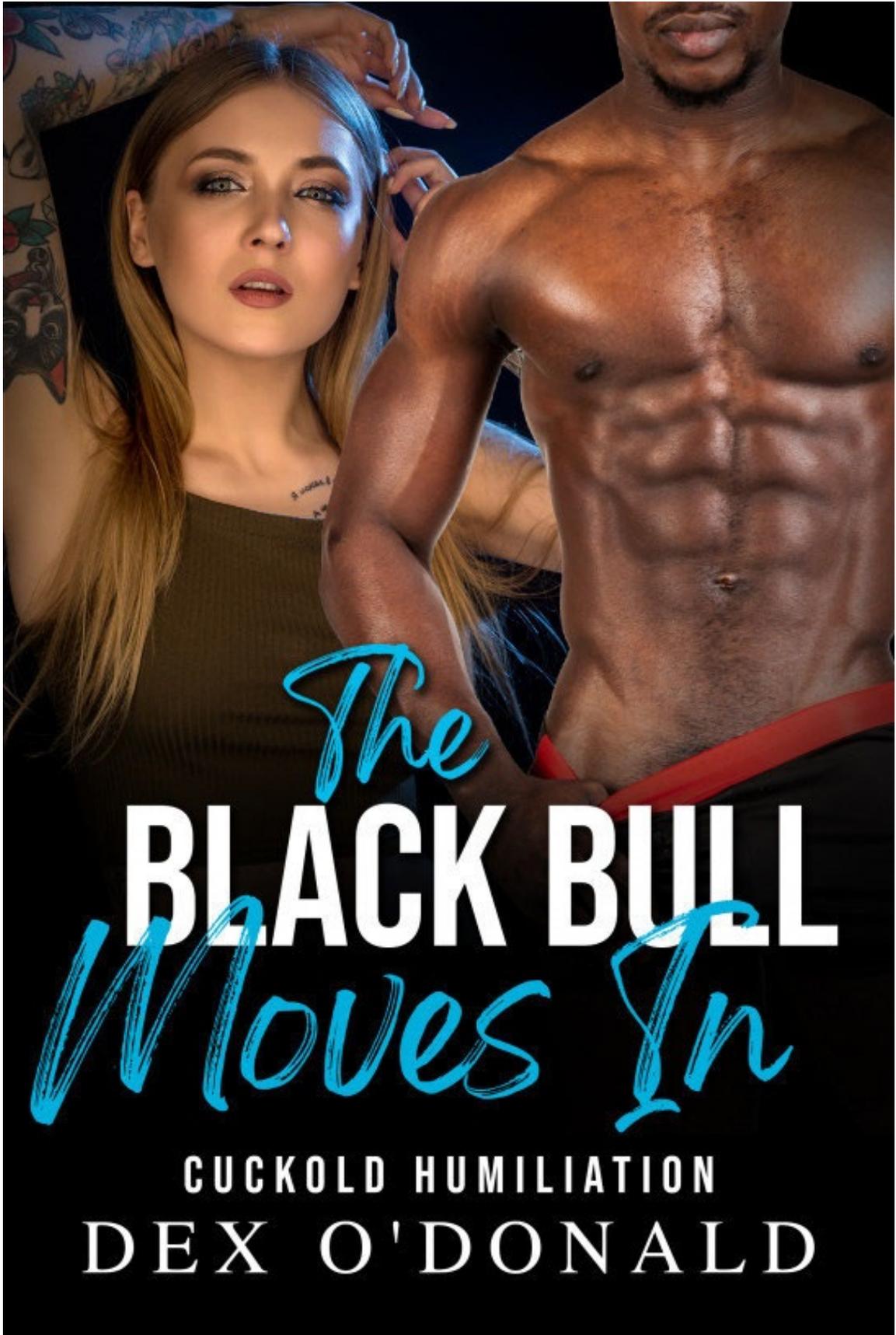


*The*  
**BLACK BULL**  
*Moves In*

CUCKOLD HUMILIATION  
DEX O'DONALD



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## **The Black Bull Moves In: Cuckold Humiliation**

**(Bully Betrayal Ep. 18)**

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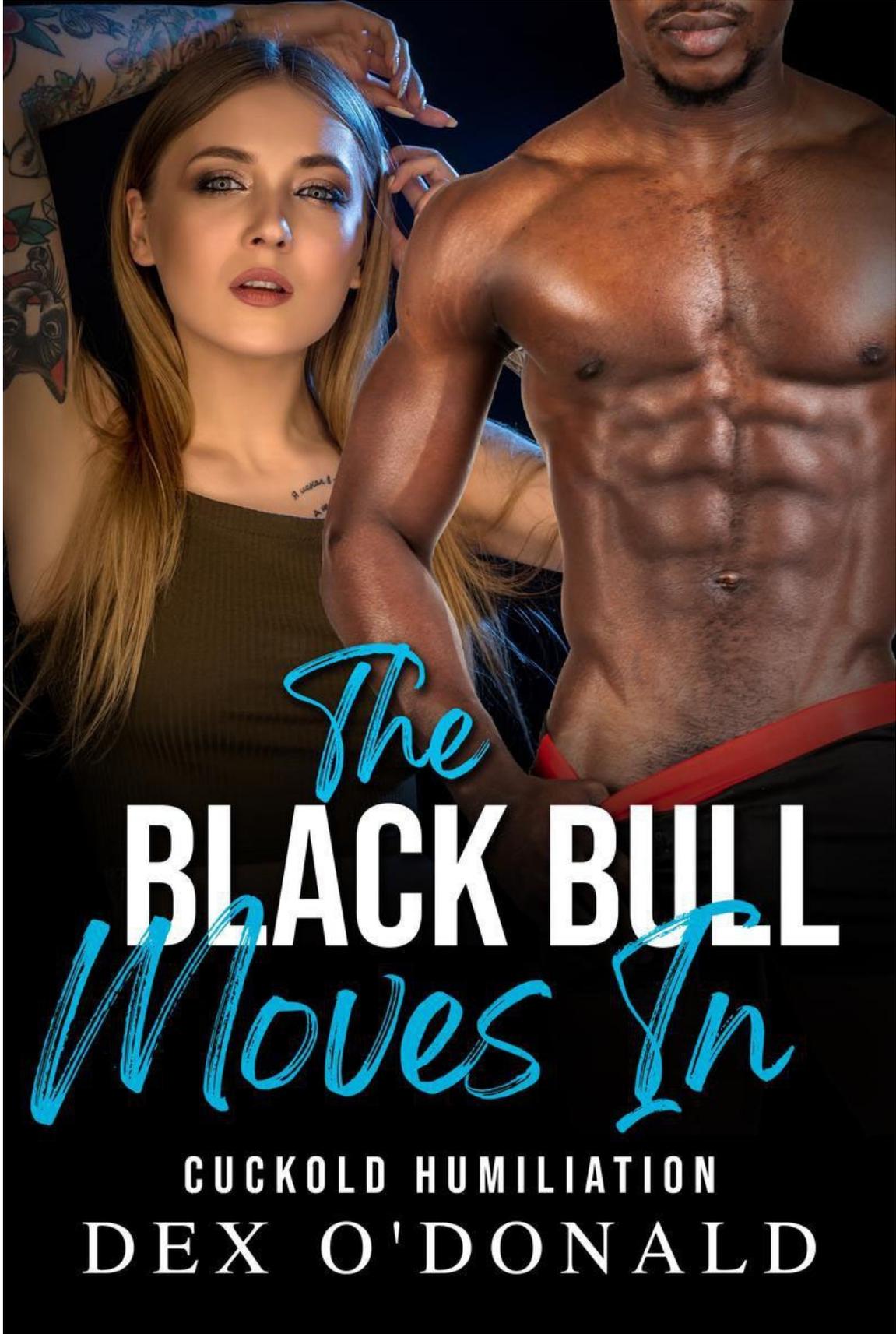
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“There’s that black dude again,” Cole perked up, sleepy eyes behind a dark cup of coffee, “the one we saw with the hippie-van over by the bike shop.”

Jodi followed Cole’s line of sight past her shoulder and out the coffee shop window. At the street corner stood a lean, dreaded black man with a flimsy flowered shirt on and torn jeans. His grizzled face was framed by long dreadlocks that came down to his shoulders.

“Isn’t he a character...” she said, watching as he walked off down Washington Ave. “Wonder what his story is.”

“I bet you’d like find out,” Cole grinned.

“I think you’d like me to find out,” Jodi turned back to her fiancé, “you little horn dog I know you’re just dying to try it.”

“Hey now, no kink shaming,” Cole turned red, “I came clean with you about it and that was hard enough.” He looked around the cafe, checking to see if any of the multitude of hipsters were listening to their conversation. He always got embarrassed when she brought it up, terrified that someone they knew might find out what he was in to.

“Nothing to be ashamed of,” she winked, the lush red of her lipstick curving over straight white teeth, “I think it’s kinda’ hot you even told me.”

“Really?”

“It tells me you’re confident...in yourself, in us.”

“Exactly,” he sighed with relief, his anxious paranoia abating. “I’m so glad you see it that way.”

“The real question is how do you see it, Cole. How do you really see it? Because it’s one thing to talk about it with me...it’s something else to actually do it.”

Cole considered his fiancé’s insight, gulping down bitter black coffee with a blueberry muffin. Watching her do anything at all was a pleasure for him, something as simple as sitting and drinking espresso. The way her mousey lips came to the tiny cup, the way she licked away the foam with a whip of her pink

tongue. For a moment, he tried to picture her with someone else. Enjoying someone else. Someone different...someone black.

“I can definitely see it,” Cole nudged her foot below the table, “and I can definitely handle it.”

“Is that so?” Her blonde hair fell across her face playfully.

“Absolutely.”

“Well then Mr. Confident...maybe you’ll get the chance to prove yourself someday.”

“Someday soon I hope,” he stood from the table, taking her hand, “it’s a better deal for you than me, if you really think about it.”

“Oh, I’ve thought about it,” she followed him out into a bright Thursday morning, “I don’t need any convincing.”

They got to the park around noon, stopping along the way for beer, snacks, and a few joints from the local dispensary. On the rare occasion they both had the day off, the engaged couple liked to spend it together by the lake. They laid out a picnic blanket and Cole read his book while Jodi sunned. Docile, white, and happy.

Lying on his back, Cole placed the copy of *The Silmarillion* down on his chest and reached blindly into a backpack, rifling around until he came away with a black lighter and a white, stinky joint. Slipping the doobie between his lips, he lit it, staring up at the washed blue sky overhead. He pulled the thick smoke into his lungs and held it there. He blew it out. He dragged again, holding it tight in his chest.

“Pass it here,” Jodi reached over and slipped the joint from his mouth with two fingers. Cole let it go in a cloud that hung above them in the still afternoon air, like a smoke signal telling everyone in the park exactly who the potheads were. Coughing, he rolled onto his side and looked at his bride-to-be. She had denim summer-shorts on with a loose-fitting white tank top that bared her tummy, and broadcasted her heavy, soft breasts. The direct sunlight illuminated her tattoos, greens and reds and black and purple mixing together across her arms in the shapes of flowers and animals.

“You’re so fucking hot, Jodi,” he stated the obvious, accepting the joint back from her.

“You so fucking hawt’ Jodi” she mocked him, snapping her head back and shrieking with laughter. “Jeez your romance is just flawless, babe. Absolutely irresistible.” She sat up on the picnic blanket and took off her flimsy white tank-top.

“I mean goddamn,” Cole continued, oblivious to her jests, “Look. At. Those. Titties.”

“Boys,” she sighed, lying down on her back, “so easily entertained.” Jodi adjusted the strap on her bikini, delicate white tits jiggling as she got comfortable. From where Cole sat the piece looked about two sizes too small, with both side boob and under-tit a plenty. The longer he stared, the more he became convinced it was actually a top specifically made for a woman’s nipples, not her actual breasts.

“You’re lucky we’re in public, babe. Because if it we were home right now I would just- “

“That’s enough, Cole,” Jodi closed her eyes beneath dark sunglasses, “you can put it back in your pants now. I’m afraid our conversation at breakfast might have gotten you a little too worked up.”

“You’re working me up,” he laid down next to her, “but I’ll try and contain myself.”

“Thank you,” Jodi turned the music up, her delicious body soaking in the heat.

The young couple basked in the gorgeous midsummer afternoon. Nearby, kites flew, frisbees whizzed, and people fished the small, calm lake. A quiet, two-lane street ran parallel to the park, and at the very moment Jodi pulled her shirt off, an old, blue VW bus came gliding down the road. Decked out with floral paintings and illustrations of the sun, moon, and stars, it was what some might call a “hippie-van.” It parked adjacent to the lake, and the driver got out.

“That joint got me so fucking high,” Cole mumbled, hands in front of his face and swaying against the blue backdrop of the sky.

“You gonna be OK, little buddy?” Jodi teased, rolling over so that her back could get some sun.

“Not sure. Might need to smoke the other one to level out.”

“Ha-Ha.”

The owner of the hippie-van crossed the street and walked into the lush, manicured grass of the park, his ashy feet firm in Chaco sandals. As he b-lined for the lake he caught a whiff of something both heady and earthy. Skunk. Weed. Scanning the large open space, he spotted two white kids lying out on a blanket with a hazy drift of smoke lingering around them. Considering his own stash was dwindling, he decided to try his luck.

“Hand me that backpack, Jodi,” Cole’s bloodshot smirk gave way to giggles, “I need to find the other J.”

“If you smoke that thing, you’re going to go blind, Cole. Just relax, OK?” Jodi turned her head from him, cheek to blanket.

“I think if I don’t smoke it, I’ll go blind,” he cracked himself up.

“I’ll give you a hand,” came an unfamiliar voice, rich and masculine. “Looks like you might need it, I mean.”

The couple sat up simultaneously; Cole on his butt, turning to face the owner of the voice. Jodi pushed up on her elbows, tummy to the ground. When she saw the hulking figure in the shade of the evergreen tree, she removed her sunglasses.

“Hi there,” Jodi said jovially, “how are you?”

“I’m good, I’m better now,” the stranger said, noticing Jodi’s ample cleavage but not eyeing it for too long. “I smelled bud. Y’all gettin’ high in the park today?”

“Something like that,” Cole laughed nervously, “say, aren’t you thet guy who drives that van? The one with the paintings all over it?”

“Guilty as charged,” the black man walked closer, “that’s my hippie-mobile. I call her Rita. We’re on a cross-country road trip, camping and all that fun stuff.” He pointed to an empty spot at the head of the blanket and sat down, “Mind if I

join you guys?”

“Not at all,” Jodi sat up, shooting Cole a quick, curious glance. He returned it with a shrug, stoned eyes glossy.

“I’m Arlo by the way,”

“I’m Cole, this is my fiancé- “

“Jody,” she interrupted him, “and I like to introduce myself, thanks Cole.” She held out a prim hand to Arlo and he took it, her pale fingers disappearing inside his wide black palm.

“Jodi and Cole from Denver,” Arlo mused, “sounds righteous enough.”

“This bud is righteous, that’s for sure,” Cole pulled the joint out and wagged it in the air.

“Thanks for sharing,” Arlo smiled, a white toothy grin behind a messy, grizzled beard. Jodi watched him intently, noticing the way his veiny chest shown through the billowing fabric of his shirt.

Cole lit the joint and passed it to Arlo, who took it with a nod and a grin.

“Where did you start your road trip, Arlo?” Jodi said.

“Left out of Florida, came through Georgia and Louisiana, Texas...”

“You camped the whole way here?” Cole asked.

“Been sleeping out of my tent for about a week now, taking in different sites around the country. Meeting different people.” Arlo passed the smoking cig to Jodi, who placed it carefully between her red, plump lips. “I must say though, of all the people I’ve met this past week...you might be the most beautiful of them all, Jodi.”

Cole chuckled awkwardly, surprised by the man’s forwardness. Jodi smiled, taking the joint from between her lips, tilting her head back, and sending a plume of smoke towards the sky. “That’s sweet, Arlo,” she said, “but maybe the weed is stronger than you think?”

“I doubt that very much,” Arlo smirked.

Cole watched the way the black stranger gawked at his wife. Jodi hadn't bothered to put her white tank top back on yet, her soft, fat breasts escaping out the sides of two tiny black cups.

“Is it hard camping every night?” Cole's voice cracked, desperate to fill the silence.

“Hard? What do you mean?” Arlo was puzzled.

“I dunno. Like camping and bad weather? Seems like it would get old after a while.”

“This beard is getting old,” Arlo ran his fingers through his scraggly dark facial hair. “I'd love a hot shower and a shave but what can you do? No hotels on a road trip. Not for me. Just the open road, the woods, and myself...And I guess you two along the way.”

“Where are you camping tonight?” Jodi passed the spliff.

“Haven't decided yet. Was going to try and hit a brewery and then head out on 285 south, see if I can find a campsite before it gets dark.”

“Sounds like a plan...” Cole passed to Arlo, “you know we were actually going to go to a brewery after we finished here...would you want to join us for a beer?”

Arlo inhaled, nodding, smoke escaping his mouth as he coughed, “fuck yea I would.”

*What are you up to Cole? Jodi thought, though she knew the answer already. Something like butterflies fluttered through her stomach just then, watching Arlo's full, pink lower lip wrapped around the joint.*

“What type of beer do you like, Arlo?” Cole's gaze became similar to his fiancé's, something beyond curious but before lust. Neither of them could take their eyes off the hippie-chic African-American smoking their weed.

“I'm no beer snob or anything like that,” Arlo shot eyes at Jodi's clad-less chest,

“a good blonde ale will do just fine.”

“It’s settled then,” Jodi blushed, “beers at Goliath. Meet you there in half an hour.”

It was a short drive to the brew pub for Cole and Jodi, not a second of it wasted.

“Do you think he knows?” she asked excitedly, pulling her white tank top back on over her luscious tits.

“Knows what?” Cole’s hands drummed the steering wheel.

“You know...that we might want him to...play with me?”

“Fuck it’s so hot hearing you say that.”

“Focus, Cole.”

“I don’t know! Maybe he has a suspicion? Maybe he’s just one of those nice, care-free hippies that just ‘goes with the flow man.’ Either way. I don’t want to come off too pushy. I can’t do all the heavy lifting. You need to pitch in.”

“I’m ready to pitch in, baby. I just need to know you’re not going to freak out.”

“Do your worst, dear,” Cole blew her a kiss.

“Don’t make me tell you I told you so.”

Arlo arrived five minutes after they did, getting a beer at the bar and joining them on the back patio. Cole drank a stout, Jodi an IPA, and Arlo his patented blonde ale. The trio talked where, when, and how’s, trading small talk and life paths. The first round went smooth, cordial.

“I’ll get this next lap,” Cole stood, collecting their glasses.

“Many thanks, Cole,” Arlo rolled the sleeves up on his flowered shirt, revealing veiny biceps and hard skin.

“You must find time to work out on the road, Arlo,” Jodi reached across the table and ran her fingers along his forearm, “with arms like these, I mean.”

“It’s not too complicated,” Arlo said, “mostly pushups and chin ups.”

“You hear that babe,” she said to her fiancé collecting the empty mugs, “just a few exercises. What have I been telling you?”

“I’ll be right back with the beers,” Cole stuttered, hurrying from the table.

“Your boyfriend seems like a nice guy,” Arlo leaned forward, elbows on the tabletop. “Are you two engaged?”

“We sure are,” she showed him the diamond on her ring finger, “didn’t you notice?”

“I didn’t. I was pre-occupied.”

“With what?”

“You. Your skin. Your face...your body. Lots to take in, know what I’m saying?”

“Is that so?”

“Bet.”

Jodi checked the bar and saw her fiancé in line. He was watching them with a nervous anxiety on his face, trying not to stare but failing miserably.

“Where are you going to camp tonight, Arlo?” she ignored his obvious flirting. “It’ll be dark soon enough. You make a habit of setting up camp in the dark?”

“If I have to,” Arlo licked his lips, tracing the lines of her sleeves with his eyes, “I can always just crash in the van if I have to.”

“That’s no fun,” Jodi leaned into the top of the picnic table, letting her round breasts rest directly on the old wood. Her nipples were taut little beads poking through a flimsy white shirt, and she tilted her head, as if she were challenging him to look her in the eye. “I think you should come to our place. Have a shower...maybe a shave if you want. Our place is small but there’s a couch. Why don’t you just crash with us tonight?”

Arlo clasped his hands together, making no attempt to meet Jodi’s gaze.

“I think that sounds...righteous,” he grinned.

**2**

Jodie and Cole's apartment was an efficient, one-bedroom high-rise in downtown Denver. Though it was cramped for two people, they found a way to navigate the limited space. When Arlo came in that night, pack strapped to his back and duffle bag in hand, it immediately felt smaller.

"Thanks again for letting me crash you guys," Arlo set his stuff down at the foot of the sectional couch, "I can't tell you how nice it'll be to sleep on something other than my foam roll."

"It's no problem," Cole said, walking into the kitchen and retrieving three beers from the fridge, "I used to be in a band. I know what it's like to need a hot shower and some good sleep." He passed the Corona's to his fiancé and their new friend. The three of them clinked glasses and took a long, deep gulp of the brew.

"Follow me Arlo," Jodi turned and walked into the adjoining bedroom, "the bathroom's back here through our room. You can bring your shower beer."

Arlo and Cole stood alone in the living room.

"Your girl is very accommodating," Arlo's voice was soft and low.

"Whatever you need, Arlo," Cole said tentatively, sipping his beer, "what's mine is yours."

"You sure about that?" Arlo's friendly, scruffy face changed. For just an instant, that jovial black countenance was something darker, crueler.

"Sure I'm sure," Cole stammered, "we think you're really cool...Jodi thinks you're really cool."

"It's like that, huh?"

"It's whatever, Arlo. Whatever you want."

Arlo surveyed the short, gangly white kid that came up only to his neck. Slowly, his disheveled black face broke into a grin, and he nodded. "It's like that." He snatched up his backpack from the floor and went after Jodi. He passed through the bedroom and into the bathroom where the shower was already running.

“Clean towels here,” Jodi pointed to fresh linens on the sink, “feel free to use any of our stuff to wash. Do you need a razor?”

“I’ve got my own,” Arlo slid into the tiny bathroom, chest to chest with Jodi.

“You don’t smell so bad,” she bantered, “maybe a little sweat but nothing gross.”

“You like that smell?”

“Sweat? Sometimes...”

“Does Cole sweat for you?”

She raised her eyes and clicked her tongue. “You really want to know the answer to that question?”

“I really do.”

“No....he doesn’t sweat for me.”

“Why not?”

“He...” she thought about her words carefully, “doesn’t last long enough...to sweat, I mean.”

“That’s a shame,” he reached up and pushed a strand of golden hair from her face, “you look like you could use a little sweat...a little workout, know what I’m sayin’?”

“Get nice and clean, Arlo,” she ran her fingertips across his chest as she floated from the bathroom, “we’ll see you when you get out.”

Jodi closed the door behind her and walked back to the living room. Cole sat on the couch clutching his beer nervously, his worried face anticipating her return.

“How did it go?” he asked.

Jodi took a deep breath and sat down next to her fiancé. She took his hand between hers and kissed him on the cheek. “I think he’s down, Cole,” she said, searching her husband’s face for any sign of cold feet. “Look, we don’t have to do this. If you’re not sure or you want to take it slower, we can stop right now.

Just tell me.”

“I don’t want to stop,” he whispered. “I’m ready. I know I’m ready. Are you?”

She considered his question already knowing the answer. She nodded fervently, biting her bottom lip. “Are you going to watch?”

“I mean...Can I?”

“If you want to, of course...” she hesitated.

“What?”

“It’s just that...once we get started, if you feel like, I don’t know...Like, you can’t watch...you’ll just need to leave, OK?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean once we start...I can’t promise I’ll be able to stop. That’s why I need you to know for sure, babe...I want you to tell me again. Are. You. Sure?”

In the background, the hiss of the shower raged on. The rhythm of the water spraying tile changed whenever Arlo moved, and Cole couldn’t help but wonder which part of himself Arlo was washing.

“I’m as sure as I’m ever going to be, Jodi,” he gulped.

They waited in silence for what seemed like the world’s longest shower to end. When at last the incessant hiss of the faucet ceased, the couple listened raptly as he slid the shower curtain back and stepped out. The faint sounds of Arlo rummaging through his bag, then the rhythmic sound of his toothbrush. Then nothing.

Jodi squeezed his hand.

“I love you,” Cole said.

“I love you too.”

The bedroom door opened. Standing in the doorway was a very different man than the one they’d invited into their home only an hour earlier. Dressed in

striped boxer briefs, the black stranger stood carved of muscle from head to toe. His dreadlocks were tied in a bunch at the top of his head, long tendrils of matted hair hanging like branches. His once scraggly and overgrown face now appeared smooth to the touch, except for a long, thin mustache that grew into a dense patch of beard at the base of his chin.

“Hope you two don’t mind,” Arlo said, walking towards them, “I ain’t got no clean clothes...didn’t want to change into something dirty.” He sat down on the couch next to Jodi, leaning back into soft pillows.

“I can wash your clothes in the morning,” Jodi turned to him, her dainty hand reaching out and tracing a line in the center of his bare chest.

“You gonna wash my clothes?” Arlo grinned, folding his hands behind his head and relaxing.

“Me or Cole, will,” she giggled, “probably Cole.”

“Ha. It’s like that?”

Cole shifted awkwardly. He cast his eyes down, afraid to look. He saw his own knee just an inch from Jodi’s, but it suddenly seemed a hundred yards away. He didn’t dare touch her.

“I had a feeling about you two when I saw you at the park,” Arlo draped an arm around Jodi’s shoulders, “I knew you was some freaks.”

“No way,” she giggled in his arms.

“This good with you, Cole my man?” Arlo sat up, “you good with me hooking up with your girl?”

Cole tried to answer but swallowed the lump in his throat instead. He nodded nervously, watching the way Arlo’s strong ebony arms pulled Jodi into his lap.

“Well damn,” Arlo exclaimed, “if you two ain’t the best hosts in the continental United States.”

Jodi wiggled in his lap, her supple ass rubbing across the front of his striped boxers. Arlo cupped her head with one hand and brought the other to her tummy,

palm wide just below her hanging breast.

“You OK if I touch your girl, Cole?” Arlo asked, his hand sliding up and over Jodi’s fleshy tit, squeezing it fully. “OK if I touch her like this, Cole? She likes it... You like that, Jodi?”

“Yes,” she breathed in his face.

“She likes it, Cole,” he said, turning back to the girl, “tell him you like it.”

Jodi hesitated, unsure, nervous.

“Go on, tell him. Tell him you like it,” Arlo took the front of her titty in his hand, squeezing harder.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, fidgeting in his lap.

“Tell him...”

“I like it, baby,” Jodi looked at her fiancé, “I like the way he touches me.”

Cole’s breathing quickened, unable to comprehend that the moment had finally come. Unsure of his own role, he started rubbing himself over the top of his slacks.

“Come here, girl,” Arlo brought her close and they kissed, slow and deliberate, lips lapping against one another. He felt her up as he slid his tongue into her mouth. Jodi noticed something pushing underneath her thigh and she reached down, gasping at what she felt there.

“Oh my God...” she whispered into his mouth.

“You feel that, Jodi?”

“Yes...oh fuck...”

They made out, the girl’s pale body like lightning against a dark sky. Arlo’s chocolate skin melted against her, searching her body, tonguing her mouth. The smacking of their lips filled the room, interrupted by Jodi’s cries when Arlo pinched her.

“Go on and show your man, baby,” Arlo pushed her to the floor, where she came to rest on her knees between his spread legs. The striped boxer briefs strained against his hard-on, urgent and demanding.

“Are you OK, baby?” she asked Cole, pursing her lips together.

“I’m...I’m good,” he gasped, rubbing frantically over his briefs.

Jodi turned her attention to the black man looming above her, and in one motion she slid her tank-top off over her head and tossed it aside. Only the small bikini top she’d had on all day remained.

“Look at these fucking titties,” Arlo sat up, filling his hands. “Get this fucking thing off,” he tore the top away, revealing delicate pink circles. He stuck one in his mouth, tonguing and sucking her nipple while he filled his hands.

“Oh fuck,” Jodi said from her knees, arms encircling Arlo’s head. “Oh, fuck like that...oh that’s so fucking hot...fuck...”

Arlo slurped and sucked, running his tongue across both taut nipples, greasing her white tits with his spit. When he sat back against the couch, the thing in his pants threatened to split the very fabric that held it.

“Take my fucking cock out, baby,” he said, gazing down at the topless white girl between his legs, “show yah little boyfriend.”

Cole balked. His feverish hand stopped rubbing and for a split second he nearly called the whole thing off. Little boyfriend. It repeated in his mind as he watched Jodi reach for Arlo’s waistband. What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Jodi yanked down and Arlo raised his ass enough for her to get the underwear to his knees. When the underwear cleared his manhood, the great black cock sprang upwards like a shark breaching water. Thick and long, the base of it disappeared into a burly patch of black pubic hair. Two fat, leathery balls hung between his inner thighs, hairy and wild.

Cole’s eyes shocked open.

“Are you fucking serious?” Jodi asked.

“Come here, Jodi,” he said, taking it in one hand pointing the monster directly at her, “come show your boyfriend. Put on a show for him. Show him how you like to suck cock.”

She tried to check in with Cole one last time, but Arlo had her by the back of the head, pulling her open mouth onto the fat head of his black, bulbous cock. It flooded her cheeks and tongue, his dick dipped into the back of her throat.

“Fuck that’s good,” he sighed, staring down at her. “Look at me, baby. Keep your eyes up here.”

Jodi locked her gaze to his, his black pipe sliding past her lips. It touched the back of her throat and she wretched softly, her body convulsing on his meat. She wrapped both hands around the base, steadying it as she blew him.

“She’s fucking good, Cole...fuck, she sucks good dick. Thank you, buddy...ugh, fuck. Thanks for your pretty girlfriend, Cole.” He worked a portion of himself into her throat and started grinding his hips into her face, holding her still by the back of the head. “That’s it girl...throat it. That’s good...oh fuck, that’s OK. You can gag on it. Go on, gag on it baby. Show Cole. Show Cole how you gag on my black dick.”

“BREP!” she shuddered, eyes watering.

“Good girl...”

“BREP!” she gagged again.

“Like that, baby...”

Cole fumbled with his belt and got his pants down to his ankles, frantically pulling his throbbing pecker from his underwear. He stroked furiously, simultaneously turned on and pissed off. Some part of him was disgusted with the way Arlo was treating her...and with the way she was letting him use her... but mostly he was just horny, helpless to the sight of his fiancé pleasing another man.

“BREP!”

“Fuck yes baby,” he pulled Jodi’s face off his dick. She worked gobs of spit

down his shaft, jerking him fast and long. “You like that big black dick in yah mouth, Jodi?”

“Yes,” she wined. “So fucking big.”

“Bigger than Cole?”

“Uh-huh,” she nodded.

“Bigger than your little boyfriend?”

“Uh-huh.”

Cole came in his hand, hot jets of spunk shooting up and across his thighs. He grunted but nobody noticed. Arlo was pulling into her his laps, palming her cunt, sliding two strong fingers inside and rubbing.

“You’re wet for me baby,” he sighed, licking her lips, “you want this fucking dick, baby? Want me to fuck you in front of your man?”

“Yes...Yes...Yes,” her breath quickened, Arlo’s pace picking up as he finger-fucked her savagely, the sloshing sound of her wet cunt filling the room. “Oh, oh, oh...Fuck. FUCK! FUCK!” She tried to pull away from him, legs shaking, but he gripped her tight and didn’t allow her to escape. She came in his hand, moans breaking into high-pitched, whining screams.

“OOOHHH!”

“That’s it, baby. Cum for me. Cum in front of your boyfriend,” his hand scrambled her insides.

Cole watched horrified, his limp white dick a sticky mess in his lap.

“FUCK! FUCK!” she cried.

“Now you ready, baby,” Arlo said, sliding his hand from her soaked lips and rubbing it across her face, “now you read for this big black dick.” She mounted him, legs to either side of his strong thighs. Jodi reached down and found his towering, vertical cock below and held it steady as she came down on it. She felt his girth, penetrating her, spreading her in a way she’d not known previously.

“Oh...my...God,” she panted, sliding down.

Arlo wrapped both of his long, ebony arms around her body and pulled. It slid deep into her cunt, she moaned tortured whimpers as he held her still, fucking from underneath. Cole watched his fiancé’s body tremble as the black dong dug deep.

“That pussy tight,” Arlo moaned, his face between her swaying tits, “Imma’ stretch this shit out real good for you Cole. So good she ain’t even gonna feel you after this.” Jodi collapsed against his chest, holding onto his broad shoulders for dear life. Arlo’s fat ballsack rested on the couch cushion in a leathery puddle, Jodi’s peachy ass cheeks just barely touching them as she took more of him inside with each pulse.

Arlo grabbed her by the ass, palms wide against pale butt cheeks. He lifted her a few inches and picked up his pace, fucking faster and deeper

“Oh-my-fucking-Go-go-go-god!” she cried.

Arlo turned his head and looked at Cole.

“What’s wrong, Cole?” Arlo panted, “you cum already little buddy?”

“Yeah...I guess,” he said, trying to cover himself.

“That’s OK. I’m gonna cum soon too...your girl already did.”

“OK...”

Arlo took Jodi’s head in his hands and kissed her, this time their tongues dancing wildly. Their kisses were long and passionate, and sometimes Jodi squealed in his mouth when he plowed too deep. She disappeared in his sleek arms, his long fingertips running through her hair as she bounced up and down on his big black cock.

“You swallow, Jodi?” he asked her between tonguing.

“Fuck...I will for you, baby...”

“You gonna swallow my cum in front of your boyfriend?”

“Yes...”

“Call me daddy, baby. Call me fucking daddy.”

“Yes daddy,” she nibbled at his plump lips.

“You gonna swallow my cum in front of your boyfriend?”

“Yes daddy?”

“Good bitch...good fucking bitch...now show him.”

He shoved her off his lap and to her knees. Thick wads of Jodi’s cunt cream slid down his shaft as she took him back into her mouth, stroking wildly with both hands.

“Fuck yeah, Jodi...Ugh...good girl. Show your boyfriend. Look at your fucking boyfriend. Look at him.”

Jodi’s green eyes fell on Cole, who sat emasculated, and spent.

“UGH!” Arlo grunted.

Jodi’s expression changed to shock as the hot, thick liquid poured into her mouth unannounced.

“UGH!” Arlo grabbed her by the back of the head and slapped her hands away, taking his own prick in his hand. “FUCK! LOOK AT YOUR BOYFRIEND! LOOK AT HIM WHILE I NUT IN YOUR MOUTH! UGH!”

Jodi’s eyes watered, fresh nut spilling from her mouth as Arlo drained himself.

Cole buried his face in his hands, leaving slits in his fingers so he could still his fiancé’s defilement.

“Fuck,” Arlo yanked it from her mouth. Jodi came away coughing, thick lines of drool and cum streaking from her lips. He smiled down at her between his legs, a naked mess. Jodi brought the sensitive head to her mouth and gave the tip a loving kiss.

“Like that, girl...”

A small drop of cum bubbled out and she coated her lips with it, putting on a show for the black stranger, fully aware of her husband's disgust.

"Did you cum baby?" Arlo asked.

"Yes, daddy."

That night, after they'd cleaned up and set out blankets on the couch for Arlo, Jodi and Cole got into bed. Jodi fell asleep right away, her lithe arm wrapped around her fiancé's chest. Cole lay awake most of the evening, staring at the ceiling.

Images of them together replayed in his mind. The sounds she made...sucking him, fucking him. Cole never heard her like that before. Not even close. He'd cum in her mouth, once, a long time ago. She hated it, vowing never to do it again. And yet with Arlo...she practically played in it.

*Your little boyfriend.*

He could hear Arlo out in the living room, asleep on the couch. His snores were low, reverberating, constant.

*Your little boyfriend.*

In the morning, his bed was empty. He heard them through the wall, laughing.

"Good morning, sleepy head," Jodi called from the couch, "I was just going to get you up."

Cole surveyed the living room. Jodi sat at one end of the couch, her legs bunched in front of her and arms around her knees. At the opposite end lay Arlo, shirtless with a blanket covering him from the waist down.

"You guys been awake long?" Cole scratched his head, walking sleepily to the kitchen.

"Not too long," Arlo said, "I slept the sleep of kings."

"I'll say," Jodi pushed his blanketed foot, "we could hear you sawing logs all night. With these thin walls, our neighbors probably heard you too!"

"What can I say," he grinned at her, "you wore me out."

"Oh, stop it," she giggled. "I'm going to go put your clothes in the wash, Arlo... you hungry? Cole makes a great breakfast sandwich."

“Is that so?” Arlo craned his neck, looking over his shoulder at Cole in the kitchen. “You gonna fix me breakfast, Cole?”

A silence filled the tiny apartment, broken only by Cole’s long, irritated sigh.

“I guess so,” he mumbled. “Let me just put some coffee on...”

“I take mine with cream and sugar,” Arlo said, snuggling into the couch, “but still piping hot. Can you manage that?”

“Yeah, sure,” Cole said.

“Good boy,” Arlo winked at Jodi, and she shook her head at him, smiling. Cole said nothing, uncomfortable and happy to have a task. He dumped coffee into the coffeemaker while Jodi gathered the dirty clothes from Arlo’s duffle bag. She filled her arms with the filthy, smelly linens and left the apartment, taking them to the washer and dryer at the end of the hall.

“Did you have fun last night?” Arlo asked from the couch, his back to where Cole stood in the kitchen, cracking eggs.

“Um. Yeah, sure. Pretty fun. Pretty crazy...”

“I’ll say,” Arlo kicked the covers off his legs. He was completely nude and his soft, humongous black cock slept between his thighs. “You’re marrying one special girl, I’ll tell you that much. I mean, fuck man. She knows how to take a dick. Am I right?”

Cole’s heart felt like it was beating through his chest, and he could sense how red his face was.

“Am I right or what?” Arlo repeated himself, lifting a leg and placing it high on the back rest of the couch. The other leg slid off and he planted a foot on the floor. His toned, slender black frame posed like a sculpture.

“Yeah, sure whatever...” Cole tried to brush him off.

The front door opened and Jodi walked in.

“Oh fuck!” she screamed covering her mouth and slamming the door shut. “I

was not expecting that!” she giggled embarrassed, eyes glued to the black dick on the couch.

“You mind covering up, Arlo?” Cole stood in front of the stove, momentarily distracted from the eggs. “Last night was great and all but, like, lets just have a little respect with Jodi and- “

“Jeez, Cole, lighten up,” Jodi rolled her eyes as she took a seat on the couch next to Arlo’s lounging black body, “you literally watched him cum in my mouth last night and you’re going to bitch about him being naked?”

“For Christ’s sake, Jodi!” Cole stammered, watching his fiancé picked up the flaccid black dong and wrap her palms around it. “Can’t we wait until after breakfast at least?”

“Nonsense,” Arlo said, “you can make the breakfast while we play. Kinkier that way, trust me.”

“He loves kinky,” she said excited.

“Scrambled eggs with cheese, Cole,” Arlo announced, gathering Jodi’s long blonde hair into a ball, “and coffee with cream and sugar...fuck, yes.”

She took him in her mouth, petite fingers lost in the grizzly bush of his pubic hair. The once-soft black snake was now stretching, waking up, gathering strength. Arlo placed his hands behind his head and closed his eyes, letting Jodi handle the workload.

In the kitchen, Cole rushed to get toast in the oven, even as he finagled his rigid white dick out of the slit in the front of his boxers. One eye on the bacon and the other on the black cock in his finance’s mouth, Cole multi-tasked like his life depended on it.

“Breakfast smell’s good, Cole,” Arlo moaned, feeling Jodi’s tongue snaking along the underside of his shaft. “Cook my breakfast up real good, Cole...while your girl services me.”

Jodi double-stroked his fat cock, plunging as much of it down her throat as she could manage. When it could go no further, she held it there, jerking quickly.

“Fuck yea, like that. Damn, Cole. Your little fiancé is learning quickly. Learning how to service that black dick. Fuck...How’s my breakfast coming white boy?”

“It’s almost ready,” Cole jerked himself into the kitchen sink, a pathetic drizzle of white nut wasted down the garbage disposal.

Jodi pushed Arlo’s cock flat against his stomach, revealing a jungle of pubic hair enshrining a massive black nutsack. Without breaking eye contact, Jodi’s cute, elvish face disappeared into a thicket of pubes.

“You gotta see this, Cole,” Arlo grunted, “your bride is nastier than I thought. This bitch got my nuts in her fucking mouth. Look at her, Cole. Look!”

Depleted and deflating, Cole leaned over the kitchen counter. He saw Jodi with her face buried between Arlo’s thighs. With the lust gone from his body, the sight made him ill, and he returned his attention to finishing breakfast.

“Fucking white girls, man,” Arlo grabbed hold of his dong and jerked as she feasted on his balls, “never know what kinda nasty shit they gonna do.”

Cole plated eggs, toast, bacon and fruit with a napkin and silverware.

“Keep sucking my hairy ass nuts, baby, like that. Just like that. I’m gonna cum. Fuck.” Arlo snatched Jodi by the hair and drug her mouth back to his prick. Long, hot spurts of spunk shot out before she could get her mouth around it, and the thick semen splashed her face and dripped off her chin. Jodi was able to get the last few shots into her mouth, immediately gagging and spitting them out onto Arlo’s sloppy dick.

“Oh my goodness,” Jodi giggled, wiping her chin.

“Goddamn, girl,” Arlo panted, “you suck the fucking life force right out my body.”

“That good?”

“That’s fucking good...now, where’s my breakfast?”

Cole scuttled to the couch and handed Arlo the plate of food.

“This looks good, Cole,” Arlo took a bite of bacon. “Mmmm. Tasty. Good job.”

“Thanks...I guess.”

“You can go help Jodi get cleaned up now,” he said nonchalantly, crunching a bite of toast.

In the bathroom, Jodi wiped a wad of Arlo’s cum from her chin as her fiancé screamed in whispers.

“I want him gone,” Cole spat quietly, “today. Right now!”

“Calm down party pooper,” Jodi said, wiping her face off in the mirror. “This was your idea, remember? Besides, I saw you jerking off. Did you wash that down the sink by the way?”

“Goddamnit, Jodi! I wanted to try it out and we did and it was fun, I guess, but Arlo has officially overstayed his welcome. He’s fed, fucked, and once his clothes are folded, I want him out of here.”

“Shit! He got it on my favorite pajamas,” she said absently, dabbing the collar of her blue jammies.

“Are you even listening to me?”

“What? Oh, yeah fine. It’s your apartment, Cole. Tell him to leave.”

“OK fine I will.”

“OK,’ she raised her eyebrows, “come here.”

“What?”

“Come here, now.”

Cole stepped closer. She took him around the face and pulled him in for a kiss.

“Whoa, hold on a sec,” he dodged her, “can’t you brush your teeth or something first?”

“I don’t think so, Cole,” she dragged him closer and licked the front of his

mouth, “I want you to taste him.” She pressed her lips to his, hard. Her tongue lolled sloppily, and she spit in his mouth. Cole accepted it, begrudgingly.

Back in the living room, still nude on the couch, Arlo scrolled through his phone.

“Grabbing your clothes now big boy,” Jodi winked, walking by.

“Eager for me to put clothes on?” Arlo intoned.

“I didn’t say you had to put them on,” she stepped out the front door with a toss of her hair.

Cole stepped cautiously into the living room, attempting to avert his eyes from the wet obscenity curled between Arlo’s legs. He took a furtive seat in the chair across from his guest.

“How was your breakfast?” Cole fixed his vision to Arlo’s face, determined to keep it there.

“It was really great, thanks Cole,” Arlo set his phone down and locked eyes with Cole. “Thanks for everything. Your fiancé most of all. Goddamn, she’s something isn’t she?”

“Yeah, she really is...and thank you, I guess. Its always been a fantasy of ours... of mine. You were the first.”

“And did you enjoy it?”

“Yes...sometimes, maybe. Other times it was maybe a little too much. Not that you did anything wrong of course, no. Not at all. I just...I guess there is a difference between a fantasy and the real thing, right?”

“Certainly.”

In the awkward silence that followed, Cole tried to ignore the mass in his lower peripheral vision, daring him to sneak a peek. He took a deep breath, face to face with an alpha black man in all his chiseled, hung glory, and summoned the courage to ask him to leave.

“So, I guess after Jodi folds your clothes, you’ll be heading on to find a campsite?”

“Is that what you want, Cole?” Arlo stuck his fingers in the wiry swathe of pubic hair at the base of his manhood and scratched. Cole’s will broke and his eyes fell. The thick, flaccid cock bobbed up and down as Arlo scratched himself.

“I just don’t know if this apartment is quite big enough for three people,” Cole said absently, unable to pull his eyes from it.

“I think one more night won’t be a problem, do you?” Arlo mused, grabbing hold of his cock, lying it across his thigh, revealing his enormous black balls. “One more night and then maybe I’ll hit the road tomorrow. What do you say?”

“Jeeze...I don’t know,” his voice trembled, “I’d have to ask Jodi.”

“I already did, Cole,” Arlo leaned back, letting his balls breathe, “I already did.”

4.

Arlo got dressed in the clothes Jodi washed and folded for him. It wasn't much; some tattered jeans he free-balled in and a college basketball jersey that showed off his muscular arms. Jodi changed from her stained pajamas into a low-cut, yellow sundress, and Cole put on some shorts and a t-shirt. The trio left together to get lunch in the city.

"Look, if we see anybody we know today...let's just say Arlo is a friend visiting, OK?" Cole shifted uneasily in the driver's seat, glancing in the rearview mirror at Arlo and his fiancé in the back.

"No problem, Cole," Arlo stretched his arm around Jodi, "no one need know you're letting a black dude bang your girlfriend."

"Fiancé," Jodi snuggled into his shoulder, "he's letting a black dude bang his fiancé. Get it right, Arlo."

"Oh, my bad," he smirked.

"And if it's not too much to ask," Cole stuttered, "maybe keep the PDA down to a minimum..."

Arlo squeezed Jodi, sniffing the top of her blonde head.

They had lunch on a rooftop downtown at a place called Smitty's. Jodi ordered unlimited mimosas for the table, and her and Arlo got right to the task of getting their money's worth. Cole, uneasy and paranoid, took it slow on the drinks.

"I guess I'll get the tab," Cole said annoyed, placing his card with the bill, watching Arlo and Jodi flirt.

"You've never had a threesome?" Arlo asked her, sipping from the champagne flute.

"Not unless you count last night with Cole watching," she shrugged.

"I don't count it, not even close," he laughed, shooting arrogant eyes at Cole.

"Well, no then, never had a threesome."

“Not even with another girl?”

“Nope.”

“That’s a damn shame,” Arlo went on, “I’ve had lots of girls at the same time. It’s sexy. A lot of responsibility, sure...not just anybody is up to the task. But me, I almost prefer it.”

“I bet you do,” she said, leaning over the table, her pale cleavage pushing at the top of the yellow sundress.

“Would you ever do a threesome with two guys?” Arlo asked, refilling her champagne from the bottle in the bucket.

“Depends,” she glanced at her fiancé, “if this one would allow it.”

“Is it really up to him?” Arlo rolled his eyes.

Cole cleared his throat. “Yes, it’s up to me...and what do you mean allow it, Jodi? You mean with me and another guy, right?”

“Oh, sure...yeah, that’s what I meant,” she shot a glance at Arlo.

“I hope so...I mean, just because we tried this thing out with Arlo doesn’t mean I’m ready to be totally left out...”

“Of course not, Cole,” Arlo feigned pity, “we would never leave you out. Right, Jodi? Would we leave poor little Cole in the dark?”

“No way,” she slurred, the two bottles of champagne making their presence felt.

“I’ll tell you what, Cole buddy, if you’re so adamant to join in...why not tonight? Are you two up for a little threesome action? Don’t get me wrong, I love having your girl all to myself...but I’m willing to share her this one time.”

Jodi shrieked madly, giggling loud enough for tables nearby to look at them. Cole looked around embarrassed, trying to hide his face.

“What do you say? Are you in or out, Cole?” Arlo asked.

“Sure...I’m down. Sounds like fun to me.”

“Great,” Arlo’s gaze settled on Jodi’s tits, her fingertips caressing the soft flesh, “it’s settled then. Tonight, we will have a menage a trois.”

“You’re a pretty lucky fella, you know that, honey?” Jodi pressed her head drunkenly into Cole’s chest.

“Don’t I know it,” Cole mumbled, signing the bill.

“Where to next?”

“There’s a new cocktail bar on 7th,” Jodi yawned.

The trio, including Cole, got more inebriated at the cocktail bar on 7th. By the time they left they were day drunk and horny, wandering the streets of Denver in the Colorado summer afternoon. A group of fellow millennials passed by them, suddenly coming to a stop.

“Hey, it’s Cole and Jodi!”

“Oh my gosh, hey guys!”

Cole froze on the sidewalk. Familiar faces were approaching them, smiles and salutations.

“Sarah and Jim!” Jodi lunged into action, dishing out hugs for everyone, “so good to see you guys! What’s up!”

Cole stood like a deer in the headlights until he was shaken awake by his friend Tom, who snatched him about the shoulders and pulled him in for a bear hug.

“Cole you bastard! It’s good to see you!” Tom squeezed.

“You too, Tom...” Cole whimpered.

“Who’s your friend?” Jessica’s friendly voice came over the clamor of greetings. There were six of them in all, most of which Cole and Jodi knew well.

“This is Arlo,” Jodi didn’t miss a beat, “he’s a friend in a town for a few days. Arlo this is Sarah, Jim, Lily, Todd...”

Cole watched the way his friends looked at the black hippie. Did they know?

Did they suspect? It was impossible to say, but what he was sure of was that this little gathering needed to disband. Immediately.

“What have you been up to since you got to town, Arlo?” Sarah asked.

“Little of this, little of that. Jodi and Cole are such good hosts, you know? They really know how to show you a good time.”

“I’ll bet,” Todd agreed, “these two are getting married soon, did you hear?”

“I did actually,” Arlo turned to Cole amongst the crowd, “hard to believe my old friend Jodi here is finally getting hitched.” Arlo wrapped his arm across Jodi’s shoulders, squeezing her to his body.

“You’ve been friends for long?” Lily asked, puzzled.

“Long enough,” Jodi laughed, drunk and a little embarrassed.

“I think we should be going,” Cole said tentatively. “We have things we need to...” In his inebriation, Cole failed to properly lie and his excuse died on the wind.

“By things, Cole means a nap,” Arlo laughed, “he had a little too much to drink at brunch today.”

“Typical Cole!” Todd joked.

“Yeah, typical Cole!” Jim agreed. The group laughed together.

“Say Cole,” Arlo continued, “why don’t we go home and put you to bed, Jodi and I can move on to the next bar without you. What do you say?”

Chuckles from the group, all sizing Cole up for his response.

“Sure, Arlo. Whatever man...” Cole tried to shrug off his worst nightmare come to life.

“Maybe we can have a repeat of last night,” Arlo’s eyes were glossy with his day drunk, “as long as Jodi doesn’t keep you awake with all her moaning.”

For a moment, there was shocked silence. The tide could have gone either way,

but Jodi raised her eyebrows and exclaimed, “I wasn’t that loud, was I?”

“Only when you cum,” Arlo shook her, tits juggling against one another.

Their friend group exploded into laughter. Todd put a hand on Jim’s shoulder, Lily grabbed her stomach, and Jessica actually pointed at Cole as she guffawed uncontrollably.

“Holy shit Cole’s a cuckold!” Tom yelled on the busy city street.

“Cole the cuck!”

“Cole the cuck!”

Jodi wiped tears from her eyes, her body shaking with mirth. Her girlfriends gasped for air; their boyfriends continued cracking jokes at Cole’s expense. Towering above them all, Arlo stared at Cole, a close-mouthed smile that said eat shit.

Cole fidgeted, eyes to the concrete, unable to speak.

The group parted ways in a fit of hysteria, two separate walls of laughter walking in different directions. When the trio got to the car, Jodi and Arlo got in together without even acknowledging Cole’s presence. Before he’d even pulled from the parking space, they were on each other, making out in the backseat. Drunk, sloppy mouths ravaged one another, and Cole had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road.

“Let me see these titties, girl,” Arlo pulled on the front of the dress, Jodi’s pink nipples emerging from their confines. He took one in his mouth, slobbering on it, running his tongue across the areola, nibbling at her nipple.

“Oh, fuck,” she sighed, holding onto the thick dreads tied at the top of his head, “oh that’s hot. That’s so fucking hot.”

“Can we do this somewhere I can at least watch?” Cole complained from the front. “It’s hard to drive and- “

“Just shut the fuck up already, Cole,” Jodi breathed, “keep your eyes on the road.”

Arlo chuckled through a mouthful of titty. “Keep those titties out,” he said, shoving her against the car door and lifting her yellow sundress from the bottom. The pink, soft folds of Jodi’s pussy were revealed, no underwear to speak of. Arlo got down between her thighs and pressed his hungry mouth to her cunt.

“Oh my...God,” she cried, mouth open and eyes closed. She gripped his dreads with both hands, grinding her hips into his face. Arlo pushed two fingers inside, already sopping wet with spit and cream. He worked her clit between his plump lips, rapid-fire finger-fucking her succulent cave. “Oh, Arlo! Oh, Arlo! FUCK!”

Cole drove them home, a trembling mess with a hard-on threatening to explode inside his tighty-whities. When they pulled up out front of the apartment building, Jodi was screaming at the top of her lungs, and Cole turned the radio volume up in the hopes that their neighbors wouldn’t hear.

“I’M CUMMING! FUCK! I’M CUM...CUM...OH FUCK!”

Cole watched from the rearview mirror as her legs shook around the African man’s head. She tried to push off but he held her there, ripping the orgasm out of her body with his shaking, jerking hand.

“Get your ass inside, girl,” Arlo said, coming up for air, “I want that pussy right fucking now.”

Dress a mess, Jodi stumbled up to their unit as Cole and Arlo trailed. She was inside the apartment for no more than two seconds before tearing the dress from her supple, pale body.

“Good girl,” Arlo cracked his neck, hands fumbling at the waistband of his jeans. He dropped them to his ankles, his black cock a raging, dripping tower. Jodi dropped to her knees in a fit, grabbing hold of his meat and plunging it into her mouth. “Look how good your girl is trained now, Cole,” Arlo spread his feet wide, letting his hairy black balls dangle below Jodi’s bobbing chin. “She know just what to do when I whip this nigga’ dick out. That’s it, baby. Throat it. Show yah man.”

Jodi stared up at him, impaling herself on it.

“I almost forgot,” Arlo reached out and grabbed Cole by the shoulder, “it’s time for you to get some, right? We’ll, go ahead. Whip it out. I’m ok with sharing this

time, cuck boy.”

Cole’s breathing was rushed, drunk and anxious. His eyes went fearful when the black man put his hand on him. He looked down at his fiancé; a nine-inch black dick laid across her face, chin to forehead. It ran the entire length of her head, the girth of it covering her nose.

“Go on, Cole,” Arlo urged, “whip it out. She ready, trust me. I got your bitch good and ready.”

“Oh... Ok...” Cole’s hands shook as he undid the button of his shorts and slid them off. He peeled the white underwear from his body with his back to them, instinctively ashamed of what he was about to pull out.

It took several moments for Arlo and Jodi to even notice he was naked, and when they did, he wished they hadn’t.

“Goddamn that’s a little dick,” Arlo boomed, slapping his meat across Jodi’s face.

“Hahaha,” Jodi laughed, “don’t be so mean, Arlo! He can’t help it!”

“Give that little dick a tug, Jodi. Go on!”

Jodi reached up with two fingers and snatched Cole’s little white dick between them. She then used her entire arm and hand to lug Arlo’s black meat over to face the pathetic white cock. Side by side it was like an Anaconda staring down a field mouse, easy prey and ready to pounce.

“Wow,” Jodi chuckled drunk, “he’s like five times bigger than you, babe. Maybe more.”

“More as we speak,” Arlo prodded, “look at the little white dick getting smaller.”

Cole looked down and saw it was true. Between the public emasculation in front of his friends earlier, and the very private emasculation before his fiancé now, his cock had chosen flight. It receded back, shriveling in Jodi’s fingers.

“Aw, little guy,” she waggled the flaccid penis next to the big black cock, “not much I can do with this right now. How about you watch for a little and see if he

comes around, babe?”

Cole had no words left as Arlo shoved him the chest. He stumbled backwards and fell, pants around his ankles. No one noticed; Jodi’s full attention was on Arlo, her hands and mouth back to work.

“Don’t forget about the balls, baby,” Arlo directed her to the black pube forest below. Jodi isolated his right testicle and popped it into her mouth, sucking it hard as her hands stroked. “I bet she doesn’t do this for you, huh Cole? How could she? It would take a real man to get her to act like such a slut. Look at her. She’s probably got my fucking pubic hair stuck in the back of her throat and she could care less. She just wants this nigga cock. This man dick. She wants what you can’t give her, white boy.”

Jodi switched nuts, servicing the left.

“That’s it, girl. Put on a show for your little cuck. Show him. You invited me into your home, Cole. You cooked my breakfast while I fucked yo bitch. How’s that make you feel? She washed my dirty underwear you idiot. And you let her. You paid for my lunch while I touched her under the table. Goddamn, Cole. You really are a fucking loser.”

Arlo turned around and put his black ass in Jodi’s face.

“The fuck you stopping for, girl?” he called out. “Get in my ass.”

Jodi glanced at Cole, an uncertain smile across her face.

“Don’t fucking look at him, bitch! Look at my asshole! Spread my fucking cheeks!”

Jodi probed hesitant fingers into the dark crack and pulled his cheeks apart. It was hairy, though not as much as his balls and chode. She hesitated and Arlo seized his opportunity, reaching behind and finding the back of her head. He shoved her face into his asshole.

“That’s it, girl. That’s it. Your bitch every eat ass before, cuck?”

Cole was on the ground, hands through his hair, eyes unbelieving.

“I asked you a question, motherfucker!”

“No-no- “Cole stuttered in fear, “no. Never.”

“Good. I’m gonna teach her then. That’s it baby. Use your tongue. Taste that nigga ass!”

Jodi’s blonde hair cascaded down Arlo’s black cheeks as she lost herself between them. Arlo bobbed up and down at his knees, running the crack of his ass across her face. Her dainty hands found their way between his legs and grabbed hold of the familiar cock. She jerked him from behind as she tossed his salad.

“Good white bitch,” he stared at Cole on the ground, “good fucking bitch. Eat it. Eat that fucking ass!”

“Oh, Jodi...Oh, God...No...” Cole muttered, eyes welling with tears.

“Look at your girlfriend eating my ass, cuck. She loves it. She fucking loves it,” Arlo came away from her face, and for a brief moment Cole saw Jodi’s eager tongue flapping at the air. Then, she was in his face, guided by Arlo’s callous hand. “Kiss him, give Cole a big wet kiss. Let him taste my fucking ass!”

“Kiss me baby,” she slurred, her wet lips brushing his grimacing face. Her tongue came into his mouth, and Cole received it tentatively. The limp cock in his lap stayed that way, but something familiar was building in his ballsack.

Arlo drug her across the room to the couch by her hair and tossed her face down. He slapped Jodi’s plump ass, yelling, “up bitch! Get that ass up!” She did as she was told, her face to the cushion, ass to the air, eyes to her fiancé. Arlo spread her ass cheeks wide, his long, red tongue tasting her hole, flicking it rapidly as he jerked himself off.

“Oh fuck...Oh my God,” she moaned, “I never...I never...”

“Uh-huh, bitch,” Arlo said between licks, “let your man here all about it.”

“Oh fuck, baby. Oh, Cole, he’s eating my ass. I would never let you do that, baby. Never. But it feels so fucking good when he does it. Arloooo. Oh Arloooo. Eat my ass baby. Please.”

Cole jerked his flaccid dick, stuck between an erection and a nap.

“You ever take it up the ass, girl?” Arlo spit on her buttock.

“Uh-uh, daddy. Never,” her face was treading on fear, but her lust pushed her forward.

“You gonna let me stick this big black dick in your ass?”

“If you want to, daddy...but you gotta go slow...”

“Oh, I’m gonna break you in nice and easy, baby. Make that ass my property. But you gotta promise me one thing.”

“Anything, daddy. Anything.”

“You ain’t gonna let your little wimp white boy put it up there. Ever. That ass is mine.”

“Yes, daddy...”

“Say it, bitch.”

“This ass is yours, Arlo...”

“Tell him!”

“My ass belongs to Arlo, Cole! You’re not allowed to stick your little white dick in it.”

“That’s right, bitch...Cole, get your fagget ass over here right now, I want you to see this.”

Cole crawled across the floor to the couch and got on his knees behind Jodi, next to Arlo. The black man was rubbing a wad of spit against her puckered pink hole, slapping the tip of his cock against the handprint on her cheek.

“You gotta make sure this shit lubricated, bitch boy,” Arlo panted, “so I don’t hurt your girl. You don’t want that do you, cuck?”

“No,” Cole bemoaned.

“Open your mouth white boy.”

“What?”

“I said open your fucking mouth,” Arlo slapped Cole across the face, then grabbed him by a handful of hair. He pushed his pulsating member against the scared white boy’s lips until he opened, and Arlo jammed it into the back of his throat. “That’s it, white boy. Suck it, you know you want to. Get it nice and wet for your girl’s asshole.” Arlo skull-fucked Cole, violently. When he grew bored, he yanked it from the white boy’s throat and pushed him aside.

“Oh fuck, slow, slow,” Jodi uttered into the couch, feeling it pushing at her entrance.

“Hold still, baby,” Arlo grunted, “this ass is mine now.” He let the tip glide stubbornly past her opening, the taut asshole expanding to let his girth in. Jodi moaned slow and high, bordering on pain. When the entirety of his cockhead was inside, Arlo held it there, letting her body adjust. “It’s in, Cole. My dick is in your wife’s asshole. And you’re gonna sit there and watch me take her fucking anal virginity, you fucking loser.”

“Oh fuck, it’s so big,” she cried, “it’s too big. Oh, fuck I don’t know if I can take it!”

“Shh,” Arlo wrapped her blonde locks up in his hand pulled her face off the couch, “I got you, baby. I got you good. Just relax. Let that nigga dick slide inside you.” He pushed further and she screamed, her face forced upwards. Slowly, he began to fuck, using just a few inches of his black pole.

“Oh, oh,” she whined, “it hurts, oh fuck,”

“That’s it, girl. Loosen up. You like that big fat cock in your ass?”

“Ooohhh, fuuuuck!”

“Look at your girl, Cole. I’m fucking her in the ass. I got my dick where you can only dream, boy. Look at her face. Look how much she love that black dick!”

Cole watched his fiancé’s face but wasn’t sure he saw love. More like pain and pleasure locked in a fight to the death. His own cock had come to life and he

stroked it in spite of himself, dangerously close to finishing.

Arlo started to pump with reckless abandon, his rough black hands holding her by the hair and waist.

“Oh fuck! Fuck! FUCK!” she screamed as he took her.

“Tight white girl booty,” he smacked her hard across the butt cheek, “just how I like it. Keep that ass up, bitch. That’s it. Let me fuck you in the ass...just...like...that...”

“OH FUCK! He’s in my ass, baby! Oh my God he’s in my ass! Ah! Ah! Ah!” She screamed in time with his strokes.

“Jerk yah little white dick, cuck boy,” Arlo picked up the pace, “while I nail yah bitch.”

“OH FUCK! FUCK!” Jodi’s screams bounced off the walls, and there wasn’t a single person in the building that didn’t hear her cries.

“This just a warmup, girl,” Arlo clasped both hands around Jodi’s thin neck, “Imma’ put it all up inside you and let you sit with it. We’ll go longer next time, bet on that.” He choked her until spit dripped from her mouth, slamming relentlessly from behind. Cole nudded in his own hands again, watching his fiancé’s face turn red.

“You ready bitch? You ready for this nigga nut in your fucking asshole?”

“Chess, Chaddy,” she managed to choke out.

“Tell your man you want it in your ass, bitch,” Arlo eased up on her neck and she sucked wind.

“I want him to cum in my ass, Cole!”

“Beg me, bitch!”

“Cum in my ass, daddy! Oh, Arlo! Fucking cum in my ass pleeeeeaaaasseeeee!”

“UGH! UGH!” Arlo stopped fucking; six inches of man cock buried deep in her

anal canal. With each spurt of cum he grunted, smacking her ass so hard she squealed. “UGH! UGH! UGH!”

“OH- MY- GOD!” she stuttered, feeling it filling her from the inside.

“YES BITCH!”

Cole lay on the floor, defeated.

“Watch this shit, Cole,” Arlo said, pulling it from her asshole and unleashing a tidal wave of cum that trickled down and across her soaked cunt lips. “Look at all the cum, Cole. Look at it dripping out of your girl’s ass...my ass now.”

Jodi collapsed on the couch, trying clumsily to reach back and massage her sore ass cheeks, now red and bruised for Arlo’s hands. He gave her once last smack across a sore spot on her butt, and she screamed, burying her face in the couch, and pulling from him.

“Good little white couple,” Arlo said, taking a seat, slick dick staining the couch cushions. “Take my keys Cole, and get my other bag out the car,” he absently flicked on the television as Jodi curled up beside him, “I think I’ll stay tomorrow, too.”

5.

Cole's alarm went off at 6 am. He rose groggy from the living room couch, tip-toed silently through the master bedroom and into the bathroom to dress, careful not to wake them. On his way out of the apartment to go to work, he glanced at them asleep in his bed. Jodi's serene face lay against Arlo's black chest.

Around 10 a.m., nearly two hours into his workday, he got a text from his fiancé. He glanced around his office nervously, making sure no one had eyes on him. He unlocked his phone and opened the message.

It read: Have a nice day at work, honey!

It was accompanied by a photo: Jodi, clearly still in bed, had a slick, black cock in her mouth. She was smiling around it, her lush lips pressed to the ebony shaft. Her eyes were a dazzling green from the flash going off, and he could see Arlo's long black legs running down either side of the bed.

*Are you going into work today? He texted back.*

Minutes passed without a response until his phone vibrated and, checking to be sure no one else could see, opened the message.

*I'm taking the day off. Arlo said it's fine.*

Another picture: Jodi's pale body laid out on white bed sheets, her fat titties lying across her chest, pink nipples wet with spit. At the bottom of the photo, lying across her small tummy, was Arlo's nine-inch black dong, stretched nearly to her ribs.

When Cole got off work at 3, he rushed home. He hated the time in between, the not knowing. As he approached his front door from the outer hallway of the apartment building, he heard them. Through the walls. Jodi's high-pitched whining, Arlo's animalistic grunts. And if Cole heard them out in the hallway, that meant the neighbors did, too.

"Son of a bitch," he said, storming into his apartment. The bedroom door to his right was ajar by a few inches, and he saw the black and white of their bodies moving against each other. He put his face to the doorway, peering in.

"Oh, Arlo...oh fuck," she moaned beneath him. His massive body smothered

her, grinding between her legs, filling her.

Cole nearly interrupted them and thought better of it, remembering what had happened yesterday when he tried to intervene.

“You gonna tell your husband,” Arlo whispered in her ear, “we got more guests coming. Some friends of mine. You understand me?” His balls smushed against the crack of her ass as he went deep.

“Yes, baby...oh, fuck...yes, whatever you want, just keep fucking me.”

“My friends are coming to visit, you understand white girl? You gonna show them the same hospitality you showed me. You and your husband.”

“Yes, baby...oh fuck. Fill me up. I want you to cum in my pussy.”

“UGH! UGH!”

Cole slipped from the doorway, head in hands.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

*Dear Reader,*

*If you enjoyed this story- LEAVE A REVIEW! I will release the second part as soon as I get 5 reviews for this one. As always- Thank you for reading!*

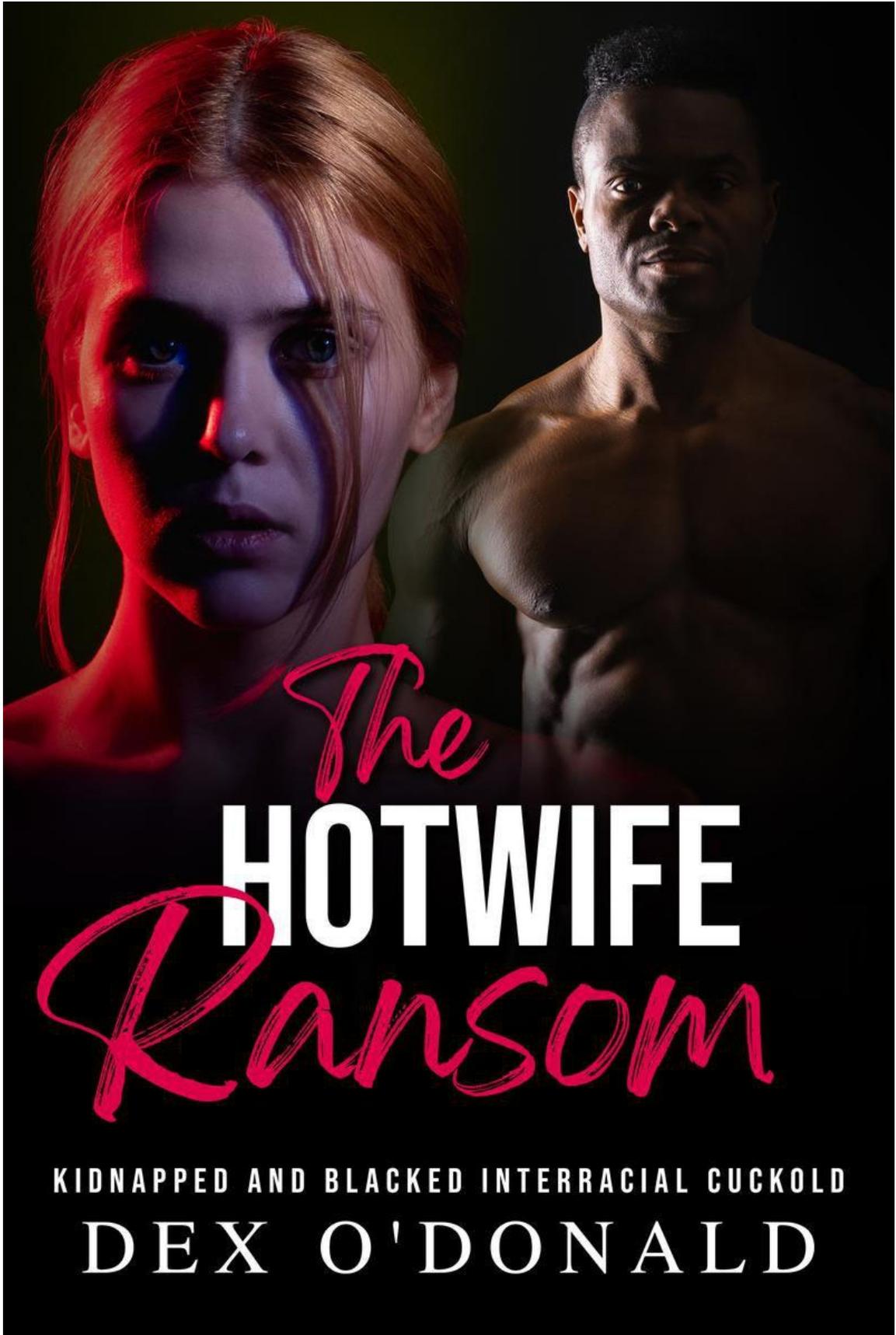
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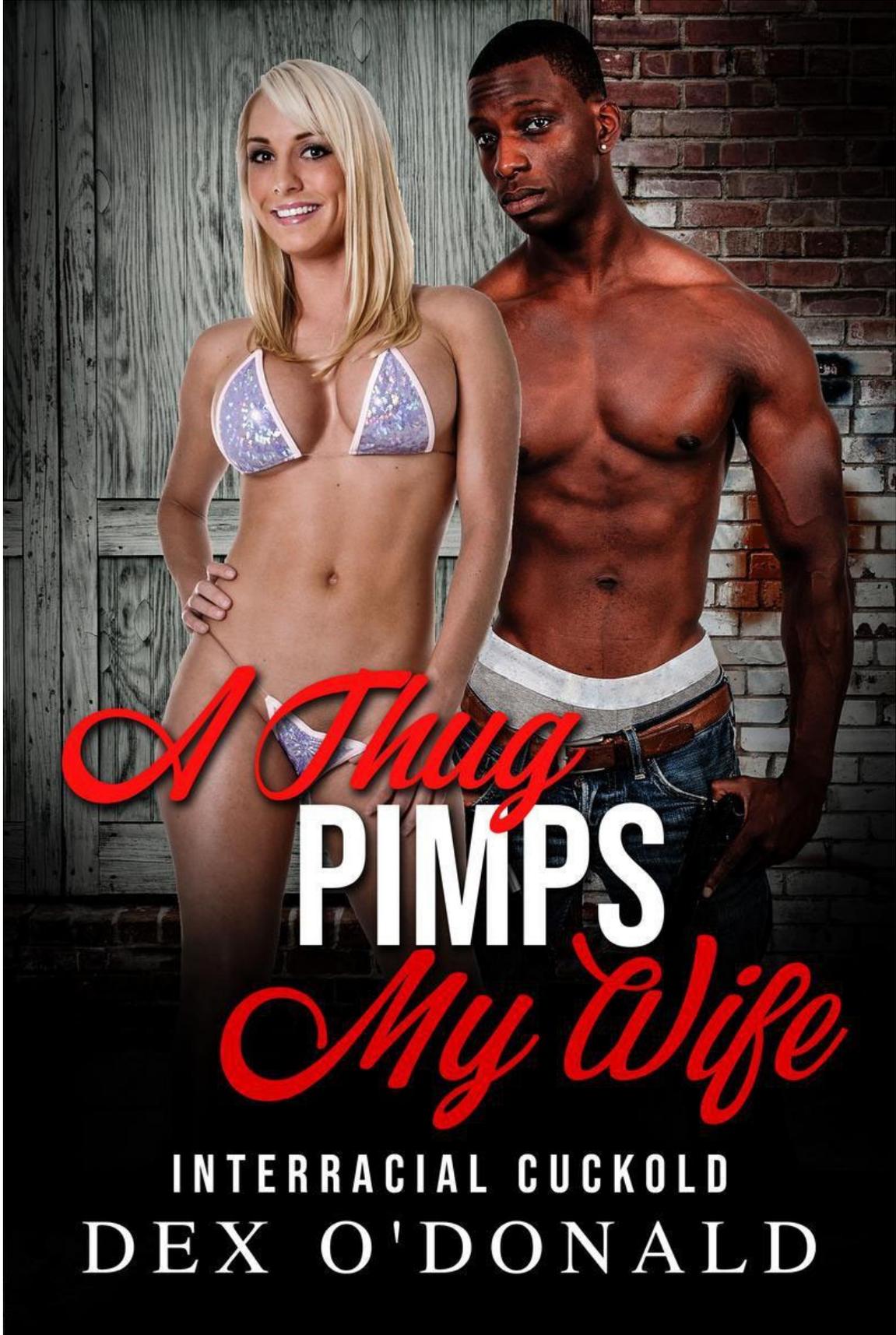
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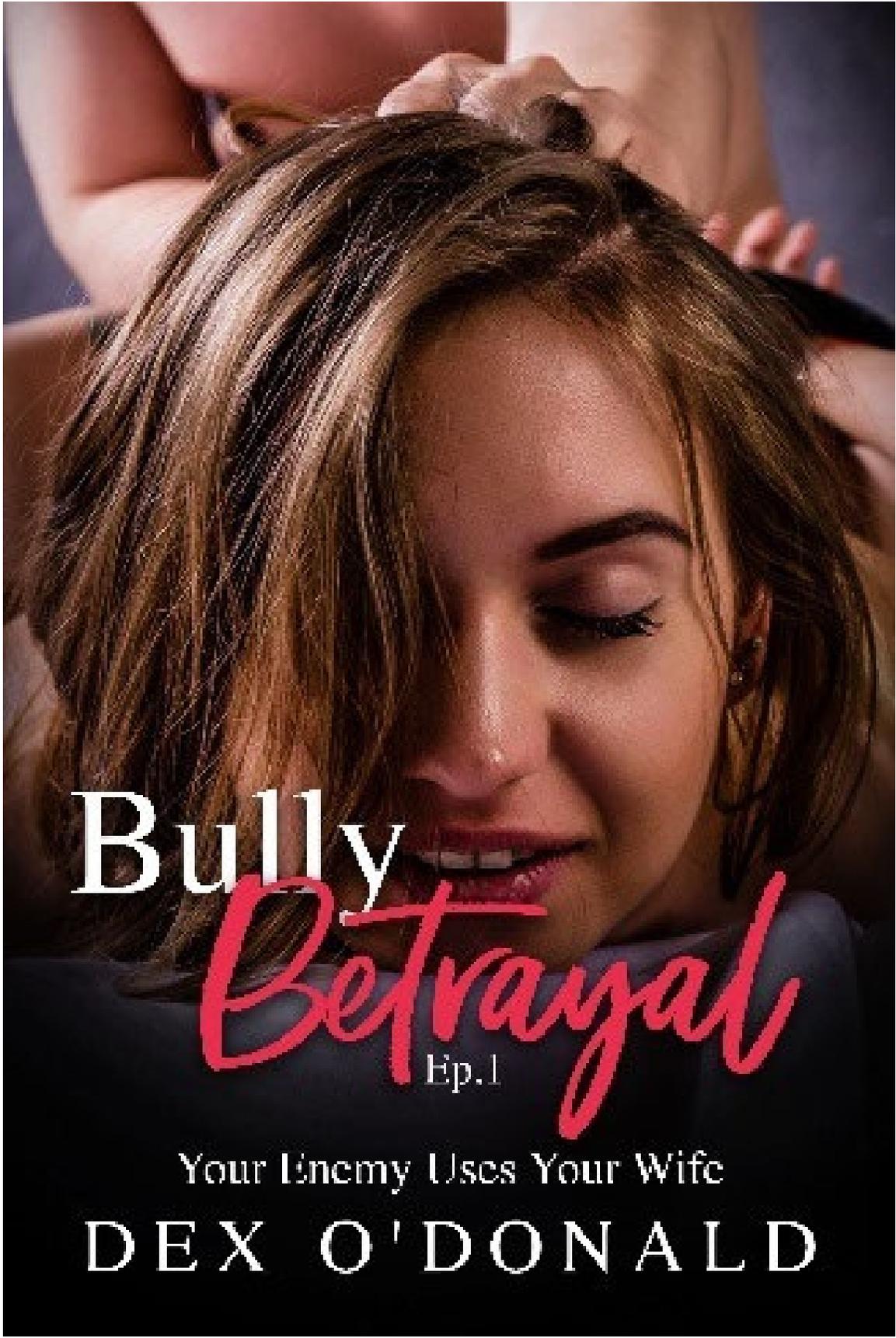
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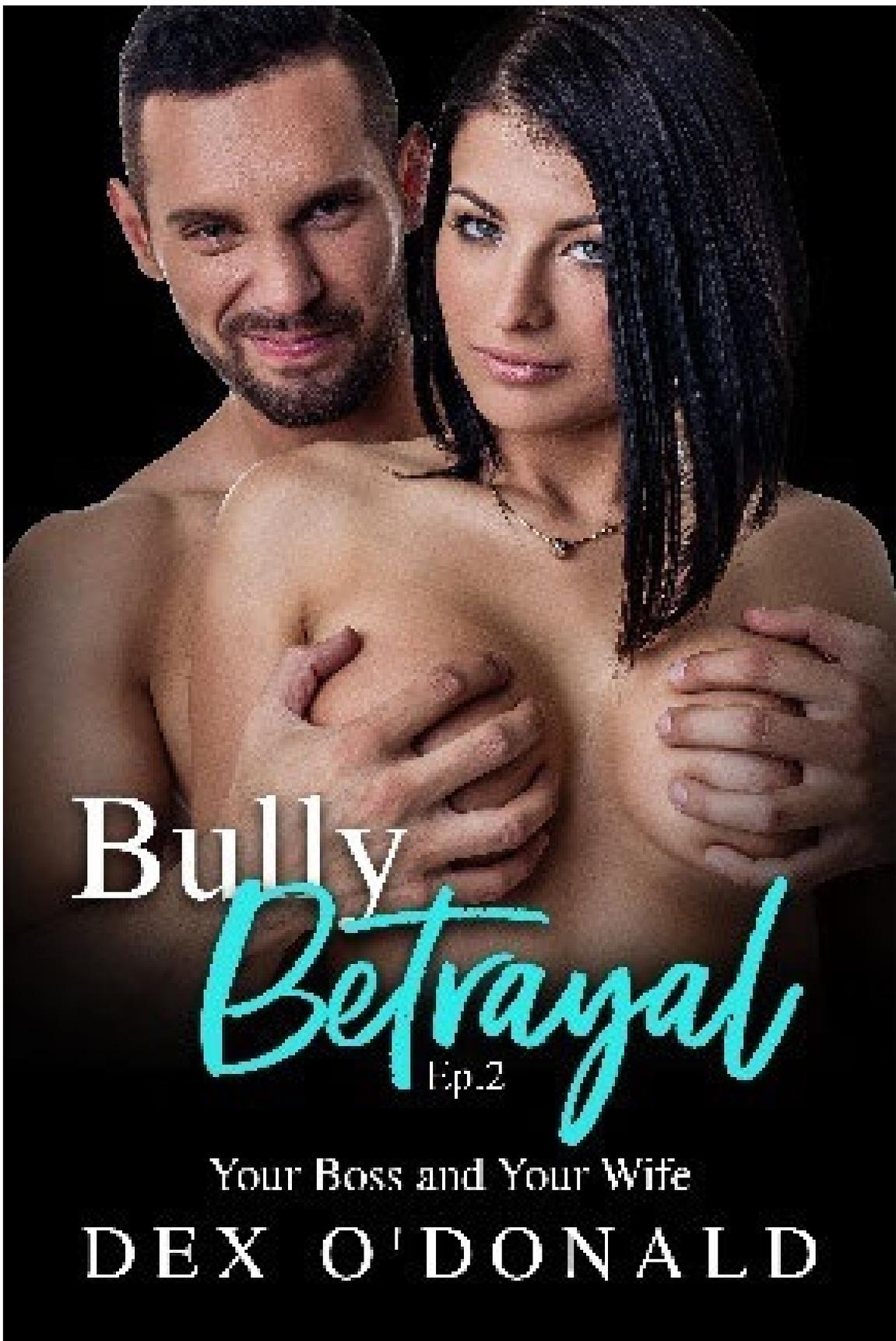
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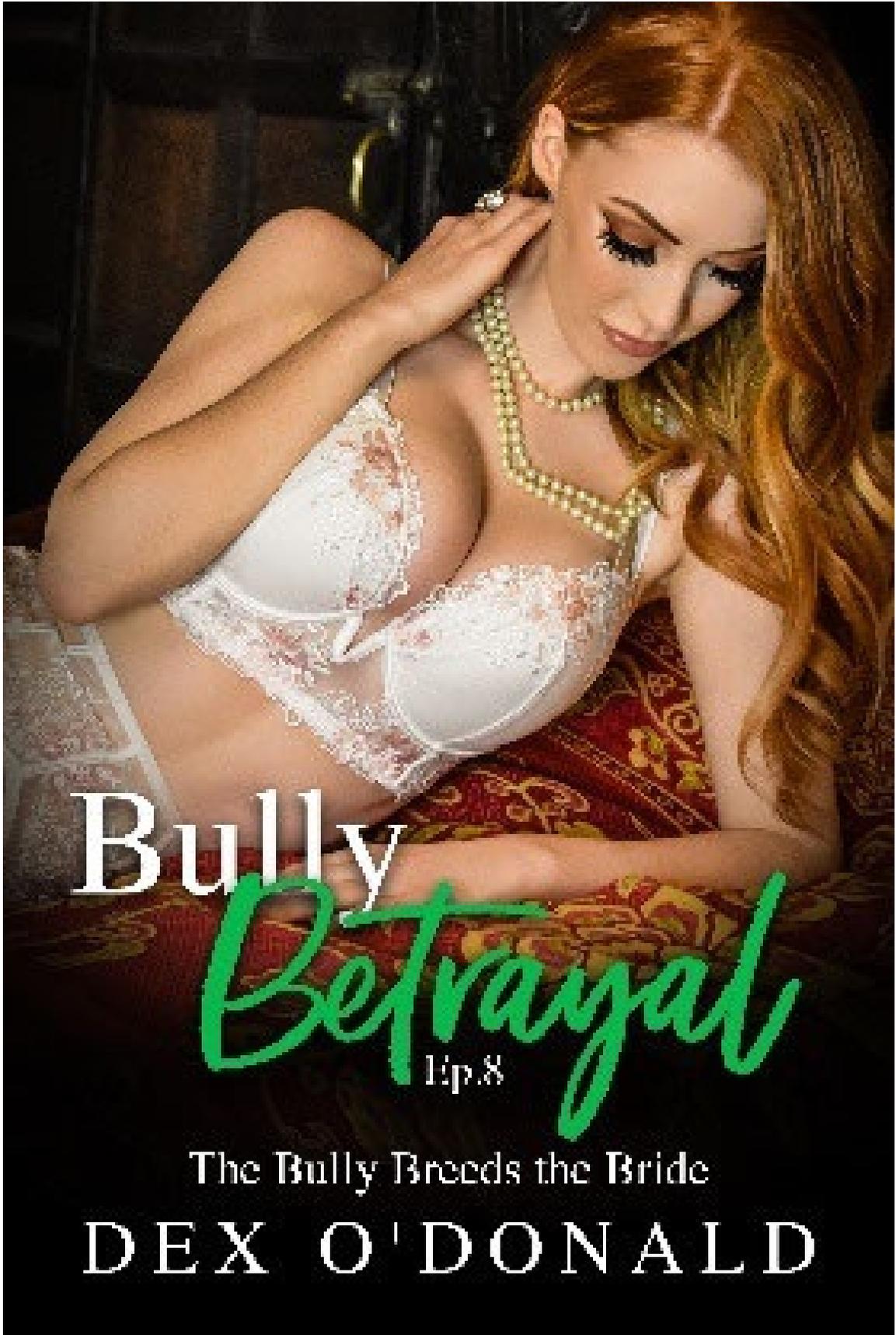
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# KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

*They took the wrong couple and  
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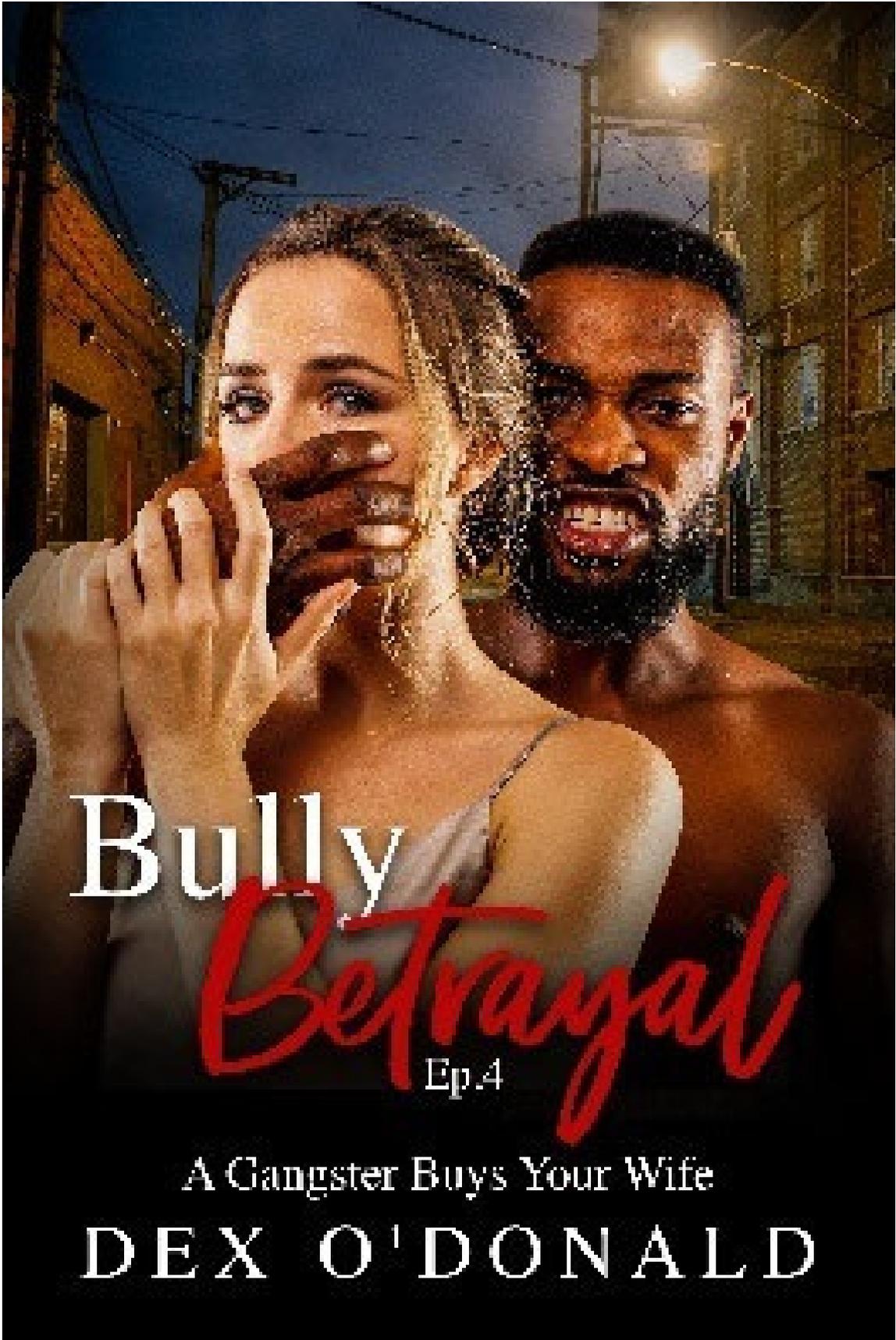
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