

The Bet - Chapter 29 – Option A

Whew!

i sincerely apologize for the extremely long wait for this one! I kept coming up with new ideas and couldn't stop writing.

In other words, it's extremely long!

A word of warning: the fact that I had both a good ending and a bad ending to work with freed me to go a little more off the leash with the bad ending. It does get pretty wild.

Now that both are released, please vote for the version which should be the "canon" ending. I'm afraid that writing an epilogue that fits both would be too difficult considering the content.

I do hope you all enjoy it. Please let me know what you think!

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Already feeling pleasantly warm and fuzzy, Zane made his way over to the cluttered counter of the kitchenette to have another shot. The closest bottle was Malibu, which made his nose wrinkle a little. But hey, he wasn't paying for it, and he wanted to tie at least one more on before they headed out to the party.

He gulped a shot glass of the foul sugary liquid down and grabbed another beer from the fridge just in time for Dan to call from the couch, "C'mon Zane, you're going to miss the entire fucking game!" He hustled back and plopped down on the ground, since all the seats on the couches were taken, then held up three fingers. The other six people around the couches held up significantly more, and that was because, as usual, the game had descended into an opportunity to tease Zane about his many exploits.

"Alright, alright, I've got a good one!" said Corey, his horse face split into a grin. "Never have I ever streaked through a sorority house."

The group turned to Zane with giggles and grins, and he good-naturedly put down a finger and took a gulp of beer. "You haven't lived then, Corey," he said placidly. "You simply haven't lived. I'll have you know that little stunt got me my first threesome. Maybe you should try it."

Corey didn't love that little return jab. Some of the guys that Zane hung out with weren't happy with the fact that the pudgy little slob they had gotten used to bullying was now inexplicably becoming a hot commodity in the sexual marketplace on campus. But luckily, the game was moving on to the next person.

Unluckily, it was Paul, who was probably worse than Corey. He smirked over at the two sophomore girls he and Corey were trying to impress lately and said, "Never have I ever gone two years of college without a girlfriend!"

Zane lightly grit his teeth at this as he put down another finger and took his required drink of beer. The giggles from the two younger girls stung even more than Paul and Corey's chuckles. But this time at least, he wasn't the only one to put his finger down. Dan, with a blush spreading across his face, dropped one of the six fingers he held up and took a long drink of his beer as well, pointedly not looking over at the lovely girl sitting hip to hip with him. Leah, her name was, and Zane knew that his buddy Dan was hopelessly hung up on her.

Their situations were utterly different, of course. Dan was good-looking enough, but he was too focused on a girl who was uninterested in him. Zane had been sharpening his skills of seduction for his three years of college, and by this point was regularly having hot, sweaty one-night stands multiple times per week.

It was just converting those into a relationship that was the issue.

But still, he reached over and offered Dan a cheers with his beer can, and Dan, with a wry grin, accepted. They shared a short moment of camaraderie, but then Corey got up, staring down at his phone and loudly saying, "Alright, time to go, y'all. Party is at Gina's. Enough pregaming, let's do this for real."

The already buzzed group let out a cheer and got up to gather purses and shoes. "Are we walking or driving?" asked Dan, his words slurring a little. "It's only like, six blocks or something."

"I'm driving," said Paul confidently, looking over toward the younger girls he was trying to make a move on. "I can take a couple of people in my car."

Zane himself scurried to the bathroom while people decided. The shot of Malibu was starting to hit now, and all of his movements were warm and floaty. He needed a quick piss before they got on the road, because he knew from experience that trying to find an open bathroom at a houseparty could be an ordeal. As he scrubbed his hands for a few seconds in the sink, he caught a glance of himself in the mirror, and he felt an instinctive twist of self-loathing.

There was no way around it. He was short and chubby, with wiry blonde hair that refused to lie flat and slightly squashed features that would prevent him from being any woman's dream man even if he did manage to get his weight under control. It was frustrating... no, scratch that, it was infuriating that, even after he had been working so hard on seduction and learning how to fuck like he was some sort of damn Casanova, he was still a guilty pleasure.

Girls would jump into his bed if they felt like there was no chance they would be caught doing so. And they would have a hell of a time. But afterward, they still wouldn't want to be seen with him. Guys were even worse, although Zane didn't fuck them. They refused to see that anything had changed about Zane. Every man on campus unconsciously thought they were better than Zane, no matter how many girls he fucked. All because of the shitty face and body he had been born with.

Zane shook himself from his daze of self-loathing and stumbled out of the bathroom to find that the house was already empty. Of course his housemates and the girls they had invited over hadn't noticed that the least popular member of the group wasn't present. He hurried out of the door only to see Paul's rusty old beater starting to pull away from the curb.

He waved his hand and jogged forward. "Hey! Come on, guys, wait for me!"

Corey rolled down the driver's side window with a cruel smile on his face, and Zane realized with a sinking feeling that at least some of his "friends" had realized he wasn't there and thought it would be funny to leave anyway.

"Sorry, bud! We're totally packed in here. You'll have to walk. It'll be good for you! Help you lose a couple LBs." The girls, crammed tightly in the backseat with Dan, laughed loudly, the alcohol already stripping away some of their inhibitions and making his cruel bullying seem like the height of hilarity.

Zane grit his teeth again, and a swell of helpless annoyance washed over him. Girls were all shallow sluts. Guys were all swaggering bullies in the making, willing to pounce on anyone weaker than them. There wasn't a man on campus who wouldn't abandon him the same way if they thought it would make a girl like them.

"Wait, wait... come on, guys," said a slurred, weary voice from the backseat. Dan opened the back door of the little sedan and said, "Come on, buddy. Leah's sitting on my lap, so one of the other girls can..."

"Not it," said one of the sophomore girls swiftly.

"Me neither," said the other one, with a twist of disgust in her voice.

Zane shook his head. He appreciated what Dan was trying to do, but this was just prolonging his humiliation. "I'll walk," he said, plastering his face with his trademark carefree grin while secretly fuming inside. "Don't worry about it." In fact, maybe he would just stay home tonight. The combination of looking at himself in the mirror and the thoughtless bullying of his housemates had soured the whole evening for him. He met Dan's eyes for a moment and shrugged. Dan clearly looked torn. He was probably in heaven now that he had convinced that bitch Leah to ride to the party on his lap. Leah had a fat ass, and Zane wasn't so sure he would be able to turn his nose up at a car ride with her sitting on him.

But Dan surprised him. He struggled out from under Leah, saying, "Meet you guys there. Get me a drink, would you Leah?" The sassy blonde rolled her eyes and sighed, but said, "Sure, Dan. We'll see you there." She slammed the door shut, and the car sped off, leaving Dan and Zane alone on the curb.

"You didn't have to do that, man," said Zane, feeling oddly touched. "I know you have been trying to get with Leah since freshman year."

Dan shrugged and looked a little sheepish. "Yeah, but those guys are assholes, and I didn't want to listen to them for the whole ride. Besides... Bill would probably beat my ass if he heard Leah was sitting on my lap, even if he is out of town this weekend," said Dan, rubbing his hands together in the chilly air. "Should we get going?"

It was just one night of many similar ones. Zane ended up in a threesome with the two sophomore girls that Corey and Paul were after. Zane spent the evening mooning over Leah while she more or less ignored him, and life went on.

But Zane was left with a lasting impression of Dan after the rest of the evening was long forgotten. Maybe here was a guy who finally saw him as a worthwhile person and wouldn't let a woman come between them. It wasn't until years later that Dan proved him wrong.

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Dan stared at Leah, taking in what she was saying. He was sorely tempted to take her up on her offer. He could finally be a man. Fuck Leah like he had always wanted to. Walk away from the darkness inside the honeymoon suite with his head still held high.

But it wasn't that simple. He had just found out that the woman he still loved had been seduced by his former friend. The strongest, smartest woman he knew had been converted into a slutty pornstar. It was the awful truth he had denied, obsessed over, and jerked off to for months. And it was all happening on the other side of the door, right in front of him. As Dan listened, he heard

his wife's voice peak in ecstasy, then fall silent. His whole body tingled with powerful anxiety, emotional devastation, and irresistible desire.

It might be healthier for him to turn away, but Dan wasn't sure it was possible for him. The inside of that room seemed to pull at him with irresistible gravity. He needed to experience the erotic nightmare that had troubled him for so long. It wasn't a question of wanting it or not wanting it. It felt like destiny.

But, despite that excuse, as his hand went to the doorknob, Leah leaned forward to whisper in his ear, 'Remember, this is what you chose.'

The room was hot, humid, and dim, with a thick scent of sweaty bodies and sexual arousal in the air. As Dan stepped into the room, his eyes locked onto the bed immediately... and he saw that his arrival was expected.

Zane lounged back on the headboard in a relaxed, dominant sprawl, grinning ear to ear as his former friend entered the room. By this point, Dan had seen Zane naked dozens, maybe hundreds of times in his videos, but it was still confronting to be there in the presence of another naked man. A thin sheet covered his lower half, but his cock tented up the covering considerably, leaving little to the imagination.

But Zane wasn't the one that Dan was most concerned with right now. Claire was on the bed as well, snuggled up under Zane's thick, flabby arm. She was topless, her nipples hard as diamonds on the big, beautiful breasts that had once been Dan's alone to enjoy. Her sweaty, sexy air of slightly disheveled relaxation made it clear that this wasn't some sort of prank to teach Dan a lesson. No one could act well enough for this to be a trick. Claire had clearly orgasmed just seconds before Dan entered the room.

Claire had a lazy smile of satisfaction on her face as well, playing the part of the sneering seductress to a "T". But it was her eyes that scared Dan even more. There was lust and satisfaction burning there... but also smoldering anger. And Dan knew his wife well enough to know she was dangerous when she was angry.

"Well, look who it is," said Zane jovially, breaking the tense moment of silence as Leah slipped in after Dan and shut the door behind her, "A porn addicted loser, finally here to see his fantasies come to life." Zane's eyes twinkled with malicious mirth, his ugly face a picture of sadistic glee. This was all wrong. Dan couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't how things should have turned out. Zane wasn't the kind of man who was supposed to get the girl. Maybe that rock-solid certainty had been why Dan had lost in the first place.

"Claire!" said Dan in a strange, gasping shout. Even though he had been expecting to see her there, the sight of her entangled with Zane still overwhelmed him, making him feel faint. "H-How could you do this to m-."

Claire cut him off, her voice dripping sweet, poisonous sexuality. "Now, now, Dan. We can skip the self-righteous husband act. We all know that you practically handed me to your old friend on a silver platter. Or shall we ask your old college flame what you were watching before you got here? That's what I thought. You were desperate to see this on some level, weren't you... Did you enjoy the big reveal, hubby?" She reached down to palm one of her big, sweaty tits, flashing the fading tattoo that Dan now knew she had. She was teasing him already, and Dan's cock stiffened as he faced the fact that the teasing would only get worse. "Was it worth leaving your wife alone with the man you thought wanted to fuck her?" She demanded, her eyes flashing.

“You know, I was considering calling this off if you actually manned up tonight and stuck by my side... but it seems like you actually want me to be stolen away. Just like you did when you made that fucking bet!”

Her bitter words hit home with Dan, stinging him almost as much as her hateful expression. He knew that she was lying: there was no way that she would have given up Zane and come back to him at this point, no matter how he acted tonight, but her point that he hadn't tried to protect her from Zane was true.

It was also true that it wasn't completely, or even mostly his fault that Claire had given in to Zane's seduction. But it was too late to say that now. Too late to have any sort of calm discussion about their failings. Right now, Dan's role was to wallow in his failure. And he wasn't strong enough to resist.

“Hey, let's play nice, Claire Bear,” said Zane with a chuckle. “We invited your husband into the bedroom to have a little fun, didn't we? We're all going to have a great time together.” He grabbed Claire by the shoulder, pulling her close. “And provided that he can agree to all of my terms, he's going to see all of his dreams come true tonight.”

Dan licked his lips, his cock already responding to the sight of Claire in Zane's arms and his former friend's thinly veiled mockery. He thought about adjusting himself so that his growing erection would be less obvious, but knew that would only give him away. “Terms...?” He managed to croak through a desert-dry mouth. He would have thought the transaction here was fairly simple. They had sex, and he watched as his marriage and pride were flushed down the drain. He wasn't sure what else Zane could want.

Leah slipped around behind Dan and moved to the side of the bed, where she picked up something that Dan hadn't noticed before.

A handheld camcorder. Suddenly, he put two and two together.

“No way, Zane,” he said, almost in a panic at the thought of his humiliation being recorded for Zane's perverse website. “There's no way I'm going to...”

Zane cut him off. “I have a bet for you, Dan.” The words were cool, calm, and steely. Utterly confident. Essentially, the opposite of the roiling, anxious weakness Dan felt inside himself. He knew that he might regret engaging with Zane's mind games, but the ugly little man had a certain charisma that was difficult to resist. “Wh-why would I bet you anything?” He asked, licking his lips, his eyes darting back and forth between the smirking couple on the bed and the dark eye of the camera in Leah's hands. “You've already taken everything from me... and you lied the last time we made a bet.”

Because you want to stay and watch,” said Claire, playing lazily with a stiffening nipple. “That's what all your problems in the bedroom have been about, right? You could stop picturing me with Zane. Well... here is finally your chance to see the truth. If you don't do what Zane wants, we aren't going to let you watch.”

Dan stewed in uncomfortable silence for a moment, unable to tear his eyes away from the gutwrenching sight of his wife lounging in bed with another man. Part of him wanted to scream. But another part of him wanted exactly what his wife had tauntingly dangled in front of him. To

come this far... to see them in bed together, but not see the awful, erotic truth that he had imagined... that would be even worse than being a cuckold.

“What’s the bet?” he asked in a shamed undertone, already feeling the crushing weight of Zane’s power in this situation.

“It’s simple. Should be easy to win for any normal, well-advised guy,” said Zane flippantly, his cocky grin turning Dan’s stomach. “But we know your track record with you and Bets, don’t we, Danny Boy?”

Dan didn’t say anything, just stared stupidly at his wife’s breasts, thinking about how he might never touch them again. After a second, seeing that Dan had no more fight in him, Zane shrugged and continued.

“Just like I’m sure you assumed when you walked in this door, I’m going to fuck your wife, and you’re going to jerk off,” said Zane, his hand dropping down to take the place of Claire’s, palming her round breasts and idly playing with a stiff nipple with a sickening sense of ownership.

“Here’s the catch. You’ll be competing with me during this little private peepshow. Whoever cums first is the loser.”

Dan gulped. Claire and Zane glanced at each other and shared a cruel laugh at their victim’s obvious discomfort. “Awww, come on now, Dan,” said Claire in a parody of her old, loving tones, “This is a bet you can win for sure, right? All you need to do is hold out! Zane’s got quite a handicap in this fight. It’s my pussy versus your fist, and I promise that I won’t take it easy on him.”

“What do I get if I win?” asked Dan miserably. It was obvious to everyone involved that this was just a way for Claire and Zane to toy with him. He had been completely under their control since the moment he chose to walk in the door and take on the role of cuckold. But part of his role is pretending that he still might refuse.

“Well... as much as I’d like to say that I’ll give your wife back, I just don’t think she would go along with that idea,” said Zane apologetically.

Claire flipped Dan off casually and turned to give Zane a big kiss on the cheek. ‘Of course fucking not,’ she said with a casual laugh. Even after seeing her with Zane like this, the certainty in her voice still stung Dan.

“But I can promise you this,” said Zane seriously, “If you win this little wager, I won’t rub my victory in any further. We will be out of your life forever. A clean break. And hey, as a little added bonus, I’ll even introduce you to one of my former employees who thinks cuckolds are cute. You two might hit it off, and you can find out more about your new favorite fetish.”

Dan flushed red and shook his head. “No, I don’t think so,” he said in a strangled voice. “I mean... about the second part.” He couldn’t believe that he was just standing here and having a civil conversation with a man naked in bed with his wife. Any normal man would be yelling and swinging his fist around at this point. Maybe Leah and Zane and Claire were right... Maybe there really was something wrong with him. Something that made him less of a man.

Claire snickered. “Maybe that’s good...” she said acidly. “You’ll be spending way too much time jerking off to me to focus on anyone else anyway!” Dan had to admit he was taken back by his wife’s attitude. He knew she was angry about him making the bet in the first place, but he didn’t recognize the sneering, naked woman in front of him as the wife he had once loved. Either Zane

had twisted her beyond recognition through his manipulations... or Dan had never known the real Claire in the first place.

“And what happens if I lose?” he asked reluctantly, not sure that he even wanted to know the answer.

Zane gestured over to Leah, holding the camera and filming the entire exchange. “If you lose, you’ll be our co-star for the rest of the cruise. Your unedited face will go up on the site as the pathetic cuckold jerkoff that you’ve become. One last fun activity as a married couple before saying goodbye to your wife forever.”

Dan felt his stomach twist with anxiety and his heart skip a beat as Zane revealed his wicked plan. In theory, it should be easy to win, just like Zane said, but Dan was under no illusions that he would walk out of here the winner. Zane was in control now, and Dan had no ability to stand up to either his wife or her new lover. Nevertheless, he had one last moment of resistance, licking his lips and considering getting up and walking out the door.

“Dan... You’re going to take this bet,” said Claire in a voice smoldering with lust and rage mingled together. “You’re going to sit your ass right down in the cuck chair that we prepared for you and jerk that little cock as you see a better man do the job you never could. Or do you only accept bets when other people pay the price for you losing?” Dan felt his last bits of resolve crumble away as he looked into Claire’s furious eyes.

He had never been good at saying no to her.

“F-fine then... I...” he gulped. “I accept.”

“Good. Then take off your clothes,” said Zane in a harsh tone of command. Dan thought for a moment about resisting... then decided there would be no point anymore. Zane had already beaten him in every way that mattered. Now all they were playing for were the last remaining scraps of his dignity. He stripped away his clothes as Claire and Zane watched with judgmental eyes.

Zane snorted as he saw Dan’s cock come into view, already stiff and eager for the humiliation to come. “God, I can see why this guy never made you cum,” Zane said in an undertone loud enough for Dan to overhear.

“I know, right?” chuckled Claire. “I can’t believe I went this long without giving real men a try.”

Finally, Dan stood, just as naked as the couple on the bed. But even though Zane and Claire seemed relaxed and in control right now, despite their nudity, Dan himself had never felt more vulnerable and ashamed. Especially with the way Leah kept her handheld camera focused on him, panning up and down his stark nudity.

“Now sit,” commanded Zane, pointing to the foot of the bed. A chair sat there. Dan had seen it in the corner of the room earlier when he had first arrived. That felt like a lifetime ago now. Earlier, it had seemed unimpressive and nondescript, but now the chair seemed to pulse with a sort of dark energy. It represented much more now than a place to sit. It was the symbol of his exclusion from the bed. His apartness.

Feeling like he was pulled forward by invisible chains, Dan walked over to the chair, looking down at it with sickening anxiety and dark lust filling him to the brim. He knew that once he sat,

things would start. He would see Zane's dominance and skills at training women in person. And not practiced on some anonymous slut, but on the woman he married.

But he knew that his reluctance was silly. He was already living the nightmare. Refusing to sit down wouldn't get him out of this now. So, accepting his fate, Dan sank into the chair and faced the bed, his cock throbbing with cuckold lust even as his heart was breaking.

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Claire had been preparing herself for this moment for weeks, imagining the look of stunned betrayal on her sadsack cuckold's face when he finally saw what his inadequacy and foolishness had won him.

And it was satisfying. Dan was just as shocked, pathetically sad, and horny as she could have imagined.

But there was a tiny thread of sympathy that she couldn't quite fully suppress that tickled at her. She had really thought that Dan was the man for her once, before Zane had opened her eyes. She wasn't made of stone. Seeing a man she once cared for utterly devastated had an effect on her. She thought back to what Leah had suggested... pursuing a cuckold relationship with Dan.

But after that fleeting thought crossed her mind, she pushed it aside, snuggling in closer to the real man that she had found and watching the pained look on Dan's face with a swell of satisfaction. Now that she had found a man who could truly tame her, there was no way she could waste her time with a boy like Dan. She would enjoy putting him in his place tonight, then cut him loose afterward... the fact that she had once been confused into loving him would only make his humiliation that much hotter.

"Why don't you start by telling him how he lost his little wager?" suggested Claire in a sultry purr, looking up at her lover with worshipful eyes. "I mean... I would do the honors, but I'm going to be a little... busy."

She shot Dan one last smoldering glare, then ducked down beneath the sheets, hiding herself from his sight for the time being. All part of the plan. Zane had said that sucking him off under the covers while Dan watched would wind her husband up further, and wind up his perverse desire to watch to the breaking point, dealing with any lingering hesitation he might have and helping him fully embrace his cuckold degradation.

Well, based on how hard Dan had been before she even started the teasing hidden blow job, Claire wasn't sure that it was even necessary, but she wouldn't turn down the opportunity to be alone with Zane's cock once again beneath the covers.

Although the sheet was thin, the already dim light of the room was shaded even further by the covering, and Claire was forced to proceed through feel alone. She reached out and gripped the thick manly base of her lover's cock with a sort of reverence, moving her face forward to nuzzle at its tip with her soft lips. She was immediately assaulted with the scent and taste of her own pussy as she began to kiss and lick his slick, throbbing head, taking her time. Zane had given her a deep, satisfying orgasm mere seconds before Dan had walked in the door, and Zane's cock was still dripping with her excited juices.

"Well, you heard the lady, Dan. Let's talk a little about failure," said Zane in his trademark cocky drawl. "Your failure... Claire Bear's failure... Overall, just the way you lost the bet."

The mention of her sent a thrill of humiliated lust through Claire, centering and pulsing between her legs. It reminded her that, even if the focus of this evening was to turn Dan into a cuckold, she wouldn't be getting out unscathed either. Because part of Dan's humiliation would hinge on the fact that his loyal wife had been turned into an utter slut for another man's cock.

The thought made Claire's cheeks burn as she slid her lips over Zane's thick, throbbing cockhead, smearing them with her own lubrication and his precum as she took him into her hot, wet mouth. She was a slut now. Just as Zane had said. She had been bent to his will, and now craved to serve his cock. The idea made the smoldering heat inside her leap higher, and she swirled her tongue slowly and tenderly around every curve of his bulbous tip as she relished the embarrassing, kinky thought.

His. His slut. His willing, shameless whore. And he wanted to take her even deeper. He had invited her to quit her job and become his kept woman, a bimbo pornstar rather than a successful career woman.

God, it would be like living in this awful, heated moment forever. The idea was as revolting as it was sexy.

"So obviously I hired your wife as soon as we got done with that last lunch as friends," said Zane lightly. Claire couldn't see or hear Dan's reaction through the sheet, but she imagined that he must be hanging on every word of the story of his defeat.

"And, I mean, by that point it was already over, man," said Zane with a deep chuckle. "I knew the second that you didn't convince her not to accept the contract that this would be a piece of cake."

Claire sank her head further down Zane's shaft, filling her mouth with his hot, throbbing thickness, thinking back to that time... when she was so sure that Zane was some cocky idiot that she could easily handle. She had been so fucking stupid... but so had Dan. Dan knew what his former friend intended, yet hadn't lifted a finger.

"She hated me at first, Danny Boy. You know that, of course. But it turned out that your wife was just a cock hungry slut underneath that bitchy outer layer... all that it took was a real man to show her who she really was on the inside."

He left a moment of silence, and Claire understood her role here perfectly. She bobbed her head, making loud, wet sounds of enjoyment with her tongue and lips as she stuffed her mouth with Zane's cock. She put on a show for her husband, who she was positive was watching and listening with his little dick dripping precum... if he wasn't jerking off already. And all the while, her insides squirmed with embarrassment. She had just posted a video of herself getting fucked to the entire world, but now she was going to have a private audience of one man she knew better than anyone else. And that could be more humiliating than anything she had done before, she was now realizing.

She did her best to focus completely on the feeling of cock filling her mouth, trying her best to please the dominant man beneath her... but that was a task easier said than done when Zane was just getting started with his taunting speech.

"All it took was a couple little taunts. A couple little hints at how a real man could treat her. Women can't help it when they sense a real man, Danny Boy. She wanted me subconsciously long before she could admit it to herself." Zane's voice was casual and cruel, laying out his

victory as if it were utterly easy. Child's play. That wasn't the way that Claire remembered it at all. She had fought tooth and nail, and nearly resisted successfully at several points! Had it really been a piece of cake for a seducer like Zane? The thought was deeply embarrassing... but only made her pussy pulse with moist heat as she teased the tip of Zane's cock with the back of her tight throat.

"You tricked her," said Dan, speaking up for the first time since Claire had ducked beneath the sheet. "Manipulated her."

"True, but that just lit the spark," said Zane confidently. "There's only so far that trickery can get you. You can't use manipulation alone to get someone this far..."

Without further warning, Zane whipped the sheet off of his lap, and Claire was fully exposed to her husband, with the base of Zane's thick cock stretching her lips open while its tip pressed against the back of her throat. She froze, her eyes flicking upward to see her husband. This was what they had planned: what the weekend was all about, but it was still a heartpounding moment to be eye to eye with the man she once loved with another man's cock in her mouth.

Dan sat with a look of absolute stupefaction on his face, his eyes wide as he drank in the sight of his wife's disgrace, and, by extension, his own. Just as Claire had thought, his cock was stiff and throbbing, jutting up from between his legs as he sat in a defeated posture on his cuck chair. The contrast in her mind was immediate and stark. Dan had never looked less impressive to her. His cock had never looked more inadequate. Seeing him like this while Zane sat in confident command only reinforced her choice... and made her body burn with eager lust.

Claire began to move again, bobbing her head and teasing the back of her throat, warming herself up to take Zane's cock even deeper. It felt good to accept his thick, powerful cock into her submissive mouth while her loser husband looked on... like the natural order of things was being enforced.

"Come on... I'll keep telling you all about how I seduced your slutty wife, but I think it's only fair that you start jerking off," said Zane with a chuckle. "After all, we're in a competition at this point... aren't we, Danny Boy?"

"This... I mean..." spluttered Dan, sounding like the pathetic cuck that he was. Even with her head bouncing up and down, lips gripping Zane's shaft in a vacuum seal, Claire could see that Dan was staring, transfixed by her blowjob, his cock leaking precum as he watched his wife pleasure a bigger, better man. "I don't want to jerk off to her..." he was breathing deeply now, his eyes wide, almost having a panic attack despite his arousal.

Claire could sense that he needed a firm hand to get things back on track, and although Zane opened his mouth to argue with Dan, his intervention might only make things worse. So she rose from Zane's cock, jerking its slick, throbbing length rapidly with her hand as she stared her husband in the eyes and said, "Zane is in charge right now, Dan. I want you to jerk that fucking cock. That's the only reason we're letting you watch in the first place."

Dan looked stunned for a moment, staring into his wife's eyes as her fist pumped up and down his rival's cock... and Claire saw his resistance crumble. He always had been a pushover when it came to his wife. With his face flaming red from embarrassment and a look of horny misery twisting his expression, Dan's hand fell to his lap and wrapped around his eager little cock, soon pumping up and down like the good little cuck he was.

“Thanks, Claire Bear, but I can take this from here,” said Zane pleasantly. “There’s a much better use for that sharp little tongue right now anyway.” Before Claire realized what was happening, Zane’s hand gripped the back of her head and pressed her back down. She dutifully opened her lips and accepted his cock inside, but couldn’t help but feel a sting of humiliation as she realized that she had been put in her place just as much as her pussy of a husband. She and Zane were lording Dan’s loss over him tonight... but that didn’t make them equals. Zane was in charge here, and her role was as his submissive sex pet.

Zane’s hand remained on her head, as hard and unyielding as iron as he pushed her mouth up and down his cock, using her like a sex toy in front of her husband. Claire felt her body flare with dark lust at Zane’s dominant control. She belonged to him now. Her mouth was his to use. The thought was as erotic as it was shameful. She concentrated on opening her throat up for him, taking him deeper and deeper with each bob of her head until finally...

Zane’s hand pressed down with cruel force, burying his cock completely in Claire’s throat, her lips drooling around the base of his cock. God... she felt utterly overwhelmed and dominated by his masculine power. Forced into the embarrassing role of eager cocksucking slut by his iron will. Her throat spasmed around his thick, throbbing dick, just another tool to pleasure him. Silenced and conquered in front of her weak-willed loser of a husband.

“I mean... the rest of the story is obvious, isn’t it?” said Zane in a light, mocking tone, so casual you would never know he was balls-deep in a slutty throat just by listening to him. “Once I had gotten into your wife’s head, she got more and more desperate for my cock. It was actually kind of funny... for a while, she couldn’t accept her true feelings. She was subconsciously doing anything she could to earn the cock she craved, all while insisting to herself that she hated my guts and wanted nothing to do with me.”

It was getting a little hard to breathe now, impaled fully on Zane’s thick cock. Claire tapped him gently on the thigh to let him know to ease up... But Zane didn’t move for a few more seconds, holding her in place with his dominant hand, making sure that she understood the truth... he was in control right now, not her. Finally, he eased the strength of his hand, allowing Claire to back up a little and take some easier breaths through her nose while smoothly bobbing her head up and down his shaft. Her pussy was buzzing with a needy, hollow feeling between her thighs now. She needed to feel her lover’s dominance in another way... and soon.

“You’re lying,” protested Dan in a weak voice, his hand squeezing and ripping his pathetic little cock as Zane enjoyed his wife’s throat. “Claire... she would never do that! She hates... well... she hated when guys tried to hit on her. You must have forced her... or tricked her somehow.”

Zane barked a laugh. “Are you serious? You never used to jerk off to being a cuck either, and yet here you are, jerking off to your own pathetic failure. No, Danny Boy, I didn’t have to force anything. All I had to do was show who you two really are.”

His hand pressed downward again, and now his powerful cock was plunging deeply in and out of Claire’s mouth, drawing wet choking *gluck* noises from her throat with every thrust as he fucked her face. “Your wife has always been a submissive little bimbo on the inside. You’ve always been a weak, wimpy cuck. All it took to show you both your rightful place was a real man who knew what he was doing. That was how weak your outer facade was.”

Claire’s body and mind burned with humiliated lust. Zane had never been quite this brazen with her about what he really thought of her. And, true, some of this was probably just dirty talk to rub

Dan's nose in his failure... but she could hear the rumble of smug triumphant lust in Zane's voice when he talked about turning her into a submissive slut, and it was sort of hard to argue that he was wrong.

Finally, Zane released his grip from her head completely, and Claire rose, face red with effort and shame, mouth dripping with drool from her slutty service. She looked up, gasping, to see her husband gripped by cuckold lust, his fist pumping wildly up and down his cock, his face locked into a pathetic blend of embarrassment and lust... a feeling that mirrored the powerful feelings coursing through Claire.

"Stop," commanded Zane sharply, snapping his fingers at Dan with an insulting air of command. "I know you're enthusiastic about losing this bet, Danny Boy, but it's not time for you to cum quite yet."

He looked down at Claire, and she realized she had never seen Zane enjoying himself quite as much as he was right now. "After all," chuckled Zane, "We haven't even gotten to the main event yet!"

...

Dan felt like Zane's words were connected directly to a switch in his brain at this point. His hand dropped away from his cock immediately, not even attempting to resist Zane's confident commands. He was past the point of resistance or defiance, or even self-respect. Zane was calling the shots now, and Dan was surfing a turbulent wave of submissive pleasure, giving in completely to feelings he had been resisting for months.

It was horrifying and soul-witheringly embarrassing, but at the same time liberating. Dan didn't think he had ever been as turned on as he was right now, no matter how much Zane's barbed words were piercing him. His cock throbbed with almost painful stiffness, and he wanted nothing more than to grip it again, pumping and pumping until he could finally cum and scratch the deep sexual itch that the filthy sight in front of him had caused.

Claire stared at him, her mouth open and dripping from depthroating a cock twice as big as her husband's. And if he had harbored any secret hopes of winning her back, they died as he stared into her eyes and saw them dimmed and cloudy with animal lust. She was lost to him now, no matter what he did. She belonged to Zane and his monstrous cock, body, and soul.

And Zane had no issue showing his new sex toy who was boss. His flabby arms scooped Claire up and manhandled her into position, pushing her forward on the bed with her head facing Dan and her incredible ass facing backward toward him. "Now I think it's time for you to see what really converted your wife into a desperate slut," said Zane smugly. One hand reached down to push Claire's shoulders downward, while another lifted her hips upward, arching her back.

Dan was face-to-face with his wife now, finally with all the lies stripped away, along with their clothes and inhibitions. Her eyes were burning, filled with raw humiliation and lust and hurt. Even with the distance that separated them now emotionally, Claire reached out her hand. Dan took it in his without thinking. It was a blistering moment of connection, eyes locked as Zane moved his flabby bulk into position behind her.

"You deserve this," said Claire in a husky voice, choked with lust and emotion. There was no teasing smirk on her face now. No hint that any of this was a show. She looked dead serious, her eyes staring into Dan's soul as her fingers threaded through his.

Maybe it would have been better to stay silent. Claire had been turned against him fully. There was nothing that she could say that would help Dan or make him feel better about his humiliating sexual torture. But he still had to ask. He had to know, no matter how painful it might be.

“Why?” he asked desperately, his voice cracking with the emotional strain.

Zane chuckled darkly, on his knees behind the woman that Dan still couldn't help loving, breaking into the fevered moment of bonding. “Isn't that the million-dollar question?” he said in a voice rich with dark amusement. Dan looked up into his eyes and saw an odd parallel with Claire. Zane looked like he was enjoying this immensely, but Dan noticed the glint of betrayal there as well. Which made no sense. He had never done anything to Zane that deserved a response like this. “Here's an idea... why don't you spell it out for your poor hubby, Claire Bear. Tell him why he's the kind of guy who has to jerk off while I get to fuck you.” Zane winked at Dan, then slapped Claire's perfect, thick ass cheek with a stinging spank, making her close her eyes and groan, biting her lip with her face flushing red.

Dan had never seen Claire like this before... outside of that filthy porn video, of course. Seeing her stuff her mouth with Zane's cock, looking uncharacteristically embarrassed and submissive, yet desperate and sexually ravenous, had nearly made Dan lose the bet right then and there. The sight was as disturbing as it was erotic. Claire had always been the driving force in their relationship. The strong one. The one, as the cliché so vividly put it, who “wore the pants”. To see her undone and degraded sexually felt impossible. It lent a powerful testament to the idea that Zane was a dominant force of nature, somehow even stronger than a sharp, forceful woman like Claire.

If Claire had been forced to submit, what chance could someone like Dan have?

Claire gasped and shuddered as Zane moved behind her, teasing her slick folds with the bulging head of his cock. She looked exactly like the desperate slut that Zane had boasted about... but when her eyes opened, Dan could still see the same intelligence and force of will there that she had always had... just clouded by her new submissive lust.

“I'll tell you,” she purred, her voice hitching a little as Zane continued to tease her overheated pussy from behind. “I'll tell you why Zane gets to fuck me, and you don't anymore...” She was panting with lust now, but Dan could still read the contempt in her eyes breaking through. “ But not because you deserve it. But because he told me to. And he's in charge.”

She was interrupted as Zane pushed forward, her eyes squeezed closed again, and a low, vibrating moan poured from between her parted lips. Her fingers squeezed viciously tight on Dan's hand in the depths of her pleasure, and he was fascinated by the deep, unleashed passion he saw rolling off of her in waves. The truth was undeniable. Zane had been able to bring her this much pleasure just by easing the head of his massive cock into her tight, wet pussy. Dan had never been able to excite her like this. He never would be able to. It was beyond him. And now she was beyond him too.

But even as Dan began to understand the truth on a deeper level, Claire began to spell it out for him explicitly. She dropped his hand so hers could return to the bed, giving her better leverage to push back against the thick, manly cock she preferred.

“You deserve it because... mmmfff... because you’re weak,” moaned Claire, writhing her hips backward into Zane’s penetrating cock with needy little liquid movements. “You always did exactly what I said, exactly how I said it. ‘Yes, dear!’, ‘Right away, dearest!’” She let out a breathy laugh that turned into another moan as Zane finally buried himself to the hilt in her married cunt, claiming her fully in front of her wide-eyed, heartbroken, horny husband. “Wh-why a fucking joooke!” She moaned.

“But... but I just did what you wanted! What was I supposed to do?” Said Dan miserably, watching as Zane began to move, thrusting into his wife’s perfect, curvy body from behind, once again reaching down to slap her thick, jiggling ass with possessive disrespect.

“You were supposed to be a fucking man,” growled Claire, her fists twisting the sheets as she arched her back like a cat in heat, pressing her hot cunt backward into her new lover’s powerful thrusts. “You were supposed to make me treat you as an equal... if not a superior. She locked eyes with him again as little whines of pleasure escaped her plump lips. Her whole body shook and strained with the force of Zane’s cock, accepting his punishing thrusts with every sign of rapturous pleasure. “I want to see that hand on your cock, Dan,” insisted Claire in a voice melting with pleasure. “I’m stroking his cock with my tight pussy, and that means you need to be stroking yours with a tight fist like the pathetic cuck that you are.”

Dan swallowed a lump of shame in his throat, but he obeyed. Like he had always obeyed his wife. He wrapped his fist tightly around his throbbing cock and began jerking off once again, his hand unconsciously matching the rhythm of the sex he watched with painful erotic jealousy. Zane’s pumping hips gained speed, slapping loudly against Claire’s plump ass as they met again and again, rutting energetically. A primal dance of dominance and submission.

“This is real sex,” whispered Claire in a low, husky voice, echoing the dark thoughts rising up inside Dan. “This is what it looks like when a man takes a woman like he should. I want you to watch me cum, loser. I never came on your pathetic cock. I never even pretended. But he makes me cum. He makes me scream his name. Watch. And jerk that pathetic little prick while you do.”

And then Claire lost the power of speech, her words spiralling down into a low groan of satisfaction. Zane had been perfectly happy to let the happy couple have their moment, but he knew his cue when he heard it. His fat fingers dug greedily into Claire’s wide hips as his pace increased, thrusting forward with feverish speed. His hand rang down again and again, leaving red handprints on the perfect ass that Dan used to lovingly caress. Zane’s casual disrespect spoke of ownership, and Claire did nothing to correct him, arching her back and eagerly accepting the powerful thrusts of his cock, moaning and whimpering and submitting to the man she had once hated.

Dan could see it coming. Practically feel it, in fact. Claire’s heavy tits swayed beneath her as her juicy ass eagerly squirmed back against Zane’s cock, tipped with diamond-hard nipples. Her breath hitched as her moans grew increasingly loud and desperate. Her thick thighs began to shake with the depths of her pleasure. Claire was rocketing toward a powerful orgasm... nothing like the weak little spasms his mouth used to inspire.

Dan pumped his fist up and down his cock as he watched Claire come undone, screaming her pleasure into the hot, humid air of the honeymoon suite as Zane’s cock thoroughly fucked her to orgasm.

“Yessss! Fuck yes, Z!” she moaned, her words punctuated with sharp cries of ecstasy. Her thighs quaked and her back arched, her hands turning to grasping claws on the silky sheets as she lost control completely. Zane never stopped, hammering forward again and again. Claire's cunt clenched tight around his invading cock, making him feel like a king while her husband watched, alone and unwanted.

Dan couldn't help it. The woman he had only ever known as a confident, in-control badass was being dominantly fucked into the actress and losing her mind with pleasure, desperately humping backward into the thick cock fucking her. And finally, he was seeing all the filthy glory of Zane dominating a woman without the shrouding black bars of the beta edition. He lost control, spurting a hot, shameful load of cum downward onto the floor.

For a few seconds, the dominant, triumphant couple on the bed didn't notice Dan's failure. Claire was too busy moaning in passionate orgasm, and Zane was focused on fucking the shit out of her. But then, Claire began to calm. Her eyes opened and she glanced over toward her husband, a sickening grin lighting up her face. “Well, well, well... look at that, Z,” she said in a voice husky with post-orgasmic glow. “It seems like Dan isn't capable of winning a bet.”

Zane roared with laughter. He gave Claire one last loud spank and withdrew from her plundered pussy. Dan was ashamed to see that Zane's thick, powerful cock was still fully erect, dripping with the slick evidence of his wife's submissive arousal. “You would think that your own fist would be a lot easier to resist than a world-class pussy like this,” said Zane crudely, scooting over to the edge of the bed to sit and plant his feet on the floor, spreading his chubby legs. “But I suppose you can't underestimate how hot it is for a cuck to watch a real cock please a woman for once.

“Come here, Claire Bear,” he said commandingly, reaching over to take a careful but deeply insulting grip of a handful of her hair and pulling her toward him. “I want you on your knees serving me. It's going to be my turn to cum in a second here, and I want to be good and warmed up.”

A part of Dan still expected his wife to get mad and fight back. The idea that Claire would just let a pig like Zane grab her by the hair and manhandle her into a blowjob was ludicrous. But he should have known better by this point. Claire just let out a pathetic “Yes, Z,” and slipped off the bed to her knees, once again taking Zane's thick cock into her mouth, licking and slurping off her own juices in a slutty display of complete submission.

“I don't think there will be any more action to film from the two pump chump for a little bit,” said Zane with a smirk, winking toward Leah, who still held the camera, capturing Claire's devoted oral service. “Give the cuck the camera for a few minutes and come down here to help out. Two is better than one when it comes to blowjobs, I've always found.”

Leah didn't hesitate; she strode over and pushed the hand-held camera toward Dan, a pitying smirk on her face. “Do your best, Danny Boy,” she said with a mocking wink, “Who knows how many times you'll be watching this footage later. You'll want to be sure that you capture all the details perfectly. A moment later, the camera was in Dan's hands, and she was stepping back, reaching behind her to loosen the zipper on her dress.

Without a second's more thought, Dan raised the camera and filmed as Leah disrobed, removing first the dress, then her bra and panties to display her lush, curvy arousal. Her nipples stood stiff on her breasts and her arousal traced shining trails down her thighs. She posed

briefly for the cameras before dropping to her knees and crawling forward to take her place with Claire between Zane's spread thighs.

Soon, both gorgeous, naked women were working in tandem, using their tongue, lips, and mouth to worship every inch of Zane's cock and balls. Dan watched in fascination as Claire tenderly suckled on the swollen tip of her new man's cock and Leah bathed in heavy balls in hot saliva with her dextrous pink tongue. This close after his orgasm, the sight was more disturbing than erotic, but still he couldn't look away, and after a while, he began to heat up again as he watched.

"Come closer," commanded Zane, beckoning Dan forward with a triumphant smirk lighting up his face. "You just have to get a close-up shot of this from above. That angle can't do it justice."

Dan stood on wobbly legs, his cock already semi-stiff again from the erotic humiliation of the moment despite his recent ejaculation. He held the camera steady in front of him and looked down into the viewfinder as he moved forward. Zane patted the space next to him on the bed, and Dan took the seat reluctantly, pointing the camera down to see the debauchery almost from Zane's point of view.

Fuck... Dan had to admit that the man wasn't wrong. Staring down from above at the two women loyally serving at their master's feet was erotic enough to bring him back to full stiffness. Now both women were kissing and licking the tip of Zane's cock at the same time, their tongues and lips writhing in a soft, slippery mess of spit and precum as their eyes stared upward with hazy lust toward the man they were eagerly submitting to. Dan could almost imagine how it might feel to be in Zane's position... almost. But it was tainted by the fact that he would never be able to inspire this same submission in women like Zane could. His sidelined position holding the camera and filming another man's blowjob made that starkly, abundantly clear.

"Awww, the poor little guy looks left out," said Zane with a nasty chuckle, reaching up to give Dan a stinging slap on the back. "Claire Bear, why don't you give your poor hubby a pity handy while you suck me off?"

It sounded humiliating, but at this point, Dan would accept any sort of outward physical affection he could get. But he should have known better. Claire rolled her eyes with her mouth still stuffed with Zane's cock, then released it with a wet pop and said in a pouting voice, "Don't wanna."

Zane let out another hearty laugh. "Well damn! Sorry, Danny Boy, but it sounds like the woman has spoken! Hey, why don't you have a heart, Claire Bear? At least give your poor rejected hubby a little lube so he can stroke again!"

Claire giggled and reared back. Before Dan even knew what was happening, she had spit a thick mouthful of slick saliva and Zane's precum onto Dan's cock, splattering him with the fruits of her slutty cheating blowjob.

"That's not very nice," said Leah softly, rising from where she had been sucking hungrily on Zane's balls. "Here, Dan. Why don't I take care of you?"

Dan, still in shock from his wife spitting on his cock, shook his head, feebly saying, "N-no, Leah, that's alright. I don't think that..."

But it was too late. Leah completely ignored his protests and reached over, wrapping her slim finger around his cock and beginning to stroke slowly and firmly up and down its throbbing

length, drawing a strangled grunt of pleasure from Dan's throat. He was still overly sensitive from cumming recently, and, even worse, the thick warm goo of his wife's thick saliva was a disturbingly effective lubricant, letting Leah's fist glide up and down with almost no resistance.

Before Dan could make any further protest, Zane focused back on the girls. "Press those fat tits together," he ordered Claire sharply. I want to claim every single inch of you in front of your cuckold husband. Claire hurried to obey, rising further on her knees and using her hands to hold her tits tight, she dribbled more of her spit down into her naked cleavage, creating a slick channel of flesh for Zane's cock... one he was quick to take advantage of, sliding his cock up between her tits and enjoying yet another sex act that Claire had never even dreamed of performing for her husband.

Leah slipped up to sit at Dan's side, stroking his cock with teasing slowness, the squishing noises of her hand blending with the sound of Zane's cock thrusting upward through Claire's sloppy tits.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" whispered Leah in his ear, her voice soft and teasing, sending a shiver up Dan's spine and a tingle through his cock. "It feels... right?"

"N-no," insisted Dan, "It's f-fucking humiliating." He was unable to tear his eyes away as Claire pressed her big tits together, taking the opportunity to squeeze her stiff nipples between her fingers as Zane's cock thrust upward through them again and again. The purple helmet of his popped upward with every stroke, far enough that Claire could lean down to tease it with her tongue.

"But the humiliation is the best part, isn't it?" purred Leah, her hand picking up speed on Dan's cock. "Knowing that this is where you belong... watching while a better man takes everything from you. It's kind of freeing when you think about it. You no longer need to pretend that you're a big, strong manly man. You don't need to struggle with things that you can't do, like making girls cum. All you need to do is sit by and watch your superiors work."

Dan wasn't sure he could accept that... but for now, he gave way to the pleasure. It did feel good to watch the woman who had lorded over him for years submit to Zane's massive cock. In some ways, at least. And receiving a handjob from a woman he still had lingering feelings for was hot as well. Fighting back had gotten him nothing but pain so far. He decided to lean into the humiliation and degradation. At least that way, he could experience a weak echo of the passion on display in front of him.

He zoomed the camera in on his wife's breasts, keeping Zane's cock tightly in focus as it pumped up and out from between them, leaking slick precum all over the soft, heavy globes. Claire had never given him a tit job... she would have laughed in his face if he had suggested it. And he knew why. His cock would have been lost between her breasts, smothered by their warm, soft heat, not big enough to push through. Zane had no such problem. Big and strong enough to command Claire's obedience in a way that Dan never could.

"I think it's almost time to show your husband the other thing that he never got," said Zane, his voice crackling with rough erotic electricity. "But I feel bad for leaving the little guy out entirely. Why don't we let him warm you up for the main event?"

Claire stared at him in confusion for a few more moments, then an evil grin crossed her face. She released her tits, revealing the shiny sticky mess that Zane's precum and her saliva had made of them... the same slick mixture currently lubing Dan's cock in Leah's nimble fingers.

“You’re a genius, Z,” she purred, getting to her hands and knees and swirling her tongue briefly around the head of his cock. “I didn't think I wanted him to ever touch me again, but I think that’s actually the perfect task for a cuck like him.”

Dan frowned, a spike of apprehension piercing his heart as Zane and Claire shared an evil laugh. “What? I... What task...?” He said vaguely, his cock throbbing with lust at their disrespectful laugh despite his confusion. Leah wiped her hand across Dan’s thigh, leaving behind a smear of spit and precum, then gently took the camera from his hand once again. “On your knees behind your wife, Dan,” she whispered in his ear. “Trust me... It’s all going to be clear in a second.”

Dan wasn’t sure he was going to like what was coming, even in the context of erotic humiliation, but he was beyond all hesitation and resistance at this point. He sank to his knees behind his wife as Leah pointed the camera toward him. Claire didn’t turn around. She was too focused now, busily and hungrily slurping on Zane’s dick once again, taking him deep into her throat with loud, wet sounds of approval.

As he got into position, Claire reached behind her, going hands-free as she continued to enthusiastically bob up and down the thick cock stretching her lips. For a moment, Dan thought she was simply planning to lock her hands behind her back to demonstrate deeper submission. But instead, one hand gripped each of her plump ass cheeks and pulled them apart, exposing her tight pink asshole to Dan’s wide, horrified eyes.

“Come on, cuck,” grunted Zane, reaching down to grip the back of Claire’s head in a dominant grip, ‘Your wife was kind enough to lube you up before. Don’t you think it’s fair to return the favor?’

Dan’s heart hammered in his chest, and his cock pulsed with dark, hot lust between his kneeling thighs. He had seen the video now where Zane fucked his wife in the ass... but it still hadn’t fully registered. Zane had claimed a hole that Dan never had. And now Zane wanted Dan to warm up his wife for another anal fuck. Using his tongue.

The idea was almost too obscene to be believed, and Dan weakly shook his head, trying his best to summon some sort of denial. But even as he did so, he felt drawn forward. It was an act of such humiliating service that somehow he couldn’t resist. It was the perfect symbol of his utter defeat... to prepare a hole that he had never enjoyed for another man. To his shame, his mouth started to water as he nestled his face between his wife’s thick cheeks.

The view of the camera seemed hot and oppressive as Leah loomed over him, filming his humiliating obedience. Dan was nearly cross-eyed, staring down at the tight, puckered hole just inches from his face. He had eaten Claire's pussy dozens of times, but if he was being honest, he couldn’t remember looking at her asshole in detail even once. It was as perfect as the rest of her, tight and pink and twitching slightly from his hot breath fanning over it.

Feeling a squirming sensation of shameful arousal rising deep in his belly, Dan closed his eyes and pressed forward, tongue extended.

It wasn’t as bad as he thought it would be. There was no dramatic, foul taste, just the sensation of hot, puckered flesh. He curiously traced a circle around Claire’s asshole, painfully aware that his every move was being filmed as he pressed himself up between her luscious cheeks... and, thanks to the bet he just lost, this video would apparently be posted for the whole website to see.

Claire groaned around the thick shaft, stuffing her mouth, then released Zane's cock long enough to hiss, "That's right, you little cuck. That tongue is the only thing you have ever been skilled with. It's just barely useful as an opening act for a real man." She reached back and seized a handful of his hair in an iron grip, mashing Dan's face even deeper. "Get in there with that tongue. Loosen me up for Z's fat cock."

Dan's tongue squirmed deeper as his breathing was cut off. He had never felt more humiliated in his entire life, but his cock ached with painful stiffness as it hung beneath him. Despite everything, he was perversely grateful for this moment of connection with Claire. Once she had been his partner. His companion. Now she was a distant, sneering, untouchable sex goddess, and even the chance to kiss her ass seemed like more than Dan deserved. That was how far he had fallen. As he worked, Claire continued to concentrate solely on Zane, looking up at him with heated devotion as she slurped and sucked at his cock, focusing purely on his pleasure and paying no attention at all to her former love, licking her asshole directly behind her.

Finally, Claire pushed him back and away, looking up from Zane's cock and gasping. "Please, Z. His tongue isn't enough for me anymore. I want you inside me. I want you to cum in my ass, and show this pathetic cuck what he lost."

Zane rumbled a deep, amused laugh. "Your wish is my command, Claire Bear. Get up here, and let's give your hubby a show that he'll never forget."

Claire scrambled up, positioning herself in a reverse cowgirl position on Zane's lap, His slick tower of throbbing flesh sliding upward between her fat cheeks, pressing up against the hole that Dan had just prepared.

Dan began to get up, but Claire clicked her tongue. "Stay on your knees, cuck," she said in an icy, dismissive tone. "I think it's fitting. You can look up and see another man conquer your wife in a way that you never could. That you don't deserve to."

"Jerk off again while you do!" added Zane from behind her with a little snicker. "Let's see if we can't squeeze two shame-gasms from you before I cum for the first time."

Dan didn't say anything in his defence. They were treating him with utter disrespect, but at this point, he couldn't even pretend he deserved respect. He had thrown that away when he had refused Leah's final offer of mercy and chose to enter the door, if not before that. Now his only choice was to draw whatever twisted pleasure he could from his front row seat as a beautiful woman who was lost to him forever got fucked in the ass.

Zane wasted no time, reaching beneath Claire to grip his thick cock and line himself up to Claire's tight, puckered entrance, which was still shiny with her husband's saliva. Dan waited, watching with a mix of dread and arousal that by now was more familiar than love. He had watched Claire lose her anal virginity on camera in the obscene video uploaded to the website... but that had been censored. He began stroking his sore cock as he prepared to see it happen up close, in all its glory.

From below, Dan had the perfect angle to see Zane's bulbous cockhead press tight against his wife's asshole, harder and harder. Her sphincter resisted for a moment, his fleshy head deforming from the pressure. Then it gave way, sucking the mushroom tip inside almost hungrily, sealing with a vacuum-tight grip around the bottom of the flared head. Claire let out a shaky, explosive breath, her thighs trembling from the combination of pleasure and pain. "Fuck!

It's so fucking big ,Z!" She whined. "Even that loser's tongue couldn't loosen me up enough for you."

"I'll go slow," murmured Zane, kissing Claire's neck. She turned to press her lips against his, and Dan was heartbroken to see the spark between them. There was something deeper there than just a kinky submissive and dominant relationship. There was genuine passion and heat... more than Dan could remember having the last time he made love to his wife. He stroked his cock wildly at the sight as his wife slowly eased down her new lover's shaft, impaling her perfect ass inch by inch on Zane's cock. And the whole time, the two made out. Slowly, tenderly, and with no focus at all given to the pathetic cuck jerking off on his knees beneath them.

Finally, Claire had reached the base; her tight asshole was sealed around the root of Zane's cock. Her breaths were hitching deeply, bouncing her tits lightly with each shaky inhale. Her thighs were spread, displaying her flushed pussy, leaking trails of hot ,slick pleasure downward.

Then Claire began to bounce, breaking the passionate kiss with Zane as her hips humped and writhed downward onto his cock, piercing into her hot, welcoming depths again and again. She stared down at her husband again, and Dan felt both emotionally destroyed and unspeakably turned on as he recognized both the spark of pleasure and the glare of disdain in her beautiful green eyes.

She was a vision of sexual debauchery, her skin glowing with a light sheen of sweat, her beautiful breasts bouncing with each movement of her wide, womanly hips. Her tight pink hole stretched greedily around the dick, plunging upward with every thrust, and her pussy continued to glisten and leak with her obvious pleasure.

Now Claire was focusing on Dan, staring down at him with a piercing gaze... but her attention was even more than being ignored. Dan had never felt more worthless in his life than now, kneeling and pleasuring himself as he watched himself lose his wife forever.

"Need more lube, loser?" Asked Claire in a moaning voice. She spat downward, this time catching Dan full in the face. She let out a breathless, gasping laugh tinged with pleasure. "Oops! I missed."

Just to make sure her husband didn't misunderstand her cruelty as an actual mistake, she extended a middle finger, flipping him off as she began to hump Zane's cock harder and harder. The transformation was breathtaking. There was nothing in her eyes and face that betrayed the slightest bit of guilt anymore. She belonged to Zane now. Completely and utterly. Dan could see her winding up into another orgasm as she stared into his eyes. She was relishing his defeat just as much as he was, if not more. Once again, Dan was struck by her complete sexual abandon. When they had sex during their marriage, she had always seemed to enjoy herself, but she was also firmly in control of both of their actions and pleasure. Now all of her control was gone. She was a slave to the way Zane's cock could make her feel.

And so was Dan, now that he thought about it.

Claire's powerful thighs pumped her up and down. Her tits jumped and bounced with each upstroke, her dark, silky hair flying with the intensity of her movements. Her lips opened, and this time neither spit or acidic words came out, only sweet moans of pleasure. Zane's thick cock impaled her fat ass over and over as Dan watched, swiftly approaching an orgasm of his own.

‘Cum for me,’ moaned Claire, her voice raspy from her prolonged pleasure. For a second, Dan thought she was begging him to cum... but her next words made it clear that she had once again forgotten about him in favor of her new lover. “I want that thick cum deep in my ass, Z. Show this little cuck what you won... and what he lost.”

Zane grunted beneath her, reached up to grip her wide hips and began to thrust upward into her ass. Dan began to stroke faster as well, unconsciously matching the rhythm of the man who had stolen everything from him, pleasuring himself as he watched Claire lose her composure completely. She bucked and writhed on Zane’s lap as loud, whining moans burst out of her, red in the face and sweating from every pore from the intensity of her orgasm, her thighs shaking like leaves in a high wind.

Dan lost his bet for a second time, spraying a tiny load of watery sperm onto the floor of the honeymoon suite as Zane’s heavy balls drew tight to the base of his cock, then visibly pulsed, delivering a potent payload of hot, thick sperm deep into Claire’s battered colon.

All three stopped, panting for breath as Leah stood above them, filming with a sad little smirk on her face. Finally, Claire slid off of Zane’s softening cock, collapsing onto the bed with a look of pure satisfaction on his face. She chuckled, running her fingers through the thick, white mess that was now oozing from her lightly gaping butthole. “Fuck, Z...” she purred, ‘You really filled me up. I’m a mess! Maybe we should have the cuck...’

“Not yet,” said Zane with a grin, aiming a swat at Claire’s fat, upturned ass. “We still have a week of cruising to ramp things up. Why get too extreme on the first night?” He turned flat, unsympathetic eyes to Dan, still kneeling at the foot of the bed above a pathetic puddle of jizz. “In fact, I’m tired of looking at him right now. Be a good girl and dismiss your husband, Claire Bear. He needs to learn how the rest of this cruise is going to work.”

“Good point. I’m tired of looking at him too,” she propped herself up on her elbows and looked back over her shoulder at Dan, giving him a view of her plump, leaking ass and expression of disgust at the same time. “Listen, cuck. You don’t have the privilege of cumming anymore while in Z and I’s presence. You simply don’t deserve to fire your cum all over the floor where a woman might accidentally touch it. If you want to fire off blasts of loser juice... Well, you can feel free to do whatever you want in your new cabin.”

“That’s right,” said Zane with a guffaw, “That’s for renting the biggest, best room on the vote for me, bud. I’ll be taking over your spot in here, and you can have the sweaty little closet. Naturally, Leah and Claire will be staying with me here.”

Dan slumped. Maybe he should have expected that... it was clear that his relationship with Claire was over. Why would he expect to stay in a room with her?

“I expect you to report back here as soon as we text you as well,” said Claire with a broad, evil grin. “Zane and I have so many more fun things to do with you.”

Dan’s dull eyes fell to stare at his puddle of shame on the floor. In that moment, he didn’t even feel worthy to look at the beautiful, cruel creature he had once loved. “Yes, dear,” he heard himself mumble. There really wasn’t anything else to say. After the humiliation he had submitted to tonight, defiance at this point would be laughable.

“Good, now fuck off,” said Zane. “Show’s over for tonight. My two ladies and I need a little private time without someone perving out on us.”

Leah turned off the camera and set it down on the nightstand, then climbed onto the bed with Zane. And then... Zane, Claire, and Leah seemed to forget about Dan completely. They tangled into a warm, laughing pile of naked fun, leaving Dan feeling cold and drained on the floor.

And as much as Dan longed to stay and be included, to at least get some of the reflected affection from watching the three of them fuck, he knew he was no longer wanted. He got up and redressed, looking back over his shoulder one last time before leaving the honeymoon suite and closing the door behind him, heading for the tiny berth that he had been sentenced to for the remainder of the cruise.

...

The long hours of the night were torture for Dan. Now that the immediate sexual gratification of watching Claire and Zane's sex was gone, all that remained was self-loathing and impotent anger. He twisted and turned on the tiny, uncomfortable bed in the cheap room that Zane had banished him to, trying and failing to forget his troubles long enough to fall asleep.

After hours of sleeplessness, he found himself opening up his phone and, with stinging shame pouring through his body, navigating to Zane's website once again. There was simply nothing else left for him but the twisted sexual pleasure of watching his wife get fucked.

...

Claire lay beside Zane, lazily making out with him as she stroked his cock to full hardness. On his other side, Leah reached into his lap as well, fondling his balls while patiently waiting her turn to kiss him as well.

Claire had never fully warmed up to the blonde bitch, but she was fine with her being here now. It felt right for Zane to have two women at once. He deserved it, the conquering, powerful stud that he was.

Claire had never seen herself as a submissive sex kitten. For most of her life, her sex life had felt like kind of an afterthought, more annoying because men were obsessed with her treating her as a sex object than actually fun or fulfilling for her. Zane had opened her eyes to how kinky and enthralling and liberating submissive sex could be. Bowing to his will and humiliating herself and Dan was so powerful that she didn't even miss the dignity and self-respect she was sacrificing for it.

Zane pulled away from the kiss with his usual smirk. Once, it had filled Claire with prickly, defensive anger. Now it just sent a surge of sexual heat through her body, tingling through her stiff nipples and throbbing with the sweet ache of her well-fucked pussy and ass. Zane was a cocky jerk, but experience had taught Claire that his confidence was well-earned, and seeing it thrilled her now.

"That was a lot of fun, Claire Bear," he said warmly. "I could see that you were really getting off on teasing the poor cuck."

Claire shrugged and giggled, increasing the speed of her handjob slightly and relishing the feel of Zane's stiff shaft against her palm. "I mean... when you're right, you're right Z. It does feel pretty good to submit to a real man while putting a wimp in his place." Claire had been a little uncertain about the cuckold aspect at first. It sounded a little creepy to let someone she wasn't attracted to anymore watch her have sex. She had only agreed to do it because she had been so angry at Dan.

But there had been something deeply twisted and obscene about betraying the weak little man she had once loved. Making him watch and pleasure himself while a bigger, better man roughly claimed her had filled her with a dirty heat she had never gotten anywhere else.

“Good,” said Zane with a snicker. “Because we’ve got a whole week to turn the poor bastard into a mindless, drooling cuck.”

Then, disappointingly, Zane turned toward Leah, kissing her deeply. Claire held back a huff of frustration. She didn’t mind the curvy blonde being there to spice things up a little, but she didn’t deserve to be the center of attention. Claire amused herself by playing with Zane’s cock, heat building up inside her as she vividly remembered what his massive rod was able to do to her.

“So,” Zane murmured to Leah, just in the range of hearing, “Are we in business? Do you think that you’re already...?”

Leah snorted. “Don’t be impatient, Z. When Bill and I tried the first time, it took months. Besides, you know I let him try first. You may already be too late.”

Claire was so shocked that she couldn’t help but speak up. “Excuse me... what?” She asked, leaning over to stare at Leah in open-mouthed surprise. “You’re still going through with that idiotic pregnancy plan, even though...”

Even though Zane is more or less done with you, is what she had been about to say, but she caught herself. Leah had let Claire know in a private conversation lately that she planned to disentangle from Zane completely, but Claire wasn’t certain how much Zane knew about that.

The answer was apparently “more than Claire thought”, because Zane mildly chuckled at her shocked reaction and said, “You didn’t think I would let her get away without the ultimate prize, did you? Of course not. Especially when her husband was so close to cracking. This is going to be my personal going-away present. A constant little reminder of the most important man in her life.”

Claire didn’t have anything much to say to that. She had envisioned this cruise as a torrid affair of her, Zane, and her humiliated cuckold husband. Leah was an unwanted fly in the ointment, especially with this breeding kink temptation pulling away Zane’s attention. She stared down at Zane’s stiff cock and heavy balls. She hated the idea of sharing Zane’s attention with another woman. By any rights, every drop in those balls belonged to her.

Without a word, she lowered her head and sucked the swollen head of Zane’s cock between her lips, slurping eagerly. Zane let out a little groan of satisfaction, his focus pulling away from Leah once again to focus completely on Claire.

Good. You’re mine now, Zane. I expect you to act like it. All I need to do is be such a good slut for you that you don’t need another woman.

But even as she had that jealous, heated thought, Claire saw Leah reposition herself as well, lowering her head and sweeping her long Braid over her shoulder with a challenging look in her eye as she began tonguing Zane’s balls. Claire felt the jealousy brewing inside her ratchet another notch higher. Some women just didn’t know when they were beaten... well, Zane would have no chance to knock up the stupid bitch if she kept his balls drained and his mind elsewhere... Claire didn’t know what she would do if Zane focused on someone else above her. She had sacrificed so much of her dignity and pride to Zane; there simply had to be something

to show for it. If she wasn't his obsession anymore, what was she? Just some pathetic hanger-on like Leah had become. No. No way. Claire had always been the best in everything she did, and this would be no exception. Zane might not even realize it, but from now on, he was a one-woman man.

Claire took Zane's cock deeper and deeper into her throat, until she was so close to the base she was getting in Leah's way. Leah made a noise of annoyance and pulled back, glaring daggers down at Claire, who now had the full length of Zane's cock lodged deep in her throat.

Zane chuckled at the tense moment of competition. "Now now, ladies," she said with a chuckle. "Can't we all play nice? It's a lot more fun if the two of you work together to..." He was interrupted by a loud chirping alert noise from his phone on the nightstand, and, to Claire's annoyance, he impatiently tapped the top of her head to signal her to disengage.

Claire obeyed with bad grace, wiping the back of her mouth as Zane scooted to the edge of the bed and snatched his phone up, a distracted grin spreading across his face. "Yes!" he said in an undertone, his fat face lit up from beneath by the glow of the phone, "I knew there was a reason I keep Summer around."

Claire had to admit that, despite her annoyance, her interest was piqued. What did his editor and regular camera-woman have to do with anything? Before she could ask, it seemed that Leah was already a step ahead of her.

"Summer?" asked Leah, snuggling back against the headboard of the bed, "What do you have her working on?"

Zane turned to the two ladies with an evil grin of anticipation. "Well, Danny Boy lost our little bet, didn't he? I thought it might be fun to... crowdsource his humiliation a little. This is the first time that a dude is going to be a star of my videos. Dan the pathetic cuck. Summer just finished the edit and is going to publish the video. And at the end, it's going to tell people to comment on how we should humiliate him next."

Shit... In just a few moments, the whole internet would be getting a second drop in the same night, this one showing Dan's complete humiliation. This had the potential to ruin his whole life. Even if he managed to move on from Claire, what woman would want to be with a man who had willingly participated in a video like that? What business would want to hire him? For a second, even after everything she had done, Claire felt a little bad for Dan.

But then another thought occurred to her. If their cruelty grew even more wild and unrestrained, it had the potential to draw all of Zane's attention and leave Leah's pathetic little ploy for Zane's attention in the dust. Suddenly, Dan's problems seemed unimportant. Claire had never been afraid to step on other people to reach her goals. If Dan didn't want public humiliation, maybe he should have tried a little harder to control himself and not lose that bet.

Claire crawled up behind Zane to the edge of the bed and slung her arms around his shoulders, pressing her naked breasts into his back and kissing him gently on the neck.

"Sounds like a lot of fun, Z," she said, shooting Leah a triumphant glance. "I hope all those dirty strokers give us some filthy ideas for humiliating the little cuck. I get the feeling this is going to be a fun cruise."

...

Just as ordered, Dan showed up at their door the next morning. He looked tired, miserable, and rumpled in the same clothes he was wearing last night.

Claire was lying back in the bed, wearing tiny jean-shorts and a crop top that Zane had selected for her to wear that day. Zane had been adamant that her wardrobe was under his control for the week, and had even brought along some of his own pieces for her in the luggage he had packed. Considering some of the things he had brought, this little outfit was tame, despite the fact that it showed off much more skin than Claire was normally comfortable with, and she had been told to wear it without a bra. The thought of people seeing her like this lit Claire up with nervous arousal... but it wasn't any worse than the skimpy bikini she had worn the other day. Or at least she kept telling herself that.

Dan stepped inside the door, gulping and glancing around, clearly in a near panic. "Zane," he said in an anxious hiss, "That video last night! It's... It shows fucking everything!"

Zane laughed and slapped Dan on the back. "Did you think I was bluffing, Danny Boy? You lost our second bet fair and square, I'm afraid, and that means you're going to be my first ever male freak in the sheets! Don't worry, I'll make sure that you get a cut of the proceeds... which look like they will be considerable. I mean, did you see the view numbers?"

"I did," muttered Dan, scrubbing a hand down his face. "That's what I'm fucking worried about! And the comments..."

"Your adoring fans," said Zane with a nasty chuckle. "I asked for a couple of ideas of how to treat you like the cuckold loser you've become... and boy did they deliver. We've got a whole lot of fun activities planned for you. It's gonna be a loooooong cruise, buddy." He gestured over to Leah, who was seated in the bedside chair with the camera already rolling. She waved cheerfully to Dan.

"It... it can't go on, Zane," said Dan in a wavering voice at odds with the seriousness of his statement. "This isn't just some fetish shit anymore, man. This could really affect my life!"

Now Zane rolled her eyes, getting a little annoyed. "You didn't have a problem with it last night while getting your rocks off," he said acidly. "What is the post-nut clarity hitting hard this morning? Well, I'm afraid that we aren't going to let you get out of this so easily. You wanted to live out your sick little cuckold fantasy, and you came all over my room. You don't get to just back away and save face at this point."

Dan shook his head, but he already had a meek, frightened look spreading over his face. His fear over the impact that the released videos could have on him couldn't match his instinctual deference toward Zane as a stronger, more confident man. Last night had broken Dan on a fundamental level, and now, whether he was happy with it or not, he was just along for the ride.

Seeing that Dan's resolve was already wavering, Zane turned to Claire and snapped his finger, gesturing her impatiently forward. Claire didn't know exactly what he had in mind, but she had no more ability to resist him than Dan at this point. She bounced up off the bed and hurried over, her tits swaying and jostling distractingly beneath her tight cutoff shirt. The movement drew Dan's attention immediately, and made Claire's nipples stiffen at the thought of all the people who would see her tits free and exposed beneath the tight shirt today.

“Anyway, even if you did have to do what I say, there’s one very good reason why you are going to be our cuckold bitch this week, Danny Boy,” said Zane confidently. He turned to Claire and winked. “Pull your husband’s pants down, Claire Bear.”

Without thinking, Claire did as she was told, reaching out and swiftly tugging Dan’s shorts and boxers down before he had a chance to react. Dan was shocked for a second before his hands could plunge down and cover his stiff little boner, but the damage had already been done. Zane’s point had been proven.

“Look at that,” said Claire, giggling a little at the look of sheer humiliation on Dan’s face. “I guess that getting bullied in front of the whole internet is a little more exciting to you than you’re willing to admit.”

“That’s... that’s just because...!” spluttered Dan miserably, but they all knew that his excuses were meaningless. He could make any excuses that he wanted, but his cock didn’t lie.

“Shut up, Danny,” said Zane sharply. “You’re going to do whatever we say. You’re going to do it on camera...” His gaze flicked down to Dan’s crotch with a sneer. “And clearly, you’re going to enjoy every second. But, unfortunately for you, I don’t think we can let you enjoy it quite this much. We said no cumming after all, and even if you aren’t jerking off, I think we’re at real risk of you having some “accidents” in your pants. Luckily, we have a solution, suggested to us by numerous comments on your debut video.”

Claire recognized her cue. She hurried over to the bed, biting her lip to hold in a laugh, and picked up the small paper bag on the bedside table. Zane said that they were doing this because of a suggestion from the comments, but it was obviously something that he had thought of beforehand. After all, there would be nowhere to get the... device on a cruise ship.

She brought the bag over and handed it to Dan with a smirk. Now that she was letting go of all of her moral objections and really starting to enjoy the bullying, the look on his face as he opened the bag and stared inside was priceless.

He shook his head mutely and opened his mouth, but Claire cut him off in a commanding voice as she snuggled up to Zane’s side. “Don’t even say it, Dan. Why waste the energy when we all know that you’re going to do it in the end anyway?”

Zane nodded. “Leah can help you with putting it on. When you’re done... She can show you your new wardrobe too. Come meet us by the pool when you’re ready to start our week.”

Claire wouldn’t mind sticking around to see Dan’s embarrassment, but she knew better. She might be squarely above Dan in the hierarchy at this point, but she wasn’t in a position to contradict Zane. He was the clear top dog in this fucked up foursome. She looked back a little wistfully as Dan stared dumbstruck down into the little paper bag in his hands, his cock still throbbing impotently between his legs.

Well... in the end it was fine. The week would have endless opportunities to tease Dan. And now that she had been introduced to the fetish, that was sounding more and more appealing to Claire.

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Dan's heart pounded against his ribs, and his whole body trembled with adrenaline as he made his way toward the pool. As he passed, people did double-takes at what he was wearing, often with looks of disgust painting their faces.

He had done all his hyperventilating and refusing and panicking in the room a few minutes ago with Leah, but in the end, it all came down to the same thing. He didn't know how to say no to this fucked up situation anymore. He was in too deep. He felt like his will was no longer entirely his own... and, as much as he hated to admit it, a dark, destructive voice inside him wanted to see how far this would go.

The chastity device had been a complete shock to the system. Even after all of the cruelties and bullying that Claire and Zane put him through last night, he had never expected anything that extreme. That had taken a few minutes of coaxing and a pity handjob from Leah to even consider. But now he wore it, and the keys were around Leah's neck, presumably about to be delivered to Claire herself. He would be at her mercy even more than he already had been for the rest of the cruise.

The metal cage pinched tight around his cock and balls, causing him little jolts of discomfort with every step. And that didn't even touch the other humiliating things that Zane had picked for him to wear over his new cage. Leah held the camera in her hands, and Dan knew in his heart that she was going to be filming his upcoming public humiliation once he got to the pool.

But still, he couldn't stop. He had chosen this. And at this point, the entire situation felt like it was on rails that he couldn't escape.

...

The next video was posted the following morning and caused an excited buzz amongst the subscribers to Freaks in the Sheets. Z never posted this often, so the unusual treat caused a raucous festival-like uproar in the comment sections.

The video was titled "Pathetic Cuck Serves Wife and Lover at the Poolside and in the Bedroom!", and it delivered exactly what the title promised.

The video opened on a sunny poolside, the camera clearly held in someone's hands based on its shakiness. The view briefly scanned across the pool deck, showing that it was fairly crowded with bystanders, all of their faces blurred. Then it focused on Zane and his newest bitch, "Crystal".

(Already in the comments of the videos released the day before, some enterprising viewers had managed to reverse image search some of the still frames from Claire's wedding gown porn debut and connected her to her real identity. Many of the viewers in the know had already dropped the screen name.)

Claire laid back on the deck chair in dark sunglasses, her tiny shorts and cut off shirt displaying her luscious body much more than they covered it. Her tits in particular pressed tight against the thin fabric of the top, her stiff nipples poking up through the fabric even in the warm Caribbean sun. Zane was wearing just swim trunks, his big blobby belly splaying out as he lounged back next to Claire.

The view of the camera lingered on Claire's body for a long moment, before turning to the side, revealing Dan standing there. It would be hard to imagine a more pathetic sight. He wore a white t-shirt a size too small, with the words "My wife's boyfriend bought me this shirt!" across the

front in bold black letters. But that wasn't nearly as bad as the spandex. They were bright pink, with the word "Cuck" printed across the ass in sparkly letters. Even worse, they were tight enough that the shape of his new cock cage was clearly visible through the material.

Dan looked up at the camera with a pained wince, but there was nowhere to go or hide. His shame had already been captured. "I-is there anything I can get you to drink, sweetheart?" he asked stiltedly. It was obvious that he had been coached through his first line, but as the camera turned toward Claire and Zane, they seemed perfectly natural and at ease.

"Hmmm, A Sex on the Beach sounds good," purred Claire, lowering her dark glasses and peering over at Zane. "What do you think, Z? Anything you want my husband to fetch for you?"

The little show was drawing attention from the surrounding crowd of guests at the pool, and even with their blurred faces, it was obvious in the video that the three now had an audience.

"A beer, and make it quick," said Zane lazily, then, without even watching to see if Dan obeyed, he turned and began making out with Claire. A murmur went up from the crowd around them at the sight, and Dan's face went bright red. It was obvious to even the strangers nearby that Dan and Claire were married, yet Dan was being ordered around like a servant, and Zane was tongue-fucking the barely clothed beauty lying next to him.

The video continued for a few minutes by the poolside, with Dan fetching drinks, then going on to rub Claire's feet while kneeling on the hard ground... and all the while Claire and Zane giggled and kissed between sips of their poolside drinks.

In the end, even if they were doing anything technically against the rules, it was obvious that they were doing some sort of fetish play, and a cruise employee showed up to kick them out.

The video cut back to the state room, where Dan was rubbing Claire's feet again... but this time while she gave Zane a deep, passionate blowjob.

"Mmmm, that's right, honey... right there in the arch *gluck gluck gluck* it feels sooo good," Claire looked up at the camera and winked, extending her tongue from her mouth to performatively swirl it around the head of Zane's cock. The camera moved swiftly to capture Dan, red-faced and miserable as he humbly rubbed his wife's feet, framing his face in the same shot as her dripping pussy as he acted like a servant in the bedroom, just like he had in public at the pool.

Finally, the video proceeded toward its inevitable conclusion. Zane fucking Claire's pussy from behind while Dan stood at their side, holding a tray filled with sex toys, paddles, and other implements for Zane to use on Claire's ass while they fucked. At this point, he was naked, showing off the sad caged cock and balls dangling pathetically between his legs. By the time that Claire reached a howling orgasm and Zane sprayed hot ropes of cum all over her ass and lower back, Dan was dripping precum out of his cage and down his balls, a look of pain on his face from the tight bars of his cage pressing into him.

The commenters loved it, buzzing with excitement and anticipating what else the cruise might bring.

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The next day, a video titled "Husband and Wife Submission Session" was posted on the website. By this point, the users were anticipating it, and the video racked up thousands of views within the first hour. By this point, some mischievous users had already begun leaving online reviews

filled with joking innuendo on the pages for Claire's business, and Dan's real identity had been discovered as well.

The video opened with a static shot of Claire and Dan, both naked and both lying face-to-face, ass up over someone's lap. Claire was lying on Zane's lap, and Dan was over Leah's.

Without any further explanation besides the establishing shot, the video began immediately.

"I'm sorry that I was such a slut that I couldn't resist a man besides my husband," purred Claire, wiggling her plump ass with a parody of apologetic guilt painting her face.

Crack

Zane's hand flashed down, firmly spanking Claire's ass and drawing a sharp cry of pain from her throat, making her sultry, teasing expression slip a little, replaced by humiliation and arousal.

"I... I'm sorry I have such a tiny, pathetic dick that I drove you into the arms of another man," said Dan in a small voice, trying his best to hide his flaming red face from the camera.

Crack

This time, it was Leah's hand that sped downward, reddening Dan's ass and making the caged cock and balls dangling down between her thighs swing. Dan managed to barely hold back a strangled cry of pain... but he wasn't so lucky as the humiliating show went on.

"I'm sorry that I lied to you and went over to his place when I claimed I was working."

Crack

"I'm sorry that I didn't say anything when I knew he was trying to get into your pants."

Crack

"I'm sorry I abandoned you on a romantic getaway to go see him in a seedy motel room and suck his cock."

Crack

"I'm sorry I'm so shitty in bed my dick can't make you cum."

Crack

By the time they had finished with the humiliating spanking session, both husband and wife had two pairs of red cheeks and were dripping heavily between their legs. Zane positioned Claire on the bed with her back arched dramatically to present her flaming, stinging ass to his gaze. Leah, on the other hand, positioned Dan at the foot of the bed, standing up and bent over, facing his wife.

"Well, I hope that this week gives you just a taste of the humiliation that I've been putting your poor wife through the past month," said Zane, grabbing the base of his shaft and pressing it hard against Claire's tight rosebud, making her whimper down into the mattress.

Leah chuckled and winked at the camera, aiming a lazy slap at the caged genitals between Dan's legs, pressed tightly against the bars and dripping precum. "It looks like he enjoys the disrespect almost as much as his wife," she pointed out.

Zane laughed and gave Leah a secretive nod. "I think you might be right. So let's be sure to give him the full experience. A real taste of what his wife has been getting." Behind Dan's back, Leah silently bent and retrieved the long, shiny black strap-on from the duffel bag on the floor and began putting it on. Dan was so distracted by staring at his wife having her ass teased that he didn't realize what was happening until it was already too late.

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Dan's ass throbbed with pain in the same rhythm that his cock pulsed in his pumping hand, rapid and strong with the beat of his heart. Today had been a lesson in humiliation even worse than the day before... and they still had nearly a week left to go.

But despite how awful, nerve-racking, and painful it had been to get pegged by Leah, looking deep into Claire's smug, sneering face as she was butt-fucked by Zane, the memory was still red hot. He hadn't been allowed to cum all day long, just like the day before, and so he was jerking off once again while watching the humiliating videos again and again on repeat. They weren't as good as being there in person. He still had the beta edition after all, so Claire's tits, ass, and pussy were all blurred, but at very least he could supplement the disappointing visuals with his memory.

Dan stroked his cock, staring down at the video, watching both him and Claire getting fucked together, drawing closer and closer to orgasm.

He knew that giving in to pleasure like this might be bad for him in the long run, forming new fetishes that might be hard to shake. But he couldn't stop. Not when it felt this fucking good.

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The word about the intense cuckolding had even begun spreading on forums and Kaos servers throughout the internet by the third day, and subscriptions to Zane's website had never been higher. By the time the next video went up, the site nearly crashed from the number of people constantly refreshing to see it as soon as it dropped.

This time, it was titled "Married Bitch Gets Marked By Her Owner". It opened with a close-up shot of Claire's face. She pursed her lips in an exaggerated, flirty kissing motion, then the camera zoomed out to show that she was lying back in a tattoo chair in a dingy shop, totally naked. She glistened with sweat, showing the island heat of the town they had disembarked at, but there seemed to be an extra glistening between her thick thighs, and her stiff nipples and nervous energy gave away exactly how turned on she was.

Zane's pudgy hand entered the frame, showing that he was the cameraman this time. He seized one of Claire's heavy, splayed breasts in a tight grip, taking his time to seize a stiff pink nipple between thumb and forefinger and pull it outward. "Excited, slut?" asked Zane's masculine voice close to the camera. "Why don't you tell your adoring fans what we're doing today?"

Claire bit her lip and nodded. "Well... I was nervous before about getting anything permanent on my body." She twisted a little in her seat and shifted her breast to show off the teddy bear design on her breast, nearly completely faded away. "But I'm not nervous anymore. I want everyone to know that I belong to you now. So we found this tattoo place and... well... we're going to get this done."

Zane's thick fingers slid over the soft, curved surface of Claire's breast, tracing the faded brown lines of the bear. "I knew from the beginning that you would say yes in the end. And it only took

long enough for the henna to fade.” He turned the camera toward a towering man with dark skin and a broad smile, who was setting up a tray with the needed materials. “What do you think, Raymond? Ready to brand this bitch?”

The man boomed a good-natured laugh. “You’re looking at the best tattoo artist on the island,” he said in a deep voice rich with a thick Caribbean accent. “You’re both going to be happy with how she looks. I guarantee it.”

The camera swung to reveal Dan and Leah. Dan was once again in his humiliating public costume proclaiming him a cuckold, his cage obvious again beneath the tight, stretchy material of his pink shorts. “And how does it make you feel, cuck? To see your cute little wifey get all marked up for another man?”

Dan looked away, a spasm of bitterness tinged with arousal spreading across his face. “I don’t know what you want me to say, Z,” he grumbled under his breath, just barely loud enough for the microphone to pick up. “It fucking sucks.”

Zane snorted and walked closer, sticking the camera directly into Dan’s face. “Don’t bullshit me, cuck, or I’ll have Leah tug down your shorts and show Raymond and your audience how much you love it. Now I’ll ask again... how does it feel to see your wife get a tattoo for another man?”

Dan looked like a cornered animal, but he also no longer had any capacity to resist Zane. “It... it’s hot,” he finally admitted in a shamed voice.

Zane chuckled and turned away, showing that the tattoo artist had already pulled up a stool to the side of the chair and was swabbing the swell of Claire’s breast with an alcohol wipe. “Good... now get over here bitch boy, I have a task for you while your wife gets her new ink.”

Dan was forced to kneel between Claire’s legs, eating her out while the tattoo artist began his work. The video captured every detail... Claire’s whimpers of pain and pleasure as the hulking artist confidently handled her breast, stretching and squeezing it to get the best possible angle to mark it forever as Zane’s property. Although Dan knelt at her feet, slurping and sucking devotedly at his wife’s throbbing cunt, it was Zane she turned to for comfort. At first, she squeezed his hand with tears in her eyes from the pain, but when he unzipped his pants and let his monstrous cock out into the hot air of the dingy tattoo shop, she gratefully took it between her lips, sucking on it for comfort like it was a pacifier.

Unknowingly to the audience or Dan, it was a mirror of the first time she got a tattoo for Zane. And just like then, she was expected to tip the artist. By the time he finished the bear tattoo, Raymond was no longer smiling and laughing. His eyes flashed with lust, and when Zane slyly offered his slut’s services as a tip, Raymond didn’t even waste time agreeing. He simply stood and loosed his belt, letting a massive python of a cock burst free, even longer and thicker than Zane’s.

Dan was forced to continue worshipping between Claire’s legs as Claire moaned and writhed, jerking and sucking first one cock, then the other, letting both men cover her slutty face with cum as Leah filmed every stimulating moment.

With Claire’s face dripping with semen and her husband still sucking and slurping between her spread thighs, Zane zoomed in on the angry red outline of the newly drawn Teddy Bear. “What do you think?” asked Raymond, flicking one last drop of cum off his big black cock onto Claire’s face, “just what you wanted, right?”

“Actually,” said Zane, his hand slipped down Claire’s sweaty body and pushed Dan back onto his ass, leaving her pussy dripping with arousal and her husband’s spit, “Now that I think of it, it feels a little... impersonal. I think we could do something that makes the message a little clearer. Don’t you think so, Crystal?” As he spoke, his thumb tubbed softly back and forth across the smooth skin she had kept bare ever since Zane had shaved her.

Claire moaned in apparent indecision, her tits heaving with the passion of her breath. But then she nodded, the movement dripping sperm all over the tops of her heaving breasts.

...

Claire stared at her body in the bathroom mirror of the bathroom attached to the honeymoon suite, her fingers tracing the red, stinging flesh surrounding her new tattoos.

It was done. And it couldn’t be undone. The teddy bear tattoo that had made her flush with embarrassed warmth every time she saw it in the mirror, that she had kept secret from her husband by denying him the sight of her breasts, had been inked beneath her skin, and would be with her forever.

But at least the bear could be played off later as a youthful whim. The other tattoo that Zane had pushed on her at the last second was far more explicit in its purpose.

Claire’s fingers slid down from her breast to the soft mound above her pussy lips, wincing once again at the raw tenderness of her newly inked flesh. Directly above her pussy, the word “Zane’s” was written in trashy-looking cursive, with hearts on either side. Even if Zane and she were a short fling, this would be with her forever. Inexplicable to other potential lovers and marking her as a slutty bimbo, no matter how else she presented herself to the world.

Agreeing to it had been a mind-numbingly bad idea, but sitting in that hot, stuffy tattoo parlor, her face covered in the sperm of her man and a stranger, it had felt like she didn’t have any other choice.

This whole weekend felt like it was leading her further and faster down the rabbit hole, It was getting harder and harder to say “no” to Zane, and feeling better and better to submit. Claire was starting to lose track of the bold, sharp woman she had once been in the heated, surreal atmosphere of this vacation away from reality.

Maybe when she returned to the real world, it would all come crashing down, but for now, Claire was enjoying being an open and unapologetic submissive slut.

...

By the morning of the next day, Claire's double blowjob and tattooing session had leaked to several popular porn-sharing websites, driving even more traffic to Zane's site. Although he obviously didn’t tell Claire or Dan, Zane had to field an annoyed call from his tech guy and, in the end, had to shell out for upgraded hosting to keep his site from crashing. It was fairly costly, but the influx of new subscribers more than made up for it.

The title of the video that day was “Slutty Wife Smooths Things Over.” Unlike the other videos, this one opened with white text on a black screen, giving some context. Apparently, other guests on the cruise had lodged complaints with the management about the loud sounds pouring from the honeymoon suite on a nightly basis, and still more guests had complained about Claire and

Dan wandering the decks in clear fetish gear. They risked being kicked off the cruise entirely on the next island.

The video then showed Dan, looking miserable as usual in his new cuck uniform, approaching multiple higher-ranking members of the staff. Stuttering and stumbling over his words, with his face bright red, Dan invited perhaps a dozen crew members to his wife's cabin that night, "to explain her perspective on the complaints".

There were only one or two rejections, and neither were from the senior-most crew members.

After showing some quick cuts of Dan's humiliating invitations to the blurred-faced crewmen, the scene cut right to the action.

Claire knelt on the floor of the honeymoon suite, surrounded by a forest of cocks, most of them being frantically jerked by their owners as they stared down at her nude, oiled-up body. Claire winked at the camera as she saw it rolling, then purred performatively, "I'm sooo sorry that I've been making people uncomfortable by having too much fun, sailors. I hope that I can make it up to you and show what a good, well-behaved passenger I can be when I really put my mind to it."

On cue, two of the surrounding men stepped forward, and Claire eagerly reached out to take their cocks in hand, immediately pumping them while maintaining smoldering eye contact with the camera. There was a clear sense of nerves beneath her performance, but a powerful, helpless arousal there as well. Claire seemed like she might be about to say something else, but before she could, another man stepped forward, tapping his cock against Claire's plump lips, and the debauchery went into full swing.

Claire was made into a total sex object, surrounded by sweaty cocks. She sucked and jerked anonymous cocks over and over. Strangers impatiently waiting their turn rubbed themselves on her cheeks, her tits, her pits, her hair. Some of the men came before the main event even started, plastering her glistening skin with pearly white, but most men made it until the condoms came out.

Dan, wearing a maid apron short enough that it didn't even cover his caged cock, passed through the crowd with a basket of condoms, offering them to every man who planned to fuck his wife.

Then the sweaty, unhinged orgy dissolved into a sexual frenzy. Claire, dripping sweat and oil as she bounced on a cock, surrounded by a circle of furiously masturbating men.

Claire, panting and moaning as Zane carefully inserted himself into her ass while a burly crewmember held her in his arms, already stuffed deep into her greedy cunt. Claire was double penetrated for the first time on camera, helpless and sandwiched between a stranger and the man who had become the center of her world.

Every time that a man filled a condom, it was dropped off once again with the condom boy, filling Dan's basket up once again with the returned rubber prophylactics. Soon his basket overflowed with warm, swollen pouches of sperm.

The night ended with one final blowbang bukkake, with most of the participants already on their third or fourth load. Despite that, they managed to cover Claire's curvy naked body with hot sperm, leaving her dripping and giggling in the middle of the crowd of satisfied men.

Claire signed off with a cheeky grin and blew a kiss to the camera, her face covered in sticky white cream.

Commenters called it the best video that Zane had ever produced.

...

Dan paced in his tiny hot cruise berth. It was so small that only a few steps brought him to the wall, so he was nearly turning in circles. But still, he couldn't stop. This cruise had been getting worse and worse, and last night had nearly been his breaking point. It was one thing to be cuckolded by Claire. At least then, there was an electric sexual connection between them as she deliberately humiliated him. But last night had been different. Dan had felt like an afterthought. A fairly unimportant prop in the evening. He doubted Claire had looked his way even once during the gangbang, and that scared him more than anything that had come previously during the week.

Dan could stand Claire's wrath and hate, but indifference felt much more dangerous.

And today had been even worse. When he arrived at Zane's door this morning, he had been brusquely informed that he had been given the day off, then Zane shut the door in his face. Dan had done his best to enjoy the amenities of the cruise, but nothing could distract him from what Claire and Zane might be doing without him.

Luckily, he hadn't been locked in his cage for the day either, which meant he could masturbate to the videos from the past few days to pass the time. When he logged into the site, he saw the banner advertising a special live show taking place that evening, with the site's hottest new star, "Crystal".

Of course he had to watch. How could he not, when he was so desperately curious about what Claire and Zane were doing without him? It felt suffocatingly humiliating to log in with all the other anonymous internet creeps to see his wife's porn livestream, but it didn't even make the list of the worst things Dan had been forced into that week.

Dan lay back on his sweaty sheets, cock in hand as the livestream began, showing Claire and Zane sitting next to each other on the big, luxurious bed of the honeymoon suite.

...

Claire was filled with nervous energy as Leah gave a thumbs up and nodded behind the camera on the tripod. They were live-streaming to the online consumers of her pornography. It made what she had been doing feel more real than it ever had. It was easy to think of her pornographic videos as a distant hypothetical when she was caught up in her sexual submission to Zane. But now it was impossible to ignore. If Zane was to be believed, thousands of viewers were watching her through the beady eye of the camera right now. Leah had a laptop on hand next to her to display the chat, and although it was too far away to easily read, the speed at which messages were whizzing by made Claire's mouth run dry.

She rubbed her sweaty hands on the knees of her jeans. Zane had told her to wear whatever she liked today, and she had chosen a normal blouse and jeans, perhaps a bit defensively. It was a stupid impulse when the viewers had seen her doing unspeakable things already, but somehow this live video felt much more intimate and invasive than any of the videos that came before.

“Welcome to the livestream, strokers!” Said Zane cheerfully, reaching out to wrap a pudgy arm around Claire’s waist. “The format is very simple today. Question and answer. Send in all those pervy little questions burning away in your brain and Crystal will do her best to answer.”

Claire nodded and gave the camera a wavering smile. Zane had already given her permission to refuse questions that might identify her, so she didn’t necessarily mind dealing with a few perverted questions.

“And,” said Zane with a mischievous grin, “Just to keep things interesting, “We have a few... stretch goals available. If we get a certain amount of tips, Claire will do the requested actions listed on the screen. So if you have an interest in this stream getting a little steamier, I guess you had better dip into your wallets!”

Claire shot Zane a look. That hadn’t been part of what they discussed. But despite her misgivings, all that it took for Claire to melt was a squeeze on her hip from Zane. Fuck... Claire bit her lip and dropped her eyes to the ground. If it was what Zane wanted, she would do it. Hopefully, the “stretch goals” wouldn’t be that bad.

“First question,” said Leah in a pleasant presentation voice. “Crystal, how did you meet Zane?”

Crystal chuckled nervously, then shook her head to get a hold of herself. This session was her chance to show that she wasn’t just a bimbo slut. Porn star was just another job after all, and they deserved respect. She shook her head again. Porn star isn’t even my job! I’m an interior designer for God’s sake. I can’t let a few questions for pervy mouthbreathers throw me off.

“Z was actually a friend of my husband’s from college. I met him once or twice in that context first,” she said tersely.

“She wasn’t a fan back then,” added Zane with a wink to the camera.

“Next,” said Leah smoothly, his eyes on the laptop. “How did you learn to suck cock like that, Crystal? Did Zane teach you, or were you just always a natural?”

Claire smiled thinly, a strange pulse of heat passing through her from the brazen question. There was no point in lying. There was no way that the viewers on this stream could respect her any less. “I didn’t enjoy blowjobs very much until I met Z. He... well, you could say that he helped me see the appeal.”

Zane reached over and took Claire’s hand, moving it deliberately to his crotch. For a moment, Claire wanted to snatch it away... but after a moment, she pressed it down instead. It felt good to touch Zane’s stiffening cock like this. Almost comforting. And she was certain every man currently watching the live stream had seen her do much worse.

“Oh, look at that,” said Leah brightly. “It looks like we already hit the first of our tip donation goals!” Her eyes glittered, and her lips pulled up into a wicked grin, but her voice stayed totally even as she said, “Which means our little starlet will do the rest of the Q&A topless!”

Claire gulped and looked at Zane with wide eyes. One look at his grinning face told her that he was the one who had written the stretch goals. By now, the sense of horny, helpless weakness that swept over Claire was familiar. She knew that her shirt would end up on the floor. There wasn’t any point in fighting it.

It was stupid to feel so embarrassed and exposed as she reached down to unbutton her blouse, but just as she had noticed earlier, now that this was live and she was speaking directly to her

“fans”, this live stream felt much more directly invasive than the videos filmed on their own. Claire did her best to keep her composure, but she could feel her face heating up. She reached behind her to unclasp her bra with quick, efficient movements, but she couldn't hide the hitch in her breath that showed the arousal now coursing through her body.

She was painfully aware of the beady eye of the camera as her tits fell loose from her bra... of her pink nipples, stiff and crinkled with arousal... of the new tattoo still aching slightly on the outer curve of her right breast. Zane didn't show any of her hesitation, reaching over without a thought and tweaking one of her nipples, making her squirm with embarrassed arousal.

“A user wants to know why Zane wanted a teddy bear,” said Leah with a smirk behind the camera.

“Oh, uhhh,” said Claire, looking nervously sideways at Zane, “I'm not sure if I can say the full reason, but...”

...

Dan pumped his fist up and down his cock, staring at his wife's tits as if she were just another porn star. At least for this live stream, they either hadn't been able to arrange for censorship or just hadn't bothered.

Claire looked so... vulnerable. Embarrassed, but horny and submissive toward Zane, who was taking the opportunity to rub and grope her tits freely. As if he owned them. And Claire not only let him, but seemed to enjoy the attention, leaning into his touch.

The process of Claire being corrupted this way had ruined Dan's life... but she had never looked hotter to him than she looked right now, embarrassed and pornified, her tits openly groped by a man she had once hated.

Her tattoo was a particular area of focus as Dan held the phone inches from his face, stroking his cock wildly. Maybe someone could write off her slutty acts during the cruise so far as a crazy fling. Some sort of phase that she would grow out of. A tattoo couldn't be dismissed so easily. It was a permanent mark of her new status as a corrupted slut.

Someone was asking about it now.

“I'm not sure I can say the full reason,” said Claire nervously, glancing over at Zane and lightly biting her lip, “but it has to do with a nickname that Z gave me.”

Dan instantly knew what she was talking about, but was shocked to see that so did a significant number of people in the chat.

[Claire Bear, lol]

[Claire Bear!]

[Oh my God, what sort of stupid nickname is Claire Bear?]

Dan frowned, but didn't stop stroking his cock. How did all these lowlifes know Crystal's real name?

...

“Moving on!” said Leah briskly, “Oh... wait a minute... we actually just hit the next stretch goal! You naughty boys really are horny, aren't you? Well, money talks! Crystal will do the rest of the stream totally naked!”

Blood and dark heat were pulsing through every inch of Claire's exposed body. The thin pretense that she was just a professional giving an interview was falling away rapidly as the donations came rolling in. No, she wasn't a respectable woman who happened to have a job in the porn industry. It wasn't even her job: she was doing it because her man had ordered her to, and because the humiliating exposure felt fucking good.

This wasn't a Q&A session, it was a live sex show. That had always been what was going to happen.

Claire was getting into the spirit of that now, and she needed no further urging from Zane to stand from the bed and unbutton her jeans with shaking fingers.

“Wait,” said Zane with a smirking glance at the camera. “Slowly now. Your fans paid big money for this reveal. Turn around and give them a little show, Crystal.”

With her heart in her throat and her nipples throbbing with eager stiffness as her heavy tits hung beneath her bent torso, Claire leaned forward as she hooked her thumbs under her waistband, slipping her jeans slowly down the swell of her round ass and wide hips, revealing the tiny thong that she had been wearing beneath.

“Fuck... we already hit the next stretch goal,” said Leah with a chuckle of amusement. “It will have to wait until she finishes this one, you naughty boys. One at a time.”

Claire paused to slip her pants off her ankles, and Zane took the opportunity to stand beside her, giving her a light spank and taking the waistband of her thong between his thick fingers.

“What are your biggest turn-ons?” asked Leah, shouting out another question from the watching strokers.

Claire's mind was whirling in a thousand directions as Zane slowly peeled her thong down and off her pussy as she turned and bent in front of the camera. Even after the porn video, this was probably the clearest and most straightforward view the subscribers had ever had of her pussy. “I... I...” she said, swallowing to try to clear her dry mouth. She couldn't focus through the powerful haze of lust that was falling over her.

“Isn't it obvious, boys?” said Zane jovially, leaving Claire's thong dangling at her knees and slapping one hand down on each of her fat ass cheeks. “My little exhibitionist gets turned on by showing off! Since her mouth can't answer right now, I'll let her pussy do the talking.”

With that, he pulled apart her cheeks, displaying her puckered butthole and glistening pussy to the watching strokers as she bent forward, exposing herself to the internet. As much as what he was saying deeply embarrassed her, Claire had no admit that he had a point. She had always enjoyed stripping for Dan in the bedroom, even if the public gaze of strangers used to annoy her.

Zane had simply opened her eyes to how erotic the male gaze could be when you took humiliation as a turn-on rather than a slight.

“Wow, at this rate, we will hit the top goal before we even move to the next one!” said Leah in a bright, polished presenter's voice. “So let's move on.” Her eyes flashed with gloating glee as she stared directly at Claire over her shoulder.

“On-stream blowjob while answering questions!”

...

Dan came into his hand, splattering himself with hot cum as he stared at his wife's most intimate places, displayed by her grinning owner to a host of internet perverts.

He had held back as long as he could, but the sight of her aroused pussy sent him over the edge, grunting and straining up off the bed as he fucked his own fist.

He cursed under his breath, mopping up the sticky mess with a nearby towel as the crushing shame of what he was doing settled over him. Not just right now, jerking off to his own wife's slutty livestream, but with his life in general. He had lost control completely of his own desires and the direction of his life. Zane was the one in control now.

It probably would have been better for him mentally if he called it a night at that point. It was unlikely that viewing more of the livestream would improve his mood.

But there was nothing else to do. And Dan suspected that that hadn't been his only load of the evening.

He picked up his phone again, seeing that Claire was already lying across Zane's lap, sucking on his fat cock while she was peppered with impertinent questions from the watching audience.

...

“I'm not going to answer that one,” said Claire, annoyed. A moment later, Zane's cock was between her plump lips again. She gently suckled on it, holding the bulbous tip in her mouth and licking it over and over like a lollipop, savoring the salty seep of precum from its tip.

“I agree, actually,” said Zane with a chuckle. “Come on, guys. Who gives a shit about cup size? All that matters is how they look, and Cl... I mean Crystal has some world-class jugs. I think you can all attest to that.”

Claire shot him a warning look from his lap. He had almost slipped and used her real name! If the perverted porn site users accidentally learned her real identity, she would just die of embarrassment... although she had to admit that the idea of being outed as a pornstar now held a little kinky heat as well. Regardless, she had insisted that any time Zane had slipped up and used her real name in the videos so far be bleeped out, but that wouldn't be possible during a livestream.

“Next question,” called Leah from behind the camera. “What was the sluttiest thing you ever did before you met Z?”

Claire thought for a second, taking the opportunity to bob her head a bit further down to feel the sensation of Zane's cock pressing against her throat. Finally, she came up for air, releasing Zane's spit-drenched cock with a wet pop. “Uhhh, I mean,” she said bashfully, “I made out with some other women at parties in college if that counts.”

Zane reached down to thrust his throbbing cock back between Claire's lips, his hand pressing firmly down on the back of her head. “Trust me, strokers,” he confided to the camera with a wink, “You have a lot to learn about Claire's bisexual side. She'll be doing a lot more than kissing in upcoming videos.”

Claire was too busy having her mouth stuffed to respond this time, but she wasn't so sure about that... This little porn experiment had been fun, but she still had her business to get back to. Once this whole trip was in the rearview, she had every intention of keeping her ongoing tryst with Zane between them in the bedroom. She couldn't just blow up her entire life for the sexual humiliation of being Zane's pet.

Right?

"And what's the sluttiest thing you've done after meeting Zane?" asked Leah with a raised eyebrow.

Zane released Claire's head once again, and she rose from his cock, panting and licking her lips. "Oh God," she said breathlessly, shaking her head at the camera with a faint smile on her face. "Too many to count. Hard to pick one. All you bad boys out there have seen some of them by this point."

"What about the date night I sent you on with your husband?" prompted Zane with a nasty grin. "Tell them about that. That one has to rank up there with the sluttiest."

The memory made Claire's belly flipflop with anxious lust, and she began kissing down the length of Zane's shaft as she composed herself. She had been doing so much kinky shit with Zane lately that she had nearly let herself forget that evening. The evening when she had betrayed Dan, maybe worse than anything up until the final reveal. It had been disgusting and cruel and red-hot. Her head rose from Zane's cock, and she bit her lip. Dan was watching this. She knew he was. It would be perfectly in character for the pathetic cuckold that he had become. He still didn't know what had happened that night... but maybe it was time he learned.

"You came inside me," purred Claire, pausing to run her tongue slowly up the underside of Zane's cock while keeping eye contact with him. "Then you tricked me into wearing a tight slutty dress and going on a date with my husband. And after that... I made him eat me out. Without cleaning up your sticky little mess."

"Fuck," said Leah softly, staring at the screen. "Well, Crystal, you just blew straight past the next goal level, so get up on the bed. You're doing the rest of the stream while getting fucked."

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Dan could only stare at the screen in mute horror as another shameful orgasm ripped through him, filling his hand with a weak, watery load of sperm.

For a second, his mind couldn't even process what Claire had said on a deeper level, only absorb it as erotic stimulation. It wasn't until his second orgasm had completely subsided that it began to sink in.

Claire had fed him Zane's creampie. On purpose. Way before he thought she had been corrupted.

It made him question his memory of the entire relationship. If Claire had been convinced to do that so easily, so early on, maybe it was something she had always been capable of, and Dan had just never seen it.

A second orgasm so soon after the first left Dan feeling even more drained. But he couldn't stop. He felt drawn toward the continuing video like a moth to the flame. Claire had gotten into doggy-style position facing the camera, and Zane had just gotten into position behind her.

...

Claire's chest heaved, and her thighs trembled with passion as she arched her back, offering Zane the prize he had conquered so many times before. She was about to get fucked on camera once again... except this time it was live, and she could see out of the corner of her eyes hundreds of disrespectful, taunting comments streaming by from the men watching her humiliation. This was truly the ultimate expression of the exhibitionism fetish Zane had been nurturing inside her, and she could barely breathe from the suffocating excitement.

She shuddered and let out a gasp as she felt Zane's thick cock slide up and down her slick folds, teasing her. She wriggled back against it, trying to push him inside, but Zane wouldn't be rushed. Instead, he reached down, gripped a firm handful of her silky dark hair, and pulled up her head from where it had been nestled in the sheets, murmuring low enough for only her to hear, "Not yet, Claire Bear. You still need to answer the burning questions from your fans."

Claire stared forward, bleary-eyed and practically drooling with lust, and felt almost surprised to see the camera still there, pointing at her. Zane continued to rub his cock slowly up and down her pussy, teasing at her entrance and driving her crazy. She felt almost drunk from the strong desire coursing through her. It was difficult to think straight. Leah snapped her fingers at Claire behind the camera. Claire shook her head, trying to clear it. Leah had just asked her a question, but she had been too distracted to hear what it was.

"I said, what's the craziest place that you've fucked Z?" said Leah in exasperation. "You've got thousands of viewers waiting for your answer, Crystal. Don't get so cock drunk you can't even answer, you little bimbo."

Claire was so far gone that she couldn't even muster up the energy to get angry at Leah. She concentrated as hard as she could, trying to answer the question. "I... well, I've blown him under the table in public a couple of times," she said in a breathless, moaning voice. She whimpered again and bit her lip as Zane teased at her entrance, just barely slipping his hot, pulsing tip inside for a moment before pulling it back out. "Sh-shit... I g-guess that if we are talking about sex, the kindest place would be in my husband's bed when he was at work!" gasped Claire, her hips grinding desperately back into Zane's teasing cock.

"What a naughty girl!" said Zane with a laugh, giving Claire a stinging little spank on the ass to punctuate his words. Claire moaned and hung her head, breathing heavily. The spank had sent reverberations of tingling desires echoing through her, even stronger than before. She was in heat, filled to bursting with filthy lust. The idea that she could be cool, calm, and respectable during this interview was so far behind her it was laughable. She was a bitch in heat, willing to do anything she had to to get the cock she needed with every fiber of her being.

"But naughty girls need to be punished, don't they, Claire Bear," said Zane, just barely inserting his cock into Claire's needy pussy once again.

Claire didn't even notice that he had used her real name. She had other, more important things on her mind, like the desperate feeling of hollow emptiness between her legs that needed to be powerfully, satisfyingly filled. "Fuck me," she gasped, arching her back and spreading her thighs wider, feeling the hot juices of her arousal trickling down her quivering thighs. "Stop playing and fuck me, Z. That's what everybody here wants, right?"

Zane chuckled, sent one more spank down onto his slut's fat ass, then finally pressed forward, pressing his thick, powerful girth against the entrance of her pussy. There was a moment of

resistance just from the sheer size of his cock, but Claire was so horny and desperate at this point that her pussy happily accommodated him.

She groaned in satisfaction, her eyes rolling into the back of her head in ecstasy as Zane stretched her out. This was what she had been craving, and she was beyond caring that a live audience could watch her completely unraveling from pleasure. Zane held there for a moment, fully inserted inside her, but Claire was impatient. She began grinding her hips backward into him, letting out low, animalistic moans each time she pressed back fully. She needed him with a deep, primal, bottomless lust that didn't care at all about dignity or pride or her reputation. Anything was worth it if she could feel his dick inside her like this.

"What's your favorite position, Claire?" asked Leah with a smirk.

Oh... right... the fucking questions. Claire tried her best to fight through the crackling, burning pleasure flooding through every vein, but her brain was on a vacation; she was just a fuck doll at the moment. A writhing, moaning bitch in heat. And sluts like her had a hard time with pesky things like thinking. Vaguely, she remembered that she had always loved cowgirl. The feeling of control and dominance had always fit her view of superiority.

But Zane took over before she could get through her slutty moans to answer.

"Sorry, boys, Claire Bear is on a little brain vacation now. So let me answer for her," growled Zane in a pleasure-roughened voice. "Isn't the answer obvious?" He reached down and gripped her hair again to pull up her head and show off her parted, moaning lips, hazy, hooded eyes, and flushed cheeks. The perfect picture of a wanton slut delirious with lust. "She fucking loves doggy! It puts her beneath a man and makes her feel more submissive. Also, give him a chance to spank her fat ass, and that never fails to get her off."

He proved this point by giving Claire another sharp spank, and was rewarded with a powerful moan. Claire was now a hair's breadth away from orgasm. And, to her shame, she realized that Zane was absolutely right. Doggy style really was her favorite position now. She didn't want to dominate or feel superior to Zane. She wanted to get fucked like the dirty little slut that he had made her.

That heart-breaking, but powerfully erotic internal admission sent Claire hurtling toward orgasm as Zane continued to drill her relentlessly from behind, adding a peppering of spanks that left her cheeks red and stinging.

"She's getting close to the final stretch goal," said Leah in a tone of surprise, her eyebrows raised as she stared down at the laptop screen.

Zane barked a laugh. "Holy shit! You guys are fucking crazy!" He said, grinning at the camera and panting as he continued to slap his gut against Claire's ass with every thrust forward. "I put that in as a fucking joke! Are we really getting close to fifty thousand bucks?"

Leah shook her head with a giggle, "Some of these horny dopes want that stretch goal reeeeeal bad, Master.

"Uhhhhhn, Gooddddd," moaned Claire, her fingers twisting the sheets as her nipples rubbed against the bed again and again. Her whole world was filled with the sensation of Zane's cock impaling her to her core again and again. Her pussy spasmed and clenched hungrily around it, desperate for his cum on a basic, primal level. But still, something about Zane and Leah's words pierced through the fog. The way they were talking was... concerning. "What... uhhnn... What's

the last goal?" Claire managed to moan as she wriggled back eagerly onto Zane's pumping cock.

Leah smirked, and Claire could see the chat was going absolutely insane. "Do you want to tell her, Master, or should I?"

Zane gripped Claire's hips, mercilessly pinning her down to the soft mattress again and again with his powerful cock.

"A big fuck-a-fan bukkake blowbang with the top twenty tippers today," he growled, his balls slapping against her clit with every word as he fucked her hard.

Fuck... Claire shook her head weakly even as the idea melted her insides into a hot, wet, fluttering puddle. No way. She couldn't. Fucking a big group of men last night had been arousing and liberating and terrifying and kinky beyond belief. But doing with a group of men who weren't just strangers, but had seen her fucked like a slut by Zane again and again online? That felt like it would be even more intensely demeaning.

But that just made it harder to resist. And in this moment, with Zane's thick cock pistoning into her again and again, with her body quaking and straining at the very edge of orgasm, and with the shiny black eyes of the camera recording her every expression, it felt like she was being pulled toward the decision with a terrible gravity. She tried to remember that she was an interior designer in the middle of a little fling, not a porn star... but that thought dissolved into the pink haze of pleasure.

Claire moaned and pushed back hard into every stroke that Zane hammered into her, squeezing her eyes shut and refusing to think about it. All she wanted now was the pleasure.

"You're going to do it if we pass that final goal, aren't you, Claire Bear?" insisted Zane in a hard, commanding voice behind her. "You're going to show your adoring fans how much you value their support."

"I... f-fuck... I..." Claire couldn't think, couldn't breathe. She was a machine made for pleasure, a sex toy built to take Zane's cock. Her words dissolved into meaningless moans, unable to answer Zane's question, but she knew in her heart that she would do it if that was what Zane wanted. She loved to submit to him. She loved it more than her pride or reputation. Zane thrust forward harder and harder, his thighs meeting her ass with wet slaps of sweaty flesh.

"Almost there," said Leah, eyes on the laptop. "Almost at that goal. Just a little more... There it is! Final goal reached!"

Claire came explosively, wailing down into the sheets as burning pleasure ripped through her body. Her cunt seized tight around Zane's pumping cock, and a moment later, he was cumming too, spurting a hot, thick load of cum deep into Claire's climaxing pussy.

Claire shuddered and moaned, seizing fists of sweaty sheets in her hands as she rode a rollercoaster of sensation. She had done it. She had gotten fucked like an animal live on the internet.

And she had made a lot of fucking money doing it to. Apparently, all of the men who saw her were totally desperate for her... practically worshipping her through the screen.

The idea was... interesting.

...

The cruise had been a fun and sexually fulfilling time for Claire... but all good things had to come to an end. She had always enjoyed dominating Dan, subtly in the bedroom, but more directly in their everyday life. It turned out that they had more sexual chemistry as cruel mistress and pathetic cuckold than they had ever had as equal loving partners.

And that was why it was time to say goodbye to the polite fiction that they were still married in any meaningful way.

Sure, Claire might be open to the idea of the little worm sitting in on fuck sessions with her real man as a snivelling, pathetic supplicant, but they would never again be partners. At this point, sharing finances and a home felt laughable, and Claire couldn't picture herself putting up with another long, tedious explanation of Dan's struggles at his boring job. That part of their relationship was over... and Claire thought it was only right that their marriage should go with it.

In a way, it was mercy. She didn't want Dan to cling to some false hope that she intended to give him more. But she also couldn't deny that the moment of the reveal promised to be deeply satisfying. This whole cruise had been about crushing Dan's spirit and getting revenge for his disrespectful bet, and this would be the ultimate culmination of that goal.

It started out much like any other night of the cruise, except more casual. Leah wasn't even filming tonight. She had gone out for some drinks, leaving the three of them alone. Claire was very satisfied with how things had turned out with Leah. Zane had completely forgotten about his plan of impregnating her, thanks to the fun of Claire and Dan's humiliation, just as she had hoped. Leah was on her way out and had missed her last chance to interest Zane. Now Claire could focus on more important things...

Dan had been locked securely in his chastity cage, and after a little light teasing, Claire started off by kneeling between the two contrasting men in her life, slowly jerking Zane off while occasionally aiming sharp little flicks of her finger at Dan's balls.

"Do you like that, sweetheart?" she asked with a wide grin painting her face, her hand slowly twisting and pumping up and down Zane's powerful cock as she flicked the soft little nuggets dangling beneath her husband's cage. "Aren't you happy to be getting a little attention for once?"

"Y-yes, dear," gasped Dan, squirming and straining against the pain. He seemed like a man in misery, but Claire saw the truth. His shrimpy little dicklette was pressed tight against the bars of his cage, and he was dribbling precum all over himself. Zane had sniffed Claire out as a closeted slutty submissive, but he had been equally perceptive about his old friend Dan: Claire's soon-to-be-ex had always been a cuckold at heart. All it had taken to bring that out was a little push in the right direction.

"You shouldn't spoil him like that," rumbled Zane, picking up his glass of scotch and taking a sip. "Poor little guy might get the wrong idea. Besides, you know he gets off on denial just as much as when you pay any attention to him."

"Well, he is my husband after all," said Claire sweetly. She seized Dan's balls in her hand and pulled him toward her, drawing a gasp of pain from his throat. She stared up into his frightened eyes, nearly giddy from the thought of the surprise bombshell that she and Zane had prepared

for him, and kissed his distended ballsack gently. “He deserves a little... special attention every once in a while.”

Zane snorted, covering it with another deep gulp of the amber liquor in his glass. Claire had to bite her lip to keep herself from giggling as well. Despite what some of the men who had worked with her in the past might tell you, Claire hadn't always been this much of a bitch. But Zane's insidious influence had led her down this path, and she had to admit that now that she was here, it was fucking fun. It scratched her dominant itches in the best possible way while still allowing her to submit to Zane. The best of both worlds.

“Speaking of which...” said Claire, winking up at Dan with a sultry smirk on her face, “Dan's been a good, obedient little cuck all week long. Don't you think we can let him out one last time on the cruise so he can really enjoy himself, Z?”

Dan looked pleased and shocked, and Zane made a big show of reluctance at the thought, “Oh, I don't know, Claire Bear,” he said slowly. “It's important that he knows that I'm the only real man in the bedroom.”

“What if he begs you?” Asked Claire coaxingly, reaching over to give Dan another stinking flick on the balls for emphasis. “Wouldn't that also prove he's got the right attitude?”

Dan caught the spirit of Claire's hints instantly. He looked pathetically eager for the mere scrap of attention and possible permission to jerk off to his wife fucking another man. What had felt like a devastating humiliation to him at the beginning of the week now felt like an impossibly generous treat.

Not offended in the least by the idea that Zane was now in charge of him, Dan launched into his degrading request. “Please, Zane... let me jerk off,” he said earnestly, leaking from his tight cage. “I know that you're the only real man here. I'll never forget that.”

Claire and Zane grinned at each other. The week had broken him. Now was the time to twist the knife.

“Well, I don't mind then,” said Zane lightly. “Why not? A little reward for a man who finally knows his place. Go ahead, let the little guy loose.”

In a few confident movements, Claire reached down and let Dan's dick free. It swelled up to its full, unimpressive size in an instant, driven by Dan's pathetic cuckold lust. Claire took the opportunity to disengage from him entirely, turned fully to face Zane, and shooed him backward with a dismissive flick of her wrist. It was fitting that he be allowed to jerk off during his final humiliation, but she had put the days of trying to give or receive pleasure from his worthless cock behind her.

Dan took her wordless rejection with a look of dismay, but no surprise. He retreated to his lonely throne: the cuck chair laid out for him on the side of the bed, and began jerking himself off.

Then Claire did her best to forget about him entirely. That was what she wanted most of all for this particular session. She wanted Dan to feel the truth right down to his bones: that he was cut off. It didn't matter if he was in the room with them or jerking off while watching a censored video like the beta he was. He did not factor in Claire's pleasure anymore. He was the outsider now, intruding on two lovers. All tender or loving feelings she had once felt for him were gone. And Claire didn't miss them.

Instead, she lavished all the tender love and care she had in her heart on the massive, throbbing cock in front of her. Kissing it gently. Nuzzling it with her cheeks. Running her tongue swiftly up its sensitive underside, then swirling it around the swollen cock head, licking away the salty precum that was already dripping from its tip.

Claire stared up into Zane's gloating face with banked heat smoldering in her beautiful green eyes. To think that once she had been disgusted by this man. She still knew that, to all outside appearances, she was miles out of his league. But appearances could be deceiving. She had seen beneath the surface, and she now knew that Zane could be genius, daring, confident. He acted with a sense of power and control that she had never seen in anyone else.

He was the only one worthy to tame her.

Claire closed her lips tight around Zane's thick cock and slowly sank her head down his shaft, her eyes locked on his the entire time, brimming with submissive lust. She didn't stop until she had taken him all the way to the base, demonstrating the deep throating skills that he himself had taught her. She held him there, bulging in her throat, for a long few seconds, before slowly withdrawing and beginning to bob her head in smooth, sinuous motions.

She didn't want tonight to be frenzied and frantic and obscene. This was about a new bond replacing the old. She still didn't see Zane as a boyfriend or partner, despite her growing feelings of devotion toward him. But he was her man. And her man deserved her best efforts.

Claire fell into the rhythm of the blowjob, just enjoying the feeling of Zane's hard cock in her mouth. Tracing every inch of his thick, veiny cock with her slippery tongue made the moist heat inside her rise higher and higher. Her nipples pulsed with dirty heat, and her pussy throbbed needily between her thighs as she smoothly gripped Zane's cock with her plump lips, letting him feel her tight vacuum seal with every bob of her neck. She could see the need growing in Zane's eyes as she looked up. He wanted more than just her mouth.

And she was happy to give it to him. When Zane nodded down at her, she didn't need any words to know what his command was. They were totally in sync. Instead, she swiftly rose and lay back on the bed, spreading her legs to display her puffy, wet pussy, ready and eager for her man to take her. She beckoned to Zane, and he moved forward with a look on his face approaching hunger.

He had never said anything about it to her, but Claire suspected that Zane had deeper feelings for his newest conquest than any woman that had come before. She wasn't sure how she felt about that, but she was sure what she felt about his big cock, and that's what her eyes locked onto now, her pussy clenching desperately at the sight with deep, primal desire.

Zane mounted the bed, his heavy bulk settling over her, and once again Claire felt a minor wave of disgust for the feeling of his flabby body against hers. The feeling passed quickly. Zane's outer ugliness didn't matter. She knew what he could make her feel.

Zane didn't bother with teasing or theatricality or even dirty talk today. Their sex was about something more important than words today. He simply reached down and positioned himself with confident authority, sliding into Claire's velvety pussy with smooth ease. The foreplay of teasing Dan and sucking his cock had been more than enough to warm her up, and Claire's greedy cunt took Zane's cock to the hilt with one powerful thrust of his hips.

Claire let out a whimpering moan, clutching at Zane's broad back as he filled her completely, her body alight with the sensation of complete submissive fulfilment. This is what real sex was, not whatever pale shadow of pleasure every other man she had ever fucked had given her.

Speaking of which... as Zane began to move, sliding his cock in and out, filling her completely and claiming her once again, Claire spared one more glance to her side. Toward her poor, discarded husband. She had never seen anything quite so pathetic. He sat, staring with wide, almost frightened eyes as Claire and Zane didn't just fuck, but made love. It was as if he knew that something about tonight was different... that something bad was coming his way. But apparently that knowledge hadn't diminished his lust one bit. His little cock was a leaking spike of pleasure in his pumping fist as his eyes darted over the coitus on the bed, as stiff and eager as ever from his humiliating defeat.

Pathetic.

A sudden urge crept over her, and before she even thought about it too deeply, she had raised a middle finger at her husband, crudely demonstrating her contempt for him.

And then, she slipped from her mind entirely as Zane pulled her into a deep kiss. She focused on the crackling, electric passion between them. The feeling of his cock plunging deep into her pussy as it gripped him tight. Her arms around him. The wet tangle of their wrestling tongues.

She knew it wouldn't take long tonight. Zane wasn't holding back with his powerful, deep thrusts. He wasn't putting on a show for Dan or the cameras. This was about them. Zane didn't just know how to fuck with visual flair, he knew how to get a woman off, and his forceful, slow, deep strokes were quickly turning up the heat, making a slow, powerful orgasm build up inside Claire.

She slipped her arms up to cradle Zane's head, pulling him close as she kissed him with bruising force, writhing her hips upward into every stroke. Moans built at the back of her throat, stronger and stronger, yet muffled by his lips. Her orgasm welled up deep inside her, pure and strong, filling her to the brim with searing pleasure. Her ankles locked around his flabby waist, instinctively pulling him deeper, never wanting to let him go.

But even in the middle of her orgasm, Zane pulled away a little, whispering down to her, "Don't forget what we're here for. It's time for the grand finale."

Right. Claire had lost herself in sensation so deeply that she had almost forgotten. "Are you ready? Right now?" She asked in a breathy whisper, tinged with the pleasure of her orgasm. Zane nodded roughly, and Claire felt a stab of disappointment. When he really tried, Zane could give her multiple orgasms, and in some ways, she felt like she was just getting warmed up. But she swallowed her disappointment and obediently moved her hands down from Zane's head, pulling the ring off her finger.

Zane hefted himself up from the close, intimate missionary position to fuck her while kneeling... which allowed Claire to place her wedding band on her mons pubis, balancing on the smooth, shaved mound just above her pussy lips.

Zane, precisely controlled as always, let out a grunt of satisfaction: the only warning he tended to give that he was about to cum. Although he normally preferred full creampie when he wasn't performing for the site, this was a special occasion. He let the first few squirts of cum fill Claire

up, then pulled out, rapidly jacking off his cock to drain the rest of his balls all over Claire's pussy and the wedding band sitting just above it.

Claire grinned down at the sticky white mess now oozing from between her lips, smearing her labia, and splattered over the ring sitting just above her pussy. Perfect. Just like she had envisioned. Zane stepped back, grinning widely, eager to witness the final humiliation of the cruise they had planned.

Claire glanced back up at Dan, who had actually managed not to cum first for a change. He had probably jerked himself off so many times last night that it had given him some semblance of endurance. Now everything was set for the last loving act from her husband. Claire kept her thighs spread wide, beckoning Dan forward.

She saw reluctance etched deep into Dan's face. He must realize at least part of what she was planning, even if it hadn't fully registered with him yet. Still, despite the fear written all over his face, he stood from his chair and got closer, his diamond-hard dicklette wagging comically in front of him, pointing toward a dowsing rod toward his destruction.

Once he stood above her, Claire said in a commanding tone, "Well... look at this mess. I mean that literally. Get down there and really see what he did to me."

With a grimace of distaste, Dan did as he was told. He had always been weak, and this cruise had broken him completely. Claire had no doubt in her mind that he would do exactly as he was told.

Dan stooped down, staring at Claire's well-fucked pussy, pink and lightly gaping from the force of Zane's thrusts and dripping with rank, bleachy cum.

Claire rolled her hips slightly, shifting them upward toward Dan and making her wedding band glint in the light, stained and defiled by Zane's cum. "Yes... Z made a big mess. But when you think about it, honey, this is your mess too, isn't it?" Dan tore his eyes away from the sticky mess between her thighs to stare up into her eyes. He had a hunted, desperate look in his eyes, as if he was silently begging her not to command him to do what they both knew she would.

But he should know better. She wasn't going to do what he said. She never had.

"You were the one who got us into this mess, Dan," insisted Claire. "Your wife... your marriage. They're corrupted now. Corrupted by Zane, true, but you invited that in." Claire spread her thighs a little wider. The pearly globs of still-warm cum glistened. Her green eyes burned with aroused, sadistic cruelty as she pronounced Dan's sentence.

"I think it's time for you to try to clean this mess up."

She could see by the defeated look in his eyes that Dan knew exactly what she meant. He gulped, his eyes falling again to the slimy, sticky mess covering her pussy and the ring that was the symbol of their love.

By this point, they both knew that it wasn't the first time he had eaten Zane's load. But this was a much more serious humiliation. At least back then, he could have made the excuse that he didn't know. Now he didn't have that luxury. Claire was demanding that he debase himself utterly. Submit not only to her, but to his worst enemy. Knowingly make himself the pathetic cuck that Claire and Zane saw him as.

Dan's knees made a heavy *clunk* noise as they hit the floor. His face was red and his eyes were dull. He had no fight left in him. He had always done as Claire told him in their marriage, and this would be his last act of their marriage. One last pathetic capitulation.

Claire let out a little groan of satisfaction as her soon-to-be-ex-husband's mouth made contact with her pussy, tenderly parting her lips with his tongue and lapping at the salty treat that Zane and Claire had made for him. She had to admit that it felt good. Dan would never match Zane's sexual skill, but even Claire had to admit that he was a talented cunt muncher.

"That's it, cuck," she purred, reaching down to grip his hair cruelly tight and pull him even closer into her defiled pussy, "reeeeeally get in there. I'm a dirty, dirty girl, and I need you to clean me up."

It was... freeing. One last act of twisted pleasure between husband and wife. For all of his reluctance, it was clear that Dan was getting into it. His tongue explored every fold of her pussy, soothing the soreness of a week of hard fucking and licking up every drop of Zane's cum.

But there was one more place that she needed to be cleaned. Claire pulled Dan away from her pussy and looked down meaningful to her sullied ring. "Look, hubby," said with a little smirk. "The ring you gave me is all covered in jizz. That's not right. Why don't you make it all sparkly clean for me again?"

Dan just looked resigned at this point. He nodded and licked upward from her pussy, cleaning another healthy load from her body while scooping up the simple gold band with his tongue. Claire watched as his lips pursed and his mouth worked, sucking off Zane's cum, without even the added pleasure of getting to eat out her pussy.

She thrilled with anticipation as he reached up and spit the cleaned ring into his hand, then held it up to her, his eyes defeated.

She vividly flashed back to the day when he had proposed to her. It had been simple and unpretentious. He had taken her out to the coffee shop where they had their first date. She had approved the plans beforehand, of course. Dan knew better than to risk her wrath by planning it completely on his own.

He had been in the same position that day, holding up the ring to her to accept or deny his fate in her hands. But today, the outcome would be different.

"I'm not going to need that back, Dan," she said in a firm, quiet voice.

He looked confused. Stunned even. Even after everything that happened, he couldn't quite fit the cruelty of what she was doing into his head.

Well, there was another way that she could show him. Claire slid out from under his dopey staring face and stood. Dan turned to follow her like a sunflower, still holding the ring out to her as if he could get her to take it through sheer bloody-minded persistence. Claire instead moved over to the small table in the suite, where Zane had already been setting up while she and Dan were distracted.

"Come over here, Dan," she said with a smirk, crooking a finger. "It's time to finish this."

Dan rose to his feet, the ring still clutched between thumb and forefinger. "Claire?" he said uncertainly, "What is this?" Claire couldn't help but notice that his cock was still hard as a rock despite the ordeal that she had put him through.

“See for yourself, ” she said, gesturing to the table. Dan’s face blanched as he saw the paperwork and pen laid out before him. It was the divorce paperwork that Claire had prepared in secret before they left.

“You’ll find that it’s very fair,” said Claire, pointing over Dan’s shoulder as he gawped down at the professional paperclipped packet of documents, already turned to the signature line. “Since I make more than you anyway, you’ll actually make out like a bandit, believe it or not. I’ll be keeping the house, of course, considering that I basically reworked the space from the ground up, but you’ll get compensation for that.”

Dan stared up at her, open-mouthed. “Claire... you can’t be... you’re leaving me? After all of this?” Claire was honestly a little surprised by how surprised he was. Dan couldn’t be delusional enough to believe they would just go back to a happy married life after the insanity of the cruise, right?

“Aww, Danny,” said Claire, pressing up behind him and wrapping her arms around him, letting her breasts press into his back. “Don’t be sad. I mean... let’s be real, this cruise has proven that you just aren’t man enough for me. Do you really think I could see you as a man ever again after you knowingly slurped Zane’s cum out of my pussy? Of course not. But don’t worry! Even if we aren’t married anymore, I don’t mind letting you come over and be our cuck sometimes. We both know that’s what you’re more suited for anyway.”

Dan, surprisingly, shook his head stubbornly. “No Claire... I mean, I know this is crazy, and I know you’re mad, but this can’t just be the end!”

Claire reached around him. With one hand, she grabbed the ornate pen and slipped it into his hand, making him fumble to the ring. It fell to the floor with a little ping of metal, forgotten and unimportant. With the other hand, she wrapped her hand around his cock.

Dan shuddered and gave a little gasp. It was the first time this week that Claire had deigned to touch his little penis, and it was obvious that, despite the circumstances, he couldn’t resist that touch.

“Do it for me, Dan,” purred Claire in his ear, soft and sweet. Her hand moved with slow, delicate sensuality, twisting and stroking her husband’s cock the way she knew he liked. “Just one last favor for your beloved wife... If you do, I’ll make you cum! Not just by giving you a show, but directly, right here in my soft little hand. That sounds pretty good, doesn’t it?”

Dan weakly shook his head, finding one more reservoir of resistance, here at the last step of the journey. But his resistance was childish. It was far too little, far too late. Even if he didn’t sign now, the marriage was already over. But Claire wasn’t that worried. Dan was weak. And, more importantly, he had never been very good at denying Claire what she wanted. The same way Claire was able to force her husband to march into a meeting with an old friend and cut him off, Claire was confident that Dan was going to sign.

Zane stood by, arms crossed over his chest, with a look of satisfaction painting his face. Claire still wasn’t precisely sure why, but to start with, at least, pursuing her had been about crushing Dan. So in a way, this was Zane seeing his dream come to life. She gave Zane a wink and a smile as she slowly increased the speed of her teasing handjob, pressing her naked tits even harder into Dan’s back. Maybe this had been about Dan in the beginning, but there was something deeper and more important between her and Zane now. Dan barely mattered. This would be the send-off of all relevance he had in their lives.

“Claire... can’t we just...” whined Dan, even though his hips were beginning to pulse forward a little into the delicious sensations of her hands. “Can’t we just talk about this?”

“But I don’t want to talk about it,” hissed Claire in his ear, dropping her other hand down to play with his balls, rough enough to play on the edge of pain and pleasure. “I want you to do what I say. Listen, the only way you get to cum here is as a reward for agreeing to the divorce. Otherwise, I have absolutely no interest in your shrumpy cock. So it’s up to you. We can talk this out... or you can cum.”

For anyone with dignity and self-control, it should have been an obvious, easy choice. One orgasm in exchange for a decision that would change his life forever. But dignity and self-control had been burnt out of Dan at this point. Instead of firmly telling Claire to stop, he let out another unmanly whine, panting heavily as Claire’s hands teased her slippery cock.

Claire knew her husband well. She had put up with his substandard bedroom performance for years. She was able to bring him right up to the edge of orgasm and expertly hold him there, wearing away his last little scrap of defiance.

“Do it, Dan,” she whispered in his ear, her thumb rubbing back and forth over the sensitive, slippery head of his cock, keeping him on the razor edge of pleasure. ‘Do what I say one last time. Show me what a good husband you can be, just like you always did: by doing exactly what I tell you. Then you get to cum.”

Dan knew that there was no way she would let him orgasm without this last humiliating submission. And for a weak-willed pervert like him, in that moment, the exchange was worth it. He reached down with a trembling hand and put pen to paper.

Zane let out a little snort, hand clasped to his mouth, and Claire shot him a warning look. It was pretty fucking hilarious, but she didn’t want him screwing this up at the last second.

But there was no need to worry. Dan was in his own little world. He scrawled his signature on the page, and in that very moment, Claire wrapped a full, satisfying fist around his cock, pumping wildly for a few crucial seconds.

“Here’s your reward, big boy! Enjoy it,” she said with a chuckle, her fist moving in a blur. But, just when she felt him tip over the edge, she removed her hand completely.

Dan gasped at the sudden betrayal, but it was too late. His cock jerked and spasmed, squirting watery little squirts of cuck jizz down onto the floor of the hotel room as Dan shuddered and leaned on the table, rocked to his core.

A ruined orgasm denying Dan the satisfying ending he wanted more than anything. A fitting end to an unsatisfactory marriage.

Dan stared sadly down at his signature on the paperwork as the last of his load dripped onto the floor. In theory, he could contest the legality of the signature. He had signed it under duress. But he wouldn’t. Claire saw it in his eyes. They were hollow and defeated as he stared down at the inky scrawl that meant the end of his marriage.

Claire sighed in satisfaction and crossed the room to Zane, who possessively wrapped an arm around her hip and pulled her close to his naked bulk. Dan stared over at them, the pen falling from his nerveless fingers, then rolling under the bed.

“Come over here,” said Zane suddenly, waving Dan toward him. “I’ve got something for you.”

Dan didn't resist. He stumbled forward toward Zane. Claire's eyes darted between them. The contrast couldn't be greater. Dan was tall and handsome, Zane was short and ugly. But Zane had taught her the difference between them was more important than the surface level. Zane was worth double her ex-husband. There was just no comparison.

As Dan approached, Zane reached for the wallet he had set on the table and pulled out a business card, stuffing it into Dan's hand. "You've got a real talent for the role of pathetic cuck. Just because you and Claire are splitsville on the relationship front doesn't mean you can't be her cuck! And hey, I'll obviously pay you fairly if you want to continue the role on camera as well. Think about it and give me a call."

Dan stared numbly down at the card, his eyes empty. "But, just to be clear... you can't come over or see me anymore unless Zane approves it," said Claire firmly. "Zane and I are taking a little vacation after this, but when we get back, I expect you to be moved out of my house." Maybe it was twisting the knife at this point, but it was important that he understood. He looked her in the eyes, and she could see that he was coming apart at the seams. By agreeing to this week of humiliation, he had sold his very soul for the twisted pleasure of denial and humiliation. And only now that the ride was over was the regret really hitting him.

But that wasn't really Claire's problem anymore. As far as she was concerned, their marriage had actually ended when Dan had been stupid enough to take a bet that permitted another man to pursue her.

"Now get the fuck out of our room," said Claire firmly, without venom.

Dan opened his mouth, then closed it and shook his head. There was nothing left to say. Instead, he dressed swiftly in silence, his shoulders slumped, and left the room.

Claire, oddly, felt a sense of hollowness settle over her as well. Zane moved over to lie back on the bed with a broad smile of satisfaction on his face, and Claire studied his features as if looking at him for the first time.

The part of her life with Dan in it was now over, and Zane loomed large now.

After a few seconds, she moved to join him on the bed. She didn't know what her new life would bring, but she knew that Zane would be the one who shaped it. She snuggled under his arm, and they lay in thoughtful silence.

She wondered what Zane had planned for her... but she never had been very good at anticipating his next move.