

Plans Interrupted: The Subjugation

By Gator13fla

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Part II of Plans Interrupted

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Plans Interrupted

(Thanks for the kind comments from everyone. Always open to comments and suggestions.)

Part 2 (Subjugation)

I feel Shelly's thighs tighten with fear on my head preventing me from getting up. Her wet pussy muffles my voice as I attempt to ask who the hell is in our bedroom. With my head between her thighs I can't see the intruders, but still I struggle to rise before I hear another voice.

"Better tell your hubby to stay still little lady. We don't want to hurt anyone", says the low male voice. I watch as Shelly takes one hand away from her naked breast and places it on the side of my face. Her eyes focus on mine and her lips silently tell me to stop.

"That's a good girl. Now tell your husband to just sit still and it will all be over with in a jiffy." He says with a mocking laugh.

I suddenly am aware of my nakedness as the cool breeze of the ceiling fan blows across my leaking cock. Shelly's hot thighs tremble slightly on either side of my head. Her wet pussy contracts involuntarily with each tremble sending drops of her wetness down her pussy lips and onto my face. My confused mind fights between the urge to rise and defend my wife against this man and the urging from my wife to lay still.

Shelly relaxes her thighs slightly so that I can hear and turn my head. Peering over her left thigh, I see not one man, but four young men standing in our bedroom. All four of them are standing there with what can only be described as sadistic smiles. Their eyes devour Shelly as she sits atop me, her thighs straddling my face. Her one hand rests on my cheek, stroking me in an attempt to keep me calm and lying still. The other arm folded under her 38C breasts, supporting them while also trying to hide her large areolas and stiff nipples.

“Now, shall we discuss how you two were teasing us in the parking lot?” sneers the black haired young man standing closest to us. He is wearing a pair of black jeans with the wear marks and holes in them that today’s youth spend so much money on. His black polo shirt clings tightly to his wiry muscular frame as he gestures absently to the rest to spread out in the room. The other guys spread abreast of the “leader” cutting off the exit and the bedside phone. Two of the guys are built much like the leader, only a bit smaller. The third one, however, is much larger. Looking up at him, I estimate him to be about 6’ 4” and black as a moonless night. His leer is a white gash across his shiny dark face.

“You were such a slut back in the parking lot. Letting everyone know just how horny you were. We thought we would come on over and make sure you got taken care of. After all, a hot little slut like you can’t be satisfied by one *little* man.” he said laughingly as he motioned toward me.

Shelly held my face in restraint as she said to them, “Please leave. We’ll forget you were ever here. Please go” she said with a shaky voice. Looking up at her, I see her face flush with shame. Though scared, she must be embarrassed by being caught atop my face as well as the men reminding her of her slutty statement and behavior at the restaurant.

The leader approaches closer and Shelly tightens her arm across her chest. “Come on now baby. We heard you loud and clear. Only a real slut would tease not only her husband, but everyone she could like that,” he says as he reaches out and rubs the back of his hand across her cheek. Her face flushes redder at the contact but she does not pull away. I assume she is frozen with fear, but I feel her pussy spit a small stream of juice out onto my face as her thighs flex in on me once again.

“What do you want?” she says as she hangs her head.

“Well first of all, you can tell your husband to stay right where he is. We don’t want him to get hurt now do we” the leader says as he strokes his hand down from your cheek to your neck. A tremble runs through you as you turn your head away from him. I stare up at you to try and hold your gaze to give you some strength, but you turn your head away from me as well.

A shadow crosses over me and I see the leader lower his face down towards mine. “Now little man, whatever shall we do with you? Seems you have had your turn,” he says as he turns his head and laughs with the others. “Better yet, let’s let the little slut tell us.”

He grasps Shelly’s chin and firmly pulls her back to face him. “Well slut, what should we do with him?”

Shelly turns her head and looks me in the eye. A momentary pause in her reply seems to anger the leader as he pulls her face back to face him.

“Maybe we’ll let Jim take him downstairs and make sure he behaves while we satisfy that itch of yours sweetness. What do you think? We’ll let Jim come up later after we’ve had our fill. After all, we have to warm you up before Big Jim has his shot at you”, he says with menace. Behind him, the large black man laughs.

“No, please don’t hurt my husband. Please just leave,” she says as her eyes plead with the dark haired man. Her hand falls to my chest as she leans toward the intruder, pleading with him.

The leader, shaking his head as if in pity, closes on her and runs his hand from her shoulder down to her right breast. Shelly lowers her head in shame as he cups her firm tit and uses his thumb to strum across her large nipple. Though already semi-hard, it now hardens and juts out with the attention. With an evil smile, the leader grasps it between his thumb and forefinger and gives it a rough squeeze while pulling it out and away from her breast. A stifled gasp escapes her lips as she leans forward and places both of her hands squarely on her thighs. I’m frozen in place as I watch the man roughly pinch and tug at her nipple. Your face twists into a look of what...pain? My mind is soon answered as you pull your lip into your mouth and bite it gently, a low moan escaping from deep within you.

“Well now, that’s more like it little lady,” he says as his fingers continue to twist and pull your thick bud as your hips start to rock on my face once more. Your thighs tighten on me as your pussy grinds against my chin and mouth, your wetness now starting to flow once again.

“Now that you are getting warmed up, I’ll ask you again. What should we do with that poor excuse of a husband?” he says as he tightens his grip on your nipple harshly. Your eyes pop open with this assault and your lips open, but no sound comes. Yours eyes then slam shut as a guttural moan escapes you again.

“Please, don’t hurt him. Please. I’ll do anything you want,” she gasps as she continues to grind on my face and arches her back into his hand. The sound of her pussy grinding onto my face makes a squelching noise. Her hips buck back and forth as her body betrays her.

Shelly stops her hips abruptly and looks me square in the eyes. “Please just let him sit by the bed. I promise he’ll just sit there. Won’t you babe?” she says firmly as she looks down pleadingly at me. My mind races in confusion. Having gone from having being teased by my wife at the restaurant, being attacked by her once we were home, having our sex interrupted by these intruders and fighting the urge to fight back, and now, seeing her body respond to the roughness of this man, my mind almost

shuts down with overload. But, as I look up at her, I see her nod her head slightly, pleading with me silently to agree.

"I'll sit," I mumble from between her legs. It goes against every fiber of my being to agree to this, but what choice did I have. At least if they allowed me to stay here, I could perhaps find a way to end this somehow. I breathed out deeply as I shut my eyes against the nightmare that this night was turning into.

Expecting to have Shelly rise off of me, I was surprised when she began to buck her hips again. Her wet pussy rubbed roughly against my chin and mouth as the leader began to pinch and pull at her other nipple. Shelly's eyes screwed tight and her mouth opened as her breath began to quicken. The man leaned down and took the other nipple in his mouth and sucked hard as his fingers pulled her nipple harshly away from her breasts. I had never been that rough with her before and was amazed at how she was responding to this treatment. Her chest flushed with excitement as he manhandled her nipple and suckled the other.

I was licking her pussy and clit as fast as I could to keep from drowning in the flood of her juices. I could not help it, but I wanted to give her one good orgasm before the men did whatever it was they intended to do to her. I envisioned her being fucked and hurt by these men, so now, I wanted to give her pleasure as best as I could. I know that it sounds rather perverse and illogical, but I was caught up in her apparent excitement. With her pussy gushing on my face and her pheromones filling my nostrils, my own body reacted and I felt my cock harden and leak pre-cum even more.

My tongue ached as I extended it as far as I could into her slick pussy. The wetness of her excitement made a smacking noise as she forced her sex hard into my face, grinding it onto my tongue. Above her moans and his slurping, I heard the remainder of the group laughing at me as Shelly grudge fucked her pussy all over my face, using me as a tool to help her reach her orgasm. And I could tell, that orgasm was fast approaching.

Looking up, I saw her clench her lips tight and grab the young man's head and pull it into her chest as she thrust her hips down one final time against my searching mouth. His hands pulled her nipple out as far as it he could before it snapped out of his grip. She threw her head back and a high pitched scream escaped her lips. The searing hot wetness of her gushing orgasm hit my nose and eyes as Shelly came with a force I had never seen. I fought to lick and suck her juices as they squirted all over my face and into my mouth. Her thighs again clenched tightly against my head as her whole body shook over and over again. The initial wave must have lasted three or four minutes. As her thighs started to relax and her body began to sag, the dark haired intruder bit down hard on her right nipple. With another shrill scream, her body stiffened and Shelly shot her head back again, her teeth clenched tightly and a tear running out of the corner of her tightly shut eyes.

The man then ran his hand down her stomach as she arched forward, her hips grinding into my face. I watched as, inches from my eyes, he reached out with his thumb and forefinger and pinched her clit harshly. Shelly's left hand reached down and grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked me up into her squirting pussy. His mouth never left her tit as his teeth continued to dig into her nipple, yet I heard the guttural laugh as Shelly rode my face with a vengeance. His fingers pinching and tugging her now swollen and purple clit brought her to a crashing series of orgasms. And all the while, Shelly pulled me further and further into her pussy as she rode through them over and over again.

The leader lifted his mouth from her nipple and Shelly fell forward, grasping the headboard for support as her pussy leaked over my face and her thighs quavered with the last vestiges of her orgasms. The air shifted as the other three men closed in around her. The air heavy with her scent, I raised my hands to try and roll her off me so that I could..... So that I could do what, I thought to myself. My mind racing with the odds of overwhelming four men with nothing but my bare hands, I started to wiggle out from under my wife.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my stomach. Thinking it's one of the men I struggle even more as I suddenly realize it would be better to try and fight these men off and be beaten than to lie here and watch what I could only imagine would happen next. I raise my head and twist my hips to try and mount my attack.

At that moment, I feel Shelly tighten her thighs on either side of my head and reach down with her hand and place it on my cheek. "Stay still sweetheart," she says with glazed eyes and a dreamy look that bewilders me. Thoroughly confused, I stilled myself and let my head drift back to the bed. The hand on my stomach strokes back and forth until I feel it running down toward my cock. It quickly encircles it and begins to smooth the pre-cum over my glans.

"What?" I almost say aloud as I quickly realize it is Shelly's hand manipulating my manhood. Looking up from beneath her dripping pussy, I see her close her eyes as her hand strokes my cock up and down. Her other hand comes up to her nipple, twisting and pulling it as her lips part and her breath quickens.

"Well, well....it seems the little slut has become quite aroused," the lead man says with a sneer. "It sure didn't take much to set her off," he continues as he motions for the other men to come closer. I feel their presence encircling us as Shelly begins to moan and stroke me faster. Her other hand moving faster and faster over my hard cock makes it throb in her tight grip. I want to protest, but my rapidly approaching orgasm has me momentarily mute. Laying my head back, I realize that I'm about to explode.

“No, no, no...that’s not going to happen,” I hear as the leader grabs Shelly’s closest nipple and gives it a sharp twist. She emits a sharp gasp, but does not pull away from him. Instead, she removes her hand from her other nipple and closes it around his fingers. Expecting her to try and pull his hand away, she strokes his wrist and arm as she raises her eyes up to meet his.

“Please,” she whispers as her hand stops manipulating my cock and joins her other hand as they now both stroke his arm.

“Where’s your manners?” he asks Shelly. “Guests always come first,” he says as he pulls on her nipple until it reaches its limits and pops out of his grip. “You just need to tell your little husband to wait his turn,” he says as he lowers his head so that he can look me in the eye. I look up and see is sneering smile and renew my efforts to rise and fight.

Shelly again clinches her thighs and, in a firm voice says, “Stop it!”

I feel myself break into a smile as I wait to hear her tell these guys to go to hell and leave. I’m sure that that would not change anything, but it would give me the satisfaction of seeing him verbally put in his place.

“He’ll sit quietly. Just let me get up,” she says as she bows her head again. My chest tightens as I hear my wife submit to this young man. Crude laughter fills the room as his buddies laugh at me and my wife. I look over and see the young men taking off their jackets and looking about the room. One of them, a blonde haired guy with multiple tattoos and both ears pierced finds a chair in the corner and brings it closer to the bed. I expect him to sit, but he brings it right to the head of the bed and places it facing it.

Jim, the intimidating black man, appears with a handful of my ties. His dark face smiling down at me, he motions for me to get up.

Shelly looks down at me and says firmly, “Do it.” I nod my head and look into her eyes. I expect to see what.....fright, understanding, regret? Instead, I see a firm set to her jaw and a stern look in her eyes.

My mind cannot reconcile this sudden change in her. Is she putting on an act in an attempt just expedite this whole mess so that they will leave? Or, is she truly *commanding* me to obey these assholes?

Shelly climbs off of me and stand beside the bed. Looking down on me, she bows her head as the leader wraps his arm around her waist. His fingers toying with the lace on her garter as he raises his

other hand to her breasts yet again. Her nipples are both rock hard and he renews his assault on them. Shelly whimpers and moans, but remains standing by his side.

Jim motions for me to get off the bed and sit in the chair. I can't take my eyes off of the scene of my wife being mauled by this man as I numbly rise and sit in the chair. My mind tells me to attack these men that are amusing themselves with my wife, but my body merely follows their commands. I feel two large hands grab my shoulders and force me into the chair. The fingers dig into my shoulders as he holds me in place. The tattooed man takes the handful of ties from the one they called Jim and rapidly tie my wrists tightly to the back legs of the chair. He then binds my ankles to the front legs.

"Should we tie up his cock too?" he chides as I realize that he is not directing this question at the leader. Instead, he is looking up into Shelly's downcast face.

"Yes please," she says with a slight nod.

I can't believe what I'm hearing as I snap my head up. My eyes search out Shelly's in question at her reply. Her face is shadowed but I see her eyes sparkle as they lock onto mine. A subtle smile plays across her lips for a fleeting second before she raises her face and says, "Tie it to his thigh."

Mr. Tattoo smacks Jim's thigh and laughs. "You're going to have to do that slut. I'm not messing with that little cock," he says as he hands Shelly a tie.

She looks up to the leader as if asking permission. He gives her a curt nod and she gets down on her knees before me. Her right hand grabs my cock and pulls the stiff member down until it is parallel with my left thigh. I feel the skin at the base of my dick tighten as she holds it in place with one hand and starts wrapping the tie around my cock and thigh tightly. Once she had several wraps around them, she tied both ends in a knot. I feel my cock fighting the bonds as it throbs at her touch. But, with it bent and tied at that unnatural angle, it pulls at me with a sharp pain.

I look down at Shelly as she rests her hands on my thighs. The golden band of her wedding ring gleams in stark contrast to my pale thighs. I watch as she reaches up toward Jim for another tie. Once more, she lowers one hand and grabs my balls. Tugging them upward, she starts to wrap it tightly around my sac as she pulls my balls firmly away from my groin. Several wraps later, she ties both ends together tightly as my hips flinch at the sudden pain from this.

I can't believe my wife has just tied up my cock and balls without being instructed to by these men. And yet, she did so with apparent willingness. As she rose, her eyes briefly sought out mine. Her eyes shone with a sadistic gleam. As she used my thigh for support as she rose, she flicked the tip of my straining cock with her finger. A high pitched giggle filled my ears as she returned to the man's

side and looked down at me.

“Now then, shall we all get comfortable?” he said as the group began to undress.

Shelly smiled at him and climbed on the bed. The overhead light caught the shimmer of her stocking clad legs as she planted her feet wide apart and spread her legs open. Her hands rubbed up her sides and her fingers found her tight nipples. She grabbed both of them and began to twist them back and forth as she closed her eyes and moaned loudly.

“Come on guys. I’m about to explode and need some cock!” she said in a low lusty voice.

As the guys set about getting naked, Shelly looked over at me and pursed her lips together and made a kissing noise.

“Now Kyle, you just sit there and watch these young studs give me what I need. Watch them take me like you never have before!”, she said as her eyes returned to the group of now naked men.

“Come on boys. Let’s show the little hubby how real men can satisfy a woman.”

{To be continued}