Cuckold Wimp

WATCHING WIFE
FONDLED ON BUS

BULLY
CUCKOLD

FRISKY POLICE
PUNISH COUPLE

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE INDECENT EXPOSURE COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON BUSTY FONDLING AND PUBLIC GROPING WIVES.

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE GOOD OL' BOYS COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON COWBOYS AND THE LAW DOMINATING.

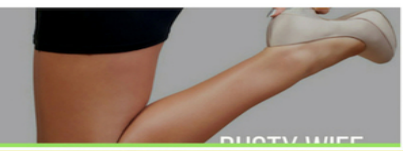
CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | GROPE

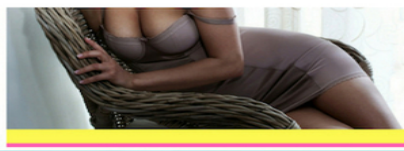
PENT UP WIFE
Cuckoldress Confessions

BUSTY WIFE
IN CONTEMPT OF COURT

CONCERT
BUSTY WIFE TAKEN AT A CONCERT IN FRONT OF HER WIMP HUSBAND
BY REMY LEONE

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE
RELUCTANT CUCKOLD
COLLECTION
25
TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON RELUCTANT CUCKOLDS AND CHEATING WIVES.

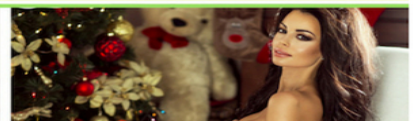




REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE CUCKOLD COMPILATION COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON A VARIETY SELECTION.

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE COMPETITIVE CUCKOLD COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON COMPETITIVE ATHLETIC DOMINANCE

CUCKOLDED BY MY RED HEAD WIFE AND BOSS



IN THE WATER

WIVES

The **Reluctant Cuckold** Collection

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017-2019 Remy Leone

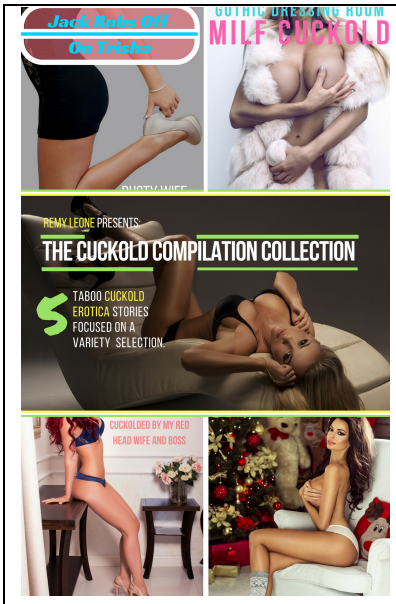
All rights reserved.

*__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.

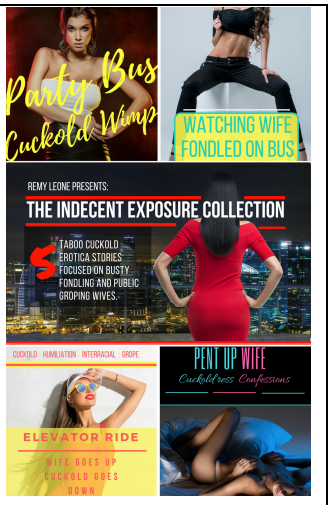
Special Note:

If you enjoyed my work, please support my patreon!
I would really appreciate it and look forward to connecting!
-Remy

Collection Selection

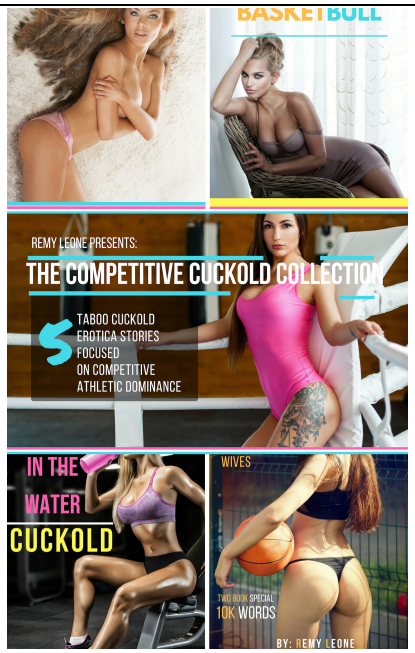


[The Cuckold Compilation Collection]

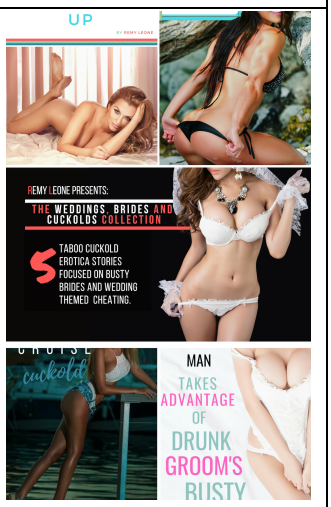


[The Indecent Exposure Collection]

[The Good OL' Boys Collection]



[The Competitive Cuckold Collection]



[The Weddings, Brides and Cuckolds Collection]

Jack Rubs Off
On Trisha

GOTHIC DRESSING ROOM
MILF CUCKOLD

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE CUCKOLD COMPILATION COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD
EROTICA STORIES
FOCUSED ON A
VARIETY SELECTION.

CUCKOLDED BY MY RED
HEAD WIFE AND BOSS

Remy Leone Presents:

The Cuckold Compilation Collection

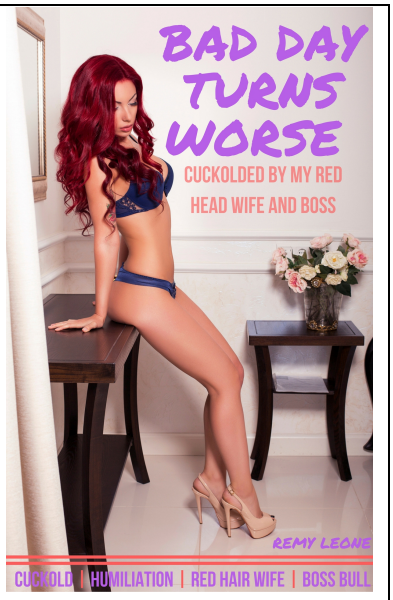
Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

STORY SELECTION

[Jack Rubs Off On Trisha]



[Bad Day Turns Worse – Cuckolded By My Redhead Wife and Boss]

[Family Cuckold XXX-Mas]

[Counsel and Control]

[Gothic Dressing Room MILF Cuckold]

EROTICA | CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | GROPE | BIMBO

Jack Rubs Off On Trisha

BUSTY WIFE MEETS A YOUNG ALPHA

By Remy Leone

Jack Rubs Off On Trisha

Busty Wife Meets Young Alpha

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	An Introduction	1
2	Jack Arrives	6
3	Cartoons On Jack's Lap	12
4	Morning Surprise	21
5	Ride To The Party	26

AN INTRODUCTION

James Sally couldn't have been happier how life was turning out for his wife and himself. In his mind, he had become the King of his domain as he had acquired many trophies in the form of wealth and beauty over his career of trading stocks. When he sat back and thought about it, his biggest catch was his wife, Trisha.

James was the average middle-aged guy with a slouching stature and less than mediocre physique. His money gave him a great heads up and way to distinguish himself from other men; something that Trisha regarded when they first met.

It was hard for Trisha not to when James showed up to a fund raiser for local youth three years ago in a new fast car and tailored suit.

Truth be told, he couldn't even remember what it was for, but

remembered it as young adults who were graduating high school and interested in working in internships for companies.

She was too gorgeous not to notice her immediately while she chaperoned the high schoolers at the fund raiser. Her makeup was light on her beautiful face and her long blonde hair was curled and done up. She wore intricate dangling earrings that rested just above her shoulder. Her light green and black summer dress stopped above the knee showing her nice athletic legs accented by her black heels.

The dress clung to her firm backside as she would walk and could hear the young men whistle and check out her firm butt and call her a "PAWG". He never found out what "PAWG" meant, so he understood it as a pretty lady. Her belt had been high on her flat stomach and tightened to reveal her hourglass figure and busty frame without exposing any cleavage. It wasn't her dress that was inappropriate, it was the way overexaggerated the round toned curves of her body if anything.

He made sure they were introduced and from the beginning they hit it off. Both were very kind and innocent and they seemed to enjoy one another's company. Trisha was impressed he didn't flash his money in front of her which was exactly what James wanted. To be honest with herself she was never interested in men shorter than herself. She was 5'10, and even though James was a full three inches shorter than her a year later they had gotten married. She knew it was time at the age of thirty-three and James at the age of thirty-eight.

Two years of marriage had allowed his wife to stay at home and James to provide for them which she enjoyed at first. Nowadays Trisha seemed to become bored and guiltier that she didn't work anymore besides going to the gym to keep her amazing physique. When they would go to parties, the other jealous wives would hold it over her head that she was a trophy wife. She wanted something to be proud of in her life again that she lost when she gave up teaching.

She began researching ways that she could volunteer her free time to help her community. After researching for a few days she had finally stumbled upon a website that helped the under privileged youth of their town. She found a video of a little girl being adopted by a happy couple who would then raise her for a year with the option to resign or give the child back to the agency. James did everything he could to change her mind, but in the end, he wanted her to be happy so he agreed. Anything to make his beautiful trophy wife happy.

The next day they would impulsively sign some papers in exchange for a child essentially. The jolly man at the agency told them that they would be given the ability to choose from some children later so they packed up and went out to dinner before arriving home.

They laid in bed next to one another looking up and thinking next to one another. There were a lot of feelings running around and neither of them really knew how to express themselves.

"James, I love you so much.", Trisha spoke next to him as they laid in bed.

"I love you too my love.", James took her hand in his hand.

Her hand came down to his member between his legs and she wrapped her small hand around him. Her hand grabbed him in her hand and squeezed gently to smother his guy alive.

"I think you deserve a special reward ton----.", the look in her eyes was something that James had never seen before. It was exotic and intoxicating to say the left as he tensed up and began to unload into her hand grunting the entire time. He gave a couple of laughable jerks in her hand while he came. He sat laid himself back down sweating and panting. He would look over to Trisha, whose eyes had changed from exotic to disappointed.

"Did you just finish?", she looked at her hand that was covered with James. She scoffed at her hand and rubbed it on his chest out of anger. "We haven't made love half of our marriage…."

It was true, they hadn't made love in a year and James wanted to end the silence. "I'm sorry my love."

"What's wrong with you? You either are unable to achieve an erection or you cum the minute I touch you."

Embarrassed, "I know, I know… I'm sorry." James looked down at his shriveling manhood. He would wonder what was wrong with him too.

Trisha was frustrated, but she felt sorry for him. He had worked so hard for them both to live this luxurious lifestyle and she didn't want to add any pressure on him to maintain this for them.

"It's okay. Things are fine." She sighed.

Realizing that Trisha answered before he asked, he decided to ask anyway, "You okay my love?"

"I'm fine, James." She turned over and laid down to fall asleep in a sudden movement. James knew that Trisha was not fine, but he needed to go to sleep before work tomorrow. He sighed himself falling fast asleep awaiting the next day.

JACK ARRIVES

James was making his coffee to go to work when there was a knock on the door. He was wondering who on earth could be knocking on his door so early, with his wife still asleep.

"My love… wake up, somebody is at the front door!", James nervously walked to his front door hoping that he wouldn't be late for work because of this. He discovered the man from the agency from the day before at the front door along with another taller man

of formidable stature.

The man from the agency had a much more serious tone today than yesterday.

“Mr. Sally.”, He spoke monotonously.

‘Yes?”

“By state law we here announce you official hosts of the agency. Today will be your first day as a host as you now will receive custody of Jack.” The man at the agency referred to the taller man next to him.

“Wait… wait… what? Jack? He’s a grown adult!?”

“He’s eighteen as of yesterday sir. You will take full custody of him for the next year. Then we will come back and give you the option to fully adopt.”

“No sir we wanted a child, not a man has more facial hair than me!”, James spoke in horror.

Jack hadn’t shaved since yesterday and responded by rubbing his rough strong jaw and the facial hair that would need to be groomed soon.

“New legislation has raised the age, sir. Jack stays here. “Go on Jack. You are now home.”

Jack’s tall dark figure pushed past James. James attempted to keep him from stepping in his house, but pushed himself to the ground without any effort from Jack. This made the man from the agency grin.

A voice came from the bedroom, “Is everything okay!?”

James could hear Trisha rushing down the hall towards the door. She came into view, wearing nothing but her silk pink night gown that came to her mid-thigh and showed over her beautiful firm, but

meaty thighs.

Trisha blonde hair was disheveled a bit and even without makeup her face was gorgeous. She still was half asleep, and looked at three men that were standing there and her husband on the ground. "Darling are you okay?"

"Hey "mom". I'm home.", Jack grinned at Trisha who was attempting to help her husband up.

Trisha was bent over, so that her garment was pulling up the back of her thigh so that her firm ass was just barely peeking out for Jack and the man at the agency. A glimpse of her pink underwear was taken in by the two men that were not her husband. Both men were hypnotized as she picked her husband back up off the ground with her curvy athletic body. She was strong and athletic for her feminine frame which made the pairing of James and a bit awkward when out in public sometimes.

"What's happening? What's going on? Who is this?", she looked over at Jack who was now staring at her beautiful body. This made Trisha a little nervous as she bent herself at the knees to try and lower the silk fabric down her legs. This only made her ass stick out more which pleased Jack.

The man at the agency continued to explain to Trisha the situation and after multiple protests he finally gave a short laugh and left.

James and Trisha both turned around to cross armed Jack, who had a couple of bags draped over his shoulders. He stood a good 6'4 and 200 pounds of muscle. His dark raven colored hair was short and accented his olive complexion. His eyes were piercing and James felt like the kid could look right through him which made James look to the ground. He could hear Jack give a light grunt.

James then sprang forth and put his hand out, "Put it there Jack. I'm your new host, James."

Jack's armed remained crossed over his shoulder as he stared down at the much smaller James. He looked down at James' hand and then back up to James who appeared to be a bit nervous. "Sounds good, little man."

With that, Jack uncrossed his arms and gripped James' hand into his own to shake it. Jack's much bigger and stronger hand naturally enveloped and crushed his new host's hand. James tried not to wince too much in front of Trisha.

"Take these and bring them to my room so I can say hi to your wife.", he tossed his heavy bags on James. James wasn't the strongest guy and though he was able to carry his bags, he had a hard time as he stumbled towards the guest bedroom.

Trisha was nervous when James walked away and left her with this younger stranger. Jack took little time to step towards her wrap both of his arms around her waist to bring her body into his. His arms were powerful that James' arms and had no problem holding her firmly against his strong body. When Trish attempted to pull back from the hug, Jack pulled her roughly back even closer so that her thick thigh was pressed right into his crotch. Her night gown exposed her thigh to the thin material of Jack's athletic pants and bulge.

Jack held her against himself while he gyrated his hips so that his bulge rubbed against Trisha's flesh. She could only look away and submit to Jack's strength as gyrated his hips slowly and firmly against her thigh. Trisha became uncomfortable and excited when she felt a twitch against her thigh from Jack, before she heard her husband make a sound with his throat to let Jack know he was in the room with them both.

Trisha's blond hair flipped over her shoulder as she looked back at her husband who was here to rescue her from this beast. The beast's arms remained around her as it stared James down. All the meanwhile he grinded his stiffening bulge against her. Her ear against his chest, she heard a faint grow as Jack reluctantly let go of

Trisha. Before he let her go completely his hand slide over the entirety of her ass to get a nice slow feel while staring at James. Trish hopped on her toes when the younger man gave her plump butt a feel. James avoided conflict by pretending he didn't see what had happened.

"Sorry buddy, your wife is like an angel who has come to save me. I really do appreciate you guys letting me crash here for the next year." Jack openly readjusted the bulge in his crotch in front of them both.

"Yeah." Was all James could muster.

"Well don't worry, as long as you guys feed me and give me my weekly allowance I shouldn't be too much trouble for you. Otherwise the agency might start asking questions and we want to make sure they're happy with the situation we have here, right?"

Trisha stepped in, wrapping her hand around Jack's bicep as she stood next to him. Her hand caressed it lightly before she spoke up, "Of course we do! We are just as eager to have you as you are to be here, aren't we honey?"

"Ye—yeah of course. We are happy you are here, Jack. I have got to go to work, so make yourself at home.", the situation at hand was too much for him to bear.

"Don't worry. I will." He said it in a tone that made James uneasy.

CARTOONS ON JACK'S LAP

James had a long day and completely forgot about his new situation that he had gotten himself into. Jack was sitting on his couch, without a shirt on and in a pair of basketball shorts watching cartoons.

"Hey Jack, have you had a nice day?"

"Yeah James. You are living like a king. Nice home and a beautiful wife. A beautiful wife who really knows how to treat a man.", Jack added with a smirk.

James nodded understanding that Jack might be antagonizing him, but he just smiled and went to find his wife. She was downstairs in the basement storage room sorting through some old clothes.

"My love?"

Trisha jumped a bit as she turned around. "Oh my! You're already home? We must have lost track of time. We've been

having so much fun."

Trisha stood up wearing the same pink gown that she wore this morning. The silk belt that was wrapped around her waist was pulled tight which made her gown pull tight against her body. Her nipples were very hard pointing straight through the fabric and a hem formed in between each of her full cheeks of her rear. The high heels she had put on since James had left made her thick thighs and calves pushed her big butt out even more.

"So much fun you haven't changed?" James referred to her clothes imply at how inappropriate it was for her to be prancing around the house in a garment that showed her sexy body.

"Well yeah, we were watching some cartoons and lounging around just talking. We have a lot in common when it comes to likes and dislikes. It's really fun to connect with someone in their youth like I use to when I was a teacher, you know?"

James was unsure if Trisha didn't understand what he was implying, or if she pretended not to. James jealousy was growing within him, but he knew that he had just to stomach it. It was only the first day so he couldn't complain already.

"So things are going alright then. That's good. Well what are you doing now?", James asked Trisha.

"Well I'm looking for some of my outfits I would wear when I was younger. See if anything will still fit my curvaceous figure now. I want to try and reconnect with my youth while Jack is around. Don't you think that would be so much fun?

"Yeah, my love. I think I'm going to go upstairs and heat myself a frozen dinner.", James felt a bit dizzy.

"Go ahead babe, Jack and myself already ate dinner. It was something healthy so I know you wouldn't have eaten any of it", she continued to go on looking for clothes and James walked away disoriented.

He made himself dinner and went to the couch where Jack was sitting that fit two people. He sat down next to him and began eating his somewhat warm meal as he watched cartoons. About halfway through his meal, Trisha came back.

She walked past the empty chair and right in between James and Jack. Spinning in front of them, her night gown lifted so that her big toned ass was in full view at eye-level for them for a brief second. Trisha's underwear were not meant to be a thong for most women, but her big butt enveloped the slightly transparent pink fabric. She attempted to sit down in between them, but Jack managed to move so that she had basically fallen into his lap. She began to giggle, "Stop!"

Jack bellowed a small chuckle as he began pulling her back on him. She sat in Jack's lap with her back against the arm rest facing James. Her gown and opened almost showing her beautiful breasts to the them both, but Trisha snapped it shut. Jack's hand reach over her and rested on the back of her thick thigh as he gently rubbed. He also was unable to get quite

comfortable as he repositioned himself a few times under Trisha.

James sat here watching cartoons with this young eighteen-year-old stud with his beautiful wife on his lap attempting to eat his frozen meal. The young stud kept bouncing Trisha around on his hips enough so that her silk gown began to open again. Each one of her full breasts became visible to expose her bouncing cleavage.

Jack had become quiet which made James look over. Trisha sat there watching cartoons laughing and giggle and moving around. Her feet had rested on James' thigh as she would push on him. She appeared to be unknowingly giving Jack a lap dance. James watched Jack lick his lips staring directly into Trisha's cleavage not noticing James watching him.

Jack's hands began gently rubbing at Trisha's thigh while she pushed around on top of his rock-hard cock. The cartoons had ended to the relief of James and it was time for them to

go to bed. "My love. It is time to come to bed."

"Already? You both are a couple of old folk." Jack chimed in.

"James he's right it is still so early!"

"This is the normal time we go to bed, Trisha. We should try and remain our routine even with our house guest." James had stood up and put his hand out to his wife. Trisha gave a disappointed look as she was having a good time with their new guest, but begrudgingly agreed. She took his hand and pulled herself up. Jack's hand "accidentally" flipping her gown up to get one last glimpse of Trisha's big ass being sheathed only by her pink panties before he went to bed.

Jack's grin was so apparent it made James look at him in question. To James's dismay, he looked down at Jack's lap which sported a large tent pole that had been firmly placed in Trisha's big butt the entire time. He was in awe at the outline of the monster that his pants contained and truth be told he

was very intimidated by it. Jack was waiting for James to make eye contact with him and gave him a nice asshole wink.

"Um-have-a-uh-good night Jack.", James spoke brokenly.

Trisha led James to bed and they finally laid next to one another. James had felt so drained, but Trisha was still wide awake and wanted to talk.

"So what do you think of him? He's great isn't he?", Trisha gushed.

James couldn't agree less, "Yeah. He's okay I guess."

"Okay? He's exactly the answer to what we need in our lives. It gets me so excited babe!" She began touching his chest and nuzzled her naked smooth, but firm body against his. The next moment she was straddling over her husband. James could feel her weight crushing him a bit and was a bit uncomfortable until he felt his wife guide him into her.

"Oh god yes finally! Thank god today too, because I've

been so horny all day I have no idea why!", she began grinding her against James slowly.

Why was she wet all day. What exactly were the two of them up to when he was at work today?

His ability to not orgasm right away caused Trisha to begin arching her hips and grinding herself into her husband even faster. His penis slipped out every time she tried to grind into him and she would have to fumble behind her phat ass to find him.

"Where are you little guy? I've been wet all day, come and a play!", she called to his penis like a puppy.

This deflated James ego. His thought came to Jack and his huge bulge in his crotch and how he rubbed it all over his wife's ass as they watched cartoons. His thoughts had taken over his mind and he lost himself until his wife snapped his back into his place by grabbing his shaft.

Was she comparing his manhood to the manhood of Jack? He knew he could compare to the younger, stronger, handsomer, masculinity of that made Jack.

"Are you soft? Seriously? What happened we were just beginning to have some fun?", she looked down on James with a stunned look.

"I---I don't know. I've had a long day hon, it's been up and down for me."

"Obviously down now.", she rolled her eyes. and laid next to him.

"I'm so—", James began to apologize, but Trisha interrupted him.

"Honestly I'm okay. Let's not let this ruin our sleep. Today is the first day of our new adventure with Jack. Let's try have a positive first day at least, okay? By the way I'm really for Jack to meet our friends tomorrow.

James had been on a roll of being forgetful. They had to go to his friend Mike's home for a party because Mike wanted to show off his new sports car he just bought.

How is this going to play out tomorrow? He thought before he drifted to sleep.

MORNING SURPRISE

James woke up the next day with his wife fast asleep. He could have sworn he closed it the night before, but maybe Trisha needed a glass of water and had forgotten to close it. James began walking down the hallway when he noticed that Jack's door was open. When he walked past the door, what he saw stopped him dead in his tracks.

Jack had one hand covering his face with something pink dangling from it while his other hand slowly rubbing his cock up and down. James became hypnotized by the size of Jack's well-endowed nature. It had to be at least a foot long and as thick as his own skinny wrist. As he pumped his cock, Jack's tangerine sized balls bounced up and down against the sheets of the bed. He could even hear the thump each time his heavy ball bounced against the bed. By the time James snapped back into reality, he noticed that Jack was staring at him right in the eye. He then let his hand open to show off the pink fabric.

"These are Trisha's panties from last night. I can smell how wet I made her from sitting on this big dick. I bet I can even taste it." He stuck the pair of panties in his mouth for a second letting go of his cock that sprang back and smacked himself in the chest due to its length. He pulled the pair of panties out of his mouth nodding to James.

"Taste great."

"Jack, please stop. What are you doing?"

"What does it look like dumb shit? I'm fantasizing about fucking your bimbo wife." He had a look on his face like he wanted to smack James for asking. He began pumping his cock harder as he continued to speak.

"Oh yeah, I'd fuck her HARD too. She seems way too innocent to have a body like that. You know I bet you don't even fuck her right. Probably have a little nipple of a dick don't you."

James sat there mortified at what Jack said to him. The anger in Jack's eyes as he stroked his meaty cock expressed a resentful tone. Jack then began start to ramble and shut his eyes rolling his head back as he went into his own little world.

"Yeah I'll fuck the slut right out of her—oh yeah make her my little slut slave while I'm here. My big dick going in and out of those

thick thighs---aghhh!”

He covered the front of Trisha’s panties over the head of his big mushroom head of his cock as he began to cum. Stream after stream shot into Trisha’s panties as Jack growled and grunted like a lion and continued to pump his cock. He would not stop ejaculating until Trisha’s panties were completely soaked and dripping from his cum.

Trisha’s panties were tossed at James who luckily dodged them as they landed in the hallway. Jack gave a chuckle and said, “Nice dodge. Clean those up though? I’m going back to bed.”

He reached down to grab at Trisha’s underwear, but as he did a smaller daintier hand did as well. Her manicure nails pink her soaked underwear so she could grab them before James could.

“Why were these here?” Trisha asked in a bit of a slumber.

“You’re up? It’s so early though.”

“I had a hard time sleeping and I heard some noises out here.”, she was wearing only a long t-shirt that she liked to sleep in as pajamas from time to time. Without indicating what she was about to do, she slipped the pair of underwear over her toned thick thighs and over her round rear. She pulled the tops of them up so that they the fabric had pushed into her ass.

“Are these wet?”, Trisha noticed as she felt the stretched fabric ring out Jack’s cum like a wet rag. A pool of the cum began dripping down Trisha’s leg which she brought her finger to touch it in response.

She put her finger to her mouth to taste the substance that coated her underwear. She then squeezed the fabric to get a large amount of substance on her finger. Bring her finger back into her mouth she let her tongue. She repeated it three more times.

“I just can’t place this taste. It’s sweet and salty. I kind of

like it, but what is it? Hmm. Babe don't think I'm weird for what I'm about to do."

And in the middle of the hall, Trisha pulled the panties out from between her legs and stuck them right in her mouth to suck on them. Her eyes were lit in a way that James had never seen. She didn't even seem interested in James reactions as she stood there with her lower half of her body exposed.

"Did you figure it out?", James hoped not.

Trisha just shrugged her shoulders without taking the fabric from her mouth. It could have been compared to a pacifier in the moment. Trisha didn't say another word as she noticed that Jack's door was open. She leaned forward to close the door but just halted as she saw Jack sprawled out on the bed nude.

Trisha noticed the sun was gleaming down on his hard body in a way that defined each ab on his stomach. His chest and arms looked even more powerful that she had noticed when he hugged her yesterday the first time they met. As she continued to suck on her own panties her eyes finally rested on Jack's cock.

It was still glowing and pulsating from the beating he had given it that James witnessed. While not as hard as it was when he was jerking off, it did not lose any size as it became soft. A true thick piece of meat hanging between this large younger man's strong legs. James just watched Trisha gawk at the young stud as she sucked on her own panties soaked in Jack's cum. Jack moved in the bed which made his huge pole sway until it smacked against his own ripped stomach.

She jumped at the jumping cock finally shut the door and looked to James innocently as she pulled her panties out of her mouth and gave him a quick peck on his lips before putting the underwear back on.

"I'm going to cook Jack breakfast.", she didn't even offer to make

James anything.

James wiped at his own mouth disgustingly and went to the bathroom to wash his face. After he had washed his face, James took a long hard stare at the look in the mirror. He wondered how he could continue like this for another 364 days. He realized he had no choice so he would just have to move on and he went to work like he always did and went about his normal routine.

RIDE TO THE PARTY

James decided to skip lunch so that he could fast before the big dinner at his friend's Mike's house. He sent Trisha a couple of next throughout the day which she responded to in her normal loving manner which made the rest of his day go by and before he knew it he was already on his way back home. He encountered a crash that happened in a construction zone. The traffic was so slow that James thought he would be able to walk home before he would get out of the construction zone.

When James opened the door he saw Jack was dressed up in a fitting white shirt that was unbuttoned with his sleeves rolled up and a pair of slate pants with black dress shoes. His facial hair was well groomed and his hair was styled a little different. Even though he was dressed up, you could still tell he had a ruggedness to him.

James tried not to look, but he did see the outline of his massive manhood hanging halfway down his thigh pressing tightly against his pants.

"Uh, you look clean Jack.", James complimented him.

"Thanks little guy. It was your treat to me. Trisha took me shopping today. You bought me a whole new wardrobe."

"Is Trisha in the bathroom?"

Jack shrugged, "I don't keep tabs of your wife. That's your job."

James sighed as he went down the hallway past Jack's room and to the bathroom. "My love?"

"Oh I'm in here!", she called from the bedroom. When James came into the room, he saw his beautiful wife dressed up in a way that would turn every man's head in a room to stare. Her black skirt would only cover her butt and showed over the full thickness of her sexy athletic legs. It was cut low on her chest and exposed her

mass amount of cleavage hinting at any second she could have a wardrobe malfunction.

"It was a skirt that I use to wear in high school. I truly don't remember it being so form fitting.", she moved around to stretch out the material which caused one of her nipples to become exposed and her skirt to snap up over her large ass. She cried out in the embarrassment.

"Honey I think I'm too fat! Do you I look fat to you in this skirt?", she exclaimed.

James was in a predicament. If he said no, she would wear the skirt and at some point, one of his sleazy buddies would catch a view of what was only his. If he said yeah, then it would hurt his wife's feelings to no end.

"No babe, you look gorgeous." James chose to say.

"Then I guess it's settled.", Trisha jumped for joy which caused her breasts to bounce and her skirt to come over her waist again.

This time she giggled as she pushed it back down. She had already picked out James outfit and all she had to do was put on a pair of heels that had lace that wrapped around her ankles.

The three of them were finally ready for their journey across the city and to Mike's house. James thought they would take the SUV, but Trisha wanted to take the sports car.

"My love. There are only two seats."

"It's okay, I'll just sit on Jack's lap.", she smiled sweetly, and grabbed Jack to take him to the passenger side of his sports car that he met his wife in.

"But what a-----", he was cut off by Jack who stepped towards him.

"You heard the lady. We are taking the sports car and she is sitting in my lap." He looked to Trisha and pointed towards the car and told her to walk towards it which she did. He stepped towards James and towered over him.

"Look little man. I'm here trying to enjoy myself and you are

being a real pain in my ass. Now you don't want to anger me, do you understand?" Jack stood over him intimidatingly.

James remained silent for a moment. He didn't want to comply, but when Jack put his big hand on his shoulder which pushed him off balance a bit, he nodded. Trisha oblivious to the exchange between her husband and Jack piped in.

"Hey what's going on over there? You guys ready yet?", she called out.

Jack squeezed at James shoulder before he gave him a firm pat and walked away and shouting towards Trisha, "Let's go to a party!"

James could only follow and get into the driver's seat next to Jack who was now ready for Trisha to sit down on top of him. Trisha spun and bent which made her skirt come up halfway over how big firm rear. The material of the skirt was stretching around her ass. Trisha decided to just fall into Jack's large chest and lap so her entire ass did not to come into full display.

While sitting she tried to readjust the skirt so that it was lower, but was having trouble. Jack lifted her with one strong arm cradling her butt and with his other hand, readjusted his crotch. He set her back down so that her ass was now sitting directly on top of the thick shaft and head was being smashed by Trisha's butt.

"That's better.", Jack said as a matter of fact. He pulled the belt over them forcing the strap between Trisha's breasts as he buckled them in which caused both of their bodies to be firmly pressed against one another.

The ride there was full of Jack's subtle caresses as he pretended not to feel James' wife while he drove them to his friend's party. At one point, Jack started moving his body and thrusting his hip in the chair and against Trisha.

"What are you doing over there?", James looked over to Jack. James knew what he was doing.

"I'm testing out the sturdiness of your seat. Just want to make sure we're not going to come flying out of here if you crash us.", the

movement of Jack caused Trisha's skirt to come back up over her waist so now her bare full cheeks were resting on top of Jack's thin dress pants. Trisha didn't even seem to notice and just continued to look around nonchalantly as Jack thrusted himself into her.

Jack on the other hand felt his big fat cock rubbing up and down her ass and thigh each time he would move up and down. Her weight came down and smothered his hard cock that strained in his tight pants waiting to escape.

They pulled up to a red light and to the left of them was a pick-up truck that seated a couple of men. With the window down, James could hear the men.

"Look this guy is fucking this broad.", the one man said to the other with a bit of a country tone. The other man responded something that James could hear, until the passenger looked over at him.

"Hey."

James pretended to ignore him.

"HEY.", the man said a little louder.

James again, ignored the man. This had to be the longest red light in history. All the while Jack continued to "test" the seat and rub his big cock all over his wife's bare ass through his pants.

"HHEYY!!"", the man said again.

Finally, James looked over at the passenger of the pick-up truck.

"Yes?"

"Is that a prostitute? Because if she is can you tell her we want to borrow her next?", the two men looked excitedly at one another wanting a piece of James' wife.

"They're not having sex. They're testing out the sturdiness of the seat."

One guy laughed to the other, but then looked back to James with a hardened look of lust as he watched Trisha's cleavage bounce in her low-cut mini-skirt, "Yeah "testing out the sturdiness of the seat" is what me and my pal over here want to do with her too. So how about it pal? Pull over somewhere so we can take that little slut off your hands?"

James became emboldened from his car, "Excuse me? That slut you are referring to is my wife!"

"You can watch if you want. By the looks of it, she'd enjoy

it as much as we would wouldn't you say?", the man nodded to James wife.

James looked over at his wife without answering the two obnoxious men. Trisha put herself into a haze to put on her best poker face as she stared off in the horizon. Jack's hands were becoming a bit more liberal with the way he was rubbing her legs, and Trisha and he wasn't even pretending to test the seat anymore. He had put one hand on Trisha's shoulder and the other hand on her hip. With Trisha sitting in between his legs Jack could now move Trisha around freely on his strained cock.

The light turned green and James accelerated away from the perverted men in the truck who were laughing their asses off. James watched through his rear-view mirror to make sure the guys didn't follow him. Trisha was suddenly thrusted into him which caught him off guard. However, his heart sank when he thought he heard what sounded like his zipper.

When Jack pulled Trisha back into his lap back down, she felt what could only be Jack's bare cock in between her cheeks. She could feel the pre-cum that flowed from his giant cock and lubricated between her cheeks. He pulled the skirt back over his cock to try and conceal it from James. Jack's big dick erupted from between Trisha's ass and like a tent created a teepee.

Jack grabbed at the top of his mushroom cock pushing it even farther up Trisha's ass. "James teach me how to drive a stick before we go to your friend's house."

"But we are runnin-", James said meekly before being interrupted.

"Now.", Jack commanded. His right hand had slipped out of James' view, but his forearm rested on Trisha's athletic butt with his large hand covering the top of his big cock. He had

gripped it like a shifter sliding it around between her ass under the skirt.

Trisha noticed Jack's take-charge attitude and it turned her that he had such presence at such an early age. She always loved how much her rich husband had made her, but it had been a long time since she had been made to feel like such a sex object.

"Pull in here.", Jack's hand left the top of his cock and grabbed at the steering wheel pulling them into a parking lot. There was a medium amount of traffic, but there was a group of black guys standing by a car. They were loitering just shooting the breeze under the sun. They noticed the car immediately and stared at them as they creeped around.

"Give these guys a show.", Jack said. He had put his hand again on the head his swollen beast between his legs and pushed it down towards Trisha's ass.

James began driving the car around the open parts of the parking lot at a reasonable speed. Trisha had to arch her back and support herself against the hood of the vehicle. Her ass cheeks spread even more which allowed her to almost fully engulf Jack's thick rod. Her skirt had flown up around her waist, except the one piece that was hooked on Jack's member. The piece of Jack that was hooked by the fabric was helping him be pulled in between Trisha's thick butt cheeks even more.

"Faster James!", Trisha called out. She always loved to go faster. James was becoming excited and had never felt so adventurous. He impressed the black guys when he squealed his tires and spun his vehicle in a doughnut.

The more the car moved, the more Trisha and Jack moved around to compensate for the force. Jack was more stable and gripped at Trisha's hips in order to keep her sliding up and

down his pole that was covered with his precum.

Jack growled and reached over to push James' foot down on the gas, "Faster!"

This made James accelerate to high speed making him dodge and spin his car around. James began to become frightened and he started to plead and beg for Jack to let go, but Jack was full on dry humping his wife. Jack continued to crush James foot into the accelerator causing a near crash now into the curb.

Jack grunted like an animal and the sound of his pre-cum covered cock sliding in between Trisha's ass could be heard. Trisha all the while howling in excitement from the car whipping around. Jack became even louder as he bellowed still crushing James' leg under his hand.

Things became a little slower for a moment in time for James. He looked over and could see the black guys in the parking lot watching them. Then he looked over and watched Jack violate his wife. His animalistic grunts were accompanied by the look in his eyes as he watched Trisha's ass slide up and down on top of him as he humped her back. From the corner of his eye, he could see the car coming towards them obviously unaware of their reckless driving.

"Jack!", James pointed out the car they were about to crash into. Jack's eyes met his own, but he did not stop, but seemed to go faster and harder at his wife.

"Jack please!", James persisted, but Jack continued. The hand out of James' view had reached forward around Trisha's and into her top in between her cleavage. Even though Jack's had was covered, James could see his large hands mauling his wife's breasts.

It wasn't until Trisha cried out in fear did Jack finally let go of

James' leg at the back of Trisha's skirt. He was now leaning over the middle of the console, still staring in James eye and inches in his face before he yelled out.

"AGHHHHHHH! Yeah! FUCKKKK!"., Jack stiffened and jerked trying his best not to stop pumping as the car came to a stop.

With one hand still groping Trisha's tits Jack pulled the fabric at the back of her skirt away from her. His cock unloaded of what seemed like an endless amount of cum all over. She had streams hitting her upper back, her lower back, the inner parts of her skirt, between her ass, all over her ass and even some had even shot so far up and into her hair.

James looked like he had seen a ghost. The old man who drove by didn't even seem to notice the danger he was in. James sat there for a moment trying to shake the feeling of terror he just overcame. Back to reality he looked back over at his wife and Jack. Jack's powerful arm had pulled her back on his lap and used her body to gently rub his cock as he softened. His other hand giving her nipple a light tween and firm squeeze before he pulled it from her top.

The back of Trisha's skirt was wet and clung to her body. Jack had put the skirt over his big flaccid dick and started to pump it to clean it off. He gave it a few pats and rubbed at it looking over at James.

"Good car job, Jimmy. Thanks.", Jack chuckled. The worst part was that Trisha gave just a slight smirk.

"Maybe we should just go home?"

Trisha snapped her head over at him, "Why wouldn't we go, we just had fun."

James had a hard time saying it, "Well… um… your skirt."

"What do you mean?", she said pryingly.

"It seems to have been ruined when we were *having fun*."

Their conversation ended when Jack simply moved, which by effect moved Trisha. He slid himself out from between Trisha's ass and tucked his cock back into his pants while staring at James.

"We are going to the party."

James knew that meant they were going. Trisha jumped with glee on top of Jack who was opening rubbing her ass in satisfaction. James wasn't sure what was going to happen at the party. He was becoming fearful at how this eighteen-year-old guy could humiliate him in front of his social peers.

The fear grew when they arrived at the party and Trisha's dress had cum staining the entire backside of it and was still sopping wet in some parts. Jack's tone had changed however.

When his friends met Jack he was charming and friendly. He was even very respectful to Jack and his wife. Some of his buddies seemed to be fixated on Trisha's dress. They had to know or at least they wanted to think that's what it was on her dress, but everybody was polite and said nothing.

Jack was almost an artist the way he spoke to everyone and made James and Trisha sound like charitable and interesting people. He spoke of James' hard work ethic and Trisha's undeniable hospitality. The way James liked to live on the wild side and Trisha's cartoon-loving innocence. James almost had tears in his eyes when Jack spoke about James willingness to take a guy like him into his home to help mentor him.

Could Jack really be a good guy?, James wanted to think.

James had finally relaxed and was having a good time. Laughs were shared and James realized he didn't want to leave when everyone began to say their goodbyes.

Trisha and James held hands as they walked out to the car with Jack out in front. They spoke with one another softly.

"See babe, aren't you glad we went afterall?"

"Yes my love, I have to say, I had a fun.", He smiled staring at his beautiful wife. The moonlight seemed to be drawn to her as they stopped for a second. Her eyes were looking deep into his eyes and they wrapped their arms around one another.

James spoke up, "You are the love of my life. My angel. My Darling. My ever-".

"HURRY THE HELL UP!", Jack yelled.

Trisha giggled, "Men are so funny. Here you are being so romantic and he just has to ruin it, doesn't he?"

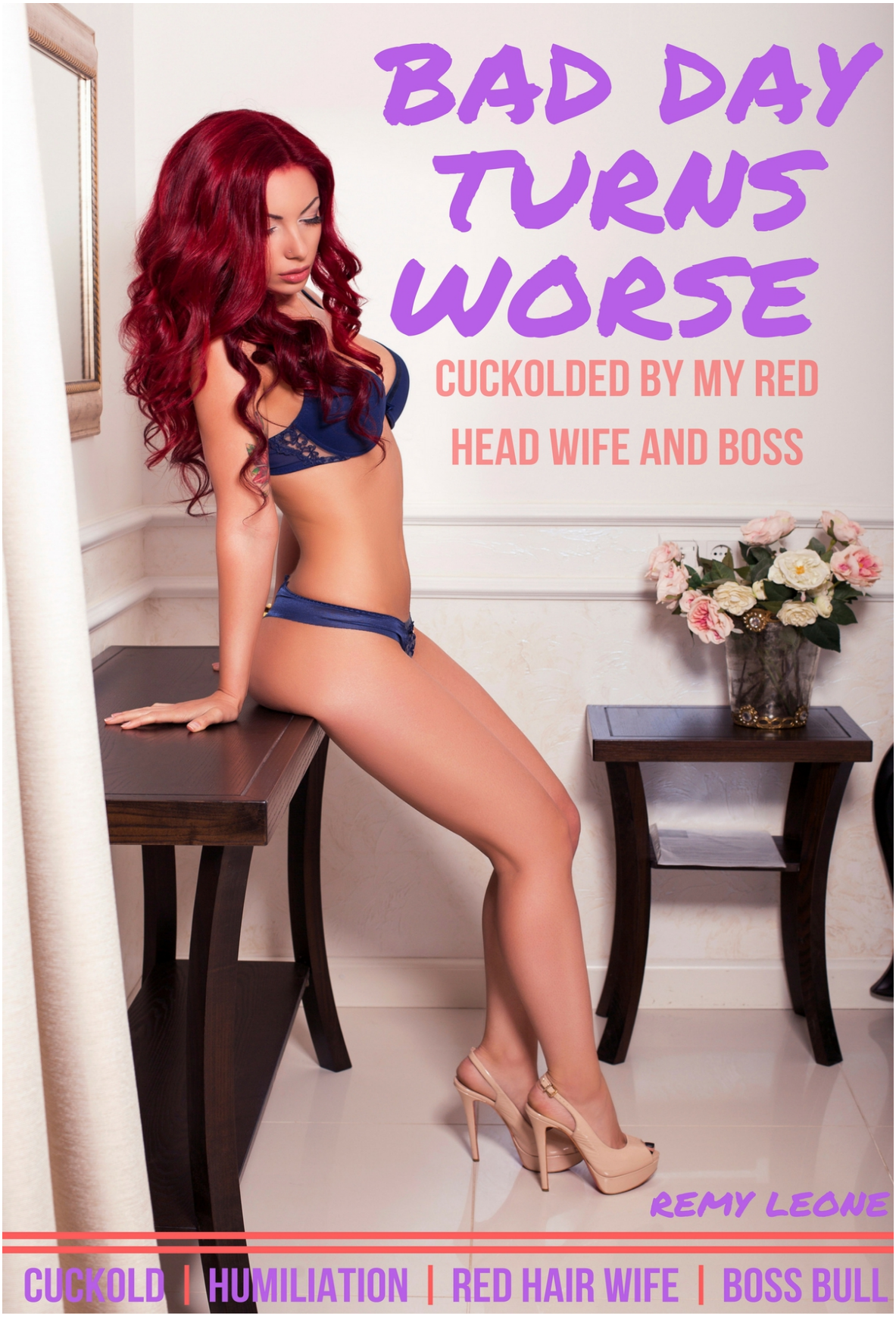
Trisha didn't wait for James to answer as she pranced towards Jack. Those big tits and ass bounced and jiggled with each bounce. Her skirt teasingly pulling all over her body barely containing her fleshy mounds. James was defeated and simply walked to the driver's seat letting Jack in.

Jack sit down, he had unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants the second he sat down. He had no underwear on, so his cock was freed and sprang into view. He reached out grabbing Trisha's wrist and pulled her into the car and onto his lap. Jack gripped at her skirt and pulled it up around her waist.

James saw the arousal in Trisha's eyes as Jack shut the door. Jack looked down, and let one big smack across her ass on her left cheek. This time, he looked over at James while he smacked Trisha's right cheek.

"Time to go on another wild ride, Little Jimmy."

---THE END---


BAD DAY TURNS WORSE
CUCKOLDED BY MY RED HEAD WIFE AND BOSS
REMY LEONE
CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | RED HAIR WIFE | BOSS BULL

Bad Day Turns Worse

Cuckolded By My Red Head Wife and Boss

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	My Red Headed Wife
2	The Next Day
3	Bad Day Turned Worse

MY RED HEAD WIFE

Heather leaned closer to the mirror and pressed her perfectly plump lips together, spreading her red lipstick evenly. Her blue eyes were heavily lined and smoky, making them look huge and mysterious. Her fingertips picked at her long dark auburn curls. She looked like a vintage movie starlet.

"Where are you going?" I asked. I'd just gotten home, and was in the middle of tugging off my tie. I suspected she wasn't dressed up for me.

"Where are you going?" I asked. I'd just gotten home, and was in the middle of tugging off my tie. I suspected she wasn't dressed up for me.

She turned and arched a dark brow. "Out. You've lost lurking privileges."

"You didn't have time to—"

She closed the bathroom door and shut me off. I made my way to the kitchen. Once upon a time, she used to have dinner ready for me when I got home. Lately, she'd been too busy. She'd hinted that I should cook for myself anyhow. She was on a diet, and I, the fat one, obviously wasn't interested in such things.

I pulled a frozen dinner from the freezer and shoved it into the microwave. While it heated, I pulled my shirt loose and patted my stomach. Heather liked to call me fat, chubby, lazy. Maybe I had a little extra, but not enough to warrant insult.

Sadly, calling me lazy was the nicest thing I could get from her lately. But it's what I deserved. I married a perfect woman, and I'd fallen short. She was intelligent and driven and had built up a business to the point where most days she didn't need to go in. She could lounge around the house, online shopping between answering emails. Meanwhile, I was stuck in a tiny cubicle downtown,

answering to a douchebag the secretary liked to call the Pussy-Popping Prick.

Heather strutted by the kitchen, her high heels clacking. I abandoned my dinner and followed her, watching her amazing ass sway. She wore a tiny black dress, one I'd never seen before, one clearly not bought for me.

"Hun?" I called.

"Shush. I'm trying to think. Am I forgetting anything?" She glanced around the living room.

I looked her over. She was petite but curvy where she needed to be, and the dress accentuated that without a doubt. Tiny black straps laced across her cleavage, and in the back, the dress was so short that if she sneezed she'd flash someone. Her lean, long legs ended in a pair of spiked black and red heels, another new item.

"You look pretty," I commented.

"I look fucking fabulous, and I know that. I don't need your compliments," she snapped. She waved her hand around in the air before her. "Don't stand so close. You reek of cheap cologne."

"You got me this," I reminded her. "Anniversary?"

"That was four years ago, Clark." She rolled her eyes. "Back when you were still trying, and I still cared. Now be a good husband and grab my dinner purse. The gold one."

Nodding, I hurried to the hall closet and searched the boxes that protected her expensive purses. Finding the one I needed, I returned to her. "Will you be out long?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Hopefully. Does it really matter? Don't you have things to do, like masturbate to one of those rough sex pornos? The kind that shows how a real man can give it to a woman?" She smiled mischievously. "Balls deep and making her scream?"

I glanced away. I'd tried to fuck her that way once. She'd thrown me off of her when I couldn't stop asking if she was alright.

She wanted me to spank her, so I did. Then I asked if I hit too hard. Wouldn't anyone?

"I have work to do, anyhow," I mumbled.

"Good. You keep doing that. Play at being a successful businessman and maybe one day your wish will come true." She slung the purse over her shoulder and peeked inside. "You better not have left that closet a mess."

I shook my head but headed back to straighten the boxes I'd disheveled moments earlier. When I'd returned, she snapped her fingers.

"Lint roller."

I found one and brought it to her. She narrowed her eyes meaningfully, and I tentatively rolled it over her black dress. She always kept me on my toes. Some days I couldn't come within a few feet of her, other days she let me help her.

"Hun…" I mumbled.

"Speak up. You aren't a child, are you?"

"You sort of look like you're going on a date. I mean… you don't get this dressed up for the girls," I hinted.

"And?" She blinked at me. "Are you accusing me of something?"

"Accusing? No. I'd never." I babbled. "Just… I mean, are you?"

"It seems like you've already made up your mind on what I'm doing if you ask that sort of question," she replied annoyed. "Do you think I'm a whore, Clark?"

"Of course not!"

"Then why are you flinging around accusations? Or are you just admitting that you're not enough for me? That you can't satisfy me?"

I backed away from her, spinning the lint roller in my hand nervously. "Well, I…"

"You know women only cheat when their husbands are worthless. We need attention and support. We need a connection.

Are you saying you don't provide that?" She asked, her voice dripping with disappointment. "We need real men who make us feel like real women, do you understand that? Are you hinting that you're not a man, so you'd understand if you've driven me to cheat?"

My head spun with how quickly the tables had spun and smacked me in the face. I didn't drive Heather to cheat, did I? My throat tightened, and my mouth seemed completely dry. I sat back on the sofa arm and stared at her feet. No. No, she wouldn't betray me like that. She was cruel but not like that.

"I'm sorry, hun. I'm just tired, I guess. I know I can trust you."

"Good. You shouldn't talk to me like that," she pouted.

"I know," I murmured.

"Bring me my lipstick. It's on the bathroom counter," she ordered, expression immediately changing from hurt to perky.

I quickly retrieved the first tube I saw and handed it to her. She fumbled with the contents of the tiny gold purse, trying her best to fit the lipstick in among everything else. Some items fell out and I bent to scoop them up without thinking.

My hand closed around the foil square a half second before I realized what it was. She snatched the magnum condom from me with a smug grin.

I watched her shove everything into the bag, biting my tongue. A million questions rose and died in my throat, swallowed by the bile that rose when I imagined her using that condom with someone.

"Oh, Clark," she half-sighed. "Don't think about it. Only sissies get cheated on. If you forget about it, you can still pretend to be a real man. Besides, men don't cry, so…" She gave me a pointed look before kissing her fingertip and rubbing the excess lipstick down my nose.

"Tell me I look fabulous," she chided.

"You look absolutely gorgeous," I said emptily.

With a soft laugh, she was gone. I stared at the door and recalled everything she'd said. Every jab like a punch to the gut, a kick in the groin. I don't satisfy her. I don't make her feel like a real woman. I fell onto the couch and yanked my hands through my hair, wanting to wake up. This had to be a nightmare.

I wouldn't be a nobody forever. I'd told her, once I got promoted everything could change. I'd have more money and benefits. We'd go to fancy parties and fundraisers—things she liked, things above my current office status. I just needed her to wait. Why couldn't she wait?

Real men don't cry, but there were no witnesses, so I let my anguish rain down my cheeks. The turn of events had stolen my appetite and everything else. I retreated to my bedroom, which was formerly the guest room. Heather had the master bedroom to herself, a room I only saw once a week when I went in to clean it.

I nosedived into my mattress and fell asleep.

THE NEXT DAY

Heather joined me for breakfast the next morning, sitting at the table with not so much as a 'hello.' While I sipped my coffee, she lounged across the table eating yogurt and fruit. Her satin robe was gaped open, but if she noticed she didn't fix it.

Her breasts taunted me, lingering behind the thin blue fabric and exposing themselves when she moved around.

I tried not to stare but failed. It was a sick game. I kept going back and forth between fantasizing about my wife and recoiling at the thought of someone else's hand on her. Some asshole with a big dick. Some 'real man' who probably looked nothing like me.

"Will you be home tonight?" I asked. It was an innocent question but the look in her eyes told me it sounded like another accusation. Before she could respond, I clarified by adding, "I was thinking I'd come home early and make you a nice dinner. Just need to know if you'd like that."

Her expression softened a bit. "I'll be home. I have to go into the office for a few hours, but I should be here by the time you get off work."

I was taken aback that she'd managed so many words with so little insult. I felt lightened, and a tad hopeful. I could make seared tuna, which last I'd checked was her favorite.

"Do you think you can get the laundry done?" she asked. "I just bought new towels for my bathroom and they need a wash to get that excess dye out."

"Of course."

She slid her empty bowl to me, "Get that? I should get ready for work."

"Of course."

Once she'd disappeared from the table, I jotted down a grocery

list.

I'd have to hurry through my work, so I could leave early. Most days that was fine. As long as I stayed late another day, or put in some hours on the weekend, my supervisor could care less if I ducked out at three.

As was normal, I was one of the first people in the office in the morning. I made my way to my desk and pulled up the latest emails, skimming them while wondering about the upcoming quarterly performance reviews and watching my fellow drones trickle in.

"Mason wants to see you after lunch," Karen said, peeking around the side of our adjoining cubicles. "And he's in a mood."

"Thanks," I muttered. I set an alarm on my phone and got to work. While I stared at bits of code, I daydreamed about Heather's amazing, creamy breasts peeking through her satin robe. I justified my lust by telling myself her brain had betrayed me, not her body. As if it were that simple. As if I were that naïve.

The hours flew by and by the time the alarm went off I was in the middle of organizing my analysis to file with my direct supervisor, a man much more pleasant than Mason the tyrant. I saved the file and made my way through the cluster of lower level desks.

"Some dragon lady," a voice whispered. "She visits once or twice a week at lunch."

I paused and tapped the cubicle partition before peeking in on the circle of office gossipers in our design team. Anna, Sarah, and Joy. The ladies looked up with disdain, clearly bothered by my intrusion.

"Dragon lady?" I asked.

"Mason's latest conquest. Since… I dunno. Four months ago? Attitude of an heiress, body of a trophy wife," Anna said hushed. "I think they do it on his desk."

"Why's she called the dragon lady?" I asked.

"She breathes fire," Sarah quipped. "Every word from her mouth is condescending, like being polite would kill her."

"I thought we called her that for the other reason," the Anna commented. "Mason was bragging. She went down on him, porn-style—"

"Deepthroating?" I asked.

"Yeah. Supposedly he blew his load while she was doing that, and it came out her nose. He called it the white dragon."

I rolled my eyes, impressed at the depth of the gossip this week. "Right. I don't think it's true just because Mason said it. He once said he banged a princess."

"Oh, there was a witness to it. Felicia in accounting ran into his office because she heard sounds of distress. She can tell you first hand, she caught Mason with jizz all over himself and his dragon lady," Joy said seriously.

My brows lifted, and I backed away. It seemed like a very Mason thing to do, to bring his girlfriend into the office during hours. I combed my hands through my hair and stopped outside Mason's office, knocking politely though the door was open.

"Come on," Mason called.

I rounded the doorway and entered, taking a seat once Mason's hand extended over his desk and to the chair across from him.

"I've got good news and bad news," he announced. He slumped back in his seat and frowned at me.

"Yeah?"

"Craig's gone. Got a better offer and he's moving to so-called greener pastures. Ungrateful ass." Mason rapped his ring against the desk, a massive gold and onyx thing that emphasized his large hands somehow. "That would be the bad news."

He sighed and glanced down at this lap while I processed his

statement. Craig was my supervisor. That meant his position was open. A position he'd been grooming me for over the last three years. I straightened in my chair.

"Good news is that I already know someone to fill the position, and I won't have to pay him the bloated salary good ole' Craig had," Mason said brightly.

"Yeah?"

"Of course, the good news comes with bad…" Mason's eyes closed, and his lips pressed into a firm line as if he held his breath.

"Uh…"

Mason's eyes popped open and he grinned. "Yeah. The guy I'm hiring can't start until next month. Meanwhile, Craig abandoned all the open contracts and they need to be compiled and signed off."

My jaw twitched. "Sir… I thought I was in line for that position, I mean… I've been with the company—"

"Clark, let me tell you something." His eyes narrowed. "I know all about the mentoring or whatever you want to call it that went on. But when did you express interest in moving up? When did you put in the extra hours? I need someone fierce and driven. Not someone who weasels around to get a handout."

I bit my lip. I had put in plenty of extra hours but didn't try to defend myself.

Mason shook his head and wiggled in his seat, eyeing his lap again. He mumbled under his breath and his head fell back in his chair.

"You're pathetic, Clark," he said to the ceiling. "If you want to move up, you've got to be cock of the walk, not a chicken. Men get promotions. Little boys remain drones."

I fidgeted in my chair and glanced down at my feet. I faint whimper came from somewhere, and after a moment I realized it was under Mason's desk. I glanced up at him. He remained staring

blissfully at the ceiling, his strong jaw clenching.

Looking away I could feel the heat rising to my face. Another Mason thing to do—destroy my dreams while receiving a blowjob from his dragon lady.

"Is that all?" I muttered.

"Nope." His hands fell to his lap and he shivered. "Since you're the only one that knows what the hell Craig was up to, I need you to finalize the open jobs. He turned in his laptop, and we'll get you access to his email."

"But—"

"Some of those clients are already past the deadline, Clark. Make me proud, or something like that." His eyes lifted to me. "Now get out."

"I—"

"Just like that," he growled.

I practically ran from the office.

"Her hair is soo fake. Red like that, has to be from a bottle," the gossipers were saying as I sped past.

The rest of the day was chaos. Karen tried to help with my latest assignment, but she was new and didn't understand Craig's notes. I couldn't believe he'd left with no warning. Chances are Mason had done something, and sure enough by closing time word had spread —Mason had slept with Craig's wife.

I texted Heather to let her know we'd have to reschedule dinner. I tried to pour all the urgency of the situation into my message and apologized profusely.

Her only reply was, "Figures."

BAD DAY TURNS WORSE

I tried calling her cell, but there was no answer. I called her

office, but she'd gone out for lunch and hadn't returned. I called her cell and left a message this time, apologizing and promising to make her dinner the next night. With nothing else to do on that front, I dove back into work.

The day had gone from a dull vacation from my miserable home life to a tv drama set. Relief came once everyone else had gone for the night and I was alone, staring at three monitors worth of data and figures that I understood but couldn't process as exhausted as I was.

I shut everything down once my cramping empty stomach could no longer be ignored, and went home.

I tossed my briefcase under the entryway table and shuffled through the house, defeated. I wasn't fully caught up, but I'd gotten enough down to have a good starting point for the next day.

I was starving, but more pressing was the hot shower calling my name, leading me like a zombie through my home and towards the guest bath—I was no longer allowed in the master bath attached to the main bedroom. After removing my tie and watch, I noticed a muffled rustling sound coming from the end of the hallway.

I went to investigate, headed towards Heather's room, but the sound was coming from mine. The door slightly ajar, I peeked in.

Heather was naked and bending over on my bed, her upraised ass and exposed pussy facing the doorway. Her head bobbed down, and I realized she wasn't alone. Two long lean legs extended past her on the bed.

"That's right, choke on it," a low voice growled.

The voice was too familiar, and as I watched a hand appear to smack her ass I noticed the gaudy gold and onyx ring. My boss, Mason.

My heart raced as I stood frozen. A sinking hole opened in the pit of my stomach as I watched my beautiful wife sucking Mason's

cock. She coughed and sat back while her hand continued to jerk him off. No longer hidden by her hair, I could see him—long, thick, and everything she wanted.

I bit my fist to keep from saying something. The need to confront them came over me, but it was weak and pathetic, easily swayed. Instead, I watched.

Heather spit on his cock and went down on it again, smearing red lipstick up and down what had to be nine inches of firm flesh. Her usually perfect makeup was smeared, black eyeliner trailing down her cheeks from the tears that came from deepthroating him again.

Mason grabbed a fistful of her hair and forced her down deeper until she whimpered, at which point he yanked her up and laughed. "You're such a beautiful princess," he chided. "And so good at sucking cock."

She turned to him, and I imagined the smile she gave him. Her hand continued to stroke him up and down while she spoke to him, but her voice didn't carry like his. I leaned forward to hear and accidentally pushed the door open.

The squeak drew both their attention. Looks of surprise met me, but not of concern. After a moment, Heather's glare nailed me to the floor.

"Shouldn't you be working?" she asked hotly.

"It's fine," Mason said calmly. "Didn't you say you wish he knew how to be a man? Maybe a demonstration is in order." He eyed me with a smirk before looking at Heather. "I didn't tell you to stop. Be a good girl and get me ready to fuck you."

"Yes, sir," she giggled. She cast a pitying glance my way before crawling back down his body. Her hands wrapped around his erection and she stared at it like it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. Lowering her head, she made him disappear into

her mouth, inch by inch.

Trembles crept along my skin, followed by the flickering choices of staying or going. My feet wouldn't move. I could barely tear my eyes away from her soft lips pressing around his hard shaft. She moaned around him and my body reacted, thankfully hidden beneath my untucked shirt.

"Grab that chair," Mason ordered.

After a moment I realized he was speaking to me. I gaped at him until he snapped his fingers with his free hand. His other hand was guiding my wife's head up and down.

I hurried into the room and grabbed the chair I usually set laundry on. Gripping the back, I waited.

"Put it there." He pointed to the foot of the bed. "I want you to watch closely."

I placed the chair where directed, my movements automatic as if my brain couldn't tell I wasn't at work and didn't have to do a thing he asked. The sound of Heather gagging made me look up and hesitate to sit. I watched her eyes roll back and hands dig into my comforter before Mason released the pressure on her head, so she could breathe.

My legs committed mutiny and planted me in the chair. Heather met my eyes as she slobbered over the swollen head of his cock, looking incredibly pleased. The tightness of my boxers felt like a cage, but I didn't dare adjust myself under her watch. No doubt she'd ask if I was turned on by her or by Mason.

Up and down, she licked and sucked, until it felt like an eternity had passed. She'd never given me a blowjob as thorough as what she was giving Mason. I'd be done by now, and she'd be bored. Mason seemed to have the endurance of a stallion.

My fingers twitched along my leg, aching to pull my erection from the painful angle it was held in.

"I'm ready," Mason announced.

Heather gave his cock one last lick, like a lollipop she was saving for later. They moved around the bed until I had their profiles. Heather was on all fours, which came as no surprise to me. Doggy-style was her favorite.

Mason tapped his hard cock on ass cheeks, filling the room with a wet slapping sound. Heather purred and writhed. When she breathed I could see her hardened, pink nipples peek from behind her arms. Even through my humiliation and the sinking pit in my stomach, I longed for her.

Mason's hand trailed over her back and pushed down on her head, mashing her face to the bed. He spoke to me, though his eyes remained on her, "This is how a man is supposed to be. In control." He smacked her ass and she yelped. "Your wife is one needy bitch, I'll tell you that."

The room echoed as he slapped her rear again and again, until I could see his fingertips in angry pink marks on her pale skin. He positioned his cock at her entrance, and I clawed at my thighs. I wanted to tell them to stop, but the words didn't come.

I opened my mouth but all I managed was a mumbled, "Honey?"

Either she didn't hear or didn't care. My boss slid into her, moaning about how hot and wet she was. I wondered how long this had been happening, or if it even mattered. My mind flicked back to work, and now I realized it could have been her under his desk.

It probably was her. The dragon lady with the body of a trophy wife and red hair that had to come from a bottle. My wife, who'd disappeared from her work for lunch. I felt shattered, a million pieces of failure, on display for them as much as they were on display for me.

Mason yanked Heather up by the hair. "Do you like this?"

"I do," she breathed.

He pounded into her, slamming until my bed creaked under them. He gave her everything she wanted, everything I'd tried to give her but failed to.

"Harder," she begged. "More…"

He growled and threw his head back as his hips flexed and obeyed. With his every thrust my heart seemed to break again. The hollow feeling was a reminder that I'd brought this upon myself. I wasn't enough for her, but I still wanted her.

I looked away, but Heather's moans grew in pitch and my head snapped back. She was about to orgasm, I was certain. Her mouth hung open and her fingers dug into the comforter for purchase.

"Yess…" she whimpered. "Yes."

"Scream for me, babe," Mason urged, grinding deep against her.

She howled, and her head fell forward. Trembles ran over her body, making her breasts jiggle almost as if she were laughing. I couldn't recall the last time I'd seen her like this.

"I'm gonna cum in you, okay?" he said thickly.

"No," she mumbled. "You can't do that."

He yanked her up, wrapping an arm underneath her perky breasts to keep her steady while he continued to piston into her. "You sure? You don't want me to stuff you full of cum while your worthless husband watches?"

She licked her lips but shook her head.

"You feel so good. Let me show you how good," he said convincingly. He covered her neck with kisses and massaged her breasts.

She whined and finally nodded. "Give it to me."

Her body arched back against him as he pumped his hips upwards. Embracing her, he kissed her neck and massaged her breasts. His fingertips plucked at her pink nipples, hardened with

excitement. He finally growled and bit into her shoulder, emptying into her.

I buried my face in my hands, but it didn't matter. I could imagine everything I didn't see. The heels of my palms pressed against my eye sockets trying to blank it out.

"Clark," Mason said.

I looked up in time to see Mason pull out of my wife and push her back down on all fours. His thick cum dripped from her swollen pussy, trailing down her inner thighs and landing on my bedspread. She rolled over and sighed blissfully.

"Amazing," she whispered. Her fingers dipped into her pussy, playing with the escaping fluids.

Mason leaned over her and kissed her forehead before leaving the bed. He took a shirt from my closet and used it to wipe off his cock. Discarding my shirt, he asked, "When was the last time you ate Heather's pussy?"

I shook my head, refusing to answer. Heather hadn't let me touch her in over a year. The most I got these days was a snuggle when she was too drunk to berate me.

"OOoh," she purred. "Do you want to eat my messy pussy now? That would be so hot…"

She spread her legs and gave me a seductive smile. My heart flipped, caught by her alluring blue eyes and pouty lips.

Still, I shook my head again. "No, no. I can't do that."

"Please?" she asked. "It would make me feel good. Don't you want me to feel good? A real man takes care of his wife."

Guilt gnawed at me. Though Mason stood watching I ignored him. His silence was more than golden. I frowned but I stood and crawled onto the bed. Heather's feet kicked up with delight and she maneuvered to accommodate me. Looking at her this way stirred my body. I wanted to rip my pants off and dive into her, but that wasn't

an option.

I dragged my fingertips along the outside of her hips warily. When my touch wasn't reprimanded I took hold, pressing my fingers into her silky, pale flesh. I'd missed this so much. Her clit glistened atop her velvety folds, puffed with arousal. Ignoring the remnants of Mason's orgasm, I licked at the outer folds and sucked them into my mouth. I remembered Heather tasting sweet and longed for it.

Her legs closed around my cheeks, trapping me. I laved every soft inch of her delicate pussy, tasting her sweetness and Mason's bitterness in turns. I told myself it wasn't so bad, even if the musky smell of him overpowered her sensual scent. I swallowed their mingled juices thinking that with time, I would smell only her, taste only her.

She moaned above me, and it was enough to trigger my cock. Within a second the pleasurable heat that had been a building coil released. Twitching and pressing myself against the mattress, I came in my boxers. I couldn't stifle my groan, and as my breath evened and heart relaxed, I heard laughter.

Heather pulled away from me and hopped off the bed, aided by Mason.

I watched them kiss. Mason ran his hands through her auburn hair while he stared at me with contempt.

"I think we'll make this a thing," he announced. "What do you think, hun?"

She shrugged. "I suppose."

They exited the room, and in a few minutes, I heard the shower kick on. I flipped over and sat up, disgusted by the feeling in my pants and mortified by what I'd just done, what I'd agreed to.

I rose from my bed with a flinch, having touched a puddle of Mason's cold cum. This was the life I'd made for myself, and now I had to live it.

---THE END---

A FAMILY CUCKOLD XXX-MAS

written by

REMY LEONE

CUCKOLD | ALPHA MALE | SUBMISSIVE WIFE

A Family Cuckold XXX-Mas

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Chapter One
2	Chapter Two
3	Chapter Three
4	Chapter Four

CHAPTER ONE

It was that time of the year and while most individuals were filled with joy during the magical Christmas season, there was one man who was not. Ron remembered that there was a time that he actually enjoyed the season itself well enough when he was a boy. However, since he had moved and traveled away from his home he knew the year would come that his father would use his alpha male status in their family hierarchy to exert his control over him once again and command that he return home.

Most times, Ron would dismiss his family entirely until and that would have continued until the day they all died, but it was his family orientated wife, Izzy, that presented the problem. Izzy, which was short for Isabel was raised by an Italian traditional family that

valued family above all else. Ron still attempted to explain how the circumstances were completely different in his family, but she could never willing to accept the distance that Ron insisted on keeping between him and the rest of his family. She was worried that once day when they would have a child that they would raise it without it knowing its roots.

Ron had taken a dive at the local bar where he would soak up his anxiety over his own life. Like usually he came stumbling home like any other night after a long hard nights of work when all of a sudden he heard his phone ring. For a moment he couldn't find his own phone in his lack of sobriety. Finally answering his phone without checking who was calling on the screen he was very surprised to hear the voice on the other line as he had expected it to be Izzy.

"Ronny?" he heard his the strong authoritative voice practically screaming at him. A familiar feeling of anxiety washed over him which was accompanied by a dry mouth, throat and racing heart accompanied the anxiety he felt whenever he heard his father's voice. He wanted to hang up, but something stopped him… he knew better. The voice that consumed him was no other than his fathers.

Ron responded in his own weak strong voice which hinted towards his own vulnerability that was as shaky as he was being drunk and scared at the same time. His father was the opposite and was never vulnerable. He conveyed himself as the invincible pillar of strength that rules over his kingdom with a tight fist with an iron clad will.

"Uhhh, Dad?" he asked, surprised not knowing what else to say to his own father. There was an awkward moment for him that he was still almost going to hang up the phone. However, he had already given himself up by responding.

"Little Ronny-Boy, I know things haven't always been good between us and especially recently, but your brother and I have been talking

an in the spirit of the season, we decided together that we'd like to bury all of this bad blood and move on from anything that has been looming between us. So long story short we're telling that you that its time to come home.,"

"Huh?", Ron knew what his father had just said, but he was hit with a ton of bricks looking for the words to say back. He was too weak at the moment to flat out say "no". Especially to his own father.

"Don't act surprised, boy. We are still family afterall. I said I'd like you here Christmas with us this year," his father eventually got to the point. "You and that little Italian wife of yours,"

"What brought this on?" he asked, suspiciously, the way he mentioned Isabel made him cringe, but even though his father was infamous for being a skirt-chaser, he brushed it off in the moment.

What was stranger was that his father was practically giving into him after all of this time. While it was perfectly in character for his dad to refuse to admit to any wrong doing, it was so unlike him to try to make amends.

"As you know, boy, I'm starting to get on a bit in my years. I'm still strong as an ox and there are college girls out there that still ache from last week… but I guess the point I want to make, is that none of us know how much time I have left. I've been around the block and I don't know how many rounds at it that I still have left,".

Ron honestly wanted to simply roll his eyes and see it as yet another manipulative attempt by his father to maintain some kind of control in his life. It would be just like his father to pretend to be dying, just so he'd have to come around and put up with his bullshit for a few hours. But something stopped him from slamming the phone down, he still couldn't deny the vulnerability in his father's voice that suggested that the older man had some genuine concern. His father might be a bit of a tyrant, but he was still a human being, who's to say that he hadn't had some kind of health scare and had

some kind of wake up call?

"I'll talk to Isabel," he promised with a sigh. He still wasn't sure what to think, and it wouldn't hurt to see what his wife thought about the whole thing.

"Alright then, Ronny-boy," he heard his father's voice light up at the thought that hadn't exactly said no and he wanted to groan, imagining the guilt trip he was in store for if he ultimately refused to go. He hoped that he could just spare himself the whole agonizing process and just claim that Isabel wasn't keen to go, but he knew that Isabel would never let him get away with it. Knowing Isabel, she seemed so innocent and naive, he wouldn't put it past her to contact his father personally to apologize and keep the circle of bullshit going and thus ensuring his father stayed in the spotlight. He wondered if it would be better to simply go and just put up with his father for a few hours.

But then he remembered his wedding day, it was the last and only time that Isabel had ever really met the rest of his family. She hadn't made it easy for him to try to keep them apart, Isabel was always so family orientated, she just couldn't understand why he wasn't more close to his own family. It wasn't even one big thin that his father had done, but lots of little things over his whole life, after years of emotional abuse and manipulation he had decided that he had enough and cut off contact, it was just too hard to explain. At times Isabel reminded him too much of his own mother, far too naive and desperate to keep the family together no matter what, it was why he hadn't been able to bring himself to cut off contact all together until after his mother died.

When he gave himself time to think about it, it did piss him off a bit that Isabel was always asking about why he didn't get along with his father and his brother, it was annoying that she could never just take him word for it and accept it, always pressuring him for answers, like the answer was really that simple and something she was entitled to.

As the date of their wedding grew closer and closer, Isabel never stopped asking him about why he hadn't invited his family, at first she simply asked him if he was sure, but as the gate got closer she kept pushing and pushing for answers until it erupted into a full blown argument and she eventually resorted to emotional blackmail.

"I can't believe you don't want your own father there on the biggest day of your life!" she yelled at him.

"Just because your family..." he stopped when he realized that he had no idea how to finish the sentence. How could he explain that not everyone had the same big, happy family that she did? "It's just complicated, okay?"

"Whatever it is, it can't possibly be that bad," she put her hands on he hips and frowned at him, he hated the way she was looking at him, like he was a naughty little boy and she was a hundred percent right, no questions asked.

"Fine!" he threw his hands up in surrender. "I'll invite them, are you happy now?"

A plan formed in his mind, he would go ahead and invite both of them, maybe once she actually met them she would realize what he was talking about.

When their wedding eventually came, he spent most of the evening on edge, worried about what would happen, but thankfully he didn't actually see much of his father and brother until later in the evening. They both surprised him by coming up to him to congratulate them both, at first he wandered what their ulterior motive was, until they both looked over at Isabel and he saw the look in his father's eyes.

The moment his father looked her up and down, Ron saw his lips turn upwards in a smirk. He looked over at Isabel and saw nothing but a polite smile. No doubt to her it just looked like he was being friendly. disgusting look of lust in his eyes. That moment seemed to

stretch on forever. As hard as he tried, it was an image he couldn't get out of his head. No, he didn't want Isabel anywhere near his family again. He hoped that Isabel would find his father as off putting as he did, but unfortunately she didn't seem to feel disgusted by his attention and actually tried to make conversation with his family.

While she didn't hate his family as much as he hoped she would, at least they didn't behave as badly as he had feared and he was able to enjoy the rest of the reception in peace.

"Who was that?" he heard Isabel ask and he found himself pulled out of his thoughts, groaning inwardly. He knew what she was going to say, he also knew what was going to happen, why act like she hadn't already made up both of their minds for them.

"Dad's invited us both to have Christmas with him," he was surprised by how defeated his voice sounded.

"Oh cheer up," Isabel told him, rolling her eyes. "it won't be that bad,"

"No, I suppose not," he surrendered and tried to sound more cheerful.

It's just one day, he told himself over and over as they got out of his plain white, second hand station wagon. He slipped the keys into the pocket of his jeans as he looked over at his wife, Isabel was clutching a bottle of sparkling wine that she had insisted that they stop for at the first store they found that was open on Christmas day.

"Come on Isabel, why don't we just grab a bottle of white wine and hit the road?" he asked, his voice tense as she took her sweet time inspecting each and every bottle.

"No, there's a particular kind of sparkling white wine I want to get, he says it's his favorite because it reminds him of your mother,"

"How do you know what my dad's favorite wine is, have you two been talking?" he asked, curious but not surprised.

"Yeah, why, is that a problem?" she asked, smiling at him.

"No," he knew exactly how he should respond. He supposed it was a good thing that they were getting along, even if it meant that he could never get out of future family functions ever again.

"Your dad really isn't that bad, you know," it was the same old statement she always made, but this time her voice was upbeat and soothing. Instead of even trying to correct her the way he usually did, he remembered his earlier conversation with his dad over the phone, and how vulnerable the older man had sounded. Was it possible that Isabel could be right? Maybe his father had changed, maybe this wouldn't be such a bad day after all.

"Ah, here we go!" He heard Isabel's tone of victory and turned to see her clutching a bottle of sparkling wine, the label read "Cock and Bull," in elegant cursive, the logo underneath was a picture of a rooster sitting on top of a bull. He found himself laughing in spite of his slight dread about the day ahead of them, recalling look of joy that spread across his father's face when he saw the label, quickly followed by his mother's desperate pleas not to embarrass her.

"Okay, I suppose it won't be that bad if it'll help smooth things over,"

"There's the spirit," Isabel nudged him with a smile. "Your family really seems to be making an effort and it would be good if you could do the same,"

"Alright," he smiled at his wife. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to try,"

But that turned out to be easier said than done, as he felt his anxiety growing stronger and stronger with every mile that brought them closer, until there they were, standing outside of the house he had hoped to never see again.

While Isabel had reassured him that somehow it was going to be

okay, it didn't change the fact that he was nervous as hell. His old childhood fears and insecurities rose up inside him and for a moment he was ten years old again, walking on egg shells around everyone, trying to avoid his father's constant criticisms and his brother's ever increasingly dangerous so called 'pranks.'

He jabbed at the doorbell with lightning speed, as if some anxious primitive part of his brain was convinced that the quicker he rang the doorbell, the more quickly he could get this over and done with, or maybe he hoped that he hadn't pressed the button hard enough and they somehow wouldn't hear the doorbell and he could go home.

"For God's sake, Ron," Isabel rolled her eyes and pressed down on the button hard, holding it down for a few seconds while he supposed she had tried to be comforting, it seemed like she was getting tired of it and thought that he was being a little dramatic. The message was clear, as comforting as she could be sometimes, her patience had its limits and she would never really understand why he felt the way he did about his family, and she would never really try to understand.

Ron tapped his left foot in anticipation, counting the seconds until the door creaked open to reveal his eighteen year old brother.

CHAPTER TWO

"Hey, Ron!" his grin was enormous an stretched from ear to ear. Isabel shot Ron a look that said, 'see, I told you that they'd be happy to see you!'

"Good to see you, Ben," Ron replied, trying to sound relaxed enough to make Isabel happy and to hide his anxiety, if Ben knew he was nervous, it would just encourage him.

"And it is always good to see you too, Isabel," he grinned at Ron's wife and stuck out his hand. Isabel grabbed a hold of it as if to shake it, but instead Ben pulled her forward into a tight hug.

"No need to be shy, we're family after all,"

The sharp, stab of jealousy when his brother pulled his wife into his embrace melted away the moment Ben referred to her as part of the family.

He could smell the turkey in the oven the moment he stepped inside the door. He saw his father sitting in his favorite recliner near the TV.

"Hello Ron, Isabel," he stood up with a grin as wide as Ben's. "Good to see you,"

"It's good to see you too," Isabel returned his greeting with a sunny smile while Ron simply mumbled a response.

Of course Isabel insisted on doing anything she could to help, which resulted in Isabel banishing the men from the kitchen so she could take over the cooking.

"It's nice to have a woman in the house again," his father commented cheerfully from his recliner. He remembered the way he looked Isabel up and down at the wedding and bristled a little, before calming down once he reminded himself that his family seemed to be trying to change, his father was probably just referring to the cooking. He tried to relax like Isabel said, he knew his family

was making an effort, but old habits die hard.

Though when they sat down to eat, he made sure to sit right next to Isabel. Of course his father burst out laughing when he saw the wine. Ben made sure to sit down on Isabel's other side. He tried to keep his temper in check as he saw them laughing and talking.

Throughout the day he could see Ben and his father both grinning at him, like they could read his mind. A furious thought occurred to him, they wouldn't have to really do anything to him at all, just waiting in dread was enough. He saw Ben put his hand on Isabel's flirtatiously and Ron stood up, while he knew he was probably over reacting, he knew that if he didn't step out of the room. he's end up punching his brother into next week.

He stepped into the kitchen to take a few deep breathes, when he realized that Isabel hadn't come after him. He looked back into the dining room to see Ben putting his hand on his wife's leg. He had never felt like punching him more. He took a few deep breathes to steady himself, he knew what his brother was like, he was only doing this to mess with him, he was trying to get into his head.

He saw Ben's hand move and almost sagged with relief at the idea that he was finally going to stop, but he watched on with horror when he realized that rather than pulling his hand away, it was going in the opposite direction and was starting to climb further up Isabel's leg. He was about to barge back in and tell Ben that the joke had gone far enough, but then a horrifying thought occurred to him, why wasn't Isabel trying to stop him? He watched her giggle and blush, if he didn't know better he'd think she was enjoying herself.

Maybe she had finally caught on to what a manipulative little bastard his brother was, yes, it would be just like Isabel to lead him on, let him get nice and horny and then shut him down to give him a case of blue balls, yes, that had to be her plan.

But then he saw Ben lean in and start kissing her, and not a quick

peck either, but a lush, sensual kiss that seemed to go on and on with no sign of stopping.

"I've had enough," he snapped, storming into the room. "Get up Isabel, we're leaving,"

Yes, things really had gone too far this time. He had take Isabel and leave, to get out of here and never come back again. He went to grab Isabel with hands that shook when his father strode over and grabbed him by the shoulders, forcing him down into an empty dining chair.

"No you don't boy," he didn't need to look up at his father's face to know it was red and twisted with hate, he could tell from the loud, overpowering force of his voice. His father could always make the windows rattle from sheer volume alone. It was a voice that struck him like a lightening bolt of sheer terror, anything old excuse would do when it came to his father, from bad grades to fights at school that he hadn't started, anything at all and sometimes just for the sheer joy of watching his oldest son freeze in terror and wait for the inevitable punishment, but he wouldn't punish him at first, he'd make him try to guess what it was that he had done, and he wasn't allowed to go anywhere until he got it right.

"So what is it this time?" he asked, tears rolling down his face.

"No, no, you remember the rules, don't you boy? You have to guess first,"

He searched his scared, scattered mind for anything, anything he could have done, even if he could just make something up, anything to stop the scene playing out in front of him as Ben's hand crawled up the skirt of Isabel’s dress.

"No," he whispered, whether it was out of denial for what was unfurling right in front of him, an inability to think of what he'd done to invoke his father's wrath, or if he was trying to find a way out of taking part in his father’s sick mind games, it was hard to tell.

"No?!" his father roared his single word back at him, but instead of his own fear, misery and despair, his father’s voice was filled with nothing but outrage, indignation and sheer fury. "Think harder, my boy!"

Ben started kissing Isabel's neck, and not small pecks, either, but an almost vicious sucking that he knew was bound to leave hickeys. Ben squeezed Isabel's busty breasts through her blouse and he couldn't believe his eyes as Ben started unbuttoning her dress and letting the fabric fall onto the floor, exposing her lacy white bra and matching panties. With a kind of detached horror he recognized it as the same ones she wore on their wedding night, he remembered every stitch of what she wore, right down to the clasp that sat between the cups of her bra that allowed her to undo it from the front. His brother grabbed and squeezed her big breasts through the fabric of her bra before reaching for the clasps. He hoped and prayed that it would somehow fail, but he felt something tear in his chest as the lacy white fabric fell away, exposing the milky white curves of her large tits.

"No," he moaned and tried to look away, but his father grabbed his head between his hands and forced him to look back at the scene that was unfolding before him.

“No no, what are you doing, stop!” it was like he was five years old again watching brother rip apart one of his favorite comic books that he had spent all weekend mowing lawns to pay for, it was one of a kind and one of his prize possessions, which his father made him watch while Ben destroyed it. Every caress and kiss to his wife was another rip, but instead of ripping out the pages of a comic book one by one, this time it was his heart that was being ripped to little pieces.

He watched in horror with tears rolling down his face, waiting for his wife, at any moment, to sit up, cry out and demanding to know what the hell Ben thought he was doing, that the joke had gone too far, but she carried on locking lips with his brother. He fought through

his own pain to really look at his wife, at first he was hurt and outraged that his wife was being treated like his comic book, a valuable object, but still an object that his brother was free to simply take from him, to rip apart and destroy.

But now he found himself watching Isabel feeling nothing but numb and empty inside, he felt so separate from his body, like he wasn't really here. Or more like this wasn't his real Isabel, like he had left his Isabel at home and brought some robot in her place by some kind of bizarre accident. No, he decided logically through the numb cloud, he was right, somehow it seemed so logical, he must be right, this couldn't be his Isabel, this had to be some kind of mistake, it couldn't be *his* Isabel moaning as his brother kissed her down her neck and pinched her nipples.

No no no, this isn't happening, he tried to tell himself. If he had to watch this whole nightmare, then he wanted to stay just like this, too numb to really feel the pain. The pain was eating away at the edges of his numb cloud like water dissolving cotton candy. He tried to pull his mind back into that space, anything to keep the pain at bay, but he was torn from that numb cloud entirely when he saw his brother's fingers slips under the waistband of his wife's panties and start to pull them down.

"Enough!" he stood up with enough force that his father's hand slid off his shoulder, his brother paused when he saw the fire in his eyes but didn't take his hands off Isabel. His broken heart asked the question again, but why would Isabel actually encourage his brother's advances? He had two theories, at first he wondered if she was encouraging him with the intention of shutting him down, to give his brother a case of blue balls in revenge for making a move, to make him really suffer. He knew his wife could be a little sadistic to those she felt had wronged her, he couldn't count the number of cashiers she had reduced to tears after being given the wrong change. But when Isabel went as far as to allow Ben to pull down her panties, exposing her pussy to the whole room he had

developed a second theory, that she had arranged this all with his family as some kind of sick joke, maybe to teach him some kind of lesson, but what the lesson was he couldn't say.

"Enough, this joke has gone far enough! I'm going," he moved to walk away, but once again his father wrestled him back into his chair.

"Listen to me, my boy!" his father's face was bright red from yelling, just like when he was a little boy.

"I'm not your boy anymore!" he yelled back, trying to wrestle from his father's grip. But years of working heavy machinery in a factor had turned his father's grip to iron, his own muscles had gone soft from his years at his desk job. Even in his old age, his father was still overpowering. He had wanted to keep going, to tell his father that he was a man now and didn't have to do as he said, didn't have to keep taking this kind of abuse from him, but his father just roared over the top of him while shoving him deeper into his seat, his fingers were like iron claws digging into his skin, like his father had just turned into a large, terrifying eagle and he was a tiny little rabbit and he was about to rip him apart limb from limb.

CHAPTER THREE

"You've never made that any more obvious than at that fucking wedding!" His father screamed at him, bits of spit flying in Ron's face. He moved to stand behind Ron, pressing him into his chair so hard that it was painful.

"What did I do?" he knew his father was expecting him to beg, beg to know what it was that he had done, but the sound that came out of him mouth wasn't just a whine, but also a demand for answers. "What was wrong with the wedding?"

He felt a sharp blow to the back of the head and he felt the familiar fear of his childhood come back. Part of him, the part of him that was still just a scared little boy rose up inside him, like it was another person grabbing onto him, insisting that if he just did as he was told then maybe daddy would stop yelling at him, stop hitting him*, just make it stop!*
"What about the wedding?" he asked again, but this time it came out as a terrified whisper.

"Oh like you don't know!" his father roared. His father made eye contact with Ben and he resumed pulling Isabel's panties down, exposing her pussy to room. It wasn't quite hairless, there was a sparse amount of black hair covering her pubis, was it wasn't much. It was why his wife never bothered shaving, she had so little hair there already that she never saw the point. "That whole display was disgusting!"

His father roared this last part just as Ben's hand slid down his wife's stomach not stopping as he reached her pussy. Ron was trembling from humiliation, pain and rage as Ben parted the folds of her labia and slipped a finger inside her with a wet sound. It was the most painful sound of all, it was proof that his wife was actually enjoying this and getting nice and wet for his own brother. It was further proof that his wife wasn't just going along with this, but an active participant.

As he was forced to watch this whole disgusting scene that was playing out in front of him, his father's words seemed so ironic, what about his wedding could have offended them so badly as to invoke this kind of response? What did he do that was this bad?

"What did I do?" he asked again, but this time it was in the small, submissive voice that he knew his father wanted to hear, a scared little boy he could put everything on, to abuse and convince him that he was guilty of whatever his father accused him off and deserving any abuse his father deemed was an appropriate.

"You just couldn't wait to take off after your mother died," his father began, somehow it hurt a little to hear him refer to her as "your mother," instead of "my wife," like she was nothing more to him than the woman who was the mother of his children. Was his father really hurt so bad when he left? He didn't think that he wouldn't honestly care.

"I didn't think that you would care if I stayed or if I left," he started trying to explain himself but of course, his father interrupted him once again.

"Of course I don't give a fuck if your useless ass is here or not," his father spat. "But you didn't have to insult us by taking off so quickly, you make it clear that you couldn't stand the sight of us, you didn't think that I wouldn't be insulted by that?"

"I had to make my own life," he hoped that this explanation would satisfy his father and soothe his rage, but his hope was in vain, he felt like he should have known his father better than to think that anything he could say would change a thing.

"But it wasn't good enough for you to just fuck off and pretend we didn't exist," his father continued. Was that why his father was so angry, because he didn't call nearly often enough after he moved out? But those first few months of freedom were so sweet, living a life where he didn't have to walk on egg shells and live in fear, could his father honestly blame him for wanting to keep some distance?

But obviously his father did blame him, because he kept talking.

"We could pretend that you didn't exist either you useless prick, but then you had to go and invite us to that stupid fucking wedding,"

"What was wrong with the wedding?" he asked once again, he didn't want to listen to a word that his father was saying, but any sound was better than his wife's moans of passion.

"I'll tell you what was wrong with it," his father's voice came out as a low, dangerous growl, which in its own way much even more terrifying than when he was yelling at full volume. "You couldn't just fuck off and live your life, you had to show off, you had to really rub it in, how much better you were doing than us, you think you're so much better than us and you couldn't wait to rub it in our faces,"

"No," he thought back on his wedding, all the fancy decorations, all the money that went into that day. "That was all Isabel, she's the one who planned the wedding, I didn't even want to invite you, she did…"

He had tried to explain, to clear up the misunderstanding his father didn't want to hear it.

"Nice try my boy, but it's a poor man who blames his wife for his own short comings, though it's nice to hear that you weren't going to invite your poor old father to his oldest son's wedding," his father growled again. He decided not to bring up the number of times that his father had done the same thing to his mother, blaming her for mistakes that were clearly his own fault. Ron hated himself for not sticking up for his mother's memory, but he knew if he pointed this out than his father would just abuse him further, accusing him of being disrespectful.

"And speaking of the lovely Isabel," he could heart the sick smile in his father's voice as his father gripped his head in his hands like a vice and forced him to look over at Ben and Isabel.

He felt helpless as his brother squeezed and pulled on her breasts

with one hand and kept fucking her soaking wet pussy with the other, yes by now Ben was fucking with three fingers at once. He thought that Ben was being a little rough with her, much rougher than he would have been, but his wife's increasingly loud cries of passion proved that she appeared to be enjoying his brother's rough treatment. Was this what she wanted? Was she doing this because she found him wanting as a lover, unable to fuck her as hard and rough as she wanted? So many times she had cried out that she wanted him to pull on her dark raven colored hair and call her named, but he just couldn't. After growing up around so much violence, he just didn't have it in him to be rough with anyone, much less his wife, even if she literally begging for it.

His father laughed and suddenly Ron had a very bad feeling.

"I knew your wife was a whore the moment I saw her, we both did," he had never heard his father sound so overjoyed as he did at the moment when Ben lifted Isabel up onto the table and started unbuckling his belt. "We could tell that under that fancy dress was a cock hungry little slut. But can you blame her? She's never really been fucked properly before, or at least as long as she's been married to a loser like you, she's obviously just dying for a good hard fuck from real man by now,"

"No, that's not true," it came out as a sob as Ben spread his wife's legs.

"Ben," his father barked. "Pass me her phone,"

Ben seemed a little put out, but like Ron he knew better than to disobey their father. He dug around in Isabel's handbag and passed their father her phone.

His father watched with a grin as Ben walked back over to Isabel, an arrogant confidence in his stride, it was the look of a conquering Viking ready to claim his prize.

Isabel wrapped her legs around Ben's hips, pulling him two her. They

kissed passionately and as Ben started grinding against Isabel, Ron realized with horror that Ben wasn't really just grinding against Isabel, he was now actually inside her, his brother's cock was inside his wife's pussy and he was never more disgusted in his life.

It was right then that it really hit home that this wasn't some kind of joke. When this whole horror show started, he hoped that his brother was just being an arsehole, deep down he hoped that his brother was just going to grope Isabel right in front of him to gross him out. It was like the world's most heart-breaking horror movie playing out right in front of him and as Isabel moaned under his brother's thrusts he was forced to face the fact that he really was watching his brother and his wife fuck right in front of him.

"Why? Isabel, why?" Ron asked. "Ben, what are you doing? You're my brother, why are you guys doing this?"

But they both simply ignored him and kept going on, it was like he wasn't even there. Why were they doing this? It was the million-dollar question. It was a question that his father was all to happy to answer. He thought that his father would just taunt him, tease him with the answer and frustrating with the idea that he would never find out, but it seemed that his father would rather beat him over the head with cold, hard truth.

He saw the sadistic grin on his father's face, he recognized it as the face his father made when he couldn't wait to deliver some bad news.

"What?" Ron asked. "What do you know that I don't?"

His father started laughing, he laughed on and on, the more his father laughed the more fear that built up inside Ron, he knew that his father wasn't just laughing at this whole predicament, this was building up to something.

"What? What?"

At last his father's laughter died down and what he said next sent

chills straight down into Ron's soul.

"You seriously think that this is their first time, boy?" his father asked and Ron had never felt so afraid. His father punched in the code to unlock his wife's phone, how would he know any of this?

His father opened his wife's messages, reading them out loud in a voice of sickening glee, continuing to shove the phone in Ron's face as proof that he wasn't just making any of it up.

"It turns out when you showed more than a little reluctance to invite us to your wedding, dear sweet Isabel took it upon herself to reach out to her Ronny's poor neglected misunderstood family, this is one she sent us after the wedding, *I'm sorry about Ron*," his father started reading out loud. "*I don't know what his problem is, I'm sorry he didn't talk to you more, I can't believe that he didn't take more time for his own family,*"

He felt a dull ache inside him, it wasn't just that she naively couldn't understand that he wasn't as close to his family as she was to his, she disagreed with him to the point where she actually started bad mouthing him behind his back to his abusive family.

"Fuck you Isabel!" the words burst out of him in a flood of emotions, he expected his father to hit him for swearing, but all the old man did was laugh. He continued yelling at Isabel as she writhed and moaned under his brother's cock. "These people treat me like crap but I'm supposed to just bow down and still treat them like gold just because they're my fucking family?"

"You don't understand how valuable family is," Isabel moaned, addressing him for the first time since this whole nightmare had started. "You just don't get how important family is, OH GOD YES!" her speech ended as she started screaming through her orgasm, it was so humiliating, Isabel had never made this much noise for him, never. "OH GOD YES BENNY, FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD!" she screamed.

"Benny?" he spat, "Since when has he been *Benny?*"

"*Can't wait to see you tonight, Benny,*" his father read out another text message. "It's from July twelfth, does that date ring any bells?"

"You said you were working that night!" Ron cried out.

"I lied," Isabel moaned and grabbed his brother by the arse cheeks so she could drive him harder and deeper into her body, she threw her head back on the cheap table with a moan as she truly surrendered to the throes of passion.

"*I don't know what you see in that worthless loser*," his father read out cheerfully in a perfect imitation of his brother's voice. "*I can't see how he could possibly do it for you,*" his father laughed again before continuing on in a high imitation of Isabel's voice. "*He doesn't, he's so pathetic he can't even get it up most nights*,"

"You're usually passed out drunk most nights!" Ron yelled. "I'm sorry if not wanting to rape my wife somehow makes me less of a man!"

"Well she's getting a real man now!" His brother cried cheerfully, his arse was pumping in and out of his wife, getting faster and faster and Ron had the horrifying thought that his brother was actually about to cum inside his wife.

"*I can't wait to have you again!*" His father continued in a high voice. "*You fuck me so much better than my loser husband!*"

Tears rolled down his cheeks as the truth was finally revealed.

"How many times?" he asked quietly, though he wasn't sure who, if anyone, would respond to his question.

"Not quite sure there, my boy," this time his father's voice was devoid of all the anger and hate that it had been so heavy with earlier and he sat down next to Ron like they were now friends. "They text back and forth here for a while and it gets harder to tell when they're hooking up and when they're just talking dirty to each

other…and here's a pretty good shot of your brother's pecker,"

His father leaned in towards him to show him a photo his brother had clearly taken with Isabel's phone, it was a point of view shot from his brother's perspective and it was a clear shot of his brother's dick buried balls deep inside a pussy he recognized as Isabel's. Ron leaned away with disgust and his father leaned back with a shrug.

"Ah, here's the one I was looking for," his father announced cheerfully, the table continued squeaking with Ben's thrusts, getting faster and faster. Ron tried to focus on the squeak of the table to drown out Ben's final groan of satisfaction as he came deep inside of Isabel's pussy, not to no avail.

"*He's so pathetic, we should really stick it to him one of these days, just fuck right there in front of him,*" his father continued reading in his brother's voice before switching to Isabel's. "*Well we're coming over for Christmas whether he likes it or not, though you should probably ask your dad to call so it doesn't sound like it's my idea, he never listens to me these days,"*

A horrible sense of dread came over Ron and he had a feeling that the pieces of the puzzle were starting to come together.

"We'll fuck right there on the table right in front of him, are you up for that?" His father read in Ben's voice again before once more reading as Isabel, Isabel herself was panting and sweaty as Ben was pulling up his pants.

"*Sure am, but are you sure your father won't mind?"*

His father laughed again, in a low chuckle.

"Mind? Don't mind if I do, really,"

He had no idea what on earth his father was talking about, until he followed the line of his father's sight and realized that he was staring between Isabel's spread, sweaty thighs. His father stood up with a grunt and made his way over to Isabel.

“Wait, what are you doing?” Isabel asked, panicked as her father in law grabbed a hold of her by the ankles. “This wasn’t part of the plan,”

“I’m the one in charge here, Missy,” his father growled as he dragged Isabel towards him. His father’s slacks hit the floor and in a final move of domination, cruelty and victory, he mounted Isabel like a stallion mounting a young mare.

The sight of his father’s wrinkly arse moving up and down was enough to make him sick, as he was forced to watch his father fuck a woman who wasn’t even half his age, a woman who was his own daughter in law and might as well have been family.

He felt his heart ripping apart, he would give anything not to look, anything not to be here watching this. Through all the pain and fear, a reality hit him like a lightning bolt and he realized one very important fact. His father had been the one holding forcing him to stay in his seat, twisting his head and roaring at him to make him watch. But now his father was standing over near the table, having the time of his life with a woman who had vowed to be true to her husband until the day they both died.

But the most important fact was that nobody was holding him down anymore. He knew his father wanted him to stay there and watch, but it was time to take back his rightful control over his own life.

He pulled himself to his feet and stumbled out the door and over to the car, barely even noticing the cold rain the pelted his body little sharp little bullets from above, like the whole world, even the fucking weather wanted to shit on him today. He threw himself behind the wheel and sped off down the road. It was after a moment that she realized that no one had called after him, it might have started off as a cold act of cruelty, but they were having the time of their life right now and didn’t give two and half shits if he was there or not.

He wasn’t sure which was worse, wanting him there so they could

hurt him or not even caring if he was there at all.

CHAPTER FOUR

He had never felt so terrified, horrified and so sick in all his life. He felt a pain in his chest that felt like someone had stabbed him right in the heart with a knife made out of pain and never bothered to pull the weapon back out.

He tied to banish the mental pictures in his head, he tried to tell himself that this was all just the worst nightmare in the fucking world and he was bound to wake up sooner or later, but it was no use. His face was cold and frozen in horror, he couldn't banish the images flashing in his mind over and over, the moment when Ben started kissing Isabel's neck and he realized that Ben wasn't just kissing her as part of a cruel joke with the intention of making him angry for the sake of entertainment, that they had all arranged the whole thing ahead of time.

And worst of all, the sight of his father's pale, wrinkled arse pumping up and down as he fucked his son's wife, filling her full of his disgusting, creamy old man cum.

The pain hit him once again like a lightning bolt, like somebody kept stabbing him in the chest with a thousand daggers and twisted them.

Why? His car was turning into a pale blue blur as he started speeding dangerously down the rain-slicked road. Why did they have to do it? It wasn't like they just joked about it, or even went as far as threatening to, no they went all the way and actually fucking his wife right there on the dinner table right in front of his eyes.

And how could Isabel respond? Why did she have to moan like that and dig her fingers into her father in law's arse to drive him further into her body, making his groan in response.

Why did those bastards have to hurt him like this?

He felt so lost, what would he do now? What could he do?

Usually he would turn to his wife in times of crisis, but he couldn't do that now, not anymore.

Why did it have to be *her?* Why did they both have to take everything? Of all the women in the world why did they have to take his wife?

If it had been any other girl he would still be disgusted at the idea of his father and his brother both fucking the same woman over Christmas dinner, not to mention a little bizarre, but that would have been livable, fucking a hooker right in front of him would have been a disgusting display aimed at getting a rise out of him, it would have been disgusting, but nowhere near this heartbreaking and soul destroying.

So many times he was there for her when she needed him, through every rough period, through every cold, flu and bad day at work. Of all the guys in the world why did she have to cheat on him with not just one but both sole surviving members of his family?

It also hurt the scared hurt child in him, the little boy that lived inside his heart who wanted to believe that one day, if he worked hard enough, he would earn his father and his brother's love and respect. It felt like they had both ripped that part of him out of his chest and ripped it into little pieces out of spite.

Because deep down, as badly as his family had treated him, as much as he tried to limit his contact with them, a small, secret part of him had still loved them, despite everything. He could lose his family, or he could lose his wife. Losing one of them was heartbreaking

enough, but not both, not like this, losing them both was a pain that he couldn't bear.

Who do I have now? They were the three most important people to me in the world and now I don't have anyone.

The road blurred through the rain and his own tears. The trees rushed past him at incredible speed, would it even matter if he crashed into one of them?

Suddenly a blast like a fog horn brought him back to his senses and a blinding light filled his vision. He swerved wildly to avoid the other car, his heart racing as he felt a jolt of ice cold fear. The angry honking sped past him, taking his side mirror with them.

"Sorry!" he called out though he knew they wouldn't hear him, his hands were trembling as he swerved and came to a stop by the side of the road.

Wow I really am a screw up. I was so wrapped up in myself I didn't even see the other car.

The tears continued to fall, the windshield wipers waving frantically like the arms of a panicked pedestrian until he turned them off. How could he be so selfish? What if there was a family in that car? How could he risk hurting an innocent child or risk making them an orphan because he was too stupid to watch the road?

That's it, I'm not moving another inch until I know I'm good to go. He turned off the engine, his hands shaking like scared puppies, her heart racing.

In his mind he knew that he had to calm down, here he was on a dark road in the middle of the night and he had to keep it together until he could reach safety, or at least somewhere warm and dry where he could rest, somewhere no one could find him. Even driving felt like too hard of task right now, he needed to be somewhere

where he didn't have to focus on anything, certainly nothing as dangerous as driving. He could pull over into a motel, somewhere where he could watch TV, find something mindless to do that he wouldn't have to work too hard to do, but at the same time something that would help him take him mind of everything.

But his heart had other ideas, his bruised and battered heart didn't care about anything else. It was probably the same sick, sadistic part of his mind that wouldn't stop replaying the events over and over, torturing him with suggestions about what he could have done differently.

If she was that unhappy why didn't she just talk to him? Outright leaving him, even if it was for his disgusting pervert of a brother and his cruel sadistic father, still would have been better than the nightmare that he had just seen, he would still be broken hearted but he wouldn't be hurting quite as badly, he wondered if the difference would have been laughably small, like wondering if it would hurt less if he were stabbed in the heart with a dull knife instead of a sharp one, the wound would still be there, he would still be in unbearable pain.

It was his father's words most of all that came back to haunt him, like the world's biggest mountain rising out of a fog of pain. It was the part of him that next forgot his father's abuse, even after he escaped his father's house the moment he turned eighteen, part of him never forgot and haunted him in the back of his mind, every time he messed up, every time he failed, every time he was anything less than perfect there was a part of him that repeated everything his father ever said to him.

You think you're so much better than us! His father screamed the day he came home from school to proudly present his father with the test he got an A+ on, he stammered a shook, crying that he didn't think that at all. He stopped trying and next time he got an F, and his father screamed at him once again, you think you're better that me? *You think you're better than all the people in the world*

who have to work for a living? What the matter with you boy, you think you're too good to work?

So he coasted along with a C, not high or low enough to invoke his father's wrath, but then he had to dodge the lectures from his teachers about how he could do better if he applied himself, if he wasn't so lazy, nothing he did was ever good enough for anyone, nothing he did was ever good enough. He hoped to get into medical school and become a doctor, he wanted to save lives more than anything, but he didn't have the grades. He had sacrificed his future in the career of his dreams just so his father would stop screaming at him, all in the vain hope that if he did this one more thing, then his father might finally love him.

He was a pathetic loser no matter what and deserved everything bad that happened to him.

But what did I do? He wondered miserably, sobbing and crying to the point where his nose went red and started to run. What did I do this time? I didn't do anything, the wedding wasn't to show up, it was Isabel who planned everything.

Exactly! He felt an unexpected amount of anger burst through the surface like a volcano he had through went dormant long ago, if they've been talking to her as long as they say they have, they must have known the whole wedding was her idea, and who the fuck responds to a flashy wedding by fucking the bride over a year later in front of her husband? At Christmas!

And that was the cherry on top of the shit sundae that was now his life, he wasn't sure that he would ever enjoy Christmas ever again. He had always sort liked the holiday, he enjoyed the community cheer and general good will, even if he had to ignore the nagging sense of guilt that it was somehow his fault that his own family wasn't as close as the ones he saw around him.

But from now on the site of a roasted turkey would just remind him

of the worst thing that ever happened to him, worse than all the slaps, kicks and put downs, all the abuse he had suffered through his life. While his inner child was still making excuses for his father, wanted to believe with all his heart that his dad couldn’t possibly be that bad, he even found himself crying the word “daddy” over and over through his tears, mourning for the father he always wanted and always hoped for, the kind of father he hopes that his could be, deep deep down. It felt like someone had died and he realized it was time to stop being the hurt little boy he had been, it was time to accept that his father never truly loved him, not even deep down and he was never going to spontaneously turn into a decent father. As much as it hurt to speak ill of his father, it was time to just accept that his father was a complete and utter bastard.

Isabel, Isabel was hardly innocent in this either. She always took his family's side whenever he tried to tell her about what he had been through in his youth, always insisting that it couldn’t possibly be true, that he must be exaggerating or just remembering it wrong.

She never respected his wishes to maintain distance from them and it wasn't just naiveite, she never really cared about how much they were hurting him. She was always so selfish, he was always there when he needed her, how often did she ever really care about him?

Because of her selfishness, what should have been the happiest day of his life, their wedding, was about her, what she wanted, about how she didn’t' care about how on edge he was as long as she got what she wanted and as long as he was doing what she thought he should be doing.

He felt so cold and empty inside and he felt like something inside him had died. It felt like part of his soul had died and it was only now that he realized that part of him had died alright, it was the part of him that had wanted to believe that he could be loved. All the people who he ever loved hurt him and betrayed him for the simple joy of it, the only person in his life who ever loved him was his mother and she had died long ago, for a brief moment he wondered

if he would be better off dead too, just like the only person who ever loved him.

How did a sweet, loving person like his mother end up married to such a cruel bastard? They had married young, just out of high school really and his dad got a factory job at the same time instead of going to college. He wondered if she had gotten pregnant, but he stopped that thought in his tracks, he couldn't face the idea that he was responsible in some way for her misery, and he knew that his mother would never want him to abuse himself to blame himself for anything. Thought it would explain why his father hated him so much, and hated him even more whenever he tried to achieve anything.

Yes, it was time to accept that his father was a complete bastard.

His father might not have enjoyed the wedding, but it was no excuse to hurt him, his father never had the right to abuse him. Everything from his grades to his wedding was just an excuse to hurt him, to lash out at the son he couldn't control, the son who was going to do so much more with his life, his father had always hated him for wanting to do better with his life and had turned his other son into a cruel twisted bastard just like him.

He thought about how badly Isabel had hurt him and it was only now that he realized how trapped he had felt in his marriage. Maybe in a cruel twisted way, maybe losing her could be the best thing that could have happened to him.

He started the car back up and drove at snail's pace with a plan in him, he would go home and arrange to have the locks changed as soon as possible. He might not ever truly love or trust again, but that didn't mean that his life was over, he knew that his mother would want him to live. He saw a ray of sunshine beaming through the clouds just ahead of him, lighting his way like a guiding light, that was all he needed to keep going, just one ray of hope.

It seemed like the worst thing to ever happen to him could easily

become the best thing to ever happen to him, it was possible that his pain would set him free, as she was shedding all the toxic people from his life like a snake shedding a skin he no longer needed.

He didn’t know what his future had in store for him, but it was already starting to look just a little bit brighter.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | MANIPULATION | INTERRACIAL | BETRAYAL

COUNSEL AND CONTROL

Remy Leone

Counsel and Control

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	First Consultation
2	Confessions
3	Time Apart
4	What It All Lead Up To
5	Confronting Fears

FIRST CONSULTATION

Yvette gave a firm yet playful nudge to her husband Brad when she saw him staring at the busty secretary's chest. The secretary was wearing a dark jacket that covered her white blouse, but there was no denying the presence of the woman’s huge breasts pressing to be free of the constraining fabric. Each button was being tested right in front of the couple who sat there in the waiting room. Brad even had pictured one of the buttons flying off from such pressure and hitting him in the eye which made him laugh to himself.

Yvette wasn't jealous at all, though, as she had even larger, rounder and perkier breasts. Not only did she have the curves, but she also had the slim athletic toned body to go with it. She couldn’t even remember the last time that she wasn’t the hottest woman in the room garnering all male’s attentions present. Even when there was substantial competition, like this secretary she remained secure in her confidence of her own beauty. It also helped to consider the fact that her husband Brad was not the type of man who usually got women as hot as either her or the secretary.

Yvette had light blonde hair and pale blue eyes, long legs and curves that must have been sculpted by years of hard work in the gym. Her face had a playful, yet sexy quality to it, with her full lips that were always smiling.

Brad was a good-looking man, with blond hair of himself and

brown eyes, standing just a little shorter than Yvette. He was above average in looks, but compared to Yvette, he looked out of place standing beside Yvette. His wife held such beauty that it was hard for any lustful man to notice anyone standing beside her. This lead to her getting on hit on men all the time right in front of Brad. Brad was soft gentle man and did his best to be patient about it and allow his wife to relish in other men's advances.

Brad smiled playfully at beautiful blonde wife who was pretending to be jealous. He knew she wasn't, and that Yvette, while not egotistical, didn't see any woman as competition for attention. The fact she was pretending to be jealous at him giving her attention to another man comforted him with a warm feeling.

"Please send them in now, doll," The voice that came through the tiny intercom had a firmness that conveyed a cool professionalism.

"You can head in now," The busty secretary said with a smile. Brad and Yvette smiled back and walked through the oak door to the doctor's office. Brad did his best to avoid looking down the secretary's top.

The couple walked into the office and were greeted by the tall black figure sitting behind it. It wasn't that they had never seen a black doctor before, it was just a surprise they didn't know their doctor was going to be black. However, like the liberal couple they were they both tried to push the thought out of their mind not wanting to be racist.

Dr. Jackson stood up from behind his large desk to acknowledge their presence. He was a tall, dark, good looking man with chiseled features and a little grey hair on his temples, but otherwise a full and rich head of black short cropped coarse hair. He reached across his desk to shake both Brad and Yvette's hands. They greeted him warmly and made introductions. Brad couldn't help but how firm Jackson's handshake was compared to the way he shook his wife's

hand.

"I would like to welcome, both of you," Dr. Jackson said with a beaming smile and a tone filled with a confident bravado. "Please. Sit down in a chair."

Brad looked down at the two chairs that both sat facing the desk so they could converse with the doctor. Brad and Yvette each sat down. Yvette crossed her long, toned legs without intention toward the black doctor. Her voluptuous chest made their presence known no matter how she sat and thought nothing of it that her top felt tight.

Dr. Jackson said, sitting down and looked at each one for a long moment. Brad couldn't help but shift under his seat as the black man stared at him with such an unknown blank expression. The doctor then brought his hands up on top of the table, switched his view to Yvette and clasped his hands in front of him on the desk. He said nothing as he continued to look at the blonde hourglass figured beauty.

Yvette didn't shift like her husband did. In fact, she was relaxed as she sat back in the chair more. She returned the look of the black doctor until finally raising a brow as if "what?". However, she politely remained silent.

Dr. Jackson felt he had a good understanding of what he was dealing with, but he continued anyway, "What brings you two to see me?"

Brad and Yvette looked at each other wondering if the other one wanted to speak up. They both shared the same embarrassed smile, but Brad seemed to be more uncomfortable than Yvette the doctor noticed. He could tell that it was hard for them to decide where to begin.

Brad's tone was nervous and he was staring down at his own feet as he spoke, "Well… ummm, we're happy, mostly. I mean we're happy, but not happy like we use to be when we first married. In our marriage, I mean, day to day."

Brad felt like he was tripping in his own words hoping not to offend the beauty next to him and make sure she was pleased the way he phrased it. For reassurance, he looked to Yvette for support, and she reached out a hand, and he placed his in hers.

"But, in the bedroom, it's, uh, not been going well."

"That is nothing to be embarrassed about, Brad," Dr. Jackson said reassuringly. "It's perfectly natural for a couple to have problems in the bedroom. We'll work out what to do. Yvette, what is your take on the situation?"

"Brad and I have known each other for a long time," Yvette said, her sweet smile radiating beauty. She almost ended it there, but knew she had to say more.

"Well and he has always been good to me, so the sex is not that important to me. I think he pressures himself to be great all around. His lack of confidence is due to some of his physical shortcomings, but I really never had an issue with his penis size."

The words stung Brad. No man wants to hear his wife talk about his genitals in a negative manner. He knew she didn't mean it, but having another man hear it was embarrassing none the less. The fact the man was black filled Brad's mind with a whole new set of barriers he was trying to overcome in that moment.

"I see." Dr. Jackson simply said.

The cool way he said it suggested he expected what his wife was about to say. The doctor continued speaking.

"In a situation where the couple are supportive but something is not quite right, I find that they are often holding back on saying

things in front of the other person out of fear of appearing unsupportive. It is almost counterproductive, but sometimes it's okay to let one another fall. It's admirable that you want to be positive for your husband, but good intentions will lead to being less open with one another. For this main reason, I'd like to talk to each of you separately. Would that be alright?"

Brad and Yvette looked at each other, and nodded, then turned back to Dr. Jackson and agreed. Brad was willing to do anything to make Yvette happy.

"Good, good," Dr. Jackson said. "Then I'd like to start with Brad. Yvette, would you mind waiting outside for a while?" Yvette smiled and agree, then, with a kiss on Brad's forehead, left the room.

"Now, Brad, I think I can right away see a problem, as it's quite common in a situation like yours. Would you mind if I took a guess?"

"No, please do," Brad said. He knew that he needed all the help he could get.

"Yvette is an extremely beautiful woman," Dr. Jackson said. "So beautiful that you must feel very lucky to be with her. And because you feel like she is so precious, you feel a pressure to provide for her, to perform for her, to keep her satisfied. Would you say that's true?"

Brad thought about it for a while. "Wow, you're really good at this."

The compliment seemed to be unheard by the black doctor. His face was made for a poker game as he waited for Brad to continue.

Brad realized he was getting distracted and began again, "She gets hit on all the time by other men. Almost constantly and lots of times right in front of me which can make me feel very insecure. It's like other men are not threatened by me or my wife is just that beautiful that it's worth the risk to them. It can almost be downright disrespectful sometimes. So, I know that she could be with any man

in the world, so I try to not be just any man. I want to love her like no one else can."

"That is a righteous aim," Dr. Jackson said. "You're a very good man to feel that way. However, I think you can see that putting so much pressure on yourself to be better than every other man is a lot to ask of yourself. Your body is trying to tell you something by not living up to an impossible ideal."

"But," Brad said, "How can I stop trying to please her without making her less happy? I feel like if I don't try my hardest, she'll be less satisfied with me."

"Ah," Dr. Jackson said, leaning back in his chair, "That is the very thing we're going to have to work out here. It will take some time, Brad. It is going to take work and I'll be straight with you. It won't come easy. It will be a long game and you're going to have to put your trust in me. Remember I am here to help you and your wife in the bedroom."

After that, they began to talk for the next half hour about Brad's feelings to Yvette. Brad revealed he had longed to be with her for years, keeping himself single so he could have her when the opportunity would present itself. He was infatuated with her prior to dating her and at the time he remembered never wanting another woman. He felt pain when she had other boyfriends and agonized that he had become merely a friend. When the opportunity presented itself to become more than he friend, it was the happiest day of her life.

"I'm glad that you've got such commitment to your wife," Dr. Jackson said. "Your deep love for her is going to make this process go very well in the end. Now, however, I'll need to ask you to leave so I can speak to Yvette and get her side of things."

Brad agreed and stepped out the door as Yvette stepped in. They smiled at each other but didn't say anything. Yvette could see that Brad was emotionally drained, and she thought it was best to let him stay in his reflective mood.

The large heavy brown oak door shut as Brad sat in a chair in the waiting room. He felt that there was some promise with Dr. Jackson's help. Brad had always held back from confessing to Yvette how much he needed her because he knew that being needy was not attractive. Even though he knew Yvette would never judge Brad poorly for being so devoted to her, he just couldn't be too honest with her about it. It felt good to finally confide in someone about the power imbalance in his relationship with Yvette.

Brad waited for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, Dr. Jackson buzzed the receptionist and said "Doll, please send Brad in now."

Brad headed in through the oak door, and when he sat down beside Yvette, he could see she was uncomfortable. Her eyes weren't reddened, so she hadn't been crying, but her hair was a little out of place and she looked a little bothered. Brad assumed they must have touched some deep places, just as he had done in his turn with Dr. Jackson.

"Today has been extremely productive," Dr. Jackson said. "I think I can see what each of you needs, and I'm sure we can go forward and get to where we can resolve this situation properly. Are you both interested in continuing?"

"Yes, definitely," Brad said right away. Then he noticed that Yvette did not answer right away. Brad looked at her and noticed she was biting her lip and looking down.

"Yvette?" Brad asked softly. Yvette looked up at Brad and he noticed that she looked like she wanted Brad to do something, but he was not sure what.

"Yvette," Dr. Jackson asked, his voice taking on an almost stern

tone, like a teacher addressing a student. "Do you want to keep doing what we did today?" Yvette looked at Dr. Jackson, and then back at Brad. Her eyes now did redden and glistened as tears formed but didn't actually fall from her eyes.

"Yes Dr. Jackson," Yvette said. Brad reached out his hand and she put hers in his. He squeezed it lovingly.

"I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that you are both ready to undertake this journey." Dr. Jackson said happily. "Please schedule an appointment next week with Tina, and I'll see you soon.

Brad and Yvette left, and as they did, Brad noticed another couple waiting in the waiting area. The wife was quite beautiful, with deep brown skin and almond shaped eyes. Her breasts weren't as large as Yvette's, but this woman was very beautiful. Brad wondered if they had the same problem as he and Yvette did.

That night Yvette was distracted and uncomfortable. They didn't have sex, which was not unusual, as that was why they were seeking counselling. However, as they lay in bed in the darkness, they talked quietly about Yvette's obvious discomfort.

"What did you two talks about?" Brad asked.

"He told me that I was so beautiful that I needed to understand the effect I have on men," Yvette said.

"That doesn't sound so bad," Brad said, "and it is true."

"Yes, I know I'm attractive," Yvette said hesitantly, since she was uncomfortable with being immodest, "but, Brad, I'm not sure we should go back to see Dr. Jackson."

"Why not?" Brad asked.

"He stirred up feelings in me," Yvette said, "Feelings that scare me." Brad thought about that for a long time before responding.

"I've never been to a therapist before," Brad said. "but I think

that the idea is to confront ideas that are uncomfortable. I think as long as you think there's some truth in it, you should explore your feelings."

Yvette quietly cried in the dark, and Brad could only barely hear it. He held her tight and comforted her.

"I'm willing to go through anything to make you happy, baby, but we won't go back there if you don't want to. Think about it for a few days and let me know."

Yvette stopped crying, but her mood hadn't completely changed. They both laid down and Brad held her till they both fell asleep.

CONFESSIONS

The next day at breakfast, Yvette still didn't want to go back to see Dr. Jackson and wanted to call to cancel their next appointment. However, Brad was insistent that she hadn't thought about it for long enough.

Yvette pouted with her tears and even got angry at Brad for not understanding her feelings. However, Brad continued to be the same gentle and understanding man as usual. His demeanor always had a way to calm Yvette down and she respected his guidance when it came to her own emotions so she listened.

Brad asked her to just be a little more patient, since the feelings from the first appointment were still fresh. Just wait one more day and if she still didn't want to go, then he would definitely cancel, no more questions asked.

He turned out to be on to something, as the next day when they spoke about it, Yvette wasn't as sure. She kept asking Brad if he was sure he wanted to go back, and she seemed to be looking for him to

make a decision. It was if she wanted him to call it off. She needed him to call it off because she wasn't feeling strong enough. Brad, however, took this as a sign that whatever issues she and Dr. Jackson had discussed, they needed to be addressed, so Brad said they should go back.

As the days went by, Yvette's attitude changed. She not only agreed she wanted to go back, she started to become impatient for the next session. She said she could see now that she needed to undergo Dr. Jackson's therapy, and that it would be for the best. Brad was excited, as it meant that maybe the issues that were between them were finally on the way to being solved.

At the next session, they sat together in Dr. Jackson's office. Yvette was looking extremely hot, in tight jean shorts and a white tank top. She was showing a lot of skin, and Brad could hardly take his eyes off her. In spite of being married, and in spite of his difficulties in the bedroom, he still felt excitement when he looked at Yvette, and when she turned up the sexiness, he was just as captivated as any other man.

"Can I go first this time?" Yvette asked Dr. Jackson.

"No," Dr. Jackson explained. "There is a procedure to this, and I'm afraid it's important that I talk to Brad first. Please wait outside. We will try not to be too long.

Yvette walked out of the office, and Brad turned to watch her perfectly shape ass swing from side to side as she went out the door.

"Now, Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "I want to hear more about how you and Yvette met. She's quite a catch. How is it you came to be with her?"

"We were friends since junior high," Brad said, "but just friends. Of course, she was a cheerleader and dated the most popular boys. I knew her because I tutored her in history, and we got to talking. After a while, she would confide in me, and she thought of me like a

brother. That was kind of rough, because I wanted her so bad. I would cry at home knowing that she was out on dates and probably having sex with these other guys, and then she would even tell me about it after."

"She would tell you about the sex she had with other boys?" Dr. Jackson asked.

"No, no, no. Oh god no." Brad said almost horrified at the thought of his wife talking about other men like that. However, he continued, "No she never told me about other boys directly. She would tell me more about the relationships and what was going well and what wasn't. I don't think she knew how much it would hurt me to hear about her having sex with other men, but she just didn't talk about it because it was a little too private, even though we were close. Of course, I could figure out from the things she said what was going on."

"It must have been emasculating for her to treat you like one of her girlfriends," Dr. Jackson said.

"It was," Brad agreed. "For years, from junior high all the way through to the end of college, she was with other men, and sometimes I would even be out with them and have to see her being happy with other guys."

"Did you masturbate," Dr. Jackson asked, "while thinking of her I mean?"

Brad squirmed in his seat. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing to talk about, but he thought he needed to not hold back.

"Yes, a lot, I had a few dates and a couple of relationships. They never went that well because deep down I only wanted Yvette. So, I ended up masturbating a lot."

"Tell me, Brad," Dr. Jackson leaned forward, "did you use any triggers for your masturbation?"

Brad looked confused, so Dr. Jackson went on, "Ah, sorry, I sometimes use psychological terminology when I should be clearer. A trigger is something you use to evoke the image of Yvette. Often, it's a picture, but sometimes it can be an article of clothing, or a memento of some kind."

"I made a book." Brad said.

"A book?" Dr. Jackson said, surprised.

"Yeah, basically a scrap type book. A scrap book I mean.", Brad said embarrassed. He had really never told anyone about it before.

"It didn't start out like that," Brad added quickly, "I mean, I had some pictures of her that we took together, hanging out. And then there were some pictures of her from the high school annual, and then she did some modelling and stuff for a while, so I had some magazine pictures. They were in a box I kept."

"Then later you assembled it into a scrap book?" Dr. Jackson asked.

"Yvette did," Brad said, and seeing that Dr. Jackson wasn't following, he continued on. "When I finally became Yvette's boyfriend, I showed her the box of pictures I had, and she loved it. She was so flattered. She was the one who put them all into a scrap book. It didn't fill up the book, though, so then from that point on, it became a collection of all sorts of things we did together. Instead of pictures of just her, it was pictures of me and her. I know a scrap book seems like something a girl would do, but actually I like it because it kind of tells a story. It goes from me just hopelessly longing for her to actually getting the girl. We still keep it updated, so it's got lots of memories in it."

"I understand completely," Dr. Jackson said approvingly. "Would you say the scrap book has become symbolic of your relationship with Yvette? That it reminds you of your success, your journey from hopeless unrequited love to having got the girl and affirms her

relationship with you?"

"Yes," Brad said, realizing that was true. He hadn't ever specifically thought of it that way, but now that Dr. Jackson was describing it that way, Brad could see that's exactly what the scrapbook was, a symbolic representation of his relationship with Yvette.

"I guess a part of me still can't believe that I'm with such an incredible woman. She's not just beautiful, but fun and friendly, and looking at that scrap book reminds me that yes, I actually am with her."

"I would like to see that scrap book next time you come in," Dr. Jackson said, "but for now I just want to hear the end of the story. You were friends with Yvette for so many years, and then how did you turn the corner to become her lover?"

"It was just after college, and she just had a really bad break up," Brad said. "A lot of the guys she was with treated her badly, they all wanted to show her off as a trophy and not get to know her. After this one breakup, she came to me for comfort. We ended up sleeping together, and I think it happened just because she was vulnerable. The next day, though, instead of regretting it, she said that maybe she had been going for the wrong type of guys. Maybe she needed a guy who was nice. So, from then on, we've been together. We got married eight months later."

"I see," said Dr. Jackson, thinking deeply. "Would you say then, that you feel like you ended up with Yvette because of circumstance in such a way that won't happen with any other woman? That women as beautiful as Yvette date different types of men, and that if you hadn't grown up alongside her, you'd never get this close? That if you lose Yvette, this kind of opportunity won't happen again?"

"Yes," Brad said weakly. Brad couldn't believe how Dr. Jackson seemed to just cut right to the point and say things that captured how Brad felt. "I guess I do feel like that. It makes me not very

confident around her. I worry about losing her."

"That, Brad," Dr. Jackson said and emphasized by repeating himself, " That is part of the problem. Next time you come in we'll pick up from here and talk about your fears of losing her. However, our time is up and I must see Yvette now. Before I do, though, I'm going to recommend some medication for you."

"Medication?" Brad asked, surprised. "You think my problem might be physical?"

"The issue is that you are too mentally stimulated," Dr. Jackson, "or to put it one way, thinking too much. Which in turn causes you to be physically under-stimulated. I'm just going to give you a very mild medication that will help alleviate that imbalance. Just to help things along a little. It's a natural medication, and there are no side effects."

"Alright," Brad said. "Are you going to give me a prescription?"

"No need," Dr. Jackson said, and then he pointed to a small machine on his desk. It kind of looked like a white plastic coffee maker and was about the same size. "I'm certified to dispense a limited amount of medication. This little machine here fills and sorts capsules, so I can give you the pills directly. I prefer that over going to pharmacist, because then I can control exactly what I'm giving out. Just come back in after my session with Yvette and I'll have them ready for you."

Brad nodded and shook Dr. Jackson's hand. He went out to the waiting area where he hugged Yvette, feeling her massive and firm breasts pressing against him, and then she disappeared inside.

Brad brought a book to kill the time while Yvette was with Dr. Jackson, but it still seemed to take forever. Brad almost got up to walk in and check to see how much longer they were going to be, but when he did, Tina, the receptionist stood up and said she would check for him. Brad sat down, and then Tina came back out and

informed him they wouldn't be much longer.

Finally, Tina ushered Brad in, and he found Yvette sitting in a chair in front of Dr. Jackson's desk, while Dr. Jackson was in his chair, working with his pill dispensing machine.

He was holding a small orange plastic pill container held underneath an overhanging part, the same way one would hold a paper cup underneath a water cooler. The machine made a rattling and whirring sound as small white pills were dropping into the orange container. After only a few moments, the machine stopped, and Dr. Jackson placed a white cap on the container.

"Now listen up, Brad. I've explained to Yvette about the pills," Dr. Jackson said, handing them to Brad.

"She's going to make sure you take them. Two in the morning, two at night. Isn't that right doll?"

It was surprising to hear the doctor call his wife "doll", but Yvette stood up and kissed Brad directly on the lips which distracted him from the doctor's words.

The kiss was a passionate, wet, and Brad thought it might be too much in front of Dr. Jackson. He responded with his own firm tight kiss that was less than satisfying for his wife. Yvette responded by leaning back and looked at Brad for a reaction. Brad was a little surprised, but then he heard Dr. Jackson laugh a friendly laugh and alleviate the tension.

Dr. Jackson laughed, "Don't you dare worry Brad, I'm delighted to observe such things. For me, it represents that what I am doing is indeed helping and actually working."

Brad really hoped so.

TIME APART

Over the next week, Brad dutifully took his pills, though he didn't feel any different. There was more change in

Yvette, though. She seemed happier and more relaxed. She told Brad that there was no need for them to have sex, that they should focus on not having it, to take the pressure off. It was, of course, Dr. Jackson's suggestion.

The next week during their session Brad brought in the scrap book that he had told Dr. Jackson about. It was small in size, about six inches square, and about an inch thick. But it had many pages of pictures.

Dr. Jackson commented that he was glad they had something tangible to reference instead of keeping all their pictures digitally. They looked through it together with Yvette and talked about the happy times represented in each picture, and what it meant to Brad. They would come to some of Yvette's scantily clad outfits and the stickiness the pages had encountered. Brad felt the shame when the tall black doctor confronted him about masturbating. He admitted that he would masturbate to these pictures.

When it came time for Brad's private session, Dr. Jackson said, "When we last left off, you were going to tell me about your fears of losing Yvette. Do you think she might leave you?"

"I don't think she would simply leave me for some other guy she met," Brad said, "But I worry that if something goes even a little wrong in our relationship that she might be tempted. I mean I told you about how many options are out there. It seems like every day some beefy muscle head or ghetto scumbag is hitting on my wife anywhere we go.", The word ghetto almost seemed dirty and racist and Brad stopped himself realizing he didn't want to offend the dark-skinned doctor.

The doctor had seemed to not be offended in the slightest as he continued, "Tempted to cheat?"

The black man pondered what his next question would be to Brad. " Brad, hypothetically, if she did. How would you feel if you found out your wife was cheating on you?"

"Yvette… cheat on me? Well, doctor, honestly I think it would kill me," Brad said weakly. The more he thought about it, the moister his eyes became. The husband almost burst out in tears before finally whining "No doctor, I don't even want to think about it."

"I know it's tough Brad. However, I'm going to ask you to try and think about it. Sometimes in order to get over our fears, we must face them and confront those fears. So, I want you to close your eyes and imagine another man with Yvette. Really see it in your mind. What do you imagine?"

"I imagine," Brad said, and then paused. The thought of his wife's tits bouncing under a man who was violently pumping in between her legs popped into his head. The man was muscular and macho in his mind.

His voice was choking up. "I imagine him pleasing the woman I love better than me," Brad said, as tears started to run down his face.

"I imagine her being satisfied in ways I can't. The man that's pleasing my wife is big, strong and superior that me."

"Ah," said Dr. Jackson. "Of course, of course… with your physical shortcomings that Yvette mentioned."

In fact, Brad was not worried about that at all as Yvette had been reassuring her that his small penis was not a factor in her dissatisfaction. However, he accepted what the doctor was saying and was reminded by the black man that it was a real concern.

"We're getting to the truth of your fears. You fear you are inadequate, and that Yvette will discover this by being with another. It's really your own inability that scares you. Coupled with the fact that you have a very small penis."

Brad’s eyes opened to look at the doctor when he heard the comment about his penis again repeated.

“Yvette’s words, Bradley. Not mine.”, The doctor’s face displayed no ill intent as he observed the reaction of the husband. It seemed to make him uncomfortable and the doctor decided to continue.

“But from the way your wife described your penis. I would say that is also a major issue in pleasing your wife.”

"Yes," Brad said, with his voice cracking. He wanted to avoid talking about his penis and focus on pleasing his wife. "If I can't satisfy her, I worry I can't hold on to her."

"Tell me Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "If Yvette did fuck another man, would you forgive her? "

"N-No," Brad said, and there was a long pause as he did not elaborate further. The way the doctor said it, made him picture some stud fucking his wife and it disgusted him.

"Is that right, Brad?" Dr. Jackson asked incredulously. "If you knew that not forgiving her meant losing her, you still would not forgive her? I need you to be totally honest?"

"I," Brad worked up the courage to speak, "I would forgive her. I wouldn't want to, but I would do it."

"Say it clearly for me to hear you." Dr. Jackson ordered, "This time you will be saying it not only for me but for both of us. Mostly though, it will be for you to hear yourself."

"If Yvette fucked another man, I would forgive her." Brad said, each word struggling to get out, and when he was done, his tears and sobbing continued in earnest, like a gate had opened. Dr. Jackson let Brad work through his feelings for a while.

"I think this has been a productive day," Dr. Jackson said. "We're really making progress. Send in your wife so we can discuss making

progress with her."

Then Dr. Jackson saw Yvette while Brad waited, and they went home.

Dr. Jackson had made a recommendation that Yvette and Brad try to find other things to do, in order to have some independence from each other. Being apart and being strong as individuals would help them relieve the pressure of needing responses from each other, Dr. Jackson advises.

So, on Friday night, Brad arranged to go out bowling with some friends while Yvette stayed at home. Brad tried to resist calling to check on Yvette, but the fact that he was specifically out of the house in order to not be with her made him think of her that much more. He managed to get a little time away from the bowling lanes and give her a call.

"Yvette," Brad said, "how are you doing?"

"Brad," Yvette giggled, "should you be phoning me?"

"I can't help it," Brad said, "I miss you."

"Mmmm," Yvette said, "I like hearing that. Tell me again!"

"I miss you so much," Brad said. "I don't want to be with the guys, I want to be with you. I can't wait to get back home to be with you."

"Mmmm," Yvette purred. Brad kept telling Yvette what she wanted to hear, and he felt better saying it.

Eventually, though, he had to get back to his friends before they noticed his absence. However, this was the common theme for Brad. He hated himself for being so co-dependent and failed to realize that his wife was actually enjoying their time apart.

He never questioned why.

WHAT IT ALL LEAD UP TO

They continued going to sessions, and Dr. Jackson spoke to Brad a lot about Brad's feelings of being inadequate and unable to keep Yvette happy. Brad started to get more paranoid and unsure, and felt his anxiety grows.

Dr. Jackson increased Brad's prescriptions of pills, and Yvette made sure Brad was taking them. Dr. Jackson assured Brad that his increased anxiety was a natural part of the process, that it was always darkest before dawn, and that Brad needed to confront his deepest fears in order for things to change. Yvette, on the other hand, seemed to be getting happier, so Brad thought that all in all, the therapy was worth it. Even though it was very expensive and cut deeply into their budget.

Brad brought his scrap book to most sessions, and when Brad and Yvette were together in front of Dr. Jackson, they would all look through it together so that Dr. Jackson could understand their relationship more and more.

One day, during a private session, Brad confessed to Dr. Jackson that he was becoming bothered with the time he and Yvette were spending apart. "You've told us to start doing things separately, and so recently Yvette has been going out doing things without me and I'm not so sure what she's doing or where she's going. I'm starting to get scared that other men are flirting with her."

"I see," Dr. Jackson said, pulling a note pad and pen out of his desk. "I don't do this for all my patients. In your case, though, I think some special effort is called for. Next night she goes out and you are feeling unsure, I want you to call me. I think if I catch you right in the moment, it would be most helpful."

"Okay," Brad said, taking the piece of paper. "Thanks!"

As planned, Yvette went out on a Saturday night to be with her

friends, though Brad didn't know which friends. As it got to midnight and there was no word from her, Brad started to imagine that Yvette was with some other man. The thoughts became so vivid that Brad started to freak out. He pulled out Dr. Jackson's number and called.

"Yes?" Dr. Jackson answered, not sounding tired.

"Dr. Jackson?" Brad said nervously. "I'm sorry to wake you, but Yvette is out, and it's driving me crazy."

"It's alright," Dr. Jackson said. "It will feel better if you let it out. Tell me exactly what you are worried is happening."

"I can't," Brad said, "it's too much."

"I need complete honestly if this therapy is to go anywhere," Dr. Jackson admonished. "It will only progress as fast as you go."

"Alright," Brad said, and then took a deep breath. "I worry that she's fucking someone else."

"Go on," Dr. Jackson said. "Exactly how. What are the details?"

Brad went on to describe how he imagined Yvette being fucked from behind, on top, with her on top. He imagined her sucking some guy's huge cock, being tit fucked. It was all images that might be seen in a pornographic video. He imagined all those things because he feared most that she would be having better sex than what she experienced with Brad. He even admitted multiple times that the thoughts forced him to masturbate incessantly.

After Brad went through various descriptions, Dr. Jackson tried to calm him down. However, Brad was not so easily relaxed. Eventually he got off the phone, but he couldn't sleep until Yvette eventually came back home at the break of dawn.

Brad's sense of unease never improved, and even got worse over the weeks. Yvette went out more, Brad made more calls to Dr. Jackson, Brad took the medication regularly, and they kept their regular visits to Dr. Jackson's office. However, Brad found himself

wondering when it was going to stop getting darker before dawn and there would finally be daylight. He began to get agitated with Dr. Jackson. At last, Dr. Jackson advised that they would need to do something more radical. Dr. Jackson told Brad to come to the next session ready to take things to a new level, and to be sure to bring the scrapbook of his relationship with Yvette.

That session, Dr. Jackson had both Yvette and Brad in the room, sitting in their usual chairs.

"Brad," Dr. Jackson said with concern, "I can understand why you are frustrated with this process, and I have to admit, I too have come to a point where I think it's time to change."

"Great," Brad said with relief. "I'd really like to try something different."

"That's good, Brad," Dr. Jackson said, "However, I think you should prepare yourself. What I'm going to propose is quite radical."

“What do you want to propose, doctor?”, Brad was uneasy.

“It’s time for you to confront your fears head on. He set a tape recorder down on his desk. He pushed play.

The tape recorder had a voice speaking and Brad quickly realized it was his own voice. It was of him describing his wife with other men. The doctor must have compiled all of his dirty thoughts of her being with other men and the way it made him feel.

Yvette looked over to her husband. Who didn’t seem shocked, but mostly disappointed.

“I told you, Yvette.”, Dr. Jackson spoke up, “He fantasizes about you with other men constantly, but hides behind fear.”

The doctor continued to speak and Yvette’s eyes began to lighten up as if everything he said made perfect sense now. It was a waterfall of information that described her husband and made her

finally see him for the man he was. Her blinders had been taken off by the black doctor.

“So, does this mean?”, Yvette said.

The tall black older doctor walked slowly around the desk, before stepping over her crossed legs as she sat. His crotch almost pressing into her chest as he stood over her looking down. He finally spoke.

“It’s time to fulfill your husband’s fears.”

Brad’s heart sunk as he obediently waited for the tall black older doctor to make his next move.

CONFRONTING FEARS

With that, Dr. Jackson reached down and grabbed Yvette's massive tits. She was wearing a scoop neck shirt, so he reached his hands in, and by stretching the fabric, was effectively able to scoop them out. "Show me your tits!"

"You're so obsessed with my tits," Yvette giggled, and she stood up and unbuttoned her shirt so her huge tits could be unrestrained. She shook them side to side and giggled some more.

"I love when you do that for me," Dr. Jackson said, kneading and kissing her tits. Then the two of them locked in a passionate embrace, their tongues openly lashing at each other. Dr. Jackson's hands freely roamed Yvette's body, and the rest of her clothes came off.

Brad was completely baffled at first. Was this some kind of game,

some strange way of trying to provoke a response out of him for the purpose of therapy? It was too strange, too extreme to take it seriously, and yet there were no hints of any kind of acting. Then, when Yvette began to stroke Dr. Jackson's cock through his pants as they leaned back against Dr. Jackson's desk, he knew that they were really doing what they were doing.

"Ninnooo!" Brad tried to protest, but he couldn't move out of fear and could only watch helplessly. However, one glare from the black doctor stifled him.

"Ah yes," Dr. Jackson said with a satisfied sneer, "now it all comes out, Brad. This is the reality. The therapy that you have generously been paying for has really been for my amusement as I fucked your wife and found ways to humiliate you. It's been a long, entertaining game. Now, however, I've decided that the Time is right to take Yvette from you completely. However, it would be no fun at all to just leave with her. No, whenever I come across a truly special woman like Yvette, I make a special treat for her and for me out of saying goodbye to her husband."

Brad could move his eyes and he looked at Yvette hoping to see some kind of indication that she was maybe Drugged herself or made to do what she was doing. He still loved her so much, and it was impossible to believe that she could be so different than what he knew. The part of him that was realizing that she and Dr. Jackson had been together for months and this was not a sudden change in Yvette was slow to catch up with Brad's desperate need to believe that Yvette wouldn't do what she was doing.

"You're probably thinking I used some kind of hypnosis or coercion on lovely Yvette," Dr. Jackson said as Yvette slid down to her knees and began unzipping Dr. Jackson's pants. "Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact of the matter is that I simply made clear to her that unlike you, I am an alpha male deserving of a superior female like her, and that she is wasting her Time with a so-called 'nice' guy like you."

As Yvette helped Dr. Jackson's pants off, his huge, black veiny cock sprung outward as it was freed from the intense pressure of so much rock hard flesh being strapped down by his clothes. Its length and girth made it seem to defy gravity as it stood straight out, pointing directly in Brad's direction. Yvette began to lovingly lick and caress it, going up and down its length, worshiping Dr. Jackson's cock as if she had longed to see it.

"It's probably hard for you to grasp because you, like Yvette was before, are taken in by this ridiculous notion society has that 'nice' guys should get the girl in the end," Dr. Jackson explained, slightly distracted by Yvette's tongue flicking over the tip of his cock.

"But the fact of the matter is that when a woman is presented with an alpha male, like myself, she can't help but respond. That first day you two came in, and I saw her privately in my office while you sat and waited outside, I had her sit in my lap while I caressed her tits and smelled the perfume in her cleavage. She was confused, a little hesitant, but a part of her just couldn't help but obey. After I finished fucking her thoroughly that day, she left my office understanding that there was a part of her, a natural part of her psychology, that knew which man she should be with."

Yvette was bobbing her head earnestly up and down Dr. Jackson's cock now, taking his impressive length deep down into her mouth with every thrust forward. Yvette's mouth was making sounds like "MMLPH!", "GLPH!", and "SLPH!", emphasizing that Dr. Jackson's thick cock strained her jaw and filled her mouth entirely, while pre-cum and her saliva Dribbled sloppily down her chin.

Dr. Jackson grabbed her by the back of the head, and, hunching over slightly, began thrusting back and forth into her mouth, shaking her like a rag doll. Yvette raised her hands to brace herself against his pelvis, but not to resist. The way Dr. Jackson violently slammed his cock in and out of Yvette's mouth made it seem like he was going to choke her to death, but she took his cock deep into her mouth and didn't protest.

Dr. Jackson grimaced and looked more like an animal, a side that Brad would never have imagined seeing. It demonstrated how Dr. Jackson had completely taken his mask of sympathetic psychologist off and revealed his true, dominating self.

Dr. Jackson pulled Yvette's mouth off his cock with a loud, wet, popping noise, and, holding her by his hair, stepped forward and guided her behind him. She stood up and pressed herself lovingly against Dr. Jackson's back. With one hand reaching around Dr. Jackson's waist, she continued to pump his cock vigorously at its base. Dr. Jackson stood with both hands on his hips, his feet shoulder width apart, looking in command except for his face grimacing. "UNNNN! UNNN!!" Dr. Jackson grunted.

Brad watched helplessly as Dr. Jackson's cock throbbed with each stroke of Yvette's hand. Brad knew that any moment Dr. Jackson would cum and it was like waiting for a gun to go off.

Brad wanted to duck, to fight back, to do at least something, but all he could manage was to moan but he felt so submissive and didn't want to disappoint Yvette or the doctor. He knew he was the worthless piece of shit the way they were both treating him.

His eyes widened with terror, and Dr. Jackson smiled at Brad's show of fear. Brad suffered the anticipation of the moment more and more with every passing moment before the inevitable.

"UHHHH!!" Dr. Jackson let out a sound that was part grunt and part yell as a thick mass of cum shot out of his cock. It was as if it hurt to let it out, but at the same time felt so good. Long, thick gooey ropes of Dr. Jackson's cum splattered all over Brad's face. "AUR!! AUH!!" Dr. Jackson grunted with every heavy stream of white slimy fluid that shot from his cock and landed with a splat on Brad. Some got into Brad's eyes and stung. Some got on his lips and he could taste it.

An angry rage built inside of Brad, made much more worse because of the absolute futility of not being able to move and

respond as he was told to sit there and wouldn’t disobey; he tried to put his trust that this was some sort of alternative treatment. It felt like forever, and with each thick squirt of cum, Brad hoped it was the last, but then Dr. Jackson's cock would pulse again and with that pulse another stream of sticky, hot cum would shoot out and further soak Brad.

Dr. Jackson let out a hearty laugh as his ejaculations slowed down and was honestly impressed with himself how much cum he produced, and said "Ah, I love doing that to the husbands of my women."

Then Dr. Jackson pulled Yvette back in front and pushed her down to her knees, where, without instruction, she obediently licked the tip and shaft of Dr. Jackson's cock clean, taking the remaining spurts of his cum into her mouth.

"Ah, Brad, do you recognize the flavor? Perhaps not. Yvette, dear, let's show him what I mean." said Dr. Jackson. Yvette Stood up and grabbed a small medical measuring cup off of Dr. Jackson's desk. She opened her mouth to let the cum in her mouth drop slowly into the cup.

She then handed the cup to Dr. Jackson, who grabbed the small pill making machine on his desk. He opened a small plastic flap on the top, and poured the cum in. That was enough demonstration to make the point without having to actually go through the motions of turning the machine on. As the realization dawned on Brad, he felt sick enough to throw up.

"That's right," Dr. Jackson said, "you've been on a steady prescription of me cum the whole time you've been coming to me for therapy."

Dr. Jackson finished his statement with another, full, hearty and gleeful laugh, and Yvette giggled while looking lovingly up at Dr. Jackson. "Yvette would help me fill the prescription each time. After having plenty for herself, of course. It's just something I do to

amuse myself. And it has the side benefit of reminding your wife who is really in charge of her husband and of her every Time she sees you take them."

"From the second session that you two came in," Dr. Jackson continued, his speech slowed by the afterglow of having had such satisfaction, "the process began of humiliating you to make clear in her mind my status as the alpha male, so that Yvette could be set free from the stupid notion that little men like you could possibly deserve such an excellent woman."

Dr. Jackson took a step forward, his still hard cock throbbing and standing at attention. Dr. Jackson grabbed its base and wagged it in Brad's face. Dr. Jackson was standing close enough that the tip of his cock was mere inches away from Brad's nose, and Brad feared that Dr. Jackson would slap his face with it. He wanted to duck out of the way but couldn't.

"Look at my cock," Dr. Jackson said in a commanding voice, "and feel it's superiority over you. See how it's still hard, even after I've cum so much? Yvette thought that it wasn't possible for a man to be so virile, because she had only experienced lesser men like you. Once she saw the truth that you now see, that it's you who cannot truly satisfy her, she accepted the reality that she was misplaced with you. Isn't that right, dear?" Yvette came and stood beside Dr. Jackson and bent over so that her face was close to Brad's, which meant that her face was also close to Dr. Jackson's cock. Dr. Jackson took advantage of the placement to rub his cock against her cheek as she spoke.

"I'm sorry it had to be this way," Yvette said with heart breaking sincerity in her voice, "but I couldn't help it. I didn't want it to be true, at first. I thought it made me vain to think this way, but now I just realize the facts. I'm out of your league. I mean, look at you know, sitting there soaked in another man's cum. A real man wouldn't have let that happen. Everything Dr. Jackson said about you turned out to be true. Everything he said about how I would feel

turned out to be true. It was just a silly mistake that I ended up with you, and now I have to put that right by doing what Dr. Jackson says to do."

"Yes," Dr. Jackson said, "the only way to make Brad understand his place is to show him. Go to the couch." Yvette stood up and obediently went to the large leather couch on the side of the room and sat down. The way she moved, it was clear there was no question in her mind that she would do exactly what Dr. Jackson commanded. Dr. Jackson grabbed the arm rests of the chair and turned the chair and Brad in it so he was facing toward the couch. Brad looked at Yvette and her gorgeous curves resting easily and sexily on the couch. He huge breasts squeezed together as she leaned to one side, emphasizing their full round mass. Brad wanted to kill her for what she was doing to his heart, yet at the same Time he wanted her to somehow see that this was all wrong and that she should be with him, and further he wanted badly to fuck her because she looked so hot and was radiating a sexual energy like he had never experienced before.

"Brad," Dr. Jackson said from outside of Brad's view, "I'd like you to experience how it has been for Yvette and I in our sessions. So, I'm going to fuck her exactly how I fucked her each Time you waited outside for her." Brad heard an electronic beep as Dr. Jackson pressed a button on his laptop. "There's a reason I always made you go first." Then, as Dr. Jackson walked into Brad's view, heading toward Yvette with his huge cock swaying side to side, Brad heard his and Dr. Jackson's voices being played back from a recording.

"How would you feel if you found out Yvette was cheating on you?" said Dr. Jackson in the recording. Then the next voice was Brad replying, "It would kill me. I don't even want to think about it."

The black doctor said, as he gently pushed Yvette back onto the couch and stepped to be over top of her. "At first Yvette felt guilty listening to you worrying about her doing the very thing she was doing while we listened. Over Time, however, keeping you in her

mind, and thinking about the reaction you would have if you knew, helped to remind her of the power she has, and the power I have over you. I dare say she cums hardest when she listens to you describe your fears. This tape is one of our favorites."

"Is this the one where he cries?" Yvette said with a childlike enthusiasm as she wrapped her legs around Dr. Jackson.

As if on cue, Brad could be heard sobbing over the recording, as he said, "If Yvette fucked another man, I would forgive her." Both Yvette and Dr. Jackson looked directly at Brad and laughed, like kids picking on a weaker child.

"Get ready to forgive your wife!" Dr. Jackson mocked, and Yvette laughed at his joke. With that, Dr. Jackson thrust his huge member into Yvette, and she arched her back in ecstasy. From that moment, Dr. Jackson and Yvette seemed to be lost in their own world fucking as if they were possessed. The sounds of Brad confessing his tearful feelings became like light background music as Yvette screamed with ecstasy and Dr., Jackson grunted. It wasn't long before Yvette tensed her whole body and climaxed harder than Brad had ever seen. Far harder.

After Yvette's first climax, Dr. Jackson looked up at Brad, while continuing to thrust. That's when Dr. Jackson noticed the tears streaming down Brad's face. "Look, Yvette, at your husband." Yvette, who was being rocked back and forth with every thrust, her massive tits jiggling and rolling with a slight delay after every shudder through her body, turned slowly to look at Brad. Brad felt anger at the fact that the one thing his body could do while in this state was to display weakness.

"Oh god! He's crying!" Yvette squealed, partly with shock, and partly with what seemed like delight. She could only focus on Brad's tears for a few moments before the idea of it sent her into another earth shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes and clutched Dr. Jackson while shaking with waves of orgasm.

Dr. Jackson turned her over to fuck Yvette from behind, and while he did, he whispered various things into Yvette's ear. "Isn't my cock so much bigger than his? Whose cock do you want?". Yvette would answer, "Yours! I want your cock! I could never go back to his pathetic limp dick!"

"He must be hurting as much as it's possible for a man to hurt," Dr. Jackson said. "So much hurt, and all because of you. Don't you just love the power of it?"

"Yes! Yes!" Yvette squealed. "I'm so fucking hot! I'm way out of his league!"

Dr. Jackson laughed with satisfaction as Yvette climaxed over and over, the pleasure going in waves through her body. Then Dr. Jackson turned her over and brought his cock up to between her massive pillow soft tits. She licked and sucked at the tip while he slid back and forth between her melon sized breasts which she squeezed around him. "This is one of the pleasures you've never enjoyed with her, since your cock is too small to reach all the way through her cleavage. Just another example of what the missed opportunities of her being with you. However, I do appreciate you coming up with the idea. Every Time you called me and described what you feared Yvette was doing without you, I would do exactly those things to her while you were saying it! Ha Ha Ha!"

Dr. Jackson fucked Yvette's tits violently while Brad watched helplessly. He wanted to be able to do that to Yvette, but knew he couldn't. When Dr. Jackson came, he pulled himself upward so he could shoot his cum all over Yvette's tits. Despite the large area of her tits, he was able to smother them entirely with thick streams of white sticky cum. Yvette helped by smearing the cum over the round expanse of her breasts as each stream of cum landed with a splat on her. She used her fingers to gather some of Dr. Jackson's cum and lick it into her mouth, creating strings of cum that went from her mouth, her hands, and in between her tits. Lots of it got in her hair as well.

Dr. Jackson's cock relaxed a little but as still mostly hard. He stood up and went to the desk where he turned off the recording.

Then, he clicked on his intercom. "Tina," Dr. Jackson spoke into the intercom, "please bring in a bucket. I think you can get one from the utility closet down the hall." Then Dr. Jackson walked back to stand in front of Brad again, towering over him with his cock unashamedly directly in Brad's line of sight. "It's too bad that you don't have the ability to respond. As a psychiatrist, I would love to hear your thoughts right now. How it feels to find out how you've been so deeply betrayed for all this Time. How much it must hurt to imagine your wife fucking me as you sat like a chump waiting for her. And I we haven't yet begun to talk about all the Times your wife came to fuck me while you waited at home jerking off."

Brad felt shock that physically moved from the pit of his stomach up toward his head. With Dr. Jackson's words, Brad realized that all those Times Yvette had gone out, she went to meet Dr. Jackson. Brad realized he had been tricked.

When Dr. Jackson had advised he masturbate, he was doing it while fucking Yvette, so the two of them could laugh about how desperate and pathetic that made Brad, to be home alone spanking off while his wife was out being fucked by another man. They must have laughed and enjoyed themselves, and Brad now felt stupid for having fallen for it. All of Dr. Jackson's advice was now exposed as not only not helpful for Brad's issues, but also having deliberately widened the gap between him and Yvette.

"Ah, the involuntary movement of the expression on your face tells me you can see it all now," Dr. Jackson said with satisfaction. "You can see how I toyed with you, and broke you down all the more while you thought I was helping you. I fucked your wife on your own bed while you left her alone on my advice! How stupid do you feel? For me, I can't even begin to tell you how good this feels, to watch you crumble. I fuck the wives of every couple that comes to me for counselling, but these moments, those few Times when I

show it all to the man whose wife I have stolen from right in front of him, these moments are the most gratifying."

Tina entered the room with a small blue plastic bucket. "Ah, Tina," Dr. Jackson said, "Good girl. Place the bucket on his lap." Tina placed the bucked on Brad's lap. "Now, Yvette, place that pathetic scrapbook of his in the bucket." Yvette pulled out Brad's scrapbook of their relationship from her purse, dropped it in the bucket with an audible "plonk" sound.

Then both girls went to stand in front of Dr. Jackson where they embraced and began to kiss, licking each other's tongues passionately. Their breasts pressed together, and as they were squeezed and pushed up between them, both of their breasts looked immense. Yvette was covered in lots of Dr. Jackson's cum, pre-cum, saliva, and sweat, so as the two embraced, Tina's crisp business attire became wet and messy. However, Yvette started immediately unbuttoning Tina's blouse and Tina cupped her hands underneath Yvette's tits to begin to lick them clean.

"Ah girls," Dr. Jackson said like a big black animal, with his hands held under the two girls perfect asses, "Show me your big tits. I love big tits!"

As Tina became freed from her constraining attire, both girls turned to face Dr. Jackson and they used their hands to jiggle their own breasts as a display for Dr. Jackson.

Dr. Jackson laughed and then the three of them began to kiss passionately, and the two girls turned their attention from each other's breasts to Dr. Jackson's hard member. They made out like that for a while, and then Dr. Jackson stepped forward, passing between the two girls and toward Brad. Once again, he stood in front of Brad with his legs in a wide and authoritative stance. Dr. Jackson had one hand on his hip and another on the base of his cock. He looked like he was standing in front of a urinal.

"Oh no, no, no" Brad thought helplessly to himself. Staring at the

tip of Dr. Jackson's enormous cock was like looking down the barrel of a shot gun and not being able to move. Tears of frustration and fear streamed down Brad's cheeks.

"I'm sure the symbolism of what I'm about to do is not lost on you," Dr. Jackson said with a laugh. Both girls, clinging to each other, looked on excitedly from behind Dr. Jackson.

Brad was able to wince a little involuntarily as he dreaded the inevitable stream of piss that was aimed his way. He strained as hard as he could to move, to even slide out of the chair, but his muscles wouldn't respond. However, a little Time passed, and Dr. Jackson had not yet pissed on Brad. Brad began to simultaneously want Dr. Jackson to do it, just to get it over with, while at the same Time hoping that for some reason maybe it wouldn't happen. The flip flopping between both feelings made Brad crazy with frustration, fear, and dread.

"Wondering why it isn't happening yet?" Dr. Jackson asked rhetorically. "I'm a psychologist, so I have an idea of the hell you must be experiencing. Just as bad as the experience is the anticipation of it. It must be horrible to have to stare at my cock, wondering when the humiliation will begin. It begins when I want it to, no sooner, no later. It begins... now!"

A large surge of piss began pissing in the bucket. where it stained and soaked the scrapbook. The bucket filled up with hot foamy urine, submerging the scrapbook. Eventually Dr. Jackson finished, and he shook his cock to let the last few drops out, just like one would if casually standing at a urinal.

Then, Dr. Jackson stood back, and leaned against his desk. "Girls," he said simply, and both girls immediately dropped to their knees and began dutifully licking his cock clean.

"As I mentioned before," Dr. Jackson continued casually, "I fuck the wife of every couple that comes in. Usually, though, I don't reveal my identity to the husband. I just let her cheat on him with

me until eventually they break up, and then I either continue to see her not, depending on my whim.

Every now and again, though, a true beauty like Yvette comes along who is special. I need to own her entirely, and that means destroying her husband. So I do. Afterward, though, weak willed men like you become convinced that you can accomplish some satisfaction by becoming violent and coming after me. Which is why I simply move on. I'm going to take your wife, and start another practice, and continue to fuck other men's wives while your wife serves me as do my other select women. You won't find me, so don't try. Better men than you have tried, and I have only made things worse for them as a result."

Dr. Jackson looked down at the women kneeling before him and tending to his cock. "Up," Dr. Jackson said, as if he were speaking to slaves, and they both immediately got up. They stood on either side of Dr. Jackson, and he put his arms around both of them, hooking his arm around and under their arms so that he could casually place his hands on the side of their volley ball sized tits. "Say goodbye, Yvette."

"Goodbye, Brad," Yvette said with a giggle. She took off her wedding ring and tossed it into the bucket, where it made a sound when it hit the puddle of urine. "You're so gross and pathetic," Yvette said to Brad. "A real man wouldn't have let himself to take his wife so obliviously and submit to such treatment by another man. I'm so glad Dr. Jackson showed me what a loser you really are."

Brad's eyes widened with shock at seeing Yvette be so cruel. She was speaking as if somehow it was Brad's fault Dr. Jackson had pissed on him. How could she not see how unfair this all was? And yet she spoke with such sincerity, Brad's heart practically exploded with pain as he could not reconcile how much he loved her with how evil she was being.

Both Dr. Jackson and Tina laughed, and then so did Yvette. "Tina,

go get my laptop. We won't need anything else from here," said Dr. Jackson. Tina did as she was told, and then she followed obediently as Dr. Jackson and Yvette walked out of the office.

Brad sat there, with a bucket of piss in his lap and Dr. Jackson's cum drying and hardening all overs his face. He sat, unable to move, for an hour and a half after Dr. Jackson, Yvette, and Tina had left. Eventually, some feeling began to return to his limbs, and he could start to move.

Unfortunately, control over his body did not come back evenly or quickly, so his first movements were jerky. He spilled the bucket of piss so that more of it landed on him, and then he slipped out of the chair into the puddle of piss on the floor. The scrapbook was by this Time mostly mush, as the paper and photographs had been thoroughly soaked in urine. It landed on the floor with a thick sound, like a clump of papier-mâché. It took another ten minutes of struggling and moving before Brad could finally stand up.

Brad stood in the room, feeling humiliated, frustrated, and angry. He wanted to murder Dr. Jackson. Maybe murder Yvette too, except that he wanted to fuck her so bad it hurt. He felt a strange feeling, like somehow Yvette was the prize and he had lost to Dr. Jackson, which made him want to win Yvette back in order to beat Dr. Jackson. He knew he should hate Yvette for what she had done, but he had loved her too deeply for too long. That's what made the situation hurt more than anything else. He loved her and couldn't imagine not loving her, making her actions even more hurtful.

He went to Dr. Jackson's desk and looked in the drawers and discovered they were all mostly empty. He went to the filing cabinet and found that it was empty too.

Everything had obviously been emptied out in preparation for this day. There were no documents or anything with information pointing to Dr. Jackson's identity, residence, or where he was going next. In a rage, Brad started to smash everything in the office. He

broke lights, knocked over furniture, smashed everything that he could break.

Tiring of expressing his rage to no one, Brad went to his car in the underground parking, passing two people who could not hide their shock and disgust at Brad's unclean appearance and stench of urine.

When Brad got home, he discovered that Yvette had been there and took a lot of her stuff. She didn't take everything she owned, but obviously she too the important things and wouldn't need what she had left.

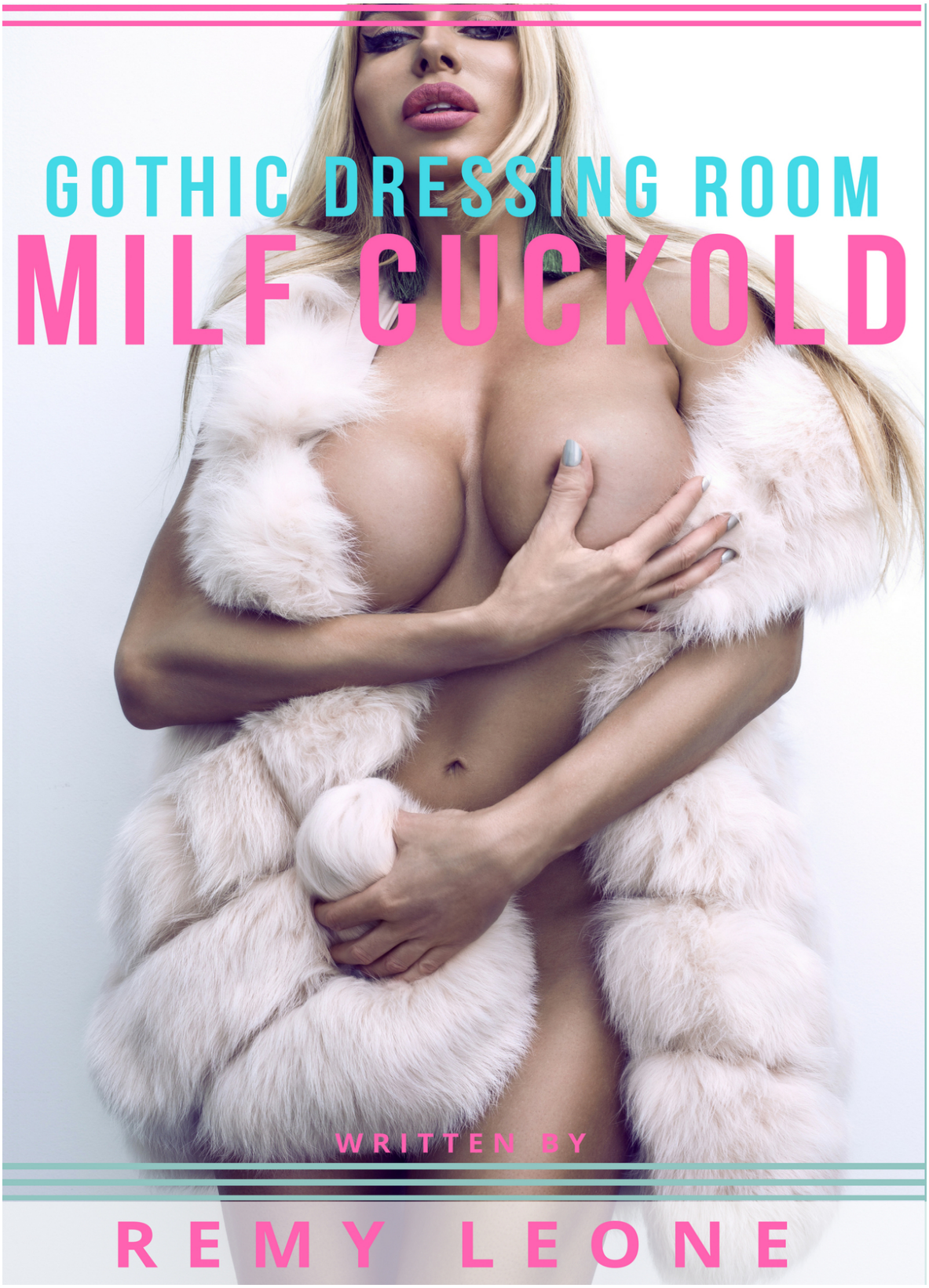
Worse, Brad discovered that his clothes had been placed in a pile on the floor by the bed and pissed on, presumably by Dr. Jackson. Brad had to go through the humiliating task of washing all his clothes before he could even leave his house again.

Of course, Brad tried to find Dr. Jackson, but he never did. Every so often a picture of his wife wearing something sexy would be sent to him. When he was lucky, he received a video of Dr. Jackson's big black cock stretching her out or her sucking him off. Either way, Brad was able to continue his long distance relationship with his wife and just like he use to when he was friends with her and she would date other men. However, he coped the only way he knew how.

Too bad for poor ol' Brad that meant masturbating to the pictures and videos Dr. Jackson sent him.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | YOUNGER MAN | WIMP HUBBY



GOTHIC DRESSING ROOM
MILF CUCKOLD

WRITTEN BY

REMY LEONE

Gothic Dressing Room MILF Cuckold

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

*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.

CONTENTS

1	Gothic Store
2	Shopping Around
3	Dressing Room Surprise
4	Dressing Room Shuffling
5	Finishing Up

GOTHIC STORE

Victoria had just turned forty years old today. Even though she was a beautiful blond woman and always caught the eyes of men much younger than herself she was feeling a bit insecure about her recent birthday. Leaving her twenties was one thing, but leaving her thirties made he realize she was beginning to become an old

woman. At least that's what she believed.

Luckily, she didn't need to worry about snagging herself a man as she had been married for now ten years to her husband Adam. Victoria would describe her marriage as average at best as her and Adam had long ago stopped having sex regularly. Adam was always caught up in himself and his hobbies such as playing video games.

Today when she got off work and came home he was sitting on the couch in front of the television with a game pad in his hand and he was playing his favorite video game. He had completely forgotten about her birthday. He tried to pretend that he didn't and told her he was going to take her on a shopping spree and she couldn't resist. Still fuming, she still decided to take him up on his offer as she might as well get something out her birthday.

As they walked through the mall Victoria had already bought a necklace and a ring at the expense of her wealthy husband. Adam made a lot of money and luckily for him he could get away with paying for her love. He insisted that he buy her some lingerie or even some sort of costume to spice up their sex life, but Victoria only rolled her eyes.

"Let's go in here," Victoria said, towing Adam by his hand into one of the mall's many clothing stores.

"You're the boss, boss," Her husband said in his submissive tone.

As far as the shopping spree went, Adam thought it was going well. He knew he had made a major mistake forgetting his wife's birthday. Especially her 40th which she had been hinting was a significant age for her all year.

Adam looked around the store and notice that it was not the typical store he found his wife in. None of the clothes looked familiar and everything around him looked foreign. It appeared to be a youth's store that sold dark gothic apparel. There was a woman behind the desk of the store that was in dark make up with

tanned skin. She wasn't ugly, but she wasn't pretty due to her permanent frown that adorned her petite little face.

As they went through some of the aisles of clothing Adam could see all sorts of symbolism referencing Satan and other dark people of the past. There were serial killers and evil leaders that had conquered the history books. Adam shook his head wondering why kids would want to dress in things that represent such darkness in humanity.

Out of nowhere a there was a man in front of them that also didn't wear a smile. His eyes were of a white and gray that was unnatural and Adam presumed were contacts. He was tall, scruffy, tattooed with demonic symbols and looked like he was much older than he probably was. He wore a dark t-shirt with a beautiful busty woman and under it was inscribed "Fuck Bitches".

"Names, Damien. What do you guys want?", He said intrusively.

Adam was stunned by the attitude of the employee. Victoria, alike was stunned, but for how the man looked. He was nothing like other guys she had dated ever in her past. She usually went for the clean-cut preppy guys, so he was something cut from a different cloth. She was mesmerized by how much taller he was than both her and her husband Adam. Confidence exuded from the younger man who towered over the both of them and he made no effort to hide his glances down Victoria's cleavage of her 38DD breasts. The first impression she was getting was that he didn't seem insecure like every other guy out there when they saw her big breasts on display.

"Yes, doll, just looking for something to make me feel young.", Victoria said in a sly tone.

Adam was unsure if his wife just hit on this younger employee at the store. He also was unsure if the younger lad was checking out his wife's breasts so brazenly right in front of him. "Umm,

Victoria. Are you sure this is our store?”

Damien interjected, “Nonsense. There’s a first time for everything.”

Victoria seemed a bit surprised by how assertive the younger an was towards her husband. She looked around the store not really seeing anything that she liked, but simply smiled. “Well, why don’t you show us around maybe we’ll find something that puts me in the mood.”

Damien finally almost smiled. A smile that made Adam uneasy.

SHOPPING AROUND

They had been there for nearly a half hour as Damien and Victoria walked around the store. Adam wandered away as he was feeling more like a fifth wheel. They had constantly ignored or downplayed his thoughts on the clothing his wife was interested in. It particularly annoyed him that she seemed to value the younger man who worked there’s opinion more than his own.

Adam heard Victoria laugh loudly from across the store. He wandered over by her to see what she could be laughing about. He could hear the two of them talking as he snuck closer unnoticed.

"What do you think of this?" Victoria asked, holding up a fitted black long-sleeve and posing with it. She then placed it against Damien’s tall frame. It would have done nothing to hide his midriff and the sleeves would have been much to small if it were made for a man. "Eh, actually I think it'd look better on you."

"Yeah, I think I'd definitely look better in it.", Damien sarcastically replied.

"I can see that. It would really bring out your belly button."

"I don't need some shirt to bring that out. I can do that myself. See?", Damien lifted his T-shirt halfway up to show rippling abs that were absolutely unreal. The T-shirt dropped again all too soon, just as her eyes were following the dark line of his happy trail to where it disappeared below his waistband.

If there's grass on the field, you're allowed to play ball. Victoria caught herself thinking. She remained silent and Damien noticed.

"Cat got your tongue?" he asked, smirking at her.

She was embarrassed to realize that she was still staring, as if she could will the shirt to lift itself up again. She instantly compared it to her husband Adam's body which was much more flabby as he didn't keep in shape like she did.

He grinned at her continued silence and threw a shirt over his shoulder, then went to a rack of skimpy dresses. After rifling through them for a few moments, he presented a green dress with an open back and a plunging neckline. It was so short that Victoria wasn't entirely convinced that it could cover all of her important bits. She was a busty woman and the plunge of the dress seemed to proactive for her suburban trophy wife lifestyle.

"Absolutely not," she said.

Adam was happy to hear his wife decline the slutty outfit that the younger an picked out. The thought of her wearing something so sexually appealing made him feel very uneasy as he wasn't the type of man who would defend her honor if some guy at the bar began hitting on her.

"Why?" he said. "You'd look good. You'd look like a Hot Cougar than a grandma."

Victoria gasped at the grinning youthful employee. She gave him a bit of a narrow eye before looking down at herself. She wasn't sure if it was his comment that made her feel this way or if it was what she was wearing self-consciously. She wore skinny jeans, flats,

and a loose knitted sweater that didn't exactly accentuate her assets. If her breasts weren't as large and perky as they were she agreed she might be dressing a little too old for her own good.

"Fair point," she said. "If you're going to give my husband a discount, maybe we can girlify me after all."

Victoria then snagged the dress from on his shoulder. "Any other wardrobe recommendations?"

"Well, who knows what you're wearing under all...that," Damien gestured at her sweater.

"Don't push it," she said, but she reluctantly followed him as he made his way over to the lingerie section.

He picked out a dark red G-string and held it up against the green dress and matching pair of green earrings that he found her. "Christmas colors?"

Victoria glared at him and took it from him to look at the tag. "This is even in my size."

She raised an eyebrow. "How'd you know my size? Or was that just a lucky guess?"

Adam frowned hearing his wife entertain the younger man's perversions. However, it also looked like something he would love to see her in so he kept his mouth shut and continued to wander around pretending not to hear the two of them talk.

Damien shrugged and started picking out other articles of clothing, seemingly at random, leading her toward the far side of the room. Adam could see one article of clothing that stood out amongst the dark clothing that Damien had picked out. It was a white furry garment that he had no idea what it was. It didn't look like a dress, shirt or even pants and could only watch as he dragged his wife around the store. Adam slowly followed to eavesdrop more.

Victoria tested Damien's confidence, "Damien, slow down. I was

kidding about the discount for my husband. I don't actually need you to give me anything."

"Don't worry about it, babe. We're just going to have you try some of them on to see how hot we can make you look."

Babe? Who the hell does he think he is?, Victoria thought. She would have said something, but he was already making his way toward the dressing rooms.

"Come on!" he called back to her has he went in.

Adam watched his wife with the red G-string still clutched in her white-knuckled fist, jogging after the long haired Gothic youth. He realized they were going to be there a lot longer than he was hoping.

When she caught up with Damien, he was leaning against one of the empty dressing areas with a pile of clothes folded over one of his arms, that increasingly irritating smirk plastered to his face again.

"Damien, you have like forty things there. I'm not going to try all of that on, okay? And don't call me babe. This is a first date, and it's going to be a last date if you keep calling me babe."

The youthful employee raised an eyebrow at her. "Jeez. You were the one who wanted to feel young again. Don't hold it against me for being enthusiastic."

Damien was right. Maybe she was overreacting.

Adam from afar could see that Damien must have seen his wife's resolve falter, because he grinned again and offered the armful of clothes with a sweeping bow. His wife shook her head initially, but finally took the clothes from him a bit more forcefully than was necessary.

Damien held the door open for her as she walked in, and she set the clothes down on the bench as the door closed behind them both. Adam looked around to see if anyone else had saw the both

of them enter the dressing room hoping to be assured that this was normal. A bit of panic set in as he decided to get closer to the dressing room, sneaking down the aisle of clothing.

DRESSING ROOM SURPRISE

"So what are we trying on first?" Damien said softly into the older blond woman's ear.

She jumped and spun around with a half squeal, but he clamped his hand over her mouth and put a finger over his lips. Their eyes locked and he could see that his eyes were filled with much more than just a pair of unnatural contacts lenses.

"Woah. Easy there, babe. It's just me.", The Gothic employee replied as he slowly removed his hand from her mouth.

Her eyes were wide, and her legs shook with adrenaline but spoke in a tone that was much calmer than it probably should have been. "What the fuck do you think you are doing, Damien? And another thing, DON'T call me babe."

"I'm just here to lend a hand, you know, with trying the clothes on." He casually leaned against the door so that she couldn't open it.

"I'll scream.", Victoria didn't really know what else to say. She was impressed by his boldness, but still was concerned with the younger man's intentions with her.

"Will you really?", Damien taunted. His biceps were noticeably larger than expected on his skinny frame and bulged as his arms crossed over his strong chest while he waited for her. Just like Damien anticipated, she didn't scream.

"So, you going to try the clothes on? You said that you and your husband still have a movie to catch later."

"I'm not getting undressed in front of you, Damien. I don't even know you, my husband is with me, and this is super weird. Just move, please."

Adam could hear muffling of them talking through the dressing room's wall. He was unable to see into the small little room, but could see Damien's black boots that had small chains hanging off of them as well as his wife, Victoria's shoes. By the looks of their shoes they were standing in close proximity to one another, but he tried to remind himself that the dressing room was much too small to give them adequate room to spread apart in. He then saw a woman talking on the phone enter the dressing area. Looking around again he decided to go walk up to the door and give it a slight knock.

"Victoria, is everything okay?"

Victoria responded with surprise, "Oh uhhmmm yeah why wouldn't it be?

"Just wanted to make sure you liked the clothes.", Adam responded meekly.

"Yeah, I'm trying them on right now. Are we still going to that movie afterwards?", She said in an attempt to distract her husband. "Why don't you walk around and look at what's in the store to see if there is anything else you might want me to try on."

"Okay…", Adam sighed knowing that Damien was in the dressing room with her. He didn't want to start a fight at the store realizing she was already mad enough at him for forgetting her 40th birthday. A door a few stalls over opened and closed. Nobody seemed to notice what was going on in the dressing besides the three of them.

"Psh, idiot…", Damien said just loud enough for Victoria to hear.

Victoria gave him a look in response.

"I'll tell you what," Damien said in a hushed voice as he looked down at her. "One kiss, and I'll let you walk right out that door

without stopping you. Promise."

"I'm not giving you a kiss, you jerk my husband is standing right out the stall," Victoria said in a harsh whisper.

"What's he going to do? Oh well, I guess we're going to be here for a while then. I surely don't mind.", Damien said confidently as he let his eyes gaze her up and down. "What will we do?"

"I'm only telling you one more time.", Did her best to convey the seriousness to her tone.

He yawned in response.

Victoria hit him with a closed fist mostly out of annoyance of him not obeying her commands like she was used to with her husband. It wasn't hard, due more to her not knowing how to throw a punch than for lack of effort, and it probably hurt her hand more than it hurt his face, but she socked him in the jaw all the same.

"Come on," he said, standing a little bit closer, "you can do better than that."

She hit him again, harder this time, but Damien didn't even flinch in the slightest. She, on the other hand, was trembling uncontrollably from all the adrenaline.

"That was a little better.", The playful smile creeping on his lips. He was standing even closer now, and he was so tall that she had to tilt her head all the way back to look him in the eyes.

"Just one kiss? You promise?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"I promise."

He moved his lips closer, but he stopped halfway and watched her with those mocking gray eyes.

This is crazy. What in the hell am I doing? He's a creep, and I need to scream and run and get out of here right now. My husband

is standing right outside the dressimg room! Just one kiss.

She shut her eyes and closed the distance between their lips.

Damien had full lips for a guy, and his were hot. His tongue was hotter, and it was sliding over, around and under hers before she even realized she was kissing him with an open mouth. Even though she knew better, she explored his tongue with her own. Then she felt a sharp pain, and she realized that he'd trapped her tongue between his teeth.

The son of a bitch bit me!

Her eyes flew open, and she shoved him off of her, half considering punching him again. He took a step back, most traces of smirk gone. Then he opened the door and stood aside, waiting, his eyes never leaving Victoria’s own eyes.

Walk out the door and leave. Leave while you can before he changes his mind. Come on, Victoria. Don't be an idiot.

She slowly closed the door and shut it so that it wouldn't make too much noise hoping that her husband Adam was still in the dark of what was happening inside the dressing room. He didn't say a damn thing for a handful of heartbeats, and all that Victoria could hear was the radio playing over the intercom and the lady talking on her phone. The silence got uncomfortable, and she started to regret staying. Behind Damien, she could see her reflection, and the busty blonde woman staring back at her looked just as small and fragile as she felt.

"Lose the sweater," he said in a hushed tone, his voice more a low rumble than a whisper.

She took it off and remembered, to her dismay, that she wasn't wearing a bra. All that she wore under the sweater was a white t-shirt tank top that left very little to the imagination. She couldn't have been sure if it was from the nerves or the cold, but her nipples hardened as she slipped out of the sweater, poking at the thin fabric

and leaving her feeling exposed and vulnerable under Damien's impassive scrutiny.

What if he laughs at me? I'm so much older than him that he's probably disgusted and just doing this to make me feel terrible about myself afterwards. How can I risk my marriage for this younger man who is young enough to probably be my son.

Damien examined her like a piece of meat, coming closer and cupping her large breast in his hand, testing its firmness, squeezing just a little too hard, casually rolling her nipple between his forefinger and thumb. After he was done with that breast, her nipple was hard enough to cut glass. And then he did the same to her other breast, his head cocked a bit to the side as he watched her reactions, enjoying her conflicting discomfort and undisguised arousal. A familiar ache between her thighs began to throb in time with her pulse, and it was all she could do not to reach down and coax it further.

What the hell, Victoria? This is insane. You are not a slut. Only sluts do stuff like this. What woman would do this with her husband standing outside the door?!

He must have seen a trace of doubt flicker across her face, because he pinched her nipple. Hard. She stifled a squeal and reached up to stop him, but he caught her wrist in an iron grip and spun her around, pinning her arm behind her back in the same motion. He held her with her face so close to the cold mirror that her every labored breath fogged it.

Victoria watched him in the reflection as he pressed against her and ran his rough hand down her ribcage, over her hip, and down the side of her leg. Then he gently grabbed a fistful of her hair and swept it aside so that the nape of her neck was exposed. A shiver ran down her spine as his bristly chin brushed her neck and shoulder. He inhaled slowly, smelling her perfume, and then she felt his hot breath right before his even hotter lips seared her shoulder. He left a trail of hot, lazy kisses up her shoulder until he reached the

nape of her neck. And then, locking eyes with her in the mirror, he sank his teeth into her—not too hard, but hard enough that it hurt. His tongue flitted over her skin, and then she felt just the slightest bit of suction before he let her go. Saliva cooled where just a moment earlier his mouth had scorched her.

He took both of her thin wrists in one big hand and pinned them up against the mirror so that they were over her head with his weight holding them there. Victoria felt her 32DD breasts protruding outwards towards him, her hard nipples pointing directly at the younger man while smashed into the mirror.

"Go ahead," he said, looking at her in the mirror. "Try to break free."

She tugged against his iron grip to see if she could get loose, but he didn't budge an inch. She knew that no amount of kicking, screaming, or struggling would be enough for her to overpower him. Victoria was completely at his mercy. The thought made her begin to tingle between her legs.

"Are you going to hurt me?" Victoria asked filled with a mix of arousal and fear simultaneously.

Damien didn't respond for a few moments. He looked to be deep in thought as he lightly ran his free hand over her flank and under the back of her shirt, tracing his fingertips up and down the curve of her spine in tantalizing brushstrokes that set her to shaking.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to hurt you. And you won't have a damn choice but to like it."

DRESSING ROOM SHUFFLING

Damien slid his hand around and under her shirt to tease her navel

for a moment as he pressed against her from behind so heavily that she had to lean back into him to keep from being crushed against the mirror. He was definitely hard—she could tell that much—and she knew without looking that he was particularly well endowed. The length of him felt like a hot brand against her back, and she wished more than anything that her hands were free so that she could wrap her them around it and see just how big it really was.

Adam was still nervous at the sound of all the shuffling going on in the dressing room that his beautiful blonde busty wife and this younger Gothic employee occupied. He looked over his shoulder to see that the lady at the front desk was still yammering into her phone. At least she wouldn't hear them if she was busy talking he thought. None of the other teenagers going in and out of the dressing rooms seemed to notice or bother to care.

Damien kissed Victoria's neck again and pulled her shirt up over her breasts, completely exposing her large natural breasts to the cold air so that her nipples became even harder. He kept running his hands up and down her body for a time, touching her everywhere except where she wanted to be touched most. The bastard was absolutely torturing her, and she couldn't even move.

He locked eyes with her in the mirror and slowly slipped his forefinger into her waistband. Then he began slowly running his fingertip from her hip bone and back around to near her ass, then back up to the front. It started with just his fingertip, but he began slowly working the finger deeper, getting dangerously close to her hot mound without ever actually touching it.

Her lips formed a small "O" as she fought to control her breathing and keep from making any noise. Victoria couldn't help that she was naturally loud, and she was terrified that somebody would hear her. She didn't care to think about how much trouble they would get in if they got caught.

"How many guys have you fucked, Victoria?" he asked as he began to undo the top button of her jeans, his cock still pressed

firmly against her.

Why would he possibly want to know that? Do I lie? Does he want me to be more experienced? Less? What does he want? Why do I even care what he wants. The thoughts all ran through the mature woman's mind as the younger man dominated her in the dressing room with her husband continuing to browse the shop.

"And don't you dare attempt to lie to me. I'm naturally good at reading people. The Dark Lord has given me that ability. If you lie to me, I'll have to punish you."

He's a fucking mind reader. And who is The Dark Lord? However, she knew she had to respond so he could actually hear him.

"I... two, including my husband" she said, hoping she hadn't failed some test and condemned herself to a fate of more unbearable torture.

"Two? I thought all you big titted blonde bimbos were supposed to be slutty and rebellious, getting back at Daddy and all that. Do you hate your daddy? Or do you deep down hate your kid's dad?"

Damien was relentless as he undid another button and ran his finger back and forth along the inside of her panties' waistband. She could feel her wetness sticking and unsticking to the fabric with every pass that finger made as it slowly went lower and lower until it was lightly brushing against her immaculately trimmed pubic hair.

"No, I don't hate my dad," Victoria said as she now had thoughts of her own father, husband and children now because of Damien's cynical words. "And I'm not a slut."

The younger man undid the last button, and she had to spread her knees to keep her jeans from falling all the way down. To her chagrin, there was a dark splotch on her white cotton panties where her juices had sopped completely through.

"Keep telling yourself that," He said slyly.

She began to say something, but he stuck two of his fingers in her mouth and thrust them deep enough that her eyes watered and she had to fight not to gag.

"You were saying?", He bellowed out with a cocky arrogance. He knew he had this older woman hornier than her husband could ever hope.

The knock on the door came again from Victoria's husband Adam, "I'm hearing a lot of noise, are you okay honey?"

The door knob began to twist, "Should I come in?"

"No… No…", Victoria moaned out. "I'm fine."

"Is there somebody in there with you?", Adam coyly asked.

"YEAH. What of it little man?", Damien snapped at the interruption of the dumb oblivious husband. He was over pretending that he wasn't in there. He hated lying, and knew the husband could see their feet anyway.

"Oh um…", Adam could only say obviously surprised at how direct the younger man was.

"Now kick rocks and go do as your beautiful wife asked.", Damien added.

Victoria had to stifle her moan hearing the younger man talk to her husband with such an assertive tone. The masculinity that this much younger man and machismo had her in awe. She felt the presence of an alpha male who was using her like his own little plaything and the thought of it only turned her on more.

Something about how cocky the younger man's attitude was got under her skin and decided to test him. Her anger got the best of her, and she raised her voice. "What the hell did you do that for? You don't have to talk to my husb—" She moaned in pain, surprise, and pleasure as he stuck his hand down her panties and slipped a wet finger into her. The woman had stopped talking on the phone, and

all she could hear was Damien's quiet chuckling and her own ragged breaths. She bit down on her lip hard to keep from making any more noise.

"Damn, babe," he whispered, "you weren't lying about only being with two guys. I was barely able to get just the one finger in you. Let's see about..."

She tasted blood from her lip as he forced a second finger into her. She rested her forehead against the mirror and squeezed her eyes shut as he went deep and pressed against her G-spot softly at first, then with more pressure.

"See, that wasn't too bad.", Damien smirked.

He slowly slid his fingers out and rubbed her juices up her lips and over her clit. She thought she would be able to hold her silence, but then he slipped the fingers in and out of her again and began rubbing her throbbing clit in slow, firm circles. And a moan escaped her lips. Loudly.

There was utter silence for a moment, then the door to the other stall slammed open, and Victoria heard muttering and quick footsteps as the lady left the dressing area.

"About time," Damien said. "I was starting to wonder if she was sticking around for an invitation."

"What if she tells someone?" Victoria asked, her voice wavering as he continued to rub her.

"You always worry this much? No wonder you've only gotten with two guys. You need to loosen up."

A scream caught in her throat as he forced a third finger into her and plunged deep. She bucked so hard that one of her hands broke free.

"Damien," she moaned, "it's too much... It hurts."

She grabbed his wrist with her free hand and tried to stop him, but he was too strong. When she pulled at his wrist, it just rubbed his palm against her wet clit and sent more shockwaves of pleasure up and down her body. She gave up trying to pull his fingers out of her and left her hand where it was, feeling the bands of muscle in his forearm flex every time he dug his fingers deep against her swollen G-spot.

Three fingers! I can't believe I have three huge fingers in me!

"Of course it hurts, sweetheart," he said. "But it feels good too, which is kind of the point."

She couldn't argue with him.

Victoria reached behind her to feel his bulge—it was so damn big!—and started trying to undo his belt.

"Not so fast," he said. "I'm not done with you yet."

He slowly slid his fingers free and gave her one last slow, fantastic rub before taking his hand out of her panties and spinning her around so that her back was against the mirror.

She wanted—needed—his lips. She tried to kiss him, but he grabbed her by the chin and stuck his slick fingers in her mouth. He held her fast when she tried to turn away and keep from tasting herself. Adam had never done... *that*—it was disgusting and wrong—but she stopped fighting him; she let go.

Victoria rolled her tongue over his fingers and tasted her own fluids for the first time. She had expected it to taste terrible, but it wasn't entirely unpleasant. It was slightly tangy and sweet, like overripe citrus. And she could smell her sweet musk on his hand when she inhaled. It was so wrong, but it felt so right.

"Mmm," was all she managed to say.

She didn't want to let him go when he withdrew his fingers, but

then he kissed her—for real—and absolutely nothing else mattered for a few long moments. She bit his lip, and he didn't so much as wince. He just kept kissing her and began rhythmically grinding against her, his cock hard against her stomach.

Damien crushed one of her 32DD breasts in a big hand and got down on his knees in front of her, rolling a nipple between his wet fingers and thumb as he left a trail of kisses down her stomach and abdomen, then down even lower.

Victoria cried out but didn't try to stop him. There was no stopping now. She just tangled her fingers in his messy hair and concentrated on trying not to make any noise.

Damien buried his face in her crotch and began kissing, nibbling, then licking her up and down the creases of her inner thighs. His hot tongue dragged over the hollow of her leg and the pulsing pulse of her femoral artery, then back down again, so close to yet so far from where she wanted to be licked and sucked most.

He breathed in deeply one last time as if savoring her musk, then slowly peeled her panties off with both hands. She was so wet that they stuck to her until the very end, when they came free with an audible squelch that embarrassed and turned her on at the same time. The sodden panties dropped to around her ankles along with her jeans.

The room went white when he slowly ran the entirety of his tongue from the source of her abundant juices all the way to her engorged clit. He did this again and again, slowly, never lingering in any one place, never quite satisfying her, but firing every nerve ending his tongue came in contact with. He paused to get his middle finger wet with saliva.

Finally.

Victoria closed her eyes and let herself go. And that's when she felt him wriggle his fingertip into her asshole. She even felt a ring

that was thick wrapped around his finger. This experienced younger ale taught her yet another thing that Adam had never done with her before.

What the fuck? Who does this kid think he is?

"Hey!", Victoria cried out.

She pulled a fistful of his hair hard and tried to break free, but he slammed her back against the mirror so hard that she heard it crack. All the while, Damien worked his finger deeper.

"Relax, babe. You're going to like this."

"No, I don't stick things up my ass. That's disgusting." She stifled a moan. "Oh my god. Stop!"

He clamped his other hand over her mouth and pinned her against the wall with his shoulder, then got his finger halfway in.

There was no breaking free, so she bit down on his hand and suffered through the uncomfortable pleasure. She was disgusted, yet she had to admit that it felt strangely enjoyable, if unfamiliar.

He left his middle finger halfway in, then ran the tip of his tongue along her wet crease, teasing circles around her clit without actually touching it. And then he slid his forefinger into her. She was so wet that it went in fairly easily, but she involuntarily clamped down on it all the same.

"I told you you'd like it.", Damien stated.

Victoria was in heat. The beautiful mature blonde was too lost in ecstasy to reply.

He gave her one more slow, full-tongued lick, then wrapped his big mouth around her clit and her lips and the tiny opening to her vagina where just the half of his finger waited to fully penetrate her. His other hand left her mouth and rested on her hip as if ready to keep her from escaping what was to come.

Of their own volition, her hands rose to her breasts, and she began playing with her nipples in time with the strokes of his tongue.

She couldn't take the tension and the teasing anymore. The pressure between her legs was so intense that she wanted to scream, but she knew that it would feel that much better when he finally gave her what she wanted.

And then he did.

As he began pushing his two fingers—one in her ass and one in her slit—into her, he sucked so that his lips were airtight against her own. He began slowly licking her clit as he sucked harder and got his fingers in all the way to the knuckles. The finger in her ass stayed mostly still, but it was impossible to ignore. His other finger slowly moved back and forth against her G-spot with constant pressure that made her want to angle her hips to chase it.

Something was building inside her. All the stress, all the tension, all the teasing and tantalizing touches had stoked her to a throbbing frenzy. Every lick, every lazy rub of his fingers, and the way he seemed to savor the taste and scent of her turned her on more than she thought possible, and she knew that she was going to come soon no matter how hard she tried to hold it back.

He started rubbing harder and faster against the tender flesh of her G-spot in a rhythm that she moaned and gyrated her hips to shamelessly. At the same time, his tongue flitted over her clit several times in a row, then up and down along her slit, and then back up to her clit, faster and faster.

If she hadn't paused to take a breath, she wouldn't have heard the voices and footsteps over her moans. Two women were walking into the dressing area—the lady who had been on the phone and somebody else.

Adam watched the two women walking down the line of dressing

room doors as they approached his wife and the younger man in there. He wasn't sure if he should try and stop them or if he should just stand away and pretend he didn't know what was going on, but deep down he had an idea that they were doing something inappropriate in there.

"I heard them in here. It sounded like it was just two of them. Don't you have security for this kind of thing? It's disgusting. People try on clothes in there."

"Alright, ma'am," the younger woman said with a face that showed no emotion along with her tone, "I'll check it out."

There was a pause. The woman tattling on Victoria and Damien waited to watch the whole scene unfold so she could cast her judgement down upon them. She looked much too old herself to be shopping in a place like this, Adam thought. However, there was a bittersweet moment where the woman frowned realizing the employee was not going to do what she wanted.

"Well? Are you going to stop them?", Her eyes narrowed in form of intimidation towards the young employee female.

Again, the female showed no emotion, but replied sarcastically, "Thank you for letting me know."

"Oh, well... okay. I just figured that... Right.", The woman replied disappointed and surprised. The lady's heels clicked as she left.

The female employee looked at the dressing room. Then looked over at Adam. Then back over at the dressing room. Then back at Adam before responding monotonously before turning and walking away. "You're sick."

Victoria had tried to freeze, but Damien didn't stop working on her—if anything, he started going faster, and she could feel a powerful orgasm building inside her that was nearing the point of no return.

The bitch told on us! We're going to get caught. What if we get arrested? Am I going to end up on a sex offender list? How did this even happen?

There was a knock on the door to their stall.

"Yes?" Victoria squeaked.

"Hi," the girl said. "I'm the manager, and I received a complaint of some noises here in the dressing room. I wanted to check to make sure that everything was okay in there."

Victoria was close—so close.

She had a hand tangled in Damien's hair and another braced against the wall lest her shaking legs gave out on her.

To her horror, she realized that she was so wet that she could hear his finger working inside of her. And he lapped up her juice as if it were the sweetest nectar.

"Oh," Victoria managed. "No, I'm fine in here. I just—" She had to pause to take a breath as a contraction rocked her body. "I just poked myself with one of those pins when I was trying a shirt on, and I guess that other lady heard me yelp."

Adam would have covered his ears if he wasn't too embarrassed. He could hear juices smacking on the inside of the doors while the younger woman was the only one bold enough to confront his wife possibly getting frisky with another man.

Her nervous laugh was unconvincing to her own ears. Then gave Adam a look wondering if he was going to jump in at any time to confront his own wife. It was the first time she showed any hint of emotion. "Well, she said that she heard other voices. Are you sure that there's nobody else in there with you?"

Another contraction nearly doubled her over. She'd come at any moment, and she didn't know how to not scream.

"Ah..." It came out as more of a moan than a word.

"Ma'am?"

He sucked on her clit even harder than he had before, both his fingers moving back and forth rapidly as if he were playing a piano inside her. And with his lips slightly parted, he licked her as hard and as fast as he could, not pausing, not changing his beat, not giving her any room to retreat.

She was going to come. It was inevitable.

"Phone," was all she managed to say.

Damien reached up and pinched her nipple so hard that she worried that it might tear—and that was all it took to push her over the edge.

She didn't know how to not scream. Her whole body spasmed, and she felt pulse after pulse of wetness rush out of her and all over Damien's face and hand, on the floor, all over the panties and jeans at her ankles. She'd never felt anything so exquisite, so powerful.

The pleasure didn't subside after the first few squirts. If anything, it intensified to a whole new level as Damien kept up his merciless ministrations. She would have crumpled to the floor in a ball of moaning bliss, but he kept her pinned against the wall and held her up so that she had nowhere to go but to her next impending orgasm.

"You're... on the phone?" the manager asked, sounding a bit puzzled.

"Yes!" she screamed.

Get yourself together, Victoria. You just screamed at the manager. Think!

"I mean, yeah, sorry. I'm on..." She bit her lip hard to stifle a moan. "I'm on my phone."

"I see. Well, okay. We don't generally let people hang out in here though."

"Oh..."

"Are you sure everything is alright?"

"*Yes.* Yes, it's good. Really good."

The lady didn't say anything for a moment, and Victoria prepared to ride out the next orgasm. She just held onto Damien's hair and tried to control her breathing.

"I'll let you finish your phone conversation, but please try to wrap it up soon."

Speaking of wrapping things up... I haven't even seen his dick yet. God I want him in me. I really hope he has a condom, or I think I'll cry.

"I'll definitely try to wrap it up," she said a bit louder than she meant to.

She grabbed as many of the clothes as she could reach and hung them over the door to the stall.

"Did you want to try on more clothes like these, or are these just clothes you don't want."

Victoria draped a leg over Damien's shoulder and started to climax again. It was harder this time—hard enough that it hurt as much as it felt good, like when he had forced three fingers into her.

"Oh, God. Please. More." She whimpered.

"Uh. What size?"

It felt too good. She clenched and unclenched on his fingers over and over again, but she didn't squirt—she probably didn't have enough juices left in her. She had never squirted before, and she

was still in shock. Hell, she had never even had two orgasms before. *Two.*

"Two," she gasped. "Two is perfect."

"Sure. I can do that," the manager said. "There are a lot of clothes here, and I have some folding to do, so it might take me a few minutes."

"No rush," she managed. "I'll just be here."

The girl left the dressing area probably a thinking Victoria was completely crazy, but at least she was out of earshot again.

FINISHING UP

Damien finally pulled his mouth away from her, but he left his fingers in her sensitive holes as he grinned up at her. Her juices were all over his face, shirt, and hand, and she had the unexplainable desire to lick him clean. "I knew you'd come around."

"Yeah, I did. Twice.", Victoria felt like a teenager the way she giggled like a dumb blonde while with him.

"Really?" He gestured at his shirt and face. "I hadn't noticed."

"Damien," she said shakily, "that was amazing. Like. Wow. Please tell me you have protection. I want you inside me. Now. Before she comes back or my husband tries to stop this. I've never cheated on him before, but this might be my only chance to get away with it."

What am I saying?

Damien slowly slid his fingers free, sending tingling sensations that reached her toes and fingertips. He then stood leaned on one elbow against the mirror so that he towered over her. She could smell herself on him and on his breath.

Victoria began to unbuckle his belt so that she could free the

monster in his jeans. It looked so big that she wasn't entirely confident that she could have sex with him in the first place.

"Like a condom? Nah. I've never been much of a fan."

Damn it!

"Oh. Well. Maybe later then?" she said, crestfallen.

"Right now works just fine for me," he said. "You got yours. Now it's my turn."

"I'm not on the pill though. I mean, I could maybe use my hand if you want, but I'm not very good at that."

Victoria had been taught in her sex education class that you could stop a man from cumming with the hand method. It was an antiquated theory that didn't work in the slightest, but easily revealed her age to the younger man.

"Your hand?" He chuckled. "Babe, you're hilarious."

He tilted her chin up and kissed her hard. Without meaning to, she found herself sucking her hot juices off his tongue and licking his rough jaw to pick up more.

Victora was still horny. She didn't know why or how, but something about him got her so wet that she had lines of her own mess dribbling down her legs.

"But I'm not good at blowjobs. I never give them to my husband."

He just chuckled and unbuckled his belt, then unbuttoned his jeans and let them fall to his ankles. His boxers did absolutely nothing to hide the size of his cock. The thing was massive, and it was so hard that she could have probably hung her backpack from it without it dipping an inch. There were a few spots of sticky pre-cum on his boxers, evidence that he was no less turned on than she was.

"Go ahead," he said. "Touch it."

Victoria didn't need to be told twice.

She reached out to feel it through his boxers and was shocked to realize that she couldn't even fit her thumb and fingers around it.

Wow.

It twitched at her touch like she had expected it to, and she relished the notion of finally getting the chance to have some control. She harbored no illusions of being able to overpower him or make him do anything, but she knew that he had to be ready to explode by now, and she intended to thoroughly torture him.

Victoria kept her fingers lightly wrapped around as much of him as she could manage while gently stroking him through his boxers. Her other hand reached under his shirt and over the hard, flat muscles of his torso. He was hard in places she didn't know a person could be hard.

His smoldering eyes bored into her, and the muscles in his jaw flexed, but he remained silent, simply waiting to see what she would do with her newfound freedom. He leaned with one hand against the mirror and teased her nipple with the other.

She couldn't take the waiting anymore. It was time to unveil the monster. Victoria slowly peeled off his boxers and stared agape at what sprung out. Not quite believing her eyes, she poked it with a finger. It twitched. Part of her had thought—hoped—that it was just his boxers and jeans that had made him seem so big, but it really was an intimidating cock. He was circumcised, and his mushroom head proudly crowned a shaft that many horses would have envied. Like his facial stubble, his pubic area was trimmed and relatively neat, if not as prettily coifed as her own, but she could tell that it could grow out if he let it.

Maybe it's a good thing he forgot to bring condoms. There is no way that thing would ever fit in me. Nope. Never.

A gooey string of pre-cum began to drip off of him, and she stuck her thumb out to catch it without thinking. She wrapped her fingers around him again and rubbed his hot pre-cum all over the tip of his dick. Then she played the tips of her nails all the way down his shaft to balls heavy with unspent seed.

Damien growled deeply like a tethered attack dog and looked as if he was going to pounce on her for a moment, but he restrained himself.

He'd been a good boy. It was time to give him his reward—if he'd fit in her mouth, which was dubious at best.

Victoria stepped out of her filthy panties and then made an exaggerated show of kneeling in front of him, throwing back her sweat-sticky hair and thrusting out her chest a bit more than was necessary.

That growl again.

He is an animal. And you, Victoria, are a slut. A dirty slut. A slut who is about to get a mouthful of hard dick.

Damien ran a hand through her hair and then grabbed it firmly before wrapping it deliberately around and around his fist until it tugged painfully at her roots.

He was still the boss.

She pulled him down by the base of his cock until she was eye to eye with it, close enough that she could smell his sweat. It was the first time that she could recall ever actually wanting a penis in her mouth. The notion usually would have revolted her, but now she wanted to inflict even a fraction of the pleasure he'd made her endure.

"Impress me," he said.

"I was already under enough pressure before you said that. Thanks," she said.

Here goes nothing.

Victoria gripped his hot shaft more firmly and gave him a few slow strokes.

A different growl this time.

Hopefully that's a good growl.

She stuck her tongue out and touched the tip of it to where gooey pre-cum still oozed slowly out of him. It twitched a bit, and the head got even bigger momentarily before it went back to normal. She did it again and got the same response. The third time, she opened her mouth wide enough to make her jaw pop and took just his head in. She held it there for a moment without doing anything, then ever so slowly ran her tongue all the way around the ridge of his head. When she had made a full circle, she ran it back around the other way.

He leaned into her and pulled her head toward him as if he intended to jam himself down her throat, but she held him back with the hand that gripped his iron member so that no more than his head ever made it past her lips.

She continued to work her tongue over more and more of his head, then past it, pausing to give him small kisses and nibbles along the shaft. She never stayed in any one place for too long; this was an appetizer, not the main course, and it wouldn't do for him to finish too quickly.

As she worked him over, gently seeing how much of his cock her mouth could accommodate, the oversensitivity between her thighs began to subside, and a yearning ache soon replaced it. Though she'd had more than her fair share of orgasms for one day, she couldn't help reaching down to touch herself with her free hand. While one hand stroked him and her mouth took him deeper and deeper, the other hand stroked her wet clit and periodically plunged two fingers into her hungry snatch. She wasn't even trying to reach

another climax; she simply felt like she had to touch and be touched, please and be pleased.

Victoria became lost in the harmonious cadence of the moment's sensations. Time took on a surreal quality, and she lost track of how long she played their sex instruments; it could have been seconds, minutes, hours, or days. All that mattered was the present.

At some point, Damien tugged her back to reality by the roots of her hair and gently but firmly dragged her to her feet so that she stood before him, small and hot like sparked tinder sheltered in the palm of a hand.

When her vision came into focus and their gazes locked, his eyes no longer seemed to mock her. If anything, they seemed to mirror her unspoken passion.

They kissed then. There was no biting, playful tongue tag, nor teasing; they simply locked lips and slipped into sync as if they had been born to do nothing else. He cupped her face in both his hands and held her there while their tongues danced. Her hand left his rigid cock and ran over the hair of his chest. Then she lightly dragged her nails from his collarbone all the way back down to his cock.

The kiss broke naturally, and they both took a moment to catch their breath.

"I need you inside me," she heard herself say.

Wh*at are you doing, Victoria? He doesn't have a condom and you're married. You're going to get pregnant, and you'll regret this for the rest of your life especially after Adam finds out it isn't his. Does he really need to know its not his though? He's such a good father it'd be a shame if he wasn't allowed to have another son just because it's not technically his.* Victoria found herself justifying.

"And I need to be inside you," he said, his voice even lower and

rougher than usual.

She should have made sure to tell him not to come in her, but she held her tongue for some reason, perhaps because she didn't want to ruin the moment, perhaps because some errant strand of insanity had scrambled her wits. All that mattered was that she needed to somehow get his cock inside her. Maybe he could fuck some sense back into her.

Victoria slid her fingers free and rubbed her slippery juices all over his cock, giving her wrist a little twist at the end of each stroke. She had both hands on him now, and there was still enough room for another and change at the top. She couldn't believe it, and she hadn't a clue how he was going to fit even half into her.

Damien pushed her back against the mirror while she still clung to him, then took his shirt off and dropped it on the floor with her panties. He bent over to give each of her nipples an appreciative suck, tongue flick, and nibble.

Shivers shot down her spine.

Then he ran his hands down her back, over her flank, and to her ass, then farther. His fingertips brushed past her still-smarting asshole and all the way to her wet slit. His two forefingers slid into her side by side, despite it being a tight fit. And then he spread her lips while crushing her buttocks in his huge hands hard enough that she expected to have bruises for weeks.

He paused.

"You know that this is really going to hurt, right?" he breathed into her ear.

"Then you had better make it worth my while," she said into his sweaty chest as she gave him a playful squeeze.

As if she weighed nothing, he picked her up and pinned her against the mirror so that their faces were close. He kept her lips

spread and gave her a moment to wrap her legs around him.

Victoria gave his glistening cock a few last strokes and then began to try to guide him in. The first thing she did was rub his head all over her wet lips and tiny opening. She managed not to moan as it rubbed against her clit, but she knew that the worst was yet to come.

Doing her best to relax so that she wouldn't be too tight, Victoria began to try to work his head into her. It hurt. A lot. It was worse than when he had jammed three fingers in her, and it wasn't even in yet. With as wet as she was, he should have just glided in, but he was so absurdly thick that she was afraid something was going to tear.

"I don't think it's going to fit," she said. "I'm sorry. I'm just so small, and you're so big..."

"It's going to fit," he said. "You're going to make it fit. Otherwise I'm going to start looking for other holes to stick it in."

There's just no saying no to this guy.

She leaned forward and bit his shoulder to hold back a scream as just the bulbous head finally squeezed inside her. At least the hard part was over—or so she thought.

Damien slowly began to lower her onto his cock, stretching her well beyond anything she was equipped to handle. Tears flooded her eyes, and a silent scream caught in her chest as the first two inches nearly tore her in half. There was nothing left to do but suffer. She wrapped her arms around his neck, held fast with her legs, and waited for him to use her.

He stayed there for a moment to adjust her weight and the angle, and then he sunk into her another inch.

She was crying silently into his shoulder now. It felt incredible,

but it hurt so damn much. Adam could hear her also and wasn’t sure if he should try and stop what was going on. He dared not look at their feet under the door of the dressing room as he wanted to live in ignorance that his wife would never cheat on him.

"Don't try to fight the pain," he said. "Enjoy it for what it is. Because when you allow yourself to feel it completely, you'll realize just how good it feels. Let it all in."

A sob wracked through her as he tried to push farther in.

Let go. Let it all in.

She took a deep, shuddering breath and stopped fighting him. Her muscles relaxed, and the next three inches of him plowed into her. His head jammed into her cervix, but she embraced the pain instead of letting it cripple her. Victoria knew without looking down that he still had inches to spare.

He groaned as he bottomed out again, and she felt a rush of wetness as her body tried to do everything possible to adjust.

Damien held her pinned against the wall and then began to slowly fuck her. Even though he could have avoided doing so, he seemed to glean some sadistic pleasure from ramming her insides with every thrust and then pressing even harder against her once he was in. She yelped every time, but she didn't feel the need to scream anymore. He was right; there was pleasure interwoven with the pain. His cock was so thick that he dragged against her clit with every shift of his hips, and his head pressed against her G-spot every time he pulled out far enough before a thrust.

Damien began grunting as the thrusts started to get faster, harder, more vigorous. Soon, Victoria couldn't breathe hard enough to cry out in time with the thrusts, and she couldn't tell if she was moaning or crying anymore. Equal measures of pain and pleasure tore through her.

A pressure was building inside her again. While the other orgasms had built up quickly, this one took its time. Such were the extremes of the sensations her body was being subjected to, she wasn't sure she could survive coming again, but it was too late to get her defenses up again. She was his to do with as he saw fit.

He saw fit to force a finger in her ass as he drove into her, and she was so surprised that she cried out far louder than she should have, even though they were both so sweaty that it went in without too much resistance.

What if somebody heard me? And where is that manager with my clothes? Let's just hope that she didn't call security.

Damien slowed down and then stopped.

Victoria's eyes fluttered open.

"What is it?" she asked, surprised that she could still speak.

"My arms are getting tired," he said. "Can you stand?"

"I think so."

He slowly drew his cock from the sheath of her body with a wet squelch and set her on her feet.

All that pounding had taken its toll, and her legs were shaking so much that she thought they might give out on her. She wavered for a moment, then managed to find her balance by leaning against the mirror.

He grabbed her by the hips and bent her over so that she was facing the mirror with her ass sticking out.

The stall smelled like sweat and the best rough sex. They were both a mess. Her hair was plastered to her flushed face, and she was too afraid to look at the damage between her legs.

He pushed her down farther and then shoved his cock back in

her. They gasped in unison as he filled her up completely. This angle let him go deeper and hit all the sweet spots just right.

"Babe," he said, "your pussy feels so damn good. I almost lost it on the first stroke just now, but I'm not done with you yet."

He gave her a hard thrust to emphasize his point.

"Fuck—" she said.

Another thrust.

"Me—"

Thrust.

"Hard!"

The next thrust made her vision go dark at the edges.

Damien yanked her hair back with one hand and then rode her furiously with his other hand clutching her hip. He muttered sweet nothings under his breath as he made sure that her pussy would never be the same.

"You like the way that big dick feels inside you? I bet its much bigger than that little wimp outside the dressing room you call a husband." he said in a dark tone.

Victoria moaned an affirmative.

"Put your hand on your stomach so that you can feel me fuck you under your palm."

She did as she was told. He was right; she could feel the bulge of his cock pushing up against the inside of her belly every time he rammed into her. She pressed down harder so that she could feel it more deeply. Doing so made her feel even tighter inside, and she spasmed involuntarily.

All of a sudden, he dragged her back and pulled her with him to

the bench where her clothes lay. He kept her snug against him so that he never had to pull out of her. Damien sat and spread his legs so that hers were tight together, squeezing him. She had to reach back and lean against him to keep from being run through as her weight pushed him up against her cervix.

It was her turn to do some of the work.

She leaned back against him and started riding him in earnest so that her tits jiggled with every bounce.

As she fucked herself on his dick, he stuck his dirty fingers in her mouth to pick up saliva and then began rubbing her clit in time with her rising and falling.

The orgasm began building again. As selfish as it was, she hoped that she would be able to come at least one more time before he was done. He was just spoiling her with multiples.

"I'm close, baby," he said.

"Not yet," she said. "Not yet."

She leaned forward and put her hands on her knees, then began bouncing up and down fast with wet slaps.

It was a race. She was so incredibly close, but being under so much pressure to get there before him was holding her back.

Between breaths, she heard footsteps as somebody walked into the dressing area.

No! Not now! I'm so close!

"Hello?"

It was Adam.

Victoria tried to think fast, but she came up empty. At least try to keep your voice even.

"Uh, hi, hon" she said, trying to keep her ass from slapping too loudly against Damien.

"The lady instructed me to give you the clothes," He said hearing the slapping of flesh. "They got a bunch of customers in, and she had to take a register." Adam somehow hoped to quicken Damien to get back to work so he would stop fucking his wife.

She hung the clothes over the top of the door, and Victoria reached up to grab them as she rode Damien.

"Thank you," Victoria said.

"No problem," Adam sighed.

She was quiet for a moment, and Victoria became painfully aware of how much noise she and Damien were making.

"Was there something else?" Victoria asked, fighting to keep her voice level as she got dangerously close to coming.

"Oh, yeah. Sorry. I was trying to think of a polite way to say that that was an unusual selection of clothes you had picked out. Are you shopping for a special occasion?"

Damien grabbed her by the hips and started fucking her so fast and hard that his balls slapped against her. Whatever mind block had kept her from climaxing fell away as his huge cock began to push her over the edge.

"Yes," she moaned. "We're getting a BIG discount too."

Silence again.

"Ah, right. I guess that's great. Well, let me know when you're ready to check out."

Victoria was pretty sure that she heard Adam leave the dressing area. They were both breathing raggedly. She then stopped Damien for a moment.

"Hold on," she said.

Without letting him out of her, she carefully turned completely around so that she was straddling him face to face. The twist fired nerve endings that she didn't even know she had, and she could tell that it felt just as good or better for Damien.

"I'm going to come so hard," she said as she started riding him

"Not if I get there first," he said, his voice strained.

"Oh no you don't."

She started bouncing faster.

There was a loud knock.

What the hell?

"Alright, guys. You need to stop what you are doing and leave now."

It was Adam.

"I... Just a minute!" Victoria said.

Her body shook with a contraction, and she clamped down on Damien with a shuddering moan.

He groaned underneath her and tried to pull her off of him, but it felt too good. She couldn't stop now.

"Babe, I'm going to—" he started to say.

"This is your last chance to open the door!," Adam said. He had lost his patience.

Blind to reason as she started to come, Victoria reached over and pulled the door to the stall open. Revealing what was going on to her husband and the rest of the store.

Damien bucked underneath her and tried to push her off, but she

wrapped her limbs around him and rode the orgasm out in its entirety.

In her periphery, she could see Adam standing there, but that didn't matter. Getting caught didn't matter in her mind. All that mattered was Damien's massive cock inside her blissfully beaten pussy and the crushing waves of ecstasy that tore through her.

Damien was holding her tight atop him and thrusting into her and saying something, but she couldn't tell what because she was so lost in herself.

As the orgasm began to subside, Victoria's senses came back into focus, and she felt hot spurts of Damien's cum shooting into her. There was so much that she could feel it spill out of her with his every desperate thrust.

Oh no. God no. He came inside of me!

Victoria tried to climb off of him, but he held on for a few more thrusts before she could get free.

She staggered to her feet and almost fell back down because her legs weren't working properly.

He groaned again as another hot spurt shot out of him, and she knew that she couldn't let it go to waste. What was done was done, and he'd already come inside of her, but he deserved to at least finish without being cut short.

She fell to her knees in front of him and grabbed his twitching cock hard in both her hands. It glistened in their juices, creamy and wet and full to bursting.

Victoria closed her eyes, and then he was inside her mouth. She could taste herself, and she could taste him. His cum coated the back of her tongue and throat as she milked him of his every last drop, and she took him as deep as she could—deeper than he'd been able to go in her pussy.

His fingers ran gently through her tangled hair after she couldn't suck any more out of him. He was still hard, but his need seemed to be mostly sated.

It was then that she opened her eyes, his cock still in her mouth, and made eye contact with Adam who was wearing an expression of undisguised shock.

Never breaking eye contact with Adam, Victoria slowly rolled her tongue under and over Damien's head, making him gasp, then gave him one final suck before pulling him out of her mouth with an audible *pop*.

The gravity of what had just transpired dawned on her, but the post-orgasmic euphoria just made everything seem like it was going to be okay.

Victoria managed to get back to her feet, knowing that her face was probably beet-red. She pulled her shirt back down and started to look around for her jeans—there was no way she was putting those panties back on.

"Uh, we'll just... be on our way here in a minute," Victoria said.

Damien stood up and zipped his pants, nodding at Adam. Adam was shocked, but in his humiliation looked down at the carpeted floor.

"Hi there," he said as he tried to mop himself dry with his shirt.

"Hi," Adam replied politely back to the man who just fucked his wife.

Victoria had to hop to wiggle into her jeans, and she felt hot cum dribble down her thighs as she did so. She snatched up her sweater and threw it on.

"We're really sorry about all this," Victoria said. "It just kind of, you know, happened. And, well, please don't be mad.

Adam just nodded slowly, her wide eyes glued to Damien's sweat-slick body. He couldn't help but be entranced by the huge cock that must have been tearing his wife's insides out.

Damien put the damp shirt back on and slipped a hand around Victoria's waist.

"Time to go?", Victoria said to her husband.

"What about the discount?" Adam looked almost mad they weren't getting a discount now.

"I don't think I want anything from here after all. We won't need that discount."

Victoria fully dressed waltzed right by her husband leaving Damien in the dressing room without looking back at him. Unexpectedly, she turned around.

"Well Damien? Want to see a movie with me? I have an extra ticket.", She waved the movie tickets towards him. One was supposed to be for her husband Adam, but obviously was disinvited.

Damien agreed and the two of them walked out. But before she could leave, Victoria looked to her husband, Adam and said.

"Shouldn't have forgotten my birthday. Now we have a movie to catch."

---THE END----

Party Bus
Cuckold Wimp

WATCHING WIFE
FONDLED ON BUS

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE INDECENT EXPOSURE COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD
EROTICA STORIES
FOCUSED ON BUSTY
FONDLING AND PUBLIC
GROPING WIVES.

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | GROPE
ELEVATOR RIDE
WIFE GOES UP
CUCKOLD GOES
DOWN

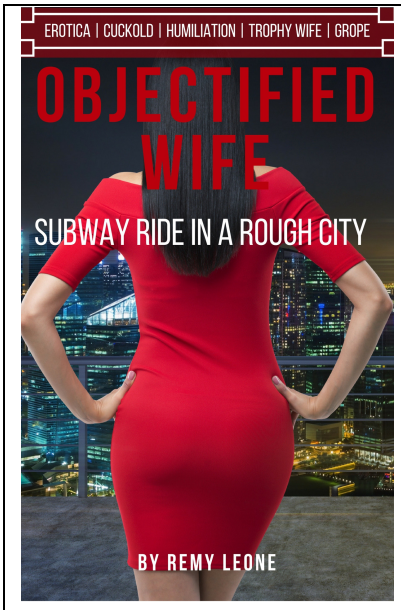
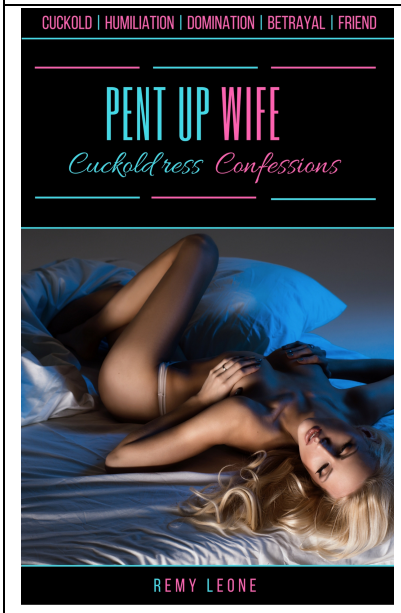
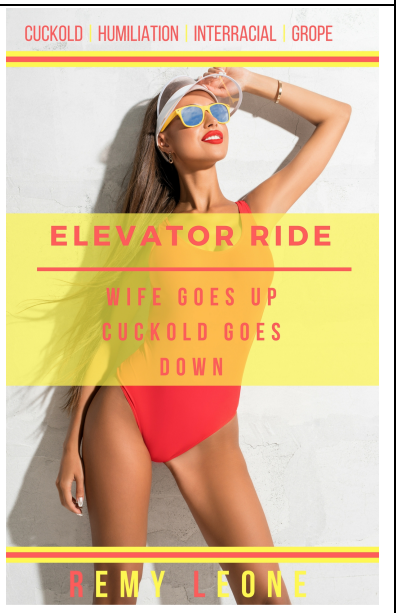
PENT UP WIFE
Cuckoldress Confessions

Remy Leone Presents:

The Indecent Exposure Collection

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

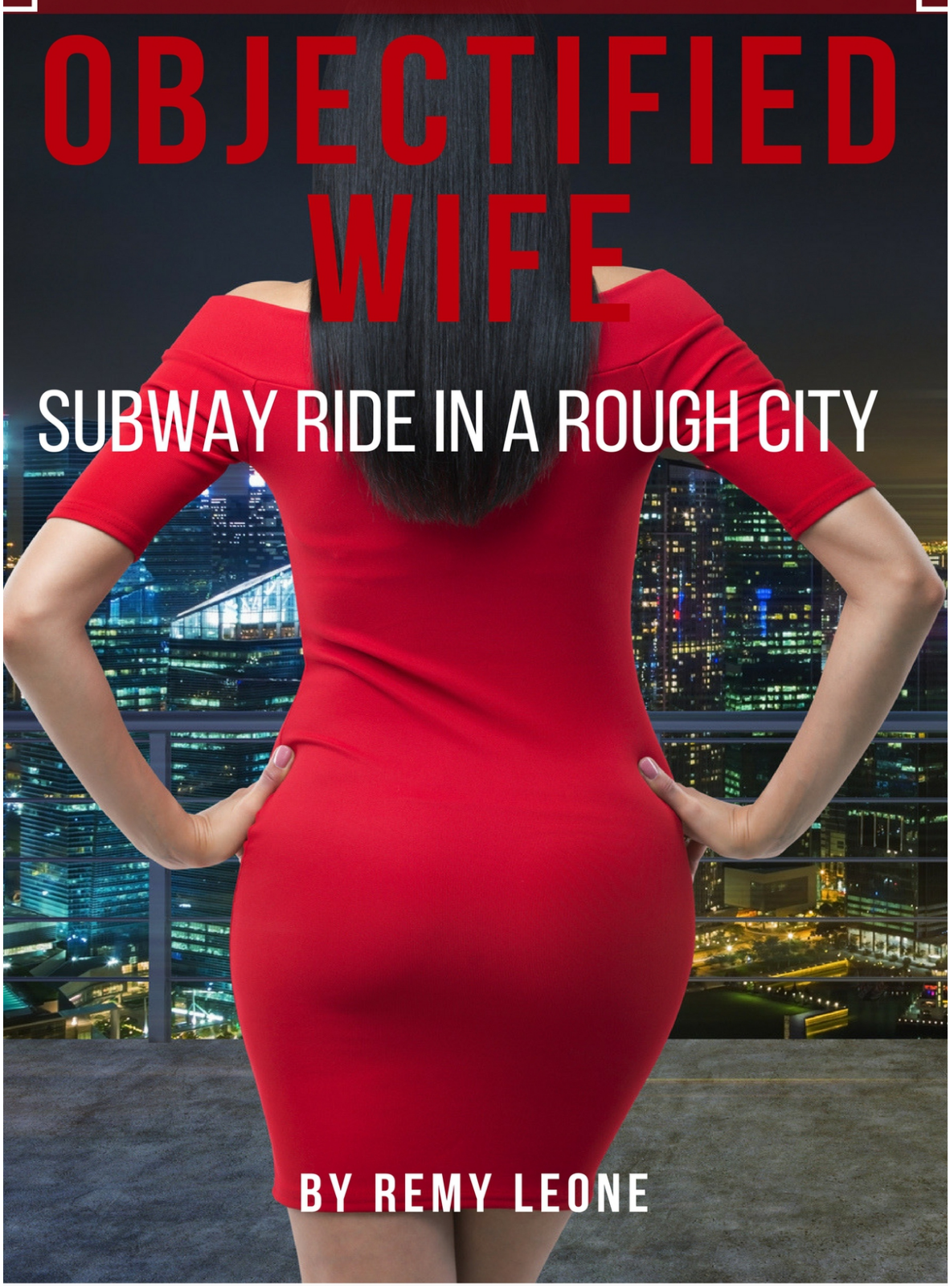
All rights reserved.

	**STORY SELECTION**	
[Objectified Wife | Subway Ride in a Rough City]		[Party Bus Cuckold Wimp]
		
[Pent Up Wife | Cuckoldress Confessions]	[Watching Wife Fondled on a Bus]	[Elevator Ride | Wife Goes Up, Cuckold Goes Down]

EROTICA | CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | TROPHY WIFE | GROPE

OBJECTIFIED WIFE

SUBWAY RIDE IN A ROUGH CITY



BY REMY LEONE

Objectified Wife

Subway Riding in a Rough City

By: Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Getting Ready
2	The Cab Ride
3	Walk To The Escalator
4	The Subway

GETTING READY

Ashley and Peter had been married for now five years. They had met one another through mutual friends almost a decade ago.

At first, Ashley was reluctant to date Peter. She had put him in the "friendzone" the second she met him. Her friends would persist in telling her how nice, sensitive and smart he was which bored her. Ashley knew that while these were good qualities, it just was not her type. She was more into the masculine alpha male that took charge. It was the type of male that her curvy physique and strawberry blond hair would attract growing up.

Her large perfect breasts had grown her whole life and by the age of thirty she had 32F breasts. Her breasts protruded proudly and accented her slim figure and heart shaped round, but toned butt. The last time she was measured for her dress came out to 39-24-40 and she remembered the tailor saying he would need extra fabric to cover her curves.

She remained a virgin throughout high school and even college even though the jocks chased after her. Even a teacher propositioned her once while attending the University. After she graduated she would meet only three men that she felt was worth her intimacy. However none of them were willing to be in a long term committed and exclusive relationship.

She would never have thought that Peter would be the fourth man she would make love to. In fact, she never hung out with Peter unless her other friends around. She never had anything in common with him and she was taller than he was by a couple of inches. He didn't have the athletic frame or confident attitude that she was accustomed to.

It all began to change when she ran into financial trouble. She needed to cut her expenses and when Peter offered to let her stay at his home in the spare bedroom she accepted out of desperation. Ashely would realize that she loved Peter's home. It was spacious and had artistic modern design.

Peter also let her drive his second vehicle so that she could sell her own car and save up to buy one. He never pressured her to leave and often made it more convenient for her to stay by doing all the chores of the house. She never had to cook, clean or even lift a finger. When she finally found a new job at a jewelry store, she didn't want to move and break her convenient routine.

It was around then that she came home from a drunken night and made out with Peter. It was Peter's dream come true as he was making out with the woman he had been fantasizing about for the last three years. It would be the first woman he had ever been romantically involved with.

Ashley recalled not feeling the same spark she had experienced with her ex boyfriends. It felt awkward being with such an inexperienced man who felt like a boy as much mentally as he did physically. She was actually relieved when Peter had ejaculated in his own pants when Ashley unbuttoned his jeans before anything could continue

further.

That night would be the beginning of her relationship with Peter and the only time they became they would be that physical until they married soon after. On their wedding night, Peter suffered the same ejaculation problems two times and was unable to consummate the marriage until their honeymoon in Hawaii.

When she finally saw Peter's penis, she realized that she would be needing to save all of her toys to please herself. His "shortcomings" paired with his ejaculation problems would be difficult to become excited about, but Ashley would do it out of her wifely duty.

Ashley had to lay on her back with her legs spread nude, while Peter tried three separate times. The first two tries he failed by prematurely ejaculating, but on the third attempt he was able to quickly insert his half erect penis to harden in Ashley. After a few pumps he was rock hard and after a few more he was had ejaculated for the third time. Ashley, on the other hand, hadn't even become close to arousal that night.

From that night moving forward, it was very rare for them to share physical moments, but from time to time Ashley would have a powerful urge and she would try to become intimate with Peter. Her itch would remain unscratched every time. She found herself needing to seek out fantasies rather than physical companionship. She would find herself wearing skimpier clothes and seeking the attention of the men she was attracted to. Relying on these alpha males attention and interactions as her pleasure during her own lovemaking sessions with her husband.

Today, on their anniversary, was no different. Ashley had put on her makeup and thrown on her new dress that Peter bought her for the special day. It was a summer style leopard print micro skirt that ended at the top of her thighs and wouldn't allow her to bend over.

Her skirt was very tight around her large butt which made the fabric hang off so that the bottom was flowing freely when she moved.

The lightest bend of her hips or knees would make the skirt pull up over the fleshy mounds of her butt showing her sheer black thong. Her top was open down to the top of her stomach and was just as tight. The tightness of the top lifted and smashed her breasts together firmly. The sides of her natural 32F breasts spilled out of the top and her cleavage was entirely exposed down the middle. The top was loose enough to allow her breasts to jiggle while she tip-toed around in her black heels that had lace wrapping around her ankles in a fashionable threaded design.

Ashley thought this skirt was a little shorter than she was use to and was even more surprised that her conservative husband bought her something so provocative. Truth was Peter didn't mean to buy her something so small, but the saleswoman he bought the dress from didn't factor in his wife's sexy figure.

"Ashley, are you almost ready? We're running late! The cab just got here!", Peter called from downstairs.

Ashley grabbed her purse and started to skip towards the stairs. When she got to the stairs Peter watched her come down. He could see her boobs bouncing vigorously on her chest and her skirt hiking upwards. By the time she hit the bottom, both of the sides of her tops and been pulled back exposing her perfect breasts and nipple. Her nipples were a soft pink and pointed just slightly upwards due to the perkiness of her natural breasts. The bottom of her skirt had pulled up all the way over her butt at the waist and pulling at her thong.

The view of his wife's major wardrobe malfunction made him very nervous to bring her out in public. He had no choice, he was not going to tell Ashley to go change and even if he had the power to he wouldn't want to lose their reservation to the restaurant.

"I think you better slow it down there if you want to keep your assets to yourself.", Peter noted.

Ashley gave a giggle and they made their exit down the stairs

towards the cab that waited outside.

THE CAB RIDE

The cab driver was waiting in the cab when Ashley and Peter exited their home. When he saw them approaching, he took notice of Ashley skirt and body and decided to open the passenger back door for her. He insisted that she sat on the passenger side and Peter sit behind him.

The cab driver was in his fifties and had a round belly with a thick mustache and balding head. His English was decent but was broken at times being of Arabic descent. "Attractive couple on night of town, yeah?"

Ashley and Peter smiled politely and greeted the cab driver. Peter was going to help Ashley in the vehicle, but the cab driver took over and directed Peter to the other side of the vehicle. Ashley lifted one leg to get in which hiked up her skirt. The back had come up against, but the cab driver was more than willing to help. He reached his grubby finger down to the bottom of her dress, letting one finger tease at her thong before pulling it back down. She allowed him to do this and when he was finished she fell into her seat with a bounce of her breasts.

The cab driver followed Ashley into the back of the cab halfway. He had placed his knee high and in between her thighs so that his knee was pressed firmly against her between her legs. He grabbed the seatbelt and began to pull it over her busty chest. While he was

pulling the seatbelt over her she could feel his hard knee rubbing against her clit which gave her a rushing sensation through her.

"I don't think this work." The driver said.

Before either of them could understand what he meant about what wouldn't work, he had placed his big fat and hairy hands under Ashley. His fingers reach under the bottom of the hem of the skirts and kneading her thighs before picking her up gently. This made Ashley give a sigh in shock and excitement as this stocky driver lifted her frame up from the seat.

"Not use to man handle you?", the driver said with a shit eating grin when he gave a glance over to Peter. Peter was stunned at how brazen the cab driver was when handling his wife in front of him and just gave a nervous giggle.

The driver still had Ashley picked up off the seat and had pressed himself in a bit more so that his belly could rest on Ashley's flat stomach. His strong hands had pulled her legs farther apart so that her skirt hiked back up. He just stared at her as he shuffled between her legs and Peter noticed that by the look on the driver's seat he was imagining having sex with his wife with her in the compromising position that she was in. He noticed that Ashley looked nervous, but also a bit excited as she stared up at the stocky yet strong cab driver. Her arms had nervously crossed, which only pushed her tits together even more which the cab driver seemed to enjoy.

"You one lucky man." The cab driver said to Peter without looking at him as he lustfully stared down at his wife. She was crushed between the cab driver and the seat she sat in with her legs fully spread and with him in between. He let her down so he could grab the seatbelt once again. Her full weight was now pushing her down on the knee of the driver who was moving her around unnecessarily knowing that her clit was rubbing against his knee. She could feel her wetness building and hoped that her sheer thong wouldn't leak on the driver's knee. He pulled the seatbelt over her this time and

was able to lock the belt. He ran his hand up the shoulder strap so that the back of his hand caressed at her large breast which he combed over twice intentionally.

The cab driver seemed satisfied with himself and removed his knee from Ashley's crotch letting her butt land in the seat causing her breasts to give a bounce. The cab driver responded by readjusting the seat belt to be tucked away between her boobs once again before he shut the door. Ashley looked over at Peter her eyes wide opened and her eyebrows raised like "Are you going to step in at some point? Peter pretended that he didn't really see anything inappropriate but deep down he felt more violated than his wife. As long as they made their reservation that's all that mattered though and if he made a fuss it would just cause them to be even more late than they were already going to be. The cabbie got in his vehicle and off they went.

They made great timing as the cabbie zipped in and out of traffic and they were actually going to be running early now. The driver would talk about himself mostly to Ashley and asked her questions about herself as well. Peter mostly listened to the conversation adding a light laugh or a "Yeah" here and there.

"Hang on. Bumpy shortcut ahead!", the cabbie called out. The car had took a hard left and they went down a side road that cut through the city. The road was not well taken care of, which resulted into a rough and bumpy ride. The bumpy ride made Ashley's chest bounce and the seatbelt was flossing her big boobs. Peter couldn't help but notice the cab driver was not watching the road as Ashley's tits moved up and down on her chest.

"Hey watch the road!", Peter called out.

The cab driver slowed down as they reached the end of the shortcut and Ashley's boobs settled on her chest. He chuckled a bit before speaking to Ashley.

"Your man needs to toughen up a bit.", he smirked while Ashley

giggled.

Peter ignored the cab driver partly because he was annoyed with him, but also because he was distracted by the traffic that was blocking the bridge.

"I don't think we're going to be able to pass.", Peter said to the driver. He began to worry that they would miss their reservation even though they were running early.

"Yup. Catch subway." He pointed at the entrance to the subway that was a few blocks away from where they were.

"Let's go hon, we have a train to catch.", Ashley unbuckled the seatbelt and slid it from between her tits. Getting out of the vehicle caused her skirt to give the cab driver one full view of her ass before she got out.

Peter followed like a puppy after his wife who was walking at a fast pace as determined to make that reservation as Peter was.

WALK **T**O **T**HE **E**SCALATOR

Peter and Ashley made their way towards the entrance to the subway which was down the street a few blocks away. They watched their cab drive by them and probably should have just let him drop them off near the entrance. However, Peter was thrilled to get out of the presence of the overly friendly cab driver who took a liking to Ashley. In order to make up some time for needing to take the subway they needed to move fast.

Their fast pace made Ashley's body jiggle and bounce all over and every single person took notice. People driving down the street slowed down and men and women alike stopped and stared at the

sexiest red headed woman they had ever laid eyes upon. One short guy who was walking towards them in the opposite direction even turned around and followed them.

Peter looked back at the man who was probably ten years younger than himself wearing baggy clothes. He had piercings on his face and his jacket was sleeveless. His eyes were fixed to Ashley's skirt that swayed and skipped around on the back of her butt. Her high heels sculpted her butt and legs and with each long stride her skirt would flip up exposing her sheer black thong underwear underneath.

The younger man made eye contact with Peter and just gave him a nonchalant nod. His eyes returned to Ashley's butt without acknowledging Peter. He gave a slight groan as he stopped following, turned around and continued the way he was going.

On the next block there were a group of black guys who were sitting on a porch and laughing loudly within their conversations having a good time. All at once they became silent and stared at Ashley as they walked by them. Peter was unable to hear what the men were saying clearly, but he understood it to be very inappropriate remarks considering his wife. It was confirmed when he heard one of them almost shout.

"Damn. Bitch got big tits and a black girl ass. I'd fuck the shit outta' here."

Peter was offended that these guys would talk about the love of his life this way. He was even offended that these men would talk to any woman in that way. Women were fragile and needed to be protected from these animals, but he knew that he was outnumbered so he pretended he didn't hear it. Peter could tell by the way Ashley smiled in response to what the hoodlum said had that she was happy to take the compliment.

They finally made it to the subway entrance which made them go down the stairs. All of the men were watching Ashley's big tit's bounce down the stairs. She placed a hand on each breast to keep

her bouncing boobs from falling out and exposing her nipples.

They got to the bottom of the stairs and had to step on a walking sidewalk that would bring them to an escalator that would make them actually come back up to reach the subway track.

Peter noticed that a group of twenty something guys had rushed on the escalator behind them. They were pushing at one another to be first as they climbed the stairs behind them. Peter jumped on the stair in front of Ashley in order to avoid being ran over by these younger guys. Peter was almost trembling as he heard the stomping from the group of guys behind them, but surprisingly it stopped. Ashley just stood there confidently and gave Peter a shameful stare with a shake of her head.

The guys were now standing awkwardly close to Ashley as they went up the escalator. Peter was unable to stand next to his wife as one of the guys was stretched a foot up to take it away. His buddy was standing the step right next to him. They were all silent as they positioned themselves in columns behind them totaling in six.

The escalator ride was slow, but Peter knew that they were running early thanks to the cab driver's bumpy shortcut that almost gave him a heart attack. He began to hear whispering behind him and then there was a laugh. He looked back at Ashley who forced a smile at him and stared up the long escalator.

He tried to ignore the whispering, but the laughing became more rampant and Peter looked back to the guys to see what they were doing. His eyes widened with shock and disbelief at what he saw.

Each twenty year old had their phones out and were taking pictures and videos of Ashley's butt. Taking selfies and upskirt photos of his wife's shapely ass. What really burned him was the guy standing directly behind Ashley had actually gently pulled the skirt up lightly so that her ass was fully exposed to his friends. Ashley didn't seem to notice as she just waited to reach the top.

“Everything okay?”, she asked Peter.

“Oh yeah, I’m just fine.”, he smiled in a guilty manner. He had just lied to his wife so that these guys could get a ton of footage of her ass.

The guy holding her dress then bent down, placing his face next to her ass so that his nose was just between her thighs and sniffed lightly. As though he had lost control of himself, he put one hand on Ashley’s calf and ran it quickly all the way up the back of her thigh before Ashley jumped. Before Ashley could react the guy had his hand firmly on her ass so that his buddies could see it. She reached back and gripped at his wrist while his hand remained planted to her flesh. The rest of his buddies had since ran away laughing at their friend’s bold action.

“Hey! What do you think you are----“, Ashley’s words were cut short as the man gave a hard squeeze to the fullness of her ass. She gave a moan in response.

“Little slut loves it.”

Peter stepped down the stair now that it wasn’t blocked. He stood over the younger guy who was simply holding her ass. Ashley gave off a soft moan while he manhandled her butt for the brief moment before pulling away. The guy brought his hand back down smacking her opposite butt cheek while Peter watched. The guy looked back up from Ashley’s ass with a grin on his face, but Peter threatened to call the police and left. He gave Ashley’s ass one last caress before sliding down the railing of the escalator.

“Are you okay? Did he hurt you?”, Peter asked his wife.

“Yeah I’m fine. That little asshole grabbed was grabbing my ass hard! Did you see that?”

Peter nodded.

“Then, he smacked my ass like I was his little slut! The nerve!”

Peter nodded silently and couldn't help notice that she referenced herself as a little slut. It made him a bit aroused, but felt uncomfortable considering his wife was sexually assaulted just now. She was probably in shock from such treatment and would need to talk about this trauma. He was proud of her strength that something like this did not affect her in the least and almost made her more confident.

They finally reached the top of the escalator. They would use the subway to pass where the bridge was unable to. If they got on the next train, they should be on time, though the ride would be long. They waited for their train patiently. Peter knew that he would need to keep an eye out for his wife more and make sure that she was not put in any compromising situations.

THE SUBWAY

Ashley was barefoot as they ran to the train that was seconds from pulling off. Men watched her as her big breast bounced up and down and continued to watch as she past to see her large toned butt revealed each stride. Peter was keeping the door from closing as Ashley slid in between the door. She had to enter sideways and try and enter the train.

Initially she was unable to get through the narrow opening of the doors, but she forced herself through. The fabric of her dress being peeled off her as breasts to expose her nipples to the train. The door snapped shut behind her, but had caught the back of her micro skirt so that it was pulled up to waist level. With her sheer black thong in clear view to the other passengers, she crossed her legs to attempt to show modest. This made her curvy firm ass stick out at her waist with her ankles crossed.

Ashley had to pull her dress back over her mounds to conceal them from the passengers. Peter was unable to pull her dress down and

tried to stand so that he could block her on one side. Peter was only able to block her from one side, so that half the train could still see under Ashley's dress. He looked up to take a look at the passengers and noticed that it was packed full of men that were staring lustfully at his wife.

It didn't take long for some of the more brazen men in the train to slowly inch towards them. Peter had to play defense against the other men who were trying to get close to his wife without being obvious. Each time a guy would try and get closer Peter would make be there to stand in between them and his wife. The men were successfully defended as none of them was willing to step over the line and expose their dirty intentions. A sense of accomplishment overcame Peter for defending his wife's honors until he noticed one man in a suit approaching fast.

Peter held his position which was in the line between the approaching businessman. The man moved as though he knew exactly where he was going and didn't try and hide anything from anyone in the train including Peter and Ashley. He sidestepped the other men and walked up to Peter, towering over him. Peter shrunk in his stature with the large business man standing over him and unintentionally moved a bit to give the man access. This allowed him to place a foot in position to bring himself right next to Peter's wife and in the same movement nudging him aside.

With Peter off balance, a second businessman stood on the opposite side of Ashley. Just like that, Peter had failed and his wife was smashed between two men. The first man pressing up behind Ashley, while the second man was pressing his chest against Ashley's chest. There was plenty of space for the passengers and Peter was stunned by how obvious the two businessmen were with his wife. He didn't realize how far this would go.

More men crowded around them so now everyone was shoulder to shoulder. The surreal event started putting Peter into a tailspin of anxiousness and fear, while making Ashley excited for all of these

men surrounding her. Peter was being pushed more and more out of the crowd until finally he was being blocked by the crowd. He tried to push his way back through, but the men surrounding Ashley made sure he couldn't. He tried a second time, but this time one of the men pushed him back forcefully and Peter almost fell.

"Excuse me!", Peter said sarcastically.

"Watch out little guy.", the guy responded, his attention focused on Ashley.

He caught his balance and finally accepted his failure and was now just fighting to see Ashley in between all of the men..

There were was a man on each side of her sans one where the door that held her skirt at waist level was. The first man in the suit started squeezing between Ashley and the door, which successfully pulled the skirt from the door. This stung Peter as the stranger was able to do what he wasn't able to do.

It stung even more when the man in the suit kept the skirt from falling over Ashley's ass and land his crotch in between her rounded rear. This made Ashley push forward towards a pole that allowed passengers to stand and hold for balance while the train moved. She pressed up face first against the pole and Peter was able to get back into position in front of his wife. Ashley now had a the man in the suit standing behind her, a businessman on each of her sides and Peter in front of her on the opposite side of the pole.

The men that were standing at Ashley's side both had their crotches pressed into her thighs and hips as the train moved around. The both raised their hands to grip at the pole at the level of Ashley's chest. Their fingers were not fully wrapped around the pull so their fingers could rub at Ashley's flesh of her breasts. She tried to remain modest and pull back, but each time she would shift she could feel their fingers slowly caress at her chest.

The man standing behind Ashley had unbuttoned his blazer to his

suit so that the thing material of his pants could press up against Ashley's bare ass. She could feel his bulge pressing at her and the warmth even through his pants. As the ride went on she could feel the outline of his the man in the suit's cock as it hardened between them.

She could also feel his overexaggerated shifting behind her in order to rub himself all over and between her ass. He even began rhythmically bending his knees sliding his shaft as best he could between her ass cheeks. She looked over at her husband Peter to see if he was going to object to the situation. He denied her eye contact when he just looked at the ground.

The man had now pulled away from Ashley surprisingly, and she began to wonder if he was finally feeling like a pervert. However, her mind was racing with intoxicating thoughts of sexual deviance and wondered what would Peter do if this escalated any further. To her own delight, she felt the man behind her press himself back against her. The feeling of flesh placed right against her ass could only mean that the man in the suit had pulled his cock out from his pants and now let it grind flesh to flesh against her.

She knew Peter couldn't see what was happening and could get away with a little bit of fun. In attempt to show her modesty off to her husband she reached back to pull her skirt down. This only made Peter wonder if she knew the whole time she was capable of hiding herself in front of these men. As she pulled the skirt down, she felt the man behind her pull his cock up and lay it down on the small of her back and ass. The skirt ran over the man's cock as she pulled it down and she could feel how thick it was when the skirt tightened.

The skirt felt like it was tightening even further as the large cock of the man behind her hardened and reached its full erect length of 12 inches. He continued to run the length of his cock against her, and she could feel the head stretching the fabric over her spine as the cock went up and down. His low hanging big balls were swaying

back and forth and smacked slowly at Ashley's clit which made her wet. He pressed his hand down now at the small of her back where his cock was to arch Ashley's back and pressed her lower half forward. His other hand came up and rested on her hip to pull her waist back towards his own.

With Ashley's chest being thrusted abruptly further, her tits when right in the hands of the men who were rubbing their crotches on her thigh and hands resting on the pole. Each man opened their hand and caught her 32F breasts, which were now being separated by the pole. Their hands now were resting right on the front of Ashley's breasts nonchalantly as though they were pretending they were only holding the pole.

Peter didn't want to let his wife know that he could see what the man in the suit or the two business men were doing. However, he could see the outline of the man's cock under Ashley's skirt and the two me fondling his wife's breasts.. He watched it slide up and down rubbing against his wife's back and flesh of her breasts being pressed. He could only hear a light slapping of his ball against her clit when they smacked against the back of her inner thighs, but did not know what the sound was. To his disappointment Ashely did not seem to do anything to attempt to stop the men from groping her either.

The men fondling her tits became even more daring as they squeezed and pawed at Ashley's breasts. Her tits had been smashed around the pole so that it was fully engulfed while the two men assaulted her. Peter had to look away to hold onto some sort of self-respect for himself. Ashley was being mauled right in front of him, and the man behind her was now readjusting his cock.

Peter could hear the slapping of the man's ball against the back of Ashley's thighs again, but this time it was more prominent. The man in the suit had slid his cock in between Ashley's firm smooth thighs sliding in and out. Her thong was soaked from her wetness and only lubricated the big dick of the man in the suit which now adding to

the sound of his balls slapping.

The thrusting of the cock between her thighs made her have a hard time gaining her balance in her heels and was luckily supported by the pole pressed against her chest. The constant thrusting of the man behind her was sliding her tits up and down the pole right in front of Peter's face.

Ashley could feel the huge cock sliding up and down her clit and had never felt so wet before as her pussy gushed. She reached down between her own legs and slide her thong aside to expose her bare wet lips between her legs. Ashley's inner whore came out as she now crossed her legs so that her thighs clamped down on the fat cock. This tightened the thick shaft in between the folds of her warm wet opening. The man's cock began to precum and dripped down like a leaky faucet over her legs. One drop after another it was a continuous drip of the man's cum on her as he thrusted himself in between her thighs.
Ashley could feel the large mushroom head of the man's cock sliding in between her thigh and the top of the head rubbing against her clit. She began adding her own juices to the cock from her leaking pussy. The sounds of their cum mixing and being used as lubricant through the friction of the skin of the cock rubbing in between her thighs could clearly be heard.

Ashley's head began to roll around a bit as she could feel her arousal building from her being fondled and groped by these three businessmen. The top of the man's shaft pressed firmer against her clit and her the lips of her fold were now wrapping themselves as best they could around the fat cock.

Peter could see the man's cock poking out the front, being caught by the front of the skirt. The cloth was damp and wet from the protruding violent mushroom head that tried to rip through the front of the skirt. His precum was plentiful and Peter could see that it was even leaking through the front of her skirt and making a trail towards the ground.

The man in the suit who was fucking Ashley's thighs now was now forcing Ashley back against him to faster and harder. His other hand came to grab at the back of her hair and he pulled. His grunting and panting which encouraged the men next to Ashley to pull the fabric over her nipples to expose and pull them over her breasts. Her bare breasts exposed, the men were now playing with her nipples smashing her tits so they continued to slide up the pole. Each guy taking a turn to spit in between her tits so lube them up the pole.

Peter finally made eye contact with Ashley. She was glaring at him with her head pulled back from the guy in the suit's fingers wrapped in her hair. Her tits being barbarically assaulted she just stared. Peter felt small and he shriveled in an instant looking down which brought the pistoning cock between her thighs.

When will this end he thought?

And then with a couple of forceful thrusts of the man's hips he finally stopped with one last thrust. The fabric of the skirt that concealed his cock at the front of Ashley's skirt ripped due to the wetness of the cloth. The man's cock had ripped through and was now pointing directly at Peter. The man in the suit gave one last growl and grunt calling Ashley a slut before reaching around her and grabbing at his cock. His hand wrapped around his cock, he pulled back slightly lifting Ashley onto the toes of her heels and aiming his cock up at Peter.

Like a volcano, his cock erupted and it was a moment Peter would never forget. Stream after stream of white fluid started to shoot from the man's cock who was aiming it at him. It hit Peter in one large streak across his chest and then his pants before the man pulled his hips back. His cock resting in between Ashley's thighs.

Peter almost didn't even notice that the man was still cumming as he just stared at the cum that had ruined his outfit. The cock buried in the middle of Ashley's thighs continued to erupt and leaked from the

front of Ashley's legs. There was so much cum that it looked like weak waterfall as waves and waves made it trail over her inner and front of her thighs.

The man in the suit's thrusting finally came to a halt as he finished cumming. He gave a tug of Ashley's hair to pull it back and his other hand reached down and smacked her big toned fat ass before pulling his cock from between her legs. He shook his cock so that the cum would spray all over Ashley's bare ass, and then pull the skirt down. Now Ashley's dress was wet from all of the cum from her and the man who assaulted her in front of her husband.

The ride had come to an end and the men had walked away faster than they had crowded them. They left Ashley and Peter to themselves and for a moment each of them were silent.

"Should we go home?"

"Why would we do that?", she wanted to make him acknowledge what had happened.

"Oh I mean um.. well never mind.", Peter couldn't bring himself to admit the truth and was caught off guard that Ashley was going to pretend it didn't happen.

The truth that all day men used his wife like a little slut right in front of him. They played with her tits, exposed her body in various situations and treated her like a sex object.

So here they were Peter thought. On their way to dinner to make a reservation with some other guy's cum on him after using his sexy wife's body. He gave a nod to himself accepting this new dynamic uncovered in his life and looked back to his wife.
"Let's go to dinner, babe. We should be right on time for that reservation."

Ashley jumped with a jiggle of her breasts and turned around with cum drying all over her thighs and skirt from the subway ride.

And they went off to dinner.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL
Party Bus Cuckold Wimp
REMY LEONE

Party Bus Cuckold Wimp

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Prologue
2	All Aboard
3	In The Club

PROLOGUE

Natalie and Oliver had been married for three years now. They were the first of their group of friends to get married and everyone seen them as the stable couple. They were lucky as they both had high paying jobs for only having a few years of experience.

Looking back they both would probably agree that they rushed into their marriage. They were both only 25 years old and had barely been able to experience life outside of college. Natalie just wished she would have dated a little more before she got married. She told herself how much she loved Oliver, but she would have liked to experience other men outside of friendship.

It was harm to blame her as Oliver had become neglectful of his beautiful young wife. After work he would want to spend more time with his friends than her either going to the bar or playing their video games together. His lifestyle was already packing on some pounds in his mid-twenties and Natalie was unable to get her husband into any type of masculine shape.

Their sex had died out and their life had become so routine that it became dull. They would treat one another as roommates more than they would as lovers.

His friends couldn't believe how lucky he was that he was able to score such a beautiful woman. Natalie stood at 5'7, 125lbs with 34DD breasts. Her brunette hair was long and healthy and reached hear shoulders. Her brown eyes were light and even hazel in the right light.

At 34-22-36, she had the hour glass frame that any woman wanted and every man lusted for. This included his friends that Oliver would catch checking her out from time to time.

Oliver was sometimes bothered by how his friends would act around her. Especially some of his less closer friends. Luckily, his

best friend Matt was a good guy and Oliver never felt any threat from him.

Even though Matt was a handsome guy with a good character, he never hit on Natalie like most of the other cave men out there. Even one time when Natalie was super drunk and practically throwing herself onto him he resisted out of respect to Oliver.

Oliver wasn't sure what would have happened if Matt wanted to push it any further, but he was glad he didn't have to. However, even though Matt was a great friend to Oliver; the same sentiment was not exactly shared by Matt. He had leant Oliver money and he never paid him back or borrowed something and never brought it back.

Matt was starting to dislike how Oliver would brag about his life over social media. All around their friendship had suffered recently and they fell out of touch.

They would all get their chance to reunite for a mutual friend's birthday party. They had decided to rent a party bus and everyone had checked the RSVP on their social app that they were using.

And settle their past debts.

ALL ABOARD

"What's wrong babe?", Natalie looked at her wide-eyed husband.

"You're going to work that?", Oliver said stunned.

"What do you mean?", Natalie said innocently.

She stood there in her tight white top that covered her chest but left everything above bare. Her shoulders and back were completely exposed. With each movement, her large breasts would jiggle. Her

short black leather skirt ended mid-thigh and clung to her butt that was firm, but plump for being so skinny.

Oliver had not seen his wife look like this ever since they were married besides when she use to work for a restaurant and had to wear a short skirt for her uniform.

“You’re just dressed like you’re single is all I am saying.”, Oliver pouted.

“Sometimes it feels that way lately.”, She complained as she looked away. “What are you so worried about anyway?”

“Worried? I’m not worried.”, Oliver was unsure what he meant by what he said now.

“Are you scared of me wearing this outfit?”, Her mocking tone suggested he better not admit to being scared.

“No way I’m not scared.”, He knew better.

Her tone became soft as she went to hold her husband. She was able to stand taller than him and stand over him as she wrapped her arms around her shorter than average husband.

“Babe, everything is going to be okay. No need to worry. We’re going to be getting in and out of a bus and with a bunch of our friends. Okay?”

Oliver felt his stomach churning as he looked up to his wife who seemed to genuinely care about his worries. She was gently her hands rubbing at his back and finally spoke.

“Okay. I know. I love you.”, Oliver gave Natalie a soft kiss on her cheek.

“You too babe.”, Natalie smiled sweetly.

Oliver couldn’t help but watch his wife walking to their car. Her tight skirt moved as she took each step and the sound of her heels

clicking and clacking against the ground could be heard from a block away.

When they both entered their car they drove off and listened to some music as they travel to their destination. They were all meeting at a parking lot where they would all be able to park and the bus would be able to pick everyone up from.

They arrived at the bus ten minutes early before the bus was going to start moving. All the women were already on the bus and all of the men were chugging beers before they got on the bus to leave all of their empties in the dumpster.

There were a few guys that Oliver went to high school with and a couple of others guys he knew and then there were a few than he had never met before. While they walked up, all of them seemed to be enjoying the view of his Natalie in her revealing outfit.

"Hi boys.", Natalie said with a small wave as she strutted towards them.

In unison all of the men sweetly said "Hiiii" which made Natalie giggle.

Oliver's best friend, Matt, stepped out and away from the group to give Oliver a fake stomach punch. He pulled at the last second but Oliver flinched which made the group of guys laugh.

"What's up? Been a while.", Matt shook Oliver's hand and then gave Natalie a long hug. It wasn't too long, but long enough for Oliver to notice all of the men staring at his wife.

"Too long, Matt. I think last time I saw you we were drinking those margaritas on those golf carts.", He laughed thinking about it.

"Well you came by one time after that.", Matt said with a light nod.

Matt reminded Oliver of the time he asked to borrow some money and never paid him back. Oliver just gave a light nod and pretended

not to know what he was referring to and somehow acknowledge it. There was an awkward moment and Oliver only said.

"Yeah."

One of the two black men that were there, the tall, skinny, but wired with muscle one stepped up from the crowd. He mixed in with Oliver, Matt and Natalie. Their attention immediately went to stare up at him who towered over all three of them.

His dark lips had a bit of a smile on his face as he looked intoxicated, but not sloppy. Matt broke the silence

"Hey guys this is my buddy Avery. We met hustling on an old job and we both made some reasonable profits.", That made both of them laugh for a second sharing an inside joke with one another.

"You two together?", The black man said looking at Natalie. His voice was deeper and he sounded like he was from a tough part of the city.

Natalie hesitated for a moment and then looked to her husband before looking back to Avery. "Yeah."

Oliver spoke up. "We're married."

Avery nodded letting his tongue run over his teeth under his closed dark lips. He didn't say another word and it made both Natalie and Oliver uncomfortable. Natalie blurted out the next thing to end the silence.

"Matt you look fantastic you must be working out aren't you?", Natalie said innocently.

"Yeah I've put on some mass. I'm just trying to add some muscle not really looking to take it any further.", Matt flexed a bit proud of his accomplishments lately.

Natalie was impressed with the improvement of his physique and spoke up, "Maybe you should take Oliver with you, he could use a

little upgrade like you."

"If you think that's good, check this out white girl.", Avery pulled up his sleeve revealing his own bicep which was ripped and bulky for how skinny he was. He moved himself into the middle of the group pushing Oliver out of the way ever so slightly so his arm was right in front of Natalie.

"Feel it.", Avery's tone was authoritative.

Natalie was too intimated to say no as she reached up and rubbed at his arm. She could feel how tight and hard the muscle fiber that laid underneath his black skin. The more she rubbed the more she enjoyed feeling the crevices and the bulk of the muscle itself. Comparing it to her husband's arms which were small and scrawny this arm was completely different.

Oliver watched his wife feeling up the black man's arm right in front of him. Matt laughed and grabbed at Natalie's waist to pick her up and pull her away from Avery and spin her around. He set her down and went to grab a beer tossing one to Oliver who caught it.

Oliver was saying hi to his friends, but could see that Matt's friend Avery kept trying to talk to Natalie. She resisted him at first, but he was persistent. When she would try and walk away, he would slowly follow her around. She had finally stopped and talked to him and somehow Oliver could tell that Avery was flirting with her.

He could barely enjoy reuniting with his buddies while Avery ten yards away making his wife laugh at his jokes. Avery pulled her body into his close at the waist. Oliver decided that he was going to go over and split them up, but as he walked over someone from the bus called out.

"All aboard! Bus is leaving, let's go!"

Avery and Natalie entered the bus together and they both walked towards the back of the bus and sat next to one another in the back of the bus. They were already sitting next to one another while

Oliver and Matt were still getting onto the bus.

Oliver walked to the back of the bus where they both were sitting. Avery's stare was not even the least bit friendly as he walked up. Oliver was a bit meek when he spoke and could feel himself almost shaking as he spoke to Natalie with the black man sitting next to her.

"Babe. Are we going to sit together?", Oliver almost whispered so Avery couldn't hear him.

Avery's arm came down to wrap around Natalie's shoulder. She felt back into his large frame as he wrapped his long muscular arm around her.

"Not on our way to the club, white boy.", Avery spoke with intent and gave no alternative.

"Yeah, babe we'll meet up at the club, go catch up with your friend Matt while I get to know his friend Avery.", She giggled as Avery squeezed her under his arm.

"Oh.. um okay. I guess.", Oliver's shoulders slumped as he walked back up to sit next to his buddy Matt.

"What's wrong, amigo?", Matt was rolling a joint next to him.

"Nothing."

"Good, cause we're about to get high and drunk and party like there's no tomorrow."

He opened the window and lit the joint keeping it out of the view of the bus driver. While keeping a look out for the bus driver Oliver noticed that he was a big man with tattoo sleeves up each of his arms. He wore a cap on his head backwards and had crazy curly long hair that went pass his shoulders.

The audio system in the bus made the traveling bus a party on wheels. Some of the other guys wives and girlfriends were dancing

and there was even a keg pouring beers. Matt and Oliver passed the joint between one another while they talked about nothing specific. Oliver would look back at Natalie who was still sitting next to Avery.

When the joint was completely smoked Matt tossed the roach out of the window. He cracked open a beer handing one to Oliver and they began to race one another to finish their beer first. They both finished around the same time and both argued about who won.

Oliver was laughing when he checked back on his wife. This time what he was made him nervous. Natalie's eyes looked to be staring down at Avery's lap. He was showing something off and raising his hips in his seat and Oliver wondered what he was showing her.

Her body twisted a bit and now it looked like she had took whatever what in his lap into her hand. Oliver looked around to his friends that were sitting around them and nobody seemed to notice anything awkward from them.

Natalie's arm was moving slowly and her eyes were wide as she looked up at Avery. Oliver told himself that there was no way that she would be giving this black man a hand job that she just met and told himself what he saw was nothing more than an illusion.

However, her hand seemed to be moving up and down on whatever was in his lap. If she was stroking him, Oliver had to imagine that what he saw is what it would look like.

Avery's head leaned back in the seat as Natalie continued to move her hands up and down in his lap. Oliver stood up and was going to walk to the back, but the bus started coming to a halt and they had finally arrive at their stop.

Matt jumped up next to Oliver practically pushing him out into the aisle and up towards the front leaving Natalie and Avery to catch up. Oliver looked back and neither of them had moved as everyone else began standing up and exiting.

He waited outside of the bus while everyone slowly and drunkenly exited the bus. Right before he was about to reenter the bus Avery stepped out. He pushed Oliver back a few feet which made room for Natalie to exit the bus too.

Avery's arm slumped around Natalie and she wrapped her arm around his waist as they both stumbled in line with the rest of the group. They all marched towards the bright lights of the club and entered. Oliver waited to test to see if Natalie would even look for him.

Natalie didn't wait and Oliver watched her enter the club with the intimidating black man, Avery.

IN THE CLUB

Oliver trailed behind his group of friends as everyone had left him there. It was his own fault really as he was pouting. It was in vain though as Natalie didn't even notice.

Oliver's friends had all gotten into the club along with Natalie. By the time he got there was a line forming so he had to wait. The bouncer gave him a hard time before entering the club which added a few more minute and by the time he entered he had no idea where anyone was. He looked around the club and found one person at a time.

It was like everyone was on the hunt for something. Some of them were trying to use the restroom, some to the bar, some for women and some of them for a place to sit. He finally ran into his buddy Matt who was talking to a pretty girl that he didn't know.

"Have you seen Natalie?", Oliver had to speak over the loud music of the club as he looked around for her talking to Matt.

Matt just shook his head not too concerned with Natalie as much as he was with the pretty girl in front of him. Oliver could see this and continued his search without his friend.

He finally found them on the dance floor. It didn't take long for them to become comfortable enough with one another to press their bodies into one another. A couple of their other friends were beginning to notice how close Natalie and Avery were becoming.

Oliver was not a good dancer, but he figured he would try and dance on over towards Avery and Natalie. He felt awkward and was not confident moving his body with the music. He finally made it to them and he could see the sweat beading on each of their contrasting skins.

He danced by himself while the both of them continued to dance with one another without realizing Oliver was there. However, even

when Natalie noticed him her dancing didn't stop. She pressed her toned butt right into Avery's crotch which grinded in return. Avery's black hands were on her waist moving her around on him so that his cock could harden under his pants against her ass.

He gave Oliver a hard cold stare as he began to thrust his hips into her. His hand gripping at the back of her head and grabbing her hair. He pulled her head back as he continued to grind and hump at her butt while they both stood. Her back arched and her busty chest pushed out. Her nipples had hardened under the tight fabric of the white tank and were clearly visible as this black man handled her on the dance floor. Natalie reached back to grip at the black hands of Avery to let her hair go, and he would release.

Oliver just continued to dance with her and even when he tried to get close, Avery would just push him away. Oliver was no physical match for Avery and was easily pushed around while he danced with Natalie.

Avery's hands began slipping up Natalie's body without any worried about the consequences of doing it in front of her husband. Natalie's nipples were so hard and her white top was so tight that they looked like they were going to cut through the fabric. Finally, his black hands covered her breasts and Oliver stepped in.

"Excuse me.", He tried to gain Avery's attention.

Avery's hands didn't stop mauling Natalie's 34DD breasts. He squeezed them repeatedly in each hand as his lips ran up and down her neck. Natalie didn't seem to mind at how Avery was treating her.

"Hey!", He was having a hard time projecting any volume from his voice.

It was useless however as neither of them seemed to really care that he was trying to stop them from their dirty dancing with one another. Avery looked over his shoulder at him and spoke, "Stop

cock blocking me white boy."

"Excuse me that's my wife.", Oliver tried to throw in, but only on deaf ears. Avery was dry humping his wife doggy style pushing her towards the corner of the dance floor. She was stumbling forward, but Avery's hand was holding her waist to keep her upright.

When they finally got to the dance floor Natalie pressed her hands against the walls of the intersecting walls. Avery had one hand grabbing at her big tit while his other hand was rubbing at her ass over her skirt.

Oliver didn't know what else to do as everyone seemed to think that this was okay. He was hoping that some security would stop it, but they just thought it was funny and wanted to have some entertainment. His friends on the other hands were definitely giving him some sense of judgement.

Oliver rushed to Matt who was talking to a different girl than earlier. She was sexy in a slutty kind of way, but not as hot as the women Matt usually pulled.

"What's wrong?", Matt could see the desperation in Oliver's eyes.

"Bro I need your help.", Oliver was in a panic.

"What's up?", Matt said grinning.

"Your friend Avery… he won't stop dancing with my wife.", Oliver couldn't bring himself to say any more than that out of humiliation.

"Calm down friend. Let's go", Matt seemed curious to what he was talking about.

The two of them walked towards the corner of the dancefloor that was secluded enough to block everyone's view. By the time they arrived, there was two guys from the party bus standing there watching them.

They both gave Oliver a look of almost disappointment as he

walked up to them. Oliver's heart sunk when he made it the corner to see what had transpired since he was gone.

Avery had pulled her skirt up over her waist so that her big sexy white ass was on display for the entire club. She was bent over with her hands up against the wall shaking and wobbling her big butt cheeks to the music. There was an awkward moment where everyone just stared at Natalie shaking her asset in front of them.

Avery's hand came down and smacked at Natalie's big butt. The sound of the smack was clearly audible even over the loud music and it even gained more people's attention. This brought a couple of more guys towards them to watch as they saw there were already gawkers.

A crowd was forming around Natalie and Avery and Oliver looked over at Matt with pleading eyes to stop his friend from assaulting his wife. Matt had a drunken haze of his eyes and Oliver could see that he was enjoying what was unfolding. Matt looked over to Oliver.

"She looks like she's enjoying herself. What do you want from me?", He spoke bluntly.

Oliver didn't know how else to inspire his friend to help him. He just stared at his wife who and the black man who was treating her like a slut in front of his friends and these strangers in the club.

"Fuck that bitch.", One of the strangers yelled out. He was drunker than the average clubber. The crowd agreed with him, even the two guys that were on the party bus.

Avery was encouraged by the others and pulled his zipper down. His hand reached into his own pants to grip at himself and let himself flop out of his pants. The size of his cock filled Oliver with terror.

"Please Matt… he's about to fuck my wife.", Oliver almost had tears in his eyes as he tried to beg his best friend.

Matt just ignored his words and watched Avery stroke his big cock to its full 12 inches. Everyone watching was obviously impressed by the size of the monster cock that the black man had. He should have been in movies, but here he was about to perform a special one-time show for the clubbers.

Oliver made one last ditch effort and lunged himself into the direction of Avery who's cock was rock hard and pointing at him. He tried to punch him, but missed when Avery dodged him. Avery reached by kicking him in the ass which made Oliver fall into the corner. Oliver landed head first into the corner of the club and had lost some consciousness.

However, the crowd erupting and the sounds of his wife moaning knocked some sense into him. He looked up to see his wife's big tits swaying above his head. Avery must have pulled her top down and his hands were grabbing viciously at her bare tits.

As Oliver came to he realized she was bouncing around so much because Avery was thrusting his hips into Natalie's hips. His heart began to race when he saw that Avery's pants were around his knees and he could see his balls slapping against Natalie's clit.

Oliver sat in the corner while his wife stood over him in her high heels being fucked in the middle of the dance floor in front of the entire club. The sound of his hips and her ass jiggling gave everyone something to stare at as the black man fucked this sexy white woman.

Natalie looked down to Oliver and glared at him. Her face winced each time the big black cock stretched her out with each thrust.

"Get up, you're embarrassing me.", Her eyes looked down on him in more ways than one.

Oliver felt a stab in his heart as his wife spoke so cruelly to him. He tried to get up, but Avery began to fuck her harder so that he was pinned in the corner with his wife moaning harder. Avery was

fucking her so that they were both kicking at Oliver and nudging him. He was completely pinned in the corner and was not strong enough to free himself from his cuckold cage.

"Trying getting out of there white boy.", The black man savagely called out to him.

The group of clubbers watching all began to laugh and more hand shown up to watch. He could see them all pointing at him and explaining that he was the husband and this black man was fucking his wife right in front of him. They were all laughing at him and giving him dirty looks wondering what kind of man he was. Oliver's eyes began to well up with tears as he sat there in the corner while this man fucked his wife and he was too weak to stop it.

Avery's hand began smacking at her ass and he had one hand grabbing at her hair to pull her hair back. Natalie's eyes closed and she was moaning and shuddering from the black cock which was making her orgasm.

"Take that dick white girl. Take that big black dick.", Avery called out loud enough for everyone to hear.

The crowd loved it and began to chant, "Take that big black dick, Take that big black dick, Take that big black dick!"

Oliver felt so victimized and violated by the entire club that was encouraging his wife's betrayal and this black man's cuckolding of him. Even his friend Matt wasn't willing to help him which was unusual as he had always helped him in the past.

The chanting continued as Avery fucked her harder and harder. From Oliver's angle, he could see that he had stuffed himself completely into his wife and was stretching her out in ways he never could. The juice from their sexual encounter was dripping to the ground between their feet.

"Fuck ya. Take it. Fuck ya.", Avery repeated with each time he thrusted his black foot long cock into Natalie. Natalie had stopped

moaning completely and for the last five minutes seemed to be in one perpetual orgasm.

"I'm about to cum in yo wife's pussy white boy. You ready for that?"

"No please! Please don't!", Oliver stared up at Avery who was now staring back down. His eyes were filled with resentment as he continued to punish Natalie's pussy.

However, the real pain came when Natalie looked down right into the eyes of Oliver. She seemed to enjoy the humiliation that she was causing her husband, yet disappointed by his lack of masculinity. Her words came from a place of resentment.

"Do it. Unload that black dick deep in my pussy.", Natalie spoke at Oliver, but to Avery

Avery began to moan and groan as his feet began shuffling as he yelled out.

"Fuck you whitey!", The words Avery chose as he began unloading in to Natalie. Natalie moaned obviously feeling herself being filled up.

Cum began to ooze out of Natalie while Avery continued to cram himself in and out of her tight pussy. It caused the cum to drip, splatter and even spray in each and every direction.

Oliver had to cover his face as splatters of the cum came flying in his direction. The crowd noticed and were laughing at the predicament that he had become involved in.

The crowd began to die though as Avery's thrusting started to slow down. He milked himself into her only a few more times before pulling big long black cock out of Natalie. The mix of both of their cum came rushing out of her gaping wide pussy from the girth of the black cock in her moments ago.

Oliver looked at all of the liquid that had pooled onto the ground.

He stared in defeat from his emasculation and was unable to even bring himself to stand up now that Avery was done using his wife.

Natalie was still leaning over still enjoying the best orgasms that she had ever experienced before. Avery had put himself back in his pants and walked around Natalie leaning form to look down at Oliver.

"Say thank you.", He said in a mean tone.

"For what?", Oliver said sharply.

"For fucking your wife's brains out.", Avery thought it was obvious. Natalie moaned when she heard Avery almost to confirm what he had just said.

"No way.", Oliver said defiantly.

Avery leaned down grabbing at his Oliver's cheeks. His hands were smashing his face before repeating himself.

"Say it or else I'm going to clean this cum stained dance floor with your face.", Avery's eyes were filled with violence.

Oliver had no choice. He spoke between his smashed lips from Avery's firm grip. "Thank you."

Avery released his face, "Say it again so we can both hear you."

"Thank you.", Oliver said quickly.

"For what?", Avery was smirking.

"Thank you for fucking my wife's brains out."

The words made Avery white teeth reveal themselves under his dark thick lips. Natalie also was giggling at what her husband just said while she pulled her skirt down and her white top up.

Natalie just walked away without saying anything to Oliver. Oliver thought that she was embarrassed of how he failed to stop that

black hunk from fucking her and he would be right.

Matt came over and even though he hadn't stopped him, he was glad that he came over to help take some attention of him being reluctantly cuckolded.

"Wow. That was crazy.", Matt said.

Oliver just remained silent. He was trying to dry some of the cum that was still liquified on him.

"We gotta go in a few minutes to get back on the bus.", Matt added.

Oliver just nodded blankly. He could tell that Matt was having a hard time saying what he was about to say next, but he did anyway.

"Oliver. You care if I take a swing at her on the bus?", Matt said hoping not to cross the line.

Oliver was still shell shocked at what had just happened and remained silent. He didn't even quite hear what his best friend was asking him or was in denial at the moment.

Matt just nodded and gave him a pat on the shoulder, "I'll take your silence as a form of permission. Thanks buddy."

Matt left Oliver to follow after Natalie.

----THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | DOMINATION | BETRAYAL | FRIEND

PENT UP WIFE

Cuckoldress Confessions

REMY LEONE

Pent Up Wife Cuckoldress Confessions

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Pent Up Wife
2	Spence’s Friend Bran
3	Going Too Far
4	Obedience

PENT UP WIFE

I was fresh out of school when Josh and I decided to tie the knot. We were young and in love. The atmosphere turned electric when we were close to each other. We had a special bond that nothing could break... not even when he struggled to get a job. I loved him more than I loved myself and we grew together, enjoying the many perks of love. Sadly, all that disappeared when Spence got a big time job in Colorado. He was finally being recognized for the talent he possessed. I never knew how to handle being happy and depressed at the same time. How can you want something so much, but when it finally comes to fruition, you feel an uncanny taste of melancholy?

He had to go while I stayed back and waited for when he would come home to see me. Finally, he had asked that I come over to stay with him. The flight was like a gush of many different emotions all wandering through my mind at the same time. I let my mind wander and the thoughts passed through my mind like a water pipe. I was finally going to live with my husband again. The feeling inside me was inexplicable because I did not know how to respond to the questions that picked at my brain. Steve only ever came home once in three or four months. We spoke on phone and his voice was still the same. His words were still charged with the perfect current, and I knew he was still Spence. But was he; still *my* Spence? And the most important question was… was I still his Felicity? I had changed beyond his wildest dreams. I had been lonely for such a long time.

He had a new life in Los Angeles, and spoke of his colleague with whom he used to share quite a large duplex which now

belonged to just him since his colleague was transferred. He never told me his name or anything else. I was never too inquisitive. I closed my eyes and allowed the thoughts slowly turn into fragments as the firm hands of sleep took me.

Oh crap! I jolted my head forward, waking up from my nap. The annoying clouds still floated in the air beside me, smirking nonchalantly at my disgruntled face. I scowled.

"We are about to land." The lanky man standing beside us informed.

"Oh. Thanks." I replied in between a yawn.

I rubbed my palm over my eyes, trying hard to fathom how five hours had crept by in such short period.

"Fasten your seat belts!"

As I got off the plane, my mind wandered again. My entire world was different now. I was no longer the simple and care free woman that I used to be. I wondered if Spence would still see me as the woman he had fallen in love with. I shook my head as I scrutinized my own thoughts. This was who I had become. The first few weeks after Spence left were hard. I was new to the feeling of being alone. I still had an amazing body so it was natural that men sought after me at every opportunity they got. I developed resilience, fueled by anger and a feeling of betrayal. I knew Spence had to go and couldn't take me along just yet, but I still felt betrayed. I would feel my heart beating faster, thumping at my chest, pounding my ribs with so much ferocity and inspired rage whenever any man threw even the slightest sign of interest at me. But I would become bright

as roses at noon day whenever Spence's call came in and I heard his voice. That also started to reduce. The longer Spence stayed away from me, the more my desires for him plummeted. I took it all out on any man who dared flash his teeth at me.

I was lonely and needless to say… very horny. If I wanted to remain fateful to my husband, I couldn't see other men. I wanted to be a good wife. But so much distance and time took its toll on me. I couldn't take it anymore. I started to play with myself. I became my own plaything. At night before I slept, I would let my fingers wander through the innermost corners of my womanhood. I would say sweet works to myself and masturbate myself to sleep. That worked for a while but I needed more. I needed to feel more inside me. I started using fruits… bananas… cucumbers. And then I bought a couple of sex toys, even double penetrating toys.

I still felt like something was missing until I found that missing piece when I raised the curtain one hot night when the fans had an electrical fault. I never raised that curtain unless I wanted to do a thorough house cleaning, which was usually once a month or longer. The building directly opposite ours was exactly the same structure and only a bit lower in height.

From where I stood, I could see directly into the room opposite mine. It was dark at night, but the lights were on. I saw them… I saw our neighbors… making love; right there on the bed, switching positions like they were drunk or high on a drug. I watched as the man slammed mercilessly into his eagerly appreciative wife. I could not hear her moans, but I could swear that they were loud.

I found my own hand working its way down to lift my night

gown and rub my naked, bald pussy. That was the start of it all. That was the start of my perverted nature. I watched them every single day they made crazy love. I followed them into the bathroom and watched them wash each other under the shower, unaware that someone was watching.

I watched every-single-detail. His name was Phil and his body was extraordinary. He was ripped and his muscular arms seemed to work wonders when they lifted his partner in many ways and slammed her in unbelievable positions. But to crown it all was his cock. It was hug and monstrous. Spence's dick was like a crayon compared to Phil's tool. I knew that I just had to have him. And that was the beginning of my reignited politeness. I started being polite to all my neighbors. I couldn't let them sense that I was being nice to Phil alone. That would create some suspicion. So I played my cards slowly… and it worked. Phil was soon in my arms, ramming into me as we stood there in my living room.

God his cock felt so good that I was afraid that I wouldn't feel Spence inside me anymore whenever we made love.

Phil fueled my craze for muscular men with big strong dicks. I could even smell it when I walked past any man. I was like a big and powerful cock detector. And so my politeness grew even more and I had a couple other guys. But soon after, Spence broke the news to me. He wanted me to come over to Colorado to continue our swell married life. If only he knew.

SPENCE'S FRIEND BRAN

I ran towards my husband as I saw him waiting for me. He was very happy to see me, and I was glad to see him too. He was my first love after all. Since the day he told me that I would be moving to Colorado in three weeks, I abstained from men and their cocks. I needed all the stretch in my pussy to go back to normal. I couldn't have my husband suspecting a difference in that region. I also did some contraction exercises.

We talked and caught up on many things till the night was silent as the calm oceans. We lay there together on the bed and only one thing was on our minds. I cuddled him like a child, transferring his heat into my own system and enjoying the hardness of his body. He rubbed his hand down my back, pressing hard at my flesh like a massage. I liked the feel of his hand on me. I sighed in pleasure, urging him to continue. He held me by my arm and pushed me back a bit. I feared he was about to break it off, but he only created enough space for him to plant a kiss on my lips. I melted in the taste of his mouth and responded with alacrity. I could smell our love soaring in the air, and filling the atmosphere with its unique fragrance. I bit his lip gently before twisting my tongue around his briefly, then allowing him take control again. While we kissed, he continued rubbing his hand up and down my back.

I traced my hand down his chest through his belly and held his cock. It was hard already. Melody to my ears! I heard him groan in my mouth as I squeezed the tip, obviously sending a sensation up his spine. He took his hand to my breast and caressed it through my night gown. The flimsy material felt good on my naked flesh beneath it, as it was rubbed by the masculine hands of my husband. In the blink of an eye, my night gown was over my head and thrown to the

floor, leaving me in just my panties.

Spence sucked on my hard nipples while I moaned in pleasure. It was always a delight to have his moist and hot tongue hovering over my areolas. I felt the cries of joy from within my soul. Nothing was going to spoil my fun for the night. I was going to fuck this man so well this night, he would forget to go to work the next day and see what he has been missing all these years. While I enjoyed the sensations he was giving me up there, I suddenly felt his hand go underneath my cotton panties and brush against my soft trimmed pubic hair till it grazed my clit. Oh God! It felt so heavenly. I gasped below my breath, forgetting everything I knew. I regained my memory when he slid a finger into me.

'Ooh' I moaned in affirmation of the fact that he had done something right. He moved his finger in zigzag rhythmically in my pussy while I tried hard not to faint from excitement. That was the best part of the night. When he penetrated into me, I could feel him but it wasn’t as good as I had been having it recently. Still, I tried to enjoy it like a good wife.

After just two weeks, I had started to get bored. I had missed the feeling of being filled from at every corner. I could feel myself getting frustrated. One night, I had decided to tell him about what I felt. I was going to suggest he visit the gym regularly and maybe try to work on his cock and skills. But he cut me off before I could start, telling me that his colleague who shared the house with him before was coming into town and he would like to stay two days with us. I just gave a nod and decided to push my concerns until after his friend was gone.

The next day, Spence was setting the dining, and already had two bottles of wine and some food in trays displayed on the table. He had really prepared for his friend's arrival. When the door bell rang, Spence rushed to get the door and I could hear their masculine laughter and voices.

I stepped into view and immediately froze to the spot when I saw Bran. He had a wide grin on his face but that was not what struck me. He had a tight shirt on and I could see the build of his arms in them. From just a simple glance, I could already tell that he was my dream kind of man. He was everything I had been missing for over one month. Damn, he even looked better than Phil did and I hadn't seen him with his clothes off yet.

He walked up to me and shook my hand. I gawked at him but tried to hide my expressions even when I squeezed my legs together to prevent my fluids from actually wetting my jeans. I maintained composure as we walked to the dining to eat. Bran, Spence and I talked and made some jokes. All the while, my eyes were focused on Bran. I think he noticed. And then I noticed Bran stealing glances at me. I avoided his stare, realizing that Spence might catch on.

Besides, I wasn't sure of what he was doing. They could just be innocent starts and my mind was the guilty one turning innocent glances into sexual ones. He was terribly handsome and had eyes that could melt any woman's heart. Oh my god, they were definitely sexual glances.

After we ate, we stayed a while and slowly, we moved to the living area. Bran went to properly drop his bag in his room and have a shower. He came back some minutes later, shirtless. Yes you heard

me… shirtless. His abs were so perfect. His chest was not bulging or anything but they were perfectly carved. I turned to look at Spence but he did not even seem to mind. He probably was used to Bran walking around the house shirtless and didn't think it would bother me.

"Mind staying under a blanket?" Spence asked me.

"Huh?" I jumped out of my reverie.

"I am going to get a quilt. It would be mean to use it alone."

"No problem at all. I'll be glad. I am starting to feel a little cold on my feet anyway." I said. While he was gone, Bran smiled at me and flashed me a grin. The sight of his arms alone was already sending a tingling sensation in between my legs. That smile almost gave me an orgasm right there.

Spence came back with a big purple duvet. It was really large and would cover all three of us. It felt awkward but Travis and I lay together while Bran lay beside me, but not as close as Spence and me. I loved the feel of Spence's body on mine. Our combined heat was perfect. But I could not get the thoughts of Bran being beside me out of my mind.

GOING TOO FAR

We lay underneath the thickness of the quilt while a movie played in the big screen in front of us. The movie had a Christmas theme. It was about a father who had no money to buy gifts for his only daughter one Christmas. He was worried that his little daughter

would be sad about it, so he wept alone in his room.

Then the next morning, he woke up to find a present for him under the Christmas tree. It was from his daughter. He opened the wrapper and the box and found it empty. The enraged father scolded his daughter and asked her why she would put an empty box under the Christmas tree. The little girl cried, saying "but Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into the box till it was full enough."

Her dad, because he was feeling ashamed of feeling ashamed of himself, begged her to forgive him that he did not know. Sadly, the little girl died in an accident some months later and each Christmas, or whenever he felt sad, the father took the box, brought out an imaginary kiss from it and planted it on his cheeks.

I found the story quite touching, although I was not happy about the fact that the little girl had to die. Little princesses don't die. I continued to play critic on the movie in my mind as it drew to a close... Then another one came on. Just then I felt Spence get closer, and we cuddled. I rested my head on his chest, lying sideways, while he put his arms around me. I could feel his breathing on my hair. He smelled nice too. We got closer and closer. My skin was soft on his hard chest. I listened to his breathing... It was fast, and then slow, and then fast again.

It was already past midnight when the second movie ended. This one was more humorous than the first. I looked at Spence and realized that he was already asleep. I turned towards Bran and he was looking at me. I also stared at him to show him that I was not shy. My heart missed a beat when I suddenly saw Bran begin to twist himself towards me. I looked in awe and took a look at Spence

who was sleeping right beside me.

I moved a bit to get away from Spence in case Bran had anything naughty in mind. I did not want to wake Spence or have him catch us doing anything. Doing anything? Was I even thinking about this? I was married to this man and I was thinking such dirty things about his friend under the same quilt that we all shared.

Out of the blue I felt Bran’s fingers on my hair. He was stroking through the strands. I did not react. What was I to do?

"You have lovely hair," he said

"Says the man who has probably met a thousand girls with far lovelier hair." I replied. I was enjoying this.

"Well, I guess that is how I am able to tell that you have lovely hair." He said again in whispers.

"You always know all the right things to say, don't you?" I was beginning to get pissed off by how perfect he was.

"That had a personal ring to it." He was still stroking my hair, ever so gently.

"Well, I wouldn't say it doesn't. I'm sorry if I upset you. It's just that..."

"Your ex seemed so perfect?" He completed my sentence. I felt bad already. I was trying to make him stop for the fear of being caught but I just did not have the will power to tell him straight. I couldn’t. He had simply broken any form of will power in me.

"Yes." I muttered, playing along with what I had started.

"He did not deserve you. Fate just gave him a sorry excuse to let you go, so you can find someone who does." He kissed my forehead. I stiffened and immediately I regained my composure, I turned to look at Spence. He was still peacefully asleep. I guess the stressful day had taken its toll on him. I looked at Bran again.

His eyes were fixed on me. He said nothing. My heart started to beat faster. I closed my eyes to calm the tension that was rising in me. And before I could think, I felt his lips on mine, giving me the most passionate kiss I had ever experienced. My heart swirled with joy as I kissed him back. I was not concerned about Spence anymore; although I still tried to be careful and so did Bran.

I felt his hands immediately going under my shirt and finding my breasts quickly. I felt like such a slut but I couldn't think about that right now. We continued to kiss while he fondled my breasts and nipples. That felt so good. I turned back to look at Spence again. He was still asleep.

We resumed business and I moved under the covers and found his hard erection in his pajama trouser. Oh yes, it was big just as I had imagined; and strong too. I took it in my mouth and from the way he moved his waist, I could tell that he loved what I was doing to him even if I could not see his face. I sucked him until I felt his thrusts into my mouth begin to get faster and then I stopped. I put my head out of the quilt again and looked at Spence. He still slept.

Bran and I chuckled as I stylishly took off my trousers and turned to face Spence with my back to Bran who was all too happy to snuggle closer to me and spoon me.

He got in position and slid his dick into my hole after using his finger to find my wetness. His thrusts were slow and steady, trying to be careful. I struggled to muffle my moans, as Bran's dick felt so good in my pussy. I moaned in low tone and prayed that we didn't wake Spence during this. I did not want it to stop. I closed my eyes with my mouth open as Bran increased his pace slowly.

He put his hands under my arm and played with my boobs while he steadily moved like a piston inside me. I was beginning to shake and I felt my body start to react on its own. His speed increased even more and right when I knew that he was about to release his thick cum inside me, I saw Spence's eyes flutter and come open. I stiffened and held tightly on to Bran to make him stop… but he didn't… he was too far gone.

Oh shit.

OBEDIENCE

Needless to say, Spence wasn't stupid. He quickly realized what was going on and got up furiously. He was angry and shouted like a raging mad man. I was scared that he might do something that he would regret. Bran got dressed and tried to make Spence calm down but he just did not. In fact, it got worse and Spence tried to throw the first punch but Bran ducked.

When I saw where things were going, I screamed "I am leaving you!"

Spence paused and looked at me. It was like he did not understand what I meant so I made it clear. "You cannot satisfy me

any longer, Spence! I am sorry, but that was what I was about to tell you earlier yesterday" I said.

He had a daunted look on his face and immediately I made to walk away angrily, he called my name and asked that we talked. Oh now he was ready to talk. Although I felt bad about humiliating him in this way; first sleeping with his friend right under his nose, and then saying those words to him in the presence of his friend. He led me to the mini bar in at the corner of the living room and we both sat on stools and talked. I poured the drinks and poured out my mind to him. Bran still sat on the sofa while we talked. I was surprised at how Spence took it. It seemed like he did not want to lose me so he was comfortable with whatever I was comfortable with.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

I had already begun to feel a tad tipsy. I knew Spence was tipsy too from the way he grinned like his lips were about to tear through his cheeks. The grin was of a man trying all he could to please a woman. I bit my lip and focused on him sternly. His eye brows were as a chic's feathers. His lips seemed softer than jelly and his eyes were bright as an Olympic torch. I melted by just staring at him and was reminded of the reason why I had fallen in love with this man. He was very handsome and had the hair any man would kill to possess. But the circumstances had changed. I had tasted the many forbidden fruits.

I put my hand on his laps and rubbed gently, giggling as I moved upward causing a cease in his own breathing. Then I got off my stool and inched closer to him. I looked up at him, catching his

eyes in mine as my hand rested on his hardness. I heard him gasp inside and his eyes sharpened. His lips were parted so I kissed him deeply, tasting every single part of his mouth… exploring every inch of him with my tongue. I squeezed at his shaft and heard him gasp in my mouth. Then I drew back and slowly began to drag his brown trouser. He looked to his side and found Bran watching. He heaved a sigh and lifted himself to allow his trouser slide down. I felt his shaft through his briefs. His hardness kept tugging, attacking and jumping, trying to get out.

I dropped his boxer shorts and his dick sprang out like a caged animal happy to be free. I rubbed his shaft in my palms stopping at the tip each time. I saw his hand begin to move and he tried to cup a feel at my boobs. I shifted back and slapped his hand back down without looking at his sorry face. I was in control.

Then I stood to my feet and went to the audio player, winking to Bran along the way. I could see his hand massaging his cock through his shorts. I started a slow song and came back. I danced rhythmically, slowly to the jam that blasted. Spence's eyes were all over my body, raving every inch of me. I slowly pulled off my top, exposing my pointed tips. My breasts still stood proud, although they had a bit of sag.

I also slowly began to tug at my jeans which I had worn again after the incident, while whining my body to the tune. I could see his engorged dick pulsating. It wanted in on the action. I turned my back to him and gradually pulled down my jeans, steadily, slowly, seductively. My lingerie came into view. It was not at the middle of my ass and I knew Spence had got an eyeful of the upper part of my

butt. Not to waste much time, I dragged down the shorts and lifted my legs one after the other to get them off.

Then I tugged at the front of my lingerie, dragging it down to expose my shaved pubic. It felt so exhilarating watching Spence suffer from pleasure. I never knew it would feel that good.

I left my lingerie where it was and knelt down in front of Spence. He tried to touch my tits again and I slapped his hand down once more. Then I gave him a "no no" finger sign, staring at him like a whore. I went down on him, putting the head of his dick in my mouth and licking his pee-hole. He held the bar table with much strength, I was scared it would break. He held on to my hair for support as I slowly went deeper and swallowed his shaft. I sucked him till I began to feel him get restless. His heart was pounding faster and I could almost hear it. Then I stopped suddenly and held the tip of his cock.

"No no, Spence. You will not cum until I say so" I told him.

I stood up and in one swift pull; my panties were down on the floor. My pussy stared right at him. He wanted to move; touch; feel… fuck me. But he couldn't. He just sat there, repressed. I took one look at Bran. He was naked again and hard his much bigger hard cock in his hand. I saw it very well this time and the veins were pulsating even from the distance. I smiled at him.

I sat back down on my stool and gave Spence the "come here" signal. He obliged like an obedient dog. He knelt down in front of me and put his head in between my thighs. He put his hand on my thighs, wanting to feel me, but I slapped his hands off.

"It’s just your head Spence; just your head. You will suck me like you have never sucked before, and not a single drop must touch the floor when I cum. Yes Spence, I want you to make me cum. Since your dick cannot do that, at least your tongue can" I told him.

He began to lick me and used his tongue to spell letters on my pussy lips and clit until I used both my hands to push his head right into my pussy. I was on the edge already. The excitement was too much; I could not stand it anymore. I came in his mouth. I poured my juices all over his face. He lapped every single drop like a cat does its milk. After he was done, I smiled at him.

His eyes were on me, looking up at my face as if he was waiting for what would come next. And so I told him “Thank you. Now you will get to watch your friend fuck me and see how he makes me cum with that big dick”

Spence had no expression on his face. He was apathetic and I felt sorry for him but I couldn’t stand not being satisfied any longer. So I walked over to Bran and immediately fell into him, planting a kiss into his mouth while Spence looked on. We fell gently to the large sofa. Bran raised his knee and ran it through my laps while kissing my neck. Soon he was on my breasts lightly squeezing them and fondling my nipples. I moaned. Oh God! It felt so good.

I closed my eyes, enjoying the moment, when I felt his fingers leaving my where they worked, and tracing their way down. The hard skin of his thumb grazed my belly button and sent a rippling effect through my spine, causing me to contract my toes. And then with a slight wriggle and adjustment of his waist, he made my heart stop. I gulped and my eyes shot open. His cock had found the

moistness of my feminine core. An electric charge zoomed through my veins and sent my brain back to default settings, if there ever was such. His fingers were equally hard and strong. It felt like my entire body system was connected by a wire... and the fuse box rested in between my feminine lips. I held my breath, unable to understand what was going on anymore. He stayed there for a bit, obviously noticing the effect it had on me. He was going to make me cum the second time and he had not even started moving yet.

He slowly started to rub my orifice and steadily began to move his hips also. My eyes were wide open, but I saw nothing... Only the slightest glint of the ceiling, and the ceiling fan, spinning slowly and steady. Heaven Suddenly I felt my blood pressure rising. Was I having a cardiac arrest too? It persisted. My legs pressed harder on him, and then they developed a mind of their own and enveloped him in a bow, pushing him deeper into me. He took that as his cue and started pounding deep into me as I moaned in absolute pleasure. His movement was so fast and then not so fast, and then it was so fast again until I could not take it anymore and I wet the sofa with my nectar. I wet everything that was in close proximity as my body vibrated and pulsed. Almost a minute went by and I came to a sudden "rest— weakened and unable to move. My mouth was parted to support my breathing as my nose could not do it alone. My eyes were dim and the world I saw was creamy and blurry. But I saw the devastated yet excited face of my husband, staring at me. His dick was still very much hard but all he could do was stroke himself.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | PUBLIC HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | AGE DIFFERENCE

WATCHING WIFE FONDLED ON BUS

REMY LEONE

Watching Wife Fondled on Bus

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	All Aboard
2	Fondled Wife
3	Used On The Bus

ALL ABOARD

The huffing sound of the loud bus as it came to a halt signaled everyone that it was time to enter the large hull of steel. The door slid open and the light must flew into the nostrils of the first passengers to board. It was a large crowd, but the bus was big enough to take everyone; although some had to stand and cling for support to the leather hold attached to the metal bars at the roof of the bus. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the sun had not even started to show its smile yet. The bus driver was quite huge, albeit his age and it was obvious that he had his fair share of going to the gym in his younger years. He looked back at the packed bus and knew that it was going to be a slow ride.

Joe and his wife, Helen had boarded the bus at the last minute, along with two African men. There was a struggle for a moment because Joe wanted his wife and him to stand beside the open window but the black me were not interested in granting him his wish.

"Why do you need to stand there?" Dembe, one of the men asked, looking very pissed off with his already mean face. He was very tall and Joe had to almost break his neck to see him clearly.

"My wife and I need some air" Joe started to say in a stammer. He had only been married to his trophy wife Helen, for barely two years. Helen had brown hair with blue eyes and straight nose. She was curvy in every sense of the word and to top it all, she had large boobs. At this point, Joe realized that it was probably a bad idea to have allowed his wife put on that tank top. It was a black fitting piece that gave her boobs a lot of freedom, despite her bra and showed off her flat bare stomach. Her cleavage was massively enticing in that piece and that was why he had gotten her a ton of them so that she could wear them when they were home together. He had been so fascinated by how incredible his wife's body looked when he looked at her this morning that he did not realize that so many men would be gawking at her all day. Well, maybe he wanted that a little. He enjoyed the jealous look on the faces of everyone when they realized that he was the one who was able to get such a beautiful woman to be his wife. It was he… Joe… Joe Castle! She was his! But somehow it was beginning to seem like he would regret this day for the rest of his life.

"Alright, go ahead, stay beside the window" Joe told Dembe out of fear of his muscular arms and fierce eyes.

Dembe threw a daring stare at him.

"Come on Helen, let's move back a little" Joe appealed to his wife, in a tone that sounded more like an order. He wasn't going to lose sight of his wife or let her stand anywhere near those filthy looking men. Even if he was scared of them, he was not going to show it. "Come on Helen, let's move" He repeated.

"Is that how you talk to a lady?" Wale, the other black man who was of average height said. Joe could feel his heart thump. He was expecting Helen to move but she just simply remained where she was and did not move an inch. She looked back at her husband and she could see the petrified look in his eyes. She knew that look. She knew it too well.

“She’s my wife you ass hole” Joe tried to fight, but his voice failed him. He sounded like a high school kid once again.

Wale, without a second thought, waltzed in between Joe and Helen and Dembe took his position in front of her with that daring look in his eyes once more. The bus was silent as the crowd watched on. Everyone loves a show. Joe knew the world was watching him and waiting for a reaction but he was scared to shit and he knew that he would be overpowered in a second if he tried anything. He gulped, swallowing his own saliva with a face that looked like he was going to cry or puke, or both.

The vibration from the base of the bus rocked the feet of everyone and the bus went gradually into motion. It had been four minutes already and everyone had taken their attention off the events that had occurred except Joe. He was still hurting and did not know what to do.

“Quit breathing into my shoulder, dude. Do you need me to spank your ass?” Wale spoke harshly but silently to Joe. His heart thumped, but he remained quiet.

“You are still breathing, you frog. Have you been shot before? Breathe on me one more time and I am going to make sure you wake up on a hospital bed” Wale threatened once more, giving Joe even more chills.

“How do you live with this fucker? He can’t do anything right. He can’t even breathe right” Wale whispered into the ears of Helen. She remained motionless. Many thoughts ran through her mind as she heard the tough, hoarse voice of the man behind her. He was rough and not the gentlemanly type, but there was a certain something about it that she found interesting.

“How can’t you do anything right, you, what’s your name?” Wale spoke to Joe. He was quiet.

“I said, what’s your name, mother fucker” Wale almost screamed at Joe. He could feel the weakness in his own legs.

“Joe. My name is Joe” He could hardly believe he was the on e speaking. He was fear ridden and his shaking legs did not help matters.

“Why can’t you do anything right, Joe?” Wale spoke quietly, not allowing everyone in the bus to hear what he was say, except for those sitting and standing nearby. “You can’t talk right, you can’t even breathe right. Can you fuck right? Huh? Do you fuck your wife right?” He asked rhetorically, but Joe still gave a stammering reply, He was muttering so many words that he was not even making sense to his own self.

“Does he fuck you right?” Wale whispered into Helen’s ears. “Does he fuck this ass right?” He spoke softly, secretly taking moving his right hand to feel Helen’s soft ass.

Her eyes widened on realization. His hand felt so firm on her bum. She caught the stare of Dembe and a slight smile across his face. He was really tall that her chest was just above his waist and she had to look up to stare at him. His eyes were dark and told so many stories that she knew his mouth would never say out loud. And now they were telling a story about her. Her eyes widened even more as the man behind her firmly squeezed her bum. Dembe’s smile became more obvious and his eyes caught Joe’s who wondered what was going on.

“You like that, don’t you?” The thick black man behind Helen whispered into her ears. She did not know how to respond. She felt disrespected but it was kinky in a way that she did not understand. She liked it, but she still wanted to slap Wale across the face. However, as he spoke more words into her ears and felt the warmth of his breath over her skin, she thought maybe it was a good idea to punish her husband for not being able to stand up to these men for her. Why was he so weak? she asked herself. Now she had the

chance to be with some strong men, and he was going to watch them grab her butt and whatever other thing they had in mind.

Helen looked around briskly, making sure that no one saw what was going on.

Wale leaned in closer into Helen and let his hand wander all over her ass discretely. He paused just over her ass crack and started slowly moving his hand low, feeling his fingers starting to enter the gully that was in between her cheeks. Helen gasped, and Dembe could hear it. He knew exactly what his friend was doing and he could tell that this woman loved it. Helen jerked forward as Wale went lower, almost jumping into Dembe. He saw her breasts jiggle; those big and beautiful feminine water melons. They looked so soft and fresh. He could feel his dick start to get hard. It was pushing against his pants now and when Helen looked down, shy from gasping and jerking forward, she saw the bulge in Dembe's pants.

Her mouth spread in shock. He was hard? As if the man that was behind her was not enough, the one in front of her was also having a boner. And she knew that he wasn't going to just let it stay there. That was soon resolved as Wale shifted further forward and collapsed Helen tightly in the middle of Dembe and himself. Helen felt something poking on her tummy, just below her breasts, and she knew instantly just what it was. Dembe smiled at her.

Joe had been observing the reactions of Dembe and his wife and the hand movement of Wale and he could swear that he knew what was going on. How could his wife, do this to him, he thought. She did not even scream or shout or say something to get the attention of people. She even seemed to be enjoying it.

Wale's hands worked on Helen's ass with more freedom now. He tried his best possible to be discrete but that ass was so soft that he could not stop himself from groaning in pleasure in the ears of Helen. She loved that masculine grunt and moved herself backward to meet him. And then she felt it. Wale was rock hard. His dick

almost pierced through her ass, even with the barrier of their clothes. Helen's eyes shut close as she enjoyed the feel of this dick on her bum. She tried to gauge the size by whining her bum into him and trying to feel the full length of his shaft. Wale was ever too willing to oblige, moving his own waist forward and giving her the feel she needed.

Helen felt the poke on her tummy getting stronger and she opened her eyes and looked down. She could swear that Dembe had a pole in his shorts. It looked so big. Could that be his penis? How on earth does anyone have a tool that huge? Her bulging eyes maintained its gaze on the engorged manhood that had its print over the joggers that Dembe had on. Dembe moved a little and she saw it move. That was definitely his dick. She looked back up at Dembe and gulped. He smiled.

FONDLED WIFE

Joe was getting increasingly irritated by what was going on. He wanted to put these men to the floor and throw jabs into their faces. He hit Wale a little, but it only felt like a feather touch on Wale's back. Nonetheless, Wale turned his head back and shot Joe a dangerous stare.

"I'm gonna splatter your brain over that window, you shrink" He threatened, making Joe return to the mellow coward that he was.

Joe tried to speak but the words failed him. They did not come out of his mouth. The quietness in the bus was like a graveyard. Only the sound of the engine could be heard. No one spoke. Helen doubted anyone knew what was going on. How could they? Wale and Dembe were being so discrete.

Wale continued to rub his dick through his pants on the soft and jiggling ass of the pretty white woman in front of him. He knew she was enjoying it. She had a black tank top and leggings on. Her

leggings were so light that it almost felt like he was actually touching her bare ass. He wanted to fuck this woman right there.

Dembe on the other hand could not hold his urges anymore. He stylishly lifted his left hand to cling the leather hold and pushed his right hand over one full breast of the woman in front of him. She gasped and looked like she would faint, looking around rapidly to see if anyone noticed. No one seemed to have noticed. Dembe paid no mind to anything. He had blocked anyone's view with one of his hands so that the other could work. He was fascinated by large boobs and there was a large one in front of him.

He squeezed it through her bra and gently brushed through the roof of her boobs. The sensation immediately sent liquid rushing down the thighs of Helen. She was so hot right now and wanted to be fucked. If only they were somewhere private. She could care less about her husband, who couldn't even say a word to fight for her. Dembe's eyes looked around and saw that one of the women in the bus sitting at a corner was secretly watching what was going on. He noticed that her shoulder was moving slowly and in a certain pattern. She was touching herself; he was sure of it and winked at her. She briskly took her face away shyly.

Dembe continued to work on the beautiful breasts in front of him. He slid his hand inside her black tank top and felt her nipple through her bra. She moaned in affirmation of pleasure and felt another tingle in her pussy. That sensation soon increased as Dembe pushed his hand into her bra and held her breasts, before slowly yanking it out of her bra. He was suddenly glad that they had entered the bus late and had gotten a position in the front where no one could see them. But that was not so; as Helen looked up to the mirror and caught the elderly driver's eyes looking into hers. Shit… he knew what was going on. She could care less though.

Wale, on his end, had other plans. His cock was getting increasingly uncomfortable in his pants so he pulled it out and placed his thick flesh over her leggings clad bum. She felt it instantly and the heat

emanating from the tool told her that it was no longer caged. The lion had been set loose. Wale rubbed his dick across the ass of this fair white woman and felt like the heavens were open. Those butt cheeks were so soft that he had to use an elbow to hit Joe behind him, for keeping this woman to his lame self.

Joe staggered but forced himself not to fall back. He couldn't stand the humiliation of other people seeing what these men were doing to his wife. He saw how Wale was moving his waist and cursed the man. But he felt ashamed immediately he felt his own cock becoming hard. It surprised him that such distasteful act on the path of these bully black men was making him develop an erection. Wale was not done. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a nail cutter which had a sharp part in the middle. He used it on the leggings trouser of the woman in front of him and it ripped right open, exposing her fair skin to his heavy eyes. Quickly, he channeled his cock in between her ass and stuck it there. He was not in her pussy but he could feel the heat of her pussy on his cock. He could feel the moistness on his thick black dick and his cock throbbed even harder.

Helen felt that meat near her pussy and wished that it would just go in. Her pussy was pulsating. She was feeling the effect of the wonderful hands of Dembe on her boobs and also the unbelievable thickness of the dick in between her ass cheeks. She moaned into the air, not caring who heard her. This was pure bliss. It was pleasure.

Dembe removed the other breast from the hold of her bra and as the bus entered a bump, he was quick to lower his head and suck on a nipple for three seconds before lifting his head back up. His dick was threatening to tear his joggers, so he loosed the straps and after a little looking round, he yanked out his dick, immediately making Helen gasp and almost run out of breath. He saw the disbelief in her eyes. How could he possibly have such large dick? She was seeing it in the flesh now and she just could not take her eyes off of it. It pointed upward and was curved a bit. It was so

close to her breasts that she knew what was coming next. She also knew that she would not forgive herself if she did not get a feel of this black monster that was right in front of her. Her hands moved ever so slowly, breaking her husband's heart as he struggled to see what was happening.

She gripped the shaft and felt its heat all over her palm. She was sure that both her hands could not cover the entire length of this shaft. It was so big…, probably longer than the man behind her, but Wale's was definitely fatter. She stared at the dick with lust in her eyes and awe as she gradually began to stroke it to and fro. She stroked it like her favorite doll. She looked at it and what she saw was a magical wand of pleasure.

Dembe was smiling sheepishly, happy about the sensations that his cock was making this middle aged married woman get. She wanted to suck it right there, but that would be too obvious and she knew it. Dembe's hand moved up to her breasts once more and exposed a tit. The massaged the soft feminine skin with his hands while Wale rubbed her ass from behind with his dick still stuck in between her bum cheeks. He was rotating his waist rhythmically now and she felt his dick swell even more. She pushed her ass back to get more feel of it. Wale pulled his dick out and rubbed it over her bum, closing his eyes and allowing the sensation touch every depth in his body. He knew one thing for certain. He was going to spill his juice all over her ass while her husband watched.

Ale took his head back, almost meeting Joe's, and whispered to him.

"I am going to splatter my thick cum all over your wife's firm ass."

Joe gulped. He could not utter a word. His own hand was inside his trouser as he tried to press down his growing erection. He was angry at himself for getting turned on by this messy activity.

Dembe allowed his dick poke Helen for several seconds before

exposing her two tits and sliding his dick in between them. God… that; definitely felt like paradise. Her big busty chest was just perfect for his long cock. Helen had lost every care in the world. She used both hands to press her boobs on the beautiful cock that contrasted her skin colour. It was huge hand had wicked veins running across it. She closed her eyes and soft moans escaped her lips as she continued to enjoy the pleasure that Dembe's dick offered. He moved his waist, pressing into the tightness and softness of the middle of her boobs. He was definitely enjoying every minute of this. The sensation was sky high and he could feel his dick begin to pulsate that very moment. He wished he could just bend her over and fuck that pussy that must be very wet now. He and Wale had once had a threesome with a white bitch in the past.

Wale could also feel himself drawing close as he continued to rub his dick over her ass. But he wanted to feel more, and his fingers were there to oblige. He turned back quickly and winked at Joe, whose face was very red already. And then he let his fingers do their magic. He fist used his middle finger through the exposed part of Helen's leggings and slid it in. His finger was soaked in an instant. It seemed like she had an orgasm immediately she felt his finger run up her pussy like that. He moved his finger like a piston and continued to move it up and down. Helen gasped like she was about to suffocate. She could hardly control herself or stop her own body from shaking as the tumult continued down her pussy. She could feel the wetness on her thighs. It was like an everlasting flow of bliss that she had to enjoy. If there was a definition for painstaking pleasure, thi8s would be it.

Dembe could feel himself drawing near too as He continued to slam into the boobs of this very beautiful woman. There were already traces of pre cum on his dick. Helen looked up for once more at the mirror and saw the driver's eyes focused on her. She did not mind that. Honestly, she did not care. She was in another world… a different world… a world of pleasure and pure bliss. She continued to moan and fought hard to keep herself quiet. She was sure that

everyone in the bus already knew what was going on; but frankly, she did not give a fuck about that. All she wanted was another orgasm, and it seemed like these two men were ready to give it to her, so there was no need for her to complain. She wouldn't complain… hell no. She almost screamed when she felt another avalanche of orgasm starting and pouring down her thighs. Wale had two fingers up her pussy now and he definitely knew what he was doing.

Helen was instantly angrier at her husband. He was completely useless. He could not even give her a decent orgasm. These men had not even spent an hour and she already had two orgasms. Joe was truly useless at all he did, and for that she had made up her mind right then and there that she was going to leave him. If any of these men asked her to come with them and be their slave for life, just so that she could experience this pleasure, she would gladly oblige.

She had never liked gentility in her life. She always liked her men rugged. She had only agreed to marry Joe because that was what her parents wanted for her. She wanted to be a good girl. She wanted them to see her as such. If only they could see her right now. If only they could see how slutty she was right now, then they would understand that she was born to be a slut, and a good one at that. She wanted a good pounding right there, but she doubted that any of this men would be ready to give it to her there. She prayed and hoped in her heart that the trip would last longer.

USED ON THE BUS

Dembe was thrusting deep into the gully of Helen's boobs and he knew that it was time already. It was almost time for them to highlight and the men just had to splatter their seeds over this beautiful woman. Wale was enjoying every moment of this. He had replaced his dick in between the butt cheeks of Helen and was

gyrating hi waist to the rhythm of the woman who seemed to have found her own pace. She was surely enjoying it. Wale looked up and Dembe and realized that his friend was equally at the edge. In a few more strokes through the busty woman's boobs, Dembe was already pouring his warm seed all over her breasts. Sputter after sputter of cum hit her chin and even her nose. The rest were deposited on the top of her chest. Wale also released his on her bum cheeks, shaking and vibrating as his dick expelled those masculine seeds. Joe on seeing this had already wet his own pants with his cum. He had been playing with his dick through his pocket. He felt dirty and very embarrassed. He hoped and prayed that that was all. He really needed to have a talk with his wife.

Helen, well exhausted from the experience, found it difficult to stand. Her whole body was vibrating. Her pussy had convulsed one more time from just the thought of the fact that all this was happening in pubic, and with her husband watching. She smiled at Dembe for the first time and quickly put her breasts back in place. The air smelled of sex. There were light murmurs in the bus. Wale had put his dick back in his pants and was looking at the mess he had made on Helen. This brought joy to him. He shifted to the side a little bit for Joe to catch a glimpse. Joe looked away. His face was red with disgust. He wanted to plunge a fist into Wale's teeth, but he knew he dare not.

The bus stopped and it was time for Wale and Dembe to get off along with a few other passengers. As they made their way to the door, Dembe winked at Helen. He had written his number on a small piece of paper and placed it in Helen's bra. She had struggled to clean herself up with her handkerchief, but his scent still lingered on her body. When Joe realized that his wife was exposed from behind, he quickly moved close to her and blocked anyone from seeing what had happened, even if he knew deep in his mind that the people in the bus knew exactly how things had gone down.

Just as the bus began to move again, the driver turned his head to the back and frowned at Joe. He had watched everything and was

pissed off that Joe would allow those men treat his wife in such way. Joe had to be punished.

"You little sissy" he screamed from his driver seat. He was quite hold but still very fit and agile. He had a handsome face, and you could tell that he was the ladies man when he was younger. "You allowed those men touch your wife like that without doing anything" he barked at Joe who was too daunted to speak.

Just then, he wheeled the bus to the right and made a stop, but it was not for any passengers to get into the bus. The people in the bus wondered what was happening.

"You little sissy" he continued. "Look, you even wet yourself. Just look at you" he said, pointing to the damp spots on Joe's cream trouser. Joe looked down and could hardly bring his head back up in embarrassment. The crowd in the bus began to laugh.

"Well, since you like watching other men fuck your wife, I guess I can get my turn right now. Try not to cum in your pants again, you weak bastard" he scolded.

The crowd watched in awe and silence as Old Jim walked straight to Helen, who was also speechless and yanked down her tank top, exposing her bra. He then yanked off her bra and the little piece of paper fell to the floor as her breasts were exposed. Jim smiled and while using one hand to stroke his cock through his trouser, he used the other hand to caress Helen's breast. She was still very hot from the treat she got from the black men that she just couldn't resist. She needed penetration. Her pussy craved it. Jim knew this for a fact, and his hands pulled down Helen's leggings and then her g-strings, exposing her butt to all who cared to see. He spanked it severally and a moan escaped her lips.

"You see, she likes it" Jim spoke out in his hoarse voice.

He unzipped his trousers and pulled down his boxer shorts. There was no time to waste… they were parked on the road for

Christ sake.

"Lie on the floor, woman" he said in a commanding voice. Everyone looked at Joe, waiting for some form of reaction but there was not. All of a sudden, Joe began to sob as he watched his wife lie down and spread her legs for Jim's big cock. It was not as big as the black guys cock but it surely was bigger than Joe's.

Jim smiled and stared at everyone in the bus who had already begun to urge him on. People had even started to get together and kiss right there in the bus. Jim's cock pulsated as it felt the warmth and wetness of Helen's cookie.

His first stroke was welcomed with a moan and he made sure he put the full length of his cock into that waiting pussy. He moved his waist gradually. He loved his woman cleanly shaven and Helen had just shaved a day ago. Licking his lips, he began to move slowly and steadily before immediately increasing his pace and fucking the lady like a drunk. He fucked with all the energy that his old body could muster.

Back in the day, he was a champion at this, and he was going to prove it to her today. Helen moaned in pleasure as the walls of her pussy received the satisfaction they had been eagerly waiting for.

The older man's thick cock pushed in and out of the younger woman in front of her husband. He was breathing heavy and sweating profusely and as he fucked her he unbuttoned his shirt revealing his hairy gray haired chest that still had some color it. He was a strong older man who savagely fucked the young wife in front of Joe. Joe was hoping to gain some sympathy from his sobs, but Jim just snapped at him

"Sit the fuck down while I finish up or else I'll really give you something to cry about!", The savage older bus driver yelled. In the surreal moment, the bus only laughed at how weak Joe was.

Here he was with his torment continuing all because he was not

man enough to stop it. After allowing these guys to rub their big long and fat black cocks all over his wife before covering her with his seed, the older bus driver was fucking his wife with all he could.

"I should have you fired!, Joe said through his cries.

"I'm already retired. What are they going to do, fire me?", Jim proudly laughed as he stared Joe down, whose tears never stopped.

"Yeah that's what I thought boy. Check and mater mother fucker.", The older man's large hips plowed into the tight wife who moaned and groaned. Helen's eyes were rolling into the back of her head and had lost all ability to focus on anything but taking the large man's cock into her.

Quickly, Jim pulled his fat cock out of Helen who gasped. The other bus riders cheered as he grabbed Helen by the hair and spun her around to position himself to fuck her doggy style.

"Be careful!", Joe out of concern of how he was treating his wife.

"Calm down. I'm going to fuck your little bitch proper, dipshit.", He spoke as he penetrated his wife staring Joe right in the eyes. Jim's uniformed bus driver pants were bunched around his calves stretched out as and his large barrel chest was on full display as he continued to fuck the wife in front of the entire bus of mesmerized riders. Nobody seemed to mind and in fact they seemed to enjoy the show he was putting on for them.

The men looked like they wanted to get a turn the way they rubbed their cocks in their pants and the women had a scornful stare to share with Joe. His inability to protect his own wife from the molesting black men and the forceful older bus driver was enough to disgust them wondering what kind of man could allow his wife to be taken right in front of his eyes without even putting up a fight.

Helen's pussy walls began to stiffen and contract. She looked up at her husband and saw the poor fellow with his hand in his pocket,

looking helpless as she poured her juices all over Jim's wonderful cock. The way her eyes stared up at him as her body bounced from the pounding older man who was groaning and groaning louder and fucking her faster and faster. A look that would suggest a shift in their marriage forever.

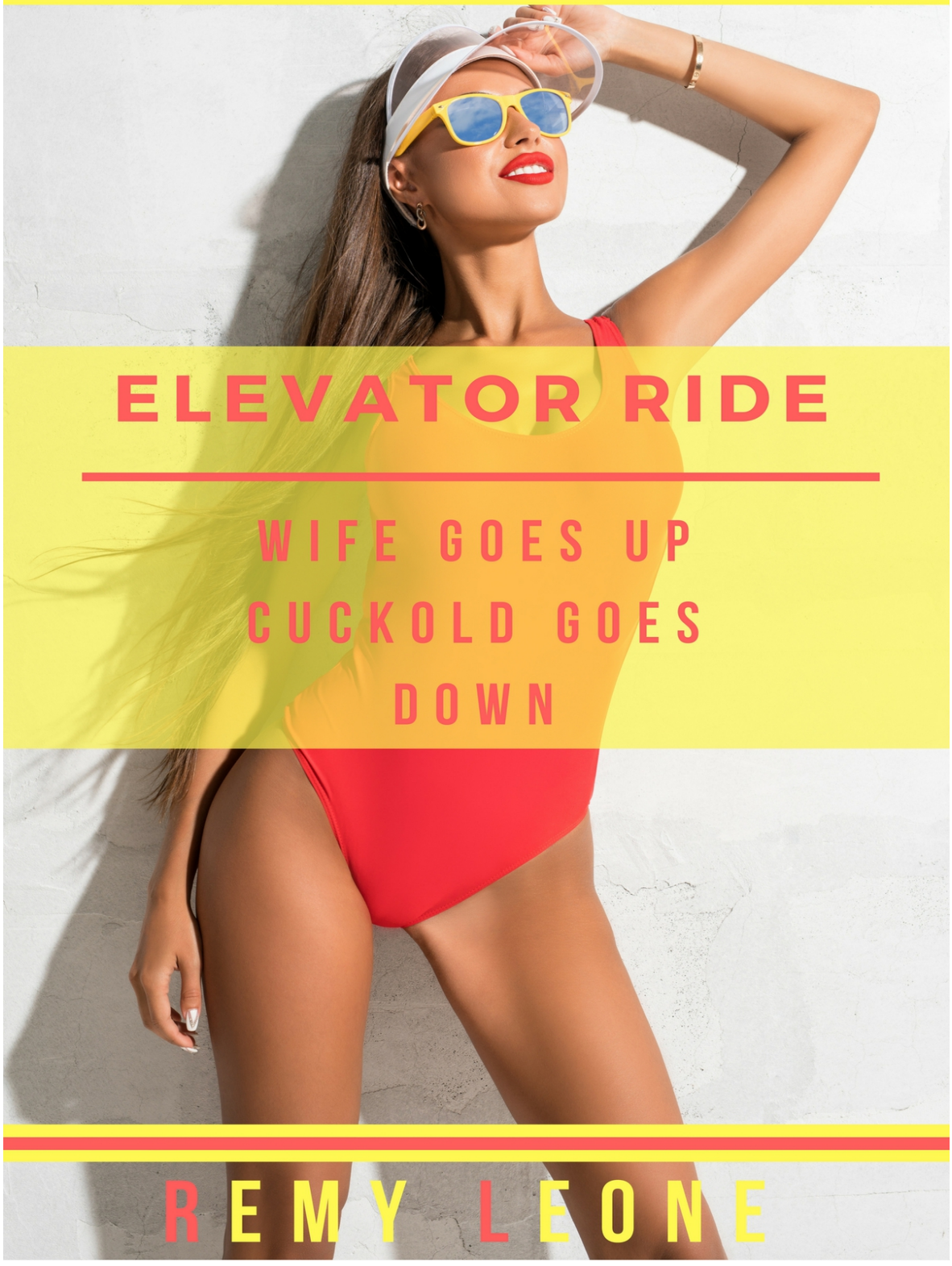
Jim's groans and grunts accompanied by a scrunched ugly face as he proclaimed, "I'm cumming!!!!"

Joe watched the bus driver empty his old man balls into his fertile wife, lifting her off her feet as he continued to pump his bucket loads of semen into her.

Things would never be the same.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | GROPE



ELEVATOR RIDE

WIFE GOES UP
CUCKOLD GOES
DOWN

REMY LEONE

Elevator Ride
Wife Goes Up Cuckold Goes Down

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Summer in Florida
2	Temptation Revealed
3	Elevator
4	The Ride Is Going Up

SUMMER IN FLORIDA

The summer had just begun and my husband and I had just arrived at our hotel in Florida for the holidays. I put on my sun shades and smiled as I looked up at the name of the hotel finely printed on the outer walls in lemon and red. The sight was extraordinary and I knew that the holiday would definitely create some fond memories for my husband and me. I smiled at the woman at the reception and she returned the smile, albeit more revealing and her teeth shone like the sun itself. Everything was looking great already. David and I had been married for almost two years and we had decided to start having kids after one more holiday. There was no need for rush, as we still had our lives ahead of us and we wanted to live it t the fullest.

I looked back and caught sight of my husband rolling my suitcase with the handle in his hand while also carrying his own bag which he had strapped around his shoulder. He looked geeky in a handsome way and memories of how I first met him immediately began to flow into my head. It felt like I had known him forever. I was always fascinated about muscular and strong men with the perfect body, so much so that it seemed incredulous that I ended up with a man who had a flap chest and flabby arms. I loved him just the way he was still, even if I sometimes stayed awake at night to masturbate to pictures of models I saw online. All things considered, I think I was relatively happy with David. He did everything to make me happy; this trip for example. He simply was the perfect husband that any right thinking girl would wish for. He was kind and treated me like a queen.

David reached me and planted a kiss on my lips while the receptionist watched with a smile on her face. We simply looked perfect together. I for one looked spectacular. Admittedly, I was endowed graciously with a large bust line and very large breasts that always caused a stir anywhere I went and I always made sure that I revealed as much of the, as I possibly could. It was interesting

watching men gawk and salivate as I walked past. I always got David jealous when I pulled stunts in public, such as swinging my waist while I walked and allowed my tits jiggle. The number of complements I got on a daily basis was enough to buy me a private Island if they were converted to cash.

We got into our suite and I spun round and screamed for joy as I feasted my eyes on the beauty of the room. The windows gave direct view of the swimming pool outside and I just could not wait take a dip. I turned back and saw that my husband was smiling at me. I knew that look he had in his eyes, and the bulge in his pants confirmed it even more. It was our holiday so we might as well start the fun immediately, I thought, and strode toward him. He immediately started kissing me like my mouth was the last source of oxygen. I unbuttoned his shirt and dragged it down his body as quickly as my hands could. I pushed him back on the bed and fell on him immediately, kissing him slowly on his lips and taking it down his chest until I reached his belt. I chuckled as I took that off and unzipped his jeans. I dragged it down his legs with his underwear and his hard masculine flesh sprang up in delight. I stroked it, keeping my gaze on his eyes before taking my mouth down and placing my tongue on its tip.

I licked it like it was my favorite ice-cream before running my tongue down through the length of his shaft and then I took it all into my mouth. I wanted to pleasure this man who had brought me to this amazing place. I sucked like my life depended on it and stopped when I heard his groans become louder. It couldn't end yet. I positioned myself on his waiting mouth while giving his fluids time to go back to whence they came. He licked me as I continued to suck him, moaning with all of him inside my mouth. The intensity of his tongue on me was maddening and when he put his hands on my waist, I knew it was time. I quickly turned and planted a kiss on his mouth, tasting my own nectar as I lowered myself on him.

His eyes closed as I began to move my hips. I knew that with how far I had taken him, he would not last long but I did not care. It

was not like he ever lasted long. I gyrated my hips to the rhythm in my head as images of my favorite models filled my head. I especially liked the African males and the way their oiled muscular bodies made them look like gods who had come to bless the race of women.

I could feel myself begin to near my own climax. I heard David groan and twist uncontrollably beneath me as he shot his cum into me, but I did not care about that. I had to finish what I had started in my head. I was close now, so I continued to ride and grind, before that sensation swept through me and I felt like my body was on fire. It flowed through me like an electric shock and I squirted my liquid all over my husband's cock, moaning loudly as my climax came to an end slowly.

TEMPTATION REVEALED

My smile widened as I caught sight of the amazing view of the pool side. It was awesome indeed. There were other couples, romantically clinging unto each other. It seemed like the hotel was a love rendezvous. I looked back at my husband with a wide grin and notice that he had his eyes scanning the whole place. He had that jealous overprotective look over his face and I knew the reason why. I was wearing a two piece bikini which was indeed very tiny. My bright complexion perfectly contrasted the blue color of the bikini bra and panties. My curves were very well revealed and my large breasts seemed to be threatening to burst out any second. I already had many men ogling at my nice frame and I had to admit that it felt really nice. Since I had been married to my husband, I had not had sex with any other man, except my fantasies which only took place in my mind.

I allowed my waist swing as my wide and shapely hips created a stir in the air. I noticed wives turning their husbands' head back

toward them and looking at me with a frown. I could honestly care less. If you got it, you flaunt it, and I intended to flaunt mine as much as I pleased. I dropped my sunscreen and other lotions by the side of the pool and waited for David to reach me before collecting the mat and spreading on the floor. It was really nice and the sun was eager to hit my skin in all the right places.

I lay down with my husband just a few feet from the pool, with my large shades on, enjoying all what the environment had to offer. I turned to the side to catch a view of every piece of the magnificence of this beautiful hotel when I noticed for the first time that two men were staring at me way more than the other men were. They seemed like they had just come to catch some fun at the hotel. They were certainly not gay because they gave a large enough space between themselves. But what really caught my attention was the fact that they were African and had the perfect physique. Although one of them seemed a tad taller than the other, they had perfect heights and they were nicely tanned, given their dark skin. The way their skins shone. It was clear that the sun loved them

I quickly turned my face back up and concentrated on the blue sky. I looked to the side once again and discovered that they still stared at me. Just then, I decided that it was best that I adjusted my bra a bit because my nipples were almost exposed. I did this discretely not to allow David notice what was going on. I didn't want him to get any more jealous than he already was. Just then, I decided to let those men know that I was already happily taken, so I leaned toward my husband and planted a kiss on his cheek. He opened his eyes, smiled and kissed me full on my lips. That had to have done it, I thought. But when I turned back, I realized that one of them had his hand on his crotch and was rubbing it slowly, yet surreptitiously.

It then occurred to me that I had given them a show and instead of turning them away from me, I had even drawn their focus further toward me. I chuckled to myself as naughty thoughts

entered my mind.

"What's it dear?", I had David's voice beside me.

"Oh it's nothing dear. I was just chuckling at how nice this all seems.", I said and turned again to kiss my husband.

When I was done, I realized that the other man also now had a hand on his crotch. He rubbed it up to his belly and back down. Damn it, I thought as I could not get my eyes off the sight of their perfect strong bodies. They appeared to be so firm. And oh my God, I could swear that I was seeing the outline of the shorter man's dick through his Speedo swim suit. It looked so big and I stripped him naked in my head. I felt so naughty and dirty for doing that beside my husband but still it made me so hot. I rubbed my thighs together as I felt the twitches in between my legs. My temperature rose and images formed in my head.

I picked up the bottle of lotion beside me and poured a generous quantity on my palm and started rubbing it on m y hands. I looked to the side and it became obvious this time. Those men were hard as metal and I could almost clearly see the outline of their humungous cocks. I quickly redirected my gaze like a shy spoilt brat. The fact that I was rubbing lotion on my skin did little to help as I did not even realize when my hands moved to my boobs and lingered on them for longer than I had intended. I was so hot now and all I could think of was putting those hard dicks in my mouth and sucking them till I felt the hot spurts of cum deep inside my throat. My hands moved down to my belly and smeared lotion all around my tummy. And then, like my right hand developed a mind of its own, it went down even further until it reached the middle of my thighs and stayed there. Oh god that felt so good. My pussy was so hot that I was afraid it would burn my panties. Anyone who looked closely would definitely see the wet outline on my panties. My pussy was already swollen and eagerly awaited satisfaction… one that I could not have right there in the open.

I knew that I had to cool myself down, so I avoided looking side wards at those men. But that did not help. The images were already in my head.

"I think I need to go for a swim, honey.", I said to my husband who only nodded. He was also having the time of his life as he enjoyed the mild sun all over him. It was almost four o'clock and the sun was already giving way slowly.

I got up and realized that my panties had found itself lost in the plentiful flesh of my jiggling bum. I got it out of my ass, aware that there was so much attention on me. I looked sideways at the men again and one of them winked at me. I almost smiled but I did a lot of work to prevent myself from doing that. I looked straight, ran and jumped into the water. The water was great and did a lot to reinvigorate my system. I swam like an Olympic athlete to the other end of the pool and swam back. And then I did some backward strokes, enjoying myself in the water. I reached where I started again and cleaned the water from my face, smiling at my husband who had now sat up and was looking at me with a smile on his face, but he was not the only one focusing his gaze on me. The two black men also had their eyes on me, ravishing me with their look and making my pussy instantly wet again, albeit still being inside the water.

I got out of the pool and took my position again beside my husband. I caught whiff of one of the black men's figure standing up through the corner of my eyes and when I looked to see, I could clearly trace the harness of his long manhood through his Speedo swim suit. The other man got up also but didn't seem to so much of a bulge as they both made their way toward the cafeteria. I gulped.

ELEVATOR

The evening breeze was cool and refreshing and I was happy that we had chosen this perfect location for our holiday. David and I spoke for a while and he told me that he was hungry and wanted to grab a snack. I agreed and we both got up and headed toward the cafeteria. I had completely forgotten about the African men until I caught sight of them sitting at one of the tables as we entered through the door. My steps suddenly became irregular as I could feel their gaze on my body, and when we walked past them, I could feel their gaze on my ass. I tried to stop my ass from jiggling so much but the damned thing was out on a tease adventure. My ass also kept on swallowing my bikini and I had to rescue it at least twice. I noticed a concerned look on David's face as he seemed to have discovered our new friends who had kept their eyes on his wife's butt for so long. I felt his hand on my waist, in a show of possession as we made our orders.

We chose one of the tables close to the front and I could not help but cast intermittent glances at the men who had finished their food for a while now but refused to leave. I glared at David and his eyes caught mine. I knew what was going on in his mind but he had no idea that I knew it. I knew that he wanted to walk up to those men and beat them up, but he knew that it would be a suicide mission. He managed a smile when we were done eating and said, [Let's go up to our room] and I nodded.

I could feel the eyes of the men on my bum again as I left. It gave me an uncanny feeling knowing that David was jealous of these men gawking at me. They fit the perfect description of my desires. If I was not married, I probably would have pounced on them and made love to them right there in the midst of everyone in the cafeteria. I fought my temptation to look back one more time, but I was not strong enough as my eyes strayed once more and was met by a ghost of a smile lurking at the corner of the lips of one of the men. He looked so handsome. And just before we exited through the door, one of the men got up from his seat. My heart thumped.

David led me to the elevator back to our room and we remained silent as we watched the doors slide open. The elevator was quite small and would only take about four people nearly comfortably. David and I walked in and waited for the doors to close. There was no other person coming in to use the elevator and the door slowly began to close. I looked at David and he was about to say something just as the door was about to close but someone stopped it by placing his hand in between the doors and they slid open once more. The hand was dark and African. It did not take a rocket scientist to figure out whose hand it was.

The two black men stepped into the elevator, speaking no words to David or me. I noticed that David was quiet. I wondered what was going on through his mind right then as we watched the doors close. And then, silence ensured, save for the vibrating sound of the elevator from beneath. The both of them had strategically positioned themselves on either side of the only woman in the elevator… me. I gulped as I observed the look on David's face. Even with just intermittent glances, I could tell that he was infuriated. He probably felt oppressed and he could not wait for the elevator to reach our floor. But suddenly there was a sound and the vibration stopped. I noticed that neither of the men moved as I looked around, wondering what had happened.

David was stiff as a dead cat too and he was hardly even breathing. I turned to check the buttons of the control and realized that the lights were off. Only a red light at the top was blinking. However I also noticed that one of the black men's hands was in close proximity to the buttons. I chuckled as I realized what must have happened and immediately understood why when I felt a hand slightly hold my waist. I dared not look down as I felt the shorter man who was at my left hand side start to sensually run his hands over my bum… and then he grabbed it, causing me to heave loudly. David turned just then and saw the expression on my face.

The man continued to squeeze my firm ass and run his hands all over it as his taller friend lowered himself and planted a kiss on my

shoulder. They acted like David did not even exist at the time and continued to pleasure themselves, and oh wait… they were pleasuring me too. God… his hand felt so good and manly on my bum. I felt the fingers start to go into the elastic of my bikini and rub every corner so sensually. And just then, the taller man's hands started to get naughty, slowly coming up my sides and stopping just beneath my breast. I immediately glanced at my husband and he had his eyes on me. His eyes were teary and red. He was angry but there was nothing he could do about it. He was afraid. I heaved again as his hand cupped my breast from beneath and made it jiggle. He planted another kiss on my shoulder as his hand worked on my breast, and then I felt his other hand coming up my other side. I gulped and tried hard not to look at my husband because I was beginning to enjoy this and I did not want to break his heart any further.

His other hand met my left breast, and now he was softly squeezing both while still kissing my neck up and down to my shoulder. I could not hold this any longer. I closed my eyes and faced up, savoring every bit of my desires coming true. The shorter man now had the elastic strings of my bikini in his fingers and he was dragging them and releasing again, letting the string hit my skin. The sensation was even heightened when I felt one of his fingers slide in between my ass cheeks and lingering there for a while before travelling further down again until it met my ass hole. He worked his fingers or while until he had other plans. He pulled my panties down just beneath my bum, exposing my decency to his eyes. I could swear that I heard my husband begin to sob. My eyes shot open and I caught him resting his back on the elevator wall behind him, closing his eyes. The look on his face showed pure agony. I wish I could help it but I could not.

THE RIDE IS GOING UP

One of my breasts was soon exposed from the bra that did little to cover it in the first place. I felt the taller man's fingers on my nipple as he played with it. It was hard as a rock. I had never experienced such bliss. And then as he moved closer to me, my jaw dropped once I felt his hardness. It touched my sides and ran down below my waist. I felt it pulsating on my skin and I marveled at the size of it. Before any more thoughts crossed my mind, I felt the other man who was behind me grab my hand. I stiffened for a moment but allowed my body to be free once more as I felt the tenderness in his grab. He guided my hand backward and I had an idea where it was going for a while.

My heart jumped when I felt the raw skin of his engorged cock. He had taken it out of his swim suit. Oh my, it was so fat that I could hardly even get my fingers around it. A slight smile crossed my face as I slowly began to move my fingers around it. And then, instinctively, I began to stroke it. The feel of his meat in my hand was heavenly… so much so that I wanted to have it up inside me right there but I had to spare my husband some dignity.

The taller man's hand was soon gliding down my belly and finding its way down south. My breathing stopped immediately he reached my trimmed pubic hair. He played with my trimmed bush a little before allowing his fingers wander deeper. I moaned as his finger made contact with the very essence of my sex. His fingers were hard and rough; far different from the soft and smooth nature of my husband's. He felt my wetness and stuck a finger into me while bending down even more to plant a kiss by the side of my lips. I turned my tilted my head toward his direction and caught his mouth in mine. I moaned in his mouth while he played with my pussy. The liquid from my cunt flowed down my thighs. Oh I was so wet. I continued to stroke the cock in my hand and heard the tense breathing of the man behind me. I was doing something right. I played with the tip of his cock and ran my finger over the hole, feeling him jerk forward. I wanted to do everything that I ha fantasized about doing.

My conscience pricked me as I thought of the agony that my husband must be going through watching these men have so much fun with his wife. I had gone far beyond rescuing. I directed the hard meat in my hand to my bum and placed it in between my ass cheeks, as my fat ass collapsed on top his cock. The heat from that dick was so intense that I knew he wanted to just position me in doggy and fuck my brains out. I wanted that too but I fought every thought of bending over and allowing that dick slide into me. I think he understood too because he just remained thee, enjoying the softness of my ass and moving his body in dummy thrusts. The man on my right was enjoying every bit of me. I felt his dick spring out too and hit my side. It was not as fat as the shorter man's, but it definitely was longer. It pointed straight up and almost met my breasts.

I turned once more to look at my husband and he still had that agonizing look on his face. The torture was even more intense because when I looked down at his pants, I noticed a bulge. He didn't like what was happening to his wife but he could not stop his body from responding to the eroticism.

The finger in my pussy was doing a fantastic job and I could feel myself getting closer to the edge. And then it became two fingers and I struggled to muffle my moans… but they came out anyway. The man behind me grabbed my ass and squeezed it tight; channeling his dick down till it touched my pussy. I could feel the tip of his cock grazing over my eagerly open hole. That was it. I could not take it anymore, I felt his hand on my back, pushing me bend over. My will was broken. I bent over like my life depended on it and placed both hands on the door of the elevator. And before I could say my own name, the tip of his cock was already at the opening of my orifice. He teased me for a bit before plunging his cock inside my slippery pussy. I moaned deeply, screaming in fact as I felt every corner of my pussy being filled up by his cock. Just then I saw my husband attempting to charge and attack the man behind me, but with just one hand, my husband was held back and pushed against

the wall. I looked at him and he was about to cry. He was helpless. Another stroke rocked my pussy and I felt my pussy walls shattering with pleasure. The entire length was not even in yet. I felt like I was a virgin once more.

He began to slide in and out of me, adding an extra inch with each thrust. I moaned with pleasure and closed my eyes. The taller man beside me fondled my large breasts and kept them from bouncing all over the place. He bent down and took one of them in his mouth while his hand cupped the other. The rhythmic strokes that my pussy was receiving were just too much to bear and I felt my pussy immediately beginning to convulse in the most intense orgasm I had ever had in my life. As I erupted, I pushed my pussy back into him, taking the full length of his cock each time. My legs shook and my eyes were teary. They were tears of joy. I became stiff as I tried to catch my breath.

Before I could even count ten seconds, I was being moved. The taller man wanted his turn and he directed me until I was facing my husband. I stared at him and felt sorry for him. Tears lurked around his eyes and some rolled down his cheeks. He was helpless. There was no time to even say I was sorry, as I felt the length of the taller man inside me. I was forced to hold the walls on either side of my husband as I pinned him down while I was getting fucked from behind. The thrusts were more precise and harder, and the feeling of intense pleasure immediately returned. I was moaning loudly right in front of my husband. He had to bear the pains of watching these men fuck me this hard.

I turned back and the shorter man was laughing triumphantly. He stroked his cock while he did this, tormenting my husband with the size of it. I marveled at the veins that ran through that heavy compartment of meat. I could hardly believe that I had taken all of that into me. I continued to moan and enjoy the strokes as they entered my pussy. The shorter man began to slap my butt while the taller man rammed deep inside me. I knew I may not be able to walk properly for three days after all this, but it felt so good.

The elevator already smelled of sex as my juice had been splattered at every corner. I knew that another orgasm was approaching at this rate. Right then, all the pity I felt for my husband began to disappear. He had never made me cum with his cock. I always had to be in my own fantasy world and make myself cum. I looked down and saw that my husband was still hard. That bulge was still in his pants so I managed to free one of my hands and drag down his large beach shorts. His dick immediately sprang free and I caught it in my mouth. I began to suck my husband's cock, which now seemed very small. He could not do anything to stop me as he felt ashamed. It even became worse when after just thirty seconds of sucking him; he began to shoot his cum into my mouth. He vibrated like he was being shocked by some kind of electricity and the other men began to laugh.

He quickly put his dick back in his shorts and shut his eyes in agony as the tall black man splattered loads of his cum all over my bum and back. I was wasted and tired. My legs shook. Just then, the vibration returned from underneath the elevator and the men returned their dicks in their swim suits. When the elevator door opened, there were four people standing in front of us who wanted to get inside. Just then, I remembered that I still had cum splattered all over my big sexy white wife ass and back.

---THE END---

BIG
IN
TEXAS
LATINO
BULLY
CUCKOLD

FRISKY POLICE
PUNISH COUPLE

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE GOOD OL' BOYS COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD
EROTICA STORIES
FOCUSED ON COWBOYS
AND THE LAW
DOMINATING.

BUSTY WIFE
IN CONTEMPT OF COURT

CONCERT
BUSTY WIFE TAKEN AT A CONCERT IN
FRONT OF HER WIMP HUSBAND
BY REMY LEONE

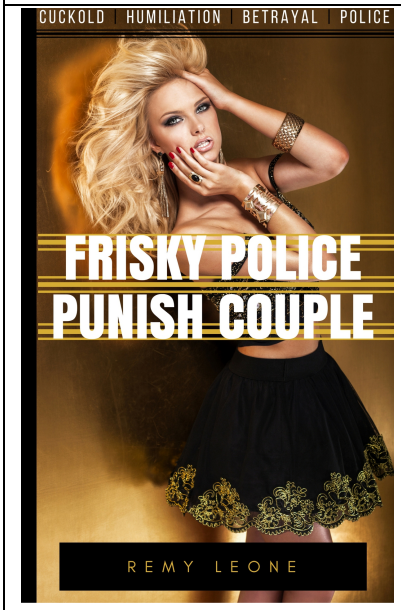
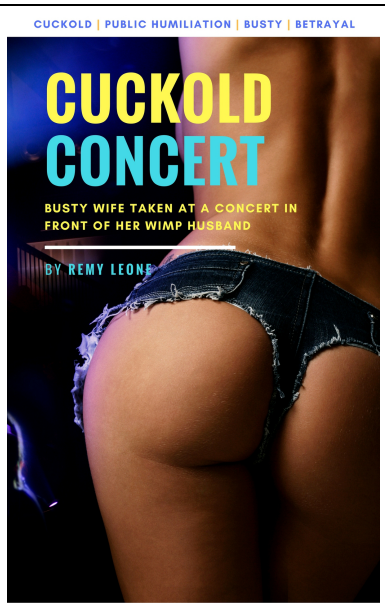
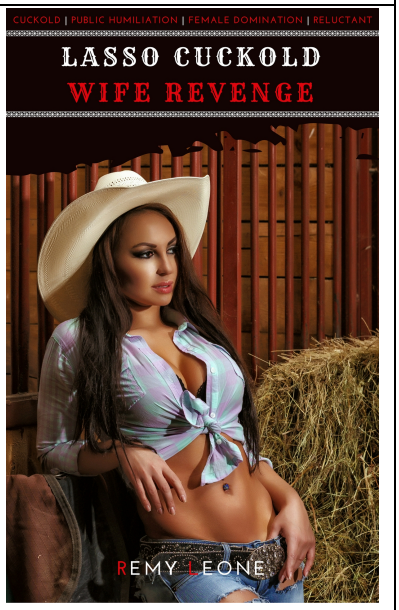
Remy Leone Presents:

The Good Ol' Boys Collection

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

 [Busty Wife In Contempt of Court]	**Story Selection**	 [Big In Texas – Latino Bully Cuckold]
 [Frisky Police Punish Couple]	 [Cuckold Concert]	 [Lasso Cuckold Wife Revenge]

EROTICA | CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION

BUSTY WIFE

IN CONTEMPT OF COURT

REMY LEONE

Busty Wife In Contempt of Court

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1 The Police Station

2 The Trial

THE POLICE STATION

Doug and his beautiful blonde busty wife Tory were always upstanding citizens and had never broken a law in their life. That's why it was a surprise when they were being called in for questioning.

He had just picked up his wife from the gym earlier and on the ride home she received a call from the police. She did not have a chance to change out of her little tight work out outfit which consisted of a a pair of shorts that barely covered her butt and exposed her entire toned legs. Her top was actually a sports bra that supported her 32DD breasts and her flat stomach was on display showing her navel ring. Her sexy legs crossed, she hummed a tune while they waited.

Doug on the other hand was a bit nervous being in the police station with real criminals walking around. Even while cuffed they acted like animals. Doug thought if they were willing to be rude to these policemen with guns, what would they do to him.

A big fat black guy who had a large beard who was cuffed behind his back had wandered over towards them. He had taken a liking of Tory's skimpy outfit and Doug could visibly see him looking down her top which revealed ample amounts of cleavage for a sports bra.

"Fine ass white girl."

Tory ignored the man and just continued to hum her tune and was now shaking her hips so that her butt moved around in her own chair. This pulled the gym shorts up an down her butt and bounce her big breasts from left to right.

The big black guy was now rubbing his hard on against the police desk next to him. His big belly placed on the table as he watched Doug's wife. The desk began to squeal against the ground as it slid from the guy's constant grinding.

"Shake them hips baby girl.", he crudely called out.

A police officer had pulled the guy away which showed off the hardon he had in his pants. The guy was pissed he wasn't going to be able to watch her anymore, but stared back at her the entire time until he was pulled from view.

"Tory? Would you mind coming in?", a police officer spoke to her from his office.

"If you're okay with him being here. This information is a bit private."

"Oh its fine I'm not worried.", she waved her hand. Doug was a little surprised and now he was really wondering what they were there for.

The police pulled up a video of Tory in a store. She was wearing

a skirt and was walking around the store shopping. Doug couldn't believe that his wife had stolen something. In his mind, he was able to completely take care of her. There was no need for her to steal anything.

The video continued and it showed a few guys following her around. They were obviously talking to her and she would look back. She would smile or brush her hair or shift uncomfortably. At one point she had bent over for a few minutes longer than Doug thought she needed to. The guys seems to enjoy this and it seemed to embolden them more.

As they got to a corner that was secluded from the rest of the shopping area, the men trapped her. Tory looked intrigued with the group of younger men. She had pulled up her skirt and began bending over letting her ass shown off. Doug could not believe what he was watching. His curvy wife was showing off her ass right in the middle of the store.

As time went on the guys were rubbing their hands over her body and one of the guys pulled the strap of her skirt down her shoulder letting it fall. The fabric covering her large breast fell and her nipple was fully exposed. He fondled her tit as one guy had pulled her thong down her ass with her skirt around her waist. He was rubbing her ass and it looked like he was possibly fingering her from behind.

"Gotta' hand it to those young fella's. They know how to treat a woman.", a voice came from behind Doug and Tory.

Tory even seemed to agree with voice cop. It was a bit embarrassing for Doug that his wife was acting so promiscuous in front of other men. She had never talked like this before and it was something he hoped was a misunderstanding on his part.

A voice was from a cop who was with his partner and had seen what was happening in the office. They came in and pretended to be interested in the case, but in all reality they just wanted to see Doug's sexy wife in her slutty moment in public.

This went on for a few minutes until a fat lady caught her in the middle of the aisle. They all parted ways but it made Doug wonder how far were they going to go. He was already fuming that his wife was acting like such a whore for these strangers. She had shown off her big round butt and busty tits to these guys and even let them fondle her.

"Is that you ma'am?", the cop asked.

"Yes.", she confessed.

The cop stood up and read Tory her right. He grabbed her wrist and brought them behind her. Her large breasts jutted out in front of her and her sports bra became just slightly transparent. The outline of her nipples hardening was visible.

"Nice.", the partner of the first cop said.

The cop then bent over the corner of the desk making her chest press against the desk table. Her shorts were pulled up halfway up her firm ass which gave all three of the cops a nice view.

"She's got some major assets here. She could be hiding something in there.", one of the cops spoke.

"Think you might be right there. Nice call rook.", the older cop who cuffed Tory said.

The cop began rubbing his hands up the back of Tory's legs. Slowly stroking each leg with both hands and up the back of her thighs before he got to her butt. When he arrived to her toned rear, his hands began to fondle it right in front of Doug's face. Doug finally had enough.

"Hey!"

"Sir. Calm down. I don't want to put you under arrest for obstructing justice.", the cop spoke as he rubbed his wife's ass in his big hands.

The cop was squeezing and mauling her ass. He would lift her cheeks and let each one fall, bouncing them up and down. He would spread her ass and close her ass and spread them back before releasing her ass to snap shut. His hands crawled up the back of her shorts so that his fingers snagged on her teal thong. He pulled them up on the on the left side, then on the right and repeated this a few times to pull her thong up her pussy. Tory just moved her butt from side to side on her toes as the cop man handled her in front of her husband.

"Please, officer.", Doug pleaded.

"It's your wife with her panties in a bunch, not you bucky.", he looked at Doug and it looked like he almost felt sorry for him. He was going to stop until one of the other cops spoke up.

"She could be hiding something in her pussy, sir.", the rookie cop spoke up. Doug pissed that he was trying to continue this assault on his wife's perfect ass.

"Alright alright, this is almost over.", the cop pulled her thong over the folds of her entrance and stuck a finger into her entrance. He attempted to put in two and gave a snicker, "Fuck this little slut wife is tight and wet."

"She seems to be enjoying her search.", the partner of the cop said.

Tory cooed in front of her husband and Doug stood up. The cop ripped his finger's from her pussy which made Tory moan loudly. He then stuck the same hand on Doug's face to push him back down in his seat. Doug could smell Tory on the officers hand, but was still happy he halted his cavity search of his wife.

"Alrighty you naughty little girl. Time to get up.", the cop said in a dirty way.

His hand came down and smacked her ass. It was a loud crack that echoed through the office and out of the office. He then

grabbed her with one hand on her and the other on the waist band of her shorts. He lifted her head with her hair and she arched her back. He would lift her so that her shorts went up the big round cheeks of her butt so that her ass was completely out.

The cop pulled her out of the office, which Doug tried to stop. He was easily pushed back down in his chair and he watched his wife being dragged away with her shorts wedged up her ass so that her ass would wobble back and forth. Every single man watched her ass and the criminals were catcalling at her. Even a few of the officers were saying dirty things as she walked by.

The officer came back with his own visible hardon in his pants. He sat right in front of Doug with his arms crossed and the outline of his cock protruding towards Doug who was still seated.

"Don't worry there little man. I'm going to make sure your wife is nice and safe here. I'm going to take extra care of her until you come pick her back up.", the cop said as he stared down at him in an intimidating manner.

Doug broke eye contact staring at the ground. "I guess that's fine."

"It better be fine with you because that's what I decided. So really doesn't matter what you 'guess', does it?", cop said as a matter of fact.

"Um, no.", Was all Doug could muster.

"No what?". The officer growled.

"Sir… I mean no sir.", Doug obediently replied.

"That's right boy. So about your wife. I'll make sure that she gets anything she needs. And I mean anything. When I'm done with her I will call you to pick her up. Bring your money because bail is expensive."

Doug was defeated. He really never stood a chance considering

the person he was. He was really a fish out of water when it came to the dirt and grime of the world being sheltered his whole life. He accepted the cops decision and would go home.

He would continuously check his phone as each day passed. The thought of this cop taking advantage of his wife was running through his mind all day. He had no proof, but he knew that the cop was having his way with his wife and there was nothing he could do about it.

Finally the phone rang. The officer who had groped his wife in front of him when he frisked her was on the line.

"Dougie. Your little hot wife is ready to be picked up."

"Ok… I will be there shortly."

"Well aren't you going to say thank you? I made sure she was taken care of all night every night."

What an asshole, Doug thought. He was implying that he was fucking his wife and now he wanted Doug to say thank you?

"Thank you.", Doug felt like such a weak person.

"Thank you, what?", the cop said irritated.

"Thank you sir.", Doug was knocked down even further.

"That's right. Now hurry your ass up before I decide to keep this little sexy bitch here longer."

When he finally picked up his wife, the cop was staring at him and just laughing in a perverted way while he rubbed his crotch. Not trying to hide any fact of what they were up to when he left her there.

Tory said to the contrary, and that the cop was just trying to mess with Doug's head. That he never had sex with her. Sure he came in and would fondle her tits and her ass and even jerked off while he

did it.

"Harmless", she called it.

Doug was so pissed. The cops were suppose to protect and serve him not use his wife like a little slut toy.

"By the way, Doug. I have court tomorrow early in the morning. That way we can just get this whole ordeal behind us."

Doug was still stuck on the fact that his wife was being fondled by this cop. The fact the cop was such a jerk to him and also how he felt so powerless in his situation.

He would soon forget his problems with the cops and his jealous thoughts when Tory pursued Doug in bed. She was acting very slutty which was out of the ordinary for her. She was very submissive which made Doug uncomfortable treating his wife like a piece of meat. While he continued and came, she seemed disappointed by his showing.

Tory was a bit passive aggressive with her disappointment with her husband's sexual prowess. This made Doug a little insecure before falling asleep.

That night he dreamt of the cop and his cop friends playing with Tory in her jail cell. They were all slapping their big dicks at her and cumming on her. The worst part of the dream was that Tory was loving it.

THE TRIAL

The next morning Doug tried to shake off the thought of his wife being fucked by a bunch of big dicked cops out of his mind. It made him really afraid of what might happen when they go to court today. However, he had no choice as he had to be supportive of his wife.

His wife had worn an outfit that was very conservative. It was a blue and white button up shirt with a blue skirt and blue heels. She wore some pearls around her neck and her lipstick was a very prominent red. Her 32DD breasts pushed the buttons out a bit on her frame and her skirt which short, but still clung to her thick thighs and her large butt. Her blonde hair was straightened and cover her matching pearl earrings that hung from her ears.

The walked into court and there wasn't much out of the ordinary at first glance. There was the judge who was a big bellied man with a mustache, black hair and a black framed glasses. The bailiff was a tall black man in good shape with a completely shaven head. The prosecutor was wearing a very nice suit and looked like a professional. This was unlike their defense attorney who looked more like a scam artist than a lawyer. His suit was wrinkled and it looked two sizes too big for him. It was about twenty years out of fashion and looked like something an elderly man would wear as an everyday blazer.

It wasn't looking good for them. The defense attorney explained the situation and then everybody was sworn in. Doug was looking around the court room and he did notice that there was no women in the room. Somehow everybody in the jury was a man. Maybe this would help their case he thought.

The video was played for the court room and it was very silent. The video showed the scenes of his wife acting really slutty towards the younger guys. Every so often one of the jury members would

catch himself staring at Tory before returning to the video.

Doug knew what they were thinking. Maybe they could get her to do the same thing in the store. A couple of the guys were even "adjusting" their crotches which were now becoming bulges.

"Let's repeat the video a few times so we know exactly what we're looking at here.", the judge spoke.

"Gladly." The prosecutor said as he obliged.

The video was humiliating for Doug. He became a little irked that Tory wasn't more shameful about her actions. Doug sensed that she was liking the attention that the courtroom was giving her in the video. Her legs rubbed at one another and Doug wondered if she was actually becoming aroused.

The defense was arguing that there was no way to prove that it was Tory. That it could be any woman in the world that had similar traits to Tory. Since they could not be 100 percent certain that the woman in the video was Tory that they would have to release her as not guilty. This fight went on for almost an hour of going back and forth until the judge stepped in.

"Do you have any evidence of this?", he spoke to the defense attorney.

He replied, "We will prove that it is not her, by having her show off her figure to the court. Her disrobing will prove that the woman in the video could not be her."

Tory seemed unaffected by what the defense attorney just said, but Doug was flustered. The fact that it was actually her was the kicker. However, what other choice did they have?

"Well, well…" Doug was relieved when the judge spoke. The judge took his glasses off staring at Tory intently. "Take off your shirt and skirt."

This was surreal to Doug. The judge was commanding his wife to

take off her clothes for them. What was worse was that Tory was more than willing to with a giggle. Doug could tell the judge thought Tory was cute.

"You know, you remind me of my daughter.", he said creepily as he stared at her in a loving way.

This made Tory blush, "I hope I don't disappoint." She stood up. Doug was wondering if she was actually flirting with the judge.

Tory's heels echoed in the courtroom as she stepped in front of the court room full of men. She unbuttoned the top few buttons of her shirt, which snapped open allowing her big boobs to escape the confined space of her tight shirt. Her white bra was a cup size too small for her and made her breasts spill out from the tops and sides.

Tory had to shimmy the dress over his wide hips in order to get the blue dress down her thick thighs. As she would pull the skirt down, her butt was in Doug's face. He admired her heart shaped ass that was fleshy but firm. She would turn around though to catch her balance and show her ass off to the rest of the room. Her ass completely enveloped the white thong that wrapped around her sexy hips. When she began to reach down for her heels, the judge spoke up.

"No. Leave them on.", which she did.

She turned around and was going to walk back to her seat but the judge spoke up again.

"Where are you going? No. Turn around and pose for us so we can see you clearly."

She did as she was told and the jury were smiling wide. They looked over at Doug and were laughing at his humiliation. They shook their heads a bit disgusted with Doug being such a weak victim of the judge.

Tory was posing for the jury and judge. At first it was just

uncomfortable, but as the judge told her what to do, she became more comfortable. The judge had her bend over and show her ass, push her cleavage together and bounce her tits. He even had her climb up to his bench so that he could see her sexy body up close and personal. He walked up and down and let his face get close to her white panty covered pussy and sniff deep. Doug was disgusted.

"Run the video now and put it on repeat. Dim the lights so we can see the video more.

The video played and the lights were dark. Doug could see that the judge was putting his hands on his wife. It looked like he was ripping her panties off her body as he heard something rip. He couldn't even believe that, but he did see that her tits were now exposed.

She began walking down towards the jury and all of the men started to crowd her. The room still was dark besides the blinding light of the TV that showed his wife repeatedly acting like a slut for a group of young guys. He heard his wife giggling and the guys in the jury were becoming awry.

The lights came on and Doug saw his wife being fondled by the jury. He cried out.

"What the fuck!"

"Bailiff. Shut this whiney wimp up.", the judge spoke. "I just ordered her to show off to the jury so they had as clear as view as me. It was only fair to them."

The bailiff had cuffed Doug to his chair so he had to sit. The judge spoke up once again.

"Speak up like that one more time and I will throw your sorry ass in a jail."

This scared Doug as he could never survive in jail. The criminals would eat him alive.

The trial continued and the defense attorney was losing. His wife was going to be going to prison and have to be placed on the sexual predator list. The judge would have to make a decision and he would leave. But not before telling Tory to stay nude.

For fifteen minutes they sat there. The jury was ogling his wife as was the prosecutor and even the defense attorney. Nobody was making it a secret anymore and even a couple of the jury members looked like they were trying to rub one off in their pants to his wife. Doug was just hoping this would be over soon.

During the recess, the bailiff came up to him and Tory.

"Judge wants to see you in his quarters.", he gripped Tory by the wrist and picked her up on her high heels. He grabbed the chair that Doug was in and powerfully dragged him away. He pulled Tory and her ass and tits would bounce and jury began to gasp in awe before they entered the judges quarters.

The bailiff pushed Tory into the room and she caught her balance which made her big boobs fly all over. The bailiff picked the chair Doug was in up and set him on the other side of the desk that the judge sat at.

The judge stared at them both and stayed silent. He then stared at Tory and raised his eyebrows. She looked at Doug and then back at the judge and then back to Doug. The last look she gave to Doug was a shrug of her shoulders.

She walked over to the judge who had a smile rush over his face. He lifted his robe pulling out his big fat hairy cock. "Suck this cock."

"Yes your honor.", she got to her knees. Her little hand wrapped around the fat cock. She was unable to wrap it fully around it and it looked like she had a trouble lifting the thick piece of meat.

She put it the purple mushroom head in her mouth. Precum oozing from its eye, she licked at it and rubbed it on her red lipstick. She opened her mouth and had a few struggles stuffing it in her

mouth.

"You're so big your honor. So powerful.", she said in a soft submissive way.

Doug had never seen his wife act like this in his life. His sexy wife nude besides her heels, with her ass sticking up and her lips wrapped around this fat judge's hair cock. The judge had a smug look as he looked over to Doug.

"Bet its bigger than your little shrimp dick.", the judge snarled.

Doug tried to remain silent to save face, but Tory spoke up coldly, "It is."

Doug's face was red as this judge made him feel like a little boy. He felt like he was out of his league with his own sexy wife in that moment. Her lips wrapped around a powerful man's cock and how he just sat back and enjoyed it like it was something normal.

He pulled her head off his cock by her hair. Saliva trailed from her mouth to his cock. He pulled her to straighten so up on her knees so that her tits were rubbing his cock. He grabbed each one of her large breasts and then stuffed his cock between her tits.

"Tit fuck me, you little naughty slut.", the judge demanded.

She would acknowledge his request by arching her back so that her tits would slide up and down his fat cock. Her saliva would act as the lubricant for the cock she tit fucked. The judge was in a trance of ecstasy as he would help her tit fuck him by bouncing them up and down his own cock. Using her tits, he jacked himself off all in front of Doug who just sat there defeated.

"You're a luck man, Dougie boy.", the judge said as he tit fucked his wife. "Think you both have learned your lesson?"

"Fuck you.", Doug replied. It surprised him and he instantly regretted it.

"This is one time where the wrong answer is what I wanted to hear.", the judge spoke. He then lifted Tory to her feet and walked her to Doug. He tossed her on Doug's lap so that her back was pressed into Doug's chest.

"I'm going to fuck YOU now.", he said to Tory as he pried her legs open. His hands were wrapped around her ankles with her high heels in the air. Her ass grinding into Doug's cock.

The judge stuck his fat head of his cock in Tory. Doug didn't want to look, but could help as he looked down. He could see the judge's fat cock beginning to penetrate his wife, but Tory's big tits were blocking his view.

Tory began moaning and Doug could tell that she was already beginning to orgasm. The judge only got the fat head of his cock into her before she lost control. Her pussy gushed over the fat cock which helped lubricate the fat cock stretch her pussy out without getting pinched skin.

The judge was rocking his hips into Tory working the full length of his big dick into Doug's wife. Her tits began bouncing and her ass began grinding into Doug's hardening crotch.

The judge's pace began to pick up as he reached ball's deep into Tory. She was now moaning and came et again and started going limp from the level of her orgasm. This only encourage the judge to fuck her harder. He began calling her slut and bitch and ho. He was so close to Doug he could smell the judge's breath which smelt of alcohol.

The fat judge was sweat and his big cock was beginning to expand even more inside of Tory. He reached down grabbed at both of tits and cried out like a monster. The hard fucking the judge was giving Doug's wife was making her ass grind against his little hard cock more. Doug was beginning to lose his temperament.

"Fuuuckkkk! I'm cumming!", the judge tensed up. The sweat rolling off of him and misting both Tory and Doug. Doug couldn't

help but react by cumming himself. He came in his own pants from hard fucking the judge was giving his wife.

The judge was still in his robe, but he let himself rub his face into her tits and played with her nipples as he milked himself. He leaned up and kissed his wife. They passionately kissed with Tory still in Doug's lap. This was the worst part for Doug. For some reason the fucking was not nearly as bad as the kissing.

Finally the judge pulled his cock out and stood up. His hand wrapped around his cock, he shooked it over Tory. His cum splattering all over Tory's nude body. Doug hid behind Tory to escape the cum shower he was giving her.

"Have we learned our lesson now, Dougie-boy? I'm sure my bailiff would like a go at your wife."

"Lesson learned, your honor.", Doug said quickly. Tory almost seemed disappointed.

"Good boy. Well, you both seem like civilized people. I think I will put Tory on probation. This way I can visit her in the future. Make sure you don't forget."

Tory jolted in excitement and Doug's heart sunk. He realized that this might be the beginning to a new life for them and he wasn't sure if he liked it.

---THE END----

BIG
IN
TEXAS
LATINO
BULLY
CUCKOLD
REMY LEONE

BIG in Texas
Latino Bully Cuckold

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1 Chapter 1
2 Chapter 2
3 Chapter 3

CHAPTER 1

Just like most times; Terry Spencer had left his wife in emotional turmoil. As Julie expected, her husband had left her in turmoil and most disappointingly unsatisfied. The sound he made when he gasped in a quick one-second penetration and with a twist and a jerk of his hips blew his load. She saw this as betrayal the moment his little dick stopped in giving any further pleasure.

This time, Julie, sighed in exasperation with angst still

lingering between her smooth legs. She perspired of sexual frustration and tossed to the other side of the bed giving her husband the cold shoulder physically. Terry grabbed his dick, like that would do the magic. He took an in-depth look at Julie's unclad, sex appealing femininity, but sadly, it had no effect on his hormones, and certainly not his dick.

He lay on the bed where Julie had observed a reasonable distance, the turmoil bubbling in his stomach was very different from the glee he'd once felt. He glanced at the thin strings of wire, stylishly placed on the wall clock ticking beside the bed, in reminder of the day's work, pending ahead.

He grabbed two pillows and stuffed them under his duvet. And then, with a thin voice, almost whispering, he muttered.

"Well, that was good sex."

He couldn't tell if he wanted a reply, but Julie's initial silence troubled him.

"I doubt that..."

Her abash response shot a feeling of rejection down his spine. Instantly he felt she was insatiable, despite all his efforts to satisfy her.

"Why? You'd rather have sex elsewhere?"

He knew Julie was able to read the pain in his tone, she simply ignored and alighted from the bed, picked her susceptible nightgown and whisked into the bathroom.

The wall clock had indicated Monday morning. And he had to feed the horses and probably supervise the boys he had on his ranch. It was the ranch passed on from generation to generation; a family business. In Texas, there was only one who surpassed the strength of his business. And for the record, he lived next to the supposed Bully. Diego Sanders, He was in his late forties and

rumored proven true, had it that his masculinity and overpowering baritone had paved the way for him. He had virtually all he wanted. And he was Terry's greatest nightmare.

He heard Julie heating his cup of coffee...he had to get out of bed...No idea and popped to deal with Diego, and the thought of running into the terror made him nausea at some point.

He joined Julie in the dinning, took a bite of the leaven bread and fitted into his boots. He took to his favorite horse, completely ignoring the fact that he was losing his wife.

Last night was calm. A week after marriage he had fallen prey to premature ejaculation, and it was quite alarming after a month that she had to blow.

"Terry, you barely last for more than a minute…! How is that sex?"

She had questioned in frustration. She was the submissive type, and he had gone through lots of struggle and feigned effective masculinity, just to get her to his matrimonial bed. He got her there, and then she discovers his inability to live up to the masculinity prowess he lured her with. He wouldn't blame her. If he were in her shoes, he would probably spite her.

He rode on the black stallion.

The ride was as tense as Terry had imagined, as they traveled down the crowded road.

He could see nothing beneath the huge black cloth he'd been hidden under. He rode out later than expected – at seven – with an aim to dodge Diego and he could just see the sun saying its goodbyes in the horizon, leaving in a burst of marigold, crimson and the odd purple. But despite its beauty, the departure of the sun meant something else...It was going to rain, and he was little or not prepared. He put the horse in reverse and jolted his bones in alert when he jumped down like a demented Jack-in-the-box.

He was quick to reach for the gates and brought down the shades to shield his pets from getting drenched with the pregnant clouds. His boys took care of the rest. Diego's ranch appeared prone to the threatening rain, but he didn't care.

Just as he thought he was rounding up, a flash of Julie popped his thoughts. Blinking multiple times, he focused again on the image before him, instantly floored.

Done and dusted he started towards the house, but woe betides him. Before him stood his worst nightmare, jiggling with his belt and calved hat.

He attempted to take the next route and save his ass from another round of oppression, but the tiger had caught him already.

"Hey, Jerry..."

Sometimes he called Terry by the name of Jerry. Terry wasn't sure if he did this on purpose. So it pleased Diego to address him.

"Hurry down here, you son of bitch…!"

In obedience, he scathed through the dust the wind toyed with and stood in front of the tiger.

"You done with my ranch…?"

Terry realized he had catered for his ranch alone. And a negative answer would only prompt Diego to rain heavy punches on him, Thereby leaving his face swollen.

"I-I did...I'll go crosscheck now."

"Go on!"

He hurried now, the clouds had let loose... and the rain had no consideration as to who it would offend. It poured and deranged Terry that he shivered for cold. He carefully got Diego's Animals in a good cover position before he started towards the house. The sight

he saw afterward made his stomach sick.

He saw Julie, laughing with his predator. They both sat at his balcony, totally unaware of his approach. He stared at his wife; the woman vigorous beauty was unheard of. With hair, a shocking black that fell to her shoulders in defiant shards, and slim legs like a model, when everybody else had legs of a chicken, he was utterly stunned by how healthy she looked. Bronzed, porcelain skin and teeth, a brilliant white... And now, watching Diego feeling comfortable around her infuriated him that he forgot he was the prey.

"Julie, what are you doing with him?"

Diego frowned and stood up to face Terry, but Terry ignored and faced his wife.

"What? It's just a chit-chat, Terry, it's totally harmless."

He knew his wife, and how she acts up the moment she feels attracted to something. He was no fool; the way he saw her smiles radiant, and the way her fingers twitched in delight for whatever Diego whispered that he couldn't hear. All that infuriated the last resort of tranquility he had.

"Get inside Julie! Now…!"

"She is going nowhere Jerry. You've lost your manners?"

Diego interjected hoarsely and let down his jacket to reveal the strength of his muscles. Surprisingly, Julie gasped at the sight, and it infuriated him the more.

Diego was broad, the muscles he had as a result of intense workout was not a fact to ignore. He had a full neck, broad hands, broad face and shaped breasts poke nosing as he made a taunt with them.

"Diego leave my house...please"

The sudden appearance of Diego became an instant threat that he forgot his initial wrath and approached politely.

Too late, Diego pounced on him, giving him little or no chance to retaliate...

"Hit him, Terry, hit him!"

Julie called out, but it seemed her support began to stray when Diego overpowered and totally deranged Terry to naught. He stopped when he was certain he had fed Terry with mud.

"That’s how you feed a dog, don't you agree."

It was hell for Terry, not just for the fact that he had been utterly disgraced and humiliated, But for the fact that his wife had witnessed his inability to fight like a man.

He saw the disappointment in her expression, and when Diego threw a wink at her, she didn't fail to smile.

Once again, Diego had proven Lord, and he would be wise to watch his tone next time. He could remember when Diego moved into the neighborhood. It was just 3months back. A week after was when he got his first punch, for greeting without a bow.

"Come on, let's get inside."

Julie approached and helped him up. He didn't need a soothsayer to state the obvious. She was highly disappointed, and it infuriated him.

"Easy!"

He lashed at her when she placed too much pressure on his swollen cheek.

She was quiet as usual, but he wasn't satisfied.

The picture of how she felt so relaxed and tuned in Diego's masculinity was something that tore his last attempt to remain calm.

"Would you take it easy you slut!"

"What is your problem, Terry?"

She lashed back at him now. He couldn't believe the scene. It was the first time she spoke back.

"What? Oh, you think I didn't notice? How you blushed like a cheap..."

It was unexpected and a perfect Interjection. The vibration of the smack he got at his face got him shocked for the next minute, till he finally realized Julie actually slapped him.

"You bitch!"

He threw down the bowl of warm water and grabbed her by the neck.

She held his arm in an attempt to free herself.

He was mad, and for him, it was good start to get what he wanted. He tore her gown and pushed her to the wall. In the next second, he was before her, lavishly exploring her nipples like he was on heat. It didn't take long to set her hormones on fire. He was rough and hasty; he tore off her pants and parted her legs, with haste he lifted her to fit on his erection.

She gasped in pain and attempted to help herself, but her feminine strength was no match for his.

"You want sex huh?"

He lashed and scathed her to the dining, pushing down the vase the stood in the middle, he placed her on the dining table and tore off the piece of cloth that prevented him from reaching her clit...with confidence he plunged in as she let out a gasp.

She was in motion now as he slit deeper but then, just as

expected, he shuddered and cut short the moment as he quivered for premature ejaculation. He tossed to the dining chair and watched Julie gather the piece of cloth she had left. She shot him that look of insatiable appetite. Once again, he had failed to meet her needs.

CHAPTER 2

Terry felt sticking to the dining room would save him the explanation he had to render once again, in an attempt to excuse his emasculation. He sighed and picked the bowl, next to the pieces of the vase. He suddenly realized it was much work to do, the scene replayed in his consciousness and how he hated the sight or the thought of it.

He gathered his clothes together and pried through the window to see if Diego stood around the corner before he came out to have his skin feel the after-wind, oozing from the atmosphere.

He tried not to think of Julie, the thought made him sick. One time she had suggested he tried medical means. But he waved it off, he believed he was capable, she wasn't patient with him.

He got angry again and whisked in to see her sober. Tears dripped to soak the pillow she had strapped in-between her arms.

He stood blank and completely pointless.

"What's this? What are the tears for?"

His question made her feel like smacking a tooth or two off his dentition.

He had swept her off her feet a year back. With sweet-talk and churning promises; One that she couldn't resist. The sweet tone of his voice, the confidence he wore. All that had lured her in a swift decision to tie the knot.

Now every moment he left her unsatisfied tore a feeling of starvation that she felt she'd go mad.

"Am sorry Ju...?”

He realized and pulled the blankets to cover her up.

"That's not it Terry, don't turn me on if you know you ain't fit to own it!"

She suddenly got bold, and choke the thought of what the consequences might be.

Her teenage age was full of dreams to achieve a satisfactory sex life.

Her teenage apartment with her parents was one that drove her mad for thoughts of pleasure.

The threshold separating their apartment from the couple who lived next was her midnight sofa.

She'd sneak and stay so close to hear the moans.

"Uuhhhh- go harder baby hit the pussy."

The creaked of the bed and sounds of raw ecstasy…

"Awwwwnn baby, oh yeeahh..."

"You like the way I hit your pussy?"

She'd strain her ears to get the response.

"Yeah, baby hit me harder...ahh"

She'd flush for passion and sometimes came in frustration. She secretly eyed the couple and wished the man would have her experience such pleasure. But he was off limits, and it only made her play with her clit to derive satisfaction.

Marriage was the only hope she had...her parents had her well guided from every possibility of having her desired pleasure.

"Baby, I'm trying huh?"

She stood up and threw the blanket he placed on her.

"Well try harder, or don't put your fucking dick in me if ain't ready to finish it up....look at me Terry, do I look good? Am fucking starved to death...it's been a year!"

She was igniting a fire he dare not build; else it would end in throwing tantrums...

"Ok...can we just go to sleep? Huh?"

"Go ahead!"

She head out and he cared of the cold she might encounter.

"Hey! You'll need a blanket to warm you up!"

"I'll light the fucking heater, sleep alone and fuck your bed!"

He shut his eyes at her abash response. He had to go subtle and quench the anger seething through his veins. He understood he had hurt her; he didn't want to go further.

He let her be and slept alone; he unintentionally woke up several times during the night. And just before the cock crew, he could hear moans from the sitting room where she slept. He jolted and jumped down from bed in haste. He tiptoed to have her caught red-handed, with whoever might have stolen into his apartment to have sex with his wife.

"Awww...uhmmm...yeah"

Her moans gradually infuriated him that he had to arm himself, to be fully prepared for the worst.

Finally; he couldn't believe what he saw. Not that he had not suspected but seeing it made him sick.

Julie had her forehands in between her legs, moving in rhythm to help with her desires.

The memory of the couple at teenage age was good stuff for her.

"Hit me hard...yeah"

She increased the tempo and lashed at her poor clit in frustration. Soon she began to quiver in climax, squirting in shudder and folded to herself to sober.

He bowed his head. He could not conclude on approaching her about it. He heard her sober and slowly drift to sleep. With head bowed he tiptoed back to bed and barely slept till the day fully arrived.

"Good morning babe."

He attempted to peck her, but she withdrew and went on with the egg sauce she made.

"Your meal would be ready in minutes."

She quickly called at him, she felt guilty; he has been a caring and loving husband. She had no right to hurt him. They'd probably have a medical treatment or something.

He nodded to her words and took his seat by the dinning. She spied with her corner eyes, she knew she had hit the nail, and it was not gonna come out till she own up to it.

"Am sorry."

She muttered while she served him. He felt his stomach churn, he had desired an apology, but the moment she offered it to him, he suddenly realized he didn't deserve it.

"Hey, I should apologize ok...? I think I'll see the doctor today."

"Huh...? I mean… that'll be great!"

She felt so optimistic and hoped for the best.

"But the boys...."

"I'll take care of the boys..."

She Interjected.

"And the ranch...you go on."

He was satisfied with her response.

"Ok, I'll try it out later today."

She felt the need to have a cure for her husband's shortcomings immediately; she had waited for too long.

"Why not now...? After your meal of course..."

He read desperation in her tone. He wouldn't blame her though.

"Alright, I'll go now."

"Yes!"

She squealed in excitement and hugged him to show just how pleased she was.

"Ok, ok Julie_ don't crush my ribs..."

He laughed and made her stop.

She gave him a peck on his lips, she didn't want to go further, she wasn't sure he could take it, and she was certain she wasn't ready for another round of starvation.

"I love you."

She quickly chipped in when he got to the threshold...

"I love you too baby."

He was out, and she sighed in relief, she lied about one thing; she wasn't going to supervise the ranch, nor the boys.

For God sake, the boys can take care of themselves, and the ranch.

She whisked to her secret safe and brought out her secret erotica movie. With haste, she rounded up her chores and slit in the disk to get the thrill...

"Oh yeah, awwnn"

The sounds were music to her ears and quickly she took off her clothes to play with her nipples. She shut her eyes and dug a finger into her clit, totally unaware that Terry had left the door unlocked.

Diego had a morning patrol through his ranch to check for any lapses. Lapses he expected Terry to correct. He found a good number, and it provoked his muscles to have another feel of satisfaction.

Terry should get used to taking charge of whatever his animals need; he shouldn't hit the nail to make a surety of it.

In haste he bounced to Terry's apartment, ignoring the heavy snowfall. He dusted his foot and took his hand gloves off his hands.

He had wanted to knock, but hey_ he doesn't care, Terry wouldn't dare question if he had courtesy.

"Hey, Jerry..."

He barged in and caught Julie lost in passion.

He got frozen at the sight and blinked several times to test if he was in the real world.

"Oh my God…!"

She jumped and grabbed her gown to cover her nipples.

"Turn around!"

He wasn't moving; his eyes studied the unclad feminine figure standing before him. It didn't take a minute for Julie to notice his hard erection. She gasped and threatened.

"Turn around, or I'll call the cops!"

"Ok, ok..."

He turned and allowed her fit into her gown. Her gown was transparent enough to jolt his hormones.

"Ok you can turn around now...what do you want Die...Diego...?"

Her words stuttered at the erection she saw in sight. The strength of his manhood made her legs wobble. She slowly took her eyes off his dick and fought her needs, luring her to look back.

"*Awwnn, oh yeaahh...hit it, baby..."*

The video cried out. She suddenly realized and dashed to turn it off.

She cleared her throat and stood back at him.

"So...what do you want...Diego?"

She was still in heat, and when he started towards her, she couldn't move a muscle.

"What do you say, Honey? You don't have to watch this shit when you've got me around huh... If hubby can do the shit, well am here."

He let down his jacket to reveal his broad chest and taunting muscles.

She gasped at the sight and felt the need to touch them...but she realized herself the next minute.

"Hold on...hold on...you said what? This is so not right Die...Diego"

He was in front of her...letting down his pants. She stammered and attempted to back away, but he held her still and brought her to feel his erection.

"You won't deny you don't want this sissy. Yeah, I see the way you look at me huh...you want to feel my dick in you huh...Don’t you...? You wanna fuck me bitch... Don't deny it."

He was rough with words, and it turned her on.

"No Die...go"

She still tried to put up a fight, but he made way to her neck and placed feather light kisses. Her resistance trailed off as she bent backward to feel his warmth.

Terry had never taken time to have her at foreplay, he went straight to plug in and leave her unsatisfied.

He brought her hands to his dick.

"You feel that...? Come on hold it.”

"Die...go...this isn't..."

Her words went blank the moment she touched the strength of his manhood. She quivered and slowly sooth his strength till he let out a moan.

"Oh yeah... That's it, go slow..."

He moved to her nipples. Two fingers worked on her clit, a little uncomfortable but nothing she couldn't handle. Not so long as he kept his mouth on her, lavishing her breasts with attention. His thumb rubbed around a sweet spot, and her eyes rolled back into

her head. So close. The strength of what was building was staggering, Mind-blowing. Her body was going to be blown to dust, atoms when this hit. If he stopped, she'd cry. Cry, and beg. And maybe kill... She came, groaning, every muscle drawn taut. It was almost too much, almost…

He scathed her to the sofa and laid her gently.

He drove his tongue inside her, setting off another shattering moan that was music to his ears. She was quite an instrument to play, so finely tuned, and if he touched her right, she made the most glorious sounds — raw, intense, absolutely delicious noises of pleasure as he plundered her with his tongue. She grabbed his hair, yanked and pulled him closer as he'd told her to do. He thrust one finger inside her, crooking it and hitting her in the spot that turned her moans into one long, high-pitched orgasm. She shuddered against him, her legs quaking, and when he finally slowed to look up at her, he saw her hair was a wild tumble, and her face was glowing...

"Hit me, Diego..."

She cried out...this was too much...

"You want me to fuck you..?"

"Yes, yes...I wanna feel your dick in me..."

She shut her eyes and brought his dick in her when he took time to give it to her.

"Oh my God...."

She squealed as she got the full strength of his erection.

He moved in slow motion, and it only prompts her to desire more...

"Go on...faster...hit the damn pussy!"

He responded and hit her clit with no mercy.

"Ahhhhh, oh yeeaah..."

She could feel her third climax reaching her...Diego equally craved and increased in pace...pouncing her with haste...the sound of how he slapped against her pussy, drove her insane...and in unison, they came...Julie quivered and squirted...she felt weak and watched as Diego staggered to put on his clothes. It took another minute before she realized.

"What the fuck...! What did we just do..? Dammit..."

She looked and touched her clit and suddenly realized.

"You fucking came in me...?"

CHAPTER 3

Diego shrugged and handled her plight with levity as he tackled his belt in place.

"Come on Julie, we both enjoyed this shit...I loved your pussy baby... It's so..."

Julie couldn't take the words she heard...minutes back it sounded like melody to her ears. But now, she realized the gravity of what she had done.

"Would you stop Diego...? Please, nothing happened between us."

He laughed till his eyes turned red.

"Stop that..."

She resisted when he tried to touch her nipples, with haste she

picked her panties and fitted into her gown.

"Out now...please"

She pointed towards the door. He didn't protest. Instead, he adjusted his belt and started towards the door.

"Your loss baby...you'd surely call for me...and tell your weakling, Terry to take care of my ranch, else..."

She shut her eyes and pointed to the threshold in vexation.

"Out Diego…!"

"Ok, ok..."

He was out; she fell on her knees and held her mouth in an attempt to hold back the tears that welled up in her oval-shaped eyes.

"Oh my God."

She raised her gown to touch her clit; she felt the moisture of his cum inside her. With haste, she whisked to the bathroom and washed off with shivering hands. Thoughts of how she would face Terry troubled her.

She thought of confessing to him but waved it off the moment it surfaced.

There is no way he'd shoulder the painful fact that his predator had taken everything, including the right to her body.

Terry had a successful chat with the Doctor.

"You don't have a problem, Jerry, you lack confidence. And you let your emotions get in the way.", He continued to use the wrong name which bothered, but had to agree with the handsome Latin male that this was the real problem with himself.

"We would run some tests though. But most importantly, you

would need to work on yourself, that's the only way this would work"

He glanced at the drugs as he rode back home. A sudden rush of hope engulfed him. Finally, he was going to meet his wife needs, he was going to have the fulfillment of a man.

He suddenly got impatient, watching the side mirror closely; he parked off the road and gulped down two tablets as instructed. His mind could only profess one thing. *'This night with Julie is gonna be hot.'*

He jerked his jar and put the old saw Jeep in speed.

Few meters to the house, he noticed the lapses on Diego's ranch. He halted the Jeep and took a peek to see if the tiger was anywhere around to spot him. He wasn't certain of a clear coast, but the urge to break the good news to Julie was one he couldn't contain.

He ignited the Jeep and drove only to halt in haste when Diego surfaced from nowhere.

"Out of the car Terry…!", He finally used his real name out of anger. He had a horsewhip strapped to his right hand that he smacked against his own thigh without a flinch.

Terry sighed in exasperation, the thought of igniting the engine and running Diego through, was one he had to rethink. Even if he succeeded, he didn't want to spend the rest of his life in jail.

With a frown, he alighted from the Jeep and stood in front of the tiger.

"You see my ranch...? My animals are not fed you son of a bitch! Get to work!"

Terry's hesitation made him taunt with the horse whip.

"You've got something to say, Jerry?"

He said and approached Terry, showcasing his muscles to remind Terry of what they were capable of...

"Nothing..."

Terry muttered and started towards the ranch. Anger boiled in him, and he knew he had to do something about Diego soon.

Julie had noticed Terry through the window pane. Her heart missed in fear and guilt. It burned that she held her chest to breathe.

"You can do this Julie; it was just a stupid mistake..."

She reassured her conscience, but it didn't oblige.

Terry requested his boys to help with the job, promising to tip them for Job well-done.

An hour into the job, he could see a positive, happy ending.

"Hey Connor, you hungry…?"

He noticed the lad at the far end, quite reserved. It was strange; Connor has always been high spirited.

"No sire..."

"Ok...you've got something bothering you?"

He nodded in affirmation.

"Sire...I saw Madam..."

The shout from the piggery farm was good interruption…

"Hold that thought."

Terry instructed and dashed to tackle whatever had surfaced.

"It's a Python sire..."

Davies alerted with a stick trembling in his hands.

Terry hissed; Davies was the coward among the boys and that moment had proved it once again.

"Give me that..."

He snatched the stick and carefully started into the piggery farm.

"Over there sire, I hit hard very hard."

It turned out there wasn't much work to do, Felon; the bravest of all had done the needful.

He alone made sure the bruises inflicted on the Python were made permanent as he smashed it till he was certain it had no pulse left.

"Burn it up..."

Terry instructed next and hurried straight to his apartment in enthusiasm.

"Baby...?"

His called caused heat in Julie's heart that she felt her heart stop at that moment.

She whisked from the bed to the kitchen and acted like she was attending to the dishes.

"Oh, baby..."

He got to her and hugged her from behind.

"How...how...did it go..?"

She shut her eyes when she noticed she had stuttered way too much."

He let her go and placed a peck on her cheek.

"Wonderfully well, I believe we would get positive reports."

He was full of enthusiasm, and she so wished she could share in it.

"Oh...that's gr...great"

She bit her lips when she noticed her response was way too obvious, it portrayed the guilt she felt.

"Are you OK...? I mean you should be happy...Right?"

She turned to meet him but was wise to avoid his eyes. She smartly hugged him and whispered.

"I'm not feeling too well, that's it, nothing a little rest can't fix."

She knew he could feel her heartthrob fast.

"Why not take a shower and rest. I'll prepare dinner."

"Sounds nice to me...”

He totally bought her idea and wished she would be fine before nightfall; he was just too eager to have a taste of his wife. In a whole new dimension...

Unfortunately, the nightfall came with utter disappointment.

"I'm tired, Terry...please"

Her words shot a feeling of rejection down his spine. He couldn't believe this, Julie had never complained of being tired of sex. It was the opposite. He was the one with the flaws. She was never satisfied, she always desired more.

He fell back to bed and tamed his hungry erection that fought hard against his pants

Julie shut her eyes and let a tear fall. She made sure she backed Terry so he couldn't see her expression.

She had *come* thrice earlier that day for her husband's worst enemy.

And for the first time, she felt fulfilled, satisfied and surprisingly tired.

Plus the guilt she felt punctured her hormones from igniting any fire for sex.

Terry loved his wife, and he could manage the urge for that night, but then, after a week he blew up.

"What the hell Julie, I wanna fuck you now!"

"I'm tired Honey, please try and understand."

"Understand what...? Yeah, I've been trying to understand for a week now! One full fucking week Julie."

She couldn't take the pain she felt. She had to let the tears drop.

"Baby I'm tired ok...please"

He melted to naught instantly, his furious erection followed suit.

He paused and sat on the bed, totally confused on what to do. One thing was sure though, he had to apologize.

"I'm sorry Ju..."

"No, no don't apologize ok...I should apologize."

Julie could only feel the guilt punch her heart at his apology. She should apologize, not him.

He didn't understand what she was getting at, but he needed her to rest.

"Ok, ok...I get you, babe. Go on, you can rest ok?"

She sniffed till she was safely tucked and asleep.

He watched her with the help of the full moon's reflection.

Suddenly, Connor played to his thoughts, the young lad had wanted to reveal something to him, but the Python chaos that followed prevented it.

He resolved to get to the lad first thing the next morning.

Julie woke up to realize she was alone. A perfect time to check her pregnancy test results…

She had noticed the changes in her body, it was a week already and she seized a golden opportunity to see a doctor when Terry had much work to attend to.

She hurriedly tore open the results she had received yesternight through mailbox.

Terry had woken Connor from his beautiful dream.

"Sire...I dreamt I finally rode the stallion..."

He beamed with smiles and tagged along with Terry till they were meters away from the inn.

"And you will someday boy..."

Connor was about to hit in another point when Terry Interrupted and threw the question at him.

"Connor, you wanted to tell me about Madam...what's that...?"

Connor initial thrill faded as he turned sober.

"Emmm..."

Connor's reluctances only proved it was something grievous, and he so prayed it wasn't what he presumed.

"Come on Connor, you can tell me anything, you know that right...?"

For a moment there, Connor disagreed.

"But madam won't be happy with me..."

Terry was growing impatient with the lad. But he had to approach with wisdom.

"You'll get to ride on the stallion with me...how about that...?"

Connor eyes lit and radiant in imaginations of how the ride would be…

"Are you serious...?

He threw his fragile frame at Terry for a quick hug...

“Of course boy...if you tell me what I want to hear."

Connor took a while before he replied. Terry understood he was trying to make a difficult choice, so he gave the child time.

"Sire...its sir Diego... I had wanted to inform you_ I lost Bunnie that morning to the flu..."

Terry understood that he was referring to his pet rabbit, Bunnie. The sound of Diego, however, was something that caught his total attention...if Diego had hurt his wife in any way, he would rain the heavens to earth, and he wouldn't mind trading his life to see Diego bleed.

But Connor blew his defenses away when he concluded.

"I-- saw...I saw sir Diego…he...screwed her, he fucked Madame."

Terry stood staring at the lad, trying to diversify if he heard well, or if Connor actually understood what the word he just pronounced.

With haste and pain deafening his ears, he grabbed the lad by the neck and questioned.

"Are you sure of what you are saying, Connor."

The boy shook for fear and trembled in his reply.

"Yes, sire...I saw them, I was there the whole time...Madame yelled all through with *hit me Diego, go on, faster... Hit the..."*

"Ahhhhh shut up boy!"

Terry stamped his foot and erupt dust that the lad fell to the ground

"Sire, would I still get the ride...?"

It was an utmost concern to Connor, and the reason he revealed what he had kept buried.

Terry nodded and stormed to the house. The rage he felt was in conjunction with the hurt that pierced his heart.

Julie cheated on him, with his predator? That bastard...?

"Julie!"

Julie's heart missed, and she quickly tore the test results to tame her sin for a while.

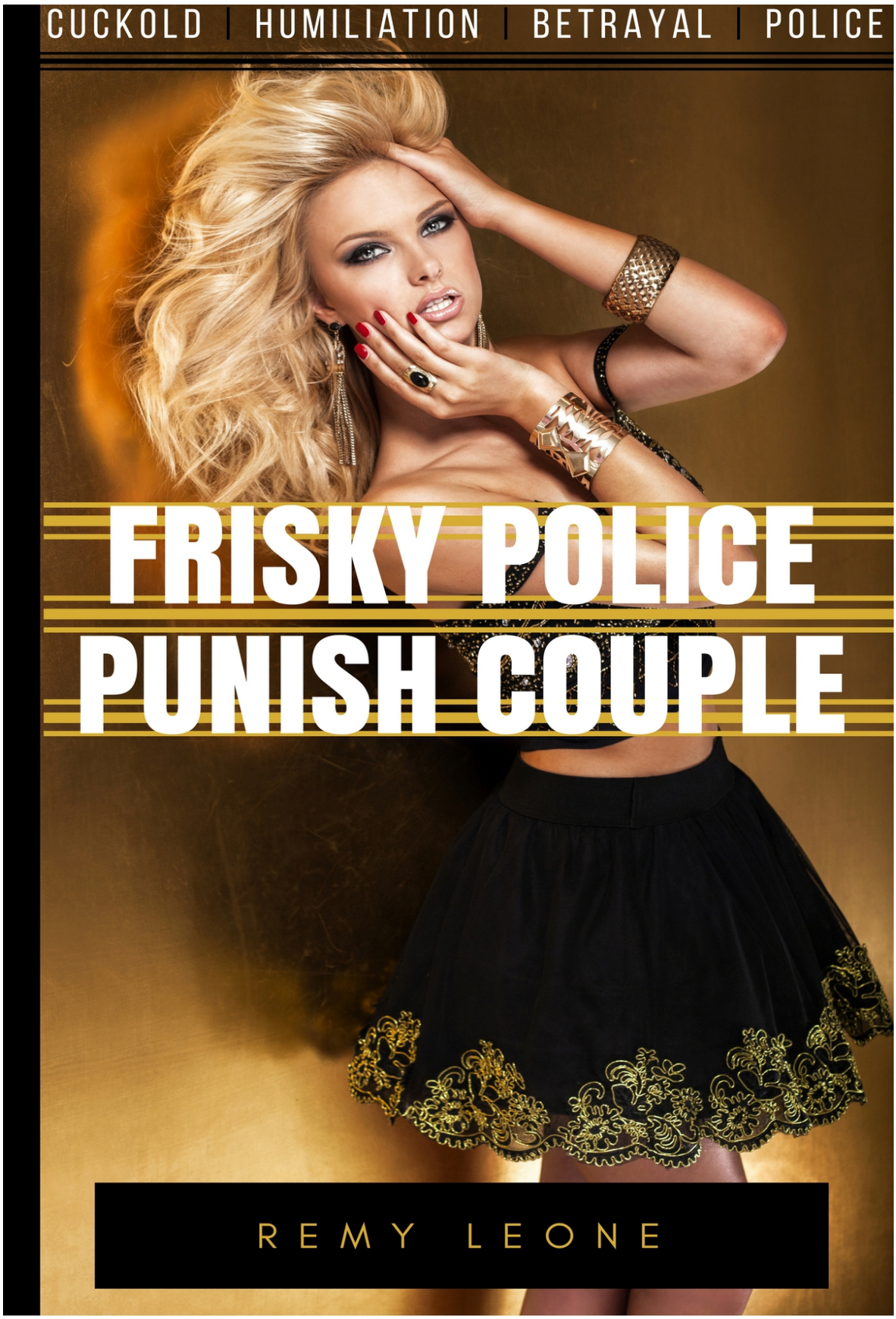
"Julie...

His approach was at first calm. And she knew the worst has happened, she deserved it, and was ready to take all the consequences.

She shut her eyes and interrupted him with a one final blow.

"I'm pregnant Terry, Pregnant for Diego".....

---THE END---


CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | BETRAYAL | POLICE
FRISKY POLICE
PUNISH COUPLE
REMY LEONE

Frisky Police Punish Couple

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved

CONTENTS

1 Bad Habits
2 Officer of the Law
3 Taking More Than A Pit Stop
4 Police Station Gangbang

BAD HABITS

It was an episode Brian could have avoided completely. He had been warned repeatedly about what would happen if he continued his addictions.

Lucy had never been predictable since the day he met her. In fact, the event that brought them together spoke volumes about Lucy's spontaneity and mean character. However, Brian had a crave for the sexually adventurous ones and wouldn't let her natural promiscuous past behavior stand between him and her.

"What?!" Lucy exclaimed loudly, with a furious mumble as she charged into Brian's personal library. Her long, hot legs greatly

assisted her march.

She had just returned from a date with a high school friend. On her return home, the noise that welcomed her was one that she had heard before. A hand sliding up and down a precum covered tiny pecker as Brian furiously masturbated over god knows what this time. She quickly brought back her beastly attitude into the room with her.

"This again?" She fumed again, flinging the laptop towards a wooden shelf before Brian who was sweating like a little pig and couldn't even pause the video he had glued his eyes to.

The video showed a scene of a tall busty blonde with long legs and a toned hourglass figure of a goddess being fucked by a couple of a younger black legal teens. The blonde's husband in the video was watching as the teens taunted him and even made the older man suck on their youthful black cocks as they took turns having sex with his hard bodied middle aged wife.

"What the fuck is this, Brian? Is this the type of shit you're into?", She looked at her husband with disgust.

He had kept his porn habits a secret until after their marriage and as time went on she was finding out what kind of undercover pervert her husband truly was. She even woke up one night finding her husband chatting with a big burly man on their webcams stroking their cocks together while the burly man sounded like he was taunting her husband. His habits had severely hampered her attraction to him.

Lucy would not let him off this time as she had already caught him jerking it to interracial porn before. She had enough of his little boy ways of jerking off his little pecker and when she realized the laptop was still functional, she quickly reached for the computer and crashed it into the window beside her.

"I warned you Brian. I did." She groaned angrily before she

grabbed the remains of the device from the shattered pieces of glass on the floor and began picking up after herself. The whole time knowing it was worth it.

Brian became remorseful instantly. His voice stuttered as he said, "Darling I'm…."

"How dare you?" Lucy yelled again, panting and marching in irregular circles as her two hands remained firm on her waist.

Before he could utter another word, Brian, needed his left hand to adjust his briefs. His right was filled with a mix of an oily lube and his semen. He was in the middle of a gruesome climax when Lucy barged in on him and his balls weren't completely empty as were already feeling sore from the incomplete discharge.

"You're a mess, Brian. Clean yourself up right now.", Lucy commanded him.

Brian looked around frantically for a way to get rid of the oily precum sticking all over his pecker. He limped towards a drawer that he had stashed rolls of tissues and dabbed himself embarrassed in front of his wife who continued to only glare at him.

"Really? You never cease to amaze me Brian", Lucy shook her head while watching her pathetic husband try and clean himself up in front of her.

As soon as he cleaned up, Brian rushed to his disturbed wife and began to plead. His addictive habits towards taboo porn had risen over the years. It especially took a worse turn some months before then and although, Lucy incessantly blamed him for his habits, she contributed to it too. They had not slept on the same bed for many months, neither had she responded to any of his sexual advances. Yet Lucy would let him take the entire blame for their sex life as not being man enough to get her in the mood or even just take her as her husband was much more meek and mild than a "real man" in her opinion.

She knew she could have anyone she wanted and wouldn't even have had to beg for it. She easily attracted everyone that came her way and she had her overwhelming beauty to thank for that.

Hers was a rare one. One that was often duplicated, but rarely ever truly perfected, but Lucy embodied it. She was a tall Canadian blonde with a fierce physique. Her blue pupils, slightly pointed nose, thick lips and oblong face shape finely blend with her famous hairstyle; fringe. She glowed radiantly with or without cosmetics and beyond her alluring looks were her gorgeous, straight and hot legs. She had led the cheerleaders group back in high school, hence, she knew exactly how to make good use of her entire body whenever she walked.

More importantly, what caused everyone to drool upon sighting her was her toned abs, slim waist which most accented her most incredible assets; her breasts. They were two large mounds at 38DD of natural youthful perky flesh. They augmented her massive hips, prompting her to frequently flaunt them in skimpy skin-tight dresses.

"You will never change Brian. Never!" Lucy exclaimed ferociously after some seconds of distorted mumblings.

That time, she was unable to move away from her position as Brian had grabbed her by the knee from a kneeling position, continuously pleading for forgiveness. She had included that their marriage would instantly come to its end the last time she caught him in the act and must have hoped that it was enough to keep him away from the incessant wanks. However, it had just been six days before she found him buried in it again.

"Please don't leave me Lucy" Brian stuttered, wailing profusely.

Lucy, on the other hand, was relentlessly furious. Her bright eyes expressed anger while her heart pumped rapidly. At a point, she flung the frail figure that hung desperately on to her legs and scurried back to the entrance of their apartment.

“I have had enough of your shit” she exclaimed as she marched unapologetically towards the door.

Brian, still on his knees, crawled swiftly after her, increasing the volume of his wail in the process.

Just as she was about to reach for the door knob, there was a loud knock on the door. Brian and Lucy were both silenced immediately as they looked at one another. Lucy nodded for Brian to answer the door, but he was much too weak to which only made her roll her eyes.

“Who is it?”, She asked through the door.

“It’s the police.”

Lucy’s head snapped back towards Brian. Her eyes made her husband realize one thing.

He was in trouble.

OFFICER OF THE LAW

They opened the door to the officer who stood there looking like a giant. He was a large cop with muscular arms and a strong chest. His jawline was prominent as well as his short cropped black hair. Completely in a black police uniform he had adorned a black gun and a matching pair of black sunglasses that he took off as he brazenly entered their home pushing past Lucy.

"I'm officer Ambrose. I've been dispatched to check on what is going on here.", He looked to the both of them cautiously as he scanned the area to see what he could deduce by looking.

"I have been by door for some minutes." The officer explained while his eyes were busy scanning the entire living room. Ambrose added, "We received a call from your neighbor about a suspected case of assault".

His eyes found the gaze of a distraught Brian before they eventually remained glued to the rather surprised Lucy. The officer's eyes gazed upon her racy black panty hose and steadily traced it up. What he found at a point slightly dazed him. As Lucy roamed around aimlessly inside the library, her skimpy dress had given way to the exposure of her neatly firm plump butt that resulted from all of her exercising. Hinting that she might not be wearing any underwear.

There, he discovered that her revealing dress could hardly contain her massive cleavage. Her large breasts were smashed together under the tightness of the dress. The thin fabric peaked tiny little studs indicating that her nipples were slightly erect.

"What is going on here?" Officer Ambrose expected an answer. However, the beautiful wife in her scantily dressed outfit was very distracting. His eyes were not in tune with his questions. The male was unable to get over how beautiful this blonde woman was before him and how fuckable her body was. He felt the power of his badge growing on his chest.

Sensing that the officer had been dazed by her appearance, Lucy hurriedly pulled down her dress so that her butt was covered. She stepped a feet away from her initial position in a couple of tip toe strides which only made her large breasts bounce. Officer Ambrose slowly redirected his gaze towards Brian. There was a shift in his eyes which went from arousal to jealousy and disdain when they fell upon the husband on his knees. He continued to look him up and down casting his judgement.

"Boy, is that semen on your shorts?" The officer interrogated the helpless man while he walked calmly towards him.

Ambrose's refusal to utter any word prompted further probes as he began to tease him with series of degrading questions.

"Don't you know how to clean your shorts? Or is that cum new? I'm going to go with new as it actually looks to be a little wet still and not all the way dry.", The officer just stared at him and the wife who both remained silent. He was particularly perplexed because he remained in a kneeling position. Officer Ambrose could tell that something was apparently wrong. Brian had been wailing before he came in.

"Wipe those bitch tears out of your eyes and man the fuck up," The officer mocked to provoke some sort of response.

His statement was accompanied with a faint smile. A sense of entitlement under his badge allowed Officer Ambrose to walk around the room confidently before he returned his gaze to Lucy. At the time, she had found a nearby couch and sat partially at its edge. Her hot legs crossed and her arms folded just beneath her breasts. This caused her ample cleavage to jut out in front of her with her nipples pressing firmly into the thin fabric of her mini skirt.

"You like being the big bad tough guy, huh?", Lucy said in question with a hint of admiration.

"You seem like the one to talk to" Ambrose proclaimed as he

walked towards her.

The expression on her face suggested she was quite pissed that a police man who walked around their place like he owned it. Then interrupt the fight in the middle of their private affairs. She looked spitefully at the cop as he approached. She physically turned her body and looked away like she had nothing to say to him playing hard to get.

"Look I'm not your husband, do not disrespect me." The cop exclaimed, finding Lucy's gesture inappropriate. He was the man of the law and would be given the respect he had earned putting his life on the line every day.

His hand reached down and raised her face up, so he could have an eye contact with her before he added, "I'm in charge right now. Do you understand me?"

She nodded obediently.

The smiled with a look in his eye that made Brian nervous as he watched the officer tower over his scantily dressed wife. The officer finally spoke, "Good. What is going on here? I want to know now."

"Yes sir…." Lucy stared right back at Officer Ambrose.

"This man assaults me sexually. I've had enough." Lucy explained, pointing right at her shocked husband. Brian on his knees with irritated red eyes from his cry could only draw his jaw at what his wife said. His mood depreciated further, he sat dejectedly on the floor, threw his head downwards and covered his face with his hand as he began to weep once again.

"Is he not your husband?" The officer questioned with concern. His eyes were narrowing in on the crying man.

"Well… He is" Lucy responded as she continued to act like the victim of the episode.

"So how does a husband sexually assault his wife? You seem to be the one wearing the pants in this relationship from just initially meeting you both." The officer inappropriately added as he inquired further.

The look in Officer Ambrose's eye seemed to hint that he had something in mind that wasn't of interest of what was going on, but only of the busty blonde wife in the skimpy skirt

.

"Ma'am, I need to check you for arms. I have a feeling you initiated the chaos", The officer spoke in a professional tone. "Now raise your arms ma'am."

Brian looked up at the officer who had stood his wife up onto her high heels. She stepped out in front of him as he held her hand to help her balance. She raised her arms just as she was asked to and his hand began to frisk her entire body, slowly from the base of hair.

Calmly, he moved behind the astounded Lucy while his two hands held her shoulders firmly. Within those seconds, he gently pressed them against the bones on that region at different intervals.

"Keep them together and don't move.", The officer spoke harshly. "You could be hiding a weapon *anywhere* so this will take a while."

Ambrose progressed to her lower back and continued to press his hands against her skin, subtly, suggestively. With his thumbs, he rubbed the two sides of her hips repeatedly for many seconds. Lucy had begun to whisper inaudible words of protest, but not stern enough to the officer, but only to herself. Her eyes began to flutter until resting on her husband. She had a devilish smile on her lips enjoying the way the officer was touching her right in front of Brian.

Brian watched in awe as the police man – Ambrose, caressed at his wife's skin softly but he could not utter a word. He really had not stepped over the line, and Brian was much to intimidated to protest

to a man of the law. Lucy on the other hand became increasingly lured into his what might unfold.

"Lean forward ma'am" The cop yelled as he pushed her back gently to help Lucy assume the position.

Quickly, Lucy reached for the edge of the couch she previously sat on and placed her hands on it as a support. Her large 38DD breasts hanging under her showing the dark abyss between her cleavage that was pressed tightly together.

"I have no weapon, officer, don't you think this is unnecessary?" Lucy spoke up finally.

"Ma'am, don't resist or I will throw your little sexy ass in jail." Ambrose responded in a serious tone, but with a joking grin at Brian as though Brian was in on the whole thing. Brian was a bit unsure of how to respond and just gave a polite laugh. Ambrose only smiled as he saw Brian please his corny inappropriate joke with a laugh.

"Bet you'd like me *throwing your ass* in jail all night, wouldn't you?", The officer rubbed his crotch into her firm ass sticking out towards him.

His statement merely solicited Lucy to give a light moan in response. She even arched her back to ensure her firm rear seductively stuck out brushing against the officer's crotch.

"Go on then officer, what are you waiting for? You're *the man* in charge." Lucy softly said as she turned her head to look back and up at the strong man in uniform.

The bottom of her skimpy dress suddenly jumped up again over the round curve rear of the blonde goddess's ass. Gently, Ambrose separated Lucy's ass cheeks in a bid to have an uninterrupted glance at her asshole.

"What do we have here?" Ambrose as he inspected looking over

at the cowardly husband who just watched.

Lucy spontaneously assisted in pulling the left side of her ass cheeks with one of her hands while the cop held the right side so that he could use his other hand to stick his probing finger in her asshole. Lucy's body began to shiver as he penetrated her ass with his finger.

"Don't worry sir, I know what I'm doing.", He said to Brian jokingly. "This should calm down your tight ass wife."

Brian couldn't bare seeing his wife being anally probed by the officer who seemed more aroused by what he was doing rather doing his job. He had to look away, which only angered Ambrose.

"Look up dick head." Ambrose snapped at the depleted Brian with spiteful greeting grin with the husband's attention.

"Is this how you touch her?" he asked, before letting his hand reach up and squeeze Lucy's breast firmly as a demonstration.

"Ouch!" Lucy whispered as Ambrose appeared to have heated up her sexual urges.

"Or how about like this?" The officer probed mockingly again as he grabbed her butts firmly. From Brian's view he could see that her firm ass was much more than a handful in his hands as his fingers began to knead at her fleshy firm rear.

That time Lucy giggled loudly surprising Brian.

Brian, threw his face in the other direction. The entire scene had become a nightmare but he didn't want to anger the officer to take this harmless groping any further. He wouldn't utter a word ignoring the fact the cop had fingered his wife's ass already.

"Sir, I told you not to look away and you just can't seem to cooperate. I'm going to have to bring you both down for questioning." Ambrose proclaimed. His hands were fondling her ass

and tits from behind her with his hardon rubbing against her through his pants.

"Like I said, I'm in charge and you will both learn that.. Do you understand?", He stared only at Brian.

Lucy seemed to already be obediently nodding, but Brian still had too much pride to comply in that specific moment.

Ambrose's eyes almost turned evil as was his tone for what he would say next.

"You will."

TAKING MORE THAN A PIT STOP

Ambrose had pulled Lucy into the front seat and put his hand on her chest saying it was for precautionary reasons. As he drove, he fondled her two breasts through her revealing clothes and made chuckled at Brian's expense while staring through the mirror attached to the dashboard of his car.

Gradually, his touches overwhelmed her as she began to moan quietly. Her body became unstable as she increased the intensity of his caresses. The more he fondled her big tits the more he struggled with himself on where he should bring them. With a quick turn of the wheel he veered off course.

"We're here..", The cop pulled his vehicle into an off road that lead into the back of a few abandoned warehouse buildings. As they slowly drove over the unpaved ground beneath them the officer lets go of the busty wife's tits and started turning off some of his equipment. He then told the dispatcher that he was going to have radio silence for a little bit and would check back in which the dispatcher obliged. After parking, he opened the door to the side which she sat and helped her out gently. Then walked over to Brian's side of the vehicle.

"Give me your hands" Ambrose snapped at him.

"What're we doing here?", Brian questioned.

The cop smacked at the side of Brian's head which almost knocked him out from being such a difference in size from him and the cop. The cop unapologetically spoke, "Give me your fucking hands, bitch."

Brian complied, but the officer impatiently reached down and grabbed them before he could raise them. Overpowering the much weaker husband he yanked his arms almost out of his sockets to straighten his arms and cuff his hands to the metal attached to the

head rest of the driver's seat. Afterwards, he returned to the other end where Lucy waited looking around confused.

Without any reservation, the officer smacked her firm buttocks with a steady right palm and grabbed her by the waist, towards the trunk of his vehicle.

"Stretch your hands forward and do it now or else.", Ambrose was obviously not messing around right now as he spoke in a savage way.

The officer quickly tied her hands firmly together so that they stretched over her head as he pushed her big tits down against the trunk. Brian stared at his wife large tit's being smashed firmly against the trunk as he stared through the window.

His heart sunk when he watched Ambrose hurriedly removed the belt from his uniform as he looked around watching for bystanders.

"You have been a naughty little bitch and need to be punished." Ambrose bellowed loud enough for Brian to hear.

Ambrose had undone his belt and looked around to check if the coast was clear. There was nobody around the empty warehouses to witness the entire ordeal. The officer tied her two hands firmly with a zip tie and placed them right atop the trunk before he bent her slightly forward.

"You're so strong officer… and powerful. Can't believe you're going to make my husband watch." Lucy whispered, laughing loudly afterwards.

"The way I see it.. that little twerp needs to see how a bitch in heat should be treated and you both weren't going to call me all the way out here for nothing.", Ambrose gave her ass a firm squeezed before raising his hand and giving it a light smack. "Such a nice ass."

Ambrose bent down, grabbed and separated her big firm rear

and spat repeatedly on her soaking wet pussy before he glided two of his fingers against the region repeatedly.

While the cop fingered Lucy's wet pussy she shifted on each of her legs. Her soft moans were towards her husband who watched from the back seat of the squad car. Ambrose made eye contact with Brian.

"Don't worry sir, I'm just checking for weapons.", This time his sarcastic tone was meant to completely mock Brian. Brian felt a twist in his stomach, but another stab came at the sound of laughter at how the officer was talking to her restrained husband.

Ambrose's fingers continued rubbing at the married entrance of Lucy and with his other hand pulled down the zip of his trousers and fiercely dragged out his uncircumcised groin. The thick veins that wrapped themselves around the massive 10" inch phallus were enough strike fear in Brian's heart. It swung uncontrollably as the cop tried to guide it straight into the fleshy hole he had prepared earlier.

"Officer… it's too fucking big!" Lucy screamed loudly as the cop stabbed her with his first thrust.

It was a blend of pleasure and pain but it appeared to be the exact way she liked to be handled. Grinding her butt firmly as she jammed her hips towards Ambrose's groin to receive another thrust. She stared back at Ambrose avoiding Brian's face who was staring directly at them from the back seat still.

"That's right bitch, show that wimp husband of yours how you take a real man's dick.", Ambrose said as he continued to pump his cock into her bouncing ass.

The cop reached forward with a strong hand and grabbed roughly at Lucy's blonde hair from the back. He yanked her head back which made her arch her back and stare up at the blue sky above as his cock continue to slam into her stretching pussy.

Ambrose's separated his legs so as to assume a balanced position as he stabbed her with his big fleshy law cock.

"Look at your pathetic husband, slut.", The cop growled while shoving his cock into her.

Lucy's eyes were struggling not to roll in the back of her head as she looked down at her husband at an angle. With Ambrose pulling her hair and holding her head back while he fucked her she could not look him straight in the eye. Probably for the better as she saw that her husband was sobbing and watching in horror. Deep down she wanted to regret and feel sorry for him, but for some reason it only made her more aroused. Convincing herself that this was exactly what her husband deserved for multitude of shortcomings as of late.

"You see this you little punk? You see how this bitch in heat responds to a big dick.", Ambrose spoke towards the weak husband who could only watch.

Brian sat there with tears running down in his cheeks and he sobbed trying to break out of the back seat of the car for a moment. He knew he was much too weak to do so and had no plan. He just sat on the seat of the car that was shaking from the officer pounding his wife's pussy while she bent over the squad car's trunk.

"Watch this.", Ambrose said in an angry tone as he bucked his shaft in and out of Lucy while he stared at the husband through the back window.

Ambrose's right hand held Lucy's hair firmly and with his left hand he raised into the air.

"Are you watching?", The cop said with a nasty grin. A dark feeling of control sweeping him as he watched the husband shake in the car from his savage assault of his wife.

Ambrose's hand came down and smacked Lucy's big firm ass as

he rammed her tight pussy continuously and consistently. Within a short period, the two lustful adults had been consumed with passion. Their moans rented the entire atmosphere. Luckily for the police, an abandoned one.

Their intensive grunts, groans, taunts and smacking of their flesh only reached Brian's ears. Ambrose diligently rammed into Lucy with every strength he could summon while breathing heavily like a brute. His trousers had become stained with her wet pussy and his pistoning cock dripping all over them, but he didn't care. He was taking this sexy woman for all she was worth and was doing it at the expense of some little twerp who probably made two times as much money as he did yet worked half as hard.

Brian could see the the sweating officer who was breathing heavy and looked like he was close, but then Lucy yelled out something the disturbed Brian.

"No, don't!", Her eyes came down to Brian for a moment wondering if he knew what she meant, but then her eyes rolled back into her own head. She was pushing back at Ambrose's waist and increased her pace and did most of the ramming from that point as she sought an orgasm herself.

"See this, motherfucker?", The cop stood still as the wife was now dancing up and down on his cop without him doing anything but continuing to pull her head back by her hair with one hand. His other hand was roaming her curvy body enjoying her curvy yet fit physical physique.

"Right there! Right there Right there!" Lucy screamed as she came heavily. Her walls tightened around the cop inside her as she continued to bounce up and down on it summoning the cum out of the law man's balls.

Ambrose pulled himself out as he jerked his big heavy cock in his fist. His cum exploding all over her heart shaped butt. Her butt moved slowly under the hot semen spewing all over it. His cock

began rubbing the cum into her ass as he slapped his big dick against her.

Ambrose put himself away and pulled his pants up. He continued to adjust what they both wore hurriedly becoming slightly nervous that someone saw what was going on as he looked around. He spoke again guiding her to get om the squad car, "I still have to take you with me ma'am."

"Of course officer. Nothing happened here." Lucy responded promptly and walked slowly back into the vehicle.

The officer walked over to Brian's position and removed the cuffs. "How'd you like that show? Hope you were taking notes."

Ambrose winked and rubbed his hand through Brian's hair speaking mockingly at the distraught man. He then walked calmly back to his seat, whistling as though, he had just won the biggest crime case in his career. For what it's worth, Lucy was a huge bargain for anyone.

With Ambrose in the driver seat he started the squad car and revved the engine.

"Alright. Rides not over yet.", He said accompanied by a cackle of a laugh that made Lucy's pussy tingle and Brian's pecker shrivel up.

Back to the police station they went.

POLICE STATION GANGBANG

"This lady is so nasty." Pascal stated, with mouth open and a hanging jaw while he watched the large screen.

The police at the station had been fond of watching the sexual habits of different couples. The consensual agreement between the locals and the station to install and monitor CCTVs in the community. The community had literally exploited themselves to series of demeaning acts to the ones that were supposed to protect them.

The police monitored the cameras on a daily basis, but mostly to find couples unknowingly having sex while taped on them rather than investigating crimes. Even though the police were there to protect, they were still men underneath their badge.

The monitoring room was directly opposite the entrance of the station. The police men, who apparently had lost their sense of duty and etiquettes, would instantly notice anyone as they come in. When Ambrose entered the station with Lucy and Brian they were instantly greeted.

"You have to see this Ambrose." Pascal yelled, prompting the three other officers in the room to laugh uncontrollably.

Brian presumed that Ambrose had to be their gang leader, considering where his penis had just been. He obliged too. Ambrose walked in a cool stride towards the room and joined the four men to watch as a clergy man took his wife in their kitchen.

"Who would have thought a man of the word would be such a sex demon?" Ambrose chirped jokingly as they all laughed and waited patiently for the couple to climax.

Meanwhile, Brian and Lucy stood right in the middle of the reception, dressed awkwardly. The men watching the couple having sex were eerily nonchalant to not have taken noticed of them. At least at that point. Ambrose's cohorts should have been their first

contact but they were already too busy.

Brian was already fuming that this cop had just fucked his wife like a slut not more than ten minutes ago, but the fact he just made them sit there while he attended more important business was demeaning. The fact they were too busy watching another man having sex only added to his fear which kept him silenced.

"Damn!!", Ambrose said impressed at the man of the gospel pumped his younger wife.

"Guy really knows how to fuck his wife properly. She's a real beauty too.", Pascal said nodding and crossing his arms focusing in on the woman being plowed. Pascal jabbed at Ambrose, "Bet he'd out-fuck you any day."

Ambrose gave a sly grin and thumbed over at the couple waiting on him, "Well as a matter of fact."

The police men in the room all looked over at Brian and Lucy. Lucy smiled sweetly while Brian's gazed turned away and towards the ground. The well-endowed cop then began to and narrate what he had just experienced. His narration marveled the men so much they completely ignored the screen and laughed rigorously. Although, they had the sound proof room to thank, their gestures instantly gave Brian the intuition that they were making some jokes about him while their constant handshakes with Ambrose.

Soon, they began to stare at Ben with facial expressions that suggested superiority. At the other end, Lucy saw gazes that depicted intense lust. Beyond what the other four police men had just heard, her outfit was not less appealing. Her thick nipples still peered out loosely and her dress had not grown longer. Her outfit seemed to have synced perfectly, not only with her fierce beauty and hot legs, but also with Ambrose's explicit narration of the events that had unfolded prior to the time.

"I have to take you." Pascal walked majestically towards her,

grabbed her by the waist and walked her towards the interrogation room. Brian tried to stop, but Pascal added sarcastically, "I have to take her for um… questioning."

"Take him to the other end. He'll come in next." Pascal stated, addressing Jim, who was lesser in rank.

Swiftly, Jim obliged.

"Come with me now." Jim exclaimed rudely at Brian..

The couple was taken towards opposite directions. However, the rooms were merely separated with a four-inch thick transparent piece of glass. That meant that all the events at both ends could be seen clearly by those inside the rooms.

The interrogation was well lit, Sound and sunlight proof. Lucy observed that there were cameras hung at all corners as well.

The sight of a firm, metallic table and just two stools instantly broadened her imagination. The temperature of the room was ideal for Lucy. She knew the nature of her quarrel with Brian did not warrant being walked into an interrogation room but she was calm and played along diligently.

"Sit here ma'am" Pascal urged. He dragged one of the stools towards the curious lady while he sat just at the edge of the table, directly in her front.

Brian sat helplessly knowing subconsciously what was about to happen even if he was in denial at the moment. He squirmed in his seat wondering what would ensue.

"We'll come for you shortly.", Jim assured him before he waked away and locked the door to the room.

Pascal stared at Lucy, who only turned her head in the opposite direction out of sexual tension. She pretended to observe other contents of the room. Pascal knew Lucy's actions were mere

pretense as she was already aware of his intentions. Nonetheless she decided to act like the ignorant one, separating her thighs to reveal her shaved snatch for some moments before she closed them again.

"I fucking knew it.", Pascal snapped as he walked towards the wife. He reached for one of her tits sliding his hand under the skirt and fondling her bare breast. Then, Lucy, turned her face towards him with an innocent look in her eye.

"What took you so long officer?" she asked sweetly.

This only encouraged Pascal to stretched his other hand to grab her other tit almost pulling the top of her skirt down as he played with her jugs. Brian could see his hands through the fabric of the tight thin fabric of the skirt as he squeezed and tweaked at her nipples.

Without a second thought, Lucy, grabbed her dress with her two hands and tore her dress from her chest to reveal the two juicy, round, sturdy natural breasts.

Jim had hardly gotten to her position when she grabbed him by his hard cock through his pants. Jim responded by unbuckling his belt and and riding himself the bottoms of his uniforms. He tossed off his boxers releasing a slightly above average cock that was much larger than Brian's, but still smaller than Ambrose's big member.

Pascal was already busy, sucking on her breasts frivolously with occasional nipple biting that forced loud moans out of Lucy's mouth. His hands were squeezing her big breasts like a barbarian without and without consideration of the husband who watched from the other side of the glass.

Lucy hurriedly grabbed Jim's slim but long penis into her wet mouth, the other two police officers swung into action too. They quickly finished what she started. Her skimpy dress was brought down to pieces within seconds. The police men began to yell and

make frantic jests as they all got busy. They all took turns to express whatever they wanted to get from the experience.

While Jim's shaft was still stuck, deep into her throat, Lucy gently rubbed her hand consistently on the cocks of the other two; Bruce and Parker. With steady pressure, she glided her thumbs on their tips and within a few seconds, the duo had begun to moan and mumble silently. Lucy found the process extremely easy and pleasurable since they stood at opposite sides of her sitting position.

Pascal, the breasts lover, continued to suck on her two breasts relentlessly while Jim began to drill his dick deeper into Lucy's throat, forcing persistent flow of thick saliva to gush from her mouth.

She didn't waste them too. Occasionally, she packed some on each of her hands before she returned them to the cocks of Bruce and Parker.

The room had become tensed within minutes as everyone was busy with acts of their own. After some time, Bruce and parker reached of each side of Lucy's ass and grabbed them hardly for some support. They squeezed and smacked at her bare ass filling the room with the hard slaps of her ass. Then, Lucy's big dick filled hand job had begun to get the best of their stamina, causing them to shiver at different intervals.

Brian watched at what seemed like a lifetime long time filled of horror. His wife was being completely manhandled and abused by these lawman and he felt helpless to intervene these men taking advantage of the situation.

Lucy's had the best share, receiving all their advances with relative ease and pleasure as she worked into a flow. The men soon became increasingly bothered by the erotic scene they were creating with this man's wife right in front of him. Their aggressive grabs, drills and sucks merely increased Lucy's slutty sexual behavior.

"Is this all you ha----?" She attempted to yell, but was cut off by her own moans. She looked spitefully over at her husband who watched and gave him a cold smile that he would never forget.

Brian could see his wife through the four muscular police men surrounding his wife as they molested her. Thereafter, they lifted her once, on to the metallic table but before she was made to lay on it, Jim quickly hopped on it and made her lay directly on his chest.

Jim quickly found Lucy's already wet pussy as she laid on top of him. At the same time, Bruce had assumed a squatting position, right above Jim so that Lucy's mouth could be within reach for his round of a blow job. She took his cue as well as she swallowed him entirely with a deep stroke.

Pascal had been startled with Jim's spontaneity but he soon realized Lucy had one hole left. He looked over to Brian and without saying a word gave him an evil smile as he approached the wife's rear.

"Brace yourself Lucy" Pascal exclaimed spitefully as he reached for her butt hole with his mouth, spitting on it repeatedly. He gave out a loud laugh as he enjoyed the act like none other. Lucy's mouth still filled with Bruce's cock and her pussy filled with Jim's.

Pascal ensured he greased the area adequately before he slotted his penis steadily into adequately lubricated hole

"Unnghhh!" Lucy groaned as Pascal slammed his meaty cock into her.

Parker was left the last one standing in the game of musical chairs and without a hole. He was stroking his throbbing erect groin until he replaced his hands with hers. He would lean over and spit down into her hands and onto his own cock to lube it up as she stroked his thick cock with her soft hands. Bruce still had his big dick in her mouth while others continued to drill their dicks into her holes persistently.

Pascal and Bruce were aggressively slapping their palms against her big ass cheeks too. Slapping her ass while she sucked and fucked these cops. The sounds of the room mixed with all of their moans in different intervals creating a continuous song of sex.

"This is what you want right?" Jim asked as he jerked and ripped into Lucy from below with all the strength he had. Lucy responded something inaudible as her throat was being fucked by Bruce. His hand being her head as he bounced her head up and down on his cock.

The four men rotated their position as they all took a piece of Lucy's holes, one after another, applying extreme force and consistent thrusts. Lucy took them all, without any sign of displeasure and soon the men began to climax. But Pascal refused to come, not when others did at least.

He subsequently grabbed Lucy from the table and pushed her against the glass wall, directly in front of Brian who had watched the entire session in anguish from the other end. Her tits made large circles against the window with her nipples in the center as they were smashed against the glass.

There Pascal growled, "Watch your pathetic husband as I make you scream."

Swiftly, he glided his long thick piece of meat and guided it roughly into her aching pussy from the back. Pascal grabbed her two hands and placed them right above her head, pinned them on the wall with his right hand before he pulled her by the hip to ensure her butt was stuck out. He gave her firm ass one last slap as he stared Brian right in the face with a maniacal lust-filled smile.

Lucy began to groan loudly as Pascal's deep thrusts allowed him to cram and stuff the penetrating cock into her stretched pussy. He growled, "Look at your wimp husband who couldn't protect you. At least you want it this time… but what if I was a nigger with my big black cock fucking you instead. Wouldn't be too thrilled to be in this

situation would you?”

Pascal firmly held her in place at the waist with one hand as he grabbed the back of her head with the other. His hands gripping her hair and snapping her head back as he fucked her tits harder into the glass in front of her defeated husband.

Ambrose, whom had joined Brian at the other end, watched sternly as he walked into the room. Pascal continued to fuck the big-titted blonde wife.

“You have the remain silent.”, Ambrose had Brian’s full attention before adding, “Understand?”

Brian nodded obediently. He didn’t want this to get out to anybody he knew as much as they did at this point. His humiliation had been so emasculating that he was searching for the deepest hole he could find.

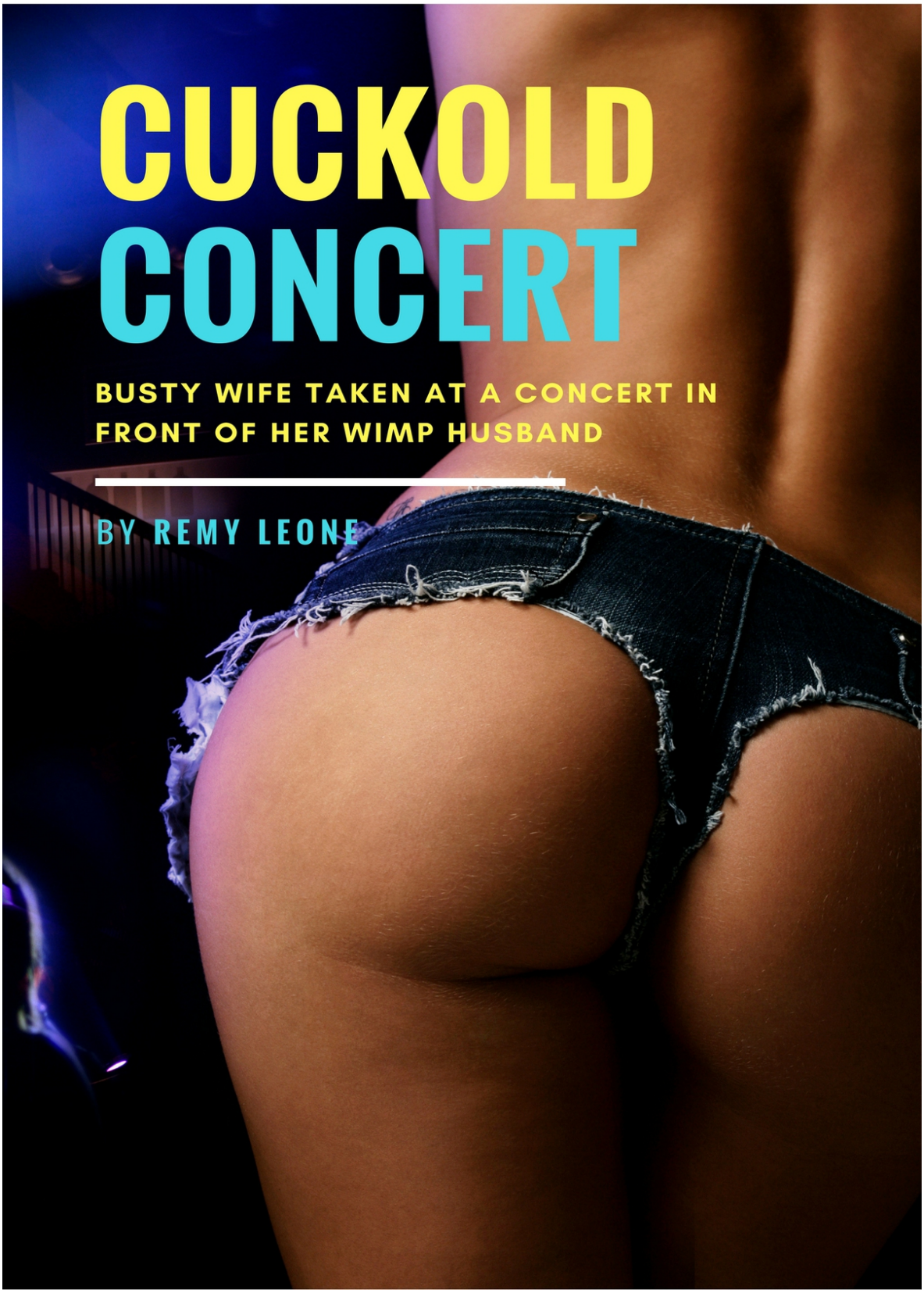
Pascal let out a loud groan and scrunched up his face which diverted both of their attention. He came deep into his wife’s pussy and he passionately groped at her body as he milked himself into her.

Ambrose spoke up, “Good. Now wait here and we’ll have you out of here in no time. And remember, to remain silent or else we might have to pay you another visit.”

Brian knew he had no choice but to sit there and to obey the law.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | PUBLIC HUMILIATION | BUSTY | BETRAYAL



Cuckold Concert

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	PROLOGUE
2	TO THE CONCERT
3	SECURITY FRISK
4	CROWD OFFERING
5	ON STAGE

PROLOGUE

Kinsey and Jeb were ecstatic for the concert tonight. It was their favorite country singer. It was Jake Michaels, a young and up and comer who was known for being wild country mixed with rock and roll. Kinsey and Jeb admired the fact that he was able to bring such a refreshing perspective to the genre. Even if the older generation didn't like the values he brought embracing a trailer trash image.

Kinsey had always grown up poor so knew the whole trashy lifestyle of having cousin hooking up and drinking your money away. She never knew her father and her mother had been with too many men to know either.

Jeb on the other hand came from some old money. Some of it was wealth his family had acquired centuries ago when the birth of a new Nation began. Off the backs of others they were able to create a stream of income that would hopefully last a millennium. He never had to work for a thing and was luckily able to enjoy all the finer things in life.

However, the finest thing he would attain in life would be his wife Kinsey. She was a busty southern belle blonde with a tight body that oozed sex. Even while the couple entered their mid-thirties, Kinsey had the body of a curvy teenager. Her 38DD breasts were perky and her butt was sculpted by her constant exercising. It was evident just by taking a look at her that she took pride in her body.

Jeb hadn't taken care of himself in the last decade and signs of wear were showing on him. He had loss some of his muscle mass and even grew pudgier in areas where no fat was before. He had never been an athletic or muscular guy, but in the past he was at least a runner in high school.

Kinsey didn't seem to mind or notice the extra padding on him. In fact, she actually preferred the extra weight on her otherwise

scrawny husband. Jeb knew he wasn't the biggest man in so many other ways too, but Kinsey had the heart of an angel and always had a way to make Jeb feel good.

Recently, Jeb was having issues with feeling successful as he had never done anything with his life. Even though he had a lot of money he had never done anything to earn it. It had filled him with a void that lead to bigger problems.

They were becoming intimate less and he was having issues performing. He had never been the most impressive man in the bedroom anyway, but with his lack of luster he had become a complete bore.

Kinsey did her best to perform her wifely duties and the fact that her husband was unable to reciprocate made her feel uneasy and even spiteful. She would never admit this to even herself believing he was her prince charming. She didn't want to resent Jeb, but he made it nearly impossible not to sometimes.

It had lead up to one of their more recent fights. They had fought mostly about Jeb's fascination with his computer games and TV binging he was doing lately. However, if they were having sex the fight would have never happened.

Jeb at least listened to his wife's pleas for him to make a change and recently bought the Jake Michael's tickets. They were both hopeful for a new direction when Jeb surprised her with the tickets and hope it was a turn of a new leaf in their relationship.

TO THE CONCERT

Jeb was waiting for Kinsey to come down the stairs so they could leave for the concert. He had put on a pair of khaki shorts and polo with some flip flops. His eyes widened staring up at his curvy wife who was gracefully descending the stairs.

Kinsey's denim daisy dukes covered nothing of her long smooth legs. Her heels were a designed to look like cowboy boots that ended at her mid-calf. Her top was a skimpy white tight tank top that she had cut to make it more of a bra than a shirt. In fact, the tight fabric didn't even cover the bottom curves of her supple breasts. The ample amount of cleavage poked out the top and the straps around her shoulders appeared they could snap at any moment.

With each step her busty chest bounced and she had to put a hand on her chest to stop her top from slipping up off her breasts. Kinsey giggled with her other hand on top of the cowboy hat that adorned her long blonde hair.

Jeb couldn't believe that Kinsey wasn't even wearing a bra and could even see the outline of her soft nipple. Jeb knew it was barely visible and you would have to stare to see, but it was still visible.

He wasn't sure if she was being serious, but was in too much panic to control himself. "You're not going to actually wear that are you?"

"Of course. What's wrong with this? Am I not skinny enough?", Kinsey looked at her body which was the perfect body shape form. She had sexy curves overlaid with a perky, youthful, toned ass, thighs and breasts. Her wide hips accenting her toned waist. She wasn't skinny, but was far from fat and her stomach was still tight.

Jeb really couldn't say she wasn't skinny enough, but he also didn't want her to wear it either. "That's inappropriate."

"At a Jack Michael's concert? Have you seen the women who go to those concerts? I'll probably be barely noticeable to Jake.", She said in a sad tone.

Jeb was wondering what she meant, but didn't want to press on. She was right, lots of women would probably barely keep their clothes on by the rest of the night. He knew he wouldn't win this argument anyway as this wasn't the first time she's dressed scantily. He worried about her willingness to test the limits with him.

He opened their front door knowing they would be late if they didn't get going. Kinsey smiled realizing he wasn't going to fuss about her outfit which would allow her to show of her body. She began to walk past Jeb and by the time she was out the door she could hear Jeb whining again.

"What's with those shorts! They are not even covering your ass!", Jeb had a high pitch concerned tone.

"Oh cool it Jebby. This is basically the ideal of any groupie of a Jake Michael's concert. Remember the one you forced me to watch on TV?", She threw the memory in his face as payback.

"Well… I mean…", Jeb could not believe that the denim short were daisy dukes and they exposed the entire bottom half of his Kinsey's big round firm rear.

"Now we're going to be late to the concert if you don't hurry, so let's go!!", She spoke in a demanding tone while she stomped her heel.

"Okay okay… I'm coming."

With that, they got in their small eco-friendly car and drove off. They encountered little traffic until they actually reached the city.

There were a couple of times they almost were ran off the road by some of the big country trucks with confederate flags on them. Luckily they had reached their parking without losing their lives and

soon they had parked.

They both were excited as they had tickets to the front few rows and would have a good close view of Jake's dynamic performance. Songs could be ripping the axe and screaming lyrics to strumming the guitar and singing smoothly.

As they walked through the city towards the venue, people who were not going to the concert were standing there selling people things or just people watching. One group of loitering older black men were watching his wife closely. In fact they started even walking behind them as they walked.

"White girl got that ass!", One of the black men said.

"Hell yeah bet I'd fuck her better than this white boy here.", The other rudely said without worry that Jeb could hear him.

They were just across the street waiting at the light. The black men were still standing behind them continuing their rude comments and Kinsey looked to Jeb to say something. Jeb wasn't about to get his ass kicked by these guys before the concert so he figured just to let it go.

The light was beginning to change and the crosswalk was beginning to change for them. All of a sudden one of the black men reached out and gave her firm ass a cup. She jumped and looked back.

"Hey!", She tried to fling a kick back at the black man, but they were already walking away. Kinsey being pulled by Jeb across the street she looked to her husband.

"Why didn't you say anything? Did you hear how they were talking about me? Or talking about you even?", She was stunned he didn't stand up for them.

"Babe we're almost there. Don't let this ruin our night.", He said with a sensitive smile.

Kinsey was beyond that train of thought. If he didn't want this to ruin his night then maybe he should have did something about it. She shook her head and just walked towards the venue. She walked right by her husband who had to trail behind her.

She made no effort to trail side by side her husband through the swarms of people. Lots of men around the big building's entrance were gawking at Kinsey without shame.

Some even went as far as to pretend to need to brush past Kinsey in order to rub their bodies against her. Without Jeb, she looked like a single woman going to a concert by herself which appealed to the predators at the concert.

The more he looked around at some of the people who were attending this concert, the more concerned he was for his wife's safety without him. The men were covered with tattoos or crazy haircuts and flannel was everywhere. A mix of cowboys, country boys, hicks, rockers and even skinheads were there.

He felt like a fish out of water in a place like this in his khakis, polo and flip-flops on. Some of the concert-goers even were staring at him wondering what he was doing there not expecting him to be a Jake Michael's fan. Jeb felt like it was more than that though; a feel of disdain rushed over him from their eyes.

He realized he better get to his wife. And he better get to Kinsey quick.

SECURITY FRISK

Jeb finally caught up to Kinsey as the line funneled through the security checkpoint to the main entrance of the building. There were a few police officers walking around and one of them even had canine. Ever since Jake Michael had received bomb threats from political fanatics, security was an utmost concern.

The line moved slow and everyone was getting a bit annoyed. Jeb's scrawny form was being pushed around a bit by the larger men in the crowd. He tried to hold his ground, but he wasn't made for this type of physical aggressiveness. Luckily they were next in line.

Jeb let his busty beautiful wife go first through the metal detectors. The two guards standing there looked like a couple of rednecks. One was small and mean looking while the other was tall and awkwardly skinny. Jeb would guess they were in their late teens early twenties. Their young eyes gawking at the woman as she began to step through.

Jeb noticed that the skinny man seemed to push a button when his wife went through the detector. Kinsey seemed surprised as her husband when she stepped through and made it alarm.

"Ma'am.", The shorter more aggressive stepped forward and gripped her skinny arm. They wasted no time in having her try to go through a second time. Soon they pulled her aside and were replaced a woman who was getting people through the detectors without issue.

Jeb stepped aside from the line to let people pass as the security guards were talking to the wife. The music of the concert hall made it impossible to really hear anything they said from where he stood but he could hear Kinsey's laughing and just shaking her head.

The taller awkward guard rubbed the back of his neck a bit nervously looking around. The shorter guard stood there as though he was 10 feet tall with his hands on his hips staring up at the busty woman. Kinsey began to turn and walk towards the detector again. Jeb heard her speak this time now.

"I'll just go through it again.", She seemed confused as she spoke to the younger men.

"No, we've already tried that. Now you will obey my commands.", The shorter young guard grabbed Kinsey's and throw her against a

table. Her hands stopped herself as she was bent over. Her large breasts hanging down so the line could get a clear view of them. Her ass was facing the opposite direction towards the guard who had pressed himself against her to pin her against the table.

"Now stand still while we make sure this hard body is safe. You got me?", The guard said loud enough for everyone to hear.

The men in the crowd seemed not only fascinated by the shorter guards aggressive handling of the busty beauty, but also jealous. They watched as the guard would put his hands all over her bare skin of her legs unnecessarily. His hands trailing up each calve and up her thigh and would repeat it two more times.

"Nothing here.", He stood up again. Gripping at the denim of the waistband of Kinsey's daisy dukes he pulled her so her ass pressed right into his crotch. His hand came to press her chest firmly against the table. Her big tits smashing and testing the limits of the straps on her shoulder.

The guard's hands went into her back pockets of her shorts and he slowly rolled his hips against her ass. Rubbing himself hard against her he continued to grab a handful of her thick ass meat while slowly humping the busty wife in front of the line who just watched in entertainment.

"Is that your wife dude?", An older man said from behind him.

"Yes.", Jeb timidly admitted.

"You gonna let that little punk touch her like that?", He looked at him with a confused face.

"Um, uh, well the detectors…", Jeb explained.

The older man just gave a bit of a chuckle to himself. Then nodded his head. "Right."

When he looked back to the guard, the tall skinny guard had joined in frisking the wife. He was checking her top half and making

sure there was nothing on the inside of her top. His hands mauling his wife's tits under her tight top as he played with her tits. He looked more nervous as he molested the beautiful woman not wanting to lose his job. The shorter guard did not seem to mind as he continued to play with Kinsey's plump ass.

The fabric was stretching against the hands of the tall guard's which were still fondling Kinsey's 38DD breasts. Jeb could see the outline of the fabric stretching around his fingers tweaking at her nipples. It caused a moan to escape his wife's lips which embarrassed him.

Finally the older man from earlier spoke up as he went through the detectors, "I think you boys have had enough fun with his wife. Let them pass now?"

The tall guard ripped his hands from her top which made her tits jiggle. The shorter guard continued grinding himself with looking over at the older man. He reached forward, cupped her breasts and released her.

"Go on."

Kinsey was biting her lip looking at the shorter guard who had just manhandled her. It was a bit arousing if she admitted as she had never been roughed up in public so aggressively like that before.

Jeb was finally through the metal detectors and they were able to make the concert thankfully to the older gentleman. He could actually start feeling the music as they would enter the large hall that would host a night he would never forget.

Even if he wanted to.

CROWD OFFERING

The rows they were in were standing rows as they were so close to the stage. Another band was playing on stage warming the crowd up for Jake who's picture was plastered everywhere. He was a large man with a big beard and a rugged face.

He was a soldier in a special unit in the marines and even gained a medal of honor for his bravery at the young age of 22. He was the All-American turned rebel without a cause and it had gained a huge following quick. While handsome he had a very rugged looked to him.

Jeb didn't even notice that someone was standing where there seats technically were. It was a few huskier men with large arms and barrel chests.

"Babes they're standing in our spots. Make them move.", Kinsey whispered to Jeb.

Jeb was annoyed with her telling him to make them move like that would be some easy feat. However, he didn't want to disappoint his wife yet again. He stepped up to the big men who looked down at him with vicious eyes.

"Excuse me. Guys? Um. You are my wife's spot. And my spot too. Can you please go to your spot?", Jeb showed the one of the big men the ticket.

For a second it appeared he might rip the ticket to shreds as he examined it in the light. Jeb was a bit offended he was looking at the ticket so closely since they was the ones in the wrong seats. He looked over at the other big man who both looked over to the wife and back at each other with a nod. The guy with the ticket handed it over to Jeb and simply replied.

"Okay."

They would move just slightly. It gave just enough room to stand, but they would all be crammed up against one another. Kinsey didn't seem too pleased that instead of them moving, they were only allowed to share the seats they were stealing from them. She was also pissed that Jeb didn't make them move and was settling for this.

The lights all of a sudden went dark. The concert room was dark and there was a low vibration. The crowd was audibly becoming excited awaiting their super start to enter the stage.

Kinsey was waiting as patiently as she could. The chill of the darkness made her a little nervous. She couldn't see her husband and she was surrounded by strangers. She felt a large rough hand slowly glide against her ass cheek. It squeezed it firmly and began to rub it while the hall was dark. Another hand reached up from behind her and grabbed at one of her breasts.

The arousal was building between her legs as she was grabbed in the dark. She was filled with danger yet a rush from the hands grabbing at her plump curves. She could feel the two big men from earlier pinning her between them.

The lights started flashing and Jeb looked towards the lights and the stage. As it continued he would look over to Kinsey only to notice that he couldn't find her. The flashing strobe light and darkness made it difficult for him to see much in the scramble of the excited crowd.

Finally, he saw his scantily dressed wife in between the two big men. Each man was facing with one of their hands on her each ass cheek and their other hands grabbing at each tit. She was pinned in between them and they fondled her roughly. Their large forms were almost able to conceal her completely.

Jeb tried to move towards them, but the men shouldered him away. The two men, huddled around the busty wife, kept Jeb out of the huddle as they started to rub their hands down her shorts and

up her shirt. Jeb couldn't tell if his wife was struggling or enjoying what was going on.

He could hear soft moans escaping her lips as the two burly men lifted her off her feet holding her between them. She looked so small compared to the two men that groped her curvy assets.

Jeb called and pleaded, but could not be heard over the crescendo of music that was occurring. The crow was beginning to lose their temper as they shouted for Jake to come on stage. Jeb didn't care about his favorite rock star while these two big rednecks molested his wife. Her moans were now audible and he was beginning to become a bit embarrassed that she was enjoying herself at the expense of these two jerks.

All of a sudden the lights came on and there was Jake Michaels. His large figured stood over the crowd in a flannel with his sleeves cut off. His large biceps were on display and he even flexed the for the crowd which cheered. The crowd was chanting "Jake" and Jake would start to lift his arms with the chant. When his arms raised above his head the chants of his name were drowning out even the moans of Kinsey in Jeb's ears.

He could see Kinsey's awe in her face with a hand on each one of her breasts. The two men had their hands inside her shorts holding her up by her bare ass. Her shorts were being pulled down her legs in a meanwhile so that the top of her ass was now exposed.

The two men continued to have fun with the beautiful blonde buxom in their clutches while the weaker husband had no choice but to watch. He was unable to even get to his wife let alone break her free from these two rednecks.

The continued mauling off of Kinsey's tits under the tight shirt snapped the shoulder straps. This only emboldened them to be rougher which caused the tight white tank top to rip right off her chest. Her hands now only covered by the large man's hands that continued their assault right in front of Jeb.

Jeb looked around frantically as each son passed and the men were now beginning to slide the daisy dukes off her toned smooth thighs. Her choice to go commando only helping the two large men's assault.

Their hands now holding Kinsey up by her bare ass while their other hands reached between her legs and played with her between her open legs.

She was calling out curse words hard and all of a sudden in the middle of the sixth song, Jake had seen them from up stage. He pointed at the two men who were molesting this busty beautiful blonde.

He wanted her on stage with him and the two men holding her carried her toned, curvy nude body besides her cowboy hat and her cowboy boots. They set her on stage right in front of Jake and he just looked at her nude form as she tried to cover herself in front of the thousands of people that were there. In fact there was a real possibility that there were people that knew her at the concert as she stood there in front of everyone's eyes.

Jake finally bellowed over the microphone in a low tone, "Now the phone can finally begin!" The crowd erupted.

ON STAGE

Jeb tried to rush the stage, but was pushed back from security. The big security guard pushed him back a few feet and was keeping his eyes on him. He was even more intimidating than the two men who were previously groping Kinsey so he wasn't going to mess with him. He tried to reason.

"That's my wife up there!", Jeb pointed at Kinsey's flawless nude form. She looked like a goddess and the lighting showed how sexy her body truly was.

The security looked back up to the wife and then back to Jeb.

He had a smirk on his lips.

"You should be proud. Mighty fine lady you got there. Should make her wear more appropriate outfit.", He joked with him, Jeb was irritated since he wasn't there to help his wife earlier and was mocking him basically for it.

Jake seemed to enjoy her body as did the men the crowd and he wrapped his arm around her and pushed her chest into himself. He put the microphone to his lips.

"Looks like we have an offering. I just want to say that I love this city and you guys treat me so well. So why don't we see her take care of Jake's Snake?" Jake Michael's hand reached down to grab at her ass as he finished his sentence.

The crowd erupted in cheer and Jeb looked around watching every man filled with lust. The women seemed entertained as well, but were jealous their men were staring at this sexy nude woman on stage.

However that jealousy was put to ease when Jake unleashed The Snake which was his 12 inch python that had been something he always referenced in songs and even had a couple of sex scandals with. Jeb even had watched the movies while masturbating fantasizing he was Jake with The Snake.

Kinsey went straight to her knees and gripped at Jake's big cock. She placed it in her mouth. Jake put one hand on her head and put the other hand holding the microphone to his lips.

The song he chose was slower and he was able to enjoy his blowjob as he sang. His voice was somewhat different as he was receiving head from Kinsey as he sang. There were a couple of times he missed a phrase as he groaned in the microphone. Everyone seemed to enjoy it, except Jeb.

Jeb could only watch in horror as his wife sucked the massive cock he had masturbated to at one point. This was his favorite

singer and he always loved his attitude, but suddenly things were all flipped upside down as his beautiful wife's head was bobbing up and down on the cock.

The song came to an end and Jake called for a moment of silence as Kinsey continued to suck as saliva dripped out the corners of her mouth. Jake placed the microphone up to Kinsey's mouth and the sound of her sucking was played for the thousands of fans that watched in awe as he performed while receiving a blowjob.

Her sexy ass protruding for the crowd to see while her big breast hung freely in front of her. Her cowboy hat remained on her head with Jake holding it firmly atop of her head as he began to thrust his cock against the back of her throat. He reached over and slapped her ass hard which could be heard from the balcony. The crowd loved it.

Jake spun her around and pushed her forwards so that she was facing the crowd. Her big tits hanging down from under her and jiggling as she was pushed around.

Jake rested his large frame between her legs from behind her with his big hard cock in his hand. He used his own frame to pry her legs open more as he began to press the big cock in her. She was grimacing in pain as his big cock stretched her. Her favorite singer who she had fantasized about over the last year more and more was fucking her right in front of thousands of people.

Her big tits were now swaying back and forth as Jake worked his cock inch by inch into her wet sopping pussy. She gushed with excitement and was orgasming deep and loud the entire time. Orgasm after orgasm had overcame here. The continuous fondling and aggressive behavior of all of these men and the attention she had received was the foreplay to bring her to this point. This point of her giving into her lust and letting her slut come out in front of not just these fans, but also her husband.

Jeb could only stare from below as his once favorite musician plowed his wife with reckless abandon. He was now bring his hands

to slap at her ass and reaching around grabbing viciously at her tits. The harder he fucked her the more she moved and slid around on the stage. She was fucked so hard that Jake had now almost pushed her off the stage.

Luckily there were men at the end of the stage that were more than willing to keep her pushed up on stage so Jake could fuck her raw. Jake brought the microphone down to his cock pumping in and out of her body from behind. The sloshing sounds of his cock destroying his wife haunted Jeb's ears.

"Time for my gift back to you.", He said into the microphone and the crowd went wild.

The men holding Kinsey up from falling of the stage were now grabbing at her tits and legs. Jake had tensed up and everyone could tell that he was cumming. Jake didn't stop his hard thrusts into the big titted wife just like a Rockstar should.

He milked his cock for a moment rubbing his hands over the sexy body along with his fans. He smacked her ass a couple of times and ripped his cock out of her which made her moan. He proudly let his cum covered cock drip in front of his fans before screaming into the microphone with his arms sprawling out like a warrior.

"ARE WE ENTERTAINED!?"

The tone and strength of the man who just destroyed his wife crushed Jeb. He had entered the concert as a fan and was leaving disappointed and heartbroken that his favorite musician would do this to him.

To Jeb's dismay, there was more.

Jake had lifted Kinsey up having to pry her away from the men who were fondling her. He raised his conquest in the air with his powerful arms while her pussy was dripping from Jake's cum. Jake's own cock was still pointing up hard as a rock. He then cradled in one arm bringing the microphone to his lips.

"I just want to say thank you. I love my fans… and as a token of my appreciation, I want to share this with you back. So have fun with her boys!"

Terror swept over Jeb as he realized that Jake was giving his wife to the entire concert.

A concert he would never be able to forget.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | PUBLIC HUMILIATION | FEMALE DOMINATION | RELUCTANT

LASSO CUCKOLD

WIFE REVENGE

REMY LEONE

LASSO CUCKOLD WIFE REVENGE

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Honey Moon Road Trip
2	Texas Cowboy Saloon
3	Lasso and Cucked

HONEYMOON ROAD TRIP

Kiera, a calm brunette with shrewd hazel eyes, never cared for a road trip honeymoon. Neither did she care for Carl, her overbearing husband. But the mousy city slicker—the young woman didn't marry sober—insisted on displaying his brave and adventurous side. So it began. From cheap motels in Brooklyn, to seedy jazz clubs in New Orleans, Carl drove his pristine wife in his equally mint truck into the sunset and across interstates.

The promised romantic tour, for Kiera, had stretched into a weeklong series of pain on the highway. When the last leg of travels edged the newlyweds toward southern borders, Kiera found a slice of her soul melting from her body: a sickening sexual frustration, which had hooked her loins since the unsatisfying

night of her consummation, resumed its merciless torture on her frayed nerves.

Carl, on the other hand, was having a blast. He had snagged the most gorgeous woman in the world and still couldn't believe his luck. Yes, Texas was going to be the last stop. A grand homecoming after a decade or two. Of course, he was planning on showing off his new beautiful curvy wife to the folks back home. That was the idea all along. Taking his celestial brunette to the ranch house, and watch his bumpkin brothers, who had unanimously written him off, drool in envy and disbelief. Her 34DD breasts slim waist accented by her wide hips and a firm but plump rear that was sculpted to perfect by hours of exercise would make any man lust with desire.

Kiera knew it too as she could get the attention of any man that she wanted. Which is why she was still wondering why her husband had such a hard time ensuring that she was satisfied in their relationship. She went weeks without getting any sexual gratification from her husband and even months. It was one of the main concerns for her when they were engaged that he acted so macho, yet would never try and have sex with her. When he did, it was a lackluster performance to be polite about it.

"Just a few miles to go," Carl muttered under his breath interrupting Kiera's thoughts. Carl was speeding into a small farming town with a rotten impatience inside his chest. Some he would act like an immature child when he didn't get his way and pout, but luckily Kier thought he had been a "good boy".

"I need a drink," Kiera said, putting on a weary smile. She knew that would help her get through the rest of this lousy trp. "Pull up somewhere, *Carly*."

"Ehh-Of course.," he answered with subdued annoyance from his sensitivity. He detested that "ly" after his name. A timid frown was creasing his large forehead. Nonetheless, he managed to keep his good mood going.

Still smiling, Kiera wiped the sweat beading from her ruddy cheeks and off the top of her perky busty chest and looked out the car window. The starving wife saw it all engulfing it all into her widened eyes.

It was The Wild West landscape of the God's Land of Texas; stirring a fire inside her in a promising kind of a way. The warm breeze felt eerily good. The men, even better: bronzed, muscled cowboys on saddlebacks galloping—lords of sprawling ranches and old barn houses. She wanted to see more…but Carl, ever so persistent to prove that he wasn't a wimp, steered his truck at a couple of the men riding their horses laughing hysterically. Kiera was clearly not impressed with a roll of her eyes and Carl just laughed like the child he acted so often.

A few miles later he came to a roaring halt in front of a rustic bar. He revved his engines and got the desired attention of curious eyes peering through bar windows—Carl was in town.

However, some of those eyes peering through the windows didn't see a macho man. All they saw was a dumb ass guy bring his wife who was way too hot into their house.

The couple would be accommodated.

TEXAS COWBOY SALOON

Kiera had decided to change out of her torn jeans prior to stepping out of Carl's precious truck, a tired Kiera took in the golden plains of Texas in one sweet, refreshing gulp. The heat was boiling her lust; sweat oozed around the neckline of the denim jacket she styled over her cream crop top, yet she felt very cold with lustful misery. Her cowboy boots bounced off sunrays when she entered the bar with her grinning husband, who had also dressed to look the part.

Needless to say, the brunette drew lecherous stares from the rugged southern men at the bar. Their eyes were all focused on the daisy dukes hugging her swaying hips and the conspicuous amount of backside flesh spilling from the seams of the shorts. Her heart shaped firm butt poked out the bottom of her frayed shorts.

Seconds after the couple found a table, Kiera noticed her husband was gulping a tumbler of cold beer in palpable panic. Angry and unamused eyes had followed the loud tourist couples, for it wasn't hard to tell they were newcomers.

Carl, not wanting to seem frightened, raised his squeaky voice in a loud chatter. "See baby, we'll stop at my grandfather's ranch! That ol' fool is…" He stopped mid-sentence and his eyes fell on a figure looming behind his wife. Carl's face became suddenly gray and old. "Howdy, stra… stranger!" he greeted, suppressing a violent stutter.

But Kiera had already felt a strong aura on her back before she turned to look. Standing tall was Brad—a young, weather-beaten cowboy clad in chest-clinging, buttoned-up shirt and Wrangler jeans low in his hips: a dirty blonde with intimidating electric-blue eyes. The blonde cowboy wasn't so devilishly handsome, but devilish all the same. His grizzled face radiated strength and authority; Kiera, like a snake in the sun, basked in it.

"Did you not hear me? I said howdy stranger.", Carl had seemed to found a bit of strength from the inside. He continued to portray the tough guy in front of his wife.

With spurs spinning in his boots, the blue-eyed cowboy started closer to the couple with a cool and aloof sophistication. "Shut your yapper, you uppity Yankee," he said with cold menace, "or I'll shut it for you."

Brad stood over them both and him and Kiera were making eye contact. He made no effort to hide him gawking Carl's wife right in front of him as he looked over to him and gave a sigh with a shake of his head wondering how Brad could score such a beautiful woman being such a fake tough guy. Brad could see right through Carl and it was confirmed as the husband remain silent as he was commanded to.

Brad spoke with a cocky stare, "That's what I thought, yakee-doodle. Don't mind if I take some liberties with your wife."

Without another word, Brad reached down and rubbed up the bare thigh of Kiera's sexy leg. His hand stayed there for a moment as he rubbed at her thigh leaning over just giving her a smile as they locked eyes. Kiera was only slightly uncomfortable considering her husband was sitting right there, but she could feel a wetness forming between her athletic thick thighs.

Shocked by the threat, Carl bolted from his seat like a jack-in-the-box. Ice water swirled in the ventricles of his heart. His speech failed him; fear had gripped his tongue. "What the… the hell, pal?" he demanded.

The cowboy's face became cold and imperious. His warning came in an intimidating tone, "Don't test me yankee doodle."

Carl was clearly not looking for trouble anymore as this man rubbed his wife's bare thigh seductively right in front of him. However, Brad's hand reached up from her thigh up to her large

chest and grabbed a handful of her tit through her top. “That’s a real nice set of tits you have here, ma’am.”

Kiera’s mouth dropped pretending to be shocked and appalled, however Carl knew his wife. He had seen her fake face before and it was clearly it. Kiera’s hand only sat on top of Brad’s hand and made no effort to pull it away as he began to squeeze her breast firmly. Brad’s other hand now came down to grab at his own crotch to adjust the swelling outline of his cock in his tight jeans.

“You fucking asshole, stop!”

Carl finally made the effort to stop Brad from groping his wife’s perky breast with his rough hand. He tried to pull him off, but was unsuccessful at first. Brad just continued to grab at his wife’s tits harder with more vigor in front of the entire bar.

Carl made second more spirited effort which finally grabbed Brad’s attention from his tit mauling. He spun around and pushed Brad across the room which made him fall to the ground. Carl got back and slowly started towards Brad. However, he showed no body language that he was looking for a fight. His slouched shoulders made Brad chuckle to himself before speaking.

"Kiss my boot, Yankee," he said with a calm voice, “and I won’t have to fuck your sweet missus here.”

The bar went silent.

Turning swiftly to look in the direction of his wife, intense bouts of pain lanced through Carl’s neck.

“I think he means it, Carly,” Kiera whispered, clutching her jacket, and feigning disgust.

"Do you want my big cock stretching out your wife’s tight pussy shrimp dick? I SAID KISS MY FUCKING BOOT!," Brad repeated like a beast, sticking out his rugged, mud-encrusted boot. Carl went rigid—quickly deciding that humiliation was preferable to a stronger man

defiling his brand-new wife—and bowed down to the Brad's proffered boot. His lip imprints shinny on the old leather.

"I think I stepped in cow shit Yankee Doodle. You smell that while you were making out with my shit boot?", The cowboy looked around obviously proud of his power over this city slicker who thought he was going to walk into his town and act like the alpha.

The silent bar erupted into giggles to the comedic relief of the cowering tourist. Kiera only smiled, but for a different reason—her panties were going moist to the sheer power of the cowboy. He was looking at her now, the evil gleam in those wild blue eyes devouring her big, firm breasts. She, in turn, allowed her eyes to linger on his slightly tented crotch.

She could see his massive hard on outline in his jeans. It had to be almost a foot long as she looked at it outline firmly reaching down to his mid-thigh. Something was dirty about him becoming aroused by dominating her husband just as much as he had just man handled her tits.

"Now skedaddle, boy," Brad ordered with frightening calm. His southern drawl faint and sweet to Kiera's ears.

Carl stood there unsure if he should wait for his wife so he turned a few times nervously doing circles while Kiera was standing up. The awkwardness was interrupted by Brad making a scene by raising his hand and smacking at Kiera's butt through her jeans.

It made Carl stop seeing his wife get spanked right in front of him. The Cowboy looked over at Brad with an annoyed looked as he pointed toward the front door. "Did you fucking hear me! Get the fuck out!"

The cowboy now grabbed at the waist of Kiera's denim shorts. He lifted her up by the waist which made the daisy dukes pull up her firm plump rear as he wedgied them between her tan firm butt cheeks.

Kiera looked at her husband with a surprised looked. "Aren't you going to do something!?"

Carl looked to his wife, and then looked to the menacing Brad who now had his wife bent over the table with her ass out as he rubbed her bare cheeks. As he stared at Carly he raised his hand and smacked her ass loudly. The bar gasped at how hard he had spanked her, but Kiera could only moan.

Carl looked down toward the ground and walked out. He could hear the crowd giggling and whispering under their breaths about him as he walked out humiliated leaving his wife behind. Before he left the cowboy had smacked his wife's ass three more times that he could clearly hear.

Carl waited for his wife by his truck.

"That fuckin' cowhand! Chasing us out like he owned the damn place!" Carl would later scream in outrage driving towards the motel accommodation three miles from the town the narcissistic cowboy lived.

"Well you could have done something, Carl. You should have done something. He grabbed my tits and played with them right in front of you then bent me over the table like a slut. He humiliated you. Worst of all he humiliated me… your wife! You just stood there… what the fuck, Carly?

The way she said "Carly" this time made him feel like he was being compared to a female. His heart was beating so fast and he was sweating under the scrutiny of his verbal wife.

They arrived to their hotel and Carl didn't say a word as they unpacked their truck and got into their room. Then he would later fall asleep drunk and safe with his unspoiled wife on an oak bed.

But Carl didn't steer in his deep sleep when the door to his motel room rattled in the middle of the night. And when Carl crawled back into consciousness, he tried to move his hands and legs

without success—they had been bound. This was bad. The stuff of nightmares. He had been blindfolded, too. His heart rose hot in his throat. Sweat popped from his skin. He called for his wife.

No response.

LASSO AND CUCKED

Carl wasn't ready to give up just yet. He struggled against the knotted rope searing around his wrists and ankles—then, without warning, a sudden flood of white light burned his eyes. "

Oh, fuck," Carl cried. Stinging tears watered his eyes when the blindfold came off.

Once his vision adjusted to the light, his fears became confirmed by a disturbing vision: the blue-eyed cowboy was standing naked by his bedside. And standing naked before the near naked cowboy in solemn grace was his sweet wife, Kiera. Her denim jacket and daisy dukes puddled on the bed. Her hard nipples jutting proudly from her firm mounds of flesh.

Brad was shirtless showing off his impeccable body that was sculpted of tight muscle rippling all over his strong body. His jeans were still covering his legs and obvious erection that was pressing against the inner thigh of his jeans.

Carl fought to free himself, but the restraints held. He whimpered like a baby, begging for his wife to flee. However, to his surprise, Kiera stood still as if possessed by the cowhand's spell.

Brad reached out and cupped Carl's chin, lifting his face. "Changed my mind, Yankee. I'm gonna fuck your lady, after all. You should have acted like a real man back there instead of the coward I knew you were deep down." he explained, as if to a child.

The mousy husband screamed his lungs out…

“Oh, poor baby," Kiera sang to her restrained husband. “Don’t worry. I won’t let Brad into my special place. I promise.”

Fresh horrors began: bound like a prized piece of meat in an abattoir, Carl felt a torrent of shame wash over his soul. The cowboy’s tongue was snaking unceremoniously into his wife’s mouth, burrowing like a hunting serpent. He had the back of his hand guiding her head to allow him to penetrate her mouth. His eyes opened looking over at Carl to simply stare with his face locked with Kiera’s.

Carl groveled like a frightened dog and gnashed his teeth. This was beyond disturbing. A cruel light danced in Brad’s eye as he bit and nursed Kiera’s hard little bud. He flicked his tongue on her nipple, dipping his fingers into the mess they'd made of her womanhood. A low, decadent moan, almost like a cat purring, breezed from her lips.

“Your wife’s tits are so fucking perfect.”, Brad said to himself, but made sure Carl could hear him. The cowboy’s rough hands grabbing at Kiera’s ample mounds of flesh and squeezing her breasts ferociously as he howled up at the ceiling.

Hoping to meet her husband’s eye, the excited brunette flattened her breasts against Brad’s sinewy back so that she was standing behind him and Brad was facing directly at Carl.

She snaked her arm around his waist to find his long thick outline over the top of his jeans. Her hand rubbed firmly against the shaft up and down in front of Carl. Carl shook his head as she gave the head of the cock a firm squeeze through the jeans.

So smooth and hard the brunette could feel the veins pulsing beneath her manicured hands even through the jeans. She had forgot that Carl was sitting there tied up.

"Oh, so fucking big and so fucking thick," Kiera breathed in awe. Remembering that her husband was there she looked over

and only said, “Oh, just look at it, Carly.”

The cowboy sneered as the man was called a woman’s name by his wife as she rubbed his cock over the top of his jeans. Brad sneer turned into a smile as she began to unbutton his jeans and began pulling his zipper down. Carl could now see the flaps of his jeans pulled to the sides showing off his pubic hair and the very top of his shaft. He could already see how thick it was as his wife’s dainty fingers reached into the opened jeans and rubbed at the bare cock inside.

“Oh my god it’s so fucking big.”, She said again. Brad had a cocky grin on his lips as though he knew exactly what was going to happen when she felt it. He looked over towards Carl. Carl staring back in horror as he could see his the outline of his wife’s hand on the inside of his jeans massaging the swelling cock inside his jeans.

“Bet he’s got a little shrimp dick, doesn’t he?”, Brad chuckled.

“He’s so small. Like a quarter of your cock when you factor its girth.”, Her tone stung Carl’s ego.

Brad’s cock was finally unleashed with Kiera’s hand gripping it’s thick shaft. Her hand was unable to completely wrap around the thick cock as it bounced up and down from its own weight as she slowly stroked it in her soft hand,

Carl saw for himself the veined shaft of the vile cowhand, with a red bulbous head that oozed a clear crystal from its slit. The bound husband was propelled into fresh helplessness when Kiera cupped and weighed another man’s balls in her hand.

“Keep stroking that big dick, little slut. Show your husband what you can do with a real man’s cock.”

The way he spoke to Kiera made her erupt in a slutty behavior and both of her hands instantly reached up to the big cock. Both hands attempting to pump it. The cock was at least 12 inches long and even with both of her hands wrapped around it, his head was

still exposed staring Carl right in the face.

"You like that pussy? Like your little slut wife pumping my big dick with her little hands?", Brad was slowly inching them both towards Carl.

"Get a good look of this big dick, Yankee doodle.", Brad said a burst through his groaning.

The sound of his cock being rubbed and massaged by his wife's hands were due to his stream of precum that never ended. Kiera was able to use it to lube up his entire 12 inches of hard cock to let it glisten under the light and make the wet noises under her hands as she stroke it.

"Faster, slut.", Brad growled at Kiera.

Kiera's eyes rolled in the back of her head as she stood on one foot crossing her legs and moaned from the way Brad talked to her. She had experienced a small orgasm without sex at all, and her hands responded graciously to the big dick in her hands.

The thick monster cock bounced all around as she ferociously squeezed and tugged on the veiny fuck rod in her hands. Brad's precum oozing like a faucet as it rolled all over her fingers and made Kiera's hands covered in it as it dripped on the floor between the Brad and Carl.

An icy fire traveled down Brad's spine, to the crevices of his groin, and shot to the tip of his cock. He reached back around him and smacked at Kiera's ass. She jumped on her tippy toes continuing to pump the cock while he squeezed firmly at her fleshy and toned ass.

The groan sounded like a lion roaring as he stretched himself and stared down at Carl with a psychotic smile. The big monster cock exploded with intensity—his thick white essence projecting over Carl's face.

Carl's head moved about trying to avoid the endless streams of cum that were landing on his face. The first three hit him directly on his face while the fourth went into his hair. Out of frustration Carl yelled out.

"No!" Carl shrieked. This wasn't happening. This had to be a dream. As he yelled out, a thick stream of cum went into his mouth and hit him in the back of his throat reluctantly swallow it. He could taste Brad and hear him taunt him with the taste of his thick cum in his mouth.

"Bullseye, bitch.", Brad chuckled.

Between his wife's fingers were covered with the sticky remains of the cowboy's cum. Without any self-consciousness, Kiera sucked the cream off, looking at her crying and pleading husband.

"Mmmm. Tastes like a real man.", Her eyes narrowed at her husband. Maybe now he would understand that if he was going to act like a tough guy that he needed to back it up. He would learn.

Now Carl's pleas fell on deaf ears with Brad's cum still dripping down his face. The cowboy held Kiera like a ragdoll. He easily pushed her down to her knees, put his hand behind her head and bring his big thick cock down against her face with a huge smack. She moaned in response to the smack across her face.

Brad lifted the thick weighty dick over Kiera's face and dropped it on her face once against. He put one hand on the top of his cock to smash it in between his hand and her face and began to pump. He was stroking his hard cock by rubbing it on Kiera's beautiful face before pulling it back and smacking her cheek and forehead a few hard times with it.

"Open your mouth.", Brad demanded.

Kiera must have been lost in the moment because she didn't response which made Brad smack her again. His big thick mushroom head of his cock must have knocked sense into her this

time as she took the cock from Brad holding it against her face as she looked him in the eyes.

"Suck it.", Brad bluntly spoke.

Kiera's tiny hands pulled the thick mushroom sliding down her cheek and against her lips. Her tongue stuck out against the head so her tongue could arouse him to complete fullness. Brad murmured his delight when Kiera's tongue worked a pattern over his stiff arousal. The stream of precum was now beginning to trail over her tongue as she continued to fill his cock with arousal.

She wrapped her parted lips around the head and held the big head of Brad's cock into her mouth. Her mouth wide as her cheeks moved in and out as she sucked on the monster in her mouth. The monster which rose to life again filled with veins and throbbed while in Kiera's warm beautiful mouth.

It was an endless circle of torture for Carl as he watched his wife suck on the huge cock like a slut. Her hand was now helping her mouth by pumping on the shaft as she tried to stick the cock down her throat unsuccessfully

"I can tell you've never had something this big in your mouth. Bet she don't suck your dick like this, pussy.", Brad spoke to Carl.

Here Carl was, a big shot New York salesman, broken and shamed by a mere cowhand? As if trying to wake up from a terrible nightmare, Cark shook his head with vigorous vexation. Teardrops of frustration rolled down his eyes over Brad's cum that was drying. He wished this were to stop this moment.

But this was just the beginning.

Kiera had spread her thighs for the vile and dirty cowhand. Carl, with a bitter taste in his mouth, saw another man admiring the dark, trimmed patch of hair on his wife's vulva, her unusually large clitoris peeking out from under its fleshy hood, and her clean-shaven pussy lips glistening with moisture with a puddle forming under her

entrance—clear evidence that she was enjoying his debasement.

With the inner lips barely visible, the brunette's outer lips were naturally thick, giving it a slightly swollen look. And from her folds, her wafting musk held the room hostage

Brad's smile became diabolical. "You shouldn't have revved your truck, boy. You shouldn't have fucking come walking in here acting like you have a big dick. Because you will run into a tough son of a bitch like me with a big dick. Now get this pussy wet for your wife and be a good boy about it."

Brad grabbed Kiera and pulled her to her feet so she was standing bent over in front of Carl's face. Her pussy was right in front of him and Brad looked down towards Carl with a look that he better get to it.

Carl lips and hot breath touched Kiera's wet pussy, and the brunette squirmed. With playful ease, the cuckold probed deeper with tongue, exploring her inner thighs, letting blood rush to her groin.

Meanwhile, Brad had Kiera bent over so that she could put his big long cock in his mouth. She didn't need to bend over too far though as it was so big that and the cowboy was tall. She stood bent over with her pussy smashing into her husband's face as she bobbed her own head up and down on the mammoth cock in front of her.

Fresh tears welled in Carl's eyes mixing with Kiera's fluids, while he drank his wife's tangy wetness. Carl had no choice but to do as Brad said and continued. His tongue slipped between the soft, slick folds, dipping inside her sopping wet hole. Juices trickled along his extended tongue and into his mouth and down his chin

"Lick, drink, and be merry, boy!" the brunette barked, gyrating her hips like a lunatic against Carl's smashed face. Carl's face being painted by the fluid of his wife as she aggressively rubbed her clit

against his face.

Little by little, her womanhood began to swell, more blood rushing into it due to the continuous stimulation and her husband knew. Maybe if he made her orgasm with his tongue he could stop this right here.

Carl licked with a flat tongue along the smooth, fleshy folds—the protruding clit stiff against the edge of his tongue. He swirled his tongue firmly around her little nub. She was beginning to tense up. Carl could feel that he had a chance to stop this… until she pulled her self away and looked up at Brad with dreamy eyes.

"I want that big dick so bad…" Kiera purred, twitching her hips to align her large swollen button into her husband's mouth again. "Take my clit and suck on it boy.!"

"Stop it! Stop it…" Carl bellowed to no avail. His wife's ass smothering his words along with her sopping wet pussy.

"Oh, I'm going to cum again, Carly," Kiera sang, bucking. She trembled in a soundless moan, falling into a hysterical thrashes of tremors. She exploded in short sharp bursts of feverish orgasm. The scent of her cunt juice and the cowboy's seed dominated the night air. "See what the nice cowboy is doing to me, Carly!"

"Yeah boy. See what I'm doing to her, Yankee Doodle?", Brad cockily agreed,

It almost pissed Carl off even more that he was getting no credit for giving his wife oral pleasure. That the cowboy who had only really groped her and used her mouth was getting all the credit.

The brunette dipped her fingers into her cunt, leaned forward, and held her wet finger to her husband's lips. The intrusive digit dug inside Carl's mouth. "Taste once more, my poor baby."

Carl spat and protested with all his strength. A dull feeling of numbness in the core of his muscles. "Oh," he groaned. "Take what

you want, and leave her!”

"It's time I explain a few things to you, Yankee," Brad said in a conversational tone. It will worsen if you make a ruckus.”

The frightened husband hushed and trembled on the oak bed. Frozen in fear he didn’t dare move without being commanded.

“Now, be a good boy, baby, or Brady will take my ass," his wife said, as she mounted the cowboy’s cock.

Now Kiera’s breasts heaved. Her face, all flush and livid pallor, blazed. Brad’s veiny member nudged through the sore lips of her sex, pushing upward with steady pressure. Laughing like a wild dog, Brad’s blue eyes turned dark eye as he eased into the sweet warmth of Kiera’s narrow, velvety channel. Her opening shriveled and closed on his throbbing length. Oh, such sugary wildness: her walls felt like exquisite oil. Fire bathed the cowboy as he impaled himself. Now he was motionless, not wanting to move. With each generous coating, his turgid member cried for release.

“Oh, yesss,” the brunette hissed in satisfaction. The hungry wife took in every inch he had to offer. She bounced and wiggled on the turgid cock, letting out a sharp cry of sweetness, her back arching and lashes fluttering.

Brad filled every inch of the brunette, slamming as her breasts bounced, as the oak bed creaked in protest. Her wetness encased him in slick pleasure. Her cunt lips, puffy and pink, wrapped tight around the cowboy’s thick shaft. His cock pulsed and twitched inside of her. The enormous cock pulsed inside her, beating with the rhythm of his heartbeat.

When her gathering slush met his thrusts, she was caught in a whirlwind of pleasure. Shock engulfed the brunette, surrendering to the lavishness of the burning sensation. So dirty and exciting: a spacious odyssey into her pink walls. With the deftness of a skilled dancer, Brad’s invasion became a slow but melodious gyration while

her folds dripped juices in unending trickles.

Feeling so small and vulnerable, Carl was at the mercy of the cowboy. The cowboy used his wife to meet her needs. Like a wanton harlot, she became a vessel—an instrument—for his satisfaction, a moist slot for his fiery country cock.

Shutting his eyes and shaking his head from side to side, Carl fought to blot out the burning image of this sadistic savage tearing the soft gash between his wife's thighs.

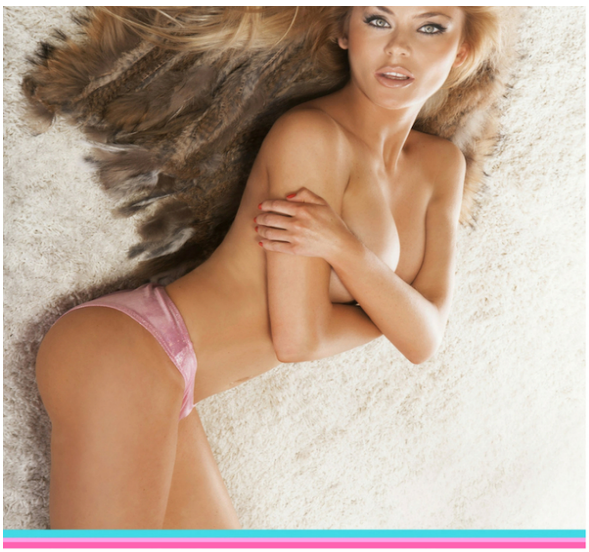
A lost cause.

Lost in a fog of helpless excitement, Kiera's swollen cunt dripped nectar, and a tidal wave spilled as time wavered at a standstill. The unfaithful wife writhed and bucked under the unforgiving assault. The brunette felt that painful heat settling into her lower stomach. The cowboy was filling her soul. She was whole again. "Yes!" she cried in a frantic moan. She was no longer in control of her body, convulsing and giving into an intense orgasm.

"No!" Carl responded in screeching horror, watching his new wife shudder atop the thick shaft of the devilish Texan cowhand.

He would end up watching them all night long.

---THE END---



BASKETBALL

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:
THE COMPETITIVE CUCKOLD COLLECTION
5
TABOO CUCKOLD
EROTICA STORIES
FOCUSED
ON COMPETITIVE
ATHLETIC DOMINANCE

IN THE
WATER
CUCKOLD

WIVES
TWO BOOK SPECIAL
10K WORDS
BY: REMY LEONE

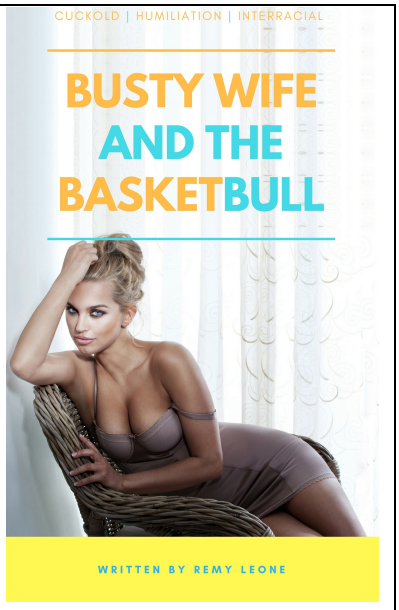
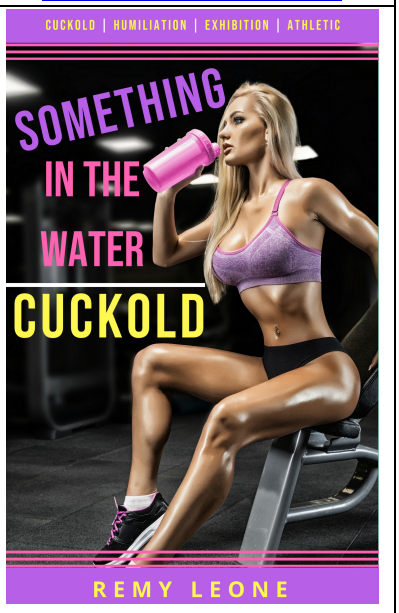
Remy Leone Presents:

The Competitive Cuckold Collection

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

 The Fight For My Wife	**Story Selection:**	 **Busty Wife And The BasketBull**
 Busty Wife's Got the BasketBull Jones	 **Older Jock Forces Busty Wife to Strip**	 **Something In The Water Cuckold**

THE

FIGHT FOR MY WIFE

BY REMY LEONE

Cuckold - Humiliation - Interracial

AN EROTICA CUCKOLD STORY AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HUSBAND

The Fight For My Wife

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	The Beginning
2	The Gym
3	The Ring

THE BEGINNING

Steve was the average man living the average life. He would work his average job for average pay and come back to his average home. He couldn't have asked for more though.

Every night after the gym, the most gorgeous woman he had ever met would come home; his wife. Natasha, was Ukrainian, but spoke fluent English which became even more natural over their five years of marriage.

She was a serious woman and normally she smiled she had to force it. Her brown amber eyes matched her personality. Able to stare through a person's soul.

She had long dark brown hair that hung down to the small of her small of her back. Her waist was skinny and her hips were wide that protruded her firm heart-shaped butt.

She was a three years younger than Steve and always looked to him for leadership in the relationship feeling as she wanted to be in a traditional marriage. He was considered the man of the house.

Natasha pulled up to the house on her bike. Her 32DD breasts were natural and firm and luckily supported by the sports bra that she wore. Her stomach and back was completely exposed to show off her athletic hour glass frame. Her skimpy biker shorts barely covered her round ass and showed off her athletic legs. Her left leg had an artistic flower that covered her smooth thigh. The tattoo was given to her by an ex-boyfriend who sounded like he was in the Russian Mob.

Steve would still fantasize about his wife. He had only been with three other women in his life and none of them were near as beautiful as her. Not only that, but she would wash the clothes, clean the house, wash the dished and make dinner for him. It was a life that had made him soft and spoiled.

Natasha came into the door and was going to call out to her husband, but stopped when she saw Steve standing there, "Oh hey."

Steve smiled at his monotone wife and grabbed at her gym bag. It was a bit heavy and Steve stumbled before regaining his balance.

Natasha's eyebrows raised, "Going to be okay?"

Steve saved face, "Oh yeah just kidding baby."

Natasha either didn't understand that Steve was joking or didn't care, "Put that in the bedroom. I made dinner before I go to the gym today. I will prepare."

Her English was good enough for Steve to understand. Or maybe they were in sync so much that it didn't matter. Steve would do as he was asked and would come back to the dinner table.

It was a salad with unseasoned chicken mixed with some bitter cheese, fruit and nuts. Steve was use to eating a bit more hearty, so he looked to the salad and he looked to the kitchen. He didn't seem to understand why Natasha was sitting down in front of her own salad.

"Where's the rest of it?", said in a panic.

"The rest of what?", Natasha replied. She looked straight forward.

Steve took the bait, "The rest of dinner."

"This is it."

"But where is the main entrée? Aren't we going to have an actually chicken or steak to go along with this salad."

"This is sufficient for meal. We need to live healthy life style for when we have baby."

"But you're not even pregnant."

“Yet. We are married five years now, Steve.”, Natasha replied with a cold stare.

“Yeah of course. Of course.”, he sat back in his chair nervously. He thought Natasha was pregnant.

They ate their dinner. Most people would have been delighted with the cold salad mixed with all of the flavors, but not Steve. He ate it, but he wasn’t use to eating so healthy.

“Do you enjoy?”, Natasha asked respectively.

Steve shook his head as he chewed the food. He tried to smile but it was forced. Natasha didn’t notice and was too involved in the next thing she would say.

“Free guest pass for you to come to gym.”

Steve must have misunderstood. “Guess pass. You mean for me?”

“Yes. You need to stay fit.”, Natasha took another bite of her salad and chewed.

“Well, you know I move around and when I’m here I do stuff.”

“Like what?”, she swallowed.

“Well. Stuff.”

Natasha’s face was plain as she stared at her husband, “Stuff?”

“Yeah. Stuff.”, Steve could not think of one thing that he had done for exercise in the last year. He was embarrassed at himself.

“Why don’t you come? You were big stud when you were young. Remember?”

“I’m still a big stud.”, Steve flexed and while he still had muscle, he had lost it since he was with his wife. He became soft and comfortable in yet another form of his life.

"I know Steve, but I want you to be more like stories you tell me. I want to see that Steve more."

He had told Natasha many stories of his life when they met. He had exaggerated on half of the stories, and lied on the other half of his stories. He met Natasha at a time in life where he was saying anything and everything to get laid. When she let him, he was doing everything and anything to keep her. He didn't even know what Natasha really meant by that due to all of the twists and turns he had given her.

"I'll think about it, hon.", Steve responded. He forgot about it the second they were done talking about it.

They both finished their salads and would relax by one another while Natasha read a book about psychology and Steve would flip through the channels on the TV. He would stop on one raunchy show after another drinking red sugar juice that would stain his lips. He laughed like hyena each time one of the characters would fart on each other's heads.

"Let's go to bed.", Natasha had taken Steve's hand. She was not very touchy or feely with anyone, so when she would take his hand usually that meant that Steve was in for a good night.

She brought him to the bed room and began to undress which Steve followed suit. Steve hopped on the bed like a kid and flipped over to show his bare cock in the air.

Natasha had watched Steve hop in the bed and gave his body a look. She remembered when he was hot, but somehow these last five years had really done a number on his body. The laziness and lack of nutrition in his diet even made him look less healthy. She took a deep breath rubbing at her wedding ring and walked to flip the lights off before returning to the bed.

They both were sitting up on the bed, Steve had placed his hands on Natasha. He would let one rest on her thigh and one on her hip.

He began kneading those areas, but his hands would not move anywhere else.

"I've been wanting to do it all day with you, honey.", Steve was wound up.

"Uh huh."

"Do you want to do it with me all day too?"

"Uh huh."

"I'm going to frick ya. Frick ya good.", Steve said in perversion.

Natasha would have laughed at what he just said if Steve wasn't being dead serious. He was just not use to taking control in the bedroom. Natasha would take his hand and place it on her supple breasts. Steve would barely rub his hand against her chest.

Finally she would reach between Steve's leg. She would have to search around for a second as it was sometimes hard to find when it was dark. Her fingers would wrap around the entire shaft and head so that it was completely covered.

With her fingers wrapped around his shaft she would squeeze his cock into her hand. Her other hand would grab Steve's wrist so he would rub her breasts with more vigor. Instead of stroking his little penis, Natasha would just pump her hand in a squeezing motion around his cock.

She could feel him hardening in her hand and she continued to pump him like a stress ball. She could hear Steve moaning until he finally squeezed her breast as he came.

Natasha moaned for the first time since they began, but it was in vain. She could feel his jizz oozing out of the end of her hand.

Steve couldn't see Natasha's face clearly. He could not see that Natasha was rolling her eyes the entire time. He could not see the look of relief in her eyes when he had finally cum.

"Mmmm thanks.", Steve said. He sat back and laid down.

"Of course. Duty as wife.", she said and she would lay down next to her husband.

Natasha stared up at the ceiling. She had rubbed the small amount of cum off on Steve's thigh. He didn't mind as he was almost sleeping.

She couldn't sleep though and spoke loud enough to wake Steve out of his slumber.

"Steve, it is important that you come tomorrow as my guest to gym. If you don't, it will make me sad and we will need to have major discussion. I normally do not tell you what to do, but this time I am."

Steve heard her and almost pretended to be asleep, but he hated that his wife was feeling this way. He decided that he would give into her.

"Alright honey. I will come.", Steve was proud of himself.

Steve thought, *How bad could it be? Really?*

THE GYM

The next day while getting ready to go to the gym, Steve began to feel a bit of anxiety. He knew he was out of shape and his wife had been going to the gym every day. He wondered if she would actually be able to out-work him. How embarrassed he would be if she did.

He realized he wasn't as athletic as he liked to embellish to Natasha. He use to play sports and even though he looked like a good athlete when he was younger he was actually one of the worst athletes on the team.

He had opened up his drawer to find his workout clothes which had never been touched since Natasha bought him it to encourage him to go to the gym. That was approximately a year ago, he hated to admit. He put on the gym shorts and the cut off t-shirt which showed off his beer belly and pale small arms. He looked at himself in the mirror and realized that he hardly recognized him in an athletic outfit. He remembered a time that he had definition in his biceps and his stomach was flat and ripped.

"Let's jog to gym. It will help warm us up.", Natasha spoke from the bathroom as she got ready.

"Jog? Me? C'mon, Natasha. I'm in no shape to---", his words trailed off as Natasha stepped out of the bathroom.

She wore a bright pink singlet which show off the entirety of her toned legs and the tattoo on her leg. Her wide hips were also uncovered as the singlet clung around her small waist. Her large 32DD breasts had a hard time not stretching the material around her chest. Her perky breasts spilled out the top of the singlet and when she walked by, Steven almost fainted. It was a thong, and her entire heart-shaped ass was completely bare. The cheeks of her rear completely enveloping the pink singlet material to hide it deep up her toned butt.

"You're wearing that?!", Steve whined.

"I always wear singlet.", she said unwavering.

"Your butt though! You can see it!", Steve's voice raised higher in pitch.

Natasha looked over at her husband questioningly, "Steve. None of the men complain."

"What about the women!?", Steve looked for some rescue.

"I am only woman. Well there's Tootsie, but she's not exactly typical woman.", Natasha thought about it.

Steve was mortified at the thought of his hot wife, working out in this sexy outfit in front of a group of muscular jocks. He could only imagine why they wouldn't complain with a sexy athletic butt on display.

Natasha almost left Steve behind in the house as she began their jog. He frantically tried to keep up behind her, watching her nice butt bounce up and down as she ran.

From the corner of his eye, he could see cars slowing down on the road as they followed Natasha's sexy frame. As they got to the next block, there was a group of college guys that seemed to be waiting for them. They all were shamelessly recording her as she ran by. Her large breasts bouncing up and down as she came towards them. Her toned bubble butt in complete view as she passed by. Steve trailing behind could hear the college guy's cat calls and talk about how much they wanted to sleep with his wife.

They got to a busy street and his wife continued her pace as she slowed down at the cross walk waiting for traffic. Steve caught up to her, bent over with his hands on his knees he tried to catch his breath.

Cars were beginning to honk at Natasha as she made her sexy assets jiggle and wobble as she ran in place. One car even pulled over, with a skinny little nerdy man holding a phone and taking pictures. If that wasn't bad enough, another guy parked behind them and stepped halfway out of his vehicle and called out to Natasha.

"How much baby? I got a fat cock that needs to be sucked on.", he crudely spoke.

Natasha just giggled as the man proposition her pulled out a fat cock like he had said. He began moving it up and down and in a helicopter motion.

"Come on you little sexy slut. Hop in this car and I'll pay you good

to suck me good.”, The slob called out as Steve could only listen as he caught his breath.

Natasha looked down to Steve, “Are you going to say something to him?”

Steve was too exhausted so he pretended not to hear Natasha in between the gasps of air that he over embellished. Natasha rolled her eyes and continued her running in place as the man started to stroke his cock. Before it went on too much longer, they were able to run away from the perverted man.

They got to the gym and Natasha wanted to stretch before entering. Steve needed some water so he entered the gym immediately. When he entered the gym, he noticed a lot of the guys were just sitting around talking. A lot of them were not in that great of shape and he felt like this might not go so bad.

A lot of casual talking and some of them were focused on the TV as they all sat around and lifted little weights. There was a ring that meant somebody new was entering the gym. He noticed that all of the men instantly snapped their heads towards the door.

Natasha entered and all of the men began to start moving around. They were pretending to be in the middle of their work out and had since left the TV entirely to go to their posts.

“Follow me Steve.”, she spoke as she walked by. Steve noticed all of the men either looking at her in the corner of their eyes or flat out taking time to gawk her. It made Steve a bit uncomfortable that his half naked wife was in a room of men that just stared mostly at her. It didn’t even seem like they were here to work out, but instead they just wanted to eye-fuck Natasha.

They walked down the aisle of machines and free weights that were open all around. Natasha made her pick and spoke in her Ukrainian accent, “We do upper body today.”

She walked to a machine and Steve took a seat facing the

machine. The pad was in his chest and there were hooks on each side which he could pull back, he assumed.

"You are backwards. You sit facing out.", Natasha gave him a peculiar stare that embarrassed Steve.

"Oh I was just kidding!", he turned around and sat down on the machine properly. He put his hands on the handles of the machine which would mimic a bench press.

"No you have to put hands here.", she took his hands and corrected him.

"I got it, I got it."

Steve planted his feet on the ground and began pushing. His back pushed into the padded back rest and he held his breath. With all his might he pushed, but he couldn't move it.

"Oh. Well I thought you might get that. Let me fix this."

Natasha seemed surprised by the fact that he was unable to lift the weight, but she moved the weight down. Steve was having trouble still and she moved it down again.

"Now you're with same weight as me.", she stated factually. She stared at the weight for a second and waited.

There was pressure to lift the same weight as his wife. The fact that all of these guys were probably watching him added even more pressure. Steve almost panicked when he felt resistance of the weight that Natasha had set for him, but he successfully bench pressed on the machine. He was even able to lift it ten times, but he felt pretty exhausted and was relieved when it was her turn.

"Let me show you how it is done.", Natasha gave him a cocky tone. She wanted to impress Steve by her strength that she has added since coming to the gym. Her lifting on the machine was much more fluid than the light stiff jerks that Steve had. She completed her 10 presses with ease as she considered this only her

warm up.

"Yo Nat. Whose your spot?", a voice came from behind Steve who was getting ready to sit down.

The black man approaching them was at least 6'3 and 200lbs of pure muscle. He looked like he worked out every day. He had light skin for a black person, and his hair was short cropped and colored blonde. His face was lean and handsome and had a clean shaved looked about him. There was a sense about how he walked towards them that made Steve feel inadequate. Steve wondered where he was hiding as he didn't see him earlier.

"My husband. Jackson this is my husband Steve. Steve, this is my partner Jackson.", she nodded with a smile.

"You never told me you were already married.", he gave a bit of a grin looking to Steve who was confused. Jackson let his words sit for a second longer than he should have.

"Just fuckin' with ya.", Jackson pushed past Steve and wrapped his arms around Natasha's waist. Natasha had responded with her arms around Jackson's neck.

Jackson was looking at Steve with a bit of a grin as he pulled her body against his. His hands were on the edge of being inappropriate with his wife. Jackson then closed his eyes as he just held Natasha.

Steve felt like he should say something as this large jock had wrapped his large black arms around his curvy wife's waist. He could tell the connection that the two shared and must have worked out together a few times.

"So should we work out?", Steve finally said.

"Oh yeah. I'm going to work you both out.", Jackson spoke in a sexual tone while still holding his wife.

Natasha almost blushed was surprising for Steve. She was always

so confident and nothing phased her normally. She had to look at the ground as Jackson released her to hide her attraction to him.

They moved to the free weights where Jackson instructed them to stand straight in front of the huge mirror that covered the wall. The each stood tall and straight. Where Steve's belly protruded, Natasha's large breasts protruded out in front of her. Their hands at their sides, Jackson patrolled around them like a Drill Sargent,

Jackson began feeling at Steve's arms with his big strong hands. Steve felt like Jackson was going to rip a limb off by barely handling him. Jackson would move towards Natasha and perform the same inspection on her arms. He felt his back as well as Natasha's. His hands even rubbed over Steve's chest before walking over to Natasha.

Jackson's big hand came up to Natasha's chest. He opened his hand and grabbed at her breast. Steve looked over at the scene with his eyes widened.

"What are you doing!? That's my wife!"

"Calm down there buddy. Just assessing your wife's pectoral muscle as well as her body fat content in her body. I'll be doing the same thing to her butt so just get use to it.", Jackson said unapologetically.

His big hand squeezed and palmed at Natasha's breasts. He instructed her to raise her arms over her hand and continued feeling at her breasts. Then as though he was thinking about something, he brought his other hand onto the opposite breasts and continued to feel up Steve's wife.

"Isn't there instruments to do that?!", Steve whined.

"Sure there are."

Jackson gave a bounce to her breasts making it obvious to anyone paying attention he was ogling her breasts. Her cleavage was pressed together and Jackson wanted to bury himself in

between them. Steve could see it in his eyes.

"But my hands don't lie boy.", Jackson finally stopped groping her breasts as he moved around her. He pressed his chest into Natasha's back, leaning over her. His jaw was pressed against the side of Natasha's head as he let his hands drop down.

His finger gripped at Natasha's perfectly sculpted butt. Natasha was still wearing the thong in between her firm cheeks and Jackson was feeling her bare flesh. His eyes closed as Natasha stared at him in the mirror as though Steve wasn't standing right there.

"Your wife really has a nice ass.", Jackson said.

Steve was stunned by the crudeness of this big dominant male. Here he was, with two handfuls of his wife's ass in his hand, and he is complimenting her to him.

"Steve is fighter, Jackson. Don't get him hot.", Her Ukrainian voice had softened around Jackson.

Steve felt like he was put on the spot and was wondering why she thought that. Then, he remembered some of the over-embellished stories he had told his wife. Most of them were in fact flat out lies. He was never really that tough, but was able to project that he was to Natasha when they first met.

"Is that right Stevie. You like to scrap?", Jackson looked at him looking like he was shocked by it. Jackson released Natasha's ass and Steve could of swore he heard him give her a light spank as he stepped away.

He was right in front of Steve towering over him. He stared down at Steve and Steve could only look to the floor. When he looked down, he would see the huge bulge poking from the shorts of Jackson. While feeling his wife up, he must have become aroused. He wasn't fully erect, but the outline of the snake in his tight shorts showed it perfectly. Steve felt small when he stared at the bulge and compared it to his own. He knew instantly that Jackson was

hung.

"C'mon Steve, be man.", Natasha spoke.

Steve looked over to his encouraging wife and then around to see all of the gym goers were watching them. He decided he was going to speak up for himself.

But before Steve could say anything Jackson grabbed him by the shirt and began dragging him towards the boxing ring that was in the back. He tossed him in the ring and Steve stumbled around.

"You're okay Steve. Handle yourself.", Natasha was excited at what was occurring in front of her. A surprise to Steve who knew that she wasn't into competitive sports.

Steve wasn't sure how this was going to end, but he knew it would be at his expense.

THE RING

Jackson hopped over the ropes as though it wasn't even there. He walked towards Steve who was obviously terrified.

"No, no, no…. please no.", Steve said in a panic.

Jackson showed no mercy when he gave him a forceful push in his chest which made Steve fall back against the rope. He instantly was thrown back towards back to Jackson who picked him up and tossed him like a rag doll against the ground.

Steve got to his knees and raised his hands to cover himself shutting his eyes.

"That's right, pray to me.", Jackson said before pushing him over hard with a strike with his foot. Steve whimpered as he laid there in a fetal position. His hands covered his head he waited for the beating Jackson was about to give him.

Jackson looked over to Natasha, "Some fighter."

Natasha looked at Steve shamefully. She seemed a bit embarrassed, but her attention soon moved back to Jackson. Her eye began to twinkle as the large black man moved around the ring confidently.

Steve could feel Jackson standing over him. Before long, Jackson had put his foot on top of his head as he flexed standing over him.

"I'm the King of this ring. Say it."

"You're the King.", Steve muffled.

"Louder boy.", Jackson spoke in an aggressive tone giving a light stomp of the side of Steve's head.

"You are the King!", he said so that Natasha could hear him. He watched her shake his head at him. Steve noticed that the ring had

a crowd and everyone stood around the ring laughing.

"Why doesn't the beautiful ring girl raise my arm in victory?"

Natasha giggled and stepped into the ring. Her curvy frame bouncing as she moved to the large black man who just stomped on her husband. She would raise his hand and he would just stand over Steve to let the crowd view in entertainment.

Steve could see the looks the other men were giving him. They were disgusted and some had looks on their face like maybe they should try and do the same thing. Of course none of them could take Jackson in a fight, but if he wasn't around why couldn't they try and fuck Natasha too? Some of them were actually rubbing their cocks through their gym shorts.

Their looks of lust increased and widened as they continued to stare. Steve wondered what had changed until he heard one guy call out.

"That's a big black cock!", said the fat guy in the gym.

Steve looked up and was shocked at what he saw. Instead of holding up Jackson's arm like a normal fighter, he had her hold his cock. Now that Steve saw what was happening, Jackson would reach down to grip at Natasha's wrist and move it up and down. Her hand wrapped around his fat cock, she continued to stroke him.

Steve tried to get up, but was pinned by Jackson. "Don't move little man. Let me enjoy this."

Natasha's little white fingers could not wrap around the fat cock completely. Jackson would bring his other hand up to wrap around her hand to help her squeeze his cock harder.

So here Steve was, on the ground in the middle of the ring in front of a crowd of other men. Nobody was there to help him or stop this, the all were hungry to see where this was going to lead. Each pervert having their own fantasy about Natasha at one point or

another.

With one hand wrapped around her wrist and the other around her hand, Jackson used Natasha to pump his foot long flaccid cock. Pre cum was oozing out and splattering against the ground next to Steve's face.

One guy from the crowd stepped into the ring, "Let's make this a gangbang orgy."

"Step the fuck back!", Jackson let go of Natasha's wrist and wrapped his arm around her waist pulling her to him. She gasped in excitement.

"To the victor goes the spoils. She's mine so enjoy the show or take a hike. Your choice. I'm the only man fucking her right now.", Jackson growled.

The guy stepped back out the ring. He would join the others who were now just rubbing their cocks as they watched Jackson and Natasha.

This cut Steve deep. He didn't want to accept what Jackson had just said, but the situation told differently. Natasha was staring intently at the black cock and was starting to pumping hard and fast on her own.

"It is so big, Jackson.", Natasha said in amazement.

"Bigger that little Stevie?" Jackson grinned.

"Steve's cock is baby to yours.", her Ukrainian accent purred.

Jackson then grabbed at the back of Natasha's long dark hair and pulled it down towards the hard cock which was now over a foot long. At first, he slapped at her face with the thick piece of man meat. He would pull her hair and head around to grind it against his big dick while rubbing his foot over Steve's head.

From the position that Steve laid in, he could see the cock smacking against his wife's face. It would hit her on the cheek,

forehead, eye socket, nose and lips. Jackson would start cramming his cock in between her lips and with her hair still in his hand began guiding it into her mouth.

"Fuck yeah. Wife's got a set of lips on her. Don't she boys?", Jackson asked the crowd.

The men all laughed chiming in here and there with crude comments about how slut needs to suck cock and that they would tame her since her husband couldn't.

Jackson was now bobbing Natasha's face up and down his big black cock, stretching the lips of her mouth as she sucked. The entire time, Natasha's eyes open and staring down at her husband. Her judgement casted down upon him for allowing this to happen, but also her enjoyment that he wasn't going to stop it either.

Steve couldn't have felt worse at that moment watching his wife suck the big dick of the man who just kicked his ass. He wondered if it was him getting beat up that turned her on or just that Jackson was that much of a stud. The men around them becoming more crude in their comments and one guy even had blasted his load.

Then a couple of drips hit Steve on the face. It was wet and sticky and when the other men began laughing at his expense, he realized what it was. A mixture of Natasha's saliva and Jackson's precum was dripping on him like a leaky faucet and he could only lay there trapped under Jackson's foot.

"Making it rain.", Jackson joked.

Natasha could only giggle with her face stuffed with big black cock. Jackson stopped bobbing her face up and down on his cock and held it firmly in place as he began thrusting his cock in and out of her mouth. The sound of him hitting the back of her throat could be heard echoing through the gym.

Pulling her off his cock, Jackson stood her upright. Both of his hands reached up to the pink garment she wore and ripped it into

two pieces. It fell around her curvy body showing her nude form to the men around them. They all began hooting and hollering. Some of the men even pulled their hard cocks out to stroke themselves in public. Steve couldn't help but notice that while not as big as Jackson's cock, they were all certainly larger than his own.

Jackson lifted Natasha up so easy that it looked like she weighed the same amount as a bag filled with air. He pushed off of Steve's head as he walked towards the corner of the ring. Jackson tossed the wife against the post of the ring and spread her legs so that each one was wrapped around the middle ropes on each side of the post. Natasha hung there against the corner post, nude and spread with her arms hanging over the top posts.

Jackson stared at Steve who had sat up. He was slapping his big dick into the palm of his other hand like a baton.

"Time for me to get some of your wife's pussy, chump."

Steve began stumbling to his feet, but Jackson had already sticking the head of his black anaconda at the entrance of Natasha.

"Get ready my little Russian doll.", Jackson really didn't care what the difference between Russian and Ukrainian was.

Natasha let out the loudest moan as the big black monster cock was beginning to penetrate her. She thought it's length would go on forever, until he retracted his cock halfway in her. He would slowly work his cock into her.

Steve who was now on his feet ran over towards the black man who had mounted his beautiful and willing wife. He tried to pry him off, but he was like a wall. The size and strength of Jackson would not let Steve even affect the way that he was fucking his wife.

"Get off her!", Steve whined.

By now, the men had crowded around the posts and were up close and personal to the scene. Hands were beginning to reach in

and paw at Natasha's body. Her ass was being spanked and pinched while her tits were now being squeezed and mauled. Her nipples were squeezd and legs felt up as Jackson continued to work his cock into her.

The men were laughing at Steve who was unable to get the man off of his wife. Some of the guys were laughing so hard that they were crying.

"What a pussy!", one of the guys said.

"For real! He can't even stop this man from fucking his wife!"

"We get next!" Another guy called out.

Each time a man said something, they would laugh with one another at Steve. He tried to pinch Jackson, but Jackson would just smack him away.

"You ain't stopping me white boy. I'm going to stretch your wife's pussy to unimaginable lengths.", Jackson taunted.

It was her first orgasm in a year, as the words from Jackson repeated into her ears as she called. She didn't understand why she was so turned on by this big black man dominating her husband in front of this crowd. She didn't care at the moment as her lust was now too great. The well-endowed cock deserved to be pleased for pleasuring her so well.

Jackson was now almost completely engulfed in the tight wet pussy that he conquered and Steve made little progress from prying him off of Natasha. Natasha eyes were wide as she was arching her hips to meet Jackson's as he fucked her. Every so often she would look over at Steve without much emotion.

Steve was beginning to wonder how much more torment he could go through. The sound of their wetness hitting the ring below them could be heard dripping. A puddle of Natasha's juices and Jackson's precum was forming.

"Get ready to cum.", Jackson growled.

Natasha was already cumming while he said that, but when Jackson began picking up his pace faster and harder, the whimpers and moans would crescendo. She must have been cumming the entire time that Jackson fucked her. The men around her bouncing her tits and continuing to smack at her ass.

"Fuck, Fuck, Fuck." Jackson began to jerk around as he slowed the pace of the brutal fucking he gave Steve's wife.

"Get ready for my cum.", Jackson shouted with authority.

Jackson gripped at the shaft of his massive cock and ripped it out of Natasha who moaned. She hung there limply in a daze. The brutal fucking that Jackson was giving her drove her somewhere else.

Jackson was pumping his black dick aiming it at Natasha. The first stream of cum was accompanied by Jackson yelling. He gave a continuous yell as he shot stream after stream of cum all over Steve's wife/

Cum was pooling up in her belly button, covered both of her nipples and even reached her face. Natasha hung her mouth open hungrily as a couple of jets of cum filled her mouth. She didn't swallow, but played with it on her tongue.

Jackson began to laugh as he stared down at the cum covered wife.

"Sorry 'bout that white boy. But I had to mark my territory on your wife. I'm sure you'll clean it up.", Jackson spoke condescendingly.

As much as Steve wanted revenge, he took comfort knowing that the ordeal was over/ Jackson was now about to leave, but before he did, he called out to the rest.

"Who's next!?"

The rest of the men began crawling through the ropes, some of them fratncially taking their clothes off and exposing their hard cocks as they raced one another to mount Steve's wife first.

Steve had one last moment to defend his wife's honor who would probably just hang there and be fucked relentlessly by the rest of the guy if he didn't stop them.

Steve cowered not wanting to be crushed by the stampede and for some reason Natasha didn't mind.

Steve realized it would be a long night.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL

BUSTY WIFE AND THE BASKETBULL

WRITTEN BY REMY LEONE

Busty Wife And The BasketBull

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Not So Afternoon Delight
2	School Trip
3	Move In

NOT SO AFTERNOON DELIGHT

.

“Only one bloody one-minute?" Sasha muttered to herself under her breath as her husband rolled over to his side.

He was breathing heavy as if he had gone through a cross-country marathon and she would look over at Dave. He had a look of satisfaction and turned over towards her asking how many times she orgasmed. The fact that he thought that he had satisfied her at all sent a bolt of anger through her body.

She had waited for him all day to get back from the office fantasizing about getting dicked like a naughty little housewife. Her horniness was induced by the loud screams of their neighbors making violent, passionate sex. She could hear the older fat guy was really pounding his younger skinny girlfriend shaking the walls.

She turned down her TV so she could try and hear his dirty talking through the walls. She realized that even though the neighbor was fat and unattractive, she would let her fuck her like that if he was in front of her at that exact moment. Her vulva quivered and was swollen with arousal guiding her to the bedroom to get her special vibrator. However it had died last time she used it, which was becoming more common while fulfilling her own needs that Dave couldn’t.

“Damn!", She picked up the phone and called Dave. She didn’t beat around the bush and told him exactly what she wanted.

“Alright babe," Dave said into the phone, it was Sasha. She wanted him back in the house to come fuck her; she was desperately horny as always. He couldn’t seem to cope with her sexual aggression.

“Dave was a highly successful real estate investor in his late forties, and he had fallen in love with his wife Sasha who he had met at a club. Sasha was drop-dead gorgeous, still is in fact. She was

only thirty four years old, but still looked like she was in her mid-twenties due to her incessant need to keep herself looking young with her diet and exercise.

She was a striking tall blond beauty with legs that stretched for days. For a slim lady, Sasha had large full breasts that men could not stop themselves from starting at. Her inviting molds protruded far in front of her and her cleavage was usually on display. She had piercing blue eyes and the body of a model that was famed for her beauty on a social media site.

Of course, she was attracted to Dave when she met him at the club, who wouldn't love a successful, rich man out to have fun. A few weeks of traveling the globe on private jets and yachts and they were married.

Dave was, however, no match for the sexually charged young beauty; he tried his best, he did. But he was simply no match for her libido.

He sighed as he dropped the office telephone on its hook, Dave knew he was in for another tough night.

Sasha rose off the mattress angrily; her arousal was barely satisfied; Dave had lasted less than 60 seconds before he erupted his spunk inside her. She was about to let loose a barrage of expletives at him, but he was completely clueless of the situation. Dave always thought of himself as such a stud being able to earn so much money that his other "shortcomings" were non-existent.

She picked up one of the pillows, aimed at his head and threw in anger. He barely moved giving a laugh assuming she was just being playful with him. Sasha was over Dave's lackluster sexual prowess.

She strutted naked into the shower, at least, he had remembered to get replaceable batteries for her vibrator.

"Guess he's good for at least something.", she said perhaps wanting Dave to hear in her moment of frustration. By now she

could hear Dave snoring in the bed after his self-told sexual conquest.

Sasha was pissed and horny, not usually a good combination, she turned on the shower, and cold water dripped down on her lithe, sexy body.

She cupped her large full breasts in her hands, kneading, her fingers pulling, pinching and twisting her long erect nipples. The cold water had caused her nipples to be long and erect. She had wide areola, the size of coins and they were red in arousal.

She was getting there, her hands left her breasts, roaming down her cleavage to make a quick stop at her belly and her belly button before crawling down to the center of her orifice. She buckled backward as her long fingers caressed her swollen vulva, tortured from the untended arousal she had endured all afternoon. She looked in the mirror at her arousal creased face before she shut her eyes tightly as her fingers touched the hard bud of her erect clitoris.

She kept tapping her clit with her thumb as she slid two fingers into the inner maze of the enfolded pink skin of her drenched pussy. Sasha thrust a third digit into her accommodating cunt and started thrusting slowly, her thumb still kneading her clitoris.

Small moans escaped her lips as her slow thrusts increased into a faster-frenzied thrust into her sopping wet vagina. Her legs could barely hold her body as a building orgasm caused her thighs to tremble.

With one loud moan, she erupted that echoed in the bathroom. She made no attempt to try and hide her masturbation in that moment out of spite. The power of her orgasm took her to another place of ecstasy that lasted only a brief moment before coming back down to reality.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror, bit her bottom lip and smiled seductively at herself as she moved her right hand away from

her thighs and up to her boobs which had grown fuller with arousal, her nipples were so hard it hurt.

The fingers on her right hand recommenced work on her pussy, teasing at her cunt lips and her clit. She stopped kneading at her 34 D-cup breasts and reached to grab her vibrator. She switched it on and placed it on the clitoris, the vibrations driving her into another planet of ecstasy, causing her eyes to roll back into her head.

She dipped her left index finger into her wet cunt, lubricating it with her wetness before slipping it into the crack of her ass, teasing at her sphincter before pushing into her lubricated digits into her rectum.

The combination of sexual sensations coming from her anal penetration and the vibrator on her clit soon sent her into a second orgasm, this time Sasha screamed as she violently squirted cum all over the bathroom.

“Honey, you alright?", She heard Dave yell from the bedroom. He had been awoken by her loud moans and her scream of orgasm.

“FUCK OFF!!!" She yelled back at him she turned on the hot water to take a bath.

Dave almost jumped from his pajamas when he heard his wife talk to him in that manner. He had heard that tone with him before, but it was only when he messed up big. He squirmed around before rushing to go look for a way to make his wife happy.

SCHOOL TRIP

Sasha and Dave walked into the classroom accompanied by the school principal; she had started an academic foundation to give back to the local minority community that comprised of predominately minorities. They didn't get as much academic support as the wealthy whites who lived in the upper east side.

Sasha was was raised in one of the many local urban communities before escaping and getting married to Dave, the wealthy White guy. Some of it was her own guilt of being gifted with her all natural sexy body and her beautiful face. Her own escape from the poverty stricken class she was born into was what would ultimately guide her to do something for them.

Dave had agreed to fund the foundation because it shed a good light on his character and obviously would do his political aspirations no harm. She was looking to take in one of the troubled teens in the school and hopefully help change his life.

Dave on the other hand only saw dollar signs in his next investment. The principal had suggested one of the young promising orphaned jocks who seemed hell-bent on throwing away his future. Dave could see the potential in investing in an athlete before he became a professional and how profitable that could be.

The school head had barely opened his mouth to introduce the new guest to students before the catcalls began. The attention was focused on the busty beautiful wife and her hourglass figure. Dave was more shocked than his lovely wife who had grown accustomed to this sort of behavior from grown men, so why not younger men?

Sasha was dressed in a short pink, low-cut gown that accentuated her abundance of feminine curves. The dress was so tight that it raised her ass to appear more plump than it always was. Her luscious cleavage were jutting out of and pushing bulging at the heart shaped space at the center of her pink high-end designer

gown threatening to spill her large boobs out of the low-cut dress.

It was an inappropriate dress and should have been worn to the club instead of a school for young adults. Dave tried to convince her to change, but she was the one who wore the pants in the relationship.

Dave became embarrassed that these barely legal teens were acting so crude towards Sasha but also and even a bit annoyed that she was able to ignore it so easily.

It reminded her of when she was younger and all the Black and Latino boys would hound her repeatedly for her phone number. The macho and masculine alpha males were so convinced that because of her body she was a slut would frequently demand sexual acts from her. Even though she pretended to hate it she would fantasize about it growing up, but her father would never let her date a man who wasn't White.

She had always gotten attention from men of all ages and by now she had learned to crave it. Before getting married to Dave a few months ago, she was a freaky party and a sex maniac who was skilled at messing around with a man's emotions through sexual seduction and even manipulation. She had a few notches of conquests under her own belt with a famous musician, a local legend and even a couple of studs that were married. Each of them at the time she had considered sport and she never lost.

She couldn't help herself from smiling feeling a rush of euphoria as the principal struggled to control the class of sexually frenzied teens. There were already a few hot teachers at the school, but Sasha put them all to shame. Her skirt barely covered her long shapely legs which adorned a pair black glamour ankle boots. A string of pearls rested seductively over the curves of her breast and in between her fleshy cleavage disappearing.

"Calm, class! Shut it! BE NICE!!", The principal yelled at the class, occasionally looking back at Sasha and Dave with an apologetic

look..

Soon enough, the class calmed down to listen to what the sexy lady had to say with the dork on her arm. Sasha did a superb job at maintaining her introduction as she could hear the adult teenagers crude remarks. They became more foul as her presentation to the school progressed.

Dave attempted to speak but was so taken back by the rowdy adult teenaged boys behavior that he became choked up. Inside he was fuming that these dirty animals that they were trying to help would speak to his beautiful angel that way. Never in a million years would he ever say any of the things these guys to anyone let alone the woman he loved his whole life.

The filthier they spoke the hotter it made Sasha. She began rubbing her knees and thighs together the more turned on she got in front of everyone. It was only a big tease though as the presentation finally concluded and everyone exited.

"Well now they know who you both are so they should feel free to come talk to you at their own free will.", the principal spoke to Sasha and Dave while entering his office.

The principal took his seat at his large wooden desk that had a few books and a computer on it. There was a statute of a muscular man with a spear in a hunting position that was pointing right at Dave.

Dave couldn't help but notice that he was clearly checking Sasha out the every time he thought he could sneak a glimpse. He tried to hide it, but wasn't strong enough to suppress his urge to stare at the ample cleavage protruding from her chest. Admiring them for a moment he went back to looking her in the eye as if he didn't caught doing anything wrong. However, his eyes would slip back into her cleavage as they waited the prospective student. Dave was practically invisible next to his wife's chest.

Devon had swaggered into the principal's office; backpack slung over one shoulder. He had been summoned to be the number one participant of the "Sasha-Dave Save-Our-Youths Foundation Program" aimed at getting the best of talent.

Sasha and Dave were speechless as they looked at the giant teenager. Dave could barely believe that this black kid could was only eighteen years old.

The 6’6 tall black stud who worked out and was quite a promising basketball star. He was projected to grow even more and had the handles of a point guard and the hops of an elite finisher. While he wasn’t an ace shooter, he had the basketball fundamentals and shoot mechanics necessary to become legendary.

He had ripped abs which he displayed by wearing tight-fitting shirts and practicing shirtless which made the girls to drool. His biceps were large and his chest was muscular. He already had the body and athleticism of a professional athlete.

The school's basketball team star and ladies’ man in the whole district. He took any woman he wanted whether or not they had a boyfriend. In fact he would infamous for having sexcapades with his opponents girlfriends before games so he could taunt them with it.

Devon was intelligent in his own right but still skipped classes when the scouts started gracing the games he played. He was certain that he would have a scholarship to the university of his choosing on the back of his abilities. But he had suffered a knee injury last summer which has threatened his scholarship chances. Teachers were worried about his academic decline, and the young stud seemed hell-bent on throwing his future down the drain.

All of the female teachers would try and help him and being the ladies’ man Devon was made sure rumors spread that he fucked the music and chemistry teachers in the gym on different occasions. Nothing was proven, but students who paid careful attention during these classes noticed the vulgar way he eyed them and how

accommodatingly they responded to his inappropriate sexual gestures.

Devon stood there over Dave and Sasha staring down at them making sure to take a nice look at the busty wife's breasts. Sasha finally sprang to her feet while he was distracted by her cleavage and stuck her hand out.

"Please to meet you.", she stuck her hand out.

He looked at her like she was a bit weird. He looked back over at the principal.

"Whose this bitch with the big tits?", he said, looking at the principal with petulance.

The principal realized he had missed the entire presentation doing whatever he wanted like usual. He sighed wondering if he was a lost cause while he explained to catch him up to speed.

"Take a seat please," Sasha said, pointing at a free seat next to her on the two person snug sofa.

Devon was hesitant at first, but he sat down next to her. The side of his body had pressed firmly into hers and they began building a chemistry with their bodies. She began talking about what they were hoping to achieve with him and blah blah blah.

He had lost interest in whatever her foundation offered soon as she started talking. He had plugged in his headphones to hear his rap mixtape and just let his eyes remained glued at her jutting boobs. They were one heavenly milky mountain he wouldn't mind wrapping his large hands on and squeezing on like a basketball. Dave just rubbed at his forehead as he just looked away. He had to pretend that this wasn't actually happening.

Lawd have mercy..,", he muttered as he licked his lips lewdly, a crazed grin creasing his hard, handsome black face. He pulled the empty seat, shifting it a bit closer to her as he continued his lusty

stare at her breasts.

Sasha felt quite uncomfortable with the attention she was getting from this young stud. Not because she didn't want it, but because she held guilt for the twinge in between her legs.

His longing stares moved down from her breasts and settled on her milky white exposed thighs. Her short gown had rolled up her waist as she sat and more of her thighs were exposed to his lusty glare. She could feel him undress her with his eyes, the sexual tension causing her nipples to grow erect in her braless gown.

Dave couldn't help but take notice that his wife's nipples were hardening and looked over to the principal. He was enjoying the show admiring Devon as though he was an artist at work at the subject was Sasha.

Sasha's face flushed in embarrassment knowing that she shouldn't be feeling this way, especially for a black teenager. She was here to help him not fawn over him like the other school girls.

Her attention would fall to his muscular features, noticeable tattoos accompanied by a rough but handsome face. All these coupled with the sexual frustrations she had endured for the last couple of months as a result of her sexually inadequate husband caused her body to betray her.

Okay, Mrs. Mathers here is here to...", the principal's voice cut through the sexual tension that was building in the office "...get you into her foundation's new adoption program."

"The program is designed to help you with your academics while also getting you a scholarship into one of the basketball colleges," the principal continued, "I'll let her talk more about the program," he said, looking at the flushed Sasha.

Errs, yeah Devon," she started, "would you be interested in..."

"Mhm. I am very interested.", Devon cut in, moving his lusty gaze away from her thighs and downwards to his crotch. He pushed his

hips outwards so that his swelling bulge was proudly displayed to her.

Sasha's eyes followed his eyes to his crotch which looked like more of a giant eggplant on display than a man’s member. Devon's cock had grown to its full 12-inch length knowing she was staring at it, and he licked his lips lewdly. Sasha finally snapped out of her daze and let out a shocked gasp.

Dave watch the whole scene unfold in front of him and everyone just pretended that nothing was wrong. The principal gave him a nice little smile to show him he was in on the secret. It would have been nice for Dave if he was in on the secret too.

They agreed to setup another appointment. Sasha was filled with excitement while Dave will filled with anxiety. For good reason too, as Sasha would fantasize about the young jock later that night.

MOVE IN

Dave completely lost the argument allowing him to move into their house. His investment had gone sour when he saw that this animal could not be tamed like others. Sasha was determined to help the young man get into school and become the legend he was always meant to be. At least that's what she was telling herself.

The day he moved in, he gave her a huge bear hug right in front of Dave. He made sure to grind his monster erect dick into her body as he did so. His thin basketball shorts did nothing to conceal the foot long kraken that was beneath them. While he rubbed himself on her forcefully his hands would trace down the small of her thin waist and over her sexy wide hips. They furthered their journey over the curve of Sasha's perfectly sculpted ass that she had worked on her entire life.

"Thank you, Sasha," he whispered into her ears with a sexy, husky voice before getting away from the tight python-like embrace he had given her. He grinned lewdly at her as she looked breathlessly back at him, stunned at his effrontery. In front of her weak beta male husband, Dave, made it even naughtier for her.

Dave couldn't help but feel bitter that he wasn't even getting credit for paying for this kid to live with them. Now he was there feeling up his wife the second he walked in the door.

"Take my bags and put them in my room while we play a little catch up with one another.", Devon chucked his bags at Dave. Dave tried to catch them but was knocked over making Sasha giggle.

"He's not very athletic. Forgive him."

"Yeah, forgive me.", Dave said in a daze as he picked up the bags and did as he was told. While he walked away Devon spoke up again.

"Unpack my shit too white boy and be careful with my stuff.",

Devond commanded.

Dave looked back to see Devon staring cruelly back at him with a handful of his wife's tits in his hand and a handful of her phat ass. He was making a statement and setting a precedent to Dave in that moment.

Dave accepted his fate and walked out. He did as he was told and could only hear the muffled tones and giggles of his wife. When he finished he started his way back to them and his heart started to race when he heard some moans from what it sounded like Devon.

As he got closer her could hear slurping sound and Dave thought he was imagining things. He stepped into the room and his eyes became wide with horror.

Dave had felt humiliated the first time he walked in his wife giving the teen black boy a blowjob. He knew she was sex starved as he was not attending to her sexually as much as she wanted, but to get down on a teen, and a black one, in his house! He was angry but was more disgusted with himself because he had found the sight arousing.

As he had watched Sasha gag on the black monster cock, he had felt his limp cock grow to an extraordinary size. He struggled to keep a hard-on but on the day; his cock had been rock hard for minutes as he watched them through the ajar door. He had watched as Sasha deep throat Devon's monster cock and had ejaculated, cock in hand, as the black stud erupted his spunk all over his wife's face.

He was much more humiliated when he was caught, limp dick in hand, his cum sprayed all over the door and the marble floor.

Devon had walked past him naked with a wicked grin, "You loved watching me deep throat your bitch, right? Inadequate, small dick white boy!", he had sneered as he brushed past him.

Sasha had been unapologetic about the entire episode; she hissed at him in disgust as she lay sprawled naked on the leopard skin rug.

He was sure Devon would have fucked her if it weren't for his presence.

"You see what a real man looks like? No matter his age, he is way more masculine than you could ever hope to be. That's why he can have me and you can't.", Sasha had sneered at him before going to the bedroom to fall asleep. Dave trailed her like a little pet.

Her glistening pussy was staring him in the face when she laid down in bed. Dave's cock began to rise again, but he knew he was getting no sex. Sasha had refused to have sex with him for the last couple of weeks, and he was sure the barely legal black boy was to blame.

Sasha had glowed ever since the young stud moved in, he was apparently servicing Sasha's starved pussy. Dave just crawled into bed to sleep next to her.

They fell asleep. But not for long.

Dave had awoken to see that during the night, Devon had opened the door to their room. He silently stared at him in the doorway and was caught off guard when Sasha waved him over silently.

"Yeah? That really what you want, Ms. Sasha?", Devon said as he walked towards her, his monster cock swaying seductively in her face as he walked towards and beyond her. He got to the door, closed it shut and turned the key.

Sasha felt the rush between her legs; she was trembling with excitement. She had spent most of the day fantasizing about his monster cock, and here she was staring at the dangling monster. Her mouth ran dry, and she licked her lips to get them wet.

I see the way you stare at my monster cock, Sasha. Would you like to touch it again", He said at her, nodding his head encouragingly?

"Go ahead; you know you want to." Devon continued.

Sasha wanted to do much more than just touch his 12-inch pole, but her husband was laying right next to them. She reached out gingerly with one had to caress his long, thick veined cock, her other hand cupped and hefted his swollen balls. They were large manly balls unlike Dave's and felt heavy in her hands. Just touching his cock and balls sent a jolt of pleasure through her lithe body. His cock grew in her hands as she caressed it, Dave's got nothing on this monster cock.

Devon's black shaft swelled and extended several more inches till it reached its full length. Sasha went down on her knees and off the bed so she could be more comfortable with her cock handling.

Devon's cock had grown to its optimal length; it was as long as the girth was thick, almost as thick as her wrist. It was twitching ponderously and was pointed directly at the entrance of her lips. She licked at his tip, tasting his salty pre-cum, with her free hand she cupped his swollen balls and squeezed them as she continued licking on his dickhead like a lollipop.

She moved her head away from his cock head, bent her head further till she had access to the underside of his cock. She traced the underside of his cock with the tip of her cock slowly till she reached his balls and then beyond to the crack of his hard muscular ass.

Dave laid there in the dark room as he watched his wife suck on Devon's cock yet again. She barely ever gave him oral sex and here she was sucking on this younger guys cock like a bitch in heat. He was unsure why he didn't try and interject. Partly intimidated by the young jock and partly because his wife would be mad if he did.

She let her tongue slide up and down the entire length of his massive pole lapping at the precum dripping from his cock before she took his cock into her mouth.

His cock's thickness forced her to open her mouth wider than she was used to, she took as much of his monster cock as she could.

Sasha didn’t stop until she hit her gag reflex before pulling her head back, only to repeat the action.

Devon was in heaven, he grabbed her head, holding it in place as he started thrusting deep into her throat, muffling her protests with his thick monster cock. He was sensitive enough to pull back when she hit her gag reflex before hitting down her throat, his heavy balls slapping at her face as he face fucked her fast and furiously.

Saliva mixed with precum was dripping down the corner of her mouth, and the sight only turned Devon on. He continued his frenzied thrusts into her mouth until with one loud groan akin to King Kong's; he erupted deep into her throat while Dave silently watched.

Sasha gagged as his hot, salty spunk erupted like a volcano down her throat, his cum stream was so much she couldn’t keep it all down. The cum dripped down her face into her cleavage, ruining the silk fibered gown she still had on.

Clean up my dick, bitch," Devon sneered down at her, pushing her head towards his cock. Like an obedient child, she obliged, licking up his cock and swallowing his cum. Sasha moaned as she was treated like the slut she was.

When she was done, he effortlessly raised her up and ordered her to undress. Sasha was more than happy to comply. At long last, her starved pussy was about to be serviced by a real man.

Devon hurriedly helped pull down her G-string and over her legs. He raised her wet G-string to his nose, sniffing at the sweet muskiness of her pussy.

“Smell mighty fine white girl.”, He growled like an animal.

He pushed her hurriedly towards the bed; he made her climb unto the bed, her face towards the bedrest and her ass facing him. She was kneeling on the bed, but Devon pushed the small of her back till she was in a face down, ass up position. She laid next to the meek

and timid Dave who was about to watch his wife get fucked because he couldn't man up.

Her pussy lips were glistening, Devon traced at her swollen vulva with his fingers, drawing a spasm and moan from Sasha. He knelt down, so her elevated ass was in full of his face.

Sasha gasped as she felt his tongue lap at her pussy before he started tapping at her hard clit with the tip of his tongue. She moaned as he circled his tongue around her clit as two fingers snaked into the velvety depth of her sopping wet cunt. He continued lapping at her pussy like a hungry Labrador, spurred on by her moans and the twisting of her waist as she attempted to push her pussy deeper into his face.

Devon licked at the little space between her cunt and her anus, drawing a giggle from her, then he let out a glob of spit on her tight asshole, lubricating it.

'I'm 'bout to fuck you right up your dirty little ass, you white slut. If your little shrimp dick husband does anything about it I'll beat his ass while I fuck you."

Sasha orgasmed by the cruelness and strength that this younger man was displaying to her. She felt like a conquered wife being taken by a barbarian. Dave knew he better just pretend to sleep through the assault he was about to give to his wife.

Sasha tried to squirm away at the thought of having his the massive length pole in her anus. She had only had anal sex once with Dave, and his cock was a lot smaller than Devon's, and it had hurt even them.

Devon's large strong hands reached down and grabbed each of her ankles. He pulled her without much effort towards himself and firmly held her down against the bed at the waist. Sasha's moaning as he continued to man handle her with her husband laying next to her.

Sasha screamed as he forced his head into her anus, it was lubricated, but it still hurt. Devon had returned his left hand to pleasure her pussy and clit. The combination of pleasure and pain drove her into another planet, causing her eyes to roll in her head.

Devon remained prone for a few seconds, allowing her ass get accustomed to being stretched by his monster cock before he started thrusting deep into her rectum. She could barely accommodate 3 inches of his cock, but that was good enough. Her anal hole was super tight.

He pounded slowly into her rectum while his fingers thrust fast and furiously into her pussy. He was working himself into her to its full length. The bed was beginning to rock Dave while he slept.

"Wake up mother fucker I dare you to.", Devon continued to intimidate Dave into pretending to sleep. His taunts made Sasha moan in excitement.

"That's right don't even think about cock blocking me, white boy.", he was groaning by the end of the sentenced as he stuff the entire length of his cock up her tight little heart shaped ass. Sasha had started to go limp after orgasming multiple times from the simple ass fuck he was giving her.

"Let's have some fun.", Devon picked up his speed. He began giving Sasha an ass fuck she would remember for the rest of her life. His hips smacked against her jiggling ass and he began spanking her furiously. He reached forward grabbing at her head and pushing her into Dave. He must have known that Dave was awake and just was doing as much possible to be an asshole.

As he ass fucked the busty wife into the weak husband he was pushed off the bed. Devon began laughing and when Sasha finally joined in on the laugh Devon groaned loudly.

He screamed at the top of his lungs like a war cry, "I'm cummmming!"

He groaned and bucked his hips as he unloaded his gallons of cum into Sasha's ass. It was leaking out and splashing everywhere as he continued to stuff it back into her ass by pumping his cock into her. It began leaking down onto his balls that dripped onto the bed.

"Fuck yeah slut.", He ripped out his cock which made her cry out in pleasure.

He gave her one huge smack on the ass. "Make me eggs and bacon tomorrow morning."

Then he left. Sasha would roll over and go to bed leaving Dave on the floor.

Dave just stared up wondering where this journey would lead them.

---THE END---

BUSTY WIFES GOT THE BASKETBULL JONES

REMY LEONE

Busty Wife's
Got The BasketBull Jones

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

BUSTY WIFE'S GOT THE BAKSETBULL JONES

Coach Stephen entered the locker room after the playoff game they had just won by two points. It was a bittersweet victory as it was all due to their high-flying star center Jamal Jones. Coach failed in getting control of the superstar player to bench him for the last play for his disobedience throughout the game.

Jamal had blocked a shot and dunked the ball on an opposing player to win the game. The home team went wild and Jamal was the hero of the game and the city. The crowd even rushed the court to put him on his shoulders. He waved at his coach resting on his fans and teammates shoulders.

Coach would have waved back, but Jamal was waving with his middle finger. There had been animosity and competition between being the leader of the team. Jamal had no respect for him since he never played at the elite level they were playing at.

Stephen was caught off guard by his wife's perfume and smiled in spite of his travails. His hands reached down at his waist and began

to unbuckle his belt.

Three months of coaching the weakest team in the pro league had taken a toll on him, and his players barely respecting the "Little Man" as he was fondly referred to in the most demeaning of ways.

Another wave of his wife's scent comforted him. Stephen looked around for his beautiful wife.

Kathie?" he whispered meekly and paced around the empty locker room. He hated dark places and he also hated the way it smelled. He could the stench of his players everywhere.

The players departed early as usual lacking any real loyalty to the coach or the organization. They were ready to party on victory built on the the shoulders of Jamal. The team was beginning to look up to Jamal even more to himself and he wondered how long he would stay coach butting heads with the team's star.

The coach decided he would try and make the best of a bad situation. With his players out for the night he knew the time was right. He was agitated but was still excited—his wife had stayed. That was all that mattered; she had daringly promised a celebratory sex after the game. A perverse outdoor sex that would throw some spice into a monotonous and lifeless half a decade of marriage.

Stevie, honey," a melodious voice echoed from behind him. He turned and gasped. Katherine sat on a bench in a dark corner, mildly sniffing a sweat-stained jersey. "Stevie, honey," she repeated, "you won again, didn't you?"

Her husband shrugged and gave a nervous smile. "I've got the management to worry about—they are never satisfied. And that fuckin' Ja—"

Too bad you never seem to satisfy anybody," she murmured, cutting him off.

Stephen bit his tongue and fought back a nasty retort. He was smart to know that any wrong utterance at this point would be

punished with weeks of blue balls. “I got some new pills now,” he finally said.

“Really?” his wife asked in the most pitiful tone.

It wasn’t Stephen’s fault his cock was subpar and below average by any standard used. It wasn’t his fault either he came within second of making love to his wife. But he was rich, wasn’t he? Weren’t designer handbags and lavish overseas vacation enough compensation?

Katherine, his radiant trophy wife, suddenly materialized from the gloom. Her thick flowing black hair cascading down her shoulders. She wore a short white dress that flattered her curves and the swell of her ample 34EE breasts. The bottom of the skirt barely covering her toned back end that protruded high in the air.

She also wore a divine face that intimidated men just talking to her and a body that commanded sinful lust from holy men. Stephen never felt so lucky.

I know somewhere we can go. Follow me,” Katherine ordered. Her tone was not up for debate. In fact, anything she said her husband would do as she wore the pants in the family. It was always her coming up with the plans and taking them in the direction of her choosing.

He followed her through a door and up a flight of stairs, mesmerized by the rise and fall of the hem of her dress as she ascended. He could see the outlines of her lingerie through the flimsy material. The gap between her sexy thighs made his heartbeat. Even though they were married, Katherine had made sure to control his sexual desires to keep him interested.

He was hard and desperate when they reached a row of vacant stalls in the bathroom area. He was ready to explode in his pants right there and to be honest with himself a bit nervous that he might ejaculate the second she touched his cock.

With a curious glint in her eyes, Kathie placed a finger on her lips and knelt before her husband. Her hands hovered on the erection beneath his zippers for a second. "I promised "to the victor will go the spoils", but this just won't do," she said with cold sincerity.

What?" Stephen cried with pent-up rage mixed with confusion. He watched as Katherine stood and pranced down the stalls with catlike grace. He was about to chase her like a barbarian and take her where he caught her.

It was then he heard the faint splash of water inside at the farthermost stall. The stalls weren't vacant after all. "Kathie, where the hell are you going? I think someone is in here with us!"

His wife stopped, gave a weary smile, and drifted slowly into a seemingly occupied stall. Then silence.

Stephen dashed forward to where his wife had stood, but his legs slipped and he crashed clumsily on the wet tile. "Kathie..."

His voice resonated in every corner of the bathroom. He laid there for a second waiting for his wife to help him up. His heart sunk when he heard a deep loud tone.

Shut the fuck up, Little Man," the voice was brash that answered from within the stall. It was Jamal Jones. A sinister husky rasp capable of sending cold shivers down the spine of even the strongest of souls.

As large hands peeled the shower curtain before the coach, Jamal appeared. Stephen scrambled to his feet and fell again. His heart boiled in fury and fear. Now looming above Stephen was his nemesis player—an enormous, 7'1, black, rippling, nude beast of a man.

Katherine was smiling beside him; her eyes focused on the black man's venous member.

"So the myths were true, after all.", her soft spoke within her trance.

A stifling pang of envy aroused in Stephen as his wife's ice blue eyes worshiped Jamal's protuberance. Even in its flaccid state, it was a thick and coiled-up monstrosity that struck fear through Stephen's heart.

This beats your wormy cock, Stevie," Katherine stated in a matter-of-fact way. "Take me, Jamal. Show my husband how nice you can dunk."

"What the hell!" Stephen screamed,

He watched the black giant grip his wife by the her long straightened black hair and raise her above ground. Her dainty little pedicured feet were dangling in the air for a second while she kicked around for a while. Her body swayed with her sexy long thick legs bucked.

As though she weighed less than air, he lowered her head under the bursting wetness spewing from the shower head. The water began to trickle into her hair and down her beautiful face.

She had reached up to grab at Jamal's wrist, but she was obviously turned on by what he was doing to her. The water began dripping down her neck and in between her cleavage and over her white dress that covered her dressed.

"Sit!" Jamal boomed, jerking his free finger at Stephen.

Jamal saw the hesitation from the coach and he knew he had him. To ensure his dominance he spoke up one more time.

"And stay down!", he spoke as he held the wife in the air by her hair still.

That thunderous echo killed any last bit of bravery or willpower the basketball coach had left; all he could do was frightfully observe a nightmare unfold before him, as Jamal held his gasping wife to the wall. And with predatory instinct he went for her neck, kissing and nibbling with fiery desire.

Oh yes," Katherine grunted, drenched in water and wanting more. The water had made the white dress become transparent displaying her toned yet curvy body. With a face flushed with heat, she moaned in a soft whimper—her heart was floating in bliss. Finally.

Jamal's tongue forced its way past her waiting lips, alive and electric in its tenacity. His hand reached down to roughly maul at her breasts with his free hand. The dress being wet made it easier for it to start tearing under the intense groping that Jamal was conducting.

Then his hand clenched and tore at her dress. Jamal's strength made the dress seem like wrapping paper. His finger had hooked into her lacy bra and in one swipe he had complexly ripped off her top. Her breast, white and creamy spilled out, puckered up with excitement.

The bottom of Katherine's dress was still covering only the very top of her thighs. The top half of her dress being ripped open made her look like it was peeled off like a banana.

Stephen watched. His star athlete gazed at his wife's secrets with animalistic intent. He watched the shredded fabric of her dress puddle up before him.

Jamal large hand couldn't even wrap around the thickness of his own big black cock. He began waving it around a little as he gave an evil grin.

"Get ready to pray, you little white slut.", he growled without love.

The brawny athlete lowered Katherine's head with the hand holding her by the hair until it was facing his now-stiff member. With that same hand he pulled her head closer until the tip of his cock rubbed against her luscious lips.

The size difference of little Katherine and giant Jamal coupled with the monster black cock was astonishing to Stephen. Jamal was able to hold his wife by her long hair and stick his cock to her face

and she still was unable to touch the ground.

Katherine's massive breasts rose and fell—she was breathless in a worshiping awe. "Oh my. Oh my."

Jamal turned Jenny's head to face her husband. "Let the Little Man watch, bitch," he jeered. His face brimming with sick hunger.

"No Kathie! Stop!"

Stephen reacted in one last-ditch effort. He was up in an instant and made to save his wife. Like a blur, the small-framed coach felt a pain that felt like napalm on his face. He stumbled back in a daze and looked around disoriented. He had been slapped by the center player.

Katherine giggled maliciously as she watched this alpha man take control of her wimp husband like she could. The first feel of her tongue tensed Jamal to the point where he elicited cold killer growls. Now all Stephen could hear was thudding of his heart and the soft wet sound of his wife's mouth sliding over Jamal's cock. She, on the other hand, was entranced with the eroticism, watching a powerful man for once succumb to the pleasures of her own doing.

Oh shit," the coach cussed, teary-eyed. His innocent and pious wife of five years had taken in the bulbous cock of another man deeper into her mouth with a renewed fire.

Katherine was thirsty—sucking and biting with her own maddening desire. She swirled all over the smooth head and scraped her teeth along the thick shaft. She caressed his balls, bedazzled by the dangling weight of the player. Jamal responded by growling in delight, engulfed in total bliss. Dying to please, she bobbed faster, intensifying a forbidding sensation in another man, who wasn't her husband.

"Kathie, you slut," Jamal cried, giving her head a vicelike grip.

Katherine drank, her tongue nuzzling the underside of Jamel's

fleshy tip, sending jolts of electricity down his shaft, through his sac and up his spine. With a groan, his dam burst in surging violence. White lines of his seed jetted across the bridge of her nose and caught in her heavy lashes.

Shortly, with brute strength Jamal lifted the coach's wife in the air by her hair. He let his cock rest between her massive 34EE breasts.

"You better wrap that dick with those white titties.", he impatiently spoke.

Katherine obeyed his commands and wrapped her tits around the big cock in between them. His cock was still wet being lubed up by her mouth and throat. Jamal began lifting her up and down by her hair with his head turned a bit sideways so he could see his big cock jutting in and out.

Stephen watched the big man treat his wife like his little fuck-toy. Jamal's cock was over a foot long and was able to simultaneously rub at her face as he fucked her tits. Everyone so often Jamal would look over at his coach and give him a condescending smile.

Jamal finally picked her up and let her go back her hair. He anchored her legs on his shoulders. She was raised over the head of Jamal with his head resting between her legs. The musk from her lace panties held the basketballer's nose captive; he became light-headed in depraved lust and tongued roughly through the material. The skirt had now raised above her wide hips to act like a belt on her tiny waist.

The sensation triggered Katherine. She buzzed with every tap of Jamal's tongue on her swelling bulge. Her blue eyes traveled to the back of her head. "Oh, Stevie, see what this man is doing to me," she beckoned to her cringing husband. Stephen felt like she was taunting him.

She had never been put on the edge like this in all her life. Finally, he engulfed the bulge beneath the material and tore the lacy

obstacle with his teeth. She twitched as his tongue found the warm juice slicking from her pussy.

"Look, coach," Jamal taunted, splaying Katherine on the floor before her husband. "Look at ya wife dirty cunt."

From his close vantage point, Stephen saw the trimmed dark pubic hair that framed her glistening folds. Her swollen clit bulged slightly under its hood, calling. With primal desire, he could feel her heat on his face, drawing him in. "Oh god!" he mumbled. His wife was about break a matrimonial vow.

]

"Ah, Jamal!" Katherine hissed. With her legs apart, her folds and wetness were enticingly sultry. In another second he parted her with his tongue, delved deep and dipped into her nectar.

Katherine let out a guttural moan that burned her husband's ears. He was shivering with dismay as the muscular man swarm in his wife's wet heat. With licks and kisses so slow and tender, Jamal explored every nook and cranny of the coach's wife, liberating her juices, coating his mouth and chin.

With a rush of pleasure reverberating the bathroom, Jamal pushed on, his tongue darting and flicking the more she begged. Katherine trembled and shook beneath him. Her thighs hugged his face, each squeeze more powerful than the last. His tongue played her clit like an instrument, and Katherine gyrated with crazy enthusiasm.

The coach couldn't believe what he was watching as he stared up. He wouldn't even be able to jump and grab her to take her off his shoulder as Jamal was so much taller than him. Jamal looked like an animal as he devoured his wife's pussy. His wife's hand holding herself securely in place so she could enjoy this as long as she could.

Jamal was able to easily hold her up with one arm while she sat

on his shoulder facing Jamal's face. He reached up to drive his middle finger deep into her wet folds, fingered her sweet flowers with feral heat, and flicked her little bell. She echoed a strange tune and sang a song of an orgasm rapidly approaching, as his fingers darted in and out of her tender slipperiness.

Under the angered but helpless gaze of her husband, Katherine was in an unending bliss she never thought possible of her body, as Jamal gave her sex decadent kisses. "Oh, please, Jamal," she sang and whispered in succession, "give me that cock. Please. That real cock I have wanted all my life."

Jamal lifted her off of his shoulder pulling the wet married pussy from his mouth. He was able to move her around with such ease that it made the busty wife moan and gasp with each jerk. Jamal began lowering her down towards the big black spear between his legs.

Stephen's eye rested on the cock of his team's star player that was rock hard again staring straight up at him as he ate his wife's pussy. He had no other options but to bolt into action again. His mind couldn't take the matrimonial desecration and emasculation.

A black and swollen cock had steadied itself at the entrance the velvety slipperiness of his wife's folds. Stephen wailed, "Enough, Katherine. Enough!" However, it was too late. He couldn't dream of stopping Jamal. The monster would kill him this time. The Little Man kept watching, stunned out of his mind.

The hulking athlete smirked at his coach and impaled his turgid length into Katherine's pink folds as he continued to stand. In fact, he had not even moved his feet the entire time as he stood there planted like an oak.

His wife screeched out in pain as she could feel herself becoming impaled. The cock could have been almost ten times the size of her husbands with length and thickness considered. She could feel herself being stretched from the inside by the monster that defiled

her.

Inch by inch Jamal worked his big dick into her. He began letting her own weight stretch herself out on the cock. She moaned and groaned in agony and when become caught to halt on the cock. She would buck her hips a bit so that she would continue to slide down the monster. She finally was able to get over half of his cock into her, and it didn't seem like she would be able to fit anymore. Her white juices were already beginning to gush up around the girth of his black cock.

"My turn white girl.", Jamal barked. Though he sounded cruel he believed he was showing compassion by at least warning her about the assault he going to give her.

Jamal began pounding in reckless abandon. His fingers settled on nipples and pulled; the woman responded in a painful whimper. Soon with each thrust came a morsel of sweet delight, so the pain became insignificant as the strange man opened up hidden walls in the sex-starved wife.

Katherine began speaking, but each word was cut off by the big cock pounding her and her moaning. "His. Dick. Is. So. Big!"

She squeezed the black cock with her muscular thighs as it melted her pussy. "Oh Christ, Oh Shit, Oh Fuck," she sang repeatedly.

Only her whimpering and the slap of Jamal's balls on her ass were the brazen sounds that echoed in Stephen's head—he could kill at this moment; his blood boiled with fresh rage. The giant held his wife raising her up and down on his cock as he thrusted with barbaric force.

But his wife could care less. Katherine was experiencing a rhythmic spasm of joy as the black man unclenched her tightness in places her husband could never reach. Her body tensed and could only gasp for breath. Her senses went wild while she writhed in

serpentine pleasure. She twisted and pushed her hips forward—wanting more of the sweet length of flesh. Then the tremors of pleasure rolled through her body—her release became waves of release washing over her thirsty soul. She screamed as ripples of pleasure ended her.

"This has gone too far!" Stephen was livid. "I swear, Jamal. You are off the team. Your legs will never touch the court forever!"

Now stroking his glistening meat, the basketballer ignored his coach; an evil glint danced in his eyes. Then he took the mouth of Stephen's wife and rammed his member.

Katherine took on the shaft with wild gusto as Jamal's hands tightened and pulled on her hair. With a mouthful, she gazed up at man with profound admiration. His face contorted with maniacal lust. Hot creamy liquid flooded Katherine's mouth, coating her tongue with big spurts. Relishing the flavor, she sucked on the silken head. Then she pulled her lips from his cock as she swallowed, gazing at her husband. "So sweet, this black thing."

Stephen clenched his fist—his knees throbbed with a painful bite. "You fuckin' whore. I'll... I'll—"

Jamal shot his coach a baleful glance; he went mute in an instant. "You leave or do shit and ya gonna get it."

Stephen retreated timidly to a corner and collapsed on a bench, watching the horror of losing his wife to Jamal's cock escalating.

"Aww, poor Coach Stevie," his wife teased. Although she was dazed and exhausted, she flipped over and raised her ass in the air with feverish excitement. She rummaged through her puddled dress on the floor and handed a tube to her new lover. "Watch, my Stevie. Watch how a real man does it."

Stephen's vigilant eyes followed Jamal as he rubbed a thick fluid from the tube into his wife's forbidden opening. The cool liquid drizzle over her rosebud and down the cleft of her ass.

"No, wait," the coach pleaded and knelt before his wife. "What the hell, Kathie. He's gonna... He's gonna… You can't just let him…"

"Watch me take your wife's virgin ass, Small Man," Jamal sneered, gripping Katherine's hips.

The coach's plea fell on deaf ears, as the veiny monster nudged through his wife's rosebuds, pushing with steady pressure. Her cheeks parted and allowed the bulbous chocolate head to sink in. Katherine yelped in pain and pleasure, sticking her tongue to his husband. Her face became unrecognizable to her husband; it narrowed then suddenly eased. With joy in her heart, she clenched her ass on Jamal's cock as it ravaged her narrow channel.

Jamal eased bluntly into the sweet warmth of that forbidden hole. Laughing, he increased his pace, letting his rod assault the coach's wife—steamy tears of ecstasy escaped the woman's eyes. The star athlete had stirred her pool of juices gathering in Katherine's pussy with a single finger.

t was then, right there, Katherine let loose all the sexual bondage that had held captive for five years in a boring marriage. She whimpered as an intense wave of pleasure loaded her very brain. She thrust back her hips to meet the thick meat—her swollen cunt dripped and glistened under the fluorescent lighting of the bathroom. Profanities of all kinds escaped her lips as her quivering ass hugged the single cock. The coach's wife was lost in a fog of helpless excitement. Her husband, slack-jawed, looked on as a tidal wave spill over his wife when Jamal pinched her clit.

Lord!" Katherine cried in a helpless moan. She was unable to handle the intensity of the pleasure as it rocked her body and seared her soul and marriage. Her heated cunt and rosebud rippled with orgasmic delight that seemed to stretch into eternity—a creamy mess of white goo was forming.

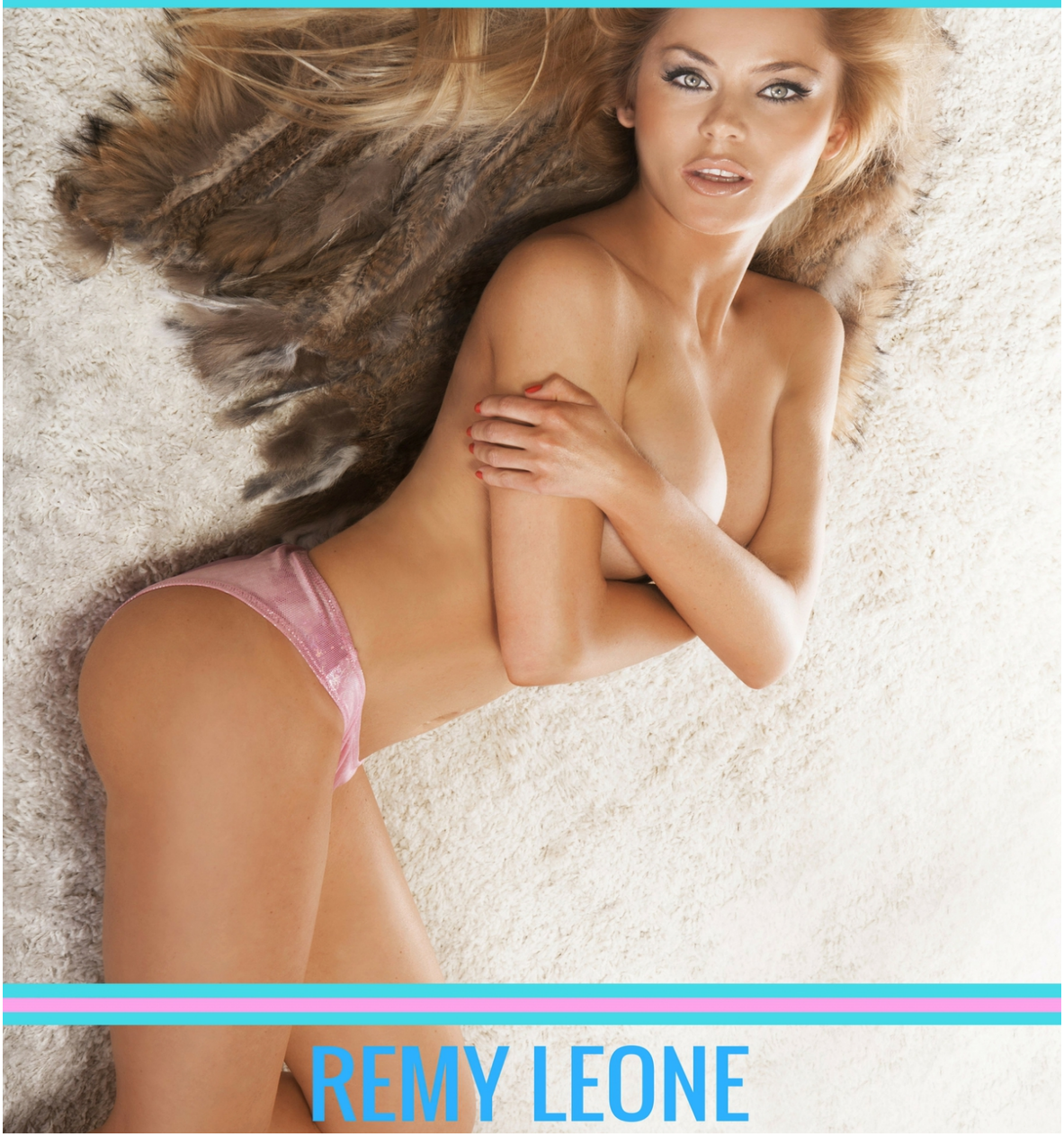
It that moment, Stephen took a fist to Jamal. Again, the well-built athlete parried the coach away with one arm. The coach was flat on

the floor, ripped of his pride and self-worth. From where he lay, he saw his wife hover her bottom above his mouth. He shook his head vigorously, kicking. The coach cried when creamy seed began to escape his wife's rose buds to her wet folds and down into his mouth.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | OLDER DOMINANT ALPHA

OLDER JOCK FORCES BUSTY WIFE TO STRIP



REMY LEONE

Older Jock Forces Busty Wife To Strip

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Getting Home Early
2	The Invitation
3	Backyard Football
4	Trophy Wife

GETTING HOME EARLY

Lindsey had just got home, luckily getting home a little early, and went to go look for her husband Phil. He had lost his job a few months and she was beginning to worried he was getting in a bad habit of sleeping in and staying up late.

While setting her things down from work and taking off her high heels off her aching feet. She felt a wave of anxiety that her husband wasn't willing to grow up while she reached under her office blouse and released her 38DD breasts that were contained in her bra and set it off the couch while leaving her shirt on and half buttoned. Lately all he wanted to do was watch sports or other TV programs, drink beer and eat endlessly. It would have been

something different if he would have actually been participating in some sort of physical activity, but it had been years since she had seen him do anything physical at all.

She went to the fridge and saw that the case of beer that Phil bought yesterday was nearly finished. She gave the beer a glare of resentment for giving Phil the beer belly that formed around his once flat stomach. He began gaining weight at an exponential rate and she had to admit that she was losing interest.

She sat at the table going through the unopened bills that had been piling up on the table. Taking it upon herself drinking her bottle of water reflecting on her anger towards her husband. Sure they were both only twenty-five years old and there was time for Phil to grow up, but he had been acting like a complete child lately. She wasn't sure what made her stand up so quick and slam the bills down on the table, but she quickly marched to the entertainment room where she knew Phil would be.

The door was shut unusually and instead of storming in the room she decided to open the door slowly. She held onto some sort of optimistic that her husband was on the phone for an interview or something of the sorts. The door slowly opened and Lindsey's eye's widened.

Phil was halfway sitting on the chair, with his legs sprawled out and his head bent towards the computer screen. His hand furiously pumping at himself between his legs. The lightly slapping of the bottom of his hand as it smacked the growing fat surrounding the shaft of his penis. Lindsey stared at the penis that once use to pleasure her and there was a slight churning in her stomach. She continued to look on to her husband with disgust as he continued to pump at himself. His shirt was off and the way he was sitting exposed every roll in his pudgy body and his sagging nipples that were looking more like man tits that pecs.

Phil had no idea that his wife who had just gotten home early was standing in the door way watching him masturbate. He had been

caught by her before, but luckily she had never got to witness what he was looking at. This time however, he would not be so lucky.

Lindsey wanted to vomit at the repulsive sight of her out of shape sweaty husband pleasuring himself. As if that wasn't enough she looked up at the screen to see what he was into.

The scene was of an older man with an above average cock receiving a blowjob. The woman sucking him was bent over and you couldn't see anything below her waist, only her head bobbing up and down on the older man's pole. The movie was in Italian and it appeared to be subtitles that she could not read. For some reason the subtitles interested her to see what they were saying. She slowly walked into the room so that her husband was not startled.

Lindsey tried to hold her breath as she could smell her plump husbands unwashed cock mixed with the sweat of his masturbation session. The camera started panning out on the screen and she could see that there was another smaller man wearing his underwear on his knees behind the woman. He was furiously licking her asshole the camera would show as she sucked on the older man's cock.

The subtitles came up and now Lindsey could see what the older man was saying. He was taunting the younger man licking his girlfriend's vagina. It seemed that the older man was forcing his mouth down the younger woman's throat who willingly accepted it as she rubbed her ass all over her boyfriend's face.

Lindsey had no idea how to react to her husband watching such filth. The longer the subtitles went on the more the older man bullied the younger couple and became rougher with the woman. There was a moment where he finally put her in position by bending her over a table and positioning himself behind her while holding her boyfriend's head to watch him penetrate his girlfriend. The younger boyfriend seemed to be in tears and while taunting him he penetrated her.

There was a sudden grunt and groan from Phil. The chair started rattling under him as he was shaking uncontrollably. Lindsey began to back away slowly as to not alarm her husband. For some reason she felt like she didn't want to take this on right now as she slowly exited the room as Phil dribbled a few drops of cum.

Lindsey safely left the room without alarming Phil and made her way back to the bathroom. She had a hard time understanding why Phil would watching some older guy fucking a younger guy's girlfriend in such a manner. The whole situation seemed a bit odd to her. She locked the door and went to go sit on the toilet to relieve herself and remove her panties that she had worn all day at work. She cleaned herself, flushed the toilet and sat back down on the toilet with the lid down needing to think.

She had almost forgotten how angry that she was at him for being lazy and not getting himself a job. However, now he was masturbating in her their home. It made sense to her now why he never wanted to have sex with her finally. She always had been considered beautiful in all standards being the voluptuous blonde with an hourglass figure. Her light blue eyes and model face made her an office favorite and lead to her quick climb to the top. Tons of successful men were throwing themselves at her on a regular by making passes at her daily. Yet, here her Phil is jerking off to a boyfriend being dominated by an older man.

She couldn't help but take notice to how rough the older man was. Thinking back at how he dominated the couple only made her feel a rush through her body. The thought of a man taking a woman so barbarically in front of her weak husband was an idea she had never thought of before.

Lindsey's hand slowly slid between her own legs as she touched herself gently. Luckily her panties were already off. She would have to think of how she would confront this later.

THE INVITATION

It had been almost a month since Lindsey caught Phil masturbating however she never confronted him about it. In fact, she was more intrigued in what he was watching more as each day had passed.

Lindsey had gone as far as to find her own material of similar material. There was a scene of a couple of younger men forcing themselves on a wife on a crowded bus in front of her husband. She also enjoyed a scene of a friend taking his buddy's girlfriend while he is drunk and passed out. She kept wanting to find something more hardcore than the next and she started down an addiction that finally ended in nonconsensual situations of dominant men taking wives by force in front of their wimp husbands violently.

There was one video in particular that she kept re-watching. It was of a couple who looked similar to her and Phil. The older man who was dominating them both was older as well, but looked like somebody that she had seen at the gym before that she had never talked to. However, the thought of being dominated by him was becoming a fantasy that was replaying in her mind all the time. For some reason the idea of an older man taking her was thrilling. She didn't know how hold the man at the gym was, but she assumed early forties.

They were both went to the gym daily and always saw one another but never had talked to one another besides a smile and greeting. One day she finally made conversation and would find out that his name was Tray. She was astonished when she found out that he was actually in his mid-fifties and looked so young because he was a college athlete and worked out his whole life. He was tall, dark and handsome. The complete opposite of her short, pudgy plain husband. Tray eventually invited her and Phil to come play football with him and his friends tomorrow. Lindsey quickly accepted the invite.

Lindsey decided to end her workout early as she was way too

excited being invited by her secret crush. She wanted to save some energy to play football and impress Tray and not waste it on the workout. She drove home and parked in their driveway excited to invite Phil.

Maybe this would actually inspire him to do something with himself instead of just sit on his ass all day. Lindsey felt a rush of excitement between her legs and thought that she might need Phil to quench her thirst. She didn't want to make it too obvious to her husband how giddy she was around her new friend Tray.

She could already hear Phil arguing with her not to go. She knew she would have to be on her best behavior and do something in return to get him to oblige. She got into the house and barely closed the door before going to find her husband.

The door closed this time again should have hinted to her to knock. However, Lindsey was too excited to think and she busted through the door. What she saw shouldn't have been shocking, but it was still surprising to Lindsey.

Phil with his pants around his ankles was jerking off. This time it was off a man fucking another man's wife for money. Lindsey saw the video before actually this time.

"What the fuck Phil!?", Lindsey screamed.

Phil was already in a tornado of movement as he tried to pull his pants up, but stumbled. Lindsey watched his hard on bounce up and down. The recent addiction to porn made his penis look smaller than usual and she was beginning to realize that Phil really did actually have a small cock come to think of it.

"I'm sorry!", Phil interrupted her thoughts.

"What the fuck are you watching?", Lindsey pointed at the screen. The man's voice could be heard taunting the cuckold watching his wife being exchanged for money.

"It's a porno, I'm sorry.", Phil quickly replied. He wiped his sticky hand on his pants and reached for the mouse. The entire time the man saying dirty things to the wife and the husband as he drilled the woman ruthlessly.

"This is not just a porno. What the fuck? So men fucking other men's wives? Is that what this is?", Lindsey knew exactly what it was.

"Yeah I guess.", Phil half admitted.

"You guess? Well did you hear what that man was saying to the other. He basically humiliating him.", Lindsey stated.

"Yeah.", Phil said.

"Yeah what?", Lindsey.

"That's what was going on.", Phil said looking at the ground.

"Phil is this why you don't want to have sex with me? You're too busy watching this sort of stuff?", Lindsey crossed her arms over her large breasts.

"No, I love you!", Phil said quickly.

"That's not what I asked, Phil. You don't ever fuck me. And you surely don't fuck me like the men in this video fuck women.", Lindsey stopped herself, realizing she might have hinted that she has seen the videos before. Luckily, Phil was too embarrassed to realize.

"I'm sorry, Lindsey. You're right.", Phil said softly.

Lindsey went over to the table that the computer was on, bending over it and pulling her gym shorts down along with her thong over her plump firm rear right in front of Phil.

"Well fuck me now and make it up to me.", Lindsey said with a tone.

Phil just stood there. He didn't know how to treat a woman ever

in his life and now here was his beautiful curvy wife giving herself to him even after he just got caught masturbating. He just stood there.

"Well? I'm waiting.", Lindsey looked at him impatiently.

Phil realized he better do something and fumbled at his pants to pull out his flaccid cock. He pumped at his and tried to get hard but being caught so red handed and the humiliation of watching the cuckold porno filled him with insecurities. He never thought of himself as a beta male, and right now he was feeling his own ego deflate under his own manipulation.

Adding to the humiliation, Lindsey began to hum as she waited for him to get hard. The harder he pumped himself the softer he got and he began to fill with anxiety.

"What is taking so long Phil?", Lindsey looked over her own shoulder.

"I…. I can't.", Phil said defeated.

Lindsey sighed standing up, "Pathetic."

The word stung Phil. Lindsey had never talked to him in such a way. He couldn't help but correlate those words to some of the words used in his cuckold videos. He sat down in the chair with Lindsey pulling her own shorts and thong back up over her sexy rear.

Lindsey began, "Well Phil… I wasn't going to make us go, but we obviously need some sort of spice in our life. We were invited to go play football tomorrow and I've accepted. Before you think you have any right to argue with me, just remember what just happened in the last five minutes."

Phil sat there knowing he didn't have a leg to stand on. He just nodded his head accepting what Lindsey was saying while she walked to exit the room. Before she finally left she turned around and spoke as cold as ice.

"And don't embarrass me.", The door slammed behind her.

Phil sat there with his insecurities. There were a lot of questions unanswered, but he knew that he better just go along with his wife at this point no matter what the plan was so he didn't even bother. He was much to scared to talk to her tonight

He was a little worried as he knew he had lost a few steps since he graduated college. The layer of fat slowed him down when he used to be a bit faster, but how bad could it get he wondered. He used to be an athlete and was actually okay at wrestling in high school. He also played football too which was encouraging to himself. Sure he was only the kicker, but he still played.

BACKYARD FOOTBALL

The next morning they went to the park where the rest of the group was. Lindsey had said very little to say to her husband besides a few criticisms of how slow he was being before they got there.

Normally, Lindsey was a conservative woman and never dressed to show off her fit curves. Even though she had large breasts, and round hips with a big butt, her stomach was still flat. Her curves remained tight from all of the time of her working out.

These curves made the sports bra show an excessive amount of cleavage of her 38DD breasts. The straps of the bra actually looked like they were going to snap at the stress. Her bra left her flat tummy exposed and also showed off the small tattoo of a rose on the small of her back; one of the most rebellious acts of her life. Her shorts were made for volleyball players, and covered her butt but left her entire legs bare.

Phil was uneasy about his wife wearing something so skimpy out in public and could already see people from all over eyeing her like a

hawk. Especially a group of jocks that they walked towards. Phil instantly filled with anxiety hoping those were not going to be the guys they were meeting.

His fears were confirmed as Tray came out and introduced himself. He gave Lindsey a quick hug lifting her off her feet and a quick spin before setting her down which filled Phil with a tinge of jealousy. He stuck his hand out and gripped Phil's hand easily crushing his.

For a moment Tray held Phil's hand crushing it as he towered over him. Tray had to be at least 6'4 and 240lb of muscle. He also had a small belly, but it looked tighter than his own. Phil instantly noticed that a man twice his age was twice as fit. Tray introduced him to his friends who were mostly a bunch of jocks and gym rats. Phil felt out of place as Tray went over the rules which consisted of normal rules, but two hand touch for Lindsey since she was the only woman.

They picked teams and somehow Phil and Lindsey ended up on the same team opposite of Tray and they got in position to get the ball. The ball was kicked by Tray intentionally towards Phil who was dumb enough to pick it up.

Within a few seconds Tray was across the field and he lowered his shoulder into Phil. It looked like a train crashing through dry wall as Phil loss the ball. Tray grabbed it and scored a quick touch down. He ran back towards Phil staring down at him menacingly as he celebrated the touch down arrogantly over him.

"This is my home mother fucker!", Tray yelled.

Tray ran back to the other side of the field as Lindsey ran to her husband's rescue. "Are you okay, babe?"

"Yeah.", Phil tried to convince her. "I'm just a little rusty."

"Didn't you use to be a football star?", Lindsey asked.

"Uhhh yeah.", Phil forgot he told his wife that when he was trying

to impress her. He never admitted to this lie and let her believe that he was an ex high school star. He could tell she was questioning what he had told her.

The next play went just as bad and Tray again crushed Phil. Phil was wondering why this guy was treating him so roughly, but he didn't realize that Tray was barely trying.

The longer the game went on the more Tray dominated Phil on the field. He looked like a man amongst children as the competition continued. Lindsey couldn't help but notice how much more physically superior this man who was old enough to be her dad was compared to her husband.

The testosterone on him at the moment was exhilarating her too. He was violent hungry on the field and was absolutely humiliating her husband who she was currently feeling contempt with. Maybe this would be the moment that Phil would realize that he needed to step his game up. Not on the field, but life in general.

Phil on the other hand was embarrassed. He was being man handled by a man twice his age and not only that but he was taunting him in front of his wife the entire time. The punishment was so severe that he was letting it go now that Tray began letting his hands become more free with his touching of Lindsey when she had the ball.

Lindsey was given the ball to try to make a run and Tray caught her. He was behind her so his hands came up and gripped firmly on each one of her breasts. Even though his hands were large, the big 38DD were still more than a handful. He then pulled her back to stop the both of them so that her firm butt was now rubbing against his crotch. They finally were at a complete stop, but Tray's hand never left Phil's wife's tits as he slowly rubbed his crotch into her ass. Tray completely fondled his wife with everyone watching for what seemed like hours to Phil, but in reality it was less than a minute. But a long minute.

Phil only pretended not to notice which only encouraged Tray to continue groping Lindsey any time he got her with the ball. Sometimes he would give her ass a smack or her breast a quick squeeze. Like a tactician Tray would kick the ball to Phil and crush him as if to remind him that he was safer on the field when Lindsey had the ball. So the game continued with Phil remaining quiet as this jock took liberties with his wife's body in front of all of his friends.

They were also all older jocks and impressed by their friend who was fondling some hottie half their age. The game went on and they took their own turns with Lindsey's hot body to the point where Lindsey was getting the ball almost every play.

The group of men basically ignored Phil the entire time and the game was becoming now just fondling Lindsey or rubbing her crotch on her. At one point there was a huge dog pile after Phil got the ball. He was at the bottom and Lindsey was on top of him straddling him at the waist her chest pressed into his. They were at eye level and Phil could see how much fun Lindsey was having.

Phil could feel Lindsey humping him with a rhythm. At first he thought it was Lindsey dry humping him, but directly above her was Tray. He was directly behind her and over the both of them as he stared down at Phil. The two men made eye contact and Tray was moving up and down making it apparent that he was dry humping his wife right on top of him as the dog pile untangled. Phil was fuming as Tray just stared down at him like what are you going to do in an intimidating way and Phil clenched his teeth. Not only was this guy rubbing his dick all over his wife's ass while they were all pinned down, but he was taunting him without words.

Just then a random hand slipped down the front of Lindsey's top and began to fondle he breast. The handle was literally smashed between Lindsey's tits and Phil's man tits. Phil felt helpless to stop the man fondling his wife's breast in the dog pile literally right under his nose. He could feel the man's handles searching for Lindsey's

nipple and play with it. Lindsey's eyes widened as if it was a pleasant surprise. Lindsey even began to gyrate her own hips now, and Phil could feel her pushing her butt back towards Tray who was still dry humping her.

The dog pile finally had cleared and the hand pulled itself away from Lindsey's tit. Tray was finally about to stand up, but to add insult to injury, Tray put his hand on Phil's face and used it stand himself up. Lindsey was shocked to see Phil's face smashed into the mud as Tray stood up picking her up at the same time. She made a little gasp that she felt between her legs. She couldn't help but feel Tray's power running through her body and also enjoying Phil's punishment.

The game was close even with Phil being on the team. Lindsey had gotten them back into the game, due to the fact the men were using her as their own form of entertainment. None of them worried by the timid Phil who was much too weak to pose any real physical threat to any of them.

Sudden death came and Tray had the ball. He was running down the field and it was only Phil in front of him be able to stop him. Phil could feel his knees shaking and instead of standing in front of him, Phil turned away out of fear. When he made eye contact with Lindsey, he could tell the loss of respect from her.

Tray went out of his way to plow over Phil who thought Tray would just run for the touchdown. Phil had the air knocked out of him as he laid on the ground. He got up slowly to see that Lindsey wanted to celebrate Tray's victory rather than check on her husband that just lost her the game.

Tray brazenly grabbed Lindsey and pulled her towards him by her wrist. His hand came to grab at her ass like he was normally doing. However, this time, his hand slid down the inside of her gym shorts and Phil watched as Tray's hand squeezed his wife's bare ass under her shorts.

That was the last straw. Phil was fuming and out of anger ran towards Tray cursing. Tray was not paying attention to Phil who was charging him. He was much too busy with a handful of a phat ass of a beautiful young blonde woman to be concerned with such a wimp. He barely felt the thud as Phil tried to tackle him but failed.

Phil was so weak that he barely made Tray move. Phil fell at Tray's feet instantly and just looked down at Phil. Tray just put his foot on his chest and then slid his other hand down the back of Lindsey's shorts. Now both of his hands were kneading at the firm ass of Phil's wife as he stood over him with his foot pinning him down at the chest. While he groped Lindsey's ass he pulled her in towards his crotch so he could rub himself against her while he pinned her husband down.

Phil lost consciousness.

TROPHY WIFE

Phil woke up as he was set on the couch by the large figure. His blurry vision corrected and he could see the huge form of Tray standing over him.

"Hey pal…. Finally waking up there?", Tray said as though he hadn't been fondling his wife's ass earlier.

Phil was very sore and began to sat up but Tray pushed him back forcefully. "Sit."

Phil did as he was told and just laid back silently.

"Oh he's finally awake?", Lindsey said as she walked into the room. Still wearing the skimpy outfit from earlier.

Tray spoke up, "Yeah, I might not have hurt your husband too

much. Ain't that right little guy?"

Tray smacked Phil on the chest and gave it a rough rub. Phil could feel his pudgy man tits jiggling as Tray roughly shook him. Tray could tell too and laughed. "Luckily, you got these fat tits for air bags."

Phil was taken back that he said something so crude in his own house. He was even more shocked that Lindsey giggled, but instead of reacting out of anger he just pretended to laugh.

"Sorry little guy, I hope I didn't embarrass you too much in front of your wife here.", Tray wrapped his arm around her waist. Phil couldn't tell, but it looked like his hand was right on her ass. There was smacking noise that confirmed that he was spanking her. Phil was unsure of how to react still. He couldn't help but feel intimidated by the large man towering over his wife's hourglass figure.

Tray continued, "I mean you had no right being on the field with us. Luckily you had your wife to bail your team out. She's good. Reeaaal good."

Tray's hand was now obviously rubbing at her ass right in front of Phil. The older man's testosterone was emitting from his body and Phil could feel the tension in the air. Lindsey was obviously feeling nervous at what was going on, but her nipples were poking through her top and was obviously aroused. Lindsey was looking at the ground at her own feet as Tray rubbed her rear.

"She's way too good for the likes of you.", Tray's hand now reached to his crotch as he began to rub it.

Phil could see Lindsey's eyes watching Tray's hand rubbing at the bulge forming in his athletic shorts. The outline of a very prominent cock was beginning to form and Phil knew he had to act now.

"Get your hand off my wife!", Phil sat up hoping his objection would be enough. He could feel how meek his command was and

wondered if it came across as a question to Tray.

Tray must not have heard him… or was unwilling to comply as his groping of her ass was becoming more obvious. Tray's large form was so strong that Lindsey's was bouncing around on her feet to keep balance as he rubbed her ass firmly.

"Hey I said---", Phil stood up, but was interrupted by Tray.

"I heard you. What are you going to do about it?", Tray looked over at Phil.

Phil was put on the spot as he stared Tray in the eyes. Tray had a look in his eye that told him that he was willing to take what he wanted at any expense. Something about it put fear through him. When he finally made eye contact with Lindsey, he could see that she was only waiting to see what her husband's reaction would be.

Phil didn't do anything but stare.

"That's what I thought."

Tray, with this, pulled down the back of Lindsey's shorts over her firm ass. He smacked Lindsey's ass hard which made her jump a little as he stared Phil down. The tent pole growing in the front of Tray's gym shorts.

"If ya can't protect a piece of ass like this you don't deserve it boy., The older man spoke to Tray. "In my day, I would have fucked this little girl all day for a week."

Lindsey began to bite down on her lower lip and closed her eyes. She could feel Tray's rough hands roughly rubbing at her sopping wet entrance between her legs from behind.

Phil was unable to see what was going on, but could hear Lindsey's wetness smacking against Tray's penetrating fingers as he rubbed her pussy from behind. Tray looked over at Phil recognizing the anger on the husband's face.

"Your wife's pussy is so fucking wet, boy. You taking care of her? Huh? Is he taking care of your little slut hole?
, Tray now asked Lindsey in her ear. Lindsey's head leaned back onto Tray's shoulder who was now standing behind her. One free hand now reached up and grabbed her breast over her top. Tray dropped his shorts and his briefs soon followed behind them. His package hidden from Phil's view as he was standing behind Lindsey.

Soon enough, the footlong hard cock began to squeezing between Lindsey's toned thighs. Tray was slowly humping her thighs from behind as both of his hands were now going under the sports bra to play with Lindsey's tits. Phil standing right in front of them had the best seat in the house.

Tray grabbed Lindsey's hand to wrap it around his big cock between her thighs so she could stroke it while her thighs squeezed his shaft. At first he was forcing her to give his large mushroom head a hand job, but after he released her hand she kept going. Phil watched in disbelief.

"Lindsey…", Phil pleaded.

Lindsey snapped out of reality and stopped stroking Tray's cock in between her thighs. She looked up at Phil with her hand still wrapped around the dick of the older hunk.

Before Lindsey could reply Tray reached over and smacked Phil across the face harshly. Phil reached up to hold his cheek as he looked surprised.

Tray continued to hump Lindsey's thighs as he smacked Phil another time on the other cheek. "Sit the fuck down, bitch."

Phil did as he was told and could have sworn that the violence turned his wife on. Tray grabbed at Lindsey's hand to work his cock again. "I didn't tell you to fucking stop."

Now Phil was sitting on the couch at eye level with the mushroom cock pointing right at him. There was a rip of fabric and

Lindsey's top was completely taken off of her. Tray quickly pulled the short down and pushed Lindsey down on the couch so she was sitting.

Finally Phil could see the foot long thick cock that hung before him. He couldn't help but think it was a beautiful cock and envious that it wasn't his. The thing had vein protruding all over it and was hard as a rock pointing straight up. He wondered how he could be so large and be able to be so hard at the same time… especially at such an old age.

Before he could answer his own thought Tray stood right in front of Lindsey. He reached down and gripped the back of her blonde hair and pulled her head back to stare up at him. His other hand gripped at the shaft of his cock he was slapping it across Lindsey's face. Lindsey looked like a bitch in heat as she opened her mouth to put it in her mouth.

"That's right… open that mouth up." Tray said as he stuffed the mushroom head into her mouth.

Tray held the back of Lindsey's head as he thrusted his hips towards her face. His big balls swung back and forth slapping her hard against her chin. She moaned the entire time. She had never been used so viciously by anyone before and to be used by a man old enough to be her father and such a hunk made her orgasm with the cock buried in her mouth. She shuddered and grunted as the cock choked her throat and the balls slapped her chin.

"That's right slut, get that dick nice and hard for your pussy.", Tray growled.

"No!", Phil said.

"Oh yes. I'm going to fuck her."

"You can't!", Phil said.

Lindsey moaned the entire time the cock was buried down her

throat. The sound of her husband pleading with this big dick hunk in her mouth filled her with pleasure.

"Stop me.", Tray took it as a challenge. While watching Phil, he pulled his saliva covered cock out of Lindsey's mouth and stood her up by the hair. He pushed her towards Phil now and she fell into his lap facing him and straddling him. Phil felt his wife crush him, but felt the force of Tray quickly position himself behind her. He pushed Lindsey down even more so that she was literally pinning Phil against the couch.

"I'm going to fuck your wife now, boy. Watch how a real man treats a slut.", Tray gloated as he began to position himself towards Lindsey's entrance.

Lindsey cried out, "Ffffuck!"

Phil could hear her clearly as she was pinning him down similar to the dog pile from earlier. And just like earlier, there was Tray, this time standing over them both. His huge form standing over the both of them. There was something intimidating by being pinned by a man who is penetrating your wife and staring you down psychotically the entire time.

The older man had a face of victory as he began to work himself into the tight younger busty wife. He leaned down and spoke to Phil with one hand reaching up and grabbing Lindsey's tit from behind.

"She's so fucking tight… I'm going to stretch her real nice for you boy."

The older man began to pick up the pace from behind. His hips smacking at Lindsey's ass which made her plump rear bounce up and down. Phil could see that after a while the old man had worked his entire cock into his wife who stilled pinned him down. With each thrust, Phil was crushed into the couch and he squirmed underneath the weight of the both of them fucking on top of him.

"A real man takes what he wants.", Tray yelled.

Phil struggled against the couch, and wondered why Tray was acting in such a demented way. Better yet, he wondered why Lindsey hadn't put a stop to this whole thing, but he could feel her orgasming for a second time right on top of him.

"She's loving it bitch… this little slut loves my big dick. I can feel her cumming all over it.", Tray said. He smacked her ass hard.

"So big.", Lindsey cooed as she gave another quiver hinting that she was orgasming yet again.

"You're so fucking tight…. G'damn boy your wife's pussy is squeezing my cock! Unnghh!", The older man was sweating as he continued to pick up his pace even more.

The harder he fucked her the harder Phil was crushed under their weight and was becoming scared that he was going to be crushed to death by the brutal fucking this older man was giving to his wife.

"I think she's cumming again.", Tray was laughing as he said it this time.

Phil in horror could see that his wife was practically in another world. She had nothing in her eyes besides pure pleasure. He was unsure if she even knew what was going on at the moment as the big older man fucked her relentlessly and cuckolded himself. She was limp and now being completely used as just a hole for the man pounding at her pussy from behind.

Phil could feel Tray's sweat dripping all over him. Disgusted he tried to avoid it, but the smell of it made him sick along with the constant crushing thrusting of the powerful man's large hips.

"I'm gonna fill this little slut right up. Get ready for a bucket of cum bitch."

Lindsey cooed. Phil felt like he had to at least speak up.

"No don't she's not on the pill!", Phil begged.

This only seemed to put a smile on Tray's sweaty face. "Even better. You can raise my son and I'll be the grand-daddy whenever I come visit to give your wife another son."

"Noo… please…"

"Admit it, boy, my cum is better than yours… I am superior in every way. You don't deserve to procreate.", Tray was fucking as hard as he could now as he taunted Phil. He was almost angry for Phil protesting him as he felt entitled to Phil's wife at this point. In fact, Phil should have offered Lindsey up to him the way he saw it.

"Get ready…", Tray grunted.

Tray yelled out in a powerful moan. It filled the entire room. It made Lindsey cry out along with Tray as she orgasmed yet again and filled Phil with terror. Phil could literally hear the huge amount of cum spraying inside his wife. Squirt after squirt he could feel it through Lindsey's body. He didn't have time to wonder how such an old man could have so much cum in him.

"Fuck yeah take it slut….", Tray said still fucking hard and smacked her ass hard making Lindsey cum again. "Take it all."

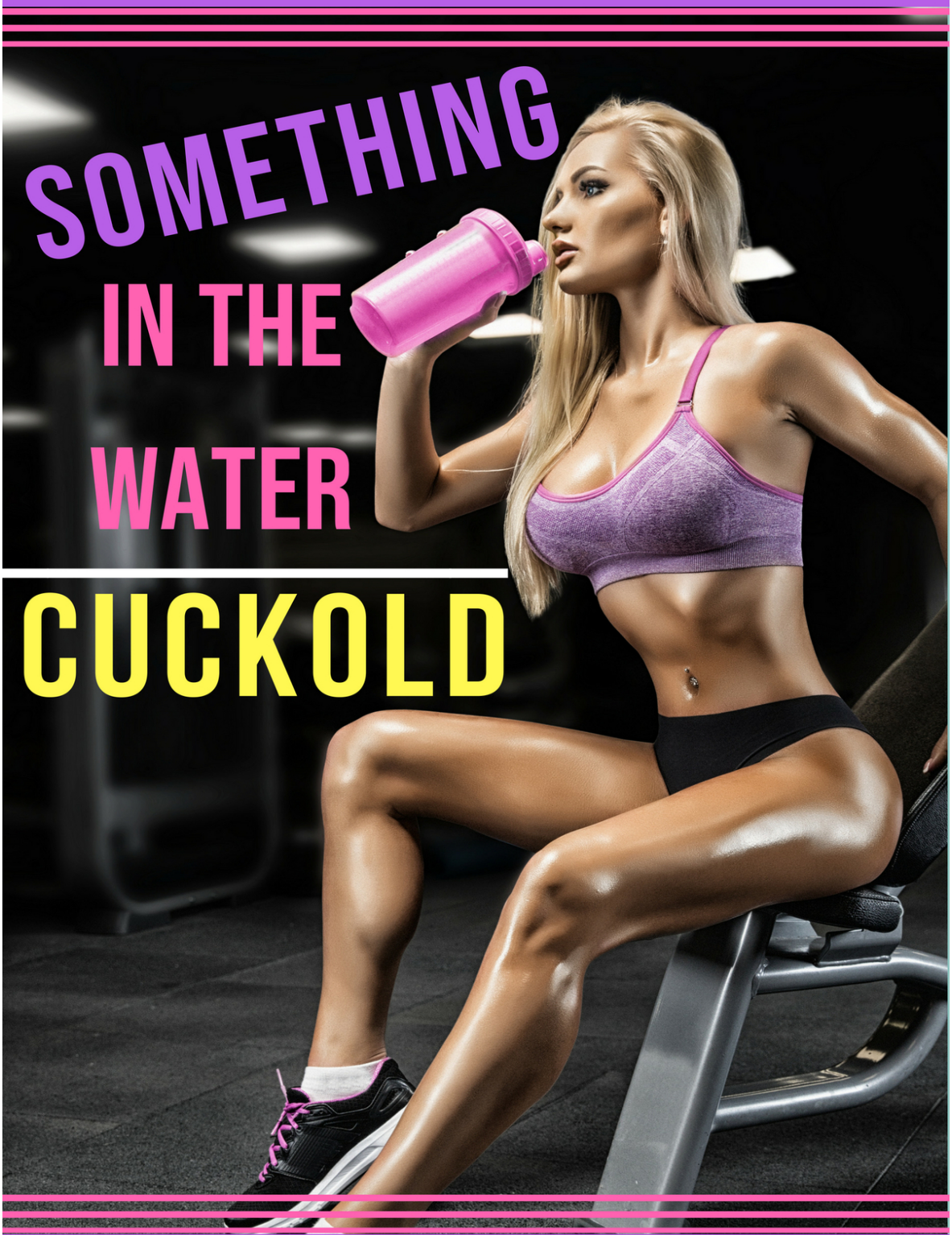
The pace of Tray slowed down as he milked the cum out of his cock. His balls slowly drained, Tray pulled himself out and pulled his shorts up. Lindsey didn't move and Phil was too sore and weak to get her off him and could only stare up at Tray.

Tray had a look of accomplishment on his face. "Hope you learned something boy… and you're welcome."

As quick as he came, Tray left.

---THE END---

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | EXHIBITION | ATHLETIC



REMY LEONE

Something In The Water Cuckold

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Assigned Instructor
2	Taylor and Mallory
3	The Juice Turn
4	In Front of the Entire Gym
5	80's Style Epilogue

ASSIGNED INSTRUCTOR

Buddy could see the irony in his own life. A 6'2 overweight fitness instructor who hadn't been to the gym before getting the job. His friends never questioned it as he had played college football, but due to an injury never made it pro. At one point he was a lean 220lbs, but over the last decade since his football years he was now tipping in around 240.

Sometimes he wondered if it was some sort of cruel joke to him that he worked at a gym telling others how to get in better shape. Especially when he first started working there, people were hesitant to listen to him, but over time he started to get his youthful body back. While still big, he had filled out with more muscle and it was the best he had felt in the a long time physically. In general, he was even beginning to like his job as there was almost nothing to complain about. Besides Taylor and Mallory.

They were a blond couple that were known around the gym as the "Shortsnubbers" because of their rudeness and the couple's shorter height. Essentially being boiled down to a couple of short people who constantly snubbed their noses at everyone else. They carried around a sense of superiority that demanded that others bow down to them and if they didn't, then they were labeled "dumb" or

“ignorant”.

Taylor, the husband, was catty for a guy and disliked him from day one when he wouldn’t pick up the weights until they were properly cleaned. Due to their contributions to the gym and knowing the owner, Taylor had to clean off the bar and plates for him. Buddy remembered the grin on Taylor’s lips that just confirmed the notions of his superior complex.

However, he was much better than his wife Mallory who knew that her beauty would allow her to get away with more. She talked to Buddy in a manner that hinted no respect and constantly argued with any fitness tips he attempted to give her. She had this “know-it-all” attitude that made it impossible to help her.

Buddy attempted to leave them alone, but that didn’t work either. Because the unpleasable couple then began to complain that he wasn’t helping at all.

He was caught in a cache-22. Damned if he did and damned if he didn’t.

All of the clichés ran through his head as he sat in the gym owner’s office after being explained that he was going to have more hands on training with Taylor and Mallory.

“Buddy. I know they are a tough couple to deal with, but deep down they aren’t so bad. I’ve been growing up with them my whole life”, Rod said explaining to Buddy. It was the truth, they all came from rich families with rich daddies.

Buddy never held resentment towards his boss about that though. In fact, he never felt one way or the other about Rod. He had been an absentee owner up until now which was fine when the owner doesn’t have two meddling rich party kids as friends. He normally just let the business run without him present and he came by to pick up his checks, but now it seemed that his presence was need for his precious snobby friends.

"Rod. Taylor tossed his wet used towel at me. The one that he uses to wipe himself off. It took everything in me not to pick him up and bear crush him to death.", Rod said.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Buddy, Buddy, Buddy.", Rod repeated as he spoke to his fitness instructor employee. "You can't use violence here."

"It was a joke, Rod.", Buddy wasn't joking, but he knew that his boss couldn't condone violence against his friend. No matter how much of a jerk he was.

The owner Rod tried to be nice, but he explained the realities of the situation to Buddy.

"Look. You have been a good employee for the months… or years?", He continued, before Buddy could react, "Well that doesn't matter. What matters is that you've worked here and…. Where was I going with this?"

Rod just rolled his eyes realizing that his boss wasn't any different that Taylor and Mallory. He'd seen strung out people before and watched as Rod literally blanked out and stared off into nothing while he was in his office.

The irony continued for Buddy realizing that his boss was more inept that even he allegedly was according to Mallory and Taylor and instead of sitting with this weirdo, he was ready to go.

"You said that I need to clean up my act. In your words you said that you have personally assigned me to personally train your friends and make sure they are pleased with my performance and above all else, no physical violence.", Buddy summarized what his boss should have said, but fell short.

"Yeah. Exactly. Do you understand?", Rod replied.

Obviously better than you do numb-nuts. He thought, before replying with a mockery wink and thumbs up, "Gotcha."

Rod was too preoccupied with himself to understand the

mockery that was bestowed upon him by Buddy. Instead he smiled thinking they were on the same page. "Tubular man!"

Buddy could see his boss was relieved at the conflict he had just now. This was probably the hardest thing he'd ever had to do in his life up until now. *Spoiled Rich Kid.*

While Buddy walked out of his office giving his door a slam leaving Rod to jump out of his seat. The boss oblivious to his employees rage thought he had everything under control as Buddy stormed off.

Buddy on the other hand had his mind filled with a leashed anger that needed to be released. He tried to cool his emotions as he walked out to his truck. He did a few push-ups to get out the extra energy in himself as he considered quitting right there on the spot. However, he was raised better than to let them win. Standing back up by his truck and feeling the cool breeze in he came to the sudden realization.

If this is going to be my last week here, then I'm going to make it worth it.

TAYLOR AND MALLORY

After a couple of days, Buddy had actually cooled off. He no longer wanted to leave his job. He didn't even want to kick anyone's ass. He told himself that he would just be the best that he could be, and would let it roll off his shoulder.

Buddy told himself a lot of things.

Taylor and Mallory waltzed into the gym like they owned the place. There had been plenty of other men and women on the

machines and using other weight machines watching the couple. Everyone seemed to know to stay out of their way because they were normal people not looking for trouble

They rarely said hi to anyone unless the other person was connected somehow and the few interactions outside of that were them demanding someone to do something. Everyone else were simply peons for their disposal. Today, they came in and Buddy watched as Taylor ordered Pete, the nice kid at the front desk, to turn the temperature up a little bit.

It was a change seeing Taylor iniating as normally, Mallory, the beautiful wife, was in charge of the "Shortsnubber Brigade" as it was referred to sometimes. Taylor seemed to get a kick out of the way she treated others, but never seemed to have his own thoughts. He was like the Mallory's henchmen that got to sleep with her presumably. Something that Buddy was envious of.

Mallory had a great youthful body that was as smooth and tight as a teenagers even in her mid-twenties and some partying time under her belt. She came out of the women's locker room in her pink tank top and her black gym shorts which looked more like a swimsuit bottom than shorts. Buddy couldn't believe her husband allowed her to leave the house like that.

Taylor liked to parade his trophy wife off to the other gym-goers realizing his wife would never stray. He came out of the male locker room in a pair of baggy basketball shorts, a tank top that showed off his tattooed scrawny arms and a headband around his hair.

Buddy would have laughed at Taylor for pretending like he was going to break a sweat with his headband if he wasn't on thin ice. Instead he greeted them both.

"Hey guys!", He waved.

"I am no guy.", Mallory said abrasively.

"Oh well hi guy and lady.", Buddy said in a playful tone.

Mallory gave a smug smile and Taylor laughed a little at the sight. Mallory then looked back at her husband, "I thought we told Rod to get rid of this guy."

Buddy couldn't believe how nonchalant she was about him losing his job. It made sense to him because these two wealthy kids had everything handed to them so didn't understand what it meant to work to eat, but it angered him nonetheless.

Taylor grinned, "Did Rod talk to you?"
"Yes, Taylor. He did.", Buddy nodded.

"What did he tell you.", Taylor said.

"Here?", Buddy looked around. His coworkers and the rest of the gym were looking at him and watching Taylor talked to Buddy like a child.

"Yes here, where else would I want you to hold this conversation?", Taylor said looking back to Mallory. Mallory looked please with Taylor's assertiveness.

Buddy clenched his fist and he took one step back while taking a deep breath in. Exhaling that breath saved the scrawny blond jerk from receiving a punch from the man double his size. Buddy had no choice but to say it.

"Rod told me to be on my best behavior and make sure you guys are happy.", Buddy said it out loud for the gym to hear it. He could tell that everyone felt bad for him.

"Good boy.", Taylor said before laughing and smiling at his wife. Mallory giggled and almost seemed turned on by how her Taylor treated Buddy.

"So can we start?", Buddy asked.

"I will tell you when we will start. Don't rush us. In fact, why don't you fill my water bottle?", Mallory handed over a pink clear water bottle.

Buddy looked to the water bottle and to the water fountain that was no more than ten feet away. A bit humiliated by being ordered around by this beautiful blond in front of his peers he did as he was told. He walked to the water fountain and then heard Mallory speak.

"What do you think you're doing?", Mallory snipped.

"You said you wanted wa----", Buddy was cut off by Mallory.
"Not from there dummy. From the downstairs fountain."

"But it's the same water. Comes from the same main line.", Buddy explained.

"I don't care. It tastes better from there. And I'm talking about the water fountain in the back. Not the one by the basketball court."

Buddy almost threw the bottle to the ground, but instead did as he was told. He was fuming from anger and humiliation as he heard them laughing. The both of them used Buddy as their form of entertainment being more focused on that than actually exercising.

Buddy made it down the hall and past the basketball court. It was a long hall down to the other end of the gym that was unused mostly. The silent halls were empty as he looked around in his frustrations. He thought about Mallory and he thought about Taylor.

Both laughing at the hoops he was willing to jump through to keep his job that probably paid him less per year than they made from their trust funds in a month. He wasn't sure if it was the unfairness of the entire situation or the terrible deep down Mallory and Taylor were.

Whatever it was, Buddy found himself twisting the pink water bottle's top completely off holding it while his other hand was wrapped around his big sweaty cock in his hand.

It was the one thing that Buddy loved about himself. His big

thick sausage that hung between his big hairy thighs and sometimes out of nowhere he would thank God for the gift of his well-endowed nature.

At a foot long, he was unable to stick his entire cock into the water bottle even though he wasn't hard. He leaned his hips over the water fountain as it poured onto his shaft which was stuck in the pink bottle. He could feel the cold water splashing over his cock filling the water bottle. The sensation of the cold water actually started to make him hard as he thought about Mallory drinking from the bottle.

His hips were thrusting into the water as it began to fill and within a few seconds he was spewing large globs of liquid into the water. Stream after stream shot from his large cock into the bottle and even Buddy was impressed at how much he was cumming. The cum floated in the water and looked to be taking over the clearness giving it a light white film gloss.

Buddy was looking around making sure nobody was watching as he milked the rest of the cum from his balls into the bottle. He shook it out and began to stir the water and cum with the head of his softening cock. He wanted to make sure to make it as inconspicuous as possible as he filled the rest of the bottle with water. Buddy gave a light dip of his sweat balls into the water and let them sit in it for a minute still looking around to make sure he wasn't caught by anyone.

When he returned, Mallory and Taylor were standing there. Taylor had his arms crossed over his small arms pretending to be tough. His eyes were narrowed at him, and if Buddy didn't know any better he would have thought they knew. A bit of paranoia flashed over the large fitness trainer as he handed the bottle to Mallory.

She grabbed it away from him in a violent matter with narrow eyes, "Took you long enough."

Buddy watched as she brought the bottle to her lips and took a sip. She looked at the water strangely and took another big gulp. The took a third swig into her mouth as she swished it around trying to understand the taste as she looked at the pink water bottle. After she swallowed she looked at Buddy.

"What is this? It's not water.", She said in her normal snobbish tone.

"It's um… well the water fountain is broke. So I had some extra of my own protein shake that I decided to let you have."

"Protein shake?", Mallory continued to investigate the water.

"Yes, ma'am. It should help you performance. My very own special recipe."

Taylor shook his head, "You made it? It must taste like shit."

"No actually. It's really good.", Mallory said before putting the pink bottle to her lips and drinking the entire bottle. She then turned back to Buddy, "Do you happen to have anymore?"

Buddy nodded, "Sure do."

"I'd like some more.", She upturned her nose.

Buddy looked at Taylor, "How about you?"

"Nah. I don't drink protein shakes.", Taylor condescendingly replied. "But grab my bottle from my locker."

"Sure thing.", Buddy said as he walked away. There was something about watching Mallory drink down a bottle of water mixed with his cum that made Buddy smile perversely. The fac that she liked the taste of it made him chuckle to himself as he arrived at Taylor's locker.

He opened it and realized that there were two bags in there. One was Taylor's bag, but the other one belonged to Mallory. Buddy couldn't help but go through the bag to see the white cotton panties

that had little flowers on it. He picked them up and put them up to his nose and took a whiff and he could smell Mallory's pussy all over them. It smelled great. Even if she was a mean bitch, Buddy was attracted by her body.

He decided to fill the water bottle right there with Mallory's underwear plastered to his face. He even stuck them in his mouth as he unleashed his second load of cum. It wasn't as much as the first time, but it was comparable and because there was no water in the bottle already it filled almost quarter of the large bottle. He quickly tucked the pair of underwear into his pocket.

Fuck, I'm cumming like a horse. Buddy thought. He was proud of how much cum he could fill the bottle with on his second shot. He grabbed Taylor's water bottle and thought about rubbing his balls on the mouth piece, but didn't.

He brought the bottle back. Mallory took the bottle this time nicer than she did the first time. She took a sip of it and then looked up to Buddy and said the most shocking thing that Buddy had ever heard her say up to this point. It was so shocking that Taylor did a double take at Mallory. She said:

"Thank you."

THE JUICE TURN

A few months had gone by and Buddy was now actually preparing her protein shakes. He ended up calling it "Buddy Juice", and she drank one every workout. As time went on she had actually become pleasant to train while Taylor on the other hand continued to be a jerk or tried his best to. Without his accomplice Mallory, he was handicapped. While Mallory began to become more friendly with the "peon" gym-goers that were normal, he actually became more

isolated from his own wife.

While Buddy waited for the two for their training today he sat with Pete, who was managing the front desk.

"Looks like the Shortsnubbers are next on your list."

Buddy said, "Oh I know."

Pete looked like he had been thinking about what he was about to say for a while, "Y'know, Mallory isn't so bad lately. Have you noticed that?"

"Yeah, Pete. I think she's been working out her aggressions here.", Buddy nodded. He really wanted to let Pete in on his secret, but he knew it was something he couldn't.

"But Taylor. What an asshole."

"Well he's a little skinny punk. Obviously not working out his aggressions like Mallory is.", Buddy said.

"And here they come.", Pete said watching the couple enter the front entrance of the gym.

Taylor was walking around like he was muscular, even though he never lifted any weights and Buddy would have kicked his ass if they went to high school together. However, Mallory gave a smile and waved to Buddy as they entered.

"Hey Buddy!", Mallory looked excited, especially when she saw her pink water bottle was filled. She gave Buddy a quick hug, which Taylor scoffed at. Mallory then looked over at Pete, "Hey Pete!"

"Oh… hey, Mallory.", Pete blushed at the simple fact that the beautiful woman actually knew his name. Pete saw Taylor's narrowed eyes on him so he greeted Taylor by his name as well.

"Whatever. We going to work out?", Taylor said.

"Let's do it.", Buddy said, clapping his hands. Mallory jumped

making her breasts bounce under her pink tank top.

The group went to the machines and after pre-quenching her own thirst, Mallory and Buddy were getting down to business. Taylor simply watched pretending to be too cool to join in on the work out.

The two were doing lunges and the idea was to work out the back side. Mallory would have weights and bend her knees keeping her back as straight as possible which caused her to stick her ass out. Buddy did the same thing next to her.

"You know for how big you are, you are limber.", Mallory said to Buddy.

"Big? I guess that's a compliment?", Buddy replied with a smirk.

"Well I mean I don't mind a big man.", She realized how it sounded when she said it. "I mean…"

"Are you sure you're even doing this right?", Taylor asked cutting off his flustered wife.

Buddy looked over his shoulder as Taylor was standing behind them. The both of them continued to bend their knees and work out their lower body.

"Think you can do better?", Buddy challenged.

"Oh I know I can.", Taylor said.

"Come on, show us. We're all here to learn.", Buddy tried to be the bigger man mentally along with being physically bigger.

Taylor accepted the challenge. Standing on the opposite side of Mallory he began to attempt to replicate the dexterity training, but fell short as well as fell on his ass. Mallory giggled at her husband.

"Guess maybe you're the one who is doing it wrong.", Buddy said.

"I think you're right Buddy."

Now it was Taylor who was the one feeling humiliated. He looked around the gym at people who saw him fall. While people laughed, it wasn't anything out of the ordinary, but Taylor was unable to handle his pride being stung.

Buddy had stopped and lost his trance into Mallory who was stretching and bending her ass right next to him. Her black bottoms pulling up between the clefts of her round apple bottom ass. He hadn't seen an ass like that since his girlfriend in high school. Taylor caught him staring and Buddy decided to become more bold.

Buddy large 6'2 240lb frame took a step right behind Mallory as she continued to do her repetitions. He stared at Taylor the entire time as he pressed his belly into her back and wrapped his hand around her waist. He would bend his knees with her and when she pressed her ass back it would go right into his crotch. "Now Mallory, make sure to keep your back straight.

Buddy could see that Taylor didn't know how to react to him pressing his crotch into his wife's ass. Just a few months ago his wife was calling Buddy a fat greasy pig, and now here she was pushing her ass back into him as they both bent up and down in unison.

Buddy had one arm wrapped firmly around Mallory thin waist, with one hand on the small of her back to keep her back arched. Her ass perfectly gliding up and down his big cock under his shorts.

Buddy knew she could feel it as she slid her ass up and down his cock. She did her best to hide it, but she rubbed it a few times much too firmly with her firm butt to convince Buddy otherwise. There was even one time he could have sworn her moan when his cock began to thicken between her butt cheeks.

"I think we're doing this right.", Buddy said to Taylor.

Taylor perplexed at the sudden turn of events only remained

silent. His wife who use to be his partner and crime in the degradation of others around him was allowing this chunky fellow feel her up and she looked to be rubbing her ass willingly into his crotch. He didn't want to make a fool of himself like earlier in front of everyone to draw any attention to this man subtly rubbing off on his wife.

Mallory hand came down and actually came to rest on top of Buddy's. She leaned her head back against his shoulder and slowly whispered, "Do you have any more your juice?"

Buddy didn't want to let her go, he could feel himself pressing firmly between her firm athletic ass cheeks. He had almost forgot that Taylor was standing right there as he watched him hold his wife tight. "I'll be right back."

Taylor was already nervous enough until he saw Buddy step back. Buddy was hard as a rock and his foot long cock created a huge tent-pole that his fitness instructor owned. Buddy gave Taylor a bit of a wink when he saw that his mouth was held open.

The rest of the gym-goers also the outline of Buddy's huge cock in his shorts and were noticeably whispering to one another or staring. Men and women alike couldn't help but see the huge thing bouncing up and down in his shorts.

Taylor finally approached Mallory while Buddy was gone, "Mallory, what the fuck?"

Mallory continued to work out and do her best not to show her guilt on her face, "What?"

"What do you mean what? This fat fuck had a hard cock."

"No, don't be silly."

"Yes he was, Mallory. He just walked away hard and he was standing right behind you obviously close enough to----"

"You're just being jealous. Stop it. Now.", Mallory's tone

suggested to Taylor not to persist and he didn't.

"Well I'm going to tell Rod to fire that fat fuck.", Taylor crossed his scrawny arms over his small chest.

"You'll do no such thing otherwise you'll have to deal with me.", Mallory finally stopped exercising and stared at her husband letting him know that she was still in charge.

"Am I interrupting something?", Buddy had returned with the bottle of his requested juice handing it to Mallory who immediately began to chug the bottle.

In the meanwhile, Taylor searched Buddy's crotch for his hard cock, but realized he wasn't any longer. He looked relieved.

If he only knew. Buddy thought while he gave Taylor a fake smile.

IN FRONT OF THE ENTIRE GYM

Buddy now began shooting multiple loads into Mallory's water bottle to make her special juice. At first it was just because he wanted to know. The whole change Mallory was going through had fallen undenounced. He didn't even realize it until one time he forgot her juice at home and she had become irritable like she use to be.

Buddy ended up driving to the couples beautiful home in the wealthy side of the town to deliver her a case of it so she could always have some. He realized she was starting to crave it and began making it by the jug constantly jerking off to the pair of panties he had stolen from her earlier.

The whole situation had started to consume Buddy, just as Mallory consumed Buddy.

Other than the focus on getting Mallory to drink his cum, things

were actually going well for Buddy. Even the rest of the patrons of the gym couldn't stop thanking Buddy enough for taming Mallory's attitude and turning her into a sweetheart. Especially Pete who had to deal with the Shortsnubbers every time they came through the front door.

Buddy couldn't believe that months of Mallory drinking his cum had actually made her more pleasant. Not only that, but she was even calling him and talking to him about personal things on the phone.

She even brought up some of the issues her and Taylor were having. She never directly said it, but Buddy could sense that she had lost attraction her own husband even if she wouldn't admit it.

It would have been easy enough for Buddy to believe as he thought that Taylor was a complete loser and Mallory was way out of his league. However, he also knew better and realized that his Buddy Juice was affecting the housewife sexual attraction as well.

Buddy had put two and two together and could only deduce that Mallory might be actually starting to like him. She didn't seem like the type that would go after Buddy, but she had dropped a couple of hints over a span of a few of their most recent phone calls. Possibly suggesting he should make a move.

*****

He would contemplate the thought of the beautiful blond as he waited for his Rod while sitting in his office.

Rod walked in like a hurricane with messed up hair. His eyes were bug eyed and he was pale from presumably a night of parting before. He greeted Buddy like he was a complete "bro" instead of a boss and sat next to him instead of where he should have as the boss.

"Buddy, I hear your attitude has improved."

Buddy nodded in agreement.

"But… I have to let you go still.", Rod said.

"What? Why?", Buddy didn't understand.

"Taylor. He says you've been trying to… well Mallory is a beautiful woman and you know how their husbands are."

"Wait, you are firing because Taylor is too insecure?"

"Don't say it that way, Buddy.", Rod said. He had white power all around the rim of one of his nostrils as he sniffled.

"How do you want me to say it, Rod. I've done everything you've asked and this is how you're going to treat me?", Buddy held back a few choice words.

Rod looked flustered as he thought it was going to be easier to fire his employee. He looked unprepared to deal with Buddy's backlash and sunk in his chair. "Don't make this any worse than it has to be. How about I let you work out today?"

"Gee. Thanks.", Buddy said. Hating himself for accepting it, he figured he better make the most he can before he was unemployed. "Fine whatever. I'll work the rest of today.'

Buddy left frustrated and waited for his next clients who just happened to be Mallory and Taylor themselves. Today, Mallory wore a great pair of shorts and a tight pink shirt that made her 36C breast protrude proudly out on her chest. Buddy knew that Taylor had got him fired so when Mallory came to give him a hug, Buddy wrapped his large arms around her and pulled her in tight.

I'm going to at least feel her body against mine one last time. Buddy thought.

Taylor looked surprised to see Buddy after he had spoken to Rod. He didn't even say hi as he went to Rod's office to go talk to his friend about why Buddy was still at the gym.

Mallory and Buddy began to set up and prepared to work out.

Buddy gave Mallory the juice wondering if this would be the last time he ever gave her any of his cream. She drank it and the two began to do their reps while Taylor was still in Rod's office.

Mallory concern for other's had heightened and she could tell that Buddy was distant today and that something was up. She decided to inquire, "What's wrong?"

"Oh you don't know?", Buddy was genuinely surprised as they warmed up for their work out. When Mallory shook her head he continued, "Rod fired me. Today's my last day."

A wave of shock covered Mallory's face. She stopped warming up, "That's terrible. Why?"

"Well. Seems I'm not making certain people happy that I'm supposed to be.", Buddy beat around the bush.

Mallory took his words and deciphered what he meant by them and instantly realized, "Taylor."

Buddy nodded silently confirming.

Some of the other gym goers who were eavesdropping asked Buddy about being let go and he confirmed it. People were genuinely saddened by the fact that Buddy would no longer be working there. Pete especially as they'd become friends and Pete didn't have a lot of friends. Buddy didn't make a huge production and just told people that he'd keep in contact. He assured Pete that they'd remain friends and the crowd finally dispersed going back to their own work out machines to continue their own fitness regimens. A bit of a somber tone filling the gym.

Mallory didn't want to accept this reality, "They can't do this to you, Buddy."

Buddy was delighted to hear Mallory was loyal to him in this moment. Buddy Juice really worked.

Mallory and Buddy had locked eyes and they were lost for a

moment. Buddy stuck his hand out. "Come here."

Mallory looked around a little hesitant at first, but took his hand. Buddy pulled her small frame into his larger stronger one. Buddy being much stronger than her husband, she wasn't use to being manhandled. She cooed and stared up at Buddy.

Her eyes said it all and Buddy wrapped his arm around the small of her back. He had her under his complete controlled when he pulled her closer into his crotch to let her feel the hardening cock that was giving her the special Buddy Juice that she craved even if she didn't realize it.

"If this is my last day. I'm going to make the best of it.", Buddy said. He leant down, pressed his lips against Mallory's own soft lips. At first she tried to pull back, but Buddy didn't let her go. He held her in his arms and kept her from retreating as he continued to kiss her. Finally, she couldn't resist and she jumped into his arms.

Buddy held her in his arms as they passionately embraced in their locked lips. Buddy instantly reached up her leg to hold her up with one hand on her half naked ass over her skimpy grey shorts.

"Oh Buddy, don't leave.", Mallory said in between tasting Buddy's lips. "I need you."

That was all he needed to hear as he walked her towards the wall of the gym and pushed her back against the wall behind her. One hand squeezing her ass as he began to kiss at her neckline.

"I'm going to take you.", Buddy, the man of few words, said.

"Now?", Mallory's eyes widened as she looked at the other people in the guy who were watching the two embrace. "Here!?"

"Here. And now.", Buddy set her down and began to work her shorts down her hips. His lips not leaving her and he gave her no chance to fight him. She offered no resistance and even wiggled her own hips as she worked the grey shorts and panties off her as she stood bottomless in front of everyone in the gym. Something had

come over her and all inhibitions were lost.

Mallory responded by pulling down Buddy shorts. His cock foot long cock flopping out she looked down at it and her eyes lit up. She looked up at Buddy with shock and awe at the size of it.

"Bigger than Taylors, I bet.", Buddy confidently spoke.

Mallory's tiny hand reached down and did its best to wrap around the shaft as she looked down at it. She squeezed at it to feel the girth and began to stroke it to feel its length before looking up at Buddy and whispering, "It's huge. At least four times bigger than Taylors. Oh my god."

Mallory looked around and could see others were watching her stroke the big cock in her hard. However, she didn't care. Within only a few stroke of Mallory stroking Buddy he was hard as a rock. Her own pussy soaking wet she felt like having a sip of her Buddy Juice, but knew that the Juice would have to wait. She needed Buddy's big cock in her and nothing was going to get in the way of that.

"Fuck me, Buddy.", Mallory cooed.

Buddy hoisted her up, with her legs spread around him. He pushed her up against the wall roughly and pressed his round belly into her flat stomach to hold her up as he began to guide his hard cock into the warm wet folds of Mallory.

"Nggh, it's so fucking big, Buddy.", She could feel his mushroom head cock beginning to penetrate her. She stared over Buddy's shoulder to see some of the gym rats beginning to walk over to them to watch. The sensation of other's watching them only made it feel even more erotic.

"You're so fucking tight.", Buddy said as he tried to work his thick cock into her. She was so tight that it felt like pushing a sausage into a soda bottle.

"Taylor must not fuck her right.", It was Pete and his comment made the rest of the gym rats laugh. Pete felt validated for the first time in a long time by making everyone laugh. He stood there as amazed as Buddy was having Mallory pinned up against the wall with his cock buried in her.

"Go on Buddy, pick up the pace. She's loving it.", One of the gym rats said. The hooting and hollering began to gather the rest of the gym until everyone was watching Buddy still trying to cram his entire foot long cock into the tight blond beauties tight snatch.

Mallory was squirming and moaning as the thick cock penetrated her. Buddy was large enough and she was small enough that he was able to slowly lift her up and down on his cock so he didn't rip her in half.

Mallory's eyes began to roll in the back of her head as she let out a loud groan. Being fucked in front of everyone was such a turn on for her that she couldn't hold back.

Pete pointed for everyone's attention, "Look guys, she's already cumming! Go Buddy!"

The crowd was applauding and going wild. People were chanting as Buddy began to pick up the pace. Mallory's pussy had opened up enough so that way he was able to work himself entirely in her. Mallory had orgasmed multiple times. Each time the crowd would erupt in applause.

"What the fuck is going on here?", The crowd began to part to let someone through. It was Taylor. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped as he stared at Buddy fucking his wife in front of the entire gym. "Mallory!?"

Mallory heard Taylor's family voice. She looked around for Taylor and when she saw him she just stared at him, "What?"

"What? What!? What do you meant what? What the fuck are you doing?!", Taylor squealed. This made some of the guys chuckle

around him.

Buddy didn't stop. He heard Taylor and figured that if he wanted him to stop fucking Mallory he could try and stop him. Mallory was bouncing up and down still on Buddy's cock as she tried to come up with an explanation.

Pete interjected, "What does it look like she's doing, dipshit?"

Again the gym goers laughed and Pete knew he was on a roll. He looked around to the other guys with a big bright smile. It only encouraged him to go on, "She's getting her fucking brains fucked out by my big dick friend."

Taylor was about to lunge at Pete, but was easily held by one of the strong gym rats. Completely restrained, he could only watch Buddy continue to pump his hips in and out his wife. Personally disgusted by the big man's hair ass squeezing each time he stuffed his cock into his wife.

Mallory watched Taylor restrained. His scrawny form being held by a much larger man as this big round brawny stud fucked her right in front of him. She began to tense up and stared straight at Taylor and said, "Fffuuck I'm cummming."

Taylor watched his wife cum. Her legs dangling over Buddy's arms and were bouncing as he continued to pound at her pussy in his increased pace. The sound of his balls smacking against the bottom of her ass was filling the gym and the crowd continued to encourage Buddy to fuck Mallory who was moaning incessantly.

"Buddy!", It was Rod. He must have snaked through the crowd. "What is going on you cant do that here. Mallory? Is that you?"

Mallory looked over to Taylor as she continued to bounce up and down on Buddy's cock. She remained silent and Buddy finally decided to speak up, "What do you want Rod?"

"You heard me, Buddy. You can do that to Mallory here."

Buddy was grunting and groaning and didn't even look at Rod as he was in the middle of fucking a beautiful woman, "Where do you suggest I fuck her."

Rod wasn't sure how to respond to that and looked over to Taylor like "that's a good question." Taylor obviously disappointed in his junkie friend unable to take control of his own gym.

Mallory came at Buddy simply using the word "fuck". The big dick in her was making her cum numerous times as she fucked in front of her husband. She knew she would never ever go back to him and that she was no longer attracted to the loser. Taylor had tears coming from his eyes and couldn't understand how Mallory could be fucking a fat person in his mind.

"Do something you fucking good for nothing junkie!", Taylor lashed out at his friend Rod.

Rod looked at Taylor then over to Buddy who was still pounding at Mallory's pussy. Then finally back over to Rod again. "It's your wife. Not mine. What do you want me to do?

"Yeah but he's your employee!", Taylor cried.

"Well…. not after today. Remember you wanted him gone. So today was his last day.", Rod looked at his watch, "In fact he's technically no longer my employee."

Buddy was working up a nice sweat as he continued to thrust his big hips into the petite athletic blond. Her tight pussy was suctioned around his cock and her hips were being pulled and pushed by the impaling cock that fucked her. Buddy was groaning and moaning and laughing in his own head as he listened to the two idiots Rod and Taylor go back and forth.

Rod finally spoke up, "I'm going to be in my office if anyone needs me. I have some things to do."

Everyone who knew Rod knew that meant he was going to

sniff a bunch of cocaine. And with that Rod was out of the picture as quick as he had entered.

"Oh shit. Oh shit.", Buddy said. His eyes were widening and Mallory had a half drunken smile on her face. She continued to be bounced up and down on the big thick dick stretching her out.

"Cum in me, Buddy. Fill me up.", Mallory had never ever said anything like the sorts and had no idea where these words were coming from.

Buddy looked over his shoulder over at Taylor. "I'm going to cum so fucking deep in your wife, that she'll be having my sons for decades." He continued to stare at Taylor as his face began to hint that he was getting ready to cum. His bros furrowed and his nose began to upturn as his face upturned.

Taylor had a fear on his face, but he hadn't given up. He didn't want this fat man's gravy entering his wife. He ended up breaking free from the man holding him. He grabbed a weight and charged Buddy with it, "Fuck you!"

SMACK. Taylor was laid out on his back. Standing over him was Pete. He looked as surprised as everyone else that the nice guy just knocked out the gym douche bag. The crowd erupted in applause.

Buddy also erupted in his own form of applause. "Fuck, I'm cumming."

"Cum deep in me, Buddy!", Mallory called out. She desperately craved his cum in her.

"Cum in her Buddy!", Pete added his own cheer.

"Ugh, Ugh, Ugh", Buddy unleashed stream after stream of cum into Mallory. He continued his pace of fucking her and continued to smash her against the wall roughly as he did so. "Take my cum."

"Oh Buddy, fill me…", Mallory was worn out from the fucking

Buddy gave her. In fact, she was thankful that the man pounding her was finally done as his cock was in danger of ruining her.

Buddy's sweaty body was slipping and sliding against Mallory as he continued to milk himself into Mallory. He held Mallory up against the wall and gave her one more passionate kiss. When he pulled away, Mallory suddenly said, "I love you Buddy."

"Love me?", Buddy said cock softening in her. Everyone standing around her.

"I am in love with you Buddy.", She repeated herself more directly this time.

Buddy looked around the crow of gym rats that had just watched him fuck Mallory. Taylor was on the ground Pete was standing there in anticipation at how Buddy would respond to what Mallory just said. Pete finally said, "Well?"

Buddy looked deep into Mallory's eyes and said, "I love you too."

The gym went nuts. Pete was hoisted up on a group of men's shoulders and they cared him around. The group cheered and chanted for Mallory and Buddy.

After putting their clothes on, Mallory and Buddy stepped right over the still unconscious Taylor and left the gym. Mallory leaving her husband completely behind.

80'S STYLE EPILOGUE

Mallory and Buddy ended up getting married. They started their own gym which ended putting Rod's gym out of business and are still very much in love.

***

After **Rod** lost his gym, he went into a spiral of drugs and alcohol until he lost it all. He ended up getting clean and sober and now is now a Pastor.

***

Pete, inspired by his friend Buddy's actions used the events as motivation to accomplish his own dreams. He would end up becoming the 48th President of the United States of America.

****

Taylor went onto a food bender and gained three hundred pounds. After losing his wealth through terrible financial management of his wrong doing, he ended up working at the local fast food restaurant where he still works.

***

Mallory still drinks Buddy Juice every day.

----THE END-----

UP

BY REMY LEONE

REMY LEONE PRESENTS:

THE WEDDINGS, BRIDES AND CUCKOLDS COLLECTION

5 TABOO CUCKOLD EROTICA STORIES FOCUSED ON BUSTY BRIDES AND WEDDING THEMED CHEATING.

MAN

TAKES ADVANTAGE OF DRUNK GROOM'S BUSTY

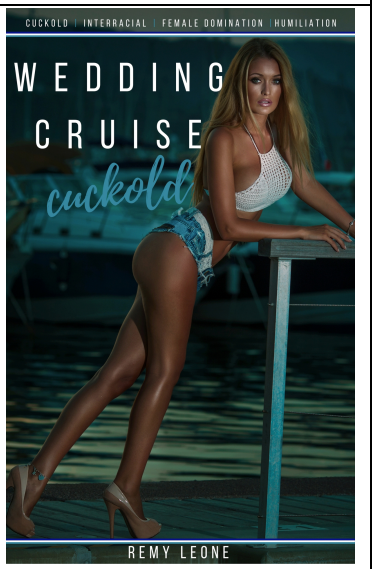
Remy Leone Presents:

The Weddings, Brides and Cuckolds Collection

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2019 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

 Bachelor Party Cuckold Mix Up	Story Selection:	 **Black Best Man Takes Advantage of Drunk Groom's Busty Bride**
 Cuckold's Dad, Busty Wife's Daddy	 **Island Wedding Cuckold**	 **Wedding Cruise Cuckold**

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | BUSTY RED HEAD | WIMP

BACHELOR PARTY CUCKOLD MIX UP

BY REMY LEONE

Bachelor Party Cuckold Mix Up

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	A Plan In Motion
2	The Mix Up
3	Party Time
4	Out Of Hand

A PLAN IN MOTION

Alvin and his wife is Jessie have been married for eight years and are both in their early thirties. They both met in college and Alvin was instantly attracted to the woman that would later become his wife.

Alvin had always had a thing for women with red hair and blonde hair, and Jessie had a vibrant strawberry blonde color that was kissed by the sun. Her light blue eyes were filled with an innocence which completely described Jessie. She was a complete virgin until she met Alvin and he was the only mad she had ever been with. Even though they didn't wait until they were married, they were at least engaged before they were intimate. The same year they graduated college was the same year they were married.

Alvin and Jessie had just opened a store that catered to entertainment venue. They sold an assortment of party supplies at their store, but they also provided a service which put on parties for various groups of people. After receiving their liquor license they began to cater parties for local celebrities which included some professional athletes. Weddings was also a very common event for them during the summer, but there was on event that seemed to be the most profitable. It was bachelor parties.

Without bachelor parties it would have been difficult for the business Alvin and Jessie were growing to be successful. Men were very gracious with their money when they had a great time at a bachelor party. Alvin saw the events as completely raunchy behavior of animals; but money was money. Alvin knew that without these raunchy parties, they would have lost everything so they both made sure to cater to any of their guests requests.

Being that they had just started their business they were trying to build a solid reputation as a place anyone could rely on for a one of a kind party. Alvin and Jessie were usually pretty busy and did most of the work, but occasionally have to hire help. The problem for them right now is that they didn't have the money up front to pay for any upcoming venues that would be expected.

Normally, when there are bachelor or bachelorette parties, one of the forms of entertainment for the guests are strippers. Sometimes they even request live sex shows. Both something that can be accommodated by Alvin and Jessie's business. The deeper they became in this venture, the more their own morals had to bend in order to make it work.

Jessie put herself in charge of hiring the female strippers and Alvin hired the female strippers. The frequency of hiring them formed a relationship the couple never expected to have. They had also other partnerships and would work with various local bands to work the parties. If they would be unable to pay them it would also ruin their business partner's relationship and they'd build the

reputation of being unreliable.

They had to set up a meeting with a man named Tony in order to get the loan that they needed to pay their expenses while they waited on some incoming funds. When they met with Tony to secure the loan, Tony

"So I usually work the bachelor parties with a younger male temporary worker because my wife Jessie feels uncomfortable around the women dancing and taking their clothes off. Then what happens is that we usually switch and then she takes care of the bachelorette parties with a temp for the same reason. It seems that usually the guys or gals which ever it may be have a better time if someone's husband or wife is not around."

Tony didn't seem to care what the situation was. "So why should I believe you will get my money back with the interest.?"

"We'll like I said before, sir, we throw one-of-a-kind parties.", Alvin said.

"The best!", Jessie chimed in chipperly.

Tony looked to the picket white fence couple. He was a man who had built his fortune on being calculated and precise. He wasn't a black and white type of individual and tried to get a read on the couple in front of him. Usually when people seemed so innocent they were trying to pull a fast one on him. However, Tony had a gut feeling that these two were actually trustworthy. It didn't hurt that Jessie had a nice set of 38DD breasts on her that left just enough cleavage out in her top to make his day.

"So is she the entertainment?", Tony said looking to Jessie intently.

"Oh no!", Jessie blushed. "I'm much too old."

"Old? You look still ripe.", Tony said confidently.

Alvin had to admit that he didn't appreciate the flirtatious

behavior Tony was showing. But the older Italian man was going to give them a loan so he figured him spinning his wheels couldn't hurt. As long as they got the loan.

"Well… you both haven't really sold me on the idea.", Tony said waiting for more.

Alvin spoke up quickly to try and persuade Tony, "We also just had had a call from a local political leader whose son will be getting married. They said he's only 18, but the man who was making arrangements with us told us that they would pay big bucks for top talent. They were willing to pay not only for the entire party, but the supplies and the talent our rate and all we had to do was arrange everything. The only expense was liquor so that is really what the loan is for. We buy the liquor and pay you within the same week. They also have bonus for our confidentiality which I'd let you in on for 10% as a kicker. I'm not sure of the number of guests, but it sounded like small private group of very wealthy individuals."

Tony listened to Alvin and him and even his wife Jessie were surprised at him being as persistent as he was. Jessie was proud that her husband showed some backbone as it was something she said he lacked in subtle ways over the course of their relationship.

"Okay."

"Annnnd another thing…", Alvin stopped himself. "Okay?"

"Yes. I'll give you the money.", Tony said without emotion. "Under one condition."

"That is?", Jessie seemed apprehensive.

"Well, I want to give you the money to pay for the liquor on this party. I want to attend and check in on the quality of service you are providing. If I approve, we can move forward with securing a larger loan to grow."

Jessie and Alvin looked at one another and both shrugged. They

figured that seemed very reasonable. The both of them shook on the deal and the couple went off to make their plans.

The party was in a few days, which was very short notice to get things put together, but for big money you have to go big. Normally they would charge more for a short-term notice party, but they were already getting double the rate without having to pay for anything. This was very helpful to the couple and their bank account but still made their scramble nerve wrecking.

Jessie was a great cook and she was able to prep food way better than her husband, so Alvin was in charge of hiring the help since he would have to work with them. Jessie then called the club and asked for their normal entertainment that everyone else so far had seemed to love.

The plan was set in motion and Tony had to admit that he was feeling excited.

.

THE MIX UP

The day of the party Alvin was at the hotel and unloading the work van with the food and decorations. Today was Jessie's day off and she was planning on a ladies night out with her own friend who was getting over a tough break up. His help wasn't there yet so he had to do everything by himself until help arrive. Time went by and he was beginning to wonder where he was when Alvin's cell phone rang.

It was the temporary worker that was supposed to help him cover the party. The young man had an emergency and was going to be able to make it to work. Alvin tried to bargain with the young man as this party was crucial to the future success of their business, but

the kid wouldn't budge. This would put them in quite the predicament as there was no time to look for any help as they party started within an hour.

Alvin had no idea what to do so he called Jessie who was with the ladies. He could hear them at a bar already and having a blast. Her friends were very wild while Jessie was the shy one of the group. Alvin didn't mind though, because Jessie would dress up to go out and look very sexy and come home in them.

Jessie sighed and said, "I guess we have no choice but for me to go and help with this one. Give me a moment and let me break the news to the girls."

Alvin felt guilty for ruining her night out since they rarely would get one. However, they both knew how much was riding on tonight and Tony's approval to secure the second loan.

Alvin received another call.

"I'm leaving now, but should I stop at home to change?", Jessie asked.

"Why?", Alvin literally had forgotten that she was just out with her friends.

"Well I'm not in anything very…. Well professional.", Jessie said.

Alvin didn't have time to worry about that and replied, "Just help me get it set up and you can leave. It's only going to be a few guys that are younger and I can handle that easily."

Alvin got in the hotel room with his materials and carried everything else up within two trips. He was already starting to sweat and becoming nervous that things would not work out. There was a sound at the door which made Alvin optimistic that it was Jessie there to help.

Alvin answered the door. It was Jessie to his surprise. In a

business attire were two younger men and two older men. Alvin recognized the tall, skinnier older man as the politician that had ordered the event. He had no idea that he was actually attending. The other older man with him stood next to him was short and fat and had a beard. The two younger boys were both 18 years old and must have been best friends.

By the time everyone had entered there were about a dozen men ranging in ages from 18-50. It was sort of an odd group of people together which seemed to suggest this party was more than just a party, but also a way for the wealthy to enjoy themselves while they were catered to and entertained.

The hotel room was a suite and large enough to hold small gatherings and easily able to accommodate the group of men who were eager to drink and have a good time.

Alvin introduced him, showed them the food table and started to pour them their first drinks. One of the guys had brought some porn movies to play on the big screen TV in the room. Things were going along just fine then Alvin's cell phone rang. He figured it was Jessie and he almost told her to not worry about it after all hoping she could still enjoy her night off.

Another disappointing call. The woman who was supposed to be providing the adult entertainment couldn't make it either. Alvin could hear how insincere she was for leaving him in a bind, and it almost sounded like she was sniffing coke while she was on the phone with him.

"Impossible to find good help these days.", Alvin muttered to himself.

It might have been okay, but apparently the group already started the party somewhere else as they had been drinking. They brought in their drunk rowdy attitudes in with them and were ordering Alvin around like a slave. Alvin tried his best to make sure they were satisfied as he tried to think of a solution. He wondered if there was

an escort service he could call. It would be a new low for him, but he was desperate.

It was too late to find another dancer for the party. This party was plagued with problems from the start and it was not getting any better. Alvin could see his dreams being crushed right before his eyes as the men became ruder to him.

To make matters worse one of the guys came over and asked, "Are there not supposed to be girls here for this?" Unfortunately the rest of the men were in agreement and the older politician looked very displeased which made Alvin nervous.

Alvin told him, "Yes, there has been a slight speed bump and I was trying to find replacements."

As if Alvin wasn't nervous enough. Now Tony had arrived just like he said he would. Alvin would have to do something, but was so busy serving the wealthy self-entitled jerks that he didn't have time for anything. He quickly texted Jessie the situation but had no time to check for her reply.

Alvin served the guys some more food and another round of drinks. About thirty minutes had passed and I had not heard from Jessie. I was getting nervous and afraid we were going to mess up this party, which would not be good considering whom, it was for. All he could do was hope that Jessie saw the message and had some sort of card up her sleeve.

"One of a kind party, huh?", Tony looked around seeing just a bunch of guys eating refreshments watching porn. "Don't think our guest of honor is having much fun."

Alvin could see that the politician's son looked bored. Sure he was trying to make the best of it, but he was wondering why they were in a hotel and not out in a bar drinking right now. Alvin could

feel the anxiety building within him.

There was a knock at the door and Alvin went to get it hoping it was the dancers. I opened the door and there stood Jessie. She was her very short mini skirt that barely covered her milky soft thighs. The tightness around her waist made the skirt stretched around her firm rear she had from working out and her top was nothing more than a tube top that allowed nearly half of her breasts spill out of them. Alvin had to admit that her busty chest looked fabulous in the tight top that had stretch lines because of her bustline.

Alvin was relieved to see her, even if she looked a little bit risqué, "I'm so glad to see you. Did you see my text?"

She replied in a very depressed tone, "Yeah… I tried to call everyone and anyone and right now we're just waiting for a call back."

Alvin began to panic, "What are we going to do?! Tony's here and we've been waiting here for almost an hour now the men in there are getting a bit pushy with me now."

Then one of the guys walked to the door. He literally pushed Alvin's smaller frame out of the way and grabbed Jessie by the wrist dragging her into the room. He let out a drunken holler, "Alright our entertainment has arrived!"

Alvin tried to protest, but was easily ignored by the men at the party. In fact, one of the other guys held Alvin back while the other guy ushered Jessie into the room. He led her over to where the guys were and said, "Look at what I found on our doorstep."

The men just stared at Jessie. Jessie was uncomfortable being center of the attention, while these man began to hoot and holler at her. She looked over at Alvin who seemed to be unsure of what to do either. Jessie then tried to leave the center of the room, but one of the guys pulled her back to the middle again. Each time she tried to leave she was pushed back into the middle.

"Show us your tits!". The first guy called.

"Fuck yeah look at this little slut!", Another one said.

"Let's see if the carpet matches the drapes!" One guy joked which made the group laugh.

Jessie looked at Alvin for help, but Alvin was frozen still. Alvin then felt a pat on the back from Tony.

"That-a-boy. Way to sacrifice for the benefit of the business.", Tony nodded to Alvin's wife.

Alvin just sighed and Jessie feared that her husband would not come to her rescue. She looked around at the drunken teens and men who shouted obscenities at her that she was not use to.

"C'mon you little slut we already paid for your ass.", One man said finally rudely walking up to her. He put a finger in her top and pulled it away so that he could peak down her top.

Alvin just thought, "Shit."

PARTY TIME

Alvin knew exactly why they thought his wife was the stripper by the way she looked and dressed. Jessie is a beautiful woman with a body that would put many strippers to shame. In fact, these men were actually getting lucky to have such a beautiful woman sharing their room right now. She stands about 5'8" tall with long strawberry blonde hair. Her figure was a beautiful hourglass shape with large 388DD natural perky breasts, a firm flat stomach from working out and a beautiful tight little ass toned by years in the gym. She was in a skin tight miniskirt and tube top with a pair of 5" heels that set off her dancer legs.

One of the guys patted the seat next to him on the couch and

said, "Get over here babe and sit next to me and my soon to be married buddy."

Alvin wanted to tell the man to be more polite, but he didn't want to anger his guests. Jessie walked over to the couch and sat down between the two guys. The one immediately put his hand on her thigh that was exposed from the slit in her very short mini skirt. He almost pulled it up so that the side of her ass was exposed at this point. His finger trailing up and down it as looked down her cleavage without regard.

The other guy put his arm around her shoulder. She was the center of attention, as they all seemed to huddle around her. The man's hand slowly caressing at her chest above her breasts, but Alvin could clearly see his hand working its way down.

The men started to move around so that they could huddle around Alvin's wife. One of the guys asked if there would be anybody else coming to serve the rest of the guys. The way he said "serve" made Alvin nervous, but he ignored his anxiety.

"Nope, just little ol' me.", Jessie giggled. Putting on a show.

The man beside her squeezed her upper inner thigh which made Jessie jumped a little and he said, "I think little ol' you will be enough for all of us."

Alvin rolled his eyes as the man obviously tried to flirt with his wife. The man looked like a creepy fat older pervert, but Jessie actually didn't seem to mind and flirted back. Alvin knew she had to though.

The politician said with faint approval, "She'll do, I guess."

The ret of the guys seemed to light up at the news of what the politician said. One of the other men stood up and said, "Then what the fuck are we waiting for lets get this show on the road!"

The men cheered.

"Ya boy, grab us a drink!", A rowdy drunker man said to Alvin.

Alvin hopped to and scrambled to serve the men who surrounded his wife. The man's hands were becoming more inappropriate and Jessie was feeling uncomfortable. Alvin could see that she had some fear and excitement in her eyes as well as anxiety. When he handed Jessie a drink she made eye contact with him suggesting she wanted to talk to him alone.

"May I cut in?", Alvin asked as he began to take Jessie's hand. He was just beginning to pull her up from between the two men, but the both of them looked up at Alvin as if he were insane.

"Get your own girl!", One of the guys said.

"Ya we ain't done with her.", The other guy said.

They guy who had his hand on her thigh had moved it further up her dress and his fingers had disappeared under her dress. The groom had moved his hand farther around her so that his hand was resting just above one of her heaving breasts.

Jessie's eyes widened as she looked up at Alvin to rescue him. Alvin stood there trying to think of something, but before he could figure something out, one of the guys yelled out.

"Hey numbnuts, get the fuck out the way. I can't see the whore!"

Alvin sighed and walked away from his wife who was now being groped by an older man and a younger man simultaneously.

The entire time the porno in the background was going. The scene showed a woman on all fours with a group of men around her stroking their cocks. One guy was behind her fucking her doggystyle while she blew another guy.

"I bet you like that don't you?", One of the men pointed to the video talking to Jessie.

Jessie responded in shock, "I'm a dancer and entertainer, not a

pornstar."

"That's not what I asked you…", The older fat man groping her thigh said. "I want to know if you like sucking dick while you're being fucked like a whore."

Jessie knew she had to respond somehow, "I've never done it."

"Want to?", The groom said.

"Hey I thought you were getting married!", She said to the much younger man who was now slowly fondling Alvin's wife heavy breast.

"Chop chop with those drinks!", One of the men said and the group of men laughed at Alvin. Alvin was obviously frazzled, but still handed out the drinks to everyone including Jessie. Alvin was going to try and pull her out of there this time around, but Jessie didn't even make eye contact with Alvin as she took the drink.

Alvin was in major turmoil. He wanted to take his wife out of there. If they didn't need the money and wasn't relying on the money from Tony he would have too. But this was not the case and the groom's father was a very influential man in town who knew a lot of people. I knew that is why Jessie was sitting there doing what she was doing. They could potentially be ruined financially if the party failed in any manner.

One of the guys got up and turned the music louder and yelled, "Let's get this party started!"

Alvin's heart sunk. His wife was really going to have to strip for this group of drunk rowdy men.

Jessie finally stood up from between the two men groping her. She had to actually pull her breasts and ass away from the guys hands. There was a loud cheer from the guys. She turned and asked the guy sitting next to her the rhetorical question, "So you're the lucky man getting married?"

He shook his head yes. She grabbed his hand and led him to a chair in the middle of the room. She sat him down in the chair and the rest of the guys moved their chairs for a better view. Alvin's mind was racing as he thought she is really going to do this. She started dancing to the music. She was swaying her beautiful hips and running her hands along her tight body. She turned around and shook her cute ass in his face. He reached out and placed his hand on her ass.

Jessie sat down on the teen's lap and was grinding into his crotch while he showed pleasure in his youthful face. The feeling of her ass rubbing all over his hard cock in his pants was great; especially the fact that this woman was almost twice his age also turned him on. When she stood up it was evident that he had a hard on. The bulge of it was noticeable through the man's slacks.

The young man was smelling the mature strawberry blonde woman's hair. His hands were now freely rubbing all over her large jugs over her tube top. Jessie could feel that the kid was literally ripping her top off he was being so rough.

"Rip it off!", One the men said.

The groom did as he was told and he ripped off Jessie's top. Her large breasts bounced from the sudden jerk. The men all cheered as her perfectly shaped youthful breasts were on display.

"Oh shit, they're actually real!", One man said.

"Like tits on a teen…. I can't wait to feel those.", Another guy called out immediately chugging his beer and tossing the empty on the carpeted floor. Alvin would have to clean up after him.

"Hell yeah boy, play with those tits.", The men encouraged the groom.

The groom was also rubbing his hard cock against Jessie's grinding ass back. His hands reached up and grabbed handfuls of her tits bouncing them up and down and smashing them together.

It was quite the sight to see such a young man handle his wife so vigorously and with such mature experience…. The boy tweaked his wife's nipples and Alvin was a little nervous that this barely legal teenaged boy was making his wife horny by the look in her face.

Luckily Jessie finally stood herself up off of the boy who's had cock had a large tent pole pitched. Jessie stared down at it with a look of accomplishment. Alvin could see that she was beginning to feel more comfortable in front of all of these men and their rowdy behavior. He wasn't sure if that made him less or more nervous.

Jessie seductively turned around and straddled the chair as she sat on his lap again facing him. She was grinding on him and pulled his head toward her cleavage. She buried his face into her abundant cleavage and shook her tits in his face. Jessie's skirt was now slowly riding up her thighs and over the bottom half of her ass exposed to the group. The teen's hands were fondling it the entire time in plain view for Alvin to see as his wife bounced on his hard cock through his pants. The song became more and more sensual and Alvin was surprised to see a side of his wife he had never seen before. The way she gave this teen a lap dance Alvin would never have to imagine what it would look like if she had sex with another woman. It was haunting him and knew it would forever.

The rest of the party was enjoying it but didn't seem satisfied. Men were not getting closer and putting money in her mini-skirt. They would smack her ass or grab her tit as they put the money in her hemline while she grinded herself against the younger teens cock.

Alvin had just served another round of beers and drinks to the men. They all took them unappreciatively while they watched the topless busty woman grind the younger man not knowing it was Alvin's wife.

The men were now crowding closer around Jessie and the groom. Alvin was having a hard time actually seeing his wife continue the lap dance. He then heard one guy say.

"Get this off you little slut… I want to see that ass completely."

There was a rip of the skirt that Jessie was wearing. He tossed it over towards Alvin's feet.

"Take off her panties!"

The fat man who was rubbing her thigh obliged and ripped them right off her body as she straddled the younger man still. The fat man was now sniffing Alvin's wife's panties as he rubbed his cock which disgusted the husband. These men had just completely ripped off Alvin's wife's clothes right in front of him as she continued to give the young man a lap dance. Alvin could see that she was nervous as the men around her were pawing at her. Alvin felt like he was going to vomit and could see Tony giving him a thumbs up of approval.

The room was filled with a bunch of hard cocks and men rubbing themselves along with rubbing her. Her nipples were squeezing, her ass spanked, her breasts smashed her hair pulled. The men increasingly became rougher with her. Things were getting out of hand.

. She leaned her tits into his face and as she did he quickly reached out and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth. She was not planning on this and jerked back. You could hear the pop as his sucking mouth left her tit. She just shook her finger at him like he was a naughty little boy which made the men laugh. She then reached for the back of his head and pulled him between her tits and shook them so they were hitting his ears.

"Alright… lets have some real fun now.", It was the politician who had spoken. He gave permission to the rest of the men to escalate.

It happened so quickly that Alvin never had a chance.

OUT OF HAND

One man on each side of her picked Jessie up. Her sexy form being held above the groom who was now unbuckling his pants and sliding them along with his briefs down to his ankles. Jessie saw it and there was a bit of panic in her eyes as she looked over to Alvin to come to her rescue. However, Alvin's eye's only showed hopelessness. She felt herself lowered.

The groom's cock was now slowly penetrating Jessie as she was lowered onto it by the groom's friends. The group was cheering on and even smacking Jessie's ass as they impaled her. The groom was very eager to fuck the woman as he was already humping her while they lowered her on him. His hips bucking against hers only made Jessie's tits bounce.

"That's it boy, give it to her real nice and hard!"

"She's loving it!"

"Look at those titties bounce!"

"Fucking slut!"

The groom continued to fuck her as the men still holding Jessie was helping her fuck the politician's son back. Jessie realized she didn't really need to put any effort into what was going on as she was being manhandled up and down on the teenagers cock. It was odd having such a man inside of her. This kid was almost young enough to be her son.

Alvin then became stunned as he saw that one of the men lowering Jessie down on the politician's son's cock was Tony. Alvin wondered why he was helping escalate the situation, and felt betrayed by him.

The groom finally scrunched his young face and he straightened his legs out. The men moving Jessie on top of her continued to jerk

the groom's cock off with Jessie's pussy. Alvin watched as the young self-entitled wealthy groom began dumping his load right into his wife.

The group was cheering and giving each other high fives. However, they never really let Jessie out from the middle keeping her trapped in the middle of their horny circle of savagery. They pulled her up off of the groom and the groom pulled his pants up and took a seat on a different chair.

Another teen took his place. "I want my dick sucked" The kid said.

The men obliged and set her on her knees. The teen had his own cock out and sitting on the chair with Jessie now on her knees right in front of him. He had a hand in her hair and shoved her face into his crotch. From Alvin's angle he couldn't see if she was taking him in her mouth, but by the looks of the boy's face it looked like she had.

Her head was bobbing up and down on the kid's lap presumably sucking his teenaged cock. His hands were gripping a handful of her red hair and her perfect heart shaped toned ass was on display for everyone else. The fat man that was still sniffing her panties put them in his mouth and began to unbuckle himself as he brought himself to his knees behind Jessie.

His hand reached down over his gut. He literally had to pick his gut up and set it on the small of Jessie's back so he could penetrate her.

He must have been pretty small, because Jessie didn't even seem to notice as the fat man started humping at her ass. He was immediately humping her as she was bent over the groom. She tried to stand up but the teen had hold of the back of her head. Alvin knew he should have stopped this, but the lack of back bone wouldn't allow him to.

The room was getting hot and smelled like a bunch of men fucking one woman. The musk disgusted Alvin, but the men ordered him to serve them more drinks as they gang banged his wife. He had to oblige humiliated.

"Ohhh I'm gonna fill this slut up!", The fat man finally said as he sweat. His face was red and his belly was bouncing up and down on the back of Jessie's arched ass. He gave some hard thrusts and began to cum in Jessie.

The teen was sitting back relaxed admiring Jessie's beautiful face. He looked very content with her lips wrapped around his cock as he forced it down further and further down her throat causing her to gag from time to time.

The fat man was quickly replaced by another man who wore a wedding ring. He quickly entered Alvin's wife in one smooth thrust and began bucking wildly.

Jessie's tits were bouncing back and forth as she continued to suck on the younger man's cock. He had taken his cock out of her mouth and forced her face into his balls while he stroked himself. The man behind her still fucking her. Alvin was a bit annoyed that the man currently inside his wife was married for some reason.

The teen in her mouth finally said in a high pitched tone, "I'm gonna cum. Look at me!"

The teen smacked his cock on Jessie's face to get her attention. When she looked up at him, he instantly started spewing his white sticky thick cum on her face. It splattered all over her cheek and he quickly began rubbing his crotch all over her cum splattered face. "That's right…. Give you some nice face cream."

The group of men laughed at the young man's bravado. Alvin could not believe men would treat a woman in such a manner but yet here he was watching his wife being brutally gang fucked by a bunch of self-entitled assholes.

Another teen was quickly inside of her. This kid wanted to impress the others and so he was pulling at Jessie's hair. His hand would come down and smack hard at Jessie's ass. She shifted on her knees as another man replaced the other teen and a new cock was fucking her mouth.

"That's right fuck that little snatch boy!", The group was loving every bit of this woman being used and abused.

The sound of skin slapping could be heard from within the circle that still surrounded the woman. Alvin was still serving drinks to everyone. He could hear the politician talking to Tony. The kid smacking Jessie's ass fucking her from behind had just dumped his load into her.

"Be my guest.", The politician motioned for Tony to have his turn with Jessie.

Tony looked to Alvin who pleaded with his eyes not to. He then looked to the politician and said. "Thank you sir, I would love a turn."

Tony stood up and pushed right past Alvin. Alvin watched as Tony unbuckled himself and got down on his knees. His hand reached down to the shaft of his cock and he put it right in Jessie's pussy in one swift motion.

Alvin watched as Tony's ass began tensing up as he pumped himself into his red headed busty wife's pussy. Tony made loud grunts with each thrusts. The man not only was going to make money off him and his wife, but now he was going to always have the experience of plowing his wife too.

Tony took his time fucking the woman on her knees. After about ten minutes of fucking her he blew his load. He stood up and walked over to Alvin confidently.

"Thanks, bud. I really needed that.", Tony gave him another pat on the back.

Alvin was fuming. He never gave his business partner permission to fuck his wife. He never gave anyone to fuck his wife. He never gave his wife permission to fuck these men. She wasn't even supposed to be here right now.

Then Tony spoke up again interrupting his own anger. His arm was around his shoulder as he walked towards the door.

"Let me talk to you quick."

Alvin tried to remain calm as he walked outside the hotel room with Alvin. Alvin stood in the hall way while Tony was still in the doorway.

"I think we're going to have a long last relationship."

It was the least bit of good news for Alvin to hear. There was some sort of relief in that even though currently his wife was being roughly gang banged. He could hear her moans and the smacking of her ass even in the hall way. The group of men were yelling out things he would never dream of saying.

"But…"

Alvin's heart sunk.

"The night's not over. Come back later tonight when we're done with her."

Tony shut the door leaving Alvin in the hallway. The sounds of his wife's assault had no indication that it would conclude any time soon as the group of men seemed only beginning.

Alvin just stood there stunned as he looked at the room where his wife was being held hostage. And would be held…. All night long.

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | BETRAYAL | CHEATING | BBC

BLACK BEST MAN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF DRUNK GROOM'S BUSTY BRIDE

REMY LEONE

Black Best Man Takes Advantage of Drunk Groom's Busty Bride

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2019 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Drunk Groom
2	Taxi Ride
3	Hotel Room

DRUNK GROOM

Only a few hours ago the young couple Duncan and Melissa Hart married. It was supposed to be the happiest day of the rest of their lives together. However, the bride Melissa couldn't bring herself to smile. Duncan, her husband, was having a hard time standing upright while he stumbled down hallway away from the reception hall.

They had planned to save themselves for their wedding day and Melissa was already having serious doubts about her husbands abilities tonight. She crossed her arms over her bridal gown and busty 38FF breasts. The dress was white and knitted with a transparent top that allowed her best asset to accentuate. While most men in Melissa's life thought of her as a prude, she was anything but modest. Always a bit of a tease, she knew how to use her perfect hourglass figure to attract any man's attention that she wanted. Her husband being the very lucky man.

Duncan was singing at the end of the hall and making a complete ass of himself. If he wasn't so wealthy and business savvy, he would have been more of an embarrassment than a catch, but Melissa felt secure with him. She knew that he would be able to provide for her future. It wasn't that Duncan was ugly, but he was just rather average for the beauty that Melissa held.

"Duncan!", Melissa whined. "You're embarrassing us!"

Most of their family members thought the actions were innocent fun and happy to see the man so wasted. However, a small percentage of Melissa's family casted judgement in their silence. The anxiety that the young busty bride felt was enough to leave a stain on her special day and internally she blamed her drunk husband.

Fuming she tried to console her husband and Duncan slurred out words that made little sense. His breath reeked of alcohol and his eyes were hazed over and Melissa was unsure if Duncan knew where he was or what he was even doing. His irresponsible actions caused her to give him a light smack across the face which only made Duncan smile lightly.

"Heyyyya…", Duncan spoke while trying to look at his new bride.

"Duncan Hart. You need to calm down. We are leaving right now. Did you tell the limo driver to get us?", Melissa questioned.

"Fuck the limo driver… he was staring at your tits all night. Fat bastard… I told him to go.", Duncan said quickly turning to anger. After his sentence ended he went back to be a happy drunk.

"What do you mean?! That was suppose to be our ride to the hotel! God damn it Duncan!", Melissa stopped her heel against the hallway floor.

"We'llwalk!", Duncan slurred.

"We're NOT walking Duncan. I'm wearing my dress!", Melissa was now close to screaming at the top of her lungs.

Luckily for Duncan, his best man Lavon showed up to his rescue. Lavon was Duncan's black friend growing up in high school and they had remained friends ever since. They separated when they both went to college as Lavon had a football scholarship and

Duncan was more focused on academics.

"Would the wedding couple do me the honors in sharing my taxi with me?", Lavon said with a perfect smile filled with pearly whites. He was already grabbing Duncan and slinging his arm around his neck so he could assist him to his taxi.

"Sure Lavon.", Melissa said apprehensively.

Melissa was not a big fan of Lavon as she saw him as more of a threat than a friend. He was a 6'3, handsome and muscular man that had the charm of a player. The type of man that she knew would get her husband into trouble as he liked to party all night. Not to mention he would bring around different girls every time he saw him. In fact, he had even brought over two girls at once who were "free-spirited".

She didn't even think he was that great of a friend. He never came around unless he wanted something and thought she used Duncan. Melissa had protested their friendship after getting to know him for a year, but Duncan wasn't having it and defended their friendship. Even when he blatantly hit on her right in front of Duncan played it as "that's just Lavon being Lavon.".

Lavon was getting the drunk groom into the cab. The black man joked, "We should probably have him near a window. Wouldn't want him to ruin that incredible dress."

"Yeah that sounds like a good idea. Thanks Lavon.", Melissa said a bit surprised by Lavon's compliment and thoughtfulness of somebody else than himself.

Melissa climbed in after her husband into the back seat of the sedan cab. She sat next to her husband who was leaning against the door and waited for Lavon to climb in to smash her in the middle.

"Alright sir.", Lavon spoke to cab driver. "Help me get this beautiful bride to the hotel!"

The cab driver laughed and Melissa found herself slightly blushing. "Oh stop it, Lavon."

The cab began to pull forward and Melissa, Lavon, Duncan all began their trip to the awaiting honeymoon suite.

TAXI RIDE

Duncan's night was beginning to take a turn as the cab began to spin. The motion of the ride was starting to mess with his inertia and he had to close his eyes which possibly made it worse. The cab took turn after turn and it felt like the cab driver was being reckless. The drunk man tried to speak up to yell at the driver, but when he did he almost spilled his stomach. He began to gag repeatedly, but luckily didn't throw up.

"Ew, roll down this window! He's going to throw up!", Duncan heard Melissa say.

Melissa was stumbling next to him as though to push away from him only adding to his upset stomach. Luckily, the window opening allowed a breeze in to cool off his face. Duncan leaned his head out the window with his eyes closed and the sound of the passing window to fill his ears. He knew he was near throwing up so keeping his head out the window seemed like a good idea.

Duncan's eyes were closed the entire time and he wasn't sure if he had fallen asleep in the cab as it drove or if he had been awake the entire time. A bump in the road caused him to raise his head and open his eyes. The bright lights forced him back into the cab. He reached over to touch his bride, but felt nothing. Surprised he looked over to Melissa.

Melissa was just beginning to sit on Lavon's lap. Lavon was raising the back of her dress up high which showed off the entirety of her garter belt and even the beginning of her ass. Her ass being right in Lavon's face, he just stared. Duncan stunned watched as

Lavon lifted the back of Melissa's dress even more to look up her skirt before she sat in his lap.

Lavon began to wriggle underneath her, "That's better."

Melissa noticed Duncan was staring at him. "Oh, you're up!"

Lavon, realizing he might have just been caught looking up her dress jumped a little with Melissa on his lap. Melissa's big breasts bounced in her dress. Lavon kept silent though and tried to play it cool.

"What'reyou doin?", Duncan tried to question them.

Melissa responded without guilt, "Well, I didn't want you to get vomit on my dress so Lavon graciously suggested that I sit on my lap to give us distance."

"Yeah and I was just helping her not mess up her dress, bro.", Lavon said in a friendly manner and a way to possibly cover up his tracks.

"Arrghhhriiitte…", Duncan didn't know what else to say. He was so drunk he didn't want to say anything else.

Duncan's laid his head against the door and closed his eyes. He would have been fuming over his jealousy, but shutting his eyes and leaning his head against the door felt too good to pass up currently. Especially when the cab started down a bumpy road.

Duncan could heard his new bride giggling and she even gasped at one point. Lavon must have done something because she called him by his name.

"Stop Lavon!", Melissa was giggling.

Duncan denied any potential wrongdoings as it would have made him have to lift his head up and open his eyes. He knew that Melissa didn't like Lavon and Lavon would never do anything to hurt him. There was another big bump on the road and he hit his head

opening his eyes. He looked over at the other two in the backseat without them noticing him awake.

Lavon had Melissa pulled tight into his lap. One of his hands was under her skirt and resting high on her thigh playing with the top of her garter belt. His fingers playing with the snaps that would release them from her underwear.

"Lavon he's your friend!", Melissa was saying.

"What? I'm just trying to make it easier for Drunkin' Duncan.", Lavon said with a grin.

Melissa giggled at the expense of her intoxicated husband. Her breast bouncing and jiggling as they continued down the road. Melissa's eyes went wide open.

"Lavon!", Her hand smacked at his chest.

"What? The road is bumpy and your ass is nice and firm.", Lavon playfully stated.

Duncan knew that his black friend must have had a hard on. He couldn't blame him as his wife did have a nice ass and he was right that it was a bumpy road.

"Just mind yourself.", Melissa gave him a glare that seemed too forced to take seriously.

"Y'know, I was surprised that your boy even asked me to be his best man.", Lavon said.

"Why's that?", Melissa asked.

"Because it ain't like we're THAT good of friends.", Lavon said reluctantly.

"Well he thinks you guys are…", Melissa said.

Duncan could see that Melissa was somewhat suspicious at what Lavon was saying. Duncan was surprised to hear his best man

say this to his bride. His thoughts interrupted when all of a sudden Lavon leaned forward and one of his hands reached up from behind Melissa.

Lavon's big black hand cup Melissa's breasts over her bridal dress. His fingers were long enough to touch the bare cleavage as he palmed and massaged at it. Melissa looked down at the hand for half a minute as though she wasn't sure if she wanted to stop it. She bit her lip and even began to grind her ass into Lavon's lap.

He then cleared his throat watching them both snap at attention and freeze to conceal their actions from the passed out husband next to them. The both of them looked like they were ready to explain their actions, but unfortunately for Duncan he felt something coming up.

Duncan began vomiting out the opened window before he could say a word and for the rest of the ride home he was unable to spy on his bride and his best man.

HOTEL ROOM

Duncan realized that the cab was pulled over and instead of leaning out the window he now had his head stuck out the open door. Melissa grabbed him some water and the cab driver finally told them he had to go to pick up another fare. Lavon pulled the drunk man out of the cab and entered the lobby.

Duncan was too drunk to even walk and Lavon finally picked him up in one swift motion. Cradled in his arms was the drunk groom with the impressed Melissa walking behind him.

"Wow Lavon, you're strong!", Melissa said.

"Well Duncan's just a little guy.", Lavon said as he walked down the hallway carrying another full grown man in his arms without effort.

"That's not fair. Dunc' is only a little smaller than average and compared to you anyone would be small.", Melissa argued playfully.

"Oh babe, you don't even know the half of how much bigger I am compared to the average man.", Lavon hinted with a confident grin.

Melissa giggled again at Lavon flirtatious and witty comebacks.

Duncan tried to yell at Lavon for being an asshole, but he let out only a groan. A groan that was stifled by Lavon who shook him in his arms lightly only making his stomach more upset.

By the time they entered the hotel room Duncan was ready to throw up again. Lavon tossed him on the bed and Melissa was unbuttoning his shirt and loosening belt trying to get him out of his clothes. was Lavon saying he was going to grab a water and bring it back while Melissa took off his shoes.

Duncan woke back up to a pitch black room with his shirt completely unbuttoned, but still on. He was missing one sock and was in only his light blue boxers. His feet hung off the bed and he laid horizontally across the bed looking up at the ceiling. Before a thought came to his mind he stood up quickly and ran to the bathroom. Duncan didn't even realize that the room was empty.

When he opened the door what he saw upset his stomach even more. Lavon was sitting on the toilet still in his dress pants with his legs spread wide and one foot kicked up on the tub next to them. Melissa's light brown hair was bobbing up and down and she was on her hands and knees still in her bridal gown sucking off the best man of the wedding.

The both of them jumped up and Duncan saw Lavon's big black cock spring into view. It had to be at least 8"inches long with an average girth, which was much longer and thicker than himself.

With Lavon standing up trying to put his cock away in his pants and Melissa fumbling for words, Duncan rushed to the toilet. He

lifted the seat and leaned in and began spewing out his guts.

Melissa was leaning over him and trying to comfort Duncan who couldn't fight her even though he wanted to. He was focused too much on aiming the rest of his insides into the cool porcelain bowl. Melissa leaned in and gave him a kiss and whispered.

"I love you…", Melissa whispered.

Her breath smelled of the musk of Lavon's cock and it only upset Duncan's stomach even more. He leaned over gagging, but nothing came out.

"He's fine… why don't we let him gain his composure.", Lavon said.

Lavon had grabbed at Melissa's wrist and was picking her up. Melissa seemed like she wanted to struggle to take care of her husband, but Lavon added. "C'mon, he shouldn't have gotten so wasted on your wedding night."

It was the magic words that justified Melissa leaving her husband alone in the bathroom. He allowed herself to be dragged out of the room by the horny black "friend" leaving Duncan to feel the betrayal deep in his heart even though he was too drunk to do anything about it.

"Drunkin' Duncan…", Duncan scoffed at them making fun of him earlier in the cab. His mouth was drooling while he leaned his head over the toilet. Duncan prayed to the porcelain gods for another ten minutes before he finally got himself to sit on the tub next to the toilet. A rush of cold sweats had passed and he was feeling slightly better now.

Duncan walked out of the bedroom to Lavon standing next to the bed and over Melissa who was on her back. Melissa bridal gown was off and laying next to her and she wore only a tight white top. Her white panties were wrapped around one of her knee and her pussy open and spread to Lavon.

Lavon was shirtless and his muscular form gleaming under the moonlight coming in from the hotel window. He had one had wrapped around the base of his cock and he was aiming the head of it at his bride's entrance.

"Hey!", Duncan yelled and continued to drunkenly slur. "What areyouguys doin'?'

Melissa looked up at him with guilt, but also annoyance that Duncan interrupted them again. Lavon just remained still, but his hand was moving around the base of his cock so the tip of his head was rubbing at the entrance of Melissa's glistening pussy.

"Duncan… I… I'm…", Melissa again fumbled for words.

"Can you even get it up, Drunkin Duncan?", Lavon finally spoke.

"What does that have to do with anything?", Angrily the groom replied. Deep down, he knew Lavon was right and he did indeed have limp-dick.

Lavon nodded lightly and explained himself as though he had logic on his side, "Look, Duncan, I'm the best man just stepping in. Since you can't perform your duties as a man, I'm here to take of your little white bride."

Lavon then began to lightly tap his shaft against the slit under his cock. Melissa moaned and added to what the best man said, "Yeah Duncan.. he's just doing us a favor."

"A favor?", Duncan couldn't believe it. Melissa went from hating is best friend to being on her back with him between her legs on the most special night of their lives.

Lavon wasn't going to wait for permission as it was not in his nature. He had a beautiful white woman with huge tits under him waiting to be fucked and he was going to be the one to do it. His hips began to lean down towards hers and he guided the head of his cock to begin to penetrate her.

The couple were both surprised by how bold Lavon was. Duncan surprised that he would begin to enter her in front of him and Melissa being turned on by the same fact.

"Dude what the fuck?", Duncan whined still standing in the doorway.

Melissa's eyes were wide open as she stared up at Lavon who was lowering himself into her. Lavon was ignoring Duncan completely as he stared passionately into Melissa's. Inch by inch his cock slid into the folds of her warmth, her own lust lubricating the black shaft to help it in.

Melissa was amazed by it the first time she felt it under her lap in the cab. She had seen Duncan's penis and honestly was not displeased by it. She had never thought of the males genital's as anything but a reproductive organ, but when she saw Lavon's, it was a thing of beauty. Something about the size and power of it made her feel like she was obligated to take care of it. Her physical body submitted to the black phallus that belonged to her loser husband's alpha black friend.

"Damn. So tight.", Lavon whispered down to Melissa.

"You're so… BIG. Nggh.", Melissa said grimacing while she was stuffed and stretched inside by Lavon.

"Lavon, c'mon man, you're going to hurt her.", Duncan interjected between their whispers.

"Am I hurting you, baby?", Lavon asked her. His hips still lowering into her slowly he was now almost in her completely.

"Umm… uhhh…", Melissa didn't want to answer the question.

"She looks good to me buddy.", Lavon gave a dismissive smile and nod to the white groom who stood in his boxers. "Now why don't you go grab yourself a water and let me handle this?"

He made it sound so pleasant to Duncan and the groom

wondered if his buddy really thought he was doing him a solid. Dumbfounded Duncan stood there not really sure how to react as he stood and stared like an idiot.

Lavon hit a point where his cock simply wouldn't go any further. He was completely submerged into Melissa, but as he began to shift and rock his hips he stuffed himself in further. Under the pressure of the monster cock entering her, Melissa began to shake uncontrollably.

"I'm cumming. Fuck. Oh my god.", Melissa cooed.

"You're going to be doing a lot of that.", Lavon laughed at his own joke while Melissa continued to moan in pleasure. Lavon seeing that Melissa didn't really hear him looked at Duncan for reassurance of his joke. Seeing Duncan didn't laugh, he shrugged and went back to fucking the tight white wife.

Duncan did nothing as Lavon's hips moved up and down causing his cock to slide in and out of his wife. He reached down and pulled out one of Melissa's massive 38FF breasts and mauled it as he fucked her. The pace of Lavon's hips quickly picked up and soon he was fucking her hard enough so that her other tit popped out of her tight white top.

"Well… I guess I'll just grab a water…", Duncan felt like he had to say something before exiting and walking down to a vending machine.

The sound of the bed creaking from their hotel room echoed through the hotel hallways. Melissa was screaming and cursing while Lavon grunted like a boar as he used his wife. He grabbed the bottle of water from the vending machine and twisted the cap off walking back to his room.

He could hear them muffled through the walls, but it sounded like they were talking dirty. Duncan was chugging the water as he got close enough to the door to hear Lavon say, "I'm cumming!"

"You're not wearing a condom, Lavon!", Melissa said in the last second.

However, Duncan knew she was too late as she was protesting over the grunts and moans of the black man fucking her. The sounds of the bed slamming against the wall hard even sounded like Lavon was cumming at that very instant as he filled her up. Melissa joining in the pleasure by adding her own moans through the door.

How humiliating Duncan thought as he waited an entire minute until the groaning died down before trying to enter the hotel room. He forgot the key and realized he'd have to knock on the door to get their attention. The door was opened a quarter of the way and Lavon peaked out. His cock was dripping with juices from Melissa still and over his shoulder Melissa laid with her legs still spread. Cum was oozing from her ravaged pussy and she looked passed out with disheveled hair.

"Hey man, keep it down… the bride's sleeping.", Lavon said.

"I know… she's MY wife.", Duncan implied that he was angry.

"What do you want?", Lavon asked while looking back at Melissa and back to Duncan as though he didn't have time to talk.

"Back in my room, asshole.", Duncan huffed.

Lavon sat there for a moment and just stared at Duncan. He contemplated their years of friendship and then looked back at the beautiful busty Melissa. He then had an idea and reached into his pocket handing Duncan the hotel key for his room.

"Ay' bro, this is the key to my room. Just got use that room. We're busy in here.", Lavon handed Duncan the key, but dropped it as he was in a rush.

The door slammed in Duncan's face and left the beta male in the hallway. Before long he heard the bed creaking in the hotel room and the pair of them moaning inside.

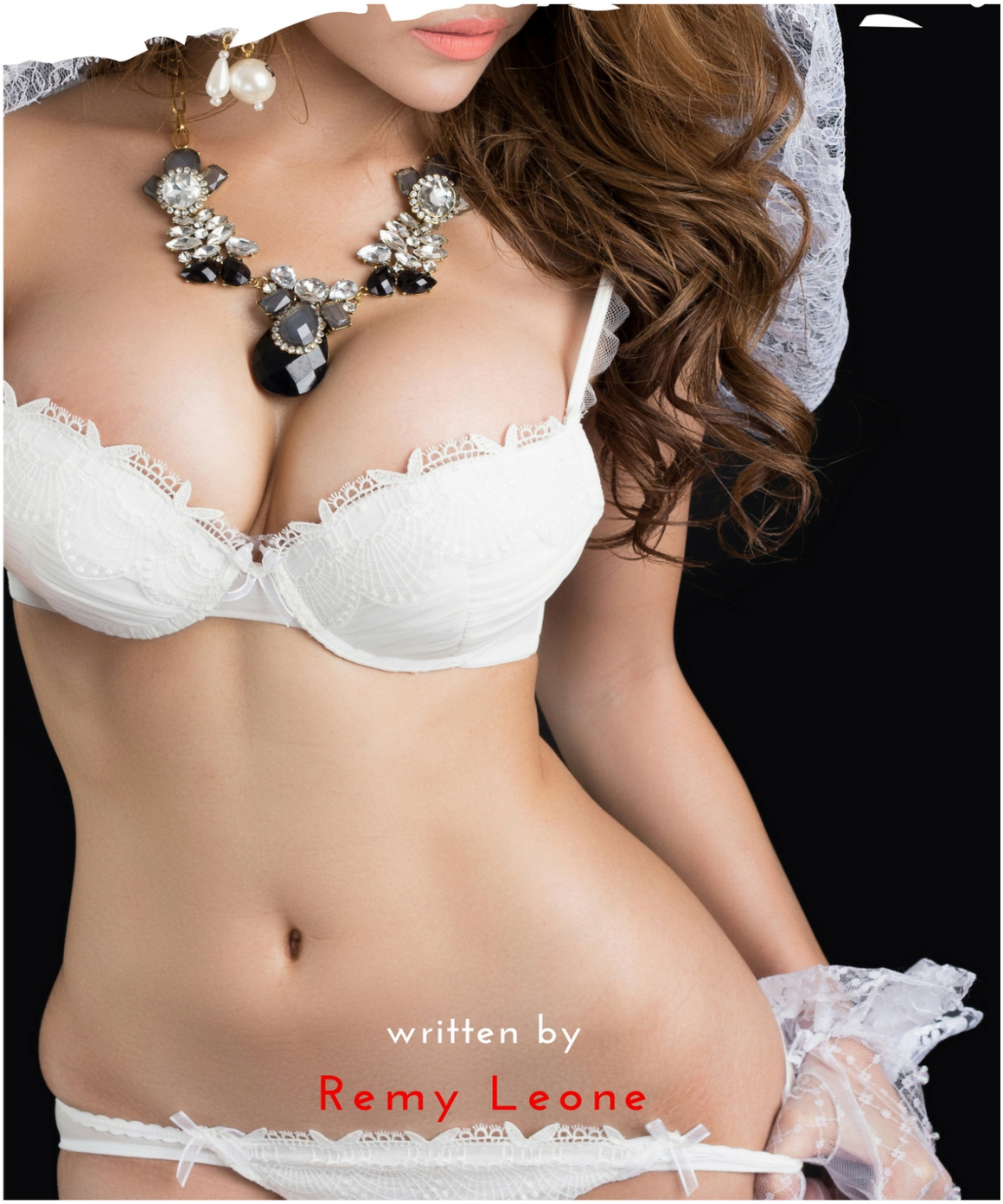
Sighing, he reached down and picked up the hotel room. "Well fine. Then, I'm ordering room service!"

It was the least Lavon could do for him as he was getting the first crack at his wife.

----THE END----

CUCKOLD'S DAD, BUSTY WIFE'S DADDY

Cuckold | Humiliation | Erotica| Emasculation | Betrayal



Cuckold's Dad
Busty Bride's *Daddy*

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	A Match Made
2	Mr. Nobody and Ms. Opportunist
3	The Wedding
4	Wedding Night
5	Wedding Night Continued
6	Epilogue

A MATCH MADE

Jason Rako drowned himself at the normal hole in the wall bar that he frequented which had become routine. His eyes were fixed in an invisible point in the empty space with one hand holding his beer and the other lying in the cold wood of the table.

He was there, thinking on his multimillionaire life that was given to him by his father. A father who made sure to let him know that

he hadn’t earned anything himself.

Jason would drink and ponder how he would overcome all the sensations of failure that made him feel like a complete loser. His father had always told him how to live his life and he could never live up to the man’s expectations.

However, he would forget all of the things he would promise to do tomorrow when he sobered up and would waste his time as usual.

Jason couldn’t stop fixating on the smudge on the window and examined the dirty spot incessantly. The spot consumed him as though it grew in his view, and then all of a sudden the spot disappeared. His attention had now been distracted by a slim and busty feminine figure. His mouth would have dropped to the floor if he were a cartoon as he drooled in his mind. His eyes were hypnotized following her every movement. His body was completely frozen still hoping to take in this moment for a life time. Jason was a bit of a romantic at heart.

His arousal built just by staring at the way she walked. The way she moved her wide hips and how her long black smooth hair fell into her large but firm ass. the way her huge breasts bounced with every step she took and how her narrow waist made her body look like an apple ready for a bite.

She was wearing a flowery short dress and high heels that got along with her angelical face. Her white delicate skin looked shiny and soft. Her big juicy filled lips provoked a killer sensation of wanting to kiss her sensually and her serious black eyes gave the idea that she was walking undistracted and uninterested in anything around her. While men around her just stared at her magnificent body she was so use to it that she didn’t even notice

Jason couldn’t believe his luck when he realized she was heading to the bar he was drinking at. Jason’s heart began pumping and blood began rushing between his legs.

Her hourglass figure entered to the dark rather dismal place and ran her eyes through to find a place to sit. She took a seat at the bar next to Jason with an empty stool in between them. She gave Jason a smile and ordered a drink from the bartender

Jason finally got to say his name, she replied back with an "Ivana" and they started to talk. They had a long conversation over a few drinks and even ordered some bar food to continue their time. Like the gentleman that Jason was, he paid for them both which Ivana would enjoy.

Jason would finally be forced to offer Ivana a ride after she had to leave. He knew that his sports car would help gain him a couple of points with the beautiful woman. Even though his car was a little older, Jason made sure to take good care of it.

Ivana was taken back at the sports car. She expected something a bit cheaper and realized that she might have an opportunity to make this man her husband. She flirted with him the entire time the were in the car.

She let him go to the car first, that way he could see under her little dress short skirt while she sat down. The door was opened for her by Jason and she would twirl around so that her skirt came up. Jason would begin swelling in his pants when he noticed her red-laced tiny underwear.

Ivana felt like she had him where she wanted while he still stared at her while she sat down. She best attempted to convey her desire and lust, drawing a half kinky smile on her lips and began to get closer and closer towards his lips.

Jason could feel her warm humid breath, he let a moan scape when she reached between his legs firmly grabbed at the swollen member. Quickly after that, she leaned in and kissed him aggressively, softly, joining their lips with delicacy to finally combine their tongues and a desperate moisty dance. The feminine predator aggressively took down her prey in seduction.

Jason was too timid to push his luck with the beautiful woman so Ivana would have to take it at her pace. She was well adverse of the psychology of men and aware of how above her league was than Jason. It wasn't that Jason was necessarily ugly, he was just a bit below average in every aspect.

Ivan would crawl onto Jason allowing herself to rub herself against the bulge in his pants. She smiled politely to please Jason, but secretly was disappointed. She was having a hard time locating the package in his pants and feared that he was not well endowed. She took his hands and placed them on her tiny waist to feel the shape of her body, kissing his neck, His hands were hesitant so she would grab them and all the way down to her rounded breasts. She leaned into him so that his face sank into the heaven of her cleavage. Jason was literally having a hard time breathing while her huge breasts smothered his face. He began struggling while Ivana began rubbing them in his face.

Jason was excited at the beautiful woman who took control of him in the moment. He moaned and let out a groan as his swollen cock couldn't take any more.

He began cumming inside his own jeans. Ivana had pulled back her breasts as he gasped for air. She leaned back into his crotch and could feel the wetness from his crotch and the peculiar look on his face. The face he made while he orgasmed wasn't exactly attractive as it was funny. She giggled realizing that he had just prematurely ejaculated.

She had been with men that had came within a minute and it had become typical the more beautiful she became as she sculpted her beautiful body. Usually they would have usually penetrated her before doing so, so this was a first.

It was the day they would first meet one another and a day they would always remember. Especially Jason, who found the love of his life.

MR. NOBODY AND MS. OPPORTUNIST

Jason was the song of the great John. Rako's. His entrepreneur father had one company that was ranked in the top 500 profitable companies in the United States. He had investments locally as well as internationally. Unlike Jason he relied on the facts more than on his emotion to base his decisions.

Mr. Rako's story was a classic American tale. Just a poor European guy looking for success in the United States. He built his empire out of nothing and became one of the the wealthiest man on the country. He was a man of character, very well known for his awful temper, sense of superiority and extremely self-entitled high ego.

Of course, he always was hard with his only son, Jason. He treated him like he was a useless spoiled Mr. Nobody, and told him everything he had was because of his father in every chance he could rubbed into his face.

While an outsider's perspective could see this as cruel behavior, he saw it as a way to toughen his son up. He was a strong proponent that only the strong survive and that the weak deserve to be taken advantage of. In fact he would go as far as say that the world was designed that way which alleviated his guilt on anything that seemed immoral.

Jason never could understand the reasoning of his father. He was a man full of excuses of objections of why life would fail him. Everything was always out of his control and nothing really was his fault. Jason grew up to resent his father even for giving him the financial advantages that turned him into the weak minded spoiled brat his father took him as.

At times Jason would divulge his feelings to Ivana as they dated. As for Ivana, she was the most beautiful and sexy woman of the place. She had no home, growing up among many moves until her parents died. She knew nothing but poverty and hard work. It was

something that she began to relate to her father with more than she could with Jason who just complained.

However, she didn't want to ruin her chance at elevating her social status and living an easier life. She also knew she could have any husband and she wanted and she wanted money since she was a little girl. Something she hoped more for her children to have what she didn't. Meeting Jason by fortuity was the chance of her life and she was not going to miss it.

After only three months of dating Jason was convinced, he finally found happiness in his life. He believed this woman loved him beyond any limits and that she had no faults. He had never been in any relationship let alone that lasted three months. Most importantly though, he would finally be free out of his father punishments. He decided to propose her and make her his beloved wife.

Ivana wasn't sure at first if she should even expect. It had come so much sooner that she would have expect, She still felt like a stranger in Jason's life. In fact he never talked about his family at all when she came to think of it other than his father and his high demands on his life. Even though Ivana still was a stranger in Jason's life, she said yes.

Truth was that Jason never wanted to present his sexy girlfriend to his father because he was too afraid of him. He thought he would immediately dismiss her because of her poverty background. He wanted him to find a like-minded business savvy woman who could help guide their family fortune into the next generation. His father had given up on Jason's capabilities and lack of skills and was now relying on his future wife as his next successor.

Jason knew his father would just to make him miserable by taking away his allowance and forcing him to finance his own life. It was a tactic that always worked with him and he didn't want to disrupt the lifestyle he was portraying to the woman who was beautiful enough to make her own fortune by her looks. His reliance

on his father's fortune forced him to choose to wait after they got married to introduced her to the family.

Jason never knew her mother, Mr. Rako had told him that she died when she gave birth but after Jason became older, he began to doubt of this side of the story. The mistreating of his father and the fact of not having a mother along the possibility of being the cause of her death made him really insecure about himself.

Ivana could see this characteristic about him and how he never spoke about his family. She knew he put all his trust in her and she could handle him in any way she wanted it.

THE WEDDING

Without any time to waste, the wedding took place in the most expensive place overseas in France. He had chosen a majestic castle, with a front yard so big that the use of golf-carts were necessary. The back yard was actually a golf course surrounded of a "Love Forest" this titled was due to the hidden love statues you could find if you decided to go in an adventurous scape with a partner in crime.

As the Castle goes, it had a gothic architecture and numberless rooms and bathrooms. The main hall was gold, a complete floor with an immense crystal chandelier and paintings in the ceiling. It also had beautiful sculptures in the doorframes and enough space for a live orchestra.

It was indeed a dream wedding, with more than 300 hundreds guests, and of course, Mr. Rako who could finally meet his daughter in law. He was nervous inviting his father. The extravagant expense on his father's dime would be enough to make even his wealthy father unpleased. The fact he never met her was just the icing on the cake viewing it as wormy.

After the ceremony the would go to the reception. Jason wasn't

exactly a popular guy and had no groomsmen that would be able to give a speech so his father had to step in.

His tone was playful as to not sound cruel,

"Well as you know this is my only son. I have to say, while I've attempted to instill the value of hard work, strategically planning and focus I realize that you are blessed with luck.

Look at that wife. Out of your league completely. A woman like that could have done so much better, but she decided on my little boy."…

Jason's father couldn't help but just glare at his wife during his speech. He couldn't have made it any more apparent to the rest of the guests that he was sexually attracted to her. They erupted in laughter thinking it was just an act. Jason nervously joined in hoping it was as his father continued.

"I mean look at that body in that gown. I bet she needed a few friends to put that little thing on her. And my little boy, gets to have that. I just have to say that I'm proud of you son for proving that you are now capable of providing for not only yourself, but also your family."

The words took Jason's by surprise and his heart sank. His father patted him on the shoulder and rubbed it aggressively. Jason's shoulder felt crushed by his larger and much stronger father's hand. Jason looked over at Ivana who seemed flattered by his father's comments which emboldened his father.

"Why don't you press them together and give me a little shake." The room laughed, but his Uncles and male cousins eagerly waited to see if she would.

She didn't disappoint as she pressed her large 30 EE breasts together and shake them in her skimpy top of her gown. Her cleavage had spilled some out of her gown, but her nipples remained cover. She made no attempt to tuck herself back in and

let herself hang out in front of everyone. Jason could see the lust built up from the male family members around him.

"Well with that said. Why don't we give Ivana the *Rowdy Rakos Welcome*. Jason wasn't sure what that meant as he was meeting most of his family for the first time. There was a mix of European-whites, Italians, Greeks and even some Irish that were attending other than the majority of Americans.

The men erupted in a cheer from around him which put Jason on guard. Ivana looked around just as curiously was what they meant by that, but their thoughts were interrupted by loud music. The men all jumped from their seats and rushed the stage grabbing Ivana and pulling her out of her own chair. Jason was to stunned to stop the men, and played along by clapping his hands nervously.

"You better get up there or you might miss the old family tradition they use to practice ages ago."

A large circle had formed around the busty bride with the large athletic butt in the middle of the dance floor. Jason tried to push his way through, but the men in his family were too burly. He was much too scrawny compared to these strong men to get to his wife.

Finally he heard his father say something in another language from behind him. Jason almost jumped out of his dress shoes when he heard the low pitched noise of his father. The presence of his father was noted as all of his family listened to him. They separated which allowed the alpha of the pride was allowed access to their catch. Jason having to follow his strong father to get access to his own bride in the middle of the circle.

His father smoothly stepped into the middle and gripped Ivana by her tiny waist pulling her close to him. Her big breasts bouncing until smashing into the strong older man's chest. She felt a bit of a rush as her husband's father manhandled her in front of the group of men who surrounded her.

Because the men surrounding her made it impossible for the females outside to see what was going on, there would be little outcry. A slow song came on and the father of the groom was allowed the first song which was different from American culture.

Mr. Rako's hands rub up and down her sides and waist to stop just at the bend of her hips. Jason could see by the enjoyment of his father's face that he at least thought she had a nice figure. Maybe that would help get his approval.

The circle that surrounded them began to get smaller as the song went on and Jason was having a hard time staying at the front. His small frame bouncing in between the larger men who were shifting positions. He wondered if this was part of the tradition but was lost interest in the virtue of the tradition when he saw his dad now.

His hands had gripped at Ivana's butt through her wedding dress and his fingers began pawing to get a good feel of the firmness of it. He was just nodding in approval with a smile looking down into the cleavage that smashed into his chest. Ivana did not seem offended by how his father treated her.

Jason could see his father was talking to her while he fondled her butt. She seemed bashful, but she politely smiled into Jason's dad's eyes. The conversation seemed very pleasant from his view and wondered what else was being said. At one point they both looked over at Jason who was noticeably struggling between all of big men. They were smiling and laughing at him it looked like while his father leaned down to rub his face into her cleavage.

Jason realized he may have underestimated what kind of man he was in that moment. He knew that his father was charming, but by the look of Ivana's expression he couldn't say anything wrong. She laughed and laughed sometimes hitting his chest. The whole time his father groping all over her body.

As the circle became smaller, Jason started seeing some of the men reaching out and touching at his wife. First it was one of his

Uncles that he particularly hated. He was a bit of a drunk and tonight was no different as he started the mob behavior that would soon ensue.

The breaking point was the moment when his father began to talk to Ivanova's ear, whispering naughty things as he was guessing. His heart broke; he knew what his father was up to and he did not knew what to do about it. His father staring at Jason almost enjoying the pain he was feeling right now.

He showed how powerful he was to him in that moment. A precedent was being set from day one of their marriage that would foretell his future.

Men all around started gripping at his wife and by the end of the song. They were rubbing their hands on her butt and prying trying to pry her away from the alpha male. All of the men seemed to be having a great time in the game that was being played.

Mr. Rako finally unleashed her from his grip. The leader of the pack finally giving her to the mob of men who would fight over her like wolves.

"Time to defend your wife's honor boy!", Mr. Rako shouted.

The pushing and shouting of his uncles had pushed him to the ground and he had to avoid being stomped on. Jason would never forget what he would see at the eye level of all of his male guest's crotches. The bulges were large and none of them sported anything that would be considered anything less than average. It actually made it him wonder why he was not well endowed like the rest of the men in his family.

There was a clear and present danger that could of ended up hurting him if he hadn't moved. The stomping of the men probably could have crushed him like a little bug. He ascended from the ground breaking his hypnotization of the big bulges of the men around him. The large frames pushing into him made it hard for him

to gain his balance as he stood up but he was successful in standing.

Ivana looked around for her husband as the men in the group pulled her in every direction. For a moment she was scared she would be ripped apart by the strength of these large males. She couldn't help but giggle as the men playfully pawed at her body.

Finally the drunk uncle had grabbed a hold of her. Of course he was going to take it too far and Jason was going to be unable to do anything about it. He had never worked out a day in his life and his lazy ways made it too hard for him to fight back. His body just wasn't efficient enough to take on real strength.

The Uncle had put his hands on Ivana's covered chest with one hand and wrapped his arm around her waist pulling her crotch into his thigh. The large slit down the side of her leg exposed the entirety of her smooth leg.

His uncle was much smaller and was able to pull her up on his thigh as his tall frame stood. She was pulled up and unable to touch the ground. His jerk of an uncle began bouncing her on his thigh so she was now humping at his leg.

She hung on his chest and she would lean backwards. Her large chest protruding back pushing her big tits out as she rubbed against the drunk man's thigh. The uncle took it as an invitation to mimic his brother, Jason's father, and stick his face into her breasts. He took it to the next level as he furiously shook his face to jiggle her tits. All of the men around the circle were laughing and just giving Jason a dirty look that he couldn't defend his wife's honor like a Rako man should.

One of his younger cousins decided that his turn to have some fun and had stepped on the other side of his wife who rested there. The cousin pressed his crotch into Her ass so that as she bounce, her butt would rub against him.

There she hung between Jason's drunk uncle and one of his

numerous well-endowed cousins. She was held up by the strong men so her legs bounced on either side of the uncle's thigh and her feet would bounce in the air.

They were all looking around a bit mischievously wondering when the husband would rescue his wife from their grips. Normally by now the man would be able to grab his wife and free her from the others. In fact, they never had it get pushed this far before. If it weren't for his dad engineering this situation and the drunk inappropriate uncle it may never had gone this far.

He went approach them but his presence did not make any difference, instead of backing up, his father was encourage to be even more flirtatious with his daughter in law.

A few more uncles and cousins became persuaded by their own lust to start closing in. They had now stuck their hands all over her body and were rubbing her sensually. They would lean and kiss her on the lips and she would just giggle and smile.

To Jason's horror, she was loving every minute the strong men were giving her. She hung there in ecstasy and appeared to be grinding herself now on the uncle's leg. This encouraged the men to reach in and pull out her tits to the rest of the part so that they could bounce for them. They tweaked at her nipples and roughly grabbed her big juicy tits.

The circle had become so tight that Jason had no chance of getting to his wife and none of the guests on the outside of the circle would be able to help him. They wouldn't be able to see what was going on intentionally. It was understandable why the tradition was handled this way.

He hoped it would be over soon, but he could see the men pulling her dress up. The once civilized men were now turned into lustful beasts in a trance. The dressed was tugged up around her waists and men grabbed at her garter belt until she was lifted a bit. The ground grabbed at her the white sheer underwear that covered her intimate spots.

There was a brief moment of adoration when the cousin pulled away for a second. The sexy toned ass was now on display jiggling as it bounced on the thigh of the uncle. Jason saw his cousin unbuckle his belt and pull down his zipper.

His monster phallus cock flopped out like a third arm. His weasel of his cousin retook his position behind his wife, let his ass fall on the top of Ivana's bouncing ass. His cock was bouncing up and down her ass as the uncle continued his pace.

The uncle had one complete breasts to himself and was sucking on it while another cousin grabbed her other tit. He had no idea what was going on around him as he fondled her the busty beauty.

The cousin with his cock out had one hand holding her ass together with his other hand firmly pressing on the top side of his shaft. He pressed his cock down so that it was wedged between the large fleshy mounds of Ivana's ass. The bouncing the uncle caused was making her ass slide up and down his 9 inch monster cock.

The wedding dress was pulled down to help conceal what was actually going on under the dress. Not so much to hide it from Jason who had lost respect from his family in the last few minutes as he was unable to protect his wife from their playful game.

His younger cousin was bucking his hip into his wife's ass now clearly humping at her. Sweat was pouring over everyone including Ivana. She had looked over at her husband to make eye contact with him. She stared at him in a way that conveyed disappointment in his ability to man up.

She remembered traditions as such where even the smallest of men could put up the largest of fights. She waited to finally awaken that type of man within Jason, but she had realized that it would never happen. When a man won't even stop a man from molesting his wife in front of him, he was not really a man.

It didn't matter to her one way or another. She had completed

her goal as becoming married into the family. Whatever happened from there wouldn't change the fact that she was set for life. If her husband wasn't willing to step up, she might as well enjoy it was the way she justified her pleasure.

He could hear the slapping of the bare flesh against Ivana's ass. The men surrounding them were making crude comments and some of them reached in to spank at either one of her ass cheeks. Each of them were waiting for the younger stud to finish to get their turn.

The big fat cock in between her ass began swelling up and the tense face alluded to the cum that would soon start gushing out of the big head of the monster.

Huge thick white streams of cum started gushing out. It was spraying all over the small of Ivana's small of her back and began trailing down her wide hips. Stream after stream helped accelerate the speed that the cum trailed over her big hips and trail down her ass.

The never ending amount of cum being shot all over her was almost surreal to Jason. He had never seen one man produce so much cum and with such power. It almost seemed like a power sprayer as he could actually hear it splattering against his curvy wife.

As he continued to cum, the waterfall of jizz poured down her ass and down her thighs trailing down her calves to her ankles. More and more cum made and it started dripping on the dance floor to form a puddle.

Jason had to admit it was the most impressive amount of cum he had ever seen. However, all of the men around him thought they could give more since they had large cocks with bigger balls. A thought that terrified he when he heard it.

The uncle fondling her tit and bouncing her bare pussy against his thigh finally noticed what was going on. Jason could tell that even in his uncle's drunken manner, he seemed mad that his cousin had

beaten him to the punch. He reached up like a gorilla and pushed him away and lifted Ivana up simultaneously tossing the dress to the side. With one large bicep holding her firmly in place, he began to reach down to unbuckle his belt and pull out his huge hard cock. Jason saw that there was a huge wet spot where he had placed Ivana's pussy.

"Time to get the fucking of your life, little girl.", the older man said in a harsh cold tone to the much younger bride of Jason.

Ivana snapped back to reality when she heard the dirty words. She enjoyed what was going on, but she didn't want to have sex with this barbaric man. She began to squirm and started to look over to Jason frantically. She now realized that this had gone way too far.

Jason didn't know what else to do until he looked to his father finally. He must have been watching him intently because he was already looking at him when he found him within the crowd. They had made eye contact as Jason pleadingly looked to him. His father rolled his eyes and mouthed the words "pathetic".

The uncle was shuffling his hand to guide himself to the entrance of the bride. Ivana was helpless and otherwise would have been impaled on the huge spear of the drunk uncle, but Mr. Rako finally grabbed him by the shoulder.

Ivana's hero had come in the form of the alpha who began the whole ordeal. In no time, he had pulled he away from the uncle. The uncle tried to fight to keep hold of the sexy bride while his hard cock bounced around pointing in all directions. Jason would get a clear view of what his father just saved his wife from.

Ceding from his challenge of the alpha, the uncle put his cock away and into his pants. The father of the bride just stared down at the bride. He held her in both arms and she stared back up at him.

Jason saw how Ivana stared back up at his father. Her eyes

seemed to convey so much without saying anything. It made him very uncomfortable as to what would happen in the future.

The circle had ended and they all sat back down, but as the night went on Ivana seemed to be angry with Jason. She wouldn't tell him why and said they could talk about it for the rest of their lives since they were married, but not tonight. Not the night of their wedding and that she was determined to enjoy the rest of her day.

While Jason wished that everything could have been perfect, at least he was now married to the most beautiful woman of the world. Most importantly it seemed that she had gained his father's approval.

WEDDING NIGHT

Jason was still pissed even after the reception while their servants cleaned. He couldn't believe how all of his family members ruthlessly sexually assaulted his beautiful wife, Ivana.

The worst part about the whole thing was that Ivana was quite obviously turned on by the whole thing. She made no effort to tell Jason about how horny she was and wanted to have sex with him for the first time as man and wife.

They had left the reception hall walking through the elegant lobby. The elevators took them to their floor and they walked down the wide and beautiful halls that made up the inside of the hotel.

Jason was absolutely ready to finally have sex with his beloved wife. After his failed attempts to have sex with her after the first time they met, Ivana had decided that she was a born again virgin. After numerous men in the past, she wanted to start their life anew. She made Jason wait until they were married to actually have sex with her.

They arrived to their room that was dimly lit. It was just enough

to light the bed, but not enough to show off how large the room was. The two had no idea how large the room was and would have needed to turn on the lights to see.

The room was filled with red roses, candles, chocolate, champagne and classic music to go along with the romantic environment. Jason decided to leave horror show of the Rako's Family Welcome that Ivana received behind them both.

He would try and enjoy at least this one night with his wife no matter what happened at the reception. He struggled to pick her up but he incapable because his small and scrawny arms. He compared his inability to his strong uncle and how easy it was for him to bounce his wife on his knee while even holding up her entire sexy frame. He directed her to the bed at Ivana's discretion gently sitting her down.

Jason sat down next to her and pour her a glass of champagne and they sipped before toasting one another. They were a typical newlywed couple and while Jason was excited to be intimate, Ivana had felt finally financially free for the rest of her life.

Jason knew he would never lose his wife and she knew that she would never lose his family fortune. The thought of it actually made her horny which enticed her to lean and kiss her soft husband's lips.

Her husband was excited at her sudden aggression and his hand came to her hips to rest while Ivana. Even after dating he for so long he was still so awkward around her Ivana would notice. He seemed so inexperienced compared to older lovers and men she had slept with in her past. She knew she was Jason's first even if he wouldn't admit it.

The stunning goddess shape of his wife aroused him everytime he saw her. Everytime he could smell her intoxicating clean smell of his trophy wife. Her exotic eyes met his and they would stare into each other's eyes.

Tonight would finally be the night for Jason to finally have the intimate moment that he had built up. She began undressing her so she remained in her white stockings, white bra and her white sheer thong that John, Jason's father, had to wrestle back after they were taken from her at the reception.

She began rubbing his chest and unbutton his shirt. Jason had leaned back and couldn't believe how great this was going to be. He stared at his wife's sexy body so happy that she fell in love with him over some muscle head jock someone like her usually would choose. Her breasts were pressed together firmly in her skimpy bra as she pulled his shirt off his body leaving his tiny chest exposed to her. She ran her hands over it feeling how boney he was along with his ribs which made her pull back her hand. She thought it was awkward how skinny he was, even though he was technically healthy.

Jason was already getting hot and his little penis began swelling in his pants that felt tight. She was beginning to rub her dainty fingers up his thigh to search for his penis as she seductively swayed her big breasts in his face. When she couldn't find his member between his legs she looked disappointed and looked at her new husband.

"Are you not excited? Don't I turn you on?", she questioned.

"I am Ivana, I am.", he pleaded and he nodded towards his crotch.

She undid the button in the front of Jason's dress pants and unzipped them. Her hand reached in it with an almost afraid look on her face. Jason could feel her fingers looking from one side to the other unable to find his tiny package, which he didn't realize was as tiny as it was. In fact he thought he had a good sized cock this entire time.

She finally started to brush against his cock as she looked for it and Jason moaned letting her know she was close. She grabbed at

his little penis and felt it.

Jason luckily had his eyes closed otherwise would have noticed her face. She just was staring at him wondering how someone could be so small and she realized maybe she shouldn't have made them wait. She shook her head and realized that at least she would never have to work about working again.

She gave it a couple of strokes able to engulf the entire penis easily. Jason began groaning as he came. One little drop started to dribble out of his cock as he laid back exhausted.

Ivana was almost relieved in the moment as she pulled her hand back and looked at the small amount of cum on her hand. She wiped it on Jason's dress shirt that was still on him.

"You never told me that you have such problems.", Ivana spoke, trying not to be direct about what she was so disappointed about.

"I mean I'm just so excited. It's been so long."

She gave him an odd look, "So long since what, Jason? We've never had sex. So been so long since what?"

Jason wasn't sure and he hated that she was so mad about his premature ejaculation on their wedding night. Not even one day has passed and they are already fighting like a couple.

"God sometimes I just wonder why you can't perform like a man.", Ivana suddenly sliced him with words.

Jason was hurt and his orgasm was now ruined itself as he sat there getting scolded by his wife with a wet stick crotch.

"Can you at least get it up again?"

Jason knew he couldn't Once he came, he needed a good while to get himself going again. However, he lied and pulled out his little cock in front of his wife. His wife looked down at his less than acceptable size for a man and was disgusted.

Jason became nervous by his wife's reaction and the harder he tried to jack off, the more Ivana became irritated. She began glaring down at him with a face that hinted she couldn't believe how pathetic he was. Jason even had to admit to himself that he felt like less of a man.

"I need to be pleased Jason on the night of my wedding.", she demanded in a tone that surprised him.

Then all of a sudden from the other side of the room that was shrouded from darkness came voice.

"I knew I'd have to step in."

It was low and it sounded as though it was a bit drunk as he spoke to the newlywed couple. Ivana was scared and leaned into Jason and Jason did the same out of shock.

It wasn't until a large figure stepped from the shadows did Jason realize it was his father John Rakos. He was wearing a white muscle shirt showing off his large shoulders, arms and chest. His age hinted towards the small belly he had grown that was still quite tight. He might have been large, but he wasn't made up of much fat.

"Dad? What are you doing here?", Jason quickly zipped himself up and tried to cover his wife who didn't seem to care that she was on display for his father.

"I'm here because you're a pathetic excuse for a man and I knew that even you could fuck up even consummating with a beautiful woman like Ivana.", he just stared at his son in anger and disappointment. He had a drink in his hand that he sipped on as he paced back in forth.

"You know you never figured out how to grow up and be a man. Even the fact that you had to hide your wife from me. The thing is you should just grow some balls and let me know that you don't care what I think. Shit, boy, I'd at least grown some respect. But

no, you never did that did you?"

Jason just stared at the ground. Ivana gave him a nudge to encourage him to stand up for himself. Jason looked at Ivana who put her hands on his shoulder with an optimistic look that he could it it. Jason looked to his father who had stopped pacing and was now standing directly in front of them both.

His large arms were crossed and Jason could tell that he was now gawking at Ivana's sexy body in her sexy attire. He just looked back to the ground and Ivana's heart even sunk to see that her husband was such a coward.

"It's time for me to show you how to be a man, little boy.", His father growled.

Jason didn't know exactly what he meant by that. But if he knew his father, he knew one thing for certain. He was not going to enjoy this lesson one bit.

WEDDING NIGHT CONTINUED

"You see, Jason?" , his jerk of a father condescendingly spoke.

Mr. Rakos slowly stepped up so now he was standing next to the bed directly over them both. He had to stare down at both of them with his crotch at eye level of them both. Jason waited for his father to finish his sentence.

Mr. Rakos reached down and let his hand slide down over Ivana's large breasts and go directly into her top as he held it there for a moment. His hand slowly massaging her breasts while trapped by her white bra.

"This is too much woman for a boy like you.", he spoke to his son as he fondled his wife's tit.

Ivana sat back on the bed stunned that her husband's father

would so bluntly reach in and cup her breast. Unsure what to do due to Jason's hesitation to stop his father, she began to rest back against the bed with her hands and arched her back. This gave the dad full access to her big breasts which was much too big for any man's hand.

"Only men like me are so entitled to have women with such beauty, little boy.", his father continued. Jason couldn't stare directly at him fondling Ivana in front of him, but he could see what he was doing out of the corner of his eye.

Ivana felt dirty as this older man began fondling her big breasts. She felt so naughty that she was being violated right in front of her husband who was too afraid to stand up for himself. She looked over at Jason seeing he wasn't even brave enough to stop what his dad was doing to her.

His large strong hand was unlike Jason's soft feminine hands and were rough where Jason's were smooth. He continued to bounce her tit and fondle her breasts as he sipped on his drink just staring down in between her cleavage in a perverted manner. He stepped over Ivana's leg now so that he stood on either side of it. His crotch was rubbing into the tit opposite of the one he fondled/

He continued to just rub himself against her slowly as he sipped on his expensive cognac and played with her tit. He looked over at his son who didn't say anything.

"Play some music for us Jason.", he commanded to his son.

Jason felt like he had no choice in the manner. His father owned him in so many ways and if he wanted to consummate the marriage he would. He always had a way of getting what he wanted. He thought back realizing he was right to be afraid to introduce his wife to his father. Only for the wrong reasons.

He had put on some music and searched for a song. Jason instinctively looked for a station that he knew his father would enjoy

while he entertained himself with his wife. He found a station that his father would like and turned the volume to a level that set the mood for him to proceed.

"Ah. Good boy.", His father spoke and reached the empty glass towards his son.

Jason rushed to take it from his father and set it down on the table to free up both of his hands.

Ivana couldn't help but notice how his father took charge and shouted orders around. Jason looked foolish creating a romantic atmosphere for the pleasure of another man while he used his wife.

Truth was, she was enjoying this rougher and older man roughly fondling her tits. She knew that if any man would be able to please her that it wasn't going to be the man she married today.

With both of his father now free with the help of his son, he was able to maul at Ivana's tits. He mauled so roughly that the fabric of her bra was ripped to shreds in a menacingly way. Her tits were now bare as his father squeeze and bounced her tits up and down. He would wrap his thumb and fingers around her nipples and pinch them to her pleasure. His hand even raised to give them some slow, but firm slaps. Ivana gasped at how she was being treated. She looked to her husband for guidance, but Jason just stared at the ground.

"Yeah boy, these tits are massive. You're going to need help taming these mammoth fuckers.", Mr. Rakos crudely spoke.

This seemed to excite Ivana who realized that this might be a part of her life. Taking care of her weak husbands stronger father might be a role she has to take on now.

The bulge in his pants was fully visible as it was right in Ivana's face. She was waiting to be told to take it out and she finally got her wish.

"Take it out doll.", Mr. Rakos had seen that look before on a woman. He was ready to treat his son's wife like a bitch in heat.

She complied by reaching and pulling out his cock. While his cock had swollen, it was still limp. The phallus member hung in front of Ivana who gasped at how much larger it was than her husband's.

"I'm not sure where Jason got his tiny pecker. It must have come from his mom's side." Jason rarely heard his father speak about his mother, only when it was to insult him.

"I think he was supposed to be a woman and at the very end he grew that little nub he calls a cock.", John Rakos had suddenly reached down and ripped the panties of his son's bride.

Ivana was naked in bed, and he was standing there feeling so stupid, as his father said these words in front of her. He was speechless. He was too embarrassed to look at his wife and did nothing but look at the floor feeling like the loser he knew he was deep down.

"Tell me the truth, cold you ever really love his sorry excuse for a cock? He is nothing. He is Mr. Nobody.", Mr. John Rakos pushed her on her back and her bare breasts bounced as she laid there in submission to this large older man. Jason listened to his father continue his sick divulgence of information as he conquered his wife.

"Did you know he does not own anything? Everything he has is in my name. He uses my money, my name, my companies, my cars, my boats, my houses… ", his father paused as he began stroking his own cock while he began spreading Ivana's long thin legs.

"I think it's time for me to use something of his. What do you think Jason. Do you think that is fair?" , he began waving his hardening cock to slap against Ivana's toned belly. He continued to smack his cock against her thighs and stomach as he waited for Jason to answer.

Jason meekly muttered something.

"I didn't hear you, boy.", Mr. Rakos growled at his own son.

"Yes.", Jason said loud enough for him to hear him.

Ivana stared at her husband who stood there like a child. He just stared at the ground while she thought about his situation. His own father was taking his beautiful bride for the first time and he was too much of a wimp. She thought about the alpha father who was going to make sure their blood was intertwined.

"Yes what?", Mr. Rakos demanded respect from his son when he spoke to him.

"Yes sir.", Jason spoke as though he was going to cry. His father emasculating him in front of his own wife almost made him cry; but Ivana on the other hand was enjoying every minute of it.

The whole seen was erotically barbaric to Ivana who was gushing wet from her pussy. The cock smacking against her began getting wet on the underside as it repeatedly rubbed and slapped against her pussy.

"Alright my little sexy daughter in law. Get ready for a fucking that you will never forget.", Mr. Rakos roughly spread her legs further opening her slit wide to him. His big monster cock was pointing straight at her entrance ready to invade her pussy that Jason still hasn't had.

"Takes notes boy.", he reached down as he started moving his hips towards her, his mushroom head pressing against her folds.

Ivana was scared that his cock was going to rip her apart. Even though she had been with men before Jason, she had never seen a cock as big as Mr. Rakos. His cock was thick and long with long thick veins and angrily ran up and down it length.

He began penetrating her and Ivana began to groan in a pain that she got much pleasure from. She could feel her slit stretching from the thick piece of monster meat of her husband's father.

"Ughhh. Yeah. Tight little slut's going to need to be stretched out a bit, boy. I'm going to help you out there.", he spoke in a dark and twisted tone due to his drunken lust.

"Dad, please…"

His father stopped with the head of his cock only barely in his wife. He waited for a moment for Jason to continue, but he said nothing

"Boy. Got something to say? If you want me to stop just say it. I gladly will, but just know that it will disappoint me that I've shared so much with you that you cannot reciprocate this once. You'd hate to have to go fend for yourself out there in this cold world would you? Do you understand what I'm saying?'", His father spoke to him with an evil grin.

Jason knew he had no skills that would keep him alive in the real world. He had wasted so much time on things that were trivial that he couldn't market himself out there. He didn't even know where to begin so he just remained quiet. He knew he would need his father to help finance his lifestyle with his new bride in the future.

His father in law began cramming his oversized cock into the undersized cunt of his wife. He watched Ivana moaning like an animal as she orgasmed. Jason sighed knowing that his father had only worked half of its entire length into his curvy wife.

"Tight little slut I tell ya. I'm going to love breaking this cunt in.", He growled as he tried to stuff his cock in his son's bride more.

"Bet she won't even be able to feel your little pathetic pencil dick after I'm finished abusing this little cunt.", The smile on his father's face disgusted Jason.

Ivana on the other hand was drunk off his dirty words. The humiliation at the expense of her husband while she was being by a much stronger alpha male caused some natural reaction of her body. She could feel herself becoming more sexually attracted to

the man who was her husband's father more than her own husband.

"Alright now it's time for some fun, little girl.", John Rakos talked to his son's bride.

Ivana stared up at her husband's father who looked down at her so lustfully that it made her orgasm once again. Her pussy began gushing so much that liquid sprayed out and on the sheets she was laying on. Jason was in awe to see so much liquid get pushed out from his father's thick cock causing so much pressure.

This encourage Mr. Rakos to start shoving his big monster dick in and out of Ivana. She was being thrown around on her back. Jason almost thought that her pussy was so tight around his father's big dick that she was suctioned to it. When his big dick would pull away it would drag her with him and when he shoved it in it would stop almost at the base. He continued to shove it in harder to reach her entirely.

"I'm going bury myself in your little sexy bride, boy. Watch this."

His father leaned over the busty bride and began ruthlessly thrusting his hips at the bride. He was determined to cram the entire giant cock between his legs into her. The constant thrusting of Jason's father's big cock pushed her harder and harder against the bed. The bed creaked as she bounced up and down off of it, being pulled up by her own pussy that was clamped around the thick cock in her.

She began to orgasm for a third time, but this time, she just remained limp. Mr. Rakos began laughing maniacally as he continued to pummel her pussy.

"Look boy as I fuck your bride into submission.", His laughs began turning into loud groans as his large frame smashed between the small legs of Jason's wife. Ivana's big tits bouncing all over as she was brutally fucked by this older man.

Ivana could only lay there as she continued to cum over and over

as her pussy was stretched beyond her limits. She would have never expected that her wedding night would end up with her husband's brute's father deep inside of her, but she didn't care. She was bitter towards her husband for not stopping him from fucking her.

She wasn't even sure if Jason deserved to have her until he proved he was man enough. The idea made her orgasm another time while she began to think like her evil father in law.

The man took what he wanted and right now was taking the beautiful bride his son hadn't even had sex with right in front of him. His wimp son would need to learn how to defend what was his or lose it as that was the law of nature.

His stared down at the almost unconscious bride who took his cock like it was her job.

"I'm going to cum so deep inside your little bride boy."

Jason couldn't believe that he was going to go the entire length of humiliating him. But he figured he should at least request his father to stop.

"Dad please no!", he called out in a tone that sounded more like a whine than a command.

His father held Ivana's legs apart by the ankles and pried them as far as he could. Her feet were almost touching on each side of herself with the big dick stretching her out. The sound of the pounding cock and his ball slapping against her ass began echoing through the large dimly lit room.

"Take my cum slut.", Mr. Rako continued his hard fast thrust as he was now sweating. His sweat dripped over Ivana's big tits that were bouncing from the brutal assault he was giving her pussy.

Cum began gushing out of Ivana as his father howled. He wouldn't stop his pace as he tried to work his cum into his son's

bride as far as he could. The cum began pooling up on the sheets as he continued to slam his hips into her.

"Take it bitch, take it.", He growled more as he started to roughly slam his hips into as hard as he could. The bed frame could be heard cracking as he smashed her under him.

Ivana was a bit scared at how strong and powerful this older man was. He was so barbaric that he could rip her apart and as he came so furiously Ivana thought he might.

Mr. Rako slowed his thrusting of his thick demon inside of Ivana. He let go of her legs and reached down to grip at her breasts. He roughly pawed at them and gave them some pinches on the nipple before leaning down to press his lips to her.

The passionate kiss almost stung worse than him cumming inside his wife Jason thought. Ivana was returning the kiss passionately as she grinded her own hips at the cock that was softening inside of her.

He pulled away and Ivana reluctantly let go. She wanted to embrace that kiss forever in that moment, but she was snapped to reality when her husband's father ripped his cock out of her.

She screamed out in pleasure and shuddered before orgasming one last time. Her body was frozen spread eagle in front of both Jason and his father. His father had put his hand on his shoulder with his cock still on display. His bride's cum still leaking from it.

"You see son. It's the survival of the fittest that are allowed to have what they want. "

Jason couldn't respond. He had no words as he could tell that Ivana was drunk with lust herself. She was staring up at his own father the way she should be staring up at him.

EPILOGUE

Jason couldn't believe how life was beginning to shape up for himself. His father had just buried himself into his wife the night before and he still hadn't even been that intimate with her.

She laid there passed out while his father sat on a chair next to the bed with another drink in his hand. He seemed proud of himself the way he destroyed the tight snatch of his son's bride.

Jason was bitter and resentful towards his father. However, above all else, he knew he had to be obedient if he wanted to live the luxurious lifestyle he wanted.

"Son. I've got a proposition for you.", his father seemed to be in a good mood.

"What's your proposition sir?"

It personally pleased his father when he showed such respect to him and he could tell he acknowledged it.

"You both are moving in with me now. I need some company and have money and you both have no money.", He made it sound like a pretty good deal.

Jason knew he had to accept so he did, but still had to ask, "And if I say no?"

His father looked over at him. He had sized him up his whole life. His son was very weak and predictable. The evil in his eyes and the confident way he spoke in return would haunt Jason for the rest of his life.

"You won't."

----THE END----

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | FEMDOM | CHEATING |

ISLAND WEDDING

CUCKOLD

REMY LEONE

Island Wedding Cuckold

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Beach Picnic
2	Volleyball and Breakfast
3	Swimmer's Delight

BEACH PICNIC

Ted didn't care for his best friend Michelle's future husband Axel. It made sense to others, because she had friend zoned him back in when they were still in high school and he stayed in love with her sense. Even after Ted married his own beautiful Latina wife, Xiomara, he could never let go of Michelle.

Deep down he believed Michelle would call of the marriage with Axel who by all recognition was a bad boy. He certainly figured that Axel would have cheated on her by now or woke up in jail and his friend would finally realize her mistake. However that never happened. Axel continued partying hard, didn't care about anything except living in the moment and loved causing trouble. What was worse, was that Michelle wasn't allowed to have the same sort of relationship with her old friend Ted, as Axel was controlling. However, what was absolutely worst was that they never were going to break up as they would be married soon.

A destination wedding would be held in Hawaii and Ted would get to witness his best friend marry the worst human being in his eyes. He had done all he could to cock block Axel even before they were dating and said anything he could to sway Michelle to leave

him, but she decided to marry the man Ted hated.

Ted's frustration with Michelle marring Axel would have bothered most wives, but Xiomara never felt threatened by Michelle who and the two of them actually got along very well. Xiomara in her own right was the most beautiful woman that Ted had ever seen. She had the body of and had the body of a social media model and most men would agree she was the hotter of the two if you put them side by side.

Xiomara's large 34DD breasts were still youthful as he entered her late twenties and her waist and tummy had no hint of fat. Her natural thick Latina thighs complimented her bubbly butt that black men loved and her tan skin made her the envy of women all over. Michelle on the other hand was a skinny blond, taller with longer legs than Xiomara, but less pronounced curves.

Both of them would look great when they all would travel to Hawaii for a destination wedding that Michelle had planned for her and Axel. Xiomara had never been to Hawaii before, so she was ecstatic. She had her outfits all picked out and her bikini body ready months before they would be there. In fact, Xiomara's body was always bikini body ready.

Much unlike Ted, who arrived in Hawaii pale and scrawnier than the average person. His skinny pale frame looked very awkward standing next to his healthy athletic tan voluptuous wife on the beach and lots of people even actually stared at them together with peculiar looks.

Ted and Xiomara finally saw their group which consisted of friends and family of Axel and Michelle who all came for the wedding. They were at a set of picnic tables and were eating lunch together enjoying drinks and relaxing with the beautiful view of the ocean right in front of them. There were some tiki huts and one of them was converted into a bar.

"Hey Ted! Glad you could make it.", It was Michelle. She had

walked out and away from the group to greet them with her husband following far behind her as he slammed a shot with some of his buddies.

Axel greeted Ted with little excitement, but was more interested in Xiomara as the two of them had never met yet. He even gave her a kiss on the hand to show some sort of manners and they introduced themselves, but even the slow sensual he gave on her hand made Ted sick.

Xiomara's eyes fell down to Axel's ripped arms, chest and abs. He stood much taller than any of them including Michelle and looked like he should be playing football. And Axel might have, if he wouldn't have blown his knee out during his time playing ball in college.

"The jerk!" Ted cautiously girlfriend with a whisper when Axel wasn't paying attention to them. It was a play to break her attention from fawning over Axel's muscular body. She hushed Ted and smiled to Axel with bright brown exotic eyes when she spoke to the soon to be married man.

Xiomara expressed interest from the first time she caught sight of him. I could see it in her expression, the way her body tensed, the way her eyes opened wide. It was the same look she gave when a friend showed her an expensive piece of jewelry. Axel on the other hand seemed very preoccupied as he was watching some of his friends and family drinking without him.

"Well I have to get back to the animals.", Axel loudly said to announce he was walking away.

"It was very nice to meet you, Axel.", Xiomara cooed and immediately realized how she sounded to her own embarrassment.

The way she said it garnered Axel's attention. He gave a little grin and nodded in cool way. "You too, Xiomara."

Her behavior perturbed me for a moment, but then I recalled the effect Axel always had on the women. I mean, what kind of girl doesn't turn bashful when she's in proximity of a tall, dark, handsome young man even if he is married. Ted also justified her reaction was due to her being pent up with energy as their sex life had been non existent leading up to them going on vacation. Ted had the epiphany that he was so focused on Michelle that he had neglected his own wife which he realized was just foolish.

“Haven’t you two met before?”, Ted asked Xiomara after Michelle and Axel went back to their guests.

"I don't think we ever met," She said truthfully while still blushing. "If we did, I'm sure I would have remembered."

Great. Not only do I have to worry about Michelle. Now I have to worry about my own wife with this guy. Ted thought referring to Axel. His wife had a soft smile as she stood there day dreaming, and Ted couldn’t help but speak up, “Oh my god, are you thinking about Axel?”

"You never told me he was such a hunk!" Xiomara whispered as soon as Axel and Michelle walked even farther out of earshot. She was too embarrassed for them to know.

"Please!", Ted now took my turn to give a gentle nudge in her ribs. "Not Axel! You got to be kidding!"

"I mean it!" Xiomara countered. "He's so handsome, and look at all of those muscles. I didn’t know one man could have that many abs!"

Ted looked as he walked away. In truth, Axel was a handsome looking guy. And yes, he did have a strong body. Standing just over 6 feet and weighing in at what I guessed was a good 220 pounds of pure muscle. I The only ounce of fat was in his head as the rest of his body only looked to be covered in ripped muscular flesh.

"And look at that ass!" Xiomara teased me as he walked away.

"Xiomara!" Her words shocked her proper husband.

She only laughed. "But he really does!," She countered to justify her saying it. "Why can't I look at his ass but you can ogle Michelle all the time! Why can't I ogle at him?"

"Because that's Michelle's husband!" Ted pointed out in a panic as though his deep dark secret was discovered. "Come on! Stop it! I don't ogle Michelle… plus Axel's a jerk."

"Oh, all right," She reluctantly turned back to Axel after seemingly searching him out in the crowd of wedding guests. As she stared at him, she continued, "I actually think this is quite healthy for us so you can see how you've acted around her this whole time. Now you can see what I have to put up with being with you."

"Yeah, but he's such a jerk… I told you those stories.", Ted was going to remind her of everything, but Xiomara wasn't having any part of it as she cut him off.

"That may be, but no matter how big of a jerk he might seem to you, I still think he's got a great ass. I'm just saying he must work out a lot."

Ted pulled Xiomara away from what was probably a continued search for Axel's ass.

The party had about fifty people that had come to attend. Axel and Michelle were both very popular and it was impressive that so many people would come see them get hitched at their own expense. But they were all graced with beautiful Hawaii warm weather without any chance of rain for the next week.

Ted greeted some of the people at the party that was held right on the beach and introduced them to Xiomara. Axel's friends were more than pleasant towards Xiomara and Ted could tell they were all wondering what a beautiful woman like her was doing with a guy like him.

As they walked away, Xiomara mentioned and then continued to mess with her husband, "Axel even has hunky friends. Maybe we should hang out with Michelle more."

It was true, all of Axel's friends were built like brick houses. It seemed to be the nature of being a "bro" and partying all day. They were all as seemingly dense as they were strong as they stared at Xiomara's body blatantly, and as eager to use their own energetic muscular bodies to show dominance. Wrestling, smacking and hitting one another seemed to be common place amongst the alpha males.

Ted didn't fit in with Axel and his friends and would be talking with the ladies more than the men. Unlike the others, he was more of a bookish type. Standing at least a foot shorter and about a hundred pounds lighter than the smallest of them, he was no "bro". Axel and any of his friends would be able to tear Ted a new one and beat him to a pulp if they really wanted to.

Ted knew better than to let his wife hang out with the group of savages without him being present too long. They all seemed to enjoy her presence and made excuses to come talk to them both, but mostly Xiomara. It was like these guys were trying to bang his wife, or at least that's what Ted thought in his paranoia.

But as it is said, just because you are paranoid doesn't mean there isn't somebody out there trying to get you.

The discussion with the women was about having children and raising their kids. They also talked about marriage and the way they all talked about their husbands was disappointing.

Somewhere along the way Ted made a sly suggestion about starting our own family. Ted dreamed about someday bringing our own kids to the picnic, but Xiomara promptly ignored him. She expressed little interest in making babies because her career came first, at least for now. She was a practical woman who wanted to build a solid foundation before starting a family. Sometimes she

could be almost fanatical about it, like the way she took the double precaution against an accidental pregnancy by both taking the pill and insisting I always use a rubber.

It was a bit embarrassing to be the man in the relationship wanting babies and especially how dismissive she was to him in front of Michelle's family and friends. The women all seemed to have a look that suggested they knew who wore the pants in the relationship.

Finally Axel came over and in a bit of a drunken stupor tapped Ted getting his attention as he sat next his wife in front of the group of women, "Hey buddy grab me a beer?"

"Oh… um sure.", Ted felt unsure of what to say. Should he deny the groom? He felt that would have been rude.

Axel put his hand on Xiomara's back leaning into Ted's ear to whisper speaking in a bit of a drunken slur, "Don't worry about your lady, buddy. I'll take real good care of her while you grab me a beer."

"Oh I thought you would come with me.", Ted spoke to Xiomara who was doing her best to ignore him.

"No buddy. I haven't got to know her yet. Now go.", Axel said in a tone that was loud as he pointed. However, the women laughed as he had a funny accent as he spoke. Life of the party.

Ted was relinquished from his seat and the second he stood up it was taken by Axel as he sat right next to Xiomara who was smiling wide. She immediately began playing with her hair as Axel began talking to her.

Ted sighed filling Axel a beer and could hear his wife laughing over everyone. At one point, her hand came to rest on his bare chest and Ted could see from across the picnic that she was noticeably feeling up Axel. Michelle was nowhere to be found as she was busy running around making sure everyone was having a good

time. Axel on the other hand didn't care. Axel was there to have a good time, he didn't care about anything but that. He knew what he wanted.

Ted knew Axel knew how to make sure he got what he wanted and here he was talking to Xiomara making her laugh like a school girl.

Ted was in trouble.

VOLLEYBALL AND BREAKFAST

Axel and his friends wanted to play volleyball drunk which came to no surprise to Ted. They were a group of dumb jocks to him and what else could they offer. The real surprise came later, in the middle of our second game. They were actually winning and Ted was playing really well. He had played beach volleyball growing up so he had the advantage. Ted rotated out as they had a comfortable lead and Axel did the same until he came up to sit beside Ted on the bench.

"You've got a hot one there," He commented while eyeing Xiomara's bikini clad body up and down. "You're wife's got a hell of a set of tits!"

It took Ted a few seconds to understand that he was talking about Xiomara and not Michelle. The vulgarity of his comment surprised him that he was so bold to tell him to his face.

"Yea, she's pretty great," Ted didn't know quite how to respond to his crude remark about her tits. "But Michelle is also beautiful, Axel." Ted reminded Axel that he was to be married in a few days as well as distract his wondering eyes from his own wife.

"Whatever," He spoke loud enough for half the bench to hear. "Yeah bro, her tits felt great in my hands. Thanks for grabbing me a

beer, it gave me just enough time to play with them.”

Ted sat in shock and sat there suspended in disbelief. No way would Xiomara let this jerk do that to her, especially after she knew how he felt about him.

Then, a moment later, Ted realized she hadn't. Axel’s friends and family that were on the bench must have been clued me in. They smiled and then they started to laugh, which immediately woke me up. Axel was teasing. He was just being his usual jerk self, or at least that's what I assumed.

“Don’t worry about him. He’s just trying to gain the competitive edge. He will do whatever it takes to win.”, Michelle was now talking to him. Ted was saddened by the fact that his friend just accepted this sort of behavior from her husband.

"Certainly no extra padding in there!" He went on and right in front of Michelle, much to the pleasant entertainment of the others. Michelle rolled her eyes and walked away which only caused her husband to become more vulgar.

"I thought your wife might be wearing padding to get all that cleavage, but my hands told me all I needed to know."

He laughed. So did the others. Ted tried to play along and laugh along with them.

"So what are they?" Axel refused to drop the subject. "Ds or double-Ds?"

Ted hesitated for a moment, knowing Xiomara would not appreciate me giving out her cup size to my rival But instead, his arrogance took over. Axel sounded jealous. He liked the way Ted’s wife looked; as almost a complete opposite to the woman he would be marrying. He liked her big tits, yet he couldn't have her. It was one of the few times he expressed jealously at me for anything in the short time he was dating Michelle.

"All of double-Ds," I answered, almost wanting to brag about her.

"I believe it!" He accepted. "And with that petite body of hers, I bet she's got a tight little twat too!"

This was too much and Axel went too far, but his friends were loving it. They all seemed to be in deep thought about pounding between her legs at her described tight twat. Ted could literally see it in all of the men's eyes that were sitting on the bench with them. However, he only smiled and laughed along with him, playing along with Axel's antics but no longer feeling like laughing. Her tits were one thing, but now he was getting a bit too crude. He was going too far for Ted, but he kept silent.

"Xiomara looks like she would be a great fuck!" His voice turned quiet. He said it only loud enough for me to hear. "I can't wait till after we get this wedding away, then I can give her a real fuck!"

Ted sat on the bench frozen in shock, not sure if he had heard him right. If he wanted the competitive mental edge, Axel certainly had it by now. He spoke his last few words almost in a whisper. He spoke them only for Ted's ears, and just barely loud enough to be heard.

Ted was going to return back to playing volleyball, but he was still unable to move from shock. Even more shocking, Ted noticed he had a hard-on. He had to adjust the thing in his pants before getting up. The thought of my best friend's husband fucking my wife actually turned him on briefly.

The rest of the night was pretty uneventful as they got drunk and partied and ended up going back to their room to sleep off the fun.

****

The next morning the couple were slow to get up. They had managed to order breakfast into their hotel room so they didn't have to leave and sat there for the most part silently as they gained their

energy back from the night before. Finally, Xiomara interrupted the silence sitting in her thin silk robe without anything underneath it.

"Axel sure was a lot different than what I expected," Xiomara commented from across the breakfast table the next morning. "I mean at the picnic, you know. You friend Michelle's husband: Axel. He just seemed a lot nicer than what you made him out to be."

Ted couldn't believe the first thing she wanted to talk about today was the man he disliked so much. Not to mention the comments that he made at volleyball earlier only added to his paranoia. She talked about him even on their walk back to their hotel room. It made Ted uneasy.

"He just seemed nice at the picnic, "He spoke between mouthfuls of pancakes. "I promise you would feel a lot different if you knew him like I do. I mean who isn't going to be nice when they're in Hawaii?"

"Maybe," She agreed with a smile. "But I don't think I would mind getting to know him better. I mean… since you're so good friends with Michelle.", She quickly made an excuse.

By the smile on her face, Ted wondered what she meant by the word "know". An erotic thought formed in his head as he thought of Xiomara hanging out with Axel, and then thought about all the sexual ways he would treat her if they were alone for five minutes. He had teased Ted about feeling up her tits already so it was easy to picture him actually doing it. Ted wondered now if his wife might actually allow Axel to do so to her.

"I just think you would have a different opinion of the guy if he wasn't dating Michelle."

Ted shook the thought away and decided to pull Axel down a notch. "He can hardly read, you know, and he can only add with a calculator. Not too bright, and not too quick either. He's basically a big brute, and that's all."

"That's about the same thing the girls were saying at the picnic," she shrugged her shoulders. "They talked about him quite a bit, you know, especially about how big he was."

Yes, Axel was a big man. He was one of the biggest, toughest men either of them knew.

"There's also something else they said about him," She continued after a long pause. "I figured they were just kidding, you know, but I was just wondering."

Shyness gripped her. A thoughtful look crossed her face. She wanted to ask me something personal her husband could tell. It was something important, but she was afraid Ted might object.

"What did they say?" Ted played into her hand, curious myself.

"It was something about Axel."

“I already know that much! C’mon what is it?” Ted prodded. However, deep down Ted knew what it was.

"Well," She stopped eating to look at Ted seriously. "They sort-of said, well, they basically said he was big all over."

Ted still didn't know what she was getting at. He thought about it while he chewed through another mouthful of pancakes, trying to decode the hidden meaning behind her words. "And?"

Her face turned red. "You know! His dick!"

"How should I know?" I refused to divulge anything.

"I just thought you might know, like Michelle told you or something!" She defended herself. "I mean sometimes guys talk about that sort of thing?"

Truth was, Xiomara was right, Michelle had talked about it before. In fact she talked about it a lot and almost seemed fascinated by the size of Axel’s cock which maybe was the whole

reason she put up with his arrogant behavior. Ted never wanted Xiomara to find out that fact about Axel and now here it was, cat out of the bag. No way was he going to confirm her suspicions though and admit he had heard stories from Michelle.

"Do you think I go around looking at other guy's dicks while in the bathroom?" Ted asked.

This frustrated Xiomara. Not her husband's uncanny response, but the fact she wouldn't know if Axel was as hung as the women said he was. She stood up quickly with an expressive look, "Never mind then, Ted."

"I'm sorry," Ted apologized. For what reason, he didn't know. However it happened a lot he noticed, ever since we moved in together. Ted often found himself apologizing for things he didn't understand.

Xiomara stopped at the kitchen door and turned back. She looked beautiful, standing in her half-open robe. Underneath she wore one of her little nighties, one of the sexy skimpy nighties that did a bare-minimum job at covering her bulging tits. The open robe nicely exposed the center of her chest to my gaze.

Xiomara was struggling within herself and it was noticeable. She looked so hot and Ted came over to try and attempt to get some nookie, but she instead pushed his head down. He went down to his knees as she lifted her foot on a chair to spread her inner folds to him.

"Then make it up to me.", Xiomara demanded in an assertive manner. It was much different of a tone than Ted was use to, usually she was much more submissive. However, it turned him on and he immediately began lapping at her pussy with his tongue.

Ted would eat the rest of his breakfast cold with Xiomara's tangy pussy still stuck on his tongue. She had orgasmed multiple times which was unlike her so Ted realized she just must have been extra

hornier than normal.

His cock was still rock hard as Xiomara never reciprocated the favor back to him and immediately went to take a shower.

Ted realized he didn't to also get ready or else they'd be late for the party in an hour.

SWIMMER'S DELIGHT

Ted had three real main concerns. First one was Axel in a speedo. The second one was Xiomara in a thong bikini. Third was those two in their swimsuits together. All would be happening momentarily as they approached the beach party. Ted tried to convince his wife to cover up more and be more modest, but she said that she wanted to actually wear the designer suit that he got her for their anniversary.

Ted continued to whine and finally Xiomara through on a pair of sweat pants and tank top over the tight skimpy black bikini.

"I wonder where Axel is.", Xiomara searched for him. She tried her best not to show how excited she was to see the hunk.

"I don't know," I answered, even though I knew full well he would be there soon. Axel made some sort of late entrance to every party so it was no surprise he would be late for his own party.

Other women wore 1 piece swimsuits that were much more modest than the one Xiomara had chosen. However, seeing other women in their swimsuits encouraged her to disrobe.

"Doesn't look like I'll be needing this," She slipped her sweatpants down her legs and then top over her head. As though time froze for all the men at the party, they stared at Ted's hot wife disrobing. Her body was magnificent and much more firm than their own wives.

It was uncomfortable watching all the men around lustfully gawk your wife, especially when she's wearing such a skimpy bikini.

"What's wrong?" She asked as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"What are you wearing? Ted asked in return nervously looking around at all the men doing their best not to stare.

Xiomara laughed as she spoke to her husband in a teasing tone, "What do you think I should take it all off?"

She put her fingers into the straps of the top of the bikini and began to pull them down. Every man's head snapped to attention as they waited in anticipation. Xiomara knew she had everyone's attention, except the man she wanted most: Axels. She disappointingly returned the straps to her shoulders with a giggle. The men on the beach all were let down at the teasing Latina wife.

"Xiomara…. Seriously---", Ted was unable to finish his sentence as his wife practically jumped with excitement.

"I think I see Axel," Ted heard his wife say.

Axel noticed them too and walked over to them. His large muscles bulging under the bright sun and his speedo containing a noticeable large bulge. As he approached them, Axel literally had to step around Ted to say hi to Xiomara. He gave her a giant hug smashing her huge boobs against his large muscular chest. She jumped into his arms and he gave her a quick playful twirl before he set her back down.

"So good to see you again…" Axel finally noticed Ted and gave him an afterthought great. "and you too Ted.

"It's good to see you too!" Xiomara answered with a radiant smile and seeming a little too happy. Ted distinctly noticed the way she glanced down at his tight fitting swimming trunks as if to check out his size. Axel wore a set of spandex briefs that did a bare-minimum job at covering his substantial bulge and it seemed like he

was pushing it out for her to look at easier. Ted could tell Xiomara more than liked it as she continued to look down at it as they talked.

Axel made it apparent that he was liking what he was seeing in front of him too. His eyes focused on her own bulge: two bulges to be exact. The black bikini was much too small and her breasts were smashed together due to how tight it was. He practically carried his wife the whole way over to the rest of the group and Ted had to jog on the sands to keep up with him.

“I’ll show you where to sit. We’re going to lay out for a while today and have another day of relaxation.”, And Axel did exactly that. Setting her down. Ted just followed.

Axel picked out the spot, and Xiomara laid down the beach blanket on the sand. Another towel lay just beside, which he assumed was Axel's. He wanted her close, and Xiomara had no problem with that.

“Where’s Michelle?”, Ted asked Axel.

“She partied a little too hard. She’s resting back in our room. No worries little buddy, she’s okay. Probably will be out here drinking with us in a few hours.”, Axel reassured Ted. Then he looked at Xiomara and only her. “How about a swim?”

He asked before either of them had a chance to sit down. Axel then added, "I've been working up a hell of a sweat on the court, and I could use a good dunk."

"Sounds like fun!" Xiomara accepted. "I'll join you in a minute. Not sure about him." She referred to her own husband.

“Great.”, Axel gave a smile to Xiomara and without saying anything to Ted took off running into the water. She wanted to go too, and she didn't want Ted to follow. Ted didn’t need to be told there was a feeling he got and he knew he wasn't invited.

"Don't you want to put on some sun block first?" Ted attempted

to prevent her from joining him as a last ditch effort.

"No, silly," She rejected. "It'll just wash off in the water. Wait until after I get back. I think I'm about to get really wet."

The way she said it was intentional and Ted spoke out of shock at his crude wife, "Xiomara!"

"What?" She questioned as if she didn't mean it the way it sounded. Then just gave him a wink and walked off towards Axel who was splashing water and laughing like a dumb jock by himself.

"I'm sure I won't be long, babe. Don't get too burnt out here on the beach without me.", She tried to say to rid herself of some sort of guilt she was holding inside.

The two of them played for a long time in the water, first swimming around and later throwing a beach ball back and forth. They acted like two young kids playing in the waves, jumping up and down; laughing when they fell.

Most of the time, Ted couldn't help but notice, they stayed reasonably close to shore. They kept where the water remained shallow, like waist-deep for Axel and no more than chest-deep for Xiomara. Seldom did they venture out farther intentionally.. Axel probably made sure to keep her chest above the waterline so he could enjoy the view, so her bouncing tits remained exposed to no more than the occasional breaking wave.

Ted also noticed how he occasionally tossed the ball closer to shore, which to give himself a good look at her ass too. He got an especially good look when she bent down to pick it up wearing her thong right in front of him. And then there were the times when he "accidentally" threw it above her head and just out of reach. I'm sure this was also done on purpose so he could get a good look at her bouncing tits and watch them jiggle in her struggle to reach something out of arm's length.

There were other men on the beach that were watching that

were part of the wedding party. The men on Axel's side almost seemed proud that their groom was able to possibly have one last fling nights before his own wedding. It was odd for Ted to see them in admiration since they all knew Xiomara was married to him.

"What a rack!" Ted overheard one of them say.

"Thick tan thighs.", One guy lamented.

"Don't forget about her ass!" Agreed the third.

Most had to stop gawking when their own girlfriends or wives caught them watching. Then they got a slap on the shoulder or an evil stare of "the eye." Eventually, Ted was the last remaining audience member to the two swimmers.

Ted had went to sit in a lounge chair that was placed right on the beach which he would be able to watch them. His emotions were confused and he felt embarrassed of himself. He was partly angry at his wife, angry at Axel, but most of all he was angry at himself.

Only once did they venture out to deeper water. Ted watched as the two of them walked side-by-side until only her head stood above the splashing waves. Then they went out deeper, but with Axel helping her along the way. His taller frame allowed him to go deeper. He stepped up behind her and held her close, lifting her up, almost carrying her into deeper water. His hands went around to her front.

Ted couldn't see precisely where his hands went when they walked away from me, but then thought about what he said at the softball game. He couldn't help but think Axel might be reaching all the way around, around to her chest, perhaps even holding a boob in each hand. Xiomara would probably have loved to have him hold her tits the way she lit up when she was around him. Ted thought about his fingers sunk deep into her cleavage.

They walked down over a low point in the water and then back up onto a sandbar where two intrepid youngsters already played. As

they rose, Ted got an even bigger shock. Xiomara's back came into view, and then the bare skin of her back rose above the waves. She rose to the point where the water must have come to the mid-point of her chest in front, yet he still could not see a strap in back. Ted couldn't see any strap at all.

The timid husband sat in shock. It looked like Xiomara no longer wore a top. H couldn't be certain because only her back lay exposed and she stood a long distance out into the water. Ted knew he should have seen the rear strap of her bikini by now and all he saw was her bare skin of her back. Still in shock, Ted imagined the view from the other side.

Her bare tan tits and dark nipples, exposed to his gaze, the water only coming part-way up her chest, making them float, giving them support. It would be like seeing her in a strapless bra, or perhaps wearing even less. The water level looked low enough to expose her nipples. He should be able to see her boobs floating up and down on the waves like round floaties. Ted distinctly noticed him walk around to her front so he could take a look.

The two youngsters already on the sandbar looked too. They appeared to be no older than teenagers. Naturally, both of them were boys. They stopped playing with their beach ball to look at her. One pointed. The other just looked. Ted wonder what Xiomara was thinking to let herself be exposed such younger males.

Axel and Xiomara played for a short while on the sandbar and then walked out to even deeper water. Axel once again helped her, but pretty soon they turned around to come back in again. By the time they submerged through the trough and then rose up near shore, Xiomara's top suddenly appeared. Ted wasn’t sure when she put it back on. Hell, perhaps she never took it off for all Ted knew and his mind was just playing tricks on him out of jealousy and paranoia.

When they returned to the beach, Xiomara was bent over

building a sand castle in front of them and Axel was standing with Ted. Xiomara's stance caused her near bare ass to thrust out and press high up into the air behind her. The thong was almost invisible from afar, making her look wildly erotic, like a woman who lost the bottom half of her bikini. She looked back at them and she giggled seeing the two of them staring at her ass which she made no effort in hiding.

"It's going to be so much fun to fuck her from behind," Axel switched to a quieter tone to speak his crudest remarks. "We'll naturally start with her on the bottom, but then I'll be sure to give her an orgasm from behind."

Ted cringed at his words, and all he could think about was Axel fucking her from behind now. He easily pictured them: Xiomara bent over just like she was now building her sand castle, and Axel ramming her with his oversized cock from behind. She would go absolutely crazy with a big cock inside. Ted had heard stories of how much women like to be fucked by big cocks. Most of what he heard came from pornography, but still. That's all the women in the movie's seemed to care about.

"Don't get me wrong, I like her tits too," Axel said in a way that suggested he didn't want to be rude. Ted the whole time just listening to him fantasize about his wife as he still stood next to the muscular man. He made the comment just as Xiomara twisted around and gave us a side profile of her thrusting chest.

"She's really got a rack!" He waved to her as he talked. "I'm going to love feeling up her tits too, just like she let me do on our little swim, but I'm going to enjoy fucking her best of all."

Ted had no idea if he had really felt up her tits in the water or if he was just talking out of his ass like he usually did. It wouldn't have been the first tall tale that he thought Axel had told him and Michelle years ago about how he could have been a pro football player. On the other hand he could have been telling the truth as his paranoia suggested earlier.

“I think I’m going to try before I get married.”, Axel coolly said to her husband as he stared at Xiomara. He then, got up and walked towards his wife. His large arm grabbed around her frail little body. He squeezed her shoulders, and in turn pressed her arms against her chest. Her tits, already big, smacked up against each other to appear even bigger. He looked straight down between her mounds as though that was the only reason he was holding her.

"You look like you need to cool off again with another swim," He took a long look down at her.

“Why’s that?”, She fished for the compliment she knew she would receive from him.

“Well maybe its because you’re just so fucking hot.”, Axel slurred out the drunken words.

"That sounds like fun!" Xiomara predictably agreed as she giggled at him hitting on her.

"And I can’t keep my hands off your body," He whispered in Xiomara's ear just loud enough for Ted to hear. She blushed, and her husband pretended not to hear. The sight of her guilty blush made Ted suspect that he really had felt up her tits earlier.

“I found a secret spot we can go to be more private.”, Axel announced.

“Where’s that?’, The fact Xiomara wanted to know made Ted nervous. When Axel pointed down the coastline.

"Over there, beyond those trees at that rock outcropping, there's a special little private beach on the other side.", Michelle’s soon to be husband said.

Ted looked where he pointed. A large fence blocked it off. "No Trespassing" signs stood guard. They marked the end of the public beach and the beginning of private land owned by Millionaires.

"It looks like you're not supposed to go over there," Ted

objected.

"Nonsense," Neither the signs or fence seemed to bother him. "We'll just swim out a little ways to get around the fence."

"But it looks to be a private beach," Ted continued to object. "They might not appreciate you walking down their beach."

"Yes, it is a private beach," Axel confirmed. "But they won't mind. They won't mind at all, especially once they see Xiomara walking along with me."

He turned to Xiomara as did Ted. Some form of unspoken communication seemed to be exchanged between them. She smiled in response and appeared to accept the invitation.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure to take good care of her. I'll protect her against attack from all these horny college boys," He released his squeeze and took her by the hand. Xiomara appeared willing to go. She even appeared anxious.

"And it'll be a unique experience for Xiomara," He whispered to Ted just before turning to leave.

Xiomara heard Axel even though he had whispered and she blushed again. Axel grabbed Xiomara's wrist and without getting Ted's approval dragged her willingly away.

They walked side-by-side down along the edge of the water this time opposed to being carried away like earlier. Axel then he helped her swim around the fence. He proved to be a strong swimmer and easily carried her along with water over both their heads. Ted imagined him feeling up her tits as he held her. He imagined Axel with a breast in each hand and an erection aching to penetrate his wife.

Ted followed as well, and the swim was more than he expected. He was exhausted and realizing he might not make it to coast began to panic. At some point he felt himself being dragged

to shore, but he had swallowed so much water than he was very light headed. When he woke groggy eyed, Xiomara explained to him that Axel saved his life.

“Aren’t you going to say thank you? You could have died.”, Xiomara said, looking embarrassed of how rude her husband was being to Axel. “Sorry, Axel, he seemed to have lost his manners.”

“Well he did almost drown, I won’t hold it against him too much this time.”, Axel laughed.

Xiomara giggled along with him, just because. He could have said anything and she would have thought it was hilarious. Xiomara stood up realizing that her husband was going to survive and began to explore the beach while Axel sat down to Ted who was laying on the beach still catching his breath and staring up at the blue Hawaiian sky.

"Damn your wife's really got some tits!" He told me first thing. "Not just big, but so nice and firm too! Even under the water they are so heavy."

Axel disgustingly licked his lips. “I even tried to put one of them in my mouth, but those g’damn kids were watching.”

Axel continued on as Ted sat there motionless staring up at the sky.

"She was a bit shy about taking off her top at first, but once I let her touch my cock she felt obligated I think. Not to say I’m a genius, but seems the plan worked out to my benefit."

Ted remained silent. The look in Axel's eyes told him that there was no lie in what he was saying

“The best part was that she basically pushed them in my face and wanted me to grab at them. G’damn your wife is one pent up sexual beast.”, Axel rubbed at his cock as he watched Xiomara walking up and down the coast bending over picking up sea shells.

Ted imagined him doing it. He pictured his arm around her neck, and then pictured his hand reaching down to her tit. He could have done it. He stood over a foot above her. He could have reached around like a basketball player and reached down to grab hold of her tit. Axel's words painted the picture even more vividly.

"It was a real handfull!" He shook his head and let out a shiver against Ted's continued silence. "Damn! She could be a model, you know, especially given how firm her rack is. I can name a half-dozen men's magazines who would pay good money to publish her topless."

"Yes, she's beautiful," Ted finally acknowledged he could speak and felt too awkward to stay silent why this man went on and on about how sexy his wife was.

"She's hot as hell!" He sat back in the sand "She's got a set of melons that I just can't stop staring at, and she's not shy about showing them off either. It's the perfect combination for a model! I know my Michelle is hot, but you hit the jackpot.", Axel said.

He heard the rhyme and continued repeating, "I know Michelle is hot, but you hit the jackpot." The more he repeated it, the more it turned into a song that tormented Ted's ears. The song started choppy, but the more he sang the verse the more fluid it sounded. Ted still exhausted from the swim earlier was forced to listen to the dumb jock sing his dumb song to himself as he regained his energy.

Finally he stopped and turned to Ted as though he was about to make the most profound statement in the history of man, "But seriously dude, your wife is hot. She should be magazines or something."

"Maybe," Ted briefly looked up, pretending to sound disinterested. He hoped the look in his tired eyes would drive him away.

He pictured Xiomara walking down the beach topless, bare, with

her big tits full on display. Ted imagined all the men on the beach turning to look at her at every chance they got. He could hear a photographer commanding his wife to stick her ass out for a photo or to push her tits together.

"I'm serious," Axel persisted and wanted to let Ted know he was serious, mistakenly thinking this was something the husband wanted. "A friend of mine owns a photo studio. I talked to Xiomara about it on the beach. Suggested she come over, maybe we could take some test shots. They wouldn't have to be topless like on the beach. A bikini would do. A teddy would be even better. A girl like her could really make some good money if she wanted."

More images formed in his head. Xiomara in a photo studio. Now Axel was in his imagination having her pose in the sexy poses he thought about earlier. He could imagine how assertive Michelle's husband would be with his own wife and something about that sort of sounded sexy, but he was offended that he was so up front with him about his intentions.

"Why not Michelle?"

"No, no, no, buddy… not my wife.", Axel said.

The nerve of Axel to be more than okay with putting up Ted's wife drove him insane when he found out he wouldn't allow Michelle to. "You know that's kind've unfair, right?"

"Unfair? No it's not like that. It's just Michelle and I's relationship is much different than you and Xiomara's."

"What do you mean?", Then paused, knowing what he meant. That Xiomara wore the pants in the relationship, was much too hot for him and that he didn't deserve to selfishly keep her beauty all to himself. "Never mind, don't answer that."

"Just an idea to think about little buddy," Axel straightened back up and got ready to stand up. "She could make some good money, you know. It would be a nice second income for the two of you. Best

of all, after what I saw on the beach, I think she would enjoy it!"

Then, as though he almost forgot Axel said, “Hey, I’ve been meaning to bring up a proposition.”

“Yes Axel?”, Ted asked almost afraid to.

Axel put his large bicep around his neck. Ted could feel his large arm weighting him down almost sinking him into the sand. Xiomara was making her way back towards the both of them. Her large 32DD breasts bounced under her skimpy bikini threatening to escape the confines of the black top.

“So… what I’m thinking is that I’m only single for one more day. You know and we’re off by ourselves right now. You know?”

“Yeah? And?”, Ted was definitely afraid to ask.

“Well… you know how attracted I am to your wife. I can tell she wants my dick. When she grabbed it she told me it’s way bigger than yours.”, Axel said squeezing at Ted’s shoulder in a way to show dominance. It was really a random thing for him to throw in there, but Axel just wanted him to know that he knew.

Ted didn’t really know how to respond to him saying that. Out of reaction he compared their two bulges and it was obvious his was much larger than his own. In fact, even in his imagination from earlier, Ted had figured his cock was much bigger than his own.

Ted remained silent and by the time Xiomara came back she looked at the two men sitting there. “What? What’s happening? What are you two talking about?”

Axel stood up, “He’s okay with it. Told you I could talk him into it.”

When Axel said that, Ted realized they had both planned this whole private beach trip out when they were out swimming just the two of them.

“But what about Michelle?”, Ted protested.

“You better not say a fucking word to her.”, There was a scariness to Axel’s voice that intimidated Ted, but excited Xiomara as she stared at the muscular man scolding her scrawny pale husband.

Xiomara, being the good cop. She bent over with her hands on her knees and spoke softly to Ted like a child, “Babe, this will be the three of our’s secret, okay?”

As she was bent over, Axel had reached down and began to rub at Xiomara’s ass directly in front of Ted. Ted began to try and say something, but it was just air escaping past his firmly pressed lips as he pointed at what Axel was doing. “He’s touching your ass!”

Xiomara was obviously not phased by Axel’s roaming hands. One reached forward and grabbed her breasts that hung right in Ted’s face as she was bent over. From Ted’s angle, it almost looked like he was banging her from the back with one hand on her ass and one holding her hanging breasts as he stood and dry humped her curvy ass.

Ted was having a hard time breathing. He tried, but the anxiety in his heart was causing him to have a panic attack. Ted was twitching a little as he crawled away and around gasping for air leaving his wife alone with Axel who was mauling her body with his big hands.

“C’mon babe, you’re embarrassing me.”, Xiomara said to her husband as she giggled at Axel grabbing her.

“Yeah dude, get ahold of yourself. It’s not like we’re in love, we just want to fuck.”, Axel brought his hand down and smacked Xiomara’s ass which made her jump.

“Xiomara!”, Ted finally exasperated.

“I’m sorry, Ted.”, She genuinely looked guilty.

“Fuck him.”, Axel chimed in. “Little twerp’s been trying to fuck

my Michelle for yea---.. no not years… forever."

It was hard enough to hear Axel say this to him, but for his wife to laugh was hurtful. Unfortunately for Ted, Xiomara also agreed with Axel and gave an expression of a thousand feelings.

She first laughed, but as her laughter died off she had thought about it and looked at Ted. "You know what, Axel's is right."

Her expression turned to relieved guilt. Sure she wanted to fuck this well-endowed hunk, but she appreciated him taking the guilt if now having justification and a good excuse, "Thanks for that."

And it was only an excuse. At this point, Xiomara would take anything as ammo to fuck Axel after feeling his cock. It's not everyday you encounter a handsome man, with a hunky body and a huge cock and she knew she was going to have to take this opportunity. She would have preferred Ted to be somewhere else, and of course hated herself for succumbing to something as superficial as a big dick. But nature is nature.

Axel replied to Xiomara's appreciation with no words while standing behind her. Instead with her back pressing into his strong chest, he her ass a smack and began rubbing her butt where he had smacked it. She leaned her head back slightly moaning and Axel took this moment to press his lips down against hers which she returned the kiss.

Axel finally decided it was his turn to take over. With one graceful, but strong hand grabbed at Xiomara's hair. He gave it a little tug and pulled her down to her knees. Xiomara was obviously surprised at being pulled down to her knees so forcefully, but complied. She stared submissively up at Axel as she was bent over.

"Stick your ass up."

She did as he was told. When she did, Axel gave her ass another loud smack.

"Good girl.", Axel began to walk her like a dog past from Ted and towards a tree that was behind him. When they got near him, Axel smacked her ass and told her to go to the tree that had grown sideways on the coastline and bend over. She did as she was told. She bent up on her knees, her back arched and her hands on the branch that stuck out in front of her.

"Let's see that ass.", Axel said. He was now standing directly over Ted.

Xiomara's expression expressed excitement of being told to take of her bottoms. She began to nervously giggle as she looked back at the two men and began pulling down her black bottoms of her bikini suit. Her big round Latina ass being fully exposed, she kept pulling them down until they were around her thighs stretching the bottoms between them.

"Stop.", Axel commanded. He looked down to Ted and said, "Now remember this next time you come around trying to fuck my woman."

Axel then pulled down his own speed in one swift movement over his strong legs. His cock immediately sprung upwards. While it wasn't hard, it was at least a foot long and growing as it began to point up. Axel's monster cock had large veins going up its shaft and the longer Ted stared at the vein, the more he could see the blood pulsating in it as it rushed to harden it.

Ted snapped his attention away from the scary looking cock to see Axel slowly stroking himself grinning down at the scrawny man. He gave a little chuckle realizing he would never forget and gave him a pat on his shoulder as he walked away.

"Enjoy the show."

Axel had stepped right in front of Xiomara who was still bent over watching the muscular man dominate her weaker husband. There was something about the whole scene that made

her horny and she secretly was touching herself while she waited for Axel to position himself and lean back against the branch.

Axel didn't have to say a word. Xiomara had wrapped her small hands as best as she could around the cock and pushed it straight past her lips. Axel was almost surprised by the way the beautiful woman attacked his cock, but he held her hair to let her go to town on him.

"Fuck yeah. Feels so good.", Axel said.

Ted watched as Xiomara pumped both of her little hands up and down the massive shaft as her cheeks sucked in and out. The knob of the head of his cock being lapped by his wife as she made out with Axel's cock.

"Damn, Michelle definitely can't suck a dick like this.", Axel spoke to Ted.

These words only encouraged Xiomara to pump and suck on Axel's cock even faster and harder. At one point she pulled the head out of her mouth and began sucking and licking at Axel's balls while she jerked him off. His big dick flopping all around as she stroked him. She was rubbing her face up and down his face and smashed her own face into his balls.

"Oh so much better than Michelle.", Axel knew this is exactly what Xiomara wanted to hear right now. Xiomara pulled herself away finally to look over at Ted.

"You hear that Teddy? He said I'm way better than Michelle at sucking cock.", She said resentfully.

"I'm surprised too because you have such a little dick. That's right she told me about your little buddy, little buddy.", Then Axel laughed at what he said. "Little buddy… wow… takes on a whole new meaning now with you."

Xiomara laughed and went back to sucking on his cock like an

addicted whore. The sound of her slurping filled Ted's ears and the sight of his beautiful wife's head bobbing up and down on Axel's cock was horrifying. Axel reached down and smacked her ass while she continued to suck on his cock. The pain of her spank caused her to moan around his cock and while she continued to play with herself finally tensed up. Another loud moan occurred as she stopped bobbing her head altogether.

"Dude she's cumming from sucking my cock. Fuck yeah.", Axel said proud of himself.

Ted watched his wife shudder while Axel took his pleasure into his own hands. He had his hand now holding the back of her head as he thrusted his hips into her face. His balls swinging back and forth slapping her against her chin while he pistoned in and out of her mouth.

Xiomara gagged as she continued to orgasm until finally Axel pulled his cock away. His big strong cock dripping with wet and saliva and Xiomara was left gasping for air with tears trailing out of her mouth. She bent over relishing the last of her orgasm while continuing to catch her breath.

Before she could realize what happened next, Axel dropped to his knees behind her. He leaned forward, grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. This caused her to present her bare ass to him. Axel pulled the string of her black bikini off so that they would allow her to spread her legs more. It worked and Axel was pushed her legs farther apart. Xiomara's black bottoms now only hanging off of one of her thigh as Axel didn't bother to completely take them off.

"I'm going to fuck your wife you little piece of shit.", Axel said looking back at Ted as he reached down to grab his shaft. His hips began to move forward and he started to press the head of his cock against Xiomara's entrance which made her moan immediately. His cock entered her slowly, but intensely. The thickness stretching her walls out so she could fit him in made her orgasm a second time in a

matter of minutes.

"That's already number two, little buddy.", Axel laughed. He gave her ass another smack. Xiomara moaned.

Axel didn't move. He put his hands on the back of his hips and stared down at the beautiful brown ass engulfing his big cock feeling the tight Latina beauty's pussy. "So fucking tight."

"Fuck me.", Xiomara softly whined. She tried to say it soft enough for Ted not to hear her act like a whore, but they were too close.

Xiomara was now rolling her hips up and down Axel's big thick shaft as he sat there and let her. He held her by the hair so she was limited in how she could move. Axel gave her ass another spank. This time much more forceful than the other and he grabbed her by the hip. He held her still and soon started to move his hips.

Again, Xiomara orgasmed the second he began. She felt pinned in her position as he held her down against the warm sand beneath her with her ass up. His hand pulled her head back so she had to arch her head back more. From time to time reaching forward to grab her at breasts and squeeze at her nipples.

Soon he began to get a rhythm as the foot long cock worked its way almost all the way into the tight wife. Ted began to lose count of the number of times his wife was orgasming as she almost seemed unconscious as Axel fucked her like a dog.

"Oww… ouch…. Nghhh.", Xiomara called out feeling Axel stretch her ways out in ways she never thought was possible.

Axel didn't stop, even though she was in pain and Xiomara orgasmed over that simple fact. The fact this brute was using her for his own pleasure without concern for her was arousing.

Ted could only watch Axel and listen to the sound of their flesh slapping against one another. Xiomara's were moans he had never

heard during the entire course of their marriage and there was something hurtful about that. The way Axel fucked his wife like a whore, there was something perturbing about that. Allowing this all to happen, there was something humiliating about that.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me yeah….. I'm coming.", Xiomara said as she was now pushing her hips back at Axel. She had completely forgotten where she was and what was going on. She forgot Ted was even there. She forgot that Axel would be getting married tomorrow. She forgot that she was married. So lost in the moment of powerful orgasms that nothing else was her reality.

"Oh fuck yeah…. Beautiful fucking ass.", Axel smacked her ass as he continued to pump his big dick into her. He then reached forward, "And perfect fucking tits. Your husband doesn't deserve a woman like you."

Xiomara loved the flattery. Not as much as the huge cock making her cum multiple times, but the fact this man was taking her in front of her husband and emasculating him caused her to orgasm yet again.

"Fucking loser. Can't believe you let a guy like me fuck her.", Axel said looking back at Ted with a look of resentment. "Is this what you like, little fagit? Like me fucking your wife? Is that why you came? Bring me a little going away gift before I marry your best friend and fuck her pussy ragged?"

Ted was silent and just sat there taking it.

"Maybe I'll let you go down on Michelle after we're done having kids instead of getting my tubes tied? How about that? Come eat my wife's beat up pussy after I've put my seed in her?",

Xiomara couldn't help but moan loudly along with Axel. Axel could tell she loved listening to him degrade Ted so he continued; the entire time fucking Xiomara roughly. His ass squeezing and hips bucking as he slammed the entire footlong into Ted's wife.

"Maybe I give you a taste right now? Looks like your wife is more than ready to have a baby.

It was soft at first, but Xiomara was softly saying something. She continued to repeat it with each time it becoming louder until Ted finally could hear his wife saying, "Yes… Yes…. YES!!!"

"Hear that fagit? Looks like you wife wants my son. Just like your best friend did. Don't you realize… nobody wants you.", There was a menacing laugh that accompanied Axel's monologue. His face had turned meaner though as he picked up the pace.

He was now fucking her so hard that it pushed Xiomara's chest into the sand. Axel's hand came back to rest against the back of her head to smash her face deep into the sand. Xiomara was breathing heavily which caused the sand to displace as she breathed.

Ted stood up, "Axel stop! You're hurting her!"

Ted was genuinely concerned that Axel's big dick could rip her inside in half and the way he wrecklessly fucked Xiomara who looked like she had loss consciousness it might happen. However, Axel didn't slow down as he continued fucking her. Xiomara's moaning and groanings were deep and it was constant like one perpetual orgasm.

Ted tried to push Axel off of his wife, but he was much to strong for him. He was also way to determined to cum as he was close to stop now.

"Here we go baby.", Axel could feel himself getting close. Ted being unable to stop him from cumming into his wife was turning him on in a surprising way.

Axel screamed out at the top of his lungs and began to bury his cock balls deep into Xiomara. He continued to pump his cock into her as he milked himself into her tight pussy. The entire time, letting out a disgusting groan that filled Ted's heart with humiliation.

Ted being unable to stop this man that he hated made him

want to cry. This was the same man who had already taken his best friend that he secretly was in love with. Now here he was, just unloaded his balls into his wife in order to get his last fling out of the way before getting married.

Axel's cock was softening and he withdrew his big long cock out of Xiomara's gaping pussy. She laid there motionless. Cum dribbled out of her pussy and her ass pointed straight into the air. She was completely unconscious.

Axel laughed as he sat back on his knees. His big slimy cock was laying on top of the sand and it was sticking to his shaft. "I think I fucked her brains out."

Ted wasn't sure why he laughed. It was kind of funny, but that was his wife. Axel patted him on the back after grabbing his speedo and tucking his cock into them as he put them on.

"Well I have to get back to the guests."

"What? Aren't you going to help me bring her back?", Ted looked up at Axel.

Axel was shifting his cock into his speedo as he spoke, "No dude, it's your wife. My wife is back with the guests. I should go check on her make sure she's feeling better."

"Oh uhh alright.", Ted said. He wasn't sure how they were going to get back without Axel's help, but he was too embarrassed to ask him for any help after he just fucked her to lose consciousness.

"Remember, little buddy. Our secret. I plan to be as faithful as possible to Michelle. At least at some point. But what I mean is I don't want her knowing anything. Understand?"

Ted nodded.

"Good. Well… see you at the wedding tomorrow?", Axel asked to change the subject. It was a bit surreal that he was trying to be

so friendly. Especially after you consider all of the things he had just said while fucking Ted's wife.

"Yeah. That's why we're here.", Ted said annoyed as he was unsure what he was going to do with Xiomara.

"Right. Well… see ya later.", Axel slowly began to walk away. He must have had some guilt for abandoning them, but did anyway.

Ted sat there with his wife still in the same position that Axel left her. He couldn't believe how fast this all happened.

"Come to Hawaii they said. It'l be beautiful they said. It'll be fun they said.", Ted smacked at the sound and yelled out to himself.

"Well they were fucking wrong!"

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

CUCKOLD | INTERRACIAL | FEMALE DOMINATION | HUMILIATION
WEDDING CRUISE
cuckold
REMY LEONE

WEDDING CRUISE CUCKOLD

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2017 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

1	Time for a Cruise
2	Nap and the Pool
3	Unexpected Guest
4	Pleasing Mark
5	The Day Before
6	Special Day
7	Two Black Men
8	My Turn Finally
9	Epilogue

TIME FOR A CRUISE

I shuffled through the disaster zone of my house in a daze. We would be leaving on our cruise in the morning, but I still wasn't packed. I had worked non-stop so my angel, Vivian, could have the best suite. Now I was trying to gather everything together while avoiding a last-minute surprise bridal shower in our home.

A detailed checklist lay on the bed next to my open suitcase. In my frantic state, I could barely remember one or two items at a time as I made piles of clothing. If any previous trip was an indicator, I would remember the camera and forget socks, or something like that. I headed to the bathroom, random items floating through my mind. I grabbed the pomade that kept my hair from looking like a shaggy nest and dug through the cabinet for a small toiletries bag.

The sound of heels echoed through the hall and Sharon, Vivian's best friend, rushed past me, blonde curls bouncing. She pulled up her black dress, yanked down her panties and started using the toilet, ignoring me. I stared forward for a second then darted out. A few minutes later she peeked into the bedroom where I'd retreated.

"You're so silly, Shane," she laughed. "And Vivian said to put her straightening iron in your suitcase. She forgot."

Sharon left, and I nodded to myself as I returned to the bathroom to grab my things. Vivian had repeatedly explained to her friends that I was just one of the girls. Sharon took this the furthest, treating me like a fly on the wall—or like a sister, as she saw it. It annoyed me, but Vivian thought it was hilarious. I had hopes that after the wedding, things would settle. Everyone knew that marriage changed things.

While the sound of chatter and laughter slipped through our home, I managed to pack for our Bahamas cruise. I set the luggage aside and headed to the kitchen for a drink, ducking past the ongoing celebration. Parties weren't my thing, and this one consisted

of only Vivian's friends and family—neither of which were my biggest fans.

Vivian's dad regularly accused me of being gay, and Vivian's mom went along with it, offering to help set me up with one of her nephews if I ever tired of having Vivian as my beard. I had no delusions of my relationship with them getting better after the wedding. Vivian had told them we didn't plan on having children, and that further riled her dad up. In his mind, Vivian was only with me for money and was willing to sacrifice having children to stay in a comfortable life.

The entire misconception was Sharon's fault. She'd drunkenly revealed to Vivian's family that I was saving myself for marriage, and that's all it took. No one could possibly understand me being able to resist touching Vivian. She wasn't a virgin, but that didn't bother me. When we'd started dating she'd announced that she wouldn't pressure me and that she loved me enough to abstain with me. That was two years and a million cold showers ago.

In four days I'd touch her for the first time, and I couldn't wait.

NAP AND THE POOL

Vivian slept while I drove the eight hours to New Orleans. By the time we arrived at the port, I was ready to collapse, and Vivian was a bundle of energy. Her long blonde hair blew around her shoulders as she hurried to find the line to board. As usual, she looked heavenly and perfect and I felt like I'd fallen out of the closet half-

ready. I followed her eager strides to the preferred boarding line, thrilled to see how happy this trip was making her. Within another hour we were seated on our private balcony overlooking the water, and I knew it was worth every penny. She hadn't stopped grinning yet.

"When we get back, maybe we could spend a day in the city? Maybe get a hotel in the French Quarter?" she asked.

I considered her bright blue eyes and smiled. "Of course."

She beamed. "Do you think everyone is settled?"

"Should be." Only a few of our friends were willing to shell out the cash to join us for our wedding cruise. Thankfully, Vivian's parents weren't in the small number but my best-friend from college was. "Mark texted earlier, their carpool got here early."

"I'm going to see if Sharon and Dustin want to join us for dinner."

"I'll bet Dustin is taking a nap like I'm about to. That drive was brutal."

She stood and shrugged. "Naps are for babies and old people."

"It was a long drive," I said again. I rarely had to sleep during the day, but anytime I did it was for her. Staying up late after work to drive her back and forth from parties, for example. Vivian never seemed to tire and made me feel old and crotchety by comparison.

"The excitement should be enough to keep you awake. We're on an adventure."

I followed her into our room and sat on the bed. She pulled her hair into a messy bun atop her head and checked herself in the mirror over the dresser. Whenever she put it up, she looked years younger, like she was back in college. Combined with her small tank top and short shorts, I suspected I'd be witnessing plenty of ogling during our trip. Her curves and long legs always made her the center of attention. She was the perfect catch, a sinful body with an angelic face.

I glanced at the side table and picked up the small blue binder. "We have free room service, we could just eat in here."

"That's no fun. It's our first cruise. Don't be like that," she pouted.

I sighed and collapsed onto a pillow. "I know. I'm boring. I'll do my best, sweets."

"Did you make sure the sofa pulls out properly?"

"Yup. We're set," I murmured, eyes already shut. I hadn't checked, actually, but as much as this room cost I just assumed it was fine. Until the wedding, I'd be sleeping on my own. At home, Vivian kept us chaste with a giant body pillow down the center of the bed, but it wasn't logical to drag it with us.

"Later!"

I heard the door open and close. The only noise in the room was the gentle hum of the mini fridge, and it was perfect to fall asleep to.

I rolled over on the bed and sat up panicked. The room was

completely dark. Fumbling for my phone, I cursed myself for not setting an alarm. The bright screen blinded me and let me know it was past eight. I'd missed dinner. I used the light from my phone to navigate to a light switch. I couldn't tell if Vivian had come back to the room or not. Maybe she'd tried to wake me but failed. I shot her a quick text to see where I could meet her.

I slapped at my cheeks and headed to the bathroom to freshen up. She hated having to wake me from naps. I dreaded heading out to find her. No doubt she and Sharon would tease me, or worse she'd be in a mood since I overslept for dinner.

This cruise needed to be perfect. With the wedding on the horizon, I'd promised to stop being such a disappointment. To stop being dull. I should have known better than to challenge myself with such vague concepts as promises. The harder I tried, the faster I seemed to let her down.

My phone buzzed, letting me know she was at the pool. I let her know I was on my way and pulled out a map of the ship. I found the pool within a few minutes but froze in my tracks at the crowded scene. It seemed that everyone was out tonight, drinking and splashing. I walked the perimeter, trying to find my wife in the sea of strangers.

"Hey sleepy head," someone joked and tapped my shoulder.

I turned and found Dustin. "Hey. Where are the girls?"

He pointed across the way. "Relaxing while I retrieve margarita refills. Come on, help me carry."

Glancing around, I couldn't see Vivian or Sharon, but

whatever. I followed Dustin, wading through the crowd. “How was the drive?”

“Fine. We took turns, made it easy.”

“Vivian likes when I drive.”

“Yeah. We all know how pussy-whipped you are, bud.” Dustin held up a hand at the bar.

While he ordered drinks, I glared at the back of his head. He wasn’t my buddy by any stretch of the imagination.

“Here. Got you a rum and coke. It’s a vacation right, you’re allowed to drink?” He shoved a massive blue margarita and a short tumbler into my empty hands.

I tried to smile while I tried to come up with a reason not to drink. The usual cover was that I was the designated driver. The truth was that Vivian didn’t let me drink around her friends. She was always worried that I’d say or do something stupid and embarrass her.

“Come on,” he said and walked away holding a drink in each hand.

I followed once again, but this time I could see my future wife from a distance. She and Sharon were on the side of the pool in matching yellow bikinis, talking to a man I didn’t recognize. The man in question was splashing Vivian’s legs. “Hey,” I called to Dustin ahead of me. “Who’s that?”

“Dunno. Just a random admirer, I guess.”

Frowning, I picked up my pace. I had reasoned that a cruise

would be a safe place. When we picked out our suite and made plans, I assumed that most of the other passengers would be retired. “I thought cruises were for shuffleboard and early bedtimes.”

“Wrong cruise-line,” Dustin joked. “Aren’t you used to this by now? Vivian’s a fox.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, so you don’t care when guys talk to Sharon?”

“Sharon’s not a Vivian,” he replied. “She just tries to be.”

His response took me back, but we were close enough to the ladies that I didn't press him. I crouched down and gave Vivian the heavy blue drink. "Hey, sweetie."

She kicked her feet in the water and the young man swam away. Turning to me, she opened her mouth to say something then narrowed her eyes on the drink still in my hand. “What’s that?”

“Nothing. I mean, rum and coke. Dustin got it for me but I’m not drinking it,” I whispered, trying not to catch Sharon’s attention. I pulled a lounge chair close and sat on it.

Vivian pursed her lips for a moment. “It’s better when you stay clearheaded. We need you to look after us.”

“Of course.” I set the drink beside her. “You can have it after you finish that?”

“I can’t have carbonation in this swimsuit,” she said as if my suggestion was blasphemy. “Sharon? Do you want a rum and coke?”

“Eh. Why not?” Sharon replied in a drunken high-pitched voice.

Dustin looked over at me, but I ignored him. I was still deciphering his earlier comment about Sharon not being a Vivian. The two ladies looked similar. Granted, I thought Vivian was much more attractive, but I was understandably biased. They were both blonde, tall, and curvy. Sharon dyed her hair, and she didn't look as young or sweet as Vivian, but anyone seeing them would probably guess they were sisters.

Inspecting them now, I felt the urge to drape a towel over Vivian's shoulders. Her nipples were protruding obscenely through her flirty bikini top like a homing beacon to any horny men in the vicinity as if the bright fabric wasn't drawing enough unnecessary attention already. It was a futile request that Vivian would ever cover up, this I already knew. Trying to hide her was just a testament to my own insecurity, she'd said again and again.

"Why are you in jeans?" Sharon asked suddenly.

I glanced down at myself. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Vivian sighed. "It's a pool, Shane."

"I wasn't thinking about swimming. I just wanted to find you guys."

"You already flaked on the day and dinner. The least you could have done was to come to the pool dressed for the pool," she said in a flat tone.

I reached out to rub her shoulder, but she shrugged my hand away. "I'm sorry I overslept."

"Don't be sorry, just do better." She sipped her margarita and

stared across the pool. “You look ridiculous. Why don’t you just go back to the room?”

I could feel Sharon and Dustin’s eyes on me. A quick glance around revealed that I wasn’t standing out in my jeans. There were plenty of men and women around with no intention of swimming. Still, I didn’t like to argue with Vivian, especially in front of her friends. She had a point, after all. It was my own fault that the first day of our romantic getaway had fallen through. I smiled crookedly at everyone and stood.

“Yeah, you’re probably right. I’m just not feeling it tonight. Tomorrow’s going to be great though. You guys have a good night." I waved and left, feeling defeated. This trip was supposed to be my way of proving I could be the fun and carefree husband Vivian deserved. Three days to go.

UNEXPECTED GUEST

I woke bright and early—earlier than I wanted. The pullout sofa bed was a nightmare to sleep on, and somehow, I felt more exhausted than usual. My sleepy eyes looked longingly at the coffee station in the kitchen, but I wasn’t about to wake Vivian. Tiptoeing through the room, I slipped out onto the balcony. We’d be in the water two days before we reached CocoCay for the wedding. I couldn’t imagine what we could do on the ship for two days, but everyone else had seemed excited. The ship had a lounge and a theater, which seemed interesting but not worth the money we were paying per night.

I sat alone until I heard a gentle tapping on the door behind me. I went inside and watched Vivian walking around and stretching.

"Did you have fun last night?" I asked.

"I did. Sharon got absolutely smashed though. We'll probably have to whisper at breakfast. Speaking of…" She glanced at her watch. "We all agreed to meet in a half hour. But I need coffee."

"Of course." I went to the breakfast bar and dug through the complimentary k-cups for a breakfast blend. "Is it everyone?"

She lounged on the couch and yawned. "Yeah. Did you know that Mark, Cara, and Ashley are sharing a double room?"

"Nope." I poured the coffee into a mug and brought it to her. "Is that weird? I mean, Ash must feel like a third wheel."

"Eh. It was apparently her idea, to save money. But it's probably going to be weirder for Mark and Cara. Ashley is totally going to be bringing strangers that room."

I shrugged, not wanting to get pulled into gossip about her friends. "I'm just glad they came."

She sipped her coffee and stretched out on the sofa. "Can you do my nails later? I can't believe I forgot to get a pedicure before hitting the pool."

I sat next to her feet and patted her ankles. "There's a spa. Why not treat yourself later today?"

"I might. Depends on what the girls say. By the way, Dustin was insisting he throw you some sort of lame bachelor party tomorrow night—"

"I'll avoid that, don't worry," I said quickly. A party with Dustin was the last thing I wanted. "I don't need a party."

She nodded. “It’s unseemly.”

“Should we be getting ready? I have to guess the breakfast buffet is crowded.”

She looked me over. “I’m thinking blue polo and the khaki shorts I bought you. Go get dressed.”

Later, Mark and I sat at the bar, waiting on Dustin. The ladies had scheduled a spa retreat after lunch, and that left the guys to kill time until dinner.

“This isn’t the vacation I was told it would be,” I confessed to Mark. “All we’ve done is walk around and eat.”

He chuckled and sipped his beer. “But it’s not work. You’re missing the point.”

“I feel like we could’ve just flown and saved the time.”

“Yeah. Point missed completely. Look, you’ve got a week away from responsibility. We get to sit around and watch our hot ladies wear skimpy bikinis and shorts that look like underwear. Maybe you’d do better if you gave up your dry spell.” He pushed his beer towards me. “For old times’ sake?”

I pushed it back and shook my head. “I’m fine.”

“Fine?” He frowned and drank in silence for a moment. “Are you fine, or are you just controlled?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He spread his hands and sighed. “Look, I get it. Vivian is a catch. But she treats you like a gay best friend, not a husband. You

need to step it up. Be a man. This marriage is going to eat you alive, trust me."

I laughed and shrugged his words off. "That's why I don't drink. You've had one beer and you're talking nonsense."

Mark and Vivian had a strange history. They'd met when Mark was married to her former neighbor, which had led to me meeting Vivian. But they never got along. I had often told Vivian I'd stop hanging out with him if it made her uncomfortable, but she said I needed at least one friend. Mark was that one friend, even if I was rarely allowed to go out with him. They'd clashed more times than I could count, but it was more like a cold war than a nuclear detonation.

His thumb tapped the side of his glass. "I'm not drunk. You know it takes more than a weak IPA to get me started."

"Just because your marriage went downhill, doesn't mean all marriages are doomed," I pointed out. "Shouldn't you be more optimistic? I mean, you and Cara?"

He downed the rest of his beer and signaled for another. "Your topic swaps aren't subtle at all, but fine. I just figured since you weren't allowed to have a bachelor party, I could still impart my advice as your best man." He pushed his empty glass away and pulled the full one close. "Cara's just temporary. We both know it. We've got nothing in common except the sex."

I raised a brow and watched him closely to see if he was joking. He didn't seem to be. "That's… depressing."

"Only you think that. But once you know what I'm talking

about, you'll get it."

"I wouldn't stick in a relationship for just sex, sorry."

"Sex is the entire point of romance, bud," Dustin interjected.

"Where have you been?" I asked, ignoring his comment.

"My room, drinking from a Listerine bottle. This trip is going to run me dry if I rely only on the bar's supply," he said quietly, watching the bartender out of the corner of his eye.

Mark rubbed his chin. "The girls did that. Nearly went blind this morning, sprayed vodka on my contacts to clean them. It would have been nice if they'd have told me ahead of time."

I stared them each down. "Do you realize how much trouble you could get in for that?"

"Not all of us are rich," Dustin murmured.

"None of us are rich," I pointed out.

"Says the sugar daddy," he retorted.

"We should hit the casino," Mark said. "A little time with the slots never hurt anybody."

I started to protest but decided against it. "Why not?"

"Really? Sure you don't need to ask permission first?" Dustin asked.

I finished my soda and shook my head. "Let's see if lady luck is real."

"In two days, it's going to be *our* money. I would never lose a

hundred dollars in such a careless way," Vivian fumed as she stepped into the room from the hallway.

I'd gotten a humiliating dose of the silent treatment at dinner, so I saw this coming. I wondered if Dustin and Mark would get the same treatment. They'd lost more money, but that didn't mean anything. While I'd eaten quietly and inoffensively, they'd chatted it up.

"It'll never happen again, sweetie. I just got caught up in it," I promised. I'd finally let myself have fun, and now I was paying for it. "It's not like our future is ruined."

She hmphed and sat on the bed. "There aren't even words to explain how disappointed I am with you. You're supposed to be my dependable husband. The man I can count on. I need you to be reliable."

"I am."

I sat next to her, but she scooted away and hugged her pillow.

"Would you like a massage?" I asked playfully. She grumbled into her pillow, but her legs straightened, and she wiggled her little feet. I pulled them into my hands as she rolled onto her back. I held her left foot up and kissed the red-tipped toes. "Did you enjoy your spa day?"

"It was okay. I wanted rose gold polish, but they didn't have any," she said heatedly.

I stroked the top of her foot from toes to ankle. "They still

look nice."

"Will you do them for me? I want my feet beach ready. Plus, my special shoes are open toe."

"Of course. Are you comfortable?" I looked up and saw her nod.

Touching her feet was as intimate as we got. At first, I'd hated the thought of touching anyone's feet, but I'd learned that taking care of Vivian this way kept us close. She needed to be pampered, and I enjoyed catering to her needs. Over time I'd started to paint her toenails, but only when she was between pedicure appointments.

My hands gently rotated her ankle before I slid my fingers between her small toes. I imagined sliding my hands up her long legs. This was our last day apart.

"I can't wait to massage your entire body," I said softly. "Your skin is so soft."

She groaned. "I was just feeling so relaxed. Don't talk like that."

I pressed the heel of my hand into her arch. "I didn't mean to… I'm just ready for it. Is it wrong to admit that?"

Her hands covered her face and she spoke as if tormented. "You're just not very good with dirty talk."

I tried to think of a better way to express my romantic anticipation but in the end, said nothing. I didn't think there was anything dirty about what I'd said. I wasn't trying to be lewd. I

stroked the top of her foot and put it down before grasping the other one. The massage continued in complete silence, and when it was done she sent me to find her nail polish. While I dug through her makeup case someone knocked on the door.

Vivian hopped up. “I bet it’s Sharon wanting to go to the pool again.”

The door opened and Mark stood in the hall. I waved but Vivian didn’t let him in.

“We need to talk,” he said gruffly. It sounded like he’d had too much to drink.

“Now’s not a good time,” I said.

“I’d like to talk to Vivian,” he corrected, staring her down.

I cleared my throat and moved to her side, not sure what was going on. “Whatever it is, maybe tomor—”

“It’s fine. Come in,” she interrupted.

I sighed and shook my head. “I’m going for a walk then.”

I’d overheard enough of their chats to know I had no interest in it. They would inevitably dredge through each other’s previous failed relationships before debating who knew what was best for me. My opinion didn’t matter, obviously. I strolled around the ship, wondering if this would be the last straw.

Vivian had to be tired of Mark’s meddling. I was beginning to be. It didn’t seem appropriate for him to feel so strongly about my life. I was a grown man. I could take care of myself.

The majority of the cruise passengers seemed to be taking in the theater. The lounge close to our room was invitingly quiet, but I wasn't sure it was worth the risk. On one hand, Vivian would probably be ready for bed by the time I headed back. On the other hand, I'd already let her down once today. I stared at the bar until the bartender seemed uncomfortable, at which point guilt made me sit and order a mojito. As I sipped away, I watched the people around me. The cruise was heavy on couples.

After I finished my drink I checked my watch. If thirty minutes wasn't enough for Mark and Vivian to work through their latest issues, I'd just have to use my presence to break it up. I made my way back to our room feeling optimistic. This was a vacation. It was our wedding and honeymoon. There was no reason for me to let things get me down.

Mark had another thing coming I thought as I walked back to my room with a new found set of balls.

PLEASING MARK

Entering the room, I didn't see Vivian or Mark. Assuming Vivian was in the bathroom, I headed to the couch. Grabbing the light blanket from the armrest, I noticed movement on the balcony. Vivian was on her knees in front of Mark, sucking his cock while his hand held her beautiful hair in a messy bun. A burst of hollow pain wrenched through my chest as if my heart had collapsed into the pit of my stomach. Time stood still. I clutched the blanket while a myriad of emotions kept me frozen.

I wanted to stop them, but the consequences made me hesitate. I didn't want to lose Vivian. She was the love of my life. Everything I ever wanted, and more than I could ever deserve. And as much as his big brother behavior annoyed me at times, I didn't want to lose Mark either. I dropped the blanket and backed away from the scene, telling myself this was a fluke. He'd been drinking. She was upset. These things happened.

Vivian opened wide and Mark came on her waiting tongue. I could see her smile and it tore at me. I headed back into the hallway, trying to scrub my brain clear. I wondered if they'd seen me and if that would make a difference. Was this a mistake that they would come clean about? If I walked back in right now would they confess their sins and beg my forgiveness? Something told me definitely not. Neither of them was the begging type. I was the begging type.

Leaning my head against the door, I strained my hearing, listening for any movement in the room. The glass balcony door slid and shut, and I took that as my cue to enter. They both looked at me when I walked in, but I couldn't detect an ounce of guilt. My heart fell. The possibility that they often ended fights this way crossed my mind. I waved awkwardly to them.

"Hey."

Vivian arched a brow and said nothing.

"I was just leaving. See you at breakfast," Mark said evenly as he left.

I stood staring at the door after he'd gone. When my mind

seemed to function again, I turned and found Vivian standing right behind me.

“Have you been drinking?” she asked quietly.

I nodded solemnly. “It was just one drink. I thought… since I was just going to bed…”

“I forgive you,” she said with a soft smile. “It’s okay.”

Those were the last words I’d expected to hear, and I felt the confusion showing on my face. She leaned close and brushed her lips against mine, and my confusion exploded. Vivian didn’t like to kiss. The last time she’d been this close was the night I proposed—over half a year ago. My heart raced, and I held my breath. Her hand cupped my cheek as she kissed me, parting my hesitant lips and wrapping her tongue around mine. I melted against her, even though I wanted to cringe at the bitter taste Mark had left in her mouth.

After a few seconds, she stepped away. "Sleep well?"

I nodded dumbly. She’d betrayed me, then she’d forgiven me. She’d touched another man but then shown me the affection I needed. Maybe it was her way of earning forgiveness, I told myself. She was a complex woman. I yanked the sofa out into a bed and sat down. Every couple had mistakes. I made mine. She made hers. As much as seeing her and Mark hurt, I wouldn't let it tear everything apart. I buried my pain, deciding to be a better man so that she wouldn't be pushed to others. Actions spoke louder than words, and on the wedding night, I would show her how much she meant to me.

THE DAY BEFORE

With one day left before the wedding, Vivian was suddenly a bundle of nerves. It was like she'd gone to bed calm and woken to a room on fire. While she buried me under a list of tasks, I tried to calm her down. She wanted everything to be perfect, and as far as I could tell there was little chance of it not being so. The cruise handled all the details. We just had to show up. Reminding her of that did not ease the situation.

"We need to be prepared in case they mess up," she insisted. "And just showing up isn't as easy as it sounds. Have you steamed your suit?"

"Of course."

"I should have scheduled a trial run with the salon. My hair is so soft and delicate, what if they burn it with the curlers?" she rambled, gathering her hair atop her head.

The action made my imagination flash to the night before, and my jaw clenched. It was so crude of Mark to crush her hair like that. I scratched the back of my neck and looked away. A knock sounded on the door, saving me from losing myself to the foul memory.

Vivian rushed to let Sharon and Ashley in. The women began pouring shots of mouthwash, making me grateful for their intrusion for once. I slipped away to the bathroom. Just as I locked the door, Sharon banged on it and yelled, "You better be sitting! No splashing on the seat."

The raucous sound of laughter rang out and I hung my head, gratitude gone. If it ever became a possibility, I'd veto Sharon from Vivian's friend circle. In fact, I was already seeking promotions that would require relocation. If I could get Vivian to a coast, she'd forget all about her best friend.

After I'd emptied my bladder—standing, just to spite the usual rules—I snuck out of the room. Not two steps from the door I ran into Cara.

"Am I late? Sharon said it was an emergency," Cara said with a tone of disbelief.

"Last minute jitters. Nothing blue vodka won't solve."

She grinned and opened the door. "It's the last day of being single. Drinking and debauchery are sort of required."

I shrugged and tried to place my mind elsewhere, but it was too late. As I walked to the mini-mall in search of a book, my brain insisted on pondering this latest bit of logic. Vivian and Mark could have been the last hurrah, so to speak. It made as much sense as anything else, even if it didn't make me feel any better. I had an idea of how most men reacted to infidelity.

That sort of rage wasn't an emotion I was capable of. The last thing I wanted to do was risk hurting Vivian's feelings by confronting her. Talking to Mark was also out of the question. If he knew that I'd seen, then Vivian would find out, once again leading to a confrontation with her. It was best for all of us to just move on. My higher ground carried almost enough satisfaction to keep their betrayal from weighing me down.

Browsing the latest releases of paperbacks, I saw Mark walk by. By his sweeping glance, I guessed he was looking for someone, possibly me, but I remained mostly hidden in the tiny shop. A few minutes later, Dustin found me while I was checking out.

"Are you seriously going to waste time reading?" he asked.

I grabbed my new book and exited the store. "It's something to do. It's what people do on vacation, in fact. Sit by the pool and read."

"I thought you were trying to be fun." He shoved his hands into his pockets and walked beside me.

"My last attempt at that ended poorly," I murmured.

He laughed. "Yeah. Damn, I didn't think she'd treat you like a kid who'd misbehaved. I'd never let Sharon order my meal and then ignore me like that."

"I made a mistake. We talked about it," I said defensively.

"Sure, sure," he joked. "Have you ever tried manning up? Just put her in her place?"

We stopped at a couple of loungers and I gave him an annoyed look. "I don't need to 'man up' or any such nonsense. I respect Viv and love that she's a strong woman."

He shaded his eyes with his hand and squinted around. "Strong women like strong men, not dough, Shane. Sometimes you just gotta grab em and use em. They love it."

I bit my tongue and sat on the lounger. It disgusted me to hear him talk, which was something I knew Vivian and I agreed on.

She hated Dustin. If she had overheard him just now she probably would have shoved soap in his mouth. Ignoring him, I flipped my book open.

"Fiine. Be that way. But it's your last day of freedom. Any advice after this is too late."

"What advice could you possibly give him?" Mark asked, sitting on the chair next to mine. "I need to hear these pearls of wisdom."

"I was saying—"

"Nothing worth repeating," I interrupted, not looking up from my book. "I don't need marriage advice from anyone who isn't currently married."

Mark yanked off his shirt and relaxed under the sun. "Fair enough."

"It's too hot for this shit. If you need me, I'll be winning my money back," Dustin announced.

I dove into my book even though I could feel Mark's eyes on me. Though it didn't make sense even to me, I blamed him for what had happened much more than I blamed Vivian. I couldn't yet look at him without picturing my angel on her knees. I told myself I was the better man to not need revenge or even an apology. Eventually, he left, leaving me alone with my predictable murder mystery.

SPECIAL DAY

I tugged at my tie, feeling strangled. Mark handed me a lint roller and patted me on the back.

"You ready for this?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?" I said nervously. I ran the roller across my shoulders and arms before tossing it aside. My suit was medium gray. If there was any lint on it, no one was going to see it. "Should I just keep the rings in my pocket?"

"I guess? But take them out of the boxes."

"Yeah," I agreed.

He handed me the two velvet boxes and I carefully removed the wedding band from each. Mine was simple platinum, but Vivian's was inlaid with two small rows of diamonds. She'd originally picked one less ornate, but I'd found this one at a diamond show when she wasn't around. I knew the extra sparkle would make her day even more magical. Looking at it now made my heart flop around. The deep feeling of love made me smile and calmed me for the moment. I slipped them into my pocket and met Mark's eyes. The joy I felt overwhelmed me, and I could no longer be upset about the past.

"Here," he said placing a white boutonniere on my jacket. "If you poke yourself and get blood on your suit, we'll all be killed."

I stood still while he fixed the flower in place.

"After my divorce, I told myself I'd never go to another wedding," he said stepping back. He checked himself in the mirror next to me. "Too depressing."

"But here you are," I said.

"Yeah, well. I look damn good in a suit."

We both chuckled while I checked my watch. Dustin poked his head into the room.

"Just making sure the groom hasn't made a break for it," he said.

"Are you kidding? I'm more likely to run down the altar than away from it," I said honestly.

"No cold feet here," Mark agreed.

Dustin narrowed his eyes in faux suspicion before calling, "Alright," and vanishing.

"It really isn't too late to jump ship, so to speak," Mark said with a crooked grin.

"There's nothing that would make me walk away from this. Vivian is everything I ever wanted." I straightened my tie and patted my hair.

"I have to tell you…"

I shook my head and held up a hand. "Anything you've got to say, it may as well be lost in the wind. I know what I'm doing."

He nodded glanced at the clock. "In that case, time to go stand and wait for your blushing bride."

* * *

I held Vivian gently in my arms as if she were a cloud that would dissipate on the breeze. We'd danced most of the day. Everything had gone perfectly—she'd said so repeatedly. Whatever disaster

she'd expected had never made it to the party. Our small wedding had attracted a group of crashers from the ship, but even that was fine.

"I love my ring," she whispered.

"I saw it and knew it belonged on your finger," I said.

Her eyes twinkled, and I knew she was looking at her hand on my shoulder, admiring her new jewelry. "You spoil me."

"Forever. I live to give you everything you need," I said seriously. "Anything and everything."

I stroked my fingertips up and down Vivian's bare spine, delighted by the deep open back of her otherwise modest lace dress. She shivered with my every touch, and I imagined that she was just as excited for the rest of tonight as I was. I kissed her soft, blushing cheek. For tonight she had no complaints about such actions, I planned on savoring every moment. The slow romantic song came to an end and we pulled apart to scattered applause.

"I need water," she said touching her throat.

"Of course." I released her waist reluctantly and went to look. I searched around the cooler for a fresh bottle, knowing she didn't trust anything opened. When I returned she was dancing with Sharon to some upbeat song that sounded like something from high school. She took the water and downed it.

"Time to move it. You head off with Mark and Dustin. I'm going to change into my other dress and we'll meet at the beach."

I nodded and caught her wildly flaying hand so I could kiss it.

“Can’t wait to see this mysterious second dress,” I said.

She laughed, and she and Sharon danced away. Mark dragged me from the dance floor while I replayed seeing Vivian walk down the aisle. I didn’t think it was even possible for her to be more beautiful today than she usually was, but I had witnessed it.

“I think we can take off the jackets now,” he said. “How’re you feeling?”

“On top of the world,” I said with a grin.

“Hold on to that feeling,” he laughed.

Though the wedding was next to a bar, it wasn’t the one Vivian wanted to party at. She’d researched and picked her favorite for the post-wedding drinks. It was only a short hike, but my suit felt like a wool blanket by the time we arrived. I ordered a glass of white wine and watched it while we waited on the ladies. I recognized Vivian’s feminine strut from a distance.

Dress number two was strapless, short and sexy enough to make me wish the party was already over. She looked like a wide swath of white ribbon had been wrapped around her, complete with a large bow at the small of her back. I held out the wine.

“You look scrumptious,” I said.

She rolled her eyes playfully. “It’s a special day. You have that glass.”

I nodded and looked her up and down. Her dress seemed to beg to be removed. “Don’t tire yourself dancing,” I hinted.

She arched a brow. “Don’t worry about me.”

Cara showed up at her shoulder and yanked her away. A crowd had appeared, and soon all I could see of my wife was a bobbing veil. I sat on the nearest stool. Slow dancing with my wife was one thing. Getting wild to the chaotic dance music pouring from the speakers here was another.

I nursed my wine while keeping careful track of the time. We had to be back on the ship before sunset. Vivian occasionally drifted from the floor to grab drinks or swipe a bite from the tower of nachos I'd ordered for our friends. She looked radiant. The miserable two days on the water made up for seeing her like this. If I got the new job I was hoping for, I'd end up taking her on more cruises, but that prospect didn't seem so terrible.

The crowd parted while I ordered a water, revealing Vivian pressed between two tall dark men. I nearly slid off the stool in my surprise. The crowd pressed forward again and blocked my sight. I left the bar and walked around, searching for Vivian. Someone tapped my shoulder and I spun in surprise.

"Back to the ship?" Vivian asked.

"Yeah," I said slowly, looking around for the two men I'd seen moments before. "Probably should make our way in that direction."

"Go pry them apart. I'll find everyone else." She pointed over my shoulder where Mark and Cara were grinding as if they were alone in the world.

I ushered the couple from the bar and we all hiked through the sand back towards the ship.

* * *

"It went by too quick," Cara complained. "I didn't even get to sunbathe or snorkel."

“That’s what tomorrow is for,” Mark said. “We’ve got two beach days left. You’ll be tired of the sun by the time we’re done.”

I listened to them banter behind Vivian and I while we walked to our rooms.

“Did you have fun,” I asked Vivian.

“So much! I hope the next port is as amazing.”

I placed my hand on the small of her back and pulled her close while we walked. "Maybe we can make this a regular thing. Would you like that?"

“More cruises?” she asked and waited for my nod. “You have no idea how much I’d love that.”

We split at the stairwell and said goodbye to Mark and Cara, who were both giving us obvious winks. Vivian turned to me close to our door and pulled me to a stop.

“Could you run to the gift shop? I need makeup wipes,” she pouted.

I glanced at the door and down at her tight dress. All of the self-control I'd managed over the last two years was draining away. I wanted to toss her on the bed. I wanted to soothe the absolute I ache I had to touch every inch of her skin. But I nodded. “I don’t know what sort of selection they’ll have.”

“Anything will work.”

I sighed and tugged one of her blonde curls. “Alright. I’ll be right back.”

I hurried to the shopping area and scoured the shop for any facial wipes. I grabbed every option and checked out, tapping my fingers on the counter impatiently. It felt like forever before I was back at the room. I swung open the door and rushed in, tossing the bag on the entry table as I looked around.

For a moment, I thought I’d entered the wrong room.

Two large black men stood at the foot of the bed, and in front of them knelt a woman who couldn’t have been my beautiful wife.

TWO BLACK MEN

Vivian wouldn’t be on her knees in front of two naked strangers. Her after-wedding dress wouldn’t be shoved down around her waist.

My legs were icicles, stuck to the ground as my body longed to turn and leave. I needed to find my room.

But that wasn't going to happen since this *was* my room. The men I’d seen for a split second earlier on the beach were here, in my room, with my wife.

My legs finally moved, but only to crumble beneath me as I fell back against the door and slammed it shut with the weight of weary body. My hand flew to my mouth and I held back a scream that seemed to die in my throat and burn through my blood.

They saw me, I know they did. The suite had an open layout

and the bed was two steps and a turn from the entryway. My breath came in frantic gasps and I stumbled forward, back to the bedroom.

"Sweetie?" I croaked.

One of the men looked over at me and seemed uncomfortable, but it didn't stop him guiding his cock in and out of Vivian's perfect lips. The scene unfolded slowly as if my brain couldn't comprehend what I saw. Vivian held each of them in a hand and took turns sucking them into her mouth as if this was exactly what was supposed to happen on our honeymoon.

"Hey," I said louder. "What the hell is this?"

The movement stopped this time, and all eyes turned to me. The men looked down at Vivian and at each other but didn't say a word, as if they were mute or commanded not to speak.

"You said I could have anything I wanted," Vivian said finally. She sat back on her heels and toyed with her breasts, distracting me from the scene. Breasts I'd never seen before except for slips or quick glimpses. She plucked at the rosy, hard tips, making me salivate. "Isn't this what we both want? Me to be happy?"

My voice came out shaky, as unstable as my emotions. "I'm supposed to make you happy. You aren't supposed to…"

"You seemed okay with Mark," she said slowly. "You didn't say a word."

My face scrunched as I tried to grapple with her reasoning and my own cowardliness in that situation. "I thought it was a one-time thing, I mean, so much was—"

“Shhh.” She reached out and grabbed the huge cocks of the men standing before her. The creamy ivory of her skin contrasted against their ebony flesh. “You can’t give me this. And you know I need it. So why does it upset you?”

"I can give you that. That's the entire point of tonight," I said exasperatedly.

She shook her head. “No. I need a real man. Someone who can take what he wants from me. You’ll never be that man. Besides, yours isn’t this big, is it?”

“Take…I mean…” I looked around for an escape route. Not just a door but a black hole to swallow me entirely.

“If you watch you’ll learn to please me,” she hinted. “Be nice to our guests.” She looked up at the man on the right. “Jordon,” she introduced him. “And Anthony.”

After a moment, I found myself nodding. My mind was reeling, my heart felt shredded, but I still loved her, and my body desired her even now. If I could make her happy, that’s what I wanted.

She returned to servicing them, her hands squeezing and stroking them in sync, her tongue bathing them in turn. Jordon grabbed her hair and yanked her closer. She yelped before he shoved his cock into her open mouth. Her hands flew to his thighs and clawed as she gagged on his thick length. He released her and she coughed and giggled.

“See,” he said in a low voice. “She needs to be treated like the slut she is.”

I wanted to argue but the look on her face stopped me. She watched his cock like she worshipped it.

"It's too big for you," he told her teasingly and tapped the head on her bottom lip. "But you like to choke on it, don't you?"

“Yes,” she purred.

“Get on the bed,” he instructed.

She rose and unzipped her dress. It fell around her ankles and she kicked it to me. “Hang that, then come back.”

In a zombie-like state, I carefully lifted the silky white fabric and brought it to the closet. I hung it next to her wedding dress, which taunted me through the plastic garment bag protecting it. Heart pounding, I returned to find them all on the bed. Jordan was reclining against the pillows while Vivian sucked his cock. Her face was buried in his lap, but her ass was in the air. Her white thong was pulled to the side and Anthony was behind her, fingering her pussy.

I moved closer, repulsed but needing to see her for the first time. Her pink folds glistened with arousal as his long dark fingers slid into her. My pants grew tight, seeing her like this. I almost wanted to hate her, but it turned inward instead.

After a cocky smile back at me, Anthony placed his tip at her entrance, causing her to wiggle in anticipation. I stared as he pushed forward until the head of his cock was swallowed. His fingers rubbed and spread her folds while his hips rocked slowly.

Vivian groaned. “It’s so big…”

He grabbed her waist and pulled her back as he pistoned

forward. “You’re too tight. I don’t want to hurt you.”

His words didn’t match his tone. It was obvious that he loved every moment of forcing his way into her, even if it hurt. I watched in agony as he worked his cock in, further defiling my angel. Once he was buried completely his gentle motions disappeared. He pounded into her like wild animal while Jordan fucked her mouth, controlling her head with a fist in her messy curls. She moaned around him, desperate sounds that could barely escape. Groaning, he held her down now, ignoring the tears that escaped her eyes. After what felt like an eternity he released her.

“You’re a good little cock sucker,” he told her. “But I don’t want to cum there.”

She nodded lazily as exhausted. He looked across her body at his friend.

“Swap,” he said simply.

Anthony shoved deep into Vivian before nodding. “I think she’s stretched enough to take you. Got her little slutty pussy nice and ready.”

Jordan slid down to the center of the bed and stroked his long cock while watching Vivian massage her breasts. "Climb on," he ordered playfully.

She bit her lip and crawled to him, straddling him and hovering over him. He rubbed the tip of himself against her clit and folds before holding himself straight and steady. She lowered herself slowly, breathing heavily and making soft sounds as she covered him inch by inch. “Oooh,” she cooed. “You’re going to break me…”

He chuckled and placed his hands on her waist. He pistoned up and impaled her completely, making her scream. “Slutty pussies are meant to be abused.”

She whimpered as he lifted his hips and plunged deep into her again and again.

“Say you like it,” he urged.

“I love it,” she gasped.

“You want more?”

“Yes,” she begged. “Fuck me harder!”

His hand found the nape of her neck and yanked the hair there, pulling her body down and flush against his, smashing her breasts against his chest. He bent his knees and arched into her, pounding hard and fast until the sound of flesh against flesh filled the room. I watched in a trance, equal parts horrified and aroused. Anthony sat on the edge of the bed watching, jerking himself, enjoying the show.

“More, more,” Vivian whimpered.

Anthony crawled close to them and Jordan slowed down. Vivian curled up, pressing her hands to his chest and arching her back. Her breasts heaved, and she looked over at me. Flushed cheeks and dilated pupils took me back.

“I’m about to cum,” she whispered to me as her body began a slow grind against Jordon.

He heard her and dug his fingertips into her thighs. “Good girl. Let me feel it.”

She rode him while he pressed his thumb against her clit and made small circular motions. Throaty moans replaced her every breath, the sound a sexual torment. I knew my erection was obvious, but I didn't care. They weren't watching me. All eyes were on her as she bounced and wriggled toward her orgasm. She pinched her breasts until the pearled tips were bright red and swollen.

"Yes," she hissed. She sucked in a deep breath and released a cry of shattered ecstasy. Her entire body shook, and her lips fell apart, mouthing wordlessly.

Jordan steadied her while Anthony positioned himself at her back, taking her arms and holding them against her spine. His hands disappeared between their bodies and she squealed. It took me a moment before I realized he was preparing to enter her from behind.

"Sit," Vivian said softly. My gaze drifted from Anthony to her. She patted the bed, somewhat beside herself. "Sit."

I glanced at each man, wondering how they felt about her request. They simply watched as I nervously approached. I turned slightly and adjusted myself before sitting on the very edge of the bed. Once I was settled, Anthony pushed his way into her puckered entrance. An expression of agony crossed her face and I cringed.

"S-so good," she whined.

Jordan's hands groped her breasts as he rocked beneath her. Anthony kissed her neck while moving in and out, keeping her arms pinned between their bodies.

“You’re an anal slut, aren’t you? You took this cock like a pro,” he murmured against her ear.

“Mmm. I like it best when Shane’s friend Mark fucks me in the ass,” she replied easily.

The proclamation killed something inside of me, but I remained quiet. This is what I’d earned, so blinded that I’d missed the betrayal that was occurring right in front of me. I was foolish to believe that what I'd witnessed on the balcony was a single mistake. Only the sight before my eyes now kept me from dwelling and imagining my best friend banging my now wife.

Anthony bit Vivian’s shoulder and shoved deeper in. “Fuck,” he growled. “I’m gonna blow my load.”

I stomach turned at his crude words, but Vivian purred.

“I want it all,” she pouted, writhing between the two men. “Make me messy.”

They both gained focused expressions as she rocked and rode them. Within minutes, Anthony groaned and held her still. I watched his cum drip free as he slowly pulled his length free from her clenching body. With Anthony now gone, Jordan pumped up and down before he expelled a low curse. Vivian’s hips rocked while he came, until he took hold of her and made her still. The three of them breathed heavily and after a few moments Vivian tumbled away and lay on her back.

Her two lovers stretched and left the bed. Now that they’d used my wife to their pleasure they gathered their things. I ignored them, taking this time to examine Vivian’s perfect naked body. She

blinked slow lust-laden lids at me while my eyes traced her long pale neck and down to her round, perky breasts.

"Your turn," she said softly.

MY TURN FINALLY

My gaze snapped to her lips, certain I'd misheard. "Sweetie?"

Vivian lifted a languid arm and brushed the air in front of my face as if she was trying to reach me. "Come on. I want to get off again."

I stripped of my clothing quickly, scared she'd change her mind. Climbing over her, I hesitated. Her smudged eyeliner and pink cheeks reminded me that she'd just been roughly banged by men she'd just met. Men who'd left their presence behind and claimed her before me. I held my breath and lowered my hips until I found her entrance. I slid in almost instantly, engulfed by her wet heat. I didn't have to work my way in like Anthony. Still, I tried to enjoy myself. I stared down at her and moved in and out.

"Hmmm. That's it," she whispered. "Shove his cum further in."

I froze and she laughed.

"That's enough of that," she teased. "I'll never get off with your cock."

"S-sorry," I stammered, falling back to my heels.

"You can make me happy other ways," said lifting her foot and resting it on my shoulder.

I turned my head and kissed her ankle. She arched a brow and nodded slowly. I took her delicate foot in my hand and kissed the top of it until I reached her painted toes.

"Keep going," she urged.

My lips pressed against her big toe, and she nodded again. I licked it gingerly then sucked it into my mouth. She made a soft sound of delight, spurring me on. I licked and sucked each toe while I massaged her arch. She giggled and bit her lip, pulling her foot from my grasp.

"Do you want to cum?" she asked.

I nodded dumbly. "Of course."

"Why?"

"Uh," I floundered. "Because I can't look at you without wanting to," I admitted.

She grinned. "You can jerk off, but…" She spread her legs. "I want you to use Anthony's cum as lube."

The room spun while I hesitated. Her fingers spread her pussy open and dipped into her messy entrance. Hand shaking, I reached down and scooped some of the white mess. I rubbed it on my shaft without looking, jerking furiously.

"Lick me while you get off," she ordered. Her wet fingers beckoned me forward.

This time I didn't think, I simply obeyed. With one hand steadying myself on the bed and the other tugging my aching cock, I buried my head in her pussy. The scent of sex filled my nose as I

licked her clit and the now familiar bitter and salty taste of another man's cum coated my tongue. I licked and sucked her folds, cleaning her until she tasted sweet. She writhed above me, and at her first moan—the one I'd given her—I came, shooting my load on the bedspread beneath me.

Vivian's thighs closed around my cheeks as she rode my mouth, not giving me a chance to recover from my blissful explosion. I was pressed against the bed, stomach rubbing over the wet spot I'd left. The smell of her wet pussy overwhelmed me. I latched onto her clit and flicked my tongue over it. I sucked it eagerly and tongued up every bit of moisture that flooded from her.

"Good boy," she cooed, then moaned. Her legs shook around my head and she released a shuddering moan.

EPILOGUE

I woke early the next day and took a quick shower before drawing a hot bath for Vivian. After checking the time, I made coffee. The steady beep of the brew completing roused her from sleep. She'd told me to be her alarm clock, so she wouldn't miss any time on the beach. I handed her a mug and guided her to the waiting bubble bath.

She relaxed in the tub with her coffee while I shampooed her hair.

"Last night was a special treat," she said softly.

"Of course," I said nodding. I remembered the discussion we'd had. "But I can earn more treats?"

"We'll see. Tonight I'll be busy." She smiled and set her coffee on the rim of the tub. "Or…" She pursed her lips and made a soft 'hmm' under her breath. "I'm going to invite Mark over tonight. You can help."

I used my cupped hands to carefully rinse the suds from her hair. "Help? I don't know if I want to—"

"It would make me happy," she said seriously.

I sighed, and my shoulders fell. "I'll help."

"Good. I like how you sucked my toes. You can do that while he fucks me. I'd be incredibly happy."

----THE END----

Thank you!

Thanks for reading this story everyone. I hope you enjoyed!

If you want to connect with me on at my Patreon, I would greatly appreciate your support! No pressure, and if you are unable to, no worries!