

KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

PT.2

*Hell Hath No Fury Like
A Women Cuckolded*

DEX O'DONALD

KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

PT.2

*Hell Hath No Fury Like
A Women Cuckolded*

DEX O'DONALD

Kidnapped and Cuckolded Part 2

By Dex O'Donald

Table of Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Daisy and Hank](#)

[Lily and Tom](#)

[Tom](#)

[Lily](#)

[Tom Gets a Call](#)

[The KC&C Experience](#)

Copyright © 2019 Dex O'Donald

All Rights Reserved

Smashwords Edition

Daisy and Hank

The van dropped Daisy and Hank off at their house around 6 that night. Three of the four men who had fucked the living shit out of Daisy had stayed behind at the warehouse. The fourth, the Driver, had chauffeured them home in silence.

Daisy got out of the van, walking gingerly. Hank followed, head down.

Daisy took a long hot shower, wiping away the remnants of dried semen and loving the feel of her body as her fingers tips ran across it with the hot water. Still, hours later, she felt it. Alive. Electric. Changed. Her fingers found her clit and rubbed softly. Her mind drifted back to earlier; Daddy between her legs, Blonde Boy's aggression, Handsome's mouth on her mound.

She came for what might have been the 20th time that day.

When she got out of the shower Hank was sitting on the edge of the bed. He was defeated.

"You OK, Hank?" She asked him, drying her hair with a towel.

"I...I don't know." He responded.

She sat down next to him and put a hand on his knee.

"Why don't you take a shower, babe? You'll feel better."

He looked at her then, and all he could think of was how beautiful she was. How beautiful she was now, how beautiful she had been earlier; getting plowed in every hole by strangers. It had been hard, the hardest thing he had ever done in his life. He had sat there against his will and watched them take her. And he had watched her enjoy every second of it.

“What do we do now, Daisy?” Hank asked.

“What we’ve always done, Hank. Love each other.”

“Is it that easy?”

“If you want it to be.”

Hank dropped his head again and looked at his hands. Daisy moved her hand up to his crotch.

“Go take a shower, babe. I want to do something for you. You’ve been amazing through all of this.”

Hank smiled for the first time all day. Daisy took his face in her hands and she looked him in the eyes.

“This was good for us, love. It really was. If this hadn’t happened...well, I don’t know where we would be. But this helped, I promise you. And if you can find a way to live with it, well then, you and I? We can be stronger. More open. We can be better.”

Hank looked into her eyes for a long while. Then he got up and went to the bathroom. A few moments later the familiar hiss of the shower could be heard.

Daisy smiled to herself as she nestled into the cozy blankets of their king bed. She picked up her cell phone and thought to dial her friend, Laura. She was certain Laura and Dave were confused. After all, the kidnapping had been meant for them, not Daisy and Hank. But as she scrolled through her contacts, she ended up on the number of another dear friend; Lily.

Lily had been having issues too. Worse than what Daisy had with Hank. And it never hurt to plant a seed, an idea.

“Hey, babe.” Lily answered the phone in a defeated voice.

“Hey, girl. Have I got a story for you.”

Lily and Tom

Tom had been cheating again. It didn't take a girl with a Doctorate in Psychology to figure it out, though having one didn't hurt either. He reeked of HER. And worse, he had been seeing her so much that the stink of the whore wouldn't come out. His clothes, his skin...God, even his totally average, sad white cock.

Maybe what hurt most was that Tom actually believed she was dumb enough not to put it all together?

Lily looked at herself in the mirror across from the bed as her pathetic husband tried mounting her with his perfumed clothes. She was 28, gorgeous. In her white night gown she admired her own curves, not even seeing the bastard slobbering all over her. Her breasts were soft and real and large, especially for her modest height of 5'6. When she turned away from him she caught the sight of her toned, squat-defined ass and thought to herself, any man would be happy to have me. Any man would get their fill and be satisfied.

But not Tom. Tom was a dirty lying son of a bitch, and Lily had had about enough of it.

Lily thought of her friend Daisy. About what Daisy had told her the previous week. The terrifying experience she had been through with her husband and those other men...and how much Daisy had loved it.

What was it called again? The KC&C Experience? Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolded. When Daisy had first told her about it Lily had thought it sounded repulsive. Sickening, even. But now, as she looked at the clock on the wall and knew Tom wouldn't be home any time soon, and also knew where he was and who he was with... she no longer thought it sounded repulsive.

No. It sounded like revenge.

Lily swallowed every last drop that night when Tom finally arrived home, looking for sex. When at first Tom had put it in her mouth she thought about pushing him off, but then that bright blue thought had come into her mind like dark clouds parting. Tom had pushed her to the edge, and he would pay dearly for it.

This was leverage. And if she took care of him, it was going to hurt all the more when the time came for Tom to pay up. If Lily actually went through with this, Tom was going to pay harder than he ever had for anything in his life.

Tom was too drunk to shower so he fell asleep next to her, still wearing the same outfit he had come home in. Lily could smell the other woman, and for the first time she wondered what this bitch even saw in Tom. Money? It couldn't possibly be prowess in bed, or girth for that matter.

Who knew? Maybe she was a lonely mother who hadn't even been looked at by her husband in a decade. Either way, it didn't matter now. Lily felt her anger starting to ebb as her plan formulated in front of her. The spite and fury inside of her gave way to clarity and peace of mind.

She knew what she was going to do. And it was equal parts terrifying and exciting and arousing.

She went to her browser bar and typed in the website that Daisy told her about.

WWW.KCCEXPERIENCE.COM

The page came up; masked men standing over a petite brunette woman with a ball-gag in her mouth. In the foreground was a man who could only be her husband; bound and watching, terrified.

Lily smiled.

Tom

Tom left the house late for work. He woke up hungover and still dressed from the night before, leave it to Lily to not even bother undressing him or tucking him in. Typical wifey.

On his way into the office he pushed the voice activation button on his steering wheel and told the computer in his car to “Call Sharon.”

The phone rang and rang, eventually heading to voice mail. There was Sharon’s familiar voice telling Tom to “leave a message if you want, I might not check my voicemail.” Tom shook his head. Women. All the same. None of them knew what they wanted, none of them smart enough to ever be organized or decisive.

But that’s ok, because that’s why they loved Tom. Tom could be the man they needed. When it came to Lily, sweet and naïve Lily, he simply needed to tell her how things would be. And all Lily needed from him in return was a good fuck, the good cock. Tom didn’t think he was the biggest in the world by any means, but big enough certainly. And no doubt a great lay. No doubt at all.

“Hey Sharon. It’s Tom. Had a fantastic time last night. I was hoping to see you again tonight when I get off work. I’ll tell the wife I’m busy or something, who knows. She can be awfully dumb. Anyway, just shoot me a text or give me a call back. Thanks babe.”

Tom thought about last night, about Sharon. He had met her online through Craigslist. Lily just hadn’t been cutting it for him. Sure, Lily was a 10. An easy 10. She could be a little taller maybe, but you can’t hold that against someone. The problem was Lily never wanted to suck dick. Lily wasn’t going to try anal. Lily certainly wasn’t going to let him cum on her perfect tits or cute little face. A man has needs, after all.

As Tom pulled into the parking lot of his building that morning, he silently commended himself for having everything in his life so together. A beautiful wife, a great job. A naughty woman on the side, and best of all, his wife had no clue. Not even an inkling.

Yes sir. You could say things were going splendid for Thomas Hassel.

Lily

She pretended to be asleep until Tom left the house. Lily slid her laptop out from under the bed and opened it, the browser still set to the same page as the night before. She had read everything twice; she had read the testimonials, too. There was no choice but to go through with it now and that left two decisions to be made.

Intensity Level, and Setting.

Daisy hadn't mentioned anything about the "setting" portion. But that made sense since the word "NEW" was stamped all over the option. Intensity Level would let the company know how far you were willing to go, and Setting would modify the experience to your liking.

Please select one of the following INTENSITY LEVELS 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.

This of course was an afterthought. Tom was going to pay dearly for his infidelity, that much was certain. She selected LEVEL 3 without so much as a blink. The browser went blank and then loaded the next page:

SETTING: Please select one of the following to complete the form:

Lily's eyes scanned the page and she felt herself getting wet. Some of these were truly heinous; things that would break Tom in half. Others more mild, some far too strange for her.

Near the bottom of the page she found what she was looking for. She read it through two more times just to be sure.

Lily clicked the option, and it was done. Three days. Three days till she left this Lily and became a new one. Three days until she broke her husband in a way that he deserved. Lily clicked out of the browser and brought up some porn on the computer.

She touched herself and giggled softly.

Tom Gets a Call

Tom left his office early on Wednesday, two hours early to be exact. Lily wasn't expecting him home for another few hours which gave him plenty of time to stop and pay a visit to Sharon. Lily hadn't given him anything since the blowjob last week and, well, a man has needs.

Ten minutes from Sharon's small apartment and his cell phone began to ring. Shit. Fuck. It was Lily.

"Hey honey," Tom said, failing to hide his annoyance. "I'm at work, can I call you back in a bit?"

"No, Tom. I need you now." Her voice sounded odd, not quite like any other time Tom had heard it.

"What is it, Lily? What's wrong?"

"Look, I can't say. Just meet me at the auto shop on Broadway. Please. Hurry."

And she hung up.

Goddamnit. So like Lily. What was it this time? A fender bender? Did the dumb blonde run over a curb again?

Sighing, Tom called Sharon and rescheduled. He turned his right blinker on and

made a U-turn.

And why the auto shop on Broadway? That place was a dump. Worse, it was a place where shady people hung out.

Goddamnit, Lily.

THE KC&C EXPERIENCE

Tom pulled into the deserted parking lot at 3:05. It was eerily quiet, and from his car he couldn't see anyone working inside the crappy garage that stood on the property. As a matter of fact, there weren't any cars, period.

What the hell kind of place did Lily drag her car to?

Tom got out and walked into the garage.

“Hello?”

No response. He looked around.

No tools. No cars. No people. Just what in the fuck?

Tom pulled his cellphone out and was just about to call Lily back when he heard his name being called.

“Tom? Is that you?”

It was coming from behind the garage. He looked in the back left corner and saw a door slightly ajar. Frowning, he went forward.

He opened the door and had to shield his eyes as the sun hit him full on. His eyes adjusted. And then he saw her.

And he saw them, too.

As he looked at his wife he became troubled, the expression on her face wasn't the one Tom knew. Her blonde hair was down and past her shoulders, and it was obvious she had no bra on under the green, almost night-gown-esque dress she was wearing.

Three men stood around her. Huge, muscular and domineering figures that didn't look like mechanics. They were black, all of them.

He opened his mouth, unsure what to even say. But Lily beat him to it.

“How's Sharon, Tom?”

For one fleeting moment Tom might have grasped what was going on. But then the fourth man came from behind him; and Tom couldn't see anymore. And then something was over his mouth and he breathed it in and...and...

Tom went out. Blackness.

Tom's vision came back slow, and as the fog cleared he realized he was bound

and naked, vulnerable and unable to move.

In front of him was a room he didn't recognize. It was dim, medium sized. On the walls were different instruments and sex toys; leather masks and chains dangling from the ceiling. But none of that really registered. What he was fixated on was his beautiful wife, Lily. She had been bound over a wooden box, her legs tied tight in place and her arms out in front of her, also bound around the box.

She was naked, no dress. And she was looking at him as he started to struggle against his bindings. Tom tried to cry out, but there was a ball-gag in his mouth.

“Shhh.” Lily said, smiling.

Behind her, pacing around the room was a massive man dressed in all black. His jaw line was fierce and his eyes looked merciless. He chuckled at Tom's position as he walked over to Lily.

In the man's hands was a black whip of some sort; the word flogger floated into Tom's mind as he realized what was happening.

“Your wife is a real naughty little whore, Tom.” The Flogger said. Lily was still bent over the box, her ass up in the air; supple and white and exposed. The Flogger stopped behind her and ran his meaty hand down her back and to her ass cheeks. He squeezed one hard and Lily moaned.

Tom tried again to scream but could only slur into the gag.

“Enough, Tom,” Lily said. “Cry all you fucking want. But you will watch. Oh yes, you’re going to fucking watch.” The old Lily was gone now. This girl over the box was some malignant monster that had come to ruin Tom.

“Yeah, Tom.” Flogger said. “Shut your little bitch boy, mouth. It’s going to be a while so get comfortable.

For the first time since waking, Tom realized he was in a cage. The shock of his wife tied over a box had seemed to erase all other surroundings. Looking around the room he realized this was some sort of sex dungeon. And it had to be underground. No windows, no light except for the dim wash coming from a few bulbs.

The man in black walked to the front of the box where Lily was facing. He reached down and held one long finger over her face. Lily tilted her head up and opened her mouth. The man slid his finger in and she sucked it slow.

“Get a good look at your little wife, Tom. You might not recognize her after we’re done with her.”

We? Dear God. We? Tom thought.

“You will call me Master. Do you understand slut?” The man said to Lily.

Lily opened her mouth and Master took his finger out. “Yes, Master.”

“Good, girl.” Master said, and he slapped her lightly across the face. Lily giggled nervously.

Master positioned himself behind the blonde wife and raised his flogger into the air.

“Watch closely Tom.”

Tom screamed through his gag.

The flogger came down quick and landed with a CRACK on Lily’s white ass. Lily cried out, her pussy getting wet. Moments later her left ass cheek was bright red.

Master began to whip her ass and thighs at regular intervals.

Lily cried out with each one, but the wetness on her thighs was visible even to Tom who lay bound and caged a few feet away.

“Good little whore wife.” Master said, bringing it across her ass once more.

“You need to be punished before you can be fucked.”

“Yes, Master! Oh! Ah! Oh, fuck! Yes, Master! Discipline me in front of my pathetic husband.”

Tom quieted down after she said this, and he slumped over onto his side. He was beaten. He had been caught cheating. And now the wife he had always assumed to be stupid, turned out to be anything but.

And she was going to make him pay. That much was obvious.

“Harder.” She whispered.

“Good girl.” Master said.

CRACK.

Her ass was numb but her pussy was throbbing. She had managed to push against the box here and there and had come very close to coming several times. Tom had accepted his fate and lay there with tears in his eyes.

Master set the flogger down, and Lily heard a zipper coming down from somewhere behind her.

And then he was in front of her. A massive hunk of a man; toned and muscled, piercing eyes and an Adonis face. My God, she thought. This is the best money I've ever spent.

Master reached into his pants pulled out his cock. Fat and hanging low, it dwarfed Tom's pathetic dick. This one was viony and dripping already, heavy with weight.

"Open your mouth."

Lily listened to Master. The man picked up his dangling weight and brought the fat, uncut tip to her mouth. He pushed it in as he held another hand on the back of her head.

"Suck it."

Lily opened wide for the massive thing, and let Master feed it to her. She tasted his pre-cum, and could feel the monster coming to life as she massaged it with her tongue.

"That's it. Good wife. Watch your wife suck my cock, bitch boy."

Tom shuddered. The man's cock was incredibly large, and watching Lily try to get it down gave him a sick feeling deep in his stomach. But somewhere in his

mind, deep down, it also intrigued him. And shamefully, he felt something stirring in his pants.

“Take a deep breath.” Master told her. Then he grabbed the back of her head with both hands, and pushed his meat deep into her throat. Lily gagged a little on the way down, but she relaxed and took it as far as she could.

Master held it there for a long time. He stared at Tom in the eyes as he did it.

“She ever do this for you, Tom? Probably not, huh?” Master laughed. He turned his gaze down to the women with his cock in her mouth. “What about it, slut? Do you do this for him?”

Master pulled himself out of her throat and Lily sucked down air, her bound arms and legs straining against the ropes that held her. She looked up at him, drool hanging in a large gob from her chin.

“No, Master. His cock is too small.”

Master laughed aloud at this. And then he put it back into her mouth and began to grind faster.

“You know what I think, Tom?” Master had both hands on the back of Lily’s head, and his rapid face-fucking was causing more drool to spill out of her mouth. “I think it’s time to invite some friends in here. After what a good girl your wife has been, I think she deserves it.”

Tom's eyes grew wide.

"FELLAS!" Master shouted, still humping her face.

A door in the back, too dark to see, opened. Three men walked in. The same three black men from just before Tom had been knocked out. They were all naked and smiling as they approached Lily. Limp and massive black snakes dangled between their chiseled legs. One had cornrows, another had dreads. The third had the biggest cock Tom had ever seen.

Master pulled his shining member out of Lily's mouth, and took a few steps back.

"Boys, she's all yours."

The three men began to untie her. They were chuckling and licking their lips like hungry hyenas. When the ropes fell away, Cornrows scooped her up in his arms.

He walked with her, naked, towards the cage. The two others followed behind him. And again Tom noticed something that was in front of him all along. On the floor, directly in front of the cage, was a bare mattress.

Cornrows stopped in front of the mattress and laid Tom's wife down on it. Lily was a foot from Tom now, and she turned to look at him.

“Take his gag out. I want to hear him.”

Master laughed at this and walked to the cage and opened it from the top. Tom knew better than to fight. He tilted his face upwards, and Master yanked the gag from his mouth. He coughed.

“Lily what the fuck what the” he started babbling. The giant cocked black man interrupted him.

“Boy shut the fuck up! Keep it to a whisper. We bout to fuck yo bitch!”

Tom’s breath caught in his throat.

Lily got on her knees and they surrounded her, Master staying back to watch.

Dreads were first. “Open up, girl.”

And Lily did.

The things happening in front of Tom seemed to slip inside his consciousness in still images and fleeting moving pictures. The things they were saying and the things she was saying were snippets of a song that played over the slideshow that

was his wife getting a train run on her.

Dreads big black balls swinging to and fro as he fed Lily his giant piece. Lily's bright green eyes even in the darkness of the room were piercing as she stared up at the large black man ramming her throat.

“Goddamn, Hank. Your girl is a fucking nasty slut.”

Lily's gargled moans as she sucked down pipe.

Cornrows filling his hands with her beautiful tits while she sucked Dread's fat one. Pinching the nipples rough, slapping her tits around like water balloons. Dread passing Tom's wife on to the biggest of them all; the tall black one that liked being called Daddy.

Daddy liked to fill his fist with a handful of her hair to control her like a joystick; pulling her down onto his impossibly large cock over and over again.

Lily filling her free hand with whatever cock was in reach. This time it was Cornrows who had taken a break from defiling her tits. His cock was long and Tom realized for the first time just how small and pathetic his dick was.

It was hard in his pants, as hard as it had ever been.

“You like that nigga dick, bitch?” Daddy asked, pulling her head off his meat.

“Yes, Daddy. Oh fuck yes. So much bigger than my husband.”

The three men laughed together. Master laughed from the shadows.

Cornrows finally got his turn; pushing his huge nutsack into Lily’s hungry wet mouth. Lily moaned as sucked on them one by one, and she moaned harder when Daddy’s hand found her pussy. He began to finger-fucker her at lightning speed.

Lily pulled the ballsack from her mouth and screamed, “I’m cumming, oh fuck!”

Cornrows wrapped a large black hand around her throat and held her still as the orgasm shook her body. Daddy’s finger’s never slowed and for a moment Tom thought Lily was going to pass out. Cornrow let go of her neck and she fell over on the mattress. The black cocks stood at attention and hovered over her as she looked up at them.

“Oh my God.” She whispered, covered in spit and pre-cum. She turned her head and looked at her husband, still locked up a few feet away. “Don’t worry honey, we’re just getting started.”

Daddy went first. He kept her on her back because he liked her tits. Lily felt it slide inside of her, just the first few inches. She came for a second time before he even began to pump. The guys laughed and Tom moaned.

Looking up at him, Lily thought Daddy looked like a God. His sweat was making his pectorals glisten and his strong arms were squeezing her waist as he began to fuck her. She let her eyes roll up into her head. She turned her face so Tom could see.

She began to scream.

“That’s right, girl. Take that fucking cock. Take that cock while your man watch.”

Dreads and Cornrows had taken her free hands and divided them up on onto dripping black mambas. She felt her palms grease from the pre-cum and thought that they probably had more cum to offer in just this sampling than Tom did with a full orgasm.

Daddy railed her and she did her best to keep jerking them off as they kneeled above her head. Cornrows inched up to her face and she didn’t need to be told what to do. She took him in her mouth and went to work.

They fucked her like that for a long time, the only real change being who was grabbing her tits and whose cock was in her mouth.

Daddy pulled out and beat on her clit with his club. Then he tagged Cornrows in.

Cornrows got on his back and let her climb on top of him, reverse. From Tom's cage all he could see of Cornrows were his long black legs, and his massive cock going up and down, up and down. Plowing his wife's cunt.

As Lily began to ride him, Daddy and Dreads stood to her left and right, taking turns once again with her mouth and tits.

“Suck it, girl. Suck that cock.”

“Show me what you won't do for your husband, baby.”

“Lick them black balls girl, that's fucking right.”

Cornrows went balls deep and then held her there by the waist, moving his cock around inside of her. Lily pulled Daddy's dick out of her mouth and began moaning loudly again.

“Oh fuck, fuck. I'm fucking cumming. Oh my God!” She began to tremble.

“That's it bitch!” Cornrows shouted from behind her as he slapped her red, aching ass over and over. “Cum on that fucking cock! Show your husband!”

And then it was Dreads turn.

He bent her over like a dog and rough fucked her. He was pounding her so hard that Daddy and Cornrows didn't bother trying to get sucked. They just stroked as they watched Dreads turn her out.

“Yeah homie, tear that white pussy up!”

“Yeah bitch! Take that nigga dick! Take it while yah man's watchin'!”

Lily breathed fast and shallow, squeaking out words here and there. Dreads had hold of her hair in a ponytail and used her back as an arm rest. His other hand held her tight around her small waist, keeping her right where he wanted.

The sounds of their bodies' impacting filled the room, the pulse of it unrelenting.

“You like that bitch? You like getting fucked like a whore?” Dreads was whispering in her ear now, his hips and cock moving with a mind of their own. Occasionally he would bite her neck or shoulders.

“Yes, oh!” Lily squeaked, barely able to speak as another orgasm began to build inside her stomach. Dread's sweat was pouring off him now and onto her. He wiped his forehead and then looked at Tom as he wiped the same hand across Lily's face, covering her in his sweat.

“You like that, Tommy? Your girl covered in nigga sweat? I'm fucking your girl,

Tommy. I'm FUCKING YOUR GIRL."

Without warning Dreads pulled out of Lily and she fell over, exhausted. Her pussy was a mess, and Tom could tell that if he put his dick in her at this moment, she wouldn't feel a thing.

"Let's get that ass stretched." Daddy said.

His wife was on her hands and knees, her back down and her ass up. Dreads was holding her cheeks apart, exposing the small pink hole there.

They can't be doing this. They just CAN'T.

But they were. And worst of all, Lily wanted it.

Daddy spit onto her asshole, a perfect white glob. He rubbed it around the area with the tip of stiff dick. Lily closed her eyes and moaned into the mattress as she prepared to lose her anal virginity.

Tom had asked so many times. Lily had never gone for it.

Lily gasped when the head pushed inside of her. She began clawing at the mattress but Cornrows grabbed her hands and held them down. His still erect cock dangled inches from her face.

“That’s it baby, hold still.” Daddy said. And he began to work it deeper inside of her. Sometimes Lily screamed, sometimes she just moaned face first into the mattress.

Tom felt as exhausted as she did. And now he would have to watch them fuck his wife in the ass.

Daddy found a rhythm and began pushing into her a few inches at a time. Lily could feel it deep, filling her up with every pump. Cornrows was holding her head up now as she got her ass fucked, he kept a hand around her throat and intermittently applied pressure.

Tom felt something snap inside of him and his posture went limp. All he could see was his wife’s red, whorish face as one man choked her, and another railed her in the asshole. He began to whimper.

“You see that white boy?” Daddy taunted. “Your bitch takes black cock in the ass now, don’t she? Yes she fucking does. She told us earlier she won’t give it to you. Haha!”

They all laughed at him. Even Lily, in her ecstasy, shot him a wry smile.

“It’s a good little white ass though, Tom. I’ll tell you all about it when I’m done fucking it!”

He took her like that for a while and Tom just watched. They had been using her for what seemed like days, but in all reality it was probably just a few hours.

“Good white bitch. Nasty bitch. Take that in your asshole. Let yah man’s watch!”

Tom tried to close his eyes but he couldn’t look away.

After a while Cornrows was underneath her and their faces were inches apart. His cock was deep inside her cunt and he held it there. Lily could feel Daddy mounting up behind her, spreading her ass cheeks.

“Please, God. No!” Tom moaned from his prison.

Master stepped from the shadows and kicked the cage, rattling it and silencing Tom.

Cornrows started kissing her, his sexy tongue exploring her mouth. He had a hand on the back of her head and was using it to hold her in place. While they made out, she felt Daddy enter her ass. Then Cornrows began to move inside her too, and she felt them both at once. They fucked her in unison and that’s when she could take no more. Lily began to scream at the top of her lungs as she came back to back. The two men sandwiched her and she felt their bodies rubbing against her skin. She felt on fire. She felt reborn.

“Double stuffin’ your wife, Tom!”

“Oh shit yeah, she ain’t gonna be so tight anymore Tommy! Sorry!”

Then there were cocks in her face. One on either side. With her last bit of energy she began to stroke Dreads and Master as the other two filled her up.

“I think I’m gonna drop a nut in this bitches asshole.” Daddy laughed.

“Fuck yeah, man.”

“Hold her still.”

Cornrows went deep and motionless inside her again, and Master grabbed her by the shoulders to steady her.

Daddy pushed as far into her ass as he could, his black cock jutting out of her asshole like a pylon.

“Oh fuck! Take it white bitch!” Daddy screamed.

And Lily felt it. She felt the huge warm globs of it exploding in her ass. Daddy grunted with every spurt, and he was squeezing her asscheeks so hard she screamed.

And then she came. Again.

“Ahhh! Fuck yeah!” Daddy finished, pulling his greased dong from her stretched butthole. “Left a load in your wife, Tom!”

And then it was time for the others to finish.

They put Lily on her knees and they stood, surrounding her. Master pulled Tom from his cage and threw him on the ground next to where they were defiling Lily. For the first time his naked body was exposed, and his pathetic white cock was hard between his legs.

“You call that a dick!” Daddy shouted. And the five of them laughed at Tom once more.

“We’re gonna show you how to use a whore like this properly, Tom.” Master said.

“Yeah,” Cornrows chimed in, “but it ain’t like she gonna let that little dick touch her again.”

Tom was inches from them as they began to stroke on his wife’s face.

Lily was smiling and rubbing her clit with one hand, squeezing her tit with the other.

“You ready for some nut on your face, girl?” Cornrows said, edging closer to her.

“Yeah baby, give it to me.”

“You heard her, Tom. Sorry bitch!”

Cornrows laughed as he nudded onto Lily’s face. It was short range, fat globs of white that coated her cheeks and lips. Lily opened her mouth and caught a shot on her tongue. She swallowed it.

As Cornrows finished up he fed her his tip that still had a large nut on top waiting for her. She sucked it off and licked around his head. Cornrows had barely backed up before Dreads aimed the head of his mammoth at her face.

“Take it, hoe!” He screamed, shooting it into her already glazed face. Shot after hard shot spurted out and bounced off her eyelids and nose. The excess ran off her cheeks and fell onto her red and roughed up tits.

Lily just rubbed her clit harder, relishing the hot warm loads on her face. When Dreads squeezed the last drop out into her hair, she looked at Tom who had begun jerking his tiny cock now that Master had untied him.

“That’s a real fucking load, bitch boy.” Lily said. “A man’s cum. Not like your little squirts.”

Then it was Daddy. He had worked up another load. The alpha brought his champion cock in and pointed it into her open mouth.

“Keep yah fucking mouth open, hoe.” Daddy mumbled just before he came.

Impossibly huge globs shot into her mouth and hit the back of her throat. She gagged and choked some of it up. Daddy filled her mouth and she had to close it.

“Open your fucking mouth bitch!” Daddy reprimanded her.

Lily opened and the load in her mouth spilled out just as more came to replace it. It was everywhere now. Her cheeks and neck and tits. Her hair. She could barely see. She was a mess of cum and sex.

“Ugh!” Daddy grunted, slapping his barely softened cock onto her large tits, splashing cum. “That’s right, baby. That’s right.”

Lily looked at Master. He was still dressed, but his huge uncut cock hung limply out of his pants. He stepped forward.

The three black men walked to where Hank was kneeling and they each slapped him in the face with their drained wet cocks. Hank tried to duck but it was too much meat. He cringed and took it as they rained insults onto him.

“Little fagget bitch! Smell your wife!”

“This is what a real cock looks like motherfucker!”

“This is your wife’s favorite toy!”

As they slapped him around with their tools and showered their insults, Master was gathering a fistful of Lily’s hair into his fat fist.

“Open.” He said.

Lily opened.

Master held her head still as he began to fuck her mouth one last time. The cum was still glistening on her face, and fat gobs of it hung like strings from her chin and they swayed with the motion of Master yanking on her joystick ponytail.

“Look over here, Tom.” Master said. The three Mandingo’s stopped berating Tom so he could watch. “Your slut wife is covered in other men’s cum. And now she’s sucking my cock. You know what that means, bitch boy?”

Tom only shook his head.

“It means she’s our slut now. And when we’re done with her, she’s in charge of you.”

Master picked up speed and fucked her face more viciously. Spit was slopping out the sides of her mouth and she was being jerked around, but Lily kept her green eyes on Master the entire time.

Master looked down at her.

“You ready, slave?” He asked.

Lily only nodded, her mouth full of cock.

“Good girl.”

Master pulled it out and finished on Lily’s face. It was the biggest load yet, and seemed to drown Lily in cum. When he was done he turned to Tom and slapped his hanging meat hard across the husband’s cheek. The husband only whimpered.

“We’re done here.” Master said, pulling his meat back into his pants. “Clean your wife up and go home.”

As the naked men exited the room, Lily stood up and approached Tom.

He could smell them on her. She leaned in and kissed him on the mouth.

Tom kissed back.

“I forgive you.” She whispered.

“Who are you?” He said.

“Your wife. And you will do as I say from now on. Do you understand?”

Lily pulled a glob of cum off her tits with her index finger. She shoved the finger in Tom’s mouth.

“Taste it, baby.” She whispered.

He swallowed.

“Good boy.”

THE END.

If you would like part 3 of Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolded, please leave a review of this story!

-Dex