

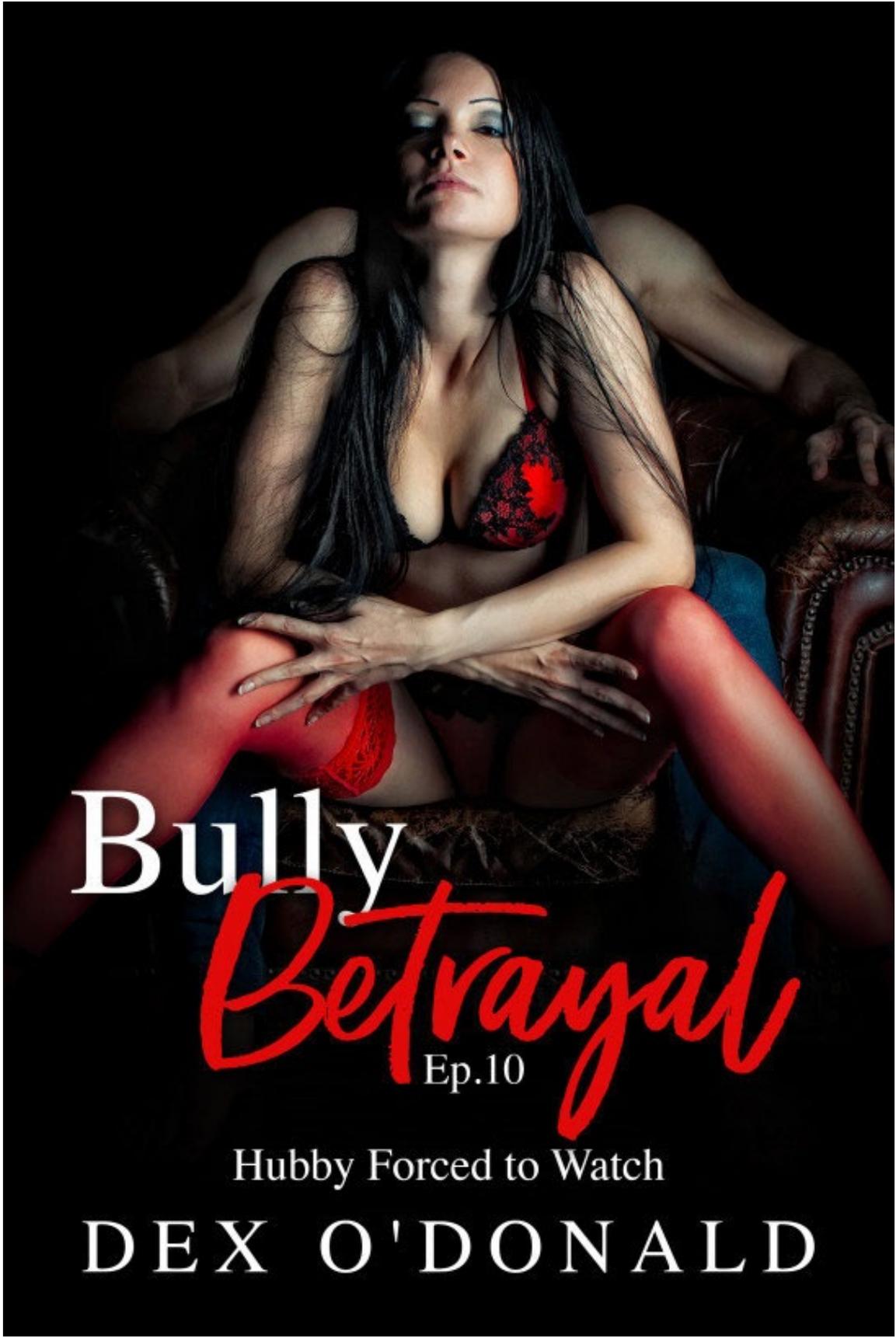
Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.10

Hubby Forced to Watch

DEX O'DONALD



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**Bully Betrayal Ep. 10**

**Hubby Forced to Watch**

**By Dex O'Donald**

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Smashwords Edition

**1.**

Jerry sat tied to a chair, waiting for his wife to get home with her first bull.

The last three months of planning were about to culminate in what would hopefully be the next phase in his and Cecilia's sex life. They approached the Hotwife lifestyle with caution and excitement, meticulously planning every step. If Jerry was going to be cuckolded, he would make sure that it lived up to the fantasy that had brewed in his head over the course of his five-year marriage.

"Is that too tight?" Cecilia asked him, pulling the rope taut around his shoulders.

"I think it's just right," he told her.

Jerry took in his wife's outfit as she threaded bungee cord through his legs, securing him to the oaken chair. She wore a black dress that hugged her body from thigh to breast, the garment stopping well short of her knees and leaving little to the imagination in the way of her long, tanned legs. The dress was wide open at the chest, a thin layer of sheer-fabric teasing her cleavage.

It was a dress she would never wear for Jerry in a thousand years. But tonight, for her bull, she would light up the town in it.

"You look so fucking sexy, Cecilia," he said.

"And you look...pacified," she winked, tugging at the ropes and cords that bound him to the chair. She walked away from him and Jerry stared at her plump

little ass.

“How long will you be out...with him?” Jerry asked, knowing the answer but getting into character.

“As long as I like...as long as he likes,” she said nonchalant, touching up her eyeliner in the bathroom mirror.

Jerry knew the answer to be roughly three hours. That was the length they discussed, and what Jerry believed to be the comfortable amount of time he could spend tied to a chair.

“You’re going to sit there like a good boy,” she went on, applying lipstick, “until I get home with my boyfriend. Then you’re going to watch me fuck his brains out.”

The words coming from his wife’s mouth made Jerry’s heart race, and he trembled against the bindings that immobilized him. Too many times to count she’d gotten him off with similar words, but tonight was the first time she meant them. Because tonight it was going to happen for real.

“What if I don’t want to?” he asked shakily, playing his role to a T.

“Like I care,” Cecilia said, walking from the bathroom. “This isn’t about what you want. It’s about me getting what I need. It’s about getting what you can’t give me.”

“What can’t I give you, Cecilia?”

“A big hard cock for one thing,” she strutted over to him slowly, back arched to accent the ridiculous amount of skin she was showing. “A good long fuck for another.” She pinched his nose and slapped him playfully.

Cecilia walked to the front door and paused. She turned back to her husband.

“This is it, baby. You know once we start tonight there’s no going back...last chance...Are you sure you want to do this?”

“I wouldn’t let you tie me up and gag me if I wasn’t,” he said. They both glanced at the ball gag lying on the table nearby.

“I love you, honey,” she said.

“I love you, too.”

Jerry watched his wife leave their apartment, dressed in the most provocative clothing he’d ever seen her wear in the duration of their ten-year relationship. He helped pick that dress out two weeks ago, knowing the second he saw her in it that it was the perfect outfit for her first date. It was one small detail out of a hundred the two planned together.

The first hour passed quickly and with little discomfort for Jerry. It was halfway through the second hour that the bindings grew sore against his arms and ankles, causing him to shift his weight periodically for relief. The pain and anxiety made him hard as cement, the tent in his little shorts easy to see.

“If we do this, we do it right,” he told Cecilia when they finally mustered the courage to talk about their fantasy openly. “We need a plan. The dos and the don’ts. Limits and boundaries. That way nobody gets hurt.”

“Absolutely, Jerry,” she said, “and it has to be with the right person...someone experienced. Someone rough but respectable. Someone familiar but- “

“A total stranger,” he finished for her. She nodded in agreement.

Cecilia began the hunt shortly after their first conversation about it. She combed through too many dating sites to count, chatted and traded pics with lots of different men, even phone calls with a few of them. The selection process for her bull was thorough, focused, and visioned.

“I don’t want to see him until it’s time,” Jerry told his wife one night over wine. “I want it to be a total surprise...a shock even.”

“Won’t it be a surprise either way if you’ve never met him?” she asked, putting the glass to her lips and drinking. Cecilia’s blue eyes had this way of piercing right through Jerry, in an almost aggressive manner.

“Sure it will,” he leaned in to kiss her, “but I don’t want to be just...surprised. I want to be shocked.”

“And humiliated?” she added with an evil smile.

“Maybe...”

The final hour of Jerry’s wait came and went, a wet spot forming where the tip of his little pecker strained against the fabric of his blue shorts. Blotchy red rashes were forming where the restraints pulled at him, his ankles beginning to bruise.

“Good lord, Cecilia,” he said, admiring her work as he tried his best to reposition in the chair. “I’m not going fucking anywhere.”

Fifteen minutes to go. Three months of planning and talking and communicating and searching. It was here. Jerry’s wife was going to walk through the front door with another man, a stranger well-endowed and full of stamina. He would watch her fuck him and there wasn’t going to be a thing he could do to stop it.

“I found him, honey. Our bull,” she told him one evening, post-coitus.

“Seriously?” he asked excitedly, “where?”

“On Tinder. It only took about a hundred applicants to find him,” she giggled, running her palm over her husband’s stiffening cock.

“What’s his name?”

“Do you really want to know?”

Jerry shook his head no after contemplating the question. He was hell bent on sticking with the less he knew, the better.

“But he is everything we’ve been looking for, babe. I confirmed it.”

“He’s...big?”

“That’s an understatement,” she whispered, kissing his neck.

“Is he rough?” Jerry closed his eyes, feeling his wife’s magic hands on his tight ballsack.

“I sure hope so...”

Jerry opened his eyes, back in his living room, still immobilized in the old oaken chair. The clock read 8:55. A sound came from the hallway outside, the front door of their apartment building opened. Muffled voices, a giggle. Cecilia's giggle.

It was time.

Cecilia strode into the living room more than a little drunk, her face flushed and her eyes on fire. She smiled when she saw her husband just as she had left him. Without a word she grabbed the ball-gag from the table and sat down in her husband's lap.

"Where is he?" Jerry asked, breathless.

"He is outside, don't you worry," she laughed, stuffing the red rubber ball into his mouth and running the bindings back behind his head. "Just like we planned. He comes in after you are completely...pacified. There!" Cecilia admired her work; Jerry bound and gagged and helpless. Only his eyes able to move about the room.

"Shall we?" she asked.

Jerry shook his trembling head yes.

"I'll be right back," she pushed her voluptuous breasts into his face briefly before walking back out into the hall.

Jerry breathed long and deep through his nose, the sounds of it filling the apartment. Cecilia was gone ten seconds before she reappeared, her arm trailing behind her as she held the hand of her first bull.

“Jerry...” she began as the two entered the room together.

The bull was tall, extremely muscled.

“I want you to meet...”

His face was handsome...familiar even.

“Chaz Stroker. The man who is going to fuck my brains out tonight.”

Jerry’s eyes went quiet.

“How do you do...Jerry?” Chaz’s deep voice inflected.

“How did you know his name?” Cecilia asked confused.

Jerry tried to scream but it was a moaning, muted plea. The man with the tatted

sleeves wrapped around Cecilia's waist was no stranger.

2.

On the last day of High School, Jerry worked up the courage to ask Felicity Taylor if she wanted to go on a date with him. It was no secret to anyone in the school that she had been Jerry's crush since freshman year. It certainly was no secret to Felicity, who smiled graciously and accepted Jerry's cute invitation to a picnic at the lake.

"I can't believe graduation ceremony is in a week!" Felicity said through a mouthful of grapes, her playful red curls dancing around her freckled face. The two of them sat together on a blanket near the water, the sun high in the warm afternoon.

"I know! I just hope it isn't a thousand degrees outside like last year," Jerry said.

"You were there last year? For what?"

"The school band plays at every graduation ceremony. Since I'm lead trumpet, I've been there every year for the last four."

"Lead trumpet! That's neat!" Felicity sipped a grape soda, genuinely enjoying herself with Jerry. Even if he wasn't boyfriend material, he was a really nice friend to have around.

"You know Felicity, it's really nice to be here with you," Jerry started nervously. "I don't know if you know this or not but...I've sort of liked you...for a while."

Felicity giggled and inclined her head to look at him. He appeared younger than the other boys in their class, even though he was older than most of them. Already 18, he didn't have the same masculine features of some of the other boys. But he was sweet and kind, and Felicity liked that.

"I had a feeling, Jerry," she smiled.

Jerry blushed and looked around awkwardly, biting his own smile.

"It's been a really nice time," she said, "thank you for inviting me."

"My pleasure," he said. For a moment Jerry thought he might try his luck, lean in, and plant a kiss on her red lips. And why not? He had been crushing on Felicity for years and so far, had done squat about it. Maybe it was time, being eight-teen and a man grown, to make a move.

He leaned in and Felicity batted her eyelashes, smiling.

Jerry closed his eyes, pushing his thin lips forward.

"Well, if isn't Jerry Jackoff and his little girlfriend!" a mocking voice from behind.

Startled, Jerry pulled himself from his lover's daze. He turned to the sound of the

voice, already knowing who it came from.

“Except she isn’t your girlfriend, is she?” Chaz Stroker said, walking down to the blanket picnic by the water. “She’s just your...what? Crush? Or just more jackoff material for Jerry Jackoff?”

“Go away, Chaz,” Jerry said, shielding his eyes from the sun.

“Or what?” Chaz stopped just short of the blanket, hands in pocket, shit-eating grin ear to ear.

Felicity looked up at the tall boy from her English class. Everyone knew Chaz, some knew him better than others. She’d only just admired him from afar at the Friday night football games. Sometimes after they’d win, he would tear his helmet and jersey off, chest bare and a gorgeous mop of blonde hair all a tangle. Chaz Stroker topped the list of good-looking guys at their school, and all the girls knew it.

Chaz knew it, too.

“Just go,” Jerry repeated, his voice wavering, “you weren’t invited.”

“Invited? Who says I need an invitation to go to the fucking lake, genius?”

Felicity laughed at the insult, failing to hide her amusement from her date. Jerry's face bloomed a deep magenta, his ears bright like a ripe tomato.

"Were you going to kiss this loser?" Chaz asked her bluntly, poking Jerry with his foot as he did it.

"That's not very nice," she said.

"Do you like nice boys?" Chaz crooned, low and purposeful. His eyes held hers. Though Felicity could feel Jerry staring at her she still found it hard to look away from Chaz's blue-green dreams. The cut of his jaw alone was hypnotizing.

"Maybe," she said playfully.

"Well how about this," Chaz grunted, reaching down and grabbing hold of Jerry by the collar, "let's have us a good old fashioned wrestling match. Winner gets a kiss from the beautiful...what's your name gorgeous?"

"Felicity," she breathed, barely noticing Jerry's pathetic protests as Chaz drug him off the blanket.

"Felicity. Winner gets a kiss from the beautiful Felicity."

Chaz tore the collared shirt from Jerry's back, the shirt he had picked out special

for his date with Felicity. His scrawny bird chest and toothpick arms were revealed, the paleness of boy-body almost shocking in the spring sun.

“You hit puberty yet, Jackoff?” Chaz asked in earnest, peeling the varsity shirt off his body. It was faint, but if you listened closely, you could hear Felicity gasp. Chaz’s arms were cut and sculpted, bronzed and veined. His chest wide like his shoulders, his six pack abs giving way to a perfect V line that led down into his blue jeans.

“This is stupid, Chaz,” Jerry said, trying to cover his emasculated torso, “we don’t need to wrestle...you can just...you can...”

“I can what, Jackoff?”

Jerry looked at his crush of four years on the blanket, beautiful and smiling.

“You can just have the kiss...you can have her...” Jerry relinquished, humiliated but not stupid.

Chaz chuckled to himself and took three big steps towards Jerry. He put a hand on the boy’s shoulder and looked him in the eye.

“I know I can have her, Jerry,” he said, “but I’d rather kick your ass first. Then I’ll have her.”

Jerry tried to pull away, but Chaz's hands were already there. He put the scrawny teenager on his face, grinding Jerry into the dirt with the back of his elbow as he mounted him.

“Taste the dirt, Jackoff...that's it, taste it. That's the only thing you'll be kissing today you fucking virgin.”

Jerry was blind but he could hear Felicity behind them. She was laughing.

“How's the fucking mud taste, loser?” Chaz grunted, pinning Jerry's arm behind his back and twisting. Jerry cried out, his voice high and cracking. “Oh my God you sound like a fucking girl. You're pathetic Jerry Jackoff!”

When at last Chaz dismounted, Jerry lay in a heap on the ground. His nose was bleeding, and his face was caked with mud. His hair was a wreck and the nice new shirt he wore for their date was a torn mess in the grass.

A few feet away, on the picnic blanket that Jerry brought, Chaz was lying on top of Felicity. They were making out and his hands roamed her entire body, making their way up her skirt and to what waited there. Jerry watched for a few moments before leaning over with his head between his legs, and vomiting.

“Fucking gross,” Felicity said.

“There, there, Jerry Jackoff,” Chaz laughed, grabbing hold of Felicity's panties, and pulling them down her thighs, “run home to mommy and do what you do

best. Jackoff!”

**3.**

“How did you know his name?” Cecilia slurred drunkenly.

“You mentioned it once before,” Chaz said, the white-toothed smile on his face growing larger.

“I did? Hm!” Cecilia shrugged the lie off, shuffling in her little black dress towards the kitchen. “I’m going to make us a drink, Chaz. Maybe you and my husband can get acquainted,” she stifled laughter as she said it, excitement getting the best of her.

“Jack and coke for me,” he called, his eyes never leaving the man tied to the chair.

Jerry’s eyes were wide and frightened, his chest heaving up and down as he tried to recover from the long moan-screams he let out when his old bully walked into his apartment. No matter how much desperate noise he made, his wife took it as roleplay. After all, they had talked about it a hundred times already. Jerry would protest and pretend not to like it. To be forced to watch.

“How the hell you been, Jerry Jackoff?” Chaz whispered, pulling up a chair and sitting down next to the cuckold.

Jerry shook his head at the man, his eyes pleading to be let go.

“About the same it seems,” Chaz continued, “doomed to be a wimpy little cuck.

You know, Jackoff, as crazy as this sounds, I had a feeling it might be you. All those texts and pictures your wife sent me...I thought to myself, what kind of loser lets his wife behave like a slut for other men? I mean, did you see those pictures, Jerry? She showed me her asshole.”

Jerry tried to move but there was no give.

“She told me all about you, too. Said this whole thing was your idea and that you didn’t want to know the identity of the man who was going to fuck your wife until the night of. The very moment of. Now that is twisted, my friend.”

In the kitchen, Cecilia hummed a happy tune and prepared three drinks. She knew Jerry wouldn’t be able to get to his, but she thought it a funny way to taunt him.

“I accidentally poured you a double!” she called out to the living room.

“Just how I like it,” Chaz responded, raising his voice. He dropped to a whisper once more as he continued to belittle Jerry. “I’m telling you, Jerry Jackoff, I had this feeling. This goddamned feeling. That the only man on the face of the planet pathetic enough to let his wife do something like this to him, had to be the biggest loser on the face of the planet. And what do you know? Here sits Jerry the Jackoff. You’re a fucking idiot, you know that?”

Cecilia strutted back into the living room with the cocktails. She handed one to Chaz and set the other down on a side table next to Jerry.

“And one for you, darling,” she winked at her husband.

“OHMMM, OHMMM!” Jerry groaned through the gag.

“Be a good boy and quiet down,” Cecilia said, wrapping an arm around Chaz’s waist.

“Yeah, Jerry. Be quiet. Or I’ll make you be quiet,” Chaz threatened, soft enough not to raise any alarms.

“Oh my,” Cecilia blushed, nuzzling her face into his strong chest, “don’t be so mean, Chaz.”

“Mean? I didn’t know you were looking for a nice guy,” he said, setting his drink down and wrapping both of his tattooed arms around Cecilia. He pulled her flat against his athletic frame and leaned in, their lips an inch apart. “But you’re not looking for a nice guy are you, Cecilia?”

“No...I’m not,” she replied panting.

Chaz pushed his mouth against hers, and the man in the chair started up again.

“I didn’t think so,” Chaz said between kisses soft and full, “I think you want a bad guy to treat you like a little whore. Isn’t that right?”

“Mmhmm,” she replied.

“Good girl.”

Chaz ran his fingertips across the front of her dress, his palms dragging on her cleavage and the sheer-fabric. Cecelia kept her mouth open as he explored it with his snaking, wet tongue. It was easy to see how excited she was; eyes closed and frantic hands roaming Chaz’s massive body.

“HMM! HMM!” Jerry cried.

“I think he wants to see more,” Chaz licked her lips, “let’s show him.” Chaz grabbed Cecilia by the front of the dress and yanked the fabric apart in a fast, deliberate motion. It tore easily, bringing a surprised whimper from the drunk wife. A few more rips and tears and the dress came away from her body entirely, falling to the living room rug and leaving Cecilia naked from the waist down. On top a red and black bra held her tits close together.

“Look at that Jerry,” Chaz bragged, grabbing hold of Cecilia’s right tit with a rough hand. “Look at your sexy wife’s body. Goddamn. You’re really going to let me do this to her?” He moved behind her so that Jerry’s view of his wife was unobstructed. Jerry watched as Chaz’s hands began to snake across her body, noticing how she trembled underneath them.

“Oh, Chaz,” she whispered as he licked her neck, “oh my, Chaz that’s so hot baby.”

Chaz stuck his hand between her thighs and palmed the wet mound waiting there. She was shaved save for the softest patch of hair above her slit, but Chaz's giant paw covered all of it. Cecilia moved her hips in a circle, brushing the giant secret growing in Chaz's pants with her ass, and then grinding into the hand at her cunt.

"Enjoying the view, Jerry Jackoff?"

Tears stung the corners of Jerry's eyes when he realized his bully had the balls to say it in front of his wife. The fucking nickname. The fight left him then, his eyes drooping.

"Your wife's pussy is so fucking wet and I haven't even done anything yet," he smooched her neck with his lush, thick lips, "she's got great tits too. I can't wait to eat it all up while you watch, Jerry Jackoff."

Cecilia gave a sudden, drunken laugh at her husband's new nickname.

"Jerry Jackoff," she giggled, "you're so pathetic, Jerry."

Chaz's eyes flashed triumphantly.

"It's so big," she moaned, sticking her little ass into his crotch and feeling for it. "I wanna see it, baby. Show me."

“Beg for it,” he said, pushing her down to her knees just feet from where her husband sat bound and gagged. “Beg to see my big fat dick, Cecilia.”

“Show me Chaz please,” she whined, both hands rubbing the front of his pants. “I need to see your cock, pleeeeeease.”

“Bark like a dog for me,” he commanded.

“Woof! Woof!” she responded, the tequila making the ridiculous request an easy task.

“You hear your wife barking for me, Jerry? Just wait till I stick it in her pussy. She’ll do whatever I say, just you wait.”

Chaz unhooked his belt, pulled it from his waist and tossed it into Jerry’s lap. The button came away with a flick, and the force in his pants caused the zipper to start going down. Tired of waiting, Cecilia grabbed hold and pulled it the rest of the way, the sharp of it like a knife in Jerry’s ears. She wrapped fingertips into his waist band and began to tug.

“Oh my fucking God,” she whispered.

“Show your husband,” Chaz commanded.

Cecilia shuffled to the side so Jerry could get a better look, and used two hands to display Chaz's unique, curved Hammer. The skin on it was soft and white, almost perfectly so except the fat blue veins that wrapped around it at mid-shaft. The left-leaning curve was pronounced, gravity-defying. When Cecilia let go of it to wrap her hands around his nutsack, it remained elevated all on its own.

"Think it'll fit, Jer?" Chaz asked, unbuttoning his shirt one at a time.

"It's so much bigger than my husbands," Cecilia garbled, stroking him with two hands.

"Does your husband have a little dick?" he asked, the shirt falling from his body and revealing the same chiseled frame Jerry remembered from high school.

"Mmhmm," she squeaked, her face coming closer to the wayward tip.

"Suck my dick, baby. Suck it so your husband can see."

Cecilia obliged. Steadying his impossible cock by double-gripping the base of the shaft, Cecilia stretched her jaw wide, dipped to the left, and took him in her mouth. She let her eager tongue run across the head and under the shaft, allowing it to fill her mouth cheek to cheek.

"My cock is in your wife's mouth, Jerry. How's that make you feel?"

A ruined whimper from the chair.

“Like that, Cecilia. Deeper. Suck it like a good little whore. Suck it how you won’t for your husband. Let me touch the back of your throat. Yep, right there. Hold it. Hold it.” Chaz pinched her nose shut and fastened a hand to the back of her head. Using his strength, he plunged nearly half of it down her throat, holding it there and watching the wife’s face turn red.

“UGH,” he continued, “UGH, that’s it bitch. Just like that. Hold it.”

Chaz looked over at Jerry and winked.

Jerry saw his wife’s hands white knuckled, squeezing Chaz’s strong thighs. He saw a lump in her throat as she strained against what the bully was feeding her. When Chaz let go of her nose and head, Cecilia shot off it like a bottle rocket, gasping for air and choking. Fat lines of drool hung from Chaz’s hammer, suddenly lubricated when Cecilia’s hand grabbed hold and stroked.

“Oh my God,” she gasped, stroking frantically and staring up at the alpha male, “so fucking big, daddy. Choke me again, choke me again.”

Chaz slapped her hands away and jammed his rod back into her throat. He started pumping hard, leaning over slightly to grab hold of the red bra strap and tear at it. Cecilia’s swaying tits fell over the top of the bra, and Chaz fondled her roughly with his free hand while he skull-fucked her.

“She likes it when I treat her like a slut, Jerry,” he said, slapping her tits around, “Look at that. Look how she just takes it.” He continued plowing her wet mouth, the spit dripping and sliding down her neck, leaking between her smacked breasts. Yanking himself from her gullet he started beating his glistening white dick on her laughing face, like a giant drumstick beating its drum.

Chaz scooped Cecilia into his arms. Her bra was wrapped around her midsection below her blotchy- red titties, her hair a complete mess and her eyes lolling drunkenly around the room. Chaz set her down in Jerry’s lap and she reached back with two hands grip her husband’s head for support. Looking over his wife’s shoulder Jerry saw his wife’s breasts swaying perfectly on her chest.

Chaz grabbed hold of her melons and began to feast.

“Mmm,” he said, squeezing them both at the same time and running his tongue from one nipple to the other. “These are some nice titties, Jerry. Don’t you wish you could taste them?”

Cecilia laughed as he took her in his mouth, sucking and licking and biting. She nuzzled her husband’s gagged face, eyes closed and horny. Tears ran from Jerry’s eyes as he looked down at the man using his wife’s breasts.

Chaz stuck two fingers in Cecilia’s moist cunt, three knuckles deep and probing.

“Oh, he’s so good, Jerry,” she told her husband, “he’s so fucking good. So much better than you. I can’t wait for him to fuck me, baby. I need it. I need him to

fuck the shit out of me while you watch.”

Chaz’s fingers became a blur as they rubbed against her from the inside, pushing against her wall and creating more wet. Cecilia’s breaths were long, staggered moans as he brought her closer to the edge. Chaz suckled her aching nipples, licked her exposed armpits, spit in her mouth.

“Oh, Chaz you’re so kinky,” she said.

The bully wiped his pussy fingers off on Jerry’s face, standing once more and feeding Cecilia his angry white meat. Jerry watched how Chaz’s fat ballsack rested on Cecilia’s chest as he took her mouth. His eyes drifted from the man’s rod up to his glistening abs, to his smiling face and mop of gelled blonde hair.

Still in her husband’s lap, Cecilia opened her legs wide and beckoned for Chaz’s hammer.

Chaz rubbed his thickness against her spread opening, up and down, teasing the hole and the soft, feathery lips that surrounded it. Cecilia gripped her husband by reaching arms above and back.

“Oh daddy, fuck me. Fuck me with your beautiful cock!”

“Watch this Jerry,” he said, his eyes devouring the naked body stretched before him, “watch your wife’s face when I slide my dick inside her.”

Chaz held his curved dong and began to guide it in, one inch at a time. Cecilia's cunt was stubborn, opening only a little as Chaz tried to fit.

“Your wife is so tight,” Chaz told Jerry, “she won't feel you after this, little buddy.”

“Oh fuck, daddy, It's so thick...”

**“Ugh!”**

**“Oh!”**

Chaz slow-pumped her pussy at that awkward angle, Cecilia holding on for dear life and beginning to shake and jiggle in Jerry's lap. Chaz kept her put with a palm pressing into her chest. His other hand wrested on top of Jerry's head for leverage and extra degradation.

“Oh...my...God...” she shook as he went deeper.

“That's it, bitch. Open up. Get spread.”

“Oh, Chaz. Oh my God it’s so fucking go-o-o- “

“Look at your fucking wife you pathetic cuck...”

“O-O-O-O- “

“I’m touching her in places you’ve never dreamed of Jerry...”

Chaz fucked faster, Cecilia’s pink walls gripping the entirety of his mass. His balls slapped her ass audibly as he drilled. The restraints that bound Jerry had grown painful with all the added weight and motion. His arms were numb, and his legs screamed, but it all felt far away as he watched...felt, his wife getting fucked like a rag doll.

“I’m CUM CUM CUM” she tried to scream, but Chaz slapped her in the mouth. Cecilia shot a long stream of her juice up, spraying Chaz’s chest and neck. He never slowed, pounding more mercilessly as she convulsed on him.

“Hold still, bitch,” he said, pulling himself from her gaped gap. Grabbing Cecilia by the back of the head he tore her from Jerry’s lap and shuffled her to her knees. Her hair enclosed in his cruel fist, Chaz laid Cecilia’s face along the legs of her husband. Jerking himself short and fast he brought the head of his dick within inches of her face.

**“UGH!”**

Chaz grunted as hard, quick shots spurting onto Cecilia's surprised face. It splashed off her cheeks and doused Jerry's shorts. Another shot coated her nose and eyes, wayward droplets rained into her hair and onto her lips.

Jerry tried to close his eyes but couldn't look away. The woman he loved most in the world was being degraded right in front of him, another man's cum spraying her face.

**“UGH! ALL OVER YOUR FUCKING FACE! OPEN YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!”**

Still recovering from her orgasm, Cecilia sucked the last of his seed from the purple tip and swallowed. Large stains decorated Jerry's shorts, and it dripped off his wife's face in gobs. After a few love taps on the lips from Chaz's leaking cock, he put her back on her husband's lap and got between her legs.

“Oh my God, Chaz...you can go again?”

“Watch this, Jerry...”

Chaz pushed deep and Cecilia cried out, writhing in her husband's lap. Chaz Stroker fucked her while his nut jiggled fresh on her face.

“The next one is going inside you, bitch,” he told her viciously.

“Fill me, baby,” she whimpered.

Jerry felt his bully’s cum sticking to his legs, he could smell the muskiness of his balls as he worked his wife. Jerry didn’t know what he would say to Cecilia when she finally pulled the gag from his mouth and untied him.

And as she began to cum on the bully’s cock for the second time, Jerry wondered if it would matter.

**THE END**

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*-Dex*