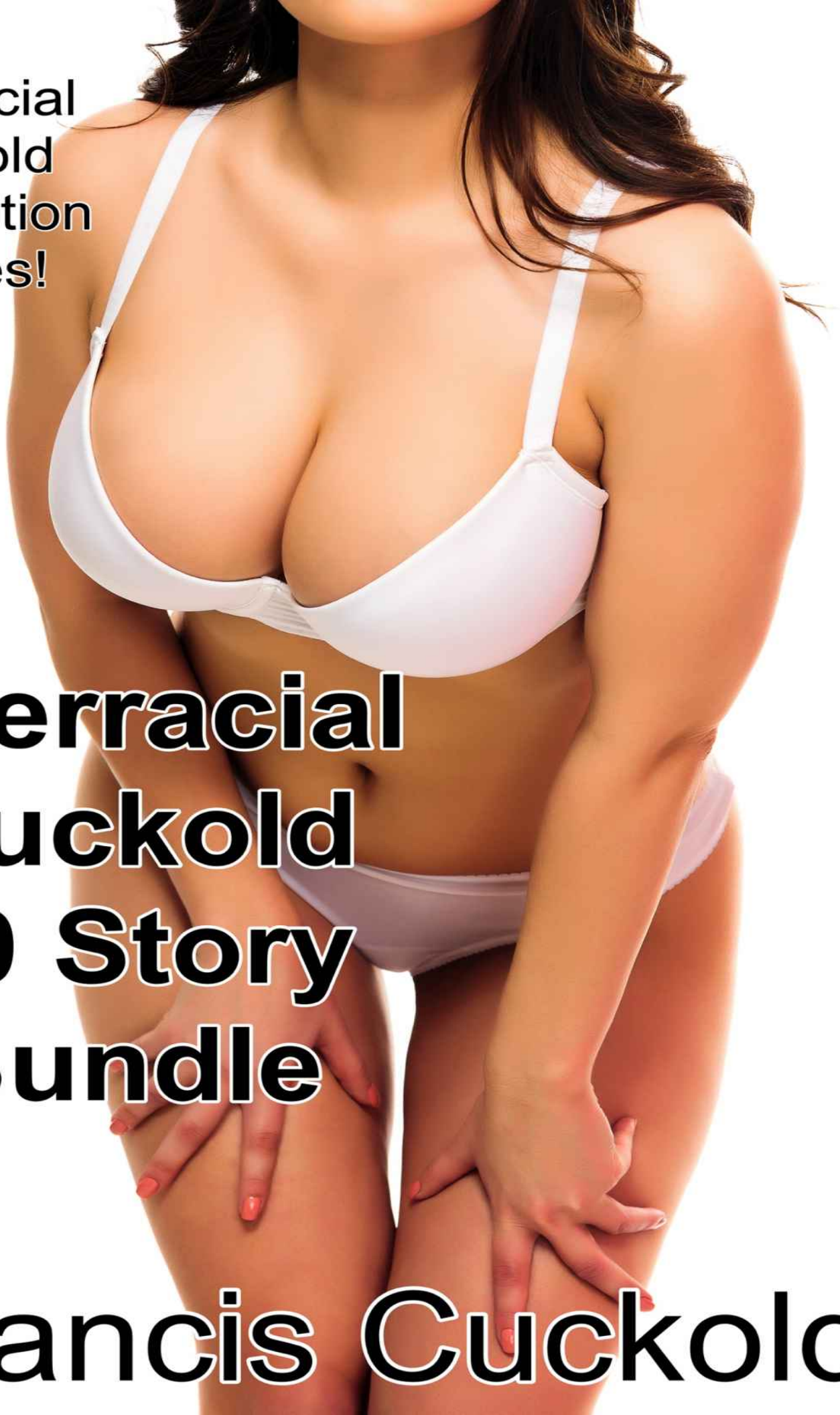


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INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD BOOKS

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Also by Francis Cuckold

MY CHEATING WIFE & THE BIG BLACK POOL GUY



THE COMPLETE SERIES

INTRODUCTION

A Cheating Wife Turns the Big Black Pool Guy's Service into A Cuckold Husband's Worst Nightmare...

Frank has long neglected his hot wife's needs...

But he soon learns she's not just going to take it laying down...

She has a new obsession...

The Big Big Black Pool guy...

And all of his gang...

While her cuckold husband has to watch all the action...

And he's the one who's left to clean up the mess...



BOOK 1: SERVICED BY THE POOL GUY



"A staycation?" My wife's voice was practically dripping with disgust.

"Yeah, I mean, we have a great pool and I'm pretty exhausted with all the business trips." Each word came out of my mouth with less and less conviction behind it. In reality, I was exhausted from my latest trip because it was in Las Vegas and I was up late every night at a different strip club.

"But you promised me," Kate said, with tears welling in her eyes. She sucked in a sobbing breath. "You promised we'd go somewhere exotic."

As far as I was concerned, "exotic" was just another word for a tropical resort that would give my wife an easy excuse to flaunt her body in front of thirsty strangers. She had a body that tempted other guys.

Fortunately for me, Kate's led a pretty sheltered life. She was young when we got married and saved herself for marriage. Thank God.

I'm self aware enough to know I wouldn't handle the thought of her being with other guys. It bothered me when other guys just looked at her. There was no way I'd be able to deal with it if I knew another guy had seen her naked — or God forbid, been inside her.

Still, I felt a little bad about breaking my promise to Kate. Even though I didn't really mean it at the time. I would have told her anything to get out of an argument before the game started.

But a part of me really did regret going back on my word. For a week after I promised her an exotic getaway, even a second honeymoon, she tempted me with her own promise that a whole lot of vacation sex would rejuvenate our love life, which really needed all the rejuvenation it could get.

"We'll do it someday," I said, falling back on my favorite empty promise to help me out of this mess. "I promise."

But even as I said the words I could sense a coldness descending on my legitimately hot wife. She turned away from me with a flip of her long blonde hair. "You've broken so many promises to me they mean nothing anymore. Someday I might break a promise to you and then you'll know how it feels."



SO THERE I WAS, in the pool, enjoying my vacation, when Kate walked out of the house in her brand new bikini. And it was so revealing I was sure glad we had our own pool.

Her big breasts were straining the tiny triangles of fabric that barely covered her hard nipples. And her bikini bottom was more the vague notion of a bathing suit than an actual swimsuit. The top edge hardly covered her pubic mound and tapered to practically nothing as it disappeared between her toned thighs.

Maybe I shouldn't complain. How many guys would kill to have a trophy wife with a supermodel figure? Sure the bikini was extra skimpy but at least Kate could pull it off. How many guys could say that about their wives?

And at least she was just wearing it around our home pool. If she had debuted this suit at some beach in front of hundreds of lustful, prying eyes, I would have lost it.

Kate bounced past me without acknowledging my presence. We'd had a big fight a couple of nights ago. She'd been horny as hell but I wasn't feeling it. So I begged off and she got mad at me.

Part of me didn't blame her. Not entirely anyway. She'd been knocking herself out at the gym for months to "get back in shape." But really she was always in great shape.

The problem was with me. I'd let stress of work get to me, even though I promised Kate it wouldn't. So for every pound Kate lost I'd gained about ten.

And I had another problem that I didn't like to admit. Getting it up was an issue lately. More than lately, actually. Months. Maybe even years.

Kate urged me to do something about it but I was way too embarrassed to bring it up with a doctor. I'd rather avoid having sex again for the rest of my life than have a discussion about it.

Deep down I knew what the real issue was. I was addicted to porn. Sort of anyway. It wasn't porn exactly. It was voyeurism that I liked. And it was getting out of hand.

During my business trips, I was consumed with watching beautiful naked women. The porn led to strip clubs. Which led to finding underground sex clubs to finally hiring prostitutes.

But I never touched another woman. All I ever did was watch them. And pleasure myself while I did.

That's not cheating. But it did have a negative effect on my marriage. Truth be told, my wife, gorgeous though she is, didn't do it for me anymore.

Watching other people have sex was the greatest turn on for me now. Nothing could beat the thrill of spying on the intimacy of others. Watching their bodies interact, hearing the moans and heavy breathing and the slapping of naked bodies coming together was more erotic than anything I could be a part of.

But as I watched my stunningly hot wife mount a lounge chair in the sun next to the pool I felt a stirring down below that I hadn't felt in a long time.

A fantasy flashed through my mind. I'd run up the steps and out of the pool, shed my bathing suit and rip Kate's thong right off. I'd prone bone her right in the lounge chair in broad daylight and force her to muffle her screams of pleasure into the cushions. We had a nosy neighbor from hell that would call the cops if they ever heard sex noises outside.

Unfortunately, the real life version of that moment came crashing down when my sad little erection shrunk to nothing before I so much as cleared the second step.

By the time I stepped out of the pool the bulge in my trunks had shrunk down to nothing. Dejected, I stomped over to the chair next to Kate and grabbed my towel.

"New suit," I said, desperate for any response. My wife was face down in the chair. The sun glared down on her practically bare butt.

"Yeah," she said without even the slightest interest in continuing the conversation. She did however, reach behind her back to undo the top of her bikini. Then she raised her torso up so her big breasts could hang down as she repositioned herself.

"Would you like me to put some lotion on your back?" I felt the stirring in my crotch again. Any chance to touch her bare skin would be welcomed. She looked as hot as any stripper I'd seen in Vegas.

"No, I'm good." She dismissed me just like that.

When I finished drying off, I left her and went back into the house.



FROM OUR MASTER BEDROOM, I could see Kate literally basking in the sun. Our bedroom connected to the pool deck through a triple glass sliding door. She wasn't facing me so I pulled the blinds open to get a better look at her. From my vantage point, she appeared to be completely naked.

I stripped off my wet suit and was disgusted by what I saw. The cool water had shrunk my dick down to the smallest I'd ever seen it. It was basically shriveled down to just the head, and even that was obscured by the hair and my growing gut. More pathetic than ever.

Thank God Kate didn't see it. I'd never live it down. If she ever saw it that small she'd divorce me on the spot. I'd be alone without ever having a chance to be with a beautiful woman like her again.

I reached down to try to revive my mini manhood. But Just as I looked down I noticed a shadow move pass the glass door.

My mind instantly recognized that it wasn't my wife. She was all the way on the other side of the pool.

When I looked up I saw a big black guy through the glass staring at me. His face was plastered with a wide grin that highlighted the whites of his eyes and teeth.

The shock was so great I stumbled backwards as I covered myself and tripped and fell over the corner of our bed.

"What the fuck?" I cried out as I fumbled for my wet bathing suit, desperate to cover my nakedness.

By that time, the guy had turned his back on me and was making his way to the pool. It was only then that I realized he had something in his hands.

It was a bucket and a long pole with a pool skimmer attached. Then I recognized his light blue tee shirt. BOB'S POOL SERVICE.

I hadn't seen our pool guy in over a year. Since my last vacation. But even then it was a diminished old white guy actually named Bob.

This guy was young and big and not hunched over in the slightest. And his skin was so dark it was like the exact opposite of white.

And the pool guy was supposed to come on Wednesday not Sunday. What the fuck was he doing here?

My wife was out there just about naked and this asshole just decides to show up?

He was facing her as he walked over, no doubt feasting his eyes on every last inch of Kate's exposed skin. Her exposed ass and more than a little side boob.

Part of me wanted to rush out there and stop him from taking another step. But something held me up.

Shame.

I knew just in that instant when we made eye contact that this pool guy had seen my dick. Shriveled and pathetic.

Confronting him in front of my mostly nude wife would just add to my humiliation.

So I flung the wet bathing suit in disgust and rushed into the bathroom to get dressed. I stopped short when I saw my reflection in the giant mirror. My cock looked even tinier in the bright lights. It was like I had no dick at all.



FINALLY DRESSED, I rushed back to the glass doors. The big black pool guy leered over my wife, who was sitting up in the chair. She hadn't

even re-tied her bikini top but instead was holding it up to cover her breasts. Or trying too, anyway.

At least she was face up again. The bikini bottoms exposed her entire backside and who knows what else.

Through the glass I couldn't make out what they were saying but I picked up on a few things. First they both seemed to smile and nod a lot, as though they had everything in common. Plus I noticed Kate was blushing.

She was flirting with him. The only reason I recognized it was because she'd flirted with me a long time ago.

Needless to say, I didn't like this one bit.

But I stayed where I was as the pool guy turned his back on Kate and actually started working on the pool. Finally.

Kate was watching him too. Even more closely than I was. Every so often as she watched him bend and flex in front of her, she'd bite her lower lip as if she was considering something.

It was at that moment I saw her hand go to her lap. She slid her entire palm underneath the lip of her bikini bottoms. Right over her pussy.

The fabric undulated as she worked her fingers. Slowly at first.

Her eyes were wide as she stared at the big black pool guy going about his business. Every few seconds she ran her tongue over her full lips, as if her mouth was watering at the sight of him.

I was paralyzed watching her boldness. It was like she didn't care if he turned around and caught her playing with herself.

She obviously didn't care if her husband was watching. Not once did she so much as glance over at the house. The house that I provided.

Somehow the pool guy managed to keep his attention on the pole in his hands as he skimmed the pool. Even I could tell he was a handsome, athletic looking guy. Maybe a college athlete slumming it as a pool boy for the summer. No doubt he had lonely, horny housewives throwing themselves at him throughout his daily stops. But there was no way any of them looked as good as my wife.

My wife finally stopped playing with herself just as the pool guy made his way around the edge of the pool so he was facing her. He

nodded at her and smiled.

She smiled right back and said something to him. He shook his head at whatever she asked and continued working.

Kate was undeterred though. She kept on him about something and even waved him over to her.

The pool guy gestured towards the house and I got the distinct feeling he was referring to me.

Kate responded with a dismissive wave in my direction. Almost like she was saying something along the lines of, "My husband? Don't worry about him."



I TURNED AWAY from the glass doors afraid I'd be seen. Again. The humiliation of being seen naked by that guy, especially in my diminished state gnawed at me. My cheeks were burning at the thought of it. The same sick feeling that always made me uncomfortable around locker rooms growing up. Being mocked for my micro penis wasn't something I enjoyed.

That's another reason I was glad I married a virgin. Kate had no experience with bigger dicks than mine.

And I had no doubt the big black pool guy had a stereotypically monster sized dick. For him to have seen me AND be attractive to my wife was just eating me up inside.

To try to take my mind off the scene outside, I put the baseball game on the big tv in the family room. I still had a direct view out to the pool but the game on the large screen would distract me from staring out the windows.

As soon as I turned the tv on though the game went right into a commercial. And the first one was the type of commercial I hated the most — some new erectile dysfunction drug.

Some older guy happily going about his day in the mountains or some bullshit with his unusually attractive but loving wife at his side. They prance around in nature so completely in love it made me sick every time I saw it.

My heart started racing with anger as I imagined telling off the marketing executives that force these ads down my throat every time I turn on the tv.

I angrily punched the remote to turn the tv off. But as soon the screen faded to black I spotted something out by the pool that had my blood boiling all over again.



THOUGH I COULDN'T HEAR what she said to him, I'm not an idiot. When she handed him the bottle of oil it was pretty clear what she had in mind.

Kate flipped back over onto her front. Even from my vantage point I could pick up on her excitement. Every move she made was shaky, like she could hardly contain herself. She was trembling so much she lost the grip on her bikini top and it fell away exposing her hard nipple.

Face down, she propped herself up on her elbows so she could glance back at him. Fortunately her upper arms blocked the side view of her breasts. But the skimpy back of her bikini bottoms gave the pool guy an eyeful of her ass cheeks.

He poured the oil onto her upper back, between her shoulder blades. Way too much. She squirmed as it ran down along her spine and pooled in the hollow of her lower back before spilling to the sides and down her hips.

The pool guy recovered quickly. He had an easy athleticism to him that was immediately apparent as he reached for the overflow oil as it dripped from her.

Kate tensed at his first touch. She bit her lower lip and made a show of looking around like she was afraid someone was watching.

And someone was watching!

Me!

Her fucking husband!

Not that she gave a damn. She seemed more concerned about the neighbors seeing her than the man to whom she had supposedly

committed herself to.

The pool guy started rubbing circles into the skin along her curvy hips. He placed a knee on the chair between her partially parted legs to give him some balance. His face was just inches above my wife's practically bare ass.

His big black hands looked so powerful massaging her pale delicate body.

In my mind, I tried to calm myself. Think about it, I urged myself. We've been on cruises and at resorts where she's gotten massages before. She always went without me but surely some of them must have been from big black guys. And nothing happened those times. How was this any different?

Well, for one thing, the guy rubbing her down was a pool guy. As opposed to a professional masseuse. And this guy was coming to our house literally every week. And usually when I wasn't home.

And there was something else different about this time. I was watching. And my body was reacting to it in a way that made me even more uncomfortable.

The twinge in my crotch had developed into a full blown hard on. And not just my normal quickie jerk off hard on. This one was so hard it was painful.

In fact it hurt more and more as I tried to ignore it. Like it was demanding my attention.

But I wouldn't give it the satisfaction. It's one thing to jerk off to some random video on the internet or somebody else's wife or girlfriend in a private room at a strip club. But there was no way I was going to play with myself watching some black guy, who basically worked for me, fondled my wife.

I closed my eyes for a few seconds, willing my erection away. It was so frustrating I literally slammed my fist down on it, punching myself in the dick (but not the balls, I'm not a sadist) but it just kept bouncing back up, taunting me.

When I looked back out, the pool guy's hands were kneading her upper back. And for a second I had hope that this unseemly episode would end relatively harmlessly.

But then the sun re-emerged from behind a cloud. That's when I noticed the sparkling on my wife's ass cheeks. They were both oiled down and glistening in the sun.

That fucker had rubbed oil all over her ass!

In fact, her bikini bottom had even been pulled down a little. Not much but enough to reveal the top of her crack to him!

That was it! This had gone on too far!

I gathered myself and prepared to storm out there to break it up.

I grabbed a towel to cover the bulge in my shorts and reached for the sliding door handle. As I tried to yank it open, it stopped short and made a loud snapping noise. It was locked.

The noise was loud enough to alert the pool guy and my slutty wife. By the time I managed to get the fucking door open my wife had readjusted her bikini and the pool guy was snatching up his equipment.

I stomped out to them steeling myself for the dreaded confrontation.

But as I drew closer, the full size of the guy became apparent to me. He had to be a foot taller and much more broad than me. And suddenly I was afraid for my safety.

I lowered my eyes to avoid his. It was easy since he was so much bigger than me. My eye level was aligned with the name embroidered on his shirt: Darius.

My throat clinched up and all I managed to do was squeak. "Are you almost finished up out here, Darius?" Maybe by letting him know I knew his name and was very capable of complaining about him to his boss I could regain control of the situation.

The pool guy tilted his head and grinned at me. "Yes, sir," he said. And I was sure he was just picturing my tiny shriveled dick.

"Great," I managed to say as my face burned with humiliation.

I turned to Kate who was still laying on the lounge chair. She was still watching the departing pool guy, though her dark sunglasses hid her eyes. Her lips were turned up in a wicked smile though. And I was sure it wasn't for my benefit.

Even in the blinding glare of the sun, I could see red marks on the pale skin of my wife's ass. The marks were in the shape of very

large handprints.



AFTER THE POOL GUY LEFT, I turned to Kate. She was completely unreadable with those damn sunglasses on. I couldn't even tell if she was awake. She remained motionless as the sun beat down on her oil-slicked skin.

The part of me that wanted a confrontation fell away hopelessly as the humiliation welled up inside me. Words failed me. Almost as if by saying what I saw out loud would make it somehow more real.

Maybe it didn't happen. Maybe I just hallucinated the whole thing.

That was really the simplest explanation. Why would a pool guy risk his job to rub down a customer's wife? And why would my wife do something so bold right in front of me?

But even as I tried to convince myself nothing happened, the glare off of Kate's oiled butt and the fading handprints mocked me.

So, without uttering a word, I staggered back inside, lightheaded. I was suddenly in a hurry. Not to get away from my potentially adulterous wife, but to take care of the renewed urge consuming me.

Once inside the master bedroom, I took a quick peek to make sure Kate was still poolside.

She was. So I had all the time I needed to jerk off, imagining the big black pool guy having his way with my wife.



LATER THAT NIGHT, long after Kate and I went to bed, I was awakened by a strange sensation.

My dick was hard. And wet. And warm.

I opened my eyes to find Kate's lustrous hair draped over my midsection. She had my entire dick in her mouth, coaxing me for

some late night action.

It had been a long time, much too long, since we'd spontaneously done anything in bed.

Our eyes met when she peered over to make sure I was awake. She was already naked and ready to go.

She held my dick in place as she lifted her leg to straddle me. Her cunt was dripping wet and I entered her easily.

I couldn't resist reaching for her voluptuous breasts as my gorgeous wife started bouncing up and down on me. In the dark it was easy to fantasize about being with another woman. One from my last strip club visit.

But I couldn't concentrate, knowing it was my wife on top and knowing the pool guy's big black hands had been on her. Before she could even get a nice rhythm going, my erection started fading. Within seconds my limp dick flopped out of her.

Desperate, Kate used her hand to try to resuscitate my shriveling cock. But it was no use.

In the blackness, we both seemed to realize the moment had passed.



THE REST of my time off from work was ruined. By Darius. But also because of Kate. I just couldn't shake the thought of his big black hands all over her body.

What would have happened if I wasn't home?

Would she have let him fuck her?

The very idea of it repulsed me. But it also had another effect that I did not expect.

Every time I thought about it I would become aroused. And not just a fleeting feeling. A full scale raging hard on that could only be sated by ducking into the bathroom and, uh, rectifying the situation. By the time I had to return to work, my dick was rubbed raw.



FORTUNATELY, there was no sign of Darius the rest of the week. In fact I didn't see him again until the following week, the next time he was scheduled to come out to clean our pool.

Needless to say I had my suspicions about what would happen. And I was prepared.



I ARRIVED home a little later than I'd hoped. To keep my homecoming a secret I'd parked down the block and walked the rest of the way to the house.

Darius's work van was already parked in the driveway. All I could do was hope I wasn't too late.

I entered the front door and called out for Kate. Just loud enough to be heard inside the house. If she was inside, ALONE, then maybe, just maybe, I could forget the whole incident ever happened.

But there was no answer. I tiptoed to the guest bedrooms, listening at the closed doors for any sounds of fornication. But there was nothing.

I crept over to the master bedroom and whipped the door open, half expecting to see my wife riding Darius like a rodeo show bull.

But the room was clear.

That's when I heard Kate giggle from the pool area. My heart stopped when I took a peek outside.

Kate was completely naked on the lounge chair. Her legs were in the air, bent at the knees as Darius helped himself to her wet pussy. He buried his face in the folds of her cunt, penetrating her with his tongue.

Kate's moans of pleasure were amplified over the light blue water. The effect unnerved me. Made it sound as though I were right next to them.

He upped the intensity by sliding one and then a second finger inside her. He forcefully finger fucked my wife while lapping her clit with his tongue.

Kate writhed on the lounge chair. Arching her back and squirming with delight. Only the pool guy's big black hand pressing on her pubic mound kept my wife from flopping right off the chair.

As she climaxed she clutched her thighs together, catching his head in a vise grip between them. She couldn't take any more. Her cries of passion grew louder and louder.

The pool guy eased up, his motions dwindled and he slowly withdrew his fingers. They were coated with her juices and he put them to her lips so she could taste herself.

Before he pulled his head completely back from between her thighs, he playfully lapped her asshole, teasing her with the implicit promise of future pleasure.



DARIUS STOOD up and wiped his mouth. The giant bulge in his shorts drew my eye.

And Kate's.

She sat up on the chair and reached for him. Without hesitating, she ran her fingers over the outline of his shaft, slowly stroking him over the fabric of his shorts.

Darius peered down and watched her with a growing grin. His smug expression riled me. He had a taste of my wife and knew she was about to taste him.

Kate leaned closer to him. Her face just inches from his crotch. She licked her lips as she slowly unzipped his shorts.

His shorts dropped to his ankles and he pulled his tee shirt over his head. Kate grabbed the waistband of his boxer briefs and pulled back. Her eyes widened as she peered down and got her first glimpse at her prize.

She was tentative as she reached in and pulled him out. As though she was afraid to touch it.

We both gasped as his enormous black cock, which wasn't even fully erect yet, was exposed in the sunlight.

It didn't even look real at first. Too big. Too dark colored. Even darker than the rest of him somehow. It seemed like a bad special effect in a movie.

A stupid thought crossed my mind: how does he even walk around with that thing?

The boxer briefs slid down his muscular legs as he stepped out of the growing pile of clothing at his feet. His movement caught Kate by surprise and his massive cock bounced up and hit her under the chin with a thwack sound. His cock had some heft to it.

Startled, she jerked her head back, before laughing nervously. She grabbed it with both hands. It was so thick her fingers didn't even reach all the way around.

She slowly began stroking his cock, watching in awe as he hardened in her hands.

Jealousy bloomed inside me. Kate barely could fit one hand on my cock, but she needed two hands just to corral this monster. It wasn't fair.

Kate tilted him up in front of her face. His full size on terrifying display. But Kate was practically drooling. She dipped her head down and licked him from the base just above his dangling balls and all the way to the oversized head at the top of his menacing shaft.

"It's so big," she said and rubbed her saliva along his length.

She parted her lips and glanced up to make eye contact with him as she took his cock into her mouth.

A fresh pang of pain lit up inside me. Only in my worst nightmare did I ever imagine my life sucking another guy's cock.

But that wasn't entirely true either. Lying to myself was easier than admitting the shameful truth - I was turned on like crazy by the very idea of Kate with another guy. Especially a big black one.

Kate's head bobbed up and down as she sucked the pool guy's big black cock. The sight was so shocking I had trouble believing what I was seeing. She was doing it in broad daylight and the bright sunshine made his black cock sparkle with her saliva.

Not much more than the head fit into her willing mouth but she tried to make up for it by vigorously rubbing the rest of his shaft with both hands.

A growing anger grew inside me. She was so much more enthusiastic about sucking this stranger's cock than she ever was sucking mine. Even on our wedding night and honeymoon she didn't put that much effort into it.

Darius looked around. The guilty expression on his face morphed into a smug grin as his gaze fell back on my wife.

He reached down and squeezed her bare breasts. His hands were rough and her tits jiggled at his rough handling.

When he was done fondling her for the moment, he palmed the back of her head and forced her to gobble more of his shaft.

Kate squirmed as his cock penetrated her mouth deeper and deeper. Her eyes watered and a muffled cough could barely escape.

Finally she pushed back against him and his cock exited, slathered in her saliva. Kate wiped her mouth and watering eyes.

A spark of hope flickered in me. Maybe she had enough. Maybe she knew this was more than she bargained for.

Sucking another guy's big black cock was terrible. But maybe I could live with it. Sure I'd never kiss her on the lips again — not after seeing them wrapped around the pool guy's shaft. But just a failed blow job would be so much better than having her banged by him. I'd never get over it if she took a big black cock between her legs.

Kate twisted around and grabbed a pool towel. I expected her to wrap it around her naked body and run back into the house, horrified at her disgusting lack of judgement.

But that's not what she had in mind.

My heart sank as she folded the towel and placed it on the pool deck.

She gently knelt down on the folded towel and corralled Darius's monster shaft back into her eager mouth. This time Darius didn't need to push the back of her head. My wife deep-throated him all on her own.

I staggered back into the shadows, lightheaded. Like I wasn't getting enough blood to my brain. Meanwhile my cock was rock hard. Painfully so. All the blood was rushing to where it was needed most.

Shame overwhelmed me as I started rubbing myself. As much as my cock hurt it was nothing next to the heartache. My sheltered wife was losing her innocence and all I could do was watch and play with myself like a pervert.

A sound from the pool area pulled my attention back outside. It was a scraping sound. I looked out and saw Darius thrusting his cock into Kate's mouth. So forcefully that Kate was being pushed back into the lounge chair and sliding it back across the pool deck.

Kate reached around and clutched his ass to steady herself. Darius just kept fucking her face. His balls slapped against her chin.

When he had enough, he pulled out of her mouth, leaving Kate gaping up at him. He held her head still and smacked his cock against her cheeks, smearing the wetness all over her face.

Kate took this abuse without so much as a furrowed brow. She'd never let me abuse her like that but she was perfectly willing to let a stranger do it to her.

He pulled his cock back so it was more or less upright so he could dangle his balls in her face. Kate took the not so subtle hint and started sucking on his balls.

After a minute or so, Darius stepped closer and pushed my wife's face further between his thighs. His balls hung down by her ear as her head nodded under him. Her whole face was past his balls and she kept licking him.

I was horrified. She was licking his asshole.

My wife was giving this stranger a rim job — something I'd only seen on the dirtiest videos on the filthiest tube sites.

Darius didn't seem totally satisfied with her efforts. He stepped back and pulled her to her feet. Kate seemed dazed. Her entire face shined like it was all wet.

She let him position her flat on her back on the chair. But instead of spreading her legs and fucking her, Darius had something else in mind.

He crept over her, straddling her body until his crotch was over her face. When he was in perfect position, he lowered his ass onto my wife's face.

I could barely watch as he ground his ass into Kate's mouth. But even I was able to see her pink tongue flicking in the dark wedge of his ass. She was so into it her pale hands gripped his black ass cheeks and spread them so her tongue could fully access his asshole.

At that point I nearly blacked out. I fell back against our bed trying to comprehend what was happening. My formerly innocent wife was turning into a filthy whore right in front of me.

My head was in my hands as I tried to contain the sobs. But the unmistakable sound of my wife moaning with pleasure drew me back to the window.

Fortunately, Kate was no longer licking the pool guy's asshole. Darius had backed up and was standing at the foot of the chair eying my naked wife. His ass glistened with her saliva

She propped herself up on her elbows and stared at Darius. Her big bare breasts jiggled with her every motion. "I want you to fuck me with that big black cock of yours."

Darius sprung into action. He stepped forward eager to get started. The menacing shadow of his massive hard cock fell over my wife's naked torso.

Kate reached for his cock and pulled him to her. She spread her legs as wide as she could, offering all of herself to him.

Darius sneered down at her. She was begging for his cock and he relished the anticipation of his latest conquest.

My heart was being ripped apart. I was too much of a pussy to stop him from having his way with my wife. And too much of a pervert to turn away.



DARIUS SMACKED his massive cock against my wife's pussy. Just another display of dominance. I could hear the impact.

More concerning to me though was seeing the size of his cock compared to my wife's body. It was too much. The head nearly reached up to her pierced belly button.

He was so big he could do some real damage to her. And not just stretching her out but really injure her.

Kate didn't appear all that concerned. She reached down and rubbed her pussy with her whole hand, preparing herself for his cock.

Darius stroked himself as he moved in. He guided his cock with one hand and grabbed her ankle with the other.

Kate's palm rested on her pubic mound as she spread herself open with her fingers.

She never welcomed my cock like that.

Darius pressed his oversized cock against her cunt. There was momentary resistance, enough to bend his shaft slightly, before the head disappeared between my wife's pink folds.

Kate closed her eyes and threw her head back. An anguished groan escaped her parted lips. She rubbed herself as Darius pushed himself into her.

Kate's groan faded as she rocked back and forth. She bit her lower lip in determination as he penetrated her.

She continued to play with herself with one hand. She had a white knuckled grip on the chair cushion with her free hand.

It must have hurt — a cock of that size inside her. She was always tight for me and my dick wasn't half as big as his.

Darius thrust himself in and out of my wife, claiming more and more of her each time. He now had a hold of both her ankles, no doubt relishing his power to keep her legs spread wide for him.

Suddenly, he reared back and slammed his cock all the way inside her. His black balls slapped against her asshole.

Kate cried out. She clinched her knees to his sides and pushed back with both hands against his muscled abs.

But Darius wasn't about to let her dictate his actions. He held firm with his shaft deeply embedded inside her. He helped himself to handfuls of her bare breasts, squeezing them hard.

Kate quit pushing back against him and placed her hands over his. Did she really like being handled like that?

Darius leaned forward on the chair, forcing Kate's knees up to her chest and causing her cunt and ass to tilt upward. This allowed

Darius to drive his cock deep down into her.

His face hovered inches above my wife's. So close that Kate kissed him on the lips when he plunged and held his cock fully inside her.

Maybe it was a little too personal for Darius. He pulled out of her. His long thick cock glistened in the sun, fully coated with my wife's juices.

He had Kate roll over to the side, cupping her bare ass as she did so. The contrast between his massive black paw and the bright white, untanned skin between her bikini lines stood out in my mind.

The whole thing wasn't right. That was my wife out there. Naked and being fucked by a big black man that was not her husband.

Someone should have stopped it. But there was only me and I was too busy watching.

With a bright and eager smile, Kate positioned herself on all fours.

Darius took a moment to admire my wife's stunning backside before he lined himself up for some more fun.

He placed his hands on either side of my wife's exposed ass and waited for Kate to reach back between her thighs to guide him back inside her.

Kate's head was down as Darius penetrated her again. She had an expression of concentration on her face like she was committed to remembering how each inch of him felt inside her.

Darius's grip slid up from her ass to her hips, to her thin waist and finally to cup her untethered, dangling breasts. Then he pulled his hands away and held steady.

Kate had taken the initiative and was slamming her ass back into Darius. She was doing all the work. Darius didn't even have to move a muscle to fuck my wife.

But he couldn't help himself. He grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair and pulled her head back as he rammed into her.

Kate arched her back and cried out as Darius fucked her with renewed fury.

Kate quivered, shaking independent of Darius's thrusting. She cried out in ecstasy as she came before collapsing face down on the

cushions.

Darius rode her all the way down fucking her like he wanted to drive her through the chair and onto the pool deck.

Some irrational part of me grew concerned he would break the expensive chair. And I could even picture me demanding he reimburse me for the damage he did to the chair while he prone boned my wife.

My pettiness faded as I heard Darius groan.

His entire body jerked as he came deep inside my wife.

Kate was a rag doll on the chair as Darius finished filling her with his massive load.

When he finally finished pumping his seed inside her, he pulled out. But he wasn't done using my wife yet. He stepped to the side and knelt down so he was just at the right level to hold his cock to her face.

When Kate didn't so much as open her eyes, he rubbed his wet cock along her cheek leaving a sticky streak.

Kate opened her eyes and smiled up at him, almost like she was grateful for the opportunity. She took his softening cock into her mouth and sucked him clean.

Darius told her to swallow and she did. But it couldn't have been much because I noticed a steady flow of his jizz oozing out of her gaping cunt.

Darius grinned as he admired his work. He gathered his clothes and dressed. On his way out he playfully smacked my wife's bare ass one more time.



CRUMPLED ON THE BEDROOM FLOOR, hoping the pain in my chest and gut would go away but knowing I deserved it, I heard Darius drive off. Probably on the way to service his next lonely housewife.

I finally managed to stand back up. Kate was still face down on the pool chair. Dark clouds had formed and a thunderstorm threatened.

I quickly concocted a plan to confront her. I changed into my bathing suit and planned to explain that I was home from work early and wanted to take a dip before the storm.

My hands trembled as I tied my bathing suit. Our happy life together was over. Now I had to decide how to move forward. With or without Kate.

As I marched out to the pool my determination withered with every step. I decided to let Kate talk first. I wanted to see what she had to say. If she would just lie or tell me the brutal truth.

Seeing her naked and spent on the chair up close softened my resolve to confront her. But it hardened something else.

My reawakened dick was already straining against the front of my bathing suit. It was hard to conceal no matter how I tried.

Seeing her soft curves and uncovered tan lines was too much to take. Even the reddened splotches on her fair skin from Darius and his rough handling turned me on. My wife literally oozed sex.

The pain in my chest and core remained but was rapidly being replaced by warmth and desire. Lust for my spoiled, unfaithful wife.

Kate must have somehow sensed my presence. She rolled over onto her back and parted her legs. The trickle continued out of her punished cunt. Her batch of pubic hair was a gooey mess.

But she took my breath away. Literally. I opened my mouth to say something but nothing came. So I stood there gawking at my unfaithful wife.

"Do you want to fuck me?" Kate said. Her voice was more throaty than usual. Did Darius damage her vocal cords with his monster cock?

My mouth was so dry I couldn't respond if I wanted to. All I could do was nod like a zombie.

Even as I moved to her, I fantasized about fucking her. But even in my fantasy it wasn't me fucking my wife. It was Darius. And it wasn't a fantasy — it was a memory.

As I crawled over the chair to get in position, my hand slipped. My palm was coated from a huge wet spot on the cushion.

A sense of revulsion hit me. Putting my hand in another guy's jizz was not part of any fantasy. I leaned to wipe my hand on a towel

just as a flash of lightning crash nearby. The thunder was so loud it vibrated the chair.

Kate pulled me to her suddenly. My face crashed into her pussy and suddenly Darius's load was all over my lips and chin.

The first drops of rain began to fall. I wanted it to pour down and wash away the mess forever. But the rain just spurred Kate to force the issue.

Before I knew it I was on top of her and we were kissing. Mouths open, I could swear I tasted his big black dick on her lips and tongue.

She wrestled my bathing suit off and grabbed my cock. She stifled a giggle as she tugged on it but not before I heard it.

I plunged myself inside her, determined to fuck my wife as hard as I could. I wanted her to know I could fuck her as good as some pool guy.

Unfortunately, I quickly realized size definitely does matter.

My cock, as hard as ever, couldn't build up any friction. My wife, previously so tight, was stretched so far I could barely feel anything. Except for the extra squishy feeling of another guy's load.

Kate just took it without a sound.

Mercifully I still somehow managed to come in less than a minute.

Kate wriggled out from under me and dashed inside without a word. At least one thing hadn't changed - I still couldn't satisfy my wife.

There was another rumble of thunder, but it seemed much further away. The rain had stopped completely. I rolled over and saw the sky was clearing already. The big storm fizzled out.

I stood up and noticed my dick, even covered in goo from being inside my wife, had shrunk once again. Maybe smaller than ever.

Not that it mattered. It's not like anyone was even going to notice.

Just as I was about to pick up my bathing suit and hose off the nasty chair and my slutty wife's semen-dripping walk of shame back into the house, I heard a noise by the gate.

I looked up and saw a smiling black face staring over the gate. It was Darius.

He was laughing at me. Again.

Ashamed. I covered up.

I heard him say "cuck," as he shook his head and disappeared.

My very own walk of shame. Maybe I should have just taken my wife on a vacation.



CHECK OUT MY CHEATING WIFE & The Big Black Pool Guy Book 2 to find out what Kate has planned for her poor husband next...

BOOK 2: DOUBLE TEAMED



After I caught my wife, Kate, cheating on me with our big black pool guy, Darius, I was stunned.

Not just stunned, I suppose. Since I did have sex with her myself right after Darius was done with her.

I'm not proud of it — any of it. The fact that my wife is a cheating slut. My own excitement in watching it happen. And I'm certainly not proud of having sloppy seconds with my own wife.

Since I couldn't do anything about the past — except dwell on it, resent my wife for it and jerk off to the memory of it — all I could do was make sure it never happened again.

So I made the decision to confront the problem head on. No more pussyfooting around the issue for me!



MY HANDS SHOOK as I punched the number into my cellphone. It rang once. Twice. My hands were shaking. My throat dried up.

On the third ring there was an answer.

"Bob's Pool Service. Bob speaking."

The voice was different from what I expected. Deeper. Darker? Blacker? What the fuck?

I couldn't speak.

"Hello?" said the voice that was in no way the voice of a little stooped old white man named Bob whose pool service I signed up with years ago.

Was it Darius pretending to be his boss? Oh man if it was he was going to be fired for sure.

He said hello once more before I could stammer a hello from my end. "I'm sorry," I said. "I was trying to reach Bob."

"This is Bob. What can I do for you?"

"Uh, you don't sound like Bob." Old, white, safe Bob.

"Oh, you're probably thinking of old Bob. He retired about three years ago. I took over for him. I'm the new Bob."

This was not going like I'd planned. "Isn't it a pretty big coincidence that your name is the same as the old guy's?"

"Well, Bob isn't actually my name. You see Robert is my middle name."

"So what's your first name?"

"Jerome."

I didn't like where this was going. When I called I sure didn't expect to be speaking to another black guy.

"Is there something I can help you with?" Jerome said.

I panicked and just blurted out my problem. "Yes, ehh, Jerome, I have a complaint about one of your employees."

"Oh. I'm sorry to hear that. Which one?"

I swallowed hard. "Darius."

"Darius? That's surprising. He's one of my top guys. What happened?"

I hesitated. Was I really going to go through with this? What if he asks Darius what happened — and he tells him. In graphic detail. I've never had to complain about an employee fucking my wife before.

So I tried to stall. "Don't you need my account info or something?" Like my wife's preferences for sexual partners.

"No, I've got your contact number on file. Are you Francis?"

"Uh, yes it is. I mean I am." I was more than a little unnerved that my identity was already known. I was hoping to just leave an anonymous complaint or something. "That was pretty quick."

He laughed. "Sir, I just happened to be looking at your account earlier," he said.

"Really? Why?" Actually I was afraid to ask.

"Well, your wife, Kate, also called me."

My heart went into overdrive. Did Kate regret what happened? Did she feel awful about being taken advantage of? Guilty about breaking her sacred wedding vows to her loving husband with a big black pool guy and his big black cock?

"Oh, she did?" My mouth was getting drier and drier.

"Yeah, she did. I guess you guys may not be on the same page."

That was an understatement. But at least she already broached the subject and I could get off the call without being humiliated. Time to wrap it up.

"Well, I guess I should have talked to her before calling you then. As long as our complaint has been registered and Darius is no longer our pool guy, then I suppose there's nothing else."

There was a pause on Bob's end. Long enough that I wondered if we were disconnected. Whatever. As long as Darius was out of the picture, I would find a way to deal with my wife.

Then Bob said, "Uh, actually sir, your wife called to compliment Darius on his outstanding and personal service."



THE REST of the phone call continued but I was so numb I could barely register what I was said. After I hung up, I tried to piece the call back together.

As the details of the call flooded back to me, I realized I may have agreed to something potentially much more humiliating than an awkward phone call. New Bob, otherwise known as Jerome, was planning on coming out to speak with Kate and I in person.

And I knew that this Jerome guy wouldn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to deduce what actually transpired between my wife and big black Darius. And worse, Jerome would no doubt hear the story from Darius himself prior to meeting with us. In glorious detail.

The idea of facing Jerome after he found out that his employee nailed my wife was just too humiliating to comprehend. I hate being made out to be the sucker.

At this point, I'd rather Jerome banged Kate himself just so long as I didn't have to stand there like the clueless cuckold of a husband that married a cheating slut.

And that's what Kate was if she could so easily spread her legs for a random guy and then have the audacity to call up his boss and

compliment him on his "outstanding and personal service."



THE DAY OF THE MEETING, I was a wreck. I hadn't broached the subject with Kate. In fact I didn't even know if she knew Jerome was coming out to the house.

Leaving work early wasn't a problem, especially since I had such a hard time concentrating lately.

Memories of Kate and Darius kept churning in my mind. The way she eagerly took his cock into her mouth. Into her cunt. Letting him do whatever he wanted with her.

As I turned down our street, all I could think about was how Kate betrayed me and how I was left to clean up the mess.

I was so out of sorts I had to screech to a stop to avoid plowing into a Bob's Pool Service pick up truck that was parked at the end of the driveway. A second Bob's Pool Service vehicle was parked in front of that one.

What the fuck?

Two horrifying thoughts entered my mind.

One, not only was Jerome there, but he brought Darius with him, which complicated things. Darius banged my wife and saw me naked with my dick shriveled down to nothing. Plus it would be a lot harder to complain about him while he was standing there.

Two - They were already here!

I double-checked the time and realized they were at least half an hour early. Either I had the time wrong or Kate had them come early for some reason. And I was terrified of what that reason might be.

I swerved to park on the street and nearly ran over my neighbor's dog. My nosey neighbor, Ted, stepped out from the bushes and pulled his dog back. Great. Ted was literally the last person I wanted to deal with today. I mean except for the two big black guys alone with my wife.

All I could do was force a smile and brusquely wave as I jumped out of my car. No time for Ted's bullshit today.

"Looks like a double-team today," he said.

It stopped me short. "What?"

Ted gestured at the pool service trucks. "Two pool guys today. Two man job — must be hard."

What the fuck was he even saying? Normally I wouldn't even pretend to entertain the neighborhood busy body. All I wanted from him was to keep his dog off my lawn.

Of course I was so distracted that my first step on my lawn I felt the telltale smush of dog shit. I looked back at Ted but he already disappeared into the bushes. Just as well, since I didn't have time to berate him at the moment.

With my shoe covered in filth I decided to go around to the back of the house. I expected the confrontation to go down by the pool anyway since they were, in fact, pool guys.

Before I even opened the gate, I could hear them back there. I peeked over and saw Kate next to the pool standing between two big black men. She was dwarfed by them.

One was Darius and the other had to be Jerome. Jerome was even bigger than Darius. More muscular. And his skin was darker too. It just made him more menacing looking.

Both of them were eying Kate. And how could I blame them? She was wearing a fire engine red bikini that appeared to be a few sizes too small. The bikini top was straining to contain her large breasts.

My blood was already boiling but Kate's attire nearly sent me over the edge. That bikini was so revealing she should never wear it in the presence of others. To think I wasted my energy worrying about Darius undressing her with his eyes, remembering what her naked body looked like. She had so little clothing on he didn't have to remember much at all.

And one look at Jerome told me he'd be no help whatsoever. His eyes were bulging out of their sockets and I expected his tongue to roll out of his mouth all the way to Kate's feet like in a cartoon. He was practically drooling.

Of course, his eyes weren't the only thing bulging. Both of them struggled to conceal the bulges in their shorts. And they were failing big time. No doubt they always had a natural bulge given their

natural endowment but this was beyond that. These two guys were eying my wife as easy pickings.

Kate grabbed her phone and started typing something. It looked like she was texting someone. Probably another pool guy to come over and ogle her.

Suddenly I felt a vibration in my pants. It was my phone in my pocket.

Jerome turned when he heard it but I ducked down before he could see me.

Crouched down in the bushes behind the fence I saw Kate's text: MEETING CANCELLED. WILL RESCHEDULE.

She concluded with a cute kissy face emoji. I guess it was better than two eggplant emojis with a peach in the middle.

My lying, cheating wife was about to break my heart all over again. And this time it was going to be twice as bad.



I PEEKED BACK over the fence to see Kate wrap her arms around Jerome and kiss him with an open mouth.

Jerome held her in his arms. His big black hands slid down her pale skin from her waist to her ass. I wondered how many of his meetings started off like that.

Then she twisted around and kissed Darius the same way. But this time she wiggled her ass in Jerome's crotch.

"I am so ready to fuck both you guys," Kate said looking over her shoulder at Jerome.

That was all they needed to hear.

Jerome unhooked Kate's bikini top. The triangles barely covering her nipples fell away. Jerome slid his massive paws around to cup my wife's heavy bare breasts.

Darius grabbed Kate under the chin and turned her face back to him. He kept kissing Kate on the mouth but his hands were busy down below. He reached down the front of Kate's bikini bottoms and

rubbed her pussy. I caught a glimpse of her dark pussy as Jerome's fingers dipped further down.

Kate began to moan as the two guys felt her all over. They took turns rubbing her pussy and grabbing her ass and soft breasts. And my wife let them touch her wherever they pleased.

But she kept busy too. She placed one hand on each of their growing bulges. Over their shorts. For the moment.

The two guys doffed their company shirts. Advertising obviously wasn't their primary concern at the moment.

"I want to see your cock," Kate said turning to face Jerome.

He grinned and nodded and helped her pull down his shorts. It popped out, every bit as big as I feared.

Kate gasped in awe. Her mouth fell open as she reached for it. "Holy shit. It's so big!"

And it was getting bigger all the time. Especially when Kate started rubbing it.

Maybe the most distressing detail was the way the sunlight caught the diamonds on my wife's wedding ring. As she stroked yet another guy's big black cock.

Darius took advantage of his spot behind Kate to hook his fingers into her bikini bottoms and pull them all the way down. He bent down enough to plant his face in my wife's bare ass. He even spread her cheeks to get better access.

Kate was busy rubbing Jerome's sculpted chest with one hand and stroking his elongated cock with the other.

Jerome admired her body as she did so. He had an entitled expression on his face. It was almost as though he expected the meeting to play out just like it was.

Darius stepped out of his own shorts. His big black cock swung back and forth like a cop's nightstick. It was still only semi hard and he pressed it against Kate's ass and lower back.

Kate giggled as Darius started grinding up against her. She bladed her body so she could grab one cock in each hand.

The expression of wonder on her face made it seem as though she had died and gone to heaven. Not any heaven that I've ever seen depicted in stained glass though. A special Big Black Cock

Heaven that I suspected all lustful white wives hope to find themselves in someday.

My wife worked the two cocks by hand for a minute or so. She seemed more coordinated than she ever did before, easily providing two hand jobs at once.

"I'm going to suck your cocks now," she said just before lowering herself to her knees between them. "Is that okay?"

Did my wife really ask for consent to blow two guys?

Well, it was definitely granted. Jerome and Darius nodded like they were giant bobbleheads.

Some demented part of my brain entertained the idea of us being sued by these guys for sexual harassment. I could even picture me being on grilled on the stand in front of an entire courtroom. "Did your wife ask my clients for permission to suck their cocks prior to taking their big black cocks into her mouth? Remember sir, you're under oath!"

"Yes! I was hiding in the bushes and peeking over the fence when she asked them. She was rubbing their big black cocks with her hands and they both nodded!"

Kate face was roughly eye level with both of their stiff cocks. She looked from one to the other as if she had a difficult decision which one to start on first.

She chose Jerome's. Probably because she already tasted Darius.

She held Jerome's cock still right in front of her mouth. Like she was taunting me with the last second possibility that she would come to her senses.

But no.

She opened her mouth wide and took Jerome's big black cock inside. Not all of it. Not even close. Really just the massive head. But her lips closed around it and she sucked on it like it was a giant lollipop.

Kate even moaned as she sucked his cock. Like it was giving her more pleasure than him. Which I'm pretty sure wasn't the case.

Darius wasn't exactly patient. Even though Kate kept stroking his cock with her hand while she sucked Jerome's, that wasn't enough for Darius.

He thrust his pelvic area forward so his cock punched against Kate's cheek. Kate took the not so subtle hint and Turned to take Darius's cock in her mouth.

Back and forth she went between the two of them. Hell, if she wasn't my wife I might have been impressed with the way she serviced the two of them between her hands and mouth at the same time.

Finally, Kate paused for a break. Strings of saliva connected her lower lip to Jerome's shaft. Her mouth had to be getting sore sucking literally two feet worth of big black cocks in one session.

Darius settled onto the lounge chair and rested flat on his back with his head resting on a pillow. He acted like he owned the place instead of me. His stiff cock was still wet from my wife's mouth.

Kate climbed on the chair between his spread legs. She apparently was not finished sucking cock yet. So there she was on all fours angling Darius's cock up so she could blow him some more.

More cocksucking would have been bad enough on its own but I saw something worse developing. Kate's bare ass was ripe for the taking. An opening not lost on Jerome.

Jerome glanced all around, not exactly nervously but warily. He was older than Darius and no doubt a little more cognizant of the dangers facing a black man taking advantage of a sexually available white wife. Especially in a well to do neighborhood like ours.

He must have concluded that Kate's husband was not worth worrying about. He stepped over to Kate's raised ass and placed both hands on her cheeks. He knelt down and took a good long look at my wife's formerly private parts.

He must have liked what he saw. Her ass was spread and his face was between them, eating her out. She was writhing in pleasure as he lapped her pink folds.

When he zeroed in and sucked her clit, she arched her back and couldn't keep sucking Darius off. She gripped his cock like she was holding on for dear life.

She'd never reacted like that when I used to do that to her.

Jerome obviously knew what he was doing down there. Like Darius, he probably had a string of housewives at the pools he

serviced. Now my wife was just another notch, another conquest for the two of them to brag about.

He wasn't content to just pleasure my wife with his mouth either. He slowly inserted his middle finger into Kate's dripping wet cunt.

Kate looked over her shoulder. "Your finger is bigger than my husband's dick."

Darius threw his head back and laughed hard. "I know it is," he said and Kate laughed right along with the two of them.

My face burned with humiliation. The three of them mocking me.

Kate's laughter fell away and she lowered her mouth back over Darius's dick.

Jerome pulled his finger out of her and licked her up from her clit to her asshole.

Kate spit out Darius and squealed excitedly. As far as I know no one, including me, her fucking husband, had ever so much as grazed her asshole. Now she was squealing in delight when this stranger ran his tongue over it.

Darius noticed her excitement. He whispered something to her and she nodded with a wicked grin.

Darius raised his legs and pulled his knees up to his chest as his ass raised up off the cushion. The underside of his ball sack and his asshole were on full display.

No, no, no. I realized too late what was going to happen.

Kate closed her eyes and shook her head. She knew she was about to do something awful. Again.

I didn't want to watch but I couldn't look away.

Kate lowered her face to Darius and kissed the underside of his ball sack. Then she giggled as she trailed her tongue down and down and down. All the way down and over Darius's asshole.

She pulled back an inch or so but Darius wasn't close to being satisfied. He somehow reached out and palmed the back of her head like a basketball and forced her face to his asshole.

My wife didn't seem to need much prodding. After being initially hesitant, she started really getting into it. Her tongue was out and she smashed her face into his black ass. Darius's moans of

encouragement told me she was penetrating his asshole with her tongue.

Jerome stood up behind Kate. He rubbed the head of his cock against my wife's dripping wet cunt. When the head was lubricated with her juices he punched the tip into her.

Kate cried out but her voice was muffled in Darius's ass.

"Holy shit, you are tight," Jerome groaned. He was slowly working his cock in and out of my wife's cunt. "You didn't tell me she was a virgin."

Darius laughed. He had first hand knowledge of my wife's lack of virginity. He sat up with Kate's face still in his crotch. She was wincing as Jerome penetrated her deeper and deeper. Her entire face was nuzzled against Darius's cock and balls.

"Her husband has the tiniest dick," Darius said. "Ain't that right?" He nudged Kate's head up so she could answer.

"That's right," she said through gritted teeth.

Darius angled his cock back in front of her mouth and Kate opened to suck it again. She had two big black cock's inside her at once - Darius's in her mouth and Jerome's in her cunt.

Jerome started slamming into Kate full bore. Her whole body rocked but I focused on the way her breasts swayed underneath her. At least until Jerome reached around to grab a greedy handful.

Just when Jerome rammed all the way inside her and held it there, Darius pulled Kate's head all the way down on his cock. She gagged and her eyes teared up but she held it there for him, looking him in the eye as she deep-throated him.

When she couldn't take it anymore, literally tapping out, Darius released her.

Kate gasped for breath Just as Jerome started slamming her again. The slapping of him into her backside was so loud it echoed around the fenced yard.

Darius climbed out of the way as Jerome kept pounding her from behind. He continued even after she pitched forward and collapsed face first onto the cushion.

Jerome rode her all the way down. He kept her legs spread with his knees and prone boned her so hard I thought the chair would

break.

He looked like he was going to cum soon. But he pulled out and climbed off of her, saving himself for more.

Kate remained on the chair panting.

Darius had gone over to the pool and grabbed the floating thermometer. It had a plastic yellow rubber ducky figure on top that floated on the surface.

I didn't know what he was doing. He almost looked like he was going to start the regular pool service. Except he was totally naked with a giant hard on, still wet with my wife's saliva.

He looked at the thermometer and its nearly foot long cylinder extending under the ducky and said something to Jerome. Jerome shook his head and snickered.

Darius was undeterred. He walked over to Kate and positioned her back on all fours.

That's when I knew what he had planned.

Darius took the thermometer and rubbed the cylinder end against my wife's stretched gaping cunt. After a few seconds he inserted it into her.

Jerome laughed. And so did Kate even though she couldn't see what was happening.

Darius slid the thermometer all the way into my wife. The only part of the thermometer that was sticking out was the bright yellow rubber ducky.

Darius grabbed his cellphone and took some pictures of my sodomized wife.

Then he took some video as he worked the thermometer back and forth, fucking my wife with it even as they laughed.

When he pulled it all the way out, I assumed he was done. But I was wrong. The thermometer was wet with her juices, so Darius rubbed it against her asshole.

Kate looked over her shoulder and said, "Hey what are you doing?"

But she had to know damn well what he was doing. And she didn't tell him to stop.

Darius applied some pressure and the cylinder squeezed into my wife's virgin asshole. Kate's whole body clenched and she cried out. In pain or pleasure. Or both. I couldn't tell.

She flopped back down on the cushion with the rubber ducky poking out of her asshole.

Darius rolled her onto her back and worked the rubber ducky back and forth. Then he inserted it fully again. He climbed on the chair between her spread legs. He shoved his cock into her cunt and drove it all the way in. His balls hung over the ducky.

Jerome stood to the side and presented his cock in front of Kate's face. She took it into her mouth without a word.

With his cock still inside Kate, Darius reached down under his cock to play with the rubber ducky again. He pushed it deeper into her. As far as it would go.

Kate slid her hand over her pussy to play with her clit. With all of her holes filled, she still couldn't get enough.

Jerome played with her bouncing breasts as he became more and more frantic. He kept driving his cock deeper and deeper into her welcoming mouth.

Darius left the rubber ducky fully inserted in her ass and left it there. He held Kate's legs up by grabbing her under the knees and plowed his cock in and out of my wife for all he was worth.

Jerome's body tensed. He pulled his cock out of her mouth just as he exploded all over my wife's face. It went everywhere — her forehead, eyelids, cheeks, nose. Some dripped into her mouth, which she must have swallowed. Some in her hair.

Darius watched my wife's facial as he neared his own climax. But he didn't bother pulling out. His entire body shuddered and he shot his massive load deep inside my wife.

When he finally finished, he slowly pulled his dick out of her. An increasingly thick flow of his white cum streamed out of her gaping cunt. It streamed down to her asshole which was still sporting the rubber ducky dildo.

Jerome stuck his cock back into Kate's mouth, making her clean his cock off, which Kate gladly did.

Darius leaned into her body and rubbed his cock clean on her bare breasts. Then he ran over and jumped in my pool. Jerome laughed at him as Darius made a show of cleaning his cock off in my pool.

Jerome did the same thing. And I wondered how difficult it would be to drain, disinfect and refill the entire pool.

They climbed out and grabbed a couple of my towels and dried off. Those towels would be in the garbage later. There was no way I'd ever use them again after seeing them dry their huge black cocks with them.

They dressed and left my wife naked and oozing with their cum in the sun on the chair. They used her for their pleasure and were done with her. Somebody else could clean up their mess.

I realized too late that they were heading my way on their way out. I tried to crouch in the shadows of the bushes behind the gate.

But it was no use. They saw me.

Darius couldn't suppress his sneering laughter at me. Jerome said something about "straightening my wife out," which sent them both into a fit of laughter all the way to their vehicles.

Gathering the pathetic, shredded remains of my dignity, I awkwardly walked back to the pool. My painfully throbbing hard on made it difficult to walk.

Kate was still sprawled out on the lounge chair. She might have been dozing. Getting fucked by two big black guys no doubt used up a lot of her energy.

Her face dazzled in the sunlight. I tried to trick myself into believing it was due to perspiration. But I knew the truth — her face was covered in cum. A far cry from the virginal young lady under the white wedding veil that I married.

The rubber ducky thermometer was still lodged in her asshole. The yellow duck had a grin plastered on its face like he was mocking me too. Knowing the size of the cylinder, I knew it had penetrated my wife deeper than I ever would.

I grabbed it by the head and gently attempted to pull it out of my wife's asshole. At first it didn't budge. She was too tight.

I had to get a better grip by sliding my fingers between the bottom of the duck and my wife's ass. It was sticky and warm and wet and I shuddered thinking about what I was touching.

Kate blinked up at me as I pulled the makeshift dildo out of her asshole. I couldn't look her in her cum covered face so I focussed on her gaping asshole as it slowly began to spasm to its normal puckered shape.

"You're hard," said Kate.

There was no point in trying to hide my excitement. Though my brain struggled to comprehend why that was so. Seeing my wife defiled by two guys was even more exciting to me than catching her the first time. It wasn't right. But what could I do?

"Go ahead and taste it," said Kate as she propped herself up on her elbows. Some of the cum had dripped from her chin onto her ample chest.

At first I wasn't even sure I knew what she was talking about. Then I realized I'd held the thermometer closer and closer to my face. Did I want to smell it? Or taste it? I didn't know what I wanted. But my stiff cock insisted I wanted something.

Before I knew what I was doing I put the tip of the thermometer in my mouth and twirled it around. My senses were so fried I didn't really taste anything. But images of my wife taking something as big and hard as the thermometer inside her fueled my continuing hard on.

Kate reached her hand out and I gave her the thermometer. She made a show of sucking on it for me. As she did she reached between her lags and started playing with herself in front of me. She had never done that before.

The urge to eat her out was so overwhelming I had no choice but to do it. Despite knowing how nasty it was after two guys just fucked her.

Before I knew it I was on my knees with my face buried in her dripping, sopping, sticky pussy. I didn't care how many men I tasted in her, I just couldn't get enough.

Kate had some other ideas though. She pushed my head further down between her thighs. She wanted me to lick her asshole. So I

did. She moaned as I rimmed her asshole.

At some point I'd unzipped my pants and started playing with myself. But I had to be careful not to shoot my load yet.

Kate must have sensed my desire. She released my head and beckoned me to fuck her. I stood up and wiped my face, ripped off my clothes and climbed on my wife.

My cock entered her easily. Her cunt seemed even looser than last time and I struggled to get any traction. But before I knew it I was finished.

The moment after I shot my load all my desire dried up. It was replaced with a terrible feeling of shame and humiliation.

My dick had already softened and flopped out of my wife. I pushed off her and ran into the house, leaving my clothes and slutty wife behind. I ran right into the shower and scrubbed my entire body, but especially my mouth and cock.



KATE JOINED me in the shower. She tried to kiss me but I couldn't do it.

But I did help her clean off. I gave extra attention between her thighs, even sliding the soapy tip of my finger into her asshole. She seemed to like it.

Neither of us said a word. Though I could tell she was trying to show me that she still loved me. She even got me off again with her hand.



LATER THAT NIGHT she fell right off to sleep. No doubt, fucking a couple of guys with big black dicks took a lot of energy.

But I couldn't sleep. My mind kept racing. I kept thinking about how reckless Kate had become and I feared what she would do next.

How could she possibly top fucking two guys?

The answer to that question fueled my imagination. And after jerking off thinking about it, I finally managed to get a little sleep.



CHECK OUT MY CHEATING WIFE & The Big Black Pool Guy Book 3 to find out what Kate has planned for her next encounter...

BOOK 3: THE GANG'S ALL HERE



In the days after I caught my wife cheating on me with the big black pool guy, I caught her cheating with the black pool GUYS - plural!

Needless to say, the trust I had in my wife, Kate, has completely evaporated. But I still loved her, despite the fact that she was spoiled to me now. I'd never get the image of her with those big black bodies all over her. Inside her. Deeper inside her than I will ever get.

Of course there were some secret benefits that I didn't expect. For one, I enjoyed being the victim, the aggrieved party. We both knew what she did and she owed me — though we never said a word about it.

But even better than that for me was the shameful excitement I derived from her indiscretions. My sex drive had gone crazy since I first caught her with Darius.

That first time I caught her and the second time when Darius and his boss Jerome taking turns with her, have fueled my fantasies for weeks. My dick was rubbed raw from overuse.

Unfortunately, the usage was all on my part. Self usage as it were. Kate and I had barely touched since I helped her clean up after the two guys were done with her.

Ever since I'd been suspicious that Kate had more encounters lined up. So I'd taken some extreme measures like coming home at irregular times hoping to catch her in the act. Again.

But the next time I caught her, it would be different. I'd bust in on the scene and put a stop to the whole thing. Lay down the law as her husband.

I knew who should be fucking my wife and who shouldn't. And it was up to me to be the enforcer of my wife's honor and virtue.

To be clear, I meant that I, as her husband, should be the one fucking her. And not some big, black pool guy.

Or guys.



A COUPLE of weeks went by and nothing appeared to be going on with Kate. Which is to say that I noticed a severe lack of naked black men penetrating my wife by the pool. Obviously it was a relief. Maybe it was out of her system.

My birthday happened to fall in the middle of the week. Normally I made a big deal out of my birthday but this year I just wasn't feeling it. Maybe because my birthday wish would have been for my wife to stop fucking big, black men.

So I was kind of dejected when I left work at lunchtime. In the past Kate had made it a point to put on a little birthday show for me in her birthday suit, but I figured things were too broken for that to happen again.

As I pulled into my neighborhood though, something started to change.

Not only was my driveway full of cars but there were cars parked along the street in front of my house. Since it was my birthday, I had some fuzzy notion that Kate was planning something. Maybe a surprise party?

There were a few things wrong with that idea. Number one, it was still daytime. Normally I would expect a surprise party to occur at night. Two, parking in my spot in the driveway and all along the street in front of my house didn't exactly help with the surprise aspect. And, given the difficulty I had parking, it was almost like nobody gave a shit about me. Three, I didn't have this many friends. Or, come to think of it, really any friends at all.

I had to park my car in front of my nosy neighbor's house. He wasn't outside walking his dog like he usually was, for which I was grateful. But I did notice a complete lack of dog waste on his front lawn. Unlike mine and everyone else's.

Alas, I had bigger issues to deal with on my birthday.

As I walked up to my house I just then noticed that the first two vehicles in the driveway looked very similar to Bob's Pool service

pickups, except the logos were covered up. The uneasy feeling deep inside me returned.

That's when I heard a commotion from the back. Just hearing male voices from my backyard caused a pain in my gut that surged up into my chest. Not unexpected for a guy who recently caught his wife cheating on him with two big black men. Who happened to work for our pool service.

The fact that I basically paid those guys to come to my house and fuck my wife just irritated the shit out of me. If anyone ever found out, I would die of humiliation.

All I could cling to as I walked around the house to the gate was there was no way my wife Kate would possibly cheat on me a third time. The first time was bad enough. It was Darius, our regular pool guy. The second time involved Darius again but this time he brought along his supervisor, Jerome, who also happened to be a big black guy.

All Jerome did was supervise the fucking of my wife by the both of them. The image of Jerome shooting his load in my wife's face while Darius gave her a massive creampie disgusted me.

But it also had another shameful effect on me. It turned me on like nothing ever had before. If I was honest with myself, seeing my wife being used as a fuck doll for black men was the ultimate aphrodisiac for me. And not just watching it but watching it and then sickeningly sliding in to fuck her myself. Sloppy seconds or thirds or whatever.

But as soon as I came, all the excitement faded away. Only shame and humiliation was left.

Dread coursed through me as I neared the bushes next to the gate. The voices I heard were definitely of the big black male variety. It sounded more like a gang meeting in some dark inner city alley than a bright, sunny suburban backyard.

Sure enough there was an entire starting five of a basketball team lurking in the pool area around my scantily clad wife. Each guy was bigger and blacker than the next.

Darius, I recognized. He was sitting on the edge of the pool with his feet in the water. Kate was sitting next to him. Much too close for

comfort.

Darius had already banged my wife twice — that I knew about. Both times he made sure to cum inside her. Completely unprotected.

I tried not to dwell on the possible consequences of those encounters.

Also recognizable was Jerome. Another guy who experienced the pleasure of fucking my wife. I could still picture the massive load he shot all over my wife's face. Plus whatever she ended up swallowing.

Jerome was standing in a group with three other big black guys that I didn't know. They looked rough though. Wearing only bathing suits, they were jacked. Like they just got out of a prison yard weight lifting session. Aggressive tattoos and all.

One guy was completely bald. He had a tattoo of a human skull on his arm. He had a look of determination on his face that scared me even on the other side of the fence.

Next to Skull was a more well defined muscular guy. He had short dreadlocks and neck tattoos. But his skin was so dark I couldn't make out what they were.

Next to Dreadlock was the tallest guy, whom the others referred to as Marcus. He was the cleanest cut of the bunch and looked like he just walked off a basketball court. In addition to being tall he had the lankiness of an athlete. There was already a huge bulge in his shorts.

They were joking around as they ogled my wife. Her tiny red bikini was no defense for their lustful, predatory eyes.

Kate already had a hand on Darius's knee as they talked. She seemed full of nervous energy while Darius had the relaxed look befitting a guy who knows he's got a sure thing. And by sure thing, I mean sexually. As in, my wife.

Sure enough, Kate didn't waste any time. Her hand quickly found itself well above Darius's knee. She placed it right on his crotch like she was daring him to react.

The already sizable bulge in Darius's trunks became well defined. Kate changed her hand motion to trace the outline of his shaft.

Darius reached to my wife's chest and grabbed a huge handful of her breast. He jiggled it a little before pulling his hand back. As he

did he pulled the inadequate triangle of fabric aside and exposed Kate's hard pink nipple.

Kate didn't bat an eye. Instead she wriggled the waistband of Darius's trunks like she was in a frenzy to remove them.

Darius helped her out by untying the string. That was all Kate needed. She yanked the waistband back and Darius's big black cock popped up like an x-rated jack-in-the-box.

But instead of being scared off, my wife was drawn to it. She got on all fours on the pool deck and lowered her face to his cock. She stroked it with her hand before licking it from the base to the head. Then she took it in her mouth.

Darius brushed her long hair out of the way so he could see her go down on him. Then he turned to the crowd behind him as if to say, "See! I told you she was easy!"

The other guys were laughing and pointing. Like they couldn't believe their luck. Kate's barely concealed ass was right in their line of sight, too.

One of the guys pointed to something he noticed. "Holy shit," he said. "Look at the wet spot on her bathing suit!" Apparently my wife was so turned on she was dripping through the floss thin strip of bikini that, for the moment, covered her most private areas.

Kate's other boob got free of the minimally restraining bikini top, so both of her breasts were hanging loose as she sucked Darius's cock in front of the entire gang.

But I was sure the rest of them weren't there to be spectators. And I was right.

Jerome led the big, black parade over to my busy wife. His status, attained from previously fucking my wife, gave him the right to place both hands on her practically bare ass. Then he hooked the dripping wet strip of bikini bottoms from her backside with a finger and pulled it to the side, exposing my wife's cunt and asshole to the rest of the gang.

Kate didn't even look to see who was touching her. All she cared about was sucking Darius's fully hard cock.

The other guys crowded around, helping themselves to my wife's body. There were so many big black hands on her, I couldn't tell who

was cupping her breasts, slapping her ass or fingering her.

There was a brief tearing sound. Someone had literally ripped her bikini bottoms off and tossed them in the pool. At least the bikini top got untied before it too was discarded.

Dreadlock took a knee to give him a better look at my wife's assets. He was staring at her backside like he was studying it. Then he slowly inserted one long finger into her, as if he was testing her. When Kate didn't respond, he stuck a second one in.

But Kate just kept on sucking Darius's cock, like she couldn't care less that she was being fingered by another big, black stranger.

Dreadlock seemed determined to push it. Hell, I figured he'd try to shove his entire fist inside her if he could get away with it.

Only when Dreadlock tried sliding a third finger into her did Kate spit out Darius's cock and reach around to swat him away. At least my wife had some limits, I guess. A hard two finger maximum.

Dreadlock apparently didn't take it personally. He responded by sticking his face in her ass and treating himself to a long lick of everything she had to offer. He probably figured he better do it early in the proceeding because in a little while it was going to be a whole lot messier.

By that point, the four guys who weren't currently having their cocks sucked by my wife grew impatient. They went so far as to lift her up off the pool deck. For a split second I was treated to the spectacle of my totally nude wife being lifted in the air while her mouth was still firmly attached to a big black cock.

They carried her over and plopped her down, sitting upright on the corner of the lounge chair. That infamous chair still had the stains from my wife's previous encounters. It was probably a good thing I waited to have it cleaned because there was a pretty good chance it would have a whole bunch of new stains by the end of the day.

Kate looked up at the scene around her. Her eyes were wide at the sight of five big black guys stripping off their bathing suits. It's like they were in a rush to be the first one to present their cocks in my wife's face.

And just like that Kate had five big black cocks arrayed around her head. She looked around at them like she was overwhelmed by the attention.

Each cock had to be nearly a foot long each. I didn't have to be a mathematician to realize that the five cocks laid end to end would nearly be as tall as my wife. Five feet of cocks. Nearly two yards worth of cocks.

Kate made a point of grabbing each cock one by one and giving it a couple of strokes, like she was just getting acquainted with them. She kept saying things like, "Wow, it's so big!" But after the third time it was a little much. We got it — they all had giant cocks! No need to keep mentioning it!

Finally Kate seemed to select one she wanted to start with — besides the previous warm up with Darius. She pulled Skull's cock into her mouth and worked it hard for a few seconds. Then she switched to Dreadlock's though she kept stroking Skull.

On and on she went. Jerome was next. Then Marcus. Finally back to Darius. She kept going faster and faster. And she was dealing with three cocks at once. One in each hand and one in the mouth. The two that were momentarily left out would reach in and grab whatever part of my wife's body they wanted. Her pale skin was already flaring red in so many areas from being groped.

Skull suddenly got real aggressive with her. He held her head still and rammed his cock into her mouth. Kate dropped the other two guys and braced herself for Skull's fury.

Kate took it like a champ — at least according to one of the guys. Even though her eyes were tearing up and saliva dripped from her lips she hung in there.

Skull finally let her go. He pushed back on Kate which forced her to fall back onto the chair. Her legs were raised and Dreadlock made his move.

He grabbed her ankles and pulled her legs apart. "You ready?" he said.

My wife nodded even as she wiped the tears from her watering eyes. She then propped herself up on her elbows to watch.

Dreadlock stuck his cock between her dripping pink folds. Kate winced as he entered her.

His big black cock bent after it was a few inches in. But Dreadlock pressed on.

Kate grunted as the rest of his cock disappeared into her. It must have hurt because she clenched her knees against him and pushed back against his thighs.

Dreadlock stared down at her, not backing off an inch. He was claiming all of her and would not be deterred.

Kate cried out, "Fuck!" Then her body seemed to slowly relax and accept Dreadlock's giant cock inside her. "It's so big!"

Jerome sat on the chair next to Kate and put her hand on his dick. Kate started stroking him while she watched Dreadlock thrust inside her.

Skull must have seen my wife's dance card filling up. He shouldered his way next to her and held his cock in her face.

Kate locked eyes with him as she took his cock in her mouth.

Seeing my wife servicing three big black cocks at the same time broke something inside of me. My anger fell away. Replaced by desire.

My own cock had swollen painfully. It needed to be addressed. So I undid my pants and let them fall down. I took my cock in my hands and started stroking as I watched my wife get gangbanged.



DREADLOCK HAD WORKED himself up and pulled out suddenly. The other guys cleared out afraid that he was going to spray them with his load. But he closed his eyes and nothing happened.

Marcus saw his opening. He slipped his lanky body between my wife's spread legs. His long cock slid into her gaped cunt easily.

He leaned in over Kate and slammed his cock all the way in.

Kate's head fell back in ecstasy as Marcus started pounding her. Like Marcus was punching her G spot again and again.

Darius stepped over her and straddled her body, forcing his cock back into her now familiar mouth.

Skull and Jerome put Kate's hands on their cocks and my wife set a new personal best for pleasuring men who were not her husband. It really burned to see her going to such lengths to pleasure four guys at once when she rarely bothered to pleasure the one she was married to.

Skull barked at Marcus to hurry up. And Marcus seemed a little intimidated by the burlier guy. He pulled out and stepped aside.

Skull told everyone else to back off too so he could reposition my wife on all fours.

Darius grabbed some prime real estate by standing in front of her and Kate obliged by sucking on his cock again. Meanwhile Skull was sizing Kate up from behind.

Skull looked like a guy who knew his way around a woman's rear end. He leaned in like he was inspecting the goods. He spread her ass with his hands and slammed his thick cock into her.

Kate spit out Darius's cock and cried out. But only for a second before her mouth was filled again. She gagged on it as she was pumped from both sides. The vulgar porn term for what they were doing to my wife was called spit roasting her.

And all I did was watch. And jerk off.



KATE KEPT GETTING PUSHED BACK and forth between two monster black cocks. The first two guys pulled out before they came. They knew how to prolong their pleasure with my wife.

As soon as each guy pulled out another guy was ready to step in. There was basically a line around my wife with two stops — one to get sucked off by her and the other to fuck her.

Every one seemed rough with her. Some held her head down on their cocks. Others basically fucked her face.

Every single one of them seemed to enjoy slapping her bare ass. Her cheeks were bright raw red with assorted hand prints.

All the while I watched, wishing I could join in. But I knew I'd be mocked. For my small cock. And my easy wife.

Darius was the first guy to finish. He'd slid his cock into my wife's now familiar cunt. It was at least the third time he'd fucked my wife. He'd fucked her more times this year than I had.

He got rougher with her as he pounded her. At first his hands were on her ass. Then he gripped her hips as he sped up. Finally he pulled her hair, jerking her head back. Kate spit out Skull's cock and screamed as Darius fucked the shit out of her. It looked like he was riding my wife like a horse to a thrilling finish.

But he had the presence of mind to pull out and move in front of her. Just in time to shoot his load all over her face.

Skull was quick to be the next one to take his shot at her from behind. He slammed into her so hard that he knocked some of the cum off her face. Her bare breasts were gyrating like crazy under her.

Skull's hand was on top of her ass. He curled his thumb down and I swear the tip of it disappeared into her asshole. That reminded me of what Darius had done to her last time — anally inserting the rubber ducky pool thermometer.

Humiliation bubbled up inside me again. They were touching my wife in places even I never dared to touch.

It was only a matter of time before one of these guys stuck their big black cock in my wife's maybe not so virgin ass.

Skull pulled out and shuffled around to have her lick his cock clean. I wondered if she was getting used to tasting herself on stranger's dicks.

Instead of taking her from behind, Marcus slid in under her and guided her down onto his long cock. It was, literally, my wife's pleasure. Something about Marcus's dick that just hit the right spot inside Kate.

Dreadlock moved in behind my wife. Since her cunt was currently occupied, he was eyeing an alternative. He called over to Darius who was recovering from shooting his load in my wife's face.

Darius reached into a plastic pharmacy bag that I hadn't previously noticed and pulled out a tube. He tossed it to Dreadlock

who caught it easily. I couldn't tell what it was but I was pretty sure they weren't planning on brushing their teeth.

Dreadlock opened the tube and poured its contents onto my wife's ass. He rubbed his cock in the stream as it flowed down her butt crack.

These fuckers came prepared. They had the presence of mind to pick up some lube on the way to fucking my wife. But apparently they forgot the condoms.

Kate cried out as Dreadlock punched his oversized cock into her asshole. I thought I heard him grunt when I saw how his cock bent. Good, I hoped it hurt both of them like hell.

Kate pushed back against Dreadlock's thigh. His cock wasn't even that far inside her. Yet.

Marcus kept pumping up from below but he seemed to be getting frustrated. Kate wasn't really able to deal with a cock in her ass and another in her cunt at the same time.

Dreadlock kept trying though. He spread her ass with his hands as much as he could. Then he held her still, which further irritated Marcus. He managed to force most of his cock in her ass.

Kate pitched forward so her head was against Marcus's chest. She was gritting her teeth.

It must have hurt a lot. But I was more upset that she'd given up her anal virginity to a guy who didn't give a shit about her. As her husband, I should have been the one she did it with.

"Fuck, your ass is tight." Dreadlock managed to build up a slow rhythm. Pleasuring himself in my wife's ass. With her consent.

All I did while my wife was being double penetrated was play with myself in the bushes. By that point I didn't even care if they saw me. The whole thing was so humiliating.

Dreadlock pulled out of her asshole and went right for her mouth. Kate had a look of anguish on her face. The head of Dreadlock's cock stretched her asshole to the breaking point on the way out.

After a few seconds or so, she opened her eyes. Dreadlock's cock, fresh out of her asshole, right in her face. My wife looked at it

for an extra moment, like she was debating what to do with it. Then she parted her lips and took his big black cock in her mouth.

Ass to mouth shouldn't have bothered me that much at that point. Kate had already rimmed at least one of them. My wife had done so many degrading things already, what was another one.

Jerome had been hanging on the periphery of the gang for most of it. Since he fucked my wife previously, he seemed content to watch and occasionally have her suck on his dick or just rub it by hand. But he took one look at Kate's gaping asshole and rammed his cock in.

Kate's cry was muffled by Dreadlock's dick. She closed her eyes and clutched the chair cushion.

Jerome went crazy in her ass. Ripping it out and plunging it back in. He smacked her ass like he was a jockey urging his mount to the finish.

Somehow Marcus managed to fuck her from below while the other two guys were busy in her other holes. His body tensed as he came. He shot his load deep inside my wife. Deeper by far than I'd ever managed.

I couldn't remember if Marcus was the second or third guy I'd seen ejaculate inside my wife. There were so many large black men fucking her recently I couldn't keep track.

Marcus groaned and that tipped off the other guys. They all started bitching about giving her a creampie but Skull was the loudest. He was standing to the side stroking himself, waiting for another opening in my wife.

Suddenly Jerome gripped my wife's ass hard and his motions became more jerky and less fluid — resulting in, umm, well, more fluid. He groaned even louder than Marcus as he came in Kate's asshole.

Marcus pulled his cock out of Kate's cunt and scrambled out of the chair. No doubt he was afraid of the waterfall of cum that was about to flow out of my wife.

Dreadlock held Kate's head still while he fucked her face. Seconds of violent thrusting later he came in Kate's mouth. Kate

gagged a couple of times but mostly kept her lips sealed on his cock the whole time. She swallowed most if not all of it.

The three guys abandoned Kate. She collapsed face down on the chair. Cum drizzled out of her various holes.

Skull wasn't done yet though. He rolled Kate onto her back and grabbed a pool towel. He wiped her pussy as clean as he could get it and stuck his cock in.

Kate came alive again. She started moaning and reaching around to pull Skull's ass to her. "Oh, fuck! Oh fuck!" I'd never heard her so vocal.

Skull leaned harder into her. His muscles rippled as he plowed her into the chair cushion. Sweat dripped off him and onto my wife but she didn't seem to care. Just one more bodily fluid on her.

They both came together, like a happy ending in a dirty romance novel. Except Darius had reentered the scene, hard again. He straddled Kate's face and stuck his cock in her open mouth. Kate sucked him off until he pulled back and came all over her chest and face.

Skull must have shot the biggest load in the world inside my wife. He pulled out and semen was still pumping out of his cock. It dripped all over Kate's pubic hair and thighs.

When both guys stepped aside, my wife was covered in cum. She looked like an erotic freshly glazed doughnut. With extra holes.

All five guys looked spent. But at least they were able to stand. Kate looked like they took everything out of her.

Watching them look down with satisfaction at what they'd done to my wife was the last straw. I couldn't take it any more!

I rubbed my cock furiously. My own release was at hand...



BEHIND ME I heard heavy footsteps. Someone was coming up behind me!

My heart nearly stopped!

My pants were pooled around my ankles.

My stiff cock was still in my hand.

And I was moments away from shooting my load all over the bushes and fence.

Fear swelled inside me. All I could do was remain perfectly still and hope that whoever it was wouldn't notice me.

"Police! Show me your hands and turn around slowly!" The authority dripping from the deep male voice sent shivers down my spine.

A fleeting thought of trying to run away crossed my mind. But a huge arm crashed through the branches and jerked me backwards by the cuff of my shirt.

Next thing I knew I was sprawled bare assed on the lawn. My hands were restrained behind me. The handcuffs were too tight cutting off my circulation.

The bright sunlight blinded me as I looked up. But I heard laughter. Male and female. There were two cops standing over me. The big bastard who yanked me out of the bushes. And the most beautiful female cop I'd ever seen.

They were laughing at my suddenly shriveled dick.

"What are you doing?" I demanded. "I live here!" My voice sounded so whiney even to me.

All the blood that had been needed elsewhere in my body suddenly rushed to my face. Just more humiliation.

They asked me my name and verified it by fishing my license out of my wallet which was in the pocket of my pants — which were still around my ankles.

The male cop told me to roll on my stomach so he could take off the cuffs. Then he let me stand and pull my pants back up.

The female cop had my license and was talking over her shoulder radio mic. I was staring at her when my eyes drifted down to her chest. Her body armor couldn't totally hide her figure. But my eyes widened as I noticed she had a small video camera attached and it was focused on me.

Oh fuck.

Things kept getting worse.

She finished with the radio and sneered at me. "So what were you doing in the bushes?"

"That's none of your business," I said trying to regain some dignity. Besides she damn well knew what I was doing in there.

The female cop stepped right into my personal space forcing me to shrink back. "It is our business when your neighbors call the police to report a peeping tom."

Oh great. My fucking neighbors.

The big male cop got in my face next. "Yeah, they called and said strange noises were coming from this house too. They said it sounded like someone was having sex. Do you know anything about that?"

I swallowed hard and wished I was anywhere else. "Are you filming me?"

"Of course we are. It's department policy."

The woman cop distracted me. "Never mind that. What were you doing?"

"Am I under arrest?"

"Not yet. But exposing yourself in public is a crime. So why don't you just come clean?"

I just wanted them to leave me alone and get out of there so I blurted out the awful truth. "I was just watching my wife," I said.

"Watching her do what?"

Just then, the gate opened and out walked the five huge sweating black guys that just gangbanged my wife.



THE COPS ultimately agreed to let me go. But they said they had to write a report that would become public record. And so would the video.

That's just what I needed — a public record of my wife's infidelity.

The gangbangers, literally, in this case, all left. Thank goodness. I'm sure the presence of cops at my house sent them on their way a

little quicker.

My hands were still shaking from the police encounter, not to mention seeing my wife gangbanged on our pool deck, as I made the sad walk to the backyard to see if there was anything left of my wife. Watching her be destroyed by five monster black cocks didn't leave me much hope.

But I stopped short at the sight of her, still sprawled out and naked, covered in other men's cum. Despite the revulsion churning in my mind, my cock hardened instantly.

I approached her but she didn't stir. Her ample chest rose and fell with each breath she took so I knew she was still alive at least. Her gaped and well worn cunt appeared to fare much worse. Semen still drizzled out of her.

It was left to me to clean her up I supposed. The last thing I needed was a neighbor calling the cops again only to find her in the shape she was in.

But it sure wasn't fair. The only guy who loved her, who provided for her, who devoted his life to her — forced to clean up after five other guys used her for their own pleasure. And I didn't even get the chance to fuck her myself.

A pool towel had fallen into the pool. I grabbed it and rung it out, knowing that one or more of the gang probably used it to wipe their cocks with. Cocks that were wet with my wife's juices.

It would do, I decided. I brought it over to my wife and sat down on the edge of the chair, careful not to sit in any of the "wet spots." And I started wiping somebody's cum off her inner thigh.

Her eyes fluttered open. There was even cum on her eyelashes.

As our eyes locked I could feel myself getting upset. Tears welled in my eyes. The last thing I wanted was to cry like a baby in front of my wife, especially right after five real men just finished using her.

I stood abruptly, making as if I was going to leave. But Kate grabbed me. Not my arm or hand but by the relatively tiny bulge in my pants.

"I saw you watching," she said. "Now's your chance."

I let her stroke my cock through the fabric. We both knew I wanted her so badly I'd fuck her even then.

I undressed quickly, embarrassed to even stand in front of my own wife naked. My pathetic body was no match for the other guys.

Gingerly, I climbed onto the chair trying not to touch anything gross even though my wife was covered in it.

As I held myself above her, she scooped up some jizz that had pooled near her belly button with a fingernail. She brought it to her mouth and lapped it up. Then she licked her lips coating them. Finally she pulled my head down and forced me to kiss her.

I swear I could taste every single one of the other guys on her lips. But by then she was stroking me hard and I tried to put the others out of my mind.

But I couldn't. Even while kissing her I pictured her face buried in big black men's asses, rimming them. Sucking their monster cocks. All the nasty things she did with them.

My entire body collapsed onto my wife's. The sticky liquid covering her oozed between us.

Kate was in control of me. She guided my head all over her, making me lick up what the other men left behind. It sickened me. And also aroused me.

By the time I reached her oozing, stretched pussy, I was ready to explode. But I forced myself to pleasure her anyway. I focussed on her clit and soon she was arching her back for me, for once.

Her body clenched as she climaxed and that's when I entered her.

She was so stretched I don't even know if she knew I was inside her. And I didn't care. I pumped once, twice and on the third time I couldn't control myself any longer. I shot everything I had inside my wife. Not nearly as deep as any of the others.

But at least I did it.

My spent and shriveling cock flopped out of my wife. My desire was gone and I was only left with disgust and revulsion. My entire body was sticky and there was an ache in my stomach that I'd never felt before.

Before I could even stand and begin to clean off, I heard snickering from the side gate. I looked up in horror to see the two

police officers had returned. They were standing next to my nosy neighbor. All three of them were watching and stifling laughter.



TEN MONTHS LATER, after another night with no sleep, I found myself sitting in the lounge chair. The sun had been up for a couple of hours but the chair was still in the shade.

The lack of sleep had made me delirious. My brain kept replaying the scene that happened in this very chair. Tormenting me. Five big black men gangbanging my wife.

The cushions from that day were beyond saving. There were so many cum stains on it I had to throw them out. And even throwing them out embarrassed me. As it sat by the curb it became a kind of tourist attraction for all my neighbors. It seemed they all knew that my wife had sex with a bunch of guys on it.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Not even close.

The new cushions were mercifully stain free. But they provided little comfort. The little bundle squirmed in my arms. I held my breath. Please don't wake up yet, I silently pleaded. I desperately needed more peace and quiet!

But it was no use. The baby was awake. And hungry by the sound of him.

Just as I gathered the energy to take him inside, the side gate opened. My gut tightened. I'd forgotten what day it was.

Pool service day.

Big Black Darius came strutting into view. He was in his Bob's Pools attire. Ready to go.

He smiled at me. Though I always saw it as more of a sneer. Whatever it was, it humiliated me every time I saw him.

We both knew what he was thinking every time he came to my house or saw me. He fucked my wife. Multiple times.

I held the baby tight as I walked past Darius without saying a word.

"How's the baby doing?" asked Darius as my back was to him.
"And your wife?"

I stopped short trembling with rage and humiliation. But the last thing I wanted was to give him the satisfaction.

"Everybody's great," I said over the baby's wailing.

"Can I see him?"

I just stood there for a long moment without turning. In the sliding glass door I saw Kate watching us.

Something gave way inside me. The fight drained out of me.

I turned around and showed Darius the beautiful black baby boy that my wife had given birth to.

Darius grinned at me and said, "He has his mother's eyes."

My face burned as I turned away before Darius said, "Make sure you raise him right."

Shaking with rage and humiliation, I grit my teeth and said, "Darius, don't forget to vacuum the pool."

I stormed inside and handed the baby to my wife. Her robe fell open and her bare breast was exposed. She was still in front of the sliding glass doors and visible to the pool guy. But I was too exhausted to worry about it.

The irony of my messed up marriage really hit home. I recalled how this entire mess started. Instead of taking my wife on the exotic vacation I promised her, I talked her into a "staycation." She responded by fucking at least five big black guys, including our pool guy. And now, nearly a year, and countless sleepless nights later, I was raising another man's baby and desperate for a vacation of my own.



The end.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a white lace bra and matching white lace underwear. She is looking slightly to the right with a soft expression. The background is a wooden wall with a patterned curtain.

An Interracial Hotwife Cuckold Humiliation Story

My Cheating Bride

**The
Complete
Series**

Francis Cuckold

INTRODUCTION

Frank became the happiest man in the world when he married the only woman for him...

But he always felt overshadowed by his big black friend and best man...

And when his new wife disappears during the wedding reception, Frank must find out what she's up to...

And he soon discovers his new bride knows exactly what she wants...

Her husband's Big Black Best Man...

And her cuckold of a husband has to watch all the action...

And his humiliation has just begun...



BOOK 1: BEST MAN



"To Kate, the most beautiful bride ever."

The applause from all of our two hundred plus wedding guests snapped me back to the present. It was my wedding day, the reception, and Antione, my best man, was just wrapping up his speech.

Kate, my bride, my wife, leaned over to me, gushing about how my decision to pick Antione as my best man was so great.

But was it?

Antione and I had been friends growing up. Best friends even. But we'd gone to different colleges and he'd changed a lot. We kept in touch over the years but we weren't that close.

But I didn't really have a large group of friends to pick from, either. And since he was the only African American guest invited on my side, he made me look like less of a racist. Which, for the record, I'm totally not.

And besides all that, Kate always liked Antione and really pushed for him to be my best man.

Maybe I should have pushed back...



KATE BOUNCED off to greet some of our guests when Antoine slipped into his seat next to me at the head table. A guy his size should have a hard time slipping in anywhere but Antoine always had the gracefulness of the athlete he was.

He slapped me hard on the back in that friendly way of his. But he was so big and strong these days that he nearly pitched me over and onto the floor. That would have been embarrassing.

"How you doing, bro?" He sat down next to me and his words were a little slurred. The guy always loved to party. But he must still

work out like a freak to burn off all those calories.

"I'm doing great," I said. The reality of being married still hadn't hit me yet. "Thanks for the great speech. I appreciate you doing it."

"Ah anytime, bro." Or maybe he said, "bruh." I wasn't sure.

"Hopefully, you won't have to give another best man speech for me. I don't plan on getting married again." The reality of it was that I was lucky to get any girl, let alone a hot one like Kate.

Antione laughed. Was it was weird I still got satisfaction from his approval? Like I had some sort of totally non-sexual crush on him. A man crush, but still. It made me more than a little uncomfortable.

"But really, thanks again. It couldn't have been easy coming up with a speech and everything."

He waved it away. "Bro, I've done lots of these. It's cake."

My heart sunk. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it but I couldn't help but feel a little slighted. He'd done these before? Like I was another notch on his belt.

Fortunately he didn't see my expression. He was too busy digging into his surf and turf dinner.

Suddenly I had the urge to get away from him. Maybe go over to table five and talk to Kate's creepy uncle.

"I've got to mingle," I said. As we shook hands I was struck by how large his were. Plus he had such a strong grip my knees nearly buckled. "Well, thanks again man," I squeaked before turning around to try to shake the feeling back into my fingers.

"My pleasure," Antione said as he enjoyed the spread.



AFTER ABOUT A HALF an hour or so, Kate and I were back sitting at our spots at the head table when I noticed Antione dancing with Kate's friend Lisa, one of the "looser" bridesmaids.

Every few seconds Lisa would look over and catch Kate's eye. Even though I knew less about women than any guy who ever lived, I knew something was up.

Kate leaned over to me and joked, "Antione is such a flirt."

My jaw clenched at that. The way my new wife said it like she admired that aspect of him. We weren't married four hours yet and I was already getting jealous — during my own wedding reception.

"It looks like he's hitting it off with Lisa," I said, hoping to shove him off on another girl so my wife would stop thinking about him. Besides, the thought of sexy Lisa on her back spreading her legs for anybody turned me on. Especially for a big black guy like Antione.

Fuck, I was getting hard just thinking about it. I couldn't wait until later that night. I'd probably fantasize about Lisa and Antione while I had wedding night sex with my new wife.

Kate laughed, "Antione's probably going through the entire line of bridesmaids this weekend."

Lisa was grinding suggestively on Antione. Or maybe it was the other way around.

"Why would you say that? He couldn't even bring a date to this," I said.

Kate shook her head like I was the most clueless guy ever. "He didn't bring a date because it would..." She drifted off and took another sip of her drink. Almost finished it. How many was that for her?

The song ended but Lisa and Antione kept doing their thing, only stopping when they drew everyone's applause. When they finally separated, I was sure I saw a bulge in Antione's tight tuxedo pants.

Lisa came bouncing over to collect Kate for a group trip to the ladies room. They giggled as they passed Antione who was heading back over to me.

"Man, Lisa's really into you," I said, sounding like Captain Obvious. "Are you guys going to..." I trailed off because I was too embarrassed to be talking like that.

Antoine waved me off again. "No, bro. That's old news."

Old news? He just got into town yesterday. "You mean you..."

Antione eyed me as though he thought I was joking. "Are you serious?"

I tried to laugh it off. "No, no, no."

"Are you telling me you never hit that?" Antione looked at me and pretty much answered his own question.

He knew I was never much of a "hitter" with the ladies. Self "hitting" was more my thing. Until Kate came along. Literally the best thing that ever happened to me.

"Too bad, bro. And now you're married so that's it for you."

Just the thought of Lisa naked, taking a big black cock was almost too much. My pale, normal sized dick started getting excited. Not what I wanted to happen right before I danced with my mother.

Still, I couldn't get naughty Lisa out of my mind. She was not as beautiful as Kate, but they had the same body type. They worked out together all the time. Lisa had big soft breasts that bounced with every step and her tight ass looked great in yoga pants. Lisa, ideally joining Kate and I in a threesome, was a recurring fantasy of mine.

Suddenly the image of Kate bent over for Antione popped in my head. It was disturbing. But it turned me on at least as much as Lisa with him.

"So Lisa is out of the picture then?"

Antione laughed again. The scent of alcohol hit me then. He was really drunk. "Yeah, I guess you could say that."

Why was I so uncomfortable around my friend? The same feeling I had around girls — before Kate. It was driving me crazy. Just like I used to around girls I liked, I started babbling. "Yeah, I mean that's cool." Cool? "It's just that I noticed you didn't bring a date."

"Yeah, bro. No dating for me. Too many fish in the sea. You know what I mean?"

Since Kate was the only "fish" that I managed to "catch," I was pretty sure I had no idea what he meant. But I nodded anyway.

Part of the reason for my man crush was just because Antione was everything I wasn't. Tall, dark, handsome, athletic, a ladies man. I could go on and on. But the one thing I'd love to be the same as him was in the ladies department. Antione was one of those guys that literally could get any girl he wanted.

The whole time I was friends with him, deep inside I was hoping that some of the girls would like me just because I was with him. But it never worked out that way.

Antione was no longer paying any attention to me. He was staring at something, or someone, across the dance floor. I'd seen

that look in his eye before. Like he was a hunter using tunnel vision to zero in on his prey.

He suddenly stood up, took another mouthful of his drink and stepped around me.

"Where are you going?"

He didn't even look at me when he said, "I've got my eye on a certain young lady. Don't wait up."

Like the total schmuck of a sidekick I was, I laughed.

Whoever she was, she didn't have a chance. When Antione set his sights on a girl, she might as well drop her panties right then and there, no matter what she was doing.

I called after him pathetically, "Well, good luck!"



KATE HAD BEEN GONE LONGER than I expected. A few of the guests asked where she was. And I joked that I had no idea. That was a good way to end the awkward conversations with the guests from Kate's side and even some from my own — mostly my parents' friends.

At some point I actually started getting worried. She'd had a few more drinks than she normally would have. The last thing I wanted was to find her on her knees somewhere with a mouth full of — whatever.

I remembered the last time she drank too much. It was the night of her bridal shower/bachelorette party. They went to some club. There may or may not have been male strippers present. Kate wouldn't say either way, but I later saw enough group texts on her phone along the lines of - OMG I CANT BELIEF YOU AND THAT GUY - to make me wonder.

It was nearly dawn before Lisa and some other girls dropped Kate off and she could barely stand. They handed her off to me before they ran back to the limo laughing hysterically.

Unfortunately she didn't quite make it all the way to the guest bathroom before she vomited. After I finally got her into bed, I was

left to clean up the mess. It was so nasty that I couldn't believe something so awful had been in the mouth of my then fiancée. The next day I didn't even want to give her a kiss.

To this day I still shudder when I think of how gross it was. But I rationalized it in my mind — if I could still love her after being that grossed out, it must be true love.

So I camped out next to the women's restroom. Two ladies came out and I asked them if they saw Kate in there. They said they didn't even know who Kate was. When I pressed them on it they said they were actually guests at the other wedding reception going on in the smaller ballroom, which I didn't realize. They were kind enough to assure me that there were no brides puking (or sobbing) in the ladies room.

While I was relieved Kate wasn't hugging a toilet, I still had no idea where my bride was. My next thought was that she might have gone outside. I could just picture her being drunk enough to go outside with her friends who smoked.

Now Kate wasn't normally a smoker but occasionally when she drank she would bum one off her friends just to be sociable. But she knew I didn't like the taste and smell of it on her, so if she did smoke on our wedding day it would be the ultimate betrayal.

As I headed to the lobby, I could just imagine her in a smokey circle of friends with a cigarette. I started to get angry. If I found her outside with one of those nasty things in her mouth I was going to explode.



IN THE LOBBY, a couple of the valets were rushing inside. They were high energy and I could hear them talking to each other in Spanish. It was way too fast for my high school Spanish to understand. But I knew something was up.

A guy I used to know worked as a valet in college. He used to tell stories about joyriding all these crazy cars, like Maseratis and Lamborghinis, while their clueless owners were inside lavish parties,

none the wiser. So I assumed these valets were talking about some illicit test drive.

"Excuse me," I said as they approached. "Have you seen my wife?" It felt so weird referring to Kate as my wife.

They stopped talking and looked at me. Their faces seemed to bulge with whatever it was they were talking about. One of them said, "Sir? What does she look like?"

Seriously? "She's in a wedding gown." That should limit the possibilities down to Kate and the bride at the other wedding reception down the hall.

The two valets looked at each other and both burst out laughing. One of them jerked his thumb in the direction of the parking lot. He looked at his buddy who made a weird face — he pushed his tongue against the inside of his cheek a couple of times, like he had something big in his mouth that was making his cheek protrude. Then they stumbled past me leaning against each other like they would collapse from laughter.



IT WAS PRETTY steamy out for early summer and I really missed the air conditioning after only a few steps outside. It didn't help that I was still wearing my tuxedo fully buttoned up. There was no sign of anyone outside, probably because of the heat.

The humidity in the air seemed to dampen the click clack sound of my footsteps in the shiny rented shoes on the pavement. It just added to my uneasy feeling. As I was about to turn back inside I heard something. Maybe from the woods along the side of the parking lot. Almost like a groan. Like a wild creature was doing a mating call or something.

Curious, I kept still, listening for it.

Then I heard it again.

It was hard to even determine a direction in the sultry air. But I was pretty sure it was not from the woods. It was from the parking lot.

Something inside me clicked. I knew then that it wasn't some woodsy creature. It was a primal but definitely human sound. And my primitive brain picked right up on it. It was sexual in nature.

Despite the mugginess, the full moon lit everything up, leaving sharp shadows on the ground. Like it was a sunny day viewed through a dark camera app filter. I tiptoed out between the parked cars. Most were big SUVs so I couldn't see over them. But the sounds were getting closer.

My heart started racing. Somebody was doing something very naughty out there and if I was quiet enough, maybe I'd get a sneak peek.

Probably due to my lack of experience with girls, voyeurism was kind of my thing. Seeing other people doing it was nearly as exciting for me as getting some myself.

Images of slutty Lisa flashed through my mind. Bent over the hood of a car, taking Antione's big black cock from behind. The thought of her big tits spilling out of her silky bridesmaid dress had me getting hard again.

Damn, I was so horny. I guess that was how it was supposed to be on your wedding night. Kate wouldn't know what hit her later on as I pounded her. Little would she know that I was fantasizing about her best friend getting pounded by my best man's monster black cock.

They were right up ahead. I crept along a huge Lincoln Navigator with the back windows tinted so dark I couldn't see through them. So I peered around the corner.

Sure enough, Antione was there. As the only big black guy at the wedding, he was easy to identify. His tuxedo jacket was off and his broad white shirt, so bright in the moonlight, appeared to almost glow in the dark.

There was a bundle around his ankles. His pants were down. His dark skin blended into the shadows so I didn't notice it at first.

For a crazy second I didn't see anyone else. Was he taking a piss? Or jerking off? Neither of those made any sense. There was no way he was out there alone.

Antione turned slightly. That's when I first got a glimpse of his cock.

I gasped.

Holy shit!

It was huge.

And stiff.

I glanced around, afraid of being caught watching. Like a pervert.

But there was no one else around me. Anybody else at this country club that saw a black guy suspiciously lurking in the parking lot with something dark and the size of a crowbar would assume a car burglary was in process. But so far the only crime taking place was me not seeing the girl he was giving it to.

My eyes had adjusted to the moonlight. So I was able to see someone's hand reach out and grab Antione's cock. The hand was much smaller than Antione's. And much whiter.

Whoever she was, she was still hidden from my view behind the front of another SUV. Didn't anybody drive a fucking normal car anymore?

A female voice whispered something but I couldn't make it out. Antione responded but all I could make out was the word "wrong."

The girl started rubbing Antione's shaft. Slowly. Like she was savoring the feel of it in her hand.

Under Antione's cock a soft hint of fabric fluttered to the pavement. It had to be from the woman's dress. She was either on her knees or crouching down. But in the moonlight I couldn't tell what color the dress was.

A second hand joined the first on Antione's cock. His shaft was big enough to easily accommodate two hands.

With the mood lighting, courtesy of the moon, the contrast of his dark shaft with her pale hands was stark. It was like the perfect silhouette of a hand-job.

Suddenly I remembered a conversation with Antione from a few years back. He said something along the lines of how he hated getting handjobs from girls. What was the point? He joked that he could give himself a hand-job.

All I could think of then was how lucky he was to be able to complain about getting handjobs. Before Kate came along I was in the self hand-job business.

Thank goodness those days were long gone for me. Some people told me marriage was settling for one sex partner for the rest of your life. But for me, marrying Kate was not settling. It was winning the lottery. I was literally the luckiest man alive.

Antione took a step forward, like he had enough "hands." He was looking to stick his cock in something else, like a young lady's mouth.

Unfortunately, I had to move closer if I wanted to see anything. I felt like James Bond, sneaking around luxury cars in a tuxedo. As I darted across an opening, I caught sight of the woman's dress.

It was white.

Whiter than her skin.

My heart skipped a beat as I ducked behind another SUV.

Only the bride wears white to a wedding.

No, no, no.

Fuck.

But wait a second!

There were two weddings!

Two brides!

Holy shit! Antione was getting a blow job from the other bride!

Someone started talking behind me. Back at the valet stand. Some drunk was looking for the valets. Now I knew what they were laughing about.

The other groom crossed my mind. Oh, the poor guy. He didn't even get through his wedding day without his wife going down on another guy. I couldn't even imagine what that poor bastard would be going through.

It occurred to me that I might have to warn Antione. The last thing I needed was my big black best man to get in a fist fight with someone, especially the groom, from the other wedding. Kate would never let me forget it if our big day was ruined by Antione.

But Antione had heard it too. He took a step back from the whore of a bride who was sucking his dick.

Damn. Antione's cock seemed even bigger from relatively up close. Like maybe he wasn't even hard yet when she was rubbing him down. Or maybe it was the glistening saliva coating his cock in the moonlight.

Antione stepped away as he bent over to pull up his pants, so I got my first look at the slutty bride on her knees. She looked up at Antione and wiped her mouth.

At first my mind didn't register what I was seeing.

It couldn't.

And then it hit me like a punch in the balls.

What the fuck?

Kate?



I COULDN'T BREATHE. A sharp pain ripped through my chest. And I was lightheaded. Somehow I staggered back into the lobby. Just needed to find a quiet place to think.

A group of drunks swarmed me. Reeking of cigar smoke and booze. Patting me hard on the back.

Congratulating me.

The lucky man.

Just as I got through their maze of tangled arms, Lisa bounced in front of me. "There you are," she said.

Her big nipples were hard, poking right through the sheer tan bridesmaid dress. I wanted to grab her right then and there. Turn her around. Yank her dress up. Panties down. Fuck her. Right in the lobby.

But Antione got her first. I would get his sloppy seconds. And not just with Lisa. With Kate. My wife.

"Where's Kate?"

My mind raced. Where's Kate? She's in the fucking parking lot. On her knees. Sucking another guy's cock. My best man. Antione. His big black cock in my wife's mouth.

Lisa didn't wait for an answer. She brushed past me. Her big tits grazed my arm.

Fuck this. There was a big storage room upstairs. Where we were supposed to change before leaving in the limo. No one would be in there. I could break down alone. Sob in peace.

Before I could take a step down the hall, someone slipped an arm under mine. It was Lisa again. I turned and saw she had corralled Kate with her other arm. I couldn't get a glimpse of Kate's face behind Lisa's pouffed up hair.

Lisa whisked us back inside the crowded ballroom. "You guys have to cut the cake."

Fuck.

Cut the cake? Now?

The last thing I wanted was to be in front of everyone.

Lisa said, "Remember, you cut the cake together and then you kiss."

Kiss?

Kiss that cocksucking mouth?

No fucking way.



IT WAS a whirlwind of cheering faces as Lisa ushered us to the table with the ridiculous giant wedding cake. Even the little bride and groom figures on top mocked me. Should have had one with the bride kneeling in front of another guy, while the clueless groom stands to the side like a schmuck.

Kate's face lit up as the photographer swooped in to take pictures. Someone yelled for me to smile. The corners of my mouth turned up in a forced grimace. The only thing that could make me smile was the irony of Kate wearing a white dress. She was as pure as every other parking lot whore.

Kate picked up the knife. Her delicate fingers grasped the handle, just like they did around Antione's cock.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Antione. He was standing in the back, towering over the other guests. He was smiling.

The kindest thing my new wife could have done for me in that moment would have been to plunge the knife into my chest and cut my fucking heart out.

Somehow, my body went through the motions. I placed my hand over hers, revolted by the thought of it on his big black cock.

"Ready?" she asked.

Yeah I was ready. Ready for my life to be living hell.

We cut the cake and I stepped back as Kate eased the slice onto a plate.

"We should have gotten chocolate," I whispered to Kate.

"Huh?"

I shook my head. "Never mind."

She fed me a bite of cake. Then it was my turn to feed her. I resisted the urge to jam the fork down her throat.

As she took the bite, some of the vanilla cream coated her lower lip. All I could think of was Antoine coming in her mouth. Kate stuck out her tongue and licked it away. Then she swallowed.



"KISS THE BRIDE!"

Kate's face was shiny, like she actually had to use the powder room.

Everyone in the room, family, friends, everyone I knew, my mother, my father, were all chanting, "Kiss the bride. Kiss the bride. Kiss the bride."

Her lips glistened.

Beads of sweat started forming on my forehead. My hands began to shake and I felt lightheaded again. The collar of the tuxedo was choking me. All I wanted in that moment was to just get the hell out of there.

"Kiss the bride!"

From the back of the crowd I saw Antione mouthing along with the chant. He was staring.

Not at me, but at Kate.

It killed me that he now knew what it felt like to have her soft lips against his cock. He knew what it felt like to put his cock in my wife's mouth.

"Kiss the bride!"

Kate drew closer to me. Close enough for her breasts to brush my chest. Normally that would get a tingle going down below my belt but all I could think of was my best friend's big black hand squeezing my wife's tits over her wedding dress.

"Kiss the bride!"

I couldn't help but look down.

Oh, fuck.

Was there a spot on the chest of her dress?

"Kiss the bride!"

There sure as shit was!

I remembered the saliva dripping from her mouth back in the parking lot. Like the love of my life was a rabid dog slurping on a bone. My best man's big, black bone!

But what if it wasn't saliva?

What if it was something worse?

"Kiss the bride!"

Maybe they didn't get interrupted before he... before he came inside her mouth?

Did he shoot his load in my brand new wife's mouth?

"Kiss the bride!"

I didn't have time to think about it. Kate wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me in for a kiss. Her ruby red lips glistened even more as I drew closer, taunting me.

"Kiss the bride!"

I closed my eyes in an awful wince, pursing my lips and dreading meeting my wife's.

But there was no way out. Nothing I could do. I was about to taste my best man's cock on my bride's lips.

"Kiss the bride!"

Kate grabbed the back of my head as she pressed her lips to mine. Her open mouth covering my own. Her tongue pushing into mine.

It was the longest kiss we ever had. Seconds took hours as the crowd cheered. And all that went through my mind was the awful thought that I could taste Antione's cock on my wife's lips and tongue.



THE REST of the reception was a blur. Several guests asked me if I was okay. One even suggested I have another drink. He said I seemed kind of "stiff."

Stiff?

My problem was that my best man was "stiff" — in my wife's mouth!

As the evening dragged on, I decided I needed to get away from everyone for at least a few minutes. I had to figure out what I was going to do. I had to confront Antione. And Kate. I could probably get away with punching Antione. But he was so much bigger and stronger than me that he'd probably fuck me up pretty bad. Fuck me up worse than he'd already done.

But Kate? Not sure what I could do there. Confronting her would lead to a brutal scene. It would ruin everything.

Not that I had a choice really. There was no way I could just forget about it. I mean she was sucking his cock while our wedding reception was going on. In her wedding gown.

Cheating was one thing but this betrayal was beyond anything I could ever imagine. The disrespect, from the both of them, towards me was almost incomprehensible.

I ducked out of the ballroom and down the hall. On the way I passed the other reception. It was much smaller than ours. The bride and groom were dancing together.

It made my blood boil. I wanted to yell at the groom — tell him not to trust his bride. But she actually looked kind of sweet in a girl

next door kind of way. She probably wasn't the whore my wife was.

The door to the stairs to the storage room was ajar. Someone had gone up there. Just what I needed — more shit. Somebody probably stole our clothes. The bright side was I could probably just be buried in the rental tuxedo. Somebody else could worry about the late charges.

I crept up the stairs. Maybe I could catch somebody up there and take out my frustrations. Beating the fuck out of somebody might make me feel a little better.

The heat up there was stifling. Sweat started pouring out of me before I was even halfway up the stairs. It just made me more irritable.

There was a rustling sound from the storage room. Someone was up there.

Whoever it was would be sorry soon.



WHEN I POKED my head in the room, I didn't see anything. Just extra tables and chairs and dusty old Christmas decorations. Maybe I could take my anger out by beating the shit out of a plastic Santa Claus.

The music started up downstairs again. The thumping bass shook the whole room, causing little dust avalanches on many of the stored boxes of crap.

Our bags were still next to the door. Didn't look like they were even touched. Just as well, I supposed. I really had enough of that tux.

I stepped into the shadows behind a stack of folding tables to change. It would be just my luck to have someone walk in when I was in my underwear.

That's when I heard someone talking across the room. The music from below was too loud to make out what was said. But it was clear I wasn't alone.

I weaved my way through the maze of junk towards the sound of the voice. Voices. There were two of them. One deep voice and a lower one. Male and female.

For the second time that night my senses picked up. Maybe one of the hot waitresses was up there to bang one of the waiters.

Despite being burned in the parking lot, voyeurism was still my favorite pastime. Maybe my wedding day was finally looking up.



MY HEART SUNK AS SOON as I saw him. Antione was standing and all I could see was his top half. His white tuxedo shirt was open. A white female's hand was rubbing his bare chest from below.

I couldn't see who that white hand belonged to but I really didn't have to. There was no doubt in my mind it was Kate. Whatever else she may have been, she wasn't a quitter. If my new wife wanted my best man's big black cock, she was going to get it.

The music was so loud I didn't have to worry about attracting attention as I moved around to get a better view. Kate and I were through so I figured I might as well enjoy the show.

I decided that as soon as they were done, I would jump out from behind the dusty boxes like a Dateline reporter and officially catch them in the act. That would be all the cover I needed to leave her. And try to put the pieces of my life back together.

When I managed to sneak to a good viewing spot, peeking out through the hole of a sad wreck of a Christmas wreath, I braced for the worst.

The love of my life was an unfaithful skank who must have broken the record for the fastest wife to cheat on her husband.

For some reason my old man's voice popped into my head, like he just had to be a part of my worst moment. He was fond of saying, "You snooze, you lose." I was already kicking myself for dicking around at the reception, while my best man was dicking around in my wife's mouth.

An intense groan from Antione momentarily interrupted my pity party. From the sound he made, it appeared my new bride was pretty good at sucking cock. Which was troubling in itself since she sure as hell never practiced on me.

They were in front of what looked like an old sofa covered by a white sheet. Like Antione was going to get laid in a scene from The Shining. Kate was standing up by then and they were kissing. More passionately than Kate and I ever did.

Kate's wedding dress was already half off her. It took me a second to realize because underneath she was wearing a white bustier. Antione's hands were all over that too.

Kate was in such a frenzy she quickly appeared to get frustrated with her enormous wedding dress getting in the way of rubbing Antione's crotch. She shoved her crazy expensive dress down, with Antione's help, like it was a pair of cutoff shorts at a wet tee shirt contest.

All she was wearing was her white lace bustier, thong panties, garter and matching white stockings. Fuck, she looked hotter than ever. I wanted to fuck my wife so bad.

I remembered when she said she didn't want to do the whole "remove the garter thing" at the reception because she thought it was "tacky." Yet there she was, cheating with my best man, in the special wedding night lingerie meant for me. I'd say she passed "tacky" a few exits back.

She ran her full hand along the underside of Antione's cock as they kissed again. Her saliva served as lubricant for the impromptu hand job. When they came up for air, he pulled the top of the bustier down and my wife's big tits popped out for him to suck on.

His big black hands reached around and cupped her perfect firm ass. How many hours had she put in at the gym, only to let another guy get his greedy hands on her?

Despite my growing horror, the entire time I watched them my cock got harder and harder. It got to the point I couldn't ignore it any longer. I opened my pants and started stroking myself. Jerking off on my own wedding night watching my wife with another man.

I was pathetic.

Kate dropped to her knees. She made a big show of yanking Antione's pants all the way down. He leaned on her as he stepped out of them. As he did his huge stiff cock swung back. It had enough meat behind it that Kate flinched as it smacked her in the nose.

Served her right.

Since she'd already been sucking his dick it shouldn't have been that big of a surprise. They both shared a laugh, though. Then she really got down to business, as though the previous cock sucking sessions had only been a prelude.

But this time they were angled perfectly for me to see every agonizing slurp.

She held it in one hand and ran her tongue down his shaft. She even ducked underneath to lick his balls. Her head was so far up in there she might have licked his asshole too. At that point I wouldn't have put it past her.

He reached down and played with her bare tits. As far as I knew, since we'd met no other guy had seen Kate's bare boobs. Except that one time at the beach in Florida when a rough wave pulled her bikini top down. A whole crowd of guys got an eyeful that day. But I'd prefer that happened every day compared to the greedy handfuls Antione was helping himself to.

Kate somehow managed to find her way out from underneath Antione's ball sack. She immediately took his cock in her mouth. It seemed so natural to her, like her mouth was my best man's cock holster. She even tried to deep throat him, which impressed me since she never even tried to deep throat my sad little dick.

"This is so wrong," Antione said, just as the music from downstairs stopped, allowing me to hear him.

"Do you want me to stop?" Kate eyed him with his cock against her cheek.

"No," he said, without any hesitation.

"Not even to fuck me?"

Antione grinned. He helped her to her feet and Kate stroked his cock with her hand while they kissed again. I wondered if Antione could taste his own cock on her lips.

He turned Kate around so she was facing the sofa with her back to him. He smacked her ass hard a couple of times, leaving red handprints on her pale white ass cheeks.

He bent her over in front of him. His fingers hooked inside the back of her thong panties. He pulled them down slowly, relishing every second.

Kate stayed bent over, and even parted her legs more for him. Antione leaned over, checking her out, admiring the shapeliness of her. He went so far as to spread her ass cheeks even wider. Between her thighs, I caught a flash of Kate's fingers playing with herself. It was probably her big diamond wedding ring.

"I want your big, black cock inside me." That was the last thing I heard my wife say before the music downstairs started again.

Antione rubbed his dick as he stepped up to her ass. He ran his thumb down the crack of her ass and played with her virgin asshole.

Kate was so into it she reached between her parted thighs to help guide him.

Antione didn't need help. He'd banged dozens, maybe hundreds, of girls before adding my wife to his list of conquests. But Kate was one he'd remember forever because it was her wedding night.

Without further ado, Antione slid his huge cock into my bride. Kate threw her head back and cried out in pure lust. She was so loud I could hear it over the music from our wedding reception.

Antione grabbed Kate by the hips and slammed into her. Balls deep, as we used to say. Her big bare breasts swung wildly underneath her.

He even grabbed a fistful of her hair as he fucked her, like she was a wild mare he was breaking in. He fucked her harder than I ever dreamed. The slapping sound their bodies made was shockingly loud. He was so rough I actually worried about her.

Then I remembered she was cheating on me the first night of our marriage.

At one point, his cock slipped out of her. It slid along in the crack of her ass. Kate rolled over on the couch and corralled his wet cock into her mouth.

She aggressively sucked all of her own juices off of him, like she couldn't get enough of it. Seemed odd to me since she made a point to have me clean off my face after eating her out before she's kiss me. Yet she loved the taste when it was on his big black dick.

When she was done he pushed her onto her back on the couch and pulled her legs as far apart as they'd go. With her spread eagle, he placed his hand on her pussy.

Kate had left a well trimmed batch of pubic hair. She knows I like it better than the fully bare look. So maybe she still loved me, even if she let another guy fuck her first.

Antione slammed his cock deep inside her again. Kate winced and grabbed handfuls of the sheet on the sofa. Her mouth was open in what looked like a scream but I didn't hear her this time.

He grabbed her breasts with both hands, like watching them bounce for him was too much to resist. He held them tight while he thrust himself deeper and deeper into her, penetrating her far beyond my wildest dreams.

That was it for me. Before I even knew what was happening I found myself shooting my load. Like a pervert in the dark.

I was so disgusted with myself. Turned on while watching my best man fuck my wife on our wedding night.

When I looked back at them, Antione had his hands on her throat. Kate didn't seem to mind at all. She was desperately grabbing at his ass to pull him deeper into her.

An awful thought struck me. Maybe he'd choke her to death.

Then what?

Then I'd never be done with it. Everyone would know my wife cheated on me with a black man on our wedding day. The whole world would know my shame.

Kate was moaning at that point. Ecstasy was all over her face as she quivered through an orgasm.

I'd never been able to give her an orgasm through fucking. I could barely get her there by eating her out — not that I'd ever be able to do that again. I'd never get past the thought of Antione's dick inside her.

Antione spasmed. His entire body shook as he exploded deep inside my wife.

That's when I realized he wasn't wearing a condom.

Fuck.

He kept slamming into her as he came, pumping his seed so deeply inside her. Well past where my sad dick would ever reach.

Finally, after an eternity, he pulled out of her and stepped back, admiring his conquest. My sweaty, panting, unfaithful whore of a bride.

How could I have been so stupid as to commit my life to this woman? She had so little regard for me, she couldn't even make it through half of our first married day without giving it up to another guy.

And my "best" man. My closest friend, on my biggest day, just adding another notch to his belt — even as he shredded my entire life.

Kate's eyes were closed. For a second, I thought he did choke her to death. Or impale her on his giant dick. But then she opened her eyes and smiled. At him. Like she was ready to do him all over again.

I choked down a sob as I tucked my limp dick back in my pants. The last thing I saw before I snuck away was the trickle of Antione's load dripping out of my bride's stretched gaping cunt.



SOMEHOW, I made it out of there without screaming. There was such a heavy feeling of despair over me that I thought I might collapse at any moment.

Back downstairs, I wandered through the throng of well-wishers as the party was winding down. My mind was so clouded with rage and jealousy that I didn't even register the faces of our guests.

Every time someone nudged me with a "You're a lucky man," or "Tonight's the big night," I wanted to beat the shit out of them.

One of Kate's uncles pointed at me and said, "Poor guy. First day of marriage and he's sweating already!"

I forced a smile as everyone laughed. It was awful. I had to get out of there. Get away from everyone and figure out what to do.

Each person I made eye contact with made me uncomfortable. Did they know what Kate did? Did they know what kind of person she was? How easy she was?

Someone grabbed me from behind and spun me around. My breath caught in my throat when I realized who it was.



IT WAS ANTIONE.

My so called best man.

The guy who fucked my wife on our wedding day.

This was it.

My hands balled into fists.

He was so big. And he was sweating. Like the pig that he was. Sweating because he fucked Kate.

He stuck his big black cock in her mouth. In her cunt.

Shot his massive load into her.

And she let him.

Antione surprised me by pulling me into a hug.

Tears of rage and pain welled up in me. I was about to cry like a pussy. In front of everyone.

He pulled back, handing me something. My bag of clothes from the store room. "You're a lucky man," he said as he ducked away back into the crowd.

My breath caught in my throat. Whatever I would have said to him lost forever in a choking wheeze.

And just like that, the moment for my big revenge was over.



I STORMED into the men's room, slamming the handicapped stall door behind me. I ripped open the bag with my change of clothes, so angry my hands shook.

How could I just let him get away like that? Let him rip my marriage apart before it had even begun? And then I let him hug me like it was no big deal? What the fuck was wrong with me?

A group of guys came in to use the urinals. They were drunk and talking amongst themselves. How they were going to bang this girl or that. They didn't use any names so, of course, by that point I had to assume they were talking about Kate.

They talked about how slutty some of the girls were. All I could do was wonder if Antione would be talking about my wife like that later. My guess was that he would. Why not? That's what my wife was.

I waited until the guys cleared out before I dared to go back out to the lobby. As soon as I stepped out I was the center of attention again.

Kate's father, my brand new father-in-law, lumbered over to me. He was a large man who seemed to get larger by the day. Part of his business success no doubt came from just being physically imposing. Like he could crush you, not just your business but your frail body, if you crossed him.

His unsteady gait betrayed how much he had to drink at his daughter's wedding reception that must have cost several of his employees annual salaries. Nothing was ever too good for his little angel.

Too bad he didn't see what his little angel had done in the parking lot. And the storage room.

Not so little. Not so angelic.

"Francis, let's take a walk." It was not a request, especially as he grabbed me around the shoulders and steered me out the door.

Off course he didn't just have me around the shoulders. He also had me by the balls. Not only did I marry his daughter but I had a cushy job in his picture frame manufacturing company. Officially I was a "Project Manager" but in reality I was the guy engaged, now

married, to the boss's daughter. Needless to say, it was a much better job than I could ever get on my own.

"I want us to get off on the right foot. Everything has changed now. For me. For Kate. And for you."

"Ok," I said, because what the fuck was I supposed to say to that? And what the fuck was he talking about?

"Firts," he said. He actually said, "firts" — that's how drunk he was — but there was no way on earth I would ever say anything to him. "Call me Mike," he said.

Though my new father-in-law was incredibly intimidating to me, he could also be a humungous windbag. Being boring and dangerous made talking to him a risky proposition on the best of days, which this day was clearly not. Unfortunately I knew him well enough to realize he was just getting started.

He droned on and on, even as I stopped listening. My whole world was collapsing. Too many things had happened and I had some big decisions to make.

He and I ended up outside of country club by the valet stand. My attention was drawn to the parking lot of course. It was right there by the Tesla where my life started to fall apart. My bride in her wedding dress on her knees, blowing my best man, my best friend.

As if he knew what I was thinking, he suddenly took my face in his hands, diminishing me further, forcing me to look him in the eye. At least he appeared to be wrapping up.

"So enjoy your honeymoon. And just know, when you come back to work, I'm promoting you to vice president."

He kept hold of my face, squishing it. "Wow," I said through squished duck lips.

"Just remember this," he said as he smacked my cheeks not unlike how Antoine smacked Kate's ass while he was banging her from behind, "if you ever hurt my daughter, I will end you."

And with those inspiring words, my best option — door number one, a quickie divorce, slammed shut in my face.

I was stuck with my cheating wife — "the most beautiful bride ever."



KEEP READING to see the happy couple off on their honeymoon...

BOOK 2: HONEYMOON



The unmistakable aroma of sex came with my new wife as soon as she climbed into the backseat of the limo next to me. She glared at me as she gathered her dress away from the closing car door.

"You know we were supposed to walk to the car together so everyone could say goodbye to us."

"Oh, sorry," I said, hating myself for saying sorry to the woman who just broke my heart. On our wedding day.

Kate, my wife of barely a few hours, spent a good chunk of our wedding reception getting fucked by my big, black best man, Antione.

Of course I was pissed at her. And my "best" man. But I also was kicking myself for not confronting them when I had the chance. Every second that passed made it more and more likely that I would end up just letting it go. And living a lifetime of pain and humiliation.

I looked at Kate, who had changed out of her wedding dress. White wasn't exactly her color anyway. If white represented the color of purity, virginity and innocence, my bride should have worn the exact opposite. Black.

Kate waved out the window at our guests. How many of them knew what she did? Knew that she was a black cock craving nymphomaniac whore? Knew that she couldn't even make it through our wedding reception before she cheated on me?

Was Antione still out there watching his latest conquest drive off to live happily ever after with her clueless loser of a husband?

While sitting in the limo alone waiting for my cheating wife, I decided on my plan to deal with Kate. I would wait until we got up to our room at the hotel. I would get my wedding night fuck in and then let her have it as soon as I finished.

If she thought I'd be going down on her, after what she did with my best man, Antione, she was crazier than I was starting to realize

she was. It was bad enough for me to get sloppy seconds from my own wife on our wedding night, but if she thought I was going to put my mouth anywhere near the holes that Antione stuck his cock in, she was dead wrong.

In a particularly irritating coincidence, the limo driver happened to be black. Every time he looked up at his rear view mirror, I assumed he was eying my new wife, Kate. Maybe we could pull over to the side of the road so he could fuck her too.

What difference would it make at that point? As far as I was concerned she was already damaged goods.

The driver kept checking his mirror. Maybe it was just his normal way of driving, but I was justifiably suspicious.

What was it with her? Was she giving off some vibe that told every black guy she was down to fuck?

At least there shouldn't be too many black guys at the exclusive resort we were honeymooning at.

The limo driver interrupted my train of thought. "Where are you guys heading for your honeymoon?"

Kate smiled broadly and put her hand on top of mine as she answered. "Jamaica."



SOMEHOW WE MADE it to the hotel without Kate fucking the driver. The hotel was out by the airport, but it was spectacular — nothing was too good for my Kate!

After we were checked in and I tipped the bellhops, I was finally ready to get what was coming to me — sex with my wife.

Sure I would be the second guy to ejaculate inside her in the span of a few hours but I'd be damned if I didn't get laid on our wedding night.

Later, once I'd shot my load, and scrubbed my cock with hand sanitizer, I'd confront her. I wasn't sure exactly what I'd say but I figured it would come to me.

The way I figured it, Kate would either confirm or deny having sex with Antione. Her response would dictate where we'd go from that point. Unfortunately, her father had made it pretty clear my life would get a lot more difficult if I made things difficult for his daughter.

He was a vindictive son of a bitch and I could see him making my life a living hell — beyond what his daughter had already done to me in just a few hours of wedded bliss.



EVEN THOUGH WE made it to the hotel without Kate fucking the driver or anybody else, we soon found ourselves with a new problem.

"I don't understand," I said to the night clerk at the front desk. Her chrome nameplate, engraved "Victoria," was the brightest thing about her. Her sunlight starved pale skin (which, by comparison, made my skin look like George Hamilton's) perfectly complemented her ghoulish scowl.

Victoria huffed, as if she would expend so much of her precious life force repeating herself. "We only have one room left, sir."

"With double beds," I said in an angry whisper. I looked over my shoulder to Kate as she stood impatiently with our bags next to a fancy water dispenser with lemon wedges bobbing about.

"Yes, sir. Double beds."

"But I had a reservation for a king sized bed." I let the statement hang in the air allowing Victoria sufficient time to comprehend the discrepancy.

"And we had to reassign the room based on demand."

"Ok, well I expect you to re-reassign the room based on my demand. I had a reservation, it's my wedding night and if you think we're going to spend it in a double bed, like we're at a fucking middle school sleepover—"

"Sir, I don't appreciate the profanity."

Kate tapped me on the shoulder. "Is there a problem with the room?"



THE STALE SCENT of a half assed attempt to cover up past cigarette smoke hit me as soon as I opened up the hotel room door. Kate practically pushed past me and darted into the bathroom. She was pissed, barely able to look at me as we rode the elevator.

The double beds, even smaller than I expected, mocked me in silence. So far married life wasn't quite as blissful as I expected it to be.

I listened at the bathroom door, heard the water running in the bathtub. Maybe she was cleaning herself off, removing the stench of Antione's cock and cum from her body.

Figuring she'd be a while, I grabbed the ice bucket and stepped out in the hallway. The hotel room door clicked behind me just as I realized I forgot something.

The hotel room key card. It was safely inside the room on the dresser under the TV. Right next to my phone.

I was locked out.



KNOCKING on the door proved to be a total waste of time since Kate couldn't hear me with the water running. Or she choose not to hear me.

So I ended up slinking back down to the front desk for another unpleasant conversation with Victoria. After much awkwardness she finally escorted me back up to our room and let me in.

Victoria insisted on entering with me. She mumbled something about the hotel's policies and procedures.

Kate was already in one of the double beds, apparently sound asleep. In all fairness, she did have a long day, between the wedding and getting fucked within an inch of her life by my big black best man. No wonder she was exhausted.

So after all that, it was obvious to me that I wasn't going to be getting any, not even sloppy seconds, on my wedding night.

Even Victoria knew it. She smirked on her way out and said, "Enjoy your wedding night."



AT SOME POINT I managed to fall asleep. But only after jerking off in the bathroom. And all I could picture while I played with myself was Antione pounding my new wife.

Being turned on by the all too vivid memory of my own bride cheating on me during our reception with my best man made me feel like the biggest loser who ever walked the face of the earth.

And even more pathetic, I ended up sleeping in the second double bed. Kate was sprawled out over the first one and didn't leave me any room.

So my big wedding day ended with my wife cheating on me while I watched and jerked off, followed by me jerking off again, while remembering the cheating, and finally us sleeping in separate beds like an episode of I Love Lucy from the 1950s.

We were off to a great start. I couldn't wait to see what the honeymoon would bring!



I ALWAYS GET FLUSTERED at the airport, especially trying to get through security.

"Oh look," Kate said waving her boarding pass excitedly in front of my face.

What now? The last thing I wanted as we waited in the never-ending zig zagging line at security was a surprise. All I could picture was accidentally having some banned item in my carry on and getting dragged off to some secret room to be interrogated.

My unfaithful bride bounced with excitement. Her white tee shirt accentuated her ample chest. It used to turn me on but after the

reception I was paranoid. The eyes of all the guys around us on line, and all ages, were focussed on her.

She pointed at the printout in her hand. "My boarding pass says I have that pre-check thingy!"

I squinted at the paper, trying to recall what I read about it before the wedding. Back when my biggest fear was having too much liquid in my carry on.

My mind, always ready to torment me, took the mundane TSA rules in an absurd direction. It flashed the images of my best man shooting his massive load into my wife. It was so great I had no doubt the amount of his load would have violated the rules regarding the amount of liquids allowed.

"What does that mean?" Kate squished in close to me. Her big, soft boob pressed against my arm. For the first time since I caught her cheating did I feel we were together. Even if only for a fleeting moment.

A little old lady behind us said, "It means you get to go on the short line." She pointed to a couple of smiling people off to the side happily waltzing through the metal detectors.

My spirits jumped at the thought of escaping the stressful never ending line and zipping through the happy people line. I scanned my boarding pass.

"Mine doesn't have that," I said. My mouth knew it almost before my brain did.

Kate just sighed. Like I disappointed her by not being randomly selected for an expedited security screening.

One thing I noticed — the pre check line was manned by female agents. The regular line was loaded with big black male agents. The last thing I wanted to see was a pair of big black hands patting Katie's filled out tee shirt down.

"There's no sense in both of us wasting time in this line," I said. "Why don't you go ahead thru the pre check line by yourself and grab something to eat at the gate? I'll take the bags and meet up with you."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine."

And with a peck on the cheek, my loving wife was off without me. But more importantly I avoided an embarrassing scene.



"SIR, IS THIS YOUR BAG?"

Oh, fuck.

They stopped the whole conveyor belt through the x-ray machine when our bags were inside. So I knew something was up. I felt like a moron standing there with no shoes on, thanks to that fucking shoe-bomber asshole.

What could possibly be the problem? Our carry-on bags were tiny compared to all the crap that we brought in our checked bags. And I was sure we followed the whole proper liquid procedure. We didn't have computers or anything, just our phones and Kate had taken hers with her through the pre check line.

A big black TSA agent went over to the machine. An older lady working the machine whispered something to him that made them both laugh.

My heart was pounding. My airport security nightmares come to life. It felt like everyone in the terminal was looking at me like I was a terrorist.

Another agent came up from behind me and escorted me over to a table near the benches for passengers to put their shoes back on. But my shoes were still on the conveyor belt somewhere.

The big black agent walked over to me. He was holding Kate's bag in his gloved hands — but away from his body like it was toxic. "Sir, is this your bag?"

I swallowed hard but my throat was so tight I couldn't speak. So I nodded instead.

He set the bag down on the table and unzipped it. "Did you pack this yourself?"

I was noncommittal. It was Kate's fucking bag so I didn't actually pack it myself but it wasn't like a stranger handed it to me. So I just

kind of stared at him like I didn't understand what he was asking. Playing dumb was one of my strengths.

Still, I braced myself for all sorts of embarrassing shit to fall out. Like tampons and Kate's panties and stuff like that.

Then I started thinking of worse things. Like how well did I really know Kate. If she could cheat on me then who knows what else she could be into. Could there be drugs in there? Was she a drug mule? For one of the big cartels?

But wait a second. What American would smuggle drugs from the US into Jamaica? Didn't it usually go the other way?

Oh my God. What if there was a weapon? A knife. Or a gun? Does Kate have a gun? She's into black guys. Maybe she's in a gang or something. Maybe this was all a big setup. I could go to prison!

Time seemed to stop as he rummaged around in the bag. The possibility of running entered my mind. Maybe I could make a break for it — get lost in the crowd. Like Jason Bourne.

Of course, I was in such terrible shape I wouldn't make it ten feet before I'd be doubled over gasping for air. Probably have a heart attack. Ever since Kate said yes to my marriage proposal I'd kind of let myself go. What was the point of working out? I already found a wife.

The agent looked me right in the eye. Like he knew I was thinking about running away. His stare was so intimidating I felt myself shrinking back away.

That's when he pulled it out.

My eyes and brain couldn't even comprehend what it was at first. It was so out of place in the context of the screening area. So shocking.

At least not until I heard laughter all around me.

The guard held it out so it was right in front of my face.

A big, black anatomically correct dildo.



"HEY BABY, HOW BAD WAS IT?" Kate said as I flopped into the seat next to her at the gate. All the energy was drained out of me even as my cheeks burned with humiliation.

I chewed on the inside of my cheek. The gate area was mobbed and I didn't want to explode on her in front of other people.

A couple of guys laughed as they passed us. I didn't hear exactly what they were talking about but I had my suspicions.

"It was...not good." Understatement of the year. It was so humiliating. Especially in front of all those people.

And that fucking agent had to make a big deal out of it. The way he held it made it look kind of natural for him. Like that was the size of his own dick and he was just used to handling something that size.

Thinking back on it, I guess I really got lucky. If Kate hadn't gotten that pre-check thing she would have been the one the agent dealt with.

Maybe he would have demanded a demonstration to prove the dildo wasn't made out of Semtex or something. I could just picture him bending Kate over the table and using the dildo in her ass while he fucked her with his real big black cock, as a cheering crowd watched. I could just see the headline on some internet site - Newlywed Gets DP'd by Big Black TSA Agent While New Husband Watches.

Why did my new wife bring that thing? Especially on our honeymoon. It might have been different if we were old and I needed a pill to get it up, but not right after our wedding.

Kate kept looking around at the other passengers waiting for boarding to begin. So many guys eyed her. All ages and colors. Most had the decency not to stare but some didn't seem to mind that I noticed them. Like they were challenging my manhood. Almost daring me to stop them.

Part of me was already trying to come to grips with my new reality. Kate was a sex freak. My new wife was so much more of a freak than I ever imagined. And I would have to find a way to deal with it.



THE FLIGHT ITSELF WAS UNEVENTFUL. I asked Kate if I could put her carryon bag in the overhead bin. She said she wanted it with her. I watched as she shoved it between her legs and under the seat.

I guess she wanted to have it handy in case she wanted to fuck herself with the giant black dildo during the flight. At least she didn't ask the flight attendant for some lube.



WE WALKED into the resort lobby together. The first thing that hit me, besides the oppressive heat and humidity, was the pleasant scent of coconut, or more likely coconut rum. The back of the lobby was open to the magnificent pool area. Even the overhead fans seemed to struggle in the heat. It was so hot that tearing my clothes off in front of everyone didn't seem like the worst idea ever.

We wandered over to the front desk. Every smiling host behind the counter was occupied. I was so exhausted from my lack of sleep, it took me some time to notice a gorgeous woman up at the front desk talking to one of the hosts. She had a full mane of light brown hair, a supermodel's figure and was only wearing a bikini top and a sarong wrapped around her lower half.

As she wrapped up her business, the host that was helping her said, "Have a great honeymoon!"

She replied with a laugh, "Oh, we will!"

Fuck, she was gorgeous. The woman of my dreams. Depression set in when I realized my wife and honeymoon weren't going to be so "great." Why couldn't I be married to her instead of my actual wife?

I approached the front desk and said, "We're on our honeymoon too!"

The host smiled and said, "Someone will be with you shortly."



OUR ROOM RESERVATION was all fucked up. The story of my married life to that point.

Somehow the hotel was overbooked so they had to put us in a crappy room for the first night. After that we'd have a room overlooking the ocean like we were supposed to. Kate seethed and kept looking to me to fix everything. Unfortunately, a problem with the room was literally the least of my honeymoon issues. Being married to a fucking cheating whore topped the list.

Kate gave me the cold shoulder for most of the day, which only reminded me of what I got from her on our wedding night.

Once in the room, she ran into the bathroom to change into her bikini. "Why don't you wait for the bags?" She said to me. Apparently she was planning to head out on her own.

Paranoia seized me. My mind raced over every single guy we encountered since the plane landed. Did she somehow set up a rendezvous while I wasn't paying attention?

I hated feeling that way. But I learned the hard way at the wedding reception that I could not trust her. What a way to start our life together.

There was a knock at the door. Our bags had arrived. A big young black guy stood in front of the bellman's cart in the hallway ready to bring them in.

The timing was actually perfect. Not only was Kate out of sight in the bathroom, but I'd be able to change into my trunks and escort her to the pool or the beach or wherever.

My heart raced as I supervised him. Hurry, hurry, hurry — before my slutty wife came out.

He, of course, was in no rush. And he either didn't notice my impatience or didn't care.

Still he managed to bring all the bags in and was about to leave when he paused next to me.

Fuck! The tip!

I fumbled in my pockets for some cash but I'd removed my wallet as soon as we got in the room. But where the hell was it?

Kate had purchased a new bikini the week before the wedding. She was all giggly about it but she'd never let me see it on her.

Until now.

Just as I fumbled around for the tip, Kate comes bouncing out, and I mean bouncing. Considering how much she paid for it, and how tiny it was, I figured her bikini was made of the most valuable material on earth. It was so tiny I imagined NASA scientists and engineers humping long hours to develop something strong enough to contain my wife's ample chest using the smallest number of fibers possible.

Well, mostly contain.

The bellhop's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he turned and saw my wife — like 99% naked. The top of the bikini covered her nipples and that was about it. Side boob, underboob and whatever else boob was on full display.

Then she turned around and we had a perfect view of her ass, bisected by the strip of floss that disappeared between her toned thighs.

When she spun back to face us, she made a show of covering up, going so far as to grab a washcloth from the rack just inside the bathroom door.

The bellhop still had his hand out for the tip, but all his attention was focused on Kate. I wanted him out of there immediately but I was flustered and still couldn't find my wallet. "Look," I said, stepping in his line of sight between me and my slutty wife, "I'll get you next time."

He nodded and barely glanced at me on his way out the door. As he passed Kate, he licked his lips and smiled, no doubt thinking he got a great tip for delivering our bags even without being handed cash.

Kate returned the smile, batting her eyes the whole time.



"WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?" I stared at my essentially naked wife. Of course I knew one thing that had gotten into her recently — my best man's giant black cock.

She didn't even look at me — too busy checking herself out from every angle in the full size mirror by the hotel room door. "What are you talking about?"

I sat down on the corner of the bed, exhaustion weighed me down. It wasn't an emotional roller coaster she'd put me on since the wedding — at least with a roller coaster some parts of the track go up. So far married life with Kate had been an express elevator to hell, going down.

Part of me wanted to have it out with her. Just confront her and see what she had to say for herself. Not that a tearful apology would do that much. It wouldn't unfuck her, for one thing. But some remorse would at least be something. Something I could use to keep from just exploding.

She walked over and stood in front of me, running her fingers through my hair. "Baby," she said, "what's wrong with you?"

Tears welled up but I tried not to blink so they wouldn't fall. So I stared at the slope from her toned belly to her pubic mound. The bikini bottoms were cut so low I could actually see a small sample of her light brown pubic hair poking over the top.

Fuck. Had the bellhop seen that too?

"Your bikini is too revealing," I croaked. My throat was tight with emotion.

"Oh, baby, you know I love to dress sexy," she said. "For you."

Yeah, right.

She spun on her heels and I watched her tight buns wiggle away.

"Why don't you get your bathing suit on and come down to the pool? We'll get some drinks. Then maybe we'll check out the beach, okay?"

"Could you put on a different bikini for me, please?"

She looked back at me on her way to the door. "Stop worrying about the bikini. I'll probably take it off anyway at the clothing optional beach."



FOR A FEW SECONDS, I just stared at the door. I couldn't believe my new wife just blew me off. And not, lord knows, in a good way.

So I paced around the room for a while freaking out. There was no way out of this mess. We were married and I couldn't get out of it without a major shitstorm that would destroy my life.

It was hard to concentrate on the mess that my life had suddenly become. Every time I thought about Kate cheating on me with Antione I started getting turned on, in spite of myself. Even though I was pissed and heartbroken my cock was like, "Who cares, you pussy?"

Images of her in her sexy wedding night lingerie kept popping up in my head. Kate going down on his big black cock. On her hands and knees taking it doggystyle. On her back with her legs up and spread for him.

Even the nasty parts. Like her lips sucking on his balls. And his load dripping out of her stretched cunt.

Before long I was in the hotel bathroom jerking off. My dick was getting raw from overuse — just like I hoped it would on my honeymoon — except my wife hadn't so much as eyeballed it since we were married.

I was sweating by the time I left the bathroom. The air conditioner was making a rattling sound. Great. Just what I needed.

Disgusted with everything, I stepped out onto the balcony. At least there was a breeze out there. The view was shit. All we could see was the courtyard of a much better room that appeared to open out to the water.

Too bad we didn't have that other room. They had their own grassy area with private lounge chairs set up. Maybe I'd finally get lucky and be able to see that hot girl from the lobby laying out topless. Or nude. At least give me something new to jerk off to other than my slutty, cheating wife.

The breeze soon died so I went back in and sulked alone in the room for a while before finally putting my swim suit on. And

sunscreen. And a swim shirt. Not so much for sun protection, but more so because I didn't feel comfortable being shirtless in public.

When I finally made it down to the pool area, I quickly noticed I was the only person there that had any qualms about being shirtless in public.

There were dozens of topless women there. Each one more dazzling than the next. Virtually every single one of them had a buffed up, tattooed male model-looking guy hovering nearby. Thank to my sunglasses I could gaze away without getting dirty looks or beaten up.

My first thought was that Kate would fit right in with this crowd. My second thought was that I most certainly did not.



WITH THAT BIKINI ON, it was not surprising that my wife attracted a lot of attention. She easily fell in with an entire group of people, while I lingered on the outside.

The group mostly included other couples so I relaxed a bit. It wasn't like anything would happen with others around.

The tropical drinks went down smoothly as the afternoon revved up. The crowd seemed to get more and more rowdy as the alcohol consumption increased and the inhibitions decreased.

Someone suggested the they head down to the clothing optional beach and no one objected. Not even me. As much as I wanted to keep my wife's body to myself, in that moment I was extremely interested in the possibility of seeing more of the other women I wasn't married to.

The group paraded down to the magnificent beach. I straggled along behind as Kate fell in with two athletic looking black men. Along the way, I picked up their names as Javel and Edgerin. And there was no sign of any women attached to them. Except for my tipsy, underdressed wife.



AS WE HIT THE BEACH, I was mildly relieved when Kate wasn't the first woman to shed her bikini top.

She was the second.

While I was leering at the first topless woman, a beautiful blonde with a British accent and perfect tits, like a Page Three model or something, Kate undid her top.

Only when she screamed in joy did I turn and see my wife yank off her top and fling it into the air. The breeze caught it and I managed to snag it, like a lucky bridesmaid catching the bouquet.

She jogged down towards the water with her bared breasts bouncing free and the her two new big black friends alongside.



ALL I COULD DO WAS FOLLOW them. When the water was about thigh high on Kate a larger wave rushed in. Kate shrieked and turned back to shore. But it was too late.

The wave knocked her over and she went under.

Before I could get to her, the two guys were already helping her to her feet. In the scrum, I could swear I saw big black hands on her big bare breasts.

I wasn't entirely sure about what I saw but I just knew they'd taken advantage of the situation and at least copped some feels.

When Kate stood back up she immediately rubbed her eyes due to the salt water. But as she rose dripping from all the right places, I had to rub my eyes too.

Her pussy was exposed.

One side of her bikini bottoms had come loose and folded over and away. The darker pubic hair stood out clearly against the pale white skin.

The two guys with her got up close looks at her no-longer-so private parts, including her bare ass.

Other guys yelled and pointed and Kete laughed and made a belated attempt to cover up. She finally pulled the bikini bottoms back on as I stomped over.

I handed the bikini top to her. "The show's over," I said. I looked at her because I was too embarrassed to look at the two guys who had basically seen my wife completely nude.



THE TWO GUYS kept hanging around my wife, even after she was "dressed." She kept frolicking in the surf almost as if she was oblivious to the presence of two hungry big black guys just waiting to pounce on her.

It seemed every other wave exposed a private part of Kate's body. A hard nipple here, a snatch of pussy there. With an occasional bare ass thrown in the mix.

One thing was certain - Kate's bikini was not meant for swimming.

My patience was up with her. Even if nothing else happened, these two guys, plus however many others, could go back to their lives and jerk off remembering my wife's wet, naked body.

And Kate didn't seem to give a shit about it or how it affected me. The whole time she barely glanced in my direction.

Finally, I'd had enough. "I'm heading back up to the room."

"Okay," she said.

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"Not right now."

"I'm not comfortable with you being down here alone."

She finally looked at me and laughed. "I'm not alone."



THE SUN WAS SETTING as I sulked back up to the room. Alone. Before the wedding, I'd imagined Kate and I enjoying the sunsets on our honeymoon together. But instead my mood grew as dark as the falling night.

My stomach grumbled in the elevator. Loud enough to embarrass me in front of yet another couple in love. I hadn't eaten and should have been starving but I was too pissed to eat.

When the elevator opened on my floor the other couple exited too. They couldn't keep their hands off each other. The woman even brushed her hand against her man's crotch as though I wasn't even there.

And my new wife wouldn't even touch me.



I SHOWERED and discovered I missed a spot on my neck with the sunscreen. A red and soon to be painful crescent shaped sunburn would be adding to my misery.

I figured at least things couldn't get any worse.

As I opened the sliding glass doors to the balcony, I heard the giggling inebriated laughter of a woman from the luxury suite area below. Sure it was too dark for anyone to sunbathe but, I figured my luck was bound to change and maybe I'd get to peak in on something private that could satisfy me temporarily.



FOR A MOMENT I didn't even recognize her.

The view was clear enough and the artificial lighting was starting to take hold as dusk settled. Maybe my frazzled brain just wouldn't accept the context.

Two big black guys with a shapely white girl in a too small bikini ping ponging between them on the lawn next to a luxurious lounge chair.

Instinctively, I turned off all the lights in our room and settled into the shadows to enjoy the show. From the darkness the realization hit me.

That was Kate down there. My wife.



SURPRISINGLY, Kate actually still had her bikini on, such as it was. Not that it really covered up anything. And it sure as hell didn't stop the two guys from putting their hands wherever they wanted on her body.

They really seemed interested in her chest. With one guy on each side of her playing with the closest boob. Every time her nipple popped out, Kate made a big show of being surprised and embarrassed — like she didn't want them to see her nipple. Again. And again.

It was so ridiculous. If she didn't want it, she wouldn't be down there with two strange guys feeling her up. Instead she'd be up here with the fucking guy she married.

I shut my eyes for a few seconds. Maybe I was drugged somehow. Maybe this whole thing was just some incredibly vivid hallucination.

When I dared to open up and check again, I was treated to the sight of my new bride sinking to her knees between the two guys. Their swim trunks had fallen down around their ankles and Kate was giddy with excitement.

She stroked both of their super long cocks with her hands as she looked up at them with a broad grin. And they weren't even hard yet.

Her delightedly wicked expression hurt me as much as anything. She was in heaven.

It struck me that she loved the attention. Maybe that's why she really did it. She loved having two big powerful athletes lusting after her.

She took the first cock in her mouth. Not much, basically just the head. Her lips barely stretched around it. Then she quickly turned to take the other guy in.

It was mesmerizing to watch their cocks stiffen into powerful rods under her attention. Back and forth she went, basically giving

them literal lip service. Even if it was her hands that were doing most of the work.

The two guys must have known as well as well as she did that she wasn't there to give them blow jobs. My wife wanted to be impaled on both of their giant cocks. And if I'd learned anything about my new wife, it was that she always got what she wanted.

Even so, Kate made a valiant effort, lathering up the two cocks with her saliva. But the guys were just warming up.

One of them, Edgerin I think, pulled Kate's head closer to him. Kate went along with it, pushing his cock up so she could get to his balls. They hung down low and she lapped them up like they were coated in honey.

Not to be outdone, the other strapping athletic freak, Javel, wrapped his fist in Kate's long hair. He reeled her away from Edgerin's balls and back to him. But he wasn't content to have my wife lick his balls.

Javel put one foot on the lounge chair, giving Kate an opening to his crotch. She dove in, driving her face behind his balls, deep between his taut thighs.

It was impossible for me to see exactly what she was doing to him. But I could guess. The way Javel's head fell back with a wide grin on his face told me everything I needed. My wife was licking his asshole.

Edgerin laughed and seemed to give in a little to his comrade. Like he was bested in a friendly competition to see just how depraved my wife could be.

And she wasn't close to being done yet.



KATE WAS SO FAR under Javel that she eventually emerged behind him, trailing her tongue all the way up between his iron buttocks. Her nose and lips shined with saliva.

She slipped out from under Javel and Edgerin said something to her I couldn't make out. But the meaning was clear enough when

Kate had him bend over on the chair.

Kate attacked his asshole with her tongue. She was so desperate to pleasure him, she spread his ass apart so she could really get her whole face in there.

A spasm of horror surged through me as I watched my wife's face buried in another guy's ass. Her lips and nose deep in the crack. Her tongue penetrating him.

Going forward, every time I looked at her I'd remember these moments when every inch of her face was touching their asses. How could I ever kiss her again?

Javel knelt behind her and reached around to play with her oversize breasts. He seemed to enjoy their heft as he cupped and lifted them only to let them bounce back down to normal. His fingertips thrummed her hard nipples.

Kate was too busy with Edgerin. Her face was still buried in his ass but she'd begun to stroke his cock from behind, taking long slow pulls of his giant shaft.

Javel grew impatient. His hands slid down Kate's body to her barely there bikini bottoms. He pulled the tiny strip of fabric away from her skin and stuck his finger down her crack. He peeled her bikini bottoms down to her mid thigh baring her entire ass. The thong seemed more secure than it did when she was in the surf. He'd need her help to get them off completely. Unless he ripped them off of her.

Kate was so enamored with Edgerin's asshole that she didn't even seem to notice she was being stripped naked by another guy. Not until Javel reached between her thighs. He pulled his hand out and sniffed and licked his glistening fingers, tasting her.

Kate had to be so wet for them. If big black cocks were her not so secret thing then she must have been in heaven with two of them revved up and ready to go.

Kate turned to Javel and saw him enjoying the scent of her excitement. She stood up and steadied herself against him as she slipped the bikini bottoms all the way off.

Somewhere in the mini orgy, the bikini top went missing. My new wife was totally naked with two big black guys. And all I could do

was spy on them from afar.

It was so frustrating. As much as I wanted to stop it, or at least look away to avoid the pain, I couldn't. Some sick perverted part of me wanted to watch her cheat on me. Especially with two of the biggest, blackest cocks I'd ever seen.

The two guys had Kate eager to flop on her back on the lounge chair. Her big tits flattened out a bit but she looked incredible. She parted her legs for them without hesitation.

The guys seemed to argue over who was going to fuck my wife first. But Kate ended the debate by pointing to Edgerin. She seemed to like him a little more than Javel - at least that's what it appeared to me when she was licking his asshole.

Javel waved his arms in dismissal. But he didn't waste any time dangling his cock in Kate's face. The least she could do was suck his cock while he waited for his turn to fuck her.

Kate took his cock into her mouth. She massaged his balls with her hand as if to say, "No hard feelings."

Edgerin was in no rush. He stared down at my wife's naked body, admiring it from multiple angles. He would fuck her but not until he savored every moment of his impending conquest.

Javel wasn't nearly so patient. He started pushing his cock deeper and deeper into my wife's mouth. His thrusts grew more and more forceful until Kate gagged.

She turned her head and pulled Javel's cock out of her mouth, gasping for breath. The tip of his cock trailed a wet line across her cheek. If she didn't want to be used like a piece of meat, she probably shouldn't have thrown herself at two complete strangers.

Javel sat on her face, grinding his asshole on her lips and tongue. She had to be penetrating his ass with her tongue. After watching this how could I ever kiss my wife again? They ruined her for me.

Edgerin crouched down between Kate's spread thighs. He ran his hand over her well trimmed pubic mound. Then he leaned forward placing his mouth on her cunt, tasting her.

Kate's back arched over the lounge chair. I thought I heard her moaning but it was muffled with Javel's ass and balls covering her face.

That was all Edgerin could take. He wiped his mouth and reared back on his knees and looked down with a gleam in his eye, admiring his monster shaft as he rubbed it against her pussy. His massive black hands pawed Kate's pale upper, and inner, thighs.

He lined his stiff cock up with my wife's suddenly most popular, and quite busy, physical feature. It took me months of dating before Kate would let me have sex with her for the first time. Now, after we got married, she was taking on all comers. Except the only one who loved her.

Kate tucked her chin down so she could see Edgerin under Javel's ass. Javel's balls hung against her forehead. It was not a great look for her.

Edgerin rubbed the head of his cock slowly up and down the length of Kate's glistening cunt.

She slid her hand slowly over her abdomen down to her pubic mound. Her fingers snaked through the batch of dark hair. But only her middle finger curled down to massage her clit.

For years Kate was too embarrassed to play with herself in front of me. And yet there she was, performing with perfect strangers.

My mind refused to accept the concept of a cock as large as Edgerin's fitting inside my wife's tight cunt. But after watching her cheat on me with my best man, I guess I should have realized just about anything was possible — especially when it came to Kate and big, black cocks.

Edgerin pressed forward just enough. The shaft strained before the oversized head of his cock popped inside my wife.

Kate's entire body tensed as she cried out. Her finger thrummed her clit like crazy, while her free hand clutched the lounge chair cushion.

Javel took advantage of Kate's open mouth. He stuffed his cock in and forced her lips to close around his shaft.

Edgerin grabbed her ankles and pulled her legs as wide as they'd go. He tilted his pelvis, thrusting his cock deep inside my bride.

Kate clenched her thighs together and pressed both hands against Edgerin's Greek god-like abs to slow him down.

But Edgerin was just getting started. He plowed into Kate so hard the lounge chair slid forward. Kate's big breasts bounced wildly until Javel reached down behind him to grope them.

Kate turned her head and spat out Javel's cock. A line of saliva trailed along her cheek as she closed her eyes and cried out again.

For a moment I was sure she'd come to her senses. That she finally realized what a terrible mistake she'd made. That she was just waiting for me to come to her rescue.

But I was paralyzed by fear. What could I do to stop two world class athletes from having their way with the only woman I ever loved?

But just as a brand new shame formed in my head I realized that I was wrong again.

Instead of trying to push them away, Kate took Javel's cock back into her mouth. She sucked on him greedily. Her hands climbed his athletic thighs until they clutched his ass. As if that wasn't bad enough, I saw her slide a finger between his ass cheeks.

It was Javel's turn to tense up. He looked back and grinned at his buddy. They said something back and forth to each other that I couldn't quite make out. But I'm sure I got the gist of it: they couldn't believe how lucky they were to stumble into a freak like my wife — not only was she okay with being double teamed but she was into anal play too.

I slumped to the floor of the balcony, devastated. My hard cock throbbed — taunting me with its excited state. There was no doubt I was going to jerk myself off before the night was done but it still hurt deep inside to be betrayed in such a graphic way.

Newly married and unable to satisfy my wife. Not a great start to wedded bliss.

A primal feminine cry from the courtyard caught my attention. Kate was getting the fuck of her life. At a minimum I had to watch, if only to satisfy my depraved carnal curiosity.

I poked my head back up in terror of what I'd see but even more afraid of what I'd miss.

Edgerin was still pumping away into my wife. But Javel was gone.

A ridiculous hope surged inside me. Maybe Kate would only be fucked by one big black guy tonight.

But a not insignificant part of me was disappointed. Wife or not, a twisted side of me wanted to see her double teamed, for real this time.

Edgerin slid his cock all the way in my wife and held it there, his balls coming to rest against Kate's asshole. He was looking past Kate, back to the sliding glass doors to their suite.

Kate had propped herself up on her elbows and craned to look back too. The massive stranger's cock deep inside her seemed to no longer cause her any discomfort. She looked quite at home naked and spread mid fuck, filled by a giant black cock.

What were they waiting on?

Javel, I assumed. Maybe he was opening the door for more guys. Maybe the rest of their relay team. They could take turns passing the baton into my wife's stretched cunt.

Javel finally emerged from the dark hotel suite. He was still naked though not quite as hard as he was earlier. No doubt Kate could help him with that.

Javel had something in his hand. It looked like a bottle or a tube but I couldn't tell for sure. Whatever it was, Edgerin reached for it but was rebuffed by Javel.

They argued for a bit while Kate just laid there, naked and available for when they decided to finish using her.

They must have come to some agreement because Edgerin gave Kate a few more thrusts before he slowly, reluctantly pulled his cock out of her.

Holy fuck, he was huge. How the fuck could it have fit into her?

Kate sat up on the edge of the chair and took Edgerin's cock into her mouth again. She sucked and licked it clean, tasting herself on him.

When she was done, it was Javel's turn to get involved. He had Kate get on all fours on the lounge chair while he took up his position behind her.

Edgerin stuck his cock in Kate's face so she could blow him some more while he waited for his next turn with her.

Javel smacked Kate's ass hard. She spit Edgerin's cock out of her mouth and cried out. A splotch of color appeared on her still shaking buttock.

Javel said something to her. Kate nodded in reply. So he spanked my wife again. And again.

Edgerin grabbed a handful of hair and held her head still. The better to fuck her face.

Javel entered her from behind. It must have hurt because she clenched up and reached back with one hand to slow him.

But Javel wasn't playing around. He slammed his cock all the way inside her. The force of his thrust pushed Kate forward. But that just stuffed Edgerin's cock deeper into her throat.

The two of them double-teamed my wife. Impaling her from both sides. The rougher they got with Kate the angrier I got. Just as I decided to go down there and put an end to it something happened to me.

My body jerked involuntarily. As I looked down I watched my own tiny but rock hard dick shoot out an unexpected load of cum.

Sure I'd been rubbing it the whole time but still, it seemed to happen out of nowhere. The momentary pleasure passed quickly, the sick sense of desire giving way to a wave of disgust. In Kate. And in myself.

Reluctantly, I turned my attention back to my wife.

While I was preoccupied, Javel pulled out of Kate, even as she greedily sucked Edgerin's cock. But Javel wasn't done with her.

His hand rested on Kate's backside, four fingers across the top while the thumb worked back and forth between her cheeks. He was playing with her asshole.

That's when I figured out what he had in his other hand. It was a bottle or tube of lube. He squirted some of it so it dribbled down her crack.

The shiny wetness of it snapped me out of my post jerk off stupor. He was getting ready to fuck my wife in the ass.

As far as I knew, Kate was an anal virgin. But then again, what did I know? Before we got married, I thought she was going to be a

loyal and devoted wife. Now I knew she was a big black cock craving nympho who didn't give a shit about marital vows.

Javel dribbled lube down his shaft and used his hand to coat his entire cock with the stuff. His dark cock glistened in the faint light as he pressed the huge head against my wife's virgin asshole.

Kate stopped sucking Edgerin's dick so she could watch Javel as best she could. Even Edgerin peered over her body to see it happen.

Kate was bracing herself for the pain. Javel gently patted her pussy trying to get her to relax. All she could manage was a nod and a pained grimace.

Javel pushed into her. At first, nothing happened. Javel's cock went nowhere. Kate's asshole was so tight his cock started to bend. It appeared Javel was in more pain than my wife.

Good.

But he was determined. He had Kate turn over onto her back again. He pushed in close and propped her legs up. With his enormous cock lined up, he tried to penetrate her tight asshole again.

His cock bent even more this time. So much so that he winced.

But just as it looked as though Kate's anal virginity might survive the night Javel's cock popped inside.

Kate threw her head back and gasped. Her fists closed on handfuls of cushion. Her knees pinched together against Javel's stomach.

But he was already halfway into her. He'd pushed so hard to penetrate her that when he did he just slammed it home.

Kate's gasp disintegrated into a whimper. She let go of the cushion and reached between her thighs. I assumed she was pushing Javel back but she wasn't. She just started playing with herself.

Javel evidently liked what he saw. He began to rock slowly in and out of her ass.

Kate rubbed herself faster and faster. She was really into it. Javel pumped harder and harder like he was trying to keep up.

At the other end of my wife, Edgerin kept trying to get his cock in Kate's mouth but she wasn't having it. She was so focussed on her

budding orgasm she didn't even seem to notice Edgerin's cock rubbing all over her face. He tried to play with her tits but Javel was pounding her so hard her breasts bounced too wildly for Edgerin to do anything with them.

Finally, Kate arched her back. Her hips bucked up and into Javel's thrusts. She thrummed her clit wildly and her screams of ecstasy echoed around the building.

Javel suddenly groaned.

Edgerin stumbled backwards away from Kate. Just in time too.

Javel pulled out of Kate's asshole just before he shot a massive load all over my wife. The first burst had skimmed over the back of Kate's busy hand. Some of it splashed in her face. Her mouth was open for her own orgasm and I'm sure she swallowed some of it.

More of it landed on her heaving chest before trickling down and pooling in her belly button. Her hand was glazed over with much of it dripping into her batch of pubic hair.

But Javel wasn't satisfied by leaving his mark on my wife. He slid his still hard dick into her gaping, ravaged asshole and finished pumping whatever he had left inside her.

Even when I thought he was finally done with my wife, Javel had one more surprise for me. He pulled out of her asshole again but this time he stepped around to the side of the chair.

Kate was still shaking and dreamily wiping his cum from her lips and nose. Javel held his softening but still huge cock in her face, practically daring her to suck on it some more.

No. Please, please, please not that. Not ass to mouth.

Everything else that Kate did I could learn to live with but not this. Not sucking his dick fresh from her ass. Please not that.

My silent begging went unheeded.

Kate flashed Javel a wicked grin just before she really did something truly depraved.

She grabbed his cock and stuffed it in her mouth.



EDGERIN HAD EDGED BACK around between Kate's thighs. He slid his cock into her cunt but I was hardly paying attention. My focus was on my wife's lips as she tasted her own ass.

Ass to mouth. There was no way I could even kiss my wife after that. I would never be able to shake that image. How could I stay married to someone I couldn't even kiss any more?

Edgerin pounded my wife. The old fashioned way. But it was like I couldn't care less. Something had broken inside me.

Defeated, I slumped against the balcony wall and watched as Edgerin came inside my wife. The whole time Kate sucked Javel's cock clean.

When they were completely done using her, for real this time, the two men walked back inside their room laughing at their good luck. My wife, the love of my life, the woman of my dreams, remained on her back on the lounge chair. Like a used, wet beach towel.



AS NUMB AS I thought I was, I still found myself crying. Crumpled on the bed alone, sobbing like a pussy.

Why wasn't I enough for her?

What was the point of her marrying me if she was only going to fuck big black guys?

I hated myself more than I hated her. I decided to go down and get her. It would be the final humiliation — the cuckold husband collecting his whore of a wife after her latest liaison.

And I would tell her I couldn't do it anymore. This was it. The last straw.

By the time I got myself together enough to actually leave the room, I heard the click of the hotel room door unlocking. I spun around and there she was.

"Kate."

She was unsteady on her feet as she closed the door, clutching the doorknob to keep from collapsing. If I didn't just see her have

the most explosive orgasm of her life I would have sworn she was drunk.

She wore a rumpled hotel robe that fell open enough so I could see a bare breast, still red from the rough handling downstairs. Her hair was tussled enough that anyone who saw her would know she just had wild sex.

I could just picture resort staff and other guests seeing her and snickering or making crude jokes. It's what I would have done if I were them. But I wasn't. I was the poor sap who had married the slut.

She peered at me through half closed eyes. "I saw you watching. Like a little pervert."

She brushed past me and flopped onto the bed. The robe kicked up in the back giving me a clear view of her backside.

Her butt cheeks were red like her breast. Between them her asshole was still gaped open. And her cunt was stretched out. Somebody's cum was still trickling out of her.

I shuddered. It was a horrifying mess. I darted into the bathroom and wet a washcloth. But as I thought about it I grabbed a hand towel and wet that too. Cleaning her up was too big a job for a washcloth.

I rung out the towel and caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. A pathetic little man spending his honeymoon cleaning other guys' jizz off his wife.

I flipped off the light because I couldn't stand to look at myself any longer.

Kate was still in the same position when I came out of the bathroom. I rested one knee on the bed as I reached over to her. She turned her head to the side when she felt my weight push down on the mattress.

Before I even touched her she looked up at me. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I just thought-"

She eyed the wet towel. "You want to clean me up?"

I swallowed hard. Did I want to clean two guys' cum off my wife? Well, I certainly didn't WANT to do it. It just had to be done. But I

said, "Yes," anyway.

"Not with a towel."

I looked around, confused. "Then with what? Maybe you could take a shower or-"

"Use your tongue."

I laughed thinking she was kidding. She didn't laugh. She just pushed me away.

"You're serious?"

"What do you think?"

Of course she was serious. Kate never had much of a sense of humor. Or a sense of decency, as I recently discovered.

"No. No. It's disgusting."

"Then go away."

She looked away again leaving the ball in my court. I tried to stand and realized I was hard again.

What the fuck?

Seeing my wife used by two guys turned me on? And having her further degrade me after with her sick demand that I lick her clean? What the hell was wrong with me? How could being abused like that excite me?

"Are you still here?"

My mouth was dry.

But I still managed to speak. "I'll do it."

I dropped the wet towel and crawled onto the bed.

Kate rolled onto her back letting her robe fall open. "I figured you would. And I know exactly where you can start." She spread her legs for me.

I stifled a gag as I crawled between her thighs. Creamy liquid continued to ease out of her cunt and asshole.

"Hurry up," she said. When I didn't go fast enough she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into her.

A warm, sticky and wet sensation enveloped my face.

"Stick out your tongue. Now!"

I did as I was told. Kate held my head steady as she pivoted her hips upward. Her cunt smeared over my nose and forehead as my

tongue lapped her gaping asshole. Tasting two other guys forced me to shudder.

"That's a start," she said. "But you've got a long way to go. If you do a good job, maybe you can tag along with me at a party coming up."

A party?

My mind latched onto the thought. Anything to distract me from the nasty business at hand. I could just imagine what kind of party Kate would have been invited too. Surely not one that would welcome her husband also.

I picked my head up to ask her but Kate slammed it back down. "At this rate, you don't deserve to go anywhere."

She was right. Not that I could answer her - I had a lot of cleaning up to do.



KEEP READING to see what gets into the blushing bride next...

BOOK 3: GANGED



"Oh wow — it's so big!"

Kate, my wife, gawked out the dark Town car window.

The driver pulled up to an impressive looking gate. On either side a massive and forbidding stone wall extended into the forbidding Jamaican darkness.

Immediately, I thought of the Great Wall of China. Or maybe the wall on Skull Island in the movies — holding back a huge monster lurking in the dark.

A military looking security guy spoke to the driver before sticking his head in and glaring at my wife, Kate, and I. Usually guys stared at Kate while ignoring me but this big black guard did the opposite — eyeballing me instead of her. His look did not make me feel welcome, that was for sure.

I'm not stupid. I knew the only reason I was "invited" to this "party" was because my wife, since our wedding barely a week past, had developed a troubling habit. Fucking black men.

Not only did she regularly take to fucking black men, she recently started to rub my nose in it. Quite literally.

The guard barked something and opened the gate. I sat back in my seat and caught my breath. My hands were shaking and my heart was racing, like I was afraid we'd be turned away. I was so pathetic I was terrified of being rejected from a "party" I'm pretty sure I wasn't going to enjoy in the first place.

Kate hardly noticed my distress.

She sat next to me but she'd barely acknowledged my presence during the entire forty-five minute ride from the resort. And I hardly saw her during the day either. She'd spent most of it down at the resort spa, prepping for the party.

Whatever she did down at the spa agreed with her. She looked spectacular. Her hair was done up and her fair skin glowed. And the barely there dress she wore showed a lot of skin. It was red and

flimsy enough for the outline of her nipples to poke through. Her long toned legs were accentuated by the mile high heels even when she was sitting in the car.

Even though we were married, she looked so perfect that I wouldn't even dare to reach over and touch her. I'd have to settle for the intoxicating passionfruit aroma of her new perfume.

But a small stubborn part of me continued to hope that maybe I'd be lucky enough to get to have sex with my own wife at least once on our honeymoon. Maybe after the party. But only if I suddenly turned luckier than I'd been since the wedding.



OUR TOWN CAR came to a stop in the circular cobblestone driveway just in front of a magnificent double front door. Two luxury sedans pulled away just as we pulled up. There was a hive of activity along the walkway from the driveway to the front door. It reminded me of a red carpet movie premiere in Hollywood or New York or Cannes.

But every single person milling around was a black male. The larger ones dressed in suits with earpieces were obviously security. Smaller guys in white shirts and ties appeared to be valet types. One of them opened the rear door for us as soon as the car stopped.

The young man was wide eyed with a bright smile as he offered his hand to Kate for assistance. He glanced down just as she slid forward — no doubt getting a nice upskirt view as the thin material rode up her thighs. He might have even got a glimpse of her bush since I doubted she bothered with panties these days.

Once Kate was out of the car and whisked forward to the house, I was all but forgotten. At least until I tried to follow my wife inside.

A burly monster of a guard stepped directly in my path. I mumbled, "Excuse me," and stepped to the side in a meek attempt to get past him. But he was having none of it. He matched my step and growled.

A primitive pang of terror shot up from my gut. I'd love to say I was a lover, not a fighter but I couldn't even say that anymore. All I

managed was a sad, "I'm with her," as I tried to gesture around the guard to my wife.

The guard shook his head. He placed his massive hand over my fragile, pale pointing one. And squeezed just hard enough for tears to well in my eyes and for my knees to buckle.

A crowd of unfriendly faces had grown around the two of us. But I recognized one of them. Edgerin.

I waved to him. "Hey, you know me!"

Edgerin looked around at the others and laughed. "I don't think so." Everyone laughed with him.

"Kate. She's my wife."

"Who?"

"Kate."

"I don't know the name."

My squished hand was throbbing. "The girl from the hotel the other night."

Edgerin grinned. His white teeth dazzled against his dark complexion. "You have to be more specific. There were a lot of hotels, a lot of nights and a lot of girls."

The crowd howled, mocking me.

The one you and your buddy double-teamed! While I watched! And jerked off!

But I couldn't say that out loud. It was too humiliating.

The guard squeezed my hand hard enough I dropped to my knee in agony. He twisted my arm around my back so roughly I was afraid he'd break it. It hurt so much I cried out.

"My wife! She's the one you and another guy-"

Somehow the guard twisted my arm even more. Like it was going to snap off.

"You fucked my wife!"

The crowd exploded in howls of laughter at my cuckold confession. Every single one enjoying my humiliation.

Edgerin recovered after a few seconds of being doubled over in laughter. In that moment I hated him more than I did at any point before. The thought of him sticking his big black cock inside Kate - in

her mouth. In her cunt. And she let him. My wife let him do it to her. She let him use her body.

And then she had the nerve to come back to our room. And make me clean up the mess. With my mouth and tongue. Forced me to taste Edgerin's cum.

My eyes burned with hatred. Maybe it had some effect on Edgerin. He tapped the guard and said something to him. The guard released my arm and even helped me back to my feet.

"You can stay," the guard said, his lips uncomfortably close to my ear, like he was tempted to bite it off Mike Tyson style. "But do not cause problems."

I didn't like the sound of that, even as I tried to shake the lingering pain out of my arm and shoulder. It was my good arm too. My jerk off one.

Maybe I shouldn't have insisted on coming with Kate to this party. Maybe I'd regret seeing my wife doing something even worse than what she'd already done.



BY THE TIME I made my way inside, Kate had long since disappeared. Everyone was packed inside a large open room that resembled a conference room in a hotel. I felt so out of place as I waded through the crowd. Every single person was black. Except me.

The place throbbed with electronic dance music. But no one was dancing. That's when I realized the crowd was all men. The only women I saw were the scantily clad waitresses with fake smiles plastered on their faces.

What kind of party was this?

And where was my wife?

A roar of excitement thundered through the crowd, overcoming the bone rattling music. Something was happening along the back wall. But I couldn't see because I was one of the shortest guys there.

As I jostled my way forward, taking several elbows to the face in the process, my mind raced with the horrible probability that my wife somehow was the cause of the commotion.

The thought of her wading through the middle of this sea of wild, horny and drunk black men sent a shudder through me. They would tear her apart.

When I got towards the front of the crowd I caught a glimpse of the source. Through the strobing lights there was a flash of light skin. Tanned but definitely white. And feminine in a bikini or lingerie.

I scrunched down and managed to see the woman's legs just as she stepped up onto a platform so she could perform for the party. As a stripper.

But I couldn't see through the pro basketball sized guys in the first row. I had to get to my wife one way or another. I had to stop her before she went onstage and disgraced herself even more than she had so far on our honeymoon.

So I tried to shove my way through but they boxed me out. So I tried another route. I ducked down and attempted to squeeze between the legs of the tallest guy.

Just as I poked my head through the legs squeezed together. My head was stuck in the iron grip of a big black guy's powerful thighs.

He started drumming the top of my head while other guys in the back kicked me in the ass.

Despite the pain and humiliation I was able to turn my head enough to make eye contact with my wife on stage.

Only it wasn't Kate.

It was another beautiful white woman. Her body wasn't quite as curvy as my wife's but she still filled out her lingerie nicely.

I was so relieved it wasn't my wife up on the stage I could almost forget how humiliating it was to be on my hands and knees with my head between another guy's legs.

And just my luck — that's when Kate appeared and our eyes locked.



I SQUIRMED and tried to get out of the headlock. On the top of my head I felt what I was sure was the guy's dangling cock and balls — in his pants, but still. Frustrated, I somehow got turned around so my face ended up squished against his junk.

Finally someone pulled me up to my feet and shoved a drink in my hand.

Like everything was good.

As if my wife wasn't the entertainment for the entire crowd.

I downed the drink, looking for either the courage to stop it or the numbness to endure it.

It was clear one drink wasn't going to cut it either way. Another drink appeared and I chugged that one too.

As far as I could tell this entire "party" was premised on some kind of stripper show — a sex show, really, because the women I saw were about as stripped as they could get — and my wife was the star.

The drinks were hitting me hard. Harder than they should have. Were the drinks laced with something? Was I drugged? Why would anyone do that? It's not like I was performing. Unless they just wanted me too out of it to cause a scene.

Despite myself I finished another drink and just as quickly found a fresh drink in my hand. And then I was pulled through the crowd and right back up front. For a perfect view of my wife's "performance."



THE LIGHTS TURNED low over the crowd, leaving mini spotlights on the circular stage in the center of the room. It was still empty as I closed my eyes for a second.

The music blasted me awake. My eyes opened to the sight of my wife up on the stage. She was already topless, only wearing red thong panties, white lace stockings that stretched mid thigh and the tallest set of stilettos I could imagine.

It was like seeing a fictionalized and hyper sexualized version of my wife up there — bright colors and super flattering lighting that made her a photoshopped spread come to life.

Kate was dancing, grinding really, with another girl, the same one I saw earlier, who was dressed the same except with blue panties. The red, white and blue of their lingerie had me feeling vaguely patriotic.

The crowd was lathered up all around the stage. The testosterone in the air focussed on the elevated show made it feel more like an illegal, underground prizefight.

Kate didn't appear to notice. Her eyes were locked on her dance partner who seemed to be taking the lead between them.

The voice of an energetic dj boomed out of the speakers introducing the entertainers, "Lara and Kate."

Every impulse to grab Kate by the hand and pull her out of there faded away. The only thing I wanted in that moment was to watch every second of the "Lara and Kate Show."



AS FAR AS I KNEW, Kate had never been with another woman before. Of course, I'm also the schmuck who was sure Kate would be a faithful wife to me after we got married. A virgin to outsiders and a slut in the bedroom with her husband.

The cruel reality — she was the exact opposite.

They danced together like they weren't being ogled by dozens of horny guys, including me. Lara placed her hands suggestively on Kate's hips as they swayed back and forth. She hinted at much more as she hooked her thumbs under the thin straps of Kate's panties.

Kate was more tentative. Instead of reaching for Lara, she placed her hands on top of Lara's as though she was trying to slow things down. It seemed a little late for that considering she was dancing topless for a drooling mob.

Lara smiled and leaned into Kate, whispering something in my wife's ear. I might have been able to read her lips if I wasn't so

distracted. Their bare breasts pressed together. Kate's nipples were already hard and poked into Lara's softer puffy ones.

Lara started kissing along the nape of Kate's throat. Kate must have liked it because she ran her fingers through Lara's flowing blond hair.

Lara slowly pulled Kate's panties down over her ass. It didn't reveal much more skin but it was still striking to see my wife's bare ass exposed to the crowd.

Something hard pressed against my arm. I shuddered without even turning to look. I knew a poorly concealed hard-on when I felt it. All I could do was angle my body away from the pressing crowd and try to enjoy the show.

But something bothered me even more than being bumped by a big black guy's erection. What were all these guys going to do when the show was over? How was all the pent up lust going to be released?



KATE AND LARA were kissing and in my fogged mind I forgot about everything else. Their mouths were open and the kisses had more passion than I'd ever gotten from Kate. What's more - Kate had two big handfuls of Lara's tits. She kept squeezing and releasing like she couldn't get enough of the sensation.

The panties were down to Kate's mid thighs. There was a darker stretch on the fabric from Kate's crotch. It was wet from Kate's excitement.

Next thing I knew, Lara was on her knees, kissing Kate's pussy, trailing her nose in the dark hair. Kate rested one hand on Lara's head. The other hand played with her own tits like she was feeling herself up. The mob couldn't get enough.

Lara's face slowly but surely disappeared between my wife's widening thighs. So deep that from behind, I caught a glimpse of the tip of her active tongue flashing against Kate's slit as they angled their position on stage, making sure to give everyone a view.

Whatever this was it was clearly beyond a strip show. This was a full on sex show. And I didn't believe for a second that this mob of guys was going to be satisfied with girl on girl.

Next to Lara sat a black overnight bag that I didn't notice before. Lara pulled her face from my wife's pussy and made a show of licking her lips and wiping her glazed over face. She unzipped the bag before standing up.

It was Kate's turn to go down. And she did it seductively without any apparent trepidation.

My wife first doted on Lara's full breasts, squeezing and kissing and sucking. I don't know if she was excited by Lara's body or by the leering and cheering crowd, but she was definitely into it.

Kate eased Lara's g-string down her thighs, letting them fall to the floor. Lara's pussy was smooth except for a thin strip of hair which seemed to tickle Kate's nose, causing her to giggle. There was an innocence to my wife that every guy in the place must have picked up on. Like this was her first time going down on another girl — in full view of a raucous audience.

Lara stepped into Kate, forcing my wife back on her haunches. Kate's head tilted back and Lara was practically sitting on her face. But Kate didn't back off. She reached around and gripped Lara's ass as she wiggled her face back and forth.

Lara shuddered as my wife's tongue lapped her clit. Either she was a great actress or my wife was really pleasuring her.

They made their way to the floor of the stage, both nude except for their stilettos. Their writhing, naked bodies molded into a sixty-nine position with Lara in control on top. She tongue fucked Kate while Kate did the same on the other end.

The noise of the crowd was deafening.

Lara paused for a second and reached for the overnight bag. Her hand disappeared inside.

Only to reemerge with a huge black dildo.

What the fuck?

Was it the same one Kate brought from home?

No. For one thing, this one was much longer. Maybe twice as long.

With one hand, Lara smacked Kate's bare ass. With the other, she began to rub the massive head against Kate's dripping wet folds. Kate's face was still busy with Lara's pussy so I couldn't see her reaction.

This was crazy! My wife was going to be sodomized on stage in front of a huge crowd! While I watched!

Sure enough, Lara applied just enough pressure so the head of the massive dildo popped inside Kate's cunt. Kate lifted her head and cried out. It was barely audible over the music and cheering.

And that's when I noticed something else about the dildo — it was double sided!



LARA FUCKED Kate with one end of the dildo for a minute or so. It was shocking to see how much of it disappeared into my wife's cunt.

At some point Lara wriggled out from under Kate. She got on her hands and knees behind Kate but faced the opposite way.

My alcohol diminished mind struggled to comprehend what was happening. But then I heard someone yell out what was going on.

"Ass to ass!"

Lara inserted the free end of the dildo into her own cunt and pushed herself down along the shaft. Inch by inch she slid — until her ass pressed against Kate's. The entire giant black dildo disappeared between them.

What followed was a bizarre back and forth that reminded me of some twisted tug of war game. As much as I hated seeing my wife performing like that I couldn't look away.

Lara was the first to pull out. But she wasn't done. She reached into her bag again and pulled out a tube of lube.

She scrambled over to Kate and poured a generous amount of lube into the crack of Kate's ass. But this time she massaged it against my wife's asshole, penetrating her with one finger. Soon followed by a second.

Once Lara had prepped Kate as much as she could, she pulled out the dildo and slowly attempted to insert it into Kate's asshole.

Kate's head and shoulders dipped to the floor of the stage, her breasts pressed down to it, while her ass was still sticking up for her co star. That's when I noticed Kate was wildly playing with herself. Her determined fingers stroked her clit with a frenzy.

It must have worked. Lara pressed the head of the dildo into Kate's gaping asshole.

Kate cried out again, loud enough to be heard over the music and everything else. Her free arm was stretched out in front of her and she clutched the big dark hand of a guy in the front row of the crowd.

Lara kept applying lube as she penetrated my wife. Kate's asshole kept a tight grip on the immense shaft.

Just when it wouldn't go in any further, Lara lubed herself and the other end of the dildo and popped it into her own asshole.

Just like before, Lara pushed herself along until their asses met. The two of them rocked back and forth, much more carefully than when it was in their cunts.

At one point Kate's entire body shook. She may have had an orgasm but I wasn't sure.

Something else distracted me.



TWO GUYS CLIMBED up on the stage. Monstrous black specimens. Big enough to be part of the security contingent. Threatening enough to deter any potential interference.

Threatening enough to do anything they wanted.

And my wife was in their sights.

Just what I was afraid of — audience participation.

No one made any attempt to stop them. Including me. They pulled my wife up to her feet. The dildo joining her asshole to Lara's bent menacingly, sending shudders through both girls.

It finally popped free and out of Kate's asshole, leaving her gaping, spasming opening. Lara slumped forward with the monster dildo hanging out of her.

Kate was unsteady on her feet between the two brutes, bracing herself against them. For their trouble, they helped themselves to her bare breasts, grabbing and sucking as they pleased. Kate encouraged them with her eager expression. Her body may have wavered but her desire was ready to go.

Her dark triangle of pubic hair was their next stop. Big black fingers romped through her pussy on the way down to her clit.

One guy ran his hand along her backside only to emerge underneath before plunging up and inside her. Kate's knees wobbled as she was fingered roughly.

She sunk to her knees just as three more guys climbed up and surrounded her. I didn't see the first big black cock appear until it smacked my wife in the forehead. I must have imagined the wet thwack sound because there was no way I could have heard it over the music and cheering crowd of excited black men.

The whole scene was spiraling out of control. But I was helpless to stop it. They were going to run a train on my wife while I stood by and did nothing.



KATE DID EVERYTHING BUT YELL, "All aboard!"

She yanked down the pants of the big guy in front of her like it was an anticipated Christmas present. His cock was huge and still only semi hard. It bounced free and the tip caught Kate in the nose, at least the second one to hit her. She laughed in surprise for just a moment. Then she grabbed it and stuffed the oversized head into her mouth.

More big black cocks appeared all around her head, demanding her attention. Kate sucked on the first one and stroked two others with her hands. Two more smacked her cheeks impatiently.

She spit out the first cock and turned her head to the side. Another cock just as big as the first found its way into her open mouth. Her lips clamped down on the shaft and she went to work.

A surge of bodies behind me smushed me up against the edge of the stage, locking me into a ringside seat of my new wife being defiled by a horny mob of black men. The only way I could avoid the scene was by closing my eyes. But there was no way I was going to do that.

My crotch was hidden below the edge of the stage. So no one could see as I slid my hand down there to touch myself as I watched the wild gang take advantage of my all too willing wife.

A big thick cock rested on the top of Kate's head from behind her, tangling in her suddenly out of control hair. The head fell forward over her forehead like some sort of demented hat.

She pulled her head back, freeing her mouth from the dick in front of her. She arched her back and tilted her head as far as she could to suck the guy off behind her. His balls bounced over her forehead and over her eyes and nose. The other guys took advantage of her puffed out chest to grab greedy handfuls of her full breasts.

Kate was so into sucking the cock behind her that she lost her balance and fell backwards. The cock slid deeper into her mouth. Her throat bulged as she gagged and coughed though it was muffled by the massive dick.

She was pushed forward and back onto her knees. Three more cocks waited for her attention. Kate sucked on each of them in turn as she went down the line. By that time I'd lost count of how many guys had stuck their cocks in her mouth. It might have been double digits by then. But the worst was yet to come.

As soon as my wife pulled out the last cock to take a breath, someone pushed her from behind, forcing her down on all fours. Kate looked back over her shoulder as one of the biggest guys in the room got into position behind her.

He was totally naked with crazy dark tattoos over much of his muscled body. His powerful hands gripped the two sides of my wife's

ass as he pulled them wide. He let his untethered cock slide up and down her slick cunt.

Between her thighs I saw a flicker of hot pink. It was from Kate's fingernails as she reached between her thighs for the huge black cock. She was so ready to be fucked that she refused to wait any longer.

Her fingers circled the stiff shaft and she pulled it to her. The big dark head pressed against her glistening folds. But it was too big to go in gently, even after the ass to ass dildo pre-show stretched her.

The guy pressed forward forcing his cock to bend ever so slightly before it popped into my wife's still-too-tight cunt. Kate cried out loud enough to be heard over the thumping music.

The sound sent the crowd into even more of a frenzy. Before the cry even finished clearing her throat, another guy had his cock stuffed in there between her lips stifling it. Kate's nostrils flared as it brushed against the guy's jet black coarse pubic hair.

The two guys played an X rated version of "push me, pull me" with my wife in the middle. She rode back and forth like she was on a rail with one ram-rod straight cock impaling her from behind while the other deep-throated her.

The crowd of guys left out of the first round of fucking my wife milled around her and stroked themselves waiting for their turns. They entertained themselves by smacking her ass and fondling her swaying breasts.

But the tension was simmering. After a couple of minutes, the first two guys were suddenly pulled away mid thrusts to make way for fresh cocks. Scuffles broke out around the periphery and beyond my line of sight.

The second guy to fuck my wife stood out. His cock was just as big as the first one but had a ridiculous curve. From my vantage point it looked like he was fucking my wife with a big black boomerang.

For Kate though, this guy's curved cock must have, literally, hit the spot. Her eyes grew wide but as he kept banging her he must have been punching her G-spot again and again. Her eyes rolled

back in her head and her entire body shuddered independent of the back and forth from the guys.

Seeing my wife orgasm while she was being gangbanged sent new urges of desire and shame through me. To think that I fell in love with someone who could get off while she did these nasty things right in front of me was almost too much to bear.

The guy with the curved cock got pulled away. Too soon for Kate. She looked back and called for him to finish inside her but another guy jumped in his place.

Kate's body glistened with perspiration. Strands of her long hair were beginning to stick to her skin. But she kept begging for more.

One guy changed things up. He let Kate suck on his cock for a couple of pulls but then he pulled out. Instead of making way for a new guy he spun around and bent over, sticking his ass in her face. "Lick my ass," he demanded.

Kate's face broke into a wicked grin. She was a very bad girl and she was about to get even more nasty. Apparently there was nothing too depraved for her to do.

She reached around his thick thigh and pulled him back to her. Her smiling face disappeared between his big black ass cheeks.

The guy behind her started pounding her even harder, smashing her face into the other guy's ass. Kate gripped the guy's butt cheek and lapped up and down his asshole. He reached behind to spread his ass even more, daring her to go further.

My wife took his dare. She laughed and stuck out her tongue, nice and rigid. She jabbed his asshole, penetrating it with her tongue.

The crowd went berzerk.

Kate kept going, as though she was inspired by the roar of the crowd. She even reached between his thighs and tugged on his cock. Like she would do anything to increase his pleasure.

The next guy to fuck her had her flip onto her back. He pinned her legs up with his arms and drove himself deep inside her.

His entry was much easier than the other guys. My fears were coming true. The train of big black cocks was stretching her beyond recognition.

Kate was face up as another guy lowered his ass to get the tongue treatment from her. He ground his ass so hard in her face I thought he was going to smother her.

My mind flashed on the potential tabloid headlines - New Bride Dies in Interracial Gangbang Face-sitting Orgy While Her Pervert Groom Wanks Off.

She finally pushed him up and off her so she could breathe again. She looked down along her body to see the other guy pull out. But instead of backing away he just slid his cock lower.

Kate's head snapped back. Her knuckles whitened along the edge of the stage. She cried out again as her asshole was penetrated by yet another big black cock.

The guy pounded her in the ass at least a dozen times, burying his cock balls deep. Then his body shuddered violently as he exploded inside my wife's asshole.

The crowd erupted in a crazy mix of boos and cheers. I overheard one guy tell another, "At least it was only in her ass."

After he pulled out of her, a white trickle of cum dribbled down and out of Kate's gaping asshole. It was only the first guy to shoot his load and already my wife was looking like a hot mess. I couldn't imagine what she would look like in a little while after all the other guys took their turns with her.

After the first guy, it was like the dam broke. Another guy jumped in and fucked her hard and fast, ravaging her pussy. Just before he came, he whipped it out and scrambled to the side so he could shoot his load in her face. Kate stroked him with her hand and opened her mouth wide so he could pump everything he had down her throat.

After she licked the last little bit off of her lower lip, her mouth was stuffed with a fresh cock. She was able to get him off quickly too, making sure to swallow every drop.

The fourth or fifth guy to cum gave my wife a messy creampie. He shot his load deep inside her but took his time pulling out. His load flowed out of her stretched cunt and down over her destroyed asshole.

The guy after him didn't seem too grossed out by the prospect of sloppy seconds (or sloppy sixths by that point). He slammed his dick into her slick cunt and plowed away. After a minute or two he pulled out and popped his wet dick into her gaping asshole. Kate didn't even acknowledge him as she was busy trying to service three other cocks, one in each hand and another in her mouth.

Things got crazy after that. Guys were shooting their loads all over her — from her face and hair, all over her boobs and down her stomach and on her pussy. Kate scooped some of it up in her long nails only to deliver it to her insatiable mouth.

After the last couple of guys finished with her, at least one for the second time, the room finally began to simmer down. It seemed every guy in the place had been serviced.

Except one.

Someone grabbed me from behind. They spun me around and ripped my shirt off. For a crazy second I was terrified they were going to fuck me next. But they had something almost as horrifying in mind.



THEY TAUNTED me as they made me undress. When my underwear was gone they erupted at the sight of my pathetically tiny white cock. Pointing and laughing at my "starter cock." My "cock junior." It was as hard as ever and still smaller than some of the guys' fingers.

They shoved me towards the stage for my final humiliation. They were all going to watch and laugh as I finally got to fuck my own whore of a wife.

Kate was still on her back on the stage. Her entire naked body appeared to be glazed like some kind of perverted pastry. The sight of her disgusted and excited me at the same time.

Ever since our wedding I've been waiting for a chance to have sex with my wife. Never in my worst nightmares did I think I'd be doing it in front of a crowd of big black guys who had all fucked her

themselves before me. And certainly not while she was still covered in their cum.

Kate squinted up at me through long lashes that were striped heavy with strings of cum. She grinned up at me as though she'd been waiting for this moment.

Somehow I noticed Kate's right hand. More specifically her ring finger. Her big expensive wedding ring was hard to make out. It was coated in sticky jizz from who knows how many other guys.

Bile rose in my throat. I swallowed hard trying to come up with a way to fuck her without touching anything nasty. But there was no way. Every inch of her, outside and in, had been tainted.

Tainted, though she may have been, I was determined to at least get a piece of my own wife. The only thing more humiliating than fucking her like this was to not fuck her at all.

A big hand grabbed me by the back of the neck. It was Edgerin. I hadn't paid much attention to him since things started getting crazy but I was sure I'd seen him getting his second helping of Kate before she fully became a cum dumpster.

He leaned in to my ear. "You don't fuck her until you clean this shit up," he said. "With your mouth."

Then he shoved me down so hard my face squashed into Kate's pussy. As I pulled back I could feel her sticky pubic hair clinging to my cheek. The crowd howled.

I glanced up at Kate's face only to see her reach for my head with both hands. She pulled my head down between her thighs and smeared my face in the gooey mess.

This time I didn't pull away. Even as nausea rose inside me, another emotion dominated. Lust. Lust for my wife, right then and there. It overcame everything else. I was so turned on I would have done anything to have her.

And I proved it by licking every inch of her clean. I blocked out the laughter and the jeering, endured the humiliation and suppressed my own disgust. And when I was finally done I slammed my cock, pathetic as it was, home inside my wife.

It felt like a little fish in a big, overfished public pond by that point but I made it work. And when I came it felt better than every

other time. And for one moment I was on top of the world.
But just like my erection, the feeling didn't last long.



IT WAS near dawn by the time the car dropped us back at the resort. Kate's legs wobbled so much that she leaned on me all the way back to the room. The few people we encountered on the way snickered.

We collapsed in bed together for a couple of hours before it was time to go back home.

We packed in a rush and weren't able to sit together in a crowded, sweaty van to the airport. Between security, the boarding process and a bumpy flight, we didn't have a chance to talk in private.

Not until we were finally back home.

The silence between us was becoming unbearable. Take the normal depression after coming home from an exotic vacation and add the gut wrenching, yet incontrovertible fact that my new wife was a cock craving, cheating nymphomaniac, and you might appreciate how upset I was.

She passed me in the kitchen and I just blurted out, "Why?"

It seems she was waiting for me to ask. She paused and turned to face me. Her head tilted like she thought I was suddenly interesting. "It wasn't just one reason, Francis. It was lots of reasons."

"Such as?"

"I don't know. It was exciting."

"Exciting?" My hands were shaking. "You could have ridden a roller coaster for excitement! Instead you rode every big black cock you saw!"

"Ok, I meant the taboo part of it. Not just the infidelity, but the racial part of it. The whole black man — white woman thing. It was irresistible to me."

"Then why did you marry me? You could have gotten your rocks off without hurting me you know."

"Why did I marry you, Francis? You know why."

"Obviously I don't!"

She sighed like she was taking pity on me. "I married you because I knew you'd put up with it. And you know what else? I knew that deep down you'd love it."

"That's sick."

"If you think I'm sick, then what does that make you?"

"I don't know. A victim, I guess."

"Don't give me that bullshit, Francis! You loved watching every second. You loved being married to the slut who craved big, black cocks."

"And do you know how I know you love that? It's because I know exactly what turns you on. You love watching white women getting banged by big black guys. And the only thing hotter for you than watching videos of random women getting banged was watching your own wife getting it."

My whole body was shaking. It hurt so bad to hear Kate talk to me like that. Not just because she was the only girl I ever loved.

But because it was true.



KATE and I settled into married life, such as it was. Some people say the first year of marriage is the hardest. I sure hope so.

A few weeks after we returned from the honeymoon, Kate informed me that she was pregnant. Well-wishes poured in from our family and friends. Even my Best Man, Antione, offered his congratulations.

Maybe I should have been congratulating him instead.

Nine months to the day of our wedding, Kate gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. Perhaps the most striking feature of "my son" was his remarkably dark skin.

As soon as the wide eyed nurse let me see him, I picked up the resemblance immediately. He was the spitting image of Antione.

One look at him and my father in law just shook his head. He dumped me in an office at his company's headquarters and hasn't said a word to me since. So I finally found one way to shut him up.

And I still have a job.

In the many sleepless nights since though, I've wondered if Antione was indeed the father. Since, apparently, first born children often arrive early, the father could just have easily been any of the dozen or more black men that had intercourse with my wife. Hell, there may be more guys that I don't know about.

Even when I'm not up in the middle of the night with a screaming black baby, changing dirty diapers, I can't sleep. Images of Antione, Jamel and Edgerin, among others, fucking my wife, haunt me.

The memories also excited me to the point of jerking off. That was until the day someone sent me a link to a free porn site, where I joined the 5,037,897 others who viewed the video of my "most beautiful bride ever" on our honeymoon being gangbanged by a fuck load of big black guys.



The End

An Interracial Hotwife Cuckold Humiliation Story

A Christmas Cuckold

**A Cheating Wife
&
Her Husband's
Big
Black
Boss!**

Francis Cuckold

INTRODUCTION

A Cheating Wife turns the Office Christmas Party into A Cuckold Husband's Worst Nightmare...

Frank, passed over for a big promotion, despises his big, black boss and rival...

And he's neglected his hot wife for too long...

The office Christmas party is her perfect opportunity to get revenge on her sissy husband...

And she knows exactly what she wants - her husband's Big Black Boss...

And her cuckold of a husband has to watch all the action...

And clean up after...

His humiliation will never end...



Read on to see the present one husband gets from his cheating wife...

A CHRISTMAS CUCKOLD



*M*y hands were shaking. But not from the cold.

It was the last workday before Christmas and my boss called me to his office. Any time I got called to his office was stressful enough. But this time was even more so.

The stated point of the meeting was to give me my annual review — and more importantly, my Christmas bonus.

Sure it wasn't my best year. How could it be? The disappointment of being passed over for the promotion crushed me.

What hurt even more was the fact they'd given the job to the guy I hated most in the world - Harrison Freeman. Not only had he gotten the promotion over me, he was now my boss, the very guy I was going to see.

Before I turned the corner to his office, I paused and took a deep breath. Suddenly I was woozy. Lightheaded. The stress of the past year was catching up to me. Between the lack of sleep and money problems, I also had an unhappy wife at home.

Kate and I started off our marriage great. But the last year was brutal. It was so bad I hadn't been able to get it up in a year.

At first, Kate kept initiating things. She'd go down on me — not a full blow job, never that, but just enough to get me hard. But before she could climb on top of me I'd deflate like an inflatable snowman unplugged on the front lawn.

The first couple of times, she brushed it off as no big deal. But after months and months, she'd given up hope. Several times I'd stumbled in on her taking care of business herself. Early on, it was just her pleasuring herself with her fingers in our bed.

Soon it progressed to a small vibrator. And recently we'd gotten an oversized package in a plain brown wrapper that she quickly ushered out of sight without revealing what was inside. It was after that package arrived that I'd come home from work to hear the unmistakable moaning and groaning of a full on orgasm.

The fact that she treated herself to an early Christmas present, and seemed fully capable to have a fulfilling sex life without me, made me feel totally emasculated. In every area of manhood, I was being challenged. And I was coming up short.

My Christmas bonus was sure to be a further letdown. My performance issues had manifested themselves in my work quality. There was no way I could deny it. But the company as a whole had done very well. So as I tried to gather myself I held out the no-doubt delusional hope of a desperate man.



HARRISON'S DOOR WAS OPEN. He was standing behind his desk on his cellphone. His back was to me as he stared out the full sized, near one hundred and eighty degree view window of his coveted corner office.

What a view he had. This would have been my office. One of the best in the entire company. Fuck, it even had a closet. Who has a closet in their office?

Harrison was a big black guy. Physically intimidating even in his business suit, he was a former multi sport athlete in college who'd even been drafted for pro football but didn't make the team. Despite that failure he'd been able to secure his cushy new job over me.

Many a night I lay awake wondering if his race had been the deciding factor in his promotion. He was one of very few black employees period, and now the only one in a management position.

The only thing he was better at than me was shooting the shit with people. He could always bring up some sports story that would have clients and company executives eating out of his oversized hand. Around the office, I used to joke that he could charm the panties off a nun — until an unknown someone made a sexual harassment complaint against me.

It didn't make me wrong though. He wasn't married. And why would he be? At every office function he had a steady string of knockouts ready and willing to do whatever he wanted. He got more

ass than a toilet seat — another joke that got me in hot water with Human Resources.

His reputation was the first thing that probably turned Kate off from him, even before Harrison usurped my rightful position in the company. I introduced him to my wife a couple of years ago at the annual Christmas party. Every year since Kate has avoided being anywhere near him. This year she might be so angry she might tear his balls off.

Harrison had always seemed too interested in Kate. Asking about her when he'd see me in the office. Cheering her on at the goofy activities during the company picnic in July. He was even the first person to offer her paper towels when some doofus spilled his drink on her tee shirt during the volleyball game. I always suspected he wanted a close up of her in her wet tee shirt — her nipples were hard and really stuck out that day. Fucking pervert.

It all came off as being insincere. Like he only did anything because he had a goal in mind. I had no doubt Harrison would fuck over anybody. It was like a game to him. Another trophy. Another notch. Another conquest. And he left bodies strewn in his wake.

No doubt, summoning me, his defeated rival, in for my review and tiny bonus would be just another story for him to entertain his friends. My abject humiliation was another in a long line of his victories.



I STOOD in the open doorway of his office. Tempted to knock, I held off. It was too subservient. Better to wait a moment for him to notice my presence — man to man.

But the moments kept adding up and he didn't notice me. It was like I was invisible. Even after he ended his phone call and turned back around.

He leafed through a large file that sat on his otherwise orderly desk. The file was familiar to me. It was mine. My entire record at the company, from my initial application and resume, to official

reprimands, to annual reviews. It was thicker than ever and I was dying to know what that big black bastard had added to it over the last miserable year.

The file wasn't something I had access to. The only glimpses I'd ever gotten at it were upside down, from across a desk as I received my annual reviews. Or discipline for my harmless infractions. I'd thought about sneaking into his office and taking a peek but it was always locked in the big, locking filing cabinet in the corner, except when it was being used.

I cleared my throat to catch his attention but it wasn't enough. Some people in the office speculated his hearing wasn't too good. He sometimes joked about having too many coaches over the years blowing whistles and screaming at him. So I finally knocked on the door.

Still nothing. I fantasized about telling him what I really thought of him, with the expectation that he wouldn't hear it. But I didn't have the balls. So I knocked again. Louder.

He looked up with a menacing flash of irritation. In that second, a primal fear shivered through me. He looked like a predator. Or a massive football player who was about to sack me right back into the hallway for daring to interrupt him.

But, just as quickly, Harrison's face morphed into the charming and dashing executive mask that could talk a man into anything. Like handing over his credit card, or signing on the bottom line, or sharing his wife.



"FRANK, COME ON IN," Harrison said as he waved me in. "Why don't you close the door?"

Closing the door was a bad sign. Harrison usually insisted on an open door, even during annual reviews. Unless they were not good.

I tried to control my shaking but was failing. As I closed the door, it caught on something and the shock reverberated through my

entire body. I looked down and saw that the door had hit the toe of my shoe. I was that flustered.

"Everything okay?" Harrison asked.

I successfully finished closing his office door and smiled weakly. I couldn't even count on my voice.

Somehow I managed to make it into the seat across the desk from him. My shoulders hunched involuntarily, like I was trying to turtle myself some protection from what I knew was coming.

Harrison looked over at me with a smile I recognized as fake. "How's Kate doing?"

I sat up. "Excuse me?"

"Your wife. How's she doing?"

Sure it was just small talk. Probably. Coming from him it sounded vaguely threatening.

"She's fine."

"Good, good. Is she coming to the Christmas party?"

The Christmas party was as close to mandatory as you could get. It was usually a good time though. Held in the office, it was a throwback to another era of alcohol and other shenanigans that Human Resources hadn't ruined yet. It was being held the next evening, on Saturday night, just three days before Christmas.

"Uh, yeah, I think so," I said. Although I wasn't at all sure Kate was going to come with me. That's how bad things were between us. Plus she wasn't exactly crazy about the company. Or my current boss.

And nothing about what had lead up to my meeting with Harrison promised my work year was going to end any better.

"Well, give her my regards. Sure would like to see her again."

I'll bet you would, I thought. Everyone always joked that Kate was too good for me. She was actually cheerleader in high school. Maybe that's partly why she never cared Harrison.

"Of course." Under his line of sight between my thighs I gave him Kate's regard: my middle finger.

With that exchange of unpleasant pleasantries, it was time to get down to business. Harrison put on his manager expression and flipped through my file.

"Not the best year," he said, understating things by quite a bit. "You've seen the numbers, Frank. They are what they are. And, as I'm sure you understand, they affected your bonus."

I nodded along with him because what else was I supposed to do?

Harrison pulled out a printed form and turned it around so it was face up for me. The number representing my bonus was so low it knocked the breath out of me all over again.

Kate was going to flip out. We, and by we I meant me, had already spent a bonus multiple times larger than what I was actually getting. She was going to kill me.

Harrison kept going on and on about how much he wanted to help me be successful. In my mind, I imagined him bending me over the desk and fucking me, ripping me apart with his big black cock — it would have been less painful than this disgraceful "bonus."

"But you should know something," Harrison said. It felt mercifully like he was wrapping up. "I believe in you. And we're a team here."

Oh great. The sports metaphor. I was tempted to ask him what team gave each individual a different sized bonus.

"That number you see there," he pointed to my disgustingly tiny bonus, "would have been even lower. I doubled it out of my own bonus. That's how much I believe in you."

There was an awkward pause. It lasted until I summoned a pathetic "thank you." He stood up. We shook hands. I was so numb I barely noticed how he crushed my normal sized hand with his freakishly large one.

It was quitting time and everyone else in the office was long gone. Just as well because I didn't want any of them to see me cry.

Harrison rushed out past me. "Merry Christmas, Frank. Hopefully I'll see you and Kate at the Christmas party tomorrow!"

Maybe. If Kate didn't cut my balls off before then.



KATE TOOK my tiny bonus better than I expected.

She had just gotten back from the gym and was in the kitchen. Her sweatshirt was draped over the back of a barstool.

She looked incredible in her black yoga pants and revealing tank top as she sucked water from a bottle. Despite being unseasonably warm, her nipples were rock hard, like she was cold.

I'd driven by the gym a few times during Kate's workouts. Without her knowledge, of course.

Her personal trainer, who we really couldn't afford, was a good looking guy but I never got the sense that he was banging Kate. Although, he sure seemed to have Kate doing an inordinate number of exercises that had her ample chest bouncing around. And he never failed to position himself so he could either peer down at her cleavage or get a solid view of her rounded backside.

I had no doubt the trainer was fueling many of Kate's solo adventures when she returned home.

One other thing that worried me was my wife's habit of clearing the search history on her tablet. She was into something on there and it bugged me that I couldn't tell what it was.

Between her secretive web browsing and her focus on looking better than ever, I guess I should have been ready for anything from her.

All this occurred to me as I watched her leaning against the kitchen counter. Besides the water bottle she was too busy texting someone to even acknowledge my presence. Who she was texting so much, I had no idea.

Though when she did finally put the phone down she actually asked me how my day was.

No doubt she could read the dour expression on my face. It was not the joy of someone with a long Christmas weekend away from work to look forward to.

"Not great," I said. I swallowed hard and told her I'd gotten my bonus. With shaking hands I slid the printout across the counter, careful to withdraw my hands before she lunged for it.

She stared at the paper and muttered something I couldn't make out. Then she crumpled it up and threw it at me before storming upstairs.

She started the bath and I didn't see her for the rest of the night. Like I said, she took it better than I expected. I still had my balls.



SHE WAS up before me the next morning. I found a note from her on the kitchen table.

*Went to gym.
Something has to change.
K*

I didn't like the sound of that. It was ominous even as I knew she was right.



THE TENSION in the house was brutal. She barely talked to me when she got home from the gym. Mercifully she went up to take a nap. I guess she needed her rest after all the workouts she was doing.

Later, as we got ready for the office Christmas party, which I dreaded as much as my annual review the day before, Kate seemed more upbeat.

Almost like she was looking forward to going.

Every year prior she hated my office Christmas party, so I couldn't understand what had changed.

She wore a nice, form fitting Christmas sweater and a skirt that struck me as way too short and much too tight. Still she was so pumped up to go I couldn't help but get caught up a little too.

She was bubbling with energy. So much so that I noticed a little bounce in her... chest.

The bra she must have been wearing was one of her super flimsy ones. Or maybe she wasn't wearing one at all.

If things were better between us I might have mentioned that it might not be appropriate for her to be bouncing all over like she was. But the last thing I wanted was to sour her mood. Happy wife, happy life.



THE PARTY WAS in full swing by the time we arrived. Kate ditched me literally as soon as we walked in the door. She headed straight to get a drink and disappeared in the crowd. Two of my younger coworkers, both fucking worthless, eyed her as she bounced past them and jealousy bubbled inside me. Like they had any shot in hell of getting someone as hot as Kate.

Hell, I was married to her and not getting any myself.

I was not in a partying mood. So I hung around the fringe of conversations without really participating. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Harrison's office door was still open. And an idea struck me.

I strolled past his office. The scene of the crime — my pathetic bonus — was clear. Harrison's desk was also clear. Except for my employee file.

And out of nowhere I saw my big chance. In the chaos and drunken revelry I could slip in and get a gander at my file. I wouldn't need to see everything, just the past year or so. If I could just see what Harrison wrote about me or something about why I was passed over, that would be enough. I could make a plan to get back on top.

When the coast was clear, and after I'd downed a couple of courage building beverages, I slipped into that bastard's office and closed the door. I had to be quick so I pulled out my phone as I approached the desk. I felt like a spy as I opened the file and snapped a few shots of the documents.

And then I heard it.

Someone was at the closed office door. It sounded like they bumped into it or something.

My heart stopped.

Fuck.

The doorknob twitched. Someone was fumbling at the door.

Possible excuses roiled through my mind. Each one sucked.

I shut the folder and looked around for an escape. For an instant I even contemplated jumping out the window. Or at least climbing on the ledge.

Under the desk?

No.

Then I saw it.

The closet!

I darted into the closet and eased the door mostly closed. The office door opened and I heard Harrison's deep voice. "You are so bad," he said.

But he wasn't talking to me.



FROM MY VANTAGE point in the closet I could only see the desk and not the door. Harrison wasn't alone and I thought I heard a softer, probably a woman's, voice, possibly drunk, responding to him.

There was nothing for me to do but hope they didn't notice me. Any excuse I might have had for being in his office would hardly extend to lurking in his closet.

It was at that point it occurred to me why Harrison would bring a woman into his office during the Christmas party. There could be only one reason.

The only thing worse than sexual harassment at work. Actual sex.

Maybe my luck was finally changing.

Maybe this was my chance to get back at him.

If Harrison violated every rule in the employee handbook with a woman in his office, I just might have to document the incident, with my phone, for Human Resources.

Finally I would beat Harrison.

Plus I might get an eyeful of some hottie for my own solo adventures down the road.

And that was the last moment of hope I had before my world crumbled.



AT FIRST I didn't recognize my own wife.

Kate.

Kate was in Harrison's arms.

I closed my eyes and shook my head. How many drinks did I have? Were they spiked?

When I dared to open them again her smaller body was pressed against his humongous one. And there was no doubt who she was.

His giant hands were firmly on her ass, squeezing through the skirt.

And hers were on his ass too.

They were kissing.

But not for long.



TOGETHER THEY STUMBLED in front of the desk, groping each other.

A shock of pain rippled through my chest.

Maybe that's what a heart attack felt like. Or a broken heart.

But I couldn't move. Couldn't even breathe. Couldn't so much as close my eyes again to stop the nightmare unfolding in front of me.

The love of my life dropped to her knees. She batted her eyes like she was in love as she gazed up at my hated boss while she undid his belt and trousers. He was, understandably, raring to go, based on the bulge growing behind the fabric.

Harrison peeled off his shirt with a lustful look down at my pawing wife.

She let his pants fall to his ankles as she yanked down his black boxer briefs. His monster cock sprang free in my wife's face.

Kate stared at it wide eyed before she corralled it with both hands. His massive rod looked like a baseball bat in her comparatively tiny white hands.

With both hands she stroked him with great interest, tugging on his foreskin. She eyed it like she was doing an experiment on it. Like she'd never seen one before.

The huge cock throbbed in her hands, pulsing with energy. She held it to her mouth and gave it a long sloppy lick along the underside. Her tongue lingered just under the mushroom tip. Her lips parted and she dipped forward. The head disappeared into her eager mouth.

I could hardly breathe. It was like it wasn't real. Kate, my wife, with a big black dick in her mouth.

And not just any big black dick. The dick belonged to my nemesis. The guy who stole my job.

The sense of betrayal grew alongside the shock. How could she do this? Pleasure him? After what he did to me?

And she was pleasuring him. His grunts and groans of ecstasy were painful to listen to.

But it wasn't just him making sounds. Kate's breathing was ragged as she sucked in air along with his cock. And she was moaning just as she was, as if giving him head was pleasuring herself too.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The sensation in my own pants had become too powerful to ignore. My own cock, like a pale, toy version of his, stiffened and pressed against my fly. Hard enough to be painful. Harder than I'd been in a long time.

Kate kept on sucking and sucking. Inhaling him so deeply she gagged herself. Still she kept at it. Like it had been building up inside her. Like she'd been waiting her whole life to suck Harrison's cock.

Not once had she shown such passion with me. I was her fucking husband and never got a blow job like she was giving him.

And he didn't have to do anything for it. Just take advantage of her momentary weakness.

Something hit me in that moment. How could I turn this to my advantage?

I pulled out my phone and started filming. Maybe I could blackmail him. Or just ruin him. I'm sure HR would love to see what he was doing at his first Christmas party as a member of management.

But reality shut me down just as quickly.

The video wouldn't just show him acting inappropriately. It was my wife's mouth sliding along his big black shaft.

Anyone I showed the video to would know that I just lurked in the closet filming like a pervert while my wife was taken advantage of.

It was humiliating enough that this was happening. It would be even more humiliating if anyone else found out. It would spread around the company and I would be a laughingstock. A pathetic cuckold married to a cock starved slut.

But I didn't put the phone away. For some reason I kept filming. Who knew if I could use it later. Maybe confront Kate with it. Use it against her in divorce proceedings.

Maybe even jerk off to it.

My cock throbbed painfully, demanding attention. I reached down and tried to adjust myself but it didn't really help all that much.

Harrison pulled his cock out of her mouth. He tilted his cock straight up towards the ceiling. My wife wiped her lips and gazed up at him.

"Suck on my balls," he said.

Kate licked her lips and nodded. She took a deep breath and leaned forward, sucking one of his hairy balls into her mouth.

Harrison's head tilted back and he groaned again as Kate happily moved on to his other ball.

She became more and more brazen, leaving his balls to dangle along her cheek as she stuffed her face into his crotch.

It was brutal watching her bury her face behind his balls. Her tongue exploring the dark crevices at the deepest part of him.

The way Harrison enjoyed it, she had to have been licking his asshole. Her face was in far enough to do it.

"Oh, yeah, lick my ass, baby." Harrison's voice was guttural.

Kate's hands emerged on Harrison's ass cheeks. She was pulling them apart as though she wanted better access to give him a rim-job.

She never so much as touched my ass with her finger let alone her tongue.

In spite of myself, I shoved my free hand down the front of my pants. Down my underwear too. Despite the lack of room I managed to stroke myself just enough.

Kate finally pulled her head out of Harrison's crotch. She gasped for breath. It was like she had been underwater down there. Her entire face seemed to glisten.

There was no way I would ever look at her the same way again. Or kiss her or anything. Not after this.

Harrison pulled her to her feet. He towered over her. His stiff cock pressed against her sweater between her boobs. She gripped it and slowly stroked it.

He stepped out of his pants and reached around to her backside. His massive hands slid up under her skirt, pushing the fabric up and out of the way. He gripped the pale white skin of her ass cheeks.

Wait! Was she not wearing panties? I knew she didn't bother with a bra but no panties either? With that short skirt?

It struck me then. Kate had planned this all along.



KATE STOPPED STROKING his cock long enough to unzip her skirt. Harrison pulled his hands off her ass so the skirt could float to the floor.

My wife still had her Christmas sweater on but her rounded bare backside was on full display. She pushed against Harrison's chest backing him against his desk.

Harrison took the cue with an evil grin. The grin of a man getting something he damn well knew he didn't deserve.

He laid back on top of his desk, naked, with his massive cock at full attention.

Kate watched him for a moment biting her lower lip. It was as though she was deciding if she was really going to take the next awful step.

A silent prayer crossed my mind. I implored her not to do it. We could still come back from this. Sure I'd never be able to get the images of her sucking his cock and licking his asshole out of my mind. Every time we kissed I would remember where those lips had been.

But Kate knew what she was going to do all along. She stepped to the side of the desk admiring his athletic body.

Then she scrambled up onto the desk like a gymnast and straddled him.



MY WIFE GIGGLED NERVOUSLY as she found herself high on my boss's desk ready to ride him.

Harrison looked up at her. How many other girls, other sluts, had he been with? White girls throwing themselves at him, desperate to experience his big, black, forbidden cock.

Now my wife, the only woman I'd ever been with, was just another one of his conquests. For the rest of our lives we'd all remember this terrible moment when my wife wanted him more than anything else in the entire world.

He could picture her naked whenever he wanted. He could remember how her lips felt on his cock. Her tongue in his asshole.

Harrison slid his hand to her pussy. He brushed against the light brown pubic hair on her mound. His big black fingers curled under her, to her dripping wet cunt.

She moaned as he stroked her most private place — a place only I should have been allowed in.

"You are so fucking wet," he said as he slid a finger up inside her. Kate's entire body shivered with delight.

Harrison grinned up at her, admiring his effect on my wife.

Kate braced her hands against his chest as he pumped his finger up and into her.

When he pulled his glistening finger out he brought it to his face. He sniffed the sweet scent of her desire before putting it to his lips, tasting her.

My wife giggled again. "Your finger is bigger than my husband's entire cock."

He laughed. At what she said. At me.

The hatred boiled up in me.

But still I didn't do anything. Except keep filming. And playing with myself.



HARRISON WRIGGLED both hands up under Kate's sweater. The bottom of the sweater rolled up against his wrists allowing me to see his big black hands fondle my wife's big bare tits.

She was so excited her nipples were hard. They bent against his greedy fingers.

Kate had begun grinding her crotch against him. His cock was behind her and naturally fell into the crack of her ass. She felt it back there and tried to stroke his cock between her ass cheeks. But he was too big.

She rose up high enough for his cock to fall under her. She pushed it down flat against his lower abdomen and plopped back down over it. In place again, she slid her cunt back and forth along his shaft. Like a slutty Christmas train.

Harrison's cock was touching my wife's cunt.

She slid back and forth like it was some sort of X rated winter sport. And she was rocking like she was going to medal in it.

She seemed to enjoy it more than him and I knew a guy like Harrison would be getting tired of the preliminaries. Foreplay was

not something guys like Harrison were looking for in an office party tryst. With a subordinate's wife.



KATE GOT the idea that Harrison was ready for the meat of the matter, so to speak. She raised her ass up off his crotch and reached down below her to position his cock. God forbid he even had to that to get laid by my wife.

Kate's fingers trembled a bit as she manipulated him. She even gave him a couple of hand strokes as though she were hesitating.

By that point I had little hope that she wouldn't go through with it. Or that she had any second thoughts about ruining her marriage and destroying her husband.

Harrison dropped his hands from under the sweater. They were busy rubbing her bare backside. He was rough with her, pulling her cheeks apart and more than once brushing his fingers against her asshole.

Kate didn't object. She nestled her cunt against the tip of his waiting cock. He was so big she was practically kneeling to her full height on his desk, his cock almost as long as her thighs.

Harrison gripped her by the hips and pressured her down.

She tensed as the pressure built against her opening. It was like she was sitting on a cock shaped barstool. His cock bent a little.

"Careful," she said. "It's so tight."

"Man, you're tight as a virgin."

"I told you my husband is not... big."

Just as she finished insulting me, she dropped lower. The big mushroom head of his cock popped inside her. She winced and her entire body tensed. She clenched her ass and a little cry escaped her lips.

They remained still for a few seconds until Kate caught her breath. Slowly she slid further down his shaft.

Every couple of inches she had to pause her descent. Her cunt stretched around his cock and I was honestly shocked it fit at all.

I nearly laughed out loud remembering our wedding night when she stopped early saying I was too big and it hurt. I didn't even get to fuck my wife on our wedding night. Yet here she was taking on a cock at least twice the size of mine.

Maybe I should have known back then we'd run into trouble.

Harrison's hands were busy. One was back up under her sweater playing with her tits. The other was on her pussy, his thumb strumming her clit like a musical instrument.

Whatever he was doing apparently worked. Kate slid all the way down his shaft. The thickness at the bottom threatened to break my wife.

She'd be so stretched out that even if I did ever get the chance to fuck her again, I wouldn't be able to get any traction.

Kate settled her ass on top of his big athletic thighs. She was breathing heavy with his cock so far up into her. Probably doing internal damage.

I could just imagine having to take her to the hospital and explaining to the ER doctors how my wife got injured.

Harrison started slowly trying to pump up into her. At first she just rose up on his thighs with him. So he gripped her tight waist, just over her hips and held her steady so he had a little room to work with.

More and more of his thick black cock became visible under her before plowing back up inside her. Before long Kate was pounding herself back down on his shaft. The slapping of her thighs against his was shockingly loud.

Harrison's hands had drifted down to her ass again. He gripped and slapped them, doing whatever he wanted. His finger kept touching her asshole. Finally he punched a fingertip into it.

Kate stopped short, clenching her ass.

Harrison didn't move. "Relax," he said and slid his finger in deeper.

"I've never done this," Kate said. Her voice was small, virginal.

Harrison grinned up at her. "Merry Christmas."

He got her riding him again as he worked her asshole with one hand and her clit with the other. He was obviously very talented.

Maybe he deserved to be promoted over me. He sure knew how to handle my wife.

All I could do was watch as my boss, on the very same desk he humiliated me on just the day before, basically double penetrated my wife. By himself.

And Kate was more into it than ever. She rode him as roughly as he fucked her. Her moans of ecstasy were hard to endure.

But, shamefully, it turned me on like never before.



KATE MAY HAVE HAD an orgasm up there. Hell, she might have had a dozen for all I know. Her body rocked violently with every double thrust from him.

The only thing that seemed to keep her from falling off the desk was Harrison's enormous cock in her cunt and his finger up her asshole.

At this point, her head was just lolling around and she kept pitching forward to rest on him, like she was exhausted. But he wasn't having it. This was a straight booty call. Not some yuletide cuddling session.

He lifted her up off his cock and deposited her between the desk and the chair. Her legs could barely support her.

But he popped up off the desk and scooped her back up. He laid her out on the desk just like he had been. Only he pinned her legs up as he got into position between them.

Kate's eyes were slits as she watched him enter her again. Her abdomen swelled above her pubic mound as his massive cock claimed more of her.

He rested his palm on top of her pubic hair, allowing his thumb to float down and address her clit. He slammed into her all the way. His big black balls bounced against her still gaping asshole.

Kate started coming back to life. She looked back on the desk and saw something to rest her head. My employee file. Fitting.

Slightly more comfortable in her quest to pleasure my hated boss, she even grabbed her legs under the knee and held them up for his further enjoyment.

It wasn't more than a minute or two and she lost control again. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her breathing turned ragged. She forgot about holding her legs apart for him and started toying with her hard nipples. Seconds later her body quaked, independent of Harrison's pounding.

Kate's cries and moans were getting ridiculous. Like she was auditioning for a role in a porno or something. No way she was really that turned on.

But it sure looked real.

Harrison kept slamming his cock onto her, shaking the entire desk. He was driven to giving my wife a fuck she'd never forget.

There was no way I could ever live up to what he was doing to her. Even if we ever managed to have sex again.

Just then, in that moment of despair, I felt something give. I spasmed involuntarily and felt a wet, warm sensation. Down there.

Fuck. I just came in my pants. And it was a whopper too. I looked down and saw a dark spot already seeping through my dress pants.

I untucked my shirt but it barely covered any of the spreading stain. Just when I thought I couldn't be more disgusted. Or humiliated.

A deep groan from Harrison and I knew he was coming too. Only his cock was buried deep inside my wife.

Harrison's powerful rhythm collapsed. He kept thrusting into Kate but his motions were wild, ferocious. Like he was trying to pound her across his office.

Kate was focused on him. She used her hands to help spread her thighs as wide as she could for his maximum penetration. And his maximum pleasure.

His motions became jerky just before he shuddered.

He kept pumping wildly sending shockwaves through her large breasts.

Both of their mouths fell open simultaneously.

His entire body shook.

And he finally exploded deep inside my wife.

Kate cooed with content as my big black boss pumped his massive load inside her.



WHEN HARRISON finally pulled his long, thick, wet cock out of my wife, his cum started oozing from her stretched cunt. It flowed out of her, like a whitewater river, and down over her asshole and pooled on his desk.

Harrison staggered back a step. But he wasn't done humiliating me or my wife.

He stepped around the desk and presented his coated dick in Kate's face, dragging it along her cheeks, demanding her further attention.

Kate didn't seem to mind one bit. Her mouth popped open to accept his cum glazed cock. She made a show of licking and sucking his entire shaft clean. She even swallowed what she could.

Harrison tugged her sweater further up so he could play with her tits a little bit longer. He even reached down to rub her pussy some more, coaxing a fresh batch of his load to drip from her.

After a minute or so, he was satisfied enough to step away and gather his clothes. As he dressed, he eyed my spent wife, used and draped over his desk. "Did Frank ever give you a Christmas present like that?"

Kate smiled and wiped her face. "No," she said. "He can't even get it up any more. Not that he had much to get up in the first place."

Harrison, fully dressed and looking like he didn't just bang my wife, took a moment for a final insult. He pulled out his own phone and snapped a picture of her spread on his desk — without a word of objection from Kate.

He had the nerve to laugh and say Merry Christmas to her before he left the office. Mercifully he closed the door behind him. Maybe

this degrading incident wouldn't spread around the office.

Outside it sounded as though the party was still in full swing. The loud music couldn't drown out the pounding of my heart. It drummed in my ears as I lurked in the dark running down my miserable list of options.

Kate finally mustered the energy to push herself up on her elbows. The rumpled sweater caught on her softening nipples.

She stared right at me. "I know you're there. You can come out now."

For a few seconds I just remained still. There was no way she knew I was there. How could she? Maybe she was just bluffing.

"I knew you were in there the whole time," she said. "Come out of the closet."

Stunned, I nudged the door open. Despite the knowledge that my wife just cheated on me, when she knew I was watching, I felt an entire new level of shame — shame at being caught.

"I thought fucking your boss in front of you would be enough of a wake up call, but we'll see I guess," she said. "I was going to let you fuck me next but-" She eyed the wet stain on my pants. "It looks like you already shot your load."

Despite the shame, I felt the growing urge again. My pants bulged under the stain. "Please," I said, practically begging.

In that instant I wanted to fuck Kate more than I ever did before. Even if it would be sloppy seconds. Even with my wife's cunt still bubbling with Harrison's warm jizz.

"I don't think you've earned me yet," Kate said. She slowly, suggestively slid her hand from her bare breast and across her abdomen. Down over her pubic mound. Her middle finger curled down and into her cunt.

She scooped up some of his cum and offered it to me.

I shuddered at the suggestion. But stepped forward anyway. I undid my pants and let them fall to my ankles. My cock was hard again so I pulled my underwear down too.

Despite being fully erect, my pathetic dick looked even smaller and sadder than usual. The shame could not get any greater. All I

wanted was to fuck my wife, even as sloppy seconds. Everything else would have to be dealt with later.

"If you want to fuck me, like your boss just did, you need to clean up his mess first."

At that point I would have done anything I had to in order to get her back. Without dwelling on the inevitable, I leaned in and took her cum coated finger to my lips. I gagged as I tasted him.

Kate grabbed my tie and pulled my head down to her pussy. Still I hesitated. So she gripped the back of my head and jammed it down. I was powerless as she rubbed my face in the sticky wet mess between her thighs.

Somehow, with my face fully consumed in that gooey disaster, I heard a sound that caused my cock and balls to shrivel up.

The office door opened, followed by a gasp.

I jerked my head up, aware of strings of goo stretching across the gap to my wife's destroyed pussy, and saw the head of Human Resources standing in the open office door. The look of shock on his face must have matched my own. Except his wasn't covered in another man's cum.



KATE and I spent a quiet Christmas at home that year. Obviously, we didn't have the money to travel or for a lot of presents.

There was a lot of time to dwell on the walk of shame Kate and I had to endure as we were escorted out of the party by the head of HR. Kate grinned the whole way as though she didn't give a shit.

I eyed Harrison on the way out the door. He had a smug grin on his face as he watched us march by. There was a new girl on his arm already, his conquest of my wife just another notch on his belt.

My first day back at work after Christmas consisted of a brutal meeting. Once again my options sucked. I could either let them railroad me out of the company or defend myself by explaining, in excruciating detail, how it was my boss, Harrison, who actually fucked my wife and I was just cleaning up the mess, with my face.

In the end I took the railroading. In the end Kate and I were both screwed at the Christmas party. The only difference was Kate seemed to enjoy it.

As I cleaned out my desk, with a smirking security guard standing by, I heard all the snickers from my coworkers. Well, former coworkers. They seemed to enjoy my humiliation of my second walk of shame in less than a week.

Unfortunately, Kate still wouldn't let me fuck her. I filled the long days at home looking for a new job and jerking off. Fortunately I had the video of them to help me in that department. Though, each time, as soon as I came and the desire faded, despair would set in again.

But not everything was negative.

A week or so later I finally got the belated Christmas present I deserved.

In the garbage can of the master bathroom I found a pregnancy test that Kate had taken.

It was positive.

That Christmas I became a cuckold and my life would never be the same again.



The end.

COMING UP NEXT - a cuckold husband is quarantined with his cheating wife and her big, black bull...

First Time Straight to Gay MMF Interracial Cuckold Cleanup Humiliation

A woman with blonde hair is posing in front of a window. She is wearing a dark blue lace bra with light-colored bows on the straps and matching dark blue lace underwear. Her right hand is raised near her face, and her left hand is resting on her hip. The background shows a window with wooden frames.

Cuckold Quarantine

Francis Cuckold

INTRODUCTION

A Cheating Wife and Her Big, Black Bull Submit A Cuckold Husband to His First Time Gay MMF Encounter...

A husband's lie snowballs...

Forcing his gorgeous wife's big, Black personal trainer to quarantine in their home...

And the Bull's payment goes way beyond claiming his wife...

The Cuckolded husband's humiliation will last way longer than the cleanup...



CUCKOLD QUARANTINE



*I*t all exploded in my face.
My big lie.

It was a great plan. Until the virus became a big deal and fucked everything.

So I told my wife I was going to a big electronics conference in Las Vegas. And she didn't have a problem with it. So far so good.

My wife's a blonde, and a smoking hot one at that, so it wasn't too hard to put one over on her. Lisa was always a trophy wife for me. But, trust me, that's not all it is cracked up to be.

The reality of it was I needed some time alone. In Nevada. And by alone, I meant going alone to a brothel.



"HONEY, WAKE UP!"

I sprung upright in my bed to the sight of my wife pacing back and forth around our bedroom. My heart was already racing.

Oh my God.

She knows.

How?

In my mind, I flipped through my options.

Come clean and apologize? Beg for forgiveness?

Hell no. Lisa was a lot of things. Beautiful. Blonde. A trophy wife in every sense.

But she was also vindictive. And she never, ever forgot a slight, no matter how insignificant.

There was only one way to handle this: Play dumb.

"What?" I said with as much feigned authenticity as I could muster on such short notice. "What is it?"

Lisa stopped pacing and leaned over the edge of the bed towards me. She was wearing a white tank top over her sports bra and I was momentarily distracted by her cleavage. Her flawless skin glowed with perspiration. She was at her hottest when she worked out. She was also sporting the sheerest yoga pants ever conceived. So sheer that I forbid her to wear them outside the house.

"Your trip!" The shrillness in her voice cut me to the bone.

Oh, fuck.

I knew it. It was a bad idea from the start. Apparently what happens in Vegas doesn't stay in Vegas.

My mouth started going before my brain could catch up. "Look baby, I can explain."

Lisa raised a hand to stop me like she was the hottest policewoman ever, directing traffic. Still, she irritated the crap out of me when she treated me like a child. But I let it go, figuring this wasn't the best time to complain.

"Don't even," she said. "I can barely look at you right now!"

Oh, no. The D word.

She's going to want a divorce.

Divorce is the last thing I wanted. When we were engaged, she refused to sign the pre-nup and back then I was so head over heels in love with her that I didn't care. And deep down I knew I'd never get so lucky to land a real trophy wife again. In reality, the only time I'd get a woman as beautiful as Lisa was by paying her.

But without the pre-nup, I'd lose half of everything, at least, in a divorce. And there was no way I was going back to my old single life.

"I can't believe you just slipped into bed last night! Right next to me! Like nothing happened!" I'd never seen her so angry. Somehow, the rage made her hotter.

How could I have been so stupid? Risking my marriage for a little fun? What have I done?

"I'm sorry." My throat started seizing up and real tears started forming. "I'm so sorry."

"Sorry? That's all you have to say?"

I wiped my eyes in an attempt to prevent the real tears from dripping down my cheeks. Not a good look for a grown man. "I'm a weak man."

Lisa cocked her head and stared at me. "A weak man? What are you talking about?"

My breath caught in my throat. A glimmer of hope. "Wait. What are **you** talking about?"

"I'm talking about the quarantine."

"Quarantine? What quarantine?"



LISA EXPLAINED the situation to me.

It turns out someone with the virus may have exposed everyone who attended the big electronics conference, that I "attended." Authorities were demanding that anyone who attended the conference had to quarantine at home. And anyone who had close contact with attendees should also quarantine.

So unless I told my wife the truth about my trip, I'd have to go along with this quarantine business. What a pain in the ass that was going to be!



SOMEHOW I MANAGED to drag myself out of bed and into the kitchen. Lisa was drinking a bottle of water. She had a second one in her hand.

Wow. I was so lucky to have her. Lisa was so thoughtful. The simple act of getting a water for me made me feel even guiltier about what I'd done.

Before she could offer it to me a dark shadow crossed the far hallway and caught my eye. Lisa and I weren't alone.

"Who is that?" Unconsciously I ran a hand through my hair. My bed head was considerable.

"That's Marcus."

My heart sunk. "Marcus Freeman? He's here? Now?"

"Of course he is! It's Monday and since you didn't want me working out at the gym, like a normal person-"

Of course it was my fault. Forcing my wife to hire a personal trainer to come to the house so my wife wouldn't be seen in public with see through yoga pants.

"How long is he here for?"

"Well, it was supposed to be a ninety minute session..."

I looked at my watch. "So how much longer?"

Lisa shook her head. Her long blonde hair shimmered in the diffused sunlight. "Don't you get it? He's-"

I stalked around the kitchen island. My confidence was back since I realized I hadn't actually been caught. It was time to man up. To reassert myself as the master of the house. I even sucked in my gut so Lisa would see me as the man I was. "He just needs to go as soon as possible."

Lisa leaned back against the counter. "Uhhh, he's not leaving." She crossed her arms under her boobs.

"He sure as hell is! Tell him we'll pay him for today but you'll have to cancel the rest of the week. Or however long the quarantine is."

"Fourteen days."

"Two weeks?"

"And now Marcus has to quarantine too, since he's been exposed. To me." Lisa took a swig of her water.

Something about the way she said, "To me" bugged me. "So he's going home to quarantine, right?"

"Nope. He's staying here. With us."

At first, I just stood there with my mouth open. "We're stuck inside for two weeks? With him?"

"Yup," my wife said. And I swear she smirked as she said it, only half bothering to hide it behind another swig of water.



HIS FISTS WERE JUST like the rest of him, big, black and rough looking. Like he did knuckle pushups on gravel and broken glass.

He was animated, starting with, "Are you fucking shitting me? Two weeks?"

My entire body went numb as he raged, pacing back and forth in our living room. Like a big black panther, pissed to find out his freedom was stripped away and he was locked in a cage. With my wife and I.

Now, granted, it was a nice big cage. A famed McMansion complete with five bedrooms, a home office, a workout room and a spectacular lagoon style pool.

After unleashing a flurry of expletives largely directed at Yours Truly, Marcus appeared to calm a little. "Here's how it's going to go," Marcus finally said as he glared at me. "You're going to pay me. And not just for your wife's appointments. I'll still do those." He eyed my wife with a primal focus that differed from the one he gave me.

Lisa just batted her eyes and I could swear she blushed. Not a great sign.

"But you're also going to pay me for all my other cancelled appointments."

An objection bubbled up inside me. Fortunately I stifled my desire to say something but not before an "eep" sounding squeal, not unlike the squeak a tiny, timid, mouse might make at the sight of a hawk.

"And on top of that you're going to pay me for every other hour I spend in this house. Plus you'll provide me with a bedroom and all the nutrition I require." Given the impressive physique he displayed, he required a lot of "nutrition."

Despite being deathly afraid of this man-monster who would be spending a fortnight as a well paid guest in my home, I couldn't quite suppress my desire to negotiate. "Is that all?" I asked, in a voice dripping with ill conceived sarcasm. "Why don't I throw in my wife, too?"



THE FIRST THREE days passed without incident, mainly because I confined myself to the master bedroom. I figured I'd better play my part as the potentially "exposed" party.

But each time I ventured outside the bedroom, usually to the kitchen, I was at risk of bumping into the reigning, however temporary, "man of the house."

My luck, such as it was, finally ran out.

It was around lunchtime on the fourth day when I turned the corner into the kitchen, and stopped dead in my tracks. Marcus was standing in front of the refrigerator. A large black man in my kitchen was something I had yet to come to grips with. But a large black man in my kitchen, clad only in boxer briefs, evoked a whole nother level of discomfort.

My vision of him was from the side so his profile was that of a muscular dark silhouette backdropped by the brightness from the windows. One particular aspect of his profile drew my attention and was extremely troubling. The oversized bulge in the area of his midsection.

Of course he caught me staring. "See anything you like?"

My face burned. "Excuse me?"

He laughed and shook his head. "Nothing," he said. Then he turned to me and had the nerve to say, "You're out of milk."

My mouth had gone dry so I wouldn't have been able to respond even if I had a response. Later I realized I should have told him to get the fuck out and get his own fucking milk.

But in the moment, all I managed was to nod a meek yes, like I was mentally adding it to my shopping list. Then I just backed away and hid in my room, listening at the door for him to leave the kitchen.

And he took his sweet time too. The noises that drifted down the hallway sounded like a busy kitchen at an institution. He was just one man but it sounded like he was preparing a meal for an entire football team.

My stomach growled just as there was a lull in the din from the kitchen. A spark of irrational fear surged from my chest down to my

nuts just by thinking that Marcus may have heard my stomach complaining about the situation.

And that's when it struck me. I was afraid of Marcus. Physically afraid of him. Bullied in my own home.



BY THE TIME I figured the coast was clear, I was starving. So I tiptoed into the kitchen. Not unlike a mouse.

Marcus was not present. But the evidence of his lunch remained. Dishes and cups, some for measuring others for drinking some kind of nasty smoothie or shake were left in the sink. God forbid he rinse off the items he used and put them in the dishwasher that was literally a foot away. I wasn't his maid. And I wasn't his little bitch either.

He even left a nasty used plastic straw behind. It was so disgusting I actually looked under the sink for a pair of gloves to pick it up with. But there were none.

I took a deep breath, like I was afraid of even inhaling the scent of the gross protein shake remnants that remained. My bare fingers grasped the cylinder. The length of it was slimy and I dry heaved as I picked it up.

Even as I darted across the kitchen to the garbage I saw that the foul liquid was dripping. As soon as I tossed the straw away I was horrified at the sight of the goo on my hand.

Even worse, I realized it had dripped on my clothes. First on the lower part of my shirt, the part that covered my protruding gut, but also on my pants, from the crotch and down my right leg.

So my attempt to fix a simple sandwich for lunch, had turned into a two hour plus time suck that included hiding, dishwashing, mopping, garbage collection and laundry duty. And on top of it all, I lost my fucking appetite!

Fuck that guy!

Fuck Marcus!



THAT NIGHT, in bed, I was still grinding my teeth over the giant black bully that had somehow become my roommate and who was ruining my life.

Lisa finished up in the bathroom and came to bed. "Another day down," she said. "It's not so bad."

Easy for her to say. Her life had barely changed at all. Meanwhile I was cooped up in here with my wife and her menace of a personal trainer.

Apparently Lisa took my silence as an invitation to keep talking. "I just feel so bad for Marcus. None of this is his fault but he's a prisoner here."

I couldn't help but roll my eyes. "Seriously?"

"What?"

"Marcus? He's a prisoner? What about me?"

"What about you?" Lisa actually climbed back out of the bed. Not a great sign. "You caused this! It's your fault! You brought this into our lives!"

"Keep your voice down," I said with a glance at the bedroom door. The last thing I needed was for big, black Marcus to burst into our bedroom, our most private and only real sanctuary during the quarantine, and insert himself where he didn't belong.

"You're worried about disturbing Marcus? I've got news for you! He's already disturbed because he's stuck in this house!"

"He's not stuck here! He's getting paid to be here, unlike me or you! Plus he's free to leave whenever he wants!"

"He is? Did you forget about the quarantine? Or are we just going to pretend it doesn't exist?"

In the heat of the moment, I nearly blurted out the truth. The truth, ironically, would set me free. From the quarantine. From my marriage too, unfortunately. So the truth wasn't an option.

"Well, he could just leave and self quarantine at his own house."

"That's not an option," Lisa said. But she averted her eyes. And the conviction wasn't in her voice. Was she lying? Why would she?

Lisa grabbed her pillow and stormed out of the bedroom. At first I was relieved. Having the bed to myself usually meant a better night of sleep. But the first thought that entered my mind, and one that would obliterate any chance at a restful slumber, was the fact that I wasn't the only male in the house.



FIFTEEN MINUTES OR SO LATER, I crept out of our bedroom. Slinking around my own house was getting old quick. But I had to make sure.

It was easy to move silently on my bare feet in the dark. The house was deathly quiet as I padded my way down the hall to the guest bedrooms. Marcus had the mother-in-law suite with the adjoining bathroom. Over the years I'd spent my share of time in there. Usually to watch some porn and jerk off without Lisa catching me red-handed, so to speak.

As I passed his door I didn't see any light bleeding under the door. Maybe he was asleep. So I slipped down to the other guest bedroom where I expected Lisa to be holed up.

There was a light on in her room so I breathed a little easier. The thought of Lisa running from my bed to literally jump into bed with Marcus was disturbingly possible in this quarantine clusterfuck I created.

There was no way I was going to stand guard all night, like a chaperone, making sure there was no funny business going on. But I was still reluctant to leave.

Something wasn't right.



JUST AS I was about to slink back to my lonely bed, a sound emerged from Marcus's room. It stopped me in my tracks. At first. I thought I imagined it, so I stood still and even held my breath. But then I

heard another sound. Not quite the same but similar. So at least I knew I didn't imagine it.

But the sound was of a nature that, in that context, terrified me. And as the sounds kept coming, my anxiety blew up.

In retrospect, I might have done things differently. Such as, knock on my wife's door to make sure she was in there. And alone. But fear makes a man do crazy things.

The sound I was hearing was unmistakable. The sound of a woman being pleased by a man. Not that I had much personal experience in that area. Usually I just focused on pleasuring myself. With some help from the internet.

The mental image of Marcus in that room with my wife drove me insane. Courageously, without any thought of personal risk to myself, possibly for the first time in my life, I decided to take action.

With a deep breath, I whipped the bedroom door open and burst inside. I may or may not have yelled, "a ha!" Over on the bed, I saw exactly what I expected to see. A naked, enormous black man enjoying carnal knowledge of a beautiful, and very nude, white woman.

Unfortunately, or thankfully, it's hard to say, the ebony and ivory couple I saw were on a tablet. The tablet was propped up on the edge of the bed and being viewed by a different naked, enormous black man. Marcus. And in Marcus's hand, at full attention, was his frighteningly large cock.

"What the fuck?" The roar from Marcus sounded like a lion was attacking.

As I backed out of the room, I was reminded of the old saying "Drop your cocks and grab your socks," as Marcus did the first thing. Not the second, however.

Shaking with adrenaline, I pressed my back against the hallway wall, trying to catch my breath.

The other guest bedroom door opened and Lisa stepped out. She was wearing an old tank top that was way too tight. The outlines of her nipples were clearly visible. Also visible was a tuft of her dark pubic hair, sprouting above the low cut panties she'd found.

My wife gaped at me, like she was so shocked at my presence she couldn't even conceive something to say to me.

Curses and banging rumbled through the door to Marcus's bedroom. Finally, he ripped the door open and stormed out into the hall.

He turned on me and screamed in my face. Too close.

He brandished his massive fist agonizingly close. Then he grabbed me by the shirt and pressed me against the wall. Abject fear overcame me. My brain shut down.

The next few seconds passed in a tortured mixture of blur and black out. Only later was I able to piece together what happened.

Marcus groaned in disgust and backed off. He didn't hit me or do anything else physically after grabbing my shirt and leaning into me. Something even worse happened.

I pissed myself.

In front of Marcus.

In full view of my wife.

Without Marcus holding me up, I slumped to the floor, crying. In a puddle of my own piss. Like a wimp.

It was only after Marcus returned to his room that I felt the warm, wetness over my crotch. My boxers were soaked and I sat in a puddle on the tile floor.

As I wiped my tears away, I became aware that Lisa was still standing there. My eyes traveled up her body, from her bare feet, up along her toned calves and thighs. At some point she had tucked her errant pubic hair back inside the panties. But her nipples were more erect than ever.

All this time, Lisa just stood there. She didn't take so much as a step forward to assist me. When I finally saw her expression, there was nothing but contempt in her eyes.

When she turned back into her room all she said to me was, "Clean up your mess."



FULL OF SHAME AND HATRED, I retreated to the master bedroom. I took a shower and returned to "clean up my mess" in the hall. Outside of Marcus's door, I heard the porno sounds again.

I could only imagine what he was watching.

And doing.

Just as I finished the clean up, Lisa's door opened. She had her stuff in her arms. "You can sleep in the guest bedroom. I'm sleeping in our bed."

If she even glanced at me as she passed I didn't see it. The contempt in her voice shook me - but not as much as the prospect of sleeping in the room next to Marcus. With only a thin bedroom wall separating us.



AN HOUR TICKED by as I was in bed (a guest bed in my own home!) staring at the ceiling. Resenting the injection of Marcus into our lives. But quiet as the proverbial mouse lest I provoke my live-in big black bully.

Suddenly my phone lit up, startling me.

A text from Lisa!

SOMEBODY'S GETTING LUCKY TONIGHT!

I sat up erect in bed and reread the text. Though I know less about women than any man who ever lived, even I knew an invitation when I saw one.

Lisa had demonstrated no inclinations that she was ready to forgive me for the whole quarantine mess. But maybe she missed having a man around, even a pants pisser like me. But if she was horny enough then I was all in for make up sex.

There were a few moments that I pondered what to wear for the invitation back into to my own bedroom. But I decided the text was pretty urgent so getting dressed up was probably not the right way to go. Boxers and a tee shirt it was.

As I tiptoed past Marcus's door, I listened for any sounds from him. There was nothing. Maybe he was asleep! A sense of relief

washed over me as I dodged another potential confrontation.

The master bedroom door was open and light poured out. If an open door wasn't another sign that an invitation was proffered, I don't know what was. Somebody was indeed going to get lucky!

Still I approached the doorway with apprehension. From the shadows I peered through and saw my wife in her silky, sexy robe sitting cross legged in the center of the bed. She was not looking to the open door for my arrival though. Instead she was facing the corner of the room that I couldn't see. The corner with the reading chair.

She picked up her phone and looked at it as though she expected a text back from me. "What is he doing?" she said with exasperation dripping from her voice.

So that clinched it. She was waiting for me! I gathered myself and walked in with the cocky strut of a guy who knew he was about to get laid.

Lisa turned to me with a half smile that I didn't totally believe was genuine. It felt almost as though she didn't think I'd show up or something.

Despite her apparent nonchalance, I smiled and said, "I'm feeling lucky."

Lisa burst out laughing. Harder than I would have expected.

Suddenly another laugh burst from the corner. A deep, menacing laugh.

Before I even turned my head, I knew Marcus was sitting in the chair in the corner. At first I thought he was naked, between his bare torso and legs, but then I realized he was at least wearing black boxer briefs that weren't much darker than his skin.

My second thought was that I'd have to get rid of the chair, which sucked because I really liked it and it would be hard to replace.

But then my mind finally registered a bigger problem than replacing my chair. There was only one reason a large black man in his underwear would be in my bedroom.

Still I managed to ask the question, "What is he doing here?"

"What is he doing here?" She said in a mocking, high pitched mimic of my own voice. "He be doing me!"

Marcus and Lisa enjoyed a good laugh at that before Lisa recovered enough to answer. "Remember when you asked about possibly having a threesome one day?"

Of course I did. But this wasn't the arrangement I had in mind at the time. What I had planned would have been Lisa and I with another woman, preferably younger and prettier. If I was honest with myself, I just wanted the opportunity to fuck another woman with Lisa's approval. Seeing Lisa with another woman would have been a nice bonus.

Suffice to say, bringing in another man, especially a big black guy that was already familiar with my wife was never an option for me.

"No," I said with my voice sounding like I was still going through puberty. The lying wasn't what affected my voice; hell, I lied all the time. What made me sound so pathetic was the dread of what was coming. Or, rather, who was coming. with my wife.

"Well, I remember it," Lisa said. "And your time has come." She emphasized the word "come" and giggled as she made eye contact with Marcus.

Marcus licked his lips as he stared at my wife. He stood up and his bulge seemed larger than ever.

Lisa rose up on her knees on the bed. It didn't look like she had anything on underneath her robe.

Marcus glanced at me with nothing but contempt. Lisa glared at me and told me to sit in the corner.

"I'm not-"

Marcus turned on me like a drill sergeant in a movie. I bristled as he yelled in my face. "Do what you're told!"

It was all I could do not to wet myself again. The chair was in the corner so I passed behind Marcus, careful to avoid brushing against him.

I flopped into the familiar leather chair. Immediately I felt the warmth Marcus left behind and felt uneasy. But there was another warmth that concerned me more. The disconcerting feeling that I

was getting hot just seeing my underdressed wife in front of another man. Even if that man had become my most despised enemy.

"Where were we," Marcus said as he turned his attention back to Lisa. Leering at her.

Lisa wrapped her hands around Marcus's thick neck and kissed him hard, with her mouth open.

The kiss stunned me more than anything Marcus had done to me yet. It was so intimate, more so than any kiss I ever had with my wife.

It was so shocking at first I didn't even notice Marcus's hands. After starting on my wife's hips, they slid down and settled on her butt. He cupped my wife's ass. Right in front of me!

But not for long before he dropped his hand down to her bare thigh below the robe and back up under it. Between her thighs.

The denial in me was pretty powerful. Every second I watched Marcus and my wife I kept pretending that their interaction wouldn't, couldn't go any further. In my mind, I kept expecting Lisa to push Marcus away and lecture me about how I needed to be a better man or else.

It was so emotionally draining that I again nearly blurted out the truth about the whole quarantine. Just to stop what was unfolding before me.

But I didn't do anything like that. Instead I just sat in my favorite chair and watched. It felt like I was being held hostage. And tortured.

Still I couldn't look away.

Marcus untied my wife's robe as she looked down and let him. She didn't make the slightest move to stop him.

He pulled the robe open and his eyes widened. So did mine.

The image of my wife's private parts exposed shocked me. The perfect globes of her heavy breasts, punctuated by her hard, pink nipples, the smooth plain of her abdomen down to her pubic mound with its trimmed dark hair.

Instantly, I was hard.

But I wasn't the only one.

Lisa grinned as she watched Marcus's reaction. Like she was eager to finally show him all the parts of her body that he had no doubt imagined seeing during all those private workouts together.

When his hands made their way from her hips to her breasts, she finally looked at me.

The stunned expression on my face should have alerted Lisa to my increasing distress. However, my wife either didn't catch it or didn't care.

I suspected the latter.

Marcus was mesmerized by my wife's bare breasts. He squeezed them and pinched the nipples, gently slapped them to watch them bounce and even leaned in to suck on them.

Lisa rubbed his head, encouraging him. She shrugged the robe off of her shoulders and it fell to the bed. It occurred to me that she'd gotten the robe as a wedding shower gift. She'd first worn it on our honeymoon.

Without warning, Marcus gathered the robe in a ball and whipped it at my head. The robe opened a little and covered my head like a net. Lisa laughed. It didn't hurt, physically at least, but it did startle me.

I fell back into the chair and just knew the bulge in my boxers, the second biggest in the room, was definitely visible. As fast as I could, I grabbed the robe and brought it to my crotch to cover up. The last thing I wanted was for them to see I was turned on watching my wife cheat on me.

But they weren't focusing on me. They weren't even looking at me. Lisa arched her back, pushing her crotch forward. Right into Marcus's midsection. She steadied herself with her hands on his shoulders and gyrated against him.

Marcus remained cool to her, letting her do her thing to entice him. Then he placed a hand against her pussy, his fingers exploring the batch of hair.

Lisa rose up slightly, dropping Marcus's middle finger to her clit. She moaned, barely audible, as he strummed it.

My heart pounded and mouth dried up. Another man was touching my wife's most private parts, on our bed, right in front of

me and I didn't do a thing about it.

I wasn't man enough to stop it.

Lisa grabbed his hand. Not to push it away, though. She tried to pull his hand down to touch more of her but he resisted. My wife wanted him to touch her even more than he already had. But Marcus knew how badly she wanted him and he was going to make her wait.

He took her hand and placed it right on his bulge. Lisa didn't need much encouragement. She traced the outline of his cock with her fingers.

An anguished squeak escaped my lips. Lisa eyed me, as if she was daring me to intervene. Daring me to stand up for myself. For our marriage. But I was paralyzed with shock and fear.

When I didn't budge, Lisa returned her focus to Marcus. She hooked her fingers under the waistband of his boxer briefs and pulled them back and down. His semi hard cock bounced free.

Lisa's eyes widened and she gasped at the size of it. And he wasn't even fully erect yet. She grasped it with one hand down around the base.

That's when the size difference between my cock and Marcus's crystalized for me. Lisa's hand could cover most of mine but her hand was dwarfed by his big black dick.

Slowly, she dragged her hand up along his length. That's when I noticed her fingers couldn't even reach all around his shaft. So she brought her other hand to help and double pumped.

But Marcus didn't get all undressed for a simple hand job, no matter how many hands were involved. He had much more in mind. "Suck my dick."

Lisa moved like she was hypnotized. She scooted her knees back and lowered herself down on the bed so her face was right in front of his monster black cock.

My wife's eyes darted in my direction. There was no warmth in them for her husband. It was as though she just wanted to make sure I was watching her defile herself. Disgracing our marriage.

I hated myself for my weakness, my inability to stop what was happening. Hell, I didn't even have the strength to turn away, or

even to close my eyes from the unfolding horror.

Lisa held Marcus's cock in front of her and stared at it like she wanted to commit every detail to memory. Like she would be tested on it. Then she decided to taste it by trailing her tongue up and down the underside of his shaft.

Marcus turned to me with a disgusted expression. Somehow he managed to look away from my naked wife to look at me like he couldn't believe I was just going to sit there and watch my wife service him. But what else could I do? If he wanted to, Marcus could kill me. Easily.

And I probably deserved to be tormented since it was my fault all this was happening.

Lisa finally opened her mouth and engulfed the head of his cock. Her lips locked down around it and her cheeks twitched which I assumed meant she was swirling her tongue around him.

In those first seconds of sucking his cock, my wife showed more enthusiasm for blow jobs than she did in our entire marriage. Every time I tried to get her to go down on me, she always had some excuse. She was tired, or had a cold, or just "not good at it." It sickened me to see her so eager with him.

Apparently, Lisa was just getting warmed up. Her saliva drizzled down his shaft. Since there was no way she could take all of him in her mouth, not even half of him, really, despite gagging herself several times trying to deep-throat him, she used her hands to help pleasure him.

Marcus stared down at her, occasionally pushing the back of her head down so she could gobble another inch or two of him. He even asked her, "Do you like sucking my cock?"

She gazed up at him with tears forming in her eyes from gagging. Obviously, Lisa's mouth was much too full to respond verbally. Instead she nodded with great vigor angling his cock up and down as she did so.

Several times I had to shift in my seat because my own cock was making things even more uncomfortable for me. I was so hard it actually hurt.

Marcus leaned forward and palmed my wife's ass. His cock plunged deeper into her mouth than ever. Lisa managed a muffled cough as Marcus spread her ass cheeks apart and explored her with his fingers.

Lisa finally pushed against him and turned her head away so she could catch her breath. Strings of saliva stretched from her chin to his glistening cock.

Marcus tilted his cock up and Lisa took the opportunity to suck on his balls. Marcus let his cock loll against my wife's cheek and forehead, streaking her face with saliva.

Then Marcus cupped his balls and pushed them aside before pulling Lisa's head further into, and under, his crotch. My wife didn't seem to mind as whatever she was licking down there caused Marcus to groan with pleasure.

Watching Lisa twist and crane her neck disgusted and pissed me off. With me even the slightest discomfort shut her down. Her neck hurt. Or her mouth got tired. Or her knees ached. It was always something.

But she didn't seem to mind any of that as she worked on Marcus. In fact it was Marcus who had her flip over onto her back with her head hanging over the end of the bed. He slid his cock into her willing mouth as his balls dangled from one side of her nose to the other.

With her entire naked body available to him, Marcus helped himself. He played with her jiggling breasts when he wasn't reaching between her thighs to finger her. Lisa sputtered as she deep-throated him. Her eyes were wide but the only thing in her view was a close up of his asshole.

At one point Marcus thrust his cock further down her throat than ever. He held it there even as Lisa gagged and tried to push him back. Marcus held her hands still as her chest heaved and her eyes watered.

My brain screamed at me "Do something!" My wife was being abused and any husband, any real man, would step up and put a stop to it.

But I didn't. I couldn't. I was too scared.

Finally Marcus relented. He pulled his never-ending cock from her mouth. Thick strands of saliva trailed it before collapsing on Lisa's gasping, face.

"You like that?" Marcus asked her. My wife, red-faced and breathing heavily, and with her head still between Marcus's muscled thighs, could only nod.

How could she "like" having her mouth and throat being stuffed like that? Her response stunned me. But not as much as what happened next.

"Do you want to lick my ass?"

My wife didn't even bother responding. She just lifted her head so her face pressed between his ass cheeks. Her jaw kept working so I knew she was really doing it.

It was too much for me. I literally shielded my view with my hand, like I couldn't trust my eyelids to handle it. The revelation hit me that I'd never kiss my wife again no matter how long we remained married. What she did was too awful.



IT WAS ONLY when Marcus stepped back that I could look up again. Lisa wiped her face as she sat back up. Her cheeks were streaked with tears and saliva and God knows what else.

Our eyes met briefly. Not even long enough for me to silently plead for her to put a stop to this.

Marcus had her scoot down to the end of the bed again, on her back, but this time with her legs closer to Marcus. All three of us knew what was coming next. This big, black freak was going to fuck my wife. Rip her apart with his monster cock.

Without me do anything.

But I was wrong. I would actually do something.

"Stand up," Marcus said. He had to say it again before I realized he was talking to me.

I swallowed nervously as I did what I was told. I swayed, suddenly lightheaded. My hands dropped to cover up my erection.

"Take off your clothes."

Since I was the only one in the room wearing any clothes I knew he was talking to me. But I resisted despite my fear of him.

"Excuse me?" I said it like we were having a polite conversation on the street between two equals.

He glared at me and growled. "Take off your damn clothes! Now!"

Still I was hesitant. Frozen in place until Lisa nudged me hard with her foot. "Do it," she hissed, a wicked smile on her face.

My shaking hands fumbled with my shirt. My pale untanned upper body embarrassed me. Revealing the rest of me would be even worse.

Marcus was tired of waiting though. He was lightning quick, especially for a guy his size. He snatched my boxers and yanked them down faster than I could react.

The waistband caught on my stiff dick, followed by the sting of pain. My stubby little boner bounced up and down before I could cover up with my hands.

But he slapped them away. Upon seeing my tiny erection, Marcus laughed so loud it startled me. And my wife joined him even pointing at my crotch.

My cheeks burned with shame. The thought of running away crossed my mind. But Marcus seized my arm and pulled me closer to him. I didn't know what he had planned but I caught a glimpse of my wife's cunt. She was glistening wet and for a moment I thought Marcus would have me fuck her while he watched. It made me even harder. That was my best case scenario. And even I knew it was highly unlikely.

"Give me your hand," Marcus said. He grabbed it before I could even respond. The last thing I wanted to do was touch him so I tried to pull away. But he was much too strong for me to resist.

Then he really shocked me.

He pulled my hand down and placed it on his cock.

At first I didn't even feel anything. Like my brain had shut down.

Up to that moment, I had a lifelong unbroken run of heterosexuality. Not once had an impure thought about another man

even remotely surfaced in my mind.

The horror that rose in me only grew when I found my fingers naturally circling his shaft. As if even my digits were tired of my tiny cock and were looking to upgrade.

And Marcus wasn't even holding my hand on him at that point. It was all me.

When the sickening reality set in, I jerked my hand away. Not for long though. All it took for me to return my hand to his cock was a stern look from Marcus.

I was afraid he was going to make me jerk him off. In my mind I justified going through with it. Since I was under extreme duress due to my fear of him, giving him a hand job wouldn't make me gay.

Lisa watched me with a satisfied grin on her face. It suddenly occurred to me that she was into watching two guys together. One day I was snooping on her tablet and I discovered her sordid browsing history included guy on guy sex. It also included white women taking on huge big black cocks. It didn't take long for me to realize her searches for BBC didn't mean she took an interest in news stories from the UK.

So there I was, naked, holding a big black cock in my hand, with my nude wife provocatively perched on the end of the bed. There were two ways this could go. And I wasn't sure which one I preferred.

I glanced up at Marcus as if I was awaiting further instructions. If he thought I was going to do anything voluntarily in that situation, he was mistaken.

"Put me in her," he said.

My jaw tightened and I stood still long enough for him to repeat his instruction with even more menace in his voice. "Put my cock in your wife's cunt right now!"

My hand started shaking, which was even more unfortunate since the motion had the effect of rubbing his shaft.

Lisa made eye contact with me as she spread her legs. She licked her lips and slid a finger over her pubic mound and down to play with her clit.

She wanted it so bad her cunt was dripping wet in anticipation.

What choice did I have? At least that's what I told myself. The reality of the situation was much more complicated. For one thing, I was rock hard myself. Maybe even harder than Marcus was. Not that I planned to find out for sure, As far as I'd already gone down the straight to gay highway, I set a firm limit on the number of dicks I was going to hold simultaneously at one.

A not so small part of me wanted to watch my wife take on her first(?) big black cock. And I literally had a front row seat to all the action, even if the rational part of me was repulsed.

No more dicking around, I thought and even smiled in spite of myself. Lisa caught me smiling and her expression hardened. She probably didn't count on me enjoying this situation on any level.

Marcus's cock felt like a weapon in my hand. It had some heft to it. He allowed me to pull him forward a step closer to the end of the bed. His cock was so long I was sure he could have fucked my wife deeper than I could even standing back from the bed.

Falling back on my porn watching experience, I smacked the back of Lisa's hand with the top half of his cock. It made a satisfying thwack sound. Lisa yanked her hand back and glared at me. So I smacked her again, but on her pussy. This time, the sound of it was muffled by her pubic hair.

Anger at my wife welled up inside me. It had the unfortunate side effect of strengthening my grip on Marcus's cock. Disgusted, I lined it up with her opening and tried to stuff it inside her.

But it didn't budge. He was too big. The second attempt also failed. The big head just squished against her wet folds. Even that was frustrating. I couldn't even fuck my wife with another guy's cock.

Marcus was softening. That made it so much worse for me. When he was hard, I could almost trick my brain into thinking I was holding a tool instead of another man. But the softer he got, the more it felt like just what it was, only much larger.

Lisa propped herself up on her elbows. Her bare breasts distracted me from her face. She sat up fully and reached for his cock. She was eager to get him hard again. But Marcus told her not to.

He looked at me and said, "You do it."

"Excuse me?" There was no way I was going to do what I knew he wanted from me.

"You're my fluffer today," he said with an evil spark in his eye.

"Your fluffer?" I said, as though I didn't know what the term meant.

Lisa piped up. "He means you're going to make him hard again before he fucks me."

I glared at my wife. But no words came. Instead I felt a new surge of excitement deep inside.

"With your mouth," she said.

I turned to Marcus. Surely he didn't expect, or want, me to suck his cock. The way he ogled Lisa told me he wasn't any more gay than I was.

But, once again, I was wrong.

Marcus placed his hand on the top of my head and pushed me down. "Start fluffing, bitch."



HOW DID I GET HERE? In my bedroom, on my knees, naked, and face to face with an enormous black cock. This couldn't be happening. Not to me.

While I wrestled with the implications of my bad decisions, Marcus had taken a hold of his cock. He stroked it a couple of times as I stared in wide eyed terror. That's when a familiar scent hit me. The tip of his cock was still glistening with my wife's juices.

Marcus swung his dick around and whacked me in the cheek with it. It left a wet smear on my face. That's when it hit me that it wasn't just Lisa's wetness but also precum from him.

I dry heaved a little, inadvertently opening my mouth. Marcus pressed the head of his cock against my lips. I pursed them and it felt like I was kissing his dick.

Marcus grabbed the back of my head and pulled it towards him, smushing my face between a rock and a hard place. Something had

to give.

My mouth opened without a conscious effort from me. And just like that, I had a dick in my mouth.

By that point I was too stunned to so much as spit it out or turn my head. It was like my body wanted to pause everything so it could decide what to do. To my horror, the meatiness of him in my mouth wasn't entirely repulsive.

"You can fight this," boomed Marcus from somewhere above me, like the voice of God. "But I wouldn't recommend it."

I dared to tilt my head enough to make eye contact with him. How many porn videos had I seen where the woman makes eye contact with the guy they were blowing? Now I knew what it felt like even as Marcus grinned down at me with his brilliant white teeth. I was his bitch.

"Are you going to play nice?" he asked.

I nodded. As much as I could under the circumstances. Just like my wife did when she had his cock in her mouth.

"Good," he said and pulled my head forward so more of his cock could enter my mouth. Almost immediately I started gagging. My mouth tried to close but it was so full of him that it wouldn't budge.

Marcus held my head still and started thrusting into me. He was fucking my face.

My eyes watered and saliva dripped down my chin and onto my chest, my thighs and even my own cock. It horrified me even more to recognize I was harder than Marcus.

Marcus stopped his motion but instead of pulling away, I found myself continuing to suck his cock on my own. I even found myself grabbing the backs of his thighs to give myself better leverage.

At some point I became aware of a clicking noise. My jaw was aching overextended but that wasn't the source of the sound. My eyes darted to the side and I saw Lisa holding a phone. She was taking pictures of me. With my mouth stuffed with a giant black cock.

Why would she do that?

Before I could answer myself, Marcus pulled his cock out of my mouth. I gasped for breath and realized I was lightheaded.

He tilted his cock up and stepped closer to me, almost right on top of me. Even I knew what he wanted me to do next. Suck his balls.

Sure. Why not? At this point the damage was already done, though I did angle my face so maybe Lisa couldn't get a great profile shot of me licking and sucking another man's hairy balls.

But while I was licking his balls, Marcus herded me closer to the end of the bed with his massive thighs. Above me I caught a glimpse of my wife's spread legs.

Was I the first husband ever to watch his wife be penetrated by another man from between the other man's thighs? With a mouthful of his balls? How demeaning for me.

Lisa's relatively tiny pale hand appeared from the edge of the bed. She grasped his cock, still glistening with my saliva, and pulled it into her.

Even from my lowly spot, I could hear my wife's feminine cry as the giant black cock entered her. My eyes watered all over again but this time it wasn't from gagging on a dick.

The bed shook as Marcus fucked my wife. Several times he pulled out and angled his dripping cock down. He didn't have to tell me to suck his cock clean. I knew what to do.

Somehow my wife tasted sweeter than ever on his cock. Maybe because he penetrated her so deeply? Who would have thought?

Marcus paused. He was balls deep in my wife - trust me, I knew - when he reached down and pushed my head further behind him. I winced as the top of my head slid under his ass.

At least I was done, I figured. Maybe he's let me jerk (myself) off in peace as he finished having his way with my wife.

But it wasn't to be. Marcus crouched and palmed my head like a basketball. He turned my head, twisting my neck so I was facing his ass. I didn't like where this was going.

He pulled my head so my face went right into his butt crack. "Lick my ass," he said.

His voice and hand were so insistent, I couldn't resist. So I closed my eyes and stuck out my tongue touching whatever. Just enough to satisfy him.

"You can do better than that."

I stuck my tongue out further and it touched something in there. Silently, I prayed it was enough.

It wasn't.

"Use your hands and spread my ass," he said. I did what he told me. Then he crouched down and literally sat on my face. God help me, my nose and tongue penetrated his ass before I fell back onto the floor sputtering.

"That was pathetic, just like you," Marcus said. He had pulled out of Lisa and he stood there with his cock, coated with my wife's juices, angled in front of him like a terrible weapon.

He hauled me to my feet like I weighed nothing. Since I was still trying to get over the sensation of his ass on my face I didn't even realize he bent me over the edge of the bed until I was staring at Lias's gaping, ragged cunt from an inch away.

He destroyed it.

By stretching her so much with his giant cock he ruined it for me. Forever.

Marcus wouldn't even let me dwell on what he'd done to my wife.

He pushed my face into her. My anger fell away. She tasted so sweet. Sweeter than ever. Never was I so happy to taste her, even if she'd just had an enormous cock pulled out of her.

Lisa tilted her head up and peered down at me between her flattened breasts. Her eyes widened as her gaze rose above me. Like there was something behind me that I needed to know about.

That's when I felt a warm liquid flow down between my ass cheeks. Uh, oh.

"Tell me you how much you want this," Marcus said.

My analytical mind parsed what he meant by "this." If he was referring to lube before he stuck his monster cock in my virgin asshole, then the answer was a definitive "yes, please."

But fear was a secondary emotion by that point. Curiosity had reared its ugly, ahh, head. There was another meaty thwack sound as Marcus slapped his cock on my ass, not unlike what I had done to Lisa earlier.

Recently I'd heard of something called pegging and my interest was piqued. I even imagined paying some enterprising young lady to do it to me during my next "conference" - if there ever were any more conferences after the virus passed.

And so I rationalized what was about to happen. If I was willing to pay a stranger to penetrate me anyway, why not just let this play out and see what happened? It wasn't all that different, really. Just swap out a beautiful young woman with a dildo for an angry black man with a real giant cock who hated me and was also going to fuck the shit out of my wife? It was basically the same thing.

"Do it," I said before I could come to my senses.

And that was the last thought I had before my world exploded in pain.



"RELAX."

Despite receding a bit, the pain was bad enough for me to forget the fear I had of Marcus. "How can I relax with your giant dick in my ass?" My voice was super whiney.

Marcus laughed and Lisa joined in. "That's my finger," he said and they laughed some more. "Man, you really are a pussy aren't you?" He smacked my ass hard. "And a tight ass."

"Your finger is bigger than my husband's tiny cock." Lisa climbed off the bed and sat in the chair. She had a front row seat. And from the expression on her face, not to mention how enthusiastically she was rubbing herself, she was looking forward to me losing my anal virginity.

And so was I.

Marcus kept working his finger inside me. It kept feeling better and better. Even through another shock of pain as he inserted a second finger. I was so excited I had to stroke myself because my cock throbbed so hard. I couldn't wait to experience being filled with his cock.

Marcus teased me some more. Or maybe it wasn't teasing. Maybe he was just loosening me up for him to enter. His cock was so big there was no way it was going to fit unless he did some prep work.

Finally he pulled his fingers away. For a moment, I just felt the cool air on my lubricated ass. It felt weird being exposed like that. So vulnerable.

But the big moment finally arrived. Marcus pressed his cock against my asshole. Despite wanting it, I tensed up. Marcus applied more lube and increased the pressure.

Pain seared me.

A cry burst from my lips. Marcus was ripping me open. It was all I could do to grab fistfuls of the bedspread and hold on.

It wasn't all pain, at least after the initial entry of the oversized head of his cock. And after a minute or so, I was able to relax and enjoy every inch of him. Well, maybe not every inch, Marcus had a lot of inches to offer.

Marcus fell into a rhythm, not unlike the one he fell into when he was fucking my wife. It felt better and better and I couldn't help but play with myself to increase my pleasure.

Lisa was giggling from the chair. She held her phone up and I assumed she was filming me taking it up the ass. But even though I was being fucked I couldn't help but notice her other hand was furiously thrumming her clit.

"Don't be gentle with him, Marcus," Lisa said. "Remember why you're here. Punish him."

Marcus started thrusting harder. The length of his cock railing deep inside me. He started pounding me so hard his balls slapped against mine.

The force of Marcus's thrusts slammed me into the end of the bed. I lost my grip on my cock just as I came. It felt good to come but not as good as it might have been if I'd been able to finish properly.

Marcus growled and ripped his cock out of me. Another searing pain lit up my asshole. It complemented the pleasure of coming.

Marcus hadn't come yet. I was sure I'd notice if he filled me up with his load or if he'd shot it all over my back and ass. Being covered in another man's cum was a step too far for me. No matter how much I enjoyed being filled up, I wasn't gay.

Marcus was whipped up into a frenzy. He smacked my ass and lifted me onto the bed. The ease with which he tossed me might have been more emasculating than sucking his cock, or being fucked by him. But maybe not as much as when I licked his asshole.

He twisted me around so I was on my back with my head hanging off the foot of the bed. Just like Lisa was earlier.

Before I figured out what was happening next, Marcus had his cock pressed against my lips again. I opened my mouth and took him in again, before I remembered where his cock had just been.

Ass to mouth was certainly not something I'd planned on happening to me. Marcus held me down on the bed but it wasn't necessary. There was no fight left in me.

From my view all I could see was the underside of his cock as it disappeared in my mouth. That and the bouncing of his nuts off my forehead.

He directed my wife to climb back on the bed and get on top of me. She complied with his order just as willingly as I had done, positioning herself in a sixty-nine type of position over me.

It occurred to me that she had always refused to sixty-nine me in our marriage. She had described it as making her "uncomfortable," and something only porn stars did.

When Marcus pulled his cock out of my mouth, I saw my wife's cunt inches from my face. The question I had was why did Marcus put us in a sixty-nine position?

The answer came soon enough. Above me Marcus's big cock flew into my view and continued like a big black cruise missile ready to unleash its payload right into my wife's dripping cunt.

He was fucking my wife with me as close to the action as I could ever get. Hell, his balls strafed my nose with every thrust. I could barely hear Lisa's cries of passion over the slapping of their bodies together in my face.

Needless to say, Lisa didn't touch my cock once. Besides having her naked body draped over me, the only time she touched me was when she grabbed my legs to hold on as Marcus pounded her into her own orgasm.

Finally, Marcus himself shuddered. He groaned and his thrusts became sporadic as he pumped his full load deep inside my wife.

On top of me, Lisa was winding down and collapsed onto me with the dead weight of a life sized rag doll. I couldn't move even if I wanted to.

With fascination and horror, I watched as Marcus withdrew his spent, but still enormous, cock after coming inside my wife. His black cock was streaked with his whitish fluid.

On his way out, he dragged the underside of his cock across my lips and cheeks, leaving a smear of his cum. I winced and tried to spit out some of it that had gotten past my lips.

It was so humiliating. Another guy's warm and sticky jizz on my face. I just knew I'd never forget that awful detail. It could be worse, I thought at the time. At least no one was recording this moment.

As I was sputtering, Lisa shifted above me. I figured she was getting off me. She pushed her torso up by bracing herself on my thighs. It left me literally looking up into her cunt. It was so stretched by Marcus that I could never imagine having sex with my wife again.

Just as I opened my mouth to breath, and avoiding inhaling through my nose to avoid the scent of Marcus, something happened that traumatized even more than everything else that happened.

Gravity took over.

All of Marcus's cum came shooting down out of my wife's gaped opening. Most of it flowed directly into my mouth.

Some of it got into my lungs. All I could do was cough as it splashed all over my face and down my chin and jaw to my neck.

I turned my head and saw Marcus laughing. He was holding his phone out. No doubt he caught it all. Just like I caught it all - in my mouth.



LISA FINALLY GOT off of me. She and Marcus shared a laugh at my expense before Lisa took Marcus by the hand and led him to the shower.

From their extended time in there and the moans of passion I heard, from my wife, I think Marcus fucked her again.

Lisa finally emerged wrapped in a towel with trembling thighs. She stopped to look me in the eye.

My lips were sticky with dried semen and I croaked, "Why?"

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

"No," I said, which wasn't exactly true.

"I know all about your trip. You weren't even registered for the conference."

And there it was. My lie exposed. She knew all along. "So this was revenge?"

She shook her head as she took me in. What a sight I must have been to her! Sprawled on the bed naked with my face covered in dry cum and my tiny dick still poking up at attention.

"If not revenge then what?"

She let the towel drop before balling it up and whipping it in my face.

"Think of it as the new normal," she said as she walked back into the bathroom for another session with Marcus.



WHEN I COULDN'T LISTEN to the sounds of Marcus pleasuring my wife any more, I tiptoed to the guest bath for my own shower. There was no more hot water but that didn't stop me. Lathering generous amounts of soap I tried to wash away the sticky remains of the waterfall of jizz that flowed out of my wife's stretched cunt.

The entire time I couldn't stop thinking about what happened. All of it. Watching my wife get fucked by another man. A big, black one.

And the sensations of sucking and being fucked myself, by that same big black cock.

It occurred to me that I'd been curious about what being fucked by a guy would feel like. Maybe I was bisexual?

Without dwelling on what it all meant, I found myself jerking off in the shower. And in record time at that.

Still I remained disgusted on one level. Multiple showers, generous handfuls of hand sanitizer (not just for my hands) and quarantine approved germ killing wipes that are specifically NOT FOR SKIN, later, I almost felt clean.



I RAN into Marcus the next morning. I'd spent the night in the guest room. Marcus had obviously spent the night with my wife in my bed doing God knows what else with her.

He seemed less lively somehow as he packed up his things. Apparently ejaculating multiple times inside my wife is exhausting. That's something I wouldn't know about.

For a moment I thought about telling him the truth about my trip. Coming clean, as it were.

But he beat me to it. Marcus said, "I knew you didn't go to the conference. Lisa told me."

"What?" I reeled at the fact that he knew all along.

"I don't understand. Why did you stay locked up in our house then?"

Marcus grinned. "I needed a place to stay for a couple of weeks. Plus you were paying me. So..."

"So that's it?"

"No, man. The best part of it was, I got to fuck your wife! And I got to do it right in front of you!"

The room was spinning. Breathing was hard. Like I couldn't get enough air.

"Actually, the best part was being paid to fuck your wife. Paid by you!"

With that last barb, Marcus turned on his heel like he'd practiced it and marched back out into the world. He took with him carnal knowledge of my wife and the shredded remains of my manhood.

At least he spared me by not mentioning how I sucked his cock. Or licked his asshole. Or bent over and... well, you know.

It'll just be our little secret.



A YEAR LATER, life after quarantine still wasn't back to normal. The virus was still out there, of course, but it was my home life that had really changed.

The changes were most notable when I would often find myself up late at night, unable to sleep. But I wasn't alone.

I wasn't alone because I was up in the middle of the night to take care of the baby Lisa had given birth to. And by taking care of, I usually meant changing the nastiest diapers possible.

The consolation for me, I suppose, was that apparently not every single drop of Marcus's cum managed to splash me in the face that night.



THE KID WAS GROWING FAST. He'd grow up big and strong. Just like his father

Marcus.

One look at his dark skin and anyone could tell the kid wasn't mine. The barely stifled laughter in the hospital right after he was born was particularly hard to take. Especially right after the delusional hopes that I harbored for eight months that I was the father were dashed.

The humiliation just compounded as family and friends got their first look at "my son." My in-laws wouldn't even look at me. Instead they just pretended I didn't exist.

My parents, especially my mother, tortured everyone by insisting the baby somehow looked like me. Maybe it was biologically possible for some of my DNA to have made it in there since Marcus fucked me that night too. However, it was not a point I wanted to mention to support my mother's position on the matter.

So the quarantine had ended but, for me at least, the consequences were going to last a long, long time. Especially after the video of my "facial" went viral on porn sites.

Thank God the virus meant it was socially acceptable for me to wear a mask outside...



The End.

COMING UP NEXT - a wet and wild encounter changes a cuckold and his cheating wife forever...

AN INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD FIRST TIME GAY HUMILIATION STORY

WATERPARK CUCKOLD

FRANCIS CUCKOLD

INTRODUCTION

A cheating wife's big, Black bull turns a day at the waterpark into a humiliating slip and slide for her wimpy husband...

When a lustful husband drags his unsatisfied wife to the local waterpark, he expects to spy on lots of nearly naked ladies to fuel his sinful fantasies...

But nothing has gotten his chaste wife wetter than the big, Black stranger flirting with her, right in front of her sniveling husband...

Now he's afraid he'll only be able to watch as his wife engages in a steamy, taboo, unprotected encounter...

But before this bull is satisfied, this Cuckold is about to discover there's a First Time for everything...

And the consequences will last a lifetime...



WATERPARK CUCKOLD



“C’mon, c’mon,” I muttered to myself, pacing back and forth outside the women's locker room near the entrance of the water park. People were streaming into the park, most wearing bathing suits and ready to go. Unlike my wife, Lisa, who wasted our time by bringing her suit to change.

Most of them were happy and carefree, but I was anything but that.

We had to hurry if we were going to get the best seats in view of the end of the water slide. Right where the people came flying out of the tunnel and into the pool. My guess was maybe half of the women either had a boob pop out or had their bikini bottoms fall down. If we got the right seats, I could watch the action without acting like a creep. Hopefully, I would only need to turn my head to hide the fact that I was watching. My sunglasses would take care of everything else.

Spending a vacation day at the water park was my idea. Visions of scantily clad young ladies bouncing around wet and wonderful around me all day sounded like heaven.

Look but don't touch. My life's story. To some guys that might seem pathetic but after ten years of marriage, it was all I had.

My wife, Lisa, was always shy. Being seen in public in a bathing suit was never her thing. And for the first ten years of our marriage I was fine with that. For a decade I didn't want other guys being able to ogle my wife.

But something had changed between Lisa and I. We never had sex anymore. And the worst part about it was that neither of us seemed to care.

So as I waited outside the women's changing room/locker area, I kept my eyes open like a casting director for an x rated flick starring yours truly.

Thong. Thong. Thong. Jeez, either the girls were getting younger, or I had gotten older. It was all I could do not to whip out my pecker and go to town like a pervert.

That's when I saw her. Holy shit, she was incredible. A proper woman. Not too young. Not too old. Just right.

She had this tiny red bikini on, and she was smoking hot. Her figure seemed perfect in the micro bikini. Her big breasts suspended delicately, their weight pressing against the fabric of the spaghetti strap red bathing suit.

It looked like she was alone, but there was no fucking way. A wide-brimmed hat hid her face from my view. Look away, I thought. There was no way her face could match her body.

Besides, Lisa would come out any second with her old lady bathing suit. And I'd have to keep my eyes to myself.

A group of girls swarmed around me, distracting me from this goddess. The girls were trying to stay together on their way to the water slides and I raised my hands so no one could accuse me of inappropriate touching.

Someone grabbed me from behind and I spun around to come face to face with the beauty in the wide-brimmed hat.

Lisa!

Oh, my God. My wife transformed into a goddess. I knew she'd been working out, but I never expected this. It shocked me to see her looking so sexy in a bikini.

"What do you think?"

My mouth hung open. Speechless.

She took her sunglasses off and looked me in the eye. "Hello? Anybody in there?"

"Yes," I said as my mind grappled with my wife's new body.

"What do you think?" She did a little pirouette for me.

"I think we need to go home so you can get dressed."

"I meant the hat, Frank."

Oh yeah, she must have bought the hat. The hat was something. "Why didn't you get the big one?"

Lisa huffed and slid her sunglasses back on. "You're such a poop."



LISA HAD some pep in her step as she searched for a couple of chairs. But it was her figure that had me stunned. It felt like the first warm day of spring when all the girls put away their winter clothes and seek the sunlight.

Her breasts bounced along, and I could not help but stare at the bared skin that seemed to taunt me. My dick was getting hard watching the guys ogle my wife.

We found some chairs in a relatively uncrowded area. It was near the path to the private bungalows that rich people could rent for the day. And far from the chairs I wanted to get by the water slides since those were already packed by the time we got there.

I slumped into a chair with my head in my hands. The whole reason I was there was to look at other women. Now I had to watch out for my own wife.

Lisa pulled something out of our beach bag. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I said. "Just a headache." Ironically, having a headache was my go to excuse for not wanting to have sex. Little did I know what Lisa was hiding underneath all of her baggy clothes.

"Could you help me with sunscreen?" she asked. "Then I'll do you."

All I could do was shake my head at the irony of my wife "doing me." That hadn't happened in years.

"Okay, okay," I said. "Just give me a minute." Did I really want to stay the entire day worrying about other guys eye fucking my wife?

"Oh, thank you," said Lisa behind me.

Immediately, I knew something was amiss. I sat up and turned to look.

A big black guy was touching Lisa's back. He was rubbing lotion on her.

"What the fuck?" I stood up to say something and realized just how big this dude was. He had no shirt on and his upper body was ripped. He was wearing some tight trunks too that left nothing to the imagination, unfortunately.

He glared at me. Like he was daring me to say something.

He worked his hand lower and lower down her back. "I'm Takeo," he said, as if his name was supposed to ring a bell. Or maybe it was meant to distract from what he was doing to my wife.

"I'm Lisa." She locked eyes with me. "And that's my husband, Francis."

"Frank," I said. Francis sounded too wimpy, and I hated it. And my wife knew I hated it.

The slender curves of her body outwardly twisted and arched with the motion of his hands until his fingertips grazed the waistband of her bikini bottom. He paused and smiled at me before sliding his hand under the fabric.

Lisa whipped around and pulled his hand away. "Whoa," she said. "I don't need help down there right now. Thank you, though." She looked at me, probably expecting her husband would do or say something to the guy who just stuck his hand down my wife's bathing suit.

But I couldn't do anything. Maybe I was too stunned at my wife thanking a strange dude for touching her.

The big guy, who I was really starting to dislike, just grinned. "My pleasure," he said as he raised his massive, greasy, white-stained palms and backed off.



DESPITE HAVING to stop a strange man from violating her, Lisa couldn't stop smiling after Takeo left.

"The nerve of that guy," I said. "Good thing he ran off before I could get involved."

Lisa rolled her eyes and handed me the sunscreen bottle for me to finish her up.

"I thought he was nice."

Something about the way she said it made me squeeze the bottle. Some of the sunscreen dribbled out of the tip and onto the

crotch of my trunks. Of course it smeared into a big mess when I tried to clean it up.

The image of Takeo's well-defined body kept springing into my mind. Totally unbidden, obviously. There was no reason other men in bathing suits would interest me.

But his bulge.

It definitely got bigger as he rubbed the sunscreen on Lisa. Did she notice it too? Did women notice stuff like that? Probably. It was too big not to.

"Are you going to do me or not?" Lisa wiggled her butt.

"Hold on, I'm coming." But as I looked her over, I realized the dude actually did a pretty good job lathering up my wife. In all honesty, he probably did a better job than I would have done.



"LETS GO," Lisa said. She suddenly was in a big hurry to parade her new body around for everybody to see.

"Where are we going?"

"Let's try some of the water slides. Isn't that why you wanted to come?"

Not exactly.

"Well, I'm going with or without you. Before the lines get too long."

Fuck.

The lines. The lines to the water slides were usually up flights of stairs where everyone crowded together. Normally I didn't mind the lines because I could get on line behind a girl in a skimpy bikini and look at her all I wanted since there was nowhere else to look. And the best part was when the girl in the skimpy suit was a step or two above me, her ass would be just about eye level.

But with my wife playing the role of the girl in the skimpy bikini, I had to make sure that I, her husband, was the lucky guy in the catbird seat behind her.

So I popped up with a renewed sense of purpose - protecting my wife's modesty on a water slide line. Lisa had a head start, so I had to hurry after her. It felt a little pathetic. But I brought it on myself I guess.

She turned onto the path of one of the water slides and I had to squeeze through the crowd to follow.



I WATCHED her practically bare ass as we marched along. Her bikini bottom seemed to get wedged a little more in her ass with each step, providing even more of her magnificent backside for strangers to drool over.

Just as she entered the entrance of the queue, there was no one between us. So I relaxed a bit. Almost there.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a blur of motion. Before I could react, I slammed into a solid wall. Or rather, it slammed into me.

It stopped me cold and knocked my sunglasses off. It was all I could do to remain standing as I came to my senses. Plus, the sunlight was blinding.

It was a guy.

A big one.

No shirt.

Sweaty too.

Gross.

"Watch it," he said.

"I'm sorry," I said as I looked around for my sunglasses. Wait. Why was I apologizing?

My brain was slow to start working again.

The guy looked familiar.

Takeo. It was the guy who massaged the sunscreen on my wife.

Lisa.

"Excuse me," I said as I wiped Takeo's sweat from my cheek. Then, I tried to slip around him.

But he hip checked me. I nearly fell over, but I stabbed a foot out to brace myself. That's when I felt the crunch.

My sunglasses.

They were smashed, and the pain in my foot was just starting.

Takeo was getting in the queue. Behind Lisa.

Forgetting my sunglasses, I tried to squeeze by him again. But he boxed me out like we were playing basketball. What the fuck was he doing?

It hit me then. He was getting in line between me and Lisa.

That meant I wouldn't have a perfect view of her incredible ass as we ascended the stairs.

But he would.



So, I tried to move around him again. But he was like a brick wall.

A very slick, sweaty, chiseled and dark brick wall.

"Excuse me," I said again, like we were two gentlemen at afternoon tea instead of two guys in line for the Tube-u-lator. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm getting in line," he said like he bullies little, pale husbands all the time. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"You know what it looks like," I said, trying to appeal to this meathead with reason. "You're trying to get between me and my wife."

"So what if I am?" he asked with a smirk. "What are you going to do about it?" His massive fists clenched and my knees turned to jelly.

Nothing. I would do nothing.

"That's what I thought."



THE QUEUE LED UPSTAIRS. Sure enough, Lisa's ass in front of him was perfectly placed for him to examine to his heart's delight. It was possible Lisa was accentuating her butt for him too.

Meanwhile, since I was behind him, his ass was right in my face. And when he noticed, he definitely started accentuating his butt in my face. It was emasculating.

At one point, I noticed that the tag of Lisa's bikini bottoms fluttered up over the lip of her suit. It was like a little flag calling attention to the small of her back where her butt began. Look here, look here, it screamed.

Takeo made eye contact with me just then. He made sure I was watching as he slowly extended his finger closer and closer to Lisa's butt to push the tag back down. He stopped and grinned at me as his finger stopped with the tip hidden just inside my wife's bikini bottoms.

His finger was between my wife's ass cheeks!

Lisa finally giggled and turned sideways. He dragged his knuckles along her bare skin. And Lisa pretended not to notice.

Takeo turned too. If I thought having his butt in my face was bad, he just made it much, much worse. Now his crotch, his junk, was right in my face.

And, if it was even possible, his bulge was even bigger.

Especially when he thrust forward and bopped me with it right in the face.



ABOUT HALFWAY UP THE STAIRS, the line backed up, and he stood real close to her on the wet platform. Someone bumped into me and I bumped into Takeo. His hand suddenly cupped her mostly bare ass.

Hell, I haven't touched my wife like that in years. Yet this big dick has the stones to do it right in front of me.

Lisa turned and glanced at me. Like she was giving me another chance to do something.

But, again, I didn't take it.

I was too much of a pussy.

So Lisa gazed at him instead. A guy confident enough to grab her ass and look her and her husband in the eyes while he did it.

Standing in that line behind my wife and this stranger drove me crazy. Watching him pick her up right in front of me in public was so humiliating.



THEY WERE on the step above me most of the time. I was in the perfect position to witness her increasing infidelity the entire time.

After an eternity, we finally were at the front of the line. All three of us.

A dour-looking attendant eyed us. "How many?"

Before Lisa or I could respond, Takeo stepped up and said, "Just two." He slid his arm around my wife's hips. Possessing her.

Lisa didn't push him away or anything, but she looked at me again and said, "I don't know."

The attendant wasn't interested in her indecision. "Two to a tube," he said. "Bigger person in back, smaller one in front."

Takeo took the tube and climbed in first. He offered a hand to Lisa. And she took it.

I could only stare as my wife stepped into the tube with this asshole.

The design of the two person tube positioned her head right above his crotch. Sure, it was the back of her head, but still. Any time my wife's head is in the general vicinity of another dude's throbbing member is a bad time.

As I stared down at them, I realized it was even worse than I thought. She had sat down between his thighs. As she sat up her ass pressed up against his crotch.

Takeo grinned up at me as the tube started down the slide. Lisa let out a girlish squeal as the tube slid away. Takeo cupped her breasts as they sped off.

"That's my wife," I said, thinking out loud. Takeo was literally "Taking" my wife.

"Happens all the time," the attendant said as he handed me a tube.

"It does?"

"Parties split up all the time. Don't worry though. I'll get you somebody."

The attendant paired me up with an enormous fellow who stretched the waist of his mustard stained swim shirt. As the smaller person, I took the front, eager to catch up with my wife and Takeo. My companion plopped in behind me.

"Let's go," I said.

Fortunately, my new companion and I approached the ride's weight limits, which helped speed us down the slide after my wife. I tried not to think about anything else as the acceleration of the tube forced my butt back into my companion's crotch. This fellow was very excited to be on the slide. More humiliation.



ABOUT HALFWAY DOWN the twisting slide, the tube splashed into a slower collection area that was crowded with bobbing tubes, including Lisa's and Takeo's.

Her tube was spinning and bouncing around in the commotion. Takeo kept fondling her. Though my tube was spinning, I could swear I caught a flash of nipple as Lisa's bikini top became dislodged.

A surge of energy electrified my crotch. The mere glimpse of a private part of my wife being exposed by another man ignited something within me.

The tubes continued to spin as I leaned to the side to help draw our tube closer. My companion lent his considerable heft to the effort. Did he see Lisa's exposed breast too? Possibly. Though I fortunately didn't detect any other indications of excitement against my butt.

Takeo's hand was on her tit. His fingers disappeared under the triangle of her bikini top. It didn't stop her from smiling. It looked like she was having the time of her life.

Finally, our tube crashed into theirs. But Takeo saw us coming and responded with vigor. He pushed my face back into my companion's enormous belly, eliciting a cry from the rotund fellow.

Frustrated, I just flailed around. It's not like I had an actual plan to stop them or anything. Maybe I just wanted to remind my wife that I existed.

Both of our tubes got sucked into another slide for the last run. We sped down the slope at high speed. At the bottom of the slide, the tubes hit the pool below and flipped over, dumping us into the cold water. Lisa and Takeo were first, and all I saw was a jumbled mess of hairy male arms and my wife's pale thighs and exposed chest.

Unfortunately, that was my last vision before I got crushed by my companion, who somehow seemed to gain a hundred pounds on the way down.

The weight of him knocked the air out of me. I sucked a lot of water in and thought I was drowning. Before I could straighten myself out, a male lifeguard rescued me by dragging me sputtering out of the way of the next wave of tubes.

By the time I staggered to my feet, I had a clear line of sight to Lisa adjusting her suit. The way guys were staring at her she must have lost her top or had her bikini bottoms pulled down. And I missed it.

It seemed ironic somehow that the entire reason I wanted to go to the water park in the first place was to see other women losing their bathing suits. And now everyone got to see my wife lose her suit except me. Her husband.

Lisa slipped and fell in the pool. But Takeo was right there with her. He helped her get to her feet in the shallow water as she stood up. She was laughing hysterically and dripping in all the right places. After she undid the wedgie that showed off her basically bare ass she placed her hand in his and walked up the stairs and out of the pool.

It was at that moment that something sparkled in her hand. Something that made my heart sink. Her wedding ring. It was an heirloom that had been in my family for generations. It was the same ring that my father had given to my mother when he was courting her.

Something about that caused my heart to sink.



ONCE THEY WERE out of the pool, I expected Lisa to let go and come back to her senses.

But she didn't.

Takeo pulled her down a path and around a bend behind some bushes. It was all I could do to catch up within hearing distance.

"Want to try another ride?" he asked.

"Sure," Lisa said. There was a casualness to her voice that shocked me.

"Follow me," he said, finally letting go of her hand.

I caught up to her and grabbed her hand. "What are you doing?"

"What do you care?"

"I'm your husband." I held her hand up to show her the ring, in case she forgot.

Lisa whipped her hand away. "Then act like it, for once in your life."

What was that supposed to mean? Maybe I wasn't the most attentive husband. Sure, I didn't know about the total transformation she made to her body. Which is kind of a big one, now that I think about it.

She was staring at me, so I had to say something. "So what is your plan? Bounce around on water slides half naked with a stranger and giving every guy an eyeful like a slut?"

Lisa thought about slapping me. It was right there in her eyes. But she swallowed whatever she felt and hissed at me. "No, that's not my plan."

She turned and followed Takeo down the path. Chasing her perfect dripping, wet ass was the only thing I could do.

What did she mean when she said I should "act like it?" What was I supposed to do? Get in a fistfight on the water slide? Getting arrested on top of getting the shit kicked out of me didn't seem like the way to go.

They led me past the quiet area where our chairs were and down an even more secluded path. A rope strung across with a sign saying PRIVATE and Available to Rent blocked the path.

Oh, shit.

A private cabana.

I didn't like where this was heading.



TAKEO UNDID the clasp holding the rope up so he and my wife could pass. He looked at me as he hooked the rope back up. Like that was going to keep me out.

There was only one reason he was leading my wife back to his private cabana. If I was going to do something, I'd better get to it.

I let myself inside the roped off area. Lisa and the guy had gone round the bend and were already out of sight. The tropical vegetation was so thick I had no idea that anyone was back there. In fact, I couldn't even see the cabana at all.

There was a courtesy phone next to the post for the rope.

That gave me an idea. Maybe there was a way out of this after all.



VAGUELY HAWAIIAN-LIKE BEACH music played softly from well-hidden speakers. It felt very exclusive as I made my way down the path. The lush foliage at least offered the illusion of complete privacy.

The path opened up to a small clearing in the faux jungle. The cabana, which was basically a really nice tiki hut with two sides open, was in the center. I'd never actually seen one of these before, let alone been inside one. They cost a fortune to rent. I knew that much.

The leafy canopy combined with the heavy thatched roof combined to make the interior pretty dark. Inside, it looked opulent with what looked to be a daybed surrounded by other comfy chairs. It was better furnished than my living room.

Each chair had a fancy white and blue striped towel folded neatly. And there was a mini refrigerator humming in the corner.

Sure, I could have afforded this bungalow if I really wanted it. But it didn't fit my entire purpose for being there.

Takeo's voice broke my trance. "We don't have much time," he said as he looked my wife up and down. He even adjusted the bulge in his bathing suit.

"We'd better get started then." Lisa glanced at me and unclasped the front of her bikini top. The triangles of fabric fell away, revealing her bare breasts. Her pink nipples were erect.

My eyes nearly popped out of my sockets. Her bare breasts were so perfectly proportioned my mind couldn't even process it all. Obviously, I'd seen my wife's breasts before, many times, but not in this context. Usually, we were in the dark bedroom. Without an audience. And most definitely with no audience participation.

"Lisa, come on now. What are you doing?"

Takeo interrupted. "Relax, Francis. You can watch. Maybe pick up a few tips. I don't mind."

"Fuck you."

"You'd like that wouldn't you? Maybe when I'm done with your wife, I'll give you a taste."

Lisa waved her hand. "Honestly, that's not what he wants. I mean what we want."

"Okay, that's cool," he said. "What do you want, then?" He leaned forward and cupped both of my wife's bare breasts like he was evaluating them for a contest.

"Just a straight, anonymous encounter," she said, as she let this stranger fondle her. "While my husband watches."

Takeo smirked at me. "That's cool. I am certainly down for that."

Lisa shrugged off the unclasped bikini top and tossed it to me.

Or at me.

Takeo still had his hands on her breasts. He squeezed them, thumbed her nipples and even lightly smacked them while Lisa and I watched.

Then she looked around, backed up, and sat down on the corner of a plush ottoman. She reached out and hooked her fingers under the waistband of his bathing suit and pulled him towards her.

"Please, Lisa. No."

My wife ignored me and looked up at him. She licked her lips and pulled the waistband back so she could look down inside his suit. She raised her eyebrows.

His big black cock sprung out when she pulled his suit down. It was like watching one of those old gags with the snakes flying out of the peanut can. Only this snake was more like an anaconda.

Lisa stopped it from bouncing by grabbing it. It took both hands. They looked tiny by comparison. His length was the first thing I noticed, but his girth was impressive too. Her fingers barely reached all the way around.

My wife was topless and holding another man's cock right in front of her face. Yet I was strangely unemotional about it. Maybe I was in shock.

"The way your husband is looking at me, I think he wants to do more than just watch me. What do you think?"

Lisa seemed to consider me in a new light. "Maybe. That would definitely explain a lot."

At first, I didn't realize they were talking about me. But when Takeo ordered me to approach, I obeyed.

"Pull your shorts down," he said. "Now."

A strange new tingle of excitement swept over me. The way he spoke to me made me feel as if I had no choice.

So I untied my bathing suit and loosened it enough to fall.

I'll never forget that moment. The laughter. Not just this big, black, strange man. But from my wife too. The humiliation. My shorts were down to my ankles.

"Dude, where is your dick? I can't even see it."

A glance down revealed the source of amusement. My dick had shriveled up so much in my wet bathing suit that it was hopelessly lost in the unruly nest of my pubic hair.

To stop the laughing, I grabbed my dick and tried to separate it from the tangled mess. It was pathetic.

After a few moments, the laughing stopped, but not because of anything I did.

Lisa and Takeo were back to focusing on each other. My wife stroked his cock with her hands, making him fully erect and so much bigger than me.

She leaned forward and licked the underside of his shaft. With a wicked grin, she took him in her mouth. Her lips sealed around the oversized head. While I stood there.

My wife had some other guy's cock in her mouth. It seared the image into my memory. There's something so much more personal about cocksucking than there is about fucking. Cocksucking is literally right in your face.

She started sucking his cock with a purpose. Between her mouth on the upper half and her hands on the lower half, it looked like she knew what she was doing, that's for sure. She even fondled his balls with her free hand. That was some porn star level shit. Which was kind of funny since the few times she did it with me, she appeared to have no clue.

"You're so much bigger than my husband," Lisa said, breathless between slurps. The words should have stung me more but my senses were just overwhelmed.

"Just wait," he said and stepped into her space. He stuck his cock between her big, bare breasts and had her squeeze them together while he thrust up and down. He titfucked her. Something I've never done.

Lisa giggled as the dark tip of his monster cock repeatedly poked her under the chin. She stopped playing along and he finally

stopped. A smear of saliva and who know's what else glistened between her breasts.

Lisa looked down at the mess on her chest and tried to wipe it up with her hand. But Takeo had other ideas. He pushed her back onto the ottoman.

Lisa was ready for him. She arched her back and raised her hips so this big stranger could pull down her bikini bottoms right in front of me.

Even from a few feet away, I could see the wet spot on her bikini bottoms. Takeo touched it and sniffed it before he tossed it at me. He hit me in the crotch and it got caught on my pathetic erection like he was playing horseshoes.

Like a conquering hero, he placed his hand on her pubic mound. She had a perfectly trimmed batch of dark pubic hair that extended within a fraction of an inch of her faint tan line.

Time seemed to stop. My wife was completely naked for this guy. And I could do nothing.

My wife, who was a virgin when we met and, as far as I knew, didn't have a dirty bone in her body (an unfortunate turn of phrase as we'll soon see) turned into a wicked slut. She propped herself up on her elbows and said, "I want you to lick my cunt and then fuck me."

And let me tell you, she was not speaking to me. Her husband.

Takeo shook his head. "I'm just here for the easy lay, sweetheart." He rubbed her slick folds and slid a finger inside her. "You're good to go, aren't you?"

Lisa huffed and seemed to consider the situation before saying, "Just fuck me, then."

She slid down over to the lounge chair and actually grabbed a cushion and stuffed it under her ass to provide him with the most perfect fucking angle ever. And, though I may sound like a broken record, that was also something she'd never done for me.

This entitled prick stepped to the edge of the chair and angled his cock just so between her thighs. He wasn't as hard as he was moments ago when my wife was sucking his cock. He stroked it and I swallowed hard as I watched him.

She looked up at him with anticipation as her dripping cunt quivered before his stiff cock.

But as he rubbed it, he looked at me and took a step back. "Come over here."

"What? Why?" I said. My voice squeaked like a mouse.

"You've been staring at my cock the entire time."

"No, I haven't. I'm not, you know, gay." Too quick. Doth protest too much, I thought. And I was right. Takeo and Lisa both noticed.

"Well, get on your knees and suck my sock so we can be sure."

Without thinking about it, and possibly without even waiting for him to finish speaking, I kneeled down in front of this guy and took his gigantic cock in my mouth.

Out of the corner of my eye, Lisa looked like she was about to say something. But all she said was, "Oh."

My eyes teared up as I gagged. My taste buds didn't really work. Maybe they were in shock, like the rest of me.

"Damn, you suck cock better than your wife does," he said. Then he said, "No offense."

I spit him out and said, "This is my first time doing something like this."

"That's what they all say." He grabbed the back of my head and forced me all the way down on him. "Don't you bite me."

I didn't. For some strange reason, I wanted to please this guy. Despite what he was making me do and for what he was going to do to my wife.

It seemed to go on forever. My jaw hurt all the way up to my ears. And between gagging and actual tears of shame, streams flowed down my cheeks.

Finally, he released me, and I staggered to the side. As I wiped my mouth and eyes, he stepped up to my wife's spread thighs.

He rubbed himself against her cunt. Then he looked at me and said, "Put me in her."

"Excuse me?"

"Guide my cock into your wife. Now."

His tone left little room for debate. Besides, I'd already crossed any imaginary lines I might have had. Since my wife and I both had

this guy's cock in our mouths.

I put my hand on his cock. Again. A half hour ago, just the thought of it would have disgusted me, and it did, just not as much as it should have. Instinctively I stroked it. Maybe I subconsciously wished his cock, so much bigger and substantial than my tiny one, was mine. What would it be like to be walking around with this huge thing swinging between my legs? Would I be able to pick up married women right in front of their husbands?

"Stop playing with it and put it in her."

My focus darted to Lisa. It wasn't fair that my wife looked sexier than she ever had in her life. Her bare torso rose with each heavy breath. Her eyes were wide. Was she more excited to be fucked by this big guy or surprised to see her husband so eager to touch his cock?

What would happen to us? Was our marriage over? What would I do without her?

Lisa licked her lips and held her breath as I rubbed the tip of his cock against her. She slid a hand down and toyed with her clit, something I'd never seen her do before.

"Hurry up," he said.

So, with a deep breath and a heavy heart, I pressed the head against her tight opening. It was so massive I didn't see how it was going to fit inside her. "It's too big," I said, and it sounded pathetic even to my ears.

Maybe I was hoping they would agree not to go through with it. Like I was a lazy umpire trying to get rival teams to call off a baseball game on account of rain on a sunny day.

It didn't work.

He pushed forward. After brief resistance, and with my guidance, the head of his cock popped inside her.

Lisa winced. She closed her eyes, and I saw a couple of tears roll down her face. Her knuckles turned white as she grabbed handfuls of the cushions.

He was hurting her. This asshole's giant cock was causing my wife pain. I should stop it.

But I did nothing, except watch.

"You can move your hand now, dipshit." I pulled my hand away. My face burned. For some reason, I was more embarrassed to be insulted by him than I was to suck his cock or to help him fuck my wife.

"Goddamn, you're tight. No wonder, being married to this little prick. You're tighter than most virgins."

He slid his shaft deeper inside her. She opened her eyes and even nodded like she was saying yes to his every thrust. She let go of the cushions to play with herself.

"How does it feel to have a real cock inside you?"

Lisa moaned.

"Tell me. I want to hear you say how good it is. I want your husband to know, too. Let him know that I've had more of his wife than he ever will."

"It's so good," Lisa said. Her voice was raw. "It feels so good."

"More," he said. "Tell me more."

"You're so much bigger than my husband."

For some reason, I was getting harder watching and listening to this real man fuck my wife. And humiliate me at the same time.

"My husband has never been so deep inside me as you."

I tried to cover my erection, but he saw. "Play with yourself while you watch me fuck your wife like you can't."

Barely ten seconds passed before I came. My ejaculation so was weak it just dribbled down onto the pavement.

Lisa didn't even notice. She was too busy. Her hips bucked as she writhed in the throes of her own pleasure.

The guy kept fucking her. Driving her deeper into the cushions. Riding her waves of pleasure.

Suddenly, he slipped out of her. His thick, wet cock slid over her pussy and up to her belly button. Lisa was still shaking as she curled up into the fetal position.

Takeo was breathing heavy. He tried to stick it back into Lisa, but she'd turned out of position. So Takeo looked at me.

"Maybe I should give your husband a little of what you got."

Lisa's head whipped around. She looked between me and Takeo. We both stared at him. What was he talking about? How could he

give me what he was giving my wife?

Then Lisa looked at me, and it finally clicked. I swallowed hard and clenched.



THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I was bent over a chair bare assed. "Relax, relax," they said.

Whenever someone tells you to relax, you know you're really going to get it.

Powerful hands parted my buttocks. Then I felt more than heard a meaty thwack sound slap against my backside. That was when I truly understood how big this stranger was.

Suddenly, there was pressure against my asshole. I tensed...

Burning pain seared me.

My face pitched forward. We muffled my cries in a cushion.

Make it stop.

Make it stop.

Make it s-

The pain faded a bit. It was still there. It just wasn't the dominant sensation.

To my horror, it felt good.

Lisa was staring at me. Her mouth hung open like she was stunned.

It's not everyday a wife can watch her husband be fucked in the ass by a stranger.

He pounded me harder and harder into the cushions. I reached out to grab Lisa's hand. She jerked it away from me.

"I own you now, you little bitch," Takeo said, and I knew he was talking to me.



MY GAPING ass still burned minutes after he pulled out. So I didn't immediately register the fact that he had my wife and me on our knees licking and sucking his cock clean. But Lisa and I made eye contact. We'd never forget the first time we went ass to mouth.

When he was satisfied, he had Lisa spread on her back on the edge of the chair again. But this time he had me on his knees so my face was just below her ass.

I assumed He wanted to make sure I had the closest view to him fucking my wife. But once again, I was wrong.

"Lick my ass while I fuck your wife."

He grabbed the back of my head and guided it between his ass cheeks. I'd seen enough rimming videos to know what to do from there. It was so humiliating.

It was hard to do while he fucked my wife, but I did what he could. When he was about to come, he pulled me forward between his sweaty thighs. My face was just below his balls as he shot his load deep inside my wife.

He kept pumping her as he came. Slower and slower until he was spent. He eased his cock out of her and once again I was stunned by the size of it.

That gigantic thing was in my wife.

And my mouth.

And my ass.

When the head of his cock finally appeared, an avalanche of his cum came with it. It splattered all over my face. Into my mouth.

I sputtered and accidentally swallowed some as it continued to drip onto my head. It was salty and warm and I gagged. As I tilted forward, more of it dripped onto the top and back of my head. It was sticky in my hair.

"You better clean up this mess," Takeo said.

He was standing over me and from my vantage point, all I could see was the silhouette of his enormous cock back-lighted by the sun. It felt like a command from a higher power.

Despite my disgust, I reared up on my knees and took his cock in my mouth again. This time I made sure my lips and tongue covered every contour of his rod.

When he decided he'd had enough of me, he turned me around. My wife's cunt gaped open, still oozing his load. It was quite a mess.

So I got to work. At first, I just dabbed here and there. Suddenly a firm hand was at the back of my head pushing my entire face into the mess. I assumed it was Takeo's hand. But it wasn't. It was my wife's.

She was getting into it. So I started focusing on her. No, I mean really focusing on her. For a change. Maybe for the first time in our marriage.

Her breathing started getting deeper. It was crazy that I noticed how much her nostrils flared. And the way she licked her lips. The way her hips started bucking. Was this going to be the first time I satisfied my wife?



No.

No. No. No.

Voices floated in from the pathway behind me. Someone was coming.

Lisa, in her rush to get up and get her bikini back on, swung her thigh just as I rose and nearly knocked me over.

Takeo was gone. Him and his big, black cock must have vanished like a genie while I was cleaning up his mess.

Lisa cursed. She couldn't find her bikini. Takeo took it for a trophy or a souvenir to remember the time he fucked my wife at the water park.

My hands were shaking so much I couldn't hold my bathing suit straight to step back into them. My toes kept getting caught in the lining of my bathing suit. I lost my balance and fell over with my suit tangled in my feet.

Lisa grabbed a towel and wrapped it around herself just as a security guard and a cop entered the clearing.

Some asshole had called them.

Me.

Using the phone back at the roped off entrance when I was following Takeo as he led Lisa down the trail.

Figures it would come back and bite me in the ass.



IT TURNED out that Takeo didn't even rent the cabana. I learned that little factoid from the smirking cop who arrested me (and Lisa) for lewd and lascivious behavior, public indecency and other charges.

It was so humiliating to tell him in excruciating detail what my wife and I were doing back there. And then to see Takeo wave to me from the crowd that watched as they led us out of the water park in handcuffs.



Several months later...

I PULLED the car to a stop in the parking lot across from the courthouse. Just the latest indignity. Paying to park for our court appearance.

Lisa sighed in the passenger seat next to me. We're still married. In fact, we've avoided talking about what happened that day. It's like we're pretending she didn't cheat on me. And that I didn't have my first (and only) gay experience.

My attorney, a longtime family friend, is running late. When we hired him, he swore that everything we told him was protected by attorney client privilege. Though I suspect he'd reviewed the high-definition, security video evidence of my wife and I being fucked by a big, black stranger more than was legally necessary.

He avoided direct eye contact as he advised us to plead guilty and seek the court's mercy. Especially considering Lisa's condition.

Oh, yeah. My wife is pregnant. And her due date is, I swear to God, nine months to the day of our visit to the water park.

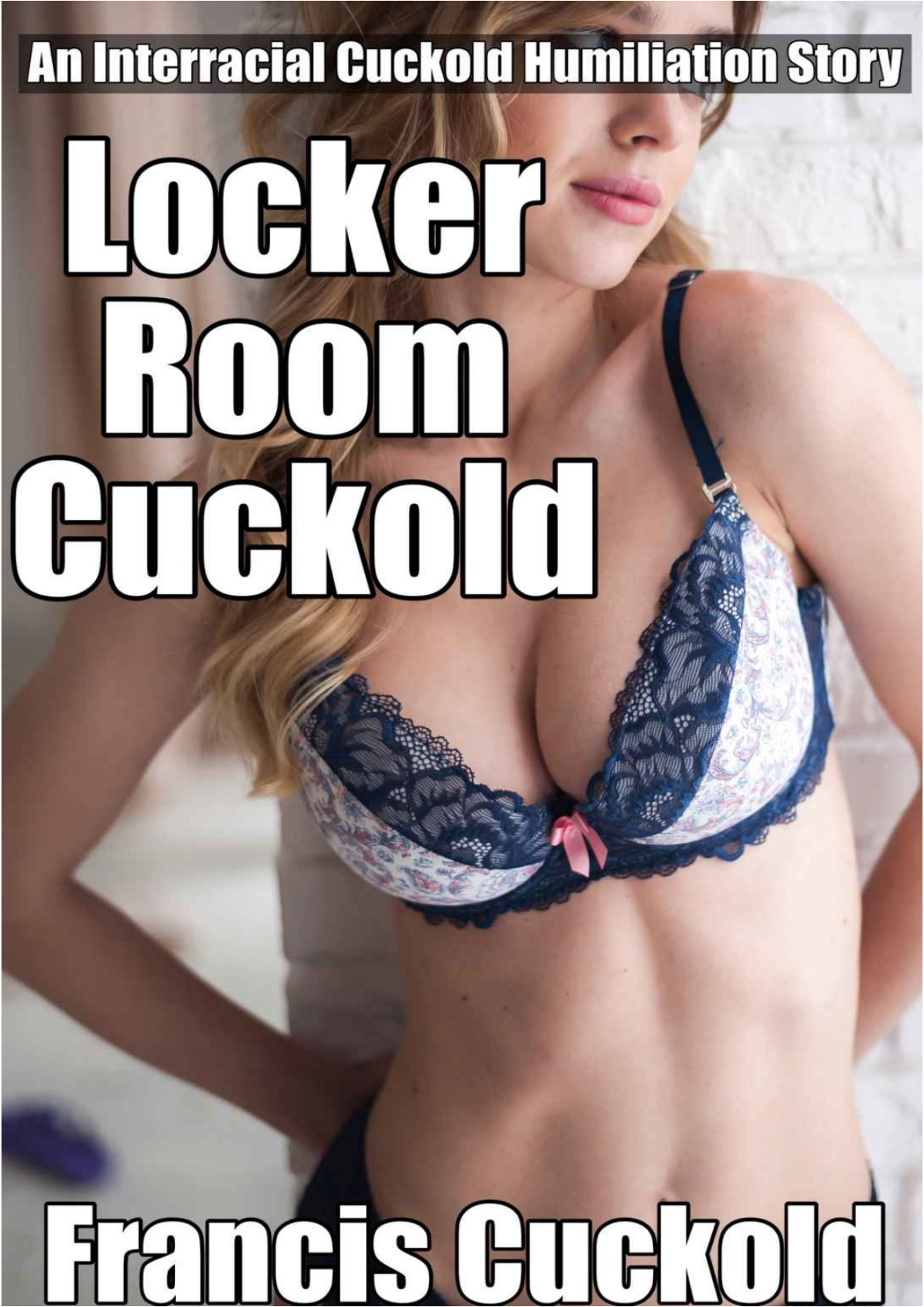
Hopefully, the baby is mine. Though I doubt it is since we've hadn't had sex. With each other, I mean.

Given my luck, I'll be stuck raising another man's baby for the next few decades. Quite a reminder of that day at the water park.



The End

COMING UP NEXT - a steamy locker room encounter between a cheating wife and a big black football player leaves a cuckold husband to clean up the mess...

A photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark blue lace bra with a white and pink floral pattern. She is looking down and to the right. The background is a light-colored, textured surface.

An Interracial Cuckold Humiliation Story

Locker Room Cuckold

Francis Cuckold

INTRODUCTION

A cheating wife and her big, Black bull, a huge football player, make her wimpy husband's worst fears come to life in a steamy locker room...

Francis, a football TV producer, prods his unsatisfied wife Lisa, a sexy blonde sideline reporter, to take charge and get the story she wants. But she wants something else - the big black star quarterback and his **BBC**...

And nothing has gotten this chaste, religious wife wetter than the big, Black football player flirting with her, right in front of her sniveling husband...

Now he'll only be able to watch as his wife engages in a steamy, **taboo, unprotected** encounter...

But this **Bull** won't be satisfied until this **cuckold cleans up** the mess...

And, with the camera rolling, the consequences will last a lifetime...



Read on for all the sordid details...

LOCKER ROOM CUCKOLD



*I*t was still dark as we pulled up to the stadium. I stopped the car at the security gate and groaned. The new guy, a humongous black fellow, who really filled out the booth, waddled out with a clipboard and motioned for me to roll down the window.

"Good morning, sir," he said. His voice was so high, and I wasn't expecting it, so I had to stifle a laugh. "May I help you?"

Look at the fucking sticker on the windshield and raise the arm so we don't need to have this conversation, I wanted to say. But like everything else in my life, I edited the raw material to produce a final copy. "Yes," I said. "I'm Frank Smith." I held up my lanyard so he could see my ID.

He squinted at my ID and said, "And what's your position, Mr. Smith?"

Oh my god. We don't have time for this.

"I'm a producer. For the network. Television?"

"And who is this with you?" He was staring. Which was not unusual.

"This is my wife," I said. I let that hang in the air to sink in for him. This gorgeous blonde with the long legs and perky tits and achingly perfect bone structure was all mine.

Lisa sat back in the passenger seat with her arms crossed which only further enhanced her ample chest. Normally, Lisa would lean over and make small talk with a guy like this. But not today. She was not in the mood for it.

"Her position?"

Her, what? I was very possessive of my trophy wife and it was one thing for guys to look at her, but another thing to make suggestive remarks. "Excuse me?" I said, putting as much irritation in my voice as I could.

"What is her position? Her role? What is her job?" His mouth hung open. He was breathing through it. Lisa often had that effect

on men. Even when she's in a baggy sweatsuit, with bed head and no makeup.

"Oh," I said, feeling like a dick. "Lisa is a sideline reporter."

He peered into the car. He whipped out a big, black flashlight and ran the beam up Lisa's body until he saw her face. "Oh, yeah," he said. "I thought she looked familiar." The image of this guy jerking off while thinking about my wife exploded uninvited into my head.

Some of the first results when people searched for my wife on the internet were some photos. Just bikini shots from a charity calendar she posed for while in college. Could be worse.

Usually when I found something on the internet to "entertain" myself with, I thought about the young women's eventual husbands. What must they think, knowing that lewd pictures and videos of their wives were just a search away?

Thankfully, I didn't have to worry about any of that with Lisa. She came from a strict religious family. Hell, she wasn't even allowed to date until she went off to college. Her parents were so mad when they found out she posed for that calendar. God was always watching.

"Lisa Rheems?"

"Smith. Lisa Smith," I said. Lisa still used her "maiden" name. It pissed me off, and she knew it. "Are we done here? We need to get to work."

"Ok, ok." The guard raised his hands and eyebrows. Made me feel like one of those d-bags who used the "Do you know who I am?" rants.

He finally went back inside his hut and raised the arm. "Enjoy your day," he said.

No chance of that.



LIKE SO MANY of our arguments, it started off as two different conversations. We needed to talk about her career. We also needed to talk about our marriage.

On both topics, she expected the fantasy, while I was grounded in reality.

Lisa thought because I was a "producer" I could just magically get her higher and higher profile assignments.

Unfortunately, as a "producer" in this day and age meant I didn't have that power. Or any other power for that matter. Besides a regular paycheck.

Several hours after we arrived at work and Lisa was done with hair and makeup and wardrobe and holy shit did she look good. Every guy she passed eyed her up and down. Her long perfectly toned legs ascended into her tasteful but still "mini" skirt. Her tight waist blossomed up to her chest which her blouse amply accentuated. And her blonde hair always looked extra golden on game days. Lisa was a stunner without any help but when you matched her with hair and makeup professionals she was extraordinary.

Too bad she looked better at work than she did at home. Maybe that was why I had such a hard time getting it up.

In a search for a private place to talk, we found ourselves in a back storage room in the bowels of the massive stadium. It was currently holding thousands of little boxes. Each one held a "bobblehead" figurine of the team's starting quarterback, Zeke Freeman.

One of the boxes was opened. The figurine sat on top of a stack of boxes. It looked very cheap, like it was a knockoff of a real one. The coloring for his face was most egregious — actual pitch black for his skin instead of his natural dark mocha color. It made his bright white eyes look like he just walked into a surprise party. His mouth showed off unnaturally glowing white teeth in a broad smile. Whenever someone bumped into the stack the head nodded like a maniac was saying, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Another producer joked that the bobblehead looked like it was enjoying an "enthusiastic" blow job.

"What do you want from me?" I asked Lisa. My hands trembled a bit. Since we were at work, I really didn't want any drama. Even if we were in the TV business. We both had shit to do and I doubted

we'd be able to resolve anything in the brief moments we had in the storeroom.

"I want you to man up and act like my husband!"

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Was she still mad about last night? Or the last year or two. We rarely had sex anymore. And even when we did I had a difficult time staying... engaged.

"What do you think?" She said.

All I could think of was last night. In bed. It was our anniversary. Which I totally forgot. Again.

When I didn't respond, she went on. "I need more."

That sounded like she was talking about her career. Whew. As a husband, I would be hard pressed to give her "more." Especially, in the bedroom.

"Look you and I both realize you didn't get this job because of your journalistic skills. Right? You're probably not going to win a Pulitzer or an Emmy." First, tear her down. Then build her back up. "But, you have something most people don't and they never will. Your looks."

"Thanks, I guess," she said as she self consciously twisted her long blonde hair.

"Of course, baby." Lisa was beautiful. But so was everyone in her line of work. The next pretty face is right around the corner lining up for her job. And that pretty face might have even conducted an interview with somebody before she became a sideline reporter.

I took her by the arm and guided her to the door. Crisis averted. Time to go to work.

"Wait," she said. And jerked her arm back and into the boxes. "So what are you saying to me?"

"I'm saying you need to be more than a pretty face. Go get an exclusive you can talk about during the game this weekend. Something big, really big!"

As I nudged her into the hallway and turned to shut the door behind us, the Zeke Freeman bobblehead nodded at me.

Yes. Yes. Yes!



AS FAR AS I could tell, with this struggling team we were assigned to, there was really only one story that merited the kind of attention that I was talking about. It certainly wasn't the boring sprained this or strained that injury story. Or who the coach was currently dogging.

No. The only story that mattered involved, Zeke Freeman, the star quarterback who recently began struggling. He blew last week's game by fumbling the snap just as they were inside the red zone with time running out and a chance to win.

Zeke Freeman.

His nickname coming out of college was "The Freak." The nickname was credited in the media to his athletic prowess. But behind the scenes, he allegedly lived up to the nickname with his success with the ladies. There were rumors his old college coach had secretly worked behind the scenes to keep a lid on illicit paternity issues. There was a joke that nothing could contain Zeke "The Freak," including, and especially, condoms.

Last month, Lisa confessed to me that she caught a glimpse of his dick as he walked past her in the locker room with just a towel on. She said it was just a fleeting glimpse but it disturbed her. Her cheeks reddened and she felt sick to her stomach. She swore it wasn't intentional.

Prior to that, she'd only ever seen one dick in her life: mine. That was one reason I married her. I could never marry a woman with a past. There was no way I could go through life knowing there was some guy, or guys, out there that knew what my wife looked like naked. Or knew what it felt like to touch her bare breasts and ass. Or knew what it was like to be inside her. Using her for their own pleasure.

It even bothered me that she had even laid eyes on The Freak's dick. It felt like a violation. My wife shouldn't know what another guy's dick looked like. Especially, someone we had to work with.

Part of me being ok with her career as a sideline reporter was due to the fact that the league had cleaned up its act regarding nudity in the locker room while the press, including female reporters like Lisa, had access. Some of the old guys still told stories of the craziness that went on back in the old days.

Anyway, The Freak was rumored to have an extraordinarily large dick and Lisa's breathless eyewitness account did nothing to dispel it. The way she described it, it could be long enough to hang his towel out to dry on it. As the weeks passed from the incident though, I thought I detected a change in Lisa. Her shock and horror had turned into something else.

Curiosity.

And in the case of my wife, I didn't want curiosity to kill the... well, uh, pussy.



HOURS AFTER THE GAME ENDED, the locker room was quiet except for the immediate vicinity of Zeke's locker. He was the last player, stuck answering brutal questions about why he sucked.

A mass of other reporters crowded around his locker. Lisa hung back apparently unwilling to have her nose broken by an errant elbow. They asked him a bunch of questions and he gave the same basic non-answer to every one of them.

Lisa mentioned to me that even from the back of the crowd she saw something in his eyes. A certain dullness. He was sad, she said. Sad about something important to him. More than just fumbling a snap or losing a stupid football game. Something personal.

I made sure Lisa didn't see me roll my eyes. What the fuck was she going on about? Still, I tried to encourage her. "Ok, so seize that. Like a dog and a bone. You're the dog. Zeke is the bone. Get the bone."

"Now?"

"Just wait until it thins out a bit," I said. "You want one hundred percent of his attention. You want all of him."

Her nervous energy hadn't diminished since the game ended. Good. She needed to be "on" in order to get the most out of Zeke.

"What do I say?"

Christ. A "reporter" that didn't know what to say. Thankfully Lisa made up in appearance what she didn't have in the brains department. Hell, she was dumb enough to marry me.

"Tell him whatever you want. Just flirt with him." Oops, I shouldn't have said that. Flirting made her nervous.

"Couldn't you just set up something?"

"No," I said. "There's nothing I can give you that will be better than what he can give you."

Lisa seemed to consider that. "Well, how do I start?"

"Jeez, just tell him you're ready for that exclusive he promised you."

"But he didn't." Lisa batted her big eyes at me. Wow, she looked great but she was dumb as a rock sometimes.

"So lie to him," I said but Lisa scrunched her perfect little nose. Lying was a sin. Blah, blah, blah. And God was always watching. "If you want to be a success in this business you have to do what it takes."

One by one the other reporters left with their little tidbits of nothing. Soon there was just one old guy, a reporter, that I recognized from the local station. I couldn't remember his name but I knew he'd followed the team for a long time. He didn't look like he was leaving anytime soon. I sure didn't want to wait around all night.

"Now's your chance. Just go over there and start talking. I'll have the camera running the whole time so you don't have to worry." I nudged her forward and walked back over to start the camera.

Lisa hesitated and looked back at me. All I could do was nod to encourage her. This was her chance and she had to be the one to step up and grab it.

After an awkward moment, she stepped over to them and interrupted. "Hey Zeke, can I get that exclusive you promised me?"

Zeke and the old reporter both gazed at her. "Wait! You promised her an exclusive?" the old guy asked, as he looked Lisa up and down

like he was wearing x ray glasses. "I can see why."

He glared at her, shrugged and finally walked away muttering, "They shouldn't even let women in the locker room."



THE QUARTERBACK STOOD up and I realized just how big he was standing in front of my wife. "I don't remember offering you an exclusive. But you must be the new sideline reporter." He smiled and turned his bare back to Lisa. "I've heard a lot about you."

She looked back to me. Lisa wasn't happy he turned his back to her. I silently gestured for her to keep the conversation going. "Oh yeah? Like what?"

"Oh, you know. The usual."

"I'm obviously new at this so I don't know. What's the usual?" Lisa was starting to show the bite that I knew was in her.

"I heard you gave blowjobs to the d-backs last night. Even the backups."

What?!?

"What?" Lisa was suddenly ready to grab him and spin him around. "That's not true! That's disgusting! I would never do anything like that!"

My heart was suddenly pounding. Lisa would never cheat on me. But even though Lisa was with me last night I still felt jealous. And pissed that this asshole, who sucked at football despite being paid millions, would say something like that to my wife.

He turned around to face her with a big grin. "Oh, I'm sorry. I was thinking about your predecessor. You know, before she got promoted to the studio show."

I relaxed a little as he laughed. Lisa laughed too. His smile suddenly made him kind of charming. All the rumors of his past with the ladies popped back in my head. He was kind of handsome in person. Not that I would know.

But I needed Lisa to get back to business. She needed to rock him a bit. Put him on his heels just like he had done to her.

"Did you break up with your girlfriend?" She asked him point blank. That was actually a good question. "Or your boyfriend?" That was not.

He stopped laughing and stared at her for a long moment. "Girlfriend. Not that it's any of your business."

"And that's why your head wasn't in the game last week? Or today?" Ooh, maybe I underestimated my wife. She'd already gotten something nobody else did.

Zeke was getting irritated. Good. "My head was in the game."

"But you fumbled..."

"My head was in the game!"

"Holding onto the ball. The most fundamental aspect of the game..."

He stepped close to her. Too close. Like he was trying to intimidate her. Hell, he intimidated me and I was all the way across the room. "You don't know anything about football, do you?"

"I know that your performance was affected by a girl!" She said, much too defensively. But she stood her ground.

"That's bullshit!" He turned away from her again and let the towel drop to the floor. She stared at his magnificent muscular bare ass.

And so did I.

What the fuck? What an asshole. I was so glad I was getting this on camera.

"You're right, you know," she said, still staring at his ass.

"Oh, yeah? About what?"

"I don't know anything about football," Lisa said, which was mostly true. "But I do know a brokenhearted guy when I see one."

He turned around to face her. Since he was totally naked, she couldn't help but glance down to see what was dangling between his legs. And she was so close she nearly got whacked. The rumors were true!

Unfortunately, as a television producer who'd been in too many locker rooms, I'd seen more than my share of swinging dicks. It was fair to say each and every one, white or black, was bigger than mine. But nothing prepared me for the foot-long Zeke was packing.

Maybe Zeke's infamous monster cock just seemed bigger because there was an object in the foreground to give it a sense of scale. My petite blonde wife!

"Maybe I'm not brokenhearted," Zeke said with a shrug. "Maybe I just haven't gotten laid in a while."

"Uh huh," Lisa said distractedly. It was like she was hypnotized by his swinging dick.

"Hey, eyes up here," he said with a laugh.

Lisa shook her head like she was trying to clear the cobwebs out of her mind, but it didn't exactly break off her drooling gaze. Finally she managed to look him in the eye and said, "Sorry, I've never been in a room with the world's biggest dick before."

He smiled and said, "Thank you."

"I meant you, overall," she said making a grand circle gesture. Then she smiled and pointed at his dick. "Not that."

Good for you. You don't need to take anything from him.

"I like you," he said. "Maybe we could help each other. I give you exclusive access and you..."

"And what? I give you exclusive access?" she said. She smiled like she was nervous and her cheeks reddened.

Wait.

What the hell did she mean by that? Exclusive access to what?

What the fuck?

Holy shit.

He was getting hard.

And even Lisa couldn't help but notice him stiffening in front of her.

This was spiraling out of hand.



SHE SLOWLY REACHED out and touched it.

IT!

My wife touched him.

Down there.

At first I thought it was just a mistake. Like she accidentally brushed up against him — a giant, naked black man. That she was interviewing.

But then she trailed her finger along his length. There was no more doubt. It was intentional.

Ok, Ok, I told myself. She's just curious. She's never seen one of those before. Except mine. And mine didn't look like that! It didn't even look real. It looked like a movie prop. A porn movie prop, but still. She'll snap out of it. Any second now.

"Deal," he said. He placed his massive hand on the top of her head, palming it like a football. And he pushed down.

She dropped to her knees in front of him. Face to face with his big, black cock.

I wanted to say something. Actually, scream something. But my vocal cords were paralyzed. Just like the rest of me.

She corralled him with one hand but that wasn't enough. So she held him with two hands as she seemed to study it. "It's so big." There was awe in her voice before she started giggling.

"You ever have a bigger one?"

"No," she said and seemed all shy again. But she was on her knees with another man's cock in her hands so she wasn't really that fucking shy!

He reached down and took her hand in his. It appeared to be a caring gesture toward a loved one. But it wasn't.

He noticed her wedding ring. The one I put on her finger back on the altar of her little fucking church in her hayseed town that didn't have a single black person.

"Am I bigger than your husband?"

"Oh, yeah," she said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

My mind was racing in a million different directions. First I looked around to make sure there was no one else about to walk in and see my wife with him. My heart was pounding and I felt lightheaded.

Any second I assumed I was going to faint.

Somehow I was able to slump into a chair in the corner.

Out of the way.

But with an unobstructed view.



"ARE WE ALONE?" Lisa asked.

Zeke's eyes shifted in my direction. And the corner of his mouth ticked up.

But Lisa didn't seem to care that her husband was in the room. "I mean is anyone going to walk in on us?"

"No," Zeke said. But in my state of mind I wasn't sure which question he was answering. At the time my wife obviously didn't care either.

She leaned forward and placed the most chaste-looking kiss I'd ever seen — except for the kiss she gave me when the pastor said, "You may now kiss the bride" — right on the tip of his cock!

The image of her lips against the dark atomic bomb cloud mushroom shape of the head of his cock was too much. It sent me reeling.

Part of my life with Lisa flashed before my eyes. Years of dating without touching so much as her ass or breasts (even over clothing!), never mind premarital sex! "God was always watching," she said.

Well, God probably had a good laugh on our wedding night. Our first time — finally! Except, Lisa complained that it hurt and I was "too big!" And we stopped and she fell asleep as I cuddled her.

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE SEX ON MY WEDDING NIGHT!

And yet here was my sheltered, prudish wife in a locker room on her knees with her lips pressed to another man's big, black cock!

And she knew I was there! Her husband was in the room! And so did he!

All the players knew Lisa and I were married. They couldn't believe a looker like Lisa would marry an average guy like me. But if they knew how much time and effort went into it, they'd have respect for me.

All this went through my mind in that awful moment. Like it was frozen in time for all eternity.

But that wasn't the end. It was just the beginning!

The kiss was over but Lisa hunched over and started licking the length of his shaft from his balls up to the head. Christ, it was as big as her forearm!

Licking. A dirty, nasty word. But that's what she was doing. And it was no small lick. I heard her moan as she lapped up and down his shaft, the tip of her tongue making wet smacking noises and leaving a glistening trail of saliva on his shaft.

She opened wide and took the massive head into her mouth, sucking eagerly as she swirled her tongue around it. She took him deeper and deeper, her lips straining as she struggled to take him in.

And then Lisa closed down on his cock, almost biting, and sucked on him hard, her cheeks hollowing. Holding his shaft tightly in her hand, she began to slowly bob her head up and down, sucking and licking hungrily as she took more and more of his massive member into her mouth. He groaned with pleasure, his eyes locked on her as she worshipped his huge, throbbing cock.

I gasped but still didn't move, looking on in disbelief. She was now seriously giving him a blow job. Her lips were wrapped around his shaft and she was bobbing up and down on his dick.

Zeke moaned in pleasure and ran his fingers through her long blonde locks. Her golden hair seemed so much longer when she was on her knees. It was like watching Rapunzel blowing her big, black prince.

"Mmmmmm!" Lisa moaned around his cock. He pushed her head down and held it there. She sucked him deep and he groaned.

She worked him with such intensity. I had no idea she could be so...well...so slutty!

"Deep throat," he said. But Lisa was already doing that!

She had the head of his cock in her mouth, then all the way down her throat!

My wife was totally deep throating his big black cock!

My heart was racing. My legs were weak. I've always thought Lisa was gorgeous from head to toe. But I'd never really seen her in

action.

I watched her lips slide up and down his shaft. All the way up, all the way down. I watched her hand squeezing his massive black manhood. I saw the pleasure on his face.

But the biggest shock of all was seeing my own wife's face!

I saw my innocent, religious wife's face bobbing up and down on a huge black cock, sucking it with everything she had.

It was something else to watch. She'd always been so reserved, so modest.

The way she threw herself into it was mesmerizing. Like she was possessed.

I covered my mouth, overcome with shame and rage at what my wife was doing. Zeke "The Freak" was using my wife's mouth, her entire head, really, doing whatever he pleased.



MY EARS WERE RINGING as the big black man continued to use my wife's mouth, pumping his huge cock in and out of her wet lips. She was moaning and moaning, unable to contain her pleasure as she worshiped that massive cock

A lump formed in my throat as realization continued to set in. My wife was giving this guy, who could get any woman he wanted, a blow job right in front of me — and they knew I was there. He even grinned at me as if to say, 'take a seat, buddy, because this is what your wife really wants.'

I knew my wife, deep down under her religious background, could be a flirt, but to see her on her knees like that, servicing another man in the locker room — it was too much to bear.

As the shock wore off, I realized I couldn't just sit by and watch her give this guy a blow job. I had to do something.

But I couldn't move. Not only was I too afraid but there was something else. The most humiliating feeling possible. I was aroused. Aroused from watching my wife pleasure another man.

My dick was so small compared to his but it was so hard, maybe the hardest it had ever been. And it was pressing against my pants and it hurt. It hurt so much I would have to do something about it.

So I sat there and watched. And hoped it would end soon.

Finally, Lisa could take no more, and she released him from her mouth with a wet pop. Looking up at him seductively, she ran her tongue up the length of his shaft, swirling it around the head and teasing the sensitive underside. He groaned again, his hands tightening in her hair as she continued to lick and stroke him, driving him closer and closer to the edge.

But not over it.

He pulled her up by her hair and kissed her. They both had their hands on his cock. She broke the kiss and looked at me. She smiled. Again, I could see the sparkle of my wedding ring on her finger. It was glistening even more with her saliva and his pre-cum.

Lisa let him pull her against his naked body and they kissed again while his hand probed under her skirt, between her legs. His other hand was working its way under her top, cupping her breast. He groped her while they kissed until he seemed satisfied that she was wet enough.

He broke the kiss, trailing his lips down her neck, stopping to suck and bite at her collarbone while he pulled her skirt up over her hips to her tight waist, leaving her bottom half only in her black panties.

She was so incredibly beautiful standing there like that, nearly naked from the waist down, with her sparkling wedding ring on her finger. She was beautiful and I wanted to make love to her more than anything else in the world.

But I knew what was coming next. He would take her, right there while I watched. So close yet so far. I felt sick, but I couldn't look away.

"You like this don't you?" he asked, pulling her closer to him and kissing her again. She nodded, biting her lip as he started to pull down her panties.

Suddenly, Lisa stopped him. At least she took his hands in hers.

My heart leaped. Was she going to tell him that she couldn't go on? That she'd made a terrible mistake? That her vows to her husband and her love for me meant too much?

Her sucking his cock was not something I could ever forget. Every time I looked at her, the image of her lips wrapped around his shaft would pop into my head. Kissing her would never be the same. Her lips and tongue had touched his cock.

It was bad but maybe I could get past it. If it stopped at that. It didn't.

She guided his hand into her panties. He ran his fingers over her through the batch of hair on her pubic mound. And they curled under — touching her most private place. The place only I had been.

I could hear her moan. The sound of someone being pleased for the first time. And she arched her back, pushing herself against his hand as he touched her.

I couldn't look away.

She moaned louder. He started rubbing her, and she moved her hips, thrusting against his hand.

I felt sick and closed my eyes. So I could hear what he was doing to her, but I couldn't see it. Part of me didn't want to see it. If I did, I would know for sure what was happening. That he was touching my wife down there. Her most secret place. The place no one but me had touched. The place I only touched when she let me.

I started to lose control. I had to see what he was doing to her. My wife. I wanted to see her face. The pained expression on my wife's face as she felt his fingers inside her.

I heard Lisa's breath catch as he rubbed her clit. And when she started to tremble, I knew she had climaxed. She was not trying to hide it. And she didn't stop him.

My wife had just had her first orgasm with someone other than me. And he'd done it with just his fingers.

Then he ripped her panties off with one hand. I guess she wouldn't need them for a while. Jeez, those were the ones that cost like fifty bucks at the store in the mall that she made me go into for her. She was too embarrassed. "God was always watching."

He pushed her back onto a bench, pulled her skirt off and tossed it aside. He grabbed her by the ankles and forced her legs open. Her high heels dangled on her feet as he ran his fingers through the shock of hair atop her pubic mound.

To my knowledge, my wife's private parts had never been exposed to another male before. All of her doctors were females - I made sure of that. And yet there were her pussy and cunt on full display. The locker room overheads bathed the entire scene in a glow like a spotlight on a stage.

And all I could do was pray no one would walk in and see my wife like that. My hand was in my pants, furiously stroking my own rock hard cock as I watched the scene unfold. I knew I couldn't fool around for very long. Oh god, it was so hot.

As Zeke's thumb brushed her tender clit, her reaction was like a bolt of electricity was running through her entire body based on her gyrations. Her back arched and she tossed her head to the side. And she rubbed her breasts through her ragged blouse.

He bent down and without hesitation buried his face between her legs and started licking her pussy. My wife, the future mother of my children, moaned loudly as she got eaten out by another man.

She was sliding around on the bench, trying to rub herself against his mouth. I could see his familiar, famous face between her thighs, licking her up and down, his tongue lapping at her clit. It seemed like a lot of tongue for just a lick, but maybe that's how it works. I don't actually know — she'd never done that with me.

Lisa actually looked over at me and smiled, like she was doing exactly what I told her to do. She was rocking her hips against his mouth, moaning. Her eyes were full of lust and I'd never felt such desire as I did then. She was a fucking goddess.

He pushed two fingers inside of her and started pumping them in and out. I could hear the squishy wet sounds as he fucked her with his fingers, her pussy juices dripping down onto his hand. Jesus, just one of his fingers rivaled my cock in size, let alone two of them.

My wife was moaning loud enough that he had to cover her mouth with his other hand to keep it down. It was hard to think of anything when my wife was moaning like that. I couldn't believe

how loud she was being. I mean, she'd never made so much as a peep in bed with me.

Jealousy overwhelmed me. But I felt powerless. I knew that I should stop it, but I couldn't move. I was frozen with my failure, as her husband, to protect her. I felt pathetic and weak.

So I sat there in shock, watching as my wife moaned and writhed in pleasure at the hands of another man. She cried out in pleasure as he continued to finger fuck her, driving her closer and closer to the edge.

I didn't know what to do. This was sick, perverted.

I should stop it.

But then again, I did not want to. It felt so good.

My hand was in my pants and I was rubbing myself without even realizing it as my wife moaned and writhed on the bench like a common slut. Her blouse had become unbuttoned. And her expensive bra was askew and worthless. Her heaving breasts were exposed, her nipples hard and erect, begging to be touched.

What was wrong with me? That was my wife over there! I should be stopping this!

But somehow I couldn't. I was too turned on by what was going on.

She started to cry out, her hips thrusting upward.

"Oh yes! Zeke! That's it! Do it to me Zeke! Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

That's when I heard something.

I froze.

Was someone there?

My heart stopped.

But they didn't.

In that moment I realized that there would be one thing worse than having my wife cheat on me. The only thing worse would be if someone else found out.

The shame and humiliation I would feel if other people knew I was married to an unfaithful whore would be the most awful situation imaginable. It's something I would never be able to get

over. Knowing people were whispering nasty but true things behind my back would be unbearable.

Moments ticked by and no one interrupted. So I was actually relieved to be able to return my full attention back to my wife's ongoing infidelity.

Despite Lisa's begging, Zeke did stop. Before she was able to fully climax — again — too. But I didn't get my hopes up. Not when he stood up between her legs. His stiff, massive black cock sprung up and down like a fleshy, cylindrical diving board.

Lisa, spread on her back without her skirt and panties, blouse and bra hanging loose, snatched for his cock like a desperate, strung out groupie in a mosh pit. She wanted this man inside her immediately, but he wouldn't give it to her until he was good and ready.

He stepped forward straddling her on the bench. His balls hung down and dangled over her body as he angled his cock to her willing mouth. After allowing her to lubricate his dick with her saliva, he was ready to stake his claim in my wife.

He looked over at me and smiled as he penetrated her.



LISA'S EYES widened as she felt him filling her up, stretching her beyond her limits. She gasped, her hands clutching at his back as he began to thrust inside her.

She cried out in pleasure and pain. Her legs spread wide as her toes curled and her pussy gripped his cock like a vice. I could see it sliding in and out of her wetness as he pumped in and out.

"Oh, god, oh my god," she moaned in a sexy, throaty voice that was not suitable for church. "You're so fucking big." Her head thrashed back and forth. She was cumming again and I could see the juices leaking down, dirtying the tail of her blouse that was under her ass. She looked up at Zeke's face as he watched her take it. He began to thrust harder, prompting me to wonder if she'd be able to take it all.

"Take it, baby!" he grunted as if he was reading my mind. "Take all of my big black dick." Lisa grimaced as she ground her pussy down on him. She gasped every time he drove into her, trying to hold his cock deep inside her. Like they were engaged in a sick tug of war.

"Oh yes," she moaned, her voice rising in pitch. "Please don't stop, baby."

Faster and faster his hips moved, thrusting his big black dick balls-deep into her cunt. Lisa gasped and moaned, her body writhing and twisting as she begged for more.

Zeke's pace increased and his cock drove deeper and deeper. Her body spasmed, her legs jerking up in the air as her pussy clamped down on his cock. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she screamed.

Zeke didn't stop. He kept pumping away.

The scene playing out in front of me was utterly heartbreaking. Watching my wife being wildly fucked by another man was one of the most painful experiences of my life. I felt helpless and completely consumed by the raw emotion of betrayal and jealousy.

But even as I felt these painful, gut-wrenching emotions, I knew that I had to watch. It was the most aroused I'd ever been. So even as my heart ached and my stomach churned, I continued to watch Zeke drive his massive cock into my wife's begging body.

"I'll cum in that white pussy," he said. "I'm going to fill you up with this big black dick."

His words were enough to push her over the edge again. She screamed as her body shook. But Zeke had other plans. He wasn't done with my wife.

He pulled out and stepped to the side near her face. Lisa whimpered as he lifted her head up by the hair and pressed his thick cock against her lips.

"Suck it," he said.

She opened her mouth and started to suck on his cock, lapping up her own cum juices as she did.

Zeke groaned and grabbed a handful of her hair. He pumped his hips, fucking her mouth with quick, hard thrusts.

I watched, my heart pounding harder and harder as I felt my own excitement growing. There was something so intoxicating about watching my wife do this. Something so fundamentally wrong. But I couldn't look away.

And as I stared at her, I felt a familiar pressure building in my own cock. I could feel the tension rising in my body, like a storm about to break.

When Lisa couldn't take any more, Zeke stepped back between her pale, quivering thighs. He thrust his cock deep inside her gaping cunt.

Lisa's entire body clenched. Her mouth was open in a silent scream.

He pulled out, his heavy shaft swinging free of her. It stood proudly for a moment before he plunged it back in. My wife moaned and arched her back, her whole body responding to the immense pleasure he was inflicting on her.

Zeke growled slightly, sounding like an animal as he finished taking my wife right there in the middle of the locker room. The bench creaked and moaned under their weight as they slammed together, lust overcoming them. It was raw, primal sex and they were both enjoying it.

She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him in even deeper as she moved with him, letting him take control of her body and use it however he saw fit. With a final cry, she came (again!? I lost track...), her whole body shuddering with pleasure as her husband watched helplessly.

It was only a moment later when Lisa started to go slack, her final(?) orgasm draining the last of her strength.

But the fun wasn't over yet. The man continued to thrust into her, pounding her harder and harder until he finally let out a guttural moan and came deep inside her. He kept thrusting, pumping my wife full of his seed.

When he was finally done, he rested on top of her, their sweating bodies pressed together. Panting, he pulled out, leaving Lisa basking in the afterglow of her mind-blowing orgasm.

Zeke stood there over her, admiring his conquest of my wife. His cock glistened in the light. I had to take a moment to appreciate its length and girth, at least twice as big as mine. That huge thing was in my wife.

Zeke looked at me again and smiled. "Get over here," he said.

It felt like I was being pulled through the fourth wall and into an interracial porn scene. Starring my wife.

It was surreal. Like my brain seemed to be floating independent of my body. And I had no control.

"Get over here," Zeke said again.

All I could do was stumble over at his command. Resisting didn't even occur to me. It was hard to walk and conceal my erection at the same time.

Lisa's mostly naked body was splayed out. Her chest heaved and her porcelain skin was covered with perspiration. Getting fucked hard with a big, black cock took a lot out of a person, I suppose.

"Clean up time," Zeke said. It sounded like a command.

"Oh," I said and turned to find a towel but Zeke grabbed my arm. His grip was superhuman as he pulled me back. He steered me between Lisa's thighs.

Suddenly I was confronted with a scene I'd never imagined. My wife's cunt gaping open. It felt like seeing a natural disaster on the news. Heartbreaking images showing before and after.

My wife's demure slit was ripped open. Her sweet pink color was rubbed raw red. And a steady trickle of white fluid drizzled out of her. The stream of Zeke's cum flowed down and coated her asshole. It finally pooled on the bench.

I was stunned and numb, filled with a mixture of hatred and arousal at the sight of my wife with another man's cum dripping out of her ravaged cunt. I suddenly felt powerless as my wife's lover laughed and taunted me, knowing that he had claimed my wife as his own.

"Lick it up, cuck," he said. I'd never actually heard someone referred to as "cuck" before and, in the moment, had no idea what it meant. But I was about to find out.

Suddenly I was on my knees, my face so close to her I could feel the heat off her body. The musky scent of sweat and sex mingled in my nostrils.

Before my brain could object, I dipped in and ran my tongue along her new jagged opening.

Lisa shivered as I came across her clit. It felt like probing around a crash site and stumbling across the black box.

I licked and licked, desperate to please her. She responded by grabbing the back of my head and forcing my face into the mess.

Somehow she was having another orgasm even as I sucked as much of his cum out of her as I could. It was like sucking the venom out of a giant rattlesnake bite. Except I swallowed it.

Before I knew it I was lapping up the cooling sticky puddle on the bench.

I sat up and wiped my glazed face with my hand. Then it hit me what I'd just done. Swallowed another man's cum.

Somehow, everything was about to get worse.



I STARTED GAGGING.

But this wasn't just dry heaving. There was no doubt about it - I was going to puke.

In my desperation to get out of there, I rose and spun around to make a run for it.

Unfortunately, I ran right into him. And not just any part of him. My face plowed right into his softening but still massive cock. It made a wet THWACK sound against my forehead. And it left a trail of sticky goo across my eye, nose and cheek.

And even that wasn't the worst part of it.

Zeke must have been off balance or something because I knocked him to the floor as I fell on top of him. His naked, hard, sweaty body cushioned my fall as we crashed down in a heap.

He howled in pain and rolled us to the side. "My arm!"

His long still wet cock was literally draped over my thigh. In my confusion I grabbed his cock and pulled it off me as I stood. In hindsight, I could have just let it roll off me as I stood. But the day wouldn't have been complete if I hadn't held my wife's lover's penis, still slick with juices, in my hand.

I stood over him watching as he writhed in pain. Suddenly Lisa was beside me trying to get her bra back on.

"Oh my God! Your arm!" she said. "What can I do?"

His arm was in an unnatural grotesque angle. His throwing arm. Oh shit!

"Get the trainer," he gasped.

I turned to run for the trainer's office and that's when I saw it. A red light across the room. A tally light. On the camera I set up across the room.

Oh, fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.



I STAGGERED out of the locker room so spent physically and emotionally that I could barely walk. My face still burned with shame. My skin prickled where his cock smeared his cum across my face. My taste buds still burned with the taste of him.

A couple of security guards passed me but I couldn't look them in the eye. The possibility, however remote in reality, that they knew, or God forbid, saw what just happened terrified me.

I passed the trainers rooms. But what was I going to tell them? I broke the star quarterback's arm after he fucked my wife? Nope.

Fuck him.

The new irony of that formerly bland insult seared me all over again. Deep down I hoped his arm hurt like hell. In fact, I hoped his career was over just so I didn't have to see him ever again. Not at work and not on TV.

Somehow I made it to the production trailer. Bursting in, I was confronted with a dozen stunned faces. Their faces glowed from the bright monitors in front of them. I ignored their stares and came around to see what was on the monitors.

Every single monitor, large and small, showed the same scene. The locker room interior.

Oh my God. There was a live feed.

That's when I noticed the other's in the control room avoiding my glance. One of the directors abruptly changed one of the secondary monitors to show a different camera out in the stadium.

But the rest just showed the locker room where my wife was just fucked. By the star athlete.

And what happened after. What I did to clean up. And after that.

Fortunately the scene in the locker room was empty. Maybe they didn't see anything. Maybe the camera wasn't on. Maybe I imagined the tally light.

But then I heard something that sent a new shiver up my spine. Lisa's voice over the monitors.

"Where's my underwear?"

Then she steps into the frame. Her skirt is back on but it is hiked up all the way. It looks more like a belt around her hips than a skirt. Her bare ass is on full display. Then she turns around and her pussy, matted with sweat and God knows what else, is visible for all to see. All eleven monitors.

God is always watching.

My heart pounds in my chest. No, No No.

She turns around as a deep male voice says, "Here they are."

A big black hand appears from off screen and tosses a tiny balled up, damp wad of fabric. The ball comes undone in midair and for a brief moment there's the unmistakable, clear image of a woman's panties on the screen. Screens.

My wife snatches her panties out of the air. A great catch, but she fumbles them as she attempts to slip them back on. No wonder, because they're ripped.

My wife bends over right in front of the camera. Her fair bare ass, still with red splotches from the rough handling, dominates the

big screen. Her ass is punctuated by her asshole, which is still glistening from the cum I missed, and her slit, which is still gaping and oozing still more cum.

Just as the panties are finally mid thigh, my wife turns around and gives the viewers a nice close up shot of her dark bush.

Someone leaves the room, only to burst into audible laughter before the door closes. From inside the room someone yells, "Oh, fuck. The feed is still live."

Somehow my heart finds a new speed. But I'm so lightheaded I nearly collapse. The entire episode has been broadcast live to the entire affiliate network.



HOURS LATER, as I sit in a hallway waiting to be called into a meeting with my boss I look up at the monitor.

A pretty young woman I've never met is on screen. She's not a blonde like Lisa and she looks a few years younger. I manually increase the volume to listen in.

"And now we turn to the newest addition to our broadcast team, Taylor Ash. Welcome Taylor, I understand you have some exclusive information about the injury to Zeke Freeman."

"Thanks guys! It's great to be here! It turns out that Zeke Freeman's injury is much more serious than first believed. In fact, it's a season ending injury that puts the teams prospects for this year in grave doubt. The circumstances surrounding the freak locker room injury are still leaking out."

"So it didn't happen on the field, Taylor?"

"I can confirm the injury did not happen on the field. My sources reiterated it was a freak injury."

And after all that, my wife didn't even break the goddamn story.



A YEAR later and I find myself driving again in the dark. Not to the stadium. And not to work. In fact, I'm just driving around the neighborhood.

I'm drained. Emotionally. Physically. It's been a hard year.

And the baby was up all night it seemed.

The baby.

Not my baby.

My baby with my white wife would not be nearly as black as this baby. And I didn't need some fancy DNA test to establish paternity — all I needed was a pair of glasses. And a brain to remember that day in the locker room.

The sex tape, my wife's interracial sex tape, got out and went viral. Tens of millions of views on the free porn websites that I frequent and that's just counting the sites I'm aware of.

Obviously, I lost my job almost immediately. Still, I was compelled to testify at the FCC hearing in Washington DC. The broadcasting company was fined \$500,000 for transmitting offensive content. If there is a greater humiliation for a husband than to be forced to testify, under oath, about his wife's sexual escapade with another man that was broadcast to millions of taxpayers, I cannot conceive of it.

And speaking of conceive, the baby is up again. Still up despite me driving around the neighborhood with him in his car seat just trying to get him to sleep.

Fortunately, I don't have to go to work. No one would hire me, though I did get a couple of interviews that seemed more like pranks on me than actual opportunities. My wife's sex tape is the first question and usually the last. One interviewer, a guy younger than me, which should be humiliating in and of itself, actually played the video on his phone and sought my comments on it. Needless to say, I didn't get that job either.

The only income we have right now is actually due to my wife's notoriety. She fields offers to do porn, appear at strip clubs and endorse products of a sexual nature. She somehow makes money through social media, which I don't get at all, and through some website that her fans can pay monthly subscription fees to engage

with her. I'm sure I don't want to know what they're paying her to do.

Whatever it is, it can't be worse than what she did in front of me in that locker room.



The End

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