

# CUCKOLD GONE WRONG

*a husband taunted through text messaging*

A photograph of a man and a woman in a close, intimate pose. The man, on the left, has long dreadlocks and is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The woman, on the right, has long blonde hair and is looking down at the man. She is wearing a black strapless top and black underwear. The man is wearing a gold chain necklace. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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## EPISODE 1

By Dex O'Donald

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The text message read: Looking for her?

And for a long time Jason just stared at the message, halfway afraid to scroll up and see the picture that had come with it. Had he brought this on himself? Was this his fault?

He flicked at the touch screen with his thumb to reveal the quarter sized picture staring back at him.

It was Sarah, his girlfriend of five years. The same strawberry blonde hair. The same dark green eyes. The same puffy pink lips that glistened just so with their latest application of chap stick. Only now, in the picture that was sent straight to his number from his girlfriend's own phone, those precious lips were wrapped around the head of some strange cock Jason had never seen before. A cock much longer and thicker than his own, black and veiny and monstrously large.

*Looking for her?*

The picture began to shake violently in Jason's hand, the result of his own inability to control his anger and shame. His inferior cock shriveled up in his underwear, and his palms grew sweaty. She was staring right into the camera. She was posing for the camera. And if there hadn't been a fat black dick in her mouth, Jason would bet that she would be smiling for the camera as well.

But he could not call it a betrayal. And he could not blame it on her. Hell, he could not even blame the man who had his girlfriend's phone. This was his fault,

plain and simple.

DING, went the cell phone. Against his better judgement, he scrolled down.

*She's a hungry girl, it read.*

The same dong was now stretched across Sarah's cute little face, her tongue exposed as it tongued a fat, hairless ball sack. She seemed to be enjoying herself. Sarah's hair was pulled back, most likely, Jason assumed, so that it wouldn't interrupt the photo session they were having.

Even now as he stared at the terrible photo, he knew that the man was taking more. And God knew what the next one would show. He had to find the room. He had to find wherever Sarah was holed up with this guy and put a stop to it. Tell her that he made a mistake, that this isn't what he wanted after all. That this entire fantasy had gone horribly, horribly wrong.

Jason closed his eyes trying to erase the photo from his mind but it was imprinted on the backs of his eyelids. He went for the elevator of the hotel and stopped. The stairs would be faster. He began to think back on the night, searching his memory for some clue as to where the two of them might be. With that awful sinking feeling in his stomach, Jason began to race up to the third floor.

At the top of the stairwell, his hand on the metal door handle that led to the third level, he felt the vibration of his phone deep in the pockets of his khaki's. He froze, knowing what it meant. For a moment he thought he could ignore it, that he could just swing that door open and continue his search for his girlfriend. But

his will was not strong enough.

His hand shot into his pants and pulled the phone out shaking and sweating. It was a video this time, sitting beneath the previous pictures and taunting text messages. That perfect white triangle PLAY BUTTON sat on a still of his girlfriend, both hands wrapped around the thick shaft of a giant black cock, and her lips wrapped around the glistening head.

Jason swallowed hard and pressed play.

The volume was up on his phone and so the audio echoed loud in the empty stairwell. It was the owner of the fat black dick, moaning in a deep baritone, egging on the girl who was so hungrily milking his meat.

“Suck that black cock girl. Put on a show for yah boyfriend.”

And she did. Those beautiful green eyes stared into the camera and as she used both palms in unison to stroke the rod up and down, and as her pouty wet lips sank deep onto it so that the penis hit the back of her throat, the bull’s big meaty palm grabbed the back of her head and started fucking her face. The impossibly large black pole began to explore deeper into her throat, and though Sarah gagged and spit dripped from her mouth, her eyes never left the camera.

Jason felt himself growing hard right there in the stairwell. There was anger and sickness in his stomach, but the sight of her being handled like that was making him hard. He couldn’t deny it.

Then the cock was out of her mouth so she could catch her breath. The man holding the phone started laughing as he stroked his cock, watching the white girl wipe her mouth and get her wind.

“Your bitch is working hard, Jason.” He said, still the camera trained on Sarah. “But she my bitch now. Ain’t that right baby?”

Sarah looked at the camera and smiled. She pulled in seductively close, her lips and chin still wet with cock spit, and giggled. “That’s right,” She said.

The black man laughed again. He pulled his cock back across his chiseled stomach so that Sarah could find his balls, and he stroked himself while Jason’s girlfriend began to tongue and lick the man’s sack. Suddenly, the camera turned and faced the man holding it. He was dark and handsome, and his bright white teeth seemed to laugh at Jason as he smiled into the camera.

“We’re saving the finale for you, pussy. Best come find us soon.” The video froze on his face, and then reset back to the start; once again Sarah had his cock in her mouth.

Jason thought about how long it had taken him to watch the short video clip. Three minutes? How much more had they done together since he had hit play? Where did he have his hands? What was he saying to her? Was she liking it? On some level, he knew the answers to all of these questions. He felt faint and he gripped the stair railing to keep his balance.

Jason had always told Sarah his fantasy, but it had always been a tease. A way to make things exciting between them, to talk dirty. Never in his wildest

imagination did he think that Sarah would actually go through with it. In fact, Jason pretty much knew for certain that he could not go through with it, but all the same, it was fun to talk about with her in the middle of the night after a few drinks. Sometimes it made him so hard that he actually made Sarah cum, which was not something that happened as often as it should.

But to be faced with it head on was a scenario Jason never anticipated. They just weren't that type of couple.

They had met Donte at a bar; a tall, looming black figure that seemed to beckon them. They had hit it off, all of them. And too many drinks later the talk had turned to sex, and it wasn't long before Sarah let their little fantasy slip. And as the talks progressed further into the night, Jason felt like he was watching a slow car crash. He wanted to speak up, but he didn't. He just smiled and played along with Sarah's nudging's and flirts.

It had been Jason who told them to get a room. After Sarah had more or less convinced him, he had wanted them to get to know each other a little bit alone first. Thinking back, he couldn't believe he had been so stupid. Had he really wanted them to have time alone? Or was the sight of Sarah rubbing all over him beginning to make him sick? Perhaps he had really just wanted them out of his sight.

And now they were tormenting him. And the worst part was that Sarah believed this was exactly what he wanted. Despite the boner in his pocket, Jason didn't want the pictures. He didn't want the videos. He didn't want his girlfriend and that man together, alone or otherwise, doing awful things to each other. For a moment, he almost lost it and began to sob right there in the stairwell.

But there wasn't the time. He had to find them.



Jason opened the third level door and ran down the halls, listening closely at each door for moaning.

After Jason had held his ear to the doors of several rooms, holding his breath so as not to make a sound, and not moving onto another door until he was convinced that his girlfriend was not inside being fucked and used like some cheap whore, his phone began to vibrate again. Only this time, it was not the short, single buzz of a text message. It was one after the other in quick succession.

It was a phone call. On the caller ID was a picture he had taken of Sarah when they were on vacation in Miami two years ago. She was on the beach, the ocean behind her as she sat up and posed. Her bathing suite top was too small for her, its striped colors of orange and yellow and red barely concealing the amazing tits that hung well over.

As he stared at her smiling face now, and the so easily noticed cleavage, he knew there was someone else enjoying all of it. The person on the other line most likely.

“Hello?” He answered.

“You sound like a shaky little bitch, Jay,” Donte said, his voice was bass and sex.

“Wh-wh-where are you!” Jason yelled into the phone.

“She’s still suckin’ my dick, Jay. Got it in her mouth right now as I talk to you. She been gobbling that nigga dick for a while now.”

In the background Jason could hear some light music, and the occasional slurp sound. His little cock was standing erect in his pants again.

“Listen, I’m not mad at you guys,” Jason began. “I’m just having second thoughts. I think this was a mistake.”

On the other end of the phone, Donte moaned hard into the microphone, clipping the speaker and causing Jason to pull back.

“That’s it girl, get it down yah throat. Good little white girl.”

Jason went pale and his knees grew weak. He sat down in the hotel hallway, his back pressed to a wall.

“She suck dick so good it’s like I never want her to stop, nah’ I mean, Jay?” Donte chuckled. “But don’t worry. We gon’ fuck soon enough. I just don’t want to interrupt yah girl right now...Yeah that’s it baby. Hold yah fucking head right there...mmm...yeah...Hold it right there.”

Jason heard Sarah come up for air as she coughed and spit on the cock he could not see.

“Ha-ha!” Donte laughed. “That’s ok baby, yeah, just like that. Get it back in. No hands....Good girl....Play with yah fucking tits while I fuck yo’ mouth... mmm...just like that....Damn Jay, she good. She can get almost the whole thing down. Pretty impressive, considering she been sucking yo little white dick for so long....yeah she told me how small you is, pussy....She need a real dick...and she getting it...Oh fuck yeah girl...Swallow it, swallow it, swallow it... Goddamn Jay, I’m fucking yah girl’s face....I’m fucking yah girl’s little fucking face...Ugh...”

Jason had his eyes closed and his arms wrapped around his knees. He felt the tears and the anger welling up but he could not deny his cock. Small and feeble in his pants, it was hard. It was dripping. And God help him he couldn’t hang up.

“Bout time to get in this pussy, Jay...You don’t wanna miss this...Oh fuck girl, that’s it. Lick my fucking asshole...Daaaamn, yo bitch nasty Jay...She lickin’ my fucking asshole....That’s it girl, be a good little slut...get back on them balls.....Listen Jay, Ima’ finish up wit’ yo girl’s mouth, but Ima help you out since you such a pathetic little bitch. We on the fourth floor. You find the room and maybe you get to watch...Maybe, ha! Oh shit girl that’s it...Fuck yeah. You ready for this nigga dick?”

And then Jason heard her.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“You hear that Jay? She calling me her mothafuckin’ daddy, bitch. Ha-ha!”

“Get here soon baby,” Sarah said from below the phone.

And then the line went dead.

Jason opened his eyes, drenched in sweat and nearly shaking. He had cum in his pants. There was a hot gooey mess in his underwear and he felt wave after wave of shame wash over him, threatening to consume him.

He stood up. He began to run.

When Jason got to the fourth floor he instinctively checked his phone. As he expected, another text had come in. This time, it was a picture of Sarah on the bed, on her back. Her blond hair had been let down and lay in a flowing mess across the sheets. She was completely naked, her round milky tits falling back on her chest. Her long white legs were spread open but her pussy was covered by a long black cock that was resting on her stomach.

It stretched well past her belly-button, gleaming and hard. Sarah was smiling, but there was definitely a little bit of fear in her face as well. Underneath the picture was another mocking text from Donte.

*Think it will fit?*

Jason didn't have time to stare at the picture; after all he was trying to find them to put a stop to this whole mess. But he took one last moment to stare at the black snake running from his girlfriend's cunt to well up her mid-section. Could

she take it? Jason wasn't so sure.

He put his ear to door after door. He heard a man on the phone, certainly not the man he was looking for. He heard televisions and music, he heard a couple laughing together and talking about their future. One door after another was a no go. The fourth floor crisscrossed with hallways and rooms that seemed never ending. Some doors were silent while others emitted faint life. He began to grow more impatient and angry.

He checked his phone.

Sarah was holding her legs open, her bottom lip in her mouth. She was staring at the camera but she wasn't smiling. For all Jason knew she might have been coming. The tip of the black monster was just beginning to penetrate her taut little pussy lips.

And then he heard her. Not on the phone. From down the hall.

His head shot up in the direction of the sound, and a moment later he was running down the hall.

"OH! OH MY GOD!" She was screaming.

Jason came to two rooms, unsure of which was which. 412 was the very last room on this wing, and next to it was 410.

“OH FUCK!”

It was 410.

Jason ran to the door and start beating on it with his fist, just as Sarah’s moans and screams began to come more regular. He was fucking her now, full on. And here Jason was, standing outside of a locked room like some goddamn idiot.

“Hello! Open up!” Jason yelled. “Sarah! It’s me! Open up!”

All that came back from beyond the door were more moans.

“Goddamnit open up!” Jasons creamed.

His phone began to vibrate.

Jason fished it out of his pocket so fast and clumsy it fell to the ground. He picked it up and answered in a panic.

“Let me in, goddamnit!” He screamed into the phone.

Now he could hear her moaning through the phone as well as the walls he stood outside of.

“I’m busy fucking yo girl, bitch.” Donte said. “I’m about halfway in but I’m fiddin’ tah’ go deeper.”

“Goddamn you! I’m here, I found it! Let me in.”

“Ain’t that easy bitch...ooohhh damn girl, gimme that white pussy. That’s it baby...Listen here bitch boy. You want in this room so you can see your girl get handled? You gotta do somethin’ fo me first.”

“Well what in the hell do you want, Donte? You already have my girlfriend!”

“Goddamn right I do, bitch. And she lovin’ this nigga dick. I’m getting...deep...deep...deeper!”

Sarah screamed.

“But I don’t want you to miss my nut, bitch.” Donte continued. “You go on down to that lobby, and you get the room next to this one...They connected....You get that room, and I’ll let yo ass in through the side door.”

Jason tried to think of something to say. Some argument. But the fact was, he was locked out. And he wasn’t getting in unless they let him in.

“I’m choking your bitch.” Donte said. And in his mind Jason could just see the giant black man bent over his girlfriend, fucking her hard and fast with a hand around her petite little throat. He could see Sarah’s face as she tried to hold back her cum.

“Fine. Goddamn you.” Jason said. The phone clicked off. He could still hear them. Donte grunting and Sarah moaning. They were getting louder. He had to move quickly.

The clerk at the hotel Lobby was a small blonde girl with tired eyes but an undeniable cuteness. She was maybe 21, and even in her exhausted state of working the over-night shift she could see the panic in Jason’s eyes.

“I need to rent a room.” Jason said, only it all came out as ineedtorentaroom.



“OK sir, I would be happy to help you with-“

“Quickly, quickly. I need it now.” Jason stuttered. He was in no mood to wait. The feeling in his stomach had become unbearable, and his skin had gone as pale as it could. His phone vibrated and he checked the newest photo: A close up of Sarah’s sweaty face, her pouty lips parted in ecstasy, a black hand wrapped around her little throat. Her eyes were slits, as if she were orgasming.

“I’ll get you done just as soon as I can, sir.” The clerk said. “Let me see what we have available.”

“Room 410. I need room 410.”

The clerk regarded Jason with suspicion. Her little mouth pursed in confusion as she checked the computer system for availability.

“I’m sorry sir but it looks like that room is taken.”

Jason looked up from his phone, confused. “What?”

“I’m sorry but you will have to pick another room.” She said.

“That’s impossible. There was no one-“

“We have a guest who rented both that and the adjoining room. I’m very sorry.”

Jason swallowed hard. “Is the room under Jason Brown?”

The clerk’s eyebrows raised in surprise. “How did you know that?”

Jason’s phone began to ring. He looked at the screen with an awful, knowing dread. It wasn’t a text message. And it wasn’t a phone call. It was a FaceTime call. It was live video.

“Excuse me,” Jason whimpered. He walked away from the clerk, dizzy and trying to find a place to sit down. He chose a chair a few feet away, the cute blonde clerk watched him the entire time. He raised the phone to his face, and accepted the call.

At first, the picture on the phone didn’t move. Then the static cleared, and he was looking into Donte’s smiling face. In the background, he could hear Sarah moaning.

“Heym mothafucka!” Donte yelled, the perspiration from his activities were clear to see on his face. “Having trouble getting a room?”

Jason just stared at him. He heard Sarah say, “oh fuck” from somewhere in the background.

“I figured we would get two rooms when you gave her your credit card, haha! Gotta have one for the homies, know what I mean?”

“The what?” Jason shuddered.

“My homies, bitch!”

And then the camera turned. In the foreground he could see Sarah on her back, getting slow dicked by Donte’s massive black rod. She was so taken with it that she didn’t seem to be aware of the FaceTime call taking place.

In the background, was the door that connected rooms 212, and 210.

The door opened.

“Say hello to the crew, bitch!”

A large black shape, cut and tall walked into the room. Followed by another, and then another, and then another.

They were all completely naked, and even on the small cell phone screen Jason could see the things that dangled low between their legs. As they surrounded Sarah on the bed, and as their mutterings of “oh shit” and “damn girl” began to

become clear, the camera turned once more, back to Donte's face.

“Get your room key, mothafucka. Don't miss the grand finale.”

And then the call ended.

In a daze, Jason walked back to the little blonde girl behind the counter. She looked alarmed now, having heard most of the conversation. Jason pulled his I.D. out of his wallet, and placed it on the desk in front of him.

“I need my room key, please.”

It was a long, slow walk for Jason Brown back to the fourth floor. The need for running and rushing seemed to have slipped away from him, and instead he chose the elevator. He stared at the red numbers on the screen above the doors, watching the floors tick away beneath him. When at last the fourth level came, the reflective doors split down the middle and revealed an endless hallway that beckoned him forward.

One foot in front of the other, he moved as a snail down the dim hallways. When he made the right turn for rooms 400-412, he could hear their voices. There was moaning and laughter. There was commotion and screaming. And with each step, it grew louder.

At last, outside the door and ready to enter, he could hear all of them.

“Get that dick girl!”

“No hands!”

“That’s it baby! Oh yeah, good girl!”

“Keep that ass steady for me!”

Despite everything inside of him that screamed NO, Jason found his arm moving up to the key card slot. He watched the little white room key enter into the small mechanic lock that would grant him access to his worst nightmare. The light on the little grey box went from red to green, and he heard something unlatch.

He twisted the metal door handle down, and pushed the door open.

For a brief moment he flashed back to earlier that night. When Sarah had first spotted Donte. When he had given her his credit card. When he had said the words “get a room.” And in that brief moment, he knew that this was all his fault.

At first he saw only three, muscular black asses, attached to long legs and giant back muscles. Then the one in the middle moved, and revealed his wife bent over the hotel bed, doggy style and taking two cocks at once.

Donte was railing her from behind, his hands wrapped around her hips. In the

front, Sarah was sucking greedily on another man's fat dick. The man with his dick in Jason's wife's mouth had a low hanging nutsack, and as he fucked the girl's face it swung back and forth. The other three men surrounded the scene, getting handfuls of her swaying tits and jiggling ass.

There were smiles all around.

"Look who it is!" Donte screamed, his white teeth gleaming. "The bitch boy husband!"

The men all erupted into laughter. Sarah spared him a glance, mouthful of cock, before she returned to staring up at the man abusing her mouth.

"Come take a seat, fagget!" Donte yelled, and pointed to a chair in the corner. As if in a dream, Jason obeyed the command and sat down closer to the action. He was actually thankful for the chance to sit, for he felt he may pass out.

They all had their phones, taking pictures of her. Some did close-ups of Donte's cock sliding in and out of her cunt. The one getting blown was videotaping her trying to deep throat his massive meat. The humiliation for Jason was at a new level, and all he could do was watch on helplessly as they exploited his wife.

And watch on as his wife loved every second of it.

Donte pulled out and tagged in one of his friends. The man who took over for him was the tallest, and his cock was uncut and curved hard to the right. He

flipped Sarah over onto her back and pulled her close to him. The other men crowded around Sarah's head as she looked up at them, their ebony boners and leathery sacks just inches from her face. They began to beat on her lips with their great black drum sticks, as the tall one pushed deep into her dripping cunt.

"Oh baaaaby," Sarah moaned.

"Tell your husband you like that nigga dick, bitch!" The tall one yelled at her, slapping her right tit and causing it to jiggle back and forth.

"Oh baby I love this black dick!"

"Tell him again, bitch!" He yelled, slapping her other tit this time.

"OH baby I love this fucking big black dick!"

Then the tall one began to pump her furiously, and Sarah began to scream.

Donte walked over to where Jason sat, pale and sick. He put his hand on the pathetic husband's shoulder and leaned in to talk to him.

"This is what you wanted, right Jay? You wanted to see your slut wife get handled by real men?"

“No...not like this.” Jason whispered, staring wide-eyed at the scene before him.

“Oh sure you did, bitch boy.” Donte stood up, and his giant hard rod stood at full attention, inches from Jason’s face. Jason could smell his wife on the man. He could smell all the orgasms she had had so far that night.

“It’s a beautiful sight, ain’t it bitch boy?” Donte said. “Hey white girl, look over here!”

For a moment the tall one slowed his rhythm down, and one of the black men at her head pulled his dripping cock from her mouth. Sarah turned her head and looked over at Donte and her wimp husband.

“Wanna see what a bitch this man is?” Donte asked.

Sarah nodded.

“Take off yah clothes, white boy.” Donte commanded.

Jason looked up, confused.

“I said take yah fuckin’ clothes off, bitch! Do it now before I kick yo ass out this room and get back to fucking that slut on the bed over there!”



Jason hesitated, and then suddenly Donte's strong hands were all over him. His shirt came off, his pants ripped down. Only a few moments had passed by and Jason found himself standing there in a hotel room that stunk of sex, stripped down to his underwear.

"Take them off, fagget!" Donte told him.

Jason looked at Sarah. She nodded. Timid, Jason began to pull his tighty-whities down his thighs. When at last they were around his ankles and his small, flaccid white cock stuck out like an embarrassing nub, the room erupted into laughter.

"What the fuck is that!"

"Haha! Fucking bitch boy!"

"No wonder she likes this nigga dick so much!"

Donte stood next to him, his magnificent penis the model of perfection. Jason looked down at his own tool and his face grew bright red. How could he have ever thought this was a good idea? How could he ever expect Sarah to go back to this little thing after having so much big cock all night?

He couldn't, and he knew it.

"You fucking bitch boy. You stand right there with that little clit and watch your

wife get handled.” Donte walked back to where Sarah lay and stuck his fat black rod in her mouth.

For a long time they took turns with her, and too many times to count Sarah came. And she came again. And again. And each orgasm rocked her body more than the previous.

And eventually, they lubed up her asshole and went in there too.

“Damn, bitch! You ain’t never had nothing up in here before have you? Fucking tight!” said the first one.

“I might have to blow a fucking wad in this white bitch’s ass tonight!” said the second.

“It’s getting nice and loose now!” The third one chided.

“Your little pencil dick gon’ slip in nice and easy now, bitch boy!” screamed Donte, as he filled her asshole and Sarah came again.

Jason sat there for a long time watching his love get railed in every orifice. And he began to wonder if maybe the pictures and texts and videos weren’t better than this after all.

In a blur he watched each of them fill her and finish on her. Their phones out,

pulling in close on her smiling face and then back out again to reveal the mess of cock and sex all around her. They called him names. They called her names. She came over and over as they handled her, and the hours passed like a bad dream.

Donte was the last to leave. The others exited through the door they had come in, naked and glistening and satisfied. As he knotted his tie and straightened it around his neck, Donte walked over to Jason.

“I’ll be sure to send you more pictures, later.” He winked, and Donte strutted out of the room.

Sarah was in the shower. The steam from it was billowing out of the door she had only half-closed, insuring that the men who had just finished defiling her would lean in for one more quick snap to store away on their smart-phones. Jason walked unsteadily to the bathroom door and pushed it wide. Through the foggy glass he could see her; beautiful and bare, dripping wet and her head tilted up.

She must have heard his heavy breathing even over the hiss of the hot shower because she said, “Take your clothes off, baby. Join me.”

Jason shuffled out of shirt and shoes and pants. He felt the embarrassment of several loads released in his boxers as he pushed them aside with his feet. He approached the shower door and just as he leaned in to slide it back and reveal the girl he loved so much, he froze in fear. What if he was too inadequate now? Could she ever look at him the same?

He knew the answers to both questions. And he knew he only had himself to

blame. Jason swallowed his doubt and worries and entered the shower with his love. She turned to him, her tits finally clean of other men's cum and her eyes wide open to take him in.

"I want you to eat my pussy now, baby. I've saved cleaning it just for you."

Jason opened his mouth to protest, but she shushed him with two fingers in his mouth.

"I won't ask again, honey."

Jason dropped to his knees on the tiled floor. Sarah wrapped one hand around the back of his head and fed him her dripping cunt. Jason looked up at her while he cleaned.

Sarah had her phone out, and she pressed that little red button that meant RECORD.

THE END