



STEALING

Your Girl

MEMOIRS OF AN ALPHA BULL

DEX O'DONALD



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Memoirs of an Alpha Bull

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

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1.

Friday night. It's early. Most of the night owls are still eating dinner on Broadway, and others are pre-gaming at home before the real action starts. The few that already litter the streets downtown have been drinking all day, planning on that 8 O'clock pick me up to get them straight for round two.

Alice belonged with the latter group, preferring to call me early so we could get to it. Something about dinner with her parents later. She's got her hands behind her back, wrapped in red silk that I tied tight. Her knees must have started to hurt because she's squatting, that plump ass just inches from the carpet; soaked with her pussy and the drool coming out of her mouth.

I've got a hand on the back of her head to keep it still while I pummel her mouth. I know this is the first round of the night and I should probably save my nut until we're fucking, but sometimes I get carried away.

"Keep just like that, bitch," I tell her in a grunt. "I'm gonna bust my nut."

She's got her eyes locked upward staring at me as I face-fuck her. Of course she can't get it all the way down but it's punching the back of her throat just the same and she handles it like a professional. The slurping noises are getting me hotter, my nuts swing and slap her neck.

I turn and look at her husband; he's sitting on the bed, pants around his ankles, jacking fast. He's already cum once.

"You ready to watch your whore wife take my load, fagget?" It's a word I only use in the bedroom. Reserved for the confused husbands who beg me to use their wife.

"Yes." He mutters, unable to even formulate words at this point.

"Good!" I bark it at him.

I turn my attention back to the married slut sucking my hog. I can tell her pussy is throbbing and she wants it touched. So I have the husband crawl to us and stick his head underneath her cunt. The drool from her mouth is falling out and landing on him now and this makes me laugh.

"Lick your wife's pussy," I command him. He obeys. Alice starts moaning hard

into my cock and I decide it's time to give her my gift.

"Hold still, whore."

I grab hold of her head with both hands and start pumping a little shallower into her mouth. I let it release in waves. She does ok with the first few shots but quickly starts gagging and coughing. Loads of spit and cum drip out of her mouth and off her tits and onto her stupid husband sitting below her.

I pull my fatness out of her mouth and finish what's left onto her pretty face. I have abnormally large ejaculations, the kind that could probably fill a beer bottle. And even though she's coughed and spit up most of it there is still enough left over to glaze her.

"Oh my fucking God," Alice laughs, looking like a porn star at the end of a shoot. She is grinding into her husband's face so hard I wonder if he can even breathe.

I squeeze the fat, purple head of my dick and get one last glob out onto her waiting tongue. "Good girl. Good little wifey," I say.

It's Friday. It's just now 7 and the first load is busted. The night is young and so is my next couple.

2.

The best couples are the foolish ones. Maybe the boyfriend got it in his head that he wanted to see his girl get fucked hard while he jerks off and watches. It's always easier in a porno or a book. There's no consequences. What these sissy boys don't get is when you ask a bull, a real bull to fuck, you aren't getting a mild romp in the sheets. I've got a big cock. It's fat and purple and uncut and best of all, I know how to use it. They never anticipate how intense it is actually going to be.

If you give me your girl she won't be coming back the same. The boyfriends and the husbands don't understand this and lots of times this makes for a great night. For me. For her. Not so much for the boy with the bright idea.

They were young, 22ish. Her name was Ashley, his was something like Dan or Dane. I don't remember. I don't really care. I met Dane (let's just agree to that for now, shall we?) late at a bar downtown. He was hammered and my friends had bailed so I figured I would stick around a little longer to get some pussy. Dane and I got to talking and what do you know, me being a Bull found its way to the topic of conversation.

"So you do it right in front of their man? Their husband?" Dane asked me, excited and drunk.

"Or boyfriend," I replied, "whoever wants it, really. If she's ugly they gotta pay. If she's hot well, I do it for fun." I pounded a shot of Jack and looked the boy up and down. He was scrawny, a good few inches shorter than me. I could guess what kind of artillery he was packing and I guessed not much. I also guessed what question he would ask next and wouldn't you know it... I was right?

"What about my girlfriend?" He slurred his words as he passed me his phone. I took it from him and looked at the picture.

Young blonde bikini. Great tits and perfect lips. Of course, Dane. Why the hell not?

We exchanged numbers and I figured once the little tyke sobered up he would forget all about his crazy horny ideas. He didn't. I got a call from Dane a week later. He had mustered up the courage to ask his girlfriend of exactly two years and to his delight she had asked for a picture.

I sent over a nude. I used to be more discreet but I don't have time for games anymore. There's too many women, too many idiot husbands looking to give it away. If they weren't interested, no problem. I move on. I find the next one. It's how I work.

They didn't move on. Dane texted back "Wow." And then, "OK she's interested. Can we meet for drinks?"

The old "meet for drinks." It's supposed to be a casual meet with no expectation of sex. And again, I used to partake. Now? Fuck it. They can go on and think it's a casual meet. I'm pouring it on regardless and if we fuck, fantastic. If we don't, I'm done. I don't waste their time and I certainly don't waste my own.

The bar they picked was packed. I almost gave up looking for them until Dane spotted me.

"John!" Zane called to me. It was a fake I liked to use.

Dane shook my hand and looked at me. It was the first time I noticed he might not be up to it. His eyes shifted across my arms and my chest and his mouth almost formed into a grimace. Yeah. He wasn't ready for this. All the better, really.

Ashley was as hot in person as she was in the picture. She gave me a hug and a smile. She knew what this was about and I found it pretty fucking sexy she wasn't being weird or shy about it. Usually the young ones took some convincing.

We found a booth and sat down. Ashley went in first and Dane made a move to slide in with her. I cut him off with one step and slid in next to his girlfriend. I waited for Dane to sit begrudgingly on the other side of the booth before I pushed in close to her. Too close.

It was small talk but it wasn't. I talked to Ashley and she looked me in the eyes, Dane just stared at her and ordered more and more drinks. Someone was in a rush to get hammered.

I didn't have to do much. I smiled and laughed and whispered things to her that Dane couldn't hear. By last call Dane was drunk on whiskey and Ashley was drunk on me. I was coming back from the bathroom when I saw them arguing

about it.

“This is what you wanted,” I heard her say. Dane mumbled something back but she ignored it. She saw me and pushed past her inept boyfriend. “You want to come back to our place?”

I smiled. Even better to do this in their bed.

I was at their house fifteen minutes, maybe twenty, before I grabbed Ashley by her taught little waist and started making out with her. My hands are big and strong and rough and I was feeling her up hard. I pulled her perky tits out over the top of her dress and started pinching the nipples. She moaned low and almost without control.

I shot a glance at Dane and he looked pale as ghost. Tears were welling in his eyes. I said the only thing that came to my head.

“Want to watch your pretty girlfriend suck my cock, Dane?”

His mouth twitched and he uttered a mix of a sigh and a groan. I didn’t wait for a response. I put his girl on her knees, tits hanging out over the top and the dress riding up. In one motion she put her hair back in a cute little bun, and seemed in that moment that she was just as eager for Dane to watch as I was.

“Pull out my cock, baby.”

Ashley undid the leather belt and tossed it aside. She undid the button and shimmied the jeans down to my ankles. Her eyes lit up when she saw my wood growing underneath the boxers.

“Oh my God.” She whispered, just before yanking the underwear down.

It hung there, inches from her face. My semi-hard, uncircumcised white cock. Some men are blessed with length, others with girth. I was just blessed. It’s fat and hangs low, and my nutsack is smooth and massive. Ashley just stared at it.

“Forget how? Here, I’ll show you,” I said, grabbing the bun on top of her head with one hand and guiding my cock to her mouth with the other. She opened her little jaw for me and I slid my semi into her wet mouth. I held her there firm and with no escape, clutching the bun and thrusting my cock into her face. She

choked a little and then adjusted, getting into the rhythm of what I was doing to her.

I looked back at Dane and he was staring at us petrified. He didn't move. It didn't even look like he was breathing.

Fuck him. This is what he wanted, right?

I reached down and played with his girlfriend's tits while she tried getting my monster down her throat. It's too easy, I thought. It's just too easy. I picked her up in both hands and carried her to their bedroom. I didn't bother asking Dane to follow. Once I had her on the bed I was inside her. I rammed it in and she screamed, kicking her feet out. I wrapped one hand around her neck and with the other I held her hips still. I grooved in and out of her, long and deliberate. Her wetness made a smack with every hit.

I looked back at the doorway and there was Dane watching us. One hand was at his mouth in horror, the other seemed like it might be trying to wake his dick up through his pants. No luck I'm afraid. Dane had changed his mind about this the very instant it started and unfortunately for him, his girl was fucking loving it. I wasn't going to stop. She wasn't going to ask me to stop. Zane had a decision to make.

He left the room with the door open. I started nailing his girlfriend as hard as I could. Her screams carried through the whole house and I could almost see Zane curled up in a corner in the bathroom, whacking off what little manhood he had.

When she came she squirted. It soaked the bed. I left her there a shivering mess with my load dripping out of her puffy red lips. On my way out I stopped in front of a pile of laundry; dress shirts and ties and slacks. Zane's clothes. Before I put my dick I way I pissed all over the clothing and giggled to myself.

And then I left.

3.

My sophomore year of college I cornered a kid and his girlfriend at a party. She was hot, way too hot for him. I told them I had some cocaine and that they weren't likely to find any better around at the party. Her boyfriend wanted to bolt, but I could tell she was thinking it over.

After we had been upstairs fifteen minutes and I'd convinced her little bitch boyfriend with glasses that I was cool, I busted out the cocaine. I got them high as a kite. She was already sloppy, I think her name was Sadie, and she kept touching my shoulder when she would talk to me.

I got up and locked the door, the sound of the music and other students downstairs was pounding through the floor. I walked back to where her boyfriend was, maybe his name was Roger, and I pushed him out the way. He was confused but he listened.

Then he watched me grab his girl by the back of the head, and shove my tongue in her mouth.

I got her naked and started sucking on her tits. I kept making eye contact with Roger to see how he was taking it. He was fucked up and confused, but he was into it. A few times he made a move to join us but I waved him off with whichever free hand wasn't violating his girlfriend.

Then Sadie was on her knees, between my legs, cranking my fat cock in and out of her throat.

Roger put his hands on his head and moaned.

"You like that, Roger?" I taunted. "You like the sight of your girl with a real cock in her mouth? Yeah, me too. Why don't you come closer?"

I bent her over Roger's lap and fucked her like a dog for close to thirty minutes. I don't know how many times she came, but after the third, Roger split. He got up and walked out. He didn't say a fucking word. When she tried to ask him where he was going, I pushed two fingers into her mouth and she started sucking.

I rummaged in her purse and found her cell phone while she was cumming on my cock, back turned to me. I found Roger's number and decided to snap some

pictures. When I nutted on Sadie's face I took a picture of her with my half-limp cock in her mouth. I sent it to Roger with a text that said, "I'm done, come get her."

4.

“Oh Reggie! Oh fuck, baby! Yeah! Fuck me like that, Reggie!”

She was screaming her head off and I was pretty sure that her newlywed little husband had had about enough of hearing my name screamed louder than he knew his wife could. The poor little prick couldn't look away from my long, thick dick pulling all the way out and then slamming back inside his wife with a sickening squish. Her name was Sarah.

“God you are fucking pathetic, man.” I couldn't even remember his name. “I mean really, what wouldn't you be ok with? I wanna fucking know!” I pulled out of his wife and grabbed her by the hair. Pulling her to her knees I got her as close to the husband as I could.

“Look at your pathetic husband,” I turned Sarah's face so she was staring directly at him. “You see this, John? You see your little whore wife? She's fucking mine now. I wanna break you John, I really fucking do. Let's find out what you won't tolerate. Open your fucking mouth, whore.”

Sarah looked up at me, the crazed lust in her face managed to get me even hotter, and she opened her mouth. I leaned down, still gripping the back of her head, and spit down her throat.

“Swallow it.” I commanded. I turned back to John, “Really? Nothing? You're fucking pathetic, John you know that? Don't worry, we'll find it. We'll find that breaking point.”

I could see in John's eyes that he was worried about what I would do next. What other act had he never done with her that I could do?

Sarah's face wasn't worried. She just wanted my fat dick back inside her. I bent her over her husband's knees, cutting off his access to his own small cock. I shoved back inside her and she screamed. I choked her with one hand while I held her face up to her husband with the other. I was pounding her so hard that each pump nearly caused little John to fall off his chair.

“Goddamn John, I don't think I've ever seen a pussy quite like you. I treat your wife like a fucking whore and you can't do anything but play with your little dick.”

“Oh, Reggie! Oh fuck!” She was screaming it into John’s lap. This was amusing but I didn’t want to laugh. I didn’t want to break the spell. I liked feeling John’s anxiety. Feeling his confusion and desire all mixed into one overflowing bowl.

I had Sarah sit on the floor with her back to the bed. Coming in close I bent my knees and held her arms in place with them. Then I pushed about half of my 10.5 inches into her mouth and began fucking her. She was gagging and choking and spit was dripping everywhere. She was moaning too, and I could feel her hands against my knees, fighting to get to her clit.

“Look at that, John! Sarah needs some fucking oxygen because my cock is buried in her throat!”

“No more...please.” He said it in a defeated whisper even as he stroked the pathetic thing he called a penis.

“Oh is this too much for you, John? Wait till you see what’s next, buddy!”

I went back to fucking her face for a few more minutes. She couldn’t get it all down but it didn’t matter. I was only building up my nut for what was to come next.

See, I am a master of what they call “edging.” It’s a technique where you let the orgasm build, and each time you’re about to cum, you pull back a little. Over the years I’ve perfected it and when I do it long enough the size of my nut is catastrophic. I was fucking Sarah’s mouth to build it, and then letting her spit and breath in front of John, giving me time to push it back down again.

But after a solid twenty minutes of it I could tell Sarah was ready to be fucked again. So I obliged.

I had her sit in John’s lap and I had John reach around and keep her legs open.

“You don’t let those fucking legs close, do you hear me, John?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You’re goddamn right.”

I started plowing her, keeping my arms stretched and palms flat against the wall

behind the three of us. This gave me enough leverage to fuck her so hard that the back of John's head hit the wall with each thrust.

"My God you are a special type of pathetic, John. You ever nut on your wife's face?"

"Oh, Reggie! Oh Fuck me! Give me your cum!"

"You can't. We talked about that," John said, "You'll have to do it on her tits."

How amusing. Off limits? Sure, the three of us had communicated through e-mail what were the Do's and Don't's. Not in the ass. Not on the face. Not too rough. But that was all before she saw my cock.

You see, what John didn't understand was, his wife was MINE now. I knew it. She knew it. The only one who thought things were going to go back to normal after I left, was John. And it was time to break him of that.

"You don't think she'll let me, John?"

"Oh, Reggie, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Sarah released a guttural moan and I felt her cunt spasm on my cock.

John turned red and looked away from us.

"Please, don't," He said.

And then I felt it. And there was no more holding back.

"On your knees in front of your pathetic husband, slut." I pulled my dick out, purple and dripping cum.

Sarah dropped to her knees, even turning sideways so John would have a nice view. She started rubbing her clit. I held her still by the back of her head and shoved it in her mouth for a few more pumps.

"This is what you fucking get, John! Get it through your fucking head. I'm certainly getting it through your whore wife!"

I yanked it out of her mouth and started jerking it about a foot from her face. I

knew it was going to be strong, long, and heavy.

And my God, to this day it was one of my greatest feats.

The first shot flew almost too fast to see and slammed into the center of her face, splashing so hard it covered her cheeks and got on John's pants.

"Open your fucking mouth!" I screamed. Sarah opened wide.

I grunted loud with each shot, and each thick white wad covered her face and dripped down. I could feel the intensity of the orgasm nearly blacking me out. John's cock was limp and still, and I'm sure he wanted to look away just then, but he couldn't.

The excess cum came off of her face and went down her neck and across her tits and covered her nipples. She was in shock as the shots kept coming, blinding her and filling her open mouth.

"Don't swallow yet." I managed to pant, still cumming.

And then the last one came, just as strong as the first, coating her forehead one last time. I stared at her and admired my work. Wads of it in her hair, wads of it running down her abdomen and getting caught in her belly button. And all the while her mouth open and holding the cum that had pooled there. Her eyes were begging for instruction.

"Spit that shit out all over yourself."

Sarah coughed it up and it was as if another fresh load of cum had been emptied onto her body. It looked like a group of men had used John's wife as a cum towel. And I was on fire from the sight of it.

"There it is, John. You good little bitch boy. Broken like a fucking mutt."

His face was in his hands and he couldn't look.

"Give me your phone, John. I need a picture of this," I told him.

I get high on testosterone and sex. I get a rush when I can dominate another man entirely by dominating his wife. Most of the time the guy loves it, and that's great, but it's not what really gets me going. It's not my passion.

I like it best when the girlfriend or the wife loses their mind on my cock, and their respective significant other fucking hates it. THAT is when I am in my zone. When I turn what I do into art. I'm fully aware that I can be an asshole, than I'm egotistical and obsessed with myself and my sex life. I'm ok with that. It's who I am. It's better than being one of these other idiots who has no clue what he wants, and ends up sitting back while the real man takes over.

It's the humiliation, the raw and real regret that becomes palpable in the room. I feed off of it, and in turn I give the girl and her man more than what they expect. Sometimes more than what he wanted. But it doesn't matter. As long as SHE is ok with it, I'm ok with it.

Most of my couples approach me via the internet. Most plan everything out and as I said before, we talk about the Do's and the don'ts, with most of the don'ts usually being tossed aside by the time I'm done with them.

But on a rare occasion, it is spontaneous. And I live for those moments.

5.

I was taking a piss in a crowded bathroom at a bar I used to frequent called The Dead End. It was a dive bar with some class, if that makes sense. There were no urinals but one of those long troughs, basically just a big plastic box that had water running through it.

I had whipped it out without much notice of the guy next to me, I don't make a habit of looking at other people's dicks unless I'm feeling extra dominate. As I'm finishing up I give it a shake, admiring my own size even when it's flaccid. It's a beautiful cock, it's something I've been told over and over again my whole life. The perfect width, almost too thick. 10.5 inches, with a perfect separation of color about three inches down from my head, which is perfectly symmetrical to the rest of it.

Apparently I wasn't the only one who noticed.

I glanced to my left and there was this fucking guy looking at it with his mouth open. This wasn't a sexual look mind you, more of a Holy Shit what is that thing kind of look.

"Take a picture for your wife, pal." I said, zipping it up.

He jolted back and realized what he was doing. He flushed deep crimson.

"I'm sorry. I'm...my apologies." And the little man scrambled away from me. I laughed it off.

About fifteen minutes later I'm standing at the bar talking to a friend, and I notice a few feet away, sitting on the two corner stools, were Mr. Dick Starer and his way out of his league girlfriend. This guy had glasses and a slouch; this girl had creamy tits spilling out the top of some glittery shirt. Her hair was jet black, and all I could think was my type.

The little man was whispering in her ear, trying not to make it so obvious that he was talking about me. She wasn't trying to hide it at all. She was taking me in, looking me up and down.

After a few minutes, Little Man got up and walked back towards the bathroom. Unlikely he had to piss again, I figured. I knew what this was about and suddenly I was fucking possessed.

I got up and walked over to her, taking her man's seat as my own. I leaned in close to her so that our faces were inches apart. I felt my heart beating fast. My adrenaline was up. I knew what I was going to do but I didn't know how. I had intuition and balls. I trusted that they would show me the way.

"Interesting conversation over here, yeah?" I said, fast and direct.

She was surprised, but my god was she sexy. Her lips parted red and I could see her tongue in her mouth.

"Excuse me?" She said.

"Well I figured your boyfriend told you all the good parts already. I just figured I would get to you while there was still time."

She laughed, confused but not really confused.

"We weren't talking about you. Really, we weren't." She giggled.

"Did he tell you about this?"

And there it was. A crowded bar, maybe thirty people moving through the place. She's on the corner of the bar top and I'm facing her, my fat dick hanging out through the zipper. Exposed. No one had noticed yet. No one but her.

She nearly screamed and stood up, but it caught in her throat and she shifted in her chair.

"Oh my God," She whispered.

"At least we know your husband isn't a liar."

She looked up at me then, speechless.

"We better get to it." I told her.

"To what?"

I leaned in and kissed her, exploring her mouth hard with my tongue. She gave it back to me after a moment of hesitation. What must have been going through her mind then I really have no idea. She knew he would be back. And I knew from

the look on his face when he left that he did NOT like me. But she kissed back anyway. And with my dick still swinging out of my pants, I pushed her to her knees and started feeding her my cock, right there, in the bar.

First it was people on their way to the bathroom who saw us. Their shocked faces turned to uncomfortable laughter and blushing. Some got the attention of their friends. The bartender spotted us but rolled his eyes; an old friend who had grown used to my antics over the years.

Not that I had ever done anything like this.

She was drooling all over it, and I was pumping her head with one hand, the wet sounds in her throat getting closer to the volume of the music that was beating out of the speakers. I kept telling her to “suck it” and “hurry.” I reached down and pulled those fat tits out over the top of her dress so that they shook and vibrated as I fucked her mouth. Everyone was getting a good show, and they were starting to crowd around us.

And that’s when Mr. DickStarer came back from the bathroom.

I had been waiting for him, and widened the view by spreading my hips so that he could see. So that he could not mistake what was happening.

His jaw fell open and he froze. A moment later it looked like he might collapse. He had gone to the bathroom five minutes ago, and in that time I hadn’t just made out with his girl. I had my dick in her mouth.

I was a God. Or at least, I felt like one.

“You wanted to see it, boy? Well here it is.” I told him.

The rest of the bar had caught on at this point, and they knew who the loser was. And right on cue, the laughs started. Louder than they had been. Some were even pointing at the bitch boy now, reveling in his humiliation.

And the best part? His fucking girlfriend had been so enraptured by my meat that she didn’t even know he was standing there. Christ, I doubt if she even remembered his name at that point.

“Does she swallow?” I asked him.

He started to take a step forward then, pale as a ghost. When he was about three feet away I pulled his girl off my cock and turned her to face him. She was panting and drooling and the sight of her face made him freeze again.

“Hold still.”

I squeezed my load out. Right there by the bar. It was five or six fat gobs that coated her face and ruined her shirt. When I was done I slapped her tits and put my cock away. He dragged her out of there and I never saw them again. But as they reached the door she turned to look back at me, her cheeks still glistening with my seed and the sound of laughter chasing them from the bar, and she smiled at me. She fucking smiled at me, still covered in my nut.

I think about them every now and again, and of all the couples, I think they were my favorite. So far, anyway. The night is young after all, and there are still many wives and girlfriends waiting for me to find them. Maybe yours. Maybe it's your wife that I'll take next. Only time will tell.

THE END.