

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | BBC | GANG | GROUP



Part II

CUCKOLD  
HUMILIATION

**Blackhouse**

**LOCKDOWN**



REMY LEONE

Cuckold Humiliation  
**Blackhouse Lockdown**  
Part **II**

Remy Leone

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## WHO WEARS THE PANTS?

After the horrifying night, Steven had become a mess. The hair on top of his head was disheveled and matted from Buck's rubbing his hands through his hair still and had flattened in places that he had been sleeping on. His cheek was coated in Buck's remnants and the taste in his mouth, tongue and even the back of his throat still lingered. Steven could still hear Buck huffing and puffing and blowing his never-ending load all over.

He was unsure if he had even slept, but noticed that at some point the bedroom door was opened by the morning. Ellie's nude form on display for anyone who wanted to come and stare at her through the door could have. He wondered who opened it, but it didn't matter, he was just glad that Buck didn't come back and follow through with his vile words.

Steven arose from bed and covered his wife's nude form. The top of his head still crusted over making it impossible for him to

even run his hand through his hair. The taste of Buck all over his tongue and each time he breathed and swallowed was like an everlasting reminder engrained into his memory.

*Gross.* Steven thought as he walked to the restroom that was already occupied.

Steven waited five minutes before finally knocking on the door. He was planning on using the sink to wash the jizz caked into his hair.

“What?” The voice came from Vernon.

“Oh, didn’t know you were in there,” Steven lied, not expecting such an aggressive response.

“Then why the hell you knock and disturb my mornin’ shit, boy? God-damn,” Vernon could be heard flipping the pages of a newspaper.

Steven caught a whiff of what was happening inside and gagged. Taking a step back, he realized that he wasn’t going to be cleaning up right away, today. He rubbed at his hair to try and loosen it, but it was like hair gel designed to withstand his efforts.

Walking towards the front of the room, he could hear the television. Gunfire and explosions were occurring and he realized that Tyson was playing the video game.

*Hell yeah!* Steven excitedly thought. After what happened last night, he could use a day of gaming. Practically running into the living room, he noticed that Tyson was on the couch, but Snags was the one with the controller in his hand. Tyson wore charcoal colored sweatpants; Buck was wearing a white robe with slippers that looked like he stole them from a hotel and Snags was wearing his baggy jeans. Snags was wearing a muscle shirt allowing his skinny arms that had a few tattoos on them to show. Buck’s opened robe showed that he was shirtless underneath, wearing only the thick silver chain he had been wearing the entire time. Tyson wore a

baggy t-shirt that loosely hung off his skinny form and a pair of baggy sweat pants that were styled to end at his calves.

Snags hadn't even noticed him; his tongue was sticking out and rubbing his golden snaggle tooth while he jammed his thumbs down on the controller. He was on the air mattress, sitting on the edge close to the television. Tyson was laying back on the mattress and had noticed Steven, but didn't acknowledge his presence beyond a dismissive glance. Surprisingly, the only one who had a smile on his face was Buck. He was sitting back in the corner of the couch with a big wide smile with one leg laying across the couch with the other one on the floor. Steven couldn't even meet the look in his eyes.

"Someone's got bed head," Buck said.

*Please don't tell everyone... oh no, did he already?* Worried Steven.

Snags was wearing a zoned-out face, while he continued to push down on the buttons. He was so involved in the video game, that he barely looked at Steven and give a small snicker before giving his full attention to the game.

"Uhh... morning." Steven said. He stood on the opposite side of the room, but watched Snags play the video game.

Buck quickly sat up and stood up. He patted the couch cushion. "C'mon, Steven, there's enough room for both of us to sit."

*Well, it doesn't seem like anyone knows.* Steven began to calm down. The rest of the room hadn't really noticed his gel-covered matted hair. *Thank god!*

The nice gesture had still caught him off guard. "Yeah. Okay."

Steven proceeded to sit down on the couch which pleased Buck who was being overly-friendly. The big man announced he was going to get a drink. The hung burly man's robe swayed, and the

chain around his neck jingled, while walking by Steven on the couch. Steven found himself staring at Buck's crotch and it bothered him that he was trying to look at another man's cock. However, he justified it in his mind that it had been so astonishing large, that he had to confirm that his imagination hadn't gotten the best of him. He had been guilty of over embellishing before, with his own cock. Luckily not with Ellie since she had only been with him so she didn't know any better, but his ex-girlfriend on the other hand had basically informed Steven that he was far below average in size.

Buck gave Steven a very friendly smile when he turned around and asked Steven. "Would you like some coffee?"

Steven decided that it was better to get Buck to like him, rather than fight him all throughout the lockdown. He was not much of a fighter while Buck looked like he had retired from the heavyweight boxing division.

"Oh well... definitely!" Steven began to let his guard down. Buck being nice to him felt good for a change.

With Buck gone, Tyson and Steven were the only ones left to watch Snags play the video game. Steven noticed that he wasn't very good and it wouldn't take long for him to die.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Snags bounced the controller of the air mattress.

"Dude! My controller!" Tyson yelled at the younger man.

"Oh right, my bad-my bad" Snags apologized and held the controller over to Tyson. "I guess it's your turn."

"No thank you," Tyson shook his head.

"What about you?" Snags held the controller out to Steven.

"Really? I mean, okay, heck yeah," Steven's words made Snags cringe, but he handed him the joystick.

Vernon came back into the room, "Woo-wee! I feel like I just birthed a baby in there."

"Sick, old man," Snags shook his head in disgust.

"I would stay outta' there for at least a half hour," Vernon said as he hobbled to sit on the couch on the other end from Steven.

Steven figured he could just play the game for a while until the air cleared in the bathroom. From the aroma that had seeped under the door, he knew that Vernon wasn't exaggerating.

While progressing to the next level, Buck returned with two mugs of coffee. One for himself and one for Steven.

"Here you go little buddy," Buck stated in a friendly way.

"Thanks, Buck. This is really nice," Steven said before noticing that his coffee wasn't a dark black color.

"I added some cream in the kitchen," Buck added.

"Oh, that's what that is." Steven convinced of Buck's statement gave himself a small thud on the forehead. "Duh!"

"Yeah, what else would it be?" Buck said with a stifled chuckle.

"Ha-Ha... yeah.... Right," Steven nervously laughed. He noticed that Buck was watching him and waiting for him to drink from the mug. Feeling pressured, he took a sip. Nothing tasted out of the ordinary. "Mm, thanks Buck."

"No problem, little buddy, there's more where that came from," Buck said with a smile and a peculiar wink.

"Awesome!" Steven went back to playing the game as the next level loaded up.

Snags was looking very impressed with Steven's ability to maneuver through the game without the same difficulties. He kept

asking how to do things and Steven found himself talking about the game almost the entire time. Even if it was only a video game, talking about it like an expert made Steven regain a small chunk of confidence that he had lost over the last couple of weeks.

The coffee actually tasted decent and had washed Buck's musk down from the night before. He felt like he was in his groove and even beat the next three levels after Buck grabbed him another coffee.

*Maybe things aren't going to be so bad after all. I had a feeling after everyone got to know me, they'd eventually come around.* Steven thought while finishing the second cup of coffee.

"Buck..." Vernon said and nodded toward Steven.

"Oh right, Steven, would you like another coffee?" Buck asked.

"No, I think two is enough for me right now," Rejected Steven in the middle of his game.

"Tell him," Vernon spat.

"Tell me what?" Steven asked, distracted from the video game.

"Well, the whole bed situation," Buck began. "Vernon or I should have that bed. We are the oldest here, it only makes sense,"

"Ya dig, jive turkey?" Vernon stated in an old-time fashion.

Steven had no idea what that meant, but nervously laughed in response to Vernon, before responding to Buck, "Well, I'll have to talk to Ellie---"

"God-damn, are you not the man in this relationship? What the fuck is wrong with you men nowadays?" Vernon stated to not just Steven, but the entire room. "You know, in my time, a man was a man. Now, you get a piece of ass you all act like it's the last one

on this god-damn planet!”

“The fuck ever, old man,” Snags waved him off.

Tyson just shook his head looking disappointed in the way the older man thought.

“I don’t follow,” Steven was nervously laughing. He felt the judgement and anger, but dismissed it as him just being an angry old man.

“Steven, what Vern-here is *trying* to say, is that you need to wear the pants in yo’ relationship,” Buck summarized and it was clear that he shared a similar sentiment to the older man.

*I knew it. They think I’m submissive to my wife.*

“Our relationship is not like that, gentlemen,” Stated Steven.

“Sure, Steven, you keep telling yourself that,” Tyson said.

“Dude, what do you mean? You don’t even have a girlfriend, so shut up!” Steven retorted in defense.

“I don’t need to have a girlfriend to see that she controls you, dude,” Tyson snipped back. “Admit it, she can be such a drag.”

“Well...” Steven began, thinking about it. She had been arguing with him over every single thing. Even though they had a safe place to bunker down with plenty of food to eat.

Tyson continued, “Honestly dude, if she wasn’t so hot, I don’t think I could have even let you guys come over.”

*Is that the real reason he let us come over? So he could check out my hot wife this whole time? Ellie had said he was checking her out.* Steven became insecure and paranoid by Tyson’s statements.

Steven sighed, “Yeah.... Ellie can be a real drag.”

Ellie's voice cracked him like a whip, "Oh is that right? You think that *I'm* the one who is the drag?"

"Ellie!" Steven's heart jumped and he dropped the controller.

Ellie was standing there with Steven's black t-shirt on and presumably nothing else. One of her hands was holding the front of the t-shirt to cover the top of her thighs as best as she could. The entire room was staring at the beautiful busty blonde trophy wife that was only halfway clothed.

Through the silence, Ellie continued, "Well maybe you'd be a drag too, instead of me catching you, you caught me watching big black cocks fucking white women. Yeah, how would you like that? Watching me fucking myself with some big black dildo while watching a train of black men fuck some big titty blonde bimbo?"

All of the men's eyes went wide as their imaginations went wild, considering the situations. Vernon had even reached down and was rubbing his cock while doing so.

"Answer me, Steven. Would that make you a drag?" Ellie asked.

"Yeah..." Steven sighed.

"Now, I'm not even going to talk about our sex life, because you always come up *short*, anyway," She put her thumb and index finger to show the other the dimension of his cock using only a few inches.

This made the entire room laugh at Steven's expense. Ellie had a piece of fabric hanging from her hands that Steven noticed was her leggings from last night.

"I knew it," Vernon said. "It makes sense why he's such a little whiney bitch."

"—But, I do want to ask you," Ellie began as she held up her

pants. They were covered in so much of Buck's dried cum that it almost looked like it was an intentional design on the leggings. Ellie narrowed her eyes at him. "Are you masturbating to black men again?"

The group of men laughed even harder.

"Ellie! I'm not masturbating to black men!" Steven tried to correct.

"Yes you are," She stated as a matter of fact. "All of your pornos have black men with big black cocks."

Hearing her say everything made Steven constantly cringe. The entire room was laughing; even his friend Tyson.

"That's because all black men have big dicks, baby," Snags said with a confident smile towards Ellie and a nasty cocky smile towards Steven.

"Oh, is that so?" Ellie responded to the much younger black man. The way she responded only filling Steven with insecurities.

"You're damn-right we do," Vernon grabbed a whole of his long pole between his legs at the crotch of his sweatpants and wobbled it inside his pants to give her a preview of his package.

Why is she staring? Is she interested? Steven wondered while watching the look of surprise on her face when she saw it in his pants. She was usually good about concealing her lust, but the size of his cock put her in a trance that lasted a lot longer than Steven would have liked. Meanwhile, the entire room was looking at Steven with strange looks mixed with abhorrence and verdict. However, Buck was giving him a shit eating grin while wearing a set of all-knowing eyes that looked amused.

Steven was now being blamed for Buck's escapade from last night and not only that, she was divulging some very personal information to everyone out of spite because of it. Now, everyone knew that he enjoyed watching black men fuck white women and it

was not lost upon Steven, that's exactly what the house they were currently had; black men and one white woman. She was outnumbered, and she could very well be the big titty blonde bimbo that the train of black men could run a train on.

"Well you're going to wash these, you little pervert," Ellie tossed the pants at Steven. The landed on his face and draped off the front of it. "I guess you can wear the pants now."

The men laughed at her jab.

She turned and slowly walked away and was still holding the shirt down in the front, which caused the back of her shirt to come up. As she walked away, Steven could see that she was wearing the crusty white cotton panties that Buck had jazzed all over. Her apple bottom ass swaying back and forth, filled with soft flesh and firm muscle from her years of sculpting her body in the gym. The entire room watched her walk off leaving Steven wondering if she was showing her firm backside off intentionally. Her volatility was at an all-time high and Steven was feeling like she was becoming more and more of a stranger to him. Then again, he was thinking that about himself too. So much trauma had been inflicted upon him in the past two weeks since Buck, Vernon and Snags had arrived.

"Fuck yeah, she's wearing those panties" Buck said to Steven in a disturbing way. His big hand coming down and rubbing Steven's scrawny shoulder.

*It's like he wants me to be happy that my wife is wearing the panties that he dumped his big black balls into,* Steven thought. His eyes lowering towards Buck's crotch before he stopped himself.

Steven had remained silent as the room full of men berated him with jokes and made fun of him for being extensively emasculated.

Vernon, who was still staring down the hallway where Ellie

had disappeared finally said, "Boy, you can't possibly think you can handle all that ass by yourself..."

"Huh?" Steven wondered.

"Whiteboy like you don't deserve a woman with an ass like that," Vernon added with an oddly friendly smile. "You know what I mean, right?"

"Uhhh... yeah, I guess," Steven meekly responded.

"Good, because she's the only thing we got to look at, and I don't want you fuckin' it up, son," Vernon said calmly. He was sitting back on the couch, relaxed and giving him a long hard look. Steven didn't say anything causing Vernon to speak up, in a more aggressive manner, "You hear me whiteboy?"

Steven looked towards his feet, "Mhm."

"Calm down there Vern, I think we all get the point," Buck's hand gently rubbed Steven's shoulder as he said it.

*Thanks Buck. At least someone is willing to stand up for me. Steven thought, ignoring his own passiveness to remain the victim. Vernon shook his head at Steven and Buck, but the look of resent on the old man's face made Steven gulp, I knowing exactly what Vernon is getting at. And I don't like it.*

## SUSPICIONS ARISING

Steven was unable to hang out with the guys any longer. He had taken her pile of clothes that Buck had nudded all over and mixed them with his clothes before carrying them down to the basement. With one hand on the handrail, Steven held the laundry basket under his arm while walking down the steep steps.

By the time he reached the bottom step he could smell the

musty dampness of the unfinished basement. The ground was concrete with dozens upon dozens of cracks all over the place. There was one major break in the concrete that raised the foundation a few inches and created a small step. Something sounded like it was scratching in the very back, of the dark unlit basement and Steven hoped that it was simply a squirrel or a raccoon.

*As long as its not a rat,* Steven thought. He had just seen a video on the computer showing a monster sized rat in New York and ever since then he was freaked out about them ever since.

Steven began the load of laundry staring with Ellie's cum-stained leggings. He was still amazed at how much cum Buck produced, but it made logical sense to Steven.

*His balls are so large that it must have produced it by the buckets.* Steven found himself pondering.

He put in a few of his own items and found Ellie's cotton panties. They were so crusty that they crunched when he grabbed them from the basket. He could feel dry flakes of cum dropping into his hand and see them dropping like snowflakes from his hand. He tossed them into the washer and wiped his hand off on his pants.

*I'm just glad that they were at least dried by the time she put them on.* Steven tried to remain optimistic.

Throwing the detergent in with the clothes he began the cycle on the machine. He wondered how he could explain to Ellie that it was Buck masturbating and not him. If he would have told her then she would know that he watched him jerk off and use her clothing items to clean off and didn't do anything to stop him.

*She is already on my case for not standing up for myself, and not protecting her, I can't possibly say anything.* Steven knew that he would just have to keep Buck's indiscretion a secret. Amongst the other secret being that Buck had grinded his dirty cock

all over his face while Steven inadvertently sucked his balls clean. The worst part being that for some reason his tiny penis had gotten hard.

He walked back upstairs and returned to his wife in the bedroom. The door was open and she was lying on her stomach in bed, wearing only the flannel shirt that belonged to Tyson. Her feet were in the air behind her and she was playing footsie with herself while she flipped the pages of a magazine underneath her.

The unnerving part for Steven was that his wife was wearing a small tiny pair of pink booty shorts that only covered the top half of her butt. They looked like a pair of underwear or even bikini bottoms, but had hemmed bottoms and a waistband that looked more like a pair of shorts.

*I don't think I've ever seen her wear those before,* Steven said staring down at them.

Her firm sculpted plump butt was on full display to anyone who wanted to walk by. Her ass was sticking right up at the door and her skimpy shorts were so tight, that it left nothing to the imagination. In fact, when she moved in a certain way, the outline of her folding lips between her legs could be seen. It aroused Steven to see his wife's camel toe, but frustrated him knowing that she wanted nothing to do with him physically. He made sure to close the door to keep maintain his wife's modesty, before walking towards the bed.

*She'll come around. The guys already have. She just needs a little longer.* Steven said as he went to go sit on the bed near her feet.

Ellie looked back at him and when she noticed it was him, clicked her tongue and gave him an annoyed look. She looked back down to her magazine before she would ask, "What do you want?"

*Geez, nice to see you too,* Thought Steven, but replied sweetly, "Just wanted to come check-in with you and see how you

are doing.”

“Well how do you think I’m doing,” Ellie hinted her anger through her voice. “Look what I’ve resorted to wearing. Do you like seeing me in another man’s shirt?”

*I’m not sure*, Steven had mixed feelings about it. If the situation wasn’t so shady right now, he might have been more into it, but things had already escalated to an inappropriate level.

Ellie began to rub her palm against the shirt to feel it. Her hand slid down her own shoulder, over her arm and down across her chest before she slowly massaged it. She squeezed her breasts and gently tweaked her nipple, “I mean it smells like Tyson.”

Watching her play with her own breast, with her perfectly shaped bottom facing him in her tiny shorts made Steven’s balls ache. Steven was uncomfortable watching his wife rub herself while talking about another man, especially his friend. It made him appreciate the fact that Tyson hadn’t acted like the other men and had shown restraint.

*At least I don’t have to really worry about Tyson the same way I do with the other guys*, Steven convinced himself.

Ellie swung her feet off the bed and even kicked him against his rib while doing it. Steven stood up to give her some room.

“Hey, watch it,” Steven said as nicely as possible through his aching side.

“You watch it,” She began to unbutton her top.

*Oh my god, are we about to do it?* Steven’s anger was instantly forgotten. His cock was already starting to twitch to attention as he watched her. She opened her top, but spun away to hide her breasts from Steven’s sight. It gave Steven a moment to look at her butt, but he wondered why she didn’t let him see her

breasts.

She had gone so far as to use her hand to cover her nipples and use her forearm to cover the other. Cradling her own breasts, with one arm, she took off Tyson's shirt and put back on Steven's black shirt that she had been wearing. She tossed Tyson's shirt at Steven and it hit him on the shoulder, to hang off of it like he was her hanging rod.

"Here, take that to Tyson, and tell him thank you from me," Ellie said, while readjusting the black shirt. She had grabbed the bottoms and was trying to stretch it so that it covered her butt. The shirt was loose enough so that if she pulled it, she would be able to use the fabric to shield her bottom, but if she wasn't tugging it down then it would just constrict back above her waist to normal.

"Oh, well... uh, alright, then," Steven replied.

"Besides, I'm going to go see what the rest of the boys are up to," Ellie said, while playing with her hair in the mirror.

"You are?" Steven asked with worry in his voice, hoping she would show some concern for him.

"Mhm," She simply confirmed. She readjusted her large perky breasts before her finger tips hooked into the bottom of her shorts. She pulled out the wedgie that had formed due to the tightness of the shorts. Her last concern being what Steven was thinking or worried about.

*I don't think she's looked at me once since I've been here,* Steven realized. It made him feel smaller than he was already feeling.

"You're going to wear that?" Steven asked innocently.

"Are you serious? What else am I supposed to wear, Steven?" Ellie waited for his silence before berating him more. "Did you even think about what would happen if I cum on my wife's

pants? I'm simply disgusted I even have to say that. What is wrong with you?"

"Uhm... well... you see.... I... and Buck... well..." Steven was building the courage to tell her the truth, but Ellie didn't have time for his stammering.

"I'll tell you what is wrong with you, Steven. Is that you have been masturbating to porn so much that now you can't even control yourself."

He had never thought that was the case, but he took time to think about it. It was hard to sit there and keep Buck's last night visit a secret, but he also knew that he couldn't confess to his inaction. Feeling like he was in between a rock and a hard place, Steven nodded.

"Yes... maybe you're right," Steven found himself agreeing with her. He had hoped that would cool Ellie off, but that only seemed to enrage her more.

"Pathetic," She crossed her arms and finally looked at Steven. Her eyes were narrow, her arms crossed and she was glaring right through him. Her head shaking with disappointment as she started at him and repeated. "Just pathetic."

"But..." Steven tried to respond.

"But nothing, Steven, you are pathetic. You are an embarrassment. An embarrassment who is not just embarrassing yourself, but you are embarrassing me!" Ellie put her hand on her own chest, to emphasize that it was affecting her. "Don't you see how bad this looks for me?"

"Looks bad for you? To who? Who are you worried about?" Steven wondered.

"You know, the *men* we are living with," Ellie emphasized the word oddly.

"Why do you care?" Steven asked.

"I don't care what they think of you," She said it so nonchalantly, that Steven knew there was no ill intent, but the words didn't hurt any less. "But I do care about what they think when it comes to me, Steven!"

Ellie was almost shaking she was so angry and Steven didn't want to antagonize her anymore, "Okay, okay, Ellie, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you. I know I'm pathetic, I'm going to work on that. I swear, I'm going to be better. Okay?"

Ellie sighed and gave him no indication that she was pleased with him. "We'll see. You have a lot of growing up to do."

"Yes, you're right, honey," Agreed Steven.

"Now go give that shirt back to Tyson, I'm going to go see what the boys are doing," Ellie said as she walked by Steven.

He wanted to stop her, but he knew better. She wouldn't allow herself to be controlled by him ever, and with her being so fit, Steven was unsure if he could physically dominate his wife even if he wanted to. She walked off, doing her best to pull her shirt down to cover her barely covered ass, leaving Steven behind.

He felt worse than before, but still held onto hope that he could change his wife's opinions about him around. Steven took the shirt and found Tyson was inside of his bedroom, working on a project from home. He was able to take a small piece of his work home during the lockdown at the new company Tyson worked for which allowed him to keep his job.

When Tyson answered the door, he didn't seem too pleased to see Steven, "What's up?"

Steven handed him the shirt that Ellie was wearing last night. "Here is the shirt you let Ellie borrow. She wanted me to personally thank you for allowing her to sleep in it."

"Sure thing. Anything else?" Tyson said briefly, while taking the shirt.

"Uh, nah, but is everything cool between us?" Steven asked.

Tyson readjusted the thick framed glasses on his face and wasn't able to look Steven in the eye. "Yeah, dude. Everything's good."

"It's just..." Steven spoke up, seeing Tyson beginning to close the door. Tyson was nice enough to not close the door on his friend's face. "You've been acting kind of weird lately."

Tyson then looked up to Steven and met his eyes finally, "What do you mean?"

Steven didn't want to bring up the fact that Ellie had told him that he had been checking her out earlier. He also didn't want to bring up the fact that he ejaculated all over himself while watching Vernon groping his wife's ass, for some odd reason. Or the fact that his wife had divulged the fact that he watched pornos with only big black cocks in them, especially considering that Tyson and the rest of the house were black.

"I don't know dude," Steven finally answered, not really knowing what to say.

"Alright then, well then we're good. But look, I'm busy right now, once I'm done with my work, I'll come play with you, okay?" Tyson said in a way that was dismissively condescending to Steven.

"Okay," Steven gave up.

"Later," Tyson said before shutting the door.

Steven felt like the world around him was turning upside down. Not only was Ellie, his wife, acting erratically, but now Tyson's behavior was changing as well.

## A WARNING OF THINGS TO COME

Steven had come out to the living room to find only Ellie on the couch. She was able to tuck the black shirt in between her legs and position herself behind the arm of the couch to hide her lack of attire. The magazine she was looking at earlier was on the arm of the couch and she was still reading it. Along with the first magazine she had brought a few more that were underneath the one that she had opened.

*Couldn't she just read in the bedroom? Why does she have to be out here?* Steven wondered, but instead, asked her, "Where is everyone?"

"They all went into the basement. I guess they wanted to burn some sort of incense," Ellie shrugged. She obviously didn't care.

"Oh... that's weird," Steven said, trying to make sense of it.

"Yeah, they said it might smell like a skunk," Warned Ellie as she flipped through the page.

"An incense that smells like a skunk. Well, okay then," Steven had no frame of reference to put those two pieces of information together to decipher what the guys were really doing. All he cared about was that the television was left unattended and that meant he would be able to play more video games while he waited for their clothing to wash.

He sat next to his wife with the joystick in hand and started to play the game. The game had started in a difficult spot which meant that he was nearing the end of the game. Ellie had even made it known that she was watching him play. It was very relaxing for things to feel normal for a change of pace. He was in his element and while it was encouraging to have the other guys support, there was something nice about being alone with his wife.

Almost a half hour had gone by before Steven began to smell the skunky smell. It had finally taken his attention away from the video game with Ellie still next to him. He could see the smoke filling the dining room that was next to him and noticed that it was coming from the kitchen door that lead down to the basement.

*I've never smelled incense like THAT before,* Steven thought.

The guys were downstairs and were talking loudly, but he couldn't understand what they were saying. It almost sounded like they were arguing, but they were laughing way too much for there to be any bit of conflict. A feeling coursed through him that made him feel that the laughs were somehow directed towards him.

*Is Buck telling them what he did?* Steven wondered, but shook off the idea. *No way, he was being nice to me earlier and even was getting me coffee.*

Over the next half hour, Snags would come back up and grab them all beverages. He looked into the room and noticed that Ellie was reading a magazine.

"What'ya reading beautiful?" Snags said while holding the fridge door open and looking over it with red glossy eyes.

"Oh, just reading some relationship advice articles," Confessed Ellie.

*What? Why?* Steven's thoughts were becoming distracted and he was performing worse in the game he was playing.

"Really? That whiteboy not satisfying you, or something?" Steven said with a sadistic grin.

"Oh, Snags! You shouldn't be talking to me like that! You're almost young enough to be my son!" Ellie cooed in a way that only egged Snags on.

Snags closed the door and set the beverages down on the

counter aggressively before walking out and posing confidently. His chest was out and even though he was a short, scrawny man, he looked impressively large at that moment. "So what? I'm all man. More man than what you're used to."

Ellie looked over to him and he found himself awkwardly smiling. She nodded over to Snags, "You hear what him? What do you think about it?"

"Yeah, whiteboy, what do you think about it?" Snags said with vigor.

"Uhh, I don't know," Steven said looking down at the controller in his lap. He nervously pressed at a few buttons.

"That's what I thought," Snags said before turning to Ellie. "Told you, girl. More man and with obviously more dick than what he has."

Steven could feel Ellie look back over him, but he couldn't even look up. Her disappointment could be felt without her even telling him it. Without a word to her husband, she looked back over to Snags. "Well, I guess I'll just have to keep that in mind, won't I?"

Snags grabbed a handful of his bulge in his jeans and began to shake it, "Keep *that* in your mind."

Steven stared at Snag grabbing himself and couldn't help but feel small looking at the black snake he had in his jeans. Even through the thicker denim fabric, the outline of his long flaccid cock wasn't hard to see. Steven could feel himself slowly pulsating between his legs, but he fought off his own perversions. He began to wonder if Ellie had noticed it, but he quickly received his answer.

Ellie's noise was soft and subtle, but the moan of approval hummed from her throat. "Mm."

*She's flirting back with him! Doesn't she know that he's going to think she wants to frick him?* Steven whined to himself and

thought of a way to yell at her for it, but he knew that she would just flip the script on him within a second of trying. The fact was, he had allowed the exchange to happen.

Snags walked off with the beverages to return to the basement, but before he went downstairs, he called back to them, "Well be back in a minute, we got some more incense to burn. Then we about to get down!"

"Get down? Well, that sounds fun!" Ellie replied innocently. "What're we going to do?"

"You'll see," Grinned Snags, with half opened eyes.

"Ooh, secrets! I *like* secrets!" Ellie said happily.

*She likes secrets?! What is THAT supposed to mean?* Steven's mind was going dizzy as the blood from his head began to rush down to his crotch that was now twitching.

"*You're* going to *love* it," The way Snags emphasized it, Steven realized that he wasn't going to like whatever the younger thug had in mind.

*What a little jerk,* Thought Steven, but something about Snag's continued antagonistic approach made his penis twitch.

"Oh really? Don't make promises you can't keep," Ellie said with a playful sassiness.

*C'mon Ellie, don't egg him on!* Steven silently added, but her surprising flirtatious response, only made his penis twitch a little harder this time.

Snags' golden snaggle tooth caught the overhead light of the kitchen as he did his best to smile inconspicuously. However, he had a face that was made for a mugshot and it simply looked distrustful to Steven as Snags spoke to Ellie, "I *personally* guarantee *your satisfaction.*"

*How is this young man so emboldened? I would have never talked to a woman that way at the age of 18! Especially with her husband sitting right next to her! Didn't his mother teach him any manners?* Steven complained to himself, but said nothing out loud in response.

"Oh, yippy!" Ellie gave a few small claps to show her excitement. Her clapping caused her busty braless chest bounced as her forearms smacked against the side of her breasts. Steven could feel himself being constricted by the tight fabric of his underwear.

Snags walked off leaving Steven and Ellie on the couch in the living room. Ellie gave a couple of small giggles that she noticeably tried to hide from him.

"What?" Steven asked.

"Nothing," Ellie couldn't hide her vibrant smile that was full of life.

"Obviously it something!" Steven's aching balls gave him a slightly higher pitched voice. "Tell me!"

"Fine!" Ellie said. "It's just nice to have the interest of such a young man. It makes me feel wanted and validated for putting all that time in the gym all those years."

"You mean you like Snags and the others ogling all over you?" Steven hesitantly asked.

"At least someone does," Ellie raised a single eyebrow.

"That's not true, I am always checking you out!" Steven said.

"So what?" She responded. "And what does that ever lead to?"

"Huh?" Steven didn't understand; or didn't want to understand.

“Well, when you check me out, nothing ever comes of it, does it? It’s not like you ever try and make love to me. I mean, the last time, whenever that was, you barely could get it up,” Ellie said in a normal tone.

“Hey! Keep that down!” Steven looked around hoping nobody was around to hear it. He had to hunch over to do his best to hide his nearly fully erect penis.

“I mean it, Steven, you have been *masturbating* to *big black cock* so much you forgot about your own *little guy*,” Ellie said, emphasizing each word aggressively enough to make him wince.

“Little guy? What is that suppose to mean?” Steven hadn’t even realized that he was being killed as the video game proceeded without him. He was too busy hiding his cock that was hardening with his wife’s vocabulary usage. Ellie was usually conservative, and talking about anything sexual wasn’t the normal, but then again, the situation they were in, wasn’t the normal either.

“Oh c’mon, I didn’t mean it like that,” Ellie dismissed him. “I was just saying compared to the one’s on your pornos.”

“Yeah? Compared to them, I’m what?” Steven pressed her masochistically, without realizing his own intentions.

“Compared to those *black men*, your pecker is small,” Ellie said nonchalantly, but was confused when she saw her husband’s facial expression. “What?”

Steven’s face had tensed up due to his cock becoming now rock hard and making him shift in the cushion next to her. Not sure if he wanted to hear the answer, Steven reluctantly questioned her. “You think I’m small?”

“Well, I’m no expert in size. You know you’re the only man I’ve ever been with.” Ellie reminded him before adding. “And let’s keep in mind those black men are adult stars because of how giant their cocks are.”

Her words didn't make Steven feel any better in his heart, but something about them made him feel turn on. Even though, she only filled him with more insecurities, the natural way the words came out of her mouth made him leak out of his tip little penis.

"Steven, its not that I'm dissatisfied with your size. At least I don't think," Ellie caught herself from doubting herself so she could finish her own thought. "... Steven, I'm dissatisfied that you can't get hard, or when you do, your premature ejaculate all over. Even when we do have sex, it lasts literally less than a minute. It's selfish and you are a selfish lover."

The words hit Steven and he wanted to console her and apologize, but he was worried that she would see his hard on. He had always thought he rocked his wife's world in the bedroom, due to the fact that she had nothing to compare it to. However, now he realized that his tiny penis and his inadequacies were making her resent him.

"And you masturbating over big black cocks just complicates everything more." Ellie looked like she wanted to stop talking, but got out one last thought. "There's just some things I've come to realize, specifically about you, since coming here, I guess."

*Why does she keep saying I'm masturbating over big black cocks! I'm not!* Steven stopped himself thinking, as a small amount of cum streamed out of the tip.

"Ellie, you have me all wrong," Steven tried to object, without his words in fluxing from the pleasure he was also feeling.

She was to engrained in her own thought though, "I just don't understand, Steven. Why black men?"

It was another question he was caught off guard by. He had never really thought about it, for self-preservation reasons, and often denied his own fetish to even himself. "I don't know, Ellie. Honestly."

"Do you even fantasize about yourself being the man fucking those women in the movie?" Ellie questioned.

*No. Never.* Steven simply shrugged, but it was all the same to Ellie who looked disappointed him not only for the fact that he masturbated, but now for the way he was doing it.

"It's really concerning, Steven," Ellie looked frustrated with him.

"Why?" Steven tried to downplay it, and tried to deny the fact that her simply talking about him was making him seep into his underwear. "Even if what you're saying is true, it's only fantasy, right?"

"Is it? Is it *only fantasy*?" Ellie narrowed her eyes at him.

"Huh? What do you mean? Like..." Steven couldn't even say it. A part of him wanted her to say it.

But Ellie had no problem with saying it. "I'm just wondering if that's what you've been planning this whole time. For these black men to take turns fucking me and turning me into their little white whore with their big black cocks?"

"Oh god---" Steven said as he bit down on his bottom lip and tried to make his eyes stop from crossing, but couldn't. Instead he faced away from her to hide his orgasm face. He bent over to hide any wetness around his crotch as he came into his own pants.

"Steven are you okay?" Ellie saw her husband lurch over and thought he was about to spew.

"Yes!" Steven felt himself squirting again  
Ellie was confused, "Wait... you want to watch me gangbanged by black cock?"

"Nggh-uhhh... I meant," Steven felt himself cumming still.  
"Oh god.... No!"

"Hmmm... okay I'm a little confused, but we can talk later, okay?"

"Mmhmm...." Steven nodded as his cock milked into his now damp briefs he wore.

"Good, because you know how the saying goes..." Ellie stifled herself to see if Steven knew.

"Nuh-uh," Steven was unsure of what she was talking about.

"Once you go black... you never go back," Ellie said.

They weren't just words coming from Ellie's mouth, but rather a warning directed at Steven.

## SPADES TO HOLD'EM

The ceiling helped to disperse the skunky smell that was permeating from the basement. At Ellie's request, Steven had also put a box fan into the window to send the smell out the window. They helped, but there was still the faint smell of the incense that the guys had said they had been burning. Tyson meanwhile was in his bedroom trying to finish up the project from work and they had only seen him one time when he grabbed some water from the faucet. He explained they probably wouldn't be seeing much of him tonight.

Steven had tried to play the video game, but Ellie's words had given him a lot to think about, even though he wanted not to think them. Up until now, he had enjoyed his fantasies without realizing the consequences of them, and things were feeling like they were coming to a precipice. He tried to keep himself engaged in the thing he loved most, outside of his wife, but the game that was normally entertaining now just felt dull.

"What's wrong?" Ellie asked.

Maybe the fact that you basically just threatened me with the house full of black cock, Steven thought before replying, "Nothing."

"You were just having so much fun with your game," Ellie said. "And you were doing really good."

"Oh... well, thanks," Steven said. It was just the thing he needed to hear before he went back to playing the game.

Ellie's cold stance had warmed up and she was watching her husband play his video game. She still had her magazines, but she had already read all of the articles that she wanted to.

"Oh wow, you're really good at this," Ellie encouraged.

"You think so?" Steven just wanted to hear her say it again.

"Definitely! Even though I do give you a hard time about them, I will admit that I have fun watching you play," Ellie confessed.

"I do too, honey," Steven said back while staring into her eyes. Ellie's light blue eyes sparkled like ocean beach waters. There was something in the look she was giving him that Steven felt held love, but there was a hint of lust.

*Is she thinking what I'm thinking?* Steven thought while trying to build up the courage to make a move on his wife.

Steven was still hard, even though he jazzed himself and thought maybe he would be able to follow through making love to her in this moment. Some of the vile words coming out of her mouth had aroused him beyond what even he had thought possible.

She was waiting for him to do something, but the moment soon came to an end.

"A'YO WHITEBOY!" Snags yelled belligerently.

"Calm down with that shit," Buck snipped at Snags. He had his own motives that he wanted Steven and Ellie to be in a good mood for.

Steven noticed that Buck and Snags were standing in the entryway of the room and Vernon was taking a seat at the wooden circular dining room table. Vernon had some playing cards and some poker chips that he was counting out.

"Uh, yeah?" Steven responded

"You know how to play spades?" Snags asked.

"Nuh-uh," Steven shook his head.

"What kind of man don't know how to play him some spades?" Vernon said while bridge shuffling the cards behind them. He clicked his tongue against the back of his teeth and shook his head at Steven.

"Well, if you want to learn, Steven, I'd teach you," Buck said.

"Oh you should, Steven!" Ellie encouraged.

"Uh, nah, I'm okay. I'm going to stick to this game," Steven raised the controller to the video game up. "But thank you!"

The group of men were all slurring their words while they talked to one another. Their glossy red eyes were barely opened and they all seemed to be acting really funky. However, Steven was just happy that Buck was being nice to him.

*Maybe Buck isn't so bad after all.* Steven began to think. *All day he has been nice to me.*

The group went to playing cards while Ellie and Steven stayed on the couch together. Ellie was actually interested in Steven's game and was cheerleading him to victory for a while. Buck

and the group were talking obnoxiously loud in the other room while bantering over the makeshift card table. Even though they were noisy, Steven was determined to enjoy his videogame with his wife; which he did.

The men had wagered the game over who would sleep on the couch. Buck and Vernon had both been complaining about the air mattress the entire game, which Ellie and Steven awkwardly ignored. Over the course of the game, Steven had come to find that Vernon and Snags were the two competing while Buck did his best to hold on.

Yet, the black men at the table kept on looking over at the only woman in the room. Even with the game going, Steven sometimes would catch them looking over at her. Ellie was doing a good job at keeping herself covered with the shirt, but one of her legs was on display and catching their attention as it hung off the couch.

"Babydoll," Vernon said to Ellie to grab her attention. "You wanta' learn how to play spades? Could be my Queen of Spades tonight."

Vernon's words made Steven's ears perk up. He had heard that term before, and it was usually within the cuckold scene. His mind began to race with awful thoughts of being cucked by the group of men.

"Your Queen of Spades? I've never heard of that before, but that sounds like a very important role." Ellie said back. Steven cringed hearing his wife's response.

"Oh yeah, you get to sit on the King's *throne*, anytime you want," Vernon quipped back.

*He means his erection, Ellie! Don't listen to this filth!*  
Steven wanted to say.

"Oh my, Vern," Ellie replied bashfully. "That's a wonderful

offer, but..."

*A wonderful offer? She must not know what that means, I'm going to have to tell her later. I'm sure she'll be blushing.* Steven could only hope.

"You never sat on a Black King's throne before?" Vernon asked from the table.

"Steven," Ellie whispered.

*She's giving me a chance to prove myself. I have to stand up and say something!*

"Uhhh..." Steven uttered as he stood up abruptly. He looked over to the table and everyone was blankly staring at him. Ellie looked to have hope in her eyes as she stared up at her hero from the couch. "Uhhhh..."

"Yes? Steven?" Ellie tried to give him that last nudge.

"Uhhmmm... Well..." Steven continued to stammer out. His lack of confidence only amplifying when he noticed that Ellie's hope was now wavering.

"Speak the fuck up, Junior!" Vernon smacked the table making some of the chips on it fall.

That stopped him dead in his tracks. Steven didn't want to start any trouble with the group who had become impatient with his stuttering.

"I better go put your clothes in the dryer," Steven said.

"But Steven..." Ellie was practically pleading with him, clinging onto the last thread of hope.

"Better hurry, don't want to let your clothes get moldy," Steven said trying not to make eye contact with her. However, he saw the hope lost as she sat dumbfoundedly back into the couch.

"Excuse me gentlemen," Steven said, with his head held low.

*You're such a bitch*, Steven's subconscious told him. He would have tried to argue with it, but the fact was that he was leaving his wife behind, practically half naked, with a room full of black men that wanted to fuck her brains out.

Naively, he spent as much time down in the basement as he could. He didn't want to face the ridicule of everyone upstairs. Even without Buck and Ellie being rude to him, Vernon and Snags seemed just as relentless to him.

The card game had switched from *Spades* to *Hold'em*, and Steven listened to another Buck-beatdown by the other two in yet another card game. He might have been big and brawny, but he wasn't very bright when it came to strategy. Steven presumed it was because he was much more a man of action, than of thought.

Ellie could be heard laughing and giggling with the guys and it bothered him that she didn't simply just retreat to the bedroom by herself. Her friendliness to the men could easily be seen as being interested, but Steven knew that his wife would never get with a black man, let alone black men. Even with the way she had talked, it wasn't like she was the type of woman that would actually follow through with something like that.

He finished by putting their clothes in the dryer and walking back up the stairs as slowly as possible. Breathing in and out to try to calm down his anxiety and lift his heavy feet. He was just high enough on the stairs to barely see into the kitchen now and he could clearly hear Vernon.

"Come over here, baby doll," Vernon had called over.

"What?" Ellie pretended to resist.

"Just do it," Was all Vernon had to say, before Steven could see it in the old man's eyes that she was coming to him.

Ellie came into view with her hands holding Steven's black shirt that should have been washed with the other clothes, but she didn't want to wear Tyson's shirt. Her legs were completely uncovered and when she moved in certain ways, Steven could see the bottom of her perfectly shaped ass bouncing.

"Yes, Verny?" Ellie said sweetly.

*Verny? She gave him a pet name? What's going on?*

"Mind grabbin' us a round? We're all parched," The old man said with a delightful smile.

"Of course," Ellie smiled as she walked towards the fridge causing Steven to move slightly to the side to stay out of her view.

"You know, my age," Vernon continued as he watched her walk away, his eyes waiting for Ellie's shirt to spring up and her ass to be exposed.

Ellie opened the fridge and had to let go of her shirt while she bent over in front of the men exposing her tiny booty shorts. The entire table was watching her as her shirt sprang up and showed off her sculpted rear end to them. Her shorts had ridden up between her crack and wedged firmly between her round cheeks and barely any of her butt was covered. Their eyes lit up and their jaws were dropped as they stared in admiration.

*Dang it, stop looking! That's my wife!*

Ellie took her time bent over to grab them their beverages and was shifting her feet back and forth which only made her ass sway. Their eyes filled with lust and each of them began to rub at their crotches as they watched her ass jiggle right in front of them. She finally retreated with a handful of bottles and began to strut back to the table. With her hands full, she was unable to pull her shirt down and cover her butt.

*Oh my god... Oh my god...* Steven knew nothing good was going to come of his wife's big firm ass being exposed to these

horny black alpha males

Swaying from side to side, Ellie's hips made her backside spring and wobble. Her firm plumpness rippling in a hypnotic way that caused all the attention to be focused on her movements. She set one bottle in front of Snags.

"Thank you, Mrs. Monroe," Snags said politely.

"You're welcome, Snags," Ellie said with a smile.

"Thank you, gorgeous," Buck had to reach over the table to grab his bottle giving her a friendly smile.

"Oh Buck," Ellie blushed, before saying, "You're welcome. You all are *such* gentlemen"

*To your face! You should see what they're doing when you're not watching!* Steven wanted to yell out from the staircase he hid from.

Ellie continued her way to the other end of the table towards Vernon who patiently waited for her. He stared up at her, maintaining eye contact to portray an innocent disposition, while the other two men's eyes went right back down to her ass, and now only had one bottle left to carry.

*She's not even trying to cover herself now that she able to!* Steven found himself becoming angrier with Ellie than he was with the men with dark brown leering eyes. He watched her slowly hand him the bottle and he smiled brightly up at her.

"Thanks, babydoll," Vernon said taking the bottle and setting it down.

"My pleasure." Ellie said while standing and lingering. Her attention was on Vernon and even though her body seemed to suggest she was going to walk away, she kept herself near him as though she was waiting for something.

*Go! What're you doing just standing there?*

"Not yet," Vernon replied to Ellie and put his hand on her hip. "C'mere and let an ol' man get a good look at ya."

Vernon began to pull her gently towards him and she did not resist. A couple of stumbles of her feet and she was now standing next to Vernon and facing Steven in his hiding position. Sitting back, Vernon grabbed ahold of her shirt and lifted it so he could get a good look at her butt. Ellie stood there looking like she was a mix of confused and flattered. Steven could see that his wife was having a hard time dismissing the admiration for her body out of pure vanity.

"Mm-Mm-Mm..." Vernon said while shaking his head slowly and staring down at her ass.

*What is he doing!* Steven noticed Vernon's hand moving up.

From Steven's position he was unable to see what Vernon was doing, but through Ellie's reaction of stiffening up, standing tall and her eyes going slightly wide, Steven could tell he had just touched her ass. His hand slowly moved around, concealed by Ellie's body and Steven could only watch from his hiding spot while Vernon fondled his wife's luscious bottom.

*Is that his hand?* Steven noticed Vernon's hand reaching under her ass, between her legs and firmly rubbing now between her legs from underneath. Ellie's hand came down to grip at the table to stabilize herself and she shifted from side to side, now on her tippy toes. *He's rubbing my wife's privates!*

For a moment, Ellie looked to be in bliss. Biting down on her bottom lip and her eyes closed as she allowed Vernon to stimulate herself. It came to an abrupt end when a loud smacking noise made Ellie jump and look back down at Vernon, giving him an eye of pleasant surprise. She spun around with her hands on her ass, and Steven could see Vernon's red handprinted in light pink of her ass. "Verny!"

"Now, it is your pleasure," Vernon gave her a wink.

Ellie giggled lightly while soothing her femininely firm backside. "Is there anything else I can get you boys?"

"You ain't goin' nowhere, honey! Go on take a seat!" Vernon commanded, but in a friendly way.

"But there's only three chairs..." Ellie looked around for the fourth one, which was inside of Tyson's room.

"Go give the young man the night of his life over there," Vernon pointed over to Snags, who instantly pushed his chair back with a screech of the floor and began rubbing his lap.

Ellie looked unsure, "I'm not sure that's a good idea."

Vernon reached over and gave her ass another smack, "Go on."

Ellie practically jumped and stumbled to fall in Snags laugh with a laugh. Snags held her with a big wide smile that only made Steven become even more concerned, especially when he noticed that her shirt was pulled down. Snags and Ellie both now faced away from Steven who still stood on the stairs, and he could see easily enough around Snags. When she reached forward to grab Snags next hand of cards, her ass was almost directly in his face.

Steven then watched Snags lean forward and smell between Ellie's legs. Vernon and Buck noticed and looked to one another mischievously. They seemed to have ulterior motives that Steven was unaware of.

*This is going to be a problem.*

ALL IN AND ALL OVER

The game continued and Buck hadn't necessarily improved his performance so much as Snags was playing now poorly. His attention had been drawn down to the big round mound of flesh sitting on his lap and in between his legs. Each time she leaned up and forward and put her butt in his face, only took him out of the game more.

Ellie propped forward to grab the next hand and Steven saw that Snags hands retracted. He initially assumed that he was going to grab his wife's rear end, but that wasn't the case.

*What is Snags up to?* Steven couldn't see where his hands had disappeared to exactly, but it was worrisome nonetheless.

She sat back down and Snags hands came back down to his sides, so she could sit right on his lap. Allowing her to play his current hand freed his hands to come down to trail their fingertips against the side of her thighs. Ellie was focused on the cards that she had in her hand and even let Snags see them to ask for suggestions. However, he wasn't much help as his fingertips grazing against her legs, became whole fingers and they were now rubbing the top of her thighs as well as her outer thighs.

Steven watched as his wife sat in the cocky younger man's lap who had been rude to him all day today. It annoyed him that Ellie had forgotten how Snags had been treating him and not even worried what he would think about her sitting on his crotch with her barely covered ass

The next hand, Ellie reached forward to grab the cards and again, the younger man's hands retracted out of Steven's view. Whatever he was doing, he needed time to do it, and he smoothly spaced his movements over time. Snags hands continued to disappear and reappear throughout the next few hands, but without an answer, it only left more questions to Steven.

*What in the hell is that little punk doing?* Steven wondered.

The clothes in the dryer would be finished sooner than later and Steven was contemplating if he should just wait to grab them. He didn't want to have to deal with the awkwardness of not confronting Ellie and Snags to give his wife anymore fuel about his meekness than she needed.

*Everyone and Ellie seem to be getting on fine without me anyway,* Steven wallowed in his self-pity.

It didn't stop him from spying on the game longer though, believing that he was supervising the room's behavior. Even if he knew he wouldn't do anything to stop Ellie, or Snags, it still made him feel like he was in control of something, which was enough.

Steven noticed that Snags was becoming more brazen with rubbing of Ellie's legs. She hadn't resisted his hands from touching her long, smooth legs and gave Snags no reason to not escalate his advances. It bothered him that her inaction was leading to the younger man becoming more emboldened. Consumed with blame for his wife, Steven hadn't even realized his own hypocrisies within the logic of his thinking.

This time, when Ellie grabbed the cards Snags retracted his hands, but only momentarily. The sound of something jingling could be heard that sounded like metal against metal. Ellie was still leaning forward to take the cards and with her ass right in front of his face, covered only barely by the pink booty shorts. Snags sat back and waited eagerly for her to sit back down on him and that's finally when Steven saw it.

Snags had been unbuttoning, unzipping and unbuckling his belt each time she was grabbing the cards. Even from Steven's obstructed view he could now see the flap of the button hanging off to the side, along with the diamond studded belt buckle. Ellie allowed gravity to pull her back down onto Snags lap, but when she did, she was startled, similar to when Vernon had spanked her earlier. She looked back at Snags and gave him a brief glare.

“What?” Snags said coyly. Steven could see the corner of his lips arching and hinting towards the young man’s devilish grin.

“Mhm. *You know,*” Ellie said as she leaned down and looked down where her butt met Snags crotch. Snags frozen with either fear or uncertainty.

*What? You know what?! You know what, Ellie!?!?* Steven knew that whatever she was looking at, could not be good.

Ellie gave Snags one last roguish look before turning back and going back to her handful of cards. Snags waited for Ellie to turn around to conceal the relief he had felt. Steven could see that she obviously had let him get away with something, even if he didn’t know what that thing was.

Snags let his hands roam her legs like they had been earlier, but was now reaching in between her thighs. She clamped them shut at the knees, and bounced on his lap in defiance. Without a word, he got the hint and began to rub the outer part of her thighs.

*She stopped the little punk from going between her legs,* Steven exhaled in relief.

“What should we do?” Ellie showed Snags the cards.

“Call ‘em,” Snags said, looking at the pair of cards in her hands.

“I call,” Ellie said proudly and put her chips in.

“Alright, Buck, let that river run,” Vernon said.

Buck began to deal the cards while Snags retracted his hands out of view. Ellie gave a light squeal and she sat back up momentarily, and Snags screeched the chair further in. She was now pinned in between him and the table, and when she slid back down into his lap, Steven could see that Snags was aiming something between his legs.

*Did Snags pull his thing out!? Oh my god, no.... he*

*couldn't... he wouldn't... no man could ever----*, Steven realized he was in denial. Vernon had openly groped his wife's ass right in front of him and Buck had used his face to get off while using his wife's panties as a quarantine mask.

Snags groaned and put his hands on her hips, to guide her down his lap once again.

"Snags? You good?" Buck asked.

"Mmm... ffffuck, yeah... I'm all in..." Snags said with his head leaning back in pleasure. Steven presumed that Snags was groping his wife's ass too, by the way his hands were moving around.

*All in? All in what?* Steven began to panic.

"Okay, then. If you say so," Ellie began to push the rest of chips into the middle. "Are you guys playing for real money?"

*Oh, that's what he meant, phew,* Steven almost thought he had taken his genitals out and shoved it in somewhere.

"Nope," Buck said, looking at his hand, before folding. "Shit."

Vernon was staring at his hand intently, looking over to Snags. Steve could see that the younger man was not even paying attention to the game. Instead, he was moving around in the chair, underneath Ellie.

*What in tarnation is he doing!?* Steven watched Snag.

Vernon's attention went to Ellie, and his stoic face smiled as he said, "I call."

Vernon dropped his cards and so did Ellie.

"That's all you got?" Buck look to Ellie.

"What?" Ellie shrugged. She thumbed backwards to Snags,

who was now bouncing her up and down on his lap. Her words broken as she spoke them as she bounced on the younger man's lap, "He's.... the one.... calling... the shots!"

"Snags... the fuck you playin' that hand for?" Buck yelled at Snags who was clearly too busy with Ellie in his lap. He then shook his head in frustration, "I shouldn't have folded."

Snags hadn't even noticed. He had completely forgotten he was even playing the card game, with Ellie there to distract him.

Vernon won the hand and he leaned forward to take the whole pot. Steven could see he had most of the chips and it was only a matter of time before he took them from Buck. The chair that Ellie and Snags sat on was screeching against the kitchen floor from time to time as Vernon stacked his chips, before shuffling the cards.

*I have to do something!* Steven motivated himself.

Steven was preoccupied by watching Snags move around suspiciously under Ellie and making her rock back and forth. He hadn't even heard the dryer buzzer go off signaling that he could now retrieve the laundry.

*Three... two... one...* Steven counted down before finally walking up the stairs. He whistled a light tune to emphasize that he had been minding his own business the entire time. Into the kitchen he came which grabbed almost everyone's attention. Buck and Vernon looked over at him and Ellie turned around, while on Snags lap. She briefly glanced down before grabbing the bottom of her shirt and pulling it down. Her nervous reaction showed that she failed to hide whatever was going on in Snags lap and Steven continued his nervous approach.

Ellie attempted to stand up, but Snags stopped her, "Nuh-uh, baby, you're gonna' keep me company now that you lost the game for me."

Ellie fell back into his lap, "You were the one that said all

in!”

“Don’t you ever talk back talk me, whitegirl,” The much younger Snags said to the older woman.

“Ooh...” Ellie was surprised to hear Snags to speak with such authority.

It took two more steps for Steven to be standing now next to Ellie and Snags, and in front of the other two men. His eyes were down in Snags lap and he felt a gut-wrenching punch to his gut that almost knocked the wind out of him. Steven’s mind almost exploded as he stared down at Snags big black cock, stuffed in between Ellie’s buns like a hotdog. It was long enough to go all the way up to the waistband and Snags had used the waistband to hold it in place. As though Steven was standing right next to him, he continued to rock her up and down, back and forth to show that she was giving his bare cock a lap dance while they played cards.

Ellie was somewhat stiff, but allowed the lower half of her body to be moved around while she stared straight ahead. Steven could feel the awkward tension as well as see the guilt expression on Ellie’s face. Staring at him from the corner of her eyes, waiting for him to do something as she continued to move Snags cock up and down between her firm cheeks. She must have tried to push the shirt down over the younger man’s rock-hard cock, by the way it was disheveled.

Snags still hadn’t noticed Steven and gave a light groan. The tip of his cock began to stream out precum and down in between Ellie’s ass cheeks. Ellie’s butt flexed after feeling the cum leaking now down between her mounds. As she continued to move up and down, the clicking sound of his wet precum lubing her ass began to sound off. She was nervously looking out of the corner of her eye up at Steven.

*She doesn’t even realize I can see his cock stuffed between her ass!* Steven realized.

"What the hell you want?" Vernon asked Steven.

"Just seeing what you guys are doing?" Steven said in a friendly manner. "Looks like you guys are having fun!"

"It'd be more fun if we weren't playing for who gets to sleep on the couch tonight," Vernon narrowed his eyes at Steven.

"Yeah, Steven, c'mon little buddy, can't we both get one night?" Buck asked politely, still in his pleasant mood. He stretched his back upright and it could be heard cracking from across the table. "It'd do wonders for my back."

Ellie continued to rock up and down on Snags slick cock, covered in its own precum and still providing a consistent stream from the tip. It was then that Snags finally looked over and up at Steven to notice him. His eyes were barely opened and one side of his thick lips arched up as he grinned. His hands slowly moved to behind Ellie and he grabbed ahold of her fleshy backside as he stared Steven right in the eye and directed his wife up and down his wet pole.

*He's not going to stop... Even though that's my wife... he has no honor... no shame...* Steven was beginning to realize the longer he watched Snags use his wife ass. His hands gripping her flesh to smash her ass cheeks together around his cock as it moved up and down.

"I'm talking to you whiteboy," Buck growled.

Steven's attention finally snapped away from the cock between his wife's ass. "Huh?"

"Boy, are you deaf or dumb?" Vernon asked as they continued to play their card game.

"Answer me about the bed," Demanded Buck in an aggressive manner.

"Umm.. uhh...." Steven found himself stammering out, before he retreated to look to his wife. Ellie finally looked to him,

while bouncing up and down on Snag's cock and grinding herself down against his cock. Her shirt had fallen over Snags head that was rubbing against the small of her back, and was now flapping up and down each time Snag's cock slid up.

"Oh no... you're not... going to... blame me... for this," Ellie narrowed her eyes at her husband. She continued to bounce up and down on Snags cock nonchalantly.

The wet slipping and sliding noise of moving around on Snags cock was becoming louder and more consistent. Almost every other second, Steven could hear the precum lube working between her cheeks. Snags was moaning and groaning which only alluded to the extra precum that was now streaming and bubbling from its tip.

*Its like a volcano, ready to explode...* Steven had never seen so much cum before.

"The fuck, Steven, don't make me stand up," Buck slammed a fist against the table causing a few chips to jump on the table.

"Oh, sorry, Buck, really, don't hurt me..." Steven flinched and put his hands up.

Vernon and Buck were amused by Steven's lack of masculinity. Ellie, on the other hand, was very disappointed by how her husband was handling himself.

"So pathetic," Ellie said under her breath and barely over the wet lap dance she gave to Snags.

"Pathetic ass whiteboy," Snags said between his clenched teeth. He was squeezing Ellie's ass roughly, causing her to react by escaping his roughness by sitting up. In doing so, she knocked into the table causing a few of the stacked poker chips to fall. Vernon and Buck continued to play the game and Steven wondered if they even knew what was going on right in front of their eyes with Snags and Ellie.

Steven noticed Buck was about to stand, "Well, maybe we can talk and do something. I'm sure I can get Ellie to come around!"

Buck stared at him coldly for a second, before Ellie snipped at Steven.

"Ste...eeeeevvee....eennnn..." Ellie squealed a high pitched sound that was closer to moaning as she bounced up and down faster on Snags sopping wet cock. Her large breasts were now wobbling around under her shirt and Steven could tell her nipples were hard.

Snags was moving around underneath her faster and smashing her ass cheeks even rougher around his shaft. His cock went from grinding to now pumping up and down between her butt cheeks. Ellie was now bumping into the table regularly, but Buck was able to use his elbows and size to stabilize the table as they continued to play the game not paying any attention to the lap dance going on next to them. They both really wanted to win the couch for the night.

"Fuck yeah... Fuck yeah...Fuck yeah..." Snags started to say.

*He must be close... he's going to... no, please don't do what I think you're going to do!* Steven didn't want to watch, but he couldn't pry his eyes away.

"Steven... did you... grab the laundry?" Ellie said in a scolding tone, as she continued to grind herself on top of Snags as though she was doing nothing wrong.

"No... sorry..." Steven said. Then thought, *Why am I apologizing to her? She's practically jerking Snags off with her ass!*

Steven was furious that Ellie was giving more sexual attention to a man nearly half his age. He was angry at how unfair it was that Snags cock was so much larger than his own. He felt the lack of

respect from the men in the room and the actions of his wife that seemed in spite of him.

"Oh...Oh... Ughh.... Aghh...Yyyy---eaahhh.." Snags grunted and grabbed Ellie's shirt to pull it out. His cock aiming up and into the shirt, and straight at the back of her flesh.

Steve watched the head of Snags big black cock swell and begin to erupt with thick white cum. It sprayed with so much pressure that he could hear his cum splattering against his wife's back. Each time he groaned, another squirt came out and rained loudly all over her and the black shirt that she wore.

Meanwhile, Vernon had beaten Buck and was pulling the entire pot in the middle towards himself. "Well, it looks like I'll be sleeping on the couch tonight, boys!"

Snags continued to groan and shiver underneath Ellie as her ass milked the bucket of cum unleashed from his balls. His feet were lifting and kicking in the air out to the sides and jerking violently as he continued to dump his load on her ass, back and Steven's black shirt.

Ellie looked Steven right in the eye, without shame or guilt and only an impatient stare. She was still moving around, but now she was the one in control of milking Snags cock as he sat still.

"What the hell are you looking at? Go get our laundry..." Ellie said as he continued to watch. She then yelled, "NOW!"

It had got the attention of Steven and made him stand up straight. But not to straight, as his penis had started to twitch again, he was about to walk off, but Buck snapped at him.

"This is your fault I lost, whiteboy. You're not willing to share the bed... you make me lose the game... you're going to pay up, you little twerp," Buck's eyes were filled with rage, only enlarged by Vernon chuckling in his victory.

“Uhh... yes-sir....” Steven stumbled away, unsure of what else he should say.

Steven almost ran down to the basement, once again leaving his wife behind with a room full of hung, horny black men. But this time, with a younger man’s cock dribbling cum down between her ass.

The entire room was laughing, but Steven could only fear what Buck was going to do to him.

*We we’re just getting along too!* Steven fretted over Buck’s sudden change of behavior.

**Thank you!**

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