

Cuckold for Miranda and Tyrone

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Authors Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Cuckold for Miranda and Tyrone

Have you ever had a girl cheat on you in a relationship? Yeah, me too. When I was nineteen my first girlfriend, Miranda, hooked up with another man she met in college. I fucked up in high school and barely attended, so my future was not looking too great. Miranda was in the photography club, the English club, and she even ran for class president. She didn't win, but everyone took note of her attempts, and was well liked by most of the faculty. I knew that she was often questioned on her affiliation with me. I was constantly truant, cutting class, and I did not give a flying fuck about any of it. I figured I was going to turn out alright by simply existing.

My behavior wasn't an issue until she started to think long term. She was constantly badgering me about my attendance, and aspirations in life. I didn't like that, so I would end up grabbing her roughly by the hair, and throwing her on the bed. I'd fuck her with every bit of male dominance that I had. She loved it, and she would scream my name, and fill my head with reasons to continue my savage behavior. It was why she was with me. Miranda would beg me to take my seven inches of powerful masculinity, and ram it into her like heavy machinery. That was why a "loser" like me was able to be with a "winner" like her.

Things, however, changed for the worse when she transferred out of the local community college. She had been accepted into one of the most prestigious universities, and it was located in another state. This meant I had to try to keep her on a leash while she was in another region, and doing so would prove to be an impossible task.

During the first semester break, Miranda came home to visit her family, and to a lesser extent, me. I finally got to see her after a few days, and it made upset to know that I was nothing more than an afterthought. I asked her why I didn't get a chance to see her sooner.

She replied, "Shut the fuck up bitch!" I was shocked. She was always my good little bitch. She would eat my cum as if it was candy, hell, she even sucked on my toes because I told her to. "Don't talk to me like that. Get the fuck on your knees you little slut!" She was so aggressive, and I was still in shock to see the change that had occurred in her.

She laughed at me when I did get on her knees. I had never seen this side of her before, and it was confusing to see how she suddenly felt vastly superior to me.

"What the fuck is going on?" I asked as she stood over me.

"You're a bitch Freddy boy." Miranda said as she grabbed my hair, "Do you really think you're all that?" She slapped me across the face and continued to degrade me. "I am going to show you who you really are. You were designed for my enjoyment."

She wasted no time to take off her pants. With her bottom half exposed, she got down to the floor and presented me with her ass. Naturally, I started to remove my pants, and I began to think that she was just testing my resolve. I had every intention of mounting her, and shooting my hot cum into her pussy.

"No, no, no!" She screamed, "You aren't fucking me with that tiny cock!" I couldn't believe what she was saying. She always bragged about how large I was. "Put your face in my ass!" She spanked her ass cheek, and spread it slightly so that I could see her asshole.

"What the fuck Miranda?" I asked as I still tried to get my cock inside of her.

“Lick my ass you fucking slut!” She yelled again, “I don’t want your fucking cock!”

When I think about it, I have no idea why I listened to her, but I brought my face to her ass, and I licked her hole for the very first time. It tasted like a penny, and I wasn’t sure if I liked it, but my dick was growing from the act.

“Ohhh Yeah!” She said while laughing, “lick that fucking asshole you spineless bitch!” I had never heard her sound so cruel before. My thoughts were spinning as I methodically licked her butt. Miranda appeared to be getting aroused, and her moans were loud enough to almost be interpreted as a woman screaming. I was actually afraid that someone might call the cops. “Put your tongue inside,” she reached back and spread her cheeks even more. “Fuck my butt with your tongue,” she paused, “bitch.”

I stuck my tongue out, and I put it inside of her ass, but only a little bit. She exhaled, but I got the sense that she was waiting for more.

“Hello?” She said, “what the fuck are you doing?” She thrust backwards and forced my tongue deeper into her ass. Her disrespect was finally taking its toll, so I pulled my face away from her and I pulled my pants up. “Do you think that you’re an alpha male Fred?” She said in the bitchiest tone imaginable. “Do alpha males lick butt? How did it taste little Freddie? She was laughing as she started to stand. Her intentions were not to feel pleasure, but to humiliate me instead.

“Miranda, you are fucked up.” I was angry, so I grabbed her purse and asked her to leave.

“No Freddie,” She reverted back to the woman that I knew originally. “Come here. Come kiss me.” She turned sweet, and I put her purse down. It was hard to say no when she started to act cute.

After dealing with the oddness of her personality switch, I ended fucking that night like I always had. I got off three times, while she moaned enough for an entire month. I woke up before her, and just stared at her with a condescending smile. The fact that I had been licking her ass was no longer something I felt ashamed of, and after a few minutes of me looking at her while she slept, she woke up.

“Freddie,” she said in a soft voice. “Will you lick my butt again. It always feels good in the morning.”

“Who’s been licking your butt?” I was hoping that she had just said something wrong, because the night before was the only time that she was supposed to have experienced a tongue inside of her ass.

“Freddie,” she put her hand gently on my cheek. “I know that you want to imagine us being soulmates, but the truth is I’ve been fucking a lot of guys. To be honest, most of them are better and bigger than you.”

“Miranda!” I said as I pulled my face away from her gentle touch. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Just lick it up slut!” Her tone reverted back to the way it was when she first tried to assert her dominance over me. I don’t know, but I obeyed her. Licking her ass was honestly something that I was starting to enjoy, and I suspected that she was possibly role playing in some weird way.

I pulled her satin panties off with the pink heart, and I started to lick. I started from the bottom, right above her juicy pussy with the previous night’s load still inside, and I ran it up to the top of her crack. She was so vocal about how much she enjoyed it, and it made me feel better about degrading myself for her. She was my girlfriend, and I was starting to understand that it was okay to trust her.

“Freddie,” she asked in her cute voice, “will you let me tie you up when you’re done licking my butt?”

“Yes, Miranda.” I said.

“Freddie, can you call me Princess instead?” She was using her cute voice, and I was starting to wonder if it was a manipulative tactic, but I was still confident in how I had turned the previous night’s situation around on her.

“Yes, Princess.” I said with a slight chuckle.

“Ohh, Freddie you’re so sweet. That feels really good. Please keep licking my butt.” She started to rock her hips to encourage my tongue to go inside. “Does it taste good?”

“Yes, Princess.” I answered.

I continued to worship her ass for a solid twenty or thirty minutes before she finally said I could stop. She got up, and retrieved some restraints that she had in her bag. They had to go under the mattress, so I helped her set it all up. It felt strange to participate in my own bondage, but I didn’t want to watch her struggle with the weight of the mattress. The gear that she brought had been designed to restrain both wrists and both ankles. I was about to fully submit myself to a woman that had admitted to cheating on me. *If only I had taken her admission at face value...*

“Don’t worry Freddy,” she said, “it won’t hurt. These things will keep you here, but they won’t cut off circulation. If you want me to stop, just say chu-chu-train.” She giggled at her silly safe word.

“Princess,” I said, “what are you going to do to me?”

“I’m going to show you what I really think of you.” She bit down on her lip while grinning at me. She looked like an evil witch that had just grown more powerful.

I was on the bed completely immobilized by Miranda. I had fresh ass on my breath and an erection that would come and go as she teased me relentlessly. She started by kissing my chest and nipples, and she would play with my balls, and stroke my cock. This gentle torture went on for what felt like hours.

“Miranda,” I said, “are you going to fuck me? Like, what are you doing?” I was starting to become desensitized to her teasing.

“Freddie!” She replied with anger. “I told you to call me Princess!” She brought her lips down to my cock, but she never kissed it. “Don’t worry Tyrone is on the way.” She lunged towards the top of my body and looked down with a smile that said, “I got you bitch!”

My Princess slapped me hard across the face, and then she spit on me. She started to laugh as she retrieved a ball gag from her seemingly endless supply of tools, and she shoved it into my mouth. I tried to break free from her bondage, but it was too strong, and wrapped the straps of the ball gag around my head.

Miranda continued to dig through her bag, and she produced a strange plastic contraption that had a small padlock and a tiny set of keys. I had many questions, but the gag restricted my freedom of speech, and she mounted my face with her head looking towards my cock. I had no choice, but to breathe through my nose and filter my oxygen through her ass.

“Now,” she said as she started tugging on my cock and balls. “You are finally going to understand what you mean to me.” She laughed, and I suddenly realized that my cock was being put inside of a cage. I could barely move my body, and the only thing I could do was hope that my good behavior would eventually set me free. “You see Freddie,” Miranda continued to speak, “you won’t be able to get hard anymore. This is so you are denied any real pleasure from this encounter.” She shifted the entire weight of her body backwards to push her ass harder into my face. “My boyfriend, he’s black by the way, is going to have his way with both of us. Do you

agree to do this Freddie?” She laughed even though she knew it was literally impossible for me to say or do anything about it. I was completely at her mercy. “Oh wow,” she had nothing but pure sarcasm in her voice, “Freddie, thanks for being so open minded!”

Miranda was sitting on my face for as she watched TV, and played on her smartphone. As my arousal came and went, I started to discover that I really wasn't going to be able to get hard. Arousal only brought pain and frustration, and I tried to do everything to keep myself from feeling horny. As we waited for her boyfriend to arrive, I was becoming very familiar with her bubble butt. I could see the tiny freckles on her ass, and sometimes I tried to tickle her ass with my eyelashes. She never seemed to notice that I was playing this little game to pass the time. When I could not keep my mind off of what was going to happen, I felt nothing but shame. This was my girlfriend that I used to dominate on a regular basis, but now I was nothing but a joke to her. It was a hard and sad dose of reality.

Miranda's phone started to ring, and she answered it as quickly as she could. She was apparently using an app that allowed her and Tyrone to talk to one another face to face while her ass was on my face. She was playing with her hair and flashing her nipples to “T.”

“Let me see what that cuck looks like,” Tyrone said. I could see her hold the phone over her shoulders as she remained perched on my face. I could see a handsome black man smiling down at me, and my cock felt even more useless. “Damn!” He was laughing and trying to speak at the same time, you are a nasty little bitch, aren't you? He likes licking ass?”

“Yes, Freddie loves to lick ass.” She said as she put the phone's camera back on her. “He said that he can't to be a good little cuck for you T”

“Wow,” I could hear him still laughing. “I'll be there soon. Peace.”

After the call ended, Miranda got off my face, and went into the bathroom. I was looking around wondering what was going to happen. I could hear the shower running, and it felt like I had an opportunity to escape, but there was nothing that I could do. She had me tied to the bed with a rubber ball in my mouth. My fate as a cuckold was looking inevitable.

Fifteen minutes of eternity finally passed, and Miranda came into the bedroom. She started to quickly touch up her makeup and hair.

“I think you'll like T.” She said as she applied more makeup for her date. “He doesn't look like the type but he shaves his ass. I think you'll like licking his ass too!” There was nothing I could do but mumble into the gag. She laughed at me until she eventually heard a knock at the door.

Miranda got up excitedly, and ran to the door to let him in. Tyrone came into the room with a huge smile on his face. They didn't have to tell me about him to know that he was obviously a basketball player in college. He had pearly white teeth, and a tattoo of a dollar sign on his neck.

“Nice to meet you cuck!” He held out his hand to taunt my inability to move. “Look at his tiny cock all up in that cage thing.”

“T,” Miranda said, “I've been waiting forever for you to come down here. Stop talking to the cuck, and fuck me already!”

“Alright,” he said, “you hear that cuck?” He was shaking his head with a look of disgust on his face.

Miranda came back to the bed, so that she could plant her crotch on my face again. I had grown used to the idea of serving her in the same capacity as a chair. She planted her feet firmly into the bed, and rested her ass directly on my face. I could sense that she was presenting her pussy for T to fuck, and that feeling was confirmed when I felt his body touching me as he tried to get into position. They kissed one another for a moment, and the sounds of my girlfriend

kissing him made rage enter my body. There was nothing I could do about her wanting to get fucked right on top of me.

My sense of smell seemingly increased after I lost the ability to see anything, and I could smell nothing but T's strong odor as he fucked my girlfriend. T was fucking her hard and with a perfect rhythm, while my nose naturally went between her cheeks and stimulated her ass. She was howling and calling T's name.

"I bet you have never heard a woman make these kinds of sounds!" T said in an effort to emasculate me. He didn't think that the cage around my cock was enough to make me feel like less of a man around him.

My cock was aching as it started to press against the plastic cage. Mentally, I felt pathetic for feeling turned on by the situation. I was submitting myself to my girlfriend, and a strong black man. The weight on my face was lifted as they changed positions. Miranda's knees were on either side of my head, and I could see her looking me in the eyes. Her face changed when Tyrone entered her. I had no choice but to endure my girlfriend getting pounded by her new black boyfriend. He was relentless, and he displayed his superior abilities while I laid helplessly with no chance of escape.

"Fuck," Miranda said, "that's what a cock is supposed to feel like!"

"I hope you're hungry cuck!" Tyrone shouted at me as he grunted. I could not see his face, but I imagined him with his eyes wide from the feeling of releasing his powerful cum into the deepest section of Miranda's pussy. Miranda confirmed that he set his enormous load free.

"T," Miranda said as she struggled to breath normally, "please take the gag out of his mouth."

"Okay," he laughed and I saw him come into my line of vision. I tried to move my face, but I knew that it was a pointless battle. At least I could say that I did everything I could to avoid having to do what they expected me to do.

T used his big hands to take the gag out of my mouth, and before I could do anything, my face was covered by Miranda's cum filled pussy. She giggled and wiped his semen all over my face. I tried resisting the stream of cum at first, but it kept coming, and there was nowhere for it to go, but inside of my mouth. The taste of his cum made me want to cry, and I was seriously questioning all of my decisions. I knew that I should have went with my gut when I initially tried to kick out Miranda.

"Suck it up bitch." Miranda said as she looked into my pathetic eyes. "You're a fucking loser, and I never respected you." I didn't want to believe her, but the evidence was starting to support her claim.

I tried to shut my brain down as I sucked Tyrone's hot cum from her worn out fuck hole. I struggled, but I managed to gulp down the mixture of Miranda's sweet juices, and T's thick cum. I felt worthless, and it was clear the goal was to completely humiliate me. Miranda reversed her position once the cum was cleaned from her hole, and she got into the sixty-nine position. I was surprised to feel her hands playing around with my caged cock.

"Freddie," she said, "don't stop cleaning! You need to make sure I'm clean so T can fuck me again without it being dirty. Do a good job my little cuck." She eventually got the cage off of my dick, and I instantly started to feel it grow.

"I think he really likes eat it," Tyrone said as he obviously noticed my cock on the rise. "Is that all you've got little man?" He lightly tapped the side of my leg, and I felt defenseless.

"He's a good little beta male." She said, "That's what he does best!"

She started to jerk my cock aggressively, and I was howling like she was the moment prior. My throat was lubricated with Tyrone's strong load, but I was crying out in pure ecstasy. I came within seconds, but their combined laughter added to the feeling of shame I had. They wouldn't stop laughing even when I felt that they had made their point already. In my post orgasm daze, I was confronted with the reality that I had never felt so aroused by being humiliated, let alone by a stronger alpha-male. Eventually, Miranda untied me and told me to put my clothes on. As I was, Tyrone walked up to me and pushed me back onto the bed.

"Listen here bitch," Tyrone said in a serious tone. "Never, I mean never, call my girlfriend again!" He was almost screaming in my face, and there was nothing I could do about it. "Do you get the point? You are nothing but a fucking joke.

"O-okay," I said as my eyes naturally found their way to the floor.

"Okay what?" He said, "Okay Master!" He grabbed my hair and held his other hand up high. I was afraid that he was going to punish me, and I knew that I had to submit myself to him. It didn't feel possible to lose any more self-respect anyways.

"Yes, Master." I said as I squinted. I feared his hand, but it never came.

"Good bitch," he let go of me, and pushed me away from him.

I got dressed and walked out of my own living room with my head hung low. I went to the fridge, and grabbed a beer. I chugged my beer, and thought about all of the events that transpired. There was no way for me to sleep while the two of them continued to fool around in the other room. I continued to relive the whole experience, and as I drank my beer, I accepted that I was the type of guy that licks another man's cum out of a woman's pussy.

About the Author

Tom Longo enjoys writing stories about female domination, and the men that crave it. Reading a story written by him is like being transported inside of his mind where the thoughts of being dominated are prominent. I publish on multiple platforms, but Smashwords is the home of the most taboo, and extreme stories. Consider signing up for email alerts to get notified of new releases!

Other books by Tom Longo

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[Serving My Femdom Hotwife: Cuckold Humiliation](#)

Whether I was her chair, or her husband it didn't matter. Both of us were happy with the arrangement, and I loved to see her feel good when she brought one of her boyfriends home. I had seen a lot as a cuckold, and a lot of men had seen me humiliate myself, but every experience made me stronger.

[Clean up This Mess!: Femdom Cuckold](#)

She placed me in chastity and quickly went to work finding a man to bring into our bedroom to humiliate me as she received the love of another man before my eyes. The whole experience made me feel more appreciative of who my wife was, and it inspired me to do better to please her.

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[Trained by the Mature Goddess: Femdom Chastity](#)

"Two or three times,' she said with a look of disbelief on her face, 'you mean to tell me you tug on your little guy two times or more a day?'"

She had the solution in the form of a chastity device. Her plan was to prevent me from ruining my sensitivity, and keeping my desire contained. By not constantly feeling that release, I would hopefully be able to perform up to her standards.

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