

## Prologue

Her thrashing continued as I rapidly pumped the oversized dildo into my wife. In her hand she held the vibrator I bought her over a year ago, via Adam and Eve. It pressed tightly against her pleasure button. I love to see her orgasm. I would do anything to see her ass raise a foot off the bed, arched to accept whatever I shove in her petite pussy. Yes, Linda is petite. Standing only 5 feet tall in tennis shoes, and weighing between 95 and 105 pounds, depending on the season, she is very petite. Her blonde hair streams to mid back and her pussy hair is sparse, soft, and very, very blonde, and wet. The copious amount of lubricant, the extra slippery Astroglide I had used matted her pussy hair and was running down her ass cheeks. I had attached a slender rubber hose, about a foot long to the pump nozzle of her lubricant and before plowing her with my dick, or any of the assorted toys I am constantly buying to try out on her, I would insert the small hose in her pussy until it hit bottom and give her a few pumps of the slippery stuff. The effect was wonderful. She would take whatever was jammed in her and as I ram dildo or pecker in, the lube would squish out from around the toy, heightening her pleasure.

“OH GOD! I’M CUMMING!! Linda shook as her legs came together on the huge, black dildo.

I continued to shove the monster into her as she came; prolonging her quaking and making sure she was satisfied. She wanted no more of the huge intruder and with a combination of hand signals and grunts, she convinced me to withdraw the monster.

“Damn that thing is huge!” she finally managed to mutter, clicking off the vibrator. “You won’t even touch the sides now.”

Her legs opened and I could see the results of my handiwork. Her pussy was reddened and puffy. Her tunnel was slightly open; a testament to the huge toy’s stretching properties. I slid up on my wife, my 7 inch cock contacting and slipping in the sloppy, well lubricated hole. I started fucking her and she giggled.

“I can’t even feel you at all.” She got serious for a minute. “Do you really like me like this? I mean, can you feel anything?”

I lasted about 30 seconds in her sloppy pussy. I had become so excited plunging her with the monster dildo; I was ready to come even before entering her well used hole.

“I guess that answers that question.” Linda said with a grin. “I don’t know how you get so excited just watching me cum but please don’t stop!”

I slipped out of her with zero friction and headed for the bathroom. I returned with a wet wash rag and tossed it to her. She managed to get the exterior fairly clean and got up to dispel the rest in the toilet.

I started chattering. I always do after a new experience. “God honey, I could see the outline of this one in your belly! Did you notice the exaggerated cock head? I mean look at this thing!”

It was true. The dildo had an enormous cock head, with a pronounced flair that fish-hooked to a more slender shaft just behind the cock head, ramping back to the amazing circumference of its head 5 inches from its tip. The outline of the enormous cock head had been visible as it plundered it way up her vagina.

“Yeah, I saw it.” She said sounding a little bored. “You get off on the strangest things.”

“Hey, I didn’t hear you complaining. What’s up with the changed attitude?”

“It’s nothing; I just wish you were content with normal sex.” She deadpanned.

“Who’s to say what’s normal? You came really good didn’t you?”

“I always cum good with you. You know that.” Linda spat.

It was true. Linda and I had been married for nearly 10 years and I knew how to make her cum. At 29 years old, Linda had probably cum more than the average housewife would in a lifetime. I am always seeking and trying new adventures with her, geared toward climax. I know just how far to push her without turning her off. She is not into other men or swapping, she likes huge dildos and vibrators. I know her limits.

I remembered the time I decided to see what effect heat had on her so I ran the hot water in the sink until it was hot, stopped it up, and warmed up her large soft dildo. After warming her up with the vibrator and pumping a copious amount of lube into her, I shoved the heated cock deep in her. She came at once. Hard. Her back had arched and her muscles tightened to the point of charlie-horse. I only use that method when she’s drunk. Otherwise she comes too quickly.

Secretly I wished I could see her with another man, a well hung man. I know there’s no chance of that. She will let me play with her but will never submit to being used in that way. I imagine as I jam one toy after another in her that there is a stud attached to the massive toys. Her Pentecostal upbringing shows at times and I wish she were a little more open to trying new things. I have to settle for our current fare of play.

## Chapter One

I met Barb, Steve’s wife, when I was trying to score some dope from Tony. She was there for the same purpose and we got to talking. Barb is a tall woman, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, with brown shoulder length hair, starting to gray. We were both disappointed by Tony who had run out of smoke and were leaving when I suggested going to Richmond where I have some biker friends and we could get some dope there. She rode along with me and we talked about nothing. She told me about her husband Steve, currently unemployed, and how she wished they would move back to Virginia where she knows folks. I told her about my family and my work as a motorcycle mechanic. We arrived and got some smoke from Greg, one of my black biker friends. He always had good pot but I often thought he pinched the bag. I dropped her off at her car thinking I probably would never see her again. I was wrong.

About a week later I was summoned to the parts counter at work. Someone came in and asked for me. I looked across the counter and there stood Barb with her husband who I had never met. He stood a little over 6 feet tall and was probably in the neighborhood of 240 pounds. I felt a little intimidated. I am about 5 feet seven and nearly 150 pounds. I hoped there wasn’t going to be trouble. They wanted to speak to me in private so I clocked out on the job I was on and walked across the street to the Dairy Queen with them. We got some drinks and sat on the stone park bench near the store.

“I wanted to stop by and thank you for helping us out the other night. That weed was kick-ass and

I'd like some more." Steve said.

Visions of jail time flashed through my head as I carefully worded my answer. "I didn't get that for you. Barb bought it and not from me. We just happened to go there together."

Steve threw his head back and laughed a huge bellowing laugh that seemed to come from his soul. "I guess I would have said the same thing to a stranger, why don't you come over this evening when you get off work. I'm no NARC. I'm an old biker, you'll see."

He gave me their address and directions. I realized with astonishment that they lived less than a mile from me. I arrived at their house about nine in the evening. I had gone home first and told Linda I was going to meet a new friend from work. She was tired; she gets up at 3 am to open for Hardee's, a fast food restaurant. She asked me to not drink and drive then went to bed.

Steve was funny. He made everything into a joke. He took me to his small cluttered garage where a 1976 900 Kawasaki LTD stood among scattered fenders, gas tanks, and other parts. The carburetors were lying on a work bench and the place smelled of gasoline.

"This is my baby. She has a big bore kit and cams and I cannot get her to run but I know all about bikes." Steve babbled on. I've had this bike since it was new. I used to keep it in the kitchen but it leaks."

We continued talking, smoking pot, and laughing the rest of the night. By the time I left, I had invited Steve to come to work tomorrow and we would see if there was an opening for him. I have considerable pull at work due to my reputation as a master mechanic so I was sure we could find a place for him.

Steve arrived at 10:00 the next day and after a very short interview my manager came back and asked me about him. I told him that Steve was a motorcycle enthusiast and worth taking on. Anyone who buys a 900 Kawasaki and keeps it over 20 years is worth a chance. He started work the following day. My life got more interesting.

Steve and I became close friends. He was outgoing and funny, always talking about pussy and his monster cock and how he would make girls scream uncle. We rode together to work and partied together afterwards.

## Chapter Two

The music throbbed in the Golden Nugget, a rank biker type bar that Linda likes. Steve, Barb and I sat at our table, hammering down beers and talking trash. Linda loves to dance and more than once pulled one of us to the dance floor with her. She returned to our table when a slow song came on.

"That damn DJ has no idea what good music is!" she complained. "He plays two fast songs then plays this crap."

She grabbed her drink, Jack and Coke, and drained half the glass. It was her third drink. Linda does a pretty good job holding her booze so I was not worried; instead I hoped she would have plenty so we could engage in some pussy stretching adventure when we got home. When she is drunk and horny is when some of the best sex happens between us.

I excused myself to go piss in the dirty, foul smelling bathroom back the narrow hallway leading to the Nugget's back door. I stood at the urinal, letting the beer go when Steve entered. He was getting a little tipsy, not too drunk but defiantly feeling the beers.

"Holy shit," Steve laughed, "It's a wonder you can hold onto a beauty like Linda with a tiny pecker like that!"

I was not embarrassed; we had known each other long enough for me to never take him serious. Borrowing a line from a movie, I shot back. "I don't get excited in a room full of men."

Steve laughed and pulled out his cock to piss. I did a double take as I saw his huge cock emerge from his zipper. It was as big as any toy I had ever used on Linda and wasn't even hard! He often joked about his huge cock and his "little lady" walking funny.

I exclaimed, "My god! Where'd you steal that thing? Does Barb know about it?"

We both started laughing as good friends do. I walked out of that bathroom with a strange nagging feeling that I would see that cock again, entering my petite wife that is if I played it right. I was excited by the prospect and was thinking fast how to get Steve to agree to fuck her and her to agree to fuck him and how to handle Barb. As usual, when something tweaks my imagination, I got quiet and Linda noticed.

"Who are you and what did you do with my man!" she asked.

"Oh I am just making some plans for later." I answered. "You better start in on the hard stuff if you are going to be able to handle what I'm planning."

Linda giggled, knowing I was planning to make her cum and wondering what I would do this time. "I think you'd better switch to Purple Passion if you want to be part of the festivities." I continued. "I want you to be pliable and agreeable tonight."

Purple Passion is a local drink sold only at this bar. It is made of Everclear, a 190 proof grain alcohol and wine mixed half and half. When Linda drinks this concoction, she loses all sense of time and sometimes motor control. Last time she drank it she wet the bed and swore off ever drinking it again.

"My god dear, what are you planning?" Her interest was piqued. "Are you sure you want me drinking that stuff?"

Steve returned just in time to hear her latest remark. "Hey, what am I missing here?" he asked.

Barb filled him in. "Seems Jim has some kind of scheme he wants to work on Linda and it involves getting her very, very drunk."

Steve shot a look at me and knew what I was planning. His look said two things to me. First of all, was I serious and second of all, he would do it if it were alright with me and Linda.

"I'm game." He said, "What'll it be, the rest of the drinks tonight are on me."

He came back from the bar with a double Purple Passion. Linda drank it. And then she drank

another, and another. By the time we left The Golden Nugget, she was so drunk she had trouble walking. I helped her into Steve's van. We all laughed and made up scenarios of what I was going to do to her. We all went back to Steve's house and started playing cards but Linda was in no mood for that. She was so completely drunk she had trouble talking, let alone playing cards. I helped her back into Steve's van and he took us home, saying to Barb he would be right back after dropping us off.

"Help me get her into the house." I asked. I was not able to unlock the door and hold onto my drunken wife.

Steve picked her up and carried her up the 3 steps onto the porch and waited while I unlocked the door. Once inside, He placed her on the couch. She was not passed out, just sort of rag-dollish limp. She kept laughing at us and making rude comments about me finding the lube before she puked.

Darling, I need to get you ready for bed, I'm sorry I asked you to drink all those drinks! I took her shoes off and started pulling her pants down. She lifted her ass off the couch to ease the removal, then she noticed Steve hadn't left and she grabbed onto her pants.

"Hey, Steve's still here!" she yelped.

"He is leaving soon so let's get you ready for bed."

She accepted this answer and let me remove her pants. She was too drunk to realize Steve was not going to leave; instead, he was going to cum.

My beautiful petite drunken wife lay spread out on the couch with one foot resting on the floor and the other thrown across the back of the couch. I had placed her in this position so Steve could get a good look at her sparse blond snatch. He came around to the end of the couch and looked at her beautiful pussy.

"Man, are you sure you want me to do this?" He asked "What if she gets mad?"

I know Linda well. I answered, "She won't remember a thing tomorrow, even if she gets mad tonight and I really want to see this."

Steve straightened up from his peering position. The bulge in his pants was huge. I wondered what his cock looked like hard, it was bigger than her biggest toy soft and my imagination was in overdrive.

I rearranged Linda face down, head turned to the side, with her ass sticking up in the air, supported by the arm of the couch. Steve knelt before her upturned ass and proceeded to eat her pussy. Linda moaned. She might be drunk but she was conscious. She really had no idea who was eating her; she probably thought it was me. Steve continued licking and sticking his tongue into my wife's pussy, pausing every now and then to stroke her smooth thighs and look at the perfect cunt sprawled out before him.

Linda's body started reacting to his probing tongue. Her ass moved up and down and in small circles, attempting to get more of his tongue into her. Her eyes were closed and she moaned lightly. Linda usually has a couple of small orgasms when we are playing and her clit is used to a vibrator

so Steve was not able to get her to cum with his tongue. He kept eating her anyway, enjoying the tasty treat that I had loaned him. I was kneeling by Linda's head with my hand up her shirt, caressing her breasts.

I picked Linda up off the couch, she complained "Hey, I was comfortable and couldn't you stick the black one in with me like that?" She was oblivious to Steve's presence.

I carried her to the bedroom where I removed her shirt and laid her across the bed, I put a pillow under her ass, causing her pubic bone to slant upward. I spread her legs and got out the lubricant. I must have pumped half the jar of lube into her before I slowly withdrew the rubber tube, continuing to pump as I slowly removed it from her pussy. She was full of lube, a huge glob of it near her cervix and her love tunnel coated with the stuff. I had seen the size of Steve's soft cock and knowing that monster would soon be violating my wife caused my nuts to tighten and my cock to throb. I turned around and nearly ran into a naked Steve. His cock stood straight out, looking like an angry missile. It was bigger than my imagination had visualized. His prick was thicker than my wrist and at least 10 inches long! Linda had never taken anything as huge as the enormous pecker about to invade her. I moved onto the bed and sat cross-legged as Steve, gripping his thickly veined monster cock, approached my wife. He started his penetration slowly, letting her pussy adjust to the oversized meat about to impale her. Linda's eyes opened and she stared glassy-eyed into Steve's face. Her hips rotated and a couple more inches slid into her extremely stretched hole. I don't know if it even registered that I was not fucking her. She moaned. Steve pulled out until the head of his dick was all that remained in her.

"My god," he exclaimed, "she is wet, hot, and almost too tight!"

"Well the first two aren't bad things, and you're here to do something about the third."

He pushed back into her and Linda groaned as 8 of his 10 inches slid snugly into her gyrating pussy, then he picked up the pace. Lubricant slopped out of her as his huge tool plundered her pussy. He was on top, pushup style, sawing into my wife with the hugest cock I had ever seen. Not even in the porn movies had I seen a cock this thick. Her upturned pussy clenched and tried to accommodate his huge erection. She was being fucked and fucked well. His pounding cock speared her, slamming into her guts, backing out and slamming in again and again. I watched my wife's violation awestruck. Linda was bucking back up at Steve and I noticed she had the bedspread tightly clinched in her fists, spread eaged, and attempting to take all the monster cock stretching her cunt. Linda was twisting her upper torso as the huge piece of meat slammed into her. Her neck sinew strained with effort and her mouth opened and closed, mouthing words that would not come out. Moans were all she was capable of and she tried to communicate by moaning. I knew what she wanted. She wanted to change position. I tapped Steve on the shoulder, telling him to change, removing the pillow and turning her on her side. He backed most of his huge tool out, which I noticed had become buried to the hilt in her and, lifting her left leg to his shoulder, straddled her right. Oh god, I knew this position well. I used it whenever I wanted to reach deep within her. This was the position that got my small by comparison dick to hit her cervix. Steve started hunching forward. I watched as his impressive cock disappeared, reappeared and sank once again into the sloppy mess he was making of my wife's pussy. I moved to get a better look and by coming around to Linda's front side, I was able to see everything. Steve's massive cock pistoned in and out, battering her petite pussy and making her moans turn to grunts as he slammed into her cervix. He kept a jackhammer pace with her, not slowing, instead, stroking her long and hard. The union of their crotches when he was deeply buried was blurred with the speed of withdraw and reinsertion. His huge balls slapped against her ass and she started coming.

“Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeeeeeeeeeeee!” she screeched.

She came.

Steve strained to keep his meat deeply buried, all the way in, as she came. Then he continued his hammering of her cunt. He was fucking her even harder now, all reservations gone with the lust flame consuming his senses. There was no way to stop their action even if I wanted to. Linda got back into rhythm and started cumming again! She never came so fast after orgasm before. Her second orgasm was as sharp as and even stronger than her first. Steve’s enormous cock did not press forward this time, instead he picked up speed and jammed her quivering pussy completely full of hardened cock meat, withdrawing nearly all his cock, and stroking 9 inches back into her cumming pussy.

“OH GOD!” Linda spoke with an exorcist chick like voice, “I’m coming again! Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!!!!” she said each time the colossal cock hit bottom and started its withdraw.

Steve tensed and started pumping, his teeth gritting, he shoved his massive member as far inside my wife as he could, straining to breed her with his massive load of cum. He strained against the smashed elasticity of my wife’s pussy as jets of hot cum imbedded deeper inside her than I had ever gone. Her eyes snapped open and her back arched in yet another orgasm, triggered by Steve’s release. Steve kept pumping cum into my wife. That’s when the snag in my plans hit me like a brick. I had been snipped, meaning I had a vasectomy and Linda wasn’t on any form of birth control. Her period had ended two weeks ago, placing her in grave danger of pregnancy. I watched helplessly as my best laid plan shot a monster load of lively sperm deep within my wife’s fertile womb. I was turned on by that. I don’t know why but the realization of my wife’s vulnerability heightened my excitement. I almost came in my pants.

Steve was finished. He rolled Linda onto her stomach, his deflated cock, still larger than mine, half turning with her. He straddled both her legs, looking at her perfect petite ass and his softening monster protruding from her spent, badly stretched pussy. He shivered slightly and pulled his prick out of her with a soft sucking sound, the sound of cum rushing back into her depths. He got off the bed, shaky, and said to me, “Now I got to go home and do this again, you owe me one!”

I just stared at the trail of his active sperm strung across her upper thigh.

“We have to do this again you know.” I said.

Steve laughed. “My brother is coming to visit next week; his cock is bigger than mine, longer and much thicker.”

“I’ll have her ready!” It was a statement. I liked having her fucked and fucked well.

Steve dressed and left. My wife was still lying on her stomach, her ass looking inviting, so I stripped and took sloppy seconds. I merely rolled her onto her back and stuck my cock in without resistance. The heat of Steve’s sperm surrounded my dick and I added my impotent sperm to the collection of egg-seeking missiles lodged in her abused pussy. She moaned a couple times but did not cum. I doubt she could feel my dick anyway.

## Chapter Three

It's Saturday, my day off, and time to recuperate from Friday's drinking and screwing. Linda awoke to the smell of coffee and bacon. I had made breakfast even though I knew she would be in no condition to eat but I wanted to make the effort anyway. I heard the shower running and knew she would be standing there letting the pounding water wash away last night's cum. I waited impatiently for her to come into the kitchen, knowing she would limp in wondering what all she had endured the night before. She drifted in and to my amazement; she looked as if she were glowing! Her face absolutely beamed and her eyes flashed as she sat effortlessly, blowing my preconception of her morning after fucking Steve carriage.

"I am soooo hungry! "Thanks for making breakfast darling." She cooed.

I almost fell out of my chair! Not seven hours ago she had her drunken pussy wrapped around the largest cock I had ever seen and had been so completely drunk she didn't know it wasn't me fucking her! She should be tired, hung over, and sore.

"My god darling, what's gotten into you? You never eat before noon after a night like last night."

"Don't you mean who got into me?"

She knew. She wasn't showing anger. But how much did she remember?

I took my time answering her. She seemed in no hurry to talk anyway, she was busy gobbling down the bacon and scrambled eggs I had prepared for her.

Finally I broke the silence. "So darling, what do you remember about last night?"

"Just bits and pieces, stuff like cumming like a demon while Steve fucked the shit out of me. What ever prompted you to let him do me?"

"You don't remember his cock do you?" I stated flatly.

"Well, I don't remember him fucking me except for cumming. God did I ever cum. You must have warmed me up with the huge dildo first though because my poor pussy is still swollen and sore."

I smiled. She didn't remember everything. It must have been the force of her climaxes that jarred her memory of last night.

"No, I didn't use any dildos on you; I lubed you up good but no dildos."

Linda sipped her coffee absent mindedly. She was deep in thought. It seemed like an hour passed without either of us saying a word though it was only about 5 minutes.

"He has a really big cock doesn't he?"

"Yeah, he does, much bigger than the black dildo."

"So why did you get me so drunk to fuck him?" She asked.



“If you weren’t so drunk, would you have gone through with it?”

“Probably not,” She giggled “Not with someone I know anyway. Do you realize how hard it’s going to be for me to face him now? And what about Barb, how can I face her?”

I pondered her question and answered carefully. I knew any future escapades with Steve hinged on my answer.

“Wow that’s a tough one. I really thought you wouldn’t remember his giant prick. Then it would be easy for you. I guess you either have to come clean with them and hope Barb doesn’t mind sharing or pretend you don’t remember.”

I know tossing the ball back in her court wasn’t fair but there was nothing else I could say. I didn’t want to tell her how to handle this one. Linda sat sipping her second cup of coffee and considered her options.

“I guess it all depends on rather or not we want this to happen again.” She finally stated.

My hopes rose. I remembered what Steve said about his brother being larger and in town next weekend and seeing her impaled by an even larger cock stirred my languid pecker and made my breath quicken.

“Well, since you don’t remember his size, aren’t you the least bit curious about the entire adventure?”

I know how to make her think and I could tell she was thinking furiously. Her tender pussy had to feel like it had accommodated a really big dick and I know she was feeling the aftereffects of being intruded by a monster and even though she could remember her fantastic orgasms, her memory was limited to Steve’s face and her orgasms. The still stretched pussy she tenderly sat on was causing her mind to wonder just how big Steve is. Her husband was not a liar and she knew if he said her sore pussy was due to Steve’s cock, then it was true.

“I think it’s best if we just pretend I don’t remember. But I don’t want it to happen again, at least not like last night.”

My hopes were at once dashed and awakened. “Then how would you want it to happen again?”

“I want to remember everything, every inch, and every man. It’s not fair to me to be impaired and unaware of everything that’s happening to me.”

“So are you saying you would do it again if you weren’t drunk?”

“Well, yeah, sure! I do remember cumming buckets full last night and I don’t know if it was Steve’s size or what but I would really like to do that again.”

I was elated. I had just the circumstance spinning in my mind, waiting to form and take the shape of a plan. Steve’s brother will be here next week and if he is hung like Steve says he is, then he is the perfect candidate for some real extra pussy stretching action. I just needed to propose the idea to Linda and let her decide what to do. I rolled a joint and started my morning buzz. Linda usually doesn’t smoke pot so I was a little taken aback when she asked me to stop bogarting the

joint. After smoking the entire doobie with me, Linda said she still wanted Steve to believe she didn't remember.

"We should make him believe I'm drunk again and won't remember. That way I don't have to explain anything to anyone."

My imagination soared as I contemplated the coming weekend. I needed to make some plans and lay the groundwork. Then I had to get Steve's buy in. Seeing his totally satisfied cock soften in Linda's pussy and the look of appreciation he had as he extracted his flaccid monster from her wrecked cunt was assurance enough of his eager participation. I had no doubt he would gladly pound Linda into oblivion again if the chance arose. His brother was an unknown.

The rest of the weekend crawled by. Linda recovered enough for a rousing round of sex Sunday night but she only came once. It was strange. She was excited and she really enjoyed the sex but I know when she cums and she didn't have her normal toe curling orgasm. Her pussy had gone back to its snug fit and the nagging doubt that I would do her justice after seeing Steve's huge prick auger its way to her cervix was relieved by her pussy's recovery. I made a mental note to hold off having sex with her until after she had been thoroughly plowed by Steve and his brother.

#### Chapter Four

Steve was late to work Monday. When he showed up he was tired and grumpy. He said he needed to talk to me and asked if I had lunch plans. I started worrying that he might not be as agreeable to the plans I had already been formulating. We went to lunch and sat in a booth in the Mexican restaurant down the street from the shop. Nothing was said about Linda until I broached the topic.

"So, was Barb up when you got home Saturday morning?"

"Yeah, up and ready for action," He sighed "I didn't think I was going to live through it!"

I started laughing and started making up stuff about Linda.

"Well Linda was walking funny and accused me of fisting her!" I lied. "She couldn't sit for half the day and wasn't recovered until Sunday!"

Steve stared at me intently. "What do you get out of it? I mean, I fuck the shit out of your wife and you all but guide me in. How does that make you feel? I'd feel like shit if I had to watch someone fucking Barb."

I could tell Steve was bothered by the situation. I don't know if he was feeling guilt or was just doing some friendship damage control so I leveled with him.

"You might as well know about your friends' kinky style. Linda and I are not swingers. We have never done the swapping thing and I have no desire to be with another woman. I get off on seeing Linda's heels over her head and her pussy filled beyond its ability. Her satisfaction is my reward. We have multiple sex toys and until this past weekend we used them without help from anyone else."

That's when my budding plans for the coming weekend took a different path than I had planned.

I decided as I was talking to come clean with Steve. He might figure it out anyway. I told him all about Saturday morning and the conversation Linda and I had. He was a little worried that she remembered him fucking her but was a little disappointed when he found how she didn't remember his true size and thought I had used a dildo on her to stretch her pussy. When I told him she wanted to do it again, he leaned forward and looked me in the eye.

“Do you want me to fuck her again?” He watched my face intently as I broke into a broad smile.

“Well I'll take that for a yes.” He leaned back, then with slight panic, he said “Wait a minute, there might be a problem.”

“What's the problem?”

“I'll be entertaining my brother this weekend. He arrives Thursday and leaves Monday.”

“I thought you said he was even more endowed than you are.”

“He is but I don't know if you want him fucking Linda, I mean I am thick, probably two and a half inches across but he is even thicker. His cock is misshapen and can be quite cruel.”

“What do you mean by misshapen?”

“Well, growing up we always teased each other about our dicks because my cock was well developed and he was two years younger so whenever I got the chance, I would tease him about his tiny pud, which really wasn't tiny for his age. He started ordering all kinds of penis enlargement crap. He got pills and pumps and eventually outgrew even the largest pump he could get. Then he made his own enlargement tools. He used a brake bleeder pump and a coffee can. I caught him one day when he was about 16 years old with the contraption firmly stuck on his cock. He just grinned and showed me the results. It was really ugly. His cock was inflated so huge he was giddy from lack of blood. The result is his cock, while just as long as mine, is three and a half inches across. That deformed dick of his will never fit in Linda. She was tight when I fucked her and he is nearly twice as big around as me.”

“Let me ask you something. Was Linda tight the entire time you fucked her? I mean, didn't she loosen up some?”

“Sure she did, but you don't know my brother. He's rough. And another side effect of his cock enlarging is he doesn't get completely hard without help.”

“Help? What do you mean?”

“He takes Viagra when he wants to get it up. When he's on that stuff, his cock pumps up larger and stays rockhard for a couple hours. He's a freak when he fucks. I don't think your little wife could handle him, hell I was a tight fit at first.”

“And that's just what you'll be, first. After hearing about him I want him in her even more than before. Do you think he'll be willing to try it?”

“He won't try, he'll do it. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Once he's taken the Viagra, he has to

fuck. If your wife starts tearing and bleeding, we'll just have to wait until he's finished with her before getting help and you said she wasn't going to be drunk this time. Hey, it's your decision. Joey will fuck anything and I know he would take great delight following me. He's always saying how he could show me up and he has yet to prove it."

I thought it over and came to a decision. I wanted Linda to get the fucking of her lifetime and this was too perfect.

"Steve, have him ready to fuck Linda and you be ready too. I want this to happen and so does Linda. You should have seen the gleam in her eye. If nothing else, this will either make or break her."

Steve smiled "Somehow I knew this was going to happen."

## Chapter Five

Four days crawled by until at last it was Friday. Steve had stopped by Thursday and introduced Joey to Linda and I and we sat and had a couple beers and talked. Joey was a handsome, younger version of Steve. Thinner but more muscular, he stood about six foot four and was probably about 210 pounds Linda could not keep her eyes off the huge lump in Joey's jeans and she kept staring at Joey's crotch. He was wearing very loose fitting jeans and the bulge in his pants was obvious. What she didn't know was Joey wasn't even excited.

Friday night we went back to the Golden Nugget. Steve had told Barb it was a mans night out and we three were going out to shake up the town. Joey was, if anything, even funnier than Steve. He was always telling the 'topper' and making lewd remarks about every girl in the place. Finally he could contain himself no more.

"So tell me, has Steve mentioned 'my equipment'? He said we were all going to fuck Linda."

"Yeah, he told me about you. That's why I need your help."

"My help?"

"Yeah. Linda has a huge pussy." I lied. "She is always making fun of men and saying how none of us can touch the sides."

I caught the look of a challenge accepted in his face. "I'd be glad to prevent the little woman from being able to sit for a week."

"She's home pretending to get drunk as we speak. I told her to be 'passed out' by midnight."

"Hey, that's only half an hour from now." Joey reached into his pocket and took out two pills. He chased them down with a beer. Linda's fate was sealed. The Viagra he had taken would hit him in about an hour and we needed to leave the Nugget now.

We arrived at my house to find the TV blaring and Linda asleep on the couch. She was wearing her long tee shirt and if I knew my wife, nothing under it. I picked her up and walked toward our bedroom. I closed the door and started whispering to my beautiful petite wife,

“Having the TV up so loud was a nice touch.”

“I learned it from you.” She whispered back. “When you’re drunk you always do that.”

“How much have you had to drink?” I asked her.

“Half a pint of Jack” She smiled “I wanted to have a little something especially if Steve is as well hung as you say.”

I kissed her deeply and removed her shirt. As expected, she was nude under the shirt with a little surprise. She had shaved her pussy.

“Nice touch.” I whispered.

She just smiled and lay back on the bed, draping a leg over my shoulder. I got our lube out and, like I was getting her ready for the hugest dildo ever, lubed her insides and even the area around her shaven mound.

“Be a nice little drunk, I’m going to go get the boys.”

I sauntered back into the living room, ready to see my petite wife gored by the brother’s cocks.

“She’s ready for you Steve.”

He shed clothes down the hallway, removing his boxers as he entered the bedroom. Linda’s naked form breathed fast, too fast for someone in a drunken stupor but Steve knew she was pretending. I congratulated myself on bringing Steve up to speed with our plans.

Steve climbed on top my wife, shoving his rapidly inflating dick at her pussy. He jabbed a few times and finally sank the head of his cock into her clasping opening. Linda gasp. His penetration of her was slight, compared to how much cock was outside her quivering cunt. Her back arched lightly and she bore down on the massive swell of his now fully erect prick. She ground towards him, panting slightly as more of his thick meat parted my beautiful wife’s vagina. He pulled a couple inches of his thick maleness out of Linda and slid four back in. Linda moaned. Her hands came up behind Steve’s cheeks and she lightly dug nails into his slowly pumping ass. Spurred on by her nails, Steve drove his huge tool hilt deep into her thrusting cunt. Linda cried out.

“SHIT! MY GOD! EASY!”

Steve paid no attention. She had raked his ass and he was going to give it to her good. He started pumping the piss out of Linda, not pausing or letting her adjust to the monster cock invading her vagina. Linda swore and retreated under his assault but there was no where to go. She was impaled and like it or not she was going to be the recipient of his load. Her hips started grinding again as she adjusted to his massive size. She started cumming and let everyone know.

“OH MY GAWD!! I’M CUMMING! PUMP ME BABY GOD DAMN YOU ALL UP IN ME!” Linda squealed. “FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, MEEEEEE!”

Joey had come in behind Steve and stood watching, nearly drooling, and he quickly stripped off his clothes. I could not believe my eyes. Everything Steve said about him was true. His strange cock

had a normal sized cock head but that's where normal ended and obscenely huge took over. His cock head was about the same size as Steve's, massive but acceptable. The shaft of his enormous cock ramped quickly behind the head to the size of the business end of a ball bat! Veins stood out, wrapping his strange bloated cock with thick as my middle finger ridges, road-mapping the surface of his eleven inch shaft with impossible hills, valleys, and intersections of blood engorged anger. Yes, his cock looked angry.

He looked at me and grinned, a hungry look that said two things, 'I'm gonna fuck her good, and don't get in the way.'

Another round of fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, drew my attention back to the writhing woman on the bed being pummeled by the massive cock of my friend Steve. My wife was no longer pretending to be drunk, instead she had her legs spread wide and was holding her knees, giving Steve a deep wide tunnel to drive his pussy smashing meat, balls deep into and back out of, as she came again. The clenching action of her stimulated pussy milking Steve cock brought him over the edge. He again gritted his teeth, driving full length into her and collapsing on her as he emptied his balls deep inside her cumming cunt. Linda shuddered and shook, she squalled and moaned. Cum and lubricant escaped as Steve shook and slowly withdrew from Linda's nearly completely satisfied hole. As Steve twisted into a sitting position, his brother crawled up to take his place.

Joey's cock head grazed the bedspread as he, on hands and knees approached my wife who was laying with wide-spread legs, her pussy standing partly open with lubricant and cum puddled in its opening. My wife's eyes were closed and I was grateful of that. If she saw the deformed cock that was about to impale her, I had no doubt she would call the whole thing off. Joey's massive member jerked with his pulse. Hardened by Viagra, his prick had a mind of its own. Strings of pre-cum dripped from the pencil sized opening in its head and the throbbing blue-veined monster floated nearer my wife's unsuspecting pussy. Joey paused over her heaving titties, licking one then the other. I had told my wife he was bigger than Steve but neither of us were ready for the monster about to grind its way into her depths. The head of his cock made contact with her swollen, excited pussy and she unwittingly started to grind down on what she thought would be another almost normal fuck. Joey reached between his legs and held his jerking member still enough to slip the head of his cock into her. His hand reached up to her pussy and he used Steve's cum and the remaining lubricant to slicken his shaft. Joey's hands are huge but he could not touch finger to hand around his misshapen cock. Linda, feeling the semi-normal cockhead enter her, started her grind down and an inch of meat beyond his flare slid into her pussy. The thick veined ball bat bulge lay just outside her cunt as she tried to screw herself down on the unseen-by-her tool. The fat shaft just would not go in. Linda moaned and opened her eyes. Her head turned toward me with a questioning glazed gaze, unaware of her impending predicament. Joey had fucked tight holes before and knew how to make his massive cock fit. He leaned to one side, and put his weight on his cock, forcing another inch of thickly veined heavily lubed shaft inside Linda. My wife's mouth came open as if to scream, only to be stopped up with Steve's cock head. It was all that would fit in her mouth. She started to recoil from Steve's cock, her attention suddenly taken from her obscenely stretched pussy, only to be reminded of the intruding hunk of lumpy flesh slipping yet another inch into her painfully yielding pussy. My wife gagged slightly as she tried to scream past the dick in her mouth. Joey withdrew an inch and slid two back in. The largest part of his mammoth prick was now lodged tightly in the opening of her pussy. Without mercy, he simply shoved past her defenses, pain wracking her body, as his veined shaft burrowed into her. My wife's knees moved up along his side and her ankles hooked around his legs as he started slow humping with about eight

inches of his deformed prick wracking her body with pain. She could not scream. Steve kept shoving his massive cock in her mouth with one hand on her forehead, and the other keeping his cock in her mouth. Joey started pumping, drawing her inner cunt out with his backstroke, firmly clasp to the veined surface of his drug hardened prick. He picked up speed, spearing her, grinding her guts, and Steve, knowing the deed was done, backed off to enjoy the show. It was a show, a freak show. My petite wife, in extreme pain, with meat too large for porn, jammed deeply in her womb, simply lay there taking more and more of the gigantic prick deeper and deeper inside her pussy. Her eyes fluttered and she whimpered. She was near passing out. Joey showed no mercy. His supersized cock needed to fuck. Linda had become his receptacle. She had no choice. He ground more and more of his rock hard flesh deeper and deeper into my wife. Linda was not moving. She was just waiting him out. Then Joey bottomed out in her and her head snapped back as she arched her neck. He grew quiet and slowly withdrew his prick to the thick part just behind the head of his cock and then sank the entire lust bloated staff back into her deeply. Linda groaned. her pussy was just not going to adjust. The slow deep fucking of my wife continued. Linda's groans and grunts became more even as she timed her movements to lessen the force of Joey's deep fucking. Her pussy gripped his contoured shaft, turning inside out with every backstroke as the hills and valleys of Joey's cock found purchase in her previously tight tunnel. Then it started. Linda thrust up toward Joey as his cock slid in. He moaned as she started responding to his violation of my wife. Her pussy was still clinging to his cock on the backstroke but more slipping in and out action was taking place too. They had been going at it for nearly thirty minutes when she started fucking him back. No words were spoken. My wife's legs unhooked from his and raised to her shoulders and he hooked her legs with powerful arms, pinning them to her shoulders. Her upturned ass and obscenely stretched pussy were completely exposed and I went behind Joey to watch her cunt work his immense cock. His strokes were even longer now that she was finally responding and rocked her pussy back and forth, trying to milk the strange dick that slammed into her cervix. Joey moaned with her as both of them neared climax. Still there were no intelligible sounds, just crazy prolonged animal noises as both of them cum. Joey must have been saving for awhile. His sperm had the consistency of runny cottage cheese as he kept pumping cum into my wife. Her overstretched hole accepted more meat than I thought would ever fit as she came with him. Her face was wet with pain tears and her breath tore as she had the hardest orgasm I have ever seen her have. But Joey was just getting started. His Viagra hardened shaft, though he had cum, was far from soft. He lay on top of her for a few seconds and then slowly started withdrawing his massive cock from my wife's well used pussy. She gasp as the thick part cleared her cunt. Joey rolled her onto her stomach and pulled her toward him doggie style, folding her legs and dragging her head along the bedspread. Linda was on her knees, her arms straight above her head and her back curved limply. Joey lined his deformed cock up with her now slack pussy and entered her again. He fucked her deeply with long hard strokes, causing her cheek to redden with the bedspread's abrasion. She was used up but still he fucked her. She still hadn't seen the massive hunk of hardened flesh that smashed into her pussy, pounding her guts. She moaned and after twenty minutes of constant pounding she came again, weakly. She just was not capable of anything else. Joey emptied another load into her and slid out again, this time with no resistance. My wife's cunt was ruined. Joey sat on the edge of the bed, his angry, still hard cock throbbing. He twisted and caught hold of my wife's limp form and effortlessly scooped her up, spun her to face him and slammed her down on his still hard shaft. He sat on the edge of the bed and moved her legs, which had straddled his, onto the bed so her cunt was resting on his pubic bone. He was buried inside her again. Steve came up behind her and held her as Joey lay back on the bed, my wife's legs straddling Joey's torso, straight out. Joey reached down and grabbed Linda's ass and started pulling her back and forth, grinding his extreme girth deep inside her, using her weight for impalement. My poor wife was a rag doll. If Steve hadn't had his arms under her armpits and held her up she would have fallen to the side. Joey fucked deep into her for another half hour before he came for

the last time. Linda had cum all she could. There was no fight left in her. Her pussy was badly damaged. There was no blood but true to Joey's words, she would be sore for a long, long time. Joey's sperm shot into my wife's hapless body one last time and Steve slowly removed her from Joey's gigantic cock. He was finally starting to go just a little soft. Steve laid her on the bed and smiled at me. The first words since the fucking started were spoken.

"Think she'll remember this one?" He smiled and they dressed and left.

My wife's battered pussy stood open as she lay on her back with her legs parted. I stripped and took my rightful place on top of her, intending to fuck her one last time. Her eyes opened and she looked into my eyes. My cock fell into her gaping hot hole. I could grab the base of my cock and move it side to side inside of her! I plowed into her and came within 3 minutes. She was finally able to speak.

"Darling, I never want to do that again. From now on it's just you and me. His goddam prick hurt so bad and I'm so full of cum I can taste it."

She went to sleep.

This is my first drunk wife story. I wonder if I should write more. Let me know by writing to me at [yourfeedbackplease@insightbb.com](mailto:yourfeedbackplease@insightbb.com)