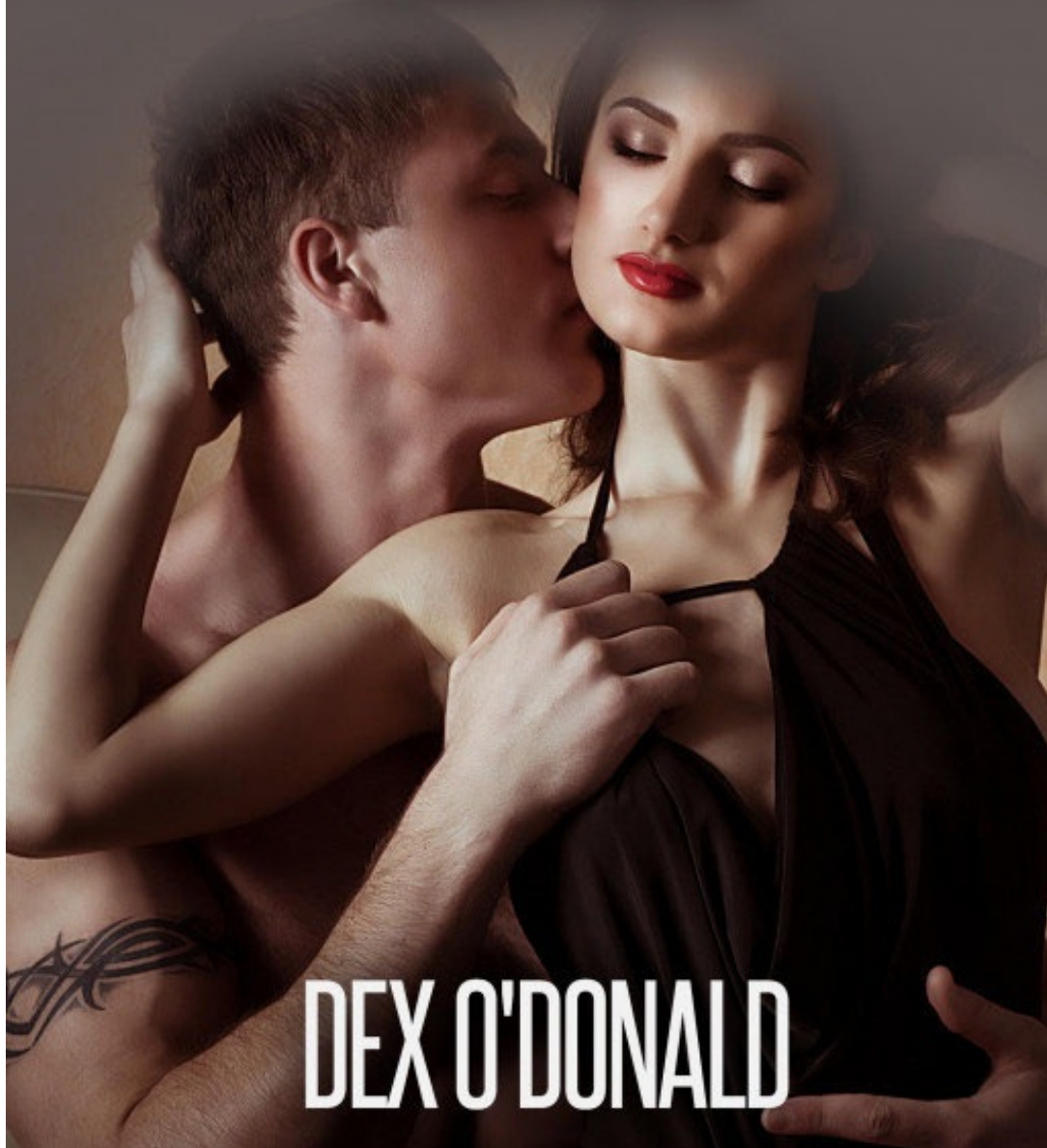


THE CONVICT TAKES MY WIFE

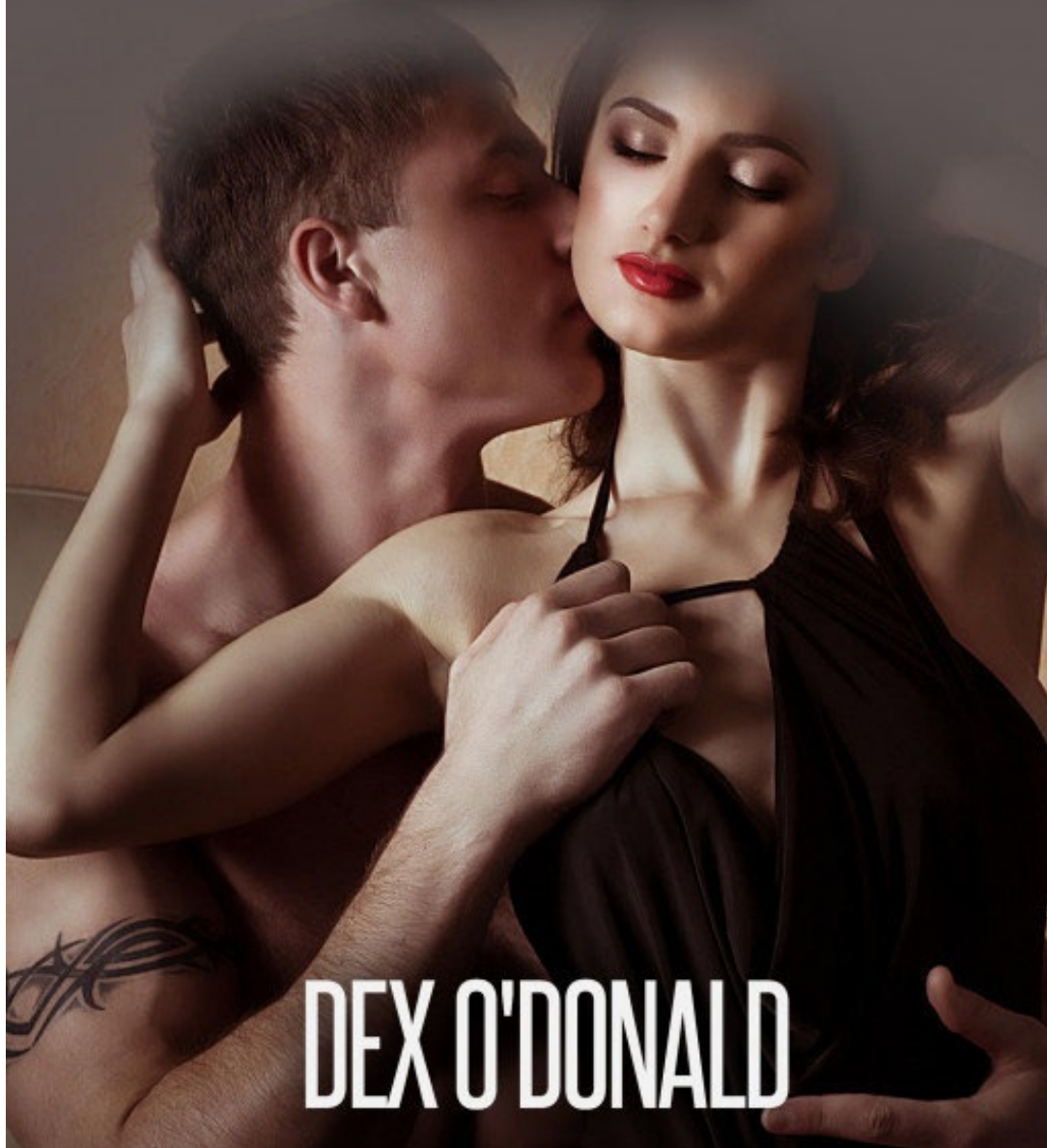
Cuckold Tells All



DEX O'DONALD

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By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

When I got home from work I could tell right away that something was wrong. She was sitting on the couch in a tight, sexy black dress that seemed out of place for a Wednesday afternoon. Her makeup was done, her naughty mouth lined with red lipstick.

“What’s going on?” I asked her.

“Sit down, honey.” Fey said.

I sat on the couch next to her. The black dress was one I didn’t recognize, and it had this provocative slit at the chest, where her small but sexy tits hung without a bra.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Do you remember me telling you about the man I dated before we married?” I could see she was nervous, but about what I couldn’t tell.

“The one that went to prison?”

“Yes. The one that was in prison.” She said.

“Was?”

“He was released today.”

I paused. What did this have to do with me? I wasn’t connecting the dots.

Fey shifted in her seat, her brown hair falling around her eyes. “Listen, Tom. He’s coming here. Anthony is on his way here.”

“What? What are you talking about?” I was afraid, I guess. A convict? Coming to my home?

“He’s coming here. He always said that when he got out, he would come back for me.” She didn’t seem scared, though. She seemed more concerned with my reaction.

“Well...Let’s call the police then. For God’s sake, Fey. Why haven’t you called them already?” I stood up to get the phone but she grabbed my hand, pulling me

back to the couch.

“He isn’t dangerous.” Fey said. “Well, at least not to me. He would never hurt me, he would never hurt you.”

“Then why is he on his way here?”

“To see me.” She said it in a whisper.

“To see you? What do you mean.”

“I mean, he will come here. He will want to...have me, Tom.” She said the last part even quieter.

“Jesus, Fey.” I was stunned. “You...will tell him No, right? Tell him to leave?”

She shifted again, slowly. Uncomfortably.

“If I tell him to go, he will...but he will call, or write. He might even just show up out of the clear blue again, Tom. He won’t quit. He would never do anything I didn’t want, you have to understand that. But...if he comes, if he gets what he wants, and then I tell him to go...he will listen.”

A million thoughts racing through my head. Was she saying what I think she was saying?

“Fey. You can’t be serious.”

“Tom, I’m telling you. If you just let it happen, it would be for the best. I would hate for him to...dislike you. That wouldn’t be a good thing.”

“You just said he isn’t dangerous to us.”

“No. But he is dangerous in general. He’s done bad things and prison probably made him worse. It would be best for both of us if we can get rid of him as soon as possible. This might be the only way.”

“What’s the only way? Fuck him? And then he will leave? I can’t do this, Fey. I can’t.” I was close to tears, and more afraid than before.

“Tom. I love you. And you can do this. We can do this. All you have to do is

sit.” She said it like she was trying to convince me to go to the gym or something.

“Sit? Sit and watch?”

The doorbell rang. I caught my breath.

Fey stood up, long and thin and legs for days. So sexy, so enticing. She walked across the room, her perfect little ass dancing. She checked herself in the mirror hanging by the door, adjusted. She answered the door.

“Anthony.” She said.

He walked in immediately, she took steps back. He was massive. Broad shoulders, muscled arms. His hair was short and blonde, and his face was hard. He was wearing a white t-shirt that clung tight as it could to his chiseled frame. On one arm was a wrapped tribal tattoo.

He stared into her eyes.

“Fey. “

She trembled for a moment as I walked over to them. I was nervous and afraid, but had no choice.

“Hello, I’m-“

“You’re Tom. You’ve had my girl all these years.” He said, turning to look at me.

“Well, we married. Yes.”

“I know.” He turned back to Fey. “I need a shower.” His voice was rough.

“Sure. Of course. Let me show you.”

I followed them back to the master shower, and she handed him a towel. He held his gaze on her for another moment before he went in and I heard the water turn on. Fey and I went back out to the living room.

“What now?” I asked.

“We wait and see, Tom.”

There was a long silence between us, lasting minutes. I kept looking at her, all dressed up and sexy. I realized that this was all for Anthony. All for him and whatever it is he wanted to do.

“I can’t just sit here and watch you two. I can’t just allow that Fey.”

“It will be worse if you don’t, Tom. If he decides he doesn’t like you, this will make everything so much more difficult.”

“I’m starting to think this is something you actually want, Fey.”

“Excuse me?”

“Are you still attracted to him? Do you still have a ‘thing’ for him?”

“Of course not. I just want what’s best for everyone involved.”

“Even if it means fucking your ex-boyfriend?”

“YES.” It was Anthony. Fey and I turned our heads to the sound of his voice.

He was completely naked, standing in the hallway that led back to the bedroom. His body was still wet from the shower. His abs were cut from years of work, his legs long and arms monstrous.

And my God, the thing between his legs. It was fat and uncut. It hung low, dangling like a rope swing. It had thick veins running through it, hanging slightly to the left. And it wasn’t even hard.

“I’ve waited years for her, Tom. For Fey.” He started to walk towards us, and even I had a hard time taking my eyes off of the horrifying mass hanging below his waist.

“If you don’t want me, I’ll go.” He said, standing inches from Fey now. She was seated on the couch and so close to his manhood I could have screamed.

She was staring at him. Staring hard.

“Don’t go.” She said.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and picked her up easy. He pulled her into his arms and started kissing her; his big wet tongue defiling her mouth. She kissed back, passionately.

“I...” I tried to speak. Anthony pulled out of their kiss, still holding her close in his arms.

“Shut up, Tom. Shut your fucking mouth and sit down.” He said. Fury in his eyes.

The anger I saw pushed there me back a little, and I sat down.

His massive, rough hands roamed across her body. He fondled her little tits through the dress and then tore the thing down the middle- her tits exposed as she gasped.

Anthony licked and bit her nipples rough, making her cry out.

“Hey careful!” I said worried and angry.

He ignored me entirely. Anthony grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her down onto the floor like a dog. She seemed to expect this and went belly first, sticking her ass in the air. He quickly yanked the bottom half her dress up over her butt, exposing her pantie-less ass.

His massive cock was hardening. It was God knows how thick, and at least twice as long as my own. He leaned in and started eating her pussy from behind, stroking his cock.

“Oh fuck. Oh shit.” My wife moaned. My blood pressure was through the roof as I sat disgusted.

He slapped her ass, and spit on her pussy. Without another warning he shoved his monstrous dick into her. Fey cried out.

My mouth fell open as he power fucked her- hard, fast, no love. Like he hadn’t had a woman in years. I guess he hadn’t.

One long, muscular arm reached past her back and grabbed her hair in fist. The other squeezed her waist tight as he railed her.

“Take a good look you fucking pussy,” Anthony said to me. “Take a good luck because this is only the beginning.” His big ball sack swung wildly as he fucked her, and Fey moaned in spite of herself. His speed increased.

“I’m going to fucking cum, Fey.” He said. “It’s been so long.”

He yanked out of her all of a sudden and stood up. She turned around slowly, like her pussy was wounded. He grabbed her by the back of the head and pulled her in close to his cock. It was purple and bulbous now, the foreskin pulling back as jerked off in her face.

“Look at your fucking wife Tom!” He screamed, just before he came.
“AHHHH!” He was loud enough for the whole street to hear.

His cock exploded in her face, a load that I could never hope to compare to. Thick globs of white fell on her cheeks and got in her mouth. She just moaned. Not once had I ever defiled her like this.

“Ohh fuck, fuck. Suck it, baby.” He said, still coming. He grabbed her face and shoved his mass into her mouth. She coughed on it and more cum spilled out of her lips as he face-fucked her. He kept screaming and moaning, and tears ran down Fey’s face.

As the after-glow set in, he pulled his cock out and slapped it slimy all over her pretty lips.

“Good girl. Good girl.” He grumbled. “Get a towel and clean her up, Tom.”

I was frozen. “What?”

“Clean her up, right fucking now!” He screamed.

I jumped up and grabbed a towel from the bathroom. I went to hand it to her.

“Are you fucking deaf Tom?” He said. “CLEAN HER UP.”

I wiped the massive load from her face, and then wiped down her little tits. Some of it got on my hand, making my stomach turn.

“Good boy, Tom.” He said. Anthony was putting his clothes back on, almost as

if nothing had ever happened. As he slid his pants back on I could see his gargantuan, ugly cock still semi-hard and dripping. It made me feel completely inadequate and I wondered if Fey had been faking it for all these years.

Anthony walked shirtless to the kitchen as if he had lived there with us for years. He opened the refrigerator door and glanced around inside.

“Tom. You need to go get beer. It’s going to be a long night.” Anthony said.

“Excuse me?” I asked annoyed.

His gaze turned on me again, fierce and terrifying. “I said go get some fucking beer, Tom. Do you want me to ask you again?”

“I-I-“ I stuttered. Fey was slipping her dress back on and giving me a worried look.

“Goddamnit, Tom.” Anthony slammed the door shut, and walked right over to me. He towered above me, his shoulders broad. “Let me explain something to you right fucking now, pussy.” He shoved me hard, and I fell backwards into the couch.

“I’m here to get my fill of your wife,” he began. “And it isn’t fucking over until I or Fey say it’s fucking over. Understand? You are the little pussy bitch that will do whatever it is I or Fey say. Understand?”

I nodded quietly, completely defeated.

“Good boy.” He laughed. “Now take your little pussy ass to the store, and buy me some fucking beer. While you’re gone, I’m going to fuck your wife again. But I’ll make sure there’s still a mess when you get home to clean up. Now fucking get, bitch boy!”

I walked out of my own house to the sound of them making out and moaning.

The drive to the store, my entire time inside, and the entire drive home I was sweating. Just imagining what he was doing to her. And imagining how much she was enjoying it.

It made me sick.

When I opened the front door with beer in hand, I could hear Fey screaming at the top of her lungs. There was nothing but pleasure there.

“FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME OH FUCK ME BABY!”

“Take that fucking cock you dirty bitch.”

When I walked into the living room she was in his arms and he was standing. He was holding her up with a massive arm under each knee, her arms wrapped around his neck. His veiny club was drilling her fast, his defined ass flexing with each pump. She was sweating and he was sweating on her, pouring it on her.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head when she came, and we made eye contact when she finally came back to earth. Her jaw was wide open, and she started to whimper as she stared at me. His cock still driving hard and deep.

She slid out of his arms and onto her knees, grabbing his horrifying monster cock in her hand.

“Bring me a beer, bitch boy.” Anthony demanded. I took one from the case and brought it to him. I tried to retreat but he grabbed me forcefully around the neck and stopped me. “Stand right fucking there and look at her. Look at your wife suck a real man’s pecker you faggot.”

She started to gag herself on it, taking it deeper than she should. Anthony just breathed heavy and drank his beer as he looked down on her. Over and over she drove it deep into her throat, staring up at him during every second of it.

For a moment I thought about my life a few hours before. It seemed so secure.

“Take it deep, bitch.” Fey held it in her throat a long while. So long I thought she might pass out, her face turning red. She came off of it coughing and spitting, drooling everywhere.

“Good girl. Good girl. Tom. Grab her head and fuck my cock with it.”

“What?”

“Grab her head Tom.” He commanded.

I put a hand on each side of her cute little head.

“Good. Now fuck my cock with her.”

I knew better than to object at this point. I started to slowly move my wife’s face up and down on the giant manhood between her lips. Anthony smiled, and the wet slippery sound made me sick.

“Harder. Faster.” He commanded.

I started to fuck his cock with her face, deeper. She was using her hands to play with her clit and it occurred to me again how much she was actually enjoying it all. Her mascara was running and spit slid down her neck and across her tits.

“Good bitch boy. Very good.”

This went on for a long time. It went on until he asked me to do something I will never forget.

“On your knees, now Tom.”

“What?” I asked, and the fear must have been clear in my voice because he laughed at me.

“On your fucking knees next to your whore wife. Now.”

I got down next to Fey and could smell the cock on her breath. His giant rod was standing at attention, inches from our face. It glistened from her pussy juice and saliva, and from the angle I was at I got a good look at his balls; low hanging and leathery. Fat and full.

“I’m going to fuck Fey’s pretty little mouth now, Tom. And when I’m ready for my load, she’s going to jerk me off into your fag boy face. Do you understand? If you try and move, something much worse is going to happen. Do you understand?”

I couldn’t find my voice.

“DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND TOM?” He screamed, every muscle in his chiseled body flexing.

“Yes! Yes, I understand. I understand.”

He grabbed Fey by her hair, a large tuft in each fist, and started to fuck her mouth quickly. She made nauseating noises on it as it hit the back of her throat and gagged her.

“Fuck yes, baby. Fuck yes. Take that cock.” Her throat was slick now, and his impossibly large penis was going impossibly deep. She just stared up at him, fingering her dripping cunt.

He pulled his cock out and slapped it on her face, over and over. It splashed precum and spit onto me but I knew better than to shy away. I could smell Anthony’s body odor from where I was, the faint sweat of his nuts.

He plugged her mouth again, fucking her there on her knees for another ten minutes before it was time.

“Don’t fucking move, Tom!” He screamed again.

Fey grabbed the back of my head and a handful my hair. She held my head steady while she used her other hand to jerk his fat rod. Her little fingers didn’t even fit all the way around the girth of it, and his balls swung wildly as she jacked him.

“Oh here it comes, bitch boy. Don’t fucking move. Take what your little slut wife is going to give you.”

I closed my eyes. I felt it, warm and thick. One massive shower after the other. It splashed off my lips and cheeks, running off and onto the carpet. It got in my hair and all across my forehead. He just laughed and laughed.

I even heard Fey giggle.

“Ask your husband how he likes that, Fey.”

“Do you like that, Tom?” She asked.

“No. I don’t.” I said.

“Good,” Anthony said. “I don’t want you to. Now sit there like a good boy. You

can clean off in ten minutes. Fey and I are going to catch up.”

They left the room, and I kneeled there humiliated. The cum hung from my face for ten minutes before I got up and washed it off.

I went out to the back patio where our pool is. They were both naked and swimming together. His hands were all over her, and she was laughing. I sat down on the furniture we keep out there and just watched them for a while. It wasn't long before he was kissing my wife again, passionately pushing his tongue into her mouth.

He saw me watching and smiled. “Tom, I want you to go to put a bikini on.”

“What?”

“I want you to go put a bikini on, right now.” He didn't wait for a response, he just turned back to Fey and resumed kissing and feeling her up.

Five minutes later I stood at the edge of the pool in one of my wife's bikini, humiliated.

Fey and Anthony just pointed and laughed.

They got out of the pool after a few minutes, and as we walked back inside Anthony gripped me hard around the back of my neck. He led me inside like a dog and when we got to the bedroom, he pushed me onto the bed.

“Sit on the edge in your pretty little bikini, Tom. And watch.”

I did as I was told. Fey got on the bed, lying on her back. Anthony grabbed her ankles and pushed her legs way up so her pussy and asshole were exposed. He spit down onto her tight little butthole, and started to rub it in with his thumb. Fey moaned.

“I'm getting Fey's little asshole nice and lubed, Tom. You know why?”

“You're going to fuck it?”

“That's right, Tom.”

Anthony started to push his thumb into her ass, fucking it with quick jabbing motions. Fey just closed her eyes and bit her lip. He spit onto it again, rubbing it around.

“This isn’t working well enough, Tom. Come over here and get your wife’s asshole ready for me.”

He grabbed me by the neck again, and brought me onto my knees. I leaned forward and started to tongue her hole, feeling his spit on it. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror; out of shape and in a women’s bathing suit. Completely humiliated.

Anthony held me there a long time, and with his other hand he stroked his cock, watching.

“Good boy, Tom. Good hubby. Get her ready for me.”

Suddenly he ripped me away from it and moved in. Fey grabbed her legs and kept them up so he could get to her ass.

“Come closer. Watch this, Tom.” He commanded.

Anthony started to push his fat cock into her, and my first thought was that it was never going to fit. He put more weight behind it, and pushed in.

Fey screamed out as the head entered her.

Anthony pulled it out again and Fey caught her breath. He leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth.

“Are you ready for this?” He asked her.

“Oh, fuck my ass Anthony.” She said.

He righted himself and put his cock to her asshole again. He pushed in.

“OH FUCK!” Fey screamed.

His head was in again, but this time he pushed in further, stretching her.

“Fuck my ass, baby!” She cried.

And he did.

He had a knee on the bed for leverage as he punished her ass. Fey was screaming incoherently and rubbing her pussy, and about a minute in she came back to back. I stood there in horror, watching.

His ugly, purple cock plowed in and out of her little asshole, and occasionally he would slap her inner thighs hard enough to leave a hand print.

“Get behind me and lick my ass, Tom.” Anthony said.

I froze.

“NOW.”

I got on my knees and leaned in. He pushed his cock deep in her ass and held it there.

“Lick it. Now.”

I pushed my tongue between his cheeks and felt his asshole there. I started pushing my tongue around and flicking it.

“Good boy, Tom. Good boy.”

He started to fuck her ass slowly, bouncing off of my tongue.

“Move to my nuts.”

I leaned in lower, and it was easy to find his sack. It was so big and low. I did my best to tongue it like I was told. I could hear him fucking her ass, hear him slapping her thighs and tits. She just moaned in pleasure.

Eventually Anthony had me lay beside Fey so I could watch her face close up. He wanted me to see how much she was enjoying it.

“You see that, Tom? She fucking loves my cock in her ass.”

Anthony pulled out of her ass and stood on the bed. Fey got on her knees below him.

“Stand right there, Tom. Watch this.”

It was only a moment of stroking before he unloaded on her face. The biggest one yet. It was massive gobs that ran down her cheeks and onto her tits. He kept screaming every time it shot out, and when he was done he put it soggy and limping back into her mouth.

Fey just sucked the head delicately, her big green eyes staring up at him. He smiled down, his sweat trickling off his forehead and onto her. Mixing with his cum.

That night I had to sleep on the floor next to the bed while they spooned. Four times I was woken up by their screaming and fucking, and Anthony verbally humiliating me. When the sun rose he was gone, and Fey was in the shower.

I walked into the bathroom.

“Is it over?” I asked.

She giggled. “Yes, I think so.”

“You think so?”

“He has business in California. I don’t think he will be back for a while.”

“But he IS coming back?” I couldn’t believe it.

“Only once in a while, Tom. And you can stop pretending.”

“Pretending what?”

“That you didn’t enjoy it.”

THE END