



CUCKED
BY HIS BULLY
PART 2



CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM & HUMILIATION
ALEX KILROY

CUCKED BY HIS BULLY - PART 2.

EXTREME CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM & HUMILIATION.

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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LINES CROSSED WITH NO REGARD.



It was hell for Jake to see how things continued to develop. He was madly in love with his wife, but Holly seemed to care about him less and less as each day passed. Was she still in love with him? Did she ever love him? Hard to say, but it didn't look like that. Was it all about his money? Even worse, Holly seemed to be falling for Damian. Sure, he was taller than Jake, and very handsome too, but how could she be falling for his old high school bully?

Jake felt like he was losing his mind.



Friday night came along, it was the family games night. Jake, Holly, and the kids would always gather in the living room, and Jake would whip out a board game, or whatever they felt like playing. It was a time of bonding, and a tradition that they all cherished. Maybe Holly didn't cherish it as much as the rest of the family.

When Jake called the kids downstairs for the games session, she saw his wife walking down the stairs, dressed up and with make up on. She was texting someone on her phone as she walked down.

"A-Are you going somewhere?", asked Jake. He wanted to use harsher words and a more accusatory tone, but he was already uncertain about how things were looking between him and Holly.

"I'm going dancing with my friends."

"It's Friday! What about the board game tradition?"

Holly looked at him with disdain, she squinted her eyes and sighed.

"I've been stressed out lately, and I already told them that I'm going, so don't wake up for me. You can play with the kids."

And just like that, the gorgeous red headed woman grabbed her car keys and went out the door, leaving a sad looking man behind. The kids came downstairs, running and cheering. Only kids would get that excited for a simple board game, but it brought a smile to Jake's face.

"Where's Mom? Is she going to play?", the kids asked.

"She had to leave... but don't worry, I'll play with you."

They didn't mind much, because they were too young to notice or understand what was really going on. Jake couldn't shake the thought from his mind that his wife wasn't really meeting her friends, but he would have seemed too paranoid if he straight up accused her of that. And she didn't want to upset her, anyway.



The evening passed and the rest of the family played for a good while. The kids went to bed since they were pretty tired, but Jake turned the TV on to pass the time. He went to his room after a while to sleep, but he couldn't. He kept thinking about his wife, their marital problems, and how things would end. He managed to get some sleep, but it wasn't much.



He woke up early the next day, and he was in the kitchen making breakfast for himself when he heard the front door's lock rattling. His heart skipped a beat and he momentarily forgot about his breakfast on the stove, and went to get the door. While he was on his way, the door finally opened, with Holly coming in. She walked right past him without a good morning, or a hello, and headed for the stairs. Jake smelled something unusual.

"What's that smell?", he said, but then it hit him. It was a man's cologne, and it wasn't any fragrance that he was familiar with. Certainly not any of his own.

"Huh? What the fuck are you talking about? What smell?"

Holly looked tired, and her beautiful red hair was messy.

"Where were you last night?"

He asked her that and he reached for her shoulder, but she slapped his hand away. His face of confusion was met by a face of disgust, what could have happened that she didn't even let him touch her shoulder?

"I'm going to bed, do not disturb me."

Jake saw how Holly continued to walk towards the stairs and then up, to their room. There was something else that wasn't right, she was walking in a strange fashion, like if she was in pain or something. She wasn't drunk, he couldn't smell alcohol on her nasty retort a moment ago, and she didn't look like she was on drugs, but she was walking in a weird way, limping, even. His mind was racing and thinking about all the awful possibilities, but his wife simply went upstairs and slammed the door shut.



It wasn't until the early afternoon that Holly showed her face downstairs. She took a shower and changed into a normal, comfortable outfit, and she went to the kitchen. Jake was reading a book in the living room.

"Why is there nothing in here?", she asked, after opening the fridge.

Jake was confused since the fridge was properly stocked up, just like the pantry. He always made sure that they had everything they needed at the ready. What she meant is that there wasn't anything cooked and ready for her to eat, and she wasn't in the mood to make anything herself. He was too insecure to confront her and gave in instead.

"I'm sorry, would you like me to order you something?"

"Yeah, and hurry up. Get me sushi."

"Yes, honey, right away."

He put the book down and grabbed his phone to grant her wife's wish. She raised an eyebrow at him when she went to the living room.

"Reading, huh?"

Her tone was condescending, she didn't like when Jake was reading, she felt like it was time wasted that he could have been using to earn more money for her. He knew about her dislike for it, but it was one of the few things that he enjoyed, and she never outright said that it wasn't okay for him to read. He didn't answer.

The sushi didn't take long, which Jake appreciated. He tipped the delivery guy generously, and took the food to his wife. She devoured it, and for a brief moment, she had a pleasant expression of happiness, which Jake was grateful for. At least she wasn't making fun of him or being hurtful for the time being.



That night, however, the same story unfolded. Holly dressed up with a different dress and some make up. She looked fancy and sexy, the black tight dress hugged her body and made her curves evident. She was a beauty, something out of this world, and Jake didn't feel good when his wife went out looking stunning like that. She said she was going out with her friends again.

So soon? But she went out just last night! Those thoughts and some more kept bouncing around his head, and once again, he could barely sleep. He went for a snack in the middle of the night, and he took his phone out, hoping that he would have a text from his wife, or something at least. There was nothing. Defeated, he went upstairs and managed to fall asleep.

Jake's bedroom door slammed open and it woke him up. He didn't know what time it was, but it was still dark out. It was Holly who entered his room, with her beautiful red hair looking messy again. This time, she didn't give him a face of contempt and disgust, on the contrary, she seemed affectionate.

"Baby, I need you."

Jake was half asleep before that, but after hearing those words coming from his wife's mouth, he woke up completely.

"I want you to eat me out", she continued. "Right now."

Jake couldn't be happier to comply, he was smiling from ear to ear. After all the difficulties that they were going through and the way that Holly had been treating him, this was unexpected and a breath of fresh air. Perhaps her friends talked some sense into her, that she should cherish him and appreciate him more.

Holly took off the black dress and she threw it on the ground. Jake's eyes were focusing more, and he saw his beautiful wife down to her bra and panties, but not for long, because she got rid of those too. The contour of her tits, bouncing freely, and her delicious curves got him hard almost right away. She climbed on the bed and positioned herself on top of his face, grinding against it. Jake pressed his lips against her pussy and started working her with his tongue.

"Ah, yes, like that.."

Holly moaned in approval, and Jake continued with his movements. He sucked and licked his wife's pussy while she was riding his face. However, he felt something on his tongue.

"H-Holly, what's..."

"Don't stop... I'm just too wet, if that's what you mean."

Jake complied and kept going, but he wasn't sure about her answer, it was too thick to be her juices, and the taste was different. It has been a while since she gave his wife oral, but he could never forget the taste. He tried to push the thoughts from his mind to keep her happy, and she seemed pretty happy at the moment. They kept going until Holly had a full body spasm, and she closed her thighs together against her husband's cheeks. It was such a powerful orgasm that it took Jake by surprise. She got down from him, and rolled over to her side of the bed, smiling and panting.

His cock was hard and throbbing, and he wanted to tell his wife to return the favour, but she quickly fell asleep. Jake went to the bathroom to jerk himself off, but he couldn't push the negative thoughts out of his mind completely.



Things were relatively normal after that, but Holly didn't initiate sex again, and she rejected Jake's attempts. The following weekend something happened that he wasn't expecting. She told him in advance that he needed to cook a nice meal since she was inviting a friend over. She wouldn't give names, but Jake assumed that it was one of her friends from when they went dancing. He found himself frozen and shocked when he opened the door that night, and found Damian standing there. The man was taller than Jake, and way better looking. He knew that he wasn't as successful as him, but that didn't stop him from being jealous. How could the guy who bullied him in high school look this good and how could he have so much luck in life without working as hard as him?

It took him a minute to realise the dreadful fact that Damian was the friend that Holly invited over for dinner.

She came down the stairs when she heard the doorbell, looking stunning. She was dressed like she was going to a dinner with the governor or

something, she even put the gold earrings that a friend had given her.

"Damian, come in. It's great to see you."

"Thank you, you look beautiful."

"You look really handsome tonight", she said, and then she looked at Jake.
"You know Jake, my husband."

"Mhm."

Jake didn't say anything, he couldn't. She pushed him with her shoulder and lead Damian to the dining room. She called the kids down and they all sat to the table. Jake had prepared an amazing meatloaf with roasted veggies. One of his multiple assets was being a great cook, but he never wanted his delicious food to be served to this man that he hated so much.

He was serving the food when Holly introduced her friend.

"Kids, this is Uncle Damian!"

What? Was she serious? He couldn't believe his ears, and the night didn't get any better. Holly told him to get some wine from the cabinet, and they drank glass after glass.

She kept praising Damian over and over, and she put Jake down whenever she had the chance. Even with his cooking, one of the skills that he was proud of.

"You have to cook for me some time, Damian. I'm sure that you'd do a better job than my husband."

He was bragging about his business and Holly kept praising him, but he wasn't as successful as Jake. He didn't make more money than him, and he wasn't a better businessman, so why was his wife praising him non stop?

It got unnerving, and Jake was feeling a strange mix of jealousy, anger, and sadness because of his wife's behaviour. What's worse is that she openly mocked him in front of the children.

"Damian is really skilled with his hands, a lot more than Dad is."

The kids didn't understand the situation, but it was obvious even to them that Mom was very fond of this man.

That thought from before kept bouncing in Jake's head: was she no longer in love with him?



The wine kept flowing. The kids got sent upstairs to sleep, but Jake died a little inside when they called him Uncle Damian, like their mother had instructed. The time passed, and it was more of a Holly and Damian conversation with Jake as an audience and punching bag. They were getting drunk before they realised. "At least I'll get rid of him now", Jake thought. He was trying to think of a way of politely telling him that the night was over and that he should get going, when Holly, like reading his mind, blurted something out.

"I don't want you to drive home like this", she said, playfully, "I know that you can handle your alcohol, but you should stay for the night."

Damian nodded and thanked her for her hospitality in the same playful, flirty tone that she was using with him. Jake wasn't comfortable with that at all, especially *him*, but he didn't dare contradict his wife.

"I'll be right back", said Holly. "Make yourself comfortable."

Holly went upstairs to her room, and Jake followed her. She grabbed a pillow and a blanket and went downstairs again. Jake didn't follow her this time, his thoughts were a mess and he didn't want to see that man's face again before sleeping. He sat on his bed and thought about what he was going to say to his wife. He wanted to accuse her, to demand that she kicked Damian from their house. He wanted to know why she was being so toxic to him that night. She was taking too long.

Holly finally went up the stairs and entered the room. Her gorgeous face, beautiful body, elegance, and demeanour made Jake's resolve falter. If he accused her now or put his foot down, he was afraid that she may abandon him. He suddenly felt really small.

He couldn't keep quiet, though.

"Holly", he said, while his wife stripped down and changed into a nightgown, "why are you behaving like this?"

"Like what?", she snapped back.

"You know what I mean."

"No, explain yourself."

"You're being very hurtful and disrespectful towards me, even in front of the kids."

"Why the fuck are you being so controlling and bitter? Are you saying that I can't talk to Damian even though he's my friend, or that I can say nice things about him?"

"It's not that."

"Yeah, it is. If you're so insecure and pitiful you should sleep alone tonight."

"Holly, please, let's talk this over."

"There's nothing to talk about anymore. At least Damian doesn't treat me like this"

Holly was yelling at that point. She left the room and slammed the door behind her as she left, and went downstairs. Jake could hear them talking to each other, and then the voices stopped, but other sounds replaced them. Was he hearing correctly? Jake left his room and stood at the top of their staircase to take a look at the living room from there. The scene left him speechless and it pierced his soul, his beautiful wife was kissing Damian passionately. His hands were all over her. He ran his hand across her thighs, up and down, giving them a little squeeze, when he moved beyond what the nightgown covered and put his hand on her ass. She moaned while she ran her hands across his chest, feeling his muscles up.

Jake looked at the scene and wished - *begged* - that it was happening to someone else.

Holly noticed that they were being watched, and removed her lips from Damian's mouth.

“Let's go somewhere where we can have more privacy.”

She sent Jake a snarky smile, and then grabbed Damian's hand to lead him to the guest room downstairs. She closed the door behind them, knowing full well that Jake was watching them. Jake couldn't see what happened next, but he could hear it.



Damian sat on the bed, and Holly got on his lap: legs spread, facing him. They picked it up where they left it in the living room, kissing, touching each other all over. Damians' hands focused more on her perfect ass, squeezing it, slapping it, marking it with his fingers and leaving red lines.

Holly unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, throwing it off somewhere. She then ran her hands across his sides and his back, feeling his defined muscles along the way. There was a wet spot on his pants by then, courtesy of Holly. The beautiful red haired woman unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. He stood up with Holly clinging to him, with her legs wrapped around him, and kicked his pants until he was free of them. He took his boxers off too and sat back down on the bed.

Jake was feeling like his life was crashing down around him. He even watched his tone carefully when he asked Holly about what was up during dinner to avoid a confrontation, but he got one anyway. More than a confrontation, Holly stepped all over him and went to Damian's arms.

Holly took her nightgown off and she presented her perfect body to Damian, who grabbed her tits and played with her nipples. He stopped kissing her to focus on them. He took one of her hard nipples into his mouth, and bit it gently, which got some moans out of her. The moans only got louder as he pleased her by playing with her nipples, rubbing them, pinching them, and with her grinding on his cock.

It was time. Damian lifted her up slightly with his strength, definitely superior to Jake's, and she guided his fully erect cock inside of her. There was no need for foreplay, or to tease each other, she just wanted to get properly fucked by this bull of a man, and she was ready.

His cock slid right in without any issues, and she let out a loud moan. He fucked her in that position, grabbing her hips to get better leverage.

Jake fell down to the floor upon hearing his wife's moans. That settled it, Damian was fucking his beautiful wife in his own house, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. As stupid as it sounded, he didn't want to lose her, even after she trampled over him like that.

Damian took Holly and threw her on the bed, with her tummy down and her ass up, waiting, inviting him. He climbed on the bed and kneeled behind her, rubbing the head of his cock on her pussy. He looked at the wedding ring that she was wearing and drew a snarky smile as he rammed his entire cock inside of her. He thrusted like a wild animal, with his strong arms working as pistons to fuck her roughly. He got rougher when he felt the orgasm building up, and he came inside of Holly, unprotected. There was so much semen that it leaked and got on the bed sheets, but they didn't stop. He was still hard, and she was about to have her first orgasm of the night.

Her screams of pleasure as she came were too much, and she woke the children up. Even with the door to the guest room being closed, their fucking could be heard all over the house. The kids found his dad sitting on the top of the stairs, defeated, with his face buried in his hands, crying.

“W-What's wrong, Daddy?”

“It's nothing”, he said, wiping his tears and forcing a smile to calm his kids. “I promise that everything is okay, you should get back to bed now.”

“There's a lot of noise.”

“I know, I'll tuck you in and put some music on so you don't have to hear it, okay?”

The kids nodded, and he took them to bed. They were still concerned about their dad, but he put on an act and pretended that his wife wasn't being rammed by that bull downstairs. Damian was disrespecting him in his own house, and there was nothing that he could do. He went to his own room, but the tears didn't stop. The worst thing is that he could still hear them fucking downstairs. He imagined Damian laughing at him while his wife sucked his cock and swallowed everything, to the last drop.

Jake covered his face with a pillow and tried to get some sleep. He was nauseous and sad, but he somehow managed to drift off.



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For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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