over the white blond woman tourist. He reached down and smacked her big bubbly ass with his sticky wet hand which caused a loud smack. Erin was still stunned as she felt the teen rub her ass where he smacked it. He was rubbing the cum all over her too until he reached down pulled her bottom up and palmed her pussy with his cum covered hand.

"Brazilian baby.", The teenager laughed as he tried to finger her pussy with his cum covered hands.

Erin laid there kicking her legs finally getting the teen to pull his hand out of her entrance. He pulled his hand back and stopped recording on his cellphone.

"Let's go!", The teen said to his other friend that watched it all go down. They were laughing as though they had just had playful fun when in fact they had just assaulted a woman.

Erin was shaken up, but on the other hand she couldn't help but feel a little aroused. A skinny tanned youth with a nice body feeling you up and shooting his load all over you in front of the husband you were mad at strangely turned her on. She wasn't going to admit that to her husband as she trudged over to him who pretended to be sleeping.

"Brad!", She yelled.

Pretending to be waking up, still wearing his sunglasses he

said in his best groggy voice, "Yes honey."

"How can you be sleeping right now?", She was steaming at him yet she couldn't be anymore hornier than she was right now.

"Whatever do you mean, my love?", Brad said.

She sensed that Brad was mocking her and took a deep breath in and exhaled slowly. Brad knew he was in big trouble, because she didn't do anything but turn around and begin to walk away.

Brad watched his wife's heart shaped ass sway back and forth as she made her way towards the ocean. She must have been attempting to wash the teenagers cum off of her body rather than go back to the hotel room.

When she came back out of the water Brad was completely shocked. She had taken her top off and her breasts were now completely exposed. As she continued to climb out of the water, he noticed that her bottoms were off too.

Erin had taken off her the itty bitty bikini and was carrying her bikini in her hand. Like she was a magnet, a man started approaching her and Brad knew he was going to cut her off before she could get back to him and the towel.

Brad narrowed his eyes at the approaching dark skinned man. He was very muscular compared to the skinny teen Brazilian and much darker. He was much taller than Erin and when Brad focused in he could see that he was actually naked. He began to sweat under the hoodie as he baked while still in the shade out in the hot Brazilian weather.

The black man must have been hitting on Erin because she was smiling, but nervously was inching away while covering her busty chest with her forearm. The black man reached out and grabbed Erin by her tiny waist and pulled her back towards him. His hand slowly slid off her waist so his hand could glide over her perfectly

shaped ass. Erin jumped at how forward he was and also liked how aggressive the muscular man was. Erin looked back over at Brad knowing that he was seeing what was going on this time. She turned fully toward the black man dropping her forearm and letting him get a good look at her big tits.

The black Brazilian stared and Erin was flattered at how blatant he was being. She looked down for the first time and noticed that he was hung and his cock was beginning to harden by simply staring at her.

“Oh my.”, She giggled.

The black Brazilian looked proud of his cock and began to shake the eight inch member from side to side. Precum was leaking out of it in front of her as finally Erin told the man it was nice to meet him.

The muscular Brazilian watched her and reached down to grab at his cock. He watched her ass and stroked his cock no more than ten times before he began cumming on the sand right in front of him.

Brad realized that he needed to recover from this sunburn and he needed to quick.

BEACH BAR

Erin never mentioned the teenager cumming on her and she knew she didn't need to mention the man that hit on her when she exited the ocean nude. Brad knew that it was better not to question his beautiful goddess wife who deep down he knew was out of his league.

Erin was done sunbathing nude and ready to go have a drink. She put on a white t-shirt and threw her pink neon bikini bottoms back on. Her hair was a little damp and her nipples poked through her shirt.. She finally slipped on her sunglasses and walked over to a bar that was located about a hundred meters down the beach. She didn't even bother to grab her sunburnt husband.

Brad did his best to follow his wife, but he lost her in the crowd for a second before reappearing luckily right when she walked into the bar. Each time he bumped into the crowded beach he shrieked and winced in pain. Sweating still under the hoodie he finally got to the bar that was completely open to the outside. It appeared to be made of palm leaves and branches and a few makeshift scrap that had been found. There was a huge icebox that they stored liquor but other than that it only consisted of a few benches and some stools.

Erin was sitting at the bar stool ordering herself a drink when Brad caught up with her.

"Erin. Why didn't you come grab me?", Brad said confused.

"Because I want to enjoy my vacation and you're being a bore.", She said coldly.

The bartender handed her a drink and in broken English asked Brad if he wanted one. He nodded for a beer and the bartender handed him one. Brad paid for their drinks and gave him a tip which was generous.

The bartender smiled waving the tip in his hand with gratitude.

"Erin. I'm sorry. I'm just sunburnt really bad. I feel like shit.", Brad sat on a stool slowly next to her.

"No, Brad you make me feel like shit. How do you think it makes me feel that you don't even stand up for me when you see men come feel me up?"

“Well I uh... I didn’t... but...”, Brad stammered. A sudden pang of embarrassment as he looked around to see that some of the other bar patrons who were all locals listened in on them. Their eyes intent on the beautiful busty blonde American more than her husband. They looked like wolves watching their prey.

“C’mon Erin, not so loud.”, Brad was hanging his head a little lower trying to hush his wife.

“What all you are worried about are these jerks in this bar that you’ll never see again? You really more concerned with their opinion than your own wife?”, Erin didn’t lower her tone and some of the men were chuckling at the white American husband being scolded by his wife. A lot of their chatter was in Portuguese and Brad only spoke English, but he could tell they were mocking him.

“I mean Brad. That teenager literally jerked off all over me then tried to rub his cum in my pussy to get me pregnant and you literally laid there and just watched. And don’t tell me you were sleeping because I realized later that I actually noticed that you spotted them. So either you’re some weirdo who wants his wife to be with another man or you’re not man enough to stand up for me!”, Erin said it loud enough for everyone in the bar and around the bar to hear.

The entire bar was laughing at Brad and it didn’t take long before a couple of Brazilian had surrounded them. The first guy stood right next to Erin who was sitting on the stool. He had let his hand snake around her so that his hand wrapped around her hip and on top of the strap of her thong. The other Brazilian stood next to him and right next to Brad in between them. They were both physically muscular and Brad realized he recognized the two guys.

They were two of the guys from earlier that he teased while applying lotion on her body. The both of them were staring at him wondering if he recognized and both of them looked at each other with a smile and a nod realizing he did when his eyes lit up from his memory.

They flirted with Erin right in front of Brad and the man with his hand around her waist was playing with the strap of her thong. He slipped his finger under it so that the strap was now over his finger as he continued to rub. He was rubbing his body as best as he could against her and Erin was noticeably enjoying his aggressive attention. Her nipples were completely hard.

Finally, the other guy jealous of the first guy decided to just reach up towards Erin's breasts slowly. When she just watched his hand and didn't move he grabbed it over her shirt. He started to play with it and smiled at Brad thinking he was completely okay with it as his wife had basically shouted out in the bar earlier.

Before long the two men crowded only around Erin and Brad was pushed aside facing the back of the man whose hand was no rubbing her breasts. Erin looked over at Brad to see if he was going to do anything, but Brad just looked down at the bar top sipping his beer. She shook her head realizing he wasn't going to do anything.

The Brazilian men were drunk enough to start letting their hands roam more freely over her body. There was nothing but sexual tension at this point as the two men began to stroke her thighs, rub at her hips and even put their hands up her shirt to play with her tits. Erin moaned while at the bar and only encouraged other men to watch what was going on.

Finally the man in front of her reached up to the front of her shirt and ripped it straight down the middle. Erin's mouth opened from shock, but she went silent as the man in front of her leant down and took one of her breast in her mouth. He had a little scraggly beard that scratched lightly at the soft flesh of her round mound as he sucked on her nipple. Since he bent over, she was able to stared at her husband.

"You are such a pathetic little man.", She narrowed her eyes at Brad.

Brad's head sunk.

"These men are about to ravage me right in front of you and you won't even stop them.", She sneered.

As she said this, the man sucking on her tit was pulling down his shorts and exposed another large Brazilian cock dangling from his crotch. The two men ripped off her neon orange bikini bottoms and had no concern if she was a willing accomplice at this point. The two men were going to fuck her right then and there and Brad was just going to have to watch.

"He's about to fuck me. Last chance loser.", Erin warned.

The Brazilian man had spread her legs around him while she sat on the stool. He was already rock hard and leaking precum as he positioned the head of his big cock at her entrance. He stuck himself into in one motion and right next to Brad sitting behind him began to thrust his hips. He made a loud ugly piggish noise as he entered the beautiful blonde woman that put a chill down Brad's spine.

"So tight.", The Brazilian man said in his best English he could.

The second guy was helping the first guy balance her on the stool. He also held one of her legs out by the ankle while his friend fucked her. He had a gross grin covering his face when Brad made eye contact with him. There was something masochistic about the smile he gave, like he was loving the pain they were causing the white man by fucking his drunk wife even if she was only slightly tipsy.

Erin was moaning and her tits were bouncing from the Brazilian hunk between her legs thrusting his big cock into her. She leaned back against the second guy and felt him pull her hand down to his fat cock. She wrapped her hands around it and began to pump it as the man between her legs increased his pace.

The man fucking his wife's speed and thrusts began to lengthen so now he was bumping into Brad. Brad spilled his beer all over himself and Erin couldn't help but laugh at what just happened. Her laughter quickly was shut off as the man between her legs went faster and harder thinking the white woman was challenging him to fuck her harder. Now he bumping into Brad so hard that he knocked him off his own stool.

"Hey man I'm trying to drink!", Brad said pissed.

The man continued to fuck Erin as hard as he could not paying attention to the woman's husband he just fucked out of the way. The other man however couldn't help himself and responded in English, but very slowly, "Hey man... we try to fuck your wife here."

"Assholes...", He muttered.

The man between Erin's legs grunted a few more times as he started to cum. He did his best not to break his rhythm, but he was shifting and buckling on his feet as he pumped his seed deep into the white wife. He slowed his pace down as he milked himself in between her legs.

"Hurry... my turn.", The second guy pushed his friend out of the way and shoved his hard cock into Erin quickly. The first guy sat in Brad's stool before he could retrieve forcing him to now just stand nearby and witness the brutal fucking the two Brazilian men were giving her.

The second man started off fast and hard. He was roughly grabbing at Erin's tits and sucking on her nipples sounding like some sort of animal. It was wild watching his ass pump between his wife's legs. He was so strong and muscular that he was able to manhandle Erin and move her legs around so he could fuck her in slightly different positions while she sat back on the stool. Her big tits bouncing the entire time.

“Cummm...”, Is all the second man could say as he looked straight into the top of the shanty bar and began to unload his cum into her. Unlike his first friend, he actually stiffened up and thrust himself fully into the blond busty wife as he came deep.

“Nggghhhh...”, He came and came what felt like buckets and Erin in the moment couldn't help but orgasm herself along with the man between her legs.

Just twenty minutes ago she entered the bar, and now she just got fucked by two men. The dirty feeling of being taken in front of Brad as revenge was too much for her mentally to suppress.

Brad sat there horrified. Erin orgasming on another man's cock while he came deep into her. He knew she wasn't on the pill and truly was worried about her getting pregnant. The amount of cum these two hunky Brazilian produced in one session was more than he could in a week.

The two men pulled up their shorts and laughed at Brad each giving him a pat on the shoulder before walking out of there. It was so painful that it actually made tears come out of Brad's eyes due to his irritated skin. Erin's white t-shirt was still ripped down the middle and her tits hanging out with her bikini bottom bunched up by the leg of the stool that she was fucked on.

Brad knew that he should at least get his wife out of there. She looked practically unconscious from the brutal fucking the two men gave her and she wasn't going to be able to walk herself out of there. He tried to pick her up from the stool, but then heard a voice from behind him.

“Where do you guys think you are going?”, It was a stranger that had just watched the other two men have fun with the beautiful busty blond.

“I'm going to get my wife out of here.”, Brad replied.

“Like hell you are. We haven't had a chance yet.”, The man

waved to the group of men in the bar who were all still watching Erin like a pack of wolves. They all began to slowly stand up from their chairs.

Brad saw that the man talking to him was slowly stroking his own cock. As he slowly approached him and his wife, Brad had the realization that he was going to have let all of these men in this bar fuck his wife.

Brad let go of his wife, handing her over to the man who had been talking to her. He even helped him penetrate his own wife while he took a seat on the stool next to them. This time, sliding it over further.

The white American husband knew they were going to be there for a while as the bar full of Brazilian men lined up to all take a turn with his wife.

-----THE END-----

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | AGE PLAY | HUMILIATION

ALPHA ROOMMATES



REMY LEONE

Alpha Roommates Athlete, Slob and the Beta

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [Jerry, Desiree, Brunson and Jarvis](#)
- 2 [Cleaning House](#)
- 3 [The Run, In at the Bar](#)
- 4 [Over Jarvis, Under Jerry](#)
- 5 [Big Bad Brunson](#)

JERRY, DESIREE, BRUNSON AND JARVIS

Jerry and his girlfriend Desiree were both planning on getting married soon. Due to the expense their wedding would cost, Jerry had decided to find a couple of a roommates to share the load of rent in order to save money.

First, there was Brunson. He was only 18 years old, which was quite a few years younger than Desiree and her boyfriend who were now 27 each. He tended the bar on weekends, played video games on weekdays and occasionally played rugby with his jock buddies from high school on weeknights. Jerry always wondered how Brunson could be so fast at his size as he wasn't skinny with a round belly. He wasn't quite fat either as his chest stuck out as much as his stomach and his hairy arms were very large for a young man

Jerry did his best to leave Brunson alone as he could be obnoxious. He always liked to tower over Jerry whenever he had a chance and liked to call Jerry "shrimp" sometimes due to his smaller stature.

Second, there was Jarvis. He was slightly older than Brunson at age 23 and while not nearly as large or hairy as Brunson, he was just as tall. Jarvis was made up of a lean black skin where Brunson's was pale. While Brunson was known to be more obnoxious, Jarvis was more reserved. He wasn't shy, but more calculated in his approach and around the bars he was known as a bit of a player. Jerry had found him bringing multiple girls home in one week. Most women he brought around yearned for a tall dark black man that had a great body. Desiree's boyfriend Jerry had even caught her checking him out a few times.

Desiree didn't seem to mind her boyfriend Jerry's roommates at first. They partied a few times when she met them and they seemed nice enough. As time went on though, Jerry could tell that Desiree was beginning to dislike his roommate Brunson. It started off as a few small drunken arguments over women's rights and other political views.

It was around then that she seemed to offer a critique about Brunson whenever she could.

"He's a disgusting slob.", Was a typical thing that would come from Desiree's mouth concerning Brunson.

When Brunson worked at the bar on a weekend, it wasn't unusual for him to come home around 4:00 a.m. or even later. That was Desiree's best chance to see her boyfriend as to not encounter the disgusting roommate.

Desiree originally didn't like staying over at her boyfriend's house as the house was more of a bachelor pad, rather than a home. Other than Jerry, none of the men cleaned the house. And often Brunson would leave all types of "man-stains" all over the place. At first she noticed that it was only after he left the bathroom she would see it on the tiles. She had even seen it freshly dripping down a wall near his computer screen one time when she was going to ask him if she knew where Jerry was.

She always hated going to Brunson's room. He was a bit of a slob and never cleaned his room. You could never see his floor as dirty clothes and empty beer cans filled his room. His room smelled too. To the point that Desiree would shut his door to keep his musk from out of the hallway.

There he was, sweating and out of breath in his boxer briefs. He must have just ejaculated as she heard him groaning and thought he was sick at first. She figured he had drank too much like he normally did and would find him throwing up. Not him sitting in his chair with nothing but a pair of red underwear with his hairy chest and belly rolling over. Brunson didn't even bother switching the porn off his computer screen as he watched some older fat guy screwing a much younger woman roughly.

The scene was enough to make any proper woman turn around and leave right away. An almost incomprehensible amount thick white liquid dripped down the walls. Desiree was actually in shock when she watched it pour down Brunson's wall as he smiled proudly at her with the moaning younger woman and grunting pig of a man on top of her on the porn that he watched. Amongst the fresh ejaculated that spilled down the walls, there were other trails all over that appeared to be residue of his past sessions.

"...I heard something. Just checking to make sure you're okay.", Desiree finally ended the awkward silence.

"Does it look like I'm okay?", Brunson said. He lifted his hips a little. He even pointed his crotch right at her testing her.

When Brunson lifted his hips, Desiree couldn't help but look at the wet outline of the bulge in Brunson's red boxer briefs. His cock must have been covered in its own sweat and cum as the wet fabric stretched around the large mushroom head. Desiree was caught off guard and stared at the skin before realizing that she was staring.

"Yes. It's huge. I mean... great. No, I mean you look

fine.”, Desiree stammered.

Desiree’s face became a little red. She knew Brunson had caught her staring at the transparent wet boxer briefs. He made no effort to hide his shit-eating grin and before he could say another word Desiree left his room.

Walking down the hallway the flashing of the seemingly gallon of cum dripped down his walls. His big hairy arms and legs only covered by his tight underwear.

What a disgusting pig. He came and didn’t even clean up or even try and cover up. And the way he just looked at me stare. I shouldn’t have stared.

Desiree had never been around such filth in her life. She was raised in an upper-class neighborhood with wealthy parents, going to the best schools and she never went without. She had encountered a few times where she realized how privileged and well-mannered she was, but nothing that could have prepared herself for what she just saw.

Jerry was no different either. Like Desiree, most people’s opinions about him were that he was a saint. He held the door open for her, compliment her and always did what she wanted him to. The two men couldn’t have been more opposite of one another.

So why couldn’t Desiree stop thinking about what she saw she wondered.

CLEANING HOUSE

Desiree never mentioned the incident with Brunson from before to Jerry as it was much too awkward to explain and didn't want to add anything weird to the dynamics of the house. They were going to need to live with one another for at least another year as they all had just resigned their lease. She stayed away from the house for a few days, but missed Jerry.

She decided to wait for the weekend and wait for Brunson to go to work at the bar like he normally did. She was going to surprise Jerry, but what she didn't realize was that it would be ruined before the surprise had even been revealed.

Desiree had snuck into the house and she could hear her boyfriend muttering something. He was in his own room and when she entered she saw him talking to himself as he scrubbed his desk off.

"Surprise.," Desiree said timidly as she entered his room. She looked around his room that was empty.

Jerry looked back without a smile. He was shaking his head and looked visibly irritated which was unlike the laid back boyfriend.

"What's wrong?"

"Brunson. That's what's wrong. I have to live another year with this animal."

"What'd he do?"

"Well he wanted to borrow my computer... and well..," Jerry looked down at the desk.

Desiree joined her boyfriend's gaze down to the older beat up desk that Jerry had picked up off the street that was going to be thrown away. Half of the desk was clean and had been washed by

Jerry. But, the other half which was unclean had a very familiar image.

It was the thick white fluid. It was everywhere. The more she looked around the desk, the more she saw. It was still dripping from Jerry's computer screen and onto his keyboard. The sound of it puddling could be heard dripping.

"What's all that white stuff?" Desiree knowingly asked.

"That's his semen." Her boyfriend replied in disgust.

"So he was masturbating here at your computer? And ejaculated?", Desiree whispered. She hated using such filthy words.

Jerry nodded.

Desiree persisted, 'This is Brunson's ejaculate?'

"Yeah I'm just cleaning it up myself.", Jerry added.

"You clean up his cum?" Desiree said with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah," Jerry responded. "Almost an entire paper roll is needed to soak up all that cum. Look at it, he cums like an animal."

"Yeah, I've never seen you ever produce even a quarter of what he does.", Desiree agreed. She stared at him seeing if he had any sort of reaction to her comment. It went unnoticed as Jerry was in complete agreement.

"It get's all over. Normally in the bathroom, I can just wipe it right off the tiles. Or if he ever uses my towels I just throw it right into the washer and dryer. But now I have to clean it out of the wood etchings. Darn old desk.", Jerry pointed out to emphasize the scratched desk cracks filled with Brunson's cum.

"Why are you cleaning up after him?" Desiree asked in confusion. Her boyfriend admitting this is not the first time he had cleaned up after Brunson.

Jerry was almost surprised by the question. A bit defensively he replied, "Well who needs the confrontation... AND I did actually try to stop him."

"Tried to stop him, what's that mean? You saw him doing this?", Desiree interrogated her boyfriend.

"Yeah. He was sitting there watching pornography.", Jerry admitted with a guilty tone.

"Pornography on your computer?", Desiree had thought he had software to block that at her request.

"I mean no. It was... it was pictures.", Jerry said. He couldn't look Desiree in the eye.

"Pictures? Of people having sex?"

Jerry took a gulp. He couldn't lie to his girlfriend anymore. "No. It was pictures of us... well you mostly."

Desiree sat on Jerry's bed. She didn't confront Jerry about initially lying to her or didn't even pry to figure out how often he had actually cleaned up after his roommate. She thought about the much younger man jerking off at Jerry's desk of pictures of her. She couldn't help her own curiosity, "What pictures?"

"Well there were pictures of you at Halloween in your schoolgirl outfit and also one of your running outfits."

"What made him... well y'know.", Desiree didn't want to say cum or ejaculate.

"Your bikini picture. The one you bought that was too small for your... hmmm... big boobs.", Jerry giggled when he said boobs.

Desiree rolled her eyes at Jerry's humor. "I just don't understand why you are cleaning up after Brunson. Shouldn't he be cleaning up after himself?"

"Psh. Who needs the confrontation, Desiree.", Jerry shrugged his shoulders.

She could see that her boyfriend was clearly intimidated by Brunson. Why other reason was there was as to why he would clean up after his roommate.

Desiree pretended to be sympathetic to her boyfriend's frustration, but she was still in awe of the amount of cum Brunson was capable of leaving behind. Granted, there was nothing wrong with her boyfriend sexually, and she never thought about semen one way or another, but the thick white streams of cum dripping down the computer monitor or on the walls implied that Brunson had a big dick, or at the very least, big balls

A lower pitched cool calm voice came from the doorway. "Brunsy strikes again."

Desiree saw the black man standing in the doorway was Jarvis. He was wearing a pair of his typical black basketball shorts and white muscle tight muscle shirt. The top clung to his chest and stomach like it was painted on. She could see each abdominal muscle etched through his tight bright shirt contrasting against his dark skin.

"He's done this to you too?", Desiree asked. Something in her wanted him to answer yes as though this was typical male behavior that she just hadn't heard of. She could be ignorant to underprivileged people she found.

"Hell nah. That trailer trash fuck knows better than to try and pull that shit on me. I'll put the hands to him.", Jarvis said confidently and calmly.

"Well why is he doing it to you, babe?", Desiree turned to Jerry.

"Because he lets `em and that white man Brunson is wild as hell. No matter, you still gotta' stand up for yourself, white boy. A

man like Brunson will walk all over you if you let him.", Jarvis interjected shaking his head.

"No way, Jarvis. Brunson's really not that bad. We're all friends here. It's just a sick joke, haha.", Jerry could see that they both looked at him with raised brows. "Don't you guys see, it's just a joke."

Jarvis shook his head in disgust looking down the hallway at Brunson's door which was shut as he had friends over watching professional rugby. Desiree felt embarrassed for Jerry acting like such a wimp in front of Jarvis who obviously knew how to assert himself.

"So should we get ready for the run?", Desiree asked Jarvis trying to change the subject.

"That's why I'm here actually. I wanted to see if you might want to train today, rather than tomorrow. Really didn't expect you to come over.", Jarvis replied.

"Well I was coming over to surprise him.", Desiree pointed to Jerry. "But I didn't realize he was in the middle of something."

Jarvis chuckled lightly to himself. "Yeah *something*"

"I'll get ready, Jarvis. I think I left my old running gear here."

Jerry had gone back to cleaning. His head lowered as he thought about what his girlfriend and Jarvis talked about. The sudden realization of what he was doing was beginning to fall up his senses. Jerry had cleaned up after Brunson so many times it had conditioned him to think it was normal. Desiree grabbed a bag she had left over there before that had her stuff and she walked out to the bathroom to change.

Jarvis stood in the doorway watching Jerry continue to wash Brunson's cum off his computer desk. "Jerry, you need to man

the fuck up. The guy is always talking about how hot your girlfriend is. Now he's jerking off to your girlfriend's big tits and sexy ass and you just clean up after him. What do you think he's going to be after next?"

Jerry winced at Jarvis talking about his girlfriend's body. Especially since the two of them were now going to be having a late night run together. Being that Jerry was unathletic and never worked out, he wouldn't be joining. He also had too much cleaning up to do.

"Jarvis. I've known Brunson for a while. He's just a little off, but he doesn't mean anything about it."

Jarvis shook his head. He leaned against the doorway while he waited for Desiree to change into her gear so they could train for the big run they had coming up. "Must be a white person thing."

Desiree returned. The shorts and top were much smaller than Jerry remembered. Her 32DD breasts were practically spilling out of the sports bra and her shorts did little to cover the apple bottom butt that Desiree had sculpted from years of working out. Instead of saying bye to Jerry before her and Jarvis went on their run together, she instead had something else to say.

"And after your done cleaning up after Brunson, you should probably check the bathroom. There seems to be a lot more where that *came* from.", Desiree said through narrowed eyes.

Jarvis laughed. He made no effort to hide it either as the two walked away Jerry could hear them whispering something.

Jerry was left there alone with a rag, wiping down his desk.

THE RUN, IN AT THE BAR

Desiree and Jarvis's running group approached the marker indicating two miles to go, Desiree abruptly picked up the pace and rapidly opened a gap. Athletic, beautiful and surprisingly curvaceous, her dark black ponytail swished from side to side as she lengthened her stride. Jerry watched as Jarvis opened his stride to match hers and pounded after her. Jerry watched from the sideline and strangely disliked the mental image of his black roommate running behind his girlfriend. He imagined some African tribesmen chasing a white woman for nefarious reasons before shaking himself out of his own imagination.

The muscles of her sculpted back moved harmoniously under the tight harness of her neon orange-white splotched sports bra. The sunlight reflected off the sheen of sweat on her golden skin. Jarvis's eyes were riveted on her perfectly rounded gluts, which swiveled sinuously under her knee-length tights – black with orange splotches. In spite of riveting his eyes on her ass the whole time, he could not make out a panty-line. He had no shame in staring at his roommate's girlfriend's ass.

Hey at least I'm not jerking off to pictures of her in front of her boyfriend and making him watch me unload all over his stuff. Was the way the black man justified it. He continued to admire the view he was getting as he ran.

Her black-orange tights were thin and looked like they were painted on her. She ran with perfect form, and her smooth movements accentuated perfection of her musculature. Jarvis had a hard time preventing himself from getting a hard-on just watching her. He knew that if he ran in front of her with a view of her 32DD breasts and crotch, no amount of sobering thoughts could prevent arousal and tumescence.

The last half-mile sloped up and Desiree was able to dig into

her toughness to increase her pace even further. Jarvis was aware that he was breathing hard, but he kept focused on her fluidly moving butt and stayed with her. He took a quick glance over his shoulder and saw that they had dropped everyone else far behind. A quarter mile to go – inhale-inhale, exhale, inhale-inhale, exhale – and he knew he could do it now. He relaxed and his legs turned over more smoothly. He could see the parking lot now. Over the last hundred yards, she opened up a sprint and he doggedly kept up. He did not try to beat her, but just followed her over the imaginary finish line where the trail met the tarmac of the parking lot.

They stopped and bent over, panting.

"Fifteen miles, and you still had it in you," she panted. "I pushed as hard as I could, I didn't have another ounce."

"Forreal, Des.," Was all Jarvis could say.

She smiled enigmatically, and was about to say something, when the first of the other runners sprinted into the finishing area but remained silent.. One by one, the other runners in their lead group on the training run raced into the parking lot. Soon everyone was stretching, chatting and discussing their long run.

Several of the runners came by to give Jarvis and Desiree high fives. Jerry tried to get through the crowd to congratulate his wife and Jarvis. He knew how much training the two of them had done together.

"Jarvis and Desiree decimate the competition," said Bill Bucker put emphasis on the alliteration as spoke into a microphone. Bill was one of the vice-presidents of the running club. He was a handsome young man, an executive with a pharmaceutical company. Jarvis figured he was doing pretty well, judging by the fact that he drove a Porsche. "Don't know how you two manage to pack such a sprint after fifteen miles!"

"Desiree's always saving up a little something," said Jarvis.

"And I just follow along, can't keep my eyes off her tight butt."

Jerry winced and Bill Bucker laughed adding, "I don't blame you, son. I think that would motivate about any straight man."

"Don't be a such a douchebag!" Desiree said, her face flushing red as the fire inside. But she could not keep the pleased look off her face.

"I stared at your ass for two hours, Desiree," whispered Jarvis. "But I couldn't see a panty-line."

"Don't wear any," She whispered back, giggling.

Normally any other woman would have normally replied to Jarvis with such banter. He was charming and most women enjoyed flirting with him, but this was the first time that Desiree had ever said anything of the sorts to him. He looked over at Jerry who he knew obviously heard it, but could see he pretended to be oblivious to the flirting.

"Think we should go celebrate?", Desiree asked. "I mean, we did just win."

"I'm up for a little campaigning for the champagning room.", Jarvis said.

The champagne room joke went over both of their heads though. Both were way too innocent to understand the reference which made Jarvis laugh to himself. However, that didn't stop Desiree from attempting to be cool like Jarvis, "Well I guess we'll campaign in the room to champagne!"

Jarvis nodded, without correcting her. "Most definitely, Des."

Desiree smiled in reply before she left to walk over to her car. Jerry felt practically nonexistent as his roommate and his girlfriend organized the group that agreed to meet at a bar before splitting up.

Jarvis watched her towel off, especially as she slid up her sport bra and dried her tits. She did it so smoothly that she kept her tits covered the whole time. Then she climbed into the passenger seat of her car and Jarvis watched her take off her shoes and strip off her tights. The thought of her naked pussy just behind her car door got Jarvis half hard and he had to breathe hard to calm himself.

She saw Jarvis staring, but instead of being shy she just gave him a huge smile. Then while trying to still cover her athletic, yet femininely curvaceous, gave a wave.

Jarvis waved back. However, in the back of his mind he could only think about what she would look like underneath him. The thought was short lived as she finally changed and everyone began getting into their cars to meet at the bar. Jarvis was alone driving his own vehicle while Desiree went with her boyfriend.

Later at the bar took seats at the long high gathering table that was reserved for them. The faster group was already seated at the choice middle high seats and the only free ones were at the ends. Desiree, Jerry and Jarvis stood at the very end, in a corner cubby.

Most people had made a token attempt to change out of some of their running clothes. Jarvis had replaced his running singlet with a T-shirt. Desiree had taken off her tights and running shoes – she now wore a short black-white pleated short tennis-length skirt, meshed black stockings and high heels. Her black heels had straps around the ankle and even the men couldn't help but stare at her beautiful body in the skimpy outfit. Jerry had become use to other men looking at his girlfriend and he was never the type of man to get jealous; at least to the outside world.

Desiree still had on her purple-orange splotched sports bra. Her nipples hardened in the cool of the air conditioning and made clear knobs, revealing themselves to be both small and high on her chest exuding a youthful perkiness to her large breasts.

The men all ordered beers and most of the women ordered

wine. Jerry engaged Jarvis in a running-related conversation. He took it up with apparent interest, but he was really listening to the conversation his girlfriend was having. She was talking to some of the other women and the more they drank they more they giggled.

The other women were asking Desiree about Jarvis. They all seemed to be enthralled with the tall lean black man who seemed to barely notice them. Jerry couldn't believe one man could have so many women fawning over him.

The women were into their third glass and it was getting louder and more raucous. The men on the other hand were two beers ahead of them. Fueled by the liquor, there was much more laughter and ribald humor and people were now beginning to walk around the table and hold conversations all over the place. Other people who weren't even part of the runners and just patrons of the bar were starting to join their party and everyone was having a great time.

Jerry had been pulled aside by a couple of the other men. He knew he should make a good impression on them since they were part of Desiree's running group along with Jarvis. He looked over to both of them who seemed to be in some sort of conversation. The way they were standing though it looked like they were a couple.

He felt the same sort of anxiety looking at them that he felt when Brunson made him watch him jerk off to pictures of his girlfriend. She was so much shorter than the tall black man that was standing directly behind her. His hand was on the table and placed in front of Desiree and his chest was pressing right into her back. Jarvis was leaning into listen to the women talk. One of them was really into Jarvis and was doing her best to impress him.

Jarvis had heard enough. He drained his beer, then put an arm around Desiree's waist, just below her sports bra. His large skinny black hand engulfing her midsection. Jerry looked away quickly.

Though, he couldn't block off the jealous woman who was into Jarvis, "Better watch out, Jerry is standing right there."

"What? We're roommates.", said Jarvis, ignoring her warning. He tightened his hold on Desiree, feeling her ribs, with his forefinger brushing the underside of her bra. He went on loudly. "We're all runners here, but I think we can agree that Desiree is our queen. No one man can keep up with her."

Jerry felt a lump in the back of his throat. Some of the men looked over at Jerry to see his reaction as they clearly inferred what Jarvis was saying in a perverse way. One guy even drunkenly joked, "No one man, huh? Need help with her, buddy? I think I can give you a hand."

Everyone erupted in laughter at Jerry's expense who held his head low. When he looked back over at his girlfriend, he saw Desiree leaning her head back into Jarvis's chest. She looked up over her own shoulder with a look that suggested she was challenging him.

First Brunson, now Jarvis. Why can't these two find their own girlfriends? It isn't like Jarvis couldn't choose his pick of the litter here. Jerry whined to himself in his own thoughts.

The others drifted back into their conversations. Jarvis moved to insinuate himself into the small space even closer behind Desiree, squeezing her into the high table. He felt her firm round derriere and she felt his incipient erection. She thought she was safe in public, so she rolled her hips slowly to ensconce his manhood between her tight ass cheeks. The intimate contact with her ass through the thin barriers of her skirt and his tights caused him to harden further. Both of them were conscious of Jerry across the table as the jealous woman had pointed out earlier. The man next to him as trying to have a conversation with him, but Jerry was much too distracted by Jarvis and Desiree and was only half aware of what he was saying,.

Jarvis moved his hips deliberately up and down, simulating sex.

Jerry gradually became convinced that Desiree was naked under her skirt as he heard her tell Jarvis she wasn't wearing any panties earlier. She was trying to ignore him, talking to another woman about her job. The woman could see what Jarvis was doing, but carried on the conversation with Desiree, pretending not to notice.

Now that Desiree was standing, Jerry could see less of Jarvis. He could see that Jarvis was just behind her, but he could not see what he was doing. Jarvis took advantage of the cover of the high table to cup the undersides of both Desiree's breasts. Still talking to the other woman, she tried to twist out of his grip, but he held her fast. She could feel the warm breath pushing past his thick dark lips against her ears as he whispered.

"You're commando."

"Jarvis, you're too big," she whispered back. She looked over to her boyfriend Jerry and waved. He waved back with a concerned look. "Back off, don't you dare do anything more here."

"Just lean forward, Desiree," he whispered. "Lower your tits below the table edge."

"Let me go Jarvis, we mustn't! We could get into a lot of trouble if someone complains!" she hissed.

"Lean forward, or white boy will see a nigga's hands on his precious white wife's big tits.", Jarvis in a vulgar manner referred to her boyfriend.

Jarvis's hands crept up her ribs, so she hastily did as Jarvis instructed and leaned forward, screening her breasts with her elbows and the table edge. Jarvis took a breast in each hand, kneading them through the Lycra of her orange-white sports bra. Unbelievably, her nipples got even harder, thicker and longer. Jarvis's face was in her black hair. It smelled of her shampoo, her conditioner and her sweat.

Then one of Jarvis's hands tracked downward, pressing on the swell

of her belly and then further down. He found the hem of her skirt and darted up. She gasped as he suddenly inserted a finger into her, two knuckles deep. She took a swig of her drink to mask the gasp.

It wasn't exactly obvious that Jarvis and Desiree were doing something suspicious, but they certainly had garnered a few others attention, Jerry noticed. He felt the humiliation of another man fondling his wife right in front of him.

"You okay, love?" Jerry called across the table. He was getting up and began approaching the two.

"Never better," she responded, trying to sound normal. But she could not keep a telltale shake out of her voice, for Jarvis's finger had been joined by a second one and he was moving them in and out, in a circular motion.

Jarvis grinned at Jerry and while making eye contact and fingering Desiree, he used his free hand to tip over a glass of water. The liquid poured all over the empty table.

"Clean that up for me, buddy?," Jarvis said with a wicked grin. "Seeing you don't mind cleaning up at home."

Jerry felt a shame cross him. He realized he didn't want everyone to know what he meant by that and instead of arguing did what Jarvis told him. Cleaning the table while the black roommate fingered his girlfriend.

"Jarvis," hissed Desiree. Jerry was so dangerously close to seeing what the younger black man was doing. "Stop it! You're driving me crazy!"

"That's the idea, Des."

She was breathing hard now, almost like she was running again.

"This is not funny, Jarvis."

"It's not supposed to be funny."

"My God!" she breathed. "I'm going to cum!"

Her hips began to rotate and she simulated a fit of coughing to cover the juddering of her body as she came. She was still in the haze of her orgasm when Jerry asked yet again if she was okay. This time there was a note of panic in his voice.

"Just had bit of my drink go down the wrong tube," she panted.

To her horror, she realized that Jarvis had pulled down his tights and his rampant erection was under her skirt between her ass cheeks. "Jarvis, don't!"

Jarvis didn't respond with any words as he continued to press on. Nothing was going to stop, not even Jerry who seemed to be watching it while he dried off the table. Desiree had to fake a cough to cover her mewling as Jarvis pushed his cockhead into her doggie style.

Jarvis was sinking his huge cock into her, an inch at a time. It was like nothing she had felt before – so long, so hot and so black. She had never even met a black person before she moved away from home and had little to no black friends until she met Jarvis. He had a breast in each hand and kept rocking back and forth, pushing deeper and deeper into her. Just as his mount met her ass, he pulled the cups of her sports bra up into her armpits and began kneading her naked breasts, rolling her thick nipples between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. All the meanwhile Desiree pretended to listen to the other women talk. Desiree sensed some sort of communal bond with the other women who held her current secret from Jerry as Jarvis continued to push into her.

Screened by the high table, Desiree was impaled on Jarvis's huge cock and her sensitive nipples were over-stimulated, but above the table, she fought to maintain a normal façade. Jarvis was behind her and now that she was bent forward, he could see Jerry across

the table who finally dried the table.

"Check out that hit!" Jarvis said to Jerry, pointing to one of the big flat screen TVs where a football game was in progress.

What a jerk, Thought Desiree about Jarvis. However, she wasn't going to stop as Jarvis's cocky attitude was actually turning her on. She could only wonder how a man could be so bold to take another man's wife right in front of him and not worry about the consequences.

"That lineman really gave the QB the business!" agreed Jerry. Jerry had no idea what he was really talking about as he barely ever watched sports in general. He often thought football was for brain dead losers. Desiree couldn't help but see her husband try impress the man who was currently fucking her right in front of his naïve face.

And I'm giving your girlfriend the business, Jarvis thought, as he really began to fuck Desiree. She dared not straighten up and reveal her naked breasts. She really wanted to moan and squeal and the effort of keeping it bottled up showed in the tension on her face.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked Jerry, noticing the lines on her forehead. He suspected something, but didn't want everyone to be in on what was going on. Hopefully if he said something, Jarvis would realize he was out of place and stop what he was doing. Maybe even be afraid of what would happen if Jerry caught him. But Jarvis replied with a grin that showed that he didn't care if he knew what he was doing or not. He was obviously quite content having his cock buried in the white busty black-haired girlfriend.

"Nothing," she panted. "Just a sudden headache."

"I'll take you home, let's go right away," Jerry said, concerned. Jarvis was obviously humping at his wife's ass, but he had no idea that he was actually fucking her. At most, dry humping her.

"No, no," she gasped. "It will pass. My friend here was just

asking about whether I'm coming to the office party next week." She turned her head toward the woman whose name she didn't even know, and waved at her. "I'm ... I'm I'm ... cumming! Yes! I'm cumming!"

Jarvis fucked her through her orgasm. Her pussy gripped his shaft in a jagged series of hard contractions. He could feel that she was sopping wet and could also feel the juices they were producing running down the shaft of his long black cock.

The rest of the table had finally started noticing Jarvis getting longer with his thrusts. He wasn't even doing anything to hide what he was doing now as he continued to fuck Desiree through her orgasm. He was grunting and fondling her openly. The table was shaking and the glasses and silverware on top were clinging together.

"Jerry... you going to do something about that?", One of the men pointed out Jarvis obviously fucking the drunken Desiree.

Jerry was sweating from the pain of his girlfriend's infidelity. The worst thing about it, he didn't even know how to respond to it. What was he going to do he wondered, he wasn't a fighter. Unfortunately, the decision to stop Jarvis was going to be taken from him shortly.

Desiree rotated her hips as she came and Jarvis let himself go. He managed to keep a straight face as he pumped his load deep into her through several hard thrusts. Stream after stream of cum pumped out of his cock as he continued to thrust. The table was almost knocked over as he continued to pound at her. The sound of her ass smacking against his pelvis could be heard and Jarvis grunted loudly. The grunting ended with a laugh and Jerry couldn't help but think he was laughing at him. It didn't help that a few of the other men were laughing and whispering at one another as they stared at Jerry's girlfriend like predators.

Jarvis had finally stopped cumming and slowly pulled his black

cock out of the white girlfriend. The two were now disengaged from and Desiree quickly pulled her sports bra down to cover her breasts, straightened and slid out from between Jarvis and the table. The men who were watching this happen next to Jerry continued to giggle amongst themselves.

"I'm going to the ladies', Jerry," she said. "Then let's go. I want to sleep at your place tonight."

Jerry just nodded blankly.

She left, clicking her heels on the parquet floor of the bar. All the guys looked over at Jerry as though he needed to say something. As she walked, Desiree felt Jarvis's thick, musky semen beginning to leak out of her naked pussy and ooze down her inner thighs.

"Jerry, mind if I take a shot? At least we'll be in the bathroom.", One of the older men asked politely.

"Well shit I want a piece of that ass too.", Another of the men who was in his girlfriend's running group said.

Jerry sighed realizing that this just opened pandora's box.

"You're a lucky man, Jerry," said Jarvis, as he pulled up his tights to cover his softening cock, coated with Desiree's sexual fluids.

"That I am," said Jerry in a smug voice.

"I think I should probably get going too guys. Thanks for the beers... and thanks for... well thanks, Jerry.", Jarvis said cockily.

Thanks for letting me fuck your girlfriend is what he meant to say. Jerry furiously thought as he waited for his wife to clean the cum out of her.

OVER JARVIS, UNDER JERRY

Desiree and Jerry never spoke directly about the incident at the bar afterwards. When he mentioned her getting close with Jarvis she would only hint that something more happened, but Jerry was too scared to know the answers as he'd been taught never ask questions you don't want the answers to.

Unfortunately for Desiree, who was eager to connect with Jarvis again, the feeling was not mutual. Once he hit it, he was onto the next girl. Jerry noticed that it was driving his girlfriend crazy that he was ignoring her and would talk Jerry's ear off. For hours he would listen to her try and dance around the fact that she was infatuated with him. Jarvis had even told Jerry that he needed some time away from the both of them and had gone on vacation with a chick he had met on the internet.

Desiree was furious, "Can you believe that asshole?"

Jerry had to interrupt his attempt to have sex with Desiree for the first time since he suspected she cheated on him with Jarvis. She had hardly given him the opportunity as she stopped coming over when she knew Jarvis was not around.

"What are you talking about?", Jerry stunned at his girlfriend's anger. He attempted to kiss at her neck and she would lean away. When he tried to reach for her breasts, she stopped him.

"How can he just go on vacation?", Desiree was almost in tears. "Just without even saying anything."

The both of them were in bed at their house home alone. Jarvis on vacation and Brunson had gone over to his friend's place to smoke weed and play video games. Jerry thought he was going to get lucky and he realized that Desiree must have thought Jarvis was going to be there today.

"He told me though. And he is his own man, he can do

whatever he wants to.", Jerry stated. "And can have sex with anyone that he wants to."

This shut Desiree up as her mind raced of thoughts of Jarvis with another woman. "You really think he would?"

"He met the girl on the internet and allegedly she is paying to fly him out. I don't think she'd fly him out there if she didn't expect at least something. I know he seemed to be expecting it.", Jerry added in a vicious manner. He found some amount of pleasure of his cheating girlfriend being jealous. Deep down he had hoped she learned her lesson to stray with these alpha males and realize that good guys are the way to go.

Jerry's smile widened when Desiree leaned over to him crying and apologizing to him. Jerry didn't inquire why she was apologizing and at that moment she leaned in to kiss him. Jerry was stunned and kissed her back.

It wasn't long before he felt his jeans pulled off and she was on top of him and completely nude. She leaned back arching her back and her hands both went up to her hair to pull it back into a pony tail. Her large perky round breasts protruded as she tied it back and Jerry could feel his cock instantly hardening. Desiree finished tying her hair and leaned forward lifting herself up. She was now straddling Jerry on all fours, who still had his jeans around his ankles.

"Guide me in.", Desiree said in a seductive voice that was unfamiliar to Jerry. The sound of her soft voice in his ear could almost have made him prematurely release the second he grabbed at the base of his shaft. She was beginning to lower herself and Jerry could feel himself entering her. The warmth of her flesh engulfing him. He leaned his head back, but got a smack on his chest. Jerry opened his eyes to look at Desiree who looked at him with a strange face.

"You missed...", Desiree sneered as she lifted herself back

up with Jerry's cock slipping out of her. "Now pay attention this time."

Jerry didn't argue realizing that Desiree didn't feel him penetrate her. Second guessing himself, he gave her the benefit of the doubt as he penetrated Desiree again.

"There we go.", Jerry affirmed. "I'm in."

"You are?", Desiree looked surprise.

"Yeah babe. Don't you feel me?"

"Oh.", Desiree conjured. Desiree then began to rotate her hips in a half-ass manner. "So you can feel that?"

"Oh shit yeah.", Jerry said, his eyes were widening. The feeling of her riding him was incredible as he hadn't had sex since before Jarvis had her.

"Okay then, I guess we're having sex right now.", Desiree said disappointingly. She then began to ride her boyfriend. "Does that feel good?"

"Oh yeah keep on, honey. That feels nice. Does it feel good for you?"

Jerry could see the roll in Desiree's eyes before she spoke sarcastically, "Oh yeah. It feels so good."

The laughter didn't come from either Jerry or Desiree. Yet again, it was Jerry's roommate, but this time Brunson. Desiree was facing the opposite of the door and Brunson got a clear view of her big round ass.

"Brunson, close the door!", Jerry said. He felt like an idiot for leaving the door open, but it had happened so fast and didn't think Brunson would come home this early. Usually he stayed out all night when playing videogames and drinking.

Desiree made no attempt to cover up as she stared at Brunson who was obviously drunk. The young bulky hairy man was standing there almost unable to stand up. However, the surprising thing was he was not wearing any pants and his big beefy cock was being massaged by his thick fingers. Brunson just smiled with a halfway grin, but said nothing as he continued.

"What's so funny?", Desiree questioned. Her eyes trying her best to not stare at Brunson's cock as he played with himself. However, the more it hardened, the harder time she had.

Brunson finally responded to Desiree, "You fuck like shit."

Desiree offended gave him a overexaggerated look of shock. She turned even more and her breasts were on full display for Brunson who was now stroking his cock which was still growing.

"Oh yeah show me those titties. Push them together.", Brunson drunkenly spoke.

Desiree did as she was told. Her arms and shoulder slumped as she brought her arms under her breasts smashing them together for Brunson who used the image to get his cock hard.

"What the fuck, Desiree?", Jerry squealed. His own cock was still in her, but softening.

"Cool it, Shrimp.", Brunson slurred. "Go 'head, fuck him then show me how good you are."

Desiree looked down to Jerry who still laid down beneath her. He looked up at her, his curvaceous athletic girlfriend weighing down his scrawnier form. She had a determined look in her eyes as she began to grind her hips.

"Are you in?", Desiree asked.

"Yeah"

"She doesn't even know if you're in? What type of cock are

you working with over there Shrimp?”, Brunson couldn’t help but commentate. Typical behavior from Brunson, but when Desiree laughed at the cruel joke he felt himself overcome with anxiety. Out of the corner of his eye, Brunson was jerking off at the normal rate he would as he had seen him a few times at this point.

Desiree started to moan, but it was a theatrical moan that her boyfriend had never heard before. It was strange, but nonetheless erotic for Jerry to watch his girlfriend pretend to be getting off as she rode him wildly on top.

Brunson had been inching forward as Desiree was lost in her antics and Jerry tried to retreat in his mind. They had never had sex in front of someone else and never in such a passionate manner. But now Jerry’s once innocent girlfriend seemed like a harlot or an actress from the adult movies he had always been forbidden to watch his entire childhood and even adult life.

Before Jerry knew it, Brunson was right next to them. His big cock flopping around as he stroked the big piece of meat between his hairy thick thighs. He was still wearing his t-shirt which luckily covered his belly. Jerry noticed Brunson’s large balls jingling under his furious pumping and so did Desiree.

Ever since Brunson had stood next to the bed as she continued to ride Jerry, Desiree had continued to stare at him stroking the cock. In fact, Desiree was now not relying on her acting.

“You ever suck a dick while you fucked?”, Brunson said as he did his best not to fall over from his drunkenness.

Desiree shook her head no, but did not respond. Jerry interjected, “No, Brunson. Get away.”

Brunson didn’t bother looking at Jerry as he watched Desiree’s big bouncing breasts as she continued to ride him. She almost looked like she was turning her chest towards him to encourage him to touch them. At least that’s how Brunson took it as he released

his cock and reached over and nonchalantly grabbed a handful of her large breasts. They continued to bounce even while in his hand as he mauled at them, pushing in the mounds of flesh.

"Stop, Brunson!", Jerry reached up as Desiree continued to ride him. He tried to pull the younger man's hand off his girlfriend's 32DD breasts, but he was much too strong for him. He continued to play with her breasts while he stroked himself with his other hand.

"Let her answer, Shrimp.", Brunson said. He then repeated himself, "How about it, Des. Stick this big fat cock in your mouth."

He let go of her breasts and his hand came to the back of Desiree's head. His sausage thick fingers grabbed at her pony tail. He gave it a small tug and brought her cheek down and simultaneously used his other hand to press it into her face.

"Suck it, slut.", Brunson growled.

"Brunson, you stop this now! Desiree get off me!", Jerry struggled underneath his beautiful girlfriend's femininely athletic form. He was limited by his own lack of strength and restrained by Desiree's non compliance as she continued to fuck him. The entire time, Brunson ruthlessly smacking his big fat cock against face.

Jerry couldn't help but be amazed by the size of it. Up this close, the girth of it appeared to eclipse her face. The sound it made as it smacked her alluded to its hefty weight. And the smell of it filled his nose. Brunson was normally a slob and the more he waved it around and rubbed it on Desiree's face the more the smell of it took over.

"Fucking suck it.", Brunson continued to bat at her face.

Desiree finally gave up. Her hand reached up and she cupped it against her cheek holding it there and looking at Brunson obediently. She slowly stroked it and nuzzled her cheek against the light red marks on her face. Before long, she turned her head, parted her lips and willingly took Brunson's cock into her mouth.

“Desiree...”, Jerry finally just laid there looking up at his girlfriend who continued to ride. Her tits bouncing and her hand doing its best to stroke the thick shaft that she struggled to fit in her mouth. Brunson’s hand wrapped around her ponytail he began to sway back and forth to fuck her mouth back.

“Nghh.”, Brunson grunted. He leaned his head back with a moan and spoke towards the ceiling, but towards Jerry, “Your girl sucks a good cock.”

“Thanks.”, Jerry caught himself saying. She heard Desiree smirk around her cock-filled mouth. *Did I just thank him for complimenting my girlfriend’s cock sucking abilities?*

Brunson reached down and began to fondle Desiree’s big breast and was now using her mouth like his own toy. He was thrusting his hips and his balls were smacking against her as he did so. Desiree had completely stopped Jerry as she couldn’t suck Brunson’s cock and continue to ride her boyfriend comfortably.

Brunson, without warning, pried Desiree’s head off his cock. Saliva went everywhere and Jerry did his best to cover it from his face. However, what followed, he wouldn’t be able to stop.

Splash after splash of long thick streaks of cum started painting Desiree’s face. The pressure of the cum from the big cock was like a power washer and his cum became a mist as he continued to pump his cock. This streams of white cum were now dripping over the curves of her big breasts and now was getting all over Jerry’s chest.

“Fuck! Brunson stop it’s getting all over.”, Jerry did his best to cover himself. The cum was getting all over his sheets and bed. It was getting on the walls near his bed and dripping on the floor that dripped of Brunson’s fingers as he continued to spray cum from his cock. But most of all, it was covering Desiree. Face, neck, tits were completely covered and dripping all over Jerry. Jerry had to hold his breath, but the mist of cum was getting in his mouth and

nostrils. Jerry covered his eyes with his arm and everything went black.

The eternal lasting minute went by, before Desiree finally said. "Did you cum babe?"

Jerry uncovered his eyes. The surreal scene of his busty girlfriend covered in Brunson's cum was right above him dripping still. She had a huge smile and cum even leaking out of her mouth when she spoke to him. Brunson could be seen stumbling out of the room. But before he left, he pointed over at the laundry where his red boxer briefs from earlier were.

"Don't forget to wash those.", With that, Brunson left.

Jerry felt like crying. He didn't even ejaculate and could feel that he was soft. While Brunson had used his girlfriend like a whore and got himself off, he could only sit there and watch it helplessly. Desiree didn't even wait for him to answer though as she was getting up.

"No.", Jerry whined.

"Well maybe next time, babe. I need to go wash up.", Desiree was nude still as she walked towards the hallway.

"Babe cover up!", Jerry said.

"Oh don't worry honey, its not like Brunson hasn't already seen me naked now.", Desiree said before slipping into the hallway and out of Jerry's view.

Jerry laid there, realizing he was covered in cum. He figured he might as well shower with Desiree, but when he attempted to follow her into the bathroom he found the door was locked.

"I guess I'll be washing myself off with the kitchen sink. No problem.", Jerry sullenly said to himself.

BIG BAD BRUNSON

Desiree lay in her boyfriend's bed one evening eavesdropping on Brunson and his buddies as he cheered on his favorite rugby team in the room beside her. Her boyfriend was downstairs in the living room, giving her privacy. She was touching herself listening to Brunson talk trash with his friends. Her fingers circled her wet hot pussy each time she heard Brunson's voice, and the louder he got, the wetter Jerry's girlfriend's pussy got. Desiree shut her eyes and imagined Brunson being that cocky as he guided her on how to suck cock like a few days ago. Just as she was about to orgasm, Jerry walked in.

Desiree quickly covered herself up just in time, so her boyfriend was none the wiser. She knew if her boyfriend saw her fiddling with herself he most likely like to join in on the fun. Jerry was still feeling the feeling of blue balls from the other day and most certainly want to initiate sex, and Desiree just wasn't interested in him at that moment. She kept seeing him laying there covered in Brunson's cum.

Jerry didn't notice as he retrieved Brunson's dirty laundry from his room.

"You're doing his laundry now?", Desiree almost forgot about him saying that when he left the other night.

"Well it smells. I don't want it to make my room smell. He's fucking disgusting.", Jerry said bitterly.

"It doesn't smell that bad.", Desiree said.

Jerry gave her an odd look. *Did she just say that Brunson's dirty underwear doesn't smell that bad. No, no, no, don't even ask.*

And Jerry didn't ask as he left to continue to clean up after his roommate. He didn't even mention the cumshot that Brunson left on bathroom door. Jerry wondered if he had been watching Desiree

shower, but had had no proof of that and at this point that was the least of his worries.

Desiree couldn't help but think of her beta boyfriend's face when he tried to confront her about sucking Brunson's cock. She couldn't believe how mean she was to him, but told him, "Then you should have done something about it."

Jerry had shipped up since then. He left well enough alone in attempt to persuade his own girlfriend that he was still worthy of her love and Desiree enjoyed the power she wielded over him. She continued to play with herself now that she was alone and thought about Brunson even beating him up and fucking her roughly right in front of him in her deep and darkest fantasies. She even thought about Brunson forcing Jerry to give him oral sex in the same assertive manner as she had done to him earlier.

Finally orgasming, she covered her face with a pillow. In her relaxed state she fell asleep and even in her dreams Brunson was invading her mind. Jarvis was in her dreams before the other night, but while Jarvis felt more like a romantic fling, Brunson was more of a dirty fuck fling. While she could envision Jarvis as her lover, she could only picture herself serving Brunson.

She felt Jerry trying to wake her up with his little boner. Still uninterested she pretended to sleep and thwarted off his weak attempt to try and get between her legs. He was nothing like the other two more aggressive men who took her and more like a child that needed to be scolded in her mind.

The night passed and the day rose before Desiree left for her run. She caught Brunson cleaning off a table and immediately knew that Brunson must have come all over it as it was completely streaked.

"I'll be back soon.", Desiree stared at her boyfriend who looked foolish.

"Where are you going?", Jerry tried to optimistically reply.

"Don't worry about it.", Desiree sneered as she walked out.

She had to stop at a couple of places including her old place that she was using as a small office that she was sharing with a few other women. Her entrepreneurship had gone south and she was attempting to limit her financials in attempt to save for her and Brunson's wedding

The next day, Desiree intentionally came over to her boyfriend's place before he was expected to be home. She wanted to see Brunson again really badly. All day at work her mind was occupied with this dirty jock of a roommate, an alpha male who spewed enormous cum shots. The only thing that made that hotter to her was that her beta male boyfriend was cleaning up the cum without being asked to.

As Brunson and Desiree made small talk, the other roommates could see the sexual tension between them. Desiree was doing most of the flirting, while Brunson was basking in the attention he was getting. When Brunson saw Jerry walking towards the bathroom he chased after him. He was able to catch the timid boyfriend.

"Your chick wants it bad," Brunson said right to Jerry in a taunting manner.

Jerry's head held low as he walked into the bathroom. Locking the door behind him, he wasn't sure if he wanted to exit the sanctuary it provided. When he finally found the courage to leave, he saw that Brunson was with Desiree and she was now on his lap.

In an odd twist, Jerry almost rather it have been Jarvis cuckolding him rather than Brunson. At least Jarvis respected him enough to do his best to conceal what he suspected he did at the bar with Desiree earlier. Brunson on the other hand, had no respect and acted like a savage as he openly let his hands roam all over

Desiree's body like she was his.

One of his roommate's walked by them, giving Brunson a wink while nodding to Desiree. When Jerry finally made his way over to sit with them Brunson decided to take the opportunity bring up the copious amounts of cum he left all over. Both Desiree and Brunson could tell that he was trying to look authoritative in front of his girlfriend. She and the alpha male shared a look and a smile as if to laugh at her boyfriend's bravado. Jerry did his best to step up to Brunson man to man in front of Desiree.

"...and so," Jerry rambled while vaguely referring to Brunson's cumshots. "If you could clean up after yourself from now on, that would be great

"Sure, buddy," Brunson replied. "I'm sure I'll find somewhere else to dump my load."

Brunson winked at Desiree, feeling her legs quiver as he did. Her round butt rubbing right into his crotch making it obvious he was making sure she rubbed all over it right in front of Jerry. Jerry was offended that Brunson was so blunt in front of his girlfriend, but avoided any more humiliation. He didn't like the way ogre Brunson acted around his once pure and innocent girlfriend, but knew he was powerless.

Desiree was wearing her black stockings that were initially meant for her witch costume she wore for Halloween. Jerry also remembered that it was from an outfit that Brunson had jerked off to earlier when he came all over his computer desk.

Jerry felt like an idiot with his girlfriend on top of Brunson's lap. The rest of the party was giving him weird looks as the two were openly flirting and fondling one another in playful manners. When Jerry realized he was unnecessary for the party to continue he decided to leave and go to his room to lay on the bed.

The party continued as though nothing was wrong which

hurt his feelings. Deep down he wanted his girlfriend to come ask if he was okay and come at least check up on him, but that never happened. Jerry somehow with the music loudly going on was able to drift asleep.

When Jerry finally woke up to the sound of a woman giggling while walking down the hallway, he realized that he was alone in bed. He walked out to the hallway and noticed that the place was trashed, but nobody was in sight. He heard the door shut to Brunson's room and realized the giggling was now coming from his room.

As he approached Brunson's room, Jerry could hear Desiree and Brunson's voice. At first he couldn't hear what they were saying until he got to the door. The door was cracked enough to see the both of them in the room. Brunson was laying back on his bed while Desiree stood over him facing away from the door.

"Can I help you...unwind a little?" Desiree said, not-so-innocently.

"Only if you ask nicely." He said, the smirk as though she should have known.

"Please?" She asked him.

"Please what?", Brunson demonstrated his control.

"I need your cock, Brunson.", Desiree said as she leaned forward onto the bed and began to crawl towards him. His legs were spread and Jerry could see that she was fumbling at his belt. The clinging metal of the belt was followed by the sound of the zipper.

"Louder."

"I need it, Brunson. I need your big fat cock.", Desiree sounded like a bitch in heat as she cooed.

Desiree's head leaned down and stayed down. At first Jerry

wasn't sure what she was exactly doing or at least was in denial. When her head began to bob between his legs he accepted that she had his cock in her mouth.

Brunson laughed as his roommate's girlfriend shamelessly threw herself at him. He wasn't going to turn down this hot juicy pussy this time. He felt like he gave Jerry a fair shot to stop his own girlfriend from lusting after his massive cock and he failed. Now she was going to feel him fill her. Besides, Brunson didn't like Jerry that much anyway.

Desiree could smell and taste the sweat, leftover piss and pre-cum emitting from his package. Brunson placed his big hand on Desiree's head up and down on the back of her head. Brunson's big dick traced Desiree's lips from left to right, and she could still taste the thick layer of salty pre-cum his dickhead left behind.

"Bigger than you're used to, eh?" Brunson chuckled, nodding his head to the door.

Jerry was stunned when Brunson made eye contact with him. Jerry frozen still realized that Brunson knew he was standing there the entire time she was bobbing up and down. Her netted stockings were transparent as she bent over and her ass was completely on display to Jerry.

Brunson enjoyed Jerry's girlfriend's struggle to accommodate his girth, but her coughing and gagging could have made her throw up on his bed which he would have made Jerry clean, but still didn't want to stop her from sucking him hard so he could fuck her. He pulled her off his cock and she began to gasp for air. She continued to stroke his cock to get him completely hard, but took this time to get her breath back. Tears were swelling in her eyes as she stared up at Brunson with a hot look of desire.

Brunson was unaffected by her slutty looks and became impatient after watching Desiree play with his big cock, Brunson aggressively shoved his cock straight into her mouth. She was a fast

learner and began moving her head back and forth in sync with his pelvic thrusts. Before long, he didn't need to move – he had two hands full of Desiree's black hair as she slobbered all over his massive cock.

Inevitably, Brunson was ready to blow his load, and he intended to send this girl back to Jerry with her mouth full of his cum just because he was an asshole. However, both were interrupted by Jerry clearing their throat. Desiree realized that she had just been caught with Brunson's cock in her mouth. She tried to pull her head away to try and explain, but Brunson didn't let her.

"Keep sucking bitch.", Then looked at Jerry saying rudely, "What?"

She was bobbing her head on his big dick while Brunson had his head cocked back. Brunson was holding Desiree's hair and using it to guide her movements in a tempo that suited him.

After Brunson replied to Jerry he pulled his big dick out of Desiree's mouth, held her chin and began stroking his throbbing, pulsating dick. Desiree went from being concerned about getting caught cheating on her boyfriend to being impressed that Brunson genuinely didn't give a fuck. Jerry pretended to be enraged at first but then realized that he was angering Brunson. His tone began to change realizing maybe he shouldn't have interrupted them, as he probably would have gotten his ass kicked in front his girl. Brunson didn't see Desiree's boyfriend as a danger at that moment and instead saw him as an audience member.

"Alright you little perv. If you're just going to watch. Let's give you something to watch.", Brunson growled. He kept his cock stuffed in Desiree's mouth as he scooted himself off the bed and stand up. His belly pushed Desiree's face back and the moment his cock was out of her mouth Brunson grabbed her by the hair and stood her up. "Get up slut you're about to get fucked right in front of this little fag."

Desiree's oozed between her legs of her own juices hearing the vulgar words of Brunson. She felt herself pushed over the corner of the bed. His hotdog thick fingers ripped her leggings down over her ass along with her thong. She felt one hand pin her against the bed as her feet were unable to touch the ground. Her leggings were wrapped around her own knees and felt Brunson's weight pushing down on her as the head of his cock began to stretch her.

"So fucking tight. G'damn boy you have a little ass dick. No wonder why she couldn't feel you enter.", Brunson laughed as he spoke.

Jerry watched from the door way from behind. Brunson didn't even bother taking off his own jeans and he could hear his belt clinging around as he was stuffing his fat cock into his girlfriend. The sound of his grunting and groaning doing his best to get himself into the tight walls of Desiree's pussy.

The bed began to creak the harder and faster Brunson's thrust his hips. He reached forward grabbing at her hair and pulling her head back with his other hand firmly coming down and smacking at Desiree's ass. She squealed and moaned, "I'm cumming!"

Brunson didn't stop. He just fucked her harder and Desiree looked like a little rag doll being manhandled by the bigger hairy man. Jerry watched this younger man demonstrate how much more masculine he was as he dominated his girlfriend right in front of him.

Brunson was sweating as he continued to fuck her for all he was worth. He pulled his shirt off so that his big belly was exposed. His belly and Desiree's firm ass bouncing off one another emitted the slapping sound of flesh which was followed by his balls slapping against her as they swung below between his legs.

"I'm cumming again...", Desiree cried out.

Brunson reached forward and grabbed a handful of her

breasts that violently moved up and down due to his violent thrusts. He squeezed harder and pinched her nipples while she came. Her tightened pussy loosened and he smacked her ass once again.

"Take it slut. Get ready for my fucking cum.", Brunson yelled out. Before he could say anything more he pulled his hard cock out of her. When his mushroom head exited, Desiree made a high pitched squeal.

Jerry watched as Brunson mercilessly pulled her off the bed without concern for her health. She plopped down and Brunson stroked his cock as he reached up to grab her hair like it was a dog leash pulling her face towards his cock.

The first cum shot blasted Desiree right between the eyes, the second and third shots landed in her hair, the fourth on her forehead, the fifth covered her mouth, and the rest poured onto her cleavage.

Jerry only watched. Obviously too late to do anything to stop this he just watched the alpha artist paint his girlfriend with his cum.

"Well, at least I didn't leave it all over the apartment this time," Brunson joked while panting. He gave Desiree's roommate a thumbs-up and backed away from her to grab a towel. Desiree assumed it was for her, but Brunson began wiping his dick before tossing it her boyfriend

"Toss that in the laundry for me, will ya, bud?" Brunson asked Jerry with a smirk. Desiree used her shirt to wipe the cum away that was seeping into her eyes.

"I need to get to bed, guys. Thanks for that, by the way." Brunson made the jerk-off gesture with his fist to Desiree before looking at her boyfriend and giving him a cocky wink.

When Desiree and Jerry got back to his room, they didn't say a word to each other, at least not immediately. Her boyfriend instinctively did what he was conditioned to do – clean up Brunson's

mess. The only difference was that this time, he was wiping it off his girlfriend's face instead of the bathroom's shower tiles or his computer desk.

The smile on her face as he did match the one Brunson fell asleep with

----THE END----

B.B.C.
Professional Wrestling
Cuckold Domination

STORY SELECTION:

- 1) **ROUND 1**
- 2) **ROUND 2**

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | PUBLIC HUMILIATION | BETRAYAL

B.B.C.
PROFESSIONAL
WRESTLING
CUCKOLD
DOMINATION



REMY LEONE

CONTENTS

- 1 [BIGGEST-BADDEST-
CHAMPIONSHIP](#)
- 2 [THE KICKERS](#)
- 3 [TONIGHT'S MATCHUP](#)
- 4 [VICTORY](#)

BIGGEST, BADDEST, CHAMPIONSHIP

The hour that every professional wrestling fan waited for around the world. BBC, the Biggest, Baddest, Championship of wrestling had taken the ring by storm in the recent years.

What started off as an underground wrestling organization that focused on controversy. BBC's entry into the sport's market had caused, along with their relaxed regulations allowing them to become more extreme has allowed them to surge. They were able to let the women become more sexual and the men even more violent.

Their storylines had become more adult in nature which caused there to be more controversy, but overall even more money. A strategy that their owner Sebastian Gold utilized in the building of their brand.

Gold had an up and coming wrestler that was going by the name Big Black Bull and around the sport known as a bad guy. He was 6'10 and 285lbs of pure muscle under dark black skin with a large black scraggly beard to match. He had beaten a couple of less known wrestlers, but nobody of name value. His problem was finding the perfect step up until he thought about a couple of the

female wrestlers he had in his employment.

The owner of BBC Professional Wrestling sat back looking at a few of the females. He could have chosen from the best, but he decided he wanted to go for a woman who was known more for her beauty rather than her wrestling. The biggest problem was finding someone good enough to make it a legitimate match, but bad enough to not take a hit in their wrestling career.

He went through more than half of his female wrestlers before he stopped on "Kiki Kicker" who was the perfect match. She was very young and early enough in her career that just being in a match was good for her even though she lost. The "X-Factor" for Sebastian was that she had a husband that was trying to enter the sport that could easily take a loss.

"The Kickers Vs. Big Black Bull", was going to be in this week's lineup and Sebastian was pleased with his matchup.

His decision was sent down. A decision that would change "The Kickers" life.

THE KICKERS

Kiki Kicker was already in her costumer that she normally wore. It was a essentially a pink sports bra that allowed her 34DD cleavage to show off to the male fans. Her black shorts ended just pass the curve of her plump butt and her toned smooth thighs bulged. A pink stripe went around her waist of her short matching her sports bra. She wore a park of black fingerless gloves on her hands and pair of matching pink tennis shoes with orange heels. Her black hair was pulled back into a ponytail and her long hair ended just above the small of her back.

She was bouncing around on her shoes which made her big butt and busty chest bounce even under her tight constricting outfit. Her husband Mark watched her nervously as his wife prepped for their

upcoming wrestling match tonight.

He had never been in a professional wrestling match before and especially not in front of millions of fans. He had already felt a few disappointments before the match that he would have to take his wife's wrestling name, even though he was the man. So Mark Wright would now be known as "Marky Kicker". He knew it was dumb, but there was something emasculating about the fact that he was taking the woman's name even if it would only help his career. Kiki had fans already built up around the world and Marky had zero.

He also was not happy about his outfit. The pink muscle shirt which had black outline felt too feminine. He looked down at his shorts and realized it was actually just a black singlet. It was actually smaller than his wife's only meant to cover his private parts.

After putting on the outfit he realized out dumb he looked. Though Kiki hopped on over to him while moving her body to work out any acid out of her body.

"You look great! We look like a couple!", She said sweetly.

"But it's pink. Why do I have to wear pink?", Mark pulled at the top.

"Oh it's not so bad. It matches the pink on my outfit. Plus...", she rattled off a combo of punches into the air, before stopping and looking at him. "I get to mark my territory to the other female wrestlers."

Mark nervously laughed at her hoping she was kidding. He never got the reassurance from her though and he pushed it aside.

"So Big Black Bull, huh? Heard much about him?", Mark hadn't heard of him before.

"He's a big black wrestler you don't want to lose to, I know that. I heard he hung one of his opponents on his wall as trophy for a whole day one time. Another time he made one of the wrestlers

give him a foot rub for mercy.”, She could see the fear in her husband and tried to reassure him.

“He’s still an amateur. He’s a huge guy, but there’s two of us and only one of him. In fact our combined weight is more than his so we have the advantage.”, She sounded so confident and Mark accepted what she said.

At 5’10 190lbs, Mark wasn’t exactly pure muscle. He knew he need to drop some pounds hence why he was wearing the pink muscle shirt to cover the extra flab. However, he was most worried about his stamina and if he would even be able to go through till the end of the round.

The stadium had filled up and there were over 40,000 fans out in the stadium. They were all awaiting for the live performance to begin which would be displayed to another 15 million fans watching on TV.

Mark knew that it was showtime.

TONIGHT’S MATCHUP

They both stood in the hallway leading out to the ring. “The Kickers” waited for their announcement to walk out to show themselves to the fans. Mark stood there trying not to throw up while his wife Kiki bounced around on her tippy-toes in excitement.

“I love this moment.”, She cooed.

Mark could see the thrill that was shooting through her. The light lit up which let them know to come out and Kiki jogged out while Mark slowly followed. He could hear the announcer finishing up his introduction of them before announcing the duo to the thousands of fans in the area.

“The Pinnnnnnnk Kickkkkkkerrrrrrrrrrrrrsss!” The announcer bellowed.

Marky Kicker was now part of “The Pink Kickers” and sighed to himself wondering how could this become even more emasculating. The both of them stood there as the fans all cheered for them. Mark even saw a couple of “Kiki” signs from her actual fans.

The lights were bright and the sound was loud enough to drown out anything around him. Kiki turned around and said lets go, but Mark couldn’t hear it. He just followed her down the aisle to the empty ring.

Fans were shouting inaudible words though sometimes Mark could make out something. Some of the fans were reaching out and trying to touch Kiki. A successful man had reached out far enough to grab her right breasts which Kiki pushed the man’s hand away playfully while another guy was able to grab a handful of her sexy ass. Mark had to grab the fans hand and pry it off her. As she stood there the group of men held her there and felt up the sexy athletic body of Mark’s wife.

Mark was finally able to take his wife from their fans after some effort before they entered the ring. “The Pink Kickers” stood in the ring waiting for the announcement of their opponent.

The announcer’s voice came over the speaker’s to speak to the fans.

“And hailing from the streets of New York, weighing in at 285lbs and standing 6’10. One of the best up and comers this sports has right now! The infamous, Big Black Bull!”

The lights turned off for three seconds. The crowd wen quiet for a second unable to see anything in front of their own eyes more than three feet. A strobe light turned on in the aisle and there stood the giant that would be Mark and Kiki’s opponent.

He looked much bigger in person than what they had heard.

Even from all the way down the aisle at the other end of the stadium, he looked like he was taller than they were as they stood in the ring.

The lights began to become dim as he walked down the aisle. He filled up the entire aisle and both sides of fans were able to easily reach out and touch him. They tried to stop him, but his massive form slowly continued its pace unaffected.

He got to the ring and rolled in and stood. Mark and Kik's neck stretched to look up at the black bearded ugly black man. He wore only a singlet which sports a hefty bulge in it. Something that took Mark off guard and added a bit of anxiety for him.

While Mark and Kiki tried to get the fans to cheer, The Bull just stood there staring at the both of them. He looked at them as though he was wondering why he had to waste his talents on such weak opponents.

"Should I start?", Kiki leaned over to Mark to ask.

Mark looked over at the giant muscular black opponent. He obviously hesitated to say yes, but knew that he had to.

"Mmhmm."

"Are you sure?", Kiki gave him a look of concern.

"Yup. I got this babe.", Mark faked a good smile.

"Alright.", Kiki received the reassurance she needed and nodded with a smile. She stepped outside of the ropes and stood on the side of the ring.

Mark turned around to stare at his opponent who just stared at him menacingly. The sound of the bell came too early for Mark.

It took only one moment before the black man had grabbed a hold of Mark and picked up him up over head. He power bombed him to the ground with authority. Mark felt the air get knocked out

of him.

He laid there struggling to breathe before he was picked up again and tossed in the corner of the ring. He hit the corner with a speed that sucked the air out of him two times in a row. He was dizzy and disoriented within and by the time he could breathe again he felt his opponent all over him.

He tomahawked him a few times and kicked at him which landed into Mark's stomach. Mark was down on his knees and was only picked up and tossed to the middle of the ring.

He hobbled over to Kiki and slapped her hand. This would allow them to exchange places and allow him to catch his breath. Kiki wasn't even disappointed as she was excited to go at the big man to show how good of a wrestler she was.

She hopped over the ropes gracefully and ran towards the black man. She drop kicked him which made him bounce into the ropes. When he came back towards Kiki she tripped him to the ground. She attempted to get a quick pin and landed her small body on top of him.

The ref hit the ground hard one time. He lifted his hand and hit the ground two times. He lift his hand and right before he hit the ground three times he halted. Kiki went flying off of the black man and hit the ground.

In one motion The Big Black Bull stood up and was walking towards Kiki who was still on the ground. He reached down and gripped her with his huge hand. His fingers firmly wrapped around her neck as he lifted her in the air over his head. Her feet were kicking around.

The Black Man's Voice was deep and Mark could hear him from across the ring as he motioned to Kiki kicking as he held her up by the neck, "Kickers. Get it?"

The sickening chuckle he gave infuriated Mark and he jumped into

the ring. He ran at the black man aiming to tackle him. However, when he ran into the large man at full force he didn't move. Mark fell at the black man's feet, but got his attention. The Black Bull tossed Kiki across the ring and turned the beat down back onto Mark.

It wasn't even a match. The muscular man tossed Mark around the ring like a rag doll. After only three minutes he was on the ground and could have been pinned, but instead The Bull wanted to make a point.

He continued to beat on Mark and Kiki was finally back in the action. Mark was near losing consciousness, but Kiki had hopped on the back of the tall man.

He tossed and turned trying to get her off while stepping on Mark. Mark had to roll away with what energy he had, but was able to get to the other side of the ring simply by rolling.

"Gotcha bitch.", The Black Bull ripped Kiki off of his back and tossed her towards the rope. She bounced off the ropes and came back towards him. She tried to drop-kick him like she did before, but this time the Black Bull simply side-stepped. He caught her in the middle of the air and pulled her into a bear hug into himself.

"I should pop these big white titties out of your top.", The Black Man said as he stared into Kiki's cleavage. She could see his eyes and how distracted he was by her breasts, but he was much too strong to get out of his grip. She looked over to her husband who was still on the ground.

The Big Black Bull continued to share his dirty thoughts with the busty white wife.

"Your man can't protect you from me. I can do whatever I want with you right now and neither of you could stop it. How does that make that little white pussy feel?"

"Stop Bull!", She spoke out. She had experienced some perverted

behavior from some of the other wrestlers, but nothing like this. No matter what her words were though, her body responded by the light tingle between her legs.

"Bet you're real tight. Think you can take a big black anaconda?", The Black man leaned down into her big breasts and rubbed his bearded face against her breasts being smashed in between them as he bear hugged her holding her off the ground. The crowd erupted in cheer and laughter as he motor-boated her breasts as she kicked and struggled.

"Your husband has no balls and a small little white cock too I bet." He spoke in a confident tone and when she hesitated he spoke up again, "I knew it."

Mark was finally on his knees looking around the ring before realizing where he was and what was going on. He saw The Big Black Bull holding his wife in the air bear hugging her small frame into his giant muscular body.

Then he looked down and his jaw dropped. His black singlet underwear had the most obvious tent pitched. The bulge had pushed out the black fabric and Mark could even see the flesh under it. The black man holding the white woman in the air and their height difference allowed for her little shoes to kick at his crotch.

Mark could see each time she would hit it with her foot it would bounce and seemed to harden with each tap of the foot. He stood up finally slowly making his way to the big black man becoming aroused from his wife.

"Let her go!", Mark knew how unintimidating he sounded.

He was answered by a stretch of the tall man's leg and heel planted in the chest of Mark. Mark went flying into the corner. Mark landed with his butt on the ground and his back against the bottom corner buckle. Mark could see that the big black giant still held Kiki in his muscular arms.

The Bull flipped Kiki around so he was holding her with one arm around her waist. She was leaning over the arm holding her and bent over with her arms and feet dangling below her. While bent over she felt his fingers reach into the hem of her shorts. Before she could react, they were slid down her legs and pulled off her legs.

“Now the real show can begin.”, The Big Black Bull bellowed.

VICTORY

Mark watched as the Black Bull ripped off his wife's shorts in front of all of these screaming fans. They erupted in a loud cheer as Kiki's bare ass and pussy was on full display as he carried her around the ring with her bent over in one arm. The Bull picked her up and showed off the perfect hearts shaped ass to everyone in the stands.

He would lower her again and twirl her shorts around in the air like a cowboy would with a rope. He let them go and they went flying into the fans. The men all fought for the pair. Mark saw that an ugly hick with a huge beer belly had grabbed them from the others. He had them up to his face and was breathing his wife's scent as his black opponent showed off her bare ass and pussy to the crowd.

Mark was looking around the crowd and ring waiting for someone to stop the madness. Never has something like this ever happened before and he expected it to be stopped. However, the owner of the BBC organization, Sebastian Gold, would allow it. This would surely cause controversy and that would only help with generating revenue.

"White girl has a Brazilian girl's ass.", The Big Black Bull stood over Mark who was still sitting in the corner. Kiki's ass and pussy pointing right at him.

"I'm going to punish her in front of you now.", The black man said without any tone.

His big black hand lifted into the air and without hesitation came down towards Kiki's toned butt. His palm smacked against her ass making it jiggle right in front of Mark's face. The sound of her ass being spanked made the crowd gasped. The Bull lifted his black hand up and smacked her ass again and again and again in front of Mark.

The black hand stopped its assault to rub at her ass which became a harsher pink from the smacking. Mark could see that the black hand rubbing at her ass would press against the crotch of his wife. The black man laughed watching Mark's humiliation.

"Her pussy is wet, white boy.", The back wrestler's eyes were filled with some sort of madness.

Kiki was still being held at the waist bent over facing in towards the ring with her ass pointed at her husband. The strong black arm had her pinned against the side of her opponent and she could only dangle there helplessly as her firm curvy butt was spanked. She hoped that Mark would step in, but he hadn't yet.

"Mark!", She hoped her husband would stop him before he could see how wet her pussy actually was. The feeling of being manhandled by this strong black man in front of her weaker husband in front of the crowd was intoxicating. She knew she had to do anything she could to try and stop this before it went too far.

"Pink boy. Feel her wet pussy.", The black man growled.

The Bull smashed Kiki's ass against Mark's face. Mark's head was now pinned against the buckle while her asshole pressed against his temple. He could feel the wetness on the side of his face coming from Kiki as she sat on the side of his head. Mark tried to escape, but the Black Bull used his foot to press pin him against the ground with his weight. Mark's hearing was muffled by Kiki's ass, but he heard his opponent yell out.

"Let's see these big white titties."

He heard fabric being ripped and the crowd erupting again. Her natural 34DD perfect shaped breasts were released for the crowd to see. Mark could see all of the pictures being taken of his wife's bare tits that were exposed. The pink sports bra was still on her body, but only dangled over her shoulders after being ripped at the front of her bra.

“Spread these legs slut.”

Mark’s head was still pinned against the bottom buckle with his wife’s ass sitting on his head. He could see from his angle that one of her knees came to rest over the rope and assumed that his other leg was spread on the other rope.

“Let the crowd see that wet pussy.”, The black man said in a nasty tone.

Kiki’s front was torn open and her big tits were hanging as she hung from her spread legs on the corner ropes. The big black man had them both pinned against the corner and his underwear was beginning to lose the battle against the beast underneath his black singlet.

The black man was rubbing furiously at the wet pussy between her spread legs. “Nice and wet white wife pussy. She needs some black meat.”

Mark sat there in a panic. His heart was beating as he tried to free his head as his wife’s wet pussy leaked all over his cheek. He couldn’t feel Kiki resisting anymore as she just hung there moaning from the rubbing that The Big Black Bull gave her.

Truth is all three of them thought this would be stopped and the match would be over. However nothing had happened and the Black Bull was now going to push the limits.

With one hand he pulled down his black singlet which made his 14” inch cock spring into view. It looked like a child’s arm holding an apple more than a man’s penis. The crowd gasped and awed at the size of the cock of the tall muscular black wrestlers.

The strong black man still held the “The Pink Kickers” duo against the corner and pinned. He looked around for the crowd waiting for some guidance from the crowd and giving the BBC organization one last moment before he stuck his big cock into this horny white wife on national TV.

Mark couldn't see everything but had put together that something crazy was going on by the gasps and cheers of the crowd. However he started hearing a chant that was hard to misunderstand.

"Fuck Her! Fuck Her! Fuck Her!"

Before Mark could realize what was going on he felt the black man from kneeling over him so that he straddled him with his knees. Mark also heard the black man speak.

"Sit still and you won't get hurt.", The black guy growled.

Mark obeyed the strong man as did Kiki who was moaning and dripping all over Mark's face. She had always fantasized by being dominated by a man and it couldn't have been any closer to her imagination.

Mark felt something smack at his neck and realized it was the big cock of his opponent as he aimed it towards Kiki's pussy.

"No, stop!", Mark pleaded.

"No.", Kiki cooed.

It wouldn't have mattered to The Big Bull as his cock began to enter Kiki. Her white entrance stretching to engulf the head of his cock as her ass continued to rest on her husband's head.

Mark could feel liquid spewing from Kiki as she stretched to fill the black cock into her. He continued to struggle under his wife who not only seemed to not be resisting, but actually wanting this to happen.

"This pussy is real tight. You really must have a little pecker, don't you.", The black wrestler taunted Mark.

Kiki giggled in between her moans as the black cock stretched inside. She could feel it working itself inch by inch as she tried to take the entire thing. The Bull slowly moving his hips forward and back working himself in. Kiki shuddered in an orgasm that made her scream out in pain and pleasure.

"Fuuuuckkkk yeah. So big.", She had a hard time even saying that small sentence.

"There's a lot more of that too, slut.", The Black Bull began working himself in and out of her at a quicker pace as she stretched to accommodate his big cock. A second orgasm followed from Kiki soon after.

"I'm going to fuck your little white pussy inside out. You hear that white boy?", The Big Bull smacked down at Mark's exposed chest. He winced in pain.

"Fuck you!", Mark yelled.

The Big Bull smacked at his chest again harder. This time silencing Mark. "Say you're sorry."

Mark remained silent. The Big Bull was still working his big black cock into his wife as he helplessly watched him fuck her brains out. The Bull smacked his chest again.

"Say it white boy."

"I'm sorry.", He said quickly.

"That's right you are. You are one sorry white boy.", He laughed as he continued to thrust his pole in and out of the wet wife's pussy as he dominated her weak cuckold.

Kiki orgasmed a third time and Mark had the sudden realization that he had never made her orgasm like this before. Her ass was bouncing on his face as sticky liquid had now covered after of the side of his face. He could only assume that The Big Black Bull's cum was mixed in with the liquid covering his face.

The black man was loving fucking this sexy woman in front of the crowd. He was working his big cock into her and could feel his large balls dangling were now smacking against something. Each time he would thrust his balls were smacking against the jawline of Kiki's husband. The humiliation he was causing him only turned him more

even more.

“Like those balls smacking against your face white boy while I fuck your wife?”, The black man chuckled through his own words. He was moaning and groaning at the tightness of the wife still.

Mark didn't answer because Kiki's moans had taken over. The way this black man talked to them and treated them had turned her on in a way that she never known before.

“She loves this big black dick.”

Mark hated how cocky the black man was, but it was hard to disagree with why. He was fucking his wife literally right in front of his eyes. Not only that, but Mark had to think this would ruin his career. How could he ever come back from being unable to protect his wife from this sexual deviant.

“Take it bitch. Take this big lack dick.”, The Bull loved his own taunting.

Kiki was moaning at his words and Mark could feel her ass cheeks tightening against his face as she orgasmed around the cock buried deep inside of her. Mark could feel some of their cum leaking into his eye lid and he had to cover his eyes as he continued to fuck her.

Kiki went limp as the black man speared her while she hung spread eagle in the corner. The crowd was cheering and some of them had even pulled their own cocks out to beat off to the scene unfolding in front of them.

“I'm going to cum deep in your little pussy. Hear that white boy. I'm going to cum deep in your wife's pussy. Give you a black powerful son unlike your weak husband.”

Kiki orgasmed again at the words and Mark could only wait for The Black Bull to finish in his wife. He could feel him bucking and shuddering through his thrusts and the noise of him groaning and grunting.

“I’m cumming in your wife boy!”, He growled into the air so that even the fans could hear. They cheered.

Mark could almost feel his cum being spewed deep into his wife’s womb as his face was firmly pressed against her ass. In fact, he could have sworn he could hear it pooling in her since his ear could hear the insides of his wife as well.

“Fffuuck that’s a lot of cum.”, He was laughing as he continued to cum deep into Kiki who now hung there limp. She had almost lost consciousness from the amount of pleasure and pain the big black cock gave her.

The Black Bull continued to plow his thick cock into the wife while he milked himself into her. This caused his cum to gush out of her pussy as he continuously thrust. The cum pouring out of her pussy oozed all over Mark’s face which was now almost completely covered with their sex juices.

“Oh yeah baby, I want to make sure all that cum gets in there.”, The black man talked softly now to the white wife he had just conquered. His hand reached up and fondled at her 34DD breasts that hung down from her chest.

The black man still had his cock thrusting slowly in and out of the wife as he lifted her ass off the ground and lay her into the middle of the ring. Her legs spread with his big cock still stuffed in it and now Mark just sat there covered in their cum by himself in the corner.

He raised his head to look at Kiki’s thick thighs wrapped around the waist of the black man in between them. His thrusting didn’t stop and he looked like he was about to cum a second time already.

His cock was again pumping in Kiki’s tight pussy as she laid on her back in the middle of the ring. She was sliding from each powerful thrust of the big 14” inch cock that stretched her in ways that Mark never could.

“Lay still slut!”, The black man put his hands on her shoulders to

pin her against the mat. He continued to thrust himself faster and harder to try and unload his balls for a second time.

When The Big Black Bull put his hands on Kiki's shoulders to pin her against the mat the referee came into place. Mark watched the whole scene unfold as the referee came to get a close up of the black man fucking his wife around the ring.

He lifted his hand and slammed it against the mat once. He lifted his hand against the air and hit it a second time. He lifted and brought it down against the mat a third time. The bell ring as the black man furiously pounded at the white wife he had pinned down. Kiki was already orgasming when the black man shuddered once again.

Mark could tell that he was cumming for yet a second time in his wife within only a few minutes of each other. They looked to the fans who had obviously loved the spectacle they had just witnessed.

He had been cuckolded on national TV and in front of the fans of the market he was attempting to get into. His wife had just received two loads from the biggest black cock he had ever seen before. He had just been defeated in every way a man could be in one night as he watched the big black man climb out from between his wife's legs.

Kiki moaned as the big cock slid out of her leaving a gaping cum filled pussy that dripped against the mat below her. The wet stain forming between her legs could be seen and the TV cameras even focused on her cum dripping pussy.

Mark had some sort of relief that it was finally over. He began to recover from the beating he had taken, but before he could feel the blanket of security he watched The Big Black Bull walk towards Kiki.

He leaned down and picked her up in his arms. His big black cock was still hard, but in its flaccid state would bounce as he would. He threw her small frame over his large shoulder and began to walk

away. Stepping out of the ring he walked towards the back with Mark's wife who didn't resist.

Mark watched helplessly as his wife was taken by the big black man into the back.

He realized that this was only the beginning.

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | PUBLIC HUMILIATION | BETRAYAL

B.B.C.

PROFESSIONAL

WRESTLING

CUCKOLD

DOMINATION

Round 2



REMY LEONE

B.B.C. Professional Wrestling Cuckold Domination Round 2

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [MEDIA FALLOUT](#)
- 2 [SCREAMING SOPHIA AND
DAVE](#)
- 3 [LOCKER ROOM](#)
- 4 [DEFEATED](#)

MEDIA FALLOUT

Last night's episode had been insane for the crowd that witnessed what happened to the Kickers at the hands of the up and coming younger wrestler Big Black Bull. It was the only thing that the entire Nation would talk about-- the cuckolding of a white man by a black

man on national television.

The conservatives of television were having a field day with it and propping all kind of scenarios to retaliate. They condemned them with fervor and ridiculed the entire wrestling industry. The politicians who had recently relaxed regulations against nudity, explicit language and sex in general, but this had taken things to a whole new graphic nature. Their scrutiny came in the form of many tax paying citizens questioning their decisions.

The controversy had the entire nation talking and watching; the men especially watching. Meme's floated around and GIFs of Mark's head being bounced against the rope buckles by his wife Kiki's athletic ass as the Bull pounded her relentlessly. Mark's wrestling career was ruined while Kiki's had only skyrocketed.

Sebastian Gold loved the controversy. When the numbers and ratings of his show had smashed even the Super Bowl he knew he had struck something. Numbers from viewers numbers, events being sold out, and advertisers practically dumping money at them there wasn't much to worry about. Controversy is what made him the most money and if he had to sacrifice others for his gain he easily would. He had dumped the extra money into an army of lawyers for some added risk prevention. He might take a lawsuit, but would continue operations at the Biggest, Baddest, Championship of professional wrestling as normal.

While everyone else would have apologized for the crude graphic nature of the material that was shown, Sebastian had no regret. While everyone else would have made sure that this would never happen again, Sebastian had no interest. Instead of simply letting the world dictate his product, he would let the product influence the world. He would double down.

While everyone else would settle for the same, Sebastian was unbent to innovate. One of the many reasons why he was so

successful. He would stay the course. Which meant that were would be yet another life changing match.

SCREAMING SOPHIA AND DAVE

Sophia Newman couldn't take her husband's excesses anymore; therefore decided to retaliate in the wrestling arena where heavyweight champions compete for money and glory. It was really ironical that Sophia's hubby was the lanky guy, looking so thin and emaciated but that never bothered him. Dave seemed to actually think he was ripped and more muscular than he really was being a bit of an optimist.

She convinced her hubby to take part in the fight knowing full well that he wasn't likely to win, but without risk there was no reward. However, anything to help advance her career would help in the professional sport. Maybe Sophia would get some exposure and at least advance her own in some way. Cruel maybe, but she knew that she was the only one of the pair of them that had a real shot. She had her plans which she termed "Dave Pays". Somehow she was going to get what she wanted no matter what the future outcome turned out.

Sophia had connections with one of Sebastian Gold's brother's after giving a hand job that she never told Dave about. She had gone behind Dave's back a few times before and it was only ways that would benefit the both of them and never all the way as they would say. These factors made it justifiable or at least that was how Sophia saw it.

When it was the D-day for the fight, Dave Newman got dressed that cool summer morning care free. He smiled to the camera and said: "Honey, I'm sure that today is going to be really hot and I'll ensure I win lots of money for you,"

Sophia smiled secretly knowing full well that it was one of his

empty promises because he always ends up beating her up at the slightest misunderstanding. He never knew that in silence, many words are spoken but only a good listener hears.

"We're late already," she ds, getting herself cute with the exotic makeover. Dressed in her sexy bodycon pink mini dress, she observed herself one more time in the mirror, ensuring that her sexy blonde hair could attract more fans, especially men. She was really ready to fuck the muscular man of her dream other than her scrawny hubby who hardly performs strongly in bed.

On getting to the wrestling arena, many fans of Sophia, better known as "Screaming Sophia", were already there waiting to get her attention; to sign an autograph for them while. No one really recognized Dave the supposed lanky terrible wrestler.

"It's Screaming Sophia!", One of the younger men said who practically had a hard on the minute he laid eyes on the beautiful blonde fit woman.

As they entered the wrestling stadium, some guys who admired Sophia started caressing becoming physically aggressive with her. Ever since the last event where The Big Black Bull took Kiki Kicker on National television, there was an entirely different attitude at the events. It became a bit more adult in nature and not suitable for anyone under 18 years old.

The men were of more aggressive nature "accidentally" rubbing against her cleavage, brushing up against her butt and in general letting their hands roam over her body. Sophia gracefully ignored her fan's hands and even erection, instead focusing on her appreciation for her fans even if they were a bit "hands-on" with her. The more they groped, the more she allowed them to without saying a word. Utter happiness located her for getting her such enormous attention. She attended to them by signing autographs for them while her hubby felt so demoralized as he observed how come-hither Sophia was.

Among the crowd was a tall, dark and handsome guy, which had features of a someone from the Mediterranean area. He looked like he could have been in the sport himself if he wanted to the way his body was sculpted with muscle. The hunky man came along to meet her while she was on the walkway with the hubby.

"Can I get a special autograph and kiss from a pretty angel like you?" he sounded as if he didn't even notice Dave's presence.

Dave was daunted and restive as he watched his wife being pulled to a corner by the stranger. He was actually thinking that Sophia would turn down the request but he was wrong. Sophia offered her lips for a couple of seconds' kiss before signing an autograph on the handsome man's chest.

As her marker started to sign over his chest his hand reach around her form and cupped her firm rear. Dave's eyes widened glaring at the man who was grabbing his wife's butt. He seem unaffected by the glare from Dave returning only a sinister care free grin.

Sophia's fans were all over her, making her feel happy. They played with her boobs and she enjoyed it like she never cared, making Dave to sink in disgust and gloom. She was groped and she didn't complain. At a point, Dave felt like going back home but he already accepted to wrestle, so he couldn't withdraw his commitment worried that it may affect his wife's already budding career.

After a while of feeling sad, he pulled Sophia into a hug and said: "What are you really doing?"

"To get you used to it," she answered and smiled, "Don't worry, you'll understand soon, honey."

Sophia smiled furtively and snorted at his jealousy because she was actually getting back at him exactly the way she planned.

Dave was totally confused because he couldn't understand why

his wife would want him to get used to her being coquettish with her fans. He also didn't understand the odd comments about her being the "entertainment of the night". He had missed what happened to Marky and Kiki at the hands of the Big Black Bull. He actually had hung out with them a few times before with his wife as they were a good couple and he got along with Marky. Nonetheless he was oblivious to what had happened at the last event so consumed in himself.

"Can we go now because I'm feeling uncomfortable already," The soon to be wrestler and husband whine in a childish tone. Dave dragged her out from the fans into a secret room where he locked the door behind him.

"This is ridiculous and you know it!" She blurted and unlocked the door but didn't go out yet, "I'm surprised that you're here for a fight without knowing what is at stake."

Dave was absolutely bemused hearing that because it just occurred to him that he didn't even understand what his wife was talking about. The odd comments from the crowd and the way they were acting tonight was absurd to normal. Sure a guy here and there would cop a feel and he would just have to get over it, but not every man so obviously fondling her body. What had come over the crowd in this city for the event was something he was not prepared for. He still had a hard time following his wife and he respond to her.

"What is at stake?" he asked trying to make her understand his confusion. "Seems I'm lost here."

Sophia feigned a smile even though she was already worked up being around him. With her hands gracefully resting on the knob, she tried to open the door but he held firm to the door so that she wouldn't go out without explaining things to him.

"It seems you want to assault me as usual but that's not going to happen anymore." She said, forcing him out of her way. She

opened the door and continued going to the lock room.

Dave tried to close in to avoid many fans being all over her but that wasn't fruitful because her fans were already eager to see her as they waited for her to show up.

Screaming Sophia attended to her fans, spent time making them happy while the cheering crowd applauded her easygoing nature that made her different from others.

She assured her fans that they'd all be surprised when the final part of the fight is reached. They knew that something that would top the last event with the Kickers and cheered excited to be in attendance to see what would happen to Screaming Sophia.

Dave sat there squirming and shift. He was sweating profusely realizing that he might have bitten off more than he could chew.

"What has Sophia got me into?", Dave sighed to himself.

Sophia while being pinned between her fans and their hands all over her, pulling her around like a rag doll. Her breasts jiggling and her ass bouncing in her tight little outfit. The chaos of the moment seemed to be turning Sophia on being pulled around by her fans and pawed, but it was abruptly ended when a group of big body guards pulled them away.

Behind the guards was Sebastian Gold himself. He walked towards Screaming Sophia and the crowd made a circle around them to give them space as to not displease the big muscular bodyguards. Dave was too far to hear what they were saying and tried to approach but was halted roughly by a bodyguard. Dave was much too small to stop the guard from halting him so he called out.

"Excuse me. Guys?", Dave spoke to Sebastian and Sophia who were in deep conversation. She was laughing hard, as he asked and had to cut off her own laughter to look at her husband who interrupted them.

“Hold on.”, Was all she said in more of a shout than a request.

Sebastian looked over to Dave and they made eye contact. Sebastian offered no friendly nod, but more of a sizing up stare. He didn't seem impressed as he continued to ignore Dave and talk to Sophia. Their conversation ended and Sophia would walk back to her husband.

“What was that about?”, Dave said frustrated how he was just treated by his potential boss. He hated how much mystery was involved in his situation. He had no idea who he was wrestling, what the terms were and no idea what his potential boss Mr. Gold had for him.

“Oh Sebastian? He has a certain way he likes to handle things.”, Sophia said in a way that hinted at something more than what she was actually saying literally.

“Well, time to get ready.”, She said authoritatively towards Dave.

Dave sighed, realizing he had no choice, “Okay.”

“And babe?”, She said in a sweet manner before continuing, “Don't embarrass me okay?”

For some reason that stung Dave as he just nodded weakly reassuring his wife he wouldn't. However, fuming and worried he walked towards the locker room.

LOCKER ROOM

Dave discovered that his opponent was a hefty African American guy; polished black in color, with an overly macho attitude, strong abs and without the hint of a smile. He went by the wrestling name of “Spider”.

He couldn't imagine wrestling with such person but still had to

pretend that he was warrior ready. He couldn't let others smell his fear even if he was practically shitting himself.

The couple and the black guy were left alone in the locker room to get ready. Dave felt intimidated by his opponent's presence as at any moment the man could attack him prior to their matchup. Luckily some of the tension was broken when Sebastian entered the room with the three of them.

His blue eyes and medium length perfectly styled hair was combed over. In great shape, himself he had an intimidating presence, even to Spider who seemed to be willing to do as he commanded.

"Hey, young man." The blue eyed manager of the BBC wrestling said to Dave as Spider dressed up behind him. Dave had given Sebastian his full attention.

"Yes Mr. Gold?", Dave said meekly.

Sebastian seemed to like that as he smiled before thumbing over at Spider, "This is Spider that you're about to contend with. There is still time to chicken out if you don't want your wife to be fucked in the ring."

Dave grimaced listening to Sebastian's words that slammed into him like a ton of steel weighing on his chest. His heart began to beat fast as he began connecting the dots, but no way he could fully comprehend what was going on without some assistance which made him speak up.

"What's he talking about?" Dave whispered into Sophia's ears, "What's really at stake? Sophia please what is going on?"

Sophia smiled scornfully at him and pulled a seat closer. The seat cracked on the floor as she dragged it across the hard floor below them. "You better take a seat."

Daven was shivering or trembling as he slowly took a seat

feeling a bit disoriented. Sophia's finger's began to trace against the back of his neck as he sat there trying to comfort him. "Ask Sebastian. He will tell you."

Dave began to shiver out of uncertainty, feeling like backing out of the fight. "Mr. Gold. Please?"

Sebastian's smile grew large on his lips as he looked down at Dave with hate filled eyes. Spider scoffed to himself with a smile and shook his head disdainfully at Dave's ignorance and shook his head out of pity. Before Sebastian could speak, Spider interjected.

"What an idiot. To not know what he gains or loses when going into a fight."

"Don't insult me, Negro," Dave hollered and rose for a fight but Sophia pulled him back. Sebastian seemed to enjoy the intensity that was growing that he was only antagonizing.

"You talk tough now, but let's see how tough you are in the ring, pussy," Spider blundered and rose, showing his full height, making Dave look like a hungry mosquito beside him, "But if you insist on knowing the extent of my strength, bring it on and I'll eat you and your sexy little bitch alive."

Dave didn't heed his warnings, making him go straight to him to meet him but he pushed him hard. The hard push made him tumble on the floor while falling. It was obvious to him that he wasn't a match for him, making him remain humble and panting on the floor.

Sebastian laughed which seemed to make Sophia embarrassed by how weak her husband just looked in front of him. She didn't even bother to pull him up or help him out as to not associate herself with such a wimpy wrestler even if it was her own husband. She simply went closer to him, squatted by his side and arched forward with a smile. "If you win the fight, he pays fifty thousand dollars into your account with another matchup planned

immediately..."

"And if I lose?" he interjected, unable to be patient for her to conclude.

"Why are you fidgety about it?" she asked and tapped his chin, hinting towards how uncomfortable he became when Sebastian's word slammed into Dave forcing him to sit earlier. "Seems you're already afraid of seeing me being fucked to your own humiliation."

Hearing that made statement, Dave forced himself to stand; even though he staggered in the process of doing that. It seems there was something that his wife knew that he was yet to be abreast of.

"What did you mean by being fucked in the ring?" he asked looking more lost, "Will he fuck you if I lose?"

"I never thought that you'd finally figure it out, dipshit," Spider said. The wiry black man started stretching himself in wait for the fight. "That pussy you fail to fuck every night will soon be at my beck and call. I'm going to do to her what happened to Kiki at the last event."

Dave had enough and got in Spider's face trying to show him he wasn't afraid. Most would have seen this as an impressive attempt, but Spider saw it as juts show.. The more unintimidated that Spider looked with Dave in his face, the more Dave wanted to raise his hand to hit him. In that moment, though the big black beast in front of him looked like he could devour him in two and a half bites and he didn't want to be eaten.

"Listen, I'm....I...I'm not afraid of you and will never be," He faltered tauntingly trying to conjure that lost confidence, but the shakiness of his tone made it clear that he was chickenhearted.

"Forget about this coward you call your husband." Spider's sonorous voice growled, "I'm what you want, bitch, you want the taste of my rocky salty black cock filling your mouth gagging your

throat. Not this chumps little flaccid pencil dick. Looks like a fag and probably tastes like shit from the gay men he fucks on a regular basis.”

Sophia was enjoying the crudeness and disrespect that Spider was showing her weak husband who needed to be broken. She was happy for that repartee in Spider’s expression too which only added to the tension and fear in Dave’s heart.

Sebastian had become only a fly on the wall staring over crossed arms leaning into the locker. He stared on what was developing and relished in his own genius plan that was unfolding perfectly and right before his eyes as Spider knew what he was supposed to do without even being told directly.

Dave felt betrayed by his wife who obviously made a deal with Sebastian behind his back that he was clueless about still exactly. But his fear for his opponent made him relax without uttering a word and freezing in his own boots. He heaved a sigh and started dressing up fast covering his shriveled penis. He didn’t need to give them any extra ammunition to add to his humiliation.

Spider brazenly walked towards Dave’s wife. His large black hand grabbed her by the waist and dragged her into the restroom while Dave remained speechless and looking. He couldn’t even fight it but remained calm and surprised as his wife was being dragged out of his presence.

In the restroom, Spider quickly pulled up her gown and observed her ass. Her firm butt cheeks were athletically tone and big as she has been referenced as a “PAWG” before. Which meant Phat Ass White Girl she learned from some of her black fans. Sophia was almost stark naked revealing her callipygian ass partly hidden under the red thong.

“Wow, you look better in real life, Screaming Sophia.”, Spider said as if this was all a big joke at Dave’s expense, “I like to be behind this phat booty. All I want to do is smack it.” he maundered

in a wowing tone.

“And what are you waiting for?” Sophia asked while leaning forward to rest her weight on his firm manly body that stood like an oak. “Make Dave pay.”

“Dave pay?” He repeated, feeling confused but didn’t have to dig for answers. He simply smiled off his questions and began to fondle her ass squeezing her white cheeks between his black hands, “This ass is made for black men. What’s this white boy doing with it?”

Dave could only want this black man fondle his wife looking over to Sebastian who was enjoying the show. Sebastian spoke up knowing that Dave was looking for some help to stop this brutal man.

“It’s your wife, not mine.”, He grinned crossing his arms even tighter to show a firm stance.

Sophia didn’t reply verbally but nodded innocently with a laugh looking to Dave and Sebastian. “Let’s give Dave some respect for now. Spider hasn’t won me yet.”

“Yet”, Spider repeated.

She pulled down her dress to ensure that she was properly dressed. After that, she went back into the locker room to meet Dave.

Dave was already feeling dejected by the way he was lampooned by his wife. He was numb to words as anger wafted around him, leaving him with no choice than wait for the fight to go on.

“Welcome back,” Dave said exasperatedly and smiled trying to cover his shame, “I hope you had fun with him in there.”

Sophia was unapologetic as she began to get Dave ready like a

kid for school. She was lacing up his boots and putting oil on him. Dave was trembling finally feeling his cowardly insides spill out.

"Can I decide not to fight anymore?" Dave asked looking uncertain about his fate.

"If you're not ready to accept your defeat with valor.. sure, all you have to do is back out in shame. I'm sure the consequences will still be the same though, you just won't have a shot at the money."

"Sophia.... do you event want me to win?" He asked without mincing words.

"I have no answer to that because I'll definitely belong to the winner without sentiments. I'm a winner by nature so should be with another winner. Don't you think?" She answered and asked him without expecting a response as she didn't care if he agreed. She dragged him up. "I think it's about time..."

"...for me to finish him up." Spider added as he entered. "Let's take this to the arena so I can have my glory, white boy."

Spider and Dave quickly went into the arena for the fight. It was obvious and clear that Dave was no match for Spider, leading to lots of cheers for Spider and boos for Dave. It was kind of annoying that nobody seemed to like him, but had to understand he was one of the newer fighters. Surprisingly, Sophia who should have been the only one to support her hubby wasn't even with him. She had joined the crowd that cheered Spider up. A lot of them being the same guys who were feeling her up earlier only adding to his fuming rage. Optimistically he tried to use it to direct at Spider.

Maybe he had a shot he would think before finally entering the ring.

The poor fool.

DEFEATED

The matchup began after their introductions and didn't last much more than ten minutes. It would have only lasted one minute if they would have truly wrestled, but Dave spent most of the time running around the ring with Spider having to chase after the cowardly man. The terror in his eyes seemed to make the crowd only laugh and turn his wife Sophia on as the men around her were rubbing her big butt and tits as she watched onto the fight.

It was really humiliating to Dave that he was not just defeated but dragged on the floor to make him suffer. The crowd calling out rude remarks about him being a weak punk or pussy or bitch. The men continuing to play with his wife's sexy body while he got beat up and her arousal over it filled him with a feeling of intense jealousy and rage mixed. However, his overall helplessness led to despair as the black man pummeled him like Dave didn't even know what he was doing.

The match was over and Dave laid there staring up at the referee holding Spider's hand up to the crowd who was cheering him.

Dave couldn't withstand the defeat, seeing his wife being fucked before the cheering audience. With the attention on the black man who was impaling his wife, he would try and disappear from the arena back to the locker room. Some of the beautiful, yet strong ring girls went into the locker room where Dave was and dragged him back to the ring. He was kicking and screaming, but he was no match for the ring girls who had him in numbers.

Spider was already waiting as he remained seated on the buckle in the corner of the ring with his big black 12 inch cock pointing at him, pulsating with the desire to start a round of sex with his wife. He was already having a microphone with him as he waited to make a public announcement.

When the couple got to him, they were forced to enter the ring and kneel but Sophia didn't kneel like her weak husband. As he waited on his knees, Sophia, instead, went to Spider and collected

the microphone from him. The audience was eager at what she had to say making them all hang to her in anticipation as they waited for the sexy blonde athletic female to make a public announcement.

It was surprising and jaw-dropping for everyone as they saw her undressing before them all. The crowd was silent as she took off each piece of garment so that she was now only left with just panties and bra. The guys in the arena were all astounded seeing such femme fatale standing before them all with immeasurable cheerfulness.

One of the crowd members got Dave's attention as the defeated husband was looking around for help. However the crowd member only replied with a sneer.

"Listen up bitch, your wife's about to get fucked properly right in front of us all. Thanks for the show dipshit Dave."

The crowd erupted into laughter as they began to all start chanting "Dipshit Dave! Dipshit Dave! Dipshit Dave."

Sophia let out a patented "Scream" that she was used to stop the men from chanting the name the crowd was giving him. Even if she loved the name, she had something to say. The crowd went silent and when she fully had their attention, Screaming Sophia would talk to her fans.

"Today, I accept to be fucked by the man of valor, the strongest warrior, and an undefeatable man." She said sounding proud and eager.

"I wish to say that I'm yet to see a man who can be a match to this strong man here," She went closer to him and hit his chest twice, "I'm yours, you've earned it. Fuck me and make me feel like a woman in front of all my adoring fans. This is my gift to you guys."

Dave couldn't believe what he heard from his wife who spoke so promiscuously on national television. He stumbled being disoriented making him fall to the floor of the ring being a weak

victim and feeling helpless. His eyes welled up, his heart throbbed and his spirit was crushed.

"I welcome you into my able and virile hands." Spider announced in a cinematic way and pulled her closer. Spider made sure to put on an entertaining show for the fans in character for the organization. But his cock was going to be the one really getting what it wanted.

Sophia didn't hesitate to sit on his lap as he sat with his hard cock standing erect on the corner buckle. She made sure that she was well balanced on him, with her firm butt rubbing on his cock. She would bend her knees letting the big black dick slide up and down between the flesh of her ass as Spider would sit back enjoying his trophy. His cock was already began to gushing out an endless amount of cum that was dripping like a faucet all over Sophia's firm butt. She turned around which showed Dave that her entire butt was covered in Spider's cum.

She turned around and wrapped her hand around Spider's neck, with her eyes fixed on his lips. "Fuck me," she whispered into his ears and nibbled his ears, "what are you waiting for?"

Even though she whispered the entire nation could hear what she was saying over the intercom in the arena.

Spider said nothing grabbed her by the hips, "consider this a sex duel and you must win to prove to the people that your sweetness is stronger than the strength of the warrior,"

"As you wish," she said and began to brush her ass on his cock, making it get firmer. As she brushed her ass against him, she found her his lips with hers and began to kiss him.

The sexy blonde didn't even feel as if her hubby was there. She was bent on enjoying herself other than being beaten by the skinny hubby that always makes her feel sad and unsatisfied in bed.

Sophia was wowed observing the beauty of the ring where the

sex was to take place. She was fully convinced that all she wanted that very moment was to allow Spider to fuck her mercilessly, being the first time for her to fully cheat on her hubby who never appreciated her role as a wife. She shut the door to her conscience which could prick her and continued kissing him.

A flat mattress was presented by the pretty young ring girls. Tossed on the floor of the ring to make them enjoy the sex fight to its fullest.

Sophia slowly sat on the mattress provided for the sex, shifted her weight to a side and crossed her slim smooth legs. Her sweet thong and push-up bra got Spider drowned in lasciviousness, leaving a lot to his imagination. Her perky legs and sexy high-heeled shoes got him enchanted. He couldn't imagine the beauty of the temptress inviting him with an imaginary wave.

The macho man was wowed catching a glimpse of her thong panties. He quickly came close to her and handed over a glass of champagne to her.

"You're so fucking sexy."

"You're one big black tough badass. A real man", Sophia spoke loud enough for Dave to hear him even though everyone could hear it over the mic. The crowd all giggled at Dave's humiliation.

Spider was taken aback by that statement. It was really an incredible moment as the sexy lady offered herself completely to him. She quickly downed the entire champagne in the glass and dropped the glass on the floor letting it shatter.

The entire crowd began cheering the passionate moment leading to loud whistles, applause, and noise in the background. Passion tore through Spider, making him begin to stroke his big black cock like an animal with both of his big hands. His black balls swinging like wrecking balls.

"I'm the winner and I'll fuck you as I want. Hear that Dipshit Dave? I'll fuck your wife right in front of you however-the-fuck I want to. What will you do about it?"

Dave remained silent which made the crowd giggle.

Spider tossed his glass of champagne without taking a sip right at Dave. It poured all over him and Dave was soaked making the crowd erupt. "That's what I fucking thought. I'm going to fuck your wife so rough, punk. Enjoy the show. I know everyone else is Am I right?"

The crowd all called at once "Yeah!!!!!!!"

The cameramen were all around covering the entire event. Sophia pushed him away, splaying her palms and knees on the mattress while arching her ass offering up her heart shaped ass to the black man. Spider in his impatience, jerked her panties down halfway to the knee level, displaying her gushing wet pussy.

Spider was wowed, looking so bewildered by the face of the sweet cunt that kept getting him spellbound. He arched until his lips began to locate her pussy through the trunk. After smearing her ass with his tongue, he began to probe deep into her pussy, ramming the tight holes bedraggled with slithery sweet-scented pussy juice.

He smacked her ass gently, making her turn to face him; eye to eye. She stood erect looking back at him obediently wanting to appease the muscular black man even while Dave watched. As they looked into each other's eyes, he began to caress his cock, making sure that he got the veining dick wrapped in her palm. She was wowed with the big pulsating cock looking daring and merciless. Her fingers attempted to wrap around the thick rod, but was unable to fully engulf it due to its girthy size. Her pussy streaming her own fluids as she imagined the black dick in her.

"Now, you know why I'm the champion white boy,," He muttered smilingly at Dave before roughly reaching up and grabbing

Sophia's blonde hair, bunching it into a ponytail. He dragged her head down towards his waist with some resistance at first, but she gave in quickly knowing any resistance would be futile. Her mouth eagerly opening as she bent down towards the big black dick hanging between the champion's legs.

Sophia grabbed the veining pulsing cock and began to thrust in and out her mouth. The taste of his pre-cum was the first to greet her sweet tongue as it gushed over her tongue and emptied down her throat. She began to lick his dick voraciously, feeling like a tigress tearing deeply into an incapacitated gazelle.

Dave watched his wife worship the large black rod of his opponent. Defeated in more than one way he compared his own shriveled white cock to the impressive black man's dick who currently was being devoured by his wife. Jealous that Sophia was never willing to give him a blow job ever, he even wondered what Sophia's mouth felt like.

In that squatting position, she continued sucking his shaft like a bitch in heat. His thick cock barely fitting in her mouth with her little hand stroking his big shaft causing his balls to swing back and forth. His hand on the back of her head with his other hand slapping her ass repeatedly and rubbing her wet pussy with her palm simultaneously.

The black man pulled the blonde wife's lips off his cock with his precum pouring out of her mouth. He roughly dragged her to the bed and tossed her on the mattress.

She looked up at the black barbarian who tossed her in front of the mattress right in front of her husband. Looking up with admiration of his strength and ability to manhandle her like a slut, she spread her legs, revealing the sweet pink folds.

"There are two kinds of people in the world." She said to Dave with a serious look. At this point, she kept her eyes affixed to Dave in a scornful angry way. "The first are winners who get what they

want. The second are losers that get whatever the winners don't want."

Spider was elated hearing such erotic words from her towards his defeated opponent. The fact it was a white man only seemed to add his own eroticism and his dick twitched spraying out a gush of precum in excitement.

"I'm the fucking winner!" Spider raised his strong arms in front of the entire crowd which cheered him on. His big hard cock gushing precum all over the ring as he looked around at his fans who were loving the show.

Spider looked back to Sophia and dropped to his knees in between her legs to Dave's horror. He quickly stretched his body, by grabbing her by the thighs and pulling her closer. She laid on her back with her legs pulled apart at her toned thighs with Spider's cock pointing at Dave as it oozed his precum now over Sophia's body. Sophia reacted by rubbing the precum that was dripping all over her onto herself and even into her own pussy. Spider began to brush the face of her pussy with his cock, fighting to penetrate, but the tightness of her pussy didn't allow an easy task.

"Damn white boy you ever fuck this pussy before? She's tight as fuck.", Spider's words made the crowd laugh.

He began to shove his thickness into her pussy with a heavy jab, securing a seductive agreement between his cock and her pussy. When she was thoroughly ready and couldn't wait to have her married pussy ruined, he began to penetrate gradually. The walls of her pussy were already slippery and open; ready to swallow the entire cock luckily to help stuff the thick piece of meat inside of herself.

"Now, I am in," he said with chuckles toward Dave. "The real fun can begin now."

Spider's big black cock began to pound heavily on the blonde

athletic wife stretching her pussy out in front of a cheering audience on national television. A few of them even threw rotten tomatoes at Dave hitting him. Humiliated he just sat on his knees watching his wife's pussy get stretched out by this muscular black man.

"Ffffuck!", She called out feeling herself being ripped open as she orgasmed over and over on the thickness of the cock as he penetrated. The more she came, the harder Spider fucked her tight married white pussy.

Dave's eyes were red, with tears blurring them but that never made his wife to bat an eyelid. He was completely engrossed in shame while the sex continued without his shame being noticed.

The audience were all aroused, making some couples to start fucking each other while they watched the live porn. The entire stadium losing their own civility.

Spider hammered hard, screwing Sophia's pussy so that her husband could never pleasure her again. Sophia raised her legs and placed them on his shoulders, using her palm to push up her hip, ensuring that her pussy got the deepest dig from him. She didn't know that she just conjured a furious dig that could tear her pussy apart.

"You'll never be able to fuck her again you little white bitch.", He called to Dave.

Spider was merciless this time, clawing her thick toned hips as he pulled her forward. He made her pussy meet his cock with a heavy bang and her white fluid covered his pistoning cock. The loud sound created by the intersection of his cock and her pussy got him endeared.

"Screaming Sophia" screamed and moaned passionately as they fucked. The harder that the big black dick punched into her, the louder she screamed. Her trademark scream repeatedly filling the entire arena as she orgasmed over the black cock stretching her

out. Raising his head, he rolled up his eyes until they began to roll back into his head.

This was much hotter than Sophia envisioned, making her place her hands on his groin to cushion the effect of his pounds. However, the animal in Spider made him fuck her even harder to show her he was the boss. The more she tried to abate the intensity of the ferocious bangs, the harder she felt her pussy being screwed and stretched. After an arduous effort to be freed from his furious pounds, she began to feel as if her explosion was beginning to tear her apart inside physically and mentally.

Spider watched her bouncing perky youthful tits and his large hand grabbed them, fondling them in turns and rolling the erect nipples between his thumbs. He never let up his big dick assault on the white wife.

"My pussy bitch!", Spider yelled out. Sophia and Dave both thought the words for them. It made Dave grimace and Sophia orgasm once again.

He grabbed her hips and lifted her from his big dick coated in her white fluids accented by his dark black cock. He used his strength to position her on her hands and knees, but even spoke up to tell her what he wanted groaning out in desire. "Get on your hands and knees."

Sophia clambered to obey, laying the flat of her palms on the floor, with her ass sticking up in the air. Her pussy dripped, soaking her folds and the tongue of her pussy. The more he commanded the more obedient she became to this powerful black man.

He knelt behind her, palming the length of his saliva soaked cock. He stroked her ass and cheeks and gently caressed her cunt. The blunt head of his cock penetrated her pussy entrance. She was hot and wet around him. Thrusting her hips against the intruding cock, she forced the full length of his cock into her tight pussy.

"Fuck. Show Dave how a real man fucks," She moaned under her breath. She had lost herself in the moment.

The cock felt huge in her, splitting her pussy while making her pussy wall contract. Her wall held firm to his cock, making deep penetration frictional but sweet. Pleasure pulsed through her cunt making her eyes roll back as she orgasmed yet again.

"Ugnngh..." She groaned in a mix of a pleasure and pain. "I'm you're whore." She chanted, moaning and vibrating beneath him, her massive tits swaying from side to side.

Spider pounded her pussy with abandon. He fucked her in sharp hard thrusts as her moans increased to a fever pitch. His cock felt like a bar of steel spearing her soft dripping pussy until he slammed into her cervix uteri.

The pleasure escalated in her pussy. She was almost tipping over the edge of the ring, screaming as he wound his hands around grabbing her hair, pulling on her scalp. He jerked her head back with force which only made her scream out in another orgasm as the black man took her with her husband crying. Something about this barbaric fashion in the way she was being fucked continued to turn her on in an evil way.

The pain added another dimension to the pleasure, giving her the push and fantasy she needed. She bit the inside of her mouth hard enough to draw blood to keep her from screaming as her orgasm tore through her. Her pussy milked the hard cock, squeezing it tightly as she came.

At this point, Spider felt the thick cum building up in his big black balls. Her soaked pussy tightened, rippling along the length of his cock tightly squeezing and inducing Spider's cum out of him. He groaned as new sensations raced along his cock.

"Nooooo!", Dave cried literally. "Don't cum in my wife, please!"

This only encouraged Spider to continue to thrash himself into

her, pushing her back on his cock with the long rope of her blonde hair in his hand as he fucked her roughly. He bellowed out a satanic chuckle as he stared with mean maniacal eyes at the white husband as he pounded away to show him he would give him no mercy. Spider became evil and mindless, seeking only his orgasm as his cock swelled. His balls drew up tight and his evil eyes widened as he continued to stare into Dave's sissy soul.

His climax slammed into him as he ejaculated ropes of hot cum from his cock. No way would he pull out of his opponents wife as he fucked her right in front of him. In fact Spider made sure to continue to pump her stuffing as much cum into her unprotected pussy as it would take. Pleasure reeled through him as he came until his balls felt empty.

Dave would never forget the dark soulless blank stare that Spider gave him as he emptied himself into his wife. It would haunt him for the rest of his life as he watched a man turn from a human to an animal that was hungry for his wife.

Sophia and Spider's show came to an end as they caught their breaths and tried to disembroil themselves. Spider's cock remained firm inside her cunt and stuck. It wasn't until it became flabby that he was able to pull his thick piece of meat out. Cum pouring out of Sophia's pussy started squirting everywhere due to the gaping hole Spider's thick cock left stretched out. The face of her pussy was messy, making her look like a whore that was raped by streets thugs in violence. Dave sat there on his knees while the crowd cheered for an encore and booed him for not stopping a man from savaging his wife laughing at him. He would be the new talk of the nation .

Dave's eyes finally found Sebastian Gold. The blonde blue eyed handsome man who looked pleased with himself for providing the fans of BBC Professional Wrestling another fantastic quality entertaining show.

Dave realized he was just a pawn living amongst Kings and

Gladiators as he watched Spider carry his unconscious wife back to the locker room presumably to continue the fun.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL

WIGGERS

WIFE-WATCHING

REVENGE

BY REMY LEONE



Wigger's Wife-Watching Revenge

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

1	Prologue	
2	Uninvite d	
3	Revenge	

PROLOGUE

Brady and Ella had been married four years and still hadn't started a family. They believed that it wasn't the right time to have a child and that in a couple of years they would be more established.

Brady had just become manager of the local gas station while Ella

had continued working as a waitress where her money mostly dependent of her customers. She knew having a child would cause them a huge financial burden without maternity leave which was another factor they were unable to become a mother and father.

However, Brady and Ella had a lot of friends. They were able to go out with them whenever they wanted without a child and able to enjoy the night life with the extra income they could selfishly use. This made them sometimes the life of the party as they could afford to finance it.

One of Brady's close friends Cameron who was black seemed to notice the extra income and always made himself available to go out with them. It bothered Ella that Brady didn't seem to mind spending money on his friend and so often.

She knew that Brady and Cameron had been friends for years and that they had grown close over that time, but sometimes she thought Cameron was just using his husband. It wasn't like Ella hated him as his personality was charming, playful and masculine; it was just the power he had over her husband.

Brady would come home after hanging out with Cameron and would talk differently. He would sound like a rapper or even a thug and say things that the average person wouldn't say. She was embarrassed by him and even more so for him when he talked like that. She wondered if Brady thought he could pull off sounding street savvy. To her he was terrible and likened him to a dad that tried using their teenagers lingo to only fail miserably.

The more Brady would talk like a kid off the streets the more she would judge him for it. It started making her realize that her husband was a bit too scrawny to talk like that. She would put him in situations in her mind that would make him look stupid or even get beat up for his actions and while it worried her it also made her feel like that would finally teach him to talk like a white guy.

Ella at least understand why Cameron talked like that since he

was from the streets. Also, he was a lot more muscular than Brady so could back up the raw toughness he exuded.

However, it didn't seem to matter how much she hinted towards Brady or tease him about his behavior it didn't deter him. He continued to hang out with Cameron and things only continued to go in a direction that Ella feared.

She knew she was running out of options with Brady and that something would have to change. Either him or her.

UNINVITED

Over time it had become common for her to come out to the living room and Cameron was sitting on their couch unannounced. He would sit around watching sports with Brady or even playing some of her husband's video games. Most of the other times he was raiding their fridge and eating them out of their own house.

However tonight was different. Brady and Ella were able to sit on the couch watching a show that they had been binging on for the last week. It was about a couple who were in the middle of a storm and their struggle to survive.

Ella always enjoyed the stories based off true stories so they would watch them quite often. Brady would have much rather been involved in his own world, but always submitted to his wife's needs and wishes.

In the middle of a suspenseful scene there was a knock on the door. Both of them exhaled out of frustration as they put the show on pause.

"Grab me a water when you come back?", Ella smiled to her husband. She gave a small nod towards the door to tell him to go.

"Of course babe.", Brady stood up to answer the door.

The door swung open and there stood the large muscular frame of his friend Cameron. His eyes were half open and he swayed around maintaining his balance.

"Oh what-up Cam?", Brady eagerly nodded over to his buddy

"What up?", He stumbled around. "Mind if I grab a bite to eat?"

"You drunk dog?", Brady noticed he was having a hard time simply standing.

"Nah.", Cameron stumbled into the door passed Brady. He

laughed, "Well maybe a little."

Brady laughed with his friend and walked to the fridge. He grabbed the bottle of water for Ella and then let Cameron raid their fridge. The large black man needed no invitation from his smaller white buddy.

Brady brought the bottle of water back to Ella who was already glaring at him.

"Cameron?"

Brady nodded with a guilty conscience. Ella sat there silently and took a swig of the bottle of the water.

"Is he going to join us?", Her tone conveyed how close to the edge she was.

"Oh well... I don't really know he is eating.",

"Our food?", She persisted.

"Well.. yeah."

Ella looked over in the direction of where Cameron was plating a food of their leftovers from the last couple of days. He came into view around the corner with his plate to Ella's disappointment.

She sighed and started the show again. However she had to pause the video again when Cameron cursed. He spoke to Brady as more of a command than a request.

"Grab me one of your beers white boy-buddy.", He tried to smile to cover up his tone realizing it sounded rude.

"Sure thing player!", Brady said in a high pitched tone as he walked to grab the beer.

Ella rolled her eyes at her husband's lingo, but had little time to concentrate as Cameron sat right next to her in the middle of the couch. He was already eating at the plate of food as Brady came

back with a beer.

"C'mon, you have to at least twist off the top.", Cameron gave Brady a weird stare.

"Oh fo-sho.", Brady obeyed and tried to twist the top off the top of the bottle. His hand twisted, but the cap of the bottle remained still. He struggled for a moment which made Cameron chuckle setting down his plate..

"Give it here little guy.", Cameron took the bottle from Brady and twisted the top off as though it was a screw top. He flipped the top to Brady and it hit him in the face as he failed to catch it.

Ella just shook her head in embarrassment and gave a giggle. Cameron turned to her and put his hand on the middle of her bare thigh which took her by surprise.

"Blasted my top off in his eye.", Cameron spoke to Ella suggestively as he rubbed at the middle of her thigh. Ella shifted in her seat while Cameron made a fool of Brady.

Brady noticed the hand on her thigh and stared at it. He could see him slowly rubbing and even kneading at the flesh of his wife's thigh. He remained silent as Ella finally spoke up.

"Well boys, I think it is time for me to go get ready for work tomorrow.", She stood up all of a sudden in her denim shorts and her white muscle shirt that barely covered her breast. While she made her way Cameron's eyes followed her. His own hand had slipped down to between his legs and begin to rub at himself outside of his basketball shorts.

"Damn your wife got a black girl ass.", He continued to rub at himself while he finished off the beer. "Grab me another."

"I got you.", Brady stood up to grab him another beer this time using a bottle opener.

When he came back Cameron was sitting back watching football.

It was a game that didn't matter at this point of the season so he was just passing time. Brady handed the bottle to Cameron.

"I'm going to go check on Ella, dogg.", He used the side of his balled up fist to bump at his chest with a nod at Cameron. Cameron gave him a weird look.

"Do what you go to.", He went back to watching the game and drink his beer. He had finished up the plate of food and handed it to Brady. "Take care of that."

Brady took it with a smile and a nod and set it in the sink. He walked towards their bedroom where she was to join her. She was going through her closet and putting her outfit together for the next morning.

"What's up babe, didn't want to finish the show?"

"And tag along with the both of you? No, I'm good.", She said obviously angry.

"What's wrong babe?", He asked.

"The fact that you even have to asks pisses me off. How many times have we talked about your friends... friend coming over? Doesn't he have a son?"

"Well yeah, but he's like 18 it's not like he needs dad to take care of him like a child.", Brady argued.

"That's not the point, Brady. Cameron comes over, raids our fridge uses our stuff and is he drunk?"

"A little bit.", Brady tried to give only an inch.

"Mmhmm. So he comes over here, interrupts us in the middle of our show and for some reason I have to be punished for it. A guy I've told you repeatedly I am not a fan of.", She stepped out of the closet in her denim shorts and bra. Her large 36DD were covered by a modest and tight bra that sprang off her busty chest to the floor

when she unhooked her bra.

Like any man would be to a pair of beautiful large breasts Brady stood there staring. "Damn babe those boobs are so sexy."

She covered herself annoyed by how he tried to change the subject. She pointed to her eyes, "Up here."

Brady giggled to himself and looked up like told. His tone changed seeing his wife's eyes glaring at him with disdain.

"I'm sorry babe.", He spoke up.

"Do you even know what for?", Brady sat there for a second silently.

"Staring at your boobs."

She sighed and stopped covering herself. "Well then enjoy yourself."

Ella began to take off her jeans shorts and pulled off the small sheer yellow thong she wore under her shorts. She went to grab a towel from a separate closet in their bedroom and when she turned around she jumped in the air gasping. The sudden jerk from Ella made her big breasts and ass move and jiggle.

She reacted by pulling the towel over herself to cover her curvy nude body. Ella's panic caused Brady to jump out of his own shoes and frantically look around to see what was going on.

There stood Cameron in the door way sipping on his third beer. He must have been watching Ella undress while they talked. He continued to drink the beer as they both just stared at him. Feeling the need to speak up, Cameron did.

"Didn't want to interrupt you both.", He took another sip of the beer.

Brady walked towards Cameron and began pushing at him.

Cameron didn't budge and Brady didn't want to use too much force so there was an awkward moment where they both just stood there. Cameron added more awkwardness as he spoke directly at Ella.

"Nice body for a white girl.", Cameron said as though he was a poet and that they both should appreciate how complimentary he was being.

Brady began to push at Cameron who again didn't budge. However, this time Cameron moved on his own accord. Brady closed the door behind him nervously giggling.

"What a hoot that guy is.", He tried to avoid eye contact with Ella.

"A hoot? The guy just stood there and watched me undress. This is YOUR friend by the way.", She stomped her foot once.

"Oh he's fine he didn't mean anything by that.", Brady defended Cameron.

"Oh you don't think so? You don't think I notice the way he stares at me? The way he always makes you look like a little white boy in front of me?", Ella delivered the cold words to him.

"Whatever.", Was all he could muster out. Deep down he knew she was telling him the truth.

"Mhm. Whatever.", She said while stamping past Brady and exiting the bedroom with the towel wrapped around her. She walked to the bathroom and began to get ready to take a shower.

Brady just thought his wife was just on her period or something and walked back to talk to Cameron.

Cameron had drunk at least two more beers since he had stared at the wife and it was beginning to show. He stared over at Brady and spoke freely, "Your wife is so fucking sexy. Got those big titties and phat ol' ass."

Brady nodded in agreement. The compliment was a bit crude, but he accepted it with a half-smile.

"You're so lucky white boy. I bet you just swim in between the legs of that goddess of a woman with that little fish you got."

Brady giggled and sat down all of a sudden. He hoped that by turning the volume of the TV it would drown out Cameron's own thoughts.

"I mean I got this big whale between my legs. Bet I'd cause a fucking Tsunami.", Cameron chuckled at himself as he grabbed between his own legs.

"Cam. That's my wife.", Brady was nervous saying it, but was proud of himself nonetheless.

"I know.", It was hard to tell by the drunken haze he was giving Brady, but it didn't really reassure Brady that he saw it as a negative.

"I have to piss. Be right back.", Cam was still rubbing at himself as he stood up and walked towards the bathroom.

Brady spoke up in a high pitched whine, "But Ella's in there."

"Oh I know. Not like I didn't just see her anyway, am I right? I'm not going to look at anything just take a piss."

"Well..."

"Trust me, white-boy.", Cameron said a little annoyed.

"Alright.", Brady said defeated. He didn't want to anger Cameron and damage their friendship and she probably wouldn't even notice who was pissing.

Cameron stumbled down the hall and made it to bathroom. He slowly walked in and could feel the heat and steam of the shower. Ella's humming echoed off the walls in the shower and as he slowly

crept to the toilet. Her humming continued and she obviously hadn't noticed someone was in there.

When the stream piss crashed through the sound of her humming she was caught off guard. She seemed irritated and yelled out.

"Brady what the fuck? You knew I was about to take a shower.", Ella scolded.

The piss continued without an answer. There was a loud silence in the air and only the five bottles of beer came pouring out of the large black man.

"Brady?", Ella was rubbing shampoo in her hair and couldn't see while she closed her eyes.

Cameron gave no answer as he finished pissing. As he walked by the shower he gripped at the shower curtain and pulled it open slightly. He stared at her while she took a shower and she washed her hair.

"Brady! Answer me!", she stopped rubbing the shampoo in her hair and waited for her husband to answer.

Cameron got more than an eyeful from the curvy white wife. He shut the curtain and continued to walk out. He heard Ella gasp probably realizing it was Cameron.

Meanwhile Brady nervously waited for Cameron to come back. He heard the toilet flush and figured that he was just having a hard time walking straight after how much more he had drank since being there.

He watched almost a half a quarter of football before he decided to check to see where Cameron was. He figured he left as he couldn't find him and just shrugged it off. However, he heard something from his bedroom which pulled him down the hall.

He approached the noise and slowly opened the door to his bedroom. He found Cameron in their bedroom. In his hands were a

pair of yellow fabric that was placed to his face. He was taking in deep breaths of the scent of the yellow stringy fabric. Brady's heart sunk when he realized what he was smelling.

REVENGE

Ella's underwear that she was just wearing before taking the shower was being used as a mask by Cameron. He stood out in the hall watching the muscular friend getting high with arousal from huffing his wife's worn underwear as he rubbed himself over his shorts.

He wasn't sure how to play this. He didn't want to cause anyone embarrassment and didn't want to lose his token black friend who was cool. He fretted about how to handle it, but Cameron didn't end there. He placed the yellow fabric into his own mouth so he could tuck his thumbs into his waist band.

Pulling his basketball shorts down unleashed a terrifying view for Brady. His friend's cock wasn't even fully hard and it was already 10" long. The thick veins bulged out of the long shaft as it became harder.

Cameron wasn't even touching his big black cock as it got hard by itself. The massive cock bounced each time blood rushed into it. The more blood rushing into it the harder he became.

He continued to smell the scent of Ella as his cock became rock hard without as much as a grasp. The precum already began oozing out of the tip. Cameron was so drunk that he didn't even notice that Brady was watching him.

Cameron's basketball shorts were pulled around his thighs and he

sat bare ass on Brady's side of the bed. His hand wrapped around his own big cock and he began to stroke himself as he continued to smell her underwear.

Brady was sickened by his friend's behavior. He never thought that Cameron was so attracted to Ella, but as he thought back he realized there were some hints. He seemed to always touch her body whenever he got the chance. Also, the first thing he would always ask was where his wife was, at least when he was sober.

Cameron looked like he was about to fall over drunk as he stroked his black cock. The sound of his precum lubricating his own cock could be heard as he rubbed it into his long shaft. He began moaning and started growling words.

"White pussy smells so good.. fuck yeah. Get this big black dick bet that little wimp can't satisfy you. Probably not even half the size of my foot long.", He didn't lie. His cock was at least 12 inches while fully erect.

Brady could hear what he was saying quite easily as he said it loud enough. The groans and grunts of his animalistic tone made it sometimes hard to hear him, but he could fill in the words.

"Fuck yeah Ella... you need a real man. Get fucked like the little slut you want to be. Mmm, I know it.", He continued to stroke himself.

Brady all of a sudden felt something behind him. Nothing physically, but more of something unexplainable like a set of eyes. He was right as he looked at his wife who was dripping wet and completely nude. She was actually coming to grab something from the bedroom, but had caught Brady watching Cameron jerk off.

"How long have you been standing here watching."

Brady was nervous and almost fainted as his head raced, "What do you mean?"

She almost let it go, but she couldn't believe how pathetic he was. "I mean, your black friend jerking off on our bed with my underwear being used as a mask."

By now, Cameron was using both of his hands on his own cock. He was wearing the yellow thong on his face so that the front covered his nose and mouth. He was staring at a picture that Ella was in as he jerked off.

Brady looked to the ground. He remained silent unsure of what to say.

"You're not going to do something?", She looked at him with piercing eyes.

Brady read her eyes completely. She was looking at him in a way that he had never seen before. Like it was something that would always shift her opinion about him. He knew he had to do something.

Before he could even step forward, Ella put her hand on his chest. "No. Too late."

Brady stood there confused. He knew he made a mistake and that Ella would be mad at him for the rest of the night.

"Just remember this is your fault.", Ella stood there and looked Brady straight in the eye with conviction.

Brady didn't know what she meant, but he accepted anything she had to say. He just nodded in agreement with her and shrunk in stature. Before he could question her, she walked into their bedroom.

Brady watched his curvy nude wife walked confidently around the bed and towards Cameron who continued to jerk off in a drunken state. He noticed Ella walking towards him and he continued normally. Brady saw how his friend stroking his black cock had summoned his sexy wife to him.

She stood there in front of Cameron's huge cock and big bouncing balls as he continued to jack off. She bit her lower lip and then looked back up to Brady.

"Remember what I said.", Her eyes became stern when she looked at him. She softened up as she fell to her knees in front of Cameron.

Brady's eyes widened and held the frame of the door to keep himself from falling over. Cameron pulled the yellow underwear off of his head and looked over to Brady. He had a drunk look in his eyes, but still managed to give him a smile.

Brady wasn't sure what kind of smile it was. A friendly smile or a "your wife's about to suck my cock" smile. Ella's dainty fingers wrapped around the throbbing black dick. Her fingers weren't even able to wrap around it and she couldn't help but compare it to Brady.

She wondered how many of Brady's cocks it would take to make up Cameron's. If you took in consideration his girth, you could fit a whole bag of Brady's dicks into his.

Brady could see how amazed she was by the size of the cock. He wondered if deep down the size of his cock was the reason she chose to act the way she did. She could have easily just scolded him like normally, but here she was playing with the cock of the black man she disliked.

She began bringing the girth of the cock down against her face lightly. The weight of it smacking and plopping against her face as she continued to smack herself. Her arousal was building and Brady watched her own hand slip between the knees she was bent down on. Her rubbing at herself was firm enough to make herself moan against the shaft of the cock she currently rubbed against her face.

She leaned in to nuzzle the black balls that hung low between the thighs of Cameron. Cameron looked over at Brady and they made eye contact. Brady's eyes diverting from the view of his wife sucking

his balls into her mouth. The audible sound made him cringe, but he looked to Cameron. His eyes were pleading with him, but Cameron resisted. He snapped his fingers and pointed down at Ella.

“Come on. Join in.”

Brady was offended by the nerve of Cameron as he offered to share his wife Ella with him. He didn't need permission, but he obeyed nonetheless. He slowly walked over and was getting a better view of Ella's tongue lapping at the hefty black nut sack. Both of her hands continued to stroke at the cock that was still lubed up with Cameron's precum from earlier.

“Oh you want to watch me put it in her mouth first?”, Cameron said in a drunken slur.

Ella didn't need permission as she opened her mouth and swallowed the head of the black cock dangling in front of her. Even with the head of his cock in her mouth she was able to use both of her hands to slide up and down the shaft of his long shaft.

“Your wife sucks good dick, white boy.”, Cameron taunted Brady. Ella moaned around the cock stuffed in her mouth.

Cameron stood his large form off the bed with his cock still in Ella's small mouth. She had to back up so it would suffocate her. She gagged a little, but moved in a way to keep sucking on the head. One of her hands had left the shaft and were fondling the each one of his big balls. Her small hand only able to cup one round nut at a time.

Brady was still motionless and was stunned when Cameron grabbed him. He threw him on the bed violently and Brady landed on his back. Brady laid there for a second disoriented. By the time he knew what was going on, Ella was thrown on the bed next to him. Cameron had his black hand wrapped in her blonde hair leading her Brady's face.

“Sit bitch.”, Cameron said in a confident smooth tone.

Brady's eyes widened as Ella did as she was told and sat right on Brady's face. He could feel her sopping wet pussy against his lips and chin as she rubbed herself against his face.

"Lick it.," Ella grabbed at the top of Brady's hair. His face completely smothered by her pussy.

Brady knew he had to do what he was being told. This would be the only way Ella would forgive him for how this whole scene unfolded. His tongue out and Ella began to grind her hips against it.

Brady could only stare up to see the bottom of Ella's big tits swaying as she bobbed up and down on Cameron's black cock. He could see Cameron's precum mixed with Ella's saliva built up on the underside of Cameron's cock.

One long string of it came down and dripped right on the forehead of Brady. Cameron only chuckled when he saw that Ella's sloppy blowjob was getting all over this white man's face. The fact that he was dominating this white couple turned him on; even if it was to his alleged friend.

"Time for the real fun.," Cameron spoke with a hint of excitement. He stood on the side of the bed still gripping at the blonde hair of Ella. He spun her around so that she was now still hovering Brady's face in the opposite direction. She would now be able to 69 with him Brady thought. Finally he was able to join in on the fun.

Brady's own saliva covered his face mixed with Ella's pussy that was dripping all over him. He felt this hard push passed his tongue as he saw the black monster penetrate his wife's tight pussy.

"Got a front row view of the beating I'm about to give your wife's pussy.," He growled which was accompanied by harsh moans of Ella as her pussy stretched around the thick black cock.

The cock began to pump in and out of the entrance of his wife and drove itself deeper into her. Each inch caused Ella to erupt to

orgasms and her liquids were pouring over her husband's face. He struggled to free himself from under Ella, however Cameron pinned Ella against him.

The weight of his wife and Cameron's strength pinned him under his black friend fucking his wife doggy-style. He could only lay there helplessly as Cameron's heavy balls slapped against his forehead.

"Tight ass white pussy. Little dick can't hit it like me can he?", Cameron spoke like a thug.

She remained silent and could only moan. When she didn't reply the noise of a hard smack against her ass filled the room. Cameron started slamming his hips against her ass filling every inch of him inside of her.

"Answer me, slut.", He demanded.

"Yes... so much better... Mmmphh.", Ella groaned and moaned and shuddered in another orgasm under the hard pounding from the man she once hated.

"You'll never feel his little dick again.", He smacked at her ass hard again which only made her cum once again.

Brady kicked his feet as he tried to get out from under the two of them fucking. He had to close his eyes to keep their cum from getting in them. A constant stream of liquid was pouring all over his face which splattered each time the black balls smacked against his forehead.

"Ughnnn...", Cameron began to grunt and moan as he shifted and bucked on his feet as he continued to pound.

Brady wouldn't have known better, but his cum starting pouring out of his wife's pussy all over his face. It was thick, white and stuck all over his face. The continued thrusting of the thick cock only squeezed more out of her pussy until his pumping started to slow down.

“Damn that was some good white girl pussy.”, Cameron was now slowly grinding himself into Ella, milking his own cock into her. His balls now just sliding over Brady’s face smearing the cum all over.

“You got yourself a good girl here, Brady. You’re a lucky man, don’t ever forget that.”

The cum covered cock flopped out of Ella’s gaping pussy. Cum poured out of her opened pussy and got into Brady’s mouth as the black cock slid across his face as Cameron pulled himself out.

Cameron reached down to put his basketball shorts on and then grabbed at Ella’s underwear that he was smelling earlier. He was still a little drunk, but had sobered up in his vicious fucking of Brady’s wife.

“Well, I’ll see you guys later.”, He said nonchalantly as he walked out of the room and could be heard walking out of the house.

They both had laid on the bed one another as they stared up at the ceiling. Ella finally spoke to break the silence with a hint of vengeance.

“You know I have to actually admit that Cameron’s not that bad of a guy.”, She had a mischievous look on her face as she gauged her husband’s reaction. She couldn’t help but wonder if this would finally cause Brady to see Cameron for what he was.

Brady’s silence confirmed that he did. There was something victorious to Ella that she had finally shown her husband what kind of man Cameron was.

However, at this point that wouldn’t matter as Cameron was now Ella’s friend too.

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | FORCED | DOMINATION | BBC

**BLACK
ALLEY
CUCKOLD**



R E M Y L E O N E

Black Alley Cuckold

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [Damaged Dinner](#)
[Date](#)
- 2 [Save Yourself](#)
- 3 [Don't Save Yourself](#)

DAMAGED DINNER DATE

He could hear the waiter calling after him as he ran from the restaurant. He could hear the younger host yelling after him telling him he forgot his hat. Phil's classic fedora would have to be left behind as he chased after Rosalie.

His wife had already walked nearly two blocks by the time Phil paid for their meal. Their waiter took his sweet time while he flirted with one of his coworkers and it gave his wife a good head start.

"Rosalie! Please stop!"

Rosalie was in a pair of faded classic jeans that were very tight around her wide hips, thick thighs and bubble butt. Each step caused her jeans to shift and stretch from side to side with each step as she continued to ignore her husband. Phil blamed Rosalie's common outbursts on his wife's heritage not realizing how condescending he was being. More than likely it was Rosalie's ill tempered Italian father, while she got her Brazilian bombshell figure from her mother.

The dark haired wife would make it another block before her skinny, but out of shape husband would catch up with her. He needed to take a minute to catch a breath with her standing angrily staring at him.

"What?", Rosalie snapped through tightened lips.

"What's wrong? You just...", Phil took a deep breath, "...waltzed right out of there!"

"Are you really asking me what's wrong? Well Phil... let me begin. How about when our waiter hits on me you say something?"

Phil pretended not to know what she was talking about, "What? The waiter wasn't hitting on you!"

"Really? So you think it was appropriate for him to tell me that I could pay for the meal with him in the back?"

"Well... no... I mean I think he was just playing. It's not like--", Phil was interrupted by his angry wife.

"He gave me his phone number. You know that right?", Rosalie questioned.

"Well... it was just another joke...", Phil could feel the air getting warmer.

"Was he joking when he was staring at my breasts?"

"I mean, you have big, beautiful breasts.. hehe..", Phil gave a fake laugh.

Rosalie narrowed her eyes at her husband who was trying to make light of the situation. Her hands were around her thin waist and her chest was puffing out as she held her breath. Her 34EE breasts held high on her chest as they had not lost the perkiness of her youth. She stood powerfully in front of her husband and it was clearly intimidating him as he was shrinking in his own stature.

"I know that you saw him grab my breast. He tried to pretend that he didn't do it on purpose, but his hand went the top of my top and inside of my bra.", Rosalie stated with intention to anger her husband.

"Inside the bra?", Phil asked uncomfortably.

"His middle finger and index finger both grazed my nipple. Then... when his hand was ready to pull out, he squeezed it. The whole time with you sitting on the other end watching.", Rosalie expanded for her husband.

"Well.. I didn't know he did all of that..", Phil pretended to feel guilty, but the truth was he did see it just like his wife said he did.

It was actually even worse in Phil's mind than the way she described it. A diced tomato had coincidentally dropped into Rosalie's cleavage and the waiter was more than ready to fish it out. For nearly an entire minute the waiter had his hand down his wife's shirt grabbing and playing with her tits while he blankly stared at them. The entire restaurant was watching and it was humiliating for both of them.

The waiter even got a hard on while he groped Rosalie in front of him. He was rubbing his crotch against her shoulder while he leaned over her and pulled her top and bra away from her breasts. It gave the waiter a bird's eye view of her bare breasts while still keeping them concealed from the rest of the restaurant.

He can still remember making eye contact with another man who was on a date in the establishment. Phil could almost read his mind and it made him feel like less than a man. The man was shaking his head at him and bestowing shame at Phil while he let the waiter fondle his wife's busty chest.

"Phil... I've got one question and don't you lie to me, because I am going to double check. But did you tip him?", Rosalie said slowly and clearly.

“Ummm...”, Phil didn’t even have time to answer before Rosalie attacked him with another question.

“How much?”, Rosalie’s hands were on her hips and she sway. Her eyebrows raising with prejudice.

The waiter was practically bullying him into giving him a big fat tip when Rosalie had enough and stormed out of the restaurant. Phil knew that it bothered her that he let the waiter walk all over him. It had been a constant theme in their relationship that he was way too nice. Or that he needed to stand up for himself more often. Which made it even more difficult to answer his wife.

“F-f-fifty percent, babe. What? He was a good waiter!”, Phil knew what his wife was thinking and he was only arguing with a silent opponent while she glared at him.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me, Phil.”, Rosalie spat.

“What? It probably made his day!”, Phil tried his best to be optimistic.

“And what, grabbing and playing with my tits and tweaking my nipples right in front of you wasn’t gratifying enough?”, Rosalie ended the conversation by beginning to walk down the street that lead into a neighborhood.

The residential area tucked behind the restaurant was a mix of kept and unkept homes. Some of the homes had been modernized while others looked like they could be torn down. The term that Phil had been called was called gentrification and it appeared the neighborhood was still in its transition period.

“Rosalie... shouldn’t we maybe walk down the busy street?”, Phil called up to his wife. “This isn’t the best of neighborhoods.”

“Psh.”, Rosalie offered back while staring straight ahead as she walked.

Phil was nervous walking through the neighborhood as he

grew up in a wealthy suburb near Golden Hills. Rosalie was use to tough neighborhoods and having to move a lot from hood to hood only added to her confident exterior.

The neighborhood was becoming even shadier with trash and some abandoned homes. Phil was getting anxious and almost believed he could hear his heart beating through its own chest until he realized it was music. A constant thumping bass noise mixed with someone rapping could be heard from some undisclosed location. Phil immediately associated rap music with black people and a fear coursed through his body.

It wasn't that Phil thought of himself as racist or at least he never voted that way. Simply put, he was not a big guy and considered himself a lover and not a fighter. He had seen lots of movies of what it was like to grow up in the ghetto and it had imprinted in him how soft he actually was. He had never been in a fight in his life besides the time he pushed a black kid when he was much younger. It ended with him getting beat up in front of the entire school.

His anxiety built until he heard a couple of men up the street began to whistle at Rosalie as she walked towards them. Phil's heart began to rush and his hands started to sweat.

SAVE YOURSELF

The rap music became louder the farther they got until Phil could see the two men standing in their lawn. They were both surprisingly white to Phil. One was very tall and pale while the second guy was short with tattoo sleeves on each of his arms.

Their necks nearly broke when Rosalie came into their view. Their eyes were glued on her bouncing breasts and the tall guys mouth even hung open. The two men looked at one another and ran toward the sidewalk they walked on.

“Yo, whatup girrrr!”, The tall guy said with an over emphasized urban accent.

Phil slowed down, but Rosalie did not. She was not afraid of the two men that were obviously going to be hollering at her while she walked past their house. She continued on in silence, but her head held high only stopping when the short guy stepped in front of her.

“He said whatup. It’s rude to ignore people.”, The short guy said. He wore a sideways cap and a piercing in his lip.

“I’m sorry, I don’t see anyone here.”, Rosalie said as she looked over the short man. Her eyes descended towards his eyes before giving him a condescending smile. “Oh there you are! Didn’t even see you shorty.”

The tall guy thought Rosalie was funny and laughed, but the short guy looked embarrassed. “Fuck you bitch.”

Phil’s heart was racing as he caught up to the group. The two men looked at Phil with narrowed eyes before the short guy snapped. “Who the fuck are you?”

“I’m.... umm... with her... and..”, Phil stammered.

“Speak up, buddy. Can’t hear you.”, The short guy said loudly and took a step towards Phil. His chest was puffed out and his arms were slightly out to make himself look bigger than he was. Phil instantly backed away feeling ashamed to react so skittishly.

“C’mon Phil... say something...”, Rosalie said nervously. She looked more nervous at how Phil would react than any danger they were in.

Phil was at a lost for words. The short guy with tattoos physically stood in between Rosalie and himself. The tall guy with sunken eyes in his pale face slid his hand around her thin waist and let his hand slide down to her hip. His thin boney fingers pulled up

her tight shirt so he was now touching Rosalie's bare skin of her waist and hips.

"Get the fuck off me you skinny fuck.", Rosalie snapped. Her hand pushing at his chest, but he kept her close. Rosalie's struggles caused her breasts to bounce.

The short guy turned around with a smile seeing that his taller friend had Rosalie. "Let's have a group hug."

The shorter guy went to wrap his arms around Rosalie's waist. The taller guy's hand cupped under her butt and was squeezing it through her jeans. The short guys hand coming up to grab at large supple breasts. Rosalie stared at Phil who was motionless.

"Do something! Say something!", Rosalie pleaded for help. She then turned to the two men assaulting her, "Get off of me you nasty little white fucks!"

The two white men laughed as they continued to fondle Rosalie in the middle of the sidewalk. Phil only response was to look around to see if he could get any help, but there was nothing. Some of the houses looked uninhabited for years while others were nearly falling down. There was a couple of houses that had bars on the windows, but Phil couldn't leave his wife behind.

"C'mon baby, why don't you come party with us?", The tall man was beginning to pull Rosalie away. He then did his best to give a Spanish accent. "We got what you need mami."

Rosalie could see that Phil was going to be useless by now while she was starting to be dragged away by the tall pale man. She could feel their hands rubbing the fleshy mounds of her body. It had been a while since a man had put their hands on her in such a way as Phil was a gentle lover. A bit of guilt came over her when her nipples began to harden.

Snapping back to reality, her head cocked back and slammed into the nose of the tall guy. Her elbow raised into the jawline of the

shorter guy in front of her. The two white men fell to the tanned beauties feet. Both groaning and rubbing themselves instead of Rosalie now.

Phil was astonished to see his wife handle the two men so easily. He was impressed while he watched her step over the shorter guy. He tried to grab at her foot, but her shoe came down and gave him a reasonable kick in the face. His head flew back and he hit his back with open eyes that saw nothing. The piercing had been pulled causing his lip to lightly rip making it bleed a trail of red down his chin.

"Damn... you crazy bitch!", The tall guy who was still conscious was leaning over his unconscious friend. His hand lightly slapping at his face to wake him back up.

Rosalie stood over the tall guy and made a quick movement like she was going to punch him. The tall guy cowered away instantly showing he had learned.

"Pussy.", Rosalie said with judgement before turning away and walking off.

"Rosalie... wow! I can't believe you...", Phil said as she walked right by him. He was practically skipping while he trailed behind her like the puppy dog he was. The entire time she walked without making comment to her husband. Phil sighed knowing that she wanted nothing to do with him.

His walk filled with the anxiety of what she was going to say to him. She was nearly going to be taken into those two men's home and who knows what they were going to do with her and he did nothing to stop them. Phil was so focused on himself that he never even realized that they had taken a turn down a dirty alley way. It wasn't until she spoke up that he observed the obvious.

"We're taking a shortcut." Rosalie commanded. It was the first words she had offered her husband after she had saved herself from

the two pieces of trash earlier.

The sun was close to beginning to set and shrouding the alley in its darkness. Phil was scared of the alley, but he was more afraid of Rosalie and decided to walk close to her. In his own mind he lied to himself saying he was there to protect his wife overlooking what had just happened as though it didn't.

"This is a dark alley... isn't it?", Phil said looking around.

There were overfilled dumpsters with trash leading onto the broken asphalt that covered the alleyway. Used syringes, broken bottles and copious amounts of used condoms laying all over. Graffiti covered the garages that were still standing while the others laid in piles as age had made the structures fall into itself. A few dogs could be heard barking behind them relentlessly. The only sign of hope were the line of cars that drove by indicating they were close to a busy street. Phil was more than ready to get back to a safer area.

With each step came the crunching glass from the bottles and Phil tip toed without realizing. He pranced behind Rosalie who took wide strong steps. It wasn't until the large muscular form appeared from an empty garage a few feet ahead of them did her pace begin to slow.

"Da' fuck ya'll doin' 'round here.", The man called out as he stepped out into the alley.

All six feet and three inches of him was covered in black muscle and veins. He wore a black t-shirt and camo shorts with ragged edges.

"Just passing through." Rosalie said with a surprising boldness.

"Yeah, we're not looking for any drugs.", Phil presumptuously chimed in.

"Drugs? Da' fuck?", The black man said with a cringe in his face. "Think I'm some sort of dealer? 'Cause I'm black?"

"Oh... no, I didn't mean it like that.", Phil thought of some sort of excuse in his head.

"Whatever whitey.", His eyes being pulled to Rosalie. His eyes showed interest as he began to look her up and down.

Rosalie showed some sort of discomfort, but did not continue to walk. "Sorry... my husband doesn't know any better."

"Someone should teach his white ass a lesson... coming 'round here with that racist bullshit.", His eyes landing on Phil while he threatened him. He pulled off his black shirt and tossed it to the ground showing off the crevices of his washboard stomach. The pectorals on his chest bouncing as he flexed each one after the other. He started moving his arms in a winding motion towards his sides to loosens his arms like a boxer would before a fight.

Rosalie stared at the shirtless muscular black man so willing to demonstrate his testosterone charged stance. Her eyes hypnotized by the sheer power that courses through his biceps, chest and abs.

Phil swallowed the golf ball sized lump in his throat knowing he was the one expected to stand up and say something.

DON'T SAVE YOURSELF

"I'm not racist, I swear!", Phil said in a high pitched whine. He reacted by reaching in his back pocket to pull out his wallet grabbing out a handful of cash. He held his hand as far away from his body as he could while inching towards the man ready to tear him apart.

"Look 'round this place. Think a handful of chedda' is gonna' make my life betta'?", He questioned Phil.

"Well... what exactly do you want?", Rosalie interjected.

"Respect.", His black arms crossed over his bulging chest. "This my block you steppin' on."

Rosalie's voice for the first time was weak, "And... how do we show you respect, sir?"

His long arm extended out towards her and his hand clenched around her wrist. Rosalie reacted by pulling her hand back, but he was much stronger than the two white men than before. Her eyes were wide with a fear and she looked over to Phil.

"I'll show you.", He replied said.

Before Phil could even respond, the black man began to pull her towards the entrance to an old garage. Rosalie's shoes skidding over rock and broken glass as she was dragged out of the middle of the alley way.

Phil's heart jumped out of his chest as they began to sink into the darkness of the opening and he quickly ran after them. They ended in a corner of the garage which consisted of an old couch that had a sheet covering it. In front of the couch was a door laying across a couple of asphalt cinderblocks which converted it into a table. On top of the table were empty beer bottles, cigarette butts and what looked like unsmoked joints.

The black man pulled Rosalie to the wall and spun her. He pushed her back against the wall and she bit her bottom lip. Phil couldn't help but notice that she wasn't looking as afraid as she did aroused.

"W-what do you want?", Rosalie said standing perfectly still against the wall.

"You know what the fuck I want..", The black man's hand came up and he grabbed at her breasts. His hands squeezing roughly and massaging them through her top. He turned his chin

over his shoulder to look back at the white husband. "Don't fuckin' try anything funny white boy.... or I'll kill you. Just enjoy the show I'm going to put on for you."

Phil had to make eye contact with the black man staring so brutally into his eyes. He could tell that Rosalie was unsure if she wanted him to step in this time. Yet, Rosalie watched him to see what he was going to do.

Phil's eyes lowered.

"Thought so, bitch.", The black man sneered causing Rosalie to giggle under her breath. It was as though he wanted to make sure the husband wouldn't be a problem in his current pilferage.

His attention went back to Rosalie who breasts continued to be mauled by his strong black hands. He grabbed at her top and pulled one strings off of her shoulder finally noticing she was wearing a bra.

"Let's get those titties out...", The black man impatiently stated. His hands following his words to her top and in one motion ripping it completely down the middle.

Rosalie winced from the sudden violent tearing of her top. She couldn't react to protest as each strap was pried off her shoulder and thrown aside into two separate piles.

Phil watched his wife now only wearing the bra that held her massive natural breasts up high. The white cups designed in red and violet flowers held up by black straps. She threw her hands up causing her breasts to bounce inside the bra as the black man then started to unbutton her jeans. He quickly pulled the flaps apart and stuck his hand straight down the crotch of her pants.

"Mmmm, wet ass pussy.... I knew you were liking this.", The black man said. "Bet this limp dick never gives you that pipe."

Phil could see the black man's hand inside the front of Rosalie's

jeans. She swayed back and forth attempting to keep her balance under his rough hand. She then, raised on her tip-toes and her eyes widened.

"Oh... fuckin' tight pussy. Barely get two fingas in ya.," The black man said before turning back towards Phil. "Got a little dick whitey. Don't ya?"

"Well... it's not... big.," Phil replied, not sure why he was answering his questions while he fingered his wife.

"She gon' love what I got.," He replied before pulling his hand out of her jeans and grabbing the waist line of her jeans. He had to pry multiple times as the jeans were tight around her thick thighs and wide hips. Rosalie offered no protest as the jeans were pulled down to her knees, and before she knew it she was crouched.

She straddled the ground watching the black man standing above her fumble with his jeans and she knew what was to come next. She looked over at her husband who just stood there looking to scared to step in. Phil was a coward and deep down she knew that he deserved what he was about to see.

The smell and heat of his jeans opening made her look back at the big black cock that flopped out of his jeans. It was soft, but throbbing in front of her face and had to be at least 8"inch long; nearly double her husbands. The shaft slapped a couple of times at her cheek until the black man spoke.

"Suck."

That was all she needed and her lips parted. Phil watched his wife take the black mushroom head into her mouth and start bobbing her head. The cock began to harden in her mouth and before too long she was sucking the rock hard black cock in her mouth. His balls swaying back and forth while she used one of her hands to stroke the shaft into her mouth.

"Fuck ya... got a mouth like a vacuum. Keep sucking this dick

while I grab those titties.”, The black man narrated his actions to Phil. He had to lean over her so his hand could reach into her bra, but he was able to grope her tits while she continued to suck him off.

“Are you okay?”, Phil found himself asking. He felt like an idiot just standing there, but felt even worse when he asked the question.

Luckily Rosalie was too busy with a nut sack in her mouth. The man stroking his own cock while he stared down on her lick and suck on his balls. The sound of his hand stroking his saliva covered cock clicking in the garage.

“Time to get fuck little slut.”, The black man growled.

“No.. hold on. Please....”, Phil said.

The black man said nothing more and stood Rosalie up. He quickly turned her around and pushed her towards the couch. Her hands caught herself and she was bent over with her jeans cuffing her knees together.

Phil stepped forward, but was easily pushed onto the couch as the black man positioned himself behind the busty wife. He wasted no time in sticking the head of his cock into her folds and begin to penetrate her.

Rosalie arched and she moaned from the size of the penetrating black spear that was entering her. Her head raised and her eyes looked blankly ahead.

“My god! So fucking big.... Oh... ah...”, She groaned.

Phil watched the black man unclasp the bra and let gravity pull itself down to the couch cushion she was bent over. Her breasts bouncing back under the rhythm that the black man was setting. The entire time he was moving his hips in a grinding motion trying to stuff himself into her tightness.

“Damn... she’s tight as fuck...”, The black man spoke to Phil as though it was a normal conversation.

The entire time Rosalie moaned and shifted from the cock fucking her. Each thrust caused her to reposition herself to take on the cock that was stretching her insides out. The sounds of his hips slapping against her ass and causing it to jiggle echoing.

The black man pulled his own jeans down more so that they were now completely around his ankles as he continued to pound at Rosalie’s pussy. She was having a hard time keeping herself from being smashed against the couch, but she was moaning the entire time.

“Fuck.... So fucking big... fuck me!”, Rosalie cried out.

“I’m going to give you a black boy...”, The monster called out.

It was the first time Phil had received confirmation that Rosalie was in fact enjoying the brutal beating she was receiving. Something primeval in his wife was being released and biologically she was unable to stop herself from orgasming. The black man fucking her was an alpha and her husband was a beta with no business impregnating her.

Phil watched the black man’s pace pick up and the sweat dripping down his dark body. His muscles rippling each time he stuffed himself farther into his own wife than he ever hoped he could. The black face of the man showed anger and excitement simultaneously and Phil knew what was coming.

“I’m `bout to nut....fuck.”, The black man called out.

His strong hips began to slow down, but become much more forceful. Rosalie was whimpering while being lifted off of her feet while the black man dumped his load into her. With each spurt of cum came a grunt from the black man.

“Take it... take it... take it...”, The black man repeated over

and over as he continued to milk himself into Rosalie.

Rosalie's face showed strain and Phil knew she was cumming with the attacker. He felt betrayed and wanted to cry, but knew he just had to sit there and wait for the black man to be finished with her before he could have her back.

His big black cock was still rock hard when he pulled himself out of her. Sticky juices pouring out of Rosalie's entrance to only drip on the dirty floor of the garage when he did so.

Rosalie was stiff and didn't move. Her eyes were close and she was relishing her orgasm.

Phil knew this was his chance to finally get her out. He grabbed at Rosalie's shoulder, "C'mon babe, we have to get out of here."

The black man grabbed at Phil's hand. He quickly threw it away from her and stood over him with his big hard cock staring Phil straight in the face.

"She ain't going anywhere... and neither are you..."

The black man grabbed at the dripping wet black cock hanging between his legs and faced it up towards Phil's face.

"Clean it off.", He said.

Phil had no other options. He began to open his mouth getting ready to taste his wife's pussy on the black cock that just fucked her.

-----THE END-----

BUSTY WIFES GOT THE

BASKETBALL JONES



**REMY
LEONE**

Busty Wife's Got The BasketBull Jones

Remy Leone

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BUSTY WIFE'S GOT THE BAKSETBULL JONES

Coach Stephen entered the locker room after the playoff game they had just won by two points. It was a bittersweet victory as it was all due to their high-flying star center Jamal Jones. Coach failed in getting control of the superstar player to bench him for the last play for his disobedience throughout the game.

Jamal had blocked a shot and dunked the ball on an opposing player to win the game. The home team went wild and Jamal was the hero of the game and the city. The crowd even rushed the court to put him on his shoulders. He waved at his coach resting on his fans and teammates shoulders.

Coach would have waved back, but Jamal was waving with his middle finger. There had been animosity and competition between being the leader of the team. Jamal had no respect for him since he never played at the elite level they were playing at.

Stephen was caught off guard by his wife's perfume and smiled in spite of his travails. His hands reached down at his waist and began

to unbuckle his belt.

Three months of coaching the weakest team in the pro league had taken a toll on him, and his players barely respecting the “Little Man” as he was fondly referred to in the most demeaning of ways.

Another wave of his wife’s scent comforted him. Stephen looked around for his beautiful wife.

Kathie?” he whispered meekly and paced around the empty locker room. He hated dark places and he also hated the way it smelled. He could the stench of his players everywhere.

The players departed early as usual lacking any real loyalty to the coach or the organization. They were ready to party on victory built on the the shoulders of Jamal. The team was beginning to look up to Jamal even more to himself and he wondered how long he would stay coach butting heads with the team’s star.

The coach decided he would try and make the best of a bad situation. With his players out for the night he knew the time was right. He was agitated but was still excited—his wife had stayed. That was all that mattered; she had daringly promised a celebratory sex after the game. A perverse outdoor sex that would throw some spice into a monotonous and lifeless half a decade of marriage.

Stevie, honey,” a melodious voice echoed from behind him. He turned and gasped. Katherine sat on a bench in a dark corner, mildly sniffing a sweat-stained jersey. “Stevie, honey,” she repeated, “you won again, didn’t you?”

Her husband shrugged and gave a nervous smile. “I’ve got the management to worry about—they are never satisfied. And that fuckin’ Ja—”

Too bad you never seem to satisfy anybody;” she murmured, cutting him off.

Stephen bit his tongue and fought back a nasty retort. He was smart to know that any wrong utterance at this point would be

punished with weeks of blue balls. "I got some new pills now," he finally said.

"Really?" his wife asked in the most pitiful tone.

It wasn't Stephen's fault his cock was subpar and below average by any standard used. It wasn't his fault either he came within second of making love to his wife. But he was rich, wasn't he? Weren't designer handbags and lavish overseas vacation enough compensation?

Katherine, his radiant trophy wife, suddenly materialized from the gloom. Her thick flowing black hair cascading down her shoulders. She wore a short white dress that flattered her curves and the swell of her ample 34EE breasts. The bottom of the skirt barely covering her toned back end that protruded high in the air.

She also wore a divine face that intimidated men just talking to her and a body that commanded sinful lust from holy men. Stephen never felt so lucky.

"I know somewhere we can go. Follow me," Katherine ordered. Her tone was not up for debate. In fact, anything she said her husband would do as she wore the pants in the family. It was always her coming up with the plans and taking them in the direction of her choosing.

He followed her through a door and up a flight of stairs, mesmerized by the rise and fall of the hem of her dress as she ascended. He could see the outlines of her lingerie through the flimsy material. The gap between her sexy thighs made his heartbeat. Even though they were married, Katherine had made sure to control his sexual desires to keep him interested.

He was hard and desperate when they reached a row of vacant stalls in the bathroom area. He was ready to explode in his pants right there and to be honest with himself a bit nervous that he might ejaculate the second she touched his cock.

With a curious glint in her eyes, Kathie placed a finger on her lips and knelt before her husband. Her hands hovered on the erection beneath his zippers for a second. "I promised "to the victor will go the spoils", but this just won't do," she said with cold sincerity.

What?" Stephen cried with pent-up rage mixed with confusion. He watched as Katherine stood and pranced down the stalls with catlike grace. He was about to chase her like a barbarian and take her where he caught her.

It was then he heard the faint splash of water inside at the farthest stall. The stalls weren't vacant after all. "Kathie, where the hell are you going? I think someone is in here with us!"

His wife stopped, gave a weary smile, and drifted slowly into a seemingly occupied stall. Then silence.

Stephen dashed forward to where his wife had stood, but his legs slipped and he crashed clumsily on the wet tile. "Kathie..."

His voice resonated in every corner of the bathroom. He laid there for a second waiting for his wife to help him up. His heart sunk when he heard a deep loud tone.

Shut the fuck up, Little Man," the voice was brash that answered from within the stall. It was Jamal Jones. A sinister husky rasp capable of sending cold shivers down the spine of even the strongest of souls.

As large hands peeled the shower curtain before the coach, Jamal appeared. Stephen scrambled to his feet and fell again. His heart boiled in fury and fear. Now looming above Stephen was his nemesis player—an enormous, 7'1, black, rippling, nude beast of a man.

Katherine was smiling beside him; her eyes focused on the black man's venous member.

"So the myths were true, after all.", her soft spoke within her trance.

A stifling pang of envy aroused in Stephen as his wife's ice blue eyes worshiped Jamal's protuberance. Even in its flaccid state, it was a thick and coiled-up monstrosity that struck fear through Stephen's heart.

This beats your wormy cock, Stevie," Katherine stated in a matter-of-fact way. "Take me, Jamal. Show my husband how nice you can dunk."

"What the hell!" Stephen screamed,

He watched the black giant grip his wife by the her long straightened black hair and raise her above ground. Her dainty little pedicured feet were dangling in the air for a second while she kicked around for a while. Her body swayed with her sexy long thick legs bucked.

As though she weighed less than air, he lowered her head under the bursting wetness spewing from the shower head. The water began to trickle into her hair and down her beautiful face.

She had reached up to grab at Jamal's wrist, but she was obviously turned on by what he was doing to her. The water began dripping down her neck and in between her cleavage and over her white dress that covered her dressed.

"Sit!" Jamal boomed, jerking his free finger at Stephen.

Jamal saw the hesitation from the coach and he knew he had him. To ensure his dominance he spoke up one more time.

"And stay down!", he spoke as he held the wife in the air by her hair still.

That thunderous echo killed any last bit of bravery or willpower the basketball coach had left; all he could do was frightfully observe a nightmare unfold before him, as Jamal held his gasping wife to the wall. And with predatory instinct he went for her neck, kissing and nibbling with fiery desire.

Oh yes," Katherine grunted, drenched in water and wanting more. The water had made the white dress become transparent displaying her toned yet curvy body. With a face flushed with heat, she moaned in a soft whimper—her heart was floating in bliss. Finally.

Jamal's tongue forced its way past her waiting lips, alive and electric in its tenacity. His hand reached down to roughly maul at her breasts with his free hand. The dress being wet made it easier for it to start tearing under the intense groping that Jamal was conducting.

Then his hand clenched and tore at her dress. Jamal's strength made the dress seem like wrapping paper. His finger had hooked into her lacy bra and in one swipe he had complexly ripped off her top. Her breast, white and creamy spilled out, puckered up with excitement.

The bottom of Katherine's dress was still covering only the very top of her thighs. The top half of her dress being ripped open made her look like it was peeled off like a banana.

Stephen watched. His star athlete gazed at his wife's secrets with animalistic intent. He watched the shredded fabric of her dress puddle up before him.

Jamal large hand couldn't even wrap around the thickness of his own big black cock. He began waving it around a little as he gave an evil grin.

"Get ready to pray, you little white slut.", he growled without love.

The brawny athlete lowered Katherine's head with the hand holding her by the hair until it was facing his now-stiff member. With that same hand he pulled her head closer until the tip of his cock rubbed against her luscious lips.

The size difference of little Katherine and giant Jamal coupled with the monster black cock was astonishing to Stephen. Jamal was able to hold his wife by her long hair and stick his cock to her face

and she still was unable to touch the ground.

Katherine's massive breasts rose and fell—she was breathless in a worshiping awe. "Oh my. Oh my."

Jamal turned Jenny's head to face her husband. "Let the Little Man watch, bitch," he jeered. His face brimming with sick hunger.

"No Kathie! Stop!"

Stephen reacted in one last-ditch effort. He was up in an instant and made to save his wife. Like a blur, the small-framed coach felt a pain that felt like napalm on his face. He stumbled back in a daze and looked around disoriented. He had been slapped by the center player.

Katherine giggled maliciously as she watched this alpha man take control of her wimp husband like she could. The first feel of her tongue tensed Jamal to the point where he elicited cold killer growls. Now all Stephen could hear was thudding of his heart and the soft wet sound of his wife's mouth sliding over Jamal's cock. She, on the other hand, was entranced with the eroticism, watching a powerful man for once succumb to the pleasures of her own doing.

Oh shit," the coach cursed, teary-eyed. His innocent and pious wife of five years had taken in the bulbous cock of another man deeper into her mouth with a renewed fire.

Katherine was thirsty—sucking and biting with her own maddening desire. She swirled all over the smooth head and scraped her teeth along the thick shaft. She caressed his balls, bedazzled by the dangling weight of the player. Jamal responded by growling in delight, engulfed in total bliss. Dying to please, she bobbed faster, intensifying a forbidding sensation in another man, who wasn't her husband.

"Kathie, you slut," Jamal cried, giving her head a vicelike grip.

Katherine drank, her tongue nuzzling the underside of Jamal's

fleshy tip, sending jolts of electricity down his shaft, through his sac and up his spine. With a groan, his dam burst in surging violence. White lines of his seed jetted across the bridge of her nose and caught in her heavy lashes.

Shortly, with brute strength Jamal lifted the coach's wife in the air by her hair. He let his cock rest between her massive breasts.

"You better wrap that dick with those white titties.," he impatiently spoke.

Katherine obeyed his commands and wrapped her tits around the big cock in between them. His cock was still wet being lubed up by her mouth and throat. Jamal began lifting her up and down by her hair with his head turned a bit sideways so he could see his big cock jutting in and out.

Stephen watched the big man treat his wife like his little fuck-toy. Jamal's cock was over a foot long and was able to simultaneously rub at her face as he fucked her tits. Everyone so often Jamal would look over at his coach and give him a condescending smile.

Jamal finally picked her up and let her go back her hair. He anchored her legs on his shoulders. She was raised over the head of Jamal with his head resting between her legs. The musk from her lace panties held the basketballer's nose captive; he became light-headed in depraved lust and tongued roughly through the material. The skirt had now raised above her wide hips to act like a belt on her tiny waist.

The sensation triggered Katherine. She buzzed with every tap of Jamal's tongue on her swelling bulge. Her blue eyes traveled to the back of her head. "Oh, Stevie, see what this man is doing to me," she beckoned to her cringing husband. Stephen felt like she was taunting him.

She had never been put on the edge like this in all her life. Finally, he engulfed the bulge beneath the material and tore the lacy

obstacle with his teeth. She twitched as his tongue found the warm juice slicking from her pussy.

"Look, coach," Jamal taunted, splaying Katherine on the floor before her husband. "Look at ya wife dirty cunt."

From his close vantage point, Stephen saw the trimmed dark pubic hair that framed her glistening folds. Her swollen clit bulged slightly under its hood, calling. With primal desire, he could feel her heat on his face, drawing him in. "Oh god!" he mumbled. His wife was about break a matrimonial vow.

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"Ah, Jamal!" Katherine hissed. With her legs apart, her folds and wetness were enticingly sultry. In another second he parted her with his tongue, delved deep and dipped into her nectar.

Katherine let out a guttural moan that burned her husband's ears. He was shivering with dismay as the muscular man swarm in his wife's wet heat. With licks and kisses so slow and tender, Jamal explored every nook and cranny of the coach's wife, liberating her juices, coating his mouth and chin.

With a rush of pleasure reverberating the bathroom, Jamal pushed on, his tongue darting and flicking the more she begged. Katherine trembled and shook beneath him. Her thighs hugged his face, each squeeze more powerful than the last. His tongue played her clit like an instrument, and Katherine gyrated with crazy enthusiasm.

The coach couldn't believe what he was watching as he stared up. He wouldn't even be able to jump and grab her to take her off his shoulder as Jamal was so much taller than him. Jamal looked like an animal as he devoured his wife's pussy. His wife's hand holding herself securely in place so she could enjoy this as long as she could.

Jamal was able to easily hold her up with one arm while she sat

on his shoulder facing Jamal's face. He reached up to drive his middle finger deep into her wet folds, fingered her sweet flowers with feral heat, and flicked her little bell. She echoed a strange tune and sang a song of an orgasm rapidly approaching, as his fingers darted in and out of her tender slipperiness.

Under the angered but helpless gaze of her husband, Katherine was in an unending bliss she never thought possible of her body, as Jamal gave her sex decadent kisses. "Oh, please, Jamal," she sang and whispered in succession, "give me that cock. Please. That real cock I have wanted all my life."

Jamal lifted her off of his shoulder pulling the wet married pussy from his mouth. He was able to move her around with such ease that it made the busty wife moan and gasp with each jerk. Jamal began lowering her down towards the big black spear between his legs.

Stephen's eye rested on the cock of his team's star player that was rock hard again staring straight up at him as he ate his wife's pussy. He had no other options but to bolt into action again. His mind couldn't take the matrimonial desecration and emasculation.

A black and swollen cock had steadied itself at the entrance the velvety slipperiness of his wife's folds. Stephen wailed, "Enough, Katherine. Enough!" However, it was too late. He couldn't dream of stopping Jamal. The monster would kill him this time. The Little Man kept watching, stunned out of his mind.

The hulking athlete smirked at his coach and impaled his turgid length into Katherine's pink folds as he continued to stand. In fact, he had not even moved his feet the entire time as he stood there planted like an oak.

His wife screeched out in pain as she could feel herself becoming impaled. The cock could have been almost ten times the size of her husbands with length and thickness considered. She could feel herself being stretched from the inside by the monster that defiled

her.

Inch by inch Jamal worked his big dick into her. He began letting her own weight stretch herself out on the cock. She moaned and groaned in agony and when become caught to halt on the cock. She would buck her hips a bit so that she would continue to slide down the monster. She finally was able to get over half of his cock into her, and it didn't seem like she would be able to fit anymore. Her white juices were already beginning to gush up around the girth of his black cock.

"My turn white girl.," Jamal barked. Though he sounded cruel he believed he was showing compassion by at least warning her about the assault he going to give her.

Jamal began pounding in reckless abandon. His fingers settled on nipples and pulled; the woman responded in a painful whimper. Soon with each thrust came a morsel of sweet delight, so the pain became insignificant as the strange man opened up hidden walls in the sex-starved wife.

Katherine began speaking, but each word was cut off by the big cock pounding her and her moaning. "His. Dick. Is. So. Big!"

She squeezed the black cock with her muscular thighs as it melted her pussy. "Oh Christ, Oh Shit, Oh Fuck," she sang repeatedly.

Only her whimpering and the slap of Jamal's balls on her ass were the brazen sounds that echoed in Stephen's head—he could kill at this moment; his blood boiled with fresh rage. The giant held his wife raising her up and down on his cock as he thrust with barbaric force.

But his wife could care less. Katherine was experiencing a rhythmic spasm of joy as the black man unclenched her tightness in places her husband could never reach. Her body tensed and could only gasp for breath. Her senses went wild while she writhed in

serpentine pleasure. She twisted and pushed her hips forward—wanting more of the sweet length of flesh. Then the tremors of pleasure rolled through her body—her release became waves of release washing over her thirsty soul. She screamed as ripples of pleasure ended her.

“This has gone too far!” Stephen was livid. “I swear, Jamal. You are off the team. Your legs will never touch the court forever!”

Now stroking his glistening meat, the basketballer ignored his coach; an evil glint danced in his eyes. Then he took the mouth of Stephen’s wife and rammed his member.

Katherine took on the shaft with wild gusto as Jamal’s hands tightened and pulled on her hair. With a mouthful, she gazed up at man with profound admiration. His face contorted with maniacal lust. Hot creamy liquid flooded Katherine’s mouth, coating her tongue with big spurts. Relishing the flavor, she sucked on the silken head. Then she pulled her lips from his cock as she swallowed, gazing at her husband. “So sweet, this black thing.”

Stephen clenched his fist—his knees throbbed with a painful bite. “You fuckin’ whore. I’ll... I’ll—”

Jamal shot his coach a baleful glance; he went mute in an instant. “You leave or do shit and ya gonna get it.”

Stephen retreated timidly to a corner and collapsed on a bench, watching the horror of losing his wife to Jamal’s cock escalating.

“Aww, poor Coach Stevie,” his wife teased. Although she was dazed and exhausted, she flipped over and raised her ass in the air with feverish excitement. She rummaged through her puddled dress on the floor and handed a tube to her new lover. “Watch, my Stevie. Watch how a real man does it.”

Stephen’s vigilant eyes followed Jamal as he rubbed a thick fluid from the tube into his wife’s forbidden opening. The cool liquid drizzle over her rosebud and down the cleft of her ass.

“No, wait,” the coach pleaded and knelt before his wife. “What the hell, Kathie. He’s gonna... He’s gonna... You can’t just let him...”

“Watch me take your wife’s virgin ass, Small Man,” Jamal sneered, gripping Katherine’s hips.

The coach’s plea fell on deaf ears, as the veiny monster nudged through his wife’s rosebuds, pushing with steady pressure. Her cheeks parted and allowed the bulbous chocolate head to sink in. Katherine yelped in pain and pleasure, sticking her tongue to his husband. Her face became unrecognizable to her husband; it narrowed then suddenly eased. With joy in her heart, she clenched her ass on Jamal’s cock as it ravaged her narrow channel.

Jamal eased bluntly into the sweet warmth of that forbidden hole. Laughing, he increased his pace, letting his rod assault the coach’s wife—steamy tears of ecstasy escaped the woman’s eyes. The star athlete had stirred her pool of juices gathering in Katherine’s pussy with a single finger.

It was then, right there, Katherine let loose all the sexual bondage that had held her captive for five years in a boring marriage. She whimpered as an intense wave of pleasure loaded her very brain. She thrust back her hips to meet the thick meat—her swollen cunt dripped and glistened under the fluorescent lighting of the bathroom. Profanities of all kinds escaped her lips as her quivering ass hugged the single cock. The coach’s wife was lost in a fog of helpless excitement. Her husband, slack-jawed, looked on as a tidal wave spill over his wife when Jamal pinched her clit.

“Lord!” Katherine cried in a helpless moan. She was unable to handle the intensity of the pleasure as it rocked her body and seared her soul and marriage. Her heated cunt and rosebud rippled with orgasmic delight that seemed to stretch into eternity—a creamy mess of white goo was forming.

At that moment, Stephen took a fist to Jamal. Again, the well-built athlete parried the coach away with one arm. The coach was flat on

the floor, ripped of his pride and self-worth. From where he lay, he saw his wife hover her bottom above his mouth. He shook his head vigorously, kicking. The coach cried when creamy seed began to escape his wife's rose buds to her wet folds and down into his mouth.

---THE END---

THE

FIGHT FOR MY WIFE

BY REMY LEONE

Cuckold - Humiliation - Interracial



AN EROTICA CUCKOLD STORY AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HUSBAND

The Fight For My Wife

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [The Beginning](#)
- 2 [The Gym](#)
- 3 [The Ring](#)

THE BEGINNING

Steve was the average man living the average life. He would work his average job for average pay and come back to his average home. He couldn't have asked for more though.

Every night after the gym, the most gorgeous woman he had ever met would come home; his wife. Natasha, was Ukrainian, but spoke fluent English which became even more natural over their five years of marriage.

She was a serious woman and normally she smiled she had to force it. Her brown amber eyes matched her personality. Able to stare through a person's soul.

She had long dark brown hair that hung down to the small of her back. Her waist was skinny and her hips were wide that protruded her firm heart-shaped butt.

She was a three years younger than Steve and always looked to him for leadership in the relationship feeling as she wanted to be in a traditional marriage. He was considered the man of the house.

Natasha pulled up to the house on her bike. Her 32DD breasts were natural and firm and luckily supported by the sports bra that she wore. Her stomach and back was completely exposed to show off her athletic hour glass frame. Her skimpy biker shorts barely covered her round ass and showed off her athletic legs. Her left leg had an artistic flower that covered her smooth thigh. The tattoo was given to her by an ex-boyfriend who sounded like he was in the Russian Mob.

Steve would still fantasize about his wife. He had only been with three other women in his life and none of them were near as beautiful as her. Not only that, but she would wash the clothes, clean the house, wash the dishes and make dinner for him. It was a life that had made him soft and spoiled.

Natasha came into the door and was going to call out to her husband, but stopped when she saw Steve standing there, "Oh hey."

Steve smiled at his monotone wife and grabbed at her gym bag. It was a bit heavy and Steve stumbled before regaining his balance.

Natasha's eyebrows raised, "Going to be okay?"

Steve saved face, "Oh yeah just kidding baby."

Natasha either didn't understand that Steve was joking or didn't care, "Put that in the bedroom. I made dinner before I go to the gym today. I will prepare."

Her English was good enough for Steve to understand. Or maybe they were in sync so much that it didn't matter. Steve would do as he was asked and would come back to the dinner table.

It was a salad with unseasoned chicken mixed with some bitter cheese, fruit and nuts. Steve was use to eating a bit more hearty, so he looked to the salad and he looked to the kitchen. He didn't seem to understand why Natasha was sitting down in front of her own salad.

"Where's the rest of it?", said in a panic.

"The rest of what?", Natasha replied. She looked straight forward.

Steve took the bait, "The rest of dinner."

"This is it."

"But where is the main entrée? Aren't we going to have an actually chicken or steak to go along with this salad."

"This is sufficient for meal. We need to live healthy life style for when we have baby."

"But you're not even pregnant."

"Yet. We are married five years now, Steve.", Natasha replied with a cold stare.

"Yeah of course. Of course.", he sat back in his chair nervously. He thought Natasha was pregnant.

They ate their dinner. Most people would have been delighted with the cold salad mixed with all of the flavors, but not Steve. He ate it, but he wasn't use to eating so healthy.

"Do you enjoy?", Natasha asked respectfully.

Steve shook his head as he chewed the food. He tried to smile but it was forced. Natasha didn't notice and was too involved in the next thing she would say.

"Free guest pass for you to come to gym."

Steve must have misunderstood. "Guess pass. You mean for me?"

"Yes. You need to stay fit.", Natasha took another bite of her salad and chewed.

"Well, you know I move around and when I'm here I do stuff."

"Like what?", she swallowed.

"Well. Stuff."

Natasha's face was plain as she stared at her husband, "Stuff?"

"Yeah. Stuff.", Steve could not think of one thing that he had done for exercise in the last year. He was embarrassed at himself.

"Why don't you come? You were big stud when you were young. Remember?"

"I'm still a big stud.", Steve flexed and while he still had muscle, he had lost it since he was with his wife. He became soft and comfortable in yet another form of his life.

"I know Steve, but I want you to be more like stories you tell me. I want to see that Steve more."

He had told Natasha many stories of his life when they met. He had exaggerated on half of the stories, and lied on the other half of his stories. He met Natasha at a time in life where he was saying anything and everything to get laid. When she let him, he was doing everything and anything to keep her. He didn't even know what Natasha really meant by that due to all of the twists and turns he had given her.

"I'll think about it, hon.," Steve responded. He forgot about it the second they were done talking about it.

They both finished their salads and would relax by one another while Natasha read a book about psychology and Steve would flip through the channels on the TV. He would stop on one raunchy show after another drinking red sugar juice that would stain his lips. He laughed like hyena each time one of the characters would fart on each other's heads.

"Let's go to bed.," Natasha had taken Steve's hand. She was not very touchy or feely with anyone, so when she would take his hand usually that meant that Steve was in for a good night.

She brought him to the bed room and began to undress which Steve followed suit. Steve hopped on the bed like a kid and flipped over to show his bare cock in the air.

Natasha had watched Steve hop in the bed and gave his body a look. She remembered when he was hot, but somehow these last five years had really done a number on his body. The laziness and lack of nutrition in his diet even made him look less healthy. She took a deep breath rubbing at her wedding ring and walked to flip the lights off before returning to the bed.

They both were sitting up on the bed, Steve had placed his hands on Natasha. He would let one rest on her thigh and one on her hip.

He began kneading those areas, but his hands would not move anywhere else.

"I've been wanting to do it all day with you, honey.", Steve was wound up.

"Uh huh."

"Do you want to do it with me all day too?"

"Uh huh."

"I'm going to frick ya. Frick ya good.", Steve said in perversion.

Natasha would have laughed at what he just said if Steve wasn't being dead serious. He was just not use to taking control in the bedroom. Natasha would take his hand and place it on her supple breasts. Steve would barely rub his hand against her chest.

Finally she would reach between Steve's leg. She would have to search around for a second as it was sometimes hard to find when it was dark. Her fingers would wrap around the entire shaft and head so that it was completely covered.

With her fingers wrapped around his shaft she would squeeze his cock into her hand. Her other hand would grab Steve's wrist so he would rub her breasts with more vigor. Instead of stroking his little penis, Natasha would just pump her hand in a squeezing motion around his cock.

She could feel him hardening in her hand and she continued to pump him like a stress ball. She could hear Steve moaning until he finally squeezed her breast as he came.

Natasha moaned for the first time since they began, but it was in vain. She could feel his jizz oozing out of the end of her hand.

Steve couldn't see Natasha's face clearly. He could not see that Natasha was rolling her eyes the entire time. He could not see the look of relief in her eyes when he had finally cum.

"Mmmm thanks.", Steve said. He sat back and laid down.

"Of course. Duty as wife.", she said and she would lay down next to her husband.

Natasha stared up at the ceiling. She had rubbed the small amount of cum off on Steve's thigh. He didn't mind as he was almost sleeping.

She couldn't sleep though and spoke loud enough to wake Steve out of his slumber.

"Steve, it is important that you come tomorrow as my guest to gym. If you don't, it will make me sad and we will need to have major discussion. I normally do not tell you what to do, but this time I am."

Steve heard her and almost pretended to be asleep, but he hated that his wife was feeling this way. He decided that he would give into her.

"Alright honey. I will come.", Steve was proud of himself.

Steve thought, *How bad could it be? Really?*

THE GYM

The next day while getting ready to go to the gym, Steve began to feel a bit of anxiety. He knew he was out of shape and his wife had been going to the gym every day. He wondered if she would actually be able to out-work him. How embarrassed he would be if she did.

He realized he wasn't as athletic as he liked to embellish to Natasha. He use to play sports and even though he looked like a good athlete when he was younger he was actually one of the worst athletes on the team.

He had opened up his drawer to find his workout clothes which had never been touched since Natasha bought him it to encourage him to go to the gym. That was approximately a year ago, he hated to admit. He put on the gym shorts and the cut off t-shirt which showed off his beer belly and pale small arms. He looked at himself in the mirror and realized that he hardly recognized him in an athletic outfit. He remembered a time that he had definition in his biceps and his stomach was flat and ripped.

"Let's jog to gym. It will help warm us up.", Natasha spoke from the bathroom as she got ready.

"Jog? Me? C'mon, Natasha. I'm in no shape to---", his words trailed off as Natasha stepped out of the bathroom.

She wore a bright pink singlet which show off the entirety of her toned legs and the tattoo on her leg. Her wide hips were also uncovered as the singlet clung around her small waist. Her large 32DD breasts had a hard time not stretching the material around her chest. Her perky breasts spilled out the top of the singlet and when she walked by, Steven almost fainted. It was a thong, and her entire heart-shaped ass was completely bare. The cheeks of her rear completely enveloping the pink singlet material to hide it deep up her toned butt.

"You're wearing that?!", Steve whined.

"I always wear singlet.", she said unwavering.

"Your butt though! You can see it!", Steve's voice raised higher in pitch.

Natasha looked over at her husband questioningly, "Steve. None of the men complain."

"What about the women!?", Steve looked for some rescue.

"I am only woman. Well there's Tootsie, but she's not exactly typical woman.", Natasha thought about it.

Steve was mortified at the thought of his hot wife, working out in this sexy outfit in front of a group of muscular jocks. He could only imagine why they wouldn't complain with a sexy athletic butt on display.

Natasha almost left Steve behind in the house as she began their jog. He frantically tried to keep up behind her, watching her nice butt bounce up and down as she ran.

From the corner of his eye, he could see cars slowing down on the road as they followed Natasha's sexy frame. As they got to the next block, there was a group of college guys that seemed to be waiting for them. They all were shamelessly recording her as she ran by. Her large breasts bouncing up and down as she came towards them. Her toned bubble butt in complete view as she passed by. Steve trailing behind could hear the college guy's cat calls and talk about how much they wanted to sleep with his wife.

They got to a busy street and his wife continued her pace as she slowed down at the cross walk waiting for traffic. Steve caught up to her, bent over with his hands on his knees he tried to catch his breath.

Cars were beginning to honk at Natasha as she made her sexy assets jiggle and wobble as she ran in place. One car even pulled over, with a skinny little nerdy man holding a phone and taking pictures. If that wasn't bad enough, another guy parked behind them and stepped halfway out of his vehicle and called out to Natasha.

"How much baby? I got a fat cock that needs to be sucked on.", he crudely spoke.

Natasha just giggled as the man proposition her pulled out a fat cock like he had said. He began moving it up and down and in a helicopter motion.

"Come on you little sexy slut. Hop in this car and I'll pay you

good to suck me good.”, The slob called out as Steve could only listen as he caught his breath.

Natasha looked down to Steve, “Are you going to say something to him?”

Steve was too exhausted so he pretended not to hear Natasha in between the gasps of air that he over embellished. Natasha rolled her eyes and continued her running in place as the man started to stroke his cock. Before it went on too much longer, they were able to run away from the perverted man.

They got to the gym and Natasha wanted to stretch before entering. Steve needed some water so he entered the gym immediately. When he entered the gym, he noticed a lot of the guys were just sitting around talking. A lot of them were not in that great of shape and he felt like this might not go so bad.

A lot of casual talking and some of them were focused on the TV as they all sat around and lifted little weights. There was a ring that meant somebody new was entering the gym. He noticed that all of the men instantly snapped their heads towards the door.

Natasha entered and all of the men began to start moving around. They were pretending to be in the middle of their work out and had since left the TV entirely to go to their posts.

“Follow me Steve.”, she spoke as she walked by. Steve noticed all of the men either looking at her in the corner of their eyes or flat out taking time to gawk her. It made Steve a bit uncomfortable that his half naked wife was in a room of men that just stared mostly at her. It didn’t even seem like they were here to work out, but instead they just wanted to eye-fuck Natasha.

They walked down the aisle of machines and free weights that were open all around. Natasha made her pick and spoke in her Ukrainian accent, “We do upper body today.”

She walked to a machine and Steve took a seat facing the

machine. The pad was in his chest and there were hooks on each side which he could pull back, he assumed.

"You are backwards. You sit facing out.", Natasha gave him a peculiar stare that embarrassed Steve.

"Oh I was just kidding!", he turned around and sat down on the machine properly. He put his hands on the handles of the machine which would mimic a bench press.

"No you have to put hands here.", she took his hands and corrected him.

"I got it, I got it."

Steve planted his feet on the ground and began pushing. His back pushed into the padded back rest and he held his breath. With all his might he pushed, but he couldn't move it.

"Oh. Well I thought you might get that. Let me fix this."

Natasha seemed surprised by the fact that he was unable to lift the weight, but she moved the weight down. Steve was having trouble still and she moved it down again.

"Now you're with same weight as me.", she stated factually. She stared at the weight for a second and waited.

There was pressure to lift the same weight as his wife. The fact that all of these guys were probably watching him added even more pressure. Steve almost panicked when he felt resistance of the weight that Natasha had set for him, but he successfully bench pressed on the machine. He was even able to lift it ten times, but he felt pretty exhausted and was relieved when it was her turn.

"Let me show you how it is done.", Natasha gave him a cocky tone. She wanted to impress Steve by her strength that she has added since coming to the gym. Her lifting on the machine was much more fluid than the light stiff jerks that Steve had. She completed her 10 presses with ease as she considered this only her

warm up.

“Yo Nat. Whose your spot?”, a voice came from behind Steve who was getting ready to sit down.

The black man approaching them was at least 6’3 and 200lbs of pure muscle. He looked like he worked out every day. He had light skin for a black person, and his hair was short cropped and colored blonde. His face was lean and handsome and had a clean shaved look about him. There was a sense about how he walked towards them that made Steve feel inadequate. Steve wondered where he was hiding as he didn’t see him earlier.

“My husband. Jackson this is my husband Steve. Steve, this is my partner Jackson.”, she nodded with a smile.

“You never told me you were already married.”, he gave a bit of a grin looking to Steve who was confused. Jackson let his words sit for a second longer than he should have.

“Just fuckin’ with ya.”, Jackson pushed past Steve and wrapped his arms around Natasha’s waist. Natasha had responded with her arms around Jackson’s neck.

Jackson was looking at Steve with a bit of a grin as he pulled her body against his. His hands were on the edge of being inappropriate with his wife. Jackson then closed his eyes as he just held Natasha.

Steve felt like he should say something as this large jock had wrapped his large black arms around his curvy wife’s waist. He could tell the connection that the two shared and must have worked out together a few times.

“So should we work out?”, Steve finally said.

“Oh yeah. I’m going to work you both out.”, Jackson spoke in a sexual tone while still holding his wife.

Natasha almost blushed was surprising for Steve. She was always

so confident and nothing phased her normally. She had to look at the ground as Jackson released her to hide her attraction to him.

They moved to the free weights where Jackson instructed them to stand straight in front of the huge mirror that covered the wall. The each stood tall and straight. Where Steve's belly protruded, Natasha's large breasts protruded out in front of her. Their hands at their sides, Jackson patrolled around them like a Drill Sargent,

Jackson began feeling at Steve's arms with his big strong hands. Steve felt like Jackson was going to rip a limb off by barely handling him. Jackson would move towards Natasha and perform the same inspection on her arms. He felt his back as well as Natasha's. His hands even rubbed over Steve's chest before walking over to Natasha.

Jackson's big hand came up to Natasha's chest. He opened his hand and grabbed at her breast. Steve looked over at the scene with his eyes widened.

"What are you doing!? That's my wife!"

"Calm down there buddy. Just assessing your wife's pectoral muscle as well as her body fat content in her body. I'll be doing the same thing to her butt so just get use to it.", Jackson said unapologetically.

His big hand squeezed and palmed at Natasha's breasts. He instructed her to raise her arms over her hand and continued feeling at her breasts. Then as though he was thinking about something, he brought his other hand onto the opposite breasts and continued to feel up Steve's wife.

"Isn't there instruments to do that?!", Steve whined.

"Sure there are."

Jackson gave a bounce to her breasts making it obvious to anyone paying attention he was ogling her breasts. Her cleavage was pressed together and Jackson wanted to bury himself in

between them. Steve could see it in his eyes.

“But my hands don’t lie boy.”, Jackson finally stopped groping her breasts as he moved around her. He pressed his chest into Natasha’s back, leaning over her. His jaw was pressed against the side of Natasha’s head as he let his hands drop down.

His finger gripped at Natasha’s perfectly sculpted butt. Natasha was still wearing the thong in between her firm cheeks and Jackson was feeling her bare flesh. His eyes closed as Natasha stared at him in the mirror as though Steve wasn’t standing right there.

“Your wife really has a nice ass.”, Jackson said.

Steve was stunned by the crudeness of this big dominant male. Here he was, with two handfuls of his wife’s ass in his hand, and he is complimenting her to him.

“Steve is fighter, Jackson. Don’t get him hot.”, Her Ukrainian voice had softened around Jackson.

Steve felt like he was put on the spot and was wondering why she thought that. Then, he remembered some of the over-embellished stories he had told his wife. Most of them were in fact flat out lies. He was never really that tough, but was able to project that he was to Natasha when they first met.

“Is that right Stevie. You like to scrap?”, Jackson looked at him looking like he was shocked by it. Jackson released Natasha’s ass and Steve could of swore he heard him give her a light spank as he stepped away.

He was right in front of Steve towering over him. He stared down at Steve and Steve could only look to the floor. When he looked down, he would see the huge bulge poking from the shorts of Jackson. While feeling his wife up, he must have become aroused. He wasn’t fully erect, but the outline of the snake in his tight shorts showed it perfectly. Steve felt small when he stared at the bulge and compared it to his own. He knew instantly that Jackson was

hung.

"C'mon Steve, be man.," Natasha spoke.

Steve looked over to his encouraging wife and then around to see all of the gym goers were watching them. He decided he was going to speak up for himself.

But before Steve could say anything Jackson grabbed him by the shirt and began dragging him towards the boxing ring that was in the back. He tossed him in the ring and Steve stumbled around.

"You're okay Steve. Handle yourself.," Natasha was excited at what was occurring in front of her. A surprise to Steve who knew that she wasn't into competitive sports.

Steve wasn't sure how this was going to end, but he knew it would be at his expense.

THE RING

Jackson hopped over the ropes as though it wasn't even there. He walked towards Steve who was obviously terrified.

"No, no, no.... please no.", Steve said in a panic.

Jackson showed no mercy when he gave him a forceful push in his chest which made Steve fall back against the rope. He instantly was thrown back towards back to Jackson who picked him up and tossed him like a rag doll against the ground.

Steve got to his knees and raised his hands to cover himself shutting his eyes.

"That's right, pray to me.", Jackson said before pushing him over hard with a strike with his foot. Steve whimpered as he laid there in a fetal position. His hands covered his head he waited for the beating Jackson was about to give him.

Jackson looked over to Natasha, "Some fighter."

Natasha looked at Steve shamefully. She seemed a bit embarrassed, but her attention soon moved back to Jackson. Her eye began to twinkle as the large black man moved around the ring confidently.

Steve could feel Jackson standing over him. Before long, Jackson had put his foot on top of his head as he flexed standing over him.

"I'm the King of this ring. Say it."

"You're the King.", Steve muffled.

"Louder boy.", Jackson spoke in an aggressive tone giving a light stomp of the side of Steve's head.

"You are the King!", he said so that Natasha could hear him. He watched her shake his head at him. Steve noticed that the ring had

a crowd and everyone stood around the ring laughing.

“Why doesn’t the beautiful ring girl raise my arm in victory?”

Natasha giggled and stepped into the ring. Her curvy frame bouncing as she moved to the large black man who just stomped on her husband. She would raise his hand and he would just stand over Steve to let the crowd view in entertainment.

Steve could see the looks the other men were giving him. They were disgusted and some had looks on their face like maybe they should try and do the same thing. Of course none of them could take Jackson in a fight, but if he wasn’t around why couldn’t they try and fuck Natasha too? Some of them were actually rubbing their cocks through their gym shorts.

Their looks of lust increased and widened as they continued to stare. Steve wondered what had changed until he heard one guy call out.

“That’s a big black cock!”, said the fat guy in the gym.

Steve looked up and was shocked at what he saw. Instead of holding up Jackson’s arm like a normal fighter, he had her hold his cock. Now that Steve saw what was happening, Jackson would reach down to grip at Natasha’s wrist and move it up and down. Her hand wrapped around his fat cock, she continued to stroke him.

Steve tried to get up, but was pinned by Jackson. “Don’t move little man. Let me enjoy this.”

Natasha’s little white fingers could not wrap around the fat cock completely. Jackson would bring his other hand up to wrap around her hand to help her squeeze his cock harder.

So here Steve was, on the ground in the middle of the ring in front of a crowd of other men. Nobody was there to help him or stop this, the all were hungry to see where this was going to lead. Each pervert having their own fantasy about Natasha at one point or

another.

With one hand wrapped around her wrist and the other around her hand, Jackson used Natasha to pump his foot long flaccid cock. Pre cum was oozing out and splattering against the ground next to Steve's face.

One guy from the crowd stepped into the ring, "Let's make this a gangbang orgy."

"Step the fuck back!", Jackson let go of Natasha's wrist and wrapped his arm around her waist pulling her to him. She gasped in excitement.

"To the victor goes the spoils. She's mine so enjoy the show or take a hike. Your choice. I'm the only man fucking her right now.", Jackson growled.

The guy stepped back out the ring. He would join the others who were now just rubbing their cocks as they watched Jackson and Natasha.

This cut Steve deep. He didn't want to accept what Jackson had just said, but the situation told differently. Natasha was staring intently at the black cock and was starting to pumping hard and fast on her own.

"It is so big, Jackson.", Natasha said in amazement.

"Bigger than little Stevie?" Jackson grinned.

"Steve's cock is baby to yours.", her Ukrainian accent purred.

Jackson then grabbed at the back of Natasha's long dark hair and pulled it down towards the hard cock which was now over a foot long. At first, he slapped at her face with the thick piece of man meat. He would pull her hair and head around to grind it against his big dick while rubbing his foot over Steve's head.

From the position that Steve laid in, he could see the cock smacking against his wife's face. It would hit her on the cheek,

forehead, eye socket, nose and lips. Jackson would start cramming his cock in between her lips and with her hair still in his hand began guiding it into her mouth.

"Fuck yeah. Wife's got a set of lips on her. Don't she boys?", Jackson asked the crowd.

The men all laughed chiming in here and there with crude comments about how slut needs to suck cock and that they would tame her since her husband couldn't.

Jackson was now bobbing Natasha's face up and down his big black cock, stretching the lips of her mouth as she sucked. The entire time, Natasha's eyes open and staring down at her husband. Her judgement casted down upon him for allowing this to happen, but also her enjoyment that he wasn't going to stop it either.

Steve couldn't have felt worse at that moment watching his wife suck the big dick of the man who just kicked his ass. He wondered if it was him getting beat up that turned her on or just that Jackson was that much of a stud. The men around them becoming more crude in their comments and one guy even had blasted his load.

Then a couple of drips hit Steve on the face. It was wet and sticky and when the other men began laughing at his expense, he realized what it was. A mixture of Natasha's saliva and Jackson's precum was dripping on him like a leaky faucet and he could only lay there trapped under Jackson's foot.

"Making it rain.", Jackson joked.

Natasha could only giggle with her face stuffed with big black cock. Jackson stopped bobbing her face up and down on his cock and held it firmly in place as he began thrusting his cock in and out of her mouth. The sound of him hitting the back of her throat could be heard echoing through the gym.

Pulling her off his cock, Jackson stood her upright. Both of his hands reached up to the pink garment she wore and ripped it into

two pieces. It fell around her curvy body showing her nude form to the men around them. They all began hooting and hollering. Some of the men even pulled their hard cocks out to stroke themselves in public. Steve couldn't help but notice that while not as big as Jackson's cock, they were all certainly larger than his own.

Jackson lifted Natasha up so easy that it looked like she weighed the same amount as a bag filled with air. He pushed off of Steve's head as he walked towards the corner of the ring. Jackson tossed the wife against the post of the ring and spread her legs so that each one was wrapped around the middle ropes on each side of the post. Natasha hung there against the corner post, nude and spread with her arms hanging over the top posts.

Jackson stared at Steve who had sat up. He was slapping his big dick into the palm of his other hand like a baton.

"Time for me to get some of your wife's pussy, chump."

Steve began stumbling to his feet, but Jackson had already sticking the head of his black anaconda at the entrance of Natasha.

"Get ready my little Russian doll.", Jackson really didn't care what the difference between Russian and Ukrainian was.

Natasha let out the loudest moan as the big black monster cock was beginning to penetrate her. She thought it's length would go on forever, until he retracted his cock halfway in her. He would slowly work his cock into her.

Steve who was now on his feet ran over towards the black man who had mounted his beautiful and willing wife. He tried to pry him off, but he was like a wall. The size and strength of Jackson would not let Steve even affect the way that he was fucking his wife.

"Get off her!", Steve whined.

By now, the men had crowded around the posts and were up close and personal to the scene. Hands were beginning to reach in

and paw at Natasha's body. Her ass was being spanked and pinched while her tits were now being squeezed and mauled. Her nipples were squeezed and legs felt up as Jackson continued to work his cock into her.

The men were laughing at Steve who was unable to get the man off of his wife. Some of the guys were laughing so hard that they were crying.

"What a pussy!", one of the guys said.

"For real! He can't even stop this man from fucking his wife!"

"We get next!" Another guy called out.

Each time a man said something, they would laugh with one another at Steve. He tried to pinch Jackson, but Jackson would just smack him away.

"You ain't stopping me white boy. I'm going to stretch your wife's pussy to unimaginable lengths.", Jackson taunted.

It was her first orgasm in a year, as the words from Jackson repeated into her ears as she called. She didn't understand why she was so turned on by this big black man dominating her husband in front of this crowd. She didn't care at the moment as her lust was now too great. The well-endowed cock deserved to be pleased for pleasuring her so well.

Jackson was now almost completely engulfed in the tight wet pussy that he conquered and Steve made little progress from prying him off of Natasha. Natasha eyes were wide as she was arching her hips to meet Jackson's as he fucked her. Every so often she would look over at Steve without much emotion.

Steve was beginning to wonder how much more torment he could go through. The sound of their wetness hitting the ring below them could be heard dripping. A puddle of Natasha's juices and Jackson's precum was forming.

“Get ready to cum.”, Jackson growled.

Natasha was already cumming while he said that, but when Jackson began picking up his pace faster and harder, the whimpers and moans would crescendo. She must have been cumming the entire time that Jackson fucked her. The men around her bouncing her tits and continuing to smack at her ass.

“Fuck, Fuck, Fuck.” Jackson began to jerk around as he slowed the pace of the brutal fucking he gave Steve’s wife.

“Get ready for my cum.”, Jackson shouted with authority.

Jackson gripped at the shaft of his massive cock and ripped it out of Natasha who moaned. She hung there limply in a daze. The brutal fucking that Jackson was giving her drove her somewhere else.

Jackson was pumping his black dick aiming it at Natasha. The first stream of cum was accompanied by Jackson yelling. He gave a continuous yell as he shot stream after stream of cum all over Steve’s wife/

Cum was pooling up in her belly button, covered both of her nipples and even reached her face. Natasha hung her mouth open hungrily as a couple of jets of cum filled her mouth. She didn’t swallow, but played with it on her tongue.

Jackson began to laugh as he stared down at the cum covered wife.

“Sorry `bout that white boy. But I had to mark my territory on your wife. I’m sure you’ll clean it up.”, Jackson spoke condescendingly.

As much as Steve wanted revenge, he took comfort knowing that the ordeal was over/ Jackson was now about to leave, but before he did, he called out to the rest.

“Who’s next!?”

The rest of the men began crawling through the ropes, some of them frantically taking their clothes off and exposing their hard cocks as they raced one another to mount Steve's wife first.

Steve had one last moment to defend his wife's honor who would probably just hang there and be fucked relentlessly by the rest of the guy if he didn't stop them.

Steve cowered not wanting to be crushed by the stampede and for some reason Natasha didn't mind.

Steve realized it would be a long night.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL

BUSTY WIFE AND THE BASKETBULL



WRITTEN BY REMY LEONE

Busty Wife And The BasketBull

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CONTENTS

- 1 [Not So Afternoon
Delight](#)
- 2 [School Trip](#)
- 3 [Move In](#)

NOT SO AFTERNOON DELIGHT

"Only one bloody one-minute?" Sasha muttered to herself under her breath as her husband rolled over to his side.

He was breathing heavy as if he had gone through a cross-country marathon and she would look over at Dave. He had a look of satisfaction and turned over towards her asking how many times she orgasmed. The fact that he thought that he had satisfied her at all sent a bolt of anger through her body.

She had waited for him all day to get back from the office fantasizing about getting dicked like a naughty little housewife. Her horniness was induced by the loud screams of their neighbors making violent, passionate sex. She could hear the older fat guy was really pounding his younger skinny girlfriend shaking the walls.

She turned down her TV so she could try and hear his dirty talking through the walls. She realized that even though the neighbor was fat and unattractive, she would let her fuck her like that if he was in front of her at that exact moment. Her vulva quivered and was swollen with arousal guiding her to the bedroom to get her special vibrator. However it had died last time she used it, which was becoming more common while fulfilling her own needs that Dave couldn't.

"Damn!", She picked up the phone and called Dave. She didn't beat around the bush and told him exactly what she wanted.

"Alright babe," Dave said into the phone, it was Sasha. She wanted him back in the house to come fuck her; she was desperately horny as always. He couldn't seem to cope with her sexual aggression.

"Dave was a highly successful real estate investor in his late forties, and he had fallen in love with his wife Sasha who he had met at a club. Sasha was drop-dead gorgeous, still is in fact. She was

only thirty four years old, but still looked like she was in her mid-twenties due to her incessant need to keep herself looking young with her diet and exercise.

She was a striking tall blond beauty with legs that stretched for days. For a slim lady, Sasha had large full breasts that men could not stop themselves from starting at. Her inviting mounds protruded far in front of her and her cleavage was usually on display. She had piercing blue eyes and the body of a model that was famed for her beauty on a social media site.

Of course, she was attracted to Dave when she met him at the club, who wouldn't love a successful, rich man out to have fun. A few weeks of traveling the globe on private jets and yachts and they were married.

Dave was, however, no match for the sexually charged young beauty; he tried his best, he did. But he was simply no match for her libido.

He sighed as he dropped the office telephone on its hook, Dave knew he was in for another tough night.

Sasha rose off the mattress angrily; her arousal was barely satisfied; Dave had lasted less than 60 seconds before he erupted his spunk inside her. She was about to let loose a barrage of expletives at him, but he was completely clueless of the situation. Dave always thought of himself as such a stud being able to earn so much money that his other "shortcomings" were non-existent.

She picked up one of the pillows, aimed at his head and threw in anger. He barely moved giving a laugh assuming she was just being playful with him. Sasha was over Dave's lackluster sexual prowess.

She strutted naked into the shower, at least, he had remembered to get replaceable batteries for her vibrator.

"Guess he's good for at least something.", she said perhaps wanting Dave to hear in her moment of frustration. By now she

could hear Dave snoring in the bed after his self-told sexual conquest.

Sasha was pissed and horny, not usually a good combination, she turned on the shower, and cold water dripped down on her lithe, sexy body.

She cupped her large full breasts in her hands, kneading, her fingers pulling, pinching and twisting her long erect nipples. The cold water had caused her nipples to be long and erect. She had wide areola, the size of coins and they were red in arousal.

She was getting there, her hands left her breasts, roaming down her cleavage to make a quick stop at her belly and her belly button before crawling down to the center of her orifice. She buckled backward as her long fingers caressed her swollen vulva, tortured from the untended arousal she had endured all afternoon. She looked in the mirror at her arousal creased face before she shut her eyes tightly as her fingers touched the hard bud of her erect clitoris.

She kept tapping her clit with her thumb as she slid two fingers into the inner maze of the enfolded pink skin of her drenched pussy. Sasha thrust a third digit into her accommodating cunt and started thrusting slowly, her thumb still kneading her clitoris.

Small moans escaped her lips as her slow thrusts increased into a faster-frenzied thrust into her sopping wet vagina. Her legs could barely hold her body as a building orgasm caused her thighs to tremble.

With one loud moan, she erupted that echoed in the bathroom. She made no attempt to try and hide her masturbation in that moment out of spite. The power of her orgasm took her to another place of ecstasy that lasted only a brief moment before coming back down to reality.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror, bit her bottom lip and smiled seductively at herself as she moved her right hand away from

her thighs and up to her boobs which had grown fuller with arousal, her nipples were so hard it hurt.

The fingers on her right hand recommenced work on her pussy, teasing at her cunt lips and her clit. She stopped kneading at her 34 D-cup breasts and reached to grab her vibrator. She switched it on and placed it on the clitoris, the vibrations driving her into another planet of ecstasy, causing her eyes to roll back into her head.

She dipped her left index finger into her wet cunt, lubricating it with her wetness before slipping it into the crack of her ass, teasing at her sphincter before pushing into her lubricated digits into her rectum.

The combination of sexual sensations coming from her anal penetration and the vibrator on her clit soon sent her into a second orgasm, this time Sasha screamed as she violently squirted cum all over the bathroom.

"Honey, you alright?", She heard Dave yell from the bedroom. He had been awoken by her loud moans and her scream of orgasm.

"FUCK OFF!!!" She yelled back at him she turned on the hot water to take a bath.

Dave almost jumped from his pajamas when he heard his wife talk to him in that manner. He had heard that tone with him before, but it was only when he messed up big. He squirmed around before rushing to go look for a way to make his wife happy.

SCHOOL TRIP

Sasha and Dave walked into the classroom accompanied by the school principal; she had started an academic foundation to give back to the local minority community that comprised of predominately minorities. They didn't get as much academic support as the wealthy whites who lived in the upper east side.

Sasha was raised in one of the many local urban communities before escaping and getting married to Dave, the wealthy White guy. Some of it was her own guilt of being gifted with her all natural sexy body and her beautiful face. Her own escape from the poverty stricken class she was born into was what would ultimately guide her to do something for them.

Dave had agreed to fund the foundation because it shed a good light on his character and obviously would do his political aspirations no harm. She was looking to take in one of the troubled teens in the school and hopefully help change his life.

Dave on the other hand only saw dollar signs in his next investment. The principal had suggested one of the young promising orphaned jocks who seemed hell-bent on throwing away his future. Dave could see the potential in investing in an athlete before he became a professional and how profitable that could be.

The school head had barely opened his mouth to introduce the new guest to students before the catcalls began. The attention was focused on the busty beautiful wife and her hourglass figure. Dave was more shocked than his lovely wife who had grown accustomed to this sort of behavior from grown men, so why not younger men?

Sasha was dressed in a short pink, low-cut gown that accentuated her abundance of feminine curves. The dress was so tight that it raised her ass to appear more plump than it always was. Her luscious cleavage were jutting out of and pushing bulging at the heart shaped space at the center of her pink high-end designer

gown threatening to spill her large boobs out of the low-cut dress.

It was an inappropriate dress and should have been worn to the club instead of a school for young adults. Dave tried to convince her to change, but she was the one who wore the pants in the relationship.

Dave became embarrassed that these barely legal teens were acting so crude towards Sasha but also and even a bit annoyed that she was able to ignore it so easily.

It reminded her of when she was younger and all the Black and Latino boys would hound her repeatedly for her phone number. The macho and masculine alpha males were so convinced that because of her body she was a slut would frequently demand sexual acts from her. Even though she pretended to hate it she would fantasize about it growing up, but her father would never let her date a man who wasn't White.

She had always gotten attention from men of all ages and by now she had learned to crave it. Before getting married to Dave a few months ago, she was a freaky party and a sex maniac who was skilled at messing around with a man's emotions through sexual seduction and even manipulation. She had a few notches of conquests under her own belt with a famous musician, a local legend and even a couple of studs that were married. Each of them at the time she had considered sport and she never lost.

She couldn't help herself from smiling feeling a rush of euphoria as the principal struggled to control the class of sexually frenzied teens. There were already a few hot teachers at the school, but Sasha put them all to shame. Her skirt barely covered her long shapely legs which adorned a pair black glamour ankle boots. A string of pearls rested seductively over the curves of her breast and in between her fleshy cleavage disappearing.

"Calm, class! Shut it! BE NICE!!", The principal yelled at the class, occasionally looking back at Sasha and Dave with an apologetic

look..

Soon enough, the class calmed down to listen to what the sexy lady had to say with the dork on her arm. Sasha did a superb job at maintaining her introduction as she could hear the adult teenagers crude remarks. They became more foul as her presentation to the school progressed.

Dave attempted to speak but was so taken back by the rowdy adult teenaged boys behavior that he became choked up. Inside he was fuming that these dirty animals that they were trying to help would speak to his beautiful angel that way. Never in a million years would he ever say any of the things these guys to anyone let alone the woman he loved his whole life.

The filthier they spoke the hotter it made Sasha. She began rubbing her knees and thighs together the more turned on she got in front of everyone. It was only a big tease though as the presentation finally concluded and everyone exited.

“Well now they know who you both are so they should feel free to come talk to you at their own free will.”, the principal spoke to Sasha and Dave while entering his office.

The principal took his seat at his large wooden desk that had a few books and a computer on it. There was a statute of a muscular man with a spear in a hunting position that was pointing right at Dave.

Dave couldn't help but notice that he was clearly checking Sasha out the every time he thought he could sneak a glimpse. He tried to hide it, but wasn't strong enough to suppress his urge to stare at the ample cleavage protruding from her chest. Admiring them for a moment he went back to looking her in the eye as if he didn't caught doing anything wrong. However, his eyes would slip back into her cleavage as they waited the prospective student. Dave was practically invisible next to his wife's chest.

Devon had swaggered into the principal's office; backpack slung over one shoulder. He had been summoned to be the number one participant of the "Sasha-Dave Save-Our-Youths Foundation Program" aimed at getting the best of talent.

Sasha and Dave were speechless as they looked at the giant teenager. Dave could barely believe that this black kid could was only eighteen years old.

The 6'6 tall black stud who worked out and was quite a promising basketball star. He was projected to grow even more and had the handles of a point guard and the hops of an elite finisher. While he wasn't an ace shooter, he had the basketball fundamentals and shoot mechanics necessary to become legendary.

He had ripped abs which he displayed by wearing tight-fitting shirts and practicing shirtless which made the girls to drool. His biceps were large and his chest was muscular. He already had the body and athleticism of a professional athlete.

The school's basketball team star and ladies' man in the whole district. He took any woman he wanted whether or not they had a boyfriend. In fact he would infamous for having sexcapades with his opponents girlfriends before games so he could taunt them with it.

Devon was intelligent in his own right but still skipped classes when the scouts started gracing the games he played. He was certain that he would have a scholarship to the university of his choosing on the back of his abilities. But he had suffered a knee injury last summer which has threatened his scholarship chances. Teachers were worried about his academic decline, and the young stud seemed hell-bent on throwing his future down the drain.

All of the female teachers would try and help him and being the ladies' man Devon was made sure rumors spread that he fucked the music and chemistry teachers in the gym on different occasions. Nothing was proven, but students who paid careful attention during these classes noticed the vulgar way he eyed them and how

accommodatingly they responded to his inappropriate sexual gestures.

Devon stood there over Dave and Sasha staring down at them making sure to take a nice look at the busty wife's breasts. Sasha finally sprang to her feet while he was distracted by her cleavage and stuck her hand out.

"Please to meet you.," she stuck her hand out.

He looked at her like she was a bit weird. He looked back over at the principal.

"Whose this bitch with the big tits?," he said, looking at the principal with petulance.

The principal realized he had missed the entire presentation doing whatever he wanted like usual. He sighed wondering if he was a lost cause while he explained to catch him up to speed.

"Take a seat please," Sasha said, pointing at a free seat next to her on the two person snug sofa.

Devon was hesitant at first, but he sat down next to her. The side of his body had pressed firmly into hers and they began building a chemistry with their bodies. She began talking about what they were hoping to achieve with him and blah blah blah.

He had lost interest in whatever her foundation offered soon as she started talking. He had plugged in his headphones to hear his rap mixtape and just let his eyes remained glued at her jutting boobs. They were one heavenly milky mountain he wouldn't mind wrapping his large hands on and squeezing on like a basketball. Dave just rubbed at his forehead as he just looked away. He had to pretend that this wasn't actually happening.

Lawd have mercy.,," he muttered as he licked his lips lewdly, a crazed grin creasing his hard, handsome black face. He pulled the empty seat, shifting it a bit closer to her as he continued his lusty

stare at her breasts.

Sasha felt quite uncomfortable with the attention she was getting from this young stud. Not because she didn't want it, but because she held guilt for the twinge in between her legs.

His longing stares moved down from her breasts and settled on her milky white exposed thighs. Her short gown had rolled up her waist as she sat and more of her thighs were exposed to his lusty glare. She could feel him undress her with his eyes, the sexual tension causing her nipples to grow erect in her braless gown.

Dave couldn't help but take notice that his wife's nipples were hardening and looked over to the principal. He was enjoying the show admiring Devon as though he was an artist at work at the subject was Sasha.

Sasha's face flushed in embarrassment knowing that she shouldn't be feeling this way, especially for a black teenager. She was here to help him not fawn over him like the other school girls.

Her attention would fall to his muscular features, noticeable tattoos accompanied by a rough but handsome face. All these coupled with the sexual frustrations she had endured for the last couple of months as a result of her sexually inadequate husband caused her body to betray her.

Okay, Mrs. Mathers here is here to...", the principal's voice cut through the sexual tension that was building in the office "...get you into her foundation's new adoption program."

"The program is designed to help you with your academics while also getting you a scholarship into one of the basketball colleges," the principal continued, "I'll let her talk more about the program," he said, looking at the flushed Sasha.

Errs, yeah Devon," she started, "would you be interested in..."

"Mhm. I am very interested.", Devon cut in, moving his lusty gaze away from her thighs and downwards to his crotch. He pushed his

hips outwards so that his swelling bulge was proudly displayed to her.

Sasha's eyes followed his eyes to his crotch which looked like more of a giant eggplant on display than a man's member. Devon's cock had grown to its full 12-inch length knowing she was staring at it, and he licked his lips lewdly. Sasha finally snapped out of her daze and let out a shocked gasp.

Dave watch the whole scene unfold in front of him and everyone just pretended that nothing was wrong. The principal gave him a nice little smile to show him he was in on the secret. It would have been nice for Dave if he was in on the secret too.

They agreed to setup another appointment. Sasha was filled with excitement while Dave will filled with anxiety. For good reason too, as Sasha would fantasize about the young jock later that night.

MOVE IN

Dave completely lost the argument allowing him to move into their house. His investment had gone sour when he saw that this animal could not be tamed like others. Sasha was determined to help the young man get into school and become the legend he was always meant to be. At least that's what she was telling herself.

The day he moved in, he gave her a huge bear hug right in front of Dave. He made sure to grind his monster erect dick into her body as he did so. His thin basketball shorts did nothing to conceal the foot long kraken that was beneath them. While he rubbed himself on her forcefully his hands would trace down the small of her thin waist and over her sexy wide hips. They furthered their journey over the curve of Sasha's perfectly sculpted ass that she had worked on her entire life.

"Thank you, Sasha," he whispered into her ears with a sexy, husky voice before getting away from the tight python-like embrace he had given her. He grinned lewdly at her as she looked breathlessly back at him, stunned at his effrontery. In front of her weak beta male husband, Dave, made it even naughtier for her.

Dave couldn't help but feel bitter that he wasn't even getting credit for paying for this kid to live with them. Now he was there feeling up his wife the second he walked in the door.

"Take my bags and put them in my room while we play a little catch up with one another.", Devon chucked his bags at Dave. Dave tried to catch them but was knocked over making Sasha giggle.

"He's not very athletic. Forgive him."

"Yeah, forgive me.", Dave said in a daze as he picked up the bags and did as he was told. While he walked away Devon spoke up again.

"Unpack my shit too white boy and be careful with my stuff.",

Devond commanded.

Dave looked back to see Devon staring cruelly back at him with a handful of his wife's tits in his hand and a handful of her phat ass. He was making a statement and setting a precedent to Dave in that moment.

Dave accepted his fate and walked out. He did as he was told and could only hear the muffled tones and giggles of his wife. When he finished he started his way back to them and his heart started to race when he heard some moans from what it sounded like Devon.

As he got closer her could hear slurping sound and Dave thought he was imagining things. He stepped into the room and his eyes became wide with horror.

Dave had felt humiliated the first time he walked in his wife giving the teen black boy a blowjob. He knew she was sex starved as he was not attending to her sexually as much as she wanted, but to get down on a teen, and a black one, in his house! He was angry but was more disgusted with himself because he had found the sight arousing.

As he had watched Sasha gag on the black monster cock, he had felt his limp cock grow to an extraordinary size. He struggled to keep a hard-on but on the day; his cock had been rock hard for minutes as he watched them through the ajar door. He had watched as Sasha deep throat Devon's monster cock and had ejaculated, cock in hand, as the black stud erupted his spunk all over his wife's face.

He was much more humiliated when he was caught, limp dick in hand, his cum sprayed all over the door and the marble floor.

Devon had walked past him naked with a wicked grin, "You loved watching me deep throat your bitch, right? Inadequate, small dick white boy!", he had sneered as he brushed past him.

Sasha had been unapologetic about the entire episode; she hissed at him in disgust as she lay sprawled naked on the leopard skin rug.

He was sure Devon would have fucked her if it weren't for his presence.

"You see what a real man looks like? No matter his age, he is way more masculine than you could ever hope to be. That's why he can have me and you can't.", Sasha had sneered at him before going to the bedroom to fall asleep. Dave trailed her like a little pet.

Her glistening pussy was staring him in the face when she laid down in bed. Dave's cock began to rise again, but he knew he was getting no sex. Sasha had refused to have sex with him for the last couple of weeks, and he was sure the barely legal black boy was to blame.

Sasha had glowed ever since the young stud moved in, he was apparently servicing Sasha's starved pussy. Dave just crawled into bed to sleep next to her.

They fell asleep. But not for long.

Dave had awoken to see that during the night, Devon had opened the door to their room. He silently stared at him in the doorway and was caught off guard when Sasha waved him over silently.

"Yeah? That really what you want, Ms. Sasha?", Devon said as he walked towards her, his monster cock swaying seductively in her face as he walked towards and beyond her. He got to the door, closed it shut and turned the key.

Sasha felt the rush between her legs; she was trembling with excitement. She had spent most of the day fantasizing about his monster cock, and here she was staring at the dangling monster. Her mouth ran dry, and she licked her lips to get them wet.

I see the way you stare at my monster cock, Sasha. Would you like to touch it again", He said at her, nodding his head encouragingly?

"Go ahead; you know you want to." Devon continued.

Sasha wanted to do much more than just touch his 12-inch pole, but her husband was laying right next to them. She reached out gingerly with one hand to caress his long, thick veined cock, her other hand cupped and hefted his swollen balls. They were large manly balls unlike Dave's and felt heavy in her hands. Just touching his cock and balls sent a jolt of pleasure through her lithe body. His cock grew in her hands as she caressed it, Dave's got nothing on this monster cock.

Devon's black shaft swelled and extended several more inches till it reached its full length. Sasha went down on her knees and off the bed so she could be more comfortable with her cock handling.

Devon's cock had grown to its optimal length; it was as long as the girth was thick, almost as thick as her wrist. It was twitching ponderously and was pointed directly at the entrance of her lips. She licked at his tip, tasting his salty pre-cum, with her free hand she cupped his swollen balls and squeezed them as she continued licking on his dickhead like a lollipop.

She moved her head away from his cock head, bent her head further till she had access to the underside of his cock. She traced the underside of his cock with the tip of her tongue slowly till she reached his balls and then beyond to the crack of his hard muscular ass.

Dave laid there in the dark room as he watched his wife suck on Devon's cock yet again. She barely ever gave him oral sex and here she was sucking on this younger guys cock like a bitch in heat. He was unsure why he didn't try and interject. Partly intimidated by the young jock and partly because his wife would be mad if he did.

She let her tongue slide up and down the entire length of his massive pole lapping at the precum dripping from his cock before she took his cock into her mouth.

His cock's thickness forced her to open her mouth wider than she was used to, she took as much of his monster cock as she could.

Sasha didn't stop until she hit her gag reflex before pulling her head back, only to repeat the action.

Devon was in heaven, he grabbed her head, holding it in place as he started thrusting deep into her throat, muffling her protests with his thick monster cock. He was sensitive enough to pull back when she hit her gag reflex before hitting down her throat, his heavy balls slapping at her face as he face fucked her fast and furiously.

Saliva mixed with precum was dripping down the corner of her mouth, and the sight only turned Devon on. He continued his frenzied thrusts into her mouth until with one loud groan akin to King Kong's; he erupted deep into her throat while Dave silently watched.

Sasha gagged as his hot, salty spunk erupted like a volcano down her throat, his cum stream was so much she couldn't keep it all down. The cum dripped down her face into her cleavage, ruining the silk fibered gown she still had on.

Clean up my dick, bitch," Devon sneered down at her, pushing her head towards his cock. Like an obedient child, she obliged, licking up his cock and swallowing his cum. Sasha moaned as she was treated like the slut she was.

When she was done, he effortlessly raised her up and ordered her to undress. Sasha was more than happy to comply. At long last, her starved pussy was about to be serviced by a real man.

Devon hurriedly helped pull down her G-string and over her legs. He raised her wet G-string to his nose, sniffing at the sweet muskiness of her pussy.

"Smell mighty fine white girl.", He growled like an animal.

He pushed her hurriedly towards the bed; he made her climb onto the bed, her face towards the bedrest and her ass facing him. She was kneeling on the bed, but Devon pushed the small of her back till she was in a face down, ass up position. She laid next to the meek

and timid Dave who was about to watch his wife get fucked because he couldn't man up.

Her pussy lips were glistening, Devon traced at her swollen vulva with his fingers, drawing a spasm and moan from Sasha. He knelt down, so her elevated ass was in full of his face.

Sasha gasped as she felt his tongue lap at her pussy before he started tapping at her hard clit with the tip of his tongue. She moaned as he circled his tongue around her clit as two fingers snaked into the velvety depth of her sopping wet cunt. He continued lapping at her pussy like a hungry Labrador, spurred on by her moans and the twisting of her waist as she attempted to push her pussy deeper into his face.

Devon licked at the little space between her cunt and her anus, drawing a giggle from her, then he let out a glob of spit on her tight asshole, lubricating it.

'I'm 'bout to fuck you right up your dirty little ass, you white slut. If your little shrimp dick husband does anything about it I'll beat his ass while I fuck you.'

Sasha orgasmed by the cruelty and strength that this younger man was displaying to her. She felt like a conquered wife being taken by a barbarian. Dave knew he better just pretend to sleep through the assault he was about to give to his wife.

Sasha tried to squirm away at the thought of having his the massive length pole in her anus. She had only had anal sex once with Dave, and his cock was a lot smaller than Devon's, and it had hurt even then.

Devon's large strong hands reached down and grabbed each of her ankles. He pulled her without much effort towards himself and firmly held her down against the bed at the waist. Sasha's moaning as he continued to man handle her with her husband laying next to her.

Sasha screamed as he forced his head into her anus, it was lubricated, but it still hurt. Devon had returned his left hand to pleasure her pussy and clit. The combination of pleasure and pain drove her into another planet, causing her eyes to roll in her head.

Devon remained prone for a few seconds, allowing her ass get accustomed to being stretched by his monster cock before he started thrusting deep into her rectum. She could barely accommodate 3 inches of his cock, but that was good enough. Her anal hole was super tight.

He pounded slowly into her rectum while his fingers thrust fast and furiously into her pussy. He was working himself into her to its full length. The bed was beginning to rock Dave while he slept.

“Wake up mother fucker I dare you to.”, Devon continued to intimidate Dave into pretending to sleep. His taunts made Sasha moan in excitement.

“That’s right don’t even think about cock blocking me, white boy.”, he was groaning by the end of the sentence as he stuffed the entire length of his cock up her tight little heart shaped ass. Sasha had started to go limp after orgasming multiple times from the simple ass fuck he was giving her.

“Let’s have some fun.”, Devon picked up his speed. He began giving Sasha an ass fuck she would remember for the rest of her life. His hips smacked against her jiggling ass and he began spanking her furiously. He reached forward grabbing at her head and pushing her into Dave. He must have known that Dave was awake and just was doing as much possible to be an asshole.

As he ass fucked the busty wife into the weak husband he was pushed off the bed. Devon began laughing and when Sasha finally joined in on the laugh Devon groaned loudly.

He screamed at the top of his lungs like a war cry, “I’m cummmmming!”

He groaned and bucked his hips as he unloaded his gallons of cum into Sasha's ass. It was leaking out and splashing everywhere as he continued to stuff it back into her ass by pumping his cock into her. It began leaking down onto his balls that dripped onto the bed.

"Fuck yeah slut.", He ripped out his cock which made her cry out in pleasure.

He gave her one huge smack on the ass. "Make me eggs and bacon tomorrow morning."

Then he left. Sasha would roll over and go to bed leaving Dave on the floor.

Dave just stared up wondering where this journey would lead them.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | BETRAYAL | CHEATING | BBC

BLACK BEST
MAN
TAKES

The
Dumb
Groom's

BUSTY
BRIDE

REMY LEONE



Black Best Man Takes The Dumb Groom's Busty Bride

Remy Leone

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CONTENTS

- 1 [Drunk Groom](#)
- 2 [Taxi Ride](#)
- 3 [Hotel Room](#)

DRUNK GROOM

Only a few hours ago the young couple Duncan and Melissa Hart married. It was supposed to be the happiest day of the rest of their lives together. However, the bride Melissa couldn't bring herself to smile. Duncan, her husband, was having a hard time standing upright while he stumbled down hallway away from the reception hall.

They had planned to save themselves for their wedding day and Melissa was already having serious doubts about her husband's abilities tonight. She crossed her arms over her bridal gown and busty 38FF breasts. The dress was white and knitted with a transparent top that allowed her best asset to accentuate. While most men in Melissa's life thought of her as a prude, she was anything but modest. Always a bit of a tease, she knew how to use her perfect hourglass figure to attract any man's attention that she wanted. Her husband being the very lucky man.

Duncan was singing at the end of the hall and making a complete ass of himself. If he wasn't so wealthy and business savvy, he would have been more of an embarrassment than a catch, but Melissa felt secure with him. She knew that he would be able to provide for her future. It wasn't that Duncan was ugly, but he was just rather average for the beauty that Melissa held.

“Duncan!”, Melissa whined. “You’re embarrassing us!”

Most of their family members thought the actions were innocent fun and happy to see the man so wasted. However, a small percentage of Melissa’s family casted judgement in their silence. The anxiety that the young busty bride felt was enough to leave a stain on her special day and internally she blamed her drunk husband.

Fuming she tried to console her husband and Duncan slurred out words that made little sense. His breath reeked of alcohol and his eyes were hazed over and Melissa was unsure if Duncan knew where he was or what he was even doing. His irresponsible actions caused her to give him a light smack across the face which only made Duncan smile lightly.

“Heyyyya...”, Duncan spoke while trying to look at his new bride.

“Duncan Hart. You need to calm down. We are leaving right now. Did you tell the limo driver to get us?”, Melissa questioned.

“Fuck the limo driver... he was staring at your tits all night. Fat bastard... I told him to go.”, Duncan said quickly turning to anger. After his sentence ended he went back to be a happy drunk.

“What do you mean?! That was suppose to be our ride to the hotel! God damn it Duncan!”, Melissa stopped her heel against the hallway floor.

“We’llwalk!”, Duncan slurred.

“We’re NOT walking Duncan. I’m wearing my dress!”, Melissa was now close to screaming at the top of her lungs.

Luckily for Duncan, his best man Lavon showed up to his rescue. Lavon was Duncan’s black friend growing up in high school and they had remained friends ever since. They separated when

they both went to college as Lavon had a football scholarship and Duncan was more focused on academics.

"Would the wedding couple do me the honors in sharing my taxi with me?", Lavon said with a perfect smile filled with pearly whites. He was already grabbing Duncan and slinging his arm around his neck so he could assist him to his taxi.

"Sure Lavon.", Melissa said apprehensively.

Melissa was not a big fan of Lavon as she saw him as more of a threat than a friend. He was a 6'3, handsome and muscular man that had the charm of a player. The type of man that she knew would get her husband into trouble as he liked to party all night. Not to mention he would bring around different girls every time he saw him. In fact, he had even brought over two girls at once who were "free-spirited".

She didn't even think he was that great of a friend. He never came around unless he wanted something and thought she used Duncan. Melissa had protested their friendship after getting to know him for a year, but Duncan wasn't having it and defended their friendship. Even when he blatantly hit on her right in front of Duncan played it as "that's just Lavon being Lavon."

Lavon was getting the drunk groom into the cab. The black man joked, "We should probably have him near a window. Wouldn't want him to ruin that incredible dress."

"Yeah that sounds like a good idea. Thanks Lavon.", Melissa said a bit surprised by Lavon's compliment and thoughtfulness of somebody else than himself.

Melissa climbed in after her husband into the back seat of the sedan cab. She sat next to her husband who was leaning against the door and waited for Lavon to climb in to smash her in the middle.

"Alright sir.", Lavon spoke to cab driver. "Help me get this

beautiful bride to the hotel!”

The cab driver laughed and Melissa found herself slightly blushing. “Oh stop it, Lavon.”

The cab began to pull forward and Melissa, Lavon, Duncan all began their trip to the awaiting honeymoon suite.

TAXI RIDE

Duncan’s night was beginning to take a turn as the cab began to spin. The motion of the ride was starting to mess with his inertia and he had to close his eyes which possibly made it worse. The cab took turn after turn and it felt like the cab driver was being reckless. The drunk man tried to speak up to yell at the driver, but when he did he almost spilled his stomach. He began to gag repeatedly, but luckily didn’t throw up.

“Ew, roll down this window! He’s going to throw up!”, Duncan heard Melissa say.

Melissa was stumbling next to him as though to push away from him only adding to his upset stomach. Luckily, the window opening allowed a breeze in to cool off his face. Duncan leaned his head out the window with his eyes closed and the sound of the passing window to fill his ears. He knew he was near throwing up so keeping his head out the window seemed like a good idea.

Duncan’s eyes were closed the entire time and he wasn’t sure if he had fallen asleep in the cab as it drove or if he had been awake the entire time. A bump in the road caused him to raise his head and open his eyes. The bright lights forced him back into the cab. He reached over to touch his bride, but felt nothing. Surprised he looked over to Melissa.

Melissa was just beginning to sit on Lavon’s lap. Lavon was raising the back of her dress up high which showed off the entirety

of her garter belt and even the beginning of her ass. Her ass being right in Lavon's face, he just stared. Duncan stunned watched as Lavon lifted the back of Melissa's dress even more to look up her skirt before she sat in his lap.

Lavon began to wriggle underneath her, "That's better."

Melissa noticed Duncan was staring at him. "Oh, you're up!"

Lavon, realizing he might have just been caught looking up her dress jumped a little with Melissa on his lap. Melissa's big breasts bounced in her dress. Lavon kept silent though and tried to play it cool.

"What're you doin'?", Duncan tried to question them.

Melissa responded without guilt, "Well, I didn't want you to get vomit on my dress so Lavon graciously suggested that I sit on my lap to give us distance."

"Yeah and I was just helping her not mess up her dress, bro.", Lavon said in a friendly manner and a way to possibly cover up his tracks.

"Arrghhhriitte...", Duncan didn't know what else to say. He was so drunk he didn't want to say anything else.

Duncan's laid his head against the door and closed his eyes. He would have been fuming over his jealousy, but shutting his eyes and leaning his head against the door felt too good to pass up currently. Especially when the cab started down a bumpy road.

Duncan could heard his new bride giggling and she even gasped at one point. Lavon must have done something because she called him by his name.

"Stop Lavon!", Melissa was giggling.

Duncan denied any potential wrongdoings as it would have

made him have to lift his head up and open his eyes. He knew that Melissa didn't like Lavon and Lavon would never do anything to hurt him. There was another big bump on the road and he hit his head opening his eyes. He looked over at the other two in the backseat without them noticing him awake.

Lavon had Melissa pulled tight into his lap. One of his hands was under her skirt and resting high on her thigh playing with the top of her garter belt. His fingers playing with the snaps that would release them from her underwear.

"Lavon he's your friend!", Melissa was saying.

"What? I'm just trying to make it easier for Drunkin' Duncan.", Lavon said with a grin.

Melissa giggled at the expense of her intoxicated husband. Her breast bouncing and jiggling as they continued down the road. Melissa's eyes went wide open.

"Lavon!", Her hand smacked at his chest.

"What? The road is bumpy and your ass is nice and firm.", Lavon playfully stated.

Duncan knew that his black friend must have had a hard on. He couldn't blame him as his wife did have a nice ass and he was right that it was a bumpy road.

"Just mind yourself.", Melissa gave him a glare that seemed too forced to take seriously.

"Y'know, I was surprised that your boy even asked me to be his best man.", Lavon said.

"Why's that?", Melissa asked.

"Because it ain't like we're THAT good of friends.", Lavon said reluctantly.

“Well he thinks you guys are...”, Melissa said.

Duncan could see that Melissa was somewhat suspicious at what Lavon was saying. Duncan was surprised to hear his best man say this to his bride. His thoughts interrupted when all of a sudden Lavon leaned forward and one of his hands reached up from behind Melissa.

Lavon’s big black hand cup Melissa’s breasts over her bridal dress. His fingers were long enough to touch the bare cleavage as he palmed and massaged at it. Melissa looked down at the hand for half a minute as though she wasn’t sure if she wanted to stop it. She bit her lip and even began to grind her ass into Lavon’s lap.

He then cleared his throat watching them both snap at attention and freeze to conceal their actions from the passed out husband next to them. The both of them looked like they were ready to explain their actions, but unfortunately for Duncan he felt something coming up.

Duncan began vomiting out the opened window before he could say a word and for the rest of the ride home he was unable to spy on his bride and his best man.

HOTEL ROOM

Duncan realized that the cab was pulled over and instead of leaning out the window he now had his head stuck out the open door. Melissa grabbed him some water and the cab driver finally told them he had to go to pick up another fare. Lavon pulled the drunk man out of the cab and entered the lobby.

Duncan was too drunk to even walk and Lavon finally picked him up in one swift motion. Cradled in his arms was the drunk groom with the impressed Melissa walking behind him.

“Wow Lavon, you’re strong!”, Melissa said.

“Well Duncan’s just a little guy.”, Lavon said as he walked down the hallway carrying another full grown man in his arms without effort.

“That’s not fair. Dunc’ is only a little smaller than average and compared to you anyone would be small.”, Melissa argued playfully.

“Oh babe, you don’t even know the half of how much bigger I am compared to the average man.”, Lavon hinted with a confident grin.

Melissa giggled again at Lavon flirtatious and witty comebacks.

Duncan tried to yell at Lavon for being an asshole, but he let out only a groan. A groan that was stifled by Lavon who shook him in his arms lightly only making his stomach more upset.

By the time they entered the hotel room Duncan was ready to throw up again. Lavon tossed him on the bed and Melissa was unbuttoning his shirt and loosening belt trying to get him out of his clothes. was Lavon saying he was going to grab a water and bring it back while Melissa took off his shoes.

Duncan woke back up to a pitch black room with his shirt completely unbuttoned, but still on. He was missing one sock and was in only his light blue boxers. His feet hung off the bed and he laid horizontally across the bed looking up at the ceiling. Before a thought came to his mind he stood up quickly and ran to the bathroom. Duncan didn’t even realize that the room was empty.

When he opened the door what he saw upset his stomach even more. Lavon was sitting on the toilet still in his dress pants with his legs spread wide and one foot kicked up on the tub next to them. Melissa’s light brown hair was bobbing up and down and she was on her hands and knees still in her bridal gown sucking off the best man of the wedding.

The both of them jumped up and Duncan saw Lavon's big black cock spring into view. It had to be at least 8 inches long with an average girth, which was much longer and thicker than himself.

With Lavon standing up trying to put his cock away in his pants and Melissa fumbling for words, Duncan rushed to the toilet. He lifted the seat and leaned in and began spewing out his guts.

Melissa was leaning over him and trying to comfort Duncan who couldn't fight her even though he wanted to. He was focused too much on aiming the rest of his insides into the cool porcelain bowl. Melissa leaned in and gave him a kiss and whispered.

"I love you...", Melissa whispered.

Her breath smelled of the musk of Lavon's cock and it only upset Duncan's stomach even more. He leaned over gagging, but nothing came out.

"He's fine... why don't we let him gain his composure.", Lavon said.

Lavon had grabbed at Melissa's wrist and was picking her up. Melissa seemed like she wanted to struggle to take care of her husband, but Lavon added. "C'mon, he shouldn't have gotten so wasted on your wedding night."

It was the magic words that justified Melissa leaving her husband alone in the bathroom. He allowed herself to be dragged out of the room by the horny black "friend" leaving Duncan to feel the betrayal deep in his heart even though he was too drunk to do anything about it.

"Drunkin' Duncan...", Duncan scoffed at them making fun of him earlier in the cab. His mouth was drooling while he leaned his head over the toilet. Duncan prayed to the porcelain gods for another ten minutes before he finally got himself to sit on the tub next to the toilet. A rush of cold sweats had passed and he was feeling slightly better now.

Duncan walked out of the bedroom to Lavon standing next to the bed and over Melissa who was on her back. Melissa bridal gown was off and laying next to her and she wore only a tight white top. Her white panties were wrapped around one of her knee and her pussy open and spread to Lavon.

Lavon was shirtless and his muscular form gleaming under the moonlight coming in from the hotel window. He had one hand wrapped around the base of his cock and he was aiming the head of it at his bride's entrance.

"Hey!", Duncan yelled and continued to drunkenly slur. "What are you guys doin'?"

Melissa looked up at him with guilt, but also annoyance that Duncan interrupted them again. Lavon just remained still, but his hand was moving around the base of his cock so the tip of his head was rubbing at the entrance of Melissa's glistening pussy.

"Duncan... I... I'm...", Melissa again fumbled for words.

"Can you even get it up, Drunkin Duncan?", Lavon finally spoke.

"What does that have to do with anything?", Angrily the groom replied. Deep down, he knew Lavon was right and he did indeed have limp-dick.

Lavon nodded lightly and explained himself as though he had logic on his side, "Look, Duncan, I'm the best man just stepping in. Since you can't perform your duties as a man, I'm here to take of your little white bride."

Lavon then began to lightly tap his shaft against the slit under his cock. Melissa moaned and added to what the best man said, "Yeah Duncan.. he's just doing us a favor."

"A favor?", Duncan couldn't believe it. Melissa went from hating his best friend to being on her back with him between her legs

on the most special night of their lives.

Lavon wasn't going to wait for permission as it was not in his nature. He had a beautiful white woman with huge tits under him waiting to be fucked and he was going to be the one to do it. His hips began to lean down towards hers and he guided the head of his cock to begin to penetrate her.

The couple were both surprised by how bold Lavon was. Duncan surprised that he would begin to enter her in front of him and Melissa being turned on by the same fact.

"Dude what the fuck?", Duncan whined still standing in the doorway.

Melissa's eyes were wide open as she stared up at Lavon who was lowering himself into her. Lavon was ignoring Duncan completely as he stared passionately into Melissa's. Inch by inch his cock slid into the folds of her warmth, her own lust lubricating the black shaft to help it in.

Melissa was amazed by it the first time she felt it under her lap in the cab. She had seen Duncan's penis and honestly was not displeased by it. She had never thought of the males genital's as anything but a reproductive organ, but when she saw Lavon's, it was a thing of beauty. Something about the size and power of it made her feel like she was obligated to take care of it. Her physical body submitted to the black phallus that belonged to her loser husband's alpha black friend.

"Damn. So tight.", Lavon whispered down to Melissa.

"You're so... BIG. Nggh.", Melissa said grimacing while she was stuffed and stretched inside by Lavon.

"Lavon, c'mon man, you're going to hurt her.", Duncan interjected between their whispers.

"Am I hurting you, baby?", Lavon asked her. His hips still

lowering into her slowly he was now almost in her completely.

“Umm... uhhh...”, Melissa didn’t want to answer the question.

“She looks good to me buddy.”, Lavon gave a dismissive smile and nod to the white groom who stood in his boxers. “Now why don’t you go grab yourself a water and let me handle this?”

He made it sound so pleasant to Duncan and the groom wondered if his buddy really thought he was doing him a solid. Dumbfounded Duncan stood there not really sure how to react as he stood and stared like an idiot.

Lavon hit a point where his cock simply wouldn’t go any further. He was completely submerged into Melissa, but as he began to shift and rock his hips he stuffed himself in further. Under the pressure of the monster cock entering her, Melissa began to shake uncontrollably.

“I’m cumming. Fuck. Oh my god.”, Melissa cooed.

“You’re going to be doing a lot of that.”, Lavon laughed at his own joke while Melissa continued to moan in pleasure. Lavon seeing that Melissa didn’t really hear him looked at Duncan for reassurance of his joke. Seeing Duncan didn’t laugh, he shrugged and went back to fucking the tight white wife.

Duncan did nothing as Lavon’s hips moved up and down causing his cock to slide in and out of his wife. He reached down and pulled out one of Melissa’s massive 38FF breasts and mauled it as he fucked her. The pace of Lavon’s hips quickly picked up and soon he was fucking her hard enough so that her other tit popped out of her tight white top.

“Well... I guess I’ll just grab a water...”, Duncan felt like he had to say something before exiting and walking down to a vending machine.

The sound of the bed creaking from their hotel room echoed through the hotel hallways. Melissa was screaming and cursing while Lavon grunted like a boar as he used his wife. He grabbed the bottle of water from the vending machine and twisted the cap off walking back to his room.

He could hear them muffled through the walls, but it sounded like they were talking dirty. Duncan was chugging the water as he got close enough to the door to hear Lavon say, "I'm cumming!"

"You're not wearing a condom, Lavon!", Melissa said in the last second.

However, Duncan knew she was too late as she was protesting over the grunts and moans of the black man fucking her. The sounds of the bed slamming against the wall hard even sounded like Lavon was cumming at that very instant as he filled her up. Melissa joining in the pleasure by adding her own moans through the door.

How humiliating Duncan thought as he waited an entire minute until the groaning died down before trying to enter the hotel room. He forgot the key and realized he'd have to knock on the door to get their attention. The door was opened a quarter of the way and Lavon peaked out. His cock was dripping with juices from Melissa still and over his shoulder Melissa laid with her legs still spread. Cum was oozing from her ravaged pussy and she looked passed out with disheveled hair.

"Hey man, keep it down... the bride's sleeping.", Lavon said.

"I know... she's MY wife.", Duncan implied that he was angry.

"What do you want?", Lavon asked while looking back at Melissa and back to Duncan as though he didn't have time to talk.

“Back in my room, asshole.”, Duncan huffed.

Lavon sat there for a moment and just stared at Duncan. He contemplated their years of friendship and then looked back at the beautiful busty Melissa. He then had an idea and reached into his pocket handing Duncan the hotel key for his room.

“Ay’ bro, this is the key to my room. Just got use that room. We’re busy in here.”, Lavon handed Duncan the key, but dropped it as he was in a rush.

The door slammed in Duncan’s face and left the beta male in the hallway. Before long he heard the bed creaking in the hotel room and the pair of them moaning inside.

Sighing, he reached down and picked up the hotel room. “Well fine. Then, I’m ordering room service!”

It was the least Lavon could do for him as he was getting the first crack at his wife.

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | MANIPULATION | INTERRACIAL | BETRAYAL

COUNSEL AND CONTROL



Remy Leone

Counsel and Control

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CONTENTS

- 1 [First Consultation](#)
- 2 [Confessions](#)
- 3 [Time Apart](#)
- 4 [What It All Lead Up
To](#)
- 5 [Confronting Fears](#)

FIRST CONSULTATION

Yvette gave a firm yet playful nudge to her husband Brad when she saw him staring at the busty secretary's chest. The secretary was wearing a dark jacket that covered her white blouse, but there was no denying the presence of the woman's huge breasts pressing to be free of the constraining fabric. Each button was being tested right in front of the couple who sat there in the waiting room. Brad even had pictured one of the buttons flying off from such pressure and hitting him in the eye which made him laugh to himself.

Yvette wasn't jealous at all, though, as she had even larger, rounder and perkier breasts. Not only did she have the curves, but she also had the slim athletic toned body to go with it. She couldn't even remember the last time that she wasn't the hottest woman in the room garnering all male's attentions present. Even when there was substantial competition, like this secretary she remained secure in her confidence of her own beauty. It also helped to consider the fact that her husband Brad was not the type of man who usually got women as hot as either her or the secretary.

Yvette had light blonde hair and pale blue eyes, long legs and curves that must have been sculpted by years of hard work in the gym. Her face had a playful, yet sexy quality to it, with her full lips that were always smiling.

Brad was a good-looking man, with blond hair of himself and

brown eyes, standing just a little shorter than Yvette. He was above average in looks, but compared to Yvette, he looked out of place standing beside Yvette. His wife held such beauty that it was hard for any lustful man to notice anyone standing beside her. This led to her getting hit on by men all the time right in front of Brad. Brad was a soft gentle man and did his best to be patient about it and allow his wife to relish in other men's advances.

Brad smiled playfully at beautiful blonde wife who was pretending to be jealous. He knew she wasn't, and that Yvette, while not egotistical, didn't see any woman as competition for attention. The fact she was pretending to be jealous at him giving her attention to another man comforted him with a warm feeling.

"Please send them in now, doll," The voice that came through the tiny intercom had a firmness that conveyed a cool professionalism.

"You can head in now," The busty secretary said with a smile. Brad and Yvette smiled back and walked through the oak door to the doctor's office. Brad did his best to avoid looking down the secretary's top.

The couple walked into the office and were greeted by the tall black figure sitting behind it. It wasn't that they had never seen a black doctor before, it was just a surprise they didn't know their doctor was going to be black. However, like the liberal couple they were they both tried to push the thought out of their mind not wanting to be racist.

Dr. Jackson stood up from behind his large desk to acknowledge their presence. He was a tall, dark, good looking man with chiseled features and a little grey hair on his temples, but otherwise a full and rich head of black short cropped coarse hair. He reached across his desk to shake both Brad and Yvette's hands. They greeted him warmly and made introductions. Brad couldn't help but how firm

Jackson's handshake was compared to the way he shook his wife's hand.

"I would like to welcome, both of you," Dr. Jackson said with a beaming smile and a tone filled with a confident bravado. "Please. Sit down in a chair."

Brad looked down at the two chairs that both sat facing the desk so they could converse with the doctor. Brad and Yvette each sat down. Yvette crossed her long, toned legs without intention toward the black doctor. Her voluptuous chest made their presence known no matter how she sat and thought nothing of it that her top felt tight.

Dr. Jackson said, sitting down and looked at each one for a long moment. Brad couldn't help but shift under his seat as the black man stared at him with such an unknown blank expression. The doctor then brought his hands up on top of the table, switched his view to Yvette and clasped his hands in front of him on the desk. He said nothing as he continued to look at the blonde hourglass figured beauty.

Yvette didn't shift like her husband did. In fact, she was relaxed as she sat back in the chair more. She returned the look of the black doctor until finally raising a brow as if "what?". However, she politely remained silent.

Dr. Jackson felt he had a good understanding of what he was dealing with, but he continued anyway, "What brings you two to see me?"

Brad and Yvette looked at each other wondering if the other one wanted to speak up. They both shared the same embarrassed smile, but Brad seemed to be more uncomfortable than Yvette the doctor noticed. He could tell that it was hard for them to decide where to begin.

Brad's tone was nervous and he was staring down at his own feet as he spoke, "Well... ummm, we're happy, mostly. I mean we're happy, but not happy like we use to be when we first married. In our marriage, I mean, day to day."

Brad felt like he was tripping in his own words hoping not to offend the beauty next to him and make sure she was pleased the way he phrased it. For reassurance, he looked to Yvette for support, and she reached out a hand, and he placed his in hers.

"But, in the bedroom, it's, uh, not been going well."

"That is nothing to be embarrassed about, Brad," Dr. Jackson said reassuringly. "It's perfectly natural for a couple to have problems in the bedroom. We'll work out what to do. Yvette, what is your take on the situation?"

"Brad and I have known each other for a long time," Yvette said, her sweet smile radiating beauty. She almost ended it there, but knew she had to say more.

"Well and he has always been good to me, so the sex is not that important to me. I think he pressures himself to be great all around. His lack of confidence is due to some of his physical shortcomings, but I really never had an issue with his penis size."

The words stung Brad. No man wants to hear his wife talk about his genitals in a negative manner. He knew she didn't mean it, but having another man hear it was embarrassing none the less. The fact the man was black filled Brad's mind with a whole new set of barriers he was trying to overcome in that moment.

"I see." Dr. Jackson simply said.

The cool way he said it suggested he expected what his wife was about to say. The doctor continued speaking.

"In a situation where the couple are supportive but something is not quite right, I find that they are often holding back on saying

things in front of the other person out of fear of appearing unsupportive. It is almost counterproductive, but sometimes it's okay to let one another fall. It's admirable that you want to be positive for your husband, but good intentions will lead to being less open with one another. For this main reason, I'd like to talk to each of you separately. Would that be alright?"

Brad and Yvette looked at each other, and nodded, then turned back to Dr. Jackson and agreed. Brad was willing to do anything to make Yvette happy.

"Good, good," Dr. Jackson said. "Then I'd like to start with Brad. Yvette, would you mind waiting outside for a while?" Yvette smiled and agreed, then, with a kiss on Brad's forehead, left the room.

"Now, Brad, I think I can right away see a problem, as it's quite common in a situation like yours. Would you mind if I took a guess?"

"No, please do," Brad said. He knew that he needed all the help he could get.

"Yvette is an extremely beautiful woman," Dr. Jackson said. "So beautiful that you must feel very lucky to be with her. And because you feel like she is so precious, you feel a pressure to provide for her, to perform for her, to keep her satisfied. Would you say that's true?"

Brad thought about it for a while. "Wow, you're really good at this."

The compliment seemed to be unheard by the black doctor. His face was made for a poker game as he waited for Brad to continue.

Brad realized he was getting distracted and began again, "She gets hit on all the time by other men. Almost constantly and lots of times right in front of me which can make me feel very insecure. It's like other men are not threatened by me or my wife is just that beautiful that it's worth the risk to them. It can almost be downright disrespectful sometimes. So, I know that she could be with any man

in the world, so I try to not be just any man. I want to love her like no one else can."

"That is a righteous aim," Dr. Jackson said. "You're a very good man to feel that way. However, I think you can see that putting so much pressure on yourself to be better than every other man is a lot to ask of yourself. Your body is trying to tell you something by not living up to an impossible ideal."

"But," Brad said, "How can I stop trying to please her without making her less happy? I feel like if I don't try my hardest, she'll be less satisfied with me."

"Ah," Dr. Jackson said, leaning back in his chair, "That is the very thing we're going to have to work out here. It will take some time, Brad. It is going to take work and I'll be straight with you. It won't come easy. It will be a long game and you're going to have to put your trust in me. Remember I am here to help you and your wife in the bedroom."

After that, they began to talk for the next half hour about Brad's feelings to Yvette. Brad revealed he had longed to be with her for years, keeping himself single so he could have her when the opportunity would present itself. He was infatuated with her prior to dating her and at the time he remembered never wanting another woman. He felt pain when she had other boyfriends and agonized that he had become merely a friend. When the opportunity presented itself to become more than he friend, it was the happiest day of her life.

"I'm glad that you've got such commitment to your wife," Dr. Jackson said. "Your deep love for her is going to make this process go very well in the end. Now, however, I'll need to ask you to leave so I can speak to Yvette and get her side of things."

Brad agreed and stepped out the door as Yvette stepped in. They smiled at each other but didn't say anything. Yvette could see that Brad was emotionally drained, and she thought it was best to let him stay in his reflective mood.

The large heavy brown oak door shut as Brad sat in a chair in the waiting room. He felt that there was some promise with Dr. Jackson's help. Brad had always held back from confessing to Yvette how much he needed her because he knew that being needy was not attractive. Even though he knew Yvette would never judge Brad poorly for being so devoted to her, he just couldn't be too honest with her about it. It felt good to finally confide in someone about the power imbalance in his relationship with Yvette.

Brad waited for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, Dr. Jackson buzzed the receptionist and said "Doll, please send Brad in now."

Brad headed in through the oak door, and when he sat down beside Yvette, he could see she was uncomfortable. Her eyes weren't reddened, so she hadn't been crying, but her hair was a little out of place and she looked a little bothered. Brad assumed they must have touched some deep places, just as he had done in his turn with Dr. Jackson.

"Today has been extremely productive," Dr. Jackson said. "I think I can see what each of you needs, and I'm sure we can go forward and get to where we can resolve this situation properly. Are you both interested in continuing?"

"Yes, definitely," Brad said right away. Then he noticed that Yvette did not answer right away. Brad looked at her and noticed she was biting her lip and looking down.

"Yvette?" Brad asked softly. Yvette looked up at Brad and he noticed that she looked like she wanted Brad to do something, but he was not sure what.

"Yvette," Dr. Jackson asked, his voice taking on an almost stern tone, like a teacher addressing a student. "Do you want to keep doing what we did today?" Yvette looked at Dr. Jackson, and then back at Brad. Her eyes now did redden and glistened as tears formed but didn't actually fall from her eyes.

"Yes Dr. Jackson," Yvette said. Brad reached out his hand and she put hers in his. He squeezed it lovingly.

"I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that you are both ready to undertake this journey." Dr. Jackson said happily. "Please schedule an appointment next week with Tina, and I'll see you soon.

Brad and Yvette left, and as they did, Brad noticed another couple waiting in the waiting area. The wife was quite beautiful, with deep brown skin and almond shaped eyes. Her breasts weren't as large as Yvette's, but this woman was very beautiful. Brad wondered if they had the same problem as he and Yvette did.

That night Yvette was distracted and uncomfortable. They didn't have sex, which was not unusual, as that was why they were seeking counselling. However, as they lay in bed in the darkness, they talked quietly about Yvette's obvious discomfort.

"What did you two talks about?" Brad asked.

"He told me that I was so beautiful that I needed to understand the effect I have on men," Yvette said.

"That doesn't sound so bad," Brad said, "and it is true."

"Yes, I know I'm attractive," Yvette said hesitantly, since she was uncomfortable with being immodest, "but, Brad, I'm not sure we should go back to see Dr. Jackson."

"Why not?" Brad asked.

"He stirred up feelings in me," Yvette said, "Feelings that scare me." Brad thought about that for a long time before responding.

"I've never been to a therapist before," Brad said. "but I think that the idea is to confront ideas that are uncomfortable. I think as long as you think there's some truth in it, you should explore your feelings."

Yvette quietly cried in the dark, and Brad could only barely hear it. He held her tight and comforted her.

"I'm willing to go through anything to make you happy, baby, but we won't go back there if you don't want to. Think about it for a few days and let me know."

Yvette stopped crying, but her mood hadn't completely changed. They both laid down and Brad held her till they both fell asleep.

CONFESSIONS

The next day at breakfast, Yvette still didn't want to go back to see Dr. Jackson and wanted to call to cancel their next appointment. However, Brad was insistent that she hadn't thought about it for long enough.

Yvette pouted with her tears and even got angry at Brad for not understanding her feelings. However, Brad continued to be the same gentle and understanding man as usual. His demeanor always had a way to calm Yvette down and she respected his guidance when it came to her own emotions so she listened.

Brad asked her to just be a little more patient, since the feelings from the first appointment were still fresh. Just wait one more day and if she still didn't want to go, then he would definitely cancel, no more questions asked.

He turned out to be on to something, as the next day when they spoke about it, Yvette wasn't as sure. She kept asking Brad if

he was sure he wanted to go back, and she seemed to be looking for him to make a decision. It was if she wanted him to call it off. She needed him to call it off because she wasn't feeling strong enough. Brad, however, took this as a sign that whatever issues she and Dr. Jackson had discussed, they needed to be addressed, so Brad said they should go back.

As the days went by, Yvette's attitude changed. She not only agreed she wanted to go back, she started to become impatient for the next session. She said she could see now that she needed to undergo Dr. Jackson's therapy, and that it would be for the best. Brad was excited, as it meant that maybe the issues that were between them were finally on the way to being solved.

At the next session, they sat together in Dr. Jackson's office. Yvette was looking extremely hot, in tight jean shorts and a white tank top. She was showing a lot of skin, and Brad could hardly take his eyes off her. In spite of being married, and in spite of his difficulties in the bedroom, he still felt excitement when he looked at Yvette, and when she turned up the sexiness, he was just as captivated as any other man.

"Can I go first this time?" Yvette asked Dr. Jackson.

"No," Dr. Jackson explained. "There is a procedure to this, and I'm afraid it's important that I talk to Brad first. Please wait outside. We will try not to be too long.

Yvette walked out of the office, and Brad turned to watch her perfectly shape ass swing from side to side as she went out the door.

"Now, Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "I want to hear more about how you and Yvette met. She's quite a catch. How is it you came to be with her?"

"We were friends since junior high," Brad said, "but just friends. Of course, she was a cheerleader and dated the most popular boys. I knew her because I tutored her in history, and we got to talking.

After a while, she would confide in me, and she thought of me like a brother. That was kind of rough, because I wanted her so bad. I would cry at home knowing that she was out on dates and probably having sex with these other guys, and then she would even tell me about it after."

"She would tell you about the sex she had with other boys?" Dr. Jackson asked.

"No, no, no. Oh god no." Brad said almost horrified at the thought of his wife talking about other men like that. However, he continued, "No she never told me about other boys directly. She would tell me more about the relationships and what was going well and what wasn't. I don't think she knew how much it would hurt me to hear about her having sex with other men, but she just didn't talk about it because it was a little too private, even though we were close. Of course, I could figure out from the things she said what was going on."

"It must have been emasculating for her to treat you like one of her girlfriends," Dr. Jackson said.

"It was," Brad agreed. "For years, from junior high all the way through to the end of college, she was with other men, and sometimes I would even be out with them and have to see her being happy with other guys."

"Did you masturbate," Dr. Jackson asked, "while thinking of her I mean?"

Brad squirmed in his seat. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing to talk about, but he thought he needed to not hold back.

"Yes, a lot, I had a few dates and a couple of relationships. They never went that well because deep down I only wanted Yvette. So, I ended up masturbating a lot."

"Tell me, Brad," Dr. Jackson leaned forward, "did you use any

triggers for your masturbation?"

Brad looked confused, so Dr. Jackson went on, "Ah, sorry, I sometimes use psychological terminology when I should be clearer. A trigger is something you use to evoke the image of Yvette. Often, it's a picture, but sometimes it can be an article of clothing, or a memento of some kind."

"I made a book." Brad said.

"A book?" Dr. Jackson said, surprised.

"Yeah, basically a scrap type book. A scrap book I mean.", Brad said embarrassed. He had really never told anyone about it before.

"It didn't start out like that," Brad added quickly, "I mean, I had some pictures of her that we took together, hanging out. And then there were some pictures of her from the high school annual, and then she did some modelling and stuff for a while, so I had some magazine pictures. They were in a box I kept."

"Then later you assembled it into a scrap book?" Dr. Jackson asked.

"Yvette did," Brad said, and seeing that Dr. Jackson wasn't following, he continued on. "When I finally became Yvette's boyfriend, I showed her the box of pictures I had, and she loved it. She was so flattered. She was the one who put them all into a scrap book. It didn't fill up the book, though, so then from that point on, it became a collection of all sorts of things we did together. Instead of pictures of just her, it was pictures of me and her. I know a scrap book seems like something a girl would do, but actually I like it because it kind of tells a story. It goes from me just hopelessly longing for her to actually getting the girl. We still keep it updated, so it's got lots of memories in it."

"I understand completely," Dr. Jackson said approvingly. "Would you say the scrap book has become symbolic of your relationship

with Yvette? That it reminds you of your success, your journey from hopeless unrequited love to having got the girl and affirms her relationship with you?"

"Yes," Brad said, realizing that was true. He hadn't ever specifically thought of it that way, but now that Dr. Jackson was describing it that way, Brad could see that's exactly what the scrapbook was, a symbolic representation of his relationship with Yvette.

"I guess a part of me still can't believe that I'm with such an incredible woman. She's not just beautiful, but fun and friendly, and looking at that scrap book reminds me that yes, I actually am with her."

"I would like to see that scrap book next time you come in," Dr. Jackson said, "but for now I just want to hear the end of the story. You were friends with Yvette for so many years, and then how did you turn the corner to become her lover?"

"It was just after college, and she just had a really bad break up," Brad said. "A lot of the guys she was with treated her badly, they all wanted to show her off as a trophy and not get to know her. After this one breakup, she came to me for comfort. We ended up sleeping together, and I think it happened just because she was vulnerable. The next day, though, instead of regretting it, she said that maybe she had been going for the wrong type of guys. Maybe she needed a guy who was nice. So, from then on, we've been together. We got married eight months later."

"I see," said Dr. Jackson, thinking deeply. "Would you say then, that you feel like you ended up with Yvette because of circumstance in such a way that won't happen with any other woman? That women as beautiful as Yvette date different types of men, and that if you hadn't grown up alongside her, you'd never get this close? That if you lose Yvette, this kind of opportunity won't happen again?"

"Yes," Brad said weakly. Brad couldn't believe how Dr. Jackson

seemed to just cut right to the point and say things that captured how Brad felt. "I guess I do feel like that. It makes me not very confident around her. I worry about losing her."

"That, Brad," Dr. Jackson said and emphasized by repeating himself, "That is part of the problem. Next time you come in we'll pick up from here and talk about your fears of losing her. However, our time is up and I must see Yvette now. Before I do, though, I'm going to recommend some medication for you."

"Medication?" Brad asked, surprised. "You think my problem might be physical?"

"The issue is that you are too mentally stimulated," Dr. Jackson, "or to put it one way, thinking too much. Which in turn causes you to be physically under-stimulated. I'm just going to give you a very mild medication that will help alleviate that imbalance. Just to help things along a little. It's a natural medication, and there are no side effects."

"Alright," Brad said. "Are you going to give me a prescription?"

"No need," Dr. Jackson said, and then he pointed to a small machine on his desk. It kind of looked like a white plastic coffee maker and was about the same size. "I'm certified to dispense a limited amount of medication. This little machine here fills and sorts capsules, so I can give you the pills directly. I prefer that over going to pharmacist, because then I can control exactly what I'm giving out. Just come back in after my session with Yvette and I'll have them ready for you."

Brad nodded and shook Dr. Jackson's hand. He went out to the waiting area where he hugged Yvette, feeling her massive and firm breasts pressing against him, and then she disappeared inside.

Brad brought a book to kill the time while Yvette was with Dr. Jackson, but it still seemed to take forever. Brad almost got up to walk in and check to see how much longer they were going to be,

but when he did, Tina, the receptionist stood up and said she would check for him. Brad sat down, and then Tina came back out and informed him they wouldn't be much longer.

Finally, Tina ushered Brad in, and he found Yvette sitting in a chair in front of Dr. Jackson's desk, while Dr. Jackson was in his chair, working with his pill dispensing machine.

He was holding a small orange plastic pill container held underneath an overhanging part, the same way one would hold a paper cup underneath a water cooler. The machine made a rattling and whirring sound as small white pills were dropping into the orange container. After only a few moments, the machine stopped, and Dr. Jackson placed a white cap on the container.

"Now listen up, Brad. I've explained to Yvette about the pills," Dr. Jackson said, handing them to Brad.

"She's going to make sure you take them. Two in the morning, two at night. Isn't that right doll?"

It was surprising to hear the doctor call his wife "doll", but Yvette stood up and kissed Brad directly on the lips which distracted him from the doctor's words.

The kiss was a passionate, wet, and Brad thought it might be too much in front of Dr. Jackson. He responded with his own firm tight kiss that was less than satisfying for his wife. Yvette responded by leaning back and looked at Brad for a reaction. Brad was a little surprised, but then he heard Dr. Jackson laugh a friendly laugh and alleviate the tension.

Dr. Jackson laughed, "Don't you dare worry Brad, I'm delighted to observe such things. For me, it represents that what I am doing is indeed helping and actually working."

Brad really hoped so.

TIME APART

Over the next week, Brad dutifully took his pills, though he didn't feel any different. There was more change in

Yvette, though. She seemed happier and more relaxed. She told Brad that there was no need for them to have sex, that they should focus on not having it, to take the pressure off. It was, of course, Dr. Jackson's suggestion.

The next week during their session Brad brought in the scrap book that he had told Dr. Jackson about. It was small in size, about six inches square, and about an inch thick. But it had many pages of pictures.

Dr. Jackson commented that he was glad they had something tangible to reference instead of keeping all their pictures digitally. They looked through it together with Yvette and talked about the happy times represented in each picture, and what it meant to Brad. They would come to some of Yvette's scantily clad outfits and the stickiness the pages had encountered. Brad felt the shame when the tall black doctor confronted him about masturbating. He admitted that he would masturbate to these pictures.

When it came time for Brad's private session, Dr. Jackson said, "When we last left off, you were going to tell me about your fears of losing Yvette. Do you think she might leave you?"

"I don't think she would simply leave me for some other guy she met," Brad said, "But I worry that if something goes even a little wrong in our relationship that she might be tempted. I mean I told you about how many options are out there. It seems like every day some beefy muscle head or ghetto scumbag is hitting on my wife anywhere we go.", The word ghetto almost seemed dirty and racist and Brad stopped himself realizing he didn't want to offend the dark-skinned doctor.

The doctor had seemed to not be offended in the slightest as he continued, "Tempted to cheat?"

The black man pondered what his next question would be to Brad. "Brad, hypothetically, if she did. How would you feel if you found out your wife was cheating on you?"

"Yvette... cheat on me? Well, doctor, honestly I think it would kill me," Brad said weakly. The more he thought about it, the moister his eyes became. The husband almost burst out in tears before finally whining "No doctor, I don't even want to think about it."

"I know it's tough Brad. However, I'm going to ask you to try and think about it. Sometimes in order to get over our fears, we must face them and confront those fears. So, I want you to close your eyes and imagine another man with Yvette. Really see it in your mind. What do you imagine?"

"I imagine," Brad said, and then paused. The thought of his wife's tits bouncing under a man who was violently pumping in between her legs popped into his head. The man was muscular and macho in his mind.

His voice was choking up. "I imagine him pleasing the woman I love better than me," Brad said, as tears started to run down his face.

"I imagine her being satisfied in ways I can't. The man that's pleasing my wife is big, strong and superior that me."

"Ah," said Dr. Jackson. "Of course, of course... with your physical shortcomings that Yvette mentioned."

In fact, Brad was not worried about that at all as Yvette had been reassuring her that his small penis was not a factor in her dissatisfaction. However, he accepted what the doctor was saying and was reminded by the black man that it was a real concern.

"We're getting to the truth of your fears. You fear you are inadequate, and that Yvette will discover this by being with another. It's really your own inability that scares you. Coupled with the fact that you have a very small penis."

Brad's eyes opened to look at the doctor when he heard the comment about his penis again repeated.

"Yvette's words, Bradley. Not mine.", The doctor's face displayed no ill intent as he observed the reaction of the husband. It seemed to make him uncomfortable and the doctor decided to continue.

"But from the way your wife described your penis. I would say that is also a major issue in pleasing your wife."

"Yes," Brad said, with his voice cracking. He wanted to avoid talking about his penis and focus on pleasing his wife. "If I can't satisfy her, I worry I can't hold on to her."

"Tell me Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "If Yvette did fuck another man, would you forgive her? "

"N-No," Brad said, and there was a long pause as he did not elaborate further. The way the doctor said it, made him picture some stud fucking his wife and it disgusted him.

"Is that right, Brad?" Dr. Jackson asked incredulously. "If you knew that not forgiving her meant losing her, you still would not forgive her? I need you to be totally honest?"

"I," Brad worked up the courage to speak, "I would forgive her. I wouldn't want to, but I would do it."

"Say it clearly for me to hear you." Dr. Jackson ordered, "This time you will be saying it not only for me but for both of us. Mostly though, it will be for you to hear yourself."

"If Yvette fucked another man, I would forgive her." Brad said, each word struggling to get out, and when he was done, his tears

and sobbing continued in earnest, like a gate had opened. Dr. Jackson let Brad work through his feelings for a while.

"I think this has been a productive day," Dr. Jackson said. "We're really making progress. Send in your wife so we can discuss making progress with her."

Then Dr. Jackson saw Yvette while Brad waited, and they went home.

Dr. Jackson had made a recommendation that Yvette and Brad try to find other things to do, in order to have some independence from each other. Being apart and being strong as individuals would help them relieve the pressure of needing responses from each other, Dr. Jackson advises.

So, on Friday night, Brad arranged to go out bowling with some friends while Yvette stayed at home. Brad tried to resist calling to check on Yvette, but the fact that he was specifically out of the house in order to not be with her made him think of her that much more. He managed to get a little time away from the bowling lanes and give her a call.

"Yvette," Brad said, "how are you doing?"

"Brad," Yvette giggled, "should you be phoning me?"

"I can't help it," Brad said, "I miss you."

"Mmmm," Yvette said, "I like hearing that. Tell me again!"

"I miss you so much," Brad said. "I don't want to be with the guys, I want to be with you. I can't wait to get back home to be with you."

"Mmmm," Yvette purred. Brad kept telling Yvette what she wanted to hear, and he felt better saying it.

Eventually, though, he had to get back to his friends before

they noticed his absence. However, this was the common theme for Brad. He hated himself for being so co-dependent and failed to realize that his wife was actually enjoying their time apart.

He never questioned why.

WHAT IT ALL LEAD UP TO

They continued going to sessions, and Dr. Jackson spoke to Brad a lot about Brad's feelings of being inadequate and unable to keep Yvette happy. Brad started to get more paranoid and unsure, and felt his anxiety grows.

Dr. Jackson increased Brad's prescriptions of pills, and Yvette made sure Brad was taking them. Dr. Jackson assured Brad that his increased anxiety was a natural part of the process, that it was always darkest before dawn, and that Brad needed to confront his deepest fears in order for things to change. Yvette, on the other hand, seemed to be getting happier, so Brad thought that all in all, the therapy was worth it. Even though it was very expensive and cut deeply into their budget.

Brad brought his scrap book to most sessions, and when Brad and Yvette were together in front of Dr. Jackson, they would all look through it together so that Dr. Jackson could understand their relationship more and more.

One day, during a private session, Brad confessed to Dr. Jackson that he was becoming bothered with the time he and Yvette were spending apart. "You've told us to start doing things separately, and so recently Yvette has been going out doing things without me and I'm not so sure what she's doing or where she's going. I'm starting to get scared that other men are flirting with her."

"I see," Dr. Jackson said, pulling a note pad and pen out of his

desk. "I don't do this for all my patients. In your case, though, I think some special effort is called for. Next night she goes out and you are feeling unsure, I want you to call me. I think if I catch you right in the moment, it would be most helpful."

"Okay," Brad said, taking the piece of paper. "Thanks!"

As planned, Yvette went out on a Saturday night to be with her friends, though Brad didn't know which friends. As it got to midnight and there was no word from her, Brad started to imagine that Yvette was with some other man. The thoughts became so vivid that Brad started to freak out. He pulled out Dr. Jackson's number and called.

"Yes?" Dr. Jackson answered, not sounding tired.

"Dr. Jackson?" Brad said nervously. "I'm sorry to wake you, but Yvette is out, and it's driving me crazy."

"It's alright," Dr. Jackson said. "It will feel better if you let it out. Tell me exactly what you are worried is happening."

"I can't," Brad said, "it's too much."

"I need complete honesty if this therapy is to go anywhere," Dr. Jackson admonished. "It will only progress as fast as you go."

"Alright," Brad said, and then took a deep breath. "I worry that she's fucking someone else."

"Go on," Dr. Jackson said. "Exactly how. What are the details?"

Brad went on to describe how he imagined Yvette being fucked from behind, on top, with her on top. He imagined her sucking some guy's huge cock, being tit fucked. It was all images that might be seen in a pornographic video. He imagined all those things because he feared most that she would be having better sex than what she experienced with Brad. He even admitted multiple times that the thoughts forced him to masturbate incessantly.

After Brad went through various descriptions, Dr. Jackson tried

to calm him down. However, Brad was not so easily relaxed. Eventually he got off the phone, but he couldn't sleep until Yvette eventually came back home at the break of dawn.

Brad's sense of unease never improved, and even got worse over the weeks. Yvette went out more, Brad made more calls to Dr. Jackson, Brad took the medication regularly, and they kept their regular visits to Dr. Jackson's office. However, Brad found himself wondering when it was going to stop getting darker before dawn and there would finally be daylight. He began to get agitated with Dr. Jackson. At last, Dr. Jackson advised that they would need to do something more radical. Dr. Jackson told Brad to come to the next session ready to take things to a new level, and to be sure to bring the scrapbook of his relationship with Yvette.

That session, Dr. Jackson had both Yvette and Brad in the room, sitting in their usual chairs.

"Brad," Dr. Jackson said with concern, "I can understand why you are frustrated with this process, and I have to admit, I too have come to a point where I think it's time to change."

"Great," Brad said with relief. "I'd really like to try something different."

"That's good, Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "However, I think you should prepare yourself. What I'm going to propose is quite radical."

"What do you want to propose, doctor?", Brad was uneasy.

"It's time for you to confront your fears head on. He set a tape recorder down on his desk. He pushed play.

The tape recorder had a voice speaking and Brad quickly realized it was his own voice. It was of him describing his wife with other men. The doctor must have compiled all of his dirty thoughts of her being with other men and the way it made him feel.

Yvette looked over to her husband. Who didn't seem shocked,

but mostly disappointed.

"I told you, Yvette.", Dr. Jackson spoke up, "He fantasizes about you with other men constantly, but hides behind fear."

The doctor continued to speak and Yvette's eyes began to lighten up as if everything he said made perfect sense now. It was a waterfall of information that described her husband and made her finally see him for the man he was. Her blinders had been taken off by the black doctor.

"So, does this mean?", Yvette said.

The tall black older doctor walked slowly around the desk, before stepping over her crossed legs as she sat. His crotch almost pressing into her chest as he stood over her looking down. He finally spoke.

"It's time to fulfill your husband's fears."

Brad's heart sunk as he obediently waited for the tall black older doctor to make his next move.

CONFRONTING FEARS

With that, Dr. Jackson reached down and grabbed Yvette's massive tits. She was wearing a scoop neck shirt, so he reached his hands in, and by stretching the fabric, was effectively able to scoop them out. "Show me your tits!"

"You're so obsessed with my tits," Yvette giggled, and she stood up and unbuttoned her shirt so her huge tits could be unrestrained. She shook them side to side and giggled some more.

"I love when you do that for me," Dr. Jackson said, kneading and kissing her tits. Then the two of them locked in a passionate embrace, their tongues openly lashing at each other. Dr. Jackson's hands freely roamed Yvette's body, and the rest of her clothes came off.

Brad was completely baffled at first. Was this some kind of game, some strange way of trying to provoke a response out of him for the purpose of therapy? It was too strange, too extreme to take it seriously, and yet there were no hints of any kind of acting. Then, when Yvette began to stroke Dr. Jackson's cock through his pants as they leaned back against Dr. Jackson's desk, he knew that they were really doing what they were doing.

"Ninnooo!" Brad tried to protest, but he couldn't move out of fear and could only watch helplessly. However, one glare from the black doctor stifled him.

"Ah yes," Dr. Jackson said with a satisfied sneer, "now it all comes out, Brad. This is the reality. The therapy that you have generously been paying for has really been for my amusement as I fucked your wife and found ways to humiliate you. It's been a long, entertaining game. Now, however, I've decided that the Time is right to take Yvette from you completely. However, it would be no fun at all to just leave with her. No, whenever I come across a truly special woman like Yvette, I make a special treat for her and for me out of saying goodbye to her husband."

Brad could move his eyes and he looked at Yvette hoping to see some kind of indication that she was maybe Drugged herself or made to do what she was doing. He still loved her so much, and it was impossible to believe that she could be so different than what he knew. The part of him that was realizing that she and Dr. Jackson had been together for months and this was not a sudden change in Yvette was slow to catch up with Brad's desperate need to believe that Yvette wouldn't do what she was doing.

"You're probably thinking I used some kind of hypnosis or coercion on lovely Yvette," Dr. Jackson said as Yvette slid down to her knees and began unzipping Dr. Jackson's pants. "Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact of the matter is that I simply made clear to her that unlike you, I am an alpha male deserving of a superior female like her, and that she is wasting her Time with a so-called 'nice' guy like you."

As Yvette helped Dr. Jackson's pants off, his huge, black veiny cock sprung outward as it was freed from the intense pressure of so much rock hard flesh being strapped down by his clothes. Its length and girth made it seem to defy gravity as it stood straight out, pointing directly in Brad's direction. Yvette began to lovingly lick and caress it, going up and down its length, worshiping Dr. Jackson's cock as if she had longed to see it.

"It's probably hard for you to grasp because you, like Yvette was before, are taken in by this ridiculous notion society has that 'nice' guys should get the girl in the end," Dr. Jackson explained, slightly distracted by Yvette's tongue flicking over the tip of his cock.

"But the fact of the matter is that when a woman is presented with an alpha male, like myself, she can't help but respond. That first day you two came in, and I saw her privately in my office while you sat and waited outside, I had her sit in my lap while I caressed her tits and smelled the perfume in her cleavage. She was confused, a little hesitant, but a part of her just couldn't help but obey. After I finished fucking her thoroughly that day, she left my office understanding that there was a part of her, a natural part of her psychology, that knew which man she should be with."

Yvette was bobbing her head earnestly up and down Dr. Jackson's cock now, taking his impressive length deep down into her mouth with every thrust forward. Yvette's mouth was making sounds like "MMLPH!", "GLPH!", and "SLPH!", emphasizing that Dr. Jackson's thick cock strained her jaw and filled her mouth entirely, while pre-cum and her saliva Dribbled sloppily down her chin.

Dr. Jackson grabbed her by the back of the head, and, hunching over slightly, began thrusting back and forth into her mouth, shaking her like a rag doll. Yvette raised her hands to brace herself against his pelvis, but not to resist. The way Dr. Jackson violently slammed his cock in and out of Yvette's mouth made it seem like he was going to choke her to death, but she took his cock deep into her mouth and didn't protest.

Dr. Jackson grimaced and looked more like an animal, a side that Brad would never have imagined seeing. It demonstrated how Dr. Jackson had completely taken his mask of sympathetic psychologist off and revealed his true, dominating self.

Dr. Jackson pulled Yvette's mouth off his cock with a loud, wet, popping noise, and, holding her by his hair, stepped forward and guided her behind him. She stood up and pressed herself lovingly against Dr. Jackson's back. With one hand reaching around Dr. Jackson's waist, she continued to pump his cock vigorously at its base. Dr. Jackson stood with both hands on his hips, his feet shoulder width apart, looking in command except for his face grimacing. "UNNNN! UNNN!!" Dr. Jackson grunted.

Brad watched helplessly as Dr. Jackson's cock throbbed with each stroke of Yvette's hand. Brad knew that any moment Dr. Jackson would cum and it was like waiting for a gun to go off.

Brad wanted to duck, to fight back, to do at least something, but all he could manage was to moan but he felt so submissive and didn't want to disappoint Yvette or the doctor. He knew he was the worthless piece of shit the way they were both treating him.

His eyes widened with terror, and Dr. Jackson smiled at Brad's show of fear. Brad suffered the anticipation of the moment more and more with every passing moment before the inevitable.

"UHHHH!!!" Dr. Jackson let out a sound that was part grunt and part yell as a thick mass of cum shot out of his cock. It was as if it hurt to let it out, but at the same time felt so good. Long, thick

gooey ropes of Dr. Jackson's cum splattered all over Brad's face. "AUR!! AUH!!" Dr. Jackson grunted with every heavy stream of white slimy fluid that shot from his cock and landed with a splat on Brad. Some got into Brad's eyes and stung. Some got on his lips and he could taste it.

An angry rage built inside of Brad, made much more worse because of the absolute futility of not being able to move and respond as he was told to sit there and wouldn't disobey; he tried to put his trust that this was some sort of alternative treatment. It felt like forever, and with each thick squirt of cum, Brad hoped it was the last, but then Dr. Jackson's cock would pulse again and with that pulse another stream of sticky, hot cum would shoot out and further soak Brad.

Dr. Jackson let out a hearty laugh as his ejaculations slowed down and was honestly impressed with himself how much cum he produced, and said "Ah, I love doing that to the husbands of my women."

Then Dr. Jackson pulled Yvette back in front and pushed her down to her knees, where, without instruction, she obediently licked the tip and shaft of Dr. Jackson's cock clean, taking the remaining spurts of his cum into her mouth.

"Ah, Brad, do you recognize the flavor? Perhaps not. Yvette, dear, let's show him what I mean." said Dr. Jackson. Yvette stood up and grabbed a small medical measuring cup off of Dr. Jackson's desk. She opened her mouth to let the cum in her mouth drop slowly into the cup.

She then handed the cup to Dr. Jackson, who grabbed the small pill making machine on his desk. He opened a small plastic flap on the top, and poured the cum in. That was enough demonstration to make the point without having to actually go through the motions of turning the machine on. As the realization dawned on Brad, he felt sick enough to throw up.

"That's right," Dr. Jackson said, "you've been on a steady prescription of me cum the whole time you've been coming to me for therapy."

Dr. Jackson finished his statement with another, full, hearty and gleeful laugh, and Yvette giggled while looking lovingly up at Dr. Jackson. "Yvette would help me fill the prescription each time. After having plenty for herself, of course. It's just something I do to amuse myself. And it has the side benefit of reminding your wife who is really in charge of her husband and of her every Time she sees you take them."

"From the second session that you two came in," Dr. Jackson continued, his speech slowed by the afterglow of having had such satisfaction, "the process began of humiliating you to make clear in her mind my status as the alpha male, so that Yvette could be set free from the stupid notion that little men like you could possibly deserve such an excellent woman."

Dr. Jackson took a step forward, his still hard cock throbbing and standing at attention. Dr. Jackson grabbed its base and wagged it in Brad's face. Dr. Jackson was standing close enough that the tip of his cock was mere inches away from Brad's nose, and Brad feared that Dr. Jackson would slap his face with it. He wanted to duck out of the way but couldn't.

"Look at my cock," Dr. Jackson said in a commanding voice, "and feel it's superiority over you. See how it's still hard, even after I've cum so much? Yvette thought that it wasn't possible for a man to be so virile, because she had only experienced lesser men like you. Once she saw the truth that you now see, that it's you who cannot truly satisfy her, she accepted the reality that she was misplaced with you. Isn't that right, dear?" Yvette came and stood beside Dr. Jackson and bent over so that her face was close to Brad's, which meant that her face was also close to Dr. Jackson's cock. Dr. Jackson took advantage of the placement to rub his cock against her cheek as she spoke.

"I'm sorry it had to be this way," Yvette said with heart breaking sincerity in her voice, "but I couldn't help it. I didn't want it to be true, at first. I thought it made me vain to think this way, but now I just realize the facts. I'm out of your league. I mean, look at you know, sitting there soaked in another man's cum. A real man wouldn't have let that happen. Everything Dr. Jackson said about you turned out to be true. Everything he said about how I would feel turned out to be true. It was just a silly mistake that I ended up with you, and now I have to put that right by doing what Dr. Jackson says to do."

"Yes," Dr. Jackson said, "the only way to make Brad understand his place is to show him. Go to the couch." Yvette stood up and obediently went to the large leather couch on the side of the room and sat down. The way she moved, it was clear there was no question in her mind that she would do exactly what Dr. Jackson commanded. Dr. Jackson grabbed the arm rests of the chair and turned the chair and Brad in it so he was facing toward the couch. Brad looked at Yvette and her gorgeous curves resting easily and sexily on the couch. Her huge breasts squeezed together as she leaned to one side, emphasizing their full round mass. Brad wanted to kill her for what she was doing to his heart, yet at the same time he wanted her to somehow see that this was all wrong and that she should be with him, and further he wanted badly to fuck her because she looked so hot and was radiating a sexual energy like he had never experienced before.

"Brad," Dr. Jackson said from outside of Brad's view, "I'd like you to experience how it has been for Yvette and I in our sessions. So, I'm going to fuck her exactly how I fucked her each time you waited outside for her." Brad heard an electronic beep as Dr. Jackson pressed a button on his laptop. "There's a reason I always made you go first." Then, as Dr. Jackson walked into Brad's view, heading toward Yvette with his huge cock swaying side to side, Brad heard his and Dr. Jackson's voices being played back from a recording.

"How would you feel if you found out Yvette was cheating on

you?" said Dr. Jackson in the recording. Then the next voice was Brad replying, "It would kill me. I don't even want to think about it."

The black doctor said, as he gently pushed Yvette back onto the couch and stepped to be over top of her. "At first Yvette felt guilty listening to you worrying about her doing the very thing she was doing while we listened. Over Time, however, keeping you in her mind, and thinking about the reaction you would have if you knew, helped to remind her of the power she has, and the power I have over you. I dare say she cums hardest when she listens to you describe your fears. This tape is one of our favorites."

"Is this the one where he cries?" Yvette said with a childlike enthusiasm as she wrapped her legs around Dr. Jackson.

As if on cue, Brad could be heard sobbing over the recording, as he said, "If Yvette fucked another man, I would forgive her." Both Yvette and Dr. Jackson looked directly at Brad and laughed, like kids picking on a weaker child.

"Get ready to forgive your wife!" Dr. Jackson mocked, and Yvette laughed at his joke. With that, Dr. Jackson thrust his huge member into Yvette, and she arched her back in ecstasy. From that moment, Dr. Jackson and Yvette seemed to be lost in their own world fucking as if they were possessed. The sounds of Brad confessing his tearful feelings became like light background music as Yvette screamed with ecstasy and Dr., Jackson grunted. It wasn't long before Yvette tensed her whole body and climaxed harder than Brad had ever seen. Far harder.

After Yvette's first climax, Dr. Jackson looked up at Brad, while continuing to thrust. That's when Dr. Jackson noticed the tears streaming down Brad's face. "Look, Yvette, at your husband." Yvette, who was being rocked back and forth with every thrust, her massive tits jiggling and rolling with a slight delay after every shudder through her body, turned slowly to look at Brad. Brad felt anger at the fact that the one thing his body could do while in this state was to display weakness.

"Oh god! He's crying!" Yvette squealed, partly with shock, and partly with what seemed like delight. She could only focus on Brad's tears for a few moments before the idea of it sent her into another earth shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes and clutched Dr. Jackson while shaking with waves of orgasm.

Dr. Jackson turned her over to fuck Yvette from behind, and while he did, he whispered various things into Yvette's ear. "Isn't my cock so much bigger than his? Whose cock do you want?". Yvette would answer, "Yours! I want your cock! I could never go back to his pathetic limp dick!"

"He must be hurting as much as it's possible for a man to hurt," Dr. Jackson said. "So much hurt, and all because of you. Don't you just love the power of it?"

"Yes! Yes!" Yvette squealed. "I'm so fucking hot! I'm way out of his league!"

Dr. Jackson laughed with satisfaction as Yvette climaxed over and over, the pleasure going in waves through her body. Then Dr. Jackson turned her over and brought his cock up to between her massive pillow soft tits. She licked and sucked at the tip while he slid back and forth between her melon sized breasts which she squeezed around him. "This is one of the pleasures you've never enjoyed with her, since your cock is too small to reach all the way through her cleavage. Just another example of what the missed opportunities of her being with you. However, I do appreciate you coming up with the idea. Every Time you called me and described what you feared Yvette was doing without you, I would do exactly those things to her while you were saying it! Ha Ha Ha!"

Dr. Jackson fucked Yvette's tits violently while Brad watched helplessly. He wanted to be able to do that to Yvette, but knew he couldn't. When Dr. Jackson came, he pulled himself upward so he could shoot his cum all over Yvette's tits. Despite the large area of her tits, he was able to smother them entirely with thick streams of white sticky cum. Yvette helped by smearing the cum over the round

expanse of her breasts as each stream of cum landed with a splat on her. She used her fingers to gather some of Dr. Jackson's cum and lick it into her mouth, creating strings of cum that went from her mouth, her hands, and in between her tits. Lots of it got in her hair as well.

Dr. Jackson's cock relaxed a little but as still mostly hard. He stood up and went to the desk where he turned off the recording.

Then, he clicked on his intercom. "Tina," Dr. Jackson spoke into the intercom, "please bring in a bucket. I think you can get one from the utility closet down the hall." Then Dr. Jackson walked back to stand in front of Brad again, towering over him with his cock unashamedly directly in Brad's line of sight. "It's too bad that you don't have the ability to respond. As a psychiatrist, I would love to hear your thoughts right now. How it feels to find out how you've been so deeply betrayed for all this Time. How much it must hurt to imagine your wife fucking me as you sat like a chump waiting for her. And I we haven't yet begun to talk about all the Times your wife came to fuck me while you waited at home jerking off."

Brad felt shock that physically moved from the pit of his stomach up toward his head. With Dr. Jackson's words, Brad realized that all those Times Yvette had gone out, she went to meet Dr. Jackson. Brad realized he had been tricked.

When Dr. Jackson had advised he masturbate, he was doing it while fucking Yvette, so the two of them could laugh about how desperate and pathetic that made Brad, to be home alone spanking off while his wife was out being fucked by another man. They must have laughed and enjoyed themselves, and Brad now felt stupid for having fallen for it. All of Dr. Jackson's advice was now exposed as not only not helpful for Brad's issues, but also having deliberately widened the gap between him and Yvette.

"Ah, the involuntary movement of the expression on your face tells me you can see it all now," Dr. Jackson said with satisfaction.

"You can see how I toyed with you, and broke you down all the more while you thought I was helping you. I fucked your wife on your own bed while you left her alone on my advice! How stupid do you feel? For me, I can't even begin to tell you how good this feels, to watch you crumble. I fuck the wives of every couple that comes to me for counselling, but these moments, those few Times when I show it all to the man whose wife I have stolen from right in front of him, these moments are the most gratifying."

Tina entered the room with a small blue plastic bucket. "Ah, Tina," Dr. Jackson said, "Good girl. Place the bucket on his lap." Tina placed the bucket on Brad's lap. "Now, Yvette, place that pathetic scrapbook of his in the bucket." Yvette pulled out Brad's scrapbook of their relationship from her purse, dropped it in the bucket with an audible "plonk" sound.

Then both girls went to stand in front of Dr. Jackson where they embraced and began to kiss, licking each other's tongues passionately. Their breasts pressed together, and as they were squeezed and pushed up between them, both of their breasts looked immense. Yvette was covered in lots of Dr. Jackson's cum, pre-cum, saliva, and sweat, so as the two embraced, Tina's crisp business attire became wet and messy. However, Yvette started immediately unbuttoning Tina's blouse and Tina cupped her hands underneath Yvette's tits to begin to lick them clean.

"Ah girls," Dr. Jackson said like a big black animal, with his hands held under the two girls perfect asses, "Show me your big tits. I love big tits!"

As Tina became freed from her constraining attire, both girls turned to face Dr. Jackson and they used their hands to jiggle their own breasts as a display for Dr. Jackson.

Dr. Jackson laughed and then the three of them began to kiss passionately, and the two girls turned their attention from each other's breasts to Dr. Jackson's hard member. They made out like

that for a while, and then Dr. Jackson stepped forward, passing between the two girls and toward Brad. Once again, he stood in front of Brad with his legs in a wide and authoritative stance. Dr. Jackson had one hand on his hip and another on the base of his cock. He looked like he was standing in front of a urinal.

"Oh no, no, no" Brad thought helplessly to himself. Staring at the tip of Dr. Jackson's enormous cock was like looking down the barrel of a shot gun and not being able to move. Tears of frustration and fear streamed down Brad's cheeks.

"I'm sure the symbolism of what I'm about to do is not lost on you," Dr. Jackson said with a laugh. Both girls, clinging to each other, looked on excitedly from behind Dr. Jackson.

Brad was able to wince a little involuntarily as he dreaded the inevitable stream of piss that was aimed his way. He strained as hard as he could to move, to even slide out of the chair, but his muscles wouldn't respond. However, a little Time passed, and Dr. Jackson had not yet pissed on Brad. Brad began to simultaneously want Dr. Jackson to do it, just to get it over with, while at the same Time hoping that for some reason maybe it wouldn't happen. The flip flopping between both feelings made Brad crazy with frustration, fear, and dread.

"Wondering why it isn't happening yet?" Dr. Jackson asked rhetorically. "I'm a psychologist, so I have an idea of the hell you must be experiencing. Just as bad as the experience is the anticipation of it. It must be horrible to have to stare at my cock, wondering when the humiliation will begin. It begins when I want it to, no sooner, no later. It begins... now!"

A large surge of piss began pissing in the bucket. where it stained and soaked the scrapbook. The bucket filled up with hot foamy urine, submerging the scrapbook. Eventually Dr. Jackson finished, and he shook his cock to let the last few drops out, just like one would if casually standing at a urinal.

Then, Dr. Jackson stood back, and leaned against his desk. "Girls," he said simply, and both girls immediately dropped to their knees and began dutifully licking his cock clean.

"As I mentioned before," Dr. Jackson continued casually, "I fuck the wife of every couple that comes in. Usually, though, I don't reveal my identity to the husband. I just let her cheat on him with me until eventually they break up, and then I either continue to see her not, depending on my whim.

Every now and again, though, a true beauty like Yvette comes along who is special. I need to own her entirely, and that means destroying her husband. So I do. Afterward, though, weak willed men like you become convinced that you can accomplish some satisfaction by becoming violent and coming after me. Which is why I simply move on. I'm going to take your wife, and start another practice, and continue to fuck other men's wives while your wife serves me as do my other select women. You won't find me, so don't try. Better men than you have tried, and I have only made things worse for them as a result."

Dr. Jackson looked down at the women kneeling before him and tending to his cock. "Up," Dr. Jackson said, as if he were speaking to slaves, and they both immediately got up. They stood on either side of Dr. Jackson, and he put his arms around both of them, hooking his arm around and under their arms so that he could casually place his hands on the side of their volley ball sized tits. "Say goodbye, Yvette."

"Goodbye, Brad," Yvette said with a giggle. She took off her wedding ring and tossed it into the bucket, where it made a sound when it hit the puddle of urine. "You're so gross and pathetic," Yvette said to Brad. "A real man wouldn't have let himself to take his wife so obliviously and submit to such treatment by another man. I'm so glad Dr. Jackson showed me what a loser you really are."

Brad's eyes widened with shock at seeing Yvette be so cruel.

She was speaking as if somehow it was Brad's fault Dr. Jackson had pissed on him. How could she not see how unfair this all was? And yet she spoke with such sincerity, Brad's heart practically exploded with pain as he could not reconcile how much he loved her with how evil she was being.

Both Dr. Jackson and Tina laughed, and then so did Yvette. "Tina, go get my laptop. We won't need anything else from here," said Dr. Jackson. Tina did as she was told, and then she followed obediently as Dr. Jackson and Yvette walked out of the office.

Brad sat there, with a bucket of piss in his lap and Dr. Jackson's cum drying and hardening all over his face. He sat, unable to move, for an hour and a half after Dr. Jackson, Yvette, and Tina had left. Eventually, some feeling began to return to his limbs, and he could start to move.

Unfortunately, control over his body did not come back evenly or quickly, so his first movements were jerky. He spilled the bucket of piss so that more of it landed on him, and then he slipped out of the chair into the puddle of piss on the floor. The scrapbook was by this time mostly mush, as the paper and photographs had been thoroughly soaked in urine. It landed on the floor with a thick sound, like a clump of papier-mâché. It took another ten minutes of struggling and moving before Brad could finally stand up.

Brad stood in the room, feeling humiliated, frustrated, and angry. He wanted to murder Dr. Jackson. Maybe murder Yvette too, except that he wanted to fuck her so bad it hurt. He felt a strange feeling, like somehow Yvette was the prize and he had lost to Dr. Jackson, which made him want to win Yvette back in order to beat Dr. Jackson. He knew he should hate Yvette for what she had done, but he had loved her too deeply for too long. That's what made the situation hurt more than anything else. He loved her and couldn't imagine not loving her, making her actions even more hurtful.

He went to Dr. Jackson's desk and looked in the drawers and

discovered they were all mostly empty. He went to the filing cabinet and found that it was empty too.

Everything had obviously been emptied out in preparation for this day. There were no documents or anything with information pointing to Dr. Jackson's identity, residence, or where he was going next. In a rage, Brad started to smash everything in the office. He broke lights, knocked over furniture, smashed everything that he could break.

Tiring of expressing his rage to no one, Brad went to his car in the underground parking, passing two people who could not hide their shock and disgust at Brad's unclean appearance and stench of urine.

When Brad got home, he discovered that Yvette had been there and took a lot of her stuff. She didn't take everything she owned, but obviously she took the important things and wouldn't need what she had left.

Worse, Brad discovered that his clothes had been placed in a pile on the floor by the bed and pissed on, presumably by Dr. Jackson. Brad had to go through the humiliating task of washing all his clothes before he could even leave his house again.

Of course, Brad tried to find Dr. Jackson, but he never did. Every so often a picture of his wife wearing something sexy would be sent to him. When he was lucky, he received a video of Dr. Jackson's big black cock stretching her out or her sucking him off. Either way, Brad was able to continue his long distance relationship with his wife and just like he used to when he was friends with her and she would date other men. However, he coped the only way he knew how.

Too bad for poor ol' Brad that meant masturbating to the pictures and videos Dr. Jackson sent him.

---THE END---

Thank you!

Thanks for reading this story everyone. I hope you enjoyed!