

# ***Testing the Waters!***

Written by ClairHives

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# ***Testing the Waters!***

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Rebecca reclined back on the loveseat, delighted at how her husband squirmed in the chair across from her. She

hadn't even said anything particularly outrageous, not yet, and he was still flustered and worried. Having a man that she could tease and toy with whenever she wanted really was an incomparable pleasure.

“So I was talking to the girls the other day. You remember Jessica and Michelle, don't you darling?” she asked, her tone utterly conversational.

Samuel winced at the names. Oh he covered it up quickly enough, but she knew all of his little tells by now. The poor man was completely incapable of handling that flirty, outrageous pair.

“Of course you do. Anyway, they actually invited me to go out on a cruise with them. Isn't that just marvelous?”

“Oh?” he asked cautiously.

“Yes, something called a Zebra Cruise. Perhaps you've heard of it?”

Judging from his violent flinch, he most certainly had.

“As I understand it,” she continued nonchalantly, “it's where a bunch of white women get on a luxurious, isolated boat with a bunch of black men for a week or two. I wonder what they might get up to in those circumstances.”

She really had no intention of accepting, but there was no need to reveal that quite yet. At least, not before she got to see the brutal emotional struggle on her husband's face.

And he most definitely delivered. With every word, he looked more and more anguished, though he was careful not to make a peep. Those little yelps got him the most teasing of all, so he just grimaced in the most adorable way.

“Why... why would you want to go?” he asked, forcing each syllable out.

“Why indeed,” Rebecca murmured. “Perhaps just for a little excitement? A nice change of pace and all that?”

Samuel opened his mouth, but no sound came out. He wasn't a particularly imposing man at the best of times, but when his wife was toying with him, it was like he shrunk down into himself. He might as well have been a gawky teenager talking to his first crush for how awkward and lacking in confidence he was.

But this was a rather disappointing reaction, all told. Perhaps she had better things to do with her time.

“I doubt I'll be going though,” she said. “Too much of a pain.”

Samuel looked about ready to break into tears, the simpering fool. As she'd hoped, his gratitude was shockingly honest and pathetic. All it took to get him to whimper at her feet and shower her in gifts for a month was to threaten something unspeakable, then simply change her mind.

“Thank you,” he managed, his voice hoarse. “I’m.... I’m so glad you’re not going.”

Rebecca made herself even more comfortable, crossing one leg over the other, delighting in how his gaze followed the gesture perfectly.

“Oh? And why’s that, husband of mine?”

He wasn’t an unattractive man by objective standards. Athletic enough, if a little on the skinny side, not so short that it was offensive to be seen with him in public, and with a decent enough face, Samuel’s biggest shortcomings only really became obvious when one knew him as intimately as Rebecca did.

After all, who else knew just how small his little cock was? Certainly not more than a couple of women, not with how cowardly he was when it came to sexual conquests. At least he finished quickly though, so she could get right to pleasuring herself with a much more fitting nine-inch dildo. Black, of course.

But it was moments like these that made their whole marriage worth it. As he fidgeted and struggled with indecision, she could feel it in her bones: he was about to say something so comically pitiful that it would keep her entertained for weeks. Even so, she was still stunned when he finally opened his mouth.

“I actually used to crossdress when I was a teenager,” he said so softly that she was certain she misheard. But from the way that his cheeks burned as red as beets, she knew otherwise.

It was a herculean effort to keep her composure. All at once, she could visualize exactly how her effeminate little husband might have felt more comfortable in women’s clothing. She could imagine his flushing embarrassment as he wore a dress and tried to cover up his face out of petrified fear that someone might recognize him.

“Incredible,” Rebecca breathed. “Just incredible.”

“I only told you that because I was so thankful that I thought you deserved something, but I couldn’t think of anything,” Samuel said hurriedly, looking down at the floor and very nearly trembling.

“Of course you did, darling,” Rebecca purred, but her mind was already three steps ahead. His moving little gesture was nothing compared to how she might use it for her own pleasure.

“It was a stupid, insufficient offering, I know that, but I’m just so glad that you’re not going on that cruise,” he said, his tone practically begging. He finally raised his eyes, and she could see that there was a glimmer of tears threatening to overtake him.

And that's when she knew exactly what she was going to do.

"I've changed my mind," she said slowly, watching him hang on every syllable, reveling in the horrified realization that gradually replaced his hope and relief. "Not only am I gonna go on the Zebra Cruise, but you've been such a wonderful husband that I want you to come along as well. Doesn't that sound wonderful, darling?"

The blood rushed from his face in an instant, and Rebecca picked up her phone. With slow, deliberate taps, she navigated down to the group conversation with Jessica and Michelle. Ensuring that her deathly pale husband could see the screen completely, she scrolled through several pages of extremely explicit discussions and pictures of hung black men as the three had prepared for the trip. Here and there, she lingered to make sure that he saw the specific insults that the other two women had leveled at him, acting like it was a foregone conclusion that Rebecca needed some real cock in her life.

And then, she tapped out a new message.

*Good news, my schedule cleared up and I can go! And Sam's coming too!*

The next day, Rebecca could not remember the last ride that she'd enjoyed quite as much as this one. Her husband



was driving them to the port where the cruise ship was waiting, and he was trying so very hard to hide how terrified and miserable he was, but he couldn't keep it completely under wraps. Little signs of his discomfort and anxiety kept bleeding through, from how violently he was gripping the steering wheel to the faint sheen of sweat on his forehead.

It wasn't like Rebecca had anything against men that were a bit more feminine. Effeminate men had done nothing wrong and could live their lives as she pleased, it's just that she felt no sexual attraction to them whatsoever. However, she did find herself entertaining an entirely new possibility. If it was her husband, if it was a man that she already knew intimately and liked to toy with, then maybe there could be a great deal of fun to be had in forcing him to confront that side of himself. While his cock could never please her, maybe his pained cries and tears of shame could do the trick.

His panic grew as they pulled into the parking lot, then it reached entirely new highs as he retrieved their luggage from the trunk. The poor man was barely able to stand as he held the suitcase that he'd watched her pack full of scandalous lingerie and revealing swimsuits.

"Thanks for carrying my stuff, sweetheart," Rebecca whispered into his ear. "And don't pay too much attention to Jessica and Michelle. When they talk about how hung

all the men on this cruise will be, they're just teasing. Don't worry, they don't know about your little problem."

She planted a kiss on his cheek for good measure, leaving an imprint of lipstick that looked less like the possessive brand of a lover and more like an embarrassing peck of a relative.

It wasn't long at all before the pair in question joined them. There were still a few minutes before boarding for the ship started, which meant that she had a few minutes to enjoy watching her husband melt into a puddle of meek shame.

Jessica and Michelle were like two peas in a pod, the perfect companions for Rebecca. They were beautiful and blonde, flighty and eager to leap from lover to lover, completely unrepentant about the broken hearts and even more broken marriages they left behind. While that alone would have been amusing enough, the fact that they made Samuel so uncomfortable was just the cherry on top.

The poor fool couldn't even ogle them properly. Every time his eyes landed on one of them, he quickly looked away and slouched like he was ashamed. If only he had a little backbone and wasn't afraid of actually flirting with another woman, then Rebecca might have respected him as a man.

To her pleasure, her friends immediately began to chat away like Samuel wasn't even there.

“Did you see those pictures I sent you a few minutes ago, Rebecca?” Jessica asked. “I caught a look at some of the staff as they were getting the cruise liner ready. Not a single shirt in sight, and every one of them was absolutely ripped.”

“And I think I saw a few cock outlines in their shorts,” Michelle added with a giggle. “As soon as they see you, Rebecca, they'll be so hard that we'll be able to see everything.”

Samuel looked dejected and humiliated, but there was always room for a little more. Rebecca put her arm around his waist, pulling him in close, and then she joined in the banter.

“Really? That big, huh? It'll be nostalgic to see a nice, big cock in person. And especially to *feel* one, it's been ages since I got to indulge in that.”

Samuel twitched at her side.

“Don't worry, darling, it's just a bit of playful banter,” Rebecca whispered. “Now stop fidgeting so much or the girls might *actually* suspect that you have a tiny cock.”

Naturally, Samuel was obligated to carry the luggage of all three women as they took their sweet time to reach the

ship. He could barely manage it, and she knew that he was cursing himself every moment for not being stronger and bulkier, but that just added to her own entertainment.

Jessica and Michelle made no secret of their own plans and how they were going to compete to see who could sleep with the most men. It would have been satisfying to join in and see the wounded expression on her husband's face, but there was a progression to these things. For now, she delighted in the tentative hope and fear that must have filled him with every single step. As long as she gave noncommittal answers to her friends, it would just make the final plunge all the more exciting.

The cruise ship was everything that the women had fantasized about, as well as everything that Samuel had dreaded the most. The ship itself was massive, and it was positively crawling with shirtless men at work, easily carrying suitcases and trunks for female passengers that were following and giggling to themselves. Half were scarlet with lustful embarrassment. Those were the ones that loved being tempted into indiscretions. The other half were already clinging to the free arms of these black gods. These were the ones that loved being the temptresses.

In the back of her mind, Rebecca was already observing and calculating, trying to figure out exactly how far she could push Samuel before he broke and a divorce became necessary. With every passing moment, she became more

and more sure that this cruise was going to be one of the most memorable experiences of her life, not to mention one of the most erotic.

The moment that they stepped onto the boat, one of the crew members sauntered over to lend a hand. Every single ab was clearly outlined with rivulets of sweat, and his grin was so effortlessly confident that Rebecca could feel a shiver in her legs. It was exactly the sort of masculine titan that was worthy of her pussy, and she wanted nothing more at that moment than to have him use her like a cheap toy and throw her away, still dripping with his cum.

At least, that's what she wanted most until she watched him pluck the suitcases right out of Samuel's arms, leaving her husband gasping from exertion and bewildered. He wanted to complain and say that he could have handled it all, she could see that in his eyes, but their escort didn't even give him a single glance and noticed absolutely nothing.

From that moment on, she knew that she wanted to see that man juxtaposed beside Samuel in more ways than one.

“Ladies, I'm Lamonte. I can see that you're all very much looking forward to this Zebra Cruise.” His voice was so low and resonant that it vibrated down to Rebecca's bones. Oh yes, he would do perfectly.

In short order, two other men joined them, each clearly paying attention to a specific woman. Khalan had a serious face, a shaved head, and a permanent glare that had Jessica fanning herself. Marcel was exceptionally tall, but smiling warmly and devastatingly effectively against the romantic Michelle.

Rebecca caught a glimpse of Samuel's face as he took in the situation. How would he respond to the fact that a much more attractive man was waiting on his wife?

By doing absolutely nothing at all. The poor fellow puffed up for all of a single second before retreating into himself and hanging his head. It was as if he was trying to make himself invisible.

“Would you ladies like to be shown to your rooms immediately?” Lamonte asked.

“Yes, that would be lovely,” Rebecca replied in a simpering voice that Samuel would immediately recognize as her tone used only on the rare occasions that she was going to pleasure him in bed.

Lamonte offered his free arm, and Rebecca eagerly took it. Without any further ado, he led them down the deck to the guest quarters, the remainder of their party trailing a short distance behind. As for Samuel, he was trying to keep up with his wife, but struggled with the much longer steps of Lamonte. Ultimately, that meant that his desperate chase

was observed by all four of the others, as was his inability to actually take back his woman.

It didn't take long at all for them to drop off their luggage. After that was a short tour around the cruise ship, with the whole party staying together. For the most part, it consisted of Jessica and Michelle flirting outrageously with their escorts, while Rebecca still tried to keep things ambiguous for the sake of Samuel's eventual breakdown.

Drinks were consumed, and slowly, the subtle teasing and barbs grew unmistakably explicit.

“So just how far are you willing to go to serve us?” Michelle purred into her escort's ear as they strolled around the perimeter of one of the ship's many pools.

His answer to that came in the form of a large hand reaching down to cup half of her ass. From her yelp, he gave a healthy squeeze as well.

“Oh my,” Michelle gasped. “Perhaps... perhaps I'm feeling a little tired. Let's go back to our rooms, shall we?”

“Gladly,” Marcel purred right back, and everyone else could see as his fingers massaged her rear, squeezing and seizing it like it truly belonged to him.

It was an exquisite walk back to their rooms. There was something undeniably arousing about watching these little fragments of foreplay, knowing full well that it would

immediately lead to wild, uninhibited fucking the moment that they were behind closed doors. Jessica and Khalan were quieter, but no less handsy, and they didn't even stand out because no matter where you looked, everyone else on the ship was partaking in the same lusty flirting.

Everyone except Rebecca, Lamonte, and Samuel. Bit by bit, the pieces were falling into place, and now she knew exactly how she would punish her cowardly husbanding for deceiving her for all these years with his thin facade of masculinity.

The pairs split off into their own rooms, which were adjacent to Rebecca's. Lamonte stepped into her own room, clearly already anticipating her needs.

Left alone with Samuel, Rebecca could see the desperate hope wafting off of him. His eyes were begging her to send Lamonte away so that they could be alone. The little loser probably didn't even see that in terms of being able to fuck her himself. He was just a scared man who didn't want to lose a woman that he didn't even understand.

“Actually, Samuel, would you mind going and getting me a drink? I think I saw they were serving margaritas down on the deck below.”

He stared at her, uncomprehending. She was sending *him* away? He was to leave his wife alone with a man that made him look like a little boy in comparison?



“I would really appreciate it,” she added with a beaming smile.

Sweat dripped from his brow as he looked around, but there was no salvation coming for him.

“O... okay,” he stammered, and then she stepped inside and slammed the door in his face. After a moment, she heard his footsteps retreating.

Lamonte was leaning against the far wall, thick arms crossed in front of his chest. The temptation was overwhelming to lay down on the bed with her ass up in the air and let him take control, but something far juicier awaited if she could be patient for just a little while longer.

“How do you feel about fucking my husband instead?”

Her escort blinked, then frowned. “You don’t want me to please you?”

“This would please me. Besides, it wouldn’t be so bad, would it? After all, he’s practically built like a woman already,” she pointed out.

Lamonte considered that for a moment, then shrugged. “You’re the mistress.”

“Perfect,” Rebecca whispered to herself.

The cabin itself was rather small, but the bed looked extremely comfortable, and more than big enough for their needs.

“Just have your way with him when he arrives,” she called over her shoulder as she slipped into the attached restroom. “Oh, and don’t tell him where I am. I promise to give you a fitting reward later.”

With the door closed and lights off, she was quite certain that Samuel wouldn’t be able to tell she was in here. The only question was whether she’d be able to hear well enough to truly enjoy what was to come.

It was only a matter of moments before the door leading outside opened once again. Her husband must have run as fast as he could to get her drink and get back before anything too untoward had happened. The sissy had no idea.

“Rebecca? I got your...”

“She ain’t here,” Lamonte said quietly, but his deep voice carried easily. “Come on in and set the drink down, she’ll be back soon.”

There were quiet, tentative footsteps as Samuel obeyed.

“Hm, maybe she was right about you,” Lamonte remarked, followed by the door to outside closing and cutting off her husband’s escape.

“What do you mean?” Samuel asked, his voice just a little higher than normal. He was panicking, and as always, Rebecca felt her body heating up in response.

“I mean that you look like you’d feel just like a woman with the lights out.”

Samuel’s breath caught in a strangled yelp, then there was a soft thud and the creaking of the bed. Not another word was exchanged, and Rebecca could only imagine exactly what had transpired.

Lamonte must have grabbed her husband and tossed him down. What sort of wonderful faces were the two of them making at this very moment?

“You gonna lie and tell me that you haven’t been dreaming about this?” Lamonte teased. The sound of clothing hit the floor.

“I wouldn’t dream of— I’m married! I can’t!” Samuel cried out, which was followed by another muffled yelp and even more creaking.

Rebecca couldn’t take it anymore. She had to get a glimpse of this even if it meant getting caught. Ever so slowly, she eased the bathroom door open until she could peer through the crack and watch the scene unfolding before her.

Her husband was down on his back, staring up at Lamonte, who was contemplating the thin, elfin man lying before him. The black man was wearing absolutely nothing at all, and from her angle, Rebecca could see both his toned ass and his swelling cock. He was getting more aroused by the second at Samuel's cowering embarrassment.

“Roll over,” Lamonte barked, and her husband obeyed in an instant. He even stuck his ass up in the air for easy access. What an obedient little sissy he was.

Rebecca found herself reaching beneath her own underwear. This was simply too delicious to pass up.

“Yeah, that ass will do, boy. But not today. For now, I just wanna see if those lips are really as good at sucking dick as they look.”

Samuel yelped, and perhaps he even tried to resist, but with one arm, Lamonte lifted him from the bed and plopped his ass down on the ground, forcing his back against the frame of the bed and putting him at a very convenient height for his purposes.

“Kiss it,” Lamonte demanded.

It was impossible to see what Samuel's exact expression was, but Rebecca could imagine well enough. Too much was obscured from her vantage point, but his whimpering

cries carried clearly, as did the wet, sucking kiss as he took the tip of another man's cock into his mouth.

“Damn, white boy, you're a natural,” Lamonte growled, his hand settling atop Samuel's head. “Or are you a white girl?”

The next few minutes passed in a blur, with Lamonte grunting and thrusting with increasing forcefulness, Samuel gagging and choking on the cock, and Rebecca stroking herself straight to a glorious climax.

“You better suck this all down, sissy,” Lamonte grunted, then he grabbed Samuel's head with both hands and held him down, unloading his orgasm down the man's throat.

Rebecca closed her eyes and listened to the sounds alone, feeling herself cresting orgasm after orgasm. It was a shattering sequence of pleasure that Samuel had never been able to give her on his own.

When she opened her eyes, she had no idea how long had passed, but Lamonte was gone. Her husband was sobbing alone in their cabin.

And then, a new, devilish thought crossed her mind. Straightening her clothes out, she pushed the door open and waited for him to notice her.

It was impossible to tell where the tears ended and the flecks of cum began, just as it was impossible to tell which

parts of him were red from the exertion of being a good little cocksucker and which parts were red from his weeping.

“It’s— it’s not what it looks like,” he cried. Was his brain so scrambled that he couldn’t even connect the dots? If she’d come out of the bathroom, then surely she had witnessed absolutely everything, and yet he was desperately clinging to the most obvious lie in the world.

She could have called him out, but something stopped her.

“I see,” she said as she lifted the margarita from the table where he’d left it. Nothing had ever tasted better in her life.

“Rebecca,” Samuel said, his voice nearly silent. He wasn’t even looking at her anymore, such was his shame.

“Yes, darling?” she asked as she took a seat on the opposite side of the bed. Their backs to one another, she was already dreaming of what tomorrow may bring.

“Can you... can you help me cum?”

Oh the poor little man. Was his cock so hard that it hurt after his mouth was used as a fuckhole by a real man?

“I’m rather tired,” Rebecca lied through her teeth. “In fact, I think I might just go to bed.”

He stifled his sobbing as she undressed and sank down into the inviting covers. She had to strain her ears to listen, but she could make out the sound of him vigorously beating his meat. Was some of the cum and tears on his face dripping down to fall on his much smaller cock and make the most depressing lube in the world?

Incredible.

The next morning, Rebecca slipped out of her room before Samuel woke up. He had eventually managed to sink into a fitful sleep full of nightmares. Part of that was probably because she had forced him to sleep on the floor because he was too much of a mess for the nice, clean bed.

Once she stepped outside, she put the next phase of her plan into motion. A quick knock on the adjacent doors brought Michelle and Jessica out, both walking crookedly and smiling vaguely.

When they heard Rebecca's request, they immediately sobered up and began to giggle. It only took a few moments to explain her desires, and then the pair snuck into the room where Samuel was sleeping.

Rebecca spent only a few minutes at the railing, reflecting on the beautiful water and straining her ears to hear any yelps and cries coming from her room, when Lamonte joined her.

He sidled up next to her, nearly enveloping her with his body. She could feel the stirring warmth and stiffness of his cock pressed against her hip, and his hand rested on her own like it was perfectly natural.

This was what it was like to be with a man who knew what he wanted. There was no pleading and begging over every little thing, no simpering and crying about whether he was hurting her feelings. There was just taking what he wanted and putting the ball in her court.

“How was yesterday?” she asked.

His eyes burned down into her. “It’s all relative. If you get down on your knees, then I can tell you which of you is better.”

Rebecca shuddered and had to physically force herself to resist.

“Save your load, stud. My Sam is inside getting ready for you.”

He grinned at that. “His ass really did look delicious. I’ll have fun with it.”

A knock on the door behind them signaled that Jessica and Michelle were done. The two women emerged, took one look at Lamonte, and smirked.



“Have fun you two,” they said as they returned to their own rooms to enjoy their respective lovers. “We got him nice and ready for you.”

When Rebecca and Lamonte stepped into her cabin, the sight that greeted them was almost beyond belief. Samuel was gone, and in his place was a perfectly enchanting young woman, dressed in a fine summer dress, with long black hair and trying to hide her face. When Lamonte stepped forward and forcefully lifted the girl’s chin, Rebecca marveled at the light, airy makeup that highlighted every feminine touch of the girl’s face.

She could already imagine exactly what had happened. When she’d sent her friends in to give Samuel a makeover, she’d expected him to resist at least a little bit, but he had clearly been too much of a pussy for that. Instead, he’d allowed himself to be dressed and made up, transformed into a woman.

And he hadn’t fought back at all. If she’d had any second thoughts about humiliating her husband, they were completely gone now. He *deserved* to have the whole world know of his shame.

Thick, rich eyelashes fluttered as he struggled to meet the gaze of Lamonte. One man was so hard and massive that his cock was threatening to burst right out of his shorts.

The other man was likely just as hard, but his cock was so tiny that it didn't even lift his dress.

“So this is the man I married,” Rebecca said, unable to keep the scorn from her voice. “Lamonte, maybe you should check to see if he even *is* a man.”

Samuel squealed as he was gripped by the shoulders and rolled over onto his belly. His legs dangled off the edge of the bed as the black man hiked up his dress, revealing a shapely ass.

“Sure looks like a fine woman to me,” Lamonte mused. “Feels more like a Samantha to me.” With that, he reached down and squeezed one cheek, then the other. Sam yelped once more, but said nothing.

“You don't even have anything to say now? No apologies to the wife that you deceived?” Rebecca said with a sigh.

“I'm sorry—” Samuel began to whimper.

“Too late,” Rebecca cut in. “Lamonte, play with him as you see fit. If he's a man, he'll fight back.”

She watched with a twisted smile because Samuel most certainly did fight back. Or at least he tried to. He struggled and kicked and cried out for mercy, but Lamonte managed to restrain him with just a single hand. With the other, he pulled his shorts down and began to stroke his massive, expectant cock.

And yet, as Rebecca watched, she knew that this pathetic performance wasn't the best that her husband could muster. He wasn't putting everything into this. He didn't really *want* to break free, he just didn't want his wife to judge him so ruthlessly.

Poor man.

The moment that Lamonte's cock pressed against that puckered virgin asshole, Samuel completely froze. The only sound was a growing groan as the head forced its way in, inch by inch. The groaning turned to crying, then the pain turned to pleasure and Lamonte gripped his lover's head, forcing him down into the sheets.

Muffled, choking groans were mixed with begging, but Samuel was completely lost to the sensation. He begged for Rebecca to forgive him just as much as he begged for his big black lover to destroy his tight little asshole and turn him into his fuckslave forever.

One slap echoed as hand hit asscheek, followed by another. Samuel's flesh was burning red, and his yelps grew more and more pleasurable with every stroke.

Rebecca was surprised when the door opened behind her, but it was only Jessica, Michelle, and their two lovers. All were in various states of undress, but all were obviously aroused and ready to enjoy themselves.

"We had an idea," Michelle said.

“We thought that our dear Sam might want to watch how a real man fucks his wife. Just to learn what she likes, you know?” Jessica continued.

Samuel didn't appear to notice their arrival, but that wasn't exactly a surprise. After all, he was face-down, ass-up with a cock more than twice as big as his stretching out his asshole, not a drop of lube in sight.

Rebecca smiled. That would make this particularly fun.

Without a word, she walked up to Jessica's lover. She pulled him down to taste his lips and give him a deep kiss, then grabbed him by the cock and led him over to Michelle's man. Likewise, she tasted him and used her other hand to take him by the cock.

With her two toys in tow, she strolled around to the other side of the bed, where all Samuel had to do was look up in order to see what was going on.

There was a convenient little table that most couples probably shared a cup of morning coffee at. As for Rebecca, it was the perfect place to hop up onto, lie down on, and let her hair fan out as Marcel placed his fat cock between her lips. At the other end, Khalan rested his equally massive member atop her pussy, letting it simply lie there and stimulate her to even greater wetness.

It took her a moment to adjust herself to the cocks at both ends, but her dildo her prepared her where her husband

had not. In short order, she was enjoying a thorough spitroasting. One man held her head and pummeled the back of her throat, while the other was driving deep and hard into her pussy, reaching places that her husband couldn't even touch in his dreams.

Perhaps it was her wailing moans that did the trick. Perhaps it was the fact that Lamonte grabbed Samuel by his wig and pulled him up to look. Either way, when her husband caught sight of his wife being ruthlessly used as a pair of holes, she saw something in his heart utterly snap. Beneath tear-streaked makeup, his face went completely blank. His eyes were utterly vacant, yet the entire bed continued to creak as Lamonte plundered his asshole over and over and over again.

With a wet *plop*, Rebecca pulled out the cock that was tickling her tonsils. "You do know... fuck, that's good, Khalan. But Samuel, you do know what will happen if anyone finds out about this, right? What would your strict, proper family think if they found out that you not only had a thing for this, but let your wife be defiled by other men right in front of you?"

Samuel didn't react at all, he just kept right on taking that big black cock. At least, that's what she thought at first, but then she noticed that one of his hands was working down to his own crotch. Her pathetic little sissy of a husband was starting to jerk himself off at the sight of his wife

getting railed, at the sensation of a black bull taking his anal virginity, at the threat of being exposed and humiliated to his entire family.

Behind them, Rebecca noted with approval that Jessica and Michelle both had their phones out, recording the entire scene from two different angles.

After only a few seconds, Samuel shuddered and shook, his petite little frame trembling as he came down the front of his pants. Behind him, Lamonte took one last thrust, then emptied himself completely within the crossdressing little slut. Even from this far away, Rebecca could see the wet, sticky cum dripping down around his sheathed cock. Her husband had been completely filled, and even now, his own cum must have been pooling around his belly and staining the sheets. That would definitely be his side of the bed tonight.

With a sigh, Rebecca let her head fall back and stare at Marcel's delightful cock. "Please violate my throat. It appears that my husband has passed out, and I want to have you giving me a nice creamy facial on video for when he wakes up."

It was going to be a long, *long* cruise.