

HALLOWEEN

HUMILIATION

COSTUME PARTY CUCKOLD



MOVIE STAR CUCKOLD

WRITTEN BY
REMY LEONE



REMY LEONE PRESENTS:

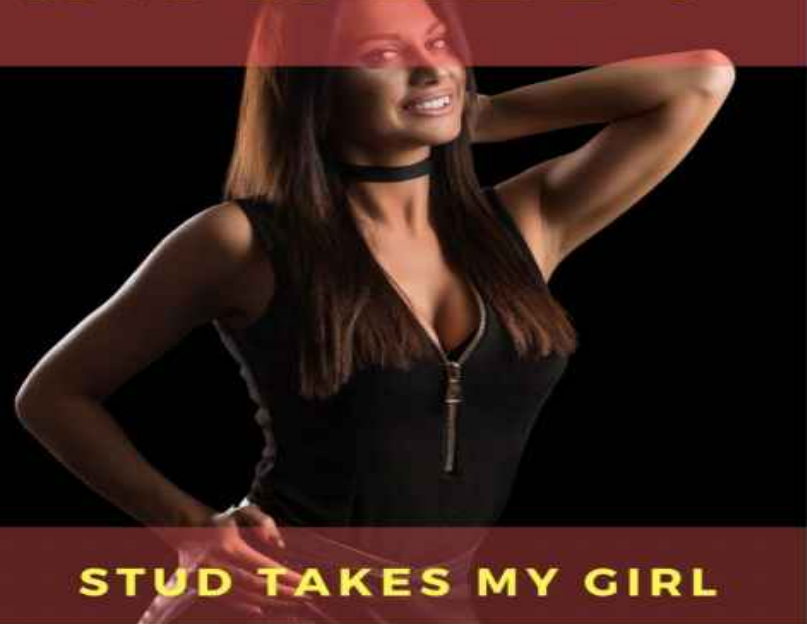
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PAWLED?



STUD TAKES MY GIRL

P.O. PASSED OUT WIFE

PRETENDING TO
SLEEP



Remy Leone Presents:

The Cuckold Humiliation Collection

Remy Leone

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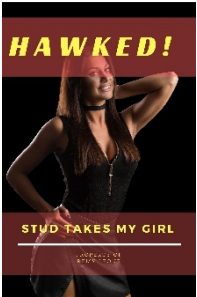
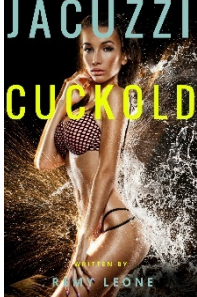
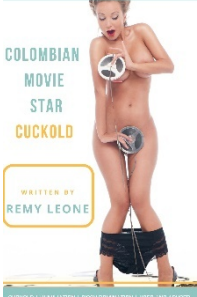
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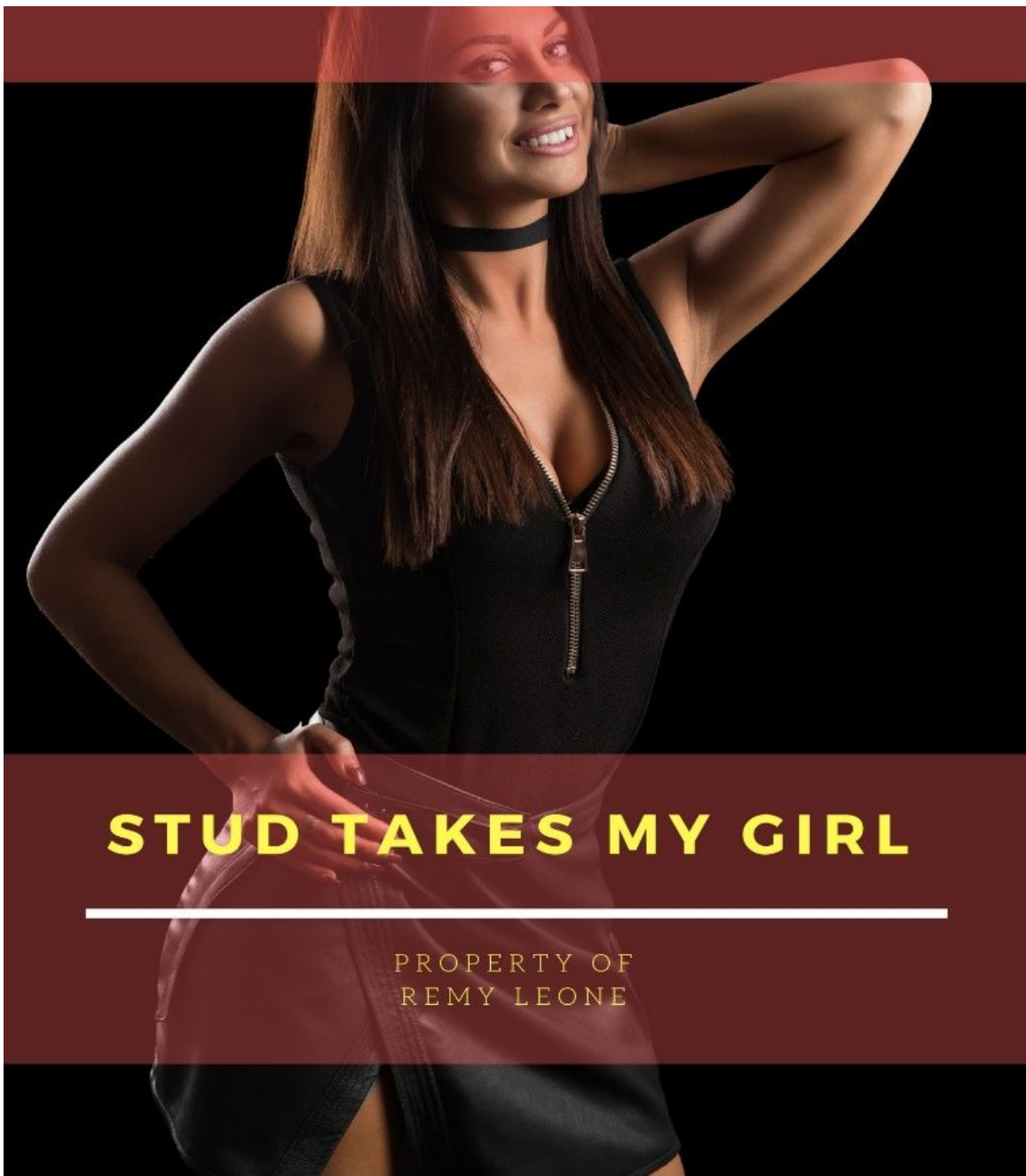
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-Remy

 <u>H awked! Stud Takes My Girl</u>	Story Selection	 <u>Halloween Humiliation Costume Party Cuckold</u>
 <u>J acuzzi Cuckold</u>		 <u>POW! Passed Out Wife Pretending to Sleep</u>  <u>Colombian Movie Star Cuckold</u>

HAWKED!



STUD TAKES MY GIRL

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Hawked!
Stud Takes My Girl

Remy Leone

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Hawked!

STUD TAKES MY GIRL

Mike had chased Kimberly for over three years now. They started off as friends of friends as she was always in a relationship. She was use to bad boys and the alpha male type, but Mike was different. He was a nice guy and Kimberly wanted to try something else out so she gave him a chance.

Mike couldn't have been more excited during dinner with her. Kimberly had worn a dress that hung on her sexy athletic hourglass figure. Her smooth tan legs were earned with each squat thrust on the beach. She not only had pretty face with a gorgeous smile, but her body was perfect. She had perfect perky busty breasts that showed off cleavage in her tight black mini skirt.

Her butt was what got the most attention though. She worked out every day and had sculpted a butt that even a fitness model would die for. Mike heard the black men call her a big booty white girl anytime a group of them saw her.

The shortness of her skirt exposed each thick thigh that were so smooth that they actually reflected light. With her legs crossed she let her hanging foot kick lightly. Her black heel stabbing at the air as she finished her second glass of wine.

She put her hand on her breasts and moved them around to adjust them right in front of Mike who was becoming even more excited.

Maybe this would finally be the night that he would actually become physical with her. They had only kissed once on their fourth date and it was just a peck on his cheek, but Mike counted it anyway.

He had taken her out on now five dates to the most expensive restaurants and the fanciest scenes in the city. By now she had to know how much of a

gentleman he was, after he refrained from treating her like just a piece of meat.

It was almost like his thoughts were confirmed as Kimberly uncrossed her legs, and crossed them the opposite way giving just a glimpse of her red underwear underneath her skirt. Mike gulped and took a sip of his wife silently as he just stared at her sexy body and even had to catch himself from touching himself right in front of her.

The waiter came back as we finished our wine. He kept staring at Kimberly's cleavage as he would talk to them. Mike knew that the waiter wondered how such a beautiful woman could be with him. Here he was, a small statured average looking guy, and Kimberly was a dark haired hard bodied buxom. The bill was over \$1200 and Mike thought how it was only money and that Kimberly deserved to be treated like the lady that she was.

"Mike let's go back to your place. I'm bored here.", Kimberly whined.

Mike should have just listened to her. He should have grabbed their things, paid the bill and took her home. If he left now he could be home within the hour making love to Kimberly. However, Mike was always the kind of guy who had to push his luck.

"Oh well lets go stop at my friend's place. He's having a party and I want them to meet you."

"Who will be there? Will I know anyone?"

"Only the best people will be there, and no you probably won't know anyone so we won't stay long. Just stop by before we head to my place."

She shrugged her shoulders, "Sounds okay."

So with her approval, Mike paid the bill and made sure that he tipped the waiter reasonably in front of Kimberly. She probably didn't even notice, but just in case. They got in his four door sedan and drove to his friend's house arriving shortly thereafter.

Mike opened the door to help Kimberly out of the car. Her tight black dress began creeping up to stop at her firm ass as she spread her legs to step out. One more glimpse of her red underwear was given to Mike before she stepped out. She took his hand and he helped her out. Even after Mike shut the door Kimberly continued to hold Mike's hand.

"Thanks babe.", she said softly as she moved her dark hair out of her face.

Mike smiled and for the first time in a long time he felt like everything had lined up in his life. He had never had much luck with women, and to have this perfect woman calling him babe and holding his hand was like a dream come true. Deep in his heart he knew that tonight was the night.

They walked through the front door and it was as though everything paused. Every single person man and woman all stared at how sexy Kimberly was. She made the next prettiest girl at the party look average in comparison. Men could not help their dirty thoughts while women seemed to deflate next to her.

His buddies were more than impressed with the girl on his side. Mike heavily implied that they were boyfriend and girlfriend and they accepted this. He knew that his friend's views of him had shifted in a positive manner and it made him feel powerful.

Mike stepped away to go grab a drink for himself and for Kimberly. She went and sat on the couch with his buddies to talk while he stepped away. He also decided to use the restroom and waited in line. He realized that his friend's parties had changed since he remembered coming to them. The house was the same, but the people that were partying were different. They seemed younger and in better shape than they use to be, or maybe he was becoming older and out of shape. His thoughts came back to Kimberly and hurried back after he finished with the restroom.

When he returned, his buddies had walked off with their own girlfriends who were becoming a bit jealous of Mike's date. However, in their place

was a tall guy who had his foot on the couch and had one elbow leaning on his knee to sink towards Kimberly as he spoke to her. As Mike walked up the man pointed at him and chuckled.

“Oh him? He brought me here!”, she giggled at what the man had said.

Mike felt a bit insecure at what the man asked, but was too afraid to become embarrassed in front of Kimberly by anything the man said. He noticed how much taller and more muscular he was than himself.

“Don’t mind me, I took care of your girl for you.”, he said in a dirty way accompanied by a devilish grin.

It took Mike off guard until he realized that he was talking about the drink he got Kimberly. She was sipping out of the straw contemplating something until she finally blurted out.

“I’m not his girl, Rick. We just came here together.”, Kimberly’s words pierced Mike. She saw the look on Mike’s face and quickly added, “This is like our fifth date I mean.”

Rick looked to Mike and then back to Kimberly. “I think I know what you mean.”

Mike’s heart was sinking to his feet as they spoke. Rick looked down on him physically as much as he did figuratively.

“Rick is it? I’m Mike.”, he stuck his hand out to shake Rick’s.

Rick stared at his hand for a second so that Mike felt a bit like a putz. Mike didn’t really know what to do, but when he finally lowered it Rick raised his hand to shake Mikes. Rick held his hand out and glared at Mike with his eyes. Mike hurriedly shook his hand now that Rick was ready.

Kimberly giggled at Mike’s awkwardness around Rick and patted each side of the couch.

“Sit boys.”

They both joined her on the coach and squeezed in next to her having just enough for the three of them to barely fit. The size of Rick made Kimberly lean into him rather than Mike. Mike tried to fight back by attempting to put his arm around her neck. However, Rick intentionally stopped him and moved his own arm around her.

They began to drink and talk and Mike was really never invited to join the conversation. Laughing and giggling that would only laugh with a gasp or a light smack from Kimberly at Rick’s crude jokes.

Rick’s attention would turn his attention from time to time and make jokes at Mike’s expense about how scrawny he was or how he wasn’t man enough to be with a woman such as Kimberly. She was just giggling and practically fawning over him the entire time.

Rick would begin to talk about himself and this made Kimberly very interested. It seemed like he was more of a hustler than an entrepreneur, but he spun it so it caught Kimberly’s attention. It frustrated Mike that all he could do was agree with everything that Rick said. Mike was disgusted with himself that he was trying to actually befriend the guy who was successfully stealing his girl right from under him.

Mike didn’t want to act like a caveman so he didn’t make a scene and allowed Rick to enjoy the company of Kimberly. This went on for a while, but when Mike noticed that Rick’s hands became more curious of Kimberly’s curvy body he knew he had to interject.

“Well, I think it’s about time to go, Rick.”, Mike said.

“Shit you’re still here shrimp dick? Thought you would have got the hint.”, Rick spoke cruelly. Kimberly only slapped at Rick’s hard abs and let her palm rest on them. She was even rubbing his muscular abdomen as she spoke.

“Stop! Don’t be mean to Mike. He’s such a nice guy.”

Rick looked over at Mike, “Lady has to stick up for you, huh?”

Before Mike could speak, Kimberly spoke up again, “We just got here. Why don’t we stick around for a while? Otherwise I’m sure I could find a ride if you want?”

Mike knew that Rick would be more than eager to “give her a ride” whenever she said go. So he decided that he better stick around for a while. Mike sat there pouting to himself. He realized he should have just went home with his girl instead of trotting her in front of the party to display her like a trophy.

Rick looked disappointed that Mike was still there, “Well why don’t you make yourself useful if you’re going to stay and watch. Besides I grabbed the last round.”

Mike agreed, even though the last round Rick grabbed was only for Kimberly and himself. Oh yeah and the fact that he was enjoying his date’s company. He hopped to his feet and began walking to the bar downstairs.

“Good boy.”, Rick said before he could leave.

Mike pretended not to hear him, but heard Kimberly say that he was such a bad boy in an unnerving way. Unfortunately for him the line to grab the drinks was long. There were a lot of people cutting Mike and he was too nice to put any of these drunken brutes in their place. It had taken ten minutes, but he returned to them with their drinks.

The couch they were sitting on was empty. His buddy came up from behind him and asked, “Hey where’s your hot little girlfriend. I was hoping to get a quick view of her before my lady comes back!”

Mike didn’t know how to answer this, but didn’t want to let on that she wasn’t his lady, “I think she went to the bathroom.”

“Boy is she hot. I wouldn’t leave her alone too long man, you never know what the drunks asshole around here are scheming.”

A normal joke was a huge blow to Mike’s confidence. What did he mean? Did he know something that Mike didn’t? No he thought he was probably just paranoid.

Mike went to investigate the whereabouts of Kimberly and went down the hall. His eyes widened when he saw a breadcrumb of clothes. There was a shirt, a pair of men’s shoes, a belt and then he turned the corner. There in front of him laid jeans, and on top of them at the closed door was Kimberly’s miniskirt. Just a few feet above it hanging on the door knob were a pair of red panties that looked wet.

He still held their drinks as he leaned over and began looking through the keyhole. He was stunned as the scene that was unfolding for him.

Rick was nude sitting on the corner of the bed with his huge erect cock pointing straight into the air. His hand was wrapped around the thick piece of meat as he slapped it like a baton against his other hand as he stared out of Mike’s view.

Kimberly appeared with her perfect toned ass pointing towards Mike. It waved back and forth putting Mike into a trance as he watched walk towards Rick. Rick reached up and grabbed at her 32DD tits and squeezed them.

“Got nice tits babe. Bet your boyfriend loves playing with them.”

“Oh he’s never touched these.”

Rick grinned and gave a light laugh at his own laugh as he played with Kimberly’s tits. Her head was rolling back letting her long raven hair cover her back entirely. Rick began sucking on her tits and let his hands reach around to play with her ass in front of Mike’s view.

Rick's big long cock had penetrated the thick tanned and toned thighs of Kimberly's. He was literally fucking her thighs and Mike could see the big head of his big cock pushing in and out. Mike was frustrated that he was growing hard himself as he watched this stud violate his date barbarically.

How could Kimberly make him go through so many expensive dates and string him along to throw it all away on one night?, Mike thought. He knew that he could still stop this and was just about to when he heard Kimberly speak up.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?", Kimberly moaned as Rick rubbed her ass and pussy roughly.

"What the fuck is he going to do about it? If he does, I'll beat the hell out of him and make him watch.", Rick's response made Kimberly moan and cry out.

"Fuck me you big cock stud."

Mike knew Rick was right. He would beat the hell out of him and would still fuck Kimberly. He would never be able to live down that humiliation if that were to happen. He thought long and hard and then accepted the reality of the situation.

Rick threw Kimberly on the bed rough. Her big tits and ass bounced as she came to a resting position looking up at Rick with awe. He grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her to him as easy as he would pick up a pillow. She spread her legs naturally as though the man's strength, power and overall alpha seemed to be the key to her sexuality.

Mike realize all too late that his chivalry and his gentlemanly ways were lost on Kimberly. She had seen it a million times when all she wanted was for a strong man to fuck her.

"You're my slut tonight. Forget about that little boy that brought you here because the real man right here is going to break your pussy."

She gasped in excitement at his words and then gasped deeper when he shoved the head of his cock into her pussy as he gripped at her ankles. She laid on her back with her big breasts bouncing as he began trying to fit his massive dick into her. Her eyes widened with each inch he was able to get into her as he stretched her out.

“I’m cumming!”, she called out as though her voice was made of air.

“Damn bitch I don’t even have it in all the way.”, Rick was impressed with himself.

Rick began working his cock in long stroke in and out of her pussy. He pushed her legs as far apart as they could and pinned them against the bed as he stood on the side of the bed leaning over her plummeting his big dick in and out of her.

Kimberly began to grow louder in her moans as Rick’s pace picked up. Mike couldn’t help but applaud Rick’s prowess in the bedroom. He had made Kimberly orgasm over and over and over and had no signs of letting up.

“Your dick is-so-fuucckkking-big! Fuck!”, Mike’s date called out like a slut. Mike stumbled a bit as he watched the woman of his dreams being fucked by this asshole. He dropped the drink and it hit the door opening it just a creak.

“Shut the fucking door!”, Rick called out.

Mike reached up and shut it and hurried off so he wouldn’t be caught watching. He went outside on the deck of the party. Everybody out there was laughing as though they were trying to be sneaky.

“What’s going on out here?”, he said to his buddy.

“Some slut is getting pounded in there man! We were out here and started hearing someone fucking in the house. She has cum over ten times now by my count. Did you see who the little slut was?”

“Umm, nope. Have no clue.”, he said embarrassingly and a bit offended that his buddy was referring to his date as a little slut. The hypocrisy never fell upon Mike, whose date was fucking another man in the other room.

One of the guys jumped up and down waving them over. “You can see them now!”

Mike’s feet were planted to the floor as he pretended as though he didn’t want to see them in an attempt to persuade his buddy to do the same thing. The buddy wanted nothing to do with it and went to the window. Mike dragged his feet finally to follow them to see what they could.

The room was dark and the way the light entered the room from the moonlight above, it only showed Rick thrusting his hips between a pair of sexy legs. Mike knew the legs instantly, but the other guys didn’t.

“Dude is that Rick? That guy is an animal!”

Mike could hear the other two talk about how hard Rick was fucking her and how that little slut was loving it. They made jokes about how she wouldn’t be able to walk for a week and his buddy even suggested they try and gangbang that ho. He decided maybe next time when his girlfriend wasn’t there.

“Oh shit he’s hitting it from the back now!”

This made Mike nervous as now she was facing the window and at any minute anyone could see her face. Luckily her head was hanging being covered by her own dark hair and shrouded in darkness. Rick was rubbing her hips and ass methodically as he grinded his cock slow and deep all the way into her pussy. He stuffed himself balls deep and just rocked his hips. The three of them could hear her cries as she came all over Rick’s monster cock.

Rick growled like a lion and gripped at the back of Kimberly’s head and gripping her hair in his fingers before tugging back. Her head arched back and her face was in the light of the moon. She was in the middle of yet

another orgasm as he held her hair. Her big tits were also in view hanging under her and bouncing around.

Rick's hips continued to thrust himself into Kimberly, the sound of their skin slapping could be heard from outside and the view of her ass jiggling with each thrust could be seen. She looked like a little fuck doll that Rick was ravaging rather than the classy woman Mike had pictured her before.

"Isn't that?", his buddy looked over to Mike.

Mike's head slumped down and he just nodded.

"Oh. I mean..", his buddy struggled to find something to say, "You cool with this?"

Mike nodded and looked back up to the scene of Rick pounding his little sexy date. Her curvy body being fondled and smacked as he spanked her ass and squeezed her fat tits.

"Bro, you mind if I get a turn sometime?", his buddy asked while rubbing his cock. His hand was inside his pants.

"Umm... I mean..."

"C'mon man, we've been friends forever and you've known Rick for what, one hour?"

He had a point, but was surprised how quickly his own buddy was now trying to fuck Kimberly.

"I'll be REAL good to her, buddy.", his other hand came to pat Mike on the back as he continued to stroke himself in his pants.

"I mean I don't know."

"I'd fuck her so hard bro. You'd be impressed. Sucking on her big tits and rubbing my dick all over her phat ass."

“Dude... what has gotten into you?”, Mike asked.

“That little slut... needs this dick.”, and his buddy came in his own pants. The whole situation was surreal as his buddy had just come to the sight of some big dick jock stuffing Mike’s date as he was being cuckolded.

Rick continued to roughly fuck Kimberly who was now just limp. She had no energy left as she came more times than she was able to keep count. She just let Rick use her on his fat cock so he could get himself off with her body.

Mike and his buddy left the other guy to stroke himself off as he watched Rick fuck Kimberly.

When they entered the house they heard Rick grunting and calling Kimberly names.

“Take this dick you little slut. I’m about to cum all in your tight pussy. Get ready little bitch!”

Then they heard him shout out at the top of his lungs. He continued to grunt and scream as he came. His buddy tried to stifle himself, but busted out in laughter because Rick would not stop cumming. Mike was irritated with his buddy’s perspective and finding comedy in his situation.

Mike began fixing himself a drink when the guy who was stroking himself (and probably came), ran into the house.

“Oh my god, Rick just covered the slut with his cum! Look!”, he brought his phone over to his buddy and Mike and showed him video. Mike was displeased almost more that there was evidence of his date being fucked and jizzed on instead of the actual action itself. Now his perverted friends had something to jerk off too.

The video showed every position Rick fucked her in that they were able to see, especially the one that showed Kimberly’s face clearly. She was

actually pretty hot as she took the big dick from behind, but Mike just wished it was him.

When Rick finally pulled out, he had made sure to have control of Kimberly's hair. He dragged her body so he was able to literally cum all over her body. His first stream was for her face, his second was for her tits before he spun her around. He would cum on her ass and back and her thighs before flipping her back over. He straddled her chest wrapping her tits around his cock as he pumped the rest of his cum all over her face and hair. Mike noticed she caught some of it in her mouth so she could taste it.

Before the video fully ended Rick strutted into the room. They had been fucking for almost a half hour so he knew that they had to know. She was way too loud not to hear. He walked right up to Mike who was fuming. He reached out and grabbed the drink from his hands taking it. His other hand gave him a little slap on the cheeks.

"I'd say thanks, but you should really be thanking me.", the sense of entitlement on this asshole really pissed Mike off. Not only did he just take his date and fuck her like a slut in front of his friends, but he wanted him to thank him?

"Thanks, Rick.", Mike heard himself say. He hated himself at this point. He could feel the way his buddies looked at him.

Following him was his date Kimberly. Her hair was in a complete mess and her skirt was not on properly so her big tits were bursting out and her big sexy toned ass was half exposed. His buddies who stroked themselves off earlier just staring in lust that made Mike uncomfortable.

She could barely keep herself walking straight as cum leaked down her thighs from Rick. She looked like she was out of it and struggling to exit her own ecstasy. Every so often she would just stop and shudder for a moment.

"Sorry about that buddy-boy. I think I really did a number on her.", Rick gave Mike a slap on the back.

Kimberly stumbled towards the front door. She didn't even look at anyone and Mike wasn't sure if he should run out after her.

His buddy gripped at his shoulder before he could exit, "I'm serious, Mike. I want to hit that. Obviously I can't do it here with my lady, but I'll stop by to get some sloppy seconds."

"But---"

"I'll be over in an hour. Be up so I don't wake up your neighbors. I'd hate for them to find out what kind of man you are.", the look that his buddy gave him was strange and unfamiliar to him.

Mike just nodded in agreement so that his buddy would let go to follow Kimberly.

Mike exited the door with Kimberly in view and the whole night flashing before his eyes in that brief second. He could only think, "What just happened?"

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | GROUP | BETRAYAL



BY: REMY LEONE



Halloween Humiliation Costume Party Cuckold

Remy Leone

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NIGHT BEFORE HALLOWEEN

Melanie and Same had been married for a few years and were still at the young age of 25 each. Immediately after graduating college they were married and pursuing their career goals. The economy had been tough, but they were both becoming more valuable as they jumped from job to job.

Melanie was a fitness instructor at a local yoga fitness club and was one of the most requested instructors the club had. The women in her community admired her flawless skinny, toned and curvy body. They had all hoped to have a body like her and would request her while the men just wanted to ogle her 34DD breasts in sexy positions. Her husband also enjoyed her natural breasts, but he found her perfect plump firm butt his favorite part of her body. Often he would catch himself touching it when he was around her unable to control himself.

Sam had never been a large man and his physical prowess left a lot to be desired, but he was kind and sensitive. Melanie, as beautiful as she was, was still insecure and having Same around gave her a sense of security.

As time went on though, their marriage became more dull and the lack of passion that existed between the both of them was glaring in their faces. Melanie was becoming bored and Sam was the one who was becoming more insecure.

Melanie's tone with him began to become blunt and aggressive and she didn't want to have sex anymore. She would always have a headache or not want to or find a reason she was mad at Sam for to ruin her mood.

In the slight chance that they would actually make love Sam wouldn't be able to last long. He was already at a disadvantage of being endowed with a 4 inch member. His lack of ability in the bedroom and to turn his wife only reminded Melanie why they never had sex anymore.

However Sam started becoming more familiar with going down on his wife. He would orally please her while she would use one of her small, but growing collection of personal toys. Melanie would have rather been having sex with a real person, but this would have to do if she wanted to stay faithful to her beta husband.

The routine of Sam going down on his wife was becoming almost a daily ritual as Melanie become the longer they went without sex. It had been over three months of Sam going down on her almost every day before they would try the last time, but Sam would only premature ejaculate over himself

From that day, Melanie was unable to look at Sam like a man ever again. She couldn't understand why he couldn't fulfill his obligations of pleasuring her without the use of his tongue. There were millions of suitable men out there that would love to have a piece of her and the longer they went the more she would notice.

However, her shy and conservative attitude towards life wouldn't allow herself to succumb to any of the good guys that hit on her. She wouldn't be able to live with herself knowing that the nice guy from her yoga class got lucky with her behind her husband's back.

She yearned for attention so when they got an invitation to go to a costume party of one of her friend's from college for Halloween she became excited. Sam was not a fan of her friend from college as she was kind of a floozie then and still was. However, there would be no arguing with Melanie as she made it known that this was very important to her.

Sam would agree to go to the party and all they would have to do now is decide on one thing. Costumes.

COSTUME REVEAL

Sam had decided to go as a nerd and had dressed up in black pants and white button up t-shirt with a pocket protector. His glasses were taped and he made his hair look mess and uncombed. His black pant legs were even rolled up so that you could see his polka-dot purple and brown socks.

He sat there staring in the mirror and a memory of himself in high school formed. He realized how this outfit resembled him during his high school days when he was awkward and goofy. His shoulders slumped and he exhaled a soft sigh feeling insecure within his costume now. Luckily, Melanie would look like a nerd with him and it wouldn't be so bad.

His neighbor had come over to talk about borrowing some of his tools. Sam was a nice guy and would allow him. His neighbor, Jack, was just an average guy in his early fifties working towards retirement. He had a problem with the alcohol, but deep down was a good guy.

"Thanks Sam. It's going to really help get me and the wife ready for winter.", Jack said slightly intoxicated.

Sam could smell the alcohol on his breath, but didn't hint towards it as he replied, "No problem, neighbor. You need anything you just let me know."

"Well, Sam----", Jack was interrupted by Melanie.

"Okay. Here I come!", the blonde wife called out from the bedroom.

Sam was ready to see his wife in her outfit to take some of the burden of his anxiety off himself. However, when his wife showed up in a costume other than what they had initially planned he was stunned.

"Where's your outfit?", Sam asked confused.

"This is it. Don't you like it?", Melanie showed off for him.

The long blonde, blue eyed beauty stood before Sam. She had a pair of large white wings on her back. Her microskirt was made of a free flowing fabric that moved each time she moved. The bottom of the hem of it ended to show off just the bottom of her firm butt. Her long smooth legs were completely bare and her perfect pedicured toes with white toe nail polish ended in her tan high heels. Her heels making now taller than Sam by a couple of inches she would be towering over him the rest of the night.

However, the top of her skirt was what both Jack and Sam noticed immediately. Her 34DD perky breasts were barely covered by the loose hanging fabric of her white top. The deep “V” of the front of the chest went down to the middle of her stomach and showed off the top, middle and sides of her natural busty chest. The round shape and the barely visible nipple under the thin fabric top showed off her youthfulness.

“Oh my god.”, Jack said to himself.

Sam looked to Jack wondering what that was supposed to mean, however he didn’t need to ask by the look ins his eyes. Jack acknowledge to Sam that he was checking out his wife and muttered.

“Sorry Sam, your wife is just...”, He continued to gawk her body in her sexy “Angel” outfit.

Melanie became shy as her older neighbor stared at her barely clothed body. She tried to cover herself with her arms, but it only pushed her perfectly shaped breasts together and made her neighbor even instinctively reach down and adjust his hardening cock.

“Jack.”, Sam tried to snap his attention away from Melanie.

“Yeah... of course.”, Jack said without paying attention to Sam at all.

Sam knew he was ignoring him, but before he could repeat himself, Jack gave him a hug. It was odd, since they had never been that close and only known each other for a short time.

Even though Sam hadn't known his neighbor long, he didn't think that Jack was the hugging type. Sam could feel how strong the older man was than himself and almost felt like he could crush the life out of his smaller frame. Jack quickly released him as quickly as he grabbed him and began towards Melanie.

"I'll see you later.", Jack said in an intoxicated friendly manner.

His arms reached around Melanie who was also stunned at how touchy her neighbor was being. Her eyes widened and she looked over to Sam for some guidance. Sam didn't know what to do and just watched as the older man had hugged his wife.

He held his arms around her with one of his hand firmly planted on the small of her back and pulling her hips into his firmly. He stood there and slow-danced with her for a moment in front of Sam who was still unsure what he should do.

Melanie could feel the older-timers hard cock pressing against her bareness and even rubbing at her white thong that was showing as her skirt was riding up her waist.

Jack's hands were now rubbing seductively over Sam's wife's hips as he grinded himself blatantly in front of the timid husband. Melanie gave Sam a stern look and Sam jumped in response.

Sam had his hand on Jack's shoulder and pried him off his wife. Jack's hands reached down and rubbed at her bare thighs at one last ditch effort to feel Melanie's smooth body.

Jack looked to Sam and Melanie and gave a tilt of his hat to them both. It was odd to hear Jack go from perverted groper to friendly neighbor within a matter of seconds.

"Well you both have a fun time tonight.", Jack talked as though he was getting out of hand just a minute before. He gave a friendly smile and walked out and back towards his own home.

Sam sighed and looked at his wife who was wearing her “Sexy Angel” outfit. It didn’t take much for her body to come tumbling out of the outfit and knew that it much too late for her to change now.

“Well what are you waiting for?”, Melanie snapped at him. She was half-excited mixed with being annoyed at her husband for some unknown reason.

Sam was relieved that he had already shut down the house and was ready to go. They went to their car and drove to their destination ready to encounter their next adventure.

COSTUME PARTY

Sam and Melanie arrived at the party fashionably late. They noticed how much it reminded them of their college days as people were drinking outside and inside of the house as it was an overcrowded party. The ages of people were a mix of graduates and seniors that were going to be graduating next year. There were some older men and some younger men, but the majority of them made up Sam and Melanie’s age.

Melanie was getting the attention she was looking for immediately as she got to the party. Men of all ages were staring at her and each of them seemed surprised at her dweeb husband.

There was barely room to move around the house as they swam through to find their friends. Melanie had saw her old college friend who was already completely drunk. She was taking shots with a couple of guys and they talked for a moment. From there they grabbed a few drinks and walked around the party.

At one point in the party a stocky college freshman wearing a toga, who was wildly dancing, pulled Melanie by the waist towards himself. Everyone was laughing as he dance with the beautiful busty blonde and manhandling her smaller frame. The 19 year old freshman was having the time of his life with the sexy woman's firm butt pressing into his crotch and belly.

Melanie was trying to play along with the party and not wanting to be a party pooper. She felt herself being pulled and jerked around by the younger teen and was a bit surprised by how brazen he was. He wasn't exactly an attractive younger man, but he was dry humping her firm ass like he owned it.

Melanie put her finger up to show off her wedding finger to the younger man and shouted out loud enough for him to hear over the music that she was married. The younger guy didn't care and Melanie even pointed at her husband to show him that he was right there.

The nerve of the younger teen was almost mesmerizing to Melanie as he just nodded to Sam as he continued to hump at her ass. She could feel her skirt pushing up her waist as the younger teen rubbed his hardening cock right between her heart shaped butt cheeks.

In fact the younger stocky teen just stared at Sam as he continued to rub the length of his average length cock up and down her crack in front of him. One of his hands was on Melanie's waist holding hold her ass on his cock as he continued to "dance" with her.

The crowd was obviously enjoying the show that they were putting on. They laughed and joked as they watched the stocky boy get lucky with the "Sexy Angel". Melanie's wings were moving as though she was flying each time the young buck humped his hard cock up and down her ass. Her skirt was now completely bunched up around her waist and her white thong was even visible from the front.

Melanie reached down with her dainty pedicured hand to pull her skirt down, but with the stocky man grinding in her ass the skirt only would

come down so far. She tried to pull away a bit to readjust the skirt, but the wild dancing teen held her firm and only reached to grab at her hand.

The music finally stopped all of a sudden as there was audio difficulty. Everyone all stopped dancing in unison except Melanie and the stocky teen. The teen continued to rock his hips back and forth into Melanie and the sound of the front of his bare thighs slapping against the back of Melanie's thigh caught everyone's attention.

The crowd began to take notice more and focused on the drunk teen fondling Sam's wife. Sam tried to finally step in, but the teen pushed him back. Another guy grabbed at Sam's shoulders and pulled him back.

"Hey, calm down. Let this kid get lucky for once.", The man was tall, bitterly ugly and dressed like a wizard. The way the tall wizard acted was as though he was vicariously living through the stocky teen fondling Melanie.

Sam tried to pull away, but was too weak. He then looked over at Melanie who was now practically bottomless in front of the party. The women of the party began leaving and left the men behind to watch this young teen get a shot at the sexy woman of his dreams.

The sexy blonde wife molestation from the younger teen continued in front of the crowd of men in the house party. The drunk men around them only encouraged the guy and their talking was becoming more clear.

"Show her tits!", A superhero called out.

"Yeah let's see 'em.", A wrestler said.

"Yeah kid show those tits!", Someone else said. Sam didn't see this man.

The kid could hear the others and Melanie could clearly hear what they were saying. Her bright blue eyes searched around the room of drunk men

in costume to look for her husband. While she continued to look for her husband wondering where he was.

The young man reached up at the front of Melanie's white dress grabbing at the two side of the fabric. Melanie was giggling as she held his hands and struggled with him.

Sam's jealousy grew as he watched as Melanie was having fun within the arms of the young guy who was trying to expose her breasts to the party. His hands were firmly on her chest and as he pulled on the fabric he mauled at her chest. He could see the excitement growing and she was struggling to fight his advances and the men around her waiting in anticipation.

"Tits, Tits, Tits!", Men began to crudely chant.

Finally, Melanie gave up and the younger teen pulled the fabric to the sides. Her perfect perky breasts and little erect nipples stood proudly on her chest. The crowd erupted in joy and the men began giving high fives to one another. Sam noticed that Melanie's first reaction wasn't to cover herself up, but to look at the men around her.

She was smiling seeing how all of the men looked at her with lust and watched the younger college freshman reach forward and grab a handful of her breasts from behind her and squeeze so they could all see. The crowd gave noise of awe watching her tits being played with in front of them. The younger teens fingers were tweaking at her nipples

Melanie closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the stocky man. He had never stopped rubbing his hard cock against her bare ass only covered by his toga. The tent pitched in his toga was clear and it there was a huge wet spot which could only be precum.

His stocky frame had sweat all over Melanie's white dress in their dancing and dry humping and now most of the outfit was becoming transparent in places as it clung to her tight body.

Finally the stocky teen reached down pulled his toga up so that the front of it was bunched around their hips with Melanie's skirt. Her eyes widened looking for her husband again wondering why he hadn't stepped in yet. She could feel the young man's cock pressing against her inner thighs and the fabric of her white wet thong. She was way too horny to stop this.

A man in a referee uniform called out, "The little fucker's going to fuck this slut right here." The crowd erupted in another cheer.

"Fuck her man, bitch is begging for it!", A guy in a cowboy costume called out.

The stocky kid began pushing her forcefully against the couch walking with her with his bare cock buried between her thighs. Melanie could feel that as she walked her things rubbed up and down his cock. Her heels clicking against the ground as she tipped toed against wood floor.

He pushed Melanie forward against the arm of the couch and she bent over with her hands to rest on the arm. When the teen pulled back her perfect ass could now be seen to all of the men. They were all becoming envious at how this teen was going to snag this sexy woman.

The slightly above average cock of the teen was now pointing up for everyone to see. The group all laughed at seeing his cock for no particular reason. However it lasted only for a second as the teen gripped at the white thong of Melanie.

With one swift movement he jerked down the sopping wet panties that contained Melanie's excitement. He tossed them to the crowd of men and they fought over to grab them.

Sam couldn't help but feel helpless as the crowd acted like animals. Anytime he would try and stop the betrayal of his wife in front of him, one of the costumed onlookers would stop him or pull him back. Everyone wanted this to escalate as much as possible.

The guy who won the fight for the panties had to take off his gorilla mask and he put them to his face. He smelled Melanie's scent while Melanie watched him from a distance. She was moaning from the last few things that had happened and her knees buckled. She almost lost her balance in her heels, but she was orgasming without even being penetrated.

The younger guy man handling her and treating her like a slut in front of all of these men had taken her by storm. She had never been treated like this before and she was already so horny that anything could have probably set her off at this point, but the attention she was getting was surpassing to anyone clicking "like" on her social media wall.

The man in the referee costume stepped over pretending to officiate and everyone was laughing as the teen pushing himself in between the "Angels" legs from behind. He kicked at the inner ankle of her leg so that she would spread her legs more and she complied.

"Get ready for some dick slut.", The teen finally spoke for the first time. His words would haunt Sam for the rest of his life.

The toga wearing stocky college freshman used one hand to grab at his hard cock and guide it at his conquest entrance. Melanie's moaned and arched her back as he entered her. The crowd erupted and all began to slowly creep towards her.

The referee had one of her hanging tits in his hands and he was fondling her tit. He had pulled out his long cock and was stroking it as the teen began to slowly work his cock into her pussy.

Sam luckily had gotten to the front of the crowd to see at least what was happening to his wife. He could see the pleasure in her eyes as the young man pushed his hips towards her and fully entered her. The toga wearer took a moment to relish being fully engulfed in this beautiful blonde woman's married pussy.

"Married pussy's the best.", The teen said.

The crowd chuckled confused as they started speculating about her husband. The tall wizard who was still standing right next to him finally put two and two together.

“Are you the husband? That’s why you were trying to stop it!”, The wizard looked at Sam disapprovingly.

Sam cowered answering and only stared at the ground unable to look him in the eye. He could hear the Wizard laughing and spreading the news about who the slut’s husband was.

“Her husband’s fine with her fucking other guys I guess.”, They were all excited and happy to hear the news, but they were definitely looking at Sam as less than a man.

The teen was now thrusting his hips at fast pace in between Melanie’s legs. The referee put his hand on the back of Melanie’s blonde head and pushed his cock into her eager warm mouth.

Her head began to bob up and down on the ref’s cock as her wings bounced around on her back. The ref had a cocky grin on his face as he would look at Sam from time to time with his cock buried in her mouth.

“You should be ashamed of yourself, boy.”, The teen said. Everyone laughed at the younger guy talking like that to Sam.

Melanie’s moans were muffled by the ref’s cock in her mouth. The long cock stroked in and out and from time to time he would pull the cock out and slap it against her face. The crowd would laugh when he did that and chant.

“Slap that bitch!”

Same watched these barbarians double penetrate his beautiful blonde conservative wife. Her tits being mauled by the crowd as the teen continued his fucking between her smooth long legs.

Melanie's eyes rolled into the back of her head as he orgasmed with the two cocks buried firmly in her from each end. The ref couldn't take it anymore and erupted. As he came he held her face firmly onto the end of his cock.

The amount of cum must have been hard for Melanie to swallow as it oozed from the corner of her cock filled mouth. It rolled down her own chin and even dripped against the arm of the couch that she was being fucked over currently.

The teen decided to join the fun as he quickened his pace. His hips slapping against the back of Melanie's ass made her fleshy firm butt wobble.

"Fuck yeah I'm going to cum in your wife punk.", The college man growled.

He let out one big groan and he shuddered holding still as he released himself into Melanie. The man inside of the blonde held her by the hips while the ref pulled his cock out from Melanie's mouth. Melanie was moaning audibly as the teen came in her pussy, which only somehow added humiliation to the whole situation.

The fact that she was loving being treated like this even with him present made Sam angry. However, his inability to stop the situation made him feel even more helpless. He was happy to know that it was all over though after the teen had came in Melanie.

He would realize too late that he was wrong.

HALLOWEEN HUMILIATION

Sam began to walk towards his wife and was going to get her out of the party. However the tall man wearing the wizard costumer had stepped in between him and Melanie.

“You will not be allowed to pass!”, He smacked his staff against the ground. This made the crowd laugh and pull Sam back.

The wizard dropped his staff and wasted no time in pulling his costume up and exposing his big thick cock that was almost three times the size of the stocky teen that was fucking Melanie earlier. The men were obviously impressed by the length and girth of the wizard’s cock.

Like a stud, he had one hand wrapped around the base of his cock aiming at Melanie’s entrance as he patted the stocky and spent teen’s shoulder.

“Thanks for stretching her out for my big ol’ cock.”, The tall, lanky older man said.

Even though he was penetrating a beautiful woman, the tall man seemed to have an anger on his face. While nobody was holding Sam back this time, he was clearly intimidated by how mean the tall wizard was as he entered his wife.

Melanie had orgasmed the second he began penetrating her with his thick piece of meat. She moaned and groaned and the entire house was aching from her screams. Her pain was her pleasure and the slut wife was enjoying every minute of her being ravaged like a whore in front of her weak husband.

“Someone shut the slut up!”, The man in the wrestling outfit had no problem stepping forward. He pulled his cock out easily and though it was average in length it was still much larger than Sam’s little cock.

Melanie’s moans didn’t stop, but they were again muffled by a cock in her mouth. And like before, she was being double penetrated in front of her husband by the next pair of men. The tall man lurched over his wife and took up a lot of space as he worked his big dick into her.

The crowd was able to see him penetrating her due to the length and size of his cock. Their juices mixing began dripping down off of his balls and Melanie’s stretched pussy and puddled against the ground.

“Damn they’re forming a puddle!”, The teen in the toga said as he sat down on the other end of the couch. He was too drained to stand up after fucking the sexy blonde wife.

“I’m about to ruin this little sexy angel’s pussy. Her golden gates are forever open now.”, The tall wizard taunted Sam as he continued to stuff his monster cock into her.

Melanie was in one perpetual orgasm and became limp. Her chest was pressing against the arm of the couch as she hung there with her legs on either side of the arm. She was being fucked relentless now from both ends with her head being head by the man in her mouth.

The tall man began working his big long cock in and out of her at a casual pace. Melanie was making low pitched groaning noises from deep in her belly. Sam had never heard her sound like this before.

“This bitch is loving it!”, Someone from the crowd said from the back.

The wrestler in her mouth pulled out his cock to jerk it and smack the head across her face. Melanie was groaning still, but they were soft as she was close to losing consciousness from the tall man’s big dick destroying her pussy.

Stream after stream of cum started shooting from the wrestler's cock. The first stream had completely covered Melanie's face from her forehead down to her chin. The second stream came flying out and shot her right in her eye which forced Melanie's eye's to remain closed. The wrestler then pushed his cock between her lips again and emptied the rest of his balls into her mouth.

The size of the wizard's cock made Melanie slowly slide away from him with each thrust of the hips. The tall man leaned forward and his big hand grabbed at the long blonde hair of Melanie. He pulled back to hold her in place.

"Hold still and take this fucking dick, bitch.", The wizard growled as he sounded close to coming.

His hips pistoned his cock into her doggy style while she laid limp. With him pulling her head back by her long hair, it arched her back and her ass was becoming pushed up and bouncing even more as he plowed into her.

The tall man raised his hand. "Take it bitch!"

He brought his big hand down with his free hand as he held her back by the hair with his other hand. His palm coming down smack at her bare ass and it echoed in the room.

The crowd as cheering and laughing chanting at the man fucking the sexy angel to continue to smack her ass.

"Punish that bitch!"

"Yeah teach this slut wife a lesson!"

The tall man continued to smack at Melanie's ass as he rammed his big long cock into her. The wizard and finally worked the entire length of his girthy cock into her and his balls were swinging back and forth slapping at her clip as he gave her ass one last spank that would be remembered forever.

It snapped Melanie's one eye open that didn't have cum in it and her whole body tensed up as she felt the man unload a barrel of cum in her body. His cum was thick and plentiful warming the inside of her belly and womb.

The wizard continued to work his big cock in and out of her not stopping his pace. "That right baby, make sure you save all that cum."

The wizard gave Sam a smile as he continued to milk his big long cock in his wife. He had finally let her head go which finally allowed her cum covered face to pressed against the arm of the couch again. He was rubbing at her ass where he spanked it harshly before as he pulled out his cock.

Their fluids came pouring out of Melanie and dripped into the puddle in a steady stream. The puddle below them was enough to fill a shot glass of the cum they both produced.

The wrestler and the wizard both walked off. Sam was hopeful to stop the assault of his wife. However when he stepped up to retrieve his wife he was stopped yet again.

It was by a man who was not in a costume and looked familiar.

"Jack? What are you doing here?"

"I had to see your sexy wife again."

Sam became a bit frightened at the extent that Jack had gone to see his wife.

"Help me get her out of here man.", Sam pleaded.

Jack acknowledged to Sam's relief and the pulled her out of the party filled with these savages. Jack was carrying her out of the house as she was barely able to walk and Sam was too weak to carry his own wife.

They got to their vehicle that were conveniently parked next to one another.

“Thanks Jack. I really appreciate you, I can’t believe what just happened.”, Sam was still stunned and disoriented by the whole event. Shell shocked would be a better way to describe it.

“No problem. That’s what neighbors are for. By the way you said let you know if you can help right?” Jack said with a grin and a tone that Sam was unfamiliar with.

“Of course anything now. Just name it.”, Sam opened the passenger door for Jack to answer him.

“Well. I’m going to borrow your wife.”, He said without hesitation. He had opened the passenger door of his own car and set Melanie’s barely conscious curvy nude body in the seat.

“What.... No...”, Sam’s heart sunk feeling another pang of betrayal from Jack.

“Look buddy. You get your wife the rest of your life. But tonight, it’s my turn. I’ll bring her back when I’m done with her.”

Jack pushed passed Sam who made a weak attempt to stop the larger and older neighbor. Jack got into his car and turned on the engine and pulled out of his parking spot with Melanie still in the passenger seat. Her tits were still completely on display as she just moved around still in arousal from the whole night.

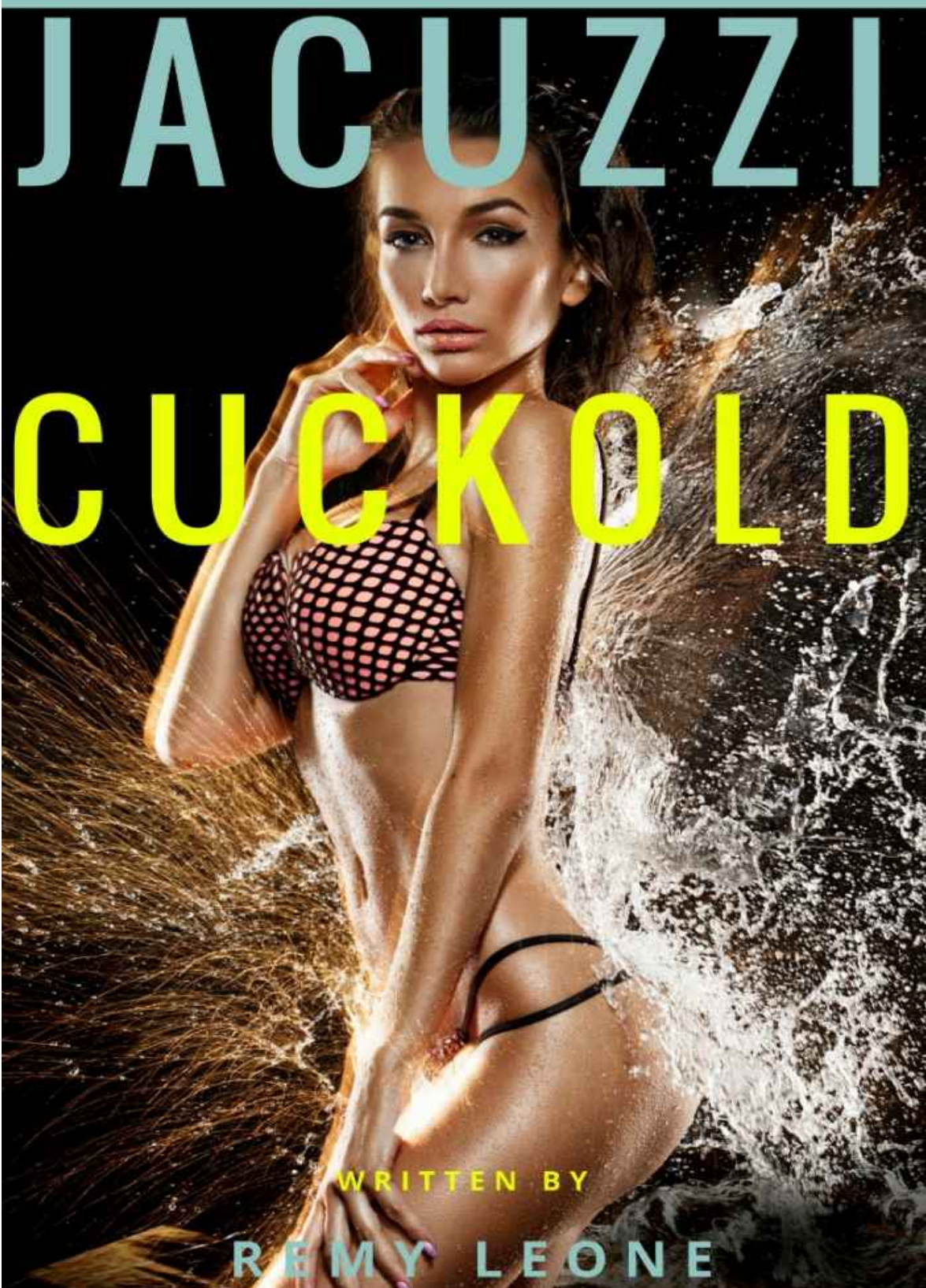
“Where are you going?” Sam cried out.

“I’ll find somewhere. Can’t bring her to my place obviously with the wife there.”, Jack said in a friendly tone mentioning his own wife.

With that, Jack pulled off and drove down the street. Sam stood there watching his neighbor drive off with his wife.

“Happy Halloween”, For some odd and unknow reason was his first thought in his head.

----THE END----



JACUZZI CUCKOLD

WRITTEN BY

REMY LEONE



Jacuzzi Cuckold

Remy Leone

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PROLOGUE

Isabel was so excited to get to the hotel with her husband Greg. They had traveled by air over 600 miles from their hometown and it was nice to be in a foreign place. Greg had won a raffle at his work to land this all-inclusive resort stay. The pictures made it seem like only a millionaire could stay there.

The Jacuzzi's were made of porcelain, the stone columns had gold etchings in them and there was even a waterfall that landed in the middle of the lobby. There was a sense of class conveyed from the brochures.

Isabel decided that she would bring her designer dresses, heels and bikinis. She wasn't going to look like she use to as the poor pretty girl growing up. Her body had grown into its womanly figure and at the age of 26 she had the curves and the youth.

Her 34DD breasts stood high on her chest and still looked great without her bra. It was Greg's favorite part of her body sometimes forgetting about her petite yet thick butt. Her big butt and dark features often fooled men into believing she was Latina.

She had a fiery passion unlike her boring husband who grew up spoiled rotten. He was a bit of a drag lately as he was hating his job and hated doing anything. He had turned into a hermit, but decided to break that habit to come to this hotel. They were both hopeful for a proper turn around in their relationship.

Greg's recent stress from his job had caused him to gain weight and begin to lose her hair. His confidence and self-worth was being taken from him every day and by the time he turned 27, he was a shell of his former self. He need something to hope for. Something to look forward to. He was going to make his wife happy, no matter what it took.

If he only knew how far he would have to go.

THE DRIVER

When Isabel and Greg stepped out of the cab in front of their hotel they felt the heat take their breaths. They were not use to the sudden weather change and they both were beginning to sweat immediately.

Luckily, Isabel was only wearing a short summer dress that allowed her sexy long legs breathe. The top of her dress was just as skimpy and showed off her big round mounds. The ample cleavage had tiny beads of sweat beginning to form on them. Her cardigan that she was wearing over her summer dress was making her hot.

“Where are we?”, Greg said to the cabbie. He stared up at the hotel which looked shady. It didn’t appear to have the luxurious insides from the way it looked outside.

“Your hotel.”, The cabbie said.

“No this isn’t it. We are supposed to stay here, see?”, Greg was pointing at the brochures. The picture he was pointing at was a few younger girls in bikinis. Greg didn’t intentionally point at that picture he just wasn’t thinking. Isabel had caught him playing with himself.

Greg realized the picture he was pointing at and became immediately embarrassed. He saw Isabel shake her head in judgement at him and it caused him to sweat just a little bit more.

Isabel had caught him playing with himself. He looked like a little kid with the picture she remembered. The thought of her husband playing with his little cock almost made her giggle, but she stifled herself.

Greg and the cabbie went back and forth as they both seemed confused at first. Greg continued to show off pictures of the inside of the hotel while the cab driver explained this was the correct address. Finally, the cabbie told Greg to fuck off and pay and he was done listening to him.

Greg timidly backed down. He wasn't going to start a fight with the guy he just wanted to understand what was going on. He started to pull out his wallet when the cabbie grabbed at it before he could even lift it up. The cab driver opened his leather wallet and took double his fare and the appropriate tip. He tossed the wallet on the ground next to Greg.

The driver then turned towards Isabel to walk the long way around his own cab. Isabel seemed a bit intimidated by him as he walked by her. He started to slow down right as he got by her.

His hand raised high in the air building strength before descending. His open palm came downwards right into Isabel's big tight ass. The sound of her butt being smacked by the driver cracked the hot night air.

Isabel's eyes widened as she jumped in the air with her tall heel's clicking as she balanced herself. Her own hands were rubbing at her cheek that the driver smacked.

"Greg!", She looked at Greg who had picked up his wallet by now and stared at what just happened.

Greg's eyes came to sudden realization that it was his duty to step up and be a man. He looked at the driver who had a cocky grin as he just stared down at his wife rubbing her own ass. He was enjoying her lifting her ass up and down while she tried to rub away the pain. His eyes were still transfixed on Greg's wife when he spoke.

“What the fuck are you going to do about it?”, The driver had even reached down and rubbed at the swell at his bulge.

Greg knew he was right. He knew he wasn't going to do anything. He wasn't that type of guy. Being 5'5 and 145lbs when wet, he wasn't scaring anyone.

The driver could see the weakness in Greg's eyes. He took a step towards Isabel and grabbed her around the waist pulling her ass into his bulge. One of his hands pinning it on her ass. Isabel looked over at Greg as she struggled to see if he would do anything.

Nothing. Even as the driver reached up and grabbed a handful of her tit over the thin summer dress he just watched. Isabel could feel the driver was rubbing his cock right between her butt cheeks through his pants. One hand gripping her ass and one holding her breasts he had no sign of letting up.

“Please.”, Greg said.

His pleas only made the driver laugh and call him a bitch with disdain. He would start squeezing her tits and ass even harder in front of him. His hips becoming more forceful.

The scrambling had caused Isabel to become even hotter in the heat. She was sweating and could feel the beads of sweating rolling over her big round breasts.

All of a sudden there was a loud noise that came into the parking lot. The driver knew he had to stop his actions, but continued twisting Isabel's nipples who let out a moan. His humping became furious as he continued his rough assault on Greg's wife.

“C'mon bro, please stop this. That's my wife.”, Greg tried again.

The driver said nothing but gave Greg a blank look in his eyes. His jaw dropped while he was breathing hot and heavy out of his mouth. Handful

of his wife's ass and tit's in her hand. The driver finally said as though he was surprised.

"I'm cumming!" He groaned out the last of it as he began slowing his dry humping of Greg's wife. Her skirt had been lifted halfway up her big butt and her ass and tits were jiggling all over as she was molested.

Greg noticed that Isabela seemed almost proud that she got the driver off when he let go. She stared at the man walk away with a naughty look. She was unsure if she should be mad or turned on. Truth was she was both. Mad at Greg for not stopping that barbarian, but turned on by how aggressive he was. And right in front of her husband was the twist that made it even dirtier.

Greg had a hard time meeting Isabel's eyes, but eventually did. She was obviously surprised herself at just what happened and stunned by his lack of action. She grabbed two small bags and walked towards the entrance of the hotel without saying anything.

Greg picked up the rest of the bags. His scrawny form being crushed under the pile of clothes his wife brought. He had one bag and she had seven.

He stumbled after his wife into the dark hotel.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE

The inside of the hotel looked like a normal lobby. Isabel looked around for the waterfall and all she saw was a fountain that barely had any water running through it. She was hoping that it would be cooler in the hotel, but her sweater was still making her hot.

There were a group of guys staring at them as they checked in. The receptionist walked over and leaned over the desk. His eyes moved from Greg and to his wife and then down to her big sweaty tits. His eyes watched one bead of sweat roll down and disappear in the crack of her cleavage before looking back at Greg without remorse.

Isabel hadn't notice the receptionist checking her out and had her elbows on the counter cradling her big jugs which made them jut out further. The sweat from previous encounter with the driver had made the summer dress cling to her body and the thin material was becoming transparent.

The group of men that were in the lobby room hanging around were silent at first. Greg could feel their eyes all over his wife's curvy body. They made sure that they were going to check her out without worried about being caught.

They began to talk to one another and Greg could hear whispers and laughs.

"How'd that guy score her?", One guy said.

"Must have money.", The other replied.

"Staying in a place like this?", The third guy chimed in.

"Maybe he's got a big cock.", He shrugged.

Isabel's ears perked up when she heard "big cock" as she looked around. When she saw the group of men just staring at her hungrily she smiled at them and politely waved. Her breasts swaying as she did so which only made the guys wave desperately back.

Greg tried not to let in on the fact he saw and heard everything. He had neither money or a big cock so it was a bit embarrassing for some reason. He just waited for the receptionist to give him their room key. When Greg grabbed at the keycard he was unable to take it from the receptionist.

He tried to pull at it again, but he noticed the receptionist eyes were hypnotized by Isabel's busty chest. Her nipples had gotten hard while in the lobby and were poking straight through the fabric. The darker color and circular outlines of her nipples were almost clearly visible through the transparent wet from sweat sundress.

Greg tried to clear his throat to get the attention of the receptionist politely, but he didn't respond. Finally he was able to pry the card from between his fingers. The receptionists arms dropped but he continued to stare like a zombie.

Isabel finally noticed and gave a bashful giggled. Her hands pretended to cover her cleavage, but there was no real effort. If anything she only pulled her dress down a little more to show more of her breasts out while she stuck her chest out in a subtle manner.

Greg wondered what had gotten into his wife as they walked to the elevator and waited. She seemed distracted and possibly a bit traumatized by the cab driver.

There were no surprised when the door opened and they walked. They waited for the doors to close so they could ascend to their room. Greg was ready to relax on the bed in front of the TV and forget anything happened earlier.

Before the doors closed there was a hard slam to keep them open. The hand prying the door back open was big and soon to follow was a matching sized older man in his late forties or early fifties. He had a shaven head and he just held the door looking down the hall. He finally looked over to Greg and didn't say anything. He looked over to Isabel as he continued to hold the door.

His lips arched and he gave a smile to show off his pearly white. His eyes were checking her up and down as he continued to smile at her.

"Waiting on my son.", His low toned voice finally spoke.

"Oh okay, that's fine.", Greg tried to break the awkward moment between his wife and this big strong man.

"Yeah I know.", He didn't even look at Greg.

Isabela looked at Greg and just gave a bit of a giggle. Greg felt so disrespected since he got there, but then came the man's son.

"Damn. Nice tits.", The younger thick brute said. He looked at Greg and gave a nod. The big muscular father followed him in the elevator and they all traveled up together.

"Nice dress is what my son meant to say. It really shows off your beautiful body.", The older man said.

"Thanks.", Isabela pretended to be shy which was unlike her. Seeing she had the father and son's attention, she leaned back. Her hard nipples almost ripping through the damp fabric of her thin summer skirt. They just stared until the older man spoke up.

"I'm JR and this is my son Ken.", He said politely as she accepted his compliment adorably.

"Isabel.", she replied softly.

“Looks like we’re staying on the same floor.”

Greg didn’t even introduce himself as they didn’t even ask. Ken was acting like a typical 18 year old horny teenager as he gawked and stared. His older father leaned back and took his glimpses and peeks in a smoother manner.

“We’re here for my son’s football camp. He might go pro like his old dad here.”, He looked to his son.

Isabel caught Ken looked down at her nipples. Even after catching him he didn’t stop until his father said his name. “Yes ma’am. Football is why I’m here.”

The elevator opened and the two men let Isabel go out in front. Their eyes attached to her big butt swaying under her short skirt. Greg was going to follow her, but ended up being pushed back into the elevator. He looked up to watch the two strong guys following his wife as they stared at his ass. The doors closed on him and the elevator was descending.

Pissed that Isabel didn’t try and help him and even stop the elevator he frantically pushed his floor on the button wall. The way those guys were looking at his wife made him panic a bit.

In fact this whole hotel was making him feel very uncomfortable.

GETTING READY

Greg and Isabel shared different experiences on the elevator. Isabel seemed to enjoy JR and his son Ken. Greg was more reserved about his opinion, but didn't share the same thrill she had about them. She couldn't tell however as she continued to talk about them.

"They were interested weren't they? I mean they were both so imposing. I can't even believe his son is 18, he looked older than you. His muscles were so much bigger than yours too.", Her eyes stared off into nothing for a moment.

Greg wondered why she had to add that part at the end, but he was still taking care of their things and unpacking for the both of them. She had taken off her dress and was laying on the bed in her teal bra and thong.

Greg admired his wife's beautiful toned and tanned body. Not only did he have the biggest breasts that he had ever been with, but she was gorgeous too. He could hardly blame anyone for questioning him when he told them that Isabel was his wife.

Greg finally finished unpacking and was exhausted. He sat next to his near nude hot wife. His hand came over to touch at the small of her back as he was feeling frisky.

The second he touched her she had hopped off the bed. A bounce of her breasts were all that Greg saw before she stood up completely and walked to the bathroom. She looked back at Greg and gave him a longing stare that suggested that she was going to slip into something more comfortable.

Greg laid his head back. He had taken off his jeans and shirt and was now just waiting on the bed in his white briefs and socks. He tried to do

some flexing to tone up to impress his wife with his own muscles like the two big studs did earlier.

The bathroom door opened and one bare leg slipped out to expose itself. Her voice trailed her long sexy smooth leg from around the corner.

“You ready?”

“Oh yeah, baby.”, Greg said. He had completely forgotten his frustrations from earlier that night.

Isabel stepped from around the corner. Her sexy curvy body on display for Greg who was confused. She wasn't wearing lingerie, she was wearing a bikini. She could see his confusion and answered his questioning eyes.

“Well I figured we could go down to the pool room. I think it's on the other end of the hotel. JR said the Jacuzzi is nice for a young couple like us and we should try it out tonight.”, She said JR's name with such excitement.

“Oh, so we better go if JR says we should.”, Greg tried to pout.

“I thought so.”, She answered innocently dodging any guilt being thrown her way.

“What's with those animals anyway”, Greg tried to antagonize her.

“What do you mean?”, She replied.

“They were shameless in how they looked and talked to you. I mean they acted without class.”, He tried to sound superior.

“Big dick muscled guys are like that.”, Isabel shrugged her shoulders without a tone.

“Dick? How do you know they have big dicks?”, He was wondering where this was coming from.

“Huh? What do you mean?”, She said in a weird tone.

“You just said they had big dicks and muscles.”, He wanted her to confess.

“No I didn’t. I said big muscle-bound men or something of the sorts.”, she denied.

Well now Greg wasn’t sure what to believe. He wondered if he had just jumped to conclusions. He had become so distracted by his thoughts that he was unable to admire the beauty of his wife.

“Greg, you are the only man for me.”, She smiled sweetly down before pecking him on his lips.

“Love you too, hon.”, Greg kissed Isabel back. His hand to come to give her butt a run over. He could feel it was bare and finally realized that he missed the fact that his wife was wearing a G-string. There was barely any fabric that made up her bottoms. Her bikini top was conservative, but her breasts were too big to be covered up. It was made of two layers of fabric. There was a meshing over another piece of fabric that actually covered her breasts. The same design matched the small fabric that covered the front of her bikini bottoms.

She seductively pulled away from her husband and playfully made her way towards the door. Her hand opened the door to her hotel and she opened it standing in her bottom revealing bikini. Greg hopped up in his underwear and grabbed a towel to wrap himself in.

Isabel was out the door by the time Greg had grabbed her a towel. He tried to catch his wife, but he didn’t want to run in the halls. He could only trail his wife who was walking seductively down the halls. While she was trying to put a show for her husband by shaking her ass a few male guests and employees also got a show.

All of their eyes were transfixed on her and at some point a couple of guys started following her. The guys following her to watch her ass

blocked Greg's view so he wasn't even able to enjoy it anymore. To make matters worse, they had their phones out and were videotaping her ass the entire time. Her big firm butt wobbled as she took each step.

Greg wanted to tell the guys videotaping to stop. He wanted to take their phones and smash them, but he didn't. They had a good three minute video of her shaking her G-string covered perfect ass for them before they left.

They made it finally to the pool room and by the time Greg was at the Jacuzzi, Isabel was already in the water.

Greg would have followed her in, but it was already full. JR and his son Ken, was already waiting for her.

JACUZZI TIME

Greg watched his wife enjoy the warm waters with the two bigger men. While JR was older he was much more muscular than his son who was thick, but not as hardened. The Jacuzzi was only big enough for two average people, let alone two big guys and a third. Isabel was practically sitting on their laps while they relaxed.

Luckily his wife was petite and fit snug right between two of the hairier men. They wrapped their hands around her neck while her big breasts pushed into the third man's chest in front of her. It almost appeared to be a Jacuzzi huddle and her big tits were about to pop out from between the two men.

The father and son were rowdy and rude to Greg as he stood outside the Jacuzzi. JR reached at Greg's towel and grabbed at it to rip it off him. Greg stood there in his tightie whities pressing his thin legs and knees together tucking his cock. JR used the towel to wipe his face tossing it to his son so he could too.

His other hand then reached down and grabbed at Isabel's tit. Literally testing the waters with Greg. When Greg pretended not to notice it made JR smile.

Isabel squirmed being pinned by the two bigger men. She could now feel Ken's hand beginning to squirm his rough hand down to her tit to grab her other one which made her squirm again. Isabel looked to Greg looking for him to say something.

Greg said nothing but just stood there with his cock stuck between his legs and staring.

“Little twat doesn’t even have a cock.”, JR bellowed as he let his hands run up and down Isabela’s thighs under the water. His son was cackling at his father’s rude joke and decided to join in.

“Wearing some white panties, are ya boy?”, The younger legal teen sneered. Greg felt an extra pain hearing his wife give a giggle as they continued to feel her up in the tub.

Greg could see JR shuffling at himself as he picked Isabel out of the water. He lifted her over his lap and before long let her sink into the water above his hips. Her eyes went wide for a moment as she looked to Greg innocently.

Greg looked into the water to see what was going on, but the bubbles were blocking his view. He was irritated that his wife let this big strong man place her on his lap without doing anything. Especially considering she was wearing a G-String and that meant that her bare ass was in his crotch.

Isabel was having a hard time descending in the water and Greg saw JR try to lower her. She had a weird look on her face and was letting out a soft moan. JR pulled her back so that she was leaning her back against him and her tits were pointing up.

Ken turned his head and just stared at the older Greg. He seemed to be laughing directly at him as his father had his wife in his lap.

Greg continued to stand there getting a bit cold from the cold pool room and wished he could join the water. He actually tried to dip his toe in the water, but was pushed away by the son.

“Back the fuck up we’re not done in here.”, When the son stood up, Greg looked down to his big 10 inch cock standing straight up pointing at him.

Greg was stunned looking to his wife. He had the sudden realization that he was too late. His wife was sitting on JR’s lap moving her hips. He could

see the G-String floating at the top of the water.

“Isabel. Honey?”, He called out to her.

Isabel heard him and looked up at him, but didn't say anything. All she could feel was the big foot long pole that was thicker than his son's stretching her out. Her eyes then moved to Ken's cock which was moving towards her.

He leaned down and stuck his big dick between her tits. Her bikini top was still on which helped push her supple breasts together. The youngster began to slide his hip back and forward. The water had help lubricate the teens big hard cock engulfed between her tits.

Ken reached his hands down to grab this sexy girl who was older than him and took her tits. He helped smashed her big mounds around his cock pumping in and out as he stared down at her beautiful face.

“Please... guys stop.”, Was all Greg could muster. He watched this father and son treat his curvy youthful gorgeous wife.

“Actually come here, boy.”, The younger Ken said.

Greg could barely look at them as use his wife like a whore while he stepped towards them. When Greg got close enough, Ken began humping fast. His hips smacking at the front of her tits while his balls smacked at the bottom of them. His hard thrusting caused water to splash all over Greg.

Greg was covered with a rush of warmth over his body and actually enjoyed it even if it was from a younger guy fucking his wife's tits. The three of them all laughed at Greg.

Greg felt humiliated when his wife joined in on the laughter. They were all looking down on him as though he was less than them.

JR was enjoying being balls deep in this younger woman's pussy. He looked over at Greg to speak in a condescending manner.

“Wife’s never had a big dick like mine. I can tell. She’s orgasmed at least five times. But she hides it because she loves you. You’re a lucky man.”, He said with a friendly smile.

Greg was beginning to shiver as he waited outside the Jacuzzi. He looked at his wife to see if she would confirm what JR just said, but she couldn’t. Ken had the big head of his cock stuck between her lips. His cock was so long that it was able to stick between her tits while she sucked him off.

“Yeah boy. Bet you can’t do that.”, Ken snapped. Every time Ken called him “boy”, it stung Greg.

JR’s had grabbed Isabel by her hips and was picking her up and down on his big monster cock that was underwater. He was practically jacking off using Greg’s wife as a toy wrapped around the big thick piece of meat between his legs. He impaled her over and over again and could feel her orgasm silently over his big dick countless amounts of times.

JR was proud of the way his son fucked this girl’s tits. He was becoming a man and couldn’t help but see himself in his own son. He was bonding with his son as they fucked this little wimp’s wife right in front of him.

Greg just watched his wife continued to be savaged by this father and son duo. Their large forms smashed her petite body in between them and she had no choice but to just take it like the slut she was.

Her eyes had rolled into the back of her head and she was going limp on the big dick that had stretched her pussy. This didn’t stop them from using her like animals.

Greg tried to step in, but JR gripped at his wrist and pulled him towards the Jacuzzi. Greg tried to pull away but was held firm and was unable to break free. Even though he was much older, he was incredibly more powerful than himself.

JR now was only using one arm to slide Isabel up and down his pole. It looked like he was curling a dumbbell slightly. Greg took special attention to Ken who let out a huge moan.

One stream of cum came spraying out from his cock that was stuck between Isabel's tits. It began spraying all over her face and into her mouth. Ken didn't stop fucking her big wet tits while he came. He wanted every single ounce of cum to cover this slut wife's face and tits.

Ken finally stopped. However, Isabel's tits continued to slide up and down his still hard cock due to JR sliding her up and down on his cock. Ken just stood there with his hips on his hips standing over his wife. He allowed her to milk his cock with his tits while he waited for his father.

JR finally squeezed at Greg's wrist and growled, "Looks me in the eyes."

Greg did as he was told and he stared deep into the eyes of the man who had his cock buried in his sexy wife. He made one snarl with his face that seemed to freeze there as he spoke.

"I'm cumming in your wife." He said it without much tone at all. He just continued to stare into Greg's eyes as he grunted and groaned.

Greg could see the pleasure filling the dead eyes of JR. The man was looking at Greg but didn't even seem to see him as he filled his wife's pussy with his cum.

Greg didn't know what to do, but wait for JR to empty himself into his wife and try to maintain eye contact as long as possible. Finally he stopped and by then JR had finished.

The son was laughing as he walked off by the time Greg realized it was over. His wife just laid in the Jacuzzi passed out. JR stepped out of the Jacuzzi finally revealing the cock that stretched his wife out earlier. It was the biggest thing Greg had ever seen.

It made his heart race and a terror take over him as he just stared down at his wife who just fucked it. He almost wanted to cry, but JR interrupted him.

“She’ll never want your pathetic excuse for a cock ever again little man.”, He nodded towards Greg’s little bulge in his tight briefs.

Greg just wanted the man to leave them alone and didn’t reply. JR just shook his head at the weak man, but was grateful at the same time for enjoying his wife. He just walked away without another word.

Greg looked at his wife who looked comfortable in the warm water. He was still shivering and cold from before wondering if there would still be fluids in the jacuzzi.

Even though he hated himself for it. He took a dip in the warm waters to sit next to his passed out wife.

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | DOMINATION | AGE PLAY | HUMILIATION

P.O.W.!

PASSED OUT WIFE

PRTENDING TO
SLEEP



REMY LEONE

POW!

Passed Out Wife Pretending to Sleep

Remy Leone

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THE GARRETTS MEET MR. AND MRS. BANKS

College Football season always filled the campus with excitement. The attraction of man and sports always brought strangers together to rally around their teams in comradery. The consumption of alcohol and the machoism of preparing to watch mountains of men ram into one another filled the streets leading to the stadium.

Thousands of people walking up and down the street. Alcohol being poured down funnels that lead into one's mouth with onlookers cheering them on. There were houses crawling with college students partying and there was little that separated the house party from the tail-gating party to form a super block party that stretched down the entire view of the street. Swarms of people tried herding themselves towards the arena all of sudden being separated from the herd into one of these house parties.

Sometimes just making your way to the actual game was the actual accomplishment in it of itself. Actually remembering the game and not getting too drunk was the bonus.

Natalie and Aaron Garrett had met one another at one of these very events when they had attended here years back when they were younger. The typical frat boy meets sorority girl that marry right after college to start a family. It brought up a lot of old cherished memories.

"Isn't this fun?", Natalie spoke to her husband. She looked around at some of college house remembering the interior and design layout of the houses from days they use to party on college campus. She had a sense of

pride that her son would experience a similar thing while he attended the same school his mother and father did.

“Yeah. Loads.”, Aaron sarcastically replied.

Natalie didn't catch the sarcasm as the blond wife was caught up in the nostalgia of the moment. She had remembered how much fun she had when she was younger compared to nowadays. It filled her with a brief sense of sadness that she had lost that youthfulness in her. Becoming so focused in her career and purchasing materials items has caused her to lose touch with her fun side.

“Why don't we come to these things more often, hon? I'm sure Arbror doesn't mind.”, Natalie referred to their son, Arbror, who was a freshmen at the college.

“Because, the streets are filled with animals at these things.”, Aaron nervously watched a couple of youthful men wrestling in mud. It was a warm day for fall weather and they were wearing speedo's slipping and sliding over one another until one guy picked up the other and slammed him into the ground. The force was so much that the other guy was knocked unconscious as the victor raised his arms over him yelling. Watchers cheered and sprayed beer at the two men plastered in mud.

“We were young once too.”, Natalie reminded her husband. Natalie still was youthful for her age of 36 being a young mother. She worked out everyday and her 36C breasts still were high on her chest protruding tightly against the white knitted sweater that clung to the white bra covering her nipples. The embroidered white bra matched her white thong concealed her skirt. Her denim skirt was short and went down to her mid thighs, but also covered by a pair of white knitted knee-high socks with a part of furry brown boots. Multiple times she had been mistaken for a college girl, as her tight athletic, but femininely curvy body exuded being much younger than she actually was. Most men were completely stunned as she had been told that they've never seen such a perky ass and set of natural breasts for a woman her age; especially a mother.

“But we weren’t like this.”, He pointed out a guy who had his hand up one girl’s shirt as they made out. She drunkenly had her hands down the front of his pants as they openly got off in front of people walking around them without a care to the world.

“Maybe we should have been. Look, everyone’s having fun babe.”, Natalie motioned around to the drunken groups of people. “And remember Arbor is one of these students. So unless you mean to say our son is an animal along with these kids, I think you should just try and immerse yourself in the moment and enjoy.”

Aaron thought about their son Arbor who had gone off with his own friends. His son was just starting his own college education and he thought of himself at that age. “I still don’t agree with him living off campus. My best years were meeting other students in the dorms.”

Natalie gave her husband a light smack against his chest, “I know what this is about. It’s about Carter.”

“Well, I don’t understand how these kids can just live with one another and have nothing in common. I mean I love our son, but he is the farthest thing from a dumb jock.”, Aaron shook his head. He never really liked his son’s roommate Carter Banks.

“You just don’t like athletes. So far, he’s been nothing but nice to us.”, Natalie said. “And he’s been pretty good to our son too.”

“Well he should be. He’s here on a full ride scholarship, barely has to go to class and Arbor said Carter brings a new girl home every week. I’m sure the kid is living the dream.”, Aaron persisted.

Natalie upturned her nose in preparation to defend her son’s roommate, “Well we’re supposed to be meeting his parents in about five minutes here. So you better just make it seem like he’s a perfect gentlemen, because he is.”

“You know I will.”, Aaron sighed as he spoke. He was not a fan of his son Arbor’s roommate Carter who was the running back for the college. While he wasn’t even the second string for the team, he had potential to play his way into being a starter next year. Another ten pounds of muscle was going to put the country boy over the top.

“Mom... Dad.”, Arbor their son called. He was waving his arm from afar. Crossing through the ocean of fans that were still walking towards the stadium.

“There they go. That must be Carter’s mom and dad. They’re much older than us.”, Natalie was surprised.

“All of Arbor’s friend’s parents have always been older than us. I’m not really sure why you seem so surprised.”, Aaron narrowed his eyes to focus his vision on the two that accompanied his son.

Mr. Banks was a large man, standing around 6’1 and 220lbs of a barrel chest and thick hairy arms shown off by his sleeveless black shirt that had the American flag covering his back in a vertical fashion. A coarse stubble of hair covered his cheeks, jaw and chin with a thick brown mustache. Light patches of gray hair peppered the color of his short beard, but his mustache had no hint of color loss. He wore a trucker style cap that had fishing hooks in it, a pair of ripped and faded jeans and black boots covered in dry mud. An open beer in one hand, and a 24 pack in the other. He almost looked like he was playing offensive linemen to the smaller Arbor as they both tried to meet through the middle of the swarm of people.

Mrs. Bank looked nurturing and had a polite smile as she followed her husband who was pushing people aside with his burly drunken size. She was by all standards a full-sized woman with a pretty face and womanly curves. She was a few inches taller than Arbor, who was an inch taller than his own parents.

“Mom... Dad... this is Carter’s parents. Mr. and Mrs. Banks.”, Arbor pushed his glasses up onto his face.

Natalie and Aaron found themselves staring up at Carter's parents. Mr. Banks had just finished his beer, crushed a can and tossed the empty into the crowd with a burp and smile. He reached out with his hand which Aaron took.

"You can call me Aaron.", Aaron Garrett said with an extended hand.

The man's large hand wrapped around Aaron's soft hand. His father squeezed and Aaron could feel how much weaker he was than Carter's father. He winced in pain and pulled his hand away.

"Name's Corbin.", Carter's father Corbin had a grin watching Aaron pull his hand away. He didn't even wait for Aaron to respond with his name before he took a look at Natalie who was staring back at him. "You're Mrs. Garret?"

Natalie reached out her hand with a nervous smile. "Natalie."

Corbin Banks took Natalie's small hand and held it into his own like it would break. His delicate approach completely different than the one he used with Aaron seconds earlier. He brought her hand up to his lips and Natalie could feel the mustache against the back of her hand as he gave it a gentle kiss.

"Corbin. Nice to meet you Natalie.", Corbin winked. And as though he had almost forgotten about his own wife, he turned to show her off. "And this my wife Dina."

Dina smiled waved and said "hi". Aaron and Natalie both couldn't hear her say it as her voice was much too soft to carry over the crowd of people that were partying on the streets around them. However, they saw her mouth motion out the words with her mouth that was covered in a bright red lipstick. The both waved back in greeting at the plump wife who had that mother vibe to her. She smiled shyly and looked up to her husband to say something as she stepped behind him to shield herself. Corbin noticeably smiled at her before taking this hint to take control and speaking the group.

“C’mon, let’s go chug a couple of beers while we wait for my son’s game.”, Corbin proudly stated as he waved them over to stand in someone else’s yard with him. Corbin stood and looked around taking in his surroundings. The large man cracked another beer and began chugging a beer with one arm around Dina Bank’s neck.

Aaron realized that he was going to be following this man around all night.

NATALIE CAN’T HANG

Cases of beer and bottles of liquor were emptied all around like a graveyard. People could be seen walking around picking up the cans presumably to bring them back for the money to return them.

For a while the group bonded by drinking with one another. Aaron found out that Carter’s dad Corbin was a heavy drinker as he drank beer like water and added to the pile of cans all over the street. He seemed to connect with a lot of the rowdier college boys hooting and hollering.

At one point Corbin even wrestled with one of the college guys who looked like he worked out himself. The kid was faster, but Corbin’s demonstrated that he was much stronger and still had stamina for his age. Aaron and more noticeable Natalie were surprised at Corbin’s virility even though he was over a decade older than the both of them, but over double the age the kid he was wrestling. His arms were still throbbing as he manhandled the youth in front of the group. The younger male submitted and Corbin was immediately accepted by the youthful males that partied like animals.

Aaron could only stare from a distance at being too timid to try and join the group of alpha male with Corbin. No way would he have stood a chance with any of the aggressive men beating up one another. When he noticed that Natalie stood amongst the group of men next to Corbin he saw that he was standing with Corbin's wife, Dina. She was also watching her husband proudly take on the younger man.

"That's my Corbin. Always showing off he's the man no matter where he goes.", Dina said to herself, but in earshot distance of Aaron.

While Dina seemed proud of her husband's prowess, Aaron was a bit nervous. He could see that Natalie was obviously more than impressed by Corbin's antics. Her hand subtly rubbing at the older man's arms and visibly giving them a squeeze. Corbin didn't help the situation as his hand wrapped around her hip and he held her like she was his wife.

The group cheered and Corbin even picked up Natalie spinning her around. A gust of wind causing her denim skirt to push up and show off Natalie's firm butt to the entire group. Aaron saw that she did nothing to pull her skirt down and wondered if she didn't notice. The white thong she wore could only be seen at the top of her waist. The strap between her heart shaped cheeks was completely engulfed between her soft ass. The group of college men admired his mature yet youthful butt. Aaron wasn't sure if the sight of men his son's age looking at his wife's ass with lust. It even made him think back on some Arbor's friends who noticeably had crushes on her. However, while Arbor's friends were sensitive poets and artists, these kids checking out his wife were far from that.

Aaron looked over at Dina wondering how she reacted to her husband openly being affectionate with another woman. He could see that she wasn't exactly pleased, but instead of voicing her opinion to Aaron she smiled politely and pretended nothing was wrong. Aaron sighed, realizing he would get no support of Corbin's wife from stopping them from getting too cozy with one another. He knew how Natalie could get after she got drunk.

“Time to get this show on the road!”, Corbin yelled out to Aaron and Dina from across a yard still with the group of college guys him and Natalie were partying with. His large arm firmly wrapped around Natalie’s waist. Natalie pulled away from Corbin who was reluctant to let her get away from him.

Natalie wrapped her arm around her husband’s smaller arm. Aaron could feel her slowly examine his arm that he knew was way skinnier than Corbin’s. A sense of inadequacy flushed over him while he presumed a sense of disappointment flushed Natalie.

The group of five that consisted of Aaron, Natalie and Arbor Garrett and Corbin and Dink Banks had drunkenly made it into the stands. The stands were filled with a bond of people all under the influence that came to spectate the aggressive sport. Obnoxious fans cheered their favorite team when they made a play especially the violent ones.

By the time Aaron finally realized that Natalie was too drunk, it was too late. Normally she was very excited to watch sports and when the team cheered and she was still sitting down with her eyes closed he realized she had passed out drunk.

Her short denim skirt was pulled high up on her thighs and her knee high socks had sunk down her calves. Her white sweater completely disheveled over her perky chest causing the fabric to stretch between her 36C breasts.

“I think I need to take Natalie back to the boy’s place.”, Aaron yelled over the cheering stadium to Corbin.

“Arbor!”, Aaron called to his son, unable to get his attention for a second. He was talking to some of his friends, not really interested in the football game and was only there because they got free tickets.

“Arbor, give your mother a hand here!”, Corbin must not have realized either and yelled out over the crowd. The crowd noticeably looked over at

them as Corbin's ability to project was much great in volume. Arbor jumped at the authoritative sound of Corbin and practically ran to them.

"Yes sir.", Arbor said to his own father Aaron's frustration.

Corbin gave Aaron a condescending pat on the back as he spoke, "Gotta' show these young men we still run this planet when they're out of line."

Aaron wanted to argue with Corbin, but the powerful pat on his back nearly knocked the wind right out of his own lungs. He just nodded and watched as his son Arbor stood Natalie up. There was some relief that she would now be gone and out of Corbin's grasp. The entire day played out like a date for the two of them while Dina and Aaron just begrudgingly followed behind.

The crowd went on cheering their team and Arbor and Natalie were off.

"He's a good kid that one.", Corbin nodded. "Just needs to be more manlier like Carter. I'm sure I can rub off Arbor through my son."

Aaron wasn't sure how to take what Corbin was saying. Corbin continued lecturing him.

"And with a name like Arbor, I'm sure he's had a hard time. What were you guys thinking?", rhetorically asking as though he was talking to himself. "That hot wife of yours though. You did good yourself, not sure how *you* pulled that off."

"Yeah, they're something else...", Aaron said.

"Something else?", Corbin tapped his wife's Dina's arm who blended in the background. "What'd I tell you?"

Dina looked almost in a panic, knowing that this was inappropriate to repeat what he told her. She furrowed her brows and shook her head at Corbin's face. "Honey, we are here to watch our son play."

Corbin pointed out at the field, “He’s not even getting any playing time this year. We’re just making conversation here.”

“I don’t think Mr. Garrett wants to hear what you were saying.”, Dina finally broke away from the conversation and stared at the game. Corbin was unable to get his wife’s attention and drunkenly turned to Aaron.

Aaron realized he didn’t want to hear what Corbin had to say about his family at all. Especially in this drunken state. Yet Corbin wouldn’t be stopped.

“You see I told my wife that I thought my son had a female roommate because of the name Arbor. There was a picture you all had taken and I just thought your son was her brother and you were the father and maybe the mom was taking the picture – I digress. Your wife looks so young for being in her mid-thirties. I was thinking my son was fucking your wife for a while and between you and me.”, He leaned in really close to Aaron’s face. “I was jealous.”

Aaron pulled his head back looking up at Mr. Bank’s eyes that stared coldly back. The longer he looked into his eyes the more he could mentally paint the picture the man just created about his wife. His venomous words were followed by the poisonous alcohol soaked breath.

Corbin noticing Aaron’s reaction to his comment, “C’mon ol’ buddy, I’m just fucking with you.”

Aaron gave a nervous laugh. Dina didn’t find it funny though and Aaron could see her whispering something in Corbin’s ear. He seemed unaffected by what she was saying which only angered Dina. She stood up and walked away.

“Well. I guess we’re the last two standing.”, Corbin said. His arm weirdly wrapped around the smaller shoulder of Aaron. He pulled him in close and held him like a captive to continue to watch the game.

Aaron realized there would be no escaping this alpha male.

TAKING MOM HOME

Arbor had to call the taxi service from his cellphone. The ride was filled with Natalie waking up and becoming a bit obnoxious with the taxi driver. Even going as far as going if the taxi driver was taking her home for some fun. The taxi driver was more than willing to accommodate her, but Arbor cock blocked him

Arbor was able to get his mother into the apartment him and Carter lived in. It was luckily empty as immediately as they entered Natalie began to strip down. She started by lifting the white sweater over her head and tossing it aside while she walked through the living room towards the light beige couch. She slid down the denim jeans as though her son was not standing right behind her. Standing there wearing her matching bra and thong without worry of her son seeing her in this manner.

“Mom what are you doing?!”, Arbor said in a panic. He had never seen his mother act this way ever in his life and her lowered inhibitions made everything awkward. He felt guilty for checking out her athletically tight feminine body.

“I’m hot...”, She kicked off her boots.

“Mom put your clothes back on! Someone will see you.”, Arbor whined.

“Nobody’s here... gimmesomewaterrr.”, Natalie said sitting on the couch.

Arbor did as he was told and grabbed his half naked mom who was now sitting on the couch some water. She took it from him and began to gulp it down. She swayed back and forth on the couch for a second. Before handing it.

“Thanks... that cab driver really seemed to like me.”, She boasted.

“Yeah...”, Arbor nodded.

“He would have taken me home and mmmm...”, She moaned.
“Where’s your roommate?”

Arbor was connecting the dots and realized that his mom might have a secret crush on his roommate. He shook his head. “He’s probably with his dad and *DAD*. Besides, he’s probably going to go celebrate with his teammates like he usually does.”

“That’s too bad, we could have continued to party after my nap...”, Natalie began to lay back into the couch. Her eyes were unable to stay open.

“No, mom, you can’t fall asleep here.”, Arbor physically tried to stop her, but it was too late. She laid face down with her perky ass up.

“Mom... mom!”, Arbor tried to shake his mother open. “Shit.”

While his mom’s ass wasn’t gross, it was still his mothers and he didn’t want to see it. He was confused at what to do and he grabbed his phone to call his dad. He went to go grab a blanket to cover his mom.

The phone signal was having problem getting connection as he walked down the hallway which was typical for his place. He would probably have to go into his bedroom near the window which had much more better reception for some unknown reason. He rummaged through his closet for an extra blanket or sheet so he could cover Natalie. The phone began to work and he waited for Aaron to pick up.

Arbor heard the phone pick up and Aaron say hello, but his father also couldn’t hear him. “Dad? Dad mom needs you. Dad? Dad, can you hear me?”

Arbor abandoned rummaging through his closet to attempt to call his father again. The phone rang, but there was no answer and he went to his voicemail. Arbor repeated and this time he received the high pitched noise. He tried again, and it went straight to voicemail. He sat on the edge of his bed and tried to text his father.

Moms passed out half naked on couch. Come home ASAP.

He waited to a few minutes. There was no response. He texted his father again.

Hello?

Followed by another text.

Call me!!!!

There was no response. Arbor was persistent in character and decided to try and call his father again. This time, there was no issue, but he heard his father pick up the phone.

“Hello?”, His father greeted him. It was less noisy than before, but there was cheering going on.

“Dad. Mom’s wasted. Where are you?”, Arbor said. Relieved that his father could hear him.

“The game’s almost over we should be leaving the stadium soon. I’m having a hard time hearing you, son. Let me call you back in a few minutes.”, Aaron replied. Corbin could be heard yelling in the background.

“No dad!”, Arbor heard the click of the phone.

Arbor was on the edge of his bed while he waited for his dad to call him back. That means they wouldn’t be home for a while and he hoped his mother could sober up by the time they got back and realize how she was acting.

When the front door of the apartment opened it caught Arbor by surprise. Initially he thought it was his father, but when he heard Carter's voice he didn't quite understand.

"Arbor.. you hear?", Carter's voice traveled down the hall. There was some ruffling of noise that followed his voice. It sounded like he was carrying something when he came home.

Arbor went out the hallway towards the front and saw Carter with his bag. "What're you doing home? Shouldn't you be at the game?"

"Fuck it. I don't play anyway, they won't notice. I wanted to take a shower and get ready to celebrate our team's win.", Carter was in the dining room going through his bag.

Arbor walked into the living area that was connected to the dining room that Carter was in. He was beginning to toss his clothes behind him without looking. Some of the clothes were going on the wood floors of their apartment. There was little consistency as he tossed his dirty uniform around the apartment.

"Clean this for me. I need them ready for the next game. Cool?", Carter grabbed his phone out of his bag and begun looking through it while he stood there not really concerned with Arbor.

Then, Arbor remembered all of a sudden that his mother was laying on the couch, half naked behind Carter. Carter still hadn't realized it yet. He had begun tossing some things out of it onto the couch.

"Uh yeah, sure. Carter. I'll get those washed right for you.", Arbor looked over toward his mom that was on the couch, still there. The sun was coming through the venetian blinds and curtains gleaming off the roundness of her curves.

Thrown over her face, was Carter's used and dirty jock strap. Without even realizing, his roommate had tossed it perfectly to land so that it cover her face like a mask. She laid there as though she was unconscious.

What he didn't know, was that she was completely aware of what was happening.

FROZEN

Natalie didn't move when the door suddenly opened and in came her son's roommate. She also didn't flinch when the jock strap was thrown on her face. While laying there she could smell the jock strap invading her nostrils. Carter's fabric loin protective covering over his cock and balls filled her nose. She could smell a multitude of things and Carter's musk was being recycled through her breathing as it covered her face. She had no idea if it was intentional or not, though it seemed like he still hadn't noticed her on his couch. Either way she realized the predicament she was in.

She could either have gotten up and suffered the embarrassment of being half naked in front of her roommate. Not only that, but accept the awkwardness it would present everyone else. Or she could use the excuse of being passed out drunk. She chose the latter and laid there waiting for her body to be covered up by her son. She couldn't help herself from eavesdropping about her son washing Carter's dirty clothes.

"Holy shit. Is that your mom?", She heard Carter say.

Arbor replied, "Yeah. She passed out drunk."

"Why are her clothes off you sick fuck? Not that I'm complaining. Damn she's got a nice ass.", Carter added.

Natalie held back her smile at the compliment. The smell of Carter's cock and balls filling her mouth and she could taste him on the back of her tongue as she continued to breathe.

"Fuck you dood, she just got too drunk and started stripping and I was going to grab a blanket to cover her.", Arbor replied.

"Yeah, you better go do that.", Carter said.

"Be right back."

For a moment Natalie realized that her body would be covered and taken off display for the much younger man. She felt his eyes on her though and heard someone step towards her. Hearing her son in his closet she could only presume that it was Carter. She could feel him now standing right over her.

Carter was much more handsome and youthful than his father. Natalie couldn't help, but enjoy the attention of this muscular male standing over and she began to roll her hips ever so lightly while laying beneath his gaze. She heard him whisper something under his breath that she couldn't make out. However, she elicited the response she was looking for.

A hand slowly nudged at her. She pretended to be sleeping. It tried a few times and she continued to keep her eyes close. The nudges from Carter turned into caresses as he began to run his fingers down her body. His knuckles sliding down her neck and between her shoulder blades over the bra. His fingertips just grazing at the edge of the bra at her back as he let them trailed down her back. He stopped at her waist and circled his fingers for a moment.

Natalie only responded with rolling her hips lightly, but made it evident that she wasn't going to be "waking up". The situation had caused her to begin to tingle between her thighs.

Carter's hand then grabbed at the white thong strap on her waist and gave it a light snap. He stopped for a moment and repeated it a little harder

this time. Natalie did not respond.

Carter then became more bold. His hand slowly came down to Natalie's ass and was now slowly caressing it with his palm. She could feel his palm and fingers rubbing at her ass and he reached down to knead and now began to grab it a little rougher.

Natalie was loving the feeling of being used by the younger man who she had secretly tried to hold back attraction from. Now here he was grabbing her bare ass while he loomed over her body. His fingers began to go between the straps of her thong as he began to rub at her waist and thighs. Natalie wondered if her son would be back soon and not sure if she should wake up or not.

She chose not to as her thong could be felt being pulled down slowly over the round perky mounds of her backside. It slowly rolled over and she could now begin to feel the fabric coming untucked from between her cheeks. The way she was laying, made it impossible for Carter to take off her thong all the way and she didn't want to comply.

"What the fuck!? Carter put your phone away!", Arbor said. "That's my fucking mom."

She heard her son running into the room, but stopped. And Carter then said something, "No fuck that. Don't cover her now."

"No, stop dood, that's my mom!", Arbor whined.

Carter continued to grab and massage at her ass. She heard him say, "Mrs. Garrett has a phat ol' ass."

"Please, Carter stop.", Arbor continued. The meekness in the tone of his voice did nothing to stop Carter's advances.

Carter mimicked him with a whiney voice and chuckled to himself mockingly. "You know the rules, Arbor. Now go fucking clean my

uniform. Except this. We're going to leave this like this. You can wash it by hand later."

Natalie didn't know what he was referring to until she felt him wrap the jockstrap on her face now completely around her head. He had put it on her face like it was a surgical mask. Now, all she could smell was Carter's sweaty manly cock being breathed in as it was much stronger now.

She heard the door open and shut and Natalie presumed that her son was gone. Natalie was unsure how to react to her son abandoning her while his roommate molested her. She heard Carter say, "Now we can have a little privacy."

As Carter said that his hand roughly reached between her legs. She was still facing down, but he was able to reach under her. She felt his large hand cup the entrance between her legs before he started to put pressure against it. His hand rubbing at her clit made her hips roll around lightly.

"Naughty little mother love her pussy played with doesn't she?", Carter almost talked to her like a animal as he rubbed her pussy slowly.

Natalie did her best to hold back the moans, but her breathing was picking up. She could feel his hand rubbing and grinding against her pussy. The more he rubbed, the slicker she could feel his hand becoming from her own juices between her legs. Carter grabbed the straps of her thongs that were pulled down around her toned athletic thighs and started tugging them down more. He was less concerned about her waking up at this point.

As he pulled her white thong down over her legs, she felt his fingertips start to enter. He commented on his fingers beginning to enter her, "So fucking wet."

Natalie could feel Carter's index and middle finger slowly begin to enter her folds. She could feel her juices lubing his fingers while he twirled his fingers so that just the tips of his fingers placed pressure on her inner folds. When his fingers touched her clitoris, he applied more pressure and

Natalie could only lift her hips at Carter more which only allowed him more access to her pussy. She gave a light gasp.

The door opened again. The second it did, Natalie heard her son Arbor speak, “What the fuck man? Stop! It looks like you’re hurting her.”

This time Carter did stop, but he hadn’t moved from what Natalie could tell. “Your mom’s loving this, boy.”, Carter said arrogantly. “Now shut that fucking door and either watch and shut up or leave.”

There was a moment of silence before Natalie heard the door close. She wondered if her son was going to stand up and protect his own mother, but when she felt Carter’s hands between her legs again she knew the answer.

She then heard a zipper. Arbor began to mumble something under his breath until he became bold enough to project towards his roommate.

“I’m going to tell my dad, Carter.”, Natalie’s son desperately said.

“Is that right what’s he going to do?”. Carter tauntingly replied.

“He’ll... well... he will ...”, Arbor sounded stunned at Carter’s response.

“Exactly, fuckwad. Now shut the fuck up.”

Natalie had assumed that Carter was the alpha male in the apartment, but she had no idea that he was this commanding over her own son. She could feel Carter starting to spread her legs as much as possible while still remaining face down on the couch. She felt him starting to climb on the couch and within the next moment his weight coming down on her. His younger hard body was easily distinguishable as she compared it to her husband smaller and softer body type.

She could feel the hard flesh that was beginning to brush against the back of her thighs until it started to tap against her inner thighs. It was

Carter's cock and she could feel the outline of the bulbous mushroom head of the younger man's cock.

Natalie realized that there was no backing out now. Either her son stops his roommate, she gets up and stops it now or Carter was going to take her right then and there in front of her own son. She hated admitting what she wanted; the young man take advantage of her. No guilt for her infidelity would be the ideal and there was something about her son watching turned her on more in dark twisted way.

"Arbor take this.", Carter said.

"What do you want me to do with this?", Arbor replied.

"Get this on vid. I want to be able to show the team."

Natalie heard no protest from her son. She only heard Carter say. "You got it? Lemme see make sure you're recording."

Arbor must have obeyed as Carter continued his shuffling above Natalie. He began to spread her applebottom white mounds of flesh of her butt. She could feel her opening being exposed more. It was then, that she finally felt the same mushroom head that she felt between her inner thighs earlier, but now it was at her sopping wet opening. There was some hesitation as Carter began talking to Arbor who. Natalie realized he was talking to the camera on his cell phone.

"I'm Carter Banks, Class of 2022...err maybe 2023 depending on my grades...", Carter trailed off before realizing he was taking away from the moment. "And this is my roommate Arbor Garrett's mother, Natalie Garrett. She's too shy to show her face..."

Carter began to whisper towards Arbor, "C'mon Arbor, come get your mom on camera."

Natalie felt the light of the cell phone gleaming in her face. She kept her eyes closed as Carter continued to slowly penetrate her with the thick girthy piece of meat that was hard and erect between his legs. She had no idea how well endowed Carter was, but the more she stretched out the more she realized how much larger than he was than her own husband, Aaron.

“Bro, your mom is wet as fuck.”, Carter said as he stretched her out around his thick bulbous head.

Natalie did her best to suppress the moan while she heard her son speak, “Ha-ha, Carter. Are you done yet? This isn’t funny.”

“Not suppose to be funny.”, Carter Banks continued to rest his weight into her. She could feel him shifting his hips above her as he continued to penetrate her. The thick cock filling her walls and making her finally let loose a small moan. Carter reached down and grabbed a handful of her thick athletic sculpted ass, “I think Mrs. Garrett is really enjoying this.”

“Shut up, Carter.”, Arbor whined.

“I’m not kidding. She’s wet and you heard her moan. The evidence speaks for itself.”, Carter squeezed her ass hard which made Natalie shift under his penetrating cock. “That’s right baby... move that ass.”

Natalie could feel the younger man continuing to slowly penetrate her. He was much too large to shove it in her like her husband could as she could only guess he was at least two times as large and thick. She could feel the sensation building within her as Carter continued his assault on her while she pretended to sleep. Her son’s roommate must have known as he quickly began to shift his hips in and out of her shoving himself more into her and creating more friction between her legs.

“She’s cumming, Arbor. Your mom is cumming on my cock right now. Fuck yeah. You better be getting this on my phone.”, Carter growled.

“Yeah...”, A defeated son said as he filmed his roommate taking advantage of his passed out mother.

Natalie felt the rush through her body and down to her toes. She did her best to stifle her own moans and anything coming from her mouth were soft grunts the more she held back. Natalie slowly relaxed, which only allowed Carter to penetrate her fully.

“Balls deep in your mom...”, Carter said menacingly. “I’m going to make this bitches ass clap.”

Carter began to thrust his hips in a more rhythmic pace. Her walls and been stretched and lubed from the big cock that assaulted her tight pussy. She laid there on her stomach as the younger man on top of her began to fuck her harder against the couch below her. She was pinned between the muscular football jock who was young enough to be her son and the couch beneath her. The cushions smashing below her and bouncing her back up to the thick fuck rod buried in her.

“Don’t hurt her!”, Arbor tried to his best to sound intimidating.

“Fuck off.”, Carter grunted as he continued to thrust himself into Arbor’s mother, Natalie. His hips smacking hard against her thick booty that she could feel was bouncing and jiggling under the pounding. She could feel the low hanging balls of the younger man slapping against her entrance as he continued to fuck her from behind.

Carter was holding one hand down on her ass and ravaged her fleshy mounds. He would reach forward and Natalie could feel his hands grip at her 36C breasts. He squeezed them and jiggled them in his hands while his finger and thumb tweaked at her nipples.

“Perky little tits on your mom. Bet you loved sucking on these things when you came out of this tight twat.”, Carter said between his thrusting and moaning. He groped and fondled at Natalie’s sexy MILF body that she kept in shape after all of this time of regularly working out.

“Ew, Carter... shut up.”, Arbor replied.

“Admit it... you’re mom is hot.”, Carter said.

“No.”

“Admit it, now and maybe I’ll stop fucking your mom.”, Carter threatened.

Arbor was silent for a moment. Natalie bounced up and down under the continued fucking she was receiving from the muscular younger man on top of her. She felt herself nearing another orgasm.

“My moms hot.”, Arbor said softly.

“Say it louder. Say your mom is hot.”

“She’s hot, Carter. Okay? I know that she’s hot.”

“You wish you were me right now don’t you?”, Carter said as he started to continue the power within his thrusts. Natalie was pushed up against the head of the couch and Carter was holding her in a position that she couldn’t move.

“Yes.”, Arbor began to sound mentally defeated. “I wish I was fucking her.”

“Fucking loser...”

Carter laughed loudly then began to fucking Natalie as hard as he could. The sound of his hips slapping against her ass as he wickedly began to pull at her blond hair to pull her head up.

Natalie knew that she couldn’t conceal the pleasure in her face. Carter had even called her out on it as he made her look directly into the camera as he contorted her body to pleasure himself. Her face began to scrunch as she felt her next orgasm to overcome her body as Carter continued to fuck her like a little rag doll.

“I thought you said you were going to stop, Carter... c’mon I admitted I wish I could fuck my own mother on camera... just stop, please.”, Arbor whined.

“I lied.”, Snorted Carter. “I’m going to give you a little brother, Arbor.”, Carter menacingly said.

“No!!!”

Carter was grunting loudly with each thrust. The speed of his hips smacking against Natalie’s ass, and the thickening of the fat cock inside of her hinted that her “attacker” was nearing his own orgasm. It was the first time she began to panic realizing that this younger man wasn’t going to pull out.

“Nnnghhh.... I’m cumming!” , Carter groaned.

Natalie could feel the warm thick liquid filling her up. The pistoning cock did not stop as he fucked her relentlessly beneath himself. Carter was cursing her and calling her degrading names under his breath as he tried his best to keep his composure while he dumped his huge load between her legs. After a few quick thrusts Carter must have felt that he was empty as he pulled out.

Natalie could feel the thick warm liquid trailing the big cock exiting her pussy. The head stretched out her walls when he fully pulled out which made her hips shift.

Then, it all happened at once. Sounds of skin cracking and a door knob turning began emitting simultaneously.

She felt a hand smack at her ass. It must have been Carter’s, but it made her jump as it was very rough. The echo of her ass being smacked echoed the room and Carter was laughing the entire time. The sound of the doorknob to the front door still twisting as a muffled voice desperately called from the other side.

The front door then opened and Natalie heard to a very familiar voice to her horror.

“WHAT THE FUCK?”, It was Aaron.

“Oh, hey Mr. Garrett. I just fucked your wife.”, Carter said in a relaxed tone. Carter was not worried that he was just caught red handed. His demeanor suggested he was utilizing it in a taunting manner without care of any consequence that Natalie’s husband could bestow upon him.

“Son!? You have been here fucking Mr. Garrett’s wife this whole time?”, Mr. Corbin Banks bellowed.

“Yes sir.”, Carter said respectfully. His father was the only man he would not speak to so rudely.

“Well why didn’t you tell me to get here faster, I had no idea.”, Corbin said.

Natalie could hear the large boots that Corbin was wearing thudding against the ground as he walked toward her.

“What do you mean?”, Aaron said stunned as the man took off his sleeveless black shirt, now only wearing a white muscle shirt. His hair shoulders, chest, armpits and arms now on full display.

“I think you know what I mean, Mr. Garrett. Carter... take Arbor out of here. He doesn’t need to see this.”, Mr. Banks said.

Natalie began to panic. She was happy to pretend to sleep while Carter used her body, but his father was not nearly as attractive. Sure he wasn’t exactly ugly and he was definitely an Alpha male which attracted her to him naturally while she was in party mode, but he was definitely much too old for her. He also was quite considerably out of shape with his big beer belly and less than tone large muscles.

Nevertheless, she could hear her son leaving silently along with Carter. Carter spoke up quick, "I warmed her up for you sir."

Natalie was unsure why Carter was telling his father this. She figured it was because he was looking for some sort of compliment, or maybe he was just letting him know he could fuck her as hard as he wanted right away. Either way, it almost seemed to Natalie and Aaron alike that this was not the first time the two men had shared a woman before.

Soon to follow, was the familiar sound of a zipper which only could be Mr. Banks as she heard her husband began to protest.

Natalie continued to pretend to sleep.

AN UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION

Natalie could hear the jingling of Mr. Corbin Bank's belt as it unfastened. The older man was fumbling with excitement as he hadn't been with such a beautiful woman of her stature in a very long time; especially so much younger than himself. The descending of the belt suggested that his jeans were falling off too.

"Corbin that's my wife.", Natalie's husband said as a matter of fact.

She heard no response, but only the sound of her white bra being ripped down the middle of her back. Corbin's large rough hand pulled them off her shoulder and with a strong tug, pulled it out from off her top.

Aaron watched Corbin hold the white bra up over his head like a trophy. It was much like a conqueror would hold his enemy's decapitated head.

"Here. Hold this.", Corbin tossed the bra at Aaron. It landed directly over the glasses that covered his face.

"Gee... thanks.", Aaron tried to be sarcastic.

"You're welcome.", Corbin said reflexively which only annoyed the husband.

Natalie felt herself spun around so now she was face up. It took everything in her to not raise her hands to cover her nude breasts that were pointing straight up at the man she met today that was her son's roommate's father. She felt him staring down at her and heard him muttering under his drunkenness about how perfect her breasts were. His lust helped calm down her own insecurities as she felt his lips on her chest.

His hands hand grabbed roughly at her breasts and were squeezing and his facial hair scratched against her soft breasts as he began to kiss and suck at her nipples. He made a soft slurping noise on each of her breasts.

Aaron watched as Corbin continued to maul his wife's breasts with his jeans around his ankles and his tighty-whitey underwear that covered the hardening bulge. He could see the outline of the long thick cock that was hiding underneath his cotton underwear. It was much to long and thick to pitch a tent as it wrapped around his waist under his belly like a belt. He couldn't help but be in awe at the size of the endowment the man molesting his wife's tits had.

Corbin's hand left Natalie's perky 36C breast after giving her nipple a firm pinch. His hand gripped at the elastic band that held his white underwear over his crotch and he gave it a tug. Aaron's eyes widened as he watched the hillbilly's cock was unleashed to his view.

"Take a long look at what's going to be shoved up your wife's twat.", Corbin even emphasized the point by facing Aaron and rested his hair hands on his big waist.

Aaron did as he was told to. "You can't put that in her, you'll hurt her."

This only made Natalie coo to herself. The thought of a cock being too big for her wasn't only exciting to herself, but also took it on as some sort of challenge. Her own competitive spirit would show her husband what she was actually capable of.

He stared at the big hunk of meat that dangled between Corbin's legs. It was slowly throbbing to an erect state and precum already beginning to leak on Natalie's leg as he stood over her. Natalie's leg jerked as she felt the liquid hit her leg. Drip after drip trailed up her thighs and even on her flat stomach as Corbin began to shake his hips slightly knowingly dripping it cum all over her. The sick fat older man finding humor in cover her in his own cum right before taking her in front of her husband.

Aaron couldn't help but notice his wife's reaction to warm liquid dripping on her thigh. He questioned the validity to her passing out momentarily before returning his gaze to the huge cock that was fully erect and had to be at least 10 inches long. The pulsating cock glistened with oil and sweat as it stared angrily back at the meek beta husband. Aaron had never seen a cock that big in real life and he instantly felt like a little boy as he watched the man stand over his nude wife who was now only wearing her white knee-high socks.

Corbin could see that Aaron was stunned still and wasn't going to do anything. He grinned and sneered at him at the same time as each one his big hands grabbed at each one of Natalie's toned smooth legs. He easily spread them apart showing off Natalie's pussy leaking from the fucking Carter gave her earlier.

"Well by golly take a look.", Corbin easily lifted and shifted Natalie's legs to spread and face her toward her husband while she laid on her back.

"What?", Aaron said.

"My son must have came deep in your little hot wife. I can't wait to do the same.", Corbin chuckled to himself.

Aaron would have rolled his eyes, but he couldn't take his eyes off of Corbin lowering Natalie down back on her back. The large man hovered over the beautiful woman with her legs spread wide around him. Her leg being pinned into the back of the cushion while her other leg hanging off the couch completely. The white muscle shirt had stretched and slipped up Corbin's big belly which pressed firmly against Natalie's flat stomach.

Natalie could feel the crushing weight of Mr. Banks above herself. Her leg completely stretched, she couldn't stop him even if she wanted to. She was slightly amazed that her husband just stood there silently watching what was happening, but when Corbin started lowering his hips into her she couldn't help but moan.

Corbin's cock was much like her son's in terms of the shape of the bulbous mushroom head that felt like a small fist stretching her out rather than a man's penis. Her wet stretched pussy made it easy for Corbin to literally shove his entire cock in her in one smooth thrust. Unlike his son he wasted no time and stuffing himself balls deep into the beautiful blonde wife of the man watching him now.

"Fffuck...", Escaped Natalie's lips.

"I knew this bitch wasn't sleeping.", Corbin spoke in a piggish tone. "I knew she wanted me all night."

"Natalie?", Aaron didn't want to believe it. And he wouldn't have to as Natalie would continue to pretend to be passed out. What other choice did she have as he fought the sensation of being completely filled up again in front of her husband.

The look on her husband's face in her imagination under her closed lids of her eyes only turned her on. She imagined her timid husband watching this alpha male take her and being too weak to stop him only added to her arousal. She always wanted her husband to be more macho, but she knew that Aaron was not the stereotypical alpha male. Now, the thought of him being made to watch one take his beautiful wife who he admitted was out of his own league immediately gave her the first orgasm under Corbin.

Corbin's belly kept bouncing against her stomach and pushed her down into the couch as his cock thrust in and out of her. The thickness of his cock stretching her out and as it exited allowed her a moment of rest until he quickly shoved it back in. Each time he pulled himself out and shoved it back in was a test of her endurance as she did her best not to moan. But when she looked over at her husband, she lost it for a second time.

Her husband's face expressed the very dark and twisted thought she had earlier. It was filled with jealousy, anger, self-loathing, sexual inadequacy amongst others. She could sense that he knew he should have

been man to stop it and deep down she agreed to. She was suddenly angry at Aaron for letting this big fat country man enter her without even a peep. She realized that it wasn't her fault for raising such a wimp of a son and knew it was her husband's fault. It was her husband's fault for not raising a son that would stop his roommate from fucking his mother especially since he wouldn't even stop that roommate's father from taking his own wife.

Corbin shifted Natalie under his weight. He made her legs rest on his shoulders so that way he could push himself deeper in her.

"Ahh that's better. I'm now fully in her.", Corbin said to Aaron with a smile as though he was a plumber fixing his pipes instead of burying his cock in his wife.

Aaron was still in a daze. He was just happy that the large man on top of his athletic wife didn't crush her. He watched her legs dangle up and over Corbin's shoulders and bounce around as Corbin continue to pound her rougher against the couch. She would bounce up off of the cushion and her ass would smash back into the man's crotch on top of her. A third orgasm was taking her over as she was relentlessly used.

Aaron could see it in his wife's face. She was having an orgasm and by his count it was at least her second as Corbin used her body for his pleasure. Corbin, being much older than his son was unable to keep up at the pace he had started. He sat his hairy big ass against the couch and leaned over picking up Natalie up as though she weighed as much of a pillow. He had her straddling over himself and quickly had her impaled on his big cock.

Natalie did her best not to hump back at the cock under her. She felt her hard nipples pressing against the wet sweaty fat man under her as she slipped up and down the older man's big belly. The hair scratching against her soft skin that she couldn't escape from with the thick arm holding her firmly against himself wrapped around her waist. His strong arm could have squeezed the life out of herself and all she could do is limply flail on top of the big man who was humping up against her straddled body.

Aaron was standing behind his wife and could see her heart-shaped ass bouncing up and down as Mr. Corbin Banks continued to hump up at his young wife. One hairy arm around her waist keeping her lined up on his cock allowed his other hand to roam and run over her back, waist, thighs and ass as he bounced her up and down his lap. His hand taking its times on her ass as he squeezed and smacked at the athletic flesh that belonged to his wife. Her tits being pushed up to his face so that he could suck on them as he rubbed her ass while hips continued to bounce her up and down his sweaty hairy body.

Corbin laughed when he gave her a thrust so powerful he pushed her off onto the side of himself onto the couch. Natalie hit the couch face first and she took this moment to try and rest before Corbin continued his animalistic sexual advances. It wasn't long before she felt his hand grab her by the hair and pull her head back and lift her onto her knees so she was facing away from him on the couch and he was positioning himself behind her in a doggystyle position.

"Alright boy, get ready for me to cum in your wife. I always cum in Dina this way.", Corbin stated in reference to his own wife that wasn't present since she abandoned them at the game.

Aaron felt angry that here Corbin was, allegedly happily married, between his own wife's legs and using her like a whore. The disrespect to the sanctity of marriage filled him with mixed feelings of anger and resentment.

Corbin's sweaty form plow into Natalie's hips from behind and his balls were noticeably swing back and forth. His belly bounced and drops of sweaty were falling all over Natalie's back. His wedding band was reflecting in the light peeking through the window as he reached forward and grabbed at her tit. He continued to hold her by the waist to help fucking her at a constant pace and by the look in Corbin's face he looked like he was getting ready to unload in her.

"Oh yeah, I'm cumming, I'm cumming.", Corbin continued to repeat.

His hips never stopped and the wet slapping of her flesh continued as he did his best not to stop his pace. His hips were shifting and knees were even beginning to wobble as his pace noticeably had slowed down. He was cumming deep in Natalie and she could feel the warm liquid within her. Jet after jet of cum streamed inside of her loosened womb and now there were two men from the same family that had gangbanged her in one day in front of her family.

The two men in her own life had allowed two other savages take her and use her like a slut. Their giant cocks had stretched her out and filled her with cum and neither her so or husband stopped them. At least her son complained about it while her husband just watched like the loser deep down she knew he was.

Corbin finally let one final grunt and smacked at Natalie's ass roughly. He pushed her forward and she fell down on her bare chest against the couch moaning as the cock exited her entrance.

"G'damn, Aaron.", Corbin began to pull his underwear and jeans up his leg. The sound of his belt jingled against as he put it back on.

Aaron still was speechless.

"Listen Aaron. I don't believe in abortion, so all I ask is that if either of us gave you a son today. I just ask you not to name him some pussy name like Arbor.", Corbin said as he grabbed his black sleeveless shirt. "I'm going to go have a beer and smoke a cigarette outside. Maybe come back for seconds if I'm still horny."

"But...", Aaron began to say.

"We might be here a while.", Corbin said with an evil grin.

Aaron frowned, but unknown to him his wife's ear's perked up at the thought of Corbin coming back for round two.

-----THE END-----

COLOMBIAN
MOVIE
STAR
CUCKOLD

WRITTEN BY
REMY LEONE



CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | Sissy Domination | USED AND ABUSED

Colombian Movie Star Cuckold

Remy Leone

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*Disclaimer. For adult/mature audiences only. Stories contain dark themes of masochism/sadism such as humiliation, sexual submission/domination. All characters are consensual participants and are of legal age.

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GREETINGS IN COLOMBIA

Eyes drifting around the hotel room made Tommy frown. He ran a finger on the dresser which was dusty and the garbage can hadn't been emptied from the previous guest. It was filled with a couple of beer cans, some cigarette butts and what appeared to be a variety of used condoms. Looking back the bed he would be sleeping on made him worried to pulled the covers off the bed. The middle-aged couple in their mid-thirties were unpacking their clothes in their hotel room and while Tommy seemed hesitant, his wife Madelyn was more than excited to be on an adventure.

Tommy had never been outside of the United States, so traveling to an entirely different country was out of the ordinary for him. His beautiful blonde housewife had been trying to coax her husband for years to be more adventurous ever since they married after meeting one another at art school. After practically begging, her husband finally gave in and agreed to visit the beautiful city of Bogota, Colombia.

Tommy was the type of guy who never really wanted to adventure outside of his comfort zone, while Madelyn was the complete opposite. She enjoyed being in unfamiliar places and became excited at the unknown prospect of what could possibly happen next. It was why she enjoyed her work as being a model where she also met Tommy who was a struggling artist. Madelyn's fit body and beautiful natural curves made her a perfect candidate for artists to learn to replicate with stencil.

Tommy still could remember the day he saw Madelyn come in and he was hoping she was the nude model. He felt lucky enough to have a beautiful busty blonde with 36DD breasts giving her body to art. Even luckier yet, he actually had been able to grab her attention and landing a date with the beautiful buxom blonde. Tommy never would have guessed that he would end up marrying the most beautiful woman he had ever met, especially considering he wasn't exactly the hunkiest man in the world. A bit on the

average looking side and even more scrawnier, he didn't stand out to most women and he had gotten use to that feeling of being overlooked.

However, Madelyn had loved her husband for his sensitive side. Most of the men she had dated were jocks, jerks or both. They had only wanted her for her large breasts and her athletic butt which got her the name "Mrs. Booty" at the school she currently taught.

Madelyn's voice had a small accent as she was born in France, but moved to the United States when she was in her teens, "Now, Tommy, we must take many pictures. This will be a good opportunity for my students to learn about the world outside of the States."

"There's a world outside of the U.S.?", Tommy slightly mocked.

"You know what I mean. Are the backpacks ready to go?", Madelyn responded.

"I'll check.", Tommy sighed. He really didn't want to go on a hike as he'd rather be stuck in front of a television with a joystick in his hand. He could be reaching Wizard level 222 in his fantasy game this week if he had just stayed home and used his vacation to play full time.

Instead Madelyn had planned to visit the cities and for them to experience the culture as well as backpack around some of the less urban areas. Normally, the prerogative of backpackers is the freedom to roam. Unlike the normal tourist the backpacker consider themselves more independent. Tommy thought it was usually more for the young and exuberant who lived on their wits rather than their brains. He had heard Colombia was a very dangerous country; but then again, he heard that every other country was dangerous besides the United States so he was willing to at least see for himself.

Madelyn always had a way of meeting new people so when Tommy ended up meeting up with his wife down at the bar it was no surprised that she had negotiated a lift into the hills to a jungle topped adventure. She had met a guide on her way down to the bar who had an accent.

The man in his early thirties was a frequent visitor to this bar and many more around here. They told him to call him Ludd. Ludd had an Australian accent and from his laid-back clothes and fantastic tan it seemed he had once been a backpacker too. They had a few drinks with him before leaving the sanctuary of their hotel room.

“So how long have you been here for, Ludd?”, Madelyin asked sipping on her Pina Colada.

“I’d say a good year love. How about you two beautiful people?”, He said with a smile. He was missing a tooth up front, but Ludd didn’t seem self-conscious about it.

“Today is actually our first day here.”, Tommy had hopped into the conversation.

“Oh no kidding, matey? Have you guys been to the Hills? It has a beautiful view.”, Ludd had chugged the rest of his beer down seeing the waitress so he could order another.

“Nope. Literally haven’t left here yet. What’s that?”, Madelyn replied.

“My oh my, do I have a treat for you two.”, He gave a wink to Madelyn as he took the beer from the waitress.

Madelyn looked back to Tommy with an excited anticipatory reaction to what Ludd had just said and what he would say next. Tommy, on the other hand saw past the man’s Australian accent and couldn’t help but feel distrust towards him.

“Well, I take it you two are hikers, ya?”, Ludd asked.

The couple nodded.

The assumption of his was accurate. Madelyn was wearing a pair of denim shorts that would have been inappropriately short back in the states.

Her white tank top was very low cut and left a lot of 36DD breasts on display to the patrons of the bar and she definitely garnered attention along with some hiking boots. However, in Colombia plenty of women were wearing sheer blouses without bras or even less. The lack of clothing on the women around them made Tommy less strained that his own wife was dressed so provocatively.

Ludd continued, "I take a selected few up to a secret spot about 30 miles into the jungle in the valley between a couple of mountains."

"What's there?", Tommy wondered.

Ludd's voice became theatrical as he waved his arm off in the distance like he was showing off something imaginary, "There you'll find the most spectacular waterfall ever. It is restricted by the government so only for small parties."

"I don't know. Sounds kind of dangerous if it's restricted by the government.", Tommy replied.

Madelyn either was very smooth or she honestly didn't realize that she was leaning over the table, cradling her busty chest and causing her tit's to bulge out of her tank top. Either way, Ludd had definitely noticed and he made no effort to stop staring into her cleavage as drank his beer and continued his conversation with Tommy.

"Like I said mate, as long as the parties are small, them cheeky bastards will look the other way.", Ludd looked very sure of himself.

Madelyn looked back at her husband, Tommy, "C'mon babe. Life is for the adventurous."

Tommy sat there already put off by Ludd, the odd yet still hunky foreign guy checking out his wife. However, he sat back took a sip of his own margarita before setting it down.

Madelyn impatient said, "Well... what do you say Tommy?"

Tommy looked to the both of them and finally spoke, “Well I didn’t come all the way to Colombia to sit in this bar. Let’s do it.”

Madelyn jumped in her seat and clapped her hands. Her large jugs jiggled which made Ludd’s eyes light up and he cheers Tommy. It was odd kind of moment for the two men and Tommy felt even odder bonding with the guy staring at his wife’s tits still.

Luckily Tommy was realistic. His wife was extra sexy and it wasn’t like he was a stranger to her having admirers before this guy. Even in her mid-thirties, this hour glass figured blonde had a stream of admirers at the high school where she taught. She was use to men 's eyes trailing to her firm bust rather than looking her in the eyes. At this point it was so natural that if Ludd hadn’t, she probably would have been a little offended.

Ludd squirmed a little in his chair as he looked at his beer before looking to Tommy, “A’ye mate, you got these beers for the troubles?”

“Sure thing.”, Tommy said.

“Perfect.”, Ludd chugged his beer and instantly stood up walking to the bar to get another.

Tommy watched as Ludd ordered another beer and pointing him out to put it on his tab. Tommy was a little perturbed at how willing he was to run his tab up, but decided that he didn’t want to cause issues on the first day of their trip. He caught Madelyn staring at Ludd while he waited for his beer.

“Are you sure about this guy?”, Tommy asked. Ignoring her ogling.

“What? He seems okay to me.”, She was playing with her blond hair as she watched him.

“I just get this weird vibe for him. I mean sure he’s friendly, but something about the way he smiles and looks at us is like we’re a payday

rather than people.”

“Don’t be silly. That’s just how it is around here. People live off tips and the people do all sorts of odd jobs to get by. Even if he is, I’m sure he’ll be worth every penny.”, Madelyn tried to assure her husband.

However, Tommy didn’t feel any better about the Aussie who returned to the table with two beers in his hand. Tommy declined the beer as he had assumed it was for him.

“Don’t be silly mate. I have to get some fuel for the road.”, Ludd implied that he would be drinking both beers.

Madelyn simply giggled, “Men and their alcohol.”

Tommy didn’t think it was nearly as funny, but he let that go too. He didn’t want to let this guy drink him into the poor house so he figured he better imitate the adventure.

“So Ludd, when can we get going. I’m excited to see Colombia.”, Tommy lied.

Madelyn looked proud of her husband for opening up and growing as person. She reached over and held his wrist with a smile that showed it too.

“I’ve got a taxi picking us up in the afternoon. The cabbie has a cell phone so he can tell me when he’s near to get us.”, Ludd said as he chugged down one of the two beers he had.

“Oh wow he actually has a cell phone.”, Tommy mocked. He wasn’t sure why he did as he knew it made him look like an asshole.

“Ya mate, cell phones are hard to hold around these parts.”, Ludd said looking at his watch. “Well, I better go get my own things ready. Meet you here ‘round the noon?”

“Noon is fine.”, Madelyn said trying to be polite in place of her husband who was acting out of the ordinary.

“Noon it is. We’ll see you both later.”, Ludd said, only to Madelyn. He was staring at her tits when he spoke.

Tommy took a deep breath while waiting for Ludd to walk away. He exhaled and whined to his wife, “Did you see that? He was staring at your tits the whole time.”

Madelyn shrugged her husband off. “News flash babe. Men have always looked at my breasts.”

Tommy realized she was right, but there was something about Ludd that just really rubbed him the wrong way. When he received the tab, Ludd had already put a hit in his pocket book. As he signed the check to the bill he thought in his head.

This guy better be worth every penny.

WILD GOOSE CHASE IN BOGOTA

It was noon just like Ludd and them agreed upon and the couple were waiting at the bar for their cab and their Australian tour guide. However, he never showed up to the bar where they were going to miss. The yellow and pink cab slowed then stopped in the stifling hot square. The cabbie told the couple that Ludd wouldn’t be able to meet up with them until a little later and that they would eventually meet up with him. It was a little odd, but

the couple got into the vehicle and the Cabbie zipped down the narrow streets of Bogota.

The taxi ride had taken fifteen minutes from down town and after crossing a wooden bridge the car had entered the "Villas". Madelyn had heard about the place before and mentioned that she didn't realize it was in Bogota. In her excitement she began to take pictures and the cabbie driver started to talk about it. The taxi finally entered an area that was a little sketchy.

The taxi's tires came to a slow halt over the dirt and gravel mixed road and the brakes squealed on the old taxi.

"Aqui, amigos.", The cabbie announced this was Tommy and Madelyn's landing spot.

Madelyn surprised quickly asked, "Are we in the right place? I don't think Ludd said anything about meeting in a place... like this. Is he here?"

She tried to remain polite in her words, but she didn't really know how to put it. She looked around at the surroundings along with Tommy who were both too uneasy about stepping outside of the cab.

In the middle of the cities slum area where here in the lower west side of Bogota the shanty town ran for miles lined with huts that reached no higher than three stories mixed in with sturdier homes made of dark brick. The "Square", as the cabbie called it, was hardly a square at all. The meaning of square was abandoned when naming this place where the roads were more uneven and made of dirt track and the side streets were a maze of narrow passages ways that looked more like open sewers or landfills rather than where people inhabited.

The cabbie just kept smiling and nodding. He had terrible English so Tommy had no way of knowing if he even knew what they were asking him. The cabbie had less teeth than Ludd and looked like he didn't take care of the remaining one's either. It was uncomfortable to look at him as the toothless waved him and his blonde wife out of the cab in a friendly

manner. He kept repeating the words “En la cantina.” Which Tommy inferred meant they were meeting Ludd at a bar.

“I guess we’re here.”, Madelyn said in a hesitant tone.

“I don’t see Ludd. I don’t see bar either”, Tommy didn’t want to leave the cab. He could see lots of eyes from outside around them looking at the middle-aged white American couple.

“Guess we’ll have to find them both. Here goes nothing.” Madelyn exited the cabbie with her bag. Tommy tried to stop her, but he was too late. All he could do was pay the cabbie, grab his bag and follow his wife to make sure she didn’t get into trouble.

The cab pulled off and immediately the two were on their search for the bar. As they walked around the streets of the city, kids were running up to them trying to sell them candy bars and trinkets. Another guy came up and had fake jewelry that he tried to convince Tommy to buy Madelyn. For a few good blocks, vendor after vendor attempted to get their attention to buy something, but finally they reached a building with a bright neon sign. It was only half lit, but the words “La Cantina” were written on it.

“Real original.”, Tommy unamusingly joked reading the name of the bar.

The two of them walked into the dark bar. It was very quiet and there was no music. Nobody was really talking to one another, just sitting in silence as they drank. There was a hum from the ceilings fans that were above, but other than that the bartender was the only person who said anything.

“Welcome!”, He waved them over and it was refreshing to have this guy speaking English for the two. “What drink can I get started for you.”

“I think we’ll have water.”, Tommy said.

“No!”, Madelyn said. She gripped her husband wrist and explained by whispering in his ear they shouldn’t drink the water in Colombia. So instead, they drank more alcohol.

“Is Ludd here?”, Tommy asked the bartender.

“Ludd? I don’t know a Ludd.”, He set the drinks down in front of the couple and went to cleaning his glass.

Another man from down the bar called out towards them. He was sloppily drunk and sloppily obnoxious in his words, but surprisingly he was able to speak English well too.

“Ludd? You just missed’em.”, The older man said from beneath his impossibly dried lips even while he drank the beer.

“Am I the only one who thinks we’re on some sort of wild goose chase for this Australian guy we don’t even know?”, Tommy said to Madelyn before turning back to the drunk man. “Do you know where went by chance?”

“Yeah. I do actually.”, The drunk man said.

“Well... are you going to tell us?”, Tommy asked.

“Depends. My info for a beer.”, The drunk man sat back crossing his arms as he negotiated.

“Fine.”, Tommy sighed. He motioned the bartender the next beer was on him. The drunk man looked all too happy with himself and he spilled the beans on where Ludd went.

“Just go up the hill past that green statue. You’ll see a couple of tits painted on the wall right by it, but right past there you’ll find Ludd. He’s the only man who owns an actual truck around these parts.”

Tommy thanked him for the info and the both of them finished their drinks before leaving. Tommy could feel he was a little off balance as he stood from the stool and realized he probably shouldn't have had anything to drink. His wife, appeared to be feeling the same affects as they slowly stumbled out of the bar. However, this did nothing to stop the two adventurers from finding Ludd.

"I'm sure he was just running late. South of the border time these people run on. It's not like you Americans in the states so bound by being in places at a certain time", She defended Ludd.

"You Americans? You're American too y'know. Even if you were born in France.", Tommy said, even though he knew it didn't matter.

"There's the green statue!", Madelyn ignored her husband as she pointed it out. The two of them approached and just like the drunk man said, there were a pair of tits painted on a wall. They were actually a lot more realistic than Tommy expected and he also couldn't help but laugh at the fact that everything was spray painted on, besides the beautiful set of graffiti painted tits.

From the square where they still technically were, Madely heard whistles and shouts. It was familiar noise which she recognized as playful youths. A gang of teenaged boys were smiling and hollering towards her and Tommy, but mostly her. Their bravado was not the typical American nature of a youth of that age, but of a much more sexual nature. Madelyn felt a little uncomfortable standing there being gawked by the much younger teens realizing that her shorts and her top gave them a good idea of what she would look like naked. With a backpack on her back her sweaty t-shirt encased tits thrust up and out around the strap that rested between them. Her wide hips and apple bottom ass looked divine in her daisy duke jean shorts. Her thighs were strong from years of working out and sculpting herself. Her long blond mane looked every part the schoolboys wet dream.

They had been following them and at this point had surrounded the couple. Madelyn gave a nervous, but perfectly straight white smile to try and show no fear. Tommy on the other hand didn't realize the situation he

was in leading his wife farther from the busier part of the city. They turned to move away heading further down an intersecting alley as the road became blocked off by the rowdy boys who continued their hooting and hollering. But Madelyn felt them in hot pursuit as they continued to follow them.

The boys were still whistling and gesturing. Some of the bigger ones were holding their crotches sniggering making hip movements. Madelyn tried to ignore them and Tommy finally started to understand the situation they were in and began to move faster. They weren't running but were walking in a faster pace to make their urgent departure. They took a turn left, then went across a street, turned right and continued their way down the maze with the teens on their tail. Finally, the two of them looked around realizing they might be lost. All the tiny side streets looked the same.

The eclectic collection of box shaped buildings seemed to curve in over the streets. Masses of washing lines, TV antennas and phone cables were strung between blocks like they had been disemboweled from the concrete homes. The sun was directly overhead and the intense rays were getting intense on the white couple's skin. The streets were full of barking and hi-fi music and the pursuing Colombian boys were acting more vulgar and appeared as potential real threats. She felt her breath becoming labored as her nerves increased. Tommy too felt the same way. He was just trying to make it back to a busy part of the town again, but every place he turned seemed to lead them farther away than he wanted to go.

Tommy's heart sank when he looked over his shoulder and saw that a couple of the boys had pulled out their privates and were waving it around towards Madelyn. One of the kids even stroked himself and they looked like harassing them was little more than a game to them.

Either way, Tommy knew that they were running out of luck as the boys increasingly became more bold. One of them had even ran up and just smacked her on the ass. Tommy heard the crack of it in the alley they were currently in, but he couldn't confront the group of kids who would easily overpower his scrawny frame.

Suddenly a door opened in one of the many creaky old homes facing the bar and a leathery woman appeared in an apron. She has long black hair and was the epitome of what motherly figure should look like. She was gesturing and shouting to the group of boys. The teens weren't necessarily scared of the older woman as they laughed back, but they had slowed down. The younger ones were now edging back and looking about finding something else to do not wanting to get in trouble.

The woman continued her barrage at the older boys that finally ended their pursuit of the couple. Without the full gang they began to appear less confident and eventually in a volley of Spanish expletives turned and sauntered away as if they owned the street.

Madelyn gave the woman a sweet smile saying thank you then looked back up the alley. The boys were still there and while they didn't pursue the scantily clad woman, didn't look any less interested as before. They were still rubbing at themselves, winking at her and puckering their lips at her. The older woman noticed and instead of leaving Tommy and Madelyn to the wolves on the street invited them into her house. They both entered the woman's house. The place was really nice on the inside and it was a stark contrast to the streets outside of her front doors. The place was clean, had many vibrant colors and had a heartfelt feeling to it.

"So much for the supposed waterfall," Madelyn scoffed to Tommy. She was partly in disbelief that Ludd would ditch them. To be more accurate, she was surprised that Ludd ditched her. She knew she was hot and couldn't believe a man passing up a chance to see her in a bikini. Also a little disappointed she wouldn't be able to tease the Australian man with her body.

Inside the home it was as expected the old air con hummed but struggled the rooms jumping between brilliant sunlight and low watt power depending on size and placement of windows. Washing was hanging from racks and the TV was playing a loud game show with a transvestite looking hostess rattling off in machinegun Spanish.

Tommy finally noticed the older fat man sitting in front of the television when he finally moved to drink his beer. He almost blended in with the environment and he made no noise, but Tommy said hi which the man did not reply anything back. Tommy took it for him not speaking any English, but the older fat man looked over to Madelyn and eyed her up and down. Then, his gaze returned to Tommy.

“You let your lady outside dressed like that?”, He gave Tommy a judgmental look. He was a lot less nice than his presumed wife who invited them over.

Tommy didn’t say anything, but Madelyn interjected hearing the old man, “What’s wrong with my outfit?”

“Don’t you know it’s dangerous in this part of town? Someone should have told you that.”

Yeah. Ludd really should have. Tommy thought as he agreed with the older man. The gravity of what possibly could have just happened at the hands of those teenaged boys seemed lost on Madelyn and it concerned her husband.

The sexy teacher nodded starting to realize how reckless she been. The man waved his hand to reassure her.

"All these street look the same, no? It's easy to get lost and easier still not to get found. You friends with Ludd?"

Tommy asked, “How’d you guess?”

“He’s the only white man around these parts.” The round man then stood with a groan of effort lifting his potbelly. "I will go find your gringo amigo."

"I think we’re alright. I think we just need a taxi back to the city. Try again tomorrow." Madelyn smiled raising her hands to halt the man from standing up as she admitted defeat.

The man shook his head with a serious face. "Even more foolish on your own gringa. Think he can actually protect you here."

Tommy was stung by the comment as he watched the old man point to him in reference to what he just said. He really had no way to respond to it either as he just took it and kept in silence. The old man was right, those teenagers could have easily had their way with Madelyn if the old man's wife didn't show up to their rescue.

Well no need to rub it in. Tommy thought while visibly uncomfortable.

The old man began to lead them outside the place and his wife halted him. They were arguing in Spanish about something, but Tommy could tell it was in reference to them being there and leaving. However, he couldn't make out the details of exactly what they were saying and wished he had paid more attention in Spanish class when he was younger. After what seemed ages, the older man appeared to have won the argument. He grabbed a beer from an icebox and simply grabbed Madelyn's wrist forcing her to follow him back outside. Tommy didn't appreciate the man grabbing his wife in such a manner, but considering the circumstance he followed behind them.

"Where are we going?", Madelyn asked the man who was dragging her behind.

"We have to go around to go upstairs.", The old man said.

The way the man was dragging Madelyn around, it was like she was an animal while holding a beer in his other hand. Madelyn's big breasts were bouncing as the old man jerked her down the street. He looked noticeably irritated, but he also seemed like he was a natural grouch from Tommy's perspective.

"Why do you come to our poor homes?" He spat confrontationally. As they walked around the house.

Madelyn stuttered in surprise. "I don't... I mean we were meeting someone."

"Do you think it amusing we live this way?" He continued picking up his beer looking out into the street for something as though he was up to no good. Tommy had seen that look on some of the bully's faces before in his high school.

"No, no I don't I, just like to get of the normal routes, you know backpacking and all. It's nice to have an adventure and see the unusual."

"Unusual?" His thick black eyebrows rose, "We are freaks, no? Zoo animals for you to come feed and even pet? Especially you white men. Come here to pet our women a lot."

His attention turned to Tommy with disgust. Tommy had never been out the U.S. ever, so the man had him completely pegged wrong which he tried to explain. The old man didn't want to hear it though and quickly shut him up.

"Fuck you gringo. You Americans are all the same.", The old man said coldly. Not a second later, he side stepped and went into a door. Tommy walked a few steps past it as the old man made no hint that he would be entering the back of the home and walking up the back of the steps. Tommy had no clue if this was even the same place that they were in before and didn't understand why the top and bottom floor weren't connected with stairs. Either way, in his own confusion he had no time to reply to the man's insult and followed him upstairs into the back of the house.

They entered the back and it wasn't what Tommy or Madelyn expected. They thought it would be a normal part of a home, but this place appeared to be nothing more than an hollowed out top floor. There were no real walls or anything. There were a couple of slabs of dry wall propped to separate space from each other, but they weren't walls. Tommy looked around the place filled with skepticism.

“Is Ludd here, sir?”, Madelyn spoke in a unsure tone as she looked around the eerie building they were in. The old man didn’t respond, just walked them to one of the areas that had dry wall up to create a make-shift room. The dry-wall didn’t go all the way to the ceiling and you could have easily climbed over it if locked out and been in the room, but nonetheless it the make-shift room even had a doorway. It was a bright red door that looked to have been painted over a few times.

“Leave your bags out here.”, The old man strangely requested.

“Why?”, Tommy asked defiantly. Getting a little fed up with being treated so poorly and told what to do.

The old man took a step towards Tommy and stood right in his face. Tommy could smell the old man’s putrid breath filling his nostrils. The old man’s eyes were filled with something dark and sinister and Tommy realized in that moment that he was too scared to confront the old Colombian man. Instead, he just handed over his bag who wore a big smile at his obedience.

Madelyn dropped her bag and stepped through the door. The room was completely dark and she felt a sense of fear, even when she felt Tommy’s hand on the back of her shoulder to let her know that he was with her. It provided little comfort. The lights turned on and she felt even less comforted by what she saw looking around the make-shift room.

It wasn’t just a room. It was a bedroom with a door to a dirty white tiled bathroom. The window to the street was grime covered and half barred with wood, most of the light coming from ceiling windows cracked and dirt covered showing glimpses of the brilliant sky. Standing near one wall was a tripod and video camera on the other wall a tripod and umbrella shaped lighting equipment.

“Tommy?”, She looked around with fear.

“What the fuck?”, Tommy turned his head around to the old man who stood in the doorway. The man shouted something out at the top of his lungs. He stomped his foot against the floorboards below him until finally the television had turned on. The TV noise became more apparent as the woman turned up the volume down stairs filling the house with a blanket of endless chatter.

Tommy repeated himself, “What the fuck is going on?”

"In these neighborhoods you need to make a living the best you can. A woman like your wife is a rarity in these parts."

Tommy didn't like where this was going as the old man continued to speak calmly. His big boned arms crossing over his big chest. He wasn't the largest man Tommy had ever seen, but he knew he had no chance in a fight with the old man.

“On film will fetch a great price from the right person.", The old man nodded towards the recording equipment set up in the room.

Madelyn choked the words creating a knot in her stomach. "On film?"

"Democracy is a great thing but there are those that miss the freedoms they had when we were a police state. Many powerful people still have needs and cravings for those decedent times."

Madelyn had no idea what he was talking about. She looked completely confused. "Freedoms, what freedoms?"

"Secret police, government officials, military types; many who reveled in sexual humiliation."

He explained that some were still very rich with the money they creamed in power. "I used to work for some of those people now I still do but in a different way."

Tommy's ear's perked up when he mentioned the word sexual. "Wait what the fuck are you saying?"

The old man stood there, rolling his eyes at the gringo as he continued to talk to Madelyn who seemed more interesting to him, "For me it matters not whether we are a junta or a democracy I am still poor and though maybe no longer powerful, they are still rich.

He pointed to the camera. "When my associates arrive we can begin shooting."

Madelyn looked wide-eyed at him the sweat becoming a torrent inside her fabric top

"Now let's get those clothes off of you. I've been wanting to see your big white ass and tits since the second you walked through my front door."

BECOMING A MOVIE STAR

The old man slowly walked towards them and Tommy knew he had to step up. He lunged at the old man, but was easily knocked to the ground. Tommy unable to do much more than just stare at the old man who waltzed right by him now. The room was still spinning and he couldn't have even stood up if he wanted to.

"Madelyn... run!", Tommy said from the ground.

Madelyn's gaze went from the fat man to her husband and back to the fat man. The man said nothing as he approached her and she bobbed from side to side as she tried to shake him. However, his large form proved to be too big to run around as the man grappled with her. Although fat he was much bigger and stronger and with a few well-placed swipes she was panting and groaning sprawled on the bed.

"Jesus no, what oh stop!" She spluttered the sudden ferocity a horrid surprise that made little sense

The man straddled her back who was a little out of breath himself. He grunted when he had to show any form of flexibility to fight Madelyn, but with one hand he held her face down against the bed smashing her face into the mattress.

Tommy watched as the fat man's grubby little hand reached down and ripped her t-shirt from the back and between her shoulder. The man's strength made it look as easy as ripping paper off of a gift as he tossed it aside as such.

"No get off me. What the hell do you think....", She protested.

The big man again pushed her head down as she yelped. Pinning her down with one hand again his other hand gripped her jean shorts at the waist. She continued to struggle and Tommy thought she might be able to

keep the fat man from taking them off of her beautiful sculpted ass. The fat man huffed and puffed and finally gave up trying to take them off her nicely.

"Hold still you little white slut." he shouted.

Now the man grabbed at the jeans and began yanking ferociously. At first the jeans began to only slowly tear, but after repeatedly ripping them they opened completely up the middle. A few more yanks and he ripped the jeans shorts off of her in two separated pieces then pulling the from her legs as she screamed in refusal..

Tommy saw his wife was now a sweaty near naked delight apart from a thong and brassiere and her walking boots. Her boots were hanging over the edge of the bed and kicking under the crushing size of the man on top of her.

"Tommy!", His wife called out.

The old man had wrapped her tiny wrists in one hand and Madelyn realized that this man was going to take her right then and there in front of her husband. However, she only felt the click of handcuffs pulled tight around her wrists where the old man's hand was prior. Her being cuffed made her shoulders pull back tits thrust in their cups.

"Ouch!", She whined.

"Shut up or I'll really give you something to whine about.", The man brought his hand down to smack at Madelyn's bare white ass. His darker tanned brown hand was a deep contrast against her own skin from Tommy's view who helplessly watched another man spank his wife's beautiful bare ass.

"Mmm, we don't get many white girls. We have nice Latin girl asses here, but never seen such a perfect ass on a white woman before.", The old man sat back on his knees admiring her ass and slowly rubbed it where he had smacked her ass.

His hand felt soothing on her bum while Madelyn tried to conceal the fact she struggled against the handcuffs. She tried to snake her little wrists out, but was unable to and finally gave up.

Madelyn began to plead but he soon silenced that pulling a strip of ducting tape and pressing it over her mouth. It was too late to talk her way out now. The man calmly made his captive get up into a seated position on the bed. He had handcuffed her hands crossed while laying face down so now she laid they were uncrossed when she spun around and sat up. The sexy blonde continued to pull her wrist free which caused her sweaty chest bouncing inside her own brassiere. Her blond hair was bedraggled over her face and he brushed it back into a sculpted mane as she snarled through the duct tape.

Tommy began to sit up getting his composure back, but was quickly attacked again by the old man. He felt a boot to his stomach and a couple of smacks on his face. Tommy's smaller form retreated back until he was backed into a corner and he assumed a fetal position as the old man laughed while kicking him.

"You white little pussy. I told you both you weren't a protector.", The old man seemed almost as gratified at kicking the white man as he was fondling his wife's ass. Madelyn began to scream through her duct tape which got the man's attention and he left Tommy in the corner on the ground groaning.

"Now listen woman," He said menacingly. You're going to be in a movie. A filthy snuff movie that I know I'll be paid lots for. No one's going to be interested what's happened to you. Well not unless they're jerking off watching it."

Madelyn's eyelashes flared in horror as the man nodded seeing she understood what he was saying.

"Yes it will be a high price show but eventually some or all of it will get on the Internet or underground film clubs. Remember when we're doing

things to you we will be filming. Remember many men will watch this over the years, coming in pleasure at your performance.”, The fat Colombian stood proudly by what he was saying. Then spoke to Tommy, “How does that sound? Make your big-titted wife a movie star?”

Tommy didn't say anything. He didn't want to provoke the man from coming over to the corner and unleashing havoc on him again.

Madelyn understood the meaning of a snuff film and her eyes were frantically searching the room. She began to hyper-ventilate realizing that she was about to be murdered.

The old man could see her thoughts running wild. It turned him on to see her in such distress and having control over her emotions made him want to jerk off right then and there, but he didn't want to ruin anything with his associates.

"Just do what we say and we'll release you when we've finished." He quantified his reasons to calm her further." Even here bodies draw the attention of the police."

He laughed, “And who knows you might actually enjoy what is about to happen. You wouldn't be the first.”

Madelyn watched the fat man walk over to Tommy who immediately covered his face as the old man approached him. The old man laughed, but also fed off the fear of the white husband. He kneeled right by him and spoke, “What do you think? Think your wife is going to enjoy being used like a whore?”

Tommy said nothing.

“Look at me white boy.”, The old man smacked at the back of his head.

Tommy slowly exposed his scared face. His eyes filled with tears he couldn't even look at the man in the face, he could only stare at the ground.

The old man reached his dirty hand up to grab Tommy's face. He smashed his face in his big hand and then chuckled patting him on the face. "I think you're going to be my camera man."

The three of them all heard noises down stairs; someone appeared to have arrived. The door opened as two men entered laughing with the older woman. They looked like old friends that were visiting for dinner, not to come over to fuck another man's wife.

They stopped to admire the girl on the bed. This busty yet petite well-endowed western white woman, mouth taped, lovely blue eyes looking confused her hair a dirty blonde frame to strong boned features.

The old woman was still talking as they closed the door on her face both men impressed with what they saw. One was Latin, curly hair unshaven and younger than her captor. She noticed the similarities in their features it might have been his brother. The other man was muscled with a shaven head, in his forties and just a big bull of a man. He gave a sick grin his Texas accent filling the room.

"Fuck Manny, this bimbo is hot as desert day, I didn't believe your old lady on the phone."

His name is Manny., Madelyn and Tommy both thought finally learning the fat older man's name.

The Texan dropped the big bag from his hand and he bent down hands on knees. "Hi darling."

Manny spoke, "And that's not even the best part."

The man stroking Madelyn's knee looked to Manny wondering what else could there be. He was already more than ecstatic to have a busty blonde at his disposal. He saw Manny waved his arm towards the corner where Tommy was.

"What's that there?", The Texas man said.

“Her husband.”, Manny grinned with an evil grin. “You know, this increases the price, right?”

The Texas man stared at Tommy who didn't return the gaze. Madelyn could see his eyes light up that the both of them were captives. The man waved at Manny without looking at him and he looked like a child filled with excitement. “Yeah whatever we have to pay you, Manny.”

Madelyn pulled back from the Texas man's hand, with the tape still over her mouth. This made the man stroking her knee only smirk before looking to the older brother and asking. "Have you explained to her yet?"

The greasy man nodded and moved over to the tripod switching on the light making the room a bright shadow less box. He then moved to the digital camcorders flipping the viewing screen open the machine now showing a red light signaling it was recording. He began panning the camera around and was describing what was going on. Showing off Madelyn's body with the help of his younger brother. He twisted her and bent her over so they could get good views of her ass.

“A real angel we have here, gentlemen. But wait... there's more! What more could you be asking? Well...”, The man brought the camera to Tommy hunched in the corner. “Here's lies her little sissy husband in the corner. He's going to be our audience member and if he's lucky, he'll live to tell about it.”

The younger brother grabbed the back of Tommy's hair to pull it up to show his face to the camera. The two men laughing at the weak husband.

“I'm going to grab a beer.” The older brother said before returning. The big American ape came back beer half empty wiping his mouth. He closed the door the TV still very loud the sweat showing on his head. "Fuck" he said annoyed with the oppressive heat as he opened his bag pulling out hoods. Madelyn began to wrestle with her cuffs a high pitch muffle from her taped mouth as her eyes saw what he was doing.

Tommy could see that the hoods were black but wide like a big

sackcloth bags. Once over his head it would allow his skin to breathe a little. Madelyn moaned through her duct tape as the other brother then did the same finally throwing a hood to the original man who appeared to have set himself up as director.

The Texan man lustfully stared at Tommy's wife, and heard him explain to her as they all stripped. "Feel free to do and say what you want babe we'll edit or mute what we don't need later."

The three men then stripped their pants so they only stood with t-shirts and their cocks hanging out in front of them. Tommy couldn't help but notice that each man's cock was much larger than his own. The big man moved to the side of the bed and slowly unpeeled her tape. Madelyn starting to babble as soon as her lips were free.

"Ugggh please stop. I can't believe your..."

The man pressed his fingers to her lips. "Shhhhhh! Save your breath for later babe. You are going to need it."

Something about the way he said it made Madelyn shiver with a chill. He looked down on her imprisoned cleavage and curvaceous hips. He gripped her long blonde mane turning her face to the camera.

"What's your name. C'mon honey, say it for the camera." he asked. She didn't reply he asked again with more menace. The camera's red light winked at her; blindly recording this obscene scenario.

The younger man had rifled through her satchel and held her passport since she would not cooperate.

"Says here that the little slut's name is Madelyn," he said. The younger then spoke to Madelyn. "Is that right? Madelyn?"

"Madelyn the explorer," the director added from behind the camera in an enthused tone.

"Hey, a real life fucking Columbus," The older brother laughed amused by his own joke. The younger brother rolled his eyes at his brother's stupid joke as he shook his head slowly.

She noticed the younger brother also had a hand held camera and he was moving around the bed. She tried to rationalize with the big bull man in some forlorn hope.

"But you're an Ameri...", She couldn't believe that Americans would do this other Americans.

"It doesn't count when you're both in another country. I think that's the rule.", The director countered mockingly.

Madelyn gave a yelp as he pulled her down the bed the girl flat on her back. The big American pushing his bicep arms between her thighs. Madelyn squealed and fought, no matter how hard she tried to keep him from spreading her legs, she failed. He opened her legs rather easily and placed himself between her legs, with his cock hanging out.

The older Texan brother who was between her legs joked, "An explorer eh? Well it's time for us to do the exploring." His hand gripped the gusset of her thong and ripped it away. He held it in the air and Tommy could see the white torn fabric dangling from the man's hand like a barbarian would hold a conquered enemy's head.

Madelyn eye's lit up as her white thong panties were ripped off her. She watched the older man smell them, toss them to his brother who also smelled them until finally passed to the greasy man directing who sniffed them until finally putting them into his own mouth. He chewed on her panties and she couldn't help but feel a little flattered that these three men were so excited by her.

The camera closed in as his mouth pressed on her opening his tongue licking slurping pressing into her. Madelyn arched her back mouth open in a wailing pout tits almost busting from fabric. The director couldn't help

himself and reached down grabbing a handful of her tits as the older brother continued to go down on her.

Tommy wanted to do something, but he was much too afraid. Every so often the younger brother came over and kicked at him and spit on him. He even had urinated on him until he felt satisfied that Tommy was subservient to the other males in the room. He could hear the older brother's slurping noises as they filled the room and the other men filmed away delighted with the couples horrified face.

"What a bitch.", The younger brother said as he referred to Tommy.

It wasn't long before Madelyn could feel the hard muscle of the older brother's tongue probing pushing her lips open smelling her sweaty musk. The mask felt strange against her inside thigh the creaking of fabric bizarre. His biceps told her he could snap her body with brute strength let alone his expert training. All she could do was a tirade of expletives her voice getting higher and higher as his tongue got deeper and deeper.

"Stop you fucking scumbag", Tommy called out.

The director was delighted with Tommy speaking up and made sure to capture it on camera. "Go on. What else?"

Tommy finally realized it was futile and that resisting was exactly what they wanted. The more he would cry out in agony, the more they would enjoy their humiliation.

"Get back over here, you're gonna miss the show.", The older brother called to the director who was transfixed on Tommy. The director retreated to capture Madelyn and the man assaulting her.

The older brother knelt up and holding both her legs firmly at the knees pushed her into a wide V position. His cock was already thrust upright against his body and both other semi naked bastards were not far off the vertical too.

The director focused on the big pink phallus that had appeared in the older brother's hand. Madelyn and Tommy could both see it too. It was a 6-inch high device. The pink rubber had nodes, treads and ridges along its coke bottle width. Madelyn shook her head seeing its stubby shape. At its base was a big pink ball end housing what seconds later she realized was a powerful electric motor.

The camera zoomed in as they switch it on. The can sized cock became a blur as it oscillated at ridiculous mains driven speeds. The phallus whined like a helicopter shuddering on the man's open hand his fingers feeling the intense buzz even through the ball base. He tried to grip the shaft but pulled his hand away the sensation too much to keep a grip as he laughed.

"This things fucking going to destroy this little whore's pussy.", The brother said making the other's laugh.

Then he turned it off; the blur became a solid rigid mass of pink rubber once again

Madelyn was a little afraid, but also admitted she was a little excited at the same time, "Oh Jesus that won't fit innnnn...."

Older brother held her legs open the younger one spat on the cocks tip then began to press at her licked on pussy.

"This will drive you crazy," he drooled. Tommy saw the demonic look in the man's face.

She arched her back the big width not wanting to enter but each gasps of her body allowed a slight give. She was shaking her head aware that slowly it was penetrating her.

"Nnnnghh!", Madelyn experienced the extreme pressure of the pink dildo stretching her insides as the younger brother began to plunge it between her legs.

She was swallowing it bit by bit the man pushing hard all eyes excited seeing the big pink ball end move closer and closer to her mound until.

"Fffucckkk!", She cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck I think she's actually liking this. You think we can edit it so it makes it seem like she doesn't?", The younger brother continued to plunge it in and out of the blonde wife wriggling her hips under the penetrating dildo. She couldn't contain the pressure she felt.

The thing was all the way in her lips squealing her inside feeling stuffed beyond belief the ball end now pressed against her aching pussy rim. The sound of the motorized dildo ended up becoming muffled stuffed in her and Tommy watched as the younger man continued to use the dildo like a drill between his wife's legs. He didn't look like a man pleasuring a woman, he looked like a construction worker drilling a two by four and this was just part of the job. He had an extreme look of focus on his face as he worked his magic on camera between Madelyn's legs.

Madelyn's eyes were crossing her beautiful teeth chattering. She opened her mouth and out came an obscene retching gargle her voice resonating to the vibrators frequency. She was struggling to focus the insane cock feeling like a she'd swallowed a fast spinning washing machine up inside.

Her muscles were crying out the vibration hitting everywhere at once with the same thunderous force. Her clit was feeling the pressure of the ball end the flesh nowhere to retreat to. Within seconds she was beginning to lubricate it with her own juices creating slight foam around the rim of her stretched pussy.

The big older bald brother straddled her tummy pushing his cock up against her bra pinning her in place making Madelyn moan like a slut. He waited for the camera to trail from her face then ripped open her bra. Her tits almost exploded out at him hard pink nipples the globes firm and hardening with growing arousal.

Tommy watched the man drilling her pussy with the dildo while his older brother grabbed her tits with each hand. He squeezed her melons roughly before smashing them together and using her tits to fold over his cock that laid between them. Her hands were coughed and she was still being fucked roughly by the dildo as the older brother began to plunge his cock up and down between her 36DD breasts. The brother kept the ball pressed hard against her clit, she was wailing now near the edge of climax. Her eyes said it all. She was coming on camera, a man old enough to be her father fucking his hairless cock between her tits, another bastard pressing a monster vibrator in her gasping snatch and a third recording it all his cock stiff as a board the view through the lens perfect.

Her back arched as she convulsed in spasm but the older brother held her by her busty tits like riding a bronco. She gritted her teeth then let out an enormous belly groan of sensation as she orgasmed from the dildo that was still violating her insides. Her eyes were on storks her mouth a wide gaping oval of horror her pussy a quivering mess seeming to melt around the awful buzzing rod. Her juices felt like she was pouring her insides out on to the bed and her clit had been inflated to a balloon popping size

The camera closed in as the big vibrator was switched off and slowly removed. Madelyn groaned as it retreated from her hole the director getting a great view of a dark wide pussy void, sore and dripping with juice. The two brothers' fingers gripped her labia squeezing keeping her slit pouting a little longer the slime dripping out like sludge from a storm drain.

The tit-fucking brother let go of her tits and quickly stood up to mount Madelyn's face. He grunted like an animal as he began smacking his big hard cock against her cheek and face roughly. The size and weight caused it to sting when it hit her face. His relentless beating of her face finally made her submit and open her lips so he could stick his head in it. He grunted with a proud snort as he got her to take his cock in his mouth without even telling her to. Madelyn shook her head away from his member but she was running out of space as his pelvis reached her neck. But before he pushed into her mouth he adjusted her position. He even gripped her by the head so he could force her to hold her head in place.

“Stop squirming you little whore and eat my cock.”, The Texan man grunted.

The vile man in her mouth continued to pound at her face and she could feel his big balls smacking at the underside of her chin. She wasn't sure what happened. It could have been the lack of oxygen, but something came over as this man face fucked her. She orgasmed. She had never orgasmed from giving oral and the feeling was much more powerful than the orgasm she received from the dildo that stretched her out.

“Is she fucking cumming?”, The face-fucking brother asked.

The younger brother laughed and nodded. He looked over to Tommy and had the director point at him. “Do you hear that sissy-boy. Your wife just orgasmed from another man fucking her throat like a dirty whore. Bet you've never done that to her with your little baby-dick.”

Truth was, he had no idea that Tommy really had a small penis after all. He just said it because it was for good show. A man stretching out another man's wife, was a taboo that his dark and twisted clients were sure to love.

She groaned, her tits bounced under the throat fucking man. But it was the noises of pleasure and grunts of carnal effort that made her aroused. These men sounded like complete brutal animals and attacked her like an injured gazelle. The complete opposite was true for Tommy who just sat in the corner while he had to listen to the two men laugh and groan while sticking their cocks in between her tits and in and out of her mouth. The two brothers were doing their best to take turns without being too selfish, but sometimes had to push the other one off to grab at the back of her head or at her tits to mount her. She continued to sit upright against the bed with her back against the head board and the back of her head pinned against it as well while they took turns using her.

The younger brother was about to climb between her legs, but the older brother stopped him with a growl and a mean look, “I'm first.”

The younger brother obviously knew better than to test his older larger and stronger brother when using women. He stopped out of respect and the older brother slowly made his way in between her legs eyeing the younger brother making sure he didn't try and stop him from taking the first go at the blond.

Tommy and Madelyn watched the two look like caveman dueling over breeding rights. While it made Tommy sick to his stomach, Madelyn watched two men fight over her and she hated herself for it, but actually was sopping wet.

The man dropped between her legs bouncing slowly on the dirt mattress that she was on. He grabbed her thighs lifting her up and putting them over his broad shoulders. Madelyn cooed in response to the man picking her body up with ease and inhaled deeply as she felt the mushroom head of the man's well endowed cock beginning to penetrate her.

"Fuck... she's still real fucking tight. We might need to warm her up with the dildo again.", The older brother said.

"Fuck that, I'll take my chances.", The younger brother watched his brother's cock go into the blond busty captive. He was rubbing his own cock which was beginning to soften.

Tommy watched as the younger brother slowly turned. His hand on his softening cock and he looked down at it and then at Tommy. Then back at his cock. He spoke in a nonchalant matter while his brother continued to work his cock in between Madelyn's now seemingly willing legs.

"Would it make me gay if another man sucks my cock?"

The older brother looked over at the younger man standing next to the bed stroking himself. Meanwhile slowly working himself into the moaning blond wife, he replied, "Not if he sucks your cock."

“Really?”, The younger brother nodded. “What do you think Mr. Director?”

The greasy man gave a thumbs up and spoke in his raspy voice in a joking manner, “I won’t tell if you don’t! You guys are wearing hoods nobody will know it was you.”

Tommy’s heart sank hearing them talking about one man giving another oral. But what really frightened him was that the younger brother hand turned all the way toward him.

And he was now approaching him cock in hand and beginning to harden as he the younger man stared at him with an odd look of lust.

THE SEQUEL

It had been twenty minutes of the older brother groaning and grunting on camera between the legs of the blonde woman. His rough fucking as he held her under her knees as he lifted her hips off the mattress and plowed himself into her. Her big white tits bouncing as she moaned. The worst thing about it was that she couldn’t keep her eyes off what was happening off the bed in the corner.

The younger brother had his cock shoved in Tommy’s mouth and had made him to remove his clothes so now her scrawny husband was sucking another man’s cock. The big cock of the younger brother slid in and out her husband’s lips and she was almost appreciative of how much more gentle the throat fuck she received earlier. Tommy was gagging having a hard time breathing with tears coming from his eyes. He wasn’t crying emotionally, it was from the pressure of the cock in his throat and lack of oxygen he was receiving.

That wasn't the only thing Madelyn noticed however. Tommy's little cock had grown hard while the younger man fucked his face. She didn't want to consider her husband was actually enjoying being violated, but here she was secretly loving this big muscular man violating her pussy without her consent.

Before this point she had regretted listening to Ludd who she realized had sold her to these men. Manny had explained that the whole event was orchestrated from the beginning. Ludd, the cabbie, the bartender and even the pursuing boys that herded them to their current location.

"You suck a cock real nice boy.", The younger man said as he stood over Tommy. Tommy looked up at the man who reached down and affectionately ran his fingers through his hair before giving him a quick smack on the cheek with his cock still buried in his mouth. "Now, don't disappoint me and keep me hard."

Tommy was bobbing his head up and down, the mushroom head pressing against the back of his throat he tried to stick it as far down his own throat as he could. He was lost in the moment as he began to slurp and swallow the younger man's cock.

"That's right there, sissy. Keep me nice and hard for your little wife over there."

Tommy remembered suddenly what was happening and with the cock still buried in his mouth looked over at the bed. Madelyn was on her back and was now smashed between the mattress and the man between her legs. He could see his muscular ass pumping between her spread legs. Her legs dangling on each side and stretched out, slowly bouncing from each of the man's powerful thrusts.

Tommy then made eye contact with his wife. The younger brother's cock still pressing at the back of his throat as he watched his wife watch him suck another man's cock. She could see that her eyes furrowed and something about the moment made her orgasm. Maybe it was his

humiliation or maybe it was her own, but either way the man between her legs started to grunt and buck his hips.

“I want to fuck you like you’re a bitch in heat.”, The older brother said. He was a bit dumber than the younger brother.

Madelyn was pulled onto her face ass high, kneeling, the man standing now pulling her near to the edge of the bed. The brother grabbed her hair pulling her head up so she looked awe stricken ahead. The yank was now banging into her upturned rear her pussy stuffed full and tight. Each forward thrust she grunted in a high pitch her body jerking as her head reared back holding her mane like the reins on a stampeding horse

“I’m going to cum.”, The older brother groaned.

He came deep within Madelyn. He continued to thrust himself into her which made very low slap noises as he grunted, “Get that cum in you deep baby. Take it all. Yeahhh. That’s right milk me.”

Madelyn was to. She was moving her hips while she was pinned down on her stomach. She milked the man’s cock getting all of his cum out of his big cock into her aching willing slit. The older brother finally pulled himself out and like a table used one hand to flip over Madelyn. Her big tits swayed from side to side as she landed on her back facing up towards the cracked ceiling. She could have sworn that she saw someone’s eyes peering through the ceiling down at her watching her be used like a prostitute.

The younger brother almost looked like he didn’t want to leave Tommy’s mouth, but when he saw that his brother was finished with Madelyn and the director called him over he knew he had to. Taking the cock out of his mouth he walked over to Tommy’s wife.

“Your hubby sucks cock almost as good as you.”, He said as he kneeled between her legs.

The older brother laughed at his younger brother. “You’re fucking dark bro.”

The younger brother was working his cock into her and she felt the older brother present wet slimy cock to her mouth. “Clean it.”

Madelyn opened her mouth as the younger man pumped between her legs. The cock sliding in her mouth was covered in her juices as well as his cum and she could taste the tanginess on her tongue. The older brother wasn’t thrusting his hips, but instead slowly pushing it in. He wasn’t trying to get hard, just genuinely use her mouth to wash his cock.

“Your wife’s pussy is tighter than your pretty mouth boy.”, The younger Texan brother said as he continued to fuck Madelyn like a whore. Madelyn moaning and groaning.

Tommy could feel the precum leaking from his cock. It was dribbling all over the floor in front of him. He tried his best to resist it, but his hand came down and he began to stroke himself. Even while jacking off he fought himself, but couldn’t resist the urge. Everything happening was so erotic that it teared a fractal into his brain warping his entire reality. He literally was crying as he jacked off, but was filled with such pure perverse joy that he didn’t care.

Madelyn watched her husband jacking off to her being fucked on camera in a presumably rape scene. She watched as he began to shoot his little load in front of him over the dirty floor boards that he was sitting on. She let loose and decided to allow herself to orgasm under the younger brother’s cock tightening her walls around the giant cock plunging in and out of her stretched pussy.

“Niiice.”, The director said as he continued to record everything. “Hurry up, we’re running out of film here.”

The younger brother gave a nod and realized he needed to focus. He reached down and gripped one of Madelyn’s big tits and looked up at the

soft wet cock of his brother's still in her mouth and finally scrunched his face.

“Money shot....”, The younger brother said. It was a disgusting thing to say, but it was something he always said when he came all over a woman. And that's exactly what he did.

The younger brother pulled his cock out like a madman and like a man on a violent rampage let loose a barrage of cum bullets that began streaming everywhere. The amount of cum put Tommy to complete shame and the difference was instantly noticed and compared by the busty blonde wife. She instantly realized that the man fucking her was much more fertile and filled with much more testosterone than her own wimp husband.

The older brother actually ripped his cock out of the wife's mouth to get out of the way luckily leaving unscathed. However, Madelyn was not so lucky. The younger man's cock was loaded with a gallon of cum that was now stream by stream unloading all over her. A stream cover her right tit, then her left tit, then her stomach, then her neck, then her right cheek, then her hair, another on her right tit and one on her belly until finally he came everywhere.

Impressed with his own cum, the younger brother was laughing and gave a loud hoot. “We'll hoot-dang did you see how much I just came?”

The two brother gave each other a high-five and were proud of the work they had just performed on the woman who was still handcuffed. Her entire body was moving in a seductive matter as Madelyn relished in the warm cum of the younger man.

The director shut the camera off. “Guys are you fucking serious?”

The two looked at him with a weird look. Tommy was unsure of what the director was going to say next.

“This is a fucking snuff film. You're supposed to pretend to kill her.”, The greasy director said in his raspy voice.

“Ohhh yeah.”, The two brother said simultaneously. The older brother then grabbed at his cock. “I can go again if you need me to.”

The younger one looked back at the beautiful blonde still cuffed to the bed, “Yeah me too. What about you?”

Madelyn hair was a complete mess. Her tits were slightly red and she was still completely covered in cum as she looked up to respond to the younger brother. “More than ready to go.”

About an hour ago, hearing his wife would have made Tommy felt his heart break. He would have felt devastated, but after cumming and realizing he was a sissy he wanted a part of the team too.

“Don’t forget me guys! I’m ready too!”

-----THE END-----

Thank you!

Thanks for reading this story everyone. I hope you enjoyed!

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