

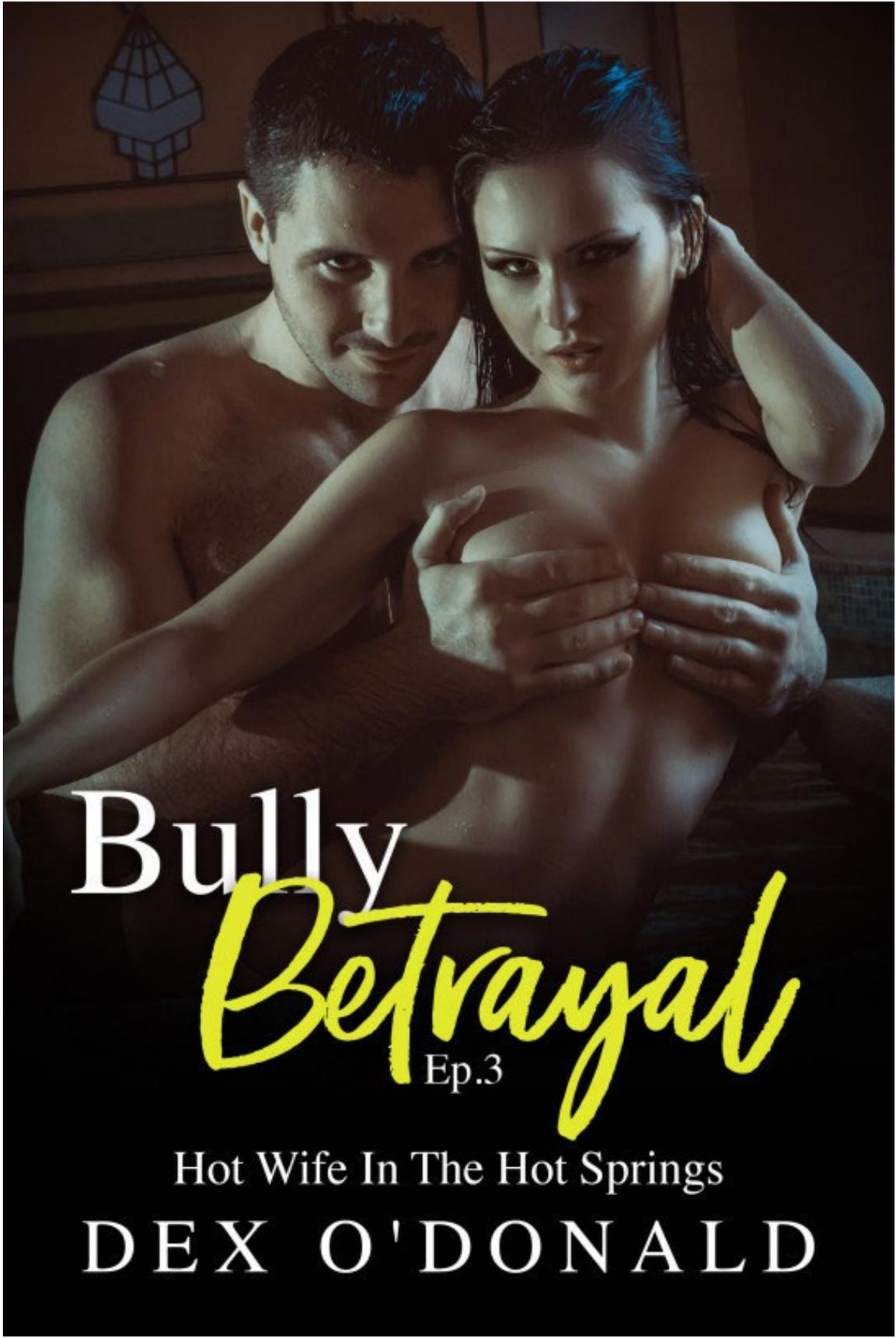
Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.3

Hot Wife In The Hot Springs

DEX O'DONALD



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## **Bully Betrayal Ep 3: Hot Wife In The Hot Springs**

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Smashwords Edition

# 1.

Steam billowed in waves across the tops of the blue hot pools, each arranged at different points in the massive rock-face. The resort was naturally spring fed and carved into the mountain side were baths of all sizes and temperatures. Most ran around 105 degrees or lower though one, called The Lobster Pot, ran much hotter. There was even a cold bath; comprised of snow melt that was near to freezing in the middle of December. All around was fresh snowfall; sparkling crystals in the powder that was so well known in this part of The Rocky Mountains.

It was 11 degrees outside when the first pair of cold feet came tiptoeing down the stone steps leading to the hot pools. The young couple were dressed in matching white robes, and through the thick of fog could have been mistaken for some of the wildlife that inhabited the surrounding wood. When the robes came off however, it was quite clear, fog or not, that these were no wolves or bears but a young, white couple in their early 30's.

“This is the coldest I've ever been before,” she said in a whisper, cuddling up to his chest and digging her black bun of hair into him.

“Get in the water,” he said, “we're the first ones here. We have it all to ourselves.”

“Is it hot enough?” She asked him, still whispering.

“Let’s find out,” and he kissed her.

Samantha dropped her robe to the icy ground. In the cruel cold morning her taut nipples were easily visible through the black bikini. Her breasts pushed the flimsy top to its limits as the cloth struggled to contain her. Her back was small, but her hips curved out against the ties of her thong and her round ass was exceptionally plump for someone so little. Her fiancé Eric towered over her in the morning light, and even he was only 5’11.

“You look incredible,” Eric said, dropping his own robe to reveal his doughy frame, clad in comically green swim trunks. His belly hung over the tangled waste-band and for a moment, Samantha nearly laughed at his slovenly demeanor. “I can’t wait to take the rest off you- “, he began.

But Samantha had drifted from him and was easing into the water like a sprite. Her eyes lit up and a smile brightened her face; dancing lips showing straight teeth and a pink tongue. Samantha’s eyes were bulbous and blue and opened wider than they seemed they should, with long lashes that fanned down whenever she laughed. If she looked at you a long time without blinking, you might think you were falling under a spell.

Eric flopped into the pool, sending water and waves crashing through the early morning silence. The two young lovers drifted from pool to pool before ending up in the small one up high; shielded by icy rocks and snow-covered trees, here was a hidden bath that only a few knew. Samantha had gotten a tip from a girlfriend on how to find it.

“This is private,” Eric said, wrapping his hands around Samantha’s little waist and pulling her into his crotch. “We could do anything up here,” he breathed in her ear.

Samantha could feel his short, rock hard dick poking into her left ass cheek. She wiggled her ass a little bit, teasing the thing in his green trunks. “You’re gonna have to be a much better boy if you want to get into this, understand?”

Eric nodded approval like a lap dog against her shoulder and she pushed her soft, ripe ass deeper into his 5 inch steel nail. Eric backed off her this time, afraid he might lose control of himself right there in the water.

“Good boy,” Samantha said, rolling her ass away from him and facing him. “Now go get your new fiancé a mimosa from the bar downstairs...and don’t you dare spill a drop on your way back. Understand?”

Begrudgingly, Eric left the warmth of the 108 degree hot tub for the cold stone and 11 degree air to fetch his beautiful fiancé a Mimosa from the Spa Bar. Samantha laughed at his pathetic attempt to hide his erection as he climbed down from the hidden tub in the trees. She clung to the edge of the bath and let her feet drift behind her as she watched him work his way back to the bar and locker rooms below. Samantha could see most of the spa from here as she gazed through the leaves and foliage of the tree that hid the pool. Thick fog continued to spill out from the pools and create a silver haze across the snowy grounds. More people were arriving now...a couple occupied one of the cooler pools at the bottom...an older man making his way towards the cold pool(burr)...and then, heading towards The Lobster Pot, a man with broad shoulders and a thick head of black hair.

Through the smoke she watched him sink into the pool without a hesitation. Just the day before Samantha had watched three men try and fail to get past their ankles. But this...mystery stranger...failed to bat an eye. She watched him float for a moment, trying to discern his features. The fog parted temporarily over his stomach; tight and hard ridged. His long, brown arms stretched out over his hidden face and she could make out his glistening biceps even with the leaves from the tree in her eyes.

Samantha traced the lines of his body but always kept her eye towards his face. It seemed stubborn of the steam to blind her like that. And as she stared, as if the smoke had read her thoughts, it parted just enough for her to see two green eyes staring at her through the grey.

She quickly averted her gaze and swam from the ledge. She laughed in spite of herself...at herself. At the embarrassment of getting caught. Before she could dwell on it for too long, Eric came stomping back into the pool with her drink.

“Here you go, my beautiful fiancé!” Eric said, handing her the bubbling champagne glass. Samantha kissed his cheek and sipped it. She winked at him in approval.

“Where’s your drink?” She asked him.

Eric’s jaw dropped nearly as long as his little pecker, and he slapped himself in the forehead. “I knew I was forgetting something!”

“Oh Eric,” Samantha giggled, sipping her mimosa.

“I already paid for it...fuck...”

“See you soon, dear,” Samantha winked at him.

The morning was getting on and Samantha was not the only one doing a little day drinking. From her hidden perch she could see several couples, ranging from early 20's to late 50's, already imbibing and striking up conversation with one another. The early afternoon air was frigid and cold but in these hot springs, deep in the heart of Colorado, there was peace and warmth. I should have told him to bring me back another one, she thought, tipping the champagne glass back and finishing it in one big swill. He's going to get back and see me with an empty drink...and you know he will get up and go back for another, don't you? It was true. Eric was a pussy-whipped, do-all pleaser that was never going to talk back or put up a fight. Samantha liked it that way. She liked having Eric to boss around and be good to her. After all, Samantha knew she was a 10. And Eric? Eric had a dad bod and made good money, and some day he would bare her children. And he would take care of them. Yes, Eric was certainly good for that. What he was not good for was anything resembling an orgasm that did not involve his mouth and hands.

“Excuse me, coming through,” a voice came from the shrubbery on the far end of the hot tub. Suddenly the branches and trees parted, and a man came gliding into the pool. It was the man from The Lobster Pot...the broad shouldered, and full head of hair, the green eyes...the green eyes that had caught her.

He was bigger up close. His arms were brawny and wide, beefy but not fat. His jaw line was hard-boned and thick, and his voice carried an accent that sounded European. Perhaps Russian. In the water his body was not unpleasant to look at, and there was no mistaking where he was looking: directly at Samantha and the cleavage that protruded over the surface of the steaming water.

“Hi,” she said awkwardly. She averted her eyes and looked at nothing, smiling to herself. The strange man watched her lips when they curled into that private grin, and his eyes narrowed onto her.

“Hello,” he said, his accent thick and deep. His voice seemed to rumble off the surface of the water, a man’s voice. “I saw you up here...staring...I did not know there was Banya up here.”

There was not much space between Samantha and the large stranger. Her own wide eyes met his and she felt intimidated. Intimidated by his stature and his bluntness, by his accent and the low, rough tone of his voice. But at the same time, something was fascinating her. Perhaps it was a combination of many things. Maybe a combination of all those things that were scaring her in the first place.

“Yes...it’s sort of...secret,” she said, locking with his eyes. She held his gaze for a moment, trying to prove to herself, and maybe to him, that she was not afraid. But still, his eyes pierced her. And when he moved, she could not help herself from watching the contour of his arms, or the broadness of his chest as his shoulders stretched across the tub.

“Yes, secret,” he began. “Secret tub with beautiful woman in it...just waiting for Vlad to join her.” He smiled as he said the last part, and for the first time Samantha realized that he did not just have an amazing body...but he was damned cute too. That smile was heavenly. And he was handsome with his overtly large jawline...except, no. His jawline was not any larger than the rest of him, rather, it was just as defined and gargantuan as everything else.

“You’re very blunt, aren’t you?” Samantha asked, opening her shoulders towards him, and crossing her legs underneath the water.

“I say it as I see,” Vlad said. “And I could not help but notice a beautiful woman

staring at me from a secret banya.”

“So, then you might also have seen my fiancé coming and going from the same tub?” Samantha challenged him now, part of her hoping he might take a hint... and another part hoping he might not.

“Scrawny man with drink?” Vlad asked.

Samantha erupted into laughter, her devilish smile and big blue eyes lighting up the cold morning.

“Scrawny man no bother Vlad,” Vlad said. “It is not for the scrawny man to decide what is to be done between us.”

“Between us?” She asked.

“Yes. Vlad came to tub because he desires to know you better. What is your name?”

Samantha stared at him in silence. She weighed her options. Should she send this crude, half-naked, giant stranger away for his forwardness? Or should she entertain him because...OK let's be honest. Because he was hot. He was chiseled and beautiful and rough and manly. He was a lot of things Eric was not. A lot of things Eric had not been for a while, in any way, outside the bedroom or in.

*It's not like I'm going to fuck him. It's just some good, playful fun. I'm engaged after all.*

“Samantha,” she said.

“Samanta,” he repeated back to her. “Samanta.”

“I’m BACK!” Eric announced, goofily and a little a drunk. “The lady at the bar took pity on me and poured me a shot and WOO BOY I am feeling that thing, especially after the steep walk back up here. I figured you needed another drink as well, babe, so I got you a mimosa, I got a- “

Eric finally shut up when he noticed Vlad sitting in the tub.

“Excuse me,” Eric said to the hulking stranger, “I didn’t know anyone else was here.”

“This is Vlad,” Samantha said, trying to sound as calm as possible. “He noticed people coming and going from the ‘secret pool’ and found us!” She made it sound like a joke even though it was anything but. Eric was looking at Vlad as he sipped his Long Island, only Vlad was not returning his gaze. His eyes roamed over Samantha’s profile.

“This is Eric,” Samantha said to Vlad. “My fiancé.”

Vlad's eyes never diverted.

“Good to meet, Eric,” Vlad said. “Your woman here is very beautiful. I very much like to get to know her better.”

Eric's mouth hung agape once more as he tried to process what the giant muscled European was saying. Samantha put her elbow into his ribs and his mouth closed shut like a snapping turtle.

“I...I, uh...I,” Eric sputtered.

In a whisper, Samantha spoke to him; “He's foreign, sweetie.... his English isn't great...go easy.”

Eric looked into the eyes of his gorgeous fiancé and was reassured. His eyes fell to the cleavage trying to get out of Samantha's black bikini top and so for the moment, two sets of eyes were resting there.

“What you drink, Eric?” Vlad asked, his eyes still locked on Samantha.

“This is a Long Island Iced Tea,” Eric replied.

“What that?”

“It’s got rum, tequila, uh, it’s got- “

“Sound like girl drink,” Vlad said. Samantha laughed aloud and stifled it instantly so as not to embarrass Eric. It was too late. The skinny fat man that was her fiancé was quickly turning a dark shade of purple.

“Go get Vlad drink, Eric.” Vlad said.

There was silence in the hidden tub, only the distant sounds of chattering below them in the other pools.

“Excuse me?” Eric said, nearly spitting up his drink.

“Vodka. I like Vodka. Go fetch for me,” Vlad told him.

“I don’t think so, pal. I just got back, and I don’t think I’m going anywhere.”

Samantha watched Vlad closely. For the first time, he peeled his eyes from Samantha and locked onto Eric. Samantha could feel Eric tensing up next to her as the large European grilled him. He said nothing for a long moment, and Samantha could practically hear Eric’s stomach turning.

“Go get Vlad a Vodka,” Vlad said. “So that Samanta and Vlad can talk.”

“Like I said,’ Eric began, “I don’t think I’m going anywhere.”

Vlad stood up in the shallow pool. Hot water cascaded and steam poured from his body. In the low light of the hidden tub, he towered over the young couple, the size of his legs like tree trunks growing from the water. His giant hands were clenched into fists, and thick blue veins stood out on his arm.

Samantha was the one with the open jaw now.

“Go get Vlad a vodka, it is last time I ask nice.”

Samantha put her elbow back into her fiancés side and whispered to him once more, “He’s foreign honey...his sense of humor is a little strange...just be polite and get him a drink.” Eric looked at her with anger and rolled his eyes at the situation. Vlad continued to hulk over them, leaning in. Eric looked at the giant man once more before gathering himself up and cowering from the tub. He disappeared through the shrubs, leaving Vlad and Samantha alone once more.

“Samanta,” Vlad spoke, gliding across the gap between. He was inches from her now, and she could feel his fingertips dancing at her sides. “Scrawny man is gone. Will you touch it?”

“Touch what?” She said, setting her champagne glass down on the edge of the tub. She was tiny in comparison to him but somehow felt safe as he closed in on

her.

“Whatever Samanta wants,” Vlad said.

Her eyes drifted to his chest and then to his arms floating loosely about the tub. Vlad smiled and lifted his arms out, dripping in the cold air. He flexed, bringing the blue veins in his biceps to life. Samantha reached a small, trembling hand out and grabbed hold of his forearm. She ran her tiny hand along the veins leading to his upper arm, stopping to squeeze now and again. Her other hand joined the fun and suddenly she was exploring another man’s upper body.

“You like, Samanta?”

“Shhh,” Samantha said, enjoying the moment and hoping Eric was far from getting back with Vlad’s drink.

“Is your scrawny man strong like me?” Vlad asked.

“No,” she said, starting to breath heavier. “He’s not strong like you, not even close.”

“Wimpy boy. Your husband is wimpy boy. You need big strong man, Samanta.”

Her hands were getting frantic as they began to explore his chest. Her little

palms ran across his nipples and started to trace the abs he was hiding below the surface of the water. Vlad's own hands had reached her little shoulders, and his giant mitts nearly covered her. She was shaking even though the water sat at 108 degrees. His hands began to rub her shoulders, gentle but with an obvious power and strength behind his grip. Her hands were dropping lower, and just before she heard Eric ambling up from the steps, she felt it.

She gasped.

Eric burst through the bushes. He had a vodka in his hand.

"I got your drink...uh, Vlader or whatever your name is." Eric tried to pretend that he did not see how close they were, but he did a bad job. Samantha saw clear as day that he was terrified. Vlad all but yanked the drink from Eric's hand and downed the vodka in one gulp. He handed the cup back to Eric.

"Another," Vlad said.

"Now wait just a minute," Eric said. "I am going to sit right here with my fiancé and enjoy our time together, we just got engaged, I am not going to get you a drink and I am not- "

"Shut your mouth and go get my drink, wimpy boy!" Vlad yelled at him.

Eric was speechless.

“I give your wife rub while you fetch my drink. You understand? No? Should I make you understand?”

Eric shot Samantha a desperate look.

“Go,” Samantha said, “You can stay when you get back with his drink.” She could not believe the words coming from her own mouth. But what she could believe even less was Eric rolling his eyes, turning around, and heading back out into the cold to fetch this stranger another drink.

Power, she thought. That’s what this man has. He has power.

Vlad’s arms enclosed around her and suddenly he held her, cradled lazily in his lap. She could feel his girth beneath her ass and realized this was the most she had touched another man since she had started seeing Eric years ago. She certainly had never felt a man so strong or large...and the thing beneath her was not so much poking her as it was pushing her.

He kissed her and pushed his tongue into her reluctant mouth. He had her by the back of the neck while his other hand got its money’s worth on her tits; freeing them from the black bikini top and letting them float and jiggle in the water. Samantha squirmed in his lap, rubbing her legs together and feeling how ready she was.

*You’re cheating on your fiancé. You’re all over another man and he’s right around the corner. What the fuck are you doing, Samantha?*

Vlad's hand slipped down her tummy and found her cunt, beginning to rub it roughly over the top of her thong. She had to free her mouth from his to let a moan escape, and Vlad kept licking her lips, chin, nose, face. He was swallowing her whole. She found his cock over his tight speedo, and began to rub, trying to estimate its size and find where it began. The bulbous head kept finding its way into her little palm, and she just kept squeezing.

*What are you doing, Samantha? Or should I say, Samanta? Just what the fuck is going on?*

She pushed the thought away. Besides, she thought she knew the answer to those nagging questions. After all, one needed to only look at Eric...and then look at Vlad. She deserved this. And if Eric got back soon and saw it...well...he was just going to have to deal. It was not every day she had the chance to make out with, and get felt up by, a giant European alpha.

“What the fuck,” Eric said, standing in the shrubs in the frigid cold. Looking down he saw his new fiancé, petite and beautiful, with her tits out as she lay in the arms of a stranger. She looked so small in his arms that Eric almost mistook her for someone else. “What the fuck,” he repeated.

Vlad let go of Samantha and stood up, approaching Eric. It was impossible to miss the girth in his black speedo. Eric cowered away from the man as he approached, but Vlad grabbed him by the back of the neck and held him still as he yanked the fresh Vodka from his hand. Instead of pounding in one gulp, this time, Vlad took a sip.

“Good boy,” Vlad told Eric.

Samantha floated topless, her eyes furrowed in worry as she looked back and forth from Eric to the thing pinned inside Vlad's bathing suit.

"Will not make scrawny man go back down again," Vlad continued. "Sit on edge of tub, but do not get in tub."

"What the fuck is this, Samantha? What the fuck!" Eric turned to leave, to storm off and to make a scene and to cry, but Vlad simply put one arm out and grabbed the boy. Samantha rose from the pool, unsure what to do and how to help Eric.

"Sit, boy!" Vlad yelled in Eric's face, as Eric cowered in fear below him. "Sit in cold, and watch! Watch real man please wife!" Vlad dipped Eric into the pool and submerged his head under the water for several seconds. Then Vlad wrestled him out and onto the stone edge of the tub. "Sit and watch, boy, or I kick your fucking ass in!"

Eric sat there, shaking and coughing. Whether it was the freezing cold or fear that caused his shaking, Samantha did not know. Nor did she have enough time to worry about the answer. Vlad was back in the pool with her, now behind her. With them both standing in the hot spring, she could feel his chub in between her shoulder blades. His monster arms engulfed her as he filled his extra-large hands with her bare tits.

As he squeezed and pinched Samantha's tits and rubbed his giant's cock into her back, he spoke with malice to Eric, who shook with the cold even as his feet dipped into the tub that his wife was getting fondled in.

“Watch, boy. I see your wife. I take your wife. She let me feel her tits like this...I can smack them, like this...She let me rub her cunt while you get my drink, you weak boy. Right now, I push my cock all over her. My big cock all over your wife, boy. You watch. Now.”

Samantha’s eyes locked onto Eric’s as Vlad spoke. Eric’s face was erratic, and she saw how his eyes moved from Vlad’s face to Vlad’s hands, to her tits. Tears were welling, but as she saw how upset he was getting she felt herself getting hotter despite it. She was beginning to moan as she tried to catch her husband’s eyes with her own.

Vlad grabbed her by the neck as Eric looked on, and he stuck his tongue down her throat. They kissed while he felt her up.

“Pull out cock, Samanta,” he told her.

Samantha got her fingers into the lining of his speedo, and just before she yanked them down, she looked back at her fiancé.

“Don’t...stop...please,” Eric said, shivering.

“Watch your wife, boy!” Vlad shouted.

Samantha yanked, and the beast was unleashed. It was as veiny as his arms, and so uncircumcised it could have been a monster from an H.P. Lovecraft novel. His balls were hairy and despite the freezing air, hung low.

“Oh my God,” Samantha said. “It’s...fucking...huge.”

“How big, bitch?”

“It’s so fucking big, Vlad. Oh my...I’ve never seen one so big.”

“Put in your mouth. Let husband watch you please real man!”

Samantha opened her tiny mouth as wide as she could but still struggled getting it past her lips. Vlad helped her by holding onto the back of her head and thrusting his hips into her mouth.

“Wider, Samanta. Wider. Open mouth, bitch,” Vlad instructed.

As her jaw strained to fit Vlad into her mouth, Samantha locked her gaze with Eric. Tears were staining his cheeks and he looked as if he had been hit by a bus. Through eye-contact he pleaded with her to stop. But it was no use. The stranger was taking her...claiming her...and there was nothing he could do but watch.

“Swallow, bitch. Good. Now suck. Suck suck suck suck,” Vlad began to groan as he fucked her mouth. Samantha had one hand pathetically trying to squeeze his shaft, and the other trying to tame his giant nutsack that flopped all around as he gained momentum in his hips.

“No hands!” He instructed. And he slapped her little hands off his cock. Instinctively she placed them behind her lower back and held them together while he began to use her face more furiously. If someone had come to the secret pool at that moment, they would have seen a gargantuan Russian, naked head to toe, getting a sloppy blowjob from a topless beauty.

While some loser sat on the sidelines and watched.

“This is my bitch now, wimp boy,” Vlad told Eric. “And I will fuck her how I want and she will like it. I will mark my territory wimp, and you will watch. Because you are not man. You are little weakling!” Vlad reached down and gathered one of Samantha’s milky tits in his hand and squeezed. All the while he kept his left hand in control of her head, either squeezing her bun or the back of her neck as he railed her mouth. It might have been almost comical to Eric, the view of this woman trying her best to get a massive cock into her throat but it just not fitting, had it not been his wife. As it was, his petite sexy fiance was getting manhandled by a bigger, stronger, superior man.

“Lick nuts, Samanta. Lick nuts.”

He pushed her head underneath him and started to drag his giant nuts across her forehead and face. Samantha kept her tongue out and wiggling as he tea bagged her. Eric watched in horror, never in a thousand years imagining he would have seen his wife allow herself to be degraded like that. And not just degraded, but completely owned by a total stranger at a hot spring. Vlad did his best to fill her mouth with both nuts but every time he got them both in, one of them would pop out the side. He traded his nuts and cock out regularly for another 5 minutes, getting her to suck everything he had.

Vlad sipped his vodka, relaxing and letting Samantha tend to the work of blowing his 11 inch pecker.

“Bitch boy fetches drink while Vlad plows his whore. Yes, weak boy. That is what you are. Vlad will show you!”

“Please stop,” Eric pleaded. “Please, I can’t take any more of this!”

“SHUT FUCK UP, WIMP!”

Vlad lifted Samantha completely out of the water with ease and cradled her to his chest, feasting on her tits. Slobbering on them. Biting them and sucking. Samantha moaned as the scary Russian licked over every inch of her, turning her as easily as an ear of corn. Eric could not help but stare at the towering erection jutting from the muscular stranger. It was purple and leaking and a single testicle was bigger than Eric’s entire sack. It was as if this man was created at the big and tall store.

“Face your wimp, bitch!” The Russian yelled.

Samantha was tossed into the hot pool and yanked out again, suddenly on all fours; her hands steadied on the first step down into the pool, and her head in Eric’s lap. He was freezing. Her legs floated freely and in the span of time it took to snap your fingers she felt Vlad reach down and tear her thong away. Vlad got behind her, spreading her legs and pulling her hips above the water.

From behind, her pussy was exposed; pink and plump and swollen. Vlad spit on it. Eric saw the act and nearly fainted.

“I fuck your wife, wimpy man!”

Vlad began pushing himself into Samantha and Eric watched his wife’s face contort just inches from him. She let out a muffled scream that was a little too loud for Vlad’s liking, so he stuffed a giant paw over her mouth to quiet her. Eric was close enough to see the hair on Vlad’s knuckles as he choked out the sound her moans.

Vlad penetrated, sinking his impossibly fat cock several inches into Samantha’s cunt. Her eyes rolled back, and she screamed into the palm of Vlad’s hand. Vlad began to pump into her slowly, splashing hot water up and out onto freezing Eric. Samantha’s tits jiggled between Eric’s knees, the most action he had gotten all day.

“Good bitch, hold still, let Vlad fuck American pussy!”

Vlad was doing just that. He was taking the petite hot wife right there in the hot springs. He stuffed two fingers into her mouth to suck on, and Eric saw the knuckle hair get wet from his wife’s saliva. Vlad was having trouble getting his dick to fit all the way, with about half of it buried inside Samantha. Her legs were shaking in the water, causing almost a jet effect to take place as the water simmered and riffled.

Between Vlad’s grunts and insults, and Samantha’s moans and near screams, it was impossible for the others in the pools to not hear. And indeed, as Eric began

to look around, he could see other people looking up at the hidden pool, some even peeking through the bushes. They were laughing at him. And they were getting an eyeful of his naked wife as she got worked.

Vlad had her entire waist in his two hands as he swung her up and down on his pole, fucking her feverishly. At one point he grabbed her around the throat and held her in such a way that she had to look at her fiancé. And as he fucked and choked her, he spoke once more to Eric.

“Look at your wife...your bitch wife...I come up here and fuck her just like that...you know why? Because she need big cock. She need man cock. Not your little pecker. And now, she is mine. She no longer feel you when you fuck....I stretch her. And she won't feel you...no...she laughs at you...Tell him you laugh at him, bitch...tell him”

Holding her little face still, Samantha obeyed and looked into the eyes of her fiancé.

“You're a fucking joke, Eric,” she moaned, “You're not a man.”

Vlad let out a loud, booming laugh. “Good, good little wife. Tell him you like Vlad better! Tell him!”

“I like Vlad better...hes bigger...he's better...he's a real man, Eric!”

Vlad laughed again as he buried himself deeper into Eric's wife.

“I’m cumming, oh fuck, Vlad, I’m cumming,” Samantha nearly screamed. Eric watched his wife have her first orgasm from penetration. Only it wasn’t his dick. It was only his shame, now. Shaking and trembling, Samantha tried to stand up as Vlad dismounted her, but she fell back into the hot tub.

“Hold still, bitch.” Vlad instructed. He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her close to his God Cock as he stroked it inches from her face. She could not get her footing and so laid at a strange angle in the tub, only keeping afloat by the handful of hair that Vlad was pulling on. He slapped her mouth with his dick and she stuck her tongue out, kissing the foreskin of his uncut member.

“I mark my territory, wimp man! And you no fuck her till I say...I cum now... and we fuck later...understand?”

Except, Eric did not understand. He did not understand anything that was happening, and Vlad’s words were becoming a stream of muffled nightmares against the waking reality he was experiencing. His wife’s makeup was running down her face, and her tits were sloppy and ajar as she continued to try and sit up.

“Watch, wimp boy. And do not look away.”

Vlad yanked her closer and began to unload at her forehead. Fat gobs of white cum spilled from the tip of his covered dick and onto Samantha, running down her nose and cheeks. She grimaced. Vlad grunted loud, and his fantastic nutsack convulsed with each shot he deposited onto the hot wife. It was dribbling on her lips as he began to drag his cock around her face, smearing it in.

“Good wife...take my seed...lick it up...good bitch...” Vlad dropped his last gob off into her hair, and then yanked her over to Eric and made as if he was going to have them kiss. Eric convulsed in terror and nearly ran. Vlad laughed. “Your bitch is Vlad’s bitch now. Understand?”

Eric tried to answer but his voice caught in his throat and died.

“No?” Vlad said, his eyes furrowing. “You no understand? That’s OK, Vlad will show you!”

Without warning, Vlad plunged Samantha under the water by her hair, holding her there for a moment before pulling her back up. She gasped for breath, naked and desperate. Most of the cum now washed from her face. She was soaking wet and used up, but somehow smiling...even giggling as she marveled at the absurdity of the situation.

“You can get in pool now, wimp!” Vlad grabbed Eric by the neck and tossed him into the hidden pool with his wife, gobs of Vlad’s cum still floating around. Vlad got out of the pool and stood on the edge; the entirety of his enormity revealed at last. Smiling, he pointed his slightly deflated cock at the young couple in the pool; the woman smiling and the man near crying. From his mostly erect cock, a giant, warm stream of piss shot out and began to cover Samantha and Eric.

“I mark you both...you both mine now...the whore and the wimp...”

Samantha held Eric still as they took the shower from their new master. When

Vlad had finished, he shook his dick off on Samantha, and began to walk off. When he reached the shrubbery that hid the pool from view, he turned once more to the couple.

“Vlad’s room is 302. You both come. 8 O’clock. Don’t be late.”

And then he was gone.

Eric tried to say something to his wife, but words failed him once more. Samantha winked at him and came in close enough to kiss.

“Let’s go back to the room, fiancé...I need you to clean me off.”

THE END