

GIRLFRIEND GANGED BY GANGSTA'S

Cuckold Tells All



DEX O'DONALD

GIRLFRIEND GANGED BY GANGSTA'S

Cuckold Tells All



DEX O'DONALD

Girlfriend Ganged by Gangsta's

Cuckold Tells All

By Dex O'Donald

Table of Contents

[Copyright](#)

Copyright © 2020 Dex O'Donald

All Rights Reserved

Smashwords Edition

It was a lay-over in Atlanta that screwed everything up for us. If only I had gotten a direct flight, maybe things would have ended up differently. Maybe we would have never met Trey and the other guys.

If only.

Of course, the lay-over turned into a delay which turned into a flight cancellation, which meant Shea and I were going to have to find a hotel in Atlanta for the night.

“Do you think anything is still available, Hank?” She asked me. She was so pretty, so hippy. The kind of cool hippy chick that’s way too hot to be a cool hippy chick. She had the cute little nose, the devilish lips and astounding eyes you might expect. But her body was something else. Her tits were hard to miss, and her little waist was sculpted from years of outdoor activity.

I made a few phone calls and just as I expected, there were no rooms available that night. We caught a cab outside the airport and went downtown to get a drink.

I never liked Atlanta, and the side of town we ended up in is the reason why. It was seedy and definitely not where tourists frequented. Whether I wanted to admit it or not, walking around with a hot little white girl in a low cut shirt just didn’t seem like a good idea. Shea was wearing this cute green beanie on her head, and her dirty blonde hair streamed out and down her chest. She was magnificent, beautiful and sexy all rolled into one.

It was impossible to miss the looks we were getting from the mostly black patrons at the bar we stopped at.

Pool cues smacked hard, and music played softly over the clattering of drinks and bottles. There was maybe fifty people there, and we sat at the bar keeping to ourselves. The bartender was a tall, mixed man who seemed friendly enough.

“Any idea where there might be a hotel available tonight?” I asked him. He assured me that most likely there was not, but the good news was that there were bars in the city that didn’t close. If we didn’t feel like crashing at the airport, we could always drink the night away.

“I could take you.” A voice came from behind us.

I turned around in my seat and saw him; a tall, skinny black guy who looked like he had just walked off the set of a rap video. I could see the gold chain swinging around his neck, the bling on his fingers. He had tattoos on his arms that I could see creeping out from underneath the wife-beater he was wearing.

“I’m Trey.” He cupped his hand out for a handshake that I totally screwed up, but I could tell it wasn’t me he was interested in. He was looking at Shea.

“What’s your name lil mamma?”

“I’m Shea. This is my boyfriend, Hank.” She said, looking him over. Shea was always polite, never hostile. Except in the bedroom where she could be a total

freak.

“Well Hank and Shea. I know a place that’s open all night, you’d probably like it.” He came closer, and he was taller than I originally thought. His arms were long and muscular.

“What’s it called?” I asked. “We can just take a cab.”

“A cab? Ain’t but a few blocks away. I could walk you.” He said.

Shea looked uncertain, her eyes glancing back and forth between the two of us.

“Well, um.” I started.

“You afraid to walk down the street with a black guy, though?” He smiled.

“No! Not at all!” I said.

“Of course not!” Shea said, adjusting in her seat and her cleavage jiggling ever so slightly.

“It’s just, we don’t know you.” I said. “You could be anybody.”

“I’m Trey, remember?” He smiled again. Something slightly charming about it. “Let me buy y’all a shot.”

He walked up to the bar, sliding in between Shea and I.

“Johnny! Let me get three shots for me and my friends here!” Trey put an arm around Shea and I, as if the three of us had been friends for years.

“Coming right up, T,” Johnny said, pouring them.

“Tell these white folks they ain’t got nothing to be scared of.” Trey laughed.

The bartender smiled, pushing the shots to each of us. “You can go anywhere in the city with Trey, folks. He’s good people and nowhere is safer.”

We downed the shots, toasting to new friends.

It didn’t take too many more drinks before Shea and I were convinced, and then we were off down the electric streets of Atlanta with our new friend Trey. He didn’t so much walk as strut, his chain swinging and banging against his chest.

“Here we go, here we go.” He said, rubbing his hands together. We had arrived at the bar. Music was blaring from within, and a neon sign above the doors said

“THE DEN.”

We walked inside. It was a fairly normal place; pool tables, a long bar, a few high tops and an outdoor area to smoke. The three of us walked right up to the bar, and this time I bought the round.

“To Trey!” I said. And we cheered again.

As the night went on, we began to drink a little faster than either Shea or I had intended. She was starting to get that drunken, cross eyed look on her face, and I was feeling tipsy as well.

Different friends of Trey kept coming up and saying hello to him, most of them looked like him; black and a little intimidating. I started to wonder if the bar we were in was popular with gangs. Looking around I noticed most of the clientele seemed...questionable.

“You getting’ tipsy lil mamma?” Trey asked Shea.

She laughed and patted him on the chest. “I need a little pick me up. Wish I had one.”

“Oh really? Miss hippy girl trying for that pick-me-up?” Trey laughed.

I shot Shea a look, trying to tell her to back off the subject. She didn’t see it.

“Step into my office.” Trey said.

We followed him through the bar, past the pool tables. It seemed as if every single guy we passed looked up from what they were doing and watched Shea’s ass stride past. We went through a door past the bathrooms.

It was a VIP area of some sort. There were four other men already in there, all black, and the pot smoke was heavy. There were leather couches and another pool table, a fridge. In a corner there was a table, and a giant mound of cocaine poured out on it.

“Here we go, here we go.” Trey said. There was another guy sitting at the table, cutting it up and spreading it out. “Tyrone, cut out some extras for our company.” Tyrone didn’t answer; he just kept at what he was doing.

Sniff. Snort. WHOOSH. The drinks started flowing, and so did the drugs.

The music got louder in the room and soon people were dancing. I tried dancing with Shea in my frenzied state but felt clumsy. I sat down on a couch and watched her.

She did her hippy white girl dance, and Trey made his move.

He came from behind her, putting his hands on her hips. His long black fingers reached across her belly, just under her voluptuous tits. She didn’t even pause,

just kept swaying her hips in time with the music. Trey danced with her, and for the first time I realized how drunk he was.

Around four a.m. it cleared out, except for Shea and I, Trey, and some of the other guys(gang members?). The others left the room and went out to play pool at the now deserted tables in the front bar. The three of us stayed behind and sat down on the couches.

“Come sit with me, Shea.” Trey said. There was no hesitation, no doubt in his voice. I wasn’t sure I heard him correctly until Shea stood up and walked over to where he sat. She plopped down next to him, casual as can be. He immediately put his arm around her and came in close to her face.

“Anybody ever tell you how fine you is, girl?” He said.

Shea giggled.

“Hank! You need to tell this girl!” He said, looking over at me.

“I do.” I said, meekly.

“I show y’all a nice time tonight?” He asked.

“Yes, of course.” Shea said. “We’ve had a fucking blast.”

“Good. That’s what I like to hear.”

I kept watching them, unsure of what was happening. Shea was smiling at him, and he was close enough to kiss her.

The door behind me opened and I turned my head to see. Two of the guys were coming back in. One had a big afro, the other was shaved on top. They walked over to where Trey and Shea were sitting and stood around them. All eyes on Shea.

“Show us what you got girl.” One of them said.

“Shea, meet my friends,” Trey said, “Dean and Till.”

She looked up at them. There were three black men surrounding her, and I had no idea what to do. I feared that if I spoke up things could get bad.

“Hey boys,” Shea said, dreamily. She was high as a kite from the coke, and her clothes had become disheveled throughout the night. Her tits had a sloppy elegance to them, dotted with tiny beads of sweat if you looked close enough.

Trey started rubbing her back with one hand and he put the other on her knee.

“I show y’all a good time tonight?” He asked again. He glanced from her to me.

“Yes, silly.” Shea said. I could tell she was a little nervous, but not nearly as much as me.

“Good. Now, me and my friends here, we run this part of town. We are in a little...club, you could call it.” Trey was smiling, and his friends standing around him were starting to laugh. “See, we think you real fine, Shea. Real fine. Think we might like to see what you got going on underneath those clothes.”

“Oh hell yeah.” Till said, he was the one with the afro. Dean took Shea softly by the arm and pulled her up so she was standing. Trey stood as well, and now the three of them towered over her.

They started taking her clothes off. She just smiled and let them.

First her shirt came off over her head and they flung it aside. Her milky tits were kept up in a pink bra. Till grabbed her left boob while Trey grabbed the other. Dean was taking his pants off.

It dawned on me all at once: they were going to fuck my girlfriend. Right here. Right now.

“Come on, Hank. Get in on this.” Trey said, beckoning me. He was grabbing her ass now, her shorts already gone. She was helpless in her underwear, but a devilish smile was on her face as the three of them fondled her.

Unsure of myself, I stood and came over. The four of us circled her now. Trey was kissing her neck and undoing her bra strap. Till dropped her panties down to the ankles and she stepped out of them. Her pink pussy exposed and her pouty lips moist. They were all filling their hands with her now.

“You ready to suck some nigga dick, girl?” Trey said in a deep voice.

“Get on your knees, girl.” Dean said.

Shea didn’t have a chance to reply. Till pulled of her bra, exposing her.

“Goddamn! Goddamn!” Dean said. He came from behind her and filled his hands with them. He squeezed hard. “All natural motherfucker!” He gave them each a good slap and Shea gasped.

Shea got down on her knees in front of us, and the three gangsters stripped naked. Shea’s jaw dropped.

“Oh my God.”

There were now three, massive black cocks dangling around her head. And when I say massive, I mean they dwarfed mine.

“Come on, Hank. You gay or something? Get in on this.” Till said. He was positioning himself in front of her face now. Shea was on her knees, eyes wide, just staring at the massive members hanging low around her.

Unsure, I undid my pants and dropped them. Reluctantly, I pulled my boxers off and stood there.

They began to laugh at me.

“You call that a dick!” Dean laughed.

“Goddamn, can you even feel that when he fucks you?” Added Till.

“Move out the way dawg.” Trey said, pushing me back. “Sit back down.”

“Sit your white ass down, motherfucker.” Dean added.

I didn’t argue with them. I did as I was told.

Then Trey grabbed his giant black dick and pushed it to Shea’s lips. She opened willingly, and turned her big green eyes upwards.

“Oh yeah, baby. Suck that cock. Keep your eyes up.”

“Multi-task, baby,” Dean said, grabbing one of her hands and putting it on his shlong. She reached with the other and found Till, and began stroking the two of them while Trey moved his cock deeper into her throat.

“Oh damn, Hank. I got your girl for the night.” Trey was saying as he started to slowly face fuck her. “That’s right, Hank. You gonna watch this. Every fucking minute.”

His cock was long, nine inches at least. He could only get half of it in at a time before she would cough or gag. He made sure he was good and hard before he let her move on to Dean’s dick.

Dean grabbed a handful of her hair and guided his meat into her hungry mouth. His wasn’t as long as Trey’s, but Jesus was it thick. I watched Shea stretch her lips out as far as they could just to fit him. It would have been comical had it not been for the circumstances.

And all the while I sat there, frozen.

They passed her around, each one having their turn. Shea rubbed her pussy, and I could hear from where I was sitting how wet she was. She occasionally moaned through a full mouth, clearly enjoying herself. I was humiliated, defeated, intimidated. But she wasn’t, and I knew it was best if I just let it happen.

“Suck. That. Dick. Suck. That. Dick.” Till annunciated every word, pushing his meat into her mouth with every syllable. She had tears running down her cheeks

and snot from her nose, but every time they gave her breath she just breathed in and smiled.

Dean slapped his dick on her face. “You like that, girl?”

“Oh fuck yeah. Slap my face with that big cock.” Shea said, drunk and high. I knew she was a freak in the sheets. But I had no idea just how big of a freak until now.

“You ready to get fucked, girl?” Trey asked.

“Please, baby,” Shea replied, her mouth full of cock.

They picked her up and she laid down on the long black couch opposite the one I sat on. Trey got between her legs and loomed over her, stroking his black cock.

“Lean forward and lick these nuts right quick girl.”

Shea pushed up onto her ass and leaned forward, eagerly. Trey planted a foot on top of the couch for a better angle, and he pulled his cock out of the way so she could get at his nuts. The others stood around them, stroking and watching.

Shea sucked and licked his balls while he jerked off. She slobbered on them as he held her face there.

“Go lower, bitch. That’s it. Thaaaat’s it.”

She pushed in lower, and started tonguing his ass.

My stomach dropped.

“Lick my asshole you little slut. Mmhmm. You dirty, dirty bitch.” Trey had his eyes closed, jerking his cock while she pleased him.

“Lick that asshole, bitch.” Dean chimed in. “Dirty bitch.”

She slobbered on it, feasting.

“She ever lick your ass, Hank?” Trey asked.

I sat silent.

“Didn’t think so, haha!”

When he was done, Trey pushed her back so she was lying on the couch again. She spread her legs willing as he brought the tip to the front of her cunt. For as

massive as he was, he slid the first several inches in easy; she was dripping.

“Oh my! Oh my God!” Shea whimpered as he fucked her. He went slowly at first, getting deeper and deeper. Sometimes I could tell Shea was in discomfort, other times I thought she might be about to cum right there.

Dean moved to the head of the couch so that he was standing over Shea’s head. He started to slap her face with his hard cock as Trey fucked her faster. She stuck her tongue out for Dean, and he grabbed her tits.

“Good white girl. Good. Keep that tongue out.” Dean said.

Trey fucked her harder, faster. He had hold of her hips now as he drilled, and soon Shea couldn’t focus on anything except getting fucked. The others just watched as Trey went to work.

To my horror, I felt my cock getting hard.

I tried to hide it, but realized no one cared what I was doing anymore. I started to jerk off slowly. It felt so small in my hand as I watched a massive prick drill my Shea.

“Goddamn your pussy tight, baby.” Trey yelled. “Hank you need to get into this more often. It’s like a fucking virgin.”

“I’m gonna cum!” Shea yelled suddenly. Trey grabbed her by the throat and kept one hand around her waist. He fucked her savagely as he choked her. Her face turned red and he loosened.

“You gonna cum on that cock, baby? Yeah? Good, girl. Fucking cum!” Trey yelled at her. Shea let loose, screaming at the top of her lungs and squirting up and all over herself. Trey never slowed down; he pounded her relentlessly as she tried to catch her breath.

Suddenly Trey was out of her, his giant black rod glistening from the wetness of her cunt. He had no sooner moved from between her legs and Till replaced him. He grabbed Shea around her small, sexy waist and flipped her over. Her beautiful bubble butt rose up in the air, and Till slapped her cheeks with his fat manhood. Dean positioned himself in front of her, grabbing a handful of her hair as he pushed the head of his cock past her pouty lips.

Till wasted no time, pushing into her as Shea let out a high, whimpering gasp. He started riding her fast and hard, one hand squeezing her ass cheek.

“That’s it white girl. Take that cock deep in your throat.” Dean was saying, as Shea drooled on his cock. The site of the two big, black men railing her from each end was surreal to me. I didn’t know how we had ended up here, doing this.

I could only watch.

Crack. Slap. Till punished her ass with his hands while he drilled her pussy. Shea just moaned hard into Dean’s fat mass in her mouth, and Trey looked on, stroking his hard-on.

“Good girl.” Trey said, watching. “Pound that pussy, Till.”

Dean pulled his cock out of her mouth and slapped her face with it over and over. “Like that nigga dick, girl? You like it?”

“Yesss.” She said.

“Tell your boyfriend you like it.”

“I like it, baby.”

“Good girl.” He shoved it back into her mouth and started to fuck her face more forcefully. “I’m fucking your girlfriend’s face, Hank. I’m fucking your girl’s fucking face.” He stared at me while he said it, holding it deep in her mouth so that she came up coughing when he finally released her.

“Goddamn, girl,” Till was completely enthralled with her cunt. He had her ass spread wide, staring at her cute little asshole while his giant dick stretched her. His rhythm never slowed, he just kept at it.

“My turn, homey.” Dean said, pulling his cock from her mouth. Till pushed in deep for one last pump, and then pulled out. Still bent over the couch, Trey moved to her mouth and Dean to her dripping pussy.

“Oh my God. Oh my God.” Shea moaned on her short break from the army of cocks. “I don’t know how...much...more...” She was panting hard.

Dean pushed into her; his cock nearly splitting her. Shea screamed in ecstasy.

“Oh fuck I’m coming again!” Shea shouted. The gangsters laughed at this, and Dean gave her hard, quick slams of his cock as she climaxed. Trey wrapped a hand around her throat and another found a handful of her hair. He tilted her head up as she cried out and turned her face to look at me.

I could see the pleasure on every inch of her face.

“Hank, your girl loves that black cock.” Trey smiled. “She fucking loves it.”

When her orgasm finally subsided Dean picked up the pace, fucking her fast and slapping her ass until it was red. Trey, the longest cock of them all, slow fucked her mouth while he taunted me.

Shea’s big tits dragged on the couch as she was rocked again and again. Till stroked his cock and reached under her; pinching and twisting her nipples. He slapped them playfully.

“Your girl’s tits are real nice, Hank.” Till said, laughing. “I’m gonna hose them down before we finished.”

Trey was holding his cock deep in her throat, and every time Dean slammed into her it inched a little further down. Shea just whimpered, reaching a hand around to rub her clit. When Trey pulled it from her mouth, long strands of spit ran from her lips.

I started to jerk off openly in spite of myself. I couldn't take it anymore.

"You like watching your girl get handled, Hank?" Dean asked me, railing my girlfriend. "You should try fucking her like a real man sometime, Hank. Your girl is enjoying this too much."

They fucked her like that for a long time, Dean taking his sweet time. Shea's eyes rolled back as she took turns sucking of Till and Trey, both men dangling their giant cocks inches from her face. The room smelled like sweat and sex.

"Time to fill your girl up," Trey said.

Dean pulled out and Trey helped Shea stand up. She was dazed from all the sex and partying, and even seemed to be standing a little funny. Her thighs were slick from all the sweat and cum.

Till sat down in the middle of the couch, his long black rod pointing towards the sky and his leathery nuts sitting on the couch cushion. Trey helped Shea up onto the couch, standing above Till's waiting manhood. She squatted down and reached a small hand down to Till's cock, and started to guide it into her pussy. Till had his hands full of her ass, and buried his face in her tits as he started to fuck her from underneath.

I was starting to wonder how long this would all go on for, and then Trey moved in to mount her from behind.

He was going to fuck her ass, while the other took her pussy. I wanted to say something, to stop them. But I couldn't find my voice, and Shea never objected.

Trey spit on her spread asshole, and slowly started pushing into her. Till kept his cock buried inside her, and she looked tiny and helpless sandwiched between the two of them. Her cute, blonde head poked out over Till's broad shoulders, and Dean had moved behind the couch, so that when the time came he could get his cock sucked.

Trey went in slowly, thank God.

Shea cried out, in pain. "Oh. Oh. Oh, ow. Ow."

"Relax, girl. Relax." Trey said, almost soothing. He went deeper.

"Oh my...God. Oh, slow."

"Almost there girl." He went deeper.

"Oh fuuuuuck!" She screamed.

He had half of his cock in her ass, her anus stretched taut. The sheer amount of penis inside of her terrified me, and I couldn't believe my eyes. Trey started to grind into her ass, and Till doing the same from the other side. They went in and out, opposite one another and sometimes in union.

Shea started to shake. "I'm fucking cumming! I'm cumming oh fuck!"

"You dirty bitch," Trey whispered in her ear. "You like it in the ass don't you?"

Her orgasm seemed to last for minutes, and when she started to get a hold of herself, Dean buried his fatness in her innocent mouth.

The three of them were filling her up, right there in front of me.

Dean wiped the sweat off his forehead and then rubbed it onto Shea as she serviced his cock.

"Your girl is all ours now, Hank." He said.

Trey's rhythm and speed put me to shame. From where I sat I could see him railing her ass, his low hanging nuts swinging around. He was sweating on her, and Till was underneath both of them nuzzling her gorgeous tits. Shea moaned incoherently, blinded with pleasure and sensation.

“Nasty white girl. You like that?”

“Oh fuck yes.”

“Bigger than your boyfriend?”

“Oh yes, yes, yes.”

“Your girl is a fucking slut, Hank.” Dean yelled at me while he pushed deep into her throat. Shea tried to shout something, but it was incoherent with so much in her mouth.

Dean pulled it out of her face and she shouted, “I want your cum!”

“You want this black cum, girl?” Till asked her.

“Yes, I want it bad.” She moaned.

“Tell your boyfriend you want some nigga cum, bitch.”

“Oh baby, I want that nigga cum.”

“On your knees, baby,” Trey commanded. He pulled out of her ass and picked her up off of Till’s cock. I could only imagine how loose everything was now that they had taken her. She got down on her knees in front of the couch, just a few feet from me.

They crowded around her, stroking themselves. Till reached down and squeezed her tits, Dean slapped her ass.

Shea played with herself and looked up at them with those big, green eyes.

“You ready for this cum, girl?” Till asked.

“Oh fuck yes.”

Trey grabbed her head and pushed his cock into her mouth. She stroked the other two while he fucked her mouth again.

“Ima fuck your girl’s pretty face till I cum, Hank. That ok?” Trey said. “I asked you a question white boy!”

“OK?” Was all I managed, horrified.

“OK what, white boy?”

“OK you can...fuck her face.” They just laughed at me.

For a few minutes they took turns with her mouth, and then it was time.

She kept her hands occupied with her pussy as they jerked off onto her.

Trey came first, shooting it right into her eyes and making her gasp. It rolled off her cheeks and down her neck. Their collective yells filled the room as they covered her.

Dean came next, dropping fat wads of it onto her tits and across her nipples. He rubbed it in with the head of his cock as he finished.

“Open your fucking mouth,” Till commanded. He pushed the tip of his cock right to her mouth and fired off. She coughed and a massive wad fell out of her mouth and ran down her chest. It was a sloppy load and even though he filled her mouth again and again, much of it landed on her forehead and some in her eyes.

She was blinded now, and covered in it. Their cock’s barely softened as they stood above her, eking out every last drop onto my girlfriend.

“I’m fucking cumming,” Shea said, on her knees and rubbing her clit, the cum still warm. My mouth fell open as they slapped their cocks against her face and she cried out in pure joy.

“Your girl loves this nigga cum, Hank.”

The site of them standing there and the site of her used and soaked has never left my mind, and I doubt it ever will.

“Your turn, Hank.” Trey said as they stepped aside.

“What?”

“Get over here and fuck your girl, Hank. Now.”

Confused, I reluctantly stood up. My cock was hard, but paled in comparison to their size. Shea opened her eyes and looked at me, smiling devilishly as the cum shined on her cheeks. She got up and laid on the sweaty couch, opening her legs.

I got on the couch as they watched and laughed, even Shea giggling. My cock slipped in so easy I doubt she could even feel it. I started to grind into her, moving my hips and feeling inadequate.

“Haha. Work that little dick, Hank.” Trey laughed.

“Is it in?” Shea asked, and they all busted into laughter.

Their cum was getting on me as I fucked her. Her pussy was soaked and dripping from it all.

After about forty-five seconds I pulled out and shot one lone squirt onto her belly. They laughed again, and Shea just smiled at me. My cock shriveled up on her belly in a pool of other men's semen.

"Goddamn your girl is sexy, Hank." Trey said, putting his clothes on. Till and Dean both gave me a "pound" before exiting the room, as if nothing had ever happened.

"Thanks, I guess." I was confused, with no idea how to even feel about it all.

Shea cleaned off, got dressed and came back to me. "Our flight leaves in an hour."

"What?" I was shocked. I didn't even realize they had been fucking her all night. "Shit, we need to leave."

Trey gave Shea a hug and a kiss on her cheek, getting one last ass grab before we headed for the door.

"If y'all miss the flight, I have place you can stay. Free of charge." Trey said.

Shea smiled and turned back to him. "Thanks for your hospitality, Trey."

“Anytime.”

We made the flight that day. But we’ve been back to Atlanta every year since. Shea insists on it.

THE END

****Please leave a review if you liked this story! Thanks!***

-DexHankHank