



Humiliation of a Beta Cuck

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HUMILIATION OF A BETA CUCK

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Sandra was sprawled out on the couch, idly flipping through channels on the TV. Her husband Tom sat in his armchair, engrossed in a football game on the big screen. Sandra sighed and tossed the remote aside in frustration.

"Seriously Tom, this is the best you can do? A stupid game?" she complained. "I'm so bored. Can't we go out or something?"

Tom barely glanced up from the screen. "Nah babe, I wanna watch this game. Why don't you just go read or take a bath or something."

Sandra huffed in annoyance and crossed her arms over her chest. She was starting to get seriously pissed off. They never did anything fun anymore. It was all Tom wanted - sit on his ass and vegetate in front of the idiot box.

As if sensing her mounting irritation, Tom finally deigned to look over at her. "What's your problem? Why you gotta be so difficult all the time?"

"I'm not being difficult!" Sandra shot back, glaring at him. "I'm just tired of sitting around here doing nothing! I want to have some fucking fun for once!"

Tom rolled his eyes and waved a dismissive hand. "Fine, fine. We'll go out next weekend, okay? Just let me watch the damn game in peace."

Sandra made an exasperated sound but let it drop. Arguing with Tom never got her anywhere. He was so goddamn stubborn sometimes.

She flopped back against the couch cushions with a groan. Maybe she should just give up and watch a movie by herself in the bedroom. Anything was better than this utter boredom.

As she sat there stewing, a commercial came on the TV. It was some fitness place offering a "Sweat-Off" challenge between a husband and wife and another couple. The couple who won got to fuck each other's spouse.

Sandra's eyes widened as she watched, intrigued. The men wrestled in the ring, muscle against muscle, grunting and straining against each other. Their wives cheered them on, bouncing and jiggling in their tight little outfits.

When the commercial ended, Sandra couldn't shake the thoughts from her head. She turned to look at Tom with a calculating expression.

"How about that challenge?" she said suddenly. "We could totally kick their asses! You're way stronger than any of those other dudes."

Tom looked at her like she'd lost her mind. "You can't be serious. That's a fucking joke. I'm not getting in some ring to roll around with some other guy."

Sandra pouted and reached over to run a hand up his thigh. "But honey, it could be fun! And you know I've been craving a good, hard fucking. You never seem to have time for me anymore."

She leaned in closer, her voice low and seductive. "If we won, you could watch me ride that huge cock and scream his name while he pumps me full of cum. Wouldn't you like that, baby?"

Tom shifted uncomfortably, feeling his cock start to swell at the mental image. "I...I don't know...it's pretty messed up..."

Sandra purred and squeezed his hardening bulge. "It's just a little fantasy, right? And think how amazing you'll feel when you pin that other guy and make him submit to you. You'll prove once and for all that you're the real man."

Tom considered this, the idea starting to appeal to his competitive nature. He did need to show Sandra that he was still a virile, dominant male.

"Alright, I'll do it," he agreed with a nod. "But we're going to train hard for this. No way I'm losing to some other pussy."

Sandra grinned and leaned in to kiss him deeply. "I knew you'd come around. Let's go sign up right now!"

Over the next few weeks, Tom threw himself into training with laser focus. He hit the gym every day, pumping iron and honing his body into a lean, mean fighting machine.

Sandra came to most of his sessions, cheering him on and admiring his rippling muscles as he sweat and strained. It was a real turn-on seeing him work so hard.

One day, when Tom was bench pressing a heavy weight, Sandra sauntered over and leaned down to whisper in his ear.

"You're looking so sexy right now, baby," she breathed, her breath hot against his skin. "Mmm, I can't wait to see you dominate that other guy in the ring."

Tom grunted and finished his reps, his cock hardening at her dirty talk. He sat up on the bench and pulled her into his lap.

"I can't wait to pin that fucker down and make him submit," he growled, gripping her ass possessively. "Then I'll fuck you so hard in front of him, show him who you really belong to."

Sandra moaned and ground herself against the rigid bulge in his shorts. "Oh yes baby, that's what I want," she purred. "Show that other man that my pussy belongs to you and only you."

They kissed hungrily, all tongue and teeth as Tom pawed at her tits. Sandra gasped as he ripped open her top, exposing her lacy bra.

"Mmm fuck Tom," she moaned as he suckled her stiff nipple through the thin fabric. "Keep going baby, I'm so fucking wet for you."

Tom hastily pushed her bra up, freeing her large breasts. He licked and nibbled at the rosy peaks while Sandra squirmed in his lap, her panties soaked with arousal.

Unable to wait any longer, Tom lifted her up and set her down on the weight bench. He shoved his shorts down and pulled out his thick, throbbing cock.

"Oh fuck yeah," Sandra purred, eyeing his impressive erection hungrily. "Put that big dick in me baby. Make me scream."

She lay back and spread her legs wide, the flimsy material of her panties torn away to reveal her glistening folds. Tom stroked himself a few times before kneeling between her thighs.

He plunged into her hot, welcoming depths with one hard thrust, making them both groan. Sandra wrapped her legs around his waist as he began to pound into her with deep, powerful strokes.

"That's it baby, fuck me hard," she urged breathlessly, her nails raking down his sweat-slicked back. "Mmm, your cock feels so good stretching my tight little cunt."

Tom gripped her hips hard enough to leave bruises as he hammered into her, grunting with effort. "Fuck Sandra, you're so tight," he panted. "Gonna...fuck...cum so deep in this pussy."

"Yesss do it baby!" Sandra cried out, her body tensing as her climax approached rapidly. "Fill me up! Make me your cum dump!"

With a final hard thrust, Tom buried himself balls deep and erupted inside her spasming channel. His cock jerked and pulsed as it painted her womb with thick spurts of hot seed.

Sandra came with a scream, her pussy clamping down on his spurting shaft rhythmically as she milked him for every last drop. They clung to each other as they rode out the intense waves of pleasure.

Afterwards, they lay tangled together on the bench, both breathing hard. Tom pressed tender kisses to Sandra's sweaty skin as they basked in the afterglow.

"I love you so fucking much," he murmured against her neck. "I'm gonna make you so proud when I win this challenge."

Sandra smiled softly and stroked his hair. "I know you will baby. I believe in you."

And she did. Tom was a strong, virile man who would stop at nothing to prove his dominance - even if it meant losing his wife to another man.

The night of the big Sweat-Off finally arrived. Tom and Sandra arrived at the gym, Tom in workout gear and Sandra in a tight little dress that left little to the imagination.

They were greeted by the other couple, Steve and Cindy. Steve was a tall, muscular man with a confident smirk on his handsome face. Cindy was a petite blonde with big tits and an ass that wouldn't quit, all on display in her barely-there outfit.

"Well, well, well," Steve drawled, eyeing Tom up and down. "Looks like the little boy brought his bitch. Too bad you're about to get your ass kicked and have to watch me fuck her."

Tom's eyes narrowed in anger and he took a step towards Steve. "Watch your fucking mouth," he growled. "She's my wife, not your goddamn bitch."

Sandra stepped between them with a sultry smile. "Now boys, let's not start the festivities early," she purred. "Save all that energy for the ring."

Cindy giggled and pressed herself against Steve. "That's right baby, show them how a real man fights. I can't wait to see you pin that little pussy boy down and make him submit."

Tom's jaw clenched and his hands balled into fists. These assholes had no idea who they were fucking with. He'd wipe that cocky smirk off Steve's face real quick.

The announcer called them into the ring and the crowd cheered as they entered. Tom and Steve circled each other, shoulders tense and muscles coiled.

When the bell rang, they clashed together in a tangle of limbs, grunting and straining. It was quickly apparent that Tom was outmatched - Steve was just too big and strong, overpowering Tom with ease.

Despite Tom's best efforts, Steve quickly gained the upper hand. He slammed Tom to the mat and pinned him with his heavier body, grinning down at him smugly.

"Tap out, bitch," Steve growled, grinding his hips against Tom's ass. "Or I'll keep you here until you pass out."

Tom snarled and struggled beneath him, but it was no use. Steve had him completely subdued. Tears of rage and humiliation stung his eyes as he realized he was truly defeated.

"Fuck you!" he spat bitterly. "I'm not tapping out to a fucking asshole like you!"

"Suit yourself," Steve shrugged. He leaned down and bit Tom's ear hard before releasing him and standing up.

Tom slowly got to his feet, swaying slightly from the pounding he'd taken. He glared at Steve, who just smirked back at him.

"Guess you lost, pussy boy," Steve taunted. "Now it's time to pay up."

Sandra moved into the center of the ring, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. She sauntered over to Steve and looped her arms around his neck.

"You won fair and square, stud," she purred seductively. "Now let's give the crowd a show."

Steve grinned and spun her around, bending her over the nearest turnbuckle. He hiked up her skirt and pulled her panties aside to reveal her glistening pussy.

"Fuck, she's already wet," he remarked, giving her ass a hard smack. "I guess she wanted this as much as I did."

Sandra moaned and arched her back as he rubbed the head of his cock against her folds. Tom stood frozen in shock and anger, unable to look away from the lewd display.

With one hard thrust, Steve buried himself balls deep in Sandra's hot cunt. She cried out in pleasure, her nails scrabbling at the turnbuckle padding.

"Oh fuck yes!" she moaned loudly. "Pound my pussy! Make me cum on that huge fucking cock!"

Steve gripped her hips and began to rut into her, grunting with effort. His heavy balls slapped against her clit with each powerful stroke, making Sandra wail.

Tom stood helplessly as he watched his wife get absolutely railed by another man. Tears streamed down his face as the brutal pace of Steve's fucking forced Sandra to scream in ecstasy.

"Fuck, your cunt is so good," Steve panted, slamming into her harder. "Gonna fill this pussy with my cum. Breed this bitch!"

Sandra came with a wordless shriek, her pussy clenching and fluttering around Steve's pistoning cock. He roared and rammed into her one final time before flooding her womb with his seed.

They stayed locked together for a long moment, both gasping for breath as their orgasms slowly ebbed. Finally, Steve pulled out and staggered back, tucking himself away.

Sandra straightened up on shaky legs, cum dripping down her thighs. She turned to face Tom with a satisfied smirk.

"Mmm, that was incredible," she purred breathlessly. "I've never been fucked so hard in my life. You're really gonna have to step up your game now, baby."

Tom just stood there numbly, his heart shattered into a million pieces. He'd lost everything - his pride, his wife's respect, his very manhood.

As the crowd cheered and hollered for an encore, Tom turned and walked away from the ring with his head held high. He may have been beaten, but he still had his dignity.

Sandra watched him go, a mixture of regret and lust on her face. She knew she'd pushed things too far this time. But damn if it hadn't been worth it.

Steve wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close. "Don't worry about him," he murmured in her ear. "You're mine now, and I'm going to fuck you every day for the rest of your life."

Sandra shivered in anticipation and smiled up at him sultrily. "Mmm, I can't wait."

And so Tom walked out of the gym alone, leaving his wife behind with her new alpha male master. He knew his marriage was over, but he held onto the hope that one day he'd find a woman who would appreciate him for who he was - even if he wasn't the biggest or strongest man around.