

NEXT THURSDAY

Charles came home early again the following Thursday.

He'd told his secretary he had a dentist appointment and left the office at three thirty.

His heart was pounding the entire drive home. All week he'd been unable to think about anything else except the image of Marcus's massive black cock stretching Alda's pussy and the sounds of his wife screaming another man's name.

He'd jerked off to the memory every night in the bathroom after Alda fell asleep, and each time he came harder than the last. The shame was still there, still burning in his gut, but it was being rapidly consumed by something darker and more insistent, which was his desperate need to see it again.

Alda had been acting completely normal all week, kissing him goodbye each morning, talking about her day over dinner, curling against him in bed at night. She was still his loving wife in every visible way, and that made the betrayal somehow more arousing because she was so good at hiding it.

"Same time next week?" she'd asked Marcus.

"Same time," he'd confirmed.

So here Charles was, parking his car two blocks away instead of in their building's garage, taking the stairs instead of the elevator to avoid being seen on the security cameras. His hands shook as he unlocked the apartment door as quietly as possible, and this time he was even more careful about staying hidden.

The sounds were already happening.

But they were different this time.

It was more intense and much more depraved. Charles could hear wet slapping sounds. He could hear Alda making noises he'd never heard from her before.

They were animalistic grunts and whimpers that barely sounded human.

He crept down the hallway and found the bedroom door open just a crack, exactly like last time. He pressed himself against the wall where he couldn't be seen and peered through the gap, and what he saw made his cock immediately hard.

Alda was on her back on their bed, completely naked with her legs spread obscenely wide and pushed back toward her chest. Marcus knelt between her thighs, still fully dressed in his work clothes except for his pants which were pushed down just far enough to free that massive cock. He wasn't making love to her or even fucking her in any gentle way. He was using her, pounding into her with brutal force that made her whole body jerk with each thrust and made the headboard slam against the wall.

"Take it, you white slut," Marcus growled as he grabbed Alda's throat with one massive hand and squeezed. "Take this black cock like the whore you are."

"Yes! Yes! I'm your whore!" Alda gasped around his grip on her throat, her face flushed red and her eyes rolling back. "Use me! Fuck me like the slut I am!"

This was so much more depraved than last week, so much more degrading. Last week had been passionate in its own way, almost tender despite the adultery. But this was pure animal rutting, and Alda was loving every brutal second of it.

"You tell your husband you love him?" Marcus asked as he squeezed her throat tighter and cut off her air.

Alda nodded frantically, unable to speak with his hand crushing her windpipe.

"You kiss him goodnight? Let him cuddle you in bed like nothing's wrong?" Marcus released her throat and Alda gasped for air.

"Yes! Every night!" she cried out. "I kiss him and tell him I love him and the whole time I'm thinking about you!"

"Thinking about what?"

"Thinking about your cock! Thinking about when I can get fucked by a real man again!" Alda's hands clutched at the sheets beneath her.

"Thinking about how much bigger you are, how much better you make me feel!"

Charles's hand moved to his crotch without conscious thought, pressing against his erection through his trousers. Those words should devastate him and break his heart, but instead they made him harder than he'd ever been.

"Does he even satisfy you anymore?" Marcus asked as he changed his angle and drove deeper, making Alda scream.

"Does that pathetic little white dick do anything for you?"

"No! Nothing!" Alda was sobbing now but from overwhelming pleasure, not pain.

"I have to fake it every time! I have to pretend I'm enjoying it when all I want is you inside me!"

"That's because this pussy belongs to my black cock now," Marcus said as he increased his pace until the bed was shaking violently.

"This pussy was made for my big black dick, not your husband's tiny white cock."

"Yes! My pussy belongs to you! Only you!" Alda's voice was getting higher and more desperate. "I'm your slut! Your whore! I'll do anything you want!"

"Anything?" Marcus slowed down suddenly, grinding deep instead of thrusting, and Alda whimpered at the change.

"Anything! Please, just don't stop fucking me!"

"What about that ass?" Marcus pulled out completely, leaving Alda's pussy gaping and leaking. "You let your husband fuck that tight white ass?"

"No! Never!" Alda gasped as she watched Marcus spit on his hand.

"I always told him I didn't like anal, that it hurt too much!"

"But you'll give it to me, won't you?" Marcus worked his spit between her ass cheeks, rubbing it over her asshole.

"You'll let me take that virgin ass and ruin it."

"Yes! God yes!" Alda reached down and spread her own ass cheeks apart, presenting herself to him. "My ass is yours! Take it! Ruin it! I want you to be the first!"

Charles watched in horrified fascination as Marcus lined up his massive cock with Alda's asshole and began pushing inside. Alda's face contorted in a mixture of agony and ecstasy as that thick black cock stretched her virgin hole, and she bit down on her fist to muffle her screams.

"That's it, take it all," Marcus grunted as he fed her inch after brutal inch. "This white ass is mine now. Your husband will never get to touch it, but I'm going to fuck it whenever I want."

"Yes! Yes! Fuck my ass!" Alda's words were muffled by her fist. "Ruin it! Make it yours! I want to feel you in my ass every time I sit down!"

Charles's hand was fully stroking his cock through his pants now as he watched Marcus's massive black cock disappear into his wife's ass. The sight was obscene and degrading and the hottest thing Charles had ever witnessed.

His wife was giving her anal virginity to another man, something she'd always refused Charles, and she was begging for it.

Marcus started fucking her ass with the same brutal intensity he'd used on her pussy, and Alda's screams became continuous and wordless. She was taking a cock in her ass that was twice the size of her husband's, and instead of crying for him to stop, she was pushing back against him and begging for more.

"Harder! Please fuck my ass harder! I need it so bad!"

"Greedy white slut," Marcus said as he grabbed her hair and pulled her head back at a painful angle. "Already addicted to black cock. Already can't get enough of it."

"I can't! I need it all the time!" Alda was crying now with tears streaming down her face and mixing with her sweat. "I need your cock inside me constantly! I need you to use me and abuse me and treat me like a whore!"

"You are a whore," Marcus said as he slapped her ass hard enough to leave a bright red handprint. "You're my married white whore who spreads her legs for this black cock while her husband sits at work thinking you love him."

"I do love him!" Alda sobbed. "But I need this! I need to be fucked like this! He could never do this to me!"

"Because he's pathetic," Marcus growled as he pounded her ass even harder.

"Because he's a weak little white man who doesn't know how to properly use a woman. But I know. I know exactly how to break you."

"Yes! Break me! I'm already broken!" Alda's whole body was shaking. "I'm your slut! I'll do anything you say! Anything!"

"You gonna come with my cock in your ass?" Marcus asked as one hand reached around to find her clit. "You gonna come like the whore you are?"

"Yes! I'm going to come! Oh God, I'm going to come with your black cock in my ass!" Alda's voice was rising to a scream.

"Please don't stop! Please make me come!"

Marcus worked her clit with his fingers while continuing to brutally fuck her ass, and Charles watched as his wife's body went rigid.

She screamed so loud the neighbors probably heard as an orgasm tore through her that was more intense than anything Charles had ever given her in their eight years of marriage.

"That's it! Milk my cock with that tight ass!" Marcus roared as Alda's orgasm triggered his own.

"I'm going to fill this ass and pump it full of my black cum!"

"Yes! Fill me! Breed my ass!" Alda was completely incoherent now. "I want all your cum! I want to feel it inside me for days!"

Marcus slammed into her one final time and held himself deep as he came, and Charles could see his massive body shuddering with the force of his orgasm. He stayed buried in Alda's ass for a long moment, both of them breathing hard and covered in sweat.

When Marcus finally pulled out, Charles watched cum immediately start leaking from his wife's gaping asshole. Thick white ropes of it dripped down onto the sheets, and Alda just lay there twitching and whimpering.

"Good girl," Marcus said as he ran his hand possessively over her abused ass. "Such a good little anal slut. Your husband has no idea what he's missing."

"He never will," Alda whispered. "That ass is only for you."

"Damn right it is." Marcus started pulling up his pants. "Same time next week?"

"Yes, please," Alda said as she rolled onto her side, still leaking cum. "I need you again already."

"Greedy slut." Marcus leaned down and kissed her, then headed for the bedroom door.

Charles's heart stopped as he realized Marcus would walk right past his hiding spot. He pressed himself harder against the wall and held his breath, praying Marcus wouldn't look his way.

But as Marcus reached the doorway, he paused. Then he turned his head and looked directly at Charles with a knowing smile.

Charles's blood turned to ice.

Marcus didn't say anything, didn't acknowledge Charles's presence out loud. He just smiled wider and continued walking down the hallway toward the front door.

Charles stood frozen as he listened to Marcus leave the apartment.

He heard Alda moving around in the bedroom and heading toward the bathroom. His heart pounded so hard he thought his ribs might crack.

Marcus knew. Marcus had seen him watching.

Ten minutes later, Charles heard the shower start. He waited another five minutes to make sure Alda was occupied, then he carefully crept toward the front door. His hand was on the handle when his phone buzzed.

Unknown number.

Charles opened the message with shaking hands.

"I know you've been watching. Next Thursday, same time. I'll record it for you. You can watch the whole thing as many times as you want. See you then, cuck."

The message was followed by a photo of Alda's cum-filled ass, clearly taken just moments ago before Marcus left the bedroom.

Charles stared at the message for a long moment. He should be furious. He should be planning to confront both of them. .

Instead, his cock was rock hard again.

He deleted the message, left the apartment as quietly as he'd entered, and drove back to work. That night when he came back home, Alda kissed him and told him about her boring day at the office.

Charles kissed her back and pretended he believed every word.

All week, he thought about that message.

About Marcus recording himself using Alda.

About being able to watch it over and over, to see every detail he'd missed from his limited view in the hallway.

By Wednesday night, Charles could barely sleep. Tomorrow was Thursday. Tomorrow Marcus would fuck his wife again, and this time Charles would get to see everything.

He came in the bathroom three times that night, jerking off to the anticipation.

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