You can get used to anything if you make your mind up to it.

Hickey *(Mdom/FM, wife-cheating, forced-bi)*

by Michael *(phoenlxarlzona@aol.com)*

It all started when I noticed a hickey on my wife's neck. I just got a glimpse of it but I knew instantly what it was and that I hadn't put it there. Hell how could I have? We hadn't had sex in almost two weeks, and if the truth be known our marriage was heading for the rocks.

But even though we were drifting apart I had never -- even in my wildest dreams -- thought that my honey would cheat on me. We'd been high school sweethearts and had been virgins the first time we made love. I had always been faithful and I just assumed that she was too.

I can still remember how our friends had teased Laura and I when we first

started going together in school. We looked like brother and sister. We were both slender and both 5' 11" tall with light brown hair and dark brown eyes. Even I had to admit that we looked like siblings.

But the important thing was we weren't. We were attracted to each other to the exclusion of all else. The sex was intense and plentiful and the pleasure extreme. It was a match made in heaven. At least until she got pregnant 4 months before graduation.

We both graduated from high school and then got married. I mean what else could we do?

Now 12 years and 3 children later we were growing apart. But damnit Laura was still sexy looking and I didn't want to lose her. And there were the kids to think about too.

So when I first saw the evidence of my wife's betrayal, I didn't blow my top. In fact I didn't say anything at all. But I did begin to think about what I should do about it and finally decided that I would spy on her to see where she went and with whom.

You see, I work from my home office as a marketing consultant. The business was the legacy of Laura's dad who had built the client list and had run the company for almost 20 years before bringing me in and then promptly getting himself killed in a car accident within the first year. I was able to keep things going, and had to admit that it was great to have the freedom to work from home.

It also gave me the freedom to spy on my wife if needs be.

Our usual days routine was me in the office from 9 to 5 and Laura doing the house work, getting the kids off to school and then she'd go out shopping and do the family errands until it was time for the kids to come home from school. Although over the past few months she was getting home later and later in the afternoon.

That night my stomach was in knots. I was hurt and jealous, and angry too. When, after Laura had turned the light out and rolled over to sleep with her back to me, I tried to approach her for a little sex. It was an unsuccessful attempt. She pushed me away saying that she was too tired. As usual I complained that it had been weeks and whined that "man cannot live on bread alone" which was my usual refrain when this happened.

Rejected I rolled over to face the wall and until I finally drifted off into a troubled sleep I lay there imagining my pretty wife in bed, getting screwed by some strange man. What really hurt was the thought that she must be enjoying this cheating son of a bitch to let him give her that hickey. She hadn't let me do

that to her in years. She always said that it was embarrassing to be seen like some teenage kid with a hickey. I fumed in rejected anger.

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The next day as usual around 2 p.m. Laura came by the office door to let me know she was leaving. And as usual I told her to "drive safely" and waved to her breezily as she headed out the front door. I waited for a few moments and then followed her.

It was strange following my wife without her knowledge. And for some reason that I couldn't quite fathom it was also arousing. I realized that I had a hard on right from the beginning.

I spent over an hour trailing her from store to store. She went into a book store, and then a health food store, then it happened. She was driving in the general direction of home and I thought that my little hunt for the truth was going to be a bust. But suddenly she pulled into an apartment complex parking lot.

It was one of those seedy looking places. It had studios, 1 and 2 bedroom apartments that looked like they'd been built in a hurry with cheap materials. I slowed down and then carefully pulled in after her. I just saw her disappearing into the building as I pulled into a spot several spaces down from her car.

Jumping out and hurriedly following Laura I was just barely able catch a glimpse of her climbing the stairs to the second floor. I stood still and peered around the corner as she knocked on the door of unit 201. I watched as she stood there waiting, my heart was pounding and I couldn't really believe that she was going to see an illicit lover. I kept hoping that it would turn out to be some girlfriend that we both knew or a PTA buddy, something, anything other than what appeared in the doorway.

A burly man around my age came into view. He looked rough and a little grubby as far as I was concerned. His appearance reminded me of a construction worker being that he had sunburnt arms and face while the upper arms not covered by his undershirt where almost white. He even had a bit of a beer gut I noticed.

What the fuck was Laura cheating on me with some beer guzzling ditch digger for? Why would she do that? I just couldn't understand it. I mean, I was okay in bed. I didn't have any of those sexual problems that you read about. No premature ejaculation. No limp dick syndrome, I liked women, and frankly after getting my rocks off once, I could pretty much last as long as needed the second time around.

So why the ditch digger?

As I thought about what must be going on in that apartment; images began to pass before my eyes. That creep's dirty rough hands pulling Laura's blouse off over hear pretty head. His nasty fingers touching her body pinching her swollen nipples, his beard-stubbled cheek brushing against her smooth skin as he lay atop her grunting his lust out in gushes of dirty cum, defiling my honey, emasculating me with each grotesque thrust.

I couldn't take it any longer. I had to stop this now! NOW DAMNIT!

I don't know what I was thinking, maybe I was beyond rational thought. Having ones wife being boinked by some strange man could have that effect on just about any husband I guess. I was not a fighter, and the truth be told I probably knew on some level that I was getting into something quite over me head.

But I was furious, I didn't care what happened to me, and I guess I thought that my righteous indignation would carry the day. Well, it didn't.

I pounded up the stairs and tried the door handle to the apartment. It is a measure on my inner turmoil that it didn't even surprise me that when I turned the door handle the door swung inward, letting me inter the apartment unannounced.

Instantly I knew I was too late. I could her Laura yelling, "YES, YES, OH FUCK YES!" in a groaning excited passionate voice that I hadn't heard in years. I knew instantly that this stranger was royally fucking her.

Unable to calculate the outcome of my actions I stormed into the bedroom and opened my mouth to scream "Jezebel" "Whore" "Cheating bitch" but instead I was rooted to the floor. The pain of betrayal stabbed at my chest as I watched this grubby ditch digger type plowing my ardent wife. His white ass rising and falling as he thrust into her. Her lovely legs raised high, heels digging into his ass forcing him in even deeper on the down thrusts.

The smell of sex, the sight of a strange man doing to my wife what I wanted to do. He was doing to her what she would no longer let me do. Just the night before she'd rejected me, and now the cheating bitch was wildly fucking this beer bellied bastard.

I lost it when that fucking bastard grunted one last time and shoved hard into Laura and held his tense body tightly against her's. I knew that the shit head was emptying himself in her. He was dumping his dirty load into my wife, I went insane.

I jumped to action. With a yell of agony I ran into the room and grabbed the bastard by an arm and pulled him off Laura causing him to fall off the bed and onto the floor. Laura had her eyes closed savoring his orgasm, but when I

entered the room and pulled her lover off her she opened her eyes and shrieked in surprise.

Then I was on my knees with a ringing in my ears. It took a moment before I realized what had happened, but when the pain rushed over me I knew that "beer belly" had struck me a blow on the back of my head. I almost blacked out, I wanted to vomit, but I fought to remain conscious.

Through a fog I heard my wife explaining who I was and then the man sort of laughed and I heard him say, "Fuck he looks like your brother Laura, man you two look like brother and sister."

I was vaguely surprised that he was laughing, then I heard him say, "He's a nice lookin' bastard, your husband." I realized that he had an Australian accent, at least I thought it might be Australian.

Then rough hands picked me up by the collar of my shirt and I felt like I was hanging from his fist as he looked me over. "Yeah, he's a nice looking mick, looks a lot like you love." He commented almost conversationally.

Then as I stood there still dazed from the blow to the head I began to wonder what I should do next. Then the man began to unbutton my shirt. I didn't fight him, actually I was afraid of him, that blow was the worst pain I'd suffered in my life. No one had ever hit me that hard before and all I wanted to do at that moment was get away from him.

Laura said, "Phil, what'cha gonna do to him? I think you should just send him on his way. He didn't hurt you." Laura pleaded with the man. "Eric why did you have to follow me, now you're in for it." My wife said to me when she realized that "Phil" wasn't going to let me go.

Phil said, "I don't much like being pulled off my bird right at the important moment. I reckon this bloke of yours owes me."

I was flabbergasted as I stood there in this man's powerful grip. First my shirt was pulled off then he pulled my belt loose and popped the snap at my waist and said, "Drop the britches mate!"

When I didn't move he smacked my along the side of my head and yelled, "Strip NOW asshole or I'll beat you senseless!"

Sweating bullets I did as I was told, taking all of my clothes off and standing there with my hands over my crotch trembling in fear. The only gratifying thing about the whole thing was my wife's pleas to the brute not to hurt me. At least she still had some feelings for me.

Then the bastard threw me for a loop. In response to my wife's plea, he pulled me to him and kissed me on the mouth. I didn't know what to do. I just stood

there as he deep kissed me like I was a girl. I felt humiliated as I felt his tongue force its way between my lips and begin to play with my tongue just like I might have with Laura a few years back.

Finally I couldn't take any more, I had to do something so I pulled away from his mouth and tried to escape from his grip. But it was futile. I felt fingers grab at my exposed balls and begin to squeeze and that stopped my brief attempt at freedom. I knew what could happen if this bastard decided to really hurt me.

Then he pulled me by my nuts over to the bed. "I think I'd like sommit new love, you don't mind do you sweets?" He said to my wife.

Laura just stood there. I glanced over at her as this son of a bitch pushed me down onto the bed, still holding my balls in a death grip. I could see my wife watching us, she had a strange look on her face, something between fear and excitement. But as this monster pushed me down on my back and climbed on top of me I lost my view of Laura's face.

"Now little man, I think I'll be enjoying Laura's hubby fer a bit, you don't mind do yeah mate?" he said as he lay atop me and spread my legs apart with his knees.

I was going to say yes I did mind but I didn't get the chance. He was on me again with his kissing and his naked body pressed mine into the damp mattress. I could barely see my wife as she stood watching this ass hole humiliate me. It occurred to me that we must look really bizarre.

I felt his beer guy pressing against my stomach, and in consternation I realized that his big fat slimy cock was rubbing against mine, occasionally poking at my balls making me jump in fearful anticipation of the pain he could cause me if he hit my nuts just right with that battering ram of his.

It seemed to go on for hours. This aussy bastard humping away at me like I was his paid for whore. I was so humiliated that I began to cry, I would never be able to look my wife in the eye again, what must she think of me. I wanted to die.

Then things got worse. The bastard rolled off me and lay to one side. In a conversational voice he said, "Hey mate, why don't you wank it for us. Wifey's been telling me that you two haven't been doing it for a while, so why not getem off for us right now."

I wanted to kill the bastard. But when he grabbed an ear and began to twist I hurriedly reached down for my dick to do what I was told. I was surprised to find myself fully hard, I hadn't realized until that moment the sexual tension that surged through my body. 'What must Laura think of me,' I thought in agony. 'Getting a boner while being kissed by another man.' God how

humiliating.

I began to reluctantly jack off in front of them. I was amazed that I could even stay hard, I was so afraid of him. I guessed since I hadn't made love to my wife in over two weeks and hadn't felt like masturbating during that time, that I was able to stay hard even under this extreme stress.

As a matter of fact to my surprise I was even beginning to feel that age old tingle deep down. I didn't want to cum in front of Phil and Laura, it was the last thing I wanted to do. But when I tried to slow the pace or even stop, Phil would threaten me again. He said that he liked my body and wanted to see me cum.

After a while I shut my eyes trying to blot both of them out of my consciousness. I knew I was going to cum soon and it made me feel even worse, but there was nothing that I could do about it. My body was going to betray me and that was all there was to it.

Then my eyes flew open as I felt Phil's hand gliding over my stomach, and down one thigh. I momentarily stopped beating off only to be cuffed along the side my head again. I started up again and kept doing myself even when Phil rolled over onto me kissing me on the lips once more.

Laura watched at us but said nothing. Phil's hands began roaming over my body again. He leaned close to my ear and whispered, "C'mon mate, cum for us, let the little woman see her big stud-muffin loose his load, c'mon lets see what you're made of."

Then to my utter shock he started to suck on my neck. OH MY GOD! He was going to give me a hickey, just like my wife's!

I don't know exactly why, but Phil's action somehow excited me. I don't think that I would ever admit this to anyone outside of this little circle but I secretly enjoyed being dominated by Phil. I'm sure that I would have enjoyed it more if Laura had been the one to force me, but that's not what was happening.

When Phil reached down and squeezed my nuts hard, I came like a fireman putting out a fire. The first blast spurted almost 3 feet into the air. I could feel it hitting my hair and forehead, and even splatting onto the pillow above my head. Then the second jet of hot cum slapped across my face, I could feel and taste it on my tightly closed lips. The 3rd and 4th hot strings of cum streaked my chest and stomach, then I felt the rest oozing down into the pubic hair nestled below my bobbing pulsing cock.

In short that had been the most intense cum of my life. Even my first time with Laura hadn't been this intense, nothing had ever been this good before.

When I could breathe again I heard Phil tell my wife, "Okay hon, feed em for me, just like a baby."

I had no idea what he meant by that but when Laura sat next to me on the bed and began to scoop my copious cum from my hair and the pillow above me with her fingers I realized what Phil had in mind.

"Fuck no," I shouted as I dodged my wife's cum coated fingers. She was trying to feed me my own cum! "God damn!"

But I was helpless when Phil gripped my hair and pulled a knot of it tight into his fist and said in a low dangerous tone, "Do as you're told matey, unless you want a slam in the balls."

I stopped struggling. What could I do? Phil was stronger than me and he knew how to fight and I didn't. I let Laura rub her fingers across my lips, then in-between my lips, and finally I opened my mouth and she began to scrape cum from her fingers into my mouth.

Phil said, "Okay mick now swallow it down, me boy."

I licked my lips and swallowed, why the fuck not. After all there was nothing I could do to stop this so I might as well get it over with, and after all it was MY cum, so why not?

Then Phil asked, "So mate, did you like it? Did you like the taste of you're cum?"

I looked at him with hatred in my eyes, but after a moment I nodded yes in defeated anger. That was a mistake.

"Well then, if you liked that thin watery load, you'll love my thick cream." And without warning Phil grabbed a bunch on my hair in his fist again and pulled me to a kneeling position on the bed.

I almost vomited in fear and shock. I knew what he was going to do, and at the same time I knew there was nothing I could do to stop this. I glanced over at my wife with a silent plea, but she just stood there in her naked splendor watching us excitedly. I realized at that moment that she wanted to see me doing what would come next. She wanted to see me suck another man's cock. The bitch!

Phil was growing impatient. He slapped my face hard to the protest of both my wife and myself. I cried out in pain and Laura cried out in anger saying that he'd promised earlier not to hurt me. Phil replied what he'd said before, "I told the bloke to do what I say, or I'd hit. Just keeping my word."

Laura didn't say anything further. I was facing a grubby cunt-juice covered cock only inches away. It smelled plenty ripe too. But when Phil gripped my hair again and shoved my face toward his rising dick I did what I had to do.

I opened my mouth and tried to remember how I liked Laura to blow me in the old days. Watch the teeth, use tongue when pulling back. I knew what I liked and I knew that if I didn't do it right, Phil would hit me again. So I knuckled down and began to suck his big old fat cock.

It was disgusting at first. I never would eat Laura once she was hot and bothered. I liked her clean and douched, the smell and feel of a clean pussy is great, but a used one never did much for me. This fucker's dick was about as rank as you could get. But after I sucked on it for a while I cleaned most of the crusted cum and pussy juice off and then it wasn't too bad.

Phil took me by surprise when he began to thrust into my mouth. I choked and gagged but he just held me by the hair and fucked my mouth faster and faster. My arms were flailing around and I was gagging like a man about ready to die. I couldn't believe that he was doing this to me, I could actually feel his cock forcing itself down into my throat.

In a very short time I learned to breathe when he pulled out and to swallow when he thrust in. It became a rhythm that I had to match. Other than a sore throat it became easier and easier as he continued to thrust himself down my throat.

I knew I was in trouble when his body tensed and he jammed himself hard down my throat and held my face tightly against his crotch. It was awful. The first spurt of cum filled my throat and there was nothing I could do but swallow. But when the second load ejaculated into my throat I was trying to breathe. Needless to say I gagged and choked on his cum and began to breathe it.

Phil didn't care what was happening to me, he was getting his rocks off in my mouth and enjoying it immensely. He just continued to hold my face tightly against his pubic hair and shot load after load into my throat and windpipe.

By the time Phil was done with my face I was about to pass out. I had his cum bubbling out of my nostrils and was coughing up a storm.

All I remember after that was that once Phil was done with me and had thrown me aside choking and coughing, Laura crawled onto the bed next to me and soothed my sweaty brow. After a while she began to kiss me softly and in short order she was seeking out any of Phil's cum that hadn't gone straight down my throat.

I do remember one other thing after that. Laura fucked my brains numb while Phil watched us. I vaguely remember wondering where that passion had come from. I remember Laura riding my like a cowgirl at a rodeo and screaming at the top of her lungs as she had a monstrous cum in the middle of her ride.

I didn't cum, but I didn't really care as I held my panting wife close to me as she slowly came down from her intense orgasm.

I'm a little embarrassed to admit it, but Phil ended up moving into our house a week later. Laura and I had talked about it prior to Phil moving in so it was totally consensual between us. There's only one rule, Phil can do anything he wants as long as when the kids come home we all act like normal adults. But when the kids are at school Phil controls both Laura and me.

I can't tell you how many times I've had to answer the home office phone wearing an apron with cum dripping out of my asshole. But I don't mind anymore, Laura is happy and in a strange way so am I. I couldn't imagine not having Phil around the house now.

And besides, there's an interesting new neighbor who just moved in next door. She's single and has a knock- out bod. If we play our cards right I have a feeling she'll fit into our little group perfectly.

THE END

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