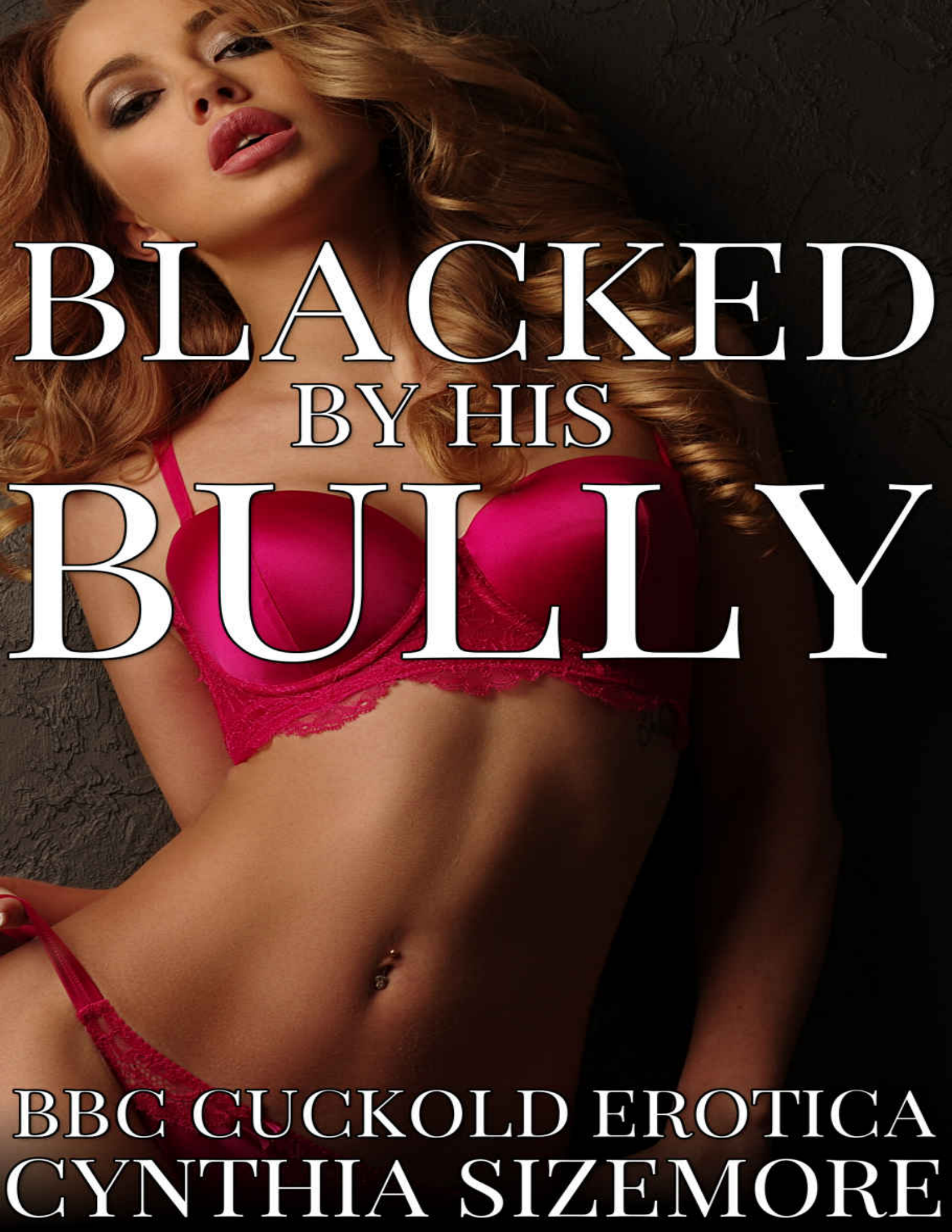

BLACKED
BY HIS
BULLY
BBC CUCKOLD EROTICA
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

By Cynthia Sizemore

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BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

Chapter 1

Jenna met our new neighbor before I did.

"I don't like him," she said curtly.

"What? What on earth would make you say that?"

"He told me I had a nice ass just a few minutes after I met him. What kind of cocky asshole does something like that?"

I looked at her over my tablet from across the breakfast table.

"First of all, you *do* have a nice ass. It's simply an objective fact," I said, "and second of all, what were his exact words? What did he really say to you?"

"Very funny," she said, "I knew you'd say something like that. Just because my husband likes my butt doesn't mean that I want everyone in the neighborhood to share his enthusiasm. What if the other neighbors had heard?"

"You mean those college girls, Samantha and Becca? He's probably told them the same thing. You've seen them jogging, haven't you?"

"Ha ha. I can tell this is just all a big joke to you."

"Look," I said, "I'll go and talk to him if you want. I haven't actually met him, so it's not a great way to start off a new relationship, but I'm willing to do it if it will make you feel better. But I'm going to need to know *exactly* what he said, so I can understand what I'm getting myself into."

"He said something about how he was going to look forward to seeing me weed the flowerbed in the front yard. Implying that he was going to watch me bend over and admire my backside."

"What? *That's* all he said? Maybe he's just bad at smalltalk. Or else he has a gardening fetish. There's nothing remotely sexual in any of that."

Jenna was exasperated. Her bright blue eyes filled with fire.

"It's not *what* he said, it's *how* he said it! I would have thought that you, as a therapist, would understand that!"

I sighed.

"I'm sorry," I said, "like I said — I'll go over there and talk to him when we're finished here. It's Sunday, so he's probably home."

"Thank you," said Jenna, folding her arms, "that's all I wanted."

"But you *do* have a nice ass," I said, "that's an objective fact."

"Oh, shut up!"

Chapter 2

I knocked on the door of the house next door. It was a beautiful red brick colonial, perhaps 60 or 70 years old, and quite well–maintained. It had the look of a solid family home, not the kind of place you'd expect a bachelor to live, but if the reports were true, our new neighbor Kevin was unmarried.

In that moment, as I stood at the threshold, I had no idea that my entire world was going to come crashing down as soon as he opened the door. Because the moment that the large wooden door swung open, it was as if my entire past were smacking me in the face.

"Hey, squirt," said the tall black man who opened the door, "is that really you?"

"Kevin," I said, trying to keep a smile on my face, "Kevin Donalds. It's been a long time."

Here he was. Kevin Donalds. My high school bully had moved in next door. It didn't seem real, but it clearly was.

"You don't look like you've changed a bit, squirt," he said, looking me up and down, "at least not that I can tell from here. Won't you come in?"

"No," I said, "I don't really have time. I just wanted to introduce myself and tell you welcome to the neighborhood."

"Well thank you, squirt. That's really nice of you," he said, pausing.

"I'm sorry," he said, serious for a moment, "I'm not sure if you even like that nickname. I shouldn't have used it. Is there something else you'd rather be called?"

"How about just 'Ian'," I said, trying not to sound too defensive, "my name is fine."

"It is a fine name, isn't it? Ok, Ian," he said, reaching out and taking my hand in his large, powerful one, "let's just let bygones be

bygones, and start fresh as neighbors. What do you say? I know that there might have been some things that happened back on the math team that I'm not exactly proud of, but I hope you've had time to forgive me for that stuff."

"Sure," I stuttered, "of course. That's all over now."

"Good," he said, flashing me a big smile, "I'm glad you feel that way. I've gotta start unpacking, but I wanted to let you know that I'm having a housewarming party tomorrow, and I'd love it if you'd come by. We'll be starting around 6pm."

"Sure," I said, still tongue–tied at the shock of suddenly being confronted with my past, "we'd love to come."

"Good," he said, smiling, "and by the way — if you know that blond with the incredible ass who lives around here, would you do me a favor and invite her, too? I think her name is Jennifer, or Jessica or something."

"Jenna," I stuttered, "she's my wife."

"Well look at you, squirt! I mean Ian. You went and got yourself a fine–ass wife. Oops, I guess I better watch my language," he chuckled, "but let me reiterate: I'd be happy to welcome you and your lovely bride to my home tomorrow."

"Ok, thanks," I muttered, "nice to see you again."

"Very nice to see you again, *Ian*," he said, giving my name a slight emphasis that showed he still wasn't totally convinced that I deserved to be called by it.

And with that, the door was closed, and my first encounter with my former bully in over ten years was over.

***

Ten years. It was hard to believe. So much had changed since then, when Kevin and I were both on the math team, and had both been in competition for the affections of Kristine, our beautiful classmate. The thing was, Kristine had been my girlfriend, so I shouldn't have had to be in competition for her at all, but just after

graduation our senior year, she'd betrayed me with Kevin, and I'd discovered her betrayal in the worst way possible: by walking in on the two of them while they were making out in the math team practice room after school.

I still remember the shock and shame of that situation, how I'd remained rooted to the spot, watching in horror and fascination as my petite white girlfriend kissed my tall black bully with abandon.

I wanted to throw the door open wide and burst into the room and punch Kevin in the face. But I knew that he would best me in any kind of physical competition, and had, in fact, already done so on the intellectual level as well. He'd won state at the math finals earlier that year. The first student at our high school to do so. What's more, even though math was a stereotypically dorky thing to be interested in, no one treated Kevin like a dork. They treated him with as much interest and reverence as if he'd been a football player.

It made no sense to me.

Now, here he was, kissing my girlfriend. And I was stuck watching it. What were they doing now?

I watched in horror as Kristine dropped to her knees in front of him, smiling up as she unbuckled his belt.

"Mmm," she said, "I can't wait to see what you're packing down here."

What? *Excuse me*? Was this the same girl who took months to let me get to second base, and who would only consent to giving me a dry handjob until after we'd been going steady for a year? She'd told me that blowjobs grossed her out, and I'd respected it. But now she was on her knees talking dirty to my biggest rival on the team — my bully — about how much she wanted his dick?

Tears of rage formed in my eyes, but at the same time, I felt my dick become rock hard. As hurt as I was by my girlfriend's betrayal, it was clear that I wanted to see exactly how far she and my bully were going to go.

After talking to Kevin just now, I felt as if I'd been transported back to that moment, just after high school, watching my 18–year–old girlfriend on her knees, pulling out my bully's cock and admiring it, almost reverently, before taking it into her mouth.

I've since heard of the term "cock worship," but at the time I didn't have the terms to describe what I was seeing. All I knew was that Kristine, formerly awkward and a bit prude, suddenly seemed to have been seized with a skill that was motivated by pure passion. It was as if she was making love to Kevin's cock, sucking at its tip as she spread her saliva along his thick shaft, making small feminine moans of pleasure the entire time she did so. The entire process of sucking his dick — for what must have been the first time she'd done it with this particular dick, and most likely the first time *ever* (since she'd certainly never done it with me) — seemed to be causing *her* even more pleasure than it was causing him.

In any case, I remember her looking up at him and moaning "oh God, Kevin, I love it," as she came up for air.

We had just been on a date two days before. We'd made out in the back of my car for a few minutes and then talked about our plans for after high school. Kristine and I were going to the same big state school about 100 miles away, while Kevin was headed for an elite private school on the coast on a full math scholarship. We'd promised to keep dating during college, no matter what kinds of temptations might await us in the dorms or at parties.

So this betrayal stung all the more.

At the same time, it was impossible not to view the scene before me completely objectively. Here was a beautiful woman in the bloom of youth on her knees servicing a man with an absolutely enormous (and equally beautiful) black cock. He groaned in encouragement as she sucked him, licking his balls now, and when he glanced over towards the door, I thought for a moment that he'd spotted me, because our eyes locked for several seconds, or at least I thought they did, but it might have been a coincidence, because he made no sign of having seen me.

It was totally dark in the hallway, after all, and they probably had no idea that the door was even open.

"God that's good," groaned Kevin, "but I really want to fuck you."

Oh my God. Kristine had never even hinted at giving it up for me until we were engaged at the very least. I waited with baited breath to hear what her answer would be.

"Please," she moaned, looking up at him from behind his gigantic dick, "but you have to be gentle. It's my first time."

"So you never let that bitch of a boyfriend inside you?"

"No," she said, "but that doesn't mean I haven't practiced."

"Oh?"

"I happen to have a dildo at home. A big *black* one."

I felt my self–esteem totally crushed in that moment. But I still couldn't move. My cock was rock–hard. I started rubbing myself through my jeans as I continued to watch this incredible act of betrayal.

"You are a kinky one," he laughed, "so I'm not going to hurt you with this big cock?"

"Mm," she said, "I kind of want it to hurt. At least a little."

"Your squirt of a boyfriend could never do that, could he?" laughed Kevin, "I've never seen his dick before but I'm guessing it's as diminutive as his math skills."

"You're so funny," said Kristine, beaming at him as she stood, stroking his cock while she gave him a long, sensual kiss, "how do you want me?"

"Why don't you bend over the desk," he said, "we should probably be fast in case the janitor is still around."

The janitor wasn't, but *I* certainly was. I'd become curious when I couldn't get ahold of Kristine at home, and had passed the high

school parking lot to see her red pickup parked there. I'd used the math team code to open the door, and the rest was history.

I watched as Kristine bent over the desk and hiked up her sundress. Kevin came up behind her and pulled her panties down, letting out a long whistle as he admired her backside.

"Damn that ass is fine," he said, giving her a playful spank.

She wiggled at him, smiling.

"Ooh," she moaned, "I like that. I want you to punish me more, but I think you should hurry up. We're not even students anymore. We shouldn't even be here."

"Well then," he said, positioning himself, "get ready. I hope your big black dildo prepared you for a real big black cock experience."

"It's ok," she assured him, "sucking your dick got me so wet. I've never had that kind of experience before."

"Of course you haven't. I've met your boyfriend."

In that moment, she cried out. They were both facing me now, so I couldn't actually see his cock enter her, but her voice told me everything I needed to know.

"Tell me the truth," he growled, beginning to move inside her, "he's a little squirt isn't he? How big is he?"

"More…like…how… small," moaned my girlfriend, holding on the desk for dear life as he began to slowly move inside her, with long, powerful strokes.

"That's what I thought," he laughed, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling it as he fucked her harder.

"That's it," she moaned, "just take me. Use my pussy. It feels so good. I just want you to get off…"

"This pussy is mine now," he growled, "tell me."

"It's yours," she moaned, "please just do whatever you want with me. I'm so close…"

He slapped her ass and began to fuck her even harder.

“God you’re tight,” he groaned, “this white pussy is never going to be the same.”

“That’s it,” groaned Kristine, “ruin me for white guys. I just want to take your cum inside me.”

“Yeah, bitch,” moaned Kevin, “here it comes…”

While I’d watched the scene unfold, I had taken out my own cock and was furiously stroking it as I watched the scene, tears in my eyes. Now, as I watched my girlfriend reach climax as my bully shot his load inside her with a massive groan of triumph, I shot my own load as well, spraying down the floor in the hall where I was standing.

“Oh shit,” I muttered, pulling up my pants and frantically wiping my cum–covered hand on my shirt, “fuck!”

When I had hastily put myself together, I realized that I’d have to go to the bathroom to get paper towels if I wanted to clean up the “DNA evidence” I’d left on the floor. But in that very moment, I looked back into the room and realized that Kevin had heard me.

“Shh,” he said, his big dick flopping in front of him, “I think there’s someone out there.”

My girlfriend and my bully scrambled into their clothes as I scrambled out the door, running into the parking lot and towards my car.

That was when the spotlights hit. They seemed to come from everywhere at once, and completely blinded me.

“HSP security,” said a voice, “please leave your hands where we can see them.”

“What?” I asked, slowly realizing what was happening.

“Get your hands in the air!” yelled the voice again.

I had no choice but to comply.

“What the hell is on your shirt?”

I blushed. It must have been obvious that I had been jerking off.

The light went out.

"Ian? Is that you?"

I nodded. It was Mike, the school security guard. I'd been on friendly terms with him for years.

"I thought you graduated. You have no business being here anymore. What the hell were you doing in there?"

"I was just…"

In that moment, Kristine and Kevin appeared.

"Hey, what are *you two* doing here, too?"

"Sir," said Kevin, stepping forward with a piece of paper in his hand, "this is a note from Dr. Kleinheinz, the math team couch. It gives Kristine Parker and I explicit permission to enter the building this evening to retrieve the trophy that I won in this year's state competition."

He held up his trophy, letting it gleam in the lights of the parking lot.

"I'm going to get some picutres made with it, then return it. Dr. Kleinheinz knows all about it. He's in Mexico this month otherwise he would have come with us."

Mike looked at the piece of paper, examining it under his flashlight.

"What about this guy," he asked, pointing to me, "was he supposed to be with you? I don't see his name on here…"

I looked at Kristine, staring daggers at her. She avoided my gaze.

"We don't know anything about squirt, do we?" Kevin laughed, looking at Kristine, "from the looks of it, he was here on his own, up to something…pervy."

Mike sighed exasperatedly, looking back over at me.

“I’m not going to call the cops this time, Ian,” he said, “they’d ruin your whole future. Put you on a sex offender’s registry. Do you understand how serious this is? Jacking off at a school? What the hell were you thinking?”

I felt the tears running down my face. I couldn’t answer.

“He was tugging his little squirter, weren’t you, squirt?” laughed Kevin.

I heard Kristine stifle a laugh as well, and it cut through me like a knife.

“Well,” said Mike, “get the hell out of here, and don’t let me catch you within a mile of this school again after hours. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” I blubbered, turning towards my car and climbing in, trying to avoid Kristine’s face as I fumbled with the ignition.

All of these thoughts, the entire humiliating and absolutely shocking betrayal, combined with the sexual humiliation of being caught with jizz all over my clothes came back in the moment that I’d seen Kevin open the door.

I hadn’t talked to Kristine since that night. She’d tried to call a few times, but I didn’t pick up. I wasn’t interested in hearing her excuses. I’d already seen too much.

My freshman year of college had been rough. I’d heard rumors about what Kristine was up to (specifically, that she was dating one of the black football players — once you go black, you can’t go back, etc), but the school was big enough that I somehow managed to encounter her in person. Then, in my junior year, I’d met Jenna.

At first I couldn’t believe my luck. After being cheated on by Kristine, I had a hard time believing that a woman was really into me. But Jenna was.

We’d gotten married a few months after graduation, and had been happy together ever since. It was true that Jenna was gorgeous: petite and small–waisted, yet with a rather large chest

and (as we've already established) an incredible ass. She had natural blond hair and bright blue eyes. Despite her size and her feminine charms, she wasn't afraid of anything, and was a highly effective lawyer. With my counseling degree and small private practice we made plenty of money. Now that we were both in our late 20s, we'd decided that it was time to start thinking about starting a family. Jenna had recently gone off birth control.

This, and the presence of the same man who had cuckolded me with my first girlfriend so many years ago, began to fill me with uneasiness. I suddenly felt protective towards my wife. Towards her fertile womb.

I wasn't going to tell her about Kevin's party, or anything else that he'd said. It was better that way.

Chapter 3

"So did you talk to him?" Jenna was insistent.

That's right. I'd been supposed to talk to Kevin about the innuendo he'd used around my wife.

"Yeah," I said, "I mean, no. Not really."

She gave me an incredulous look.

"Not really?"

"No," I said, "you see, Kevin and I actually go way back."

"How do you mean?"

"He was a…friend in high school," I said, searching for a better descriptor for our relationship, "and he bullied me a lot."

"A friend *and* a bully? I don't understand…"

"It's ok," I said, "you don't have to. Anyway."

"So you didn't even tell him to keep it in his pants around your wife?"

"How was I supposed to say that, Jenna? What was I supposed to do? Go over to my former bully and tell him to stop looking at my wife's ass?"

"Yeah," she said, matching my defensiveness with her own offense, "that's exactly what you should have done. If you'd been man enough to do that years ago, you might not have been bullied by him."

"That's not fair, Jenna," I said, choking back tears, "you don't understand…"

Her tone softened.

"Look," she said, "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. It's just hard for me to respect you as a man if you don't stick up for yourself. Or for me. You're a therapist. Can't you understand that? I'm trying to communicate openly."

"But you're a lawyer," I said, exasperated, "you fight with judges and other attorneys every day. Can't you tell a guy to stop checking out your ass?"

"I *can*," she said, "but that's not why I got married. I got married to have a man to make sure that I didn't have to deal with come–ons from other men. I need to be able to respect my husband. Understand?"

"Yeah, I guess, I mean…" I stuttered.

"God," she said, "you can't even stand up to your own wife. How the hell do you do your job? Your clients must not respect you at all."

She walked off into the next room before I could reply.

***

Before we went to bed, we managed to patch things up. I apologized for not standing up to Kevin on her behalf, and Jenna apologized for insulting me and my professional competence. But I could sense that she wasn't completely sincere. She'd meant everything that she'd said.

Things were a little tense the next morning as we got ready for work, but Jenna kissed me goodbye as usual before she headed off to the firm, and I stayed behind to do the breakfast dishes before heading in to the office.

I happened to look out the front window as Jenna was pulling out, and I saw Kevin standing in his driveway, looking over at her. I watched in surprise as Jenna rolled down her window, and seemed to engage in friendly banter with him. I even caught a smile on her face as she continued to pull out of the driveway, their conversation over. It certainly didn't look like the face of a woman who had just been insulted.

I couldn't help but flash back to the scene I'd witnessed between Kevin and Kristine, so many years before. It *couldn't* happen again, could it? I was a different person now, so Kevin must be different, too. He certainly wouldn't try to cuck me again, would

he? And even if he tried it, Jenna wouldn’t go along with it, would she?

The sinking feeling in my gut told me that I wasn’t so sure about anything anymore.

Chapter 4

I came home at the normal time that night and saw several cars in Kevin's driveway.

Good, I thought, *let him have his little party.*

It was Monday, and Jenna wasn't home yet, but that was completely normal. I worked a regular 9–5 at my practice, but she put in more irregular, and sometimes extreme hours. So it wasn't unusual that I had to wait for her to come home.

I texted her around 8PM, however, because she usually notified me if she was going to be really late.

There was no answer.

Then, around 9PM, I tried calling, both her cell and her office phone. I got her answering service, which offered to leave her a message. I declined.

I went to the window and looked over at Kevin's yard. There was only one car in the driveway now: Jenna's red miata.

A shudder went down my spine. It…couldn't…be…happening… again…

Could it?

As if in a dream, I slipped on my tennis shoes and walked to the neighbor's place, unsure of what I was going to do.

I entered Kevin's side yard, my ears pricked for noise. There it was: Jenna's voice. She was somewhere nearby, talking to Kevin. His own low cadence was unmistakable. Just like that night with Kristine.

I slowly realized that they must have been in the backyard, by Kevin's pool.

Walked up to the tall wooden fence and quickly found a peephole where I could see and hear what was happening on the other side.

Jenna was holding a cocktail in one hand and gesturing with her other. Kevin was standing in front of her, his hand on the sliding door that led into the house.

"So thanks for telling me that," finished my wife, reaching out and touching Kevin's arm casually, "I love hearing stories about Ian in high school. He told me that you two had a 'complicated' relationship, but that's a whole nother level. I can't believe you guys actually did that to him in the locker room!"

She giggled. My wife was giggling at a story of me being bullied in high school.

That bothered me of course, but not as much as the claim that my relationship with Kevin had been "complicated." I'd never told her any such thing. Quite the opposite, in fact. What was "complicated" about Kevin bullying me and fucking my girlfriend? **Nothing at all**.

"Well," said Kevin, pausing, "I guess you probably want to go back to visit the little squirt…uh, I'm sorry, I mean 'Ian,'" he laughed, exaggerating my name, as if it were some kind of silly nickname, in contrast to my "real" demeaning name.

"Nah," said Jenna quickly, and much to my surprise, "he's probably in bed by now. I've been out for so long."

"He knows where you are, right?"

Kevin gave her a playful expression.

Fuck. I could sense the electricity. What was he doing that he could build that kind of sexual tension with a woman so quickly.

"Actually, no," she said.

I could feel her smile, even though I couldn't see it.

"Very interesting," he said, "maybe I could have one more drink. Would you care to join me? I hate drinking alone."

"That's a role I would *love* to fulfill," she said, "if you promise to tell me more about Ian in high school. What was up with that girl he was dating…Kristine? He's mentioned her so many times but I can't get a straight story out of him concerning why they broke up."

"Ha," laughed Kevin, clearly not remorseful in the least, "that's a long story. You see, it all started on the math team. I was ranked on the state level…"

I watched as my once–and–current bully put his gigantic hand on the small of my wife's back as he ushered her into his house.

I immediately felt the familiar rush of arousal and humiliation. I knew what I had to do, was *compelled* to do, as if driven by some kind of outside force.

I went around to the gate that led to Kevin's backyard and pushed it open silently. Then I crept silently onto the deck, hoping that it wouldn't creak too loudly, and arrived at the sliding door to the house.

I pulled it gently. It opened a tiny crack. I pulled a little more. The latch didn't catch.

It was unlocked.

Slowly, gingerly, I opened the door inch by inch, praying silently that it wouldn't make a noise that would betray me.

It was dark and quiet inside the house. First, I very slowly closed the door behind me, letting it fall into place as softly as possible. Then, I stood and listened. At first, there was nothing. Then, somewhere upstairs, I heard the echo of Jenna's laughter. It was unmistakable.

She was upstairs. What innocent reason could there be to go upstairs in a stranger's house like this? Especially when it was just the two of you.

Especially when the stranger was your husband's high school bully, which didn't make him a stranger at all.

Suddenly, I considered Jenna's earlier professed aversion to Kevin. What if it hadn't been disgust at all, but rather **fear of her own desire for him** and guilt about it in my presence that had propelled her to ask me to confront him? Had she been trying to test

the two of us against each other the entire time, if only unconsciously?

All of these thoughts went through my mind as I tiptoed up those old wooden stairs, cringing at every creak made by the old wood, until I was finally standing on the runner in the upstairs hallway. It felt like an appointment with fate. With the past.

Chapter 5

I moved slowly to the end of the hall and stopped about four feet from a door that stood open on a large master bedroom with a fireplace at one end and a large, king–size bed dominating the center of the room. The entire place was very well furnished, and surprisingly tidy for someone who had just moved in.

At the other end of the room, sitting casually on a love seat near the fireplace, was my wife: Jenna.

In the light cast by the lamps on the end tables, her features almost reminded me of Kristine's. Almost.

Kristine had been a German–Italian–American beauty, with pale white skin, jet black hair and blue eyes. Jenna was mostly Scandinavian on both sides of her family, though raised in Minnesota. She was the ultimate natural blond.

No, I decided, the only thing that *really* united the two women was their attitude toward my bully. Both of them clearly found him absolutely fascinating. More than fascinating. Positively erotic. There must have been some kind of magnetic energy that went out from his BBC and pulled women in.

First Kristine. Now Jenna.

The hallway was dark, and the bedroom was bright. I would be assured of relative invisibility if I could avoid being heard. From the sounds of their conversation, they weren't exactly worried about being caught. It was light and flirtatious. Playful and easy. I could only catch a word here or there over the deafening beat of my own heart and the rustling of my clothing as I got closer to the door, one painstakingly small step at a time.

Then I reached the threshold and crouched down as far as I could while still being able to see what was happening inside. I remained absolutely still and concentrated on their voices, which came gradually into focus.

“So what did you say to his girlfriend back then to convince her to fuck you so quickly?”

Jenna’s voice was eager.

“To tell you the truth…I don’t really remember. All I could tell you was that we were flirting for a long time. Exchanging glances, brushing up against each other, teasing — stuff like that. I had no idea that she had a thing for black guys with big dicks. That came as quite a surprise. A pleasant one.”

“So you’re a guy with an ivy league education, a big beautiful house, and a huge dick? Why exactly are you still single, if I may ask?”

“Let’s just say that I haven’t met the right woman yet,” he said, a bit resigned, “I’m looking for an assertive, intelligent woman who can match wits with me. Not to get too intimate, but I’d really like to start a family. Sooner rather than later.”

“You and me both,” laughed Jenna.

“You’re also looking for an assertive, intelligent woman?”

“Stop it!” she laughed, punching him on the arm, “you know what I meant.”

“The thing is,” he said, getting serious, “having such a big dick is often actually a disadvantage. There are some women who absolutely love it and can’t get enough, but there are others who go running the other way when it comes out. It can be hard to find the size queens out there. There aren’t as many of them as you might think.”

“How rude,” said Jenna, “to run the other way, I mean. I would at least give you a blowjob. It’s just common courtesy, after all. I actually think I might be a size queen. But I’ve never had a chance to experiment.”

“Ha,” he said, “those are the kind of old–fashioned manners that I love.”

“So how about it?”

"How about what?"

"You've been kind enough to extend your hospitality to me, so would you be willing to extend something else as well? I can promise you at *least* a blowjob. I want to find out if I'm a size queen or not."

Kevin reached out and touched Jenna's cheek, stroking it gently for a moment before responding.

"Well, well, well. You white girls certainly don't waste any time asking for what you want. You want to see this big black cock?"

He pressed his thumb into her mouth for a moment, and she licked it sensually as if it had been a cock. Then he removed it, stroking it across her lips.

"Yes," said Jenna breathlessly, "I have to admit it's been an intense fantasy of mine recently. And to tell you the truth, I think you made my husband into kind of a cuck all those years ago when you fucked his girlfriend. I've snooped on his phone, and I know that he absolutely loves watching videos of white girls cheating with black guys. That's what got me really curious…"

A wash of shame overcame me. So she knew. She knew *everything*…

"Well, far be it from me to keep you from your *biggest* fantasy. Pun completely intended, of course."

"What are you waiting for?" she said, a huge smile breaking out across her face, "let me see that monster."

"Why don't you get down here so you can have a better look," he said, gesturing to the floor in front of him.

I watched in horror and arousal as my beautiful white wife struck a submissive pose, falling to her knees in front of my old high school bully, who immediately began to unfasten his belt.

"I think you're going to be pleasantly surprised," he said, "but just promise me that you won't run out in fear if it's too big."

“I already promised you a blowjob at the very minimum, remember?”

“Well a lot of women talk a big game, but then chicken out when they’re actually face–to–face with a BBC.”

He had his thumbs in his waistband now, ready for the big reveal.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Come on,” she pouted, “are you going to make me beg?”

“Would you like that?”

“Maybe…”

The playful flirtation was killing me. I hadn’t seen this side of Jenna for years. Not since we were dating.

“Well, maybe you should ask nicely.”

“Please, Sir,” she said, looking up at him submissively, “may I see your big black cock?”

“Well, I have to admit that I am loathe to refuse such a polite request,” he said, chuckling a bit, “here you go.”

And just like that, I saw the instrument that had destroyed my relationship to Kristine so many years ago, in all its glory.

It seemed even bigger than I remembered it. Here it was again: the image that haunted my dreams come to life. Kevin’s big, perfectly formed, veiny cock. It had to be almost nine inches long.

The sight was simply awe–inducing. He grabbed it with one hand, swinging it around in front of Jenna.

“Well? What do you think?”

“Wow,” she said, a look of awe and surprise on her face, “you really weren’t kidding when you said it was big.”

“No, of course not. I always under–promise and over–deliver. Something one of my professors told me to do years ago.”

"Well you *really* delivered," she laughed, "wow…I hate to compare…but this is like twice as long and thick as Ian's."

"Are you scared?"

"A little. In a *very* good way."

"Good," he said, "now about that blowjob."

"Don't worry, I promise I'll get to that," said Jenna, taking the shaft in one hand and examining it with a stunned look on her face.

"I can't believe how fucking big this is!"

"You already mentioned that," said Kevin, "come on, though. Just give it to me straight: are you going to run out the door, or stay and prove that you're a real size queen?"

I hoped, of course, that she would break things off now and remain my faithful wife, even if she had already clearly crossed several lines, including holding another man's cock in her hand.

But was that really the truth? Did I *really* want her to put down his cock and go home? Or did I want to watch my wife explore her sexuality with this undoubtedly desirable man, even if he was my former high school bully whose memory had tormented me for years.

I knew, deep down, that I didn't want her to leave. I wanted her to stay. I wanted to see what was going to happen.

"I would *never* run out on a cock like this," said Jenna, opening her mouth as wide as it would go and swallowing his entire cockhead.

"Good girl…oh my God," moaned Kevin, "fuck. You're a good cocksucker. I don't know how Ian does it. He keeps bringing me you black–cock–hungry white bitches who suck dick sooo good."

My wife could only moan her answer as she took him deeper and deeper, slurping at his dark meat as if it were a Popsicle.

I had never seen her display such enthusiasm for oral sex as she was now. It was like watching the scene with Kristine in the high

school all over again. But this time, the woman wasn't my girlfriend — she was (supposedly) the love of my life.

The old feelings began to return, but I also couldn't deny the fact that my dick was hard as I watched my wife fellating my bully.

"God yes," he groaned, "do you suck that little squirt's little dick like this? Ha ha, I know you don't."

Jenna obviously found this amusing, because she stopped sucking his cock long enough to laugh at mine.

"Squirt," she said, "isn't that what you used to call him in high school?"

"It sure is," said Kevin, "I didn't realize how true it was until I started fucking his girlfriend."

"Mmm…," said Jenna, "yeah, I guess compared to you, he's definitely a little underwhelming. Ok, a *lot* underwhelming."

"By the way," she added, her lips perched on the edge of his cock, "not to ruin the moment, but I've been meaning to ask: what exactly happened with you and his girlfriend after she broke up with Ian?"

"Kristine? Ha, I kept fucking her for years. After she was married, even. She just couldn't get enough of my big black dick. She dated a few other brothers, but she had a soft spot for smart guys, so she kept coming back to me."

"Mmm. I love smart guys, too" said Jenna, "especially if they're also hung."

"That was a factor for Kristine as well."

A new flush of humiliation rose into my cheeks as I contemplated the fact that my high school sweetheart who had been so cruelly taken from me had been fucking my bully for *years* after we'd broken up.

She must have been positively **addicted** to his cock, and here was my wife, a very different person in many ways, getting a taste of the same drug that had hooked Kristine.

Kevin's cock.

I watched as Jenna's head bobbed up and down along his shaft, her two petite hands barely encompassing its circumference as she stroked it eagerly. She pulled off for a moment and bent down even further, pleasuring his balls with her tongue, I assumed.

From my position, all I could see was the back of her head and the satisfied look on Kevin's face as he looked down admiringly at my wife's blond head.

"Such a good girl. That's it. Worship that big black dick."

"God yes," she moaned, her voice slightly muffled by his legs, "I want this fucking monster inside me."

His deep laugh echoed through the room.

"So you want to see if you really are a size queen, huh? Are you sure about what you're getting into? Don't forget that a lot of girls can't quit once they get a taste of the BBC."

"I've already *tasted* it," said Jenna, looking up at him, "I want to *feel* it now. Be stretched by it. Taken. Owned."

"You're goddamn right I'm going to own that pussy when I'm done with it," laughed Kevin, reaching down and slapping her ass, "now get up here and bend over that bed."

She would be looking directly at the doorway, I realized in horror and delight.

Jenna stood, her hair mused, her makeup smeared, weaving a bit as if already cock–drunk, and flopped forward onto the bed. From here on out she would let Kevin do the work.

"This is a cute pair of panties," he said, pulling them down over her thigh, "I think I'm going to keep them for my collection."

"Yes, Sir," she murmured, "please. They're yours."

"That's not *all* that's mine now," he said, slipping a finger into her from behind, an action that I was not in the position to witness directly, but whose effects I read on the face of my wife.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, arching her back so that her butt was pushed up at the perfect angle for his entry, “just take it already. It’s all yours.”

“Perfect,” he growled, positioning himself carefully for a moment before he began to work just the head into her tight, wet cunt.

“God,” moaned Jenna, “I feel just like a virgin. Like Kristine. You’re so fucking big, it’s like I’ve never had sex before.”

“Should I go slow?”

“Yes, please. At first. Then I need you to take me.”

Her words had an incredible urgency that I’d never heard from her in the bedroom.

“I’ve got about the first third in now,” he said, fucking her slowly.

From my position in the hallway, I was able to see directly into my wife’s eyes as she took the largest dick of her life. It was both incredibly awe–inspiring and humiliating at once, knowing that she was having a profound sexual experience, one that I would never be able to come close to replicating.

“Yeah,” she moaned, biting her lip for a moment and panting, “go ahead and put it in further.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. It feels so good. I might come if you push it in even more…”

“Alright then,” he said, gripping her hip with one hand as he guided himself even further inside her, “here it comes…”

“Fuck!” Jenna shrieked, gripping the bedsheets as she steeled herself for his assault, “yes. Harder. Faster…”

I watched as Kevin grabbed her hair again and began to fuck her with his full length.

“God this dick is so good,” moaned Jenna.

“Tell me it’s bigger than his,” growled Kevin, “say his name.”

“It’s bigger than Ian’s,” she moaned, looking directly at me without realizing it, “it’s so much bigger and better than that little squirt’s little thing.”

“His penis doesn’t even deserve the name, does it?”

“No,” she moaned, “fuck, I can’t believe this. I’m going to come! Don’t stop fucking me!”

He redoubled his efforts, smiling in triumph as he slammed his cock into my wife, stretching her and ruining her irrevocably for my own pathetic member, which I now held in my hands, looking down at it in humiliation even as I stroked it furiously, standing there in the hallway of my bully’s house, completely heedless of the possibility of being caught now.

“Fuck YES!” Jenna moaned, falling forward onto the bed and collapsing in a writhing pile of flesh and blond hair, still impaled by Kevin’s huge black cock.

She seemed to leave her body. Her eyes glazed over and her hips bucked uncontrollably as she seemed to climax for more than a minute. I watched in astonishment. Even Kristine didn’t react like this.

“Good girl,” said Kevin, soothingly, stroking her hair as she slowly came back to earth, “but I’m not done yet.”

She was face down on the bed now, but propped herself up on her elbows and stuck her ass out so that he could continue to fuck her. From this angle, I saw the entire length of his mighty cock in all its glory as he pulled back and then began to slide into her again. Jenna bit into a pillow and gripped the sheets as he began to pound her with a force that shook the whole bed. It was clear that she loved every single minute of it, because each stroke seemed to elicit more and more ecstatic muffled moans from her petite frame.

All the while, Kevin was talking dirty to her, telling her to take his big black cock like the good little white slut she was.

She didn’t mind this degrading language. On the contrary: she was clearly *loving* it.

"Fuck yes. I love cucking white guys like your husband, Ian. Before long, I'm going to have all of the wives in the neighborhood."

"Mmm–hmm," she agreed enthusiastically.

Her pale white ass had been rendered completely red through his spanks, which had grown harder and more insistent with time. Now Kevin's entire muscular torso was covered in sweat and his face was marked by intense concentration.

"I'm going to come," he growled, "are you ready for it?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Jenna, lifting her head off the pillow, "I want it inside me, please. I'm not on birth control. I want you to be the only man to come inside my unprotected pussy. I want to have your baby, Kevin."

This was too much for me. The shock of the last few days, the incredible humiliation that came at having the bully from my past swoop in and not only seduce my wife, but possibly impregnate her as well, was simply too much. I realized in that moment that something had changed in me when I'd watched Kevin make love to Kristine all those years ago. I now got off on being sexually humiliated by my partner, and this was the ultimate humiliation.

I came hard, not paying attention to what I was doing and dribbling cum all over the carpet runner and part of the wood floor in the hallway.

At that very moment, I watched in awe as Kevin pushed his rod to the limit, visibly pumping shot after shot of cum into my wife's unprotected womb.

Jenna moaned in satisfaction, seeming to experience her own mini–climax as her vaginal muscles contracted around his cock, milking it for every last drop of his potent cum.

"Thank you," she cooed, when he'd finally finished filling her and had moved behind her to spoon her on the bed, "I've never felt this good after sex. Not just the orgasm. I feel so safe in your arms."

She titled her head back to give him a long, passionate kiss. It felt like a knife through my heart.

Suddenly, I realized where I was. I looked down in horror at the mess that I'd made, and knew that there would be no way for me to clean it up without being detected, so I merely zipped up my pants as best I could and slowly, painstakingly moved backwards, one tiny step at a time, down the darkened hallway as my wife and my bully exchanged passionate kissed and caresses while spooning on his big bed.

They were probably gearing up for another round, but I knew better than to try to stick around.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I was back out on Kevin's deck. As I closed the sliding door behind me gingerly, I thought I could make out Jenna's high–pitched moan from above.

I took a hasty shower and then went straight to bed as soon as I got home. Against all odds, I fell into a long, dreamless sleep, from which I awoke only when Jenna awakened me.

Chapter 6

"Hey," she said, "get up. You're going to be late for work."

I propped myself up on my elbows in bed, and looked at my beautiful wife, who was standing in the doorway, as radiant as ever. The whole thing — the humiliating, tawdry scene from the night before — seemed so far away now. Had it really happened? Or had it just been a bittersweet dream?

What Jenna said next left no doubt in my mind.

"I know you were there," she said, "Kevin found the 'evidence.' That's disgusting."

"Jenna," I started.

"You don't have to say anything," she said, "I know how much you loved watching me with him. Well, Kevin and I had a long talk last night. It was probably after you left. After the third or fourth time we'd made love."

I sat silently, watching her.

"I think I'm going to be spending a lot more time next door," she said.

I nodded.

"If you're lucky, Kevin might leave the door unlocked once and while."

I nodded.

"But he says that if you dare to take your dick out again and soil his rug, he's going to beat the shit out of you. Understand, squirt?"

It hurt to hear my *wife* use my bully's nickname for me from high school, but all I could do was agree.

"One more thing, though," Jenna added, "I think it would be better if you slept in the guest bedroom downstairs from now on. Kevin is really jealous. He doesn't want you to see me naked anymore, or even in my panties. But my robe is ok."

A pang of longing shot through my heart.

“So those are the rules, cuck. Take them or leave them.”

I thought for a moment. Even though it was hard, I knew what I had to do.

“I’ll take them,” I murmured.

“What, cuck? Look me in the eye and speak clearly when you talk to me.”

“I’ll take them. I accept the rules,” I said.

“Good,” she said, smiling cruelly, “see you later, squirt. I’m late for work.”

I smiled sadly and went to the front window, where I saw Kevin wave to her from his driveway. Jenna rolled down her window and he leaned down and gave her a long kiss on the mouth before she finally broke it to back down the driveway.

I could practically feel each one of the words of affection they exchanged with each other, but I couldn’t hear any of it.

Their body language said it all.

I went about my morning routine sadly, wondering to myself how my bully had won the day again, and why I liked it so much.

THE END

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Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for purchasing or borrowing this book! Every time someone buys my book it helps me support myself as a writer and allows me to produce even more of your favorite smutty size queen, cuckold and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike's wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He's very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike's workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn't: a BBC. And that doesn't have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

ON HER BACK FOR HIS BULLYING BOSS

Will's wife Marisa is intelligent, vivacious, and extremely attractive. She supports him in every aspect of his life. Which is why it stings so badly when he notices her flirting with his boss, Tony, the man who has made his life at work unbearable for the past few months.

Tony is everything that Will is not: confident, dominant and hung. The ultimate alpha male. Soon, he makes an indecent proposal to Marisa and Will that will change their marriage forever.

Before they know it, Will's beautiful and innocent wife Marisa is on her back for his bullying boss. Right before his very eyes. Both of them are about to get a lesson that they'll never forget about how much size matters.

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

LOSING LENA

Mike and Lena run into some trouble on their way to the Bahamas to celebrate the completion of their graduate degrees. Trouble, in this case, in the form of Carl, a tall, handsome and hung African-American corporate mediator with an unconventional approach to conflict resolution.

When bad weather grounds their flight and confines all of them to a hotel in Washington, D.C., Carl helps Lena and two other women learn the true meaning of "BDE."

Soon, Carl is giving Lena one-on-one lessons in submission in his hotel room. What he and Lena don't know, however, is that Mike is watching them the whole time. He can't take his eyes off his innocent girlfriend who, as it turns out, is not as inexperienced as she seems.

Come along with Mike as he watches his girlfriend in the experienced, dominant arms of a well–endowed black man. Mike already knows he can't compete. But will it matter to Lena? Will he lose her for good, or will they be able to come to some kind of arrangement that grants her the freedom she so obviously needs and desires?

Find out in this 14,000–word novellete that chronicles one woman's descent into submission while her boyfriend watches.

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