



CUCKED BY HIS ENEMY

EXTREME CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM &
HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

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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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OLD WOUNDS.



Not everyone could call themselves a tech guru, but Jim had the right to do so. He was almost a programming prodigy and well respected in the tech community.

Being the “software guy” had its perks. He made good money, had job stability, and could even work from home sometimes. A friend of his introduced him to Melissa, but they only hit it off after discovering how much he made. Jim was shorter and uglier than his peers, to the point of almost being repulsive, but Melissa didn’t seem to care and started dating him.

The sad truth for Jim is that she was in it for the money.

The wedding came after dating for a year and six months of living together. Both Jim and Melissa looked as happy as could be. They went with a big celebration since Jim was paying for everything. They invited everyone they knew; it was a massive event with premium catering service and the best live music they could find, not to mention the beautiful flowers all around the location.

The woman dropped hints of wanting a bigger house, and Jim made it happen. He went ahead and got a big place with an extra room for when they had kids. Their sex life wasn’t the most impressive, but he was grateful

just to have such a gorgeous woman as his wife. He suspected that his money played an important part, but he always pushed that thought to the back of his head.



Jim thought things were going well enough until he ran into someone he thought was just a bitter memory. He was relentlessly bullied during his school years, with the main offender being Max, a big, sturdy kid that messed with him whenever he felt like it, making his life a living hell.

He was walking around the mall with his wife when they ran into him. Max recognised him instantly.

“Jim? Is that you?”

His loud, deep voice was impossible to ignore. Melissa looked at the man from head to toe; he was really handsome, with an athletic body that was the opposite of Jim. While her husband was short and ugly, Max was tall and pleasant to look at.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Jim said, trying to pretend he wasn’t uncomfortable running into him.

Max looked at Melissa as well, and his eyes widened because of how good she looked. Jim didn’t tell him to back off and stop staring at his wife because, after all those years, he was still afraid of him. He didn’t want to relive those times even though they were adults now.

“I thought I recognised that ugly as fuck face that you have,” Max said.

Melissa giggled at the man insulting her husband. Jim couldn’t believe it. Not even his wife would defend him.

“We’re in a hurry, so...”

“Nonsense. Don’t you have a minute for an old friend?”

Max wasn't a friend in any sense of the word. Jim was angry at the man and himself for taking his abuse, but there was nothing he could do.

"How's the gorgeous lady?" Max asked.

"I'm his wife, Melissa. Nice to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine. I'm Max."

They shook hands and exchanged a smile that made Jim want to vomit. There was no reason at all for them even to be talking, but Jim couldn't speak up and drag his wife away from that scene.

They looked like old lovers that got reunited even though it was their first time ever meeting each other. Jim squirmed and shifted his weight from one leg to the other while his wife and former bully talked about whatever came to mind.

"I used to give him a hard time in high school," said Max.

"Really? You're such a naughty boy," said Melissa, with a smirk.

A hard time? It was more than that. Jim considered changing schools because of how much he got bullied, and Max was relentless. It was a nightmare to run into him after all these years. They continued getting to know each other until Max finally stopped the conversation.

"I have to go, but it was great meeting you, Melissa."

"Likewise. I'll see you around."

"Later, Jim."

The short man saw how his former bully walked away and was finally able to relax. The way his wife talked to him didn't sit well with him at all, but he pushed the encounter to the back of his mind.



Some time passed, and, thankfully, he didn't run into him again. He avoided that mall just in case.

His life changed out of nowhere when his wife dropped some news on him a few weeks later. They were relaxing at home during the weekend

“Jim.”

“Yes?”

“I have something to tell you.”

The first thing that he thought of was that she was leaving him. There was no indication that she would want to do that, but he lived in constant fear due to his insecurities.

“What is it, honey?”

“I'm pregnant.”

To say that his jaw hit the floor would be an understatement. He was beaming.

“Are you sure? I'll go to the store to grab another test and-”

“There's no need to do that. I already went to the doctor and he confirmed it.”

“That's wonderful news!”

Jim hugged his wife, almost crying with happiness. A kid. They would finally put the extra room to use.

The little one changed Jim's mood for the better. Melissa was going through the hardships of pregnancy, but he went above and beyond to make her feel comfortable. He granted her every wish and made sure to have a stocked pantry in case that she had any cravings, no matter the time.

Everyone congratulated him at work. It was the best time of his life because people were gossiping about how attractive his wife was, and having a kid

was confirmation enough, in their minds, that the marriage wasn't all about the money. All of that put him in an excellent mood.



He supported his wife through her pregnancy despite working overtime sometimes. He wanted to bring in as much money as possible to set aside for their kid. His outstanding devotion made it all the more devastating for him when the bomb dropped: his kid was born, healthy and all, but he didn't look like him

He figured that it was a matter of time and that kids didn't always look like their dad, especially so young, but as time passed, it became evident that they weren't similar at all. The son, who they named Brad, didn't have the ugly features of his father, who was kind of relieved about it. At least his son wouldn't be bullied because of his looks.

Melissa gave their life an unexpected turn. She called him one day at work.

“Jim.”

“Yes?”

“I invited a friend over for lunch tomorrow. Do you mind getting groceries on your way back from the office? I'll take care of the food preparation.”

He was surprised because she didn't invite people over often. She would go out and have fun, but she wasn't doing much of that since little Brad was born. Jim was happy that his wife was keeping her friends around.

“No problem, honey. Send me a list of what you want me to get.”

“Will do. Thank you.”

Jim wasn't the kind of guy that liked to be around other people he wasn't familiar with, but he didn't mind this time. Giving birth was tough work, and his wife was a champion who deserved to relax and have fun again.



He went to the grocery store as soon as his shift ended, and on the way there, he decided that he would work from home the next few days just in case Melissa needed his help to cook or clean up, which he intended to do anyway. He received a text with a long list of ingredients, including some premium cuts of meat.

He could order everything online and have it delivered, but there was something about going to the store to shop in person that put him at ease. Maybe it was because there were no expectations there, the staff was mostly young guys and girls who didn't want to be there and didn't make any small talk with him, and because it offered him a chance to wind down after a long day of work.

There was something about the next day's meal that lifted his spirits. Perhaps it was because his wife had been distant lately. She didn't blame her for it; he knew that it could be challenging for women to continue their lives after having a child, not because there was anything wrong; that's just how things were sometimes.

He picked up a plushie for little Brad: a panda, Jim's favourite animal. The cashier was kind when she rang him up, and he appreciated that there were no mocking smiles, which he sometimes got because of his ugly face. He thanked her, took the bags, and went to his car.

The ride home was pleasant. He put on some music and sang along as he drove, and he was home before he knew it. Melissa was waiting for him, watching a movie.

"Hi Mel, I'm back."

"Hey you. Did you find everything?"

"I did. Yes."

He tried to go for a kiss, but she evaded him. He wasn't sure it was on purpose or an accident, but he didn't try again. She was in a good mood, so he concluded that she was too focused on the movie to notice his kiss. He

took the bags to the kitchen and unloaded everything, putting most of it in the fridge.

“So, who’s coming tomorrow?” Jim asked.

“It’s someone you know.”

Jim tried to figure it out, but the information was too vague. He knew some of Melissa’s friends, but not that many.

“Is it Jessica? Aliyah?”

“You’ll find out tomorrow. Curiosity killed the cat, silly.” She said with a smile and wink.

Jim smiled. He liked seeing his wife being playful. He wished that they could have sex soon since it had been a long while since the last time, but maybe she needed more time after having little Brad. He wasn’t going to pressure her or even ask her about it, as giving her time and space was, in his mind, the best course of action.



He joined her on the couch to finish the movie. He hadn’t seen it before, but hanging out with his wife was more important than avoiding spoilers for a film that he would probably never watch again anyway.

“Let’s order pizza,” she said. “I’m going to spend all day in the kitchen tomorrow and I’m not feeling like cooking anything. Plus, you spend the whole day at the office, I don’t want your tired ass to cook anything either, you’ll probably fuck it up.”

She laughed, and he smiled. The words may seem harsh to an outsider, but Jim was convinced that his wife messed with him like that to show that she loved him.

He grabbed his phone and ordered a couple of large pepperoni pizzas, which arrived within fifteen minutes. A large soda and fries were ordered to go with the pizza.

They ate there, on the couch. The movie was over halfway through their dinner, but Melissa flipped channels until she found a sitcom. It was something to pass the time until they were done.

“I’m full,” she announced

He took all the garbage to the kitchen to dispose of it without her asking him. He felt that sometimes he pampered her like when she was pregnant, but he liked keeping her happy, and why wouldn’t he go the extra mile, especially when she was in a good mood already?

Perhaps things got better when she started going out more. As soon as she recovered from giving birth, he encouraged her to stretch her legs outside or do whatever she wanted. Money wasn’t a problem. She agreed, and she was leaving the house more often, sometimes hiring a nanny for the day or leaving the kid with Jim when he was working from home.

Where was she going? He never knew. He didn’t need to know about it as long as she was happy.



They both got up early the following day to get started with everything. Jim checked on little Brad while Melissa began cooking. The main dish was a slow roast accompanied by potatoes and other veggies. Melissa wasn’t the greatest cook, but she had found a youtube channel with plenty of recipes that were easy enough to follow for a beginner.

The house smelled fantastic when the woman took the meat out of the oven. She gave the food the finishing touches as the doorbell rang. Their guest had arrived.

“Jim, can you get the door, please?”

“Of course.”

He was finally going to find out who the guest was. As soon as he opened the door, he thought that maybe he fell asleep at some point and that was a

horrible nightmare. It wasn't Jessica or any of her friends that she knew.

It was Max, his high school bully.

It didn't make sense... why the HELL was he there?

"Jim. Great to see you," said Max.

The guest didn't wait for the stunned Jim to open the door fully, so he simply pushed him aside as he entered his home.

"Wow, that smells delicious."

"Oh, thank you," said Melissa. "You're right on time. Come to the table because I'm about to serve the roast."

Jim's head was spinning. What kind of cruel joke was this? Was Max the mystery guest all along?

"Thanks. Can't wait to taste your cooking," said Max while sitting down on Jim's usual spot.

"That's my-"

"Jim, you can sit elsewhere. Max is our guest, don't be rude."

Max gave him a warm smile. It wasn't enough punishment that he was in his house, sitting at his table to eat his wife's cooking, but he also took his seat. Also, Melissa said that a friend was coming for dinner; was Max her friend now? When did that happen?

A horrible thought crept on him. What if Max was the reason why she hadn't been affectionate with him since before she gave birth to little Brad? He shook his head, trying to get rid of it. The conversation had gone on without him, as Max and Melissa talked about whatever they felt like, and the way it was going gave the impression that they were close when they should have been pretty much strangers.

It wasn't a conversation anymore; they were outright flirting. Jim felt like a stranger in his own house. Melissa was smiling more than ever, and she

even blushed a few times throughout the conversation, which made Jim feel even worse. It wasn't dinner; it was humiliation.



Things were never the same after that evening. Whenever Melissa went out, he couldn't stop thinking that she was out there, with Max. What were they doing? The answer was obvious, but he didn't want to accept it.

Jim's role wasn't the man of the house anymore. He was relegated to be the nanny. Max came over more often now, and he had to look after little Brad every time. They took it to the next level one fateful day.

Max arrived at their home during the afternoon with a bottle of wine. He went straight to the kitchen, ignoring Jim, where Melissa was.

"Go check on the kid. I'll be busy," she said, and Jim complied.

He walked upstairs holding tears back, but he changed the grimace for a smile to avoid stressing his son, who would pick up on the sad vibes.

"It's just you and me today, buddy," he said as the baby smiled at him. "Mommy is going to be... busy today, it seems."

He could hear his wife and his bully having fun downstairs. They were talking and laughing loudly while he assumed that they drank the wine that the handsome man brought. He could have closed Brad's door to avoid listening to them, but he couldn't help it.

One thing led to another, and his heart sunk deep into his chest when he heard footsteps coming upstairs and into his bedroom. They left the door ajar, and he still didn't close Brad's door.

Silence reigned for only two minutes before he started hearing some weird noises coming from his room. It was the unequivocal sound of kissing and panting, followed by some groans and moans. He couldn't believe that it was happening, but his wife brought his bully to his bedroom, and now they were making out on his bed.

He couldn't hold back the tears anymore, and he put little Brad back on his crib. He sat on the floor with his back against the room's open door, and he kept listening. The noises were clear as a summer day without clouds.

Max and Melissa weren't talking. They were too busy making out. The handsome man put his hands under her clothes, and she snapped her head back and lay on the bed as he explored her body. Unable to contain his lust anymore, the bully ripped her top and threw the rags on the ground, revealing her beautiful breasts barely contained by a tiny bra.

"So forceful... I love it," she said.

Max took off her bra and her pants, leaving her panties for last. He massaged her body, starting from her ankles and slowly going up to her thighs, stomach, and chest. She couldn't wait anymore, and a wet spot appeared on her panties, which brought a smile to the man's face. He slid the panties down and took them off, throwing them on top of the rags.

"Please, I need you to fuck me."

"So desperate for my cock. I can't blame you. I bet that your husband can't satisfy you the way I can."

The words traveled through the air and to Brad's room, where Jim held his face in his hands. Max was right. He had never heard Melissa produce noise like that, and her moans were so sincere that they drove the dagger further into his heart.



Back in Jim and Melissa's bedroom, Max took his clothes off. His hard cock was throbbing and red, an impressive unit that had Melissa drooling. She spread her legs and her pussy with her right hand while rubbing her nipples with the left one. He mounted her like a wild animal, quickly putting his enormous cock inside of her.

Her moans were a mix of pain and pleasure. It was only thanks to her incredible level of arousal that he was able to put such an incredible cock

inside her tight pussy in one swift motion. He kissed her lips, alternating between her mouth and her nipples, sucking them and licking them. He bit her tits, leaving teeth marks on her that brought a new level of pleasure to the woman's body.

She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him closer to her every time he thrust, making his cock hit deeper and deeper. The clean sheets where husband and wife slept were now soiled by his bully as he kept fucking his wife. Melissa couldn't say another word. She tried, but her speech was fucked up now.

Max didn't need to hear more, and he knew what to do and what she liked. He put a hand around her neck and lightly squeezed as she convulsed from her first orgasm. He didn't wait for her to recover and kept fucking her harder and harder while roughly handling her tits and body. Multiple marks would appear on her smooth skin the following day, product of their passion, only to further remind Jim who was really in charge in that house.

Jim cried while his son played in his crib. He heard everything. Every slap, every kiss, every moan. It was unbearable, but he couldn't stop.

Max came all over Melissa's face and body. It was thick and warm, and she scooped it up and ate as much as she could. His cum was delicious and better than her husband's in every way. She lost count of how many times she came, but she was unable to move. Her legs became jelly, and her body was bruised. The room smell of cum.

Jim didn't know what to do. He always knew that his wife was with him for his money, but this was a new level of disrespect.

"I'm going for round two," Max said.

The ugly husband kept crying as the nightmare continued. His bully kept fucking his wife, and there was nothing he could do but listen.



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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Becoming His Stepmothers Slave Part 3: Foot Slavery, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Bullying & Humiliation.

Whatever It Takes Part 2: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Bullying, Exploitation, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation.

Broken By The Boss Part 3: Foot Worship, Trampling, Femdom, Bullying & Humiliation & More.

From Housemate.. To Slave Part 2: Lezdom, Bullying, Toilet Slavery, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation

Tormented By His Stepmother: Fart Slavery, Foot Slavery, Lift & Carry, Femdom & Humiliation.

You Are Her Slave 8: An Extreme Femdom Bundle (8 Stories): Fart & Toilet Slavery, Femdom, Foot Worship, CBT, Trampling, Humiliation & Much More

Manipulating Michelle: Lezdom, Humiliation & Lesbian Domination.

Broken By The Boss Part 2: BallBusting, Foot Worship, Femdom, Trampling, CBT & Humiliation

Terrible Tales Of Toilet Slaves: 100% Toilet Slavery/Scat Bundle

Her Husband.. Is Her Slave: Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Femdom, BallBusting, Foot Worship & Humiliation

Controlled By Ms. Catrelle: Lezdom, Forced Oral & Servitude, Voyeurism, Spanking & Lesbian Domination.

Becoming My Stepmothers Slave Part 2: Foot Worship, Toilet Slavery, Financial Domination, Humiliation & Femdom

Eat My Faeces To Live.: Toilet Slavery, Ass Worship, Hostage Humiliation, Punishment.

Whatever It Takes: Lezdom, Ass Worship, Forced Oral, Foot Fetish, Lesbian Domination & Humiliation

From Housemate... To Slave.: Lesbian Domination, Bullying, Ass Worship, Lezdom, Forced Oral, Humiliation

You Are Her Slave 7: An Extreme Femdom Bundle

Becoming My Stepmothers Slave. : Foot Worship, Forced Oral, Toilet Slavery, Humiliation & Femdom.

Maria Gets Milked 2: Full HuCow Conversion

Doctor HuCow : Feeding Him Her Sweet Nectar

Maria Gets Milked : Full HuCow Conversion

Chronicles Of The Cucked: An Extreme Cuckoldry Bundle

Fun In The Bathroom : Scat/Toilet Slavery, Toilet Play, Femdom

Open Wide, It's Coming Out!

Your Meals Come From My Ass!

Sammy's Dirty Little Secret: Toilet Slavery

Smelly Our Stinky Farts

I Can't Bear Watching Anymore: Extreme Cuckoldry

Foot Worship At The Movies Part 1

Open Wide Boy, Its Coming!:(Scat, Toilet Slave, Femdom)

Chew Faster I Won't Stop Pushing!

So Tell Me What I Ate Yesterday