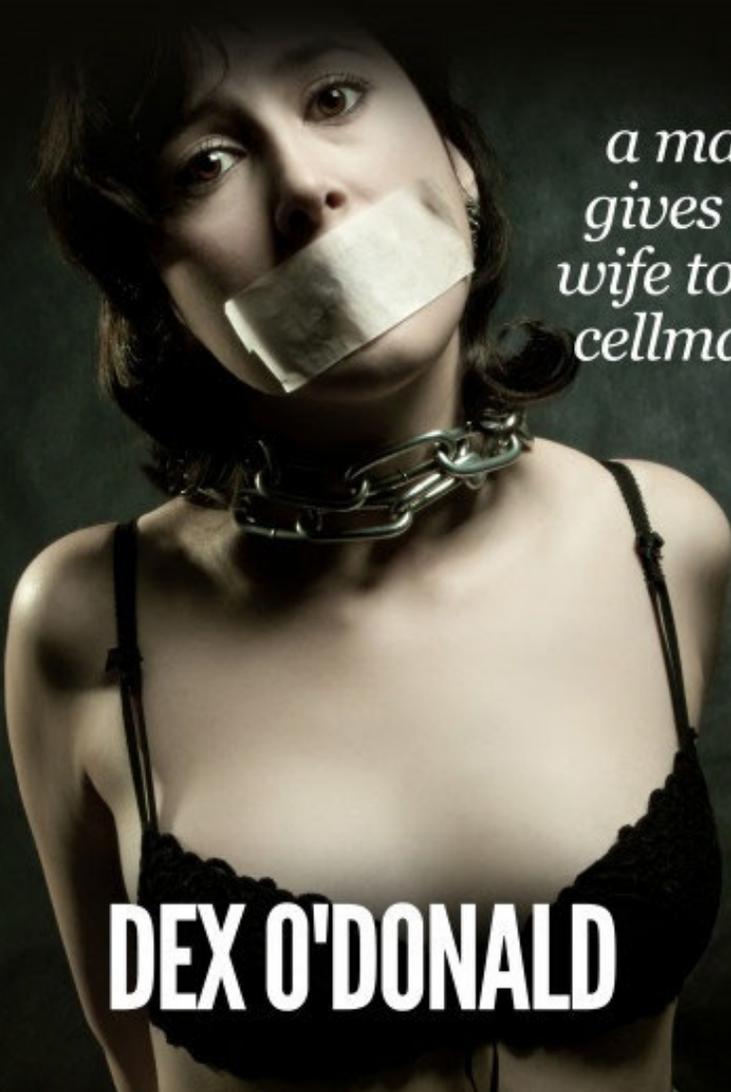


THE CONJUGAL CUCKOLD

EPISODE 1: A PRISON GANGBANG

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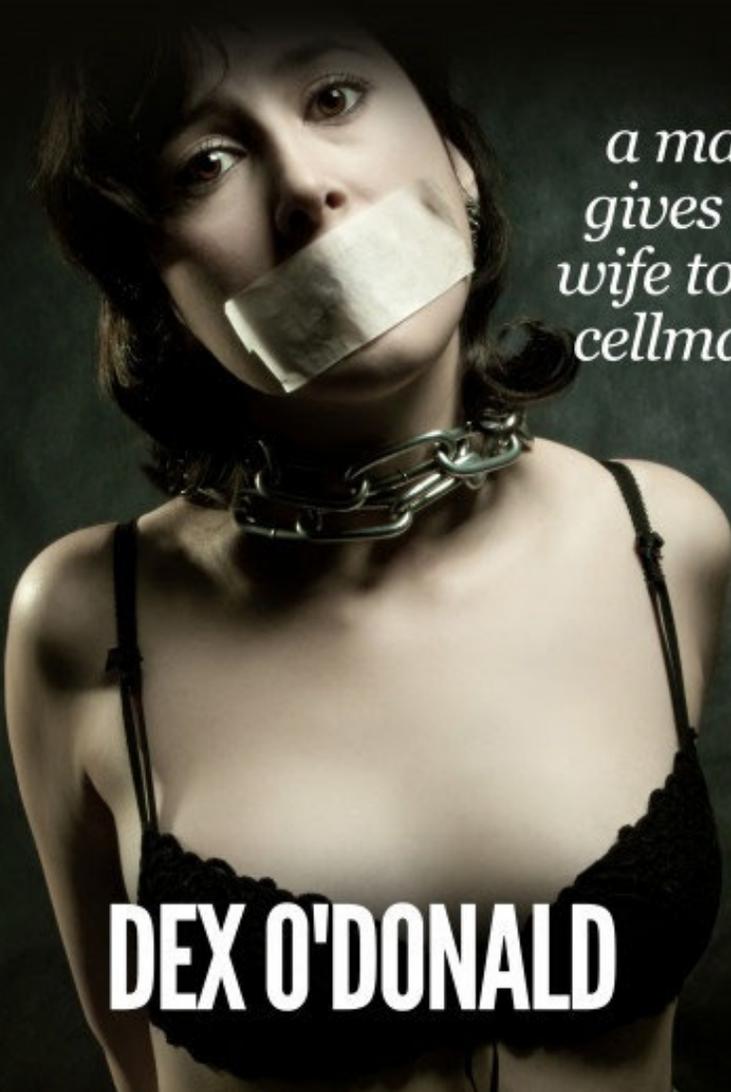
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DEX O'DONALD

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The Conjugal Cuckold

Episode 1: A Prison Gangbang

By

Dex O'Donald

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Correctional Officer Banks walked my wife into the visiting room that day and the first thing I thought when I saw her was Oh my God, they are going to eat her alive. Her long hair was done up in an elaborate brunette bun that sat on top of her head. A few locks of hair had escaped and were streaming down the sides of her face, highlighting her dark brown eyes and the bright red lipstick that burned like a star. Her dress was one piece; it started just below her tits and the black garment was just barely concealing her nipples and letting her cleavage hang out for anyone(including Banks who was smiling and getting an eyeful) to see. It went down past her ass but just about ended there, letting her long tan legs take deep breathes of the stuffy prison air.

Brooke sat down and Banks, instead of walking away as he usually did, stood next to her and did not move. I noticed a slight bulge in his pants and said bulge was merely inches from my wife's face. I glared up at him as if to say she isn't here for you, fuckwad. But Banks just smiled at me, his big stupid grin nearly as bright as the fluorescents in the visiting hall. His smile said she isn't here for you either, dipshit. He was right.

I tried to speak to my wife then but the words failed me.

"It's ok, Todd," she said, keeping hard eye contact with me. I had a hard time returning the glare- her cleavage was huge and undeniable and the knowledge of everything that was about to happen seemed to be hitting me at once. My vision got blurry and my heart started to pound.

"Is it?" I said. "Is it OK? Jesus Christ, Brooke, did you have to dress like that?"

"Are we doing this or not!" she nearly screamed it at me. Other people in the

visiting hall had noticed us, or rather, noticed Brooke and the clothes she was wearing. Women usually dressed up for their husbands the first time they visited but the creepy looks from the other prisoners and the guards shut that shit down after a first go. But here was Brooke. She had come to see me how many times now? And it was the first time she had ever worn anything but sweats. But even the sweats hadn't fooled my up-standing peers at the prison into what she may or may not have underneath. They knew.

After all, that was why she was here today, wasn't it?

"If we are doing this," she explained, her eyes on fire and her red lips swimming in my vision, "We do it right. It's a onetime thing and I don't want any ambiguity on this, Todd! We do it right, and you are good. Good?"

Good, I thought. Am I good? Suddenly this trade off seemed so much more lopsided than it had when Marcus first proposed it in his musty cell, along with Freddy and Lo-Mac. No, come to think of it this was no fare trade at all. This was highway robbery. With Brooke looking like she did now, coupled with the fact that I hadn't gotten any in the six months that I had been on the inside, this was way past highway robbery. This was a goddamn heist of epic proportions.

Banks was still smiling in his blue uniform. Waiting. Listening.

"OK?" Brooke leaned across the table, her nipples threatening to slip out over the top of her dress.

"OK, you're right," I admitted. "But that doesn't mean it's going to be easy for me, Brooke."

“Easy for you?” She whispered in anger. “Easy for you, Todd? What the fuck do you think it is for me? Pleasure?”

I looked at her long and hard and some words crossed my mind, some very terrible words that I did not say but maybe I should have. Is it pleasure, Brooke? Is it? Are you really just doing this for me? I’m not the only one who hasn’t been laid in six months. Had I said any of that she would have gotten angry and denied it. And maybe she would have been telling the truth. Who knows?

“Alright, let’s get this over with,” I said to her, and then looked up at Banks and nodded.

“I love you,” Brooke said.

“I love you too.”

We both stood up and Banks took Brooke around the elbow. The two of them led and I followed. We walked through the visiting area away from the entrance door and toward the security gate that led back to the prison. Banks veered to the right with Brooke and I followed, feeling the stares of the other inmates and visitors as we went.

In the back corner of the room behind a section of wall was a metal door. Banks let go of Brooke long enough to pull his key-ring up from his belt loop and find the one he was looking for. He unlocked the door and led us inside.

Here was a separate visiting room, a fraction of the size of the main one. It looked like an interrogation room they might use in the TV shows about cops and robbers. It was bare except a steel table that was bolted to the floor in the middle of the space. It smelled like sterilizer and the single bulb in the overhead lamp cast an ominous glow.

Banks pulled out a set of handcuffs and looked at Brooke.

“What the fuck is this?” I said.

“A request from your buddy Marcus,” Banks said, unlatching the cuffs and moving closer to my wife. “I don’t think you really want to get in the way of this one, Toddy boy.”

Brooke looked at me and I could see a little bit of fear in her eyes. “It’s ok, honey. Whatever they want. Like you said, let’s just get this over with.”

Brook held out her wrists to Banks. Banks smiled and did a twirling motion with his finger, beckoning her to turn around. Brooke did as she was told and then put her hands together against her back. The CLICK of the cuffs filled the room as he situated them onto my wife’s small wrists.

“And just one more thing,” Banks said. He pulled out a roll of tape from his pocket and tore off a piece about four inches long. “They want to un-wrap her just like a present on Christmas morning,” he smiled. I tried to protest as the prison guard taped my wife’s mouth shut but nothing came. I knew then that this

whole thing was way beyond my control. Had it ever been under my control?

Brooke looked at me bound and helpless, her beautiful hazel eyes wide and curious. Banks led her to the table in the center of the room, picked her up by her ass (squeezing more than was necessary), and set her down on the table top.

“I’ll be right back,” Banks said, a little too excited. He shut the door and locked us in.

We waited there in silence, alone together for the first time in six months. Even as helpless as she was then I felt my dick getting hard in my prison sweats. The cleavage and her hair and the way she was sitting on that table top, I just could not help it. I tried to think of some comforting words to say but none came.

The CLICK of the door lock.

Muffled laughter from outside.

And then the door opened.

Three dark figures entered the room smiling; their black skin seemed beyond darkness in the dim light of the single bulb that lit the room. It was Marcus, Freddy, and Lo-Mac. They were laughing. They were thrilled.

“Well, well, well,” Marcus said, rubbing his big black hands together. “God-

DAMN, girl!”

The other two came up behind Marcus as he moved on my wife. She was strong and her eyes fierce. Her shoulders were up and her back was straight and she looked ready to take on anything.

“Damn girl, you look eager for some dick!” Lo-Mac laughed.

“You ready for this, girl? Marcus asked her, reaching his hand up to the perfect bun on her head and taking out the hair tie. Long brown hair cascaded around Brooke’s shoulders and for a moment she looked like a Goddess. A Goddess bound and gagged.

Marcus took the tape off of her mouth and then the three convicts began to touch my wife.

I put my face into my hands and asked myself how did I get here?

I got a year in the big house for mail fraud. Technically it could have been a lot worse because of what was coming through the mail; large amounts of drugs from the west coast. I had been having them shipped to me monthly without the knowledge of my wife and I was making a good bit of cash on the side doing it. Enough to make a down payment on a house and buy my beautiful wife a new car. Life was good.

From the day I got home and saw the police waiting for me at my front door to

the bus ride out to the penitentiary was roughly three months. It put an awful strain on my marriage and worse, the conversations we had about “waiting for each other” brought the reality of it all home. I was going to be gone a year, maybe nine months if I was lucky.

I came into prison fresh and stupid. I’m only about five feet six inches, short with a small build. The second I stepped into my cell my I was sized up and judged as a pussy. My cell-mate was a giant black guy named Marcus who had face tattoos and didn’t like to wear any clothes except his boxer briefs. The second Marcus saw me his eyes lit up like a butcher with a fresh cut of lamb.

“What’s up, white boy?” he said. “How the fuck a nice white boy like you end up in big bad prison?”

“Mail fraud,” I told him. “What about you?”

Marcus just laughed at the question and moved in closer to me. He towered over me like a street lamp on a corner, his bright white smile glittering down on me. The top of my head reached the start of his broad shoulders and I could smell his sweat from the exercise he had been doing in the cell before I had gotten there.

“Just us?” I said.

“For now...for now.” Marcus said. He wouldn’t stop staring at me and I started to get the feeling that everything I had seen in the movies was true; I was about to be some big convicts bottom bitch for the entirety of my stay in prison. I tried to speak but my words failed me. I was terrified.

“What’s your name, white boy?”

“Todd.”

“Todd. Ha! Whitest goddamn name I’ve ever heard. Well, Todd, I’m gonna need yo’ ass to sleep on the ground. See, my back starts to hurt with just the one mattress the pigs give us. I need two mattresses. For my back. You understand?”

That night I slept on the cold hard prison floor while Marcus kept his back in line and snored without a care in the world. Throughout the day several of his “friends” came by to hang out and talk to him. I started to get the sense that Marcus had a certain rank in the prison, a certain amount of power. There was a security guard in particular named Banks that brought him things: cigarettes, whiskey, porno magazines, etc. I figured it could be worse. I had the most powerful inmate in prison as my roommate. This could be a good thing.

I was wrong.

The first time Brooke came to visit I knew immediately it was a mistake. Though she had on baggy sweat pants with the shirt to match, I was getting uncomfortable with the way Banks was staring at her. I got even more uncomfortable when Banks left for a few minutes during my wife and I’s visit and came back with Marcus. Marcus had no one to visit with. Instead, the two of them just stood by the exit door laughing and snickering with one another, all the while never taking their eyes off of me or my wife.

That night in the cell I was woken up from a light sleep on the ground by Marcus. He was standing over me and he looked to be about seven feet tall in the darkness of the prison cell.

“Was that your girl today giving you a visit, Todd?”

“My wife,” I said, groggy and blurry-eyed.

“What she packing underneath those baggy ass clothes, Todd?”

“Excuse me?”

“Bitch don’t act like you can’t hear! I’m talkin’ bout’ yo’ wife, white boy! What she got on underneath those clothes!”

“Underwear, I guess?”

Marcus drove his foot into my side and I cried out. I curled into the fetal position and waited for the pain to subside. Marcus kneeled down so he was closer to me and grabbed hold of my jumper collar.

“Listen here,” Marcus said in a vicious whisper, “things can go real easy in here for you if you on my good side. You understand, white boy? Real easy. But my bad side? Shit... You don’t want to see that.”

“What are you saying?” I said, wincing from the kick.

“I’m saying I wanna see what your girl’s got on underneath that mess of clothes. I want you to call her on the phone tomorrow and tell her to bring some pictures for you next time she makes the trip. You understand, Todd?”

I looked into his dark eyes for a moment and realized that I was at the mercy of a violent criminal. That any fighting back would be swiftly snuffed out and that if I had any hope of survival for the next year of my life, this was my best bet.

After all, it was only some pictures.

“OK.” I said.

“Good...And none of that panties and bra shit, Todd, you hear me? I want to see that hoe’s titties, ass, and cunt. You don’t get me those pictures, Todd, and well, sleeping on the floor gonna be the least of your problems. You understand?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what? White boy?”

“Yes...sir?”

Marcus smiled and stood back up. He turned and got back into his double mattress bed and I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Sleep did not come.

After I spoke to Brooke and got the pictures Marcus wanted I had the pleasure of getting to know his buddies, Lo-Mac and Freddy, much better than I wanted to. Around one in the morning Banks unlocked Marcus and I's cell and led Freddy and Lo-Mac in. This was strictly against the rules of course but as I had surmised earlier, Marcus was calling certain shots within the prison walls. And somehow he had Banks wrapped around his finger.

Marcus introduced the two thugs to me before his grin widened.

“Alright, Todd. I want you to go sit yah ass right up against those bars while me and the boys have a look at these pictures.”

Not wanting to get kicked again, I did as I was told. I sat down with my back to the bars and watched Marcus reach under his pillow and retrieve the photos I had given him early: Brooke in bed with her beautiful, milky tits propped under one arm while she snapped a photo. Another: Brooke bent over with her ass cheeks spread so you could see everything. And a third and final picture of her with two fingers buried deep in a cunt that was soaking wet.

“Goddamn, boy!”

“Oh, shit!”

“This bitch too fine for your white ass, Todd!”

They had dropped their pants down and now I could see three monstrous shapes in the dark jacking off cocks of equal proportion to their body. They used one hand to masturbate and the other to hold their individual pictures steady.

They were beating off to my wife and telling me about it.

“Those is some nice titties, Todd.”

“Oh damn, boy. I would bust that pussy UP!”

“Damn, Todd. Think I wanna bust a nut all over your pretty wife’s fucking face!”

They did this for a while and sometimes they traded pictures.

“Get your ass over, Todd.”

I did as I was told.

“On your fucking knees in front of us, NOW!”

They did not want to ruin the pictures I had gotten for them and they needed to unload somewhere. I guess they figured unloading on me was just as good as a spare pillow case or in the toilet bowl. I didn't argue and after a while I didn't even think it was that bad. After all, I wasn't getting kicked in the stomach in the middle of the night and absolutely NO ONE was fucking with me while I was in Marcus's cell. Things could have been worse.

And they got worse. Faster than I thought they would.

It was right around the five month mark, after the three of them had been steadily jacking off to nudes of my wife for a while (including some newer photos that I had obtained for them). I had finished up my weekly visit with Brooke and Banks brought me back to my cell smiling but never talking as he was wont to do.

Marcus confronted me immediately after Banks had locked the cell behind me.

“I want your wife, white boy.” He said.

“I don't have any more pictures. I can get some if you want.”

“Not pictures, bitch boy! Pussy! The real fucking thing. You feel me?”

I was horrified at the thought of it but part of me knew that this just was not possible. So even in my horror I could fall into the safety net of prison logic. There were no conjugal visits allowed in this state. That was just stuff out of a movie.

“How?” I asked, fully confident that there was no how.

“Banks will take care of that. But me and my boys, the three of us, we want a piece of that ass. And you gonna get it for us.”

“What?” You’ve got to be kidding me. Fucking Banks.

Marcus raised his hand as if to hit me and I cowered away. I looked at him through my fingers like a child watching a scary movie unfold.

“Ok, Ok,” I said. “But I have to talk to her about it.”

“Course you do, bitch boy. But you need to be real fucking clear about it. Tell her your little extended stay here depends on it. And tell that hoe I ain’t no fucking rapist either. She either wants it and gets it, or she don’t get it all, you understand? She need to look good for me, for Lo-Mac, and for Freddy. We gonna give that bitch something she ain’t never had before.”

Marcus shoved me hard into the bars and then returned to his bunk with the two mattresses.

The next day I called Brooke collect, the phone shaking in my hands.

“Hello?” her innocent, beautiful voice on the other end of the phone at our house in Naples.

“Hey, baby.”

“What’s wrong, Todd?” She asked immediately. She could hear it in my voice.

“Oh Christ, Brooke,” I said, losing it. “I’m in a real fucking pickle this time and I think...I think I need your help.”

“Oh, Todd. Anything. Anything at all. Just tell me what it is.”

“I don’t know if I can say it, Brooke. It’s so insane and so crazy. It’s my cell mate...”

“The one you got the pictures for?”

“Yes, Marcus, he’s...he’s...”

“Just say it, Todd,” she said it with a hint of impatience, and maybe a hint of knowing. “Just fucking say it, OK?”

I said it. There was a long silence on the other end of the phone before I heard her sigh and say, “OK.”

“OK?” I said.

“Yes, OK. Alright Todd? You’ve still got half a year in there. We are just going to have to do what needs to be done.”

“Brooke...” I trailed off. What could I say?

“I know, Todd. I know. When?”

That night I told Marcus it was a go and that he could give Banks the go ahead.

Marcus just laughed.

“Goddamn, white boy. You just roll over, don’t you? Fucking pussy.” He said.

“Marcus?”

“What, bitch boy?”

“Do you think after its over...Do you think I could have my mattress back?”

Marcus roared with laughter and it bounced off the walls of the prison.

“Let’s see how your wife does first, Todd. Then we can talk about privileges.”

Brooke was on her knees and surrounded by the three of them. Lo-Mac had

taken the length of her hair and wrapped it around his waist like a belt and tied it. This kept his long dark cock in her mouth at all times and it made the other two roar with laughter. Banks was standing by the door smiling, rubbing himself through his guard uniform.

“Get that dick, baby. Get that dick. Oh, it’s been so long.” T-Mac was moaning and fucking her mouth. The image itself was ridiculous; my wife tied to another man, gagging and spitting all over a cock that dwarfed my own. Her dress was pulled down below her tits so that they hung huge and full. Freddy and Marcus were beating off as they took turns reaching down and playing with her tits and pussy.

And underneath all of the laughter and jokes was the low, guttural moan of my wife. She was moaning hard into a giant dick.

“It’s been so long, Todd,” Lo-Mac said, holding onto her head with both hands and pummeling her wet mouth. “I’m just gonna have to get off a few nuts on this bitch, you feel me?”

I had no answer for this so I stayed quiet.

“Yeah, a few nuts, Todd,” he continued, his voice getting more hushed as he got closer to climax. “Matter of fact, Ima’ drop one of em’ right now.”

Lo-Mac reached back and untied my wife’s hair from his waist with one deft movement that told me this was not his first time wearing a women’s face like a belt buckle. Then he took a step back from Brooke’s mouth and she gasped for much needed air. The other two held her still with handfuls of her hair and tits

and Lo-Mac bent slightly at the knees as he brought his cock in towards her face.

“You see this shit, Todd?” Lo-Mac asked just as the tip of his cock began to dribble the first wads of cum onto my wife’s breasts. “Make sure you keep your eyes open for this part, bitch.”

He unloaded on her. The first fat gob shot out in a heavy arc and landed across her face, coating her lips and nose and forehead. Lo-Mac grunted and another wad shot out, this one straighter and with more force, splashing hard into her cheeks and spraying outward. His giant nutsack convulsed up and down as he gave her shot after shot. It ran down her cheeks and slid down her neck.

When the front end of it was done he told her to stick out her tongue and she did. Lo-Mac squeezed the fat head of his cock out into her mouth, giving her one last white wad of cum. He told her to swallow it and she did, grimacing slightly.

“Look at your pretty wife, Todd!” Freddy was yelling. “Bet you ain’t never seen the bitch like this before!”

Brooke was smiling as she opened her eyes and looked up at them.

“Who’s next?” She said.

Lo-Mac backed off of her for the time being and stroked his semi-hard cock (still twice the size of mine) while he watched the other two go to work. The rest of the dress came off and then Freddy had her lying face down on the steel table

while he ate her ass and pussy. His tongue was giant and red and seemed to be controlled like a piece of efficient machinery. My wife started moaning into the table and it vibrated within the room.

Marcus was in front of her now and he had Brooke hike up onto her elbows so that she could see his fat, uncircumcised cock in her face. Marcus picked up where Lo-Mac had left off and began face-fucking her. She was moaning harder than before now due to the tongue in her asshole and the long black fingers that Freddy was fucking her pussy with. The sounds were wet and loud and when I looked at Banks I saw that the son of a bitch had pulled his white pecker out of his pants and was jerking off.

Brooke started moaning louder and her body began to shake. Marcus pulled his rod out of her dripping mouth just as she started screaming. "I'm CUMMING! OH FUCK I'm FUCKING CUMMING!"

Freddy started finger-fucking her at lightning speed as he tongued her cute little asshole. The wetness of her pussy increased tenfold and a puddle formed on top of the steel table. "That's it, girl! Let that pussy juice go!" Freddy was yelling into her ass.

No sooner had the shaking subsided than Freddy mounted behind her and shoved his pulsating cock into Brooke's tight pussy. My wife cried out but the pain turned to a whimper and then she was moaning again. Laughing, Marcus resumed fucking her mouth, "Ha! Now the fun really getting started!"

The image of her between two men like that, being drilled in two holes at one. The image of Freddy's black ass grinding in a rhythm I had never seen before. The image of Marcus reaching low and playing with her nipples while she sucked his cock. These images have never left me. I don't think they ever will.

The door to the small visiting room (now officially the Conjugal room) opened behind me and I turned around. I had a sick feeling in my stomach the second I heard the lock turn. More prisoners were coming in. Three, four, five...Over twelve now. They came in with the same smiles Marcus and the other two had and they lined up along the walls of the room forming an awful perverted square.

“What is this?” I whimpered. “We agreed just you three, Marcus!”

“And I’m a man of my word,” he said, never taking his eyes off the woman swallowing his meat. “They just here for the show, Toddy boy. Just here for the fucking show!”

And then right before my eyes all the prisoners dropped their pants to their ankles and began jerking off to the scene unfolding in the middle of the room. Brooke was getting pummeled from behind and pounded in the mouth. They were all snickering and laughing and beating off.

They began shouting.

“Fuck her good, Freddy!”

“Rail that bitch!”

“Look at your wife, pussy!”

“Oh fuck yeah! Choke on it!”

“She looks like a goddamn Chinese finger-trap!”

“HAHAHA!”

“Hope she likes big black cock, Todd!”

“I think she loves it, fellas!”

The laughter and the heckling all molded together in my ears and it was one giant circus of fucking and dicks. Big dicks, huge dicks, small dicks, black dicks, white dicks, Hispanic dicks. Tattoos and yelling and mean ejaculating onto the floor.

It was bedlam.

“I think it’s time for my nut, hoe!” Freddy screamed. He pulled his veiny ebony cock out of her stretched cunt and blew a load all over her juicy white ass. The men against the walls made a loud racket as they cheered him on and in the haze of the noise I didn’t notice Lo-Mac tagging Marcus out of my wife’s mouth and taking over. Suddenly Marcus was behind her and his abnormally thick cock was suddenly and without announcement buried in my wife’s cunt.

“Oh fuck!” Brooke managed before she was muffled with another black dick.

As Marcus began to move in her he called me over and told me to clean Freddy’s dick juice off of my wife’s ass. He said he didn’t want to touch it and there were no towels so I had to do it. I looked at him like he was insane and then he got angry.

“Eat it white boy! Eat it before I fucking make you eat it!”

The room erupted into laughter as I ate the salty seed off of Brooke’s ass. It was the closest I had been to Brooke in months and as I forced down the sperm I could feel her body moving against me. She was laughing.

“Even your bitch thinks it’s funny!” Lo-Mac called from the front.

Marcus was rougher and pounded her pussy mercilessly. His giant nutsack swung back and forth, nearly pegging her in the stomach with every pump. Brooke grunted each time he went balls deep and Lo-Mac would sometimes hold her nose closed as he cut off her air supply with his cock.

“On your knees, baby.”

Red-faced and smiling, Brooke got off the table and dropped to her knees in front of the crowd.

Marcus unloaded on her face, his nut impossibly big. When he finished she looked like she had been to a prison bukake but it was merely one load and whatever remained of the one before it.

Her face still dripping, Lo- Mac picked her up and laid her on her back across the steel table.

“OK fellas, have at it!” Lo-Mac announced.

To my horror they all moved in at once. They were smirking and their eyes were alive, their dicks hard in their hands as they got closer. Each of the men had one free hand and used it to feel up my wife; exploring her pussy, slapping her tits. One of them, a large-musclcd Hispanic man with too many tattoos, was using her feet to jerk of his scary purple cock.

I tried to speak up and failed. Marcus saw me.

“Bitch! You do what we tell you to do!” He yelled at me, still stroking his monster cock. “And if I want some of my boys to get a taste, then they get a fucking taste!”

“It’s ok, baby,” I heard my wife moan from somewhere in that crowd of convict cocks. “It’s ok. I don’t miiiiind.”

I got closer and found a spot to see over the head of a shorter inmate with a cock that was as fat as any I had ever seen. Dicks were standing erect over her body

like planks at the end of pirate ships. Some were leaking steadily and dotting her body with their cum. Other's had long strings of it going from their tips and stopping just an inch above her creamy skin.

“Alright mothafuckas!” Freddy said, edging his way into the circle jerk. “Let’s see if we can’t all surprise this hoe at once!” Freddy cleared enough space between her legs so that he could resume fucking her and now her body was shaking back and forth, her breasts swaying with his rhythm. Laughter from all sides and Lo-Mac and Marcus had taken their positions, widening the circle but still enough room for everyone to keep close to the target.

Brooke had her big brown eyes up and searching the faces and bodies of the men that were using her. She was smiling and moaning and using her two free hands to play musical dicks; jerking and rubbing and wiping excess cum off of the men and onto her own body. Freddy was sweating hard as he fucked her and I noticed his pumps were getting smaller; he was keeping his dick buried deep inside of her.

Just as I was about to walk away and scream at Banks (who by now had also joined the circle) to let me out, Lo-Mac started a countdown.

5!

Oh Dear God.

4!

No, this isn't happening.

3!

They can't do this, no, it's impossible.

2!

Grunts and moaning.

1!

And on the "one" Marcus held out the word for a long time as his cum and the cum of all the men around my wife began to shoot out in varying degrees. Some simply dumped on her, others shot it the length of her body. It was in her hair and her mouth and on her belly and the muscled Hispanic was cumming all over her feet.

And Freddy had buried himself inside of her, letting his seed fill her up.

Brooke was screaming louder than she had during the entire conjugal. She was screaming that she was cumming, and the orgasms began to rock her body back to back to back to...

After that things were different between Marcus and I. I didn't speak much and he cut way back on fucking with me. He let me have my mattress back. One day not long after the conjugal I came into the cell to find my mattress back where it had been the day Marcus took it. Shortly after that Banks brought Marcus a fresh mattress along with sheets and pillows to match.

Above Marcu's bed, taped to the wall, were pictures of my wife. They never left and every night I could hear the movement coming from his bunk as he pleased himself to not only his pictures of her but to his memories of her as well.

"It's that time again," Marcus said to me one day, not looking up from the magazine he was reading.

"Time for what?" I said.

"Ha. You know damn well time for what."

I called Brooke on the phone that afternoon and relayed Marcus's message.

"Oh, already?" She said. She sounded not only excited but as if she knew all along that there would be a second time. And possibly a third after that.

"Don't sound so ecstatic," I said. "It might be more than just the three of them this time."

“I think I can handle it, honey. Can you?”

I thought about that question for a long time. That night, lying on my own mattress, I thought about it over and over. The answer to that question scared me.

THE END

Dear Readers.

There is a part 2 to this story that takes the viewpoint of Brooke and advances the story forward. I would only write it for you, my loyal readers. So please leave a review of this story so that I may start work on the next.

With love,

Dex