



BULL *Too Big*

HOTWIFE SIZE QUEEN

DEX O'DONALD



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Bull Too Big: Hotwife Size Queen

By Dex O'Donald

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Elsie saw the neighbor's son by accident.

Heavy rain had dampened what was shaping up to be a gorgeous spring, and Elsie worried that nightly thunderstorms might destroy her flowers. It had become habit to look out of her bedroom window five times a day to see if the tulips were still standing.

That's when she saw him. Noah.

He had always been a sweet boy, her neighbors Grace and Tom's son. Noah had left for college last fall and was home for spring break. Elsie didn't even know he was back until she looked out the window to check on the flowers and saw him relieving himself in the bushes.

Perhaps if it had not been so large, she could have averted her eyes. It's easy not to stare at the fender-bender on the side of the road, it is a whole other degree of difficulty to pull your eyes from the tanker explosion engulfing a highway.

"My dear God almighty," Elsie whispered, unaware of the drool on her lips. "It can't be."

The spring sun cascaded across the boy's skinny frame, accentuating his paleness. From the window of the upstairs bedroom Elsie could make him out quite clearly; the first hint of real muscle in his abdomen and biceps, the potential for a man's body someday. No hair save the bushy mess of black pubes just below his flat stomach. Not an unfortunate looking boy but not anyone's jock fantasy by any means.

Below his shirtless, burgeoning body was something else entirely.

Elsie had been around. She had seen what the modern man offered in many aspects monetarily, socially, physically. Over the years she had become what her best friend Tara referred to as a "size queen." That is, a girl who won't stand for anything less than...substantial. It was that very specific need that led Elsie to propose the idea of an open marriage to her husband, Stuart. He hated the idea, of course. But his disdain did nothing to alter the reality that she was unfilled, and unfulfilled by him specifically.

Noah, however, had something between his legs that she had never seen. Not in

all the care-free sex of her college days, or the exploratory days of her 20's, or the men she'd taken into her bed since making her husband a cuckold. What Noah used to piss with into those rose bushes was beyond substantial. It was cataclysmic.

And it was soft.

Elsie pushed a palm flat against her sex, under the skirt and over the panties. The feeling radiated into her stomach and made her knees weak, causing her to lean into the window frame of the second-floor bedroom.

"It's so big, Noah," she whispered.

Noah swung at the hips, drenching the bushes. He held it with two hands stacked on top of one another for control, his stream like a two liter of sweet tea pouring out. Even as she soaked her panties Elsie did a double take, shaking her head rapidly side to side, just to be sure it wasn't some oddly colored garden hose between his legs.

It was soft.

Grinding into her hand, Elsie pushed her face to the window, breathing heavy as she watched the boy shake it. Even though he double-palmed the beast, a whole section from the shaft to the head flapped and flopped, droplets of urine shimmering in the sun. The bushes he relieved himself in appeared battered by a thunderstorm, foliage soaked and dragging.

"Oh Noah...show me," she played with herself, "show it to me, baby."

Noah seemed to wind it in on itself as he tucked it back down into his jeans, no underwear to speak of. Elsie's eyes watched it disappear into the denim as he buttoned, and she admired his cute little butt as he walked away.

"Oh, Noah don't go, baby..." she came standing. Elsie watched Noah and his black mop of hair recede into his parents' backyard and out of sight.

She gathered herself and headed downstairs, sauntering in a summer skirt and flowery halter top. Her face was flushed enough that Stuart saw it from where he sat in the living room, eyebrows furrowing.

“You OK, El?” he asked.

“Hm? Oh, I’m fine,” she laughed, “just checking on the tulips.”

“That storm ruin them or they make it out, OK?” Stuart smiled, genuinely interested in the fate of his wife’s gardening endeavor.

“Um,” she paused, realizing she hadn’t bothered to actually look. “I’m actually headed out there now to give them some love.”

“That bad, huh?”

“Something like that, Stuart,” she shuffled past.

Stuart watched his wife’s plump ass amble away, and he considered himself a lucky man. A very lucky man. Not every husband on Sycamore St. had a wife that took such good care of herself. Not every wife on Sycamore St. had an ass that bobbed and bounced when she walked but was still firm to the touch. Elsie was that rare thirty-nine-year-old woman whose body said twenty-five, and whose mischievous face said thirty.

Stuart on the other hand, said forty all over.

She came to the garden and checked the tulips in earnest this time. They were utterly destroyed. How had she not noticed? You were occupied, deary. She certainly had been. But this was a mess. Drowned and destroyed at the roots, clumps of mud burying what were once lively, colorful petals.

The wind blew and Elsie caught a scent.

She turned to the fence that separated her and Stuart’s property from Grace and Tom. It ran in a straight line at chest height, dividing the two backyards. That fence needs to be replaced soon, she thought. The wooden boards were warped, and the space between each grew larger all the time. In the middle, Tom and Grace’s rose bush vines crept through cracks.

Elsie knew the smell. It was still fresh and hot in the afternoon sun, and the closer she got to the overgrown bush the stronger it became. She glanced around; to the window she had masturbated in earlier, to the empty backyard and quiet porch of her neighbors.

She inhaled sharply.

“Oh my...” she moaned, the sour taste prancing across her palette. Something in it made her vulnerable. Lustful. “I don’t care,” she giggled to no one, taking in the sharp smell of Noah’s piss.

Her fingers crept downward, sneaking beneath the waistband of her skirt. She glanced again at her home and the second-floor window, the backdoor and the side gate too. She brought the image of Noah urinating all over the rose bush to mind, trying to imagine what it sounded like. She whiffed the tainted summer air.

“Hi there, Mrs. Peters!” Noah called from over the fence.

Elsie’s head snapped up. She yanked her wonton hand from her panties.

“Oh jeez, sorry Mrs. Peters! Didn’t mean to scare you!” he apologized, walking across the yard.

“Noah! Why hello, how are you?” she sang, face turning magenta.

“Oh, I’m real good, glad to be home, yah know?” Noah had gotten much taller since the last time Elsie had seen him. It had been hard to tell from the window earlier, but as he leaned against the fence, she realized how much she had to look up at him. His features were still so boyish, his mop of hair, too. “You know Mrs. Peters I think I saw my dad using a pesticide on this rose bush earlier today, you might not wanna stand so close until it dries or something.”

“It’s OK, Noah,” Elsie replied, getting a hold of her frayed nerves, “I’m not so sensitive. I can stand by the bush if you can.”

“Oh...well, OK.”

Elsie leaned into the fence, her tanned breasts beaded with sweat, craning her head to meet the boy’s eyes. “How’s college life? Lots of pretty girls?”

“Ha-ha, oh well, jeez...yeah I guess so. But I don’t know. They aren’t so...”

“Your type?” she finished for him.

“Well...no, not exactly.”

“Not committed enough?”

“No, Mrs. Peters. Not that. They’re great and all it’s just that, well, things only ever get so far and then...that’s it. They don’t go any further. Know what I mean?”

“I think I do,” she said ironically. “How far do you get, Noah?”

Noah paused, unsure of how to proceed. He looked down at his shoes, catching a glimpse of Mrs. Peter’s cleavage on the way. Lifting his face back to the woman almost twice his age, he found some courage.

“Third base. Every time,” he said.

“Well,” Elsie coughed, taken aback by his forwardness, “surely they can’t all be homeruns, right? Besides, a little modesty from a girl is always- “

“It’s not that, Mrs. Peters. They want to go further. They always do.”

Elsie paused. She made the line of her vision blatant, sizing the boy up from head to toe, pausing just long enough over the mass in his jeans.

“Then what on earth is the problem, Noah?” she raised her eyebrows.

Noah looked around the yard, considering his words carefully.

“Want to see?”

Noah was no stranger to the wide-eyed stares and gasps of the girls who found their way into his bed. Upon seeing it for the first time, some of them clasped a hand over their mouth in shocked awe, for others the color drained from their face leaving only a pale fear. And every one of them, without fail, surrendered before the big showdown.

“It’s too fucking big,” Alisha said.

“Oh my God, Noah. I’ll jerk you till you cum, but I don’t think it’s going to fit!” Sarah gasped.

“No fucking way, man,” Katie shut him down.

“That is the biggest cock I’ve ever seen,” said yet another. “And no fucking way is it going inside.”

Noah never struggled getting them back to his dorm room and out of their clothes. He was good-looking enough, fit enough to meet lots of pretty girls who were interested to see if the rumors were true. Most of them thought the reports of a horse cock on the boy down the hall were over-exaggerated fairy-tales from “lesser experienced girls.”

Not that Noah minded the attention.

One night, a campus sorority got wind of Noah’s gift and sent a pledge to his

dorm room. Her name was Trisha, and everyone in her sorority agreed there was no better girl for the job; Trisha had been around and was a self-proclaimed slut. If anybody could verify this rumor once and for all, it was her.

“There’s no way it’s bigger than Dean’s dick, girl,” Trisha told her sisters as she applied mascara in the mirror, “that man made me feel things, know what I’m saying?”

“Well, I heard from Cassie Rangers it’s bigger than a wine bottle,” Clarice said, standing behind Trisha and teasing her hair.

“I heard he’s still a virgin,” said another girl.

“Oh bullshit!” Trisha laughed, adjusting her cleavage with a careful eye. “All bullshit I tell you! You wait and see. This little freshman boy is going to turn out to be just that...a boy. I’ll make him squirt his little load before he even gets my clothes off. You’ll see.”

Trisha arrived at Noah’s dorm room unannounced and gave three, diminutive knocks on the door. Noah answered shirtless, loose blue sweats. She sized the boy up for a full five seconds before either spoke. He was a bit skinny for her liking, a little too bird-chested. But his face was cute, and that black mop of messy hair was charming. There was something hanging to the left in his sweatpants.

“Hey there cutie, are you Noah?” she asked, walking past him and into the dorm room.

“And you are?” Noah followed her inside.

“I’m Trisha,” she said, twirling on two feet and facing the boy. “I’m pledging over at Delta Phi. Heard all about you, big boy.”

“What do you mean?” an uncertain frown spread across Noah’s face.

She came in close, hazel eyes blinking at him from below. Trisha’s perky college tits rubbed against his bare ribcage, she swayed left to right on the balls of her feet. Her hands came to the waistband of his sweatpants, fingertips sliding between skin and cotton. She tugged.

“Wah-wah-what are you doing?” Noah stumbled. Her cool fingers on his skin gave him the shakes. She smelled nice, too much perfume. He took a wobbly breathe, trying to calm his nerves.

“Just having a look is all,” she smirked, “maybe a little more if you’re lucky.”

Trisha inched the waistband down, the frazzled mess of Noah’s dark pubic hair just beginning to show over the top. “I-I-I- “he started.

“Shh,” she said, running her lips across his bare chest, “I won’t bite.” She kissed his little brown nipples, holding each in her mouth and brushing her tongue across the taut nubs. The response in Noah’s sweats was noticeable, like a small

earthquake on the Richter scale. Trisha glided down into a squatting position, face to face with the waking giant beneath the cotton pants.

“OH!” she screamed. Upon yanking the pants to his thighs, something monstrous and heavy had slapped her across the face.

“Sorry,” Noah apologized, “it does that sometimes when I get excited.”

Trisha said nothing. A serene stillness rested her face. Before her was the largest, most intimidating piece of man she had ever seen. She had fucked men from every walk of life; small, tall hung and huge. What swung in front of her now made all those dicks look like cheap tinker toys.

“It’s true,” she whispered, reaching a trembling hand out to touch it.

“What- what is,” he stammered.

She tried to palm the shaft, but her fingers didn’t make it halfway. Wrapping the other hand around the opposite side, she was unable get her thumbs to touch. As she tried squeezing to fill in that gap, she felt it pulsating, growing larger.

“Oh fuck, that feels good,” Noah breathed, his nerves easing.

“I can’t fucking believe this...” Trisha trailed off.

Double-palming the big white cock, she used her arms to stroke the length of it. Her dainty digits disappeared into the forest of his unkempt pubes, tickling her wrists, and scratching her palms. She realized that his bush alone would cover most other boy's entire package. But on him it was merely a shrub at the base of a skyscraper.

Lifting it high with both arms (the weight of it like the third rep of curls at the gym) revealed two massive balls in a giant, hairy sack. The scent of sweat hit her in the face. She marveled at them, like two pears in a satchel.

"I'm going to try and blow you," she whispered, bringing the monster cock to her eyeline. "But I'm not sure how."

Trisha ran her timid tongue along the massive ridge of his mushroom tip. She placed gentle kisses against the sensitive skin there, her puckered lips merely an island on the planet of his dick-head.

"Fuck, Noah it's...beautiful," she sighed.

She stretched her jaw to its limit and tried getting the head in. It filled her mouth quickly, pushing her cheeks out and pinning her tongue. There was no leverage to bob or fuck, the impossible dong easily reached the back of her gullet. Out of breath, Trisha dislodged it from her throat and licked it greedily as if it were the world's biggest lollipop. She tongued the underside of the shaft, tracing thick veins and drooling.

“Do you want to feel it?” Noah asked her.

“We can try,” she said, looking up at him with something like love in her eyes. “I don’t know if it will fit but we can try.”

Noah put the sorority girl on his dirty dorm bed. She hitched her skirt up and spread her legs, revealing no panties a hairless, pink cunt. He went to work with his mouth, frantic and unfocused, doing what he could to make the girl wet enough to receive him. Trisha kept two hands on his messy mop of hair and directed him as best she could.

“There...stay right there,” she said, focusing his mouth on her clit. “Mmhmm. You’re a fast learner. Like that. Kiss it.” Trisha’s eyes locked in fascination on the thing between his pale thighs. It extended from his body, ridiculously strong and full of coursing blood. The blue veins turned purple. She could see how greased the tip was, a long thick stream of pre running down the base.

“Do you have a condom?” she asked.

“They don’t fit,” he said between licks.

“I bet they don’t,” she laughed. “Get up here and kiss me, Noah. Put it inside me.”

Noah crawled to eye-level with Trisha, the leaking log between his legs running along her thighs and belly, streaking her with pre-seed. She shivered when she

felt the hot, gluey semen.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” she used both hands to spread her slit for him. “Slow. Please,” she begged.

Noah brought it up, his member casting all of Trisha’s pussy in shadow. He put the head at her soaked opening and applied pressure, leaning with his hips.

“Oh, oh, oh,” Trisha sucked wind.

It was wet and welcoming but as he entered, Trisha’s cunt became stubborn. He eased up and let it rest against the opening.

“Keep trying,” she urged.

Noah took a deep breath and went forward. The lips were tight, and they gripped around his sex like a vice. For one fleeting moment Noah believed this was it. At last, he would lose his virginity. The head of his cock slipped inside, like a freighter capsizing into the sea.

“OH FUCK! FUCK IT’S TOO BIG! WAIT! WAIT!” she cried.

Noah froze. Trisha's was frozen in elegant pain. He held himself there, cherishing the struggle on her face, the feel of warm pussy wrapped around his cock.

“UUGGHH! OW! OW! WAIT!”

“Should I take it out?” he asked panicked.

“NO! JUST WAAAITT!”

Trisha put two fingers to her love button and rubbed frantically. She hoped the stimulation might help her loosen up or lubricate, but something else happened entirely. The cute boy above her. The freak cock between her thighs. That awful wonderful pain spreading her. Trisha's legs jittered and her back arched.

“Oh...Oh...” she choked out. It ran through her body. Blackness over her eyes. And as she convulsed on the head of his prick, the feeling so sharp and real, her body betrayed her. Trisha lost control, cumming.

“Oh fuck...fuck,” she panted.

“Did you...did you...”

“Oh my God I’m so sorry,” she grimaced, “you have to pull out, it hurts.”

Snapping too, Noah sat back and removed what little of his cock he had inside her. His sheets were soaked through to the mattress, a puddle of urine the size of a bean bag spreading to the corners of his bed.

“Is that it?” he asked, surveying the shaking girl beneath him.

“Oh, Noah...Oh, baby. I’m sorry but I can’t...I can’t,” she tried to catch her breath, jolts of the shakes still rocking her body. “I just don’t think I can handle it. Let me help you another way baby...”

On her knees in a puddle of her own piss, Trisha used her mouth and hands to get him there.

“Oh fuck,” she said, trying to duck. Noah erupted warm, long cords of white cum across her exposed tits. The hot spray splashed on impact and separated into thick wads and drops that coated her entire chest. Awkwardly jerking it with both hands, Trisha had very little control of the monster. A wayward shot slapped her across the chin, high-flying gobs landed in her hair.

Noah stood above her grunting, coating the sorority girl.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” she shrieked, a wad blinding her on the fly. Eyes glued shut, she mined every drop.

Noah opened his eyes. Standing over her on his sullied mattress, he couldn't help but feel a strong sense of satisfaction, mixed with utter disappointment. Was that sex? Was it really? He didn't think it was. But the sight of Trisha kneeling there, plastered in his nut, eased the pain of confusion.

"Can you get me a towel?" she asked, picking at the nut covering her eyes. "Or a firehose?"

Noah, ever the gentleman, obliged.

"It's all true, girls," Trisha told her sorority sisters later that night, ten girls curled up in pajamas. "He is hung like a fucking mutant horse."

"Did you fuck him?"

"We tried. It was too big."

"No way!"

"What!"

"That is so hot!"

“I got him off because I’m nice like that,” she giggled, “but it was a lot of work. Too much work honestly.”

And as the semester drifted by, Noah found himself in the company of more and more women, each of them more frightened of his cock than the last. Once in a while Trisha would stop by, but she never let him put it in again. By the time Noah got to his parents’ house for spring break, he was convinced that he was going to remain a virgin for life.

But if there was one thing Noah’s first semester at college had given him, it was confidence. Even if he had never fully penetrated a woman, his sexual experience was certainly more than it had been. He knew what he possessed, and he knew the power it wielded. So, when he caught Mrs. Peters staring at him from her bedroom window...touching herself...he pretended not to see. And when she came to worship the ground his cock had desecrated, he decided that perhaps what he needed was an older woman.

“You’re too small, Stuart. It’s just...the way it is, I guess.”

When she finally came clean and told him the truth, Stuart was more than a little hurt. It was the kind of pain that was more akin to a wasp sting than an ant bite. The pain lingered, festered.

“And look, I love it when you go down on me, babe. I really do. But...I need more. I need to feel it. Do you understand that?” Elsie brought a glass of cabernet to her mouth and drank, giving Stuart a moment to reflect. In the dim light of their favorite Italian restaurant, Carmine’s, her dark red lips seemed to blend with the wine. “I love you too much to cheat, honey. You know that. That’s why I’m coming to you with this first.”

“What exactly are you saying?” Stuart knew exactly what she was saying.

“I’m saying it’s time to think about...alternatives. In the bedroom.”

“Yeah, but what does that mean?”

“Oh, for fucks sake, Stuart. I’m asking...I’m telling you...that I need to fuck other men. Bigger men. OK?”

And there it was. Out in the open. Loud enough that Stuart was sure the table next to theirs was laughing at him. “Do I even have a say in this?” he mumbled, snatching his glass of whiskey from the tabletop, downing it in a gulp.

“Don’t be so dramatic, Stu,” Elsie rolled her eyes, “you know as well as I do that it’s been a problem for a while now...at least since our wedding night.”

Stu looked into his empty glass, the reality of his situation dawning on him. “If I’m too small...then what is big enough? What’s big enough for you, Elsie?”

“There’s only one way to find out.”

Stuart adjusted to his new role quickly, even as its definition changed day to day. What Elsie called an “open marriage” changed to a one-sided version of polygamy, which in turn became something else entirely...soon she wasn’t having sex with him at all. It was handjobs and dirty words, nasty replays of the things she’d done with men the night before.

And slowly...Stuart came to like it.

“I sucked on his big fat ballsack, baby,” she panted in his ear, two fingers wrapped around his rigid, short cock. “He fed them to me one a time...they were so fucking big. Filled my little mouth. Oh fuck, baby. He was bigger soft than you are hard.”

And then he was shooting, uncontrollably, covering his belly in hot nut.

“Good boy...good little dick, cuck. Now, go clean yourself up.”

Every third Sunday of the month Elsie allowed Stuart to fuck her. Outside of that, it was handjobs and masturbation only, and only at Elsie's discretion. Part of the deal was he had to wear a condom, as only her bulls were allowed to feel her raw.

"Is it even in?" she asked him straight to his face, his body trembling above her.

"Yes...can't you feel it?"

"I can't feel your little dick, Stuart.

"Oh..." his hips swayed lazily.

"My bulls have stretched me out too much...filled me up too many times. I might never feel your little prick again, cuck."

"Ugh! Ugh!" he filled the latex condom.

"That didn't take very long now did it?"

"Fuck," he fell down on his back in bed, "it's so intense, El. So fucking... intense."

“I knew you’d come around eventually,” she kissed his cheek. “I’m going out to meet Cliff, I’ll text when I’m on my way home.”

“Send pictures?”

“Maybe...if you’re lucky,” she winked.

Stuart’s only regret, only nagging reservation about the entire arrangement, was that he was never allowed to watch. It seemed no amount of begging or compromise would sway his beautiful wife into allowing him that pleasure.

“I just don’t think you could handle it, baby,” she told him one morning, just back from spending the night with a particularly hung firefighter. “It’s one thing to hear about it. It’s something else to see the way they handle me.”

Stuart’s rejuvenated prick stretched at the lining of his underwear, a blood-thirsty rage at the off-handed way she mentioned her lovers. “So I’ll leave if I can’t handle it,” he told her in earnest. “It’ll be like I was never there.”

“No, Stuart. I know you. The first time one of them choked me in front of you, you’d either call the police or faint. I’m not going to have you scaring off one of my prized toys.”

“It just doesn’t seem fair, El,” he sighed.

“It’s not. That’s what you like about it, remember?”

So, on that hot spring day in April, when he glanced out the kitchen window and saw his lovely wife chatting with the neighbor boy, Noah, Stuart stopped what he was doing and stared at the two of them. Stu knew his wife well. Well enough to know this wasn’t just a friendly stop and chat. The flowery halter top she wore showed off her entire midriff and most of her tits, too. She kept shifting her weight from one leg to the other, drifting back and forth in the same spot, staring up at the neighbor boy who seemed to have grown six inches in the last six months. He couldn’t make out what she was saying, but he could hear the excitement in her voice. He watched the way her hands drifted when she spoke, lingering over her exposed chest.

“What are you up to, El?” he whispered.

4.

“Want to see?” Noah asked, hands itching his sweaty neck.

“Not here,” Elsie said, eyes darting around the yard. “Do you know the back gate by the garage door? The one you used to use to come in and walk the dogs?”

“Yeah, sure I do.”

“Meet me there in ten minutes, OK? And don’t let your parents see.”

Elsie rushed back across the lawn and hustled into the house. Stuart was at the kitchen sink washing dishes, oblivious as ever.

“Hey, honey,” she sang sweetly. “Whatcha’ up to?”

“Not much, El. Taking care of a few chores and thinking about having a nap.”

“I think that’s a great idea, Stu. You should go lie down for a bit. When you get up, I’ll fix us lunch. Sound good?”

“Sounds great, actually,” he smiled, hands covered in soapy suds.

“I’m just gonna go out for a little extra cardio. Maybe a jog around the block. I’ll

wake you in an hour.”

“Have a good workout, El.”

“I plan to,” she giggled. Five minutes later she was downstairs in her runner’s gear; a pink sports bra pushed to its limit by her luscious breasts, and a tiny black pair of running shorts that clung to her strong thighs and taut, lifted ass.

Stuart’s eyes never left her as she headed for the front door.

“I’ll be back soon, Stu. Go lie down for a while,” she called over her shoulder, closing the door behind her.

“Will do,” he smiled.

Elsie walked the long driveway to the street and paused there, running through some warmup stretches. She took a quick glance at the front windows of the house, trying to be absolutely sure that Stuart wasn’t watching. Upon no sign of movement from inside, she darted swiftly back across the front yard, disappearing around the side of the house.

The path was narrow here, between the chain-link fence of her neighbors and the north wall of her home. She ducked down so as not to be spotted by any of the windows in the guest room or bathrooms. She came out into the back yard but stayed along the fence until she reached the detached garage at the far end of the property, sneaking inside and praying she hadn’t been seen.

It was hot inside. Oppressive. The only light came dimly from dirty windows, casting a yellow glow on the dusty concrete floor. Amongst the lawnmower and leaf-blower and other assorted household appliances was Stuart's old worktable. It was a low wooden flattop, the perfect height for sanding and carving all those trinkets Stuart was so obsessed with. It hadn't been used in a long time, and a crinkled white sheet covered the smooth top of its surface.

At the far end of the garage was a door with four rectangular windows. Noah stood on the other side, hands in his pockets.

"Get in," she hurried him, cracking the door and shutting it behind him.

"Phew, it sure is warm in here," Noah said, wandering around the stifling garage. He was still shirtless, his thin frame streaked with sweat in the low light. His hands were shoved deep into the pockets of his denim jeans, his posture lanky and long.

"What did you want to show me, Noah?" Elsie said in a hushed, soft tone.

Noah looked her up and down. His gaze hesitated over her sensuous, full chest and again at her slick little tummy. "How old are you, Mrs. Peters?" he asked, making no attempt to hide his staring.

"I'm 39, Noah...how old are you?"

“I’m 19,” he said, now focused on that place between her thighs, underneath the tiny black runner’s shorts. “I’ll be 20 in December.”

“That’s a long way off,” Elsie sauntered forward, getting closer to the boy. “Looks like you’re just 19 for a bit longer, then.” Her fingertips came to his flat, sweat streaked abdomen. She ran them slowly over his belly-button and across his ribs.

“What are you doing, Mrs. Peters?”

“Have you been with an older woman yet, Noah?”

Noah bit his lip. Between the heat of the garage and his own nerves, the sweat poured from him in gallons.

“Tell me, Noah,” her fingers found his denim waistband, “tell me why the girls don’t let you get past third base.”

His hands clasped around her dainty wrists and squeezed, halting her fingers.

She looked up into his boyish, perspiring face.

“If I show you..., will you suck it?” he gulped.

“I think I can do more than that,” she licked her lips.

Noah let go of her, and a moment later she found the button of his jeans, sliding the brass circle through the buttonhole. With the same two fingers she used to jerk her husband off, she slid his zipper down slow and loud.

“You’re not wearing any underwear,” she giggled at the burly brown bush of pubic hair bursting through the zipper slider. Elsie dropped down into an athletic squatting position, weight distributed between both feet and her plump ass just inches from the concrete floor. Eye level with his sexy shag, she gripped his waist band with both hands and started inching it down.

The base of it appeared, wide and white and impossible.

“Oh my dear...” she said up close.

When her blues eyes shot upwards to meet his, Noah saw something in her face he’d never seen in a woman before. It was not fear. Instead it was an anxious lust, a brave ambition. And when her lips parted, pink wet tongue rolling, he felt a wave of heat. His cock began to shift restlessly beneath his pants, a blue vein bulging at the foundation of his dick.

“You’re so sexy, Mrs. Peters,” he panted, “keep going, please.”

She nodded her head, turning her full attention to unpacking him. One last tug and the jeans came down, crumpling at his knees. Standing bare-waisted in the dark garage, Noah's endowment hung in the still, cramped air.

"Oh, Noah," Elsie's eyes went wide.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

Half-alive and swinging, Noah's big white cock came down to the bottom of his thighs. The head was bulbous and red, just outside the proportion of the rest of it, somehow thicker than the shaft. Three fat, blue veins snaked along the top, from the base to the middle to the side.

"I don't just like it, Noah," she said, gripping it in both hands, "I want it. Inside me."

As she raised the hanging limb, Elsie failed to notice the shadow that passed over the light shining into the garage. Noah, so engulfed in the middle-aged woman on her knees in front of him, didn't detect Mr. Peter's peeking through the dirty garage window.

"It's so heavy," she sighed, watching the sticky ballsack release itself from the underside of the shaft. It took both arms to keep it up, and as blood rushed into the outer extremities of his sex, it became more burdensome. Elsie began to stroke, the pipe already slick with sweat. She stuck her tongue out, running it flat around the circumference of his head.

“Oh, Mrs. Peters...fuck. That’s good...”

Jaw stretched to its limit she took him into the front of her palette.

“Oh, fuck. I’ve never...I’ve never...”

She choked herself on it, cramming it back.

“No one’s ever taken so much...” the boy groaned.

Elsie held it there, mouth full. Lines of drool ran between her lips and trickled down the long, behemoth cock. With no where else for it to go, she jabbed her head back and forth, a wrenching gag following each smack to the back of her throat.

“UHRET! UHRET!” she heaved.

“Oh my fucking God,” Noah said in disbelief.

“UHRET! UHRET!” she wretched.

Outside, Stuart trembled in the windowpane.

Elsie's small hands found his fat ballsack and wrapped both of them up separately into her dainty palms. As she fucked her throat with his meat, she squeezed and pulled on his nuts in time with her plunges. The boy was leaking an absurd amount of pre-cum down her throat, coating her mouth in the salty man-taste. As she got sloppier, the mess and drool lubricated her throat, allowing her to get another inch of the giant cock deeper into her gullet.

"Oh fuck, Mrs. Peters. If you keep sucking me like that..."

"Don't cum yet," she commanded, emerging from his slick meat. Spit ran down her chin and long strands of drool balanced between her face and his tip. Noah sucked air, trying to restrain himself. He'd never seen anything so hot, so erotic in his young life as the way she was staring up at him, covered in her own mess.

"I'll try," he shook.

Elsie stood up, wrapping her arms around the lanky boy's neck. On tip-toes she brought her lips to his, kissing him gently. Clumsy though his tongue was, she felt him hard against her stomach as he explored her mouth and tasted himself there. Her love traveled across his neck, pecking, and licking him. Then across his chest and to his small, brown nipples. She took each in her mouth, biting and flicking. She felt the boy shudder against her, and she could feel how close he was to the edge.

"Follow me," she said.

Elsie walked to where the old worktable stood, forgotten, and covered in a dirty white sheet. She planted her firm ass on top, legs hanging over the side. She beckoned him forward with a hand, spreading her legs. Noah got close enough for her to reach him, and Elsie grabbed hold of the boy by his protruding penis and yanked him closer.

“Take my clothes off, Noah,” she said.

Noah’s shaking hands grabbed the pink sports bra and tore at it with youthful urgency. Elsie raised her hands high, and he snaked the soaked garment up and off. Her milky, vast tits spilled out and hung on her chest, nipples two erect marbles on wide areolas. Enraptured, Noah dove in with hands and mouth, losing himself between the ocean of her breasts.

“That’s it, Noah. Suck my titties. Suck my titties like a good boy. That’s it. That’s right. Oh, Noah. Oh Fuck. Be a good boy for me...”

Noah ravished her chest, biting and sucking and licking. Elsie felt his hot pre greasing her belly, poking her hard in the abdomen as he leaned into her. She held tight to his shoulders, holding him into her luscious tits.

“Take my shorts off, Noah. I want your giant cock inside me...now, Noah. Now!”

His hands ripped at her tiny shorts, yanking them cruelly from her body. As he became more worked up, his handling of her became rougher. He wrapped a boyish hand around her thin neck, bringing his long fingers to the pink folds of her cunt.

“Like that, Noah,” she stared into his eyes, “handle me like a little slut. You know you want to...do it...treat me like a little slut.”

His fingers plunged inside of her, wetter than anything he’d experienced. His middle and ring worked together, finger-fucking her to the third knuckle and back out again. Noah clenched her neck harder the faster he fucked, and Elsie’s mouth opened wide.

The boy hesitated.

“Fucking do it, Noah,” she said, mouth still open.

The boy puckered his lips and spit directly into the back of her throat.

“Swallow it, Mrs. Peters,” he snapped.

“Mmmm.”

Through the greasy window, Stuart watched the next-door neighbor’s boy desecrate his wife on the work table he’d built with his own hands. Stuart found his stiff dick and started stroking, his heart racing through his chest.

“Are you ready, Noah? Are you ready to fill me with your big fat cock, baby?”

“I’m not sure it’ll fit,” his fingers ravaged her.

“Then make it fit.”

The boy shoved her, and she landed on her back, tits heaving across her chest. Elsie spread her legs wide, a hand darting to her clit and rubbing in quick semi-circles. She watched Noah step closer, swinging 12 inches of pure cock in his hand. The table was at such a height he didn’t need to adjust to find her entrance, he simply stepped forward and began knocking on her gate.

“Oh fuck, Noah,” she gazed down it, the giant white club smacking against her soaked cunt. “Oh my fucking God, it’s so big.”

“It’s not gonna fit,” he panted, sweat pouring down his face.

“Like hell it won’t,” she sat up slightly, grabbing the bow of his vessel and jerking him forward. She used two hands to spread herself wide, revealing the cotton candy pink folds of her succulent cunt.

“Hold still,” he said instinctively, so used to the reaction of the other girls. He placed the bellied head of the python against her walls, and using the weight of his body, began to apply pressure.

“Harder,” she coughed, shocked at the mass demanding entrance below.

“It doesn’t fit,” Noah spat, irritated.

“Harder, Goddamnit! Fucking force it in there, Noah!”

“I’m trying! Ugh!”

“AH! YES!”

“UGH!”

“YEEESSS!”

The tip was in, disappearing inside her cunt like a magic trick. Elsie could feel him there, spreading her wide like no man had done before. All those bulls, all those late nights with multiple men, and yet none of them had prepared her for this. Would she feel any of them after today?

“It’s so fucking wet,” he cried, slouching over her, sweat beading down onto her tight body.

“Keep pushing,” she grunted through gritted teeth, trying to relax on him but a

shudder in her legs working through her body.

Noah pinned her to the tabletop by placing his palm flat against her forehead. With his free hand he gripped his bloated manhood and, coupled with his body weight, tried forcing more down.

As Elsie opened her mouth, screaming with all the wind in her soul, Noah felt it slide further.

“AHHHHH!” it started low and broke on a crack, turning to a high, agonized scream.

“Fuck,” Noah groaned, disbelief as he realized that he was penetrating a woman for the first time.

“AAAAUUUHHH!” Elsie’s garbled squeals fluctuated between moans and wails, her legs a jittery, quivering mess.

Noah watched the woman below him, old enough to be his mother, struggling. Her body writhed and her neck arched, breathless yelps that sounded like choked whispers.

“Should I pull out?” he asked, expecting the worse.

“Don’t...you...fucking...dare...” she managed between breathes. “Keep...fucking...me...fuck me, Noah...Fuck me! Fuck me!”

“UGH!”

Noah jammed deeper, impaling the married woman on half of it. The cream of her cunt glistened on the giant blue veins of his cock, and for the first time in his life Noah pulled his cock back...and pushed forward again.

“FUCK!”

“UGH!”

“OH NOAH!”

“UGH!”

“OHHHH!”

He was grinding, pumping in and out of her with as much speed as her pussy allowed. He feared if he removed too much of it, her body would simply reject him. So, Noah made sure to fuck her with the length he had in so far. It slid with friction, grinding against the walls of her sex.

“Oh oh oh oh” Elsie’s pleasure turned to tortured, quick pants.

“It’s so fucking good...I’m gonna cum...”

“Don’t cum yet, baby. Not yet.”

“Fuck I’m so close I can’t hold it...”

“Keep going, keep going,” she trailed off.

Outside, Stuart let go in his pants, drenching his underwear in semen. It rocked his body, nearly sending him to the ground with locked knees.

“Deeper,” she whined.

“I’m trying...”

“Fuck me, Noah. Fuck me hard!”

“I’m trying!”

Noah's eyes pinched shut, perspiration cascading down his body. Lying on top of her he gave it all he had, sinking ever deeper inside. Inch by inch he came down, his lips against her forehead and kissing, holding on for dear life.

He felt her cunt squeeze it, hugging his hammer from the inside.

"I'm gonna cum!"

"That's good baby, cum for me...cum for me..."

"Inside you?"

"Yes, Noah. Oh fuck...it hurts...fuck it hurts...empty inside me, baby. Fill me up!"

"UGH!"

Noah stood suddenly, gripping the base of cock. He stopped fucking her, letting the 10 inches inside marinate. He began jerking the lower shaft not submerged in her folds.

"Fill me up!"

“Oh God I’m fucking cumming, I’m fucking cumming!”

She felt him unload, every drop. Hot, demanding spurts of nut shooting off inside. Elsie lost control, the most intense orgasm of her life rocking her body and blinding her.

“UGH! FUCK!”

Elsie screamed, spurt after spurt smashing into her cervix, soaking her insides with virile, young cum. Suddenly he was at her mouth, kissing, frantic tongue, and soft lips. She gave it back to him, her vision stars and blackness. She was faintly aware of her ass and legs shaking, but all that existed in that moment was that fullness inside her.

“I want to see it, baby,” she nibbled at his ear. “Show me.”

Noah stood, still lodged deep inside. Elsie came up on her elbows, staring down at the miracle between her legs. The boy grabbed hold of it and, methodically, slid himself out.

“Oh fuck,” she whined.

The moment the head popped out a massive white river of nut poured from her smashed lips. Thick and dripping it ran straight into the crack of her ass and

pooled on the white sheet, staining it permanently. The two of them watched as it continued to dump in droves, her twat a mess of sweat and Noah nut.

Elsie fell back on the tabletop, body pins and needles.

“You’re one special lady,’ Noah smiled, “you took my V card.”

Kelsie erupted into a fit of giggles, “funny, I was thinking you did the same thing to me.”

“Took your V card?” he asked confused.

“It sure felt like it, Noah.”

The boy shrugged, hitching his denim jeans to his waist, tucking the monster down his leg. “You’re not gonna tell your husband are you, Mrs. Peters? I mean...I don’t want to be a bad guy or anything. I just sort of lost myself there for a minute.”

“Oh, Noah. Don’t you worry. I’m sure he would love to hear all about it.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously...now, Noah. Let yourself out the way you came and don't you dare let anyone spot you.”

“Will I see you again?” he asked furtively. “Before I leave again, I mean. For school.”

“You can come see me anytime you like, Noah,” her fingers at her ruined cunt, toying with the cum that sat warm and coating.

“Really?”

“Really.”

Noah walked to the backdoor of the garage and let himself out. Mrs. Peters lay on her back, hand dancing around the mess the boy had made. He was gone all of ten seconds before Elsie turned her head, staring directly at her husband's face beyond the sullied windowpane. “You can come in now, cuckoo,” she giggled.

“How'd you know?” Stuart asked shyly, entering the garage and averting eye contact.

“Oh Stuart, you just couldn't help yourself, could you?”

“I guess not,” he approached her naked body. She looked exhausted and used up.

Covered in sweat with a puddle of juice below her ass.

“Do me a favor, honey. Clean me up?”

“The towels are in the bathroom,” he turned to go fetch them.

“No towels,” she sighed. “Just you. Get down there, Stuart. Now.”

“What? No, El. I don’t know if I can...”

“I don’t remember asking, cuck. Get down there and clean me.”

Stuart stared at the load covering his wife’s cunt.

“Now, Goddamnit.”

Stuart got down between his wife’s legs. It was hot on his trembling lips.

Dear Reader,

If you would like to see what happens next in this naughty tale, please take a moment to leave a review! It means a lot so thank you!

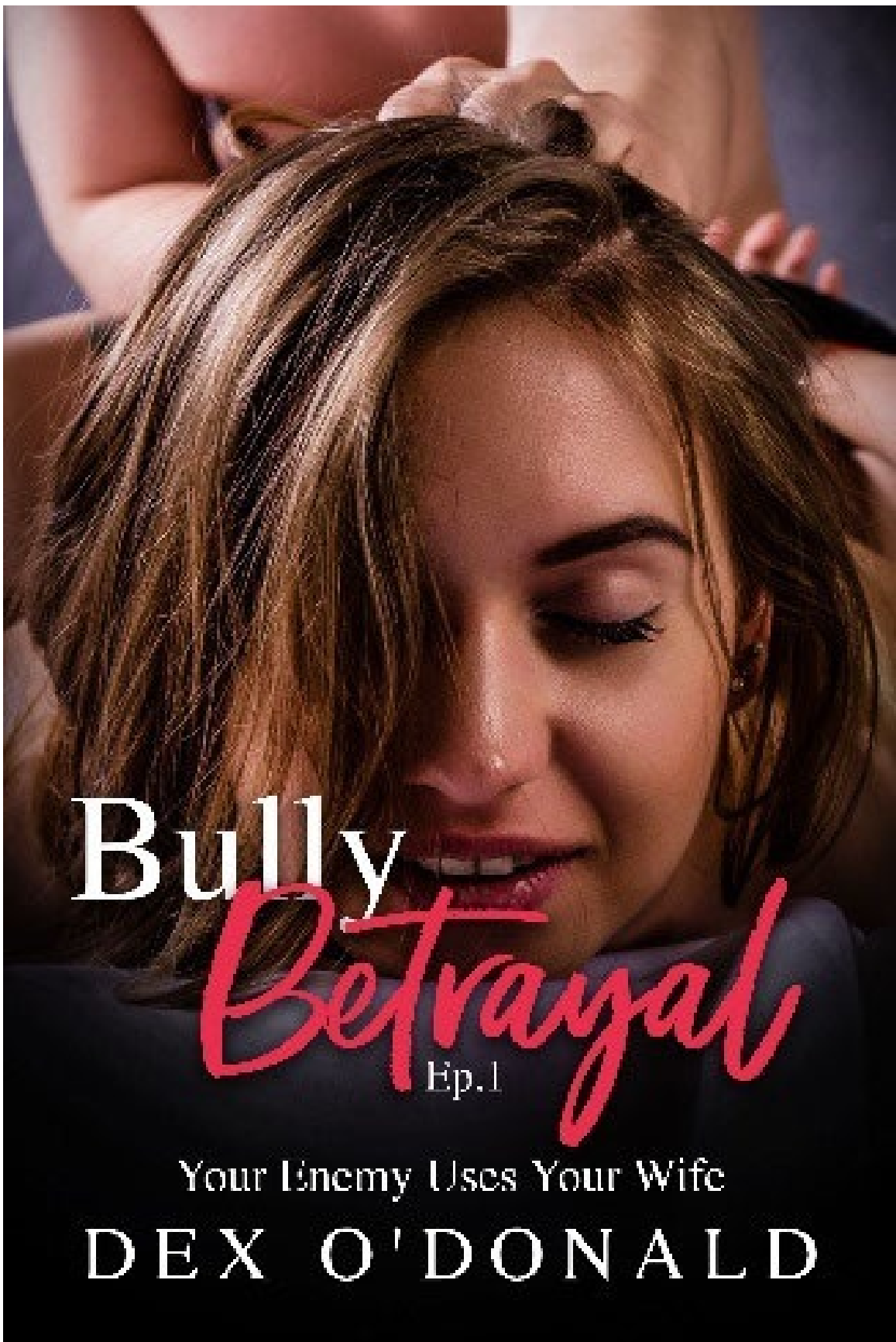
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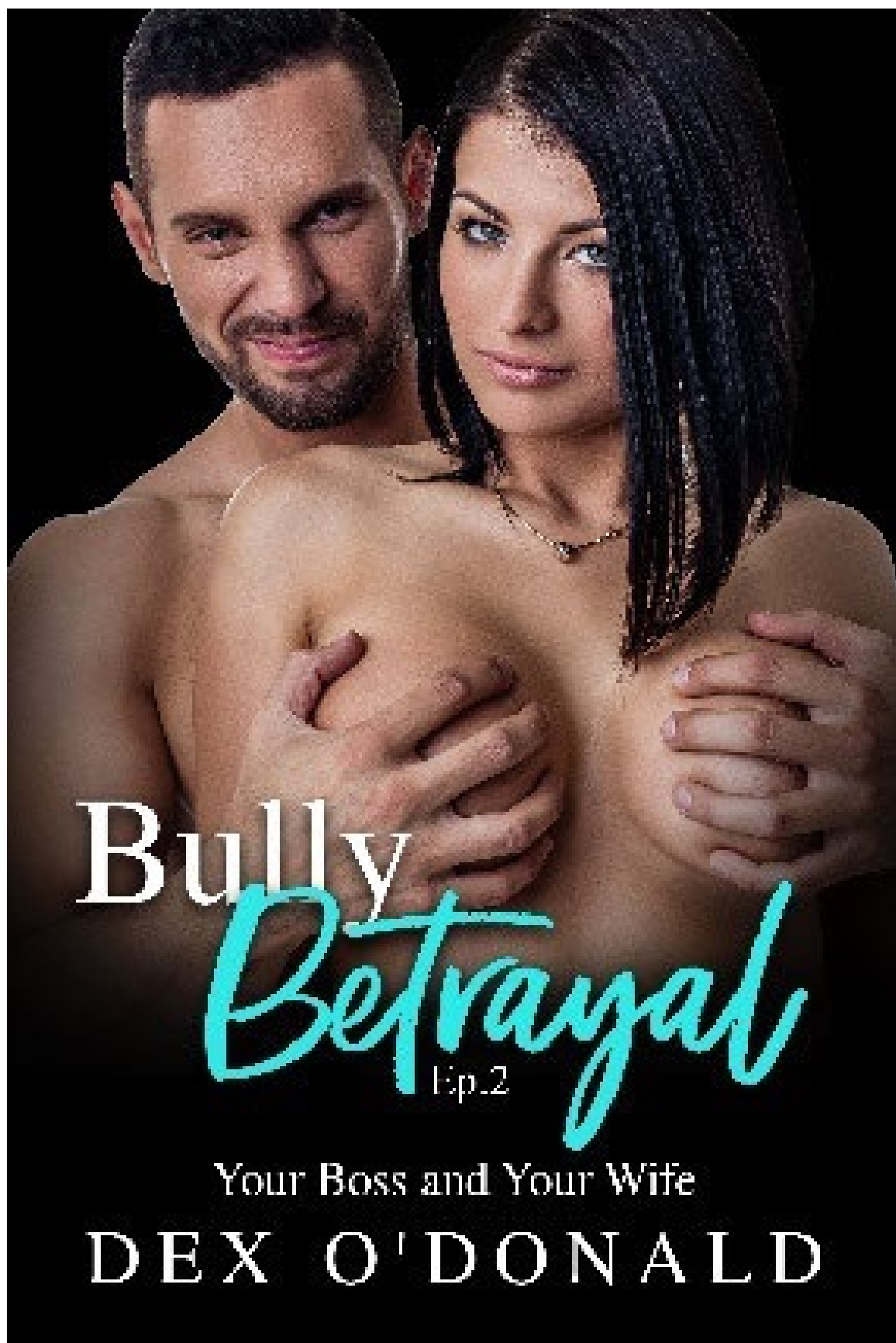
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Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



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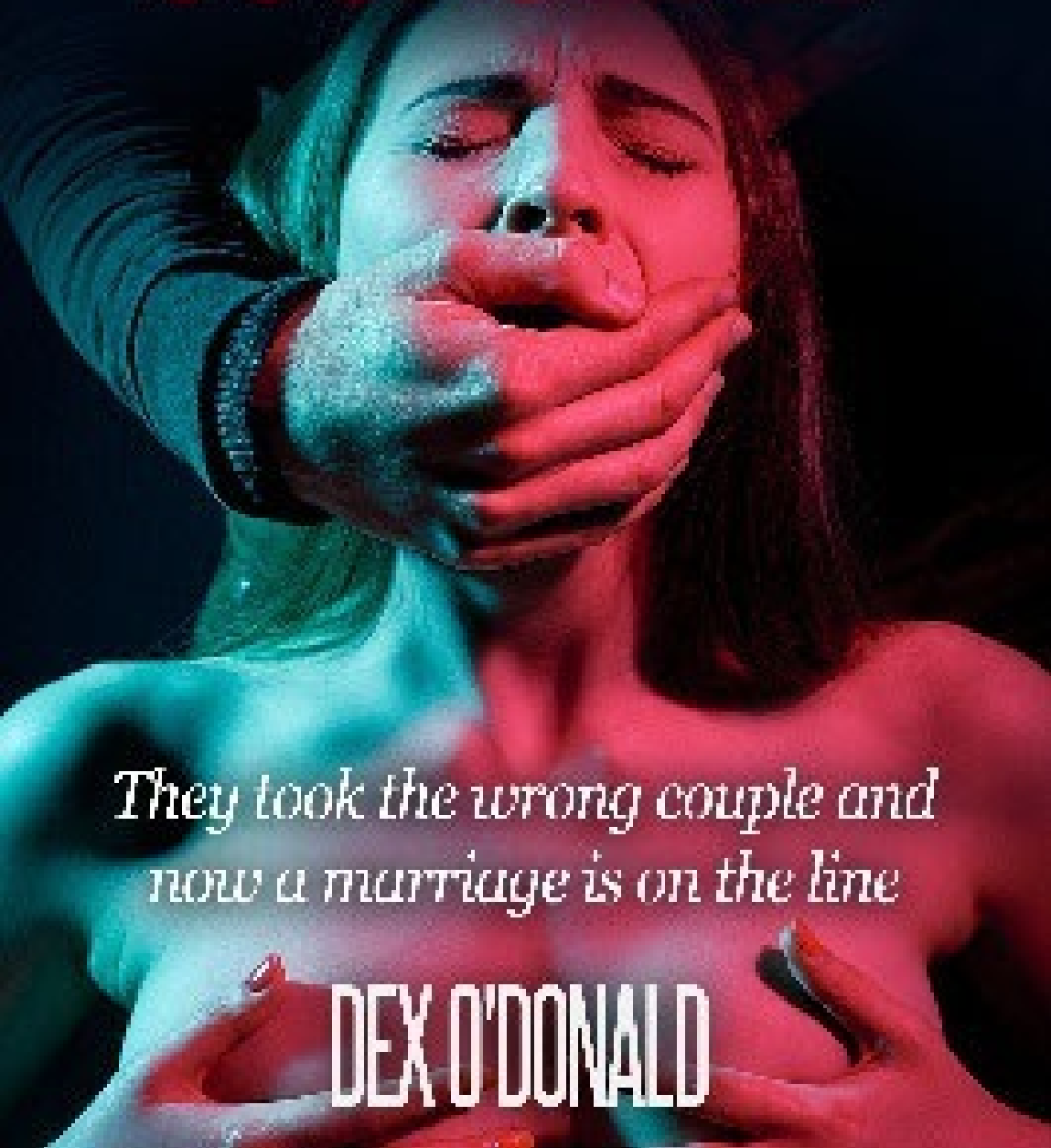
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Your Boss and Your Wife

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Kidnapped and Cuckolded

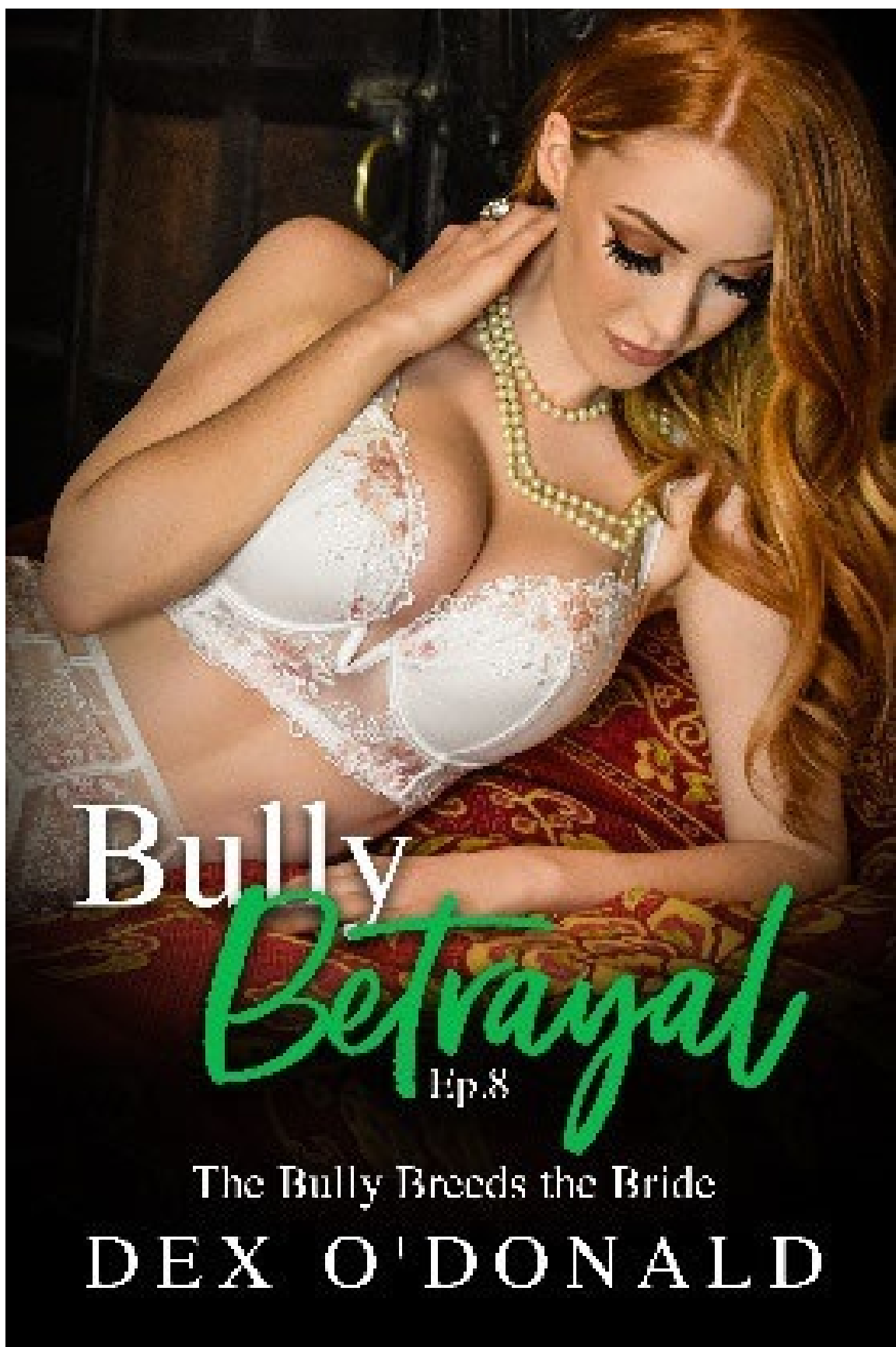
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is covered by a hand wearing a black wristband. The scene is lit with dramatic red and blue light, creating a somber and intense atmosphere.

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

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



Bully

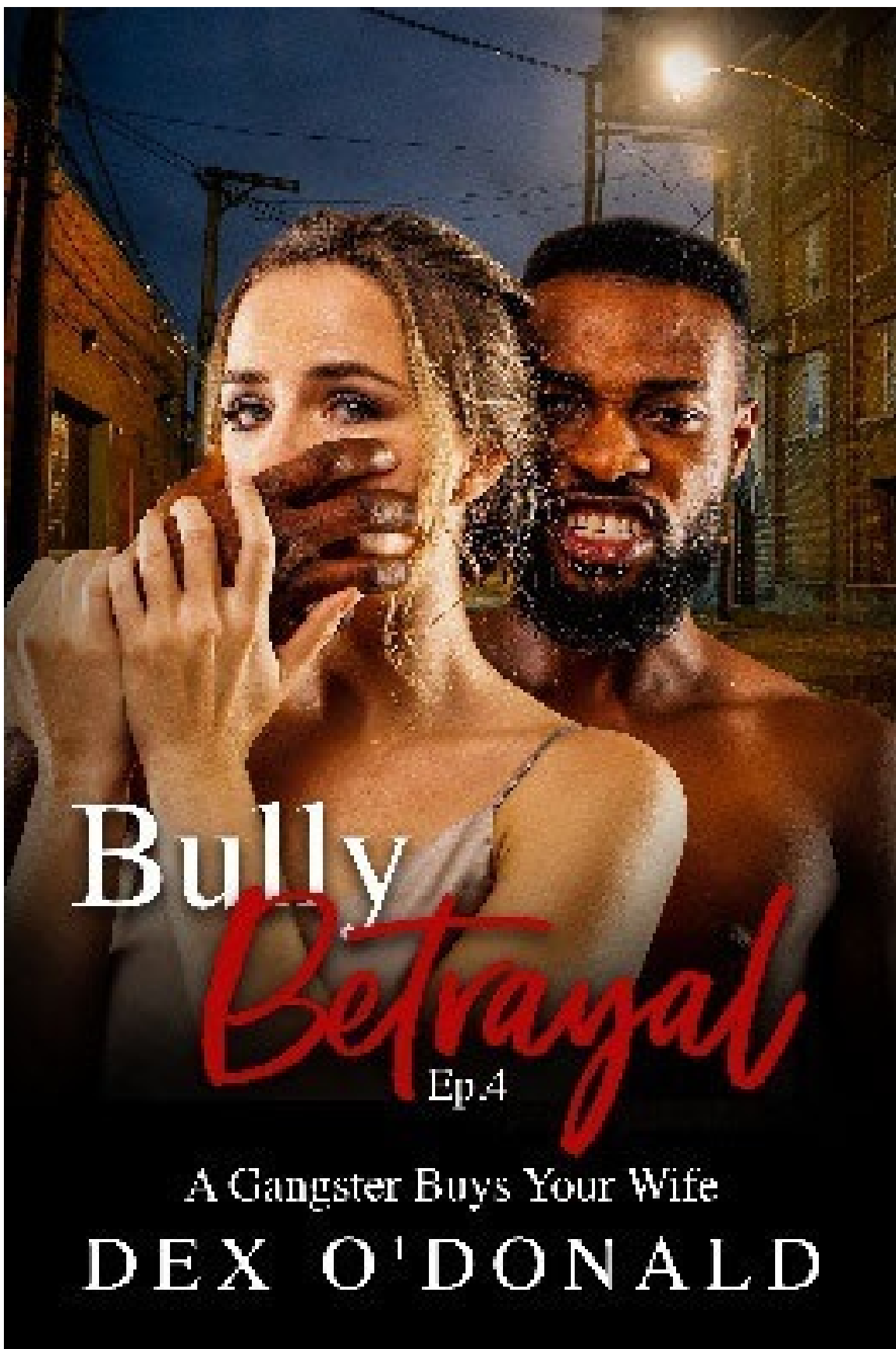
Betrayal

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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