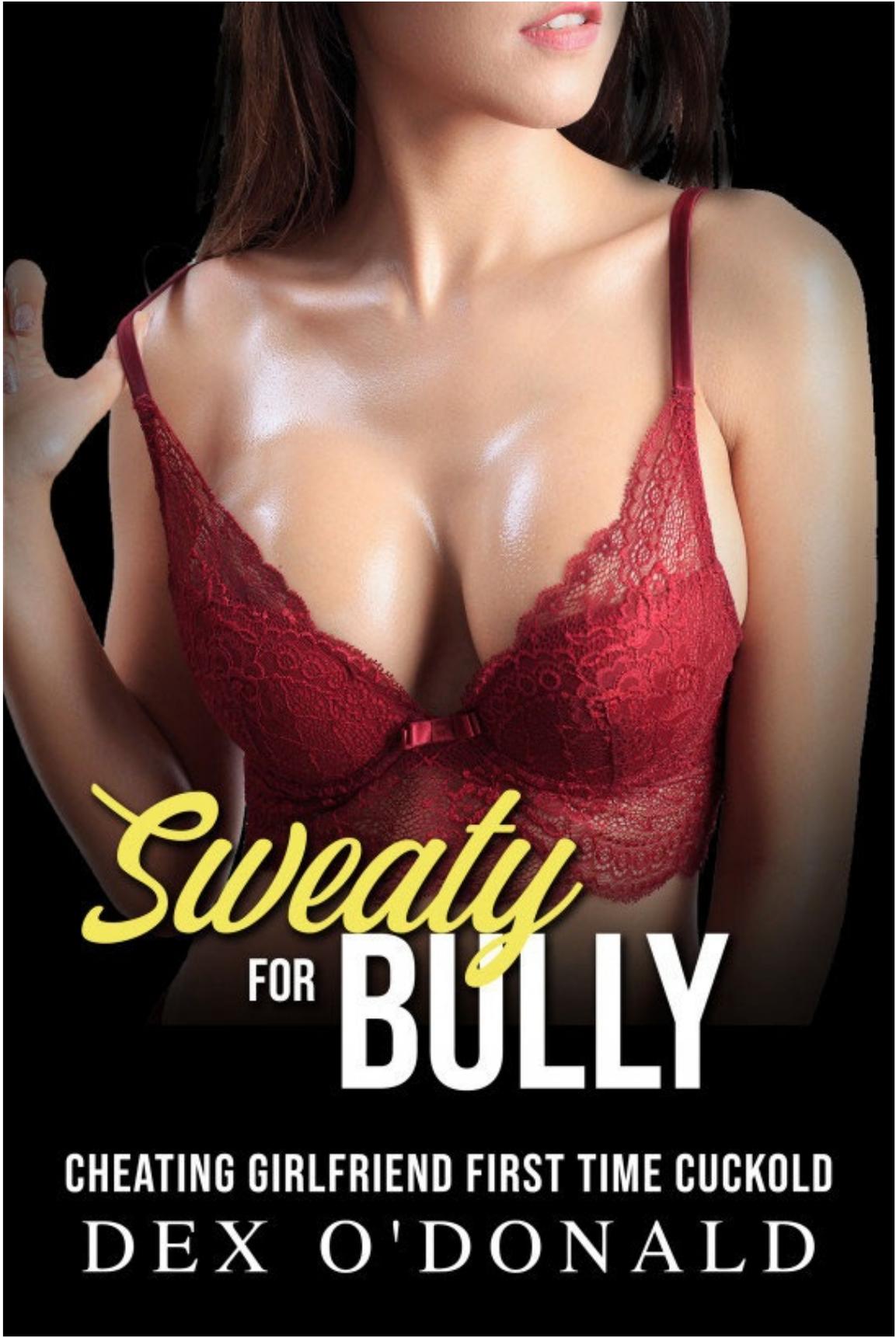


Sweaty
FOR **BULLY**

CHEATING GIRLFRIEND FIRST TIME CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



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**Sweaty for Bully: Cheating Girlfriend First Time Cuckold (Bully Betrayal
Ep. 21)**

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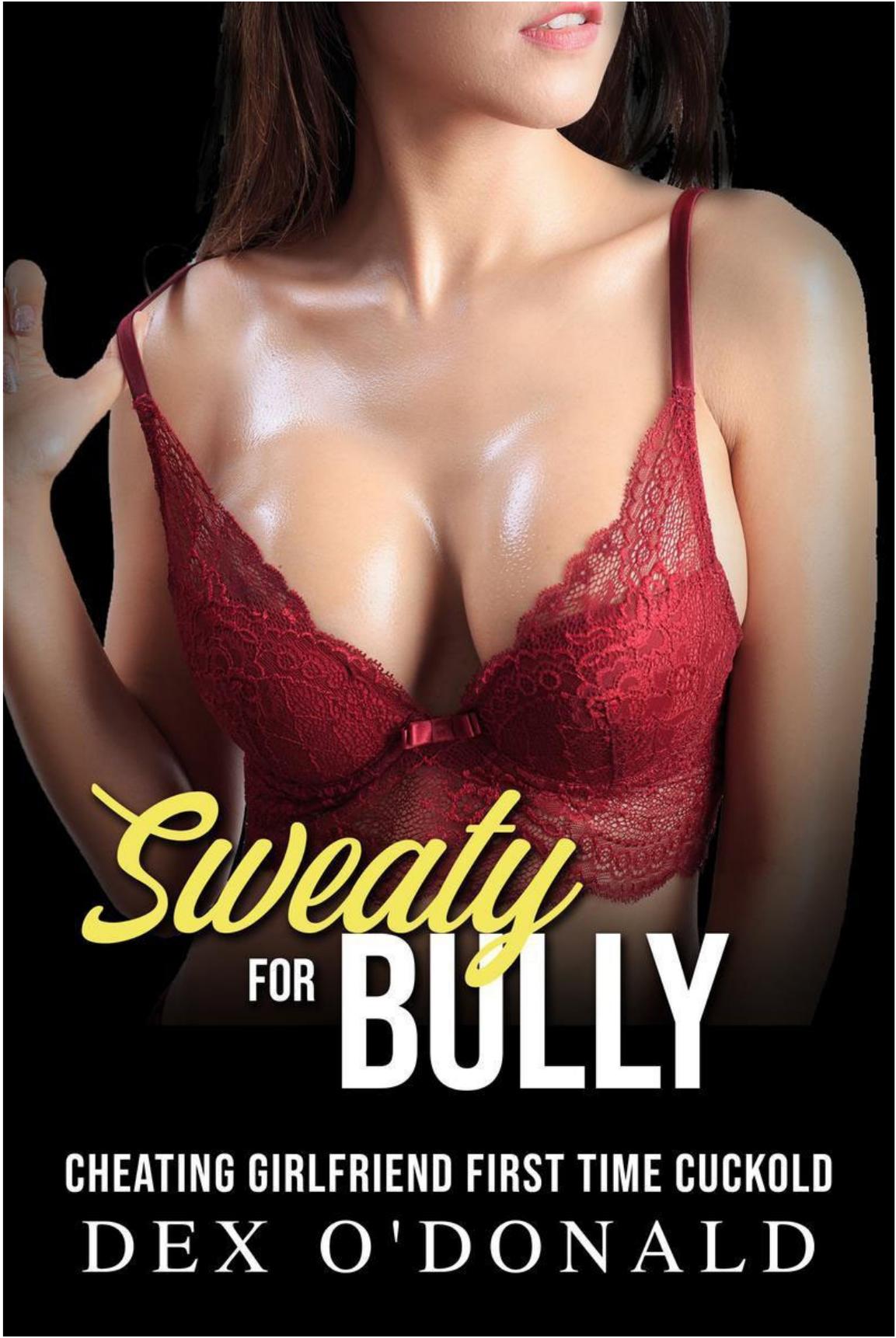
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Sweaty
FOR **BULLY**

CHEATING GIRLFRIEND FIRST TIME CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD

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The air conditioning was broken and the three of them sat humid and hot in the living room.

“I hate to be the bearer of bad news, Chucky, but a bet is a bet.”

Thick streams of sweat streaked between Troy’s pecs, snaking down his long torso to pool at his belly-button. His thick mop of blonde hair was temporarily tamed beneath a Boston Red Socks cap, and the only clothing he had on besides his red sneakers was a pair of thin, blue basketball shorts that clung low to his waist, just below his greased pack of abs. He grinned at Chuck, taunting him, being as awful as he could be given the situation.

“What? Now?” Chuck whined, beyond exasperated. Watching the Bucs destroy the Bills that day was one thing, but with so much on the line in a bet with his long-time friend and nemesis, Troy Bones, the game seemed about so much more than just winners and losers.

“Now’s as good a time as any,” Troy laced his fingers together behind his head and leaned back, spreading hairy legs wide and cozying into Chuck’s couch. “What say you, Kayla?”

Kayla sat in front of a box fan on the floor, soft droplets of sweat beading her ample cleavage. Behind her the blades spun at max speed, and her lithe frame seemed to somehow hog all the cool air. She stared at her boyfriend with pure incredulity; disbelief that he’d actually gone this far with his sports betting.

“Apparently I’m just some pawn in you men’s little game,” she rolled her eyes, her dirty-blonde hair pulled back from her face and tied into a pony-tail. “So what difference does it make what I say, right?”

“Hey now,” Troy consoled her, “I asked you, didn’t I?”

“You asked me before Chuck did, that’s for sure,” she spat, staring her boyfriend down.

“That’s not true,” Chuck said, green in the gills. “Besides...I thought we were kidding around.”

“Oh bullshit –“ Kayla started.

“Don’t be a sore loser!” Troy finished.

“ALRIGHT!” Chuck shouted, more than a little drunk from the sixer of Busch he’d polished off on his own. The coffee table in front of the big screen TV was littered with empty cans and half-eaten snacks, and what was once a fresh bottle of tequila now nearly empty. “I just need a second to think is all,” he said, “can you keep your pants on for five more minutes while I just think Goddamnit?”

“Think all you want but I gotta take a piss,” Troy burped, standing up and winking at a disgusted Kayla in the process. “When I get back, I need to know if you’re a man of your word, or a no good, cowardly liar that reneges on bets.” Troy stomped off in his size fourteen shoes, his wide, sweaty back awash and glistening.

“Put the toilet seat up,” Kayla called after him, not oblivious to the muscles lining Troy’s tanned shoulders. “You pissed all over the floor last weekend!”

“Why do we still invite him over?” Chuck moaned. “It never ends well.”

“Don’t you try to snake out of responsibility for this one,” she said, tilting her head up and letting the fan blow against the back of her neck. “You placed that bet without even asking me, I mean for Christ’s sakes Chucky I was getting your snacks ready –“

“What took you so long anyway! I was trying to wait for you and talk to you about it –“

“You gotta be fucking kidding me, Chucky,” she shook her head in anger. “You’re so drunk you can’t even admit to me that you were wrong to auction me off!” Kayla wore a white tank top which clung wet to her skin. The line of her cleavage shimmered in the afternoon sun that poured through the blinds, and from where Chuck sat above her on the couch, he could almost see to the bottom of her round, fleshy tit.

“Fuck...I’m sorry,” Chuck broke, edging to the corner of the couch and reaching out for his girl’s hand. “You don’t have to do anything. It’s fine. I’ll pay him twice what I should and tell him to forget about it. I couldn’t let you do that...it would kill me.”

“What money you gonna pay him, Chucky?” she said, unconvinced. “You aren’t

giving our rent away because you get squeamish. There ain't no money to give him... you realize that don't you?"

"I'll pay it with interest over time," Chuck gulped, the sound of the toilet flushing down the hall. "He'll let me. He has to."

"There's not going to be any interest," Kayla sighed, Troy's approaching footfalls thundering behind her.

"Well Chuck," Troy stepped past Kayla and plopped back down on the couch beside his friend, "what's it gonna be buddy? A lifetime of humiliation...or is little Kayla here going to suck my dick?"

In that moment, Chuck wanted to punch every goofy, white tooth out of Troy's arrogant grin. He squeezed his fist so hard that fingernails cut into his flesh, leaving tiny red lines of simmering anger. He looked over at Kayla on the floor, curled up in front of the cooling fan, her face filled with something like pity. Chuck hated that almost as much as he hated Troy's smile.

"If you really want her to...I guess..." Chuck's clenched words trailed off.

"What's that, Chucky?" Troy grabbed him by the shoulder and jostled him. "I can't hear you, you're mumbling. Did you just say your wife could suck my dick?"

"Fuck off, Troy," Chuck knocked the patronizing hand away.

"You'll have to excuse the sweat," Troy said, turning his attention to the annoyed girl on the carpet, "your boyfriend's air conditioning is broken." Troy tugged at his blue basketball shorts without shame, sliding them down his thighs and past his knees, scrunching them at his ankles in a mess against his red sneakers.

When she saw it lying there, curled against a bushy mound of moist pubic hair, Kayla let out a muted gasp.

Chuck would normally have given his girlfriend a dirty look for making such a sound, but for the moment he was unable look away from it. It was soft, that much was obvious. But it was fat and round like a giant slug and a broad, red-hued head sat thick atop it. Troy's ballsack was mostly smooth, sitting in a pile against the couch cushion as he adjusted his cock.

“Judging from your reaction I’m guessing I’m a bit bigger than little Chucky,” Troy chortled.

“Don’t be so cocky,” Kayla tried to hide her astonishment with a harsh tone, rising from her ass to her knees to get a better look at the thing. “It’s a turn off when guys brag too much.”

“Sure it is,” Troy resumed his relaxation posture; hands behind the head and knees spread wide. “That’s why you can’t take your eyes off of it.”

“Bullshit,” she mumbled, averting her gaze.

Chuck was white as a ghost, and he shook his head back and forth all the time, never taking his eyes from Troy’s substantial meat.

“The deal was a blowjob, so I hope you don’t think you get to see or touch my titties,” Kayla inched closer, “it’s head only. Understand?”

“Yeah whatever,” Troy smirked, “take my shoes off, whore.”

“Hey now watch your fucking mouth!” Chuck burst out, rising from the couch.

“Whoa! Buddy,” Troy said with nonchalance, “calm down. I’m just playing around. We’re all friends here, right? Besides. I’ll probably cum quicker if I get into it. You’d rather that than me sitting here all day and letting her edge me, wouldn’t you?”

“I don’t fucking know...”

“Because I will if you want me to, Chuck. I’ll edge in her mouth for hours no problem.”

“Please don’t...”

“That’s what I thought...Take my shoes off, whore.” He nodded once more at Kayla, who stuck her bottom lip out in annoyance and began to pluck at the white shoelaces tangled amongst Troy’s basketball shorts.

“I can smell your balls,” Kayla winced, pulling the right shoe off his fat heel.

“Not surprising,” Troy looked down at her, “when you got big nuts, they tend to sweat a lot.”

Chuck breathed hard through clenched teeth, watching his wife handle Troy’s shoes. He saw her pull them off one at a time, Troy’s sweaty socks just inches from her delicate nose. When his feet were free, Troy kicked the basketball shorts away and they landed in a heap on the carpet. Kayla inched in between his legs, on her knees, eyes diverted from the mass flopping around against his thigh.

“Go get me a beer, Chuck,” Troy cleared his throat, “I want to really enjoy this moment.”

Chuck heard him with a faint nod. He sat there on the couch, his knee almost touching his friend and enemy, eyes screaming to look away but unable to. Kayla was muttering something unimportant, her excited fingers finding Troy’s plump cock and lifting it sticky from his thigh.

My wife is touching another man...touching him there.

Chuck shot up and tried to shake off that awful feeling creeping over him. He shuffled quickly to the refrigerator and grabbed a Modelo from the bottom rack. He returned to the couch and handed the cold brew off to Troy, who cracked it open and took a deep swig.

“Don’t take all day,” Kayla said, her breath passing across Troy’s red tip, his girth starting to fill out her dainty palms. Without another word, the head of Troy’s penis disappeared into her mouth, Kayla’s wet lips wrapping wide in an O shape, taking it back.

“Oh my oh my,” Troy breathed, “look at this little whore go, Chuck.”

“Goddamnit,” Chuck grunted.

Kayla used a free hand to slap Troy on his pale, hairy thigh. She let his cock fall from her lips long enough to say, “don’t be so mean!”

“Oh no?” Troy sneered, suddenly grabbing Kayla by the ponytail, “how’s this for mean, whore?” In the next moment, Kayla’s forehead was pressed firmly into Troy’s flat stomach, her throat full of that fat, hardening mass. With her nose

pressing into the skin at the base of his cock, Troy jerked her violently three times, before yanking her off.

“What the fuck!” Chuck screamed.

“Oh my God,” Kayla breathed, drool dripping from her chin and ecstatic shock painted across her face. She looked immediately at Troy’s veiny cock, stretching upward now, powerful and pulsing, no longer needing a hand to support its weight.

“You liked that didn’t you, whore,” Troy still had her by the ponytail, and he stroked his wet meat with a free hand.

“Oh fuck, I...,” Kayla shot a nervous glance at Chuck, and when her boyfriend locked eyes with her she shook her head no.

“No? Here, let’s try again,” Troy yanked Kayla by the hair and got himself inside her eager mouth once more, the secret trail of her tongue alive against the underside of his shaft. “Good girl, that’s it...show me you want it...that’s right... good whore...” He throbbed hard, and to his surprise Kayla allowed him to control the blowjob, doing what he considered a “gentle” fucking of her face; only burying half of it inside, only causing the occasional gag.

To Chuck’s eyes, it was the most violent form of pornography he’d ever seen.

“Good whore, look up at me,” Troy forgot all about Chuck, “that’s it. Don’t fucking look away. Understand? Good. Fuck.” He let go of her hair and pulled it out her mouth. “Stick your tongue out.” Kayla listened well, letting him push his bloated, leaking head flat against her red tongue. “Take your shirt off I want to see your tits.”

Kayla looked at Chuck whose face told her absolutely not. Even Kayla had told Troy no chance just a few minutes before. But now, as she knelt between his legs, serving him, she found the idea of ‘no-tits-allowed’ absurd. She might have explained as much to Chuck if Troy had given her the chance to.

“I said pull your fucking tits out whore,” Troy sat up grabbed the hem of Kayla’s shirt and tore it upward. It slid off her skin quietly beneath the protests of her boyfriend. Kayla had a flesh-toned bra on beneath, and Troy wasted no time in snatching the buckle at the back and tearing it away. Her white breasts fell out

like creamy clouds on a hot afternoon, and he filled his rough hands with them, turning her fair skin to harsh, splotchy red marks.

“Always wanted to see your fucking tits, Kayla,” Troy sneered with the confidence of a belly full of tequila. “Now I get to play with em’ too. My lucky fucking day.” He slapped her titties and pinched at the nipples while she used two hands to stroke his massive rod. “Matter of fact, I need to taste these titties, too.” He snatched the petite girl from the carpet and pulled her into his lap, pulling one fat, fleshy breast into his mouth and sucking.

“This wasn’t part of the fucking bet!” Chuck stood from the couch where his girlfriend wriggled in Troy’s grasp. “Her tits got nothing to do with this!”

“Tell him to sit down and shut the fuck up,” Troy snatched her fresh, pink areola between thumb and forefinger, twisting.

“Oh!” she squealed, face to face with him. “Oh! Ow!”

“Tell him now!” Troy growled.

“Shut the fuck OH! Shut the fuck OW! Shut the fuck up and sit down Chuck!”

“Good girl,” Troy popped her nipple back into his mouth, nibbling and licking.

Chuck stood a few moments longer, embarrassed, seemingly alone...before taking a seat on the couch once more.

“These titties are fucking nice,” Troy slobbered on her chest, a line of spit running between her breasts. “The guys in our fantasy football league ain’t gonna believe I got to suck these titties.”

“Aw come on man!” Chuck cried out. “You can’t tell anybody about this. That’s not fair!”

“Quiet pussy,” Troy slapped Kayla’s tit and it jiggled madly.

“Are you enjoying this?” Chuck asked his wife in disbelief, her toes curled just inches from his leg. “Don’t tell me you’re actually enjoying this, Kayla!”

“No, baby,” she was flustered, face red and nipples erect, “but you made...you,

oh my...you made this bet...oh, fuck...not me...fuck..." she was whimpering; high, breathless whispers that she tried to hide, to push out in any direction but her boyfriend's ears.

"I can't believe this," tears dotted the corners of Chuck's eyes.

"Believe it, bitch," Troy said, shoving Kayla back down between his legs and guiding himself into her open mouth. Her tits swung red and bruised as she bobbed on his rod, eyes trained forward all the time.

Kayla tried to look through Troy, not at him. With Chuck sitting so close she didn't want to see Troy's abs or his muscular chest. She didn't want to stare at the way his mouth moved when she licked the right spot, at the strong cut of his jaw...she didn't want Chuck to see her wanting it.

Troy picked up the pace, pushing himself deeper into her throat, testing her limit.

Testing Chuck's, too.

"Look at that," Troy marveled, one hand on her ponytail and the other gripping the back of her neck, railing her in the face with his big white cock. "She takes it deep. She throats you like this, Chucky? I bet not. Judging from the look on her face she's never seen one so big in the flesh...Ugh, fuck. Which means I'm touching places no one ever has before. It's like I'm taking her virginity, in a way. Shouldn't have bet against the Bucs, Chuck. No way, pal!"

Troy continued to choke her with long white shlong, pulling so much spit that it leaked down her neck and across her battered breasts. When he buried it deep, he kept her there, finding her cute little nose and pinching it shut.

"Good fucking whore. Good little fucking whore!" Troy grunted, glaring at Chuck as he said it. Her face shook red against him, the image of struggle. Then he snatched her off, allowing Kayla a full five seconds to compose herself before he lifted his endowment out of the way, revealing a fleshy, sweat-soaked ballsack.

He shoved her face into it, and her insatiable tongue went to work.

"This isn't a fucking blowjob," Chuck cried, "this is a fucking porno!"

“Oh fuck baby, that’s it,” Troy ignored him, “that’s it suck those sweaty balls. Oh God you nasty fucking bitch...that’s right suck my sweaty nuts. First one...that’s good. The whole thing, put it in your mouth. Suck it, baby. Clean it. Good. Now the other...that’s it, oh fuck yeah get in your mouth...suck...oh fuck...”

Kayla’s dazzling green eyes stared up from a mess of ballsack and pubic hair, his sweat dressing across her face. She took each ball into her mouth separately, loving one before swallowing another.

Chuck smelled that recognizable, pungent odor from where he sat.

“I can smell your sweaty balls!” Chuck gagged.

“So can your girlfriend, Chucky,” Troy barked laughter. He pulled Kayla’s mouth back onto his stiff cock, this time allowing her to do the work herself as he reclined back. She had both palms wrapped around the base, his matted pubic hair tickling her wrists, holding the entirety of it steady as she took him again and again.

Troy’s sagging ballsack pulled away from the couch-leather with a squelch when she long-stroked him. When she tried to deepthroat, Troy reached under and grabbed his nuts and held them against her soft, fragile neck. When she came up for air, the sweat smeared across her neck was plain to see.

“It’s too bad your loser boyfriend won’t let me fuck you,” Troy said, shoving two fingers into Kayla’s mouth while she double-stroked him shaft to tip. “I’d make your fucking legs weak.”

Kayla slid her tongue between the two cruel fingers exploring her mouth. Though she felt the burn of her boyfriend’s stare, she kept her eyes locked on the man defiling her; it was easy to get lost in the intensity of him.

Troy stood suddenly from the couch, pushing Kayla and her jiggling tits back a few feet. His bulbous, durable penis jutted from his athletic frame like a beacon. His dripping, hanging balls swung freely at last, fat and swollen and huge. He took Kayla by either side of the head and dug at her confused lips until she opened wide again, accepting him. Troy swung at the hips and in doing so got his cock deep down her gullet, wild balls swinging. Kayla wretched a muffled gag when it hit the back of her throat, splotchy breasts convulsing and swinging. The gagging became constant, Troy making a spectacle out of abusing Kayla’s

face in his friend's living room.

“Look at your fucking whore girlfriend, Chucky!” he screamed, eyes alight. “All because you bet against the fucking Bucs. You stupid little shit! Look at her! Look at precious, cute, innocent Kayla! Not so fucking innocent with a fat cock stuffed down her windpipe, huh? Christ almighty, you're a good friend to keep around, Chuck. If I'm ever feeling down, I'll just come over here and win your wife's pussy on a game of cards. And I can always remind myself, right when I nut in your girl's stupid fucking face, that I'll never be as big a loser as you. UGH!”

On the tail end of Troy's tirade, his great ballsack convulsed upwards, signaling the explosion. The first shot disappeared down Kayla's very surprised throat, and it reflected in her green bug-eyes when she tasted the hot semen flooding her mouth. He pulled it out and that first shot of nut came coughing up and out onto Kayla's chin and running down her neck.

Troy stroked the rest out across her flushed, pure face.

“NO! NO! NO!” Chuck screamed in time with each spurt.

A thick rope streaked across her face, from eyebrow to chin. More hot spurts of it splashed across her cheeks and lips, pooling under her nose, running down the sides of her face.

“UGH! UGH!” Troy grunted, his slick, hot nut raining down across his friend's girlfriend's face.

Kayla flinched with every shot but never ducked. She was blinded quickly and saved from the view of her boyfriend's near-tears face as he screamed incoherently. She wiggled beneath it, feeling each warm wad coat her. She felt the sheer amount of it, sticking to her features, glazing everything.

“Good fucking girl,” Troy panted, his orgasm subsiding, the last drops of his cream dotting Kayla's ruined face. “Good little dicksucker, yes. Good fucking whore.”

“I can't fucking believe this!” Chuck cried, head in hands. “You didn't say anything about cumming on her fucking face!”

“I didn’t say anything about not cumming on her face either,” Troy giggled, squeezing one final drop from his tip out and into Kayla’s blonde hair. “Have fun washing that out, whore.”

Kayla knelt there in the sweltering living room, nut and sweat(some of it Troy’s sweat) dripping from her face. Her boyfriend stared at her speechless while Troy found his basketball shorts on the carpet and put them back on. At last, his demanding, all-encompassing cock was put away.

“Can I get a fucking towel now, please?” Kayla broke the silence.

“Oh I gotta clean it up now, too?” Chuck said.

“Just get me a fucking towel you asshole!” Her shriek shocked him into action, and Chuck disappeared down the hall to fetch a towel from the bathroom.

Troy stood over his work, chuckling to himself as Kayla knelt there, helpless, and blind.

“You were an eager little girl, weren’t you?” Troy said.

“Oh, fuck off...Just trying to get it over with...”

“I don’t believe that for a second,” he said. “And neither do you. Can you imagine what it feels like between your legs, Kayla? Can you? Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it. That you’re not thinking about it right now.”

“What I’m thinking about is why is it taking my inept boyfriend so long to find a towel. I’m covered in cum!”

“My cum,” Troy patted her on the head condescendingly, making sure not to touch his own mess. “And if you’re lucky...if you play your cards right, it won’t be the last time.

“All I could find was this bath towel,” Chuck stumbled back into the living room.

“Just fucking hand it here!” she yelled at him. She wiped the gobs coating her eyelids, removing enough semen so that she could see again. When she opened her eyes, Troy was looming over her, staring down, a sick smile spread across

his lips.

“I’ll be seeing you two soon,” Troy walked to the front door, “try not to miss me.”

“Shouldn’t be too hard,” Chuck mumbled, watching his tormentor leave.

“You really are a fucking moron, Chuck. You know that?” Kayla scolded, tossing the soiled towel at her husband, where it landed sticky across his face. He screamed like a little girl and darted down the hall into the bathroom, cursing his girlfriend the whole way.

Kayla went upstairs and laid down in bed, finding that tender spot between her legs. She ran trembling fingers across it, closing her eyes, envisioning Trey’s body ...and that beautiful, deal-breaking cock between his legs.

That night Kayla made sweet, short love to Chuck and kissed his cheek after he finished on his own stomach. He could never last long when she took him from the top, and if she wanted him off to bed quickly it was her best option.

Chuck's snores kept her awake worse than that sweet, unsatisfied aching lurking in the pit of her belly. She'd taken care of herself twice since Troy left. Once, right there on her boyfriend's bed while he cleaned Troy's cum out of his hair. And then again in the shower later when she was finally ready to wash his scent from her body. Both times she dreamt of his sneering smile, sexy body, and perfect, giant white cock.

Getting Chuck off to sleep had been priority number one for that reason. She needed to get off again. She hadn't gone three times in a day since she'd started dating Chuck a year ago, and here she was needing it. While one part of her couldn't stand Troy and his arrogant, asshole nature, there was now a very real other part of her that was in love with his outstanding, muscular dick.

Her fingers found their way under the linen of her panties, and she tried blocking out the sounds of her husband's goofy snores beside her.

The cellphone vibrated on the nightstand and she saw the screen light up. Annoyed at being interrupted just as she was able to recall the curvature of Troy's cock, she snatched the phone and glimpsed the notification.

A text message from an unknown number.

Frowning, she opened the message. It read: Come outside. Now. Don't wake the bitch boy.

Who is this? she sent back.

...it's your new daddy, whore. Now get your ass outside right now!

She froze. She glanced at her husband to be sure the beast still slept, and then slid from the blankets and walked to the window. Out on the street a single street bulb cast a faint light onto their driveway and a bit of the street beyond. There was one car parked just before their driveway, and as she stood there watching it blinked its headlights three times.

Quiet as bird leaving the nest, she crept from her boyfriend's bedroom and went downstairs.

The night air was cool, and she immediately regretted not snagging a coat from the closet. She wore a white evening gown that displayed most of her breasts and stopped just short of the top of her thighs. The window of the car was down and Troy sat in the driver's seat. She approached with caution, checking up and down the street for any midnight nosy neighbors.

"You shouldn't have gotten so dressed up," Troy smiled from the window, "this ain't gonna take that long."

"What are you doing here?" she stopped just short of him. "It's midnight. What's this about, Troy?"

"I think you know," he gloated. "I think you can't stop thinking about me and you want more. I could see it in your eyes today. You'd have given it up so goddamn fast if he wasn't standing there."

"Jesus," Kayla shook her head. "You're so full of yourself you just lose touch with all reality, don't you? In your world, I'm what? Hopelessly in love with your big cock and annoying laugh? Sorry, Troy. It takes more than that to impress me."

"I don't think it does," he inclined his head. "Matter of fact I bet you're wet right now just thinking about it. Show me."

"Excuse me?"

"Show me, bitch. Now. Here. Show me how wet you are."

"You're insane, I'm going back inside –" she turned to leave.

"Get your fucking ass in the car," his voice was cold and concrete. She stopped dead in her tracks.

Kayla looked up at her bedroom window as she rounded back, opening the passenger door and getting in.

"Show me now, bitch," he spat from behind the steering wheel. "Lift it up and

show me.”

She hesitated, glancing again to the bedroom window where her boyfriend slept.

“The windows are tainted, moron. Little Chucky wouldn’t see shit even if he were smart enough to look out here, which he ain’t. Which means you’re all mine. Now. Show me.”

Kayla rolled the gown up without another word, immediately exposing her shaved, tucked cunt. It glistened in the low light of the dash, clearly soaked.

“That’s what I thought,” Troy reached across the center console and pressed two fingers there. Kayla’s head immediately pushed hard into the headrest, caught off guard by how badly she needed him to touch her. “You’re fucking soaked,” he rubbed her juices all around, “thinking about my fat fucking dick aren’t you?”

“Yes...” she whispered, eyes half-shut.

“That’s what I fucking thought...”

“Fuck me,” she said suddenly, “please just do it already. Fuck me, Troy. He doesn’t have to know. I won’t tell him. Just fuck me. Please just –“

“Alright enough, whore,” he pulled his wet fingers back from her cunt and grabbed Kayla around the chin, squishing her lips together. “You’ll get this dick when I say you get it. Understand?”

“OK,” she was immensely dissatisfied with this answer.

“You’re going to be my little cumdump until further notice, do I make myself clear, whore?”

“You’re really so insane, you know that?” she said.

“If I’m insane you’d do best not to upset me,” he smiled. “Now when you go back in your house tonight you be real careful not to fuck that wimp boyfriend of yours. Your ass is mine until further notice, and I get to decide what to do with my ass.”

“Wow. You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“Do I look like I’m joking?”

In the dim light of the car, she could still make out the hard edge of his jawline, the broad structure of his chest and shoulders. He was wearing the same basketball shorts as earlier, and she wondered if he’d taken a shower yet.

“What would your boyfriend say if he knew you were out here, dressed like that, with me, in the middle of the night?” His voice was low and threatening, sharp as a knife.

“He wouldn’t be very happy about it,” she sighed. “What are you getting at, Troy? Are you going to fuck me or not?”

“I’ll fuck you,” he smiled, sliding his phone from his pocket, and pointing it at her. Suddenly the flashlight was on, and Kayla raised a hand to her eyes. “But first I want you to beg for it. Look at the camera and beg me for my dick, whore.”

“Fuck you, Troy,” she batted at the camera with a half-interested hand. “I’m not doing this. I’m going back inside.

“You go back inside, and you won’t get an inch of this dick.”

She paused.

“That’s what I thought,” he laughed. “Now look at the camera and ask me nicely. Ask me for my dick.”

“What are you going to do with this video, Troy?” she uncovered her face and let her eyes adjust to the glare.

“Whatever the fuck I want...Now, beg.”

Kayla frowned. She looked up at the dark window of her bedroom and imagined Chuck still lying there in the same position. She turned to the camera.

“Fuck me, Troy,” she mumbled.

“Look at the camera and ask me nicely.”

“Will you please fuck me, Troy?” she looked reluctantly at the camera lens.

“Again.”

“Please fuck me, Troy.”

“With what?”

“Fuck me with your big cock...please...”

“Does your boyfriend not do it for you? Does his little dick not fulfill you as a woman?” Even behind the light on the phone Troy’s shit-eating grin was visible, growing larger by the moment.

“Jesus Christ...”

“Answer, whore!”

“No...He doesn’t do it for me...”

“Do what?”

“Fulfill me...”

“Now look at the camera and say Chuck is a little bitch boy and you want some real dick.”

“Do I have to?”

“Say it!”

“Chuck is a little bitch boy,” she cleared her throat, “and I’m ready for some real dick...For your dick, Troy.”

Troy’s unforgiving, callous laughter filled the car as he placed his phone on a stand connected to the middle of his dashboard. The camera eye recorded as he shifted himself into the back seat of the car, long legs disappearing over the headrests of the front seats.

“Crawl your ass back here and get me hard, whore,” he called to Kayla in the passenger seat. She gave the camera a nervous look before turning her back to it

and crawling into the back to join Troy. His basketball shorts were already around his ankles, his meaty cock coming to life in his lap.

“Chuck can’t find out about this,” she stuttered, taking him into her shaky fingers.

“Like you give a fuck, whore,” his hand was at her neck.

It was Football Sunday at Chuck and Kayla's place, and that weekend they'd invited more people than just Troy to watch the games. Their studio apartment was packed to the brim with friends from the local bar and acquaintances from Chuck's fantasy football team.

All men. All loud.

"FUMBLE!"

"COME ON THAT'S INTERFERENCE!"

"THESE REFS SUCK!"

The television was cranked up high and the cacophony of yelling and grunts made the apartment feel smaller than it already was. Chuck was on the couch crammed between two of the larger fellas from the bar while Kayla arranged a plate of snacks in the kitchen area nearby. The air conditioner was still broken, and with so many people crammed into such a small space, the scent of sweat and man was heavy.

Troy stood near the tv, the same sly grin across his face that had been there all afternoon. It was a grin that made Chuck nervous. He hadn't seen Troy since the previous weekend when he'd watched the man defile his wife's face...and Kayla had barely spoken to Chuck since. She'd been out at odd hours, too, and he wondered if perhaps she had lost so much respect for him that she'd taken to midday matinees and late-night phone calls with a girlfriend.

"Halftime!" yelled Bob.

"Time to take a leak!" joked Barret, a fantasy league regular.

"How about them snacks, Kayla!" Trevor, another buddy from the bar called into the kitchen.

"I'm coming I'm coming," she giggled, fixing nachos on a plate, and bringing them into the living room. The gang of men descended on the dish like flies, the snack disappearing in just a few minutes.

"Attention everyone," came Troy's voice over the din, "we have a special treat

for halftime today...If you'll just turn your attention to the TV, we can get started."

Something in his voice made Chuck look up. There was devilish quality to it, like a private joke only he could laugh at. Most of the men in the room didn't notice, still stuffing their face with whatever chip or dip they could get their hands on.

It wasn't until Kayla's voice came on over the television that they stopped what they were doing long enough to look at the tv.

"Fuck me, Troy," came her annoyed, sweet voice over the Sony soundbar.

Chuck was frozen to the couch seat, suddenly unable to move, barely able to breathe.

"Will you please fuck me, Troy..."

On the TV screen was Kayla. She wore a skimpy nightgown, and her overflowing cleavage was easy to see even in the poor lighting. She was in a car. She was looking at the camera.

"What the fuck is this?" Chuck asked aloud, but his defeated voice barely made it over the rising rabble of the men surrounding him. To Chuck's ears they sounded distant. A stark panic settled into his chest and made him feel as if he were experiencing everything from underwater.

"Yowza!" cat-called a man named Bill at the TV.

"Damn girl look at them knockers!" yelled another.

"Is that Kayla?" exclaimed Trevor with a glint in his eye.

The group of sports fans and alcoholics crowded around the television. Troy simply stared at Chuck, savoring every moment of the humiliation blossoming on his face. Kayla stood in the kitchen, back to them all, pouring herself a drink. The flush of her face had traveled to her neck, making it look as if she'd been standing in the sun all day with no protection.

"Fuck me with your big cock...please..." she said from the past.

“You can see her twat!” burped Bob, still seated next to Chuck on the couch but sitting up now in rapt attention.

“Damn girl look at that thing!”

“I’m coming to your house more often Chuck if this is the kind of halftime show we get!”

“Hey Kayla,” one of them called to her as she stood in the kitchen with her back to them, “you ever get tired of little Chuck here you give me a call won’t you girl?” Hearty, mocking laughter filled the humid apartment.

The sweat on Chuck’s body turned cold even as it poured off of him in droves. His wife was on the television, and every single jerk they were even remote acquaintances with was getting a free shot of her pussy and most of her tits.

His vision swam, and Chuck had to get his hands on his knees to keep from passing out.

“Chuck is a little bitch boy... and I’m ready for some real dick...For your dick, Troy...”

“Goddamn Troy she’s drooling for you, buddy!”

“Damn look at those sweet little lips.”

“Take it off! Take it off!”

The camera cut to a different shot. Peering between the empty passenger and driver’s seat it focused on the back seat where Troy sat centered and wide-legged with no pants on. Kayla was beside him, her legs tucked below her ass as she leaned over his lap, bare tits spilling over the top of her gown and swinging just above Troy’s veiny, white cock.

The room erupted.

“GODDAMN!”

“TITTIES!”

“THAT BOY HUNG LIKE A HORSE!”

“DAMN KAYLA!”

The ten men rattled on, drunk and horny, exclaiming every stupid thought that came through their head. Kayla was watching from the kitchen, her shame brighter than the bulb over her head. Troy very matter-of-factly laughed at her, before turning his attention to a frigid Chuck on the couch.

“Hey, no hard feelings, Chucky boy,” Troy guffawed, “or should I call you Cucky boy.”

The room blasted into laughter, so deafening that Kayla jumped.

On the screen Kayla had him in her mouth, and from the camera’s eye everyone could see the way Troy’s fat ballsack rose and fell as she pumped him with one tiny hand. Her fleshy, voluminous tits rested against his thigh as she maneuvered over his crotch, feeding herself.

“Happy Sunday boys!” came Troy’s voice from the TV, and the entirety of them save Chuck and Kayla responded in kind by raising their beers. In the video Troy put a hand on the back of her head and started to guide her, drilling his fat prick deep inside her throat.

“Damn she can take it!”

“I didn’t know you were so talented, Kayla!”

“Goddamn I want to suck those titties!”

“From the looks of it she might just let you!”

They congratulated themselves on their clever jabs, high-fiving without ever taking their eyes off the screen. As the blowjob became more intense, the men in the room seemed to talk less, and if you listened carefully over the sounds of Kayla’s gags echoing from the soundbar, you could hear their heavy, strained breathing.

“Tell Chuck you love him,” video Troy said, pulling Kayla off his shimmering cock and forcing her to face the camera.

“I love you Chuck,’ she drooled.

“AWWW!” the room exclaimed as one.

Troy put his cock back in her mouth and resumed fucking, the sounds of it wedging into her gullet clear as day on the Sony speaker.

Chuck had gone silent. While his girlfriend beamed tomato-red a few feet away, he was pale as an early morning fog. As much as he wanted to run from the room, from his own apartment, his brain had locked up on him, not allowing any thoughts as advanced as motor functions.

So, he sat there watching his girlfriend cheat on him, while his so-called “friends” cheered it on.

“Beg for it whore!” Troy had her by the hair, shoving her closer to the camera lens, her double-d’s spilling across her small chest.

“Fuck me Troy please!” she said to packed living room. “Please please please, Troy. Fuck me with your big cock!”

“Tell Chucky he’s a fucking loser!”

“You’re a fucking loser Chuck!”

The camera cut again. Now she was straddling Troy in the middle seat, legs around him, her plump ass to the camera as she hovered just over his vertical cock. Troy’s strong hands had her by the waist, and together they worked to slide her down onto his pulsing meat.

The moment the tip pushed past her tucked folds the video paused, rewound, and resumed.

Again, the fidgeting. Again, Kayla’s lithe hand gripping and steadying his meat as she let it push inside her.

Pause. Rewind.

“Nice editing, Troy!” Trevor snarled.

“Damn let it play this time!”

“It ain’t gonna fit!”

Kayla let herself slide onto it, that high-pitched moan turning to a shriek as it filled her. The moment she was engorged on it Troy pressed her naked body to his chest, accentuating the curve of her ass and the fat cock and balls moving in from below. He wasted no time; picking up speed, his balls a leathery blur as they shook and swung while his veiny white cock plowed.

Kayla was inarticulate moaning on the television.

Troy sucked her tits and pulled her air.

And in real time, Chuck’s sweaty living room was alive with pointing, hoots and hollers, laughter, and heckling. They sat spellbound, watching the way Kayla’s petite frame shook helplessly against Troy’s muscular body as he entered her again and again. When she came, she screamed it, and the entire apartment went quiet with awe.

The camera cut again, and now Kayla was facing the camera. Her fat breasts flung wildly from side to side as Troy took her reverse from the same spot as before. Her mouth hung open, screaming at the camera, eyes pinched shut. The sudden, invisible cracks of Troy’s palm against her fleshy ass cut through the sweltering living room like gunfire. His hands appeared on screen, engulfing her tits from behind and squeezing till she cried out.

“Goddamn he’s giving it to your girl real good, Cucky!”

“Damn look at those titties!”

“You lucky bastard, Troy!”

“Goddamn she’s cumming again! You hear it! Goddamn!”

Chuck looked from his wife’s naked body on-screen to his clothed wife in the kitchen. For the first time since the tape started, they locked eyes. He tried to mouth the word why but shook his head instead.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she moaned, bouncing on his cock.

“Ride it, whore. Just like that! Put on a show for the guys!”

“Hell yeah!”

“I love half-time!”

“What a slut!”

The camera cut. This time it was clearly handheld, looking down at Troy’s wide dick buried half-way inside Kayla’s now-sloppy cunt. Troy’s voice came over the speaker in heavy breaths, panting.

“Look at your girl’s pussy, bitch boy,” he said, stroking the half of his cock not inside Kayla, “I’m filling it. I’m fucking filling it right...fucking...now...ugh, ugh, ugh...” Kayla’s own moans mixed with Troy’s as the jerking red rock convulsed inside her body. When he pulled it out, the soaked tip slid softly from her tucked lips, and a thick white stream of cum spilled forth, leaking straight down the crack of Kayla’s ass.

The room got so loud it was difficult to hear what Troy was saying when he scooped a wad of it up with his fingers and repositioned the camera shot to Kayla’s tired, sweaty face.

“Open, whore,” he said.

Kayla’s pouty lips parted, and she offered up her sweet, docile mouth. Troy dipped his cum-covered fingers inside and wiped them off against her tongue. With a gag and a swallow, she got it down, the camera at an extreme close-up.

“Tell Cucky boy you love him...”

“I love you Chuck...”

“Tell him he’s a pathetic cuck!”

“You’re a pathetic fucking Cuck, Chuck!”

The temperature in their apartment was at an all-time high. The body heat of all those men had risen during the half-time show, and as the recording cut to black, their eyes fell on the sultry girl standing humiliated in the kitchen.

“Bravo,” Trevor licked his lips.

“Yeah, bravo,” Bob sighed, “how about an encore?”

“Yeah an encore!”

“Let’s see em’ in the flesh!”

They were drunk and demanding and starting to stand, moving towards where she stood in the kitchen, crowding her as Kayla stood her ground.

Chuck lay on the couch, broken.

Troy watched it all with a glint in his eye and a grin on his face.

“Try not to get it in my hair,” Kayla said, pulling the soaked white-tank top over her head and flinging it to the floor, revealing her bare, slick breasts beneath. “I promised Troy I would take as many of you as I could...but stay out of my ass. My ass belongs to –“

“Me,” announced Troy, pushing his way to the head of that slobbering pack. “But everything else is fair game...except for Chuck. Chucky boy...Cucky boy...you just stay right where you are. Maybe we’ll let you clean her up when we’re done.”

Kayla felt their urgent, calloused hands slide across her slick body. She lost sight of Chuck as they pushed her to her knees.

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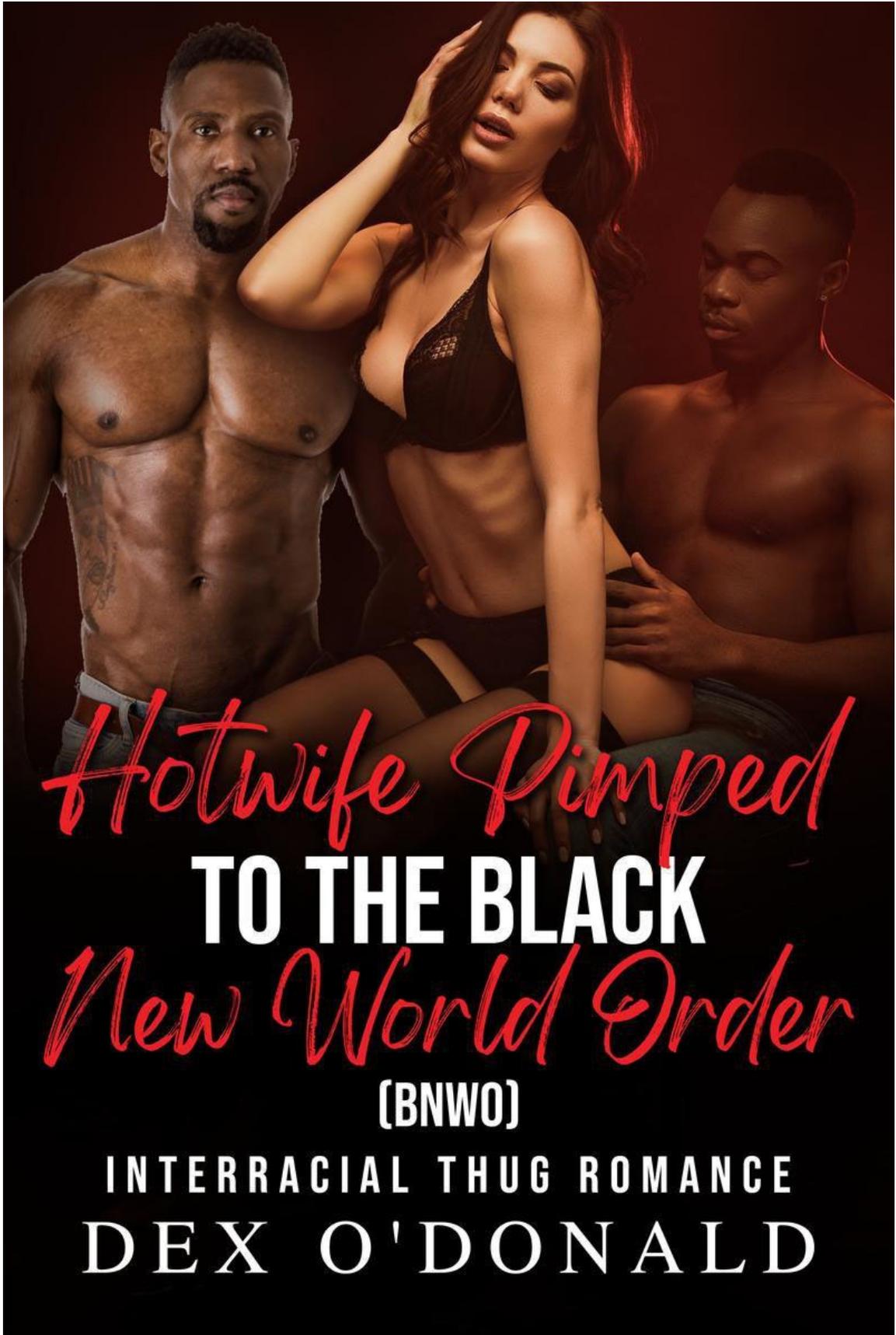
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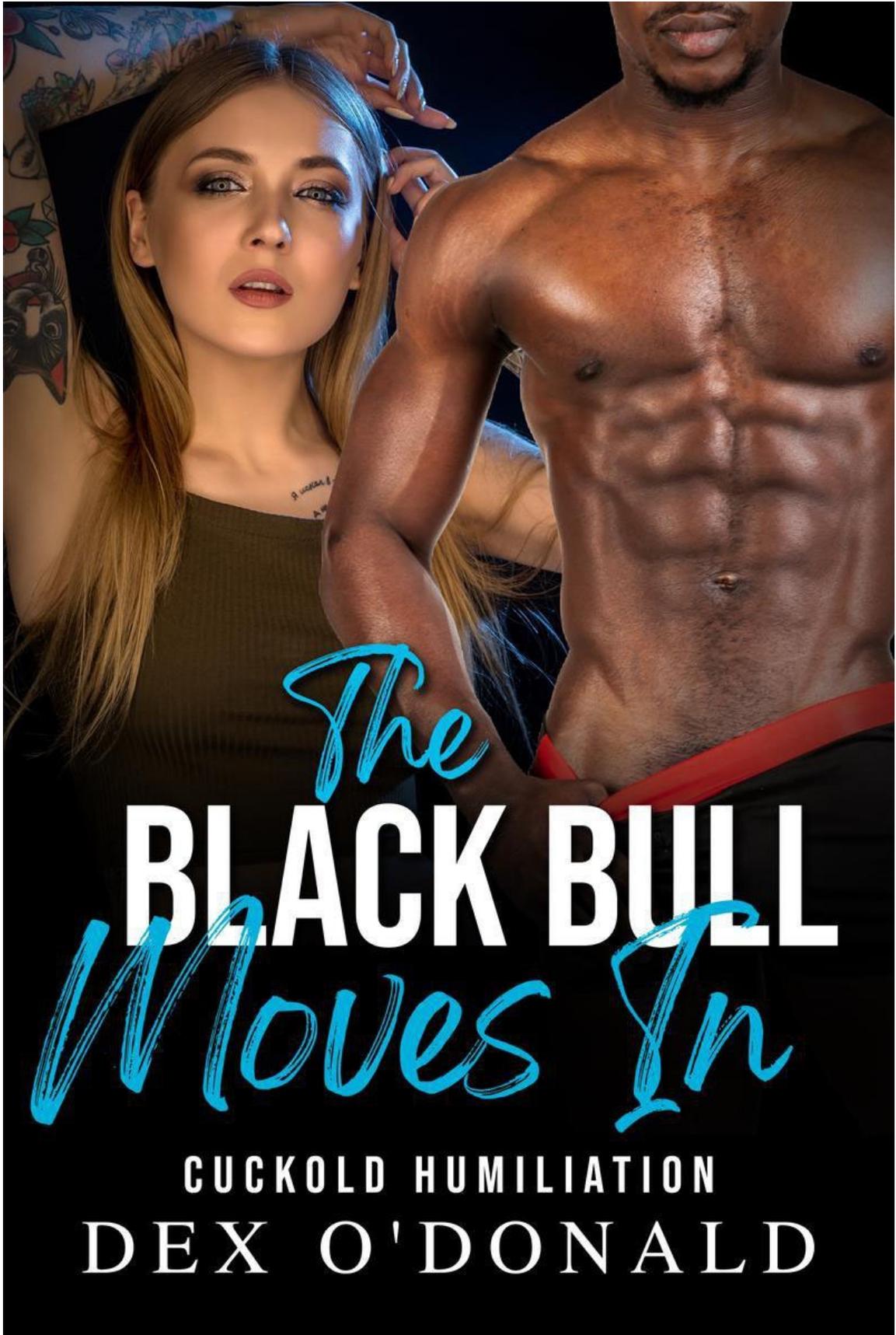
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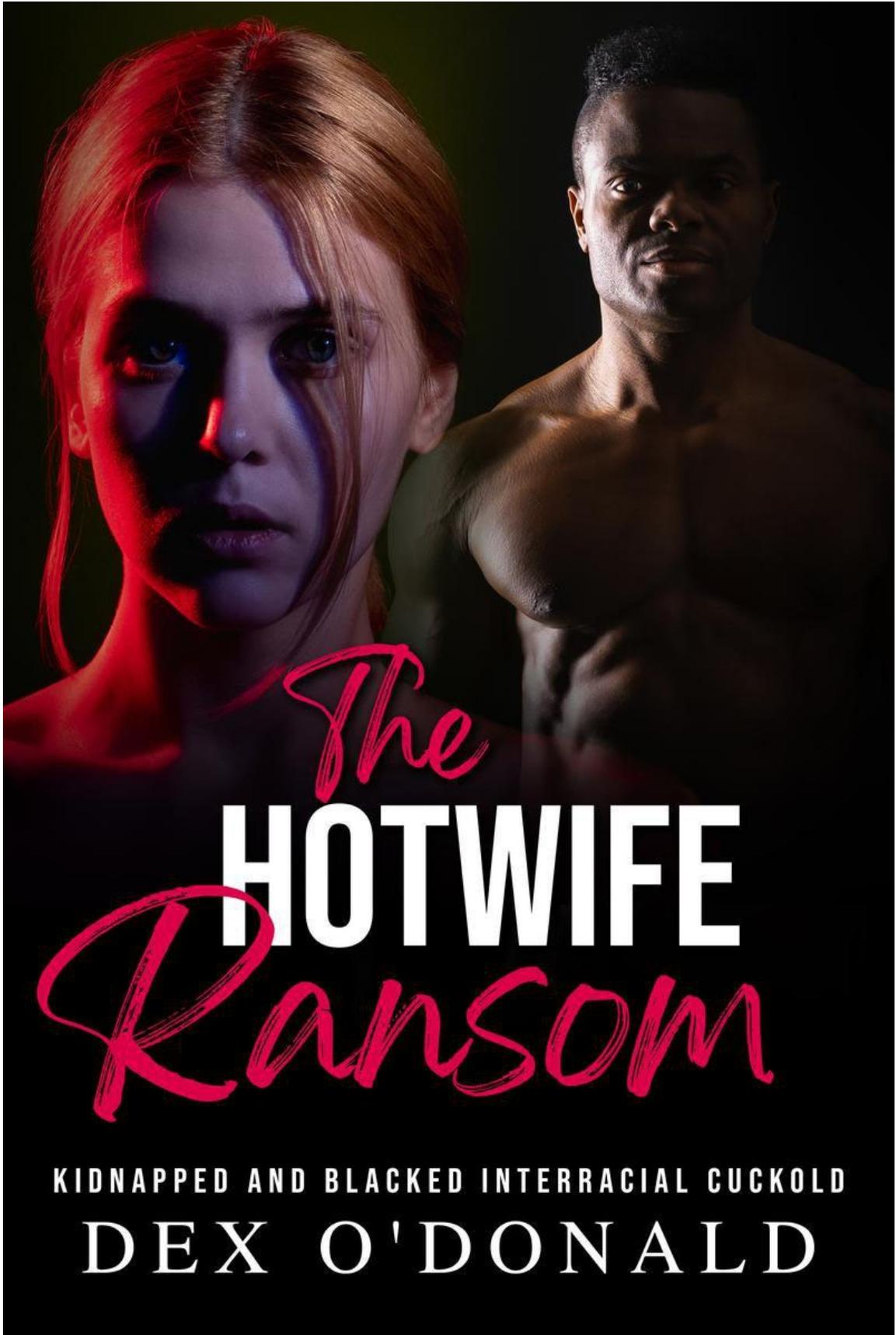
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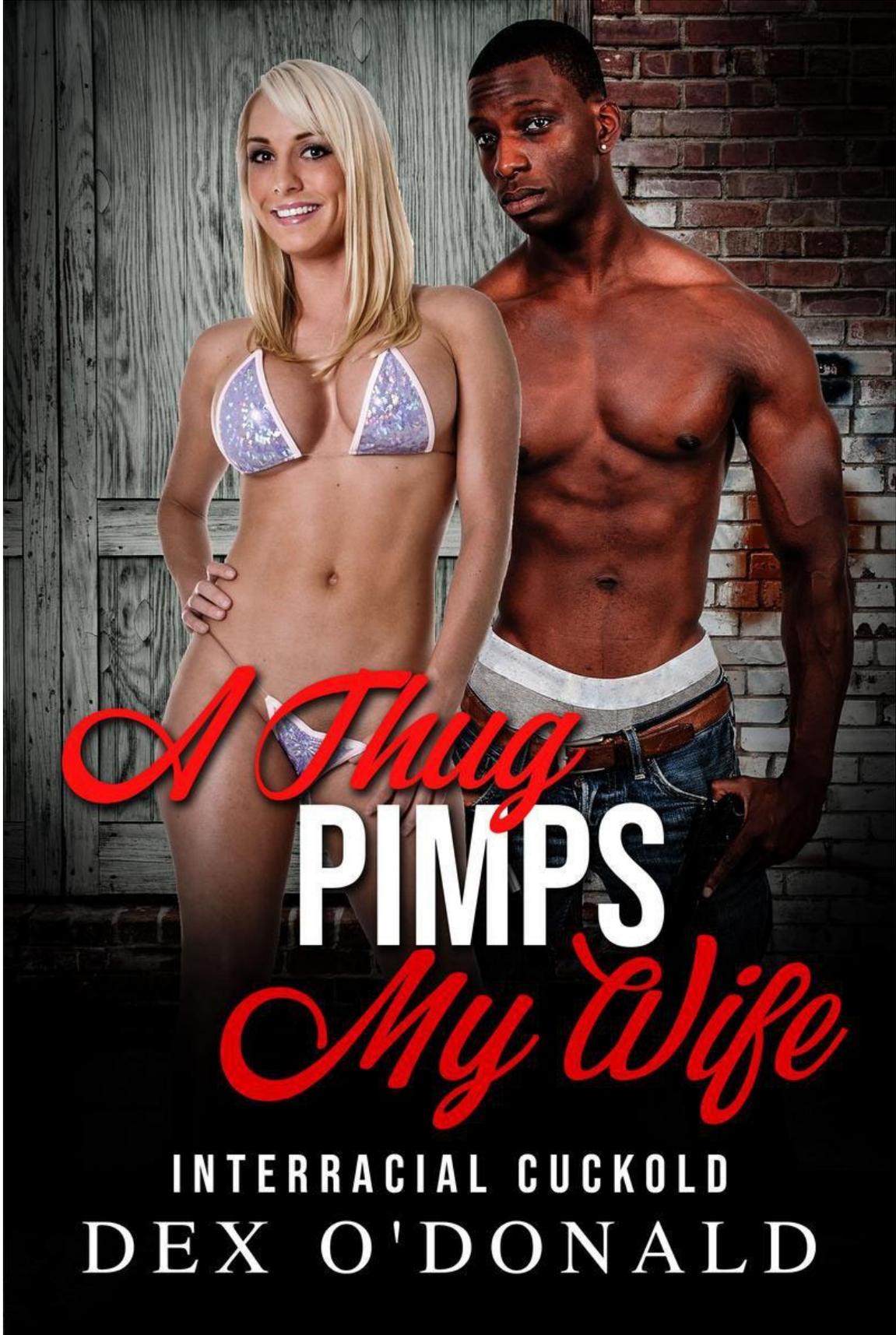
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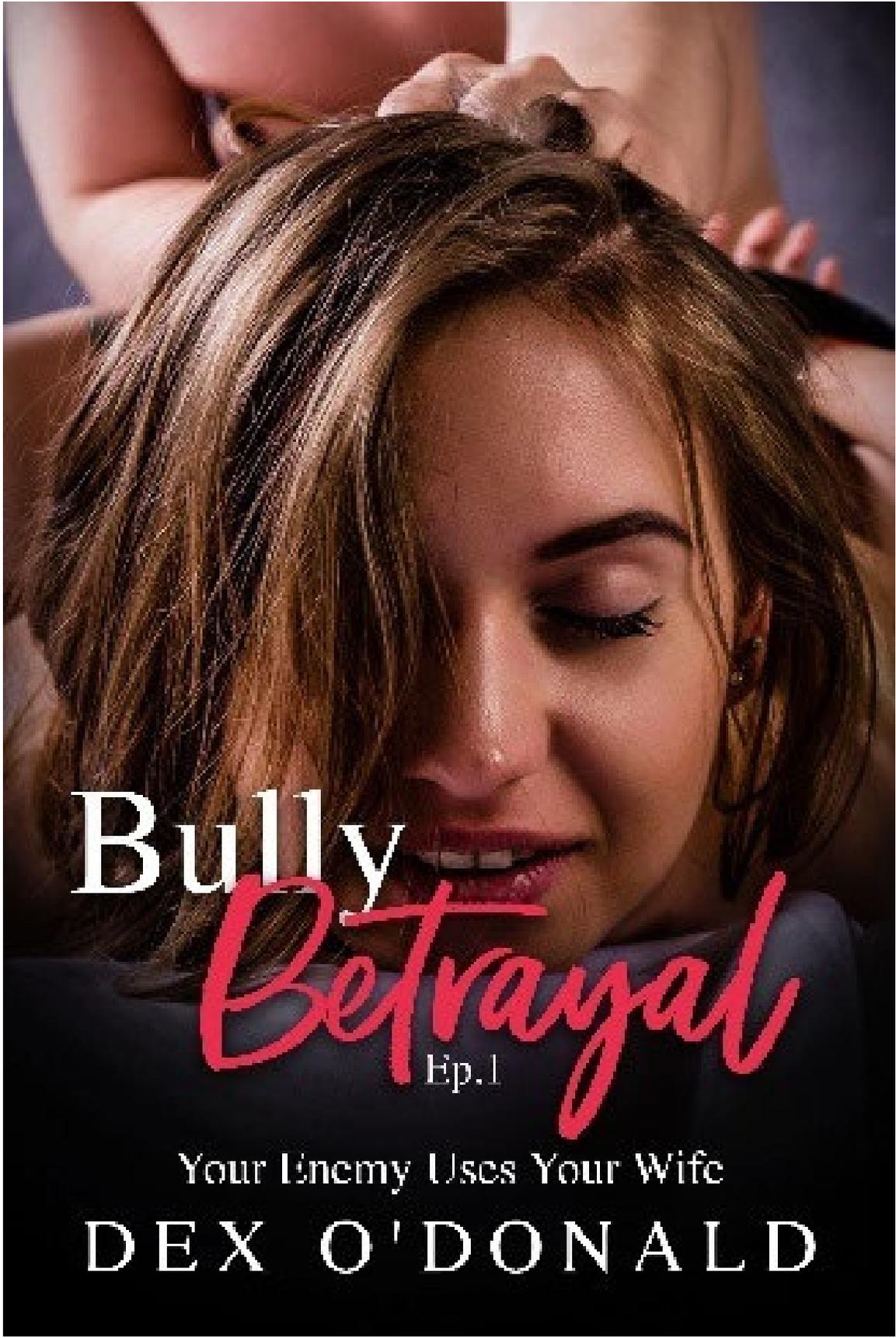
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