

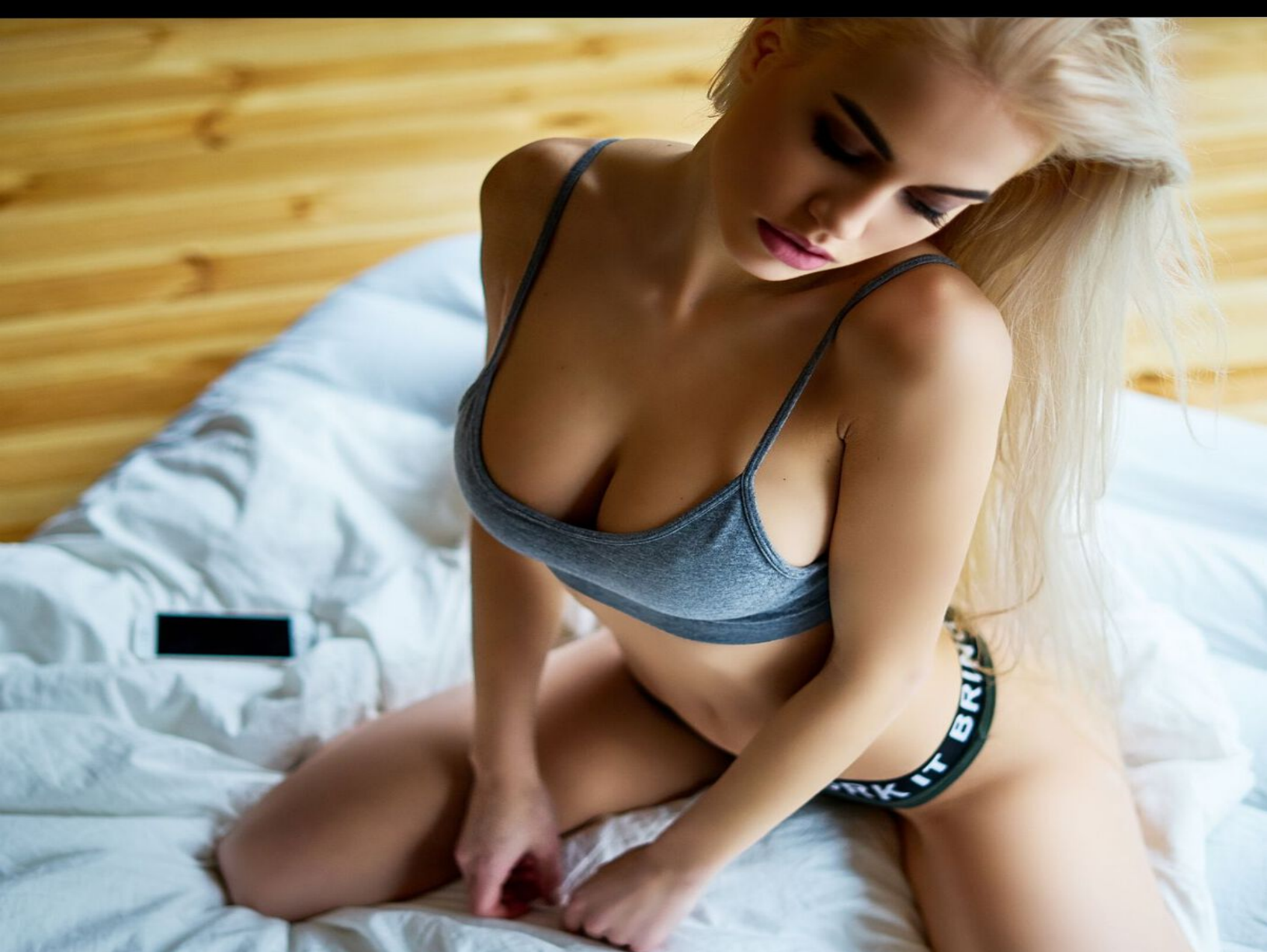
CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | BBC | SISSY FEMINIZATION | BI



CUCKOLD  
HUMILIATION

**Part V**

**Blackhouse**  
**LOCKDOWN**



REMY LEONE

Cuckold Humiliation  
**Blackhouse Lockdown**  
Part **V**

Remy Leone

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## BUCK'S BUILDING BLUES

The routine had begun to develop over the course of time of Steven and Ellie becoming figuratively trapped inside the small home with the group. Buck was now making his nightly visits with his appendage that was well over a foot long. It was too large to stand up hard like Snags cock did when he had watched Ellie jerking him off a while back. It hung loose enough for Steven to grab every night and pull Buck out of the room comparable to pull a thick hose that his hand was unable to wrap around. Buck's brawny form became more difficult to lead out of the room each time and Steven found himself tugging on Buck's cock more and more. The longer he stroked, the harder Buck's cock, but he never had any true release and Steven only imagined that the blue balls were causing Buck's irritable and increasingly bully behavior.

Even with the common occurrences with Buck, beauty sleep became the normal for Steven who found himself sleeping in later than Ellie more frequently. Though, now when he would wake up, he noticed that his penis that had become shaftless and merely a flattening head appeared to be shrinking even more. Each morning,

the circular brim of his head would curve up and the tip of penis would sink inwards.

Worried that his penis was inverting, Steven was now doing whatever he could to keep it from folding into himself. Whenever it would feel like it was retracting inside, he would massage his pelvic area with one hand and use his other hand to try and dig his head out.

*Okay... its no longer an "inny", but now an "outty" again...* Steven was relieved seeing that the head of penis was still able to protrude at all.

It was one of those rare occasions that the restrooms were unoccupied and he was able to relieve himself. Still sitting down and having even more issues with his shrinkage that had developed in the last three months since being stuck in a home with a group of alpha black males.

Ellie's leggings had been completely ripped to shreds over the course of their stay in the tight quarters of the home, after being incessantly groped by the men on a daily basis. Each time a man would cop a feel of her ass or legs, they would rip the leggings further and exposed more of her smooth skin underneath. Finally, after were playing tug of war with her over whose lap she sat in, Vernon and Snags finally ripped them completely off of her perfectly shaped ass. The fabric had only torn in a way that left them tightly stuck around her mid-thighs giving her the appearance of wearing sheer black stockings.

The only thing covering her were her cotton white panties with pink trim that were tightly wedged up the curve of her firm ass. Even though Ellie's shirt was already ripped vertically down the front, she cut it in half horizontally. This mean there was less shirt to tie a knot around the front, and meant more of Ellie's perky, but heavy breasts were sticking out. Her cleavage now spilled out the top due to the tightness of the night, but now spilling out of the bottom to expose the bottom curve of her breasts at all times. With the

bottom half of the shirt, she wrapped it around her waist and used it like a skirt.

It only covered her ass and Steven could see her white panties in front, but it was better than nothing in her mind. Steven had begged her a few days ago to borrow some clothing from Tyson, but didn't want to give her the sweatpants even with the tight spandex shorts available to him. They were very short and tight and they only made his butt look bigger and more feminine than it was already looking lately.

Since then, Steven was beginning to have a hard time looking at himself into the mirror. He had stopped looking at himself a couple of weeks ago and had long ago lost the courage to see what he was becoming. Now that he sat down to relieve himself on the toilet, he could avoid touching his small penis outside of tugging it out of himself each morning. It was a way for him to temporarily deny what was happening. But now, while he washed his soft and dainty hands, he couldn't escape what the rest of his body was becoming.

*I look like I've had a manicure...* Steven thought while staring down at his fingernails that were without color. He then looked at his toes that looked glistening with polish. ... *and a pedicure...*

He tucked the strands of blonde hairs behind his ears and could feel his hair was now down to his shoulders. He had never witnessed his hair at such lengths and technically he still hadn't since he stopped looking at himself. The thought of cutting it had crossed his mind from time to time, but in the end the hair felt like a small security blanket over him. Even if it was a false sense of protection, it was comforting to Steven who had nothing else to grasp upon besides his physical training with Buck.

As he rubbed his hands together with soap and water, his breasts bounced on his chest and jiggled from side to side. This was the first time that had ever happened and it caught him by

surprise.

*Shit... are they still growing? What is happening to me?*

He slowed his hands down in the water to keep his chest from going every direction. When he finished, he exited without taking one glance at the mirror and keeping himself safely in denial. He could feel himself gracefully walking down the wooden hallways and felt unusually light. The usual light creaking that use to come from him as he walked down the hallway was no longer there.

*I guess I really have slimmed down... in certain places at least...* Steven thought while rubbing his flat stomach, but stopping at the curve of his B-Cup breast that was becoming impossible to hide under his compression shirt.

The sweatpants that he wore felt even tighter around his hips, ass and thighs that had thickened out during his workouts. He tried his best to keep his ass from swaying back and forth while he walked, but it felt impossible. Trying to walk normally and fight against the feminine strut that was overwhelming him, he put a hand against the wall. With the wall, he remained balanced and made it down the hall, but it was taking all of his mental capacity to keep himself from not falling.

The smell of breakfast motivated him to keep going, but as he made it a few feet he had to stop. Closing his eyes, he could smell something that Buck must have cooked. The sound of Ellie giggling in the kitchen with the guys caused Steven to finally gain his composure.

*I can do this. I just have to walk a few more feet...*

One meek tip-toe followed the other in an elegant fashion while he continued to use the wall to sturdy himself. He made it to the corner and took a moment to catch a breather. His shirt and sweatpants needed to be adjusted and Steven did his best to loosen them around the feminine parts that had formed on his body.

*Okay... I'm ready... 1... 2... 3...* Steven gave himself time to get his mind ready to face the kitchen full of alpha males. When he turned around the corner, Steven found that it wasn't Buck cooking breakfast, but to his surprise his wife.

*Ellie! You've never cooked me breakfast once since we've been married!* Steven's surprise with mixed with a jealous anger.

Ellie was wearing her ripped leggings, make-shift skirt and t-shirt that was knotted and looked like it would unravel due to the pressure exuded onto it by Ellie's large breasts. Snags, Vernon, and Tyson were all staring at her intently and hadn't noticed Steven's entrance, Ellie was plating a food and it provided enough distraction for Steven to creep to fridge to grab some milk.

*That must be my plate of food, I'm going to grab something to wash it down with.* Steven assumed as he reached into the opened fridge.

Steven didn't find any milk, but wondered if one of the others had put it in the back. Leaning down and bending over at the waist he dug further into the fridge in search for the dairy refreshment. A familiar painful sensation against the back of his ass was felt and his plump butt cheeks jiggled.

"Ah!" Steven said and knocking his head on the fridge as he tried to stand up. He attempted to back up and stand up, but was blocked from standing up like Vernon had previously.

*Vernon! Move it!* Steven thought as he shook his ass into the crotch of the man behind him inadvertently as trying to back up and stand upright. He could feel his ass lifting the heavy shaft and big balls that Steven assumed belonged to the old man. Two strong and thick hands came down towards his hips before sliding to his ass and squeezing it roughly.

"Eep!" Steven squeaked. *Those don't feel like Vernon's*

*hands...*

The large hands squeezed his ass and moved his cheeks around in circular motions. Playing with his flesh with his strong fingers and kneading it like dough. The feeling was stimulation to Steven, but he realized that Buck must have been mistaken him for Ellie like Vernon had earlier.

"Buck... its me!" Steven finally said with his ass still in Buck's strong hands.

"I know! I'm admiring all the..." Buck grinded his hips against Steven's ass. "...*HARD* work I've been putting into you..."

Buck's cock was hard and rubbing against his ass that provided cushion for his crotch. He could feel Buck's hands controlling his ass against his crotch and keeping him pushed into the fridge. Steven was kept bent over in front of the fridge while Buck began to gently rub his hardening cock against his ass.

"Mmmm..." Buck murmured in pleasure and began to thrust his hips with more strength.

"Hey... Buck... what... are... you.... doing?!" Steven tried to squeal in between Buck's humping.

Steven could hear everyone laughing with his head stuck inside the fridge and Buck grinding his cock against him roughly. He blocked out the specifics of Snags scrutiny, but he knew that he was making fun of him for being bent over and humped on by Buck.

*Why isn't Buck getting a hard time about humping me? Why are they only ridiculing me?* Steven hated the hypocrisy, but he didn't make the rules. Buck wasn't the type of man to be made fun of, but Steven was the sort of man that they had become accustomed to demeaning regularly.

Steven could feel Buck's cock hardening and Buck must have come to his senses because he finally released him and backed

away. This allowed Steven to stand up and see Buck standing next to him with a grin, while the entire dining room laughed at his expense. The only person that wasn't laughing was Ellie, who had a hand holding the back of her neck and looking away uncomfortably.

"Sorry about that... but yo' ass is just too nice not to grab." Buck said to Steven before looking to the men in the dining room. "Am I right boys"

"Got a phat ass!" Snags said snickering and smacking Ellie to get her attention. She responded by looking down at the ground, but seemed to agree with the younger man.

"Its those damn sweat pants! Got me too!" Vernon added, reflecting on the reason he was pawing Steven's ass earlier.

"Psh..." Was the only sound that Tyson offered. He pushed his thick-framed glasses up his nose and his eyes drifted over to Ellie's tits. They were still in her shirt, but the smallest amount of her areola of her nipple was just slightly beginning to poke out. The tightness of the shirt looked like it was holding onto her large chest for dear life and the knot could rip open at any minute.

"C'mere, let me get another grab..." Buck suddenly said with Steven facing him. Both of his hands reached around him and grabbed at his ass and Steven felt his tiny penis smashed against the hardening monster cock that belonged to Buck through their clothing. Buck's cock easily crushed his shrinking penis and it was easily clear to Steven that the head of Buck's cock was larger than Steven's cock entirely.

*Oh my god...* Steven had never felt so small in his life. Even after everything he had seen up till now.

Steven could see Ellie was looking at him with a disgusted stare with her mouth hanging open. When she had Steven's attention she grimaced into a scowl and shook her head at him

slowly and silently.

*Why is she mad at me!?* Steven questioned him internally. *I must have done something... but what? I'm the victim here!*

Buck finally let Steven go, but grabbed him by the wrist. He spun him around in the kitchen and with one wide swipe of his arm, swung it around and slapped the back of Steven's ass. The feeling was exhilarating to Steven and he could feel an arousing sensation as the pain began to spread in his body.

"Ugh!" Steven moaned and yelled simultaneously.

"I think he liked it..." Snags mockingly said.

"Mmhmm..." Ellie said looking at Steven strangely and crossing her arms over one another only causing a little more of her nipple to show.

Steven tried to change the subject and looked back to the plate of food that Ellie had last set down and remained untouched, "Is that my plate of food?"

"That?" Buck said pointing towards the plate and walking towards it. He sat down at the chair. "Nope. Mine."

"Where's mine?" Steven whined.

"I didn't think you'd want one..." Ellie admitted. It was the first time she sounded guilty about something since they had arrived.

"Why wouldn't I..." Steven watched Buck eating the final plate.

Ellie began to scrape the scraps off of everyone's plate all onto one plate. She had managed to get at least a pile of edible mush before showing it to Steven.

"Here... you can eat this..." Ellie said genuinely, hoping that

would suffice.

The table all started to laugh at Ellie's proposal of feeding her husband their scraps. Ellie tried to ignore them, but lowered the plate realizing that Steven was not interested.

Buck had been watching everything unfold with his bulging crotch protruding prominently. "Don't think you don't have to still wash the dishes, whiteboy."

"Wait? Why?" Steven asked.

"What the fuck did I say about asking me questions..." Buck took one aggressive step towards him making Steven cowardly flinched. "Uh-huh, that's exactly what I thought you little shrimp-puff-fuck."

Ellie snickered making the whole room look at her. Once she gained her composure, she felt compelled to explain, "What? *Shrimp-puff-fuck* is funny."

*Buck's mocking of me is funny to her?* Steven realized. It bothered Steven that his wife wasn't on his side automatically. Sighing, Steven swallowed the lump in his throat in defeat. "Okay... I'll wash the dishes..."

"You will?" Ellie looked surprised that Steven would still do them even though he didn't eat any breakfast. She looked around the rest of the room. "C'mon, can't you guys chip in and---"

"Fuck that... little pink in the sweatpants said she's got it." Snags affirmed.

When Ellie looked to Vernon, she didn't even ask. He was shaking his head with his arm crossed and leaning fully back in the chair.

Tyson got up and began to walk off, "My house... my food... *so not my responsibility.*"

Ellie sighed. She wanted to help Steven, but the others obviously did not. "Fine... I will."

"Nuh-uh... I told this little piece of ass right here..." Buck smacked Steven's ass roughly once again.

This time, Steven felt himself lifted off the ground and slightly into the air. "Owwwww!!!!"

The pain was too much and Buck's rudeness towards him caused his eyes to well up with tears. The whole room stared at him and while Ellie showed her empathy for his emotions, the others were not as compassionate. The men all stared at him like a pack of predators and he was the prey ready for them to feast upon.

Vernon who had grown up in a different time was enjoying the reversal of his roles now. Sitting back with his arms crossed over his chest he stared Steven down while he spoke.

"Remember... it's sponge bath day for me... ain't that right, El-baby?" Vernon reached over and gently took Ellie's hand into his.

Ellie looked down at their hands and silently nodded her head up and down. The awkwardness of the situation made Ellie remain silent while Steven imagined his wife once again jerking off the older black man who was old enough to be either their elderly father.

Steven felt wave after wave of emotion crashing into him and helplessly overwhelming him, before he finally began to cry. He tried to run out of the room as best as he could, but only managed to daintily tip toe with his breasts bouncing on his chest.

As Steven escaped, he could hear the amused roar of laughter echoing in the hallways from behind him.

## CONSOLING ELLIE

Steven went into the bedroom to let his emotions out in private and away from the scrutiny that surely would have ensued if he would have stayed in the kitchen and dining room. The rest of the men saw his tears as weakness and even though they had already saw him cry, he didn't want to give them any more satisfaction than they already had. Holding onto whatever pride and dignity he still had, Steven couldn't help but pity himself and the situation he had now found himself the victim in.

*This isn't fair... why is this happening to me?* Steven looked down and grabbed at his breasts that had become more noticeable even though they were smashed under his compression shirt. It almost made him cry again, but now that he had his longer eyelashes, they caught his tears. With the slowing down of the rollercoaster of emotions, came the slowing down of his crying. He used the bottom of his shirt to dry off his high cheekbones.

*What is wrong with me? I've become super emotional lately... I can't control these feelings... I feel like my emotions are in control of me!* Steve had his head in his hands while he self-reflected.

There was a knock on the door. Steven wasn't surprised that somebody was following him into the bedroom as he assumed that Buck or Vernon would tell him to get the dishes washed up so they could dry for dinner. The surprise came from the fact that the knock was so light that it could only be one person.

"Come in..." Steven did his best to make sure his face was dry.

It was indeed Ellie and she opened the door, she slowly shut it behind her. She remained silent until she sat on the bed next to her husband, "Are you okay?"

*She does actually care about me!* Steven thought before replying with a shrug without words. A wave of emotion came over him and his bottom lip began to quiver.

"Aw, poor baby..." Ellie said as she put her hand on his arm and rubbed it gently.

An insecurity ran through Steven as he lacked any tricep or bicep muscle for her to enjoy while consoling him. However, he felt so vulnerable at the moment and his feelings needed to be tended. Releasing his emotions once again, Steven leaning against Ellie's shoulder and began to cry again. Ellie reacted awkwardly initially, but held him in her arms tightly. Her hands stroked the back of his hair as she stroked the back of his head.

"Why do they have to be so mean to me?" Steven asked.

"Oh c'mon, babe, they're just razzing you a little bit," Ellie downplayed.

"But why me? Why not Snags? He's the youngest!" Steven suggested.

"I think this has more to do with upbringings than with age, honey," Ellie implied in her reply.

"What do you mean?" Steven asked.

"Well, they were all raised in tougher situations than you..." Ellie stated as though she was holding something back.

"What?" Steven called her out.

"I'm just saying that you were raised in a very sheltered way compared to everyone else. They all had to earn everything they've received..." Ellie stated as though she was still holding something back.

"So have I!" Steven said, not understanding what the correlation was.

"Uh-huh..." Ellie nodded lightly before replying with thick sarcasm. "That trust-fund had nothing to do with your success."

"What does that have to do with anything?!" Steven asked.

"I'm just saying, that they are jealous of you and are taking out their anger towards you in this way... and you... well you are just allowing them to..." Ellie stated as a matter of fact.

Steven was silent as he digested Ellie's words. It sounded like she was trying to sociologically rationalize their behavior, dismiss their discretions against him while at the same time, blame him for everything.

*Maybe she's right...* Steven heaved out a long breath of mental exhaustion.

She then squeezed his arm, "Its not your fault, baby, you're just weren't raised to be macho manly, like they had to be."

Steven didn't want to admit it, but hearing that it wasn't his fault technically made him feel better. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Ellie then added in a very optimistic and cheerful tone, "... and I'm sure I can think of something in the meanwhile that will help the situation."

"Really? You think so?" Steven was willing to try just about anything at this point.

"You're my husband... of course I will," Ellie squeezed his arm affectionately.

Steven warmly smiled and for a brief moment felt like everything was going to be okay, "Thanks Ellie..."

Ellie smiled and rubbed at his arm, "Feel better?"

Steven gave the best smile that he possibly could. "Yeah, I think so."

Another knock came at the door as Steven finished his sentence. This time it was a much more assertive banging rather than the light tapping that Ellie had done earlier.

“Ellie!” Vernon’s muffled voice came through the door. “I’ve got choices for ya baby-doll... oil or lotion...”

Ellie’s cringed uncomfortably with Steven sitting next to her as Vernon spoke through the door, “Uhh... Vernon, I’m with Steven!”

Steven felt the churning in his stomach when Vernon obscenely spoke to his wife. He had a good idea what the oil or lotion would be used for and when Vernon opened the door to the room, he got a better view.

Vernon stood in the wide opened doorway in only a pair of white briefs. His normally low hanging scrotum was held up in the fabric, causing his droopy balls to pull up and bunch in his crotch area. This caused his entire bulge to push out and press his long cock out against the cotton white fabric that stretched to contain it. Steven’s eyes naturally moved down to look at Vernon’s lengthy cock that was outlined in his underwear. It was bent to stretch over his pelvic area to aim off to the side and snaked over his droopy balls that were propped up high. He had a bottle of lotion in one hand and a bottle of oil in the other.

The older man looked over at Steven as he entered. He stared at Steven as he implied his disapproval to Ellie with his tone. “Oh, I didn’t know *he* was in here...”

“I said he was!” Ellie persisted.

*Something must be wrong with his hearing...* Steven excused Vernon’s intrusion.

“Okay, baby-doll, calm down,” Vernon said in a gentle voice. “He don’t matter anyway...”

*Gee... thanks...* Steven thought.

Ellie whined, “Vernon! That’s not very nice!”

Vernon superficially smiled over to Steven and struggled to say, “I’m just messing with you, boy...”

*What sort of apology was that?* Steven wondered.

“Vernon...” Ellie said with an authoritative tone.

“Okay-okay... I meant that it doesn’t matter that you’re here...”

“That’s better...” Ellie acknowledged.

*Why is that so much better?* Steven was stumped.

Vernon looked at Ellie and then down to the bottle of lotion. He looked over to the oil, and then back up to Ellie. “I think this oil is going to be better on my skin...”

“Vernnnn....” Ellie said implying for him to hush.

Steven and Ellie still hadn’t talked about her giving Vernon sponge baths. As of right now, it was something they had completely swept under the rug and were pretending that it currently wasn’t happening. Even though, each time Ellie and Vernon went into the bath together, he knew his wife was washing his big black cock and balls as apart of the bath. It always resulted in his cock becoming squeaky clean, as well as his balls to be left completely empty.

“You know... for lube...” Vernon became more descriptive, not catching Ellie’s implication for privacy from Steven.

“Okay Vern! I understand!” Ellie snipped. “Now you can go!”

“Alright, baby-doll, I’ll see you later...” Vernon said to Ellie as he began to walk out of the room backwards. He said nothing to Steven as he completely left.

Ellie gave an awkward smile to Steven and was waiting for him to respond to gauge how much he had just understood. She was aware that he knew that she was giving him sponge baths, but lubing his cock up to jerk him off a few times a week was something

she hoped he did not know.

Steven did his best to not ruin their moment and smiled back. Like most other things, Steven and Ellie hadn't confronted any of their issues with one another. Steven watching her give Snags a handjob and lapdance hadn't been talked about. Her developing relationship with his alleged friend Tyson had also not been talked about and Steven still was acting like they were best of buds. Ellie had relaxed so much more in the last few months about not complaining about him putting them in their current situation that at first, it was a relief for Steven. Though now it seemed like he had let so much go that the precedent for the dynamics of the house were already set.

It was enough for Ellie to reach over and ask him once again, "So you're okay?"

"Yeah... I'm okay." Steven found himself having a hard time saying.

Ellie let out a loud breath as though she was relieved by him feeling better and stood up, "Great!"

Steven was surprised at the abruptness. When his wife began to walk towards the door, he thought of something to say. "You're leaving!?"

"Well... yeah..." Ellie said. She began to open the door, but stopped.

Steven thought she was going to realize that he needed her to be there for him. When she turned back around, he expected to close the door behind herself, but she did not.

"Oh yeah, Steven... don't forget about the dishes!" Ellie said, and then proceeded to tease him. "Otherwise, Buck won't be too happy with you."

"Yeah... okay, I will. Thanks," Steven replied, stunned and

hurt that she was still going to abandon him. *Why did I just thank her?*

Ellie turned to walk out of the room, but stopped herself once again. Steven thought maybe this time she would realize that he was still feeling terrible by his body language and his tone.

"Oh and Steven..." Ellie said.

"Yes, honey?" Steven said with hopeless optimism.

"I'm glad we have this talk. I feel a whole lot better, now..." Ellie smiled sweetly. She turned and closed the door behind her.

She exited the room so fast that she either didn't notice, or didn't care that Steven was frowning.

## GAMING GONE WRONG

Steven held mixed feelings while setting the dishes he had just cleaned on the drying rack. His wife had certainly cared about him enough to come check on him and it felt like she was in his corner. But something didn't feel quite right between them and the way they were interacting. Anxiety had caused his mind to run wild with thoughts.

*Did I lose her respect for crying? She seemed sympathetic... but I also sensed that she secretly despises me weakness...* Steven found his paranoia or intuition settling in.

*What did she mean by not being manly? Does she want me to be more manly?* Steven was unsure if he even knew how to be. Any attempt to exert his will around this rowdy bunch would certainly cause backlash that he personally wasn't equipped to deal with.

*Does she really think I don't know that she is going around*

*and taking care of the house's "needs"?* Steven wondered. He hated the fact, but it wasn't like there was any sort of penetration which meant that she wasn't in any major danger of becoming pregnant. Even the small amount of anal penetration by one of Buck's late-night visits was sheathed by her leggings that were still wearable back then. Now, she only had the bottom half of her shirt to cover her ass and it could easily be moved aside if Buck ever decided not to leave on his own accord.

Steven set his dishes down on the rack with the sounds of Tyson and Snags playing the same video game that they had been playing since he had arrived. He joined the other two who were playing and waited to join the rotation.

They all had their own characters by now and were leveling up their own avatars separately. Snags had been the farthest behind in terms of progress, but he had been quickly closing in on both Tyson and Steven's level in the last month. With Steven playing less due to working out and Tyson playing less to working from home, Snags had the most time to play. The younger man half his age was able to pick up on the techniques of the game and implement what he learned a lot faster than he could.

"Nah, you gotta' push

It felt like one day Steven was teaching Snags how to play the game and by the next time, the student had become the master. No longer being the authority on the video game bothered Steven as it was one of his last really confidence boosters that he had and Snags took advantage of his vulnerability. On a weekly basis, Snags would taunt him about how much better he had gotten and that he would soon pass Steven's level up. Being a gamer, Steven took great offense to Snags constant heckling, but found there was nothing he could do about it. He was now being outperformed by a teenaged man who only picked up the game a few weeks ago; the same game that took him years to become good in.

Steven died and had to hand the controller over.

"Damn-yo, you are really garbage now..." Snags said and gave Steven a disgusted look as he took the controller from him like Steven was less than a human being. "And to think I use to think you was actually good at this game."

Vernon could be heard snickering softly as he read his novel. Steven had no idea if he was laughing at Snag's insult or if it was something in the book, but either way it made Steven feel insecure.

Snags played the game and showed Steven how to pass the spot that he was having trouble with. He played for about fifteen more minutes before he died which would have resulted in Tyson's turn, but he had to make a phone call so it was Steven's turn again. While playing, he noticed that Ellie had walked into the room. She wore her torn up outfit that showed off her sexy smooth and firm thighs. From the front, everyone could see her white cotton panties and the straps that went over her wide hips. If you stared long enough, Steven could just begin to see the folds of his wife's camel toe. Her large breasts jiggled as she walked into the room which only made Snags even more happy to see her.

"C'mon, sit down and stay a while..." Snags was laying on the air mattress in front of the television and patted the spot on the bed next to him. He then turned to look up to Steven. "...we're all just enjoying some video games, aren't we, buddy?"

It was clear to Steven that Snags had been putting on the buddy-buddy show for Ellie, but wasn't a fan of him asking her to lay next to him on the air mattress. Steven wasn't sure why he was doing it, but he didn't even begin to question the ill intentions of the young punk who seemed like he just wanted to see the streets burn. The event the whole world was going through seemed like nothing but entertainment for him which greatly disturbed Steven.

"Yep..." Steven said with less enthusiasm, but did his best

to not hide his real emotions.

Ellie took a moment to assess the situation as though she questioned the validity of Snags and Steven's companionship. She then shrugged with acceptance, "Okay sure, Snags, why not?"

The air mattress was still in the middle of the room and in front of the television. Instead of lying next to Snags on the mattress, she stunned Steven by sitting right next to him on the couch.

*She chose me? Wow... well of course she chose me, I am her husband, after all...* Steven had almost forgot and mentally had to remind himself.

Snags hissed in displeasure when she didn't lay down on the mattress with him. Steven appreciated her act of loyalty and took a very small amount of satisfaction in Snags being denied. Though, he was now worried that Snags would do something to get even as he sat there and stewed in frustration. Even if Ellie was his wife, Snags was becoming accustomed to feeling entitled to ordering her around like he owned her. Worse, was the fact that Steven was becoming conditioned to ignoring it and thus allowing it to finally evolve into now expecting it. It was the reason Steven overvalued the simple fact that his wife surprisingly sat next to him on the couch instead of choosing the thug on the mattress.

The rotation of the controller had changed so that Snags was handing off to Steven and Steven was now handing off to Tyson who was back now. He had earned a decent sized commission bonus for completing his job so early and doing so well. While remotng from home, Tyson had managed to overcome the objectives that were in front of him and was excelling in his ventures. Even though Steven did his best to congratulate and be supportive for his friend, he also found himself becoming jealous. They had both worked at the same company together, but the outcome of their lives proved to have very different results. Steven felt like he just couldn't get ahead, while Tyson was not only working

for himself, but thriving in the current work environment.

*Ellie seems to be impressed...* Steven could see the way she responded to his good news. She jumped up and gave him a hug that Tyson openly invited. Holding one another for a few minutes and swaying, Ellie lamented over his progress.

"Wow, Tyson, I am just so impressed by you. You really have come a long way. I always knew you'd be successful." Ellie said.

*She never told me that.* Steven was starting to question his wife's compliments.

"Thanks Ellie, its been a *long* and *hard* road..." Tyson said grinding his hips into hers in a less than subtle fashion with each innuendo.

"Ooh..." Ellie slightly jumped and looked down at Tyson's crotch. "...I guess it is."

There was an awkward moment where Tyson and Ellie silently held one another. Vernon was still reading his novel, but Snags and Steven were watching the two embraced. A weird feeling came over Steven that made him feel unnerved.

"Uhhh..." Steven began to say, to try and break the silence. "Good job, Tyson."

Tyson replied without looking at Steven, "For sure. You'd be banking too if you would have listened to me all those years ago."

"Huh? What do you mean?" Steven asked.

"When I told you to leave that shitty company. You lost so much money staying there," Tyson stated with his arms still around Ellie.

"How do you figure that?" Steven said defensively.

"Because, within two years of being out of that place I

doubled my income after switching jobs twice. Same role, same responsibilities," Tyson stated.

The fact bothered Steven, but he shrugged it off, "So what? It's not like you are still at either of those companies."

"Right..." Tyson talked at Steven like he was stupid and then explained in a slower tone to emphasize his superior intellect, "... because I used that extra capital to start my own business and work for myself."

The whole room, including Vernon, waited for Steven to respond with something clever after challenging Tyson. Steven didn't have anything to say, but Ellie certainly did.

"Wow, Steven, you should try and be more like Tyson," Ellie said while her eyes gazed at Tyson.

*Is she teasing me, or is she serious? I can't tell.... What am I supposed to say to that right now?* Steven watched his black friend, who he had always thought of as sort of a nerd, holding his wife. The room remained without a noise only making the situation even more awkward for Steven since everyone was staring at him.

"Yeah, so what?" Steven doubled-down on not caring.

*So what? So what you ask? Well... now..."* Tyson's hands wrapped around Ellie's hips and down to her ass. Both of his hands were now on the makeshift t-shirt skirt, but his fingers squeezed roughly into her plump cheeks. "...I'm worth more equity and make an *ass-load* more money... so *that is so what!*."

"Tyson!" Ellie's eyes and mouth went wide as she was raised to her tiptoes by Tyson's objectification of her and simultaneous blatant act of disrespect towards her husband. "Now boys, lets get back to playing your computer game."

"Alright-alright..." Tyson wasn't as aggressive as Snags and let go of Ellie at the first sign of protest. The both of them laughed and Snags looked over to Steven to gauge his nonresponsive reaction.

*I know you're up to something...* Steven expected, because Snags was, in fact, usually up to something.

Snags grabbed at Ellie's hand to try and pull her down to the mattress, but Ellie had dodged his attempt and sat back down next to Steven.

"Psh, whatever..." Snags pretended to dismiss. Steven could tell that he was bothered though.

*Aha!* Steven silently thought to himself in amusement at yet another rejection by Snags.

Ellie was content to watch the other three play their game. She normally liked to watch Steven from time to time, but never wanted to participate. Games on her cell phone were more Ellie's style compared to the ones that Steven liked.

"Wow, nice job!" Ellie praised Snags.

"Oh. You ain't seen nothing yet," Snags said. Her interest only encouraged him to become cocky and showoff while playing.

The younger man played for fifteen minutes before dying and finally handed the controller Steven. There was an unspoken competitiveness between all three of them, but Snags always found a way to make it personal. He kept attempting to instruct Steven on how to play the game that Steven once taught him how to play. Steven listened, and it ultimately made him lose his life in the game.

"Hahahahaha!" Ellie laughed boisterously before chanting. "You died-You died-You died!"

"Yeah, because of Snags!" Steven said.

"Don't blame him! You listened," Ellie defended Snags.

"Thanks, doll," Snags said to Ellie.

"No problem," Ellie replied.

Steven felt slightly betrayed that Ellie was defending Snags right now, but handed the controller over to Tyson without any fuss.

Tyson didn't show too much rust from not playing the game for so long. "I'm surprised I'm still ranked highest..."

"Well... I haven't a whole lot of time to play..." Steven defended himself.

"Whatever, you fucking suck," Snags added, making Ellie giggle.

Steven could get over the fact that Snags was going to talk rudely towards him whenever he had the chance, but when it made Ellie laugh, it bothered him. Jealous of the developing bond that was forming between the younger man and his wife which only became further cemented after she jerked him off.

Ellie tried to ignore Steven's staring, but it ultimately caused her to stifle her delight, "What?"

"I don't suck," Steven said seriously.

"Well..." Ellie said with slight shrugged shoulders. At first, she held back, but seeing that Steven wasn't going to let it go, she just said it. "You're not as good as Tyson or Snags."

"See! I fuckin' told you," Snags said.

Tyson finally lost in the game, "Damn it!"

"Oh, nice try! You did really good!" Ellie encouraged

Tyson handed the controller to Snags after he had lost his life. Snags took the controller and immediately started to tear the level up that he was on.

*So she encourages them when they lose, but laughs at me when I lose? Defends others, rather than defend me... Then tells me I'm the worst at the game...* Steven could feel his blood boiling comparing the difference in treatment that Ellie gave him and the

rest of the group. He realized he needed to bring his A game to the joysticks and began to focus in like a laser to shut the others up once and for all.

Snags finally died playing too recklessly. "Fuck... game is glitching!"

"Yeah, seriously... that's not fair!" Sympathized Ellie.

"Whatever... Steph..." Snags snickered. "... my bad... I mean Steven's turn."

He called me that on purpose, I know it. Steven thought.

Snags handed the controller over, "Bet you can't beat that..."

"Bet you I can!" Steven finally replied.

"Oooh, Steven, show them whose boss!" Ellie encouraged. The competitiveness between the men and Steven standing up for himself, was obviously exhilarating to her.

It felt nice to have Ellie's support, but now the pressure was on to impress his wife while shutting Snags up. Snags looked slightly taken aback and almost intimidated by Steven stepping up to the plate to pit skills against one another.

"Alright whiteboy, here ya' go..." He began to reach for the controller, but Snags pulled it back at the very last second so he grabbed at nothing but air. "Just don't go dying and shooting your load off in your pants again!"

*What does that have to do with anything?* Steven winced, but thought his jab lacked any sort of relevancy.

It didn't matter what Steven thought though and the entire room filled with Tyson, Ellie and even Vernon, who on the other side of the room laugh. Steven's stomach felt slightly queasy seeing Ellie with Vernon laugh and look to one another from across the room.

Especially since the implication Snags made was the time when the older black man had his hands all over his wife's ass and was groping it.

Snags again tried to tell how to get past a certain spot, but was dismissed this time by Steven. Ignoring the advice lead to Steven's downfall in the game and it was soon time to hand Tyson the sticks.

"I told you fool," Snags said, smacking a hand down against the black pair of basketball shorts that he wore.

"You should have listened to Snags," Ellie assured. "Because he's really good at this game."

"Yeah, and what do you know?" Steven asked Ellie.

Everyone was surprised that Steven lashed out at his wife who was the one they all presumed wore the pants in the relationship. Ellie stared at him with her mouth wide open, before she gave him a look with her eyes that showed him that she had taken great offense.

"Whoa, calm down there whiteboy," Snags said.

"Like-for real!" Ellie agreed and using a subtle, but unfamiliar urban slang.

"Psh, whatever," Steven said as he pretended to watch Tyson continue to play the game in order to ignore the others. It was like the whole room was turning against him and everything he said back was taking way more personally than it was intended to be.

Tyson reached his next point and was so enthralled in trying to progress that he wasn't even paying attention to them. Though he died soon after that and handed Snags the sticks once again.

"I'm going to show you how its done whiteboy," Snags said harshly.

“Good luck Snags!” Ellie said.

*Why are you wishing him luck when he wants to showboat over me?* Steven wondered about his wife.

Steven hoped that some sort of divine intervention would humble Snags somehow, but it didn't appear that was in the cards tonight. He cut through his enemies flawlessly and talked about how he was performing the combo moves that Steven didn't know about.

“Listen to what he's saying honey, Snags is an expert!” Ellie said.

It bothered Steven that Ellie seemed so much more impressed with Snags than himself. Usually when he talked about video games like this, Ellie would roll her eyes and tell him that he was a nerd. But for some reason now that Snags was the authority in the game, it was like her entire outlook of videogames had completely changed.

“Wow, you don't even know how to do that, do you, Steven?” Ellie asked watching Snags play in amazement. “Isn't Snags so good at this game?”

“Isn't Snags so good at this game?” Steven mocked. “Oh my god, shut up!”

“You shut up!” Retorted Ellie, looking surprised at Steven's second outburst. “Don't be mad at me because Snags is better.”

“He is not!” Steven finally said.

“Fuck yeah I am,” Snags said while playing still.

“The only reason he's better because you are distracting me!” Steven yelled at Ellie, looking for a way to excuse his lack of competitive skill.

Snags finally died. “Damn, ya'll both fuckin' distracted me just now...”

"Sorry Snags..." Ellie said.

*She's never sorry to me.* Fumed Steven.

Ellie then turned to Steven and as though she was attempting to poke at his nerves, she said with a mischievous grin, "Aren't you sorry too?"

"No, I'm not sorry!" Steven whined in a high-pitched tone.

"Damn, chill the fuck out...." Snags said.

"Chill out... you chill out!" Steven accused.

"Steven..." Ellie tried to stop him.

"Don't you Steven me! You are the entire reason I'm having problems!" Steven's voice grew louder as he yelled.

"Enough!" Snags said, standing fully to his black sock covered feet and faced Steven. "Chill out, before I make you chill out."

"But... but---" Steven was stunned at the aggressive action that Snags had taken.

Steven looked to the younger man who had squared his shoulders up to him. The adult teenaged man's wiry body flexed under the white muscle shirt that he wore. His hands were clenched and were balled into fist while he wore a serious expression. Steven remained silence as he waited for Snags to speak.

"Don't you EVER talk to Mrs. Monroe like that!" Snags said at Steven. It bothered Steven that he was trying to sound like he was a totally respectable citizen.

"But she's my---" Steven stopped when Snags flinched at him.

"Don't give a fuck what she is to you... don't ever talk to her like that again, otherwise I'm going to put the hands on you,"

Snags raised his fist and punched at the air slowly to show what he meant.

"Thanks Snags," Ellie said, sounding grateful before spitting out to Steven. "Did you hear him?"

"Mmhm..." Steven said softly.

"Louder!" Ellie said before repeating herself sternly. "I said... did you hear him?"

"Yes, I heard him," Steven said annoyed hoping they would drop it.

"Good... because you could learn a lot from him. His mother certainly raised him right," Ellie nodded.

Snags nodded as though he deserved the virtuous praise which only angered Steven even more. The younger man gave him a small smile showing off the golden snaggle tooth at the front of set of teeth.

The silence was broken by Vernon, who groaned out in disapproval and waved around the novel he was reading. "How the hell am I supposed read this book here with you all arguing like a bunch of loud-mouthed idiots?!"

Everyone, including Snags, deferred to the older man, whose voice was raspy and mean. Even though he was older, Steven had never thought of him as being a fragile man. Vernon made sure to look at each and everyone one of the men for a few seconds to ensure that none of them had a word of protest.

Ellie finally said, "Sorry, Vernon, we didn't mean to---"

"You didn't do a thing wrong, angel," Vernon sweetly said to Vernon causing Ellie to respond by blushing. "Are we still on for that bath?"

"Yes," Ellie shyly responded.

“Did you think about the lotion, or oil?” Vernon asked.

*Do we have to talk about this again... and here!?*

“The oil...” Ellie said.

Steven wished he didn’t hear her answer. Now all he could picture was Vernon’s big black cock being oiled up and stroked by both of Ellie’s hands.

“Perfect,” Vernon smiled and gazed at Ellie as though he had just fallen in love with her. The rest of the room watched them for a second before Vernon realized he had dazed off and regained himself. Vernon scowled at the rest of the men in the room and spoke to Ellie, “Now, when you’re done with these *boys*... you can come take care of a poor old *man*...”

Steven flinched as Vernon gloated arrogantly, obnoxiously in a taunting manner, but the rest of the room wasn’t willing to put him in his place. Tyson wasn’t nearly as afraid of Vernon as Steven, but remained silent. Snags was also silent, but there was something about his expression that conveyed that he was stifling back his amusement. Seeing the other two’s disposition made Steven feel inferior and weak.

*Why can’t I be tougher like the other two?*

Vernon then began to walk out the door to sit on the porch. He grabbed his pipe on the way with a disgruntled demeanor and exited, but not before yelling back at them. “Now keep it down!”

The metal screen door banged loudly behind him and Vernon could be heard mumbling something out as he walked slightly away from the door. Everyone left looked at one another and started to chuckle at Vernon’s tantrum. The only one not laughing was Steven who was worried that it was anger the old man. Snags still held the controller in his hand and tried to remember what he was going to propose before Vernon’s outburst.

"Now where was I? Oh yeah! Tell you what, I'll trade the controller for the woman!", Snags handed the controller to Steven.

"Fine, whatever... take her," Steven said taking the controller from him. He just wanted to get back to playing the game and was done with being teamed up on.

"Really? That's fine?" Ellie questioned in a way that insinuated that she was insulted. She then threw her hands up, "Fine."

Ellie stood up from the couch and walked over to Snags who was smiling wide. With Steven holding the controller, the trade had been made and he watched them lay down on the air mattress next to one another. It wouldn't be far into his turn with the video game, before he had trader's remorse.

*Little punk just outsmarted me!* Steven frustratingly thought watching his wife now relaxing with Snags. Steven had figured that he was the more intelligent of the two of them and coming to the realization was humbling. *What is wrong with my emotional bimbo brain!?* *It used to solve my problems, not it makes them worse!*

"Yo, lets get under here..." Snags said after crawling under the covers. He invitingly lifted the sheet for Ellie. On the other side of the mattress was Tyson which meant she would be in between the two of them.

"Well if Tyson doesn't mind..." Ellie was already bending down, knowing that he wouldn't.

"Yeah c'mon," Urged Tyson with an eager smile.

"Okay, under the covers with a couple of *men* sounds dangerous!" Ellie said flirtatiously.

## THUMB AND FINGER FUN

Steven had a hard time concentrating with Ellie climbing in between Tyson and Snags. There wasn't much room for all three of them to fit, but since they were all snuggled close together, they managed. He knew it would be impossible for their bodies not to touch and any movements from their hands were now covered by the sheet. Worried by the fact that she was barely wearing any clothes and Snags had already become very familiar with his wife's body in the recent months.

*Its only a matter of time before he tries something...*  
Steven could feel himself beginning to lose his ability to focus on the video game.

"See, ain't that much better?" Snags said to Ellie, who pleasantly agreed. Steven could see that Snag held a face that showed he was all too pleased with himself and it irritated him.

He tried to play the game, but each time movement came from any of the three on the mattress, he became distracted. Ellie would sometimes let out a giggle and shuffling would occur under the thin blanket that was now covering them. Steven could only assume they were inappropriately touching her under the covers, but it was hard to pinpoint if it were Tyson, Snags or both of them. Both of their attentions weren't on Steven playing video games, but instead on his busty blonde wife. The visual stimulation on the screen was nothing compared to the physical stimulation that was occurring right underneath his nose.

"Hey, that tickles!" Ellie said to Snags as she thrashed around a few times. She then retracted from Tyson, "You too!"

Steven's heart was pounding as the two men presumedly groped at his wife under the covers. Instead of causing any conflict with the two, Steven purposefully ended his turn to pass the controller to Tyson. Tyson looked at the controller, but didn't stretch his hand out.

"Uhhh..." At first Tyson appeared as though he was going

to decline, but realized that it would have been too obvious if he didn't. He reached out and took the joystick from Steven. "Sure."

Even though Tyson wasn't interested in taking a break from Ellie, he lost himself in the game. He was sitting up on the mattress with an intense stare on the television while his thumbed away. From time to time he would have to push the black frames of his glasses up his nose.

It was clear that Snags was moving his hands around Ellie's stomach and waist. His hand could be seen moving over her legs to graze over her smooth skin. Ellie wasn't moving much and was doing her best to not react to Snags hands on her body. She began to turn to look up at Steven, but stopped herself.

*Yeah, I'm seeing everything...* Steven answered her in his mind, assuming she was simply looking back to see if he was watching.

Tyson finally died and now it was Snags turn, which put Steven slightly at ease. Snags was the more aggressive of the two of them so having the sticks in his hands made it impossible for him to grope his wife. He played for a few minutes, but Steven could tell he wasn't even trying before his turn ended.

"Think fast!) Snags tossed the controller behind himself and over his own head towards Steven, knocking him on the side of the head.

"Hey!" Steven yelled. Rubbing at the side of his head where he was impacted.

"Sorry Snags, Steven has never been much of an athlete," Ellie ended with a giggle, before looking back at Steven like it was just some big joke. "Isn't that right, honey?"

*What the hell is she apologizing to Snags for?* Steven hesitated to answer, but finally peeped out. "No, not much of an athlete at all, sorry guys..."

*And now I'm apologizing! Why Steven!?*

"Nah, you is startin' to look like more of a cheerleader," Snags coldly spat with a flare of his nostril. Ellie and Tyson both snickered and it made Steven shrivel in insecurity.

*I apologize and he's still rude... and everyone's laughing at me...* Steven could feel the tears coming.

Snags then yelled at him, "What you waiting fo'? Upause the game and get goin'!"

"Okay!" Steven whimpered out. Snags snapped Steven out of his tears and in a way had come to his rescue and Steven almost felt gratitude towards Snags for yelling at him so harshly.

The room went back to normal with Ellie in between Tyson and Snags under the covers with Steven playing. Snags was blatant with his actions and could see that he his hand went straight for his wife's crotch. At first Ellie kept her knees together, but Snags was persistent. The two men were now laying on their sides and facing Ellie in the center. Snags was leaning down and whispering something in her ear causing her to laugh.

It was difficult to continue playing the game with the two men all over his wife and Steven did the best he could to not look, but his eyes kept drifting below to the mattress. Plain to Steven's sight was Ellie's knees that were parted under the thin sheets, with Snags leaning over her and in her ear. Tyson's hand was inside Ellie's top and groping away at her breast, but he was at least trying to conceal what he was doing from Steven. Snags didn't care and his hand was in between Ellie's parted legs. At first his movements were slow, but even in the short amount of time he was watching could see they were picking up with strength and speed.

*Snags is rubbing Ellie's privates.... Tyson's groping her chest... and I'm playing video games...or supposed to be...* Steven said in self-pity. He had a hard time playing the game with what was happening literally right in front of him, but he did his best.

The laughter had died down and Ellie had become silent as she was now responding more to the touching of her body. Her eyes were no longer filled with fun, but Steven feared were filled with arousal.

Steven quickly died and handed the controller to Tyson, "Here ya go..."

Tyson took the controller from Steven as though he didn't just have to release Ellie's breasts. As far as he knew, Steven didn't see him groping his wife and had nothing to worry about.

Snags encroached over Ellie more, as though he was shielding her while his hand continued to work between her legs. As Tyson played, Steven could hear a wet rhythmic clicking noise and see Ellie was now moving her hips around in response to Snags.

*He's fingering her! He's fingering my wife! My Ellie!* Steven felt like screaming, but held it in.

"Fuckity-Fucking-Fuck!" Tyson exclaimed as his turn ended. Realizing he had just overreacted he looked around to see if anyone had noticed, but saw that Snags and Ellie were busy with one another. He tapped Snags on the shoulder with the controller, but was unable to get his attention. Snags continued to finger Ellie, while either whispering in her ear or possibly nibbling on her earlobe. Tyson tapped him harder, before finally getting his attention.

"What?" Snags asked Tyson antagonistically.

Tyson shoved the controller in Snags face, "Your turn, dude."

"Pfft..." Snags pulled his hand out from in between Ellie's legs. When he did, she made an abrupt moan and her mouth hung open. Snags grabbed the controller and immediately handed it over to Steven. "Here whiteboy, it's your lucky day."

"You don't want your turn?" Steven deduced. He reached

for the controller and grabbed it from Snags. When their hands touched, Steven could feel Ellie's wetness covering the younger man's hand.

*Okay Steven, calm down, its just fingers... its not like he penetrated her with his thingy... Steven tried to bargain with himself. Not like she could get pregnant or anything...*

"Nah fool, I'm busy, can't you see?" Snags said rudely before returning to Ellie. Ellie wailed playfully as Snags and Tyson were all over her again leaving Steven to play the game by himself.

*In a room full of people and I'm all alone.* Steven felt empty and was so lackluster that his thumbs barely pressed down on the buttons.

His lack of concentration made his turn come to an end. Handing over the controller to Tyson, he sat back and look blankly at the screen. There were no thoughts going through his mind as he heard Snags and Ellie continuing their romping around under the sheets right in front of him. Steven had let things get so out of hand that this type of behavior was conditioned to be normal and appropriate.

*Compared to what had already happened so far, its not like it was the worst thing,* Steven justified, using the memory of Ellie jerking off Snags young big black cock off to serve his point.

"A'yo whiteboy... I need a water..." Snags said to Steven.

"Sure thing!" Steven jumped to his feet.

Easy to control normally, Steven went along with the façade to simply escape the room where his wife was letting some guy half his age finger fuck her and his friend fondle her tits. Steven went to the fridge and bent over to grab a bottle of water. Like everything else, he had a hard time finding what he was looking for and had to bend down further.

"There it is!" Steven said to himself.

Grabbing the bottle of water, he leaned back up and shut the door. Steven jumped when he saw Snags standing right by the fridge and behind him only a few inches away.

"Oh hey!" Steven said.

Snags didn't say anything and only stared at him coldly.

"Uhh..." Steven was unsure of himself and looked down at the bottle water, remembering it was in his hands. He lifted it up to Snags and presented it to him. "Here. Your water."

Snags grabbed the water, but said nothing. He simply stared Steven down, until the beta failed to make eye contact with him. When Steven's eyes were on Snags feet, the younger man finally spoke.

"Look at me," Snags commanded.

Steven slowly lifted his eyes to look the younger in right in the eye. The younger man had a glazed over look in his eyes that Steven could plainly see was soulless. The look in his eyes made Steven unable to speak, which allowed the younger black man to.

"Tyson wants to titty fuck Ellie before she gives Vernon a nice wash and tug..." Snags said and let the sentence marinate in Steven's mind.

*He's baiting me.* Steven chose to remain silent.

"That okay wit'chu?" Snags asked.

Steven only shrugged, knowing even if it wasn't okay, it wouldn't matter anyway. Giving him any other emotion would have given into Snags satisfaction. It caused Snags to let the air screech past his golden snaggle tooth as he exhaled a breath in condemnation towards him.

"I think I'm gonna' take a taste of her pussy to get her in the mood... does she taste like a peach?" Steven's silence made Snags snicker. "And 'member what I told you befo'?"

Steven had an idea what he was talking about, but didn't want to reference it. However, he was hanging on the younger man's every next word. "What?"

Snags grinned getting intimidatingly closer to Steven's face, "About how I'm 'bout to fuck yo' wife."

Steven gulped and then gave a couple of quick nods with his head.

Snags could see the worry in Steven's face and was now feeling the sadistic satisfaction that he was craving. "Well, I think after she's done with the other two... think I'm going to go 'head and follow through with that."

Steven winced. "You mean..."

"Yup. Gonna' stuff my big black cock right up yo' wife's tight-white snatch... how 'bout dat?" Snags wickedly stated.

Snags snickered as he watched Steven struggle with what he just told him. Slowly, he put a wet hand on Steven's cheek and gave it a couple of smacks. Steven could smell Ellie's aroma all over his fingers and it disturbed him that the man almost half his age was using the same hand that just finger fucked his wife to demean him.

But Steven, like usual, allowed Snags to get away with his behavior. He was left alone in the kitchen, while Snags went back to the party that was now only Ellie, Tyson and him.

It wouldn't be long, before Steven heard a bellowing coming from the basement.

*Oh shit... I have to go work out with Buck!* Steven started to run towards the basement, but stopped. Even though he didn't want to wear the gym outfit, Buck was now requiring him to. He

thought about trying to go down without it on, but last time he tried that, Buck threatened him.

The decision was easy and Steven decided to go change into what Buck wanted him to wear. Exiting the kitchen gave him a view into the living room where the three of them still were on the mattress. However, now the covers were down and Steven could see everything.

Ellie was on her back with her head thrown back to look up at the ceiling. Tyson had one hand inside of her top to rub at her nipple and was also leaning over her other breast. Tyson's head was moving around and it took Steven a second to realize that he was sucking on her other nipple.

Snags was on the other side of her and appeared to be suckling on the side of her neck, with his hand between her legs. Ellie's knees were parted and her legs hung over the other two men to spread wide. Snags' hand was buried deep inside her white panties and was furiously moving around. Steven could see that Snags had buried two fingers inside of her, with the rest of his hand sticking out the front of Ellie's cotton underwear. The fabric was stretching around, moving up and down quickly as Snags continued to roughly finger fuck Ellie. Tyson and Ellie were so involved in their frolicking that they hadn't noticed Steven. Snags did though and left Ellie's neck to look over at Steven with the usual shit-eating grin as he began to finger fuck Ellie even rougher. Ellie responded by moaning loudly and lifting her hips off of the air mattress below her while Snags nastily stared at Steven.

Not wanting to antagonize the younger thug any more, Steven's head dropped and he began to walk away. The sound of wet clicking emitting from a moaning Ellie over Tyson and Snags' laughter echoed the entire journey to the bedroom.

**NOT WORKING OUT**

Ellie was the loudest of the three of them, though she wasn't loud enough for Steven to hear her significantly at any given point. The noise the three of them produced was muffled, even through the thin walls of the small home. Their laughing, groaning and moaning were all intertwined to produce one constant hum.

Steven focused his attention and pulled out the black gym bag with pink trim that Buck had given him a while back. The bag contained clothes that belonged to a woman that in Buck's own words, *was a woman Tyson used to fuck.*

Dumping the bag and the clothing out on the bed, he could immediately tell that he was going to be uncomfortable. He pulled off his shoulder, trying to hunch his shoulders as much as possible to keep his chest tucked. The attempt was ineffective by now though as his growing breasts looked like a woman's and no longer a man's. Looking at the skimpy sports bra gave him an idea and he decided to try it on. This proved more difficult than he had anticipated though, not used to the fleshy mounds that were now on his chest. Coupled with overestimating the cup size of the sports bra, he tried to stuff his chest inside of it. It was impossible to pull it over both breasts at once, but when he stuffed one at a time, it worked to Steven's relief. Next, he put on the compression shirt which he hoped would help flatten his chest out and at least keep it from bouncing. By now, he estimated that his chest was at least a C-Cup.

*That actually looks better,* Steven tried to tell himself realizing that there was only so much he could do to maintain his masculine image with handful sized breasts on his chest.

Still wearing the sweat pants that Vernon had mistaken him for Ellie in, he hesitated to take them off. He knew he wouldn't be able to wear his normal underwear underneath the shorts, but he also didn't want to go commando.

Looking at the black thong that had a sports apparel logo on it, he had an idea. Hooking his thumbs into his underwear and

sweat pants waist bands, he pushed them to the floor and put the thong on as quickly as possible. He didn't want to look at his penis that was still shrinking and closed his eyes to ensure that he didn't see it. The strap of the fabric went up and in between his round butt cheeks and he felt the straps go around his slim waist. It was a little tight, but the thong contoured to his hourglass figure quite nicely in Steven's opinion.

*These actually feel better than my old underwear...* Steven said, as he looked down at himself. Then in disillusionment, thought, *Maybe Buck won't notice while we work out!*

As much as he tried to not look at the lack of lump where his penis and balls were supposed to be made him worry. He peeked into the front of the thong and had a hard time seeing anything initially. Steven gasped, pulling the thong out slightly further to find what was left of his shrinkage. The center of his penis had sunk in and the circular brim of the mushroom head was rolling inwards.

*It almost looks like my penis has turned into a condom made of flesh....* Steven feared. Reaching down, he pressed against the tip of his penis to find that it felt empty. Where meat should have been underneath the skin of his penis, Steven found only flesh covered air. Freaking out, he began to push inside himself more to see where his penis was and when he got a full fingertip in, he stopped himself and retracted his hand out of fear. The small nub of his penis was no longer there, and felt like thin loose skin that could be pushed inside his body.

Pulling his hand completely out of the thong, he let the elasticity of the tight fabric cover what use to be his penis. He took the black spandex shorts on and did his best to fit his smooth thick thighs through their holes. Wiggling around he got to the bottom of his plump butt and the fabric was caught at the beginning of the curve. Tugging up at the back of his shorts made his ass jiggle as he pranced around on his tip toes to stuff his big booty in the tight shorts. He made it over the hump and suddenly he snapped the shorts far and harshly up between his legs.

"Agh!" Steven reacted.

The fabric was so snug that it wedged in between his crack to silhouette over his newly sculpted curvaceous bottom in the back. Similarly, in the front, the tight spandex wedged in his crotch area, only assisting in further pushing his penis inside of himself.

*I look like I have a camel toe!* Fretted Steven as he picked the black shorts out around the area where his penis should have been. His long blonde hair was getting in his way, and he pushed it out of his face while he ceaselessly attempted to correct himself. It wouldn't work and Steven realized that he better put the rest of his outfit on before Buck gets angry. Buck had already told him that he would take it out on him, or even worse to Steven, Ellie.

*I hate it when he's so mean to me...* Steven thought while finishing getting ready. He set his sweatpants on the bed and figured he would change into them after he was done.

Exiting the bedroom, the sound of Tyson, Snags and Ellie could be heard down the hallway again. They had gotten louder and without him present, Ellie had lost her previous qualms. Steven could have chosen to go straight down to the basement and not spied on the three of them, but his curiosity had gotten the best of him.

From his angle, Steven could see that Ellie was still on her back, but Tyson was straddled over her chest. His hips were moving back and forth and he was squeezing ahold of Ellie's breasts. Her skimpy half-shirt was unknotted and was completely open with Tyson's cock plunging in and out between her tits.

*Tit-fucking her just like Snags said he wanted to...* Steven recollected. It made him wonder how long Tyson had wanted to tit-fuck his wife over the course of their friendship. He had never been the chauvinistic type and was usually reserved in personality, but watching his friend titty-fucking his wife showed Steven a different side of Tyson.

Between her legs, Snags head was moving around and it was clear to Steven that he was going down on his wife. Ellie's legs were moving slightly wider, and her hips would lift up from the mattress into Snags face from time to time.

*And he's just trying to get her horny to fuck after Vernon has his turn with her later...* Steven deduced.

The sound of the plastic squeaking and crunching under the weight of Tyson fucking Ellie's tits could be heard even from where Steven stood. Snags was loudly licking and it looked like his face was covered in Ellie's slickness juicing from her.

Steven couldn't withstand watching them longer and pulled himself away from the obscenity. Buck would only wait so long, and if he wasn't down in the basement ready to go soon, his punishment would certainly be harsh.

*Out of sight, out of mind.* Steven tried to convince himself as he started his way towards the basement.

...

Steven found Buck working out hard like usual, and lifting unlimited amount of weights above his head and chest. Uncomfortable in his own new out, Steven felt his body was too provocatively displayed. He attempted to blame the fact he was wearing women's clothing as an excuse for looking so feminine, but it was all denial.

Buck was in his own workout outfit that appeared to become smaller and tighter as well. What was once basketball shorts had turned into small black bottoms that looked more like speedos, than shorts. The bulky and hairy black man's bulge hung low and the fabric containing them stretched out and unable to contain the massive size of Buck's cock and balls. From the side, Steven could clearly see his crotch and watch it moving around with

Buck's every movement as they began their workout.

They were about an hour into their workout which had increased in speed and energy. Steven felt like he was constantly drinking out of the pink water bottle. The subtle, but addictive flavor of the watered-down drink was starting to make Steven consume even more than usual. His consumption was almost too much and he felt his stomach unusually filled with substance that was unlike what normal water made him feel.

"I've already been hittin' these weights for an hour... hurry up!" Buck commanded like a drill sergeant when he saw Steven holding his stomach.

It was true, when Steven walked into the basement, Buck was lifting like a mad man. His muscular body glistening in sweat and the entire gym was filled with his musky testosterone. It always initially intimidated Steven to see Buck working out so hard. Every time Buck demonstrated his raw power, it made Steven feel like a complete weakling.

Steven finished his break and Buck made him get on his knees and begin doing leg lifts. While on his hands and knees he would raise his foot up behind him, causing him to have to arch his back down and his ass into the air. Buck had a hand on his back, pushing it down, so that he was bent in a submissive way. As he continued to lift his leg up, Steven felt Buck's hand slide down the small of his back and his thick fingers play with the strap of the thong.

*Oh no... its poking out... ugh...* Steven squirmed in his thoughts, realizing Buck had caught him. *I'm so stupid.... How did I ever think that he wouldn't notice?*

"Hm, let's see here." Buck made an odd noise of interest with his throat after he pulled the fabric of the thong away from Steven's waist and hips, before letting go and letting it snap against Steven's flesh. Steven did his best not to react, but Buck's light laughing filled him with anxiety. Unfinished with his examination of Steven, Buck grabbed at the waistband of the spandex shorts and slowly

pulled it away from Steven's body. "Mm-mm. Coming along very nice."

*He's looking at my bare ass! The nerve!* Steven whined to himself, as he continued to lift his leg while trying to fight off the uncomfortable feeling of his ass moving around with Buck staring at it. What made Steven feel even worse was that he continued with the workout, too scared to confront Buck about his behavior. Therefore, essentially allowing Buck to do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted and however, he wanted. The helplessness made Steven feel cowardice and further made him feel weak while being controlled by the muscular alpha black male.

Buck's tone was gentler as usual, "So I've been thinking...."

Uh oh.

Buck continued, "...I've been sort of an asshole to you lately."

*You think?* Steven made sure to keep his sarcastic thought from reaching his mouth.

"And I guess I think I might owe you some sort of explanation for it... I guess I've been helping you so much..."

*He's having a hard time with his feelings...* Steven realized. Encouraging him to continue, Steven softly spoke, "Go on..."

Buck gave Steven a strange look for telling him what to do. His eyes slightly narrowed and his tone became less apologetic and now was accusatory, "Since *I've* been helping *you*..."

*What did I say?* Steven thought while observing Buck's sudden change in demeanor.

"...I haven't had much time to focus on myself.... I've ignored my own needs..." Buck's hand slipped into the back of the black spandex shorts to hold Steven's plump round cheek in his hand. He gave it a firm squeeze and even though he relaxed his hold, he never released Steven's butt.

"Your needs?" Meekly responded Steven, while looking straight ahead with his ass in Buck's strong and rough hand.

Buck let go of Steven's ass so he could walk around to the front of Steven. He stood in front of and over Steven who was on his hands and knees. Steven was looking down at Buck's feet, but the silence coming from his trainer was making him too uncomfortable.

*What does he want?* Steven's eyes moved from Buck's feet, to his kneecaps, to his thighs before finally realizing Buck's innuendo.

*He's hard!* Steven's eyes stopped.

Buck's cock was hard as a rock and had lost any sort of hanging curve to it as it stood upright almost pointing upward towards the ceiling. The black fabric of the speedos couldn't contain Buck while he was soft, and now with him erect, was pushed to the side and useless. It looked much larger from the angle Steven was staring at it from, but it was easily longer than his face, and quite possibly half as thick. The big black cock pulsed with blood still rushing into it, causing it to lightly bounce. Like a jack stand, each bounce caused more blood to rush into his cock making him even harder and the angle of his cock to ascend to point higher.

Bucks cock

"Buck..." Steven said in a way that suggested he was uncomfortable and then looking away from his cock.

"Look at it," Buck said. "Stare right at it."

Steven did as he was told and looked at the hard cock. Each vein pumping what Steven assumed was pints of blood at a time into the huge cock. The head of Buck's mushroom cock continued to swell and deflate, swell and deflate, but each time became slightly bigger.

"Now, I've been helping you..." Buck's words were soft, but there was a scary groaning growl to them. "... maybe its time for you to help me."

"Uhh... but... I'm not..." Steven began, keeping his eyes on the cock that was now twitching around.

"Cmon, Steph... I need this... and nobody will know..." Buck's cock was now beginning to trickle out just the smallest amount of precum.

"But..." Steven could feel himself losing. Buck was exerting his will upon him.

"And Ellie... she's upstairs with Vernon right now... she'll never know... they'll never know..." A drop of cum splattered the floor right in front of Steven.

Steven was slowly nodding, thinking about Ellie washing Vernon's cock with her hands, or possibly even her tits now that he assumed Tyson had came on them. Then he finally remembered and his heart dropped.

*Snags! He said he was going to fuck my wife! I have to stop him!* Steven remembered. "Ellie... I have to go, Buck... I'm sorry... I have to go!"

Steven jumped to his feet and had to dodge Buck's hard cock when he did it. Buck did nothing to stop him, but stood there confidently with his hands on his hips.

"I'm giving you a choice, Steven..." Buck said, before issuing a warning. "... for now."

Steven nodded his head, understanding, but quickly turned to run back upstairs to rescue his damsel in distress.

*I'm coming honey! I'll defend your honor!*

## IT'S A DEAL

When Steven made it upstairs, it was completely dark outside and the only person around was Vernon. He was sitting at the dining room table that they had played poker at earlier and was only wearing an old white towel, wrapped around his waist and a pair of flip flops. He had a lit cigar in his hand, and was blowing the smoke out the window with the ceiling fan spinning above him. The old man watched Steven closely as he passed him.

"That wife of yours... she really knows how to clean up a dirty old man," Vernon said, before taking a long and hard puff of the cigar. The old man shifted back in the seat, with his knees and his legs widely splayed open to sit back in the chair and take up as much room as possible.

Steven said nothing allowing Vernon to continue, "She does this thing with her hands.... Good-LAWD! Just drives me wild!"

Steven could see Vernon's big black footlong underneath the towel with his legs wide open. It was clear to Steven that his cock had spent his balls a few times, by the way it limply flopped against the chair beneath him.

Vernon had an evil grin before taking a puff off of the stogie. "I'm sure you know all about it though... you are one lucky man..."

Vernon smiled in an oddly friendly way before blowing the smoke into Steven's face.

"Now go put some god-damn pants on, boy... you look like a little sissy-slut, walking around in those shorts..." Vernon growled before he took another puff.

"Yes sir," Steven said letting his head drop. He offered no recoil in attitude as he didn't have time to talk to Vernon if he planned to stop Snags from defiling his wife's honor.

The group was no longer in the living room and the air mattress was a mess. The sheets and pillows had been thrown around in disarray from their earlier when Tyson was tit-fucking her and Snags was eating her out. Proceeding down the hallway he found both bedroom doors were shut, meaning that Tyson had retreated to his own bedroom. It was later and probably for the night as he was more of an introvert and enjoyed his alone time more.

He could hear sounds coming from his bedroom, knowing that it was Ellie with the only other person; Snags. Pounding inside his chest was Steven's heart as he halfway expected to open the door and see the younger black man pounding away at his innocent busty blonde with. With a hand holding the twisted doorknob, Steven mentally prepared himself.

*What if he is inside of her?* Steven feared.

*Am I ready to confront Ellie about her cheating?* Steven wondered. *What if she doesn't even care?*

*What if Snags doesn't stop, even after I walk in there? Ellie will certainly think little to nothing of me then if I don't man up!* Steven was almost more fearful of this, than if Snags was actually currently fucking her.

Either way, there was only one way for Steven to know what he was about to do and he slowly opened the door. His silence allowed him to spy in on the two that he accurately predicted would be. Snags and Ellie were both on the bed, but Snags was practically on top of her. He was kissing at her neck and his hand was roaming over her body. Ellie's face showed a mix of arousal and guilt all at once.

*Shit... now what do I do?* Steven wondered. He figured he wasn't too late, but he was almost there. Snags was already making his moves on his wife and he would certainly have to man up and stop him in front of Ellie.

“C’mon baby...” Snags could be heard as his hand moved to grab a hold of Ellie’s breast and squeeze through her knotted shirt.

“Snags...” Ellie said with uncertainty, but leaned lightly away.

Snags let go of her breast, but it went down to quickly untie the knot. The tightness of the shirt caused it to retract fast and Ellie’s large breasts to spring out. Released from their snug constraints, her breast dropped and gave one large bounce before giving a few aftershocks causing her tits to jiggle.

“Those tits though!” Snags said, shoving his face in between them. His hands grabbed ahold of them and he smashed them around the front of his face.

Ellie’s threw her hands up into the air and looked down at the younger man burying his face between her chest. “Snags! Oh my!”

Snags let go of Ellie’s breasts to begin to pull down his baggy jeans. His cock sprang free, Steven realized, *Oh no... I AM too late!*

Steven prepared himself to get ready to watch Snags fuck his wife. Overwhelming despair had filled him and he almost felt like dropping to his knees and curling up into a ball forever.

It was in that final and lowest moment that Steven felt a strong and rough hand on his shoulder. Jumping in response, Steven turned around to see Buck standing in the hallway with him. He was no longer wearing only the speedo bottoms, but now had black basketball shorts over them.

“Oh Buck... uh hi....” Awkwardly said Steven.

Buck grinned while looking at Steven, but said nothing. He slowly put his hand on the door and opened it slightly wider and looked into the bedroom. Steven gulped as he did so and saw that Snags was doing his best to pull Ellie’s underwear off of her. Buck then slowly looked back over to Steven causing the beta to divert his

eyes to the ground. "You gonna' do somethin' about this?"

"About what?" Steven softly responded, trying to play dumb.

"About Snags getting ready to fuck yo' pretty little wife, you limp dick," Buck replied impatiently.

"Well, uh, I mean, I don't know if I... if she... or what----" Steven couldn't find the words to explain himself and was cut off by Buck.

"That means no.... psh... you are one soft pink-skinned pussy," Buck shook his head looking at him disappointingly. "Just going to let him have your wife's body, what kind of man are you?"

Steven felt himself physically shrinking further inside his crotch. His hands gripped one another and he played with them nervously as Buck stared down at him with displeasure.

"You know I wish I could have a woman, half as attractive as Ellie..." Buck explained.

*Is that why he is so mad at me right now?* Steven wondered.

"You don't deserve her," Buck stated as he watched Snags and Ellie wrestling around in the bedroom. Steven knew Buck was right and it made him feel like shit. "Tell me something... Stephe... your wife any good at sucking cock?"

Steven remained silent, but Buck didn't need him to respond and continued to berate Steven.

"What am I asking you for? You probably taught her how." Buck chuckled at his own joke, while Steven continued to stress over the fact that Snags was attempting to mount his wife.

Steven could hear Ellie squealing loudly as Snags ripped her panties down her legs, but chose not to even look. Soon, the

younger man would be spreading her legs and stuffing himself deeper into her than he ever could.

Suddenly Buck pushed Steven, "Outta the way, wimp... time for me to show you how a *real man* handles business."

Buck confidently strode by Steven and opened the bedroom door to walk inside. Snags was attempting to spread Ellie's leg who was still unsure if she was willing to give into the younger man's desires. Steven quickly tip-toed away from the door so that nobody could see him and he could remain hidden.

Snags spun around and Ellie reacted by sitting up and covering her breasts. The smile that Snags was wearing was wiped off his face when he saw Buck.

"Steve----oh, Buck... what are you doing here?" Ellie asked realizing it wasn't her husband. "Where's Steven?"

Buck wasn't answering any questions, but instead looked at Snags. The bigger black man's nose was snarled and he had a glare that instantly made Snags back away.

"What's the problem? I didn't do nothin'!" Snags said looking at Buck.

"The fuck you think you're doin', *boy!*?" Buck barked aggressively at the younger man.

"We was just havin' a little fun, Buck. Honest... ain't that right baby?" Snags looked to Ellie.

Ellie held her breasts, but remained silent.

"Sounds like only one of you's-was havin' any fun," Buck asserted.

"It ain't like that, dog!" Snags said, and looked scared for the first time. He looked to Ellie, "Tell him, c'mon... tell'em it's not like *that!*"

“He’s right Buck... it’s not exactly like *that...*” Ellie finally uttered.

Buck looked at both of them to make sure he felt like he was getting the truth. Feeling satisfied, he thumbed towards the open door that Steven stood near.

“Get the fuck out, *boy!*” Buck said to Snags in a tone that suggest *or else*.

“But Buck!” Snags whined

“NOW!” Buck roared.

Ellie, Snags and even Steven all froze at the sudden loudness of Buck’s voice. The younger black male was not interested in having any further conflict with Buck and pulled his pants up. He was scowling at Buck as he began to walk out of the bedroom.

“The fuck you going to do, boy.... keep walkin’....” Buck said to Snags.

Steven waited in the hallway for Snags to walk by him. The younger man didn’t even stop to say a word to Steven. So enraged, he just continued to walk away and down the hallway to go back to the living room. By the way that he stomped, Steven could tell that the young thug was infuriated. Returning his gaze back into the bedroom, Steven’s eyes now rested on only Buck and Ellie.

“You okay?” Buck asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Ellie said, brushing off Snags aggressive behavior. Ellie looked like she was lacking confidence, as she covered herself modestly. Her voice was soft, but genuinely grateful, “Thanks Buck.”

“You know, you have to be careful with men like Snags... we’re of a different sort of breed...” Buck said.

"I know." Ellie agreed.

"Steven should be here to protect you..." Buck suggested. Ellie sadly nodded, but shrugged.

"What" Buck could see that she was holding something back.

"Steven isn't that type of man..." Ellie said.

"Man," Mocked Buck with a light chuckle. "...but you are right. He's not."

"It's just he's too sensitive..." Ellie added.

*I am not!* Steven silently defended himself.

"He's soft," Buck bluntly spoke.

"And you guys are so mean to him... and he just takes it..." Ellie said and searched around the room for the next words she wanted to use to explain herself. "I mean... I want to protect him... but I also need protection it feels like too... I just don't want know what to do. What do I do Buck?"

Buck had a smile and he slowly stepped a little closer to Ellie, "I tell you what you help me I'll help you..."

"How?" Ellie was still covering her breasts and looking up at Buck, not understanding what he was getting at.

Ellie sat on the bed and watched Buck take a final step before reaching down and dropping his shorts. Getting to the point, Buck's big black cock flopped right out of his shorts and unraveled to hit the bed. Steven swore the cock was so heavy, that it made Ellie bounce on the bed when it smacked down against it.

Ellie's eyes widened and her mouth dropped while staring at it. She didn't move or make a sound, but simply examined the monster cock that belonged to Buck. She had seen Vernon's,

Tyson's and Snags, but never Buck's.

"Oh... my... God..." Ellie said to herself, but aloud, so that even her husband could hear her.

"Go ahead..." Buck nodded down at it.

Ellie scooted herself closer to Buck, who stood at the end of the mattress. She looked down at it and reached up as though she was going to touch it, but stopped.

"So, if I do this... you'll protect me?" Ellie asked.

"Of course," Buck said.

Ellie reached up did her best to grab at the hefty hanging cock in front of her. Her hand had absolutely no chance of wrapping around the entire shaft. She gave it a few tugs and a few pulls with Buck standing over her and looking down at her do so. Steven could see his wife pondering though, as though she might back out.

*C'mon Ellie... don't do it...* Steven hoped.

Ellie then stopped stroking Buck's cock, but still held it. She tilted her chin and looked up at the muscular black man. "And you promise to be nicer to Steven?"

Buck whined, but sounded more like a huff from the animal that he was named after. He sighed, "I will *try*... okay?"

*He will try? Oh yeah, I'm sure... don't fall for that, Ellie!* Steven thought.

Ellie bit her lip and looked down at the cock in her hand as she began to stroke it again. Buck was moving his hips around while in her hand impatiently and begin lightly humping her hand.

Buck was done with words and was now commanding her, "Suck it."

Ellie leaned down, pressing her lips against the head of Buck's

cock. Steven watched his wife begin to start slowly kissing the mushroom head nearly fist sized head of Buck's dick. Her sensual affection began to arouse Buck's cock and it slowly, but surely began to harden by the time Ellie let her tongue come out and slide around the circular head of it.

*That's it? You're making out with his cock because he's going to try and be nice to me!?* Steven whined, but hypocritically failed to realize that he was essentially allowing his wife to whore herself in order to protect him because he wasn't man enough to do it himself.

Ellie's passionate kissing became sloppier as her tongue and lips curved around the head of Buck's cock. Buck stood there like a statue and admired his wife working him over and getting him harder.

"Oh yeah... that's it baby..." Buck said, as he looked back and over in Steven's direction.

Steven naturally reacted by hiding again, causing Buck to lightly laugh as Ellie continue to make out with the head of his huge cock.

"Ha ha ha..." Bellowed Buck.

"Oh my god... its so big, Buck... I've never..." Ellie said, lifting the hardening cock and looking at it. She picked it up a few times before wrapping her second hand around it. "Its so heavy... so thick!"

"Put it in your mouth..." Buck said.

"I don't know if I can," Hesitated Ellie.

"I didn't ask you to do it... I told you to," Buck ordered.

Ellie looked back down at it, and opened her mouth wide to stuff the head of his cock between her lips. Inserting the entire head of it in her mouth, her lips suctioned around the huge round

head. Her eyes were wide open staring up at Buck with his big black cock now hard in her mouth.

*She can barely fit in her mouth!* Steven watched Ellie begin to move her head around the knob at the end of Buck's cock.

Ellie momentarily pulled the cock out and began pecking her lips up and down the side of the shaft. Once she reached his bulbous head Ellie let her tongue come out to vigorously lick at it.

*She looks like she's enjoying herself!* Steven frustratingly noticed.

Her tongue came down to slide against Buck's shaft before Ellie slid it back up and gave the curve of his head a wet kiss. Her tongue flicked out a few times against the head before she gave it another long passionate wet kiss before pulling away.

"Back in your mouth," Buck ordered.

"Mm... I love a man in charge..." Ellie confessed.

Steven then watched Ellie lower her head again and engulf the entire head of Buck's cock in her mouth. She stuck it farther in her mouth, letting it slide over her tongue with one hand attempting to wrap around his thick shaft. Her other hand reached up and she cupped her palm to allow one of his big black balls to rest in it. Ellie tried to stuff the cock farther down the back of her throat, but gagged briefly and had to pull it out. Steven saw the thick strand of saliva possibly mixed with Buck's precum that began at the end of his mushroom head and ended on his wife's pink luscious lips.

"There is absolutely no way I can fit this whole thing in my mouth," Ellie said looking at the cock while holding it with one hand. She began to stroke it with her hand to try and lube the rest of her saliva up and down the shaft, but there was too much meat of Buck's shaft.

"If you can't, then I will..." Buck then put a hand on the top

of Ellie's head. "Now c'mon!"

"Ooh!" Gaspd Ellie excitedly.

She opened her mouth and Buck eagerly started to shove his cock past her lips. Her eyes widened with fear as he began to hit the back of her throat. Each time the head of his dick smashed against the back of her throat it made a sloshy gurgle that resonated inside of the bedroom. Buck conveyed his pleasure by moaning and Steven could see that he was currently and thoroughly enjoying his wife's warm mouth.

His hand on the back of Ellie's head ensure that his cock never left her mouth while Steven watched his wife continue to suck his black cock. While she sucked him off, Buck took the time to reach down with his other hand and grab a handful of her breast. With one hand on the back of her head, he continued to move his hips forward and back and gently fuck Ellie's mouth. Ellie's moan was muffled from the cock in her mouth, but Steven was certain that Buck's massaging of her breast was arousing her. Ellie looked up while Buck continued to grind his cock against the back of her throat.

*She's totally submissive to him! Like she worships him!*  
Steven could see.

Both of Buck's large hands came down to palm her head and hold her head firmly in place with his cock still buried in her mouth. He widened his stance to give himself good position.

*What are you doing Buck?* Steven wondered.

Buck's began to move his hips at a medium pace against Ellie's face, causing his big black balls to swing back and forth. Each time they swung forward, the smacked right against Ellie's chin causing Steven to hear it. His hands kept her head firmly in place as he bent his knees to penetrate in and out of her mouth at an advantageous angle.

“Oh fuck yeah, I bet that pussy husband of yours never fucks your mouth like this...” Buck said with his balls slapping against her chin.

*Conceited jerk!* Steven whined to himself silently, while the sound of Buck’s balls slapping against his wife’s chin came from the bedroom. *Why does he have to even mention me!?*

“Oh yeah.... Oh yeah.... Suck it... Suck it good....” Buck groaned as he humped at Ellie’s beautiful face.

“Glurk... Glurk!... Glurk!”, The noise came from Ellie’s stretching throat. Steven could see that she was having a hard time breathing and had to lift her head to accommodate the big black cock pounding against the back of her throat. Buck’s sac of flesh containing his balls swayed back and forth and appeared heavy to Steven. It made him wonder if it was painful for Ellie to have them constantly smacking her, or if she secretly liked it.

Steven had never used his wife in such a vicious manner, but watching the big black muscular alpha male taking his woman’s mouth right in front of him had a strange effect. He could feel the arousal building between his legs even with his shrinking penis now practically missing. Reaching into his shorts and into the front of his thong, Steven rubbed at his crotch.

*That feels nice...* Steven thought, while Buck fucked Ellie’s face and he continued to rub. There was no ability to stroke his penis, or even rub at the nub that used to exist. Now all he could feel were two vertical strips of flesh, which he believed was the head of his penis that was raveling inwards. His two fingers rubbed up and down in a vertical motion, and he could even feel himself leaking precum from inside.

Buck’s big black hand held a handful of one of her milky white breasts, while the other one jiggled around. She was doing her best to keep herself from gagging, but from time to time, Buck would have to stop. After the brief break, Ellie would eagerly devour the

thick black fuck meat that belonged to Buck. Saliva was drooling out of the corner of her lips when she looked up with an unrecognizable face to Steven.

*No! What has Buck done to my wife!?* Steven anxiously thought. He hated himself for it, but he couldn't stop rubbing his crotch, as his arousal built.

Ellie's big blue eyes were bulging with a glazed over look to them, even as they welled up with tears. Her lips were curved completely out and Ellie's cheeks were sucking in and out with each harsh thrust Buck gave his big black cock into her mouth. While Ellie looked up to him, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Buck's continued to fuck her mouth and his cock began to bend from the rough smash against the back of her throat.

He was grunting like an animal or some sort of monster and Steven simply watched his wife begin to shudder with Buck's cock in her mouth. The sounds of her throat being rammed continued, but Steven could now see that Buck was getting close simply by his snarling facial expressions and the way he was huffed and puffed while breathing heavily. Buck's teeth were clenched and his eyes were bulged open manically. Coupled with the way Buck rammed his wife's throat and desecrated his marriage, Steven was scared.

"Fuck.... Mmm... Fuck..." Buck said with his balls still slapping against Ellie's chin. "Get ready to swallow a month's worth of my cum, you little slut..."

*She's not a slut, that's my wife!* Steven wanted to cry out and defend his wife's honor, even though he was allowing Buck to face fuck her right in front of him.

Buck's pace didn't slow, but actually increased and he began to stand up straight. Ellie tried to sit up straighter, but she was unable to. This caused Buck to practically lift her from the bed by her head with his giant hands palming her head. Holding her head, he continued to only fuck her face even faster and harder. His balls

were smacking her chin two times a second and it was all that Steven could hear beyond the sloshing-smacking noise coming from Ellie's throat. Ellie was holding onto Buck's forearms that was picking her up by the head in order to try and avoid getting hurt under the savage fucking her face was receiving.

Ellie couldn't hold out too much longer though and her eyes began to roll back into her head again. Her whole body instantly began to shutter with the cock pounding at her mouth, and she yelped out a muffled moan around Buck's cock. The cock going in and out of her mouth made her moan sound muffled when he was buried inside of her, and when he pulled out, made Ellie's moan sound like a shrieking yell. All the while, the smacking of Buck's balls continued against her chin causing it to become redder.

*Ellie's orgasming? How is that possible?* Steven didn't understand how his wife was so sexually stimulated that she came.

"Get ready to swallow slut!" Buck said right before letting out a powerful roar. "AGHHGH!!!!!!!!!"

"Ugh-Ugh-Ugh... Aghhhh... FUCK!" Buck wailed as he came more and more with each time he humped Ellie's face.

Ellie's body was near limp as her face continued to take the cock in her mouth and throat. Buck continued to beat her with his dick lodged in her throat leaving Steven to wonder if he should intervene at the sake for Ellie's life.

*I'm sorry Ellie... you're on your own....* Steven realized as he watched Buck continue to obstruct his wife's breathing.

Buck continued to dump his load into her throat as she hung from his crotch and her breasts jiggled freely. Cum was pouring out of the corner of her mouths at an exuberant pace and dripping all over. It was an almost inconceivable amount of cum splashing out of her mouth as Buck continued to fuck her face. Ellie gulped down dozens of streams of Buck's cum, but she was unable to swallow it

all and it continued to pour from her mouth. Buck on the other hand was still milking himself into her warm mouth before finally pulling out his dripping wet cock covered in her saliva and his copious amounts of cum. It was unexplainable, the amount of cum that came flooding out of Ellie's mouth and landed right on Steven's pillow.

*Darn it!* Steven wondered why it had to land on his pillow.

Ellie was gasping for air and still shuttering from her orgasm when Buck tossed her aside when he was done with her. She gently landed on the mattress and her tits bounced as she laid on her side. Cum was still leaking out of the corner of her lips as she laid motionless. Buck's big black cock was proudly standing high and remained triumphant over Steven's wife that he had just taken right in front of her husband.

Seeing his wife's ravaged used body thrown aside like the worthless fuck doll that Buck turned her into sent Steven over the top. Rubbing furiously away at his wet crotch caused him to feel a sensation building in his feet. It was something strange that he had never felt before, but suddenly an overwhelming euphoria feeling rushed through his entire body.

*Oh my god what is this!?* Steven thought with bliss as he leaned against the wall to keep himself from falling down to his knees. *Oh god this was great! But... that's not usual...*

It felt like an orgasm, but not like the one's Steven was use to causing mixed feelings internally. Steven had no more time to dwell on himself, as he noticed that Buck had stuffed his cock away and was walking towards him. Ellie was still lying on her side on the bed behind him. She stared off blankly, but had a small smile on her lips that appeared slightly stretched and loosened on her face.

"You taught her well..." Buck chuckled, referring to his joke before he fucked his wife's face.

Steven gave a faint and appeasing laugh. He hated himself for doing so.

“Well, Stephe.... I guess your wife bit the bullet for you guys this time...” Buck said, but his hand reached down and grabbed Steven’s ass roughly. “But I don’t think she’s going to be able to physically handle my big black cock every time, if ya catch my drift.”

Steven cringed, because he did.

Buck let go of Steven’s ass, “But... for now, I’m going to enjoy the rest of my night.”

Buck whistles as he walked off. He looked like he was in a much better mood than he had been the last few weeks.

Steven was unsure of what he should do in that moment. Ellie was still on the bed, but he felt that she would need a little time to regain her composure.

*Buck fucked her face like such a whore... she’s going to need some time to recover..* Steven tried to empathize with his wife. She had to endure a brutal face pounding from the big cock that Steven had ever seen in his life, and he wondered if he could have survived the onslaught himself. Steven found himself rubbing his crotch once again while pondering the thought.

*I’ll give Ellie some time to recover.. and take some time in the bathroom by myself.*

Steven was becoming wet and this was the perfect time to explore the new sensation that his new body gave him.

# **Thank you!**

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