

# KING BULL AND THE HOT-WIFE

*Cuckold Tells All*



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By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

**Sarah was on her knees. Hands wrapped tight around each of his thighs as he railed her face. His wet, ebony cock was significantly bigger than mine and I could tell she was having trouble getting it down. She gagged and a load of spit leaked out of her mouth.**

He just kept on with her face.

“Take that cock you dirty bitch. That’s right.” John hissed in his deep baritone, mercilessly plunging most of his ten inches down her throat. “Take that cock while your fagget little husband sits there and watches.”

John looked at me, in my little recliner about ten feet away. His black, ripped body shimmered with the beginnings of sweat. He had hold of Sarah’s pony tail and used it to steer her face down onto his rod.

“How pathetic, Mark.” He said. “Another man uses your girl’s little mouth in front of you and all you can do is sit there. Fucking shameful.”

The sounds coming from Sarah’s mouth were wet and loud, and he barely ever let her up for air. When he did let her up, he would keep hold of her pony tail, and slap her in the face with his giant black snake.

And the worst part of all; she was loving it. My wife’s cunt was dripping wet with her juices, just from sucking this large African-American man standing before her.

“Now I’m gonna fucking cum,” John declared, almost mean. He held his cock half way down her throat, not fucking her face anymore. Just holding it there.

“And when I do... you are gonna smile like a good little slut and take it in the face. Got it bitch?

Sarah looked up at him, her blue eyes shining. Blonde hair pulled back. Mouth full of cock. She shook her head YES.

“Good little slut.”

He picked up speed again. His cock sliding a little easier down her throat now. I sat there helpless, pants between my legs and a little white cock in my hand. I

wanted to hate it. I did.

But I didn't. And I couldn't look away.

John pulled his cock out of my wife's mouth and held her head steady as he jerked off in her face. Sarah adjusted on her knees and looked up at him, lips parted. She was eager and waited for him.

"Oh fuck yeah! Don't fucking movie!" He screamed, unloading all over her. Fat white globs shot out onto her cheeks and lips. She smiled. Other globs splashed on her forehead and ran down her face.

"Look at your whore of a fucking wife, Mark. LOOK AT HER!" He screamed, still cumming.

After the load of it was finished, and her face and tits were covered, he squeezed out one last drop onto her tongue. Sarah swallowed.

And then, to my horror, he shoved his raging hard-on back into her mouth.

"Oh you thought we were done, Mark?" John taunted, rhythmically grinding into my wife's hungry mouth. "Well guess what fag boy. Real men can keep going. And I'm not done with this little whore's mouth yet."

Still on her knees, face covered in cum, John railed my wife's mouth some more.

"Moan on that cock slut."

She moaned.

"That's right. "

He kept on. Sometimes fast, sometimes slow. Sarah fingered her cunt while she sucked his big black cock. From where I sat I could see her fingers gleaming with wetness.

John pulled his cock out and fed my wife his nut sack; huge and leathery. Black but hairless. She sucked on each nut individually, her mouth not quite big enough to fit the whole sack.

“She do this for you, Mark?” John asked in his deep baritone. “She lick your nuts. Fucking nasty, bitch.”

“No.” I squeaked.

“Ha! Didn’t fucking think so? Pussy.” He put his black mass back into her mouth and this time held onto her head with both hands. Spit and cum ran down Sarah’s body. She shimmered in the low light of the living room.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck, girl. That’s it. That’s it. Ughhhh!”

John pulled his giant dick out again and shot ANOTHER load onto her already covered face. Sarah seemed shocked and surprised, and a little worn out.

But she didn’t fight it, and I knew she didn’t want to.

“Take that slut!” He screamed. Another load, just as fat as the one before, painting her face. She couldn’t open her eyes. Streaks of it were on her shoulders now, running across her back. Covering her.

He slapped his cock onto her dirty face, cum sprayed everywhere.

“You got one more in you bitch?” He asked her, looking down and smearing his load in with his cock. “One more?”

“Yes baby.” Sarah smiled.

“Good little slut. Keep playing with that pussy. You’re gonna get yours.”

And again, he rammed it back into her mouth. Fat shots of cum had dripped off of her face and were running down her neck now, hitting her big milky tits and greasing her nipples. John was using his hips more, fucking her face the roughest so far.

“Your little fagget husband is gonna sit there and watch another man drop three loads on his girls face? Is that what you are telling me Sarah?

Sarah could only answer with some weak moans and whimpering as he destroyed her mouth.

“Well fine by me. I’m gonna teach your little husband all about respect tonight honey. We are just getting started.”

John pulled out and covered her face for a third time, screaming at the top of his lungs. Sarah was out of breath and nearly drowning in it.

Without warning I came in my own hand. A pathetic, small load.

“Aw, little fag boy made a mess.” John cackled. “Now stand up slut.” John pulled her to her feet by the pony tail.

It’s time to get started.”

**The day we met John wasn't unlike any other day that me and wife shared together. Meeting John wasn't my plan- the very idea of another man fucking my wife was foreign to me before that afternoon.**

I had watched Sarah dress that morning while I lay in bed. It was always something to behold. Sometimes I would quietly jack off under the sheets while I stared at her, unable to control myself

She had just gotten out of the shower, hair wet and dripping. It hung long and golden down her back halfway to her ass. Her tits were two perfect handfuls that clung tight to her chest, high and hard to miss. Her torso curved like blown glass across a flat stomach, ending at a small blonde patch of hair just above her taught, tucked pussy.

I watched her slip into panties, laced and black, pulling them up over an ass that she had sculpted through countless hours at the gym I never went to.

She turned to me then, bare-chested, and smiled. The sun from the window caught the green over her eyes and they almost twinkled.

I came in my hand under the covers, a small mess she probably wouldn't notice. Sarah slipped into a matching black lace bra, and pulled her hair back into a long, high pony tail.

I closed my eyes and thanked God for the luck I was given.

We were leaving the house to run some errands. We got in the car, buckled up. I put it in reverse.

"Wait. Shit, I forgot something." Sarah said, unbuckling.

"No problem, babe."

I put the car in park and she got out. Sarah jogged up the driveway, her tight little ass looking perfect. She went in the house, and through the front window I watched her stop in the dining room and take her phone out. She texted something quick and put the phone away. Then she turned around and came back out to the car.

“Find what you were looking for?” I asked once she was seated next to me again.

“Um. Yeah. My phone. I forgot my phone.” She smiled at me, and any suspicions I may have had were immediately forgotten.

My sweet, sweet wife.

We had a few errands to run that day, some of which were for Sarah’s boss. She worked as a secretary in an office downtown. She’d been there three months and I honestly didn’t know much about it. Whenever I asked her how work was, she replied with your basic “good” or “boring.” I know she did basic tasks like scheduling and getting lunch for her boss.

Our first stop was at Target. Towels. We needed to get fresh, white towels.

“What does your boss need towels for?” I asked.

“Different things. He actually sweats quite a bit throughout the day. He also has clients that need them.” She said it all so sweet.

“What are his clients sweating for? What exactly does he do again?”

“You can ask him when we see him. I have to drop these things off to him this afternoon.”

This threw me for a loop. She hadn’t mentioned anything about going and seeing her boss today. This was very unlike her. Usually everything was game planned and ready to go with Sarah. You knew exactly what was in store.

For the first time I started to wonder if this job was starting to stress her out.

Now that I thought about it, she had been differently lately. More lost in her thoughts. Later hours at work. And sadly, her sex drive had dropped to almost nothing the last few weeks.

Not that my libido was anything to brag about, but still. I would like it at least once a week.

We weren’t even doing that.

The day progressed, we picked up a few more items; towels, water bottles, and a small hand held digital camera.

“What’s the camera for?”

“Um. I think maybe sales strategy? I’m not sure.” She bit her lip again and shot a nervous look in my direction.

“I see.” I didn’t, though.

After the errands ended we drove back to the house. We unloaded the groceries and set them in the living room.

“When are we going to meet your boss?” I asked.

“He’s coming here.” She said, nonchalant.

“What?”

“Didn’t I mention that?”

“What? No, Sarah. No you didn’t.” I was annoyed.

“Oh well, I thought I did. And plus, it saves us a trip. He’s just going to swing by.”

Just then the doorbell rang. It was just like any other time the doorbell rang, I guess.

Only no. No it wasn’t. It felt longer, deeper. Foreboding. Like whoever was waiting at the door wasn’t merely a guest waiting for entry. It was some force. Some unstoppable, altering force.

Sarah and I answered the door side by side.

And there was John.

Six foot six, broad and huge. Shaved head, sensual eyes and large, full lips. His white collared shirt was unbuttoned below his grey jacket, revealing an elaborate tribal tattoo flowing across his chest.

John was black. As black as you could be. And when he spoke his voice rumbled like a distant thunder storm. It was a voice you listened to.

A voice you obeyed.

“Hello, Sarah. Hello, John.” He said it neither friendly or distastefully.

Sarah’s voice got weak and high. “Hey, John.”

I reached my hand out, unsure of why I had become so nervous.

“I’m Mark, it’s nice to meet you John.” I said, shaking.

His massive hand reached out and enveloped mine, squeezing just hard enough that my hand hurt.

“Hello, John. I’ve heard lots about you. From your beautiful wife.” He rumbled.

“Oh.” I said, unsure of what to say.

“I’m going to come in now, Mark. So we can talk.”

Instinctively I moved out of the way and ushered him in.

As he walked by Sarah, I saw his long fingers brush across her lower stomach, just above her pussy.

I shut the door behind us.

**John had me clean up Sarah with the towels we had bought earlier at Target. Then he told me to go sit back down and watch.**

So I did.

“Now we are gonna play a little game, Mark.” John boomed. He was standing naked near the bed, his cock hadn’t lost an inch. I could barely get my dick hard enough to cum once and he had already blown three loads. I felt completely inferior.

Sarah was lying on the bed and I could tell by the slickness on her thighs how wet she had gotten from the blowjobs. She would never have let me use her like that, but seemed more than willing to for John.

“The game is, you don’t fucking touch yourself, Mark.” John was smirking as he got onto the bed with her. “And if I catch you touching yourself, I’m gonna make you go in the closet. And then you will only be able to HEAR a real man fuck your whore wife. And you don’t want that do you?”

“No.”

“Mark, if I have to tell you again to call me sir, I’m going to punish you.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good boy.”

John got down between her legs and dove face first into her pussy. She screamed out and tried writhing away from his hungry mouth, but John grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her closer. Sarah’s eyes rolled into the back of her head and she started breathing heavy.

“Oh...my...GOD!” She was barely able to utter. Her legs squirmed and she tossed her head back. “Oh fuck I’m coming!” Sarah let go. She broke out in a sweat and came harder than I had ever seen her.

John didn’t stop. He just released one of her wrists so he could place one of his giant hands around her little neck. He choked her while he tongue fucked her.

Sarah tried to scream but could barely get anything out. Occasionally he would loosen his hold on her neck and slap her in the face, light.

He made her cum two more times, right there. It took him maybe five minutes. She was breathless and covered in sweat when he finished.

John sat up again, his abs and chiseled chest slick with sweat and pussy juice.

“Now that’s how you make a bitch cum, understand John?”

“Yes sir.”

My dick was rock hard, but I kept my hands at my sides. I desperately wanted to jerk off, but I knew it would kill me if I had to sit and listen. At least seeing it gave me some sort of...some closure? I don’t know. All I knew was that a strong draft could have made my cock squirt at this point.

“Get your pussy ass up and stand over here.”

I walked across the room and stood at the foot of the bed. John got off and came over to face me. His massive, veiny cock stared mine straight in the face. It was incomparably thicker and at least three times longer.

“Look at that pussy little cock, Sarah.” Sarah crawled across the bed so that her face was between the two dicks.

“Hold them in your hands, slut.” John instructed.

She reached a hand out and cradled mine, about to explode. Her other hand tried to reach around his, to no avail.

“Go on and laugh at your pussy husband, Sarah. You know you want to.”

My wife looked up at me. She smiled. And then she laughed.

“Tell him how useless he is, Sarah.”

“What am I supposed to do with this little thing, Mark?” She asked me. “You call this a dick? You aren’t a real man. Not like this.” She finished by kissing Mark’s massive head.

“That’s why I brought you here, Mark. So you would know how fucking pathetic you are. You and your fucking little clit.” Sarah started laughing again. She squeezed John’s massive member while she threw her head back and giggled.

I started cumming. Sarah pulled her hand back, disgusted. She kept giggling as my little load sputtered and fell to the floor.

“Look at the little fagget cumming!” John yelled.

They laughed together, long and hard.

“Got back to your seat, pussy.” John commanded in his low, sexy voice.

I did as I was told.

“And don’t even think about touching that cock again.” Sarah added, smiling at me.

John laughed and picked her up. He cradled her under her legs, his athletic arms flexing as he positioned her just right.

Very slow, he started working her pussy down onto his erection. Sarah had her arms wrapped around his neck, and he held her suspended in the air with ease. The purple pounding tip of his head pushed through her cunt lips and she cried out, throwing her face into his massive chest.

John got into a squatting motion; his feet shoulder length apart and bending at the knees. His hips moved like a locomotive as he started to fuck her harder and faster. I marveled at his strength as he held her with ease and fucked her, keeping his cock as hard as a baseball bat the entire time.

Sarah just moaned and came, moaned and came. I couldn’t keep up with her. I lost count. Meanwhile, my tiny white cock stood at attention watching all of it with me.

John began to walk with Sarah in his arms and on his cock, pinning her against the nearby wall.

Leaning against the wall and holding her up by her ass cheeks, he started to fuck her wild and savage. His balls swung wildly and sweat poured off of him and

onto her.

“Alright Mark. Alright.” John said it raspy in the midst of his passion. “Now I’m gonna fucking cum again. And when I do, I’m gonna lay your slut-wife on the bed, and you’re gonna eat her sloppy pussy out.”

I was horrified. I couldn’t speak.

“DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND ME BITCH BOY?” He screamed, burying his impossibly large cock inside her cunt.

“Yes!” I yelled. “Yes sir!”

John tilted his head up to the sky, balls deep in my wife, and unloaded his cum.

“Ahhh FUCK!” He screamed, holding himself in her. Sarah squeezed him hard, kissing his neck and chest.

“Oh my god.” She whimpered, cumming.

John walked with her to the bed, his cock still submerged inside her. He slid her slender body off of his black club, and Sarah fell breathless onto her back and immediately spread her legs.

“Now, bitch boy.” John commanded.

I crawled across the room and leaned over the bed to get to her pussy.

“Eat it.” John commanded.

And so I did.

**The three of us sat in my living room. There's a love seat, a couch, and a recliner. Somehow, and to this day I don't know how it ended up like this, I sat on the recliner. The two of them on the love seat. It didn't even cross my mind as strange at that particular time.**

It was what HE wanted, so he made it happen. It wasn't up to me.

Sarah looked so small next to him. Three of her could have fit in between those shoulders; massive and wide. John rubbed his hands together a lot when he spoke and it made a soft rustling sound. Even that was sensual in a way.

"Like I said before," John began. "I've heard a lot about you from your wife, Sarah, here. Your beautiful wife Sarah."

It should have been more awkward, him complimenting her like that excessively, but it wasn't. When he spoke we listened. I didn't even feel the need to say anything because I knew he wasn't done talking.

"Sarah's been an excellent secretary, Mark. Incredibly helpful...Obedient."

I swallowed. I had no idea where he was headed with this.

"She often spends her lunch breaks with me, talking. Talking about you, about her. About your sex life."

"Our what?" I spat out. I wasn't sure I had heard him right.

"Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking, Mark. Do you understand?" He was suddenly fierce. I saw Sarah bite her bottom lip out of the corner of my eye.

"Wh-wh-..." I trailed off. "Ok."

"Good." He adjusted his large frame in his seat, and he took Sarah's hand in his. Her tiny, white palm disappearing in his colossal black hands.

"Sarah has confided in me that you don't please her enough in the bedroom."

I gasped. I swallowed. I glared at Sarah disbelieving.

"And she's also told me about the porn on your computer."

I looked away, ashamed. Had she found all of it?

“And she said much of that porn on your computer is, well, black men. Black men fucking other men’s wives and girlfriends. Hours of it.”

I stood up and turned away from them. I couldn’t look her in the eye.

“Sit down, Mark.” He spoke.

“I-I-I-“

“SIT DOWN!” John yelled.

I snapped back to attention and nearly jumped in my seat. As hard as it was, I looked at both of them. John’s hand was on her inner thigh now.

“Tell him, Sarah.” John said.

“Listen, honey.” Sarah said, her voice unafraid. “I don’t care about the porn. I don’t. What I care about is being taken care of. And not just financially.”

“Jesus.” I moaned.

“I need to be taken care of...physically, Mark.” She said. “And you don’t do it. You always cum too quick or don’t get hard enough...and honestly...you have a small, pathetic, white boy dick.”

I couldn’t believe what she was saying.

If we are going to stay together, I need you to do this for me. For us.” Sarah finished.

“Do what?” I said frantic.

“I need you to watch. And I need you to be OK with it, honey.”

“What?” My voice was quieter now, just above a whisper. The voice of defeat.

“I’m going to fuck your wife, Mark.” John said. “And if you’re a good boy and do as you’re told, you can watch. Otherwise I’m going to lock you in a closet and you can just sit there and listen. Do you understand?”

I didn't have the words. A sickening feeling was growing in my guts and I thought I might puke.

John stood up and started unbuckling his belt.

“You're going to watch while I use your wife like a whore, Mark. And you're going to watch how much she fucking loves it.”

**John had her on the couch now. She was naked and sweaty. Her sweat. His sweat. It was hard to tell at this point. Her legs were spread wide, each limb hooked around one of his massive arms as they held the top of the couch for support.**

With his feet planted firmly on the ground, John rammed his enormous shaft into my wife's pussy. Over and over.

"Oh Gooooood" She moaned, unable to hide the ecstasy of it. They had all but forgotten about me at this point. He had been pounding her in this position for close to twenty minutes. Sometimes it was fast, vicious fucking. Sarah's eyes would roll into the back her head and she would let out guttural screams.

Other times, like right now, it was slow and deep. He would hold it there, balls deep in my wife's cunt.

She opened her mouth to moan, and John spit into her mouth. She swallowed. He claimed her.

"You're my little whore now." John said in a savage whisper. "You got that, bitch? MY little whore. And I'll use you how I fucking want to."

"Yes daddy." She said breathlessly.

John picked up the pace and started fucking her faster. He was already four loads deep and I wondered briefly how much longer he could go for. There was no telling how many times Sarah had cum since John had started fucking her. She was a sweaty mess of salt and cum and every time she looked at me we made eye contact.

And I knew that she loved it.

After a while he pulled out of her dripping pussy. His cock was immense, sleek and shiny. He reached down and grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her feet. He wrapped a large hand around her neck and choked her lightly.

"You want more of the cock, whore?"

She tried to answer but he slapped her soft.

“Yeah, you’re a dirty little whore. Of course you want more. Get on your fucking knees.”

Instinctively Sarah dropped to her knees, grabbed his massive member, and began sucking it. She went deep this time, knowing that if she didn’t he would probably help her.

“You see your fucking slut wife? You see how much she loves a real man’s cock?” John sneered.

“Yes sir.” I replied.

“Yes sir!” He mocked. “Ha! You fucking loser! Just fucking sit there while your girl sucks another man’s cock. A REAL man’s cock.”

Suddenly he reached down and grabbed Sarah up by the waist like she weighed nothing at all. He carried her over to where I sat and tossed her into my lap. Before I knew what he was doing he was inside her, on top of me.

He held onto her by the throat and the hair, and ravaged her while I sat helplessly underneath.

I could feel the power of every thrust. The chair nearly tipped several times. Every so often he would kiss her, their tongues dancing together.

Sarah started screaming and she came again. Back to back. John just laughed.

“You ready for another load, honey?” He asked her. He was so close I could smell his sweet breath.

“Yes, Daddy.”

John pulled out and grabbed hold of his slick black cock, starting to jerk it with force. With his free hand he grabbed her pony tail, sliding her body down and off of me, positioning her head so it was in my lap.

She was looking up now and I could see her face. The pouty lips. The bright green eyes. The white teeth.

But she wasn’t looking at me. She was looking at the giant pole directly over her

face.

“Sit right there while I blow another load on this whore’s face.” John whispered.

He screamed and released the biggest load yet. Fat white streams rocketed out and smashed into her waiting face. The first three shots coated her cheeks and forehead, and the fourth shot past her head and landed on my shirt, hanging there.

“AHHHH!” John screamed.

Sarah’s mouth was open and a massive load of it shot to the back of her throat, making her cough it up and out onto her chin. But before she could even get the cum out of her mouth he had glazed the rest of her face and aimed his black cannon down to fire some shots off onto her perfect little tits.

John just laughed as he finished, pinching out the last drop from his purple head and watching it plop down onto her nose and roll down to her eye.

“Now suck it dry, whore.”

I started to wonder if the night would ever end.

**Before the three facials to start the day. Before the endless hours of fucking. Before the gallons of black sweat he dumped on my wife's body as he pounded her cunt. Before all of that, Sarah and I were a normal couple.**

I didn't see the signs. Maybe because I didn't want to. How could I expect a woman that looks like that to get by on three minutes of love-making a week? I couldn't and it was stupid of me to think so.

Or to not think about it at all.

I love Sarah. I always have and I always will. And if love runs deep enough you really will do anything for that special one. Sarah had gone behind my back and gotten a job with a man she knew to be a Bull. A man she knew would fuck her if she just asked. Fuck her right in front of her husband.

When I finally got the nerve to ask Sarah how long it had been going on she explained that they had never fucked before that day. John had groped her in the office. She had felt his cock bulging through his dress pants. But she had never seen his cock before that day. He had never touched her pussy.

It had been hours of talking between the two of them before she decided it was time.

I've forgiven my wife for these things. For the lies and the hiding. But truthfully, there wasn't all that much lying to begin with. All the worst of it was done right in front of me. Right before my eyes. All the things I had fantasized about or watched on the internet were suddenly real and in front of me. There was no way to prepare for it and at first it made me sick. It made me so sick and angry I thought I would leave her and him and go. Be gone, forever. Never come back. Never face the shame.

But I did face it. I faced it head on, over and over again.

Three loads to her face to start. Just to START.

I knew I could never give her that. And I knew she needed a real man to do the things that I could never do. So I gave in. And I listened. And I let John take over and be my master. Our master. And after it was all over I knew we were better off for it.

But “over” is a relative turn. John is never really done. He’s a King amongst men. And I knew it the second I laid eyes on him. I knew it every time after that when I did as he said. In the same way that it felt right to Sarah to be taken while I watched, it felt right for me to obey John. No matter the order.

And obey I did.

**Sarah lay on the couch, eyes closed and asleep. She was completely naked and still covered in perspiration. She breathed deep, exhausted. John had fucked her mouth so much I wondered if her jaw would be sore tomorrow. I'm sure it would be. He had stretched her pussy raw, pounding it for hours. I wondered if she would feel my cock at all the next time we made love.**

John walked out of the bathroom, towering and nude. His long, black shlong swung back and forth revealing the massive nutsack behind it. He too was covered in sweat, but he was nowhere near exhausted. He was smiling from ear to ear as he walked over to my sleeping wife.

“Wore her out, didn't I, Mark?” He chuckled.

I was sitting in the recliner, pants around my ankles, a fresh wad of cum drying on my belly. I had cum three times since this had started, every time I came a little less. I had tried to get up to clean myself off, but John had shouted at me and told me not to move.

John sat down on the couch, my girlfriends little white feet inches from his muscular black thigh. He started to rub her foot with one hand, his giant hand making her foot look so small. With his free hand he started working on his black snake, waking it up. Tug. Tug. Tug.

Sarah opened her eyes. Blinked. Looked at me. Looked at John.

She smiled at John as he rubbed her foot while he rubbed his cock. She slid closer to him, ignoring me. He pulled her little foot up to his mouth and started sucking on her big toe.

“Mmmmm.” She moaned. Her eyes closed and her thighs squirmed as her pussy got wet.

John put more toes in his mouth, sucking and licking. His cock was rock hard again, shooting up between his legs, veins pulsing.

I looked down at my own cock. Small and white. It was a joke compared to his. A fucking joke.

Soon John was standing before her as she laid on the couch. He had to bend over

to get to her waiting toes. He sucked them long and hard, jerking off his cock all the while. I watched his large tongue explore every space between her toes. I watched it run along the arch of her foot and back to her heel. Sarah couldn't help herself; she fingered her cunt with one hand while she rubbed her clit with the other.

"I'm cumming." She breathed. And then she arched her back and screamed, getting herself off while he sucked her feet.

When she was done, she rolled over onto her stomach. I think she knew what he was about to ask. I think I knew what he was about to ask.

Except he didn't ask.

"Pop that ass up in the air, girl. I need your bitch boy husband to get a good view." John laughed and turned towards me, his cock staring straight at me. "I need you to watch me fuck your little white wife in her little white asshole, Mark."

I started jerking my little white dick.

Sarah moaned loud while he tongued her ass. His tongue pushed inside of her and her eyes rolled back into her head again like little white pinballs in a machine. He had his hands on each of her ass cheeks, keeping it wide and spread for his feast. Sarah was rubbing her clit, loving it.

John slipped one long finger into her asshole, stopping halfway.

"AH!" Sarah screamed. "AH! Oh my god! Ok. Ok. Oooooook....wait...wait..." She was breathing heavy, passionately. "Ok....mmm....mmm...baby, yeah. Fuck me with it. Fuck my little asshole."

"You like that in your ass, bitch? Do you?" John slapped her ass hard and she cried out. "That's it baby. Relax."

He spit on her asshole, lubing it up more, and started fucking it faster with his finger. He tucked his head down and under her legs so he could get to her pussy. She clawed at the couch and screamed while he tongued her clit and finger-fucked her butthole.

“AHHHH! YESSS! OH GOOODDDDD!” Sarah screamed. She came again, her whole body writhing and shaking.

“Good girl.” John told her.

“Mark. Get over here, I need your help.” John said.

I crossed the room in shame. I stopped next to my wife who was still recovering from her last orgasm. I stared down at John’s impossibly huge cock.

Far too big for my wife’s ass.

“I’m gonna fuck your wife in the ass, Mark.” He told me, inches away. “But my cock is huge and I need some help. So go ahead and hold your wife’s ass open for me. That’s it. Just like that, bitch-boy. Good.”

My little cock started to cum feebly as I held her ass for the first time. As I TOUCHED her for the first time since this had started.

“Haha! How fucking Pathetic, Mark.” John laughed at my little splooge as it shot to the floor.

He spit down onto my wife’s anus. The glob of it landed perfectly on her hole, coating it.

“Keep it nice and steady for your King, Mark.”

“Yes, sir.” I said.

“Call me KING BULL, Mark. King Bull.”

“Yes, King Bull.”

King Bull grabbed hold of his raging prick. He positioned the head of it on my wife’s tight hole, and he pushed.

Sarah moaned low, deep. Guttural.

“Here we go baby.”

King Bull put some weight behind it and the massive black head of his cock

pushed deep into her asshole.

Sarah screamed, but it wasn't as bad as I had thought. The scream quickly receded to a long, low moan.

"Ooohhh, King. King Bull. Fuck me baby. Fuck my assssss." She breathed.

Slow. Very slow. King Bull worked his giant cock further into her ass.

"Spit on it, Mark. Help your wife out." John told me.

So I did.

"Spit on my cock, Mark. And lather it with your hand, cuck."

So I did.

It took a while but eventually he got his black man-meat halfway into her asshole. By that point Sarah had cum twice.

"Fuck my ass, oh baby, fuck it!" She screamed.

King Bull shoved me hard in the chest and I almost fell.

"Back to your seat, pussy."

I did as I was told, running back across the room to my chair. I immediately found my little white dick and started jerking.

King Bull put a hand around her waist to keep her steady and the other he reached around to her mouth, covering it.

He plunged his giant cock into her. Deep. So. Very. Deep.

Sarah screamed into his hand, eyes rolling back. King Bull picked up pace, driving his rod in and out of her ass, a perfect beating rhythm as her hole stretched over his man-meat. Sarah was sucking his fingers now as he covered her mouth, going back and forth between screams and moans and catching her breath.

"Oh fuck my ass, baby. Fuck it." She managed.

“Oh that’s right girl. That tight little white ass. Look at your husband. Look at your husband!” King Bull screamed.

And he grabbed her around the face, burying his cocking in her ass, turning her gaze to mine.

“Look at your husband while I hold my big black cock in your ass. Look at him!”

My wife stared at me, her mouth parted and panting. His black hands on the sides of her face, holding her still. King Bull pumped her a few times in the ass and she screamed while she stared at me.

“Tell him you love him!” King Bull demanded.

“I love you.” She said.

“Tell him you love that black cock in your ass.”

“I love that black cock in my ass baby.”

“Tell him you love getting fucked by a real man.” King Bull pumped her hard in the ass, burying his cock.

“I LOVE GETTING FUCKED BY A REAL MAN!”

“Good girl.”

John let go of her face and pushed her face into the cushions. Ass up. Face down. Fucking her ass again and again.

King Bull fondled her tits from behind, moving his hips in expert motion to fuck her ass raw.

“Mmmm baby. It’s so big. So fucking big.” Sarah moaned.

“That’s it bitch. Take it like a dog. Take it like a fucking dog you slut.” King Bull panted.

He pulled out of her, ass gaping. She all but collapsed on the couch. King Bull reached down and flipped her over easy like a pillow. He grabbed her legs and

pushed them up towards her face; exposing her widened asshole.

King Bull mounted her, spitting again onto her asshole, and plunging back into her.

“Ohhh fuck!” She squealed.

John railed her like that for a while. His face inches from hers he would tongue kiss her deeply while his hips plowed with a mind of their own. He whispered things to her that I couldn’t hear, things that she always nodded YES to. Then he would kiss her again, deeper, more passionate.

King Bull quickened the fucking, railing her ass. He wrapped one hand around her neck, choking her. His other hand grabbed a handful of hair on the top of her head. He held her still like this as he ass-fucked her harder.

“You ready, baby?” He said at last.

“Oh God, baby. Give it to me. Give it to me.”

“Here it fucking comes. Watch this Mark.”

He pushed his mammoth black bat into her ass and held it there.

“AHHHH! YEAHH!! YEAHH! FUCK YEAH!! TAKE IT! TAKE IT! TAKE IT BITCH!”

“Oh Goooodddd” She moaned. “I can feel it. I can feel your fucking load, baby.”

“Fucking take it!” He cried.

King Bull pulled out of my wife’s asshole and a river of cum followed. He stood there admiring his handiwork. Sarah just closed her eyes and tried to breath, the last wave of orgasms crippling her.

King Bull stood up and his body glistened in sweat. His muscles were pumped, the veins in them seeming to breathe. His giant manhood hung only slightly limp, having produced too many ejaculations to count.

King Bull walked across the room to me and stood in front of me. His stinking

wet cock inches from my face.

“Open.”

I hesitated.

“OPEN.” He repeated.

I opened my mouth.

“I saved the last drop for you, my little cuck.” He smiled.

He steered the head of his dick to just above my open mouth. He gave the giant black thing a squeeze and I watched one last fat drop of cum spring up to rest on top of his cock.

“Say ‘Ah’” He commanded.

I opened wide.

King Bull shook the fat glob from the head of his penis and into my mouth. It landed on my tongue, hot and salty.

“Now close.”

I closed my mouth.

“Now swallow.”

I swallowed.

King Bull began to laugh at me as he walked back across the room and lifted my wife into his arms. Sarah began to laugh at me too as they headed for the master bedroom.

“Sleep on the couch tonight, Cuck.”

And King Bull slammed the bedroom door in my face. And I could hear them laughing.

Laughing together.

***THE END***

**If you want another episode in the sexual escapades of KING BULL, leave a review for this story! When I hit five reviews, KING BULL RETURNS!**

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