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KIDNAPPED

and

Cuckfolded

Pt. 3

DEX O'DONALD

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Kidnapped and Cuckolded Pt. 3

The Blowjob Breakdown

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

“Is that an 83?” Shelly asked with excitement. She pointed out the passenger window at a car broken down on the side of the road.

James took his eyes off the road for a moment to confirm that yes, it was a 1983 Buick Grand National. The hood was up and there appeared to be a couple sitting inside the vehicle. The car was the exact same make, model, and color of the car he was driving. “What are the odds of that,” James said in awe.

“It’s black, too. The same exact black,” Shelly said.

“They only came in black, Shelly. Jesus.” James shook his head in annoyance, and Shelly caught it in an instant. Her blood pressure spiked.

“Oh, so since I don’t know every single thing there is to know about cars, I’m stupid, yes?”

“For Christ’s sake, Shelly.”

“Fuck you, James. I only said something because I thought you’d find it interesting.” She was upset now, staring out the window.

“Well, it might be the same car...and color, but mine’s running and his ain’t. Tough luck.” James drove on down Route 66 somewhere in Arizona, the unforgiving sun beating down on the earth. He didn’t even think to stop and see if the people with the broken down 87 Buick Grand National needed help. After

all, he had far more important things to deal with at the moment. His wife's hot temper not the least of them.

He looked over at her after they passed 45 minutes in silence. She was beautiful, still. No doubt about it. Two years older than him put her at 30, but she was still carded at nearly every bar they went to. She had that young, innocent look that she would probably carry with her another five years. Shelly was wearing a sundress that was riding up her legs and revealing her smooth, bronzed thighs. James felt himself getting excited staring at her, thinking about her body. Her cleavage had a thin layer of sweat on top, and when they passed over a small pothole in the road, her breasts swayed naturally with the motion of the car.

"You are gorgeous, babe," James said, reaching out a hand to rub her thigh. Shelly shook him off.

James drove through no man's land Arizona. Another twenty miles down the road an awful noise started up from the engine. James and Shelly, married seven years, pulled over on the side of the highway.

It was hot where the car broke down and there was no shade to be had. James was sweating over the engine of his Buick while his picturesque wife stood a few feet away, her blonde hair caught in the wind and looking like a starlet from a 1950's romance.

"What are the goddamn chances?" James asked no one in particular.

Shelly glanced back at her husband. My God how aggravating and annoying he had become in recent years. His bad attitude had spilled over into the bedroom

as well, and there hadn't been satisfying sex for either of them in close to two years. Shelly had the opportunity about three months ago to fuck an ex from college, and she could have done it, too. James would have never known. She held out and did the right thing, only to get home that night and find her limp husband fast asleep. Every day she lost more faith in the man she married.

"Call a tow truck, James," Shelly said, unable to conceal her displeasure at the situation.

"It'll be hours before one gets out this far," James said, wiping sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his checkered shirt. "It's probably a simple fix."

Shelly looked west; the direction they were headed when the car broke down. She looked east, back where they had come from, and thought about the other broken-down Buick Grand National. What were the chances? Not high, she thought. But that was the only car she had seen for hours, and not a single one passed by since they had pulled off the highway.

"It's hot," Shelly said, pacing up and down the shoulder of the road. "It's hot and I'm over this, call a tow truck, James. Now."

James slammed the hood shut on Grand National and turned on her. He marched up to his wife, stomping in the dirt and sending clouds of brown dust up into the air. "Enough of your goddamn complaints, Shelly! Christ almighty!"

Shelly looked him in the eye, and for a moment all that could be heard was the gentle breeze beneath the unforgiving sun. Shelly turned her head and spat in the dirt. She walked away from her husband and left him standing alone.

Don Chatfield and his wife Abbey pulled over to the side of Route 66 and were waiting for about fifteen minutes when they saw the 83 Buick Grand National drive past them. They were sitting in their own Buick, with the car on, allowing the air conditioning to cool them while they waited.

There was a nervous energy in the car and though they tried to exchange conversation, it was forced and clumsy. The big day had finally arrived and now that it was here, they were both scared shitless. Sure, they had read about it online and spoken with a representative with the company, but actually going through with it was something else entirely.

“Was that an 83, Don? Like this one?”

“I think it was, hon,” Don said. “What are the chances?”

“Not very high, I would think,” Abbey said.

Don looked at his wife, admiring her. She had worn revealing clothing today, very unlike her but very appropriate, considering. She had a short jean-skirt on, and a small tube-top that revealed the tops of her breasts and her flat little tummy. Her feet were in a pair of sandals, and her toenails painted a bright green. She was ready. There was no mistaking the look in her eyes. Fear? Yes. Anxious? Of course.

But excitement, too.

“What are you looking at, Don?” Abbey asked, giggling a little.

“My sexy wife, that’s what I’m looking at. Are you ready, baby? Are you really ready for this?”

Abbey leaned forward and kissed her husband on the mouth. Then she looked him in the eyes and said, “I’m ready. And so are you. We paid good money for this, Don. Let’s enjoy it.”

Don smiled and planted his soft lips on hers.

“Oh, and don’t forget!” Abbey said, slapping him on the chest. “No breaking character! We’ve got a great scenario and you better play along.”

Oh boy, did they ever. He had tried to talk Abbey out of this one and to go with something not so intense, but it was no use. The second she had read the option on the KC&C website it was impossible not to notice the excitement in her eyes. The pure, unfiltered lust on her face. Don knew she wanted it bad and so being the good husband, he let her have it.

“I won’t break character or mess with the scene, Abbey,” Don said. “I want this as much as you do.” And it was a pretty penny they had paid, too. Don’s good friend Dave Brown had recommended the service and hadn’t stopped talking about it since he and his wife had tried it the previous year.

“It’s intense, Don, really it is,” Dave had told him at lunch. “But it’s worth it.

You wait out those intense parts, let her...have fun, and when it's all over you'll be glad you did it, man. Really, it's cathartic and therapeutic."

Don thought Dave was probably full of shit but there had been no changing Abbey's mind once he mentioned it. They had never been all that adventurous in the bedroom, and Abbey decided that this was a great way to change that. After they booked the arrangements online, Abbey made Don do a follow up call to the company the next day.

"So, there will be three of them, correct?" James said into the telephone, while Abbey kneeled between his legs and started pulling his cock out through the zipper of his pants. "Yes, two big and one huge, good...OK one minute let me double check with my wife."

Abbey was just about to take him into her mouth when James set the phone aside and looked her in the eyes.

"They want us to confirm the intensity level," he said.

Abbey smiled. "We already talked about this, and you know the answer, Don."

Don swallowed hard and picked the phone back up, "Yes, hello? OK, we're going to stick with the top intensity level, please. Level 5."

Abbey found it easier to convince Don of things he would rather not do by making him do those things with his dick in her mouth.

There was no blowjob for Don today, however. His wife hadn't so much as glanced down there since they pulled over to wait for the van. The van would be filled with three well-endowed men, all chomping at the bit to get their hands on his wife. And he would let them. He wondered comically if they would have company shirts on that read Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding.

"They should be along any minute now," James said, staring out the windshield onto Route 66 and the arid Arizona landscape around it.

"Which direction are they coming from?" Shelly said.

"East. We're looking for a big white van...and they're looking for a married couple in a broken down, 1983 Buick Grand National on the side of Route 66."

James was unsuccessful in reviving the Buick. He stood hunched over the closed hood, palms flat on the front of his beloved car. He took a deep breath and exhaled. The frustration was getting to him, and so were the comments from his wife.

“This is just great, James,” she started in. “This is what happens for driving some old piece of shit around the country. I should have known.”

James closed his eyes and tried to count to ten.

“And on top of that, you can’t even fix it,” Shelly was on a roll now, and she could feel herself shifting into fifth gear. “It’s bad enough I have to be driven around in that hearse but now...no air conditioning, middle of nowhere...I swear to God, James-

“I cheated on you, Shelly.”

Silence fell on that hot stretch of road in Arizona. James opened his eyes and turned to her when he said it. And now she was staring at him, lips parted. Her hand came to her mouth and he could see she was hurt.

“With who?” She asked, wounded.

“It doesn’t matter,” James said. “But I had to tell you...I just...You’re driving me fucking nuts, Shelly.”

Shelly cleared the ten feet between them in the blink of an eye and slapped her husband across the face. He didn't flinch- he knew he deserved it.

"Cocksucker," she said.

"I'm sorry, Shelly."

"I'm sorry, Shelly," she mocked him. "I'm sorry, Shelly? Are you fucking kidding me James? You don't fuck me for three months but you have time to get it from someone else?"

James had nothing for that.

"I haven't cum on a hard dick in years, James. Do you understand that? I haven't gotten off during sex in years. And this is what you're doing? Instead of trying to pleasure your wife, you're off fucking some whore. Do you like whores, James?"

James looked down at his shoes.

"Look at me, motherfucker," she said. "Do you like whores? Do you? Am I not dirty enough for you? Is that it?"

James just stared off, hands in his pockets. “I’m sorry,” he said. He was a hundred percent sure she was going to hit him again when he said it, and he had braced for impact. But just as her open palm began to rise, she stopped.

“A car,” she said, pointing.

James turned in the direction of her finger and looked. It wasn’t a car. It was a van. It was headed east and maybe half a mile out from them.

“Wave them down,” Shelly said.

James looked at the van as it approached. It was large and white, it clearly had some modifications done to the body, and the tires were huge.

“Goddamnit, James. Wave them down!”

Realizing he had no more room on the ledge with Shelly, James walked into the middle of Route 66, waving his hands in the air. The van gradually slowed down and pulled over to the side of the road, parking right behind the 1983 Buick Grand National.

The driver killed the engine and got out.

Abbey was getting impatient.

They had been sitting in the car for close to an hour at this point and no sign of a van. On top of impatient, she was extremely wet. The idea of being manhandled by three men while her husband watched was starting to become too much for her, just the very idea of it. She kept squirming in her seat and rubbing her thighs together, eyes locked on the road in front of them.

Intensity Level 5. The highest level.

Abbey decided that if they were actually going to go through with this fantasy, and pay the kind of money the service was asking, she was going to get her money's worth. She requested three men, two well-endowed and the third, well...very well-endowed. What was adventure without a little fear? What was pleasure without a little...discomfort?

She could tell Don was getting cranky. Over and over he checked his wristwatch for the time, and always following each passing moment with a long, agitated sigh.

"They should have been here by now," he said.

"You're telling me."

Abbey put a hand in her crotch and slowly started rubbing. Don was oblivious as

anxious sweat dotted his brow and his worried eyes scanned the road for any oncoming vehicles. Abbey was thinking about the three “kidnappers” on their way to her. They were going to use her, treat her rough and dirty. All in front of Don. They were going to do things to her that she would never allow Don to do. When they filled out their “Limit Sheet” of dos and don’ts, she had not crossed off many options. These men were free to do to her as they pleased. And they were also free to treat her husband like...well...a bitch.

The married couple on the side of the road sat in their car and waited for the van for an exceptionally long time before they decided to try calling the support line. But by then, it was already too late for James and Shelly.

The driver's name was Big Ben, or at least, that's how he introduced himself to James's wife.

"I'm Big Ben. You can call me Big Ben," he said.

Shelly was staring up at the figure in front of her; he was a full head taller than James and completely dwarfed her. He was all muscle, and his chiseled jaw line gave him the look of a Hollywood actor. James tried to walk up and introduce himself, but Big Ben didn't even glance at him.

"I'm Shelly," she said, reaching out a tiny hand that disappeared into Big Ben's giant mitt. "This is my husband, James."

Big Ben looked at James. And then he chuckled.

"Can't fix the car, James?" Big Ben asked. "That's not very husband like of you, now is it?"

Caught off guard by the giant's demeaning remarks, James could only stutter a mumbled response of, "uh, yeah, sure."

Ben laughed again at James and said, "You can't have a beautiful woman like this stranded on the side of the road, James! Anybody could just come along and scoop her up, right? I mean, what would you do about it?"

James looked at Shelly, insulted and embarrassed.

Shelly looked back and giggled.

“Well at least she’s still in good spirits,” Big Ben said.

Ben walked around to the hood of the car and knocked on it twice, looking at James. James got the hint and ducked into the driver’s seat long enough to pop the hood for him. Shelly watched Ben lift the hood of the car with his vascular, solid arms. He looked under the hood and let out a long, low chuckle.

“This is fucked, James. Truly fucked. But I’ve got some good news for you two,” Big Ben closed the hood and walked back to where the married couple was standing. “I can give you a ride into town, no charge. You just gotta let this pretty lady sit next to me for the duration of the ride.”

James found his voice, at last.

“That won’t be necessary,” he said, clearly annoyed. “We’ve got a tow truck coming and we’ll be fine.”

“Then why the hell were you waving us down, pal?”

“Us?” Shelly said.

Big Ben smiled a mouth full of pearly white teeth. A smile that James found swollen and terrible, and a smile that Shelly found quite hot. “Did I say us?” Ben asked. “I meant me. Why did you flag me down if there was no issue, James?”

“Well...I...I, uh,” James sputtered.

“Christ almighty, James. Grow a pair, would yah?” Ben snickered.

Shelly laughed too and said, “We would love a ride into town, Big Ben.” James looked at her as if she were insane. Shelly saw the look on her husband’s face and relished it. “And I would be happy to sit up front with you,” she added.

“Well, we have ourselves a deal then. Shelly, hop in the front seat. James, you can let yourself in through the back of the van.”

The three of them walked over to the vehicle, the Arizona sun beating down. The vehicle was still running, its engine loud and noisy on the side of that silent stretch of highway. Big Ben got in on the driver’s side and Shelly yanked open the passenger side door, the cool air of the AC spilling out. It felt good in there. Cool and refreshing. She jumped in without a second thought.

Angry, confused, and a little nervous, James walked around to the back of the van. There were two, large metal doors facing him. He reached out and took hold of one of the handles and pulled. The door gave way and swung open easily.

Inside were two men and they both had masks on. Ski masks with holes cut in them. The kind that identified bank robbers and bad news in the movies. James tried to scream as they lunged at him. The men yanked James into the van against his will and slammed the doors shut. The vehicle sat there for close to two minutes, still and silent on the outside before it peeled off in a cacophony of screeching tires and rubber smoke.

Don was on the phone with the Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding Support Line when that beautiful white van finally broke on the horizon. It was moving down the highway at a steady pace, not too fast at all. Exactly as the confirmation email had told them it would.

It was time.

“Oh, Don,” Abbey said in a whisper, “it’s time. It’s really time. Are you ready?”

Don hung up the phone and stared out the windshield, trying to confirm what he was seeing. The butterflies in his stomach were trying to trick his mind, trying to tell him that might not be a van up in the distance; it might not be white either. But it was no use; there was no mistaking what kind of vehicle was heading towards them.

“I think so, honey. I’m just so goddamn nervous.”

“Don’t be,” she said, taking his hand in hers. “It’s going to be so much fun. Just wait and see.”

Don smiled at his wife. He let out a long sigh to try and get a hold of his nerves. Taking a moment to himself, he got into character.

“Finally, a car. Let me wave them down and see if they can give us a ride to town.”

“You do, that, husband,” Abbey’s eyes full of mischief and excitement.

Don shut the car off and got out. It was hot. Oppressively hot. He left his door open for airflow into the car and walked into the middle of the highway. He started waving his hands above his head.

“They’re driving pretty slow, Abbey.”

The van eventually stopped ten feet from where Don stood. He could just make out someone in the driver seat. There was something strange going on inside but what, he could not tell. There was movement, and a flash of blonde hair. The driver leaned in close to the windshield, looking out at Don.

The driver’s face, for a moment, looked as if it had seen a ghost.

At first, Shelly felt fear. She was sitting in the passenger seat with the door already closed when she turned around to see the other men in the back of the van. She remembered thinking how big the van was on the inside, how much bigger it was than it looked. She saw the two men jump out onto the road and in one motion grab James and throw him inside. James hit the floor of the vehicle hard and tried to turn over.

It was no use. The men were on him, and there was rope already binding him.

“What?” was all she managed before the driver leaned in and grabbed her left breast with a rough hand.

“Last chance, Abbey. In or out?”

She didn’t answer him. Instead, she glanced down at his strong hand, now rubbing her tit. It felt...nice. And the fear that had welled inside of her when she saw those other men grab James was easing. She looked into the eyes of Big Ben.

“What do you mean? What’s going on?”

Ben smiled. “I like it when they don’t break character. That’s very good, Abbey.”

Before she could respond, Ben grabbed her by the back of the neck and pulled her closer. He kissed her long and wet, their tongues colliding, and she got moist

down there. His hands began to get more adventurous.

From the back, she heard James moaning and struggling but it sounded a million miles away.

“Ready to be a good little whore today? Put on a show for your husband?” Ben said, unhooking his belt. Shelly, confused and horny, turned and investigated the van. James was well tied up at this point, and there was a cloth gag in his mouth muffling everything he was saying.

“If it becomes too much for you,” said Ben, now pulling the zipper down on his faded blue jeans, “just remember your safe word.”

Shelly watched as the strange man in the driver’s seat pulled something out of his pants. It was...huge. Shockingly huge. And it looked halfway flaccid. In all her years married to James, she had never seen something like that.

“Safe word?” she asked, still confused but starting to parse it together in her mind.

Ben smiled. He reached a long arm across the center console dividing the two of them and grabbed Shelly by a fistful of hair. He pulled her slowly across to him and she followed. Then he pushed her head down into his crotch.

“Now suck it, bitch.”

As Abby's small mouth wrapped around the head of his expanding cock, Big Ben floored the gas, and the armored van shot off down Route 66.

In the back, James could see his wife leaning over the center console, her head bobbing up and down, but could not quite see what she was doing. Of course, he knew, but the defense mechanism in his brain wouldn't allow him to accept it yet. The two men who had tied him up took care of any ambiguity for him.

"Oh damn, she suckin' my dude's dick," said the black one. His face still hidden behind a mask.

"He's gonna use your wife's little mouth, buddy," said the other one, his voice was rough and scratchy, and he had long greasy hair coming out from underneath his mask.

Ben kept one hand on the steering wheel and the other on Shelly's head. Up and down she went on the ever-growing monster.

"Oh, fuck yeah, baby. Work that little mouth."

James pulled her up by the hair so that she was face to face with him. He grabbed the front of her dress and ripped it down. The dress came apart easily and Shelly's creamy breasts spilled out. They hung there at an angle, and Ben used a free hand to feel her up.

“Your wife has great tits, Don!” He yelled. “Oh, I can’t wait to titty fuck her once we pull over!”

I’M NOT DON, James tried to scream. But it was a hollow, muffled protest.

Ben pinched her nipples in full view of James. Shelly’s face contorted in passion and pain and confusion. Then he pushed Shelly’s head once more onto his fully erect cock.

It was the biggest Shelly had ever seen or had. Even doing her best, even with help from the rough man above her, she could only get part of it down. She felt her cunt getting wetter and the desire to play with it growing more and more. She didn’t quite know what was happening, but something about it didn’t seem like rape. No, quite the opposite. This seemed planned. But for who? From the sounds James was making in the back she guessed he hadn’t figured this much out, yet.

And good, she thought. I hope this hurts you son of a bitch.

Shelly started moaning on his cock. The two men in the back began to laugh, and Big Ben began to grunt.

“That’s it, baby. Now you’re getting into it. Fucking take it,” Ben was grinding his hips gently into her mouth as he bobbed her up and down.

“Boys, I think she’s almost ready for you back there!”

The black man and the greasy man both cheered in approval. James moaned into the gag.

“Oh fuck, I might just give this whore a little mouthful to start the day,” Ben said, his breathing getting heavier. “What do you think boys? An early mouthful today?”

“Give it to her!”

“Fuck yeah man, fill that whore’s mouth!”

Ben laughed hard and shoved Shelly’s head and held her there, choking on his impossible meat. “Alright, alright, alright! Hold still baby, here it comes!”

James tried to shut his eyes but couldn’t. The two men beside him were cheering and laughing and calling his wife “slut” and “whore” but it all sounded underwater to him. His vision was getting blurry. He was on the verge of passing out.

“Oh fuck, fuck, so close baby, keep fucking sucking,” Ben said, grinding upwards into her mouth. Drool was cascading down his muscular shaft and Shelly’s makeup was starting to run. “So fucking close....so....so...”

And then Ben stopped talking and so did the other two kidnappers. He let go of

Shelly's head and put both hands on the steering wheel.

"Oh fuck," Ben said.

"What the hell is this?" said the black one.

Slowly, James's senses began to flood back in. While the two men beside him were distracted with whatever was going on outside, he managed to get up on his knees and look out the windshield. The van was slowing down.

There was a man in the middle of the road. He was waving the van down.

I'm saved, thought James.

"We're fucked," said Big Ben.

Don watched as the big burly driver got out and approached him. He was zipping up his pants and there was something unmistakably large beneath them. Holy shit, he thought, there is no way Holly can handle all of that!

“Hey there, pal!” Don called out. “I seem to be having some car trouble.”

At this point in the roleplay, the driver was supposed to approach his wife while she sat in the car. Or at least that’s what the confirmation email had told him. Instead, the driver, sort of confused and red in the face, walked up to Don first.

“Hey there...I...Well, are you Don?”

Taken aback by the early break in character from the man, Don sort of stuttered for a moment. Then he replied, “Yes, I am.”

“Well, shit.”

“Is something the matter?” Don inquired. He glanced over at his wife in the car, and he could see her peering out the window at them.

“Hmm,” replied Ben, long and deliberate. “Maybe...but maybe not. Can the three of us have a chat before we start this up?”

“Well, sure. I suppose so.”

Ben and Don walked over to the car where Abbey was waiting inside.

Shelly lay next to James on the van floor. The other two men were to either side of them and for the moment seemed occupied with what was going on outside.

“You’re going to shut up and take this, James. Do you understand me?” It was a hushed, violent whisper and she looked him in the eyes when she said it. Shelly could see his world shattering; she could see the pieces blow away in the wind. “I don’t exactly know what the fuck is going on here, but I know that I like it. So, keep it together, and shut the fuck up.”

The back van door was thrown open, Ben standing there in the sun. He climbed into the truck, shaking his head.

“Oh my, folks. It looks like there has been a serious misunderstanding and we need to talk.” Ben reached out and pulled the gag from James’s mouth. James immediately started screaming. Ben reached for the rope that bound the helpless husband’s hands.

“Don’t,” Shelly said panting, “Don’t fucking let him up.”

Ben squinted at her, confused.

“Get me the fuck out of here now! Right fucking now!” James screamed.

“Please put the goddamn gag back,” Shelly began.

“Hold on there a minute folks-“ Ben tried to say.

“GET ME OUT OF THIS FUCK-“ James lost his breath when Shelly pushed a knee into his balls.

“Put the fucking gag back!” she shouted at Ben.

Ben shrugged and shoved the gag back into James’s gaping mouth.

“Now listen to me,” Shelly said, her eyes on fire. “You’ve got one minute to explain just what the fuck is going on, and then you’re going to get back in this van and you’re going to finish whatever it is you started. Because I need it, OK? Do you understand that, big guy? I fucking need it.”

Shelly could tell it wasn’t just Ben who was in awe of her. The two masked men in the back were equally stunned, the black one audibly gasped when she said it. Out beyond Ben in the road she could see another couple...and she could see the Buick. And though she had started to piece it together, she suddenly felt sure that there had been some sort of mix up.

“Well, shit,” Ben began. “Ma’am, we’re on the clock...you see...”

Ben explained the circumstance, the obvious mix up of married couples. Don and Abbey waited in the road nearby, watching the scene in the back of the van

with curious puzzlement. When Ben finished talking there was a look of stark horror on James's face, and a look of utter delight on Shelly's.

"So, you see, ma'am," Ben continued.

"Shelly," she interrupted him. "My name is Shelly, and this piece of shit lying next to me is James. And you kidnapped us. And while it may have been your job to kidnap them," she motioned with her head towards the couple near the road, "that isn't my fucking problem. My fucking problem is you, actually. So, tell them what you need to, and then get your ass back in here. I'm pretty sure your henchmen have gone flaccid waiting on you."

This brought chuckles from the two masked men, and a long groan from James.

"Well about that," Ben said. "I think I've thought of a...what do you call it? A compromise."

The van turned down an unmarked dirt road off Route 66 and followed it for a mile before coming upon a grove of trees in the middle of nowhere. It pulled into the shade of the grove and idled.

Inside was Big Ben, two henchmen, Don and Abbey, Shelly and James. Ben was finishing up a call with Headquarters in a hushed voice, straightening some things out and placing a request. When he was done, he turned around and smiled at the group in the back of the vehicle.

“It’s show time,” he said.

Ben watched his two cronies fling the van doors wide, hands on hips, smiling ear to ear. He shook his head and laughed, as if he could not believe this was his job. Of all things to make a living at...here he was, in the middle of nowhere, about to fuck some loser’s wife while her husband watched. And they were paying for it.

Well, Don and Abbey had paid. They had paid quite a bit. But Shelly and James, they were getting what may have been the first “free ride” in the history of the KC&C. Management was going to comp their entire experience and waive all signed forms except the STD testing. Management made it clear to Ben that it was a miracle the couple was not going to press charges, and an even bigger miracle that the wife wanted to participate. And if she really wanted it...KC&C was going to provide it. Free of charge. The only catch: No fucking. At least not in her vag. Big Ben thought they could work around that easily enough.

Ben grabbed James by his ankles, still bound, and yanked him across the van floor in one strong pull. James slid out of the van like a bullet and just before he fell the four feet to the ground, the two henchmen caught his body. They lowered

him to within 2 feet of the shaded sand and dropped him flat on his face.

“UGH!” James grunted, rolling over. His face was caked with dirt and he was blinking it out of his eyes. The henchmen laughed and rolled his body out of the way with cruel boots.

“Now the wife,” Ben sneered. The masked men gave Shelly the same treatment as her husband, save the harsh drop to the ground. The two men made sure to fill their palms with her ass and tits as they positioned her next to her husband on the ground.

“Good,” Ben consulted with his men. “Now I’m going to use the van for these two,” he nodded towards Don and Abbey, quivering in a corner of the van. “I’ll be a while. I need you two to fuck her mouth. Not her pussy, not yet. We don’t have clearance for that. But her mouth? Use it like a fuck toy and make that piece of shit husband watch. Understand?”

James moaned through the gag in his mouth, loud enough for all to hear. The things Ben uttered were beyond James’ comprehension, and so he pleaded through the only line of communication he had left.

“Get to work,” Ben finished. He jumped inside the van with Don and Abbey and a moment later the vehicle pulled out of the clearing and disappeared down the road it had come from.

Henchman One and Two drug the tied couple across the ground and further into the shaded grove. The sun was broken into scattered lines, mostly blotted out by the treetops above. In the shade of the small forest, they ripped the gag from

James's mouth.

“You sons of bitches! Let her go! Let us go! NOW!”

“Scream and cry little man,” said the black one, “only one's that gon' hear is us.”

“That's right,” said the greasy one, “and we like it when you cry.”

Shelly sat on the dirty ground where they had tossed her. Her little polka-dotted sun dress was torn in half and her knees were caked with dirt. She could see James wriggling on the ground in her periphery, and she could hear him shouting. It all seemed like underwater. Her heart was racing out of her chest and her cotton underwear was soaked through. Her eyes followed the men in masks as they crowded her, working at their belt buckles.

“We don't have the OK to fuck your pussy,” said Greasy, working his jeans down past his ass to reveal loose fitting boxers and a growing, slouching bulge beneath. “You ain't been tested or cleared for it, so we could lose our jobs if we stuck it there.” He licked his lips over the black ski mask and his eyes grew wild. “But we can fuck your pretty little mouth while your husband watches, and we do aim to do that.”

The black one started laughing as he stepped out of his jeans, Timberlands still attached to his feet. The stiff black pole between his legs jutted out and curved to the east. He had barely touched the young wife yet and already he was at full mast.

“We gon’ stretch yah jaw out while he watches. That OK with you, baby?” Black asked her.

Biting a nervous lip, blue eyes wide and searching, Shelly gathered herself onto her knees. The two men were close now, close enough to touch. She glanced from Greasy, back to the Black Daddy.

Shelly shook her head in a slow, definitive movement that said yes.

“Shelly what the fuck are you doing!” cried her husband from the mud. He was tossing and turning with hands and feet bound, like a clumsy snake on its side fighting for its life. “Shelly what is this! Please! Please let me loose! Don’t do this!”

Greasy’s smile was wide when he got his boxers down to his ankles, revealing a ridiculous pair of low-hanging testicles, bloated like tennis balls with scraggly hair clinging to them. Above the low-hangers was a goofy, uncircumcised cock that looked like it belonged to a donkey in a porno comic. It was still growing but the head was slick, a small bubble of cum kissing off the covered the tip.

Shelly caught the whiff of light ball sweat when the two men started drumming her face with their oversized manhood. James’s screams filled the small wood, but underneath it was the sound of laughter.

It was Shelly.

“Oh myyyy,” she giggled, eyes closed as the men played timpani on her face.
“You boys are so big...so much bigger than James.”

“Is James the pussy squirming around in the dirt over there?” Greasy asked, rubbing his hooded head along her cheek.

“Mmhmm,” she replied, opening her eyes to see the men staring down at her.
“He’s just a little guy.”

“I bet his bitch ass is,” Black Daddy guffawed, “and little dick white boys get what they deserve. Now open up!”

Black Daddy took hold of Shelly by the head and guided his thick ebony dagger past her parted lips. He pushed in past her tongue, the underside of his shaft feeling the coolness of it and stopped just short of the back of her throat. He receded a few inches, and then plunged in again.

“GET YOUR DICK OUT OF MY WIFE!” James screamed. “STOP IT! NO!” His vision turned to tunnel, the woods and the world disappearing around him, he could see only his wife, bracing herself as the man in the mask slid himself into her throat. He swayed his hips forward comically and kept his sneakered feet planted as he started to make love to her esophagus.

“She got a little throat, James!” Black Daddy yelled. “Ima’ stretch it out and then maybe she can suck your dick like this too!”

Greasy was behind her, clawing at the remnants of her dress. He rolled the top down so that Shelly's sweating swaying tits fell out into the hot summer sun. The moment they were exposed he filled his dirty hands with them, caressing and tugging and jostling. James could see the dirt under the man's fingernails from where he lay, and for a moment he was nauseous enough to puke.

Black Daddy's ding-a-ling was getting deeper. It was starting to hit the back of Shelly's throat every now and again and she was coughing on it. One of his strokes went entirely too deep, and James saw his wife's stomach jump as she gagged on it.

"That's it, bitch. Choke on it," he was stroking her hair lovingly as he violated her precious mouth. "You wanted yah mans to see so put on a fucking show. Show him how you gag on that nigga dick. That's it. Choke. Choke!"

Shelly's eyes were watering over with the black mascara she had applied that morning. It ran in thick black streaks across her cheeks, almost matching the color of skin of the man taking advantage of her throat. She tried to breath, but Black Daddy never relented, always pumping deeper. And deeper. And deeper.

"That's it, baby. Loosen yah throat up!"

"Nice fucking tits, wifey," Greasy drooled, popping a plump pink nipple into his mouth. "Tastey fucking titties. You always get to suck on these James? You're a very lucky man. Very lucky indeed!"

"Fuck you!" James cried, tears of anguish running down his sweat-stained face.

“Nah dawg!” Black Daddy guffawed, grabbing the back of Shelly’s head and forcing as much as he could into her face. “We just gon’ fuck yah wife’s pretty fuckin’ face!” He started grinding deep inside her. Shelly’s eyes nearly bulged out of her face, and when at last Black Daddy dislodged his dong a hurricane of spit and pre-cum fell out of her mouth and hung from her chin.

“Your turn, dawg!” Black Daddy dapped greasy, who grabbed hold of Shelly’s neck and directed her to his uncircumcised size.

“Open wide, wifey!” Greasy heckled, “put on a show for James!”

“STOP IT!” James cried.

Not far away, the murdered out white van sat parked on the side of Route 66. The engine was on and it was running, the AC pumping at full blast. It had to in that heat. Especially with all the commotion happening inside.

Big Ben held Abbey's hips still with his giant, hairy mittens. He was thrusting deliberately into her aching cunt, knocking Abbey's face into the floor of the van with every pump. She lay on all fours trying to keep her balance, trying desperately to keep her ass in the air the way Ben told her to. But it was getting difficult. Ben was grunting and sweating all over her, the two bodies slick and slapping with perspiration.

Kneeling directly next to the fornicating duo was Don. He was naked save for his wife's panties that Ben had forced him to wear. His hands were cuffed behind his back and he was hunched forward at the knees, inches from where Ben's thick shaft penetrated his wife's hungry cunt. Ben told him to stay there and not to move an inch. Don was a good listener.

"Ugh. Fuck. You're wife's pussy is good, Don. Too good for a little fagget like you. Ugh. You see how much she loves it? She can't even fucking bend straight for me like a good bitch dog. She just collapses like a tired whore. You know why, Don? Because that's what a real cock can do to a woman like your wife. Like your whore wife, Don. Ugh."

Their bodies collided over and over and Abbey was starting to scream. Ben had not allowed her to touch her clit yet, but she was beginning to think it wasn't going to matter. The giant man was touching her in places no man had before, and most certainly not her husband.

"You see this Don? I'm going to show you how a real man fucks. Because when

I cum, I'm not finished. I fuck until I run out. You understand? No? I'll show you."

Don pulled his glistening, oily prick from the depths of Abbey's cave. She collapsed the moment he let go of her hips, legs shaking and pussy throbbing. Don directed his pulsing purple pole a few inches to his right, directly at Don's anguished face. He started jerking.

"Don't fucking move, Donny. Stay right there like a good fucking cuck. That's it. Ugh. Ugh. Ugh."

Fat white streaks flashed across Don's shocked face. The scary man's cum landed on his cheeks and eyes, blinding him and forcing his eyelids down. Grunt after grunt, shot after shot. Big Ben loosed every last drop onto the naked, humiliated husband's face.

Ben shook it out, allowing the last white gob to land on the end of Don's nose. He grabbed hold of Abbey, on her back and shaking, and pulled her body to him. He plunged his still leaking, still stiff cock back inside her pussy.

"Ooohhh, Ben. You're so good," she squealed, "you're so fucking good! Oh!"

The cum on Don's face jiggled with the motion of the pounding his wife was getting. He could no longer see, and instead focused his hearing on what was going on around him. The sperm tickled his cheeks as it ran warm down his face.

“Now you fucking sit there and think about what you’ve done, Don. Sit there and listen to me turn your wife out while you simmer in my semen. You fucking pathetic cuck. You look like a fucking moron.”

“I’m cumming!” Abbey screamed, eyes rolling back and sweat pouring off her body.

“Louder. So your blind idiot husband can hear!”

Don began to tremble.

Shelly's creamy, swaying tits were coated in spit and pre-cum. She had gagged and spit enough times that thick strings of it hung off her nipples and her tummy was slick. James had given up, his head lying in the dirt as his sunburned eyes watched the debacle before him.

Greasy had his donkey dick between her tits as Shelly pushed them together. The saliva made a fine lube as Greasy's shaft ran the length of her chest over and over again, titty-fucking the willing wife. His long ball sack rubbed the top of her ribcage as he squatted to pump.

"That's it, baby. Fuck my titties. Fuck my titties till you come!" Shelly told him, her eyes wide and staring. Occasionally she looked over at James, defeated on the ground, and winked at him. Below her, Black Daddy had two fingers inside her snatch and her pussy was quickly turning into a swamp of her own lust and the oppressive heat.

"Mmm," Shelly moaned, sticking her tongue down to catch the tip of Greasy's tip every time it humped her chest. "You're making me so wet with your big cock. Fuck my titties! Oh fuck me!"

"Fuck, man! Are you sure we can't split this whore?" Greasy asked his African cohort.

"Nah man, she ain't filled out paperwork or nothin. This shit is pro-bono!" Black Daddy was digging deep in her dripping cavern, finger-fucking faster and faster.

"Pro-boner? What if we wear a condom?"

“Boss said no!”

“Well if this shit is free I’m getting my fucking money’s worth!” Greasy grabbed the shaft of his flopping member and jammed it back down the waiting wife’s throat. He held her still by a handful of hair as he railed. Shelly’s neck was more relaxed than it was before. She was gagging less too. As the two masked men pummeled her face for close to fifteen minutes, she learned more about giving a blowjob than James had taught her in 5 years of marriage.

When she came in Black Daddy’s hand, harder than she had in years, no one noticed. Her body shook, but she had no voice to give the orgasm. There was a large white dong blocking her airway.

James watched the two men trade her face back and forth, and when one cock was not in her throat, it was in the palm of her tired hand as she worked two at once. James closed his eyes, praying for a swift end to it but all that happened was the slurping and wet sounds of Shelly’s gullet getting louder. When he opened his eyes again the sight was the same, only now something approached from the entrance to the grove.

It was Ben behind the wheel of the Kidnap Mobile.

“Look whose back,” said Greasy, nonchalantly feeding Shelly his ballsack.

“Hubby must have tapped out,” Black mumbled as he fondled Shelly’s splotchy red breasts.

The van circled the scene and parked in the deep shade. Big Ben stomped across the clearing, kicking up dust and sand on the heels of his dirty boots, pausing over James's defeated body.

"Please, end this!" James cried at Ben, wriggling onto his back so that he could look up at his captor.

Big Ben reached into his back pocket and pulled out a leather wallet. He flipped it open and removed something small from it, and then hunkered down so that he was face to face with the humiliated husband in the dirt.

"This is our card, boy," Ben pushed the black business card etched with KC&C between James's parched lips. "When we finish with your wife, you're gonna need it. Because she's going to want more. And you're going to let her, because well, you're a little beta pussy who doesn't really have a choice."

Ben stood and began unbuckling his belt, walking towards the defilement before him. Shelly was possessed, each of her little hands wrapped around the shafts of her kidnappers, holding them steady as she rotated her open mouth from one to the other. Ben filled the gap between Greasy and Black Daddy nicely and dropped his faded jeans to his ankles.

"I'm four loads in today, boys," he said, taking hold of Shelly's head on his own. "Let's see how much I got left!"

James's wife multi-tasked on 3 different dicks, each bigger than the one before it

and all of them dwarfing his own. As Ben ran the length of his shaft across Shelly's sweating face, James thought about the day's events and what had brought them to this point. Clearly this was some sort of underground sex ring, some strange counter-culture that delighted in kidnapping and fucking married women, all consensual and all parties present. Except James had done nothing of the sort, and up until the moment that Ben shoved Shelly's face between his hairy asscheeks, he never imagined he would consent. But now, as his beautiful wife was defiled and humiliated, something stirred inside him. Inside his shorts. He had cheated on his wife and there was nothing he could do to take that back. And on some level, he knew he deserved this. But deeper down, it was more than just justifying this sick revenge...On some dark level, he wanted this.

"How's my ass taste, whore?" Ben chided, holding a tuft of hair, and shaking her head back and forth between his muscled cheeks.

James's shorts were struggling to contain his erection. Watching the black one slap her breasts while she rimmed a giant was pushing him beyond any mental barriers he may have had. James could feel his sins being cleansed, could feel all the awful things he had said and done to his wife leaving his conscious. He deserved this.

And so did Shelly.

"She eat your asshole like this, beta-boy?" Big Ben laughed. "She's good at it. Hungry little tongue. Ugh. That's it, baby. Eat it."

James struggled hard against his restraints, longing to take his aching cock in his palm and relieve himself. Flopping there on the ground he could feel it, harder than it had been in years, leaking against his underwear. Gyrating his hips and rubbing at a strange angle he was able to barely hump the inner-fabric.

Big Ben yanked Shelly out of his butthole and turned her face upwards.

“Open up,” he commanded.

Shelly bared her tongue and teeth, eyes desperate and wild. Big Ben spat into her waiting mouth, and before she could register what happened, he plunged his purple pulsing pole down her throat.

James lost it in his shorts, just as his thigh cramped up and he could no longer dry hump himself. With no further stimulation except the site before him, his confused cock jutted short, warm spurts into his underwear. As it washed over him, he longed to grab hold of it, but the restraints were unforgiving. His ruined orgasm emptied into his clothes there on the side of the road.

The men were jerking now, licking their lips, and aiming with expert precision. Greasy and Black Daddy were pointed like torpedoes at Shelly’s face, each covering the area of a cheek. Big Ben had not removed himself from her gorge, opting to skull-fuck her at a pace rapid enough to make a man come for the fifth time in a day.

“Like that. Ugh. Like that. Hold still,” Ben mumbled.

Shelly’s eyes never left Ben, staring up and past his abs and pecs to the focused face of an alpha male. She had not bothered to look at James in a long time, but always she felt his eyes on her. And it was that feeling now that made her rub the aching cunt between her legs, pulling herself closer to the edge all the time.

“Watch, beta-boy. Watch us glaze your wife’s pretty face!”

Ben pulled out and wanked with the fury of a God. Black and Greasy got there first, and simultaneously no less. Jets of jizz shot out in the afternoon sun and streaked across the bridge of Shelly’s nose. Both of the side-men unleashed long gobs that coated her cheeks and forehead, shot after shot of hot spunk getting into her hair and eyebrows. Shelly flinched at little at the first few but held her ground against the rest. It began dripping down her neck in fast, thin streaks.

“UGH!” Ben nuttet.

Though the majority of his life-seed had been spilled on and in Abbey and Don, Ben was still a professional at heart. He had a job to do. And even if this particular job was only damage control, a way to make right a terrible mistake, he was still going to give it his all. Knowing he only had so much left, he pushed the head of his cock into Shelly’s tired mouth and unloaded.

“Don’t fucking swallow it, bitch. You hear me?”

Shelly shook her head YES, feeling the hot spunk dribble out onto her tongue and start running to the back of her throat. Keeping her lips wound tight around his tip, she accepted Big Ben’s masculine seed and kept her tongue still to pool it.

“Good bitch. Good fucking wifey. Keep it...keep it...OPEN!”

Shelly opened her mouth and revealed a tongue coated and full of fat wads of warm semen. Big Ben grabbed her by the back of the head and turned her violently towards her defeated husband.

“Look, beta-boy. That’s my fucking nut in your wife’s mouth. Go on, Shelly. Show him. Show him what a good little slut you are for other men.”

Shelly wagged her tongue at her husband, careful not to let any drip out.

“Like that James? And when I tell her too, she’s going to fucking swallow it right down into her little whore belly.”

The other two henchmen were laughing as Ben taunted James. Terrified to let on that he was beginning to enjoy it, James only shook his head with an expression of genuine shock.

Shelly winked at her husband.

James began to grow stiff again.

“Swallow it, wifey!” Big Ben commanded.

Shelly pulled her tongue back into her mouth, and with a gag and a strained face, took the final load down her throat. Big Ben tossed her back into the dirt, naked and dripping. He advanced on James and pulled the husband up by his collar.

“Your car’s been towed. It’s at a garage in town. All repairs are being covered by my boss.”

“Oh...um...” James was at a loss for words, his prick still hard inside his pants. “Thank you...I guess...”

“Yeah, you better thank me,” Ben said, nodding down towards the obvious growth in James’s cargo shorts. “Had more fun than you thought you would, huh?”

“I don’t know...I just...”

“Shh. I won’t tell. Maybe next time I’ll let you touch it. Now take your wife into my van. We’ll drop you in town.”

Doing his absolute best to hide the tent in his pants, James took his defiled wife by the hand and led her back to the kidnap van.

On a rainy afternoon in an empty park, James and Shelly sat hand in hand on a wet bench. James held a bright red umbrella over his wife's head, keeping the drizzle off her while his white collared shirt began to soak.

"I love you, James," Shelly said, taking her husband by the chin and softly and planting a kiss on his lips. She wore an unmissable, bright yellow sundress that left little to the imagination.

"I love you, Shelly," he responded, rubbing his nose back against hers.

"We've come such a long way...I'm so damn proud of us right now."

"We were always meant to be together, Shelly. Always. Everybody has ups and downs, regrets, mistakes. But we worked them out. We stayed strong. And look at us now. Better than ever."

"It feels so good, baby. For the first time in a long time I feel like we can do anything. And as long as we're together, there is no obstacle we can't overcome. Together."

A faint noise came from behind the two lovers, almost too quiet to hear. James heard it, and the hair on the back of his neck stood up. He felt himself stir in his pants. His heart was racing, his face turning red.

"Are you OK, baby?" she asked.

“I’m good. Just a little nervous.”

“Don’t be. Remember: we are stronger than ever. And this will only make us stronger.”

“Power couple?” James asked her.

“You know it.”

The last thing James saw before the blindfold and gag were applied was his wife’s face, covered suddenly by a large, gloved hand. She was torn from him, and he from her.

“Time for round two, beta-boy,” a familiar voice growled from the dark of his blindfold. “And this time we’ve got more holes to fill. And more cocks to do it with.”

A white van sped off from the park, shooting through puddles and stop signs. Where it was headed, James and Shelly did not know.

But they were headed there together.

THE END

Dear Reader-

Please take a moment to follow my author page on Amazon. And if you liked this tale, feel free to leave a review.

-Dex