



Sally P

White Husband's Cuckold Past!

**His Wife CHEATS on him
with his BLACK Bully!**

WHITE HUSBAND'S
CUCKOLD PAST! HIS
WIFE CHEATS ON HIM
WITH HIS BLACK
BULLY!

Sally P

Copyright © 2024 Sally P

All rights reserved

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or real events is purely coincidental. All characters depicted are 18 years of age or older and engage in consensual sexual activities. The story is entirely fictional and intended for adult audiences, featuring themes of interracial relationships, cheating, and other taboo topics.

Please note that the content is meant to cater to readers interested in these particular genres and fantasies and is written for entertainment purposes only. All actions depicted in this story occur between consenting adults, and no coercion, force, or dubious means are implied in any way.

The story explores mature, explicit themes that may not be suitable for all readers. Reader discretion is advised, and respect for the creative freedom and artistic expression employed in this narrative is encouraged.

DISCLAIMER: All characters in this story are consenting adults above the age of eighteen everywhere they are introduced! Contains heavy themes of infidelity, cheating, taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a consenting white couple! It also contains several instances of obscene, lewd, sexist, misogynist, homophobic language that is used solely in the context of erotic roleplay. Please do not read if these themes offend you!

The realization made Jake's heart skip a beat, a fresh wave of shame washing over him. His arms slithered around his wife's shoulders pulling her into an embrace, and Lindsay reciprocated by planting a hot, sloppy kiss on his lips, her tongue invading his mouth.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum inside your cunt, bitch-," Marcus announced.

"Yes!" Lindsay cried, her voice raw with pleasure. "God, yes!"

Jake whimpered beneath her, his own arousal throbbing painfully as he watched the scene unfold. He could feel her heat, her wetness, her body trembling against his, but it wasn't for him. It would never be for him. He could only hope and wish but-

Marcus leaned down, his lips brushing against Lindsay's ear as he whispered, "You're mine now, Lindsay. Say it."

Lindsay shivered, her nails digging into Jake's shoulders as she moaned, "I'm yours, Marcus. All yours."

The words sent another fresh wave of humiliation through Jake, but he couldn't stop the way his hips bucked weakly against hers, his body desperate for release.

CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Chapter 1:](#)

[Chapter 2:](#)

[Chapter 3:](#)

[Chapter 4:](#)

[Chapter 5:](#)

[Chapter 6:](#)

[Chapter 7:](#)

[Chapter 8:](#)

[Chapter 9:](#)

[Chapter 10:](#)

[Chapter 11:](#)

[Chapter 12:](#)

[Chapter 13:](#)

[Chapter 14:](#)

[Chapter 15:](#)

[Chapter 16:](#)

[Chapter 17:](#)

[Chapter 18:](#)

[Chapter 19:](#)

[Chapter 20:](#)

[Chapter 21:](#)

[Chapter 22:](#)

[Chapter 23:](#)

[Chapter 24:](#)

[Chapter 25:](#)

[Chapter 26:](#)

[Chapter 27:](#)

[Epilogue:](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Books By This Author:](#)



CHAPTER 1:

Jake shifted uncomfortable, holding Lindsay's hand a little tighter than usual as they strolled through the mall. His wife was radiant as always, her low, tight-fitting dress showing off her toned figure, her blonde hair cascading over her shoulders. Well, she was showing off more than what Jake was comfortable with, and the eyes of every man in the mall seemed to be on her. Jake didn't dare complain or bring it up, however. He knew she wouldn't have listened anyway, and he would have simply looked like a whining wimp which Lindsay always hated.

Lindsay was the perfect trophy wife for somebody like Jake; he was definitely punching way above his weight class. It was no wonder that she'd been the hottest woman in the office. Apparently, she used to be cheer captain and the life of the party back before he'd even met her. She was the kind of woman who could get any man she wanted, and yet for some reason, she'd chosen Jake. She'd dated guys before with much more going for them than him, but she'd still picked him. And Jake was so in love with her that he'd do anything she wanted. Like taking her on a shopping spree at the mall while he carried her bags and played pack mule for her now just like he always did.

She looked like she belonged in a magazine, and Jake was always painfully aware of how out of place he seemed beside her.

They'd just passed a kiosk when a deep, familiar voice stopped him cold.

"Well, if it isn't little Jakey."

Jake turned and felt his stomach plummet. Marcus Carter. The man Jake had envied all through high school and senior year. Marcus had been everything Jake wasn't—athletic, popular, effortlessly

charismatic. And now, there he was, leaning casually against a kiosk in a mall security uniform, still looking like he owned the world. His broad shoulders filled out the shirt, his muscular arms crossed over his chest, his confident smirk firmly in place.

Jake tried to force a smile. "Marcus. Wow. It's been a long time."

"Yeah," Marcus drawled, his sharp eyes flicking over Jake's frame before settling on Lindsay. "Didn't expect to see you here, Jakey. Guess you've come a long way from running the AV club."

Jake bristled, tightening his grip on Lindsay's hand. "Some of us focus on more than just sports," he said, his voice shaky but defiant. "Or bullying," he added. "This is Lindsay, my wife."

Marcus's smirk widened as he took her in, his gaze lingering far longer than Jake liked. "Lindsay," he said smoothly, his voice dropping into a deep, velvety tone. "Pleasure to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too," Lindsay said, her voice soft. Jake didn't miss the slight flush in her cheeks or the way her eyes flicked briefly to Marcus's chest. It was impossible to ignore—the guy looked like he'd stepped out of a fitness ad, his biceps straining against the sleeves of his uniform, his powerful thighs filling out his pants, the faint outline of something intimidatingly large just below his belt.

Marcus's smirk turned predatory, his gaze locking onto hers. "Man, Jake. You really scored with this one. Guess even a blind squirrel finds a nut."

Jake felt the heat rise in his cheeks as Lindsay laughs a little too long at the joke, her eyes still lingering on Marcus. He could feel her hand slipping out of his.

Jake had been hoping that this was the end of the conversation, but to his surprise, Marcus continued. "Like damn, though. You got a body for days."

Jake glanced at his wife, and to his shock, she was smiling bashfully, her face flushed, her eyes lingering on Marcus's chest. She was eating up the attention, and Jake felt a flash of indignation.

"Alright, Marcus. Nice catching up, but we've got somewhere to be."

"Sure thing, Jakey," Marcus said, his tone teasing. "But hey, if you ever need someone to keep an eye on her..." He let the suggestion hang in the air, his grin widening as Jake pulled Lindsay away, his ears burning.

As they walked away, Jake glanced at Lindsay, who was still smiling but unusually quiet. Her lips were pressed together, her cheeks still faintly pink. He couldn't shake the image of Marcus's smirk, or the way Lindsay had looked at him.

*

CHAPTER 2:

The tension lingered as they entered a large department store, the bright lights doing little to ease Jake's growing insecurity. Lindsay pulled her hand from his and gave him a quick smile. "Sweetie, I'm gonna check out the women's section," she said lightly. "I'll meet you back here."

Jake nodded, but as she disappeared into the racks of clothing, the uneasy feeling in his chest grew heavier. He browsed aimlessly in the men's section, his thoughts circling back to Marcus. The guy was still ripped, still smooth, and still the same smug asshole Jake remembered. Might as well wait here. Lindsay would come back any minute now, and then they could move on.

He found himself glancing at the nearby women's section often as minutes turned to a quarter and soon half of an hour. Jake checked his phone and realized with a start that Lindsay had been gone for a while. She wasn't picking up, and it didn't seem like she was coming back.

Irritation bubbled up as he finally made his way toward the women's section. He peered through the racks but didn't see her.

A store clerk stepped in front of him. "Sorry, sir. Male customers aren't allowed back here."

"My wife's in there," Jake said, trying to keep his voice calm. "The blonde woman?"

The clerk shook her head. "No one back there but other staff."

Jake felt a prickle of unease.

He spent a few minutes pacing up and down the aisle outside of the women's section before he finally gathered the courage to speak to

a second clerk. "Uh, hi. I'm looking for my wife. She came into the women's section a while ago and hasn't come out."

"Do you have a picture?"

"Yeah." Jake showed her his wallpaper. Lindsay was smiling in the sunlight, her face lit up, her long legs on display.

The second clerk tilted her head. "Oh, yeah, I recognize her. She left a while ago. She said her husband would cover the bill." She motioned to a pile of clothes on the counter. "I take it you're the husband?"

Jake's stomach twisted. "Where did she go?" he asked, his voice tight.

The clerk shrugged. "I don't know-oh, she said she had to use the restroom real quick. Sir, you have to pay first before you can leave-."

Jake's heart sank as he handed over his card, his mind racing. Carrying her bags, he strode toward the restrooms, the unease in his chest now a full-blown storm.

As he approached the family restroom, he heard it. A muffled laugh. A deep, unmistakable voice. His pulse quickened as he recognized it immediately. Marcus.

Jake's hand trembled as he reached for the door handle.

That's when he heard it.

Low groaning sounds, rhythmic and guttural, echoed faintly from behind the door. His brow furrowed, and he took another step closer. The noise grew clearer—wet, unmistakably erotic noises, punctuated by muffled choking and breathy gasps.

*

CHAPTER 3:

Jake's breath hitched, his heart racing now for an entirely different reason. The soft, feminine moans were painfully familiar. It was Lindsay's voice. Jake's hands dropped the two plastic bags on the spot in shock. His knees nearly buckled as her voice rose, high-pitched and trembling with desperation. "Oh my God," she gasped. "It's so... I can't... it's too big!"

"Yeah?" Marcus's voice was a low, amused rumble. "You're taking it real well."

Lindsay let out a muffled moan. "Mhm," she gasped. "So much bigger than my husband's!"

Jake felt a flash of rage, but at the same time, a growing arousal pulsed in his pants. He could hear the now not-so-faint sound of slurping and sucking, and the wet, lewd noises only grew more pronounced as the seconds ticked by.

"I know," Marcus chuckled. "Hell, everyone in college knew Jakey had a tiny little dick after I pulled his shorts down in front of em-."

Jake's cock throbbed. There was no mistaking the situation now. Marcus was balls deep in his wife's mouth, and by the sound of things, she was loving every second of it. Should he open the door? Was there anything left to save, or was his marriage already over?

"You did that to Jake?" he hears his wife's voice take a sympathetic tone. "You were so mean to him back then. I bet you felt so bad."

"Nah," Marcus replied. "He got me expelled, that little bitch. That's why I'm doing this."

"Oh," Lindsay giggled. "You got what you deserved then, Matthew-."

"Marcus," the guard corrected.

Jake felt his hand trembling on the doorknob.

"Well, whatever your name is," Lindsay purred. "How about I apologize for my husband's mistakes?"

Jake's stomach twisted violently as Marcus let out a low growl of approval. The wet, obscene noises resumed, louder now, interspersed with Lindsay's muffled moans and Marcus's rough, taunting voice.

"Must have been humiliating for my husband," Lindsay said.

Marcus let out a deep chuckle. "It was. Little punk ran off crying. Probably why he's got a chip on his shoulder now." His tone darkened, and Jake could almost see the smirk spreading across his face. "Got me expelled, though. Guess that's the only time he's ever had the upper hand. "You're making up for it just fine."

"I bet," Lindsay murmured, her voice husky.

"Bet Jakey's never had you like this, huh? Never made you gag on it."

There was a loud, wet pop as Lindsay broke off the blowjob. Jake couldn't help it any more. He just had to see. Even if it meant peeking through the little crack in the door and witnessing his wife-doing-whatever it was she was doing-. And so he did, just a sliver. And it was too much.

*

CHAPTER 4:

Lindsay pulled away just long enough to breathe, her voice filled with sinful delight as she wipes away a thick strand of drool from her chin. . "Never. He couldn't. You're... so much more than he could ever be," she giggles. "God, I don't even know why I'm doing this-I shouldn't be doing this-what if someone sees us-."

"Why are you doing this, then?" Marucs chuckled.

"Well, you're... well-endowed," Lindsay stammers. "And you know I've always been a little.....adventurous," she giggles. "I love big black cock."

Jake wanted nothing more to just barge in right there and then, but somehow, his hand that was rooted to the handle now reached for his pants.

"Fuck, this is a tight throat," Marcus growled.

Jake's legs felt like jelly, and yet he couldn't stop himself. His hand moved instinctively, trembling as it slid into his pants. The shame burned hot in his chest, but the arousal—raw, humiliating, undeniable—overwhelmed everything else. He stroked himself shakily, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps as he listened to his wife worship another man.

Marcus's voice grew louder, rougher. "You like this, huh? You sucking on a real man's dick now," he taunted. "Not that little worm of a dick your boy got between his legs. Bet you ain't even missing it."

"Mmm, I don't," Lindsay purred, her voice breathy and thick with arousal and her nose running. "I love yours more. You're everything he's not. Strong. Big. And sexy."

Jake bit his lip hard, stifling a groan. His hand moved faster, his breaths coming in short, ragged gasps as the heat in his chest built

to an unbearable crescendo. The shame, the humiliation, the sick arousal—it all swirled together into a storm that overtook him.

Marcus's voice cut through it all like a blade. "Fuck, I'm gonna paint that pretty face of yours. You ready for it, baby?"

Lindsay moaned eagerly, her voice dripping with anticipation. "Yes... please. I want it. Cum all over my fucking face," her low and hungry voice was barely audible.

"Oh, shit, I'm gonna fucking cum, oh fuck-."

"Yeah?" Lindsay's voice was desperate and hungry, her moans punctuated by wet, slurping sounds. "Cum in my mouth too, please, I want to taste it," and she opens her mouth wide open for his cum.

Jake's stomach churned violently at her words, but his hand didn't stop. His own pathetic climax hit him as his miserable release went spilling onto his hand and then dripping to the floor. He bit his lip hard to stifle a groan, the bitter shame burning through him as he stood there, hunched over in the hallway, his sticky hand trembling.

The shame was immediate, suffocating him, but he couldn't stop listening, couldn't stop the tears that pricked at his eyes as Marcus let out a guttural growl. His hips jerked forward, and after a short, low groan, Jake saw and heard his wife gasp in shock and whimper as Marcus began to empty his load in her mouth and all over her face.

Flying all over her tongue, splashing onto her lips, dripping down her chin, was a torrent of hot, thick, ropery white cum. "Ahhh, ah,uhhh," Lindsay sticks her tongue out, panting like a bitch in heat, her expression dazed and delirious, her eyes rolled up. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

*

CHAPTER 5:

Jake continued to peek through the slight gap in the door, his stomach lurching at everything he was seeing. Lindsay sat back on her heels, her face glistening with visible streaks of Marcus's release, her tongue darting out to catch the drops sliding down her lips. Her expression was dazed, euphoric, her cheeks flushed with heat as she gazed up at Marcus like he was a god.

She gave a shy smile. "You taste so good," she licks and swallows, wiping more cum off her lips. "I-I've never tasted so much, so thick and hot, God, that's amazing," her eyes were dreamy, her voice high and brittle as if she was drunk on his semen.

"Damn," Marcus chuckles. "Looks good on you too," he says.

"So thick," she repeats.

Meanwhile, Jake glanced down at himself—at the pathetic puddle on the floor, the sticky mess coating his hand. The contrast couldn't have been clearer.

The superior male had his wife on her knees, painted in his essence, while Jake stood outside, the weak beta, reduced to jerking off in secret watching his wife be used like a towel.

"Swallow it, there's still-you've still got some left," Marcus laughs.

"Let me see you do it."

"You're dirty," Jake's wife giggles, but she obediently opened her mouth and noisily swallows the cum, moaning in delight. Licking and smacking her lips in pure pleasure, Lindsay looked up at him with an eager, worshipful expression. A look that Jake had never seen before, a look that sent a sharp pang of hurt through his heart.

This was enough, he thought. He couldn't watch anymore. I have to leave. I'll go and wait for her back at the store. I'll pretend this never

happened, he thought to himself. But, he couldn't bring himself to walk away. Why? Because there was a part of him, a disgusting, submissive, humiliated part that wanted to see more; where would this go, what would happen next?

"Turn around," Marcus instructs Lindsay.

"Oh, no," she still wipes away at the cum, "I have to go. I've left my husband waiting at the store-."

"It'll be quick, I promise," Marcus coaxes.

"If I wanted quick, I've got Jake," she teases and the insult sends a pang of hurt and anger through his chest. "But seriously, I have to-hey!"

Marcus pulls Lindsay as she gets up, dragging her by her wrist into a rough, disgusting sounding kiss. Their lips mashed together, Marcus's tongue sliding into her mouth-Jake looks revolted as he realizes what Lindsay's mouth must taste like. What would it taste like? Marcus's cum? Especially tasting it from his wife's tongue-.

Why was I imagining what my wife's mouth would taste like? he asks himself. What was happening to me? Why wasn't Lindsay fighting him, instead she seemed to be going along with the kiss? I mean she was struggling a little at first, but her arms soon found their way around Marcus's neck, her body arching against him. Marcus' black hands roamed all over body and-oh my God, he was undressing her-.

"Wait," Lindsay protests as she pulls away. "No, stop, another time, okay?" she says, and Jake's ears perk up at the thought of a repeat. "I-I shouldn't be doing this here. Jake is waiting-he's gonna be mad-."

"And do what? What he gonna do? Turn around, take off your clothes-."

"No," Lindsay shakes her head and turns to the door. "I-I have to-hey!" her eyes finally found the crack and they widened in horror when they locked with his. "I thi-."

I have to go. Now, this is definitely enough, Jake told himself, but as he stared into his wife's terrified eyes, he couldn't move until he had to force himself to look away. As he turns, Jake's leg knocked against the trash can beside him. The sound echoed in the quiet corridor, shattering the silence.

"What the fuck?" Marcus's voice was sharp now, alert.

"I think someone's out there-oh my fucking god," Lindsay's voice was quiet but panicked.

Jake panicked, stumbling backward, his heart pounding as heavy footsteps approached the door. He tried to retreat, but the door flew open before he could move.

Marcus stood there, shirtless, his massive frame filling the doorway. His dark eyes locked on Jake's, narrowing as a smug grin spread across his face.

"Jake?" his wife's voice rang out, shocked. "Oh my-."

"Well, well. Look who's here." Marcus reached out, grabbing Jake by the collar before he could react. "Old habits die hard, huh, Jakey boy?"

Jake sputtered, trying to protest, but Marcus hauled him into the restroom with ease, slamming the door shut behind him. The sound of the lock clicking sent a wave of dread through Jake's chest.

Marcus grabbed a maintenance sign from the corner and propped it outside the door before turning back to Jake with a predatory smirk.

"Guess it's time for you to have your front row seat," he growls as the lock clicks.

*

CHAPTER 6:

The restroom felt smaller now, the air thick with tension and humiliation. Jake stood frozen, his back pressed against the cold tiled wall, his mind spinning. Marcus loomed over him, his powerful frame relaxed but imposing. Lindsay stood to the side, still wiping her mouth but with a horribly blank expression, her face still streaked with his semen.

She broke the silence first. "How long were you standing out there?" Her voice was sharp, accusatory. "Were you... spying on me?" Lindsay's face takes a furious expression, her lips pressing into a tight line.

Jake blinked, thrown off by the question. "Spying? I—what? No, I—" "You were, aren't you?" Lindsay snapped, stepping closer, throwing her hands up. "God, Jake, that's disgusting! You're such a pervert!" Jake's face burned. "I'm the pervert? You were—you were the one who—" His voice faltered as he gestured toward Marcus, his hand trembling.

"What?" Lindsay cut him off, her tone icy. "Say it, Jake. What exactly was I doing?"

"You were the one sneaking away," he mumbled weakly. "You were the one who was doing all that—"

"Yeah, and-I was going to leave?" Lindsay interrupted, her eyes narrowing. "I-you got him expelled, Jake, I felt bad. And yeah, you know what-I'm sorry for what I did-but you just stood there and watched like a creep!"

"I didn't-."

"Like you didn't even try to stop me, so don't even start. Where's your shame, Jake?" Lindsay's lip trembles as it curled in a snarl, her

eyes bright with rage. "Really, what kind of a man are you-watching your own wife and, oh, Jesus, really-."

Her eyes finally drifted downward, and she recoiled in disgust, her cheeks flushing bright red. Jake still hadn't had the time to zip up. His sticky hand was still holding his pants up, and the stain on his pants was embarrassingly clear. His dick was limp and lifeless, clearly spent. Lindsay knew that state of his cock all too well when it shrank back down after his release, when it was done, when it was spent.

"OH MY GOD!" she exclaims. "Have you been jerki-did you seriously get off to this?" her voice was filled with faux horror and disgust. The semen on her face glistened under the cool light, something that Jake did not dare point out. Instead, he looked down, shame flooding through him. Lindsay stepped forward to stop him from covering himself, her voice dripping with scorn.

"You're fucking pathetic," she said, her tone flat. "I can't believe you'd do that, Jake, God. This is-this is so gross, this is fucked up-."

Marcus snorted, and Jake looked up, his face burning with shame. "You always the same kinda loser, Jakey," Marcus laughed. "Guess nothing's changed."

Jake's lips moved, but no sound came out. His chest tightened as the weight of her words and Marcus's taunting laughter crushed him. "I-no," he weakly protests. "No, I didn't! I wasn't jerking off-."

"Don't lie to me, Jake!" she barks at him, cutting him off. "I've seen that useless thing enough times to know when you've been spent," her gaze pondered just for a fraction on his lifeless dick. "That's what you were doing, wasn't it? Standing out there, spying and jerking off to your own wife? God, that's disgusting. What kind of husband does that?"

What kind of a wife does what you did, he wanted to shoot back, but he held his tongue. Why? Was he afraid of how she would react? Threaten to leave him again if he called her a cheating whore like he wanted to? Like all the time when they had an argument, Jake bit

his tongue. He'd always wanted to be the better man and keep his calm.

Jake just didn't want to lose the best thing that had ever happened to him. No matter what he wouldn't dare let her go. Can't even believe I married you, was her most favorite go-to insult when things got heated, and those words always hit him harder than a punch.

"It wasn't me—" he stammered, his voice cracking as he struggled to form words. "You're the one—" He gestured toward Marcus, his hands trembling. "You were the one blowing him!"

Lindsay's mouth twitched, her cheeks flushing with anger, but she recovered quickly, crossing her arms and tilting her head in mock consideration. "Okay, fine," she said, her voice laced with venom. "If this is really my fault, then I guess I should go all the way, shouldn't I? Would that make you happy?"

Jake's stomach churned, his breath hitching as his body betrayed him with the faintest twitch between his legs. A small, humiliating throb that Lindsay's sharp eyes didn't miss. Her laugh was cold, cutting through the tension like a knife. "Oh, wow," she said, her voice full of mocking disbelief. "I can't believe it-really, that's what you want, huh? That's why you were out there hiding and-. Watching me. Watching him. God, you're even more pathetic than I thought. Don't even know why I married you-," there it came again, her beloved insult.

Marcus let out a low whistle. "Damn, you need to stop freaking out, a pretty thing like you shouldn't be getting worked up," his hand went around her waist, pulling her in, and his deep, confident voice silenced whatever Jake was about to say. "Let me show you how a real man handles this," Marcus said smoothly, his dark eyes gleaming.

"You better," she giggles, her voice breathy and high, a stark contrast to the act that she had put on for her husband. "Because the one I married can't."

*

CHAPTER 7:

Marcus dropped to his knees with surprising grace, positioning himself in front of Lindsay, turning her to face him. And Jake. He spreads her cream colored thighs as she gasped softly. Jake's breath hitched as he watched Marcus's hands slide up Lindsay's legs, pushing her dress higher until it bunched around her hips. The sight of Marcus's dark skin against Lindsay's pale thighs sent a jolt through Jake's chest, equal parts shame-and twisted arousal? Lindsay wore laced pink panties, and Marcus was already peeling them down, her glistening pussy revealed to him.

With no words spoken by the either of them, he buried his face between her thighs, and Lindsay let out a moan of surprise. Her head tipped back, and she gasped in shock and pleasure as her knees buckled. She stumbled, reaching out for Jake, grabbing his shoulder for support. His stomach lurched, but he didn't push her away, instead, he held her close, the warmth of her body radiating through him. Lindsay's nails dug into his shoulder as she gasped, her body shuddering as Marcus began eating her out. Her hips bucked forward, rolling in a desperate rhythm, her voice growing louder and needier with each passing second.

"Oh, Jesus, Marcus-."

Standing there, Jake held her, watching her melt in place. Marcus's tongue traced slow, teasing circles around her clit, drawing out long, ragged moans. Lindsay was trembling, her breaths coming in short, ragged gasps as she arched her back and let out a desperate whine. Her fingers curled around the fabric of his shirt, and he could feel her nails biting into his skin, the pain sending a sharp pulse of anger and humiliation through him.

"Fuck," Lindsay moaned, and her knees buckled slightly. She steadied herself by grabbing onto Marcus's broad shoulders this time. Her moans grew louder, uninhibited, echoing in the small restroom as Jake clenched his fists, torn between rage and helpless arousal. "Your tongue-you know how to use it-," Lindsay's voice was shaky.

Lindsay's legs gave way, and she fell back, bracing herself against the wall as Marcus inched forward and buried his face deeper between her thighs. Her hips kept bucking forward, desperate for the heat of his mouth.

Jake watched, transfixed, his heart pounding, his still cock throbbing with each moan, each gasp, each shuddering breath. Lindsay's voice grew higher, more desperate, her moans echoing in the small restroom. She was close, Jake could tell. Her eyes were closed, her brows furrowed, and her face flushed, and her whole body quivered. If only Jake could remember how his wife looked like when she was on the brink of climax. The way her cheeks flush and her breathing becomes heavier. How her eyelashes were fluttering and how her voice was getting higher, how her hips rocked back and forth, thrusting up toward Marcus's mouth, all of this was unfamiliar to her own husband.

"Oh, god, oh, fuck," Lindsay whimpers, and her nails dig deeper into the scalp of his black hair. "Just like that-," her voice trailed off, her pitch rising. "Oh, shit, that feels so good-."

"Bet your husband ain't do it this good," Marcus grunted, his voice muffled.

"He can't," her breathless response was almost instant, and the familiar stabbing pang returned, and the sting of his wife's insult and praise were both equally powerful. "Never does."

"Can't what," her tormentor growled.

"Make me cum," her cruel and mocking reply made his blood boil. "With his tongue-or his dick-."

Jake's stomach twisted painfully, his mind screaming for him to do something, to say something, but his body betrayed him. His own knees felt weak, his pulse roaring in his ears as he watched Marcus bring Lindsay closer and closer to the edge, her moans growing louder and more desperate. Finally, he mustered up the courage to do the first logical thing that he realized was reasonable enough to do.

Tug on his wife's wrist.

"Stop," Jake whispered, his voice shaking. "Lindsay, enough-."

The two ignored him, their bodies pressed together, moving in perfect, erotic sync.

"Please," his pleading, submissive request was met with an annoyed, dismissive grunt.

"Go away, Jake," Lindsay breathed, her face all sweaty and her hair clinging to her forehead. Her hips rolled faster, her movements frantic and needy, and the room was filled with the sounds of her panting, the slurping, sucking noises, and the soft, wet smacking of flesh. "Go wait outside if you can't-oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum-."

"Lindsay-."

"Shut up, faggot," Marcus, without so much as a turn to him, pushes Jake forcefully with one arm while the other groped and squeezed his wife's plump ass, fingers burying themselves in the soft, supple flesh.

"Oh, shit, Marcus, Marcus, I'm gonna cum-gonna cum, fucking cumming!!!!!!!" Lindsay's voice rose to a panicked, wild cry as she threw her head back, her voice bursting with a mix of pleasure and protest as her body stiffened. The restroom was filled with the sound of their moans, and the smell of their scent overwhelmed him. Jake staggered back against the wall, his knees going weak as the last threads of resistance were severed, overwhelmed by the raw force of a far superior male.

Lindsay's body shuddered violently, and she thrust her hips against Marcus, her legs shaking. Jake could notice his wife's juices erupting

in Marcus's mouth like a dam of water. The violent release showered the dark face of his tormentor, spraying everywhere as his tongue wiggled into her core. Lindsay's thighs buckled and gave way at last as she falls on her knees, sagging into Marcus's hold as he continues his teasing. She lay there, almost still, a pool of glistening wetness streaking the inside of her trembling thighs. Her eyes had become unfocused and her breathing was labored and shallow. In the corners of her lips, Jake noticed what was nothing other than an unhinged smile; a sadistic satisfaction that contrasted with his feelings of utter defeat.

*

CHAPTER 8:

Lindsay collapses back on the wet floor with a thud as she tries to stand on her own. Jake had offered her his hand but she, with all the defiance she could muster, pushed him away, not even wanting to be held up by her own husband. "You ever did that to her, Jakey? Done lick her pussy good so she ain't even stand?" he asked, with a taunt, "Because clearly, you never ain't fuck her like that."

Lindsay's flushed face tilted up toward him, her lips parted as if she wanted to respond on his behalf, but the only sound that came out was a shaky exhale. Her eyes fluttered closed for a moment, her body still trying to recover from the storm he'd unleashed with his mouth. His wife—his beautiful, demure Lindsay—looked completely undone, her hair a mess, her thighs still trembling. And Marcus stood over her like a conqueror surveying his prize.

"You look like you might pass out, Jakey. Ain't even doin' nothin' but watchin'."

Jake's mouth opened, but nothing came out. Lindsay pushed herself upright with Marcus's help, her legs wobbling as she leaned against the sink for balance. Her hair clung to her damp forehead, her dress bunched awkwardly around her hips, but her expression was sharp, her gaze pinning him to the wall. Jake noticed his wife's panties were still caught around her ankle before she stepped out of them.

"I was just-."

"You were just standing there," she continued, her voice laced with disgust.

"I tried to-stop you," Jake replied honestly. Lindsay only scowled at him, shaking her head.

"You tried?" she scoffed. "Well, you didn't try enough-just like every other time. Why didn't you just leave and spy on me again, huh?"

Jake's lips trembled, his voice barely above a whisper. "I—I wasn't spying—"

"Yes, you were!!!" Lindsay says. "You're unbelievable!"

Why don't I just admit that I was indeed spying? Why? Was it the shame of being a docile, non-confrontational husband, or was it what his wife implied, that he was indeed a pervert? Clearly, he was a lousy husband, one who was a total pushover. Admitting to the fact that he was indeed hiding behind a closed door, watching his former bully shoot his load over his wife's face wouldn't improve the situation in the slightest. Lindsay would be right as she always was. His denial was feeble and worthless, and both parties in front of him knew it.

Yes, Lindsay was right.

He'd stood there, hidden like a coward, peeking through the crack of the door instead of confronting them. What kind of man did that? A real man would've barged in, demanded answers, done something. But he hadn't. He'd spied on them like some pathetic little creep, watching while another man took what was his. Jake had watched his wife cheat on him after sneaking away right under his nose, he had all the opportunity to just barge in and stop whatever madness was happening and yet he did nothing.

"You're not gonna say anything, huh?" Lindsay's voice broke through his spiraling thoughts, her tone laced with disdain. She smirked, the smugness in her expression cutting him to the core. "Figures. You're just gonna stand there and take it, aren't you? Like you always do."

Jake opened his mouth, but all that came out was a faint croak. He couldn't even meet her gaze.

Lindsay laughed, a cold, sharp sound. "Look at you," she said, gesturing to his trembling frame. "You're just-less of a man than ever. God, you're just... small."

The word hung in the air, heavy and damning.

"I don't even mean that in-you know," she points to the literal humiliation that lay dormant between his thighs. "Pull your pants down-I want Marcus to-Marcus, can you do it, please?" she turns to him and does a slight gesture. "Like you did to him back then," Lindsay giggled, the sound sweet and sharp. "You know... I think you should do it again. For old times' sake."

Jake's breath caught in his throat, his stomach twisting violently. "Lindsay, don't—"

"Oh, don't be such a baby, Jake," she interrupted, her tone dripping with mockery. "It's not like you've got anything to be embarrassed about, right?" She paused, then added with a wicked grin, "Well, not more than usual."

Marcus laughs and shrugs his shoulders. "If you want it-it's not like Jakey's ever gonna try to stop me."

Jake steps back as Marcus approaches him, his cock swinging wildly between his legs, pulsing menacingly. His smirk turned predatory as he stepped toward Jake. "You heard her, Jakey. Drop 'em."

He protests. "Wait-."

But Marcus was faster. With one swift motion, he grabbed Jake by the waistband and yanked his pants down, exposing him completely. Jake froze, his face burning as the cool air hit his skin. Lindsay's mocking laughter filled the room, light and cruel, as he steps out of his clothes. "God," she said, her voice shaking with amusement.

"Looks even smaller than before. You know what, Jake?" she continued, her voice softening, though the mockery remained.

"Maybe this is why. I guess this is why I had to do what I did! Can you even blame?" she turns to Marcus and then back to her husband. "I needed someone like Marcus. Because, let's be honest," Lindsay smiles wryly and shook her head. "You just aren't enough, Jake."

*

CHAPTER 9:

"When have you ever made me cum like he just did, huh?" Lindsay's voice was now soft, but her words dripped with contempt. "Like what he just did to me? Eating me out like that? Jake, you're supposed to be my husband! And you don't even know where to start. Isn't that right?" she shot him a challenging look, as if daring him to answer.

True. Tried as he did, poor Jake could only stumble around between Lindsay's beautiful legs, his face only inches away from her lips, yet not knowing the first thing to do. He would fight back the urge to gag on the sweet feminine scent of his wife's shaved pubes and gawked at the bizarre sight of her lips engorged with arousal and the faint glisten of moisture trailing down her fair cheeks and the inner thighs. Jake would only know to wag his tongue around like a flailing fish in desperation, one of the many failures that is his performance in the bedroom.

Jake's head snapped up at the accusation, his shame giving way to a flicker of indignation. "I—I've tried to be better, Lindsay—"

"You've tried?" Lindsay interrupted, her voice sharp again. "Tried?" She scoffed, rolling her eyes. "God, it's embarrassing, Jake. You've never made me feel like that. Never even close. Even Marcus could tell-."

Marcus chuckled, his deep voice rumbling through the small space. "Oh, I could tell, alright. She's got that kind of sweet pussy that needs a real man like me to handle it. Ain't no faggot like you ever gonna satisfy her."

Lindsay giggled at the word faggot. Jake flushed, and a drop of sweat trickled down his back. All those words hit Jake like a punch to the gut, but before he could process them, Lindsay's gaze

dropped between Marcus's legs. Her eyes lit up, her lips curving into a knowing smirk.

"Jesus, look at him, Jake," she murmured, her voice soft but cutting. "Marcus is... something. Look at him! Hey, I'm talking to you, honey-."

Jake followed her gaze despite himself, his stomach sinking further as he took in Marcus's semi-erect cock, thick and heavy, swaying slightly as he shifted his weight. Lindsay tilted her head, her eyes glowing with eager excitement as she looked back at Jake.

"Meanwhile..." she gestured vaguely toward Jake's miserable manhood, her expression twisting into one of pity. "I don't even know if we can call what you've got a dick. It's more like... I don't know. A little button. A pebble. Ever think of what it feels like for me being married to someone like you with a-a fucking-God, a clit! A clit for a dick?" her anger mixes with amusement as she lets out a chortle, mocking him with the cruelest words she has.

Jake's face burned, his hands balling into fists at his sides. He wanted to scream, to lash out, to do something, but his body refused to cooperate. All he could do was stand there, his shame and humiliation mounting with every word.

And with it, came a pang of what he could only recognize as-arousal?

"Marcus," Lindsay continued, turning back to him, "doesn't have that problem, does he?" Her voice was teasing now, playful in a way that made Jake's heart ache. "Even like this, when he's not hard, he's... God, you're so huge, Marcus," she coos as she runs her delicate fingers over his shaft, curling her thin digits around his black cock.

Marcus smirked, giving a lazy shrug. "What can I say, baby? I'm built different."

Lindsay laughed, the sound light and airy, as if this entire situation was nothing more than a joke to her. She reached out, her fingers lightly grazing Marcus's length, her eyes flicking back to Jake.

"See, Jake?" she said, her tone soft but mocking. "This? This is what a real man looks like. Come over here!" she practically yanks Jake forward, and now he stands there, arms hanging at his side in defeat. "Look, let me get a closer look-."

Just then, all three of them hear a bang on the door, followed by muffled swearing. Jake's heart leaps into his throat, the reality of their situation crashing down on him. Panicked, he looks around, his eyes wide, his voice cracking slightly. "Lindsay-."

"Hey, we busy in here," Marcus immediately shouts at the person whoever it was standing beyond the door. "Get your ass moving!"

"Yeah, go away!" Lindsay joins him, an equal amount of annoyance radiating from her voice. "Don't bother us, we busy," Lindsay says as she continues fondling the dark member in her hands while reaching for her husband's.

*

CHAPTER 10:

Lindsay's fingers lingered on Marcus's semi-hard length, tracing the thick veins that pulsed beneath her touch. She tilted her head, her lips curving into a smirk as she wrapped her hand around him fully. The girth alone was enough to make her fingers spread wide, barely able to meet at the tips. Her voice was soft but taunting, each word a dagger aimed squarely at Jake's chest. "Fucking love it," Lindsay murmurs. "Look at this, Jake," she purred, holding Marcus's cock up for him to see. "So thick. So warm. You can feel the life in it. This... this is what a real dick is supposed to look like." She squeezed lightly, and a bead of precum glistened at the tip, catching the dim restroom light. Her eyes sparkled as she leaned closer, her thumb spreading the slick liquid along the head. "Mmm, Marcus," she teased, glancing up at him. "You're already leaking for me," she takes a teasing lick with the tip of her pink tongue. Jake shivers and tries to step back but Lindsay holds him steady. "Where do you think you're going?" his wife, turns her head to him, eyes narrowed in the threatening stare Jake had grown accustomed to.

Marcus grinned lazily, his hands resting on his hips. "You remember them all laughing at you, Jake? When I done pull down them pants? Heard no girl wanted to date you after that."

"The first time I saw it-when we were doing it-you know what my husband told me, Marcus?" asks Lindsay. "What did you tell me, Jake? You remember?"

Jake shook his head mutely.

"He told me it would get bigger," Lindsay lets out a literal burst of laughter, snorting midway. "I had to control myself from not laughing out loud," Lindsay takes another swivel of Marcus's cock. "Mmm,

thought to myself 'what the hell have I gotten myself into?' but hey, I guess it could've been worse."

"Yeah, he could have had no dick at all-oh wait," Marcus joins in on the fun, and Lindsay responds with another burst of giggles.

Jake's throat tightened as he watched, his arousal mixing with shame in a way that made his knees weak. He hated himself for not standing up for himself, the humiliation burning hotter than ever. His wife was so confident and radiant while holding another man's cock with a reverence she'd never shown him.

"Yeah," his wife seems oblivious to the torment written all over his face. "Jake could never measure up on his best day even if he tried. Come closer, babe," Lindsay's out of place kindness caught him by surprise, and before he can move, his arm's seized and Lindsay's yanking him closer. He'd already stripped off his pants at Lindsay's earlier insistence, leaving him exposed in nothing but his shirt. "Now, let's get one thing straight," Lindsay said, her voice firm as she looked between them. "We're going to compare."

"You sure?" Marcus grins. "I don't wanna give Jakey here a complex."

"Oh, I think he already has one," Lindsay replied with a wicked smirk.

She grabbed Jake's wrist, guiding his trembling hand to hold Marcus's cock. Jake recoiled slightly at the heat and weight of it, but Lindsay's grip tightened, forcing him to stay. "See that, Jake?" she asked, her voice laced with disdain. "Feel how heavy it is? How thick? That's what a real man feels like."

Jake's grip lingers. Touching another man's cock was the least humiliating thing he'd done today. But the reality was, Jake is reminded just how limp, uninspiring his is in comparison, so meek and shriveled.

He might not be as large as Marcus, he might never look as erect as Marcus, as virile, but that wasn't any of what hurt him the most; it

was the fact that Jake knew he could only dream of a woman lusting after him or his cock like Lindsay lusted after Marcus.

*

CHAPTER 11:

His touch continued and for sure he could tell how different it was from feeling his own cock; Marcus's cock was simply superior. There was life there, blood surging hot and full. There was no question who the superior man here was. And Lindsay had a hand around them both, marking her utter domination. "So hard," Lindsay purrs.

Jake's stomach churned as Lindsay took his other hand and placed it on his own pitiful shaft. The comparison was brutal, undeniable. His tiny, pale member felt like nothing in his hand, lifeless and barely responsive, while Marcus's cock throbbed with every subtle movement.

"Tug," Lindsay instructed in a cold, detached manner. "Do it."

"Lindsay, please," he whispered, voice cracking with distress, but that only seemed to amuse Marcus more. And it only served to excite his own mind for some reason as he began to leak a pathetic, clear little bead from the tip of his already pink and tiny cock.

"Aw, look," Lindsay smiles, her voice dripping with mockery. "He's already leaking. Does this turn you on, Jake? Touching another man's cock and-God, look at how fucking small you are!" she breaks into a fit of laughter out of nowhere. "Do it, keep tugging on it. Don't you dare stop."

Red hot with embarrassment, Jake obeys, pulling and tugging on his own white, shriveled length while stroking the one that was vastly superior. Why was Lindsay making her do this? Marcus-the bully that had made his life so miserable-stood there with a triumphant smirk on his dark handsome face as if celebrating his win. This was cruel; to be humiliated this badly and made to do this, a humbling and mind numbing ordeal. Never had Jake felt so worthless.

Lindsay wasn't done. Her hand moved back to Marcus's shaft, stroking it slowly along with Jake. The graze of his wife's fingers on his while being wrapped around his former bully's black cock seemed so humiliatingly erotic; like a shock, a pulse of forbidden thrill ran through him.

"How is this thing even supposed to satisfy me?" Lindsay, his wife is teasing him, and for some stupid reason, her taunts continue to arouse him. Yet it doesn't show. Where it's supposed to get bigger, to stiffen and rise to a proper size, it simply wasn't. Still limp. Jake's cheeks burn, and he quickens his pace, embarrassed and confused and-truthfully-aroused. "You've got the gall to call yourself a man walking around calling this thing a dick," continues his wife's spiteful remarks. "Pthu," Lindsay spits on his cock and begins massaging the slimy saliva into his tender skin. "Krr, pthu," she spits once more for good measure until the entirety of Jake's bud of a cock is coated in her spit, and even Marcus laughs, a deep, booming sound. "Where did it go? It was right there!" her face contorts in laughter, her back arching and shoulders shaking. "I can't see it under all that spit-pfffttt," she lets out a loud, high pitched laugh. "Mmmmm," she turns and takes Marcus's cock into her mouth again, a show to drive him insane. And that was when he was feeling it. The tingle in the micro-folds of his shriveled length as he continued to tug and stroke two cocks at once. One, slimy and disgustingly small covered with wet spit and the other, being teased and adored by a pair of lips that smeared tons of saliva and precum around. "I'm glad I had to use the restroom and also," Lindsay said, her eyes shining with delight as she looked up at Marcus. "I'm glad you introduced me to your friend before. Otherwise, I'd have never known what a real man was like," she gives a wink, and Jake's stomach twists violently.

Marcus smirked, leaning back against the sink, his cock twitching in Jake's hand and Lindsay's mouth. "You gonna keep playing with that, or you wanna show this faggot how it's done?"

"Yeah," a sick pop echoes as her lips left the head of his cock. "I think Jake here needs to learn a lesson or two in being a man, but, mmm," she goes right back to sucking, her face a picture of pure

bliss. "Phh-uhhh," she pulls her head back and licks her lips. "But my husband will never be a real man. Not with this thing-," she turns to his crotch and flicks at the tip of his red, spit covered cock with her index finger.

*

CHAPTER 12:

"OWW!" Jake exclaims, his cheeks flushed with shame.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sweetheart, did that hurt?" Lindsay teased, her tone sharp and cutting. "Tough luck. Fuck, are you getting hard? Really?" a look of disgust spreads across her face as she takes his cock back in her hand and starts tugging and pulling at it with the tip of her nails. Stretching and pinching, Lindsay's hands are merciless as Jake winces and hisses in pain, but finally, something happens.

A rush of warmth swells in his chest, spreading outward until his whole body is buzzing with ill arousal as his pale manhood finally, after all that humiliation, finally comes alive. Springing forth to life, Jake's tiny little cock rises instantly to its impressive and pitiful full size of barely a couple of inches or more.

"You know what, babe?" Lindsay said, her voice softening slightly, though the mockery remained. "Maybe this is good for you. Seeing that this makes you hard, maybe you need to see what it's like to be around a real man. Someone who knows how to take care of me."

"Shit, maybe he gotta know how to treat a real man too," growls Marcus with a grin, his deep, gravelly voice rumbling through the restroom. "You know what I mean?"

"Oh."

The silence lingers, and then, Lindsay smiles, slow and sly, her eyes dancing with excitement. A smile stretches across her face, a look of understanding comes across her.

"Oh, I think I just might."

Jake's heart slammed against his chest as Lindsay turned her gaze to him. "Jake," she said sweetly, her voice soft and coaxing. "Get down here."

He hesitated, his stomach churning. "L-Lindsay... what are you..."

"Come here," she said again, her voice sharp now, her commanding tone making him flinch. "And stop jerking off, you look ridiculous. I didn't marry a faggot," she snorts, the insult heavy and intentional. "Take your hands off and sit."

Why do I keep going along with this? he thought to himself as he dropped to his knees, his heart pounding in his ears. Lindsay pressed down on Jake's shoulder, her smirk widening. "Listen, honey. You don't have to make this harder than it has to be. You've already been watching; this is just... the next step."

Jake looked at his wife quizzically. Before he could open his mouth and ask her what she meant, another tap came on the door.

"Oh, for fucks sake," Lindsay hisses and glares at the door.

"HEY!" Marcus shouts, his deep voice booming through the bathroom. "We busy in here, move the fuck along!"

"Is anybody in there?" came a woman's voice beyond the door.

"Yes, we in here," Marcus repeats. "Now, move along before I come out there-."

They hear a sharp murmur and shuffling beyond the door before returning to the silence. "Jake, open your mouth-."

Jake stammered, his eyes going wide in shock and his voice cracking. "L-Lindsay...what are you talking about-I can't do that..."

"You can," she interrupted, her tone sharp but teasing. "And you will. You've already embarrassed yourself enough tonight, haven't you? Just... do what needs to be done."

Marcus leaned against the sink, his cock twitching slightly in her hand. "Yeah, Jakey," he said, his deep voice calm and confident. "Ain't nothin' wrong with knowing how you gotta treat your superiors, you know."

"You've been such a good little watcher," Lindsay said, her voice dripping with mockery as she cupped Marcus's cock, stroking it lazily. "But now it's time for you to...participate."

"You still owe me an apology for ruining my life too," growled Marcus. "Had a great football career before you went and ratted me out."

Jake's gaze lingered on Marcus's cock, thick, dark, and intimidating, his throat tightening at the sight of it. All of this seemed so familiar as much as it was unjust in its reoccurrence. He couldn't stop the aching between his legs, the way his tongue salivated at the thought of what was going to happen, the idea of being-no, the desire of being-how do you even call any of this? he thought to himself.

"O-Okay."

"Thank you, sweetie," she says with a smile as Jake understands what anybody with a sane mind would call this.

*

CHAPTER 13:

The act of being dominated; that's what it was. And that is what it is now. His nostrils flared, and his breath hitched as the disgusting stench of the dark and veiny black dick invaded his senses. Lindsay was holding his cock right up to his face, her fingers curled tightly around the base. It was huge, intimidating, and throbbing slightly with every pulse of his heart. "Mpph," he closes his lips tight as Lindsay teasingly smears and slaps his cheeks with the bulbous cock head, her eyes alight with wicked excitement.

"Oh, what's the matter?" she teases, her voice lilting. "Don't you want this in your mouth, Jake? I thought you said okay?"

Jake couldn't understand his wife at all; where was she even coming from with all this? Why was she going along with this, encouraging him to do something so-so...

"Open your mouth. Say aahhh," she instructs as her hand pushes down on his chin.

True. Jake felt like he did owe Marcus an apology. He was a star football player and had college scouts looking at him for a full ride scholarship. He was on the path to success, but Jake couldn't bear the torment and humiliation anymore. He had to tell the principle. He couldn't just take it in not after that-that day.

"I said open your mouth," she commands and her hand squeezes down, his jaw forced wide. Forcing its way past his lips and his teeth, was Marcus's big black cock. Penetrating his mouth, guided by none other than his dearly beloved wife, Lindsay.

"GGrgggh," Jake utters something incoherent as his teeth scrapes against the tip of Marcus's cock. He could smell it in the air, the musty, bitter scent of another man's dick, but the taste itself was so

much worse. It was difficult to not retch on the spot as his tongue lay flat below the bulging underside of his massive shaft.

"Ugghhh," a sound escapes his mouth.

"There, is that so hard?" she says, her voice dripping with mockery. "What? Babe, you don't like it?" Lindsay then grabs his hand and wraps it around the shaft, guiding his trembling fingers over the ridges and veins. "You like that, don't you?" Lindsay's voice is soft, her hand moving faster. "Feel that? That's what a real cock is supposed to feel like."

Marcus groans softly as Lindsay strokes him. "Fuck-," he breaks off with a groan. "Shit, damn."

Jake's face is burning red hot, his own cock hardening and stiffening under the weight of this humiliation. He doesn't dare move his hand or do anything except remain frozen.

"Yeah, you loved it when you were watching me sucking him, didn't you? When you were jerking off, did you imagine being in my place? Mmm, yeah, keep jerking him off, and lick him," Lindsay is whispering in his ear.

"Yeah, bitch," Marcus adds with a growl. "Show your wife you got a dirty mouth too, Jakey. Maybe you could learn a thing or two from him-."

"Lick him," Lindsay giggles at the remark and orders her husband.

"Suck it, yeah, that's good," she grips the back of his head with care.

"God, you're fucking drooling all over-. I mean, look at you," she said softly, her voice dripping with mockery.

Jake looks pleadingly up at Marcus, whose smirk hadn't faltered one bit.

"Eyes down, bitch," Marcus ordered sharply, and Jake obeyed instantly, his gaze dropping to the floor.

The repulsive taste was overwhelming—salty, musky, undeniably masculine. Jake's tongue flicked tentatively against the thick shaft, and he felt Marcus twitch in his mouth slightly in response. The

reaction sent a strange thrill through him, a mixture of humiliation and twisted pride.

"Oh my God, you're actually doing it. You're pathetic, Jake, but... I guess sucking dick like this suits you."

"Yeah, it does. Suits him a lot, don't it, Jakey?" Marcus grunts. "He doing a great job too-."

Jake closed his eyes, focusing on the task at hand. His tongue moved hesitantly at first, but as Marcus's deep groans filled the room, he found himself spurred on by the reactions. His hands rested lightly on Marcus's thighs, feeling the power and strength beneath the smooth skin.

"He's even closing his eyes-my god, sweetie," Lindsay's surprised squeal of delight only served to fuel him further, and he moved his lips further down the shaft that was now slick and shiny with his spit. Lindsay herself continued stroking the base of Marcus's cock and then his balls too, playing and massaging them.

"Don't be lazy, Jakey," Marcus groans. "Put in some effort, you fucking faggot-."

"Hey, don't be mean. It's not bad for his first time sucking dick," she smiles. "How does it feel pleasing a superior man, Ja-."

"First time?" Marcus laughs and Lindsay looks straight up at him.

"Damn. Is that right, Jakey boy?"

Oh, no. Jake froze, his mouth still around Marcus's cock. His eyes darted nervously to Lindsay, who tilted her head, her brow furrowing in suspicion.

"Huh?"

"What, you don't know?" Marcus sneers and Lindsay turns back to her husband, a look of curiosity in her eyes. Jake's stomach churned violently as Marcus smirked down at him. "Bitch, go on," Marcus said, his voice laced with mock encouragement. "Tell your wife what I mean."

Lindsay's gaze hardened. "Jake," she said firmly, her tone brooking no argument. "What's he talking about? What does he mean?"

Jake whimpered softly, his lips trembling as he hesitated. He couldn't bring himself to pull away, his shame anchoring him in place.

Lindsay's eyes narrowed, her voice rising slightly. "Jake. Answer me."

Marcus let out a booming laugh, his grip tightening on Jake's hair as he pulled him roughly off his cock. Jake gagged, coughing as he was forced back, his lips swollen and slick. He looked up at Marcus, whose grin was wide and victorious.

"What does he mean, honey?" Lindsay breathes in Jake's ear. Her hot and stank breath is enough to make him quiver and shake. Her eyes glare and her fingers dig into the sides of his neck. "Tell me, Jake. Have you been keeping secrets from me?" she asks in a threatening whisper. "Babe, I thought I told you-we'd be open about everything-I thought we agreed—no secrets in this marriage. You're really gonna keep this from me?"

The irony of her words wasn't lost, but they hung heavy in the air regardless. Jake's chest tightened, his guilt and shame threatening to crush him entirely. He tried to muster the courage to speak, but the words wouldn't come.

"Baby, if you don't tell me right now, this marriage is officially over," Lindsay's sharp voice pierces his mind. "You tell me right now, or so help me, Jake, we are done. Do you hear me?"

"Come on, Jakey," Marcus goaded, his voice dripping with mockery. "She's giving you a chance to come clean. Better take it."

Jake's breath hitched, his body trembling as he struggled to hold himself together. He opened his mouth to speak, but the words caught in his throat. His hesitation stretched on for what felt like an eternity. Her voice softened slightly, though the manipulation in her tone was unmistakable. "Look," she said, her voice almost gentle. "If you do, I promise, I'll forgive you for what happened before-I'll forgive you for spying on me like a creep-and we can try to fix things-. We'll move on. But you have to tell me what he means."

Jake shut his eyes tight. Flooding back were the memories; the memories he wished he could forget.

"For fucks sake, open your mouth and say it, you fucking faggot-," hissed Lindsay. "Start talking. Now!"

*

CHAPTER 14:

Jake's hands trembled as he gripped the cold edges of the toilet bowl, his knees digging into the grimy tiles of the college restroom floor. The faint hum of fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, and the distant echoes of students in the hallway outside felt like they belonged to another world. Here, in this small, claustrophobic space, it was just him and Marcus. And Marcus was all that mattered.

"You're takin' too long," Marcus grunted, his deep voice reverberating in the small stall. He leaned back against the faded green metal partition, his muscular frame relaxed, his cock resting heavily in Jake's tentative hands. "We're already late. You don't want anyone to come lookin', do you?"

Jake's mouth was dry, his palms slick with sweat. "I—I'm trying," he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. His heart pounded against his ribcage, a mix of fear, shame, and something darker—something he didn't want to name—flooding his system.

Marcus smirked, the corner of his mouth curling in that infuriating, arrogant way he always did. "Tryin'? Ain't nobody tryin' when they got my dick in their mouth, Jake. You either do it, or you don't."

Jake swallowed hard, his throat tightening as his gaze darted downward. Marcus's cock was thick, dark, and intimidating, pulsing faintly with each beat of his heart. It was a sharp contrast to Jake's pale, skinny frame, the raw masculinity of Marcus's presence overpowering him in every sense.

He hesitated, his lips hovering just above the tip, his breathing shallow. This wasn't who he was. He was straight. He had a girlfriend. Rachel. She was beautiful, kind, everything he could want in a partner. And yet here he was, on his knees, his body betraying him as heat pooled low in his stomach.

"Damn, you're useless," Marcus muttered, reaching down to grab a fistful of Jake's hair. He pulled him forward roughly, the blunt head of his cock pressing against Jake's lips. "Open up, boy. Show me you're good for somethin'."

Jake whimpered softly, his lips parting as Marcus guided him forward. The taste was salty, musky, and overwhelming, filling his senses entirely. He gagged slightly as Marcus pushed deeper, his cock stretching Jake's mouth uncomfortably.

"Shit," Marcus groaned, his grip tightening on Jake's hair. "The way you sucking my dick, I'd think you'd be a faggot for real."

Jake's cheeks burned with humiliation. He wanted to protest, to pull away and deny it, but he couldn't. His body wouldn't let him. His hands clutched at Marcus's thighs, his fingers digging into the firm muscle as he tried to steady himself.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," Marcus said, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction. "You're a natural, Jakey. Got that mouth made for this."

The words sent a fresh wave of shame crashing over Jake, but beneath it, a darker thrill stirred. He hated himself for it—for the way his body responded, the way his arousal built despite the humiliation. He hated the way Marcus's cock felt heavy and warm on his tongue, the way Marcus's deep, guttural groans sent a shiver down his spine.

"Look at you," Marcus said, his voice low and taunting. "On your knees, sucking me off like you were made for it. Bet Rachel doesn't even know what a little bitch you are, huh?"

Jake froze at the mention of his girlfriend, a fresh pang of guilt cutting through him. Marcus chuckled darkly, sensing his reaction.

"Oh yeah, she thinks you're her little golden boyfriend, doesn't she? Bet she'd love to see you like this."

The thought made Jake's stomach churn, but Marcus didn't give him time to dwell on it. He thrust his hips forward, forcing Jake to take

him deeper, his cock hitting the back of Jake's throat. Jake gagged, his hands gripping tighter as he struggled to adjust.

"Breathe through your nose, white boy," Marcus commanded, his voice firm. "And don't you dare pull away."

Jake obeyed, his chest heaving as he tried to steady his breathing. The scent of Marcus's musk filled his nostrils, heady and intoxicating, mingling with the sterile smell of the restroom and the faint tang of sweat. His tongue moved hesitantly, tracing the underside of Marcus's cock as he tried to keep up with the alpha's relentless pace.

"That's it," Marcus groaned, his head tilting back as he closed his eyes. "Good little bitch. Knew you had it in you."

The words stung, but Jake couldn't deny the effect they had on him. His own cock, pitiful and neglected, twitched weakly against his thigh, a testament to his arousal despite the overwhelming shame.

"Better hurry up," Marcus said, his voice tight with pleasure. "Don't got all day, Jakey. Make me cum before the bell rings."

What a start to senior year, Jake thought, his pulse racing. A young adult that should be going on with the next step of his life, instead he is spending time being reduced to a sexual object by none other than Marcus, the same man who's been making his life a living hell all throughout the year.

"Gonna cum," Marcus grunts.

Jake's movements quickened, his lips and tongue working frantically as he tried to obey. Marcus's hand stayed firm on the back of his head, guiding him with rough precision. The sounds of wet sucking and muffled groans filled the small space, echoing off the tiled walls.

"Shit," Marcus growled, his hips bucking slightly. "Yeah, that's it. Take it all, faggot white boy."

Jake's eyes squeezed shut as Marcus's cock pulsed against his tongue, the salty taste of pre-cum flooding his mouth. His stomach twisted, but he didn't stop. He couldn't. Not until Marcus told him to.

"Here it comes," Marcus grunted, his voice low and strained. "You ready, bitch?"

Jake barely had time to process the words before Marcus's cock jerked, thick ropes of cum spilling into his mouth. He gagged slightly, the taste overwhelming, but Marcus's hand held him in place, forcing him to swallow.

"Don't waste a drop," Marcus said, his tone sharp. "Be a good boy."

Jake obeyed, his throat working as he swallowed every last bit, his face burning with shame. When Marcus finally released him, he slumped back against the stall wall, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath.

Marcus tucked himself back into his pants, his smirk as infuriating as ever. "Not bad," he said, straightening his shirt. "Guess you're good for somethin' after all."

Jake didn't respond, his eyes fixed on the floor. The bell rang in the distance, signaling the start of class, but neither of them moved.

"Better clean yourself up, Jakey," Marcus said, his voice mocking.

"Wouldn't want Rachel to see you like this."

With that, he walked out, leaving Jake alone in the stall, the taste of Marcus still lingering on his tongue.

*

CHAPTER 15:

Jake's phone buzzed in his pocket as he trudged toward the dorms, his thoughts swirling in the familiar haze of shame and confusion. He pulled it out and glanced at the screen, his stomach lurching when he saw the name: Marcus. His fingers hesitated before opening the message, as though he could stop whatever humiliation was waiting for him on the other side of the screen.

Marcus: Meet me in the history study hall, back corner room. Got a surprise for you.

A surprise. Jake's heart pounded as he reread the message, a knot tightening in his stomach. He knew what Marcus's "surprises" usually entailed. His thighs clenched involuntarily, his arousal betraying him as he imagined the scenarios that had played out in secret so many times before. His legs seemed to move of their own accord, carrying him toward his destination instead of back to the safety of his dorm.

"Stop it," Jake muttered under his breath, trying to convince himself to turn back. But his hands were trembling, his breaths shallow, and his cock throbbed insistently in his jeans. He hated how Marcus had this hold over him, how he could make Jake crawl back every time with just a single text. The walk felt both endless and too quick. His thoughts raced, the memory of Marcus's dominance playing on a loop in his mind. He hated himself for it—the way Marcus had taken control of him again and again, reducing him to nothing but a willing participant in his own humiliation. And yet, despite the shame that clawed at his insides, there was a darker thrill he couldn't ignore.

When he turned the final corner, he saw the door to the study room slightly ajar, warm light spilling into the dim hallway. He paused, his chest tightening. Then, as he took a step closer, he heard it—a muffled moan, low and breathy, followed by a sharp, guttural grunt.

Jake froze. His first thought was that he'd come to the wrong room. But as he strained to listen, a voice rang out that made his blood turn to ice.

"Marcus... Oh God... Marcus, please! Please, stop! This is so wrong!"

It was Rachel. The voice was unmistakable, even with the desperate, lust-filled edge to her words.

Jake's stomach dropped, his heart hammering painfully against his ribs. He tried to tell himself it wasn't real, that it couldn't be her. Slowly, he edged toward the door, his hands trembling at his sides. He couldn't stop himself; his feet moved on their own, his shame and curiosity tangling in a sickening knot. As he approached, the sounds grew louder—moans of pleasure, the rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh.

"God, yes... Just like that," Rachel whimpered, her voice thick with desperation. "You're so big. So much bigger than Jake-."

Jake's breath caught in his throat, his knees weak as he peeked through the crack in the door.

Rachel was bent over a study table in the center of the room, her hands clutching the edge of the wood as if her life depended on it. Her face was flushed, her lips parted in a dazed expression of pure euphoria. Her blonde hair stuck to her damp skin, her back arching with every thrust of Marcus's hips behind her. His black bully towered over her, his hands gripping her waist as he moved with powerful, deliberate thrusts. His muscles rippled beneath his dark skin, sweat glistening on his broad shoulders. One hand slid up Rachel's back, fisting her hair and pulling her head back as he leaned down to growl something in her ear.

Rachel let out a high-pitched moan, her eyes fluttering shut as she cried out, "No, no, no, Marcus! Marcus, no, stop-you can't....don't you dare, you asshole-."

Jake's mouth went dry, his heart pounding so loudly he thought it might give him away. He wanted to run, to scream, to do anything

but stand there watching as Marcus dominated his girlfriend in a way he never could.

"Fuck, you're tight," Marcus grunted, his voice low and rough. "Bet that faggot white boy never stretched you out like this."

Jake's stomach twisted painfully, his breath catching as Marcus turned his head slightly. Their eyes met through the crack in the door, and Jake froze like a deer in headlights.

"Well, well," Marcus drawled, his lips curling into a smug grin. "Look who finally showed up."

Rachel's head jerked up at his words, her eyes widening in shock. "Jake?" she gasped, her voice high and breathless.

But Marcus didn't stop. If anything, his thrusts grew harder, sharper, making Rachel cry out despite her panic. Her hands scrabbled at the table, her legs trembling as Marcus's dominance overwhelmed her.

"Come on in, Jakey boy," Marcus taunted, his voice dripping with mockery. "Don't be shy. Your girl's just gettin' what she needs-."

Marcus' black hands were groping and squeezing Rachel's pale white breasts with a vice like grip. His fingers were clearly digging into the soft, supple flesh, while she had shirt hiked up to her shoulders, revealing the full expanse of her creamy skin. Her pants were hidden away below the edge of the table. The entire room echoed wildly with the sick noises of flesh slapping against flesh.

"Jake..." she whimpered, her voice breaking as her body shuddered.

"Jake, what are you doing here-I—Oh my God, Jake, don't look-I'm sorry-Jake, please don't look-don't loooooook, oh, fuck, I'M CUMMINGGGGGGGG!!!!!"

Her words dissolved into a scream of pleasure as her orgasm ripped through her, her body convulsing against Marcus as he smirked at Jake through the door. Jake watched his girlfriend's face contort visibly, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shut tight, her mouth distorting into a pained smile. Her throat sang in an incoherent cacophony, a sound that was at once horrifying and arousing. Marcus didn't stop at all. He was thrusting his hips, crashing into the

bare white ass cheeks with an animalistic fury that left the poor girl crying in front of her own boyfriend, biting down on her lower lip to stop herself from screaming and showing off her orgasm and orgasms.

Jake's legs felt like jelly, his mind racing as he stood frozen on the spot. With one loud final cry of shame and pleasure, Rachel slumped forward against the table, her chest heaving, her eyes glassy and unfocused. "Uh," was all she could manage as she balanced herself with her hands and knees.

Marcus unsheathes himself from inside the now thoroughly defiled and stretched pink hole of his girlfriend and even smacks her ass, making her whimper. He turns towards Jake, his big black cock covered in a shiny, creamy layer of thick goodness. Even from where he stood, Jake could make out how visceral and sticky the substance was.

"C'mere, white boy," Marcus issues him a command, his tone commanding.

*

CHAPTER 16:

"Join your girl. Let's see what you're good for."

Jake's knees hit the cold tile floor with a dull thud, his heart pounding in his chest as Marcus's command echoed in his ears. He wasn't thinking anymore; he couldn't. His body moved on its own, guided by the crushing weight of humiliation and the dark, forbidden thrill that coursed through his veins. Jake knelt before Marcus, his face burning as he looked up at the towering alpha. Marcus's cock glistened with Rachel's juices, thick and veined, the scent of raw sex heavy in the air. Jake's stomach churned with equal parts shame and arousal as he opened his mouth, his tongue darting out hesitantly to taste the remnants of his girlfriend on Marcus's shaft. The first touch sent a jolt through Jake's entire body. The tangy, musky flavor filled his senses, and his hands trembled as he steadied himself against Marcus's powerful thighs. His lips wrapped around the tip, his tongue swirling instinctively as Marcus let out a low grunt of approval.

"Good little faggot," Marcus muttered, his hand coming to rest on the back of Jake's head. "You just know what to do."

Jake continued, his mouth sliding further down the length of Marcus's cock, the thick shaft stretching his lips and hitting the back of his throat. He gagged slightly but didn't pull away, his humiliation fueling his determination to please. He could feel Marcus's cock twitch against his tongue, the weight of it heavy and commanding. This was what his role was; he was meant to be on his knees, subservient to Marcus.

The thought should have made him sick. It should have made him angry, indignant, disgusted with himself. And yet, a dark thrill stirred within him. He was supposed to be a man but he was far from it.

Marcus knew what he was. He accepted Jake for who he was.

As if reading his mind, Marcus leaned down, his voice a low, mocking growl.

"Yeah, that's it. Take it all, Jakey. You were born to be a faggot, not a man."

With those words, he pushed Jake's head deeper, making his nose press against the firm muscles of his pelvis. Jake gagged, his eyes watering as Marcus held him there. His throat constricted, the muscles convulsing as he struggled to breathe. Marcus chuckled, his grip tightening on the back of Jake's neck.

"You like this, don't you, white boy? You like being my bitch. My faggot cum dump."

Jake's lungs burned, his vision blurring as the pressure mounted. Just when he thought he would pass out, Marcus pulled him off, a thick strand of spit connecting them. Jake gasped, his chest heaving, his face streaked with tears.

The fact that Rachel was right next to him with a look of sheer horror on her face did not even faze him. "Jake..." Rachel's voice broke through his trance, soft and trembling. He glanced up briefly to see her standing off to the side, her hands covering her mouth, her eyes wide with terror and surprise. Tears shimmered in her eyes, and her body trembled as she took a step back, shaking her head. "I-you can't do this," she stammered, her voice barely audible. "Get up, Jake, please-."

Marcus's head snapped toward her, his gaze sharp and commanding. "Sit the fuck down," he barked, his voice booming. "You're not goin' anywhere, bitch."

Rachel froze, her chest heaving as her eyes darted between Jake and Marcus. "Marcus, this was a mistake-."

"Shut up and sit down, bitch," Marcus interrupted, his tone leaving no room for argument. "You're the one who done cheated on this useless faggot, you couldn't get enough of sucking on this black dick," he smirked, his grip tightening on Jake's hair as he thrust his

hips forward slightly, making Jake gag. "That was no mistake. Get down here and suck my balls. Show your boyfriend you're sorry."

With that, he reached out, his large black hand grabbing Rachel by the hair. She stifled a sob as he forced her to her knees, her legs buckling beneath her. Jake watched in a haze, his body tingling with adrenaline and arousal. Marcus yanked her head back, baring her throat, and growled, his voice thick with lust.

"Show him how sorry you are, white girl. Open up."

Rachel crawls closer to Jake and let out a soft whimper, her eyes fluttering shut as Marcus rested his heavy balls on her face. "That's right, lick that shit," Marcus growled, his hips bucking slightly. Rachel moaned, her cheeks flushed with humiliation, and did as she was told, her movements hesitant and unsure. "Good girl. Keep going," Marcus urged, his grip tightening on her hair. He looked over at Jake, his eyes dark with arousal and authority. Rachel's hands shook as she reached out, cupping Marcus's heavy balls in her palms. Her lips parted hesitantly, her breath warm against his skin as she leaned in to obey.

Jake's stomach churned as he watched her, his mind screaming at him to stop, to say something, to do anything but continue. But the weight of Marcus's cock in his mouth, the fresh flowery scent of his beloved girlfriend next to her, and the sight of her kneeling, submitting to Marcus's cruel domination was overwhelming. It was almost hypnotic, a twisted and intoxicating web that drew him deeper, binding him tighter to his submission. He could hear Rachel take a huge whiff of the nasty, sweaty ball sack, inhaling the musky scent. "Smell good, don't it?" Marcus taunted, his voice low and menacing. "Tastes good too, huh, bitch?" Rachel let out a muffled moan, her cheeks flushing with shame. "Go ahead, suck 'em," Marcus ordered, his tone firm. "Make me cum so I can fill your faggot boyfriend's mouth up."

Rachel's lips closed around Marcus's sack, her tongue flicking out tentatively as she worked to please him. Her face burned with shame, her tears mingling with the sweat on her flushed cheeks.

Marcus groaned, his hand sliding to the back of Rachel's head as he guided her movements. The two of them worked in tandem, Jake's mouth sliding up and down Marcus's cock while Rachel lavished attention on his balls. The sounds of wet sucking and muffled groans filled the room, the air thick with the scent of musk and sex. There was only one man in this room, Jake and Rachel both came to their conclusions in unison. That a charade of a relationship that they had going was nothing compared to the raw power that Marcus wielded over them.

"You like this, white boy?" Marcus sneered, his voice laced with contempt. "You like being my bitch?"

Jake nodded weakly, his mouth still full of Marcus's cock, his cheeks flushed with shame. Marcus slaps him hard across the face leading him to yelp out in pain. "I ask you a question, you give me an answer. You don't nod, you got it, faggot?" he pulls Jake off his cock. "Answer me, bitch! Do you love sucking on my dick?"

"Yes," Jake replied, his voice cracking.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, daddy," Jake breathed, tears rolling down his face. "I love sucking on your big black cock."

Marcus smirked, his eyes glittering with amusement. "That's right, faggot," he sneered, his grip tightening on the back of Jake's head. "Let your girlfriend know who's in charge. Tell her what a bitch you are. Let this bitch know you's a faggot-."

Jake's cheeks burned, his heart hammering against his ribs. He couldn't believe the words coming out of his mouth, but there was no denying the truth behind them.

"I'm a faggot," he murmured, his voice trembling. "I'm a worthless, pathetic faggot."

*

CHAPTER 17:

Rachel's eyes widened, her face crumpling with disbelief. "No," she whispered, her voice strained. "Jake, no, stop it-."

Marcus silenced her with a bark, making her yelp. "Shut the fuck up," he growled, his tone cold and cruel. "Your boyfriend ain't a man. He's a bitch, and you're a little white slut who cheated on him."

Rachel winces.

"Why'd you do it, huh? Why'd you come to me instead of him, beggin' me to stretch your little white pussy out?"

Marcus was enjoying this, Jake understood perfectly; his cock was pulsing with desire and his balls were swelling with the urge to release. Rachel hesitated, her eyes downcast. "I... I didn't mean to-."

"Didn't mean to what? Didn't mean to cheat on this useless piece of shit?"

Rachel flinched, her cheeks reddening with shame. "I... I don't know..."

Marcus sneered, his eyes flashing with contempt. "You know exactly why. You know why you came to me instead of him."

Rachel remained silent, her lips pressed into a thin line.

"You did it 'cause he ain't got nothin'," Marcus continued, his voice low and dangerous. "'Cause he can't satisfy you like I can. 'Cause you're a dirty white slut who needs a big, strong black guy like me to fuck you and put you in your place."

Tears streamed down Rachel's cheeks, her eyes filling with shame and sorrow. She shook her head weakly, but no words came.

"That's right, white girl," Marcus taunted, his smirk growing wider.
"You're a little bitch. You're a slut, and you belong to me now."

Rachel let out a muffled sob, her hands trembling. "No," she whimpered, her voice barely audible. "I-."

"Tell him why you cheated. Tell him what you told me, bitch," Marcus barks. "Tell him whose dick bigger-."

Rachel's head jerked up, her eyes wide and teary. "Yours," she whispered, her voice cracking.

Marcus raised an eyebrow.

"Yours, daddy," Rachel repeated, her voice wavering.

Marcus's expression darkened, his nostrils flaring.

"Say it to him," he snarled. "Let him know why you cheated," he groans as Jake continues to suck his cock, relishing the flood of pre-cum leaking into his mouth. "Say it to his fucking face."

Rachel hesitated, her chest heaving as she fought to catch her breath. Her gaze fell to the floor, her hands fidgeting nervously.

"I cheated because... because-Jake, I'm so sorry-."

"Shut the fuck up and get to the point, bitch-."

"You're smaller than Marcus," she mumbled, her cheeks burning with shame, her small fingers wrapping around the base of his meaty dick. "You-."

"Tell him his dick tiny as shit!"

"Your dick is tiny as shit," Rachel cries, but her arousal is clearly audible as she rubs her face against the side of Marcus's bulging cock, smearing its scent all over face. "It's... It's so much smaller than Marcus's. I... I can't get off when I'm with you. Marcus-."

"And?"

"Marcus fills me up like you can't."

"Good," Marcus grunts. "Keep going."

Rachel's head bowed, her shoulders trembling as she cried all while wrapping her lips around Marcus's big black cock. Jake noticed how Marcus hadn't even asked her to.

She was doing it of her own volition.

How easily and seamlessly Rachel's lips closed around his shaft. She was a natural at it, and Jake couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. That she had chosen to go to someone else to fulfill her sexual desires.

"Go on, tell him. Tell him how you came crawling to me, begging me to fuck you."

"I'm so sorry," Rachel whimpered, her voice thick with regret. "He's so much fucking bigger than you-."

Jake felt a dull ache in his chest, his heart aching with humiliation. It was true, Marcus was bigger, and Rachel had cheated on him with a real man.

"And because I wanted to feel a real man inside me," Rachel continued, her voice barely a whisper. "A man who knows what he's doing, who can make me scream and beg and cry and make me cum for once," she confessed, now tainting the black alpha's cock with a mixture of snot and saliva. "So much better."

Jake could only respond in a grunt of sick pleasure as his throat worked to swallow Marcus's cock down to the base.

*

CHAPTER 18:

Her hands were busy stroking and playing with his balls. Marcus wasn't even ordering her to talk anymore. It just came out so naturally from her. "You-I-Marcus is a real man, and you-," she hesitated for a moment to take a wet lick of Marcus's balls, sniffing his sweat, her lips closing around his sack, sucking it and kissing it, as if apologizing. "Mmmmm," her sexy moan filled the room. "You're just a faggot..."

"Shit, I'm about to bust," Marcus growls. "I'm about to fill y'all mouths up."

Jake moaned in a faggy high pitch tone, his eyelids fluttering as he braced himself. Rachel too took heed of the warning, her fingers working even more furiously. Together, they worked Marcus's manhood with great gusto as a couple; Jake licking his shaft while Rachel focused on his balls. Their tongues and lips gliding and touching, sharing the same cock and balls.

"Don't waste a single drop-."

Their fingers touched and grazed, their lips too. The sounds of wet sucking and muffled groans filled the room, the air thick with the scent of musk and sex.

"Here it comes, oh, fuck-."

"Mmmmm, daddy," Rachel purred, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dark with desire. "Cum in my mouth-."

"Mmmmmmm," Jake too echoed her sentiment, his cock twitching between his legs.

"Cum all over faces, please," Rachel locker her fingers with Jake's with one hand while the other continued stroking Marcus's shaft.

Jake realized how warm Rachel's touch was, how soft her fingers felt against his own.

Marcus's body stiffened, his jaw clenched, his cock throbbing and pulsing as he erupted in Jake's mouth first. It was an explosion of molten lava, and Jake struggled to keep his mouth open as the hot, sticky mess coated his tongue and throat. Marcus's eyes were squeezed shut, his chest heaving as he emptied his balls into the warm, waiting hole. Rachel hungrily pushes Jake aside and covers the tip of Marcus's black cock with her own lips, taking a gulp and more of his cum.

Rachel and Jake moaned and groaned together as Marcus's cock spasmed and shot rope after rope of thick, creamy, hot white cum all over the two of them, their faces, hair, bodies. It was as if it would never end; Marcus simply had too much built up inside him that he freely and generously covered his two little white bitches with the essences of his virility. An act that sent burning waves of pleasure through the two of them.

They were supposed to be wholesome, young, adult lovers, two nerdish, white college juniors who had found each other and had their own little story.

Only that their little love story had to be ruined by a big bad-black-bull of a man, who showed no remorse and no empathy in his actions. Who had taken everything away from Jake. Who had instilled the idea inside Rachel's feeble mind that Jake was less of a man, an inferior being that deserved to be treated the way that he was being treated.

The miserable truth was that Jake agreed; he too enjoyed the treatment that Marcus gave him, the harsh words, the degrading slurs. Coming to terms with the fact that he was a little faggot white boy that was meant to serve his black superior in Marcus had become a cathartic experience. Like right now, as the final spurts of Marcus's thick seed painted their faces, the two white lovers looked at each other in shame and perversion.

Marcus pulled back with a satisfied grunt, his cock still dripping as he looked down at the two of them locked together in their depraved display of lust and affection. "Clean yourself up," he ordered, his smirk widening as he left them on their knees. "Clean it all up with only your mouths," he exits the room without another word.

Their expressions were soft and hazy at first. Rachel and Jake exchanged a glance, their faces burning with regret and humiliation. Slowly, hesitantly, Rachel leaned toward Jake, her tongue darting out to lick the streaks of cum from his chin. Jake froze for a moment, his breath hitching, before following suit, his tongue tracing her cheek to collect the salty remnants. The two of them worked together, their movements slow and mechanical as they hungrily cleaned each other off, panting and grunting in animalistic fashion. The noises they were exerting were nothing short of depraved, but they could not resist. They needed this for some reason, to taste each other's skin that was polluted with the seed of a strong, dominant male that had used the two of them to his content; like a rag that had been used and discarded.

"Your mouth tastes so good, Jake," Rachel sobs as the two of them share a sloppy kiss, their tongues tangling in an erotic dance. Licking and squirming in each other's mouth, Jake and Rachel could not help but feel the need for one another, a need for intimacy, for warmth. The thick, slimy cum that coated their lips mixed and dripped down their chins in thick strands of spit, making their kiss all the more wet and obscene. Drooling together in two different mouths, they savored the taste and smell of each other and Marcus at the same time. Rachel gently leans back on to the floor, pulling Jake on top of her.

"I love you Jake," she lets out a small gasp as Jake bends down between her legs to spread her thighs. "Love you so much," she covers her face in her hands, tears of bliss and shame streaming down her cheeks, as Jake sticks his tongue out to take a taste of his girlfriend's stretched out pink cunt.

*

CHAPTER 19:

Jake sat on the edge of their shared bed, his head in his hands, staring blankly at the worn carpet beneath his feet. His mind buzzed with fragmented images—flashes of Rachel and Marcus entwined in scenes that felt burned into his memory, haunting him no matter how much he tried to suppress them. Rachel's naked body, arched and trembling, as Marcus gripped her hips with unrelenting force.

Marcus standing behind her, commanding and unyielding, his hands roaming her body with a possessiveness Jake could never replicate. Rachel's lips wrapped around Marcus's cock while Jake knelt beside her, ashamed yet desperate to please.

Rachel being pinned against the wall inside the shower, looking back at Marcus with wide, eager eyes as Jake stood outside, his heart pounding and his arousal betraying him. "Give me that big black cock, daddy," her voice, thick with desperation, whispering, "Please, daddy. Fill me up. Fill my pink pussy up with your cum-."

Jake's own pathetic attempts at intimacy with Rachel afterward—fumbling, rushed, and hollow. Her body, stretched and loose, a constant reminder of what she'd been through with Marcus. He'd try to make love to her, but it always felt like a mockery, her soft sighs tinged with disappointment; how could she be not? Rachel could never even feel him inside her properly, not like the way Marcus stretched her out and made her whole.

It all came to him now, every detail searing into his brain, leaving him dizzy and breathless.

Rachel had stood near the door, arms crossed, her face a mix of pity and cold resolve.

"Jake," she had said, her voice cutting through the stillness like a blade. "We need to talk."

He had looked up, his chest tightening. Those words always preceded something terrible. "What is it?" he had asked, his voice trembling.

Rachel had hesitated for only a moment before drawing a deep breath. "I'm breaking up with you."

The room had tilted. Jake's mouth had gone dry as the words hung in the air. "What?" he had stammered, his voice cracking. "Why?"

Rachel hadn't responded to his feeble stammering. Instead, she had simply stared.

"I thought... I thought we loved each other? I thought we were happy-."

Rachel had let out a soft sigh, shaking her head. "Jake, this... whatever we've been doing, it's not love. It hasn't been for a long time."

His chest had ached, a sharp pain stabbing through his ribs. "Rachel, please," he had begged, standing. "Don't do this. We can fix things —"

"No," she had interrupted, her tone firmer now. "We can't fix this. I'm pregnant, Jake."

The words had hit him like a sledgehammer. His head spun as he processed them, his mouth opening and closing wordlessly. "You're... pregnant?" he had finally managed. He couldn't put his finger on the revelation; Jake had always thought Rachel had been careful about it and had always made sure to take her pills religiously.

"Yes," she had said, folding her arms across her chest. "And I can't stay here anymore. My dad's pulling me out of college, and I'm going back to Arkansas."

Jake's mind had felt like it would explode, a thousand thoughts clashing in his head. "Wait," he had said, his voice cracking. "Rachel, I'll take responsibility. It's our child. We can figure this out together."

A bitter laugh had escaped her lips, sharp and derisive. "Our child?" she had repeated, shaking her head. "You really think this baby is

yours?"

That was when the images and memories came flooding in, his heart pounding. He had remembered every single known instance of Marcus fucking Rachel, the love of his college life, in utter disdain and of course, her begging him not to stop while he had watched on with no shame. Not once had Jake put a stop to any of it.

And now, it had all come to an end, their relationship was over.

His heart stopped. The room seemed to close in on him, the walls pressing down as her words echoed in his ears. "What are you saying?" he whispered, his voice barely audible. "Rachel-."

Rachel's lips curled into a cruel smirk. "Jake, why would you think you're the father?" Her tone was light, mocking, as though she were explaining something obvious to a child. "What kind of woman would have a child with a man like you?"

The sharpness of her words cut through him, leaving a hollow ache in their wake. "I—I don't understand," he stammered, his hands trembling.

She took a step closer, her voice growing sharper. "Do you know how many times we've tried, Jake? How many times you've cum inside me raw? And how many times it's amounted to nothing?" her tone softened mockingly. "It never happened because it was never going to happen with you."

Jake stood frozen, his breaths shallow, his thoughts racing.

Rachel's expression shifted, a flicker of something more vulnerable crossing her face—shame, guilt, or perhaps something darker. "But it did happen with Marcus," she said quietly. "Just once, Jake. That's all it took."

Jake's head was spinning. He felt like he might throw up.

*

CHAPTER 20:

"I always took the pill," Rachel said, her voice cutting through his thoughts. "Every time, after every encounter. I couldn't let myself... I couldn't let it happen. Not like that."

Jake stared at her, his chest heaving. "Then how..."

Rachel's lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes narrowing. "Because I couldn't take it anymore, Jake. I couldn't keep lying to myself. Every time Marcus touched me, every time he was inside me, I knew it wasn't just sex. It was something more. Something I couldn't get from you. It just felt right-."

Her voice wavered, a strange mix of anger and sorrow. "I had to stop. I had to choose. And it wasn't much of a choice, really. Marcus is... Marcus is everything you're not."

Jake's knees weakened, and he sank onto the bed, his hands shaking as he stared at the floor.

"So, I stopped taking the pill," Rachel continued, her tone steadier now. "Just once. I wanted to feel it, Jake. To feel what it was like to truly let go, to let him give me something real. And it happened. Just once, and it happened."

Her words tore through him, each one a jagged blade. His mind raced with memories, her cries of pleasure echoing in his ears. The countless nights he'd watched, humiliated and aroused, as Marcus used her body. And now, this—this final act of betrayal, leaving her with a mark that could never be erased.

Rachel continued, her tone cruelly matter-of-fact. "I've been seeing Marcus on my own. Every time you weren't around. And every time, I begged him, Jake. Begged him to give me what you couldn't. Begged him to breed me, to fill me with his seed. And now, I'd did it

without the pill," she announces with pride. Jake watches Rachel caress her belly, a sense of awe and excitement etched on her face. She smirks at Jake with a superior, condescending tone, her eyes gleaming with malice. "Be hones, Jake, did you really think this could have been yours?"

Jake's eyes welled with tears, his chest burning. The images flashed in his mind, Rachel's face twisted in ecstasy, her body trembling as Marcus fucked her.

"I-."

Rachel stops him as she shakes her head, a humorless smile playing on her lips. "It never could've been, Jake. You're a pathetic excuse for a man-you're not even that. You're weak, and you're worthless," her tone grew harsher, laced with venom. "You could never give me what I need. You-were you even angry at me for cheating on you-?" he spots her lower lip tremble. "Did you-I-I'd expected you to at least scream at me-do something, at least-that would have told me you were fit enough to be my boyfriend."

She pauses, her brow furrowing as her gaze shifts to the ground. Her words were quiet, almost inaudible, but the bitterness and resentment were clear. "But you didn't. You just sat there, Jake, and you took it. Kept taking it like a pathetic bitch-a fucking faggot."

Jake's chest tightened, his jaw clenching. "How could you do this to me, Rachel? I thought-."

Rachel's face contorted, her eyes flashing with fury. "How could I do this to you? How could I do this to you???" she repeated, her voice trembling with rage. "You did this to yourself, you fucking-Jake, you let this happen. You allowed me to go behind your back. You watched and did nothing. You couldn't man up even if you tried, you fucking cuckold," her tone is low, dangerous. "You couldn't even stop him. He's a man, Jake, a real one-you're not. You're not a man, not even close-you're just a little bitch that doesn't deserve-."

Jake's vision blurred, and he fought to control his breathing, his heart hammering in his chest.

"Right here, right in this room. While you were sitting there, watching and listening while he kept pounding away, kept filling my pussy with his load and then kept going. Again and again. Over and over. And you didn't even fucking say anything and you got off on it. You enjoyed it, you fucking sick pervert. You wanted him to take me-to claim me. You wanted to see me get bred by a real man. You yourself kept telling me so many times how bad you wanted to see his huge black cock destroying my tight little white pussy, didn't you, Jake?"

Jake's throat went dry. "No, I-."

Rachel's expression softened, her tone turning mocking, almost patronizing. "And you know what? It's better this way. Better that you're not the father. You don't fucking deserve to have a family with me. Or anyone. You couldn't even man up to the guy who fucked your girlfriend like that, you'd get your ass beaten if you tried, you fucking asshole."

Jake's hands clenched into fists, his knuckles whitening. "Rachel-."

"Yes, I begged Marcus. I know when he must have knocked me up," she scoffs. "Do you know where it even happened? The same place you found me bent over, moaning like a fucking animal, in that same study hall when you walked in on us that time. That's where I wanted him to make me pregnant!" Rachel hisses. "The place where you could have done something and chose not to-where you chose to be a fucking faggot and instead let him claim me."

Jake's stomach dropped, his mind reeling as he processed her words. The study hall-the place where it had all started. The place where he'd first witnessed Marcus using her body.

"Now, it's over," she says, her tone flat, devoid of emotion. "I'm leaving. You're not going to call, text, or see me again. And if you ever try, if you ever do something stupid-which I'm sure you would-I'll make sure the entire campus knows what kind of man-no, not a man. What kind of fucking loser you are," her eyes bore into his, cold and hard. "That you can't satisfy your woman, and instead of making a stand, you sit there and get off to watching her being used

and bred by another man. Isn't that what gets you off, Jake? Are you happy now?"

The air seemed to vanish from the room. Jake struggled to breathe, his pulse racing.

Rachel took a step closer, her gaze never wavering. "I'll make sure the whole world knows, Jake. That you're not a man. That you're not good enough. That you're worthless," she spat the words, her voice thick with contempt. "Goodbye, Jake," Rachel said, her hand on the doorknob. "Thanks for the memories."

The door clicked shut behind her, leaving Jake alone in the suffocating silence of their room. His mind reeled, the weight of her confession pressing down on him like a crushing tide.

The images came again, sharper now. Rachel and Marcus entwined, her cries of ecstasy, her whispered pleas for him to fill her. The moment she chose him, the moment she stopped caring about Jake at all.

It was over.

Yet to quell the painful throbbing erection in his pants, Jake's fingers trembled as he unzipped his fly, his cock already leaking precum.

*

CHAPTER 21:

The campus gym showers were quiet at this hour, the faint hum of fluorescent lights echoing off the damp, tiled walls. Jake stood alone under one of the far stalls, water cascading over his bare shoulders as he stared blankly at the drain. His chest heaved with each breath, a heavy knot of anxiety twisting in his stomach. He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't have texted Marcus. But when the reply came—"Meet me in the gym showers. Don't keep me waiting, white boy."—he couldn't stop himself.

The door creaked open, and Jake's breath caught in his throat. Heavy footsteps echoed through the empty locker room, each one sending a jolt of adrenaline through his chest. He turned off the water, the sound of the stream replaced by the rhythmic thud of boots on tile.

"Well, well," Marcus's deep voice drawled, reverberating through the space. "Couldn't stay away, huh?"

Jake turned slowly, his stomach flipping as Marcus stepped into view. His tall, muscular frame seemed to fill the narrow aisle between the lockers, the low-hanging towel around his waist doing little to hide the outline of his cock beneath it. Beads of sweat glistened on his dark skin, and his eyes locked onto Jake with a predatory gleam.

"Yes," Jake started, his voice trembling, but Marcus's smirk cut him off.

"Save it, I know," Marcus said, stepping closer. "You wouldn't be standin' there, like a little bitch, if you didn't want this."

Jake's cheeks burned, his body trembling as Marcus closed the distance between them. The alpha's presence was overwhelming, his

sheer size and confidence making Jake feel small and powerless. He opened his mouth to protest, but the words wouldn't come.

Marcus reached out, gripping Jake's chin firmly and tilting his face upward. "You already know how this goes, Jakey boy," he said, his tone low and taunting. "On your knees. Now."

Jake hesitated, his heart pounding in his chest. "Marcus, I—"

"Don't make me ask twice," Marcus growled, his grip tightening slightly. "And don't call me by my name, you little bitch. Or do you need a reminder of how things work between us?"

Jake's legs gave out before he could think, and he sank to his knees on the cold, wet tiles. His hands shook as he looked up at Marcus, his chest heaving with shame and anticipation.

"That's more like it," Marcus said, his smirk widening as he untucked the towel from his waist.

Jake's breath hitched as Marcus's cock sprang free, thick and heavy, already semi-hard. It bobbed slightly as Marcus stepped closer, the heat of his body radiating against Jake's flushed skin.

"Open up," Marcus commanded, gripping the back of Jake's head.

Jake's lips parted instinctively, his tongue darting out to wet them as Marcus guided him forward. The blunt head of Marcus's cock pressed against his lips, and Jake hesitated for only a moment before letting him in.

The taste of musk and salt filled his mouth as Marcus slid deeper, his cock stretching Jake's lips and hitting the back of his throat. Jake gagged slightly, his hands clutching Marcus's thighs as he tried to steady himself.

"Shit," Marcus groaned, his hand tightening in Jake's hair. "Still tight, huh? Guess your girl's been keepin' you too busy."

Jake whimpered softly, the sound muffled around Marcus's cock. His face burned with humiliation, but his own arousal betrayed him, his cock twitching between his thighs despite the overwhelming shame.

"Look at you," Marcus said with a chuckle, his hips moving in slow, deliberate thrusts. "On your knees, takin' my cock like the little bitch you are. Bet Rachel would love to see this. She couldn't tag along, huh? Or she doesn't know-."

Jake's stomach twisted, a fresh wave of shame washing over him. He wanted to protest, to deny it, but the weight of Marcus's dominance left him powerless.

"Say it," Marcus growled, his voice low and commanding. "Say you're my bitch."

Jake's eyes squeezed shut, tears stinging his cheeks as he whispered, "I'm your bitch."

"Louder," Marcus barked, tugging on Jake's hair.

"I'm your bitch," Jake said again, his voice breaking.

"Damn right you are, you're my little faggot bitch," Marcus muttered, his thrusts growing harder. "And don't you forget it."

The sound of wet sucking and low grunts filled the air, the faint scent of sweat and chlorine mingling with the musk of Marcus's arousal. Jake's knees ached against the hard tiles, but he didn't stop. He couldn't.

"Now, call me daddy," Marcus said, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction.

Jake hesitated, his chest tightening.

"Say it," Marcus demanded, his grip on Jake's hair firm and unyielding.

"Daddy," Jake whispered, his voice trembling.

"Louder."

"Daddy," Jake repeated, his cheeks burning with humiliation.

Marcus groaned, his cock twitching against Jake's tongue. "That's what I like to hear."

Jake's mind swirled, his body on autopilot as he obeyed Marcus's every command. He hated himself for the way his body responded,

for the way his arousal built despite the humiliation. But in this moment, none of it mattered. All that mattered was pleasing Marcus.

*

CHAPTER 22:

Jake's cheek pressed against the cold, wet tiles of the shower floor, his body trembling as the weight of Marcus settled on top of him. The sound of water dripping from the showerhead mixed with the pounding of his heart and the raw, heavy breaths filling the air. The scent of musk and sweat surrounded him, wrapping him in a haze of depravity he couldn't escape—and didn't want to.

Marcus's strong hands gripped his hips, pulling him back, positioning him. Jake whimpered, his cock twitching against his stomach as he felt the thick, blunt head of Marcus's cock pressing against his entrance. He clenched instinctively, the pressure overwhelming, but Marcus didn't stop. He never stopped.

"You're tight, white boy," Marcus muttered, his voice a low growl. "Relax. Daddy's gonna stretch you out real good."

"Yes, daddy," Jake's breath hitched, his hands clawing at the tiles as Marcus pushed forward, the thick shaft breaching him slowly. Pain shot through Jake's body, sharp and hot, but it was laced with an undeniable pleasure that made his toes curl. His mouth fell open in a silent gasp, his back arching as Marcus filled him completely, stretching him in ways he'd never imagined.

"Fuck," Marcus groaned, his grip on Jake's hips bruising. "Look at you takin' it like a good little bitch. Bet you've been wanting this for a while-."

Jake moaned, his voice high and broken as Marcus began to move, his thrusts slow and deliberate. Each movement sent a jolt of pleasure-pain through Jake's body, his cock throbbing pathetically beneath him. He bit his lip, tears streaming down his cheeks as he tried to process the onslaught of sensations.

"Keep talking," Marcus growled, his thrusts growing harder. "Let me hear you talk, faggot."

"I'm your faggot, daddy," Jake gasped, his voice trembling. "I'm your faggot white boy, daddy."

"That's right," Marcus said with a dark chuckle. "And don't you forget it."

Jake's thoughts spiraled, his mind a whirlwind of shame and arousal. He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't be doing this. But as Marcus's cock hit something deep inside him, sending a wave of pleasure rippling through his body, all those thoughts melted away

I'm a faggot white boy. I don't deny it-.

How did it come to this? Jake wondered, his cheek still pressed to the floor as Marcus pounded into him. How did I end up here, cheating on Rachel like this?

The answer was simple: Marcus. From the moment they'd met, Marcus had a power over him, a dominance Jake couldn't resist. Even when he tried to stay away, tried to focus on Rachel and their relationship, the pull of Marcus was too strong. It was like gravity—inescapable, overwhelming.

He'd told himself it was wrong, that he couldn't keep seeing Marcus like this, but every time Marcus texted, every time he called, Jake came running. And now, here he was, sprawled out on the floor, taking Marcus's cock like it was the only thing that mattered.

Jake's breath hitched as Marcus's hand slid up his back, gripping the nape of his neck. "You like this, don't you?" Marcus growled. "Like bein' my little fuck toy."

"Yes, Daddy," Jake whimpered, his voice muffled against the tiles. "I love it. I love being your faggot."

Marcus laughed, the sound dark and mocking. "Bet you're wishin' you were your girl right now, huh? Bet you wish I was breedin' that tight little pussy instead of this tight ass."

Jake's cheeks burned, his body trembling as Marcus's words struck a chord deep inside him. He did wish it. He wished he could be Rachel, bent over for Marcus, begging to be filled, to be claimed. The thought sent a shiver down his spine, his arousal spiking as he imagined himself in her place. Being conquered, used, dominated by the powerful black stud above him.

Jake couldn't stop the images from flashing through his mind, couldn't stop his cock from throbbing beneath him. The thought of being bred by Marcus, claimed in a way no one else could—it was intoxicating. Addictive.

Marcus leaned in, his lips brushing Jake's ear. "Tell me what you want," he growled.

"I want you to fuck me, daddy," Jake whispered, his voice shaky.

"That's all you want?" Marcus's tone was taunting, challenging.

"N-no," Jake stammered, his cheeks burning.

"No what, bitch?" Marcus grunted, his thrusts growing harder.

"No, Daddy. I want you to breed me," Jake said, the words leaving his lips before he could stop them.

"Breed you, huh?" Marcus repeated, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Y-yes, Daddy," Jake whispered, his pulse racing.

"You want me to knock you up, little faggot?" Marcus asked, his tone dangerous.

"Yes, Daddy. I want you to claim me, make me yours," Jake pleaded, his body trembling with need. "Fucking breed me, daddy," Jake whimpers, his voice barely audible.

The words hung in the air, thick and heavy, and Jake knew there was no going back.

Marcus chuckled darkly, his grip on the back of Jake's neck tightening. "I'll breed you, alright. You're my bitch now, and I'm gonna make damn sure everyone knows it."

Jake moaned, the sound echoing through the shower stall as Marcus's thrusts became brutal, relentless. Each one drove Jake's face against the floor, his body writhing in pleasure and pain. He knew he should resist, that this was wrong, but the primal urge to be dominated, to be bred, overpowered any sense of logic or reason. It was just right to be used like this. To be used like Rachel was in front of him.

I'm just like her, Jake realized, the thought hitting him like a punch to the gut. We're the same. Both of us, giving in to him, letting him use us, letting him...

"Breed me," Jake gasped, the words spilling from his lips before he could stop them. "Please, Daddy. Breed me. Fill me up."

Marcus groaned, his thrusts growing harder, faster. "You want my seed, huh?" he taunted. "Want me to fill you up like I do to your girl?"

"Yes," Jake moaned, his voice breaking. "Yes, Daddy. Please. Make me yours."

The room was filled with the sounds of their bodies colliding, the wet slap of skin against skin, the low grunts and gasps echoing off the walls. Jake's cock leaked against the tiles, untouched and throbbing, his entire body trembling as Marcus drove him closer to the edge.

"Fuck, you're tight," Marcus muttered, his voice thick with arousal. "Gonna fill you up, white boy. Gonna make you mine."

Jake's mind spun, the weight of Marcus's dominance pressing down on him like a physical force. He'd never felt so powerless, so utterly owned, and yet he couldn't get enough. He wanted more. He needed more.

"Daddy," he gasped, his voice trembling. "Please. Give it to me. I need it. I need your black dick, daddy."

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum, shit, you're gonna make me cum already," Marcus's grip on his hips tightened, his thrusts growing erratic as he neared his climax. "Take it, boy," he growled. "Take every fuckin' drop."

Jake's body tensed as Marcus's cock throbbed inside him, hot spurts of cum filling him with a heat that made his entire body shudder. He moaned loudly, his own cock twitching as he came untouched, his release spilling onto the tiles beneath him. Flooding deep into his bowels, was boiling hot and seemingly endless cum. Jake could feel his insides being flooded with the potent virile seed.

Marcus let out a low, satisfied groan, his grip on Jake's hips loosening as he slowed his thrusts. "Fuck," he muttered, his breathing ragged.

Jake's limbs went limp, his cheek pressed against the cool tiles. He could feel Marcus's cum seeping from his abused hole, trickling down his thighs. His entire body was flushed with heat, his chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. As the haze of pleasure faded, a knot of guilt twisted in his gut. What had he done?

Marcus groaned, his hands relaxing on Jake's hips as he slowed, his weight settling on Jake's back. The room was silent except for the sound of their heavy breathing, the scent of musk and sex hanging in the air like a cloud. He pulled out slowly, leaving Jake feeling empty, hollow.

Jake closed his eyes, his cheek still pressed against the cold tiles as Marcus's weight pressed him down. His mind swirled with shame and satisfaction, the lines between them blurring until he couldn't tell the difference.

We're the same, he thought again, his breath hitching. Rachel and I. He should have been disgusted, repulsed by the thought, but the truth was clear.

In that moment, Jake realized the truth: he didn't care. He belonged to Marcus. Just like Rachel did.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Because in truth, it was only right that a superior alpha male such as Marcus owned them both.

*

CHAPTER 23:

The air in the restroom was thick with heat and sweat, the sharp scent of sex saturating every breath. Lindsay was on top of Jake now, her bare skin pressed against his as she straddled him, her hips grinding in slow, taunting circles. Jake lay beneath her, his hands limp at his sides, his face burning with humiliation and arousal. He could feel every curve of her body, the softness of her breasts against his chest, her dampness slick against his stomach.

But Jake knew this wasn't for him. It never had been.

Behind her, Marcus loomed like a dark storm cloud, his large hands gripping Lindsay's hips, his powerful frame dominating the scene. His cock, still glistening from the last round, teased at her entrance, and Lindsay moaned low in her throat, arching her back to meet him.

"Oh, Jake," she purred, her lips brushing against his ear as she leaned forward. "You feel so small under me. So... pathetic." Her voice was a mix of mockery and seduction, her breath hot against his skin. "No wonder your girlfriend left you for a real man-."

The insult struck a chord deep inside Jake, a fresh wave of shame washing over him. She was right, and he couldn't deny it. He'd confessed to having sucked Marcus's big black cock and his girlfriend's infidelity. It was a short confession, the details glossed over. Marcus had attested to his side of things and the truth.

"Fuck, I can feel him deep inside me-."

Jake's throat tightened, his mind a whirlwind of shame and forbidden desire. He wanted to protest, to push her away, but his body betrayed him. His arousal pressed feebly against her thigh, and she smirked as she felt it.

"Really?" she laughed, sitting up slightly to look down at him. "That's all you've got?" She ground her hips down harder, rubbing herself against him in a way that made him gasp. "How is it that you can get off on this, Jake? Watching a real man take your wife?" she breathes, her voice laced with mocking disdain. "You even let him do all that to your girlfriend-."

She leaned in closer, her lips hovering just above his, her hair brushing against his skin. The noises in the room seemed to fade away, replaced by the pounding of his heart, the rhythmic slapping of flesh against flesh. Rachel, Lindsay, Marcus-and him, of course.

"Shit, he loved getting fucked in the ass as much as his bitch did," Marcus said, his voice thick with amusement, crashing his big, muscular hips into Lindsay.

"Oh my God," she moaned, her nails digging into Jake's shoulders. "I can feel him stretching me, Jake. So deep. So thick. So much bigger than you-."

Jake groaned softly, his hands clenching into fists as he watched her. Marcus smirked above them, his eyes locking with Jake's as he began to move, slow and deliberate, each thrust making Lindsay tremble.

"You feel that, little man?" Marcus taunted, his voice low and mocking. "That's how a real man takes a woman. You could never give her this."

Jake knew he was right. He could never give her this. He could never give Rachel this. That was because Jake knew he was a limp dick cock loving faggot, a worthless loser that didn't deserve a woman like Lindsay, or his girlfriend back in college. No wonder Rachel had chosen a stud like Marcus.

It aroused him like nothing else. His wife's clit rubbed against the underside of his cock as she rode him. It was the most amazing feeling ever, her pussy hot and wet, her moans loud and erotic. Liquid warmth seeping down the base of his shaft, soaking his pubes and balls.

Lindsay leaned in again, her lips brushing against his. Her breath was warm, sweet, her body pressed against his. She moved in sync with Marcus, her breasts sliding against Jake's chest, her hair falling around his face. Jake couldn't help but moan, his hands coming up to rest on her hips, his fingers digging into her soft skin.

"Mmm, you like that?" she murmured, her lips curving into a smile. "You love it that your wife is being taken like this, don't you?"

Jake nods.

Lindsay leaned forward again, her lips brushing against Jake's ear now as she whispered, "He's right, you know. You never could. I've never felt this full before, Jake. Never felt this alive."

Her words cut deep, but Jake couldn't tear his eyes away. He hated himself for it, but he couldn't deny the way his body reacted, the way his excitement grew despite the humiliation. It felt right. It felt good. The natural way of things. Jake's chest tightened, his breath coming in shallow gasps as Rachel's words from years ago echoed in his mind. He wanted to turn away, to block out the sight and sound of his wife being claimed by another man, but he couldn't.

He was trapped, both physically and mentally, unable to escape the overwhelming mix of shame and arousal coursing through him.

*

CHAPTER 24:

Lindsay's movements became more erratic, her hips grinding down against Jake as Marcus drove into her from behind. She threw her head back, her eyes rolling shut as a scream tore from her throat. "Oh God, yes! Yes! Right there!"

Marcus smirked, his hands sliding up her body to cup her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her hardened nipples. "Who owns this pussy, bitch?" he spanks her.

"You do," Lindsay gasps. "You own this pink fucking pussy," Lindsay gasps. "This tight white girl cunt-."

Jake's lips parted in a silent gasp, his entire body tensing as he felt the heat of her release spill onto him. It wasn't even her actual orgasm, but rather a show of her arousal, her excitement, her pleasure. Never had Lindsay ever squirted like this before.

And that was when it hit Jake: it was the same with Rachel.

This is what it felt like for Rachel. When Marcus dominated her the same way he was dominating Lindsay in front of him; taking control, making them submit, using them as nothing more than a fuck toy, bitches in heat, begging for his potent seed.

It all had happened before.

And just like Rachel and Lindsay, Jake too had experienced this before. His pink little balls quivered with a desperate need to release. His cock ached, pulsing feebly beneath Lindsay's writhing body, the wet friction of her movements sending waves of pleasure through his body. Just like Lindsay, Jake too had been on his fours, spreading his asscheeks and begging Marcus for his big, black cock.

The realization made Jake's heart skip a beat, a fresh wave of shame washing over him. His arms slithered around his wife's shoulders

pulling her into an embrace, and Lindsay reciprocated by planting a hot, sloppy kiss on his lips, her tongue invading his mouth.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum inside your cunt, bitch-," Marcus announced.

"Yes!" Lindsay cried, her voice raw with pleasure. "God, yes!"

Jake whimpered beneath her, his own arousal throbbing painfully as he watched the scene unfold. He could feel her heat, her wetness, her body trembling against his, but it wasn't for him. It would never be for him. He could only hope and wish but-

Marcus leaned down, his lips brushing against Lindsay's ear as he whispered, "You're mine now, Lindsay. Say it."

Lindsay shivered, her nails digging into Jake's shoulders as she moaned, "I'm yours, Marcus. All yours."

The words sent another fresh wave of humiliation through Jake, but he couldn't stop the way his hips bucked weakly against hers, his body desperate for release.

"Tell your husband you're leaving his little faggot ass for a real man," Marcus commanded. "Just like his girlfriend did after I fucked her just like this-."

"Jake, I-I'm leaving you," Lindsay stuttered, her voice thick with emotion. "I can feel his fucking dick twitching in me, I-I'm going to be his, fuck," Lindsay gasped. "Oh, God, Jake-he's gonna cum inside me. He's gonna fucking cum inside me, Jake-!"

"Fuck yeah, bitch-," Marcus snarled, his thrusts growing erratic.

"Oh, FUCK!!!!JAKE!!!!!!!!!! JAKE, I LOVE YOU! FUCK!!!!"

Lindsay shuddered against him, her body tensing as she came, her moans mingling with the sounds of Marcus's grunts and growls. Jake couldn't hold back any longer, his own release hitting him like a tidal wave. He clung to her, his body trembling as he spilled himself between their sweat-slick bodies, his moans muffled against her neck. I love you, Lindsay, his voice never came out. I love you so much. Jake whimpered, his face burning with shame as he realized

how small and feeble his release was compared to Marcus's from before.

Marcus groaned, his grip tightening on Lindsay's hips as he thrust deep one final time, spilling his seed inside her. He held her there, his body trembling with the force of his release, his breath ragged and uneven. With a giant roar, Marcus's balls twitched, pulsing and throbbing, and his hot seed began pumping out into Lindsay's womb, flooding her pink fertile insides.

Jake's heart ached as he felt her shudder in his arms, her lips parted in a soundless gasp, her eyes rolling back. He could see the ecstasy on her face, the mixture of pleasure and pain as she took Marcus's seed, as she took the man she truly belonged to. It was then, that Jake realized, the only reason why he had even existed in Lindsay's life was for the sole purpose of making him submit to his superior alpha male. He had brought Lindsay into Marcus's life, and the man had taken her from him just like he had taken Rachel.

For a moment, the three of them remained frozen in place, their bodies slick with sweat and the aftermath of their shared depravity. Panting, breathing heavily-.

Then Marcus pulled back, his cock slipping out of Lindsay with a loud, lewd sound, leaving her trembling and dripping with his essence.

Lindsay slumped forward, her body collapsing onto Jake's as she tried to catch her breath. Jake lay beneath her, his mind spinning, his body aching, and his soul crushed. Marcus stepped back, his smirk firmly in place as he surveyed the scene, the image of his dominance complete.

*

CHAPTER 25:

The restroom was quiet now, save for the faint hum of the lights and the rhythmic dripping of a leaky faucet. Lindsay leaned heavily against the sink, her chest still rising and falling from the intensity of it all. Her reflection stared back at her, and she barely recognized the woman in the mirror. Flushed cheeks, disheveled hair, sweat-slicked skin, and the unmistakable sheen of lustful indulgence—she looked like a stranger. A stranger that had been run through a marathon, her body used and abused by a man that could not be denied.

In the aftermath of Marcus's claiming, Lindsay felt both ashamed and exhilarated. The guilt of what they'd done threatened to swallow her whole, but the satisfaction, the relief, the freedom, was undeniable. She'd done something she could never undo. Her gaze drifted to Jake, who knelt on the floor, his head bowed, his posture crumpled like a man who had been completely unraveled. The sight of him tugged painfully at her chest. He looked so small, so defeated, and it hit her all at once—what have I done?

The words that had left his mouth moments earlier echoed in her mind: I love you, Lindsay. I love you so much.

Those words held so much weight, so much meaning. Despite his literal shortcomings and a spineless personality, despite the fact that Lindsay had always been nothing but condescending and demeaning to him, despite everything, Jake loved her. Even now, being ravaged by Marcus, even after she had betrayed his trust and his love, Jake still loved her.

Tears welled up in Lindsay's eyes, her vision blurring as she gazed down at him. How could she have been so cruel, so callous, to the man who had always been there for her? To the man who had supported her and loved her unconditionally, no matter what?

She should've apologized, should've said something, but the words wouldn't come. Instead, Lindsay stood there, silent and numb, the weight of her guilt and shame crushing her like a vise. She should have denied Marcus the moment he put his hand on her when she walked out of the restroom stall, should've slapped him or called him a pervert, should've told him to get lost. She should have resisted, should've told him off, should've done anything to stop him, but instead, she had let him have his way with her.

And it felt incredible.

Lindsay swallowed, the memory of his cock buried inside her making her tremble. The shame and humiliation was just as powerful as the pleasure, but still, she knew that if the chance arose, she'd let him do it again. She'd let him take her, claim her, own her. She'd give herself to him without a second thought, no matter how wrong it was. Like how she'd told him her husband was waiting for her when Marcus felt her up, and how he'd just chuckled and called Jake a pussy that wouldn't do anything, which ended up being true.

Marcus knew Jake better than anyone, after all.

Yet all of it seemed completely negated by the fact that Jake still loved her, even after everything. That, despite everything, Lindsay was still his.

Lindsay closed her eyes, taking a deep breath as she tried to collect herself. Her legs were weak, her knees threatening to buckle beneath her. She gripped the edge of the sink, her knuckles white.

This had to have an end; they couldn't stay like this forever. They couldn't continue like this, she had to make a choice.

Jake looked up at her, his eyes filled with sorrow, and something else—longing. He still wanted her, even now.

And Lindsay knew what she had to do.

The weight of her choices pressed down on her, suffocating and relentless. She had told herself this was harmless, that it was just a fantasy, a game, a way to escape the monotony of her marriage. But it wasn't harmless. It had never been harmless. The look on Jake's

face now—the tears, the shame, the devastation—made that painfully clear.

She had pushed him too far. She had pushed herself too far. And for what? For Marcus? For a lowlife who worked as a janitor at a mall over an husband with a career and a bright future?

A future he didn't even deserve. For both the right and the wrong reasons.

Marcus had done exactly what he'd set out to do. He'd ruined everything, destroyed her marriage, her family. And in the process, he'd taken away her dignity, her self-respect.

Lindsay opened her eyes, looking at herself in the mirror, really looking at herself for the first time in a long time. Her reflection stared back at her, defiant and unapologetic.

Her lips pressed into a tight line as her thoughts shifted to the man standing smugly behind her. Marcus was everything Jake wasn't—physically dominant, sexually confident, powerful in ways that Jake could never be. But that power was hollow. The longer she stood here, the more she realized that Marcus didn't care about her. Not really. To him, she wasn't a person; she was a conquest, a notch on his belt, another married woman he could brag about breaking.

Lindsay's stomach churned as she thought back to the way Marcus had touched her, the way he had spoken to her, the way he had commanded her to humiliate Jake. At the time, it had felt thrilling, intoxicating even. But now? Now it felt empty.

Her eyes flicked to Jake again. He had always been there for her, even when she didn't deserve it. He had put up with her nagging, her coldness, her condescension, and he had done it all because he loved her. And she? She had repaid that love with cruelty. She had torn him down, belittled him, emasculated him, all in the name of satisfying her own selfish desires.

She felt a lump rise in her throat, and tears prickled at the corners of her eyes. You don't deserve him, a voice in her head whispered. You never did.

*

CHAPTER 26:

Marcus's voice cut through the quiet like a knife. "Come on," he said, his tone low and full of smug certainty. "Let's get out of here. Come with me."

Lindsay turned slowly, her body still thrumming with the raw energy of what had just happened. She met his gaze, her expression unreadable. "Come with you?" she repeated, a hint of amusement creeping into her tone.

"Yeah," Marcus said, stepping closer. "You think I'm just gonna let some woman like you walk out after what we just did? Nah, baby, you're mine now. Let's go." He extended his hand as if it were already a foregone conclusion.

Lindsay raised an eyebrow, her lips curving into a slow, dangerous smile. "Is that what you think?"

Marcus's confidence faltered for just a moment, but he quickly recovered, doubling down. "That's what I know. You need a man like me, not some weak little bitch who can't even—"

"Stop," Lindsay interrupted, her voice sharp and commanding. Marcus blinked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in her tone. "You don't call my husband that-."

She stepped forward, closing the distance between them. Despite her smaller stature, the intensity in her eyes made Marcus take an instinctive step back. "Let me make something very clear to you," she said, her voice calm but laced with steel. "What happened here? That was my choice. You didn't take anything from me. You didn't 'claim' me. I allowed it. I decided how this would go."

Marcus's jaw tightened, his fists clenching at his sides. "You're talking a lot for someone who—"

"For someone who what?" Lindsay shot back, cutting him off again. She took another step forward, her finger jabbing into his chest. "For someone who let you have your fun? Let me tell you something, Marcus. You didn't dominate me. You didn't 'own' me. I let you do all that, you didn't do shit-."

Marcus's face darkened, his smirk twisting into a snarl. "You've got some nerve—"

"You're goddamn right I do," Lindsay snapped, her voice rising. "And if you think for one second that I'm going to let you walk out of here thinking you can control me, you're delusional."

Jake stirred slightly from his spot on the floor, his wide eyes darting between Lindsay and Marcus. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Marcus glared at Lindsay, his composure slipping. "You're lucky I don't—"

"Don't what?" Lindsay challenged, her voice dripping with contempt. "Hit me? Intimidate me? Go ahead, Marcus. Try it. Let's see how far that gets you."

For a moment, Marcus looked like he might explode. His fists clenched, his nostrils flared, and his entire body radiated anger. But Lindsay didn't flinch. She stood her ground, her eyes boring into his with unshakable confidence.

"You're nothing but a bully," she said quietly, her words cutting deeper than any shout could. "Always have been, I'm sure. You know what else you are? A fucking loser. And always will be."

Marcus stepped forward, his hand twitching at his side as if he might strike her. Lindsay's eyes flicked to Jake, who had risen to his knees but still looked too stunned to move. She braced herself, ready to take whatever Marcus might throw her way.

"You know you got a big mouth for some bitch who was sucking my dick not long ago," he growled, stepping closer. "You think I won't do anything, huh? Think I won't slap the shit outta you?"

Lindsay narrowed her eyes, her expression hardening. "Try me, asshole."

For a moment, it seemed like Marcus might back down. But then his anger boiled over, and he raised his fist, his body towering over hers. Lindsay's breath caught in her throat; her body frozen in place as the reality of the situation hit her. Before Marcus could swing, Jake lunged forward, throwing himself between them. The punch connected squarely with Jake's jaw, sending him sprawling to the floor. He hit the tiles with a sickening thud, his vision swimming as pain radiated through his face.

"Jake!" Lindsay screamed, dropping to her knees beside him.

Marcus stared at Lindsay next. What have we done? What the fuck have you done, Lindsay? she thought, her eyes burning with unshed tears. This went horribly wrong.

"Stay down, faggot," Marcus sneered, looking down on the pair of them.

Jake struggled to get up, but his limbs felt like jelly, his head spinning. He had been so close, so damn close. "Lindsay-," Jake choked out, his voice hoarse.

But before either of them could act, a muffled voice filtered through the restroom door.

"Hello? Is someone in there? You've been in there for a while," the voice called. "How long has this door been locked? Where is that useless piece of shit, Marcus? Why are we even paying him-."

It was a staff member, and from the sounds of it, was somebody who had Marcus on their payroll. The loud knock that followed reverberated through the restroom, making Marcus's jaw tighten. He turned his head slightly, listening as another voice—clearly irritated—muttered something about finding him on another floor. Footsteps followed, then silence.

Lindsay held her breath, her eyes fixed on Marcus. A thousand thoughts raced through her mind, but the only thing that mattered

was keeping Jake safe. She reached for his hand, lacing their fingers together. He flinched, but she squeezed his hand reassuringly.

"Get the fuck out," Marcus growled, turning back to glare at Lindsay.

Lindsay crossed her arms, her expression cool and unbothered.

"Looks like your time here with us is up," she said, her tone cutting through the tension like a blade. "Unless you want me to call them back and have you explain to them why you're standing here with your pants down, I suggest you leave first, dickhead."

Marcus's jaw clenched, his hands balled into fists, but he knew that Lindsay was right. There was no way he could explain what had just happened, not without implicating himself in a serious crime.

"You're one lucky little bitch, you know that?" Then his gaze shifted to Lindsay, and his smirk returned, cruel and taunting. "But this ain't over, sweetheart. You'll be begging for me again soon enough."

Lindsay didn't flinch, her voice steady as she replied, "You're going to leave this restroom and pretend this never happened. And if you so much as breathe in my direction again, I'll make sure your life becomes a living hell. Try me."

The two of them stared at each other, the tension thick and heavy in the air. Finally, Marcus broke eye contact, his eyes flicking down to Jake, then back up to Lindsay. Without another word, he turned and finally stormed out of the restroom, the door swinging shut behind him.

Jake groans as he finally manages to climb back up on his feet, his feet aching miserably.

*

CHAPTER 27:

The hum of the car engine filled the silence as Jake and Lindsay drove back home. The faint glow of the dashboard lights reflected off the windshield, casting pale shadows across their tired faces. Neither had spoken since leaving the mall. Jake gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles white, his mind replaying the events of the day in an endless loop.

"Are you sure you don't want me to drive?" Lindsay had asked her husband gently. "I can tell you're still shaken up-."

"I'm fine, Lindsay," Jake had replied, his tone short. "I'm alright."

Now, beside him, Lindsay shifted in her seat, her hands wringing nervously in her lap. She stared out the window, her eyes glossy and unfocused. The silence grew heavier with each passing mile until, finally, she broke it.

"Jake..." Her voice was soft, trembling slightly. "I've been a horrible wife."

Jake blinked, his grip on the wheel loosening as he glanced at her. "What?" he asked, his voice hesitant, unsure if he'd heard her correctly.

Tears welled in Lindsay's eyes, spilling over as she wiped at them hastily. "I've been awful to you," she said, her voice cracking. "I've made fun of you, belittled you, gaslighted you... I've treated you like shit, Jake. And today-I cheated-I-I'm so sorry."

Jake didn't know what to say. His heart thudded in his chest as he stared at her, his mind reeling. It was true, she had been horrible to him, but now? Now she was apologizing, and it didn't feel like her. It was a first.

"Why-why are you telling me this now?" Jake's voice wavered.

"Because I mean it, Jake," Lindsay sniffed, her gaze meeting his.

"I've never been sorrier for anything in my life. I love you, Jake."

She had never admitted to any of this before, never acknowledged the things she'd done or said. Hearing it now, so openly, felt surreal.

"I don't know why I acted like that," Lindsay continued, her tears falling freely now. "Maybe I was frustrated, maybe I was scared... but none of those excuses how I treated you. You didn't deserve it. And I promise, I'll do better. I'll be better."

Jake swallowed hard, his throat tight. He wanted to believe her, wanted to feel something—relief, forgiveness, anything—but all he felt was numb. He glanced at her again, her tear-streaked face lit faintly by the passing streetlights, and he struggled to process the weight of her words.

"Lindsay..." he began, his voice shaky, but she interrupted him.

"No, Jake," she said firmly, her voice steadying. "I need you to hear this. I've been horrible to you, and I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I'm asking for it anyway. I want to fix this. I want us to be okay."

Jake tightened his grip on the wheel, his jaw clenching as he stared ahead. He didn't trust himself to speak. His mind swirled with conflicting emotions, the echoes of Marcus's taunts and Lindsay's gaslighting still fresh in his memory. He didn't know if he could forgive her, or if he even wanted to. He blinked, the unexpected confession catching him off guard. "Lindsay, you don't have to—"

"I do," she interrupted, her voice firm. "Because none of what happened today, or what's happened before, was your fault. You were bullied, you were manipulated, and you've been carrying the weight of those experiences alone. You don't have to do that anymore."

Jake's grip on the steering wheel loosened slightly, his chest tightening as her words sank in.

"You're a good man, Jake," she continued, her voice softening. "The goofy, sweet guy I fell in love with. The man who always tries to make things better, even when it's not his responsibility. I love you

for that. And nothing that's happened—not your past, not today—changes how I feel about you.”

Jake swallowed hard, his throat tight as tears pricked the corners of his eyes. “Lindsay,” he began, his voice trembling, “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything,” she replied gently. “And about-you know, whatever you're into-I don't judge you for it. Sure, it's-weird, and that doesn't excuse me throwing away our marriage and cheating, but you have my support, Jake.”

He had been expecting her to bring it up. After everything she'd put him through, after the humiliation she'd made him feel, he had expected her to use his secret against him. Yet here she was, apologizing. Saying all the things he'd wanted her to always say. Lindsay's expression softened, her eyes glimmering in the moonlight as she reached over, placing her hand gently over his. “I love you, Jake,” she repeated, her voice barely a whisper. “Just know that I want us to move forward. I want us to be honest with each other, about everything. About how we feel, about what we want. And yeah, I think if you're okay with it-if you want to explore things-you can be open about it, okay? I'll never hold it up against you. You don’t have to hide anymore, Jake. Not from me.”

Jake nodded slowly, blinking back tears. “Thank you,” he said quietly, his voice thick with emotion. “That means... it means a lot.”

The silence returned and stretched on until Lindsay spoke again, her voice quieter now. “Have you... have you ever heard back from Rachel?” she asked, her tone cautious.

Jake’s stomach twisted at the mention of her name. He shook his head. “No,” he said shortly. “She’s... she’s gone now.”

“Gone?” Lindsay pressed, her brows furrowing. “What do you mean?”

“She left college,” Jake explained, his voice flat. “Moved back to Arkansas. Last I heard, she went into politics.”

Lindsay's eyes widened slightly; her curiosity piqued. "Politics? Really? What kind?"

Jake hesitated, his grip on the wheel tightening. "She's... well, she's kind of a big deal now. A conservative, Christian Republican senator."

Lindsay's jaw dropped. "Wait... Senator Rachel Harrington? As in *the* Senator Rachel Harrington?" She leaned closer, her disbelief evident. "You're telling me you dated that racist bitch? That's the Rachel that Marucs-? Oh, wow. She was-."

Jake nodded, his expression unreadable. "Yeah," he said simply. "Rachel Montgomery. That was her name back then, but you know she had to change it-."

"Oh my god," Lindsay exclaimed. "That's-wow, I can't believe-and you didn't tell me?"

"She was a lot nicer back then," he sighs. "And it wasn't something I wanted to talk about," Jake muttered. "I-you already knew I was a wimp and-you know-."

"Jake-."

"Yeah, had to change her last name later-because, well it wouldn't have been great for her career once people found out that she'd had a child before marrying, mixed and all-."

Lindsay fell silent, her mind reeling as she processed the information. Jake took a deep breath, his shoulders slumping. For the first time in hours, Jake felt a flicker of hope. He glanced at Lindsay, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "So... what do we do now?"

"Well," Lindsay said, leaning back in her seat. "First, I think we both need to put Marcus behind us. Whatever happened today, it ends here. He doesn't come into our lives again."

Jake raised an eyebrow. "Even if we're exploring... things?"

"Especially then," Lindsay said firmly. "There are better, healthier ways for us to explore, Jake. Positive experiences that don't involve him."

Jake nodded, her words comforting in a way he hadn't expected. "Okay," he said. "No Marcus."

A small smile crossed Lindsay's lips. "Good. I hope this is the last we hear from him."

The car fell quiet for a moment before Lindsay reached over, her hand sliding up Jake's thigh. He stiffened, his eyes darting to her in surprise.

"What do you say," she began, her tone playful, "you give me head when we get home?"

Jake's face flushed, and he let out a nervous laugh. "What?"

"You heard me," Lindsay teased, her fingers tracing lazy circles on his thigh. "Speaking of Marcus, he did cum in me raw, so you'd better do a good job cleaning me up. Unless you want me to get pregnant. You know, unless that turns you on-."

Jake's mouth fell open, his mind racing, but the playful glint in Lindsay's eyes was undeniable. He shook his head, a reluctant smile tugging at his lips. "You're unbelievable."

Lindsay laughed, her voice light and genuine. "What can I say? I'm full of surprises. And you know, honey, so are you."

*

EPILOGUE:

The camera panned to Senator Rachel Harrington as she stood at the podium in the Arkansas Senate chamber, her signature pearl necklace glinting under the harsh overhead lights. She was a vision of conservative perfection: sharp navy blazer, an American flag pin on her lapel, and a carefully rehearsed look of righteous indignation.

"America is under siege," she began, her voice ringing through the chamber like a sermon. "The sacred institutions of this great nation—our families, our values, our *faith*—are being attacked from all sides. By progressives who want to erase God from our schools, by activists who call the murder of unborn children a 'choice,' and by those who would have us believe that marriage is anything other than a union between one man and one woman," she declared, her voice commanding and full of conviction. "Our beloved country that we know and have come to love is on the brink of collapse. By all manners of filth! Illegal immigrants flooding our borders, the rapid rise of degeneracy among our youth thanks to the erosion of the traditional, Christian concept of marriage, all by the so-called 'progressives' who want to erase what it means to be *American* and replace it with what? Filth."

The chamber erupted into applause from her supporters, while muted groans rose from the Democrat corner. Rachel's eyes gleamed as she pressed forward, her rhetoric sharpening like the edge of a blade. "I will not stand by and watch as the values that built this country are trampled underfoot. I am a proud Christian woman, and I am here to tell you: abortion is not a right—it is a sin. Marriage is not a free-for-all—it is a covenant under God. And family is not a relic of the past—it is the foundation of our future."

Rachel's voice took on a righteous edge as she gestured emphatically to the crowd. "We are witnessing the breakdown of our once beautiful society, and it starts with the erosion of the family. When women abandon their roles as mothers, when they choose to have children out of wedlock or forgo marriage altogether, they are not just failing themselves—they are failing this nation," she clears her throat. "Let me be clear: there is nothing empowering about single motherhood. There is nothing 'progressive' about raising children without a father in the home. And there is nothing respectable about women who degrade themselves with promiscuity and degenerate lifestyles, turning their backs on the God-given values that built this great country."

Her voice rose, commanding the room. "This is not about shaming anyone. This is about *truth*. Marriage is sacred. Family is sacred. A home without these foundations is a home destined to crumble. And yet, liberals tell our daughters that it's okay to have casual sex, to delay marriage, to put off motherhood or discard it altogether through *abortion*, as though motherhood is some relic of the past. Let me tell you something—it's not okay. It's *sinful*. It's *selfish*. And it's destroying the very fabric of our nation."

Silence gripped the audience as they all waited with bated breath for Rachel to continue.

"Look around you. Crime is rampant, and the truth is clear: this isn't a problem of guns or poverty or failed liberal policies. No, this is a *cultural* problem. This is a problem of people who don't belong here—people who lack American values, the discipline, and the decency that this country was built on. We need to stop apologizing for telling the truth. *Black-on-Black crime? Disproportionate crime rates?* These are facts, and facts don't care about your feelings!" she says amid another round of groans from the handful of Democrat lawmakers present. "Oh, please. Cry all you want, we all know that the Democrats have failed the black voters of America," Rachel leaned into the microphone, her voice dripping with indignation. "Let's talk about responsibility. Let's talk about accountability. Because the truth no one wants to say out loud is this: we have an epidemic of

absentee fathers in this country. And you know exactly who I'm talking about."

A small round of applause meets her words.

"Black men are abandoning their children at rates that are staggering, leaving mothers to fend for themselves while their communities suffer. The statistics don't lie—crime, poverty, and violence all skyrocket in homes where fathers are absent. And yet, these men shirk their responsibilities, refusing to step up as providers and role models for their families. It's not racist to say this—it's reality," she continued, her voice rising with fervor. "For too long, we've allowed this behavior to go unchecked, excusing it as systemic this or historical that. No. It's about choices. It's about values. And it's about time these men took accountability for the chaos they leave behind."

She paused, letting her words hang in the air. "Because at the end of the day, we can't fix our broken communities without strong families. And we can't have strong families without fathers who are present, who are committed, and who take their God-given role seriously. This is the hard truth the liberal fake news media won't tell you, but I will. And I'm not afraid to say it."

She leaned forward slightly, her gaze sweeping the chamber. "Let me be clear: diversity is not our strength. *Unity* is our strength. And unity cannot be achieved when we are being replaced—slowly, steadily, but surely—by people who do not share our values. White Americans are being replaced, and this is not a racist or problematic statement to make; this is the truth. White genocide is real, promoted by—well, we all know and what kind of people this is promoted by," she smirks across to her supporters. "The bottom line is that these evil powers that be want White Americans to be replaced. Replaced by inferior cultures, by inferior people. This face," she points to herself. "This pretty, blonde, white face? These blue eyes? All of it? It is a shrinking sight in today's America. And I, for one, will not stand for it."

The chamber erupted into applause once more, her supporters rising to their feet in a standing ovation. Rachel smiled coolly, basking in the adoration before stepping back from the podium, her work for the day complete.

*

Hours later, Senator Rachel Harrington walked through the lobby of the exclusive Jefferson Grand Hotel, a five-star establishment nestled in the heart of Washington, D.C. She was in town for a high-profile caucus of conservative leaders, a gathering meant to unite the party's rising stars under a shared agenda of "restoring American values."

The day had been exhausting—endless speeches, interviews, and meetings, all punctuated by the cloying adulation of donors and the sharp criticism of the liberal media. Rachel had smiled through it all, her public mask firmly in place. But now, as she stepped off the elevator and strode down the plush carpeted hallway, she felt the cracks beginning to show.

She pushed open the door to her suite, tossing her blazer onto the couch before pausing mid-step.

He was already there.

Sitting in the leather armchair near the window was a hulking figure—a tall, broad-shouldered Black man with muscles that strained against the fabric of his crisp white shirt. He looked up as she entered, his dark eyes calm and unreadable.

Rachel's lips curled into a sly smile, the weariness in her posture evaporating. "You're the guy for tonight?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, his deep voice rumbling through the room.

Her lips curved into a wicked smile. "Good," she murmured, kicking off her heels and letting her hair tumble free. "You signed the NDAs, right?"

"Yes, ma'am. Every page."

"And no condoms. No pulling out." Her eyes narrowed slightly. "That was clear in the conditions?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said again, standing slowly. His sheer size dwarfed her as he stepped closer.

"Perfect." Rachel let her skirt fall to the floor, peeling off her blouse and tossing it aside without hesitation. She didn't bother with her bra, her movements quick and practiced, as if this were just another part of her routine.

He hesitated for a moment, his eyes flicking over her body. "You don't want me to shower first? Or you?"

"No," she snapped, stepping closer and pressing her palms against his chest. "I want it raw."

Before he could respond, she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down into a fierce kiss. Her fingers worked at the buttons as their mouths collided, her hunger palpable and unrestrained.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered breathlessly, stepping back just enough to let him pull his shirt off over his head. Her eyes raked over his chest, the carved muscles, the veins running down his forearms, the sheer power radiating from him.

"This," she murmured, running her hands over his shoulders, "is what a man is supposed to look like."

This wasn't just lust—it was something primal, something that clawed at the very core of her being, screaming to be unleashed.

Her mouth watered as her eyes traced the ridges of his muscles. She didn't just want him—she needed him. Every fibre of her body burned with the insatiable itch she had tried to suppress all day, the unbearable ache that no amount of power, adoration, or righteous indignation could cure.

This was it. This was her release. The throbbing between her legs simply couldn't be controlled any longer. She reached for his belt, her impatience evident as she yanked it free. He let her take control, his movements deliberate and steady as he undid his pants and let them drop to the floor. Looking at the magnificent bulge hidden away, her mouth parted, a sharp gasp escaping her as her inner walls clenched involuntarily at the thought of what he could do to her. She hadn't even touched him yet, and her body was already betraying her—already slick, already ready. Rachel's lips pressed against the warm, taut skin of his thighs, her kisses trailing upward with growing desperation. Her nails dug into his calves as she shifted closer, her tongue darting out to taste him, savoring the faint saltiness that clung to his flesh. It wasn't just his size or his strength—it was his essence, his blackness, the raw masculinity that oozed from every pore. She moved upward, her hands following the path her lips had taken, worshipping his hips, his abs, his chest. Her palms splayed across the expanse of his torso, marvelling at the sheer power beneath her fingertips. She pressed her lips to his collarbone, her tongue flicking out to taste the bead of sweat that had formed there. The heat of him, the scent of him, the overwhelming presence of him—it all consumed her. Rachel's movements grew more frantic, her inhibitions falling away with each kiss, each touch. Her teeth grazed his skin as her hands roamed lower, her lips curling into a wicked smile as she felt him harden beneath her worship. She pulled back for just a moment, her gaze flicking downward as she licked her lips, her own body trembling with anticipation. Her thighs pressed together, her slick heat spreading as the insatiable itch between her legs grew unbearable.

She was past the point of no return, her mind clouded with a singular, all-encompassing need. Her hands returned to his hips, her nails scraping lightly against his skin as she lowered herself again. She kissed him everywhere, her lips and tongue trailing over every ridge, every groove, every muscle. She didn't care about the sting in her knees from the carpet, the cramp forming in her calves from holding her position. She didn't care about anything except the man

in front of her and the overwhelming need to have him—every inch of him.

Her body moved on instinct, guided by a hunger she could no longer deny. The woman who had ironically railed against degeneracy, who had condemned others for succumbing to their base desires, was gone. In her place was a creature of pure, unrestrained lust, worshipping the very thing she claimed to despise.

Rachel had always tried to control herself, to bury the cravings that clawed at the edges of her mind. Ever since that fateful summer—the summer—she had lived with the shadow of her father's sacrifice hanging over her. He had worked tirelessly to ensure that the scandal, the shameful secret she had carried for ten long months, would never see the light of day. Strings were pulled, documents vanished, and whispers were silenced, all to protect her future. To protect *their* family name.

She owed him everything for that. And out of respect, out of guilt, she had tried to be the daughter he could be proud of. The dutiful wife. The virtuous woman. But no matter how hard she tried, no matter how many times she forced herself to smile through the dull, lifeless nights in her first and second marriages with her white husbands, she could never escape the ghosts of her desires.

Lying beside her first husband, she would close her eyes and imagine him as her first boyfriend from college—the only man who had ever made her feel truly alive in a way that betrayed the love they had for each other nonetheless. Her second husband has been no better, his hands soft and his words hollow, failing to ignite even a spark of what she craved. She would stare at the ceiling, her chest tight with frustration, as the memories of that summer came rushing back: the forbidden touch, the overwhelming power, the way she had been completely consumed.

She had fought it for years, burying herself in her career, using her righteous indignation as a shield against the fantasies that gnawed at her resolve. But the older she got, the harder it became to fight.

The urges would creep in at night, slipping through her carefully constructed walls until she could feel them like an ache in her chest, a fire in her veins.

Now, with her stature, her influence, and the anonymity her power afforded her, Rachel knew she could finally indulge. She could take what she wanted without fear of reprisal. Her father's voice still echoed faintly in her mind, a warning to tread carefully, to avoid even the slightest hint of scandal. But she silenced it, just as she silenced the nagging guilt that told her this could jeopardize everything she had built.

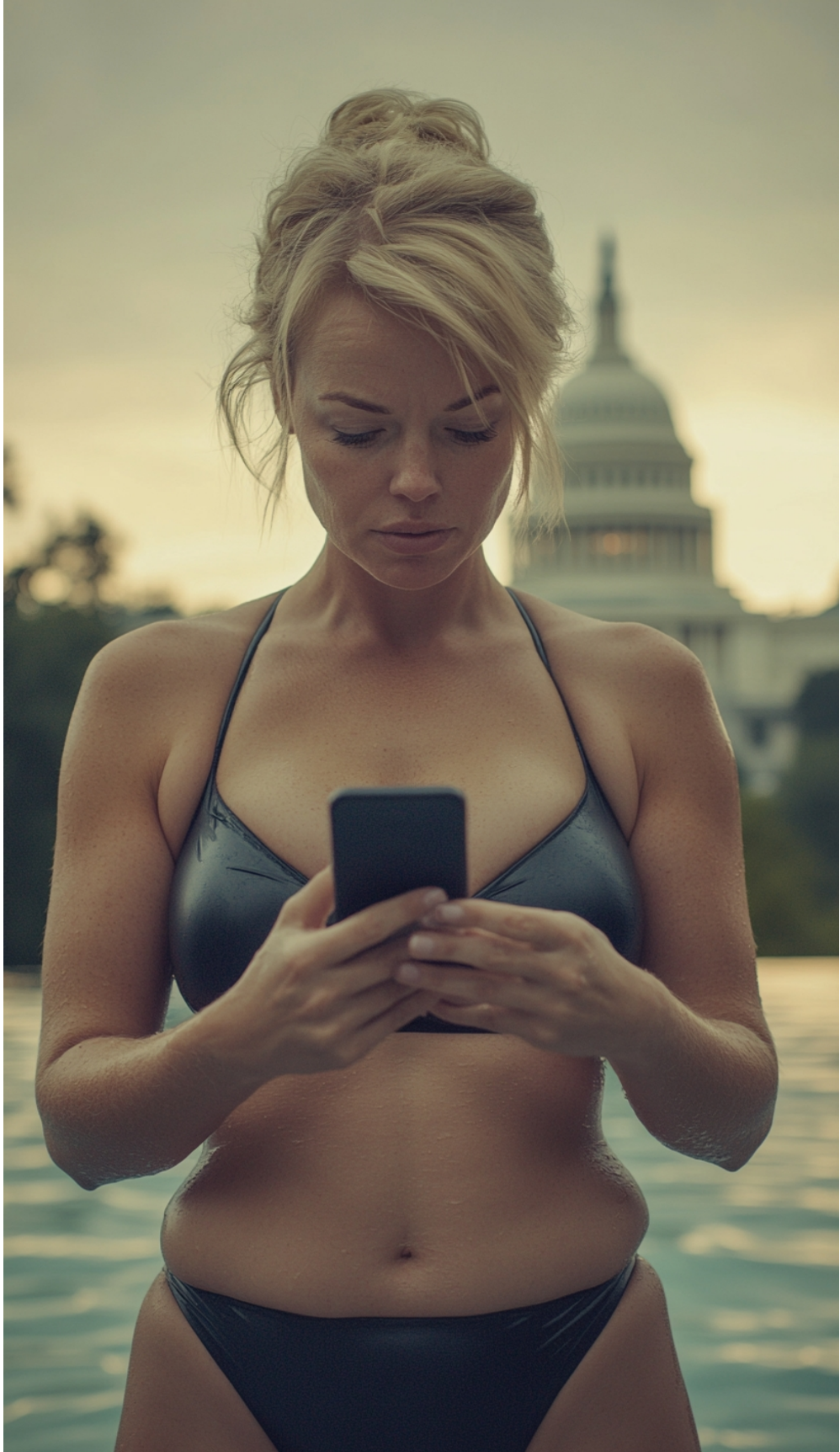
Her husband, Richard, was none the wiser. She was a mother of three now. A fiercely proud and powerful woman.

But this was what she had waited for the whole week. This was what she needed. And nothing—not her career, not her reputation, not her carefully crafted image, and certainly not her boring white marriage—mattered more than this moment.

Rachel's breath hitched as the man stepped out of his boxers, her eyes widening slightly before her smile returned, even more wicked than before.

"Good," she said, her voice dropping to a near whisper. "You'll do nicely," Rachel smiles, confident that the obscene length and girth of his dark manhood would satisfy the terrible itch that had been nagging in her all week long.

To be continued....



AFTERWORD

My longest story yet! And I thoroughly enjoyed writing this one!

I hope you enjoyed reading this too! Please, leave a rating and constructive criticism if you can on the amazon page for this story! It'll help me know what you think of my works, and also help me grow as an author! Do try out the rest of my works listed below!

Please feel free to follow me on my amazon page by clicking the link below! Stay tuned for a lot more!

[MY AMAZON PAGE!](#)

You can contact me for inquiries or let me know what you think of my works personally by writing an email to me too! I'd love to hear from you guys and I respond to everybody provided you're respectful!

sallypauthor@gmail.com

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

Becky Goes Black!

[Read here!](#)

Sophomore student Becca Channing's summer break vacation in Miami goes better than expected when her best friend Mikayla Monroe gets VIP passes for the both of them at a high-end nightclub in town! What was supposed to be a normal night out with her bestie turns out to be the wildest night of her life as innocent Becky falls for the charms of Jerome, an acquaintance of Mikayla at the club. Jerome's muscled stature, his height, and beautiful dark skin are too much for Becky, and she ends up falling head over heels for him the same night they meet. What follows is a whirlwind story of the sexual awakening of a young woman who just didn't know what her body or mind were capable of! Will Becca regret cheating on her faithful yet nerdy white boyfriend Tim? How will her life change after sleeping with a black man for the first time? Will she hide her infidelity from her boyfriend and continue to pursue this illicit affair with a powerful black man like Jerome?

Blacked! By the Boxer Who K.O'd My Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the aftermath of a tragic boxing match, Katherine grapples with the loss of her boyfriend, Mark. The ring was meant for glory, not tragedy, but when Mark faced off against the formidable Demarcus, fate dealt a cruel hand—Mark was dead, killed by a fatal blow from Demarcus's fist. Now, left to navigate the void that Mark's absence has created, Katherine seeks solace. As grief intertwines with desire, she discovers unexpected avenues for healing, drawing her into a world where pain and pleasure collide in ways she never imagined.

Molly Becomes a Hotwife

[Read here!](#)

Steve, harboring a fantasy he's hesitant to unveil, broaches the subject of introducing another man into their intimate world. Intrigued yet unsure, Molly's curiosity sparks as Steve's inquiries delve into her past, igniting a conversation that leads them down a path neither had anticipated. They find themselves drawn to Luke—Molly's black ex-boyfriend from college. Despite initial reluctance, Molly agrees to Steve's fantasy, and what unfolds is a journey that neither of them could have predicted.

Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!

[Read here!](#)

In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

Blacked! On My Wedding Day by My Black Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the moments before her wedding, Cassandra stands at a crossroads. About to marry Jason, the epitome of stability, she is haunted by memories of her passionate past with Darius, her black ex-boyfriend. When Darius shows up unannounced, the flames of their old relationship ignite again. Today, she must choose between her safe, predictable future with Jason and the raw, untamed passion she once shared with Darius.

Jessica's Night Out! Blacked by the Rapper! And His Friend!

[Read here!](#)

Jessica is swept up in the energy of the concert, thanks to her best friend, Mackenzie, who surprises her with tickets to see the famous rapper ZeeJay. What starts as a night of dancing and fun soon turns into a night of temptation, as Jessica finds herself grinding on a black stranger who awakens her inner desires. Caught between her stable boyfriend Brandon and the allure of the night, Jessica must decide how far she's willing to go.

A Black Thug's White B****

[Read here!](#)

I am Molly White. A 49-year-old conservative Christian mother of two, living a boring life in Illinois. I was faithful to my husband, Mark... until I met him. The thug who awakened a carnal pleasure inside me. I don't regret submitting to him, nor do I regret the dozens of encounters we've had since. My marriage? The sanctity of it all? Thrown away, all thanks to him. And I feel sorry for none of it.

Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

Timmy, a nerdy white guy, is thrilled to be dating Stacy, a stunning blonde from his class. But his excitement quickly fades when Rashad, Stacy's charismatic black ex, reappears. Timmy's insecurities about Rashad fuel his desire to please Stacy in ways he never imagined. As Stacy rekindles her relationship with Rashad, Timmy is drawn into a cuckold fantasy that pushes the boundaries of his comfort zone and leaves him questioning his place in Stacy's life.

Her Anniversary BBC Affair! Hotwife Jennifer seduced and BLACKED by a stranger!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband

Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

Faithful No More! Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets BLACKED in Public!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

My Cuckold Husband's Birthday Surprise! Married Housewife's Hotwife Weekend!

[Read here!](#)

Emily thought her birthday weekend would be quiet with her husband, Bob, away on a business trip. But when she receives a mysterious message from him, instructing her to visit a luxurious villa, she's greeted by a handsome stranger named Devonte. Confused but intrigued, Emily soon learns that Devonte is her husband's birthday surprise—a thrilling weekend affair that will push her boundaries and awaken her deepest desires. What starts as a gift quickly spirals into a weekend Emily will never forget, as she embraces her role as a hotwife in a thrilling, taboo affair. Will this be just a one-time birthday fling—or the beginning of something far

more sinful? Dive into Emily's world of temptation, indulgence, and ultimate surrender in this steamy, taboo-filled tale.

My Husband likes to watch! First time cuckold watches wife get Blacked!

[Read here!](#)

Melissa and Joshua have been married for years, but the spark that once ignited their passion has dimmed, replaced by the monotony of routine and the slow drift that comes with time. Joshua, a devoted but reserved husband, carries a secret that he's too ashamed to voice—an obsession with cuckold fantasies, particularly those involving Melissa and other men. More specifically, black men. One day, Melissa stumbles upon his browser history, revealing an array of videos and stories exploring themes of infidelity and interracial encounters. At first, she's shocked, but curiosity and a simmering desire to shake up their bedroom life drive her to confront Joshua. What begins as a tense conversation morphs into an unspoken agreement, one that opens the door to desires neither of them have fully explored.

Public Prank on White Couple Gone Wrong! Hotwife BLACKED in Broad Daylight!

[Read here!](#)

What starts as an ordinary evening out turns into an unforgettable experience for married couple Ethan and Kate. When a tall, confident TikToker named Jamal approaches them in a parking lot, camera rolling and magnum XL condoms in hand, the couple is caught off-guard. The prank is meant to embarrass, but it sparks something deeper between the three of them—a moment that turns a joke into a daring proposition.

A wife's secret BBC affair? No, A cuckold husband's Interracial desires gone wrong!

[Read here!](#)

Claire and James are in desperate need of a break. After years of routine and the stresses of everyday life, they decide to escape to a secluded beach resort for a few days of relaxation and reconnection. The perfect opportunity to rekindle their romance quickly takes an unexpected, tantalizing turn. What Claire also knows is that James, never content with the boundaries of their marriage, has now been harboring a darker, dangerous fantasy of his for a while—one that has been buried deep in his mind for years since their marriage had taken one new wild turn after another. Sure, the thought of seeing his wife submit to a black man has always aroused James more than he's been willing to admit but whatever he was asking for now was depraved. Perhaps, James realizes that maybe fulfilling your wildest dreams sometimes comes with a wild price that you may not be always able to pay.

BLACKED! On My Wedding Night! Cheating on my White Cuckold Husband with the Hot Black Alpha Male who Breeds me!

[Read here!](#)

Lauren thought her wedding night would mark the start of a blissful marriage. But as her husband, Mark, falls asleep drunk and leaves her yearning for connection, she's left questioning the man she's committed her life to. Restless and frustrated, Lauren steps out to clear her mind, but it leads her to an encounter she never expected.

I lay there for a long moment, staring at the ceiling, my body throbbing—not from satisfaction, but from the aching need that still consumed me. Was this what I'd signed up for? Was this my future? A lifetime of rushed, unsatisfying sex and hollow kisses?

I glanced over at Mark, his pale chest rising and falling, his lips slightly parted as he drooled onto the pillow. My jaw clenched, and I fought the urge to shove him awake. No, this wasn't fair. This was supposed to be my night too.

Beneath the covers, my thighs pressed together, my body begging

for something he hadn't even come close to giving me. I thought about all the times I'd convinced myself it would get better. That we just needed time. That maybe I was expecting too much.

A wrong knock on the wrong door leads to a meeting with a stranger whose sheer presence commands her attention. Towering, dark, confident, and unapologetically masculine, he awakens a part of Lauren she never knew existed. What begins as a chance encounter spirals into a night of forbidden passion and reckless abandon, shattering her perception of fidelity and satisfaction.

Mark had never done this. Not once.

The thought made my chest tighten, a mix of anger and longing twisting in my gut. He'd had the nerve to call it degrading. As if his manhood was so fragile it couldn't withstand the idea of putting my pleasure first. Fucking asshole. Licking your woman's p.... was one of the most intimate things you could do, yet Mark had the audacity to refuse. I'd wanted to scream how unattractive he was when he denied me the pleasure. How incredibly disappointing it made me feel, especially after the countless hours I'd spent putting up with all his useless bullshit.

But this man—this stranger—was nothing like him. He was relentless, his mouth moving with a skill and hunger that left me breathless. He wasn't just doing it; he was enjoying it, savouring every reaction he pulled from me. My fingers tightened in his hair, my hips arching as his tongue pressed deeper, finding spots I hadn't even known existed. My mind spun, my breath coming in short, desperate gasps as the tension in my core coiled tighter and tighter.

Lauren surrenders herself completely to this stranger and what begins as a fleeting mistake spirals into something life-changing. Lauren's forbidden encounter not only challenges her understanding of fidelity and desire but leaves her with an undeniable consequence—she's pregnant, and her husband isn't the father.

I'd be birthing a half black child, a beautiful and gorgeous light skin baby, to a total stranger if I was going to become pregnant from

tonight.

The thought of him knocking me up, putting a bastard black child in me even before I even had my own with a husband I'd only married today, sent a strange surge of electricity down to my core.

It made me feel alive. Much more than I'd ever felt during my entire time with Mark.

On her wedding night, Lauren submits to a man who wasn't her husband, and now she must grapple with the secret she'll carry forever. Will Lauren find a way to reconcile her actions with the life she thought she wanted, or will this one night define her future forever? Read on to find out more!