

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



~~~~ Part I ~~~~

## Chapter One: Mistake Number One

Hello,

My name is Average. No... that's not right. My name's Alvin. It's just that... I'm average. Average looks, with an average build and average height. I work at an average job for an average pay, due to my average grades back in school. I live in an average house and drive an average car, and all in all, live an average life. The one thing, the only thing in my life that is not average, that makes this average life worth living, is my wife, Katherine.

She is the most wonderful woman I have ever met - will ever meet, that you could ever meet. She is Eve. She is my Northern Star. A creation of beauty with grace, wit with charisma, humor with love. And she is a Lady, truly and completely.

Being the first born of a wealthy, well-to-do family, she had always been extremely sheltered growing up, which naturally gave birth to her rather conservative and proper nature. She was nothing like that of her wild and crazy younger brother and sister. I guess parents grow tired and more slack with the next, but that is neither here nor there.

Kat, what everyone calls her, had been gifted a hefty trust fund after graduating college - a trust her father, upon reluctantly giving us his blessing in being married, made sure as hell I understood I'd never be allowed a cent of. But that was all fine by me, I could never want with her at my side. And while such beauty and wealth could all too often produce a conceited, snobbish "bitch" - her sister a prime example - my Kat remained just a down to earth girl.

She'd always been content with the simple things in life. Living in our simple house, driving a simple car, marrying a simple man... *Sigh*. She still had a bit of a shopping problem, but what girl doesn't?! Haha! That was her money though, and in no short supply, so I certainly never gave her any grief about it.

And not only was she beautiful and smart and down to earth, she was extremely charitable and giving as well. Not having to work for a living, she spent the majority of her time volunteering for various charities, or serving on the boards of several honorable non-profits. While she helped all she could, her true passion had always been the animal shelters.

I only point this out because I have a strange phobia of dogs. I'd been attacked by a Pit Bull when I was five, and while now twenty-nine, my psyche had never truly recovered. Kat loved dogs, however, so she fulfilled her need for their companionship there.

Over time, and on more than one occasion, she'd convinced me to allow us to serve as a "half-way house" for the less fortunate, just until they could be placed with a proper owner, which of course meant that we usually played host to anywhere from two to four of the mongrels running around! No matter, I could not deny my Kat anything.

With all this said, you may be wondering how an average guy like me ever got a woman like her? Don't feel bad, everyone asks that question all the time - my friends with mocking sarcasm, hers with undisguised reproach, my family with astonished joy, hers with sad disappointment. And me... I ask it everyday with unbridled doubt, jealousy, and self loathing.

The same age, we'd met fifteen years ago while still in middle school. She was my first kiss, as was I hers. Our Sophomore year in high school, she was my first real date, as was I hers. Soon after, she

became my first ever real girlfriend, as was I... I think you're starting to get the picture.

And then ever since, somehow, somehow, she'd stuck with me. I'd given her plenty of chances to call it quits. I knew I didn't deserve her, just as everyone had always reminded me. All throughout our Junior and Senior years in High School, for Prom and such, as the potential dates and suitors lined up, with the star football and baseball players, with the more popular and cooler kids, with the smarter guys, I'd told her I understood if she'd rather go with someone else, date someone else, but... Those were the only times I'd ever really seen her get angry with me.

After graduating High School, and she was leaving for a prestigious university while I was stuck at our local community college, I'd offered to let her be free, to experience more while she was young. She refused until I, quite stupidly, had broken up with her myself. I'd never made her cry before then... it was the worst day of my life. Needless to say, she did not let me go, and again, somehow, somehow, we made it work.

And then after we had both graduated, when I proposed to her - probably the lamest proposal in all the span of known history - I'd told her how stupid she was. How she could have any that she wanted. How I could never deserve her, but... that I would always try. Well... with joyous tears in her eyes, she had accepted. That was seven years ago now, and we'd been happily married ever since.

As I look back, if I had to guess as to why - why me??? - I'd reason that due to her extreme beauty yet conservative nature... that, and that every single guy she'd ever met tried relentlessly to get into her pants twenty-four seven, she'd somehow fallen for my boyish, sheepish, reserved charm.

"Charm!" Ha! I was the only one who treated her with proper respect... yes, that's more like it. Hell, I sure don't know what else it could be?! Fifteen years ago we'd shared that first kiss... thirteen years ago we'd become an "item"... seven years ago we'd been married... on this day - today.

July First! A day to go down in infamy in our lives. Today was a big day.

I loathed that I'd had to work late, yet again. It was the only complaint she'd ever had in our marriage, but I was determined to prove to her father that I *could* amount to something, that I *did* deserve her, and so, I did what I had to - as a husband, as a "provider." And Kat understood, she accepted it, albeit begrudgingly.

She'd told me a thousand times that money was not important to her, that she had more than enough for the both of us, but just as her father had told me, I never allowed her to buy anything for me, for us. So I'd always busted my behind, grinding out long hours to slowly work my way up the ladder of the rat race. But for today, that was all behind me. I was home now, and I had a big surprise in store for her!

I'd been planning and saving up for it for months, careful never to mention that our anniversary was nearing, and in the last few weeks and days, I could tell that it was beginning to irk her. As if I could have forgotten it! While it was our seventh wedding anniversary, we'd always celebrated them dating back to that first kiss. Fifteen years ago today!

"Kat!" I called aloud as I entered our house, throwing my briefcase down upon the entry table, while loosening my tie with the other. I kept the bouquet of flowers I'd gotten her in hand, a dozen tulips - her favorite! I felt my pulse begin to quicken. I was becoming excited!

"Kat!" I called again, rummaging around in my briefcase for the airline tickets. It already so late, I probably should have given her fair warning, but I just couldn't bear to ruin the surprise. I knew how she loved surprises, and wanted to see her face when I sprung the news to her! The limo would be

here within the hour to cart us off to the airport!

“Kat?” I questioned now as there came no response. The house was quiet and still. Nobody seemed to be at home, not even the three mutts she’d been... “Hmm?” This was odd.

This was the first inkling I got that something was wrong. She rarely went out without me, and certainly never without at least giving me a call first to let me know. And then today *was* our anniversary. Very odd.

“Kat?!” I called louder, entering our living room, looking around. All the lights were out except the one over the sink in the kitchen. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a manilla folder and letter atop it, sitting on the empty kitchen counter, but I went on to our bedroom to check for her there, assuming she was asleep.

“Kat?” I opened the door and switched on the light. Our room was empty as well, but... not just empty. It felt like there was something more missing, but I couldn’t place it. “Hmm..?” I went back to the kitchen to check what that letter and folder was about.

My heart immediately began to sink as I skimmed over its first few words, passing the rest to open the folder. It held a thick stack of papers, but I saw only the striking, bold letters at the very top of the first page, those three simple words ending my entire world with one fell blow. A **“File for Divorce.”**

I wretched, having to turn my head away, sure I was about to lose my lunch upon the kitchen tile. My knees nearly gave out. I had to brace myself upon the counter to stop from crumpling down onto the floor in a mass of bawling hysteria.

I slapped the folder shut, not wanting to see those vile, dirty words, and went back to the letter. Every word, followed by every sentence was worse and more terrible than the last.

*Alvin,*

I was out with the girls last Friday, as you knew, and happened to stop by the bar at the Crest Hotel. I’m sure you are familiar with the place, as I saw you there with that woman, while you had told me that you were working late at the office. Like you always tell me. Like you have always lied to me, apparently. She was very pretty – good for you. But how stupid do you think I am?!

...

A hot dagger stabbed and twisted into my heart. Woman...? What woman..? No! Never! My brain scrambled in attempt to pinpoint the time and place. Last Friday... No! I *was* working late! That woman... It had been a very important meeting on a major deal! Her senior partner had to excuse himself early for a family emergency, but my boss had still been there! He was there! All three of us! Had she not seen him?! Had he gone to the restroom or something in that fateful moment?! I went back to the letter...

*I checked our bank statements. Apparently you love to frequent various restaurants and hotels when you tell me you are working late. And since then, I’ve called your office at five every day that you’ve told me you are working late, and sure enough, your secretary has told me you’ve left for the day - everyday!*

...

*„God, no!“* the tears welled in my eyes. I felt like curling up into a little ball and crying like a baby. This was all some huge mistake! The restaurants and hotels... That was part of my job! I had to entertain clients all the time, and pay for their rooms and drinks and meals. She knows this! But... *did she know it?* I had to stop and think.

Did she know that I used my own credit card and the company reimbursed me later? No, I... I doubt we ever discussed it. Why would we have? It was a minor detail... not so minor any more. While she was on all of my accounts, she used her Trust account, never bothering with mine, so the matter had never been crossed before.

*I also saw that you made a large purchase to the Bahamas for this next week. To the Bahamas! Where we had our honeymoon, you bastard! To the place we first made love! And after you'd told me you were going to have to take a week in Chicago for a business meeting?! On our anniversary! After having completely forgotten about our anniversary! How could you, Alvin?! How could you?!*

...

I could see welts in the paper where her tears had fallen and since dried. My own wet them once more. I... I had told her that, but only to better the surprise - surprise her tonight! A trip for our anniversary, to the place we'd first made love!

*And just to be sure, I called your office at five one last time today, just to make sure, just to see if you really had skipped out again to be with another tramp on our anniversary. I wish I could say that I was surprised. Yet again, your secretary informed me that you had left for the day... left for the day on our anniversary, and yet where are you?*

I loved you, Alvin. I gave you everything I had. I could never be so hurt by one ever in my life as you have hurt me now. I... I can't express the pain. You have broken my heart into a million pieces, and... and you have left me no choice. I... I am leaving you, Alvin.

...

My world ended with that letter. I was going to throw up. I was going to bawl. I was going to faint. "A mistake..." I mumbled, spit and tears mixing across my pouting lips. "A mistake!" I squeezed my eyes closed, wishing and hoping, as if I could turn back the hands of time!

I'd never, ever, not even once strayed from my wife! Never once even considered it! Not in fifteen years. "A terrible, horrible mistake!" I wadded up the letter, shouting at the ceiling of my kitchen, at the unmerciful god above.

But then he answered me, as if I weren't able to think for myself. This was just a mistake! I could explain! I stumbled for the phone. My thumb was so shaky, that I had to hang up and start over three different times before I got her number right. Her phone rang and rang and rang... but she never answered. I didn't give up.

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Fifty-seven dials and a countless number of voicemails later, I eventually discovered myself sitting in our living room recliner with glass of whiskey in one hand, the phone in the other. A near empty bottle of brown spirits sat on the table beside me. The house still and quiet and empty, these walls feeling alien to me now without her here.

My initial shock and panic had long since given over to despair. And now in my drunken stupor,

anger and depression filled that void. I dialed again. Her voicemail again. The only good thing in my life was leaving me. My life was over.

“No!” I refused, talking to myself. If I could just... talk to her, explain to her. I could prove it to her! But... where was she?

The thought hadn't yet concluded, before I found my answer. Eureka! “Her sister's!” I jumped up out of my seat, racing for my car with my bottle, my only friend coming with me!

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A new light. There was hope after all! For I had been right, Kat's car was at her sister's, Dara's! I'd always done my damndest never to step foot here - her two, large, black Pit Bulls only half the reason. Let's just say Dara and I didn't exactly get along. “Despised” one another, might be a better description. But that was all of no matter to me now. There were more pressing matters at hand!

There had never been two people in all this world who were more different, and yet still so very close as these two. Dara, four years younger than Kat, was the spitting image of her sister when she was that age - minus all the tattoos, piercings and dyed, dark red hair.

I never understood their close bond, but that was her sister, so I did not interfere, even though Dara had made it her mission in life to make my own a living hell. But like I said, that was all of no matter now. The only thing that mattered, was that I got to speak with my wife and explain this horrible mistake!

I banged and I banged upon the door, only to illicit those vicious snarls and barks and growls from the two mongrels going ape shit inside! I rattled the door bell over and over again. I peered through the windows, but all the lights were out. No one was home. I looked back to the street. There were several cars out front... but no one.

“Well... what now, Alvin?” I questioned myself. With the dogs' ruckus distracting me, I trudged back to my friend awaiting me in my car, and plopped down in my seat. Tipping the bottle back to my readied lips, I resolved to wait it out here in the peace and quiet until they returned.

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Four hours. Four hours... and nothing. The limo service I'd chartered and we'd missed called several times, but never my wife. It was already after two in the morning, and I was drifting in and out of a hazy, dreadful sleep. But just then... headlights coming down the street! I re-awoke with a vigor! This was it!

There would come three sets of them in all. I watched and waited, slinking further down into my seat as they pulled up in front of Dara's house and parked. A mob of drunken people, dressed up for a night out on the town filed out and headed for the front door. I spotted my Kat!

“Kath!” I called to her, but with my door and window closed, my slurred voice simply bounced back at me. I reached for the handle, but then froze. My wife... my lovely, beautiful wife... she was beneath the arm of another man, it wrapped around her shoulders, hugging her close to his body!

That familiar bite of anger and jealousy gripped me, all the stronger in my sodden state. I shoved my door open and jumped out to chase after them, not yet quite sure of what I intended to do about this!

“Kath!” I slurred drunkenly - before tripping over my own two feet and fell flat, face first down onto

the pavement.

I heard gasps of shock, questions of surprise... and then an eruption of laughter as they recognized me. "Alvin..." I heard passed around. With my cheeks burning red, I crawled back to my feet, as determined as ever. I swayed and stumbled yet again, but held myself up as I charged forward. Apparently, I didn't know how drunk I was.

"Huh?" my also drunken wife spun around from beneath the arm of some dude! Oh, the agony of seeing her with another! How could she do that to me?!

"Al?!" her eyes grew wide with shock at spying me here, and then matched my own anger as she saw me stumbling up the drive. "NO! GO AWAY!" she screamed at me, tripping back and away as if I were some kind of monster! I cannot describe the hurt I felt then.

"Kath, just..." I kept on, mumbling, pleading, tripping closer.

"You heard her, loser!" Dara interceded, growling at me like an angry lioness. She quickly stepped between us and shoved me back.

She... she had her dyed red hair pinned back in a fancy ponytail, and was wearing a very, very sexy dress. I... I found myself looking her up and down. Looking so much like my wife - damn was she sexy!

"You've done enough! Now get the fuck out of here! She doesn't want to see you!" she shoved me again.

"Kath!" I finally remembered why I was here, shaking off those bizarre thoughts, and tried pushing my way around her.

"Whoa! Watch yourself, man," one of Dara's many boyfriends, a big black man stopped me with a firm hand against my chest. Several of his mates rushed forward to get his back, and formed a wall between me and my wife.

"YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" Kat screamed over the sudden rush of swarming bodies around me. "How could you do this to me?! To us?!" she was crying. My heart felt like it was being squeezed into the shell of a peanut. I could never hurt her... a mistake!

"You heard her, man. Just get out of here," Dara's boyfriend spoke calmly, but it was nevertheless a warning. I warning I supposed to heed.

"NO!" I refused, pulling his hand away, trying to break free and shove forward. Kat was still screaming at me from behind them. I had to get to her. "I just need to..." I didn't get the chance to finish. The man first grabbed me by my arm, and then slung me around back towards my car.

My world already spinning, I spun in air and collapsed down into the grass in a heap. More laughs. More cursing and accusations from Kat. And then there was someone standing over me. I looked up to see Carter, Kat and Dara's younger brother glaring down at me. I hadn't noticed him before. He had his fists balled, readied for a brawl.

"You're lucky I haven't already beat your ass, Al. Get the fuck out of here or I will."

"No!" I shouted drunkenly, jumping back up to my feet.

"I said get out of here!" he shoved me back, and I nearly fell again, but planting my feet... I must have really been out of my mind, for I then charged at him and took a swing, somehow successfully connecting with his chin. It hurt - me, my fist. He just laughed. He much younger than the rest of us, I'd never really gotten to know Carter all that well, but we were about to get to know each other much, much better.

"You crazy son of a bitch!" he mocked me.

"Just..." I was panting. "I need to..." I tried pushing past him. Carter caught me, and then... and then I saw his fist coming for me. That was the last thing I saw. He clocked me, knocking me out cold with a single punch.

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I awoke to loud music and chatter and gayful laughter. My head hurt. As my world slowly came back into focus, the first thing I realized was that I was still outside, though now sitting in a chair. I struggled to stand up, only to find myself restrained. I couldn't move.

"Mmng!" I groaned aloud, only to find myself muffled, gagged by something stuffed within my mouth. My arms were bent back around the back of the chair. I twisted my head to try and see what was holding my wrists. It looked... *Is that a bra?* I questioned, the sight of it for some reason jolting me. It was knotted about my wrists. I felt a trickle of unease settling in the pit of my stomach. My first clue of what was to come.

I then tried to kick out my legs, only to have two straps dig into my shins. Confounded, I leaned over as far as my restrained arms would allow, craning my neck out to find a pair of... of bras - I was certain of it - twisted about each of my ankles, connected with the two front legs of the chair.

And that wasn't the worst of it. In glancing down and across myself, I noticed for the first time that I had been stripped out of my own clothes, and was now... now dressed in...

*What in the heck is going on?!* my nerves began to rattle, alerting me to the danger. It was as if I had passed out and woken back up in some bizarre, adolescent nightmare!

I had on a woman's pink, lacy bra strapped about my narrow chest and over my shoulders, with a pair of matching, scant thongs somewhat concealing my groin! I could feel its thin straps digging into my hips, and then stuck up between the crack of my ass, coming out from between my legs, splitting my balls!

In sheer panic, I began to hop and struggle against my bindings, battling with my all to break free, making a ruckus as I moaned and groaned and bounced the chair across the wooden deck, but it all proved as a fruitless endeavor. Nothing gave. And then...

"Oh look, he's awake!"

I froze, my eyes popping open with my gaze off into the night's stary sky. I knew that voice. It was my evil sister-in-law's. She... of course, this was her doing.

And then came the giggles... from women. A couple of women. And then the heavy laughter from men. Several men. It all came slamming back to me - the music, the chatter, the gayful laughter... I was not alone. In fact, they were all right in front of me, not twenty feet away.

Shame and humiliation accosted me, gripping me, striking me like a thousand needles piercing me

all over! I was tied in a chair, completely naked except for in a woman's undergarments in front of a group of people! And I didn't know which was worse, that my junk was hanging out for any to see, or that I was wearing panties?!

Fear. Disgrace. Anxiety. I dared not move, as if trying to blend into the background, as if hoping they would not notice me. The loud music returned to my ears. And as I held myself there, unmoving, their interest in me eventually waned, and their laughter ended, their own careless chatter between themselves finally returning.

I held still, still pretending that I wasn't there, as I tried to remember how I had gotten here. I had been drunk, really drunk - but was now rapidly sobering back up. And with my sobriety, with their reminding thrum of voices, I became increasingly aware of my predicament.

I could hear the hum of Dara's jacuzzi. I was on her deck, they in her hot tub. I could hear the clink of glasses and of further laughter and of teasing and flirting. They were enjoying a little after party. And I was here, in women's under garments, gagged and tied in a chair - my punishment for coming here, for trying to crash their party. My cheeks turned beet red. As the minutes passed, I couldn't help it, I finally dared... just a single, sheepish glance at them. A mistake.

An unbearable weight slammed into my chest, suffocating me. My stomach twisted into a violent knot, making me sick. A swirl of cruel emotions rattled my soul, confusing everything. Suddenly, the bras about my wrists and ankles made perfect sense, for just before me, not twenty feet away in her hot tub... bodies. Nude bodies. Their clothes were scattered around the deck. Bare chests of men and breasts of women! And my wife... the love of my life one of them. A mistake. One, big, huge mistake. *„Kat! No...“*

I suddenly felt hollow. My eyes dropped to my knees, my chest beginning to rise and fall violently, near hyperventilating. Kat! My Kat would never do something like this! But she was... she thought... and... Dara!

“Plughse...” I breathed to myself, my pitiful wail muffled by the gag. Everything suddenly made perfect sense.

Dara was evil, wicked to the bone. She'd always hated me, hated mine and Kat's happiness. Hated that her sister had “settled” for a guy like me. And she'd always had it out for me. And now... now I'd given her exactly what she'd always wanted.

Her sister was leaving me. And I had chased after her, right into the lion's den. I had made a complete fool of myself. I had punched one of her friends - her boyfriend. I'd try to punch their brother! I had “cheated” on her sister - so they all thought - and now...

And now Dara was exacting the revenge upon me she'd long sought after, and Kat was no longer there to save me. Kat, always the lady, had succumbed - out of anger for me - to her sister's wicked design. She was skinny dipping with other men and women! This... this was bad. This was... dangerous.

Beyond frantic, my pulse racing, I tried in vain to calm myself, to think. I had to find a way out of this. To stop this before it went too far. And not just for my own sake, but for Kat's as well, for after the alcohol wore off and I was able to explain myself to her... I knew she'd never forgive herself for this.

For the lack of a better idea, “Knngh!” I groaned into my gag, trying to call her name as loud as I could, my eyes burning, searching for my wife's, but... she refused to look at me. The party in the

jacuzzi went on as if I wasn't even there.

"Knnght!" I kept beckoning to her, begging with my eyes, but she refused. The others looked and laughed and whispered amongst each other, making fun of the man in the pink panties, but I no longer cared. Kat!

"NNGH!" I began hopping in my seat again, muffling anything and everything I could think of, anything for her to look at me, to give me a chance to speak - to stop this madness!

They all heard me, but hardly acknowledged my antics. At best, I was given a few sidelong glances and sneers and mocking laughs. Kat never spared a glance. Dara took particular notice, however. She knew what I was up to. Dara took action before Kat could come to her senses. Dara was evil.

"Let's get this party started, shall we?" Dara said, her devious glare burning directly into my eyes, as she grabbed the hands of two guys and pulled them out of her large jacuzzi with her. I quickly counted eleven in all, seven guys, and two other girls besides my wife and her sister.

As Dara climbed out, she was not only topless, but lacking any bottoms as well! I couldn't believe it! Really?! Did this girl have no shame?!

But while my consciousness mocked her immoral audacity, my subconsciousness lingered a little too long on her thin, curvacious figure, taking in the large swell of her bare, wet bosom, as large and as firm and as perfect as my wife's... her thin, flowing hips... her long, spectacular legs...

"See something you like, cheater?!" Dara taunted me, not bothering to cover herself as she stood up straight, boldly upon her deck, in all her nude glory! I... I heard my wife gasp. I... I hadn't realized what I'd been doing!

*Oh, no..!* I caught her eyes just in time as they snapped away from me, she shaking her head angrily, folding her arms across her chest as she looked off into the distance. "Knnght! NNGH!" I tried to yell, to speak, to explain, but this damned gag!

And then the two guys following Dara out blocked my view of my wife. They were big and strong, making me seem puny, and then... and then their penises... *Wait! Their penises?! Were... were they all completely nude?* my heart sank. *Was... was my wife as well?* I shivered at the thought that she'd do something like that. *No... never. Not my Kat,* I assured myself, my defeated, humbled gaze falling to my lap.

But as I thought of it, an image of my wife's bare, sexy form filled my mind, picturing every curve, picturing her tight, luscious rump, her ample, large, swelling breasts, picturing... her in there with all those men, them getting to see it and admire it... staring down at my lap... something very strange happened.

While I was burning with jealousy... if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. My penis hopped. It was just a little, slipping out from beneath the pink thong, hugging against my left thigh, but it was noticeable. With the images of my wife's sexy body, blood was beginning to course into it! It was growing.

Shocked and further disgraced by my penis's response before all these people, I... I had to look away, to think and picture something else, to stop it from getting any bigger before someone noticed it! I looked away, only to have my eyes land once again on my naked sister-in-law, now being surrounded by her two naked boy toys!

*„No! Away!“* I tried to twist my head around, to peel my eyes from her, from them, but they were... I became ensnared, as if hypnotized by the lewd scene unfolding before me.

The music was playing and their bodies were beginning to move in perfect rhythm to it. And they were slowly drawing closer and closer together. They were going to touch! And they were naked! And gawd, was she so hot!

“What are you all still doing in there?! Come on!” Dara beckoned to the rest as she became sandwiched between the two naked men, one grinding his bare pelvis and penis against her luscious rump, the other from the front, right down between her legs! The insanity!

“That’s my girl!” Dara cheered as one of her girlfriends dared to climb out after her, quickly followed by the rest of the guys!

I was stunned beyond belief. I... I knew I shouldn’t be watching this, but I couldn’t stop myself. I was too awed, too struck by the eroticism of it, by these two women’s sexy, bare physiques being pressed between all these cock-diesel, muscle bound men!

I know, I know! *„Alvin, you’re a married man!“* I knew I shouldn’t be watching this, but... besides my wife, I’d never seen another naked woman in real life before. And then this... I was in utter awe. I... I just couldn’t look away. It was like a car crash you just had to stare at! And then there was now nine nude bodies twisting together in rhythm to the music, dancing before me!. And then I felt it... a strain down below.

*„Oh no...“* a new sort of panic swept over me. My rapidly swelling penis was moving, thumping, sliding further out from beneath the scant thong, as if dancing itself to the beat! How humiliating! I tried to stop it, to clear my mind, but... nothing could save me now. Eyes closed or open, I could see only them! I felt myself being consumed by the show before me.

“Come on, Tina! Quit being such a pussy!” Dara called to the last girl left in the hot tub with my wife, whom was still fuming, sitting alone, arms crossed, staring out and away from all of us. Dara knew what she was doing. She was leaving Kat alone, biding her time, watching and waiting for the perfect opportunity to spring her trap!

“Tina” seemed hesitant. At least someone here besides Kat and I had their head on straight! This was effing nuts! But then... peer pressure could make the best of us do things that we didn’t want to do. As all the rest began to chime in, beckoning Tina out, she finally gave in and slowly climbed out to join the rest!

It was just too much! Three extremely hot and extremely naked chicks dancing and getting felt up by a group of guys right in front of me... no matter how hard I tried, I was still a guy after all. My hormones took over. My own penis kept climbing!

I didn’t want it to! Honestly! It was terrible! I tried tucking my hips back into the seat, pulling it in, but with my legs spread, tied to either leg of the chair, there was little I could do to conceal it. Thank god, no one seemed to notice it, too wrapped up in themselves. That is, until...

“Hey sis?” Dara breathed heavily, calling to Kat as she leaned back against the one behind her, grinding her hips into him as the one in front of her felt up her tits! “You okay?” she asked as if genuinely concerned, though her voice was haughty and she didn’t stop dancing.

I saw my Kat just shake her head. She still had not spared a single glance at the others, either too mad at me, or still, through it all, still too much her modest self.

"Well, I just thought you might like to know..." Dara baited her, before adding, before dropping the bombshell... "Your cheater's little dick is getting hard watching us!"

My ears clapped, as if someone slapped them from either side at the same time. I bucked, my eyes following the rests to my lap. My... my penis was standing up straight into the air, as obvious for any to see, the thong pushed aside, hugging about its base!

I felt many eyes boring into me, mocking me. All eyes. But it was that gasp, horrible, sucking air right down into her soul that shook me to my core. That made me want to just die, right here and now. How much humiliation was I going to put my dearest love through? *Oh, Alvin. You sad, sad man.'*

I don't know why I did... I already knew what I would find as I sheepishly glanced back up. And it was confirmed. My shocked wife had moved to the edge of the tub, her chin hanging with indignation, her eyes burning a hole right through me.

*I... I'm sorry, Kat...* I tried to say with my eyes, what my gagged tongue could not.

"How long now has this loser been cheating on you, sis?" Dara stuck in the knife. "How many other women has he fucked now while he was... "working late"?" she twisted it.

Kat's hung jaw suddenly snapped shut, grinding together so loudly that I could here it from here. Her beautiful blue eyes turned to black, narrowing into the slits of a viper's. I gulped.

"Come on, Kat. Let your hair down, just this once. Get some revenge on this asshole - after all you've done for him - after all he's done to you!" Dara revealed her true designs. "Come on, join us! Let him see what he's been cheating on. What he'll be missing!" Dara meant to humiliate me completely.

I swallowed, unable, after those vile, hateful words, to look my wife in the eye, but stared at the side of the jacuzzi, still watching, still waiting to see what she would do. I wanted - desperately wanted to believe that she wouldn't do it. She was too modest for such brazen lewdness, but... deep down in my bones, I knew it. I had heard Dara's words. I could feel my wife's anger venting out across me.

A long, dreadful silence passed as my wife neither acquiesced, nor denied her sister. She was actually considering it. Considering it! And while raw jealousy raged through me, I also could not be angry with her either. This was not her fault. This was all just a mistake, only myself to blame. I was making her do this, against her will, I knew. I had fully disgraced her, now not only once in her thinking that I had betrayed our marriage and cheated on her, but again, twice, before her friends and sister. My penis was still, even after all of this, standing tall and erect, bouncing with my heated pulse.

"O-okay," my wife sealed hers and my own fate - our fate, and oh so slowly began to lift herself out the water.

*No...* I could not say. A mistake. A mistake that my wife thought I had cheated on her. A mistake that I had dared to come here. Dara had set the trap. And I... I had fallen for it. Kat was but the victim. I... I had to somehow stop this.

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Chapter Two: The Second Mistake

A mistake. Kat wouldn't. Couldn't! Not my Kat. Not the Kat I know - knew... I tried reminding

myself, calming my antics as I watched her brace her hands against the side of the tub, preparing to push herself up. A little skinny dipping was one thing, but this! Ha! My Kat was far too shy and timid to join these maniacs upon the deck.

But then she pushed, soon to show me a new side of her - show us all a new side... soon to be both "sides." And I still couldn't believe it. She would stop, any second now... but she didn't. Dara had planted that seed of revenge, and fueled by alcohol and anger - retribution for me "cheating" on my innocent wife was at hand. Kat was too drunk - too drunk and too mad to know any better.

"Ahruuh..?" I made... some kind of weird noise through my gag, as I witnessed with my own two eyes, my wife's two, full, beautiful breasts bob up out of the water which was concealing them... bursting up like two giant buoys unwilling to remain submerged! And then I... I just stopped. I couldn't... do anything. Think. Move. Nothing.

We all seemed to stop as we watched the tiny beads of water glisten down over her spectacular, "D" cupped breasts as she stood. They... they were just so perfect. So large, and yet still so firm. So proud, and yet still so giving. So heavy, yet with only a hint of sag from their enormous weight.

And then with the sheen water percolating over them, sparkling beneath the Moon's majestic light like a river of jewels caressing around them... it was a near magical experience.

And it just kept getting better and better. As she continued to rise, my eyes - all our eyes - traced down in the opposite direction, following those raining diamonds and twisting streams of crystals from her chest, down along her slim, toned belly, all the way to her... to her rolling, hour glass hips, to the narrowing valley between her smooth, pristine thighs.

I spotted that neatly trimmed patch of blond, hovering just above the darkening cleft of her tight slit - a promise of the abundant gold and treasure to be found within. The hair was matted and wet, bedded with further jewels and raining them down into the waters below.

I had been wrong about my wife. Kat *was* fully nude, just as the rest, but she... I... I felt that bite of jealousy... somewhere. Somewhere deep down, but it was sinking and growing fainter and fainter by the second. All but disappearing, until all that was left was gluttonous admiration and lust and desire.

In all our years of marriage, how many times had I looked upon this body, cherished it, fantasized about it? Countless, hundreds, thousands of times. But never... never quite like this. Without even realizing it, I was leaning forward in my seat, as if in attempt to get closer to it, to see more of it, to beg it out of that tub to dance before me - before us all!

Kat's nude splendor was radiating like a marbled statue within the night's silvery glow, and knowing that all these men and all these women could see her - see all of her - far from being cowed by jealousy or anger and doubt, I was proud of her - proud of myself! Such a treasure, no less beautiful or precious than Van Gogh's "Starry Night," or Da Vinci's "Sistine Chapel," or Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," was not meant to be hoarded and coveted by just one, but deserved to be shared and seen by all!

And suddenly I was not so afraid. Suddenly I did not mind being tied in this chair, dressed in women's panties, for it was a cheap price to pay to be able to be here, to get to see this! *The mistake..?* ... Oh, that! My wife thinking I'd cheated on her? My wife leaving me? It became only a minor detail, nothing that couldn't be corrected eventually, but first... First there was this Greek goddess to be worshiped! First was my throbbing penis, swelling so large that it felt like it might burst!

And then, just as she deserved, hoots and hollers, claps and cheers and whistles abounded from all, applauding her on! With my eyes bugging out of their sockets, with my mouth drooling, leaning forward in my seat as far as my restrained arms would allow, I probably would have hooted myself if I could!

But with the sudden, explosive attention, however, my Kat finally seemed to realize what she'd done, what she was doing, and that more timid, modest side of her returned. Blushing profusely, my wife abruptly wrapped one arm across her heaving bosom - „attempting” to hide them - for they so big and her arm so small, it was a joke! She then twisted her legs together, her other hand shooting down to cover her exposed vagina.

“Nngh!” I heard myself groan with the rest as she, fully embarrassed, began to slink back down into the hot tub. The only saving grace, was that, albeit sheepishly, I could see her smiling. She was enjoying the attention! What girl doesn't?!

„Come on, Kat! You can do this! I've already forgiven you!” I thought stupidly to myself, as if I were the one she was seeking permission from at the moment! Ha! I begged her though, I begged her with my eyes not to give up, not to slink back down into that tub!

“Ah, come on, Kat! You're doing so good!” Dara twisted away from her two dancing partners, and offered her sister her hand... a hand out, a hand of support, a hand forward.

“Yeah! Come on, Kat! Join us!” a chorus of hopeful well-wishers joined Dara in beckoning her out!

“Yngh!” caught up in the heat of it, I apparently felt the need to join in as well!

And Kat... stopped. She glanced timidly from her sister's hand to all the eyes upon her, to the rest of the naked bodies... to the other two girl's hopping up and down, giggling excitedly, clapping, their bare tits bouncing. To the naked men pumping their fists, unabashed by their penises standing straight out for all to see. And then... to me, leaning forward in my chair, watching her, my penis as hard as any.

And then Kat... she... reluctantly nodded. Another round of excited squeals and claps and cheers! She couldn't suppress the smile nor the blush. And then she sucked it up, sucked in a deep breath, and with a new sense of courage, reached for her sister's hand.

Kat reached for her sister with the hand that had been covering her sex, and being the little perv that I'd just recently become - now apparently no better than any of the other guys here - I took advantage of the situation to steal another glance at that perfect pussy!

And I looked just in time, too! For while she was careful to keep her breasts hidden as best she could with her other arm, there was only one option for her in crawling out the tub. She had to lift one leg up and over its wall, and while she hurried, we were all nevertheless graced with a quick flash of the most beautiful folds and lips and shades of pink that this wide, wide world could offer!

“Look at you!” Dara embraced her sister upon her reaching the deck with the rest. “Goldilocks is finally letting her hair down! Haha! I'm so proud of you!” Dara laughed as she began to move to the music once again. Kat just rolled her eyes at her, still holding her breasts, twisting her legs together and using her other hand once again to cover her sex.

“Come on, dance with me!” Dara did her best to try and peel my wife's hands away from holding herself.

"Dara, I..." Kat somewhat protested, shaking her head and looking to her feet, but she was still wearing that big, beautiful smile.

"It's okay," Dara soothed her, slowly warming Kat up to it. She grabbed her sister by the hips and coaxed her into swaying them with her.

"Everyone is here for you," she kept purring, kept reassuring her. "Everyone is dancing. And you're so fucking sexy, you have nothing to hide!" she released Kat's hips as they were now moving of their own accord, and began to run her hands across her sister's nude body. *Something to hide?! No, no she certainly did not!*

"You need this," she grabbed Kat by her wrists and slowly folded her arms back, giving everyone another fleeting glimpse of the most amazing breasts and vagina they would ever see! But Kat... just pulled them right back.

"That asshole cheated on you, Kat. How many other women has he seen naked? Has seen him?! How many has he been with? He deserves this, Kat!" she reminded her as to why she was here, and as to why she was doing this in the first place. "You deserve this!"

I burned with shame at her words - it wasn't true! A mistake! A terrible mistake! But I... I did not hop in my seat or groan in distress into my gag. No. At her sister's reminder, as if to remind herself, Kat glanced at me, and when she did, when our eyes connected for that briefest of seconds, I... *Oh, fuck me!* I... I nodded to her!

I wasn't thinking straight! Couldn't think! My brain, my head wasn't functioning, overruled by that fiercely throbbing head down below! I needed, just as we all needed, to see her go on! To give in to her sister's devious whims!

And that's all it took. After seeing her "cheating" husband nod to her - nod for crying out loud! - my Kat set her jaw, growing determined. In a rush, she tore her arms away, as if tearing off a band-aid, and I... I sighed with relief as I watched her spectacular bosom burst free, bouncing and jiggling in the night's air for us all to see!

"Yesss!" Dara hissed as she reclaimed her sister's hips.

"Oh..." Kat only seemed to realize what she'd done after the fact, having to grab her sister by her shoulders to steady herself. Her chest was heaving erratically. She looked... faint-ish, stealing glances out of the corners of her eyes at the others. They were all stealing glances back at her to be sure, but the party was back into full swing now, everyone dancing and having a good time, and Kat... just went with it.

"Marcus!" Dara glanced over her shoulder to find her boyfriend. "Be a sweetie, would ya, and bring us a couple of drinks! Mike, turn this shit up!" she nodded for the radio, before turning her attention back to her sister.

"Haha! Look at these big fucking titties!" Dara ran her hands up the front of her sister's naked body, first cupping the swelling base of Kat's ample globes within her palms, as if weighing them, before she then took them fully on, and began to massage and knead at them greedily!

"Daraaa..!" Kat hissed disapprovingly through a clenched, nerve wracked jaw, her head snapping around to see if any were watching her own sister feel her up, but... with her knuckles turning white from grasping so hard at Dara's shoulders, she did not let go to stop her.

"What?" Dara shot right back, though playing coy. "They're fucking hot!" Dara declared, before letting them go as Marcus drew up beside them with three drinks in hand.

"Oh, um..." Kat suddenly jolted upright. Being confronted while naked by another naked man, this seemed to shock her back into reality, and her hands flew from her sister's shoulders to cover herself again.

"Geezus! Would you stop!" Dara slapped at her hands though, before she could. "It's pathetic!"

Kat gasped at the sudden admonishment from her sister, her hands freezing mid-air. She returned a look of hurt and anger at her sister, but then... but then Marcus was just beside her, smiling coolly down at... No, not at her tits like I would have been, like I was, but into her eyes.

"It's okay, Kat. Really," he said easily, giving her a wink and a nod, but still holding just her eyes. "We're all friends here, just having a good time. There's nothing to worry about," he consoled her, being very cool, calm, and collected about it all.

"I... er... it's just that..." her own eyes, not so gracefully, wandered down his tall, stocky frame, all the way to his groin. "Wow..." she became struck, panting as she stared upon his...

I followed her gaze down. 'Wow...' I mimicked her. Marcus wasn't even hard, but his hanging, black cock had to be a good eight inches long, and as thick as one of Kat's wrists!

"Heh," Marcus just chuckled, probably used to such reactions from women, upon spotting his horse-sized monstrosity for the first time! "What do you say?" he pressed the first of the three glasses he held in his hands towards her. "Let's get fucked up! Haha!"

"O - okay..." Kat whispered breathlessly, slowly reaching her hand up to take the glass from him. She missed it, grasping at air, as she was reaching blindly, her eyes still locked on his dick.

"Kat!" Dara snapped her out of it. "There'll be plenty of time for that later!"

"Oh! Huh? Wha'?" Kat's eyes finally shot up. "M-Marcus... I - I... sorry..." she shrank before them, her hands slapping against the beet red cheeks of her entirely blushed face!

"No worries, you're cool," he nudged her with his elbow, teasing her. Kat started giggling like a school girl, shaking her head with embarrassment.

"Come on," Dara took two of the glasses and handed one of them to her sister. "To freedom!" she lifted her glass for a toast.

"To..." Kat clinked hers against theirs, and they all threw their drinks back as if taking a shot.

Kat began to lower hers first, after hardly taking more than a sip, but as Dara and Mike kept at it, chugging and downing it all, Kat tilted it back and tried to keep up. Not much of a drinker, she was struggling, but after what she'd just put herself through, she was apparently eager to quell her rattled nerves.

"Ahh!" Marcus finished first, smacking his lips.

"Whoop!" Dara hollered as she finished second, wincing from the burn of the strong liquor, carelessly tossing the empty glass over her shoulder and out into the grass of the yard!

"Yowzers!" Kat finished last, grimacing harshly, but she did finish it. I'd never seen my wife drink

like that. "Woohoo!" she then mimicked her sister and tossed the empty glass freely over her shoulder. "Haha!" she laughed gaily, recovering and hopping up and down.

"Whoa..." the alcohol then hit her, and she wobbled where she stood.

"Haha!" both Dara and Marcus laughed with her, her sister catching her before she toppled over. Dara then pulled her close again, starting to dance, and this time, Kat wound her arms over her sister's shoulders and moved freely, really getting in to it, not at all bothered that they were both - that she was completely naked!

Free or not, drunk or not, Kat could still not completely escape her innate modesty. Her eyes widened with shock as Marcus glid up behind her sister, and began to dance with them - he grinding her bare pelvis against Dara, Dara grinding her bare ass right back against him!

This was all so nuts! This was insane! But it was only about to get crazier...

Smack!

"Oh!" Kat gasped as her sister slapped her bare ass.

"Dara!" she cried again as her sister reached around, and grabbing her firmly by either cheek of her ass, aggressively pulled her in, then spreading her ass open!

Kat reached back and grabbed her sister by her wrists, peeling her hands off her ass, but... she didn't stop dancing. Dara deftly twisted her wrists within Kat's, and turned the tables on her, taking my wife by her wrists. Dara yanked them down, first gliding them across her own hips, and then onto Marcus's, hugging them all tightly together. Dara let her go, and... Kat did not pull her hands away, not immediately at least.

"Eeke!" she squealed as Dara reached back up between them, and found and pinched at my wife's nipples!

Kat reached up again to pull Dara's fingers off, but Dara only used her sister's hold on her to yank her forward, and reaching up with her lips, crushed them against Kat's! *'Holy shit!'* Two sisters... Kissing!

"Mmgh!" Dara... it was Dara who was the first to break it! And my Kat, with her eyes closed, her lips still puckered into the air...

In one quick motion, Dara slipped out from between them, twisting gracefully around to behind her boyfriend. Now holding one of Kat's wrists again, she yanked my wife forward before she could know what had happened.

"Oh!" Kat came crashing into Marcus's bare, muscular chest. There was a long, awkward pause as the truth of it all settled over my Kat, but as the two before her were still dancing, she... as if just to not allow herself to be the foolish, childish one, she started to step to the beat of the music again.

It was too much for her. I could see it written all over her face. Kat tripped back a step, still dancing - somewhat - but way too slow and getting slower, terribly out of rhythm.

As she created space between them, her gaze inevitably fell to the attraction that had so astonished her earlier.

“Wow...” she gasped yet again upon him. After the stimulating triage, Marcus’s cock hadn’t been idle. It had grown... was growing.

“Kat,” he caught her briefly by the chin, lifting her gaze, while brushing his other across and down one of her arms. The look I saw in her eyes as they lifted... fear. Fear, mixed with... want. With... lust. All in one motion, he used the fingers he’d straightened her chin with to beckon her back closer.

Her gaze fell again, fell back to that huge cock, but... her feet inched closer, still trying to step to the music, ever nearing him. Marcus caught her as their bent knees touched, and he effortlessly spun her around, pulling my wife’s naked rear back against him! Her bare ass against his... his...!

“Holy shit!” I heard my wife utter her first curse word ever, as Marcus ground himself between the cheeks of her gracious globes! „It’s... so big!“

And they... they danced! Dirtily! Nastily! Grinding! Practically dry humping out there! And my Kat was losing herself in it, tossing her hair, arching her back, raising her arms into the air as she swayed her sweet hips and pressed back against him, greeting him fully!

My head was spinning. So jealous! So jealous to be in there, dancing with them, dancing with her! Dancing... yet strapped in a chair, with pink panties on.

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### **Chapter Three: The Third Mistake**

“I come bearing gifts!” a fourth dared interrupt this triage of magic. “Who’s ready to get fuuucked up?!” he waved two bottles of liquor through the air, one in each fist, his already hard – probably seven inch cock – bouncing up and down in between.

*Geezus!* It felt like I was at some warped, immature college party! Was there not a single mature, sane person here?!

“That’a boy, Rob!” Dara twisted away from Marcus to claim one of the bottles for herself, and quickly clinking it against his, the two cheered before taking a deep, long swig each.

With her sister’s absence seemingly dawning something upon her, my wife, my beautiful Kat, being left alone with big Marcus and his big dick, suddenly drew herself away from him, peeling his hands from her hips as she went. I saw her frown, shaking her head as she stepped a good few and safe steps away, yet she was still *pretending* to dance.

“Kat!” Dara sounded as if she were about to scold her, but spotting that look on her sister’s face, she played it safe and quickly changed track. “Have a drink with me!” she gaily raised her bottle into the air.

“Dara, I...” Kat sighed, shaking her head more refutely „no“ – she’d had more than enough to drink – but Rob just as quickly thrust his bottle into her hands, giving it over. Dara clinked it and began to drink. Appearing hesitant, but not allowing her younger sister to drink alone, Kat eventually mimicked her.

“Hell yeah!” Dara high stepped, still dancing by herself, shaking off the jolt of liquor coursing down to her belly.

"Fuck!" I heard Kat utter her second curse word ever, pulling the mouth of the bottle away to use the back of her hand at to wipe her lips and chin clean. She'd taken way too big of a gulp, and had coughed some of it up and out.

"You call that a drink?!" Dara dared her, pushed her, lifting her own bottle back to her lips for a second pull as Marcus moved up behind to grind his bare cock against her wonderful ass.

"Shit!" Kat cursed yet again, but while watching them, still somewhat stepping back and forth, moving her hips, she raised her bottle yet again. She tried to keep it short and sweet, but as she was lowering its base back down, Dara caught it with the tips of her finger, and hoisted it right back up, even higher, turning it upside into the air! With its mouth now dumping into my wife's, air bubbles rapidly chugging through, Kat gulped and gulped and drank, trying to keep up!

With her head titled all the way back, her eyes squinted closed to bear the fierce burn, Dara turned, smiling wickedly, and caught Rob's gaze. She nodded towards my wife. Rob caught on, and moving his own hands and feet and hips in dance, he slyly worked his way over to behind Kat's bare rump, taking advantage of her while she was still distracted.

"Hugh-pfft!" Kat hacked - having drunk waaay too much already, more than she could stand. She spewed and rained a mouthful of liquor out and across her sister, just as Rob's hands landed on her hips and he pressed up behind her! Dara just laughed, not seeming to mind. My wife's head then spun, twisting, glancing back in shock to discover what - who was behind her.

"Oh..." she discovered Rob. Her trembling hands, with the neck of that bottle still hooked between her fingers, landed across his, gripping his as if she meant to angrily tear and pull them away. He just grinned back to her though, revealing a perfect set of pearly whites while still dancing, acting as if all this were normal. *Nuts!*

And my Kat, she... she seemingly became lost within herself in that fateful moment, while staring back into his simmering orbs. She... she did not look away. She did not break their deep, meaningful gaze, and with her hands still on his, she did not peel them off, and she did not stop him, stop... dancing.

Her feet were moving timidly, barely leaving the wooden deck, but she was... she was dancing, moving to the beat, and he was grinding up behind her! She let go his hands, and while still holding his gaze, she tipped her bottle back up again, and as if in effort to squelch her rattled nerves, she did no stop until she had finished off what was left of her bottle, before tossing it away! Empty!

Oh, that return of envy, of jealousy! It stung, and it stung deep. Marcus was one thing. He was Dara's boyfriend - if you could call any of her many, many boy toys that - but this! Rob, was... was... this was different! Rob was tall and stocked and muscular. He bore an eight pack, forget the six! His chest and his arms and his legs were ripped like a body builders'!

I... I looked down at my own sad chest that was flat with zero definition, currently being hugged within a woman's pink bra, filling out none of it. I looked back to that man with my wife, and I whimpered into my gag. Rob was handsome. He was... beautiful? I'd never associated that word with a man before, but he... he was. Knowing Dara's friends, he was probably an underwear model or something.

It was only then that I remembered him - that face. How could I have forgotten it? It had been his arm my wife was under when I had discovered them returning from the club. Prince Charming, come to rescue the stranded princess... no, MY princess! A mistake!

With my wife freeing herself of the bottle and swaying even more from its effects, Rob suddenly stepped back and did a smooth little shuffle with his feet, finishing it with a spin. It was cool and hot! Apparently this underwear model had the moves as well! Life was so unfair.

And my Kat giggled, turning her back to me to face him, stepping more earnestly now to the music. Dara and Marcus were still doing their own thing, but both were watching my wife intently, as was I.

While clapping his hands to the beat, Rob then nodded to her, for my wife to show him her own moves. And Kat... who I had never seen dance before - well, only with me, hobbling to country music while I stomped on her toes! - she twerked her hips, thrusting out her ass and jiggling its fat!

"Go Ka-at! Go Ka-at!" Marcus and Dara began clapping their own hands from behind her, cheering her on!

And Kat, wearing a huge, happy grin, spared them a glance, before suddenly dipping low to the ground, rolling her hips seductively, spreading herself open wide for Rob to see!

"Hellll yeeeah!" he groaned out, his eyes growing wider and wider as they followed her down, all the way until they were obviously glued to that heavenly flower between her legs. That flower I was apparently no longer privy to. His penis even visibly swelled with the lewd display!

"Hahaha!" Kat then bounced back up, laughing hysterically, embarrassed but giddy, spinning around to show him her ample ass!

Her entire face and neck and chest were flushed red with heat, and her eyes... they were sparkling like the stars above. She was smiling from ear to ear, grinning and laughing and giggling, as if having the time of her life! Her feet moved lightly, as if she were gliding in the clouds, and her whole body rolled smoothly and freely, seductively, as free as a bird's!

Now facing Marcus and her sister and... and me... she didn't even spare me a glance. Not even an accusingly glare, as if she'd forgotten all about me! She looked back over her shoulder at Rob as she carefully scooted her feet outward, rocking forward onto the balls of her feet as she temptuously ground her naked pelvis through the air.

It was so hot! And it was still far from over. Straightening her knees, my wife - my wife! - bent herself at the hips, arching her back as pushed her ass out towards him! Then, to both my utter disgrace and wild enthusiasm, she began to rapidly peddle her feet, which in turn jiggled her luscious thighs, which in turn rapped her fat ass back and forth, cheek by cheek up and down!

"Fuck yeah!" Rob yelled!

"Go Ka-at! Go Ka-at!" Marcus and Dara kept up their chant!

And goaded on by their hysteric applause and crazed enthusiasm, Kat then reached back, first smacking her own ass for him, rattling it more, before grabbing both her ample globes in either hand, and bending over even further, she pulled her cheeks apart, showing him her sexy, wet, godlike nether regions in all their full, unbridled glory!

*,Whoa.... Who. Was... This?* I could not recognize her any more.

"Damn, girl!" Rob responded by gliding up behind her, slipping his hard cock right between the grasping cheeks of that sexy ass!

"Oh, no! I..." she abruptly juttet upright, giving me some smidgen of hope, as she was shocked by the sudden contact of heated flesh upon flesh! "I don't..." she started to pull away, but her ass was now gripping him, and then Dara was there, pushing her fully back against him, so that she was forced to lean back against his chest.

Kat then gasped as Dara began to pour what was left of her own bottle across my wife's heaving, frantic cleavage, letting it run all the way down her body! She jumped as Dara lowered her face to her bosom and began... and began to lick and lap at the liquor straight from her tits!

"Dara!" Kat guffawed, her hands responding, clenching at her sister by her locks, but she... she did not stop her - couldn't stop her.

And Dara kept on licking, and then... and then sucking! I could hear it! Sucking on her sister's tits! On her nipples, pulling them between her lips! Kat's fingers curled into her sister's hair, balling it into her fists, but as Dara's teeth sunk in, she froze! I'd just died and gone to heaven!

And Dara just kept on giving. After having cleaned off Kat's tits, she began to move lower, collecting more and the rest! Her mouth and tongue swabbed beneath the fat swell of Kat's bosom! Lower! Sucking it off her sister's stomach! All the way, slowly dropping further and further down, until she was on her knees, her face in her sister's crotch!

"Mmm... don't!" a heightened moan escaped Kat's lips as she braced herself back against Rob, having to let go of her sister to grasp at his wrists on her hips. He was busily pushing his swollen cock against and through her swollen cheeks, humping her, and she had to stop him before... before...

I could not exactly see what Dara was doing down there, her head in the way, but as my Kat said no, at the same time, she shifted her feet outwards, spreading her legs wider, her body saying yes! I was saying yes! And then even wider for her sister, giving her more access to her pussy! By the noises and the responses Dara was illiciting from her, it didn't take the most creative mind in the world to picture what was happening down below!

*Really?!'* Was I really seeing this?! Sister and sister?! *Shit!'* I felt my penis throb with anticipation!

"Fughck!" Kat gasped as her eyes began to roll into the back of her head. She was now collapsed fully against Rob's chest, and though her hands were locked about his wrists, she made no attempt to stop him as he lifted them both to begin exploring her naked, glorious body in more detail. Her own hands simply trailed along with his, clenching tighter and tighter, guiding him, pulling them more firmly against her body as her sister ate her pussy!

And then I could hear it. Hear it! Hear as Dara licked and sucked and slobbered across her my wife's pussy! It was so incredibly amazing - erotic!

"Mmmngh!" Kat's hands let go of Rob's, giving him free reign, winding up and around his neck, her fingering coursing through his hair, clasping and pulling at his locks as he tweaked her nipples, as Dara... as Dara tweaked her hardened clit with her mouth and tongue!

Caught up in the heat of the moment, Rob reached up, grabbing my wife by her chin, and turned her face to meet his. And then there, just before me, for the first time in her life, in my life, without any hesitation whatsoever... I had to watch my own wife kiss another man!

And not just kiss. Their lips crushed, and their tongues slipped out to greet one anothers! They were swapping spit, kissing nastily, and I had to watch it all! Could do nothing but watch it happen!

Without lifting her face from between her sister's legs, Dara reached up with one hand, searching blindly. Curious, I followed it until she caught Rob by his arm - that was currently fondling my wife's tits! And without breaking his kiss with my wife, he allowed Dara to do whatever it was that she was doing, guiding his arm and then hand down to Kat's thigh. Dara helped him grab it, take hold of it, and then... and then lift it right into the air, splitting her legs open wide in a lewd, disgusting display of... of... of utter fucking sexiness!

Kat lost her balance for just a second, having to shift her now single foot still upon the deck to readjust her weight, but she neither broke the kiss, nor tried to stop whatever it was that they were doing to her! She was going along with it! She was letting this happen! My pure, innocent Kat! Never! But she... it was!

Dara finally pulled her wet cheeks from her sister's now foaming cunt, but for only a second. Just long enough to glance up to admire the product of her handiwork. And I could see... we all could see in plain, unobstructed view - with one leg spread up high into the air - my wife's pussy. My wife's pussy split wide open, and it was clear and it was graphic and it was so fucking erotic!

And it was wet. Wet with Dara's saliva. Wet with her own pouring nectar! Her flushed and aroused labia were blossoming out like the petals of a pink flower, a welcoming allure for any busy bee to fertilize! And her hardened clit was throbbing, peaking straight out from its tight hood, begging for attention. And her hole was literally dripping with its wet juices, unleashing a steady current that was draining all the way down onto her thighs!

And then... and then Dara dove back in, giving her sister an even fiercer tongue lashing, splitting open her folds with her tongue, sucking on her distended clit, using her fingers to explore her wet hole!

"Oh, gawd!" Kat moaned into Rob's mouth, her hips gyrating, her knee shaking! "Ungh!" I saw her whole body convulse, rattled by her sister's tongue devouring her cunt! She... she was about to cum! I just knew it! And I... I had never seen her cum before. I... we... we didn't think she could..?!

Dara was just getting started, however. Knowing all too well what she was doing, having brought her sister just to the precipice, to the very edge, Dara then abandoned her, leaving her there, starving, forcing her to beg for more!

"Dara! Please!" my Kat did indeed beg, finally pulling her tongue out of that guy's mouth to gasp and heave and plead for more!

But Dara, calm and grinning deviously, ignored her, and simply reached back between her legs, behind her, digging further, as if her hand was searching for a toy in a toy chest. She intended to give her sister more, but not with what Kat had in mind.

Dara eventually found what she was looking for. She grabbed it and pulled it forth. Rob's fully hard cock suddenly popped onto the scene, and right between my wife's spread legs! Not missing a beat, Dara immediately wrapped her lips around it, sucking on it hard!

"Oh!" I heard Kat gasp, her eyes growing wide, staring down, not blinking, never leaving, watching her sister noisily suck off this dick beneath her. I - we had never seen anything like this! Dara slobbered all over him, crushing her nose into her sister's sex to take him as deep as she could!

*,What in the fuck?!'* Where was I? Who was I? What in the hell was going on?!

Things were getting heated and heavy! Dara was making all kinds of slobbery noises. Kat was

gasping and whimpering, her hips slowly gyrating back and forth, dipping her needy slit down and along the top of Rob's long shaft, pressing her clit right back against her sister's face! And Rob was moaning away with heavenly pleasure with all that these two girls were giving him! Who wouldn't be? I could only dream!

With the tension ever building, Dara suddenly smacked her lips off the tip of his cock. He groaned, still thrusting it forward between my wife's legs, between her wet lips, searching to find Dara's wet mouth once more. For more! But Dara denied him.

Instead, she hawked and spit. Spit a huge wad of saliva on the tip of his cock, before cupping his gliding shaft by its base, and pressed it up even tighter against my wife's wet, spread open pussy!

"Oh... Dara! Do-ungh-n't!" Kat somewhat protested, but made no move to stop her, nor extract herself from between them. No, instead... her head fell back against Rob's broad shoulder as he lifted her leg even higher into the air, his thick meat now teased her most sensitive flesh and clit as he ran its length back and forth between her gripping lips!

"Ohh, Dara-aa-ungh!" my wife moaned and grunted, louder as her sister wedged the thumb of her free hand in between them to rub at her throbbing clit! "Yesss!" Kat cried with complete lust and wanton desire! I'd never, not in fifteen years, ever seen my wife like this!

"Yess..." Dara cooed victoriously, looking up to catch Rob's eyes and nod to him. He quickly caught on, nodding back. It was time to take this further.

Bracing my Kat by his hold on her hip and leg, Rob held her as she was, as he ever so slowly began to back his grinding hips away. Rob bent his knees, gently pulling his cock back to wind it through her foaming slit, and give them just enough space to allow his tool to stand.

The bulbous head of his cock disappeared from over Kat's clit, revealing Dara's thumb still vigorously rubbing at it. She grabbed him by his base, to begin working it through my wife's wet, swollen lips, flipping it back and forth through her, teasing her, causing my Kat to squeal and moan and squirm!

Dara guided it, swirling it around my wife's drenched, unprotected hole, as Rob dropped himself even further, all the way until his cock was standing straight up, end over end, and only its bloated head was left pressed up against my wife's cunt. My sister-in-law then ducked her head down to get a better view, to find her target, and then... and then Dara wedged him directly in!

"Ungh! No... no don't!" Kat huffed as she felt it splitting her. As Rob felt it. As he pushed! He would have claimed her right then and there, nothing she could have done about it, but his thick meat was too big for her small hole. It stalled outside her entrance, being denied, bending with the pressure he was putting behind it.

"You know you want it!" Dara upped the pulse of the frantic heat, practically screaming at her sister, not stopping. Rob did not stop either.

"Ungh! No..." Kat moaned as Dara held him in place, slowly jerking her hand up and down his shaft, just as he kept on pushing up against her. "No..." she might have been muttering, but I could see it...

See it in her tightening her grip on him. See it in her eyes disappearing back into her skull. See it in her hips gently swaying, rocking back and forth, rocking over the head of his cock. See it as she herself was slowly working it in!

"No... no I, I've never..." she was now groveling and frothing at the mouth, her neck limp, her head rocking back and forth on his shoulder. "I... I can't... I haven't..." her breath was becoming more and more ragged.

But then, with enough persistence, with enough pressure, with Dara and Rob both pushing him up, with my Kat's solitary, single knee growing weaker and weaker, sinking her down and down, unable to hold herself... "Alvin!" she cried my name as the dam suddenly broke. As she sank... really sank.

"Oh... my... GAWD!!" Kat's eyes suddenly snapped back open with surprise as her pussy broke, and Rob drove several inches of his fat cock up inside her! Inside... her. Inside my wife's pussy! Right in front of me, with her legs spread... all, everything wide and clear and visible for me to see!

There was no denying it. No pretending that this wasn't happening. The first cock that had ever entered her besides my own... I was watching another man enter my wife!

And with her eyes wide with shock, jaw hung, gripping tightly at his wrist that held her hip with one hand, at the back of his head and hair with her other, I watched her entire body tense up from the sudden invasion. I watched her rise up on her tip-toes as if to escape him and pull him back out. But then... but then she... she stopped, loosing a long, ragged breath, sighing heavily as she slowly sank back down onto his organ.

"Fuuggghckk!" she let herself go, and I had to watch in minute detail as more and more of Rob's throbbing cock slid up and up, disappearing into my wife's cunt.

"Unmmgh! It... it's so... so big..." she couldn't exactly construe the words, sounding almost curious - curiously surprised! She looked down... down at their own, joined union. She watched as I watched, as more sank into her. As she braced herself and stopped it. As she lifted herself back up, revealing his shaft once more, and the juices - her juices spread across it.

"So big..." her words destroyed me. Not "no" or "stop" or "don't." Just... "so big..."

I glanced down at my own, sad penis, it still shamelessly hard and erect... *Sad penis..?* I became confused, unsure of who's "sad" penis exactly that I was looking at?

It certainly didn't look so sad... In fact, it was huge! Bigger than I had ever seen it! At least an inch longer, if not more, and thicker than ever! *Wow!* I was really packing! And all... and all from this... from seeing my wife...?

"Just..." I heard her gasp, breaking me out of my reverie. "Just... take it slow...o-okay?"

*Fuuggghckk.'*

"Ungh-eee!" she squealed as he began to move, gripping her lover even tighter. And at first he was merciful with her, working his hips slowly, gyrating, grinding inch by creeping inch into her pussy. My... my wife's pussy.

And I... I couldn't. I couldn't... *not* watch them. Not watch him pull an inch of his long cock out my wife's pussy, only to slowly push another two inches in. I couldn't *not* watch as Dara reached between their legs to begin massaging his dangling balls. I couldn't *not* watch as my wife's single knee, all that was holding her up, grow weak, and begin to give more and more. Not watch as she began to grind herself back down onto him, matching his slow, rhythmic thrusts, taking more and more of his cock inside her... inside my Kat.

And I couldn't not listen. Listen to my wife as she began to moan, louder. Louder. Listen to the man grunting, taking my wife. And as the tension rose and built with the heat, I couldn't *not* listen to their two joined sexes began to slosh together with an ever increasing pace. I couldn't... *not*, as the two began to make love before me.

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Chapter Four: Mistake Number Four

There is a moment in every man's life when something happens, something big, something earth shattering that changes him forever. Alters him and the path that he is on. When he is pressed between a rock and a hard place, and has to make a decision. Mine came as I watched my wife upon her sister's deck. Watched her, and listened to her...

"MMGHN! YESSS! NNGH-FUCK! GAWD YES! FUCK MEEE!"

Screaming. Screaming and cursing and... and begging. My ears were being assaulted - as was my sanity. All I could think, all that I could hear was that loud cacophony of grunts and groaning and moaning. Of pitched squeals and yelped shrieks, and it... it was a lot to take. A lot for any husband to have to see and hear. And it all emanating, being delivered from... screamed from the depths of my wife's loin! She once so very pure, once so very shy and innocent. Not so shy or innocent anymore.

No. It was safe to say, that there was absolutely nothing shy or innocent about this - there, here, mere feet from where I sat - where I was tied, where I was dressed in women's panties. The innocent love making was over. This man and my wife were now... now... well, as she said... *fucking!*

Fucking... and hard! Hard and fast. Hard to come to terms with. Their wet flesh was now clapping together in rapid succession, growing wetter, growing louder, faster, counting out the beats for me as he utterly *pounded* her pussy.

No, they were no longer making love, no longer cradling each other tenderly in one another's arms. Fucking.

It hadn't taken long, his thrusts soon becoming too powerful, his cock too big, too much for my inexperienced wife to withstand. She had since broken - had to break. While pile driving up into her, with enough time and effort, my Kat had collapsed, fallen forward and limp and hung at the waist, his grip on her hip and leg the only things keeping her from tumbling over right onto her face.

And now she was heaving and panting, gasping and moaning, just as he kept on pounding! Pounding harder than ever, taking full advantage of this new position. He was literally hammering her poor cunt, rapping her back and forth, hopping her, driving her forward thrust by thrust, inch by inch - all the while with my Kat screaming and moaning like a wanton whore, doing nothing to stop it, nothing but taking it.

I could see the flesh of those tender hips and her well rounded rump rippling outwards with each violent collision - out like mad waves driven by an angry storm crashing against a sea wall. And as sexy as I'd always found that ass to be, seeing it now being rocked and rippled and punished like this... it had become the most perfect ass in all the world - nothing hotter!

Now bent, but with her one leg still spread high into the air, split wide at an awkward angle - if you ducked down just a little, you could see that once, oh so tight, oh so pristine pussy gripping about his thick, meaty shaft. See everything! See her pussy squeezing it, milking it, taking it! See as her pretty flower turned from pink, to red, to purple from the savage abuse! And I did... I ducked my head

down to see. To watch and see it all!

And I remembered that flower, reminisced about it as if I were at its funeral. I'd always fawned over it. I'd always treated it with the most tender love and care and respect possible - as if indeed it were a most delicate flower, and was afraid I might somehow harm or taint it if I wasn't careful. But as I watched this man's cock chew her petals up and spit them out, utterly destroying and ruining them without a care in the world... I was leaning forward in my seat. I was humming into my gag. I was cheering him on!

It was wild! It was insane! And me her husband... nothing hotter?! Cheering him on?! I was and I did. And... it was only getting better!

Bent as she was, hanging on for dear life by his wrist at her hip with one hand... with her other waving through the air behind her in a wild attempt to somehow find purchase on something... while arching her back seductively in the process... while somehow maintaining to keep her balance on that single foot...

Those... those fat milk jugs on her chest had toppled over with her, and were now dangling freely, reaching for the deck! And I... and then that was all I could see!

I lost it! It - it was just... those tits! As amazing as I found every other part of her perfect body to be... as much as I had always especially admired those impressive, over-sized swells and cherished them with my all... seeing them here and now and like this..!!! It was like the first time all over again! And not like the first time - even better!

Now hanging beneath her without restraint, they started swaying wildly about as he smashed her from behind! They were bouncing! Rapping up and down, back and forth, around and around in dizzying circles as they clapped with enthusiasm! Flopping over and over, again and again in rapid beats, mesmerizing me like that of a hypnotist's pendulum... effing clapping together!

And I watched. Watched this man punish my wife's hips and ass. Watched him destroy her pussy. Watched him bounce and clap her tits as he pounded her. It was so terrible to have to watch this. So terrible, and yet so spectacularly incredible!

What else was there to say?! It was sexy! So sexy! So hot and erotic! I'd never seen anything - could never have imagined anything like this in my wildest dreams! It was just so raw and powerful and free! My pulse was beating through my own cock just as violently as Rob was drilling his through my wife's splayed cunt!

,Geezus! I felt like I was about to cream myself any second now, and just from watching them! Watching them fuck! From... from everything! From all of it!

From Rob fucking my wife! From him thrusting savagely into her, as hard and as ferociously as he could! As he pleased! Hammering her without care or worry, without heed to her pitched yelps or cries or pleas, taking her as only he cared, as only he wanted!

From watching my wife fuck him back! From watching her arch her back and push out her ass to greet his violent thrusts! From her rippling hips and flopping tits! From watching her pussy getting utterly devastated from his cock! From listening to her wail and scream and beg for more as he slammed into her!

And as I watched, I wanted so desperately to find those eyes, those beautiful blue orbs - the *only* part of her that I could not see. To gaze into them and see them burning with that fire and that need

and that want which I could see burning in her body, that I could hear in her moaning and ranting voice! To completely forget myself and become lost in them, lost as I was in everything else! But I couldn't see them.

My Kat had twisted her neck and head around to face and look into the eyes of her lover, to burn into his as he gave her his cock... gave it to her as she took it! Took it while grunting and screaming at him, begging him with that fire!

"YESS-UGN! GIVE IT TO MEEEE!" her voice was so high that it rattled my drums! "UNGH! YEAH! FUCK ME - UNGH! FUCK ME HARDER YOU BASTARD!" she'd become deranged - a mad woman! "FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG - UNGH - BIG FUCKING COCK! SHIT! UNGH! OH YEAH! FU-UUGHH-CK!" she rambled and she screamed as if she meant to wake the entire neighborhood!

And it did not end there. She went on. On and on and on, screaming at him at the top of her lungs! Screaming until her voice grew hoarse, but she only screamed louder! Screaming at him like an insane, crazed nymphomaniac! Screaming at him... my wife begging him to... to...

"FUCK ME! FUCKING... SHIT!"

Fucking... the word swirled around my brain. It was all that I could see and all that I could hear. *Fucking...* such a strange and foreign word to me. In my life before - before tonight, before seeing and hearing all of this - it had been but a simple curse word to me, one I never used, but now...

Fucking... I suppose I'd never fully understood its meaning before - before now. It was only here and now, that I truly appreciated its significance. As I watched this wild insanity before me... no, there was no denying it. This was... fucking!

Kat and I had never... never this. Never "*fucked*" before. Never had she... as she screamed at him now - as she demanded of him. She'd never begged me to... And I'd never given it to her like this. I'd never... experienced this before. Didn't know what it was before. We'd only ever... ever made love? Sweet and passionate and caring, yes, but never...

Never this. This was so dirty and raw! So savage and primal! They were going at it like two wild animals! Their only purpose in life was centered around, seemed to be to fuck! There was no caring, no passion, no love or sweetness about this. Only heat and sweat and madness! And... and pounding! That fucking pounding! Loud and clear and... pounding! Reverberating around inside my ears. *Whop! Whop! Whop! Whop!* On and on. Drowning out everything else inside my head. They were fucking! And I, her husband, had a front row seat for it. Fucking!

And I was left swirling, tumbling, falling through a maze of confusion and hurt and pain and... and still, still that lust! That desire! That need to see it, to watch her! To watch them - this! Fuck! Fucking! Still I was... I was watching them fuck, not daring to turn away, not daring to blink. Not daring to miss a beat!

"Oh-unngh... fuck yeee-ungh!" my Kat began to grovel - really grovel - her over-taxed lungs growing too weak and depleted to complete any whole word or sentences. "Oh-unhmmm - plughse - yeeahus! Geeez-unhh-us! Can't-oh-uhm - believe-ung!" she started humming and moaning and crying incoherently, still begging for it. Still begging, though her rattled brain and words were naught but gibberish.

And Rob still gave it to her. Gave it his all. Gave it to her harder and faster than ever! And as he continued to destroy that beautiful, once so very tight, once before only delicately used flower... something more began to happen.

I first caught a glimpse of it, when Kat's head suddenly snapped forward, looking... not at me, for though her eyes were open, her pretty blue irises were currently rolled back into her skull. Her jaw was dropped and mouth hung wide, her exhausted tongue was lolling out, spittle drooling out over her chin, but she was no longer making any sound. Muted. Not a peep as he continued to pile drive her, her mouth and lips trapped in some silent wail... and I could tell, something different was happening, something new.

I could feel it, sense it in my bones. Sense it like one could the brewing of a coming storm. I leaned further in, leaned closer towards her, towards them, the angst building - building with whatever was happening to her, insider her, inside me! Building, until the anticipation became too intense to stand!

And then I could see it. See it coming as her face twisted and contorted with pure, unadulterated lust and pleasure. See it pent up in the muscles and tendons of her arms and legs and abdomen as they all went tense and rigid. See it festering as her grip about his wrist tightened, her knuckles going white. See it swelling to uncontrollable heights as she then clenched at her own breasts! Grabbing them! Kneading them! And then pinching at her own nipples!

And just as everything seemed to reach its climax... everything suddenly went quiet and still. It was the quiet before the storm.

A flash of lightening announced its arrival. "YES!" she rasped aloud, her whole body beginning to twitch, followed by every stiff muscle and every rigid tendon beginning to tremble and shake. Something... *'What was...?'* I could only guess. Something was coming... something I'd never seen before.

And then that clasp of thunder. That pent up tension broke with an explosion! "OH FUCK YES! I'M GONNA... YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME..!!!" she began to buck, hopping in his lap, screaming bloody murder!

"I... I... YOU!!!" she was losing it, swinging and tossing her head, her blond locks whipping back and forth, into and across her face, her body beginning to convulse as if she were having a seizure! "FUCK YOU! YOU FUCKING BASTARD! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME FUCKING... ME... UNGH! FUCK I'M GONNA... GONNA... UNGH!" she was bleating at the top of her lungs, but just couldn't get it out!

And it was killing me! *'What in the hell is going on?!'* I felt like I was about to burst with the ever increasing stress - ever increasing anxiety! Wild! And then, just as I asked - it answered. It happened - really happened - the truth revealed!

"CUUUMMMM!!!" my wife howled long and loud up at the Moon, her whole being convulsing, rocking, breaking, as if riding out the wakes of a five-point-o earthquake trembling beneath her very feet!

I... I... I blinked, my own jaw dropping open. I couldn't believe my eyes. What I had just seen - heard. What I was still seeing - still hearing. Didn't want to believe it. Couldn't deny it.

Kat... my - my wife... not - not with me, not with the love of her life, but with... with another man... she... she was..? I - I'd never... s-she'd never... was this really... really happening..?

'C-cu-cumming?' I whimpered into my gag, my lame excuse as a man, my lame excuse for a life ending right there.

But it didn't end. Wouldn't end. That fire in her was somehow sweeping over and catching flame inside me! I was tingling, burning, on fucking fire!

With her breath ragged and heavy, heaving and panting, her trembling knee suddenly gave out beneath her and she collapsed completely. But mighty Rob was quick and he still had her! He picked her back up, now supporting all of her weight by her limp leg and hip himself

"No!" my quivering wife went on begging, trying in vain to compose and hold herself up. "Don't stop! Please don't stop!" she rasped, still begging. She had nothing to fear, for Rob had no intention of stopping.

"Yeah, baby! Cum!" he grunted into her, pumping her, still fucking her! Still... still making her cum!

"Yes!" she answered him. "Don't - ungh - fucking - ungh - stop!" she grunted aloud in unison with each of his rapid thrusts! "I'm still... FUGHCKK!" she ground out, her eyes still rolled back into her head. She was still crying, still trembling, still shaking, still...

"Shit! Your pussy is so fucking wet!" Rob spouted. "Hell yeah! Cum all over my dick!" his vile words taunted me as he kept thrusting... thrusting into my deranged wife. Thrusting, as if just so I could hear how wet her soaking pussy really was!

"YEEAUNGHS!" and she kept on howling, still. Still...

"Ah, fuck!" Rob suddenly groaned out. "It - it's clamping down on my dick!" he sounded departed, his head falling back, consumed with pure lust. "So fucking tight!" he heaved. "Gawd, this is the best pussy I've ever had!" he announced for all to hear, speaking of... my - mine... my pussy! No doubt it was the best!

And then, in the blink of an eye, the pace suddenly shifted. Rob's hips began to wane, trembling themselves as his own body went tense and started to lock up. The rapid, crazed thrusting gave over to him slowly, jerking yet moving with purpose, grinding up into her, as if simply to enjoy the last vestiges of my wife's hot, wet, gripping channel massaging over his shaft.

"SHIT!" she groaned, pulling so hard on her left nipple it looked like she was trying to tear it off! "Please..." she whimpered. "Please don't stop!" she implored him. "I'm still - UMGH!" she started trying to bounce herself back, to buck her hips against him herself, to pick back up that pace as he slowed and slowed, grinding, reaching deeper and deeper inside her!

"I'm still..." she panted. "Fuck, I'm still CUUMMING!" she rasped, and then peaked all over again as she kept bouncing herself in his lap, as he kept grinding deep up inside her!

"Yeah, baby..." he let go her hip to grab her by the shoulder and pull her fully back against him, now just swiveling and twerking his hips, burying his cock as deep as he could!

"Please..." she whimpered, turning once again to face him, coming back down from that crazed high, but still very much begging for it.

"Mmm!" Rob then caught her lips with his, shoving his tongue into her mouth as he suddenly thrust upward! Hard! But just to hold himself there!

"MMNGH!" my Kat groaned back into his mouth, receiving his cock, returning that wet and nasty kiss!

"NNGH!" Rob dropped again and then thrust up hard - again! Holding - again! Pushing and lifting them both up onto their very tip-toes!

And then... and then with both of their hips twitching, twisting and grinding... with his cock buried as deep as he could force it... with her pussy pressing down, accepting as much of it as she could... with his balls pressing up against her clit... pressing and swelling, and then tightening and pumping...

"Aahhhh!" Rob loosed a long, winded, pleased sigh into my wife's mouth.

"Oh... Oh. My. GAWWD!" Kat groveled wantonly, seemingly cumming yet again, kissing him deeper as her hand dipped from her tits to her belly... to her womb.

"Ungh!" Rob gave another short thrust, still deeper, trying to reach as far as he could into her. All the way until his entire body was flush, hugged against hers, rolling onto the balls of his feet, onto his very toes, holding her entire weight in his lap as his body trembled behind hers! As it spiked! And I spiked, as if being electrocuted!

I was seeing stars! Dizzy! But I was seeing it... and before long it dawned on me. Dawned on me as I saw her melt back against him, just as I melted. I felt it as she felt it, that warmth spreading across her belly, into her belly as it spread and filled mine. And then I knew it. Knew what was transpiring before my very eyes. This... this man... this stranger... he was cumming inside my wife's pussy... into her very womb. Seeding her. My womb!

And my Kat... oh, my dear Kat. It was something she'd never let me do before - though I'd never asked, though I'd never tried. She was... she was letting him. She was grinding herself over him, on him, still cumming herself! Not trying to stop him! Stop this! Cumming! Both of them! She was just mumbling, speaking gibberish again into his lips, whimpering as his balls visibly tensed up and pumped. Were pumping. Pumping into her, over and over again!

HIM! This man she didn't know from Adam! From yesterday! She'd fucked him! She was letting him shoot his entire load up into her! Breeding her! Filling her with his cum! Taking his hot seed deep into her... her...

"Nnngh!" I groaned into my gag pathetically. I'd been too lost. I had not anticipated, not expected this. It came only as an after thought, after I was wandering back down from my high, matched high - after it was all too late. Reality came crashing back. My Kat... my wife... my love was not on any kind birth control...

And as Rob sighed gratefully, his balls completing their duty, planting every last drop of their seed into my wife's fertile soil... as her beautiful and tight, gripping and kneading cunt finished milking him dry... as his body began to retract, retreating, pulling away and growing limp... as he returned to the balls of his feet and then to his heels... as he slowly lowered my wife's leg back to the ground and released her thigh and hip... as he slipped his cock back out of her with a loud, wet, suctioning plop announcing its exit... as he was finished with her and left her there all alone, with no one to hold her, to cradle her, to snuggle her in his arms and whisper sweet nothings and "I love you's" into her ear after such an intimate connection...

As if our two brains were connected, as I rued over this travesty that had just taken place, reality seemingly came crashing back to my Kat as well.

It washed over her face, erasing that all too recent pleased and happy grin. It dropped her eyes and her head and her shoulders, leaving her slumped in solitude and...

"What the..?" I heard her mumble with confusion, as if she'd really been separated from reality for the last ten minutes, and had no idea as to what had just happened.

Peering down and slightly parting her feet, curious as to the warm trickle seeping out her hole and down between her legs, she reached and swiped a couple of fingers through her still swollen and parted slit.

"Huh?" she jumped in her own skin as the hot, searing goo spread across her cupped fingers. Her hand shot back up, bringing the evidence with it, all the way back, close to her face for eyes to see, to see first hand - to try and refute, but only to confirm.

"Oh..." there was no denying it now. "No," she still tried. "No-no-no-no-no!" I could see the panic begin to course through her.

"No!" she then quickly shifted her feet out more, and while bending and spreading her knees in an awkward pose, she lewdly stuck out her groin and curled her neck over to look... to see, wanting so desperately to deny... to see, only to find the truth.

"He didn't..." she spoke to herself, she not wanting to accept the truth. But it was there, clear as day for all to see. I could see it from where I sat. Cum. Goo, leaking out her slit, straight from the depths of her loin.

Still denying, still not accepting, Kat reached down with her other hand. She gripped the red and swollen lips of her pussy, placing her index on one side of her slit, her middle finger on the other, before scissoring them open. Opening and revealing the undeniable truth that laid beneath.

Her still hard and throbbing clit. The wetness of her now not so innocent pink flower, soaked in the morning's dew. Her not so innocent cunt drooling, seeping...

"No, this can't... I'm not..." she reached with her soiled fingers again, and collected a second sample. She brought them to her eyes again, and again it was there, all across her fingers as a mass of thick... a creamy clod of... of the truth.

"Fughhhck..." she groaned in desperation as she stared at it. Her eyes glazed over. She looked like she was about to faint. But then... Dara. Of course, Dara.

"Dara..?" my wife quipped as her sister took her by the wrist, and then pulled her out-held, cum coated fingers to her lips. "What are you..?" Kat wrinkled her nose in confusion.

Dara did not answer her with words, but in parting her own lips, she seductively, sensuously slipped my wife's soiled fingers in between and into her mouth! "Mmm!" she wrapped her gracious lips about my wife's fingers, and then... slowly, methodically, she began to suck them clean!

"Oh..." was all that Kat could say, staring wide eyed and shocked as she watched her sister... suck! As I watched!

Still suckling, Dara reached down with her other hand in search of the source - my wife's still leaking cunt! She swabbed her own fingers through, collecting her own fresh sample.

"W-what... what are you..?" Kat wisped, squirming slightly from her sister's touch. But without taking her lips from my wife's fingers, Dara lifted her hand and presented it before Kat's lips.

Kat... said nothing - couldn't. Nervous and rattled, with her own fingers still lodged within her

sister's mouth, she glanced down from Dara's simmering orbs to her cupped fingers, practically going cross-eyed in the process. There she found... just at her lips, spread and pooled across her sister's fingers... fresh, hot, steaming... CUM!

Eternity seemed to pass as I watched and waited with baited breath from the edge of my seat. After staring long and hard at it, Kat finally looked back up to her sister. Her eyes... they were there, but they were gone. Her body was there, but her mind seemed to be in another place.

Dara, still moaning softly, still slowly bobbing over and sucking at my Kat's fingers, Dara, she... shocked us all! While nodding to her sister in silent instruction, she pressed those cum coated fingers directly against my wife's lips, as if expecting Kat to let them in! As if attempting to spoon feed it - that - to her!

I saw my wife jump as the warmth and stickiness of that cum clung to her beautiful lip! Her arm snapped up, catching Dara by the wrist, stopping her, but... she did not pull her away. She just... watched and waited. That cum! That cum was now all across her lips! Too much!

"Mmm!" Dara finally smacked her lips off Kat's fingers. "Go on, Kat," she nudged my wife's lips again. "It's so good!" she purred haughtily!

Dara must have completely lost her mind! Kat?! Really?! My Kat?! Do this?! Ha! Never! She'd never even had my own cum in her mouth!

But... apparently it was I, me who had lost his mind, for just then Kat... did. Before my very eyes, my - my wife, she... she slowly, carefully parted her lips.

"Yes! That's it!" Dara hummed, tilting her palm up, allowing some of Rob's cum, gathered straight from my wife's pussy, to ooze into her mouth!

I... I saw it, but couldn't believe it. I saw my wife tilt her head back. I saw that pool shift forward. I saw the white disappear into the black...

I saw my wife's eyes squeeze shut, saw her nose wrinkle, saw her brow tense, saw her face wince - almost in disgust - as she received that first taste... that taste of sour, bitter, warm...

"See? Not so bad?" Dara cooed to her. "Go on, then. Take it all into your mouth. Clean it off," she guided her gently.

And Kat... she... of her own free will, she... with her grip on her sister's wrist, she pulled Dara's fingers further into her mouth, and... she wrapped her lips around them! She was... sucking them! Sucking them clean! Clean! Cum! And not my cum! Never my cum! Another man's!

"Mmm!" she actually... she moaned! Moaned, and drew Dara's fingers further in as her reddened cheeks began to hollow, as she started to, I mean really started to..!

"Yesss!" Dara hissed. "That's it, Kat! Get it all!"

What..? Who..? Who was this woman?!

Over! Just let it be over! Let it end! Please!

But it wouldn't end. Once satisfied, Dara slipped her fingers back out, with no trace of any of that cum to be found. *Where it had all gone?* I... the answer. I saw my wife gulp - swallow! *Fughck!*

She... she swallowed it!

Not over. Dara took Kat by either of her wrists, and then began dropping to her knees, bringing her sister right along with her. And completely out of her mind, Kat let her, and followed her down. Still it was not over. Still it did not end.

Far from over, I watched in utter awe as Dara then turned and looked up to Rob from her knees at his feet. Without any hesitation whatsoever, she gripped his still hard, still cunt and cum coated cock in her fist, and looking straight into his eyes while giving it a few good jerks, "That was so fucking hot!" she said, before truly showing him her appreciation... thanking him by stuffing his dirty cock right into her mouth!

"Mmm!" she hummed all across it for a second! Sucking! Cock! Dirty Cock!

Not over. She popped her lips back off, only to turn and look and offer it to... to my wife! To my Kat!

My naked, completely exposed, recently fucked wife appeared confused, like she didn't understand what she was supposed to do. From her knees beside Dara, she glanced around in a triangle, from Rob's cock to her sister, and then up to the man in question himself.

"Suck it!" I Dara told her - demanded of her! "A proper slut cleans their Master's cock for him after he's done fucking her!" I heard her spout loud and clear. Heard, but could not believe!

And then she grabbed Kat by the back of the head and began to force her down to it! Crazy! Had Dara gone insane?! No way! There was no way my Kat would... she hadn't for me in years! And just after... after... his cock was filthy, and...

I didn't get to finish the thought. My Kat, my drunken wife, she... she struggled at first, but only from the shock of her sister grabbing her so. Then... I heard her take a deep, settling breath, and...

„O-okay..." I heard her give in! I heard her smack her lips open from here, and then... she allowed her sister to guide her, to push her, to plant and connect that cock right into her mouth!

"Mmmgh!" I heard Kat begin to hum, not struggling, not fighting off her sister as I imagined she would - as Dara bobbed her head up and down along Rob's shaft for her, as she took it fully within her mouth! Cock! Another man's cock, straight from her pussy!

„Hoe-lee shit.'

Dara... Dara glanced back at me while my wife was busy, consumed with... with cock and bobbing and sucking this man clean. My evil sister-in-law was smiling deviously, knowing full and well what she was doing. Her eyes lowered from mine, down to my groin, and she laughed - wicked cackling. I followed her gaze down, only to find...

"Huh?"

My... my entire stomach, from my navel, all the way up to my chest... on my own cock, all the way down its shaft to over my balls...

I was still hard. As hard as a rock. And all over me... I remembered. I remembered that thrill, that warmth spreading through me, over me as I watched my wife cum while fucking that man. While he fucked her. While he came all up inside her. Warmth... cum. Cum in my wife. Cum all over me! I had blown my load, the biggest load I'd ever seen! And all from...

My head shot back up to Dara's. Our eyes met, the back of my wife's head still bobbing just beside her. Dara was no longer holding her, forcing her. My Kat was sucking his cock of her own free will. Dara offered me single, knowing wink. No... this was all far from over.

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## **Chapter Five: Kat's Mistake**

Dara, evil Dara. What all she still had in store for me, I did not yet know, but I could say this: While that little deviant terrified the wits out of me, at the exact same time, I felt an undeniable thrill of excitement shooting up and down my spine, tingling angst from my toes to my very ears, and most especially, within my friend downstairs. Though I wasn't yet prepared to admit it, I maybe, just maybe... almost couldn't wait to see what she would do next.

"Slrr - slrr - slrrp!" my Kat, my wife, was on her knees at the feet of another man, sucking. Sucking cock. Her head was bobbing, jerking to and fro as her wet, suckling lips slipped back and forth over Rob's mushroomed tip, and I curiously wasn't as distraught as I felt I should be.

"Yeah, that's it," Rob encouraged her, weaving his fingers through her hair while staring down, admiring her work.

"Slrr - slrr - slrrp!"

"That's it, baby! Suck it for me. Take it a little deeper," he pressed ever so slightly by the back of her head, guiding her, slowly nudging more of his cock into her mouth.

It was obvious to all that my Kat wasn't too practiced at this particular art form. She'd rarely, if ever, done this for me throughout our many years together... I'd never really asked her to. I became angry at myself for not having experienced it more, begged her and guided her like Rob was now.

Having successfully coaxed her sister into sucking off Rob, and after sparing me that knowing wink, Dara readily moved on to the next phase of her deviant plot. Yes, this was all still far from over, and Dara didn't miss a beat.

"Matt," my wicked sister-in-law set her sights on another from within the small mob that had crept in around them. Dara stood, leaving Kat to her whims as she stepped away, my pulse rising with her.

"Slrr - mmm! Slrrt - ungh! Slrrp!" was all that I could hear, my wife growing louder as Rob glided her tongue further and further along his shaft. I was having trouble focusing, unsure if I should keep my eyes on my wife or on her evil sister. I didn't want to miss a thing, and was quickly going cross-eyed in the process.

Dara reached out and took the man by the hand, gently pulling him forward and out of line. Matt appeared a bit surprised at being singled out, but all the same, he didn't argue with her as she led him over to stand at my wife's bobbing side. Busy with Rob, Kat remained oblivious to this newest addition.

Matt was shorter than the other men, but was as thick as a bull. He had a broad chest, with barreled shoulders and arms and legs. Butt naked, his dick was rock hard and jutting straight out, flopping through the air as he went. What it lacked in length, just like the rest of him, it more than made up for with girth.

"Slrr-slrrt-slrrp!" Rob was now pumping Kat's face over his meat, steadily increasing the tempo as

Dara rejoined her sister upon her knees on the deck. At Matt's feet, Dara greedily smacked apart her lips while gripping his fat cock in her fist. Without any further adieu, she popped it right into her mouth!

*,Whoa!* I felt the sudden surge of Eros inside me. Sucking... two naked, nearly identical sisters... now both of them sucking... sucking! *Fuuuck!* I was leaning forward in my seat again! A fantasy... a fantasy I never new existed! My own hard-on raged back to life as if on a mission!

*Sluurp! Slurp! Sluurp!* "Mmm!" Dara quickly got after it. Rolling her neck in the most sensuous of ways possible, she took Matt deep and loud right from the start, drowning out her sister's own earnest efforts with Rob.

"Oh, damn!" everyone remarked and began to catcall as they watched Dara suck him like an experienced porn star! All eyes turned to Dara, Rob's included, and his hand went lim behind my wife's head. Kat gave him a few more meager bobs of her own accord, but likewise, soon became distracted by this sudden change of events.

Dara was being far too loud for her sister not to hear her. My Kat suddenly paused, tilting her head ever so slightly upon the shaft in her mouth to investigate that wet, noisy slurping sounding from beside her. Rob's pole pressed out through her cheek. I saw her eyes widen with shock at her sister, as if she couldn't believe Dara was doing this - as if she didn't have a cock in her own mouth at the moment! Her eyes then danced out to the rest of the crowd closing in around them, all now watching Dara suck Matt's dick like a heathen!

"Hell yeah! Get it girl!" lewd cheers and words of encouragement continued to ring out. "Damn, Matt! You lucky bastard! Look at her go!"

Dara... all eyes were now on Dara. And as I watched my wife watching her sister, I could see something stirring inside her. She was just knelt there now, idle with that meat resting over her tongue and between her lips, her eyes seemingly troubled, an internal battle brewing within. There was something strange, something dangerous swirling about within those deep, blue eyes...

"Shiit! That girl can suck a dick!" Rob heaved longingly, he too watching Dara work her magic on his friend. His eyes and attention had long since abandoned his own cock sucker, disregarding her to stare upon her sister as if wishing... "Trade ya?" he confirmed, begging Matt.

"Hell nah!" Matt denied him, more than enjoying the younger sister. "You've already had your fun!"

And I witnessed, saw what Kat saw, heard what she heard... *"Trade..."* as if these two girls were nothing more than cheap commodities, to be bought and sold and... *"traded."* My wife... I expected her to shoot up with indignation, but... she didn't.

Instead, her eyes turned up in search of Rob's as she still held his cock in her mouth. He was ignoring her though, as if she weren't even there, as if she weren't pleasuring him herself. At first, hurt flashed over her, and I witnessed my Kat visibly huff, a million different things racing through her clouded mind all at once.

I saw just as she saw, saw that jealousy upon Rob's face, lusting not for her, no longer grateful for what she was doing for him - had already done for him, for crying out loud! - but he was wishing, wanting for another... For her sister to be the one sucking his cock. I almost felt sorry for her. After all that they had just shared together, another man she could not please... another man she was losing to another woman.

But then... it was as if something suddenly snapped inside her. Kat cast off that troubled gaze, resetting her focus. I recognized that look of determination. She was refusing. Refusing to give in. Refusing to go down without a fight! I could almost read her thoughts... *Not this time, not again!*

And so, Kat mimicked her sister, and wrapped her fist around the base of Rob's cock. She started sucking again, harder this time with more intent, using her hand to pump what she couldn't fit into her mouth. Back and forth, with each swab of her lips and tongue, she took Rob a little deeper, a little further along her pallet, really putting effort into it.

"Huh?" he truly seemed to have forgotten she was there.

"Mmm!" Kat hummed over him as she pressed her face as far down as she could, working him into the very depths of her slobbering mouth.

"Oh, shit!" Matt practically wept as Dara reached up with her other hand to fondle his balls as she rolled those sweet, juicy lips along his pole.

I caught Kat stealing a few sidelong glances at her sister, before she too reached up and cupped and began to massage Rob's balls, trying to roll her neck fluidly like Dara as she sucked off Rob!

"Oh, damn!" Rob praised her efforts, and Kat rewarded him by sucking even harder, louder, trying to keep up with her sister! What was this? Some weird, sibling rivalry playing out before me?

Hearing and seeing Kat out of the corner of her own eye, Dara grinned wickedly about that shaft spreading her lips. *Devious*. This was exactly what she had intended. Dara then upped the ante, and began bobbing her head even faster, taking Matt deeper, moaning louder, putting on a great show as she once again quickly outpaced her sister.

Back and forth. Each sucking sloppier! Noisier! Nastier! One pulling ahead, the other racing to catch back up. But then, Dara hollowed her cheeks as she began to rap her face savagely up and down on Matt's lovestick, letting go his cock and balls to grip him by his hips as she started taking it all - and I do mean all - all of Matt's cock, all the way into her mouth and then some. More of it than should be humanly possible!

"Goph! Goph! Goph!" Dara's throat began to sing as her face sank into his groin, Matt's balls slapping up against her chin with each fervent plunge!

Kat's stolen glances grew nervous, fear now in her eyes. Still mimicking her sister, Kat let go of Rob's package, likewise grasping him by the hips as she tried to swallow him like Dara had Matt!

"HUAGH! HAGHK!" she suddenly choked and gagged and was forced into retreat, having to abandon his cock entirely to regain her composure. Dry heaving to the side, it looked like she was about to lose her lunch upon the deck.

"Damn! You almost had it! I could feel it!" Rob blustered, picking her face back up to his cock to force her to suck on it more. I wasn't entirely sure what he was talking about, but she went with it, and began gagging herself once more upon Rob. But as the fat head of his cock started to stab further back, so deep that it had to be reaching for her clenched throat, Kat started convulsing, spitting up huge wads of viscous drool, unable to take anymore of him. Rob held her down though, not letting her spit him back out.

The heated tension was building all over again. Loud cheers rang out as their audience egged them on! Matt's head rolled back in pure bliss as more of his big cock disappeared in and out of Dara's

mouth and throat! And Dara slobbered and moaned and hummed on him as loud as she could, making Kat's attempts at sucking cock appear weak and feeble!

Oh, but my Kat tried. Oh, how she tried. Tried as if this were all just some sort of sick and twisted competition! Sucking cock... a competition! She was punishing herself in the attempt!

"Damn, Dee!" Matt grunted appreciatively. "You're gonna make me cum!" he wound his fingers into her hair.

With drool and spit flying, one after the other they sucked harder! Faster! One hearing the other, slurping louder! Back and forth! The pace and the heat of it reaching blistering heights, as if the two were coming down the last stretch, racing for some invisible finish line, and all the while their audience was going insane!

"Dee... Fughk!" Matt rolled back onto his heels. "I'm gonna... Shit! You're gonna make me..!!"

It happened so fast, it was only after it was over and too late that I realized what Dara had done - that Kat realized as well.

In the blink of an eye, Dara tore herself off Matt's cock and out his grasp, and in turn clenched Kat by a fistful of her hair. In one, fluid motion, she likewise yanked Kat's mouth off Rob, and hauled her over, stuffing Matt's surging dick straight into her shocked, gaping gapper!

Already on the very precipice of losing his load and with his eyes gone into his skull, Matt had no clue either as to what had just happened, but to him, the only thing that mattered was that he once again had a warm, wet mouth back around his dick. He took over for Dara, clenching two handfuls of Kat's hair by the back of her head, and slammed her face all the way down his shaft, grinding her nose into his pubes as he sang - "CUMMING!"

"AAGHHHH!" Matt groaned loudly as his balls, resting against my wife's chin, tensed up and relinquished their seed!

"NNGH! GOPH! MMNGGHHH!" It would be an understatement to say that Kat was taken by surprise. She had no idea as to what had just hit her, but all of a sudden her face was being crushed into the abdomen of another man, and his cock was nowhere in sight.

Struggling. Groveling and moaning with great distress, her cheeks billowing and face burning red, she beat her fists on Matt's hips and stomach, trying anything and everything to push him off and out her mouth. Matt was currently in another world though, and didn't seem to notice.

"Oh, shiiit!" Matt heaved, grinding his hips into Kat's face as he continued to cum. "Oh shit - oh fuck - hell yeah!" and he just kept on cumming.

And then... panting. Just panting. Everything went still and quiet. Just... loud, heavy panting. It was finally over. After what felt like an eternity of this, Matt uttered one final sigh, his whole body quivering as he finally went limp, his balls emptied of everything they had to give. He slowly released his grip on my wife.

"HUAGH! HAGHK!" the tranquility was suddenly broken as Kat reeled backwards, coughing and hacking violently as she fell over onto her hands at his feet. With her head hung beneath her fallen bangs and all fours, she kept rasping and gagging and wheezing as everyone just stood there and watched, as if this were some amusing act.

Her entire body was convulsing with each savage heave. She started to choke back up several large wads of Matt's cum, spitting and hacking it all out onto the wooden deck beneath her.

"Oh, shit!" Matt guffawed in an entirely different manner from moments ago, only just now realizing what he'd done.

"Hahahaha!" Dara spared him the awkward silence as she clapped her hands while cackling wildly. "That the first cock you had in your throat, slut?!" she was still laughing. "Look at all that cum! And you're wasting it!" Her sister's obvious distress didn't seem to bother her in the slightest.

*,What did she just say?* I couldn't fully comprehend what Dara meant, nor of why she was treating her sister like this, but she quickly went on.

"Looks like you could use some practice!" Dara stepped forward and knelt at Kat's side. Still far from having recovered, Kat didn't seem to hear or notice her. Stroking her sister's head affectionately, "You okay?" Dara asked her. Needless to say, Kat was in no condition to answer, so Dara gave her a minute as she kept on coughing up all of Matt's cum he'd shot straight down her throat.

With a sparkle in her eye, Dara reached down with her other hand into that puddle upon the deck, and scooped up some of the cum Kat had just coughed up.

"Here, a good slut does not waste a man's cum," Dara tried to spoon feed the cum across her fingers back into Kat's mouth.

"NNGH!" Kat could only grovel, squinching her face and shaking her head as Dara tried to force her to eat it once again.

"Quit being such a baby! You'll learn to love it!" Dara's words sounded ominous. Kat didn't give in this time, however - couldn't - and so Dara settled for smearing the cum across Kat's unruly face. Kat balked.

"Get a hold of yourself, will ya?!" Dara took another scoop off the deck. "You're having fun!" she said as if trying to convince her sister. She gripped Kat by the hair and bent her head back, causing Kat to tense up and her mouth to gape open in the process. Kat finally began to settle, though her breath was still ragged.

"That's better," Dara gave her another second before carrying on. "Now stick out that pretty tongue for me," she told her. And Kat... I... I couldn't understand what was happening, wouldn't have believed it if I weren't seeing it, but... she did. She obeyed her sister, and she stuck out her tongue as told. Why? Why was she going along with this insanity?!

Was... was it all the alcohol? Was she just too drunk to comprehend what was happening to her? Had Rob's rough pounding and Matt's abuse of her throat shaken something loose in her head?! Was it... was it all because of me? Her anger and hurt with me? This was just... too damn nuts! But before I could dwell upon it any further, Dara lifted her cum coated fingers, and held them like a shovel over Kat's out-stuck tongue.

Kat winced as the first drop of it landed, trying to reel her pallet back in, but "Don't!" Dara quickly cut at her, giving her head a sharp jolt, yelling at her to keep her "mouth open and tongue out!" And again, Kat just... she did it. I didn't understand?!

With Kat now her puppet, Dara repeated the process, and took all the time she needed to let the

thick, hot wads roll off her fingers and collect on my Kat's tongue. I could hear her breathing heavily through her nose, but with her eyes closed, she did not otherwise move.

"That's it, you're doing good, slut!" Dara repeated the process until she had all of Matt's cum scooped back up, and dumped into my Kat's open, awaiting mouth. "Just a little more to go!" she scrounged for the last bits of it.

"Dara..!" Rob stepped up, his face pained with need. "I'm gonna cum again!" he ground out, fisting madly at his own cock.

"Well fucking cum then!" Dara spouted. "Shoot it all over this slut's face!" Dara held "the slut" in place, readied to receive it.

"Ahh! YEAH!" Rob didn't waste a second. Taking another step closer to my wife's upturned face, almost at once, his seed erupted out the tip of his ballooning cock. It came shooting out as long, thick ropes, causing Kat to wince and jump as the steaming load streaked across her beautiful face, leaving line after line of white semen roped from her neck and chin, all the way up across her cheeks and nose and brow, right into her hair!

"Damn!" Rob inched closer still, placing the base of his mushroomed head against Kat's lower lip and outstretched tongue. With her mouth still wide open, he spurt all that he had left right into that pool that her creamed pallet was already wading through.

"Whew!" Rob shivered, coming back down from his climatic high. "Thanks, Dee!" he recovered, thanking my evil sister-in-law, and not my wife who'd just fucked him, sucked him, and let him shoot his cum all across her face!

"Mmm, now isn't that a beautiful sight!" Dara scooted around to admire their handiwork. She picked Kat's face up higher, leaning in closer to peer into her sister's mouth like a dentist.

"Haha! Now that's a big fucking load you've got saved up in there, slut! Careful now, don't swallow it just yet," she told her. "Come on, turn around so they can all see," Dara used her grip on Kat's hair to reign her sideways, turning her to face their audience fully.

No one made a peep, all too stunned as they looked down into my wife's open mouth, now holding a large pool of milky white cum swirling within. I could see as well... and it was completely full, cheek to cheek, her tongue rising out the mass like a painted berg in the sea.

"Tina, come closer," Dara said. "I want a close up of this!"

Tina... the name sounded familiar. From the corner of my eye, I saw one of the naked girls step forward. Kat's face was suddenly painted with a bright, white light. Tina was holding a little black box out in front of her face, it's rounded lens focused on my wife's face, the box the source of the light. I didn't have enough wherewithal left in me to recognize what it was.

"Got it?" Dara finally asked after about thirty seconds of Tina trailing the box back and forth around Kat's face. Tina nodded, grinning wickedly herself, as if she were privy to some hilarious joke the rest of us weren't.

"That's just perfect, slut! Can you gargle for me?" Dara combed her fingers through Kat's bangs, pushing the fallen locks out my wife's face. Kat did nothing.

"Slut!" Dara then barked at her. "I told you to gargle that cum!" she dared, raising her hand back

and slapping Kat's ass, sending it jiggling!

"Uhn!" Kat whimpered, unintentionally gargling, before... *Gurrg-g-g!* a few air bubbles splattered up through the mass of thick gelatin within her mouth!

"Haha! That's it! Gurgle it, slut!" Dara slapped her ass again, hard! "Gurgle!"

*Gurrg-g-g-g- Gargg-g-gll-l-ll!* she... Kat started gurgling it in earnest, the bubbles frothing and splashing the cum back out over her lips and onto her cheeks and chin!

"Hahaha! That's good, slut. You may swallow it now!" Dara said to Kat.

At first... nothing. On her hands and knees, Kat just held herself there, her face tilted back and up, mere inches from that little black box Tina was holding, using to peer within.

"I said, you can swallow it now, slut!" Dara repeated, before giving her sister's head another jolt to wake her back up. And Kat, she... she winced as her cum splattered lips slowly closed on each other, and then... with her face twisting in apparent disgust, I saw the muscles in her throat rise and fall as she... as she was swallowing it?!

"Perfect!" Dara glowed as I saw my wife's neck muscles continue to work. "Now open your mouth back up, and stick out your tongue! Show us!"

And Kat... did, saying "Ah!" in the process.

"Wow!" gasps erupted from around her audience. Kat's mouth was now completely empty, only shimmering traces of what was just there tainting her tongue, teeth and gums.

"That's better!" Dara quickly carried on. "Now then, if you're to be a proper slut, we've got to teach you how to take a cock in your throat," Dara said to her, before turning back on their audience.

She took a moment to study her options, Kat all the while saying nothing, doing nothing in the process as if she'd gone stupid. She just held, tongue stuck out! Dara carefully appraised each one of them, before picking the next lucky winner.

"Will," her eyes finally landed on her target. "Come here," she nodded towards the deck before my wife.

"Uh..." Will did not seem too sure of himself, glancing at the others as if asking them what he should do? Some just shrugged, others nodded eagerly for him to go on. "O-okay..." he reluctantly relented, stepping out of their semi-circle to approach the two sisters as the sated Rob and Matt blended back in.

Will was a good looking guy, average height, solid build, with shaggy brown hair and a toned, tan body. He had his dick clenched in his fist, which was currently as hard as a brick. It was a good size, about eight inches long, but not nearly as fat as Matt's.

"Come on, slut," Dara cooed dearly, weaving her fingers through her sister's hair as Will took his place over her bent head. "Time to teach you how to depththroat a cock," Dara said evenly, as if this were all so normal.

There it was again... I heard it. Heard it the same as my Kat must have heard it. "*Slut...*" and "*Depththroat...*" But... I couldn't understand. Understood no more than Kat apparently, for she did

nothing to try and stop this.

"D-Dara..?" was her only protest as Will bent down and brushed his cockhead across her lips. She did not dare open her eyes, only squeezing them tighter, and Dara just purred at her.

With her firm grip still in my wife's locks, Dara used her other hand to grab Will by the base of his cock, and she lined the two of them up, pushing her sister's face forward while inserting the shaft like a plug into a socket.

"Mmgh..." Anything else Kat wanted to say was silenced into a mumbling whimper as her mouth was once again stuffed full.

"Now then, you've got to learn how to relax those throat muscles..." Dara coached as she slowly but surely pushed Kat's face down... and down... and down, Will's cock steadily disappearing between my wife's lips.

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Chapter Six: My True Mistake

"*GOPH! GOPH! GOPH!*" A never ending rhythmic chant of throaty gurgling and gummy slobbering.

"HUAGH!" an respite. A desperate gasp for breath upon being passed to the next.

"HAGHK! HUAWN!" coughing and wheezing, lungs sucking in air.

"MMNGH!" choked off again by a new instrument stuffed down her pipe.

"*GOPH! GOPH! GOPH!*" the return of that rhythmic, bouncing beat.

"Hahaha!" a sexy and haughty laugh erupted right into my ear, jolting me awake. "You naughty, naughty boy!" I lurched as the woman's erotic voice prickled over my skin, standing every hair on end. I'd been too caught up, too swept away... I hadn't seen *her* move back around behind me.

My wife was... and I... I was as lost as she. I'd been carried away with Dorothy, caught by that tornado within her auntie's house with her. Spinning. Spinning and spinning, erasing all that was normal and sane. Racing, leaving Kansas far behind. That tornado carried me - and then it dropped me.

Falling. Plummeting from the sky, only to land here in this seat to find, to discover myself, still... still *here*, yet now in a curious world far away. I was now in the land of Oz, where nothing seemed real, and yet there was no pinch or slap in the face with could awake me. It was a land where the impossible gave way to the imagination, where fantasy overruled reality, where magic... *lived*.

Cackling - dark and evil. The Wicked Witch. "Looks like you've been enjoying yourself, Al," she purred as she... my head was still spinning, tumbling, trying to keep up, trying to find solid ground but couldn't, slipping all the way down that yellow brick road. That slender, delicate arm disguised as my wife's was reaching over me... distracting me, fooling me... but it was the witch's, the half sleeve on her upper arm telling me so.

I saw her reaching with those claws, but... couldn't focus. My eyes... back to the White Witch, the good witch, being assaulted by her evil sister's minions.

Back and forth - my eyes danced frantically, unsure of where they should focus. My Kat was just

there, still... but she was now... and then Dara's finger, dipping... dipped. I looked down just in time. A single, long claw dipped into the... through a mass of cream spread across my belly. No, not cream... Cum. My cum!

,*Whoa...*' I felt myself sway, suddenly rocked by motion sickness. I'd almost forgotten... had forgotten.

"Mmm," I heard her hum, felt its vibrations as she curled her soft, delicate neck snug against mine, pressing us cheek to cheek. I... I froze, was frozen - tense, planted fully back within my seat, struck utterly dumb.

My eyes... they were hard to control, hard to direct - too much stimulation. Too much confusion! I tried to keep up with what Dara was doing, daring just a peek before returning... had to return to my wife.

For my wife, my Kat, my love... she was still there, still where Dara had left her. Still in all her nude glory. Still on her knees... now alone on her knees, still eagerly... eagerly bobbing, slurping, sucking... sucking COCK! Another man's cock. Another man's... men's cock! And then, not *just* sucking anymore.

I'd seen it, watched it all happen, it now like a distant memory only just returning to me. I'd seen the Wicked Witch carefully work her black magic, taking my wife from one stage of debauchery to the next. Recognized what she was doing it before she did it, anticipated what she would do next.

One day, I'd sit down and ask myself, try to come to terms with it, of why I had just sat here doing nothing, saying nothing, just... watching. Watching my wife's complete and utter ruin and humiliation. Maybe I would... maybe I wouldn't? Deep down, I already knew why - *Magic!* Anger overruled by glee. Jealousy erased by lust. Dismay trounced by a greedy desire. The *magic* of Oz.

It had been a long and tedious process to get here, but Dara proved to be an excellent teacher. That, and she'd been both relentless and unforgiving with her older, inexperienced sister. The woman wouldn't quit. Having first been forced with Matt, then schooled on Will, well... "Practice makes perfect!" Dara had graciously queued up others for my Kat to master her newly learned skill upon.

"Mmm..." that voice... that hum bringing me back. Back to the present. Back to Oz. Back from that tight huddle about my wife on her knees, drawn to Dara behind me. I watched as she swept that soiled finger up my chest, all the way... watched as she stuck it right between her... her lips!

,*Oh, WOW!*' I guffawed as she, without missing a beat, began to suck on that finger, cleaning it off!

"Mmm! You dirty, dirty boy!" she hissed as she popped it back out. No trace was left. "Delicious!" Dara hummed as she pressed and ran her hand back down... down over my chest, down over my belly, all the way down!

"You're no better than that dirty whore!" she gestured out to my wife as she wound her fingers over my hard shaft.

"Mmgh!" and true to her claim, I groaned with ecstasy from her warm touch about me, never mind it was another woman, not my wife - my wife's sister!

"Look at her go!" Dara mocked us. Kat, she was... Dara had taught her well. She was jerking off two cocks with her fists as the next entered her throat. Cum was frothing out from about her lips, curling and running over her chin and dripping onto her swollen tits! "Maybe you two *do* deserve each

other!" Dara quipped, glancing out at the lewd display taking place before us. My innocent Kat was gone. Who this woman was now before me... I wasn't entirely sure?

"GOPH! GOPH! GOPH!" the steady pace of the metronome. Kat... my Kat, circling. Circling and jacking and sucking cock. Swallowing cock. Willingly. Wantonly. Any cock. All cocks. All that she could get her lips around. Trading back and forth, one for another. I counted four of them standing close around her, all the others not far away. And she not just sucking... deep-throating. Deep-throating, just as her sister had taught her, the struggle over, she now taking them with ease.

"You like watching her, don't you?!" Dara kept on in my ear. "You liked watching that slut getting fucked by another man, and now look at her..." she went on, baiting me as she leaned further over and gave my cock a slight tug.

"That's your wife, Al," she began to work me. "Look at her swallow all those cocks... just like a slut!" I could hear the tension in her voice, some kind of storm eager to be unleashed, difficult to keep in check. She kept it bottled up, just as her fist trembled with that angst, slowly, sensuously swabbing my cock up and down. "You like it, don't you? You like watching her with them?" she beat at me.

I heard her, could see my wife, my *slut*, but all I could think, all I could realize... my cock! Dara's fist! *Heavenly geezus!* I was trembling!

And even though I'd just cum - somehow cum without anyone touching me - gripped within sexy Dara's fist - Dara who looked so much like my sexy wife - Wicked Witch or not, I was just sure I was about to spurt all over again!

"Don't you?!" she repeated, her tone suddenly shifting, growing angry, and she squeezed it - me - hard! Demanding an answer!

"Mghm! Mmghmm!" I groaned into my gag, closing my eyes and nodding my head profusely, giving her the answer she wanted.

"Hahaha!" she cackled. "And just look at her! Ha! Who would have thought? Princess Katherine?! What a slut!" Dara ground out between clenched fangs, squeezing my dick so angrily I thought it was going to pop like a balloon!

But then... she eased. "Oh, poor, poor, Al," Dara stuck out her bottom lip at in mock pout, still... still working my cock. "I know you didn't cheat on my sis, Al..." she whispered gently, close my ear, before licking and then biting at my lobe!

Forget my ear, forget my cock - a moment of reprieve - the truth! Finally, somebody knew the truth besides just me! And Kat's sister! Her sister whom she trusted! Hope! And then... an avalanche followed, cascading directly down upon me. *The truth...* Dara knew, but then... my head snapped around to meet her evil eyes, to ask... *why?* Why was she letting this happen... doing this? I saw it in her eyes. No hope.

"Hahaha!" she laughed yet again - a mad laugh. "Don't be so stupid, Al! I'm the one who saw you with those two at that hotel, you know... working late yet again, was it?" she raised a knowing brow. "And for what? For my goody-two-shoes, holier-than-thou sister - for her?!" I could nearly see the red in her eyes as she pointed directly at my wife from over my shoulder with her free hand.

"For that slut?!" Dara's light laugh quickly turned back into ire as she looked at her. "Or was it all for our arrogant, never-to-be-pleased father?" that look in her eye somehow turned even darker - she was starting to scare me. And I... I was speechless - not that I could speak anyhow.

"Oh, if he could only see her now!" she said with intensity, as if trying to wish it so. "His little Princess!" she seethed venomously.

"Honestly, I can't believe how easy it was..." she went on, adding dreamily. Her eyes were cast away into some far distance, reminiscing, though she was still jerking my cock, albeit absently. "One little seed of doubt..." she hinted at. "Like you'd have the balls! Ha!" she was talking to herself now. "Even I didn't think she'd fall for it, certainly never go this far..." she rubbed it in. "Guess your marriage wasn't so great after all, hmm?" her pleased gaze finally fell back down upon me.

"What?" she took note of the hurt in my eyes. "All I did was point you two out to her," she said. "Well, maybe I waited until that man had gotten up to go to the restroom, but..." that smirk! "Enjoying a nice dinner out at a fancy hotel with another beautiful woman... how odd? Wonder if this is what Al always does when he's working late?" she quoted the words she'd said to my wife that fateful night. "Think they'll get a room together afterwards? Hahaha!"

A... a game. Just a game to her. I couldn't... what sort of person would..?

"Hahaha!" and she just kept on laughing! "She wasn't too happy about that, let me tell you!" Dara announced with glee! "Had to pull her away before she interrupted your important meeting!" she noted as if she'd done me a favor.

"Wonder how many other women Al brings out to hotels like this..?" she went on quoting, leaning into me, speaking right into my eyes as her grip tightened even harder about my cock, jerking me harder as she recounted this vile story! "Wonder how many he's been *fucking* behind your back?!" she grew serious, displaying her poker face. That same poker face that had convinced my wife of this... of this lie! This mistake!

"Hahaha!" she suddenly burst out again. She... she was really getting off on this, pumping me faster with her racing adrenaline!

I... I was speechless. It... too much. The insanity! This bitch really was crazy - and I'm not one to throw the "B" word around so lightly, but... A game to her! Our... what she was doing, playing at... with Kat and I's marriage... a game. Evil! A bitch!

"Can't wait to see her face when she learns the truth..." there was that hope again. "But let's not tell her, Al! Not just yet!" and it died just as fast.

"Ah, don't look so sad!" she saw the hurt and the hate in my eye. "I'm taking care of you, aren't I?" she nodded towards my dick. "Don't you see?! I'm trying to help you!"

,*See..? Help?!'* What in the fuck did this girl think she was doing?!

"Just think, Al! After I'm done with her..!!!" I obviously wasn't following along. "Ahh, come on! Use your imagination, Al! Don't worry, I'll give her back to you once I'm finished with her, once I've taught'er her lesson! And she'll be fucking and sucking you like a pro!" she said this all so matter-of-factly, as if it should make perfect sense to me, as if I should be excited with her.

"That is... if you still want her after this! Hahaha!" it didn't seem to bother Dara either way. "You just be a good boy and play along, and I'll make sure you get yours!" she offered me. This bitch was psychotic!

"Mike!" Dara suddenly yelled past my ear, breaking my reverie.

My head snapped back up. "Oghm..." I heard myself mumble into my gag. I had almost forgotten. We... we were not alone. This was still... happening. Kat! Cocks! Lots of them!

I... my gaze turned, the entire world spinning wobbly as I tried to look. Lost in Dara's dark tale, I... I had almost forgotten about the others - about my dear, poor wife drowning beneath... beneath cock!

The music was still playing, but everyone was in a tight knit, pressing in about my wife, watching her go and cheering her on like a mob at a circus! Men and women both, suffocating her within a sea of naked bodies and vile words and lewd displays! And then there was Tina with her little black box, illuminating all in the darkness...

"Yeah?" the one apparently named Mike - yet another one of these muscle bound freaks! - turned back out of the circle to look at Dara, and... and I took notice. Noticed not just because he stood out as the only other black man here besides Marcus, but because as he turned... I saw. I saw that huge black cock in his fist that was standing out from him like a monstrous snake, easily over ten inches long and as thick as my arm! Just like Marcus, he had a horse's cock!

"Grab that slut and bring her here, would ya?" Dara nodded to her sister on her knees, being crushed beneath that mob.

"Uhh..." Mike stalled, looking hesitantly back and forth from Dara to that mob, from the mob back to Dara. It wasn't as if he cared about my wife, but as three of his friends were having the time of their lives with her, he didn't seem too eager to intrude upon their fun.

"Go on!" Dara spouted impatiently. "They've got to have their fun!" she assured him, as if she could read his mind and understood his apprehension. "Now it's your turn with that slut!" she sealed my wife's next fate, and Dara... that evil, devious grin! That Wicked Witch! She couldn't have looked more happy about it!

I... I couldn't understand. Couldn't fathom how one could be so cold. How she could... Dara, she... she knew the truth! Knew I hadn't cheated on my wife! And yet she was still... But why? And to her own flesh and blood? To her own *sister*?!

Sister... I don't know how and I don't know why, but suddenly it all began to dawn on me. Like a light bulb going off, the picture started to become more clear. This whole production was not solely for my benefit, not just about me. It wasn't about Dara's spite for me, nor of our years spent bickering and fighting.

No, the more I thought about it... Dara didn't give two shits, couldn't have cared less about me. I was simply a gnat to her, only to be acknowledged and swatted if I got in her way. I began to realize that this had little - if absolutely nothing at all to do with me. Hell, she was giving me a hand job! She'd sucked my cum straight off her finger, and seemed to have enjoyed it!

No... all the cards began to fall into place, and I began to understand. I had merely shown up at the wrong place, at the wrong time. Dara's wicked designs had already been in motion when I'd arrived. This wasn't about me, this... this was about her sister... about Kat!

My mind quickly traced back, connecting all the dots, putting all the twos and twos together. Dara, as the younger sister... the younger sister who'd forever had to live in her older sister's shadow... who'd disappointed her parents time and again by her actions and decisions in life... whom I'd personally heard cut down by them as they chastised her over her many tattoos and piercings and dyed red hair... who'd had to forever listen to them compare her to Kat, ask her why she couldn't be more like Kat... who'd had to listen to all her teachers through grade school do just the same, doting

upon Kat, of how smart and how well behaved she'd been, asking with that same exacerbation as their parents as to why Dara couldn't be more like Kat... Grandparents, family, friends, relatives, all the same.

Dara, who'd had to watch her sister become happily married while she rotated through lousy boyfriend after lousy boyfriend... Dara, with her parents asking if she'd ever settle down like Kat.... I remembered that conversation especially well.

It was the only kind words, Richard, their father had ever spoken of me. And in that same conversation, I'd listened to him explain to Dara why he hadn't yet given her full access to her Trust Fund, not like he had for Kat... Kat who was just so perfect! Kat, who did such great work in all her charities while Dara wasted her life away... while Dara had dropped out of college to follow her dreams of becoming an actress... just another major disappointment to her parents.

I'd been there, heard it all, heard them wish aloud that Dara could be more like her sister... remembered seeing Dara sitting there with her head cast down, turning red with anger as they compared her to Kat... remembered thinking how awkward it was, but also that she was getting what she deserved. Dara... forever having to live in her "perfect" sister's shadow.

And now... evil, twisted Dara was... Nothing about me. All about Kat. This was about revenge. And Kat...

,Oh no! Kat didn't have a clue.

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## **Chapter Seven: A Mistake?**

"Dee told me... have to..." Mike muttered a few humble apologies to the others as he broke into their little circle, taking my wife by her arm to pry her free. Dara's offer had been too much for him to pass on.

"Plagh! Huh?" It was damn near comical to watch as Kat spat up that huge tube of meat. It erupted and whipped out the tight socket of her throat like a slippery banana squeezed from its peel! It elicited a few more laughs as it flopped through the air before slapping her right in the face, a final farewell and thank you to send her on her way. Kat grimaced as she was pulled along by Mike.

"Come on, your sis wants you..." Mike explained, jerking his head back towards us as he hauled her to her feet amidst that mass of huddled bodies.

"Who..??" I heard her mumble, utterly bewildered as she tripped her way along behind the black stud. She seemed a bit lost and disoriented, unsure of where she was or what was happening.

"What the..?" my wife went on rambling as she put a hand to her wet cheek. Her eyes widened as she looked to them. Her fingers were once again covered with... she'd seen it before, just as I. Kat wiped at her chin, discovering more of it there, and then glanced down at her body. "Oh..." Cum.

It was the first good look of her I'd gotten since she'd disappeared beneath that sea of bodies. To put it mildly, she was a mess. Spit and streaks of cum were smeared across her cheeks and chin, matted into her hair, and rained down across her fat tits as thick, gooey wads. Her locks were disheveled, sticking out haphazardly from her abusers' mistreatment. Her make-up was smudged and running, her eyes bloodshot and teary. A mess... and yet I still couldn't help but admire that sexy silhouette. She was radiating, glorifying sex in its most raw form, something I was only just beginning to

understand.

“Oh...” I heard her squeak again as she spared a glance back to all those watching her go. Reality apparently somewhat dawned on her as tried to modestly cover herself, wrapping her free arm back around her swollen breasts to conceal them from blatant view.

“Here!” Dara told Mike, speaking with absolute authority as she pointed directly at my feet. Mike seemed a little unsure of getting this close to me, glancing hesitantly between husband and wife... but as his eyes lingered longer upon my naked Kat, no doubt eager as to whatever Dara might offer him, Mike did as he was told.

“Oh!” I heard my wife gasp yet again as her glistening eyes finally settled upon her sister... her sister with me... and then down. Down to my cock in her sister’s hand!

“Don’t worry,” Dara was in my ear again. “We’ll teach her!” she seemed to be trying to assure me, but...

“Lay down on your back,” Dara went on instructing Mike.

“Whatever you say, Dee,” Mike just shrugged, letting go his hard-on to drop down on his back.

,*Shiiit!* I groaned into my gag. Closer now, I couldn’t help but stare and respect that massive tool as it flapped through the air! I guess it *was* true what they said about...

“Hahaha!” Dara noticed my reaction. “You see that? That’s gonna be up that slut’s cunt soon! Wonder if it will ever be the same after that..?!” she blanched mockingly, speaking as if Kat weren’t even there, as if her sister couldn’t even hear!

“Kat!” Dara quickly went on.

“Huh?” Kat seemed spaced out, drunk and lost. Her voice was hoarse from her throat’s recent assault. Indeed, she began to rub at it as she lifted her fallen gaze from her feet, back up to find her sister’s dark orbs.

“He’s waiting on you...” Dara nodded towards Mike’s dick expectantly, which was now standing straight up in the air like the giant mast of a ship. He was laying on his back... laying with his feet nearly touching my own.

Kat... did nothing. Didn’t move. Couldn’t. I wanted to warn her. Warn her about what here sister was up to, but... distracted. First by those tits! Oh, those tits! She was hugging them, but they were mushrooming out over the top and beneath her slim arm as if just to deride her feeble attempt at concealing them!

And then by that body! Oh, that sexy body! She had one leg curled timidly over the other, knee slightly bent, trying to cover her already used cunt. I could see the juices spread over her inner thighs, and that wasn’t all just from Rob. She was wet. Really wet.

“You ever sucked a black cock before?” Dara asked bluntly.

Dazed and confused, Kat looked to what Dara was pointing out, and then she... she gasped in awe. Her eyes grew wide. Wider. Her chin fell... apparently she hadn’t noticed it before, but she saw Mike’s cock now. Mesmerized by the sight and the size of it, she did not - could not answer her sister, just stared in mystic wonderment.

"I didn't think so," Dara laughed. "Well, don't leave him waiting, slut! Get down there and get it nice and wet before you ride him!"

"D-Dara, I..." Kat guffawed at the absurdness, at the perversity of her sister's demand, revealing a smidgen of her sanity having returned. Her gaze then lifted and turned back to the rest, to all those still watching her. She blushed profusely, hugging herself even tighter, before... before returning to us - to me and Dara. To Dara jerking my cock!

"Tell her, Al," Dara whispered close to my ear again. I... frozen.

"Kat!" Dara saw my reaction, my inaction and uselessness, and giving up on me, she regained her sister's attention herself. "Look at this little dick!" she flopped mine around.

*It... it's not so little! Not right now anyways!* was my internal defense. I was huge, bigger than it's ever been! But... that wasn't exactly working in my favor at the moment. Another betrayal.

"Look at him!" she kept waving it back and forth, all the while slinking down and around me until she was at her knees at my feet.

My Kat, my wife... she just shook her head, not wanting to look at her sister with me, but... With her cheeks turning redder by the second, her eyes burned jealously into that hand that held my cock.

"It's so hard, Kat..." Dara hummed seductively, piling on. "I think he likes me touching it. Bet he can't wait to cheat on you again. And with me?" Dara said curiously, as if the idea had just sprung on her. "His own sister-in-law!" she mocked outrage, gripping me even tighter. "With your own sister, Kat!"

Kat huffed. Was she angry? Ashamed? Betrayed? I couldn't read what exactly was going through her mind. She tried hard to turn away, but her eyes only found those closing in on her, and they pushed her unwilling gaze back upon Dara and I.

"I bet he wishes he was fucking me right now!" Dara added indignantly, before turning her ire back on me. "Don't you?!" she demanded angrily, scaring me. I jumped in my seat! My Kat, she... she just kept shaking her head no, trying not to let her eyes linger too long upon us. I... I was just too stunned, shocked senseless. I was squirming back in retreat, but had nowhere to go.

"Don't you?!" Dara repeated, yelling, giving my cock a sharp tug! My nervous eyes flitted back and forth from hers to my cock, from my cock back to her eyes. I... I was speechless. Couldn't speak, even if I wanted to!

"All this sweet cum..." her anger suddenly waned, and she cooed adoringly as her hand played in it. Cooed as she really began to masturbate me. Slowly, up and down, sensuously working her fist along my shaft, massaging all the cum left across it right in. And it felt... felt *sooo* damn good!

"Mmm..." she hummed, looking, her eyes boring into mine as she kept jerking, leaning closer and closer towards me, over my lap. "I love the taste of cum..." she said, and I... I had no reason to doubt her as her lips brushed across the tip of my swollen cock. I felt it throb - hard!

"That's right," she felt it too. "I would love to suck this beautiful cock for you..." her hot breath wafted across it, her lips teasing me, her fist still slowly pumping. I felt myself slipping, becoming drunk with lust. I tried to fight it, honestly I did! I tried to battle back, but... it was all, everything - overwhelming! It was just too much. A losing battle from the start.

"Just let me..." she kept on purring, pushing me. "Let me suck your cock, and I'll give you the best blow job you've ever had," she said temptingly, sticking out her tongue to give my swollen head a little lick like a lollipop. My cock throbbed all over again, was throbbing, as if reaching for that sweet mouth of its own accord!

"I bet this slut never sucked your cock for you?" Bait. I... I shook my head no.

"Bet she's never taken you in her throat like she did for those other cocks? Let you feel her tight throat gripping about your cock...?" Switch. I shook my head no.

"Let me suck you... let me take you in my throat!" she was down right begging me! "I'll let you cum all in my mouth!" Heat! "I'll drink your hot cum! I'll drown myself in it!" she just wouldn't stop! Oh, the tension!

"Just tell me you want it!" Hook, line and sinker.

*,Fuck meee!* "Mmhmm!" I groaned into my gag, nodding eagerly, begging for all that she had offered and more without another thought in the world!

"You see, Kat?" Dara's lips were suddenly gone. The cooing was over. Her head was turned back to face... to face my...

*,Oh no...* A trap. A trap I'd stupidly fallen for.

"Once a cheater, always a cheater!" Dara taunted her while shifting her knees out and arching her back over my legs. "He wants me to suck it..." Dara opened her mouth and hovered it just above the tip of my cock. She flipped her dark, red ponytail back out of the way, tilting her head just so that her sister - my wife - could have a clear, unobstructed view of us. "He's a slut, just like you, sis. Now get down there and show this miserable fuck what he's really missing. Get down there and suck that cock!" she said before... before...

"Mmm..." Her mouth wrapped around me!

*,WOW!* "MMNGH!" Nodding! Nod! Nod! Nod! My cock! My cock in Dara's sweet, hot, wet mouth! YES!

"Mmm..." she just as quickly popped it back out! *Nooo!* Kat was still just standing there, watching us.

"He wants to see you sucking that big, black cock, slut! See you sucking it while I suck his!" Dara said forcefully, commanding her. "Don't you, big boy?" she added to me, before... my cock! Sucking my cock in again!

*,Yes!* Sweet, wet, warm, heavenly mouth! Nodding! All nods!

Nods and stars. I was seeing stars! Bright, heavenly stars! And loud, heavenly gospel playing in my ears! And wet, warm, smooth mouth and tongue and lips wrapped around my cock! Bobbing over my cock! Slobbering and slurping greedily all over my cock!

"MMMNGH!" I just couldn't shut up! Couldn't control myself! *,Yes! Please don't stop!* was all that I could think! And I was still nodding. So terrible of me! But... shit! Heavenly! Too good! Too good not to be nodding!

And my lids... my lids were falling, drooping with uncontrollable ecstasy. My eyes were rolling back, but I could still see... see my Kat. Oh, my dear, beautiful Kat...

*,This isn't what it looks like!* But... it was exactly what it looked like. I'd fallen, now no more than a pawn in Dara's wicked game. She'd beaten us both. My wife's burning, angry eyes turned from us, back to that... that thick, dark, monstrous meat waiting for her. Begging for her.

And I saw her... saw her shake her head, casting off that doubt, resetting her jaw with that determination. Saw her shed that shyness once more, to do what she *had* to do. Do... as she dropped her arms, and then... did, dropping down onto her knees beside him.

I still remembered. I hadn't forgotten... hadn't forgotten Dara's evil plot. And in my mind's eye, I saw myself hopping up and down in my chair, battling my restraints. I saw myself pulling out of Dara's mouth, yelling and shouting through my gag for my wife not to do this, warning her! Telling her that this was all some terrible mistake! But I...

In reality, I was nothing more than a useless heap of horse shit. I was just sitting there, not moving, not blinking, watching my wife duck her face and lips lower and lower, her eyes forever on us, my eyes forever on her, all the way down to greet that man's - yet another man's dick! A big, black, cock.

*I... what? Who?* Had I forgotten? I was just too busy to construe. Too busy enjoying Dara's sweet mouth swallowing my own cock. Too busy wrapped up in the pleasure of it. Too busy enjoying the view.

I was too busy watching. Too busy admiring my wife's flowing hips with her big, round ass squatted over her heels. Too busy trying to steal a peek at her open, cum drooling cunt from behind.

I was too busy, lost in those big, beautiful blue orbs as they stared deeply back at me, directly back at me, burning like a fire into my lame, brown eyes. Too busy watching her mimicking her sister, tucking her soft, blond locks back behind her ear and over her shoulder to give me a perfect, unobstructed view, just as Dara had given her. To make sure that I saw it, saw what she was doing. Saw what I had done to us. Done to her.

And I saw, but I did not try to stop her. I was too busy as she smacked her lips open... smacked and licked and reached down with her tongue. She wanted me to see it. To see it all. To punish me. And I wanted to see it. Wanted to be punished. Punished while her own sister sucked me off!

And then it was happening. I was watching, lusting after those full, ruby red lips, as they wrapped in contrast around that thick, dark meat! It was just so beautiful! Her mouth so small. That cock so unnaturally large! Watching as they slowly began to swab up and down along his lengthy, thick veined shaft, leaving a trail of her saliva in their wake. Watching, feasting upon her firm, yet fat tits as they began yet again to shift and sway as she bobbed up and down on him faster and faster, trying to match her sister's pace on mine, taking ever more of his thick girth into her mouth, just as Dara took more of mine!

Our eyes... they did not leave one another's, wrapped up in some deep, dark, twisted fantasy of Dara's creation. I watched her suck another man's cock right in front of me, just as she watched her sister lavish upon mine.

She watched her sister take my balls in hand, to massage them between her fingers and palm. And I watched Kat mimic her, reach for Mike's huge nuts and begin to massage his. And then, just as Dara had promised me...

*,Oh shit!*' she sank her face further down, and... and I felt the tension, the wall, recognized what was happening as I'd seen my own wife do it earlier! I felt the head of my cock wedging into something tight - really tight! And then... and then she popped me right into her throat! Her throat! It grabbing me! Clenching me! All the way down! Slowly! So fucking amazing! All the way until her nose was buried in my pubes and my cock was gone! Swallowed whole! Nothing before in my life... *Heaven!*

And past my fluttering, rolling eyes, past my heightened hysteria, again I saw my Kat's jealousy, saw her eyes narrow angrily as Dara beat her, as her sister swallowed my cock whole! I watched my Kat push herself to her limits and beyond! Watched as she tried to take Mike's horse-sized cock into her throat!

And it was... it was... ugly. And yet, so fucking beautiful! She tried. Oh, how she tried! So brutal, so obscene, so impossible! But... she tried. She gave it her all! It was just... unlike the others she'd already pleased, this cock was just too big!

"Whagh-hungh-aghn!" she reeled upon it, but still she tried, tried so hard! She was punishing herself upon it! Trying so hard to force it, choking herself on that huge, black, meat! Magic!

I... I... I started shake. Started to tremble. Started to convulse in my seat. So fucking erotic! And as I watched her wheeze and hack on Mike's giant cock, I... I couldn't take it anymore!

"MNNGH!" Cum! Cum spurting like a geyser!

"MMM!" Cum choking my wife's sister! My cum being shot straight down Dara's throat!

And I saw that my Kat saw. Saw that she knew what was happening. Just as I saw her eyes finally rip away from mine, enraged, now looking down upon Mike's groin more determined than ever! Saw her as she began to violently bang her head up and down! Force it down! Choking herself more and more upon him, reeling, failing, but refusing to give up!

"Come on, baby!" she popped her lips off, begging him for it! Pumping his length vigorously, slopping her fist through all the spit!

"GOPH!" she just as savagely cast her head and mouth back down over him, trying to ram it through!

"Holy shit!" Mike placed his hands on the back of her head, helping her, forcing her even further down as he bucked his hips up to meet her! "Gawd, you can suck a cock!" he praised her, and she pleased him all the more for it!

"Gawp! Gawp! Gawp!" my wife's throat began to glurp as she received his blows, holding, pushing herself down!

I saw my wife begin to buck, convulsing! She was gagging and wheezing, that thick bile spitting out the corners of her mouth again! She was practically vomiting on his cock, but neither would quit! Mike just kept on ramming his huge cock into the cleft of her tight throat, wearing it down, breaking it down, and my innocent wife just kept on taking it!

Kept ramming, kept taking it, until... until I saw my wife's face lowering... cheeks billowing, and... lowering. Her face dipped lower, lower than it should be going. Lower... more of Mike's huge, long cock disappearing than her mouth should be able to hold. Pained tears were streaming from her clenched eyes, and then I knew, knew then that he was no longer *just* in her mouth.

I could see it in her trembling body, in those squeezing eyes. I could see it as her body involuntarily thrashed, shaking violently as she tried hard not to lose her stomach. And then, I could see it... literally see Mike's huge cock bulging out through her throat wrapped about it! Through her most delicate, slender neck! Her throat! His massive cock had somehow made it into her throat!

And I... I... "Gulph!" Dara bucked at my knees as I came even harder! Came even more! More than ever before, feeding her more of my sweet dessert!

And just as it was getting good - really good... "MMM!" Dara slowly worked her lips up, my cock out her throat, and received the rest of my massive, never ending load right into her mouth and across her tongue!

*„Damn...“* I sighed, falling completely limp within my chair as my balls began to tire and grow sore.

Not over. More. Before I knew what was happening, Dara was hovering over me, blocking my view of my wife deep-throating that horse cock! I didn't want to miss it - wanted to see it - wanted Dara out of my way, but then...

"Owghn!" I cried through the gag as she grabbed me fiercely by the back of the head, by my hair, and jerked my gaze up to the stars.

And then... her fingers at my lips. Pinching... pulling. The gag was suddenly gone. Gone... my mouth free... my chance to speak, to tell my Kat everything! But...

I couldn't. My mouth was trapped in a silent wail. Dara was over me, her face drawing rapidly closer. I saw her cheeks bulging, her lips cupped. Saw her throat working, swallowing, and then... warm - warmth! In my mouth! I winced, my face twisting with disgust as Dara crushed her lips against mine, digging her tongue into my mouth, and she gave me a deep, passionate, long, nasty, spit and cum swapping kiss!

Hot! Sour, bitter, nasty... hot! All across my tongue and taste buds! Her tongue... her tongue and... and my tongue! All through my mouth! And before I could put it all together, before I could realize what had happened... Dara was swabbing my wife's panties across my stomach and chest, and ripped her lips off mine, stuffing that gag - those panties now covered in my cum - those panties right back into my mouth! My mouth! That she had just... just... Crazy!

And it was gross. I could feel in intricate detail the clumpy wads washing back and forth across my tongue. Feel it. Taste it. But I couldn't spit it out! Hysteria!

"That's a good boy!" she pat my head as if I were some lowly dog. I... I didn't really care. Didn't really hear her, for I was still trying to look around her, to my wife, mere feet from me... who now had nearly all of Mike's giant, ten inch cock shoved within her mouth - within her throat! Her neck looked twice its normal size! Had to be in her stomach by this point.

"Hmm..." Dara studied me for a moment before turning to Kat. "Not bad..." she noted her sister's success at swallowing all of that obscene sausage!

And then all I could see... as I watched my wicked sister-in-law waddle her tight little ass over in front of me... *„Gawd, what a nice ass!“*

*„Wait... what?!“* I guffawed at myself! Oh, how I had fallen. Oh, how I had let myself become twisted in her spell. I seemingly no longer had any control over my raging hormones whatsoever! What was happening to me?!

But... still not over. Dara shifted herself back over my lap, straddling my legs while reaching down to take hold of my cock, and she stood it up straight. And... and even though I'd just cum, I don't think I'd ever been so hard or so big in my life!

"Kat!" Dara demanded her sister's attention. "You never told me what a nice cock Al has!" she finished, and she got it.

"Glumph!" I had to watch that long shaft be evicted and spat out my wife's throat! "DARA!" Kat's shrill voice cut through us all, cutting me especially, right to the bone! "What are you..?!"

"Hmm?" Dara stopped with my throbbing head just outside her entrance, the lips of her wet pussy teasing me! "Something wrong, sis?" Dara said innocently, cocking her head to one side.

Kat said nothing, but her chest was heaving erratically. She was staring long and hard at us, her eyes full of both lust and desire, anger and hate!

I... I guess I wish I could do something to stop this, but... the only thing I could think or feel or recognize, was Dara's heat hovering over my cock!

"Don't be so greedy, slut," Dara said airily. "There's plenty of cock for you. I just want to see what all the fuss is about," Dara finished by slowly inching down onto me, only stopping once the head of my dick had fully entered her!

*Oh my gawd! Oh my gawd! Oh my gawd!* Dara's pussy felt... felt... SO AMAZING! I... completely out of my mind, I bucked up out of my seat, trying to get more of it into her! Shove it into her! I needed it! Oh, how I needed it!

"Hahaha!" my antics made Dara laugh. "You see, slut?" she quipped as she... she slid herself the rest of the way down my pole, all the way until she came to rest in my lap. "Mmmnnn! I think he likes my pussy..." she moaned loudly!

With her tight, oh so fucking wet pussy gripping my cock, I could have blown another load right then and there! But it only got better... Dara began to shift in my lap, slowly gyrating her hips over me!

"Mmnng!" my head fell back. I couldn't help it! I was so turned on, and her pussy felt so fucking good!

"Alvin!" Kat suddenly gasped, but I don't know if it was from indignation or from lust. I was beyond reach at this point. Even if I hadn't been tied up, I don't think I could have stopped fucking Dara now if I wanted to!

"MMM!" Dara moaned loudly, theatrically atop me, arching her back and tossing her hair, just for her sister's benefit. "I think I'm beginning to see what you loved so much about him, sis!" she taunted my wife. "Mmm! He's got a great cock!" she moaned, beginning to ride me, lifting her hips, only to plop them back down!

Without missing a beat, I saw my Kat spin around and over Mike, straddling him while still facing us!

"Yes! Fuck him!" Dara practically screamed at her while bouncing wildly in my lap fucking me!

Kat didn't need encouragement. She was on top of it! I watched my wife slowly squat down over him, holding my gaze the entire way. Watched her lean back and brace herself with one arm as she took his monster cock with other. Watched... not daring to blink. I didn't want to miss a thing, my cock

and eyes in a heavenly bliss!

And while watching us, my Kat spread her knees wide... spread them just for me, to show me her already used, cum drooling cunt up close and personal. And then, while boring into my eyes and for full affect, she began to slap her wet, leaking cunt with Mike's meaty shaft!

"Mmngghn!" I nodded to her, encouraging her while her sister road me!

And in answer, Kat began to move her hips against him! Moaning for me! Faster! Louder! Up and down along his shaft, holding it against her as she spread her last lover's cum all across it - just for me!

"Hell yeah, baby! So wet! Come on! Give it to me!" Mike begged her, taking her by the hips as she teased him.

"Yeah?!" she spoke over her shoulder to him, but her eyes were still locked in mine. "You want some of this pussy?!" I couldn't believe my ears! I'd never heard - could never imagine my Kat speaking these foul words, but... fuck, it turned me on!

"Fuck yeah!" he answered her in turn.

And then my wife, Kat, she... waited, raising her brows at me... waiting... for me! Fuck, I nodded to her! Nodded as if to rattle my head straight off my shoulders!

"Okay..." she rasped, and picked herself up over him! Still watching me with her sister, she placed his giant head at her entrance, and then carefully, oh so slowly, began to lower herself back down onto it!

"Ungggh!" my wife groaned loudly as the the head of his fat cock pressed and then stalled outside her too small of hole. Mike had a horse-sized cock, and that thing wasn't going to fit inside her easily!

The tension built and it built! Built as the pressure bowed his cock! Built as Kat began to swivel her hips about it, squeaking and squealing, making every sort of noise as she tried to force it! It built in our audience as they began to bleat and cheer her on. It built inside me as I watched the lips of her pussy wrap around his dark shaft like a glove! Built as Dara bounced in my lap, groaning and moaning and begging for me to fuck her harder!

"Ungh! Fuck yeah! Come on, Kat! Shit! Take that cock!" Dara plead with her as she road me!

"Yes!" Kat gasped, almost angrily, her eyes burning back and forth, from me to her sister, from her sister down to my cock! My cock inside her sister! "Ow! FUGHCK!" she screamed at the night's sky, his dick way too big for her, but she was now more determined than ever, as if once again competition with her sister!

"You big fucking bastard!" she screamed at Mike, her entire body shivering, his cock bowing even more from the immense weight she was dropping onto it!

And then... "Oh GAWD."

For the second time this night, everything seemed to stop. Everything went silent in my ears. My eyes... my eyes glanced down from my wife's tossed hair stilled in mid-air to her splayed pussy. Mike's huge, mushroomed head was gone, nowhere to be seen. It... it was inside my wife.

Oh, ever so slowly, as if watching it all in slow-motion, things began to move again, but only at a snail's pace. I saw my wife's hips slowly twitch. Saw her slowly grind down. Saw her swivel back up. More of Mike's shaft disappeared into her. More of it came back into sight, glistening anew with my wife's wet juices.

And as if paced by the ticking hand of a clock, things began to speed back up. Kat let him go to use both hands to brace herself from behind, over his shoulders. The hand of the clock began to move faster. Her hips began twerking faster.

And then... and then as if someone hit the fast forward button, everything suddenly started moving too fast, as if in warp speed, catching back up to real time! Kat was bouncing atop him in a blur. He was thrusting his cock up into her with wild abandon! More black cock inside her! Pumping her! She was thrashing about as if riding a wild bull!

And then they hit the volume button, un-muting the scene, and like a tv that had the volume turned up way too loud, the sudden blare made me jump in my seat!

"OH MY FUCKING GAWD! UNGH! I LOVE YOUR BIG FUCKING COCK! IT'S - UNGH - SO FUCKING HUGE!" Kat cried with unrestrained lust as they fucked each other like rabid beasts!

"That's it, Kat! Ride that cock!" Dara was screaming back at her, encouraging her, riding me harder!

The others caught on and added their own cheers! And Kat, my wife... with her eyes gone, rolled back into her skull again, she was squealing like a stuck pig, Mike fucking her brains out!

"YEE! OH! UNGH! FUCK - UNGH - YEAH! GIVE IT TO ME! UNGH! FUCK ME!" she screamed like a true slut as Mike's big cock pistoned up inside her, already bottoming out and bending against her cervix with practically half of it still to go!

And as I watched this man's cock ram in and out my wife's pussy, as I listened to her moan and squeal and curse, as I saw that fire burning inside her, I realized now how much I had indeed truly failed her. I had always tried to tell her, that she deserved more, that she deserved better - deserved this. She had always stuck by me, but that fire was there. That same fire that lived in her brother and sister. I saw it now. And I fucked Dara hard up out of my seat as if to make up for it!

"UNGH! OH! GAWD, YES!" Kat howled as more of it was forced in and their flesh began to slap together, her foaming pussy sloshing about his giant, hard cock!

"Yeah! Fuck me, Alvin!" Dara called right back to her, challenging her!

"HELL YESSS!" Kat hissed without missing a beat, only bouncing harder, faster in his lap!

"Yeah! Fuck him harder, Kat!" Dara screamed as she fucked me! Others ranted! And my wife fucked him harder, taking more and more of length in and out, deeper, right for me to see! I couldn't fathom as to where she was putting it all!

And while my wife road him, fucked him as Dara fucked me... another stepped up to Kat's side, slapping my deranged wife right in her face with his fat cock. Without stopping to even think about it, she smacked her lips open and sucked him in! Another came up from the other side, doing the same. And she started swapping back and forth, denying neither, pleasing all she could as she road the one in her pussy!

Things quickly devolved from here, hot and heavy. The two forcing her to suck their cocks started

fucking her face like Mike was hammering her pussy! Kat was quickly becoming deranged, losing all and everything as she allowed them to slam their cocks down her throat at will!

And it was getting loud. The two girls were hopping in our laps as Mike and I bucked up to meet them. Dara was moaning and howling. Kat muffling and groaning. Our audience was cheering. And I... with my sister-in-law riding me... with that searing, hot cunt over my cock... I couldn't hold out any longer. I started grunting into my gag, trying to warn her, but it was soon too late. I came. I came again! I came all up in her pussy! So fucking good! I'd never come in a pussy before, and it was then that I discovered the entire meaning of life!

I came, just about the same time as Mike did inside my wife's pussy. I could see the traces of his white wads smearing down his shaft as Kat bounced atop him. Yet another man was filling my wife's womb with his seed, and I was cumming myself, and I came only harder for it! My cum erupted out into Dara's womb like spit fire, spraying her full as I convulsed in my seat!

"Oh, fuck yeah! Cum in my pussy you dirty bastard!" Dara screamed. "You're going to make me fucking cummm!" she groveled! Oh, how I loved the sound of that!

The man in Kat's throat tensed up as well, smashing her face and chin into his groin as he groaned and rolled back onto his heels. I could see my wife's throat working, putting in over time as she swallowed as fast as he could give it. Swallowing more cum.

"OGH, FUGHK!" Kat suddenly jerked her head away and spat him out, cum flying everywhere! "OH MY GAWD! I... I... I'M CUMMINGGGG!" she screamed wantonly for all the world to know, sinking down onto Mike's cock as her whole body quaked with a mind shattering orgasm!

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Chapter Eight: No Mistake

Bliss. I was in pure, heavenly bliss. All of life's problems insignificant. Everything perfect.

"Damn. That was a pretty good fuck, Al," Dara panted, wiggling her brows at me from over her shoulder. Her entire weight was planted back against my chest and resting fully within my lap. Our bodies were slick with sweat against one another's, my cock still buried inside her nurturing channel. Her pussy was still tensing and squeezing about it with a certain rhythm, milking it as we regained our strength.

"Whew!" she gave a short chortle, wrapping an arm back around my head to give it little hug, to which I leaned in, peaking down to steal a glance at those glamorous tits. I longed to be able to run my hands up that lean body and to feel the weight of her breasts in my palms.

"God damn!" our moment together was interrupted as the second man Kat had been sucking off tripped forward, catching my wife by the hair to turn her still cum gaping mouth to meet the head of his cock. He was fisting his shaft furiously with the other.

"AGHH!" he then erupted right into her open mouth, quickly filling it to the brim. And my Kat held her mouth open, receiving it for as long as she could, until she started choking and spluttering and was forced to twist away. No matter, he settled for hosing her in the face and down on her tits with everything he had left.

"FUCK!" Kat spit it all back out, dumping it over her chin and down onto her nude body without a thought or care in the world. Her hips were still gyrating over Mike's cock. She looked to still be in

the last throws of her intense orgasm.

"Alright, Mike," Dara spoke up. "That's enough. Let someone else have a turn," she said, sounding almost thoughtful. I was so wrapped up in it all now, that I didn't even think to stop and balk at what Dara had just offered.

With my cock still hard and buried up her sister, I just watched as the testosterone filled meat heads around her took full advantage of the situation and my delirious, slut of a wife. They grabbed her and pulled her off Mike. His cock popped noisily out, followed by a spurt of cum. They all worked together to push her over and position her onto her hands and knees. She had no fight left in her, and didn't protest, merely going with it, allowing them to do whatever they wanted to her.

In no time at all, just like that, without even a proper "Hello, how are you?" Matt butted up behind my wife, and shoved his cock right in!

"Oh shit! Ungh!" Kat moaned and took it as he got right to work. "Mngh!" she was cut off as Rob stepped up to feed his cock down her throat! Two cocks from either end, and from the looks and the sounds of it, my Kat appeared to be... the way she was humming and singing and bouncing back and forth between them, like she was loving it!

"That was fun. Let's do it again sometime, shall we?" Dara finally peered back at me after a minute of watching the show. She offered me a coy smile as Rob finished up, cumming in Kat's mouth. "Gotta go!" she hopped up out my lap, my stiff cock dragging out her pussy. I was more than sad to see her go, trying to reach for her, before I was reminded of the bindings about my wrists.

Dara cut in after Rob, dropping down onto her back and opening her legs before my wife's face. "Eat it! You fucking slut!" Dara interrupted Kat's heavy grunts from the pounding Matt was giving her! "Eat your husband's cum from my pussy!" she reached up and grabbed Kat by the back of her head, pulling her right down into her sloppy, leaking cunt! *Wicked!*

And without any resistance whatsoever, with a new cock rattling her senseless, my Kat went with it and dove right in! Licking her! Lapping! Eating her sister's pussy! I was watching my wife eat my cum from her sister's pussy! Oz...

Matt didn't last much longer. After refilling her womb, he smacked her ass in gratitude as he pulled out, giving a quick nod and a "She's all yours!" to the next already stepping up.

"Damn! She's still so tight!" the next trumpeted as he slammed right in, gloating as if he couldn't believe his luck! He fucked her as hard and as raw as he could, right from the get-go, driving her into her sister's pussy! Wild! Another followed him after he finished.

"Mmngh!" Kat hummed into Dara's cunt as this next one started slapping her ass, one cheek and then the other as he pounded her pussy.

"Hell yeah! You like that?!" he worked her with long, forceful thrusts, smacking her ass over and over again as he drove into her. "Damn this is some good pussy!" he slowed his pace to savor it as long as he could.

"He asked you a question, slut!" Dara finally let her up for air. "Tell him how much you love that cock!"

"Uhn! Oh yeah!" Kat groveled, glancing back over her shoulder at him, her cheeks and chin now smeared with even more cum. My cum. My cum from her sister's pussy. "Ughn! Fuck me!" he thrust

her forward, hard and with purpose. "I love - AYE - that cock!"

Gawd, it was crazy! He didn't last long either, however, and after emptying his balls into her and pulling out, leaving her for the next... something *different* happened.

"No!" Dara stopped the next mid stride from shoving in. "You!" she singled out another instead. "Bout time you stepped up and acted like a man! I know you want to fuck her!" Dara spit venomously while laying on her back with her knees spread and held up in the air.

Mutters of confusion and excitement. Something different. The crowd curiously ebbed away, subdued by Dara's authority. A silent awe and spotlight landed upon the one she pointed out, Tina turning her little black box upon him. My Kat had now been fucked by... how many now? What was one more? But... something was different about this one. I could feel it, sense it. Sense the sudden tension in everyone around me, but I couldn't yet place what it was.

I saw him bashfully step up. Saw him... just standing there, waiting and watching, as if considering, admiring her now fully gaping, cum drooling cunt. Kat tried to lift her head and look, but Dara caught her by her hair and held her down.

"Quit being such a pussy!" Dara yelled at him. "I've caught you jacking off to her picture..." another clue. "Now's your chance! Fuck her!" Dara seemed intent.

Definitely something different about this one. And in my mind's eye, I recognized him by memory, but my thoughts were so discombobulated I could not place it. Kat just waited for it with her nose buried in her sister's pussy, her ass held high in the air. As I saw Dara's wicked grin grow from ear to ear, I knew something more was afoot, but still... what was it?

"Ah! The little boy is bashful!" Dara mocked. The young man appeared stung. "Go on, slut! Tell him it's okay. Tell him you want him to fuck you! Wiggle that fat ass for him!"

Again, Kat tried to look, but Dara held her down. "Say it, slut!" Dara demanded.

And to my utter bewilderment, as if indeed captivated by her sister's spell... "It - it's okay..." Kat whimpered aloud, wiggling her ass a little. "Fughck..." she groaned out, as if still caught in between orgasms. "You can fuck me..." she played along. Kat? My Kat?! "I want it!" She was delirious!

"Ha! You heard the slut!" Dara called back to the young man standing behind my wife. "She wants that cock! You know you want to..." Dara purred, staring deep into his eyes. Who wouldn't want to? My Kat was the sexiest thing ever! "Fuck her!"

And at that, I watched him silently drop down to his knees behind her, his eyes wide and soaking up every ounce of her. I watched him slap her ass, just lightly, before looking to Dara as if for permission, afraid at what he'd done.

"Enjoy her," Dara smiled devilishly, giving him a little nod to go on.

"Ungh!" he smacked Kat's ass again, harder! this time, causing her to grunt into her sister's pussy.

Smack! again. Harder. Louder. Again, Dara prevented Kat from looking back to see who was spanking her.

"Damn, I've dreamed for so long about this..." he whispered softly to no one in particular as he grabbed and began to knead at the fat cheeks of her ass, fully enjoying himself, staring a little too

hard at her puckered asshole and gaping cunt. "I've been waiting a long time for this," he said calmly, eerily, growing more assured of himself.

"I know," Dara answered him. "Now take daddy's little princess. Fuck her!" she pressed intently.

'A long time for this..?' I was confused, but before I could put two and two together...

"Ha!" he laughed at Dara's comment. "I bet mom and dad would be so proud if they could see her now!" And then it clicked. Dara's younger brother... Kat's younger brother - Carter! And just like that, he lined himself up and... and... and drove his cock into his sister's messy cunt with one, savage thrust! My wife's little brother... I'd forgotten he was here!

It was oh so wrong. Sister eating sister. Brother fucking sister. Incest! But this was all so wrong. All just one, big, huge mistake! But still... so damn hot!

Carter went from timid to savage in zero to one hundred, giving it to his oldest sister as if he'd been building up the will his entire life! I'd just watched my wife get pounded by who knows how many, but this - shit! He was even more hard and more brutal with her than the rest! Hammering her cunt as if he meant to truly destroy it!

And all three were loud! As loud as they could be! Carter was grunting into his sister with each grueling thrust! Kat's cum filled pussy was sloshing around her brother's cock like a loaded washing machine! Having to take this rough of pounding, she was left groveling, being driven right into her sister's cunt, now fully cleaned of my cum! And Dara was moaning and laughing and cackling, getting off on merely the sight of it!

This all so wild and bizarre and indecent, I started see flashes of white, thinking that I was crossing over into the twilight zone. But no... the flash was real. It was coming from that little black box Tina was holding as she made a slow, careful circle around them, shining that spotlight directly across them.

Then a noticed a little red dot beside the white light. Tina's face was being illuminated by a screen facing her. And then, all at once it clicked. That little black box... it was a video camera! Dara was having her friend video tape all of this!

First my wife fucking Rob, then sucking and deep-throating Matt and the others. And then screwing Mike, me with Dara, and then the rest. Kat eating my cum from her sister's pussy! And now... Carter. Her brother fucking her like a madman, all the while she moaning like a whore, taking it like a whore.

'Oh...' I still had enough sense left to realize that this was bad. Really bad. They were recording this! Sister and brother and sister! Kat in between!

"Mmm... Kat!" Dara called to her sister, reaching down and lifting her head up.

"Ungh-ungh-ungh!" her mouth now free, Kat started moaning wildly with each of her brother's forceful thrusts!

"You like that cock?" Dara wiggled out from beneath her face, and crawled up onto her knees to cup her sister's cheeks in her hands.

"Mngh - fuck - nng - yeah!" Kat grunted, rocking back and forth, her fat tits bouncing and swaying and clapping beneath her. "So - ungh - fucking - yeah - good!" her eyes were closed, her face twisted with that crazed lust of pure pleasure!

"Tell him you're his slut!" Dara said, while stealing a sidelong glance at that camera recording this act of debauchery

"I'm your - ungh - fucking - ungh - slut!" Kat howled, and her brother gave it to her even harder!

"Tell him he can do whatever he wants to you! Tell him he now owns your pussy! Tell him he can have whatever hole of yours he wants!"

"FUCK!" Kat screamed, her body shaking, slamming herself back against her brother! "FUCK ME! UNGH! I'm your slut!" she yelled with unbridled abandon. "Do whatever - UNGH - you want to me - UNGH! Just give me that - UNGH - COCK!" she begged him.

"Fuck me wherever - UNGH - you want me! My pussy - UNGH - is yours!" she went on and on. "ANY - UNGH - FUCKING - UNGH - HOLE!" I don't think she knew what she was saying at this point. Her brother was wearing himself out in her, sweat pouring down his brow.

"Turn around, Kat," Dara cooed to my wife as she guided her face by her cheeks. "Look at him while he fucks you. Thank him for his beautiful cock!" Dara instructed.

"Yeah - ungh!" and Kat kept on moaning and grunting while he fucked her, slowly twisting her head back around as she peeled her eyes open, just as Dara had told her. Dara was busy waving another over. "Thank you - ungh - for your beautiful - ungh..."

And there it ended.

There were no more grunts. There were no more moans of pleasure. Kats eyes suddenly snapped wide as all else was choked off. I could see her irises dilating as the truth of what was happening settled on her. Only the wet, grotesque sounds of his hard cock pistoning in and out of her sloppy cunt could be heard. It took her way longer to realize what was happening than it should have, but when it did finally did...

"C-C-C-CARTER! NO!" Kat shrieked at the top of her lungs! She immediately turned and tried to lunge away from her brother, but Dara had anticipated as much and was ready for it.

The master planner, while still holding her sister by her face, Dara gripped her chin and, with her other fisted about her boyfriend's cock, Marcus's, she connected the two as Kat fled.

"GOPH!" Kat didn't stand a chance. Marcus, mighty Marcus. He put every other man here to shame, Mike included. I didn't have a tape measure on me - for that's what it would have taken to know his true size - but between good aim and the speed Kat was fleeing forward, that monstrosity was somehow forced between her lips.

Her cheeks billowed outwards in rippling waves from the sudden invasion, and her eyes lit like saucers. Trapped between the two with nowhere to go and shocked stupid by the sudden monster lodged in her mouth, she froze. Her brother used the opportunity to reposition himself, only to plunge back into her once more!

"MMUHNGH!" he plowed her forward, and Kat's wide eyes rolled back into her skull as he thrust her forward onto Marcus's giant cock. Still trapped, Carter's force caused her to arch her back and

tilt her head as the blow wedged Marcu's over-sized cock into the cleft of her throat.

"That's it! Give it to her!" Dara was still not finished. I watched my wife's dubious sister crawl over to Kat's side - as her own brother pounded her with everything he had - and drew up on her knees beside Kat's waist to reach out and take hold the cheeks of her ass. Dara spread them as wide as she could, at first as if to just watch this lewd scene taking place before her own, very eyes.

But then... "Tina," she called to her friend video taping this, and had her come shoot a close up of brother impaling sister as Dara held her open.

Whop! Whop! Whop! Dara waited for the longest time as we all watched and listened to the nasty sloshing of wet sex. She was simply enjoying the view of their brother's cock violating her "princess" sister's pussy, before she finally leaned over and puckering her lips, she let a large wad of spit fall down into the crack of my wife's ass.

"Are you getting this?" she looked up to Tina with a mad hunger in her eyes - danger. Tina had her camera held right over Dara's shoulder, zooming closer in.

"Yeah!" Tina nodded excitedly.

Dara then reached, and Kat moaned loudly over Marcus's huge cock as her sister began to massage that spit into her shriveled sphincter. And then... and then looking right at me, Dara straightened one of those fingers, her middle, and dug it in - straight into my wife's virgin ass!

"NNGH!" Kat groveled loudly as that finger sank and sank, all but disappearing, right to the very knuckle! She started bucking and fighting but went nowhere - with a finger up her ass! We'd never even considered going there before, not in fifteen years! Forgetting my wife's predicament, I... I was so jealous! Her ass!

"You like that, slut?!" Dara began fucking her with that finger. Kat was singing and jumping! She looked like she... And with her brother, Carter, fucking her as hard as he could, with Marcus's giant cock choking the life out of my wife, my Kat was...

Dara wasn't really interested in a reply. She had what she wanted. Kat was losing it, lost again, being rapped back and forth between the two cocks. Dara spat again and added a second finger into Kat's ass.

Too, too much. Too much just for me, an innocent bystander. As I watched my wife quiver and shake and grunt, I couldn't imagine what she was going through at the moment! With an over-sized cock trying to ram its way down her throat! Her own brother pummeling her well used pussy! And her sister... her sister finger fucking her in the ass! Kat was rapidly crossing over to fantasy land, and all could see. Her body was bucking and grunting and moaning, giving itself over, roasted upon that spit of cock.

But Dara being Dara, she kept on - kept on until she had to take things too far. She leaned over yet again, and added even more spit, before somehow managing to shove a third finger up my wife's ass! She started pumping savagely, really opening her up! Kat... I could see it. I could hear it! She crossed over the threshold of sanity - if she hadn't already - and entered the state of utter delirium, shivering and grunting like a stuck pig! If I didn't know any better... if I didn't know, I'd say she was enjoying this! I'd say she was cumming from this abuse!

Once Dara was satisfied that she had her sister's ass good and loosened up, she pulled her fingers back out, leaving a deep, dark black hole in their wake. She hovered over Kat's now gaping ass, and

spread those cheeks wide. She puckered her lips again, and let her spit fall directly into that gaping hole for a fourth and final time.

Staring intensely at it, Dara crawled her fingers towards that bulls-eye. As they crept in around it, Dara slinked her two middle fingers in deep, gripping Kat's ass like a vice. She dug in, and then she pulled open!

"MMRAGHH!" Kat groveled and squirmed deliriously with the ill-treatment as Dara pried her ass open wide, tugging in opposite directions with her fingers, wedging it open as wide as she could. And no matter how much her sister wailed over the cock in her mouth, no matter how much she bucked, Dara kept on until my wife's ass was a broad, cavernous black pit!

"Come on, Carter! It's payback time!" Dara revealed her intentions. "Fuck this dirty slut in her ass! Teach her a lesson she won't soon forget!" Dara dared their brother, yanking Kat's asshole open so hard that I could see the muscles in her arms begin to strain!

"MMMNNNGH!" Kat...

Without any second thoughts, Carter happily pulled his cock out his oldest sister's pussy.

"Hold on!" Dara first wrapped her lips around it and sucked on it, slobbering. Carter howled with bliss, before Dara pulled her lips back off and spat on his head.

"Go!" she yelled at him, and Carter happily applied his swollen cock head between her finger's. So wrong, but too late. Carter slowly pressed his pussy and spit coated cock in, just as Dara slowly slipped her fingers back out, fitting my wife's gaping asshole about his cock like a snug condom!

Wow. If there had been any shred of resemblance of the Kat I once knew still left, it was stolen from her now. Cock in her ass. Her brother's cock. Cock in her throat. Had to be the biggest in all the world.

It had been near painful to watch at first, Kat ill prepared for such an abuse, but even that didn't last long. My wife... she really was a slut.

The stars had aligned and then lit. The sharp pain shooting through her ass was evident upon her face, but it wasn't long before she was hemming and hawing with absolute wnat. With knuckles gripping the wood of the deck and toes curled into the air, she started grunting and moaning with wanton ecstasy! Kat... I knew it, had seen it before. Kat was cumming on her brother's cock deep in her ass, Marcus's cock winding into her belly to meet him!

And I watched as Carter exhausted himself in her ass, Marcus fucking her loosened throat. Watched as they spent themselves in her until they had unloaded all that their balls could give and more. Carter kept at it until he literally fucked himself silly, collapsing over his sister's back and seemingly passed out atop her.

"I'm going to untie you," Dara was suddenly in front of me. She seemed tense and urgent. Where had she come from? "I'm going to untie you, and you're going to do exactly as I tell you. Exactly, and you're not going to say a fucking word, or I will cut your fucking cock off. Understand?" Taken by surprise and swept up in her urgency, I could only nod.

"That's a good boy," she pat my head, before pulling out my gag. She waited. I said nothing, just staring into her mesmerizing eyes. "Excellent. You might be worth something after all," she then knelt down and began untying my ankles.

"You ever fuck a girl in her ass before, Al?" she said conversationally as she moved around behind me to undo my wrists. Before me was my wife on her hands and knees, her younger brother draped across her back, his cock still fully impaled within her ass. Kat was currently dazed, suckling Marcus's cock as he fed her his cum. She was drinking it. I shook my head no in response to Dara's question, picturing Carter's cock buried inside my wife's.

"Would you like to fuck me in the ass?" she propositioned in a rush. I went rigid, my head snapping around to face her. "What?" she asked, as if not understanding my sudden surge. My wrists became free.

"Well?" she asked again, waltzing back in front of me as I brought my arms around to rub at my sore wrists. I could say nothing, simply watching her ass jiggle as she moved.

Dara turned her back to me and presented her ass. "You wanna fuck me here or not?" she arched her back, and grabbing her two cheeks, she spread them open as she bent over, displaying her offer.

Beautiful... I nodded, completely succumbed.

"Well... you're going to have to do something for me first."

My eyes danced from that promise - tight, brown rosebud, and then up to her eyes. A deal with the devil. I nodded again.

"Mmm," she let go and fell back into my lap, her body so warm and light. My hands immediately grasped at her hips, holding her nude body tight against me.

"I don't think you're going to like it much..." she said before swabbing her tongue seductively across her palm, and then reached down between her spread legs. She transferred that spit onto my cock as she stood it up, and then repositioned herself over me. I felt my tip come into contact against her tightest hole. Dara sank just enough, until I felt it spread and grip angrily about my head, squeezing me!

"Oh, gawd!" I cried! Nothing could compare!

"Nah-ah-ah!" she hissed at me. "Remember. Not a word." She waited until I acknowledged this. I zipped my lips, and she sank down a little further. Pure heaven!

"Are you going to do as I tell you?" My cock was in her ass! Anything she wanted!

I nodded, and she sank all the way down into my lap, her ass completely swallowing my cock! Velvety! Oh so smooth! Oh so hot and perfect! In that moment, I became her complete and total slave! But then she hopped right back up and off of me, my cock popping from her tight ass, and I nearly chased after her, grasping at air!

"Come here and lay down on your back," she pointed at the deck beside my wife. I was out of my chair in no time, but then became a little hesitant as I looked back to the triage. Dara pointed again, and I reluctantly obeyed.

Carter was still passed out, and Dara carelessly applied her foot to him, literally rolling him off of

Kat's back until he crashed over onto the deck. I could hear his cock likewise pop out from her cum soiled and snug asshole.

"Let her go," she spoke to Marcus, and he likewise obeyed, slipping his cock out her clasping lips and stepped away. Dara then grabbed Kat by an ankle, and hauled it over my face, spreading her wide... spreading her used cunt and asshole right over me! So beautiful! I loved her - it so much!

"Sit!" she pressed Kat's ass down. Down! Right into my face!

"Mmm!" I didn't stop to think. My mouth formed over her pussy. I had so longed for it! I sucked eagerly at her clit and lips, ignoring that trace of cum running into my mouth!

"YESS!" Kat hummed, pressing down against me, enjoying my tongue, and it sent a shocking thrill coursing through me! I licked at her harder!

"Stace, come here and suck his cock," blinded beneath my wife, I could only hear Dara speak.

"Me?!" I heard the girl guffaw.

"Yeah. He's being good. Give him a little reward." Only then, did I realize she was talking about my cock.

But I only wrapped my arms up around the swell of my wife's big ass, pulling her closer to me as I devoured that cunt I loved so much, never mind the cum running across my tongue. Never mind my nose pressing into her open asshole, Carter's spent cum running across it.

Wet, suave lips wrapped around my cock. *Fuck yes!* Thank you Dara!

"Yeah! Suck it!" I heard my wife utter, before she shifted, and I felt Stacy's lips forced further down around me! Kat was pressing her!

"Travis, you want another go at this slut's throat?"

"Hell yeah!"

"How about it, slut?!"

"Give it to me!" Delirium! Seconds later, I heard her gawp as the cock entered her mouth, and she started bobbing and slobbering noisily, grinding even harder down onto my face!

"Rob, her ass is all yours!"

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## **Chapter Nine: Well, maybe just one Mistake**

Died and gone to heaven.

I'm not exactly sure when I blacked out, but when I finally came to, recognized my incarnate self... a woman was atop me. My hands were definitely on a woman's hips, but they were much more narrow than I remembered Kat's. There were titties bouncing in my face, but much smaller than my wife's. My cock was still embedded in something hot and wet, but it wasn't a mouth. As my eyes slowly came back into focus... it was Stacy. She was riding me, fucking me!

“Oh...”

I could hear grunts and moans and all the bizarre such sounds of wild sex just above me. I swiveled my head back upon the deck to steal a glance. *Kat...*

All seven men were on her. My wife was straddled over one laying on his back, she riding him like a banshee, but another, Matt, was stabbing her from behind. It took my clogged brain a few seconds to gather what was happening. Two cocks at the same time... but how? One was already in her pussy... It finally hit me. Matt was fucking her in the ass with the one in her pussy. Two cocks at the same time in both her holes!

And then, not just two cocks. Her brother, Carter, was standing at her face, and had her head hugged tightly in his arms. He was thrusting hard into her mouth, as hard as he could. He was skull fucking her! Three cocks in her at the same time! Are her two tiny hands were each wrapped around Marcus's and Mike's giant cocks, jacking them as the other gang banged her! *Wild...*

There were arms braced on either side of my head. I followed the slender limbs back up their owner. Stacy. She wasn't paying me any attention, her face and eyes looking up the stars, her lips gaped with moaning ecstasy as she bounced herself in my lap.

I followed that narrow neck down to her chest. Tits... Bouncing tits. I found myself entranced by them. I'd never felt any other tits other than my wife's... Without thinking, I reached for them.

“Yesss!” Stacy hissed loudly as I took them fully in my hands, pressing her swells more fully into my grasp. I felt my cock surge inside her. She felt so good, and she didn't seem to mind me touching her... I dared. I began to knead and massage at them!

“Uh huh!” she moaned as she slammed herself all the way down, and ground her soaking hot pussy over my cock! I could feel my tip pressing against her womb!

“UNNGH!” I heard a man grunt loudly from above me, followed by the muffled cry of a woman. My head snapped back around to the disturbance.

Carter had his sister's face buried completely into his groin, suffocating her in his pubes. He was cumming down her throat.

“Fuuughk!” just after him, Matt tensed up and pressed himself fully into her ass, adding another load into her bowels.

And then, as if to complete the domino affect, the one beneath her arched up off the ground and began to quake. All of them were cumming in her at the same time. All three of her holes. With her mouth stuffed full and pinned between three heavy, strong bodies, I couldn't hear her too clearly, but I could still make out some muffled whimper as her own body shook with their orgasms, cumming herself.

Carter was the first to let her go, releasing her head as he tripped backwards, drunk from his extreme climax. Kat fell over in his wake, barely managing to catch herself by a weak arm before she landed on her face. She was panting and wheezing, but... she didn't spit back up whatever her brother had given her.

And then... fierce blue eyes were on me, watching me. Her chest was heaving. There was milky white cum drooling out over her chin. Watching... I became all too aware of Stacy riding my cock, and blushed profusely as my wife watched us.

Matt ended the intense stare off. He moved quickly, literally ripping his cock out her ass with one harsh tug. I could hear the loud, suctioning plop as he escaped her abused anus, followed by a wincing yelp from Kat. In the blink of an eye, Matt had raced around to her face to claim her mouth before any others could react.

He grabbed her by the hair and hauled her face up to him. Her eyes stayed on me until he had his ass stained and cum soiled cock jabbing down her throat!

“NNGH!” our gazes were finally broken from the sudden assault within her mouth.

“Go on, George, you haven’t gotten any yet,” Marcus politely offered my wife’s vacant ass to one of the others who’d been left out. How nice of him.

George, another of one of the muscle bound freaks with short black hair and plenty of cock to spare, didn’t need to be told twice. Without anything said, he raced up to behind my wife, bent himself at the knees while placing one hand on her bare hip to steady himself, using the other to line up his cock. And just like that, it started all over. Three again.

“So, how was it?” I heard Dara’s sinister sneer as her legs wandered into view. I looked up. She was now holding Tina’s camera, and with it trained on Matt’s face.

“Ha!” Matt chuckled. He was slowly bobbing my wife’s face up and down along his hard shaft. “A little messy back there, but tightest ass I ever fucked, even after Carter and Rob! Haha!” he laughed.

“Did she get any shit on you?” Dara asked as if conducting an interview.

“Hell if I know, but if she did...” Matt trailed off, his gaze falling to his little cocksucker. He was now letting George do all the work, thrusting her forward as he pounded her ass hard from behind. Dara trailed her camera down with him, and got a close up of my wife’s lips cleaning his dirty meat. The one beneath Kat was trapped, just laying there, but he didn’t seem to mind.

“What a pretty little slut!” Dara hissed. “You like taking all these cocks?!” she continued her interview with Kat. Kat was a little too busy at the moment to offer her any kind of response.

Matt claimed my wife’s mouth only long enough to have her suck him clean before leaving her for the next. Mike quickly slid over to take his place.

“Oh shit! Yes!” Stacy brought me back, suddenly tensing up and grinding hard down atop me once again. My eyes ripped back to her, to those tits my hands still held, and I felt her begin to shudder. She was cumming on me!

“Oh, damn!” I mimicked her, my hands involuntarily falling back to her hips to hold her down. She collapsed all the way onto my chest, panting and sucking at my ear as she road out her orgasm. I ground myself back up into her as I felt my balls begin to tingle, and then I blasted yet another load of the night all up inside her! “Fuck yeah!”

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“Tina, fix him a drink, would ya? I think he’s going to need it!” Dara’s voice interrupted my bliss. My eyes shot back open to find her hovering above me with that damned camera aimed down at us, at me, with Stacy on top of me!

“That was hot, sweetie! Thank you!” Dara said to Stacy.

"Yeah... sure. Pleasure was all mine," Stacy said breathlessly, finally picking herself back up off of me. "Wasn't too bad," she added, and I felt a swell of pride.

"Come on, climb up here. Let's get you cleaned out," Dara had to go and ruin it. She helped a dazed and weak Stacy climb up over my face. I knew what was expected of me without having to be told. I clenched my eyes shut and opened my mouth, sticking out my tongue. And sure enough, Stacy's wet and nasty pussy came down over my lips. I... I cleaned her out.

\*\*\*\*

"Hahaha! That was great!" Dara turned the camera off for the moment, and helped Stacy to her feet.

"Fuck! He's not too bad of a pussy licker either!" Stacy noted without sparing me a second glance. I watched her step off of me. Gawd, that pussy was beautiful! She was beautiful! Maybe this wasn't so bad after all!

"Ha!" Dara laughed again. "Come on, pussy licker! Up and at ,em!" she then offered me a hand. I hesitantly took it, expecting another trick. But... she only helped me to my feet. My legs felt like jello, and I tripped a step before catching my balance.

"Wipe your chin off, Al. You've got your cum smeared all across it!" Dara chided me. Completely out of it, I wiped at it with the back of my wrist, and sure enough, I felt the warmth spread across.

"Here, drink this," she took a drink from Tina and offered it to me. I nearly told her "thank you," but remembering her wicked plot and my place, I luckily held my tongue at the last second. "You're doing well..." she complimented me as I started to take a drink, but then froze. *Kat...*

They were all still abusing her. They now had her in a completely different, completely awkward position. Mike was now the one on his back, but Kat was straddled over him backwards, in a reverse cowgirl position, her arms bent back to brace herself. His huge cock was somehow buried up her ass.

Carter had since recuperated, as he was the one now on his knees between her spread legs, hammering her pussy. One of the last guys that I did not yet know by name was standing, straddled over her face. With her gaze bent up and between his legs, I couldn't tell if he was having her suck his balls, or... I shivered at the thought.

"Here," Dara handed the camera back to Tina and sent her on her way. "You've done well so far," she then turned back to me. "You still got any cum left in those balls?" she grabbed them. I just nodded, still hoping for more.

"Good," she said evenly. "You still want to fuck me in my ass?" she asked coolly. I guffawed, but managed to hold my tongue. All nods!

"Good," she repeated. "But first, I've got to do one more thing, and then it's all yours..." she then paused for a moment, allowing her offer to sink in before continuing. "You're not going to like what I'm about to do, but if you say anything, if you do anything to interfere, you're going to fucking regret it. Understand?!" she grew almost angry.

Whatever. What else could she do that hasn't already been done?! All I could think about was that tiny little rosebud winking at me.

"Stace," Dara started for my wife. "Let my boys out..."

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Chapter Ten: Big Mistake!

Words spoken. A command given. "Let my boys out..." she'd said. I think it was safe to say, "the boys" had already been let out.

Rushed whispers shared between Dara and Stace - one questioning, the other confirming. I was not privy to their exchange, nor did I dare pry. I was too busy anyhow. Busy trying to understand, busy trying to comprehend this brave new world I was in, but all was muddled by the mystic fog of some strange unknown.

There I was. There I stood. And there I remained, alone on a far away island. Things were happening around me, to me, changing inside me, but nothing made sense. I knew only that I was alive. Really alive. Alive and well. That I was here. That I was awake and this was real and I... alive but different. An old life was passing, a new dawn rising.

I understood I was drunk. Drunk on the drink. Drunk on lust. Drunk on life. Whatever inhibitions had held me back before, they were gone now, and I relished this new visiting emotion, this new high. I took another deep draught of the liquor Dara had provided me, washing away the last remnants of my former self, preparing to move forward.

Movement. The two girls parting ways. My eyes were drawn with them. More than my eyes. A pull deep down in my core, like the magnetic tug of compass's needle pointing me North. I wanted to follow. I did not want to be left behind. I did not want to turn back. Excited to discover more!

"Ookay..." Stacy mumbled, unsure of herself. She turned and shuffled off towards the house, appearing somewhat reluctant in her task. I watched her go, reminiscing upon that magic we'd just shared. Naked. Sexy. Oh so beautiful. I couldn't believe... it was *wonderful*. A dream. A fantasy. Dara... she had promised, and she had delivered. This was real.

And Dara, sexy Dara, both the bane and the goddess. There was no reluctance in her movement, only purpose. With her dark red ponytail sashaying across her bare, slender back, with her lush, full hips swaying poetically, I watched in admiration as she made her way to that... that...

"Oh..." I guffawed. I'd been distracted. I'd forgotten. Dara pushed her way into that dog pile atop my - no, atop our *slut*.

What?! Her. My wife, my Kat...*Slut?* The thought, the word had just appeared as if out of nowhere. I was confused. I felt a wash of guilt seep into me for thinking such a thing.

No. Dara's words, not my own, I pushed back at my conscience. But right now... *Oh so slut!* The thought kept returning. *Our slut.* There was no better word - words to capture what was happening, what I was seeing. What had already been done, what my Kat was doing now. Dara's plot or no... slut. Truly. Wholly. Completely.

For she was there, buried beneath them, all of them, taking it and being taken. Fucking and sucking, twisting and jerking, and she was on absolute fire! A raging inferno of sweat and sex and cum!

All in just this one night, fifteen years of faithful monogamy, a lifetime of untarnished virtue and covetously protected reserve erased in a flash. Gone. She was all in now, in the middle of it, and the heat was only rising, wafting out in wave after steaming wave. It was climbing, surging towards some untold climax, and she was grinding up it, rocking and moaning, begging... begging and

screaming for "More!"

Pandora's box had been opened, the lid blown right off. Dara had set it in motion, but Kat... she was living it. She was finishing it. There was no way to deny, no way to mask what was happening now. The woman I loved, the woman I thought I knew... *Impossible!* But she had, and she was.

My Kat had given herself over to Lust's desire. I could see it, felt it - knew it. This was her, raw and real and in the naked flesh. One could not pretend... *this*. All the anger and thoughts of revenge in the world could not create such a... *this*.

No, there was no point in trying to sweep it under the rug. A slut! No denying. It had to have always been there, that fire! Lingered, simmering, simply lacking the spark to set it ablaze! And I... I her husband... I had been what was lacking. I wavered as the weight of this new truth settled upon me. It was heavy. My love, my wife was... slut. And I lacking. I the mistake.

And I was watching. Watching as they flipped her over, changing positions yet again. Watching as she dove hungrily atop that newest cock, picking it up herself to shove into her pussy! Watching as she hopped atop it like a woman possessed! Watching as she zealously swallowed another new cock into her mouth, and took it right down her throat! Watching as she willfully choked herself upon it, robbing herself of life's gifted air! Watching as mighty Marcus came up behind her, and she drew still to let that monster in - in to that forbidden passage!

I heard a muffled yelp as Marcus planted his huge tool all the way up her ass with one fell blow, but she took it like a pro! It was hard, but it was beautiful. Art to my eyes. Music to my ears. Their strokes the painter's brush. Her yelps the tenor of the song, my drumming pulse the bass. Beautiful!

Bodies dancing, moving, clapping in tune. World spinning. Moving faster. I fell a step forward, and for the first time realized I was free. Free from that chair, free from my gag. More came in a rush. My wife... the mistake... and I was free. A glimpsing thought through my troubled mind. *'Free, I could...'*

I felt a sudden surge, a spike of nervous adrenaline. A signal to act, a cue to speak. I opened my mouth to say... something. Anything! *The truth*. The flop of my tongue to put an end to this madness was all that it would take! But... my mouth was dry and my tongue rough as sand paper. I made a sound. Only a guttural rasp. I stalled... I was afraid. Afraid of what? This was my chance!

I knew what I supposed to do, what I should do. But... Oz. I lifted my drink to my lips and re-wet my arid pallet. Before me... man and men. Cock and cocks. And my beautiful, once so pure, once so innocent wife... cock drilling down her throat. Cock pummeling her soiled pussy. Cock tearing open up her once tight, virgin ass! Right now. Right here. Right before me. And all at once. Insane but real. Terrible, yet so overwhelmingly beautiful! Art!

A horrendous panic filled my chest. My brain was racing, eyes searching. What was the answer? My wife whom I loved, whom I cherished... I didn't want to lose her, never let her go. My wife, whom had before this wicked night only ever kissed me, only ever been with me... such a romantic vignette, such a boring reality to have to see. Not so boring anymore.

Wild! Wild and free! Every hole and hand used by all and any that wished! That wanted! No innocence. Not with her. Not with me. These men were taking her, using and abusing her, and I could see - she wanted it! And I wanted it. Wanted to watch. Wanted to feel it. Breaking free.

I was breathing hard, a wired wreck. I lowered my now empty glass, hand trembling, and I... I closed my mouth, bottom lip shaking just as bad. I did not speak. I just watched. Terrible, awful, bad

husband. Guilt. I opened my mouth again, to at least... something. I recognized that if I didn't at least try, that I would be an accomplice to this. To my own wife's... *mistake*. But I didn't. Didn't know why I didn't... wouldn't, but then...

A sudden epiphany. It fell upon me, landing in my lap. Something to hold, something to grasp on to! Hope. Dara's words. The truth would come, but... '*not yet*.' Dara would give her back to me, but... '*not yet*.' I had changed. Kat had changed. And I couldn't stop it.

It was in that moment I understood things would never be the same again, and I... I wasn't so sure I wanted them to be. I understood that I was not thinking, acting, feeling as I should. She was my wife and I her husband. But overruling this supposed logic was a powerful, churning thrill of excitement pinging through every inch of me, from head to toe, heart to soul, and I was alive, and I was free. Kat was free. Truly free. Changed. Exciting!

Angst and anxiety, not from fear or regret, but from anticipation of what would come next! From what Dara might do next! There was no going back, only forward, only Dara's will. There was no stopping it. Kat wasn't stopping it. I wasn't stopping it. I accepted it, this new reality. Discovery. And Dara was the guide.

In the midst of this new found revelation, I became aware of a raging pain from down below. I looked. It was my penis. A raging hard-on so full of blood, it was as cemented as a slab of concrete, jutting out towards the source of my desire. I had to grab it, to squeeze it, to jerk it less it kill me!

The touch was electrifying! I groaned and my head whipped back. Erotic groans sounding from all around me. Sex! The rhythmic clap moving me. Its scent thick in the air, filling me with lust! The fog began to clear, and I could see more clearly. I gazed up to the heavens above, eyes wide open, suddenly contemplating all of life's mysteries and pleasures that had forever eluded, remained oblivious to me before... before this night.

Life. My average life... All and everything before felt so small, so insignificant. Twenty-nine years wasted away in obscurity and uneventful doldrums. But tonight, this night, I'd never felt so alive! So real! For the first time - finally - life's purpose and my reason for being were now staring me in the face, revealing themselves to me, and it was now all within my grasp! I... I needed only to follow Dara's path to have it - to achieve it all!

And with that revelation came the shinning light of its source. Truth. Kat. My Kat. Oh, my dear, dear Kat. The love of my life. The woman I'd loved my entire life, that I'd thought I'd known, the woman I was now rediscovering.

Let her go. I was going to ride this ride to its end. I watched, cock in hand, alive and well.

Dara was making a circle about the idle audience hovering over the star attraction, pushing them back to form a broader ring about her and her fellow actors upon the stage. One by one, Dara then began to peel away those lucky few still getting to enjoy her. She removed the cock from Kat's throat, my wife's lips bobbing like a fish out of water in a blind search for the next. There wouldn't be one.

"Ungh!" she groaned harshly as Dara pushed the one behind her away, and we all heard the wet quaff of his cock as it tugged free out her tight ass.

"Come on, you dirty little slut! It's time for the next act!" Dara then reigned her sister by her locks,

pulling her off the lap of the one beneath. His cock exploded out her pussy with just as much fanfare as the one from her ass, dumping out a load of cum in its wake.

"Get out of the way, George!" Dara impatiently kicked at him as she forced Kat over and onto her hands and knees.

"Agh! Fine! I'm going, I'm going!" George groaned and rolled away, slowly climbing to his feet to fall in with the rest. And then there was just the two of them, Kat and Dara alone within that broad circle of men and cock, the spotlight of the Moon basking down upon them with all its glory. God, were they beautiful!

I felt another strong surge of electricity, of adrenaline and anxiety consuming me entirely, sending my world spiraling anew! This was it. The stage was set, and whatever Dara had hinted at previously was about to happen, and I knew it was going to be big!

"Dara..." I heard my wife grovel, her voice wispy yet rugged. She was shifting restlessly back and forth upon her hands and knees, her entire body rolling like waves from shoulders back to ass. She... even after all of that, she was still begging for it! Begging for more! I was floored. Kat? My wife... *Slut!* I fisted my cock even harder!

"Don't worry, slut," Dara answered her. "I've got more cock for you!" she promised. "You want it bad, don't you?!"

"Mm-yess!" my Kat hissed without hesitation.

"Spread those knees," Dara kicked them out for her. "Drop your shoulders and reach back and spread those pretty little ass cheeks for me!" Dara pushed her down, and Kat hurriedly complied as if she couldn't stand the wait, racing towards that next cock!

She dropped her shoulders, pressing her cheek against the deck to use her hands to rip her ass open wide! She now had her face turned towards me, and I could see the lust and the want written all over it! She was hungry for it! Her eyes were closed and she was panting heavily, drooling out onto the deck like a beast in heat!

"Tina." Before she proceeded any further, Dara first searched out the camera-girl, and beckoned her and her little black box forth to get a good shot of my used wife open and willing and presented for her next lover.

Dara then knelt down at her sister's head, placing her hands on Kat's shoulders to hold her down as if, "just in case." She then looked up at the house with that damned devious grin. Curious, I followed her gaze.

Stace... she was standing at the back door to the house, waiting with her hand on the knob. Dara gave her the nod. Stace nodded back, turned the handle, and swung open the door.

A boom of thunder marked the arrival of the stampede. Paws pounding, claws clicking.

"AYEE...!!!" I reeled backwards, a shock-wave of terror colliding into my chest. My brain shouted at me to run! My feet were rooted to the deck! I toppled, unable to flee, just barely able to catch myself before plummeting onto my back!

My worst nightmare come true. Beasts! Beasts blacker than the night, sheen coats ruffling with raw sinews of muscle and strength. Every tense tendon was etched by the stinging silver of stars and Moon above. Teeth flashing. Dangerous fangs hidden beneath foaming jowls. Demon's arriving, escaped from their sealed tomb. "What the..?!"

Dara's two massive Pit Bulls, Brox and Brute!

As I screamed like a girl, my arms flailed into the air and sent my glass sailing into the yard. I had no clue, everything, all thought abandoning me to my doom. I saw only those teeth coming for me, biting me, mauling me, but then...

"OH GAWD!" I heard my wife wail!

"No!" I pushed back against the terror. They'd gone for her, she the easy prey succumbed to her knees. They were attacking her! Kat! Instinct kicked in, overriding my fear. With adrenaline pumping through every vein, I summoned all I had, an unknown courage budding, and I forced my feet, tripping forward to save her! To save my Kat!

But as I broke through that ring circling her, I... I stopped in my tracks, coming to a screeching halt. All at once, everything seemed to stop. Stop, and yet at the very same time, everything seemed to race past me until I was alone again, adrift in some bizarre, strange void.

My brain stopped functioning. My heart raced faster. World spinning. Eyes popped. Chin fell and hit the deck. "Hugh..?" a puff of final breath. I didn't understand.

Before me Dara. Dara sitting on her knees and heels, still holding Kat down and in place. But Kat... she was not trying to escape. She was not in fright or fight. Not moving. She was still as Dara had placed her, cheek against the deck, mouth agape in some silent, wanton wail. Her ass was still held high, knees spread, arms and hands clenching, holding open, open for... between them... two... two dogs' heads.

A prickle of fear. Dogs... Dogs! In my pause, my courage abandoned me. Two massive, terrifying Pit Bulls! Fanged jowls between my wife's spread legs! Danger! Two dogs... heads between my wife's spread legs..? Why? What were they doing?! I... I couldn't put it all together. Couldn't understand. I was becoming dizzy by the strained effort.

They weren't attacking her, but they were... something? What?! My climbing panic was confusing me, wouldn't allow me to think, and I was losing more than I was gaining. The two dogs were working. Hunched and stooped down, snouts swallowed by the cleft of Kat's voluptuous globes. Their heads were whipping up and down feverishly, twisting and turning from side to side. Necks and haunches were tense and rigid. They were pushing at each other, shoving, fighting each other for... what?

"OH GAWD! OH WOW!!!" Kat sang again, loud, returning volume to my ears.

And then... then I began to hear it. Hear... licking? Not just licking... lapping. Wet and loud and sloppy lapping! Wet, sloppy *dog* lapping. Dogs licking. I was struggling. Struggling to put it all together. Dara... Kat... dogs? Kat's ass spread open, two dogs snouts disappeared between..? Lapping? What?!

"MMM! Yes! Oh gosh! Oh gawd - unggghh!" mewling, groveling. Kat... her eyes were glazed over, her face trapped, twisted, lit by some kind of extreme, overwhelming lust-filled blaze! She looked like she was about to... to cum? But..?

"You like that, slut?" a distant echo of woman's tepid voice carried to me by the trailing winds. "Their tongues are good, aren't they?" a sauntering clue.

,Tongues... Tongues..?' for some reason this one word swirled around and around within my buzzing head. ,Tongues?'

"Uh huh!" my wife squealed delightedly as she arched her back and pressed her ass towards them, pulling in the opposite direction with her tensed fists to open herself even more.

,Tongues? Pressed back against them?' my mind traced the dots. I blinked. I looked up. Dara... Kat... dogs?

"What the..???" I heard myself spout. I looked right. I looked left. I was scared by what I saw. Hungry animals all around me, entranced by the feast taking place before them. Men with their eyes bugging out their sockets, tongues draped across their chins, fists pumping their cocks.

Tina... a little black box circling. Stace... watching, looking a little worried. I blinked again, rubbing at my eyes as if I were imaging all this! *Unreal...*

"Oh, gawd! FUGHCK! It's...." Kat heaved. "They... THEY'RE INSIDE ME!" my wife's sudden cries brought me back. Her hips were grinding lewdly through the air! The dogs... their heads were now stacked, one on top of the other, pinned between the swollen fat of her cheeks, each intent, each devouring, each lapping at their own..? "I'm gonna cum!" she yelped, confirming that crazed look etched across her face!

Disbelief. Utter disbelief. Shock. Confusion. What was happening?! Cumming? From what?!

"That's it, slut! Spread that ass wider! Let them get all up in there!"

"YEUNGHSS!" Kat belched heavily as her knees slipped outwards.

"Tell me!" Dara practically begged her! "Tell me what's happening?!"

"They're... their ton-unggs!" Kat groveling, rubbing her forehead back and forth into the wooden deck. "Oh gawd! They're in me!"

"Where?!" Dara's hips were grinding uncontrollably against her heels themselves!

"MY - SHIT - FUCK!" Kat was all but screaming, panting, words hard to come by. "MY PUSSY!" she finally blurted out. "And my - UNGH - in my ASSS-UNGH!" she ground between tightly clenched jaws.

"YEAH?!" Dara called as high and as pitched and as heated as her sister!

"YESSS!" Kat answered her. "So deep!" she mewed. "Snaking..." she gasped. "What...?" she tried to lift her head to see what was driving her so insane.

"NO!" Dara caught her and shoved her head back down onto the deck!

"DARA!" Kat's entire body whipped! Her arms came free from her ass and flew back around to grab at her sister! To clench at her own head and pinch and pull at her hair. "I-CAN'T-TAKE-IT!" her words raced, strewn together. "It's... OH-AW-UNGH... TOO MUCH!" she screamed outright before balling one of her fists to bite down on her knuckle!

“YES!” Dara yelled. “Let go! Let them make you cum, dogslut!”

“Oh, Dara-unggh!” Kat kept on. “Oh my... oh my gawd! YES! I’m gonna... AGAIN! EEEYEE!” she shrieked across her knuckle, her entire body arching, tensing up off the deck!

Click Something... clicked inside my head. Dara... Kat... dogs. Tongue... tongues... pussy... ass. Inside... deep... snaking... cumming. *Dogslut*... Flashes, bolts of lightening shot across the random dots, connecting them all most briefly, triggering some hint, some clue inside my head. Something was wrong. Something serious. Something that shouldn’t be happening. An abomination. Immoral. Something I should stop, but... just as quickly they were gone and I lost it.

Things began moving faster. Too fast. Heated. I couldn’t keep up. The dogs were becoming more and more animated, pushing and shoving and nipping at one another for dominance, for greater access to behind my wife’s bent and out outstretched...

“OH-UNGH! UUNNGGHHH!!!” Kat’s body rattled back down, slipping, falling, clanking over the notched gears of a wench! I couldn’t focus. Too loud. Too much. “OH SHIT! OH FUCK!” her body had no more than drooped all the way down to the deck, than it shot right back up to start all over again!

“Are you cumming?!”

“YES!” Kat rasped. “AGH-AGAIN!” both her fists clenched and beat upon the deck. She began to beat her forehead into the deck, the climax shooting through her loin too much to withstand!

Dara looked up to find Tina, who was dutifully standing back beside my wife’s churning hips, hovering over her and the dogs and recording all. Dara jerked her head, signaling Tina to come here. Tina obeyed, moving to train her camera once again on my wife’s spitting, drooling, moaning and screaming face.

“Are my boys making you cum?!” Dara asked Kat again.

“Ungh-huh!” Kat wisped, completely out of breath.

“You like getting your pussy and ass licked, eaten out by dogs?!” Dara pressed her, and then... there it was again. Something... registering. Something telling me this was wrong. Terribly wrong. But... what was it?

“Ungh-huh!” Kat nodded her forehead over the deck, unable to restrain herself. But then... another flash. A flash over Kat. Something registering to her. She drew rigid, a glimpse of consciousness, of reality returning to her. “D-Dara..?” she struggled to find the word, struggled to hold on as the two dogs kept working her over from behind.

I saw a look of concern wash over her. “Ungh...” panting. Heavy. Serious. She was pushing back, trying to push herself up. “What... w-what - ungh - do you mean..?” she chewed out, struggling to escape the spell she was under. “What..?” she tried to lift her head again and look back.

“Nah-ah-ah!” Dara stopped her once more. “You’re not finished yet!” Dara pushed her right back down, and Kat was too weak to resist, fully collapsing onto her chest and face, boobs swelling out to the sides.

“I think they’re about ready...” Dara alluded to as she glanced out around Kat and back to her two dogs.

"Huh..?" I heard Kat breathe.

"You're going to make such a good doggie whore, slut!" Dara purred excitedly to her.

"Mhmm!" Kat shuddered, nodding her head upon the deck in agreement as the dogs kept her beyond reach of sanity.

"What?" I heard someone say. It was me. I'd been returning with my wife, and I did not miss what Dara had just said. "*Doggie whore..?*"

"That's my slut!" Dara encouraged Kat, either not hearing or simply ignoring me.

"Oh... ungh... mmm!" my Kat became lost again, cooing, losing all focus as her eyes rolled back and her body slumped.

"Yesss!" Dara hummed triumphantly, still looking back and around Kat. "Their cocks are hard for you. They want to fuck you! Which one do you want first?!!" Dara spouted with glee.

"Cocks." Another trigger. My eyes followed Dara's.

"Fuck..." I winced when I saw it, when I saw... *them*. Sticking out the furry black sheaths beneath the dogs' belly were two angry red, pulsing slabs of thick, veined meat! I knew at once. A dog's penis... dogs' cock. Hard and drooling and primed, and Dara had just said... Everything came rushing back. *No... impossible. No way!* I began shaking my head with disbelief.

"W-what..?" Kat rasped hoarsely.

"I said they're ready to fuck you. Which one do you want first, Brox or Brute?" Dara did not mince words, stating her intentions outright.

"Buh... B-Brute..?" Kat grappled, yet again struggling to look up.

"Good choice!" Dara shoved her head back down. "Brox! Enough! Come here!" Dara called to one of her Pits.

,Pits... Pit Bulls. Dogs. Dogs..? and then suddenly everything fell together, collapsing as a heap atop me! My heart leapt into my throat! I jumped! I guffawed! I choked! Dogs had been eating my wife's pussy! Dogs had made my wife cum! And now... and now Dara was about to..?! My wife... Kat... *No way! DOGS!* my mind screamed. The stress consumed me. I became a frantic, helpless mess. *,Impossible!*

But before I had time to do anything, Brox, obedient to his Mistress, whimpered jealously and backed away. With his ears pinned, tail tucked, and head slumped as if he were in trouble, he reluctantly gave way to his brother and circled around to Dara's side.

"Ah, that's a good boy!" Dara scratched at his ears. "You're not in trouble," she cooed, reassuring him, and he looked up, damn near smiling! "You'll get your turn next!" He seemingly nodded, tail wagging excitedly again as if he understood!

,Move! Act! Now!" I shook off the trance I was in.

"Oh hell! SHIT!" Kat suddenly yelped, beating a fist. I froze mid-step and looked back. Brute, now having unfettered access to my wife's splayed cunt, was lapping fiendishly through her swollen and wet gash, driving her right back up that precipice she'd only just been returning from!

It was... it was so raw. So primal. Woman with beast. Girl with dog. Beautiful. Magical. I felt my cock throb. I grabbed it. My feet replanted themselves, and I forgot what I was supposed to do. My brain back in my cock, shocking me stupid, I jacked off as I watched dog eat girl.

"You ready for the fuck of your life, dogslut?!" Dara sang to Kat.

"*Fuck?*" Brute... that dog... fuck my wife? *Impossible!*' I told myself yet again, tried to reassure myself. *But... Dara... Wicked Witch. Was it possible?!*' I both feared and longed for it. The thought, the idea turned me on like a firestorm! I fisted my cock harder!

"Please!" Kat begged hoarsely, sounding like she was aching for it!

"Yes!" I grunted! But then... I caught myself. I glanced around timidly, hoping no one had heard me. No one was paying me any attention, all eyes on my wife.

I... became stricken. Kat... the dog... *Wow!* Did she really not know who, what was behind her?! What she was begging for?! Dog?!

"Tell him!" Dara demanded of her, and I felt my breath hitch, lungs freezing. "Reach back and pat your ass for him. Tell him to fuck you! Tell him you want that dick! Tell him to mount you!" Dara shouted in a hurried rush! And swept up in it, Kat... did.

"Yes!" she pried her arms free. She reached back, first patting her ass and giving him the signal! "Fuck me!" she screamed at Brute! "Give me that cock!" she once again gripped her two fat ass cheeks and spread them open for him, scooting her knees out even wider and bracing herself for the coming impact. "Mount me!" she repeated her sister's instructions mindlessly!

The black Pit Bull, Brute - dog - was ready and willing. In a flash, he was jumping up atop her back, his front paws scratching at her hips. A fucking dog was mounting my wife! A dog was trying to fuck my wife! *GOD!* I pumped my cock as fast as I could!

"OW!" Kat suddenly yelped as his claws scraped along her sides. "Huh?! Wha'?!" she gasped as his furry weight came down atop her back, pinning her to the deck beneath him. Her first clue that something wasn't right.

"Ungh!" she grunted, letting go her ass to clench at the two paws busily wrapping themselves around her hips, they leaving furious red whelps in their wake. She pushed and she pulled at them, trying to peel them off! "What is..?" she sounded clearer now, her orgasmic delirium rapidly evaporating.

"No..." I mumbled, not wanting her to... but, I need not worry. She didn't. Couldn't. The dog was obviously much stronger than she, and Kat got nowhere. It wasn't long before Brute had her waist locked within a vice-like grip.

"What the..?!" her eyes then shot open as the dog began to thrust up along her rump, rocking her, and in them I saw the first sign of truth. That of fear in her wide open eyes, of recognition of what was happening to her. She... she truly hadn't known before what had been lapping at her cunt? What she had begged to mount and to fuck her? No. No, she hadn't, but... she was learning now.

Oh no... I braced myself for the coming storm.

Humping wildly, Dara's dog inched himself further and further up her back with each frantic thrust of his haunches. As his "thing" began to stab at her backside, Kat let go his paws to plant her palms

upon the deck, and with panicked adrenaline, she braced and heaved, grunting as she pushed herself back up onto all fours. This time, Dara did not stop her.

"That's my girl! That's how he likes it!" Dara cheered as my wife positioned herself "doggystyle" for a round of primal mating!

Hearing her sister clearly now, my frantic Kat spun her head around to face her assailant, only to come face to face with the truth. With a dog hugging his neck around hers - truth, face to face. Dog. Dog atop her. Dog mounting her. Dog humping her!

"B-B-Brute?!!!" she intoned breathlessly with disbelief, as if still not understanding her predicament. But then, as his cock stabbed at her exposed sex... I saw the moment the light bulb went on. "DARA!" she suddenly shrieked, all pretenses dropped. "NOOO!" she cried bloody murder, lunging forward!

"Too late!" Dara whipped back. "Get ready for the ride of your life, dogslut!"

Too late...

Happening. This was happening. And then it happened.

My entire universe came to a screeching halt. Kat screeching. Head reeling. I tensed up. The sands stopped. I couldn't think. Couldn't breathe. Ears went deaf. Couldn't watch. Couldn't look away. I reached. I clenched at the arm of the one next to me, bracing myself before I dropped. Bracing before I ran forward. Bracing, before I ran away.

"*Too late...*" Dara's words echoed around inside my head. Giving meaning. Giving truth to what I was about to see. Kat was too late. I could only watch. I could only bear witness. And I saw it all happen in slow, intricate detail. As the talented minstrel unfolding his tale, the bard reciting his poem, the climax ever building, climbing to its conclusive end.

Woman with beast. Girl beneath dog. A most unnatural pair, a primal ritual playing out beneath Moon's glare. Predator over prey, strong over weak. The panic was real, and her chances bleak.

Black hard frame mounted firmly atop soft white flesh. Powerful sinew, muscle gripping, pulling, reigning her in to form tight mesh. Hands and knees tried to crawl away, a duel of wills to win the day. Firm legs locked over slender waist, her act in vain, their union nearing with utmost haste.

Haunches wound, their tension mounting. Thrusting, the moment, the seconds ticking, counting. The beast's hips flowed like the churning spout, their intentions clear, no room for doubt. Paws dancing between bare calves, her knees spread, ass bent, body left to be split in half. A sight to see, a sight to behold. Such a beautiful making yet untold.

A flower ruined by unfaithful's dare, a chasm opened by lust's curse laid bare. Its petals glistened with milk and honey dew, ever leaking, dripping her many lovers' copious stew. This night it had known great want and pleasure, and now to the beast would go this treasure. It had so willingly shared its beauty, now to serve but one last solitary, lowly duty. Woman with beast. Girl beneath dog. Her fate but sealed, right or wrong.

A tempered spear primed for battle. It was long and sharp and meant to rattle. Animal. Animal. Blood red and veined, a barbarous tool, wild, untamed. A frightful menace, a dog's raw penis. The

throbbing, thrusting, searching phallus, bent upon finding, entering, tarnishing virtue's most sacred chalice. Woman with beast. Girl beneath dog. Her fate but sealed, truth amidst this sinking fog.

Screaming. Pleading. She gave good fight. Panting. Howling. The beast displayed his might. Time and chance were her last friend. Time and chance would seal the end. One fateful plunge, one fateful fear, the mark was hit with a dreadful tear. And so it happened upon this stage, woman to bitch as she was fed his rage.

Hark! The moment marked by bitch's bark. „Oh hell!“ her mouth fell with one last and final silent wail. Lungs cried, air depleted, innocence now fully cheated. The entrance open, an inviting tomb, the hammer struck, and angry red buried itself inside wet womb.

Heavy. Hard. The moment real. Fast. Furious. The thief did steal. Felt her warmth, the dog broke speed. Thrust. Thrusting, the dog's haunches unleashed their fevered need. Felt his plunge, the bitch went rigid. Rocked. Rocking, her back arched and head whipped with it. The beast did growl and nipped her nape. To settle his bitch beneath his dark cape. Too late to save, the maiden violated. Her orbs exploded, green irises dilated. Woman with beast. Girl beneath dog. One grunting, one the squealing, sounding the stuck hog.

In the land of Oz, a place of magic, so was this bitch claimed, an act so beautiful, so tragic. At the center a storm lashed out. Wild bucking, humping, thrusting, a most savage bout. One fucked, one fucking. One luck, one unlucking. Screaming, grunting. Moans and pleas for help. But all that was heard was the dog's cock pistoning, “welp, welp, welp!”

A pussy wet, a pussy used. A pussy now to be abused. It sang its song, “swap, swap, swap!” Singing, slurping, squelching with each hop! Black hammering white. Red stabbing pink. The two were now one, undeniably linked.

Cat calls, lewd cheers and shouts of glee! The enthralled cult circled about them burst free! A wild ruckus, and at its center, a most chaotic circus. Magic of the night! Pound and pounding, black struck white! The tempo flared, dog fucking bitch without care. Beat and beating, a rapid drum. Gasp and gasping, slowly but surely, the bitch broke and began to hum!

Woman with beast, the sloshing of sex. Girl with dog, Wicked Witch's hex. And the bitch grew louder. louder, succumbed to this fate. And the beast hammered prouder, prouder, claiming her as his mate.

It built and it built, to the peak of the mountain. Built, until she felt the spill of his fountain. The dog howled and he fucked until he was taxed. The bitch groaned and she groveled, succumbed to her own life shattering climax. And there before my very eyes, the transformation became complete. By the Moon's magic, woman with beast, the once virtuous girl was soon reduced to a dog in heat.

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## **Chapter Eleven: Giving in to the Mistake**

It had happened all too fast. A whirlwind sprint. It had come and claimed us. Took us. All of us, and carried us away.

Fast and faster. Racing. Rising. Climbing towards High Peak. It was in them and in us. You could feel it, sense it, damn near taste it - a climatic crescendo hastily approaching. Higher. More intense. The air growing thin, hard to breathe. The world falling away.

Howls of the pack. Mad! Pitched squeals of the stuck bitch. Grunts of the hammering beast. Screaming. Pushing. Shoved and shoving. Something more was coming. And then... something came. Something gave. Something broke.

A howl to end all howls. The beast whipped with one last mighty stroke! The bitch shrieked, shattering like the breaking pane! The Earth quaked beneath our feet, and the stars burst above our heads. The world ended with a clasp of torturous thunder, bending us all to its conclusion!

Breathe. Breath. Focus... in and out. White to black. Dizzy. Still here... still there. The dog... the thrusts shorter now. Jerks. Jerking. A caged convulsing. Ebbing. Slower. Slow, the hammer hampered. Stopped. Spear stuck. The dog drew all but still atop his rutted mate.

Ears ringing. A loud silence. A settling, tranquil calm easing over an audiences' tense nerves as we all stood back up straight. Nervous, glancing eyes. *„Is it... over?“* all asked, none spoke. No sense of time. No sense of place.

Pant. Panting. Dog panting. Bitch panting. Everyone panting. Everyone exhausted, short of breath, coming back down from that long high - from that monstrous, tall mountain. A journey we'd all taken together. A long, long way back down. A strenuous wait for what would happen next.

Nothing happened next. Woman with beast. Girl beneath dog. Waiting. Waiting... And then...

“D-Dar...” hoarse. A tired, raspy tenor sounded from center stage, from beneath that black cape.

“D-Dara..?” a plea for her sister. Another long pause. Another moment of nothing. A moment of reflection as we took it all in.

Dog still over girl. He no longer held her waist, but was limp, spent across her back. Legs were draped. Tongue was lolled out to one side, drooling. His tail was tucked, held tight just above those squeezing, squeezing, quivering black balls. His black sheath ran beneath and disappeared between her fat globes. It was buried to the hilt, her swollen, aroused labius lips having swallowed his entire length whole.

Girl stuck beneath dog. She no longer tried to crawl away. No longer... anything. Just... still. Breathing. Beaten. Arms bent, left upon her knees and elbows, she now supported both their weights. Her head hung low, hidden beneath swept and sweated bangs. Her ass was pinned up high, spit upon dog's wicked sheath and tool beneath.

The seconds ticked by. Waiting. Waiting. All waiting. None speaking. None moving. ... *What now?*

“Something... nng!” Kat groaned as the dog shifted ever so slightly atop her back. It looked like he was hurting her. Or pleasing her? Hard to tell.

She braced herself, holding perfectly still. “So big!” she then gasped. Her glossed, green eyes were wide open, staring, searching for something invisible upon the deck between her arms.

“What... what’s happening to me?!” a distressed whimper. Dara crawled around and spared a glance behind.

“By the way those balls are pumping, I’d say he’s filling you up pretty good right about now!” Dara revealed with a whimsical smirk.

“Oh Dara!” Kat practically wept! “I - I think he is! He’s cumming in me!” she lamented. “And... hot!”

she added breathlessly. "Oh, it's so hot! So much!" the bitch called haplessly. No one answered her. All were stunned speechless.

Further silence. Nobody moved a muscle. "Oh, gawd!" Kat suddenly groveled. "I... I - I'm still... Oh hell! I'm gonna... C-c-UMM-ing again!" she shuddered and collapsed face first onto the deck, her ass still trapped in the air by the dog!

"Yeah?" Dara twisted back close her sister's face, stroking her fallen locks back into place. "You love that dog cock, don't you?"

"Fughck!" Kat ground, still shaking, still convulsing upon the deck, unable restrain herself. "Fuck! It's too much!" she cursed, wincing as the mutt kept pumping his seed into her deep depths.

"Mmm!" Dara licked her lips. "You're such a hot doggy slut!"

"It's so big..." Kat kept on repeating, panting, mumbling, oblivious to the world around her.

"I know!" Dara said excitedly, which.... made me wonder?

I looked up for the first time, trying to come to terms with what I'd just witnessed. Was still witnessing. Everyone was still as they were. No one so much as batted a lash, all eyes on Dara and my wife and the... *dog*. Only the heavy pants of my Kat and her lover could be heard over the now distant, far away music.

"I... oh geez! I can't take it!" the stuck bitch was riding a long roller-coaster pitched emotion and intense, sweeping sensation. Up and down and side to side, she was driven on without any control whatsoever!

"I'm gonna... insane!" Kat was seemingly slipping in and out of consciousness, waves of orgasm after orgasm rippling over her! Owing her!

"You're fine," Dara soothed her. "You did great! How do you feel?"

"So full!" my wife blurted out without thought. She shifted beneath Brutus, planting her palms as if she were to push herself up, but then... she just held. "Dara..?" Kat's eyes opened and began to search without lifting her head. Wheels were turning.

"Yes?" Dara answered her.

"What... what's on me?" Kat spoke hesitantly, either unable or unwilling to look for herself. Dara's wicked grin spread from ear to ear.

"Your new owner, slut."

"Huh?" Kat quipped, but then winced and grunted again as the dog moved. "Ungh!"

"It's Brutus," Dara merrily added, and scratched at her dog's ears, praising him for a job well done.

"B-Brutus..?" Kat repeated with confusion, shaking her head, as if battling back the clouds fogging her brain and trying to understand, trying to remember how she had gotten here.

"Yes," Dara answered her. "You just fucked my dog, you dirty little slut! And we all got to see it happen!" Dara laid it *all* on her.

"What?!" Kat suddenly cried, and in a flash, found some well of strength left in her, and threw both herself and the dog up. She locked her elbows, bracing herself now fully upon hands and knees. Her eyes shot wide open and her head whipped around, looking... finding all of us watching her.

"Oh, gawd..." her mouth was left gaping, gawking. The undeniable truth. From right to left she turned, taking in each and everyone of us. Truth falling heavy upon her. I could see the terror and the shame deepen with each passing admirer. Inevitably, they landed on the last of her audience. On me.

Me naked. Me with my hard, unashamed cock sticking out like a proud flagpole. I saw so much in those swirling, stormy orbs. I longed to go to her, to hold her, to comfort her, but I knew I couldn't. Not... *yet*.

Kat swallowed. She swallowed hard, eyes still on me, eyes questioning me. They were begging me, pleading with me to tell her this wasn't true. I had no answer for her. And then, left with no other choice... she dared. She completed the circle, and spared a timid glance back over her shoulder, coming face to face once again with...

I... expected something. A cry. A scream. But... nothing. Kat held Brutus' gaze most boldly. We were all waiting for it, for that sudden realization to strike her and break her, but... nothing. She was either too shocked, too stunned, or too unwilling to yet accept the truth. Another long, drawn out pause as it all sank in.

Brutus suddenly lapped at her face, giving her a little kiss, and Kat's head whipped back, waking her up. "D-Dara..?" she finally spoke again, with not but a faintest of breaths echoing out. She still held Brutus' gaze. "Brutus..." she went on. "He... he's on me..." she said foolishly, pointing out the obvious.

"Yep."

Kat swallowed again. "Is..?" she looked around the dog, as if expecting to find someone else there behind him. There was no one. "Is he..?" she choked on her own words, the last, fateful breath barely audible. "In me?"

"He is," Dara stated, leaving no room for doubt.

"No..." Kat repeated, shaking her head, still denying what she was seeing with her own two eyes. What she was... feeling, within her own womanly womb. "Not Brutus. Not a..." she rasped. She was slipping again. She was about to lose it.

"A dog!" Dara drove in the nail.

"NO!" Kat's head spun back to find the witch! She... looked lost again, her eyes trailing back into that distant fog. "You - you let your dog..?!" and there it was, that panic returning.

"Me?!" Dara gasped indignantly, clutching at her chest in mock insult. "You're the one who told him to fuck you, dogslut!" Dara chided, cutting at her. "Don't try to blame me!"

"But..?!" Kat's head was turning, rolling side to side, eyes searching. Searching for some alternate reasoning, some alternate explanation for this all. Her arms began to quake, readying to give out. Her chest was heaving, churning her gigantic breasts. The tears were coming, welling, readied to spill, but before she could finish... just as I couldn't possibly fathom this night getting any wilder, Dara's Pit, Brute, suddenly shifted, and hopped off my wife's back with a single, forceful lunge!

“AYEEEE!” Kat screamed bloody murder as Brute turned behind her. Finished with his bitch, the dog tried to pull away, but... he didn't get far. Before I knew what was happening, the two were suddenly stuck, left ass-to-ass!

“Ow! Dara... EEEKE!” Kat yelped, scrambling frantically behind the retreating dog. “What..?!” real panic now. “What's happening?!” she gasped with all that her lungs had left!

Dara just laughed.

“Dara! Ow!” Kat cried again as Brute tried to pull his cock from her! “This isn't funny! It hurts!” she begged for mercy!

“Oh, I'm sure it does,” Dara answered her.

“Oh god! I... I think... I think he's stuck in me!” she wept, and began trying to crawl away in the opposite direction, which only managed to solicit another painful, grimacing yelp from her, and an angry growl from the beast!

Ass to ass, agonizing girl managed to pull dog along a few steps, angry dog tugging girl right back in a brutal game of tug-of-war. Had it been any other scenario, it *might* have been a comical display of futility. But *this*... it wasn't funny.

“Stop!” Dara caught her sister by the shoulders. “You need to relax!” she began to pet her bitch, and combed her fingers through her sister's hair, trying to calm her back down.

“D-Dara!” Kat plead for help, frightened and on the edge of utter delirium, whole body trembling, still trying to struggle forward and away from the pain and the dog!

“Hold still!” Dara pushed her back. “You're only hurting yourself! He's knotted you. You need to give him time to shrink down!” she said in a rush.

Kat... stopped. With scared, trepid orbs, she glanced up at her sister. “K-k-knotted m-me?” the word strange and uneasy off her tongue.

“Yes,” Dara said evenly. “But you're going to be fine,” she kept soothing her sister. “It's normal,” Dara dared say, as if any of this were normal! “A dog forms a large knot at the base of his cock,” she made a fist as if to illustrate. “It's used it to tie with his bitch.”

“T-tie..?” Kat wandered down that path into this bizarre new world, trying to understand what was happening to her. I listened just as intently, curious myself.

“Tie,” Dara confirmed, needlessly gesturing back to her beast, *tied* with my wife. “That's why he's stuck in you. Brute's knot can swell to about the size of a baseball,” she opened her fist as if to hold that heavy, imaginary ball, painting a lovely picture for us all!

“A... a b-baseball?” Kat groaned, eyes rolling back into her skull and body shivering as she pictured it trapped inside! She sounded concerned, drifting away again as this “knot” tormented her so.

I had no clue as to a dog's anatomy “down there,” and I couldn't help but wonder if Dara was telling the truth or not? It sounded strange, alien, unbelievable even, but I'd seen enough this night to begin to believe the unbelievable.

“I'm sure you can feel it...” Dara purred to her, stroking her head like one of her pets. “Can you?”

Those fateful words... We all seemed to lean in closer, waiting with baited breaths to hear the reply.

"Ye-unghs..." Kat groaned between clenched jaws, admitting to us all what we were dying to hear! Dara grinned deviously. „It's... big!"

"A knot?!" Really? "*The size of a baseball?!*" Up her now?! ,*WOW!* I felt my blood pressure spike!

"Can you still feel it throbbing inside you?" Dara asked hungrily.

"Yesss..." Kat hissed up to her sister knelt before her. She was losing herself all over again, beginning to rock gently back and forth against the dog... ass to ass with a dog!

"That's him cumming inside you!"

"Fuck-I-know!" Kat rasped with great want! The battle was over. She'd lost again, lust and desire winning the day.

"The knot helps seal all his little swimmers inside you, to ensure he impregnates his bitch!"

"Impregnate?!" Kat gasped, her brain still somewhat functioning.

"Hahaha!" Dara laughed. "Just think about all those little puppies you're going to have!" she toyed with her sister.

"Dara, NO!" that shook her awake! "Get it out of me!" she cried!

"Nothing you can do about it now..." Dara shook her head. "You're just going to have to wait until he's done cumming and shrinks down. He'll pull out... eventually!"

"Dara!"

"Oh, stop it! You like it! Admit it! Just enjoy it!" Dara cut at her.

"No..." Kat refused, her head slumping, the dog's cock and cum still roiling her.

"No?" Dara accepted her sister's challenge, and catching the bitch by her chin, she forced Kat to look back up at her. Kat had to face her, but her eyes were gone, trailed off into some other, alternate world.

"Tina, come here!" Dara called to her friend with the video camera, waiting until Tina came around to record my wife's gluttonous face.

"You just fucked my dog," Dara then went on. "You're his bitch now," Dara informed her, glowering deep into her sister's eyes.

Though seemingly far away, Kat was still somewhat cognizant, as she managed to shake her head. Refusing? Denying?

"Yes!" Dara shot right back. "All these people just saw you do it!" she reminded Kat of her audience. "And I've got it all on film!" she dropped another bombshell!

"D-Dara! Please..." Kat struggled to pull herself out of whatever mire she was lost in.

"You're nothing but a lowly bitch now!" Dara repeated coldly. "You're my bitch, and you're going to

do whatever I tell you to!"

Pause. Dara said nothing more, letting it all sink in. Kat had nothing. The dog cock knotted and cumming inside her was too much!

"You're a dogslut, who's finally getting what's been coming to her!" Dara chewed between angry, clenched jaws. The truth of her wicked design was finally coming out for all to see. "Say it!" Dara demanded of her sister.

"D-Dara..." Kat whimpered. By the far away gaze written over her face, I was surprised she could still form words, much less understand what her sister was saying.

"Admit it, you slut! We all saw you! You liked taking all those cocks! You like getting fucked by a dog!" Dara yelled at her.

"D-Dara..." was all that Kat had.

"Not to me. Tell the camera, slut! Admit it!"

"D-Dara..."

"Do it!" losing her patience, Dara gripped and shook her sister's chin violently. Kat refused, shaking her head no. Dara leaned in, whispering right into her hear, but the night was so quiet, that I was able to pick it up.

"You're a slut, Kat. My dog's cock is knotted inside your pussy. He's breeding you, right now. Dog cum is filling your womb. You're going to have his little puppies. I own you now, slut. You're my slave. You know it, and you like it. So stop sniveling like a little bitch, and do as you are told," Dara finished and sat back on her heels, surprisingly letting Kat go completely.

I'd heard the exchange, and knowing my wife, I expected her to break completely. This was too much. Too far! I was about to risk all and intercede when... Kat grit her jaw and looked up into the camera.

"I'm a slut!" she suddenly cried, admitting directly into Tina's little black box, staring directly into its lens. "I'm a slut and I loved all of these cocks! I just came from getting fucked by a dog!" she wept aloud, burning with shame before she collapsed back down into her arms and sobbed hysterically.

I... couldn't... believe... what I'd just heard. But... that said dog was still tied ass to ass with her. No denying.

"Hahaha!" Dara just laughed wickedly. "That was good, slut!" she pat Kat's sunken head, before looking up and over her. "Brox, come here!" she called to her second Pit that was still waiting obediently to the side. Brox immediately shot up and came racing over. Dara caught him by his collar, and reigned him so that his dangling groin was just above my wife's sniveling head.

"Kat..." Dara called to her sister. Nothing. "Dog slut!" she repeated. That got my wife's attention. Kat timidly looked up from beneath the dog's belly.

"You see this?" Dara took hold of Brox's sheath and peeled it back, revealing a good couple of inches of red, angry, grotesque animal cock. "That's what's stuck up your pussy right now, slut!" she needlessly informed her sister. "He is tired of waiting for his turn. Suck it," Dara commanded boldly.

Silence. A long, long, pause as Kat looked frantically back and forth from her sister to that awaiting cock, from that cock back to her sister.

"I can't..." a sobbing whimper.

"You can!" a demand.

"Please, don't make me..."

Dara's answer? She grabbed one of Kat's hands, and lifted it to the dog's sheath, forcing her to take it. I witnessed my wife jump as contact was made, but... she held it.

"Tina, come closer," Dara grabbed her friend, and brought her and her camera down onto her knees and beneath the dog as well. With Tina now capturing it all on film, "Suck it!" Dara repeated.

"Oh Dara, please don't..." Kat begged, but her hand... her hand was moving along the dog's sheath, pinching it, pulling it back and forth as if by its own accord! "I can't! It's... he's a dog!" tears were streaming down her face.

"Suck it! Now, you dog slut!" Dara yelled at her. And...

"Oh god!" Kat suddenly cried, and lost within it all, she... she dove forward, lips popping open, and she swallowed Brox's cock all at once! "Mmm!"

"I knew it..." Dara slewed as she watched my wife begin to twist and swivel and suck upon dog cock. "You are a slut!"

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Chapter Twelve: No More Mistake

A picture worth a thousand words. A thousand words that would never do. It was a sight too rare, an act aberrant, that only love and lust and loin could construe.

The lull that had followed Brute finishing with his bitch - giving her the knot, the tie, Kat grappling with the shock and awe of her degeneration, *that...* that was all now over. The heat, the fire of the night - the action! - the show was back on, and on in full force! My wife, my Kat, she was sucking... and I was witnessing... a dog's cock!

As Kat - just like that, just as her sister had told her to and before us all - as she dove forward and took that hideous tool within her mouth, a bolt struck and the world beyond this tight ring exploded into nothingness. There was suddenly only the here and the now and the right in front of me. Everything - every fiber in my being was drawn to it, consumed by it, and refused to let go!

She sucked it in like a vacuum stealing the drape! And now... and now she was sucking. But not *just* sucking. She was all in! She was blowing him like a woman possessed! And *him!* An it! A dog! *OZ!*

"Ho-ly ... She's really? ... Look at at her! ... Geez-us!" an echoing chorus of both dismayed and gluttonous astonishment ensued.

We all felt it, that teetering weight of the see-saw battle. This wrong. So wrong. A woman... and a dog? Two dogs? And she was... this was... just wrong! Vile even. Pure insanity! But entrancing. None could turn away.

Granted we'd all just seen my wife get fucked by a dog, but this... this was somehow different. This was too vivid, too lurid, too up close and personal. It was in your face. Literally, in her face!

Woman. Man's greatest treasure. That such a beauty, such an angel in this world, that she could be reduced to... to this? Succumbed to hands and knees like... like an animal. Given to animals?! It seemed impossible. A sin. A crime of nature!

It was that shock of red to vibrant pink - an angry slab of meat! It seemed as if it belonged to some far away, alien world. It was those hideous webs of wrapping, pulsing, violet veins. It was that simmering slime coating that long, bulbous shaft. It was the cock of a beast, and it... it was in my angel's mouth!

Kat'd been tricked with Brute, but with Brox... *no*. There was no other way around it. She knew what she was doing, and she was... she was doing it - *this* - all by herself! She had one arm braced to hold her weight, and the other... the other fed that red, webbed, slimy tool right down between her philandering and defiled trap!

What was more, far from being repulsed or cowed by what she was doing, Kat... she was feasting upon it! Lips wrapped tight! Head pushing, bobbing, thrusting forward. Chin swiveled in long, rapping arcs! Neck stretched and reaching! She was sucking on it! And hard and fast! Humming and moaning and slobbering all over it! Doing her all to please it! Her best to please... a dog! Dog cock in her mouth! A woman gone. A woman deranged. A woman with beast!

In all our fifteen years together, I could count the number of times she'd given me a bj on one hand, but now, she was... forget the rest of this night - she was now sucking a dog! *Kat?!*

But while so much of this disturbed me, unsettled me, sick and vile and gross...

A picture worth a thousand words, a thousand words that would never do. Woman with beast, girl beneath dog, what words could not, only passion and love and lust could construe. It was nature revealed at its most primal base, two creatures entwined, sex and heat rising at a frantic pace.

Like a wreck upon the side of the road, a disaster occurred beyond all control, you could not help but stop and stare, an act that pressed and dreamed to dare! Something so sick and twisted - woman feasting over beastly red. Something so rich and real, enchanting to see beast into woman's mouth so fed!

It was sex! Sex in its truest form. Sex so far beyond any norm. It's rush was like that of an addicting drug, one you hated, one you loathed, yet one you could not help but return to, seeking that next high trove. You could not deny that burning flame, forget all else, the wrong, the act, the shame. Sex. Sex! Woman with beast, girl beneath dog. Sex! Sex erased all, lost within its thick, roaming, alluring fog.

And so I watched and I admired, flush pink wrapped over red fire. Watched as this night grew more and more dire. Watched as she sucked, and sucked him deep. Watched the last of her innocence lost - stolen with none left to keep.

"Mm-ungh..?!"

An alarm. The fog suddenly dissipated as Kat unexpectedly mewled, her face contorting peculiarly over the shaft lodged within in her mouth. I felt my frantic heart racing, blood boiling.

,What now?!' I was rattled - nervous and on edge. Something else was happening, something wrong.

Anxious anxiety rippled up and down my spine, standing hairs on end and tingling toes.

And sure enough, Kat's slurping raps became slower and slowing. Her brow furrowed, face twisting with increased perplexity. She looked almost... curious? Making me curious. And then... she stopped altogether.

"What?!" I rasped aloud, joined by others. The wait was unbearable - killing me! I had to know what was happening! It was almost as if... she were waiting for something? Whatever it was, it soon came.

"Nngh!" Kat suddenly bucked and gagged, her eyes snapping open! "Whaugh?!" she guffawed and choked out over the demon's cock! With her mouth stuffed full and cheeks billowing, she coughed hoarsely, and began gurgling and foaming at the lips! A mass of clear and runny spit suddenly spilt from the lower corner of her mouth and splattered down unto the deck below!

"UAGH!" she contorted, twisting and writhing and jerking back! The dog's long, wet cock - DOG COCK! - flopped out her mouth like a fish out of water, and smacked her in the face and chin as she tried to retreat, a mist of spittle raining everywhere!

"Nnrah!" Kat went from bad to worse, for she wasn't able to get far. She merely drove herself into Brute's spit buried behind her, his embedded cock and knot fisting deeper up her guts as she continued to heave and squawk all incoherently!

"Plough-hagh-hapff!" Kat forgot all else as she coughed and choked on something unknown. Her head fell, slung and rolling, and she gagged more fiercely. She ran her teeth back over the top of her tongue, spitting out another massive deluge of saliva, which promptly dumped out over her lips and chin and poured onto the deck - at least at the time, what I thought was saliva.

"Wha'... hakpgh!?" she was causing quite the scene, dry heaving and gasping like a victim of drowning!

My heart leapt into my throat! I looked around nervously to the others, no idea as to what was assaulting her so, but they all looked just as dumbfounded as me. None seemed to know what had happened - was happening, none but...

"Bah-hahaha!" Dara doubled over with fanatic laughter!

A long, tense pause hung in the air as Dara cackled on like a rabid banshee, allowing her desperate and deranged sister time to recover. Kat eventually did work her way out of it, spitting out all her gap held as she slowly pulled herself together, and struggled to lift her head to face her most recent assailant. What she was to discover...

Kat's eyes went cross as she stared long and hard upon that dog's cock still in hand. She looked confused, as if gazing upon an alien life form. As if she didn't know when or how she or it had arrived here?

And then I saw it, just as she saw it - just as we all saw it. Quick, short bursts of a clear and runny fluid spurted out the tip of the dog's penis in a long jet, some of it painting Kat's arm, the rest joining that which she'd just spit out upon the deck. I recognized now that they were one in the same.

"He's..." someone muttered.

"Is that..?" echos followed.

"The dog..? In her mouth?!" questions from all around.

"Wha'... what..?" Kat rasped, as clueless as the rest, drifting along within a wobbly daze.

"Hahaha!" Dara was having such a great time with this, she had to battle to hem it up. "Ah, don't worry, slut! It's just his pre-cum!" she informed her stricken sister - informed us all - speaking as if it were no big deal. "There's plenty more where that came from! It helps lube his bitch's cunt to take that big cock!" Dara gloated - hinting at.

"H-h-his..?" Kat rambled out with a high pitched squeal, eyes growing wide with angst and revulsion. "Cum?!" she finally yelped, her face turning green!

"Hahaha!" her sister started cackling all over again. "Ah, come now, dog slut! Couldn't have been that bad?! You'll... get used to it," Dara suggested ominously, highly pleased with herself at the moment.

"Errr!" Brox was not to be forgotten, whining most pitifully as he missed his *bitch's* mouth. His paws were dancing anxiously, thrusting and pressing his haunches back into Kat's stunned, awaiting face.

"N-no..." Kat brayed, attempting to hold him at bay by her grip at the base of his cock. "No please... Dara... Please!" Kat groveled and begged, her body shuttering, convulsing without control. She looked weak and on the verge of puking her guts out!

"Oh, stop it!" Dara chastised her. "It's just a little cum! After all you've swallowed tonight, I'm sure you can hardly taste it!" she rebuked her older sister, her words a slap in the face. Even I winced at Dara's admonishment. Kat's face drew long and destitute.

"D-Dara..." Kat mimicked Brox, whining as she still heaved for choked breath, cum still drooling out from between her slack lips.

"You'd better hurry up! Brute has already started to leak from your nasty cunt..." Dara gestured behind her.

"Huh?" we all looked, Kat included. Sure enough, though the two were still tied ass-to-ass, the dog's cum had begun dripping, running down her parted slit, collecting at her clit before falling to the deck between her spread knees.

"H-he..?" Kat quivered, her breath escaping as barely more than a whisper.

"He's going to pull out soon," Dara went on. "Your first tie, it's going to hurt," she made no qualms about it. "And unless you want to fuck Brox next, you'd better hurry up and finish him off in your mouth!" Dara stuck in the knife and twisted it. Kat had no escape.

"M-my..?" Kat whimpered like a scared, lost pup. "B-but..?" she glanced up, looking hesitantly around, ever more confused. Everyone was watching her. *Her!* She slumped with shame, the tears freely streaming down her soiled, flushed cheeks, but there was nowhere to hide. Her frightened eyes eventually rounded back to her sister hovering above her.

"B-but..." Dara mocked her with pouting lips. "Stop sniveling, bitch! It's nothing you haven't already done! Or..." Dara purred threateningly. "Did you want to save it for him to fuck you next? He really likes you, I can tell!" she spared a glance at that huge, menacing shaft.

"No!" Kat erupted - but just as quickly melted, eyes darting nervously. "N-no, I..." she repeated

more softly, shaking her head, looking wide-eyed and scared. But then... "OW!" she suddenly shrieked, her whole body jerking back violently with Brute!

"DARA! OW!" her free hand shot down between her spread legs, reaching for and grabbing at Brute's sheath sticking out her pussy. "He?! He's..!"

"I already told you, slut! He's about to pull out!"

"Nnn!" Kat ground with tempered pain, but then... "Ahhh," she sighed as Brute finally settled back down, and quit trying to tear himself out of her.

"Yesss..." Kat stole the moment, hands and knees, head hung, spurting cock in one hand, holding sheath in the other as she relished the short reprieve and strong sensations still sweeping through her loin.

"You haven't got time for that, slut! Finish off Brox, or you're fucking him next!" Dara interrupted her sister's brief moment of bliss.

Kat whipped back up at Dara's declaration. "I..."

"You're either finishing sucking it, or you're fucking it!" Dara repeated.

And... and Kat set her jaw, growing determined. She turned and stared long and hard at that red slab of meat in her hand again, as if debating her sister's ultimatum - as if actually considering it! "*Suck or fuck,*" as if those were her only two viable options. She turned Brox's cock to greet her once more, aimed it - *she was really going to do it!* - and then she... she jumped as it sprayed her right in the face!

"Hahaha! That's it, slut! Do it!" Dara moaned hungrily, leaning closer and closer in, placing her hand on the back of her sister's head to give her a little nudge.

"Shit!" Kat cursed, squeezed her eyes closed, popped open her lips, and once again... "Fine!" she dove back onto that cock!

"YES!" Dara cried triumphantly! "Fucking suck it!"

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## **Chapter Thirteen: Truth Be Told**

"Al! Come here!"

*Al? Who's Al?* I ignored it - out of sight, out of mind.

*Fap-fap-fap-fap!* There was only one thing in this world to me at the moment, and carrying on with my business - eyes bugging out, chin fallen, tongue hanging - I kept on busily jerking my engorged cock as fast as I could!

"Goph! Goph! Goph!" the crescendo to my symphony. The sound of my wife sucking. Sucking cock. Taking a dog's slimy red cock deep down her throat, *slurping* on it like a plunger down the kitchen sink!

"Oh boy!" was she sucking it! Kat was literally choking and wheezing and gagging herself upon him,

jamming his over-sized tool rapidly and forcefully right down into her gullet! It was as if she were intentionally punishing herself for this most wicked and demented sin! But, by god... was it so fucking hot! I just couldn't get enough!

*Fap-fap-fap-fap-fap!!!*

„Goph! Goph! Goph! Goph!“

“Hell yeah! ... Suck it! ... Look at her go!” Cheering! We were cheering! *Was I cheering?!* I didn't know! Probably! I was so damn excited and turned on! Adrenaline and electricity were pumping through every fiber of me! My eyes were as wide as saucers, and fire was shooting out my ears!

“Mmm! That's so fucking sexy,” Dara poured sweet honey onto that flame, reaching out her open palm and fingers to catch the now steady stream of Brox's cum spilling forth from Kat's stretched and “O'ed” lips, letting it all drizzle across her curling claws.

“You're wasting it,” Dara added - not angrily, but longingly, almost as if in suggestion. “Show us how much of a dog slut you really are. Swallow it. Drink that cum,” she spun her wicked web. “Brute is still pumping in you. Fill your belly from both ends with their seed!” And...

“Mmhmm!” Kat hummed, nodding over the spit in her mouth. Even though she appeared to be completely out of her mind - fucking gone! - she must have still been able to hear and understand her sister, for she then paused with that meat buried deep, and did her best to settle herself and focus. Focus... on swallowing!

Kat's gullet began to bounce up and down within her outstretched neck, drinking it, lips suckling, sucking it down as if through a straw! *Cum*. Dog cum! Right down her throat! And soon, the steady stream escaping her stretched lips began to wane.

“Fuuggck!” I was jacking off so hard, it must have looked like I was trying to tear my cock off!

“Al!” ... and then there it was again, that voice, that name. “I said, come here,” Dara spoke, still twirling her fingers through what was left of the dribbling cum Kat was unable to gulp down fast enough.

Someone pushed me. I tripped forward a step, snapping awake. Not understanding why they'd done that, I twirled around to find Mike, jerking his ginormous cock in his fist. He nodded and then gestured towards Dara with the other.

“Oh...” I intoned, but still just as clueless. Dara, however, was now looking right at me, those deviously dark orbs burning a hole right through me.

Not too sure of what I was doing, I... I took a hesitant step forward, my eyes dancing back and forth from between the dog and my wife, from Dara to Tina still recording it all on the other side of Brox, and I slowly inched my way closer. And closer. The heat climbed as I drew nearer until it was so hot it was scorching! I was there, just there, wandering further and further into that deep, dark pit of no return.

Lost within Oz, I didn't know from whence I began or to where I'd end, but Dara thankfully caught me. Caught me... by my cock. By that hand that was now slick and steaming with dog cum!

“Mmm!” Dara licked at her lips as she began to jack me with it, her grip smooth and lubed. I let go with my own hand, hers feeling much, much better!

"Uhn!" I grunted, tensing up onto my tip-toes! It was so hot - felt so good! And she turned and re-positioned herself so that my stiff cock was aimed over her fat tits, pressed up just over her deep cleavage, trapped in her fist!

"You like?!" she wiggled her brows up at me, grinning most devilishly. I mindlessly nodded, whimpering like a scared school boy.

"You want more?" Dara propositioned. Nods. All nods! Head nodding off my shoulders!

"Good!" she sounded pleased, which was a *good* thing. "You've been a good boy so far, and you're going to get your reward," she promised. "I'm going to let you fuck me in my ass..." I'd all but forgotten, but grew brighter and lively with her promise! "But first," she added yet another stipulation. "How would you like to have this bitch suck your cock? Huh?!" she pouted her lips, playing coy. "How would you like to fuck *her* in the ass first?!"

Not a stipulation at all! *What kind of question was that?!* My wide eyes fell over to that said goddess currently choking herself on a beast's cock. Nod! Nod-nod-nods! *Yes, please!* I begged with flopping tongue!

"Then don't forget!" Dara suddenly grew serious and firm. "Not a peep from you!" she warned me. Nods and more nods! I was working myself into a frenzy, making myself dizzy by my antics!

"Good. Then follow me!" she strengthened her grip about my cock and without giving me the chance to comply, she abruptly yanked me forward!

I stumbled - collapsed down and onto my knees, directly beside my wife's face... my wife... sucking Brox! Right there in front of me, mere inches away! Gawd was it nasty! Gawd was it beautiful! And before I knew what was happening, Dara was running my cock over what was left of the dog's heated shaft, before beginning to slap the *dog slut* in the face with it!

Kat seemed oblivious as to what had just transpired between her sister and I - caught up in her own little world - but my cock whipping her in the face sure got her attention! She winced and turned and batted open those long lashes open... open to find me - her husband - there just before her. Green eyes met brown. Gone as she was, the recognition was still evident.

*Shock!* Husband to wife, wife to husband. Confusion. Stunning shame passing between us. Here we were...

Kat ground to an immediate halt. She stopped sucking. She stopped swallowing. She froze. Her eyes fell. Green now onto red. Red cock trapped in her mouth. Green went cross. They darted back up to me. Darted... confusion giving way to fear. Disgrace and humiliation consumed her all at once. She was awake again. *She knew.* Dog, and I was there. I was seeing. I was watching.

Guilt swept over me. *No!* I wished to say, to cry, to yell - to spare her this! But... just as all night, I could do nothing. Trapped within myself. Trapped by Dara's wicked scheme. But I still saw. And I gulped. And Kat saw. And she gulped. And Dara saw as well, but Dara only laughed. Kat flinched, making as if she were to whip back, but then...

"Nah-ah! Don't you dare!" Dara deftly caught her by the back of the head before she could. Kat went rigid, eyes now floundering wildly, twinging over, back and forth between her sister and I and... *dog.*

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, dog slut?! After all you put poor Al here through tonight? Your own husband?!" Dara gasped indignantly. "You'll suck this dog's cock, but not your very own

husband's?!" Dara's words cut deep, but Kat winced as well, which... made me feel better? She still... felt for me. Felt bad for what she'd done - was doing.

"After all he's done for you over these years?" Dara piled on. "Don't you know how much he loves you? Cares about you?! And this is how you're going to repay him?!" Dara scolded her. But then, "Oh..." she suddenly quirked. "I almost forgot. You were going to divorce him, isn't that right?!" she threw it in both our faces. I won't lie, it hurt, but it also... seemed to hurt Kat just as much.

"Hahaha!" Dara laughed at this. "God, you're one stupid bitch! Al didn't cheat on, slut!" And so, just like that, Dara laid it out there - the truth.

"Hunggh?!" Kat's gaze ripped up to find her sister's.

"Huh?" I was just as surprised myself, not having expected that, but it was nothing compared to that horrid stupor struck across Kat's face - with dog cock in her mouth and all! There was a brooding storm of queries and questions rapidly swelling within them, but thankfully, the Wicked Witch did not leave us waiting long.

"That's right, slut," Dara drawled. "It was you, not Al. You're the one who cheated on your husband. Destroyed your marriage..."

"B-bught..?" Kat mumbled with a mouthful. "Whuh argh yugh..?" she blinked with utter confusion. Of course, without being able to see the full picture, none of this made any sense to her.

"Al's innocent," Dara gave my cock a little jerk while smiling tenderly up at me. "Well, he was. That was before he fucked both me and Stace. He's got a great cock!" Dara gloated up at me, giving my cock a few good tugs before turning back to Kat.

"D-Darugh..?" Kat was trailing behind, but struggling to catch up.

"I'm talking about last Friday, you remember? When we went out and caught Al at that hotel?" Dara started to fill in the gaps. Kat visibly shrunk at this, a mixture of pain and hurt and rage returning to her. That was all about to change.

„Well, I may have a little confession about that..." Dara went on, shocking me and all as she dove fully into the long tale of how she'd lied to her that night, how she'd seen the others there and waited for them to step away, as well as the evil scheme she'd since devised. Dara admitted everything, taking full, unabashed responsibility, and without displaying any hint of remorse or regret. She really was evil.

Throughout it all, Kat was still and silent, but with each passing word and sentence from her sister, she sunk lower and lower to the deck. Her shoulders slumped, but Dara still did not let her take that cock from her mouth. Her arms gave out, dropping onto elbows. Her back sloped, fat tits pressed out against the wood, but Brox's cock merely followed, twisting with her.

"Haha!" Dara finished, having the bold audacity to then laugh about it - as if it were funny! Just a game to her! "Though, I must say, I never thought you'd buy it - ha!" Dara slapped in the face with her hurtful remark. „Certainly never take things this far - I mean, look at you!" Dara spouted with blatant disgust, adding insult to injury. We had finally, after this long, long night - finally reached the crux.

"What a night! It's been fun! Hahah!" Everyone looked around at each other a little shocked, a little stunned, some proving they actually had a heart as they looked guilty for what they'd done, for what

they participated in - but not everybody.

As my eyes circled back around to my wife, I saw hers tepidly sliding over to meet mine, and there... emerald had darkened to forest. They were glistening with welling tears she did not possess the strength to shed. And they were searching. Searching me, searching us, trying to make sense of this sinister and horrid tale.

*„Please...‘* Kat’s strained orbs begged me. Pleaded with me! Her entire body was being assaulted by heavy, erratic tremors. And I... I understood, could see what they were asking me, begging me. This was the moment I’d been waiting for all night, for the truth to finally be known! And she’d heard it, understood it, but... she wanted me to tell her it was not true...

She looked so distraught. My heart ached for her. I wanted her to know the truth, but... not like this. I understood that here and now and like this, that the truth was crushing her, and I could not do that to my wife, to my love. So I... I swallowed my pride, and I shook my head no, denying Dara’s words, denying the truth.

“K-Kat, I...”

“You, hush!”

“Ow!” I cried as Dara violently twisted my cock, stopping me before I could say anything more, putting on the finishing touches of my foul. But Kat saw - saw all. After fifteen years together, my wife was not to be fooled. I did not have to say anything. Kat saw right through my facade, knew what I was doing. And even worse, after all she’d done this night - with them, in front of me, to me, to us - and now I was trying to fall upon the sword to spare her, save her, she broke all the harder for it. Game over. I was such a fool!

“Gah-hah!” she sobbed over Brox’s cock, tears welling like a brooding storm. “Ah gahd, Awl!” she cried with her mouthful, breaking.

“Oh, would you stop that already?!” Dara cut back in.

“B-ugh... whughy?” Kat bemoaned, fresh cum bubbling out her lips as she tried to speak.

“I already told you, slut!” Dara whipped. “Cuz you’re a snobbish little bitch who had it coming! You needed to be brought down a peg or two, but don’t try to put this all on me! I’d just been fucking with you! You’re the one who bought into it! You’re the one who filed for divorce without even talking to Al! Who sucked and fucked all these guys and dogs right in front of him! No one was holding a gun to your head! No, you! You did this to yourself!” Dara was going so hard at it, damn near screaming, that when she was finally through ranting, she was left heaving and panting with anger. If it were even possible, we were all stunned even more, and a long, long silence followed as Kat let Dara’s words sink in.

“Ay suh sahy, Awl!” Kat finally blabbered over meat and through spit and tears.

“Tssk, tssk, tssk!” Dara slapped Kat in the face with my cock with each hiss. “Princess Katherine! Ha!” she mocked. “What a slut! You’re one sorry piece of shit!”

“Guhhuh!” Kat sobbed.

“Oh, shut up!” Dara gripped a fistful of Kat’s hair and shook her! “You’re fine! Al doesn’t care. He liked watching you! Turns out, you both are a couple of freaks!” Dara’s hateful words were meant

slander, but Kat suddenly cut her sobs short and drew still and silent again, daring a peek back up at me.

And there, once again I saw. Begging. Pleading. Praying for forgiveness – but, in an entirely different way than before. There was now... hope. Hope that Dara's words were true, and that I did not despise her, that I was not judging her, and that we were not ruined.

I didn't. Oh, how I didn't! But there was much more truth to Dara's accusation than I cared to admit. Gazing back down at my lovely wife succumbed so... if there could be any greater revelation as to how I felt at the moment... my eyes fell further to that determined truth. It was bared by my rock hard shaft gripped in Dara's fist.

"See?" Dara didn't miss a thing. She flapped it around before my wife's face. "He likes!" she wiggled her brows encouragingly!

Kat! *Oh, my dear, dear Kat!* How I hurt for her! The shame! I, her own husband, and look at me! Far from being angry with her or jealous or anything else, I felt shame at my own actions. Hard! I'd been hard from watching her all night!

But then... a twinkle. A glimmer in Kat's eye. Her deposition swiftly changed entirely. Oh, that look shining through as she gazed upon my shaft! It was... *hunger!* All other thought left me. Now was not the time for feeling sorry. Now was not the time for apologies or remorse or anything else. We were in Oz!

"I think it's time you gave poor Al here a real show, and show him all you've learned!" Dara switched tones, sounding enthused and excited. "What do you say, slut?!"

At her sister's daring proposition, Kat's eyes whipped back up to mine, beseeching me. There was so much there. Love. Pain. Passion tainted by regret. Sorrow deepened by anguish. But also... *hope.* Hope and love and longing! I saw. I understood.

"Suck it!" Dara offered Kat my cock. She spared one final glance at me, and I could do not but nod, begging her to do it!

"Oh gawd! Thank you!" I crowed like the morning rooster as my wife quickly spat out Brox's dog dick, and without any further hesitation, turned and swallowed mine whole!

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Chapter Fourteen: All Forgiven

Goph! Goph! Goph! "Mmuagh!" *Goph! Goph! Goph!* "HUAH!" back and forth, one after the other, Dara had Kat trading between mine and Brox's cocks!

"YES! Gawd, yes!" I pumped Kat's face down as she returned to mine, rejoicing triumphantly as I felt my swollen, oozing head begin to slip in and out her tight throat!

Goph! Goph! Goph! "Hrah!" she bucked back to swivel over to Brox once more!

"Come on!" Dara then yanked me up to my feet, hauling me away.

"But..?" I meekly protested as she pulled me along, pulling me from that sweet mouth, my eyes trailing back to watch my wife swallow that red meat fully yet again!

"Let's see if this big cock can fit in this slut's ass while Brute is still knotted in her!" Dara trumpeted excitedly, like a kid with a new toy!

"HUANGH?!" Kat guffawed loudly, choking out Brox's cock before whipping her head around to us! "But Dara! I can't..." she's somehow heard, and started to object, but was struck silent by the cold, menacing daggers Dara was shooting at her. Kat shrunk beneath that all-consuming gaze, and then... then she looked to me. She looked terrified.

"D-Dara..." I spoke up for my wife. "It's o-"

"Shut up!" she cut me cold while still glaring at Kat, daring her sister to try and stop her.

"No..." Kat said, looking from Dara back to me. "It..." she visibly tried to relax, easing her tense frame. "It's okay. Do it," she said, concluding with a single, solitary but firm nod.

"Kat..?" I whispered, second guessing, but then read on in her eyes. After tonight, after all and everything she'd already done - her mistakes - this was to be my reward... and her punishment.

By my love for her, I didn't want to do this. I didn't want to punish her. But as Dara moved and grabbed and lifted my leg over Kat's back... as I was forced to straddle her... as Dara crawled around, prying Kat's ass cheeks open to reveal that little, tight pink bud to me and that red meat sticking out her filled pussy! ... Dara took my cock in her mouth, slobbering upon and lubing it! I forgot all else! She then hawked and spat on the head of my cock... as she hawked again and spat another wad down Kat's crack and across her asshole...

,Yes!' I told myself! I did deserve this. Now determined and with my eye on the target, I grabbed my cock and aimed it. I bent my knees and lowered. I felt my bare ass come into contact with Brute's hairy one behind me. I leaned forward to right the angle, and pressed my spit coated head against her puckered rim and... pressed! And then..!!! Nothing.

"Nnngh!" Kat groaned as my cock went nowhere. It was too tight! My eyes shot up to find hers disappearing back into her skull, her head rolling to and fro. I was obviously hurting her. I stopped.

"It... it's too tight..."

"It's because of Brute's knot," Dara answered. "It's pressing her tight, but don't stop. After all the dick she's taken up her ass this night, she can stand it!"

Dara's words both stung and motivated me. Kat *had* taken a lot of dick in her ass this night, but not mine. Never mine. I wanted it! I pressed again!

"AAHHH!" Kat screamed outright, head and hair whipping as I felt her clenching sphincter give just a little, angrily clasping about my tip, trying with its all to deny me!

"Kat?!" I called frantically to her, feeling her pain, matching her angst, but... I did not pull away, if only leaning a little more in.

"AH! AL! FUCK!" she spit and cursed!

"Are you okay?" I asked stupidly as she writhed and yelped beneath me! Dara was grinning from ear to ear, but did not say anything to interfere.

"GAWD! NO! DAMN!" she wailed!

"Oh..." I bemoaned, sullen that I had been denied. I started to pull back.

"N-No!" Kat reached back and caught me by the hip. "Don't stop!" she heaved, panting erratically. "Don't pull back! Just..." she winced, battling to hold herself together. "Do it!"

"Uh... O-okay..?" I was confused - didn't want to hurt her - wanted this more than anything! And so... I pressed again.

"FUUGHCK!" Kat shrieked, but to deny herself, to shut her own self up, she twisted and with her mouth gaping open in pained wail... she stuffed Brox's cock deep back into her mouth! "MMNGH!"

"Come on, you heard her! Quit fucking around! Fuck that ass!" Dara swiveled over around behind me, and with both hands, pressed against the top of my ass, adding her weight to my own!

Schluup! Kat's ass suddenly broke and sucked me in!

"MRRANGH!" she screamed bloody murder over Brox as I sank several inches in!

"Oh god!" I cried to the heavens as my wife's super tight and slick forbidden channel slipped over my shaft like a glove! It was different, much different than a pussy. Smoother. Tighter. And that ring of her sphincter clenching you, pulsing and tensing around you - it was so amazing! I started to hump.

"MMRR! AGH! RRNGH! EEY!" I paid no heed to my wife's desperate, muffled yelps, my hips now with a mind of their own! Humping! Thrusting! Faster, picking up a rhythm!

"How is it?!" Dara rasped excitedly.

"So - ungh - good!" I grunted into my wife!

"Mngh! Nngh! Gungh!" I had driven her forward, and her lips were now bumping up against Brox's sheath. His entire, nearly ten inch dog cock, was buried all the way down her throat! Gawd, it was so hot, and I pumped even harder into her for it!

"Can you feel Brute inside her?!" Dara kept up her inquiries, reaching beneath Kat to run her hand over her belly. "She's so swollen! I bet he's pumped a gallon into her!"

"Yeah!" I croaked, grabbing Kat by the hips to really give it to her! Her ass felt so good, and the heat was intense! Just past that thin membrane separating her two channels, I could feel the dog's knot locked in her pussy, the bulge massaging the base of my own shaft as I ripped it in and out her ass!

"AH, FAWHK!" Kat suddenly went rigid, her entire body locking up like steel!

"Damn!" I matched her cry as her ring and intestines clamped down on me like a vice, trapping my cock inside!

"WHA'-?" she ripped Brox out her mouth, head spinning around to find me, but her eyes were cross and dizzy. I'm not sure if she could or make out anything too clearly at the moment! "Don't stop! Fuck me!" she screamed, slurring, spitting - demanding me as she began to tremble and shake.

In that moment, I had to be the happiest man alive - the most glorious words my wife had ever spoken to me! We were back together again, all mistakes forgotten, forgiven, and she was begging me to fuck her! A thrill of adrenaline dashed through me, shocking me alive, spiring me to the top of the world, giving me the strength of ten men!

Her insides were packed tight, and I had to really put some effort into it, but the thrill shooting up my cock and tingling my spine and erupting in my brain gave me all the will I needed.

"Yeah!" I started grinding into her again, reaching deep into her rectum and opening up her intestines, and that's when Kat really lost it!

"YE-AYE! FUCK! UNGH! HARDER! MNGH! SHIT!" she went wild with each of my thrusts! Her head began to toss, neck whipping, hair flying, her back bucking like an angry, ridden bull's! The sight of my wife like this - knowing that I was the one causing it! - it sent my pride soaring and my flaring ecstasy spiking ten-fold!

"YEAH!" my entire world zeroed in on her, forgetting all else but this tight ass wrapped around my dick and wishing - longing to hear her scream louder, thrash wilder! Give her more! And so I gave it to her, focusing my all on finding a slow yet determined rhythm to pleasure her with.

A terrible lover all my life, I had no idea as to what I was doing, but as if guided by some deeply rooted instinct, I started to carefully draw my cock back out that packed socket, all the way until I felt her quivering, clamping sphincter gripping about the mushroomed rim of the head of my cock. And then... then I'd pause, waiting, watching, relishing in the sight of her squirming and moaning and begging for more! Then, and only then... *POW!* I slammed my entire length all the way back up her ass like a careening freight train! *Smack!* my hips slapped against hers, sending those fat ass cheeks rippling out like a roiling sea! God, what a sight!

"AAGH!" she cried, whipping and wincing but bearing it. "MORE!" she begged!

"Yes!" I agreed, and gave her more, repeating the act. "Take it!" I grunted breathlessly, and pounded again. *Smack!*

"EEKE!" she bleated, her entire body slung forward by my blow, Brute's hold in her pussy the only thing stopping her from collapsing forward entirely! "Uh huh!" she scrambled to rebound, bracing herself for the next blow to come!

"Take this!" I drew out, only to plunge back in!

"UNGH!"

"YES!" I was spiraling higher and higher, the rush consuming, the power over her intoxicating! There was no way I could put into words the thrill of violating her so, of punishing her ass while watching her buck and scream! It was almost as good, if not better than that rousing sensation sweeping up and down my cock as I plowed through her bowels!

"You like that?!" the hunger and drive was whipping me up a storm! "RAH!" I hammered my cock in as hard as I could! *Smack!*

"WAAH!" my wife wailed from the harsh blow, flopping beneath me! But... "Uhn-huhn!" she just as quickly scrambled to reset herself - a challenge presented to me.

"Yeah!" I pounded her even harder for it, faster, trying to punish her! Wanting to see her break! *Smack!*

"OH!" she squawked, losing her balance and falling forward again!

"So good!" I grunted loudly as I quickly beat my meat into her before she could recover! *Smack!*

“OH FUCK!” she cursed! Unprepared for it, her arms collapsed and she fell to her elbows.

“That ass - UNGH!” I did not let her back up, ripping myself in and out and as long and as fast and as hard as I could, but careful not to actually pop all the way out her ass!

“AGH!” she groaned and chewed and beat her clenched fists!

“TAKE IT - UNGH!” I was going wild, an animal myself! *Smack!* our flesh slapped!

“EEYE!” Kat bucked and writhed like a deranged beast, feeding me!

“YOU-UNGH!” I yelled angrily! *Smack!*

“SHIT!”

“FUCKING - UNGH!” Louder! *SMACK!* Harder!

“OH GAWD!”

“SLUT!” I howled at the moon, burying myself as deep and as full into her ass as I could, tensing up and holding there as I blasted her bowels full of my cum!

“AAHRUUU!” Kat matched me, howling herself as her body began to flop and convulse violently around me!

Drifting. I was drifting. I do not know how long we held like that - and eternity? Gradually, slowly, the fog began to lift, and I became more aware of my surroundings.

First there was Kat's ass, my entire length still buried in it to the hilt. Warm and snug. And then there was her asshole, over and over again squeezing and milking my cock from all that it was worth. I felt my balls tight, still squeezing and tensing up themselves, but now depleted, having spurted everything they had into my wife's intestines.

As my senses returned, I began to hear the music, the radio still playing. And then I could see - see my wife hands and knees beneath me, still writhing, still mumbling incoherently. I dared to glance up, immediately regretting it as I found that ring of audience still about us, everyone shocked still and silent, gawking.

Bad to worse, I then remembered. Remembered... what I'd just done to my wife - violated her poor ass. Reamed it! Tried to punish it! Remembered the words I'd screamed at her as I fucked her ass... called her a [I"slut!"/I] My orgasm over, reality and the heavy weight of it returned, and I became awash with embarrassment and shame. But then...

“Oh gawd...” Kat drawled, panting heavily.

“Huh?” I quipped, afraid of what would come next. I slowly began to straighten my legs, carefully drawing my cock out past her still clenching asshole, almost as if trying to sneak out and away before she discovered me here.

“No!” she suddenly cried, scaring me, one hand flying back to catch my thigh and hold me there. I held alright, freezing as still as a statue. I feared I was hurting her. My heart began to beat violently in my chest as I held even my breath!

"I... I'm..." she ground out. I didn't know what to do?! I looked around for help, but none were watching me, all eyes on my wife.

"Oh gawd! I'm still..." she pressed back against me, sinking my cock deep, back into her ass! "CUMMING!" she slewed, her entire body trembling and shaking all over again!

"Daammn..." I sighed, both with awe, and an immense sense of relief.

"Shi-ught!" she convulsed with one final, earth rattling climax, and then fell limp, only her ass left stuck in the air.

Breathing. Breathing and panting. Still with no clue as what to do, I just waited with her, enjoying the view of her naked back, savoring that caress of her warm asshole wrapped about my cock. She was sprawled out like a ragdoll, completely used, depleted of all strength, every fiber of her body weak and limp.

But as I watched and waited and the seconds ticked by... "Huh?" Kat suddenly twerked. Her body was abruptly yanked back! And then...

"WRUAAGH!" her head snapped up and she shrieked as... I felt it.

PLOP! Brute had pulled and his shrunken knot suddenly tugged free, nastily popping out Kat's entrance! *FLAAHP!* I felt the rest of his cock race out her, echoing a loud, slurping suction as it flopped all the way out her pussy! *SSPLUAAPT-PPHT!* a massive, wet splatter soon sounded, reverberating about as Brute's huge load followed him out, dumping onto the deck as a raining heap!

"AHH!" I cried as the dog fled away, loosing my balance and falling back onto my ass! *SCHLOP!* my own cock just as loudly announced its own exit from Kat's soiled ass!

"OW!" Kat cried, falling and collapsing forward onto her belly in front of me! She was finished. Royally fucked with nothing left to give!

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## **Chapter Fifteen: The Finale**

I just sat there for the longest time, dazed, blinking, mind empty, trying to put it all together as I watched my wife. She was whimpering softly, sniveling into her arms, lying prostrate across the deck. But there was a puddle. An opaque pond growing, quickly spreading out wider from around from her bare hips, and then surging down to her knees. I knew at one - *cum*. Brute's seed spilling from her.

*,Gawd, that's a lot of cum!* One could not fathom how so much could have possibly been held inside one womb! And in between the lewd, astonished remarks of Dara's friends, you could actually hear her pussy frothing and bubbling, farting and spitting as it ejected out the rancid well from within!

Movement in front of me. First Tina, getting another close-up, and then... "Dara! Ow!" the enchantment was broken as Dara grabbed a fistful of Kat's hair, and hoisted her right back up and into position!

"A good bitch cleans her Master's cock and thanks him after he's done fucking her!" Dara guided

Brute up in front of her by his collar. You had to hand it to the witch, she had some brass!

That long, red, slimy slab of meat was still hanging out its sheath. No doubt he'd managed to shrink some, but it mimicked the sight of Brox's - strong, beastly, vulgar and yet still entrancing at the same time. The only thing different about it, was this was the first time I'd truly laid eyes upon a dog's knot.

I... I was flabbergasted! The thing really was as big as a baseball! I couldn't believe - couldn't imagine that thing stuck up my wife's pussy! That he'd managed to pull it from her pussy! That it hadn't split her in two! "Unreal..." I breathed.

A long silence played out as we all listened to Kat's heavy, erratic pants. Dara was glaring expectantly at her sister, but seemed resigned to wait it out. As it turned out, she need not mutter another word, for after Kat was able to regain her wits - without so much as a balk of protest! - Kat reached out and took Brute firmly in her fist! As a shock to all - all at once, she buried his pussy and cum coated cock into her gaping mouth!

"Mmm!" Kat eagerly hummed up it, before beginning to stroke it with her lips and tongue, milking out his last remnants onto her pallet! Dara's power over her sister was complete.

"That's a good bitch," Dara pat Kat's bobbing head. "Now kiss it, and thank him for fucking you," she said evenly.

Kat drew still, cock buried, stalling for another precious moment. But then... she tepidly, slowly, reluctantly slid Brute back out her mouth. She stared long and hard at it in her hand for a few long seconds, and then... and then she kissed it. *Kissed it?! She actually kissed!*

"Thank you..." she added in barely more than a whisper.

"What's that? I couldn't hear you?!" Dara challenged her.

"I said, thank you!" Kat said louder.

"For what?!"

In a frenzy, "Muah!" Kat kissed Brute's cock again! "Thank you for fucking me!" she cried to the cock!

"My god..." I mouthed. Kat really had lost it!

Dara said nothing more. Gleaming victoriously down at her sister, she released Brute's collar. The sated dog quickly retreated to go lie down in a corner, and lick the rest of his cock clean until it shrunk back into its sheath.

Another waiting game ensued, Kat and Dara glaring at each other, neither moving, neither speaking, everyone else just watching, waiting, myself included.

"Err!" a dog whined, pacing to and fro beside them. Another dog. *The other dog.* With each pass, he drew closer and closer to Kat's upturned rear, ever nosing the air, sniffing out her musty scent.

"Al," Dara said without taking her eyes off Kat.

"Al?" I heard her call my name, but I wasn't eager to be brought back into this. I kept my mouth shut, and didn't dare move, instead, trying to blend into the deck!

"Al!" she repeated, louder, angrier this time.

"Y-yeah..?" I heaved most meekly while squeezing my eyes closed, wishing - wishing she'd just forget about me!

"Brox is still hard," she didn't forget about me. "He wants to breed this bitch too!"

At Dara's mention, I looked - we all looked - to see Brox inching closer and closer to Kat's unprotected rear, and then to his dangling hard shaft prepped and dripping for action! I, and everyone else for that matter, were then distracted by what held the dog's attention. Back on her hands and knees, ass sticking out, Kat's gaping pussy was still drooling out a steady stream of dog cum down onto the deck, it splattering into that now wide and massive puddle flowing out beyond her legs.

"I'll be right back," Dara then spoke to Kat, the two still glaring at one another. "Don't go anywhere!" she pat her sister on the head like a pup, and sauntered over around her.

"Come on!" she grabbed me and hauled me over to Kat's ass, leaving me bent on one side before dropping to her knees on the other. With his Mistress's presence, Brox dared to sneak closer, winding around me and sniffing, zeroing in on Kat's exposed sex.

With the culmination of it all - Kat, Dara, especially being this close to this Pit! - I hemmed up, terrified! My gaze rapped back and forth from the dog to his aim. I was glad he wasn't paying me any attention, but then... Kat. Kat's ass. He wanted in!

"Spread her open," Dara confirmed as much, ordering me.

"Uhh..?" I faltered, but out of the corner of my eye, I caught my wife looking back at us. I did a double-take, before taking her on fully. She wasn't looking at me, but upon the new beast behind her. She looked scared to be sure, but then, there was something else there. Almost... *longingly?*

Kat was wide eyed, lips parted slightly to suck in much needed air. Even with her face and chin painted mockingly with that of Moon sparkling seed, she was sober. I could tell as much. She fully aware as to what was taking place behind her, and what she wasn't doing... she wasn't fighting it.

"Grab those cheeks and spread ,em. Hurry up!" Dara was quickly losing her patience.

"Eeye!" Kat gave a short shrill at Dara's words! I caught her quickly glance back at me, then around to all the rest standing about her, until finally... green orbs settled to the beast behind her.

In that briefest of moments that our eyes had met, I... I'd seen so much. Too much. Daunted, but daring. Trepidation mixed with thrill! I didn't understand... what was I supposed to do? *What did she want me to do?!* She abandoned me here, and left me at her wicked sister's mercy.

"Kat?" I risked, no longer afraid of Dara's ire. The truth already known, I had nothing left to lose, and did not possess the strength to act on my own. I desperately needed to know what my wife was thinking, what she wanted?!

Dara, thankfully, did not balk at my boldness, but for that matter, neither did my wife. Instead, as if in silent answer... Kat looked forward, staring off into the yard and nothingness. She braced herself, drawing utterly still, but... not before I caught her creep her knees out ever so slightly?

Utterly confounded, I looked to my only other cue - Dara. I was immediately swept up in a wind

storm, as Dara was glaring right back at me, a whole new hunger in her eye. "Do it!" she slewed.

"Oh gawd..." Kat heard her, and whispered so softly I but barely caught it. But... I did hear it. She gave a shutter, but did not otherwise make another peep. She didn't try to move. Didn't try to stop anything. She... she was waiting for it!

And I... I could shrug. "O-okay?" I muttered unsure to myself. With shaking hands, I reached above and around, and planted each of my palms on Kat's two, generous cheeks. She jumped and squeaked at my touch - which in turn caused me to jump and squeak! But then... she did not otherwise move or sound an alarm.

With my focus now on her sex, spotting that drooling pussy - like a bee to honey, I became mesmerized by it, and spread those cheeks wider for better view!

"Oh?" Kat called as the night's cool air swept through her open cleft, tensing up as even more runny cum poured out! I'd already forgotten my intent for why I was doing this, reminded only as Brox dove in!

"Oh dear!" Kat chirped as the dog's snout buried itself between her engorged lips, and raked his long, broad tongue up her gash!

"Wow..." I guffawed, my own tongue falling out with amazement as I was only mere inches away from the action!

Kat's pink pussy, destroyed as it was, was still as beautiful and perfect as ever! The dog's tongue was lashing feverishly, lapping and folding and pulling her swollen labia open even wider as he worked from her clit into her leaking cunt, slurping it all up!

"Ungh! Fuck! Shit!" Kat began tossing, rolling her head, bucking her shoulders and chest as her back arched and dipped back back and forth erratically! "Oh god! Yes! Right there!" she began rocking, grinding her sex into the dog's snout, lifting and shifting as if to guide his aim!

"Aye!" her head whipped and swayed as Brox worked his flailing tongue up into her asshole - leaking my cum! - and began to rim her out!

"That's-good-enough!" Dara rasped so hurriedly, she couldn't spit the words out fast enough! "Tap her ass! Tell him to mount her!" her own chest was gasping and heaving, her eyes latched onto her dog's tongue lapping manichally over her sister's soiled ass and cunt!

Though I had but an ounce of sanity left, I still heard, and I understood. Panting hungrily myself, I turned from that roiling witch to look at my wife, to see if she heard, if she would protest? Kat, however, was in her own little world at the moment. By the sound of her ecstatic hums and moans and groans, her body twisting and writhing, it looked like she was cumming and cumming hard, oblivious to the world around her!

I could. I could do exactly as Dara had told me, and my deranged wife wouldn't be any the wiser. A little more curious, a little more daring, I glanced back at Brute, beneath his belly. Yep, as big and as rock hard as ever! He wanted it! And... Dara wanted it. And by the looks of my wife, she wanted it too!

And then I... burning and alive and relishing in this world of Oz, I wanted it!

"Come on!" I let go to tap Kat's ass. "Mount!"

Brute did not have to be told twice. At my instruction, the dog was leaping up and lunging forward, mounting my wife's back!

"Oh, Al!" she cried my name - *my name!* Me! Me that she was thinking about as the large dog crawled atop her back, preparing to fuck her! It inspired me like nothing else, excited me like nothing else!

"Yes! Gawd, yes!" she went on crying as Brox scraped his sharp claws along her hips, adding even more red whelps to where his brother had already claimed. By reflex, she let go her brace to swing back, frantically flapping and searching to clasp his scratching paws!

Mesmerized by this act of raw beastiality, I watched in awe as Kat balanced herself with the dog's added weight atop her to find and take his fore-ankles in her fists! I almost expected her to peel them away, but... perhaps you can imagine my further astonishment, as she instead pulled them forward, all the while the dog thrusting up higher atop her back!

"Al! Yes!" she repeated as she locked them safely about her waist! I was a raging inferno of heat and throbbing cock by this point, never, not even in this night, ever turned on so before!

"Yeah!" staring at the deck, Kat half moaned, half sighed at having succeeded in her endeavor. She then released him, and in the blink of an eye, she had her palms planted back beneath before he toppled them both over!

"You want to see this!" Dara suddenly grabbed me, and pulled me down with her directly behind them. In my periphery, I caught Tina and her camera wandering around just behind us, likewise catching a close-up of the action to come!

"Ow! Oh! Ah!" Kat grunted in quick succession as Brute danced up behind her, jabbing her back-side all over with his tempered spear!

"Take him! Put him in her!" Dara all but cried!

And I... hand wandering aimlessly, I suddenly had the dog's shaft in hand - slick and slimy, hard but spongy! He was humping so fast and erratically, it wasn't easy, but with enough effort, I was able to help him find his target.

"AHRUU!" Kat howled at the top of her lungs as the chaotic dog forcefully plunged inside! Both, bitch and beast, went berserk from there!

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Dreams... Dreams sifting. Dreams wandering. I was watching, seeing my wife getting pounded, her brains fucked out by a dog. And then Dara. Nude, sexy Dara. Dara screaming at me, pulling me, ordering me to fuck her!

And then... I was. I had her on her back, between her legs, pounding her pussy as I watched that black dog pound my wife's. As she watched. As we both moaned and hollered and cheered with ecstasy.

The scene shifted. Dara was on her hands and knees before me. I was hitting it from behind as she sucked Rob off in front. I heard squawking and squealing. I turned to find my wife... still, dog hammering, blowing out her pussy!

But there was more. More moaning. More screaming. More slapping of flesh! I twisted further to see Stacy with George and Mike, both of them fucking her at once. Dizzy. Scene shifting.

I was holding a pair of legs – tone, firm thighs. I was on my feet, but squatted. I had those legs doubled over, a girl bent awkwardly. I looked down to find Dara glaring back to me, her face contorted queerly. She had either ankle on either side of her cheek, and there were two beside her on their knees, feeding her their cocks. She suckled and slopped on them, but she did not break eye contact with me.

Dara was laid upon her neck and shoulders, her back bowed and lifted into the air. Her big tits had collapsed into her chin, her ass high to greet me. I was the one holding her like this, forcing her like this, and though I was afraid to be the “one” causing her to squirm so, she was not cursing me.

No, instead, she was gasping and moaning – and loud! And sucking! And I was humping her! It felt good. So good! So hot! So smooth! And so tight! And... *different*. A clenching ring was gripping angrily about my shaft, trying to pinch it off! I knew this feeling... had learned it just recently. Curious, I tucked my chin, my gaze wandering in. I spotted her beautiful, gaping, open pussy staring me right back in the face.

Beautiful, pink, perfect pussy, just like my wife’s... but empty. Empty, and drooling fresh cum. But I was humping, fucking something? I looked further down. My cock was thrusting, bowing Dara’s tight asshole in and out in flow with my grinding hips! I... I was fucking Dara in her ass! I lost it!

Black to white, in and out. I had changed positions yet again. I was gripping bare, smooth, naked hips, and I was still humping, tossing the girl in front of me. Her blonde ponytail was whipping. She was grunting with each of my savage thrusts, but her head was up, bracing herself with one arm while the other held something in front of her face, trained on something in front of her.

My eyes trailed up that sleek, slender back, to find my wife now turned ass-to-ass with Brox, just as she had been with Brute. Two guys were in front of her. Matt and Marcus. Kat was swapping back and forth, sucking off one and then the other, and they were feeding their monstrous snakes right down her throat with ease!

To my right was Dara, straddled over Mike, taking Rob in her ass. To my left, Stace with Carter and the two others, all three holes stuffed full! I refocused on the back of the head of the girl I was fucking. Tina. I was fucking Tina! Pussy so wet and good! I tensed up and blew my load inside her, filling Tina to the brim with my cum!

And then Stace. I was atop her, George beneath her! We were fucking her both at once. My cock was buried deep in her ass! I looked over to see my wife. Carter was beneath her, she riding him. Marcus was behind her, pummeling her ass, and she was sucking Brox clean in front! She kissed it and thanked him, before the dog’s cock was replaced by man’s.

And then... “Wha’?!” I jerked awake.

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Small, delicate hands gripped my arms. They were wrapped around a warm, nude body. Hungover, head pounding, confused as to where I was, I picked my head up and looked around. Dara’s living room. I was on her couch. I looked down to the woman in my arms. Kat...

A long silence followed as I just watched her, my head jumbled and confused and hurting. She did not move or make a peep, but I knew she was awake, awake before me.

"A-Al..?" she finally broke it.

"Yeah?" I answered her, coming more awake. Scenes of the previous night started flooding back, causing me to flinch. Kat said nothing, just holding my arms around her, snuggling close to me.

"Al... I... I'm sor-" she eventually started again, rambling.

"Shh," I stopped her. I felt like I should be the one to say something, but I didn't know what?

Another pause ensued as we just laid there like that. It took me a good long while to construe how I had gotten here, to remember the night before. Coming home... the letter... going to Dara's... the confrontation in the front yard, and then waking up in the back. The hot tub, and then... and then the night of all nights!

My throat drew tight, heart pounding against Kat's back, entire body flushed. Now... where did we go from here?

"I... I love you..." Kat said passionately. I sighed deeply, feeling some relief.

"And I love you," I answered her. She strengthened her hold on me, hugging me.

"Are... are you going to leave me?" Kat asked darkly.

"No," I chuckled into her ear, her question ridiculous, but then flashes of men's cocks and then... dogs'. It shook me, but... "No," I repeated. Kat said nothing at first.

"I'm so sorry, Al!" she suddenly wailed. "I don't want to lose you! I'll do anything to-" she got out before I could stop her. I reached up and grabbed her chin.

"Shh!" I repeated, cutting her silent. The fact was, that I did fully remember. More and more of it was coming back to me, and while on one hand it made my stomach hollow, on the other, it sent my blood boiling and my...

"All is forgiven..." I began. "If you'll forgive me?"

Kat nodded in my grasp, but there was now something else rearing its ugly *head*. At first, I was ashamed and tried to stop it, but it was useless. There was no stopping it.

"If that's any sign...? Ha!" I tried to make a joke out of it, but with my sleeping cock awake, it was growing harder and harder by the second, pressing against the back of Kat's thighs and rump ass.

"So... you're not angry with me?" Kat whispered softly, slightly parting her legs to allow my hardening wood to climb higher and higher.

"No..." I said, deep in thought.

"But I..." she tried to explain, sounding distraught, but failed. "You don't think..?" words were hard to come by. "I... you don't... think I'm gross?"

"No-mm," I denied her, but then faltered as my cock met her warm, wet crevice. She strengthened her grip even tighter on me.

"You... still want me?" she asked sheepishly, grinding her hips back against me.

"Yes!" I was quickly losing more thought than I could gain!

"Mmm!" Kat hummed, still not looking to me, but lifted her top leg while reaching down. She took hold of my now grinding shaft, and she shifted and bent it, until she could slip it inside her.

"Shiittt..." I hissed into and kissed her ear, all at once twerking my hips and planting myself fully within her pussy.

"Oh, Al!" she moaned back, reaching an arm around to run her fingers through my hair. "I love you!" she told me all I needed to hear.

"I love you!" I repeated, kissing her neck and ear and nibbling at her lobe. And right there on Dara's couch, we made love, fully embracing, slow, both grinding. Though I would never admit such a thing to her, I was more than happy to feel her pussy as tight as ever, if only more hot, more wet than I knew it before!

"Uhn!" I gave a slight grunt, tensing up behind her while holding her body tight.

"Yes! Cum in me!" she hissed back and ground her hips harder, milking my cock as I gave her all my love!

I held in her for the longest time. Held her until my balls quit pumping. "Thank you," she told me and shifted, starting to get up.

"Kat?" I tried to pull her back down, dazed from having just cum and wanting to lay with her, but Kat shrugged me off and wiggled out my arms.

"Kat?" I tried to follow her as she slid off the couch, but she quickly turned and pushed me back down.

With a wicked grin spread across her lips... "Mmm!" she then hummed, before popping her mouth open and swallowed me deep, sucking me clean!

"Oh, Kat!" I collapsed back, running my fingers through her crusted hair.

"Muah!" she pulled her lips off and kissed my cock. "Thank you for fucking meh-" she halted all of a sudden, quite out of place.

"Huh?" my eyes snapped open, and laying back on the couch, just above me... I found the cause of Kat's sudden change of tone.

Resting her elbow on the back of the sofa, glowing cheeks in fists, was... was Dara - Dara watching us. She was wearing a shit eating grin.

"I... I'm gonna go take a shower!" Kat quickly jumped to her feet and retreated out the room.

"Hi, Al!" Dara beamed down at me, speaking casually, as if last night hadn't happened and she hadn't just watched me and Kat have sex - as if she wasn't the bane of my existence! I gulped.

"D-Dara..." I acknowledged her.

"Get dressed, we need to have a talk."

## Chapter Sixteen: Afterward

*One month later...*

I sat and stared at the computer screen for the longest time, a little bit shocked, a lot a bit confused at what I was seeing. It was late, the house quiet and dark. I was in the study, Kat reading in our bedroom. I'd gotten on to do some research for work, but when I'd started typing in the search bar, a very peculiar suggestion had populated for me.

I'd been looking up "Garner & Sons," a widget manufacturer my company had been hired to do some consulting work for, but I'd only gotten past the "G" and the "A" when "gangbang" suddenly popped up.

"Gangbang?" I quirked aloud, the reference having surprised me. That was a very odd thing for the search engine to suggest - wouldn't suggest, unless... *someone* had already searched for it. With curiosity getting the best of me, I went into the browser history, and what I found there left me dumbfounded.

I twisted around nervously in my seat, checking back to make sure Kat hadn't come out our room and possibly spy what I was looking at. Caught off guard by this random discovery, I was embarrassed and red in the face, and knew that I'd just look guilty. She'd never believe it wasn't me. Well, it wasn't, so I wasn't about to take the fall for it. Honestly, I'd never really watched porn in my life before.

Not knowing how this had all gotten here, I clicked around to erase the history before Kat accidentally found it and did indeed accuse me. We were the only two that got on...

That trail of thought suddenly gave me pause. I stopped cold. I took a moment to think. *Only the two of us...* and knowing it wasn't myself... I slowly swiveled back around in my chair, looking across the house towards the only other possibility. I could hardly believe it... "Kat?" I mouthed.

Dara's words come back to haunt me...

*"Get dressed, we need to have a talk..."* That following morning, one month ago as Kat had been cleaning up in the shower, Dara had sat me down for a very serious conversation.

*"First, I think it's awesome that you're so excepting of my slut sister!"* Dara had begun in all seriousness. The party over, sober, the daylight now revealing all our sins, I'd scoffed at her accusation, preparing to stand and end our little "talk" right then and there.

*"But if you're going to keep her happy now, keep her at all, there are some things you need to be prepared for..."* Dara's next comment had sat me right back down. She'd gone on to tell me some hard things, some difficult things - some things I did not want to hear, didn't want to believe - couldn't possibly believe.

And so, I'd heard Dara, but I hadn't listen to her. She'd tricked Kat - and me, I'd give her that, but I wasn't about to allow myself fall prey to another of her wicked schemes yet again.

*That* night was only a fluke. Kat knew the truth now, and I knew my wife far better than her sister. It was time to move past it, forget it, resign it to history and get on with our lives. I had politely let Dara finish what she had to say, but I hadn't listened to a word of it. Refused to believe any of it. Just as I refused to believe what I was seeing in front of me on this computer screen now.

So I quickly shut it down before I read any more into it, thinking there must be some kind of mistake. Suddenly feeling very tired, I went to bed.

Kat had already fallen asleep while reading with her lamp on. I bent down and brushed back her bangs, giving her a soft kiss on the forehead before turning off the light and shuffling over to my side to crawl in.

I laid on my back with my hands crossed over my chest, staring wide-eyed at our black ceiling for the longest time. Just... laying there. There were so many thoughts racing through my mind so fast, that I felt both overwhelmed by a million different things and blank all at once. Slowly, however, like grains of sand falling through the sift, they began to grow and collect, until I finally had something tangible to hold on to.

*"Over the next few days, a week, possibly two, Kat is going to retreat into her shell. Guilt and shame at what happened last night are going shake the very foundation of who she thought she was - that isn't easy for anyone to accept,"* I heard Dara's suave voice in my head. *"But, she'll eventually come to terms with it. She doesn't have a choice, and she's a strong woman."* she'd explained while I'd chosen not to listen.

*"The best thing for you to do during all this is to just give her time to work it out for herself, be patient with her, and give her the space she's going to need. And most importantly,"* [I/] Dara had grown especially stern at this, pausing to make sure I [I]was listening. *"For the love of god! Don't you dare bring up last night! She doesn't want to talk about it, doesn't need to be reminded of it - she'll be doing enough of that on her own, and the last person on Earth she wants to be confronted about it right now is by you!"*

True to Dara's warning, things had been a bit awkward at first - really awkward. After coming home, Kat had indeed retreated into a shell. She'd spent the first two days closed off in our room and in bed. She wouldn't speak, wouldn't eat, and it had truly pained me so to see my wife like this.

Sitting outside our closed door, I'd wanted nothing more than to call through it, to tell Kat that I was sorry. Sorry for what I'd done - what I'd let be done - and that she had no reason to feel guilty herself. That she didn't need to feel sorry, that I had nothing to forgive. To take all the blame and lift it from her shoulders! But... I hadn't.

I hadn't given Dara too much credence for her foresight in Kat's reaction. Anyone with half a brain could have seen this coming. Kat had been through a lot *that* night, a lot-a lot! But I had heeded Dara's advice. I did not say that I was sorry. I did not tell her that she had nothing to feel sorry for or feel guilty about, for that would have been acknowledging *that* night, and intuition told me that that was the last thing Kat needed at the moment.

And so, I was patient. I gave Kat the space she needed. I brought her food that she did not eat, asked about trivial, unimportant, silly things that did not matter. Carried on as if *that* night had never existed, and things were the same as always.

Then on that third day... Kat began to nibble at the food I brought her. Began to acknowledge me as I talked to her. Maybe at first it was just a nod at a question or a smirk at something stupid I said, but... progress!

By the end of the week, she was even up and out of bed, speaking actual real words to me! I'd never been so happy! She still wouldn't answer the phone or check the mail. She wouldn't dare peak out a window to the world beyond, much less take a step out our front door into it, but... progress!

"Al..." she'd come to me that Sunday night, a full nine days since *that* night. "I... I called my mom today..."

"Yeah?" Even better!

"I... I think I am going to stay with my parents for a bit..." she'd said. Seeing the grave shock that swept over my face at this declaration, she'd quickly gone on, "It... it has nothing to do a-about you! About... us," she'd tried to clarify. "You... you're just going back to work tomorrow, and... and I don't... don't think I'm ready yet to be at h-home... a-alone."

It had been the closest yet she'd come to acknowledging *that* night, and that something was indeed the matter with her. That wasn't what had shocked me though. I didn't believe Kat was mad at me for any of it, that she indeed just wasn't ready to be at home alone. What had shocked me, was that almost verbatim...

*"When she starts to feel better, she's going to want to go stay at our parents for a few days. Kat has always been such a little "daddy's" girl, it's what she's going to need to help heal. You do not need to worry about this. Just let her go. She'll come back."* Dara... Dara's words to me that first morning.

Though I hadn't wanted to let her go, though I'd wished to tell her that I would take more days off - another week! - I did not. I'd simply told her okay, and that I'd be here when she was ready to come home.

And so, Kat left. But... she'd called me everyday - just to talk, sometimes just to sit there on the phone with me and hear me breathe. And then at other times, I'd hear her crying softly on the other end. It had pained me so to hear that, but I'd stayed strong. I did not mention a word of *that* night, and after a week of this, it worked, Kat came back home!

She'd returned to me in much better spirits than when she left. We started talking more, she smiling more, and that weekend, I'd even been able to talk her into going out on a date with me!

I'd taken her to a fancy dinner and a show. We'd enjoyed a night out on the town, talking, chatting about everything and nothing. We grew closer, slowly chipping away at that chasm that had been separating us. We'd held hands, had wine, and we laughed. *Laughed...*

It had been so long since I'd last seen her laugh, those first two weeks having been a living hell and felt like an eternity - seeing her happy like this caused me to fall in love with her all over again. She had the best laugh! And then that very same night, back at home - after a full two weeks since *that* night, we'd been intimate with one another once again and made love. Sweet, sweet love. Great love!

After that night together, everything started to fall into place, life started getting back to normal - or so I'd thought. Had I been a smarter man, a wiser man, had I not already begun to forget all about *that* night at Dara's and what I'd seen my wife do, how she'd acted... if I hadn't forgotten and ignored Dara's warnings to me that following morning upon her couch while Kat was in the shower, well then maybe, just maybe, I would have picked up on the cues that followed, and seen what was coming.

But I was not smart, and I was not wise. I had forgotten. Perhaps, I hadn't wanted to believe it, just as I hadn't wanted to believe Dara's vile words. But now, a full month later after *that* night, sitting here in my bed, dwelling upon what I'd discovered upon our computer... maybe I should have been paying closer attention? Maybe... I should have listened to Dara a little better? Now late into the night, unable to sleep, I first checked Kat to ensure she was still fast asleep, then jumped up out of bed, having to know what exactly she'd been searching for on the computer!

A mistake. One big mistake. I should have never done that.

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Chapter Seventeen: Unlikely Advice

“Gangbang Gals... MILFs’R’US... Hosed Housewives... Sluts And Schlongs...” I mumbled aloud just a few of the long list of websites Kat had been visiting, these only because their names were so comical and apparently amusing. Curiously enough, a wry smile spread over my lips upon reading them, that is, before I started clicking on some of the links. I was directed away to their content, some even straight to the videos she’d watched. That smile soon evaporated.

By far, her favorite seemed to be to watch some helpless maiden getting roughly gangbanged and ridden hard by any number of men. It couldn’t be helped – images of *that* night returned to me. It unsettled me.

Even worse, some went so far as to mock blackmail and/or rape scenes. Several other of the websites were devoted entirely to bondage themes, with the woman tied up and utterly defenseless against men’s many abuses. I had to look up what “BDSM” was. Others still, I likewise had to look up “Bukkake.” ,Gross.’ And then “Cuckold”... which disturbed me even more, sending a cautionary shiver down my spine.

Website after website, video after video I went on through this, crawling down this deep, dark worm hole. On and on, leaned forward, still and unblinking, until finally and most shocking of all, I arrived to a website devoted entirely to... several videos she’d actually watched of... bestiality! Of a women having sex with dogs!

“Kat..?” I croaked aloud, the sound of my own voice causing me to jump in my seat! I spun around again, checking to make sure Kat hadn’t awaken and I’d been found out. There was no sign her, Kat still fast asleep. I discovered that my chest was rising and falling in panicked, labored breaths, and that my hands were shaking.

That Kat would dare look up – watch such things! ... *“When she gets back from our parents, give her a few more days, but that’s when it’s going to be your time to act! That’s when things are... really going to get interesting!”* Dara had told me slyly. *“Kat’s a slut now, Al. I know you may not want to believe it, but she is. There’s no turning back. Call it the curse of the Brenner family gene.”* she’d said airily, no big deal.

“A slut...” Dara’s words had been insulting at the time – a slap in the face. I’d written them off. But as I now gazed at... upon all this, proof beyond doubt, I scrambled back to remember what else she had told me, what else I hadn’t paid attention to!

“You may think our parents saints, no doubt Kat has you convinced of it – but they’re not! Dara had fumed. „They’re just as bad, even worse – especially our whore for a mother! I know their secrets...” Dara had alluded to without bothering to delve deeper. *“Me? I do not hide who I am.”* That was right! *“And our little brother, Carter, well... ha! You saw him fuck his own sister last night, right in front of everyone! He’s been waiting to dive into that pussy his whole life!”*

I shook my head, still trying to deny – unable to disbelieve my own two eyes, my memories. Heavy. Very heavy.

“But our little Princess Katherine has always been so conservative – the only one, the fate of the first born in a respected family. Always coddled to, over sheltered, spoiled, made to believe she really

was a „Princess“ - HA!” Dara had laughed. “And you’re such a pussy, Al!” she didn’t pass on the opportunity to insult me. “Kat has simply never really experimented before, never experimented... Oh, but she has now, Al! She has now!” Dara claimed her victory. “That fire has always been there, simmering, and I’m telling you - for your own good - that that spark has now been lit, and there is no putting it out! Shake your head all you want, sweet brother, but you’ll see... you’ll see...” she promised me darkly.

And so, now I saw. Try as I might, I had no way to deny? ,Kat... my dear Kat!’ I felt the need to sob for her, to mourn the loss of her beautiful innocence. Dreaded to think of her like Dara, but then... something more struck me. Far more importantly, armed with this information, what in the hell was I supposed to do about it?! Dara... Dara my only hope!

“It’s going to start small. After she gets back from our parents, you are going to start having sex again. She’s going to love it at first...” And Kat had! “But...” Dara went on to warn. “It’s not going to last. She isn’t going to be able to forget - can’t forget - all those cocks using her, abusing her, treating her like the whore she is!” Vile, vile words! Words I’d shaken my head to, refuting! “In time, faster than you are prepared for, she is going to start to want more. She’s going to start to want to be used like that... again.” I had hated Dara then more than ever! To try and tell me I had no hope, but then, I thought...

Kat and I’d had great sex that night! In fact, that very next morning, Kat... she’d woken me up with a blow job! Again, had I been a smarter man, a wiser man, I would have realized the gravity of this act, but perhaps a little too desensitized from *that* night and simply over joyed to have my wife back and sucking me awake, I hadn’t thought twice about it.

I’d simply enjoyed the favor, and then quickly made love to her yet again. And then... again at midday, and a couple of times that night. We’d never had that much sex before in one day, and... and it had all been initiated by... by Kat?

In our fifteen years together, she’d never once waken me up with a blow job. Hell, she’d hardly ever given me a blow job! But over these last two weeks, she’d had to of given me... I don’t know, ten, twenty?! Sucking me with force! Taking me willingly and easily right down her throat! Only now, did I recognize this shift. This... *change*.

And then on top of that - the sex. “Have we..?” I wondered aloud. “Yes!” I answered my own question. We’d had sex everyday since then, and most days more than once! Kat had even shown up at my work on a few occasions, closing the door to my office before either shucking her jeans to her knees and bending herself over my desk, or on the occasions she’d wore a dress, climbing atop it, spreading her legs wide, offering herself to me without panties! Suddenly, these websites and videos were making a lot more sense. She’d been acting like a... like a... I was at a loss. *Like a total slut!* Dara.

How had I not seen it, the change taking place in her? “You are one stupid, stupid man, Alvin!” I cursed myself. I’d been blinded by love, happy that life was back to normal, better than normal! But... it wasn’t normal. I saw it only now.

“Maybe you have it in you - though I doubt it,” Dara had admonished me *that* fateful morning. “You’ll be able to tell when your same old lame sex is not enough, and then, dear brother... you’re going to have to decide,” she’d said ominously. I remember the chill over her words rattling my bones.

Kat had been wearing me out! There were times that I just couldn’t go anymore, or times that I was

just too busy to stop and make love, and though I hadn't caught it then... I remembered them now. Kat huffing in frustration when I denied her. Kat rolling her eyes at me if I came too fast or couldn't keep myself hard anymore. Off-hand comments made by her that, *"Maybe we could try viagra..?"* I'd just laughed at these comments, thinking she was joking. But... had she been joking? Suddenly, I wasn't so sure. I began to feel very, very small.

"That is when you'll have your one chance - your one and only chance, before you have to start sharing her with other of men," I remembered cringing here, blocking out me ears. *"If you don't want to do that, then you'd better listen very carefully,"* Dara had given me fair warning, but of course I hadn't listened - hadn't believed a word of it! And now... here I was.

"No!" I said to myself, beginning to listen to that honeyed voice still purring in my ear. "It's not too late!" *Dara...* "help me!" I groaned, begging her for advice, scrambling... scrambling back to remember all she'd told me.

"My sister may now be a slut, but that doesn't mean she's some random scarlet, some trifling philanderer," I liked these words better. *"She'll never forget, never want to let go of who she used to be, but then, she won't know how to control these newly discovered, raging desires either."*

"Okay..." I nodded to the Dara of my memory. I could accept that. I could deal with that.

"Kat can't do this on her own, Al. She's too weak! She's a sub - a submissive..." Dara had tried to clarify here. "She needs a strong hand to guide her. To use and guide her. And you, Mister Alvin, will have to decide if you're going to be that strong hand she needs, or abandon her to weep and struggle with her demons alone. Alone... until she finally cracks, and seeks out another. You'll have to decide if you're going to be a part of the solution, or... a part of the problem!"[/I]

"Sub... submissive..?" I zeroed in on this one word. Toyed with it. Held it in my hands and turned it, inspecting it. Dara had spoken it with care. It was important. But... why?! Try all that I might to understand - I couldn't. I wasn't smart enough, I wasn't ready.

Maybe I wasn't ready, but I was no longer ignorant. I stopped ignoring what Dara had told me, and I paid attention. Having my eyes opened, over the next couple of weeks I paid ever closer detail to everything Kat said. Every sound. Every movement she made. And soon enough, I discovered that everything wasn't as peachy keen as I had believed.

While things seemed fine on the surface, day by day, I noticed that deeper down, at the core of our marriage, that we were growing further and further apart. We were talking, but never about the important things. Kat was physically present, but her mind was drifting, her heart becoming more and more distant.

We were still having sex, the best sex in my book, but I started testing her, purposefully turning her down at times just to see her reaction. It never failed. Sometimes she sighed, seeming sad. More times than not, she displayed frustration. There were even a couple of times she became down right irritable with me.

The cards were all there. Before, I'd always assumed these random fits of depression were still because of *that* night. Of lingering guilt. Now, seeing more clearly, I slowly began to understand it had nothing to do with *that* night at all. Well, at least not in the same sense. Deep down, it had everything to do with *that* night, just in a whole different way.

Believing Dara just a little bit more, I quickly changed track. I stopped denying my wife, no matter what. Ever! I strained myself to hold out for as long as I could during sex. And if I couldn't, I started licking her "down there" until I made her cum! She seemed to really like this, and though we'd never really done it before - before *that* night - it started to become the norm.

This helped. Kat opened up more to me. But in that same token... even then, no matter how hard I tried, there always seemed to be... I don't know? Something missing? After each time, she still... still seemed to be searching for more.

I kept up with the websites she was visiting and the videos she was watching. It took a little getting used to, as this wasn't always just your everyday porn, but I wanted to understand. Understand what she was going through, what she wanted, trying to reconnect with her. Dare I admit, I was even trying to learn some pointers.

And then one day...

"Al, I'm so, so sorry!" Kat came groveling to me as soon as I walked in the door from a long day at work.

"Huh? What's wrong?!" I balked. She seemed distraught and down right terrified, which in turn scared me! She fell to her knees at my feet. It was an odd behavior for her, something she'd never done before *that* night, but was doing more and more, and it always made me feel uneasy, awkward even.

"You-told-me-you-had-that-important-meeting!" she stammered out so rapidly and through surging tears that I had trouble keeping pace. "And... your gray suit, to - to the dry cleaners! And... and... Oh, Al! I forgot!"

"Huh...what?" I quirked. "My suit?"

"Yes! I'm so, so sorry!" she cried, looking like she was about to start sobbing.

"Oh," I intoned. "My suit..." I did have an important meeting coming up in just two days, and had asked her to take my gray one, my nicest one, to the dry cleaners, but it was certainly no big deal. I had plenty of suits.

"I'm sorry!" she kept on groveling, apologizing, making such a scene about it. "I'll do anything - ANYTHING! - to make it up to you! Just... just don't be angry with me! Don't... d-don't *punish* me..." she finished slinking low to the ground, her face turning a beet red.

"Ha!" And just like I always did when she got like this, I started to laugh. Over a suit?! Kat had been acting strange of late - really strange. Groveling like this, worse and worse, begging me not to "punish" her. *Ha!* As if I'd ever punish her?! Could ever be mad with her?! What kind of husband did she think I was?! I could smell the wine on her, and figured that had something to do with her crazed, emotional distress.

But then I noticed Kat's face turn even redder with shame, looking away as if she couldn't bear the sight of me. It was the same act she always repeated when she got like this, but this time, she seemed particularly depressed. Worse... resigned to never being happy again.

"Kat..." I sighed, depleted and tired, reaching to lift her back up, but she pulled away from me, looking hurt. I was surprised by this. It was almost as if... and then finally, something clicked. *The definition of ignorance: doing the same thing over and over again, expecting a different result.* Kat's

face was burning red with humiliation, her eyes glistening wet with tears.

Ever since she'd started this little act, I'd always thought that red face and welling tears were because she was genuinely sorry, fearing she'd disappointed me, and with her case of raging hormones of late, that she was just overreacting. But now... now I considered something else. *Dara...* Someone tapped me on the shoulder, and offered me a little advice.

"A strong hand..." some distant voice whispered in my ear. *"She wants - no needs to be used! To be abused! The question is, Alvin, can you do that for her, hmm?"* Dara.

Questions abounded. What if this had nothing to do with Kat being sorry? I remembered the videos. What if... what if that red face and tears of humiliation were because Kat was acting out on some deep seeded fantasy, and was simply too embarrassed and ashamed of herself to just come out and say it, but... was trying? Trying for herself, trying for what she needed? Trying for... for *us*?! And here I was... still. Failing her.

Shit got real. Considering all this, I thought back to the videos I'd been snooping on once more. I'd been watching them for a reason, after all. It wasn't me, but for my wife, for my love, and for our marriage, I grew enough balls to try. I dared to dare! I jerked my hand back and stiffened, mocking anger as I glared down at her.

"You... you forget to take my suit to the dry cleaners?!" I tried to sound as angry as I could, which wasn't exactly easy without actually being angry. I was no great actor.

"Huh?" Kat suddenly choked on her tears at my likewise sudden change of tone and admonishment. I think I surprised her. "Oh... um, y-yes... I - I'm sorry, Al..." she quickly corrected.

„Maybe, just maybe... I was on to something here?"

"Well then, I... I think you know what this means!" I tried to sound strong, but was battling an army of butterflies in my stomach. So awkward!

"I... I do?" Kat astonished, falling back on her heels.

"Yes," I stated, though with zero clue as to what I was saying or doing. With my mind sprinting, I latched onto the first tangible thing I could find, some stupid quote I'd heard at the beginning of one of her many videos that involved bondage and punishment. "You're going to have to be punished!" I said much more forcefully than I had intended, being swept up by the intensity of this new, audacious adventure.

"Oh!" Kat gasped, her eyes growing wide with shock. I'd surprised her alright - surprised myself! And though I immediately rued at having said such a stupid thing, feeling juvenile and foolish, expecting her to bust out laughing at me any second now, Kat... I caught a sparkle in her eye, her breath becoming heavier, haughtier.

"Y-yes... yes I do!" she mumbled nervously, though her green, swirling orbs did not leave mine. And I did not find dismay or rebuke in them, but... *hope*? Hope, mixed with some deep, dark longing.

"I..." she started looking around, looking confused, as if unsure of what to do next. I didn't know either. Her eyes finally settled on our bedroom door.

"I... I'll go to... to m-my r-room..." she was so nervous, she barely had the wherewithal left to speak properly, mumbling and slurring everything. "You... y-you can come and puh... p-punish me... me t-

there..." If it were even possible, her face turned even redder at saying this, but she climbed to her feet, wobbling at first, dizzy, before slowly turning, and started her trek to our bedroom. I watched her go, and just before she disappeared within, she turned back and gave me a quick, fleeting smile.

"I..?" I mumbled just like her, just as confused as her, standing there dazed and shocked. That had been so far out of my comfort zone, I couldn't believe I'd pulled it off, much less, couldn't believe Kat had actually gone with it! I... Dara had been right! And I... I didn't know if that made me feel better, or if it scared the living daylights out of me! A little of both, I think?

I'd been knocked so far off kilter, that it took me a good couple of minutes to pull my shit together and remember where I was, who I was, and what I was supposed to be doing. "Kat!" I looked to our bedroom door. My shoes felt as heavy as cement, but with one weighted foot after the other, I dared, and I started in after her.

"Oh!" it was her turn to surprise me. She was waiting at the foot of our bed, standing meekly, fidgeting nervously while clasping with both hands one of my brown leather belts tight against her heaving chest. Her bosom looked so perfect there!

"I s-said I'm s-sorry, Al... P-please... please don't s-spank me!" she begged, sounding genuinely afraid. In fact, she sounded so convincing, that I nearly forgot and broke character, rushing to hug and console her, tell her everything was alright and okay! Fortunately - unfortunately - I caught myself at the last second.

"No," I refused, glancing towards my belt she held. She'd actually... my belt?! "I... I'm going to have to teach you a lesson..." I said uneasily, borrowing another cheesy line I'd heard in one of those videos. More than one, in fact.

"Oh, Al! Please! Please take it easy on me!" she ranted, gasping, but then...

My wife spun, throwing my belt down on the bed! With her back now to me, she tucked her thumbs into the elastic band of the gym shorts she was wearing, and lowered them to her knees. My eyes followed them down, before quickly popping back up to stare and admire that perfect, beautiful, fine rump ass! She wasn't wearing any panties. *Gawd, I loved that ass!*

Without being told to, Kat then bent herself over the edge of our bed, and braced herself atop it. With ass presented for punishment, she stared forward at our headboard, not daring to look back at me, and... she waited.

Waiting..? "Right," I told myself, forcing my eyes from that delectable rump to the belt awaiting me on the bed. I couldn't believe she'd actually grabbed one of my belts - she! Herself! - but I was just glad she was helping me along with this, as I wouldn't have otherwise had a clue as of what to do.

"Someone's been a bad girl..." I felt the need to break the silence as I came up behind her and grabbed the belt up off the comforter, saying something else that was completely stupid and felt strange coming out my mouth. But...

"Yes!" Kat gasped excitedly, getting into this, leaving me with no doubt as to what I *had* to do next. To her - for her.

The tension became palatable as I positioned myself beside her. The heaving breathing of both of us became deafening in the otherwise silent room. I shook my head at myself without her seeing, not believing I was actually doing this. But for her, I sucked it up and raised my fist into the air, belt in hand. Gazing once again upon the glorious ass, I did dare.

Smack!

“AYEE!” Kat yelled and whipped forward from the blow! I jumped myself as the leather tainted her soft white flesh, wincing and fidgeting nervously, expecting Kat to turn on me and scream, demanding to know what in the hell I was doing?! But... Kat did nothing, if only panting heavier as she reset herself over the edge of the bed. She braced again, awaiting the next blow to come.

Smack! I gave it to her!

“AH!” she winced and cried! I grew scared, as I’d hit her a little harder this time, the belt leaving a red trace across her bare ass, but... “Al, I’m so sorry! Please don’t spank me!” she rasped and moaned with naught but lust and ecstasy!

Smack! I popped her again! Harder! Leaving a solid red whelp across her ass!

“Oh, gawd!” she cried as she lunged forward, tensing up! But... “Yesss!” she hissed as she rocked back and into position, moaning softly as she awaited the next. I was dumbfounded! Was she really getting off on this?! Part of me felt so foolish and as stupid as ever, but something else... some deep, dark unknown fantasy of my own began to stir.

Smack! I spanked her again, feeling some sort of sick and perverse power rising up inside me!

“EEKE!”

“Are you going to forget to take my dry cleaning again, huh?!” I yelled at her, before - *Smack!*

“AH! NO!” she squealed, hissing and spitting!

“That’s right!”

Smack!

“FUCK!”

“You’ll watch your mouth!”

Smack!

“I’m sorry!” she squealed! But, she sure didn’t sound sorry.

Smack! Smack! Smack! I started getting into it, working her ass over as images and scenes of those vile videos online filtered through my mind’s eyes, lighting me on fire! I turned Kat’s ass a whelping red!

And though I soon left my own wife sniveling and crying, actual tears rolling down her cheeks from the pain, she never once tried to stop me. No. In between her yelps and pleas, I could hear her humming and moaning. And as I spanked that fine ass with my belt, sending it jiggling and bruised, I spotted a wetness glistening in the room’s light, spreading further and further down the inside of her thighs.

Kat was indeed turned on by this, getting wet, and without my knowing it, my own cock was growing harder and harder by the second beneath my slacks! Little by little, my brain began transferring from one head to the other.

And while I kept punishing her - *Smack! Smack! Smack!* - my mind became flooded by all the porn I'd been watching, images of dirty sex and cocks and cunts and cum! I wandered over to the land of no return, and before I knew it, I was back in Oz. Without warning, without conscious thought, I quickly wound that belt over my wife's head, tightened it around her neck, and stepped up behind my *slut!*

"Alvin?!" she cried with shock as she felt the leather tighten about her windpipe, one hand releasing to clutch at it, but as she heard the ripping button of my slacks and the fleeting zipper... "Oh..." Kat first guffawed, before sparing a quick, crazed glance back at me. "Yes! FUCK ME!" she cried - completely deranged and glaring me straight in the eye!

"Yes!" I told her, having every intention of doing just that! While reigning her with the belt by one hand, I grabbed my stiff cock with the other - it as hard as ever! Wasting no time, I lined myself up, and pulling her back by the belt, plunged forcefully inside! My whole, swollen cock blitzed into her steaming, soaking wet pussy with one fell blow!

"FUCK YEAH!" she yelped, loving every second of it! "Harder! Fuck me!" she turned forward and replanted her palms, bouncing that ass back against me!

And I fucked her! Taking further cues from the videos, I forgot myself, and started reigning her by the belt, calling her obscenities as I pounded her as hard as I could!

"AH! YES! FUCK! AL!" Kat screamed with each fell of my hammer! Bleated my name! She'd never screamed my name before!

And by god, did I love the sound of that! I hammered her for all that I was worth, and she was moaning and grunting like a wild banshee, loving every second of it herself!

Smack! Smack! Smack! I started spanking her bruised ass once again with my open palm in between pumps! Trading off from one cheek to the other!

"Oh gawd! Oh gawd! Oh gawd! AL! YES!" she was wailing in pure ecstasy! "I'm gonna... oh, FUGHCK! I'm gonna... gonna... CUMMING!" she lost it, howling at the ceiling as I felt her pussy clamp down tight about my cock - CUMMING!

In the back of my mind, all the times before... she'd pretended to cum with me. Nothing - *ever!* - had been quite like this. I was too into the moment to stop and dwell on it though, and with my cock throbbing with delight, I soon blew my load deep up in her pussy, filling her totally with my seed!

When we were done, still drunk on the lust, I made her turn around and suck it clean, tell it "Thank you."

Kat did so without hesitation. She swallowed me until my tensing balls her pressed up against her slobbery chin, and I was still sending jets of cum right down her throat!

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## **Chapter Eighteen: Unlikely Help**

*"Face it, Alvin. You need my help."*

And so I did. Three weeks later, I do so wish to tell you of my stroke of brilliance. Of how I delved into these new found fetishes of my Kat's, mastering the arts of sadism and masochism. Of how I

discovered a new side to myself, and bent my wife to my will, causing her to love me all the more for it! But then... I'd only be lying to you - lying to myself.

Kat had loved it. That night. I'd made her cum and cum hard, and she'd tried hungrily, desperately, time and again to recreate that magic between us, but as things turned out, that night had been but a farce. I tried. Tried so hard to be that *strong hand* for her, just as Dara had told me. And we had some fun together to be sure. I watched more videos and conducted more research. I sat through instructional's and read articles. I attempted to play that part, but as we'd both soon learn, I just didn't have it in me.

Sinking further into this deviant world, the truth revealed by my diligent studies: While the craft of a Dom could be taught and perfected, just as the will and obedience of the sub could be broken and molded, the desires of what one craved and needed to reach fulfillment, that which defined one as either dominant or submissive could not. There was no teaching that. It had to be their innate nature, so to speak, and could not be faked. It had to already be there, rooted in one's core, buried in the very essence of their soul.

And as I witnessed, there was no doubt that Kat was a submissive. She thrived and blossomed beneath my belt, came only when I took her most roughly, punished her, called her foul names! But a Dom, a Master of my slave - I was not. It just... wasn't me. I was Al. Just good ol' *average* Al.

I still tried, but in the end, I failed to give her that which she needed, was seeking, and our marriage quickly started to suffer because of it. It was just so strange to me, so foreign. I felt so foolish acting out these plots. I was awkward, like my grandmother was in the room watching over my shoulder, and I could never again let myself fully get into role like I had that first time. More than anything, I began to realize that my innate nature was more akin to Kat's - that we were both subs, no hand to guide, none but... *Dara*.

It was in this, by my own failures, that I began to hate Dara even more for what she had done to us, for awaking that fire in my Kat! That in having crashed and burned at attempting to heed Dara's advice, I then tried to rebel against it. I doubled down in trying to pull Kat back to the old Al, help her recognize the old Kat, and return our marriage to how it used to be. I tried... to snuff out that fire.

I sought out different sources of advice - "normal" advice. I began reading self help books and relationship and marriage counseling guides. I searched for articles like them online. I even called up and met with professionals. I heeded their advice instead, and ignored Dara's.

I suggested we go to church, hoping Kat's strong sense of morals would shame her out of this new, wicked life. She didn't stop watching her porn. Like a good partner, I started talking and listening most attentively and responding to what she said. That didn't work. Flowers delivered and love notes hidden did not brighten her mood. Assuming more of the chores and manly duties around this house did not make me any more of a man in her eyes. Cuddling her for long hours after sex did not endear her to me.

Repeating how beautiful she was and telling her how much I loved her over and over again was not what she wanted to hear. My gentle stroke along her naked back as she drifted off to sleep was not what she wanted to feel. Slow, passionate missionary in our bed was not how she wanted to have sex. A doting, caring husband was no longer what she was seeking from her lover. *That* night had changed my Kat, and I had no clue as to how to get her back. I slowly began to fear... that I never would.

I do not believe it was intentional, nor if she was even aware of it herself, but day by day, I could see Kat slipping from me. Frustrated and irritable by my incapacity to fulfill her needs. By her increasing aloofness and distance. By that brooding storm hidden beneath a cheery facade. That falter of a frown beneath her warm smile. Those lines of distress around sparkling eyes.

This all dragged on and on until one random day, everything finally came to a head. A full two months after *that* night, I was putting laundry away when I happened upon something very odd hidden at the back of Kat's sock drawer.

I never did laundry and had no business in there, but as I was trying extra hard, I was doing some of her chores as well. I spotted only a sliver of it at first, but could tell at once it did not belong. Investigating further, I pulled it out and studied it for a second.

It was pink, the size and shape of a mock cock. Its walls were even soft and spongy but stiff beneath, just like a real cock. It even had a mushroomed head and veins twisting down the shaft. And... it was just a little longer, just a littler wider than mine. I'd never seen one in real life before, but still knew that I'd just discovered my wife's dildo. I suddenly found myself jealous of that dildo. Carrying on with my investigation, I twisted the black knob at its base.

"Ah!" I jumped as it buzzed to life! Not just a dildo! A... a vibrator! My wife had bought a vibrator! Something pinched inside my gut.

The vibrator, in and of itself, didn't exactly bother me. Plenty of married women owned vibrators, but Kat... Kat had never owned one before, I was sure of it. It was the fact that she hadn't bothered to tell me about it. She was keeping it hidden in her sock drawer - just like her porn addiction. Yet another secret, another part of her life I was not included in - all these changes since *that* night. No matter what I did, the chasm that was separating us was only growing wider, not smaller, never bridged.

And then I asked myself those questions every insecure man needlessly asked themselves upon finding such a thing - why did she need it? I was trying so hard, was I still not enough for her?! A little put off, I pushed some of her socks out of the way to clear a spot and put it back in its hiding place, but then... something else caught my eye. Purple. Rubber.

I pulled it out - pulled out a second vibrator. And this one was even bigger! Fatter! And it had a strange little appendage at the base of it that hooked up and out and was topped by what looked like a tiny pair of rabbit ears. They vibrated too. I set them down and cleared out the rest her drawer, curious as to what else I might find hidden there!

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Back to the computer. I'd found a bottle of lube, as well as a third little dildo, but I'd passed right over that one. It was short, maybe three inches, and was shaped funny, almost like a cone. It wasn't threatening to my manhood, so I'd deemed it unimportant. What I was really interested in was the fifth and final piece I'd discovered. I had no clue as to what it was. I entered an online adult toy store and began my search. It didn't take long to find an exact replica of it.

It was thin and long, maybe ten inches. It was likewise of a feminine color, a clear, see-through hot pink, and likewise made of a pliable, silicon rubber. But what was odd about it, was that it was a strand of beads, the first at the very tip no larger than a marble, but each of the nine following grew larger and larger until the last was bigger than a golf ball. *Beads*. As I learned now... "Anal Beads."

I was floored at this revelation to be sure, but that wasn't all that I learned in this toy store. What I

had passed over before wasn't as harmless as I'd taken it for. The small one... the coned one... a "Butt Plug!"

In all our years together, before *that* night, we'd never discussed the idea, never even considered it! But like so many other firsts *that* night, for the first time in her life, Kat had been taken anally. I had even taken her in the ass! And though it was one of the most incredible things I'd ever experienced, just like as with the rest of *that* night, I had forgotten it, resigned it too to history.

Only now did I realize my terrible folly. Dara's words come back to haunt yet again. All the clues, everything I needed to be able to read between the lines were there and staring me in the face, I needed only to open my eyes.

A folly indeed. I was the only one trying to live in the past. The websites and videos, the acts of submission, these... toys?! Vibrators and lube and anal beads and butt plugs! I was grasping on to the past, and Kat was wandering on further into the future without me!

That was the first time I nearly broke. Dara had warned me of the cost of failure, but pride... pride and jealousy denied it. Instead, I tried harder, but as the days wore on, things between Kat and I got only worse, not better.

I'm ashamed to say, but as the days turned into weeks, I began to grow paranoid. I requested her cell records from the phone company. I hacked into her emails and went over her bank statements. I of course found nothing, but that did not help alleviate my ultimate fear. That I was not fulfilling my wife's deepest desires, and that sooner or later, just as Dara had told me, she was going to have an affair - or even worse... leave me altogether.

I was out of my depth. The only thing that I did know, was that Kat was becoming more and more distant and devious by the day. She tried less to create the magic of that night I'd successfully played the part of her Dom, before stopping altogether. That would have given me joy had I believed she was moving out of a "phase," but as I kept up my snooping, I only discovered more wicked websites visited, videos watched. Found additional items added to Kat's sock drawer.

First another dildo, huge and long and thick and black! I red, bigger butt plug! Nipple clamps! A blindfold! And then even an enema kit! - I had to look that one up too. It was all piling on. Kat was wandering faster and faster - faster than I could keep up.

More than the toys or anything else, what was giving me greatest pause were the videos she was still watching. Day by day, they were becoming more and more grotesque, more demented. All of them of wild gangbangs, of a wife getting used in front of her husband by a countless number of men, and then more and more videos of women having sex with all sorts of animals. Not just dogs anymore, but with horses and even goats and pigs!

And as all this drew along, I thought more and more about *that* night at Dara's. Of all the men my wife'd had sex with. Of those... of those dogs that had fucked her. And of that fire raging inside her as she'd done it. Done it with dogs! I still didn't want to believe, had remembered it like a surreal dream, not true, but it was becoming more and more difficult to deny the reality.

I thought more of Dara's words to me that following morning, as well as her suggestions made thereafter. I thought more of the videos, more pointedly, of the exact genre Kat was watching, and couldn't help but put two and two together. Not even I was *that* stupid, that I couldn't read between the lines - see the obvious.

"Kat... why? Don't you know I'd do anything for you?!" I cried, spilling out my love for her! Another

month of obscurity had slipped by since I'd found that first toy in her sock drawer, and only worse, only further away, never better. I was currently sitting at our computer late at night, my wife sleeping in bed, watching yet another of the videos she had watched before. This one particularly struck a nerve.

A woman's husband was tied within a chair, forced to watch his wife as she was all but gang raped by no less than twenty different men... in all her holes... just before him... just... *just* like Kat had been.

I found myself at my lowest of lows. I was weary, tired of all this. As much as it pained me, I knew I did not possess the courage to confront my wife outright. I was too afraid, even with all that she was keeping hidden from me. I couldn't handle a direct confrontation about this, and I didn't think she could either. I didn't want to do anything to push her further away. So, distraught, confused, and not knowing what to do... I finally broke down.

I lowered myself lower. Three months later, I was forced to accept that I did not have what it took, but that I could not bear to lose my Kat. And so, I picked up the phone.

It rang. A voice of honey answered.

"Hello, Dara? It's Al..."

"I know."

"D-do... do you remember..?" it wasn't easy to recount. I didn't want to - didn't want this! But fear of losing my wife broke down that wall. "W-what you told me to d-do b-before..?"

"Yesss!" Dara purred victoriously. "Tell me everything!" And so... I told her.

Perhaps I was betraying my wife's trust, her privacy, but I told Dara all. Everything. And she scolded me, but she also told me what I had to do now, just as she'd told me that first day after. I hadn't listened to her then, hadn't believed her then, but I had no where else to turn now.

\*\*\*\*

I hated it. Hate-hate-hated it! I was nervously pacing back and forth, chewing on my thumbnail as I awaited the arrival of my friends. Dara's plan, not my own. I'd had a good plan I thought. An easy plan. It'd taken enough just to reach that point, but I had. Knew what I had to do. And then, Dara had to go and screw everything up!

"*Why can't you just invite Kat out and... and... you know?*" I'd sucked up the courage, and was prepared to put my Kat in her devious sister's hands, let her work her dark magic yet again, let Dara help give Kat what she needed. Let... Rob and Mike and Marcus and the rest fulfill her desires while I stepped back, waiting patiently and obediently for her at home. It had already happened once, what was once more? But Dara had refused me.

"*That would never work, Al,*" she'd told me.

"*But..?*" I'd nevertheless pleaded. Anything! Anything but what she'd told me I'd have to do next!

"*First off, Kat would never trust me. Never go out with me - not yet, anyways,*" she'd explained. "*And second, say it did work. What then?*"

*"What do you mean?"*

*"My stupid sister, for whatever reason, wants you, Al! Wants you to be the hand that guides her!"*

*"But I can't!"* I'd nearly wept, having already accepted my fate.

*"Oh, but you can, Al. You just have to trust me."* Trusting Dara was a very dangerous thing. *"If she does this without you, that will only drive you two further apart. Is that what you want?!"*

*"NO!"*

*"Then listen to me!"*

And so I listened, still second guessing every part Dara's wicked scheme, but... listened. It was wrong, so wrong. Felt wrong! But... I still did not know what else to do, and had finally given in to desperation. The woman in question? Kat? She was currently in our room getting ready. My friends would be here any minute now.

"Uh, Al..?" our bedroom door suddenly opened, and Kat poked her head out.

"Yeah?" I froze in my tracks, looking to her like a deer caught in the headlights! *Did she know?!* I feared without reason.

"D-did... did you get this for me?" she asked. I could see only her beautiful face, her seductive body wrapped in a towel hidden behind the door.

"Huh?" my mind went blank.

"The gift... on the bed?"

"Oh, err... yeah?" I was ashamed to take credit for it, as I had no idea as to what exactly it was. Dara had picked it all out. We'd met in an abandoned parking lot and exchanged the package as if making some sort of illicit drug deal. It was just clothes, and I was supposed to have asked Kat to wear the *complete* outfit for tonight and only this, but I'd chickened out at the last second, and had just left the wrapped gift on the bed while she was in the shower, hoping against hope that she'd get the idea.

"And um... you want me to wear this... tonight?" she'd thankfully gotten the hint, but sounded doubtful, stalling and stuttering, which in turn quickly filled me with even more doubt. All Dara's idea, I was hosting a poker party. Me and the guys played pretty regularly, about once a month, so having initiated it was nothing out of the ordinary. Well, except for the fact that...

"Uhhh... yeah?" I didn't know what else to say, putting all my faith in Dara, which was probably very stupid of me.

"Um... who's all coming over again?" Kat asked hesitantly.

Kat typically made herself scarce when I hosted the game, but tonight - again, all part of Dara's plot - I'd asked her to join us, help host that is. More than that, I'd explicitly asked for her help with the game. Out of my own stupid mouth, I'd repeated Dara's lines, going into this long diatribe about how I'd been losing too much to the guys and of how they were all giving me a hard time about it. I'd suggested that maybe if she could put on something cute - something a little sexy even - and just flirt with them, keep them distracted, then maybe, just maybe that would help me win?

A stupid idea! So stupid! I'd never believed Kat would go for it, and she hadn't been completely fooled. In our lives before, I never would have asked such a thing of her, and there would have been zero chance of her agreeing. But... we weren't in our old lives. I was trying to learn. She'd been suspicious alright, and hadn't exactly accepted the idea right off, but... she hadn't said no either. Growing desperate and bold, I'd eventually hardened and insisted, and Kat had eventually... *agreed*. That simple fact told me I was on the right path, and so... I'd continued down it.

"Just Mark and Paul," I ticked off my two best friends from high school that she knew well, hoping as Dara had said that this would ease her some.

"Mark and Paul?!" she tripped, it unfortunately having the exact opposite affect.

"Uhh... and Justin?" I quickly added the husband of her own best friend, Samantha. He was a bit rude and crude around the edges, and we didn't always get along the best, but he didn't have very many other friends - for that exact reason - and Kat'd pressed me over the years to hang out with him more. Of course, I could never deny my wife anything, so I'd reluctantly accepted him into our circle of friends, and thought maybe she would be pleased that I had included him tonight.

"Justin?! And you want me to..?" she sure didn't sound pleased!

"And..." I started to regret I'd invited so many - or any at all! "Bill from next door..?" I finished sheepishly. He was a bit older, more than twice our age in fact, but Kat and I both liked him and he often joined in on our games, though now in hindsight, I had no idea as to why I'd invited him for *this* night?!

"Oh..." Kat remarked simply, her voice weak and drifting. "And you... you picked these clothes out yourself? You want me to... to w-wear this with... w-with all of t-them here..?" she made me feel worse and worse about it. What had I gotten myself in to?!

"Uh... yeah?" I repeated, tripping right along with her.

"Al, I... I don't know about this..?" she questioned timidly, and I dared to hope. Hope that Dara had been wrong and that Kat did not want this. But as I stared upon my wife's face... I remembered. Videos - real. Toys - real. *That* night - real! And just as Kat had come to me on her knees before - real - I recognized that I was still grasping onto the past, and that I was still failing. Dara... I had to trust Dara. She was now my only hope.

"You'll be fine," I sucked up the will and called back. "All of it... and nothing else!" thinking of Dara, I went for broke, bravely completing the last of the instructions she'd given me like the strong hand, the Dom Kat so wanted for me to be. All or nothing!

"Oh..." Kat suddenly intoned, her demeanor shifting some at my declaration. She glanced back for a second into the room, before turning back to me. Though she still seemed daunted - maybe even a little scared - breathing heavier, eyes glazing over, I could tell... she also revealed a tiny glimpse of - of excitement!

"And... and y-you want m-me to... y-you know? W-with... with them?" Kat whispered, moving on. She was simply clarifying my instructions to her, but her choice of words nevertheless gave me pause.

"Yes," I bravely kept up the act. "Just... a little flirting is all..." I clarified myself.

"Well... O... o-okay..." was all she said. I then heard the door close as Kat abandoned me to finish getting ready. I swallowed, staring at that blank, closed door.

"Kat..." I began teetering, faltering, questioning if I really had the will to go through with this. I had still been hanging on to some kind of hope - hoping Dara had been wrong, that I was wrong, and that Kat would at any point stop this madness. But she... hadn't. That scared me.

What exactly was I up to, you ask? Well, in Dara's words, not my own, as my wife was now a slut, she needed to act slutty to be happy, and it was my duty as her husband to help her with this.

Deep. Really deep. A tough pill to swallow. But I'd seen all the evidence I needed to convince me of the truth. I had no way to deny, and "moving out of the way" was out of the question.

But much deeper than even all these words... deeper than having to pretend to be the Master Dom... was Kat's true fantasy. What she now wanted. Dara had told me from the very beginning, but I'd refused to believe it and had been living a lie these last three months.

The truth was, I'd been there *that* night at Dara's. I had seen with my own two eyes, born witness to it all. Kat had done it and she'd loved it. I'd watched her go wild! And then on top of that, even if I wanted to believe it had been just a fluke, there was now no explaining away all the videos, the toys, the acts of submissiveness... the distance now growing between us. It didn't take a great stretch of the imagination to guess as to what Kat really wanted to fulfill her new desires - what she *really* needed from me.

I was left with some tough questions to face. Dara's words, did I want to be a part of the solution, or a part of the problem? Did I want to keep her, or did I want to let her go?

I had no difficulty in answering either of those questions, it was just *what* I'd have to do to achieve them that disturbed me, that rattled me to my core. But then, how many times now had I told myself that I would do anything for her, that I only needed her, no matter what? One day, I'd have to grow up and finally accept that, literally... *do anything*. Today.

Keen to my hesitancy over her idea, as well as to help alleviate some of my angst, Dara *had* pointed out that this was just a test - "consider it research." Without having actually confronted Kat about what was going on and what she wanted and needed, the truth was, I really didn't know. For now, I was simply hosting a poker party. No harm in that?

In helping me prepare for this party, Dara had suggested that it be at our house, so that Kat would be at home and more at ease. She'd also recommended that I only invite over friends that I felt completely comfortable with and could trust, that Kat could feel comfortable with and trust, as this would also help make things easier for the both of us, and allow Kat to lower her guard some.

I'd been repulsed by the idea of sharing my wife with my friends, but Dara had made some convincing arguments, and I could see the logic behind them. And, as she'd reminded me several times over, nothing *had* to happen, but that this was simply to see what *might* happen. To learn, and then we could go from there.

Per her instructions, I'd bought a ton of alcohol, all liquor, to help lower everyone's inhibitions. If I knew my friends, that wouldn't be a problem. The crowning piece would be Kat, and having her wear a sexy little number in front of them, get their blood boiling. If Dara knew men, and she believed that she did: get a group of drunk and horny men together with only one, fine woman to blow their steam at, I'd get my chance to see... see, if this *really* was what my wife wanted, and if I was prepared to accept it.

Of course I'd had my doubts. Doubted my conservative Kat would wear anything sexy like Dara was talking about in front of company. Doubted my trusted friends would dare make passes at my wife,

not to mention right in front of me no less. And more than anything, doubted that she'd actually go along with it even if they did. Many doubts, but not knowing what else to do or where to turn, slowly losing my love day by day, I put my all my faith in Dara, and tonight... I gambled.

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Chapter Nineteen: The Gamble

"Hey! What's up?" Mark and Paul, my two closest friends were the first to arrive, having ridden here together.

Mark was a tall, thin bean pole. He sported an extremely nerdy look, but as a computer engineer, it served him well. He had solid black hair parted and gelled to one side, and wore 70's style glasses, a short sleeve, plaid collared shirt. It was buttoned all the way up to his neck, and tucked in to short - too short - khaki shorts. To complete this geeky ensemble, he had on mid-calf white socks and sandals.

Paul, on the other hand, was short and squat and fat, a couple of hundred pounds over-weight. He had scruffy, shortly cropped brown hair. A mechanic, his hands were forever stained black with oil, and wore an open, dirty blue button down with a dirty white undershirt beneath. His bloated belly spilt wide out over dirty, scarred jeans, with dirty tennis shoes below.

"Not much. Come on in," we all slapped and shook hands.

"Put the beer in the fridge?" Paul asked, both of them carrying a six pack.

"Told ya I had it covered, but that works," I said as they passed me by and I closed the door behind them.

"Oh..." they both suddenly guffawed, aping one another. I winced, bowing my forehead against the door as its latched clicked closed. I didn't have to look to see what had stopped them both cold in their tracks. Kat was just in the kitchen, finishing up the appetizers. Kat... dressed in what Dara had picked out for her. What I, *her husband*, was having her wear in front of our friends.

All in all, it shouldn't have been that bad. I mean, they'd both seen Kat in a bikini on a countless number of occasions. Perhaps, what *was* shocking, was that this was no occasion for a bikini, and Kat was otherwise typically very conservatively dressed. But... not this night.

I did have to admit, Dara had pulled it off quite nicely. It was indeed sexy - very sexy - but nothing over the top, or rather, nothing that would be too obvious. At the base, Kat appeared as she should, at home and comfortable. She had her glowing blond hair pulled back into a simple ponytail, and wore a minimal amount of make-up. Silver studded earrings were her only jewelry, and she was barefoot. But that, of course, left to her outfit.

Her shirt was a simple white tee, something anyone would wear around the house, but this one... it looked like it belonged to a tiny teenager. Its short sleeves barely managed to reach over her narrow shoulders, and ended just above her navel. What was worse, it had a plunging, vee'd neck line that was struggling to contain her large breasts, and hence revealed a great amount of cleavage for all to see. It fit her tight, too tight, hugging her body like a second skin, and already made of a thin and slightly transparent cotton, if you looked closely enough, you could catch just a hint of her dark nipples beneath.

If that wasn't bad enough, the skirt was the icing on the cake. It was simple, black, nothing fancy

about it. Except for the fact one might describe it as a “micro-skirt.” It fit her as tight as the shirt, and was just barely long enough to slope around and cup the bottom globes of Kat’s generous derriere. When she moved, however, it was constantly riding up and revealing her quarter moons, leaving Kat to have to stop and pull it back down time and time again.

I myself had been stunned speechless when she’d first come out our room, gawking, staring her up and down. She looked... breathtaking! Like a goddess! She herself, at first, had been fidgeting, looking uncomfortable dressed like this, but... “Well, you wanted me to wear this..?” she’d then just shrugged, and went about getting everything ready for the arrival of our guests.

I couldn’t believe it! There was no way – no way! – that the old Kat I knew would dare be dressed like this, much less with company coming over. Dare I admit it, I think she liked the idea, was turned on by it, and that was my first hint that maybe Dara hadn’t been so wrong after all. And that really, really scared me.

Living just next door, Bill was the next to arrive. I greeted him at the door, Mark and Paul in the kitchen talking with Kat, each doing their damndest not to get caught ogling her tits. It was a losing battle from the start, but Kat hadn’t said a word.

“Hey there, buddy!” Bill stepped in, shaking my hand. Bill was in his seventies, with a head full of swept back, snow white hair. He was likewise dressed in a short-sleeve, plaid collar shirt like Mark’s, but his with the top two buttons undone and untucked over slacks and boat shoes. Though he was retired and way older, Bill was always a good time, filled with the best of stories and funniest of jokes.

“Glad you could make it,” I stood back to let him in. “Everyone’s in the kitchen, make yourself at home.”

“Glad I could make it?” he scoffed. “As busy as I was with-” he was about to crack one of his infamous jokes, probably about his wife at home, when he too was stricken silent. “Oh...” he sucked in a gasp of air. I banged the door closed with my head this time.

Music was playing and the drinks were already flowing by the time the door bell rang again. Our kitchen was alive and loud with chatter and laughter, everyone already having a gay ol’ time. Everyone but me that is, as I stood back on the sidelines.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get it...” I said to no one, as no one was paying me any mind. All eyes and all banter were directed at Kat, each of the three men – my supposed friends! – all vying for her attention. And Kat... she was just eating it up! I couldn’t help but wonder if she was doing this because I’d asked her to, or because...

“Hey there, Justin,” I bemoaned, already knowing who it was as he was always late and the last one left.

“What up, Al?! Hope you’ve been saving up, lookin’ forward to takin’ your money tonight!” he ignored my hand held out for him, and instead slugged me in the chest, hard, causing me to cough.

Justin was big, a former jock. He’d been a star athlete and even played football in college, a tight end, but hadn’t been quite good enough to make it pro. That, and he was so stupid, that he’d ultimately failed out of school altogether. True to his persona, he had a huge dip tucked into his lip, while wearing an old football jersey with a backwards cap, shorts and tennis shoes.

“So glad you could make it,” I said with the utmost sarcasm I could muster as he strolled in. Why in

the hell I'd invited him on *this* night, I hadn't a clue, and regretted it more than any. I'd must have really lost my mind!

To be fair, I hadn't been thinking clearly as I'd made the phone calls, a wrecked mess at the time - as I was now. But to add insult to injury, as he'd hinted at - never mind the occasion of the night, my "research" as Dara had coined it - Justin was a stellar poker player, and cleaned house most times he joined us. That, and he had a very foul mouth, and only now did I realize that Kat's choice of dress wouldn't go unmentioned.

"Well hot damn!" Justin did not disappoint. "Baby's got a brand new bag!" he took notice alright, just like the rest, but unlike them, he did not break stride. He confidently strolled right on in, and quickly joined in on the conversation taking place around *my* dinner table, while fully and boldly checking out my wife without bothering to disguise his lewd stares. I saw Kat flinch back at this, covertly covering her chest while trying - and failing - to appear as if everything were normal. I angrily kicked the door closed.

A mistake. I'd made one huge, big, fat mistake. But I'd already made so many by now, what was one more drop in the bucket? I had allowed myself to be tricked by Dara yet again!

It was a lousy night. I was losing my ass. I couldn't focus, couldn't concentrate with Kat here and dressed as she was with my friends. I'd had to dip into my wallet time and again to buy back into the game. I was never the best of poker player's, but tonight was a joke. I was already down several hundred dollars, and I wasn't rich enough to throw that kind of money around.

Compounding my problems was the lady in question herself, my Kat. It was getting later in the night, approaching midnight, and we'd all had more than enough to drink. We were all drinking liquor, and the hard stuff was now clouding everyone's judgment, and I'm not just talking about in the game.

Dara had been right. My *supposed* friends, having been flirting with and a taking great liberties in checking my wife out all night, were now becoming more and more audacious by their actions and comments to her - Justin most especially. The flow of the alcohol and their increasing libido seemed to be ebbing any qualms they had about acting like this right in front of me. But then, who could blame them? They were *just* guys after all. I knew the struggle. And with my wife dressed like this - like a slut! - she... she'd been doing just as I'd asked her. She was flirting right back with them! Any man would become confused.

Dara right again. To my surprise, Kat had quickly overcome her shyness about being dressed as she was. Knowing everyone so well and with the help of the spirits, she'd soon become at ease and open and friendly, joining in on all the conversations while sitting at the table with us, merely glancing over and laughing and simply blushing at their many advances, acting as if they were all completely innocent.

Hell, we'd both known Mark and Paul nearly our entire lives, Justin was her best friend's husband, and Bill was the old, senile, "good times" next door neighbor! She was just going along with it, fine and dandy, becoming more alive and animated than I'd seen in her months! Than I'd seen her since... well, since *that* night.

Dara had been wrong on one account however - me. I was not okay with this. I was not more comfortable and relaxed with it being my friends here. These were the guys! My buddies! And with my wife? No! How could I ever look them in the eye again?! A stupid idea! Stupid of me to go along with it! There was no way I could let this happen and live through it, but it was a little late to turn

back now.

I couldn't exactly tell Kat to go change, or tell my friends to cut it out. That would be too obvious and just make things awkward. I resigned to wait it out. This was still *just* a poker game, and soon enough it would be over and I'd figure something else out.

That is, until...

"Kat!" I jumped back up from having intentionally knocked a couple of chips onto the ground to steal a peek beneath the table.

BANG! moving a little too frantically, I smacked my head on the corner of that said table, rattling everyone's chips. "Ow..." I groaned, cursing and rubbing at the crown of my now throbbing scalp.

"Err..." I stalled as I settled back into my seat, noticing all eyes now curious and on me. I had everyone's undivided attention. "Kat, uh... would you mind making me another drink?" I scrambled for something to say - for something to get her out of her seat and away from Justin! Beneath the weight of all their stares, I felt the need to do something else, and grabbed my empty glass, twirling the ice in the air for show. "Heh. All gone..." I half-chuckled, trying to act like everything was normal.

Paul and Bill just shrugged and went back to the game. Mark fell fully back in his seat, staring wide and through the table as if in a trance. And I... I just sat there, begging my wife with my eyes, asking her to please get up - anything, just please move away! Justin sat as he was, smirking, not moving an inch.

Only moments ago, something had happened - a shift, a sudden underlying tension arising. Kat was sitting over across the table between Justin and Mark. She'd been casually chatting with Justin about her best friend Samantha, asking how she was doing and whatever else when it'd happened.

Without warning, Kat had suddenly gone rigid. She'd stopped mid sentence, falling silent. Her easy smile had evaporated, growing serious and stiff and erect in her seat. Following a timid glance down to her lap, she'd then spared a furtive, almost worried, *almost* guilty glance towards me. I'd been able to read in her eyes that something was wrong, that something had changed, and she peered at me long enough to ask me, "*Well, what am I supposed to do now?!*"

But I hadn't then enough information to understand what'd just happened, and so I'd just shrugged and simply gone on about the game, ignoring my wife's sudden distress. I'd been a little concerned at this, but she'd then likewise ignored it turning back to Justin. "Um... w-what... what were we talking about a-again?" she tried to pick up their conversation. Justin politely obliged her, and carried on talking as if everything was perfect, just as it should be.

I wouldn't had thought twice about it, but her eyes kept glancing down... and Mark to their right... I noticed that he too was now stealing nervous, inconspicuous glances over into Kat's lap as well, fidgeting and squirming in his seat. He looked like he was sitting in the electrocutioner's chair, damn near sweating and prepared to announce his guilty plea! And then I caught it. I noticed that Justin's arm was held out at a curious angle. Something was up, and it was happening in Kat's lap!

Having to know, I'd knocked the chips down and ducked to retrieve them. To my dismay, I'd found the cause of all this sudden tension. Looking beneath, I'd found Justin's hand resting on... holding Kat's knee! I'd then just acted on impulse. Hand! Knee! Kat! And she wasn't doing anything about

it?!

"Of course, Al, I'd be happy to!" my wife brought me back to the present, eagerly popping right up. She'd already been fetching us drinks all night, so it was nothing out of the ordinary. "Anybody else need one? Justin? Bill?" she noticed their glasses were getting low as well.

"Sure thing, thank you!" they both chimed in. Justin gave her a little wink.

"My pleasure," Kat smiled broadly, flushing a little before picking up Justin's, then came around to retrieve mine and Bill's. With jealousy raging, my eyes were on Justin the entire time, burning a hole right through him as he blatantly watched my wife's jiggling ass as she sauntered along in her micro-skirt. I didn't like the way she was rolling her hips, a little too presumptuously if you asked my opinion.

But then as Kat made for the kitchen, I noticed all heads turning and heard a couple of guffaws. I looked to see what had peaked their sudden interest. Kat's skirt ridden up, half her ass showing, and with her hands full, she'd been unable to pull it back down.

"She always do whatever you tell her to?" Justin smirked at me once my wife was out of earshot.

"Huh?" I quipped, turning from Kat's wake to glare back at Justin, not understanding as to what he was getting at.

He repeated his question, before adding, "She told me she's only wearing that little get'up cause you asked her to," he cornered me. I found myself angry to the fact that he'd actually had the gall to confront my wife about what she was wearing, but then... I didn't know how to answer that?

"Whoa.. wha'?" both Mark and Paul guffawed in turn, turning to me with incredulous eyes and chins fallen. Put on the spot and the cat now out of the bag, this little revelation landed on me hard and heavy. Everyone now knew that I had asked Kat to wear this scandalous outfit. The obvious question now... *Why?*

"No," I finally slewed. "She doesn't *just* do anything I tell her to," I decided it best not to directly acknowledge my wife's sexy attire. "Kat's an independent woman," I added, but then winced at my choice of words. I was just trying to defend her, but perhaps in the current situation, that wasn't the wisest of comments. Justin nodded with that shit-eating grin on his face, and I could almost hear the dirty thoughts filtering through his mind at that!

"So that independent woman *wanted* to wear that slutty little outfit for us?!" Justin, right on cue, made me eat my words. He wasn't going to let this go. "Lookin' good!" he then wiggled his brows at me. I balled my fists, fuming, nearly ruining the cards I held.

"She's very pretty, nothing to be ashamed about," ol' man Bill saw my tension, patting my fist while trying to defuse the situation. He was only trying to help me, but now a cornered dog, I turned on him next!

"I'm not ashamed of her!" I spouted a little too forcefully, not needing to defend Kat to him.

"I know! I know!" Bill threw up his hands, trying to back track, and I instantly regretted speaking to him like that.

"But I mean, is she even wearing a bra?!" Justin laughed! I was more than happy to be able to turn my ire back onto him.

But before I had the chance to say anything, "I don't think so..?" Mark suddenly mumbled, joining in. It surprised me, catching me off guard. He was usually very quiet, and as one of my best friends, I couldn't believe he'd just spoken so boldly about my own wife!

That stole any rebuke I was about to lay on Justin. Thoroughly pissed, I turned on Mark instead, prepared to tear him a new one! But... he wasn't looking at me, his gaze far and away, drifting off towards the kitchen.

"What do you say, Al? Is she?" Justin dared to ask, still wearing that shit-eating grin. I wanted nothing more at the moment than to wipe it off his smug face, but yet again, before I could say anything more...

"What's that?" Kat came back in with our drinks, dressed in... *whatever* it was she was wearing. I couldn't stand to look at her at the moment.

"Oh, we were just saying that the game was getting a little boring..." Justin answered while looking directly at me. "I've taken enough of everyone's money, your husband's especially!" he boasted, gesturing to his large stack, stinging my pride. "And Al was just suggesting we spice things up a bit."

All eyes now turned from my wife to Justin, everyone wondering what in the hell he was talking about - me included?! I had no idea as to where he was going with this, but I knew I wouldn't like it.

"Oh yeah?" Kat said off-handedly, seemingly bored and uninterested herself as she delivered me, Bill, and then Justin our drinks.

"Yeah," Justin said, looking her up and down. "We were all admiring how well you take care of ol' Al here, waiting on him hand and foot," Kat stiffened some at this. "And he said that if I traded stacks with him, he'd give us the chance act as "hubby" for a bit, the winner of the hand getting to boss you around like he does..." Justin dared.

"Boss me around?!" Kat's old self scoffed at this, turning red in the face and looking offended.

No! I was about to refute, when...

"Yeah!" To my utter bewilderment, both Mark and Paul joined in, spouting in unison, liking the idea! Kat slung her ire on them next, cowering them, and then finally on to Bill, but he threw his hands up in defense, telling her had no part on this.

"And you?" Kat's fiery gaze then settled on me. She had her arms crossed, angrily concealing her chest. *That's a good girl!* "Boss me around?!" she fumed. "Is that what you think? All your idea?!" she demanded impatiently, tapping one foot!

As if I'd ever say such a thing! I couldn't believe she'd believe such a thing! My lips immediately began to move, but caught off guard by this absurd accusation and my friend's reactions to it, "Buh - buh - bah..?" was all that came out. She turned even redder, twisting tighter. How could Kat ever think I'd suggest such a thing?!

"I..." I started again, blabbering out, prepared to deny and refute all. But then... I stopped myself. I was angry. Angry that she'd actually gone along with all this in the first place. Angry that she'd dress like this in front of my friends. Angry she'd flirt with them. Angry she'd let Justin place his hand on her knee!

I hardened. I'd had enough of this, and I wanted it to be over. I just wasn't prepared for this. But if I just said "no," if I just denied, then what? Then... we'd go right back to as before. No, it was time for this game to end and to send Kat away. She looked thoroughly pissed at the moment, and I figured one more push would send her over the edge, send her storming to our bedroom in rage!

"Yes," I stated boldly. "Boss you around. Do as the winner of the hand tells you, just like I do," I repeated Justin's demented words. It was a bold statement. I was surprised at myself, that I'd have the nerve, but I'd delivered it perfectly and I didn't regret it. Anything, just... *Over! Now!*

"Wha'?!" Mark, Paul and even Bill all hopped in their seats, looking at me with disbelief. Justin just nodded. *Yes,* I told myself confidently. I'd said it. That was the reaction I'd been looking for. Now just let this all be over!

But to my utter shock and bewilderment, "Oh..?" Kat suddenly breathed. Taken by surprise herself, she softened some and looked around inquisitively, as if... as if actually considering it? *Considering!* Far from what I had expected - had intended! Her ire dissipated, replaced by nervous jitters, and before I could say anything more, Kat...

"O-okay..." she said. She - she actually said! I couldn't believe it!

"Huh?!" all eyes then popped from their sockets, my friends choking on their tongues as they spun to Kat.

"If... i-if this is w-what my Al wants, then.... t-then the..." Kat started again, looking weak in the knees and about to faint. "T-the w-winner of the h-hand gets to... like Al?" Kat tried, but couldn't quite repeat those horrid words. That didn't matter, she'd said enough, sending me spiraling off into la-la land! She had! She'd actually... said them!

"A-and then..." she looked down at Justin's stack. "A-Al... Al g-gets y-your c-chips..?" she confirmed queasily.

Oh, no! Oh no - oh no - oh no! My words come back to haunt me. How could she believe... she thought she was still helping me beat them! *Kat, no!* I was raging inside, kicking myself, but was too stunned at the moment to spit anything out!

"Ab-so-lutely," Justin was more than happy to push his pile of chips across the table, sparing only a few for himself - something akin to the size of my own.

With a spike of adrenaline, I quickly corrected and was about to put everyone in their place and stop this madness when... Justin's chips merged with mine. "Oh..." was all that I was left with.

Not everyone can understand it, I'm sure, but there are rules - men's rules. If a bet is made and the wager accepted, Justin handing over his chips sealing it, well... there is no going back. No matter how much you might regret it, to now renege would be to sacrifice your manhood, to betray the rules. And while I may not be much of a man... rules are rules.

That settled it. I was trapped now. I'd verbally agreed. Kat had agreed. Justin's money was already in front of me, mixed with my own. There'd be no way to recount the chips. My own best friends had turned on me, and my wife... my wife had actually given in to it. What could I possibly say now to take it all back? Nothing. Couldn't say anything. It was out of my hands now, left to chance and fate.

I was reduced to hope and prayer.

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## Chapter Twenty: Game On

Utter. Silence. Eyes bugged out. Chins fell. Tongues hung. All eyes on Kat. Beautiful, beautiful Kat.

“Slap my ass and call me Sally! Now this is what you call a poker game!” Justin yahoo’ed triumphantly, throwing it all in my face.

“Now, Katherine?” Bill spoke up, sounding the father figure. He gave me an admonishing eye, before turning to look back at Kat. “Are you sure you want to do this?” He made me feel even more guilty at what I’d done, but he didn’t – couldn’t understand. It was okay for him to undo this, but I couldn’t.

“Well...” Kat started, squirming, her eyes dancing around to all. “I... I guess if this what Al wants..?” She completely folded. Just like that. I found myself growing angry! That she’d have the audacity to put this all on me! Well... wasn’t it?

“Hell yeah!” Justin cheered. “This game just got interesting!”

I didn’t try to argue. I slumped in my seat, defeated. Mark and Paul both look like they’d just shit their pants. Bill looked disappointed, but the old man neither voiced another word of protest, nor did he get up to leave. And Kat..? Well, she looked to be on the verge of a panic attack, nervously glancing back to me in between each and all, but she seemed to really be prepared to go through with this. No one else could possibly know what this truly meant. But I did. And deep down, so did Kat.

“Deal ,em up!” Justin cut back in, eager to get this new game under way before any had a change in heart, Kat and I specifically. He need not worry. Neither of us said anything.

To make matters worse, it was my deal. I’d have to be the one to start this. I stalled. First in my seat, then gathering the cards – with Justin’s eager help – then, by taking my sweet time in shuffling, ever glancing to my wife out of the corner of my eye, giving her plenty of time to break and back out. But she didn’t. And so I couldn’t. I dealt.

It was a tense first hand, everyone on edge. No one spoke except to announce their wagers. All eyes kept darting between the cards and Kat. Kat kept fidgeting, holding her body tight, her gaze focused on the table, yet distant and looking through it and far away. As it was, Justin, the typical winner – god damn him! – he was the first to win. My throat and stomach traded places.

“Well, Kat, you’re looking awfully tired standing there all alone,” Justin didn’t even wait for the cards to settle. “Why don’t you take a seat in Paul’s lap?” he then suggested, surprising us all.

“Guh-hah!” Paul chirped, bouncing in his seat, giving Justin a little wink and nod as a thank you. Justin was smart. He was turning my friends on me.

“Uhhh..?” Kat hummed, looking around at everyone, before finally landing on me. And her eyes stayed on me for the longest time, but I pretended as if she weren’t even there. Instead, I helped gather the cards and pass them to Bill, before turning my attention to my drink and chips.

“O-okay...” she eventually, sheepishly relented. And Paul hooted, scooting his chair back so fast the legs squeaked across the floor. As a big boy, the swell of his belly rolling out over his lap, it didn’t leave much room for Kat to sit, but she carefully turned, keeping her legs pressed tightly together, and lowered down just on the edge of his knee. *Not so bad...* I told myself.

"Well, alright then!" Paul picked up his drink and offered Justin a toast through the air! "To Kat!" he cheers'ed, gleaming like the happiest man on planet Earth!

"To Kat!" Mark and Justin mimicked him, throwing back their own drinks. Kat searched around, before finally picking up mine, and quickly downed the rest of it. Though she looked terrified, I heard her give a slight giggle into it. Bill slowly sipped his without saying anything, his eyes carefully studying the two of us.

It was all innocent, nothing to make a fuss over. I was okay with it. Bill shuffled and dealt next. It was a long hand, everyone going for the win. Ultimately, it ended up as a showdown between Justin and I, I refusing to fold. For my insolence, I lost the round as well as a good amount of money to him, allowing my pride to get the better of me. Justin beamed while raking in his chips, eying Kat, much more happy about her than the money. A new hand over and spying him eying her, Kat started to get up.

"No, you can stay there," Justin stopped her. "You look... comfortable," he grinned.

"Are you okay? I'm not too heavy, am I?" Kat asked Paul.

"Haha!" Paul just laughed, red in the face. "Best night of my life, miss Kat!" he gave her, and patted his lap for her to sit back down. Kat sat. "Oh, to be Al..." he said longingly, a bit too suspiciously for my liking, and nodded to Justin, as if promising to pay him a million dollars later.

"This round... you just have to answer a simple question," Justin then paused, baiting her as he tilted his head curiously.

"What?" Kat scuffed, looking impatient and like she wanted him to just hurry up and get this over with.

"You don't typically seem to dress like this..."

"No!" she refuted, sparing a sharp glance at me.

"I know," he defended. "That wasn't my question."

"Then what?!"

"We all already know Al dressed you up like this for us - he told us," he boldly stated, which caused Kat and I both to gasp! Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her steal yet another angry glance at me, but I did not react, too shocked by Justin's accusation. My focus was devoted solely to Justin, trying to murder him with my glare! "But the boys and I have been wondering all night - Al told us we'd have to find out for ourselves..." he just kept on burying the knife.

"What?!" Kat seemed on edge.

"Are you wearing a bra beneath your shirt?"

Both Kat and I gasped incredulously yet again. Ol' man Bill looked like he was about to have a heart attack! Mark and Paul both jumped in their seats, their eyes lewdly falling onto my wife's chest, they not bothering to be discreet about it!

"Justin!" I stepped in, trying to back him down. That was just rude! But...

"Al!" Kat balked at me, not Justin, as if I'd been the one to put him up to this?!

"It's a simple question. I'm sure I can come up with something better if she doesn't want to answer..?" Justin did not back down, looking from me to Kat undaunted.

*Something better...* he instead backed me down. Kat looked incredulous, but I... I had nothing. She huffed.

"No," Kat then stated flatly to Justin. "I'm not wearing a bra. I'm at home and relaxed, but thanks for noticing. I'm sure Samantha would be pleased!" she invoked his wife's name, throwing it in his face! She was trying to sound intimidating, but Justin just smiled as smug as always, completely unphased. He shrugged and reached for the cards. It was his deal next.

Though she'd admitted she wasn't wearing a bra, I found myself pleased by her response. She looked angry. She'd played along, but hadn't completely keeled over. There was still some of my old Kat in there, and it gave me hope that at some point, she'd draw the line and quit this twisted game.

Justin dealt. Shaken and not thinking clearly, I folded the next hand quickly. I wasn't interested in playing at the moment. Paul ended up winning the round.

"Well, miss Kat, it's been a pleasure, but I think it's only fair if you sat in Justin's lap for a spell," one of my best friends betrayed me to return a favor to that asshole. Even worse, just after he had cornered my wife about whether she was wearing bra! I was furious! Fortunately, Kat looked none to happy about it either.

"I mean... if that's alright with you?!" he corrected after taking note of her displeased reaction.

"Yeah, Paul, you're fine," she forgave him, patting his thigh as she stood up and went over to sit on Justin's lap.

She quickly spun around to sit on the edge of his knee like she had with Paul, but then, "Nah-ah-ah!" Justin stopped her. "Why don't you quit being such a sour puss, and turn forward and get into the game with the rest of us? You have a lot riding on this after all! Haha!" he laughed.

Kat's eyes snapped to mine. Mark's, Paul's and Bill's did too for that matter. I knew exactly what he was getting at, but didn't have the stomach at the moment to face it. Instead, I acted as if I hadn't heard Justin, ignoring them all. I picked up my drink and sucked down what Kat had left me, before beginning to re-organize the huge stack of chips Justin had just bequeathed me in trade for my wife.

Kat took the hint. I heard her huff with resignation, and timidly glancing up, I saw her slowly shuffle over between Justin and the table, facing us. Holding her dress down as best she could, she sat, but I was no fool. Her skirt was too short, and sitting on his leg like that, her ass and crotch would be spread across his thigh... Justin in shorts... they practically skin to skin!

"Mmm!" Justin hummed for our benefit, more than pleased.

I ignored him. Eager to get the show on the road, I had to remind Mark why we were all here, and he finally began to deal the next hand. Paul won again.

"I think our boy Mark could use a little good luck, why don't you go sit in his lap next!" Paul carried on with the same theme Justin had started. Still angry with Justin over the bra thing, she seemed more than happy to get up and didn't hesitate.

"Why don't you make us all another round first?" Justin added before she sat with Mark. Kat looked at him, eyes narrowing. "Don't worry, we'll wait on you."

Kat sighed. "I'm sure," she grimaced, but noticing that all of our glasses were indeed empty and seemingly glad to slip away for a bit, she set off at once. None of us missed her half displayed ass showing beneath her skirt, it ever riding up higher and higher.

I thought about saying something to her, telling her to pull it back down, but what was the point? As soon as she was gone, all the guys started panting and grinning wildly to one another, as if sharing some inside joke. I didn't like those looks in their eyes.

And even though once she returned that meant the game was back on, I was more than happy for another drink. I desperately needed one, especially when Kat went to sit in Mark's lap. Without being told, she wedged herself in in front of him, between him and the table, and sat on his thigh just as she had for Justin! Mark, damn him, looked like he was about to cream his pants!

Justin won the next hand.

"Well, Kat... I've got another question for you?"

"What now, Justin?" she rolled her eyes at him.

"You're not wearing a bra, but... I'm just curious? Do you have any panties on beneath that skirt?" he dared. I was so far beyond rage at this point, that my mind and body felt numb. I didn't sigh or guffaw at this audacious question like the rest. I just sat there in resignation. My wife either would, or she wouldn't answer him. Her choice.

"Yes, Justin." And Kat answered him, which should have surprised me, but it didn't. "You know that I am," she just had to add. That squeezed at my chest, but I kept my eyes down, not daring to look. He knew... because of the way she'd sat in his lap... just as she was sitting in Mark's now. Everyone but Justin started shaking in their seats, as if enduring a sudden seizure!

"Come on, it's your deal now, Paul," Kat carried us all right along, taking notice of everyone's stunned reaction and eager to move on.

"O-kay... yeah!" Paul raked in the cards, and quickly shuffled and dealt. Kat stayed in Mark's lap through the next hand. Mark played terribly. Bill won.

"Well, Katherine, I think we could all use a round of shots!" Bill bumped the table with his fist. "You wouldn't mind, would you?" he remained polite about ordering her around so.

"No, Bill," Kat smiled sweetly at the old man. "I wouldn't mind," she got up and went to the kitchen to collect them - finally! - pulling her skirt back down. Paul, Mark and Justin all started herding the cards towards me while she was busy, anxious to get the next hand prepared. We all shot Bill's round, Kat included, before I dealt the next hand.

Kat stood behind me as we played it out, draping one arm over my shoulder and holding me close - a consolation prize. She knew what she was doing, what was happening, and was trying to be nice - my wife close to me, she still mine and I still hers. It didn't help. It distracted me. Mark, Justin and I lasted to the end. Justin won.

"Kat," Justin didn't wait for the dust to settle, turning on her immediately. "Since you're at home and relaxed, not wearing a bra..." he played with her own words, "why don't you lose those panties as well, put them on the table? Al's already losing his chips again, we'll let him count them as a twenty piece, haha!" he added insult to injury.

I thought I'd heard him correctly? I thought I heard a few guffaws, maybe a few gasps of shock, but with my ear drums storming, ringing in my head, and I couldn't be sure I was making out anything too clearly by this point. What I did know, was that I was about to kick Justin's ass!

"That is... if Al doesn't mind, of course?" seeing everyone's reaction, Justin somewhat corrected himself, realizing he'd just crossed the line.

Before I could get up, I felt Kat's hand squeeze at my shoulder, grasping at my shirt. It gave me pause - forced me to stall. *„Damn her for that!/"*

To my left, Paul was clenching at the edge of the table, as if in effort to keep himself from tumbling out his seat. He was glaring wide eyed at me, as if afraid I might explode at any second, but also... with a hungry longing I'd never really seen in him before. Mark hadn't figured out to hold on yet, and was teetering and flopping in his chair, sure to topple over at any moment, but... his neck was craning, trying to stay above water, to see - from Kat to me. Hoping. Begging me. Back to Kat.

Justin was coolly awaiting Kat's response. Bill was whistling idly beside me, his eyes wandering curiously about the walls and ceiling of our dining room, as if trying to decide on what exactly the color of the paint was. But as the silence drew on, I caught him, just like the rest - just a peek. A peek at Kat. A peek at me. What would she do? What would I do?

And so, back to me. Suddenly... I felt tired. Very tired. Tired of the struggle, tired of this battle. Tired of everyone glaring at me, asking me of what I would do, when it was Kat that had to do it! She was a big girl. This night, this whole production was solely for her! A little more resigned, a little more accepting of my fate - our fate - I once again said nothing, ignored everyone's theatrics, and began to gather the cards into a neat deck to pass to Bill.

"Alvin..?" my wife croaked, sounding dismayed that I wasn't doing anything about this. Sound dismayed all she wanted - the fact that she would even ask told me all that I needed to know. She wasn't rushing to slap Justin in the face. She wasn't marching out the room. She was... asking me.

I didn't let it hurt. I already knew. I'd been the one to set this all up and for a reason. I placed my hand on my wife's that was on my shoulder, before twisting my head around to look up at her.

Kat's bottom lip was quivering, but her eyes were unblinking. She was staring down at me as cold as ice with a hint of shock, of dismay, but, just behind them... that fire simmering. I could feel their warmth. She was staring long and hard, trying to read me, trying to understand what I wanted. But didn't she already know? This wasn't about me, but all for her?

"You..." I was about to wave her off and tell her to do whatever she wanted, but then... as I gazed up into her beautiful blue orbs, something shifted inside me. Kat looked scared. Alone and pitiful and afraid. A fierce, tug-of-war playing out inside her. I began to read a long tale in those eyes.

Afraid... afraid of this. She didn't *want* to do this. She was scared of it. She hadn't forgotten... who she was - hadn't forgotten us. And that gave me hope, gave me strength. I hadn't completely lost my wife.

But in that same stroke, I knew - that with one word from me, I knew, she'd do it. *Actually do it!* But at my wife's weakness, as her husband, that forced me to be strong. The strong hand. I once again remembered Dara's words to me.

*"Kat can't do this on her own. She's too weak! ... She needs a strong hand to guide her."* Needs..? Kat maybe didn't want this... but I had no doubt, the evidence too overwhelming, she... she needed

it.

Alone... even though I'd been the one to set this all up, who'd put her in this outfit, told her to flirt with my friends, I'd since abandoned her. I'd left her all alone to fend for herself, ignoring everything. I couldn't keep up my current act. I couldn't *just* keep ignoring, couldn't *just* keep acting like none of this bothered me. That wasn't fair to her. I was the one who hadn't saved her when I'd had the chance *that* night, and now... now I was putting it all in her lap yet again, forcing her to be the one to accept the guilt, forcing her to accept the blame.

*"My sister may now be a slut, but that doesn't mean she's some random scarlet, some trifling philanderer,"* Dara's words replayed. No, Kat would never be able to reconcile all this with herself if I put it all on her. I began to rethink my own words, considered all more carefully.

On the one hand, I'd already accepted the fact that there was no going back to the way things used to be - before *that* night. I was already here, wasn't I?! I'd listened to Dara, and set up this game! But then, and only then, did I realize I was still failing, still trailing behind. Just as I'd tried to be the lover she needed and failed. Just as I tried to be that Dom for her and failed. Kat still loved me, wanted me, and was trying to lead me, but I was ever - only following along. She didn't want to lead. Couldn't lead. She... she wanted me to. That was the only way. The only way to... to save *us*.

On the other hand, these were still my friends and she was my wife. This was now far beyond simply wearing something sexy, flirting with them, letting them "boss" her around. Sitting in their laps and answering Justin's audacious questions had been one thing, but this... this was another thing entirely. If Kat actually did do this - if I allowed her to do it - well... then there was just no telling as to where this sick and twisted game would all end up. That frightened me.

And so it was decision time. I could say no and end it here, and be right back to where we'd started, this entire night and all its troubles and tribulations for naught, a complete waste. I could say yes. I could pretend as if I didn't care, ignore her completely, wave her off as I'd just about have done, and... she'd do it. I knew that she would, could see it in her eye. And I'd be doing my part, letting her fulfill her fantasies. This was why we were all here in the first place, after all.

But then I'd still be failing her. I'd tried so hard to deny it, ignore Dara, refuse to listen, but I heard her now. I remembered. Perhaps the line was thin, but I became increasingly aware of that subtle distinction between the *want* and... and then the *need*.

Kat still loved me, still wanted me, still wanted us. That was enough to give me strength. But she also needed this. I was her husband. I was a part of this. I could not leave her to wander that yellow brick road in the land of Oz all alone. She was trying, reaching for her companion to follow along with her, to stand with her, but I was standing back. Maybe I was telling her to go ahead, but I wasn't venturing along within her.

Decision time. I had decide, was I going to be a part of the problem, or a part of the solution?

I loved her, would do anything for her - *maybe* even this. Maybe I didn't want to do it, but I *could* pretend, just as I had with the belt. Give Kat both her husband and what she's been fantasizing about in those videos! I was hers, and she was mine. *„No matter our faults, to the very end, baby.'*

It was decision time. It was time to act. And so, I dared.

"Justin's just having a little fun with you, love," I patted her hand, giving her her excuse, her way out, her reason for doing it. Not just for herself, but for us - together! "We're all married men here, there's no harm in it. Take off your panties as he told you. I cut a deal for his chips, and now you've

got to do whatever the current winner says. Just pretend as if they weren't here and it were me telling you," I laid it on thick, pulling it off perfectly without so much as a stutter! I pulled it off so well, that I surprised everyone, kat, and even myself. "But..." I added, looking to Justin. "I'd say those panties are worth a little more than a twenty. A hundred!" I upped the ante. No one argued that.

Kat's chin fell, stunned speechless.

"Eh-hem..." Mark coughed nervously.

"So Bill, you were telling me about that 1978 Cutlass you found over in..." Paul hurriedly tried to change the subject as an intense tension swallowed the room. Bill was more than happy to oblige him, and the two quickly wandered off in car talk.

Mark pretended to be listening intently to whatever they were talking about. And Justin... Justin just kept on staring, looking between Kat and I. Either she was about to drop her draws', or there was about to be one hell of a fight! Either way, he didn't seem to mind.

"Y-you... you're sure a-about this?" Kat whispered beneath her breath to me. Her answer told me I was right, and contrary to what I would have thought, it gave me strength. I was now journeying with her - together! I just smiled and nodded, trailing my eyes down to her hips, waiting expectantly. Paul and Bill's mock conversation ground to a halt.

"I..." Kat then looked up and around the room, timidly inching her hand off my shoulder. She was swaying and heaving, short of breath. "I'm o-only doing this b-because A-Al..." she apparently felt the need to offer them some sort of explanation, but trailed off as her fitful lips weren't working properly. No matter - no one seemed to be listening anyways. All eyes and ears and tongues were now locked in on her hips. All of them.

"I..." she started fidgeting, rolling her hands over her sauntering hips. "I don't..." she said as she stooped, running her trembling palms down onto her bare thighs... and then back up, hooking her fingers beneath the hem of her short skirt!

*She... she was really doing it!* Even now, even after all I'd seen and knew, I still couldn't believe it! But far from daunted, I... I was getting excited!

"Y-y'all c-could at least l-let m-me..." she started looking nervously about the house, over her shoulder and into the kitchen, as if wishing to be able to do this in private. But her fingers were still wiggling up, taking her skirt with them.

"Hungh!" Mark grunted.

"Oh-damn!" Paul guffawed as a hint of her panties hugging her crotch came into view. Her micro-skirt so short, it hadn't taken much!

Flushed and embarrassed, Kat suddenly leaned forward, thrusting back her hips in attempt to hide her privates. But she... she quickly went for it and reached up, snagging the string of her panties on either side! She first hauled them down mid-thigh, before abandoning them to correct her skirt, then and only then, did she finally slip them the rest of the way down and off her feet. Panting erratically and red in the face, "Oh my gawd!" she half gasped, half giggled as she picked them up and threw them on the table!

Several astonished groans sounded as all eyes followed those panties onto the table. Made of a silky

black lace, they looked sexy and tiny, almost irrelevant. I looked to my wife. She looked like she was about to faint, but twinging faintly at the corners of her parted, gasping lips, there... there was a smile shinning through. I nodded, confident I'd made the right decision, and smiled myself. Kat may have been terrified, but she was happy - happy that she'd done it, her fantasy becoming a reality! And I was happy for her - happy that I'd been "*part of the solution, not the problem.*"

*,Thanks, Dara...*

"Well, Bill, it's your deal," I tried to help my frantic Kat out, moving my friend's glaring attention on from my embarrassed wife to the cards, picking back up the game.

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Chapter Twenty-One: All Bets Off

Kat, my Kat. Shirt and skirt. Scant and Scandalous. And pantiless. And sexy. Oh so sexy.

The room had suddenly shrunk in upon itself and become quiet - too quiet for these boisterously drunk buffoons. After having been ogling and flirting with my wife all night, now all of a sudden the cat had caught their tongues, tense and angsty, sticking to suckling their drinks like shy introverts as Bill prepared the next hand.

I had done it, but I was dizzy. This was not the end, but only the beginning. Outwardly, everything was just as it had been. Kat was still dressed as she was, no change noticeable. But the gravity of what had just happened was real, and even my stupid friends seemed struck dumb in awe by it.

Kat was a beautiful treasure. More beautiful than any of them could ever wish for! And now they dared only sidelong glances out at that marvelous looking model so recently robbed of her panties, as if she the Sun and their eyes wary of being scorched. Mostly, they looked to those panties sitting atop my stack of chips, admiring them like a trophy, a prize coveted and longed to be won. And I leaned in, hovering over them as the mother hen protecting her nest. I would not part with them willingly.

The next hand moved slow, all in a daze. I'm not too sure when it had started nor of how it passed, but by the time Bill turned over the last and final card... we all looked up at each other, each as clueless as the next. No one had folded. No one had even made a bet save for the blinds. I couldn't remember if anyone had even spoken through it, or if we'd all just watched Bill go through the motions?

Bill looked to Justin, as if asking what he was supposed to do now? Justin just shrugged. "Show ,em?" he looked around at the rest of us. Nods of agreement. We flipped over our cards. Bill won with a pair of fours. No declaration of victory was made as the old man stared down at his winnings - a ripe four dollars worth of chips.

No, his glee was instead saved until he looked up to his true prize - my wife.

"Damn this old man, going to need my heart meds," the old man sucked in a deep breath, as if feeling a weight of responsibility landing on him with everyone's envious stares. That last hand now seemed so long ago - that hand... where one of my friends had told my wife to take off her panties... and she did. And now... now what?

Bill rocked in his seat as he studied my wife up and down, from long legs to heavy chest, undressing

her with wide, stark golden eyes, but was careful to stop before he met her own. The apprehension was building. The few seconds Bill stole to consider felt like hours.

Kat gave a little squeal of angst from beside me, squirming and fidgeting as she hugged herself tighter still, anticipating the words to come. Anticipating... I could feel her trembling, nearly smell her fear. Anticipating... I could also feel the heat radiating off her, nearly smell the scent of her lust wafting out from between her legs. I nearly burst, unable to bear this wait - weight, yelling at Bill to just spit it out already!

With his eyes set in line with the hem of my wife's short skirt "If I could ever use a drink..." Bill finally sighed, almost as if in defeat. It was anti-climatic. We all sighed, relieving some of the built up tension in the room as we sank back from the perches of our seats.

"Phww..." Kat breathed in turn, releasing a long lung full she'd been holding. "O-okay..." she nodded towards Bill, taking a few hesitant steps back, eyes darting around the table, until she finally turned to set off once more for the kitchen. She still held her bosom tight, but with her skirt free and all but abandoned, none missed as it road up behind. *Beautiful bare ass...* you could not help but admire, help but long for.

Kat's absence passed in silence, everyone looking after her towards the kitchen, uninterested in all else until she returned. And return she did.

"Ahh..." everyone moaned with relief at sight of her. Kat had six shot glasses stacked in one hand, the necks of two full bottles of tequila clenched in the other. Her skirt had as of yet been corrected, and now hid little, and her tits... none missed the slight thimbles poking right through, teasing the thin fabric of her shirt!

"Round number one," she paid little mind to any of us, and began to fill each. We all silently threw them back.

"Mmh!"

"Damn!"

"Needed that!" the guys started finding their voices again with the aid of the burning liquor. Everyone *needed* that, and the shots quickly did their job, helping ease some of the heightened strain. We'd no more than finished one however, then Kat began pouring a second.

"Won't say no to that!" Paul was the first to pick up his, Kat right behind him. She started pouring herself a third before the rest of us could even down the last.

I can't say how many we ended up taking. Everyone understood we'd crossed some kind of taboo threshold, so we took our time in letting it sink in, let the liquor work its magic, re-dulling our better senses - Kat more than any.

At some point during this, Paul started chuckling. No reason, just chuckling. And then Bill joined him. Kat picked up the contagion, and burst out laughing. Justin and Mark and I had no choice but to join in, and suddenly we were all laughing, then heavily, holding our bellies. And though no one knew why, the tension rapidly began to dissipate, a new wondrous awe and anticipation filling its void.

"Well," Kat finally broke in, slurring some. Lifting yet another shot into the air, one she'd poured just for herself, "You boys still playing, or am I all done here?" she said almost as a challenge. *Bold*.

Really bold.

You would have thought a gong had just sounded. There came a sharp hiss as all the guys sucked in a ragged breath, their eyes lighting up. The shock and surprise was evident. Their gazes danced wildly from one to the next, fear slipping in between as if afraid someone might wise'n up and put an end to our little game. Eventually all landed on me, Kat's included.

"Justin..." I swallowed, and swallowed hard. Swallowed my pride. My jealousy. My own better senses. "It's your deal."

"Hell yeah!" flying, darting hands raced all at once to push the cards towards Justin. Kat threw back her shot and poured another as she waited for us to get our shit together.

'This is really happening...' the words kept turning over and over in my head. Deep inside, I was still clenching onto some type of desperate hope. That this wasn't Kat and that at any moment, she'd put an end to it. But as I sat back and watched her, watched in thought, I wasn't fooled. I could still see hints of tremors assaulting her, rattling her, but... tremors of excitement?

She was trying to calm herself with the alcohol, blame the alcohol, and she was well on her way. Each new step carried us both further - further down the *yellow brick road*, further into *Oz*, destroying the last vestiges of my "hope."

Justin dealt and Mark won. The poor bastard could do little more than ask for another shot. Everyone seemed a little disappointed by this, and dare I say, Kat included. She... frowned. The following hand though, Justin did win. Well, that would settle it. *Game back on.*

"Think I need my good-luck charm back!" he called to her at once. I heard Kat give a dutiful huff of annoyance, but it sounded far more as an act than genuine, and well on her way to a complete and drunken stupor, she moved over to Justin without any further protest.

Truth be told, I was unphased by it. *Been there, done that.* She'd already sat in his lap, Paul's and Mark's included. No big deal. Of course, that is before Kat looked down to her offered seat and jeered, "Is that really necessary?"

"Huh?" I sat up in my seat, paying closer attention.

"What?" Justin intoned defensively.

"That!" Kat pointed, a hint of a smile plucking at the corners of her lips. "You always hike your shorts up that high?" she berated him, scoffing sarcastically.

"Only for you, baby!" Justin just laughed and winked at her, awaiting expectantly.

"I'm not your baby," she was being feisty, which I appreciated, but that didn't mean that she didn't then turn forward, and without being told to do so, slid between Justin and the table to sit fully in his lap!

My breath hitched in my throat. I wasn't fooled by what was about to happen - happening! I didn't like it, but what could I do? And then, seeing that little smirk on Kat's face... I wasn't as upset about it as I thought I would be. I found myself almost... *almost* happy for her, and a little proud of myself even?

'Let her live her fantasy!' I kept telling myself. And *'Fughck!'* she looked so sexy! I envied Justin

then, but not in a jealous husband sort of way, but longing for her on my own lap!

“Mmm! That’s warm!” Justin just couldn’t let things be as Kat’s pantiless rear finally landed in his lap. He just had to rub it in!

He hummed as he wrapped his arms around her – too far! – and I was about to hop up out my seat to correct him, but then... Justin was only reaching for the cards to rake them in, passing them over to Paul. Still, Kat was forced forward in front of him, and I watched as her hands darted down to hold the hem of her skirt from riding too far up! I tried not to think about it.

I was dealt the shittiest cards ever, and was quickly forced to fold and watch from the sidelines. I did my best not to glance at my pantiless wife wearing only a short skirt as she sat in another man’s lap, but at some point during the hand, I noticed that Kat had started to... *‘Was she bouncing?’* I became startled.

Bouncing? No, that didn’t make sense. Was she squirming? *‘That had to be it,’* I told myself, but paying closer and closer attention... no, definitely *bouncing*. Her tits gave it away, hopping just a little up and down, hugged in her tight shirt, hardened nipples now all but fully displayed. She was bouncing *and* squirming! But she wasn’t saying anything, pretending to watch the hand play out.

Having to know what in the hell was going on down there, I pulled the ol’ chip trick, and “accidentally” knocked a couple to the floor to get a better view of what was happening beneath the table. As I looked down... “Justin!” I slewed beneath my breath.

Justin was bouncing his left leg – the leg Kat was sitting on! And she was struggling! Kat was doing her best to keep her legs pressed tightly together, but with her hands used to hold down the hem of her skirt and sitting awkwardly on his one thigh, her legs too short, barely able to reach one set of toes or the other at a time to the floor to steady herself, she kept faltering and slipping, her smooth, bare thighs sliding off to either side of his before she could squirm and pull them back together!

It got worse. She had no way to balance herself. She started teetering. And as Justin kept bouncing her, higher and higher, faster, wedging his leg in, she was eventually left with no other choice, and had to let go the skirt to brace herself on the table. And Kat... said nothing.

Still bouncing, her skirt quickly began to ride up. I staid down there longer than I should... watching. My friends might have started getting curious, but I didn’t care. I too was busy watching my wife losing a hopeless battle! When I finally heard Justin announced as the winner yet again from up above, he raised both of his knees up onto their very tip-toes victoriously, bouncing Kat as high as he could!

Both of Kat’s feet then left the ground entirely as Justin held her up like that for the longest time. Kat’s skirt was now bunched up around her hips. As I heard her squeal from up above, I could see skin, a bald triangle formed between her legs and skirt. Squealed... before she was forced to give in.

Tired, her legs went slack, and they... they fell, draping across Justin’s thigh so that her feet could rest. And I... I could actually see her hairless slit pressed down against it! And she... said nothing still. Grimacing, I decided I’d seen enough. I came back up for air.

Paul, Mark and Bill were already pushing the cards towards me, and Kat was bouncing once again in Justin’s lap. Bouncing, her face contorting, nibbling at her bottom lip. Tits beneath her thin shirt were bouncing with her. *Bouncing. Bouncing.* Distracting me. Entrancing us all. And she... she was still doing nothing about it. With my wife’s pussy on Justin’s bare thigh, a mighty battle was taking place inside me to keep my mouth closed and let this happen. *‘Oh, my dear Kat...’*

"I'm going to give you a choice this round, Kat," Justin offered her.

"What?" she turned in his lap to face him. All pretenses were now lost. Her legs spread wider as she turned, but he'd at least stopped fucking bouncing her like a little pony for the moment!

"As much as I think everyone here would like to see those big tits..." Justin stated boldly, pausing afterwards for full effect, just daring Kat or I to say something. He somewhat got the reaction he was looking for as everyone else floundered, but not Kat, and not I. We held our tongues.

"Or?" Kat raised her arms to hug her cleavage at the threat, but again surprised me, as she neither balked nor cursed Justin for his outrageous comment.

"Or..." he repeated. "Are your nipples hard?" he asked.

"Noh!" Kat scoffed outright, but then had to peek down to be sure. She let her recently raised arms go a little and we all saw. We'd all already seen. Her nipples were as sharp as glass!

Kat was being turned on by this? even though I'd already noticed them, it was the first time I considered their meaning.

"No?" Justin challenged her.

"Well..." Kat bravely acquiesced. She looked surprised. "M-maybe just... j-just a little?" she gave a slight tremble.

"Oh? Just a little?" Justin guffawed. "So they can't get harder then?" he dared.

"Yes!" Kat spouted before she could think. She immediately blushed at this, turning a beet red. "I mean..." she quickly corrected, glancing timidly around at all the eyes upon her. "It's just... it's cold in here, and..." she tried to explain it away, but lost her train of thought.

"Oh, is that it?!" Justin laughed heartily. "Well then, I'll cut you a deal. If you can get them harder before the next hand's up, I won't make you take your shirt off when I win again," he said far too coolly for such an audacious statement. "We'll even let Al be the judge!"

"Al?" she quipped, head spinning to me while hugging her chest tighter, causing those glorious hills to swell out even more! I didn't know if she was asking me to do something about this, or simply following along with Justin's scheme? I don't think she really knew either.

"Give him a good look for reference," Justin grabbed her arms and started to peel them away.

"Justin!" at first Kat resisted, staring long and hard right at me, but as I neither interrupted nor said anything, simply staring longingly right back at her - at her tits! - Kat finally relented, and allowed Justin to pull her arms back, revealing her full sized breasts squeezed beneath that tight shirt, nipples jutting out.

"Nngh!" both Paul, Mark, and even Bill all grunted as they were given an eyeful. Kat's nipples were growing harder by the second!

"You ready, Al? It's your deal," Justin prompted me, holding my wife's arms back, chest pressed out.

I gave no confirmation that I'd play along with Justin's twisted game, but as I finally began to pass the cards around, he looked pleased and let my wife's arms go. Kat immediately grabbed at her breasts to conceal them. Before she did anything else, she looked to me. I looked back. Those tits,

the plump flesh, that bare cleavage sure looked good. I nodded, finishing off the deal.

With nothing more acknowledged, Kat started slow, simply holding them through the first round of betting, but as the second began, she started to knead and massage them, all the while glancing fervently at me. I should have been surprised by this, but I wasn't. Was she worried what I might think? What I might do? Was she still looking for approval? ... Who could say, but I gave her none.

By the third round, which had taken far too long to get to as everyone had suddenly become brain dead and stupid - too busy stealing glances at my wife feeling herself up! - Kat had actually begun toying with and rubbing at her tits and nipples through her shirt! What hope could I hang on to now?

By the fourth and final round, Justin was fucking bouncing her again, even harder and higher and faster than before! And Kat was now pinching and pulling and tweaking her hard nipples through her shirt for any and all to see! She was even having to bite at her bottom lip to stifle a slight moan and grunt here and there, but we could all still hear and see what was happening! *„Kat..?“*

By the end, Justin - that fucking bastard! - just as he'd said, he won again!

Everyone just sat there for a moment, recouping their ragged breaths after the erotic show. Justin had thankfully stopped bouncing my wife on his leg, and Kat was once again just holding her breasts, covering her nipples.

“Well, lets see how you did?” Justin did not let that stand. It was, after all, part of the deal he'd cut with her. I caught Kat glance at me, begging me with worried, swirling blue orbs. Our eyes did not hold as hers fell to the table, but she... she nevertheless, with trembling hands, she lowered them, showing everyone.

“Gah...” Mark guffawed.

“Hot damn!” Paul cheered.

Bill just squirmed in his seat, saying nothing, but still gawked at my wife's tits, her hard nipples jutting out twice as large as before, dark areolas showing beneath the scandalous top she was wearing!

“Well Al, what do you think?!” Justin nodded over her shoulder while admiring her handiwork. “Not bad, eh?” he then lifted a hand to give my wife a high five.

“Uhh..?” Kat seemed confused at first, taken off guard, but then giggling, she... she slapped his hand, giving him a high five, blushing yet giggling even louder about it like an immature, teenage girl! *What the hell?!*

I'm not too sure what came over me then. A little incensed. A little mad. A little... well, if this is what she wanted, then this is what she was going to get!

“No,” I said casually, shaking my head. “I don't think so.”

“Huh?” all five of my audience turned on me, not understanding what I was talking about at first. Justin though, leave it to him... a sinful grin formed across his lips.

“Well, I thought you did pretty well, babe, but, you heard the man! He's the judge!”

Nothing else followed. Kat was staring at me wide eyed, half shocked, half... something? With her

lips slightly parted, breathing heavy, chest bouncing with the labor.... she didn't look mad, just..?

"We-want-to-see-your-tits!" Paul spat it all out as one word, saying what everyone was thinking and interrupting mine and Kat's little shared episode.

Silence.

"Pfft!" a choked laugh from Bill. He couldn't stop it. Paul's hopeless antics were just too much!
"Hahaha!"

"Ha!" Mark and Justin and even myself joined in, laughing. Paul wasn't laughing. He was ogling Kat's tits as if they were the last pair on Earth!

"Ha!" but then, Kat snapped out of it and surprisingly laughed at his outrageous demand as well, forgetting all about Justin's deal and my reply, ignoring the seriousness of this situation. "I don't think Margaret would appreciate that, Paul," Kat kindly denied him, reminding him of his loving wife at home.

"She..." he faltered only for a second, before, "She-doesn't-have-to-know!" he rattled off just as hurriedly and as excited as before!

"Hahaha!" Kat just laughed at him, shaking her head, not taking him serious.

"Please, Kat, we won't tell anyone!" Mark then boldly added. Kat stopped laughing. I stopped laughing. Everyone stopped laughing. Everyone looked at Mark. The nerd had suddenly grown a pair!

"Oh, you won't?!" Kat balked, staring him down in turn. "You're not going to tell Lisa what you just asked me?" she tried to shame him into giving it up, but staring wide-eyed at her, drooling, he just shook his head no.

"Not a word!" Paul jumped back in, promising, cross his heart and hope to die! "To no one!"

Kat started to look worried, eying the two men back and forth.

"Ah, come on Kat. Quit being such a prude! No one is going to say anything. You'll still be the angel everyone thinks you are!" Justin put in. "Hell, we've all had so much to drink, I doubt any of us will even remember it tomorrow!" he gently prodded her.

"And if Samantha heard you say that?!" she turned on him next, trying the same tactic she had with Paul and Mark.

"Sam told me you have great tits!" Justin stood his ground, wiggling his brows as he gave her a good couple of bounces on his leg.

"Come on, Kat! Al said! He was the judge! You have to!" Paul threw down the gauntlet. Me. I. I was the judge. I the one who told her she hadn't met Justin's terms. I the one making her show my friends her tits. [/I]'Woe is me.'[/I]

And so it was. Kat slowly turned back on him, glaring, before then looking over to me. Well, here we go again!

"Al, you can't be serious?" she was unbowed, unworried, chin held high. It was almost... almost as if she expected me to back down, and felt as though she had nothing to worry about. I wavered here

yet again. Doubt filled me. Hope called.

If Kat was expecting me to say no... maybe I was wrong about all this? But then I remembered... remembered seeing Kat taking off her panties, remembered her pussy pressed against Justin's bare thigh. She hadn't stopped then... so how could I stop her now? *Part of the solution, not the problem!*

Yet another line to cross. There was a hundred different objections at the tip of my tongue, but... I found myself staring at her tits like all the rest, as if I'd never seen them myself - wanting to see them! No turning back! I slashed at that rising hope with a sword! "Justin made you an offer, I'm sorry..." I dared, shrugging helplessly.

"Y'all see?" At first, Kat turned back to the others at ease, as if having already decided upon what she'd think she'd hear, but then... she did a quick double-take, head jerking back to me, her chin falling with surprise.

"I... You? But..?" She understood now. She watched me for the longest time, studying me, but questioned naught. A little more bashfully now, she turned to my right.

"Bill?" she laid her fate in the last.

Ol' man Bill. Old faithful. "Justin cut you a fair deal. Al say's no, and I have to agree with him." Bill's acquiescence put her over the edge, making her finally realize that this was really real and was about to really happen. Finally, she started to look nervous! Her eyes danced crazily about.

"N-n-not... " but far from breaking, "not a word! To anyone!" Kat leaned over the table, planting her palms, taking this serious as she scanned across the table, looking as serious as death!

,She's actually..?' for some strange reason, I was still stunned by her actions, but...

"No one!" Paul assured her.

"Not a word!" Mark spouted as she turned back on him.

"Never happened!" Justin added.

"Don't know what you're talking about?" even Bill chided in. That sealed it.

Kat stole another moment, contemplating, but ultimately... "God, I can't believe I'm actually doing this!" she squealed like an excited school girl! *,Believe she'd do this..?' That made two of us.*

"Someone pour me a shot!" she stalled just a little longer. All raced to be the first to pour her one. She slammed it as Bill poured us all a round, Kat a second, and we all cheers'ed to her before she leaned back into Justin's lap and sighed with resignation. She then reached down, curling her fingers beneath the bottom hem of her top, every eyeball in the room boring into her.

"I swear! You'd think none of you ever saw a pair of tits before!" more stalling. Heat. Silence. Eyes stern, tongues lolling. Kat trembling. Me..? Me, looking just like the rest of these horny bastards, eying my own wife's tits as if I hadn't seen them before either, and was dying to become better acquainted!

"Do it!" Justin pressed her!

Kat sighed. "Not a word to anyone!" she re-demanded.

"No one!" all four of my friends said in unison, eyes popping out, glaring at her chest! Kat huffed one last time, before yanking her top up and over chest!

The tight shirt pulled and those weighted mountains drew up with it. Perfectly sculpted half-globes slipped out beneath. A flash of hard nipple. A perfect coin of pink encircling them. The shirt abandoned them and those heavy swells fell. And they bounced. And then the most beautiful, perfect, biggest, naked tits you'd ever seen came to a rest standing proudly atop her slender chest!

Silence. Beautiful, beautiful silence. Nothing better.

"W-what..?" Kat self-consciously guffawed, beginning to lower her shirt back down.

"All the way off," Justin rasped, his words labored and hard to bring to bear. Kat stopped - tits still out. She looked around at all the eyes staring at her, blushing profusely. All were planted beneath her neck.

"Yeah..." Paul finally agreed, nodding, his brain processing some minutes later. Kat looked to me, but I was as entranced by her perfect tits as the rest, unable to meet her eyes.

"Fine!" she finally huffed, sounding irritated, but nonetheless ripped her shirt up and over her head, wiggling out of it before she tossed it aside! Her hands and arms immediately claimed the swells, covering them once more.

"Wow..." Paul.

"A-amazing..." Mark astonished, before being able to pull himself out his trance.

"Thank you, Katherine," even Bill paid his gratitude, nodding hungrily while leaning towards her, being drawn to her bare beauty.

"Justin, it's your deal," she snapped us out of it, trying to move the game along as everyone seemed content to just sit here and stare for the rest of the night.

The sole woman in a den of thieves. Topless. Pantiless. A scant skirt bunched up around her hips the last. Kat was the one to continue the game? *Kat...*

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## **Chapter Twenty-two: My Friends**

Flesh. Woman's. Full and supple. Perfectly smooth and round and voluptuous.

Breasts. Kat's breasts. Kat's small and delicate hands cupped over them, pressing them flat against her chest. Attempting in vain to press them flat. It was farcical, an act of mockery, for those two fat globes were three, four times the size of her tiny mitts.

Generous swells surged out to either side, hugged within her arms, just as the tops of those round mounds reached for her neck. It was as picturesque as anything I'd ever seen - it was *art*, the hills of Eden. They tugged at your core, drew you to them. They pulled at your loin, the lust created maddening and insatiable.

They made you dream. To dream of tracing the tips of your fingers along that sweeping canvas, to paint them with your touch, to feel the weight of them in your palms. To caress them. To explore that deep valley between. To feel their warmth, their soft and giving touch on your lips, slid beneath your

wet tongue. To kiss them. To suck them. They were seductive. They were provocative. And they were my wife's. And all of my friends saw. Were seeing. Were coveting.

And I was falling again, wandering, spinning and confused, but this time...

This time I had some inkling as to where I was going, to where we all were headed. I'd been here before, recognized the terrain. I could feel those waves of lust crashing against my shield of hope, battering my defensive wall with shameless want and desire. It was the same that assaulted all my friends, here and now, turning them to animals. It was Kat, in all her spectacular glory.

"You remember Betty? We were at Lenny's house out in the pool, and everyone else had gone inside, and..." I didn't know what in the hell Paul was talking about as Justin dealt out the cards. I didn't care. It was mindless banter. I didn't pay attention.

"My first was Amber's..." Mark told.

"Oh, bullshit!" Paul cut him off. "You wish!"

"Did too! We were..." Mark started spluttering out some explanation, reliving some past, but I could not keep up, and did not try to.

My head dizzy and clouded. Only later, after Bill jumped in, did I catch on and realize my friends were recounting the first times they'd ever seen a pair of girl's tits. I could only assume, in our current situation, that this was apparently an appropriate conversation. Kat didn't seem to mind, watching and listening and giggling giddily to their antics while still holding her own.

"And so then we'd run off to the barn, and my boy Tommy..." Bill carried on. He had grown loose and animated as well with the help of the liquor, and was telling one of his infamous stories - one about him and his mates who had snuck a couple of ladies into a barn back in the fifties. "And then Harry's ol' goat..!" he must have hit the punch line of his story - all of his stories had a punch line - for Justin and Kat both then tore up with laughter.

But I... I did not quite catch it all, did not understand what was so funny, and so I didn't laugh. My wife... and I... and my friends... I was still trying to come to grips, to place my feet. As the three beside me jostled merrily, I looked to Mark to see if he thought it was that funny.

Mark wasn't laughing either. He was hovered over the edge of the table, neck craned, lewdly and unashamedly glaring at my wife's tits as if he hadn't an ounce worth of wit left to him. Paul, thankfully, was focused solely on his cards, as if he'd had his house on the line.

"Twenty," I saw him throw some chips into the middle of the table.

"Oh?" I intoned as I looked down to the cards in front of me. We were still playing. Without even looking at them, I threw them away.

"Bill, we're going to have to hang out more!" Justin was still cackling at the old man's joke. The attention of the hand passed right over me.

"Mark..." a distant echo. "Mark, you in?" Justin.

"Huh?" Mark didn't seem to understand, as lost as me.

"Paul raised it twenty. You in?"

"Oh..." the scrawny nerd squirmed in his seat. "N-no..." he pushed his cards away without checking them, his gaze right back to Kat's tits.

"You gonna be alright, Mark?" Kat smiled wryly over at him, not missing what he was staring at, but... she did not shy away. "Can I get you something? Another drink? A glass of water maybe?" she jested with him, and both Justin and Bill chuckled at this.

"Huh? N-no... I mean, no. I'm fine!" Mark finally caught on and shot back in his seat, looking the fool.

More laughter. Even Mark managed a laugh at himself, scratching squeamishly at the back of his head. Laughing... everyone but me it seemed. And Kat..? She was just sitting there, all but naked in my friend's lap, and... laughing? At ease and happy and having a good ol' time. I... I didn't understand. Kat... a side of her I'd never seen before. But then... hadn't I? I was still refusing to let go, dragging my feet.

"I think we all could use another drink," Justin spoke up. "Kat?" he requested.

"Yeah?" she answered.

"You do such a good job, why don't you pour them?" Justin beckoned.

"Okay," my wife nodded and started to lean forward, "but..?" she then just as quickly faltered, glancing down at her bare breasts cupped in her hands, and then around at all the prying eyes staring at her. She flushed. I got what Justin intended just as she did.

But Kat was beyond reason at this point, and stealing a brave breath, she dared and obediently nodded. She let go her breasts in a near dramatic fashion, pulling her hands away like ripping off a band-aid. The silence that followed was near deafening. You could have heard a pin drop. The roof could have collapsed, and I don't think anyone would have noticed.

Kat waited a moment, tense, eyes dancing, as if expecting someone to protest, but when no one did, she leaned forward, and took up the bottle closest to her. An echo of intakes reverberated as she inched up out of Justin's lap, and began to pour the round with her chest's heavy burdens swinging freely over the table, all eyes falling those pendulums as if in a trance.

"S-so... I won, r-right?" a nervous Paul questioned as Kat filled his shot glass.

"Huh?" I'd kept forgetting about the game. We had all seemed to forget.

"Guess so?" Bill looked around. Everyone else had folded, Mark the last.

"You won," Justin answered while tucking his chin to steal a peak down at Kat's bare ass, the rest watching her swaying bosom. I hated them all for this, myself especially for making - letting her do this, but then... I was watching those spectacular jugs jiggle just like the rest of them.

"What about... Kat, c-can you..?" he stalled until he had her attention, as she was now pouring my glass. So serious, you would have thought he was about to ask Kat if she knew the cure to cancer!

"Yeah?" Kat acknowledged him as she moved on to Bill's.

"C-can you... I don't know... like suck on your own nipples?" that fat, ignorant neanderthal I called a friend dared to blurt out! But far from the ire I spared for him, cheers of encouragement instantly

shot out from the rest! Kat bolted upright.

“Paul!” Kat gasped, losing the bottle to cover those said nipples, but she was still smiling, blushing feverishly. *Blushing?* She was smiling? Paul did not answer her. He was too busy staring at her tits. We all were.

“Oh!” Kat then suddenly cried with surprise as Justin grabbed her by the hips and pulled her back down, fully into his lap! “Justin!” she called his name, and I didn’t exactly enjoy the tone of her voice. She sounded too... amused?

“I..? But..?” was the best she could do, short of words.

“But, can you?” Justin intoned, hovering in over her shoulder to see. Kat first craned her neck to glare at him, before her wide, frenzied eyes then whipped out wildly to us, mouth agape. She would be unable to meet any of ours dead on, as they were all still below her neck.

*‘Can she?’* The exact words suddenly found great importance. *Could she simply..?* a harmless question. Or far more importantly... *would she?*

“I.. I’ve never..?” Kat caught on, and the minutes, hours seemed to drag by as we all waited.

Kat paid her respects, and spared me that due glance, looking for permission, but I was unable to meet her gaze. And then... I was left to watch as she first just shrugged, and then without having been explicitly told to do so... she did. Kat dipped her chin, shifting her hands beneath to cup the base of her heavy bosom, and... she lifted them.

And then... she succeeded! At first, she just teased them, nibbling at one of those hard thimbles with her lips, but as the hoots and hollers abounded, encouraging, driving her on..!! The excitement and the electricity in the room proved to much for her. Kat went for it, and sucked one of them in! Hard! Loud and wet! And she kept sucking on it, only to swap one for the other to boisterously loud and lewd cheers! And she didn’t stop there, but traded back for the other. Not stopping! Never stopping!

At some point during all this, Justin passed Mark the cards and gave him a nudge, signaling to the poor nerd that it was his deal. Mark finally, begrudgingly caught on, and we played out the next hand as my wife kept sucking on her tits. At about the middle of the hand, I noticed Justin had started bouncing her again, and she even lewdly stuck out her tongue, and began twirling it and teasing her hard nipples! All the while bouncing in Justin’s lap! All in front of my friends! All like a depraved, dirty slut!

In to the rabbit hole I went. We all went. Lacking all sense of time and place, things began to rapidly devolve from there - falling deeper and further. Paul won again, and moved Kat over into his own lap. He had her go on sucking and licking at her own tits, though somewhere during the hand, he leaned over and asked me if he could touch them. Lost and helpless in the brave new world, I gave my fat friend my blessing - or at least, I didn’t deny him. I don’t think. I don’t know? I couldn’t stop him. Not even sure I acknowledged him.

But Paul took it for what he wanted, and hooting, without saying anything to Kat or even bothering to ask for her permission, he began to run his hands up her bare sides, enjoying every inch of her.

I caught Kat give a little squeal, shivering, fidgeting beneath his touch. If I wanted to believe she was letting all of this happen just because she was drunk, this ruined that. She knew. Her hesitancy told everything. Her nervous eyes darted around, watching for everyone’s reaction. Watching to see what they would think of her as she let another man touch her. Her... as her own husband sat just

beside them.

But one thing she did not do, she did not try to stop this from happening. And then it happened. Paul ran his fat fingers up under Kat's palms and she... "Eke!" she gave another high squeak, but she... she gave way to him. Her hands left her tits, clasping onto his wrists as he took her tits in his own exploring fingers.

"Mmm!" she couldn't even stifle her moans as he dared pinch at her hard nipples!

It was an intense hand as we all watched Paul feel up my wife. And nothing from Kat but biting moans! Nothing from me but silent groans.

Bill won next, and continuing upon his same line of dares, "I... I've never had a body shot before..?" he dared hope, staring at Kat long and hard. Kat said nothing, her eyes still dancing frantically about, as if expecting someone to explode at any second as she was leaned back in Paul's lap, he still kneading her tits with his grubby fingers. Bill took this as his cue.

"Al, get the salt," he told me as he stood up, taking one of the bottles to begin pouring the shots.

"*Al, get the salt!*" I mocked him, kicking myself the entire way as... as I obediently retrieved the salt out of the kitchen, handing it over to Bill before re-taking my seat.

The game was momentarily abandoned as Bill came around, standing between me and my wife and Paul.

"Nnyh!" Kat squirmed, planting herself back against Paul as if in attempt to back away from the looming man, but her eyes... her blue, blue eyes were staring up at him as if in a trance.

"Hell yeah!" Paul said, sliding his hands back to cup her fat globes and push the up and forward, offering her nipples to Bill as if they were his own. Bill took a moment to admire them, before bending down to take one nipple into his old mouth!

"Ahye!" Kat squealed again, but her head then fell back and she moaned as Bill traded off for the other. With both her nipples coated with his spit, Bill then popped off his lips to sprinkle on the salt. Kat's chest was panting erratically. Her shoulders were pulled back, fully offering her breasts to him. Her eyes were glazed, swirling storms.

Bill lifted up his shot to the rest. "Cheers!" they all sounded, and he down his shot with a single gulp, before attacking my wife's breasts once more!

"Oh, Bill!" she cried!

"*Bill?! Oh, Bill?!*" she cried? My wife?!

But my humiliation did not end there. One by one, Justin and then Mark and then Paul, forcing her out his lap, and then even Bill again, all got up to come around the table to meet my wife. Each of their hands followed their eyes to her tits, but not a word of protest from Kat as they first weighed her fat globes in their palms. No squawks of indignation as they each dared to pinch and pull at her nipples as they'd seen Paul do - only squeals of... of playful delight?

And one after the other, each in turn, they bent down to lick and suck at her tits and nipples, going to great lengths to ensure they were thoroughly moist with their spit to hold the salt. And Kat only hummed and hawed through this, her trepidation rapidly evaporating, giggling even as they

cheers'ed and saluted one another to take their shots! Laughter and Kat giggling as each and all took great liberties in licking and sucking the salt off of her once their shots were downed. Licking and sucking... long after all the salt was gone.

Giggling... *fucking giggling*... And laughing. And blushing. And moaning. But no complaints. Not from Kat. And... I did not participate. I did not get up out of my seat to take part in this debasement of my wife, but no one seemed to care about me, not even Kat.

Without my noticing, the game was eventually back on, and they started passing her around, feeling her up with wandering hands and taking more body shots as she just laughed and giggled tickishly through it all. Mark won the next hand.

"J-jump..." he mumbled, but had to stop and swallow first, licking at some trace of salt still left on his lips before he went on.

"Huh?" Kat quipped, only half paying attention. She was on her knees between Justin and Bill, watching the older man while holding up her left tit for him as he sprinkled the salt across its hard nipple. Kat seemed to be enjoying this as much as any...

"J-jump... jump... jumping jacks!" Mark finally managed to babble out, half slobbering over his chin, his eyes glued to my wife's spit coated chest.

"What?" Bill huffed, before slamming his shot and attacking that nipple like a vampire a ripe neck!

"Ah-haha!" Kat wriggled beneath his lips, but all other eyes turned on Mark quizzically, no one understanding what the slanky geek was talking about.

"Y-you know... j-jumping jacks? Kat..." he motioned towards my wife as he slunk down in his seat, turning red in the face and looking embarrassed. I didn't get it?

"Jumping jacks? Really?!" even Justin mocked him. "What for? Are we in P.E?!" The bizarre suggestion had come out of left field and sounding ridiculous, they all scoffed and began laughing at him. Not me. I was in no laughing mood.

"Think the shots have gone to the nerd's brain!" Paul shook his head at his friend. Mark managed to turn an even brighter shade of red.

"Ah! Y'all leave him alone!" Kat chided them, gasping from her knees as Bill was still leaned over in his seat, sucking on her left tit while his hand mauled her right! "Mark's won, fair and square. If he wants me to..." but not even Kat could stop from shaking her head, confused as she pulled away and stood up from from Bill's suckling lips, moving a safe distance away. She... she was defending him. And she... she was just going along with all of this, easy-peasy?

"Geez, I haven't since high school... jumping jacks, really?" she had to think about it as she moved into position.

Everyone drunk, no one thinking clearly, the trivial and stupid dare had seemed so innocent at first, but then... only at first. As Kat drew up, feet together, hands held straight down at her sides and all eyes landed on her... her eyes fell down with ours - to her bare tits awaiting us!

"Oh," Kat was the first to realize it, suddenly becoming flushed, the heat rising in her cheeks as her swirling blue orbs danced around the men at the table. Big tits unrestrained, hard nipples cutting ice. Tiny skirt, long legs bare with no panties beneath. It then dawned on all of us all at once. Maybe

the nerd wasn't so stupid? Perhaps a little immature, but suddenly Mark's brilliance made perfect sense.

"Jumping jacks," Justin repeated, though this time leaning forward in his seat, suddenly looking very interested.

"You... you're serious about this?!" Kat stuttered with a nervous squeak while tugging at the hem of her skirt, trying to pull it a safe distance down. For the first time in a long time, she sounded daunted by what my friends were telling her to do.

I felt that pinch of hope, that finally now, after all of that, she would finally draw the line at this stupid dare. But she was looking at Mark, not at me. With all eyes on her, all hungry and converging, everyone answered in unison with a firm, affirmative nod.

"Jumping jacks!"

"I..?" Kat sounded as if she were about to break. She glanced up towards the kitchen and then to our bedroom door, as if considering making a run for it. But then, just as quickly... "Shit! Fine! You all are hopeless!" she did indeed break, but instead of running, she... she... she jumped!

Her hands swung up overhead and her legs scissored out into the air! Her giant breasts flopped in a wide, arching circle! And as her smooth, long legs kicked out, that little black skirt ripped up and bunched around her hips!

"Hahaha!" Kat landed and immediately drew tight, balling in on herself, covering her chest with one arm while shimmying her skirt back down with the other.

"Buh?!" someone protested.

"That was only..?" another seconded.

"Hahaha!" Kat was still laughing hysterically, twisting and turning. I have to admit, I was a little surprised by her audacity, and that she was able to simply laugh about what had just happened.

"Y'all are crazy! I'm going to remember that, Mark!" she threatened him, but only in jest. Just a game... innocent... *game*? "Very clever!" Mark glowed, smiling bashfully as if she were praising him.

"He said jumping jacks, not jack!" Justin jumped in, up to his old schemes.

"No. No way!" Kat was still holding herself tight. "I did it!" she challenged them. "What are we, children now?!"

"Just..." Paul spoke up.

"To ten!" Bill finished for him.

"Yeah! To ten!" Justin trumpeted, pumping a fist into the air! Mark lurched forward in his seat, looking hopeful!

Kat stopped laughing. "You... y'all are ridiculous!" she guffawed, but still wore that sheepish, innocent looking smile. Everyone sure looked ridiculous - and serious.

"Here, take a shot!" Justin interrupted, and poured us all another round.

"This is so embarrassing," Kat admitted, but she was already stepping forward, towards that offered glass of amber. "I... I don't..?" she looked none to sure of herself, but picked up the shot Justin had poured for her. Her eyes were swirling around madly, cheeks burning red.

"Maybe if..?" she seemed to be talking to herself now, but didn't finish as she mindlessly brought the little glass to her lips. Her eyes fell to her panties laying atop my chip stack. She threw back the shot.

"Damn!" she winced as the liquor burned its way down. She slammed her empty glass atop the table. Everyone hooted! "Pervs!" she cursed at us while quickly backing up a step, but stealing herself, not daring to meet anyone's gaze... "One!" she gave a quick jump, throwing up her hands and kicking out her feet - doing the jumping jacks as she was told!

"Two! Three!" everyone started counting with her! Eyes bobbing up and down from bouncing tits to bare vee between her legs!

The skirt was now nothing more than a belt about her hips. Though she was moving, you... you could see the swollen lips of her pussy, moist and wet and opening like a flower as she jumped! For all intents and purposes, my wife was now completely naked. Naked... in front of my friends. Showing my friends... her tits. Her pussy! She was... *Kat?! I wanted to cry.*

And at first the jumping jacks were slow and only half, but as we got to "Five, six!" Kat started laughing a giddy, embarrassed laugh, and started jumping higher! She started making longer strokes, slapping her hands atop her head, jumping higher, scissoring her legs out even wider!

"Nine! Ten!" they all finished, shouting out the numbers as a ruckus chorus! I hadn't made a peep.

"There!" Kat landed on the last, covering her chest with one arm, bending her ass back to hide her bare sex until she could pull her skirt back down. "Hahaha!" she was laughing hysterically, falling back, tears welling in her eyes from the dizzying laughter.

A stunned silence from her audience followed. I'm pretty sure we were all drooling. Kat, she... she looked so happy. Giddy even, having the time of her life!

"Umm..." Kat had to pull us back. "Al, hurry up and deal!" she pushed us along, as if that would pull our eyes from her, though she was still wearing that beautiful smile. That was about all she was wearing.

"Al..." that had been the first time she - anyone had acknowledged me since... All hands raced to push the cards to me, more than eager to pick the game back up! I looked around. We were all gone. Once again, Kat and I had traveled to Oz, and we'd brought our friends with us.

And so I dealt, and Justin won the next hand.

"Oh hell, what now?!" Kat feigned an over the top sigh, all in jest. She rolled her eyes around, landing them on Justin. Justin smiled right back at her.

"Ever given anyone a lap dance?" he asked her.

"A lap dance?!" she snorted. "I look like a stripper?" she crooked a brow at him, but then, "Wait! Don't answer that!" she stopped him and laughed. Everyone laughed, loud and gleefully. And I... I couldn't believe what was happening. My wife... and my friends. And now... *lap dance?* And Kat was only laughing about it? Oz. Truly. My chest was collapsing in on itself.

"I suppose you want one?" she quipped to Justin, not sounding at all put off by the suggestion.

"I sure as hell do!" he bellowed. "But..." his eyes saddled over to the little mouse to his right, Mark. "I think our honorary nerd has earned the first one for his brilliant idea!" Justin paid it forward.

"Oh?" Kat followed Justin's gaze over to Mark. "Mark?" she asked him - as if asking for permission? *Permission!* Kat?! And as if he'd deny her!

Mark fell back in his seat, staring open mouthed and longingly at my wife, looking as if he were staring upon a true angel in the flesh and blood.

"You sure you can handle that?" she poked fun at him, but was already sauntering around the table, rolling her hips seductively as she went. Mark looked like he was about to cream his pants.

Jealousy and envy were burning inside me, no point to deny it. This was my wife, and these were my friends, but... she seemed so happy. And... free? With Mark's chin falling all the way into his lap, he could only nod.

"Hahaha!" that earned poor Mark another round of chastising laughter, but as Kat looked down to the lap in question, now having to fully face her next assignment, her laughs died off first and her face turned serious.

I caught her gulp, before stealing a glance over at me. *Me!* I can't begin to explain how happy that made me. She hadn't forgotten me! Without any noticing, I stole myself and whether I wanted her to go on or not, I did not matter right now. All for her. And so I nodded for her, setting her free.

*I love you,* she mouthed to me, and that was all that I needed to be okay with this, to accept it. I could do this. Do it for her!

It then seemed to take an eon for Kat to move into position before Mark, but no one complained. Silence, only the music playing in the background. Everyone was waiting at the edge of their seats to see what my wife would do. Well, everyone but Mark. He looked like he was trying to ward off a heart attack, squirming and flopping beneath Kat, staring starkly at the back of her head, as if his life depended on not blinking. She leaned back, placing her hands upon the arm rests of Mark's seat.

"Mark?" she looked back at the poor bastard as she shifted her weight, moving her bottom to the center of his lap, mere inches from contact. Her skirt was once again bunched up around her hips, all of us able to spy her bare slit.

"Oh, geez!" Mark whimpered pithedly, his eyes racing, trailing down Kat's naked back to her tailbone as his hands flew, taking Kat by the waist!

"Ha!" Kat guffawed at his antics, shaking her head at him before... before she lowered herself all the way down into his lap, and slowly began to grind her hips in tune to the music.

"Oh-wow!" Mark's head fell back as he called to the heavens!

"Bill?" Kat beckoned the game forth, all the while grinding her bare ass into my friend's lap!

For the second time this night, a whole hand was dealt without a bet made, everyone more interested in my wife giving Mark a lap dance than the cards. Kat started slow, but got more and more into it as the song played out, even daring to grab one of Mark's wrists, bringing his hand to her tit of her own free will.

"Oh, Kat!" Mark groaned my wife's name lustfully as his fist gripped tightly over her naked bosom! I admit, having another man call my wife's name like that bit. But even worse, as if it were a squeeze toy, his hand pulsing over Kat's tit caused her to moan aloud, goaded her into grinding harder, and she soon brought up his other hand to her other tit, leaning fully back against him as she really got into the lap dance, dry humping him in his chair!

Even after all that had already happened, I understood now. Kat wanted this. Wants... *more?* I accepted that this was only the beginning. Justin won.

"Kat..." Justin looked devious, red in his eye. "Did you make Mark hard?" he asked so simply. Paul whipped and Bill slapped the table. That was such a simple question. Mark looked like he was about to have a seizure. It was an audacious question, but by now, just one of many. I didn't like it, hated it, but I held my tongue, even though I was having a hissy fit inside.

"H-how... how should I know?" Kat quipped breathlessly as she continued to grind her ass into Mark's lap as his paws mauled her bare tits.

"Is he that small?" Justin berated our friend, as if there could be only one answer.

"Heh!" Paul chuckled, leaning in closer still. Kat eyed him while still at work. She frowned, glancing back to Mark, before then looking to me... studying me closely. Finally, her gaze waltzed back over to Justin, and she hardened some, pressing herself further into my friend's lap. Mark drew as still as a statue. Kat slowed as well, before... before... nodding.

"What's that?" Justin pressed her, grinning broadly.

"H-he..." Kat stuttered, eyes starting to dance nervously about again. "I-it... it's hard..." she finally gave in, blushing fiercely for it. Mark?! Hard?! My own best friend! But... I couldn't be angry with him. I could feel my own strain against my pants down below too. Paul thumped Mark's shoulder, smiling wickedly at the naughty dog!

Justin dealt the next hand out and Kat started to get up, but Justin stopped her, told her to keep going. Kat didn't argue.

"Mark?" Justin turned to our stupified friend after the first round of betting. Mark, however, did not acknowledge him as his head was rolling back and forth against the back of his chair, staring at the ceiling. With his hands still on Kat's tits, he hadn't even bothered to look at his cards.

"It looks like our girl is having a good time..." he eyed Kat crudely. "You enjoying your lap dance?"

"Y-yeah!" Mark managed a ragged moan.

"Is her pussy still wet?" Justin certainly had a way with words. They clapped at my ears, ringing me near deaf! Everything, the whole world suddenly flipped on its head!

"Justin!" Kat shrieked, freezing as she was. Paul and Bill guffawed and nearly fell out their seats! I'm sure Mark would have had he not my wife pinning him to his chair. And I was spinning, knots twisting in my gut, a lump in my throat, and all I could think... "*still?*"

But of course. She'd been sitting in Justin's lap not long ago. Her legs draped over his one. Bare leg. Bare pussy. And then I'd seen enough during the jumping jacks, though the magnitude of it all hadn't yet registered. It registered now. My Kat... she was... was she being... *,turned on by this?* I had to face it. I had to know for certain. This was important!

## Chapter Twenty-Three: Slut

"Kat, put your feet here," Justin said so simply, tapping at the edge of the table, speaking calm and clear and with a tone of inarguable authority. I didn't know how he did it, to say something so outrageous, and yet still sound so strong and deliberate. I envied him that. It wasn't a question. It was a command.

*Commanding my wife...* My frantic eyes spun from Justin to Kat. She had drawn still in Mark's lap. Her eyes had grown wide as saucers, looking mortified, but she... said nothing. Everything stopped. Everyone froze. I looked down to the edge of the table before me. My hands were clenching it tight, white in the knuckles as I braced myself for the impact to come. I was shaking and trembling, on the verge of a panic attack.

"Kat..." I breathed to myself, my voice so weak that her name did not travel past my own ears. I did not want to look back up, to see what was about to happen, for I already knew what would. Justin... the man of authority. Justin... the man who had started this all, instigated it thus, who had just "bossed," who had just "ordered" my all but naked wife to place her feet up on the table. A disgraceful act. A humiliating act. But I had become well educated over these last few months. I quit playing games with myself, quit trying to fool myself. I let go my hope. *Kat...*

Justin was the Dom that I was not, the Master Kat had been searching for. Any winner may order her around, but it was Justin who stood above the rest. Justin was the Alpha. And Kat... she was now *his* sub, his play thing, his slave to command as he liked. His demand of her was ludicrous, and it would not end there. I knew. Kat knew. But clearer than ever, I also knew that this was what she really wanted, and that she would do it. And I was now but the low and shameful husband... a title I had seen in the videos. "Cuckold." That was what I was to be.

It was degrading, cowardly even, but I did not try to fight it, no more than I tried to stop what was happening. Accepting my new role, I swallowed that pill and looked back up to my darling, beautiful wife.

She was still looking at Justin, once again fallen into the role of helpless maiden. The seconds ticked by and she cowered more, but Justin did not give.

"U-up... on t-the t-table?" her voice quivered as she repeated his vile instructions, but her swirling blue orbs did not look to me or any other. Only to Justin. The Man nodded.

"B-but I..?" she questioned, her eyes breaking around the room as if looking for an escape, but she said no more and she did not run. No, trembling once again, her eyes landed back on Justin, and she leaned back into Mark's chest, and she... she obeyed, slowly bringing up her quaking legs. She was careful to keep them tight together, but nevertheless, she placed her feet on the edge of the table, just as she was told.

Heated, heavy breathing was the only sound now in the room, Kat's the loudest. Her knees were knocking together. That would not stand.

"Open them," Justin said steadily. I was not surprised, knew that this was the next step.

"Nnngh!" Kat gave a wrangled squeal, her heart beating out her chest! But... *but* she did not make Justin repeat himself. As if losing all muscle power, she squeezed her eyes closed and melted atop Mark, her tits still gripped in his hands as if they were the only thing holding her up, and she let her

knees fall open wide.

Hours seemed to slip by as we all just sat there, staring. It was hard to breathe, all the air sucked from the room. All were focused, never leaving my wife's most beautiful, perfectly pink, budding and wet... bare, shaved pussy.

"Move your feet apart," Justin commanded her next, and Kat, panting, whimpering pathetically, inch by inch, she crept them out, all the while eyes closed, face up at the ceiling. That would not stand either.

"Look at him."

Kat had to force it, but she did. Ythrough stifled peeps and muffled bleats, she peeled her eyes back open, and turned to face the man beneath her.

"Tell him," was all that Justin said, but we all understood the instruction. Kat swallowed. Swallowed hard. I swallowed. Every nerve ending was sparking and raging, yelling at me to jump up out my seat, but I did nothing still. I the cuckold. I just... watched.

Minutes seemed to pass, but then, finally... "M-Mark..." Kat whimpered. Nothing. Kat could say nothing more, Mark could not find the will to move. Justin rolled his eyes.

"Kat, help him," he told my wife. Another vague command, but we all still understood.

Kat gave some squeal that sounded like it was meant to be a protest, but as she heaved and we all waited... one of Kat's hands slowly came up and took Mark by the wrist. A weighted pause, and then even more slowly, she began to guide him down. Down. Down over her naked body... spiraling down, all the while my angst and adrenaline spiked up and up! A thrum of excitement from everyone else, a rasp of defeat for me.

*„My wife... my Kat!“* Yet another threshold crossed. Another point of no return.

"Holy!" Mark's hand slid over he skirt and between her splayed legs, and his fingers found the budding lips of my wife's pussy. She hopped at his touch, and he jerked back as if to pull them away!

"Mmng!" Kat moaned, battling to control herself, but she did not let Mark go. Instead, her head fell back, hips rolling, back arching. She... *she did not let Mark go.*

"Show him," Justin prodded further. Certainly I should be offended by this. I was. Certainly a husband would stop this. A... a cuckold would not. And I did not. And my wife... showed him. Groin grinding, she forced his hand lower, running her fingers down over his, intertwining them, forcing them into her folds!

"Oh my!" Mark sounded the alarm.

"Damn!" Paul drew stiff, watching intently. Bill half stood, trying to get a better view.

"Oh god!" Kat echoed him, losing herself as her legs shifted out wider, Mark's wiggling fingers running over her distended clit! Growing brave or just by instinct, they suddenly burrowed, searching for her gushing hole!

"Kat..." my friend moaned softly up into my wife's ear, the game ending, an act of unbridled adultery now unfolding.

"Al..." I said to myself.

"Yes!" my wife mewled, tracing her middle finger atop his, and then.... and then she forced them both inside her. "Mmm!" she rolled her head into the crook of my friend's neck, her free hand up over to rub and pinch at her tits and nipples in a crazed filled lust!

I was left dumbstruck. Empty. The fool. The... the *cuckold*. Truly. Mark and Kat seemed to forget all about their audience. He started fingering her slowly, and she was getting into it, pulling out her own finger to give him free reign, lifting her hips to meet him, kicking her legs out wider, but their audience had not forgotten them. Everyone was watching.

"Kiss him," Justin dared to push it further!

And Kat... she turned her head and began pecking at Mark's cheek, before my friend turned to meet her, fingering her, and their lips met! And then... their tongues.

"Mngh!" Kat hummed into Mark's mouth, her legs going rigid, picking her butt up off his lap to meet and grind her sex against his hand and fingers!

"Wha'... what's that?" Paul finally broke the silence, pointing down between my wife's splayed legs, Mark's finger working in and out her wet cunt.

"Huh?" we all craned our necks to look, and I matched Bill, standing up out my seat.

"What is..?" Bill spied it as well. Something seemed to dawn on Kat, and she suddenly froze, breaking out her lust filled trance.

"That..?" we all saw it.

"No!" Kat suddenly clapped her legs closed, hopping up out of Mark's lap so fast she nearly sent the poor fool tumbling over backwards! Her hands flashed, covering her nakedness, and for the first time tonight, she started to dash from the room! There came a flurry as every flopped, table rattling, cards and chips flying!

"Stop!" Justin bellowed, and surprisingly... with her back now to us, skirt bunched and sweet, bubbly ass in full sight, Kat... stopped. One hand flew to cover her tits that we could not see, the other over the crack of her ass, but she didn't bother or think to pull back down her skirt. I could hear her heaving erratically, on the verge of tears, but she'd... stopped?

"What was that?" Justin asked most curiously. We were all curious.

"Please..." she begged most pitifully, begging for mercy, sounding mortally wounded, but she neither went on, nor turned back.

"Looked like..?" Paul began a guess, but didn't finish.

"Alvin..." Kat whimpered desperately, calling for me, crying for me, but... I was the cuckold. The cuckold did not speak.

"Show us," Justin demanded, ignoring me and her plea.

"Nngh!" she squealed again, fidgeting frantically. "N-no, I... I can't!" she all but wept, sounding most distressed, but not even old man Bill would now come to her rescue. I could see her head shaking in earnest, refusing, legs trembling, about to give out.

"Show us!" Justin repeated more forcefully. No one else could speak.

"Justin, I..." her voice cracked, but she dared not look back. "P-please... please don't make me!" she begged him - *him!* - having forgotten all about me. And what was more - "*Make her?*" As if she had no will of her own, and had to do what Justin told her to.

"Do it," he was not so merciful.

"B-but..!!" she protested, shaking her head more fiercely, knees knocking, but... her other arm let go her breasts and hand reached back to join its pair over her naked ass. "I - I don't... A-Al... Al made me!" she started crying, and her knees finally gave out, dropping her to the floor.

The pace suddenly shifted, but not the heat. A woman weak and sobbing. We had all seemingly forgotten our manners, as none of my friends, her friends too, came to her aid. Neither did her husband. *What... what was that?* was all I could think, wanting to know more than any what they had seen between her legs.

"Show us!" Justin kept demanding. Kat was sniveling, choking back the tears. I wanted to weep with her, but I lacked all courage to say anything.

"I... I d-didn't want to do it!" she bleated, before... before collapsing over. With her hands still holding her ass, unable to catch herself, her face and chest fell against the floor, but with her knees still under her and skirt around her hips, those bare, sculpted cheeks were high in the air! As smooth as a baby's naked bottom!

"Enough already!" Justin scolded her. "Do it!" he reminded me all too much of Dara.

The room was sweltering, swept up in fire! The tension was thick, drowning us all! And swept up in the rush and adrenaline... "Oh god!" Kat cried one last time, before... before gripping her cheeks, and then... and then she ripped them open - ass wide open for all to see!

"Huh?"

"Whoa!"

"That's..."

"Amazing!" My friends all breathed. I was floored. We all just sat there for a moment, gazing... appreciating. Before us, again the tightest, most beautiful, most perfect, most pristine pink pussy you'd ever laid eyes on running wet! And... that wasn't all.

"What... what is that?" Paul blubbered out in a drunken and lust filled stupor, saying what we were all thinking.

"It... it's in h-her... her b-buh..?" Mark.

"She... she's had that in there all night?" Bill hummed, leaning in over the table but glanced to Justin, asking him as if he would know. With my wife fully displayed before us, you could gawk at her perfect pussy all you wanted, but... you couldn't spot her asshole. A black, rubber nub was sticking out in its place.

"What is that?" Justin repeated, demanding of her.

"No!" Kat cried, acknowledging only Justin.

"Take it out," he then ordered her, sounding impatient. I felt brain dead. *„Kat..?“*

"Nngh!" Kat whimpered pathetically, rolling her head against the floor while still crying and whimpering and sniveling, but... but she crawled one set of fingers forward and took hold that knob.

"P-please!" she begged, but of course found no sympathy. "Please don't make me!"

"Take. It. Out," Justin stated firmly. "Now!"

"Oh gawd!" she squawked, but... "Nngh!" she groaned as tugged at it, and her taut asshole bowed outward with the effort, the rubber toy stuck up her ass not coming out easily!

An eternity seemed to pass as we all waited at the edge of our seats, watching her battle it, pulling it back and forth, but then, suddenly... *PLOP!* And, "FUCK!" Kat yelped as it suddenly gave like one of the dog's knots from her pussy, exploding forcefully out her asshole!

I recognized it immediately. It was shaped just like the one I'd found in her sock drawer, coned, if only this one was just a little longer, a little wider - a little bigger! Hell, it had to be four inches long, a good two inches at its widest point at the base!

Silence. Stunned silence. Only Kat's choked sniveling. She held the devious device long ways down over her gash, letting us all get a good view of it. The black silicon was shimmering beneath the light with her ass's juices. Her tiny asshole was left quivering, trying to close whole, but a half inch, deep black hole was left in the plug's wake.

"Stop crying," Justin finally broke the silence, and Kat... it was a battle, but she bit at her lip to stop her sniveling.

"What is that?" Justin asked her yet again. He either did not know, or he just wanted to hear her say it.

"Nnngh!" Kat groveled, but... "It... i-it's a..." she nevertheless began to answer. "A butt-plug!" she finally wailed, voice cracking with utter shame.

"B-butt plug..?" echoed around the room, everyone stunned and confused.

"Have you had that in you all night?" Justin went on. It took Kat a long while to garner enough will power, but eventually...

"Y-yes..." she admitted. Further silence as Justin, as we all considered this.

"Why did you have that in you?" he prodded her further.

"I-I... h-he..!" she started crying again!

"I said stop crying!" Justin ordered her. Kat stopped, biting fiercely at her lips. "Now, why did you have that stuck up your ass all night?" Justin asked again, lewdly, meant to press and demean her.

"H-he... Al made me!" she struggled to get out. All eyes turned to me, awestruck, but I had nothing. I most certainly did not! But then... *Dara!* Wicked, conniving Dara! The outfit! *"All of it, and nothing else!"* I had told my Kat, just as Dara had told me. *„Fughk me.‘*

"And do you like having something like that stuck up your ass?" Justin asked her flatly.

"N-no, I..." Kat hemmed and hawed, struggling to control her sobs. "I-I... I o-only... h-he..."

"I asked you a simple question, Kat. Yes or no?" he degraded her fully.

"I..." she froze, silencing herself. There wasn't a breath in the room to be spared. "Yes," she finally admitted. *Said!* My ears burned red! I couldn't believe it!

"Okay," Justin left it at that. "You can put it back in now."

"I..?!" Kat tripped.

"Back in," Justin repeated, and Kat, my wife...

"O-okay..." she wisped, wholly defeated. With nothing more said, she lifted back up the plug, and dug its pointed tip back into her quivering asshole! "Ungh!" she grunted as we all watched her battle to wedge it back in!

"Shit!" Kat cursed as her tight asshole burned and grew taut, ringing the rubber as it sank in and grew wider and wider!

"Holy fuck!" Paul guffawed.

"I can't believe..?" Bill intoned.

"Mama!" Mark whimpered as we all watched that huge plug stretch out my wife's ass!

And it was to be no easy fete. Kat had to literally fuck herself with it, sawing it in and out, pressing and moaning and groaning and squirming before its widest point, the fat base of the cone could be stuffed inside!

*Slrrp!* her ass announced her success as it sucked it in, snapping closed behind it, and once more, only the rubber knob was left poking out her ass!

We all stayed as we were for a good five minutes, dazed and confused and not sure where to go from here - even Justin. Kat didn't move either, but instead... Kat stayed as she was, and taking two handfuls of her ass, she held her cheeks open for us, letting us see. And... and it was moving! As if alive! Her asshole was gripping angrily about it, trying to shove the invasion back out, but it was... *plugged*. Bill started pouring a round of shots. We all took one.

"Your deal, Al," Justin looked at me. *Me...* Me? Who was I? I looked to my wife. Kat was still as she was, face down, ass up, butt plug stuffed up her, cunt open, looking like it was begging to be fucked. We could all hear her sniveling. Paul finally nudged me. Did I dare go on?

I did. I dealt. And yet again, he the last with any of his senses left, Justin proved the victor.

"Kat," he called to my wife who had not dared move. "Crawl over to Mark's lap," he said casually, already raking in the cards to pass to Bill. None of the rest of us were left with anything. Bill slowly caught on that we were still playing poker, and began to align the cards and shuffle them. Kat was still collecting herself upon the floor, but Justin did not press her, giving her time. And he need not fear, for as Bill started to deal, Kat crawled up, and on hands and knees, yielding, she *crawled* over to Mark's lap.

"Ten," Justin bet. "Is Mark's little dick still hard?" he asked without looking to her, sounding as if we all were just having a casual conversation. All eyes now turned to Mark, but not Justin's, he was

looking right at me.

Kat was now at Mark's side, perched on her knees, only her head above the table. She glanced timidly around, looking so pitiful and helpless, scared and alone amongst these men, afraid of what they would ask of her next. But she did not dwell on any before looking back down, becoming intent on Mark's lap. With her face mere inches from it, she need only look to see. She just nodded, answering Justin.

"You in?" Justin looked to Mark, talking about the game, but Mark was lost, and staring at my wife, he silently pushed his cards forward, folding. Justin then looked to Paul.

"How would you know without touching it?" Justin asked vaguely, while nodding to Paul to go on.

"I..?" I heard my wife, but it ended there. Her head lifted up some above the edge of the table as she shifted. Shifted... to balance her weight and free her hands.

"T-ten..." Paul tossed in his chips, though he was staring over at Mark's lap. Mark was tense in his seat, daring a solitary glance at me, looking as guilty as all hell, but he said nothing.

I couldn't see what was happening beneath the table - in Mark's lap, but then... "Nngh!" Mark went rigid, face the color red. I knew. My wife had just grabbed his cock.

"Well?" Justin turned to me, asking if I was in, but...

"H-he... its hard..." Kat was the one to answer. Justin grinned victoriously, waiting to see what I would do.

"Twenty," I raised.

"How would you know without being able to see it?" Justin spoke to me, but not "to" me. I felt bile rise in my throat, but I did not buckle. I stayed strong. Strong for Kat. I glared him right back down.

"I-I..?" came Kat's response, but nothing else. Bill folded.

"I'll see your twenty," Justin matched my bet, speaking over the sound of a zipper being lowered. Mark flinched, humming in his seat as his gaze turned towards the ceiling. My throat clenched tight. I lost the ability to breathe.

"Paul," Justin broke our staring match, and turned on our fat friend.

"Holy..." was all that he said as he mindlessly tossed in the needed chips, his eyes not leaving Mark's lap.

I looked over to Bill, and nodded to him that I was good and to turn the cards.

"It... its hard," Kat announced from beneath the table, off in her own little world.

"Twenty," Justin made his bet, looking to Paul.

"Damn, Mark!" Paul guffawed at our friend, staring upon something I could not see from across the table. I didn't allow my mind to wade too far into what he was talking about, though the images didn't spare me entirely. There, I could picture my naked wife on her knees, holding my friends stiff cock between trembling fingers.

"Paul," Justin had to remind him it was his bet, and Paul stayed in, though he did not otherwise acknowledge us.

"We're waiting on you," Justin stated ambiguously, turning to me.

"B-but..." Kat was the one to answer. "Wha'... what am I supposed to do?" she asked, seeking guidance, voice quaking. *A strong hand...*

"I think you know what to do," Justin said, still looking at me - watching me. I gulped. I waited. I could see only the back of Kat's head. I did not take my eyes from those golden locks above the table. I did not blink.

"You... y-you want me to..?" Kat said in barely more than a whisper. Was it to Justin? To Mark? To everyone? To... to me? It didn't matter. She did not wait for a reply this time. She was stolen. Completely. Lost to lust.

That blond head rose just a little, shifting forward, just enough to spot an ear, a hint of a red cheek. I heard her steal a long, deep breath, and then... and then the back of her head disappeared from sight as I heard a loud, wet slurping suck.

"Oh-god!" Mark heaved, hopping where he sat.

"Goddamn! She's actually..?!" Paul turned further in his seat to watch, but he did not finish whatever he meant to say. He didn't need to. I spotted the back of my wife's head begin to bob back up above the table like a wading cork, and then I could hear all.

*Slrrh - slrrgh - slrrh!* I thought I was going to be sick. My face turned purple from lack of oxygen, but no one was paying me any mind. Paul and Justin both had front row seats. Bill had half stood again to crane his neck over to see. I threw my cards away, done with this game.

I didn't want to watch this. Didn't want to hear it. But "Slrr - goph - shlrruh!" I couldn't not hear it!

And then Mark, that son of a bitch! "Oh god damn! Oh shit! Oh damn!" he just kept repeating over and over again, calling to the ceiling! Thankfully, I didn't have to weather it long.

*Slrrh - slrrp - goph!*

"Oh shit! Damn! Holy mother of-! KuuhaATT!" Mark lasted a whole five seconds, and then went rigid, rising half out his seat as he blew his load right into my wife's - my Kat's awaiting mouth. My wife... with all my friends here to see it... sucking one of them off! My head began to spin. I was becoming dizzy. I reached for another drink.

"Mmgh!" And what was worse, Kat did not come shooting up, embarrassed and disgraced. No... she stayed down there, finishing the job she'd started, sucking Mark's balls dry! "Guah... guah... guah..." Worse and worse, I could hear each gulp of her gullet as she swallowed down his cum.

A minute later, an hour, a year, Kat finally came back up for air, panting, hugging her tits, red in the face, but... smiling from ear to ear like a shy, innocent school girl!

"Hell yeah!" Paul pumped a fist into the air.

"That a girl!" Bill clapped his hands together.

"Nice job!" Justin praised her, and reaching across Mark, he offered her a high five!

"Uh-ha!" Kat choked out a laugh, which inevitably sent out a strand of spittle over her chin. A strand of Mark's cum as she high-fived Justin, laughing!

Kat then flushed fiercely, her racing eyes fluttering across the table, looking at everyone and no one. Mark had collapsed back into his seat, and looked in dire need of CPR.

"Uh, Kat... Y-you... you got a little something.." Paul fingered at his chin.

"Oh?" Kat quickly rubbed the back of her hand across her own, smearing in a dribble of my friend's cum across her chin. She gave a half-gasp, half-laugh as she looked at it.

"Well, that does it," Justin then spoke back up. "I've got nothing," he threw in his cards, folding. The game... the game was still on.

"Guys... I... I'm sorry, but I think this has gone far enough," I'd had enough. I thought I said. Thought... but no one seemed to hear me, not even Kat.

"Wahoo!" on the contrary, Paul cheered, thrusting both his fists into the air this time. Bill and Justin both laughed at him, but Kat... she shied away, sinking lower to the floor, her eyes falling to Paul's fat belly and then to his groin. She wiped at her chin again, swallowing hard, already expecting what was to come. *Cum*.

"Me next!" Paul trumpeted, scooting his chair back while turning it to face her, spreading his legs. Kat did not disappoint. Without a word of protest, she did as she was told.

Unlike with Mark, I was sitting just beside Paul, and now had the front row seat. With her heavy bosom swaying between her arms and reaching for the floor, my wife crawled into full view, but she did not spare so much as a glance to me, focused solely on her mission. She drew up into Paul's lap, pushing back his belly to reach in and fish out his cock, and I... I was watching.

Paul was stiff as a board, and his little thing sprang right out as she undid his pants. I was surprised, as Paul was much smaller than any I'd ever seen. He had maybe four inches, though it was still thick. He didn't seem to care however, glowing brightly as he watched Kat's every move, even daring to run his fingers into her hair.

"Gawd, you are one sexy thing!" he longed for more.

Kat blushed beneath his praise, taking him firth in her fist, her hand swallowing it all. She gave him a few good jerks before popping her lips open wide and lowering her face into his lap, Paul guiding her with his hand at the back of her head. She ringed her index and thumb about his base, offering up his swollen cock, but just before she took him into her mouth, his mushroomed head mere millimeters from her wet and sweet lips... Kat stalled.

"Ugh," Paul groaned, and I caught him give her head a little push, but Kat resisted. And then... she looked up, and not expecting it, suddenly I discovered her eyes within mine.

I hadn't even realized I'd been watching so. I felt embarrassed, ashamed even, though it wasn't me crawling around, blowing my husband's friends like a cheap hooker. I felt so far from her. Distant. But in those eyes... so much was said without a word spoken, and suddenly we were close again, understanding all and everything.

Hunger. Lust. Love. Want and need. Regret. Guilt and shame. All was there. All fed the fury. There were tears in her eyes. Damn me, I didn't know if they were from remorse, or from the pain at

having just choked herself on Mark's cock! Or... from the love she shared with me. I... I loved her. Loved her, no matter what. And I told her. Told her with my eyes. Told her with my lips.

And with our eyes locked, my wife lowered her mouth over my friend's cock, and she closed her lips about his shaft, sucking it all the way in as she watched me. As I watched her.

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Kat hadn't even swallowed the last of Paul's cum before Justin turned to Bill. "What do you say old man, would you like a turn next?" Bill nodded profusely, head bobbing up and down hopefully. Justin then turned to me.

"Say Al, you don't mind, do you?" he had the gall to ask me. "You should technically be next, I know," he said matter-of-factly. We hadn't bothered with picking back up the cards, but were now apparently passing my wife around for a blow job each. "You've got her to blow you whenever you want. Bet this old fool hasn't had his cock sucked in decades!" he explained - almost sounding logical. Bill kept on nodding, agreeing, turning to me as well.

"I... I..." I thought I was speaking, but wasn't sure anything was coming out.

"Now if that ain't a good friend, I don't know what is, eh?" Justin laughed and bumped Bill's shoulder. Bill just nodded, head rolling off his shoulders as he looked hungrily at my wife.

"Come on, Kat!" Justin then called over the table. "Paul's had his turn, now it's Bill's. Al said it was okay," he said so casually, as if we were simply trading desserts. "Paul, let the poor woman go!" he then chided our friend, as Paul had Kat's face buried in his groin with both hands gripping tangles of her hair.

"HUAH!" Kat shot up gasping, coughing and wheezing, cum flying! Paul had not been kind to her. She'd even tried fighting him off as he'd abused her mouth, pumping her face on his cock by her locks, but then... I hadn't said anything about it. No one had for that matter.

"Damn..." Paul sighed, slumping in his chair, dick out and wet with my wife's spit. "That was fucking good! Thanks man," he turned to look at me and slapped my chest. "I needed that."

I... I almost said "you're welcome," but caught myself. Kat was glaring at him while still recovering, furious and indignant, but still... submissive. Paul didn't seem to notice.

"Kat, it's Bill's turn!" It took a little more prodding from Justin, another moment for Kat to catch her breath. Kat hitched, folding her arms over her naked tits again. She looked from Paul back to her wake. Mark... we'd almost forgotten about him.

Mark was sitting up in his seat, cock still out, and by the looks of it, he'd been jacking off before all our eyes had interrupted him.

"Uhhh..?" he hummed nervously. Everyone just laughed.

Kat then looked to me, as red as ever in the cheeks. I... I didn't know what to say, what to do, what she wanted? There was nothing to. Me no help, Kat... she instead turned to Justin. "W-what..." her voice was hoarse. She fidgeted, clenching tighter at her breasts. "What a-about Al?"

"You can suck him off whenever," Justin called right back. "We've already talked it over. Bill's next. Al agrees."

What were we talking about again? Oz indeed.

Kat huffed, looking pouty, but said nothing more. Instead, she crawled back onto on fours and wound between Paul and the table, coming up to me, not Bill. No one protested as she reached up and lowered my zipper.

“Huagh!” I hummed as she reached in and pulled out my cock!

“Not bad, Al!” Justin chuckled. I was as hard as a rock, standing a good seven inches and as thick as ever!

And I was tense, sure to cum as soon as Kat wrapped her lips around me, but... she didn't. Instead, she reached over, took my hand, and placed it on my cock, before looking up at me, solemnly in the eyes. This time, she was the one to nod to me, those blue orbs promising me all and everything once this was over as she began to guide my hand, jerking my own cock.

“Oh, damn!” Justin guffawed. “Al, you lucky son of a bitch!” he cursed me! “You’ve got yourself the hottest, best woman in the world!” And I did. Kat smiled. I smiled. I felt proud of her. And then Kat left me, crawling on to her next duty... Bill. I now had a good look at her pussy with that butt plug stuck up her ass. I wasn't too sure of which to watch as she pulled out the old man's cock to suck on it, all the while jerking my own.

Time not kind, Bill was only able to get himself half hard, but he was still big, and Kat pleased him with her lips and mouth and tongue nonetheless.

*Goph! Goph! Goph!* she took all of it! Whole. Completely. Right down her throat! Sucking and slurping on it most grotesquely.

“Fuck yeah! Suck it!” Paul and Justin and even Mark all egged her on. They started calling her worse and worse as we all watched! “Slut!” was thrown around, and “Cocksucker!” but that only seemed to drive her on! And age or no, Bill still had old balls full of cum, and he gave it to my wife, drowning her with it!

“Huagh!” Kat gasped as her lips finally released his cock! She'd nearly managed to suck the ancient man completely hard!

With cum spilling over her chin, heated, still without her breath, she started towards Justin. He let her pull his cock out, and it, just like him, was giant. He had to be a good ten inches long, but he slapped her face away before she could suck it in.

“Get up and bend over the table,” Justin commanded my wife sternly, fire in his eyes.

With her head poked up just above the table, chin glistening with spit and cum, Kat gazed distantly all around. And though she glanced over me, her eyes did not hold, now fully drunk on drink and lust! But without anything more, Kat did indeed get up, and by Justin's guidance, bent herself fully over the table.

“Spread your legs!” her told her next, and with her face's left cheek pressed against the table, looking right at me, she spread them. “Reach back and open yourself up!” he demanded, and Kat, she... acquiesced, ever watching me, spread her legs!

“Now that you've gotten a taste, I want you to ask the one with the best cock to come and fuck you!” Justin's request was bold but inevitable.

Justin's request... bold. Fuck my wife... but, inevitable. It was too late, I far too gone to recognize the point at which we'd crossed over into fantasy, but we were here. There was nothing left. Nothing to stop it. Nothing to say no. Nothing to prevent it. It just... was.

Still staring right at me, I saw Kat's lips move. "You..." I saw more than heard. Flying right over all else, as if having expected her to request me first, I started to get up, but then and only then, did the name she added then registered in my ears.

"Justin!"

Well, aghast and agape, humiliated beyond anything I could imagine, I fell right back into my seat. The cuckold.

"Mmm," Justin hummed, standing up. "That's right," he gloated as he shed his shirt.

Still bent over the table, all but naked, her skirt but a belt around her hips... still watching me, holding herself open... Kat awaited as Justin dropped his trousers, along with his boxers, presenting a ten inch, perfectly aligned thick slab of raw cock!

"Tell me what you want?!" he toyed with her, grabbing and dipping and slipping his swollen cock head through my wife's wet folds!

Shocked it was not me... waiting. Waiting... waiting. "I love you..." I mouthed to my wife.

"Fuck me!" she answered him! "Fuck my pussy!"

"Al?" Justin placed one hand on my wife's hip to steady her, his other lining his big cock up to her entrance. "She wants it..." he awaited me. "She wants it bad," he did not have to tell me.

The last three months flashed before me. *That* night. Dara. The websites and the videos. My wife's submission and this night...

"I know..." I could only whisper.

"I owe you one, Al!" Justin said, promising, before plunging right in!

"Oh-UNGH!" And... and my beautiful, beautiful wife accepted him.

*Swap! Swap! Swap!* Justin rapped my wife over the table as we all watched, pounding her like he owned her! And Kat...

"Mngh! Nngh! Aghn!" she did her best to stifle her moans, biting fiercely at her bottom lip, though her eyes did not leave mine as Justin fucked her from behind!

"Y'all better - ungh!" Justin said while grunting. "Decide who's - ungh!" he alluded. "next - ungh! Fughck! Great pussy! So - ungh - tight! I can feel - ungh - that plug - ungh - up her ass!"

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"Al... please?!" Bill begged me. "It... it's been so long - and - and... look!" he pointed down at a raging hard on.

Even good ol' Bill couldn't hold back. And after I watched Justin cum deep up my wife's pussy, she cumming hard on him... who was I to deny him? I let him go next. Kat didn't bother to move, but still

holding herself open, she sang gracefully as Bill pumped his old and wrinkled cock up into her!

Paul filled her void next. Mark finished her off. Each and all cumming in my wife's pussy bent over the table. I couldn't count the number of times she'd cum, or if it was just one, long continuous orgasm.

And then, after Mark, just as quickly, one by one they all came up with some lame excuse as to how it was too late and they needed to get home. As the game's host, I held all the cash, but none tried to claim any, leaving me all their money. Mark dragged Paul out, quickly followed by Bill, and I lastly closed the door behind Justin.

"Al!" my wife called to me as I saw out the last. She still hadn't left her place bent over the table, and I still was the only one yet to touch her, to fuck her!

"Yeah?" I looked back, gazing and staring and entranced by that cum drooling cunt staring right back at me!

As Kat let go her ass cheek with one hand, I noticed that the other was already folded beneath, toying with her clit. She used that free hand to play with that butt-plug still sticking out her ass! She pulled it to and fro, before gasping and popping it out all together!

"Mmm!" I watched as she sank it first into her dirty pussy, coating it with all my friend's cum, and then back up into her ass!

"Kat..." I hummed as she repeated this process several more times, transferring more and more of my friends' cum to lube her ass.

"Fuck me!" she then yelled - demanded of me as she dropped the plug to the floor, and with both hands, reached back to spread her ass open wide!

I felt a little weird about having sloppy... fifths after all my friends, but I was undeniably turned on and as hard as ever! I tripped towards her, pulling out my cock and aligned it with her drooling cunt!

"No!" Kat rasped, stopping me! She pulled herself open wider. "Not there..." she heaved. I understood. A deep, dark hole was glaring right at me. I lifted myself up, and for the second time in my life, I buried my cock through my wife's clenching asshole!

"Bitch! Slut! Fuck!" I didn't even stop to take it slow or worry if I was hurting her. I took out all of my anger and frustration of the night upon her! I just... fucked her! However I wanted, owning her asshole!

"Oh, gawd! Al! I love you! I... I'M C-C-CUMMING!" she cried for it! Cried for me!

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Chapter Twenty-Four: A Debt of Gratitude

If only the story ended here. I would have liked that very much.

There was still much work to be done to be sure, sacrifices to be made. I knew there would still be those more sober moments, little pinches in my gut of regret, bites of jealousy as we lived out this new life, but... together. Kat was happy, and I... I might have to nurture my wounded pride from time to time, but I had faced this great challenge and had overcome it. I knew now that I could deal

with it, and that I could still be happy.

I might have had to share her – possibly share her again – but oh to hear her scream my name so wantonly, so ecstatically as she came upon me! To feel that tight ring of her rectum squeezing and pulsing over my cock as I came inside her! – It made it all worth while.

If it hadn't been for *that* night, had this never started, Kat would have never pushed me back and dropped to her knees, only to take my cum and ass stained cock deep into her mouth to clean it after I'd finished fucking her! Deep into her tight throat to pleasure me! And there was... *was* so much pleasure.

I would have never been so big, so raging hard! I would have never pushed her to the floor and climbed between her legs, quickly claiming that pussy which was mine!

“Gawd!” was it so good! So wet, squelching and farting out froths of cum – cum of so many! All the cum of my four friends who'd just fucked her! But it didn't bother me.

Her cunt had been a little more loose than I was accustomed, but that heat! And as all of my friend's cum came bubbling and squirting out from the pounding I was giving her, as my cock plunged into their pool of seed they had planted and left inside my wife, as it sloshed and ran and stuck to my slapping balls across her ass cheeks, far from deterring me or filling me with disgust, no, it only turned me on even more!

And as she screamed and sang for me as I ravaged her, I did not feel so shy as I grabbed her by the ankles and pinned them above her head, giving me complete access to her! I did not feel so foolish as I glared down at her, calling her my “slut! and my “whore!” as I added my own seed to all of that impregnated within her belly.

I went to bed happy that night. But the story does not end here, nor the trials we should face. If only...

Dreams. Great dreams.

“Mmmh!” I awoke that very next morning to warm, wet lips wrapped around my hard cock, bobbing up and down.

“Yes!” my left hand moved instinctively, weaving into my wife's soft locks to aid in guiding her face along my shaft. “Oh, Kat!” I felt the head and length of my cock slipping in and out her greedy throat! Now this, I could get used to. This, I did not regret.

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz! my cell went off from the bed stand. I slung my right hand over aimlessly at it, fumbling and beating, trying to turn off my alarm.

Goph! Goph! Goph! Kat raked her head harder and faster over my cock at hearing me wake, gulping and slurping, clamping her throat tight for me as she fed it through!

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz! my phone did not give up. It wasn't my alarm, but someone calling. I hit ignore, intent upon enjoying every second of pleasure my wife was gifting me! Whomever was on the other end, however, had other ideas. They called right back.

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!

"For crying out loud!" I reached for the ignore button again, this time to cut my phone off.

"No!" Kat ripped her lips off my spit coated cock and swung her legs over my hips, straddling me, burying my hard cock into her drenched pussy before I could blink! I was surprised. That fire was in her eye again, swirling and sweltering.

With her hands pressed against my chest, she nodded while riding me. "Answer it," she panted, short of breath, but with a wry, devious smile was spread across her lips.

I studied my Kat for a second while my phone kept buzzing, a little awestruck. God I loved her! I could get used to this indeed!

"H-hello?" I answered, trying to steady my ragged breath as I stared up desperately at my beautiful wife, those sparkling blue eyes, those gently bouncing tits and swiveling hips atop me. I didn't want to sound obvious, but Kat only ground harder against me, as if trying to accomplish the opposite! Oh, that wicked woman! I couldn't have loved her more!

"Al!" I recognized the voice at once, and felt a cold knife stab at my chest. "How was last night?" Dara. I gave a pause before answering.

"G-good..." I stammered, but apparently Kat was not pleased that I was still able to talk, and began bouncing herself even harder, faster atop me, making our flesh clap!

"Good?!" Dara scoffed, not pleased by my answer either. "So did that slut fuck all your friends or not?!" Leave it to Dara...

I winced at the Witch's choice of words, and even now with my wife fucking me, I felt the pang of jealousy at recalling last night. *Slut,* I thought to myself as I stared up into my wife's eyes alive with fire and remembered... remembered her crawling around naked on her hands and knees, willingly sucking off one of my friends after another... bent over our dining room table, taking it and getting fucked by each of them in turn. Her pussy was wet as she road me now, soaking wet, but wet for me, or was it still filled with all my friends' cum they'd shot up into her pussy last night?

"Y-yeah..." I mumbled into the phone, admitting, not sure what else to say.

"Al!" Kat hissed, moaning! Still not pleased, she grabbed my free hand and wrapped it around her ass, forcing my fingers until I had two stuck up her asshole!

"T-this... this i-isn't the... the b-best of t-times..." I mumbled to Dara on the other end.

"Is that slut fucking you right now?!" Dara guessed. Or could she hear it? Kat wasn't playing nice, but fucking me hard!

"Y-yeah..." I hummed, admitting, burying my fingers deep in my wife's ass, fully enjoying the guilty pleasure of it - talking to her sister while I defiled her.

"Hahaha!" Dara laughed loud, and I was afraid Kat might hear, but my slut currently had her eyes rolled back into her skull, biting at her lip, grinding into my cock and fingers and looked to be far away on cloud nine.

"That's my boy, I told you!" Dara claimed victory. "Take control, Al! Flip that dirty slut over, and drive your cock deep up her ass! I want to be able to hear her scream!"

Life... things couldn't have been more odd. Awkward. Kat was riding me, fucking herself silly while I had two fingers stuck up her ass and was talking to her sister on the phone? But... I guess I've done stranger things, and Dara hadn't failed me yet. I felt a little pulse of excitement, of daring course through me. Still listening... I did as she told me.

"Huh?!" Kat gasped as I pushed her off me with one hand, still holding the phone to my ear with the other. "Al?" she questioned groggily, as if having just awoken from a good dream and didn't understand what was going on. But I quickly rolled over and moved behind her, picking her up by the hip.

"Oh... fuck yeah!" she began to catch on, and helped me get her into position. Still holding my phone, I let go of Kat to grab my cock, and she tried pressing herself back to bury it, hungry, rolling her ass, begging me loudly.

"Hahahaha!" Dara laughed hysterically from the other end, hearing her sister. "Do it Al! Stick your cock up that slut's ass!" even over the phone, Dara claimed power over me. I slobbered the head of my hard dick through my wife's wet gash, but I did not let her slip it in. As she cried for it, I lifted it, and planted my swollen head into the sunken brown bud off her asshole.

"Oh, Al! Yesss!" Kat growled menacingly. Even after all I've heard her say and seen her do over these last few months, she still managed to surprise me as she then dropped her face into our pillows and reached back to spread her cheeks. "Shove it in hard!" she begged while bracing herself for the shock and pain to come - of my cock tearing up into her bowels! She... she wanted it like that?

Too... too much. Dara on one end, Kat on the other. Dara, right yet again. Kat was a slut. And so, I thrust my hips forward as hard as I could, putting my weight into it!

"AHYEEE!" Kat shrieked bloody murder as my hard cock ripped open her tight ring with only the lube of her wet cunt clinging about it! And all at once, I plunged deep into her bowels again!

She reeled forward as if in attempt at escape, but I'd already thrown my weight and there was no stopping it. I fell with her, careening into her like a steam engine until I was buried to the hilt! Kat let go her cheeks to clench and tear at the sheets as she bit and screamed into the pillow!

"Kat?!" I panicked, fearing I'd hurt her. I froze!

"Bahaha!" Dara was cackling madly on the other end, hearing it all.

"K-Kat..?" I stuttered, my heart racing - what had I done?! I slowly, gently tried to pull my cock back out.

"No!" Kat's hand suddenly swung and slapped against my thigh, holding me in place. I stopped. I didn't know what to do?!

"NNGH!" I could hear her teeth grinding as she buried her face fully into the pillow as if to suffocate herself! I could feel her body trembling around me, wracked in pain. And Dara was still laughing. And I was about to have a heart attack!

"Just... nng!" I heard Kat's muffled groan through the pillow, her tight sphincter clenching and clawing angrily at the base of my cock. "Just... FUGHCK! FUCK ME!" she then screamed through it, rocking her hips back against me!

I... I was flabbergasted. I didn't know what to do? I didn't do anything.

"Oh god! Please!" Kat rolled her head to look back at me. "Fuck me!" she begged, bouncing her ass back to fuck herself on my cock! "Fuck me hard!"

I... I... *Slut!*

"Hahaha! You can thank me later, Al!" Dara heard all. "But first, I need to ask a favor..." she said just as I reared back and began to pump my wife's ass like she was begging me to!

Saturday. Only one day removed from having to watch my wife fuck all my best of friends. It was to be a long day. Dara's doing...

My heart was heavy, my belly roiled, but I put on a smile and played it off as best I could. After our morning festivities and a shower, I took Kat shopping. Enjoyed a nice lunch in the park - she sucked me off in the stall of a public toilet. Afterwards, I treated her to the spa. Just tried to enjoy the day with her. With my wife. Just me and her like old times.

Though it already felt like a lifetime ago, three months ago... and then the poker game only last night and fresh on my mind, and Kat, my wife... with Mark and Paul, Justin and Bill. My friends! And now... *this*. It plagued me. Life was getting complicated.

Kat and I had been through a lot of these last three months, but this... this was something else entirely. A line uncrossable. Blackmail. Lying. Deceit. Selling my own wife. I delayed for as long as I could, seeking and searching for any way out of it that I could. I'd even texted Dara back, offering to pay off her debt with this man out of my own pocket. She'd promptly replied that even if I did have that kind of money - which I didn't - that this is what Kat wants, needs, and "you'd best remember that."

"Kat..." I began hesitantly, checking the clock on the dash of my car as we headed home. It was already after six, and I was running out of time. "H-how... how do you feel about..?" I was struggling, unable to get it out.

"Al?" Kat came up out of my lap, wiping the spit from her chin, looking a little surprised that I'd just interrupted her blowing me, but also sensed my uneasiness and placed a hand on mine.

"A movie..." I finally blurted out ambiguously.

"Sure," she answered. "I could check the times?" she reached for her phone, a little put off still.

"N-no..." I stuttered, grinding my jaw while looking intently forward, staring down the asphalt road as we sped down it. "I mean... a video," I slightly corrected. "M-making one?" the words felt like lead on my chest.

She sat there for the longest time, just watching me, contemplating me, driving me insane! "You mean..?" she finally added, and even though she said nothing more, by her tone and the haughtiness in her voice, I knew that she understood exactly what I meant.

"I..." I dared spare her a glance, which was a mistake. It nearly broke me, and I rushed to look forward again. "I - I have this friend..."

"Another friend?" Kat quipped, smiling wryly. I didn't exactly appreciate that.

"O-one of our clients..." I rambled on. "H-he said he would... professionally done..." I had to really struggle to get it all out, feeding my wife the lie Dara had given me.

"Oh?" Kat intoned. "What did you have in mind?" she asked a little breathlessly. I caught one of her hands circling her left bosom.

"I... I don't..?" I started, but then her other reached back across my lap, and she took me in her fist, starting to jack me. I had to really battle now to keep my wits!

"You - you want to make a video of us?" Kat damn near purred!

"Er... yeah? S-something like that..?" I started mumbling.

"God, Al! I fucking love you!" Kat called, before diving once more for my cock!

A million different things managed to race through my mind in that split second before Kat's wet mouth reached me. Part of me was disgusted at going along with this, with Dara's "favor."

Ha! A favor. I should have known better. Known never to get mixed up with the likes of Dara. Known never to trust Dara, but... here I was, and there was little I could do to stop it now. She was asking a little more than a favor. A lot more.

As it was, Dara felt as though she'd helped me out - helped save my marriage, and that it was now my turn to return the "favor." As she revealed, she owed a very important man a rather large sum of money, and congruent with his line of business and to nail "two birds with one stone," Dara had offered up my wife, her very own sister, as her form of payment.

Getting to the specifics, Dara had gone on to explain how he was in the adult film industry, and that after having seen the video of Kat Dara had taken *that* night, he'd readily agreed to settle Dara's debt with him if he could make his own film with her.

"No way in hell!" was just one of my furious responses to her after I'd come to my senses and had a moment away from Kat's prying ears. No way Kat would ever agree to this, and no way I would either! It was ludicrous! Insane! "The nerve!" I'd told her.

But Dara was neither insane nor ludicrous. She had a plan. I - me - Alvin - Kat's husband! - would be the one to suggest the shoot. Kat would be kept in the dark that this was a real porno that would be posted and sold online, adult stores - any where and everywhere! - but per my own words and deception, would be made to believe that her loving husband was simply asking this of her for a collection of our own.

And when I'd refused every single last part of this, that's when Dara reminded me of the video she had of Kat and us from *that* night, and that if I didn't go along with this, then she'd simply sell that video, as well as send a free copy to all of our friends... to the charities Kat worked with... to our parents and other family members.

Blackmail. Oh, how I hated Dara then. Oh, how I cursed myself for falling further into her web! Undaunted, I'd attempted to call Dara's bluff, but I'd no sooner hung up the phone with her, than an email arrived with a video and several still images beckoning from my inbox.

She then sent a text, saying she was confident I'd make the right choice, and that they'd be at our

house at ten. Tonight. At our own house! Tonight!

And so in this split second as Kat dove for my cock, I had a real decision to make.

What Kat wants?! Ha! Even if she was a slut now, she'd never agree to making a porno! A porno for christ's sake! Sold! Online! Movies and dvd's passed around out there of her! It would kill her! And if I lied to her, tricked her into it and she ever found out... I didn't want to go there. I could never do that to her.

But then... which was worse? Dara did not make idle threats, and I did not doubt for a second that she would go through with it if I failed her. I'd watched the video... most of it. Seen the pictures she'd clipped from it. I'd been there that night. I remembered it all too well.

I'd already tried to imagine what would happen to Kat, to us, if that email arrived to her parents? My parents? Our friends? Work? Kat would be ruined. We'd be ruined. And I feared that the destruction would be too much for her... in the most disastrous sort of ways. I hadn't forgotten the way she'd gone into her shell after *that* night, but this... this would be on a whole different level. It would destroy her. It would kill her.

I had few options, worse and worse. Which was the lesser? I'd already considered just telling Kat the truth, what we were faced with and let her decide for herself, face it together, but that had its pitfalls as well. First off, it would destroy her and Dara's relationship forever, though not that I really cared. Maybe that would be for the best? But then... Kat would know how vulnerable she was. Even if I told her, we'd still have no choice. Letting that video out was simply not an option, and knowingly having to make a porno would kill her all the same.

I'd already crossed this bridge. Braving Dara's wrath was not an option. Would Kat really... would she go through with it, make the porno if I told her truth and gave her the choice? Yes, she'd have no choice I'd decided. She would do it, and then... then what? She'd be destroyed, never her same self again knowing that was out there. And so... what was the point in telling her? Was it not better to lie to her? Lie to save her?

And then Kat's hungry lips wrapped around my cock, sucked me right into her throat, and as she pressed her face tightly into my groin as if to suffocate herself, I forgot all else. We'd already made it so far...

The door bell rang.

I gulped, hard, whipping my head to the door as if preparing to meet my maker. I looked to our closed bedroom door. Kat had still, as of yet, not revealed herself from within the labyrinth. I looked to the clock. It was ten. I looked back to the front door, stalling. Tempestuous knocks sounded, as if intent upon breaking the door down.

"Well, Al, you asked for it..." I swallowed my pride. A long, grueling wait. Nothing I didn't deserve. I waited a bit longer as he rang our door bell over and over again, simultaneously pounding on the door. It was quite annoying.

I looked to our bedroom door one last time. Kat still did not come out. "Okay..." I sucked it up, and took a step to answer the door myself. *'Fuck me.'* Answering the door for my wife's newest lover.

"Oh..." I said upon swinging it open. I had been wrong in my assumption. In truth, I never exactly

covered the details of what laid in store for us tonight, but I certainly had not expected this! For there stood not one or two or even three, but a large group awaiting entrance to our house.

“Hmm...” the one before me hummed, re-checking our address posted on the door frame and then back at me. He obviously did not like what he saw. “This 118 Palmer Street?” he asked in a slick, high pitched, semi-Italian, semi-Brooklyn accent. He was a short, hardly five feet tall, and skeletal of a man with a dark and sinister complexion. The top of his head was balding, with thin, greasy, pitch black hair sleeked straight back, and had a pinned black mustache to match. There was a large, black case set at his feet.

I instantly did not like this man, but he was so bony and small, he did not give me great pause. I could handle him if I needed to. It was those behind him that sent my heart plummeting with dread!

Behind him stood six large black men, all as stocky and as tall as trees – the *action*. All six of them looked as if they could play as linebackers in the NFL. And then there were still three others, white, two boys dressed shabbily and a sole woman, older, that looked like she had a two-pack-a-day smoking habit for the last forty years. Each of the young boys bore a load full of equipment – the help, and the woman another case. I did not yet know her part in this. And even still, the party was not finished. One of these two boys held... one held the leash to a massive, menacing looking Rottweiler!

„Dog! a gong rang inside my head, rattling me! My stomach twisted into knots! I gulped, as if this large crowd wasn't enough, the sight of the dog sent me over the edge! I hadn't expected this! I considered slamming the door in their faces, but... I didn't.

“Wha'... what's *that* for..?” I asked queasily, pointing at the dog. My hand was shaking. The short man in front of me, the director and producer, turned to look back at what I was pointing at. He returned my gaze with an eerie, yellow toothed grin spreading from ear to ear.

“I have personally spoken with your agent,” his raspy voice sent chills up my spine.

“My agent?!” I spluttered, not knowing what in the hell he was talking about.

“Yes!” he hissed, appearing irritable. “She assured me that none of this would be a problem,” he managed to say in a way that sounded more like a threat than some simple disclosure. Small as he might be, but this man suddenly sent me shrinking back before him, as if afraid he might pull a shank and stab me with it at any second should I not tell him what he wanted to hear.

“Miss Black...” he alluded to, taking note of my confusion.

“M-miss... Black?” I quipped. Kat's maiden name. *Dara!* I nodded to show that I understood.

“She's the one that propositioned how much we would offer for a scene with the dog,” he scolded me angrily, making a fuss about it. “And I must say, she drove a hard bargain! The boss was not entirely pleased with the terms, but she assured us that we would not be disappointed!” he growled, before calming and straightening some, finishing in a low and menacing tone. “And as she's forced us to pay up front, I assure you, good sir, that the boss is not one to be disappointed.”

A cold bucket of ice fell over me. *Dara..?* How could *Dara* do this to us?! To *Kat*?! But then... *Dara*. Who was I kidding? What wouldn't she do?! I looked back to *Kat*'s closed door, reconsidering. Reconsidering how I might get us out of this, but... I had heard the man clearly. “*Not one to be disappointed.*” I did not assume that if I simply closed the door in his face, he'd simply disappear quietly. *Dara* had sold us, trapped us, the price she was making me pay for listening to her in the

first place!

Al! You're such a fool!

"We're getting off on the wrong foot," the man suddenly shifted tones and brightened some. "Allow me to introduce myself! I am Weaze the Weasel!" he held out a hand for me. "And you must be Mister Youngst, yes?"

"Weaze... the Weasel?" I repeated uncomfortably, shifting some as I timidly reached out to take his hand. What a name.

"Yes!" he shook it enthusiastically! "But you can just call me Weaze."

"Riiight..." I rebuffed. "And you... y-you can call me A-Al..." I stuttered out my own name, not wanting to appear rude - at least, not to this man. He was dangerous I could tell, and held all the cards.

"Very good. Now isn't this better?!" his voice screeched and I winced. It sure didn't feel better.

"By the looks of it, Al," he smirked and elbowed me in the ribs as if we were old chums. "I'd guess that you and your wife have never done anything like this before, eh?" he looked down right giddy at the prospect.

"No... well, not e-exactly..." I answered him.

"Oh, that's just fine!" he forgave me, fully pleased at the news. "Hard times out there, economy the way it is. We could all use a little extra cash, if you know what I mean - teehee!" he fucking elbowed me again! *Money...* he thought Kat and I were doing this for the money! *Dara!* I doubted we'd ever see a penny of it, not that that mattered.

"Yeah - ungh," I grunted from his jolt. "I guess you could say that..." I rubbed at my side, leaving it at that. I didn't need to explain anything to *Weaze*.

"Well, your wife is here, is she not? I would like to get a look at her. Very beautiful, I am to understand! A real treat, tee-hee!" he laughed that wicked laugh, craning his neck to look up and over and around me, further into the house. I moved to block his view. I did not like him talking about Kat like that.

"She is," I said, nodding over my shoulder to our closed bedroom door.

"I see!" he squeaked on, his little black, beady eyes growing narrow. "And she knows what we're doing here tonight, yes?"

"Yes," was the best I could do.

"She knows you've cut a deal to make a video for some cash... pay off some of those bills, hmm?" he prodded me.

"Yeah... well, not exactly," I couldn't help but wilt at his words. I was terrified, and couldn't think, couldn't control myself.

"Oh ho-ho!" Weaze began to look me over more carefully, studying me. "She *doesn't* know what kind of film *exactly* that we're making, hmm?" he read me, sparing a glance back at the men and dog.

"Uh... y-yeah," I started, but that shook at the cold hard truth. "I mean... s-she just thinks... a - a video... f-for us..." I hated to admit to this man, but couldn't risk this truth coming out later. "That... that alright? I mean... can't w-we leave t-the others out o-of it..?" I hopelessly tried.

"Hahaha!" Weaze erupted at this news, cackling and slapping his hands together delightedly! "You sly, sly devil you! This should be good!" he rubbed them together greedily, understanding, but not answering.

"Tye," Weaze then turned to one of the six black men. "I want you and the boys to wait in the van until I call for you. Take the mutt with you."

"Sure thing boss," they all set off, Tye taking the Rott's lead from one of the crew. That gave me a little reprieve.

"You three, let's get to work!" Weaze shoved forward into my house, leading the woman and his cameramen and their gear in without my consent. Speechless, I could only stand back and let them pass.

"Not bad," Weaze instantly began showing himself around. I closed the door, happy to have those men and that dog outside, hoping against hope that Weaze was taking pity on me, and that things would stay that way.

"So tell me, Al?" Weaze asked as he kept looking about. "What *exactly* does your wife think is happening here tonight?"

"I... I just..." I spoke lowly, hugging one arm across my chest while staring at my shuffling feet. "The video... a-a p-personal video..."

"Oh," Weaze retorted, sparing a glance back at me. "That's excellent!" Weaze wheezed. "What about the other men?"

"Umm..." I stalled fidgeting.

"Tee-hee! Even better!" he was loving it. "I'll assume then, that she knows nothing about the dog?!"

"Uhhh?!!" I grunted, looking up at him with strained eyes, flashing them to the door to tell him he was talking too loud!

"Mmm!" Weaze hummed greedily at this, rubbing his little greasy paws together. "That should be a good surprise!" he then wandered over to our dining room table - the same table we'd played poker on just last night. The same table that...

"Has she ever been with a dog before?" he asked me.

"No!" I just blurted out. I didn't need to share anything with this man. "And... about that..." I eked in a woman's voice, hoping we could at the very least leave the dog out of it.

"Oh?" but this only seemed to excite the Weasel more. He glanced around to all his helpers. "Very interesting indeed! You," he turned on the woman without naming her. "Go get our star ready!"

"Sure thing, Weaze," the woman approached our bedroom door, knocked, and I heard Kat bid her entry, the first sign I'd heard from her for what felt like hours. The woman closed it behind.

Clonk! Weaze slapped his briefcase down atop the table, opened it up, and drew out a large stack of

papers.

“As for the dog,” he then went on. “I’m afraid the terms have already been settled. The boss pays top dollar for such scenes, and we wouldn’t be getting our money’s worth if I were to leave that out.”

“But...” it was if I was on auto-pilot, lost of all my senses.

“Come here, Al,” he called me over, shoving a readied pen into my chest.

“Huh?” I took the pen.

“Sign,” he told me.

“Oh... uh...” I began to look the documents over. A contract.

“There’s no need to read it,” Weaze assured me. “The terms have already been made, the money paid. We’ll keep up our end of the deal and nothing more, nothing less, as will you.” There was that threat again. “Just sign.”

To just sign without reading... well, I was a businessman. Only a fool would sign something like this without reading it! But... Weaze didn’t seem like the sort of man to be too bothered by contracts. A lawsuit would be the least of my worries if the terms were broken.

Urged on by the scary man, I... I just signed. And on the next page... signed. Several more in, signed again. Three more times working my way through. And then finally, on the last page, signed mine and Kat’s lives away.

“Very good!” Weaze tucked the documents back into his briefcase. “Now then, let’s get down to business! This is how it’s going to work!”

Had I known what was to come... never. Never would have agreed. Would have let Dara send out her emails with that video. But... too late. Crippled by fear of this man... too late. Too late.

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## **Chapter Twenty-Five: Porn**

“Quiet on the set!” cut the raspy wheeze of the Weaze the Weasel, though no one was talking. He was manning a large, professional looking camera that stood upon a tripod at the center of our living room. It was currently positioned just beyond the coffee table and trained at the sofa. I was standing behind him. I gulped, cupping my roiled belly with one hand. I was trying to calm the army of butterflies sickening me, remain calm - strong for my Kat. It was starting.

There came a long pause as Weaze checked his crew to ensure they were ready. His two cameramen, Duck and Trap, were fanned out to either side, manning hand-held cameras of their own in order to capture the scene from different angles. The woman that had helped Kat prepare, Teresa, stood back beside Weaze before a large white board on a tripod of its own, black dry-erase marker in hand. Seeing everyone was in their places... “Action!” Weaze yelled!

Cameras rolling, our living room fell eerily still and silent. All focus was now turned to the woman sat alone upon our sofa.

“What’s your name, pretty?” Weaze began.

Pretty... *Kat*. She squinted up from her seat, jittery eyes darting about. I knew she was searching for me, but all the lighting behind us and focused on her were blinding. Weaze had turned our living room into a real set.

"K-Kat..." her voice cracked. She squirmed uneasily, brushing down her long, flowered dress, before hugging at her knees pressed tightly together. It was an old, moth-balled thing, helping to make her look every part of the "innocent housewife." Teresa had fixed her hair, curling it, and had applied a grand amount of make-up, and while a little over done, Kat still looked as lovely as ever.

"Your full name?" Weaze called to her from behind his camera.

Kat had been given very little instruction. After having been dragged out of the room by Teresa, introduced to Weaze and his other two helpers and signed the contract herself, he'd only told her that we were to begin with an "interview of sorts," and that she was to answer honestly, unless given a cue by Teresa upon her white board. To say the least, this was all a bit more than Kat had expected, and we hadn't even really started yet.

"K-Katherine Youngst..." she said sheepishly, still searching for me, for courage amongst the blinding lights shinning down upon her. Weaze gave her an encouraging thumbs up.

"And how old are you, miss Youngst?"

"T-twenty... twenty-nine..."

"What is your breast size?" the Weasel quickly went on, peppering her with his questions.

"I... I don't..?" Kat lifted a hand to shield her eyes from the bright light, still searching.

"Your breast size, miss Youngst? If you please," Weaze repeated.

"D-double... d-double dees..." she admitted sheepishly, bringing one arm up to hug at those double dees as if they were already on display.

"Oh, a modest one, tee-hee!" Weaze chuckled sourly at this. "I like!" he blushed Kat more, and she let her arm fall back down.

Her height. Her weight. Her exact date of birth. Where she grew up and went to school. Where she worked and where she liked to go for fun. The bastard drug every little detail out of her, even her driver's license and social security numbers! Lastly, he made her say our address, and then and only then, did the full weight of this information fully strike me. This... this wasn't *just* a video for us as Kat believed, but would be seen by many!

I began to panic, fearing we might have to move after this ordeal. But... I had my own clear instructions, and I was not allowed to speak. Even with all this said, Weaze had put enough fear in me that I did not break this oath. From here, he dug into more personal details.

"What kind of panties do you typically like to wear?"

It was then that I saw the woman, Teresa, first kick into gear, gesturing and pointing animatedly at the dry erase board. I looked to it, and mouthed the words just as Kat read them aloud.

**GRANNY PANTIES!**

"I... I guess you... you'd call them Granny Panties..?" she said, reddening, looking to her knees. I had

to admit, she'd pulled it off quite nicely. Both Teresa and Weaze gave her the thumbs up, but before Weaze could even ask the next question, Teresa was already erasing the last to quickly begin scribbling out the next answer Kat was to give, as if she already knew the question to come. It came.

"How many lovers have you been with, miss Youngst?" Weaze's question sent my heart plummeting as my mind unwittingly began tallying all the new "lovers" Kat had taken these last three months.

Kat's face shot up at this as well, looking scared and ashamed, but then... she became distracted as Teresa was gesturing again to her white board.

"Just... just one..." she said, and I nearly fell over from the affront! But then I spotted the white board as well. That... that's what Teresa had written.

"Oh..." Weaze intoned, sounding surprised and curious. "And who would that be?"

"M-my... my husband..." she answered, and correctly as Teresa gave her another thumbs up, letting her know she was doing well. ,Why?'

"So you're married then?"

"Y-yes..." she said, sounding a little put off from the interrogation and the obvious question.

"And what is your husband's name?"

"A-Al... Alvin..."

"Alvin Youngst?" he finished for her.

"Y-yes..."

"For how long?"

"S-seven... seven years," she answered. "But," she added urgently, as if it were terribly important. "We... we've been together for fifteen."

"Fifteen years?!" Weaze mocked surprise at this. "Wow! That's a long time. And are you happily married, miss Youngst?" he feigned doubt.

"Yes, of course!" Kat answered him unequivocally, giving me some reprieve in this otherwise dire situation.

"And do you know why you're here tonight, Alvin Youngst's happily married wife?"

Kat gulped, nodding.

"Why?" he forced her to say it.

"A... a-a v-video..."

"And are you okay with that, Alvin Youngst's wife?"

Kat looked to her knees, eyes and lips twitching anxiously. She stalled, but Weaze waited patiently. Finally, she nodded again, adding, "I-if... if t-this is w-what Al wants..?" she shrugged, sounding unsure of herself. I couldn't help but think of last night, of how the game had turned and Kat had

been pulled in... *Just. Like. This.*

“Excellent...” Weaze hissed through tightly turned lips as he looked up from his camera, his beady, dark black eyes narrowing into slits upon my wife. “And cut!” he turned off the camera.

The interview was over. My heart joined my stomach. Here we go!

\*\*\*\*

It all started off so nicely. Shots of Kat and I enjoying a warm and cozy dinner together with some wine. We played the part of a loving, innocent couple, managing a laugh here and there, even flirting and giggling at times. Well, Kat did. I was a nervous shit-show!

I was surprised by her. She was nervous as well and it showed at times – especially at first, but in an entirely different way. An excited sort of way. And she was even good at it, her lines sounding much better and more genuine than mine. But then... she didn't know of what was in store for us.

The instructions were simple. Weaze had set the initial scene, from dinner and wine and then on into the bedroom. We could say, do whatever we liked, as long... as long as we did not acknowledge the cameras. To Kat, it all sounded so harmless and innocent, and she was getting into it, but then, she still believed this was a video of *just* us. She performed just as Weaze had instructed, appearing as normal and casual as possible, “Pretend like the cameras aren't even here, sweetie.”

Per Weaze's direction, we ended up in our bedroom, Kat changing into a long pink night gown with frills – something that would belong to an eighty year old – and me into my boxers. We settled into bed to read our “bibles,” before quickly calling it a night with a tender peck on the lips. Kat was even made to say a sweet prayer for us. It all made little sense to her, but she acted accordingly. The lights then dimmed, and we pretended as if to go to sleep.

That's when the window pane broke. Not a real window, just a pane of glass Weaze had prepared out in the kitchen, a bucket there to catch the shards. I knew this was coming, Kat did not.

“Al?!” Kat stopped our games and shot up in bed, true fear shining through. We both heard the back door creak open and the soft, distant echo of footsteps. Many footsteps. Duck with his camera was just beside our bed, capturing it all.

“I'll check it out...” I hated it, but played along nevertheless. That was Weaze's instructions to me before Kat joined us. In my boxers, I wandered out into the house, leaving my dear wife alone in our bedroom.

“Whoa! What do you think you're doing?!” I called out my lines given to me upon the white board. There was a short scuffle, and then... silence.

“Al?” Kat called frantically, knowing nothing of the plot. “Al?!”

My heart burned for her, but by this point, I was already stripped, hog-tied and gagged on my living room floor.

“Al..?” Kat seemed on the verge of a panic attack. Weaze waited patiently, one camera following Kat as she stole our bed's sheet, hugging it over her body as she came to investigate, the other two cameras awaiting to capture the surprise of her entry.

“Al!” Kat shrieked true with fear upon spotting me... Me, tied, with six large “burglars” dressed in

black within our living room. Her eyes flashed around the room which was now a porn set to be. She froze on something for a second, and then... "HELP!" she forgot this was an act, screaming with terror as she threw up the sheet like a shield and retreated into our bedroom!

"Get her!" the six gave chase.

\*\*\*\*

They drug Kat back out by the hair kicking and screaming. The lighting was perfect. The angles were perfect. Kat's acting was... Kat had no idea what was happening, but for Weaze, it was all too perfect.

"Got's us a fine white bitch here!" the one reigning her by the hair forced Kat to her knees not far from me, and then slapped her, cruelly, trying to shut her up.

"You said no one was home!" one of the actors said to another.

"So what?!" the one controlling Kat interrupted. "More fun for us. Never had me any white cunt!" he stated ominously, grabbing at his groin.

"AL!" Kat screamed, a real scream, crying, tears falling as she tried to fight them off! It chilled my heart to its core.

"Nngh! Nnngh!" I yelled through my gag, struggling against my bonds, wanting desperately to take it all back, but all to no avail. Little to my knowing, it only made for a better picture to Weaze.

Kat's fists were swinging, legs kicking, but there was just too many of them. Two more caught her by the wrists while the one still held her by a fistful of hair. Another stepped forward, and began tearing her nightie from her body. Kat screamed, begging them to stop. Begging them to let us go. Promising that they could take whatever they wanted! Little to her knowing, they soon would.

Soon, he was ripping at a large, all covering bra while another manhandled her, ripping at a large pair of white "granny panties," hopping her up off the carpet until they shredded. Soon, they revealed both her magnificent tits and pussy, leaving her completely naked!

More rough hands flew across her body, groping her, feeling and kneading her tits and pinching and pulling at her nipples!

"STOP IT! STOP IT!" Kat's adrenaline was racing, and she was putting up a good fight, but there was just too many, and they only laughed at her antics. "AL! PLEASE! HELP ME! LEAVE US ALONE!" she shrieked as the hands began to slap at her jugs as well as her face.

Terror gripped my chest and I thought I was about to puke into my gag, but then... as Kat kept crying for me, her eyes... her eyes were not searching for me. Not for me, but... but over and to my right.

Tears were in my eyes now. I was crying, ashamed at what I'd gotten us into and terrified for me wife, but then... the woman. Teresa. She was moving furiously across her white board, scribbling something out. I couldn't yet make it, but... there were other words, ones stacked right on top of the other. They were written large and in all caps, exclamation points!

**RUN!**

**FIGHT THEM!!**

## *CALL FOR YOUR HUSBAND!!!*

I... I... I... my brain was mush. I didn't understand. Kat's screams pulled me back to her. And it.. it all happened so fast from there. The "burglars" quickly started shedding their masks and clothes, all six of the huge black men drawing into a tight circle about my wife, slapping and mocking her.

"Someone shut that bitch up!" Before I knew it, they were all naked and one was already attempting to shove his long, black snake into Kat's mouth to shut her up!

And as if it were all real, she fought, kicking and punching and even biting at the man's cock that was trying to stuff it in her mouth, but that only drew their ire and made for a more lively video. One after the other, they began slapping her in the face again, harsh, slapping her silly! Those that couldn't reach her face slapped her tits, flopping them and turning them a strawberry red!

"Suck it, hoe!" another forced his cock into Kat's drooling, weeping gab!

"Goddammit!" he'd no sooner forced it in than reeled backwards, hopping, cussing, clenching at his wounded cock!

"Careful, she bites!" the first one laughed at his friend.

"Fucking bitch!" he then surged forward, slapping Kat so hard across the face that her head whipped, curled locks flying, and she gasped from shock and pain! He grabbed her by the chin, forcing her to look at him as he hovered angrily over her. Kat's whole body was writhing up and down!

"EEKE!" she shrieked as he reached down with his other hand and took hold one of her nipples, twisting it savagely!

"That's right, bitch!" he then spit in her face! Kat was crying hysterically, calling and begging for me!

"AL! AL! PLEASE! AL! DON'T LET THEM!"

*,What... what had I done?!*

"Ain't no one to help you, bitch!" he slapped her again. "Yo hubby's all tied up!" he forced her to look at me and then slapped her once more for good measure! But Kat... she was facing me, but she wasn't looking at me. Her teary eyes were off and to the side. Kat bit at her lip to silence her snivels, cheeks red from abuse, eyes bloodshot, and tears were streaming down in rivers, but... she stopped crying, as if it were a faucet she could turn on and off at will.

*,Oh, Al! What have you done?! I hated myself!*

"Trey, find us some pliers!" the man over my wife shouted to one of his friends. "This white bitch bite my cock again, I'm pulling out all's them pretty whites teeth!" he grinned wickedly, displaying a row of glittering gold encrusted teeth of his own.

Kat went pale, paralyzed with fear. The warning alone was enough to make her compliant, even more so when Trey returned with those said pliers, but things had already digressed to a point that they were no longer necessary. One after the other, the six began shoving their monstrous cocks right down my wife's throat, gagging and choking her on them!

They traded places rapidly, each taking turns, just long enough to get a taste before on to the next one. To make matters worse, they were all so big, all Mike's and Marcus', not a single one less than ten inches, a couple of them pushing twelve, thirteen, even fifteen inches in length, and as thick as my fist!

"Man! This white bitch sure can suck a cock!" they gloated as she was forced to jack two others while deepthroating the one in her mouth. Kat was a mass of delirium by now. Their cocks were too big, straining and paining her poor throat, and all the while they kept spitting on her, humiliating her, calling her every foul name they could come up with as they continued slapping her in the face and tits, pinching and pulling at her nipples as if intent to tear them off!

"Goph! Goph! Goph!" She wasn't allowed to cry, face being fucked and her mouth stuffed full, but I could still see. Her eyes were squeezed tight, blinded by their spit and her own tears. Drool and viscous bile coated her chin and dangled down to her heavy, reddened breasts from having been coughed and hacked up. Sweat beaded from her brow.

But through it all, she no longer cried out for me. Instead, as they traded from one to the other, I caught her eyes blinking open and dashing to the same spot in the room, but... she never said anything. I finally looked. The white board... the last thing Teresa had written beneath the rest...

*SHOW TIME! SUCK THEM!!*

\*\*\*\*

It was rape. I was so disturbed by the trauma my Kat was enduring, that I was beyond comprehension. The six soon grew bored with *simply* skull fucking my wife, and moved Kat over to the couch.

*Moved...* No, they hauled her up by the hair and shoved her over! Kat tripped backwards screaming, a collapsed like a sack of potatoes down over the arm rest. She yelped as her back cracked and arched over it, but all six were on her in an instant!

Two grabbed her by the wrists and forced her fists to their cocks. One grabbed her by the ankles and hauled them high up into the air, ripping them as wide open as he could before diving right into her as of yet untouched pussy!

"AAHYEE!" Kat screamed, curdling as he tore his huge cock unmercifully into her without hint of foreplay! Screamed! Or was she..?

Her shrieks were short lived, however, as another stepped up over her upside down face, and taking her by the scalp and chin, he stuck his massive cock right in, and started to face fuck her once more!

*Guh! Goph! Haghk! Goph!* It wasn't pretty.

It became a free-for-all after that. None stayed for long, none to finish in either her pussy or her mouth, but they traded out as before, over and over again, running like a train. One pounded away at her pussy for a moment, only then to trade out for her face - one right after the next, moving from wet, sloshing cunt to slobbering mouth and gagging throat!

*,Wet, sloshing cunt..?'* So wet. But I wasn't allowed to dwell upon it, as I was forced to watch my beautiful wife being violently raped while they started slapping her again, turning her cheeks and tits from red to blue and purple.

But Kat... she no longer seemed to be fighting it, just... *taking it*.

~~~~~

Chapter Twenty-Six: Show Time

This room. This house. Seven years in it with Kat, I knew it so well. But its walls had now turned dark and gray. Its warmth cold. I knew it naught. It became foreign to me, my prison now, no longer my home.

Busy. Everything was so busy around me, everything happening so fast. Flashing lights and whipping bodies. Shouts of commands. Laughter and cat calls. Begs and pleas. Curses and grunts. Hands and legs were flying and darting, smacking this and twisting that. Hips were thrusting. Flesh slapping. And grunting. Grunting. Grunting berating, echoing in my ears! Moaning and howling! Madness! A mad, seething mob!

All so loud. Everything so dark, yet blinding in the light that illuminated my wife's stage. My mind was weak, and Weaze's lights turned to strobes, confusing and disorienting me. The heat was sweltering. Steaming hot and humid, suffocatingly so. And the musk of sweat and sex, cunt and cock was thick in the air, filling my nostrils just as all else overwhelmed my tearing eyes and the shattered drums of my ears.

"UNGH! UNGH! UNGH!" Kat's grunts were loud enough to rattle our pictures on the walls, those still faces of more innocent days staring down upon us, watching us. "GOPH! GUH! GOPH!" she was soon shut up by another foot long pole skewered down her throat! Hard to listen to. Hard to watch. Only those portraits on the wall could bare it, they in our likeness, they with their unblinking, happy eyes and smiling mouths. If they only knew...

It didn't take these men long though to grow bored with fucking Kat over the armrest, however, and the next up flipped Kat over, leaving half her naked body dangling off the edge of the couch. She reached for the floor to brace herself, one knee curled beneath, the other leg slipped off to place her on all fours.

"Would you look at that?!" the man who had flipped her over pulled my wife's ass cheeks strong apart. "Never seen a fuckhole so tight!" he added before diving his face in between!

"OH GAWD!" Kat cried, spit and bile flying with her mouth free of cock for once as the man began to rim her puckered asshole! The last to have fucked her was already stepping up, his hard shaft bouncing through the air like a broad sword, Kat's cunt juice coated across it like glistening oil.

"Come on, bitch! Suck it!" he took it and slapped his meat against her reddened cheeks.

"Huagh!" she sucked in a deep, ragged breath, battling to lift her fallen face for him, but was then interrupted. "Ungh! Oh! Ow!" Kat yelped as others crowded in and started to spank and slap at the fat of her ass offered up, quickly turning those cheeks just as red.

"I said, suck it, hoe!" the man at her face had little patience, and began to run his long pole in circles over her head, but he did not force her up, nor did he force his cock in.

No, that would all be Kat's doing - of her own free will. Kat, no longer Kat, but... *slut*. There on the floor, not ten feet away, I watched my wife struggle to pick herself up and lift her face, smacking her lips open to accept him in, but the man only grabbed her by the chin and forced her to look back.

Kat paused for a second, blinking, making no sound, giving her dizzy, tear blurred eyes a chance to focus, but when they did...

"No! Stop!" she started, gaining steam. "PLEASE DON'T! NOT THERE!" she cried with all her lungs, sounding the part of desperate maiden! But the men only laughed. Evil laughs. The one with his face between her butt cheeks finally came up for air, crawling to his feet while jacking his slick cock, but only to bend back down, hovering over her, presenting his huge head of a cock to Kat's puckered brown bud he'd just been lathering with his spit.

"OH GOD! NO! PLEASE! I'VE NEVER... ANYTHING BUT THERE! NOT IN MY-" she pleaded, sounding truly horrified! But... she was cut short.

"OH FUH - AHYEE!!!!" He didn't listen, and Kat grunted hoarsely before the air was robbed from her, head whipping forward as that monster size of a man pressed his cock into her ass! The one in front caught her though, and once again stifled her shrieks with another cock down her throat.

For what they then unleashed upon my Kat - for what I had unleashed... I could have killed myself. It was horrible. A nightmare! Without pause, he started hammering her ass as hard and as fiercely and as freely as the rest had her cunt, bouncing her on the cock lodged down her throat!

And then, just as rapidly as before, the man wrenched his cock out her ass with a loud popping echo, and they started trading through, running a train on my wife yet again. The latest one fucking her ass only moving forward to have her suck him clean and shove his cock all the way down into her stomach! My ears were ringing from her screams and pleas.

And she screamed. Oh, how she screamed, legs kicking, toes curling into the air! Continued screaming in between cocks. Screamed so loud! Screamed for me! But no one seemed to care. Her screams only seemed to drive them on faster and fiercer, pleasing Weaze and Teresa greater! And it tormented me. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

I glanced around at Weaze and to his two cameramen catching it all, wondering if they had no soul? At Teresa, wondering how another woman could watch such a thing, but... but then I saw her white board.

*YOU'VE NEVER!
BEG THEM NO!!
NOT IN YOUR ASS!!!*

I didn't - couldn't... *„Huh?“*

After all six had driven through, breaking Kat's ass down until it could no longer close, they pulled her off the couch and onto the floor. One laid on his back, and she was forced to straddle atop him. With her eyes gone, lost within her skull - Kat was the one to grab him, aim his cock up as she sank herself down, impaling her used cunt with his cock. And... and she road him, hips twerking and ass bouncing as she hemmed and hawed like a mad woman!

Another quickly claimed her ass, and they started double fucking her. Kat was still screaming, but it did not sound so much as fear or pain, but... but of lust and pure ecstasy! I knew the call, the sound of that horn's blast. Like... like she was... cumming?

Another stepped up to claim that sweet mouth, and then they were triple fucking her. Kat could no longer cry for them, but was left wheezing and whimpering as they soiled her. On and on. On and on, one trading off for the next like a merry-go-round.

I turned numb and empty. My heart and soul seemed to leave me, leaving me as a pile of useless, helpless heap of flesh and tears. With eyes of stone, eyes unable to turn away, I watched. Watched what they did to my wife next... and next. The only self consciousness that remained was a strain. A deep and aching strain, throbbing from somewhere down below between my legs, but with my mind blank, I could not place it. I knew only that it was trapped, pit against the hard floor, just like me.

They bent her over the seat of the couch, reigning her arms back as they pounded her into it, and she moaned and cried and groaned as they chose whichever hole they wanted. One, then two, then three reigned her by her locks like a horse. I could see Kat's tears and slobber soaked like a puddle into cushions. Her tongue was hanging out like a dogs, her face twisted somewhere between terror... terror and extreme... extreme, gratifying pleasure.

They picked her up, holding her between them as one claimed her ass, the other her pussy, bouncing her in between as she howled and screamed at the ceiling. She held on for dear life, but bleating like a banshee, speaking naught but in tongues between .

They drew still. One whispered in her ear and Kat craned her neck around to look at something, nodding.

They dropped her, arguing between themselves as to what they should do to her next. As if not noticing the poor and weak white woman trying haplessly to crawl to her knees and away, none tried to stop her until Kat was bolting for the back door! It was a game of cat and mouse was all. They soon caught her, and likewise draped her over the kitchen table, fucking her wildly until they had driven both into the far wall.

Wild motioning to the side. I noticed Teresa garnering one of their attention from off screen. She was gesturing earnestly at her white board.

ESCAPE! The top line read.
RUN FOR THE DOOR!!

STICK THINGS UP HER FOR PUNISHMENT! read the next.

"Don't like us fucking you?!" the one fucking her balked as the rest began their search. One grabbed a large wooden spoon. Another a wine bottle. Two looked in the fridge and found some cucumbers and squash saved for dinner. Through a brief discussion and Teresa's unseen aid, they settled on the vegetables.

"Please! No!" Kat cried as they fucked her ass and cunt with both. They managed to stick a whole squash up her ass until you could see nothing but a little yellow dot poking out, only to laugh and guffaw as they watched her shit it back out onto the floor!

To their utter amusement, they repeated that humiliating act more than once, trying some with the cucumber. Another brought out a carton of eggs, and they managed to get five of them up her, before she started shitting those out too, they smashing and splattering upon the floor, one after the other as Kat wept.

They spanked her with spoons and spatulas, before probbing their handles unceremoniously up her. They shared a bottle of expensive wine we'd been saving until they shoved the neck of it up her cunt. One opened up a bottle of champagne, plugging it with his thumb while he gave it a good shake, before quickly shoving it up her ass to give her an alcohol laced enema. The cameras zeroed in and she sent a long, gushing spout of it raining back down onto the floor, whimpering atop her table.

Their games soon over, they took to fucking her again. They fucked her across the floor. They dragged her into our room and fucked her in our bed. They brought her back out and laid her over the coffee table.

By now, they could no longer hold out, and one after the other, they started cumming in her cunt as they fucked her in every position imaginable. They came in her ass as she begged and moaned for it to end! They came in her mouth and down her throat. They painted her face and tits and ass white with their cum. They shot it across her back and on her belly. Others dumped their loads atop her head and in her hair as she busy sucking off and fucking some of their friends. They made her kneel and open her mouth and stick out her tongue, spitting right into her mouth before they jacked off into it and painted her tonsils white with their cream!

With half a green cucumber sticking out her ass, they made her crawl to the couch on all fours while one man slouched back in it, raising and spreading his legs for her. They made her lick his cock like a popsicle and suck on his balls while one pile drove her pussy from behind.

They... they made her lick the man's smelly ass, causing her to heave and gag. And then another man's ass. And then another, all the while still fucking her as hard and as savagely as they could! Their bellies bucking it in, that cucumber had become lost inside her. It suddenly popped out between and random kink in the train. Someone brought that cucumber over, and replaced my gag with the soiled vegetable.

It wasn't long before her cunt was a bubbling spring of cum, her bowels soon turned into a creamy, soupy brown cesspool. They had some fun coating their cocks in it before moving around to shove into her mouth and watch her clean them off. Over and over again. One and then another, non-stop. Kat had become completely deranged by this point, and neither fought nor denied any of their vile advances, but followed along willingly, never even offering a balk.

Back in the middle of the living room, they flipped her upside down with her head, neck and shoulders slumped against the floor, but with her ass trapped high in the air, legs folded back, ankles beside her face. Like this, they took turns bending their cocks down and diving into her ass. Mostly, they were just having fun now, popping their cocks in and out of it, and laughing at its feeble attempts to close whole as their cum chased them back out.

"Goddamn! Would you look at that!" the one fucking her popped his dick out and gripping either of her cheeks, spread them wide. Her asshole was a gaping black hole, her sphincter defeated, a good three, four inches wide, just like her pussy that was frothing out cum. The man spit down the tunnel.

"Let me!" others stepped forward and did the same. Others just stuck their dicks in.

"Her ass is a mess!" the one currently buried in her complained. "Get that little bitch over here to clean her out!" he said. I heard, but was beyond comprehension.

Watching my poor wife in a trance, I saw only their legs moving around me. I felt my wrists and ankles jostled and moved, and then, suddenly, I was free. My arms and legs fell to the ground. But I wasn't free. One of them grabbed me roughly by the hair.

"AHW!" I winced and cried aloud as he hauled me up onto my hands and knees, but my wails were drowned out by my wife's and her sloshing asshole as the man continued fucking her upside down, dredges of their filthy cum being squeezed out and sloshed between them. I was dragged over.

"Here, bitch! Clean this off!" Before I knew what was happening, my head was pulled back, forcing a wide and loud wail, and then... then there was something large and stiff, foul and thick being forced

into my mouth! A round, bulbous head pressing all the way back towards my throat!

Putrid and banging against my tonsils, I soon found myself reeling and gagging! Vertigo assaulted me and I didn't know up from down, left from right! I was spinning and sick and so very, very helpless.

"Bahahaha!" an eruption of mad laughter sounded from all around me! "I think he likes it!"

"You see that slut?! Almost as good as you!" someone guffawed.

"His little dick is hard!"

"A-Al..? AL?!" I heard the shriek of a scared woman, but my head was being tossed back and forth along some gargantuan shaft, my eyes tearing from the gag reflex and unable to see clearly.

"Watch this!" I heard the man above me muse, and suddenly the long hose of slick flesh was ripped from between my lips, leaving me spitting and coughing and gasping, trying to regain my breath!

"AHYE! FUGHK!" Kat half yelped, half groaned, as I caught the man grip his spit coated cock in his fist, bending it down to shove forcefully back into my wife's ass!

"Yeah! Ya like that, slut?!" he snaked it deep.

"MMNGH!" Kat groaned, eyes squeezed tight. Her hands were on her tits, fingers clasping and pinching and pulling at her nipples!

"That's right!" he pulled it back out and stepped towards me. The others still held me in place. "Say ah, you little bitch!" he grabbed his cock and presented it to me.

It was only then that I realized what had happened - was happening. I... I'd just sucked another man's cock. Me?! Al! A cock! Sucked?! And... and he was expecting me to do it again? Straight from my wife's defiled ass!

Of course, I would do no such thing! Of course, they wouldn't give me a choice.

"AHH!" I said for them, as the one reigning me by my hair yanked my head back, forcing open my mouth. "GAGH!" In went the cock.

"Hahaha!" this further humiliation was most amusing to them as the man pumped my mouth!

"My turn, yo!"

Defenseless, head bobbing, from the corner of my eye, I watched yet another pull his cock out my wife's gaping ass, coated in slimy cum and only god knows what else. He stepped up to have me suck him clean as the other gave way.

"NNGH!" I zipped my lips closed, ripping my head back and forth in refusal, trying feebly to worm my way free. There was no escape. I felt the dread that Kat must have felt. Helpless. Defenseless. Used. But it was about to get much worse.

I'd been so distracted in my current turmoil, that I had not caught two of them hoisting Kat up onto her knees and push her beside me. It was only when I felt that soft gentle hand cup my shoulder where it met my neck, that I paused. I looked. Kat...

But my Kat was not looking at me. Beyond me, to my right. I witnessed her eyes come back into line, focusing, and then... she gulped, warily, and gave one stiff nod. Someone pushed her head forward from behind, half bending her over.

"Mmng!" she half moaned, half grunted as another cock was unceremoniously shoved up her from behind.

"Oh, Alvin!" she hissed through clenched teeth, fighting to keep her focus on whatever she was staring at. The man behind me had released his hold on my hair, and I turned my head just in time to see the words Kat would read to me.

"I - ungh!" her rapist started slamming her. "I - I..." she was trying.

YOU LOVE THESE BLACK COCKS! read the white board.

"I love these big fucking black cocks!" Kat yelled out all at once! "Gawd! I wish you - ungh! - could fuck - ungh! - me like this! UNNNGH!"

Her words stung like a punch in the gut. I had to remind myself that I was the one that had set this all up. That Kat was just acting, doing what she thought I wanted, and was just following Weaze and Teresa's instructions, reading what she was told to read. My eyes flashed down to the next line to confirm, but...

BEG FOR MORE! it read. Nothing about her wishing that I could...

"MORE, PLEASE! FUCK ME!" she did beg. I went ahead of her, expecting to find...

BEG FOR IT IN YOUR ASS!! Not what I was hoping for.

"YES! UNGH! SO FUCKING GOOD! FUCK ME YOU BASTARD!" Kat bleated, taking it and tossing herself back against the cock ravaging her! "PLEASE! MMNGH!" she went on groveling, breathless and whipping! "Stick it in my ass! PLEASE! I need a cock in my ass!" she sounded so desperate for it.

"Haha!" the one fucking her laughed. "You want it in your ass, cunt? Then tell your little bitch hubby there you're my slut now!"

"YESSS!" she hissed, battling to keep her eyes from rolling back into her head long enough to look at me. It seemed to take forever as he kept pumping her, driving her up and beyond, but when our eyes finally did meet, blue into brown, they seemed to lock into place, staring deep, neither blinking, neither turning away.

"NNNGH!" Kat hummed through clenched teeth. "I'm sorry baby - UNGH!" she broke and cried, rocking violently in front of me, but our eyes held and followed. "I never knew, but - FUCK YEAH!" she yelped as another man reached down and pinched hold one of her swaying nipples! Spittle and cum flew from her mouth, some of it spraying me, but still... our eyes held.

"I love it!" she rasped out to me, wearing the pounding and pain. "I love - ungh - all these fucking cocks!" she'd lost her sanity, but also as if she were struggling to hold on just a little longer. Just long enough to get this out. What she... what she really wanted, needed to tell me.

"I love - ungh!" she went on. "I love how they use me! YES!" her head whipped and her back arched as the man drove his dick in deep, but she still held my gaze. I... I was blank. This... this was a lot

more than either the white board or the man fucking her had told her to say.

"I - oh god!" she had to pause for a moment to recompose herself. "I love the feel of their cum in me!" she spouted out! "Fuck! I love the taste of it running down my throat!" Heaving and erratic, she had to take a break for another second. I didn't know if she was waiting on me to acknowledge this, or if she was just trying to regain her breath? I nodded, and unfortunately... she went on.

"I need it, Alvin!" she nearly wept, saying so stern and serious. "I've cum - GAWD! I've cum so many times on their huge cocks! It's amazing!" she blurted out, her words stinging. But then, if that wasn't bad enough... "I need it in my ass! I need his cock in my ass! I need to cum with his cock deep in my ass! I'm their slut now, Alvin! Oh, Alvin! She made me like this! She made me a slut!"

Kat's words gave me pause. Made me think. "*She..?*"

"I'm your slut! PLEASE! Stick that dick up my ass!" she cried as if she were about to die!

"Tha's what I'm talkin bout! You asked for it, slut!" the man fucking her bucked back his hips, pulling out his cock, but only to grab hold of it, lifting it, and all in one motion, drive it right back up Kat's ass!

"AYEE!" Kat's jaw dropped and her eyes screamed as she lunged towards me, he burying all his foot long monstrous snake into her at once!

"OH FUCK! OH GOD! OH FUCK!" Kat wailed as the man's hips slapped back and forth against her flesh, the squishing, squawking sounds of her wet asshole being pummeled soon joining in!

"SHIT!" she whipped her head around, clearing the fallen locks from her face. "Nngh! He's tearing my ass apart!" she panted. "But fuck! It's so good!" she said right at me, almost as if watching, making sure I was paying attention. "It's so deep in my ass! UNGH! It's so big! AGH! You've never fucked me like this!"

Even after all she'd already said, I wasn't prepared for that. My heart fell into my gut, but she wasn't through.

"I'm about t-to cum, bitch!" the man shoved himself all the way forward!

"YES! CUM!" Kat screamed, and he started cumming. "OH GAWD! FUGHK!" her body tightened up like the calm before the storm, and then released, shattering! "You can never make me cum like this!" she screamed at me, staring me cold in the eyes as she said it, and then... came! Hard! Lashes fluttering, body convulsing, but still... „CUMMING!"

It took a long while for her to recover. The room seemed to shrink down in around us, we the only ones in it. With her eyes still in mine, the silence painful, I felt like I should say something, do something. Stupidly, I nodded, as if understanding what she was saying. I was Al. Just sad, pitiful Al. I could never fuck her like that. I could never make her cum like that.

"NGH!" she gave a slight wince as the man started pulling out.

Schlop! his heavy cock fell, my wife's ass suctioning in wet and grotesquely around it.

"Damn! She's one hell of a fuck!" the man swayed, struggling to his feet. My eyes still locked in my wife's, I only caught him in my periphery, stumbling around her to join our little meeting.

Kat's eyes were the first to break, darting to the left, looking surprised. I followed her, only to find the man's cock glistening wet with large dredges of white cum painted in stark contrast across his huge, black cock. It was stiff as a board, aimed right for us, mere inches away, but he said nothing.

Someone gave a little whistle, garnering my wife's attention. "Huh? Wha'?" she broke her eyes away from that long cock, glancing first up at me, and then away again into the void. The look that came over Kat then... it didn't look good. I turned, once again following her gaze. The white board I found.

SHAME HIM FOR THIS! read the next line down, and suddenly, I felt a little better. Kat was... acting? I hoped. I prayed. But... she'd been a little too convincing. There were certain things said... for later. Skipping down to the next and final line to see what was in store for us - my heart skipped a beat.

MAKE HIM CLEAN IT

"*Make him clean it?*" I mouthed to myself, able only to guess at, but fearing.

Kat's fingers were running through my hair, gripping it. With a fury, she turned my face to meet hers, and then, "Mmm!" our lips were crushed together, kissing passionately!

Her tongue slipped into my mouth, and while I could taste hints of those bitter remnants, I didn't care! She was kissing me! I forgot all else. It wasn't to last.

I could hear a wet sloshing sound. I realized Kat was jerking him. I felt something large, hard, and yet still soft brush up between our joined mouths and cheeks. Lost in the kiss, I battled to peek my right lid open and glance sideways.

Cock. Big. Black. COCK!

"Mngh!" I tried to pull away, but Kat was sucking at my lips, and with a fistful of my hair by the back of my head, she did not let me go, holding, beckoning me there!

"Mmm!" she hummed, tilting her head some to let the head of that cock prod in, still tonguing my mouth out in the open!

"Nngh!" with our lips parted, tongues exposed, I caught a taste of it. Of heated flesh. Of sour, bitter cum. I winced. Kat did not let me go.

"Do it," she hissed, pulling her tongue out of my mouth to slide first that bulbous head, then that long shaft between our lips. She suckled willingly along it, forcing me to hold my pursed ones against it.

"It's good!" she stuck her tongue all the way out and drug it along it, swabbing up large wads of cum across her pallet in the process.

Kat... she had me in such confusion, that I... I almost did. Somewhat. Just a taste. A terrible taste. But that wasn't good enough for her. Kat pulled her tongue back in and swallowed.

"You... you're like me..." she said in barely more than a whisper, not loud enough for the cameras to pick up. I looked to her. She looked serious, still holding that cock and me to it. "You watched me that night..." she started, but then choked on her own words. "And then... with your friends, this?!" she spit out with more urgency, though kept her tone low. I... I didn't..?

“Huh?” I mouthed over the cock between my lips.

“Open your mouth, Alvin,” she said starkly, pulling me an inch away by my hair.

“Aw!” I feigned pain, dropping my chin, but more in shock as her hold on me wasn’t exactly strong enough hurt.

Eye to eye, that was what my Kat was waiting for. She turned that cock, and she fed it between my lips.

“That’s it,” she cooed, prodding the cock deeper, my head forward, eyes still locked. My lips did not yet close, but I could still feel and taste his foul meat running along my tongue.

“I’m so wet,” she admitted, glaring at me. “I want to see you suck it. Suck it for me!”

I... she let go my hair, giving me my freedom, and... my lips closed. The man pressed deeper, and I let him. “Mngh!” I did my best to keep myself held together for my Kat.

“Mmm!” she leaned forward and kissed his exposed shaft, nibbling along it until she reached the corner of my wrapped lips and kissed me. Kissed along my cheek and jawline, all the way to my ear.

“This is so fucking hot! I want to see you suck it!” she hissed in my ear. Kat! Kat... who I hardly knew at this moment!

I wasn’t given much of a choice. The man in my mouth lost patience, and took me by the back of the head and started pumping!

“Mmngh! Nngh! Gngh!” I protested, trying to push back, but to little avail.

“Oh shit! Fuck yeah! Fuck me!” another came up behind my wife and started giving it to her! I started making a ruckus at the man’s large dick started probing my throat! Too much!

Then, I felt Kat’s hand on my throat, massaging it. “Ungh! Yes! You can - mngh! - do it!” she rattled out as the man behind her was pounding, wet flesh slapping wet flesh. “He’s fucking me! Ngh! And you’re going to take this cock! FUCK!” Kat had lost it, completely swept up in the role! Did she think this is what I wanted?!

It was over before it began. I had a cock down my throat. And then, they started slapping me, spitting on me as they had Kat. And then they traded out, and I had another cock in my mouth, the last to have fucked my wife. I knew it had been in her ass because I could taste it.

And then another. And then another. By the time what had to be the last of them was giving it a go, I realized my nose has slamming into his smelly, sweaty pubes, his huge black balls slapping up against my chin, and my throat was burning with rage as he fed that black monster down it.

Lost in this daze of never ending cock, suddenly someone shoved me and I was on my back. Faceless hands were pulling Kat atop me, her used cunt over my face. She wasn’t fighting it.

“Damn, them holes nasty! Eat that shit out, pussy boy!” voices yelled.

I had little time to think much less act, and as if by reflex, I had my tongue stuck out to brace the impending fall. Two wide, gaping black holes oozing cum. Upside down, my tongue sank right into my wife’s ruined cunt, my nose into her wide open asshole.

“Squeeze it all out!” someone shouted, and Kat... she squeezed, moaning wantonly in the process.

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## Chapter Twenty-Seven: The Star

I was panicking. I was drowning. Drowning! Couldn't see! Couldn't think! Couldn't breathe!

I swallowed. Had to swallow. Swallow to breathe! But it was hard. I was coughing and wheezing, gagging and heaving! The sludge was thick and clumpy and foul. A steaming, salty soup of clam chowder. So bitter. So disgusting. Sliding down my throat! And there was just so very, very much of it!

I'd swallow. I'd cough, and send even more of it spraying out, but it just kept on cumming - dumping straight out of my wife's gaping pussy right over my lips! More. More of it oozing out in thick, dripping wads! More of it spreading across my face.

I was now wearing a plastered mask of sticky slime from neck to brow and from ear to ear. I could feel its warmth soaking into my hair. Wads were clogging my nostrils. Strings of cum were tangled through my lashes. And *they* were only adding to it.

There was a big black cock pistoning in and out my wife's ass. I could hardly see, but I still knew. I could hear the slapping of their wet flesh. I could feel his heavy balls swapping back and forth over my face as he raped her, and he hadn't been the first. No... When I heard him pop his dick out and felt the additional dribble of cum falling from her wide open and used anus, I knew just what to do. They'd trained me well.

I pushed my shoulders back, somewhat crawling up onto my elbows to give myself room to tilt my head back and open my mouth wide, saying “ah” as I let all the cum leak out the corners of my lips and run across my already coated cheeks. I wouldn't like what would come next, but it was far less painful than daring to refuse them - and no matter what I tried, the result would always be the same. No. No point in fighting them. They had stolen that from me too.

And soon enough I was rewarded with a cock down my throat. A big black cock, fresh from my wife's drilled ass! By now, it was at least getting easier. My throat muscles had since been broken down and my gag reflex numbed. It wasn't as if it tasted any different. I had the cum and shit long since painted across my tonsils. And I knew it wouldn't last long, so I just grit and bore it, letting him use my throat to masturbate down. Some ten strokes in, he ripped it out, leaving me gasping and reeling, and shoved it right back into Kat's awaiting ass.

“UNGH!” I heard her grunt over the cock down her own gullet, tickling her tonsils.

“Suck on my nuts while I fuck your wife, pussy boy!” he called down to me while finding his rhythm in Kat. He wasn't the first one to tell me to do this, nor did I believe he'd be the last. Trained, I stuck out my tongue, and reached for his swaying balls, first licking the sweat from his huge sack, before taking one of those gargantuan nuts into my mouth, sucking and slobbering on them, even humming, just as they had taught me.

“Ah, fuck!” he tensed up, pressing himself to the hilt in Kat as he began to cum! I could feel his balls tightening up and quivering in my mouth, shooting out their seed. “Shit, yeah!” he suddenly whipped back, and started fisting angrily at his stiff cock, giving my wife's splayed sex a good hosing, before aiming down at my face, adding a few ropes, and then stuffed his cock back into my mouth, finishing off down my throat.

"That's a good cocksucker, pussy boy!" he gloated, smiling down at me. "Drink up!" the beast just kept on pumping and cumming, and I kept on gulping and swallowing, my throat putting in overtime! I couldn't understand how those balls had anything left!

As bad as all this was, the cum, the cocks, my wife being raped and seemingly loving every second of it, this wasn't the worst of it. The pain in my throat was nothing compared to the one in my ass. I tried not to think about that. I tried to focus on Kat's fist pumping my cock, even on the cock in my mouth, anything but... but that!

After they'd pushed me down and had me eating out Kat's cum drooling cunt and asshole, they'd started mocking her about her "little bitch husband," and of how I couldn't protect her. Of how my dick was hard from watching them all rape her, and calling me a homo and fag and a million more awful things.

Lost in the trauma of having to eat fresh cum out of my wife's recently raped holes, I was a mess and didn't catch everything, but I had heard them give her something and tell her that this was her chance to get even with me. To see how much of a fag I really was. I'd heard... they... they told her to stick it up my ass.

It had taken a bit more to get her to come around, more abusive slaps in the face and nipples pinched. They'd even threatened to do it themselves if she didn't, and now... now I had something... I'm guessing one of the yellow squashes they'd used on her early by the feel of it - lodged up my ass, only the narrow tip of it sticking out, leaving my screaming, angry sphincter spread open by an inch or so.

If only she'd just stuck it in and been done with it. No, things couldn't be so simple with this bunch - if you dared call it that. Two of them had grabbed me by the ankles, and hauled them up and around Kat, lifting my ass and hips into the air. I hadn't been able to see Kat, her expression, whether it be anxiety, fear, or anger, and she hadn't muttered a word, not even a protest, but I had felt the vegetable as she pressed it against my squeezing tight sphincter.

I'd let out a long, muffled squeal of my own protest into her smothering cunt when she'd started probing it in, but there'd been no stopping it. Someone - likely Teresa - had at least the decency to swab it with lube, for it slid in a little too easily, not catching or tugging.

The wide, bulbous head of it had burned something fierce as she'd worked it into me, sending me hopping and struggling along the floor, screaming into her cunt, but there had been no escape.

"Gawd?!" I'd even heard Kat remark as it's largest portion stretched me wide, opening me a good two to three inches!

"NNGHYE!" I'd squealed like a little girl, the pain so intense I'd been sure I was about to faint. But before I did, Kat had shoved the rest of the squash up me, my rectum eagerly sucking it in. I remembered only that the relief had been a godsend.

"Ahhh!" I'd sighed, half with relief, the other half... pleasure? The feeling of having something... *NO!* I'd stopped myself, just as Kat had begun tugging it back out. Just as her mouth had wrapped around my cock. Just as... she'd started fucking me with it!

I'd cum. I came a huge, sloppy load in her mouth, the ache somehow both agonizing and heavenly, tormenting, yet teasing. I came. And now, I had the end of a squash sticking out my ass, the rest of it buried within.

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"We've got one more surprise for you, slut!" the one currently in my wife's ass leaned over her and whispered close to ear. I perked up at this, paying close attention, as did Kat. She drew still atop me and her moaning stifled.

"You see the board?" he pointed out Teresa's white board. Trapped beneath Kat, I could not see, and neither gave any verbal clues. "You're not going to like it, but no one gives a shit! You can say whatever the fuck you want to say, the boss wants to hear you really scream and beg with this one, cry those pretty little eyes out! But you're gonna be a good little bitch and take it in the end, then this will all be over. You dare try to get up or run away, there'll be hell to pay! Got it?" he finished by biting her lobe and squeezing her tits within his two mighty paws. "That goes for you too, pussy boy!" he warned me as he started fucking her again, and there was nothing more to be done but wait and see what he was talking about. It didn't take long.

"Look who I found in the garage, all locked up!" I heard another from across the living room announce. "Haha! One hell of a guard dog!" he trumpeted, and everyone else joined in on the laughter. Everyone but Kat and I that is. My head spun to the left to see. Apparently Kat did too, for I heard her give a deep, horrified gasp.

"Anyone else want a beer?" the man explained his absence and reason for entering our garage, holding up a fresh twelve pack. There was a large, menacing looking Rottweiler at his side. I could almost feel Kat's bones chill atop me.

As our assailants all took a break to grab a beer, they abandoned Kat and I as we were in the middle of the living room - a pile of naked flesh and used fuck holes dowsed in sweat and cum. Neither of us made a move. Both of our eyes were locked on the beast, and his on us.

He seemed much larger than I remembered, a formidable tank of solid muscle and sinew. His black fur was glimmering in the lights, brown splotches along his legs, chest, and jowls. Those jowls... the dog was eyeing us intently, nosing the air, one step after the other drawing closer and closer as those jowls began to wet and slobber.

"Think he smells something he likes!" one of them noted.

"No..." I heard Kat rasp, breathless, followed by a tremor quaking down her and rattling me. She understood. "A-Al... Alvin?" I heard her wisp my name, begging me no as if I had some control over this. I could give no response. My throat was clenched, a knot, unable to speak even if I wanted to. She thought this was all my doing, but... *Dara*. There was nothing I could do to stop it now.

"Go on, boy! What do you smell?!" the one who had fetched him slapped the dog's ass. That was all the beast was waiting for. The Rott lunged, breaking free and racing towards us!

"Wha'?! NO!" Kat shrieked, but in the blink of the eye the dog was behind her! Tongue flailing, he eyed me for the briefest of seconds - as if wondering what in the hell I was doing down here? - before diverting his attention back to the matter at hand. Kat's cunt.

"Oh gawd!" she cried, craning her neck to look back over her shoulder as the dog's tongue lashed out to begin lapping at her pussy and ass with a fever, opening up her gash and delving right in! And I... I had a front row seat!

"What is he..? NO!" Kat flinched at first touch, and for a second I thought she was about to flee, but then, "Oh god! No! No, don't! No! Not there!" she held, doing as she was told - begging, but not

moving.

*Schlop! Schlap! Schlop!* the beast went to work, and I watched as his head swiveled, tongue raking her folds back from side to side, tracing that long, pink tongue up through her from clit to asshole!

"Please no! Don't! Not a dog! Don't let him! Not that!" she kept on rambling, doing her best to play the part - and I have to admit, she did sound rather convincing, but I did not miss the moans and grunts of pleasure laced in between as the dog lathered her cunt with his spit!

"I'll do anything you want! Mnggh! Just don't - please - not a dog!" she kept repeating, begging the men, but... Kat did not move her ass, did not try to pull away from him, if only... her knees inched out a little wider, opening herself up a little more for him.

"Mmm - gawd!" And then her jaws clasped shut as a shutter ripped through her. Her head whipped around, falling towards the floor. Her knees and elbows began to shake. I heard her panting. She was trying to fight that surge rising inside her, that fire blazing through her loin, but she could not withstand the assault. And just before her arms gave out entirely and her face fell into my crotch, I heard her muffle. "Please not... not again..."

"Hahaha!" all the men were laughing, gathering in closer as they sipped their beers. "I think the slut likes it!"

"Mmnggh - gawd! Yes! NO! No... FUCK!" Kat groaned and shivered as the beast kept on tonguing her, breaking her down inch by inch. "Fuck, I.. FUCK!" she was losing it! Kat's wobbly knees slid out wider still, giving the dog even greater access!

"Look at her! The bitch is gonna cum!" one guffawed in earnest.

"NO! No-no-NO!" Kat kept at it, kept fighting it, kept denying it, but then... "MMNGHH-AH! YES!"

The fight was over. Her body betrayed her. Kat started whimpering and mewling, body convulsing. And then she was howling, grunting and moaning! Kat cumming! Kat cumming from having her pussy licked by a dog in front of all these men, in front of all these cameras, soon to be the most popular porn ever! She didn't know that part. Her body convulsed. Cumming. She was cumming!

"Oh gawd!" she kept on cumming as the dog kept on lapping, driving her higher and higher! Her pussy seemed to explode, squirting me and the dog in the face!

"Goddamn..." another intoned, breathless and amazed.

"She came?" She was still cumming.

"What a dirty slut!"

"Look! The dog's dick is getting hard!" one pointed out.

"No shit?!"

"I think he wants to fuck her next!"

"Why not? Bet he's never had any pussy as good as that!"

"Hey, fag boy! Reach back their and get your dog hard for her! I think he wants to really make her a bitch! Hah!" yet another chided in.

Struck by the declaration and in a strange trance, I tilted my head back to see for myself. I gulped. A good two inches of the dog's red racer was indeed poking out its sheath. No one was around us, all a safe distance away. We were alone. Just us and the dog. Me. Kat. And Dog.

I... I don't know why I did it. Didn't have to do it. Could have waited until they forced me to do it. Fought them. Argued. Something? Anything! But I did. I did do it. With my wife groveling and slobbering and weeping across my stiff cock and balls, the Rott giving her a right tongue lashing, I... I wrenched my arms free, and I reached back.

I jumped, skin tingling as my fingers came into contact with that slick, scorching meat, but I took it in my hand, and I began to rotate my fingers about it, circling him, pulling him, tugging it out. And it came. Three inches, four. Five. Seven. Nearly ten solid inches of raw, veined meat, and as thick as my wrist! And I... I was jacking him, little clear squirts of his cum already erupting at the tip of it, reaching for my face!

I was mesmerized. Kat..? Kat's pussy, so sweet and delectable. This dog..? Red, raging cock, born to fuck! And me..? He was going to fuck her. I knew it. I didn't wait to be told. He was ready. Kat was ready. I was ready.

"Up!" I patted Kat's ass with my free hand.

"AL?!" I heard Kat shriek, whipping her head around to look at me. "DON'T! NO! NOT A-!!!" But... too late.

All in one motion - the dog was well trained - he was up on her back, and I was guiding his cock in. Kat's gaping cunt offered no resistance.

"AYEEE!" she screamed bloody murder as the beast drove it all in, right to the hilt! It was a shit show from the start!

"No-ugh-fuck-shit!" Kat rambled out as the blitzkrieg hammered her, rocking and tossing her to and fro! "Not-ugh-fucking-ugh-DOG!" she kept grunting and shouting! "PLE-UNGH-SE! ST-AH-AH-OP HIM!"

No one was going to stop him. It's what they were all here for, what Kat was here for. All I could see was a red blur ramming up her, the sloshing of their sex, and a growing, swelling, menacing looking knot forming at its base.

Woman. Dog. Cock and knot. Pussy getting beaten down by the sledge hammer. It would only be a matter of time before he had her, knotted her, and mated her fully. And I had a front row seat.

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Ceiling. White. Popcorn across it. I was in a heavenly daze. A trance. Couldn't move. I felt trapped inside my head, my body paralyzed and useless. It was quiet, no more shouts or voices. It was dark, all the lights gone. A shadow crossed over me.

"Huh?" my voice cracked, throat sore.

It was Kat. She was standing over me. She looked awful. Her face, all the way down over her neck and tits and belly was plastered with cum. Her hair was starched, sticking out in every which angle. Her deep, black mascara was running wildly around her eyes, giving her the look of a bandit. With her legs spread, one foot on either side of my face, she had her right hand cupped over her crotch,

her left hand holding something else.

It was done. We were alone now, the house all but empty and silent. Weaze and Teresa and their goons were gone. The lights and cameras were gone. It was just us. It was dark now, a dungeon. I hadn't yet moved from my spot on the floor, still picturing that dog pumping her. Pumping her. Time and again! Knotting her! Making her scream and tremble! Making her cum!

Fresh imagines floated past my mind's eye of Kat sucking him! Drinking his cum! They'd even made her take the dog in her ass, and my ears were still ringing from when he'd first driven his knot past her sphincter, even worse when he'd pulled it out again! But damn, had it been so fucking hot!

Kat threw down whatever she was holding in her left hand. It slapped against the wooden floor and splattered the puddle of cum I was laying in. I twisted my head around to look. It was a stack of freshly minted bills. Hundreds. Wrapped in a money strap that said ten thousand.

*,Wait...'* something pinged inside. "Huh?"

"Weaze said his boss told him to give us this bonus if all went well with the movie. Weaze said I earned it.

"I... I..." I was left with nothing to say. I'd been outed! I hadn't been able to move from this spot, even after the filming had stopped and the guys started packing up. I knew that after the scene with the dog and the cameras were shut off, Weaze and his cameramen had all fucked her too. Teresa had made Kat eat her out until she came across my wife's face. And as they were leaving, the dog had wanted fourths or fifths - I couldn't keep count - but Kat had been compelled to give it to him. All my doing. I... I hadn't seen the exchange between Kat and Weaze.

*,Oh no!'*

"Kat, I..?!" I didn't know how I would ever be able to explain this to her!

"Open your mouth," Kat ignored my antics and said evenly to me. I... she didn't look happy. So, I did as she told me, and I opened my mouth.

"Wider," she said. I stretched my jaws as wide as I could.

She paused for a second, studying me curiously, but once she was satisfied, she squatted down over my face. I felt her fingers over her pussy press directly up against my open lips.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asked me just as evenly, disturbingly so. Though she was glaring at me, startling me, she seemed too calm for this outlandish revelation. Her tone was near eery. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck begin to rise. Well, I'd just had her raped in every form imaginable by six huge black men, a dog, the camera crew, and it all on tape!

*,Dara! Dara made me!'* I could not say. I had no answer. "N-no..." I lied.

"Don't move," she first gripped me by my hair, her fist so tight it felt like she was trying to tear the roots right out of my scalp!

"Ow!" I cried, and then Kat slipped her fingers forward that were covering her pussy, and in a rush, a gallon of dog and men's cum dumped into my awaiting, unsuspecting mouth!

"Kha-haugh-oph!" I started choking and reeling, spitting it back out and trying to twist my head

away! I hadn't expected that!

"No!" Kat surprised me further, giving my head a good shake to catch my attention as she held me as I was, forcing me to meet her dumping pussy.

"I saw you suck their cocks. Now I want to watch you eat all their cum they left in me!" that blazing fire was alive and well and swirling madly in her eyes. After all I had just done to her, put her through, I didn't dare deny her now. I nodded, and struggled to keep my mouth open and not gag as she kept draining her used pussy and ass into my mouth.

Everything was right there, right up in my face. Kat was now using her fingers to hold her pussy lips wide open. What used to be a soft pink was all now red and swollen. Her clit was a fat as my thumb! I looked up to her, trying to meet those eyes. So confused by this new side of her I'd never seen before, I couldn't help but ponder what was going through her head at the moment. I was afraid of tomorrow, afraid of how she would take it all. So many mistakes... would this be the last straw? But Kat, she was just watching... watching the cum fill my open mouth, still... that fire!

"Drink it," she said sternly to me as my mouth began to overflow, still holding her pussy open and over my mouth. It wasn't easy, but I... I swallowed it all down. More was still coming.

I heard her begin to strain, constricting her muscles to push it all out. "Stick your tongue in there. Get it all!" she ground her cunt down over my lips, and I stuck my tongue in. Next was her ass. She made me lick her clean until there was nothing left, all the while moaning softly and purring above me, enjoying every second of it.

"That's a good boy," she was finally satisfied, and said in such a way that eerily reminded me of Dara. "Come on," she stood up and off me, offering me her hand. "Let's go to bed."

I was shocked. I expected her to be furious with me! Wasn't that why she just humiliated me like that? But as she held out her hand... I took it.

"Oh?" I grunted, a pain shooting through my ass as she helped me up.

"What's wrong?" she asked me, sounding concerned.

"I..?" I reached around with my free hand, feeling at something strange. A smooth nub sticking out my ass. "Uhh?" I'd almost forgotten about that. "T-the... the squash..." I had no idea how I was ever going to get that out of me.

"Hahaha!" Kat erupted at this, laughing madly. "Serves you right!" she said all in jest, smiling. I didn't understand. Wasn't she mad? But, *Laughing..? Smiling..?* It didn't make sense.

"It's not funny!" I protested. It really hurt! "Ungh!" I grunted, giving the squash a little tug. It went nowhere, only serving to send a shooting pang through my rim.

"Oh hush," she waved me off. "You liked it!" she teased me.

"I did not!" I refuted, caught up and confused in this bizarre conversation we were having. "It hurts!"

"Come on, let's go to bed. I'll help you get it out in the morning. That will be your punishment for tonight." No... after everything, she didn't seem angry at all. If anything, more alive than ever!

I really wanted this thing out of me, but relieved by Kat's seeming forgiveness, I accepted my punishment. "Fine!" I followed her into our room, walking bow legged and awkward, wincing and grunting the entire way.

"Kat..?" I stopped before crawling under the covers, looking to the window. A faint glow was starting to shine behind the curtains. "What time is it?" I asked, but then looked to the clock. It read six thirty-three. It... it was near dawn.

"Was a long night!" Kat wiggled her brows at me, and crawled in.

They... they'd been fucking my wife for over eight hours straight. Fucking her every way imaginable! And... and a dog! And Kat... she seemed as happy as a jay bird?

I still had a lot to learn.

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Chapter Twenty-Eight: A New Beginning

Falling! "Wah!" I suddenly jerked awake, falling flat on my face! My eyes snapped open in a rush to find the red digits of my clock upon the bed stand glaring right back at me, and everything... was so still and quiet? A dream.

"Huh?" It took me a second to piece my life back together. "Oh..." And then there it was. I hadn't forgotten. I was here again. In this house. My house. My home...

I lifted my head slowly, unsure of what I might find awaiting me. Half afraid, half expecting to find a large group of black men circled about my bed, the cameras and lights still shinning down from behind them. But that nightmare had since passed, the Sun's blazing rays through our parted curtains soon erased that choke of fear. There was not a sound nor squeak to be heard. The house was empty. The clock read four-o-three.

"Kat..?!" I groaned aloud as all the events of last night pierced through my psyche like a volley of arrow, and I spun over to see - praying to find my wife was still here with me.

"Ough!" I winced as the effort sent my whole body screaming in protest!

Hurt. Everything hurt! My arms and legs. My knees were carpet burned and torso ached. Even my eyes and my ears screamed mercy! Worse was my throat, raw and sore and hoarse, and I winced as a sharp pain shot through my... a flash of yellow through my memory - *squash*. But I didn't stop to dwell upon that at the moment. *Kat!* I forced myself to roll over. She was all that mattered!

Oh, Kat! she was there beside me, and a huge wave of relief washed over me, that swell of joy at seeing her overriding all my physical agony for the time being. She had not gotten up and disappeared while I slept, and that was a start. But then...

I wasn't in the proper state of mind, but I could tell something was amiss. Kat was awake, lying on her back with the covers pulled up tight to her neck. Her hands were rested peacefully over her chest, but her eyes were open, staring far and away at the ceiling. She still bore the evidences of last night, make-up smudged and run, hair askew and crusted through. Evidence that last night really did happen and wasn't just some terrible, bad dream. But... here. Still here.

"Kat..." I started, sighing, but then... with all the memories of the previous night returning in full

force, plaguing my conscience, I wasn't too sure of what to say? *'Good morning?'* Ha! *'How are you? Sorry I just had you raped by all those guys and that.. that dog?! Fool! ,Sorry...'* Sorry just wouldn't cut it.

And while I laid there beside her, studying her, Kat did not so much as acknowledge my existence at first. No, she was just laying there, staring up and ignoring me. So, ever so awkwardly, I was forced to wait with her - for something to say, something to do... but I had nothing. Only last night. Only Weaze and his minions and his cameras. Only Teresa and her white board and those men. And that dog!

As my mind lapsed and relapsed, replaying those perverse recollections - at some point during this, Kat did finally spare a glance over in my direction. But our eyes hardly met before hers snapped back to the ceiling, searching aimlessly across it. I could see the gears turning in her head, her throat churning, swallowing, tongue choked. She was trying to say something as well, but couldn't. *Just like me.* Stress tugged at my heart strings. This was not good.

"K-Kat, ar-are... are you okay?" I asked stupidly, unable to come up with anything better. Her chapped lips parted as she gave a half chuckle at this - mocking me. It was little more than a wisp of escaping air. It was anything but reassuring. Of course she was not okay!

The lust-drunk of last night was gone from the both of us, the light of day bearing plain all our gross transgressions. She'd been put through hell and back, and now... and now sober and aware, she was facing it, reliving it in her mind, and it showed in her features. In her frowning and taut lips. In her furrowed brow. In her hooded, drifting eyes.

"Kat, I..." I was about to dive into some long, heartfelt apology, but with my brain sprinting in dizzying circles, I continued to come up short.

"Al..." I was allayed when she instead began.

"Yes?" I answered her with a surge of urgency, tucking myself closer, starting to reach for her! But I then stopped myself, thinking better of it when she shied away from me. She wasn't ready.

We then sat there in silence for the longest time, I watching my wife with an ache in my heart and shame in my soul, and she... the ceiling.

"W-what..?" she finally went on, not daring to look at me while struggling with the words. "W-what was last night?" she rasped aloud. But she did not wait for an answer before adding, "And t-the... the other night, with your... w-with your friends?" she asked hesitantly, cheeks burning beneath crusts of cum with embarrassment at the memories. Those words had not come easily, but she'd managed to mutter them with a certain steady calm that twisted something inside my belly. Something... was different. "And me... Why?" she alluded, asking earnestly but leaving it at that.

"I..?" words continued to fail me. Kat had caught me off guard. Ever since Dara's, we'd never directly acknowledged what was happening. Nothing. Pretended it didn't even exist! I had no answer.

"What was that video for? The money?" she then looked directly at me, into my eyes, and forced me to face the worst of it. Forced me to relive all those terrible mistakes!

'She knew. She knew, and now she was going to hate me forever!' both my pride and my heart fell, and I'd never felt so low and dirty in my life. I felt like a little insignificant worm, a bug, with the entire weight of the world crushing down atop me, strangling me, unable to contain it! Breaths

suddenly became hard to come by. My head was spinning faster, thinking of everything and nothing at all! The truth was here and now – I'd betrayed my love, and now I was about to pay for it.

Faced with her blunt question and panicked, I nearly let it all out. Told her the truth. Finally, nothing but the truth. Of Dara's blackmail and the porno! Told her how I hated all of this, and begged her to return to our old lives with me, leave this all in the past, forgive and forget it!

But for some strange, bizarre reason, I could hear Dara's voice echoing from over my shoulder, warning me against this course of action. Telling me that would be a *mistake*. Telling me of what I should say instead.

"I've seen the websites you've been visiting," I stated. "The kinds of videos you've been watching," I didn't consciously mean to, but nevertheless, I boldly turned the tables it on her. I didn't directly answer her question, but perhaps, alluded to the answer she sought? A hint of the truth reared its ugly head.

And Kat rightfully gasped at my declaration, her chin falling in shock. Horror and dismay shined through her wide, beautiful stark eyes. I'd surprised her. Well, if we were having this conversation here and now... "And I know about the toys in your sock drawer. I know, ever since *that* night at your sister's, that you... I was just..?" I was struggling.

"Oh, Alvin! I - I'm sorry!" Kat suddenly sobbed, her hands fanning up to cover her reddening face as she cried from the guilt and confusion of it all!

"Kat, no!" I rolled to her to take her in my arms, instantly regretting my choice of words. This was not what I had intended – not forcing her back into her shell, nor to make her feel like the guilty one!

"Shh, it's okay," I tried to say in a warm and soothing tone to console her. "We can still..." I was about to tell her, "*Go back to our old lives,*" when something stiff of mine jabbed into Kat's bare hip. I froze, surprised and confused by this myself?

Kat suddenly froze as well, her pitiful sobs choked off. "A-Al?" She'd felt it.

How..? Why? I hadn't even felt it come on. I felt so ashamed. This was hardly a time for a boner!

"S-sorry, I... I don't know..?" I jerked my hips back and my hard cock away from my distressed wife! But then, I felt a warm, firm hand grasp about my stiff shaft beneath the covers, stopping me. Kat was now looking me dead in the eyes as she inspected my morning wood with wandering fingers.

Nothing more was said as she slowly began to work her fist, coaxing it back and forth, twisting and running her fingers over my hard cock. Our breathing became heavier, more labored as we searched each others eyes for some far away, unknown truth.

"You... y-your not mad at me for not telling you about my... m-my sock drawer..?" she alluded to, sounding nervous and hesitant. By her "sock drawer," I understood she meant much more than that.

"No..." I answered her honestly, my mind rapidly retreating down to the head beneath the sheets. "But..." I held on for dear life. This was an important conversation! "You... you shouldn't hide anything from me. You... you don't have to hide anything from me."

"I know, I'm sorry," Kat nodded her agreement, though shy and a bit breathless. "You're right," I could tell that it pained her to confront this, to admit it aloud and make it true. "It's just... I don't..?" she struggled, and now it was my turn to feel guilty. I was the one who'd just... she shouldn't be the

one apologizing to me!

"Al, I... I don't know what's happening to me?" her words were pleading, but her tone was that of returning lust, her grip on my cock strengthening, pumping just a little faster. I didn't know what to say to this, but she went on.

"Do... do you still love me?" she asked desperately.

"Yes, of course Kat. No matter what!" I felt the need of a heart to heart moment, but with her currently jacking me off, it was a little difficult.

"Oh god, Al! I love you so much! I could never bear to lose you!" she acclaimed with all fury, and then rocked forward to meet me, crushing her lips against mine! And I melted with her words, with her warm embrace, forgetting all else!

Our lips pushed and pulled, bit and nibbled! She squeezed and tugged at my cock - hard! Our tongues slipped out and danced and twisted around one another in one of the most passionate kisses we'd ever shared!

Kissing and licking and sucking her way back along my jaw, "Did you have fun last night?" my wife hissed into my ear, before biting and sucking at my lobe! Gone was that shy, humble demeanor. In that moment, Kat eerily sounded a lot like her... her wicked, evil sister - Dara.

"*Did you have fun last night?*" I was not suspecting this, and her question yanked me back to reality.

"I had no idea..." she did not wait for a response, but started working her way down my neck to my chest. "With all those cameras and everyone watching us..." I had no clue as to where she was going with this, and I began to feel a little anxious.

"Oh!" I guffawed as she broke off to suck and twirl her tongue around one of my nipples.

"I'd never felt so alive!" she admitted, gasping as she raced to the other!

"*Alive?*" She was making it sound as if she actually..?

"Oh, Kaaat!" I groaned sharp and loud, losing my train of thought! She was sucking hard on my nipples, while still fisting my now throbbing cock!

"When I came out of our room..." she broke away and started tickling lower, drawing the sheet down with her. "And I saw you naked and tied up..." Lower. "And all those big black men in there, waiting for me..." she shimmied up onto her knees, trailing her tongue over my abs as she kept talking to me, kept pumping my cock!

"Ye-ungh?" I hummed, my mind capable of nothing more.

"I knew..." her lips were getting closer and closer to where I needed them, my cock aching wantonly in her fist! "I knew you were going to make me fuck them... all of them!" her lips grazed along my pubes - closer!

Huh? Wait... that didn't sound right?

"Just like you made me fuck Justin," she tenderly kissed the base of my shaft. The invocation of Justin's name sending a startling jolt through me.

,I most certainly did not! my eyes snapped back open, but my lids were heavy. I didn't exactly appreciate being reminded of that name at the moment - but at the moment, that little detail seemed to not matter. More than anything... I needed to feel those lips on my cock!

"Yeah?" I gave and rasped aloud.

"You made me strip in front of all your friends..." she started kissing and slobbering and tonguing all around it!

"Yeah..?" I readily agreed, unable to truly process what my wife was saying - what was happening.

"You made me sit like that in their laps... Let Paul put his hands all over me..." Kat sauntered, the heat of her mouth teasing my cock!

"Pleeease!" I moaned desperately, begging her to stop toying with me!

"You let him feel up my body and tits with his rough hands..." she hummed as I glanced down at those hanging, swaying tits, lusting after them!

"Uh huh!"

"You made me suck Mark's cock. You made me suck him and drink his cum as everyone watched me!" Kat sounded almost excited by this, alive in the moment as she bent my cock back and ducked down to start kissing and licking along my tingling balls!

"Oh, Kat! Yes!" I writhed beneath her wet tongue!

"Mmm!" she hummed in agreement! "And then you made me crawl over to Paul and pull his cock out!" she hissed, before taking one of my nuts right into her mouth!

"You watched me suck his cock and let him cum in my mouth too!" she said between breaths, trading one for the other.

"Yea-ung!" I grew tense, having to grasp at the sheets to keep myself from hopping, her mouth sucking on my balls way too intense!

"You made me bend over our table and spread my legs like... like a little slut!" she started working her way back up! "You made me beg for it!" she licked along my shaft like a popsicle! "And then you watched them fuck me!" she sucked on the side of it, as if intent on leaving a hickey!

"You watched them fuck me! Take turns in me! Shoot their hot cum up my dirty pussy as I came on their cocks!" Kat forced me to relive every minute detail of that night, but I was now her hostage, and there was nothing I could do about it but beg her to wrap those sweet lips over my own cock.

"Please, Kat!" I groaned breathlessly, thrusting my hips up off the mattress!

"And then you punished me for it!" she lifted her head over my cock and spit down on it, using her fist to rub it all in! "You punished me for being such a dirty slut in front of all your friends! You came up behind me after they were all through and you forced your cock up my tight ass! Forced it to hurt me! To punish me for being such a slut!" her urgency was toxic!

"Yeah!" I bleated, all I could say, caught up in Kat's narrative of that night!

"And then last night..." her tone grew deep and serious, her mouth hovering over my cock. "They

were going to rape me... I knew they were going to rape me, but..."

"Kat..?" I rasped, feeling the return of that heavy depression at what I'd done to her. I glanced down and our eyes met. Kat did not look so concerned about it. That fire was there, swirling, alive and blazing!

"I wanted it!" she hissed sinisterly! And her tongue lashed out, striking the tip of my cock, sending me writhing! "I've fantasized about it! Of being forced. Of being choked on cock! Raped in my poor pussy! Forced to take a cock - cocks up my ass without any control whatsoever!"

"Kat?" I was utterly dumbfounded by her words.

"What do you want?!" Kat screamed erratically, on fire and in the heat of the moment while fisting my cock with a fury, her spit sloshing around it! "I was raped by all those men last night and I loved it!" she threw out the final insult. My wife was a complete and utter slut!

"Punish me again for fucking them! For cumming on their cocks! Make me do what you want! Fucking choke me on it!"

I was shocked. Flabbergasted. At wits end! There was much more to her words to consider, but at the moment... I couldn't think!

"Dammit, Alvin!" she cursed angrily at me as I did nothing, and dove herself!

"Mmmngh!" I moaned happily as my wife crushed her face right down into my pubes, my cock popping into the back of her throat. Wet. Warm. Pure bliss! *,Wait... what had we been talking about?* I was sure it had been important.

Goph! Slrr! Slrrp! Goph! Slrrp! Kat started choking - punishing herself on my cock!

"Oh?" Kat reached down and grabbing my balls in her fist, she yanked and twisted! "OW!"

Slrr! Slrrp! Goph! Pain and pleasure! It was an amazing and intense mix! She was hurting me, but... soo good! I absolutely loved the feeling of my cock slipping in and out her tight throat as she raked her head up and down along my shaft!

"MMHUAGH!" Kat suddenly bucked, and wrenched my cock out her suckling mouth! "I need a cock in me!" she erupted, already crawling, straddling herself over my hips. Even in my lust filled craze, I did not miss that she'd said "a" cock, as opposed to "your" cock. Any cock would seemingly do.

I got my first good look at her now as she rose over me. Her entire body was crusted over with the grime of last night, her mascara still in wide, running dark circles, as was her red lipstick about her lips. Spit was coating her chin. Her wild hair was starched and sticking out in every direction gave her the look of a neanderthal. She was an animal!

"W-what... what are you..?" I mumbled, she moved so fast! Kat answered me by sinking her soaked, sweltering pussy over my cock! "Oh gawd!" I cried, grabbing for her hips. She was so wet! Drenched! Her grotto emitting the heat of a volcano! It felt so good!

"Yeah!" she hummed as she sank me all the way into her with ease, and began to ride me, faster and faster! Fucking me! "Did you like watching all those men fuck me, just like you watched all your friends fuck your slut wife?! Huh?!" she all but demanded of me!

"K-Kat..?!" I didn't know what had come over her - totally understand what was happening? *Did I like watching all those other men fuck my wife? No!* was the easy answer, but then... not quite so easy.

Part of me was still expecting her to be mad at me, not... not fucking me! And then an entirely different part... three months later, I knew a lot more, had seen a lot more, especially over these last two nights. But I still had never heard her talk like this. Still couldn't imagine these words coming out her pretty little lips. But... here they were.

"Oh, Al!" she moaned towards the ceiling, grabbing my hands and bringing them to her bouncing tits, forcing me to pinch and pull at her nipples. "Yea-ung! Just like that!" she rasped, bouncing hard and fast atop me!

"Kat..?!" was all that I could say. Her cunt was wrapped tight around me, squeezing me, milking me, and had never felt so good! In the back of my mind, I was glad that it had tightened back up from all that abuse it had been put through last night. ... The last two nights.

"When they pulled me back out our room - ungh! - kicking and screaming - oh yea-unh!" Apparently, we were going to have full disclosure this morning. "And you were all tied up - mngh! And they tore my clothes off!" she sounded like she was about to cum at any second, fucking me harder!

"There was nothing I could do as they started shoving their huge cocks down my throat!" she seemed to almost relish the memory? "Al, they were so rough with me!" she panted while bouncing herself atop me!

"And when they started slapping me and pinching my tits!" she forced me to pinch hers now, hard, crying out ecstatically as I did so! "Spitting on me and calling me their slut and their whore!" she was on the precipice, about to cum wildly!

"Oh gawd, Al! I knew they were going to rape me! Rape me! Do whatever they wanted to me and there was nothing I could do to stop them! And f-f-fughk!" she started rattling atop me, eyes rolling back!

"I came!" she shouted towards the ceiling. "Came before they even started fucking my pussy!" she howled, her wet cunt clamping down over my cock! "I was there little white slut!"

As humiliating as it was to have to hear all of this, what was more, as Kat bounced my hips and ass down into the bed, I could feel the squash still inside me churning my insides - another humiliation of last night. It was a little uncomfortable, but at the same time, it was pressing against something right, sending shooting spasms up and down me!

"Oh, Kat! HNNGH!" It was just too good, and not even a minute in, I tightened up and began emptying my balls into my wife's steaming cunt!

"NOOO!" Kat suddenly cried, jerked out of her reverie! "No, not yet! I was just about to..." Too late. Jet after jet of my boiling cum was shooting up inside her!

"You already..?" she moped, not bothering to hide her dissatisfaction with me as she lifted her hips, looking down between us to see for herself. Just the tip of my cock was left inside her. Just the tip, filling her with everything my balls had to give.

"Mmm! Kat..." I dreamily tried to pull her hips back down on me, to feel my cock fully embedded

within her warm grotto as I planted my seed, but she held firm, not letting me pull her down. Instead, she just held as she was, watching my cock twitch and throb as it finished its mission.

When my intense orgasm eventually subsided and I was able to flutter my lashes back open... Kat was there waiting for me, watching me.

"That was fast," she said not angry or frustrated, but almost in a mocking jest.

"Yeah, I... well..." I suddenly felt very foolish. "That effing squash!" I admitted to my further disgrace, looking for a scapegoat. I was disappointed with myself. I wanted to be the best lover possible for her.

"Oh, that's riiiiight!" Kat smiled wryly, having forgotten about it, and I did not like that look that flashed across her eyes. Why did I have to remind her?!

Bracing herself with one hand, Kat reached down between us with her other, and I felt my cock forked between two of her middle fingers as she carefully pulled herself the rest of the way off me. Full of cum, the head of my cock practically farted out of her, and she let it slide between her fingers, letting my wet shaft fall and slap against my belly.

"Kat, what are you..?" I startled as she crawled further up me to straddle my face. She had that hand clasped over her pussy, blocking her hole, and I hadn't forgotten the last time she'd done this...

"You got to cum, now it's my turn! Use your tongue," she said matter-of-factly. "Lick me!"

"But..?" I looked down. Kat had spread her lips for me again, just as she had last night, and I could see my cum already beginning to ooze back out her used hole. I shuttered at the thought of what she wanted me to do.

"I loved watching you eat thier cum from my pussy last night! It so fucking turned me on!" she sang wantonly! I don't know what shocked me more, Kat trying to force me to do this, or those vile words she was using? This was certainly not the Kat I knew! But then... when would I learn?

,The Kat I knew... I had to remind myself. In the end, my wife did not give me a choice. She thrust her pussy into my face, smothering me with it, and began to ride my mouth!

"Nngh!" I grunted from the sudden assault and surprise of it! At first I protested, keeping my lips sealed as I shook my head beneath her, trying to ward her off. I grabbed her by the hips and tried to push, but Kat only sank her weight down, preventing me. The last thing I wanted to do was taste more cum!

"Come on, baby!" Kat begged, sliding her fingers into my hair to get a solid grip. She yanked back on my locks, tilting my head until my eyes were forced to meet hers.

"I want to watch you. I need to cum, baby!" Kat said haughtily, while slowly grinding her wet pussy against my lips, her thrumming clit right into my nose!

I was beaten. There was nothing I could deny my Kat, not even... not even this. Steadying myself, I closed my eyes and nodded.

"Yesss!" she hissed, sensing victory. I took a deep breath, Kat's musk filling my nostrils. Ever so slowly, I teased the tip of my tongue out between my clasped lips.

"Mngh!" I winced, getting my first taste - salty. Salty and bitter and warm, the goo latching onto my tongue! It had already been leaking out, Kat smearing it across my lips and chin!

"That's it, baby! Stick your tongue in there!" Kat cried, bowing her neck and back to get a better look.

Here and now, sober from the lust of last night, it tasted even worse than I remembered, but... for my wife, for my Kat - I did it. All in a rush before I lost my courage, I parted my lips, and I thrust my tongue into her!

"Oh, fuck yea!" Kat sang for me! "Gawd, that's so hot! It feels so good! Eat my pussy, baby!"

Kat definitely wasn't in her shell, but her bravery in this new world lent itself to me, and I went for it! I shoved my tongue deep, ignoring the bitter wads rolling down over my tongue as I pleased her!

"Oh, shit!" Kat suddenly lifted her hips and pussy off my mouth, her hand flying to her clit!

"Huh?" I was just getting into it, and didn't know what she was doing.

"No!" she stopped me. "Keep your mouth open!" she all but yelled as she dug two fingers deep into her pussy! "I've just got to see it!" she said longingly as she slowly started to draw those fingers back out. "Ah, yeah! It's coming for you, baby! Open wide!"

Not thinking, not knowing, I just did as I was told, and opened wide, watching Kat's wet fingers slide back out. And as if she'd turned something loose inside there, a mighty flood of white cream followed them out!

"Agh!" I grunted, half gargling as a huge deluge of my own cum splattered right down into my face and awaiting mouth!

"No, please! Just... a little more," Kat panted, squeezing her muscles tight to get it all out! "It... it's so hot! I fucking love you, baby!"

"*Love you...*" Loves me! What was happening was humiliating. Did she mean to humiliate me? Was this my punishment for what I'd done to her? Didn't matter. She loves me! So I grit and bore it, just for her - only for her!

P-PHLATT! she queefed out the lost drops of it! "Gawd, Alvin! You're going to make me cum!" Kat's hips were grinding through the air! *Cum?!* I wasn't even touching her!

"Swallow it!" her command struck like a gong, but I was too caught up in it to disobey her now.

"Guah!" I did. My face twisting with disgust, but... I did. I swallowed it!

"Baby!" Kat collapsed her pussy back down onto my face, and I started tonguing her again, eating out the last of my cum from her cunt and tongued her clit until I had her writhing and howling above me, cumming hard!

"Fughk!" Kat finally rolled off me and fell onto her side, exhausted. "That was good. Thanks, babe!" she ran her fingers across my chest. I felt a swell of pride. As terrible as it had been, it was one small thing I could do for her. I still made her cum!

"Hah!" Kat gave a little chuckle in between her heavy breaths.

“What?” I quirked.

“You got a little...” she had to pause for air, still coming back down from her high. “On your chin,” she smiled gleefully, fingering her own.

“Huh?” I reached to wipe it away.

“No!” Kat caught me by the wrist. “I... I’ll get it,” she struggled to crawl back up and over me, and lowering puckered lips, she proceeded to suck and slurp whatever it was into her mouth, ranging from my chin to over across my cheek.

When she was finished, Kat lifted her face but continued to hover over me. She was still smiling, but now with cupped lips. I could see the white remnants traced across them, and her tongue working within, as if gathering a wad of spit.

“Kat?” She had that look in her eye again, like she was preparing to do something naughty.

“Ahh,” Kat opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

“Oh...” I gasped. She had gathered a decent amount of my own cum from my chin, and it was pooled on her tongue, gravity slowly drawing it down until it looked like it was about to drip back onto my face. Before it could, Kat bent, and crushed her lips against mine!

“Mmng!” I flailed beneath her, my lips drawn and taut! But her tongue was fishing, pushing, battling to get in. I could feel the cum smearing, and I... I just let her. I parted my lips, and pushed out my tongue to greet hers! And we... we kissed for the longest time, tongues washing back and forth, trading that cum until it had all but disappeared!

“Fuck!” Kat finally ripped her lips off of mine, gasping for air! “I love you!” she declared for all the world to know! Things were getting deeper, heavier, and fast, but as long as she kept telling me that, I’d put up with anything!

“I love you!” I rasped, heaving for air myself, looking deep and purposeful into her beautiful blue eyes. Her gleaming smile spread even wider. She was glowing. And that fire... that fire was still well and alive. I gulped. She was still not through.

“Come on, turn over! Let’s get that squash out of you!” she bounced excitedly up onto her knees.

“Oh. No... no!” I repeated. I didn’t need to re-suffer that humiliation.

“You want to leave it in?” she crooked a brow.

“No!” I said again. “I’ll just...” I looked towards our bathroom. I’d go into the there and in privacy, take care of that little matter.

“Oh, stop!” Kat chided me, slapping playfully at my shoulder. She... she really was changing. “I stuck it in there. It’s only fair that I help you get it out.”

“Kat, I...” I glanced back towards the bathroom. I didn’t want to do this.

“Come on!” she started pushing and tugging at me, trying to roll me over.

“But...”

"No buts!" she seemed adamant.

"Just let me go... to the bathroom and..." I started, but Kat was already turning me onto my side.

"Get up on your hands and knees," she commanded me.

"Kat, I don't think..." this was even worse than having to eat her pussy after I'd just cum in it!

"Would you stop! It's nothing I haven't seen before!" she had me, and helped position me - hands and knees. I could only shake my head with disgrace, staring down at our pillows. Positioned like this, filling the tip of the squash sticking out my ass, I never felt more vulnerable and humiliated. But... what Kat wants...

"Haha! Look at this ass!" she crawled around behind me and smacked one of my cheeks!

"Ah!"

"Haha!" she then grabbed and began to knead them.

"Ow!" I cried. She was being rough!

"Oh, quit being such a baby!" she took a handful with each, and began peeling them apart. "Come on, let me get a look. Spread those knees!"

"Kat, I..?" I protested. This was awful! But she started tapping at the inside of my thighs and pushing them out. I let her, spreading wider. She retook my two cheeks, and forcefully ripped them apart, revealing all.

"Oh, haha! It's sticking out!" she laughed, seeing it.

"I know," I grumbled, falling onto my elbows to hide my burning red face in the pillows.

"Mmm!" she hummed, letting go one of my cheeks to run her fingers through my crack, around the tip of the squash sticking out, and then down across my balls and onto my hard cock. *'Hard?'*

"Kat, what are you..?" I started as she made a fist about my shaft and squeezed, and then felt her cheeks press in against mine.

"Oh?" I was caught off guard. "Oh, damn!" Kat had wrapped her lips about the squash and started sucking it like a cock, her lips pressed against my strained rim, and then lashed her tongue out, circling it, as if trying to dig it in to me! It was so strange. Strange... and yet so damn good! My hips started rolling, matching her tongue's gyrations as she started to fist my cock!

"Oh... Kat!" I groveled into the pillows as she pulled her lips back, and then hawked and spit down the crack of my ass, using her fingers to massage the saliva into my rim gripping the squash! "What... what are you d-doing?!"

"Just enjoy it," she cooed to me, fingering my sphincter.

"But..? Ungh!" I grunted as she gave the squash a tug.

"It's really set in there. I'm going to have to work it out slow," she told me.

"Y-yeah... yeah, w-whatever..." I hummed into the pillows as she started to twist and turn it inside

me, gently tugging, gently pushing it back in.

She hawked and spit into the hand she was using to jack me, adding some lube to rub my cock with. She then pushed the squash again, this time deep! This time, until it was digging deep up my intestines, and I could feel her fingers entering me!

"KA-EET!" I squealed, writhing and trembling and bucking forward! The sensation of the squash digging deeper was intense! Her fingers slipped back out, and the tail of the squash raced behind them, my ass trying to literally shit it out!

"That's it," Kat rubbed her fingers around my pained sphincter. "Just like that," she pushed the squash again, and her fingers back in!

"Kat, oh fuck! FUCK! KAT!" she did it again and again, fucking my ass with both as she jerked my cock!

"We've got to get you loosened up," she explained as she kept pushing it all the way in, letting my ass do the work in trying to eject it back out! I forgot all about the pain as jolts of pure ecstasy took over me! My cock was throbbing, balls tense and thrumming, and my asshole felt so full and deep and tickling my core with depraved want and lust!

"YES! SHIT!" I yelled into the pillows when Kat took hold of the tail of it sticking out my ass, and used it like a handle to pull and push back and forth.

"UNGH! Fuck! OH YEAH! Oh, Kat! OH KAT!" I was hitting every note there was as she started fucking me with it like she had last night! The sensations rippling through me were more than I had ever experienced, and soon I was left brain dead, not even realizing I was pushing my hips back to meet her!

"Yeah, baby!" she started shouting with me, fucking me harder and faster!

"MNGH! Damn! FUGHK!" And then, she pulled! Kept pulling! Hard! And I felt my asshole slipping wide about it, burning, but burning me with that same fire that was alive in Kat!

"YESSS!" I howled. "It... it's coming!" And then...

PHLOP! My asshole slipped around its widest point, and all at once shot it from my rectum!

"Damn..." I sighed, panting and sweating into the sheets.

"Damn..." Kat mimicked me, staring at my quivering asshole that was trying in vain to close whole again.

"Huh?" I felt her cheeks pressed between my again, and then... "Oh!" her tongue was slithering right up into my ass. Her fist was still working my cock.

"Kat!" I gasped with pure lust! "MNGH! That's amazing!"

But I'd no more declared my shame, than her tongue was gone, and I felt so, so empty. Hollow inside. It was short lived. Kat spit on my gaping ass, and then I felt that rubbery touch of the squash once more. She'd just managed to pull it out of me...

"UNNNNNGH!" a growled as she slowly pushed it back in! My ass soon broke around the widest point, and swallowed it whole once more!

"K-Kat..." I was panting. "Mngh! Oh hell!" It started all over again, Kat fucking me with it! Kat pushing it deep! Kat working it back out! Kat pulling it back out to twirl her tongue about my rim and shove it in. And then the squash once more! She left it in to lick and suck and hum on my balls!

"Your cock's throbbing!" Kat finally came back up, gasping for air! "Are you about to cum?!"

"Y-yeah!" I rasped. It was going to be a geyser!

Kat ripped the squash out of my ass, which sent me barking and reeling and spinning, but then stuck her tongue in, worming it as deep as she could while pumping madly over my cock!

"K-Kat..." I panted, my balls swelling! "Kat!" I felt the building storm. "C-c-c-CUMMING!" I yelped as my balls seemed to explode like TNT! "FUUUNGHK!" Over and over again! I started seeing stars! Everything white and then black! I was going to pass out!

"Daamn..." I collapsed over onto my side, Kat's tongue slipping from my ass, my cock from her fist - fully exhausted and fully sated.

Blinking dazedly, I saw her knelt there, looking down at her cupped hand. Something was running, dripping from between her fingers. It took me a second to realize that she'd caught my huge load in her free hand.

Suddenly her eyes snapped up to mine. Mine grew wide. She smiled. And then... and then Kat tilted her head back, raised that hand over her face, opened her mouth, and slowly turned her cupped fist, letting all my cum run off and drain down into her open, awaiting pallet!

"Mmm!" she licked that last of it off, and looked back to me with cheeks swollen, lips pursed.

"What the..?"

She then carefully parted her lips, showing me my cum pooled inside.

"Agh-gugh-ghuh-gah!" she... she started gargling it! Gurgling! And then she closed her lips and I saw her swallow!

"Ahh!" she stuck her tongue back out, showing me it was gone.

"Fughck..."

"What's wrong?" she saw the shock in my eye.

"I..?" what could I say. *SLUT!*

"Well, if you'd like to get even with me..." she started, picking up that squash abandoned on the bed, first sucking it between her lips like a cock, and then turned around, dropping onto her hands and offering up her ass to me!

"Punish me for being such a bad girl!" she said haughtily, looking back over her shoulder at me while running that squash through the crack of her ass. "Stick it up my ass!" she all but demanded of me! „Shove it in!“