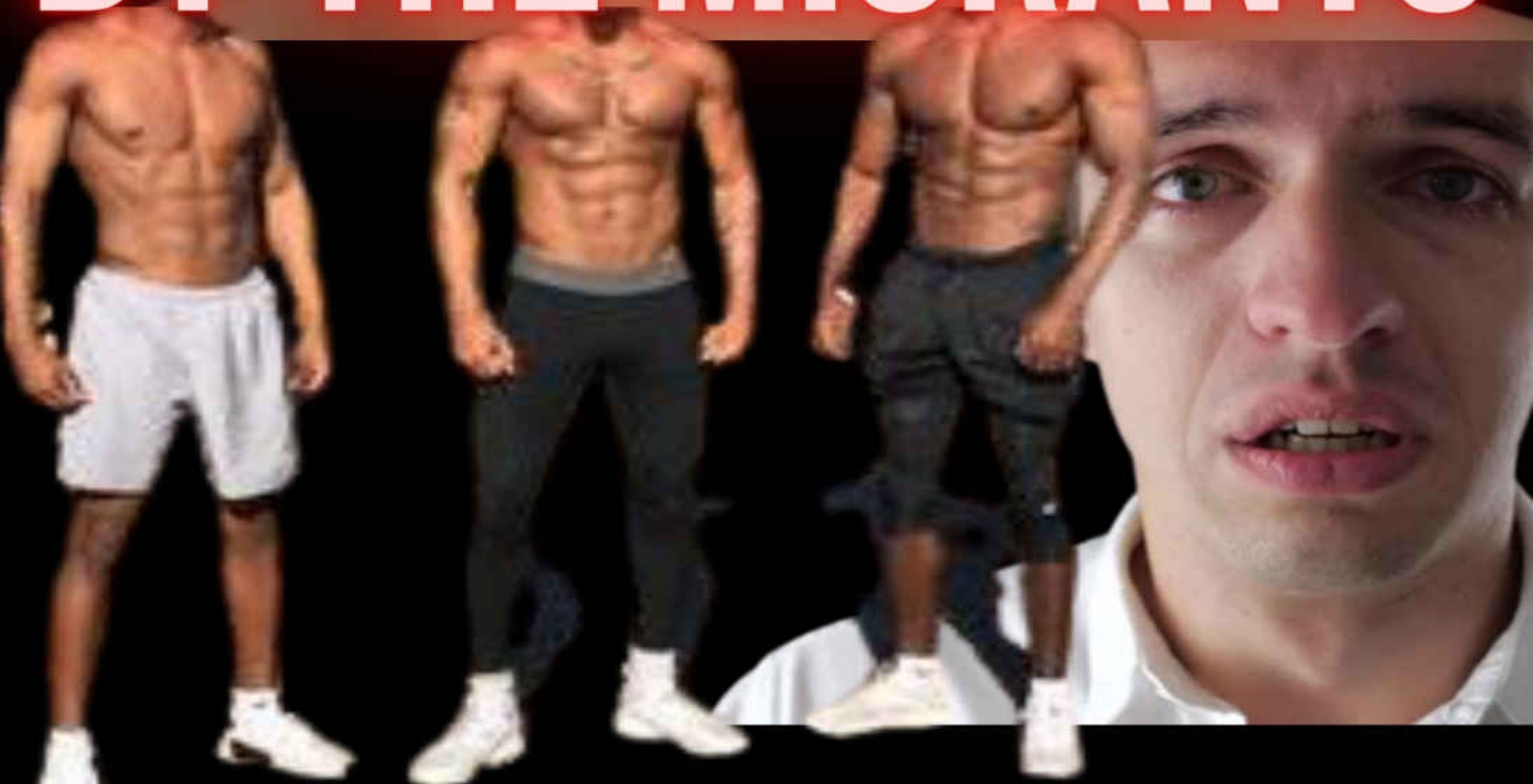


CUCKED BY THE MIGRANTS



EXTREME CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM
& HUMILIATION

ALEX KILROY

CUCKED BY THE MIGRANTS.

EXTREME CUCKOLDRY, FEMDOM & HUMILIATION

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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A NOT SO BRIGHT FUTURE.



Though the rapid descent of the population in America was worrisome, it wasn't till last year, 2024, that the government decided enough was enough.

Americans didn't seem to be having enough babies; that's the gist of it. At first, there were plans that aimed at getting people to have larger families. Then came incentives. When nothing worked, a plan to encourage immigration was announced.

The lack of workers was a big issue, but the truth of the matter was, the government simply wasn't receiving enough taxes to keep afloat. They needed more citizens, there was no other way around it.

When the first families were forced to host African men and women, I thought that would never, ever happen to us. It was ridiculous, surely the government would see it in time. But as more and more people began seeing this happen to them, I began to wonder... would it be our turn soon?

James didn't seem too worried about it, but I kept checking the news for updates. I didn't know if I was terrified or eager to be chosen. Those dark-skinned men were so strong, handsome, powerful. Nothing like my geeky husband.

Of course, I love James, but sometimes... I just wish he could be more of a manly guy. Taller, for one, but also more determined, dominant.

So when I got the news that three Nigerian men would be living in our house for a year, I didn't know if I should cry or celebrate. I was so confused! And James was clearly not happy about it at all.

"This can't happen to us, Jennifer, it's insane!" He told me and promised to appeal the decision.

And he did, he really tried, but the government officials didn't budge. The decision had been made, and we didn't really have a choice. If we didn't cooperate, we could end up losing our home, our jobs, our way of life.

So, reluctantly, we prepared the house to receive our three new tenants. Not that they'd be paying any rent, though.

I still remember vividly the day they arrived. The three of them were massive, far taller than both James and me.

Their muscles were so amazing, and I loved the way they stared at me, though I tried to pretend I didn't for James' sake.

They weren't exactly polite, claiming over several places in the house almost at once, but it wasn't as if they were rude either. They helped me by fixing up things around the house James never could handle, which was really nice.

Whenever James was out working, I'd chat with my three new tenants, and was surprised by how fascinating -and handsome- they truly were.

I began to realise, much to my delight, that having three Nigerian men living in my house wasn't as bad as I imagined it would be. James was still moody about it, of course, and I couldn't blame him.



Elu was definitely the leader among their small pack. He was confident and twice as large as James. I felt like he was a big bull, pure muscle, and raw

power. Jennifer couldn't admit to her husband that she sometimes watched him walk from the bathroom to the guest room after taking a shower, wearing nothing but a towel. Oh, she grew all hot and bothered whenever she got to enjoy that sight.

Jari was the tallest among the three immigrants. I had to tilt my head just to see his face. And oh his arms, I was sure he could pick me up like I didn't weigh a thing!

And oh, Ugo. He was the one who stared at me with such a hunger in his eyes. Ugo would sit at the kitchen table as I cooked, ogling at my ass whenever James wasn't around.

As days turned into weeks, I began to realise how men should truly behave, how they truly smelled and looked. James was so... weak. He didn't tower over me like Jari, Elu and Ugo did, he didn't know the first thing about fixing stuff around the house, and he certainly couldn't have picked me up and fucked me against the wall even if he tried.

Not that the men had even touched me up to that moment. I sometimes dreamed about it, though. More and more often the more time I spent around them.



As I'm a housewife, it was expected that I'd cook and clean for them. At first, I'll admit I found it a bit insulting, but after a while, serving those men became oddly arousing. I could feel my skin hot most of the time they were around, and I began to love giving them all they wanted and asked for.

Over time, the way I dressed around the house changed too. I stopped wearing pants, choosing instead revealing dresses. They loved staring at my long, pale legs, and I in turn adored feeling their stare focused on me all through the day.

When James was around, they were a *bit* less obvious about it, but whenever we were alone, they gawked without even trying to hide it.

I wondered if they'd get the hint! After all, I was dressing provocatively and wearing sexy makeup, showing off my curves for them to enjoy.

It was Ugo who finally made the first move, just like I expected him to. James was at work, of course, and I was cooking lunch while the tall, handsome black man stared my way.

Pretending he was getting up to grab a glass of water, he walked behind me, placing his hand on my butt and checking my reaction.

I gave him a look over my shoulder, and smiled sensually, keeping my butt exactly where it was. I wanted him to touch me that way... and in many others!

That was when Ugo squeezed my ass for the first time. I felt hot all over, and wanted him to fuck me right there on the kitchen counter!

He leaned in, having to tilt his upper body down just to reach my face. I got on my tip toes and finally, oh, finally, our lips met for the first time. It was a searing hot, passionate kiss, unlike anything I had ever experienced with James.

Just as his free hand traveled up my body and seemed to be heading toward my big tits, the front door opened. He moved away from me, winking and grinning wickedly.

"We'll carry on tomorrow," He said, "Your husband is home."

Indeed James had arrived early from the office, and though I was usually happy to see him, that day I found myself resenting him!

Why hadn't he stayed at his office? Why did he have to interrupt my fun?!

The day slipped by lazily, but the truth of the matter was, I could barely concentrate on my chores. All I could think about was the way I had felt when he touched me and wondered if Jari and Elu would soon squeeze my tits and my ass that way too.



That night, James got in bed with a clear intention to make love to me. In his underpants, he looked so pale and small. I couldn't imagine his hands on my body after the thrill of Ugo touching me had arisen deep inside my core.

So I pulled the sheets up, covering my body and shaking my head.

"I have a headache," I explained, and he sighed, but nodded.

From that night on, every single time James tried to fuck me, I had a new excuse. I just didn't seem to find myself aroused by him any longer. He was clearly getting frustrated. I could walk around the house all day long in skimpy clothes but when nightfall came, I covered my entire body with the sheets and kept him off me.

The problem was, I still felt so aroused! I needed some relief, but I didn't want to get it from James. So one night as he slept, I heard Ugo was still awake downstairs, watching some TV.

I slipped out of the bed I shared with my husband and decided to change into another nightgown before walking downstairs. A red, sexy little number that enhanced my curves and barely covered my tits at all.

The fabric was semi-sheer, and it was oh so soft to the touch. I wondered what Ugo would think about it.

Ugo was sitting alone on the sofa, and when he looked up at me, hearing my footsteps approaching, his eyes went oh so wide. And the smile on his face told me everything I needed to know.

"Fuck, you look so hot," He said huskily, and I giggled. "Is your husband sleeping?"

"Yes, I replied, playing with my long, blonde hair sensually, rolling a strand around my index finger.

"Then why don't you come and sit on my lap?" He suggested, patting his legs. Looking down, I could see there was a tent in his pants. A massive tent!

I immediately complied, and when I sat on his lap, that big tent poked my inner thigh so temptingly.

Almost immediately, his long, dark fingers began rolling up and down my bare legs. It felt so fucking hot!.

“Aren’t you worried your husband is upstairs?” He asked sensually, and I shook my head.

“James sleeps like a log,” I whispered and felt his hand slip down my nighty. Pushing my panties to the side, he began touching me in a way James never could. I moaned out loud, thinking that was what I had needed at all along.

“You’re so wet,” He said, and I nodded, leaning in to kiss him. As he masturbated me sensually, our tongues danced together hotly. I wanted him inside me so badly, and began to unabashedly rub myself harder against his hands. “I’m going to fuck you, Jennifer.”

“Yes, yes, please, I need it! So bad!” I replied, pleading to feel his big clack cock finally inside me.

He pushed his pants down, and a monster cock sprung up! I couldn’t believe it! James’ cock seemed like a thumb compared to Ugo’s size.

We fucked that night, and I bounced on his cock like there was no tomorrow. I knew then that I could never go back to my husband’s pathetic, small dick.



From that day on, everything continued to change. I smiled and flirted with my three wonderful black guests, and barely paid any attention to James. He began to notice it, of course but seemed hesitant to do anything at all.

The three large men were taking his place in the house, sitting on his favourite chair, being served dinner first. And whenever James seemed ready to protest, they just stared him down. They were so much taller,

stronger, handsome that he could ever hope to be. So he accepted it, letting them take more and more each time.

I laughed out loud the first time they had him bring them beers. James could do nothing but obey.



The more subservient he got, the less I respected him. I couldn't help it. It became a vicious cycle of sorts, and I began seeing him as less of a man. He was basically there to provide for us, to work in order to support me and the three black men that lived in our house. And when he got home from work, he was expected to do stuff for them too, like fetching them snacks or going to the store for something they needed.

I didn't defend him, not once. If he was a spineless loser, it was his own fault. I always took Ugo, Jari and Elu side, of course. They were giving me all the pleasure my husband could never provide me with. Before meeting them, I didn't know what I was missing, but now that I did, I'd never go back to a small, pathetic little cock.

My husband sensed something wasn't right. After all, we hadn't fucked in weeks, and I slid away from his touch whenever he tried to kiss me.

I had run out of excuses, just telling him no. He clearly wanted to ask me what was going on, but every time he started speaking, James seemed to change his mind, too scared to hear the truth.

Though at first Ugo, Jari and Elu were discreet about our affair, it didn't take them long to begin growing bolder and bolder. The more they did without James reacting, the more they took.

One day as I was talking with James in the kitchen, cooking breakfast for us all, Elu stepped behind me and slapped my ass hard, staring right at my husband. James looked so shocked, but he didn't say anything at all! He didn't snap at Elu, he didn't even say a word. He just lowered his eyes toward the ground, and that was when I knew he was completely worthless.

“I want a beer, James,” Elu informed him. It was a command, there was no question about it.

James actually turned around and got it for him, looking so pale, almost like he was going to be sick. He looked distressed, and I’m sure he was expecting me to defend him, but I did nothing of the sort.

Instead, I arched my brow and said:

“I’m sure our two other guests want one too.”

James stared up at me in shock. Was I really treating him as a server too? Yes, I was.

“They... could get it themselves,” He protested tentatively, and only because I was the one telling him what to do instead of the men. Elu rolled his eyes and slid his hands up my body, wrapping me with his long, strong arms and unashamedly squeezing both my tits at the same time, right in front of my husband’s face.

“No, they are watching tv. It’s your job to make them feel comfortable,” He said, pinching my nipples and making them moan.

“B---but,” He mumbled miserably, staring at the way that man touched and groped his wife like it was no big deal. He clearly couldn’t understand what was going on, and why I was letting it happen.

“Go, for fuck’s sake!” Elu roared, and James rushed to obey. I laughed while Elu kept on squeezing my tits openly.



That was the day everything changed. James *hated* Nigerian food. The few times I had cooked it as a surprise for Ugo, Jari and Elu, he had barely eaten anything at all. It was too bad for him, though, because as James left with the beers, Elu informed me it was the only kind of food I’d be cooking from them on.

I agreed at once, of course, and moaned as he grinded his lap against my ass, letting me feel his thick erection poking against my skin.

“Mmm... you’re so big!” I squealed, knowing James would hear it.

I was half expecting him to say something, anything at all, but he didn’t. He was such a worthless, pathetic cuckold.

It didn’t take long for the men to start fucking me openly, not giving two shits if James was in the house or about to get home from work.

One evening, I was riding Jari on the sofa, both of us completely naked. I didn’t care if James saw me, not one bit. Perhaps I even wanted him to. As I moaned loudly, being impaled by Jari’s monster cock, my pathetic, small husband arrived from a long day at the office.

He was so stunned by what he saw right there in the living room that for the first time since Ugo, Jari and Elu arrived, he dared protest, if incredibly weakly.

“Wha---what’s going on?” He asked, stuttering like a fool. He was so pathetic! He couldn’t even get offended for real, he couldn’t even scream or fight for me.

I stared up at him with disdain, still riding Jari’s cock as if nothing was the matter.

“What else did you expect to happen?” I snapped back, and Jari laughed.

“Man, stop interrupting. I’m fucking this gorgeous woman, are you blind?!” Jari yelled at him, throwing an empty can of beer his way.

Poor James really looked like he was about to begin crying. He wanted to say something, do something, but he was too scared or too broken down, I don’t know. And honestly, I didn’t care. Jari squeezed my tits hard, laughing at my husband.

“Sit down and shut up, or go away, but stop standing there like a lost little puppy!”

James hung his head and stepped away, unable to do anything else. He didn't speak, he didn't protest. From upstairs, I heard Ugo screaming for him to go clean the guest rooms. James was going to be in charge of that from now on.



I couldn't believe it when later that night I saw the three guest rooms spotless. James had really tidied everything up while he heard me moaning downstairs, being fucked by a far superior man.

From that day on, I barely spoke to James at all. He wasn't allowed to sleep in my bed, and I certainly didn't let him lay a finger on me. He wasn't worth it. All my attention was devoted to my amazing lovers.

He clearly couldn't believe everything that was happening to him. He looked so pathetic, obeying Ugo, Jari and Elu's every order, walking past me fucking one of them without even saying a word.



One day, he stepped downstairs after cleaning up the guest rooms, only to find me butt naked in the living room.

"W...what are you doing naked?" He asked, mumbling every word. I just rolled my eyes and shrugged.

"I don't see the need to wear clothes in here any longer. It makes it easier for my three black studs to fuck me whenever they feel like it," I explained.

James looked so defeated, and he didn't even attempt to argue with me. He just nodded meekly.

"This kitchen looks filthy!" Ugo screamed at James. I knew it did, I had left it that way on purpose. "Go clean it up, fuckboy!"

“But Jennifer is the one who usually...” He tried to protest, but shut up the instant Egu stood up, giving him a threatening look.

“She’s too busy being our sex toy! Now go clean it up!”

James scattered away, obeying instantly.

From that day on, James basically became a slave around the house. He was expected to handle almost all chores, and the guys loved fucking me while he cleaned the room we were in.

As James was scrubbing one of the guest rooms one day, Elu dragged me inside. Not that I needed to be forced into anything, I loved every bit of it. He just wanted to show to James that he could do anything he wanted.

Jari and Ugo followed closed behind, and we all got on the massive bed together, as James miserably continued to clean.

The three men began touching and caressing me in tandem, leaving no corner of my body unexplored. I moaned like a complete whore, and stared at James mockingly. He didn’t say anything at all, too subservient to my three lovers to do anything but obey.

As Jari positioned himself in front of me, Ugo rolled behind my ass. I was sandwiched between the two of them, and moaned for more as they plunged inside my pussy and ass at the same time.

Of course Elu wasn’t going to be left out, and he stood up next to the bed, making me tilt my head to the side so I could take him in my mouth.

I slurped his cock in, sucking it passionately like I never had James’.

My husband didn’t even try to leave, instead continuing to clean up the place as I was basically used as a sex toy, fucked in all my holes at once.

James was so broken down, lowering his gaze to avoid watching me, though I know from time to time he glanced my way. He saw the way my body bounced on two cocks at the same time, heard me sucking a dick three times larger than his own like it was my favourite treat.

And much to my delight, he was even made to fetch a towel and clean off the sweat from Ugo's forehead! My powerful Nigerian lover was working so hard at drilling my ass that he had broken into a sweat.

He was forced to bring us refreshments during our orgy, standing around just to be there, in case they needed him for something.

James was unable to speak, unable to do anything to stop this from happening, so broken down, subservient to the three superior men fucking my body until every single hole was completely filled to the brink with their cum.

Perhaps soon James would be cleaning my holes as well, making sure he got every bit of cum out. For now, I was delighted to see him forced to watch, a sickening spineless servant to my three big African bulls.



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For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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Here are some of his other titles;

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