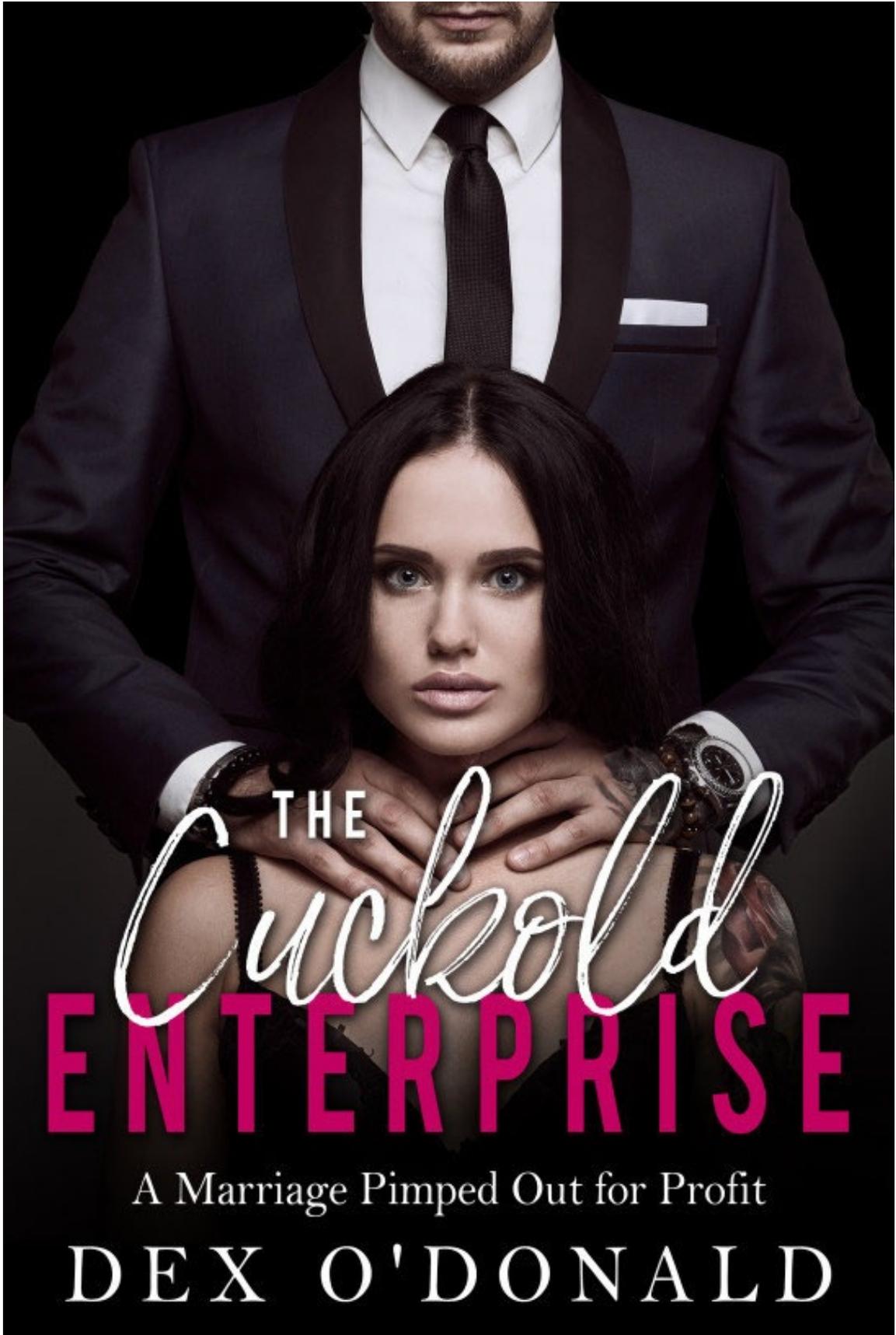


THE  
*Cuckold*  
ENTERPRISE

A Marriage Pimped Out for Profit

DEX O'DONALD



THE  
*Cuckold*  
ENTERPRISE

A Marriage Pimped Out for Profit

DEX O'DONALD

# **The Cuckold Enterprise**

**By Dex O'Donald**

Copyright © 2017 Dex O'Donald

All Rights Reserved

## **Table of Contents**

[James](#)

[Brooke](#)

[Dwayne](#)

[James](#)

[Brooke](#)

[James](#)

[Brooke](#)

[James](#)

**James**

“I’d like to make you an offer.”

He was tall and strong and dark, his broad chest and muscled arms were noticeable even through the pin-striped suit he wore. When he spoke, his words were direct and his tone was confident. He was at least four inches taller than James was; intimidating and sexy.

“An offer?” James repeated it back to him. It was loud in the three story nightclub but there was no mistaking what the tall man had said. The only question was; what was he referring to?

“Yes, an offer,” the black man repeated. “For you...and your wife.”

Brooke was further down the bar getting a drink. It hadn’t taken her long to get the bartender’s attention; Brooke had large, milky white tits that were popping out over the top of her black shirt. Everywhere she and James went people noticed. Men and women. And now this tall man was speaking to James, but he never took his eyes off the woman at the bar with the gorgeous rack.

“What about my wife?” James said.

“It’s simply, really,” the tall man said. “I have money...lots of it. So do my friends. Occasionally they like to meet...couples and, well, have a good time.” He finally turned his gaze to James, gauging his reaction.

“What are you saying?” James said.

“I’m at the Regal, right down the street.” He pulled his wallet from his back pocket and slid out a black room key and handed it to James. “It’s the top floor. Presidential Suite. It looks out over the entire city.”

Brooke walked over to them and handed James his drink. Her eyes were a bright green and the second they locked eyes with the tall man talking to James, they rarely left.

“Who’s this, honey?” Brooke asked in her sweet, high voice.

“I didn’t catch your name?” James said.

“Dwayne.” Dwayne held out one massive hand and James shook it. Then he took the girl’s hand and kissed the top of it, gently. “Think about what I said, James.” Dwayne turned around and left them there in front of the bar. Brooke watched him go.

“He’s sexy, isn’t he?” Brooke said.

James looked at his wife’s cleavage. They were tits that made men swoon and countless hundreds fantasize and jerk off. And as much as James wanted to pull down the front of her shirt right there in the club and start sucking on them like a hungry puppy, all he could think was what kind of trouble have they gotten me into now?

Once, when they were both in college, James had walked in on Brooke getting fucked by two men at the same time. She had been a right old whore back in their early twenties, but they weren't dating and they certainly were not married, and so he had no right to bring up the old days. However bad he may have wanted to, he knew that bringing up her promiscuous past would only lead to an argument.

Late at night he would think about that day. They were casual friends at the time, the fact was that James was far too afraid to let her know that the crush he had on her was the size of Neptune. His heart had broken just a little bit when he had opened the door to his own dorm room and found her like that.

She was on all fours on one of the small single mattresses the University provided. James's roommate Dan was nailing her from the back and her massive swinging tits shook with the force of his fuck. One of Dan's friends, an athletic light skinned guy from the Lacrosse team named Julio, was feeding Brooke his cock.

Brooke was moaning loud even with a mouthful of dick, and both of the boys were smiling as they took her.

James froze there in the doorway, watching them for close to thirty seconds before Julio noticed him and shooed him off with his freehand. The other hand was wrapped around Brooke's ponytail.

It was no secret in the dorms that Brooke got around. In the laundry rooms he heard them talk about how sweet her pussy was, or how she sucked dick like a porn star. But most of all, it was her tits. The boys who had fucked her talked about how amazing they were. The boys who wanted to fuck her said the same. Even the girls in their jealous whispers talked about her body.

His senior year in college he finally worked up the courage to ask her out one night after he had helped tutor her in Bio. She said yes and by that time Brooke had begun to chill out on her promiscuity. James got a good job after graduation and they married the following year. He experienced her body first hand a hundred times; the sweet pussy and the amazing tits, her pouty little mouth that could make him cum in thirty seconds.

But even after ten years of marriage and the couple now in their early 30's, men still could not take their eyes off of her. Often James wanted to confront some of them, the way they looked or called after her drove him insane. But James wasn't one for confrontation, so he counted his blessings and enjoyed her body when he got home.

And for ten years James was the only man she fucked.

James was playing with the room key in his pocket. Flicking it lightly, rubbing it. Wondering. Brooke pushed in closer to him in the booth they were sitting at and started nuzzling his neck. She smelled incredible.

Across the club, standing on an elevated platform in the VIP section, was the looming figure of Dwayne. He had no qualms about looking at them, his eyes always trained on Brooke. Her blonde hair fell in curls around her face and ran halfway down her back. Her red lips and green eyes always on the move.

Always Dwayne watched them. Watched her.

“What did that man want, honey? He seems very interested in us.” She asked him.

“It was loud. I didn’t quite hear him very well.”

“He gave you a room key of some sort though, didn’t he?” She said.

“He did.”

A cocktail waitress with tight red shorts on that showed her ass cheeks approached their table. She had an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne in it, along with two glasses. She put the spread on their table.

“From the tall fella across the way,” The waitress said, pointing towards Dwayne.

After they had poured their champagne and tasted it, it was obvious it was no house bottle. It was a few hundred dollars at least.

Brooke could only play dumb for so long.

“Honey, what does he want?” She said.

“He wants us to come to his room. He said something about having friends, about having money. I don’t know. It doesn’t sound right to me.”

Brooke considered this for a moment as her eyes locked with Dwayne’s from across the crowded nightclub. She found the man striking and handsome. Mysterious, maybe. Something behind his sly grin.

“Doesn’t seem like a weirdo though, does he?” Brooke said. “Maybe we should check it out. Where are they staying?”

“The Regal Presidential Suite.”

“Wow,” Brooke said.

Fifteen minutes later Dwayne left the bar, but not before walking past them one more time. He said something to Brooke that James didn’t quite catch, and when he asked Brooke about it, she told him it was nothing.

An hour later they were in the elevator at the Regal.

**Brooke**

Brooke also remembered that hot afternoon in the dorm. It happened years before her and James had even gone on a date.

She remembered Dan coming into the common area with his shirt off, his young body shimmering with sweat from the Florida heat. He was twenty, maybe twenty-one. Brooke herself was a mere nine-teen, and she had the sexual appetite to prove it.

“I know damn well I’m a little slut, Becky,” She had told her sorority sister one afternoon after finals. “I like fucking. I like dick. Why should I be ashamed of that?” Her friend Becky didn’t react with the same amount of enthusiasm that Brooke seemed to carry about the whole thing.

But Brooke was used to the strange looks. She had gotten them in High-school. And she heard their whispers back then, too. The same way she heard them in the dorm common rooms or the sorority halls. There were people who thought she was trash.

But for all the appetite she had for sex, she had none for gossip. Or the opinions of others. She didn’t give a good Goddamn what people thought of her.

And that day at the University, Dan had looked incredible.

There wasn’t much conversation between them by the time they were in Dan’s room and she was naked. Dan sucking her nipples and running his hands all over her soft, supple nine-teen year old frame. Even when the tit play became overload she was still wet, still wanting it. And she had gotten down on her

knees and sucked uncircumcised, youthfully hard cock for a long time.

In her eagerness to please she didn't notice Dan on his phone taking pictures and texting. When Julio showed up about five minutes later she had assumed coincidence, until she saw the messages later on. Boys. So greedy, she thought.

Julio was practically naked by the time he reached the bed, his caramel cock stiffening quickly at the sight of her. She had sucked them both for a long time before they finally bent her over. Dan had been burying himself deep inside her, and Julio smacking her face with his cock when that shy little boy named James had let himself into the room.

She had seen him there before Julio ever shooed him away. She saw the way James stared at her body and at the other boys. Though she never told James, she had one of the most intense orgasms of her life while he watched her. Something about him standing there had put an edge to her cum that she had never felt in her life.

Later, after the sweaty summer boys had finished on her perfect tits, she was showering off and thinking of the shy boy James. He wasn't unfortunate looking. And he seemed sweet enough.

Somehow that memory of his sweetness planted itself like a seed in Brooke's heart. And two years later, after she had been through countless more men (and what she later deemed to be "boys"), her and James found each other. They had dated. They had married.

And now, ten years on, some familiar feeling crept into her stomach as the Regal

elevator rose to its topmost floor. Thoughts of that day came to her. Thoughts of James standing there and watching.

The doors opened on the Presidential Suite.

**Dwayne**

Dwayne had a feeling about this one. This girl, with her incredible rack and gorgeous face, would be his retirement ticket. If this one went for it, the money that could be made would be enough to buy an island.

Enough for her and her husband to buy an island, too.

When the elevator opened onto the suite he saw her for the first time in good lighting. It was even better than he had originally thought. This girl was beautiful. She was in shape. Her ass was lifted and her mouth curved out the word SEX. This girl, he thought, was made for it.

“Welcome. Please, come inside.”

Dwayne could tell the husband was nervous. The girl on the other hand, was curious. Her green eyes were large and observant. Dwayne could tell she was surveying him again, taking in his size and girth. He was a large man, no doubt.

“Thank you so much for the invite,” she said. “I’m Brooke. It’s nice to meet you.”

Brooke. Her name was Brooke.

The three of them walked out to the balcony that overlooked the city. Champagne waited for them. Dwayne watched Brooke closely as she drank, noting the way her lips moved on the glass rim. The way the tip of her tongue just touched the glass when she drank.

“This is an amazing view,” Brooke said.

“Thank you. I stay here every time I’m in town.”

James watched them closely but kept quiet. His anxiety was palpable.

“What brings you to town?” She asked.

“Work and business,” Dwayne said, making no attempt to hide his eyes from her exposed chest.

“What do you do, Dwayne?” She asked.

Dwayne considered this for a moment. Should he come right out and say it? Should he play coy? It was a tricky business, recruiting. If you poured too much on too soon, you could lose a valuable asset. A valuable employee. But if you weren’t up front about the whole thing, losing them was just as likely.

This girl, Brooke, seemed like a fierce one.

“That’s actually why I asked the two of you here.”

The three of them sat down and began to talk. It was midnight when they began. It's hard to say if it ever actually ended.

The final part of the interview was always the best for Dwayne. And if the girl had any potential at all, it was the best part of the interview for her as well.

As far as the husband's role went? Well, that would make or break the deal. If James couldn't handle it, they were both out. Dwayne's business was not the sort to compromise on their product. And the husband was every bit as important to the formula as an experienced, good-looking wife.

Brooke was sitting on the edge of the bed when Dwayne came in. James had found his chair and taken his seat in the corner. There was sweat on his brow and his hands were fidgeting with the room key Dwayne had given him earlier.

Brooke's eyes were calm and curious.

Dwayne was 6'4, all muscle. When he took the coat jacket off and removed his dress shirt, he could feel James's anxiety rise and Brooke's interest double. His veiny arms and chest, black as chocolate, his abs each clearly defined.

He stood in front of the girl so her face was at a height with his belt buckle.

"Consider this the physical you would take for any high-paying job, Brooke. A very thorough physical."

She looked up at him and maybe for the first time in years, Dwayne admired a woman's eyes with something close to awe. This girl was beautiful. No, she was like a Goddess.

“What are you waiting for?” She said.

## James

The room key snapped in two pieces, with a faint click that was audible to no one because of the other sounds in the room. The sounds of his wife and another man, together.

The worst part was the way Brooke had listened to the man with interest when he spoke of it. Of what he wanted to do with her. To do to her. It was sickening. It made his stomach turn and it made his heart hurt for the woman he loved. It made him think of that day in the dorm, years ago.

But the money didn't lie. It was real. Real as numbers in a bank account. And it was more than either of them could hope to make in a year. And there was plenty to be made, Dwayne had said. Plenty of money to earn.

And now here she was earning their first paycheck. If he could hold on, that was. If he could keep it together. There were only two rules he had to follow tonight. You don't leave. And you don't close your eyes. If he could do that. And Brooke could do...this. They were both substantially richer than they were a few hours ago.

He watched his wife undo the belt of the giant black man and snake his pants down to his ankles. Something huge was growing in his loose boxer shorts and James swallowed a lump in his throat.

Brooke pulled the giant black thing from the boxers and put it in her wet mouth.

Dwayne's eyes rolled back and Brooke began to moan. That was the seal being broken, he thought. I just watched my wife suck on another man's cock. A cock far larger than James's own. Longer, thicker, blacker.

It didn't take long for Dwayne to free her tits from the shirt that so loosely held them. They flopped out and hung with weight and Dwayne pinched her nipples and pulled them around like great balloons.

Brooke was touching herself. She was wet.

James gripped the seat hard. He clenched his jaw. The black man was grinding into her face now, and Brooke had makeup running in streaks from her eyes.

"Good little wife," Dwayne said. "I know a fucking whore when I see one."

James almost lost it when Dwayne said it. But he reminded himself of what he was told: Don't leave, and don't close your eyes. NO MATTER WHAT IS SAID. NO MATTER WHAT IS DONE."

Maybe this was a script Dwayne had prepared, or maybe he was just saying it because he really didn't give a shit. Either way it didn't matter. James had to sit and take it if he wanted the cash.

"Your wife sucks good dick, James. I'm surprised she knows what to do with this big black meat. I'm sure she's only had your little stick for some time."

It might have been his imagination, but James thought he heard his wife giggle through a mouth full of cock.

## Brooke

“Give me that big black cock while my husband watches.”

She said it in a long moan that she could feel down in her cunt. She hadn't been this wet in a very long time, and it was becoming easier and easier to play the part she was being payed to play.

Brooke was fucking a stranger in front of her husband for money. And if she could impress this stranger, there was a lot more of them waiting to pay for her. For her and for James. Wife and husband making money in way she never thought possible.

His cock was long, almost too long. Its thickness filled her though and kept her soaking. She could see her cream on his long cock as he began moving in and out of her. Her tits rocked up and down in time with his fucking. He's good, she thought. My God does this one know how to fuck.

Poor James sat in his chair inhaling sharply once in a while. Other than that he was quiet. And she was proud of him. There was no way he could say no to the money, she knew. No one could. And if they both had a part to play in this, she was depending on him to keep his end of the bargain.

“Give me that pussy, bitch. Give me that fucking pussy,” Dwayne said as he fucked her hard. He had a hand on one tit and the other wrapped tight around her neck. “Look at me when I fuck you good, bitch.”

She felt it rising inside of her and before she could warn anyone she was cumming. Her pussy soaked the black man's cock and broke her husband's heart at the same time. She could feel both simultaneously. Some faint sadness pulled at her as she reached ecstasy.

Dollar signs and dick flashed in front of her eyes.

When he put his cock in her asshole she thought she might scream. But somehow she remembered to relax and it came into her without problem. He fucked her like a dog in her ass for a long time. Dwayne kept both feet planted on the bed and squatted low to get in. His thrusts were all power and he kept her long hair knotted around his fist as he held her still.

"Fuck-my-ass-"she blurted out as each of his thrusts made her stutter.

James had his hand at his mouth in horror. But his eyes were open.

"You take black dick in your ass like a little slut," Dwayne told her. "Your wife is my fucking whore now, James. You understand white boy?" He was snarling now. "You are both my fucking property now." Still he pummeled her ass, Brooke's tits swinging beneath her.

Brooke's legs gave out and she fell on her stomach. She felt Dwayne behind her repositioning himself so he could continue with her ass. She never though she was capable of something so large in there, but she was proud of herself for handling it so well. She looked at her husband and they made eye contact. She

could see his pain.

*I'm the strong one. So I have to be strong for him.*

It wasn't difficult to enjoy it, she decided. The feeling and the tightness of it railing her was bringing her close to orgasm again. Her clit was rubbing into the blanket beneath her and she knew she wouldn't be able to hold back for much longer. Dwayne hadn't said anything about her enjoying the task at hand, but she knew each orgasm hurt James worse every time.

But this wasn't the James show. And it wasn't Dwayne's either. It was her. The girl with the magic tits and the Holy Grail cunt. Everyone had a weapon. Everyone had a special power. This was hers. And if this was her opportunity to do great things with it, so be it.

“Hold still while I cum in your butt, bitch.”

Dwayne held himself deep in her asshole as he let go with his massive load. Brooke came as she felt each shot entering her. She screamed and James sighed.

She felt the man pull out of her and roll over. Then she felt the stinging slap of his hand on her ass. She felt his seed dripping out of her. She gathered herself and turned to him.

“So?”

Dwayne looked at her. Then he looked at James.

“If he can keep his cool,” Dwayne began, “We can make a lot of fucking money.”

## James

They flew into Georgia in First Class seats that cost only a small fraction of what they were to be paid upon completion of the next appointment. Brooke sat next to Dwayne on one side on the aisle and James sat alone on the other side. She was done up in a green summer dress that showed off her assets. Dwayne was all business as usual; a stunning suit on an intimidating figure.

James wore the usual khaki shorts and lame collared shirt. He was only there to watch, after all. It seemed to James that lately that he was more important than he had originally thought. All of their clients thus far hinged the entire deal on his presence and on his cooperation. Their marriage certificate had been submitted at the first two meetings, and would be submitted again today.

The clients had to have the husband there. Without him, it just wasn't the same.

“Please take your seats for our descent.”

As they hit the tarmac in the Atlanta airport, James thought about the last two weeks of his life.

They had gone home from the Presidential Suite early the morning after Brooke had fucked Dwayne. Dwayne had decided she and James had both passed with flying colors and therefore the real money making could begin. According to Dwayne there was an endless supply of “clients” willing to pay good money to fuck a married woman in front of her husband.

Especially a woman like Brooke who was by no normal definition a regular housewife.

The first official client had been a slightly older gentleman that lived in Coral Gables. Dwayne had accompanied them as their driver and insisted Brooke sit shotgun. The money was in their joint account before they even reached the man's house. Dwayne seemed to prove his value at every turn in that regard.

He was tan and his pubic hairs grey in spots, but his cock with large and veiny. He took a Viagra and fucked Brooke for close to three hours before he finally gave out. During those three long hours James had sat poolside while the old wretch sucked at his wife's tits. Then he had sat in a kitchen stool while his wife blew the old fucker in front of a dishwasher. Then he had taken a seat in his trusty chair next to the bed while the 55 year old had fucked his wife in every hole she had to offer.

Five loads of cum had coated her tits by the time they finished. Brooke had smiled every second of it. She lapped at the white strings that hung from her nipples. She even kissed the head of the old man's purple cock as it deflated one last time. It was as if Brooke was made for it. It wasn't any easier for James to watch than the first time, but somehow it was more familiar. Each time he began to feel down he would think of the number his bank account had listed in Available Balance, and hang on a little longer.

The second client was a long drive to Ponte Vedra where a house with massive glass windows sat on the Atlantic. It was owned by an early retiree; a twenty-something nerd that had struck gold in Silicon Valley. He was a handsome young man James supposed, who clearly kept in relatively good shape due to his wealth.

The boy confided in James before they began that in high-school he had been the brunt of many cruel jokes by bullies. This fantasy with Brooke and James he explained, would allow him to live his revenge. In the boy's mind, James was a ruthless bully from high school. And now he had the bully's wife in his bed.

The boy had apologized in advance for the verbal abuse he would be inflicting on James.

The nerd never took his glasses off as he fucked Brooke doggy style. Sometimes he would flick James off while he rode his wife, other times he would yell vulgarities.

“You thought you were so fucking tough! Well look at you now! You're fucking pathetic! I'm rich and you're just fucking pathetic!”

I may be pathetic but I'm rich too, James thought.

The Tech Wizard had been short lived thank God, but the money he paid was as green and beautiful as anybody else's. That was the third time and the third man for James and Brooke. It seemed to sting just a little less each time, and he briefly thought that maybe, just maybe, he could get used to this lifestyle.

Today was different than the other times. They had flown to Georgia in style, and on a much larger budget than they were used to. The price the new client was paying was nearly quadruple what the last two had paid.

Such an excess of money could mean only one thing: more men.

There were 5 of them. Rebel flags on their t-shirts and tears in their Wrangler jeans. Good old boys. Five rednecks behind a barn, horned up and ready to go to town on his willing wife.

Brooke was still in the tight green summer dress, her tits begging to bust out through the top of it. She was on her knees in the dirt, smiling at them. The 5 men, all in their 20's, began to close in around her.

James was tied to the back of an old Chevy, immobilized. All he had were his eyes to watch.

Only thirty minutes prior they had been arriving by private automobile. The house was a palace that sat on countless acres of backwoods Georgia. The man who had greeted them in the living room was old money with a southern drawl.

“This is a birthday gift for my son and his friends,” he had said. “Make sure to treat Vincent with extra...attention.” Then he had turned from Brooke and looked at James in the eye. “Good luck.” Something about the way he said it made James want to get back on a plane for Florida.

James and his wife had walked across a vast open field towards a barn in the distance. As instructed, they walked around to the back of the old structure. Before James knew what was happening, the men had grabbed hold of him. He was tied tight to the truck bed in seconds flat.

And now Brooke was on her knees, surrounded by them.

“Looks like we got ourselves a nice little philly to break in, boys,” Vincent said, unbuttoning his tattered jeans. He had big, goofy smile but he wasn’t ugly. His friends weren’t either. These were young, well-kept men.

Vincent stuck two fingers in Brooke’s mouth and she started sucking them, keeping her big green eyes on him as she did it. The others began to run their hands over her body, rough and harsh. One of them ripped the top of her dress down and her breasts spilled out. Instantly there were hands there, pinching the nipples and squeezing handfuls.

“You ready to eat some redneck dick while that fucking pussy over there watches?” Vincent asked.

“Yes, baby.” Brooke replied.

Vincent slapped her in the face, light but firm. Then he dropped his pants and revealed the large thing that hung there. It was veiny and purple and rising gradually. Brooke wrapped a hand around it and leaned it to suck it.

“No hands, bitch!” Vincent reprimanded her. Brooke dropped her hand but pushed her face onto it. “That’s it, girl. Suck that cowboy cock!”

The others were laughing now as they unleashed their pricks from their pants.

All around Brooke were long, white cocks seeking attention. All of them needy. James squirmed in his restraints.

They filled her free hands with dick and then began to take turns on her mouth. Vincent fucked her face for a long while, accumulating spit and drool that hung off of Brooke's chin in massive gobs. Whoever wasn't getting their cock serviced had their hands at her tits or ass or pussy or all of them all at once.

It was frenzy. It was sexual bedlam.

And as they rotated using his wife's mouth, they began to chide James.

"Gonna teach this city slut how real men do things."

"You see your wife city boy? You see how she chokes on my fucking meat? LOOK AT IT!"

"That's it girl. Deep throat that cock. Show your husband what you don't do for him."

Vincent had returned to her mouth now and he positioned her in such a way that James got an excellent view of what was being done to his wife. He began to exaggerate his hip thrusts as he went in and out of her mouth. Sometimes Brooke would gag but she was a professional now, and she kept it together.

“Look at your fucking husband, bitch.”

They held her by the face now and pushed her gaze in James’s direction.

“Tell him you love him.”

“I love you, baby.”

“Tell him you love this redneck cock.”

“Oh baby I love this redneck cock.”

The five of them burst into laughter at that, and then fucked her mouth for a while longer.

Eventually, they had her down in the dirt. It was caked under her fingernails and her knees and arms were filthy. They had her on all fours. Vincent was railing her like a dog and the other boys stood around either feeling her up or feeding their little “philly” their nutsack.

James began to moan.

## Brooke

Vincent was big. Very big. She could feel how deep he was getting, how excited he was from it all. She could feel it coming soon and it was going to be catastrophic. She wouldn't be able to hide the satisfaction of it from James.

*Oh well, she thought.*

Brooke was completely filthy. Her tits and stomach were smeared with dirt and she could only imagine what her back looked like now that she was lying on it. One of Vincent's friends was positioning himself between her legs while the others fondled her.

“Oh fuck, yeah. Give it to me big boy.” She told the one between her legs.

“Rub some dirt in that slut's hair. Show her how dirty we get.”

She heard Vincent say it from somewhere in the crowd. A moment later one of them was tussling her hair with dirt, making her even more of a mess than she already was. She began to giggle. The men that fucked her laughed with her.

She had them all in the palm of her hand, whether they knew it or not.

The friend between her legs didn't last long. He pulled out and got on one knee, leaning over Brooke's displayed body. He grunted as he shot several gobs of it out and across her stomach.

His buddies cheered him on as a different friend took his place between her legs.

As the new friend fucked her, thicker and stronger than the last, she looked at her husband. She couldn't help but notice how pathetic he looked; tied up and useless.

“That's it, bitch. Look at your husband while Russ fucks that pussy!”

Russ was certainly fucking her pussy. And then she felt it, and she didn't even try to hold back.

“I'm cumming!” She screamed. Instantly there was a hand around her neck cutting off her air as the orgasm rocked her body. She could faintly hear them laughing as she began to squirt and suddenly she was close to passing out. When the redneck let go of her neck the orgasm doubled on her unexpectedly, and she began to shake violently.

She felt them slapping her titties around with their hands and cocks as she came. The world went black for a moment and then it returned.

She was covered in sweat and cum.

The put her dirty and horny on her knees, just a few feet away from her husband.

“Watch your wife take some redneck loads, you fucking loser!” Vincent yelled. Then he spit on the man’s wife that he was ridiculing. Brooke opened her mouth and let him fuck her face again.

James looked near tears as the first of the boys unleashed on her face.

“Hold that city slut still for me,” he said. The men held her down and the cowboy came on her face. It dripped from the end of his cock and covered her forehead. The sight of it made another one of them let go and he squatted down so he could cover her tits; nipples and all.

That left two that had yet to cum. Vincent and his buddy with the eyebrow ring. They stood on either side of her, taking turns with her mouth.

Brooke was horny again and began rubbing her cunt. She wanted to please these boys. The money their father payed was extravagant and so Brooke would make sure they remembered every second of it. After all, there was nothing better than a returning, loyal customer.

The one with the eyebrow ring began grunting and grabbed a handful of her hair. She closed her eyes and tilted her face up, welcoming each hot shot of the backwoods jizz.

“Fuck yeah, take it, take it, take it,” he said. Brooke could barely see when he

was done. She didn't need eyes though. That was her husband's job.

“You want it on your face, whore?” Vincent asked, plowing her mouth.

She managed to push him off of her so that she could answer.

“I want it in my asshole, daddy.” She said it as slutty as possible.

James gasped.

Vincent smiled.

He fucked her in the ass right there in the dirt for a while. He kept spitting on her hole to keep it lubed and his friends kept urging him on.

“Turn that city slut into a country cunt! Fuck that ass!”

“Buttfuck that bitch right in front of her hubby, Vince!”

One of the boys was holding James's head now, making sure he didn't look away.

Brooke was staring at her husband, feeling that long powerful dick slide in and out of her ass.

*If he doesn't cum soon, I think I might.*

After another fifteen minutes it finally happened.

“I'm gonna cum in your wife's asshole! How does that feel fag boy?”

Vincent held it deep inside of her as he shot off. Brooke could feel it filling and then leaking out of her. When he finally pulled out, grunting and sweaty, Vincent gave her one last smack on the ass.

“Good lord, darlin’,” he said, “That was something else. Happy Birthday to me!”

Brooke stood up and giggled. She was filthy. Covered in other men's semen. She was on fire in the southern sunlight that bared her naked body to the world.

“Won't one of you fine southern gentlemen show me to the wash room?”

## James

They were in the living room of their newly paid off house when James finally got the courage to speak to her.

“It’s more than the money, isn’t it?” He asked her.

Brooke looked up from her magazine. She was wearing little shorts and a small white tank top that barely concealed what she had to offer. It was easy to see the ways she had changed since it had all began.

“What, honey?” She asked.

“That’s what I thought,” James said. He dropped his head and looked at his hands. He closed his eyes. He saw Brooke naked. He saw all the men that had been with her so far. Dwayne. The old man. The geek. The cowboys. He would never forget them as long as he lived. He saw Brooke naked and dirty and muddy and covered with cum. And he saw their joint bank account skyrocketing. But he did not, however, see an end to it all.

“It’s not that I like it, James,” Brooke said. “It’s just...It’s incredibly freeing. Not just financially but...but-“

“But what?”

“But no, it’s not just the money. It’s the power. Its knowing that I have what they want...and maybe it feels good sometimes. But I can’t help that, James. You know I can’t. I’ve always been...horny. It’s always there. And honestly, for a while, what we had was fine. It fulfilled me and it was all I needed. But lately I feel like I’m entering some new point in my life, some sort of transformation... And I can’t honestly look at you now and tell you that if Dwayne hadn’t come along that I wouldn’t have found something similar. And maybe then it wouldn’t have been for money. Maybe it would have just ruined us.”

James took a long breath and considered it all.

“And you don’t think this is ruining us?” He asked.

Brooke crawled across the sofa to him and kissed him on the mouth. Her hand went to the emasculated penis in his shorts. James got hard.

“Only if you let it, love. Only if you let it.”

**THE END**

*Dear Readers- Thank you for coming on the beginning of a journey that I hope will last several volumes. But in order to complete the second and third part and to tell you all about what other adventures Dwayne, Brooke and James get into, I need your support!*

*Please take the time to leave a review of this book. It means the world.*

*Dex O*