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Prologue: Arrival

Charles and Alda had arrived at the luxury spa and inn, a place where they naturally assumed they could enjoy a nice, relaxing vacation together as husband and wife. The location was quietly famous for its beautiful views, the surrounding scenery, and of course, the premium facilities. It was the kind of relaxing getaway that one would naturally think could only bring a couple closer together, feeling good, romantic, everything a husband and wife could want.

There was one small catch, a minor issue, nothing too significant as to think it would spoil their time together, but a little cause for discomfort. The spa facilities were nude only, nude and of course, public to anyone else who could afford to spend time at the luxurious resort. That might have been a deal breaker, except there was a small, comforting caveat; they were allowed to wear small towels to keep their most private parts covered. This was enough to convince Charles and Alda that they could feel comfortable and safe there, willing to take the plunge and enjoy everything the relaxing resort had to offer.

The first couple days went off without a hitch. They had visited the beach, gotten massages, enjoyed mud baths with the finest of care from the staff. In the evenings they savored beautifully crafted dinners prepared by five-star chefs and were able to taste different varieties of expensive wines, it was almost like a second honeymoon. It was everything they had in mind. There was still just that one little thing, that one thing that was clawing its way deeper into Charles' mind and gave him a bit of pause.

The thing was, Charles had noticed that Alda was getting a lot of intense looks from the men, men who were particularly well endowed, and much less discreet about displaying their sizable cocks, a stark contrast to Charles and Alda’s own modesty. It was a thought that somewhat tortured his mind, wondering if she had noticed their sizes as much as he had, wondering what thoughts were going through these men's minds when they stared at her. It wasn’t the most difficult puzzle to solve, they liked what they saw, their eyes hungry and greedy for more, giving her attention because they lusted after her stunning, exposed body. Even Charles could figure that much out. No matter how much he wanted to give them the benefit of the doubt and see their glances as innocent, the more he watched, the harder it became to deny the raw, primal hunger behind each man's stare.

There was another aspect of their stare that made it impossible for Charles to ignore the intent behind, where their eyes were focused. Men would pass by and their gazes would be focused up the base of the tiny towel, constantly struggling to hide what lay beneath. The end result was that when Alda was sitting and focused on having her breasts well covered, her slick hairless slit was constantly being revealed to the passing men and their lecherous stares, tempting and teasing with every passing glance. All around the resort, groups of men would gather at a

distance from Alda, their eyes devouring her pussy as if it were the ultimate prize, the highlight of their day.

And yet, that wasn't even the main obsession of the men around. No, instead it was her bouncy, perfect ass, that was the part of her that drew the most attention. Men trailed behind Charles and Alda at a barely discreet distance, practically following them wherever they went, just to catch a glimpse of her cheeks slipping out the back of her towel. It wasn't just innocent staring, there were a few instances of men brushing past the two, and Charles was convinced they had just copped a feel over her ass. Too many instances to dismiss as coincidence. It was as if they were taking turns daring each other at the bar, daring to get closer, to press a hand against her curves, to lift the towel just enough to expose more of her tempting ass. It was blatant sexual harassment, and yet Charles felt too powerless, too hesitant to call it out, to put a stop to it.

Alda, on the other hand, of course picked up on things, she was discerningly aware of it all. She noticed the way their eyes lingered on her, she noticed the sizes of their fat cocks, the passing touches, she noticed everything. These were the kinds of things that she would never mention to Charles for fear of making him self-conscious, making him worry when he had no reason to be worried. Alda didn't want to make a scene, she didn't want to make her husband look bad, so she let the sexist men have their fun. She loved Charles dearly, here to enjoy their time together, not to concern herself with being ogled by piggish men whose eyes and hands betrayed their baser, primal desires.

In her mind, Alda was certain that the kind of men who would steal glances at her when she was exposed were also the same type that she would never give the time of day. Yet, despite that certainty, she couldn't help but feel a thrill deep within her, a rush of some forbidden feeling in the darkest recesses of her mind. It was as if their hungry eyes had a lasting effect on Alda, one where she couldn't quite bring herself to indulge in what they desired, yet couldn't erase it from her mind either. The perverse stares were making her feel something, something she would just have to suppress down, manage her way through until this vacation was over. It was the only way forward for a married, strong-willed feminist like her.

Chapter 1: A Visitor In The Sauna

Alda and Charles individually decided to brush all those other thoughts out of their minds for an afternoon at the sauna. A heavy motivator was the fact that when they were picking a timeslot, they found one where nobody else had registered yet, the perfect chance to get some private, intimate time away from all the prying eyes of the men who had been openly admiring Alda's body.

Charles was leaned back with a towel wrapped around his waist, while Alda had a little towel that struggled to stretch down her moist, glistening torso; the sauna making her skin shimmer with sweat. Charles didn't dare to make mention of all the stares that Alda had been receiving, so instead he just casually decided to praise the experience. "This has been nice, almost like a second honeymoon, I'd say. I couldn't have asked for a better experience these past few days,

my love.” His warm tone showcasing just how much he cared for her.

Alda smiled softly, placing a hand on his thigh as she leaned into him, her touch gentle and affectionate. The couple grew more and more drowsy and comfortable. “Of course, baby. I agree. I have adored this chance to just relax and re-energize so mu-... aa…” Her words trailed off as her gaze shifted to the entrance of the sauna. A man had just walked in, and he was a huge figure. He stood at approximately 198 cm and weighing around 113 kilos, he had a rugged, rough look; strong and broad, but not like a body builder. More like a man who drank heavily and did tons of manual labor, it was a wonder how a man like him even afforded to come to a resort like this, perhaps he owned his own construction company.

The stranger approached confidently, in a way that Charles could never imagine himself being. Without hesitation, he dropped his towel and extended his hand directly towards Alda. “Hey there, pretty lady. Name’s Darrell.” Alda’s hand did not extend immediately, distracted by the fact that the man had just dropped his towel so matter-of-factly, leaving his impressive, hanging cock on full display. Darrell reached down and firmly tugged her hand up, pulling it into the hand shake. It was clear he was a gruff foreigner, straightforward and unapologetic in his approach, eager to make his presence known.

Alda didn’t know how to respond immediately, she just relented and shook his hand back, though she was confident enough to give him a slight moment of sarcasm after the initial shock wore off. “Wow, well aren’t you the confident one. Let me guess, American? You have the ego of one.” She taunted with a smile. Charles on the other hand felt his eyes widen, in pure disbelief that the man not only had just dropped his towel and exposed himself like that, but even more so that he had gone right up to his wife and completely ignored Charles altogether, like he wasn’t even there.

“Hah!” The man arrogantly forced a laugh back. “Sure am, what nationality are you? Let me guess, the one where whores and pornstars come from the most.” A smug look as he glanced down at her body, Alda not having realized in her relaxation how it had become so dishevelled, the top halves of her nipples being displayed despite the hand across her tummy that was keeping it secure. Worse than that though, the slit of the towel had opened on her lower half and was nearly displaying her pussy, with the entire side of her ass sticking out on show.

“Hrm?” Alda looked down at herself and felt her face burn with the most intense blush that she had ever experienced, pulling her towel to try to fix it. “Excuse me?!” She glanced at Charles for a moment, almost expecting him to say something, before realizing that in reality, she was the dominant one in their relationship and would have to stick up for herself. “You should really learn how to talk to a lady, did your mother forget to teach you common courtesy?” Alda sneered at him, challenging the arrogant brute.

The large man ended up sitting right next to her slapping a hand down with a heavy smack atop her thigh, making it ripple for a moment from the impact. “Oh trust me, doll. I know how to talk to a lady, it’s the way you girls try to pretend that you don’t like it. But your bodies tell the truth

when your lips lie." He raised his hand up and gave a light tug at the front of her towel, having it drop a little bit more as Alda's hard nipples came into view for just a second before she could quickly shoot a hand up to cover them once more.

"Hey!" Alda couldn't believe his audacity. "You have some nerve, you have the mentality of decrepit old men. Those archaic views should die out when they do." Alda defended herself, glancing at Charles once more as if to see if her husband was going to back her up at all. His lips parting, and then going shut the moment he caught a cold glare from the larger man, intimidated into keeping his mouth completely shut.

Darrell stared Charles down completely, almost daring him to open his mouth and interject, to see what happens if he crossed the line of challenging a more dominant man. As soon as he realized that he had Charles completely intimidated into a state of passivity, he looked right back at Alda and continued on. "Archaic views? Like the fact that I believe all you women really want is to be submissive to big fat cocks like mine?" The conversation took a decidedly more erotic turn now that he knew Charles was a non-factor. Darrell looked down at his cock and made it flex, the massive member shifting against his thigh as if to say hello to Alda.

Alda felt some weird butterflies in her stomach from hearing that misogynistic take, from seeing the way his huge cock flexed like a massive python. "A-... That.. that is of course ridiculous…" The normally confident woman that was Charles' wife, suddenly found herself stammering and pausing like a nervous school girl. "The size of a man's cock has nothing to do with why a woman chooses him, nor with their power dynamics! My husband isn't nearly your size and we have a perfectly healthy sex life, thank you very much. Right, my love?" She looked over at Charles, staring a moment, only to realize that she actually was truly on her own, not even her attempt to involve him could get him to speak, he was frozen there, just watching everything happen.

Darrell laughed again, "That quiet little mouse, the one that has yet to say a thing? That is your example of how cock size doesn't matter? I bet you're the one that controls the bedroom with you two, having him wrapped around your finger. With me? The only thing getting wrapped around anything would be your holes getting wrapped on my cock, Doll." Darrell had hit the nail on the head, instantly able to predict the dynamics of their marriage, knowing from their demeanors that Alda was the one in control in the bedroom.

Alda found herself even more on her back foot, her attempt to involve her husband having backfired completely. Somehow trying to use Charles to support her case had resulted in her looking both foolish and predictable to the large man sitting beside her. "We're… We're not… Well…" She stammered, suddenly seeming so shy and submissive, for just a moment, her usual confidence was wavering. "We have a very healthy sex life. There is nothing wrong with a dominant woman, nor a man who likes to submit to her. We're a perfect match in that regard…" Alda attempted to continue on, attempting to justify her feminist ideology and defend the dynamic in her marriage at the same time.

Darrell was not about to have any of that, shaking his head slowly as he brought a finger up to shush her, like a child being silenced by an adult, placed in a verbal timeout for crossing a line. “Come on now, Doll. There ain’t nothing healthy about a woman taking control.” he murmured, his voice low and commanding. “That’s just some new age bullshit you girls like to convince yourselves of. You’re meant to get down under things like this and do what you’re told.”

He reached down, gripping his thick, fat cock in his hand, slowly stroking it as he held it straight up so Alda could see. The sight of his pulsing member, the perfectly vivid display to showcase what her place was, a thick and dominant reminder that it was beneath him. It was the thing that gave him the confidence to act this way, to see this dominant wife as nothing more than a submissive toy, needing to serve and obey.

“See? This is what makes me a leader and you a follower. Real men…” He glanced at Charles, clearly indicating that he viewed him as anything but being a real man. “Real men are hunters, builders, providers. Leaders, as I said. You women? You’re meant to stay home, cook us some meals, and spread your legs when we need a hole to fill. Take care of the babies we pump you full of. That is your place in society. Servicing your superiors.” Darrell was quite happy to openly express his deeply misogynistic views.

Charles sat quietly to the side, like a third wheel, almost as if he served no purpose in being there other than to face the humiliation and confront his own helplessness, powerless to step in. It was awe inspiring, the sheer audacity of Darrell, the balls on him, to showcase his cock so freely and unapologetically to his wife as if Charles wasn’t even there. It was almost hypnotic. Charles’s eyes lingered on the scene, feeling a mixture of arousal and helplessness as he watched his usually dominant wife be reduced to an object of desire, portrayed as a stammering, submissive woman, spoken to as if she was nothing more than property meant to serve beneath a man that wasn’t even him.

Alda on the other hand, found herself staring for a moment at the massive hunk of meat that Darrell was displaying to her, her eyes glued to his huge cock for several passing seconds. “I-...” She quickly blinked and pulled her gaze away, feeling herself blush from the heat that the sight of his cock had ignited within her. “I can’t believe a pig like you is allowed in such a high class place, like this… What makes you think that just because you were born with that big thing dangling between your legs, that it gives you some authority?” She gestured towards his displayed cock.

“Oh? So you admit that it is big? Wonder how that makes your husband feel, having his dominant wifey gushing over another man's huge cock.” Darrell ignored most of what she said, instead focusing only on the compliment to his cock size, using it to deflect and distract her. He used his hand to make his cock bounce a few times, glistening from the humid sauna air.

Alda's gaze was irresistibly drawn back to his dick, her eyes watching each slow, deliberate bounce of his heavy cock. The way his tip flared, as if it had a life of its own, sent a shiver through her body. “That’s not… you didn’t answer… le-.. leave my husband out of this…” She

stammered once more, her breath feeling heavy and ragged, the words trembling on her lips and getting caught in her throat as she had her thoughts consumed completely with that massive dick that was being displayed in front of her.

“Fine with me, love. I don’t really want to involve your husband anyway, little quiet mouse like that, he wouldn’t have anything to add. I would much rather focus on you.” Darrell’s eyes were leering down Alda’s body, gleaming with hunger, mentally undressing her beneath that little towel that she had left to protect her modesty. “A woman like you should be displayed at all times, like a trophy. If you were here with me, you wouldn’t be allowed to hide behind that little towel, covering yourself from the admiration of men. You’re meant to be admired, and you’re meant to feel good from feeling how many men would love to take the time out of their day, to take their turn staring at your perfect, tender body.” He casually reduced her to a bit of irresistible eye candy, as if her only purpose was to be admired and possessed.

Alda instantly wanted to protest, but she somehow felt herself get caught, watching his eyes and seeing the way that he devoured her body with them, that some body that was now betraying her. She subconsciously let her towel slip just ever so slightly, revealing more of the soft curve of her breast, dropping down from the top of her areola to the stiffening nub of her nipple, peaking from underneath the fabric. “That’s not..” She had to stop herself, a helpless moan threatening to escape from her body, betraying her more and more by the moment. She was struggling to make an argument for why he was wrong when at the same time she felt this yearning desire, this intense craving to be displayed in front of him, to be showcased like the eye candy that he desired, to be owned, to be adored and dominated as the ultimate trophy, a possession.

“That’s not what?” Darrell’s tone dripped with both condescension and lust. “What isn’t it, baby girl? Come on now, I know you can use your big girl words. You’re such a pretty little plaything, I know it’s tough to think with a big, hard dick in front of you, but you’ve been doing so well.” The sheer degrading way that Darrell spoke to her, a cruelty to how he put her down, it would have incensed any other husband with pure anger, the need to jump in and defend their wife. Yet Charles just sat there, he felt his own arousal pulse stronger with desire, throbbing under his towel to each degrading word that got uttered to his wife.

Alda’s own lips parted as she struggled to find her voice, she croaked a little on the attempt to come up with her usual confident retort. A breathy little frustrated exhale escaped her lips instead. “That’s not… how it’s supposed to be…” She managed to finally mumble out, lacking any confidence or conviction behind her words. She almost didn’t seem like the same woman, like the woman that Charles was used to seeing, a fragile broken version of herself. Her sheer power of will being crushed underneath the weight of a dominant man’s presence.

Darrell paused, he leaned back against the benches, putting his elbows up as he stared over at Alda, looking completely relaxed as he stared down her body. “Do me a favor, you think that isn’t the way it should work? Fine. Drop that towel for me.” He let those words linger in the air for a few long moments, before suddenly interjecting with the kind of confidence that demanded to be respected. “Now.”

Alda didn't really think at all, without hesitation she just instinctually let the towel drop, let it fall from over her breasts to down in her lap, sitting bunched there. Darrell smugly added on a second command. "To the ground, you don't need that little towel, be your true self, slut." Alda's hand slipped forward slowly, almost a crawl as she bunched the towel in her grasp and then extended it out, pushing it off her lap and down into a heap on the floor. Her legs were pressed together, hiding her pussy, but her body was now completely exposed, glistening in all of its beauty, vulnerable and utterly on display for the hungry, brute of a man.

"That's it," Darrell said with a cruel smirk. "See? It's so much better when you just listen to what a man tells you. No need to think, just obey. Women like you are meant to be owned, used, and fucked hard. You're nothing more than a pretty little fucktoy, here to serve and please." He reached up and put his heavy hand on her head, ruffling her hair like she were some obedient pet, there to be praised for doing as she was told.

Afterwards, his hand wandered down, casually pinching her sensitive nipple between his thumb and his finger, squeezing hard enough to make her gasp. "Look at these, so stiff, you must be feeling some kind of way, isn't that right, Doll? You like feeling so exposed, so helpless, so completely at my mercy. It's natural, baby. That's the way women are designed to feel. You're a filthy little thing, aren't you? Craving so desperately to be used, fucked, owned by a real man." He didn't let up at all, just pouring the condescending degradation on, knowing for sure now that he had her where he wanted her.

A wave of pleasure shot through her as his fingers pinched her nipple, sending a jolt of pleasurable desire straight into her core. She completely forgot that Charles was sitting there, watching everything unfold. Alda had to fight her instinct, her desire to just let him have her way, bringing her hand up and pushing his hand off her chest, trembling slightly as she did.

"Why do you have to be so fucking sexist…" She panted breathlessly, her voice shaking. "Isn't it enough to be born gifted… to be born with a massive fucking cock… Can't you just take the win and all the attention that comes with that? Without being such a misogynistic pig?" Her words spilled out in heavy breathy tones, the arousal in her voice apparent, the craving, the need that he was making her feel. All while Alda openly acknowledged the power that Darrell held between his legs, the power of a big fucking cock.

She was so incredibly turned on, her body burning up with desire, craving this pig of a man. Yet there was still a part of her that so desperately was trying to hold on, to cling to her feminist ideals, to convince even herself that he was wrong and she was right. Starting to doubt her own arguments. She had to try to hold on, dropping her towel on command didn't make him right, she was the one that was right. Alda's mind was desperately fighting with one tiny thread holding on, clinging to her feminist belief system.

Darrell could have gone easy on her. He could have backed off at this point, it was obvious that he had won, he could at least let her maintain a shred of her dignity. But that just wasn't the kind

of man that he was. “Open your legs.” It wasn’t him asking her, he wasn’t politely requesting her to do it, Darrell was telling her what to do, telling her to open her legs like she were some whore for him to command. Ordering her like a helpless slut to spread her thighs and expose herself for him.

This had gone way too far, Charles wanted to interject, he wanted to jump in and help his wife out, he just couldn’t. He was paralyzed while this all played out, unable to bring himself to be the white knight of a husband who came in, who rushed to his wife's rescue. His eyes went completely wide as he glanced down and saw Alda’s thighs start to come apart, her legs opening on command. She hadn’t spread them very far, but she had spread them enough for it to be visible just how horny she was, revealing how engorged her needy pussy appeared, swollen and drooling with desire to be fucked and filled.

Darrell reached right down and grabbed the inside of her thigh, giving it a firm squeeze, hard enough to leave red indents where his fingers had dug in. “Did I say to stop, you little slut? Don’t you ever dare stop until a man tells you that he is satisfied. Keep spreading, cunt.” he growled, his voice thick with both lust and authority.

Alda felt a tremble roll through her body at the cruel way that he called her that filthy word, the way that he wasn’t satisfied with the little show that she had already given him. She hesitated for just a moment, but then she proceeded to push herself further, spreading her legs wider, eager for his approval, waiting for him to tell her to stop. Darrell kept silent though, teasing her with his denial, denying her the approval that she sought. Instead, Alda had to take her hands along the back of her legs, lift and pull underneath her knees, spreading her legs so incredibly wide apart with the pulls from her hands, further apart than she could naturally manage, exposing every inch of her needy, dripping pussy until Darrell finally interjected.

“Good, that’s better.” he said, a cold triumphant tone to his voice. “Show the man with the big dick in the room how desperate you are to be bossed around. All those big feminist ideals? They don’t mean shit, this is how you women always end up when a guy like me comes around.” Darrell placed his hand down so casually, so deferentially as he pressed his digits right over her glistening, wet, swollen pussy, dragging them over the top of it. He brought them up and it was like an inspection, like he was checking the oil on the car, he spread his fingers and watched the way her fluids webbed between his digits. “God, look at you. How can you even pretend to have any of those values, when you’re dripping like this?” He looked back at her, shoving his hand in her face to make her stare at her own dripping shame, the juices she had leaked over his fingers.

Charles on the other hand could not believe what his wife had just done, what she was currently doing, he was so used to her having such a powerful aura, being so dominant. She was hooking her legs apart like a common little submissive whore for this man who stood against everything that he knew his wife believed in. She was really willing to sacrifice her own beliefs to appease this brute? To showcase her pussy for him like Charles himself wasn’t right there, wasn’t watching the entire thing? It should have filled him with anger, disgust… but it wasn’t that… it

was an arousal that he couldn't control, a desire that he couldn't silence. Charles didn't just want to see more, he had to see more, he had to see what this dominant man would do to Alda next, how he could take her dominance and bend it beneath him.

Alda didn't know how to answer the question, there was no good excuse, no good reason she could put forward for doing this, for this guy, and still acting like she deserved to be a mouthpiece for the values that she held so dearly. She of course still believed that she was right, yet she felt undeserving of those beliefs now, thoroughly defeated in her own desires. "I-..." She paused, really having to question herself on not how she normally would answer, but how she deserved to answer.

She looked down at her leaking, throbbing pussy. "I don't deserve to pretend to have any values… I don't have any values…" Her cheeks burned, blushing as she stared down even lower, off to the side, she couldn't look at anyone, least of all her husband, the shame was simply too intense. "Only cock… Cock is the real value… I want cock…" Alda finished, like an exhale from her soul, a release of brutal honesty that was a weight she needed to get off her chest, but she wasn't even done yet, suddenly she shook her head in little no motions. "No, I don't want cock… I NEED cock." She corrected herself, looking back up at Darrell, a yearning, desperate expression all over her face.

This time Darrell didn't laugh or even smile like he normally did to her responses, instead his cock twitched and a huge dollop of precum leaked from the slit of his flaring cockhead. "Hrm… you made me get a little messy." He looked down at his own cock, flexing it as even more precum built up at the opening, before staring right back up at her, directly into her eyes. "Get down there and clean that up for me, babe." Darrell was still sitting comfortably as he knew he didn't even need to reach up and pull her by the back of the head, she would do it of her own free will, the will that he had just broken.

Alda didn't disappoint, her beautiful naked body moved like a marionette, being manipulated by the strings from its master's control, Darrell having ascended from disgusting stranger to controlling master in just moments of meeting her. That was the power of a big meaty cock and a misogynistic alpha personality to back it up. She dropped to her knees and positioned herself right between his spread legs, leaning in, she paused, glancing at Charles for just a moment, a second of acknowledgement, but then she sat her husband's presence aside and let her urges take over. Alda proceeded to drag her tongue right up that fat leaking dollop of cum that adorned the crown of Darrell's cock, pulling it into her mouth as she swirled it on her tongue and then gulped it down into her tummy. "Mmmh…" she let out a little satisfied moan from the taste of his potent seed.

Charles wasn't just in shock at the fact she had actually done it, he was thoroughly aroused. In fact, it was easy to say that he had wanted it almost as badly as her, if not even more. His own cock twitched in response to the visual of his wife taking another man's cum on her tongue, the way she was so servile and needy. He watched as her head tilted to one side and she went even further, dragging her tongue down each edge of Darrell's dick, lapping at it like it was an

object of worship. Charles couldn't even blame her, his cock looked so powerful, paired with his beautiful wife, it was the perfect display of worship taking place in front of his eyes.

"That's it, babe, just like that." Darrell ran his hand along the back of her head, softly stroking his fingers through her hair as if petting some subservient animal, adorning it with praise. "This is what your mouth was made for, not all that silly arguing. Leave all those big issues to men, you don't need to worry about anything except how to please a big cock and make us men happy. You're doing so well." His voice was both soothing and dominant, lulling her into her position of subservience down beneath him.

"You're doing so great, babe. I want to see you take it on your face, wanna see that pretty little expression wearing my cock on top of it." He growled, his large hand guided her to tilt her head back with a firm hold. Alda obeyed, arching her shapely, feminine back and accentuating every enticing curve and contour of her soft, beautiful body with the way that it bent, trembling with anticipation. She lowered herself down while bringing one hand up to position his thick, throbbing cock right up over her face. It somehow looked even more massive when it was draped atop her expression, her hot breath caressing up against the underside of his shaft. Alda felt her eyes flutter shut for a moment, just focusing on the sensation of that heavy, meaty cock pressing against her face, a symbol of her submission and his dominance. When she did open her eyes back up, they went cross, glued towards his cock and leaving her with a lame looking expression from underneath.

"Mmmh… Fuck, baby. You're such a good little doll, doing as you're told. Worshipping some big heavy cock like you were made for." Darrell felt his cock flex, throbbing out another heavy dollop of cum right atop her forehead. The thick creamy precum looked so perfect dripping along Alda's flesh. Darrell couldn't help himself though, he had to reach down and take control of his cock from her, he lifted it and with a meaty slap, dropped it right back down against her, spattering that precum from the little pooled collection, into droplets all over her face. He didn't stop though, he lifted and dropped it again… and again… and again. Just thumping his heavy cock down like her face was a drum for him to beat his meat down against.

"AnH… Anhh… Ahh…" She exhaled in soft, trembling moans. Alda felt her breath hitch, wincing with every thwap of his heavy fuckpole down onto her face. Every demeaning slap sent a shiver through her, a deep trembling tingle through her pussy, growing that much more achey. The more that he demeaningly dominated her with his huge cock, the more that she craved him, the more that she needed him. Alda became increasingly submissive, desperate for him to dominate her in every depraved way that this misogynistic man could imagine. It was as if each drumming slap of his fuckmeat atop her face was making this intelligent woman turn that much more dumb and needy.

"Fuck yea, now this is a good fucking whore." Darrell looked over at Charles for a moment, knowing that it was his wife that he was talking about. "Premium grade fuckmeat." He stared Charles right down and then with his hand cradling the back of Alda's skull, he almost went to tug her head and shove her cock in his mouth, but he stopped. Darrell sporting a devious smile

all of the sudden. “Hey you.” He looked right at Charles. “Help her out, give her head a shove down so that I can just sit her and relax while this fuckmeat gets fed my cock.”

Charles felt his heart in his throat, it was hard to breathe. He couldn’t answer Darrell back with his words, instead he could only do it with his actions. Charles moved over and put his hand on the back of Alda’s head. He couldn’t believe what he was actually doing, he started to push down and guided her straight over the top of Darrell’s cock, feeding that massive shaft into his wife's mouth. “MnNNhh… Ffh… Fuckkk… Just like that, feed this bitch my dick. And you, focus up and suck daddy’s cock. This is what you’re good for.” He growled the words out with such needy satisfaction.

Alda’s soft pouty lips made perfect dick suckers, wrapping down his shaft as she got it soaked in her saliva. Her eyes arching up as she felt Charles applying pressure to make her take more, really sinking down on the cock in front of her before her submissive husband backed off. It made her feel a little bit less guilty, like it wasn’t just her being dominated so thoroughly, her husband was being dominated right along with her.

Darrell reached over and pulled his phone up, shoving it into Charles’s hands. “Hey, dickhead. Start recording. I want this shit captured for me to share with my boys later.” He watched Charles take the phone and start recording with it, capturing his wife sucking off the misogynistic brute in front of her. Darrell leaned forward, taking over as he cradled the back of Alda’s head and positioned her expression up at him, with a sudden gargle he gathered up his saliva and then spit a huge wad of it directly down over the top of her face. “That’s how far beneath men you really are, bitch. Don’t ever try to debate with one again. Not one with a big cock, anyway. All you do is embarrass yourself.” He aggressively growled the words down at her.

Alda winced with the wad of spit hitting her face, but she didn’t pull off his cock, she didn’t argue, instead she just pushed her head forward to worship and suck him that much more. Spit trickling down her expression as she bobbed her head like a pathetic whore. She pressed in so far that it tickled her gag reflex. “GgHHhhuU-... GghHh…GgGlLrkk!!” She gagged and got is cock messy, all her spit bubbles coming out around her tightly gripping dick sucking lips.

“MmNnh… That’s it baby, get it messy. Use those dick suckers for Daddy.” He pushed his hands forward and pressed the tips of his thumbs at either side of his cock, digging them into the corners of her mouth before he pulled them apart. The way he was hooking her mouth with each thumb made her expression look really pathetic. “Make sure you’re capturing this dumbass look on her face. I wanna show what a feminist looks like when she loses.” Charles was forced to position the phone and record the pathetic expression being made from his wife, her own spit bubbles drooling out the corners of her lips and down her chin.

“AnNhh… HnnHhh… GllRkk…” She gasped, out little pathetic moans, mixed with the clenching of her throat as she wretched out another pathetic gag. The corners of her eyes watering as she got demeaned just for Darrell’s amusement. At the same time, Alda pressed her hand down her soft tummy, over her swollen needy clit, and pressed her fingers right up inside of her. She let

out another pathetic, drooling moan as a tremor ran up from her pussy and through her body. Her pussy gushing down her knuckles as she finger fucked herself while being humiliated.

“God damn, yes. That’s how you fucking do it, doll. Pump that pussy in while you’re reduced to nothing but a toy for male entertainment. This is all you will ever be, baby. You can try to be more, you can work your entire life at it, but you’re nothing but a set of holes made to entertain some big ole fat dicks.” He leaned his head back and then shot another huge wad of spit down, spitting right in her face once more.

The moment he did a shiver went through Alda as she seemed to spasm and cum on her digits, squirting out on the floor between her legs, swaying her hips to hump her own hand in such desperate need. “MmMmnFfhh!!!” She moaned out over his cock and fed it into her mouth harder, her eyes crossing as she slipped down onto her fingers harder, smashing them inside of her at the same pace that she was sucking him off, clearly picturing him going into her pussy instead.

Darrell started to laugh this time, it was too much, watching how far she had fallen, he couldn’t help but let out that hearty, rude, burst of laughter right down in her face. “Fucks sake, look at you. You’re making a mess, baby.” He reached down and his big heavy hands grabbed each of her legs and with a rough yank he pulled them apart and forced her to fall down into the splits. The resulting position had the back of her pussy pinned down to the floor of the sauna, with the back of her hand stuck against, sandwiching her digits up inside of herself.

“See, now that’s how a bitch sits. Directly on the floor, where you can hump your dumb little holes against it.” Alda didn’t react in offense to his words, or her new position, instead she just continued to degradingly hump her own pussy on the floor. It was humiliating how badly her body needed it that she couldn’t stop no matter what the context was. Sitting there in those splits like a whore as she bobbed her head and slurped her mouth along his cock, all being captured on the brutes phone by Charles.

Darrell pulled her head off his cock for a moment. “What are you, baby? Tell Daddy what a shameless little dog you are, a bitch.” He patted his hand against the side of her cheek, it wasn’t a slap, but it was a heavy enough pat to let her know that she better answer how he liked, right now. Alda gasped out as she caught her breath off his cock. “I’m your shameless little dog, your bitch, your slut, the woman sucking your cock because she is too dumb to debate you… Because you have a big cock and that makes you superior…” She panted the words out, her face turning redder in her debased humiliation.

“Ahahah!! HA!” He laughed loudly and ruffled her hair like he was petting a dumb little dog, taking hold of her face with his hands on both sides. “That’s it, that’s my good little shameless bitch, such a good girl.” He demeaningly talked down to her and then using his grip on either side of her head, he pulled her right back in and started to roughly use her face like she was nothing more than a fleshlight. Shoving his cock down her throat, face fucking her roughly, pulling down on her head as he humped his hips to meet every thrust at the same time.

Alda got reduced to a gagging, moaning, little face hole as he pumped her throat in. Her beautiful, full lips gripped to his cock as he pushed and pulled at her head, trails of saliva following her mouth up and down his pole. “Just like that, let Daddy fuck that face pussy. You have such a good one, girl. I knew you had a perfect fucking face pussy the moment you opened your mouth to argue with me, knew that I would be inside of it like this before we left this room. You sluts are all the same.” He grunted the words out, humping himself into her face hard, his cock throbbing down into her throat.

“Fucckkkk!!” He growled out, slowing his thrusts from face pumps, to more heavy and solid, DEEP strokes. Darrell took his time to feel every space inside of her throat as his full cock dragged against the inner lining. Finally, he let out a shiver, showing how close he was getting. “Fuck! Okay, okay, okay…” He panted. “Daddy is gonna pull out and shoot his load all over your fucking face, Doll. You understand? Nod that dumb head for Daddy to show that you know your face is gonna be my cumrag.” Alda nodded her head, a desperately needy look in her eyes as she stared up at him.

Darrell gave a little half grin down at her and then he pulled out, his cock head flaring up, throbbing hard. “Right there, baby. Mouth open, head back. Just like you’ve seen in the porns. That is what your hubby is helping me shoot right now, some hot porn.” He glared over at Charles and pulled him by his arm, making sure he was in the perfect position to capture the facial. Afterwards, he started to stroke his cock hard and fast, pumping it right in front of Alda’s face, the flaring tip of his cock hitting up against her tongue.

It only took like fifteen to twenty pumps of his cock before Darrell suddenly tensed and started to pop off, shooting his cum out over her face. The first rope rocketed right up her expression, stretching up her cheek, over her eye, and onto her forehead, stopping in her hairline. The second rope, he had pulled his cock down slightly and spattered it up against her tongue and over her lips. After that he took his time to shoot each subsequent rope all over her face and mouth, making a big sticky white mess of cum all over her expression.

Alda was panting, holding that huge load of cum all over her face. She started to slam her little digits in her pussy faster, looking like a cum platter as she panted and moaned. The entire thing got captured perfectly on Darrell’s phone as she shivered and trembled like a whore. Alda felt the wad of cum slide down her tongue as she swallowed, tasting his salty semen and taking it down into her tummy. That feeling of swallowing this stranger's cum pushed her over the edge, she humped herself hard on the floor and squirted like a complete little slut. Reduced to a tense little cumming whore, as she rode her orgasm out while dripping cum all over her face.

“Ahaha! That’s a new one. This really is a fucking special whore, isn’t she?” He asked the camera more than he asked Charles, looking back down at her as he gave her another order. “Now start to eat that cum slut.” He took his hand in her hair and jerked her head back, making sure none was spilling off it. “And you…” He looked right at Charles, snatching the phone from him as he took over filming. “You help her, make sure she doesn’t miss a drop, feed that shit to

this greedy little cumpig." He shoved Charles into action, not giving him a choice.

The two of them went to work together, Alda licking around her lips, pulling down the obvious bits of cum with her fingers, licking and sucking at it as she filled her mouth with Darrell's jizz. Charles carefully collected any that dripped back into her hair, down onto her shoulders, or chest; bringing all of it back up in his cupped hand as he let her lick out of it and dumped it down into her mouth. The husband and wife carefully worked together to slowly but surely clean every drop of jizz off her. Feeding it all down into her slutty little tummy.

Darrell grinned, sitting back comfortably as he kept filming Alda, glancing the phone up at Charles for a moment, so that both were caught perfectly for his safe keeping on his phone. "Now, you… The cum eating slut." He looked right down at Alda. "What is your full name? First and last." He asked matter of factly, like it was the kind of information that she owed him.

"Ah-..." Alda panted out, half glancing at Charles as she was slightly hesitant to give such private information, but before Charles could even give her an affirmation if she should answer or not, she answered. "Alda… Alda Sadiku." Her voice sounded so feminine and weak, quieter than when she was arguing before, higher in pitch, like she was afraid to disagree and upset the man who had given her what she needed.

"Alda Sadiku. I like that, good name for a slut. Now…" He paused and stared her down, almost bullying her into even further submission as he interrogated her. "What is your husband's name, what are your room numbers here? Go on, tell Daddy everything." He urged her to continue to give him all the information that he wanted.

Alda took a deep breath before she nodded her head up at him. "So… my husband's name is Charles… And our room number, it's… it's room 307." She left Charles red in the face as he watched his wife give out everything, including his own name, embarrassed and aroused at how far she had fallen under Darrell's control.

"Good, good. Last questions. Did you bring any naughty outfits that you planned to wear for your husband? And…" He paused for a moment, a slight smirk extending on his face as he stared down at her, not even giving a single acknowledgement to Charles as he asked this next question. "Are you on the pill?" A question that would surely result in her husband taking a great interest in how she answered, knowing already what the answer was, himself.

Alda bit her lip for a moment, the sexy little pouty bit that she had stuck under her tooth slowly came free as her mouth opened. "Uh… Well…" She awkwardly stammered. "I-... I did. I brought something super sexy to share with Charles as a reward for this trip." Her eyes glanced away, unable to look at her husband as she started to realize that her gift to him was probably going to end up a prize for another man. "And… No, I'm not on the pill. We've started trying to get pregnant, so that we can have a child together…" Her words hung in the air, their private goals just out on display for Darrell and anyone that could be shown the recording on his phone that he was still taking.

“That’s good. You women are made to make children. Nice to know with all those big dumb thoughts in your head, that you still realized that all on your own. See, you’re not as dumb as you sound when you try to argue with superior men.” He takes one last chance to knock her down a peg or two, giving a backhanded misogynistic compliment, before he smiles and continues. “So here is how things are going to work. You two are gonna go about the rest of your day like normal. Cute little couple, doing cute little couple things, husband and wife. After that?” He asked the rhetorical question, knowing that he was going to answer for them what happened after that.

“After that, well, the two of you are going to have a choice to make. Pretty easy choice from what I’ve seen out of the two of you today.” He gave a condescending look over at Charles, showing what little respect he had for him at this point, before staring back down at Alda. “If you want to get knocked up by a real man, finish that pathetic trying to get pregnant bullshit by actually getting pregnant in one shot, you’re gonna put on that slutty lingerie you brought for your husband and send me a pick of you in it before going to bed. No touching each other if that is the choice that you make, no goodnight kiss, no nothing. Keep that beautiful body pristine and ready for me, I own that shit once you send that message out.”

Darrell reached down and casually palmed one of her breasts, ending the recording on his own phone with his other hand, he sat it down and picked up Alda’s phone, casually just putting his number into it. “There you go, choice is yours, doll.” He groped down on her breast one last nice big squeeze, before he stood up and walked out, his well milked cock hanging down between his legs.

Chapter 2: Relaxing At The Pool

Alda and Charles didn’t really discuss what had happened at all, they were both too embarrassed by the whole thing to bring it up, to mention even a single word of it to each other. Instead, they decided to go relax and watch the sunset by the pool. Alda stood up and decided to take a quick dip before they left, diving in with her itty bitty towel, which ended up floating away as she finished her dive. Her sexy, supple body shimmering under the water as she skinny dipped, looking around for where her towel had ended up. Her eyes caught sight of it when she noticed it in the hands of a man she had seen around the resort several times with his own wife, his wife who didn’t seem to be around at the moment, nowhere in sight as she glanced around at the surrounding pool.

The guy swam right up to her, holding her towel in his hand. “You dropped something!” He came up seeming like he was just going to be helpful and chivalrous, a stark contrast to the experience she had earlier. He almost handed it to her, Alda reaching for it, right before the man suddenly pulled it back, keeping it just out of her reach. “Actually… I heard a weird rumor today. Something kind of funny. There was this guy bragging about something fun that happened in a sauna.” The words had barely left his mouth when Alda was already looking up at him with a mortified stare.

“Heard is kind of a stretch, though. I wouldn’t have even believed it if I had only heard about it. But… had some curious recordings on his phone, some of the hottest stuff I have ever seen to be honest. The kind that I can hardly believe a married woman would engage with.” He paused, letting that revelation sink in, the fact that he had seen some of the video with her from earlier. “My own wife would never do something like that for another man, I wouldn’t allow her. Seems like your husband though… he’s not quite man enough to protect his property.” he sneered, still holding her towel out of reach.

Alda was wading in the pool, her cheeks having flushed bright red as she stared at the married man in front of her, her thoughts racing with the humiliation of what parts of the video he might have seen. Her mouth started to open to respond, but before she could get a word out, the man in front of her suddenly spat directly into her open mouth, an act that felt like it knocked the breath right out of her. Alda quickly blinked as she didn’t know how to respond, her entire body turning hot as she held his spit in her own mouth.

“Swallow that up, cunt. After you do that, turn around into the corner of the pool, and I can show you how you’re gonna earn that towel of yours back.” His tone suddenly took on a more aggressive edge, like he was mad that someone else had gotten their hands on her before him. He grabbed her by her shoulder and pushed, turning her away from him to wake her up from the daze he had just put her in.

Alda quickly gulped down his spit and turned, wading over to the corner of the pool as she put her arms over the edge. She didn’t know what to think, what to expect that he might do next. She felt him swim closer, looking back over her shoulder as she finally spoke up, a soft nervous tone to her voice. “Wha-... what about your wife?” She weakly questioned, hesitant, not wanting to cause any trouble in their marriage.

“Shut up and stare straight ahead. Don’t worry about my marriage, whore. Dumb sluts like you don’t need to fill your little heads with any big thoughts like that, you just entertain men. That’s all you dumb resort sluts need to worry about. Making our vacations more entertaining.” He put his hand on the top of her head and forcefully turned it, making her stare straight, not even allowing her to look back at him. The crude man took up his position behind her as he pinned her into the corner of the pool hard.

Alda felt something thick and heavy poke against her lower back, his heavy shaft prodding up against her. She felt him sink lower, his legs spreading on either side of her as his cock nestled down between her bouncy ass cheeks. She couldn’t believe what was happening, why was she letting it happen? Was Charles seeing this? She had no idea and yet, she had been so broken in the debate earlier that she was now giving into a guy that wasn’t even the one that had defeated her. It seemed like her will to resist strongwilled men had been completely shattered and now she was here being openly molested without putting up a bit of proper resistance.

“Good slut… just stand there and let it happen, this is what you exist for… Fuck, you’re such a

sexy fucking bitch…" His hands rode up her sides, groping her hips, squeezing along the sexy little indentions that made up her curves. His hands didn't stop there though, they went up even higher and squeezed down over the top of her tits, gripping nice big handfuls of Alda's titmeat. The vulgar man just humping himself against her ass, using all that work that she put into the gym to make her a more useful masturbator for his cock. "God damn, my wife's ass could never feel this good. Your fucking cheeks alone grip harder than her insides. Fucking resort sluts are the best."

Alda wasn't some 'resort slut', she wasn't the kind of woman that went to all kinds of resorts and let stuff like this happen. Yet… that didn't stop this man from reducing her to that, to seeing her as nothing more than a slutty woman that came here to get dicked down by wealthy men. Her fingers curled against the edge of the pool, holding herself against it as she rocked forward and back, every humping thrust making her entire body shove deeper into that corner, getting pinned with the stranger's body up against hers.

The guy's hand shifted up the front of her body, wrapping further around her as he gripped her in a bear hug of sorts, holding Alda's body pinned tightly in his grip. His hand snaked even higher, going all the way up to her throat as he grabbed and squeezed it, making it more difficult for her to quickly inhale and exhale, to gasp out with every heavy thrust of him using her ass cheeks to get off. The water splashing up her back, over her tits, making her soft skin trickle and glisten, shimmering in all her beauty as she got used.

"A-... Annh… AhHhh…" She panted out heavily, little muted croaks from him squeezing down on her throat. Her moans barely audible in that corner of the pool, several men starting to gather as they all stared and watched what was happening to her. Alda slowly hung her head down, humiliated with the eyes on her, the fact that men were all watching her get used like some common slut. Her hung head bouncing with every thrust of him against her, making it look like she was being fucked by the man, even though he was just hotdogging her down there, using her perfect ass cheeks to beat his dick off with.

"Goodddd, I fucking love you resort sluts!! You whores that come here just to take dick. Your useless husband is paying to bring you and get cucked while the rest of us take our turns. You have the best fucking ass baby. Fuck, fuck… stay right there… fuck… fuck baby!!" He suddenly went tense, his body pressing up to hers completely, their wet bodies melded up against each other with his cock pinned along her ass. His throbbing dick pulsing between her cheeks as he shot his load out. Each heavy release of cum shooting up the small of her back, unloading on the top of her ass, leaving it sticky and drooling cum down her cheeks and back into the pool water.

"Fuck yea, baby." He reached back and then handed her the towel she had dropped. "You earned this, slut. Better get back to my wife now, you take care of yourself, don't fuck too many guys here, you're gonna end up all swollen and full." He patted her tummy, indicating that she was gonna get herself pregnant if she kept it up. The man swam off, diving down in the pool before he walked right out of the pool, up the steps on the far side, leaving her there after

making use of her.

Alda gripped the towel, looking around and realizing that she better leave quickly if she didn't want a train of guys to come into the pool and take their turns with her. Not that it wasn't a tempting thought. She needed to get back to her husband and needed to get ready for the night ahead. She looked at Charles as she swam closer, realizing by the way that he was looking at her that he had just seen everything as well, that she had been reduced to a slut again in front of him. Treated like a submissive toy in front of her husband that she was always so dominant in bed with. "Let's go back to our room…" The only words that Alda could bring herself to say, once again unable to actually discuss what had just happened.

Chapter 3: The Moment Of Truth Arrives

They had returned to their room, unable to find the words to discuss what had happened earlier, awkwardly ordering dinner in and eating together in near silence. Any conversation that did happen was about any trivial thing that could distract from the events of the day. Things like what they had done at the resort, aside from today's event, which had been dominated by other men using Alda. Awkward little small talk that filled the space until the moment they both knew was coming, the moment of truth.

Alda rose gracefully, cleared her plate, and then disappeared into the bedroom to change. When she finally reappeared, she was clad in the lingerie that she had bought, the lingerie that she originally intended to wear for Charles. She wore pink, frilly garters that hugged her firm supple thighs. The delicate pink fabric of the lingerie clung tightly to her beautiful body, a bubblegum hue that accentuated her femininity. Thin pink straps traced up her soft tummy, connecting the partly sheer top portion to the teasingly open bottom, revealing her smooth, bare pussy, and her temptingly alluring, bubbly ass.

The bottom lingerie opening completely displayed the luscious peach that was her ass, the part of her that so many men had been staring at with such hunger, craving with every look throughout this entire trip. There was a little bow at the top of the bottoms that capped off the window to her pussy, like an open gift ready to be given to the man she spread her legs for. The top half of the lingerie was a lacey pink fabric that was sheer enough that it gave full view of her stiff bead-like nipples, allowing them to be showcased for any man that saw her in the outfit.

When Alda stepped out, one might have thought that she had put all this on for her husband. Yet she had a somewhat sheepish look on her face that said otherwise, a shy expression, only betrayed by her eyes, her eyes that screamed with desire. Finally, she built up that part of her that was used to being dominant with Charles, giving it to him straight, speakingly softly but with conviction. "Look… You are my love, nobody could ever replace that. You are everything to me. I love you, deeply, honestly. My baby, my love, my everything." Her hand gently traced up Charles's cheek as she gazed into his eyes. "But… we both know who truly won." With a slow, deliberate motion, Alda handed her phone over to Charles.

Charles didn't have to say anything back, he couldn't say anything back; words weren't necessary. He knew the truth as well as she did. He even felt his body react to that truth, his cock hardening at the forbidden thoughts that flooded his mind, a craving for what was about to happen, something that he needed to see happen. Without hesitation, he took the phone from her and switched to the camera, bringing it up as he captured two pictures of her, one from the front and another one from behind. Then, with a trembling hand, he went to the newest added number to her phone, simply labelled as 'Daddy', and sent him the revealing pictures of her exposed, enticing body. A heavy, nervous gulp escaped his throat as he handed the phone back to his wife, an undeniable knowledge of what they had just agreed to.

Alda took the phone, her fingers brushing his arm softly, a tender, and comforting gesture. She gave him a gentle, knowing smile. "Shall we go to bed, my love?" Charles nodded in return, the husband and wife heading to their bed fully aware that at any moment things were going to change forever, that a man was likely going to arrive with the eager intent of breeding her, of claiming her completely, and that they were both in a state of consent, willing to have that happen. Ready to embrace the moment of complete surrender, their mutual defeat, as husband and wife.

Chapter 4: The Night Everything Changed

Alda had fallen asleep quite quickly, exhausted from the events of the day prior. Both her body and her mind needed the rest to recuperate from how the men had been treating her, how she had endured being used for their casual entertainment. Charles, on the other hand, was unable to sleep a single wink. He lay awake in the darkness, his mind racing with the thoughts of what had happened and what was about to happen. A mixture of desire and anticipation swelling up within him.

Constant visions were playing through his head, ones of her vulnerability, the way her body had responded, the intimate parts that only he had been allowed to experience with her body, suddenly being shared with other men. Not just any men, but men who were overpowering, men that would take from her as much as they could, in their case, everything. He was restless, sleep a distant thought, replaced with the powerful pull of what was to come next. His urges to see it all play out, knowing that she could end the night impregnated. He feared it and craved it all at the same time, to see his own wife being knocked up in front of him.

It was in that moment, when his thoughts were racing the most, that he heard the door open. He realized what that meant, that Darrell had arrived, that things were about to change forever. If his mind had been racing before, it was positively light speed now, watching the man approach, getting closer as he came up to Charles' side of the bed first.

Darrell squatted right down, bed side, his arm laying over the top of Charles as he pointed over at Alda, over at his wife. "See her? I'm going to knock that wife of yours up. I'm not just gonna fuck her, I'm not just gonna dick her down. I'm going to impregnate her. Alda, your wife? She's gonna be carrying my baby in her belly for the next nine months, so you better get real used to

that idea real quick. That is your upcoming future."

He didn't wait for Charles to accept it, to agree, he knew that the mere fact that he was here, meant that the decision had already been made. Darrell knew that he now owned their marriage, that he had full rights to Alda's womb. His piece of property to lay his claim inside of. He reached across and gave Alda a little shake, stirring her from her slumber.

"Hey there, baby. Why don't you come on over here and give daddy a kiss? Kiss me like you love me, doll." His gaze shifted back down to Charles, a cruel expression as he looked him eye to eye. "You, get my dick hard for this slut wife that you got, get me nice and ready to dick my seed inside of her." He grabbed Charles by the wrist and brought his hand right down to his crotch, forced to grip him by his massive girth.

Alda slowly crawled her way across the bed, her body sinfully seductive as she made her way directly towards Darrell. She literally crawled right over the top of her husband to get to him, draping her arms up over Darrell's shoulders, her body language a clear invitation. Without hesitation, she pressed her soft pouty lips up against his, parting her mouth greedily to make room for his tongue.

The moment he accepted the invitation, their tongues were engaged in a devilish dance, twirling hers up to his in a fierce, hungry kiss. One where she allowed him to completely dominate her mouth. It was somehow the perfect blend of aggression, dominance, and affection, making Alda revel in the raw, passionate heat that was stirring between them.

Darrell's hands possessively made their claim over her body, groping, and squeezing their way down her flesh. He worked over her curves and grabbed a nice healthy handful of her soft supple assflesh, gripping and spreading her cheeks apart, his fingers digging between them so that he could hold her ass in complete dominance.

While all of this was happening, Charles was just a third wheel, forced into the position of having to help with what was about to happen to his wife. He awkwardly hesitated a moment, but soon he accepted his place, it was undeniable with the kiss that he was witnessing taking place between the two of them. His wife needed this, he needed to witness it. Charles started to stroke the cock in his hand, massaging it slowly as he brought the massive man up to full mast. Turning his heavy dick from hanging there to lifting upward and pressing to his wife's tummy. He sat there dutifully keeping Darrell erect while the two made out like long lost lovers.

Darrell finished the kiss, taking Alda by the back of her hair and dragging her down off the bed, he reached down and slapped Charles hand away, turning Alda towards him and bending her right over the top of her husband. "Mmnh… look at this fine piece of ass, just staring out this little pink window. God damn. This babe looks so fucking good in this lingerie. Sucks for you that aren't going to get to experience her in it. I'm gonna destroy this bitch while she wears this pink bimbo shit. Can't believe that she thought she was some strong, dominant, feminist… while buying little ditzy, slutty pieces like this to parade her body around in."

Darrell reached back and brought his hand in with a heavy smack, sending a little ripple through Alda's assflesh as she felt the sudden sting from the spank wash through her senses, a jolt of arousal immediately swelling inside of her. The jolt from the spank made her entire body move atop Charles, clinging to his side like he was just a mat for her to be punished on top of. "That is for talking all that shit earlier. For even daring to think that you could argue with a man. Now say you're sorry, I don't wanna breed a bitch that thinks she is some big, smart, feminist."

"Anh-... Ah… I-... I'm sorry…" Alda whimpered back at him. She felt another sudden slap, the sound of her ass being smacked filling the surrounding room. "AnnNh!!" She let out another whimpering little moan. Alda looked back over her shoulder, blushing that much brighter as she needily stared at Darrell. Another spank jolted her forward, followed by another, and another. Finally she relented, her voice quivering with every word. "I'm so fucking sorry, Daddy. I was being such a dummy earlier, thinking that I could argue with a man, when the only place that I belong is beneath one, getting bred by one. Only one with a big dick like yours though, that is the kind of dick that is made for breeding pussies like mine. Women are made to get impregnated on dicks like yours, Daddy."

She was broken, it was obvious, it was so painfully and arousingly obvious. Her words betrayed her every belief, a short set of spanks enough to get her panting out the most depraved words that she could think of just to satisfy this perverted, misogynistic, asshole. His most important attribute was the one she needed to receive most though, his massively hung cock. Along with her body's instinctual craving to be bred by such a genetically superior man, large, hung, and dominant.

Darrell reached up under her and scooped her right up off the top of Charles, lifting Alda as she fell with her back up against his chest, his hands placed under each of her knees as he held her up with her legs spread apart. He turned and showcased her pussy to Charles, giving him a good look at it between her spread legs, a look right into that window of her frilly pink lingerie that exposed her pussy, positioned right up above Darrell's throbbing, erect cock.

"Take a good long look at this, Charles. This is your wife's pussy, you might think you know it better than just about anyone, but in a second, I'm about to fill this pussy better than you ever have." He sneered down at him, sheer confidence making every word sound more like a guarantee more than a threat. "I'm gonna feel parts of her that you have never even gotten to touch before. I'm going to destroy this shit. This pussy isn't ever gonna be the same when I'm done with it. Now nod for me like the little bitch husband that you are, show me that you understand that I'm about to fuck up and ruin your wife's cunt forever. That this hot little hole is gonna be useless forever for your little dick."

Charles was staring with his eyes wide, looking directly at his wife's tight little pussy. It looked so perfectly innocent, so needy, and yet… it was dripping, it was becoming swollen, it had a certain perverse look to it that he had never seen before. He wanted to see what was about to happen so badly, to see it destroyed on a huge cock. Charles nodded his head slowly, accepting what

Darrell had just explained that he was about to do. His eyes went up and met Darrell's, nodding even quicker as they locked eyes for a moment. He had lost and Darrell had won, it was obvious, and now to the victor go the spoils.

Darrell grunted out, carrying Alda all the way around to the other side of the bed and then he tossed her down on it, rolling her over as he grabbed one of her legs and swung it up over his shoulder. "You ready to get fucked by a big dick, slut? Once I get in this pussy, I'm not stopping until you're pregnant, understood?" He stared down at her with such dominating confidence, so sure of himself, so sure that he would knock her up in a single try.

Alda felt her breath hitch, she could never be completely sure, but somehow his confidence resonated through her, and she FELT sure that he would impregnate her if she let him fuck her. She was positive that she would get knocked up, bred by this man, and yet… she didn't stop him, she didn't turn him away. Instead, Alda nodded her head. "Yes… Yes, please, please fuck me, I need you to fuck me. I want your big dick so badly, baby." She ran a hand up the side of his abdomen, lightly pulling at it, trying to pull him to shove his dick inside of her.

Darrell let out a guttural growl, like a massive beast in heat on top of her. He cast a shadow over her entire body as he pushed himself up more onto the bed and pressed inward. His enormous cockhead pressing against her tight, sopping wet pussy. He gripped at the fabric of her lingerie like a vice, squeezing down around her hips.

At first, it was like it wouldn't even fucking fit, like his thick girth was too much for her tight, juicy hole. Almost burying her pussy in on itself as he pressed harder at her entrance, battering at her opening. But as Darrell kept grinding at it, kept rocking himself back and forth in a slow, relentless rhythm. His massive cockhead compacting up against her folds, slowly began to gain some ground at her entrance, to make some semblance of progress on working his fat cock inside of her. Then, with a sudden loud, wet pop, he seated himself right up inside of her tight little pussy, his cockhead flaring inside the entrance of her warm folds. "FffFhh… Fuccckkk… I'm inside of you, bitch. Fuck… I'm gonna drive it in even further. I'm gonna break this pussy. You ready for that, huh?" He panted the words out, half moaning from how good her pussy felt, clenching up on his tip alone.

Alda could feel him right inside her, stretching her open and making her already feel impossibly full. Her wet little pussy was convulsing and clenching around his cockhead, desperate for more, begging him to push it all the way inside. "MnNNh… MmnFfhH… Yes… Yes, please… shove it all the way in. All the way, I need it. I need to feel you fucking me raw." She whimpered up, the most desperate tone to her voice that either her or Charles would have ever heard.

Something that came unexpectedly was the feeling of him pressed inside of her forcing Alda's face to go completely lame, her eyes crossed up in her skull, her tongue writhed out, salivating down her chin as her mouth hung desperately open and gasping. Her head arched backwards as the most brain broken little noises spilled from her lips. "AnN-... HhHhnNh-... GGnNHh!" The powerful, fierce woman that she was, being broken into a pathetic, desperate pleasure doll. One

that was humping her pussy back against his fat, thick cock, trying to squeeze more of that monster inside her, that huge, fat dick that turned her into nothing but a mindless, drooling shell of herself.

Darrell grinned and stayed still for a moment, getting her to adjust and squirm, when he suddenly pushed forward and made her face go even more dumb, even more lame, and pleasure broken. “GaAhh… Fucking… Yes!! I knew this uptight fucking slut was gonna have a great pussy the moment she started flapping her dick sucker, talking like women were more than this… Fucking grade A pussy. Absolutely perfect!” He growled the words out before he placed his large hand down on her throat and started to squeeze, slowly cutting off the flow of air, the last bastion keeping her brain even remotely functioning as he rocked himself forward, taking up all of the space inside of her pussy.

“A-... Aa-... Pl-…. MmMore…” Alda let out little croaking noises, the broken sounds of her begging and pleading to be taken more, to be given all of his massive flexing cock. The slow roll of his hips obliged her, stuffing more of his monstrous cock into her body. Bit by bit, he fed it in, taking up all the space inside of her as he stretched out her pussy to the absolute limit. The kind of stretching that left her trembling, gasping for what little breaths that she could get as he choked her like some porn whore.

Charles lay there, trying to act like nothing was out of the ordinary, like this was somehow normal, as if he could just drift back to sleep and ignore the vulgar fucking that was happenign right beside him. Not a chance. His cock was straining up against the blanket, he could feel every movement of his strong wife being fucked into a frantic, writhing mess. He could hear every noise, from the sounds of her pussy squelching and being stuffed, to the pathetic, pleading croaks as she begged for more. It was the most erotic moment in their entire marriage and they weren’t even touching, not except for her shoulder which was pressing up to his as she get pinned down and fucked.

Darrell slipped his hand up from her throat, relieving the pressure and letting her breath, he placed his palm flatly upon her cheek, then he viciously flicked it back and forward, delivering a firm slap to her face. Without hesitation, he grabbed her by the jaw and yanked her stupid, pathetic expression back towards him. As she recoiled, he spat right in her face. “How’s that fucking feel, slut? Dressed like a fucking whore for a stranger, getting the only thing that makes you worth a damn stuffed? You know this shit is only gonna end one way, with you getting knocked up by a damn ‘misogynistic pig’, just like you called me.”

He spat down again, this time unloading directly into her open mouth. He took a sick pleasure in her dumb, perverse expression, using her open mouth to his advantage as he left her tongue dripping with his spit. “Little fucking spit drinking whore of a mommy, that is what this baby I’m about ot give you is gonna have. A broken, pathetic, disgraceful little cunt of a mommy. Apologize to your baby for being such a filthy fucking slut, right fucking now!” He matched his demand with a heavy thrust, slamming down into her sopping wet pussy, making her convulse and seize up in uncontrollable pleasure.

Alda would have slapped him in his face right back, if she wasn't so uncontrollably mind shattered from his fat cock, let alone to the feeling of being utterly dominated. Instead of fighting back, she nodded desperately back at him, every insult and degradation fueling her pathetic, submissive state. "God… yes… I'm so fucking sorry to whichever semen is sitting in your balls right now, to the one that is gonna end up knocking me up and having a pathetic whore for a mommy!! I'm such a pathetic, filthy fucking slut, I can't fucking help it, I love this fat fucking cock! I love feeling it balls deep inside of me! Mommy fucking loves this fat fucking cock!!" She cried the words out while shaking with absolutely uncontrollable pleasure, completely at his mercy.

Every part of her body was a symbol of raw, filthy sex right now. Her nipples were as hard as they could possibly get up against her lingerie, her body glistening with sweat, her pussy a dripping, insatiable sexpot that couldn't get enough. Her fingers and toes curled in the arches that signified mind numbing pleasure. She was in a pure, mind fucked state of bliss, shutting down any chance of thinking straight, any chance of defending her self worth or or self respect. She was all too happy to sacrifice it all for another pump of this misogynistic man's cock deep inside of her.

Darrell started to pound her with relentless, unmerciful force, determined to shatter the last bits of the strong woman that she usually was. PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! The sickening sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the entire hotel room, loud enough that the entire floor, maybe even the ones above and below could probably hear Alda getting fucked raw. He was dead set on leaving this room with her completely broken and bred. Squeezing at her hips tightly, over the top of her little pink lingerie, the lingerie that left her looking like a submissive little barbie to begin with, finally getting put in her place, a proper little slut owned by a real man. A man with a huge fucking dick who knew exactly how to dominate a woman, no matter how strong she thought she was.

Every hard slam inside of Alda pushed him closer to the edge, making his cock throb and flex inside of her like a fucking beast. "Beg for it, beg for me to knock you the fuck up, beg for a brown baby growing in your belly…" He growled out between heavy breaths, his sweaty, heavy body driving into her with such savage force. He was destroying her pussy beyond recognition, leaving it wrecked and soaked from the chaos of how hard he was pumping into her with his monstrous, throbbing shaft.

Alda's brain was completely fucked, barely able to form a clear coherent thought. She couldn't think about anything except how incredible this felt, how fucking liberating and pleasurable it was to be dominated and fucked like nothing more than a worthless doll for this brute's perverse pleasure. She just barely managed enough of a thought to give him what he wanted, to somehow beg him as he desired. "Please… please, please, please!! Please give m-MmMMh!! Give me a brown baby inNnNh… Innn my belllyyy!!" She cried out, desperately squeezing her hands to either side of Darrell's abdomen, as if she were holding on for dear life while he relentlessly continued to fuck her completely senseless.

That is when it finally happened, when all of her begging, all of her surrender, it finally came to a head. Darrell lifted her other leg and shoved her down into a brutal mating press, folding her like an accordion as he pinned her beneath him. “GgGGGGGAAHHH!!” With a savage growl he tensed up on top of her, and then it began, he started to unleash his semen deep inside of her, pumping out rope after rope of his hot sticky release.

All of that hot, sticky cum that he was unloading began to flood right through her open cervix, relentlessly pouring fallopian tubes like a dam had just broken all at once. In a rush of hot, thick, creamy semen that belonged to a man other than her husband, the rush of millions upon millions of individual sperm cells began to burrow their way fiercely toward her eggs. It was like a fortress under siege, except it wasn’t just from the sides, the attack came from above, from below, from every direction. Her precious eggs were completely surrounded, swarmed and overwhelmed by this black man’s hot, sticky load as it waged a war inside of her.

Alda’s toes curled, her facial expression went even more pathetic and lame than it had previously managed, at this point looking completely fucking retarded as her tongue wriggled along her chin, seeping drool down herself. She felt such an insane tingle inside of her, something like she had never felt before. It was like her body instinctively could sense that she was being knocked up, that she was being impregnated in that very moment. It wasn’t like when Charles came inside of her, this was different, it was raw, powerful, it was what being bred truly felt like.

As the millions upon millions of sperm burrowed their ways at her eggs, finally there was a single victor, the one that would emerge as champion and rule her insides for the next nine months, the one that just like that had made her pregnant, had dug its way through the wall of her egg and planted itself inside of it, as king. That sensation, it was undeniable, irresistible. It threw Alda into a wild, uncontrollable writhing fit, squirting all over Darrell’s cock as she felt herself being completely bred, getting impregnated on hot creamy cum.

Darrell stayed above her for several moments afterwards, holding his cum pinned inside of her as he tensed up and pumped forward with every last surge of pleasure. The final bits of cum being emptied into her that were already too late, the ones not quick enough to get to have a chance at impregnating her. She was already lying there, completely knocked up, and soon enough, that would be proven true to everyone in that room, even if they all thought it, the following pregnancy tests, and nine months would make it a fact.

Charles had experienced it all, every moment, every tremor of the bed, every gasp and moan, all of it. He had seen his strong, dominant, beauty of a wife get broken and impregnated right in front of his eyes. It was the kind of thought, the kind of memory that would never leave his mind, the kind that would creep up every time that he got aroused for the rest of his life. His gorgeous, precious wife, Alda, trembling and quaking in ecstasy as she broke for pleasure and took another man's baby on board.

Reference Images

Lingerie References: