

A woman is shown from the chest down to the thighs, wearing a white wedding dress with a lace bodice and a sheer veil. She is also wearing white lace lingerie, including a bra and garter belt. A pearl necklace is visible around her neck. The background is a plain, light color.

My

Bully

Takes my Bride

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

MY BULLY TAKES MY BRIDE
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

Want to be kept up to date with my newest releases? Sign up for my newsletter! You'll get an exclusive **free story**, and I'll drop you a line when I launch a new book. All you got to do is sign up here:

<http://eepurl.com/Sxflv>

Happy reading,

Emilia.

“If you could choose any other guy but me... who would you pick?”

When John asks his fiancée that question, he is in no way, shape or form ready for the answer. **Because the truth is his bride-to-be wants his bully.**

Carlos Conner has tormented John for years. All the men in town fear him, and the women secretly want him.

With John and Eve’s wedding only a week away, now is the time for a fling.

John encourages his girlfriend to send his bully a text — not realizing the couple just bit off way more than they can chew, because...

His bully wants his bride.

And so much more.

MY BULLY TAKES MY BRIDE

"If you could sleep with any guy in the world, who would you choose?"

John peered into his beautiful fiancée's blue eyes. The question had been burning on his lips for months — now was as good a time to ask it; as they chatted in bed before falling asleep on a quiet Friday night.

"I don't need to choose. I have you, babe!"

"Well yeah, of course! But just imagine. What if I wasn't around?"

"Then I would be really sad! Why are you asking me this?" Eve asked.

"It's just a game, honey. Humor me. I know that we're getting married next week, but that doesn't mean I'm the only guy you've ever fantasized about."

"You're the only guy I've ever been with, though."

"I know. That's what I mean. Are you not afraid of settling down?"

"What are you getting at, mister? Are you getting cold feet?"

"Not at all! I love you with my whole heart, babe. You're the one for me. That's why I want you to be happy."

"I am happy,"

"Good. So answer the question."

"What question?" Eve asked coyly.

"If you could sleep with any guy in the world... beside you're awesome husband-to-be, of course... who would you pick?"

"Why do you want to know so bad?"

"I'm just curious. Please, just answer," John said.

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"You're not going to like my answer."

"Okay, now I have to know!"

"Be careful what you ask for, mister!"

"Honey, please tell me. Now I'm really curious."

"You'll get mad."

"I won't."

"Promise. I promise I won't get mad."

"You can't promise that. You don't know my answer," Eve said.

"I swear to you babe, I will not get upset. I'm the one asking after all. You know me, I never get angry, do I?"

"Not really. You're a sweetheart."

"Exactly. We're going to get married next week, for christ's sake. You can be honest with me. Who do you want to sleep with?"

"Won't you get jealous?"

"Maybe that's the fun part."

"You're crazy, baby," Eve said as she reached out to stroke her fiancé's cheek.

"I know. Crazy about you."

"You *like* being jealous?" She asked.

"Sometimes? How can I not be jealous when I'm dating the hottest and smartest girl in town? Everyone's always checking you out, babe. You must have noticed."

"Maybe. But I thought you would get angry, and jealous."

"I am jealous, just not angry. Maybe a little..."

"*Horny.*"

"Yeah."

"You're always horny," she laughed.

"That's because I'm about to marry the hottest and smartest girl in town. No, the state. No, the country."

"I don't know about that. There's a lot of hot girls out there."

"But there's only one you, and I love you."

"Oh, babe." She leaned in and kissed her fiancé.

"So you're going to tell me?" John asked between kisses.

"Hell no."

"Why not?"

"Because, you'll get mad! I don't believe this whole, jealousy makes me horny, talk, babe."

"Look. Put your hand on my dick. Do you feel that?"

"I do."

"I'm going to tell you something crazy. When I think about you and other guys... I know you've only had sex with me, but I know you kissed other guys... you know what happens? I get jealous, yes... and I get hard."

"You do?"

"Yeah, babe. I do. I don't really know why, but it turns me on. A lot."

"Oh jeez, I feel it."

"Yeah."

Eve squeezed her boyfriend's cock. He wasn't kidding. His cock was already firm, and growing harder every moment that they spoke.

"Oh babe."

"Yeah."

John pulled her close, his hand rubbing her panties. All this talk of sex was making Eve all hot and bothered, but she wasn't about to reveal her deepest, darkest desires... but if her fiancé kept pushing... she just might.

"Are you thinking about that right now?"

"I am."

"God, this is so naughty."

"You're naughty."

"Only for you."

"And what if you weren't? Only for me?" John slipped his hand into his girl's panties and found her pussy soaked.

"Oh fuck."

"We've only got one week until you're my wife, babe."

"What are you saying?"

"Maybe you ought to play around a bit."

"Oh sweet Jesus."

"And I'm sure you have someone in mind."

"I do, babe."

"Who is it?"

"It's... "

"Who is the man who makes your engaged pussy this wet, hm?"

Fuck it, Eve decided. If my husband-to-be wants to know so bad, if he gets *this* hard just talking about it, then maybe he really wants to know. Maybe I should tell him that my go-to fantasy is...

"It's Carlos!"

John stiffened up instantly.

"C-carlos?"

"Yeah, Carlos!" Eve moaned. Her pussy flooded with juices, coating John's fingers. "I've always wanted him, babe!"

John's mouth grew dry — and his cock grew hard.

"You're turned on," Eve pointed out.

She's not wrong. John's cock was as hard as it had ever been; hard enough to cut diamonds.

He expected to hear a lot of names, many of them taboo. Teachers, coaches, even the town's priest crossed his mind. Never in a million years would he have guessed Carlos Conner; the town's local bully.

Carlos was built like a fucking tank from a young age on, and he used his physical prowess to bully everyone in sight — and with his father being the town's sheriff, no one stopped the kid either. John had been a favorite target of Carlos all his life.

John had been punched, beaten, humiliated, stuffed into lockers, targeted in PE, his homework stolen, his lunch spit in; the list went on. If you spend over a decade with a big bully in your class, the list is too long to mention. Luckily, that part of John's life was behind him. He was now about to marry his sweetheart, graduate from community college, and move out of the small, oppressive town.

But the one man that comes to his sweetheart's mind, the one man she would want to fuck before she walked down the aisle...

Was Carlos Conner — his own personal bully.

"Carlos?" John stammered again? "You're sure?"

"Yeah, honey! He's so hot and sexy!"

"He's mean!"

"I know, that's sexy!"

Eve humped against her boyfriend's fingers. Finally admitting she had the hots for Carlos turned her on more than anything. She loved John, of course she did, he was a sweetheart, the kindest and most gentle man she had ever met.

But something deep inside of her thirsted for danger. For risk. *For Carlos.*

The man's cock was legendary. As thick as a beer can and as long as a forearm, is what all the girls in school used to say. The brute had fucked his way through half the school's population — and some teachers as well. It was a poorly kept secret that Mrs. Bell's divorce wasn't because she had grown apart from Mr. Bell.

It was because the poor man had come home early from work to find the sheriff's son balls-deep inside his wife; and when the neighbors heard the yelling and screams and called the police it was the sheriff himself who arrested Mr. Bell and threw him in jail for a day to cool down. Some wagging tongues even say Carlos and Mrs. Bell went back to bed to finish the deed before she went to see her husband in jail.

Of course, that's all hear-say. Eve ignored all of it. He was dangerous. Bad news. A good, proper, church-going girl had to stay far away from a boy like him. And then she met John, and all thoughts of Carlos disappeared to the back of her mind... only he had pried the truth out of her.

And there was no putting Pandora back in the box.

"I know you agree with me — you're cock is throbbing right now."

"Oh Jesus, Eve. This is so bad."

"You wanted this. You still want it, don't you?"

"Oh fuck. Yes, I do."

"You want Carlos to fuck me?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Say it."

"I want Carlos to fuck you."

"They say he has a big cock."

"Oh Jesus."

"They say he's got a fucking firehose. I don't know if I can even fit it in my mouth, babe."

"Fucking hell Eve. I'm about to cum."

"Wait, you can't cum yet. There's still something I have to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Carlos added me on Snap last week. I accepted."

John's cock throbbed violently.

"Oh fucking sweet baby Jesus."

"You know what he did?"

"What?"

"He asked me out."

"But we're getting married next week."

"That's what I told him. He said he didn't care."

"Fucking asshole."

"I know. He's such an asshole. Wouldn't it be funny if I did go out with him though? Just so I can turn him down, of course. But maybe kiss him a little. Feel how big his cock really is. Maybe grab it. Stroke it. Feel how big he is. Would you like that, baby? Does that make you jealous enough, your fiancé jerking off your bully while you wait at home?"

"OH FUCK!"

John came like a firehose, spraying his seed all over his girlfriend's belly. Eve kept her eyes closed as she finished herself off, her body trembling as she thought of serving the big bully; as she imagined herself sinking to her knees in front of him and submitting to the raging asshole.

What a bachelorette party that would be...



"ARE you sure that this is what you want, babe?"

John stared at his fiancée as his heart beat a million miles per minute. She had her phone in her hands, and she could reply to his old bully with a swipe of her thumb. Inside he was going crazy, but he knew he had to remain cool for his bride-to-be.

"Yes," he croaked.

"You're absolutely one hundred percent SURE you want Carlos Conner to take me out on a date, SIX days before our wedding?"

"If that's what you want to do, then yes."

"Don't put this weight on me — you asked for this!"

"You're right, I'm sorry. Yes. Yes, I want Carlos to take you out on a date," John said.

Eve's heart beat a little faster. Could she really have her cake and eat it too? Mess around with Big Dick Carlos *and* walk down the aisle with John? This opportunity was simply too good to pass up. "You know what he's like, right?"

"I know."

"Okay, then." Her fingers swiped across her phone. It buzzed moment's later.

"What did you say?" John demanded.

"I told him he could take me to see a movie."

"And?"

"And he's picking me up in an hour."

"Oh shit," John gasped.

The last twenty-four hours had been insane for the young couple. The sex they had last night was out of this world as they both reveled in the humiliation of submitting before the bully of their

town. John had woken up the next morning with a burning bright desire that nothing could erase.

He wanted his bride-to-be to get fucked by his bully.

That idea, so wrong, so revolting, so infuriating made him hornier than anything ever could. It simply had to happen.

And to a mixture of delight and horror, his beautiful innocent Eve was on-board. He barely uttered the sentence before she grabbed her phone and was ready to reply.

"I have to get ready," Eve said as she gave her boyfriend a kiss.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think? I have to get ready for my date, don't I?"

"Fucking hell," John muttered as his girlfriend hummed to herself.

The next hour was torture. All John could do was sit and wait as his girlfriend showered, shaved her legs, plucked her eyebrows, hydrated her skin, picked out her raciest set of lingerie, and applied her make-up.

"What do you think?"

John looked up to see Eve pose in front of him in a sexy black-dress that hugged her curves beautifully. "You look amazing."

"Check this out."

She raised the front of her skirt and John's heart skipped a beat. His fiancée wasn't wearing any panties — and her cunt was completely bare!

"You shaved," John said, his voice barely a whisper.

Eve grabbed John's hand and placed it on her smooth mound. She was already wet.

"I heard Carlos likes his pussies bald," she moaned as her boyfriend easily inserted a finger inside of her.

John was gobsmacked. "Who told you that?"

A naughty grin flashed on Eve's face. "Your sister."

"My s-sister?" John sputtered. That asshole who made his life a living hell had *fucked his sister*?

"There's hardly a girl in town who hasn't sampled Carlos's big sausage, babe," Eve admitted. "Except for me."

"Except for you," John repeated. The reality of what they were about to hit the young man like a ton of bricks.

"I'm the one that got away," Eve groaned. John inserted two fingers into her, amazed by how absolutely soaked his fiancée was. "But not for long."

She grabbed her boyfriend's hair and forced his face into her wet cunt. His tongue found her clit easily, and the pleasure overwhelmed her.

Everything about this situation was so damn sinful that it made Eve feel more alive than ever before. All her life she had been a good and honest girl, pushing all her naughty and filthy desires as far away as they could possibly go. And now her loving boyfriend had yanked open those rusty gates, and told her to revel in lust.

The sex they had last night and this morning was unreal. All she had to do was utter Carlos's name and John was on the edge of orgasm. When he told her that she should go on that date with Carlos her heart fluttered, and despite her better judgement, Eve had instantly grabbed her phone.

There was something about John's willingness to degrade himself that turned the young girl on like crazy. Perhaps it was the fact that their adventure was a shared one. She wasn't the only one being used by the big bully — John was as well.

"We should invite him to the wedding," Eve panted.

"Hm?" John said.

"It would be so hot to have him there as I walk down the aisle and give myself to you."

"Yeah?"

"If only you know how many women in the wedding party have sucked his big fat cock you'd lose your mind, babe."

"Tell me," John pleaded.

"Guess."

"Anna?"

Eve chuckled. "Of course. That slut has sucked every dick in town by now. Except yours, of course. That one was easy."

"Belinda?"

"Guess again."

John racked his brain. Surely Eve couldn't be talking about his own mother...

A car horn blasted outside.

"He's here!" Eve squealed. She pushed her boyfriend off her pussy, bent down and kissed him on the lips.

"Love you babe! Don't jerk off too much, save some for when I get back, yeah?"

"Okay, sure!" John replied. "Uhm, have fun!"

Eve smirked. "I will. Bye!"

John glanced out the blinds, carefully so he wasn't spotted. That was definitely Carlos's giant, obscene muscle-car revving right there, outside their front door.

All their neighbors could see Eve hopping out the front door, skipping down the steps and sliding her butt into the automobile. The tires squealed as Carlos took off.

John's cocked throbbed achingly. Should he follow them?



CARLOS COULD BARELY BELIEVE his luck. There he was, bored out of his fucking skull on a Saturday, when suddenly his phone buzzed.

Little Eve prim proper *fucking* Brown said yes to his invite. Proof that miracles do exist.

There's no hot bitch in this town that hasn't knelt before Carlos and tasted his fat cock — except for Eve.

Maiden Eve, they used to call her. Always with her nose in the books. Always getting the highest grades. Always the smartest girl in class, always knew best, always a pompous little bitch.

And that little nerd blossomed into the hottest girl in town, with the perkier tits and the most fuck-able ass — and she ended up dating John, of all people! Cumguzzler John! A nickname Carlos himself had coined, as he got into the habit of sneaking some of his 'secret sauce' in the nerd's sport-drinks when he wasn't looking, to the entertainment of just about everybody. Even got John's own sister to jerk him off into the nerd's drink.

Eve was the one who got away, and John was the one who had the last laugh, dating that perfect ten... and then his phone buzzed.

And now Eve Brown was in his Mustang wearing a sexy black-dress that her tits nearly popped out of. And they say God is dead.

Carlos wasn't going to let this opportunity to slip him by. He had waited for this for *years*. Now that he had that hot little bitch in his

car, he wasn't happy with just pumping her full of cum and dumping her on the side of the road like all the other sluts in this town.

Oh no.

Carlos was going to *destroy* her pussy.

He was going to break her.

When he was done with her, Cummy John wouldn't recognize his own fiancée anymore.

"So what made you change your mind?" Carlos asked as they pulled into the parking lot of the movie theater. Their town was the size of a stamp, and that meant every trip was ten minutes, tops.

"What do you mean?" Eve answered. The bully kept glancing at her, barely paying attention to the road at all.

"Come on. You hate my guts. And now you want to go see a movie?"

"I've been wanting to go to the new superhero flick for weeks, but John never had the time," Eve lied. "I figured I might as well go with you. Besides, I never hated you. We were just... different."

"Different, huh? Damn right we were different. You still with Cumguzzler John then?"

Eve's skin flushed with heat. She had forgotten all about that horrid nickname, but now, with her body still on-edge with the tongue-lashing her fiancé had given her wet pussy mere moments ago, it suddenly and inexplicably turned her on.

If she came home with a pussy dripping with cum then John could earn his nickname for real...

"I'm engaged to John, actually."

"Engaged? Shit. When's the wedding?"

"Next Friday."

"Whoa. So you're still a bachelorette then, for now?"

"For now," Eve answered, the meaning of the bully's words as clear as day to her.

"Fucking A."

Carlos parked the car and helped Eve get out. As they walked towards the cinema he wrapped his arm around her waist, his giant hand landing squarely on her big ass. He didn't feel any panties. This was going to be easier than he had hoped.

"Carlos," Eve whined, but she didn't pull away. "What if someone sees us?"

"I don't give a fuck. I'm on a date with a hot chick, that's all that matters."

"This isn't a date," Eve said, but she didn't believe it herself.

"Whatever you say, bitch," Carlos answered. He squeezed her ass to prove his point.

Eve could barely stifle a groan. The bastard slid his hand up her dress and squeezed her bare ass as they waited in line. All she could do was glare at him, but her pussy was dripping wet.

She was doing this all for John, she remembered. *He wanted this. He asked me to do this. So I should enjoy it.*

The groping and fondling continued all the way to their seats. The moment the lights went out there was no stopping the jock. His hands slid between Eve's legs and found her wetness.

The young bride-to-be looked around, but the theater was half-empty, and they were seated at the back. No one was paying them any attention.

"Come on bitch, don't play hard to get now. I know you want this cock. You've been eyeing my bulge since I picked you up."

Carlos succeeded in spreading her legs, and his grubby fingers found her cunt flooded with juices.

"Jesus you're soaked. Cummy John's not doing it for you anymore, is he?" The asshole grunted as he forcefully slid two fingers into the girl's pussy.

"Don't talk about John like that," she gasped. "I love him."

"Yeah? I don't give a fuck. I'm going to use you as my little fuck-toy regardless."

"Oh god."

Eve gripped the handrests as Carlos used her body. This was the same theatre she went to on her first date with John — it was this very room, in fact, where they first held hands, where he first kissed her cheek, and she first felt that spark of young love.

And now Carlos unzipped himself and pulled out his fat cock. Jesus, it was like a club. The rumors were true. It's as fat as a can of soda and long enough to club a baby seal with. The jock grabbed her hand and placed it on his cock. He was hard and veiny, and he felt perfect in Eve's hand. Absolutely perfect.

In this room she first snuggled with John. After that first date, it took him six months before he ever got to touch her breasts, and six more before she ever touched his penis.

Carlos? His hand was already up her skirt on the way on and three minutes into the movie she was already jerking him off, leaning forward to watch the movie reflected off the shiny, purple head of his cock.

"Who would have thought Maiden Eve was such a big slut," Carlos grunted as he grabbed a fistful of Eve's hair and forced the head of his cock into her mouth. "Only with real sluts do I get my cock wet

before the movie even starts. That's it, take it all, slut. Fuck. John's not treating you right, huh? Don't worry, I know how to treat a slut when I see one."

John sat in the parking lot, his head in his hands. He followed them all the way to the cinema, and watched in horror as Carlos groped her ass right there in the parking lot — and Eve did nothing to stop him. She laughed and looked at him the way he wished she would look at him more. John had to fight the urge to jack off right there and then. Getting arrested for public exposure was the worst thing that could happen right now.

They even continued touching each other in the line, which drove John mad. Didn't they know their town was the size of a stamp? He knew every person in line by name. His teacher, the guy at the post office, the waitress at Long John's; all of them saw the couple. Did they know she was his fiancée? It was a matter of time before they ran into someone they both knew very well. This was so risky — and that only made it hotter.

John took a deep breath, gathered his courage, and headed towards the cinema. He wanted to see. He *needed* to see.

He had no idea what movie they went to, and so he sneaked into every theatre, scanning the rooms quickly. The first two were empty, but there were some people in the third room. All the way in the back he saw some movement. John snuck up the rows, squinting to see in the dark room. Was that...?

A head bobbed up and down.

Okay, that couldn't be Eve, because she would never do something like that. Sneaking a kiss in public was too much PA for her. Giving head in a movie theatre? Not in a million years.

The movie lit up the room, and for a brief moment John saw Carlos's familiar shiteating grin. It *was* him. And the girl bobbing between his legs...

Carlos gripped her hair and yanked her up. To John's horror, he saw a strand of saliva connect the young girl's mouth to the giant cock jutting upright like a spear. Her profile was lit up, and John's world froze for a moment.

The girl being choked by his bully was his fiancée.

There was not a single doubt in his mind about that.

The jock smirked and *spit in Eve's mouth*. She swallowed and seemed to say something. *Thank you?* Then, the asshole grabbed her hair and forced her back on his cock.

This was too much for John to handle. He quickly headed towards the bathroom to recompose himself. What he just saw shook him to his core.

Carlos leaned back in his seat and lifted up Eve's dress. The bitch was soaked. It was a welcome surprise to open his eyes and see that little bitch himself, John, stare up at him from the front row. He wasn't going to do anything but watch; Carlos knew the type.

Yes, this day was getting better and better. The little bitch ran away with his tail tucked between his legs. No doubt to the restroom to go jerk off. This gave Carlos an idea. A brilliant one. Yes, this day was only getting better.



JOHN SAT ON THE TOILET, his head between his hands. His cock ached and his head swam with thoughts. Just when he was ready to drink some water, the door to the bathroom suddenly opened. He heard laughter. Familiar laughter.

Eve.

"This is the men's room," she said.

"I don't care bitch. Get your fucking ass inside," Carlos grunted.

John winced. Hearing anyone talk that harshly to his girlfriend was hard to swallow, but coming from Carlos, it was torture.

They entered the stall next to his. John held his breath. All he could do was listen.

Carlos unzipped his pants and let them drop down to the floor. He made sure to make as much noise as he could. Eve sunk to his knees in front of him, and looked up at him obediently. This was almost too easy.

"You're ready to suck my cock, bitch?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good girl," Carlos grunted as he slapped the head of his cock against her outstretched tongue. "You've wanted this big cock for years, haven't you?"

"Uh huh."

Eve wrapped her hot lips around his cock and sucked. She just couldn't help herself. With his giant cock dangling in her face, all she could do was obey.

"Tell me," Carlos growled as he made the bitch choke on his cock.

"Tell me how long you've lusted after me."

"I've always wanted you," Eve said.

"Even when I bullied that boyfriend of yours?"

"That only made you hotter," Eve said.

Her admission surprised even herself, but it was true. Carlos was the alpha of the entire town. His word was law. John was sweet, and

Eve truly loved him, but she would be lying if she said she didn't revel in the humiliation also.

"Damn bitch. Fuck, you look so good with my balls resting on your face. You don't mind if I take some photos, don't you? They would make a good wedding gift. Oh yeah, lick my taint too. Oh yes. You do this for your boyfriend? You ever eat his ass? Oh that's right, get your tongue in there. Right in my asshole. Fuck, and to think you're going to kiss your fiancé with that mouth in front of all your friends and family. I'm about to blow my load all over your face if you're not careful."

"Yes, Carlos, please, cum on me, cum all over my face!" Eve pleaded.

John jerked off as silently as he could. The words he heard spoken in the stall next to him went beyond even his wildest fantasies. Carlos wasn't just getting a blowjob — he was using Eve's face, mouth and throat like a flashlight. She gagged, spit, cried, and groaned as used her like his own personal cumdumpster for twenty minutes.

"Take it bitch! Take it all! Ah, yes, I'm covering your face, whore! I'm cumming all over your fucking face!"

Carlos growled hard and Eve moaned as John heard the tell-tale signs of orgasm.

"Let me take a picture. That's it, smile for the camera bitch. All my homies are not going to believe I nudded all over your face. I should print it out and leave it under everyone's seat at your wedding, slut."

"You're so bad," Eve said breathlessly. "Please don't share that with anyone."

"I won't if you keep sucking this dick, bitch. What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Getting my wedding dress fitted."

“Excellent. I’ll come by and we’ll get a practice fuck in. By the time that little dick of John will get his turn, your cunt and your wedding dress will be ruined by me.”

Eve gasped. “We can’t do that.”

“Oh we will, bitch. See you tomorrow.”

Carlos zipped up his pants and left the stall. John waited for him to leave before he slowly opened the door. The rest of the bathroom was empty. He quickly slipped into the other stall.

What he saw there made his heart freeze.

His Eve, his beautiful and amazing girlfriend was completely destroyed. Her face was covered with spit, juices and cum. Her eyes were red, and fat goblets of Carlos’s seed dribbled down her face, her cheeks, her chin — it was everywhere.

Her hand was between her legs, and she toyed with her wet cunt with her eyes closed. She hadn’t even noticed her fiancé slipping into the stall.

“Holy shit,” John whispered as he pulled out his cock. This was beyond anything he had dared to dream off.

Eve opened her eyes. “Hey baby,” she whispered. “Is this what you wanted? Carlos used my mouth.”

John nodded as he jerked off.

“Come here and kiss me,” Eve asked.

John hesitated. His girlfriends lips were still glazed with his bully’s cum. There’s not a single doubt in his mind that her mouth would taste of his cock and his balls. But could he deny his girlfriend? She just made his biggest fantasy come true — giving her a kiss was the least he could do.

Eve tugged at his shirt and John found himself joining her on the floor of his bathroom. The smell of cock was strong up-close.

"Kiss me baby," Eve said, her eyes glazed over with lust. "Kiss me and taste your bully's cum."

Oh fuck. John's tongue slid into his girlfriend mouth, and she kissed back hard, pushing a large amount of semen right into his mouth. John had no choice but to swallow. If Carlos could see them now, the bully would realize he had complete power over the couple-to-be.

"I'm his little slut now," Eve moaned, her fingers on her clit, her body a fraction away from orgasm. "I'm Carlos's little fucktoy, baby. And you're Cummy John." She smirked. "How does his cum taste, baby?"

John was so turned on he was shaking. That nickname always bothered him — and not it was coming from his bride-to-be.

And it was *true*.

"You're such a whore," John moaned between sloppy kisses. "He used your fucking mouth like a fleshlight. Your taste of his cock. You're my bride but his fucking slut."

"Yes," Eve hissed. "I think he's going to fuck me in my wedding dress, babe. Is that okay? That I'm going to walk down the aisle in a dress your bully has fucked me in?"

"Is that what you want?"

Eve nodded. "Yes. I want him to use me, baby. I want that. Yes. Yes! YES!"

She kissed her boyfriend hard as she came hard, her entire body shaking and trembling as she gave into her deepest wants. John's cum splashed on the bathroom floor as he came as well, the image of Eve walking down the aisle in a soiled dress too much for him to handle.

Outside the bathroom, Carlos grinned to himself. Yes, he was going to have a lot of fun with the young couple. A lot of fun.

TO BE CONTINUED...

AUTHOR'S NOTE

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