

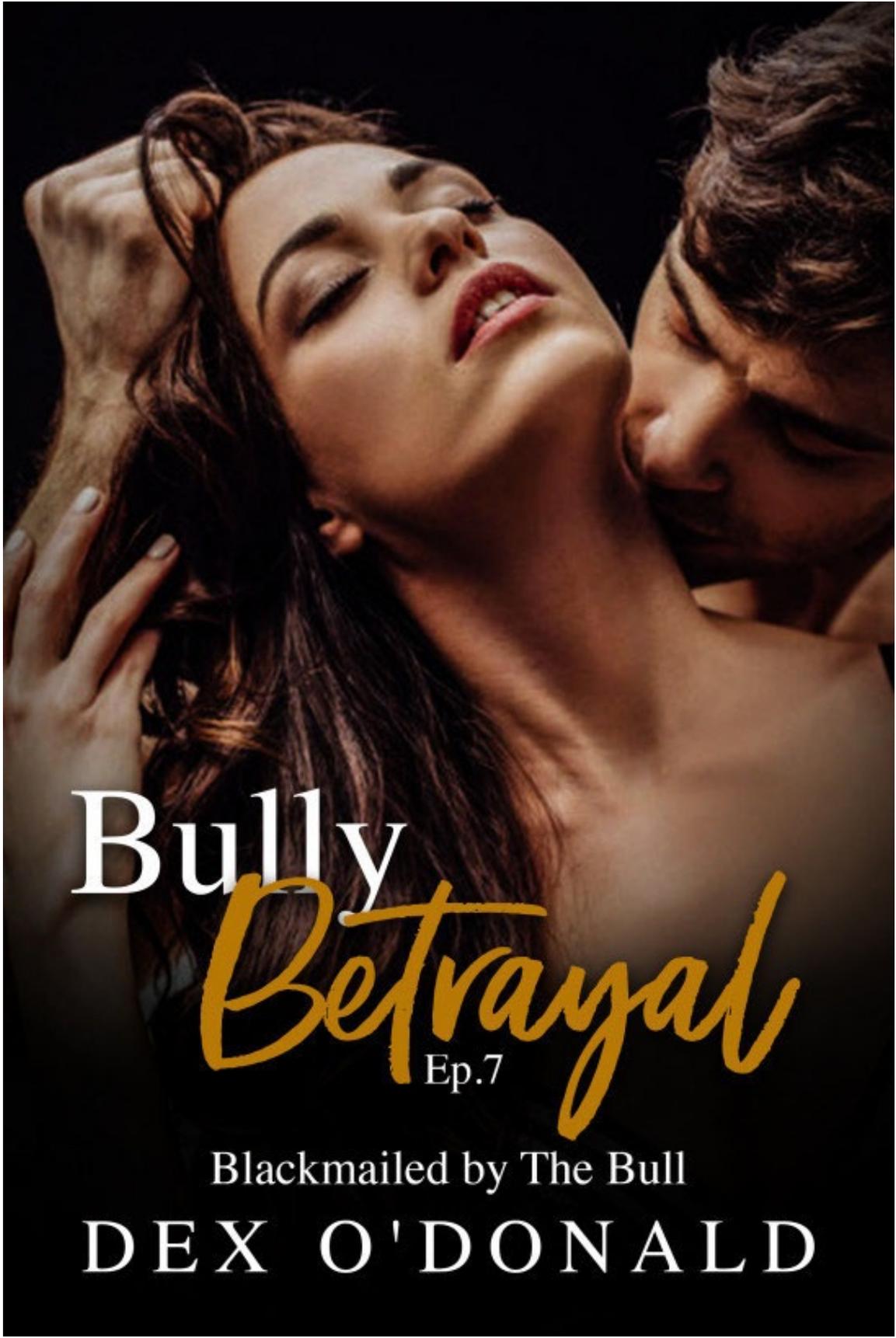
Bully

Betrayal

Ep.7

Blackmailed by The Bull

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 7

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By Dex O'Donald

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1.

“You’re going to do what I tell you to do, Lee. And that’s all there is to it.”

I was sweating and shaking in the small cardio room of my apartment building. I hit almost 3 miles on the treadmill that day, at a sharper incline than usual. But that had nothing to do with the sweat pouring off me now. It had everything to do with Damien, large and looming, sticking his cruel finger into my bony chest.

“I’ve got copies and copies of it, Lee. I’ve got one for you. For me. For Dana...”

“Now hold on a fucking second, Damien, let me catch my breath,” I told him. I was near hyperventilation. “You’re talking too fast, it’s all coming at me too fast. I need time...I need to think...”

“Oh, you need some time to think about it, buddy? Is that it? Sure, I don’t blame you. I can give you...oh let’s say two minutes. That enough time for you?”

Damien wore a black t-shirt that cut off at the sleeves, sure to show off his bronzed, veiny shoulders. His biceps and forearms were flexed and menacing, and I could tell he was making himself taller than usual. Not that he needed to. Damien was 6’4 and as athletic as they come. If he wanted to scare me, he certainly didn’t need his tippy toes.

“I don’t even know what you’re talking about,” I lied, “I think you’ve got bad info, Damien.”

“Is that so, betaboy1987@hotmail.com?”

Hearing it out loud, uttered from someone as predatory as Damien, was more shocking than I anticipated. My breath went shallow in my throat and when I tried to speak, I squeaked. My false, confused eyes searched Damien’s indifferent face.

He smiled ear to ear. He had me.

“I will admit, the name describes you to a T,” Damien set both of his giant hands on my shoulders, squeezing. Almost warmly. “The first step is admitting it out loud, Lee.”

I’ve known Damien longer than I would have liked to. When I was 14 he started dating my sister, Tara, who is 3 years older than me. Damien a year older than her. From the moment she started bringing him over to the house my life changed for the worse. He saw me as a scrawny, weak boy with wasted potential. And he never missed an opportunity to point it out.

“Take the dogs for a walk, loser,” he would spit at me, walking down the hallway to my sister’s bedroom.

“It’s Tara’s turn. Mom said so!” I protested.

“Take the dogs for a walk or I’ll hang you buy your underwear in the coat room. Don’t come back for at least an hour. Your sister and I have a lot to...talk about.”

As I got older the harassment grew worse. On my 18th birthday he offered to “teach me how to fight.” All that consisted of was me, face down in the dirt, with Damien on top. He held my head still and shoved it into the dirty ground while I felt his massive body on top of me. Smothering me.

“Your sisters got a nice pussy, Lee,” he breathed in my ear, pinning my arm behind me and digging something into my lower back. “She opens it for me whenever I tell her to. Her mouth too. You ever see your pretty with sister cum on her face? You should. It’s beautiful. She’s such a slut.”

I screamed but Damien covered my mouth with a harsh hand.

“I gave her to my buddies last weekend, Lee. You should have seen it. The way she sucked every one of them like a whore. Your friend Benny was there too. You should have seen her face when put it in her- “

Tara and Damien married in her senior year of college. The man I despised and feared was now my brother-in-law. Some silly part of me thought that perhaps, now that he was family, things might change. He was getting older after all, and surely this schoolyard bullying could not go on forever.

He sent pictures of my sister Tara sleeping naked. Pictures of her with eyes closed, semen pasted across her smiling face. Always captions: Whore. Your sister wasn’t in the mood until I pulled out my cock. Doesn’t she look lovely with cum on her face? Of course, I never said anything to Tara. The humiliation would have been too great to suffer.

I met Dana around the same time that Tara and Damien's marriage started to go south. My innocent, sweet sexy college girlfriend had quickly become the love of my life. The way she loved me back, the way she believed in me, it helped to untie some of the damage that Damien had done to my confidence. And when Tara and Damien finalized their divorce, I married Dana. The two biggest moments of my life coincided: being rid of my childhood bully and marrying my best friend.

"What caused the split?" my new wife asked my sister one Sunday over mimosas. "I mean Tara, you two seemed so good together. What happened?"

My darling sister gave only a wry smile. "You know, Dana, sometimes certain men are just too much to handle all of the time," Tara glanced at me before finishing, "I think his masculinity became too much for me. His testosterone never seemed to sleep. And I wanted more than just a good fuck."

Dana giggled when Tara said it, and I went red in the face. It was hard to talk about Damien around her. Always those terrible pictures flashing in my mind. Did Tara know he sent me those? Something in that look she gave said she might.

"Well, Lee? What do you say?" Damien shoved me down with his bear paws, hairy knuckles curled on my weak frame. I was looking up at him from the floor, trying to catch my breath in the muggy, stifled gym.

"How did you find my email, Damien...How did you know?"

"Oh, little buddy. Everyone has secrets to hide. You just gotta know how to find

them.” Damien reached into his back pocket and pulled out a disc. It was in a square white envelope and marked with an L in black sharpie. He tossed it casually into my lap.

“Screenshots. Emails. Conversations. Even the links for your favorite porn. Which by the way, all seem to have one thing in common,” he laughed.

I averted my eyes, too filled with shame to look at any human.

“Aw, little Lee. Don’t be embarrassed buddy. We always knew you were a cuck. I mean, absolutely nobody is surprised about this. And maybe Dana won’t be either when I give her a copy.”

“You wouldn’t, Damien. You can’t...”

“Oh, I can. And I will. Unless...”

“Unless what?”

The way Damien loomed over me gave little room for movement. I was crouched on my ass, hugging my knees, and each of Damien’s legs sat like tree trunks on either side of me. The crotch of his pants rubbed against my forehead if I didn’t keep my head flat against the wall behind me.

“Unless you become my little helper, Lee. You’re going to help me with all sorts of stuff.”

“Like what?” I asked defeated.

“Like whatever the fuck I say. You see Lee, it’s no sweat off my nuts to hand your pretty wife one of these discs. But I’d venture it’s a lot of fucking sweat for you. Maybe more than sweat. Maybe a marriage. So, If I ask you to clean my bathroom every morning, what are you going to say?’

“Come again?” I said confused.

“Wrong answer,” he chided, swaying his hips forward and brushing my forehead with the package in his pants.

“I’m not sure I understand Lee, I- “

“A bit slow, aren’t you? Here. I’ll explain it another way.”

Damien squatted down so we were at eye level. He grabbed me by the chin and pinned my head to the wall.

“I’ve got all your little porno secrets, Lee. Ready to go. And I can show your wife anytime I want. Unless you tell me here and now that you’re going to be

my little slave boy. Clean my fucking bathroom. Wash my fucking dishes. Do my fucking laundry. And anything else that comes into my head. Do you understand that betaboy1987?”

Damien shook my head yes.

“My apartment. Tomorrow at 6 am. I want it fucking spotless when I get home. Especially the toilet. I want you to scrub my shit box until it sparkles. You understand, boy?”

The sinking in my stomach could not reach another depth, and through my tunneled vision I saw only one way out of this mess.

“Yes...I understand.”

“Good boy,” Damien said. He left me there, a sweating shaking mess in the corner of the cardio room.

It had been almost a year since Tara and Damien’s divorce when I found out he was moving into my apartment building. A whole year of no Damien. It was the best time of my life. Dana and I were going strong, had a healthy sex life, and were planning a future together. A future after the apartment building that we had grown to love.

Then one day I come home with a bag of groceries to see the unit at the end of my hall, the one that stood vacant for a month, with its front door open. Inside it

was littered with moving boxes and misplaced furniture. I could hear someone moving about so being the friendly neighbor, I stuck my head in to say hello and introduce myself.

The moment I knocked on the open front door Damien rounded the corner in nothing but a pair of jeans. His glistening chest and wide shoulders were intimidating but the shock of seeing his smug face is what set me back.

“Well, if it isn’t little Lee!” Damien smiled, wiping his wet palms on the front of his jeans.

“Damien? What are you doing here?”

“What’s it look like, numbnuts? I live here now!”

“Here?”

“You’re slow aren’t you, Lee?”

It took Damien no time at all to get situated, and soon I was seeing him almost daily. I marveled at the bad luck of it, wondering if it was fate that kept bringing my path across Damien’s.

“You’re being dramatic,” Dana told me. “He can’t be all that bad. I know he’s

your sister's ex and so you're protective or loyal or whatever, but don't make it into a big deal."

"You don't know the man, Dana. He's deranged. He's the final asshole boss in a game full of asshole bosses."

"Blah, blah, blah!" she waved me off. Dana was sitting on the couch with a glass of red wine in her hand, wearing only a little t-shirt and green panties. Her perky tits pushed the fabric to its breaking point. Her creamy thighs wrapped around each other as she brought the wine to her pouty lips.

"I wish you'd take me seriously," I pleaded with her, tracing her curves with my eyes.

"I'll take you seriously when you get Mr. Pecker hard again. Like you used to. For me."

She was referring to our changing sex life. Ever since Damien moved in down the hall my libido had taken a dive. The same energetic lust I once had seemed to be ebbing, and so was the strength of my erections. Dana was patient, but she was not Job. Lately her comments went beyond teasing and were treading into the territory of insulting.

Determined to clear my mind and rid myself of Damien's ever-looming presence, I started running in the mornings on the treadmill. In the small room on the first floor that the Landlord called The Gym. It was there that Damien found me. It was there that he started blackmailing me.

I lay awake the entire night, thinking about what was on that disc Damien gave me. All that cuckold porn, gigs and gigs of it. How did he find it all? The conversations with those men on Reddit. The men who told me in lurid detail exactly what they would do to my wife, given the chance. All the nights I stayed up after Dana to jerk off reading those messages. Watching porn. Anything short of having my laptop in his possession meant that Damien was either an elite hacker, or a magician.

I arrived at 6 am sharp. Damien greeted me with a smile and playful slap of the face before handing me a toilet brush and toilet bowl cleaner. He was dressed in a morning robe of deep green, his sturdy chest showing through the loose V the coat made.

“I took a healthy shit this morning so be sure to scrub extra hard,” he advised me. “I’m off to the gym and then a few errands. I want this place spotless by the time I get back. Do you understand me?”

“I guess so,” I replied, no attempt to hide my distaste.

“You’re going to call me Master, Lee. When you’re here in my apartment, serving me, I want you to call me master.” I half expected him to be joking, but the look he gave said otherwise.

“You’re serious?”

“As serious as handing over that porno disc to lovely Dana,” he replied.

“Ok...master.”

“Louder, Lee. Say it like you mean it. You’re going to clean my house today. Scrub my shit bowl. Got it, loser?”

“Yes...Master.”

“Good boy.”

As I scrubbed porcelain, holding my breath, I caught view of Damien changing for the gym. It wasn’t my fault. The door that connected his bedroom to the bathroom was open and he made no attempt to hide anything. He dropped the green robe from his obnoxiously tall frame, and it fell the floor with a quiet thump. He was nude underneath. Before I averted my eyes, I caught sight of a robust back and rounded, muscular ass sitting on rocky thighs.

“Are you sneaking a peek, gay boy?” he called, pulling gym shorts over his legs. “I’m sure it looks a lot different than when you look in the mirror. Wonder if Dana would like it?”

I swallowed hard and held my tongue, thinking of the content on the CD.

“What do you think, Lee? You saw my ass right? Better than those two flapjacks you’re carrying around. You think Dana might like to squeeze my ass? I could

teach her a lot about anatomy. She probably doesn't even know a man can have muscles there. Not if yours are the only ones she's seen."

After a few more painful verbal jabs, Damien left. I was thankful to be alone in his apartment, and had you told that was a feeling I would experience in my lifetime, I would have called you daft. I finished the bathroom. I vacuumed the rug. I changed his sheets and did a load of laundry. When I finished putting away the last of the clean dishes, the lock on his front door turned and in stepped Damien.

He was covered in sweat, head to toe. It looked like his workout had been severe, and the smell of him filled the small studio apartment almost instantly.

"I'm finished," I told him, dropping a rag in the waste basket. "Everything's clean...Master."

"Good boy," he said, wiping a thick slab of sweat from his forehead. He marched across the room, surveying his apartment. He stood next to me, uncomfortably close. "But you're not done yet, Lee."

"Oh, come on Damien. I've been here all fucking day. It's Saturday, my wife is waiting for me. She thinks I'm out running errands for God's sakes!"

"And you aren't lying," he said, placing a wet palm on my shoulder. "Lying would be carrying on depraved conversations with men on reddit behind your wife's back. Conversations about all sorts of fucked up shit. That would be lying, Lee."

My shame held me in silence.

“You aren’t done yet, beta boy. Not until I tell you. You’ve got one more task to do for me today.”

“What is it?”

“What did I tell you about addressing me, Lee? Are you fucking stupid?”

“No...Master. I’m sorry...Master.”

“Cat got your tongue, beta boy? Why all the stuttering? Call me Master. Do it now.”

“Master.”

“Again.”

“Master.”

“AGAIN!”

“MASTER!”

Damien laughed at me and looked me over. The silence got uncomfortable and something in my head was telling me to leave. To turn and run out of that apartment and home to my wife. Confess everything and have it out. Be done with this sick game.

“Take my shoes off, Lee,” he said.

“What?”

“No more questions. You ask or deny another fucking request and I will walk down the hall right now and hand deliver that fucking disc. Do you understand?” He wrapped his slick hand around my neck, I smelled body odor. He squeezed.

“Yes, Master,” I choked.

“Take my fucking shoes off, NOW.”

The moment he let go of my neck I was on my knees, twitching fingers fumbling shoelaces. I could smell the salt of him on his hairy shins, and when I pulled the first shoe free the stink of it hit my nose. His white socks were soaked through. He took a seat on the couch and stuck his other foot out. I did the same with it, tossing the shoes aside.

“Now the socks, fagget.”

I looked at him with only a moment of hesitation and I thought he was going to knock me out right there. I grabbed hold of his wet socks and slid them from his soaked feet. He stretched his toes and extended his foot. A size 14 at least.

“Rub,” he said, placing his hands behind his head and relaxing into the couch.

My reluctant hands found the soles of his stinking feet and began to slide the length, pushing and massaging the muscle.

“You like rubbing my feet, fagget? Is this your treat for cleaning my apartment? I think so. I think it’s all you deserve.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Do you like rubbing my feet, beta boy?”

“Yes, Master,” I lied, breathing through my mouth.

“Whose got bigger feet, Lee?”

“You do, Master.”

“Tell me again.”

“Your feet are so much bigger than mine, Master. So big....so powerful,” I mumbled, watching my fingers go the length of his dogs. My face was flushed purple, my stomach sick with the degradation. My cock shriveled to the point of receding into my abdomen.

“Taste my sweaty feet, fagget. Put my big toe in your mouth,” he commanded.

“Master...I...I don't think- “

“I didn't ask what you think, pig. Put my big toe in your mouth.”

I pulled his foot to my tongue, opening my mouth. He was pulling it out of his gym shorts, starting to stroke something massive in my periphery. I tasted salt and body, feet and man. My tongue found his heel and he made me sniff.

“Good boy...like that...”

All the while that little disc and its contents playing in my mind.

2.

I was nervous because I knew Lee could be back any second. He was so vague that morning, telling me he was “running some errands and getting lunch with a friend.” When I pressed him on it, he evaded me and left. Something was up. And in my gut, I thought it had something to do with Damien.

“Lick,” he commanded. Damien had taken up an obsession with his own testicles as of late. Or rather, an obsession with me worshipping his testicles. I was lying on my back, Damien straddling my face from above. My arms were pinned beneath his strong knees, and he held his beautiful cock pointed to the sky so that his leathery, low balls hung just above my lips.

I stuck my nervous tongue out and took the left ball, the lowest of the two, and flicked. I danced the tip of my tongue across his sack to the other nut. He stared down at me as I pleased him, making sure I did not break eye contact. I knew the consequences of such mistakes.

“Suck my alpha nutsack, Dana. Do for me what you won’t do for your beta husband.”

Frustrated, I pulled my lapping tongue back in my mouth.

“Lee could be back any second, Damien,” all I had was my voice, my body useless underneath his weight.

“Shhh,” he shushed me. “Beta boy is busy today. He won’t be bothering us.”

Staring directly at the blue veins that ran under his thick shaft, I protested his confidence.

“You don’t know that...he was acting strange today. Maybe he knows something,” I squeaked. He was heavy on my chest and my breaths were shallow.

“He doesn’t know shit,” Damien responded, starting to rub the purple tip of his passion against my face. “He’s scared out of his mind, actually.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Open up,” he ignored me.

I stretched my jaw wide, accepting my bully and black-mailer eagerly. It was going on three months since my stupid, catastrophic mistake. The one night that I fucked up just enough to fuck everything up. As Damien slowly buried himself in my gullet, I thought about all that happened since that night. How much lying, sneaking and skulking I put my husband through. How badly I wanted it all to stop...and how badly I wanted it to continue.

“Back on my balls, bitch,” Damien whispered savagely, pulling his slouched mass from my throat and lifting it once more. This time he used a hand to smother me into his drooping nutsack, my entire face disappearing in his crotch.

Damien was a specimen of a man, there was no denying it. The first time he

fucked me I nearly blacked out, legs shaking, my cunt squirting into the down comforter of my husband's bed. His cock wasn't just large, it was gargantuan. It put feeling in places I never knew I had. And more importantly, it worked. I've been with bigger men before my husband, but prowess in the sheets didn't always accompany their girth. In a lot of ways, Damien had it all. Handsome and sexy, fit, passionate.

But Damien is also fucked in the head.

The things he says to me, the things he makes me do...I want them. But how these things come into his head I don't know, and I'm not sure I want to. He scares me. But he thrills me, too. And when he...uses me, something wakes inside of me. It's undeniable.

"Up now, whore," Damien shouted, getting off my chest and grabbing me by the hair. He pulled me like a rag doll to the edge of the bed I shared with my husband. He positioned me on my back, head hanging off the edge. I was naked waist down with only a flimsy, white top covering my breasts.

Damien put a leg on the bed to steady himself as he grabbed hold of my head, steadying me as he brought his white, purple torpedo to my face. I opened wide and he skull-fucked me as the blood rushed to my head.

"Your husband is cleaning like a little bitch," he grunted, "while I use his wife's face!"

I wanted to ask him what he meant by cleaning, and how he could know such a thing. Did he mean Lee was taking his car to the car wash? If so, how could he

know? But of course, I couldn't say anything. Damien was picking up speed and spit and precum were starting to leak out of mouth. When I tried to speak, I just gargled into his relentless strokes.

Lee was out of town the night of The Fuck Up. I think of it as a major event in my life, and why shouldn't I? It changed my perspective, my marriage, and my sex life. Irrevocably. And even as Damien slapped my melons red as he pummeled my face, some part of my mind wondered how I planned on dealing with my marriage. How could I tell Lee what happened? What was continuing to happen?

With Lee in Georgia for a few days to visit friends, I was excited to have the place to myself. It was small after all, a nice but tight-quartered apartment in downtown Denver. With Lee out of the place I could get more done, I could reorganize things, and I could spread out. But I got bored quickly and ended up calling Tara to meet for drinks.

Looking back it all seems so obvious. From the moment I stepped out of my apartment to walk and meet Tara, Damien was watching. When he emerged from his unit at the end of the hall, just as I was, I didn't question the coincidence. Besides, I saw Damien quite often. He was my neighbor after all.

"Looking good," he told me, admiring the black dress I donned for the occasion.

"Not so bad yourself buster," I said playfully. Back then I didn't know Damien the Bully. I just knew friendly Dame who lived down the hall, the Dame that my husband strongly disliked for a multitude of reasons.

“Got a hot date?” he joked.

“Very funny, Dame. I’m meeting with your ex actually,” I shot him a playful wink. Truth be told, I liked flirting with him. I often lingered in the hall on my way home from work, laughing and teasing with Damien. It all felt so innocent, I never thought it could turn into something else.

“Oh well lucky you,” he laughed. “Tell Tara I said hello, if you dare.”

He lingered in the hallway, and for the first time I felt his eyes. What I mean is, it was the first time I felt him looking at me in that way. I knew what that way felt like because I had gotten it before. All my life men commented on my breast size, my body, my curves. Some were more polite and just used their eyes. Damien had never given me that before, however much I might have appreciated it.

But he was looking now.

“Well...have a good night,” I broke the silence.

“You too, doll,” he winked.

I met Tara at a bar uptown where we commenced drinking. She was eager to celebrate her Friday night and I was happy to be out of the house. Men at the bar were sneaking peaks at my cleavage and it felt good to feel wanted again. Lee was less than in the bedroom as of late, saying he was distracted and annoyed.

Sometimes he mentioned Damien. Either way, I returned more than one of those men's drunken glances.

"Spill the beans already," I cackled, halfway through my fourth tequila soda.
"What was Damien like...in bed?"

Tara rolled her eyes and laughed at my question, swilling a dirty martini with 2 olives buried at the bottom. "I'm sure you can imagine, Dana," she played coy.

"Sure, I can, but I'd rather get the facts. He's a big guy...handsome. Sexy, even. But- "

"My, my, you are married to my brother, lest ye forget," she teased me.

"And I'm as loyal as they come, fear not," I shot back. "But just between us girls...Damien was- "

"A God," she finished, sticking her tongue out at me.

"Oh, I knew it!"

"And a freak! He had this way of getting you to do whatever he wanted..."

“Really?”

“Really. I would do anything for that man. When he took his shirt off, I just- “

“Swooned?”

We gabbed on, drink after drink disappearing from our cups. It was unlike me to binge that way but between seeing Damien, Damien seeing me, and Tara’s vivid descriptions of his cock, I was...excited. And when I get excited, I drink.

Tara left the bar around midnight to meet with a new boy. A “gentler sort” she told me. With nowhere left to go I stepped outside the bar to call an uber home. That’s when he found me.

“Hey there stranger,” he whispered in my ear, slipping past me.

“Oh...hey! Damien, what’s up!”

“Just on my way home. What are you doing?”

“Oh, I was just...” I looked down at my phone, clicking the Cancel button on the app. “Thinking about grabbing a night cap...”

“Really? I was just headed to Don’s Bar on 6th. You wanna join me?”

I bit my lip and considered. It was what I wanted, right? I had lied and canceled my ride. Surely, I did that for some reason. Even still, I weighed my options. What would Lee say? A drink didn’t mean anything if I went home alone. And of course, I would be going home alone.

“Sounds lovely,” I said.

Damien pulled out of my throat and wiped a gob of spit off my face, massaging it into my red tits. They were sore from his slapping and biting, and my cunt was leaving a puddle on Lee’s bed. I would have to make up an excuse to wash the sheets. And what if he came home right then? Right as Damien bent me over and shoved my face into the puddle I’d made?

I felt him at my entrance. Teasing me. The pronounced mushroom of his head, now so familiar, tricking my lips and tickling. Mounting behind, I felt his open palm on the side of my face as he smothered me into the stained bedspread. He pushed to let me know that I wasn’t going anywhere. I didn’t want to go anywhere. I wanted to be right there, underneath him. To please him. To be used by him.

“Do you want it, whore?”

“Please...please...” I moaned into the sheets.

“Tell me you want my alpha cock.”

“Please....oh, please...fuck me with your alpha dick...”

“Does your husband fuck you like this?” his tip sliding inside me, spreading me on impact. Slow. Methodic.

Just like Damien’s tactics.

That one drink at Don’s turned into 3 more. I couldn’t see straight and he offered me a ride home. When we got to my door I told him we should go to his apartment. I don’t know why I said it, but I did. I was drunk and brave and confused. And Lee hadn’t fucked me right in weeks.

“Let me tuck you in, Tara,” Damien stroked my hair softly, no sign of the crocodile in waiting. He placed his hand on mine and then we were in my apartment. Lee’s apartment. Our apartment. We sat on the couch and tried to talk but I just kept touching him...hitting his strong arms and squeezing, laughing, and flirting. I didn’t realize what was happening. What I was doing.

In the present, Damien had hold of me, grinding into me with urgent passion. In my memory, Damien was on our couch, unzipping his pants. Pulling it out because I “just wanted to look at it.” He was stroking. I watched.

“Bark like a dog while I fuck you like a bitch,” Damien whispered in my ear, railing me from behind on my marriage bed.

“You can touch it if you want to,” Damien laughed from my memory, taking me by the hand, sitting on the couch Lee financed.

I was coming, contracting against his strong manhood. I tried to call it out but his hand was over my mouth as he pumped me ruthlessly. I collapsed on the bed, giving all I had to keep my hips up for him.

“That’s it you slutty bitch, cum on my cock. Cum because your husband can’t make you. You love this fucking cock. You need it!”

Damien was strong enough that I could go limp in his arms when he lifted me off the bed, my knees dangling over his elbows. He flexed his biceps and held me close to his chest as he fucked me standing. No man ever did that to me before. And Lee certainly could not. The first time he took me that way I came back-to-back. There were things about Damien I could not deny.

That night on the couch, after he placed my hand on it, I lost myself. I Fucked Up. I felt it grow in my palm. I marveled at its size. I told Damien it was the biggest I’d ever seen. Bigger than Lee’s. We laughed. We actually laughed at Lee. And I kept playing with it. Then his hand was on the back of my head...and then it was in my mouth.

I was drunk and sucking like I wanted to impress him. Shoving it as far back as it would go, feeling it starting to dribble in the back of throat. Tasting him. He put a hand on my head to guide me and I let him. Lee had tried it once and I told him no way. But two minutes in and I was letting Damien hold my bun like a clutch, steering me the way he liked it.

I was watching my spit pool at the hilt of his shaft when a bright light flashed twice. I looked up instinctively and was blinded by more flashes. Spots in my eyes and cock in my mouth, I floundered. When my eyes adjusted, Damien had his phone screen turned towards me. It was a picture.

My mouth around his fat white prick.

“I wonder what Lee would think of this photo,” he said, his face a shadow in my dim living room.

I pulled my wet mouth off him, still on my knees. “What?” I said meekly.

“Look at this one,” he swiped right, “it’s even better than the first.”

My eyes looking right at the camera, the blue vein in Damien’s cock disappearing into my drooling lips.

“Do you think Lee would like these?” he asked menacingly.

“You...you can’t be...”

“Serious?”

I backed away from him. He advanced on me. His pants were around his ankles and his stiff prick glistening.

“Do I look fucking serious to you?” he asked, grabbing me by a handful of hair.

“Damien...what are you doing?”

“Look at it, Dana. Look at your shame...”

He held the photo up again and steered my head to it. There was no denying who that was. No denying who had taken it.

“Now I asked you a question. You’re a smart girl. Think about it. Do you think Lee would like a copy of this photo?”

“No...” I stammered.

“Clever girl. So, then the question becomes; what’s to stop me from sending it to him right fucking now?” Damien’s thumb danced across the screen of his phone and a moment later I was looking at his cock in my mouth on a text message addressed to Lee Beta Boy.

“What’s this?” I asked through a fog of chaos and libations.

“Just a text message. There is the send button,” his thumb hovered, “I press that, and this picture goes straight to your husband. Right now.”

I froze. I could taste pre-cum on my tongue, I could feel the evaporated wetness in my panties. My eyes fixed on the screen. Lee Beta Boy. That was how he had my husband’s name in his phone. I watched Damien type something under the photo: your wife says hello.

“You can’t do this,” I huffed, finding my composure.

“Of course I can, Dana. I can do anything I want to...unless...”

“Unless what? What is this, Damien? I’m sorry, this went to far. I’m drunk. You should leave...”

“Leave? I think we’re just getting started.”

He took his member in his hand and brought it to my lips.

“You’re going to do what I tell you, Dana. Or I’m going to hit send on that picture. And then you’re going to do what I tell you tomorrow, or I’ll send that picture. Do I make myself clear?”

I tried to speak, but I learned very quickly that with Damien you only get to speak when he wishes you too. I could have pushed him away, my hands already on his thighs. But I didn't. Why? For starters, I didn't want him sending that picture to Lee. There was a crazed look in his eyes, something wicked and possessed. He would do it. I knew he would. But as his meat reached the back of my throat, filling my little mouth, I felt myself moisten. I had no will to protest my own conflicted feelings. And so, he took me.

“Things are going to change around here, Dana,” he said, holding me still. “I’m sending those pictures to my cloud. And there they will sit until I decide to delete them. And until that day comes...you...are...mine...”

When I woke the next morning, hungover and head pounding, the first thing I did was check myself. I touched my entrance, pushing a finger there. It hadn't been a dream. I had gone home with Damien and I had sucked his cock. He took a picture when I wasn't looking and he threatened me...and then he fucked me. For hours. I didn't even remember the end of the night. Only my eyelids heavy as cement, and my aching cunt still throbbing.

Now, here I was, coming again on Damien's throbbing cock as he pinned me against the wall my husband used for his morning stretches. I weighed nothing in his sturdy arms, my sore breasts pressing into his pecs. When he came, he buried himself deep inside and filled me to spilling. I could feel the excess leaking out and falling to the carpet. I would have to clean that before Lee got home.

“Collateral,” Damien said to me. It was about two weeks into our “affair.” In my conscious I could always justify what we were doing because he was blackmailing me. It wasn't an affair I had chosen. Except it was. And I was committed to it with or without the dirty photos.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, these photos of you with my dick in your mouth aren’t enough,” he was driving us to an abandoned parking lot on the north side of town. This was our routine on Thursday’s. He picked me up early from work and I blew him. He comes in my mouth. I swallow.

“You want more? You’re kidding me, Damien. Why would I give you more material to blackmail me with?”

“Because you know what will happen if you don’t. And worse, if Lee found out, you’d have to admit that you like being my little slut. And we both know you don’t want that.”

“So what? You’re going to take some more pictures without my permission while I blow you half-conscious?”

“I can have all the pictures I want, Dana. All I have to do is ask, and you’ll do it. That’s what you do. You do as I tell you. No, I don’t need any more pictures. What I do need is some dirt on your husband.” His bicep flexed as he palmed the steering wheel of his red Hummer.

“Lee? What’s he got to do with it?” I rubbed him over his jeans how he liked. Tracing his shaft with a finger.

“Lee has everything to do with it. And I want dirt on him. To make sure you don’t go getting any funny ideas about our situation.”

Twenty minutes later I was wiping his nut of my chin. His load was extra big that day, almost sweet. Like he was eating pineapple or something. He told me what he wanted from Lee and I agreed. My shame almost got the better of me when I went through his laptop, copying everything I could over to a disc. The cuckold porn. The reddit chats. Everything. I didn’t have time to feel wounded over what I found because I felt I deserved it. The real tragedy was handing it over to Damien to do God knows what.

“Good girl,” he said, taking the disc from me. “You’ve earned a reward.”

That night I told Lee I was going to meet my mother for a decaf at Mocha Town. Instead, I walked down the hall to Damien’s apartment. He spanked my ass so red I had difficulty sitting the next two days. He filled my asshole with his cum and told me to get out.

That was my reward for letting him blackmail my husband.

3.

Lee and Dana ate dinner in silence. Both their minds raced with a thousand different dilemmas, each with an unseen solution. Had they known those dilemmas were related, they may have found an answer together.

After dinner they sat side by side on the couch (The Fuck Up Couch) in the living room, watching Netflix but not following the story. Lee examined his wife. Her eyes wandered and sometimes her lips moved having a conversation with someone in her head. Dana was not wearing a bra and her curvy assets hung loose in a small t-shirt. The nubs of her nipples pushed the cloth. Lee felt himself stir, longing for his wife as he often did.

But then he thought of Damien. Of what Damien made him do. Lee took a sip of water to wash the taste of foot from his mind.

“Everything OK, dear?” Lee asked.

“Hmm?” Dana shook herself from her thought loop.

“Anything on your mind?”

“Hmm. No. Why? Anything on your mind?”

“Oh...I don't know...”

Lee thought of Damien's giant foot. The space between each toe that his tongue ran through. Salt and man sweat. The absurd arch of it, the fat ball of his heel. He tasted it all. All while Damien had belittled, degraded, and bullied him.

He made me do it, he almost said aloud. I didn't want to...

But Damien made him do something else, too. Something he could not quite come to terms with yet.

Dana sat beside her troubled husband, unaware of his troubles. It had been months since she gave Damien the disc of Lee's secrets. By now she stopped worrying about it altogether, assuming somewhere in her mind that all the material Damien had on her would never reach the light of the day. Somewhere behind his cruel words and violent hands was a truer emotion. Something she felt when he blasted his seed inside her. She knew he felt it too.

"I've got an appointment tomorrow at 3, Lee," she said, grinning her liar's smile.

"Perfect timing," Lee said, snatching a handful of popcorn. "I've got an appointment at 3 tomorrow too."

"Really? Where at?"

Lee coughed on his snack, tiny pieces of kernel getting stuck in the back of his throat. "DMV," he croaked.

Dana rubbed his back and kissed his cheek. If he was not going to ask where she would be, she didn't have to lie. She changed the subject by grabbing hold of his taut ballsack with a sudden ferocity.

“Whoa! It's like that, is it?” Lee smiled, placing a soft hand on her chin, and nibbling at her fat lower lip.

“I need you, baby,” she licked at his mouth, stroking him over grey sweats.

Lee filled his hands with her gentle, ample breasts. His goofy mushroom head pointing through his sweatpants, Dana's hand massaging the modest length of it. He felt pre-cum greasing his thigh.

“You're so hard, baby,” Dana's lips at his neck, “fucking rock hard.”

Get between the toes, fagget.

Lee pushed back the memory and took his wife's taut nipple into his mouth.

That's it, beta boy. Suck my toes. Worship my foot!

“Oh my God, Lee. It's so fucking hard. You're leaking everywhere...” Dana slid

down the couch, starting to pull his waist band down.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” he muttered, his heart racing.

Sniff my balls. That’s it. Crawl up here and put your nose into my sack. Good boy.

She took him in her mouth and Lee’s red rocket began to tremble side to side.

You like it don’t you, fagget? I can see it in your pants...take it out...hahaha...

Damien’s voice echoed in his mind. The taste of him. The smell of him. The sound.

HAHAHA. Look at your little dick! I fucking knew it. Beta cock!

Damien erupted inside Dana’s mouth with no warning. Her eyes went wide, and she coughed, white gobs dripping from her lips. She wrapped a hand around his cock and started to jerk him hard and fast, throat working to catch all she could.

I own you now, Lee. You are my fucking property. Don’t forget...

“Yes master,” Lee sighed aloud.

“Excuse me?” Dana inquired, wiping her lips onto the back of her hand.

“Huh? Oh nothing, sorry...”

“That was quite the load! Thanks for the heads up,” she punched his arm.

“Sorry. I don’t know what came over me. I just...”

She kissed him. They went to bed.

4.

I waited for Dana to leave for her 3 O'clock appointment before I raided her panty drawer. Rifling around in her underwear made me feel like a pervert, but it was a notion I was growing familiar with. I found a silky red pair and stuffed them into my pocket.

On the elevator ride down to the basement I quickly changed into what Damien told me to. He said to come to the basement level of our building, 3 O'clock, with only "a pair of your wife's slutty little panties on." When I protested and tried to explain that it would be difficult to get down there wearing so little, he threatened to kick my ass. So now, as the elevator ground to a halt beneath the earth, I cradled my clothes in my arm and stepped in the dank darkness with nothing on except a pair of red ladies' panties. My shriveled cock pushed against the fabric and my balls hung awkwardly to the side.

In the 3 years Dana and I lived at that building I never once went to the basement. Why would I? It was reserved for cleaning crews and storage and I was often warned by my landlord that it was "dusty, old, and dangerous." I could barely see and had to use my phone screen for extra light. I took a long hallway past closed doors and large, discarded clothing bins. Turning right I saw an offshoot hallway leading to a small room. There was a dim light coming from it.

"Hello?" I called into the dark .

No answer came but I detected a soft groan. Pushing forward I could feel how cold it was down there, with nothing to cover my body save the embarrassment wrapped around my crotch and the pile of clothes I clutched to my chest. I pushed through the cracked door and entered what appeared to be an old broom closet; cleaning supplies lining the shelves, a dirty mattress against a far wall... and someone kneeling in the center of the room.

It was Dana.

“Dana?” my voice shook, cracking on the second syllable.

She was on her knees, cast in a sick yellow glow from a dying bulb in the ceiling. Her thumb was in her mouth and a blindfold fastened tight. Strips of black leather ran above and around her hanging tits but covered nothing. Her usual pink, puffy nipples were replaced by two black X marks that appeared to be made of tape. Her bottom half was more black leather; cunt exposed and hovering just inches above the filthy floor.

I dropped my clothes cradled and rushed to her side.

“Not so fast, buddy,” a voice came from the dark. Stepping from behind my pacified wife was Damien. He wore a white tank top that bared all of his intimidating, vascular arms. He had loose fitting gym shorts on and obviously nothing else beneath.

He placed his fat palm on top of my wife’s head like you would a dog.

“Like what I’ve done with your bitch, Lee?” he challenged me.

“What is this?” I cried, Dana’s head moving to the sound of my voice but the little thumb in her mouth never leaving.

“Don’t you look cute in your little fagget panties,” he said. “Do you want to see your little husband in your clothes, Dana?”

Dana shook her head nervously, signaling that she did. Damien untied the blindfold from her head and dropped it to the floor. My wife’s sky-blue eyes opened and fell on my shame. Her lips curled into a smile around her wet finger, giggling.

“Funny isn’t it?” Damien said, his hand still clutching Dana’s small head. “He looks like a true sissy now. My sissy.”

“What the fuck is going on Dana?” I was backing up slowly from the broom closet, the way you might try and wake yourself from a nightmare.

“She won’t be speaking unless I tell her to,” Damien said, taking a step towards me. “And you aren’t going anywhere. Get back in here and close that door behind you. I don’t want to be interrupted while I’m working.”

Following the sound of his voice I covered back into the room, my silly hands trying to cover the embarrassment of the panties. I closed the door.

“It was your wife all along, little Lee. She gave me that disc of all your perverted bullshit. It was her who betrayed you. How does that make you feel, boy?”

“That can’t be...” my world was starting to close in around me.

“Oh, it can. Take your thumb out of your mouth, slut. Tell him.”

“I’ve been fucking Damien for three months behind your back,” my wife told me, a thin string of drool connecting her bottom lip to the tip of her glistening thumb. “I couldn’t help it, Lee. His cock is just superior to yours.”

My knees shook and I held on to a shelf full of cleaning supplies to keep my balance. Damien advanced on me and shoved me to the ground so that I was eye level with my wife. He grabbed me by the hair and dragged me painfully closer to her. She put her thumb back in her mouth.

“While we’re spilling the beans, I think you have something to tell your wife, Lee.”

Anger, humiliation and a broken heart were leaking over and I could not find the words to express myself. I stared into Dana’s eyes, wide and disconnected.

“Go on, Lee. Tell her about my feet...”

“He made me his bitch, Dana,” I whispered. And as I spoke, I felt a weight of shame beginning to lift from my shoulders, if only slightly. “He showed me the disc you made, and I didn’t want you to find out...so I served him. I cleaned his feet with my tongue, I let him call me names...other things too. All for you. All so you wouldn’t find out, but...but you...betrayed...”

It was clear from the look on Dana's face this was news to her. I saw confusion and curiosity in her look, but there was no anger. There was almost peace.

“He made me do things I would have never done, Dana. Horrible things. But I thought you- “

Suddenly something was in my mouth. Sweat and cloth. When I looked to my left, Damien no longer had shorts on, and his growing cock was swinging between his fat calves. He was stuffing his gym shorts, clearly used, into my mouth.

“That will do for now, beta boy,” he was stroking himself as he gagged me. “You two can catch up on the details later when you're at home consoling each other. But we're limited on time today and I need you to see something. Stay right the fuck here. If your knees start to hurt, too bad. Don't fucking move or you'll regret it. And keep your eyes open.”

Damien yanked Dana's thumb from her mouth. He stood at her side so that my view was unobstructed and brought his fat, veiny white prick to her lips. She opened like she knew the drill, like she had done it a hundred times before, and let him shove it in her mouth.

I moaned through Damien's dirty shorts.

“Show your husband how good you've gotten at swallowing Alpha Cock,” he smiled, “show him how much you can get down.”

She stared at him while he fucked her mouth, eyes never leaving his face. She was obviously trained. And trained well. Damien held the bottom of the shaft while he kept her head still and plunged deep into her face. Dana held her hands behind her back which accented her submissive, taped tits.

“Good girl. Suck it. Suck it up. Give it a gag for Lee...good, very good. I’m gonna let go now and it’s your job to keep it in your mouth. Understand? No hands. Fuck your face on my cock, Dana. Good girl.”

Damien let his athlete’s arms hang loose at his side while Dana rocked her mouth up and down. The sight of it all was overwhelming. I’d never seen Dana dressed like that, or act like this. I’d never seen her with anyone else’s dick, either.

“Crawl closer, Lee. I want you and your whore wife side by side for me. Now.”

I got on hands knees, dressed in women’s underwear, and obeyed his command. I sat back up so that I was shoulder to shoulder with my wife. In the haunting light of the basement closet I could see Damien’s cock in minute detail. I could see Dana’s slobber running down the shaft and dripping on to her taped tits. I could hear breathing through her nose, shallow gasps of air. All the while I tasted Damien’s man sweat on the shorts in my mouth.

“Like that, Lee? My fat dick in your wife’s skull. I can feel the back of her throat...the inside of her cheeks...feels good. I doubt you get that far back, though. I doubt you fill her mouth up so much that her teeth scrape against it.”

In my red panties something woke, stirring against the soft fabric. I tried to

ignore it.

“Now, I’m gonna pull my shorts out of your mouth. The one’s I wore to the gym this morning. But when I do, you’re not going to make a peep. Understand me? You’re going to keep your mouth wide and you’re going to suck...what I give you to suck...”

Dana watched me. I held my mouth in an O shape, tears stinging the corners of my eyes. Damien held both sides of my head and forced his pecker into my virgin mouth. It slid across my lips and tongue, settling dangerously in the back of my throat.

“Oh my,” Dana began to laugh, “hahaha. I never knew you sucked cock, Lee.”

I tried to say something, but he was filling my mouth. I could taste Dana’s spit and the metallic trail of pre-cum.

“Look at him suck like a good little fagget,” Damien chided, slow-fucking my throat.

“I think he likes it,” Dana said, reaching her hand out and violently flicking my nutsack with her middle finger. “Looks like his little cock is getting all riled up.” It was clear she had been coached...been fed lines and instructions. How long they had been planning this I did not know.

“Eat my cock, bitch boy. Choke on it!”

For the first time in my life a man was face-fucking me. It wasn't how I imagined it would be. The force of it. The taste and the awful gagging I could not help every time he slammed into the back of my gullet. I couldn't hear so well, his hands boxing my ears. But Dana's laughter was filling the basement alcove. I knew her genuine laughter well. And this was it.

"My sissy husband looks like he was made for sucking dick," she continued, grabbing hold of my lacey ballsack and squeezing hard enough to make me wince. "Show Damien how much you love his cock, Lee. Suck it. Harder."

Dana took over, grabbing hold of my head and shaking it on his member. Damien laughed above us, looking down on the spectacle he had created. It passed through my mind that Damien was a manipulative, cruel asshole of legendary proportions. That only a keen mind for deviancy could have pulled this off. Then Dana pulled it out of my mouth and began wet-slapping it on my closed-eyed, cringing face.

"That's it, beta boy," Dana bullied me, "worship his cock. So much bigger than yours. Harder than yours. Better, too. You pathetic little cuck. Worship his cock!"

Words I never thought I would hear from my wife. Words I never wanted to hear. But there she was, shouting them at me. Assaulting me with a massive penis. And still my own pecker swayed and stirred, finally falling out of the small undies that held it.

"Stick it back in his fagget mouth, whore. I need him to make sure I'm good ready to fuck his wife."

Dana held eye contact as she guided his meat back into my mouth, fucking my throat with it. Turning me bi. With her free hand she slapped my balls and pulled on my stiffening pecker. She knew it was growing and my shame doubled.

“Lay down on your back, Lee. Now.”

Happy to have the dick out of my mouth, I slid to the cold ground and faced the ceiling. A moment later Dana crawled over me, hands and knees, so that my view was up close and personal with her pink, pouty cunt. Her moist lips were inches from my face and by instinct I nearly reached a trembling tongue out to touch. But I knew if Damien didn't tell me to, that I simply couldn't.

“Watch this, Lee. Watch me fuck the love of your life like a cheap slut,” his voice from somewhere up above. I saw it coming in for the kill, like a torpedo in deep waters. His shimmering cock came to the entrance of her hole, and I saw manly fingertips wrap around Dana's small waist.

I watched every centimeter, every inch, push into my wife's snatch. Her body shook above me. His balls dragged across my forehead to my eye sockets where they paused. Then Dana's cunt once more in my view as he pulled out...and slid back in, his nuts pulling all the way.

“Don't blink, Lee. You might miss something,” he laughed.

As he picked up speed Dana moaned, guttural and low like I'd never heard before. His nutsack slapped off my face as he grinded, and a mixture of Dana's

love juice and his pre-seed fell onto my lips and cheeks.

Dana's hand found my confused, semi-erect cock, and started rubbing frantically.

“This is how you fuck a woman, Lee. Especially a whore like Dana. Bet you didn't know she got down like this, huh? Why would you. Why would she do anything like this for a pathetic little beta like you.”

Dana gasped and I saw her posture shift above me. He was holding her by the back of her hair, pointing her face to the sky.

“Tell your husband, bitch. Tell him all about it.”

“Oh fuck, Lee! You little beta boy. He is fucking me soooo good. Oh, it hurts but it's so good. He's so big. So fucking big. He fucks me like a whore because I need it that way. He's going to make me cum right on top of you!”

“Tell him, bitch!”

“You won't do a thing about it because you're a pathetic little cuck. That's what you are!” she screamed. “You get hard sucking his cock, I saw you! You little closet fag. I always knew. I knew from the pathetic way you'd fuck me. OOOOHHHHH!”

Damien was power fucking her, his cock a blur as it plowed, his balls dangling and flopping all over my face.

“I’m cumming!” she moaned.

Her cream and juices soaked my face, and I could taste Damien’s pre-load on my tongue. My cock stiffened fully but I dared not touch it. I prayed Dana would not tell Damien...or worse, that Damien would see.

“Of course you did, bitch,” Damien grunted, and I could hear his violent strikes on her tender ass. “You can’t fucking help yourself. Now it’s my turn. Hold still.” Damien started grunting and suddenly something else was covering my face. Something thicker.

“Take my nut! Take it! Watch my breed your wife, bitch boy! Keep your fucking eyes open!”

He was filling her but it was overflowing and huge gobs of his cum were landing on my face. My hair and my forehead, my eyes and my nose. I flinched and cowered but had nowhere to hide.

“Big fucking load!”

“Oh, Damien! Fill me! Fill me please! I want your baby!”

My cock sputtered in the panties as she slapped my nuts. I soaked the fabric through with a pathetically small load in comparison to the one streaking my face. Damien pulled out and squeezed a last gob off onto my cheek. Then his hands had hold off her thighs; stretching and positioning her, grabbing hold of her labia, spreading so I could see the damage he had caused.

“Give him his special surprise, baby,” Damien told my wife, expanding her just above my waiting mouth. She started to breath hard, almost grunting. I watched a white ocean of it well up from inside her pink cavern, and then my vision was gone.

She pushed his nut out onto my face.

“Open wide and eat it, baby,” Dana said, mercilessly rubbing my sensitive post-orgasm cock through the soiled panties. “Eat every drop of it like a good boy!”

“You heard your wife,” Damien said, using a finger to scoop the cum from my cheeks into my mouth. “Every last drop. Eat it up, fagget. You know you want to. Pathetic cuck!”

I gagged and coughed but accepted it. The taste of pennies mixed with some sort of sweetness, pineapple perhaps. The smell of pussy and ball sweat. The ticklish trickles down my chin and neck.

At some point in the mayhem Dana dismounted me and I lost sight of her. Damien was slapping his partially deflated python against my messy face, insulting, and belittling me. My heart rate was through the roof, just like the time Damien cornered me in the workout room. Back when this all started. Though, I

guess it started well before that. How did he corrupt her, my wife? I was sure I didn't know. And maybe I would ask later. But at the moment, some new feeling was coursing through my body. My cock, in an unlikely miracle, was already growing again after orgasm. It was usually hours before I was ready to go again.

And in the pit of my stomach, something like sub servitude. Something telling me to obey. Damien did everything he said he would. He degraded, humiliated, and showed me who was boss. If Damien was a real man, an alpha as he called himself, then surely I was the opposite. Now and forever.

“Good cuck,” he said, flipping me onto my back as if I were a weakling. His hands immediately started to squeeze and massage my little ass cheeks. “If your mouth was that tight, I can't imagine what's waiting for me in here.” A wet finger was pressing at the entrance of my holiest of holies.

“He won't even let me in there,” I heard Dana say. “But for you I'm sure he'll do anything.”

Dana's knees dug into my shoulders as she pinned my face to the ground.

Something unimaginably large started knocking at my asshole.

“Don't hold your breath, baby,” my wife whispered, “remember to breathe.”

“Welcome to my world now, cuck,” Damien pushed into me.

The End

Dear Reader-

There is more to these three characters and their story. If you care to find out what happens to Lee, Dana and Damien, please leave a review and let me know. You can also follow my author page on Amazon.

-Dex