



HOTWIFE EROTICA

The  
**Bully**  
and My  
**Bride**

LARAN MITHRAS



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# **The Bully and My Bride**

**By**

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**“Youth ages, immaturity is outgrown, ignorance can be educated, and drunkenness sobered, but stupid lasts forever.”**

**— Aristophanes**

## **Glossary**

adulging: growing up

as fuck: to the extreme

Hundo P: a hundred percent

I can't even: lost patience, annoyed

lit: happening, excited

neckbeards: full bushy beard even on neck

noob: short for "newbie", an amateur

phat: a lot, plentiful as in fat loot

rad: radical good

rents: parents

shade: insults, disrespect

sorry, not sorry: sarcastic fake apology

teek: old person, as in antique

trap: transgender person "chick-with-dick"

# CHAPTER 1

"Drue? Are you sure about this? I mean, a bar? Why not a pizza joint?"

I smirked in irritation at my wife. "It's one or the other, and this place is cheap enough for me to buy."

Now that I was over twenty-one, married, and had a pocket filled with cash, I needed something so I could settle down as the rents used to say. Dad's death left me a phat insurance check. Instant loot.

So my thinking is, free beer or free pizza? I can't live without either, so my decision was obvious.

We got out of my hot new deep-red and black accent Mustang GT Premium Fastback. A cool forty-nine thousand and worth every penny. It was hot as fuck.

Kylee glanced at the For Sale sign on the side of the bar facing the street and shook her head.

Maybe I should have taken that as a sign because I was about to step into a nightmare.

A big, fucking nightmare.

## CHAPTER 2

I opened the heavy door for myself and let Kylee catch it after me to let herself in. We worked good like that. She was my high school girlfriend and I had lost my virginity to her.

Now I was a sex god.

It was natural I marry her.

The inside of the bar had bright areas and dim areas. Immediately on my right were the bar and a scowling bald man with a grizzled beard.

*Fuck, I have to deal with an old-timer. I rolled my eyes.*

The man said, "Lemme see some ID." His tone brooked no rejection.

I sighed and thrust my driver's license at him and said, "See? I'm old enough."

He didn't answer. He simply moved his eyes over to Kylee's offered ID. He nodded.

I scanned the pad. I knew right away I would have to make changes to bring the place up to modern standards.

Kylee was close at my side and she bumped into me.

Irritated, I said, "Why don't you go watch the pool game or something?"

The bartender's eyes flicked back and forth between us.

I leaned up to the bar and said, "I saw the For Sale sign."

The man grunted.

I rolled my eyes – having to explain things to dense older people was annoying. "I want to buy your bar."

Several biker-type lowlifes turned towards me.

I sneered in disdain: I was the future, these idiots were old. What a pain in the ass to have to deal with them... But, I didn't put that thought to words.

The bartender chortled and rasped, "Oh you do, huh?"

I looked around. "The place needs some work, but—"

One of the bikers laughed under his breath and said, "Fuck..."

I pointed towards a wall with neon beer signs. "Those should all be on one wall. That wide spot would be great for a big screen TV – and not playing that Fox news shit you've got playing, but something lit like the new anime show Devilman CryBaby—"

Another biker belched.

Fuck him.

The bartender asked slow and deliberate as if I was stupid. "You ever run a bar, son?"

"No, but it can't be hard. Sell beer. Like, duh."

The man laughed. So did the bikers.

I colored and gave my best disapproving frown of their inappropriate behavior.

The bartender didn't offer his hand, but said, "I'm Chip Chason, the owner. Where are you going to come up with two hundred and fifty thou?"

"I got an insurance payout when my dad died."

"Sorry to hear that, but maybe your money would be better spent buying a house?"

I shook my head very slow, pointed my finger at the old man and said, "I don't need your advice, thank you. I find it offensive that some teek thinks—"

The man named Chip dismissed me with a flick of his head. "Why don't you

circulate a bit and see if this is what you really want."

Before I could demand he pay attention to me, he was serving a customer.

Fucking teek.

I took out my phone and wandered the place, recording so I could make plans later.

Kylee was looking scared over by the pool table. I avoided her for the moment. No need to be there with her and share in her awkwardness.

That might be embarrassing.

A big pair of round tits presented themselves in my phone screen.

I looked up.

The blonde was older, but not super old. Her face was over made up and her hair was wild like a porn star's. One eyebrow was hitched up at me. Her full, puckered lips looked ready for cock-sucking.

She shifted her hips side to side – it made her boobs wiggle enticingly. "I'm Brook. What's your name?"

I drew in a ragged breath, unable to take my eyes from her enormous tits. The deep cleavage was too much for me and I hardened in my pants. I stammered, "I'm... D-Drue."

"Well, hello, Dedrew."

"N-No, just Drue." I busied myself on my phone, taking several shots of her cleavage.

A little flick of her eyebrows caught my attention and I looked up.

She said, "Are you going to keep that thing pointed at my breasts all night?"

I knew it then, she was mocking me. Any girl with big tits showed them off; it was natural. That this woman was semi-scolding me for taking phone pics of her tits told me she was being mean. I dropped my arm with the phone to my side. I

said in my best sarcastic voice, "Sorry, not sorry, cunt."

Her face hardened and she shook her head. "Grow up, little boy." She spun away while I was rolling my eyes.

I sighed in weariness. My first impression of the bar wasn't all that great. Definitely not Hundo P.

Kylee came up to me. "Can we go?" She was hugging her arms together as if cold.

"I haven't fully taken in—"

"I really don't think—"

I stabbed her in the chest with my finger. "Don't fucking interrupt me all the time. It's fucking rude."

She rolled her eyes and blew upwards so her bangs lifted. "Fine. Sorry."

I went back to the bar because the old man was free. "So, Chip..."

His face hardened and he went still.

I shrugged. "So two hundred and fifty thou?" I used his slang for thousand. I was ready to deal and make a steal. I was that cool.

His face took on a pained look as if he had gas.

One of the bikers grunted softly, "Don't do it, Chip. Not to this one."

The owner's eyes shifted back and forth between me and the biker. The sour look on his face told me he didn't like the idea of selling to me. "You got all of it?"

"In the bank."

"Give me your number and let me think about it."

I was waiting to accept his phone when he slid a piece of paper over to me. He dropped a pencil on the bartop.

*Fucking antique. Where are we? In school? I scribbled my name and number.*

## CHAPTER 3

I walked out feeling defeated. I had come expecting to sign my check and have the keys this very night.

Along with a plundered case of beer for celebration.

I jauntily thumbed the fob to unlock my awesome ride: it beat the shit out of every other car in the parking lot. The satisfying sound of the closing doors was interrupted by a deep rumble as a big motorcycle stopped right in front of my car.

I scowled at Kylee and flipped my finger up in the air as if to ask, "What the fuck is up here?"

My nightmare was accelerating and I didn't know it.

The muscle-head on the motorcycle was sporting that big-titted blonde behind him. They both got off the machine and stood waiting in front of my Mustang.

I sighed wearily. Fucking old people. I got out and lifted my hoodie into place. If I had to get rough, I was dressed for it. My hoodie made me look mean. I stopped at the left fender and pointed, "What the fuck is your problem?"

The big man's eyes shifted slowly to Brook. A slight quirk at the corner of his lips showed me his distaste. He looked back at me. "You insulted my wife."

"So?"

He said easily, "She was just looking to have a little fun, but you ruined her evening. I think she deserves an apology."

Kylee had come out, too and stood next to Brook.

The blonde stuck her hand out at my wife. "I'm Brook."

My wife actually shook her hand. "Kylee."

*Like, what the fuck are you thinking? I'm having a showdown with this guy—*

Brook turned to the muscle-head. "Wes-baby, her name is Kylee."

The big man frowned. "Yeah?" He looked away from me and nodded to my wife. But his eyes returned, hot and expectant. "What's your name, kid?"

"Drue, and I'm not a kid. I'm going to buy this bar—"

"I'm Wesley and you ain't buying shit until you apologize to my wife." He was looming.

"I have nothing to apologize for."

Wesley's eyes turned towards my wife. He eyeballed Kylee up and down. "I can see why you were getting pictures of my wife's tits; your girl here has small ones."

I knew they were small and I didn't like them. "So? She can get them stuffed later."

Kylee gave me the biggest frown I had ever seen.

The big man watched the exchange and moved away from me.

*Finally, can we go now? I sighed and rolled my eyes.*

He came up behind Kylee and placed his hands on her shoulders. "I don't know about you, but I think your girl has a fine set. Very nice, in fact."

My wife started to smile and shifted her eyes back up over her shoulder at him.

I said, "They're too small, that's why I was taking pictures of Brook's."

Wesley's eyes twinkled. "So you can jack your dick over them later?"

I flushed with embarrassment. Well, yeah... But I didn't say that because I didn't want Kylee to know.

The big man slowly dropped his hands down to cup her boobs through her top.

I scowled. "Hey..."

Wesley groped lightly at them. "Hey what?"

I stood open-mouthed as the man felt up Kylee's tits. My heart started to pound in the fight or flight rush of adrenaline. I held up my phone and started recording it for the police.

He said, "Doesn't seem like you like them, but they feel great to me... And it looks like he wants a video of this so he can jack off later."

My wife was looking uncertain but that was whisked away when Brook moved Kylee's hair back out of her face.

The big-titted woman said, "She's so pretty, too."

My wife gasped, "Th-thanks."

Wesley was staring straight at me.

I knew I had to do something – this guy was rubbing all over her tits right in front of me. I put my phone away. "Get your hands off her, or..."

"Or what? You going to fight me? Your little wife hasn't told me to stop."

I moved over to his side and began my antifa warm-up. Moving my arms in fluid motions, I prepared.

Wesley stopped touching her and faced me. His face screwed up in confusion as I warmed up. "What the fuck kind of dance is that?"

I said, "I'm gonna go super-Saiyan on your ass."

His voice was dry. "Is that right?"

I imagined the super-charged punch I had seen so often before. Square in the middle of the chest with an impact that threw the victim several hundred feet away.

I launched my super-punch at Wesley's chest.

I hit a brick wall. I gasped in pain as sharp lances of agony raced up my wrist and arm. I gripped it and danced around on my feet. "Ahh! Oh shit..."

Wesely hadn't moved at all. He just stood there and chuckled.

I started screaming, "Help, I'm being assaulted!"

That made him laugh louder.

Seeing as I wasn't getting any attention, I used my last resort: the Scream of Rage. I launched my head forward and let loose my most powerful scream – long and loud – right up into his face. I shook with the force of the expulsion.

He was looking at me like I was crazy and didn't even flinch.

*Fuck, that was my best...*

He limply held up his wrist, formed a light fist, and lazily pushed it at my face. He didn't even wind up for it.

It felt like I was hit by a fucking big rig, right in the eye. I tumbled over backwards. I rolled around, holding my hands over a spreading numbness.

Wesley said, "I'm really sorry I had to hit your boyfriend here—"

Kylee said, "My husband."

"Ah, got it."

Brook said, "You seem so nice... can we have your number?"

Kylee bubbled, "Sure."

*Hey, what the fuck? I'm hurt here. I'm like dying...*

The nightmare was here.

## CHAPTER 4

I ranted, expressing my best outrage in our apartment. "Why the fuck did you give them your number?"

"And address."

I threw out my hands. This was Hundo P bullshit. "Address?"

"They seemed really nice."

"Nice? I was assaulted by a fascist nazi pig!"

Kylee pouted on the couch. "He didn't seem like a fascist to me."

I bugged my eyes out at her. "Total nazi. He was a racist, sexist, misogynistic, homophobe!"

Her eyes wandered the floor around her feet. "I thought he was nice."

"Because he felt you up?" I paced, showing her my determination.

"Brooklyn was nice, too."

"Brook."

"Yes, that's her nickname. But her name on her phone—"

"I don't care!" I was shouting, trying to regain my power. Even Wesley's lack of effort in the punch had somehow sapped whatever energy reserves I had. I was developing a black eye. I pointed frantically at my aching eye. "Look at this!"

"Quit shouting."

I fumed at her.

Her phone played its ringtone. She grabbed it eagerly and thumbed the button.

She held it to her ear and said, "Hello?"

Her eyes flicked around the room as she gave animated responses.

I collapsed into the recliner and considered playing Dragon Ball FighterZ on my new Playstation 4. However, even the indulgence in my newfound wealth and adulthood couldn't tempt me.

Kylee thumbed off fast for a phone call; usually she spent a half hour gabbing with her airhead friends.

I squinted at her. "Who was that? Bree?"

"No, that was Brooklyn."

Anger flared inside and flamed my irritation. "What the fuck did she want?"

"They're coming over tomorrow night to visit me."

I flung my arms high. "What?" I was enraged.

"Dude, calm down. They're coming to see me."

"For what?"

"They're bringing some Vodka—"

"That's an old person's drink."

She scowled at me. "They're nice—"

"He decked me."

"He barely touched you and you went flying." There was a strange satisfaction in her eyes as she said it.

I tilted my head at her. "You liked that? That's messed up." I shook my head in tiny jerks and held up my hand. "I can't even."

## CHAPTER 5

I was pissed.

Musclehead and his big-titted beautiful bitch were sitting on my couch talking to Kylee. Brook and my wife were sharing vodka.

In my apartment.

This fucking sucked.

I was playing Dragonball FighterZ and screwing up like a noob. I couldn't even show them I was a console-pro. It was shameful.

However, they didn't seem too interested in watching me. They talked stupid stuff like jobs.

Who the fuck has a job? Jobs were for old people. Or for getting enough cash to get pizza if friends didn't buy it for you.

I was ignoring them.

Until Brooklyn giggled. "I like them, too."

Peripherally catching my attention, I saw her rub her hand over Kylee's tube top.

I wasn't sure what brought that topic back up, but whoa... I hadn't expected the cunt to actually do something hot.

I stared and ruined my game.

My wife was holding up her vodka glass and looking down with a look of satisfied surprise. Wes was grinning straight at me.

My eyebrows were up pretty high, I guess. I gulped and twisted to watch. Hey, can't pass an opportunity to watch hot girl-on-girl action. It was just a little weird that the other woman was older.

Brook said, "They're so perky; I bet they're pretty."

Kylee giggled nervously, drunkenly.

"Can I see them?"

My wife looked pleased that such an obviously superior-breasted woman was complimenting her on her tits. She nodded her answer.

I was getting hard and sitting there with my mouth hanging open. I might enjoy this...

Wes said to me, "You aren't going to stop her, are you?"

I gave him a look. Are you crazy? "Uh, no."

"You're hoping to see my wife's tits."

I couldn't deny it, but I did anyway. "Of course not."

Kylee's little tits popped into view as Brook lifted the tube top. Immediately, the woman bent to lick them.

I went ramrod hard.

Wes continued to grin at me. "My wife likes perky breasts. You don't mind, do you?"

I swallowed and stammered, "N-no."

He gave a knowing nod and his eyes took on a different glint.

I wasn't studying his face, however; my eyes were glued to Brook's heaving breasts in her tank top.

Wes did something that caught my attention: he unzipped his jeans and slid them down. He began stroking his cock while watching his wife lick my wife's tits.

I could almost sympathize with him – if he wasn't such a prick: I wanted to do it, too.

He reached his free hand over and circled Kylee's free nipple while he stroked himself to erection.

I cleared my throat. "Dude, I'm sitting right here..."

He glanced my way. "So? You aren't going to stop me, are you?" The implied threat of another decking shook my arms like twigs in the wind.

I looked down.

He smirked. "Thought so..." He bent over and took the nipple into his mouth.

Brook sat up. She said to me, "Take off those ugly sweats. My husband doesn't like to be the only dick waving in the air." She adjusted her tank top in such a way that I almost caught a glimpse of her glorious nipples.

I jerked. "Uh..."

She gave me a warning look. "Don't make him mad..."

Shame-faced, I pulled my sweats off.

Brook giggled when my dick sprang into view.

My face flamed hotter.

She asked my wife, "What do you do with that thing? Laugh at it?"

I swear steam came off my face. I wasn't small, but my five-incher was nothing compared to the tool Wes was stroking. I knew right away, he was twice my size.

Kylee had only glimpsed it, but her eyes were wide and surprised. She gasped at the question.

Wes said, "I think just swinging my dick at your husband would knock him flat on his ass."

My wife actually smiled and her eyes lit up with mirth and... excitement.

I had zero control here. I sat naked and realizing that my nakedness had not been to receive pleasure, but to induce humiliation.

I wanted to cover up and reached for my sweats.

Brook wagged her finger at me. "Keep them off."

Wes stopped licking my wife's little tits long enough to warn me, "Don't make me get up and embarrass you."

*Too late for that, you asshole. I fumed silently, still red in the face. My dick, however, was standing straight up and throbbing.*

Brook kissed my wife on the lips and suddenly they were full-on lezzing right in front of me.

*Maybe this won't be so bad after all... My hand twitched to jack my dick, but I controlled myself. Still, my erection twitched and moved in the air.*

Kylee looked drunk enough to have a light sheen of wetness on her forehead. She also looked outrageously into it. Her eyes were the brightest I had ever seen.

Brook lifted my wife's tube top off and then removed her own tank top. Her enormous tits wobbled into view and my suspicions were confirmed: they were real. The hung heavy and had no scars.

*Whoa dude, real tits... My hand gripped my stiffy and stroked. I imagined tit-fucking them and my hand became a blur.*

Brook looked at me with a smirk and then quickly away. She leaned over Kylee's lap and took her husband's tool into her hand.

I was disappointed that she wasn't going to lez with my wife. I wanted to see more girl-on-girl action.

Wes began rubbing Kylee's tits and locked her face in a kiss.

I grew irritated; this show wasn't going the way I wanted. "Hey..."

Wes stopped and looked at me.

It was Kylee that blew me away. "Why didn't you try to stop him?" Eyes glazed and excited, she gave me a half a knowing smile.

*Bitch.*

Wes smirked at me and began licking her nipple so I could see it.

I was totally floundering. Is there a manual or guide for this? But I didn't read game guides, anyway. I stared with confusion as his tongue made my wife's tit wet.

She really liked it.

Brook sucked her husband's cock down into her mouth. Her lips were all stretched super wide.

*Fuck, I knew the cunt had a big mouth, but...*

Brook sucked for a few minutes and sat up. She gripped the back of my wife's head and brought her in for a kiss.

*This is more like it... Hey, wait... Her mouth was on... I gasped and grunted. My cock was flexing wildly and I had let go of it.*

Kylee moaned through the kiss.

Brook broke it to give me a sneer.

My wife's eyes dropped down to the big man's cock .

I said, "I don't think... I don't want... The kiss..."

It was Brook who answered. "You don't like seeing me suck my husband then kiss your wife?"

I shook my head nervously. My cock twitched.

She gave me a spread of her lips that only barely resembled a smile. "Did it... hurt you?"

I cleared my throat, determined to make sound instead of moving my head around like some stupid doll-head on a spring. "Yes. It isn't right. He has no right... I mean, you have no right..."

Wes took over. "Your wife is having a good time. She isn't stopping us and we're just having some fun. She has every right."

Brook asked my wife, "Your husband thinks he can control what you do. Might there be anything you can tell him that would shatter his little fantasy that he owns you?"

My wife blinked in shock and dropped her mouth open. Her eyes flicked to me, then back.

Brook smiled reassuringly. "There is, isn't there? Maybe it's time you got it off your chest? What is it?"

I sat up, curious. It also helped reposition my constantly twitching dick a little more out of view.

Kylee said, "I... uh..."

Brook's voice was silky. "Go on, we're all friends here."

My wife took a deep breath. "Remember Wilkes?"

Her ex. How could I not remember him? But I had won that fight and I had scored Kylee and married her.

My wife said, "I was still fucking him all through our relationship – right up to the day before we were married."

My hearing receded to something of a buzz. I sat there, mouth open, head thrumming with stunned surprise. "You... You... What?"

Brook asked, "The day before your wedding? Kinky. I love it."

Kylee just stared at me, a little scared.

But I was speechless. Other than sitting there like that, my dick was twitching constantly – waving back and forth in the air.

Wes was staring at it, smiling with a wicked grin. He whispered something to his wife.

Brook's eyes locked onto my waving dick and an even bigger smile spread across her face. She turned her head slowly to my wife and flicked her tongue out to Kylee's lips. She licked upwards in a tease. "Tell me, was Wilkes a good fuck?"

Kylee's mouth opened to try to catch Brook's tongue. "Yes."

"Was he a great fuck?"

"Yes." She gave almost a half-hearted giggle.

"Was it really good the day before your wedding?"

Finally, my wife's eyes flicked towards me with a little bit of fear.

*About time; this is getting fucked up.*

She whispered.

Brook said, "What?"

Kylee said, "Yes... it was..."

"Did he make you cum?"

I didn't want to know the answer. I was shaking my head.

My wife said, "Yes."

Brook dropped her hand down between Kylee's thighs and began stroking her shorts. She asked, "Did he... cum inside you?"

Kylee moaned so loudly I thought she was cumming. Finally she gasped, "Yes."

My dick began oozing as my teeth gritted in anger. I was outraged. I started panting as the rage boiled over.

That was when I realized I was furiously fisting up and down on my dick right in front of them.

And I knew... shame.

## CHAPTER 6

I was ranting, stomping – trying to regain control. "No, you're going to text them and cancel. They're not coming over again."

Kylee rolled her eyes. "They're my friends."

"Why did you do that to me? Why did you embarrass me in front of them?"

"Embarrass you?"

I kicked the couch she was sitting on and she glowered at me.

She said, "You mean, like about Wilkes?"

"Yes, that was totally fucked up."

"But it was true."

I exhaled in a rush. "You fucked him the day before our wedding? You were supposed to be out with a friend—"

"I was."

Curiosity coursed through me like acid – I wanted to know details. "With Wilkes?"

"Yes, duh." She seemed different now. More... aware.

"You two had sex—"

"Yes." Her response was sharp and pedantic.

I was amazed that she couldn't see how wrong this all was. "But we got married —"

"Duh."

Arms aching with the need to act, I leaned on the arm of the couch and thrust my face towards her. "Was it hot?"

And there was that light in her eyes – something different and unusual from what I had known in her. It held a hint of cruelty and mockery that Kylee had never shown me.

Was this something new... or previously hidden?

She firmed her lips. "Yes, it was. Are we done here?"

For a brief second, I thought she meant our marriage. A flash of something cold swished through me and I started to shake my head.

She said, "I saw how it turned you on."

I stood up straight. "No..."

"I saw you beating your dick like a horny little monkey." There was heat in her eyes, but not hate. She was angry at me.

Knowing this was all about Wes and Brooklyn, I said, "I don't want them over here."

"Well, then I'll just go visit them at their place."

Flashes of Brook's tits, Wes' big cock, and kissing darted past my eyes. "No, I don't want—"

Her irritation flared and her words came hot. "You can't control me. I'm not some toy or game console—"

"I'm banning them."

She laughed incredulously. "Like this is some game? Some stupid forum?"

I gave a quick nod. There. That's that.

She rose in a huff and stomped into the bathroom.

I gave myself a mental pat on the back for making a life achievement – like,

putting the foot down or something. I wondered if I would see it on Steam the next time I logged in.

I sat in my recliner and relished the feeling of power returned to me, but my thoughts kept diverting from my glory to a vision of Wilkes grunting on Kylee. She had fucked him the day before our wedding?

That entire week leading up to the day had been so magical – like a cutscene from Final Fantasy or Zelda where the boy-hero gets the girl with the huge tits.

Except that Kylee's tits were so small.

But I had felt the love from her and the happiness. She had bought a dress and gotten her hair permed four days before. She had been alive with the prospect of getting married to me.

She had fucked Wilkes the night before? And liked it?

Kylee came out of the bathroom and stuffed her phone in her purse. "See ya."

"Where are you going?" I didn't want the marriage to end and that fear was fomented by her curt words. I just wanted to make sure the bully didn't come around anymore.

I would have to ban him from the bar when I bought it, too.

She said, "Over to Wes and Brook's."

"You're not going—"

"I am. You don't want my friends here, so I'll go there."

My Life Achievement was wavering.

I opened my mouth, but stalled.

She escaped out the door without resolution.

I coughed in irritation. This is fucked up. I sat there, staring at my man-wall where we had the entertainment center and all my gaming essentials.

I didn't want to play them right now: I wasn't in control.

My throne became the recliner where I had embarrassed myself the previous night in front of that dick and his wife.

My dick ached and I thought, What the fuck? No one's here. I took it out and started fondling it while stewing in my anger and resentment.

At least I was still king when it came to masturbation: I could jack my dick in my own home without fear of mom stumbling in on me. If I wanted to jack on my gaming throne, I could.

Life was good.

Except...

Except that Kylee was out against my wishes.

*This is all wrong. She's my wife; she's supposed to do everything I tell her. I fumed and jacked my rapidly erecting cock. She can't tell me what to do; I can jack whenever I want.*

That consolation left me feeling little of the fervent power of my thoughts: she was out when I had told her she couldn't go.

*What if she went to see Wilkes?*

I stopped jacking and picked up my game controller. I launched it in fury at the TV. The screen shifted and the controller bounced off. It left a mark on the silky screen.

"Fuck." This is her fault.

I gritted my teeth that Kylee had caused me to ruin the screen – the mark would ruin game immersion.

*All her fault. Fuck, now I gotta buy a new big screen. Fuck you, Kylee. Bitch.*

I jacked my dick again and cranked on it, really fisting my anger into something constructive.

*What if she was really going to see Wilkes? What if she was there now and getting naked?*

Fury flowed like ultimate power through me. She was my wife and she should be sitting here at my feet passing me beers. It wasn't fair that she wasn't following the rules and I couldn't do anything about it.

*This. Is. Just. Wrong. Fuck!*

I beat my dick so hard that it was swollen and red. At least that felt good.

A vision of Wilkes humping his naked butt between Kylee's legs had me growling my indignation.

I consoled myself that just maybe she was really going over to Wes and Brook's. What would she do there? What would they all do together?

Sudden helplessness made my chest and arms ache. I doubted I would be able to hit the TV now if I tried again. That I didn't know exactly what was going on drove my frustration to the point of tears.

I had to know.

*What the fuck was she doing?*

*Was Wes going to pull out his cock again? That big, thick man-pole that made mine look so small? I closed my eyes and tried to see the vision. I tried to imagine Kylee's reaction, but kept coming up with the memory of her staring at his erection yesterday.*

I panted harshly, my hand a blur.

I tried not to imagine Brook sucking her husband and then kissing my wife again. I couldn't stop it. The tickle in my feet became a pressure deep in my hips. My cock erupted like a volcano, flinging cum all over the place as I stroked in an explosion of effort. I lifted my hips up off the recliner and jacked super hard and fast. Drops were shooting up and falling. My balls squeezed with the effort and I cried out my anger.

I had never shot so much cum in my life nor with such force.

*Great, another Life Achievement...*

I collapsed back onto the recliner with my thighs and shirt covered in cooling spatters of my own cum.

## CHAPTER 7

I sulked when Kylee came in. I knew she would come to me and kneel – begging for forgiveness.

She didn't.

I sulked harder.

She went to the kitchen and grabbed a soda. She didn't offer me one. She said, "You're pouting."

"I am not." My heart was pounding. Everything I had planned to say to make it clear who was in charge went flying out the window. "Where did you go?"

Halfway through her sip, she paused. "I told you: I went to Wes and Brook's."

"Not to see Wilkes?" I knew she had. I felt it.

She screwed her face into confused annoyance. "No, to Wes and Brook's. They have a nice little place."

"What did you do there?" I knew I could catch her in a lie if she stumbled right now.

"We talked..." It was smooth and had the ring of truth about it.

I sighed, still angry. "About what?"

"About you."

"Me? Why? I don't want you talking about me—"

She gave me a venomous look and interrupted me. "You don't control me."

In a flash, I laid it out on the line. "Do you still love me?"

Anger again made itself apparent on her face. "Yes, but you're being a dick."

I blew out a relieved sigh and looked away. I didn't want her seeing my relief. "So that's all you did was talk about me?"

She was silent for enough seconds to draw my eyes back to her to discover why. Her face was lit up with that inner light again and she was trying not to smile. Her eyes were down and to the side.

I said, "What?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"So all you did was talk about me?"

"No..."

I sat up straighter. "What did you do? I demand to know."

"Brook and I..."

I sagged in relief. Lez-stuff. Okay. I can handle that.

Her lips betrayed more satisfaction.

I tensed back up. "Did Wes take out his stupid cock again?"

Her eyes flashed hotly. "It's not stupid. It's..."

*What did you do? What happened? What did Wes do? What did Brook do? I was confounded by the avalanche of questions in my mind that went by too fast to put to words. I sat there, mouth hanging open and growing red in the face. I was holding my breath.*

Finally, I said, "Tell me what happened. Everything."

She just looked at me as if I was a stranger. Then she said slowly, "They said you would..."

"Would what?"

She shook her head and got up from the couch. She came over, leaned to my ear and whispered, "Brook licked my pussy."

That might have settled my nerves before, but they were jangling all over the place like bells in a whirlwind. "What did Wes do?"

She gave me a tiny smile. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

I stammered, "I... I h-have every r-right to know..."

She twisted away in that girly fashion and swished out of the living room. In the hall, she looked back over her shoulder with a slight look of uncertainty – as if testing something. She said, "They want to get together again Saturday. I suppose they can't come here..."

I was on the spot. My mouth hung open and I was taking shallow breaths. If I told her they couldn't, she would go visit them and... I swallowed hard and said, "Here is fine. I need to have a talk with Wes anyway. He's in big trouble."

She just stared at me as if seeing something new for the first time and not knowing what to make of it. She lifted both eyebrows and looked astonished. Then she giggled. "He's in trouble? Are you going to spank him?"

## CHAPTER 8

I had two days to formulate my master plan. I was going to bring my A-game into Saturday and score the perfect fatality. Wes needed to understand that I was not going to tolerate his misogynistic ways. He would have to accept my demands.

I practiced my fight moves with my warm-ups.

I was lit.

On fire.

There was no way he could stand against my gender-fluid determination. Mixing both male and female strengths, I would crush him at the mere sight of me.

I knew the best way to get him was to force him to acknowledge my gender choice. Have him refer to me as neither masculine nor feminine pronouns. That always signaled virtue and superiority to the knuckle-draggers.

I wore my genderqueer flag t-shirt Saturday.

Kylee did not seem aware of my power-plan.

I was putting off buying the bar until this was settled. A mere distraction, soon to be solved.

The knock on the door started my heart thumping immediately.

My wife gave me a knowing look and opened the door.

Wes stood with Brook behind him and looking over his shoulder.

I froze with paralysis. Nothing wanted to move – and I had been so ready.

Wes brushed past me. "Cute gay shirt."

I found my voice. "It shows my support and identification as genderqueer—"

"You don't say..."

Brook smirked at me and shook her head.

I twisted around and pointed my finger at the muscle-man. "I want to talk to you."

He dropped onto the couch and settled in before saying, "Oh?"

His fluid confidence made me quail inside and I shivered at his overt, brute masculinity. "Y-you won't refer to me in masculine terms. I prefer gender-neutral pronouns—"

He barked a laugh so derisive I was instantly interrupted. He said, "Perfect."

Brook was beside me and touched my chin with her finger. "Yes... So very, perfect."

Kylee's bright smile gave me pause.

*They're accepting it? That's not how it's supposed to go... I need to be offended to achieve superiority...*

Wes extended his arms to my wife. "Come give daddy a hug, little girl."

My wife was twenty-one, not a little girl.

She bounced over to him and dropped onto his lap. The hug was brief, and she pecked him on the cheek. His eyes were on me.

I couldn't complain at this point; it was just a simple greeting.

However, I wanted him out. I went into my antifa warm-up and said, "I'm not tolerating your—"

My wife was moved aside so fast and he was up off the couch before I could take another breath. His hand reached behind my head and grabbed a fistful of my messy hair. He tightened his fist and a sharp pain erupted all over the back of my scalp. It felt as if I was being stabbed with thousands of needles.

I hopped around on my feet, yelling my pain.

He brought his face close to mine and said, "This is how it's going to go: I'm going to take my dick out and my wife is going to teach your girl how to play with it."

I danced on my feet to the pain. "Nuh-uh."

He sneered, "Yeah, huh, bitch. And guess what?" His eyes lit up as if he had a surprise.

*What's this? He brought me a gift or something? "Wh-what?"*

"You're going to get naked and watch."

Disappointment drove my spirits down as I realized he hadn't brought something to give me. This sucks.

He gritted his teeth. "Understand me, soy boy?"

I was confused. Being a soy boy was a good thing, but his tone was all insult. I opened my mouth and took a breath. "Let go of my hair!"

He did and I immediately straightened my t-shirt and rolled my shoulders. I was ready for a fight.

I said in my best thug-voice, "I'm gonna fuck you up." I jerked my elbow back to ready the mother of all punches.

His face was screwed down in scrutiny and his eyes followed my arm.

*Here it comes, nazi.*

His fist jabbed out, quick like a snake and took me in the stomach. I flew backwards and landed on my ass, completely knocked breathless.

*Fucking cheap move!*

I groaned and gasped, trying to draw in air as pain like I had never felt constricted my lungs until I thought they would burst.

He advanced and stood over me, fists on hips.

I croaked and groaned and finally was able to get a little air into my lungs.

He bent down and gripped my arm. He shook me like a ragdoll. "Got more fight in you? Huh?"

Brook looked serene. "I hope he does."

The worst part of it all was Kylee's interested smile and excitement. I realized then that she wasn't rooting for me – she was lit by the muscle-head's vicious, jack-booted brutality.

I gasped, "You fascist pig!" I slapped at his face with a flurry of force sure to knock him down and shut him up.

He laughed and swiped my hands away. He stooped suddenly and his fist grabbed onto and tightened on my crotch. "How much fight do you have in you now, hmm?"

The squeeze was agonizing after having my breath knocked out. I tensed so hard that I thought every vein would burst. I was wide-eyed with panic. "Okay! Okay!"

His smile didn't reach his eyes. He gave a squeeze and then let go. "That's more like it. Now get your clothes off. All of them, including that flaming gay-ass t-shirt."

Brook purred, "I knew I should have brought my toy."

Kylee shot her a look of surprise.

The big-titted woman just sat staring at me like a predator.

Wes pulled off his jeans and his manhood flopped out like a thick tentacle.

I followed his instructions and undressed; I didn't want to be hit again. I stood there naked, feeling fearful and inadequate.

He waved me to the recliner.

I was relieved to claim my throne – at least the brute hadn't commandeered that. How can I regain control? What do I do? I can't face his fist...

He sat down in between Kylee and Brook and gave me a look that made me drop my eyes. He said, "Bring the toy next time, Brook."

She didn't answer, but my wife made a choked giggle sound.

*What toy? I glanced up nervously.*

Brook had gripped her husband's dick in her hand and wasn't paying attention to me. But Kylee and Wes were looking at me. The big man wore a pleased look on his face and my wife was grinning ear to ear.

*How could she like this? I was trying to demonstrate my rights, but it seemed like she was on his side.*

I felt like an animal trapped and cornered. I didn't know where to go or where to turn.

My eyes dropped to his dick and I licked my lips. It was such an amazing tool. I was instantly mesmerized by Brook's hand. She removed it and poured some kind of clear oil into it. She stroked it onto his shaft until it glistened.

She said to my wife, "A little bit of avocado oil makes for an excellent lube. No smell or flavor. You can use olive oil, too, but it leaves a little flavor. Here, give it a try." She angled his erection at my wife.

I watched, rapt.

She said, "Are you sure? I mean, like, he's your husband and all..."

Brook's voice rose in encouragement. "No, go ahead. I think it's thrilling to see a little girl put her hand on it."

"Oh... you've done this before?"

Brook giggled. "Mm hmm. It's exciting."

My wife gingerly gripped the man's shaft.

I was awed and my dick leapt to life. She looked so dainty compared to Wes – and his perfect manhood.

Brook coaxed her. "Stroke it, but not firm. Treat it like a bird and you'll have the right pressure."

My wife stroked him slow and enthusiasm grew on her face. "Wow, this is so..."

Wes grunted, "So...?"

Brook said, "Go on, describe it. It's okay."

Kylee looked at me with a shy smile first. "Well, it's soo... beautiful. It's way bigger than Drue's little thing."

"Does it feel good in your hand?"

"Very." She popped her eyes in realization and laughed. "It feels so rad to be adulting..."

Brook shook her head. "Pardon?"

"It's good. I like this. I feel so... real." Her hand moved faster.

I looked down at my pathetic penis. It was almost fully hard and nowhere as awesome as what my wife had in her hands. I envied Wes. I envied her. I grasped that thought as surely as I normally grasped my dick when I was horny.

But I had... boyhood.

Wes muttered, "Check out soy boy over there."

I looked up and felt the wet track on my cheek from an escaped tear.

Brook was laughing silently at me and looking at my little dick. She shook her head in disapproval.

I felt like I was back in school and everyone was watching.

I swallowed hard and looked down to escape their stares.

Brook said to my wife, "Stroke him into my mouth while I suck." She bent over.

I was forced to watch by my burning curiosity. I wanted to see her mouth on his perfect cock. My dick sprang fully to life as I watched her lips slide down and my wife's fingers slide up. Fuck that looks good. I wish I had a big dick.

Brook's head moved up and down and Wes just stared at me. My wife was bent over to get a better view. Her hand worked his shaft and made my dick twitch over and over.

I couldn't help myself at that point. I gripped my twitching erection and stroked it with much relief. The pain at the back of my head was gone and the ache in my stomach was fading. My dick and pleasure was all that mattered now.

Wes sighed with delight. "After putting soy boy on his ass over there, I think I need a little appreciation."

I huffed, "Drue. My name is Drue." He might have been unknowingly complimenting me with the soy boy comment, but he didn't think so. I needed to assert myself or I would just be a loser.

He chuckled. "Like I said, I think I need appreciation. Come on, Kylee, suck me."

Brook lifted off and motioned for my wife.

I sat up straight. "Hey..."

Kylee bent over to do it.

I said, "Kylee... He beat me up. Don't—"

Wes grated, "Shut up, kid. Your wife is going to suck my cock and you're going to watch."

She only looked at me for a second with an excited light in her eyes. "I really should, Drue. He deserves it."

"What? How—"

Her mouth covered his cock and so did her hair. Her head moved down.

My eyes were wide open and I was half up out of the recliner. My dick bobbed and flexed out of control. I settled slowly back into the chair with my mouth hanging open. I said weakly in protest, "Dude..."

Wes flashed a grin at me and pulled back Kylee's hair.

So I could see.

I moaned crazily – as if the sound had been hauled from me by a hook and chain – and collapsed back onto my recliner. I gripped my dick and began jerking it to the exposed beauty.

Kylee is babelicious. Absolute primo. Her long blonde hair has soft golden curls. Her porcelain face is so creamy and dreamy. Her light brown eyes are like deep amber gems. She's definitely very easy on the eyes.

And yet, she looked so much sexier with his awesome tool in her mouth.

I groaned again and jacked my little dick furiously. I felt betrayed that she was sucking someone who had beaten me up, but also incredibly turned on that she was sucking something that looked so good.

Kylee pulled off and smacked her lips. She stroked him and looked at me with concern. "I'm..."

Brook smirked.

Wes said, "Say it to him, whatever it is."

Kylee looked embarrassed, but said, "Just look at it... How can I not want to play with this? How can you expect me to remain monogamous when he has this?"

I watched her hand sliding up and down and had to agree, though I didn't want to say it. At the same time, the pain of truth was driven deep: I couldn't compare to Wes.

Not in a million years and I knew it.

Wes was staring at me. He said, "I'm going to cum in your wife's mouth now and then she's going to kiss you."

My heart thumped rapidly at the idea. My dick jerked and oozed.

Brook giggled at me.

Kylee started sucking him again while Brook played with my wife's hair. All three of them looked so good together that I started jacking my dick again. It was almost as good as watching gay porn vids.

Wes leaned his head back and rested his hand on the back of my wife's head. He gently pushed her down farther.

Kylee started to gag.

Brook whispered, "Relax the back of your throat. Don't try to fight it. The reflex will ease a bit."

My wife groaned in panic, but kept trying.

Wes began panting. "Yeah, almost there. All right, suck hard on the head."

Brook gripped the base of his shaft and began pumping wildly.

Kylee sucked on the head and her cheeks hollowed with the effort. Suddenly, her eyes went wide and she started choking.

It was fucking hot. Yeah! Gag her!

It was also the most humiliating scene I have ever witnessed. Wes was absolutely owning my Kylee in a manly and masterful way. I could never hope to be as good.

He groaned loud, "Yeah, suck it little girl. Suck daddy's cock." His shaft flexed and flexed and flexed.

My wife's eyes were in a panic and cum was running out of her mouth, though she tried to suck and swallow.

Wes said, "All right, go kiss him."

Brook took over when my wife pulled her mouth off.

I watched, eyes widening, as my wife came to me and leaned over. There was cum all over her lips and chin.

She kissed me, pressing her tongue strangely into my mouth.

*Oh fuck, I'm being snowballed! I started to gag, but in a flash realized that his cum actually tasted good.*

I went with the kiss and accepted it. When she pulled back, I licked the smear off my lips.

Wes and Brook were beaming at each other and nodding. He said, "Next time, toy. Definitely. We got us a live one."

I didn't know what that meant, but I colored hotly under their gazes.

Kylee bounced on her feet. "When can you come again? Tomorrow?"

My head wobbled as the world spun dizzily out of my grasp.

Brook said, "Sure, after church."

I thought, Great, my wife just sucked off a neanderthal bible-thumper. This was just going from bad to worse and accelerating.

Their toy was going to bring me to a new hell and I only had hours to be ignorant and oblivious.

## CHAPTER 9

Nighttime brought no relief from my worries except for when I climbed into bed.

It was... sort of... a relief.

Kylee bounced onto the bed naked. "Could you believe his cock? It's magnificent!"

I said glumly, "Yeah, fantastic."

"Don't pout. Wes has the biggest cock I've ever seen."

"There are bigger ones on the internet." I tried to feign going to sleep.

She threw back the covers. "Let's talk about it."

I whined in irritation, "His cock?"

She grabbed my dick and said, "Yes. Yes, I want to talk about his cock."

Immediately, my dick hardened.

She smiled at me and stroked it. "I loved how hard his shaft felt. It's like... powerful..."

I tried reasoning with her. "He beat me up, Kylee..."

Her eyes grew bright. "I know... That's something I wasn't sure about..."

"You mean sucking him as thanks?" I drove the point in with as much sarcasm as I could deliver.

"No, when he punched you in the parking lot, I felt an ache inside – a sexy ache. And I thought I felt really warm down there. I thought it might have been something else..."

I looked at her with annoyed confusion.

She said, "But when he punched you in the stomach today, I actually felt wet. It turned me on!" Her tone was dropped on me as if expecting me to be joyous over it.

I coughed.

She said, "I got so turned on seeing him tower over you and just effortlessly put you on the ground."

"That sucks, Kylee."

I don't know if she mis-heard me or not, but she got even more excited and said, "Yes, the sucking was fantastic. I don't like sucking you very much because I don't get anything out of it. It's more like a chore with you... But sucking him was so much fun."

My erection flexed and twitched.

I tried to take my mind off what she was saying by looking at my Dragonball Z poster. That didn't work, so I looked at Miley Cyrus.

Kylee was animated. "He tasted good, too. That was a surprise because the other guys I've sucked didn't taste good."

I lifted my head. "What about me?"

She made a face and slowly shook her head. "Sorry..."

I dropped my head down onto the pillow in anger.

She said, "I can't wait to taste him again. Didn't you think he tasted good?"

He had, but I wasn't wanting to relive the experience. However, my dick had other ideas. The memory of his cum in my mouth drew a rigid and trembling response from my erection. Cum shot out, exploding hot and fast.

Kylee showed teeth in her sexy smile and milked my cum out with her hand until my chest was covered. "There you go. Such a good boy."

I wilted, fast.

Worse was to come.

I was on a horror ride that wouldn't end.

## CHAPTER 10

I dreaded Sunday, all day, but nothing I did or said staved off the inevitable. When I threatened to go hang out with a big-titted bitch, she told me to go ahead.

Her knowing smile told me she didn't fear the result of the woman getting a peek inside my pants.

That burned me even more.

Inevitable as doom, the hour came when they arrived.

And I was introduced to the toy.

Brook was carrying a satchel and entered behind a sneering Wes.

All of this from just trying to scope out Chason's Pub. Had I picked the wrong place? Had the random number generator god cursed me with the wrong choice?

I had been powerful before.

Now I was powerless.

Kylee squeezed and twisted her arms together in girlish excitement.

Brook stood in front of me as I hovered with uncertainty by the door. She reached into the satchel and produced a strap-on dildo. She held it up and bit the inside of one cheek. Her look was authoritative. "Today, you learn."

"What?"

She set the satchel down and began stripping.

Wes chuckled.

Kylee watched with enthusiasm.

I began feeling scared. This wasn't how everything was supposed to happen. Surely he would make my wife suck him again and then kiss me. I could handle all that. Maybe the rents wouldn't agree or approve, but we millennials were a lot more open to fluid relationships.

I could handle her sucking him and me sucking her tongue after. Maybe it was a little humiliating for me because my dick was inferior and I had to lick the cum from a better man, but I did it with Kylee as part of a team.

After all, that was what marriage was for, right? Monogamy was a thing of the past – a part of the patriarchy our fresh blood had overthrown.

Yet, this woman thought she was going to teach me? I knew all about sex.

It was inappropriate that some Neanderthal bible-thumping nazi woman should think she knows more about sex than a millennial. Didn't she understand her offensiveness?

I tried. "You understand you're being very offensive?"

She continued undressing until she was wearing nothing but garters and bra. I saw her pussy. It actually looked very good and shapely.

Much different than Kylee's little thin-lipped slit.

Brook slipped into and adjusted the strap-on.

I was grabbed from behind by Wes. His breath in my ear was not welcome, though it did send shivers down my spine. "Lesson number one: when you see the strap-on, you kneel."

"Wh-what?"

"You're going to learn to suck dildo today. Get on your knees."

I was forced down, no matter how I struggled.

Brook was close and so was her pussy. So was the dildo sticking out from her like an erection. She tapped it against my face as if to get my attention. "Open up, cuck-boy."

"My name is Drue—"

She was stuffing it into my mouth.

I twisted my head away.

Wes forced my head back with fingers that felt like iron. His grated words above my head were all the motivation I needed. "Understand this, soy-boy; you will suck it or you will be taking it up the ass."

I trembled: ass was only for guys who wanted to fuck a girl and not use protection. Unless you were gay or a trap, anal was only done to bitches.

I had no choice: I opened my mouth.

The intrusion of the thick plastic dildo surprised me. I hadn't thought I might take something that big into my mouth. Fuck, how do chicks get their jaws to open so much? This is insane.

Brook gripped my hair and pumped her hips. The dildo slid in and out, sometimes touching the back of my throat and making me gag. She turned us both after a couple of minutes – about the time my jaw was hurting.

Wes was naked and Kylee was sucking him on the couch.

Brook said, "Suck in time with your wife."

I blinked up at her as she stopped moving.

Her stern command was sharp, "Do it!"

My eyelids fluttered in understanding and acquiescence. I looked over to my wife and began copying her timing.

Brook released her grip on my hair and began stroking it instead. Despite hating the dumb cunt, I felt slightly encouraged and proud that she found my effort to her liking. She said, "Suck it, boy. Suck it like a real cock."

I had no problem with that. As long as I wasn't sucking a real cock, then this was all just play. I knew for certain that I liked seeing Kylee sucking on such a prime

example of man-flesh. It made her even more beautiful.

Wes even made sure I was seeing it all by keeping her hair back.

So I sucked the dildo just like she was sucking his cock. It felt... great.

Brook pushed me away. "Good. You're a pro already. Remember, when you see the strap-on, get naked and get on your knees."

I found myself smiling at her, despite my aching jaw.

She stroked the dildo with her hand. "Now for lesson two. First, get your clothes off."

My eyes widened involuntarily.

She pointed to her husband. "When his dick appears, it is your job to get it ready for your wife."

"Huh?"

She bent to retrieve the satchel. "This is a gift. Keep it on your coffee table at all times – even if you have other visitors over." She produced a small, unmarked glass bottle of liquid. "Avocado oil. You'll use it to get him ready. You'll use it right now."

I coughed in scorn and said the obvious, "He's already hard."

The smack of the dildo against my face shut me up. She said, "You don't question, you obey. You should already be naked. This is out of order because you are being trained. Hurry up." She frowned down at me.

I moved with reluctance in undressing. When I slid my sweats down, an agonizing sting erupted on my ass cheeks.

She hissed, "Next time, as fast as you can, or you will be taking the strap-on in the ass."

I was growling with a pain that felt as if my ass cheeks were being torched with flame.

"Now put some oil on your hand and get to work. Stroke him as if you were stroking yourself."

I panted and squirmed as the pain began to fade but still felt like unholy fire. Where do church people learn this stuff?

I poured a little oil on my hand.

Kylee was smiling at me with pride.

That made me stop and think. I was being humiliated, and she was... proud?

*What is this?*

My dick began to firm fast.

I wasn't making sense of the whole thing with her. Shouldn't she feel sorry for me?

A nudge from behind made me move before another swat landed on my burning ass cheeks. I knelt and gripped Wes' cock. I felt an electric jolt run up my arm at the contact with the beautiful dick. I stroked oil on it in wonder, running my hand up and down just like I would on my own – except that my fingers didn't meet around it.

It was awesome.

Wes winked at me. "Not bad at all. Very good."

Strangely, I thrilled to hear his words of approval. Maybe he wouldn't beat me up anymore if I did it right. I jacked him eagerly.

Brook was watching closely, a careful scrutiny in her expression. "Yes, not bad. If you had tried to injure him, the consequences would have been... painful for you."

Wes chuckled. "Good job, soy boy; you're a natural at this."

*I wish you'd stop using that like an insult. My name is Drue. I pouted.*

He motioned at me and caught my attention. "Enough. I want you to guide your

wife's head down onto me. I want you putting her mouth on me."

As much as I liked seeing it, the idea added another searing stroke to my shame. Being forced to do it myself just accentuated that my little dick wasn't enough for my wife and that I acknowledged it.

Maybe I did, but the act was shaming.

I swallowed, feeling heat in my face.

Kylee was looking at me expectantly. "Do it, Drue," her words and eyes implored me, "I want to please him."

I said, "But..."

"His cock is way bigger than yours. Can't you see that I need it?"

I looked down with guilt. If I had been more of a real man, she would be satisfied with only me. Instead, my little dick was a joke to her; she needed a real one.

I swallowed hard and rose to take her head in my hands.

Yeah, watching her was hot – like a real life porn of my own, but this helping was symbolic and it etched shame into me deeper than anything else I could imagine. Instead of enjoying the show, I was forced to participate and acknowledge that I was not enough of a man to please my Kylee.

Not just enjoying the sex, but forced to admit my deficiencies was humiliating.

Worse, Kylee expected me to participate because she obviously agreed with them and considered me inadequate.

I couldn't hold back the tears as I guided her head down onto his cock.

Wes sighed in pleasure. "That's it. You know... my cock belongs in your wife's mouth."

It hurt because it was true. My dick jumped and flexed.

He prodded, "You know that, right?" His question carried warning.

I nodded glumly.

His grunt calmed me somewhat. "Good."

I was astonished and jerked as if jolted when Brook squatted almost behind me and grabbed my dick with a gloved hand. Black latex slid on my shaft as I guided my wife's head on his cock. I moaned high with excitement.

She murmured in my ear. "That's good, isn't it?"

"H-huh?"

"It's good watching your girl suck a better man, isn't it?"

I panted.

She squeezed my dick. "Isn't it?"

"Yes..."

"Look at her lips on my husband's cock. Aren't they beautiful?"

I nodded.

Brook was merciless. "I bet she would do anything for his cock, don't you think?"

The tears that escaped were hot.

Kylee made small nodding motions as I held her head.

Brook addressed my wife, "Would you be a slut for my husband's cock, Kylee? Would you like that?"

My wife pulled off and nodded with total resolution. "Yes... I would."

"Are you wearing panties?"

"Yes."

"Take your clothes off – all of them. Wes has been talking about tasting you."

Kylee's eyes lit up like twin suns. She frantically peeled off her shorts and tube top. Off came her panties.

Wes was watching and said, "Very nice."

His hunger for my wife made me jealous and proud. I knew Kylee was sexy. That he thought so too validated some of my identity as a man.

However, I was not happy about her needing his approval. It made it seem as if mine didn't matter. I wiped my eyes.

Brook snatched up Kylee's panties and handed them to me. "Put them on."

"What? Why?"

"Because you'll like it." She hefted the leather whip in her other hand.

Wes said, "You better do it, and fast..."

I got to my feet and slid on my wife's panties. Astonished at the sensation of the fabric on my dick, I stared down at myself.

Brook stroked my dick through the panties. "See? Feels great, doesn't it?"

I nodded numbly. This was not going good. I might be genderqueer, but all that was in my attitude, not actions.

*I am not a girl; I'm a guy!*

Wes pushed my wife down and spread her legs. He knelt on the floor and put his face to her pussy.

That he was doing that was fine by me; pussy-eating was for lesbians. I didn't like it. Oral sex was girls blowing guys and that was that.

The man appeared to really like it though and my wife began moaning with emotion.

Brook nudged me. "Your job is to keep my husband excited. Stroke him, panty-boy."

I dutifully got down and grabbed his dick. I stroked it while he ate my wife. This part was fun, if any of the humiliation could be ignored.

It couldn't, but I did derive some pleasure from doing this.

Brook got down next to me and stroked my dick through the fabric. She said, "Look at his tongue fucking your wife's pussy. Isn't that good?"

I sighed with lust. Her hand motions were giving me serious tingles.

"Or do you really like the feel of wearing your wife's panties while you have a real cock in your hand?"

I cried out as an explosive orgasm ripped hotly up my legs and out of my dick. I filled the panties with cum.

She coaxed me, "Such a good little boy..."

Her words reminded me of Kylee's. It was too much.

I lowered my head and wept.

## CHAPTER 11

I struggled that evening to find some power source to which I could reconnect and regain my position in life.

Kylee stood in the kitchen, arms folded, looking petulant.

Powerful.

I said, "I thought you loved me?"

Her weary sigh for having to answer the same thing for the hundredth time was accompanied by an eye-roll. "I do love you."

"But this... this..."

She hung her head to one side and gave me the perfect bored look we had given to rents and teachers over the years. "This is your place in life. Can't you feel the rightness of it? Sure, we're adults now, but you certainly can't stack up against Wesley. I can't even stack up to Brooklyn. They're like so..." She shrugged and waggled her fingers in the air as if tickling something.

I knew what she meant. They were so much more adult. Wes was everything a man who was cisgender and identified as a man could aspire to be: tough; masculine; confident.

He was handsome in a rugged way. Grizzled. His stubble beard had more impact than the neckbeards we millennials used to demonstrate we were men. His muscles weren't those the muscle-gays sported, either. Not exactly. The man was simply strong. He also had a command presence that put my attempts at superiority to shame.

It was as if Wes had seen it all before and was laughing at my idea of adulthood.

And then there was Brooklyn. She had the tits. She had the face, even if she used make-up. She had the sway and poise that made Kylee look like an awkward little girl.

Why couldn't Kylee be more like Brook?

I said, "We're married though; this is supposed to be you and me."

"You're not going to bring up that monogamy shit again, are you? We both entered this marriage agreeing that we weren't going to be like the rents or our dusty old grandparents. Monogamy is outdated. You said it yourself."

I had; she was right. But that was before I entertained the idea some man might want Kylee. I wanted to dispense with the old-fashioned idea of monogamy so that I could tit-fuck women like Brooklyn.

Millennials were the driving force of redefining sex from archaic to open and free. No one had the right to tell us what to do with our bodies. The purpose of our constant redefinition of sexual relationship was to allow me to do what I wanted, not Kylee.

Admitting that wouldn't sound good, though, and I knew I was trapped.

She drove that point deeper. "I like what we're doing; this is what sex is all about. You can't just decide to be a prude and be like your parents."

"Why can't we just be you and me—"

She stressed, "I want what we have now. I like how he calls himself daddy; it makes me wet. I love the taste of his cock and cum – and I never thought I'd say that."

"Mine doesn't taste bad." It didn't; I had tasted it many times.

Kylee gave me a look. "Your cum tastes gross."

I swallowed hard; Wes' cum did taste better.

She said, "Why do you think I don't blow you very often? But Wes? I could blow him every day."

This wasn't improving my situation any. In fact, it felt like I was falling off a cliff I could never rescale.

She sighed wistfully. "Brook was right, I would do anything to get my hands and mouth on his cock."

I pouted. "I bet you want to fuck him, too."

Her eyes grew large with delight. "Yeah, totally. Do you think he'd want to?"

Her excitement was the impact of my stature hitting the ground at the base of the cliff. A sick feeling twisted in my stomach with the knowledge that if Wes wanted to do it, they would and there was nothing I could do to stop them. I croaked, "I don't want you to..."

She looked at me as if I was stupid. "Are you serious? There's no way I'd pass up that opportunity."

"Don't I have a say in this?"

"Drue. Stop. You're weirding me out with this old-people talk. This is 2018, not the 1800s."

"But, you're my wife."

"And life is great."

"But she whips me and he beats me up."

Her eyes lit up again. "I know; it makes my pussy tingle."

I bulged out my eyes at her. "But it hurts! And they made me wear your panties today—"

She gave me the understanding look. "I fully support your lifestyle and gender choices. You should be happy."

"Do you really want to be called a little girl?"

"With Wes, yes. It's very sexy. I feel like a little girl around him."

"They call me little boy and soy boy."

Her look was patient. "Drue. You are a little boy."

## CHAPTER 12

I knew I couldn't win. I had been in command of my life just a week ago. New Mustang custom ordered for me, and a pocketful of cash to buy a bar so we could forever have free beer.

What had gone wrong?

One man wrecked my life? Threw enough shade at me that I was powerless to stop this transformation?

They invaded my home again, at Kylee's invitation. I didn't want them here, but Kylee did. I didn't have any grounds to throw them out, even if I could.

My eyes watered as Brook immediately undressed and strapped on the dildo.

I knew my part. I had to play.

She said, "Get naked – and do it fast or you get the whip."

Instantly, I hated all my Playstation and Xbox games. They had not prepared me for this life and I thought they had been super realistic. They had not prepared me for hell.

I stripped, fell to my knees, and opened my mouth.

Wes grinned wickedly at us as his wife gripped my head and thrust the dildo into my mouth. She said, "Good boy. Now suck."

I sucked and slurped and my dick began reacting.

Wes said to Kylee, "Get naked little girl; she's going to use that on you next."

I was watching out of the corner of my eye.

She shed her clothing and stood in front of Wes. His eyes roamed over his body and he fondled his cock while doing it.

My dick immediately jumped to full erection.

Brook apparently thought I wasn't paying attention. She held my head and humped that dildo into my mouth – hard.

I gagged and grunted.

She said, "This is your role when we come over. You prepare. You are as much a participant as any of us and you will do your part. Do you understand?"

I tried to nod and not choke at the same time.

She shoved me off as if I were a filthy dog. "Good." She gripped Kylee by the shoulder. Down on the couch. Spread your legs."

My wife was wide-eyed. She reclined and opened her smooth thighs.

Wes was stroking himself, staring at her pussy.

That made my dick twitch like it was plugged into the wall. I gripped it and stroked with him. I... liked... him doing that and staring at my wife.

It was so... hot.

His cock was so big and Kylee's pussy so small. It reminded me of certain manga porn I had seen of enormous cocks splitting open little girl pussy. I panted at the idea.

Brook slid into position and my wife tensed up.

Kylee gasped. "Ah... it's big. Go slow."

The woman stroked my wife's skin. "I will. Relax and let yourself adjust." Then she looked back over at me. "Hey, are you forgetting something?"

I blinked. "Huh?"

She made a chin motion towards her husband. "Oil him up and get him ready."

A strange twist of eager anticipation and dread churned inside my stomach. "Okay..." I oiled my hand and knelt between his knees. He let me take over

stroking.

He almost gave me a kind smile. "Good boy. Stroke me while I check out your girl's pussy."

I jacked him faster, hoping to make him cum. I whispered, "Please..."

He scrutinized my face. "Hmm?"

"Please... don't fuck her." You'll wreck her pussy.

He laughed low and deep. "I don't think that's up to you."

"Huh?"

"That's up to her and me. If I want to fuck your wife and she's willing, we're going to fuck and you aren't stopping it. You can watch or close your eyes, I don't care."

I squeezed his awesome cock and tried to over-stimulate it.

He was giving me a level gaze. "I know what you're doing."

I bit my lip.

Kylee was getting slowly humped by Brook. I wished I could be watching it closer; lez stuff turned me on.

To make matters worse, the woman pulled out and bent down to lick Kylee's pussy – and I couldn't see it!

Brook sat back after a moment. "Mmm, fresh, young pussy."

Wes said, "It's time."

Fearful and excited, I expected him to try fucking Kylee now. My insides turned to stagnant water even as my dick surged with excitement.

I was not prepared.

Brooklyn was behind me and pushed me forward.

Wes gripped the back of my hair and said, "Open your mouth."

My eyes opened wider. I knew he meant to stick his dick in my mouth. "B-but, I'm not gay—"

My head was driven down. I clenched my teeth shut as the head of his shaft smashed against my lips.

He said, "Open up and suck."

I made a noise of rejection.

His other hand came close to my head and his finger pressed in the little hollow area beneath my earlobe. Pain erupted and sent jolts of agony down my shoulders.

"Open. Up."

Brook swished the whip behind me.

The pain from my ear was all it took; I opened my mouth to stop the torment.

The whip lashed anyway. My ass blazed with pain.

I cried out. "Ahh!"

Wes thrust his head forward. "Listen carefully, soy boy. You're going to learn to suck a real cock today. If you bite, my fist is going to break your nose and I will lube my dick with your blood. Understand?"

Kylee's voice jumped with joy. "Maybe give him a bloody nose anyway – just don't break it."

There was little consolation there that she at least cared about my nose getting broken.

I said quickly, "I won't bite, I swear."

Wes said, "Open."

I did.

Brook shoved my head from behind, driving my mouth down over her husband's cock. The massive thing filled my mouth and pressed too deep.

I gagged.

She kept pushing. "Suck my husband you little cocksucker."

Kylee was bouncing on the couch. "This is so cool!"

I didn't think so; I couldn't breathe. I choked and gagged, frantically moving my arms for air.

Brook let go.

I pulled off, gasping in sweet air.

Wes commanded, "Suck."

I dutifully and quickly lowered my mouth over his cock and began sucking.

He really did taste good, I had to admit.

Fearing more torment, I sucked, kissed, and swirled my tongue around his awesome tool. It was so large and filling that my jaw began hurting.

He grunted, "Get off."

I did, gladly. Sucking a better cock than mine only impressed me with how inadequate I was. I whispered harshly, "Please don't..." Fuck my wife.

My dick jumped at my thought, but the sick feeling settled in my gut told me to stop it at all costs.

He scowled at me.

Brook said, "He needs a lesson."

"Mm hmm." His eyes bored into mine. He said to me. "Lesson it is. Understand this, soy boy, you are nothing to me. You get me ready and obey. You don't tell me what to do. To demonstrate what I mean, you're going to learn you are nothing but two holes to me: ass and mouth. You don't want me to fuck your

wife?"

I shook my head desperately.

"Do you think your ass can take my dick?" He waved it at me.

"I'm not gay—"

"I didn't ask if you wanted it. I asked if your ass could take it. I'm putting my dick into a hole and cumming. Your ass? Your mouth? Or your wife's pussy?" He stood up and I fell over backwards.

I didn't have time to decide. He lifted me and tossed me onto the couch as if I weighed nothing. He pointed to Kylee's panties. "Brook..."

She picked them up and handed them to him.

He tossed them at me. "Put them on."

Feeling suddenly hopeful my virgin ass was safe, I pulled on her panties like they were armor. Well, my ass wasn't exactly virgin; I had crammed fingers up there pretty often. But I had never had my ass cherry popped by a cock. I didn't swing that way.

Brook began moving me.

I didn't know what to do.

She flung my arms and legs around... turning me until I was lying with my legs up on the back of the couch with my head hanging off the edge of the seat cushion.

I was looking at Wes upside down.

He stood there stroking his cock. "Open your mouth."

This was weird. I opened.

He came closer and squatted down. He lined up his cock and pushed it into my mouth, and then deeper down my throat.

Immediately, I was gagging.

He began pumping his hips and that hard pole rammed down into my throat.

*I'm being throat-fucked! Oh fuck no! Tears streamed from my eyes and I wasn't sure whether it was from the humiliation or the constant pain in my throat and lungs.*

He panted and huffed as he drove his cock into my throat. "Understand now? Soy boy? Your mouth... is nothing but... a hole for my cock. It's all..." he grunted and shoved it deep, "...you're good for. Understand?"

I was trying to wail, but his cock kept stopping me. Water ran from my eyes. Slobber shot from my lips. My legs and arms flailed all over the place uselessly. He wasn't just fucking my mouth, he was skull fucking me. His balls slapped my nose and eyes over and over.

He said, "Your little dick is hard. You like this... don't you... faggot?"

*No! I don't! Fuck! I'm going to die!*

"Fucking little gay faggot."

Brook giggled.

Wes asked my wife, "What do you think?"

I couldn't see her except an image in the corner of a bleary eye. It looked like she had her hand between her legs.

Kylee was gasping – barely audible above my gagging. She said, "I love this... so much..."

Suddenly I could breathe. My world was spinning on the edge of blackness. Spots swam before my eyes. I coughed and gagged, drawing in as much air as I could.

Wes gripped me by the hair. "Stroke me, faggot boy."

Desperate not to incur his wrath, I gripped his cock with a trembling hand and

stroked him as fast as I could.

He said to Kylee, "I see that look in your eyes, little girl. You want to be slut-fucked, don't you?"

My wife moaned.

"You want to be fucked like a little whore by anyone who is not your husband. Is that right?"

Brook brushed her fingers down over my wife's nipples. "Such a beautiful little girl."

Kylee's hips came up off the couch and she groaned with need. "Oh... fuck me, daddy. Please..."

Wes looked at me like a lawyer who had presented the smoking gun. "You see, faggot boy? There's nothing wrong with that. Now go into your bedroom with her. I'm giving you five minutes to talk to her – to learn completely that your role here is nothing but support. Go."

Eyes popped open at my luck, I jumped up and ran for the bedroom.

Kylee followed with a charged and sexy smile.

I had mere moments to stop my total destruction. I turned to her as she shut the door. "Kylee, please—"

"I'm doing it." She hopped onto the bed and rolled onto her stomach. She waved her feet gaily in the air. "I want it."

"But why? You have me."

"This is my first chance to try a truly awesome cock. I'm not going to pass this up."

My dick finally wilted – and it went fast. "Aren't I enough?"

Her eyebrows drew down. "We're not going to argue about the monogamy thing again. I'm not some teek, and you don't control me."

I knew she was right, but if Wes fucked her, he would wreck my wife's pussy forever. I knew it. "Please—"

She gave me a happy smile. "You know what?"

My pleading paused, I asked, "What?"

"He's going to come in here in a few minutes and fuck me. And there's not a thing you're going to do to stop him, is there?"

My arms trembled – wanting to fight but knowing the futility. "You can't..."

"I'm going to. This is my one chance to really experience what it's like to have... you know."

A bigger cock. A real cock.

She put her chin in both hands. "But you... do want to see me with another man's cock in me, don't you?"

I couldn't deny it; I wanted to. Seeing a real cock plowing her... Instantly, my cock hardened in her panties I was wearing.

Her eyes dropped to it and her smile spread. She whispered, "I can't wait."

I groaned and my dick flexed.

The door opened and Wes led the way in. He looked around barely noting the anime posters and action figurines of Goku and others.

I had once thought they conveyed power, but now I realized how sadly I was mistaken.

The man snapped his fingers at me and pointed.

I dropped to my knees and began sucking his beautiful cock back to life.

So he could fuck my wife.

My dick drooled pre-cum into my panties.

My panties. I guess they were mine now as much as my wife's.

I hated sucking him; it was demeaning. I enjoyed sucking him; his cock was amazing. I grappled the two sensations as he hardened fully in my mouth.

He patted my head. "Good little soy boy. Suck it..."

I moved eagerly, allowing my pleasure to overcome my worry over this new position in my life.

With a light move, he shoved me off. I went sprawling on my ass.

Brook helped me up.

That act of kindness surprised me and I offered a hesitant smile.

She smirked and stood slightly behind to my side. She slid my panties down with a gloved hand. My dick snapped out like a dong on a spring.

I awaited her touch with quivering anticipation.

Wes pulled my wife to the edge of the bed and looked at me. "I don't want to hear a peep out of you while I fuck your wife, understand?"

I swallowed and nodded to show I did. My dick jumped in front of me – almost as if indicating he should proceed.

He hefted his erection and smoothed some oil on it. Then he turned to Kylee.

I wanted it to stop and never see him again, but more of me was interested and curious if she could take it. I couldn't stop them; I might as well see the violation of my wife like it was a good porn vid.

Could she do it?

The touch of his helmet to her pussy brought a gasp from her. He pushed down and in. The head stretched open her swollen lips open in a big, round circle.

I gawked, mouth open.

Brook's gloved fingers brushed my cock and I moaned quietly in anticipation.

Wes shot me a warning look and frowned.

Swallowing, I panted out my excitement.

He turned to Kylee. "Is the little girl ready for daddy's cock?"

She nodded, eager, but with uncertainty painting her features. "Please... put it in. Slow..."

My wife begging was instantly followed by Brook giving my dick several good jacks.

I gasped and trembled – standing on my tiptoes with urgency.

Wes pushed. His head disappeared and I realized we were past the point of no return. It was happening, and right now. He was feeling the pussy that I knew.

His cock was pushing into my wife and my dick was throbbing with lust and joy.

## CHAPTER 13

I gasped as Wes pushed his cock further into Kylee's little body.

My wife moaned high with uncertainty – and louder with each inch that slid in. She began calling out, "Do it, daddy. Get it in... More..."

Brook brushed my dick again as I watched. My cock started jumping up and down, flexing over and over with stimulation.

Her hand disappeared and I felt her warmth leave me there for a moment. I heard her moving behind me.

Wes grunted and pushed until his cock disappeared.

My mouth was open in astonishment and my heart began jumping around in my chest with pride. She had taken all of his cock.

He let out a long sigh. "Fuck, she's tight."

Brook was back at my side, standing still. She asked me, "Looks good, doesn't it?"

I nodded with enthusiasm and a strange mix of emotions. I was jealous. I was excited. I was overjoyed. I was angry.

I saw my familiar wife, lying under him exactly like she lay under me when I gave her a good fucking. I was supposed to be there, not him. That he was there angered me a little but at the same time excited my dick that he was obviously enjoying what was mine.

And that was the big thing that ran through my mind: she was mine. He had no right to her, but he had staked a claim. He was going to do her if he wanted to no matter what I said. It wasn't fair for him to come along and just snap his fingers and they have sex. I had worked hard to get Kylee to have sex with me.

It was my success.

Wes shattered that. His muscular body was in perfect masculine definition as his hips worked back and forth. His long cock slid like an oiled piston slowly in and then out. In and out, over and over.

I didn't know Kylee's pussy could stretch that wide, but there it was. Another cock was fucking my wife's pussy and my head was spinning with joy.

It was awesome.

And there again, I was irritated. I didn't want him on her – in her. She was mine. Didn't he get that? She was mine.

He asked her, "Well? What do you think?"

Kylee just moaned and gripped his shoulders. Her fingernails made indents on his muscles.

He said, "What do you think of your husband's little cock now?"

She coughed and convulsed, and let out a laugh. "It's... pathetic... compared to you. I've... never felt... so full."

I watched as the big man's cock destroyed her pussy.

Brook whispered to me, "You know, she'll never be the same. Every time you have sex with her, she's going to be thinking of my husband's better cock." Her hand gripped my little dick and stroked it to his movements.

I tried not to moan. I croaked instead, but I don't think Wes heard it.

The muscle man spread out his feet wide for leverage. He leaned down on his elbows and began driving harder. His back and hip muscles bulged and contracted as his whole body worked to fuck my wife. He was a machine and my wife began making moans that were out of this world.

She was making sounds she had never made with me.

With my panties bunched mid-thigh, Brook was stroking me in time and I was tense with need. Her other hand brushed my butt. Then her finger probed my asshole.

I tried to squeeze everything shut. That just made my dick harder and more engorged. Her finger kept the pressure and I realized she had oiled the fingers on the other glove.

I gasped as she broke past the sphincter. In her finger slid as she jacked my cock rapidly.

I felt the loss then, bigger than before and I caught a snuffle, then a sob. Tears rolled down my face.

Wes looked back. He stopped pumping and gently pulled up Kylee's head. "Look at your pathetic husband."

I saw something on her face that gave me hope. I saw her concern.

She said, "Drue?" Her voice was tremulous.

I panted – it was all I could do. Her pussy was wrecked.

Kylee said, "I... I'm sorry, Drue. I'm... truly sorry."

Wes said, "Do you want daddy to stop?"

She let her head fall back and I saw tears in her eyes – the realization that what she was doing was hurting me. She answered, "No... No, I don't. I..." Her words stopped and her back arched. She wailed low and tense.

She was cumming.

My wife never came on my cock, but she was working through a doozy on his. Crying for hurting me and cumming for him at the same time.

I sobbed again.

Wes began power-fucking her, driving in and out until his balls made light slapping sounds against my wife's skin. His muscles worked ferociously as he fucked my wife.

I was getting dizzy. I was sniffling and sobbing, but my dick was the hardest I ever felt. Brook's gloved hands worked me from both ends.

Wes groaned, "Oh... fuck... yes..." Then he began grunting harshly.

Brook sped up her stroking. Her finger in my ass pushed deeper and began rapidly moving in and out.

The room spun and stopped. Every cell in my body tensed.

She said, "He's cumming in your wife. Deeper than you can ever go."

I cried out a strangled grunt of effort. Cum sprayed from my dick.

She removed both hands.

I immediately jacked my dick. I grunted and thrust my hips with each squirt of cum into the air.

Wes finally pulled out of my wife. His dick dripped. Her pussy was sopped. He stepped over to me and slapped me.

I didn't see it coming; there was no way I could avoid it. He didn't wind up or put much effort into it, but I swung around and fell to the floor.

He pointed his finger down at me, eyes glaring. "I said not a sound. I don't give a fuck if you cum. It isn't about you. It's about me and your wife and I don't want to hear you again, get it?"

The word burst from my mouth instantly. "Sorry."

He grunted with satisfaction and pointed to his dick. "Clean it off."

"With a rag or—"

He exhaled in exasperation. "With your mouth, fag boy."

I scrambled to him on my knees. "Sorry."

A long drip was in danger of falling. He exhaled again and wiped the cummy drip in my hair. "Hurry up." He slapped it against my mouth.

I sucked him in, not wanting to but knowing I had to. I wanted to choke from the lump in my throat, but I was determined not to start crying again.

I sucked off their combined juices as best I could.

He muttered, "Get the balls, too. Be quick; you need to clean your wife."

I delicately lapped up all over the soft tissue of his scrotum. He sighed with satisfaction, then whipped his cock against my temple. "All right, that's enough. Now lick everything out of your wife's pussy."

I froze. "Do I have to?"

I didn't see Brook behind me, nor the whip. My ass flared in agony as the leather cracked across my butt cheeks. "Agh!" I fell over, clenching my teeth at the amazing, burning sting.

The cunt was good with the whip.

I grumbled in pain.

Wes kicked me, not hard. "Get up faggot, and get to work." He laughed. "You don't want her getting pregnant, do you? Suck hard."

I jerked my body towards her and grimaced as I saw the sloppy pussy open and waiting. His cum was everywhere.

I heard the swish of the whip behind me.

Not waiting to see if she meant to smack my ass, I dove forward and pushed my face into the mess. I started licking like mad.

Brook giggled.

Wes chuckled.

The big-titted woman said, "Was she good?"

A grunt. "Fuck yes; I'll be wanting more of that. Super tight."

My wife moaned with happiness. "Ohh... I could get used to this..."

I licked the creamy globs as my crying began again.

## CHAPTER 14

I had a blissful week. They weren't supposed to come over until Friday night. But I got stressed as the middle of the week approached.

I was trying to persuade Kylee that she didn't want to do this anymore. She had experimented and experimentation was all great and good and shit, but enough was enough.

She wasn't budging.

I felt the first stirrings of panic Wednesday.

"Drue, I love this new lifestyle."

"Well, I don't."

"But I do. You can't tell me how I'm supposed to sexually behave; it's offensive."

"But you're my wife."

She touched my face. "I know, and I'm glad."

"But you're fucking him."

She bounced on her feet. "Isn't it great? I didn't think I could take it all."

*No, it isn't great. But I wasn't going to bring up the monogamy thing again – that was a total failure. I tapped my chest. "But it hurts me... in here."*

"I'm sorry that you can't accept my sexual awakening, but this is special for me."

"It's wrong."

She wagged a finger at me. "No, it's wrong to judge my sexuality and you know that. Stop judging me; it's an assault on my identity."

I fumed. I knew she was right; it was what we had all used to justify our sexual openness to others – especially teachers, rents and other adults.

I just never thought it would be used against me.

I tried again. "I love you, Kylee, I want us—"

"I know. I love you, too."

It just wasn't working.

Nothing worked.

Friday night came. I hadn't played a console game all week – I had no motivation. And I still hadn't contacted Chip to buy his shitty bar and turn it into the ultimate Millennial Manga Experience. I knew I could make a million on the idea.

No, the bar could sit and wait... because I had no desire to do anything else in my life right now but fix this... issue.

Life had seemed so easy just a month ago. Claim to be a victim and the world bowed before me. But when I tried this with my wife, it contradicted our previous position of accepting any and all forms of gender, sexuality, and preferences. Our strength was in our ironclad embrasure of anything goes.

I was now trying to fight against that and it wasn't working. It didn't feel right, either. I wasn't used to playing a self-righteous teek.

Wearing the other shoes was quite the experience and it was all going against me. My entire life had been built on the truth that all sexual preferences and lifestyles were valid. That I was now trying to deny that was a strange feeling indeed.

Kylee opened the door and let them in.

My nightmare returned, strolling as casually as prison wardens into a prison cell.

Is that what my home had become?

Brook threw me a small bag. "A gift for you." Her smile was smug.

I opened the bag. Inside were brand new lacy panties - pink with tiny little ribbons.

Knowing the expectations on me, I still tried to fight. "I don't—"

Out came Brook's whip.

Wes cracked his knuckles.

I was drowning in my own nightmare and there was no way out. I stripped off my clothes and put on my new pink panties.

Brook's teeth displayed her pleasure. "Adorable."

I blushed, embarrassed.

She said, "They feel good against your little dickie, don't they?"

I nodded because it was true, and looked down in shame.

If I was to support my wife's sexual preferences, I would meekly accept my position and go along. It was the right thing to do and in keeping with the millennial mantra that no one should be offending others by shaming their sexual choices.

The problem was, I didn't want to meekly accept and support her lifestyle. Fuck that.

Wes stripped out of his jeans and flannel shirt.

I dropped to my knees and accepted his cock into my mouth when he stepped to me. I sucked greedily, trying to get him hard and cum in my mouth, rather than fuck my wife.

He sighed. "You're good at cocksucking, little boy."

I hummed.

"Do you like sucking dick?"

That was an odd question to me. Certainly I didn't, because I wasn't gay. Except that I actually did like sucking his dick because it tasted good and having it in my mouth kept it out of my wife's pussy. So, I sort of nodded.

He chuckled and pulled off.

Brook was showing Kylee another bag. "A gift for you."

My wife opened it with enthusiasm. Her mouth went into a large circle of shock. She pulled out a blister package: it was a brand new strap-on. "For me?"

"For later."

Wes said, "I want a hug, but you're dressed..." His dick was pointing at her.

She set the gift down and danced out of her clothes.

*Another day, another nightmare that just gets worse and worse... I kept quiet watching my wife embrace him. Her hand immediately dropped and wrapped around his thick shaft.*

Brook bubbled, "She's so enthusiastic."

I waited patiently until I was called for, but inside I was seething. Oh sure, seeing her hand on his cock was exciting, and it made me hard, but I was not liking my place in this arrangement. Not at all.

*The depravity of it all...*

Imagine someone as hip as me thinking something like that.

I shook my head in my musings.

The depravity of it all seemed to impact me and no one else. It was as if this relationship lifestyle was aimed and directed solely to humiliate and belittle me. They all gained, but I didn't.

I had yet to titty-fuck Brook and squirt on the cunt's face. Shouldn't that have been a part of all this?

Why weren't my needs being met?

Yeah, great, Kylee looked so young and small snuggled up in his arms. Her little hand stroked his impressive rod like she hadn't seen it in a year.

Worse, she was desperately rubbing the head all over her clit and down – humping her hips out to get it to her pussy lips.

Brook was watching, too. "I think she wants to fuck."

My wife panted and quivered. "Yes... please..."

She was begging him while I knelt on the floor.

How could anyone turn down beautiful blonde Kylee? Anyone with a dick would tap that.

My little one hardened to erection. The scratch of the lacy part sent thrills up my back. I looked down at my bulge in the cute, pink panties. It felt good and looked good, so I began rubbing it.

Kyle had almost contorted enough standing there to get the head of his cock into her, but he was too big for that.

Wes lifted her. "I guess I can't wait, either." He carried my wife into our bedroom.

I followed. "Do you want me to oil you?"

"Yeah, hurry."

I spread oil on his hard shaft and stroked it. Some parts of our lifestyle I didn't like, but this one I did. I enjoyed the hard, velvety feel of his amazing cock. If I couldn't have one this nice, at least I got to feel one when I prepared Wes.

That, in particular, was the best part of any of this: I got to stroke the cock that was going to fuck my wife. I felt special in my position and supportive in a positive way.

In mere minutes, or even seconds, this thick cock would be pumping in and out of my wife's little pussy.

It was fucking hot.

My part in stroking him made me involved. It was almost as if it were my cock by proxy.

I wanted him to fuck her.

I wanted his cock to stretch her open and pound her pussy to orgasm.

I wanted him to do to her what I couldn't.

I wanted to see her satisfied and he was the one to do it.

In this one instance, I felt like I was the one in control and Wes was performing for me – perhaps even like a slave.

Maybe that was a slim slice of consolation, but I clung to it.

It was all I had.

Wes pushed my hand away. "You're drooling."

I wasn't, but my mouth was open and I had been staring cross-eyed at his awesome cock.

He turned and lifted my wife. "Which side of the bed is his?"

"The right."

He tossed her down on my side of the bed and slapped his cock down onto her clit. "Beg for it."

My wife laughed in frustration. "Please, just do it."

"Do what?"

"Stick it in me; I feel so empty."

"What do you want me to do?"

She exhaled in exasperation. "I want you to fuck me."

"But your husband is right here."

"I don't care." Her body squirmed and her pussy thrust up at him. "Please fuck me, daddy."

"On his side of the bed?"

My dick was dancing in my panties and it felt so very good.

She gasped, "Yes... please..."

"You want to be fucked like a slut, don't you?"

She moaned and spread her pussy open with her fingers.

Wes chuckled, but I could tell he was barely holding back. I was right; he thrust forward and crammed the head of his dick into her hole.

My wife moaned happily.

With a long grunt and shove, he strained to get it all in with just one push.

He accomplished it with my wife's hips up in the air and shaking with effort.

Then he just about yanked his cock out of her.

She collapsed onto the bed and panted.

He flipped her over and climbed behind her. He said, "Look at your husband."

I was standing at the side of the bed.

Brook was beside me but hadn't touched me.

Kylee looked at me with eyes glazed over in lust. They closed quickly as he slid his better cock in and out of her. Her head began to droop.

He grabbed a fist of her blond waves and pulled back. He rammed his hip against the back of her thighs and elicited a very satisfied moan from Kylee.

He grunted, "You love being fucked like a slut, don't you?"

Her response was low and more of a mutter than a proper word. "Yes..."

He slammed harder, with slower strokes. My wife grunted deep with each thrust. He asked, "Does your husband fuck you this hard, you little whore?"

"No."

I wasn't liking this very much and I scowled at him.

He wasn't paying attention.

However, Brook began lightly touching my cock through the panties and I at least had the pleasure of her stimulation.

Kylee wasn't even looking at me anymore, either. Both of them had pretty much forgotten about me. Connected cock to pussy, Wes and my wife fucked themselves into a frenzy.

She laid her head down on my pillow and moved it back and forth with the force of his thrusts against her.

I was definitely going to remember tonight her face in my pillow, mouth open and drooling, while making unintelligible sounds to the pleasure of her fucking another man.

I slid my panties down.

Brook's gloved fingers wrapped around my little shaft and stroked gently. She whispered in my ear, "My husband's cock goes so much deeper than yours. It makes her feel so good..."

I panted and nodded frantically. My heart hammered in my chest with excitement. What she said was true and ignited in me a lust I could not contain. I humped my hips and moved my cock through her fingers.

Wes pulled out and flipped her over like a ragdoll. "Open your legs for me, slut – while your husband watches and cries."

Except I wasn't crying – I was on the edge of cumming. I wanted to see his cock sawing in and out of my wife's pussy. It was even better than myself having sex

with her.

Brook pushed me a little closer.

I don't know why, but maybe they talked about this all before they came over.

Wes grunted with effort, driving his cock deep into my limp wife. He said, "Your little pussy belongs to me, now."

Kylee moaned her assent.

"I'll fuck it whenever I want and wherever I want."

She groaned as her body slowly tensed up. "Yes..."

"You're going to come to work for me. I think my partner would enjoy you, too."

Kylee finally opened her eyes. "Really? Can I?"

"The pay is great." He made several hard thrusts into my wife's pussy.

Brook pushed my head down. "Kiss your wife while my husband cums in her."

I almost came right there. I leaned down and kissed her parted lips, but she was barely responsive in her lust and her head was moving enough that I couldn't keep contact. Still, our tongues met a few times and she tried to kiss me back.

Wes gripped my head. "Change of plans." He pulled my head over to her pussy. His lower abdomen hit my cheek, but I got the idea: lick her while he fucked her.

I complied. I twisted my head a little and was able to reach my tongue not just to her clit, but also the smooth and juiced sliding shaft as it ravaged my wife's pussy.

I loved it and so did my dick.

Kylee worked through a series of moans and gasps that came fast and harder. She bucked her hips and came on his cock.

He pulled out and rammed his cock into my mouth, hard, while she came.

I didn't like that. I gagged, but he only gave one thrust.

He pulled out and slid it deep into Kylee's pussy and held it there. He also had a vice grip on the back of my neck. His hand squeezed painfully and I realize he was cumming in my wife.

He only gave one loud grunt, though, and pulled out. He held his cock and my head and aimed his ejaculation at my mouth. spurts of cum lanced out and spattered on my cheek. A lot of it. I felt like I was drenched with a hose.

I opened my mouth to catch it, but most of it landed hotly on my face.

I didn't like that, either, but there was nowhere for me to go. He was demonstrating his superiority in a way that humiliated me once again. Just when I was starting to enjoy some of it, he made sure I was demeaned.

I said to him, "Why did you do that? If you're going to fuck my wife, she deserves to have you finish inside her."

He looked at me strangely. "Does that bother you?"

"Yes; she's my wife."

"I know she is – that's why I cum so hard after fucking her. I wanted to show you."

## CHAPTER 15

I was broken beyond the point of hope. Everything just kept getting worse. Surely I would've hit bottom by now?

I mean, like, what the fuck else could they do to me?

*This is one fucking long dive off the cliff.*

I knew after they left Friday night that the hell weekend was just getting going.

I bitterly flung the blister package containing the strap-on across the living room. "Am I supposed to practice deep throating with you or something?"

Kylee place her hands on her hips. "Brook has been coaching me—"

"No. Whatever it is, just no." I pouted petulantly.

"Drue, you need to be more caring and supportive about my sexual preferences and lifestyle."

I pounded my chest. "What about my lifestyle and preferences?"

She missed the point. "You're adapting so well. You're fitting right in. Why are you so moody?"

I threw up my hands. "Excuse me? What makes you think I want to be Wes' cuck-sub?"

She looked confused. "But you're so good at it."

I rolled my eyes. "Oh yeah, Life Achievement right there. Got a badge; I'll wear it out so everyone can see."

"What's wrong with that?"

There wasn't, but it didn't seem to be me. Sure, millions of people demonstrated

their sexual preferences and lifestyles out in public with overt displays designed to raise awareness. But I didn't see myself pissing on the altar of a church as a way to celebrate my cuck-sub status.

*Hey everyone, look at me. I suck cock and love it. I'm pathetic. I was supposed to be a man, despite my embrasure of all sexual genders. I was supposed to have the dick that other men wanted because... I was a man.*

But I didn't have the dick for it.

I was a failure.

I still hated it – and that hatred was growing.

The plan on Saturday was simple: Wes was going to bring his business partner to meet Kylee.

I suspected sex.

I was right.

I was also going to be humiliated in ways that were beyond my nightmares.

Wes arrived Saturday with his wife and the other guy. He thumbed toward the tattooed man. "Neil."

That was all the introduction I got.

Brook nudged me. "Get undressed."

Kylee was leaning back against the doorframe, squirming with curiosity.

I said, "I thought this was just an introduction—"

Wes tilted his head forward and down at me. "Yeah, he's going to give her a test-run. He's gotta approve of who we bring into the office. If she's going to be putting out for the guys..."

I gritted my teeth. At the same time, my dick betrayed me.

Brook nudged me again – this time with the whip. "Don't forget your panties."

Neil smirked, but he was busy checking out my wife. "Man, she's a tiny thing. And she likes the little girl-daddy stuff?"

Wes said, "Digs all over it. Cums like a banshee."

Neil looked at me as I undressed. "And he's okay with it?"

Brook stroked the whip over the skin of my back. "He's a good little cuck. He even cums when he watches. Wait'll you see his little dickie."

I burned red with shamed heat.

The partner had already dismissed me. "Well, let's test her out." He unzipped. "Suck me, little girl."

My wife seemed slightly timid, but she came up straight and knelt in front of him.

Wes said, "We should have soy-boy here jack you hard."

Neil grimaced. "Fuck no, I don't want him touching me."

The big man clapped his friend on the shoulder and laughed. "You should try it sometime. Makes you feel like superman."

"No thanks. Chick mouth on my dick is what makes me happy."

My wife sucked in his semi-hard dick. He wasn't as big as Wes, but still longer than me by at least a couple inches.

He dropped his hand onto her head and leaned his hips forward.

My wife devoured his shaft with her lips and tongue – taking him all the way down. She moved her head back and forth, masturbating him with her mouth.

Neil said, "Fuck, that's nice."

Seeing her worship the cock of yet another man had a dual effect on me: my dick got super-hard and my jealousy spiked.

*Does everyone have a better dick than me? I was in my panties, but pulled them*

*down so I could stroke – but I was jacking while mad.*

I hated my dick: it wasn't good enough for my wife. It didn't bring her satisfaction. She might have loved me, but she needed a real cock.

One I didn't have.

Neil pulled her up and began removing her clothes. He was not gentle. He rape-stripped her as if her clothes were offensive. His dick throbbed in the air as he made my wife naked. Then he bent her over the arm of the couch and pushed her head down. Aligning from behind, he tensed and closed his eyes.

I saw Kylee tense, too, then relax.

His hips moved forward and he sighed. His dick was inside my wife. "Oh... yeah... Very nice." He gripped her hips and thrust into her like a savage. His hips slapped the back of her thighs and forced the couch to creak and scoot along the floor.

My wife began moaning loudly with arousal. "Oh yes, fuck me..."

Neil huffed, "Like that, little girl?"

"Yes, daddy."

He fucked her harder – like almost vicious.

Brook didn't need to help me; I was already jacking my dick. I hated what I was seeing, but was so turned on that I couldn't help myself. This stranger was literally raping Kylee in front of me and my dick was even harder than when Wes fucked her.

I wanted Neil to rape my wife. To make her scream and cum. I wanted her pussy to get trashed by this tattooed man. I wanted her limping from the fucking.

*Yes. I jacked my dick faster.*

I wanted it.

I wanted him to shoot his cum deep into her.

*Fill her up, you fucking prick.*

Neil's hand was pushing my wife's face down as he hammered her pussy hole.  
"Does your boyfriend have a little dick?"

Kylee gasped, "Yes, my husband. Not my boyfriend."

"You married a little dick?"

"Yes..." she whimpered to the pounding.

I watched with fascination as Neil leaned on my wife and savaged her pussy. Her taut, skinny thighs jiggled tightly to the pounding.

He growled through gritted teeth, "Do you get off... being fucked... in front of your husband?"

She groaned long and loud – close to orgasm. "Yes..."

His eyes were lit like fires. "So young and already cheating."

Wes cheered him. "Do it, Neil. Break her marriage vows. Break her pussy."

His partner moaned with his excitement. "Yeah... fucking little married slut."

Kylee wailed into the cushion of the couch and her legs began vibrating and shaking. She howled her orgasm into the cushion.

Neil got one foot up on the back of the couch and hammered her at an angle. His balls slapped loudly and he cried out a moment later, yelling loud as he emptied his balls into my wife.

He pulled out after a few minutes of heavy breathing and jerking. Every last drop had been planted deep.

He heaved an exhausted sigh.

Wes was just grinning, waiting.

Neil nodded. "Little girl pussy? And married, too? Fuck yeah, she's perfect."

"I'll bring her in Monday."

"I'm outta here." He looked at my little red dick and snickered. "Perfect."

I watched him go.

Brook pushed me. "Clean-up. Kylee, don't move."

I thought that might be the end of the day. It was not.

## CHAPTER 16

I shook my head violently.

Brook had helped Kylee into the strap-on.

I thought I was supposed to suck it.

The big-titted cunt pointed to the couch. "Face down, cuck-boy."

"But—"

Wes leaned over to my ear as if I was hard of hearing. "Remember when I said you were just two holes to me? Now get down on the couch or it'll be me stuffing my cock into your ass. Understand?"

I whimpered, pleading. "This isn't fair..."

Brook was oiling the dildo.

Wes said, "I'm bigger than the dildo."

That was all it took. I got face down onto the couch where my wife had just been pounded to an amazing orgasm.

Brook gave her simple directions.

I felt my wife climb over me and play with my butt cheeks. I gasped, "But I'm not gay."

Wes grunted, "Shut up, faggot boy." He sat naked in my recliner and his wife sat on his knees, stroking his erection as they watched us.

Kylee pressed the cold plastic against my asshole.

I grunted.

The tip popped in after a burning sensation made me think my entire hole was ripping open. The dildo slid in painfully, even though it was oiled.

I cried out in agony.

Brook said, "Fuck him like a whore."

My wife bounced up and down, driving the dildo in at an odd angle. I humped my hips up to relieve the pain.

Wes snorted. "Perfect little faggot. Popped his ass right up for it."

Kylee settled into less awkward strokes.

Brook urged her, "Ask him what we talked about."

My eyes were squeezed shut and leaking tears. This was way more uncomfortable than Brook's fingers.

My wife grunted in my ear, "Do you like seeing me fuck other cocks?"

I coughed and my dick stiffened. I made a noise.

She asked, "Well? Do you?"

The fucking motion moved my dick against the fabric of the couch. I was getting used to the pain and was finding myself turned on. I said through gritted teeth, "Yes."

"Do you like seeing me cheating on you with other men?"

"Yes..." A cold wash of realization rolled down my back: I was a cuck.

"Do you like seeing their bigger dicks in my pussy?"

I groaned in lust and humped my butt.

She whispered the next question and I heard the uncertainty. "Do you like me fucking you up your ass with a big strap-on?"

I called out wordlessly as my dick twitched and squirted. I cried tears of shame

and mutterings of lust. I humped my hips hard as I shot an enormous quantity of hot cum onto the cushion.

My wife's thrusting forced my dick to slide through the smear of it all.

It felt great.

She said, "I love you, Drue."

I gasped happily, "I love you, too."

## CHAPTER 17

What more was there going to be? How far could they humiliate me?

The one thing I feared most was that there were multiple answers to that question.

I had a very short instruction list and an envelope of cash: I was supposed to take her to the mall tomorrow and buy her the sluttiest dress I could find. Stockings optional. Work clothes for her new position in the company.

They sold athletic club memberships, but her position would be Personal Relations. I knew what he meant: she was going to be available to select employees for their... use.

If the dress wasn't super-slutty, Wes promised he would tear my ass apart with his enormous cock. He said I would poof air for the rest of my life if he was forced to ass-rape me.

I knew I had better buy the sluttiest dress possible.

I went into the bedroom later that night, limping. My ass was raw.

Kylee was on the bed in her t-shirt. It was pulled up and she was fingering her pussy and rubbing her nipples under the shirt with her other hand.

My dick started to react. I demanded, "What are you doing?" What I really wanted to know was why?

She groaned and squirmed on the bed. "I can't... stop thinking of fucking other guys in front of you. It's so hot..."

That she was turned on turned me on also. I coughed in scorn, but my answer betrayed me. "Yes, it is."

Her fingers dipped deep into her pussy. "I want to fuck more cocks..."

I groaned and stripped off my sweats. My dick sprang out. I climbed on the bed.

She was groaning quietly and writhing. "More cocks."

I gripped my dick and jacked between her legs. "I want to see it."

She lifted her head. "You do?"

I nodded.

"It's all I think about now. Taking bigger and better dicks."

I grunted in lust and pushed my little dick onto her clit. "Yes. More."

She let out an airy exhale of lust and her legs flopped open. "Will you help me?"

I thrust into her wet pussy. I remembered Neil in there earlier and my cock flexed. "Yes..."

She asked in disbelief, "You'll help me find more cocks?"

I humped into her eagerly. I panted, "I would... do anything for you, Kylee. I love you."

She wrapped her arms around me and sighed peacefully. "Fuck me like the cheating slut I am."

I exploded into my wife after just four pumps. I would help her find cock. I would help her and love it. I looked forward to it.

## CHAPTER 18

Monday morning was bittersweet for me. I didn't work. Up until now, neither did she. Living off my father's money was the easy life.

We had all the pizza money could buy.

She stood in the doorway dressed in a faux leather minidress slit so far up the side that it was obvious she wasn't wearing panties.

I was hard just looking at her.

Any small breeze would have been enough to move the front flap and expose her pussy – or the back flap and expose her tiny ass.

She asked me, "Do I look sexy?"

The bitter part was that she was going to be parading around in it and I wouldn't be there.

Wes hadn't hired me.

I said, "Yes, very. Are you sure you want this job? All it will be is sex..."

Her eyes smoked with enthusiasm. "The perfect job. I wonder how many new cocks I will see today?"

My erection wilted with worry.

Would she find someone better than me?

Would she fall in love with a new guy?

Was this the end of our marriage?

Certainly she would find better dicks – and I wouldn't be there to see it.

She left and that was not the end to the torture – it was just the beginning.

I received a Facetime call not an hour later.

Wes grinned at me smugly on the screen. "Hey boy, just wanted to let you know your wife is meeting the senior sellers."

The phone moved.

Kylee was on a conference table, her dress pushed up. Three guys were around her – one inside pumping. She was making quiet noises while the guy fucked her. The other two were masturbating. One guy looked to be my size and that strange little detail almost made me feel better.

The vision on the phone changed back to Wes' face.

*Dammit, I want to see.*

I scowled at him.

He said, "As you can see, she's really enjoying herself. You're going to have quite a mess inside her to clean up later."

"Uhh..."

"So far, she's a big hit with the sales force. Neil's going to have another go with her after these guys finish."

I gaped at him, feeling a mix of anger and resentment – still all mixed with excitement.

He gave me a look and said, "Happy jacking, cuck-boy."

The screen went blank.

I paced and sat. I ranted in the kitchen and in the living room. I knew everything was falling apart.

She was gone – seduced away by better dick. Bigger dick.

It wasn't getting any better and it wasn't going to get any better.

The bully had beat me up and taken my wife.

The call later was immediately obvious. Wes smiled smugly at me again. In the background, I could hear my wife's yells of desire.

That hurt more than anything.

She was getting what she needed and it wasn't from me.

The end was nigh.

He panned the phone to my wife being fucked face down over Neil's desk. The phone clicked and settled into what must have been a charger. I was witness over speaker and screen to the violation of my wife.

Neil said, "You love cheating on your husband, don't you?"

Kylee moaned in a voice so filled with lust that it didn't seem like her at all. "Fuck yes!"

"Do you want your husband's dick in you?"

"No," she said throaty, "I want yours."

"Deep?"

"Fuck me deep."

Neil said, "I love fucking married women." He laughed.

Kylee's voice was desperate. "Do it. Do it please..."

"Do what?"

I heard the tones she was making and knew she was on the edge – and more than that: she was frantic. "Cum in my cheating pussy. Please..."

Screeching sounds came from the desk and everything was moving and jerking. He was really slamming into my wife.

Tears gathered in my eyes as I jerked my dick.

I had reached the end.

It was over.

I was done.

Yes, I was done.

Even when my cum launched hot and fast as Neil emptied his balls into my wife,  
I knew I was done.

Defeated, I had nothing left.

## EPILOGUE

I had nothing left to plan or persuade.

I had nothing left to lose.

I drove to the address Kylee had for Wes and Brook later that evening. I had told Kylee that I was going out. No explanation.

They lived in a small house, motorcycle and Chevy truck out front.

*Brook drives a truck? I shook my head and rang the doorbell with a shaking finger.*

The big-titted blonde answered and just gave me a smug look. "Cuck-boy is here?"

I summoned what courage I had – which was none – and said, "I need to speak with Wes. And you."

Her eyebrows lifted as if inspecting an insect. "Do you now?"

I suppose I was an insect to them. I nodded.

She opened the door and let me in. She turned and called, "Wes-baby?"

He answered somewhere from another room. "Tell them to go way."

"It's cuck-boy."

He made a sound I couldn't make out. Then he appeared in the hall. He frowned ferociously at me. "What the fuck do you want?" His hands clenched and unclenched.

I swallowed and said, "I'm not doing this anymore."

He leaned close, the threat obvious. "You. What?"

I lifted my chin. "I don't care how many times you beat me up, I'm not doing it."

He shared a look with Brook, then motioned us into the living room. He pointed me to the couch and sat on what I assumed must be his throne.

He was in total control.

He said, "What is all this about?"

I had no fear left, just resignation. "I know you can beat the shit out of me, but I don't care anymore."

"And?"

Seeing an open invitation, I said, "I'm not taking it up the ass anymore, I'm not sucking your dick, I'm not getting whipped or wearing panties."

His eyebrows rose high on his forehead and he chuckled. "Is there... anything else?"

Heated by shame, I said, "Yes, there is. I don't want her being an office slut—"

Brook said, "But it turns you on."

I looked at both of them. "It does... y-yes. I like seeing you do her. But I can't see what's going on while she's at work. She's my wife. When you were at my house, I was involved... sort of."

Wes pointed his finger, then moved it as if sorting things sideways. "So we can fuck your wife at your place but not at work?"

"Right. I don't agree with this work-thing. I... liked... Neil, too. But I want to be there. I want it to be in my home where I am involved."

Wes got up and loomed over me threateningly.

I immediately stood up to receive my beating. I lifted my chin and waited.

He cocked his arm back and thrust it forward, fast. It stopped before hitting my stomach. He said, "Sure. Agreed."

I flinched, expecting the punch, but it didn't connect. I looked down. His hand was extended to shake.

I stammered, "Wait, wh-what? You agree?"

His eye twinkled in a friendly manner. "Yeah, I do. We do."

"B-but..."

Wes still held his hand there.

I gripped it.

He said, "Welcome to manhood, boy."

**Thank you for reading *The Bully and My Bride*. All reviews are greatly appreciated!**

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Dirty Dates – she reluctantly begins dating to please her husband

Slide – Adam wants to transform his wife, but she transforms him instead