



My

Bully

Takes my Bride

Part 2

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

**MY BULLY TAKES MY BRIDE:
PART 2**

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.

“You’re going to watch as I take your wife on your wedding night, loser.”

The dominant Carlos Conner has lusted after the gorgeous Eve for years. The bully bedded everyone in town, but he never managed to score with Eve.

Until the night of her wedding.

John and Eve had no idea what they got themselves into when they invited his old bully to their wedding. Carlos quickly realizes he can do whatever he wants to the submissive couple, and he intends to give them a night they will *never* forget.

He’s going to claim the bride on her wedding night.

And make her husband watch.

MY BULLY TAKES MY BRIDE: PART TWO

Eve looked absolutely stunning in her wedding dress.

She couldn't stop staring at herself in the mirror of the bridal shop. She turned around and drank in every single angle. This is the moment she had been dreaming of her whole life: Finally getting to wear a white wedding dress. Her wedding to her sweetheart John was only a couple of days away now.

What she did last night was nothing but a haze now. Her fiancé had convinced her to go on a date with Carlos Conner, the town's bully — and the night had ended with Carlos painting Eve's face as she begged for it. It was completely out of character for her, and even though the whole situation was kinky beyond belief, it was behind Eve now.

In the morning, she had looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and told herself it had all been a bad dream. Nothing more.

Now she looked like the innocent, beautiful bride she knew she was.

"Fucking nice." That gravely, powerful voice...

Eve turned around. Carlos stood in the middle of the bridal shop, openly leering at her.

“What are you doing here?!”

“I told you I’d come by today, wouldn’t I?”

Carlos grabbed the sign that said *open* and changed it to *closed*. Eve looked for the shop’s attendant, but couldn’t see her anywhere.

“Don’t worry about Misty. She’s on her break, and she won’t be back for a long, long time.”

“How did you know I was here?”

“Misty gave me a call. There’s only one shop like this in town, babydoll.”

Eve looked at the exit. She should leave, right now. Before she’d do anything stupid. Before she did something she would regret for the rest of her life.

Carlos strutted towards her. The moment he got close, Eve’s eyes fluttered. His scent was so strong. Sweat, leather and oil. He smelled like a proper man.

“Look at me.”

She looked up. Eve had to strain her neck to meet the bully’s intimidating gaze.

“You want me.”

It wasn’t a question. It was a fact. Eve wanted to run, but her legs were frozen. Her breath was held. Her pupils were dilated. Her nipples were hard. Her panties soaked. Did she really want to run? If she did, she would have been moving by now.

“You can leave right now,” Carlos growled. His forehead pressed against hers. “I’m not stopping you, baby. You can take your tight little ass and march right out this shop this very second. You can marry that loser fiancé of yours and I won’t be in your picture perfect life for a second longer.”

"And if I stay?" Eve asked, her voice barely a whisper.

Carlos Conner's evil grin spread wide over his ugly face.

"Then I know what you really want. I know what you really are. A *slut*."

Carlos grabbed a fistful of her ass. Eve yelped, but didn't move. Her heart raced like crazy.

"A cockhungry obedient little *slut* who wants to suck off her fiancé's bully wearing her wedding dress," Carlos grunted. His strong fingers sank deeply into her soft ass.

Eve's eyes fluttered as her breath faltered.

"That's what you are, isn't it? Say yes, bitch."

"Yes," Eve said instantly. "Yes."

"Good."

Carlos grabbed a handful of her tits and squeezed hard. Eve was frozen, and all she could do was moan. Her eyes darted towards the door. They were in the back of the shop, but if anyone were to walk by and take a good look inside, they could clearly see Carlos manhandle her. Still she did not move.

"You've got some great fucking tits, bitch," Carlos said as he roughly pulled them out, slightly damaging the expensive dress in the process.

John's parents were gracious enough to pay for the whole wedding, including this wonderful dress. They had worked overtime for months to make all of the deposits, and while Eve had felt bad about accepting their money, they had insisted, and finally, Eve had relented and picked her dream dress.

And now Carlos Conner was roughly twisting her nipples in said dress. What would John's parents think if they saw her now? What would her husband-to-be himself think? He'd probably cum in his

pants, she realized. This was his idea after all. John wanted her to date Carlos.

So all of this — it's actually for her future husband.

"On your knees."

Without thinking Eve sank down to her knees. Her hands instantly went to Carlos's pants, unbuttoning his jeans with shaking fingers.

"That's right. I haven't even set a word and you're eager to suck my cock, aren't you bitch?"

Eve nodded. She tugged his pants down and his giant hard cock flopped out. "Oh my god," she groaned when she saw the veiny member bob up and down in front of her.

This was so wrong. So hot. So *delicious*.

She opened her mouth wide and wrapped her hot lips around the head of Carlos's cock. The bully grabbed a fistful of her hair and choked her on his dick. Tears welled in her eyes as Carlos roughly fucked her throat. He used her as his fuck toy, and Eve loved every second of it.

Serving the bully came natural to her.

"The loser knows, doesn't he?" Carlos grunted. "He knows you sucked my cock."

Eve nodded.

"Say it."

"John knows," she mumbled, her mouth full.

Carlos pulled his cock out her mouth and smeared the saliva all over her face. "Don't use his name. He's *loser* from now on. Understood?"

Eve hesitated.

Carlos pulled his cock away, and Eve's eyes grew wide.

"Okay, okay," she said. She'd say anything to get that fat cock back into her mouth.

"Good slut. So that loser knows?"

"Yes," she said. "The... *loser*... knows."

A shiver ran down her spine. Calling her husband-to-be a loser behind his back... who was she becoming?

"He was in the movie theater, right?"

"Yes."

"What did he do when he found you with my cum dripping all over your face?"

"He kissed me."

Carlos grinned ear-to-ear. "Shit, Cumguzzler John is living up to his name. Let's give that loser something to eat tonight, yes? Bend over, bitch. I'm fucking you in your fucking wedding dress."

Eve's legs were shaking as she turned around and hiked her dress up. She could see herself in the many mirrors of the cute boutique. It was the most erotic sight she had ever seen.

She saw herself on her hands and knees in her pristine white wedding dress, with the uncouth, grizzly-bear sized Carlos Conner behind her, his fat cock jutting upwards as he grabbed the base and slapped it against her pale ass.

"You're a fucking whore," Carlos said as he made eye-contact with her. "Say it. Say you're a fucking whore or I won't fuck your soaking wet cunt, bitch."

"I'm a fucking whore," Eve replied.

Her entire body shook with excitement. The bully knew exactly how to read her. He knew that she craved humiliation and submission. He knew he had her exactly where he wanted her.

"I'm a fucking whore," Eve said again. "Please fuck me in my wedding dress, Carlos. Please send me home to my loser fiancé with my pussy filled with your cum."

Carlos rubbed the fat head of his cock against her soaking wet pussy. The thick head slipped in, and Eve moaned loudly as her eyes rolled back.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked it back as he forced the rest of his cock in. She groaned and whined — they always did as their pussies adjusted to the size of a real cock for the first time. It takes a couple of thrusts to break them in.

Then, it was showtime.

Carlos slid himself in all the way to the hilt and flexed his cock. The moans coming from Eve were now guttural and animalistic. If she had any last hope that the bully wasn't going to ruin her pussy for good, those idle thoughts were now out the window. John couldn't measure up in any way, shape or form to Carlos's cock.

Any girl he fucked was now ruined for lesser men.

Carlos grabbed her hips and fucked her hard. His dick pistoned in and out of the bride-to-be, his balls slapped against her clit, and she moaned like a whore. Fucking a bride in her wedding dress was a new high for Carlos, but this was only the beginning.

"I'm going to make you walk down the aisle with my cum dripping from your cunt," Carlos groaned. "I'm going to fuck you on your wedding day, bitch!"

"Yes!" Eve said. "Yes, please, please come fuck me baby, please use my pussy on my wedding day, please fill my naughty whore-ish little pussy on my wedding day with my friends and family in the next room!"

"You're going to marry your loser husband with a pussy full of cum and my cock on your breath?"

“YES!” Eve shouted at the top of her lungs. “I want to kiss my loser husband with my mouth tasting like your cock! I want to snowball your cum into his mouth at the alter, Carlos! I’m your whore, your slut, your toy! Please fill me Carlos, please!”

It’s not often that a woman can match Carlos’s dirty talk, but Eve had a mouth filthier than a sailor’s. The bully’s balls swelled up, his cock grew an extra inch, and with a big roar he deposited his load in the bride’s cunt, filling her to the brim with his potent seed.

He pulled his giant cock out and his spread leaked onto the floor of the bridal shop. Carlos grinned as he saw how stretched open Eve’s cunt was. This was only the beginning. Their wedding was nice week... and it was going to be one hell of a show.



EVE THOUGHT about telling her husband-to-be about what transpired in the bridal shop, but she couldn’t find the words. John was so happy to get married — what if this gave him second thoughts? Even if this is truly what he wanted... could she be sure?

Soon, all the planning for the wedding swallowed all of her attention, and she forgot all about Carlos and his promise. She pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind, and she didn’t allow herself to think about them at all.

The days flew by. Before long she found herself at the church, applying the final touches of her make-up when the door to her room opened. Carlos Conner filled the entire door-frame. Her heart jumped into her throat.

“What are you doing here?” She said.

“What do you think?” Carlos grinned.

He wasn’t dressed for the wedding at all. Where everyone was wearing their Sunday best, Carlos wore jeans and an oil-stained

shirt.

"Close the door before someone sees you!" Eve hissed.

Carlos chuckled and slipped into the room. He took a moment to drink in the sight in front of him. Eve looked more beautiful than ever in her wedding dress. Now her hair was done and she was just finishing her make-up. She looked downright amazing.

John was a lucky man.

Not as lucky as Carlos, though.

"How did you even know where I was?" Eve hissed. "Who told you?"

"I have my sources," Carlos answered as he walked towards her. His scent filled the room: oil, leather and sweat. Eve's pussy throbbed with desire, and her lacy white panties grew damp. No, she told herself strongly. *I can't. No. Maybe. No!*

"What are you doing here? You have to leave. I'm expected out any moment now. The ceremony is about to start."

"I'm here for that promise you made. Remember?"

"I don't," Eve lied.

"I do."

Carlos reached for his belt. Eve licked her lips involuntarily.

"We don't have time," Eve said, moving onto the bargaining stage now.

"Then you better start sucking my cock now, my little slut-bride," Carlos commanded. "Before your future mother-in-law comes looking for you and finds you with my cock halfway down your throat."

Carlos pulled out his hard cock.

"Oh fuck," Eve breathed. Her nipples hardened instantly at Carlos's lewd words. She stared at his massive unit. She couldn't look away. "That can't happen."

"No, it can't. Can you imagine? Getting caught sucking your husband's bully's cock at your own wedding? Everyone would know what a fucking slut you are. How you're actually a cock-addicted, dirty little whore."

As he talked Carlos stroked himself to full hardness. A drop of pre-cum formed on the purple head and he spread it around. Eve stared it and licked her lips again.

"No, that can't... that can't happen... everyone... everyone would know..."

She sank to her knees in front of Carlos.

"Open your mouth, bride-slut."

Eve obeyed, opening her mouth as wide as she could. Carlos slapped the head of his cock against her lips, spreading her carefully applied lipstick all around. Eve struggled to get the fat cockhead into her mouth. When she finally did, she closed her eyes and moaned like she had just bitten into the forbidden apple.

"That's right, whore. You look so good in your wedding dress and your cock in my mouth. Take it, take it all!"

Carlos grabbed a fistful of her carefully arranged hair and forced his cock down her throat. Saliva and tears ran down her cheeks as he fucked the slut's face right there in the church.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Eve? Honey? You almost ready? We're waiting for you."

It was her mother-in-law. She was a dear, but she was also always sticking her nose into places it didn't belong.

"Mmmpppf!"

“What was that, dear?”

“MmpMMFMfp!”

“Should I come in?”

“MmgNO! No, I’m coming! Just give me a second!”

“Okay dear, take your time!”

The footsteps receded down the hall. Carlos laughed as he kept fucking the bride-to-be’s mouth. Saliva dripped down her chin onto her dress. There was no way she would be ready to walk down the aisle in a minute. He would settle for cumming down her throat, and watching her kiss her husband with her breath tasting of his dick.

“Take it all slut! Swallow my cum!” He grunted.

She grabbed his balls and squeezed. The little slut was eager as hell. He stifled a groan as he let loose, firing the thick ropes of cum down the hungry little slut’s mouth.

Eve tried to swallow as much as she could, but several fat droplets of cum dripped down on her white dress. The feeling of almost being caught was electric. She realized in that moment she was addicted to Carlos.

She would do anything for him.

Eve licked her lips and looked at the throbbing cock bobbing in front of her. She gave it one big wet kiss.

Time to marry her husband.



EVE LOOKED *STUNNING*.

As John danced with his new bride, he couldn’t be happier. The ceremony itself had gone off without a hitch.

Well, Eve was a few minutes late, and her breath tasted a little weird, but that was all. And right after the ceremony, she excused herself to use the restroom and she was gone for a good thirty minutes.

Nerves, she explained. John understood.

But now he was dancing with his wife and all their friends and family were watching, and John simply couldn't be happier.

"I have a surprise for you," Eve whispered.

"What is it?"

"If I tell you it'll ruin the surprise."

Her eyes twinkled with desire. John felt himself harden, and bit his bottom lip. While he was by no means packing, this suit didn't leave much room for an erection.

"Now you've *got* to tell me. Does it involve... *him*?"

John nodded in the general direction of Carlos *fucking* Conner. That asshole had the audacity to show up to their wedding. He stayed out of John's way, but just having him there made his stomach flutter.

"Maybe," Eve answered with a grin. "I think it's time for the garter toss."

"Garter toss? Are we doing that? I thought you said it was a silly tradition."

"I changed my mind."

John shrugged. "Okay!"

He stopped the dance, knelt down as his hands fumbled for the garter.

"You can't reach it like that," Eve said with a breathy voice. "You have to climb under my dress."

“What will everyone think?” John whispered. He could feel the stares of his family on him.

“I don’t care what anyone thinks, baby. I only care about you. Now get under there.”

John’s head disappeared under his wife’s wedding dress as he tried to locate this mysterious garter. He looked up, confused.

And his heart stopped.

What he saw there, in the middle of his very own wedding reception stopped his heart cold.

His fresh bride wasn’t wearing any panties.

And *that* wasn’t the biggest surprise.

No.

Her gorgeous pussy was red, swollen, and leaking cum.

The smell of arousal and sex was all around John as he looked at his wife’s well-used cunt. It could only be one man.

Carlos.

His bully came to his wedding — and he had just fucked his bride. His bully was the first man to fuck his bride on her wedding day.

Oh god.

She did it. He had fantasized about it, they both had, but he never suspected that she would actually fucking do it. *Holy shit.*

John could hear murmurs all around him. How long had he been up her dress? What did people think he was doing down there? It didn’t matter.

All that mattered was the fresh cream pie in front of him.

John couldn't resist. He buried his face between Eve's legs. She uttered a surprised moan, but kept her composure as best she could as her husband's tongue dipped into her well-used sex.

John wanted to eat her up right there and then, but he heard laughter and realized where he was.

His own wedding.

With all his friends and family watching his wife at his very moment.

He finally tore his eyes away, found the garter, and pulled it down her leg. He took a deep breath and stood up, holding it high above its head.

Everyone cheered and smirked. Only his mother-in-law seemed displeased with the amount of time he had spent down there. John's eyes scanned the crowd, quickly passing by his parents, his brothers, his friends and co-workers — *there*.

In the back he saw the grinning, evil smirk of Carlos Conner. They locked eyes, and Conner gave him a thumbs up, threw his head back, and laughed.

All John could do was nod and smile, and lick his lips. He could still taste the mixture of Conner's and Eve juices on his lips.

He turned back to Eve. Her face was red, her eyes pleading with him.

"You're not angry?" She whispered.

John pulled his wife close and aggressively kissed her.

"I fucking love you," he growled into her mouth.

The crowd erupted in laughter and applause. The band resumed playing and everyone started dancing, giving the couple a moment of privacy, the loud music drowning out their voices.

"Tell me what happened."

"Carlos, he pulled me into a side-room after the ceremony, and... well..."

"He fucked you. He fucked your married cunt on our wedding day and made you walk out to your own wedding reception with a pussy leaking cum."

Eve nodded. "Yes." She looked up. "Are you angry?"

"I'm so turned on right now, babe," John admitted to his wife and to himself. "This is all I ever wanted."

"Good, because that's not all."

John's eyes grew wide. "It's not? What more could there be?"

"You remember when you kissed me at the altar?"

"Of course!"

"You didn't notice anything? Nothing tasted... *off*?"

John shook his head. "I was so focused on the proceedings and filled with joy that I didn't notice anything, no."

"Good," Eve said. The couple swayed to the music, their heads close together, whispering, none of the wedding parties any wiser to the conversation taking place right under their noses.

"Why? Tell me!" John demanded. "You're teasing me, woman."

"Carlos entered my room before the wedding ceremony as well," Eve admitted, her eyes twinkling. "He pulled out his cock and told me to suck him off *for good luck*. I thought it was so devilish and mean of him, to get me to tongue the head of his cock moments before saying *I do* in front of all our fiends and family and then kissing you... so that's what I did. I thought you might get off on it."

"Oh god," John whispered. "So when you walked up to the alter.."

“Carlos had just rubbed his sweaty balls all over my face,” Eve admitted, her cheeks scarlet. “I’m sorry if it’s too much, but I... I like it when he... when he uses me. I’m your wife, John, but I’m also...”

““Carlos’s cumslut,” John finished her sentence. His skin prickled with heat. All his deepest fantasies were coming true. “I wouldn’t want it any other way, babe.”

He glanced over his shoulder and saw his bully staring at him, an evil smirk on his face. When John told his fiancée to take his bully out for a date, he set in motions events that could not be stopped. Now, his entire life was going to be different from here on out. One thing was for sure.

This was going to be one hell of a wedding night.



CARLOS WAITED the entire night for his time to strike. Several women wanted to fuck him, but he didn’t care for their married pussies. There was only one pussy that was going to cream tonight, and it was going to be the bride’s.

While the groom watched.

This whole wedding shit was addictive. Watching Eve kiss her husband with her breath smelling his ballsack? With the taste of cum still lingering in her mouth?

Carlos surged with power. He wanted to wait, but when Eve walked by he couldn’t resist. He pulled her into a side-room after the ceremony and defiled her just-married cunt right there and then as she begged for it.

It was a great fuck. It wasn’t enough. He had Eve — now he wanted John. The poor little fuck he had tormented for so many years...

That little bastard was going to *ask* him to fuck his wife.

Carlos waited until most people had left, and John and Eve were about to make their way up to the honeymoon suite. He entered the elevator and waited for them.

John and Eve entered, laughing and kissing. They didn't even notice him.

He grabbed a fistful of Eve's ass. She screamed and whirled around, and her face grew red when she saw who it was.

"Hello, John" Carlos grinned. "Hello, *slut*."

Eve opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. John trembled.

"I'm sure you've seen my handiwork by now. You showed him, didn't you, slut? You showed him how well I fucked your married cunt, just like I told you to?"

Eve nodded. The elevators door closed as they rose up the highest floor.

"Good. Show me. Right here and now, slut."

Eve looked at her husband for a brief second, and then hiked up the front of her dress without saying a word. Her naked pussy was still wet. Carlos ran his fingers up her wet folds and stuck them in Eve's mouth. She closed her eyes and hummed as she licked her own juices off his finger. This was going to be easier than he predicted.

"That's a good little whore. And you, Cummy John? Don't you have anything to say?"

John tried to speak but he fumbled over his words.

"How about *thank you*?" Carlos said with a shit-eating grin. "You can say that, can't you, you fucking loser? Thank you. Say thank you, you fucking wimp, before I send his elevator back downstairs and I make your wife crawl around naked on her hands and knees so everyone can see her well-fucked cunt!"

"Th-thank you," John spluttered.

Carlos petted him. "Good boy. See, that wasn't so hard? It's much easier when you're following orders, isn't it?"

John nodded. He felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as Carlos talked down to him while absentmindedly fondling his wife's dripping wet cunt. This was his deepest and darkest fantasy, but having it happening in real life was too much for his brain to handle.

"You smell that?" Carlos asked. He pushed the hand that was just fondling his wife under his nose. It literally dripped with Eve's juices. "Smell that, loser. That's the smell of your wife's arousal. Oh I'm sorry, I'm sure that's unfamiliar to you."

The elevator doors pinged and opened. John sighed with relief when they found the top-floor empty — Eve still had her dress hiked up. Carlos led the way to their honeymoon suite, and John and Eve followed demurely as they held hands.

Both of them knew this train could no longer be stopped. Whatever was about to happen... it was happening.



CARLOS LIFTED Eve up and carried her into the honeymoon suite. John followed and closed the door. His hands were trembling, his breath so shallow he felt close to fainting. From the living room he could hear the sounds of them kissing.

Was it too late to run away now? Could he really watch as his bully took his bride on his wedding night?

"Hey loser, come here," Carlos commanded.

John swallowed his pride and entered the room. Eve stood there in her dress, looking as radiant and beautiful as ever. Her pale cheeks

were flushed, and John once again counted himself lucky to have ever met this beautiful girl.

“Strip your wife for me, John,” Carlos barked.

Slowly but surely John removed his wife’s intricate and beautiful wedding dress. Neither of the newlyweds said a word. They were both entranced by the power of Carlos Conner. When he was done, Eve stood there in her white bridal lingerie — *sans* panties. White stockings, white bra, bared cunt.

“Fuck, your wife has got a great pair of tits, doesn’t she?”

Carlos sat on their bed and lewdly squeezed his massive bulge. Controlling this couple was a new high for him. This night was going to change all their lives forever.

John nodded.

“Use your words, numbnuts.”

“She does,” John croaked.

“Yes. I’m going to rub my cock all over your wife’s tits, John. How does that make you feel?”

John was at a loss for words. He looked at Eve, and saw her face was a mask of lust. She nodded. “Tell him,” she whispered. “It’s okay, baby. We both want this, don’t we?”

John nodded. His wife was right. They both wanted this.

Eve reached out and cupped her man’s cock. “Tell Carlos,” she said.

“Happy,” John squealed. “That makes me happy.”

“Good. Because what are you, John?”

“I’m...”

He looked at his wife again. She nodded. “Tell him, baby,” she said. “Tell him the truth.”

"I'm a cuckold," John admitted. His skin flushed with heat, his heart beat in his throat and his cock twitched in his pants. "I'm a cuckold and I want a bigger, better man to fuck my wife on my wedding night."

"So I'm a bigger and better man than you, Johnny boy?"

"Yes," John answered. "Yes, you are, Conner."

"Good. Prove it. Come over here and pull my cock out."

John turned. His bully sat on the large bed and grinned at him. "Right here, buddy."

"I'm not... you know... gay," John protested meekly.

"Neither am I, faggot. But you're still going to fish my hard cock out my pants and feed it to your wife, buddy."

"Do it," Eve hissed. "I want to see his big cock, baby."

John moved as if he were a robot. He found himself kneeling before John and unbuttoning the bully's pants. He pulled them down and saw the unspeakably large bulge in the man's boxers. His hands were shaking as he got closer. Was he really going to do this? He had never touched another man before. Never wanted to. Didn't want to do it now.

But Carlos had him under his spell — and Eve was egging him on as well.

John closed his eyes and reached in. He found the biggest, meatiest, thickest cock in the world in Carlos's boxers. He pulled it out and the smell hit him instantly — the strong musk of pure manliness.

"Good boy," Carlos chuckled as he petted John. "Guide it into your bride-slut's mouth."

John opened his eyes to see Eve had joined him on the floor. His gorgeous bride was kneeling next to him in her bridal lingerie, with

her tongue stretched out, a look of pure devotion on her face. She didn't even see her husband.

She only had eyes for the throbbing giant cock John was now holding. He slowly guided it forward, right into his waiting wife's mouth. She wrapped her hot lips around the thick purple head, her tongue darting out to lick the fat goblets of pre-cum off his dripping dick.

His job done, Carlos pushed him away. John fell over as his bully grabbed a fistful of his bride's hair and started roughly fucking her throat. All John could do was watch as his new wife's mouth was used like a cumdumpster by this alpha asshole.

"How does my cock taste, slut?"

"Glug-glug-glug!"

"You like being used in front of your husband?"

"Glug-glug-glug!"

"You're a whore, aren't you?"

"Glug-glug-glug!"

Carlos yanked Eve back. Spit dripped down her face.

"Answer me, whore!"

"Yes!" Eve practically shouted. "I'm your slut, I'm your whore, baby!"

"Don't tell me! Tell him!"

Carlos grabbed her chin and forcefully turned her face towards her husband. Eve blinked, as if it took her a moment to realize where she was. That this was, in fact, her wedding night, and that the aroused and confused man staring at her was, in fact, her husband.

"I love his cock, baby," she admitted freely. "You have no idea how much I love his cock."

"Do you... love *me*?" John heard himself say feebly.

"It's different," Eve replied instantly. "I love you, of course I do baby, but Carlos is just... there's a need I have, baby, I *need* his cock, I *need* him to use me and I *need* you to watch. You need to see what a dirty little slut I am."

"You still love your wife, don't you, loser?" Carlos grunted.

"Yes!" John shouted. "Yes!"

"Prove it! Kiss her! Kiss the bride!"

Eve puckered her lips and John scooted forwards. When he got closer, Carlos grabbed the head of his dripping cock and started rubbing it all over Eve's face. He made sure to grab his big, dangling balls and rub them all over his wife's nose and cheeks. When he pulled back there was a look of pure delight on Eve's face. Her face smelled of cock.

"Kiss the bride, bitch," Carlos grinned.

John closed his eyes, tried to ignore the scent, puckered his lips and kissed the bride.

Eve pushed her tongue into his mouth hard. There was no escaping the taste and scent of Carlos Conner's big white cock.

Carlos had seen enough. He pulled Eve away and slid his cock back into her waiting mouth. John licked his lips instinctively as his bully sneered at him.

"You sure you're not gay, faggot? You seem to love the taste of my big cock."

"N-no," John protested.

"Lick her cunt for me, get that pussy nice and wet for this cock, boy."

"Yes s-sir."

John scooted forwards and took his place between his wife's legs. He had to lay flat on his back, and she positioned her dripping cunt right above her face. Eve sat down gleefully, suffocating her husband with her round ass as she choked on his bully's cock.

As John's tongue lapped at her wetness, as her ass pressed down on him and all he could hear was the sounds of his wife choking on Carlos's thick cock, John wondered what the hell had happened. How did they go from walking down the aisle in pure bliss and romantic happiness — to this?

Drinking the juices from her wetness as he prepared her for his mortal enemy?

John couldn't wrap his brain around it, but he knew one thing very well in this moment: He was loving every micro-second of this.

The soft moans coming from Eve's mouth.

The deep mocking grunts coming from Carlos.

The taste of his wife's plentiful juices running down his chin.

His wife.

Eve was his wife now. The love of his life. The one woman he would spend eternity with... and she was addicted to Carlos's thick cock. What a life.

"Get ready cuck," Carlos grunted. "I'm about to show you how to fuck."

They switched positions. Eve laid down on the large bed, her eyes not leaving Carlos's big swinging dick for even a second. John held his wife's legs open by her ankles as instructed by their stud.

Carlos placed the head of his cock against her entrance and looked up. The couple looked at his member expectantly. They were completely enthralled by him.

It's good to be the king.

"Watch me fuck your wife, John," he grunted as he pushed forwards. The purple head slid in, spreading Eve's cunt wide open. "Watch me fuck your wife on your wedding night."

"Yes sir," John said. "I'm watching."

"Oh fuck he's so big," Eve groaned. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head. "You're so big baby, oh my god."

Carlos bottomed out, his entire monster-cock fitting inside the young bride. This is what pure power felt like — a bride, in her bridal lingerie, cumming on his cock from penetration alone. Carlos felt like a god.

He grabbed Eve's tits, squeezed roughly and jackhammered the shit out of her. After tonight, her pussy would be ruined for good. His big balls slapped against her thighs with every thrust. After tonight, she'd never feel John's little dick ever again. Her moans turned to gibberish as Carlos fucked her into a higher dimension. After tonight, he owned this pussy.

For life.

John watched the frenzied sex with astonishment. He had fucked Eve hard — or so he thought. Nothing even came close to the pure animalistic and raw coupling he saw in front of his very eyes. Carlos fucked like a being possessed. He slammed every inch of his monster cock into Eve, and surprisingly enough, she could take very inch. Her entire body was coated with sweat and her face was flushed bright red. In that moment, he was seeing a whole new side of Eve, one he would have never discovered if it weren't for Carlos. This wasn't his girlfriend nor his wife.

This was a being of pure sex made for being dicked down by monster cocks.

Eve threw her head back and came. Her load screams filled the hotel room. And then she came again. Again. *Again.*

"I'm going to impregnate your wife," Carlos grunted between deep thrusts. "On your *wedding night*, John."

"Please do," John answered.

Carlos deserved it.

With the power he demonstrated here, the bully deserved to fertilize Eve's womb. He was simply a better lover. John was a better husband, there was no doubt in his mind about that — but a better fuck? No, that was Carlos.

From this day on, Carlos and his thick cock would be a staple of their lives. All three of them knew that in their hearts.

"I'm coming," Carlos grunted as he felt his balls pulse. "Fuck it, I'm coming. I'm coming in your bitch John! I'm coming in your bitch! Oh fuck! Take it slut, take my cum!"

"YES YES YES!" Eve cried.

Carlos bottomed out, stuffing every inch of his cock into the bride and then he let loose. His balls exploded and his cream filled the fertile bride completely. With the amount of cum he pumped into her, he half-expected it to blow out her ears.

When he pulled out there was a torrent of cum leaking out of her gaping cunt. John stared open-mouthed.

"What are you waiting for?" Carlos grunted. He grabbed the cuck's head and shoved it between Eve's legs. "Give it a kiss, cuck. You're still Cumguzzler John at heart, huh?" He sneered.

Eve grabbed her husband's hair and held his face down. Her husband's soothing tongue is exactly what she needed right now. She needed to know that John still loved her after what he saw. She loved John, loved him with all her heart — but her body also needed Carlos's cock. That was simply the way the world worked.

John licked and sucked and tasted and swallowed to his heart's content. The proud cuck looked up to see his beautiful wife writhing in ecstasy, and he knew that she still loved him, that she needed him, and that they were in for a long, wild, and a happy life.

This was a perfect wedding.

"Ready for round two?" Carlos asked. "We're going to do this all night, folks. All night. When you visit your in-laws tomorrow, you're going to be pregnant with my baby."

"Oh Jesus," Eve said. She reached out and squeezed the bully's fat cock. "Do you ever slow down?"

"Not when I have two hot bitches at my beck and call. That's right John. You've just been promoted from cuck to bitch. Keep licking your wife's cunt as I fuck her, bitch. The little slut likes it like that."

"You know me so well," Eve groaned as Carlos took his place between her legs.

"Always have, bitch," Carlos grinned as he slid his cock into the well-fucked bride. "Always have."



AUTHOR'S NOTE

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