

**MANUS
DARE**



**THE NEIGHBOR
MASTERS MY WIFE**

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A Cuckold Story

Manus Dare

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Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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MITCHELL

"MITCHELL!"

I heard my wife calling from downstairs. I took off my headphones and looked at my laptop screen. I was supposed to be writing, but I had gotten sucked into a black hole of porn videos, each one showing a submissive woman being dominated by a stud with a big dick. My cock was rock hard as I paused the screen on a young woman being faced fucked by a huge, meaty cock, forcing the long shaft down her throat.

"Mitchell? Where are you?"

I groaned and shut the browser. I browsed incognito when looking at porn. I didn't want Lydia to find out what I was watching. It would only lead to questions and insults from my wife.

I stood up and pulled the shirt out of my pants to hide my hard on and hurried downstairs.

Lydia was standing in the kitchen, a torn bag of garbage spilling out around her feet. She was dressed in the tight business skirt and blouse she wore for work.

I looked at the trash on the floor and I groaned inwardly.

My wife made five times as much as I did with my writing. We had an arrangement. I stayed home and worked on my writing, cooked the meals, and kept the house looking nice.

"I thought I told you to take out the trash three days ago!"

"I know. I'm sorry!"

"Well, I tried to do it myself and look what happened!"

I felt a tremor of fear and shame as my wife glared at me. Just over thirty, she looked ten years younger, especially in her business skirt and tight white blouse. Her breasts were heaving, not with passion, but anger, the tops of her breasts flushed. Her skirt was tight around her hips and fell to her knee, showing off her firm calves and black heels now splashed with garbage.

"Here, let me take care of it," I said and moved forward to grab the broom and dustpan.

"Don't bother," she huffed. "I'll do it myself."

I felt a wave of impotent anger flash through my body. I wanted nothing more than to bend my domineering wife over the counter, pull up her skirt, and spank her ass until she begged me to fuck her. Images of the porn movies I'd been watching flashed through my mind, my cock tightening the front of my pants.

Lydia looked at me, her eyes flashing with anger. All at once, my rage subsided and I shrank back into myself.

"Well, are you just going to stand there, or fucking help?"

I scooted forward and began to pick up the trash. Lydia got out a new trash bag and loomed over me as I dumped the trash into the bag. I wondered when exactly the power dynamics in our marriage had shifted so drastically.

It must have been after Lydia got her degree and her new job. She was respected and feared at work. Slowly, our lives had morphed into a similar situation. As she had gained in strength, I had stepped back to let her shine. After all, we lived in this big, beautiful house and had more money than either of us knew what to do with. Wasn't it natural that I let her take control of things while I struggled with my writing career?

"Maybe next time you'll listen to me," she said when the trash was finally cleaned up and the bag was tied.

"I will," I said sheepishly, and Lydia gave me a look that was equal parts pity and disgust.

"It's OK," she said and brushed a hand across my cheek. "I'm just tired from work. All I wanted to do was come home and relax. Instead, I have to deal with this!"

No one asked you to, I said to myself, but didn't dare tell her.

I hauled the trash bag out to the can, with Lydia following behind to collect the mail.

"Hey, neighbors!"

I looked up and saw John standing on his porch, drinking a beer. He stood up as I deposited the bag in the can and walked over to the hedge that separated our yards. John was a tall man with a broad chest and thick head of wavy blonde hair. He was wearing his usual t-shirt that always seemed two sizes too small, the elastic band cutting into the thick muscles of his arms.

No matter what I thought of his wardrobe, it only seemed to attract the opposite sex. John was one of the few single guys on the street and his house had a revolving door for nubile young women to come and go.

I had a flash of insight as I looked at my muscular neighbor. I'll bet he never had to deal with a domineering woman. In fact, I imagined my hard-bodied neighbor bending over my wife like I had fantasized about earlier.

"Hey, Lydia," John said. "You are looking as gorgeous as ever."

"Oh, stop!" Lydia snapped, but I saw a hint of a smile on her face. "You say that to all your little girls!"

"Yeah, well, maybe if I had a real woman like you, I wouldn't have to waste my time with girls."

John winked at me to let me know he was joking. Lydia scoffed.

"Grow up, John!" She held open the door. "Are you coming, Mitchell?"

"Um... yeah," I said. "Just a minute."

"Well, hurry up," she said. "I'm hungry."

The door banged shut behind her. I looked at John, who grinned.

"I hope you don't mind my saying, buddy, but you really need to give your wife some dick."

It would have shocked me if I hadn't been thinking the same thing.

"She's just tired," I said weakly.

"Well, if she's got enough energy to treat you like crap, then she's got enough energy to fuck."

That shocked me. Lydia's usual excuse to deny me sex was how tired she was, working all day. I was sure that picking up the trash would be yet another excuse for her to shut me down.

"I don't know," I said finally.

"Well, I'd fuck her within an inch of her life!" John laughed.

I snorted.

"I'd like to see you try!"

John stopped laughing.

"You mean that?"

"What?"

"You want me to fuck your wife?"

My mouth fell open in shock. Was he actually asking me if he could fuck Lydia? I was just joking, yet something about the idea of John trying to fuck my wife sent a zing of pleasure right through my ball sac.

"I was joking!" I said. "Besides, you'd never stand a chance with her."

"You think so, huh?" John said and looked towards the house as if he could see Lydia through the wall. "You want to bet?"

"Bet?" I scoffed. "You're not serious?"

"Of course I'm serious," John said. "I never joke about sex."

I searched his face for signs of a joke, but saw none.

I looked towards the house. There was no way I could do this! If Lydia ever found out? She would hit the roof.

But the idea still nagged at the back of my mind and the sheer lewdness of it tugged at my balls.

"What do I get when you lose?"

John grinned.

"Thatta boy!" He slapped me good-naturedly on the arm. "Let's see. If you win, how about I spring for a vacation? I've got a time share. Anywhere you want to go, just name it."

I couldn't believe I was contemplating this. Still, there was no way my wife would go for it and a vacation would be nice. Maybe we could get away from everything and reconnect.

"Ok," I said. "What about if you win?"

"That's easy," John said, and gave my shoulder a squeeze just hard enough to hurt. "I get to fuck your wife!"

Lydia

I sighed when Mitchell finally came into the kitchen. His shoulders were hunched forward in that posture he got when he knew he'd screwed up and was afraid of getting yelled at.

All of my yells were gone, however. I was just too tired to deal with him. Besides, my anger wasn't entirely his fault. I was stressed out from work. My team was arguing over details of their project, making my job harder. Still, was it too much to ask that I come home to a house that didn't smell like trash?

Mitchell walked over to the refrigerator, avoiding eye contact. Was he really that scared of me? I felt a sting of guilt followed quickly by a surge of frustration. When we had met, Mitchell had been a hard worker, someone who rarely sat down. A man who always needed to be doing something. However, ever since I had gotten my job, Mitchell had stopped working hard. He seemed content to live off my salary and fiddle around with his 'writing'. I was almost positive all he did all day was watch porn, but I couldn't prove it. Meanwhile, the silly bastard hadn't tried to touch me in months!

I knew I was being unfair. The last few times Mitchell had tried to start sex, I had turned him down. I was so tired from work, I couldn't imagine summoning the energy for sex. Plus, seeing my increasingly paunchy husband dressed in his stained sweat pants and t-shirt didn't exactly make my pussy wet.

"Hey, would it be all right if we had John over for dinner?"

"What?"

The request caught me by surprise. I didn't realize my husband and John were so close.

"I don't know," I said. "He wants to come over?"

"Yeah," Mitchell shrugged. "He said we can grill out back. It's been a while and he seems like a good guy."

I didn't know about that. I knew men like John. They were charming and good-looking, but that was usually all they had to offer. Try talking to them for any longer than five minutes and it was obvious what they wanted.

And John was definitely a player. I'd seen the young tramps he escorted to their cars after a night of no doubt very hot sex.

Maybe that was why Mitchell liked him. My husband was living vicariously through the life of our studly neighbor.

"I'm really tired."

"You don't have to do anything," Mitchell said, suddenly excited. "Mitchell and I will make food. All you have to do is drink wine and hang out."

I thought about it. It would be nice to drink while the two men waited on me. John's looks didn't hurt, and I could do with some innocent flirting from our handsome neighbor. Who knows? Maybe I'd be in the mood to take a tumble with Mitchell later.

I was warming up to this idea.

"Fine," I sighed, unwilling to let Mitchell know I was excited. "Whatever you want."

"Great!" Mitchell said and gave me a kiss on the cheek, making me smile. I forgot about the trash and let Mitchell hand me a glass of wine. "I'll let John know."

I sighed again and sipped my wine. Perhaps the night wouldn't be a total waste.

Mitchell

I could barely contain my excitement when I told John. He smiled, as if he knew what the answer would be all along. We walked over to the house together.

Lydia had already commandeered the reclining lawn chair in the backyard and was happily sipping wine when we showed up.

"It's about time, you two!" she called from her seat. "I'm getting hungry. What's for dinner?"

"Meat," John grinned, and I was surprised to hear my wife snort with amusement.

"Of course you would say that," Lydia laughed. "What's the matter? No little floozies wanted to come home with you today?"

"Maybe I'm looking for a little more experience," John said. "Know any older women around here who might need some service?"

Lydia's mouth opened in shock and she looked at me to see if I was going to say anything. I acted like I didn't notice, opening up the grill, and turning on the gas. I waited, my heart pounding, as I waited for my wife to answer.

"Nope," she said, and I relaxed a little. As exciting as it might be to imagine John fucking Lydia, I really didn't want my wife to give in. I just wanted to see John try.

Try and fail, a voice said in my head. You want him to fail, right?

Of course I did! What kind of loser wants his wife to fuck someone else? That didn't stop my belly from getting fluttery with nervous excitement.

I walked into the kitchen, and before long, John joined me.

"It won't take me long," he said confidently. "She's begging to be fucked."

"What?" I said too loud and lowered my voice. "What are you talking about?"

"Jesus, Mitchell! Can't you feel it? She is practically begging for my dick."

"Your nuts!" I looked over his shoulder at my gorgeous wife sipping wine and serenely enjoying the sun slowly setting in the distance. She didn't look ready to fuck. She looked like she was about to fall asleep.

"Listen, give me a half an hour and I'll have her begging for my dick," John said with such confidence, even I believed him. "Can you think of some excuse to leave?"

"You want me to leave?" I asked.

"Sure," John said. "For a half an hour. I mean, if you're so confident that she won't fuck me, what's a half hour?"

I looked again at Lydia, then at John's muscular body. Of course, I knew my wife would remain faithful, but I was still scared. Scared of John's powerful body and his cocky attitude.

If anyone could put him in his place, however, it was Lydia.

"Ok," I said. "30 minutes!"

"Good man!" he slapped me hard on the shoulder. "Now, what's your excuse?"

A few moments later, I followed John out to the backyard.

"Sorry, guys," I said sheepishly. "I just realized we're out of steak."

"What?" Lydia cried. "You invited John over and we don't even have anything to grill?"

I had expected her reaction, but it still hurt to be called out in front of my neighbor.

"It's no problem," I said. "I'll just pop over to the butcher shop and grab some steaks. I won't be very long."

"And what are we supposed to do while you're gone?"

"Oh, don't you worry about that," John said, took a seat next to my wife, and refilled her glass with wine. "We'll get drunk and talk about Mitchell."

Lydia looked at John, and I saw her eyes slowly crawl over my neighbor's muscular body. Her lashes fluttered, and I wondered what she was thinking. She looked at John for so long;, I felt uncomfortable. Finally, she turned back to me and waved a hand dismissively.

"Fine," she said. "But don't take too long. Who knows what will happen if you leave me alone with John? He might try to take advantage of me."

My mouth went dry as John chuckled and Lydia laughed.

"And I might let him."

I took a last look and hoped that Lydia was joking. Finally, I turned and left the two of them together, laughing behind me.

LYDIA

"I CAN'T BELIEVE MITCHELL forgot the steaks!" I took a swallow of wine. The first glass had gone straight to my head, the warm feeling of the alcohol working its way through mu body.

"Hey! Not everyone can bring the meat!" John laughed.

My mouth fell open for a moment, shocked by our neighbor's innuendo. Suddenly, I was laughing too, snorting wine through my nose.

I coughed, and John patted me on the back with his large, warm hand. I shivered at his touch.

"You're so bad!" I giggled and laid back on the lounge. My body relaxed for what felt like the first time in weeks. Between work and Mitchell's constant walking on egg shells, life had become so much more stressful than I had imagined when I graduated college.

"I hope I'm bad in a good way," John murmured and leaned over to me, running his hand up my arm.

"Um... what are you doing?" I asked. His fingertips made the hairs stand up on my forearm.

"Nothing," he said, and his hand trailed up to my shoulder. "You just seemed tense. You know, I give a hell of a massage."

I cocked a skeptical eyebrow, but the warmth of his hand was effecting my body. Despite my exhaustion, my nipples grew hard, and I felt a moist throb of lust between my legs. I shifted on the lounge, ducking my shoulder away from John's touch.

"I'm sure," I said. John's eyes gazed at my body and I had to admit, it was nice to have a younger, good-looking guy admiring my lush curves. Mitchell barely seemed to notice me anymore.

That's not fair, I said to myself. You scare him.

But, John wasn't scared, not one bit.

"Hey, if you want, I'll give you my references," he smirked.

"You mean all those little floozies coming out of your house?" I scoffed.

"Not exactly a 5 star Yelp review."

"I don't know." John slid closer, his knee next to my thigh. "They're young, sure, but they know pleasure when they feel it."

"Oh my God!" she laughed. "You really are arrogant!"

"Because I can back it up," John smiled. "It's all right if you don't believe me, but you really shouldn't judge until you've experienced what I can do."

I wondered whether we were talking about massage or sex. Either way, I was definitely getting hot. The wine mixed with the presence of my gorgeous neighbor were making me giddy. I'd never actually believed John wanted me. Sure, he flirted, but I had seen the shapely young woman who came and went next door. They might as well have been super models compared to me in my sensible business suit.

That didn't mean I hadn't thought about this exact scenario, the young, beautiful man making advances while my husband was nowhere to be seen.

"You're playing with me," I pouted. "You don't want me."

"What are you talking about?" John cocked an eyebrow. "I'm just talking about a massage unless..."

He left the sentence unfinished, and I knew that this was getting out of hand. Mitchell would be back at any moment and no matter my frustration, I still loved him.

"I can't," I said. "Mitchell--"

"Just a massage then," John smiled. "I promise I won't do anything Mitchell wouldn't want me to do."

That was an odd comment, but the haze of lust and alcohol had fuzzed up my brain. I bit my bottom lip, then nodded.

"Just a massage," I said. "Above the waist."

"Of course," John said. "I wouldn't dream of anything else."

His tone said he had been dreaming of something else entirely, but I shook my doubts.

John stood up and stepped over to my lounge. He held out his hand, and I took it. Then he swung a leg over the lounge and sat down behind me, straddling the chair with his thick thighs.

"Now," he said. I suppressed a moan as his hot, hard hands gripped my shoulders. "Just relax."

At first, I didn't think I was going to be able to relax. Another man was touching me, his hands working the tense muscles of my shoulders and neck. However, after a few minutes of John's attention, my muscles turned to putty in his hands. The warmth I felt earlier built to an intense heat. I felt my body relax against John's hard body, the muscles of his chest pressing into my back.

What would it feel like to let him go further? The very thought made a shot of lust spike through my pussy. I rubbed my thighs together, trying in vain to stop the growing feelings of lust boiling in my body.

"That's it," John murmured. "Just let yourself go, Lydia. You deserve it."

I did deserve it. Didn't I work hard? Why shouldn't I get a well-earned massage from a handsome man? As I let myself enjoy the feel of a powerful man massaging me, my legs opened. John kept one hand on my neck, the other hand slipping down my flank and digging into my thigh. I gasped at the sudden pain, then sighed as the warmth bloomed under his fingers, his hand working closer and closer to my pussy.

"What are you doing?" I moaned drunkenly, my head lolling back and forth.

"Just giving you what you need." John's fingertip flicked over the wet fabric of my panties, sending jolts of excitement through my pussy. "So just enjoy it."

"Enjoy it," I moaned. My legs spread involuntarily as John rubbed my pussy, working his fingers under the elastic band of my panties and stroking the folds of my cunt.

This was going too far, and I knew it. At the same time, the repressed lust boiled in my belly, responding to John's expert touch. While he stroked my swollen pussy, he kissed my neck, his other hand cupping my heavy breast.

No! I cried to myself. This was going too far!

Even as the thoughts invaded my brain, I felt my orgasm climbing the peak. John's hands worked me towards bliss. How long since another man had given me an orgasm? And so quickly! John seemed to know exactly the buttons to push to turn my body into jelly.

"Come for me, Lydia!" John hissed in my ear. "Come for me!"

"Oh, God!" I cried. "I... I can't---"

John shoved his hand into my pussy and dug the fingers of his other hand into the pliable flesh of my tit. I screamed as the sudden assault forced me to climax.

My body humped against John's hands, my ass grinding into his crotch. In the throes of my orgasm, I felt something hot and hard pressing against my buttocks.

Is that his cock? I thought desperately. No way!

"That's it, Lydia," John murmured, pulling his fingers from my pussy and holding me against him as I twitched out the last throes of my orgasm.

"That feels better, doesn't it?"

"Oh, God!" I moaned. "John, please! No more! Mitchell--"

"If Mitchell was doing his job, you wouldn't be so stressed out, now would you?" John asked as he unbuttoned my blouse.

"No, I... I guess not, but..." I moaned as John peeled off my blouse and scooped a full breast out of my bra. "This is still wrong! I'm married!"

"So?" John murmured as he flicked my nipple, sending a jolt of electricity shooting through my tit. "Does that mean you have to put up with a poor shlub like Mitchell?"

"He's not, oh!" My protest was stopped by John's lips on my breast, sucking my hard nipple into his warm, wet mouth. I shivered against him and let him free my other breast. Soon, he was sucking and twisting my nipples, sending pleasure shooting straight to my brain.

"I know what you need," he cooed confidently. "And I can give it to you."

My mind was a haze of lust and alcohol as John stood up and unbuttoned his pants. I should have stopped him, but I was frozen, mesmerized by his body as he slowly pushed his jeans down over his hips.

"Oh my God!" I moaned when his enormous cock sprang free. It was even bigger than I had imagined. It must be three times the size of poor Mitchell's cock.

"That's right, Lydia," John smirked cruelly down at me, slowly stroking his huge shaft, the bulbous head engorged with lust.

My tongue flicked out and licked my lip. It was an involuntary response to such a beautiful cock just inches from my face, but John saw it.

"You want to taste it, don't you?" John asked. "All you need is a nice, big cock to make you happy."

"No," I moaned, but my mouth went dry in anticipation of tasting his thick cock. It had been so long since a man had taken charge of me. Mitchell just wasn't built for it.

John peeled off his shirt, revealing his gleaming muscular chest. John was definitely built for this and I suddenly realized the danger I was in. Not only was I alone with this strong alpha male stud.

I wanted it.

"Sure," John stepped forward and swabbed my lips with the thick head of his cock. "Keep telling yourself that, Lydia. Keep telling yourself you're a strong, independent woman who doesn't need a real man to give her what she needs."

"I am," I groaned.

"We'll see," John said and slid the hot length of his shaft across my cheek. I gasped at the heavy length of it. It was longer than my face! I'd never seen a cock this big before!

John reached down and gripped my chin. He pried open my lips, and I whimpered as he pushed the fat head of his cock against my mouth. Spit filled my wet cavern, drooling down my chin, proving that all my protests

were a lie. John chuckled cruelly and pushed his pulsating flesh into my mouth.

So big! I thought desperately. I can't take it!

But I did. John worked his hips, slowly feeding me inch after glorious inch of his meat. Soon my senses were filled with John's cock, his pulse throbbing against my tongue. I worked my mouth back a few inches and John shoved it back in. Soon we were working together, me sucking as John hammering my throat into submission.

"That's it!" John laughed. "I knew all you needed was a nice cock! What a little slut!"

"I'm not a slut," I whined as his cock sipped from my mouth. Ropy strings of cum spilled over my chin and landed on the round globes of my tits. I certainly looked like a slut.

"Maybe not for Mitchell," John growled. "But you are going to be a slut for me."

"No, I won't!" I protested.

John just smirked and pushed me back on the lounge. I gasped as he ripped off my skirt, then tugged the panties down over my ankles. And, just like that, I was naked in front of my powerful neighbor.

I moaned, looking up at John's body through slitted eyes. My body twitched with repressed lust and, when he slid the spongy head of his cock up my swollen slit, I moaned with desire.

"That's it," John growled. "I'm going to make you my slut now, you understand? As soon as I fuck that pussy with this cock, you're my fucking whore!"

He continued to swab his dick up and down my pussy. My hips jerked, trying to catch the tip of his cock, but John held back, happily teasing me as

I squirmed like a whore on the lounge.

"What's that?" he laughed. "Tell me what you want!"

"I want your cock!" I cried.

How had it come to this? Just an hour ago, I had been yelling at my husband and now I was on my back, my legs in the air, begging my bastard neighbor for his cock.

It was too much!

"Even if I make you my slut?"

"Yes!" I moaned.

"Even if I ruin that pretty married pussy for Mitchell?"

Oh, God! Mitchell didn't deserve this! However, a needy, frustrated part of me blamed my husband for my pent up lust. If he had been doing his job, if he hadn't left me alone with this bastard, none of this would be happening.

I knew I was wrong, but it didn't matter. My lust and frustration were all the justification I needed.

"I don't care!" I sobbed. "Ruin that pussy! Please, ruin that pussy!"

John grunted, grinned down at me, then punched his thick cock deep inside me. I screamed as I felt my cunt being ripped open, forced to accept his enormous virile shaft.

If John meant to ruin me for my husband, he was making a damn good start!

MITCHELL

I DROVE AROUND THE block two or three times, my heart pounding in my chest. Of course I didn't forget the steaks, it was just a way for me to get out of the house and see if John could work his magic.

My mind flipped from one extreme to another. I didn't really want to see my wife fuck John, did I? On the other hand, the thought of my young, muscular neighbor manhandling my wife made my blood run hot and my cock press painfully against the confines of my pants.

So, I drove around in circles for fifteen minutes. I wasn't going to give John any more time than that to seduce my wife. I parked one block over then walked to my house, entering the front door as quietly as I could.

It didn't matter. I could have kicked in the door and I doubt they would have heard me. My stomach fell as I heard desperate cries echoing from the back of the house. As I neared the kitchen and the window overlooking the backyard, the cries grew louder and more desperate. It sounded like the porn I had been watching earlier that day, yet closer and so much more real. That can't be Lydia! No way!

The thoughts gave me the strength to peek out the window. What I saw made me sway on my feet and I grabbed the sink to avoid falling. I blinked as I took in the sight, my brain having trouble processing what I was seeing. My wife lay on the lounge, her large breasts exposed and her mouth full of the biggest cock I'd ever seen. She moaned around the huge, fleshy shaft. It was so big! How could Lydia handle such a monster?

The answer was... barely. John loomed above my wife, every muscle gleaming in the sun. He rocked his hips as Lydia desperately tried to take his thick shaft into her mouth. She was gagging and gurgling on our neighbor's flesh, using her hands on the half that she couldn't get into her throat. Spit spilled down her chin and onto her breasts, long ropy strings of drool oozing between her fingers.

My wife didn't even like sucking cock, or so she had always told me. Yet, here she was, trying her damndest to please John as his cock fucked her lips.

I'd never seen her so hungry for cock.

Or so beautiful.

"That's it!" John laughed. "I knew all you needed was a nice cock! What a little slut!"

I groaned at the words. John's smile was cruel, but his power seemed irresistible. So, I was shocked and gratified when Lydia pulled her lips off his cock.

"I'm not a slut!"

Her voice came out in a plaintive whine, but still her words made my heart leap. She wasn't a slut! She was still my wife, despite her weakened position.

"Maybe not for Mitchell," John growled and bounced the tip of his cock against Lydia's lips. "But you are going to be a slut for me."

"No, I won't!" Lydia moaned.

She was fighting it! She was cheating on me, but she was fighting the need for John's cock. My cock might be throbbing in my pants, but the husband in me rooted for my wife to not give in.

John continued to smile cruelly down at my wife. Lydia was fighting her urges, but John wasn't about to give in. I watched as he ripped off her skirt and panties, leaving my wife naked and gasping on the lounge. My cock raged hot and hard as I watched John grip his massive shaft, then run the tip up my wife's wet cunt. He was so big, there was no way she could take it! Of course, I had thought the same about her mouth, but she had taken his entire cock hungrily. Willingly.

Would she let John do the same to her pussy?

My fears were confirmed as John continued to run the bulbous head up and down Lydia's swollen slit. My mouth went dry as I heard Lydia's desperate moans. Her stomach muscles tightened as she lifted her hips, trying to push the fat tip past her entrance and into her needy cunt.

John knew what he was doing, however, and kept himself on the edge of her cunt, letting her feel his girth, but staying out of reach.

"That's it," John grunted. "I'm going to make you my slut now, you understand? As soon as I fuck that pussy with this cock, you're my fucking whore!"

Lydia let out a pitiful sob, her hips jumping upward as John pulled back, laughing.

"What's that? Tell me what you want!"

I stopped breathing as I watched Lydia shake her head. I saw tears of frustrated lust on her cheeks.

"I want your cock!"

My knees grew weak, and I almost fell as I heard my wife scream for another man's cock. I gripped the edge of the sink tight, holding myself up so I could witness the shocking scene. This couldn't be happening! It had only been thirty minutes and already my wife was crying for John's cock, exactly the way he predicted.

"Even if I make you my slut?" John's harsh bark cut through my thoughts.

"Yes!" Lydia whimpered.

"Even if I ruin that pretty married pussy for Mitchell?"

Oh, God! What was happening? Was he really saying such lewd things? My cock knew the truth. It was straining against my pants. I couldn't contain the pressure anymore, and I unbuttoned my pants as I strained to hear my wife's reply.

"I don't care!" Lydia cried, sending a shaft of pain through my heart. "Ruin that pussy! Please, ruin that pussy!"

That was all the encouragement John needed. He grunted, his cruel smile widening on his face, and he punched the fat head of his cock through the tight opening of my wife's cunt.

My cock lurched in my hand as Lydia screamed in pain. My God! It was really happening! My neighbor hammered his cock mercilessly into my wife's quivering body, her cries filling the backyard as John stabbed his massive cock deep inside of her. Lydia's head lolled from side to side as she struggled to take John's enormous weapon.

"It's too big!" Lydia sobbed.

"Take it, slut! Take that cock!"

Lydia opened her mouth in a silent scream as John's next thrust forced the air from her lungs. John pulled out, then slammed his cock back in, taking by force what my wife would have given up for free. His teeth were clenched in pain and I realized that this wasn't about pleasure. This was about power.

And it worked. Lydia shivered, her legs twitching on either side of the lounge. Then, she relaxed, her body ceased its shivering, and she dragged in a deep breath of air into her lungs.

"Feel that?" John grunted. "That's a real cock, Lydia! I know Mitchell doesn't have a cock this big!"

I groaned, my hand was on my smaller, thinner cock, stroking furiously as I watched John master my wife.

"No, he doesn't!" Lydia moaned. "You're so big!"

"Good girl," John murmured and bent down over my wife. His lips covered Lydia's mouth and soon they were kissing. And fucking. Fucking and kissing.

I didn't know what was more horrible, John's massive cock plunging inside my wife's now willing pussy, or the deep, passionate kisses she was giving him. And there were the moans. Deep, soulful sounds of gratitude from my wife as she was given the thing had never given her. A real cock.

"I'm making that pussy mine, slut," John huffed between kisses. "It's going to be my pussy!"

"Oh, God!" Lydia moaned, but she didn't deny it. John rose on his haunches, dug his fingers into the muscles of her thighs and lifted her ass upward.

Then Lydia was screaming again as John held her aloft and attacked her cunt with the full power of his muscular body. I thought the initial

penetration had been rough, but this was unbelievable. He hammered his cock into my wife with merciless thrusts, pulling back on her thighs with each lunge so he could stab as deep inside her helpless body as he could reach.

Lydia screamed, and I was shocked to see her eyes roll up into her head, showing only white. Her mouth was open, drool dripping down the side of her mouth as he fucked her.

John was not only fucking my wife's body, he was fucking her mind. My wife was gone, replaced by this wanton whore.

Her orgasm was a slowly rising explosion, but when it burst, it rocked her whole body. The entire lounge shook with the force of it as Lydia convulsed on the creaking aluminum frame. My orgasm joined her a moment later, the pressure in my balls letting go as my wife cried, clawed, and bucked under the masterful fucking of our neighbor.

My cum splattered against the sink, dripping shamefully down the silver surface. I leaned hard against the counter, my chest huffing in great gulps of air.

John wasn't done. He pulled out of my still twitching wife and loomed above her. Lydia's face lolled to one side and John knelt down. He didn't point his cock at her mouth, however. Instead, he rested the tip against her forehead. Thick, ropy streams of cum spurted from the head of his cock, dripped down my wife's forehead, and into her eyes. Lydia moaned pitifully as John directed another shot of sticky white jizz across her lips. Finally, a final stream of cum slashed across the bridge of her nose.

John reached down and opened Lydia's mouth by pulling her chin down with a thumb and forefinger. Her lips parted submissively, and John slid the glistening shaft into her mouth. My once strong, domineering wife

whimpered, her eyes gummed shut with cum, and sucked on John's cock, worshiping the massive member that had just given her so much pleasure.

I fell back from the window, unable to take anymore. I pulled up my pants, still sticky with cum, and ran some water to clean up my mess. I watched as my wasted seed dripped down the drain.

I avoided looking out the windows I cleaned up. I didn't want to see anymore.

I left the house, stumbled back to the car. I got into the driver's seat and laid my head back against the headrest.

What in the hell just happened?

The question was still echoing in my head as I started the car and began the drive back home.

MITCHELL

INSTEAD OF GOING DIRECTLY home, I drove around for a while. I had no desire to see my wife's cum stained face or suffer the humiliation of 'catching' my wife in the act. I could only hope she had enough fear of my likely reaction that she would stop what she was doing in order to hide it from me.

As I drove, the images of John fucking Lydia slid back into my mind like a virus. The cries of her very real, very loud pleasure echoed in my ears as I saw again my neighbor's massive cock sawing in and out of my wife's quivering body.

How could she do this to me? I thought, not for the first time.

A nagging voice in my head, however, knew the answer.

How could she not?

John's body, his sexual prowess, everything about him, was superior to me. Deep down I knew this, but I didn't want to listen. I gripped the wheel of the car until my knuckles were white forcing the memories of my wife's debasement and submission from my mind.

I was a man and her husband. If anyone could make her do the things that John could do, it should be me! I wasn't weak! My cock may not be as big, but I sure as hell could fuck her hard.

The rage inside me fueled my lust and with the memories of Lydia's betrayal mixed with my need to prove myself, my cock got hard again. Rock hard.

I pulled into the drive and walked up to the house. My cock was throbbing and my gut was a knotted ball. I opened the front door, hoping not to hear my wife being fucked again.

All I heard as I got close to the kitchen were voices. I looked out the back window and was surprised to see my wife sitting on her lounge. A sundress had replaced her work clothes and I could see her hair was wet. John was at the grill, smoke drifting up in front of his face.

I slid open the back door. Lydia turned to me, a wide grin on her face.

"Hey, baby!" she said and lifted a glass of wine in my direction. "Look what John found!"

John held up a steak dripping with fat. The smell made my stomach turn, but I managed a grim smile.

"Well, would you look at that," I muttered.

Lydia set down her glass and took my hand.

"John said they were stuck in the back of the fridge. Anyone would have missed them!"

I raised my eyebrows and looked down at my wife to see if she was making fun of me, but all I saw was a good-natured smile. How long had it been since she'd actually smiled at me?

As shocked as I was by my wife's change in mood, I was even more surprised as she pouted her lips and invited me to kiss her. I bent down and

touched my lips to her mouth.

She smelled clean, like soap, but that didn't stop the image of my wife's face plastered with cum from surging into my brain. My cock throbbed painfully as I remembered both of her eyes gummed shut with jizz, her lips glazed with John's spent lust. My stomach roiled, and I stood up, feeling my gorge rise.

"What's the matter?" Lydia asked.

"Nuh... nothing," I murmured, but didn't miss the smirk John gave me. "I'm just not feeling well."

"Oh, that's too bad," Lydia said. "Do you need to go lie down? I'm sure John can finish up the steaks."

Like I was going to leave my wife alone with this bastard! I shook my head and sat down heavily in the lounge next to Lydia. She reached out and rubbed my arm. The look of concern was almost too much to bear. Less than an hour ago, she had been covered in John's cum, and now she was treating me with a kindness I hadn't seen in months.

"You took a shower," I said.

"Oh, yeah," Lydia said innocently. "I felt so gamy after work and decided to wash up while John put the steaks on."

She looked over at John and gave him a beautiful smile that made my heart ache. John grinned back. There was no other sign she had just been fucked within an inch of her life by my neighbor.

Lydia looked out over the setting sun, a relaxed smile on her face. I looked at the bottle of wine and saw that it was half empty. Was that why she was being so nice? Or did she feel guilty for fucking John?

Or was John right and all my wife needed was some good cock to set her straight?

I suppressed a groan at the thought and laid my head back on the lounge. Lydia poured me a glass of wine and handed it to me.

"Here, honey," she said. "Maybe you just need a little wine."

I took the glass and sipped the wine. It was good, and the alcohol went straight to my head. My wife and I sat together in silence watching the sun set over the trees in the distance. Lydia with her smile and me with my boiling guts. Soon, the bottle was empty. Lydia looked down and frowned.

"We're out," she said.

"I'll go get another bottle," I said.

"You stay there, baby." Lydia patted me on the chest. "I'll get the wine."

Again, I was surprised by my wife's solicitude and watched her stumble slightly to the kitchen.

"How are those steaks, John?" she asked as she walked by.

"Thick and juicy!" John said, and my wife giggled like a schoolgirl.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I got up from my chair, my cock raging in my pants. The alcohol had only added to my lust. I stalked past John, who threw me a knowing wink. I wanted to hit him, but knew that if I did, Lydia would wonder why. John might even tell her I had agreed. Besides, John wasn't the one I was angry with.

I caught Lydia in the kitchen, turning a corkscrew into the bottle of wine. She looked insanely beautiful in her yellow summer dress. Her skin was glistening with a light sheen of sweat, and it made the thin fabric stick to her lush curves.

I came up behind her at the sink. The same place, ironically, where I had witnessed her fucking John. Even now, I caught her looking at the muscular man as he turned the steaks on the grill and I wondered if she was still thinking about her pounding away inside of her.

The anger and lust swelled inside me, adding more hardness to my cock. My cock was nearly popping out of my shorts as I came up behind her and grabbed her breasts, grinding my groins into her round ass.

"Mitchell? What are you doing?"

She was shocked, but her tone was teasing, not the typical anger or disdain she had shown for me lately. Was it the alcohol, or the savage fucking from my neighbor that had released her tension? I didn't care anymore. The rage fueled my lust. I hiked the hem of her dress over her ass and skinned off her panties.

"I want you!" I grunted. "I've wanted you for weeks!"

"You... you have?" she said, as if she didn't know. "You never said."

"I did," I hissed in her ear. "But you were always too tired, weren't you? Well, you don't seem tired now."

"Mitchell, I--" she gasped as I pulled the dress down over her shoulders and squeezed her plump tits. I remembered them shaking as John fucked her and that only made my lust more insistent. "Don't! John--"

"To hell with him," I growled and tugged at my pants, pushing them down over my hips and letting my cock pop free. I was dripping again, my shaft bouncing with pent up lust. I couldn't remember the last time I came twice in one day, but my cock was almost ready to explode. "You can look at that bastard while I fuck you!"

Lydia moaned as I yanked back on her hair and pointed her face at the window so she could see John. With my other hand, I guided my inflamed cock into her pussy.

Fuck! She was still wet and my cock hammered to the hilt easily into my wife's stretched out pussy. I wasn't as large as John, not even close, but I smacked Lydia on the ass so she could feel my anger and lust.

She raised a hand to cover her mouth so John wouldn't hear her. All our neighbor had to do was turn around and he would see me reclaiming my wife's dirty cunt. The idea turned me on even more. I let Lydia's hair go and gripped her hips, digging my fingers into her waist and hammered into her as hard as I could.

"Come for me!" I grunted. "Come for me, baby! Come on!"

Lydia's cunt muscles clenched tight around my cock and she moaned in her hand. I couldn't hold out for much longer, but I needed her to come. I needed her to show me she still wanted my cock.

I was the man of the house, and I needed to prove it.

I was the man of the house and I wanted to prove it.

She cried out against her palm, and a moment later her body convulsed against the counter. Her orgasm pushed me over the edge and I slammed my cock deep, feeling the exquisite pleasure of my wife's hungry cunt gripping my cock as I came inside of her.

We stayed like that for a long moment as my cock softened and finally slipped from her cunt. Lydia moaned and grabbed a washcloth from the sink and wiped at my dripping cum. When she was dry, she pulled up her panties, trusting in the fabric to soak up whatever was left of my cum.

"What got into you?" She gave me a bemused smile.

My anger had been released by my orgasm and all I felt was satisfaction that it was my cum dripping from my wife's pussy instead of my neighbor's cum covering her face. I shrugged and pulled up my pants.

"You did," I said simply. "You got into me."

"Well," she chuckled and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I haven't seen you that excited for a long time. It was cute!"

Cute? Not exactly the reaction was going for, but I couldn't summon any more anger. It had melted away when I came in my wife's pussy.

"Hey, where are you guys?" John called from the backyard. "The steaks are almost ready!"

I looked at Lydia, and she grinned back at me. Then we both laughed.

"Hungry?" she asked.

"Starving," I said, and we laughed again.

I put my arm around my wife's waist and led her to the backyard, my manhood, and my marriage restored.

LYDIA

MITCHELL LED ME OUT to the backyard, a big shit-eating grin on his face. Obviously he was proud of having fucked me in the kitchen. The rage or lust or whatever it was had been washed away by his orgasm and my pleasure.

The problem was, it was all a lie.

Sorry, Mitchell, I said silently to myself as he pulled out a chair for me, then went back into the kitchen to grab the wine and salad. So sorry.

John gave me a smile and raised an eyebrow as if to say 'what's going on?' His smile made a hot throb run through my pussy.

I shook my head, then looked down at my lap when John came out of the kitchen.

"Here you go!" Mitchell gallantly filled my glass with wine, took a seat next to me, and put a possessive hand on my thigh.

The truth was, sex in the kitchen had paled compared to John's masterful fucking. Mitchell's pawing and grinding at my body seemed childish next to

John's strong, confident hands and his thorough plumbing of my body's depths.

I had known what Mitchell needed from me the moment he ordered me to cum. I was nowhere close to the edge, my pussy still stretched and my body tired from being fucked by our neighbor. So, I did what I had always done when Mitchell came too quick.

I faked it.

Luckily, my body remembered what it felt to have a real, mind-blowing orgasm. My imitation seemed over the top to me, but it worked for my poor husband, who shot his nut as soon as I began to moan and thrash against the sink.

I was still leaking a little of Mitchell's seed, but that only made the little domestic scene almost laughable.

His tension gone, Mitchell chatted amiably with John, oblivious to the glances I would cast at my neighbor when my husband wasn't looking at me. John looked back, fucking me with those eyes, promising me he would come for me. All I had to do was give in to him.

Well, I certainly would not give in tonight, not while Mitchell was here. I shouldn't want to give in again, but after Mitchell's disappointing performance in the kitchen, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

"What about that redhead?" Mitchell was asking, snapping me back to the conversation. "What happened to her?"

John smiled and poured Mitchell more wine.

"Marian? Oh, you know! She wanted the whole deal, you know? Ring, big wedding, kids."

"And what?" I snapped, annoyed by John's answer. "You just weren't ready?"

"No." John said and reached over to fill my glass, but I placed a hand over the top. I was already too dangerously drunk to be around John. "She wasn't ready. Not really. She was just way too immature."

John gave me a knowing smile.

"And I wasn't kidding earlier. I need a more mature woman."

I looked over at Mitchell to see if he had caught the innuendo in John's voice. Unfortunately, my husband was still celebrating his 'victory' of having sex under John's nose, and he was too busy refilling his glass.

If he only knew what had really happened!

"Babe?" I asked him. "Are you sure you should have more wine?"

"Yeah, Mitchell!" John laughed. "You should really listen to your wife. I don't think you can handle it."

My husband smiled sloppily at the glass and I knew what he was thinking in his inebriated mind. Of course, he could handle it. He was the man of the house!

He knocked back the wine and that bastard John egged him on.

"That's right, bro!" he chuckled. "You show her who's boss!"

I gave John a dirty look, and he just winked at me in front of Mitchell, but I doubt my husband could see much with his drunken eyes.

A half hour later, those same drunken eyes closed, and I watched in shock as Mitchell pitched face down into his salad.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!"

I reached over to pull Mitchell's face out of the salad. He moaned, lettuce stuck to his cheek.

"Can't hold his liquor, huh?" John chuckled and stood up. "Should we leave him here, or?"

"No," I said. I got up too quickly and the alcohol shot through my brain. I gripped the back of the chair to steady myself. "Can you... can you get him to the bedroom?"

I didn't need to worry. John hauled Mitchell up from the chair, my poor husband hanging bonelessly from John's powerful arms. He followed me to the bedroom, dragging Mitchell the entire way.

He plopped Mitchell on the bed. I pulled off my husband's shoes, then turned him onto his side so he didn't swallow his vomit if he got sick. He moaned incoherently, a long stream of drool dripping out of his mouth and on to the pillow.

I looked up at John, who was smiling down at the pathetic sight of my husband passed out in bed.

"Well, I guess that's the end of the night," I said lightly, trying to ignore John's hard body and his even harder gaze.

The spark that Mitchell had only tickled with his quick fuck flared into a full-blown fire between my thighs. John stepped forward and ran a hand through my hair.

"It's early," John grinned and nodded at my husband. "Mitchell won't be waking up soon."

"I can't," I said, trying to rise, but John pushed me down onto the bed next to my husband. I moaned, looking over at Mitchell. He didn't move as John pushed down his pants and revealed his magnificent cock which was once again hard and ready to fuck. "Please! Not here!"

John ignored my pleas and pushed the head of his cock against my lips. I let an anguished groan, but my mouth opened, unable to resist the overwhelming urge to taste the cock that had fucked me so well.

"You fucking perverted whore!" John murmured as he shoved the fat head of his cock into my throat. I gagged. I raised my hands and gripped his shaft and sucked on his hard flesh, working the throbbing pole with my fingers. "Such a fucking cheating whore, sucking cock while your husband's asleep!"

Tears stung my eyes as my mouth worked on John's cock. God! I was a horrible wife! What kind of wife would suck another man's cock while her husband was passed out? Thinking of Mitchell sleeping next to me only made the lust throb harder in my cunt. The conflicting emotions did nothing to stop my frantic sucking of John's cock and soon I was drooling spit down my chin as I fought to please my powerful neighbor.

This was true bliss, pleasing a powerful man who had fucked me so well. Poor Mitchell could never come close to getting me this excited. Even when he had been rage-fucking me in the kitchen, I could sense the weakness with each desperate thrust.

There was no weakness in John. He truly didn't care if Mitchell woke up. If he woke up, John could easily beat him down if he started anything. That was a real man.

John let me worship his cock for a few long moments, giving me a teasing taste of the cock that I wanted. Finally, he pulled my hungry mouth off his cock, gripped me by the hair and, with a strength that Mitchell could only dream about, he pulled me to my feet. I gasped as he whirled me around and bent me over my husband.

"No!" I hissed. "What are you doing?"

"What's it look like?" John laughed, not even bothering to whisper. "I'm going to fuck you on top of your worthless husband."

"Oh, God!"

I slapped a hand over my mouth as John thrust his thick cock into my tight pussy. God! Having sex with Mitchell just a couple of hours ago forced me to make that comparison again. Mitchell's cock was thinner and shorter, serviceable tool. John's cock, hell his whole fucking body, was a weapon created to force women to submit to his power, and he wielded it like a master.

He pulled off my dress and ripped my sticky panties over my bottom. I was naked, lying on top of my comatose husband, and my neighbor was pounding deep into my pussy. I didn't fight, I couldn't fight as John stabbed inward and upward. Powerful fingers dug deep into the pliable flesh of my hips and pulled me back to meet each soul shattering thrust.

I couldn't fight. The only thing I could do was hold my hands over my mouth as my body responded to John's savage attack, the pressure of my orgasm building like a ticking bomb inside my belly.

John reached forward and forced my hands away from my face. Gripping me by the elbows, he held me up, my heavy tits bouncing against my ribcage as he hammered my pussy.

"I want your husband to hear you cum, bitch!" John growled. "I want him to hear the love his life come on a real man's cock."

"Oh, God!" I moaned as his lewd words stabbed my brain. My shoulders hurt as he pulled me back, using my arms as leverage to force himself deep into my belly.

The pain was nothing compared to the pleasure of being taken. That I was hovering over my husband's limp body made was even more exciting. Why? Why did it feel so good?

"Come for me, whore! Come for me!"

His words were a harsh echo of the words Mitchell had growled to me in the kitchen. This time, however, there was no faking the pleasure I was feeling. The bomb in my belly explodes, rocking my entire body with pure bliss.

John held me up, my quivering tits inches from Mitchell's body. He let the orgasm have its way with my body, then finally let me fall on top of Mitchell.

How could my husband sleep? The question was forced from my head a moment later as John renewed his attack on my pussy, slamming me into Mitchell's body like my husband was an overstuffed pussy. I didn't care if he woke up. I didn't care about anything. Once again, all logical thought was burned from my brain as John fucked me into oblivion.

I came again, this time burying my face in the blanket covering my husband's hips. My body rocked, Mitchell's body rocked. Hell, the entire bed rocked as John fucked me, his thrusts more savage, more devastating, than before.

He gripped my hair and yanked back on my head.

"I'm going to come in your pussy now, slut," John hissed. "I'm going to come inside you so you can feel me when you lay next to your husband."

"Oh, God! You can't!"

It was one thing to let Mitchell come inside me. He was my husband. John had taken everything from my husband, now he wanted to take my pussy too.

John pulled even harder on my hair.

"I told you I was going to make you my slut and I am," he growled, pulled out his cock until just the head was in my pussy, then slammed the full

length deep into my belly. "You're my slut and I'm going to cum in that slut pussy!"

I whimpered but didn't tell him to stop as he punished me with long, hard thrusts of his cock. I was shocked when I felt another orgasm blossom inside my belly. It felt like I was being fucked right out of my body, my soul rising to the ceiling. I lost track of time, my mind going blessedly blank, and I pushed my ass backward, my body moving of its own accord, searching for that amazing bliss.

I screamed as I came, gripping my husband's leg, no longer caring about my husband. As I toppled over the edge of my bliss, John slammed his cock to the hilt in my cunt and I felt his hot, wet lust filling me up. The flood of jizz washed away my poor husband's seed as John claimed my pussy once and for all.

I fell forward, exhausted, my body twitching on top of my husband. John pulled out of me. The dam gone, his cum spilled out of my used cunt and dripped down my thighs. I lay there, trying to catch my breath, when John gripped my hair, pulled me off my husband, and onto the floor.

I knelt in front of John, and the powerful man pushed his sticky cock into my mouth. Without being told, I sucked the last of his precious seed out of his cock, then licked him clean of our juices. John murmured appreciatively, petting my hair like a favored pet. For some reason, this only made me work harder to please him, a warm feeling rising like love in my chest. I didn't know why, but it felt wonderful to make this man happy.

He deserved it.

When John was clean and glistening with my spit, he bent down and gave me a deep, passionate kiss. I eagerly shared our juices with him, gripping his beautiful hard biceps, and sucking his tongue into my mouth.

"That's my good little cheating slut," he murmured against my lips. The power of my multiple orgasms smothered any feelings of guilt or shame. Maybe I was a slut.

Or, more importantly, maybe I was John's slut.

John finally stood and nodded towards Mitchell.

"Looks like your husband made a mess."

I glanced over at Mitchell and my nose wrinkled in disgust. Sometime during John's powerful fucking, Mitchell had vomited on his pillow. The sight and smell of it made the gorge rise in my throat.

"I guess his wife's not the only thing Mitchell can't handle," John chuckled.

"Come here."

John held out his hand and helped me to my feet. I fell against him, the alcohol and fantastic sex had made my legs rubber.

"You have another bedroom?" John asked.

I nodded weakly and leaned on John's hard body as he half carried, half drug me to the guest room. The bed wasn't made, but John saw a comforter on a chair by the bed. He set me down on the edge of the mattress, then spread out the blanket. Finally, he helped me onto the comforter.

"Do you have another blanket?" he asked.

I nodded and pointed towards a closet. John opened it and found a quilt on the top shelf. He pulled it down and spread that over me too. Then, he sat down next to me on the bed and stroked my hair.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Tired," I said, soothed by his gentle touch. This was a different side to him than the brash bastard who had just fucked me on top of my husband, but it was exactly what I needed.

"I know," he said. "You were a very good girl."

"No," I said, a tear trickling down my cheek. "I wasn't. I cheated on Mitchell."

"If Mitchell was doing his job," John leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. "You wouldn't have done it."

I moaned, the words only partly true. Sex wasn't everything. What about loyalty? What about marriage?

What about love?

"Instead, poor Mitchell is puking all over himself in bed right now, while you've experienced real pleasure."

That was true. I sniffed back my tears.

"That doesn't make it any better."

"It doesn't?" John asked, and laid down beside me, cradling his large body next to mine so I could absorb his comforting warmth. "Tell me. Are you angry?"

"Angry?" I asked. "No."

"Tense?"

I thought about it. All of my tension had been released by with my orgasms.

"No."

"Don't you deserve pleasure?"

I tried thinking about that, but the heat of John's body was lulling me to sleep.

"Yes," I said drowsily.

"Then, my advice is to enjoy it," John lifted my head onto his powerful, comforting shoulder and stroked my hair. "And I'll give you all the pleasure you want."

I was almost asleep, John's voice still whispering in my ear.

"All I want is one thing from you."

What? What more could he possibly take? The questions were on the tip of my tongue, but I was too tired to speak.

John answered me anyway.

"All of you," he said as I descended into darkness. "I want all of you."

MITCHELL

I WOKE UP WITH a headache and a horrible taste in my mouth. I sat up in bed and wiped my chin. The smell assaulted my nose and I looked down, my fingers covered with flakes of dried puke. When I looked down at the pillow, I saw more vomit. I groaned, my gut churning and turned to see if Lydia had noticed. Her spot in bed, however, was empty and cold. As I sat up in bed collecting myself, I remembered an odd dream.

Lydia was wrestling with me, rolling me around on the bed. Even though we were wrestling, her cries were of pleasure, not anger. I thought we might be having sex, but I wasn't inside of her and she wasn't touching my cock. In the air around my head I could hear John's voice.

"You're my slut and I'm going to cum in that slut pussy!"

I couldn't see him, but I could hear him, at least until Lydia's screams forced me back to reality.

Just a dream, I told myself as I got up to go to the bathroom. Just a dream.

Yet, even as I washed the puke from my face, I wondered where exactly Lydia had gone. She had probably moved to the guest room when I got sick.

I couldn't blame her.

Another worry nagged at me. Had John gone home? What had happened when I passed out?

And why was the dream so real?

I stepped out of our bedroom and into the hall. As I neared the guest room I heard soft moans that seemed all too familiar.

No, no,no! I thought. This can't be happening again.

My wife had already cheated on me with our neighbor. I thought I had nipped that in the bud by throwing her a hard fuck in the kitchen, but as I opened the door to the bedroom and peeked inside, the sight I beheld was worse than I could have possibly imagined.

"That's a good slut!" John said, rocking back and forth on the guest bed.

For a moment, I couldn't comprehend what was happening. Lydia's feet were at the wrong end of the bed and I couldn't see her face. My fuzzy brain took long moments to realize that John was straddling my wife's head and her face, that beautiful face I loved so much, was buried between John's hard, round buttocks. John had her breasts gripped in his strong hands and he was rubbing his cock between the fleshy tunnel he had created. This move his asshole over Lydia's face, using her mouth as a sex toy.

No wonder her moans were soft. Every sound Lydia made was muffled by John's ass as she rooted at his butthole like a prize pig digging for truffles.

It was a sight so unexpected, so lewd, I couldn't help but open the door and watch. Never in a million and a half years would I have imagined my wife debasing herself in such a way for any man. Yet, here she was, worshiping my neighbor's ass like it was the most delicious fruit she had ever tasted!

"Well, well!" John laughed. "Hey neighbor! How was your nap?"

My head snapped up and John was looking straight at me. I wanted to run, to hide, but it was too late.

John lifted his leg over Lydia's head and my wife sat up, her face covered with spit and sweaty juice from John's ass. She looked at me, her eyes drunk with lust.

"Mitchell?" she said, then her eyes cleared. "Oh, Mitchell!"

She moved to get off the bed, but John pulled her back.

"What are you doing, slut?" he growled. "I'm not through with you yet."

"But... but it's my husband!"

"I know," John said and covered my wife's protests with a deep kiss. I moaned as she kissed him back. "He's the one that wanted this!"

"No!" I shook my head when Lydia looked at me. "No, I didn't!"

"Sure he did!" John slid down behind Lydia and began to massage her heavy tits. My wife murmured with pleasure and let her head fall back against John's shoulder. "You see, he bet me I couldn't make you my slut!"

"You... you did?"

"It was a joke!" I sobbed, tears on my cheeks. "I didn't mean it!"

"That's too bad," John chuckled. "Because she's my slut now, right Lydia?"

"I don't..." she started to say and John tweaked her nipples. "Oh! I... I don't know!"

"You want me to fuck you, don't you?"

Lydia looked at me, then turned to John.

"Yes!" she mewled. "I do!"

"Then, you're my slut."

John slid his fingers into Lydia's pussy, twirling the tips around her clit. Lydia squirmed in his grasp, but didn't try to get away.

"Yes!" she whined. "I'm your slut!"

"Tell your husband!"

Lydia looked at me with tears in her eyes, but she said the words I didn't want to hear.

"I'm his slut," she moaned. "I'm sorry, Mitchell! I just can't help it!"

John pushed Lydia down on the bed, forcing her head into the blankets. Then, he shoved his cock deep into her from behind, driving Lydia even deeper into the bedding.

He grinned as he dug his fingers into the pliable flesh of her hips, thrusting deep inside her while all I could do was watch. The fucking I had given her in the kitchen was nothing compared to the merciless pounding he gave my wife.

"Why are you my slut?" John asked.

Lydia gave a muffled reply so John gripped her hair and yanked her face out of the sheets.

"What did you say?"

"Because you're so good!"

"What about your poor husband?"

Lydia moaned, her glassy eyes rolling towards me.

"Because he's not man enough!"

"What?" John chuckled, hammering his fat cock savagely into Lydia's cunt.

"What was that?"

"Mitchell isn't man enough to make me his slut! Just you! Only you!"

"Holy shit, you are one mean bitch!" John laughed and Lydia whimpered miserably. "Saying something like that to your husband. I guess you really are my slut!"

"Yes!" Lydia cried. "Yes, I am!"

I couldn't stand it anymore. My knees were still weak from alcohol and I sank to the floor. It was only then I realized, despite two orgasms and too much wine, my cock was hard. I didn't want to stroke it, but I couldn't help myself.

This was the exact scene I had imagined, my wife humbled by a powerful man. I had always hoped that man would be me, but as my wife's cries crescendoed, I knew that would never happen. I wasn't man enough for a woman like Lydia.

John saw me fall to my knees and grinned triumphantly. He pulled Lydia off the bed and forced her to stand in front of me. He shoved his rough fingers into her pussy, giving me a closeup view of her gaping cunt.

"I want you to cum, slut!" John grunted in her ear. "I want you to squirt all over your husband's face!"

"Oh my God!" Lydia moaned, looking down at me. "Oh God, Mitchell! Mitchell, I... I'm..."

She never finished her sentence. Her entire body jerked in John's arms and she thrust her pubic bone forward. A second later, a warm stream of juices spurted from her pussy.

I'd seen women squirt on videos, but I never imagined my wife could be one of them. Her hot cum rained down on my face and I whined, unable to hold back my lust anymore.

I pulled my cock from my pants and stroked it feverishly. John laughed.

"Look at him jerk that little cock, Lydia!" John said in her ear. "Why don't you help him out?"

Lydia fell to the floor, then reached out to grip my cock.

"Sorry, Mitchell," she murmured, her warm hand gripping me tight. "So good! Can't help it! So good!"

Lydia's insistent chant filled my ears as her hand beat my tortured meat. John sank down behind her and as she was in mid stroke, he slammed his cock back inside.

"So good!" she moaned and her hand squeezed my cock hard.

I hissed in pain and pushed her hand away as John punished my wife's pussy just inches from my face. I jerked my cock, unable to tamp down my lust as Lydia's cries grew louder and louder. Her words were no longer intelligible, her power of speech fucked away by John's huge cock.

John reached forward and palmed the top of Lydia's head, pulling her up so I could see her face.

John's fingers gripped her forehead and stretched her eyelids open. The eyes themselves had rolled back in her head to near whites, only a small sliver of her brown iris still showing. Her lips were open and her tongue lolled out of her mouth, her chin dripping with drool.

My wife was gone. John had driven her brain completely out of her head with his thick cock and masterful fucking. There was nothing I could do. I could never make my wife look like that.

I came looking at that slutty, bitch face, my cum squirting onto my hand.

Lydia was coming too, a long stream of orgasms that made her body jerk and even more drool drip out of her mouth. Then, I heard John grunt and my heart fell as I realized he was coming deep inside my wife's pussy.

Finally, John let Lydia fall forward into my lap, emptying his balls into her womb. I looked down at my wife's sweaty, cum soaked body, wondering if she was even conscious.

Lydia came back to herself in fits and starts, her body twitching in pleasure. John sat back on his haunches, triumphant.

"You see?" he smirked. "All she needed was some good dick!"

He slapped my nearly comatose wife on the ass and she moaned.

"So good!" she moaned. "So good!"

John pulled Lydia into his arms and lifted her chin so he could kiss her. She finally came awake in his embrace and I sat there, watching my wife kiss her lover gratefully.

The gorge rose in the back of my throat as Lydia moaned against John's mouth. I couldn't stand it anymore.

I stumbled to my feet and lurched out of the room, trying to pull my pants up over my shriveled cock.

"Where are you going, Mitchell?" John called behind me. "This is what you wanted, isn't it?"

His mocking voice followed me down the hall. I found my keys and burst out the front door into the cool night.

I vomited in the hydrangeas, wondering what color my stomach acid would make them, then rose to my feet. I was breathing heavily by the time I made it to my car.

As I started the motor, I heard John's mocking voice in my head.

This is what you wanted, isn't it?

Even now my cock was stirring as I imagined Lydia licking John's ass, fucking him, giving him everything she had denied me.

It was what I had wanted, to see my wife fucked by a dominant man. Lydia would never be a bitch to John, not after submitting to him like that.

John was right. I got exactly what I wanted.

Unfortunately, John took everything else.

End



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