

KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

*They took the wrong couple and
now a marriage is on the line*

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Laura and Dave

They found the advertisement in the back of one of the smut magazines Dave liked so much. Even with all the porn in the world a mere click away, Dave still enjoyed the old fashioned prints. He bought three or four of these magazines every week from the corner paper stand on 25th avenue.

The ad was black print over a seedy picture depicting a woman in the clutches of several men.

THE KC&C EXPERIENCE. HAVE YOU EVER FANTASIZED ABOUT THE CUCKOLDING LIFESTYLE? LOOK NO FURTHER. ENQUIRE AT WWW.KCCEXPERIENCE.COM.

Laura had been the one to point it out to him. The fact that she was so open and willing made Dave raise his eyebrows.

“You want to check it out?” He asked her. They were both naked and cooling off after a long fuck session. The sheets and pillows were all over the room and their bodies glistened from the workout.

“You’ve mentioned trying it before...This sounds, more, intense?” Laura finished with a question.

Dave reached over to the bedside table and grabbed his iPad. He typed in the address and they went through the site together.

KC&C meant one very specific thing. Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding. The

page described the experience as “A voluntary and consensual roleplay, wherein a couple agrees to be ‘kidnapped’ on a specified day. Once taken, one or more men (depending on level of intensity chosen) will engage in sexual activity with the female while the male watches.”

“Kidnapped?” Dave said.

“Kidnapped.” Laura said it with just a hint of excitement.

“You would really go through with this?” Dave asked, a sly smile spreading across his handsome face.

“The question isn’t would I. The question is, would you?” She leaned in and kissed him.

Dave thought about it for a moment. He looked on the website and saw a button reading “Join Now.”

He clicked it.

Daisy and Hank

Daisy typically loved lunches with her best friend Laura. It was some of the only girl time she got and she ate it up. They would order champagne and juice and slowly get hammered before the clock had struck 5. Unfortunately, today was a “couples” lunch. Whatever that meant. Really all it meant was that Laura would be accompanied by her hot but stupid boyfriend Dave.

And Daisy would have to bring her nice but completely underwhelming husband Hank.

That meant no girl talk. Just mindless jabbering meant to please everyone else.

The four of them sat outside at small table near the sidewalk. Luckily the street that ran by it seemed rather dull that day, as only a few cars had passed them. This made for far more enjoyable meal. The only distraction seemed to be a large white van that had pulled up about twenty minutes ago. The windows were tinted an impossible black, and no one had exited the vehicle. It was slightly unnerving.

Daisy admired Laura as she droned on about a ski trip they were going to make once it began to snow. Laura was beautiful. An incredible body to go with a princess like face. This was a good thing for Daisy, as the two were often mistaken for sisters.

They didn't really look that much alike save a few small similarities. Their hairstyles were very alike; a rich blonde that ran shoulder length. Today they had both put their hair up in buns. Along with their eerily similar attire of white sun dresses, it was no wonder people thought they were related.

Daisy looked over at Laura's boyfriend, Dave. He was like an upgraded version of her own husband. Dave was broader in the shoulders and more handsome in the face. But he was the same height as her husband Hank. They had the same short brown hair too, though Dave's was wavier and cleaner.

Daisy looked from Dave to Hank and sighed. It wasn't just that Dave was cuter. From everything Laura said it sounded like Dave was an Adonis in the sheets. If that was true, that didn't just make him better looking than Hank. It made him a better lover.

Hank was not, shall we say, well endowed. And if that wasn't bad enough, Hank was a lost little boy in the bedroom. Daisy wondered for a moment if he had always been that way, and she decided he had. So then she asked herself why? Why marry a man who can't satisfy you where it counts?

And the sad truth snuck up on her. He did satisfy her. He most certainly satisfied her bank account.

She grabbed her champagne and polished it off at the thought of something so terrible.

"That's probably enough for you, honey." Hank leaned in and whispered.

Daisy rolled her eyes and motioned for the waiter.

Laura and Dave

The sign up process had been a breeze. Basic information and a credit card for age verification. Next was the application. A disclaimer at the top informed you that should your application check out, you would be getting a call from an agent of the KC&C to confirm a date and time.

At the bottom of the application there was a small section detailing the three levels of intensity you could choose from for your experience.

Please select one of the following for your KC&C Experience:

Light – Standard kidnapping procedure as described above, but with light physicality. Expect some pushing and shoving. Followed by one male performer engaging in sexual activity with the female. Please note any fetishes or actions you are not ok with. I.E. Anal, fisting, verbal abuse, etc.) NOTE: If you do not specify what you are not ok with, KC&C cannot be held responsible for any attempts to the contrary.

Medium- A rougher kidnapping procedure. More physical, with heavy pushing and some light hitting. More verbal abuse. Followed by two male performers engaging in sexual activity with the female. Please note any fetishes or actions you are not ok with. I.E. Anal, fisting, verbal abuse, etc.) NOTE: If you do not specify what you are not ok with, KC&C cannot be held responsible for any attempts to the contrary.

Hardcore- NOTE This is an extreme experience with THREE or MORE male performers in an undisclosed location. Do not select if you are not ready for an extremely intense sexual experience. Please note any fetishes or actions you are not ok with. I.E. Anal, fisting, verbal abuse, etc.) NOTE: If you do not specify what you are not ok with, KC&C cannot be held responsible for any attempts to the contrary.*

Laura and Dave read the three options for close to thirty minutes in total silence. Dave watched Laura's reaction as she read the differences between the three.

"Well." She finally spoke. "There's a few things we can jot down in the notes for what I'm not ok with. Not much, obviously." She laughed. Dave laughed too. To be honest, the entire thing was starting to excite him.

"The question is, which level?" Dave said, scanning them again. "I think if we are going to do this, and if we are going to spend the money, I don't see why we would choose light."

"Oh you don't?" Laura laughed. She pushed him. "Well I'm the one doing the fucking, mister. You do the watching. So it's not your choice."

"Well I think I get a little say. I'm paying for it." He pulled her naked body closer to him.

"Hmm. Maybe." Laura sighed, looking deep into his eyes. She leaned in and

kissed him for a long time. When she pulled away, her mind settled on a decision. She didn't dare speak it out loud too soon. She didn't want to scare Dave off. The wheels were in motion now, and just the thought of the unknown was making her wet.

“So no light?” She said.

“No light.” Dave agreed.

“So? Medium?”

Dave smiled and shrugged his shoulders. At that moment Laura knew she had him. She knew he wanted it too. They had been so adventurous lately and this seemed like some golden opportunity to push the boundaries to new distances.

Laura reached over and grabbed his thick cock in her hands.

“You ready to see me get fucked by some real men?”

Dave's dick reacted immediately. It stiffened under Laura's tiny palm. Dave was no teeny weeny, in fact he was the biggest Laura had ever had. But she knew this was a deep and dark world for him. The taking of power was driving him crazy.

“Yes, baby.” Dave said.

They made their choice.

Hank and Daisy

The waiter brought the check and Hank handled the bill. He was happy to do it. He enjoyed treating his wife and her friends to meals, it made him feel like a man. He knew that he wasn't some champion of the sack and that his love-making skills were woefully lacking, but when it came to taking care of business, real business, he got it done.

Hank put an arm around Daisy and squeezed her lightly. He felt her tense in his grasp and pull away ever so lightly. This annoyed Hank a great deal. She had gotten blotto at lunch, losing track of how many mimosas she had downed. He had tried to warn her but she wouldn't hear of it.

Hank noticed that as lunch began to wind down, Dave and Laura had become fidgety. They kept looking around, and more than once they glanced in the direction of that strange white van across the street. Hank wrote it off as midday drunk and forgot about it quickly.

They finished their drinks and stood for goodbyes.

"Take care, Dave." Hank said friendly enough, shaking the man's hand. It occurred to him how similar they looked. Probably like brothers if Hank was a little more in shape.

Hank gave Laura a hug and could practically taste the energy coming off of her. She seemed more than excitable, beyond anxious. He couldn't put his finger on it.

Hank noticed for not the first time how alike his wife and Laura looked. If Laura

were prettier you would think they were sisters.

The four of them walked through the restaurant and out into the street together.

“Want to share a cab?” Hank asked.

“Oh no,” Laura said quickly, “We’re going to walk. We have to head uptown anyway.”

“Yeah, Uptown we go.” Dave added.

And two minutes later Laura and Dave were walking uptown side by side. Daisy and Hank in the opposite direction.

“I’m not taking a fucking cab, Hank.” Daisy growled at him. God she looked sexy when she was inebriated.

“OK, OK. Fine. Let’s walk.” Hank would say anything to please her. To calm her down.

They walked along the street that ran past where they had sat for lunch. Daisy was walking ahead of him, annoyed. Hank was trailing three feet behind her when he began to walk faster.

Behind them, the white van pulled out onto the street.

“Honey, slow down. Please.” Hank called after her.

“Fuck you, Hank. Can’t keep up? Boohoo.” Daisy increased her speed.

Hank sighed but was resigned not to argue. He broke into a small trot to catch up with her.

Daisy stopped suddenly and turned to him.

“Listen, Hank. I love you. I do. But you have to stop babying me. You have to let me do my thing.” Her words were slurring. Hank thought much of what she was saying was nonsense.

“OK. Fine. Honey, I love you. Whatever you need.” Hank pleaded.

Daisy rolled her eyes.

A loud noise came from behind them and Hank snapped around.

The white van. It had come flying up the street, and now it veered around them.

Hank and Daisy followed the van with their eyes as it pulled in front and then cut them off. The van stopped them in their tracks, blocking the street.

The side door to the white vehicle flew open and in an instant four men leapt out. They all had thick black ski masks covering their faces. They were dressed in identical black. Large men, all well over six feet.

The men came at the young couple trapped in the middle of the street.

Hank opened his mouth to scream but it was too late. The men had him, squeezing his arms tight. A bag went down over his head and tightened. He caught his breath in his throat.

Through the clouded vision the bag offered, he saw Daisy get thrown in the van first, her dress coming up. Then Hank hit the floor of the van hard, and the door behind him slammed shut.

“Drive.” Said one of the masked men in a ferocious voice. The van shot down the street.

Daisy and Laura

Their late night phone conversations were like clockwork. Three times a week Daisy would call Laura well into the night. Daisy always waited for Hank to drift off to sleep, and then she would slink from the bed and creep out to the kitchen.

“Hey, beautiful.” Laura always answered. It always made Daisy smile.

And they would talk. Sometimes about nothing. Other times about everything. And if they were both a little tipsy, and if Daisy was left yearning as she so often was, they would whisper dirty things to each other while Daisy felt herself over her panties.

Daisy loved this secret they had.

Tonight they spoke about Laura and Dave’s newest adventure.

“That sounds fucking crazy to me, Laura.” Daisy said, a little concerned. “And from an ad in a titty magazine?”

“Well it sounds crazy because it is.” Laura shot back. “But that’s the point, babe. Sex doesn’t get any better than when the stakes are high. When there is so much you don’t know. So much you’re in the dark about. That’s where the real pleasure is, Daisy.”

Laura had a way of saying things that got Daisy excited.

“So when is it?”

“Should be sometime next week, early in the day.”

Daisy thought about what it would be like to be taken by another man while Hank watched. Part of her was revolted. But there was another part of her, a very real and very visceral section of her that thought maybe, just maybe, it might be hot. It might be worth it.

“I could never do something so crazy.” Daisy admitted.

“You never know until you try, babe.” Laura said.

A question popped into Daisy’s mind that hadn’t occurred to her when Laura first told her about the KC&C. And all of a sudden it seemed very important.

“You said there’s levels?” Daisy said.

“Yes. Three. One to three, depending on how intense you want it.”

“Wow.” Daisy sighed. It sounded exciting. “What’s the difference between them?”

“Go on the website and see. I don’t want to bore you with the details.” Laura laughed.

“You bitch! Come on!” Daisy pleaded.

“Oh no! You’ll just have to look for yourself.”

Daisy never looked. And considering what happened later, it might have helped to have at least taken a glance.

“What level did you guys settle on?” Daisy asked.

“Oh I think you know.”

“No way!”

“Yes way, babe.” Laura sounded sleepy now.

“Tell me.” Daisy demanded.

“OK, but you have to promise to talk extra dirty to me tonight.”

Daisy smiled and pushed her thighs together. She was getting wet.

“I promise.”

“Level 3. Hardcore.”

THE KC&C EXPIERENCE

For how much Daisy had to drink at lunch, it was surprisingly quick how fast it all came together for her. One moment was sheer terror and the next, enlightenment. After the enlightenment...transcendence?

She wasn't sure yet.

Daisy had been face down in the van for about ten seconds before it came together. The matching clothes. The eerie similarities between the two couples. And of course the phone call the night before with Laura.

They, the kidnapers, had made a mistake. They had taken the wrong couple.

“Sit there and shut up, pal.” One of the men said. He was dressed in all black, only his piercing blue eyes shown through holes in the ski mask that had been pulled down over his face.

“What’s going on? What’s happening?” Hank yelled it like a weak little man over and over. Daisy knew what was happening. And all she had to do was open her mouth and tell them.

She sat on it for a moment.

Daisy was on her stomach and one of the other four men was straddling her back, tying her wrists tight behind her. She shot a glance at her terrified husband and they made eye contact. She gave him a stern look and shook her head NO.

This confused Hank who only squirmed harder in his restraints.

The one on her back flipped her over. He had one leg to each of her sides as he sat on top of her. He too had a ski mask on, but in one motion he pulled it off and smiled down at her.

He was handsome. No. He was hot. Like, smoking hot. A sharp jaw line and a sexy mouth. Broad shoulders with who knows what hiding underneath those clothes. Far too good looking to be a real criminal. And she knew full well he wasn't.

He reached a hand down and copped a hard, rough feel on her left tit. Daisy gasped in shock, but the scary man silenced her when he leaned down and kissed her deeply on the mouth.

Hank screamed.

Daisy kissed the man back.

In that moment she shed her skin. In that moment, that one kiss, she accepted it. All of it. She wanted it.

And no, she wouldn't be telling them about the mix-up.

Daisy thrust her hips up whoreishly into the man's groin while they kissed.

When he pulled his mouth away from hers she noticed the other two in the back of the van had removed their masks. There was still a fourth up front driving.

"Wow, pal. Looks like your wife is a little whore." This was the blonde one. He had perfect white teeth and a startling smile.

"You son of a bitch!" Hank yelled. He began rattling off obscenities and pleas for mercy. Daisy just laid on her back looking up at the man on top of her.

"Come hold her legs apart for me boys." Said Handsome. He got off of the top of her and the other two came closer. Blonde Boy took her right leg and yanked it open. Then she felt her left leg pull open and she turned to see who it was doing the pulling.

He was dark. Black as paint with the same name. She could feel his power in the way he handled her. She stared at the black man in awe, not noticing that Handsome had begun to position his face between her legs.

"You ever suck a nigga dick before, girl?" The black one asked, looking down at her. He had grabbed the bottom of her dress and yanked it upward, revealing small white panties that had an unmistakable wet spot on them.

"No." Daisy managed. It was a whimper, and the only thing she had spoken thus far.

“You ready for it?”

“Yes.” She bit her lip.

Hank’s yelling suddenly silenced when he heard her say this.

“Call me Daddy, bitch.” The black one said.

“Yes, Daddy.” Daisy whispered.

Handsome shoved his face into her cunt, over the panties. Daisy cried out and the other two men kept her legs wide open. Blonde Boy was filling his free hand with her breasts, pulling them out over the top of the dress.

“Your wife’s got some nice tits, pal.” Blonde Boy chided. “All natural. I love it.” He finished the sentence with a playful slap to her exposed left tit, and the small pink nipple reacted by getting rock hard.

“No! What are you doing!” Hank cried.

“Shut UP, Hank!” Daisy cried, between moans. This made the men laugh. Even Handsome took a break from devouring her soaked cunt to laugh at the pathetic husband.

“I’ve got an idea.” Handsome said.

He grabbed Daisy’s underwear with a large fist and ripped them from her body. Handsome balled the soaked undies up. He edged over to where Hank was lying tied up on his side, and shoved the panties in his mouth, dulling his protests.

“There. Problem solved.”

Handsome returned to Daisy’s now exposed twat. It was hairless and tucked, thighs soaked from the juices. Handsome spread her lips with both hands pushed his tongue deep inside her.

Hank watched for most of the van ride as one man ate his wife’s pussy, and two others held her down and felt up every inch of her.

And then Daisy started to cum.

“Oh God. Oh God.” It was broken and out of breath. Handsome had two fingers in her now, finger-fucking her ferociously as he tongue-lashed her clit. Daisy began to squirt and Handsome moved out of the way but kept his fingers in her cunt, pulsating them rapidly up and down.

“OH MY GOD! OH FUCK!” Daisy screamed.

“That’s right, girl. That’s it.” Daddy encouraged.

“Ever see your wife squirt for another man before, pal?” Blonde Boy asked.

No. Hank had never seen her squirt, period. Hank bit down on the soaked underwear in his mouth and tasted his wife’s pleasure. To his horror, he felt his cock waking up inside his pants.

The three strangers finished tearing her dress off after she came. Her supple, naked white body lay there bound on the van floor. Blonde Boy was infatuated with her C cups and his hands were never far from them. He was twisting her nipples playfully as she basked in the afterglow of an intense orgasm.

Handsome edged up to the front of the van and whispered something in the driver’s ear. The driver’s mask had yet to be removed.

“I can’t wait to blow a load all over these nice tits.” Blonde boy said to Daisy. He leaned down and shoved his tongue in her mouth. She accepted it willingly. “Would you like that?”

“Mhmm.” Daisy moaned.

Hank watched them fondle her for what felt like an eternity, a half-chub growing slowly in his pants.

After a while, the van stopped.

“Showtime!” Blonde Boy yelled.

The van doors slid open and the cab flooded with light. The three men jumped out. Daddy reached in and lifted the nude Daisy into his large arms and carried her off. Hank spit the underwear out of his mouth and tried to scream but his throat was dry.

“We have a special surprise for you, pal.” Blonde Boy laughed. He disappeared for a moment and then returned with a small bag. He reached in and pulled out a collar.

“Ready for your training, bitch boy?”

Handsome and Blonde Boy held him fast while they attached the collar tight around his neck. Then came the leash. It was long and black and leather, and at one end was Hank’s neck. At the other, Blonde Boy.

“Come on, bitch boy. OUT!” He screamed.

Blonde Boy tugged hard on the leash and Hank came forward. His feet and hands were tied and it made crawling slow and difficult. When he got to the edge of the van door, Blonde Boy yanked hard and Hank spilled out of the van, hitting the ground hard.

Hank scrambled back to his awkward crawling position and looked around.

It was the middle of nowhere. Deserted roads on all sides in a place he didn't recognize. The only sign of anything was the large warehouse about twenty yards ahead of where he lay in the dirt.

He saw Daisy in the arms of the large black man, and he saw them disappear inside the warehouse.

"Let's go, bitch boy!" Blonde Boy screamed at him. And he yanked again. Hank followed.

Once inside the warehouse Hank saw where they were taking him. In the middle of the wide open room was a single, queen sized mattress laying on the ground. Daisy was already on it. The black man and the masked driver were standing over her.

To the right, just a few feet away, was a cage.

"Get comfortable, bitch boy." Blonde Boy taunted as he locked Hank inside the cage. "We're gonna be here for a while."

And so here it was. Hank's naked, horny wife lying on a dirty mattress. On all sides she was surrounded by four large and intimidating men.

The men began to take their clothes off.

Hank stared at his wife's face.

She was smiling.

Daisy

She felt Handsome feeling her tits up from behind, pinching her nipples rough. In one hand she jerked blonde boy's uncut fat rod wildly, the other she used to rub her soaked cunt. Daisy had only done drugs once in her life, some molly at a frat party once. The crazed lust that was controlling her now was very similar, only better.

“Suck that fucking cock, bitch.” He nearly yelled at her, ramming his long black snake in and out of her inexperienced throat. “See what you do with a real mothafuckin’ dick.”

She was drooling everywhere, large gobs of it running out of her mouth whenever Daddy let her up for air. It soaked her tits and Handsome just rubbed it in.

Her pathetic husband, who she would never look at quite the same again, looked terrified in his cage. This made Daisy smile as she welcomed the change inside her.

It was consuming her.

“My turn!” Blonde boy said, goofy as hell. He was excited alright. His one-eyed hooded monster was only too eager to plow into her waiting mouth. He pushed it in deep, and she could feel the foreskin in the back of her throat. He held it there, taunting.

“Look at your wife, pal!” The blonde one taunted. “She’s hungry for meat!”

Blondy laughed it off and started to methodically face-fuck her.

The driver was standing there, waiting his turn. He hadn't spoken yet, and he had been the last to take off his mask. He was a thirty something with tattoos and a beard. He looked like the sort of man to spend a lot of his time behind bars.

When the Driver took his pants off, something gargantuan and veiny flopped out and swung low between his legs.

Daisy's eyes went wide as he approached the blowjob circle.

The four men were careful to keep Hank's line of sight open as they took turns with her mouth.

"I think I've got a nut for you bitch!" Blonde boy screamed.

One moment the boy was deep in her throat, the next he was jacking his man-meat inches from her face.

"Watch this shit!" Daddy screamed at Hank, right before Blonde boy blew.

"UGH!" Blonde boy grunted.

She felt it hot and thick as it smacked off her lips. The men around her were cheering him on and she could hear faint cries coming from the cage. Another hard shot blanketed her eyes in white goop and she had to shut them. Blonde boy laughed again and again as he unloaded on her, covering her cheeks and even saving some for her tits.

He squeezed the last drop out onto her nose and laughed.

“Plenty more where that came from, babe.”

Daisy’ skin was tingling all over her body. She felt close to orgasm as the sticky substance held fast to her face. She tried to get off right then, but one of the men grabbed her hand from her pussy, and wrapped it around a cock.

“No getting off yet, bitch.” The Driver finally spoke. He was positioning himself in front of her face and she was eye to eye with his dangling dick.

She had never seen anything so terrifying before. Even flaccid it held weight, and as it came closer to her face she smelled it. It began to lift ever so subtly towards her cum-covered lips.

“Open wide, messy girl.” The Driver said.

She’d never stretched her jaw so wide before, doing her best to accommodate him. His balls were massive, hanging low in a leathery sack. She watched them

jiggle and swing as he made love to her mouth.

“Look at your wife, boy.” The Driver taunted Hank. “Look at your pretty little wife... Yeah, she loves it. I can smell her cunt from here. And you had to see it, huh? See your dirty little whore of a wife get it from real men? Well here it is, enjoy it you pussy. Enjoy it, Dave.”

Daisy saw the dawning look in Hank’s eyes right when The Driver said it. It took him another moment before Hank finally realized what had happened. A mix-up. Plain and simple.

Hank opened his mouth in a panic to end it all.

Daisy pulled the cock from her wet lips and turned on him.

“Shut your fucking mouth, DAVE! Shut up and watch!” It was her voice, but she didn’t recognize it. Something inside her, long asleep, had just yawned and stretched and woken from its slumber.

Dave’s face sunk with hideous realization. He leaned back against his cell, and began to play with himself.

The Driver laughed and resumed with her mouth. His cock was fully erect now, and the biggest Daisy had ever seen.

“What do you say boys?” Handsome said, jerking his beautiful cock. “Time to get to work?”

A roar of agreement from Blonde Boy.

Handsome grabbed her by the waist and lifted her into the air. Just as quickly, he tossed her onto mattress.

Daddy, Blonde Boy, and The Driver crowed around her sides and yanked her legs open. Handsome got between her thighs, still jerking his towering cock.

He slid into her hard, she screamed. But at that point she was soaked and the pain quickly turned to the opposite. Handsome held her hips as he railed her balls deep over and over. Blonde Boy always had his hands filled with her tits, and The Driver and Daddy rotated their massive members in and out of her mouth.

Hank watched all of this. Helpless.

And constantly there was a racket of her screams and their taunting.

“OH FUCK! I’M CUMMING!” Daisy let rip.

“Your girl’s pussy ain’t never gonna feel the same after this!”

“You watching this bitch boy? You watching?”

“Your wife’s got great tits, pal. Cant’ wait to see what they look like drenched in cum!”

They flipped her over and Blonde Boy took care of her pussy. He fucked fast and hard like a hyena, slapping her ass and pulling her hair. Handsome made Daisy taste herself on his dick, and when he was done with that she got a mouthful of Daddy’s hairy nuts.

“This bitch is NASTY!”

“Fuck I think I’m gonna nut again!” Blonde boy cried.

“Not in her pussy. Not yet.” The Driver said.

Blonde boy laughed and pulled his fat meat out of her. He grabbed Daisy by the back of the head and yanked her up onto her knees.

“Open your mouth bitch and keep it open.” He instructed. Daisy obliged.

Blonde Boy unloaded in her open mouth, the cum pooling on her tongue.

“Good girl. Good little wife.” He moaned. “Now swallow.” And she did.

“Who’s next?”

Hank watched the four strangers take turns on his wife’s pussy. And he knew. He knew it was a setup. A mix-up. A whatever the fuck. It didn’t matter. All that mattered was that Daisy, his wife, was enjoying it. And she shouldn’t have been.

And as wave after wave of orgasm shook her body Daisy felt more and more as if she were flying. The animal down inside of her had not only awoken from hibernation but taken flight and soared. She was the animal now. And she wanted all of it.

When The Driver entered her for the first time she howled. It was pure ecstasy. The monstrous thing between his legs filled her wall to wall, and when he plowed her it was mean and unloving.

“Hold the cunt still.” He said.

And the three strong men held her down as he filled her again and again. The Driver crossed his arms across his massive chest while he fucked her.

“Look at your wife, you pathetic fuck.” He taunted. “Look at her face. She loves it. You know why? Because she’s nothing but a whore.”

More laughter from the Blonde Boy. More cries from Hank.

“Open your mouth.” The Driver barked, leaning over Daisy while her eyes rolled in the back of her head.

Daisy opened wide. The Driver spit into her mouth and then resumed fucking her.

Eventually they led Hank out of the cage by his leash and made him get underneath Daisy. She was on all fours and they made him position his face just underneath her gaping cunt.

Daddy fucked her from behind for a long time, his sweaty balls dripping onto Hank’s face. Slapping his lips. When Daddy pulled out, he smacked Hank hard in the face with his black club.

Then came Handsome. Much the same treatment as before, only Handsome’s long strides made the bottom of his ass-cheeks rub Hank’s forehead. When he was done, he too slapped Hank in the face with cock.

“You fucking pathetic pussy.”

Then it was Blonde Boy. And Blonde Boy had a special surprise for Hank.

“Oh yeah, keep your head still bitch hubby!” He yelled, fucking Daisy. “I got a present for you.”

Blonde Boy railed a moaning Daisy for a long time before he pulled out, and dropped another fat load. This time onto Hank’s face. Hank gagged and cried.

And his pants were stiff from the little cock inside them trying to get out.

“Ha!” Blonde Boy laughed, stepping away. “The little fagget likes it!”

Then came the Driver. Massive and hairy. Hank’s eyes were wide as saucers as he saw the impossibly large thing go into his wife. He smelled his wife cumming at the exact time she screamed it. The Driver’s nutsack hung low, and often rested on Hank’s mouth while Hank’s wife got the business.

The Driver pulled out and smacked Hank in the face with his stick.

Daisy rolled over onto her back, exhausted. She was red in the face from cumming over and over again, her body was slick with the sweat of four men.

“OK boys,” The Driver boomed, “It’s time for the main event.”

The got Daisy onto her knees, and the four men surrounded her face. They began to trade her mouth around, each one taking a turn fucking it.

Hank still lay on the ground, his head poking between her legs. The spit and pre-cum from above rained down onto his face. At last he freed his small white cock from his shorts, and began to jerk it.

The four men above laughed at him.

“Alright, me first!” Blonde Boy laughed.

He came in close to Daisy’s face. Both of her hands were occupied with other cocks, but she kept her eyes on him as he jerked off on her.

“That’s it, baby. Keep looking at me.” Blonde Boy told her. He grunted again, and his final load erupted from his cock. It covered her again, nearly bigger than the first time. He shook it out at the end, his nuts flying about.

Then Blonde Boy stepped back and let the other three have her.

The cum had started to drip off her face. Her tits caught some of it, Hank’s face caught more.

Handsome had a hold of her head now and was grinding into her lips. He plunged it deep into her throat and held it there while Daisy gagged.

“That’s right, baby. Gag on it for your husband. Good girl...Good Girl...Good AGHHH!” Handsome screamed and Daisy choked up semen from the sides of her mouth. Handsome held it there, deep in her as he unloaded.

“Fucking take it! Take it bitch!” He screamed. Daisy’s eyes were wide and her face was red as she choked on his cum. Finally he pulled his long, shiny cock from her mouth and Daisy coughed up the load. It fell out of her mouth and splattered on Hank’s waiting face.

Handsome held the back of Daisy’s hair and laughed while he slapped his glistening rod against her messy face. Daisy smiled too.

“Good fucking wife.”

And then there were two.

Daddy pushed her back onto the mattress, and for the first time Hank could see how much cum she was covered in. Without a warning Daddy got between her legs and started pumping. Daisy moaned liked a whore.

The Driver came around and helped keep her legs up in the air as Daddy railed her. His black meat disappearing over and over, deep in her cunt.

“That’s right white girl,” he panted, “take that big black cock. Take it while your husband watches!”

Daisy just lay there exhausted, moaning and nearing another orgasm.

“Oh fuck here we go!”

Daddy pulled out and began jerking himself. A massive shot of white flew from his cock and across Daisy’s body, landing on her neck. The second glob flew further and landed in her eye. The Driver laughed and then Daisy came. Daddy kept unloading glob after glob, filling her belly button and covering her midsection.

Daddy stepped away and nodded to The Driver.

“My turn.” The Driver said. “Get back on your knees.”

Daisy did as she was told. She smiled up at him as he jerked off, cum covering her lips and cheeks. She ran her hands across her tits and rubbed it into her nipples, she rubbed her clit and moaned. She waited for it.

The Driver’s head was swollen and purple, pre-cum practically leaking from the top of it. He began to grunt and shuffled his feet. He brought the giant cock closer to Daisy’s face.

“Come on, baby. Right on my pretty face. Right in front of my husband.” Daisy begged him.

“TAKE IT BITCH!” The Driver shouted. And he unleashed himself.

It was the biggest load of the day. Glob after glob of milky white, showering her hair and face. Her shoulders and chest. Her tits and her stomach. And with every shot he grunted louder.

“Fucking take it.” He said.

Daisy gasped for air from it all, and a fat wad of it landed in her mouth. She gagged and spit it up. And still the cum came. Raining down onto her.

“Oh my God.” Daisy whispered as he began to finish. The last small spurts covering whatever was left of her.

The Driver dropped his heavy cock and it went back to swinging between his tattooed thighs. Blonde Boy walked over to them with a camera and put it just above Daisy’s face.

“Smile for the camera, baby.”

Daisy smiled.

Hank came in his hand.

TO BE CONTINUED

Please leave a review of this story if you would like the second part!