

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | BBC | GANG | GROUP



Part III

CUCKOLD
HUMILIATION

Blackhouse

LOCKDOWN



REMY LEONE

Cuckold Humiliation
Blackhouse Lockdown
Part **III**

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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PATHETIC LITTLE PERVERT

Steven knew that his face was red from the simple fact his cheeks were hot and his forehead was beading with sweat. His heart was racing and he was having a hard time breathing until finally he leaned over the dryer and took a deep breath. Shame and embarrassment were beginning to cause him to lose his ability to even control his most basic bodily functions. The tip of his hard penis rubbed against his sweat pants and even bent to the side as he leaned against the dryer further.

How can I be hard at a time like this? Steven questioned himself.

Hoping the memory would fade as time went on was unrealistic, as Steven recalled it very clearly while leaning against the dryer. Not only did he remember it, but his insecurities only

embellished the memory even further.

Didn't Snag reached forward and under Ellie's shirt to grab her breasts? Steven's mind inflated, stimulating himself even further. And I swear, he even had reached around and stuck his hand right down the front of Ellie's little shorts.

Steven found his hand now on his tiny hard tool and realized he didn't even remember doing so. His pecker stood at attention, while his scrotum shriveled tight and he slowly he began to stroke himself. Unable to control himself due to a lack of discipline, Steven began satisfy himself seeking instant gratification. His free hand pulling his sweat pants down around his knees and he continued to masturbate standing.

Dark desires from Steven's subconscious developed into his mind. As though it was happening all over again, he could see the black flesh of Snags disappearing and reappearing in between Ellie's fair white skin. The contrast of their two shades of skin color only adding to the vividness of his memory. In his mind, Snags was looking up at him with a face that taunted him with his lack of concern. Steven continued to pump his tiny little hard penis in his hand with his eyes closed, but staring right down at Snags in his mind.

He doesn't respect me... he knows that he can walk all over me, Steven continued to jerk, as he envisioned Ellie now. His insecurities made his memory of Ellie even worse than Snags. While Snags simply antagonized with his looks, Steven's mind had made Ellie the aggressor now. She looked like a hip-hop dancer twerking up and down Snags big cock intentionally giving him a lap dance. *And Ellie was loving grinding her butt against Snags big black thing, I just know it! She doesn't respect me either!*

Steven's mind was filled with deserved paranoia and self-doubt due to what he had just witnessed. Even so, that didn't stop him from continuing to stroke his cock faster. His mind filled with masochistic thoughts of Ellie taking advantage of the situation which

was of her being taken advantage of, by a younger man.

That little punk is treating my lovely Ellie like she's some MILF SLUT... Steven said to himself. It would prove to be the final thought that would send him over the top.

"Ah-Eh-Oh-Yyyesssss!" Steven began to cum. His hand jerking even faster, and his hand banging against the dryer repeatedly. He couldn't stop himself though, and continued to finish himself to completely as his hand smacked against the metal dryer creating a thudding noise.

Steven was sweaty, and his cum had only been a few pitiful dribbles. Nothing like the abnormal amount that he unloaded when he ejaculated inside his pants when watching Vernon fondling his wife's firm ass.

Suddenly, Steven's heart sank as he heard a high-pitched clearing of one's throat. Keeping himself facing away, he looked back over his shoulder to see that Ellie was standing there with one eye brow raised and her arms crossed. Her face was of disbelief and disillusionment as she stared down at him.

"Are you serious right now?" Ellie asked.

"What?" Steven quickly pulled his sweatpants and tried to think of an excuse. "My... *thingy*... had a smudge and I wanted to rub it off."

"I've been standing here for a couple of minutes, now, so don't lie to me," Ellie shook her head. "You were masturbating again."

Steven simply nodded. She seemed like she was standing ten feet tall right now and he couldn't meet her eyes, knowing the judgement he faced within them. Instead, his gaze fell down to the ground at her feet, which he was fully willing to get on his knees and beg for forgiveness if that was what she requested.

"You really are pathetic, Steven. Do you know that?" Ellie asked.

Steven remained silent and still.

"Answer me!" Ellie sneered.

"Yes..." Steven responded.

"Yes what, Steven?"

Steven sighed, "Yes, I am pathetic."

"A pathetic little pervert," Ellie had contempt in her authoritative voice. "Say it."

"I'm a pathetic little pervert," Steven said softly.

"Louder," Ellie's voice offered no room for resistance.

"I am a... Pathetic. Little. Pervert." Steven announced each word clearly.

"And where are my clothes you pathetic little pervert?" Ellie seethed.

"Uhh..." Steven quickly opened the dryer and found her leggings. "Here they are!"

"Well, give them to me," Ellie held her hand out.

Steven walked as fast as he could to give her the black leggings that felt flimsier than before. Ellie took them from his hand rudely and she gave him a look that made Steven flinch away.

"Sorry!" Steven backed off, not even realizing why he was apologizing.

Ellie looked at the pair of black leggings and put them up to the light. Steven could see the light shining through the pants and realized why they had felt so flimsy before. The washer and dryer had broken down and simultaneously tightened the fabric.

"You better hope they're not ruined, Steven, I swear to God," Ellie warned as she pulled her shorts down. Steven could see all of Snags cum darkening the pink fabric that she was once wearing. She had a small landing strip that was just beginning to show the beginning signs that she hadn't shaven for a while. She kicked the fabric over to Steven, and the wetness slapped against his ankle.

Ew! Steven reacted by pulling his foot away, which made Ellie giggle.

Ellie took off the black shirt and tossed it at Steven when he wasn't looking. The sticky shirt smacked him across the face and he could feel the fabric drenched in Snags juices. Pulling the shirt off his own, left a few strands of sticky liquid stringing from Steven's face. He quickly used his sleeve to wipe off the residue, but could see that Ellie was amused by that as well.

Her breasts were perfect and Steven couldn't believe how perky they still were for being so large. High on her chest they protruded with little sag in the form of a round and perfect teardrop shape. The sight of her small, pink, but very erect nipples made Steven regret not taking the opportunity earlier to make love to his wife.

"Steven, up here," She pointed to her eyes. "I want your white t-shirt."

"Of course, honey, anything-anything you want at all," Steven quickly grabbed the white shirt from the dryer and rushed it over to her.

She snatched it out of his hands without appreciation and put it on. As she put her hands above her head, her breasts moved even higher on her chest and gave herself a momentary breast lift. As the shirt fell down to her waist, her breasts bounced under the white shirt that had a deep-v cut in the chest allowing an ample amount of cleavage to show.

"You know, Steven, I'm really irritated with you," Ellie said.

"I know," Steven commiserated.

"But you don't know why. The reason I am mad at you is blaming me for not giving up the bed to Buck and Vernon. You basically put it all on me," Ellie said as she grabbed the leggings.

"I didn't, though... really..." Steven tried to defend himself.

"You need to learn how to stand up for yourself for once in your life... and grow a pair of balls," Ellie said as she began to pull the leggings up each one of her legs to her knees. She didn't bother to put on the cotton panties on this time. She stopped and looked at him. "Are you listening to me?"

"Yes..." Steven continued to stare at the ground.

Ellie began to pull her leggings up, her firm sculpted rear having issues stuffing itself into the tight fabric. She wiggled her hips and was shuffling around on her feet in order to get them up and over her hips. She finally responded, "Good. Now how do I look?"

She spun around to show off the leggings and Steven cringed. Her athletic and femininely curvaceous form had caused the fabric to stretch and make them even more transparent than they already were. He could even see the small patch of light blonde pubic hairs that were just above the folds of her entrance through the pants.

"You look great," Steven summoned somehow, not wanting to anger his wife any further.

"Now, I'm going back upstairs, and I want you to bring the clean clothes to the bedroom," Ellie began to walk away and back up the stairs. She stopped and turned, "And Steven."

"Yes, honey," Steven quickly responded.

"No more masturbating," She said it sternly, and loudly.

Steven could hear the laughing from the kitchen upstairs and he knew that the guys had heard him. This was no time to argue and he quickly nodded his head up and down.

"Yes, honey," Steven said before watching her return to the black men upstairs.

They greeted her and he could hear them whistling and catcalling her, seeing her new change of outfit. Steven meanwhile had grabbed the laundry from the dryer before bringing it back upstairs.

Ellie wasn't in the kitchen which was a huge relief to him. Though, the look at the Buck was giving him made him worry with each step through the kitchen. Steven didn't even look at Buck, but could feel his eyes stabbing him.

"Just so you know, Steven..." Buck said, causing Steven to stop in his tracks. "You owe me."

"For what?" Steven whined.

"For losing me the couch tonight with your dumbass antics!" Buck barked.

"But I didn't do anything!" Steven tried to defend himself.

"The fuck you didn't, whiteboy," Buck said with firm conviction.

"Owe you what, Buck?" Steven accepted his fate and focused on his consequences.

"Don't you even worry about that... I'll figure out *something*... Mmhmm... *something* that *satisfies my needs*," Buck said in a sinister manner. Steven didn't know exactly what he meant but by the way he said it, he knew it wouldn't be good for him.

“Now get the fuck out...” Buck ordered.

Steven gulped, and walked out with his tail tucked between his legs.

ELLIE’S DARK DESIRE

Ellie hadn’t said a word to Steven the rest of the night after catching him in the laundry room. Fueled by her frustration with him, she kept her distance until it was time for sleep. Lying in the full-sized bed that wasn’t large, but fit Steven and Ellie’s smaller forms in a snug fashion. It was comfortable enough, but in times like these when Ellie wasn’t exactly pleased with her husband, she found themselves too close for comfort. Most nights, she found herself in a fetal position with her knees digging into Steven’s back so he would remain his distance. While in her thin white t-shirt and even thinner black legging pants, she stared up at the ceiling contemplating her husband who was next to her.

What is wrong with him? Ellie wondered of Steven. It’s like he is trying to ruin our relationship.

Somehow, Steven had found a way to fall asleep, even after his atrocious acts. It bothered her that his actions were the things keeping her up, while he slept without a care in the world.

She thought back on what had happened during the card game, with the younger man Snags pulling out his cock and using her body for his pleasure. There was something nice about having a younger man’s attention, but she had never anticipated that the situation would spiral out of control the way it did.

At least there wasn’t any sort of penetration... he never entered me once. Ellie justified, while dismissing her subconscious. *But I can’t be so sure about all of his cum that he shot all over my back and my butt...*

Ellie wondered how Snags had dumped so much of his thick sticky white juices all over. The amount was abnormal and she couldn't help but think about her own husband, who produced a few little drops. However, that wasn't the only thing that Ellie compared with her husband.

His cock, was so big... and he is only 18 years old... Ellie thought. Steven's only... a quarter of the length and thickness of what Snags cock was... and Steven's supposed to be a full-grown man at his age.

Ellie's hand came back to rub against Snags dried cum streaks that were on her back, and could still feel it all over her butt. *I wonder if he came so much because he is so young... no, its probably because his cock is so big!*

The logic made perfect sense to her and due to her lack of experience with men outside of Steven, she had no way of having any empirical evidence to the contrary. Either way, she found herself lying in bed and feeling the tingling and swelling between her own legs as she couldn't get the thought of the size of the big black cock. Her hand came down her own navel slowly, and twirled around it in a circle. Her subconscious had taken over, coyly distracting her mind from being aware of her need to be played with.

What balls too. Being so much younger and treating me like one of his little whore girlfriends that I'm sure salivate over his big black cock. Ellie's subconscious lead her hand into the waistband of her tight black leggings as her thoughts remained distracted by her arousal.

Her fingertip lightly rubbed in circular motions at the top of her folds and at her clitoris. When she let her hand reach further down to rub at the folds of her entrance, she grinded her fingers firmly against herself. Ellie could feel how wet she was as she descended further down her wet crease. At this point she was aware of what she was doing and her mind was controlled by the black men that

inhabited the home with them.

Steven was emitting a faint snoring noise next to her, bringing her out of her thoughts. It was a subtle reminder that she was married to the inadequate man that was her husband. Staring over at him, she naturally frowned.

He's just so... passive... it bothers me... isn't he supposed to have manly qualities, like the ability to defend my honor? Or protect me from the other men in the house? Ellie questioned her husband's machismo. I mean I know he saw what happened tonight... he saw everything...

Ellie's fingers continued to stimulate herself very slowly. She hadn't necessarily planned what happened with Snags that night, but she figured she might as well as use it to motivate her husband to stand up for him, or at least for her.

I mean, what kind of man just watches his wife rub her bare ass all over some young stud's cock until it explodes on her? Ellie bit her lip as she grinded two of her fingers against her clit. She stared at that type of man, who was Steven. In her heart was contempt for him, but it was mixed with a sadistic arousal. At least he's being punished for his indiscretions against me...

She continued to rub wetting pussy and it began to feel more intense the deeper she thought about the brazen masculinity of the alpha males. Steven had helped them by ensuring himself at the bottom of the totem pole in the hierarchy that had formed in the past few weeks. He was a beta male thick and through and she wondered how far he was willing to go, to avoid any sort of conflict.

Ellie wouldn't have to wait long before she heard the floorboards creaking outside of the door. She could tell simply by the wood squeaked, that the man standing outside was Buck. He was the largest man in the house and no matter where he walked, everyone could tell where he was when inside. The boards bent closer and closer towards until they stopped right in front of their

bedroom door.

What does he want? Ellie wondered, before checking to see if Steven was still sleeping. He was sleeping and Ellie could feel that she was still wet.

There was a moment of hesitation from Buck that made Ellie wait in anxious anticipation. She thought about waking Steven up in the meanwhile, but something stopped her from moving; even breathing. Her heart was pounding lightly and she had no idea how she even felt in that moment.

What's he going to do? What's he going to do? Ellie kept asking herself, not even realizing that maybe she actually wanted him to do something. The suspense was a thrilling sensation that coursed through her body and continued to be massaged with the hand in between her legs.

The doorknob slowly twisted and as expected, Ellie could see Buck through the small opening of the door. It was too dark to see what he was doing, but she presumed that he was just checking inside to make sure they were sleeping. Another moment passed, before Buck would finally enter the room and shut the door behind himself as silently as possible. Steven's mouth and nose hadn't subsided and if anything had become a little louder.

Won't anything wake him up? What if it was an intruder breaking in? Would he just sleep through that too? The man could break in and have his way with me and Steven would just sleep through the whole thing! Ellie had to stifle her moan at the thought of a big strong black man taking her and using her like a whore. *Oh my god, I'm so fucking wet right now.*

Buck's dark form slowly became clearer from the moonlight that came into the window and that's when Ellie noticed that he wasn't wearing a shirt. His wide shoulder's casting an even darker shadow behind his shadowy form. The large man made the floor creak under him as he slowly walked closer and by the clumsy way

he moved, she knew that all of the partying had taken its toll on the big black man. Another step and a small stumble, and Ellie noticed something long and thick swinging between Buck's legs.

Oh my god... he's... not wearing anything. Ellie continued to watch silently with her eyes locked on the dark swinging vine that belonged to Buck as he moved closer. *Its... Its huge!*

It was hard for her to not compare the size of the huge cock that belonged to Buck to her own husbands. Steven's cock wouldn't even be visible hanging as it was usually shriveled up and looked like a piece of chewed gum.

The size of it was so massive that her eyes gravitated towards it and couldn't escape the hanging black abyss. *It's as thick as my wrist... longer than my forearm...*

Are all black men this well-endowed? Ellie wondered as she reflected on the younger man's cock while staring at Bucks'. Both of them were impressively large and prominently larger than Stevens. Her husbands looked like it still hadn't fully grown into adulthood compared to the two black males.

Buck could be seen looking around the floor for something, but it was clear that he couldn't find anything. Fortunately for Steven, Ellie had no idea that Buck had been sniffing her panties while jerking himself off using Steven's face as a cock-rubbing toy. A low disappointed grumble came from Buck while snooping around in the dark and Ellie realized he couldn't find what he was looking for. Standing over them both in the bed, Buck stared down at them and Ellie closed her eyes to mere slits in order to pretend to be sleeping. She felt frozen stiff with uncertainty of what to do next.

Buck, on the other hand, knew exactly what he wanted to do and being the man of action that he was, he wouldn't be shy to make his wants known.

BUCK'S CONSOLATION PRIZE

A few seconds had gone by that each felt like a reincarnated life time before she saw Buck reach down and grab her husband's shoulder. Steven was still fast asleep and snoring, but when he was grabbed and shook, he instantly awoke. Staring up and seeing a big black naked man standing over him caused him to jump and Ellie had to stop herself from laughing.

In a groggy and uncertain tone, Steven asked, "Uh, Buck... what're you doing in here?"

"I found-uh-way ya-can rrr-re-pay me..." Buck's words were slurred to hint that he had fallen under the spell of the bottle tonight.

"Oh-uhh-haha-yeah, that's great, Buck," Steven tried to laugh it off as best as he could. "What exactly are you thinking?"

"Get up," Buck ordered.

"Right now?" Steven hinted at his protest.

"Boyyyyy..." Buck began to pull Steven off the bed.

"Ah!" Steven decided it was better not to resist and began to stand up from the bed. "Okay, okay! I'm up!"

C'mon Steven, stand up for yourself! You've let all of these men push you around this whole time! Gain some respect! If not for yourself! For me! FROM me!

Ellie wanted her husband to stand up tall to Buck and show some sort of remnants of a spine. Instead, she received a hunched over, shriveled beta who remained submissive to the bully.

Buck shouldered Steve aside like he had so many times in the hallways of Tyson's home before. Accommodating the bigger man was easy for Steven, who simply watched Buck reach towards

his sleeping wife.

Its going to happen... its really going to happen... Ellie's heart began to thump rapidly in her chest as she stared up at Buck's large form coming down towards her. She had been slightly curled up which made it possible for Buck to grab her wrist with one arm and stretch the other out to take her ankle in his hand. With little effort, she slid towards the middle of the full-sized bed.

"Psst... what're you doing?" Steven's voice was filled with concern.

What are YOU doing? Ellie mimicked her husband.

Buck didn't answer him, but instead smacked him harshly on the shoulder to get his attention and then pointed right next to her. Before giving him one last command, "Sh. Don't ruin this queen's beauty rest."

Aw, thanks Buck, Steven can be really selfish sometimes. Ellie appreciated how considerate it was to think of her first and wondered why Steven couldn't be more like him.

Steven's teeth clenched as he rubbed his shoulder, but offered no form of resistance to Buck's demand. Ellie watched her husband began to climb on the bed and crawl over her to lay down in her normal spot, which was against the wall. This left Steven's spot wide open for Buck to slowly lay down.

"Buck... there's not enough room for all three---" Steven's meek objection was met with Buck's persistence.

"Sure, there is, little buddy, Buck can ALWAYS make it fit," Buck was on his side and barely keeping on the bed since Steven was right.

Ellie felt Buck grabbing her again and sliding his fingers and palm under her to easily lift her to her side. She was turned over and was now laying face to face with Steven in front of her and Buck behind her.

"See?" Buck said as he began to slowly shift around so he could fit entirely on the bed.

His large form made the bed bend and lightly shake as he got himself more comfortable. Ellie could feel his large belly pressing against her back and pushing her further into Steven so that her breasts smashed against her husband's chest. Through the slit of her eyes she could see that Steven had taken a moment to look down at her breasts that were squished together in the white t-shirt. She could even feel him hardening as her breasts rubbed against his scrawny chest. Steven looked partly crushed himself between her and the wall that was right behind him with Buck only further squeezing his large form into the bed made for two.

"Mm, much better," Buck said. The warmth of his breath grazing Ellie's ear.

"Hehe, yeah.." Steven pretended that he was comfortable.

He is such a coward! Ellie thought while watching her husband oblige the man who was holding her like she belonged to him.

She too, mixed with frustration at her husband, but also excitement of the feeling of being sandwiched between two men. Even if one had to be her husband. Then, she felt something brush against her black leggings. That something was very large and Ellie knew exactly what it was.

Oh my god, it really IS that large... Ellie had almost dismissed Buck's size as some sort of optical illusion that was affected by the dark room. It was her only logical explanation of something that big.

Buck began to shuffle around behind Ellie, his hairy belly tickling the small of her exposed back where her t-shirt had ridden up. She arched her back, which pushed her butt into his crotch and she felt his hips press firmly back against her. His hand slowly

began rubbing at her midriff and lightly tickling at her navel causing her to push even harder into Buck's crotch. Ellie had to roll her head back slightly to see her husband through her slit eyes.

Steven was wide awake and while he was lying down next to her, tucked between her and the wall, he was trying to look down at Buck's hand and their hips. His eyebrows descending to show their concern and slowly swaying back and forth to get a better angle so that he could know what was happening.

Ellie wondered what he was looking for. *It's not like he is man enough to do anything anyway.*

She could feel Buck's crotch becoming warmer and stiffer with the rest of his body pressed firmly into her from behind. His hand had never stopped and Ellie knew that there was no way that Steven couldn't feel him playing with her stomach as well. She could feel his beard against the back of her neck that had only become more unkempt as the time had gone by. His deep inhale of her aroma made her subconscious for a moment due to her lack of hygiene lately since being cooped up with a house full of men. Buck on the other hand didn't seem to mind and continued to smell her hair while he played with her stomach and grinded his hardening cock against her.

That is one thick piece of fuck-meat, Ellie wildly thought feeling it rub against the back of her thighs. She had never ever used the verbiage to describe a man's genitalia before, but for some reason, the vulgarity of her own dark thoughts caused her to only become more aroused.

Buck's hardening cock began to rise up against her thighs and he shifted around a few times. As he did so, it sprang up against her butt with a thump. Her legging pants were so thin that the heat emitting from it caused her already wet entrance to begin to tingle. Even with Buck's slow circular motions that grinded his hard cock against her, the bed continued to creak under his heavy burly form.

Ellie could sense the anxiety building within her husband without even having to look at him. His body was as stiff as his disappointing cock that pushed against her thigh. As Buck grinded against her from behind, her thigh inadvertently rubbing against the head of his cock through his sweatpants.

How can one man's cock be so big, and the other so, tiny? Ellie wondered as she felt the two different sizes comparing them in bewilderment.

Buck began to move around again, but with more lustful intent this time. The tip of his cock found itself now wedge against the crevice that formed between her rear end covered only the sheer black leggings. The circular pressure pushed further into her from behind and she could feel a small rhythmic grinding in and out.

Ellie rolled her head with one of Buck's movement so that she could peek up at her husband laying directly in front of her. Steven's concern had turned into was being washed over with worry and he even put a hand on his head. The nervousness had grown in him and she could feel it through the heat that he was producing against her chest, and her erect nipples that poked through her t-shirt. It was a common face that Ellie was beginning to recognize, but also one that she had come to dismiss all the same.

Each time Buck pushed into her from behind, it became a little closer, a little firmer and the tip of his hardened tool pushed in between her firm rear just a little more.

Thank god for these pants... Ellie thought as she felt the fabric being wedged between her round, sculpted cheeks. She was unsure of how she felt having him pressing into her other entrance as her and Steven had never tried anal. She had never been comfortable with it and always thought that Steven should just be grateful to have any part of her body when she gave into his incessant persistence, which usually only when her own cravings struck. However, that had been so long ago, that the feeling of another man's well-endowed cock, pushing into her was one that

generated an exhilarating and very unfamiliar arousal within her.

Buck's movements continued to increase and she could now feel his spherical warm head slowly beginning to inch in with the fabric. His cock head stuffing itself in between her plump flesh and pausing as he held himself inside of her. Sandwiched between the two, her thigh continued to push into Steven's tiny erection. Steven reacted by opening his legs more so that his cock was able to rub against her thigh further, but Ellie ignored him as she had much bigger things to worry about in all sense of the meaning.

Oh my god... it's making its way UP my ass! Ellie began to squirm lightly and even became a little nervous herself.

"Mm... Mm..." Buck continued to smell her air, but he was lightly groaning as he felt the sensation of Ellie's firmness tightly wrapped around his penetrating head.

"You okay Buck?" Whispered Steven. His voice showed a hint of assertiveness and Ellie could tell that not only did he know what Buck was doing, but also hoped that would stop what he was doing.

"Oh-agh-yeah...mmm... yea...." Buck replied as he continued to grind himself against his wife's ass.

"Oh-uh-okay then..." Steven meekly replied.

Ellie could see that Steven wasn't going to even directly asked Buck to stop. Not that it would have helped, but her husband's lack of command only made her feel less guilty about the feeling she was experiencing of Buck's cock pushing closer and closer against her asshole. Which was only compounded by the fact that he was rock hard and currently responding by pushing his tiny hard on into her thigh.

"Mmph...Mmph..." Buck continued.

Ellie felt his breath and could smell the drinks laced with

smoke, along with his unkept beard scratching against her neck as he nuzzled his nose against her ear. Her own lack of action had only emboldened Buck to take things further as his teeth clamped down on her earlobe. His cock continuing to stretch the black fabric in her ass, and he was now lightly humping her at a consistent pace.

Steven was becoming more crushed with each of the bucking Buck's thrust that quickened in pace each time. "Buck... I'm... having... trouble... breathing!"

"Shut up," Buck ignored the beta. And... ugh... quit... mmm.... quit your fuckin' whining."

Something about Buck's aggressive command caused Ellie to let out a light moan from her chest. She was dripping wet and she could feel the dampening between her thighs increasing.

"Ellie?" Steven looked over at her, wondering if she was actually awake.

Ellie remained silent as her husband attempted to get her attention. Steven then began to light nudge her in a way to shake her awake.

So what, he's going to wake me up, so I have to come to my own rescue? What a pussy! Ellie was perturbed by her husband constantly using her as the scapegoat. When Steven rubbed his hard pecker against her thigh this time, she jerked in reaction. Her knee lifted and it roughly smashed into Steven's balls.

"Ah..." Steven grunted in pain. However, his penis grew wet from leaking out of its tip.

Wow, he does actually have balls, Ellie humored herself in sadistic amusement.

Meanwhile, Buck's relentless grinding and humping against her ass continued and only became faster and stronger. It had gotten to the point where the entire bed was now shaking and even smashing Steven further. Buck's hand that was wrapped around her and on her stomach slowly began to creep up her flat stomach. Her shirt

was pulled up by his hairy forearm that tickled her stomach the further it ascended up her stomach. Even though her breasts were smashed against Steven's chest, Buck's hand finally reached the bottom curve of her breast. His hand boldly cupped her breasts and his fingers slid around their roundness. Ellie could see that Steven could feel Buck's hand by the white pupils bulging. His mouth dropped while staring down at Buck's hand and fingers that were kneading her breasts blatantly in front of him.

"Uh... Buck? Ex-excuse me... Buck?" Steven's hand finally came down to rest on Buck's forearm.

"Shut the... fuck up... whiteboy you're going to... wake her," Buck's redundant words were accompanied by his relentless thrusting. Buck continued to squeeze her breasts, "Fuck yeah.... These titties though... these big... ol... titties!"

He's so barbaric... his words are so disgusting... but I'm so fucking horny right now... Ellie couldn't take it anymore, and let her firm muscles in her ass relax allowing Buck's cock to plunge deep into her. The fabric of the leggings had torn, but was still in tact creating a barricade from Buck to fully penetrate her. Her entire leggings had been tightened on her body from the fabric being pushed into her tight hole. Ellie's flexed her muscles which caused Buck's head and the top of his shaft to be caught in between her cheeks. The added pressure caused the big black brawny man with the big belly to growl into her ear.

"Oh fuck yeah... FUCK YEAH...." Buck squeezed her breast roughly. Ellie could feel herself slamming into Steven who was now pinned against the wall and being bounced by Buck's wild thrusting.

"Ah-Ah-Ugh-Oof..." Steven groaned with each bounce of the wall. His tiny hard on and balls smashing roughly against her thigh as he came backwards.

The head of his cock never sliding completely out between her plump, but still muscular cheeks. The swelling black head of his

cock caused the fabric to give and Ellie could hear the fabric tearing as her own leggings were shoved up her asshole.

"Steven," Buck growled between his clenched teeth.

"Ah-Uh-Ya? Rr!" Steven's words were almost becoming indistinguishable.

"I'm 'bout nut all in yo wife's ass, whiteboy," Buck growled louder.

"B-but... p-please... n-n-no!" Steven tried to ask.

Shut up, Steven, you-beta! The alpha male has spoken! Ellie's mind boiled.

Buck was now mauling her breasts by bouncing them, squeezing them, tweaking her nipples and holding them tight as he pumped his hips. His cock had swollen to expand Ellie's asshole opening even more. Ellie could see the horror in her husband's eyes as he stared at Buck with fear, regret and even guilt.

"B-buck!" Steven gave a last-ditch effort.

Ellie felt the thick warm liquid substance squirting against the entrance of her ass. Buck's engorged cock had stretched it out so that he shot it directly inside of her.

"Ugh... Arggggrh..." A-A-AGHH...Buck began to roar from his chest. "I'm... cumming.... In yo... wife's.. phat ass!"

Oh yeah he is... Ellie agreed, feeling the warm sensation of a second, third and even forth stream of his cock shooting inside of her and puddling inside. By the time the fifth stream came, Buck's cum was splashing loudly against the white pool of his cum.

Buck's movement had slowed down and Steven was no longer being pushed against it. Hearing the sound of the wet splashing from Buck's ejaculation made Steven's head drop in defeat while the man continued to dump the rest of his seed in her back soil.

Ellie could feel his cum beginning to trail down the crack of her ass and even feel the bare skin of the head of his cock as Buck continued to let his load release all over her ass. Her leggings were now drenched in Buck's juices and it distracted her from the wetness that had formed on her thigh.

Steven came too! Ellie realized. Her mind went wild with thoughts. She wondered if he actually enjoyed her being with another man, but more importantly if he enjoyed her being with a black man. His porn viewing habits raised a lot of questions to her and tonight she felt like she had some answers.

Buck's hand was still under her shirt and holding her breast as he began to snore. His cock was covered in its own sliminess and only dried off on Ellie's ripped leggings that were no longer wedged up her round, but tight ass.

How far is he willing to let me go? Ellie wondered. *Because at some point... a woman needs to have a little fun too.*

GOOD MORNING BREAKFAST

The next morning, Steven woke up in the bed laying in the corner, but nobody was in the bed next to him. Buck must have woken up early like he usually did while Ellie could be heard humming in the bedroom, but out of his view. He almost sat up and wished her good morning, but the memory of what had happened last night came back to him.

How could I just let Buck use my wife? Not only that... but how and even more importantly, why did I ejaculate semen?! Steven remembered being pushed up against the bed while Buck's sweaty body rubbed against his wife. This time getting off by using her big round perfectly shaped cheeks of her ass, rather than the cheek of his own face. Steven contemplated if that was an

improvement, but realize the contemplation was futile as it was a lose-lose situation for him either way.

Breathing in and out, Steven took a minute to gather himself and long enough for Ellie to begin a new and second tune. He finally began to roll out the bed and sat on the side of it groggily looking over to his wife.

Ellie hadn't noticed that he had awoken and was doing some morning stretching. Steven assumed that she had done her normal yoga and stretches in the morning and was winding down.

Steven felt too awkward to start a conversation with her and put his hands over his head and yawned. It was an obnoxious yawn initially, but after he pretending, he caused himself to actually yawn. Peeking out of the corner of his eyes he looked over to see if Ellie had noticed. She did not notice Steven and continued to go on with finishing her morning routine. Assuming that she was ignoring him, Steven was uncertain if he should try and say anything again or not.

Maybe I'll give her a minute. She probably just needs to wind-down. Steven correctly thought. Standing up, he began to walk towards the door.

Ellie, on the other hand had bent over to touch her toes and with her butt sticking high into the air. Steven completely stopped in mid-stride when he saw the toll that his wife's leggings had taken. There was a large hole that Steven knew he could have fit his cock and balls easily into. There were a few strings that were still holding the hole together, but they were literally lasting on their last threads. Evidence of Buck's DNA was left all over the pants and it didn't completely surprise him how much he came. Nonetheless, it was impressive and all the way from the ass, there were multiple drip-stains that went all the way to the ankles. While Ellie stretched herself out a little further, a few of the threads snapped apart and the hole completely tore up the back.

"Ooh!" Ellie finally broke her concentration as she stood back up quickly. She had a devilish smile as she covered her butt

and looked back at Steven, "Did you see that?"

Steven nodded quickly and made sure he was smiling wide for her. His behavior was a bit over embellished, but Ellie was also use to him doing whatever pleased her and took little notice to the odd behavior.

"My pants are ripped to shreds," Ellie began to pull her pants down right in front of her husband. She was completely nude beneath the leggings only to remind Steven that Buck's cum could have invaded his wife at any moment last night when he hosed her down with his big black pipe. The back of her legs, ass, inner thighs were covered in Buck's dried cum and it had dripped to create crusty streaks down her calves and ankles.

"My skin feels really dry and flakey," Ellie said as her hands came back to rub the coating off of her skin. The white specks floated to the ground like snowflakes on a Christmas morning.

"Maybe it's the air?" Steven suggested shily.

"Or the bed," Replied Ellie. "I mean, I woke up *really, really* sore, today."

Wait... does she know what happened last night? Steven wondered.

"Yeah, hehe, me too," Steven nodded.

"Like... my ass..." Ellie grabbed a handful of her own rump and jiggled the firm meat in her hands. The way her ass spread, allowed Steven to see that the semen stains were now deep inside of his wife and positively got inside her ass.

Steven was partly hypnotized by his wife's actions and partly distracted by his mind. The thought of Buck's bucketload of cum filling his wife's ass, was now filling his mind. He had heard him blowing his load last night, but he had held out for hope that it next actually entered his wife. A part of him dreading the idea that it entered in her other hole.

She's not on the pill... Worried Steven, before trying to remain logical. *Is that even possible?*

Denial set in and he excused himself to use the restroom. He had felt that he was left still unsure of Ellie was conscious or unconscious during the whole ordeal, but the way she spoke and the potential innuendo that was being thrown around made him nervous. It wasn't a long walk, but by the time he reached the bathroom, he was already preoccupied and Steven waited for Buck this time. He opened the door whiffing his stench right at him. Steven stumbled back and held his breath, but it was too late.

"Nothing like a big morning shit," Buck said with a small chuckle and grin. He oddly reached out and grabbed Steven's shoulders and wiped his hands off on them. "Let me know if you can smell what I ate..."

Asshole! He just wiped his hands off on me... I hope they're wet because he washed them! Steven complained internally. "Nah, I think I'm going to wait, Buck"

Buck had already walked by Steven when he responded. However, Buck stopped gave him a few hard pats on the back that sent him into the reek-chamber. "Nonsense! Have at it!"

Disgusting! Steven put his shirt up to cover his mouth and nose. It helped, but it didn't completely protect him from the gross aroma as he went to the bathroom as fast as he could. Exiting, he could hear faint gunshots and explosions occurring from the living room that had the big screen television.

They must be playing the video game! Steven felt excited, almost completely forgetting his own anguish momentarily. Deciding to give Ellie some more space, Steven practically galloped out towards the living room in optimistic fashion. *If last night is all that happens, I can get over it. Today can be a better day, if I choose it to be!*

Steven walked out to the living room to find Tyson and Snags were the ones on the joysticks. They were sharing the controller, but still playing the same game they were playing from earlier. Tyson and Steven each had their own separate save slot to differentiate whose game they were playing and Snags would just play on either one of their games.

"Good morning!" Steven tried to sound enthused. Looking around he hadn't noticed Vernon or Buck, but there were a few different aromas going around.

Nobody answered Steven, but he didn't let that get him down. The part of the game they were currently on looked pretty intense. Looking towards the front door, Steven noticed that Vernon was sitting in a lawn chair on the top of the stairs. He had an old corncob pipe and was smoking something out of it that smelled similar to what they had smoked in the basement earlier.

The second smell was very pleasant and it was food, but it was distinctly breakfast food which was Steven's favorite. Buck was suddenly heard freestyle rapping out rhythmically from the kitchen and he realized that he was cooking. It made sense to Steven, since he was the largest of the other men and single that he was the one most well-versed. The melody and lyrics that Buck had made up on the spot were sounding really stylish to Steven's ears and he bobbed his head lightly as he watched the video game continue in front of him.

Buck suddenly stopped rapping, after noticing Steven, "A'yo... you hon-gry?"

Did he just say horny? "No." Steven replied, before realizing what he said. "Oh you said, *hungry!*"

"Ya'..." Buck thought for a second. "Da'fuck you think I say?"

Shit. Steven shrugged his shoulders, "Oh, I don't know, but

yes sir, I am hungry.”

“Sir?” Buck laughed, which made the rest of the group laugh.

Vernon coughed from the porch, but chimed in. “Ya’ g’damn right sonny. Show some respect.”

“Damn, old man, calm down,” Snags said, but the smile on his face showed that he was amused.

“Alright-alright,” Buck calmed the room down and slid a plate of food onto the table. “Sit yo’ ass down and grab some grub.”

Steven felt himself shrivel up when the guys all smirked at him, but appreciated Buck’s shielding him from their potential scrutiny. He slowly walked over to the plate and food that Buck had cooked eggs, cheese, bacon, potatoes and peppers into a big pile of homemade goodness. Buck had pulled out the seat that Snags was sitting in when Ellie gave him a nut-busting lap dance. There was nothing particularly odd about the seat other than that and Steven accepted the invite to sit himself down.

“Gee, thanks Buck!” Steven said. He began to pluck a potato mixed with eggs and a small piece of bacon onto his fork.

“That’s sir, to you,” Buck said in a low tone.

“Oh sorry, sir! I meant sir!” Steven said before he took a bite.

The entire room got a laugh, but Buck waved the entire room to silence with one muscular arm. “I’m just fucking with you, Stevie.”

It’s Steven. Not Stevie. Steven simply smirked to try and go along with the joke, but he could feel that his face was becoming red with embarrassment.

“Go on, Stevie, take a bit,” Buck encouraged. He stood right over him and was watching him.

Why is he being so aggressive? Steven stared at the food on his fork. Nothing looked odd about it. "O-okay... here goes..."

He prepared his taste buds to taste something odd or even something nasty, but knew no matter what the first it would be bittersweet based on everyone laughing at him. Instead of unpleasantness, his mouth was met with a tongue covering sensation of bliss. The eggs were very soft, the bacon was crisp and the potatoes were cooked to perfection. The only one paying attention to him as he ate the bite was Buck which also disarmed him from any paranoia.

"How is it?" Buck asked with a smile and lightly nodding his head.

"Well... its..." Steven continued to play with the food on his tongue. "It's really good."

He could taste something special about the food, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was exactly. It wasn't a strong flavor, but just a small hint of something that he had tasted before. It reminded him of the coffee that Buck had been given him earlier, even though he was only noticing it now. It didn't bother him though and only added to the pleasant meal that Buck watched him eat. He had brought him and Steven over each another coffee and this time when Steven drank it, he noticed the same flavor.

"Buck? Is there something in the coffee? I am tasting something... different this time," Steven asked while rinsing his plate off that he had eaten otherwise clean.

"Nope. Same way I made coffee yesterday," Answered Buck, technically not lying.

"Well either way, thanks for breakfast and the coffee!" Steven said after finishing rinsing off his plate. He raised his mug up to Buck who was still at the table.

Buck raised his mug back, "No problem, little buddy. Thanks

to you, I received a proper night sleep.”

Steven nervously sipped his coffee, looking around the room to see if anyone else heard what Buck said, but there was no reaction.

“Go on, I know you want to play your games with the boys,” Buck permitted, nodding over to Tyson and Snags.

Why is he being SO nice to me? Steven could only wonder, but tried to remain unapprehensive. “Awesome! Thanks, Buck!”

Vernon slowly stood up from the lawn chair outside the door on the top of the steps. It appeared that his pipe was clean and he was walking back inside. Steven noticed that Vernon was hunched over and having some sort of lower back pain causing him to have trouble while he walked.

“Damn couch is about as comfy as the hospital bed I stayed in after my knee replacement!” Vernon said while rubbing his palm against the part of his back that was sore. “I’m going to take-me a bath and soak in some warm water. Hopefully that will loosen up the tightness of my back.”

“You go ahead pops... need any help? That step into the tub can be a doozy,” Tyson said while Snags played the game next to him.

Vernon waved his hand dismissively, “I don’t need no help from no boy. I’ve been giving myself baths before yo’ daddy knocked boots with yo’ mama!”

The room snickered and Tyson just shook his head, “Sheesh. Forget I asked.”

“I already have,” Vernon walked by and stopped Tyson from standing up. “I already know where the towels are, so just sit back down young’n.”

As Vernon walked towards Steven who was obstructing his

way, he yelled out at him in a grumpy fashion, "Outta' my way."

"Oops, sorry!" Steven moved to the side.

"For what?" Vernon snipped.

"Your back pain..." Steven timidly responded, before feeling obligated to say. "Wish I could help."

"Don't you sorry me, boy, the pain in my back is because of you and that beautiful wife of yours," He shouted as he walked down the hallway and away. He then stopped in thought and turned back to look at Steven. "As matta' a fact, there is a way you can help."

"Sure Vernon, what can I do?" Steven asked.

"Get yo' woman to help a poor old man," Vernon stated. "I could use a woman's touch."

"Sure, Vernon, I'll see what I can do!" Steven replied without thinking it through.

Vernon had walked off and was making his way to a closet that had his clothes in it. He was going through it when Steven turned to the rest of the room. Everyone was staring at him with an odd look.

"What?" Steven asked.

"You're going to let Ellie---" Tyson began to say, but was stopped when Snags stopped playing the game and used a hand to grab Tyson's suddenly. Tyson's words were stifled and he looked down at Snags hand while the youngest man with the golden snaggle-tooth began to talk.

"Nothin'.... Since you don't understand... just nothin'," Snags said with secrecy. "Go 'head, get yo' woman."

Steven followed Vernon who stood there to ensure that he was doing what he was told. He stared at him with a face without

emotion, but one that Steven was not going to trifle with.

“Hurry up!” Vernon snapped.

“Yes-sir!” Steven jumped at the sound of his loud bark. He walked to the bedroom, listening to Vernon snicker to himself as he did.

GOOD MORNING BATH

Ellie was on the bed on her stomach wearing only the t-shirt, with her knees bent and her ankles crossed above her. Nude from the waist down, she figured she'd wait to put on the cotton underwear that had become crusty from nights before from what she incorrectly assumed was Steven's ejaculate. He masturbated so much that Ellie had thought it was becoming a problem, but realizing his fascination with black men was becoming an even stranger problem.

I don't understand why Steven blew his load... or maybe I just don't want to admit why. Looking at the pictures without really thinking, she continued to flip the pages of the magazine. *I have come across so many filthy things in his search history that its not like everything that I'm thinking is unrealistic.*

She could tell by the lightness of the knock at the door, that it was Steven. He was also so dainty and gentle when it came to anything physical; including sex. Always choosing to make love to her rather than to fuck her brains out.

“Come in!” Ellie had not moved. She was facing away from the door, with her lower half facing the door.

Steven slowly opened the door, but noticed that his wife was not covered. He began to shut the door, but Vernon, who was standing right behind him, did not allow for it. The older man, pushed the door open and stepped in Steven's personal space to

push him forward and into the room. Vernon had a very friendly smile on his face and Ellie could see that he was staring at her arched mound of flesh below her waist. The abruptness of his entrance caused Ellie to freeze from moving and her lack of inaction further ceased her from covering herself. Steven gracelessly and cowardly standing there and just hung his head in defeat as Vernon gawked at his wife's beautiful ass.

Unable to speak, Ellie was awkwardly put into a position to ask, "Um... Hi..."

"Hey..." Steven began.

"Good morning, babydoll... pardon our clumsy intrusion on ya." Vernon said with a nod of his head and polite smile on his face. However, his eyes drifting down towards her rear end from time to time, unable to stop himself. Steven said nothing, and Vernon elbowed him.

"Oh, yeah, so what I wanted to ask you..." Steven began, standing now erect and upright after wincing from Vernon's elbow. "Vernon needs help with the bath."

"Huh?" Ellie wasn't quite following what she was being asked of her.

"He said he could use a woman's touch... wouldn't allow us boys to help him..." Steven proclaimed without hesitation. He continued his fumbled explanation. "... so I was thinking since we are the ones causing his back problem..."

"How are we causing his back problems?" She was still confused, but was trying to connect the dots of everything.

"Because we are taking the bed from him. I told you that he's an old man." Steven tried to shift blame to her.

"Oh, so I'm the one who is to blame here?" Ellie asked.

"Well..." Shrugged Steven.

"Well what?" Ellie narrowed her eyes, but Steven was looking down at the ground.

"Go on boy, act like a man and speak up for yo'self!" Vernon smacked Steven again.

The encouraging smack did its job and Steven looked up and said, "Yes. It is your fault! I told you already that we should share---"

"Fine!" Ellie put her hand up and halted the room. "I'll do it."

"You will?" Steven asked with unpleasant surprise.

"Mhm. I will," Ellie nodded.

Ellie watched Vernon put a hand around her husband's shoulder with a big wide smile on his face as he stared down at her ass. It was flattering to her really, as he was the only one in the room that was giving it any positive attention. Her husband seemed unnerved by it and she was beginning to doubt his desire for her. Even as Vernon stood there and gawked at her figure, Steven looked sad.

I don't understand what his problem is. He just got his way... Ellie sadistically humored herself. "Okay, Vernon, I'll be there in just a minute."

Steven was going to stay behind and possibly try and convince her to cover herself up, or even talk her out of it completely. Vernon did not allow for him the chance and with his arm wrapped around Steven, he walked them both out of the room.

"See ya soon, angel-face..." Vernon said as he walked out of the room. He spoke to Steven as they left, "Proud of you boy... way to be a man in there."

"Really?" Steven asked.

“Oh yeah, you did really good in there,” Vernon said.

Ellie could see Vernon holding back his laughter and the sarcasm being unrealized by her husband. *He is such a beta... so simple minded... so easy to persuade, manipulate and overall control.*

Without any more obstacles she didn't need any time to get ready other than to slide her panties up her long and toned legs. She could hear Vernon telling Steven to go into the living room and play video games with the boys and it made her giggle.

He really is a boy sometimes... Ellie waited at the bedroom door for Steven to leave. When he finally did, she exited the room and followed behind Vernon into the bathroom. The tub had been running the entire time, but once it was filled, he shut it off which was right before she had entered the room.

The old man's clothes were in a pile on the porcelain counter and he had stripped down to only his briefs. She was surprised that he was in such good shape for an old man, or for any man really. Comparing his body to her husbands, he looked much younger and fit. However, Ellie had noticed that he was starting to look much thinner than usual. She had thought so last week, but this week only confirmed that his body was transforming due to this lockdown.

Ellie's caught herself staring at the bulge that prominently protruded from the old man's bulge. *Oh my god...*

Vernon stood there proudly for her to stare and intentionally embarrassing her by allowing her to. Only when she finally snapped herself back to reality did he speak, “Mind helping me with these sweetheart?”

Vernon raised himself up on his toes lightly to push his bulge into the air and hint that he was talking about his underwear. Ellie had found her eyes gravitating back towards the large object before finally responding.

"Yeah, I guess I can," Ellie felt like she should have said no, but for some reason she didn't.

Vernon put his hands on his hips while Ellie walked up to stand right in front of him. She took a moment to stare down at them before finally taking a deep breath before hooking her thumbs into the waistband. She exhaled as she began to bend her knees and start to lower herself to pull them down the old man's waist and over his thighs. The elastic band made its way around his knees before she was on her knees and at eye level with yet another giant black phallus. It wasn't as thick as Buck's, but it was definitely just as long. Small and spare gray hairs had surrounded the hanging flesh.

Oh my god, and his balls! They are huge! Ellie noticed seeing the fist-sized balls that dangled underneath the giant black cock. She realized she had been staring for too long and looked up at Vernon. Vernon had a confident grin on his lips and it caused Ellie to smile and giggle in response.

"How's the view from down there, darling?" Vernon asked.

She only smiled in response and took another chance to look at it before she realized how masculine it smelled. Almost like taking a waft of a fine aged wine, the old man's bottle-lengthed cock produced a similar effect of his own aroma. It was like she could tell that he was very experienced by the way he smelled and lingered over her tongue.

It tastes so... tempting... Ellie fought her mind and quickly tugged his briefs down the rest of his leg.

She wasn't sure how it happened at first, either a mishap on her part or on Vernon's, but somehow the thick piece of meat slapped against the side of her face. Her cheek rippled in response even caused her to feel a slight amount of pain as it did.

"Oops," Vernon said through his grin. This time, he leaned

forward and swayed his hips causing it to smack against her again.

“Hey!” She said through a giggle, but only closing her eyes.

Vernon swayed his hips yet again and smacked it against the other side of her face and the opposite cheek. This time, it hit her pretty hard and left a small painful sensation behind. Yet, she only kept her eyes closed and accepted the warm cock against her face and this time nuzzled it.

“That’s right,” Vernon said in a soft, but demeaning tone. He had taken control at that very moment and not only did he know it, but she did too.

Ellie thought about opening her mouth, but when she opened her eyes first, Vernon was at the side of the bathtub that was filled with warm water. Completely nude, he had lifted one leg over the same ledge that he was sitting on. Standing up quickly, she went to go help him balance by grabbing at his shoulder to stabilize him.

“Thanks baby,” Vernon said as he began to lift his other leg and swing it over. As he began to lower himself into the tub, he had a hold of Ellie’s midriff and pulled her down.

Lower and lower Ellie went as she bent the top half of her torso over the ledge while standing outside of the tub. Her ass in the air and her top side leaning over the ledge she lowered Vernon to sit in the tub. She gasped when she felt the warm water against her t-shirt and her chest. Vernon held her for one last second to get himself comfortable while the water soaked into the front of her shirt.

“Perfect,” Vernon said letting go.

Ellie raised herself up and looked down to see that her shirt was drenched in the front. *Oh my god, my shirt is see-through now!*

The water had made the shirt heavier on her naturally busty chest and clung to her large breasts leaving nothing to Vernon’s

imagination. He stared at her breasts that were covered by the transparent cloth with a large smile that only widened when her nipples began to get hard.

“Well look at you, you’re all wet!” Vernon said.

I am wet... really wet... Ellie thought as she felt a teasing tingle between her legs. Vernon was so forward with his eyes that it was flattering to her ego and being cooped up in the house had made her long after being desired once again. Usually she could get her fix in random places where strangers would hit on her, but obviously in the current times that was impossible.

Feeling Vernon’s eyes caused her to cover herself, “I’m really sorry, Vernon...”

“Oh don’t you worry about a thing, doll. I’ve seen hundreds, if not thousands of pairs of breasts... and yours are definitely nothing to be ashamed of,” Vernon said with a smile.

“Oh... well... thanks,” Ellie dropped her hands so Vernon could stare at them once again.

Vernon stared with an perverse expression and even nonchalantly reached down to his cock and gave it one aggressive stroke. From Ellie’s view above the water, it looked like he had pulled on a long black cord release the cock to begin floating towards the top. Even with the water up to Vernon’s chest, the head of his soft cock was now bubbling against the surface.

“Now go on, get on with it,” Vernon said as he leaned back seeing that he had her attention.

Ellie grabbed some liquid soap and lathered her fingers and hangs up. She stared with his shoulders and his arms that he had splayed out on each side of him. He groaned with each massaging movement she gave him.

He is quite muscular for his age... much stronger than

Steven ever could be... Ellie thought as she began to rub over his chest and his abdominal area. She had spent her life in the gym and always wished he had exercised more. But she never persisted because he always had some sort of way of embarrassing her in front of her fitness friends when he used to come along.

"That's nice girl... now the legs..." Vernon said raising a leg on each side of the tub. During most of the bath he would encourage by light moans and constantly hitting on her in different ways that made her blush.

Ellie had to get more soap before she worked on the bottom half of his body. His legs were smoother than she would have expected as she washed his knees, calves and thighs. She grabbed more soap and began to rub the bottom of his feet and scrub her palms against the top side of them.

"Don't fo'get between them toes, honey," Vernon said as he spread them a few times.

"Yes sir," She found herself conveying respect to the elder.

I can't believe Steven is just letting me wash another man's body like this... its kind of humiliating and very demeaning for a woman.... Ellie stewed in her thoughts while she washed between the older man's big toes.

Vernon snickered and must have been slightly ticklish, but remained mostly composed. "Feels nice... real nice..."

Ellie finally stopped washing the old man's rough feet and rinsed her hands off, "Well, it looks like we're all done..."

Ellie quickly began to stand, but Vernon had gripped her by the hem of the white t-shirt. The sound of the fabric tearing down the middle caused her to stop. When she looked down, she noticed that the tear had gone almost all the way down her shirt and ended just above her belly button.

“Vernon!” Ellie squealed.

“I didn’t say you were done,” Vernon held onto the last remaining fabric stitched together, as though he would rip the rest of it down.

“Okay, sorry Vernon... I just thought...” Ellie stopped herself from making any excuses as she got back down on her knees next to the tub. “What did I miss?”

Vernon didn’t answer with his words, but with his eyes as he looked down between his legs. His rock-hard cock sticking out of the water a few inches and twitching around with his efforts.

“But Vernon! I’m a married woman!” Ellie protested with a loud giggle.

.....

Steven was in the middle of playing the video game completely distracted by the fictional world that consumed him. Snags and Tyson were both whispering to one another from time to time and he had been getting the feeling that they were talking about him. Ignoring it, he did his best to avoid any conflict and preserve his feelings from being hurt by something negative they would say. Buck was using a weight bench downstairs and was working out. There weren’t many weights, but the weights Tyson owned proved enough for the brawny black man.

It wasn’t until he heard Ellie giggling that he finally returned back to the real world. He looked down the hallway where the bathroom was and listened to laughing and splashing.

“You good?” Snags asked.

“Yeah. Here,” Steven handed him the controlling ending his concern for him. Snags took the controller and went back to playing the game.

"Where are you going?" Tyson asked when he walked away.

"Be right back," Even though it felt nice that someone cared, Steven still avoided answering him.

"We're skipping you if you ain't back soon, when you're up next," Snags told Steven, showing his disregard. He had already died and it was Tyson's turn to play.

It was annoying how rude the men in the house were to him, but especially Snags. He was almost half his age and should have been showing him respect like the rest of the men in the house. Instead, the younger man made it clear that Steven was at the bottom of the pecking order. The closer that he got to the bathroom, the more he forgot about Snags. It sounded like something funny was happening in the bathroom by the way Ellie was laughing.

"Are you sure?" Ellie asked.

"Only if you think you can handle it baby-doll," Vernon dared.

"Honestly, I'm really not sure..." Ellie said taking a second to take a deep breath.

Steven slowly got closer to the door, but it was clear that what was happening inside was not innocent. His heart wincing when he heard Vernon ask his next question.

"C'mon, you don't mean to tell me that itty-bittied balled husband of yours has a tiny pecker too?" Vernon asked.

Ellie giggled which perturbed Steven. He had hoped that she would have come to his defense, but right now she wasn't even willing to lie for him. The way she had giggled held a pent-up frustration which was their sex life. Steven reached the door and did his best to prepare himself for what he was about to see.

"Alright... well... here we go then," Ellie said with a nervous

excitement.

Steven looked into the room and could see that Ellie was holding a bottle of liquid soap upside down. The liquid was pouring down like honey onto the black skin of the head of Vernon's large cock. The size of Vernon's hardness came to no surprise to Steven who suspected the size of it ever since the night the old man groped his wife's ass. It was the single and possibly most important moment that determined the dynamics and his place in the household.

Vernon was sitting back in the tub with a beam that was all knowing and infuriated Steven, but not as much as when Ellie reached into the water. Her hand disappeared into the water and out of his view.

"Oh my god, Vernon. I can't even wrap my hand around it..." Ellie said impressed.

"Go ahead and rub that soap in that shaft," Vernon said leaning further back into the tub. His cock stabbing into the air and emerging from the water, dripping from its bulbous serpent head like the Nessie herself.

Ellie's hand was causing tsunami like waves from underneath the surface as she worked the shaft of his cock. The friction caused the bubbles to rise to the top of the water around Vernon's crotch and her hand would sometimes rise to the surface causing splashing.

"Mmhmm... wash it good now," Vernon groaned with his head leaning against the head of the tub now. "Remember ya got two hands."

"Okay," Softly replied Ellie. She began to reach her other hand towards the tub, but instead of submerging into the water, it wrapped around the top half of Vernon's hard cock. "Wow.... Vernon..."

“Ya’ like that big black cock, don’t you?” Vernon asked.

“It’s so big... both of my hands...” Ellie’s mind attempted to organize her thoughts out loud without directly answering him. She began to work the cock slowly in her soapy hands, covering Vernon’s black flesh with white suds. Small waves rippled over the light splashing water while her hands moved their way up and down.

No... damnit... Steven felt himself hardening. Not now!

The pace of Ellie’s hand job increased causing the water to splash louder and Vernon to shift around from time to time with a groan. Continued rubbing caused more soapy bubbles to fill the tub leaving a white frothy foundation to Vernon’s giant black cock.

Steven looked down towards the bedrooms and saw that nobody occupied them. He turned around to look over his shoulder to find the hallway behind him was empty.

The coast is clear... Steven thought before pulling his hard cock. It was rock hard, but it felt considerably smaller than it usually was. He stared down at it as he stroked himself with small fast strokes.

Is my cock getting smaller? Steven wondered.

The splashing in the bathroom became much louder and it distracted Steven from his tiny problem. Ellie was now working Vernon’s cock with both hands at a faster pace and her hands were covered in soap. She was using one of her hands to stroke his head in a circular motion, while her other hand worked his shaft.

Vernon groaned with Ellie’s hand deep in the water, “Oh yeah... work those balls too...”

Steven watched his wife wash Vernon’s big black cock for a few minutes as he pumped his own cock. He was so small that his hand smacked repeatedly against his own pelvic area and he could only hope that nobody could hear him. Cupping his own balls, he imagined what it would feel like for his wife to wash his cock like she

was for the older black man. However, the thought seemed so unrealistic that it almost ruined the mood.

God, Vernon's cock is so vigorously hard...like a young mans! Steven said as he continued to jerk off and watch his wife jerk him off.

"Oh yeah, baby... almost clean.... I'm almost *clean*..." Vernon said as he began stiffen up in the tub.

Ellie increased her pace of her stroking made the water wave and splash all over the place. Her ripped shirt had now completely opened and her breasts were out in the open. Her forearm bounced her large natural breasts up and down while she stroked his cock rapidly. Wet squishing noises emitted from Vernon's soap covered black cock along with the slapping noise of Ellie's arm hitting her breasts. Water and suds dripped from Ellie's breasts as she did her best to keep her balance over the tub with her ass facing her husband covered in only her cotton panties.

"Mmm..." Vernon watched his wife jiggling boobs as she continued to soak and stroke his cock with soap.

Steven was ashamed of himself for masturbating while watching his wife wash another man's cock and jack him off in the process. He had completely lost himself in the moment of watching his wife's infidelity and Vernon's finally reaching forward. His long fingers and his palm cupped Ellie's breasts. His black hand covering her breasts and squeezing them before finally letting out a loud grunt.

"Agh... Yeah..." Vernon squeezed Ellie's breasts causing her to moan.

Ellie's eyes lit up as Vernon's cock erupted, shooting one long stream of semen a few feet into the air. While the first one was suspended in the air, a second stream shot up to follow it before it had descended. A third long stream of cum shot a foot into the air,

followed by a fourth one. Thick white cum rained down all over Vernon's black chest and Ellie's tits as she continued to pump it furiously in her hand. Her mouth was wide open with excitement as stream after stream of cum continued to shoot out of Vernon's cock.

"Oh yeah... keep cumming for me... keep cumming..." Ellie cooed with one of her hands underwater and presumably rubbing Vernon's fist-sized balls to drain them dry.

Vernon's hand was rubbing his cum all over Ellie's tits as he squeezed and groped them while he was milked. Cum had gotten all over her and the situation was so sexually frustrating to Steven that it was making him sweat.

"Eee!" Steven shrieked before cumming himself. As loud as he was, only a small squirt shot out from him and landed on the bathroom door. A few dribbles of cum dripped down before falling down to the carpet, but it was nothing like the night he came in his pants. He was instantly losing his hardness and was finished in no time. His hand was covered in his own cum and sweat, and he bent down to wipe it on the carpet while peeking into the bathroom again.

Ellie was leaning down and washing her breasts, but still had one hand on Vernon's cock and was stroking it. The old man's cock was still rather hard, and she stared down at it with amazement. Biting her lower lip, Steven could see the temptation building in his wife's eyes.

Maybe I should step in and do something... Steven wondered.

Before he could make another movement, he heard the clearing of someone's throat coming from directly behind him. His heart felt like it had stopped and the wind was knocked out of him while he was still crouched down. Slowly turning his head around Steven found Tyson standing over him and looking down at him with his hands on his hips. Steven's mouth was hanging open as he looked up at the man that he once considered a good friend.

However, here he was staring down at him like a stranger and like he had never seen him before in his life.

"Dude... really?" Tyson asked.

"What?" Steven tried to play it off. It was his only chance.

"I saw everything," Stated Tyson, before looking over at the door and Steven's cum trailing down it.

Oh my god... oh my god... Steven made a squeaking noise, but there were no words. He tried to speak, but what was there to say. It couldn't get much worse he thought.

That's when Tyson stepped over Steven and took a look into the bathroom. "What the hell are you looking at anyway?"

Steven could see Tyson looking into the bathroom. He looked back down at Steven, and then back into the bathroom. Back to Steven, and into the bathroom, before finally going back to Steven. "So you don't mind your wife jerking Vernon off?"

"Well.... I..." Steven was unsure of how to explain his inaction and he simply shrugged.

"And... you're actually into this sort of thing?" Tyson also asked.

"I wouldn't say all that... I mean..." Steven tried to speak this time, but was halted.

"Dude, you just came all over the place watching your wife hand-fucking Vernon..." Tyson said.

"Well yeah..." Steven's head sunk on his shoulders. He didn't know what else to say and found himself at a loss of words.

Tyson took a second to look back into the bathroom, but spoke to Steven as he watched the two inside.

"That's actually awesome man..." Tyson rubbed at his

crotch from the outside of his pants.

“What is?” Steven was almost scared to ask.

“You and Ellie’s situation... I’ve had my eye on her for a while...” Tyson said.

A while!? Steven became alarmed. “C’mon, Tyson...”

Tyson’s head snapped towards Steven and he gave him a glare through his thick framed black glasses. “Dude, are you serious? You’re going to let every one else have some fun with her besides your *actual* friend?”

The way he phrased it caused Steven to almost agree with him. He remained silence as he thought about the logic.

“That’s what I thought,” Tyson said in a way that was outside of his normal caring and friendly nature.

“But Tyson... dude... she’s my wife!” Steven said while on his knees in front of his friend.

“I know, man... you’re right... she’s your wife and I’m your friend... and...” Tyson said while thinking over what he had just said.

Steven could see that he was doubting his own morals and held onto hope that his friend wouldn’t turn on him.

Tyson’s eyes glazed over and he looked over to Steven, “Look Steven, I might never get another chance like this again.”

“What... huh... you mean...” Steven was still in denial of what Tyson was saying.

Tyson reached down and put his hand on his shoulder. Offering up a superficially sympathetic tone he spoke literally and figuratively down to Steven, “I promise... I’ll be good to her when I have my turn, alright? Since you’re my friend.”

Steven was stunned. He wanted to scream and he felt like crying. When his eyes began to water, Tyson look disgusted with him and he walked away.

He felt all alone to stew about what had happened. Emotions were now becoming more frequent to him and almost like he was overwhelmed by them. Feeling trapped inside like a prisoner he wanted to escape his beta reality. He felt like the world had changed, his wife had changed... and there was some deep and nagging feeling like he was changing most of all.

Mentally... and physically...

Thank you!

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