

## **A Cuckold on the Slopes: Interracial Hotwife Erotica**

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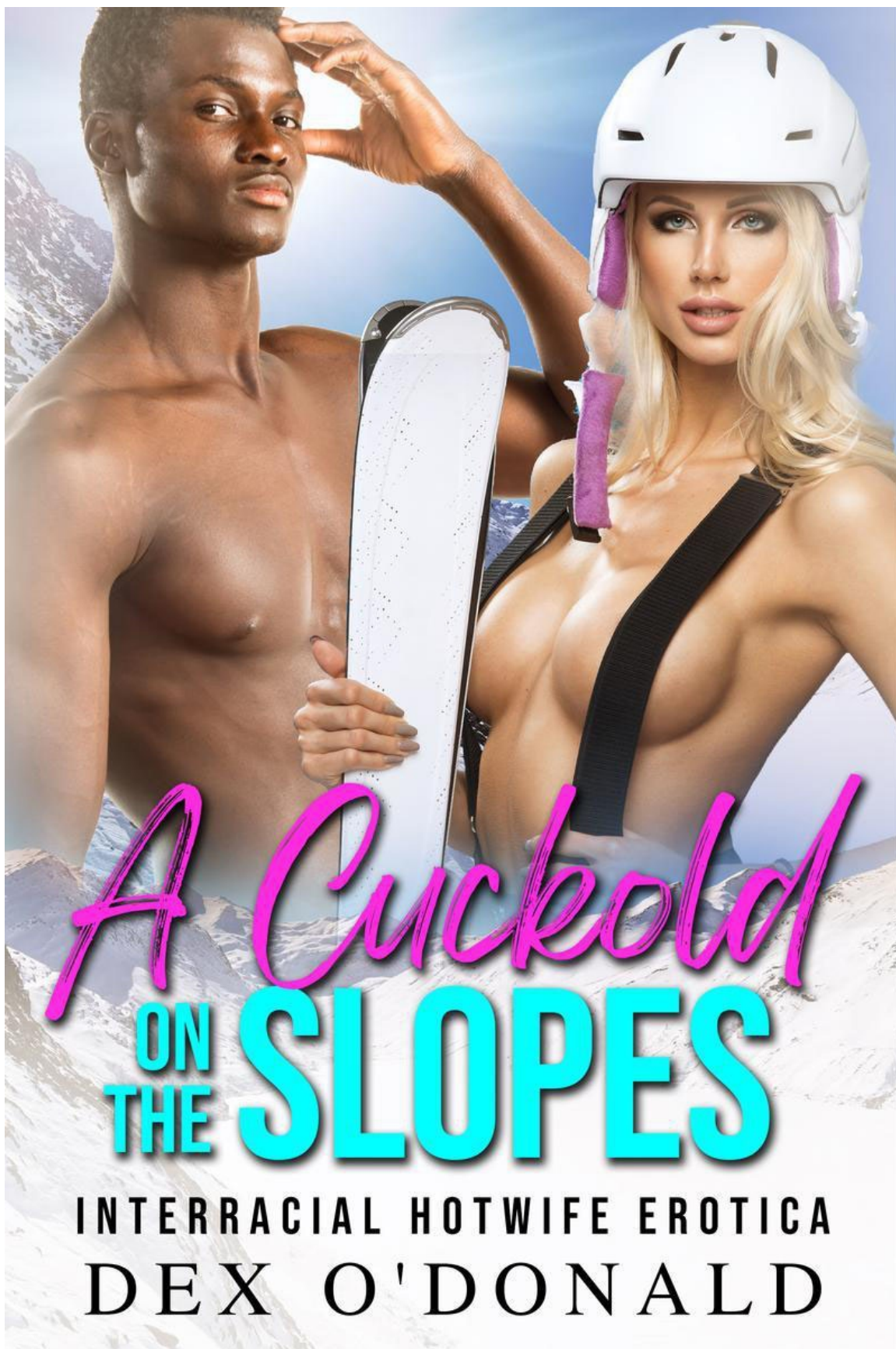
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# *A Cuckold* **ON THE SLOPES**

INTERRACIAL HOTWIFE EROTICA  
DEX O'DONALD

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“Stop being such a pussy, David” Mandy said through clenched teeth. “I’m not going to wait for you all day like last time!”

“Not so loud,” David scanned the lift line to see if anyone had heard her. “I’m doing the best I can.”

“Your best isn’t good enough. Not for thirty degrees, sunshine, and fresh powder. How often do we get days like this, David? Man-up or go back to the lodge.”

“Would you please lower your voice?”

“I’ll stop ridiculing you when you find your balls and get down the mountain faster than the toddlers that are lapping you.”

David heard chuckling from behind them in the line, several men trying to stifle laughter. They were getting looks from the people in front of them, too, head shakes and pitiful stares. David shifted in his ski’s and shuffled forward, sliding through fresh snow, and getting ever closer to the lift at the front of the line.

“I’m not kidding,” Mandy looked out across the mountain, avoiding eye contact with her husband, “if I get to the bottom of that first dip and you aren’t right behind me, I’m moving on. See you when I see you.”

David said nothing this time, realizing that any response he gave only fired her up more. That’s how she was. Even in the heart of the Rocky Mountains she burned hot; emotionally, physically.

It was warm for 9,000 feet, and Mandy had her ski jacket zipped down to the bottom of her sternum. In the cloudless sunlight it was easy to see the straps of her suspenders running taut across her braless breasts, the soft white flesh pushing out in all directions under the pull of the black fabric. It occurred to David that the only part of her tits you couldn’t see were the nipples, hiding feebly under the suspender straps.

It made him feel weak, being belittled that way while she dressed so flagrantly. He knew the men behind them, the ones chuckling, had gotten their eye-full. They had repositioned in line so as to see over David’s shoulders and directly at the free show that was his wife’s tits. More than once, he’d seen Mandy’s eyes drift towards where they stood...looking up and over, hiding a playful smirk.



“Aren’t you cold?” he asked. They made a final scoot to the head of the line, waiting for the lift chair to scoop them up.

“Worry less about my tits and more about skiing, David,” she rolled her eyes. “I can assure you there are other men on this mountain who’d love to take me skiing.”

The insult cut into his stomach like a hot knife, and he opened his mouth to argue, but suddenly the lift chair was at his thighs, cupping him, taking them both up and away.

The morning air was cold, but the bright blue sky made it more than bearable. The lift chair ascended the mountain, a constant hum on the line as they flew above the white slopes running beneath their dangling skis. They traveled into the shadow of an Evergreen grove, the temperature dropping with a sudden immediacy.

David looked at Mandy to see if she’d zip up for warmth. Instead, she reached into the pocket of her jacket and produced a small, metal flask. Unscrewing the lid, she tilted her head back and drank deep. Mandy wiped her lips and handed it to her husband.

“Liquid courage,” she smirked, “you need all the help you can get.”

When they reached the top, they were able to dismount without any major collisions; on the previous run David had lost control of his left ski and ran directly into her. That’s when the bad mood had started. There was no way in hell he would chance running into her again, opting to ski off the side of the mountain before chancing it in her direction.

They maneuvered over to where the run started; a vast hill, powdered and sparkling in the sun. All about them other skiers and snowboarders roamed, adjusting equipment, or waiting for friends. Others wasted no time at all, pushing off and starting a quick descent down the mountain.

David and Mandy stood side by side, staring down the slope. It ran at a smooth incline and opened into a vast, mostly flat field that eventually dipped down a hill even steeper than the one they were looking down.

“Are you ready?” she asked, buckling the helmet under her pointed chin.

David watched his wife in the blinding whiteness that surrounded them. The dryness of the air made her lips poutier than usual, redder. They pursed together; tender and luscious, pinching just for a moment when she turned her skis downhill.

David caught a fleeting glimpse of her exposed tummy and tits just before she set off; sifting through fresh snow at the crest of the hill and catching speed as she shot downward. Her slender frame cut wide turns in the hillside, powder spraying high and even from under the edge of her skis. The image of his wife grew small, shrinking against the scale of the mountain, drifting further from where David hesitated at the top of the run.

“Just go,” he told himself. “It’s not that steep. Just go. Go now!”

But his skis stalled; two long noses jutting out over the edge. In his mind he could already hear her yelling, making fun of him in the cruelest way she could. She knew he hated it, the skiing. The cold. The isolation of being the only one on the mountain who didn’t know how to properly get down. Last year, on the last day of the season, he’d fallen on a green run, and it had taken him nearly ten minutes just to get his ski back on. All the while, countless men women and children speeding by him.

Mandy reached the bottom of the first hill and coasted into the wide, white field. She hooked left towards the tree line on the far side, familiar now with the order of operations when she was forced to wait for David. He saw her pull over, remove the helmet, and look up at him. Even from as far away as David was, he could make out the motion of Mandy’s golden head of hair shaking back and forth. Her disembodied voice seemed to be at his ear, telling him not to “take all fucking day”, and to stop being a little “beta pussy.”

David clenched his jaw and moved closer to the edge. He looked down the side; its steep intimidation scowled back. He glanced at Mandy further down; she stood with her weight on one hip, ski poles in the snow, arms crossed over her exposed chest.

Deciding to take his chances with the mountain, David began his descent.

And at first, it went really well for him.

He was able to make a smooth turn to the right, shifting his weight into his uphill

leg and coasting in a wide U. As he completed the turn, he felt that familiar kick of speed, pushing him sudden and urgent towards the bottom. For a moment he thought he caught a glimpse of Mandy by the trees, no longer angry and fidgeting, but watching in sincere, earnest hope.

David switched the weight to his downhill ski and started to cut a straighter line towards the base of the hill. His speed picked up with sudden urgency, and so did the needle-thin panic that accompanied it. He tried shifting back to the uphill ski, hoping to slow his momentum and begin a wide turn, but his core was weak and untrained, and the ski kicked out to his side – leaving the ground entirely – and then he was on one foot, spinning.

He saw blue sky. The green of treetops. The infinite white of snow.

And then he was on his back, his breath a dull pain in his chest. He sucked air hard and sudden, his shoulders barking a distant pain.

David sat up. On both sides of him skiers and snowboards feinted past, the whoosh of their boards spraying snow in all directions. He looked back to where he'd come from, the high and looming hill, and then to the bottom where his wife waited. He was officially half-way down. He was almost there.

Mandy did not look happy.

In his first futile attempt to stand up, David realized that he'd lost his left ski. It lay splayed in the snow a few feet away, and other skiers were actively dodging it. Using one of his poles, he was able to hook the wayward ski and drag it closer, getting it up and out of the way of other skiers.

*Put your ski on, he told himself. Don't make it a big thing. Put the fucking ski on and get down the hill.*

David dropped the ski in the snow, but it wanted to slide down the hill, steep as it was. He remembered a tip from his first lesson and laid it perpendicular to the grade, stopping its downward ascent but placing it at a difficult angle for a ski boot to lock into.

As he pushed down with his heel to lock the boot, he slipped, falling once more to the cold earth.

Mandy put her helmet on and started to gather her poles. She was leaving.

*Get up and put your fucking ski on you idiot! NOW!*

On his feet, David placed the ski on its side again, this time closer to where he stood. Leaning all his weight into his right foot, he lifted his ski boot high and slammed it into the bindings. Instead of locking into place, his heel slid out, missing the bindings altogether.

*Fuck – fuck - FUCK!*

As he continued to fidget, David saw Mandy glance up one last time, shake her head, and continue down the mountain. No sooner had she gone than his boot found its way into the bindings with a soft click. He was in. He had the skis attached to his feet.

*Now you just gotta get going again. And don't you dare fall!*

David took a deep breath, preparing to resume his descent.

“Try leaning forward,” came a voice from beside him. “You’re too far back. Harder to control that way.”

David turned over his right shoulder and saw a man standing a pole’s length away, a bright red swath against the vivid white backdrop of the mountain. His pants and jacket matched in their fiery brilliance. He wore no helmet, only a pair of ordinary sunglasses shielding his dark eyes from the sun’s reflection against the snow. A black man with a smooth, defined jawline. When he smiled, his face seemed kind; devoid of the impatience that David associated with winter sports.

“Lean into your boots,” the stranger continued, “hinge at the hips but stay tall.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” David said, nodding.

“If you’d like, I can show you. I’ll ski down and wait for you at the bottom. Just follow my trail.”

“That’s kind of you to offer,” David managed a thankful smile, “but I don’t want to hold you up...I’m pretty bad. Could be up here for a while if you know what I mean.”

“Nonsense,” the kind black man shrugged him off, “it’s no trouble for me. I’ll go slow. Watch my turns and use the path I make. OK?”

Without waiting for a response, the crimson skier slipped past David and began a measured, patient descent down the rest of the hill. He carved wide, perfect turns with the slow brilliance of a comet in a white sky. As he made his way down, he called back to David on the center of the slope, offering tips and advice on how best to follow in his tracks.

When it was David’s turn to go down, he felt none of the usual anxiety that came with being watched. There was something calming in the voice of the dark stranger, something confident about the colors he adorned. When he spoke, David listened. When he encouraged, David believed he could.

And he did.

“That’s it man!” the man called from the bottom. “Just like that! Wide curves! It’s OK if you go faster, it’s easier that way. Yes! Like that! You got it man!”

The smile on David’s face shone brighter than the sun bearing down on them by the time he skidded to a stop beside the crimson stranger. Breathless with the trill of it, he tried to thank the man, only to erupt into a coughing fit.

“Not bad at all,” the man clapped him on the shoulder. “Just needed a little confidence.”

“I guess so,” David exhaled, grinning ear to ear. “That was...fun. Thank you.”

“It’s nothing, really. Happy to see you get the hang of it.”

David’s brow came to the man’s shoulder and looking up at him now with the panic of the slope behind him, he noticed for the first time how good-looking the man was. Younger, maybe mid-twenties, with rich, full lips and high ebony cheekbones.

“I’m David by the way,” he offered his gloved hand, “don’t know if I said that up there.”

“Deshawn,” his voice was a masculine bass. “Ready to get down the rest of the mountain?”



“With your help?” David chuckled, “yeah I guess I am ready.”

“Let’s do it then,” Deshawn’s white teeth sparkled like the snow around them.  
“Just take my tracks. Do as I do.”

David followed Deshawn through the field and down the hill beyond it. Around narrow bends and soft dips, icy patches hidden in the shadow of the trees and knee-deep powder along a section that sloped east to west. David lost track of time and fear, his focus now on the path that the crimson stranger provided him. The mountain melted away underneath his skis, and for the first time, he felt it. The edge. The dance.

The ski lift came into view, and thirty seconds later, they were slowing alongside it. David was down the mountain.

“You picked up some steam there at the end,” Deshawn glided effortlessly at David’s shoulder, “looking good my guy.”

“You think so?” David beamed, breathless.

“I know it. You won’t have trouble with that run again.”

“It really felt like I was...”

“Skiing?”

“Yeah. Skiing.”

“Because you were my guy. Because you were.”

David felt alive. Never in his three winters worth of skiing had he gotten down so easy, and with such little trepidation. Something about it made him feel that he could do it again and again, without difficulty.

The two new friends came to a stop a few yards beyond the lift line.

David wondered how long he’d been stuck up on the hill , how far ahead Mandy might have gotten in that period. Looking around, he didn’t see her in line at the lift, or in any of the chairs racing up the hillside.

“My wife sort of ditched me,” he joked, except it wasn’t joke. “I’m not sure if she went back up or maybe onto a different lift. She wasn’t thrilled with me, I’ll say that.”

“Ah. I see,” Deshawn said, “what’s the saying? Unhappy wife, unhappy life?”

The crimson man grinned at David again, but there was something else in it this time. Something like reproach. For a split-second David thought he was going to start giving him relationship advice in the same way he’d offered it on skiing.

“Something like that,” David squinted in the bright morning light.

“Was she angry with you for holding her up? On the slopes I mean?”

“I guess you could say that,” David felt a tinge of discomfort discussing it, as if he were being poked and pried at.

Deshawn cocked his head and examined David for a moment before continuing. “If I’m being too forward, by all means, just say so...but let me ask you this, first. Before coming to the mountain today – did you fuck your wife?”

“Excuse me?” David’s face turned quizzical.

“Your wife. Did you fuck her? This morning before you came to the mountain.”

David’s mouth hung agape, his fidgety tongue licking at the corners.

“Don’t be offended my friend,” DeShawn clapped a meaty paw on David’s shoulder. “I’m only asking because in my experience, a woman’s impatience with her mate often comes from a place of...frustration.”

“I’m not so sure I want to talk about this with you, DeShawn,” David shook his head. “I’m sorry but I don’t think it’s any of your business.”

“Ah, but you brought it up. Didn’t you? You said to me that your wife was angry. I didn’t ask. So why bring it up if not to talk about it my guy?”

David considered this.

“Let me ask you something else, if the first question makes you too

uncomfortable.”

David gave a reluctant nod.

“Did you kiss your wife this morning? Or did you touch her in any sort of intentional way?”

“Well...no, I guess not.”

“And did she to you?”

David shook his head.

DeShawn grinned back. “Happy wife, happy life my guy. This is the saying. So, in the simplest words, make her happy. Fuck your wife. Fuck her so good she remembers her manners when you get on the slopes. Do you see what I’m saying?”

“I guess so,” a nervous chuckle escaped David. “I’m not so sure it’s that easy though, Deshawn. If it were...”

“It is that easy, David. It’s as easy as getting down the mountain.”

“Right...”

In the brief silence that followed, David looked deep into DeShawn’s eyes - who exactly was this man? There was something foreign about him; the tinge of an accent, his strange way of saying things. David wondered if the things DeShawn spoke sounded as taboo to DeShawn as they did to David. David doubted they did.

“How long have you two been married?” DeShawn made no qualms about the prying now; it was going to happen as long as David allowed it.

“A year tomorrow,” he replied.

“Ah. Anniversary. That is very sweet. And your gift to her?”

“A weekend here,” David shrugged. “A ski weekend in the Rockies.”

“And?”

“And...what? That’s it. That’s the gift.”

DeShawn sighed, seemingly and suddenly frustrated with the conversation.

David wondered if it wasn’t time to abandon ship and call it off with his new “friend.” Things had taken a turn for the weird, and he wasn’t sure he was up to facing cultural barriers inside personal conversations about his own sex life.

“I can show you, David. If you would like.” DeShawn said it very matter-of-fact, as if he were offering to buy David a beer.

“Show me what exactly?” David wasn’t there yet, or at the very least wasn’t ready to acknowledge what the black man was proposing. He continued searching the hillside for his wife, confident that she’d taken the lift back up and would be along any moment.

“I can show you what I’m talking about, David,” DeShawn pressed. “Just like skiing. It is easy once you feel it. Feel the edge. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“I’m not sure I do.”

“I will show you how to fuck your –“

“There she is!” David nearly yelled in his excitement, not conscious of what DeShawn was saying to him. Mandy was coming in hot down the hill, her ski jacket now completely unzipped, revealing the entirety of her torso clothed only in a pair of suspenders. She looked beautiful that way, even if David wished he was the only one who got to see it.

“Mandy! Mandy!” David waved his hands over his head, attempting to flag her down. She must not have seen him, as she veered hard right at the last second and headed across the terrain towards a different ski-lift entirely.

“She is your wife?” DeShawn asked, a tinge of astonishment in his voice.

“Sure is. And she’s heading the wrong way.” David frowned.

“She is beautiful, David.”

“Thank you,” David said, distracted by the sight of Mandy as she flew away from him. “But she didn’t see me and there’s no way I can catch up with her now. Fuck.”

DeShawn looked down at David and the furrows of worry across his face.

“I can catch up to her if you would like,” DeShawn said. “It will take me only a moment.”

“Well...she doesn’t really know you and, well...”

“Now or never, David. If she takes the lift, I doubt I will find her again. Too many runs at the top.”

“OK, fine. I guess. Just tell her you’re skiing with David and that – “

DeShawn didn’t wait for him to finish. With a single, powerful push from both poles he was gliding forward, picking up speed, a maroon man with an ebony face on a mission. He never glanced back at David, opting to keep his eyes and his skis forward.

David watched him go, glued to where he stood. What exactly was the plan again? To send a stranger to catch up with his pissed off wife and explain to her that she needed to wait for her slow, idling husband? It was this disturbing thought that got him moving (albeit a good deal slower than Deshawn), towards the far ski lift on the other side of the slope.

When he arrived there five minutes later, the line was nonexistent, and he saw neither his scantily clad wife nor the crimson ski instructor. The chairs were hurling towards the summit of the mountain, most of them empty.

*She must have gone up. He got here too late and probably just went up by himself. That has to be it.*

David waited for the chair to scoop him up and carry him off towards the summit of the mountain. He hoped there were runs easy enough to allow him to get down. And more than that, he hoped Mandy would be at the top waiting for him. As the chair made its ascent, a gust of wind came ripping from the Evergreens and sent his seat to swaying.



DeShawn's voice replayed in his head. Those last few words David hadn't paid attention to in his urgency to find Mandy.

Just like skiing. It is easy once you feel it.

*I will show you how to...*

How to what? Surely DeShawn had not said what it sounded like he said...but still, part of David had heard it. And it was that one word, in that slight off-accent, echoing in his mind as the chair pulled him ever higher.

*Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.*

-

At the top of the lift, David attempted to dismount from the chair with a soft shove off the seat below him. His shaking hand slipped and missed, throwing him entirely off balance, and he found himself on his side and in the snow a moment later. He scrambled in a panic to clear the lane for the next skier, even though the chair behind his was empty.

Once he was composed and out of harm's way, he surveyed his surroundings. It was clear right away that this was no longer the "beginner" portion of the mountain, as every sign marking the runs were stamped with either blue or black circles. David had been down one blue run in his illustrious skiing career, and it had ended with him sliding down most of it on his ass.

Mandy had gotten a good laugh out of that one, back when his ineptitude was still amusing to her.

Scanning the mountainside David saw runs leading off in every direction; some through a grove of Evergreens, others following the towers that supported the ski lift itself. Some of the runs seemed to nosedive straight off a cliff, double black diamonds no doubt, and a death sentence for unskilled skiers like David.

About a hundred yards out straight towards a rockface he caught a glimpse of something red and shiny, with a dark face sitting atop it. DeShawn. His back was to David, and he was gesturing with his hands, talking to someone.

David pushed off with his poles and began to cover the flat ground that separated

them. As he came closer his eyes adjusted and he was able to make out the shape of DeShawn's broad shoulders and the shimmer of sweat along the back of his ebony neck. Between his long red legs David could see someone standing on the other side of him, but DeShawn's frame blocked the view.

When he was fifty yards away, he called out to DeShawn.

No acknowledgement came and so David stabbed at the moving ground below him with his poles, trying to find some speed before the black stranger disappeared on him again.

At twenty-five yards he called out. This time, DeShawn turned around.

When he saw David's uneven stride coming across the field, DeShawn promptly turned around and motioned the person in front of him forward. Or at least, that's what it looked like to David.

Just when David was in easy calling distance, he saw DeShawn turn and drop out of sight, taking the first steep dip onto a run labeled The Cuckoo's Path. It was marked Blue. David felt a tinge of panic as he skied over to the run, eyes fixed on that little blue circle instead of the person following after DeShawn.

But when he got to the edge of The Cuckoo's Path and looked down, he saw exactly who it was.

Mandy. Her ski jacket blew out at her sides, and she was tracing opposite and interconnecting lines in the snow with DeShawn. They were too far away to hear, but he could tell they were talking. She was clearly laughing.

David's stomach turned to acid as he watched the two of them round a bend and disappear from sight.

*Fuck your wife. Fuck her so good she remembers her manners when you get on the slopes...*

David decided right then and there that he had to follow them. Blue run be damned, broken bones or pulled disc be damned, he would need to follow. It was early still, and this side of the mountain was barely touched; it would be easy to follow their tracks.

David looked down.

*It's as easy as getting down the mountain...*

He could see the tips of his skis wavering over the edge, licking at the incline, begging to slide forward.

*Just like skiing. It is easy once you feel it. Feel the edge...*

David took a breath and held it. He recalled everything he'd been taught over the years, DeShawn's recent tips included. It was now or never. Now or amble back to the ski lift and take the descent of shame. Wait for his wife and the crimson stranger at the bottom....alone.

*I will show you how to fuck your –*

David went over the edge, eyes wide and body stiff.

The familiar rushing sound of the air filled his ears and his knees jittered with the speed - but he held on. He didn't bail in fear as he'd done so many times before. He remembered what the instructors said, what DeShawn said. He listened to his body and put the weight where it needed to go; as if by muscle memory he found himself taking the hill with little exertion, carving turns into the powder, controlling his speed with ease.

That feeling of flight became so natural and sudden that David found himself searching for and finding the duo's tracks; the perfect carve of DeShawn and the wider curve of Mandy's turns. He followed the tracks to the embankment where he'd glimpsed them and rounded the curve with more speed than he'd ever dared before.

Here there were two paths: one leading left to a different run and eventually, another lift. The one leading right was still The Cuckoo's Path, and it became quite narrow between a massive section of Evergreens closing in on either side. The incline was less here, and towards the end of the path David could see the familiar cacophony of DeShawn's ski clothes.

David banked right and followed through the trees.

Here he went slow; careful not to hook the edge of the ski on a root or low

branch. The path wound haphazardly, thoroughly shaded by the tops of the snowy Evergreens hanging overhead. He came to a series of small dips and rises; quick drops downward that popped back up again. David let his momentum carry him forward.

A flash of red and flesh on his right periphery.

David came to a sudden, grinding to stop.

The forest was silent. The sort of quiet that snow allows, only the sound of the faint beat of your own heart, the panting of your own breath. Except, there was something more on the air today. Voices, high and low. Coming from the woods.

He saw them through the maze of bark and greenery. They stood near an old, rusted out picnic table that lay forgotten and half-buried in the snow. Their skis leaned against a tree nearby as they spoke close and comfy.

Mandy was smiling.

David moved forward on his skis, leaving the poles behind, pulling himself along by grabbing hold of hanging tree branches. He slid into the forest silent as a fox, the voice of his wife and her new friend growing clearer the closer he came.

-

The moment she saw her husband waiting for her at the bottom of the run, Mandy decided she wasn't going to let him off that easy. So what if he'd gotten down all by himself? From the looks of it he'd only just made it, which meant he must have been stuck there on the slope for far too long after she'd ditched him. She was tired of his cowardly bullshit.

David looked to be in conversation with some sort of bright red person when she spotted him waiting for her at the bottom. New friend? she wondered, hooking a hard right. She was headed for her favorite lift. The one that brought you to the tippy-top of the mountain and had all the best, untouched runs.

She was just getting in line when she heard an aggressive, snow-spraying stop from behind her.

“Excuse me, Mandy?”

She turned to the sound of her name. It was the red man. Except, he wasn't red. He was a black man with a profound and beautiful smile, the sort of smile that reflected the sun just as much as his eyes did.

“Do I know you?” she asked, looking up at him with a soft squint.

“Not yet,” the man had a strange accent she couldn't quite put her finger on. “But your husband asked me to catch up to you.”

“You know David?” she asked, confused.

“I'm DeShawn. I met your husband David a little while ago on that green run,” he pointed off towards where he'd saved him. “I helped him get down safely, taught him a few tricks.”

“Is that so?” Mandy collected herself under the stranger's grin, knowing full well what he was staring at. “He's had ski lessons before...but he's sort of hopeless. How in the hell did you get him down?” Her jacket was completely unzipped in the warm afternoon, and her wide, fleshy tits were on full display. She hoped the suspender straps were doing their job of hiding her nipples, it would have been awfully embarrassing to be called out for public nudity by one of the lift workers.

“He just needed a kind word and a bit of looking after. Once he followed in my path his skills improved greatly.”

“I should probably thank you then,” Mandy said. He wasn't just looking at her. He was staring. “It's been season after season waiting for him to get his shit together. If he's skiing the way you say he is, I owe you one.”

“That's exactly what he said.”

As they spoke the two shuffled forward in line side by side. The tall black man dwarfed the half-naked white girl, and the more they spoke the easier the conversation became. The subject of David was forgotten momentarily as the lift chair shoveled the duo up and began to carry them to the top of the mountain.

“Any liquid courage?” Mandy offered him the flask after a deep swig. She felt a



little drunk and it was only just past noon. The more she stared at the man beside her, the more interested she became.

“I have all the courage I need,” his voice was a song in the cold mountain air. “Where I am from, we do not mix pleasure with drink.”

“And where are you from?” The faint hum of the lift cable pulsed underneath their conversation.

“Very far away.” A brief silence passed before DeShawn continued. “Your husband explained to me that he did not...take care of you this morning before you came to the mountain.”

“What do you mean?”

“In the bedroom. He said he did he not take care of you, that he didn’t even touch you. Kiss you. Show you.”

His forwardness shocked her into silence, but it did something else that wasn’t immediately obvious. It turned her on.

“No need to be embarrassed,” his accent dripped from his mouth like butter from a waffle. “I only bring it up because David told me, and David agreed that he’d made a mistake in not seeing to you.”

“Seeing to me?”

“Fucking you. Till you come.”

Mandy coughed then, her nerves mixing with the scotched taste of the whiskey at the back of her throat. She tried to think of something to say and failed. Luckily, DeShawn made it easy for her and kept talking.

“You see, where I come from, a man and a woman keep things blissful by using their bodies with one another. If your husband is not fucking you right, then it is his fault. Not yours.”

“Is that so?” was all she could manage after another long, awkward pause.

“David gave me permission to show you...”

“Show me?”

“To fuck you, Mandy. Your husband said to ride along and catch up with you. Offer my services, just as I offered them to him on the subject of skiing. I am a mighty lover, Mandy. I have a large cock that will make you come. I doubt your husband has anything that could even come close to it.”

Mandy beheld his confidence; she welcomed the way his voice gave away no conceit even though the things he said were the very definition of it. Her nipples had been hard all day due to the freezing temperatures, but now they seemed to rub against the fabric of the suspenders in a different way.

“Is this something you would like, Mandy? You seem...frustrated. With your husband, I mean. I can fix this for you.”

And then, without warning and without a thought, a bounding chuckle escaped Mandy’s lips. It quickly turned into a riot, her bellows of laughter echoing down the hillsides and through the Evergreens. When she finally managed to catch her breath, she placed a gloved hand on DeShawn’s broad, muscled shoulder.

“I’ll take a look at what you’re packing, DeShawn,” she choked out through breathless guffaws. “And if it’s what you say it is...I’m all yours.”

“Follow me down the Cuckoo’s Path at the top of the lift,” he pulled the ski glove off with his teeth revealing an ashy, bony hand. He hooked his finger around the strap of her suspenders and momentarily pulled it to the side, revealing the small, circular pink nipple behind. “I will take you to the woods and show you my cock.”

Mandy gasped when the freezing air touched her nipple, and her laughter ceased altogether when he took it between thumb and forefinger, and pinched.

-

Had either Mandy or DeShawn looked back the way they came, they probably would still not have seen David hidden against the thick branches and needles of the trees. His two worried eyes blended in so well with the forest that he could have been just another chipmunk or magpie, watching curiously.

*I’m going to stop this, David thought to himself. Whatever the hell this is I’m not*

*going to let it happen...but I've got to be sure first...sure that they're doing what they shouldn't be.*

The old picnic table lay in the snow at a crooked angle, such that one end was buried completely and the other poked out green and rusted. DeShawn took a seat there and kicked his boots out across the snow, legs splayed. Under ordinary circumstances it may have made David laugh; this impossibly lanky and long man in a bright red jumpsuit, half-sitting/half-lying down on a junked table in the woods.

But David didn't laugh. In fact, he nearly screamed at them with Mandy dropped to her knees in the snow between DeShawn's legs, slipping those two suspender straps off her shoulders and lettering her fat, jiggling tits loose at last.

"How can your husband see these and not want to touch?" DeShawn asked her, leaning forward and taking her cold tit in his ashy palm.

"Oh," she sighed drunkenly.

DeShawn took her other dangling breast in his other hand and began to massage them together, pushing and mashing and thumbing her taut little nipples. She looked up at him, breathing faster, shivering a little.

David stayed frozen to his spot amongst the trees; breath caught in his throat and unable to make the embarrassing scene he so desperately wanted to make.

"Open your mouth," DeShawn said, the song of his accent gone and replaced with something darker. He didn't wait for her to part those juicy pink lips, instead he pushed fore and middle finger into her wet, waiting mouth and ran the tips along the top of her tongue. "Good girl. We will need to fuck your naughty little mouth if we are going to save David from your stern words. Don't you agree?"

She nodded at him, slow and sure. A light snow had started to fall, and the tiny flakes melted as they touched her overflowing, white breasts. DeShawn kept probing her mouth, the first knuckle and then the second. She coughed a little when he went to far back, but he didn't stop. With his free hand he clenched the front of her breasts hard, immobilizing her with his magic hands.

"When I pull out my cock you will put it in your mouth. And you will not take it

out until I tell you to. Do you understand, Mandy?”

She nodded at him again, this time with a thin line of spit escaping her mouth and dripping off her lips. She was so cold kneeling there, her bared skin like a twitching popsicle. When DeShawn removed his fingers from her palette, she licked her lips and watched as he fiddled with the bindings of his ski pants.

A moment later he had it out, half-flaccid and black as pitch, laying across his red lap. It looked as wide as the skis leaning against the trees a few feet away, and the contrast of his ebony skin against the red fabric was startling.

“Holy fucking shit,” Mandy slurred, inebriated.

“Pick it up,” he told her, steadying himself on the half-submerged picnic table.

She lifted it like a newborn mammal, as if it had its own existence altogether. It took both hands, and her frozen palms welcomed the warmth of his skin. He didn’t flinch when she cupped it, though she knew her hands had to be as icy as death. It seemed to stretch and grow as she stood it upright, the length of it even more intimidating now that it pointed upwards. DeShawn grabbed the waist of his The North Face pants and finagled his fat, smooth ballsack out so that it rested against the fabric below his increasing cock.

She used two hands to stroke, her eyes wide with anticipation.

“Now suck,” he said, placing a hand behind her head and pulling her forward.

It came to her lips with sudden enthusiasm, and she kissed the tip sweetly before stretching her jaw open. It came salty and warm against her tongue, and she flicked at the girth of it as it delved deeper into her mouth.

“Good wife,” he moaned low. “Very obedient. Not so obedient for your husband though, no? That’s OK. We can fix that with practice. It is just like skiing, really.”

Mandy had her hands planted at the base of it, double-stacked fists that still left inches of cock between her fingers and her lips. A fat moving vein ran along the top of it and disappeared into her mouth as she worked him back.

“Suck my cock like that, Mandy. Suck it like you are apologizing to your

husband for all the mean things you say to him. Good. Deeper. Deeper. Good.”

He helped her. The hand he kept at the back of her skull pulled her deeper on his expanding black cock, filling her mouth cheek to cheek and threatening to choke her.

“Eyes on me, Mandy,” he grunted, his hand controlling her pace. “Your husband may tolerate your bad behavior, but I will not. Keep those pretty blue eyes on me while you suck my cock.” She didn’t need to be told twice; her sparkling blue orbs glinted in the falling snow that now decorated her long blonde hair and naked breasts.

David was cold. He couldn’t imagine how cold Mandy be, half-naked like that and no gloves to boot. He was angry, too. A sort of sick jealousy filled his stomach and rose high up into his chest. He no longer wanted to interrupt, he’d have rather turned and skied down the mountain at a hundred miles per hour. But the last thing he really wanted was to be caught. Caught watching. Caught being cuckolded.

So, he stayed.

A white world surrounded them; the falling snow found a steadier pace and had started to cover the overwhelming red of DeShawn’s clothes. His fat black cock stuck out and into the face of the blonde woman kneeling before him, and her dazzling blue eyes lolled and rolled as she gazed up at him. His dark shaft became slick with her spit and her jaw loosened.

“No hands,” he said, raising up onto his elbow to get a better vantage. She placed trembling palms into the snow covering his thighs and squeezed, fingers numb. DeShawn fucked her mouth of his own volition, the wet smacking sounds of the back of her throat now the loudest thing in the forest. “Good little wife. Good. Gag. Let me hear it. Good. Mmhmm. Your husband will thank me for this, no? Shutting up his wife’s cruel little mouth with my big fat dick.”

Mandy didn’t respond, too focused on controlling her gag reflex as he made his way deeper and deeper down her gullet. DeShawn’s taut balls glistened with the drool that ran from her mouth, slowly freezing in the mounting storm.

“I would sit here and fuck your pretty mouth all day, Mandy. But a storm is brewing. Are you ready to feel it inside you?”



DeShawn let her off his dick and she took her first mouthful of oxygen in minutes. Though her skin was ice to touch she barely noticed , the warmth inside her panties spreading and engulfing her being.

DeShawn stood from the table, massive cock jutting from his body. “Drop your pants,” he commanded, grabbing hold of her unzipped ski-jacket and tearing it from her body. He tossed it in the fresh-fallen snow and now she stood bare from the waist up, her milky skin tinged with the red of chill. Grabbing at the lone button of her waistband she slipped it free and started tugging them down to her thighs.

David saw the moment her pink thong came into view, disappearing into the crack of her two fat cheeks. Her bare ass was revealed in the coming snow-storm, like a wedding cake dotted with fancy snowflake sprinkles. He watched as DeShawn turned and pushed her against the dilapidated table, bending her over the top and grabbing at the pink thong.

Something stirred in David’s pants, but he ignored it; making his best attempt at denying what was happening there on the mountainside.

DeShawn had her thong pulled to the side; the pink line of the fabric stretched taut across her right ass cheek. The wet folds of her cunt looked warm despite their surroundings; the tiny hairs not usually visible now standing on end around her entrance. He rubbed the tip of his black monster against those crevices, the warmth of his pre touching her frozen skin and sending a welcome jolt of electricity through her body.

Mandy couldn’t see what he was doing back there but she could feel the strength of it when he pushed against her. She didn’t know it yet, but she was facing in the exact direction of where David camouflaged against the Evergreens. Had she just looked straight ahead, she’d have seen him.

“Now you will take my cock and then you will come,” DeShawn could feel her lips welcoming him, feel the signature warmth and wetness of her entrance as it beckoned him forward. “And when I am finished with you your husband will know how to properly fuck his own wife...AND ski.”

“How will he know?” she giggled, writhing on the picnic table. “I’m certainly not going to tell him.”

“He already knows, Mandy. He watches you from the trees.”

Many things seemed to occur at the same time when he said it. First, Mandy’s shocked face met her husband in the woods, the mirage of his camouflage fading in an instant. As they locked eyes it was David’s own embarrassment that sent him sliding forward and emerging from the leaves of the Evergreen. He entered the clearing, the only one of them still fully clothed, head shaking for lack of something better to say.

“What are you doing here, David?” she asked, hitching up onto her elbows to see him better. DeShawn’s power still caressed the length of her slit, running it up and down and tracing semi-circles with his pre-cum.

“Mandy I...I don’t know what to say I –“

“Enough!” DeShawn shouted, sending a scattering of birds off in the high branches above. “Kiss and make up later. Now is the time for learning.”

Mandy opened her mouth to say something to David just then. And the words were nearly out, their eye-contact still locked like two satellites. But her breath left her lungs when DeShawn entered, plowing his fat mass into her cunt, causing her ski boots to shoot up behind her and spray snow across the clearing.

“Oh my God,” she inhaled sharply. “Oh my...GOD!”

DeShawn grunted, pulling her labia apart and tunneling deeper.

“Mandy...” David squeaked.

“Just shut up and watch, David,” DeShawn said through clenched teeth. “Too much complaining from you and not enough action. Look at your wife’s face. Does she look like she wants to hear your voice?”

“Oh my God oh my God oh my God...” Mandy trailed off, dropping her head to the table as callous hands wrapped around about her slender waist. DeShawn moved inside her with the rhythm of an oil-derrick plunging into the earth, the tight and stubborn walls of her cunt not disciplined enough to do anything but accept him.

“Your wife is very tight, David,” DeShawn’s eyes were trained to the pussy

stretched skin-tight around his ebony cock. “Too tight. Far too tight. You may not have my size or my prowess, but certainly you can do better than this. This is virgin territory, David. If this is your wife, she should fit you like a glove by now.”

“Oh fuck, DeShawn. Oh my God, baby. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me!”

“Listen to her David,” the black man glanced up and beheld the look of horror on the husband’s face. “Listen to what she sounds like. Listen to her moan like bitch dog. You will not pull these sounds from her, but if you try, she may respect you enough to stop running her bitch mouth.” DeShawn reached around Mandy’s body and got two fingers into the side of her mouth, pulling back on her cheek, raising her face upward.

David watched his wife’s tongue loll in her mouth and lap at the knuckles of the black stranger’s hand. Her body rocked against the table, sending tiny drifts of snow to swirling in the open air. The downpour was steady now, and he could see it collecting in his wife’s golden hair.

DeShawn had nearly all of it inside her and found more room with each stroke. Her body bucked on occasion when he went too deep, but she soon relented, her body accommodating it with wetness and cream. A thick wad of it had formed at the base of DeShawn’s dick, and when he was sure she was close, his rhythm turned from a passionate fuck to a violent assault of her insides.

“OH FUCK OH DESHAWN OH MY GOD!” she screamed loud enough for the people at the bottom of the mountain to hear. The picnic table moved in the snow, threatening to tip over entirely. The slapping sound of his body against hers as his cock bottomed out came too fast to count, and when Mandy screamed it was a long, stuttering moan marked by the ferocity of the pounding she was getting.

“Show your husband how you come,” DeShawn slapped her freezing ass cheek. “Show him!” He lifted her head by the hair and held her still, facing David full on. “Come for me. Come on my big black dick. Show him. Show him now!”

“OOOOH!” her high shriek pierced the snow and the clearing seemed to grow dark around her periphery. It let loose in a warm tidal wave of passion, her body shivering not from the cold but from the man holding her in his strong arms. “I’M FUCKING CUM-CUM-CUM –“

“Look at her David!”

David watched it wash over his wife’s face. Saw the beauty of her eyes turn to white as they rolled into the back of her head just before the lids pinched shut. Her screams were stretched and animal-like, and he wondered just how many people had skied past them and heard it all.

“OOOH!” each scream came in time with the length of DeShawn’s pecker disappearing inside her. “OOOH! OOOH! OOOH!” Her breath came staggered and sharp, like someone hyperventilating on a rollercoaster. DeShawn never slowed, his power-fuck reaching new levels of violence.

Suddenly, David felt quite stupid. Humiliated, even. His wife’s orgasm came and went but DeShawn stayed huddled over, fucking her lithe and weak body against the table like an animal. Her screams turned to soft whimpers with the occasional moan thrown in, her arms splayed out across the snowy table-top and her body jostling in time with his pumps. DeShawn seemed to forget David was even there, his sharp words ceasing and replaced now by grunts and growls. The longer he watched, the more embarrassment David felt. His wife’s pale naked body was collecting snow, her ass a loud red sting from all the spanking.

It went on like that for a long time. Too long for David to stand, though he did anyway.

“You will swallow every drop, Mandy,” DeShawn sighed. “And it will warm you from the inside.” He pulled himself from her at last, tiny snowflakes melting away as they touched the warmth of his member. He took Mandy by the arm and dragged her off the table; she slipped and fell naked in the snow, crying out at the sudden sharpness of the cold.

Then she was on her knees, DeShawn’s black cock inserted in her mouth.

“Every drop,” DeShawn panted, furiously jerking himself into her. “Every drop for your husband.”

Mandy’s blue bug-eyes bulged; her eyebrows shot up and her chin dropped.

“UGH!” DeShawn grunted. “UGH!”

Mandy felt the hot spurts of it erupting in her mouth. It pooled on her tongue,

and she worked like mad to swallow it down before it could spill. DeShawn pushed further into her throat so that that cum had nowhere to go, slick gobs of it coming endlessly, one on top of the other.

“UGH! SWALLOW! SWALLOW! SWALLOW!”

David saw his wife’s chin gobble and her throat strain to take it all. He saw the way DeShawn’s closed fist slammed into her lips as he jerked, unloading his balls into her mouth. His taut, freezing ballsack stayed rigid but seemed to convulse with every shot.

“UUUUUGH!” he shook it between her cheeks, squeezing out every drop into her hungry, greedy mouth. Mandy gagged on the overabundance of cum but got it down without spilling. Another man’s nut. Another man’s salt and sex.

“Jesus Christ,” David whimpered.

When DeShawn slid his sopping sloppy cock from Mandy’s ruined mouth, thick ropes of drool and cum followed, creating a trembling bridge between the tip of his dick and her pouty, chapped lips. Mandy smiled up at him even as she gagged back the last of it, putting a hand over her mouth to keep from spitting it up.

“You need to put your clothes on, Mandy,” David uttered at last. “It’s too cold and the snow is getting worse.”

“I hope you learned something today, David,” DeShawn smiled, stuffing his gargantuan meat back down into his red jumpsuit. “Not just how to ski. But how to fuck. How to teach your wife to speak to you with the respect you deserve.”

On many levels, David still had no idea what the black stranger was talking about. Even as he watched the man maneuver through the trees and disappear back along the original trail, he wondered if DeShawn even knew what he was saying. At this point, did it matter?

He turned to his wife. She was clothed again but shivering.

“We need to get down the mountain and get you near a fire, baby,” he said.

“That sounds...nice,” she glanced at him, her gorgeous eyes flashing behind the

locks of blond hair hanging over her face.

“I sent him to catch up with you, but I didn’t know he was going to –“

She placed two fingers across his mouth and silenced him. Then she leaned closer and placed a salty kiss on his rosy-red cheek. She motioned for him to follow her, and he did. Through the trees, back to the path, and down the mountain.

David didn’t fall once, managing for the first time to beat his wife to the bottom.

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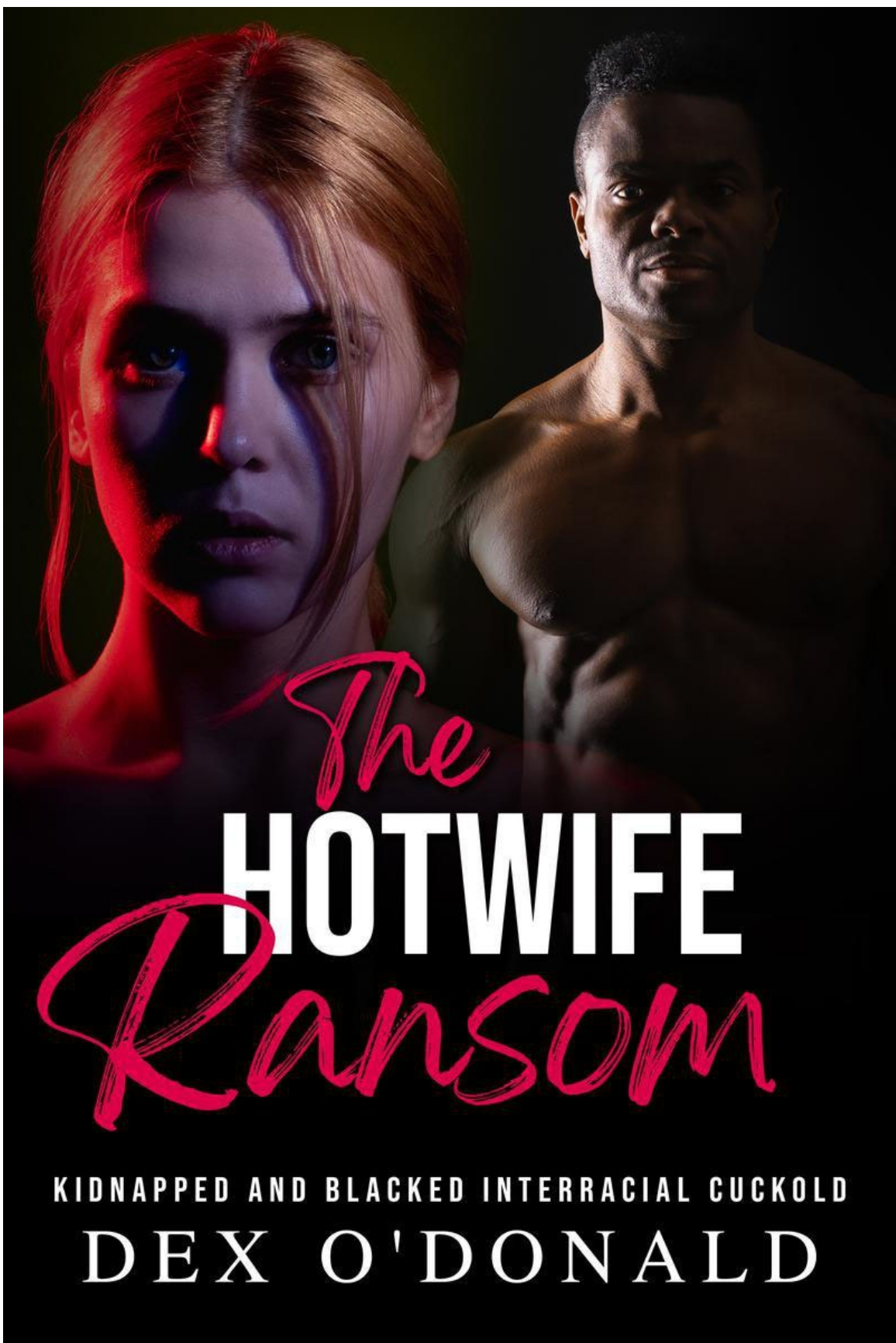
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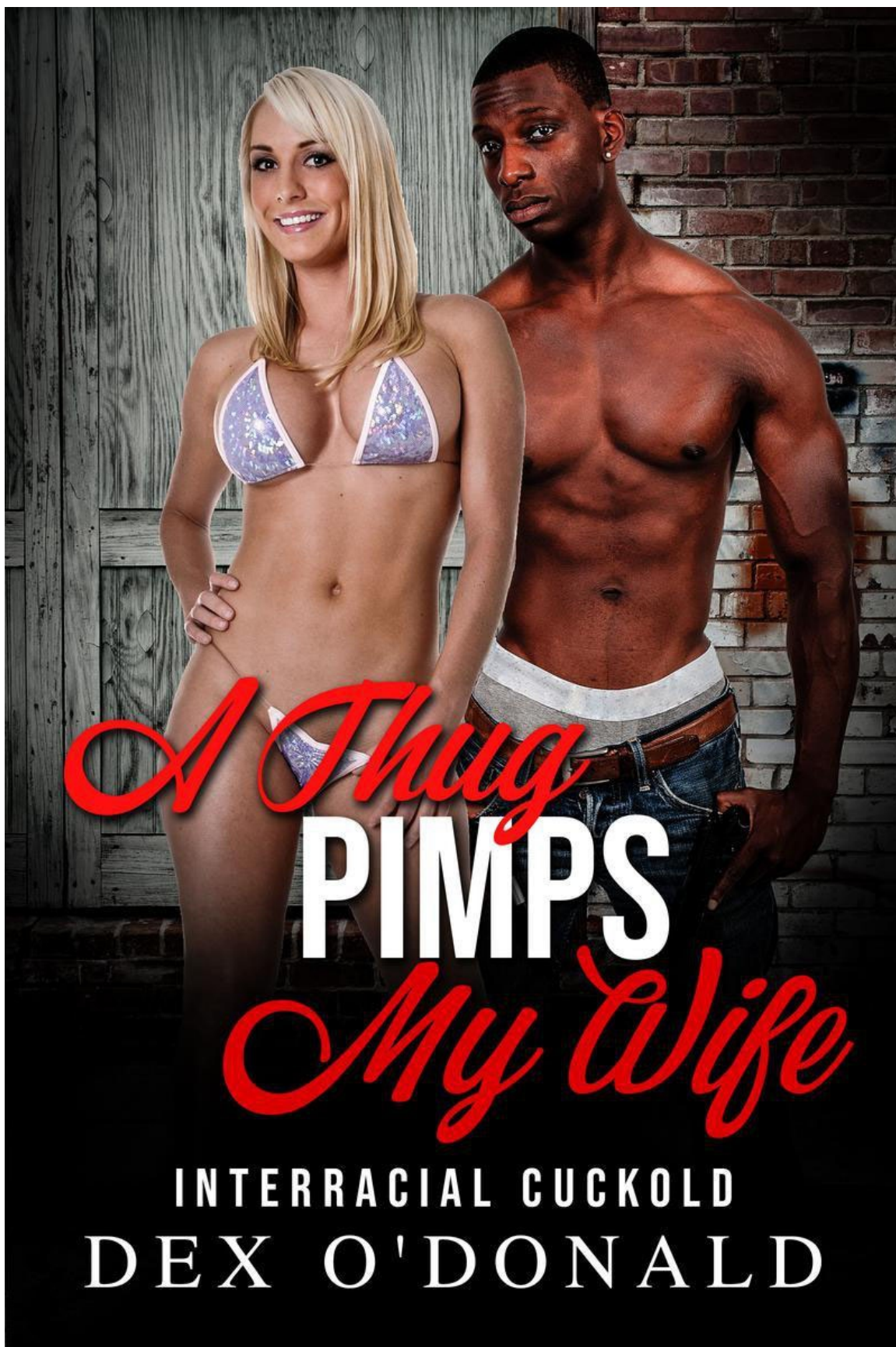
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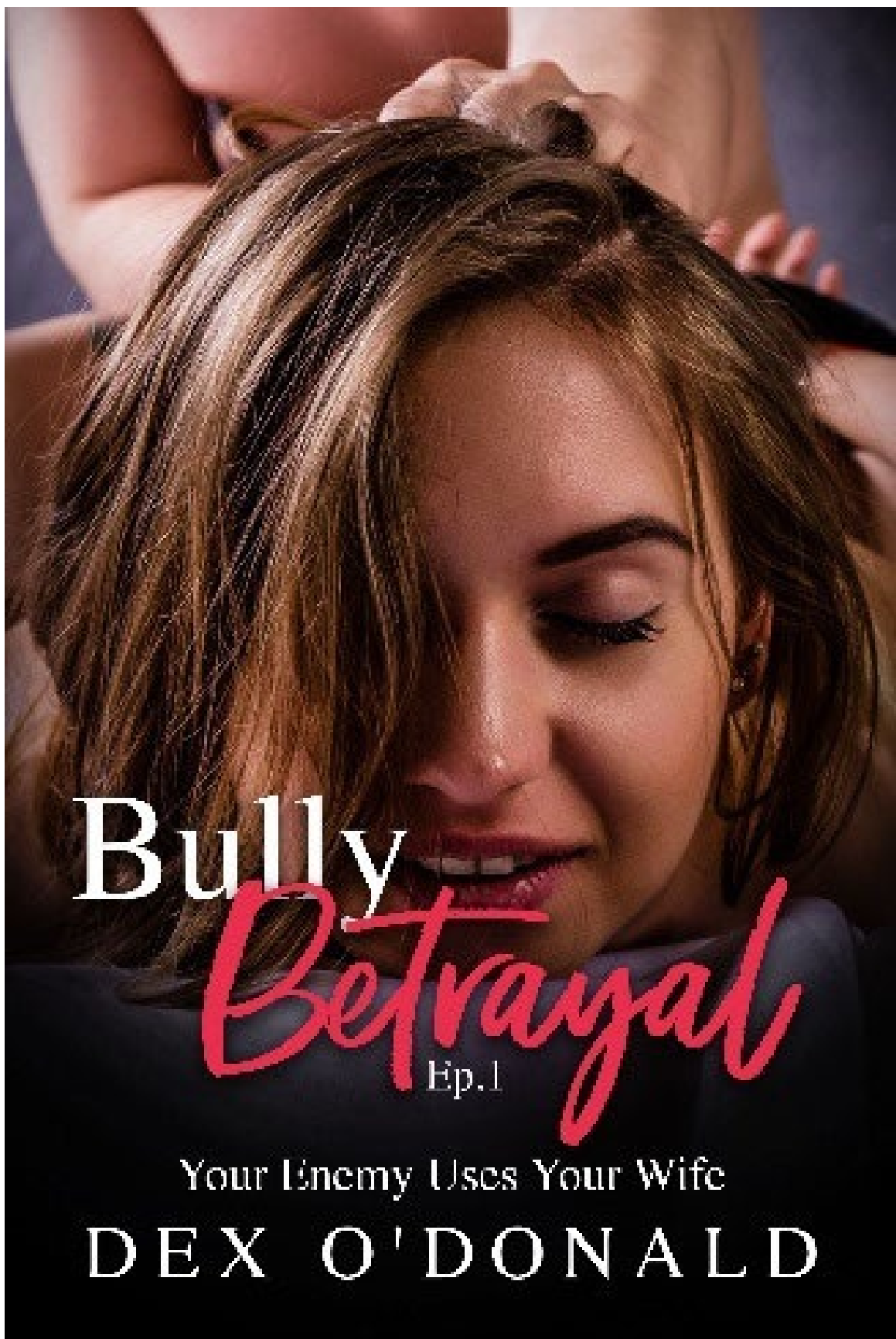
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## Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife



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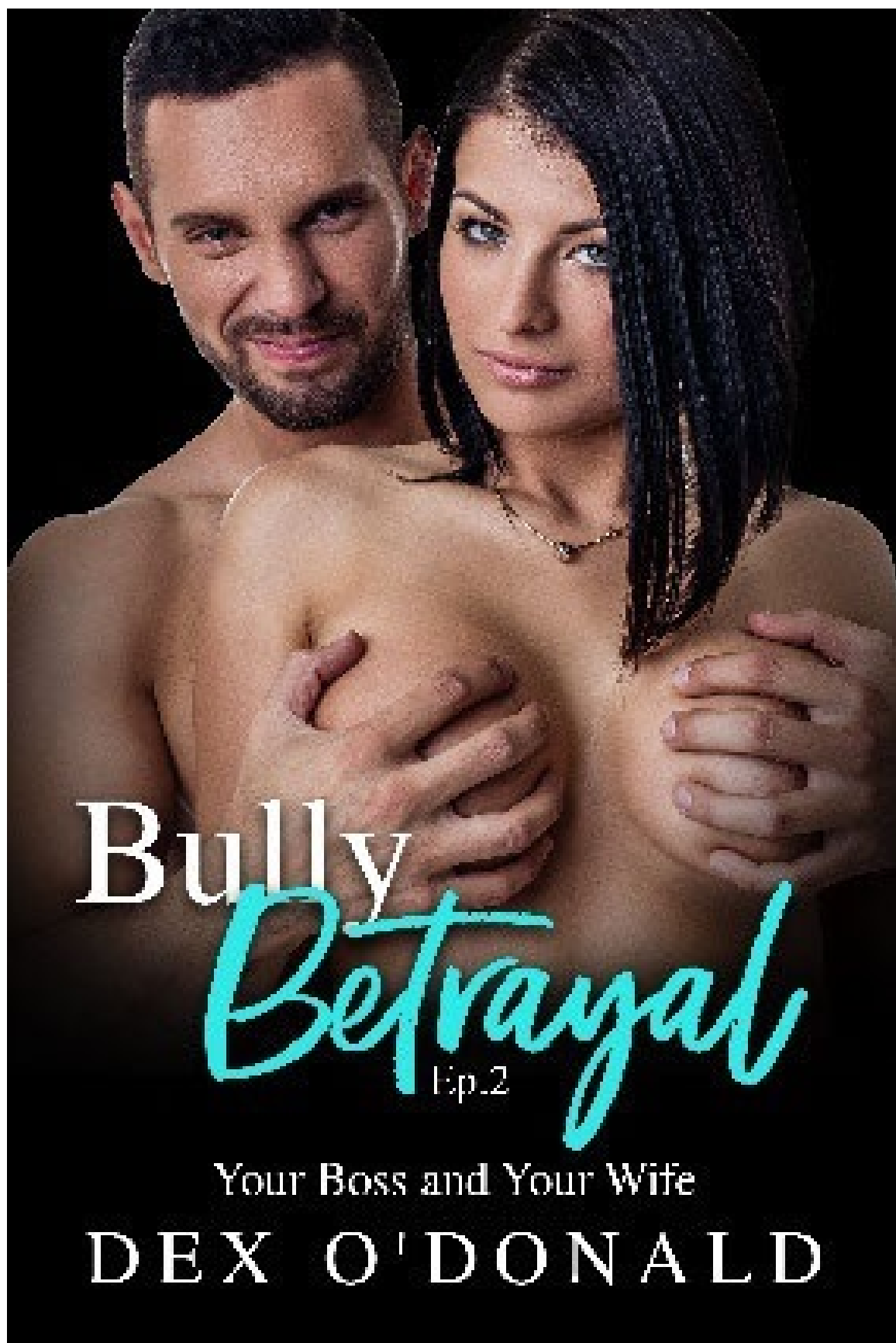
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## Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



Bully

*Betrayal*

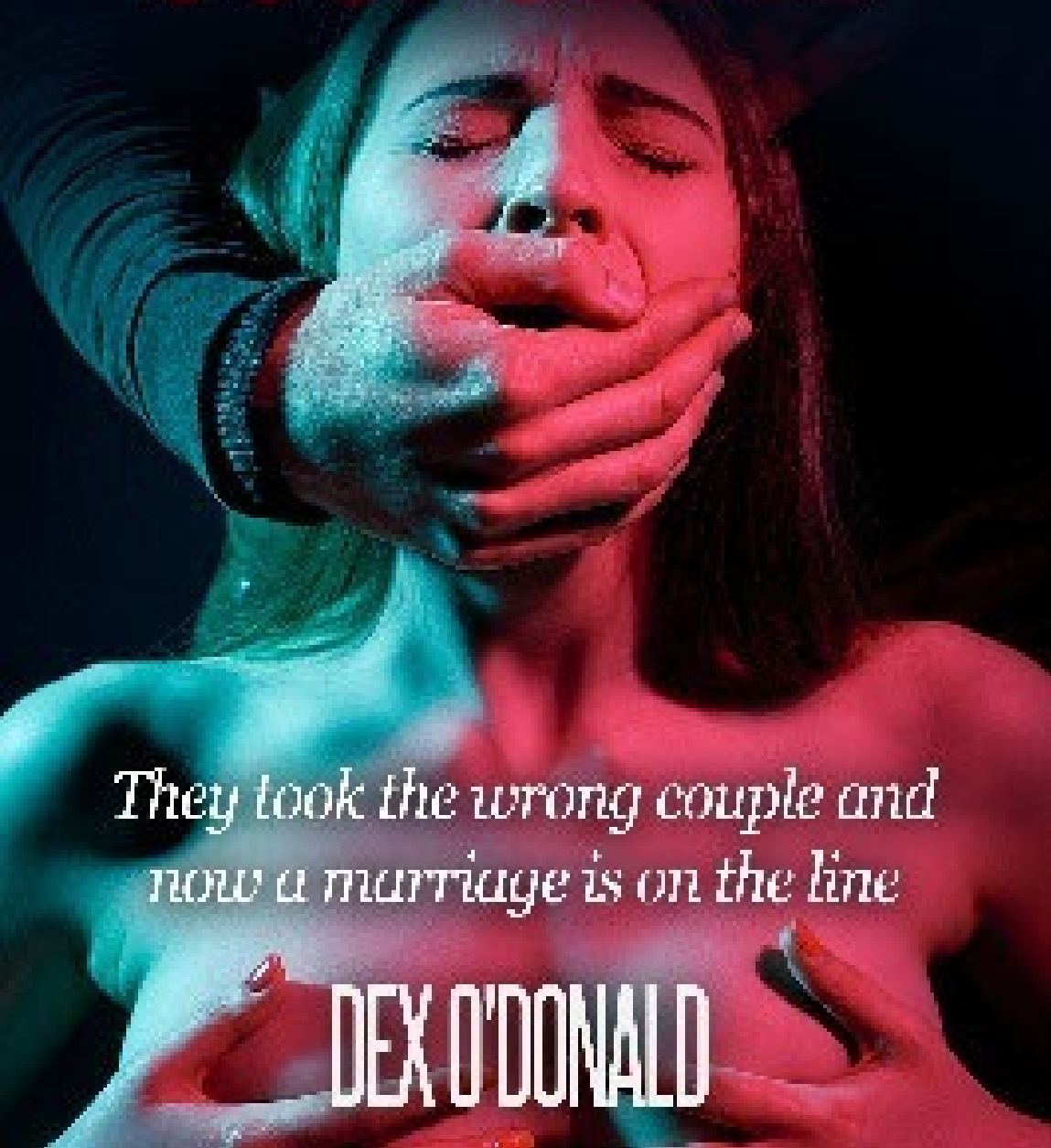
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## Kidnapped and Cuckolded

# KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

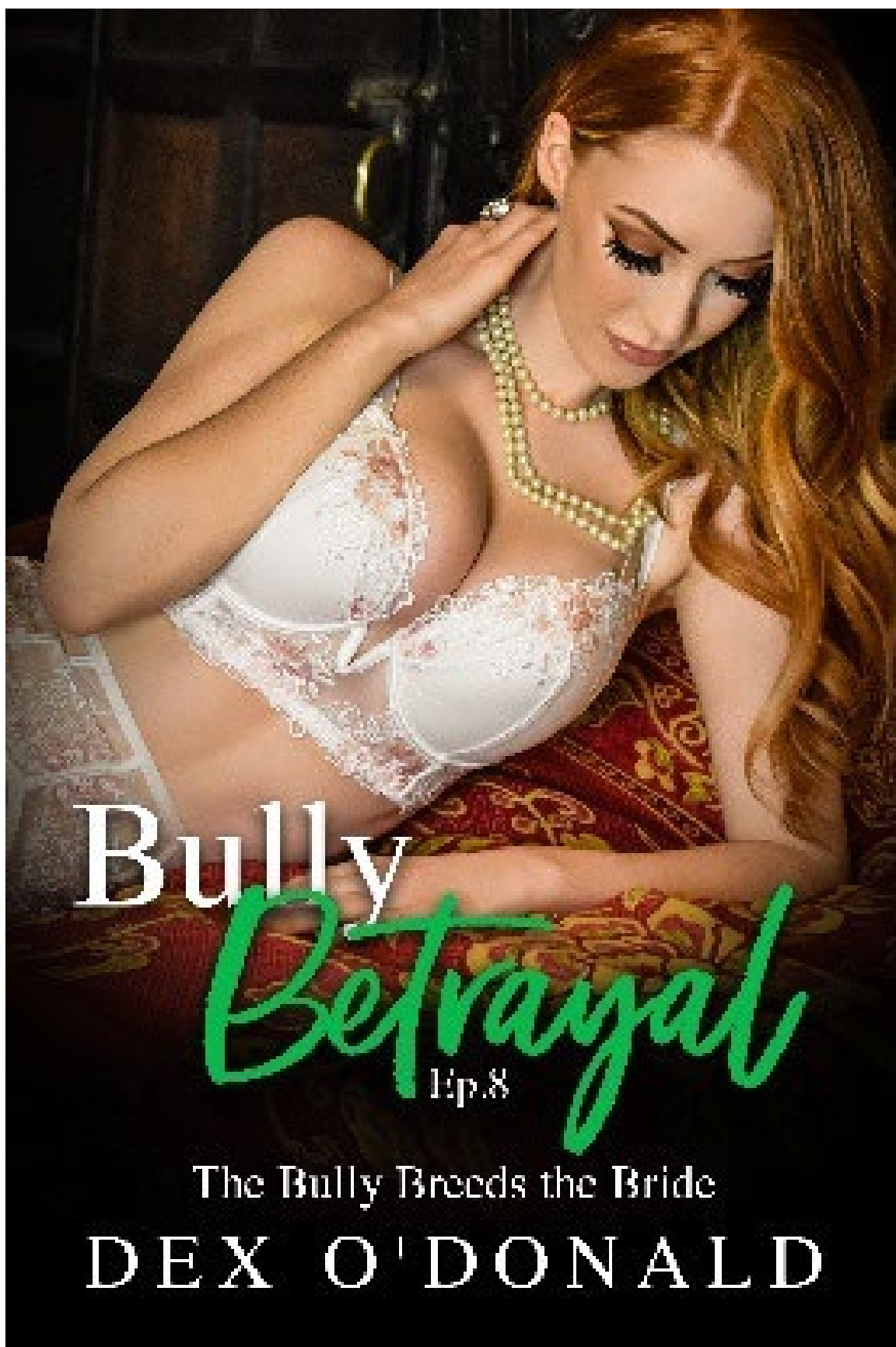
A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is covered by a hand wearing a black wristband. The scene is lit with dramatic red and blue light, creating a somber and intense atmosphere.

*They took the wrong couple and  
now a marriage is on the line*

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## Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride

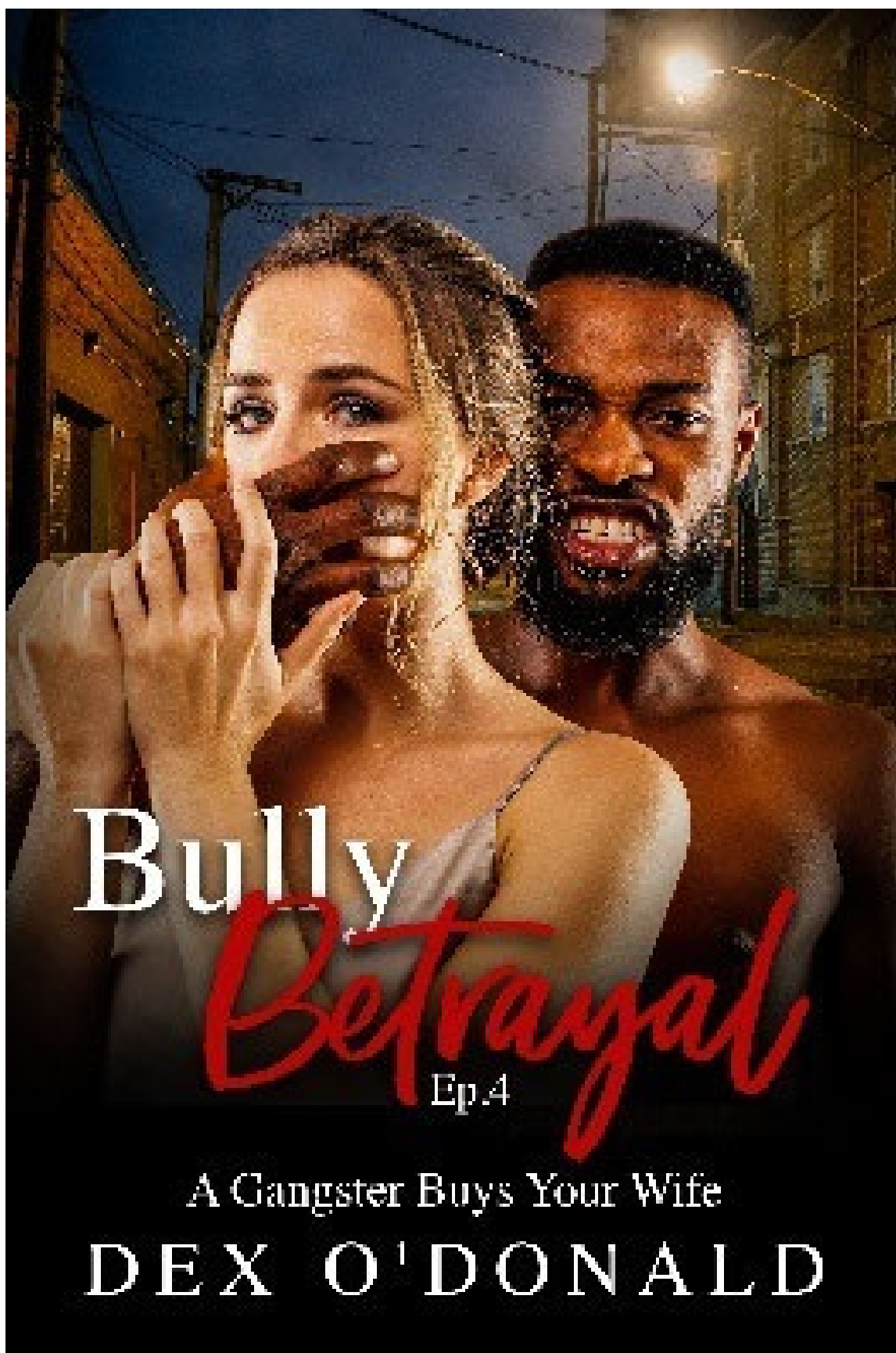


# Bully *Betrayal* Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

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## Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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