

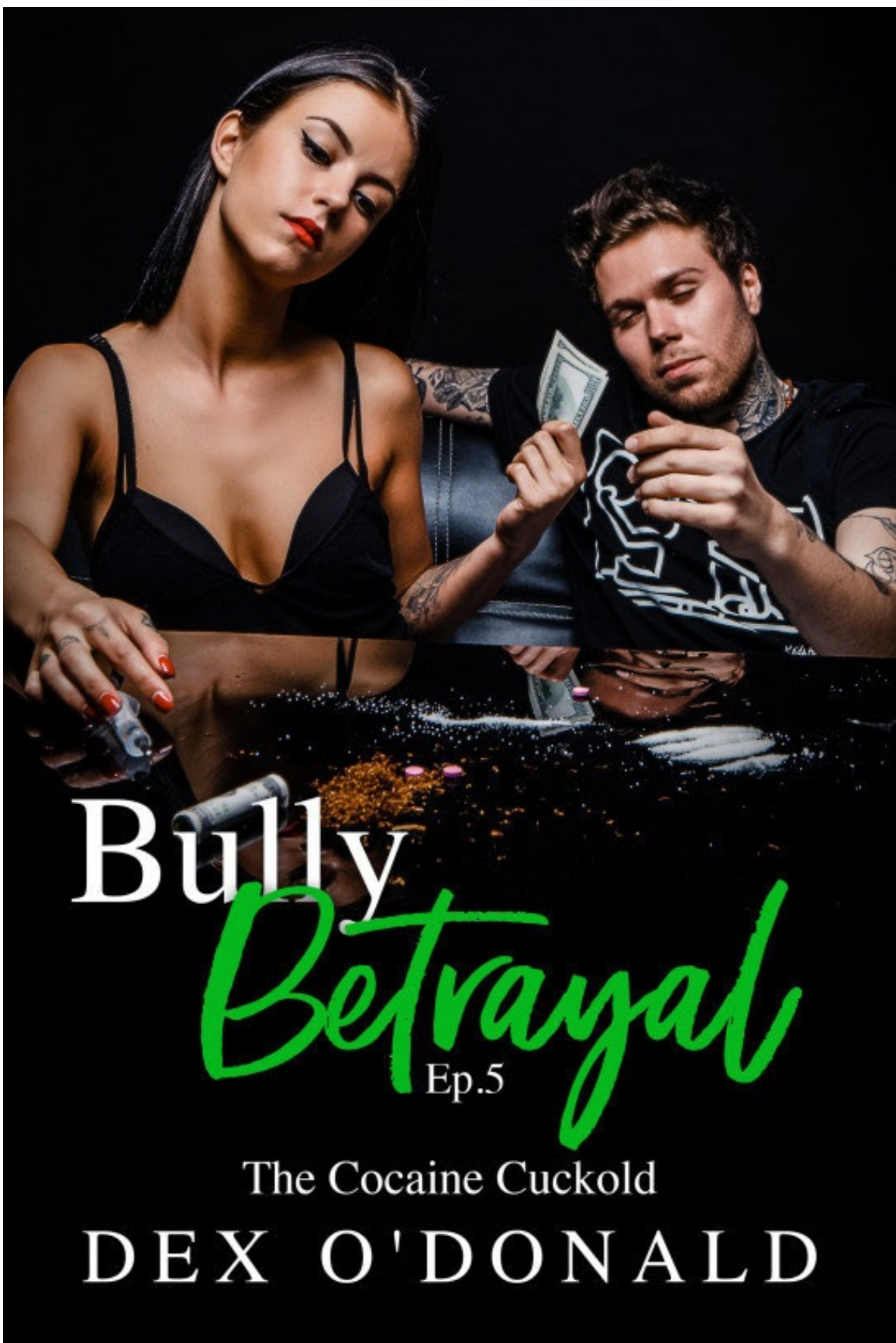
Bully

Betrayal

Ep.5

The Cocaine Cuckold

DEX O'DONALD



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By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

1.

It was late Friday night when Steve and Christina ran out of blow.

“Call Eduardo, see if he’s still awake,” Christina said, putting her hair up in a ponytail. She kept running her tongue across her lips, and her bright green eyes were electric pandemonium.

“Eduardo is out, I already tried him,” Steve sighed. It was Christina’s end of semester celebration, but it was only midnight and they were already empty. Perhaps they had started partying too early? The brunch Bloody Mary’s were one thing, but the shots of Irish Whiskey coupled with the gram of coke they bought around 3 that afternoon were starting to take their toll. The two of them were absolutely blasted as they bounced around the city, drinking cocktails at every bar they could get their hands on.

“Well, figure it out babe,” Christina said, sliding her D cups across his forearm and playing with a lock of his hair. “Because it’s still early and I want to party... and if we can party, that means something good for you later.” She licked his lips quickly, like a lizard, and smiled. Christina pulled the last of the baggie of cocaine from her purse pocket, ripped it down the middle, and licked the inside of the bag.

“Save some numbies for me, Christina!” Steve all but shouted. They were in an alley on their way to a speakeasy, and lucky for them there were plenty of places to duck down and get a sniff. In the case of an empty bag of cocaine, one had to settle for “numbies” as opposed to an actual bump. Certainly, something was better than nothing. Christina rubbed the residue around her gums and her charged eyes turned up another degree, now wide as saucers.

They entered the speakeasy just after midnight and took a seat at the end of the

bar. The place was packed, the music was loud, and a small dance floor in the back corner was already overcrowded. As Steve and Christina sipped their Manhattan at the bar top, Steve could not help but notice the looks his girlfriend was getting from everyone at the bar, including the bartender.

“Jesus, Christina. You’re just too fucking hot,” he laughed, sliding an arm around her.

“The fuck you talking about, Steve?”

Even the way she was sitting at the bar was driving him wild. Her tits were pushed close together, and her cleavage threatened to spill right out of her black top. A quick scan of the room revealed too many eyes to count looking in their direction.

“Come on, babe. You know. You have to know,” Steve said.

“Know what?” She said, feigning innocence, using her arms to push her breasts together even more.

“That you are an absolute ten. A dime piece. The hottest girl in the room. This room. Any room. I love you.” They kissed at the bar with every man watching. Most never took their eyes off Christina’s tits to even notice she had a boyfriend. Steve copped a feel, something Christina might have scolded him for had it not been for all the booze and drugs in her system.

“Any leads?” Christina asked as they left the speakeasy, searching for what was going to be the last bar of the night. “It’s almost last call and we haven’t had a bump in hours.”

“Relax, Darling,” Steve told her. “I’m doing my best. And I’ll tell you what. If it comes through, if by some miracle I can find us more...it won’t be bumps you’ll be doing!”

Christina squealed and grabbed her man by the arm.

“Lines?” She asked excitedly.

“As big as my dick, dear,” he told her.

“In that case, I’ll take the bump!” She erupted into laughter, and Steve stood there looking confused. “Relax, Darling,” she mocked him. “It was a small penis joke, but it was only...a joke?”

“Hmm,” Steve grimaced. “You’ve been making more of those lately.”

“Don’t get emotional on me, Stevie. Focus on the task at hand! More blow!”

Annoyed, Steve returned to his phone and the multiple lines of communication he had open. All around them the city was alive with drunkards roaming from

bar to bar, some groups now hailing taxis to get home while others pushed on towards the inevitable Last Call. What he did not tell Christina, was that he indeed had a hookup for the coke. He found it an hour ago. But he was holding out hope that a different connect might come through. Someone a little...less sketchy.

He laughed to himself. Usually phrases like “less sketchy” and “coke deal” did not go hand in hand, but in this case, he thought it best to exude some caution and patience. The hookup he currently had was notorious. Steve bought coke off these people about a year ago and had no trouble at the time. But he was alone then, single and with no lady friend to speak of. You see, this particular dealer was known for certain...perversions. Steve heard stories about them and about their methods of payment. Suffice it to say, he was in no rush to bring his keyed up, revealing girlfriend over to their house.

“Remember, big boy,” Christina said as they entered the establishment at the end of the street. “More blow for me, means blow for you. And not just the kind that goes up your nose.” Christina thought this hilarious as well, and when she finished laughing at her own joke, struck up a speedy conversation with the mustachioed bartender. They were sidled up at their favorite bar in the city to round out the evening. Steve sat quietly next to her, pouring over his cell phone and potential leads on purchasing cocaine.

Steve bit his lower lip and stared at the contact info of the dubious dealers.

Black and Rusty. Next to their names was a devil emoticon and a black heart. Steve thought back to the night he was over there but unsurprisingly, it was a blurry memory. It was late and they were his last opportunity, so he went. He remembered their apartment was a mess, without much furniture to speak of. They were certainly friendly enough, had even offered him some free lines.

And then it came back to him.

“Got any girlfriends looking for some, Steve?” One of them said through the fog of his recollection. “Just playing with you, Steve.... but seriously. Any lady friends lonely tonight? Not your girl of course...not unless you wanted to. Ha! I’m just playing with you Steve, just playing...” It made him feel uneasy even back then. He could not possibly subject Christina to that kind of thing.

“How’s the hunt going?” Christina interrupted his thoughts, bouncing on her bar stool and shaking her tits for all to see.

“Well, it’s not looking good babe,” Steve said, shutting his phone.

“Oh boo, boo on you! But that’s fine. The bartender said he might have some at his place. We could go there after he closes maybe?” Christina pleaded.

Steve eyed the bartender, who was busy helping other patrons. Always, his mustache turning back towards them, ogling the hot girl with the big rack and electric eyes. The nerve of this goof, to try and lure Christina back to his apartment while her boyfriend sat next to her.

He pulled his phone back out.

“Oh, would you look at that!” Steve smiled.

“Oh what! What is it my sexy, sexy, darling?” Christina whispered in his ear and nipped at his neck.

“Looks like we’ve got a connect.”

2.

The Uber across town took nearly 30 minutes but with Christina in his lap, grinding on his stiffening dick, the ride seemed fly by. They passed good neighborhoods and bad neighborhoods and ended up in the sketchiest of them all. By the time the ride dropped them off it was close to 2 am and all the bars were closed. The plan was to get the bag and head to a friend's house to keep the party going.

"Which house is it?" Christina asked, snuggling up to Steve's thin, lanky arm.

"I'll know it when I see it," Steve said. And of course, he would. It was the only house on the block with lights still on in the window, and loud music shaking the front of the home. An awful, sinking feeling crept into Steve's gut and he contemplated running after the Uber that had disappeared from sight.

"Well, let's do it!" Christina said, taking him by the hand and leading him through the front yard. The music was louder on the porch as Steve knocked hard on the front door. Fairly certain no one inside had heard anything at all, he knocked again. The sound of movement and chatter followed.

"Sounds like a party in there," Christina giggled.

A moment later the door flung wide and dim light poured out onto the porch. A tall, slim man was a silhouette in the door frame, and it took a moment for the couple to adjust their eyes. He did not have a shirt on and was covered in tattoos. His hair was slicked back and styled, and his shorts were denim and torn. Even in the doorway you could see his feet were large, almost clown like. When he spoke, it was raspy and sneering.

“Damn,” the man said, his eyes shifting up and down Christina’s tight body, “what do we have here?”

“I’m Steve, texted you about thirty mins ago? Friend of Stu’s.”

“Oh, Stu! You know Stu! Fuck yea! Love Stu, great guy.” He was excitable and jittery, occasionally wiping at his nose. “What’s your name honey?”

“I’m Christina,” she said, “and this is my boyfriend Steve...thanks for helping us out.” Christina was shy when she said it but the excitement in her voice was hard to miss. You could smell the cocaine from the doorway.

“Well, I’m Rusty. Pleased to meet you and your...man, here. Come on in.”

The living room was scant except a flat-screen tv that was too large for the stand it was on, and a dirty couch adjacent. In between the couch and the tv was a large coffee table with a glass top. It was covered in blow and when Christina saw it her sea green eyes exploded.

“Looks like you’re having fun here all by yourself, Rusty,” Christina said, her voice a tad too provocative for Steve’s liking. But then again, it always was.

“We’ve been waiting for you, darling,” Rusty smiled, exposing his white teeth and unseemly grin.

“We?” She flirted back.

“There he is” Rusty said, nodding.

Steve and Christina turned to the hallway and watched another man appear from the shadows. He was tall and dark, with no shame in exposing his six pack as he too was shirtless. He greeted Steve with a smile, but his eyes were all for the pretty girl in the center of the room.

“I’m Black,” he said in a deep voice, taking a seat at the couch and lining up little white lines on the tabletop. “Heard y’all want some blow...well we got it, tons of it.”

Christina noticed how white the cocaine looked next to Black’s black hands, and that he wore only basketball shorts that drooped low and fit him...loosely.

“You two are just in time,” Rusty said, pulling up two folding chairs from a corner of the room. “We were just getting ready to fire it up!”

Black finished cutting up the massive pile into 8, even lines. He tapped the credit card on the glass and let it go. He picked up a 100-dollar bill and rolled it into a little mini straw. Offering it up to Christina, he winked long eyelashes.

“Ladies first...and go ahead and take 2 lines, wit’ yah fine ass self,” Black said.

“Oh, well, thank you so very much!” She said, feigning manners and giggling wildly. Christina shot across the room and sat down on the couch next to Black. As she leaned down and over the table, Steve saw two unmistakable things happen. First, Black staring directly down into the crack of her ass as she bent. Second, Rusty crouching at the knees to get a better angle of her tits as she steadied the straw over the line of coke.

Angry, over it, and desperately wanting to get his blow and leave, Steve spoke up.

“Look guys,” he said, as Christina snorted a line back at the table, “we kind of have plans and a party we need to get to. Think we could settle up?”

Rusty and Black ignored him and continued to ogle his girl as she did their blow. After two fat lines, Christina sat up and straightened her top, tits jostling. Ever smiling, she leaned back into the couch, nearly ending up in Black’s lap.

“What’s your rush, babe?” She said, wiping her nose. “This party seems pretty good to me!”

“Oh, hell yes, girl,” Black said, inches away as he relaxed back on the couch.

“Yeah, John, what’s the rush?” Rusty asked.

“My name is Steve.”

“What’s your rush, Steve?” Rusty continued. “We got all this free cocaine. Don’t you want to do some with us?”

Steve hesitated on his answer, but Christina was right on que.

“I sure do!” She practically shouted. Rusty took a seat and began to cut up more lines. Steve watched his girlfriend sandwiched between the two shirtless drug dealers. He almost spoke up again but then Rusty offered him the 100 Dollar Bill.

“Take a big line, John, you’ll change your mind,” Rusty said.

“My name is Steve,” Steve said.

3.

Music played and the late night drifted into early morning.

The coke seemed to be flowing freely enough, though despite the sheer amount of it, it was obvious that Rusty and Black were doling it out in smaller increments.

“Let’s smoke a joint,” Rusty said, dumping a glass jar of weed nuggets out onto the already crowded table. “It’ll take the edge off.”

“I like the edge,” Christina said, squeezing between Rusty and Black. Steve was pacing the living room, so high at this point that he had forgotten about his racy girlfriend being sandwiched between two drug dealers. He failed to notice Black putting an arm around her shoulder as she chattered on. “The edge is the best part, so why don’t we keep that going?”

Rusty smiled as he crumbled the green flower into a brown blunt wrap, his eyes never leaving the task as he spoke. “Oh, you’d like that wouldn’t you, girl?” He started to roll the blunt with expert precision, tucking the wrapper in on itself as the bud spread uniformly throughout. “Well, we’ll see. We’ll see if you deserve it.” He licked the wrapper and smiled.

Christina pushed her bottom lip out playfully, pouting at the news Rusty had relayed.

“Pwetty pwease,” she said, squeaking annoyingly. “I pwomise to be a good girl for more of that yummy blow.”

Black erupted into raspy laughter, coughing into his hand to stifle it. Rusty smirked, showing his mouth of white and somewhat crooked teeth. He nudged her with his shoulder, and she nudged him back.

“Let’s smoke this blunt first, then we can see about more blow for the good girl,” Rusty said, sparking the cigar and filling the room with heavy pot smoke. The smell was sweet and thick. Rusty passed it to Steve after hitting it three times. Steve finally took a seat, pausing his endless pacing, and puffed the blunt twice. He passed it to Black who was patient, and took long drags that filled his lungs, before pushing it out of his nostrils in great tendrils.

Christina eyed the black man as he smoked, her pupils just pinpoints and her lids stretching as far as they could go. When Steve saw her, he knew full well she was checking Black out. Christina had this terrible habit of peeping a little too long when she was high on cocaine, and he called her on it before. It was no secret she liked to fuck, even if it was just Steve that she was fucking. But it was also no secret that she liked men, quite a bit. And if she found one she liked, she was sure to stare as long as she pleased.

“You gonna smoke that all night, boy,” Christina said, reaching her hand out to take the blunt from Black’s mouth. Black let her take it from his lips and she pulled it to her own. Their eye contact was unmissable as she puffed the blunt, smoke rising to cover her eyes.

“Who you callin’ boy?” Black asked. He squeezed her in a way that was slightly more than friendly. Steve, high out of his mind, watched it happen. His eyes shot nervously from his girlfriend to the drug dealer. He contemplated calling it out, but the giant pile of coke on the table cautioned him to hold his tongue.

“What wants a shotgun?” Christina said, perking up on the couch and letting Black’s arm fall from her shoulders.

“A what?” Rusty asked.

“A shotgun, silly,” Christina said, flipping the blunt around so that the burning end faced her.

“You never heard of a shotgun?” Black asked, screwing up his face as if to say are you stupid?

“Oh, like a back barrel?” Rusty asked.

“Whatever you call it,” Christina said, positioning the burning blunt inches from her mouth, “who wants one?”

“You know I do,” Rusty said.

Christina shaped her mouth into an O and placed the burning cigar partway into her mouth. Careful not to let it touch her tongue or the roof of her mouth, she brought the other end to Rusty’s own lips. Now the two of them sat with lips an inch apart, and Christina began to blow smoke out the back of the blunt and into Rusty’s mouth.

Steve was frozen in place, not OK with what was happening.

Rusty's eyes went wide and in an explosion of pot smoke he jumped up and out of his seat, a coughing fit seizing him, and began to jog around the living room. He was beating his chest and laughing as the "shotgun" hit got the better of him. Black was doubled over with amusement, and Christina just smiled as she held the smoking blunt between two fingers.

"God...damn...girl!" Rusty managed between coughs, trying to catch his breath. "You coulda' warned me you had pipes that could blow a house down!"

Christina pushed her bottom lip out again, and her face took on that agitating innocence of a college girl who wanted her professor to mark her grade higher than she deserved. "Have I been a good girl for you? Did you take the edge off? Is it time for...more?" On the last word, her eyebrows raised, and her eyes shifted from Rusty to Black, and back again.

Black and Rusty exchanged a glance almost too quick to catch. Steve most certainly missed it, his attention on his scantily clad girlfriend. But Christina caught it. As high as she was, she was no dummy. No words passed in that moment, but she knew what they were saying to one another.

"Time for more?" Rusty repeated the question, looking at Black.

"Maybe," Black said smiling. "But where my shotgun at?"

Christina smirked and turned the blunt over, readying her mouth for the burning end.

“Hold up, hold up,” Black said. “More of this shit gonna cost a lil’ more than just a shotgun.”

Steve shifted uncomfortably in his seat, and he realized no one had acknowledged his presence in a long time. As the night had gone on, he felt more and more invisible. At this very moment, he felt it might be time to remind them he was still there.

“Yeah, you know we sell it right?” Rusty said, taking a seat back on the couch. “We can’t be giving all this away for free.... what kind of businessmen would we be?”

Christina rolled her eyes and spun her tongue over the edge of her upper lip. She turned to her boyfriend and held the blunt out. Confused, Steve got out of his chair and took it from her.

Without warning, Christina grabbed the hem of her black, low-cut shirt and pulled it over her head and off her body. She wore a black bra with enough lace to show the whites of her breasts, barely covering her nipples.

“Oh daaaamn,” Black said, sitting up from his slouched stance to peer over her shoulder.

“Shit yeah, girl!” Rusty hollered.

“You wanna shotgun now, Black?” Christina asked.

Steve sat stunned as the strangers ogled his topless girlfriend. The curves of her cleavage were demanding on the bra, underneath the lining her under-boob was exposed and trying to push free.

“What the fuck, Christina?” Steve asked in a shaky voice, still standing, holding the blunt.

Christina reached out and snatched the smoking blunt from her husband.

“Enjoy the view,” she said to Steve, flipping the blunt around again. “You’ll get it all later, and more.”

She put the blunt back in her mouth, burning end first. Black knew what to do and had the other end in his mouth in moments. They were close enough that Christina’s titties were pushing just so against Black’s chest, and Steve knew he felt them there because he pushed in even closer as Christina began to blow smoke into the back of his throat.

Black took the shotgun much better than Rusty as his lungs filled with the smoke. When he backed away, he took the blunt with him, right out of Christina’s mouth. He unloaded the weed smoke all over the topless girl in front of him in thick, coughing clouds. Christina never broke eye contact.

“What the fuck, Christina!” Steve said again, raising his voice.

“Oh, calm down. Somebody cut Steve out a line, so he shuts the fuck up!” Christina said, laughing at her own joke. Rusty thought it was hilarious as well, and in a wave of his hand had cut a line out the size of a mechanical pencil. He offered the bill to the angry boyfriend who was still consumed with the sight of his girl on the couch, it only taking a moment for Steve to take up the cause and kneel over the pile of white cocaine.

“Good boy,” Christina said, patting Steve on the head as he railed it back.

“You funny, too, huh?” Black asked her, laughing.

“You funny looking!” She responded, taking the credit card off the table, cutting another out from the pile.

“Oh, just help yourself, girl!” Rusty laughed.

Christina sat up wiping her nose. She leaned between the two men. Her boyfriend watched her uncomfortably, the crazy look in his eyes either from the coke or jealousy. She winked at him, blew him a kiss, and then held a finger to her mouth - shushing him.

“What’s next?” She asked the room.

“I’m sure we can think of something,” Rusty said, rubbing his hands together

.

4.

It was 5:30 in the morning and the sun was beginning to streak through the tattered blinds of the drug house. With a staple gun and a few large, black trash bags, Rusty stapled the makeshift curtains over the windows and blotted out all sunlight that threatened the party.

“Ta-da!” Rusty said, aiming jazz hands at the black out. “The party continues!”

And so, it did.

The group danced around the living room, Steve included, as the drinks and blow flowed freely. Steve’s fears were quelled by a kiss and whisper from Christina, though she refused to put her shirt back on no matter how many times Steve tried to signal to her that she should.

Christina danced alone in the center of the room. The drug dealers watched from the couch, and Steve watched them watching from his lonely chair off to the side. She was in her own world. Eyes closed and open palms running along the sides of her bare midriff, Christina swayed to the music in time with exaggerated motion in her hips. She bit her bottom lip and started caressing her breasts over the black bra, as if she were oblivious to the men watching her.

She was not oblivious, and Steve knew it. She was high and having a great time, but it had also been an hour since their last line of cocaine. As far as he was concerned, it was after 6 in the morning and black-out curtains or no, the night had to end eventually. He had taken enough insult so far and was starting to think that maybe it was time to make an exit.

Christina's eyes opened, green and wild, and she looked from the dealers on the couch to the bag of blow on the table. She began to glide across the room, dancing for them while she gestured with her eyebrows at the drugs on the table.

"Oh, you tryin' to go all damn day too?" Black asked, his eyes never leaving her body.

"I'm just trying to have some fun while I'm young," she said, stopping just short of the table and falling to the carpet on her knees. That pouty lip was back out and she was showing it to whoever would look.

"Girls' got an appetite," Rusty said.

"Maybe it's time we should head out, babe," Steve said, standing from his chair. "We should get some sleep."

Christina ignored him totally, rolling her eyes so that Rusty and Black could see.

"What's your rush, Stevie?" Black asked him. "For all you know, this party could just be getting started."

"Hell, I say it is just getting started," Rusty said.

"So...start it up?" Christina asked, pout lip in full force.

“Christ, Christina,” Steve said, wiping sweaty palms on his jeans and sitting back down. “I might just head out without you then.”

“Bye, boy,” Christina said without missing a beat. She knew full well Steve would not leave her here by herself on the wrong side of town. Christina’s snappy retort silenced her boyfriend where he sat. Again, she motioned with her eyebrows towards the pile of cocaine on the table. The music played on but there was a stifling silence growing, something unsaid and eventual careening towards the group.

“We can do more coke...hell, we can do all the coke,” Rusty said, rubbing his hands together. “But like I said before, it ain’t free”

“Hell nah it ain’t free, and yah mans ain’t put down the cash for it,” Black said.

“I think ogling my girlfriend in her bra all night is sufficient payment,” Steve said sarcastically.

“Fo’ sho’,” Black began. “But that was for coke we already did...yah girl talking about doing more.”

“And more costs more,” Rusty said.

Christina considered this as her boyfriend asked again if they could leave. She

felt incredible. The kind of feeling you could only get in your 20's before the wear and tear took over and you could no longer stay out all night doing whatever you pleased. In her heart, she knew there were only so many of these nights left. That fact fueled her through many an evening, and it was fueling her now. Sexy Christina, in a bra and skirt, looked at her boyfriend.

“Don't freak out, fucking relax, Steve. Got it?” She spoke.

Christina reached behind her back and undid her bra strap with the flick of a finger. She shuffled her shoulders and the garment fell to the floor. Her tits spilled out across her chest and hung like giant drops of milk.

The room exploded.

Black and Rusty were hollering and stomping their feet, smiles from ear to ear. They high-fived in their pandemonium. Steve shot to his feet and yelled at his girlfriend, but it was drowned out by Christina's own hooting.

“Woo!” She exclaimed, “Woo! Woo! Woo!” She expelled the jitters. On her knees and completely topless, she shook the D cups for the boys.

“Let's fucking go!” Rusty yelled.

“Party time!” Yelled Black.

“Christina, what the fuck are you doing!” Steve screamed.

“Shut the fuck up, Stevie!” Black bellowed, shooting to his feet. He towered over Steve and advanced on him, shoving him in the chest so that the helpless boyfriend fell back in his chair. “We tryna’ have a good time and you keep bitchin! Shut the fuck up!”

“Relax, babe,” Christina said, removing a baggie of blow from the tabletop. “It’s just tits. You’ve seen them, now they’ve seen them. Big deal, right?” She peppered blow out from the bag onto her left breast, and then her right. Two little piles of it sat perfectly still a few inches above her pink nipples. With great balance, careful not to spill, she rolled the bill into a straw.

“Who first?” She asked.

5.

Here is a fucking sight to behold, thought Steve, staring at the drug-fueled trio across from him. And what are you gonna do about it, Steve? You just gonna sit here like a fucking beta male and allow this? Really? I thought you were made of stouter stuff.

“Maybe I’m not,” Steve whispered under his breathe. His ass was glued to the fold out chair, his heart beating out of his chest from the cocaine and the scene unfolding before him. It felt too late to speak up, like jumping in front of an oncoming train only to delay it a few minutes. He tried to tell himself a million things, a million reasons why what was taking place was all in good fun and not actually...cheating.

Was it cheating? Christina certainly made no efforts to hide anything.

Christina sat on her knees with a pile of coke sitting on each tit, Rusty and Black to either side of her. Black held one fat titty clutched in his ashy, dark palm, steadying it as he leaned his face into the cocaine piled there. Rusty did likewise except when he cupped her right bosom, his thumb fell across the nipple and rubbed casually as he got his nose to Christina’s chest.

They are groping her and fondling her, Steve. This isn’t just a playful way to get free drugs anymore. This is starting to look a lot like all those stories you heard about...about sex for drugs...and what are you gonna do about it, Steve?

“Coke always tastes better off a titty,” Rusty said, tilting his back and waiting for the drip to hit. His hand never left Christina’s boob.

“So do numbies,” Black said. His long, pink tongue began to roam across the top of Christina’s tit, catching all the rest of the coke his nose had missed. Christina squealed as a quick shudder ran through her body, suddenly feeling the wet tongue of the drug dealer in a place that no one other than Steve had been in a long time.

“Oh, shit, Black. You damn right about that,” Rusty said, joining him in the knocker numbies.

Steve watched them lick her flesh, until both wrapped their lips around her nipples and began to tongue feverishly. It was almost in unison, almost synchronized. It was almost as if they had done this very thing before.

Christina locked eyes with her boyfriend, each arm resting around the shoulder of a different stranger. From the way she bit her lower lip, the way her breath quickened and shallowed, it was quite obvious she was enjoying it.

“Do some more coke, baby,” Christina told him, offering a small reconciliation for what he was witnessing.

“Yeah, help yourself, John,” Rusty said, momentarily taking Christina’s tit out of his mouth. “We sure as fuck gonna help ourselves.”

“Yeah, we helpin’ ourselves to yo’ bitch,” Black laughed. He squeezed her double D hard and bit at the nipple. Christina tried to contain her moaning with deeper breathes, but they were starting to come out in high-pitched squeals.

Steve took the short walk of shame to the coke table, which brought him right alongside the threesome. When he tilted his nose down to the table, he could hear their slobbering. He could hear the sucking and spit. And in the 5 seconds it took him to rail back another gator tail, he found the sensation of not watching to be too overwhelming. He quickly got his eyes back on his girlfriend, and what they were doing to her.

“I think you’ve earned a special line, Christina,” Rusty said. He stood up, grabbed a bag of cocaine from the table, and dropped onto the couch. He started to undo his belt. “As a matter of fact, I think you’re gonna get 2 very, very, special lines.” He unzipped his jeans and slid them down to his ankles, revealing a pair of striped boxers with something moving underneath.

Black used the opportunity to fill both hands with Christina’s rack, sucking and licking both titties as his hands caressed them roughly. When he seemed satiated, he too sat down on the couch and began to take his pants off.

Confused but game, Christina shifted on her knees towards to the two men removing their jeans. Steve was standing over all of them, a few feet away, pacing and glancing nervously. He tried to take Christina’s arm at one point, but she shrugged him off, pointing to the blow as if to say Don’t bother me, help yourself!

Their boxers slid to their ankles and the drug dealers were nude. They stroked themselves watching the topless girl on her knees in front of them. Steve sat down on the floor of the dirty living room, rocking back and forth as the cocaine high collided with the adrenaline of watching his wife entertain two men.

“You want some more coke, girl?” Rusty asked, holding his veiny, stiff rod in his hand while he sprinkled some out along the lengthy, white shaft. “Only one way

to get it now!” He passed the bag off to Black who stopped stroking his mass long enough to do the same. His own penis was more unkempt; a hairy and wild bush of pubic hair covered the shaft, but the cock itself was so long that it jutted out far past the curly black shrubbery. The sheer amount of coke he lined up on it was enough to keep three people high.

Rusty rolled a new bill into a straw. Christina slide between their outstretched, hairy thighs so that a hard cock lined with blow was on either side of her. The two men made sure to keep their manhood pointed at such an angle that the cocaine did not drift or spill. Two, messy white lines waited for her along the poles of strangers.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she giggled, sidling up over Rusty’s lap, her free-flowing tits resting on the upper part of his leg as she took the straw from him.

“That’s what they all say, baby,” Rusty laughed. He wrapped Christina’s ponytail in his fist as she leaned over his cock with the straw. “That’s it, girl. Be a good little coke slut. Suck that shit right off my dick.”

Steve swallowed the lump in his throat, and it was louder than the blaring music.

Laughing, Christina did as she was told. She put the end of the dollar bill flat against Rusty’s donkey dick and began to snort back as she ran it the length of his stick. It crossed her mind more than once that she would never have been able to take so much off Steve’s cock. No, it would have been more efficient to just use a key.

Rusty yanked Christina up by her ponytail, far more sharply than Steve would have liked. Christina's face held a shocked expression between the feeling of the drugs hitting the back of her throat and the roughness by which she was being held.

"You like numbies, too?" Rusty asked her, beginning to point his dick at Christina's face.

"Uh-huh- "Christina tried to utter a response through the drip but before she could get anything out, Rusty thrust her face down into his cock. Her lips wrapped around it on impact, and he used her ponytail to steer up and down on it for several, fast, violent pumps.

Steve bulleted to his feet.

"Hey! You can't fucking do that! Fuck no, you can't touch her that way!" He tried to advance on the trio on the couch. Instinctively, Rusty let go of Christina and began to stand. Christina placed her palms on his thighs and pushed him, signaling him to sit back down.

She stood and turned to her boyfriend.

"Fucking chill, baby!" She shouted at him. "What the fuck is your problem?"

"What's my problem? What's my problem! He's making you suck his cock, Christina!"

“He isn’t making me do anything,” she scolded him. “All he’s doing is trying to show us a good time and you keep ruining it! Shut the fuck or go the fuck home, Steve! Besides, I didn’t see you ready to leave when you were getting your free line!”

“You lucky I got this coke on my cock, dawg,” Black chimed in from the couch, his cock still hard and holding the line. “Otherwise, I kick your motha’ fuckin’ ass for moving on my boy like that!”

Steve sputtered and went quiet. He wrapped two hands around the back of his neck and began pacing the room again.

“Good boy,” Christina said, getting back on her knees and moving in towards Black. “Keep your mouth shut like a good boy.”

Leaning over Black, tits dragging along his dark skin, she began to snort the impossibly long line that ran from just under his bulbous head, to just short of the wiry pubic hair at the base. She stopped halfway through to sit up and tilt her head back. When she did, Black filled his hands with her flowing knockers. He slapped the right one a few times loud enough to be heard by Steve, who groaned at the other end of the room. When Christina resumed, she took hold of the black pole to steady it.

“Little white girl loves coke off a nigga’ dick,” Black said, resting both hands behind his head. “Look at yah girl holding my big black cock, slobbering on it for some fucking drugs. She’s a little coke slut, ain’t she?”

When she finished, Christina looked up at black as she wiped her nose clean.

“Don’t make me do it for you, girl.”

Christina brought the thick dong to her mouth with both hands and slid her wet lips around it. She barely got far enough to reach the cocaine residue, so she had to lick along the edges of it like some giant black lollipop.

“You got two hands just like you got two nostrils,” Rusty said, sticking Christina’s free hand on his cock. “Let’s use them all.”

Steve watched her stroke them as she smiled, nestled between their legs, tits out and glistening. Their meat flopped all about, balls bouncing.

“What time is it?” Steve asked stupidly. In his anger and overwhelmed state, maybe he somehow thought that if Christina knew it was almost 7 in the morning, she might happily put her shirt back on and call an Uber.

“I think you know what time it is, dumbass,” Black said.

“I know what fucking time it is,” Christina exhaled. She had the baggie of blow in one hand, and Rusty’s dick in the other. “It’s party time.”

6.

It was 7:30 in the morning, and no light penetrated the dank drug house of Rusty and Black. Throughout the night and since the young couple had arrived, the light in the living room grew scarcer. Bulbs burned out and lamps were switched off. The only steady illumination that remained was a blacklight in the hallway, casting half of its seasick glow onto the couch where the three of them played.

Black sat on the end of the couch, Christina half in his lap. She lay on her back but twisted in such a way that she could give Black's rigid cock the attention it needed. She was able to get a hand around the hairy shaft to keep it steady while she sucked. Between her legs and at the other end of the couch, was Rusty. He had her panties pushed to the side underneath the skirt and was feasting greedily on her cunt.

From where Steve sat, he had a clear view of what Rusty was doing to her. Two fingers were slipped between Christina's wet lips, and he fucked her methodically with them while he salivated on her clit. His tongue moved a mile a minute over the button at the top of her sex, and the faint bush that rested above it was soaked through with spit. The sounds of his fingers moving in and out of her was audible.

"Fuck this pussy is right," Rusty said, marveling at his own digits moving in and out of her. "Tastes good...smells good," he said the last part after taking a long whiff of Christina's pussy. "Fucking tight, too."

Christina stroked the long, ebony boner, with her lips wrapped around the head. She flicked her tongue all over the tip while jerking fast enough to make Black's balls bounce off the couch cushion. Black was enthralled with what she was doing, relaxing both hands behind his head as he watched her bob up and down.

“She know how to suck dick, that’s fo’ sho’,” Black said. “She suck your dick like this, bro? Damn, I hope so. Cus it’s good. I mean real fuckin’ good.” Christina let go of the veiny rod and grabbed hold of Black’s hairy nutsack. She squeezed as he it pushed deeper down her throat, touching the back of it and making her cough with a mouthful of cock.

“Suck my nuts, girl. Get your tongue on my hairy fuckin’ nuts.”

Christina’s face disappeared, tongue wagging wildly, as Black held her by the back of her neck. He stroked his own cock as the white girl feasted, and pre-cum began to dribble from the tip of his eight and half inch pecker.

“Your bitch dirty, bro. She suck a nigga’s sack!” Black told Steve.

Steve was in the foldout chair, shaking eyes and twitching nose, watching every second of the perversion play out. Something in his stomach turned like he might puke when he saw his girlfriend begin sucking Black’s balls. He could see little strands of pubic hair pushed into her cheeks and forehead, could practically smell the ball-sweat that she was engulfed in. Never mind the dirty drug dealer eating her cunt, this was so much worse. How would he ever be able to kiss her again?

Rusty stroked the purple erection between his legs as he continued his pussy snack, slobbering and spitting all over her soaking cunt. Christina had a hand on the top of his head, squeezing his hair with her tiny fingers. Rusty pulled his face away from Christina’s snatch, taking her skirt off. He flung it at Steve, and it landed in his lap.

“You ready to get fucked, girl?” Rusty asked, spreading her legs and getting a leg onto the couch. His angle was awkward, but it allowed his plow to point directly at the entrance to Christina’s pussy. “Ready to get fucked like a little coke whore?”

Christina pulled her face from Black’s ballsack drooling and untwisted herself so that she was now fully on her back. Black’s fat ebony dick was left alone to tower in his lap for the moment, the young drug dealer stroking it while he reached an arm around Christina’s body to grasp her titty in his free hand.

“What about a fucking condom?” Steve managed from his chair, as he took a bump of blow off the end of his car keys.

Rusty smiled and shook his finger at Steve. “Good thinking, John. Good fucking thinking. I’ll be right back.” Rusty dismounted, moments away from penetrating Steve’s girlfriend. He walked down the blacklight lit hallway and disappeared. Christina reached a hand up and behind her head, finding Black’s meat and starting to stroke it while he played with her tits.

“I can’t believe you were just going to let him fuck you raw,” Steve said, catching his girlfriend’s gaze for the first time in a while. She rolled her eyes and laughed him off.

“I can’t believe you’re just sitting there watching,” Christina said, her tits jiggling, waiting for Rusty to return. “Sitting there and crying about it isn’t going to help, honey. Just whip it out, you know you want too.”

Black snickered, pinching her nipples as he did so. “Yeah, homeboy like it.

That's why he aint left yet. Pull out yah little pecker and wack it, kid. Yo' girl is right. You know you want to. Wack it like a lil' bitch!"

Rusty came back into the living room, veiny staff jutting out in front of him. He was tearing into a condom, and then tossed the wrapper at Steve as he positioned himself between Christina's legs. He got the condom to the tip of his dick and rolled it back over the shaft. The blue wrap unfurled perfectly over his crooked cock.

"That better, John? Or whatever the fuck your stupid name is. Better to wrap my cock up before I fuck your girl?" Rusty brought himself to Christina's entrance, and with both hands spreading her legs, he pushed forward.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck yea. Mmm, boy." Christina moaned. Rusty's sleek dick slid slick back and forth. His rhythm was rough and jerky, his taut ball sack banging into her asscrack as he buried the length of it with each stroke.

Steve watched the blue cock fuck his girlfriend and felt the pressure of his own stiff dick against the inside of his jeans. He had been denying it all night, but the fact remained: he was high on drugs and extremely, overtly horny. It had started over 12 hours ago with Christina's constant, day-long teasing. And now, still yet to cum or rub it out, Steve watched his sexy girlfriend get fucked and love it. It was hard to deny the eroticism of it, the sheer sexuality ruminating from them.

Steve rubbed himself over his jeans, hoping against hope to go unnoticed.

"Know what I love most about coke, John?" Rusty carried on, gripping Christina around her waist. "You can fuck all night long, like an absolute God. You see

how fucking hard my dick is for your slutty girlfriend? It's so fucking hard she's gonna cum on my dick, then I'm gonna cum on her face, and then I'm gonna fuck her again."

Rusty shoved two fingers into Christina's mouth and to the back of her throat. She coughed and sucked at them, rolling her pristine tongue over his dirty knuckles while he pounded her.

"Roll over, slut," Rusty said, pulling his comically blue pecker out of her snatch and helping Christina to roll onto her knees. Once situated, Rusty guided his indigo dick back into her hungry pussy, riding her while he slapped her ass. "Fuck you like a bitch," he said.

At this new angle, Black's enormous dick was in her face. He jerked it long and slow, and she watched the spectacle from inches away. He slapped it against the side of her cheek, and Christina giggled madly as she tried to keep her hips flexed, and ass up for Rusty. She had a hand at her clit and rubbed herself in slow circles.

"I think yah man's likin' this," Black said. He slowly guided Christina's face back down into the forest that covered his big black balls. "I see him over there touchin' himself. Touchin' that little dick through his pants."

Steve pulled his hand away from what he was doing, but the boner in his pants gave it away. A small tent was pitched that could withstand hurricane force winds. Christina laughed when she saw him try to hide it.

"See, baby," she said, taking hold of Black's cock in her hand. "I knew you liked

it.”

Christina sucked Black’s dick while Rusty rode her from behind. Steve watched the scene, his face numb and his dick near explosion. Rusty was working so hard he began to sweat, and soon it was glistening down his flat stomach and long, tattooed arms. He put a hand on the back of Christina’s head and forced her down further on the black dong in her mouth, causing her to gag and spit.

“Get tag-teamed, slut. Take two at the same time for another line of blow!” Rusty was growling, getting rougher by the minute as he rage-fucked her. He let up on her head and she gasped for air, smiling as she jerked her spit into Black’s pole.

“Goddamn, you two don’t play,” she said breathless.

“No, we fucking don’t,” Rusty said. He pulled out suddenly, grabbing hold of his dick and the blue condom covering it. He unrolled it while looking Steve in the eye, smiling and gloating, wild-eyed and high. When it came off in his hands, he dangled it along the couch cushion and let it remain there, half-used and hanging.

Then he flicked Steve off. “Fuck you, bitch boy!”

Rusty pushed back inside Christina, this time raw and untethered. Steve’s eyes welled with tears and he dropped his face into his hands. In the brief blackness of his palms, he could hear Rusty’s body slamming into Christina’s. He could hear her tongue rolling all over Black, and he could hear all three of them breathing. When he opened his eyes, things were the same as before.

“How dirty you get, girl?” Black asked her. His hand wrapped around her throat and kept her face to face with him as he spoke. “You suck dick in front yah mans...you lick a nigga’s hairy balls...what else you do, baby?” He kissed her in between each dirty phrase, his luscious lips sticking to hers.

“I’m a dirty girl,” she moaned, her body jolting forward every time Rusty pumped. “I’m so dirty for you, Black.” Black kissed her again, getting his tongue deep in her mouth and tasting her sweet spit. He was slapping his cock against her hanging, floppy tits as they made out.

“You gon’ eat my booty, girl? You gon’ tongue my ass while yah mans watchin’?”

When Christina smiled in response, Black hitched further back and flung a leg over the backside of the couch. Reaching down, he pulled his long, sagging nuts out of the way. His black ass crack was inches from Christina’s mouth.

“Yah girl is a nasty bitch, look at this shit,” Black said.

Christina leaned in, and even from where Steve sat, he could see her eager tongue licking and penetrating Black’s ass cheeks. Black jerked himself furiously while she tossed his salad, his nutsack bouncing wildly off her forehead as she ate below. Christina’s rosy cheeks were rubbing flat against Black’s own ass cheeks, her nose buried in his gooch. Black put his free hand on the back of her head, shoving her further into his asshole.

“Eat it, bitch. Eat that bootyhole. That’s right. Oh, fuck that’s good. Right there. Keep yah’ tongue right there. Let yah mans watch you lick some black ass. Good little slut!”

Rusty refused to throttle his pace, the sweat that coated his body now falling onto Christina. Occasionally he wiped the sweat from his brow, and then wiped that same hand down Christina’s back, leaving a wet sweat stain that marked his territory. He spread her ass cheeks. From the looks of it, nothing had ever been in there before.

Rusty spat a gob of white spit suddenly and directly onto her buttock and rubbed it in with his thumb. He finger-fucked her with his index finger. In response, Christina moaned and hummed into Black’s ass, causing him to close his eyes and jerk faster on top of the little white girl’s head.

“My turn,” Black said, finally releasing her. He heaved her forward and up, so that she was straddling him from above. It took him only a second to direct it in, squeezing her body close as he pushed deep. Christina trembled as Black entered her. With both arms wrapped around her body, Black pressed Christina firmly against him as he fucked her. She melted into his chest, her small, naked frame accepting him completely.

Rusty watched from nearby, stroking his cock with a crazed look on his face, his jaw moving in circles and the tip of nose bright red from a long night of cocaine use. Steve was defeated a long time ago, and a shell of his former self sat in a lonely chair watching the love of his life make passionate love to a total stranger. When Christina raised her head off Black’s chest and began to kiss him, slow and ardently, Steve could no longer hold back what he wanted to hide. In a clumsy haste he shook his own pants down to his ankles and began to jerk off.

“Little John is jerking it over here,” Rusty said laughing. “The smallest dick in the room gets to watch and that is it!”

Christina was moaning loud and clear when Rusty positioned himself on the couch behind her, being careful not to step on Black’s outstretched legs. The first thing Rusty did was reach down and begin rubbing Christina’s tender asshole, eventually wetting his finger, and pushing it in.

“You ever take two at once, girl?” Rusty asked in a slow southern drawl. He could feel black on the other side, and he could feel Steve’s heartbroken eyes on the three of them. “Feels ripe to me. Feels like she’s ready. What you think Black?”

Black, grinding in and out of Christina’s tight cunt, held Christina’s face in his hands as he kissed her. “You want it in your ass, girl? You wanna get DP’d? You little, dirty, bitch. Are you fucking ready for it?” Each question was a vicious whisper, smoothed over with tender kisses on her lips and nose.

Steve jerked feverishly. The heartbreak and the lust mixed in his lower stomach and he could feel his nut coming. Rushing headlong towards his own climax, Steve tried to slow down. As Rusty mounted Christina, pushing the head of his purple prick to her asshole, Steve began coming in his own hands.

“Ugh,” Steve grunted, feeling his warm jizz coat his knuckles and slide down his short dick.

“Ugh,” Rusty grunted, the head of his cock sliding past Christina’s puckered butthole.

“UGH,” grunted Christina, feeling just the beginning of two cocks inside her at once.

As Rusty pushed deeper, taking his time and careful not to interfere with Black’s own thrusts, Christina began to whimper. He was being gentle, sure to slide each inch inside with precision. Black was slowing his rhythm yet keeping it constant, all while pinning Christina to his chest.

“That’s it, girl. Take that dick in your little asshole. You little slut. You come here for drugs and you’ll leave walking funny. That’s it.”

Rusty used her ass, in and out, his cock sliding alongside Black’s. Christina’s body shook with the force of her orgasm, nowhere to scream but right in Black’s face. Rusty seized the moment by snatching Christina’s ponytail, yanking her head upward so that she arched perfection between them. Steve saw her jaw drop and her breath catch in her throat as she came. Rusty and Black slid through her like two pistons powering some piece of great machinery, and Christina’s green eyes turned to cosmic oceans that swirled in infinity.

Steve’s orgasm had subsided and the cum he wiped on his jeans had turned cold. The lust he felt previously left him like a brisk wind pushing a dead leaf, and all that remained was his girlfriend’s tired body stuck between two coked out slimeballs simultaneously fucking her pussy and asshole. He went limp.

Black signaled he was ready to change positions and Rusty dismounted. The tired girl almost fell over as she stood, knees buckling. Black shoved her playfully onto her back. Christina instinctively spread her legs and the black dealer took up missionary, pounding with more force now that he was the one on

top. Rusty jerked himself off inches from her face, joining Steve in watching the show.

“I’m gonna nut on this slut’s fat tits, that’s exactly what I’m gonna do,” Rusty mumbled, bringing his slick prick-head to Christina’s left nipple and rubbing. Her breasts bounced billy-o, and she sucked on the two fingers Black explored her mouth with.

Steve checked the time. 8:30 in the morning.

“Oh, fuck,” Rusty grunted. And then his long, mean prick was spurting spunk all over Christina’s chest. The girl guffawed as it sprayed out across her tits and nipples. Black kept pounding and Rusty kept grunting until his shot was spent. He rubbed some of the cum round with his still-pulsing member.

Steve watched his girlfriend get fucked by one stranger, while covered in another’s cum.

Rusty continued jerking his Coke Cock, still not deflated despite the load that now covered Christina.

“Look at yah girl, bro,” Black said, getting ever closer. “She a slut for that black dick. Look at that nut on her tits. Fuckin’ nasty, bro. This is yo bitch. And you can take her home and clean her up after this!” Black pulled out and hovered over her, his fat hairy cock pointed directly at Christina’s face. Fast, thick shots of sperm rocketed from the head of his dick and easily covered the 10 inches separating him and Christina’s face. It blasted off her cheeks and coated her eyes, causing the girl to take one blind surprise after another.

“Right in yah fuckin’ face, UGH!”

“Oh fuck,” Rusty said, still jerking frantically. He leaned in and dropped his second load on blinded Christina, coating whatever part of her face Black had not yet gotten to. The two men grunted and tugged, emptying all they had onto Christina, who giggled madly all the while.

Flicking out the last drops, Rusty and Black backed away at last. Christina lay covered in seed, unable to see. Thick droplets hung loose in her tied back hair, and with trembling fingers she attempted to swab gobs from her eyes.

“Can somebody get me a fucking towel?” She asked.

Black pointed down the hall, motioning for Steve. Dejected, Steve found his way to a dirty bathroom and retrieved an old towel for his girlfriend. She wiped up while the dealers dressed, and Steve helped her with some of the more stubborn load stuck in her hair.

When Rusty pulled back the blackout curtains, sunlight poured into the dirty living room. Steve could see clearly now that his girlfriend had been defiled within the confines of a filthy living space, and filthy men. He walked with his head down, dejected, into the morning air.

Before the door closed behind them, Rusty left the couple with a parting word.

“Come by anytime, you two. Anytime you wanna party, you just come on by. No need to call ahead.” The door locked shut with muffled laughter. The young couple stood on a street corner in a bad neighborhood, waiting for their Uber. The morning birds began to chirp.

“What a fucking night, huh?” Christina said to her boyfriend, utterly exhausted.

Steve remained silent, unsure what to say or if he could even look her in the eye.

“I’m hungry as hell. Need breakfast like yesterday,” she said.

“I thought today was yesterday,” Steve said. “I’m not so sure of anything anymore.”

Christina wiped at the obvious cumstain that ran along the side of his faded black jeans.

“You were pretty damn sure, as far I could tell, honey.”

The Uber drove back across town, the young couple following asleep in the backseat. They held hands.

THE END