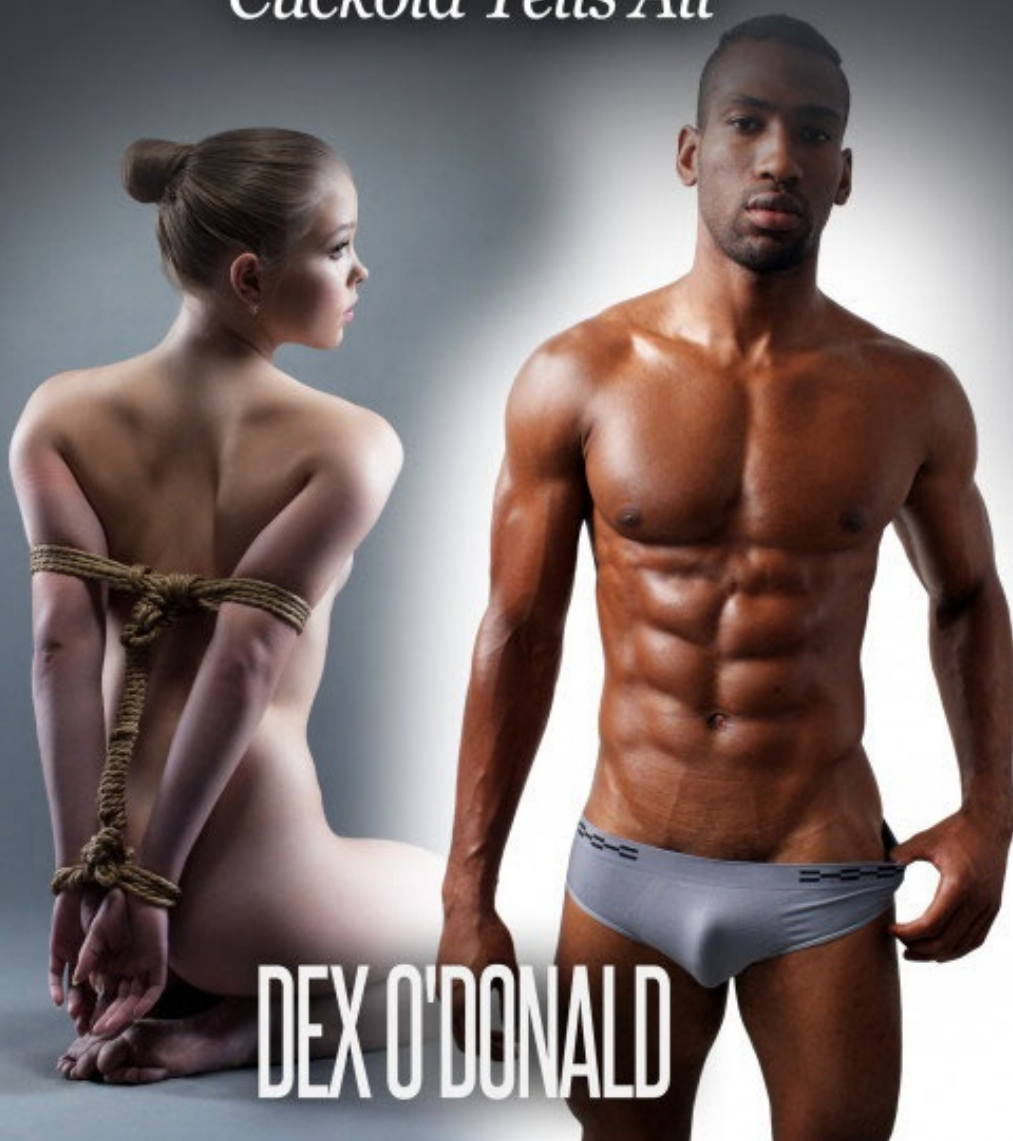


THE BULLY BREEDS MY WIFE

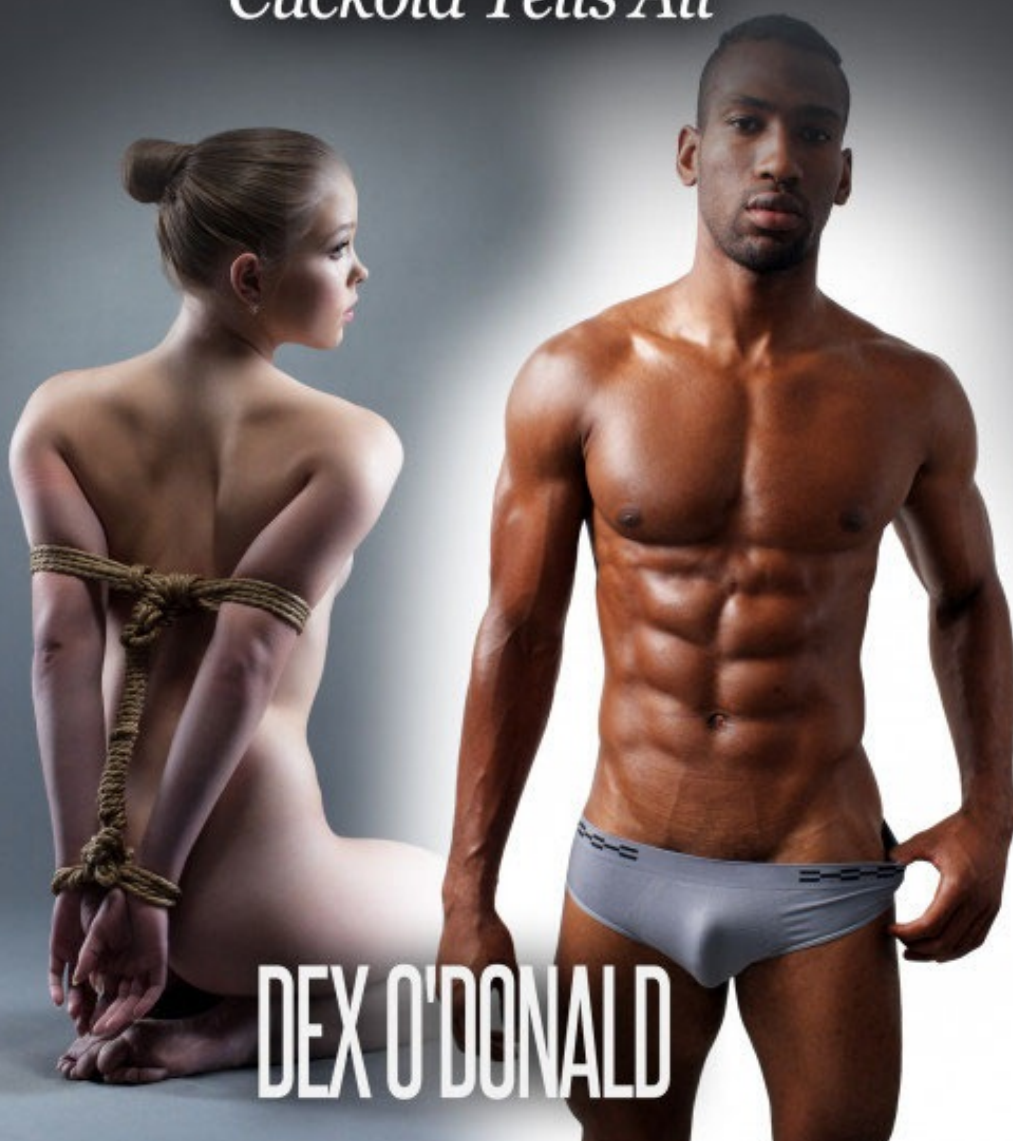
Cuckold Tells All



DEX O'DONALD

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The Bully Breeds My Wife

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

I hadn't seen him in close to five years when I returned to my hometown, new wife in tow. When I was in high-school his official title was Mr. Dalton but everybody called him Cujo. He liked going by "Cujo." He'd gotten the nickname from being a merciless, unforgiving prick of a gym teacher every single class period he ever taught.

The day I graduated from high-school my first thought wasn't excitement for college, or to be moving, or to have graduated in the top 1 percent of my class. My first thought was thank God I never have to see that asshole Cujo ever again. Cujo was hard on everybody, but especially the unfit, non-athletic girlfriend-less nerds.

I was one of those nerds.

"Goddamnit Puny!" Cujo yelled up to me as I dangled from the rope swing. My last name is actually Plooney, but he loved changing it to "Puny" to pile on the humiliation.

"Get your scrawny ass up that Goddamned rope!" Cujo had his hands on his hips in perfect posture. His black t-shirt was too small for his raging pectorals and abdominal muscles, and I'm pretty sure he liked it that way. Cujo was a couple inches north of six feet and he was in perfect physical condition, not an ounce of body fat on the man.

I dangled a few feet from the ground, unable to pull myself any higher. My little arm muscles convulsed and I let go. I hit the protective mat with a THUD and laughter erupted all around me. Cujo had called everyone over to watch me, all thirty students in the class. Half of them were girls, most cheerleaders.

They all laughed together. The jocks, the popular girls, all of them.

And Cujo stood in the middle of it all, towering over me. His smile was stretched from ear to ear, hands on his hips.

“Let this be a lesson, class.” Cujo spat out. “Lack of physical activity may result in...being a giant pussy!”

The entire class roared with laughter as I stumbled to my feet, red-faced and mortified.

“Alright! Shower up and get ready for your next period!” Cujo shouted.

The rest of the students dispersed and it was just me and Cujo standing in the middle of the gymnasium. He walked up to me so his boulder of a chest bumped into my scrawny bird body.

“You have a girlfriend, Puny?” Cujo asked, quietly.

“No, sir.” I answered, anger boiling up in the pit of my stomach.

“Didn’t think so.” He turned and spit onto the gym floor. “I’m thirty-one, Puny.

Thirty-one and in the best shape of my life. I get pussy when and how I want it. All the time. Do you understand what I'm saying, Puny?"

He raised his eyebrows at me. I was too ashamed to answer.

"No. Of course you don't. I'm sure you're still a virgin." Cujo put a rough hand on my shoulder and squeezed. I grimaced.

"If you keep carrying on like a pussy, you're going to stay a virgin. And every girl you ever set eyes on will want to be with another man. A real man. You understand, boy?"

"Yes, sir." I answered.

"Good. Now do some goddamn pushups and start acting like a man." Cujo chuckled. "Go shower up."

Cujo was far from being done with me that day.

Lexi and I met my junior year in college, long after my last memory of Cujo had started to fade into obscurity. It had been three years after all, and the bullying I had received on a constant basis in high-school had all but ceased at the university.

Lexi was way out of my league and I knew it before we ever went on a date. She was in my Nutrition class and it was the only class I ever got less than an A in, simply because I spent most of the period staring at her. Perfect smile and teeth. Long auburn hair that flowed over a perfectly arched back. She was fit and had the thighs to prove it.

She was and is a work of art. Something created by God. For all her incredible physical gifts, and there are many, there was one that stood out like a diamond among pearls.

It wasn't her milky, large tits that always hung over the top of her shirts. Those were incredible of course, and became the source of many pre-mature ejaculations for yours truly. It wasn't her plump lips that could make me lose control long before they even found their way to my incredibly average penis.

And it wasn't her long, slightly muscled legs that I traced with my eyes over and over again, long before I ever found the courage to speak to her.

It was her ass. There's no other way to say it. It was. It is. Perfect.

It was the way those long legs led into it. The way her shaped hips had to widen out to accommodate it. Her jeans seemed like they had to be specially made just

to fit her perfect bubble cheeks in.

Her ass was big, that's for sure. But not big like she made a habit of eating junk food. Big because she worked on it, and big because it was a gift from God himself.

Even after we had been dating for months it was hard to miss how many looks we got whenever we went out. Men were constantly checking her out, checking her ass out. Anytime we would walk by a group of men you could all but feel their gaze behind your back; staring and snickering about her perfect butt.

You couldn't miss it. It was almost out of proportion to the rest of her body.

And at night, when we would get into bed, it was all mine. I got to squeeze it and spank it (lightly). I got to kiss the cheeks and feel on it when we made love. And every time, without fail, I would come far too soon.

Her ass was just too much for me to handle. I didn't even know where to begin or how to hold out on letting go.

Lexi was very good about hiding her disappointment in the bedroom. After all, I was on my way to a high paying job, and if my cock wasn't working for her, my soon-to-be salary would. And I would tell myself there's more to love than sex and money. We connect on a different level, and those two things are just secondary.

I was wrong on both accounts. And it wasn't until after we married that I started to learn that not getting it done in the sheets, meant everything.

Cujo was never satisfied with humiliating me during class. That was more of a warm-up round for him. He didn't really get going until after class had ended, or more specifically, when the after-gym showers were in progress.

Our school had been built a long time ago and since it was an old building, that meant the pipes and the showers were old too. No dividers. Just shower heads sticking out from the wall for all the guys to use after practice or after gym. Even worse, the towel rack was just outside of the actual shower room. So whenever you finished (and not showering was definitely not an option) you had to take the naked walk of shame across the room.

The same day of the rope swing incident I was in the shower, in my usual corner doing my best to hide. Of course my entire gym class was mostly the jocks; football team, basketball team type of guys. I was never sure, but sometimes I wondered if Cujo had intentionally requested my gym hour, so as to have more leverage when shaming me.

The basketball jocks were a few feet away from, laughing and kidding with each other. Their leader was a kid named Darnell, tall and black and athletic. It was hard to miss his giant ebony rod, even flaccid, in the shower.

He was also Cujo's favorite.

"Hey Darnell!" I heard Cujo's voice come from behind me. I turned and saw him waiting at the shower entrance, fully clothed and a smile on his face.

"Yeah Cujo?" Darnell boomed, his low utter bouncing off the tiled walls. All the

guys were starting to look around now.

“You ever seen such a pussy can’t even make it up the rope swing?” Cujo asked.

The shower was alight with giggles and laughter now, the other guys looking in my direction. I felt completely vulnerable; naked and keeping my back to them.

“Nah, Cujo. Never. That’s a soft ass white boy!” Darnell joked. Everyone guffawed, Cujo’s bright smile visible even through all the steam.

“Hey Puny. The office called, they need to see you. Dry off and get dressed.” Cujo barked.

They were all staring at me. I glanced in Darnell’s direction and he made no effort to cover up his low hanging, black snake.

For a second I thought about arguing, but I knew that would just make this worse. Cujo wanted me to walk across the shower, naked, in front of everyone. He had never pulled something so evil before, but I guess I should have expected it.

“Um...Ok.” I said.

I turned my body away from the wall and took the first step across the steam

filled shower.

Laughter erupted. They pointed. They all pointed.

“Goddamn Puny!” Darnell yelled over the roar. “What do you even call that thing?”

I looked down at my small white dick, the laughter of fifteen mostly black 18 year olds ringing in my ears and off the walls.

My pathetic dick shriveled.

“No wonder you can’t make it up the rope, Puny.” Cujo added. “You’re more like a woman, ha! A bitch! More like a bitch than you are a man.”

I walked quickly across the shower, rushing to end the public shaming that Cujo was raining down on me.

Darnell took two big steps and blocked my way. His massive, naked and dark body towering over me. His undeniably large cock swinging back and forth.

“Where you going, Puny?” He asked.

“I’ve...I’ve...” I was too mortified to speak.

“Get your little dick having ass out the men’s shower, Puny.” I heard Cujo say from behind him.

I sidestepped Darnell and ran past Cujo.

Their laughter followed me down the hall as I ran.

Lexi always knew when to be honest with me. She knew I preferred her to be up front rather than keep something from me. That being said, I shouldn't have been as shocked as I was when she first brought up our issues in the bedroom.

“What do you mean?” I asked, unbelieving.

“I love you, Derrick.” Lexi said. She was in a green dress that fit tight against her curved figure, her bubble ass ever sticking out. Her blonde hair was back in a perfect bun, green eyes shining at and through me. “And I love your personality, and I love what we have and what you give me...emotionally.”

“But?” I asked, scared.

“But past emotional satisfaction...you aren't satisfying me in other ways. Sexually, Derrick.”

“I mean, I know I haven't been an Adonis in bed, Lexi. I know that. But, I can try harder. I can keep working at it. I could start going to the gym.”

She rolled her eyes at me.

“Let's be honest, Derrick. That's not you. And I love you for who you are. And for what you aren't. Not everyone is as smart as you Derrick...and you aren't as, endowed, as others. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

Faintly I heard the laughter from that day in the showers. I felt my face turn red from the memory of it.

“Don’t get upset, honey.” Lexi continued. “We can work through this. Together. I don’t want there to be any secrets.”

“Well what exactly do you have in mind?” I asked it, terrified of the answer.

“Other men.”

It was two simple words. Two simple words that crushed my world. She said it without hesitation, without so much as a blink. OTHER MEN.

She wanted to fuck other men.

But not behind my back.

“I’m not asking!” She screamed at me after hours of arguing. Hours of my indignation and disgust at the mere mention of it. “I’m not asking, and I’m not sneaking around. I’m doing it. And you’re going to be there and you’re going to watch, Derrick.”

“You’re crazy, Lexi. You’re really fucking crazy if you think that’s what is going to happen.”

“It is going to happen, Derrick. Or in a few months, when I’ve had enough of your premature ejaculation, and enough of your hump and dumps, I’ll leave you. Do you understand? I’ll fucking leave! Because I can’t keep going to bed every night unsatisfied!”

She stormed from the room. I swallowed the lump in my throat.

Three days later. Three days of the silent treatment and her teasing me with every sexy outfit imaginable, I gave in.

I knew she was telling me the truth. It was one of her great strengths. She could tell me the hard stuff, no matter what it was. And I knew that if I didn’t give her what she wanted, I might never see her again.

“This will be amazing for both of us, honey.” She said, kissing me. “You’ll see.”

Rule Number 1: It couldn’t be anyone that we knew.

The first man she brought home was from a bar she went to Downtown. His name was Byron and he was built like a wrestler. A medium height, but ripped and muscled like something out of a fitness magazine. When I first saw him I thought he was going to bust out of the blue collared shirt he was wearing.

Byron was a perfect candidate because he was everything I wasn't: strong, muscled, great in bed, hung. The list goes on.

And best of all, he didn't break my rule. He was a stranger, and neither of us had ever met him before.

Byron broke my cuckold cherry that night. He fucked the living shit out of my wife for three hours and I learned for the first time that my sweet Lexi was a squirter. Byron had her laid on her back across our bed, and he squeezed her little hips while he plowed his uncut, purple cock in and out of her. Lexi's eyes rolled into the back of her head and she let loose: hot spray shot out and all over Byron as she screamed in ecstasy.

That night she slept more soundly than I had ever seen, and I even thanked Byron for his help. Maybe this didn't have to be so bad.

Rule Number Two: No doing anything with them that she wouldn't do for me.

In other words, I wasn't going to sit by and watch another man have my wife in ways that I had yet to. It didn't seem right to me, and Lexi had (somewhat begrudgingly) accepted this.

The next guy she brought home had been through an ad on Craigslist. His name was Charlie. Charlie had long blonde hair and "surfer dude" written all over his face. He had a beach tan and smelled like pot. He was much taller than Byron, slender. His arms were long and veiny, and his abs looked like Michelangelo had

sculpted them.

Charlie was a sweet guy. He went slow and passionate on my wife, kissing her for long time. Going down on her for a long time. And when he fucked her, he let her feel the full length of his nine inch cock, holding it deep in her cunt.

Lexi came again and again.

As Charlie had her bent over and all fours he fucked her cunt with vigor. The longer he fucked her, the more I noticed he began to play with her ass. First just her cheeks; slapping them and shaking them. Then after a while I noticed he had begun to spread her cheeks open, gazing at her tiny pink asshole.

Lexi just moaned, her face in the bed, her eyes staring at me as another man pleased her.

Then Charlie hocked and spit a white glob onto her pink asshole. He pushed his finger in.

Lexi cried out in pleasure, loving it.

“Whoa! Not the ass!” I corrected him.

Charlie apologized for the misunderstanding and continued on with her pussy.

Lexi shot me an annoyed look, but it soon returned to pleasure as Charlie rode her.

I had stopped Charlie from breaking Rule Number 2. I had never done anything with my wife's asshole. So in accordance with our new rule, neither could Charlie.

Rule Number 3 was the most important rule of all. It was the golden rule. My wife wasn't on birth control. We hadn't decided it was time for a family yet. So naturally.

No Cumming In My Wife.

Absolutely not.

Lexi's third man was a guy by the name of Anthony. He was a little older, maybe 40. He was pure Italian stallion, with jet black hair tied back in a knot. He even had an accent. Lexi had met him on a dating website.

Lexi had sucked his fat cock for close to an hour while I watched, jacking of my own little nub. Anthony was a dirty talker who never let up.

"Oh yeah, good little wifey. Suck that Italian cock." He said, holding onto her pony tail and being a little rougher than I liked. "Good. Good. Suck that cock while your pathetic husband watches."

I was close to interjecting several times but I knew it would only piss Lexi off. She was really getting off on the way he was using her, and I knew that if I truly loved her I would let her be pleased by him. No matter how vulgar.

Later on Anthony was standing with Lexi in his arms, railing his cock in and out of her, his muscles flexing. He was covered in sweat from the workout of it all, and drops of it began to rain down onto Lexi.

“Oh I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna cum, baby.” Anthony said.

“Fuck yeah, cum baby.” Lexi moaned.

Anthony buried his cock up to his nuts deep inside of her.

“You ready for it?” He asked.

“Yes, baby!” She nearly screamed.

Anthony started to moaned.

I opened my mouth to object but I was drowned out by Lexi’s shrieking. Anthony unloaded himself inside her. When he laid Lexi on the bed and pulled

out I could see the cum running out of her cunt and down to her ass crack.

Later, much later after Anthony had gone, Lexi and I argued.

“It was the only thing I asked, Lexi.” I said fuming.

“No it’s not the only thing, Derrick. And you know it! Don’t do this! Don’t do that! What exactly can I do?” She said indignant.

“Are you kidding me, Lexi? I let you fuck other men!”

“LET ME? LET ME?” She was really pissed now. “You don’t LET me do anything, Derrick. I do what I want because you can’t get it done!”

She stormed from the room. The next day we got the Plan B pill so she wouldn’t get pregnant. I thought that was the end of it. The end of these risky chances and God forbid she gets knocked up.

God forbid.

Cujo managed to ruin the one and only girlfriend I ever had in high school. It was my senior year and it felt like I had waited my entire life for a girl, any girl, to pay me some attention.

Her name was Amber and it had taken me most of high-school to ask her out. She wasn't as popular as the other girls in school, not as typically pretty, but she had a lot going for her. She was smart, a little nerdy with the black-rimmed glasses she wore. Amber was 18 like me and most of the rest of our senior class. She still had braces, and while to some guys that might have been a little weird, it was a turn on to me. When we kissed I could feel them against my mouth and it drove me wild.

Underneath her glasses and braces was a very cute face; pouty lips, gorgeous brown eyes, and a devil's tongue. The farthest we got before the day we broke up (the day Cujo broke us up) was mostly making out, and one hand job. I had lasted about thirty seconds and apologized for squirting into her hand. She was great about it though, and never made me feel weird or inadequate.

And then it was the last week of school. And Cujo had one more surprise for me before I left.

Most of the seniors had half-days the last week. Each day I would meet Amber by the parking lot and then we would go get ice cream or lunch together. It was our thing.

It was Wednesday and she was nowhere to be found.

I walked to the library figuring it was the only other place she could be. No dice. The librarian told me she hadn't seen Amber since that day. A little annoyed, I moved on.

After another sweep of the parking lot and the lunch room I headed towards the track. Maybe she had gotten held up after swim class. The indoor pool was attached the gym and the locker rooms, and I had to make my way across the basketball court to get to the pool room.

I noticed the gym was completely empty and thought it odd. There were always at least a few people in here playing, especially guys from the basketball team. I wasn't complaining, since it was usually Darnell I ran into here, and he rarely had anything nice to say to me.

Half-way across the gym I heard Cujo.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't Puny come to visit me one last time."

I turned and saw him standing near the bleachers. He was in his usual attire of gym clothes. His large, muscled and sweaty arms were nearly ripping the sleeves of his grey t-shirt. He walked across the room and stopped in front of me.

"Looking for something, Puny?" His knowing smile stretched across his dark face.

"Amber. Amber Tally. I'm looking for my girlfriend."

He laughed deep and loud. It took a moment for him to collect himself.

“Amber? Cute girl with glasses and braces? Is that your girlfriend, Puny?”

“Yes, sir.” I answered begrudgingly.

“Well you’re in luck, Puny. I know right where she is. Follow me.” And just like that, Cujo turned and headed for the locker rooms.

I followed.

What happened next felt like a dream. It did then, and it does now. I sort of floated behind him, watching the sign for locker rooms disappear over our heads as we went down the hall. I didn’t even open my mouth to question why we were going there.

Then we passed the girl’s entrance and continued on towards the men’s room. Again, I didn’t think to question why. Why would we be going to the men’s locker room? Why would Amber, my sweet and pretty girlfriend, have anything to do with the men’s locker room?

Cujo chuckled as we walked and it echoed in my head. “Haha, right this way, Puny. Amber is right down here.”

We pushed through the door of the locker room and the first thing I heard was laughing, and simultaneously, moaning. Loud, passionate moans.

And then I saw it. Right there in front of me, happening on the bench separating the rows of lockers.

There were five of them; tall, black, sweaty, naked. Each of them smiling and laughing. Some held their fat black cocks in their hands and stroked, others just let their semi-erected ebony cocks dangle and bounce around.

Darnell stood in between them all, straddling the bench

Bent over and getting fucked hard by Darnell, was my sweet girlfriend Amber.

“Oh fuck yeah, girl. Right there!” Darnell yelled at her, and the others laughed.

Amber had her glasses on, and I could see her braces as she bit her bottom lip. She moaned loud and long.

“Ohhh fuckkkk.” She said.

Amber’s tits were bouncing everywhere as Darnell fucked her doggystyle, his

slick black meat sliding in and out of her. One of the other guys got in front of Amber's face and sat on the bench. His impossibly long cock stood straight up, inches from Amber's pouty little lips.

"Watch the braces now, honey." The boy said, grabbing a handful of her hair and guiding her mouth down onto his member. Amber sucked at it greedily, her glasses getting messy as she plunged her throat onto it.

"Here she is, Puny." Cujo chuckled.

And so she was. Bent over and getting fucked by two black men at once, while three more watched and laughed and jerked off. Occasionally one of the bystanders would feel her tits or smack her ass and Amber would moan and cry out.

"Looks like she found some real men." Cujo laughed again. Then he came close to my ear. "And she's 18, Puny. You know what that means right? LEGAL."

And then Cujo walked past me and to where the basketball team was running a train on my girlfriend. Cujo laughed as he started to undo his belt buckle.

I couldn't take anymore.

The last thing I saw before I ran was Amber lapping at another one of the naked men's nutsack. She had never even realized I was there.

When we finally spoke again, Lexi apologized. She apologized for yelling at me and for breaking my rule. She wasn't apologetic about Anthony though.

"From now on the rules are out the window, Derrick." She told me. "I want you there, I want you to watch, it turns me on to see you so helpless. But you can't make the rules anymore. You have to know your place."

"And what if you get pregnant? What about that?" I asked, ashamed.

"We need to talk about that."

And so we did. And I didn't like one thing she said. I nearly stormed out when she suggested it. But later, when I was alone, I knew it had to be done. I knew that if I was going to keep her, and if we were going to have the family she wanted, I had to listen.

And so the night came that it was time for the fourth session. No rules.

Lexi told me that under no circumstances could I interrupt. Under no circumstances could I leave. Under no circumstances could I ruin this for her in any way.

I quietly accepted my fate and watched her get dressed for the evening.

She didn't bother with panties or a bra. She slipped a tight black dress on over her sexy body. The back of the dress barely made it over her plump ass, and she jiggled and adjusted her beautiful tits so they stuck out over the top. She put her hair into a perfect blonde bun on top of her head, and applied bright red lipstick.

Knock. Knock.

"He's here." She said, sauntering across the living room to the front door.

I didn't know anything about the man she had chosen for tonight. Only that she had met him at the gym, and that he was different from the others. Different in what way? She wouldn't say.

Lexi answered the door.

"Hi there." She said, a sexy whisper.

"Hey, baby." Came the voice from outside. Something so familiar about it.

He stepped in.

NO.

Cujo.

My jaw fell open. No. This couldn't be.

Cujo wrapped his massive arms around my wife and squeezed her close. She nuzzled his neck. And then he walked into the living room and spotted me sitting in the chair.

"Well, well, well. Mr. Puny." He laughed. "I thought this might be you when Lexi told me her last name."

Lexi followed behind him curious. "You two know each other?" She said it surprised.

I had no voice to speak.

"We sure do, baby. We sure do. I use to try and teach Derrick here how to be stronger. How to be a man." Cujo looked me up and down. "I can see I failed."

Lexi laughed.

"Cujo." Was all I could muster.

“Puny.” He laughed. Cujo didn’t look a day older as he stood there. He had a black dress shirt on and matching black pants, but his muscles were still stretching the cloth. And God was he tall. Taller than I remembered.

“He knows me by my nickname, baby.” Cujo said to my wife. “And now that I know it’s little Derrick here, well, maybe you had better call me by my name, sexy.”

“And what’s that?” Lexi asked, wrapping her arms around his neck. Cujo turned to her and kissed her, deep and hard. Lexi whimpered lightly under his power.

“Cujo, bitch. I want you to call me Cujo while I fuck you in front of your husband.”

“Cujo.” She said.

“That’s fucking right.” Cujo rammed his tongue into my wife’s mouth and they kissed in front of me while I sat there.

Cujo pulled his shirt off, his broad black chest twice the size of my own. He violently ripped my wife’s dress off and had her naked in seconds. He grabbed her by the bun on her head and got her to her knees.

“Pull it out, bitch.” He commanded. Lexi was all too happy to oblige, grabbing his belt buckle and loosening it. I could already see his slowly stiffening cock through his dark pants.

Lexi unbuttoned his pants and started to pull them down.

“Slow. Do it slow so your husband can watch.” Cujo commanded.

I watched as she slid them down inch by inch. My wife was on her knees, soon to be face to face with the cock of my sworn enemy.

“You’re gonna learn about what a real man is tonight, Puny.” Cujo said. “Your wife will too. I’ve got some friends coming over in a bit.”

“What?” I couldn’t help it, it just came out.

Lexi shot me an evil eye as she worked on his pants. I shut my mouth.

“That’s it, baby. Now pull it out.”

Lexi dropped the pants the rest of the way, and something huge and black fell out of them. It hung from Cujo’s chiseled body, uncut and as black as black can be. Somehow it was rising, heavy and massive as it was.

Lexi wrapped her little hand around it, palming as much as she could. When she realized that wouldn’t do, she used two hands.

My heart broke.

“Now watch your wife suck an 11 inch black cock, Puny bitch.”

Lexi opened wide and brought the tip into her mouth. Cujo kept a hold of her bun with one hand, keeping her in place.

Lexi jerked it with two hands, nice and slow. Her mouth worked around the head like an expert.

“Good little wife. Good little bitch.” Cujo said. “You got a real good little wifey here, Puny. Real nice. Can’t wait to see what she screams like when I get this black cock all up in her white pussy.”

I had no words. I just sat there in the chair of my living room, watching Cujo use her.

“Lick a nigga’s balls, bitch.” Cujo pulled his cock from her mouth and steered her head by the bun she wore, pushing her face into his low hanging nutsack. She opened wide for them; licking and sucking.

“Mmmm. Good little wife. Very good. Your wife is a nasty little whore, Puny.”

When he got tired of her tongue on his nuts he put her back on his cock. This time he held her head still with both hands while he grinded his hips into her face, pushing his meat deep into her throat. Lexi played with her pussy and took it like a pro, opening wide and sucking his big black cock.

I felt my tiny white dick move a little in my pants. No. No this couldn't be. I'm not supposed to like it.

"MMM. Good wifey." He kept saying. Cujo leaned forward while she sucked his cock, and he began fondling her little tits, squeezing the nipples roughly. Then he slapped her ass hard and she whimpered with a mouthful of cock.

Cujo pulled his giant rod out of her mouth and started slapping it against her cheeks.

"Like that, bitch? Like that big black dick?" He asked.

"Yes, Cujo." Lexi moaned.

"Tell your husband." He said, pulling her head to the side so she was facing me.

"I love his cock." Lexi said, looking directly at me.

"Tell him you love this real cock. Not his bitch boy dick."

“I love this big black cock, it’s so much bigger than your pathetic little dick!”

Cujo laughed hard at this and then resumed fucking her face. He looked over at me and smiled. Then he winked.

Cujo eventually took a seat on my couch and made Lexi crawl over to him. She got on her knees between his legs and started jerking him off while she looked up at him with her bright green eyes.

“Come closer, Puny. You gotta see this.” He commanded.

I stood up and walked over to the couch, watching her stroke him.

“Sit right here, Puny.” Cujo said, padding the seat next to him.

Hesitantly I took my seat.

“Now suck that cock and look at your husband while you do it.” He said.

Lexi stuffed her face with his thick black meat, choking on it. Up and down she went, her drool greasing his tool and his her free hand massaging his giant nuts.

All the while she stared into my eyes, her lips parted wide for another man's penis.

"Good wifey." Cujo said again. "Suck it deep. Puny, go get me a fucking beer while I use your wife's throat."

I couldn't believe my ears. I didn't move.

Cujo grabbed me rough by the arm, never pulling his dick from Lexi's mouth, and he shoved me to my feet. His strength was incredible.

"Get me a fucking beer bitch boy!" He yelled.

I ran to the kitchen and grabbed a lager out of the fridge. I opened it and brought it back to him.

Cujo drank long and deep while my wife blew him.

Rule number one was officially broken. I knew this man. I knew him too well. And now I knew more about him than I ever wanted to.

"Lick my asshole, slut." Cujo said.

And there went rule number 2.

Cujo slide further down on the couch so his black muscled ass was hanging off. Then he lifted a leg into the air and pulled his cock balls out of the way.

He grabbed Lexi around her blonde bun and led her face down to the crack of his ass. Her tongue went wild as she explored it.

“Goddamn, Puny. Your wife is a dirty little whore. I had no idea.” Cujo was so close to me I could smell his breath when he spoke. And now we both watched as he fed my wife his asshole.

“Don’t worry, Puny. I took a shower before the big date.” He laughed.

Lexi’s tongue went all over his crack and her face disappeared into his ass. She would come back up every so often so get at his huge black sack, sucking each nut and licking them.

“Good wifey.”

Eventually his giant cock found its way back into my wife’s mouth, and he held her head still while he face-fucked her hard and fast. No mercy.

Lexi was so wet from it I could see her own juices starting to run down her legs.

Knock. Knock.

“Go answer the fucking door, bitch.” Cujo said, humping my wife’s mouth.

I knew better than to hesitate so I got up and went to the door.

I opened it.

Three more black men were waiting outside. I thought some of them looked familiar, and then I saw Darnell. It hit me. It was the basketball team. The same guys that had run a train on my high-school sweetheart, Amber.

“Sup, Puny.” Darnell said as the three of them pushed past me and came into my home.

In a matter of moments the late arrivals were completely naked, giant black cocks dangling. Cujo, Darnell, Drake and Don stood in front of my wife as she sat on the couch looking up at them. I sat back down in my chair.

From my view I couldn’t even see Lexi. Just four black, muscled asses staring me in the face.

“It’s time to breed this bitch.” Cujo said.

“Is Puny gonna watch?” Darnell asked, pointing back to me.

“Fuck yes he is.” Cujo said. “His dirty little wifey wants him too. And she wants a black baby. So let’s get started.”

And so this was her plan all along. She had told me earlier that she was ready to be bred. That was the argument we had. But I had taken that to mean by one man.

I was wrong. All of them were going to fill her, weren’t’ they? And that way we could never know exactly whose it was. Did it matter?

The four of them moved in on her together.

They pulled her off the couch and put her on her knees as they surrounded her. They made sure to leave an opening in the circle so that I could see what was happening to my wife. They were maybe three feet away.

Drake and Don ran their hands all over her body; squeezing her tits hard, slapping her ass, fingering her already wet cunt. Darnell shoved two fingers in her mouth and Lexi sucked on them, looking up at him.

Black hands were all over her.

Cujo watched them, jerking his rock hard rod. Occasionally he would glance over at me and laugh.

On her knees, she jerked Drake and Don as they stood to the right and left of her. Darnell got in front of her face and pushed his long black dick deep into her throat. He held onto her top bun to keep her head still as he fucked her mouth.

“Oh shit she suck a good dick!” Darnell laughed.

“You hogging her, nigga.” Drake joked.

“Yall gotta hold on a sec so this bitch can suck my dick.” Darnell said.

Darnell’s nutsack flapped against her chin each time he moved into her mouth. Lexi’s jaw was stretched wide and welcoming, taking it like a champ. Every so often she would gag and Darnell would pull his cock out and slap her with it while she drooled.

Lexi moved onto Drake’s fat tip, working it fast and hard while her now free hand went to Darnell’s slick cock. Cujo moved in and reached a long arm down and underneath her so he could reach her clit. Once he found it, Lexi moaned hard into Drake’s thickness.

“Look at your wife now, Puny.” Cujo said as he rubbed her pussy. They all laughed.

Cujo grabbed Lexi once more by the hair and pulled her over to the couch. He put her on all fours and got behind her. Don moved to the head of the couch where Lexi’s face was and immediately she started sucking him.

Cujo positioned his cock at the opening of her cunt and grabbed hold of her hips. The other two men stood around her, jerking.

Cujo pushed in and Lexi screamed long and hard with a mouthful of Don’s cock. Cujo didn’t waste a moment; he immediately got up to speed. Right there before my eyes he rhythmically pounded my wife’s pussy.

“Oh that’s right. That’s right, girl. Take that black cock. Take that fucking black cock while your fagget little husband sits and watches.” Cujo said it aggressively, the sex had gotten his blood up and he had a mad look in his eyes.

Lexi had to pull Don’s cock out of her mouth so she could moan freely. Near screaming she buried her face in Don’s lap as she tried to gain ground on what was happening inside of her. It was easily the biggest cock that she had ever encountered, and I could tell from the look on her face she might pass out.

Cujo slammed into her again and again, savagely fucking her deep and hard. His cock was impossibly big now, glistening with her pussy juices. He reached up and grabbed her by the gun, pulling her face towards the sky as he rammed her.

“You like that dick, bitch?”

“OH FUCK. OH YES. YES.”

“LOOK AT YOUR FUCKING HUSBAND!” Cujo yelled. He grabbed hold of her face from behind and turned it towards me with both hands. Lexi’s eyes were far away as he filled her up and she stared at me with lips parted and long moans seeping from her.

“TELL HIM HE’S PATHETIC!” Cujo railed.

“YOU’RE FUCKING PATHETIC!” My wife screamed at me.

“YOU NEED A REAL MAN.”

“I NEED A REAL MAN TO FUCK ME!”

Cujo let go of her and Don quickly shoved his throbbing black mass back into her mouth. Cujo leaned back to watch his giant dick go in and out of her. He slapped her ass three times, hard. Lexi moaned harder into Don.

When Lexi’s knees got weak Cujo pulled out of her and slapped her ass one more time. Lexi rolled over onto her back, exhausted.

Darnell jumped between her legs and pulled her close to him. Nice and warmed up, his cock slid right into Lexi as he started pumping her missionary. Drake came to Lexi's side so she could get her mouth on his cock.

The others stood around watching, occasionally fondling her.

Darnell rode her that way for a while, each of the other's taking turns with her mouth. Don was next up and had a different plan for her.

"I need some off that ass." Don said.

Don put her on all fours on the floor and got behind her. He spread her cheeks and spit on her hole, pushing it around and finger-fucking her asshole for a moment.

"I think that nigga bout to fuck your wife's asshole, Puny." Cujo laughed.

Lexi closed her eyes and moaned.

After he had lubed her up enough, Don began to roughly shove the head of his black dick into Lexi's small white asshole. Lexi screamed but Don covered her mouth with a hand and pushed in deeper. I didn't think she would make it, but after about thirty seconds her screams subsided into moans.

“Oh that’s a tight white ass, bitch.” Don sang. “Tight. I’m gonna fuck it till you and your husband screams, ha!”

“Suck this dick bitch.” Drake got in front of her and fed Lexi his meat.

Almost surreal, I watched one fuck her ass while the other used her mouth. I have no way of knowing how long it went on for. It was a dream. Or a nightmare?

“Time for some one on one before we fill this bitch up.” Cujo said.

Don pulled his long black cock out of my wife’s ass, and Drake did the same with her mouth.

Cujo put Lexi on her stomach on the couch. He mounted her from behind and began to fuck her again. This time the other three stood out of the way and watched while he had his way with her. Cujo kept one large hand wrapped around her waist, holding her still. The other he wrapped around the back of her neck and held her face into the cushions.

“Oh fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck me!” Lexi screamed into the couch.

From where I sat I could see her entire body laid out across the couch, and Cujo on top of her fucking like a complete madman. Like a porn star on crack.

“Good girl. Good wifey. Getting fucked by a black man.” Cujo leaned forward and whispered into her ear.

He railed her like this for close to ten minutes before he pulled out. Then Darnell came up to exhaust her sweet cunt some more.

Darnel liked her up on her knees so he could slap her thighs and ass around while he fucked her like a dog. His free hand reached around to the front of her neck so he could choke her while he buried himself inside her. At one point he pushed in balls deep and held it there.

“I’M COMING!” Lexi yelled for what might have been the tenth time. Darnell just laughed at her as he held himself inside her, her pussy convulsing on his thick black member. When she was done, he picked up speed again, pounding her twat into submission.

Then he pulled out, and Drake went in. He liked to pull her hair and spit in her mouth while he fucked her missionary. Lexi loved it and came twice more. Drake slapped her cute little tits around for a while before pulling out and letting Don in.

Don liked her mouth, so he fucked it for a while.

“Say AH.” Don said.

And when she opened her mouth to do it he would bury his uncut dick deep in her throat. Lexi made noises I've never heard her make when he began to fuck her throat; spit and drool leaked everywhere.

Finally, it was time.

Cujo pulled her off the couch and brought her over to the floor in front of me. He laid her down on her back. Lexi spread her legs and started rubbing herself. She was completely lost in the mayhem of the sex all around her. Her eyes were glossy and tired.

The other guys stood around her in a circle, jerking their giant, floppy black dicks. I couldn't believe how big they were. I felt my small white thing in my hands and almost laughed at myself.

Cujo got down and positioned himself between her legs.

Lexi looked up at them, rubbing her clit and biting her lip.

Cujo put his king cock up against her little pussy opening. He grabbed her legs and pulled her close.

Lexi moaned.

“Get that pussy.” Darnell said. Drake laughed and Don agreed.

Cujo began fucking her again, but this time it was with one thing in mind. He was going to fill my wife’s pussy up with his cum.

Four of us watched as his rhythm got faster, and he started slamming into her body with more force.

“You ready for it, baby? Ready for the black cum?”

“Oh yeah, baby. Give it to me while my pathetic husband watches.” Lexi moaned.

“Good wifey.” He said.

Cujo’s frantic pounding came to a sudden halt as he buried himself. Lexi cried out and came again. Cujo leaned over her, face to face. Lexi opened her mouth wide and Cujo spit into it. Lexi closed her mouth and swallowed.

“Take it bitch!” Cujo said. And he unloaded inside of her. His moans were long and hard, but Lexi’s were louder and higher pitched.

“Oh God! I can feel it. I can feel iiiitttt!” She moaned.

“UGH! UGH! UGH!” Cujo grunted with every shot he dropped inside of her. The other guys laughed and cheered him on.

Cujo pulled his glistening perfect prick from my wife’s tired hole, and I could see cum leaking out of her. Darnell came in right behind Cujo, and not even a minute went by before there was yet another man inside of my wife.

Darnell fucked the sloppy seconds right out of Lexi. He pounded away, holding her legs high over her head, treating her like a pretzel as he drowned his dog inside of her again and again. Squeezing both her tits in his hands he got up onto his feet for leverage and in a squatting position fucked Lexi until she squirted up and all over herself.

Darnell buried himself deep inside her and unloaded his cum.

Before Lexi could catch her breath from the two loads deep inside of her, Drake was between her legs, pushing in deep.

Drake didn’t take long, finishing off his fat cock inside of her. When he pulled out the thought of all that cum inside of her made me sick. But I did nothing. What could I do?

And then it was Don. Last but not least.

Don fucked her for a long time. He got sweaty, and more and more of his sweat dripped off onto Lexi as he fucked her. Lexi had her hands squeezing his broad shoulders, breathing hard. She was exhausted from all the fucking.

Don covered Lexi's innocent face with one hand when he unloaded his cum inside of her. With a grunt he pulled out and stood with the others. Cujo had disappeared during Don's seeding, but he was back now.

He had a long length of rope in his hands.

"You ready for the finale, baby?" He asked.

Lexi rose to her feet, tired but horny. "Yes, Cujo."

"Good girl."

I didn't know if the night was ever going to end.

Helpless I sat and watched them tie her up. It was an elaborate knot, like one they had done before. It put Lexi on her knees with the rope binding her arms behind her back, and her wrists together. She had no use of her arms this way, but she wouldn't need them for this.

The four of them gathered around her as she sat bound and on her knees, semen

dripping out of her. Taking turns, they each used her mouth for their pleasure. Three of them would jerk off while the lucky one got his dick sucked.

“Good girl. Good little bitch. We got one last little surprise for you.” Darnell said.

She had her mouth wrapped around Drake’s cock. Suddenly he pulled it from her mouth and started moaning, aiming his prick at her face. White gobs of it shot out onto her mouth, coating it. Other streaks hit her cheeks and dripped off.

“Fuck yeah!” Drake said, squeezing his last drop onto her nose.

Then she was sucking black cock again, cum running down her face. Don did the same, pulling his cock out of her mouth last second and glazing her face over again. Two massive loads for my pretty wife.

And then all that was left were public enemy one and two. Cujo and Darnel to her right and left, jerking their cocks, aiming for her face.

Lexi stared at me. I stared back at her, unable to not see all the cum covering her.

The two giant black man began to moan and I knew what it meant.

“TAKE IT!” Cujo yelled.

Simultaneously they erupted, showering my wife in their jizz. White globs landed in her hair and on her eyes. Other dripped down her neck and ran across her little tits. Lexi couldn't move, bound by the rough rope that was rubbing her skin raw.

“MMMM. Give it to me. Give it to me.” Lexi moaned like a whore.

Cujo began to laugh as he smeared the cum around her face with his cock. He used one hand to hold the top of her head still as he painted her with his dick.

“Good fucking wife. Very good. Now you're bred bitch.”

One by one they dressed. I untied my wife. She took a shower. I sat in silence as they all left.

All but Cujo.

Cujo went into the shower with her, and locked the door behind him so I couldn't follow. I listened to him fuck her through the door, filling her up with one last gift.

When they got out they both went into my bedroom and got into bed. Lexi told me to sleep on the couch so I did.

“Wash my clothes, Puny.” Cujo laughed, throwing his underwear at me just before he closed the door in my face.

In the morning when I woke, Cujo was gone. Lexi slept late.

A few weeks later Lexi sat me down in the dining room.

“I’m pregnant.” She said.

“OK. By who?” I asked.

“I don’t know. And we never will. All that matters now is we will take care of it. Understand?”

“Yes.”

Lexi looked at me with love when I agreed. I knew I had done the right thing.

I hate Cujo and always will. But these days I only have to see him about twice a week. Darnell about three times. And every once in a while Drake or Don pop in. It’s hard to keep track, really.

As long as my wife is happy, so am I.

THE END