

**SCARLETT STEELE**



**WATCHING  
HER CHEAT**

**SCARLETT STEELE**



**WATCHING  
HER CHEAT**

## Watching Her Cheat

All Right Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2014

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All character in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to cuckolding, husband humiliation, bdsm and a bride's explosive entrance into the world of interracial romance.

Sign up to the mailing list to download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Gemma was a light brown haired woman of the age of twenty-five, she had white pale skin in the winter time and a dark tan in the summer. She was slender and a little taller than Tom. Before she had gotten married she had her legs waxed among other areas of her body. She liked rubbing her hands up and down her long legs but at the moment it wasn't something she was interested in doing while trying to stay warm. She had just gotten married to Tom Emerson. Sitting on the bed in the cabin they had just rented Gemma was bored just looking around and trying to keep warm. Using the last of the firewood that they had found they both bundled up with warm blankets.

“I can't believe our luck.” Tom muttered. He was five foot four with black hair and light blue eyes. Wearing his winter coat to stay warm at least the upper half of his body was cozy with the big heavy jacket that he was wearing.

“Who would want to have their honeymoon in a cabin Tom? Most times when there is a winter wedding the honeymoon is somewhere warm.” Gemma muttered to him, bringing the blanket up to her chin, her teeth chattering as she spoke to him.

“I would like to be different.” He whispered, feeling sorry that he had even brought her up to the cabin.

Tom walked over to her and got under the blankets with her so that he could comfort her and try to keep her warm. Even with his arms around her he could still feel her shivering.

“I know that you do and that's really cool and everything but I can't believe this is happening on our honeymoon of all things.” She leaned her head against his shoulder and felt like she wanted to cry.

“I am very sorry about this. I think that there might be some more firewood around here somewhere or we can use the leg of the small table over there. In an emergency like this I would think that staying warm instead of freezing to death would be okay. We will pay for the damage later.” Tom explained to her, coming up with a great idea.

“That sounds good to me, I am going to go out and have a cigarette.” She groaned as she threw the covers off of her and let the coldness surround her

“Alright.” Tom nodded going over to the small, black stand in the corner of the cabin.

It was a small cabin with a long couch beside the fireplace, the hardwood floors threatened to stick their feet to the floor that's how cold it was. There was a green chair in the corner beside the black stand and a little lamp to read by. There was a bear skin rug on the floor by the fireplace to make it look cozy for the renters or to read by firelight.

The bed was comfy neither one of them could complain about that. When Gemma sat down on it she felt like she was sinking into soft cotton.

Outside Gemma watched the snow come down harder then ever with no signs of stopping as she took a pack of cigarettes out of her coat pocket, taking one out and lighting it. Taking a drag off of it. She hardly ever smoked and she figured this would be the time to have one.

As Gemma was finishing her cigarette she saw someone in a dark coat with fur around the hood coming up the snowy hill in front of her. Standing still to see who it was. Maybe it was someone who could help them out.

“Hello?” She called out loudly, putting her hand on the doorknob of the cabin just in case it was someone who was looking for trouble.

The person raised their arm and waved slowly at her. Gemma waited for the person to come closer so that she could see if they needed some help.

“Do you need some help?” She asked as the person got closer and closer to her.

“I was looking for more people out here. Are you stranded?” The male voice asked her, walking up beside her.

“My husband and I are snowed in.” She explained to him. Giving a small smile.

“I've been hiking out here, the snow wasn't suppose to start until sometime tonight. I was hoping that there was someone out here besides myself. It's beautiful in the summer time. Not so much in the winter time.” The man told her, taking his hood off.

Gemma saw that he was a tall black man, he was wearing snowpants and a heavy jacket. He had a shaved head and a nice smile when she saw him smiling back at her.

“My name is Gemma. I'm actually here on my honeymoon.” She gave a short laugh, shaking her head.

“My name is Jeremiah. I would love to help out by calling someone for you but the phone lines are down out here.” He explained to her, he was looking at her body. Her white coat, her skin tight jeans looked very nice on her. In the back of his mind he wondered how big her breasts were.

“Would you like to come in? We are dying for some company.” Gemma replied, blushing. She knew that he was checking her out. It happened often and she just couldn't get over the fact that she was that beautiful to look at.

“That would be great, thanks.” Jeremiah commented, nodding his head as she opened the door to the cabin and they both walked in.

“I think I finally have a fire going that will last a few hours.” Tom told her the good news without looking over his shoulder. Hearing the door open he assumed it was just Gemma.

“That's good. We would both like to warm up.” She told Tom.

Tom got up and turned around. Seeing the man beside her take his back pack and coat off, putting his things on the back of the couch.

“I think that we should go out and look for more people. If he came out of nowhere then there has to be other people out here. Maybe we can find someone

with a phone.” Tom told her but looked at the tall, well built black man that stood beside her.

“I didn't see anyone in my travels. I was lucky to find this cabin. I started my hiking trip early yesterday afternoon. The storm wasn't suppose to start until late tonight.” Jeremiah explained to him as he took a seat on the couch.

Gemma took a seat next to him. Tom sat next to Gemma on the other side of the couch so that all three of them could keep warm.

“I'm thinking about making a drink. Does anyone else want one?” She asked the both of them. She could at least keep the inside of her body warm.

“I'm fine thank you.” Jeremiah responded first.

“I'm alright too. You just do what you need to in order to stay warm.” Tom kissed her on the cheek before she got up from the couch and gave Jeremiah a funny look.

Gemma went into the small kitchenette and made herself a coffee brandy. At least that was something she could look forward to as she poured more brandy into her cup then milk, taking a long sip while she was standing at the counter she added just a little more brandy before putting the milk and brandy back into the fridge.

She thought that Jeremiah was really good looking. Even more so when he had

taken his jacket off and snowpants. She noticed that he was wearing a white shirt that showed off his muscles and she had always heard that black men had big cocks. She was dying to find out.

Leaving her cup on the counter she went to her and Tom's bed, reaching under the bed she grabbed her suitcase and figured she would put on something more comfortable than a pair of jeans since Tom had warmed up the living room/bedroom it would be getting warm in there soon.

She grabbed a red nightie that came up to her upper thighs and grabbed a matching pair of red silk shorts that was barely covered by the nightie that she was going to wear.

Rushing into the bathroom she got undressed and put the thin clothing on. Grabbing the long white shirt that Tom had left on the bathroom counter she put that on over her nightie. Tom would think that it was inappropriate for such wear knowing that they had company.

Walking back to the kitchen she drank down her first cup of coffee brandy, feeling the inside of her body warm up from the burning sensation of her drink. Making another hard drink she took her cup and brought it to the living room. She noticed that Tom had slid over next to Jeremiah and they were talking. She decided to sit in the chair beside the fireplace and held her drink in her hands since Tom had to tear the small stand apart to use for firewood.

Tom's back was to her as he was talking to Jeremiah, she didn't know what came over her but she couldn't keep her eyes off of the man she met outside. Jeremiah eyed her and in his eyes she could tell that he aroused, he was slowly running his eyes over her body as she sat there. Gemma gave him a wink and slowly lifted her shirt up to show him what she was wearing while Tom was still talking to

him, not knowing what was going on behind him.

Jeremiah looked out of the corner of his eye and nodded to her that he was pleased with what she was showing him. Pretending to be interested in the conversation that Tom was having with him.

Pulling the white shirt back down and drinking down half of her cup an idea popped into her head. Thinking about having sex with Jeremiah she felt her pussy getting wet inside her silk shorts. She could feel her nipples getting hard through her nightie, looking at the bed she envisioned the both of them fucking each other. If it was true what they said about black men she would have a huge cock inside her tight pussy. She couldn't help but blush and grin just thinking about it.

“I still say we should go out looking for a place that has heat and a phone.” Tom told the both of them, looking at Jeremiah first and then looking at his new wife.

Tom loved the way she was dressed, he smiled at her and gave her a wink himself. Letting her know that he thought that she was sexy. Though he never showed sexual emotion in front of guests.

“I've been hiking for hours and haven't found a single soul.” Jeremiah told him lightly, looking over at Gemma seeing that she was eyeing the bed, looking at him and then looking at the bed again. He nodded his head knowing exactly what she wanted as his cock grew hard in his pants.

“I have a better idea.” Gemma told them, getting up from the chair. Feeling her pussy getting wetter as she walked over to the two men.

“What's that?” Tom asked her, shaking his head. Seeing that she was staggering and had too much to drink already.

“Tom go sit in the chair over there.” She told him, pointing at the chair she was just sitting in.

Tom went over to the chair and sat down like she asked him to, with a smile on his face. The way she had talked to him made it sound like she was ordering him, something he wasn't use to hearing from Gemma. She was always sweet and soft spoken.

Gemma went over to Jeremiah, taking off Tom's white shirt she got down on her knees and began to unbutton Jeremiah's pants, unzipping them and quickly pulled his cock out.

“What are you doing?” Tom glared at her, getting ready to get up from the chair.

“Look, it's your fault that you got us snowed in. No one rents a cabin in the middle of the winter time for a honeymoon.” She glared back at him and then looked down at Jeremiah's extremely big cock.

“I'm not doing anything. Just going with the flow.” Jeremiah stated, seeing the look of hatred in Tom's eyes. Jeremiah looked down at Gemma and smiled at her as she took in the size of his cock.

“It is true. Black men really do have bigger cocks. I don't think that I've ever seen one so big.” She told him, knowing that Tom was watching turned her on even more as she placed her mouth over the head of Jeremiah's wide cock. Not being able to fit it into her mouth.

“Gemma, that's enough!” Tom yelled at her as he watched his wife put another man's cock into her mouth.

“You will sit there and watch Tom. This turns me on so much that you are watching us.” She snapped at him, taking Jeremiah's cock out of her mouth. Irritated that Tom would disrupt what she was doing.

Tom knew that he couldn't go out into the storm to look for help on his own. He would get lost if he did so as he looked out the window behind him. There was nothing else he could do but watch his wife do sexual acts for a man that neither of them knew.

“This is not what I was expecting.” Tom muttered, looking back at his wife as she made gagging noises for Jeremiah, trying to shove his cock completely into her mouth.

“It feels so fucking good baby. Mmm, so good.” Jeremiah moaned, leaning his head back against the couch as she sucked his cock. He loved how the head of his cock hit the back of her throat and she still had room enough to stroke him.

Both men watched as she stroked half of Jeremiah's cock slowly at first and then faster and harder the more Jeremiah called out for her. Telling her what a good job she was doing. His moaning was making her whimper and beg for more as

she tried to keep pushing more of his cock into her mouth.

Jeremiah reached down with his long arm to play with her tits through her nightie as she moaned louder, Jeremiah shoving a little more of his cock inside of her mouth.

“Such a lovely, sweet mouth you have. You do a good job with my big cock baby. Doesn't that feel good hitting the back of your throat?” He whispered to her as he massaged her tits.

“You need to stop this right now!” Tom yelled at her, finally getting up from the chair and walking over to Gemma.

Gemma took Jeremiah's cock out of her mouth and stood up facing Tom.

“You will sit in that chair Tom! This is something that I want to do. Something that never would be going on if you hadn't brought me here.” She pointed at him, making it his fault for what was going on in front of his eyes.

Tom grunted, shook his head and went back to the chair like she had instructed him to do.

Gemma gently took Jeremiah's cock in one of her hands, tugging on it, letting him know that she wanted him to stand up.

Jeremiah got up from the couch and let her lead him by his cock that was getting harder by the minute over to the chair that Tom was sitting in.

Gemma let go of him and made Tom stand up. Tom thinking that she had changed her mind and had come to her senses stood up with a smile on his face. She unzipped his pants and pulled his pants down. Taking his boxers down with his pants.

“Look at how tiny his cock is compared to yours.” Gemma laughed, looking over her shoulder at Jeremiah.

“I don't see how something like that could satisfy you.” Jeremiah commented, laughing with her as he looked down at Tom's cock that had hardened when he saw his wife sucking on Jeremiah's cock.

Tom blushed, his ears getting red as the two talked like he wasn't even there with them. Like he was a patient of some sorts. Tom now knew Gemma's intentions were to embarrass him and humiliate him in front of Jeremiah sizing up both their cocks as they stood in front of each other.

“My pussy is really tight and small. You will see when that big cock of yours slides into my pussy. It does the job.” She joked with Jeremiah as Tom tried to pull his pants back up.

“Not as good a job as I can do for you.” Jeremiah promised her as he looked at her cleavage. Seeing that her tits wanted to come out and meet his mouth.

“I didn't say to put your pants back on Tom. Actually, what I want you to do is take your pants off and slide the chair so that it's facing the bed. I would love for

you to watch as Jeremiah fucks my pussy. You might learn something from the experience yourself.” She leaned over and whispered in his ear.

“This is embarrassing Gemma. You are doing this on purpose just to humiliate me.” He muttered, looking down at his cock and then looking at Jeremiah's. There was no doubt that Jeremiah was bigger than he was.

“Do as I say Tom.” She poked a finger hard into his chest.

Tom took his pants off all the way and slid out of his boxers as he moved the chair around so that he was facing the bed. He didn't know that Gemma could act this way towards him, they had been together for three years and not once had she pulled something like this on him. Shaking his head he knew that he had no real option. It would be crazy to walk out in the middle of a snow storm. Depending on cold it got throughout the night he could freeze.

“That's a good boy Tom. You can't be that mad at me or you would've walked out while I was sucking his cock.” She threw her head back and laughed at him. Seeing that Tom was weak, the first time she had seen him weak as long as she had known him.

“I don't really have much of a choice now do I?” He whispered to her, not looking at either one of them as he sat down in the chair and looked down at the floor. The cabin was warm at least and he wouldn't freeze with no pants on.

Gemma grabbed a hold of Jeremiah's cock again and led him slowly to the bed as she watched Tom follow them with his eyes. She knew that if he wasn't watching them she would order him and he would do as she said. She was the

one in control, she knew she had more power over the situation since Tom told her the reasoning of him not leaving the cabin altogether.

Gemma laid down on the bed and got comfortable, only Jeremiah had other plans. He grabbed her roughly by the legs and brought her body to the edge of the bed so that Tom could see exactly what he was doing to his wife.

“You ready Tom? Are you ready for this?” Jeremiah smirked at him as he looked over at Tom smiling at him.

Tom didn't say anything to him as he watched Jeremiah slowly lift up Gemma's nightie so that he could see her large tits, pulling her silk shorts down and off her feet he tossed them at Tom. They landed on Tom's lap as Gemma giggled, thinking it was funny that Jeremiah was getting into humiliating Tom as well.

Jeremiah turned so that Tom could get a good view of what he was doing, bending down over Gemma's body he began sucking on her tit slowly, teasing her hard nipple with his tongue as she moaned out grabbing his head and forcing him down harder onto her so that her tit went completely into her mouth.

“That feels so good Jeremiah! Fuck, I love the way you suck my tit!” She screamed out as she kept her eyes on Tom who couldn't take his eyes away from the scene. Wanting to get up and throw the both of them out into the cold night.

Jeremiah brought his hand down to her pussy and began flicking her clit. As he felt her clit swell from his touch he lightly ran his finger up and down her nub as she cried out more for him. Wanting his cock deep inside her pussy as she spread her legs as far as they would go. Begging him to slide his fingers into her wet pussy.

“I will make sure that you have a job before we get done.” Jeremiah grunted to Tom as he shove two of his big fingers deep into Gemma's pussy, shoving them in faster and harder as he heard her squealing for him.

Jeremiah was surprised that Gemma's pussy was so tight. His fingers were hard to get into her pussy. Just like she had told him her pussy was extremely tight. Looking over at Tom's small cock he laughed and shook his head.

“What are you laughing at?” Tom growled at him.

“Your wife was right. Your cock is pretty small, I'm having a hard time just shoving my two fingers deep into her pussy.” Jeremiah explained to him as Tom rolled his eyes.

“You asked.” Gemma laughed, shrugging her shoulders at Tom.

“Sit up sweetie and put my hard cock deep inside your mouth. I want to see my big cock go all the way in.” Jeremiah whispered as he took his fingers out of her pussy and she sat up slowly.

“I had a hard time with it over on the couch.” She pointed out to him.

“I’ll help you. Just do it.” He told her sternly.

Gemma opened her mouth wide and before she could begin sucking his cock and trying to shove it into her mouth like he wanted Jeremiah grabbed the back of her head and began shoving his cock into her mouth. He fucked her mouth for a little while. Seeing her lips wrap around his complete cock with a smile on his face he loved hearing her gag and trying hard to keep him in her mouth.

“You look so sexy with this black cock deep inside your mouth baby. A real turn on. I knew that you would be able to take it all in your mouth.” Jeremiah made eye contact with her as he took one of his hands from behind her head and massaged her cheek gently.

Sliding his cock out of her mouth he didn't want to cum yet. Looking at her sweet, innocent face never having such a big cock in her life he knew that if he kept looking into her eyes his cock would drown her as his cum shot out of him.

Looking over at his backpack he knew that he had some strong rope in there. Thinking about tying her down to the bed he moaned loudly.

He turned away from her and went to his backpack, unzipping it he took the rope out and grinned over at her.

“What?” She asked him, teasing him by getting up off the bed and shaking her tits at him.

“Have you ever been tied down Gemma?” He asked thoughtfully as he walked over to her, bending his head down and biting down hard on her tit.

“She doesn't like being tied down.” Tom stated. He had tried on numerous occasions and she would never allow him to.

“New changes for a new beginning.” She spat at Tom, forgetting that he was there for a moment.

“You dirty little girl. You won't do sexual things like this for your new husband but you will me? I feel honored.” Jeremiah told her lightly, kissing her tit and standing up straight.

“I can be your dirty little girl for the evening.” She winked at him, getting back on the bed. Jeremiah straddled her, getting ready to tie her wrists to each of the bed posts as she reached out and began stroking his cock again.

“Damn girl, fuck. You are making hard for me to tie you down.” Jeremiah moaned, surprised that she would grab his cock while he was trying to have his way with her.

Finally getting her wrists tied to the bed posts, he got off the bed and went back to his backpack, grabbing some more rope he spread her legs.

“Ouch.” She groaned out in pain for a second.

“You'll be fine. You've never had your legs stretched out like this before huh?” He asked her, looking over his shoulder at Tom and giving him a wink before tying her ankles to each of the bed posts at the bottom of the bed.

When he was done he kneeled down beside Tom and took Gemma's silk shorts away from Tom's cock.

“Doesn't she look lovely? Look at how moist her pussy is. It's sad that her pussy isn't wet for you Tom.” Jeremiah told him, grabbing a hold of Tom's cock and stroking it for a few seconds. Feeling Tom's cock getting hard in his hand and he heard Tom moan out as he gripped Tom's cock harder.

“Tom I never knew that a man could turn you on. Listen to that moan it sounds so sexy.” Gemma cooed as she watched what Jeremiah was doing to him.

“She's right Tommy boy, your cock doesn't really get much bigger then it is right now does it?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

Tom didn't say anything to him, he didn't even look at him as he had angry tears forming in his eyes.

“Answer him.” Gemma ordered him, bringing her head up to see him clearer.

“No it doesn't.” He spat, not looking at Jeremiah but looking at Gemma. How she could humiliate him like this and allow some stranger to humiliate him was mind blowing.

Jeremiah squeezed his cock one last time and slowly got up, going back to the bed as he dove for Gemma's pussy.

Gemma felt his tongue go into her pussy as she moaned out with pleasure. She couldn't move and wiggle around like she normally would do which made her pussy more available to Jeremiah and was a complete turn on for her.

“Your tongue is so long Jeremiah. Shove your tongue into me more. Please shove your tongue into my pussy!” She yelled out, shaking her head back and forth across the pillows since she couldn't grab his head and grind his face with her pussy like she would love to do.

Jeremiah did as she asked and tongue fucked her, feeling her pussy against his mouth and loving the warmth it brought him as his tongue was wiggling deep inside of her.

“That's it! Fuck yes! That's it, Tom are you watching this!” She yelled at him, not caring at that point if he was or not. She wanted her pussy to cum and she knew that it was going to happen soon.

“I'm going to cum in your pussy Gemma. I want to cum in that tight pussy of yours with my hard cock. That's what I'm going to do.” He told her sternly. He wasn't going to take no for an answer as he slid his tongue out of her.

“Are you kidding me! She's not going to allow that to happen. I'm her husband!” Tom yelled at him. Not caring if Jeremiah got mad at him or not.

“Really? She's your wife and yet she is making you watch another man fuck her?” Jeremiah asked him, shaking his head. Letting Tom know that neither one of them was in control. He was in control.

Bringing himself up onto Gemma's body Jeremiah began sucking her tits again. One and then the other as she moaned into his ear. She hadn't answered him about cumming in her pussy and she didn't want him to get angry with her strapped down to the bed so she played along with what he was doing.

“Your mouth feels really good massaging my tits. So good.” She moaned to him, whimpering at him as he grunted and groaned. Not yet sticking his cock into her pussy.

“I'm so glad that you came up this way Jeremiah. You are making my night better than what I ever thought it could be.” She cried out as Jeremiah bit down hard on her tit, knowing he was going to leave a mark behind. Gemma grinned knowing that Tom would remember this for the rest of his life and seeing the mark on her tit made by another man would make him angry.

Gemma knew that Tom couldn't afford to leave her. They had a prenuptial that if they were to ever divorce he walked away with nothing. Gemma's parents were rich and gave her everything that she wanted. She had a big bank account and once they heard that Tom wanted to marry their daughter they wanted to play it safe and have Tom sign a paper stating that if for any reason they divorced Tom would walk away with nothing to his name.

Tom wanted to get up and start hitting Jeremiah but knew that Jeremiah could overpower him with the big build that he had. Tom knew that he would get hurt physically out of the fight if he stood up for what was right. Hoping it was just a little longer that he would have to watch and then try to talk to Gemma about what the hell happened that evening and possibly work things out. He knew that if they got a divorce he would have no where to go and no money to his name. Something that he couldn't afford at the moment.

“I'm going to stick my hard, throbbing cock deep inside your pussy now. Can I do that?” Jeremiah asked her in a gasping voice knowing his cock wanted to cum.

“Yes.” She whispered to him as she nodded her head.

“Say it loud enough for Tom to hear you.” Jeremiah ordered her with a big grin on his face.

“Yes it's okay for you to stick your big cock deep inside my tight pussy.” She said loud enough for the both of them to hear it.

Jeremiah felt his cock get harder as she said it. Knowing that there was nothing Tom could or would do about it. Trying to stop him and Gemma now would be bad for his health.

Jeremiah kissed her lightly on the mouth at first, then shoving his tongue and mouth harder down onto hers he began kissing her harder, shoving his wet tongue to the back of her throat. Bringing his hands to the side of her face and holding her face tightly. He could hear her breathing heavily as he slid his cock slowly into her tight pussy.

“Mmmmm!” She moaned out, since she couldn't scream with her mouth full of his tongue. He was starting to hurt her as he slid his cock in further and he moaned with her.

“Damn you feel as tight as a virgin Gemma have you ever been fucked before?” Jeremiah asked her when he took his mouth away from hers.

“Yes I have.” She confirmed.

“That's right I forgot. Tom's cock isn't as big as mine. That tiny little thing up inside your pussy you probably can't even feel him.” Jeremiah laughed, pretending that he forgot the size of Tom's cock.

“You're hurting me.” She moaned out to him as he thrust his cock deep inside her pussy. He was having a hard time going slow with her.

“My cock will stretch your pussy out a little. That's what happens when you have a big cock deep inside of you.” He explained, gasping as he kept fucking her as she moaned and cried from the pleasure and the pain that he was giving to her.

“Slow down! Please slow down!” She hollered out to him, begging him to know shove his cock so hard into her pussy.

“Oh come on baby, it makes my cock feel so good when I thrust into you. That little pussy doesn't know what a real cock is.” Jeremiah told her, ignoring her pleas as he kept shoving harder and faster into her.

The more she begged for him to stop the more he forced his cock harder into her tight pussy. He was in control now. He knew that with her tied up and Tom not moving from the chair he could do whatever he wanted to her and get away with it. Jeremiah knew that if he hadn't tied her up she would squirm and wiggle around making him have a hard time getting to her pussy with his cock.

“Please Jeremiah. Please.” She was breathing heavy as her pussy was begging to cum with his cock.

“I'm so glad that you allowed me to tie you down sweetie. It means that you can't get away from me. You can't tell me no with the position that you are in.” He moaned, kissing and biting down on her neck as he kept fucking her, knowing his cock was going to cum soon.

“Please.” She begged him and her eyes started tearing up as he looked into her eyes and smiled at her. Getting exactly what he wanted from her. Everything that

he had dreamed of. She felt like a virgin and her pussy was so wet even though she protested and wanted him to slow down. It was something that he hadn't been able to do in such a long time.

“I love that you are begging me. My cock is going to cum, your pussy wants me to cum inside of it. I can feel that you are soaking wet inside each time I drive my cock deep inside of you.” He grunted, shoving his cock harder then ever inside of her as she screamed out in pain.

“Fuck, it hurts but it feels so fucking good!” She screamed at the top of her lungs.

“That's right baby. My cock is going to cum, I can feel it at the tip of my cock. I'm going to cum!” He hollered at her as he felt the cum shoot out of his cock and into her pussy.

The second he got done he quickly got up from the bed.

“Push my cum out of your pussy. I want to see my cum flood out of your pussy.” He demanded her as he stood there watching her, another exciting thing for him to see.

She did as she was told and with her face turning red she pushed as hard as she could. Jeremiah was grinning as he saw his cum leaking out of her.

“Man doesn't that look so good? Seeing another man's cum flow out of your

wife's pussy like that?” Jeremiah asked, looking over at Tom and saw that he was shaking his head in disapproval. Watching Jeremiah's cum keep flowing out of her pussy he felt humiliated for her, even though she had done this to herself and to him.

“That's a lot of cum.” Jeremiah laughed, shaking his head.

It was a good five minutes before his cum stopped leaking out of her like a faucet.

“Now Tom you can get out of the chair and wipe up the mess your wife just made all over her smooth shaved pussy and the bed.” Jeremiah ordered him.

“Clean it up yourself.” Tom dared to say to him.

“Take that shirt she tossed off of her and wipe her up.” Jeremiah snapped at him, grabbing Tom's cock hard until Tom got up from the chair and grabbed the white shirt.

Jeremiah let go of him so that he could go over to Gemma and clean the mess up that Jeremiah had made. Knowing that it wasn't right what was going on he remembered that Gemma was his wife and no matter what she had done he couldn't leave her like that.

“Now since her pussy didn't cum for me I want you to lick her until she does cum.” Jeremiah stated, settling in the chair so that he could watch them.

“That's gross. I'm not going to do it.” Tom turned to him and stood his ground. There was just so much he was willing to do.

Jeremiah got up from the chair quickly and forcefully turned Tom around so that he was facing Gemma. He shoved Tom's face down to her pussy and began rubbing his face into her. The more he applied pressure Tom couldn't help but open his mouth and start eating her pussy.

“There you go.” Jeremiah told him calmly in a soft voice. Watching Tom's mouth work, knowing that Tom was shoving his tongue into her pussy and satisfying her because Gemma was moaning and whimpering for Tom this time.

“It looks like you are good for something Tom.” Jeremiah laughed at him, applying more pressure to the back of Tom's head to make sure that he stayed down at her pussy.

“I'm going to cum! Fuck, I'm cumming!” She screamed, wishing she could grab Tom by the back of his head and grind her pussy into his face more.

“Mmm, that sweet shaved pussy of hers. I know I loved that smoothness while I was down there licking her pussy earlier Tom.” Jeremiah stated.

Tom felt her pussy juice enter his mouth with a mixture of the strong taste of salt. Wishing that he could spill it all out of his mouth. He wanted to spit it out not wanting to swallow it but he had no choice because Jeremiah wasn't going to let him up until Gemma was done.

Finally when she was done cumming he yanked Tom up to his feet and set him down in the chair.

“And you thought that you weren't going to get any satisfaction out of this Tom.” Jeremiah laughed, throwing his head back as he went to the couch and put his clothes back on, including his jacket and his backpack.

“Untie me.” Gemma told him.

“I have to continue my hike. Talk to your husband about untying you. Though I am sure that you won't be untied for a while after what just took place in front of him.” Jeremiah sneered as he pulled his hood over his face, putting his backpack on his shoulders and heading out the door.

Tom got dressed and moved the chair back to where it was beside the fireplace.

“Tom.” Gemma said meekly, she didn't know that Jeremiah was going to leave her tied to the bed the way she was.

“Leave me alone.” He muttered, looking away from her and concentrating on the fire.

“You will untie me or I will file for a divorce before we even really start our future together. You will get nothing. Do you want to be left here and stranded until someone comes to find you weeks from now or even months because I

won't tell them that you are here.” She growled at him, reminding him of how much he really had to lose.

Sighing heavily Tom knew that she was right and he had to help her. Getting up from the chair he went over to her and began untying her wrists and then her ankles. Allowing her to get up and get dressed.

“This is very hard for me to deal with. I don't think that I will ever get over it.” He stated, shaking his head at her and turning his back. It was nothing like he had planned for their honeymoon. Knowing that there wasn't much that he could do about it. Once they got home he would have to keep a close eye on her.

The End.

Sign up to the mailing list to download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>