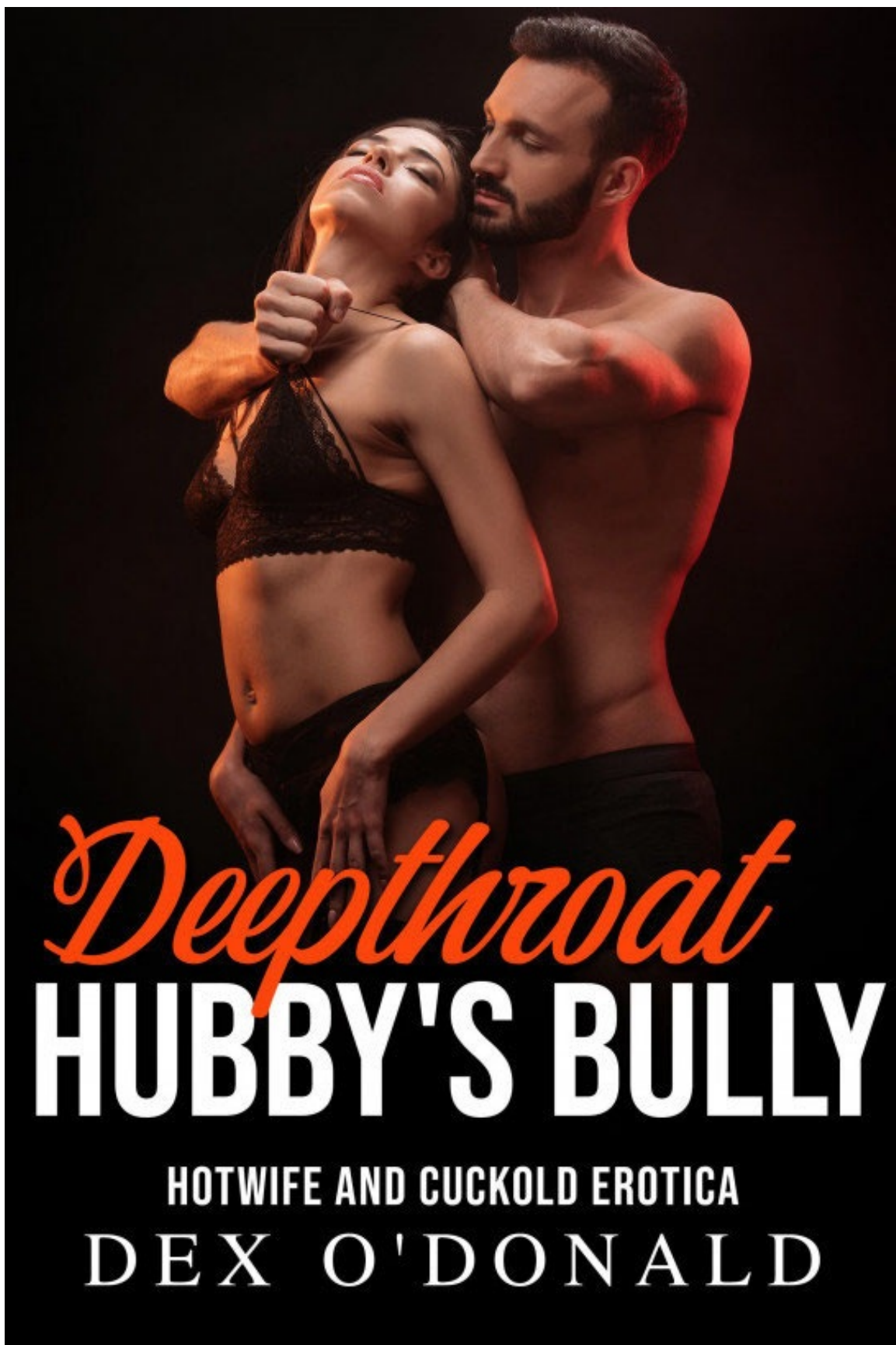


Deepthroat
HUBBY'S BULLY

HOTWIFE AND CUCKOLD EROTICA
DEX O'DONALD



Deepthroat
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Depththroat Hubby's Bully: Hotwife and Cuckold Erotica

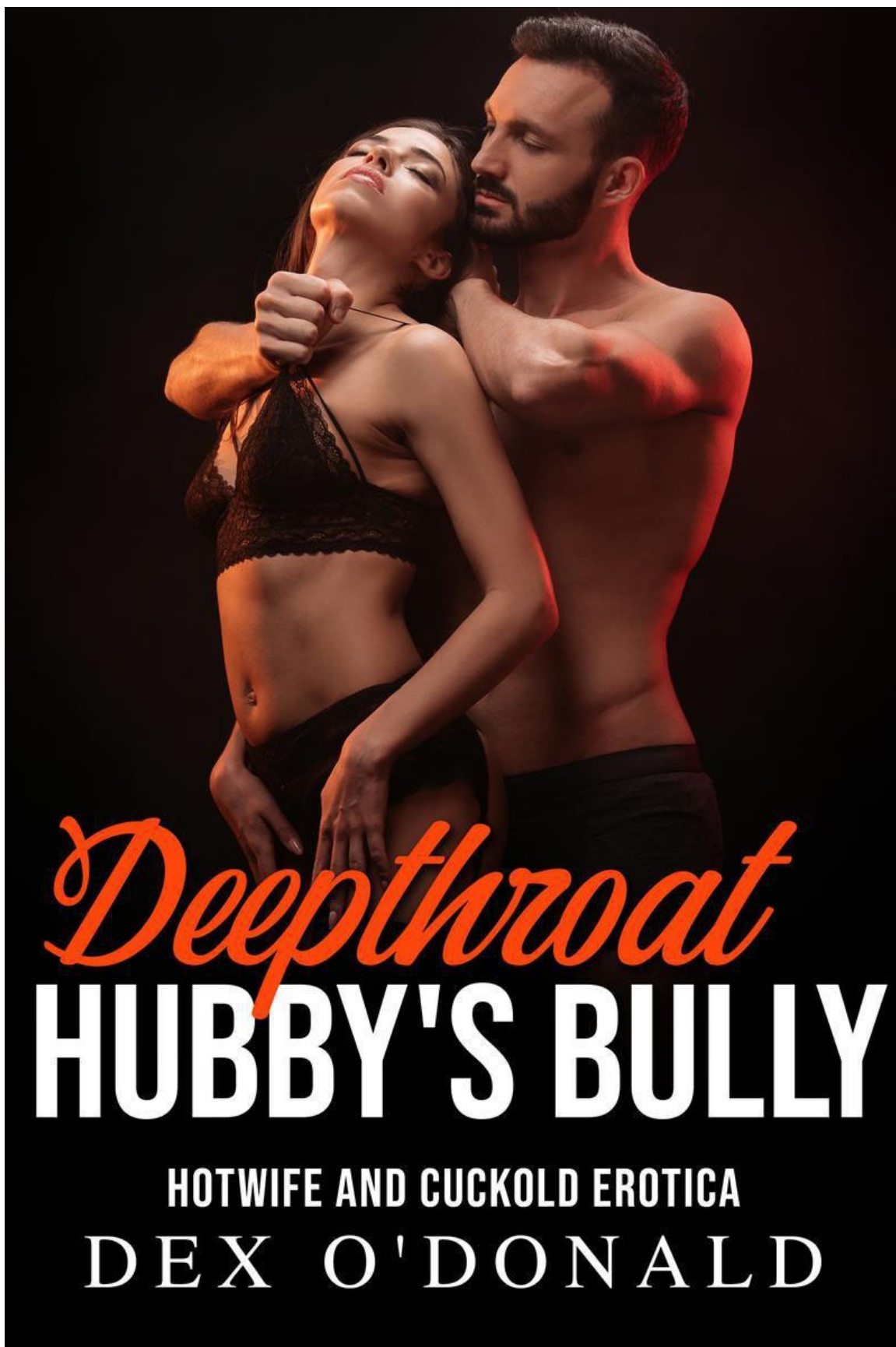
(Bully Betrayal Ep. 26)

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Deepthroat
HUBBY'S BULLY

HOTWIFE AND CUCKOLD EROTICA
DEX O'DONALD

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Marianne met Seth on a dating app, and when she told him that her husband liked to be cuckolded, he laughed so hard she thought his whiskey sour was going to shoot through his nostrils.

“A cuckold?” he guffawed in disbelief. “Like, seriously?”

“Serious as a heart attack,” Marianne raised her eyebrows behind an espresso martini.

“So, you get to fuck other people, other dudes. But he...”

“Gets to wait at home patiently.”

“Wow,” Seth shook his head, his hard jawline flexing indignantly.

“It’s not as uncommon as you think,” Marianne said.

“Oh, it’s fine with me. Shit, I’ll fuck his wife all night long if that’s what he wants,” he shot her a daring eye, “I just could never do that. I could never be so...soft.”

“Some men are hard,” she sighed, staring dreamily into his defined facial features. “And some aren’t. That’s what dating apps are for. That’s what you’re for, Seth.”

“So is your husband going to watch us fuck then?” he crossed his arms over a broad chest, his bulging biceps rubbing against one another.

“Maybe eventually? I’m not sure I’m up for it just yet. I’m not sure he’s up for it.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I mean that reality is often different from fantasy. In his mind it might be nice to dream about a big, hung, and muscled man such as yourself fucking his wife’s brains out. But seeing it...being there, well, that’s something else entirely.”

“So, you don’t think he could take it? Say I had you bent over a bed, no, your bed. His bed. Railing you from the back, smacking your ass, pulling your hair –“

“If you keep talking like that, we’ll need to get the check soon –“

“I already paid the tab,” Seth grinned.

“Finish what you were saying...”

“Railing you in his bed, where he sleeps. Pulling your hair and making you moan louder than he ever has...could he take it?”

“I don’t know the answer to that question. I wouldn’t know unless we did it.”

“What if I made it a point to try and push him? Send him over the cuckold ledge? You gonna stop me?”

“Wow,” Marianne began to giggle, “you seem so sure of yourself. Let me remind you that we haven’t even slept together yet.”

“We won’t be sleeping together tonight,” his eyes narrowed, and his voice dropped, “but I am going to fuck the ever-living shit out you. Make no mistake about that.”

“Then what are we still doing here?”

“Are you going to have a problem if I try and send your cuckold husband over the edge?”

Marianne thought about the question. She thought about Matt, her darling hubby. Matt was a freak, no doubt about it. She’d fucked several men since her and Matt had started this new erotic endeavor, and Matt had been fine each time. He loved to hear his wife talk about it when she got home, every dirty detail of everything she did with them. She even managed to get him a blowjob picture; some other guy’s cock in her mouth, Marianne’s wedding band clearly visible as she gripped the fat dick by the base. Matt had loved it.

But Matt also got jealous. Insecure at times. And if someone who looked like Seth(tall and intimidating and tatted), was going to really push the envelope, could Matt really handle it?

“I’m not going to have a problem with anything you say or do,” she said. “I’m a freak and I told you that. So is my husband. But if you do manage to push him

over, really freak him out, I can't promise that we'll be able to see each other again."

"Haven't even fucked yet and you want to see me again?" Seth's shit-eating grin spread apart into a mouthful of straight white teeth.

"You're hot as fuck, no doubt about it," she bit her lip. "Something tells me you're going to be a lot of fun. These cocktails certainly have been...this conversation I mean."

"You're gonna wanna see me again. You're gonna want my dick again and you're gonna want me to fuck you over and over, again and again. But your intuition is wrong about one thing."

"Oh? And what's that?"

"Whether your little cuck husband freaks out or not, you'll be seeing me again. You won't be able to help yourself. When I'm done with you tonight, your little husband just won't do anymore. He won't be enough. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Marianne crossed her legs, adjusted. Her c-cup breasts sat in two perfect milky waves spilling over the top of a black V-neck. Something in Seth's tone made her nervous, anxious. And really, really fucking horny. She looked at his arms again, imagining herself wrapped up in them with Seth deep, deep inside her.

"Any more questions, Seth? Or can we go back to your place?"

"Just one more."

"I'm all ears."

"How good do you deepthroat?"

She snorted laughter and caught herself. "Who says I do?"

"I do. You're going to try, that's for fucking sure. Whether you succeed or not will depend."

"On what?"

“Your level of commitment. Now let’s get the fuck out of here.”

Marianne and Seth hurried from the bar like two vampires at dawn.

“Was he hung?” Matt’s voice trembled, and he inched closer to his wife as they lay in bed together.

“He was huge, baby. Really nice girth but fuck, he was so long.”

“Longer than me?”

“So much longer than you, Matt. And it’s beautiful, too. A long white cock that curves a little, he got so deep.”

“Fuck,” Matt shuddered. “Did you cum?”

“Three times...no, four. He had so much stamina. He could just keep going and going, I had to take a break at one point. I’m sore, baby.”

“Your pussy is sore?”

“Mm-hmm...”

“Why?”

“Because he fucked me so hard for so long. He gets so fucking deep, baby.”

Marianne found her husband’s six stiff inches and unleashed it from his briefs. Lying on his back, Matt’s average cock jutted straight up, a tiny bead of pre-cum already leaking down the pink head. She wrapped it tight in her palm and began to jerk slow and steady, cusping the head with each pump.

“How did he start?” Matt whispered.

“We kissed for a long time, slow and wet and so fucking hot. I was soaked when he pulled my jeans off, you could see it right through my panties. He finger-fucked me with two fingers while we made out, you could hear it. So fucking wet, baby. My thighs were shaking. Just from making out...”

“Fuck keep going...”

“He told me how sexy I am...and what a fool you are.”

“He said what?”

“That you’re...an idiot, really. He said you’re an idiot for letting someone as hot as me fuck other men. And that he was going to show me what it felt like to get fucked by a real man. To come home and tell my ‘bitch husband’ all about it.”

“I...Oh my God, Marianne. Really? He said that?” Matt’s cock stayed hard in Marianne’s grip, but an uncertainty had crept into his stomach. Suddenly he felt small, vulnerable, and a little angry.

“He said you’re less than a man, letting him have his way with me...and my God baby, did he ever. He fucked me every which way you can imagine. Front back and side to side. He smacked my ass red while I rode him reverse cowgirl.”

“Fuck...”

“He pulled my hair and told me I was his slut now...that I wouldn’t be able to think of fucking anyone else from now. And I think he was right, baby...”

“Did you suck his dick?”

Marianne smiled, something evil and knowing.

“He likes his head rough...Seth is training me.”

“Training you?”

“To get it all down someday. His cock is so fucking long, Matt. Maybe nine, ten inches? I can’t say, but it’s like two of yours. And I can only get so much back on my own...so Seth helps me.”

“What do you mean ‘helps you?’”

“He fucked my face, baby. Gagged me. Held onto my head with both hands and shoved it deep down my throat. There was spit everywhere...”

As Marianne went on, the color slowly drained from Matt’s face.

“He kept telling me I was a good little slut and asking why I couldn’t gag on your cock. I told him you weren’t big enough and he laughed. He kept ramming into the back of my throat, going deeper all the time, but I just can’t get it all the way back yet. He fucked my face until I was red, and then he bent me over and fucked me till I came.”

Hot spurts of cum shot from the tip of Matt’s overworked dick and landed across his belly in streaks. Marianne wiped her sticky fingers off on his thigh and got him a towel. Matt rolled over naked and stared at the wall for a while.

“He sounds...intense,” Matt said at last.

“He is. He’s more intense than I am describing.”

“Jeeze,” Matt gulped, “are you going to see him again?”

“I hope so,” she came in behind him and played big spoon, “I had a lot of fun. It’s just for fun right, babe? This whole kink thing we’re doing?”

“Sure. Just for fun...but still, he sounds pretty rough. Are you sure you’re ok with it?”

“I’m OK with it if you are.”

“Yeah...” Matt trailed off.

“He wants you to watch,” Marianne said casually. “He said you’re invited anytime you want.”

“Really? And you’re...OK with it? I thought you said you weren’t ready for me to watch.”

“I said we needed to find the right person. I think maybe we have...if you think you can take it of course.”

“Take it? Of course I can take it. You know I love all this, but...he just sounds a little intimidating.”

“He’s a lot intimidating, baby. Give it some thought before you decide.”

But his mind was made up.

Things didn't start great for Matt, and they only got worse from there. On some level he was expecting a softer start to his first cuckolding experience, but what he got was Seth. And true to his promise, Seth was going to see how far he could push things.

"Just sit in that chair and shut the fuck up," Seth pointed absently towards a computer chair in a corner of the room. "This might be your house and your bed, but she's my bitch tonight. If I hear any complaining I'm going to walk over there and smack the shit out of you. Do you understand me, cuck boy?"

Shocked into silence, Matt didn't answer right away, instead choosing to scuttle across the room to where the chair waited for him.

"Are you fucking deaf, boy? I asked you a fucking question. Do you understand me?"

"Yes..." Matt mumbled, taking his seat.

"Yes what?"

"Yes...sir?"

"Good cuck. Now sit down and shut up!"

Marianne was already on the bed, the one that she shared with Matt every night when they went to sleep. She wore a white lingerie gown that was see-through at the top, and her round, hard nipples poked through the fabric. Her mouth was ajar, a little shocked at how her bull was treating her husband. She worried for Matt's patience, for that anger inside of him that seemed to boil over at the worst moments.

Seth stood beside the bed, and Marianne on her knees atop the coverlet. He ran his hands through the dark curls of her flowing hair and brought her face to his, kissing deeply, passionately.

Matt swallowed audibly from the corner. It was quiet in his bedroom so the

sound of them sucking face was crystal clear. Their lips met and pulled apart, wet tongues sloshing – a symphony of passion that made the knots in Matt’s stomach slither and tighten like a boa constrictor in the very core of him.

“You going to show your husband what a good little slut you’ve been for me?” Seth asked, pushing his forehead flat to Marianne’s and whispering the words against her wet lips.

“Yes, daddy,” she swooned back.

“Louder when you speak, Marianne. I want him to hear you.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said repeated.

Seth stuck his tongue out and Marianne took it between her lips, sucking it with the motion of her whole head, back and forth, all while running her hands across his cut chest and arms. She managed to get the buttons off one by one before pushing the dress shirt off his defined shoulders and letting it fall the floor.

Matt’s heartrate jumped ten beats. He watched his wife’s trembling fingers roam the mean stranger’s body, loving every piece of him - all those things he possessed that Matt did not. Abs. Triceps. That undeniable V that led into the waistband of his pants.

“Get on the floor, on your knees like I’ve taught you,” Seth said, taking her by the neck. “And then I want you to pull my cock out and show it to your pathetic husband. Let him see what’s been wearing his wife out these last few weeks.”

Marianne slid from the bed and got down to the floor, wasting no time removing Seth’s belt and dropping his zipper. She got the pants down inch by inch until they pooled in a puddle at his ankles. All Seth wore now was a pair of tight-fitting black briefs that outlined the shape of something long and fat beneath.

When it fell out of his underwear, Matt’s breath caught in his throat.

“Big, isn’t it?” Seth smiled at the man in the corner. “Significantly bigger than your sad little cock. Wanna know how I know? Your wife told me. How’s that make you feel, Matty? Your fucking wife going on and on to me about how much bigger I am? How much fucking better I am? Do you know the shit she does for me? Has she even fucking told you? Doesn’t matter. Because you’re

about to fucking find out.”

Marianne lifted the long white cock and brought it to her open mouth. The pink tip disappeared inside, and she plunged the first five inches straight to the back of her mouth, allowing her tongue to loll along the shaft the whole way. Her shoulders tensed suddenly, and her calm face changed to something strained.

“Oh, already?” Seth said. “Gagging already? But honey, you don’t even have it halfway down yet. I thought I taught you better than that. Here, let’s get you warmed up.”

Seth slapped her hands away and took hold of his member at the base, using his other hand to grip the back of Marianne’s head. He fed it to her, fucking her mouth with his impossibly long cock. When he got to the back of her throat, he used that firm grip on her skull to sink deeper.

“AWK!” she gagged suddenly.

“That’s it,” Seth grunted. “Like that. Like I showed you. Relax your throat. Ugh. Good. Good little fucking slut. Show your husband.”

“AWK!”

“Mmmm....”

“AWK!”

Matt had the perfect angle of it pushing into his wife’s face. It was hard to tell exactly how big Seth was because he never allowed his cock to leave her mouth completely. It was his length that held Matt in such stunned silence. When Seth would pull out a few inches, Matt would expect to see the head of his prick, but the tip never emerged. The length of it was never-ending in the way he fucked her mouth; gagging her on the first six or seven inches while the rest of it was never able to get past her swollen lips.

“AWK! AWK!”

“There we go, bitch. Now we’re getting some tempo. That’s it. Let me rail your face while you wait on your knees like a dumb little whore. Put on a nice show for your idiot husband.”

“AWK!”

Marianne let her hands grip Seth’s thighs while he used her face. Her wedding ring glinted in the low light of the room, and Matt seemed to glance at it constantly. Spit was running off her lips and down her chin, thick wads of drool that hung like icicles from her face.

“AWK! AWK!” Marianne’s stomach wretched inward with each gag.

“Look at it, Matty. You dumb fucking cuck. Look at your beautiful wife give me gluck-gluck 9000. She’s a trooper. Not getting as much down as I would like, but we’re getting there. She’ll be deepthroating my cock soon, don’t you worry. Ugh. Just like that, whore. Fucking take it!”

“AWK! AWK!”

Matt shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his own confused cock somewhere between soft and half-hard, unsure of what to make of the situation. A large part of him wanted to scream and make them stop, but something in the way Seth was speaking to him kept him still. Kept him docile.

“Get this fucking thing off,” Seth said, dislodging himself from Marianne’s throat and letting her suck wind. He tore the white lingerie off over her head and let her tits hang freely. He pinched and played with them, filling his hands before resuming his face-fucking.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“That’s it whore. Nice and warmed up. Get your throat fucking loose. We aren’t done yet. You got a good view over there, cuck? Can you see your wife gagging on my giant fucking dick? See it bottoming out at the back of her throat? Good. Wait till you see what’s next.”

Seth pulled out started smacking his glistening rod against Marianne’s frazzled face. Her eyeliner had begun to run, and her red lipstick was a messy smear across her chin. She stuck her tongue out willingly as he berated her cheeks and lips.

He led her onto the bed where he sat in the middle, leg spread wide and sitting back against the backboard. His cock raged solid as stone, pointing straight up.

He was so intensely hard that Matt felt a pang of insecurity, wondering if his cock had approached that level of stiffness since his college days.

Marianne crawled between Seth's legs, tits dangling, and stacked her hands one on top of the other, gripping his cock from the base. Even with her fists on top of one another, the hard white cock stretched onwards, a long fat vein running the length of the shaft.

"Gag on it, whore," Seth instructed her.

With eyes aloft, she took him in her mouth once more, pushing as far as she could. It bottomed out, but instead of causing that guttural gagging sound(AWK!), it sounded as if Seth's cock had found a puddle of thick spit somewhere deep down, and as he began to fuck her with both hands wrapped around the head, a thick wet noise emanated from Marianne's gullet.

Wecka-wecka-wecka- the sound of her foaming spit as he deep-fucked her throat.

"Like that bitch. Suck it just like that in your husband's bed. Eyes up here!"

Wecka-wecka-wecka-

"Deeper. Like that. Choke on it!"

Wecka-wecka-wecka- "AWK! AWK!" Wecka-wecka-wecka-

"Ugh," Seth grunted. "Good. Getting closer. UGH!"

Matt watched a man he barely knew grip his wife by the sides of the head and impale her skull on his giant cock. Loads of drool and spit were running down the length of his shaft, slicking his bare pelvis. His smooth-shaven body accented the true size of his member, and as Matt saw more of it disappear down his wife's throat, he felt that old anger bubbling up deep in his stomach.

"How's this make you feel, Matty? Watching your slut wife do this for me? I know she doesn't do this for me. She can't. You're too fucking small! And too fucking soft. I'm rock hard in your wife's throat right now. Rock fucking hard. Look."

Seth went as deep as he could and held Marianne's head there. All that remained

of his prick was the final three inches, all covered in slick spit. Marianne's eyes bulged and her throat flexed, she managed to get her cheeks open and suck wet, gurgling air. Thick black streaks of mascara coursed down her cheeks, and her body bent immobile as she waited for her bull to dislodge from her throat.

"That's it, bitch. Hold it right fucking there. Hold it for your idiot husband. Let him see what a good little whore you are for me."

"BLEH!" Marianne came up choking, drool hanging from her flushed face.

"Look at your husband and tell him you love him," Seth said.

She turned her red cheeks to where her husband sat in the corner and smiled.

"I love you, baby."

"Take a breather on my fucking ballsack, bitch," Seth snatched her by the hair and got her mouth to his smooth, fat ballsack. His cock lay across his stomach as she licked, stretching well past his belly-button. Marianne reached a hand up and jerked it slick while she feasted on his testicles.

Matt watched his wife get dirty with another man.

"She's nice and warmed up now, Matty. You see, I've been railing her throat like this on a weekly basis. And I know how much you wanted a video of it, which is why I didn't send one. But the good news is, tonight you get to see her set a new record. She's never gotten the whole thing down before, never deepthroated it. That's all about to change. And you're here for it, you lucky fuck!"

Suddenly Marianne was on her back, laying in the puddle of spit that had formed. Seth crawled on top and snatched her wrists in one strong hand, extending her arms up over her head, pinning them flat so that her cute little armpits faced the ceiling. He straddled her chest, knees digging into the bed cover on either side of her body. His enormous cock came to her mouth, and he dove inside her throat.

"Mmmm," he groaned as she gagged beneath him. "Good fucking slut!" His hips were a dancing rhythm, plunging in and out with long, deep strokes. Marianne tried to raise her head off the bed a little, but it bounced off the mattress with each pump. Her eyes were wide, staring straight into the pelvis of the man using

her face like a fuck-toy.

Matt gripped the chair, anger coursing through him.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“That’s it whore, hold fucking still.” Seth dug his knees into the bed top, deep-stroking her face with each movement. It wasn’t getting as far down as before, but more than half of it sank into the back of Marianne’s throat. Her body writhed below him, legs kicking out wildly as she tried not to choke.

“Fuck...” Matt spoke for the first time in ages, nearing a breakdown. The site of his wife struggling beneath the muscled bull with the behemoth cock was becoming too much, so he buried his face in his hands.

“Aw, you sad, Matty?” Seth taunted, never slowing. “You fucking pussy! Eyes up here or get the fuck out. I want you to see me use your wife’s pretty face. That’s it. Eyes up here, fagget. Ugh. God, she gives good fucking head. You wouldn’t know!”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“UGH! UGH!”

“AWK! AWK!”

“UGH!”

Seth yanked it out of Marianne’s throat but kept her pinned to the bed, holding her thin wrists together with one cruel hand. He swayed his body back and forth over her, letting his long white cock slide the length of her face. She giggled a little, catching her breath.

“See how much she fucking loves it, Matty? God, what a good little slut your wife is.”

Matt stood from the chair and drifted to the door, hovering precariously, his hand reaching out for the doorknob and then dropping again.

“If you wanna go then go, cuck,” Seth said, “don’t look at your wife with those

puppy dog eyes. She can't help you and we aren't fucking finished yet. Are we, slut?"

"No, Daddy were not," she breathed from below.

"Back on your knees, bitch. Time for the big reveal."

Marianne's face was a mixture of fear and excitement as she got back to her knees at the foot of the bed. Seth stood before her with a wide stance in his legs, his drooping ballsack hanging below his curved, muscular cock. Matt stood just a few feet away at the door, halfway between leaving and seeing it through.

"Open," Seth barked, filling both fists with her brown curls. He steadied her as he brought it throbbing to her wet lips. He inserted himself slowly this time, methodically. When he touched the back of her throat, Marianne's shoulders shrugged briefly, but she relaxed soon after. It sank deeper still, the length of it gradually filling her mouth, inch after inch disappearing into her throat. With two inches left and Marianne red in the face, his cock could budge no further.

"This is where we find out what your wife is made of, Matty," Seth focused in on the task at hand. "Keep your throat relaxed, whore. It's time you deepthroated my fucking cock."

The muscles in Seth's forearms tensed as he applied pressure on Marianne's head. Wet, retching noises gurgled up from her throat but he persisted. And as he drove his hips forward into her face, the last of his length slid past her puffy lips. Marianne's lips touched Seth's body.

"Oh fuck," Seth moaned. "There it fucking is. Do you see this Matty? My cock is buried in your wife's throat!"

And so it was. He held her there, counting the seconds, strangling her with the force of his sex. Marianne gripped his thighs white-knuckled, savoring the feel of it invading her body, claiming her, taking her.

Seth backed out, way out, until just the head of his cock balanced on her tongue. Marianne sucked back deep breaths, well aware of what was coming next. She winked up at the bull dominating her mouth, and he smiled back.

"Ugh," he grunted, plunging back inside, this time burying himself to the hilt

and immediately pulling out again, plundering her throat over and over. “Fuck that is good.”

“AWK! AWK!” she gagged with each deepthroat, swallowing it all again and again.

Matt watched from the doorway, having now stepped out into the hallway but remaining a little longer, unable to pull his eyes away.

“I can feel you watching me, cuck boy,” Seth grunted, “watching me fuck your pretty wife’s face. I hope you enjoy it as much as I do. It’s nice of you to let a real man wreck her. She deserves it, and your pussy ass deserves to watch. UGH! UGH!”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“Fuck I’m gonna fucking cum! UGH! UGH!”

“AWK! AWK!”

Then it was out of her throat and Seth was jerking off an inch from Marianne’s exasperated face. She panted and moaned, waiting for it, watching the way his palm slid the length of his gorgeous cock.

“UGH! UGH!” It shot with force directly into the center of her face, splashing off in thick, hot spurts. It ran off her upper lip and into her mouth, coated her nose, long warm ropes of it slashing across her face. “FUCK! All over your wife’s pretty fucking face! UGH! Look at that fucking cum! You fucking slut! Take it! TAKE IT! UGH!”

Marianne waited patiently on her knees as he emptied his balls onto her face, covering her with a massive, steaming load of semen. She could no longer tell if Matt was watching or not because her eyelids were glued shut. Then she felt Seth lifting her, laying her down across the bed. With his load still dripping fresh from her face, she felt him enter her hot cunt, his cock still just as hard as it had been a minute ago when he bottomed out in her throat.

“Fuck,” she moaned through cum-stained lips.

“That’s right, bitch. Lay there with my fucking nut on your face and take it!”

“Oh my God,” she cried, arms pinned down as he deep-dicked her soaked cunt, fucking her fast and ferocious.

“Look at her, cuck boy!” Marianne heard Seth shouting in the darkness. “Look at your wife lay there covered in my fucking nut while she takes my dick! I can do this all goddamn night! FUCK!”

It didn’t take long before she was shuddering on his cock, quivering below him, cumming harder than she could remember cumming in a long time. It ripped through her body and made her thighs shake.

Marianne felt his rough hands slapping her tits and choking her, engulfing her being, turning her out. He grunted and fucked her for a long time, and not once did he attempt to wipe the semen from her eyes. She came twice more in the darkness, losing track of time.

“Open your mouth, whore,” Seth said at last, and she did as she was told. His cock was back in her mouth, pushing deep, but this time there was a surprise at the end of it; a warm, flowing load of fresh cum. It filled her mouth and she tried to swallow, but he was so deep down she coughed some of it up. “That’s it. UGH! UGH! Load number two, bitch! UGH!”

Seth pulled out. Marianne seized the opportunity to wipe the nut from her eyes and looked around the room. Her bull was pissing in the bathroom, door wide open and his hulking white cock only half-deflated, a strong clear stream of piss filling the toilet bowl.

“Looks like I win our little bet,” Seth grinned, shaking his floppy cock out over the bowl.

Marianne looked at the open door and out into the hallway beyond.

Matt was gone.

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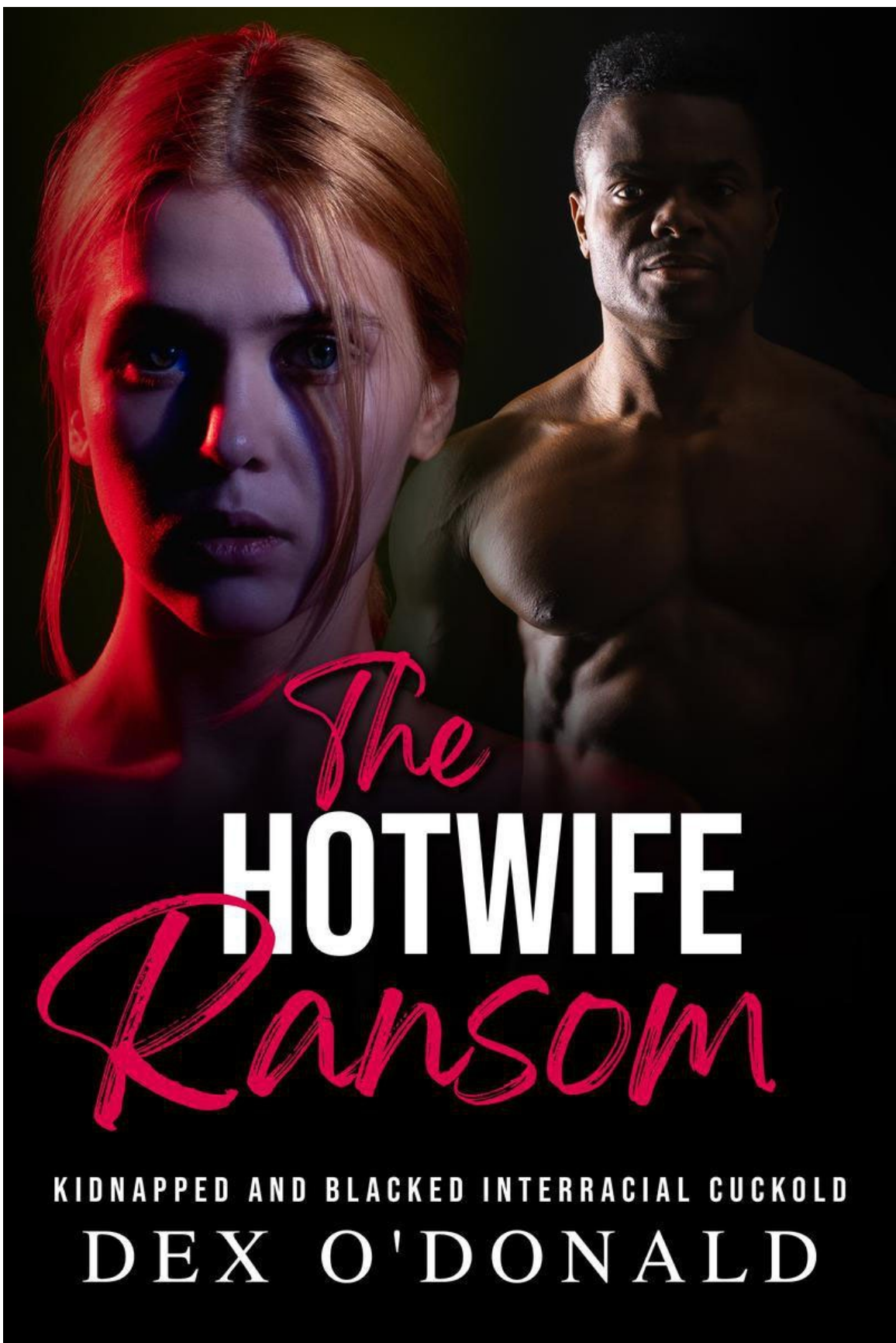
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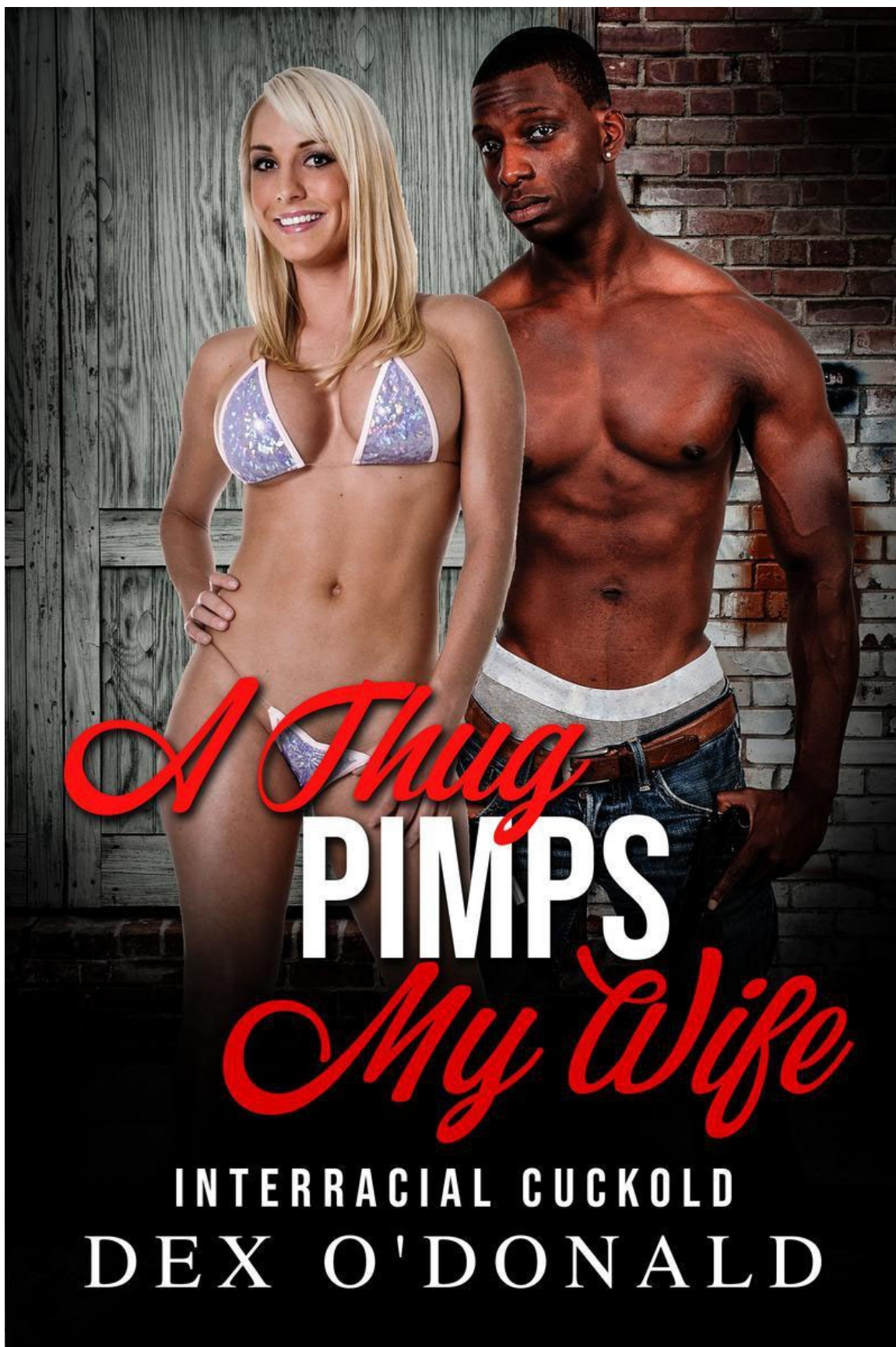


The
HOTWIFE
Ransom

KIDNAPPED AND BLACKED INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD

DEX O'DONALD

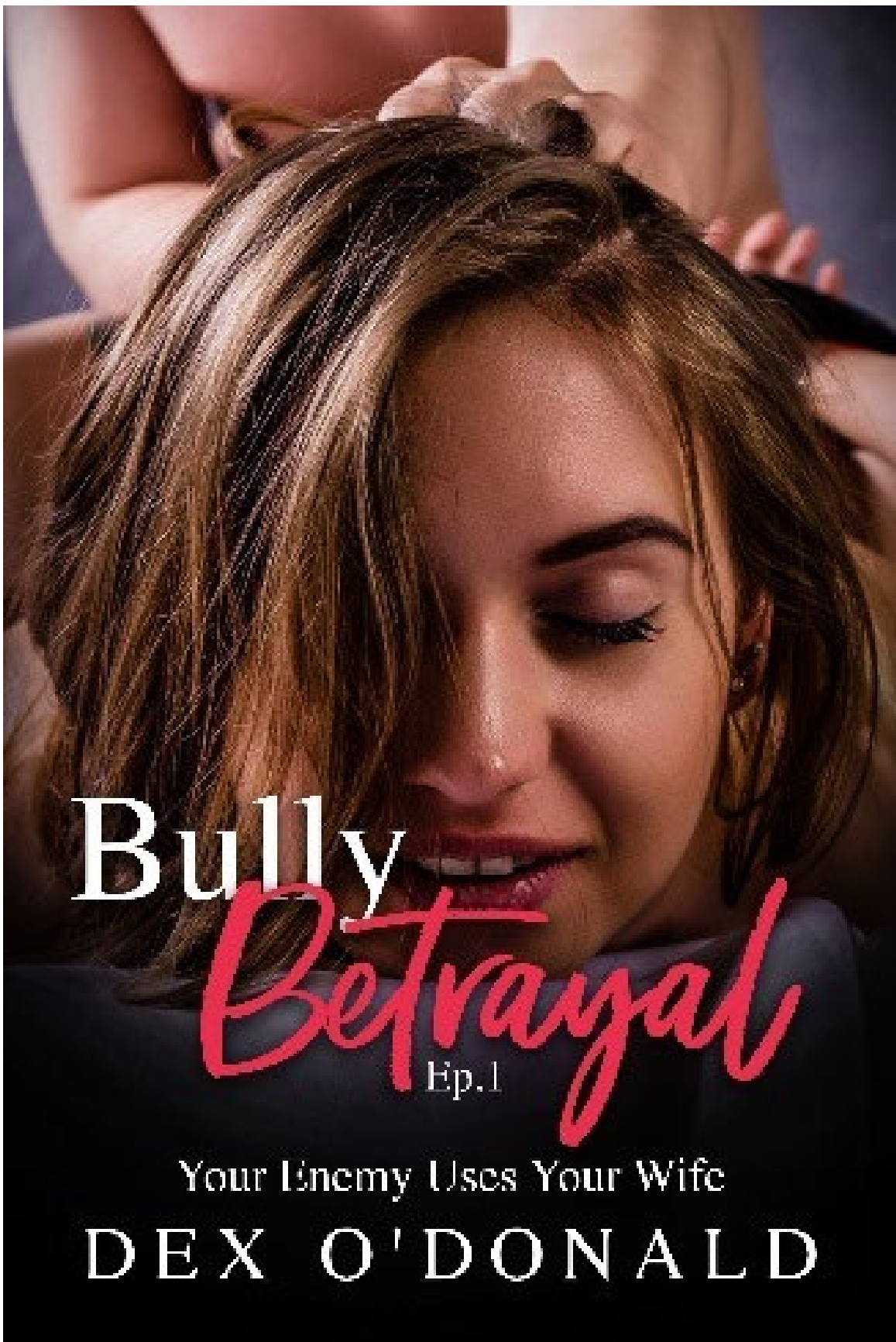
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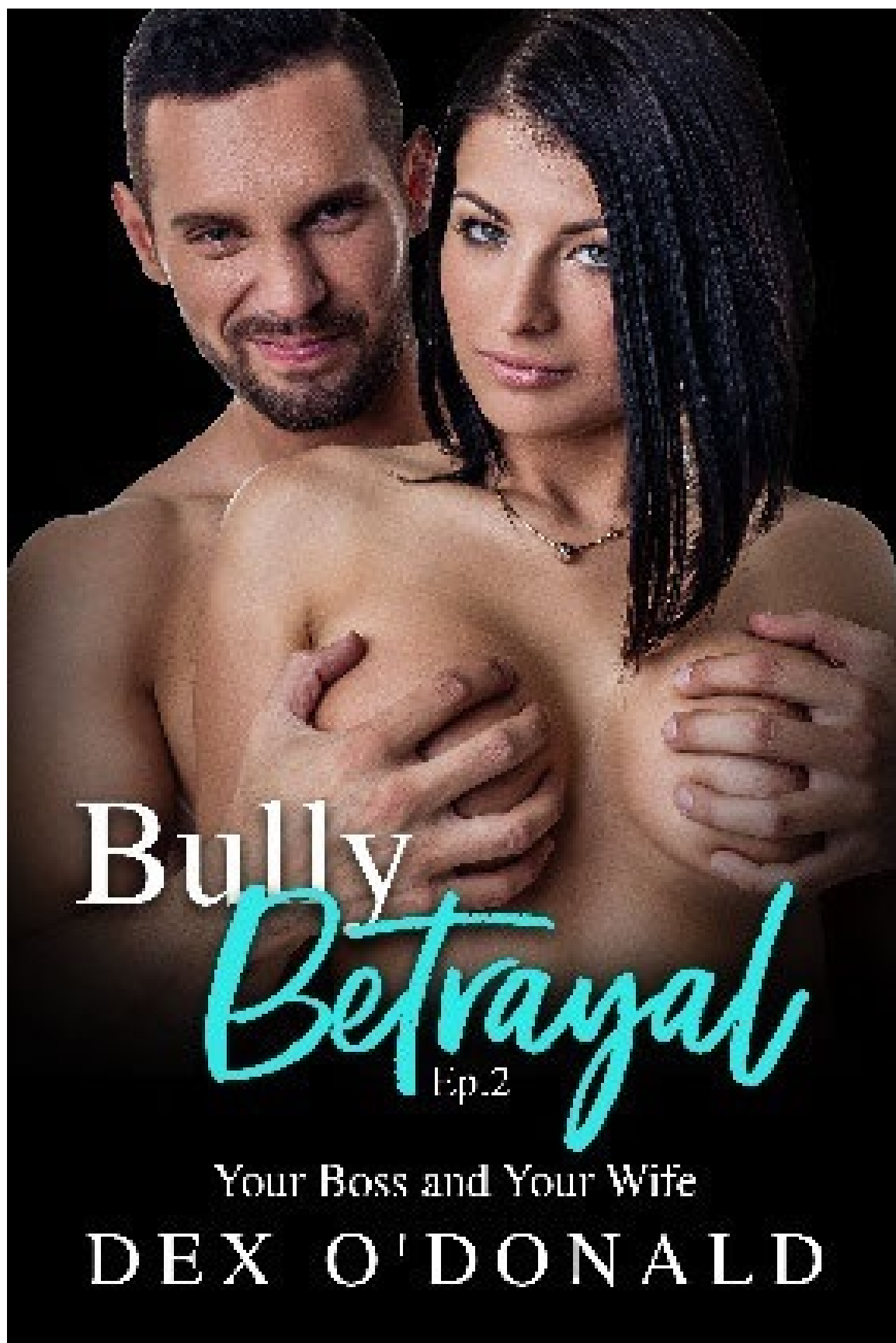


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Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



Bully
Betrayal
Ep. 2

Your Boss and Your Wife

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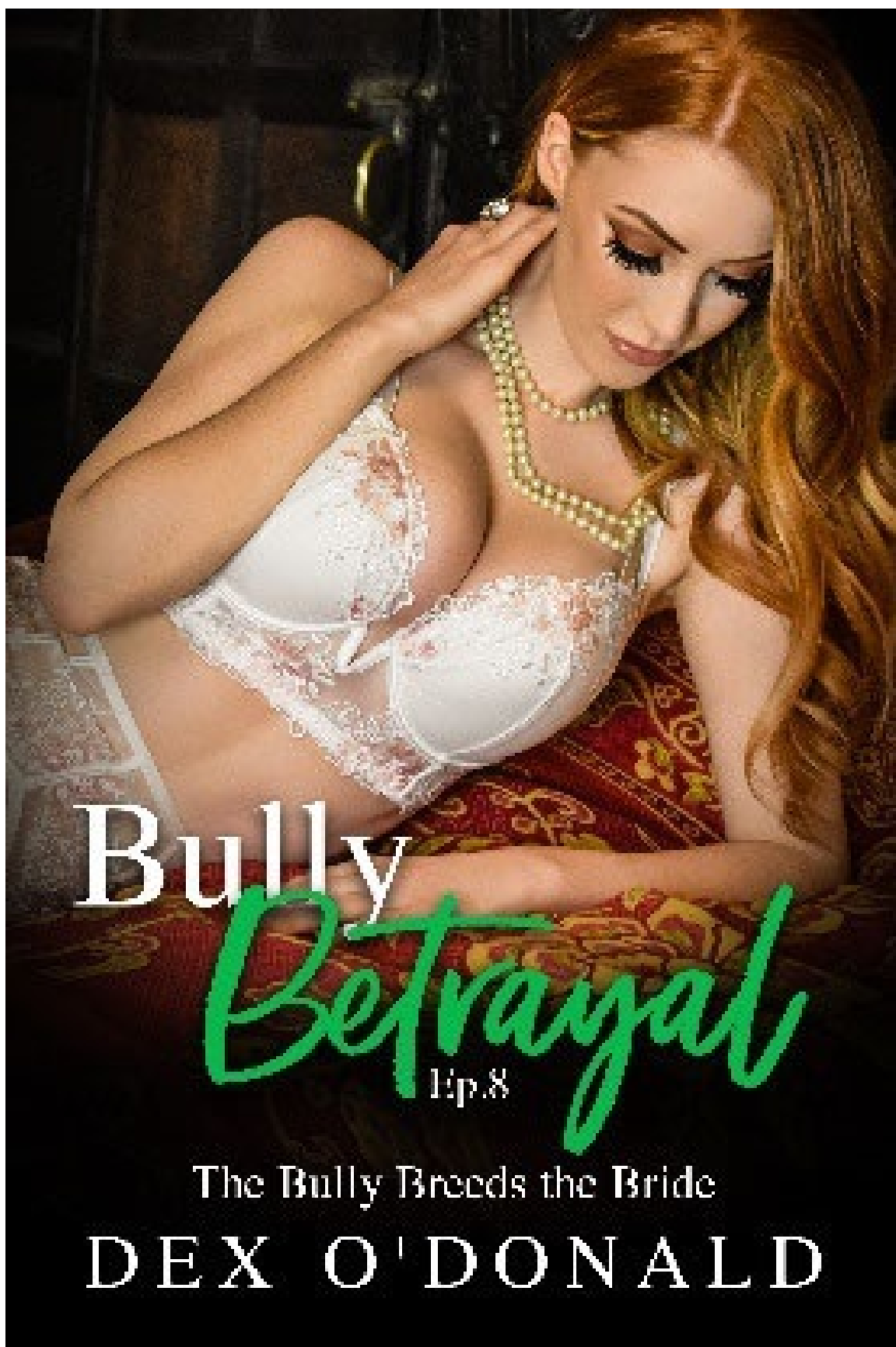
Kidnapped and Cuckolded

KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



Bully

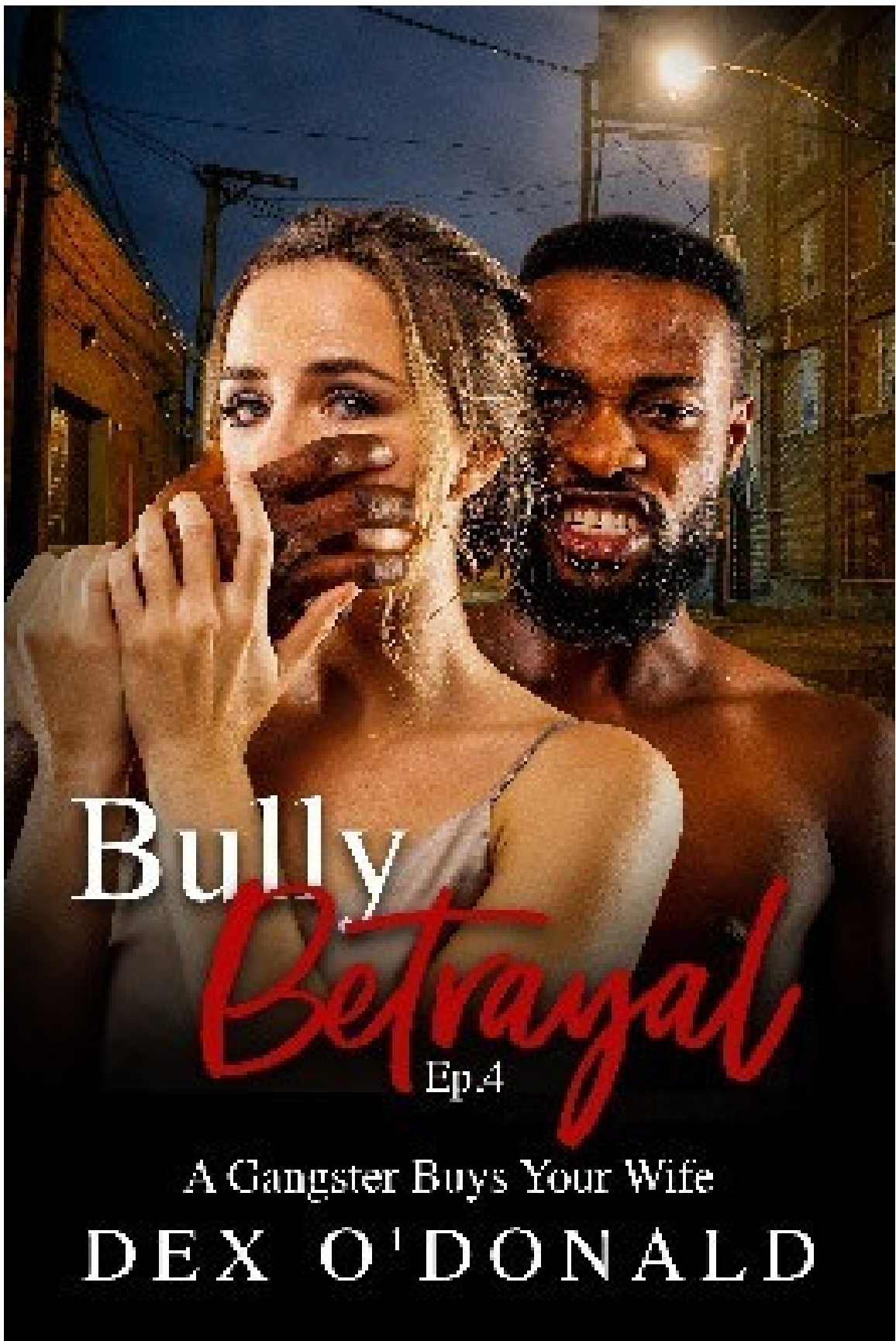
Betrayal

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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