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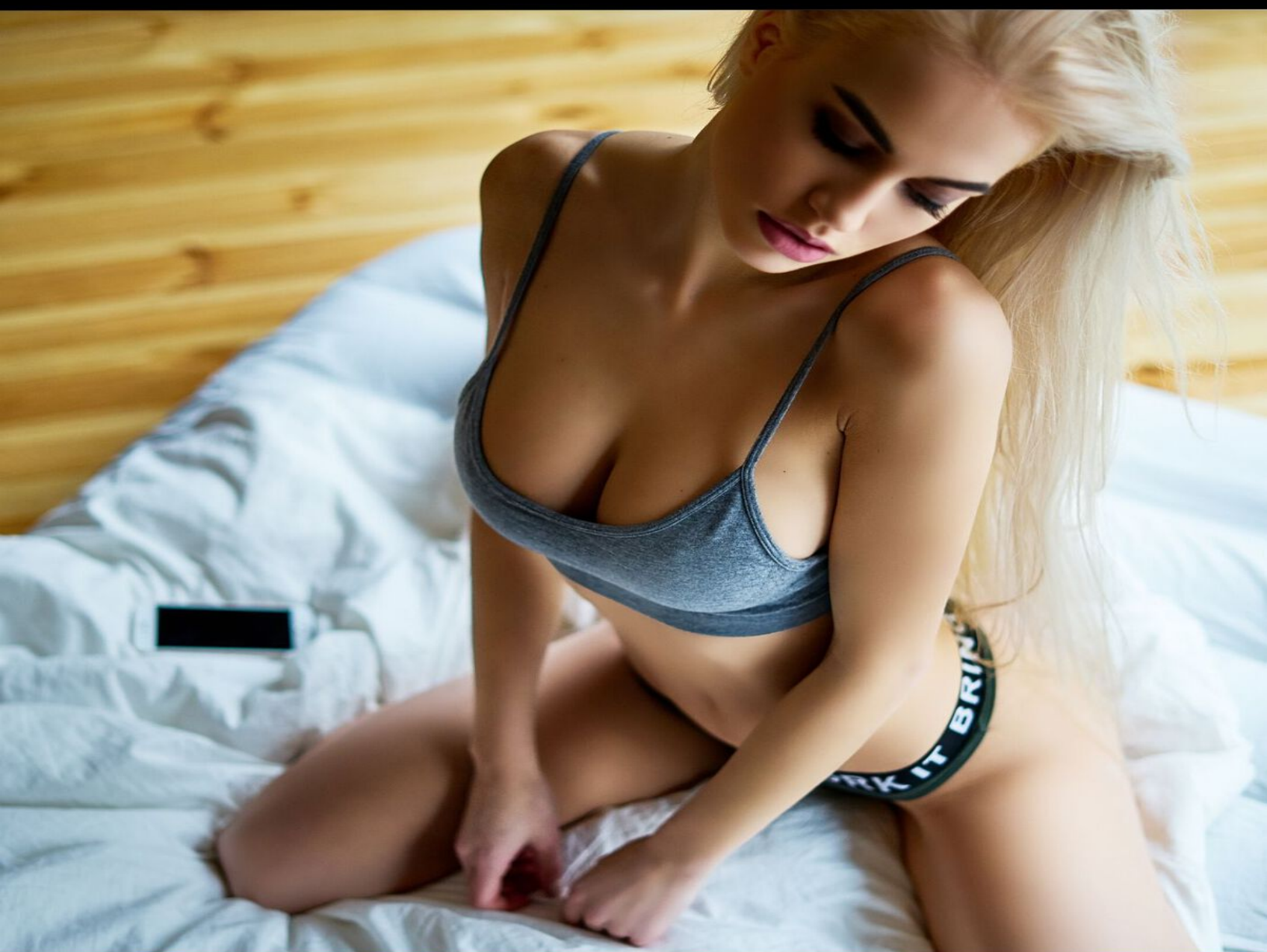


Part 1

CUCKOLD
HUMILIATION

Blackhouse

LOCKDOWN



REMY LEONE

Cuckold Humiliation
Blackhouse Lockdown
Part **I**

Remy Leone

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Stories contain dark themes of masochism/sadism
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All characters are consensual participants and are of
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CONTENTS

- 1 [Reflecting on Bad Decisions](#)
- 2 [First Impression](#)
[Embarrassment](#)
- 3 [The First Couple of Weeks](#)
- 4 [End of Week Two](#)

REFLECTING ON BAD DECISIONS

Steven Monroe lied restlessly sleeping next to his wife Ellie who was sound asleep. She always had a way of falling asleep, as though using him as her punching bag was her form of release before sleeping.

Steven had his own form of release for sleep, but due to his current living situation, his freedoms had been constrained and he would not be able to pleasure himself like normal.

The roof of the small two-bedroom, unfinished basement home that Steven slept under did not belong to him. It belonged to a man that he befriended when he used to work for small start-up business that had failed. He was intelligent and had actually gotten out of the company before it failed unlike Steven, who was usually okay with floating within the confines of the comfort zone.

Skinny, single, black and standing at 6'1 made him much taller than Steven's own height at 5'7. It was hard for Steven to look

passed the thick-framed glasses that Tyson wore, and never found Tyson intimidating. In the end, he was glad to have met the soft-spoken, good-natured man who would take the shirt off his back for him.

It was a quality that led to Steven trusting him. When he found out how much they had in common in terms of geekiness and enjoyment for things like table top board games, it made relying on him even easier. So when Tyson's generously offered them a room in his home for them to stay while their home was being renovated, Steven accepted; even against Ellie's wishes.

"It is inappropriate for a married couple to stay under the roof of another man! It's not worth it, just to save us a little bit of money!" Her words still echoed from a few weeks back, but the worst was when she asked him with a face of disgust, "What kind of man are you?"

Ouch. Those words hurt more now than they did before. Before, they just seemed like his wife was being overdramatic. It was only supposed to last a weekend, possibly a week at most. It wasn't like they were planning on moving in. At least when she said those words.

Everything happened so fast and Steven had downplayed the pandemic that was occurring in the real world. It wasn't until the governor enforced them to stay at home outside of those that were deemed essential, did he begin to take things seriously. By then, the workers had notified him that they would resume the job when they are able. He also would find out that same day that he would need to file for unemployment.

All of the hotels were booked until next year and even if they could find one, without a job, Steven was unsure if he could put them up for an undetermined amount of time. Without the workers finishing the job and leaving his home uninhabitable, they were stuck at Tyson's.

"I told you!" Ellie's words were filled with contempt when she said them back then.

You did. Steven replied to her in his mind while he pitied himself. He couldn't help but continue rubbing his small cock, that was hardening with Ellie lying next to him.

For Steven, the optimist, he was going to enjoy the break from his corporate life. The corporate life had become so dull that now there was time for him to relax. He was going to catch up on movies, games, books, hobbies and all sorts of things his wild imagination could conjure up. It possibly could have turned out that way for Steven too, if they would have been bunkered down in their own home.

However, his interactions with Ellie while staying at Tyson's house were filled with tension. as she was either cold shoulder or hot headed. It led them not speaking to one another for three days. Steven played video games with Tyson for the most of the time and gave Ellie her space. At least as much space as Steven could give her in the tiny home.

Over those few days, Ellie's hot head cooled off. Things were becoming recognizably better between the two of them, until finally saying hi to him yesterday morning. Steven replied enthusiastically, but he could tell that she wasn't quite ready to go back to being friends, let alone lovers. Another sore subject in their relationship.

Ellie's shoulder was no longer turned, but she was still cold. Reading her signals, Steven gave her some more time which allowed him to go back to gaming with Tyson. Hours went by playing their game, only pausing to watch a movie that was packed full of action and scantily clad sexy women. A particular scene where a woman had stripped fully nude and was dancing for the action hero was on the television. The woman on the movie was an Asian woman with very large breasts, which was a kink for Steven. And yet another sore subject in their relationship.

That Asian chick was so hot... and those tits were magnificent... Steven felt precum leaking from his hard cock, as he squeezed it through his light gray sweat pants and continued to reflect what happened earlier that day.

While watching the movie, Ellie had walked in the room unexpectedly. Tyson and Steven's reactions couldn't have been more different. While Tyson, sat back and intently watched the woman on his own television, Steven shifted around and tried to hide his raging hard on while pretending not to be interested in the movie. It was too late though, and Steven could tell that she saw his hard cock through the light gray sweat pants he was wearing. Without underwear, even his pecker could pitch a tent in them. With everything that had happened, Steven expected her to yell at him, condemn him or throw some sort of fit. However, she did something that was almost worse. Nothing.

After noticing his hard on, and the woman on the television, she took a minute to take a deep breath. She held the deep breath. And she finally exhaled it. She walked away without saying what was on her mind and Steven knew he was in trouble somehow.

"Dude, you're fine. You did nothing wrong. Just blame it on me," Tyson could tell his friend was worried.

If only I could blame it on you, Steven had thought. Even if he would have tried, it was his fault that they were there.

The two of them continued playing games, but Tyson excused himself to check his e-mail leaving Steven to man the controller. A few hours had passed and evening had come and with it, a miracle. A soft voice came from entry of the living room that the television was in.

"Steven?" It was Ellie.

"Yes?" Steven hadn't even noticed Ellie standing there until

she said something to him. Quickly pausing the game, she was the only thing in the world that could have made him stop the game he was playing. "What's up?"

"I need you to run home," Ellie said with a sad look.

"What's wrong?" Steven asked of her facial expression.

Ellie showed the garments in her hands. They had been shredded or shrunken, and sometimes both, "Ty's raggedly old washer and dryer. That's what," Ellie had responded.

Steven remembered feeling relieved that she wasn't mad at him in that moment. "Of course, when do you want me to go?"

"Soon... the only things that I haven't worn were things I was sleeping in and things I packed in a hurry without considering how proper they would be to wear around men other than you," Ellie explained her lack of conservative outfits that she had left.

"Okay, no problem! No problem at all! I'll run home and pack you some clothes. What do you need?" Steven had asked, eager to please his wife.

She smiled with hope, "You promise?"

"Yes, baby! I promise!" Steven felt a pleasant sensation rush through him when she smiled. She was the most beautiful woman that he had ever met, and he still never understood why she chose him out of all of the other men.

Steven unpaused the videogame and resumed leveling up his character to 25. It had taken him and Tyson almost 40 hours of straight gaming to get there and much of it was due to Ellie giving him the silent treatment, but if he just made it to level 30, they would be able to progress to the next part of the game.

It was a relatively small task, but it was a way for him to make up for some of the things that she blamed him for. Normally, he would have rushed to do it, but she spoke so passively that it gave

him a false sense of security. He played for hours upon hours and night turned into day, before he had woken up to Tyson shoving him,

“Wake up dude,” Tyler said.

“Oh-uh-huh?” Steven came to, with the headphones still on his head. The headphones only covering one of his ears, as the other one was laying on the side of the couch inside the living room. “Damn, I fell asleep!”

“Really? I hadn’t noticed,” Tyson looked fresh and sat down on the couch next to him. He took his controller out of Steven’s hands and continued the game on his television.

It was earlier today and Steven could easily remember the next words that came out of Tyson’s mouth.

“Hey dude, did you hear?” Tyson pushed the glasses up the bridge of his flat nose.

“Nuh-uh, what?” Steven had still been waking up.

“Government is now restricting all movement outside of homes,” Tyson said.

“Huh? What does that mean?” Steven was confused.

“Means, it was a good thing I went shopping and stocked up, because we can’t leave our homes right now,” Tyson said out of the corner of his mouth with his eyes diverted to the television.

“Leave our homes? Like I can—” Steven attempted to get clarification, but Tyson finished his sentence.

“Can’t go anywhere. Unless you’re willing to pay a massive fine and possibly serve jail time,” Tyson said.

“Wait what? Really?” Steven wondered where he was before remembering he had been lost in his fictional avatar on the game.

It was only when he was told that did Steven suddenly remember, *Oh shit! Ellie's clothes!*

Tyson must have noticed the worry in his face and tried to calm him down, "Don't worry little buddy, we're going to be okay."

It was tough enough trying to explain to her that he didn't grab her clothes and now that they were in lockdown that he wouldn't be able to. However, when his excuse was that he fell asleep playing video games, that didn't suffice with Ellie.

"You and your games! You've always let them ruin your ambition and now its affecting me negatively! You irresponsible, immature, selfish, rotten little boy! When are you going to grow up and *be a man*, for once?!" Ellie questioned with condescension and anger, all at once.

Steven could only cringe out of guilt. Ellie was not finished yet.

"...and not to mention what I caught you and Tyson watching on television earlier," She sounded like his mother, the way she was scolding him.

"It was nothing!" Steven whined.

"Nothing? Oh, okay, mister, let's not pretend I haven't caught you multiple times watching weird Japanese porn. I'm sure you hated watching that didn't you?" She crossed her arms, which pushed her own perfect teardrop breasts together. "Are mine not good enough for you or something?"

"Of course they are!" Steven couldn't believe how ridiculous her question was. No man could have ever found a flaw with his wife's large, but youthfully perky breasts.

"Well good, because I didn't want to tell you, but... nevermind...." Withheld Ellie.

"But what? C'mon... tell me!" Begged Steven.

“Well, I’ve just noticed Tyson...”

“Noticed him what?” Urged Steven.

“He’s just been.... Really staring at me,” Shrugged Ellie, making her breasts move with her shoulder.

It didn’t bother Steven that Tyson checked her out. Every man checked out Ellie’s perfect body. She had modeled and could easily still model whenever she wanted. Offers came through her social media account daily, but they always wanted her to show skin. She had long toned legs, and a very plump and firm butt for a white woman. Part supermodel, part pin up model and part athlete, her well endowed natural bustline made her the epitome of what a blonde trophy housewife should be.

“And?” Steven suspected that she might be trying to make him jealous.

“What? You don’t mind that another man is checking out your wife?” Ellie accused.

“No, not really. I find it kind of flattering and sort of enjoy other men being jealous of me,” Steven said it all too pleased with himself. He didn’t have a whole lot to be confident, but having her at his side made him seem much more distinguished and accomplished.

“Psh. I can’t believe you,” Ellie seethed.

She had gone to sleep that night in a pair of her last pair leggings and a black t-shirt that belonged to him. After she verbally and deservedly berated him, she slept.

Steven continued to play with his penis that was rock hard and could feel his balls beginning to hurt from the lack of release, but he knew he would just have to wait for the right opportunity. It had been a month since they have been able to go home and now it would be longer.

Still, lying in bed restlessly, he thought about getting up and trying to play some games, but fought the idea knowing that Ellie would just ridicule him more for it. Rolling around and trying to get comfortable couldn't make his hard pecker from twitching or his balls from tingling.

Fuck it. I'm going to beat my "restlessness" down in the bathroom. Steven thought while rolling off of the bed. His feet gently touched the wooden floors before lifting himself up and slowly walking towards the door. He grabbed at the knob gently and began twisting the doorknob when all of a sudden, a loud crashing noise came from outside the room. Steven panicked, hearing the noise he knew came from the front door.

Oh no, robbers!

FIRST IMPRESSION EMBARRASSMENT

Steven gasped and let go of the door handle letting it unwind loudly. He tip-toed back to the bed trying not to make a noise, while the noise continued to thump at the front door. He could feel his heart pounding and the fear making his imagination run wild. Tyson's home was not in the worst neighborhood, but it was by far, not a great neighborhood.

What if they find me... And Ellie! Steven began to imagine his wife being ravaged by multiple black men in masks. He could even hear Ellie's wails for help while the black thugs took turns with her and used her all night long. It had been something he had fantasized plenty of times before and it was always with black men. However, the unnerving part of it was that his hard pecker twitched at the idea, even with the potential of it becoming reality very much

a possibility. Then, Steven remember something that he had never fantasized about before.

Oh no! She's not on the pill right now either! Steven felt himself now leaking from his tip. What the fuck is wrong with me.

Before Steven could pull the cover up to his face, he felt a smack on his arm. Ellie had been awake and was staring at him dumbfoundedly.

She whispered, "What are you doing?"

"I... uhhh... the front door..." Steven stuck his hand halfway out of the covers so only his pointer finger could point towards the direction of the noise.

Ellie sighed at Steven's cowardly response, "Go check it out! Tyson might need you!"

"B-but.... He'll holler if he does!" Steven suggested.

"Oh my god, really?" Ellie was looking at him in that same disgusting way that she had used when she found his collection of pornography. He had many different fetishes when it came to women which was currently Asian's with big breasts, but the constant thing in the pornos were always one thing:

Alpha black males dominating women roughly with their big black cocks.

Ellie's facial expression showed many emotions from a series of denial to finally acceptance, before her face slowly started to show fear. "So, you really aren't going to protect us?"

Steven could hear her judgement in the way she asked him, "I.... I... I-,"

The sound of footsteps stopped Steven from finishing the sentence. He had no idea how to respond to her anyway. The hallway creaked and the doorknob to their bedroom door began to

twist.

Both of them gasped while it opened and inside the doorway stood Tyson. It was a major relief to both Ellie and Steven. Ellie quickly hopped off the bed and started to walk over towards him at the doorway leaving Steven in the bed.

Steven wanted to follow, but felt frozen stiff in bed. The trauma of the fear that had just coursed through him made him unable to hear what Ellie and Tyson whispered in the doorway. He simply stared from bed and watched Ellie's body language begin to loosen with relief and a pleasant smile. It was only then, did Steven finally begin to get out of bed and meet them both at the door. He kept inside the dark room and stood partly behind the door and Ellie to hide his hard on inside of his sweatpants.

Ellie spoke to him, physically giving him the cold shoulder. Her words were very blunt and were without warmth. "It's nothing to worry about."

Tyson had his thick-framed glasses on his face and offered a smile on his face, revealing his pearly whites that complimented his friendly smile. Steven had never felt more relieved in his entire life knowing that his fantasy wasn't going to become a reality.

"Ellie said you guys were both scared?" Tyson's disarming smile, turned into a grin.

"Well, I would say scared exactly..." Attempted to downplay Steven. He could feel his manliness come into question.

Ellie interjected herself. "Whatever! You were practically shaking under the covers!"

"Nuh-uh, was not," Lied Steven.

"It's okay, we both were!" Ellie equated their reaction's. She reached over and gently touched him as though she was trying to soothe him. However, something in her tone and more importantly, her artificial smile made her nurturing come across as

an attempt to emasculate him. No matter the intent, it made Steven feel that way.

"It's not okay, because I wasn't!" Steven argued.

"Please," She said to him before turning to Tyson and divulging, "Do you know he wasn't even willing to come out to help you were in trouble?"

Why is she telling him that!? Steven pondered, feeling awkward now.

Meanwhile Tyson had been silent during their banter before looking over at Steven. He was taller than Steven, but something about right now made him seem even extra taller as he stared down at him.

"Wow, Steven, I never took you for such a coward," He said disappointingly and with some frustration with him that his friend wouldn't come to his aid.

"Me? I'm not a coward! No way, sir-ee! Ellie, tell him you were just kidding around!" Steven squirmed, hoping that his wife would abet him.

Ellie was staring at him with her hands on her hips that were covered by the black t-shirt that belonged to him. Her toned frame could fit into his tops due to her large natural 38FF breasts that stretched the front of his shirt out far in front of her and caused the shirt to ride up and show her waistline.

"It's okay, honey. We have Tyson to protect us. There's no reason to lie to your friend. He'll protect us," She said it in a way that Steven knew had a double meaning. She gripped at Tyson's arm and smiled sweetly up at him.

Steven felt his face reddening from embarrassment and jealousy. Tyson put an arm around her neck and hooked her towards him playfully.

"Wait, who is that?" Steven asked hearing voices at the front door. There was at least two, but maybe even three. Only those essential were allowed to leave the home and the only person he could be was local law enforcement. "The police?"

"No way," Tyson shook his head. "I'm a black man, Steven, I'd be a little more stressed if it were the police."

"Yeah, Stevie. Duh," Ellie said before looking back to Tyson. "Sorry my husband is so ignorant. He grew up spoon fed and wealthy."

"I figured this much," Tyson said while still holding Ellie.

"Who is at the door?" Steven tried not to lose his patience, while trying to conceal his hardness in the shadows. It was still throbbing from pent up frustrations.

"C'mon, see for yourself," Tyson said and began to walk off with Ellie.

Steven followed, but kept far enough behind to try and stick the tip of his penis in his waistband's elastic strap of his sweatpants. Unfortunately, he was so small, that it would slip out without him having to sag them oddly low. Anxiety built with each step following his wife with Tyson's arm harmlessly around her neck as they reached the corner of the door. He could hear a bunch of men gasping and one man give a whistle when the unknown men saw Ellie. It made Steven hesitate, intimidated by the group of men that were checking out his wife and preparing himself to turn the corner with a hard on still poking from his sweats.

He turned the corner behind Tyson and Ellie and quickly propped himself against a wall, with one leg out and slightly hunched over. It was a very odd pose, but it made his penis not poke out in front of him. He had ensured of it by looking down at it before looking up at the group of people that were in the entry way.

Tyson began, "They hoofed it by foot, but they got here

without getting caught.”

“I could have made it here an hour ago if it weren’t for these two,” Snags said.

“You would have gotten your skinny little black ass caught before you did, without us,” The big burly man said.

“Pipe down, the both of you,” The old man said the other two.

There were three black men standing at the door in total. Steven guessed that they were all separated by fifteen years apart with the big man that stood in the middle, being the one middle in age.

“First, meet Snags.” Tyson began as he motioned Ellie to the 18-year-old, and the youngest of the bunch.

The scrawny and very short young man had had a baby-face, small afro. His clothes were baggy jeans and a shirt. He strutted up towards Ellie and took her hand with an ugly smile, that contained a snaggle gold-tooth. He put his hand out for her to shake and she did.

“Mm, look at this PAWG. Nice to meet you girl,” Snags stated cockily as he eyed her up and down.

His bravado offended Steven, but Ellie, who stood taller and looked down at him smiled, “Hi Snags, I’m Ellie.”

“Mm-Mm-Mm, Mrs. Ellie,” Snags referred to him being so much younger than her. “Teach me any day you want.”

“Ooh, tee-hee-hee,” Giggled Ellie as he finally released her hand.

Tyson continued to the second man, who was in his early to mid-forties. He was older than Tyson, Ellie and Steven, who ranged from early to late thirties, with Steven being the older.

The second man was the biggest of the three in width, with a barrel chest, wide shoulders and a big round belly. He had a black beard that was beginning to lose its battle to gray and looked lightly unkept; which was typical for the current times. He was as tall as Tyson, but somehow appeared larger than him due to the way he confidently stood, compared to how the nerdier Tyson hunched over.

"This is Buck," Tyson thumbed towards the big man that wore a pair of worn army camouflage pants that were tucked into his military styled black boots, a sleeveless black shirt with a big silver rope chain that hung from his thick neck. Steven was unsettled simply by the way Buck was dressed and the way he carried himself.

Buck had a large smile on his face that was warm and wide and he took her hands gently, considering the size difference between the two of them. He stood over her and smiled down, "Ellie, it's a pleasure to meet you, *baby-doll.*"

"You as well Buck," Ellie bashfully said.

It was odd to Steven to see his wife act in such a way, especially to a man that was unconventionally attractive, at least in his mind. He was big, fat and had more hair on his arms than on the top of his balding sparse cropped hair that had major receding hairline.

"C'mere, let me get a hug," Buck said. He wrapped his thick and hairy forearm around Ellie, and brought her close into him. Her large breasts resting on the top of his gut and the bottom of his thick chest. The black shirt was loose and his arm had picked it up as he picked her up off of her feet. Her hand came back to rest on his forearm, whose bare skin was now against the small of her back. Steven noticed how small her hand was on his arm and how she wasn't even able to wrap her arm around half of it.

He's a monster. Steven said watching his wife physically swept of her feet.

“Oh my!” Ellie gasped.

She hung off of her toes and her black leggings that had been shrunk in the dry were already slightly transparent, became stretched at the butt. It gave both Tyson and Steven a clear view of her white cotton panties underneath her black pants. They covered only the top half of her firm and very round butt. With pink trim, they had little pink bunnies on them. Tyson gave wide eyes of surprise, but his smile showed that he was enjoying the show.

Steven’s cock twitched at the sight of the black man holding his wife off her feet, but knew he had to do something. Without knowing her husband was present, Buck had a look in his eyes that worried Steven. The big black man looked like he was fully willing and capable of ripping off his wife’s clothing and taking her right there. Steven cleared his throat.

Buck’s attention remained on Ellie, “Daddy wants to get a good look at you.”

Steven cleared his throat much louder. However, Tyson looked over towards him, briefly, before quickly returning to Ellie’s butt. Even as long as they had been friends, he had never seen it so clearly before as she always dressed conservatively.

Steven cleared his throat now for a third time. It was so loud that his hard cock became extra stiff and he hunched over slightly to conceal it. It was the only good part about having a small penis, is that it is easy to hid an erection. His third clearing of his throat was finally assertive enough to get everyone’s attention.

All four men who were black, and Ellie, who had to look over her shoulder, while still hanging off of her feet, looked at Steven. Everyone looking to be perturbed by his sudden outburst and it caught Steven off guard.

“Well, cat’s got your tongue?” Buck said while holding Ellie in his arms. He didn’t keep her still though and was wriggling her

around, rubbing her firm and young body against his older and rounder form.

“Oh!” Tyson said as though he was reminded that Steven existed, “This is my friend. Steven!”

Steven walked out in front and stuck his hand out in front of Buck, doing his best to exude strength towards the man who was much larger than him and also held his wife in his arms. Buck looked down at his arm, but instead of shaking the hand extended toward him, he put a strap that was attached to a bag to it inside of Steve’s outstretched hand. Effortlessly accomplishing this task while holding Ellie up with one arm, his face was much less friendly to Steven than it was to Ellie. Steven almost lost his balance due to the weight of the bag and his lack of strength.

“Whoa, careful there, whiteboy,” Buck said.

Steven nervously laughed, before using both his arms to grab the bag and balance himself. He finally put his hand back out towards Buck to shake his hand, “Hi, I’m Steven.”

Buck looked down at his hand, but instead of shaking it with his free hand, he wrapped it back around Ellie. “So?”

“Oh uhhh, hehe, I guess, I, hehe, just wanted to say hi,” Steven stammered, before cringing at his wife’s giggle that reminded him. “Oh yeah, and that we’re married.”

The way Steven said it was light-hearted, but Buck dismissed him yet again, “So?”

“Oh, nothing meant by that, I’m not mad or anything, not that there is anything to be mad about, but I’m just saying if there was, which there is not, I’m not that,” Steven felt himself talking in circles.

“Is there a problem, boy?” Buck asked, before slowly putting Ellie down.

"No! No way, man, I'm not trying to cause any trouble!" Steven backed away, slowed down by the heavy gym bag that was given to him.

"Ease up dude!" Tyson came to his friend's defense.

About time Tyson! Steven could have used the help a long time ago.

"Dude?" Said as though he had never heard that term before, "Dude? What the fuck is that?"

Tyson slightly cringed at Buck's mocking of his voice, "Just calm down, is what I mean."

"You been living in the suburbs way too long! Hanging around *this square type*," Buck said to Tyson, while motioning to Steven making Snags snicker. His tone filled with disgust for Steven.

What the heck is this man's problem with me? Steven wondered. He hated being disliked.

Tyson sighed, but changed the subject. "And this is Ol' Vern."

"Vernon, sonny! Nip that shit with the old man crap," Vernon said, hobbling around Buck. He was a thin man and was naturally hunched over, in a similar position and moved with a small limp. He was in a pair of thin black dress pants, that were pulled high and showing off his black socks. His white dress shirt was rolled up at the sleeves and very wrinkled with a collar so worn that it was completely wrecked. A black pair of suspenders held his pants high and he was wearing a faded black flat cap on the top of his cropped gray hair. He had a thick mustache; thick eyebrows and the rest of his face was covered in a layer of coarse gray hairs.

Steven hesitantly put his hand out to Vernon, who stopped to look down at the hand. Vernon then looked up at Steven, then back down. Thinking he was looking at his hand, Steven felt disrespected by him not shaking his hand like Buck had earlier.

"You happy to see us or somethin', boy?" Vernon said to Steven.

Steven realized that he wasn't staring down at his hand, but the erection that was poking out of the front of his sweatpants. His heart jumped and he bent his waist backwards to try and conceal it with the bag he was holding.

Snags immediately began to laugh loud and hard, like a hyena. Buck remained cold and crossed his arms while staring down at Steven. Seeing the large black man staring over him, Steven felt himself obligated to try and explain himself.

"No, no, guys, it's not what it looks like..." Steven tried to downplay his embarrassment for a second time in less than ten minutes.

"Well it looks like you have a tiny dick," Snags stated causing Ellie to stifle her snicker and Steven's stature to shrivel; outside of his penis. Her amusement caught the rest of the group's attention and it was like they had received their confession from Steven's own wife, that what Snags just said held merit.

Hasn't this kid ever heard to respect his elders? Wondered Steven in self-pity.

When he looked back up, Steven saw the look on Ellie's face. She had her eyebrows raised waiting for him to respond somehow, but the lump in his throat was causing him to stay silent, even though the young man nearly half his age was making him look like a fool.

"Move out of the way sonny, I haven't introduced myself to this beautiful angel," Vernon pushed by Steven.

The old man was frail, but strong enough to make Steven stumble with the weight of the heavy bags hanging off of him. Tyson remained silent, but shook his head while covering his face with his hand, clearly ashamed of Steven and how it reflected poorly

on himself.

Vernon had grabbed at both of Ellie's hands, and brought the younger woman to him. In a coordinated exertion of strength, he quickly pushed her back, pulled her back in, and gave her a twirl in grand fashion.

Ellie's look of surprise, with her swaying breasts thudded into Vernon's chest with a heavy bounce. Vernon held her aggressively close to himself with his hands on her back, below her shoulders. The older man met her stunned look confidently at eye level and similar height to her own husband. Steven was the only other person in the room surprised by the old man's dance-move antics and somehow, he could tell that this was normal behavior for the old man. Astutely, Steven noticed that with each man's experience and age, came a lack of inhibitions that the last one held.

"Give a poor ol' man a kiss," Vernon acted fast and leaned forward with his mustache covered pursed thick lips and his eyes closed. Steven hadn't even noticed that his hands had made their way down to the middle of her back. The old man was using it to pull her hips closer to his own hips and ensure that her body was completely pressing against him. While searching for his kiss, he gave a low hum that coincided with his body rubbing against hers.

Steven was surprised enough by Vernon's actions, but even more surprised by Ellie's reaction. Her thin pink petals met the old man's and their lips smashed. She looked like she was almost melting in his arms as he pulled her lower body closer to his own. She had shifted to put her leg in between his legs and Steven could see Ellie's thigh supporting and inadvertently rubbing Vernon's bulge in his tight dress pants.

Snags gazed onto the older man with jealousy, while Tyson remained uncomfortably silent, but Buck was different. Steven noticed that he was staring right at him over the old man kissing his wife, as though he was gauging his reaction to what was happening in front of them.

Steven could tell that he was being tested, but he had no idea how to handle the situation. He never been equipped to deal with any sort of conflict throughout his life as he had been handed mostly everything that he held.

When Vernon finally pushed his tongue deep into Ellie's mouth and his hands slid down further towards her hips, Steven became shocked. Ellie's responded with a light moan of her own and her hands came to rest on his forearms to stop his descending hands. However, his hands continued and traveled over her black leggings, and past her white cotton underwear to rest on the bottom of her ass. The wet noises emitting from their lips the only thing heard as Vernon groaned in approval.

Steven's eyes went as wide as his mouth. *He's grabbing my wife's ass! Right in front of me!*

Snags had used the opportunity to put another bag on Steven's shoulder while he stood motionless. The younger man was watching Vernon's grabbing at Ellie's ass as he spoke out of the corner of his mouth towards Steven, "Here. Make yourself useful."

Steven felt the second heavy bag weighing him down, but its burden weighed much less than the mental picture that was burned into his memory forever. Through her transparent leggings, he could see her tight cotton panties shifting around as the old man continued to make out and knead her firm plump rump.

How can he just openly grope my wife like this? Steven fumed.

Ellie finally realized what she was doing and pushed at the man's chest. She pulled her mesmerized face away, but not her body. Vernon was still grabbing handfuls of her butt and his hands were hooking dangerous low. Ellie looked back over her shoulder towards Steven, while raising herself up on her toes to escape Vernon's probing hand. She said nothing, but had a look on her face that implied she expected Steven to step in.

However, Steven couldn't as he stared at the old man's black hands all over his wife's meaty backside and tenderizing it with his hands. Another battle had just come over him in the course of what he was witnessing. Tensing up, his teeth came down to bite down at his lower lip.

N-... n-....no-! Panicked Steven before he let out an awful groan. "Nnnghh-Ugh!"

The noise made everyone's eyes rest on him and stare.

Steven's hard penis began to squirt and he was ejaculating. He released his breath of relief as his balls had been finally emptied of the course of nearly months of being backed up. "...ugh-Ahhhh..."

When Steven came to, he realized that everyone's attention was on him, but they weren't looking at his face. They were staring down at his gray sweatpants.

Oh no, I'm not wearing any underwear! Steven realized before looking down and discovering that the front of his pants was soaked wet and sticky. Trails of darkened gray cloth trailed down from his crotch that was wet and showing his hard penis outlined.

The room was split on their reactions. On one side were Buck, Vernon and Snags who all appeared amused. On the flip side there were Tyson and Ellie who were both clearly embarrassed. Not for him, but of him.

Ellie specifically, who had cringing thin eyebrows that was of repulsion. She even had to turn away, and back into the arms of Vernon who had a sinister smile on his face and continued to fondle Ellie's beautiful butt. However, with her retreating back into her arms, he gave her his full attention and began to nuzzle his mustache against the nape of her neck.

"BWA-HA-HA! Did ya'll see this lame's face?" Snags bit his bottom lip, with his golden tooth snaggle tooth shining brightly under the entry way's lighting. His eyes slightly crossed to mimic

Steven's face and gave the ugliest tension-filled smile that he could.

Steven was in denial initially at how unflattering the face Snags mimicked, but was horrified at Buck's next words.

"That's *exactly* how you looked," Buck stated to Steven to assure him.

Even Ellie was reluctantly agreeing with Buck as she stared at Snags face. Her own embarrassment being lifted and a disturbing look filling her eyes that Steven had never seen before, but had no time to study it as Buck grabbed his attention once again, but this time with authority.

"What the fuck you standing there for?" Buck asked angrily.

"Uhh..." Steven responded, started and stumbling back.

"Put our bags away and go clean yourself up whiteboy, you're a disgrace," Buck growled.

"Thank you," Ellie replied softly, to Buck.

"Uhhh..." So taken back by Buck's command, Steven dumbfoundedly responded while following his orders. "Yes sir!"

Steven scattered off with guilt, leaving his wife's ass, literally in Vernon's hands.

THE FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS

Steven had made sure to put their bags how Buck had ordered, but felt so ashamed of himself. He knew he should have spoken up in his own defense. Ever since his first impression on the newcomers, perceptions from those he knew seemed to have shifted.

He could tell that there was some sort of invisible barrier now in Tyson and his friendship. Ellie on the other hand was already angry,

but now was treating him like he was infected with the same thing that the outside world was. The television's information was so confusing and misleading that it was hard to tell when this would be all over and things could go back to normal, but it seemed like it was only the beginning.

Over the next couple of days Steven came to know little more about the three men, other than they lived in the same humble neighborhood that Tyson grew up in. Tyson had put himself through college on a scholarship and had escaped the confines of the impoverished community he came from. The dynamics of Tyson's relationship with them was uncomfortable and appeared to be out of guilt and obligation.

The other thing that Steven would come to realize is that they really disliked him, but really liked Ellie. The treatment she received was completely the opposite of the treatment they gave him. Any time he talked, it would go ignored, while his wife always had at least one man's attention to talk to, if not all. While they smiled at her and were playful in their flirtations with her, they were annoyed with Steven's presence and did their best to leave him out of anything they could, by constantly ridiculing him for being a square.

One morning, Ellie had told him that Buck had complained to Tyson about how uncomfortable the couch and air mattress was and that due to their age, at least one of them should get the bedroom.

"That does make sense..." Steven felt guilty of depriving his elders of the comfort of the bed he slept on. It made sense now why they had been so rude to him over the last few days. He wanted them to like him, "Okay, let's give one of them the bed."

"Steven! I don't want to be sleeping on an air mattress!" Ellie whined.

"C'mon, Ellie, Vernon is like 60 years old and Buck is in his forties, maybe fifties," Steven said.

"Why are you so nice to them? It's not like they are nice to you!" Stated Ellie.

"What do you mean?" Steven played coy.

"What? Are you serious? They basically have walked all over you since they've been here, and you just lay down every time," Accused Ellie.

"Oh they're just kidding around, Ellie," Steven found himself defending his tormentors, even though she agreed with her deep down.

"Really? If you think what they say to you in front of your face is bad, you should hear what they say to me, when you're not..." Ellie said it with intent.

"Like what?" Steven wondered. He hadn't even thought about it until she brought it up.

"Oh they ask lots of questions about us... and me... especially when it comes to sex," Ellie stated.

"They do?" Steven gulped.

"Mhm. Or should I say, lack of sex," She huffed.

Steven felt himself becoming dizzy and needed to sit down on the bed. "What else did you tell them?"

Please don't tell them about my little problems...

"Don't worry about it, just make sure that you let Tyson know that we aren't willing to sleep on that air mattress, that I'm sure has been through some unsanitary times."

"Okay, okay... I'll talk to Ty," Steven said. He was now trying to appease two different sides. One side held his beautiful busty blonde wife while the other side held a group of black men that evidently had a problem with him.

The next day he spoke to Tyson and would find out that Buck was offended that the couple hadn't offered and that he even had to ask. For some reason the blame fell upon him, as the man, for essentially being dishonorable. Steven wanted to please everyone and had tried to talk to Ellie about possibly taking turns with the bed, but she wasn't willing to compromise.

"Stand up for yourself, for once in your life!" Ellie had said to him.

Her words were painful and he had no choice, but to stand firm and keep the bed for him and his wife only further angering his new roommates. By the end of the week, Buck had shouldered him in the hallway pushing him aside only telling him to, "...watch the fuck out next time."

Now, anytime he saw Buck he moved to the side. His body naturally becoming anxious anytime he even stood near him. Steven saw the men doing whatever they could to brush up against his wife whenever they could, but luckily her black shirt and leggings were conservative enough for Steven to handle.

By the end of the week, the men were constantly flirting with Ellie and anything they said somehow turned into some sort of sexual innuendo. The more it continued, the more it bothered Steven, but Ellie only seemed to egg it on. When he confronted her about it, she told him to do was:

"Speak up, then." Ellie would say without remorse. "It doesn't bother me, like it bothers you."

Of course, it doesn't. Because you're getting the attention and adoration of a house full of men, while they resent me for our relationship. Steven thought Ellie was being selfish. Or maybe was out of boredom, or as a way to punish him for putting her in this situation. Either way, Steven felt that her intentions were to motivate him to assert himself.

By the middle of the following week, Steven had already felt the loss of respect from Ellie, and the loss of self-dignity for himself. He was unsure which one felt worse and there were times he didn't even want to leave the second bedroom. When they fell asleep, Ellie would sleep bottomless to extend the cleanliness of her pants, but still wore his black shirt. She would sleep facing away from him and always tell him she was too hot to cuddle, which meant she also wanted to do with him for any other reason.

Lying in bed restlessly, like the night that Buck, Snags and Vernon had arrived, with tension in his balls, he thought about somewhere he could get some privacy. He thought about going down to the basement, but it was cold, damp and spooked Steven. The house felt tiny before they had gotten there, but now felt cramped and made Steven claustrophobic.

The group had been drinking that night when Buck told him to grab them all a round of beers, even though Steven didn't drink. He obliged, but when he came back into the room, Ellie had taken a seat on his lap. It was odd, spending the rest of the night around a group of guys with his wife sitting in Buck's lap, but nothing much came of it. Buck was being his normal arrogant self, and had his hand on her waist and ordered Steven to grab them more beers. Steven could feel her disappointment in him as he obliged them. As he was in the fridge grabbing them all beers, he could hear Ellie giggling.

"Buck! Oh my god! My husband is in the other room!"

"So what? He's not going to do anything... remember what happened the other night... little twerp probably likes it..." Buck could be heard responding as she continued laughing hysterically.

Likes what? Steven tried to mentally prepare himself with what he was about to see when he returned to the room full with his beers in hand.

Ellie was in his lap, but Buck hand had slipped under her black shirt and up the front of it. His hand could be seen grabbing one of

her heavy natural boobs and playing with it under her shirt. The outline of his hand was clear as he squeezed and even tweaked around her nipple.

Ellie was laughing still, but biting at her bottom lip. She had both of her hands on his forearm and barely able to wrap both of her hands around it as she pretended to stop his hand. However, the way she smiled and bit her lip as Buck aggressively fondled her breasts, made Steven think otherwise.

Buck made no effort to conceal what he was doing as Steven walked into the room, handing everyone beers. The rest of the room watched him, wondering what he was going to do, now that he had walked in on Buck playing with his wife's tits.

Walking over towards Buck, he held the beer out for him. "Here Buck."

Buck continued to grope Ellie's breasts right in front of her husband as he stood over them and held the beer out towards him. Taking his time to massage her breasts and feel the weight of them as he moved them in a circular motion, causing the black shirt to shift over his hand.

"Perfect set of tits on you, doll," Buck said to Ellie, with Steven still holding the beer out for him.

Ellie had an awkward smile on her face as she looked up at Steven while her breast was inside of Buck's big black hand. She looked down at the beer for a second that Steven held before slowly responding to Buck and ignoring her husband's presence. "Thanks Buck, I grew them myself."

"Mm... these titties got me growing, too." Buck said shifting his hips under her and lifting her up a few inches, before he crashed back down into the cushion. She bounced on his lap and he held her breasts to feel its weight again.

"Buck!" Squealed Ellie while she laughed. She squirmed on

his lap a little too long and pretended to try and get away, but Buck wouldn't allow it.

"I'll just set your beer down," Steven managed to say as he began to put the beer down on the coffee table.

That finally got Buck's attention, "Nah, whiteboy, put it in my hand."

Buck finally released his wife's breast and pulled his hand out from under her shirt. His hand holding outwards. Steven did as he was told.

"Now stay," Buck commanded to Steven like he were a dog. Clenching the beer, he chugged it in a matter of seconds. He gave an obnoxious burp which Steven thought would disgust Ellie as she hated any form of flatulence. But to his surprise, she laughed.

"Here," Buck gave the beer back to Steven, before adding. "Now go fucking grab me another one."

Buck didn't show gratitude and instead slipped his hand back under Ellie's shirt. His hand grabbing her breasts, Ellie squealed.

"Your hand is cold!" Ellie wailed, as she laughed.

Steven walked back out to do as he was told, with his head held low.

END OF WEEK TWO

Things had already been changing since the three men arrived. Tyson had been showing less interest in hanging out with him,

choosing the new guys over him. Ellie too. The way she looked and talked to him had been changing too. Doing her best to try and separate her from him, as a way to save face towards the new guys. It bothered Steven that she was so embarrassed by him, but it bothered him more that the guys continued their charades.

Habitual line steppers. Steven thought of the three men who kept pushing the boundaries of how far they could take things with Ellie.

Snags was becoming more comfortable around Ellie and he too began to join in the fun. It began with him giving her small spankings, until now it was almost every time, he walked by her he either smacked her butt or at least grabbed a handful of it. The three men openly touching her ass had become normalized behavior and at this point, was far too late for Steven to open his mouth about it. The only one who hadn't touched Ellie was Tyson.

At least he isn't disrespecting me like the others, Steven thought of Tyson who remained loyal to him in some partial way.

His balls were hurting more as he hadn't been able to find any release since the night, he met everyone. Great shame still washed over him recollecting on that moment and remembering everyone's faces; especially the one that his platinum blonde wife wore. He wondered if the last couple of weeks would have gone differently if he would have just played things cooler. Unfortunately, that ship had sailed and there was nothing that he could think of to redeem himself.

Ellie was lying next to him, in the dark, sleeping. She wearing one of Tyson's shirts that was a button up red and black checkered flannel. It fit her nicely, and seeing her wearing another man's shirt strangely aroused Steven. She was bottomless, doing her best to extend the life of her leggings and overly soiled and saturated cotton panties.

He thought about just trying to masturbate on his knees in

the corner and he was going to do that, but he heard a footstep outside of his door. Steven presumed that it was Tyson to maybe check on him and see if he wanted to play any video games. They hadn't been playing as much since the guys had arrived. When the doorknob twisted and the door creaked open, Steven realized that it wasn't Tyson. Even in the dark shadows, the burly form could only belong to Buck.

What could he want? Steven wished that the doors had locks on them as he stared at Buck. The big black man standing in the slit of the cracked door and simply staring inside. Thinking about how much Buck drank tonight and how obnoxious he had become, yet again, Steven figured he must be searching for the bathroom.

However, Buck didn't leave and did the opposite. He slowly opened the door and began to walk inside. Remaining silent, he shut the door as slowly as he could.

What the? What is he doing? Why is he coming in here? What is going on? A million thoughts rushed through Steven's frantic mind. *Should I do something?*

The bed was set up against a wall, which left Steven on the outside of the bed and closest to Buck as he slowly walked from the door and over to them. The blinds were slightly open and he walked into the moonlight. Steven could see the look in the burly man's eyes and on his flaring nostrils that he had something on his mind.

He means business. Steven felt his heart sinking farther down the closer Buck got to him, until he was standing right next to the bed with Steven lying on his side and facing him. His crotch at Steven's eye level, Steven realized that Buck was only wearing a pair of white briefs.

Whitey Tighties? Steven was surprised at the choice, but more surprised at the huge bulge that was inside of the white briefs. *Oh my god... that thing can't be real!*

Buck continued to stand over the white couple, in the dark room standing in only his white underwear. His thighs pushed into the side of the bed and his crotch almost in Steven's face. The pungent musk of his crotch started to fill Steven's nostrils and covering his tongue with its taste.

What is he doing? Steven hoped that his nose would adapt to the smell, but it hadn't happened yet.

Buck then reached down and put his hand into the front of his underwear and grabbed a handful of his cock. He continued to watch them sleep as he squeezed his cock, similar to how he had groped Ellie's tit a multitude of times by now. Steven realizing his lack of inaction had given Buck his courage to act in such an erratic way. Buck's cock finally unrolled from the bulge it came from, unleashing a wave of his body odor onto him while Steve got look at it while it flopped onto the bed right next to his face.

It was so big that it struck fear in his heart. It was as thick as a cucumber, but looked to be longer, with a head the size of a lightbulb. Though Steven could have been embellishing it due to how close it was, he knew that it was bigger than any of the interracial porn that he had purchased before. Most men were either long or thick, but not both. His balls were also just as normal, and hung in a sack flesh that could have fit everything in Ellie's purse. He had to pick it up with his palm and lift it off the bed so he could stroke it slowly. As he did, the bulbous head dragged against his eye and cheek.

Isn't he worried about waking me up? Wondered Steven.

Buck didn't seem to be worried though, and continued to stroke himself right over Steven's face. The length of his cock reached from the ledge of the bed and all the way across his face so that he couldn't even see the head. However, he knew it was hovering over his head, because he could hear the clicking noise of Buck's big black cock as he lubed himself up with his own leaking precum.

-Click- -Click- ... -Click-

The noise was very slowly and right in front of Steven's face were Buck's heavy balls swinging back and forth like black wrecking balls. So close, that the coarse hair on his balls were ticking at his nose, lips and the rest of his face. The more they swung back and forth, the more he wafted his own aroma up Steven's nostrils.

-Click .. -Click-.. -Click-..-Click-

More precum oozed over the crevice of his mushroom head and the faster he rubbed it in, the bigger his goliath sized cock became. His balls were now starting to lightly tap at Steven's face.

Can't he feel my face? Steven frustratingly thought as he tried to tighten his lips and limit his breathing. Each time he swallowed he tasted Buck now, but saw Buck was now reaching down. *Oh no, what is he doing?*

Buck had let go of his cock and it dropped on Steven's face with a sticky wet smack. The shaft was covered in precum and it stuck against his cheek and with him leaning over him, the flesh of his loose balls covered his nostrils and mouth. Steven had taken a deep breath in, which tasted like Buck's cock, but allowed him to remain frozen still.

What is he doing? Steven wondered.

Ellie was on her side with her knees pressed in Steven's back. It was her way of keeping him away when she didn't want him to touch her, and had been her normal sleeping position for a while now. The cover's continued to slide down and Steven realized that he was peeling the covers off Ellie.

Bastard! Steven thought angrily, with Buck's stick hard cock cover his cheek and hanging off the back of his head. The covers were down, and Steven knew without wearing any underwear, Buck could get a good glimpse of her entire legs and maybe even her butt. However, since she was in the fetal position,

he didn't get to see anything between her legs.

Buck was going to change that though as he grabbed at Ellie's knee and began to pull it up. As he did that though, Ellie rolled onto her back with her knee. There she laid on her back, with one knee at her side in Steve's back, and her other knee bent towards the wall that was on the opposite side. Completely spread wide open, with Buck standing over both of them.

Did she do that on purpose? Steven wondered while holding his breath with Buck's big black balls blocking his oxygen. Ellie had never spread her legs so easily for him before; especially while sleeping. She hated that and would immediately stop Steven any time he made the moves during the middle of the night.

Buck cock was rubbing up and down all over Steven's face and his balls draped down to cover his breathing. Steven tried to breathe out of the corner of his mouth, but each time he did, the loose skin sucked in between his lips and his pubic hairs would graze against his tongue. It was his only hope of breathing though and he continued to let his dirty balls suction in between his lips with the air when he needed to.

Leaning further down, smashed down against his fat cock so that it pressed down on the side of Steven's face firmly. Buck had put his palm down on the top side of it and rubbed it into Steven's face like he was rolling dough. Steven could not believe how boldly and disrespectfully the drunk black man was acting, but also realized that it was because Buck was not scared of him in the slightest. At this point, if Steven woke up and confronted Buck, things would only look bad for him. Its not like he would made Buck back off, or get any retribution for kneading his cock against the side of his face, or even what he was doing to Ellie.

What is he doing, anyway? Steven could hear something. *He's unbuttoning her top!*

Buck's big black cock was much longer than Steven's head and

rubbed against the entirety of his cheek. He felt a light tug, the sound of fabric flapping, the breeze of Ellie's shirt being flung completely open and a groan of approval from Buck.

"Oh yeah, nice big ol' titties... perfect... mmm..." Buck whispered just loud enough for Steven to hear.

With Steven's back turned to her, she lied on her back, with her shirt unbuttoned completely and opened. Her knees spread far apart and with the help of the moonlight from the window, Buck continued to drunkenly rub his smelly cock and balls against Steven's face while pushing down on the top half of his cock to sandwich his shaft.

"Bet this whiteboy don't fuck you right..." Buck softly groaned.

He's using my face to jerk off with while he enjoys my wife's beautiful body! Steven was furious, but still remained silent, doing his best to breathe.

"Little limp dick fuck twat..." Buck continued, pushing down against the top of his cock to smash Steven's face.

What is his problem? Does he really not care if he wakes me up like this?

"Mmm.. I should just mount you right now," Buck continued rubbing himself against Steven's face, but had put a knee on the bed as though he was going to climb over Steven.

Oh my god-No-Wait-Please-What am I going to do? All came to him at once. Steven could just imagine himself having to pretend to sleep while Buck fucked his wife's brain's out until they woke up. His weight making the bed bounce behind him while he grunted like a pig with each thrust.

Luckily, the Big Black Buck stopped there. But only there, as he continued using Steven's face as his personal sexy toy.

The palm smashing the cock against his face sped up in

response and out of excitement, making the balls bounce around against his face, lips and the tip of his nose. His tip was now streaming precum and it was getting all over Steven's cheek.

"Huh-what're these? Oh!" Buck said leaning down and picking something off the floor. Buck had to lean back and it gave Steven an opportunity to get a fresh breath without Buck's crotch suffocating him. Before he could try and reposition himself, Buck and his big black cock returned. In Buck's hands was something hanging from his hands that were dark. Steven couldn't turn his head, but his eyes were able to roll in his sockets to look up to see what was in Buck's hands.

Ellie's black leggings? What does he want with those? Steven wondered.

Buck threw the leggings down and revealed an even smaller bunch of fabric in his hand. It was then that Steven realized.

Oh no! Those are Ellie's panties!

Buck took the small pair of fabric and cuffed them in his paw of a palm to put them over his nose. Brazenly, he took a big whiff of Ellie's panties that had been worn and worn over again during the course of the week.

"Mmm... nice and dirty, just like Daddy likes it..." The older, broad shouldered, big bellied black man boomed, lost in his perversions while using Steven's face for his own pleasure.

Maybe it was the smell, or the what was happening, or the way Buck said the last thing, but Steven was feeling sick in his stomach and he could feel his penis was rock hard and leaking cum from its tip.

What... what... why? Wondered Steven with Buck humping at the hole that he formed using his palm and Steven's face. His face now being punched by the fist sized balls that belonged to Buck's hefty swinging sack.

The sound of them smacking roughly against him made Steven worry it would wake up Ellie. Steven had no idea how she would react if she woke up to see Buck looming over her with his cock pistoning right at her, against her husband's face.

Please don't cum on her.. Please don't cum on her.. Begged Steven silently, but much too afraid to do anything, he let Buck's balls beat against lips and Buck's shaft to rub all over his cheek. It was causing his cheek to smash up and down the rougher Buck became.

The dark room, with the big burly black man leaning over Steven's face. His belly bouncing arounds as strapped Ellie's cotton soiled underwear around his ears and face and make his very own quarantine mask. The longer he pleased himself on Steven's face, the more precum dripped down into his eyes and down his lips.

A stream had formed and Buck's precum began to waterfall into his mouth. His balls splashing it against his tongue and the back of his throat and Steven's mouth finally opened in reaction. Buck's balls invaded his mouth and before he knew it, he was inadvertently sucking on Buck's balls.

Buck groaned and halted for only a split second before continuing his facial cock grind against Steven's face. Steven's had one of Buck's balls in his mouth and his tongue was cleaning the dirty sack as he continued to smell his wife's panties above him. Ellie, was still lying nude and posing for Buck above her assisting him in his degenerate behavior.

"I can't wait to fuck that tight little white snatch," Buck's words were muffled by the panties covering his face. "And there ain't a damn thing you can do about it."

Is he talking to me? Does he know I'm awake? Oh no... Steven became worried as Buck defiled him. Steven couldn't open his eyes anymore due to all of the precum, but felt something across his face. *It feels like Ellie's leggings. Why is it on my face?*

Buck pulled his nut out of Steven's mouth and stepped back leaving Ellie's leggings on his face. A few clicking sounds and a groaning sigh later, Steven felt Buck's cum spraying all over her pants that were on his face. It felt like somebody was spraying a king-sized water bottle with a squirt top at him. He shot at least a dozen, maybe even two dozen streams of cum all over Steven's face that were covered by Ellie's leggings. Steven presumed that his all-around big size, big balls and big cock made it possible to produce so much cum at once. So much that it was leaking through the leggings on his face.

Steven was able to slit his eye open and peer through the fabric that was now soaked in Buck's thick white cum. Buck still had the panties on his face and he was standing on the side of the bed and both of his big hands were stroking his softening cock. He looked like he was wringing out a wet towel, as cum was dripping everywhere and noticed that it was in a pile of the little clothing that was Ellie's.

Is he doing that on purpose? Steven wondered, but still amazed by how much cum was still streaming from his cock. It finally dripped to an end over the pile of Ellie's clothing. Before stopping.

Buck pulled his hands away and looked at them. They too were soaked and dripping from all of his cum. Without wasting another second, Buck leaned down and rubbed his sticky and wet hands all through Steven's hair and until they were dry.

Finally, he took the panties off of his face and used them to give his wringed out cock another quickly few strokes. His huge cock hadn't appeared to be so wet, but once he used her panties to rub it down, Steven could see that Ellie's underwear were sopping wet. He dropped them with a smacking thud against the wooden floors.

Buck then, rolled his big black cock back into his briefs to create the huge bulge and without another word, walked back to the

door. He didn't bother to take the cum-soaked leggings off of Steven's face, and left them while he walked out and silently shut the door.

Steven watched him the entire time and holding his breath, only to sighed in relief that the bully was gone.

What am I going to do? Steven had been asking himself this entire time. He had asked him that same question so often that it was becoming rhetorical. He knew what kind of man he was, and more importantly he knew what kind of man he wasn't.

Most of all he knew he wasn't going to do anything.

Thank you!

Thanks for reading this story everyone. I hope you enjoyed!