

A woman with dark hair is looking up at the muscular torso of a man. The man's torso is the central focus, showing his abdominal muscles. The woman's face is in the lower left, looking up towards the man's midsection. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

5 CUCKOLD QUICKIES

The
Cucked
Collection

DEX O'DONALD

A woman with dark hair is looking up at the muscular torso of a man. The man's torso is the central focus, showing his abdominal muscles. The woman is on the left, looking up towards the right. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

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The Cuckold Collection: 5 Short Stories

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

1. Cuckold Delivery

Outside. Come now.

That was all the text read when Alicia checked her phone. As if by telepathy, her husband Michael looked up from where he was sitting on the couch. His eyes were wide, and his hands were fidgeting.

“He’s here,” Alicia said. Her voice was soft and consoling, but underneath it there was urgency.

“Right now?” Michael stuttered out.

“Yes, Mike. Right now. And you know he doesn’t like to be kept waiting...we’d better go.”

Alicia made a move towards the door, but Michael kept his seat on the couch, his knobby knees starting to rub together in anxiety.

“Michael!”

He looked at her quickly and nervously. Still, he sat.

“If you make him wait, you know he could get angry...and you wouldn’t want that, would you?”

“Me?” Michael responded. “What about you? You don’t care if he gets angry? Of course, you don’t. But me...if he gets angry with us, he’s really just angry with me- “

“MICHAEL!” Alicia all but shouted. This time he jumped to his feet and followed her to the door. Before they left, she kissed him on the mouth to settle him. Whatever calming effect the kiss was supposed to have, it failed. Michael was wet with perspiration...Alicia was wet with anticipation.

The large black SUV was parked crooked in their driveway and running onto the lawn. Leaning against the front of the vehicle in a tight green t-shirt and blue jeans was a muscular, shaved, and hard-looking man. When he spotted the couple approaching the vehicle, he smiled a wide, toothy grin.

“There they are. The cucky and my girl. How’s everybody doing today?”

“Good, baby,” Alicia said. She put both hands around one of his biceps and squeezed as she leaned in to kiss him on the mouth.

Michael stood there like an idiot in the driveway as his wife kissed Franco, not only in front of him, but in broad daylight. If the neighbors decided to look out the windows, they would see the whole thing.

When his wife finished, she turned to him and winked.

“Alright Mikey, you’re driving,” Franco said, tossing Michael the keys.

A little confused, Mikey raised his eyebrows and tried to ask why.

“What did we saying about talking back?” Franco scowled at him. Silent and defeated, Michael walked around to the driver’s door while Franco and Alicia climbed into the spacious backseat.

“Take Broadway out like you’re going to the highway, and then turn off onto that service road. I’ll tell you when,” Franco called to Michael from the backseat, “And keep your eyes on the road, Mikey. We need full concentration back here and I don’t want you getting us into a wreck.”

Alicia had been seeing Franco for about two months. It had started with a small date at a coffee shop and soon after progressed to drinks, which led to fucking. Michael was a full-blown cuckold as of 6 weeks ago. The only time he got laid was after Alicia got home from Franco’s house, too worn out to fuck but talkative enough to tell Michael exactly what happened...and Michael usually got off in under a minute as she stroked him.

Over the last few weeks things had gotten more serious, and maybe the water had gotten too deep for Michael’s liking. Franco had started to demand that Michael watch, and it was evident right away that watching it in person was too intense for him. Staring at his wife as she was handled and pleased and told what to do...he sometimes struggled to get fully hard as Franco had taken to belittling him during each session.

And now, out of the blue, he demanded them outside and in his car. And here

they were, driving through neighborhood streets as Franco began to take Alicia's clothes off.

Michael could hear them kissing as he took a left onto Broadway. When he glanced into the rearview, he could see them, mouths wide and tongues exploring. Alicia was leaned over his lap and Franco had his rough hands all over her body, making a mess of the blue day dress she had on. Michael saw Franco move his hand from his wife's neck and grab her fat round titty, squeezing it hard as she moaned into his mouth. It was hard for Michael to drive straight, and only a few moments would pass before he had to steal another glance at what was happening.

"You miss me baby?" Franco asked her.

"Yes, baby!"

"You gonna be a good little slut for your bull?"

"Yes, baby."

Franco slapped her in the face, light but firm. She gasped.

"Call me Daddy, bitch."

“Yes, Daddy.”

Michael’s dick was hard and pressing against his shorts, his stomach was sick and his legs shaking. He had seen Franco do a lot with her over the past few weeks, but he had not seen Franco this rough so early.

“Take my cock out and tell your husband how much bigger it is,” Franco commanded.

Alicia started digging at his jeans, frantically getting his belt pulled and his fly down.

“Keep your eyes on the goddamn road, Mikey!” Franco shouted. “Keep them on the road while your wife worships my cock.”

The next time Michael looked he saw his wife with her mouth stretched wide around Franco’s meat. Franco was holding her hair in a ponytail and using it as a joystick as he pulled her head up and down.

“Oh, suck it, bitch. Keep your mouth wide, I’m gonna fuck your face.”

Franco yanked her head up so her O shaped mouth hovered above the head of his purple prick, and then he jammed her down, only to pull her back up again. Over and over, he plunged it into her throat, her lips pulled taut and face red, until finally he pushed and held her there, deep, pumping short and fast into the depths of her throat.

“Oh my God,” Michael said from the front seat.

Franco pulled Alicia off his member and she gasped for air, spit spilling from her mouth. He let go of her hair as she no longer needed direction on how to blow him. The slobbering sounds filled the car and even when Michael could not check his mirror, he could hear it, and hearing it was almost too much.

“Listen to your slut wife gobble my cock, Michael,” Franco said, lighting a cigar in the back seat. “Keep your eyes on the road, cuck boy. Keep your eyes on the fucking road and I’ll tell you all about it...yeah, that’s it, bitch. Suck it. Gag on it. Good. Do it again. Good. Good fucking slut. Oh Mikey, you’re such a fucking pussy you’re actually driving me around so I can use your wife’s slut mouth. How’s that make you feel, Mikey? Like a little bitch? It should. Because that’s what you are. Oh fuck, oh fuck. You nasty slut. Mikey, you won’t believe this. She’s tonguing my nuts...but oh, fuck, not just tonguing them. She’s got her face buried in my sack, Mikey. She’s making out with my fucking balls. Oh yeah bitch, stroke my fat cock while you eat my nuts.”

Michael stole a glance in the mirror, and it was all as Franco had said. Franco had a hand on the back of her head, shoving her into his scrotum while she furiously jerked him.

“Back on my dick, bitch...oh yeah, that’s right, gag. Good, good girl. Mikey take this left up here, the service road...good. Oh damn, hold your head there, stick your tongue out. That’s right, fucking eat it. Mikey, park up here.”

They pulled into an abandoned lot behind a deserted building next to the freeway. When Michael killed the engine the sound of the highway above them

was roaring. Now that the car was in park, Michael focused on the rearview. There was spit soaking Franco's thighs and balls as Alicia continued to suck him off. Franco had his head resting and his eyes closed, puffing on a cigar that filled the car with thick smoke.

"You like that, Mikey?" Franco asked, never opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"Good, boy. See that Alicia? Your wimp husband knows how to answer me. You could learn something from him."

Franco pulled Alicia off his dick and turned her, so she was facing Michael.

"Tell him, Alicia," Franco said.

"He's so much better than you, Michael," Alicia said, drooling. "His cock is bigger, and harder, and just sucking his dick gets me wet."

"You hear that, Mikey boy?"

Michael stayed silent, rubbing his dick through his shorts, watching the show in the glass rectangle.

“You know I didn’t think I was going to fuck you, I figured I would nut in your mouth and send you home. But I think I need to teach you a lesson for making me wait this afternoon. What do you think, Alicia?”

Alicia just moaned.

The three of them got out and Franco made Alicia bend over through the open car door, so that her feet were outside, but she was lying on her stomach on the passenger-side backseat. Michael walked around to the other side and opened the door so that he was facing his wife. Behind her was Franco. He had her dressed hitched up and was playing with her pussy.

“She’s so fucking wet, dude.” Franco said. “I mean, she’s soaked. Just from jamming my cock in her throat. Can you believe that Mikey? Does she get this wet for you?”

Michael was watching Alicia’s face. She was sweating and breathing heavy, her hair a mess as it splayed across the car seat. Then suddenly she gasped and screamed. Franco was inside of her.

“That’s it baby, take my fucking cock. Look at your husband while you do it!”

Franco had a handful of her hair and was holding her still and straight, so that she looked directly at Michael. He took her tough and fast, grunting and slapping her ass with his free hand.

“Look at your wife, cuck boy, look at your fucking wife. That’s what she looks like when a real man is inside her.”

Franco grabbed Alicia’s arms and pinned them behind her, holding her wrists to her back with his massive paws. He leveraged up on her and started to really pound, the sound of their bodies colliding as loud as the traffic that raged over head.

“Oh fuck, Daddy! Oh fuck! Don’t stop! It’s so good...Oh you fuck me better than my husband!”

Franco just laughed as he pummeled her. Michael had ejaculated in his pants, and he felt humiliated and embarrassed. He started to wonder how much longer Franco was going to use his wife under the overpass.

Franco put Alicia down on her knees in the dirt. He loomed over her, stroking his glistening dick. Michael watched from a few feet away.

“I’m going to nut in your mouth, slut. Keep it open, keep your tongue out. I’m going to nut in your fucking mouth and I want you to hold it. That’s it. Like that.”

Franco hovered, sweating, and jerking while Alicia’s tongue tickled the tip of his cock. When he grew tired of that he pushed Alicia back so that she had to get her arms behind her to steady, and Franco put a leg to either side of her body and grabbed hold of her head. Then he jammed his dick deep, tears of makeup and

wide eyes illuminating Alicia's face, and he got so far down her throat that his balls were resting on her chin.

"My sweaty nuts are on her face, Mikey. Can you believe that?"

Franco started to fuck her face, but only so much that his leathery nut sack was forced to slap against her chin every time he pumped.

"She loves my nuts on her little chin, Mikey. She's a little whore for it!"

The sun came from behind a cloud and now the scene shown in perfect detail. There was an image there that Michael would remember for the rest of his life; his wife, pushed back on her arms at an awkward angle, her legs kicked out in front of her in a tangled mess. A man he barely knew mounted over her, brutally using her throat. The sun glimmered on Franco's pubic hair, and Michael could see sweat all down Alicia's face and tits. Sometimes beads of sweat fell from Franco's face and landed on Alicia's body. Michael would remember it forever because he was utterly, totally, emasculated.

After what seemed like a long time, Franco started to cum. But he did not pull out. Instead, Alicia coughed and choked as he unloaded his seed in her throat, but she never pulled away. Franco had both hands wrapped around her head to steady himself as he exploded inside her.

"FUCK BITCH," he grunted.

Michael's knees felt weak and he decided it best to just sit down right there on the concrete.

“FUCKING SWALLOW IT BITCH.”

When he pulled his dick away, spit and leftover cum built a bridge between his penis and Alicia's lips. Alicia coughed some of it up but kept most of it down. She giggled a little bit, her clothes a torn mess and covered in another man's juices.

“I'm very disappointed in you two,” said Franco, as he put his wet, softening cock back into his jeans. “You kept me waiting, and you know that Daddy doesn't like to be kept waiting.” Franco walked back towards his car and pushed Michael out of his way as he did so.

“So, you and your slut wife can find your own ride back, Mikey.”

Franco's SUV kicked up a cloud of dirt as it sped off down the service road. Alicia stood there in torn clothes, cum still running off her chin. Michael had no words, standing with a big wet stain on his crotch.

“I think you better call an Uber, Mikey,” his wife said.

2. Frat Party Bukkake

Floyd arrived home at approximately 3:30 that afternoon, flowers in one hand and a grocery bag full of steak, potatoes, and a nice bottle of wine in the other. Tonight, was going to be a nice little Friday with his wife, celebrating their 1-year anniversary. And if all went well, he would be getting his annual blowjob just before they tucked in for bed. He had been looking forward to tonight, all week.

On his way into the house, he heard the familiar racket of loud music and yelling coming from across the street. It was the Fraternity House again. The one that had been kicked off campus for multiple violations and had somehow found its home away from home right here, on Floyd's street. Floyd had already called the police on them twice to make noise complaints, but nothing had been done about it. As a Professor at the University these Frat Boys went to, Floyd found them to be a disgrace to the Institution. He had seen a few of them on occasion and knew that at least four of them were in his Thursday seminar.

Once inside the house and the door closed behind him, the noise of the Fraternity diminished a little and he was able to focus on the night at hand: Dinner, wine, and of course, his beautiful 26-year-old wife. The first year of their marriage really had been bliss, a few sexual issues aside, they were going strong and doing fine.

"Honey! Brooke?" He was smiling, calling up the stairs to her. No answer came.

"Mrs. Danvers?" He called again, laughing to himself. "It's our 1-year anniversary I hope you're ready for a night of fancy wine and fancier New York Strips!"

The house was oddly quiet. The shower was not running, and the fan was not on

in the bathroom. Floyd set the groceries and the flowers down on the kitchen counter and walked upstairs. There was nobody home.

Odd, he thought. She was off today and knew I was going to be home. Where could she be?

Floyd opened a cold beer and plopped down on the living room couch. He closed his eyes and let the crispy crunch of the Bud Light roll across his tongue. As he began to fantasize about the dirty deed he would soon be enjoying with his wife, that constant and awful noise from the house across the street began to fill his living room.

“Fucking hell,” he said.

Floyd stood up and walked to the living room window, which gave a clear view out onto the neighborhood street. Directly across was the Frat House. Their yard had 3 different tables set up with red solo cups spilled across them. Another table looked ready for a game of beer pong but, oddly, had been abandoned. It only struck Floyd as strange because that seemed to be where they spent the majority of their time. Usually, they were drunk by noon playing that Goddamn game and catcalling his wife on her way to the grocery store.

He could hear their music; loud, bass-heavy hip hop that shook the windows of his own home just a little. Just under the din of that, he could hear the Frat Boys whooping and hollering. It sounded like maybe they were watching a football game, which could explain the abandoned beer pong tables.

As he started to consider walking across the street and telling them to turn it

down (after all, this was his 1-year anniversary with his beautiful, darling wife. The wife with the double D's and the blonde hair and bright green eyes that gave him 1 blowjob a year), he detected another sound amongst the cacophony across the street. It was a voice different from the others...higher, softer. Sometimes it laughed, other times it seemed to be...wailing?

There was something familiar in that sound.

A fog descended on Floyd's mind. His ability to think straight or keep a clear thought evaporated, and though he was living in the moment, he was experiencing it as someone else. As he walked out of his front door and across his driveway, he could feel the intense heat of the day on his brow, but he did not register the sun in his eyes or the fact that he had no shoes on. He walked across the hot asphalt and though the music was louder here, and the whooping from the boys more piercing, there was only one sound in the clamor of it that he registered. It was that woman's voice. She was laughing again...and then she was not.

Floyd passed the beer pong tables and came to the front door of the Frat House; it was ajar by almost two feet and the bass from the hip-hop music was shaking his queasy stomach. The incoherent yelling of the Frat Boys had started to take the form of words, and though Floyd heard these words, they did not register in his brain.

“Nice fucking titties!”

“What a fucking slut you are!”

“Here! See if you can get us both in your mouth at once!”

The voices were many and different but alike. They were laughing, cruel, haunting voices that held a terrible secret.

“Hold your titties together, just like that baby, let me tit-fuck you!”

“Do you do this with your wimpy husband?”

“HAHAHAHA”

“Slut!”

“Oh, Mrs. Danvers. You really know how to suck cock!”

Floyd was halfway down the hallway when he heard her name, and the giggle that came after sealed the deal. He floated down the rest of the way hallway as if on invisible roller skates into a large, open living room that was a complete wreck. Dirty couches and shoes and socks and the stink of sweat and testosterone. Discarded beer cans littered the filthy rug and empty liquor bottles covered the house. There were seven or eight of them, exactly how many Floyd could not possibly know. They were all naked; their young, 20-something slender bodies glistening with sweat. Mostly their backs were to him, and he saw their burly asses and strong thighs. They were all staring at something in front of them, but Floyd could not quite see what it was.

And then two of the boys shifted position, and there she was.

Brooke, his wife. She was nude and on her knees. Her tits were red with handprints and she looked like she had just got done running 6 miles. In each of her hands was the cock of a different frat boy, and there was a third student behind her, running his greasy hands all over her body, feeling her up and rubbing her cunt.

A fourth stepped in front of her, shoved his prick into her mouth, and started to hump her face.

Brooke was smiling through a mouthful of frat cock.

“Somebody get the camera and get this shit on tape!”

“Get your phones out and tape this! Send it to her wimp fucking husband!”

The boy humping Floyd’s wife’s face had his phone out and began filming her. Brooke had her eyes locked on the lens.

“You’re a good little slut, aren’t you?”

Brooke shook her head yes with his long white cock in her mouth.

“You like getting your face fucked?”

Brook again told him she did.

“How about those fat fucking titties? You’ll let me fuck those?”

And then the boy was kneeling, roughly holding Brooke’s tits together and using them. He slid back and forth across her chest easily as their sweat mixed together. Other boys were crowding in, copping their feels and trading her mouth. One of the boys told her to open her mouth, and when she did, he spit on her. They were high fiving each other and calling her names.

Floyd was in the entrance to the room on his knees, clutching his stomach. He could not peel his eyes from the scene.

Then they saw him.

“No fucking way!”

“Holy shit it’s Professor Danvers!”

“Oh fuck!”

But the boys shock and fear quickly turned to amusement and disbelief.

“He can’t fucking believe it!”

“You just hear to watch, Professor?”

“Here, take a seat, Mr. Danvers. Front row, just for you!”

And though Floyd heard their laughs and their jeers, it was only his wife’s reaction that he saw. She had not stopped smiling. Only now, she was looking right at Floyd, and starting to laugh.

“I found your little porn collection, Floyd,” Brooke said, playing with one of the Frat Boy’s ball sacks. “Pretty freaky...pretty disgusting actually. So, I thought maybe you’d like to find out if you’re into the real thing.”

The boys had formed a circle around her but left a gap so that Floyd could see. They were all jerking off, dicks of every size and color. Some white and uncut, some thick and black, some brown and hairy. The room smelled like sweaty nuts and hot pussy.

“Let’s bukkake this bitch!”

“Glaze this hoe!”

“Time for your protein, Mrs. Danvers!”

She laughed with them and opened her mouth, flicking her tongue wickedly at the tips of many cocks. Always there were hands on her body. Always they were yelling. And the low frequency of the hip-hop shook the house.

The tall one in the back came first, bringing his dick in from behind her and shooting it down her neck and tits. Fast, hot spurts that quickly coated Mrs. Danvers’s nipples. Then a shorter, Mexican boy knelt in front of her and unloaded all over her creamy breasts.

“Open your mouth, Mrs. Danvers!”

He shot it straight into the back of her throat and she coughed it up, the rest ricocheted off her cheeks and splashed on her shoulders. Another boy divided his load up between her forehead and nose, thick globs that stuck together and pooled under her eyes.

“Cum on my fucking face, boys, cum on it!” Mrs. Danvers screamed. “Let my husband watch you use me like a cumrag!”

The black boy nuzzled in her hair and they all burst into frenzied fits of laughter.

Brooke's eyes were glazed shut, but some of the boys who had cum already were using her mouth again. Two more of them leaned in and came simultaneously on her lips, neck, and tits. They were the two biggest loads by far, causing cum to drip down her sides and grease her thighs.

“Cover that hoe!”

“Make it rain!”

“Look at your fucking wife, Professor Danvers!”

As most of the boys backed away, one of the Frat boys remained. He was tall, built, and tattooed. He laughed as he fucked her throat, and then held her on it deep as he made a mess in her mouth. The cum spilled out the sides and rolled off her chin.

“Swallow it, baby! We don't waste nut around here!”

At last, some of the boys seemed satisfied. They disappeared to where they had come from. Some took a seat on the dirty couch and picked up a game controller, resuming whatever it was they were playing. One of the boys got Floyd's wife a towel...after he had taken pictures.

“Take your wife home and give her a shower, Mr. Danvers!”

“Yeah, well call you the next time we need her!”

“Happy Anniversary!”

Floyd could not remember how he got home that day, just that he sort of “came to” sitting on the edge of the bed, listening to the shower hiss on his wife’s body, breathing in the clouds of steam that were billowing from the bathroom. When she finally emerged, Brooke smelled clean and her skin had a magnificent sheen to it.

Without a word, she pushed her husband onto his back and began to unzip his pants. There were things Mr. Danvers wanted to say just then, but somehow every word that came to his lips seemed stupid and inconsequential. So, he said nothing. His yearly blowjob ended in a mess, more than he had ever shot in his entire life. His hot wife swallowed every drop.

“We should do this more often,” he finally managed, later as they lay in bed.

“The blowjob or the bukkake?” She spoke.

Mr. Danvers thought on this for a moment, before replying, “both.”

3. The Letter

Dear Tobey,

If you are reading this, that means you are probably standing above our bed where I left the envelope. I left it here, on this bed, with these sheets...because this is just as it was the first time Grady fucked me in our home. You were out, probably trying to hustle some pool games at Lenny's Tavern, and Grady showed up looking for you. Said you owed him some money. Anyway, just wanted you to know. I want you to know everything I am about to tell you because...well...I love you very much. And it is my deepest desire that we retain our marriage, and that we stay together. But in the end, that is going to be up to you.

I know you hate him. I know you have always hated him. And it was never my intention to fuck him that day he came over. But once he was in our house, telling me to "get him a beer" and asking if "I was taken care of", something... changed in me. The way he talked about you, and the time I saw him slap you in the face and laugh...I can't explain it, but it gets me so fucking wet. So, when he told me to come sit next to him I did. When he shoved his tongue in my mouth, I didn't fight it. And when he spanked my ass red and fucked me like a bitch dog, I screamed like a little whore. Like HIS little whore. Because I was. And the thought of Grady, your bully, using me up...it gets me off like nothing I've ever known.

And that was just the first time.

I know you suspected things long before you got that text message from him. The truth is, I came when he called. After that first day, he started coming by a couple times a week. If he saw your car was home, he would either keep driving or stay long enough to fuck with you. Like that time he was arguing with you about your payment for the roofing jobs. Remember when he shoved you against the wall and told you he would do as he pleases in your home? Well, he went to take a piss after that before he left. But I was in the bathroom waiting for him.

He threw me in the shower and pissed all over me, clothes and all. I can still remember his fat dangling cock unloading on me. He got hard while he was pissing, and he fucked my mouth a little. He didn't cum. Just finished pissing and left.

But if he saw you weren't home, he would come in. Unannounced, usually, and have his way with me. I would tell him he should probably go, and that we didn't want to get caught. But he did not seem to care very much about that. It was almost like he wanted to get caught...which I guess he really did, because as you and I both know, he got tired of waiting.

Most of the time we fucked, we did it in our bed, honey. But other times, he fucked me in the kitchen, on the living room floor, the couch. Sometimes he would get one of your ties from the closet to wrap my wrists up or choke me. He liked wiping away the last of his cum with your clothes, and he would tell me not to wash them. I didn't. You wore them often, and noticed the stains on your clothes more than once.

He fucked me in the ass. A lot. At first it was really painful, but eventually... well, you know. Other times he would just pick me up in his car and I would blow him till he came. He had a thing with his cum. He liked to do it on my face and my tits. Sometimes he'd have me swallow it. Whatever he wanted, I did. And there was never a time that went by where he didn't mention you. He would be buried in my asshole, choking me and rubbing my clit, whispering in my ear- Does your wimp husband fuck you like this? Do you want me to leave him alone? And the answer was always, no.

I know this is a lot to take in, baby. If you've read this far, I'm proud of you. And I want you to know something very important. This is NOT a breakup letter. I wish to be your wife very much. Now and forever. Always. But I need you to know what happened, and I need you to know what is going to happen, should you choose to stay.

I know his bullying got bad when summer came. Any chance he had to humiliate you at a friend's pool party, he took. We both know he has an amazing physique, and while I love you Tobey, we both know you've never gone to the gym a day in your life. Grady is an athlete; you are a couch potato. And that OK. When his tormenting of you was at its worst, you would lash out at him. You threw that drink at him, another time you yelled at him, and a different time I think you actually may have swung on him. Other than just getting yourself in worse with Grady, it was always right after those instances that he would fuck me the hardest. The cruelest. He would make me squirt seven times in a night if he was angry with you. It fueled him.

And so, knowing this, I wished for his cruelty on you. I wanted him to bully you. You always took it and you never cut him out of your life. So, I think on some level...or, rather, I think I WANT to think, that on some level you liked Grady's dominance. I don't know if it was something that went as far as turning you on...but I remember that time your nipples got hard when he...well, you remember... and I have wondered ever since.

You and I both know our own sex life was at its best during Grady and I's affair. My own guilt mixed with my new appetite certainly worked in your favor in the bedroom. So, in a funny way, it was mutually beneficial. All the bullying and humiliation aside, great sex is great sex.

Let's talk about the text message he sent you, when all of this blew up in your face...in my face too. He grabbed my phone and told me he was doing it. I thought he was kidding and quite frankly, I was distracted. Too distracted to care, I guess. So, there I was, Grady's cock in my ass and one of his loser friend's cock in my mouth. That was the first time he brought a friend, so I guess he wanted documentation. He filmed the whole thing and I know most of your pals have seen it by now. But in the middle of tag-teaming me, he took that short video he sent to you.

When I looked at it later, alone, I masturbated to it. I watched them manhandle me, spanking and spitting on me, fucking my holes. Then I would look at your name in the chat log, and Grady had sent it to you with the text- She's my whore now, and I'll do as I please. I came. I came so fucking hard. And I still do, every time I watch it and read that.

I can only be honest with you, my love. From now on you will know everything, whether you want to or not.

I'll admit I'm surprised you didn't run off after that. The fact that Grady was able to maintain his hold on you is impressive. I never thought in a million years you would watch that video, but you did. I can still remember the pain on your face. I kept looking for any sign of enjoyment, but it just wasn't there. Maybe it was too overwhelming? I'd like to think that if we did these things more often, you would warm to it.

Now, about that day. The day you watched us.

Grady showing up with two men demanding money for your gambling debt...it was terrifying. I could see how you backed down from Grady immediately and paid him without question. When they didn't leave right away, I could see how nervous you were. Your eyes so shifty, always darting around the room. When they said they were going to fuck me for interest, I thought you were going to pass out. I'll never forget the color running out of your face when the three of them crowded me, passing my mouth around for half an hour. They really took their time, didn't they? And all the while, I was looking for any sign from you that maybe, just maybe you could enjoy this.

And I want you to know, I saw you.

Grady is an Alpha. We both know it, and Grady certainly knows it. He can do whatever he wants to me, and not only will I let him, I'll enjoy it. For God's sakes Tobey, he pissed on me and fucked my face in your home while you were there. Who exactly is going to stop him? You? Please.

So, when an Alpha like that fucks me in my ass, a foot from your face, while choking me and slapping my tits, it must provoke some sort of reaction from a Beta like you. Even on some small insignificant level. So, while he came in my asshole, with those other two men slapping my face with their stiff peckers, I caught a quick glimpse of you. You were touching yourself. However small and light, you were doing it. Which tells me, somewhere, deep down, it is in you. It is in you to want this.

That, or I'm seeing what I want to see. Who knows?

Finally, we need to talk about you hitting Grady. I know what he did may have seemed like it was crossing the line, but you've failed to realize one important thing in our relationship. Grady gets what Grady wants. He owns me, and he owns you. If you didn't know that already, you haven't been paying attention. So, don't do that ever again. Don't you dare.

As for what he did. I couldn't really see what happen. I know I was bent over on the ground, and Grady had his big dick in my ass again, and he had reached one leg so far up that he was pinning my head to the ground with his foot. I could actually lick part of it if I stuck my tongue out, which I did when he told me to. It was a little uncomfortable but all I can really remember was how hot it was. To be treated like that in front of you. To be fucked like a piece of meat until he filled me up again with his seed. It was incredible.

So, I don't appreciate you interrupting with your little tantrum. No more of that. And you keep your hands off Grady unless he tells you to do otherwise. Which between you and me, he might be telling you otherwise very soon.

I'll be home tonight around 5:30. I'm finishing up my weekend with Grady. We took lots of pictures and videos for you. You and I can talk when I get home. Grady will be around about 11 but he won't be staying long. He wants to see you, and he wants to see me.

I love you Darling, and I hope you will be there when I get home tonight.

-Love, Felicia

4. Weed Dealer

“He told me to tell you that...he’s short on the money, but he can pay you another way.”

Stacy was biting her bottom lip and staring at Reggie sitting on her couch. She was clearly nervous about something, but exactly what, Reggie had no idea. He had been selling to Stacy and her man, Franklin, for over a year. It was not the first time Franklin did not have the cash, and that was fine. Franklin always got Reggie the money.

“Oh shit, no big deal,” Reggie said, rising to leave. “Just tell him to get me next time.”

Reggie turned to go but Stacy put a hand on his shoulder, squeezing softly.

Reggie turned and looked at Stacy. He towered over her. Stacy was no more than 5’5, a petite little white girl with long dark hair and the kind of fat, juicy titties that Goth Girls always seemed to have. Today, those titties were pale and glistening and practically spilling out over Stacy’s little Hot Topic tank top.

“He said we could pay you, Reggie...just not with money...”

Stacy licked her lips, her little fingers playing at the tops of her milky breasts as she looked up at him.

“Where’s Franklin?”

“He’s around...not far...but he’s not here...”

Reggie looked around the apartment. It was small, slightly messy, but nothing out of the usual. The bedroom door at the other end of the living room was closed...but now, looking at it, Reggie could tell it was not quite shut all the way.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

Stacy smiled at him, winked, and came in closer. They were quite an image; Reggie, tall and lean and black, his short dreadlocks only now starting to get past his face. Stacy was tiny, white, huge tits and short shorts. Reggie had seen this movie before.

He reached down and found one of her plump ass cheeks and squeezed it.

“You gonna let me play with this booty, girl?” He asked.

Stacy came into him, pushing her eager tongue into his mouth and letting her tiny little hands roam his long body. Reggie obliged her, and made out with her in return, his own hands finding those fat titties he had stolen glances at so many times.

“I see the way you look at me, Reggie,” Stacy said, breathless, “I know you want

it.”

“Damn right, girl. But yah man...”

“Don’t worry about him...he’s cool with it...”

“You sure, I mean- “

“I’m going to be a little slut for you, Reggie. I want to suck your black nigga dick.”

Reggie packed a bowl of Sour Diesel into Stacy’s glass bong while she undid his laces and took his shoes off. He raised the bong to his mouth when she began unbuckling his belt, and he ripped the whole bowl in one take as she shimmied his jeans and underwear down to his ankles.

“Goddamn, boy...” Stacy said, taking the long, half-hard black snake into her hands and lifting it from his flat stomach. “I knew you were packing...but fuck...”

She got it into her mouth and started to go to work. Stacy did not waste any time with her rhythm, bouncing her head up and down on it while she used two hands to work it up. She was using lots of spit and had the mamba soaked in seconds. Before long Reggie was rock hard and it stood at full attention without her help. Stacy took her shirt off and those pale, milky titties spilled out everywhere.

“Oh Damn, Stacy. You know I need to see these, though. Stand your little ass up.”

Reggie stroked his big black dick while Stacy stood between his legs, bouncing around so that her tits jiggled for him. Her nipples were big and pink, already swollen.

“Let me taste those titties baby.”

Stacy climbed into Reggie’s lap, wrapping her arms around his neck. Reggie squeezed and licked, flicking the nipple rapidly with his tongue. Stacy was grinding her hips into his erection now, and she was moaning while he got a mouthful.

There was a slow, long creak from the other side of the room.

Reggie looked at Stacy.

“It’s ok, Reggie...he might watch...just from the doorway...”

“Oh, goddam it’s like that, huh? Y’all a couple of freaks?”

“It’s like that,” Stacy said, nearly drooling as she dry humped his meat, rubbing her short shorts against his mass.

“Well let’s give him a show then. Get down there and suck my dick, girl.”

Stacy smiled and slid off him and onto her knees, between his legs. As she took him back into her mouth, Reggie looked across the room. The door that was almost closed before, was now cracked open. In the dark, dim slit of the doorway he could see the outline of Franklin, staring at them and not making a sound.

Reggie laughed and put a hand on the back of Stacy’s head.

“Come on now girl, you want free weed you best work for it,” Reggie said. He gagged her on his dick, shoving her so deep on it that her eyes bulged, and a fresh tear of black mascara ran down her fair goth face. “That’s it baby, keep the eye contact. Gag on it. Don’t make me do it for you.”

He relaxed his hands behind his head while Stacy impaled her face on his big black cock. He looked at the doorway and smiled, nodding his head. If this loser wanted a free eighth for his girlfriend’s pussy, so be it. This was not the first time some white dude had asked Reggie to fuck his girl, and he hoped it would not be the last time, either. He noticed how hairy his dick and balls were, completely neglecting to trim them the last few months. His curly pubic hair was soaked in the girl’s spit, and he wondered if she planned on giving her boyfriend a big wet kiss after they finished.

He stood up from the couch so he could fuck her face while standing. Spit was

pouring out of Stacy's mouth in long streaks, mixed with his precum. Her tits and stomach were greased in it, and it was dripping far enough down that her short shorts were also getting wet. Glug Glug Glug, sounds filled the room and there was a shudder from the doorway. The door had flung wide now, and there was Franklin jerking off. His face was red, and he looked overwhelmed.

"Stand over there and watch, Franklin. Watch me fuck yah' pretty girl's face."

Franklin started shooting spurts of cum onto the rug. Stacy came up for air, her white face streaked in makeup and tears. She was smiling as she wiped the spit from her tits back onto his cock.

"You gonna cum in my mouth, Reggie?"

"Hold still," he told her.

Reggie locked both hands around her head as he began his finishing strokes, pounding the back of her throat as his cock erupted. She could not keep it down, her eyes bulging with surprise as it exploded out of her mouth. Still cumming, Reggie pulled it from her hungry mouth and aimed it her fat white tits.

"Oh goddamn, girl. Fuck, you nasty," he breathed. The final spurts of it coated her nipples and dripped across her Double D's. When he finished, she put him back in her mouth and sucked out the last of it.

Franklin brought Stacy a towel.

“Franklin bro, you the man,” Reggie laughed. He put his fist out, and Franklin awkwardly dapped him. Reggie put his pants back on while Stacy cleaned off and Franklin packed a bowl.

“You in a rush, Reggie?” Stacy asked him.

Reggie laughed. “Why, what y’all up to?”

“We were just gonna smoke and watch a movie...you can hang for a bit...I mean, you should hang for a bit.”

Reggie sat back down on the couch and Stacy sat next to him. Franklin took the recliner a few feet away and opened Netflix.

5. The Pirates Hot Wife

“Alright then, matey. Sit ye self down right there and listen to the words I tell ye.”

The Deckhand obeyed his Captain’s command and took a seat on the edge of the bed. It was dimly lit in Captain’s quarters, candles cast 3 shadows on the wall: The hulking Captain, the nervous Deckhand...and the Captain’s mysterious wife, hovering in a dark corner of the room.

“Ye might reckon that wha’ I be about t’ tell ye be a joke, but it most certainly ain’t.” The captain pawed at his mustache with the hook on his right arm, surveying the blonde, scared Deckhand. He motioned to his wife who stood in the corner, shrouded in shadow. “Why don’t ye go sit down beside our young, strappin’ guest. Sit close enough so he can smell ye.”

The Captain’s wife glided across the room to where the Deckhand sat on the edge of the bed. For the first time, the Deckhand got a look at her. He had heard stories that she was beautiful, but he had never actually seen her up close. The stories were true, only not as good as the real thing. When she sat down next to him, he stared at the way her breasts rose over the top of her dress...and then after a moment, the Deckhand caught himself and averted his eyes.

“Oh, no. None o’ that, ye hear? I wants ye t’ look. Go ahead. Look at them, me hearty. Look at her big tits, 'n if ye wants...ye go right a head 'n play wit' them.” The Captain laughed, stomping his peg leg down onto the deck and scratching at his eyebrows with the hook on his hand.

The Deckhand was stunned into silence, straining to believe what he had just heard. The Captain continued to cackle like a madman, only now, the Captain’s Wife had started to run her hands across the boys chest. She was staring into his

eyes, deep and seductive. The Deckhand stared at her lips, pouting and red, wet and ready.

“Oh lad, I wants ye t' do much more than jus' feel her tits. I wants ye t' loot me beauty 'n farrg her! Farrg her hard 'n fast 'n jus' th' way she likes it! I've seen wha' yer packin' down thar lass, 'n 'tis time me beautiful beauty will get a taste! That's it! That's it! Farrg her good! If ye make her cum maybe I'll let ye farrg her in th' arse!”

The Captain's Wife slid out of her dress and lay naked with The Deckhand in the center of the bed. The boy was anxious, and his hands roamed her body clumsily, exploring the crevice of her ass and the slit there. She found his hardening cock underneath his trousers and began to squeeze and stroke it over the cloth, immediately a wet spot formed on the front of his pants.

“Oh, look at that! Th' tip o' his pegleg be makin' milk already! He's hard fer ye, dear! I hope ye can handle his pegleg 'n all th' jizz 'tis goin' t' make fer ye!”

The Captain's Wife made quick work removing the soiled trousers from the Deckhand, who now lay naked from the waist down. Between his legs was a fat, purple cock jutting out from a large bush of red and orange hair. His ginger balls were clinging tight to his body but were still roughly the size of two small apples. She smiled as she took him into her mouth and began to pleasure him as he never experienced before.

“Suck his pegleg, beauty! Suck it good! Taste his milk 'n drink it down! Be his wee wench, don't be shy! 'n ye! Deckhand! If ye needs t' squirt be sure t' get every last drop down me beauty's throat!”

The Deckhand felt his pre-cum dripping into The Captain's Wife's throat. His eyes kept shifting from the beautiful woman swabbing his deck to his Captain, who was terrifying on a good day, and deadly on a bad one. Was the man really going to sit and watch this happen? Or would he, the poor Deckhand, be walking the plank in the morning?

Then the Captain's wife was straddling him, guiding his fat cock into her soaked, hairy cunt with both hands. Once in, she began grinding him, her bare ass facing her husband, and her husband laughing wildly.

"Yer pegleg barely fits in her powder pan! Me God ye're stretchin' her cunt wide open. She may nah even feel me the' next time we farrg! Oh, that's it, lad. That's it! Let he ride yer big fat pegleg, 'n if ye needs t' cum, shoot it straight into her powder pan!"

Dismounting, The Captain's Wife bent down and sucked her own juices off the Deckhand's cock. These were the only moments the Captain was quiet, his wife staring into his eyes as she did it.

Now the Deckhand had her bent over the bed, mere feet from where The Captain sat, stroking his short little cock with his one good hand.

"That's it! Farrg her! Harder, matey! Give her yer dirty pegleg! Fill her powder pan up t' th' brim wit' yer sweet drink. Spank her! That's it! If she ain't tight enough fer ye, stick a finger in her arse!"

The Deckhand was sweating and panting all over the Captain's Wife. Her great big bosoms were flopping madly amongst the sheets. He flipped her over and

began to frantically suck her nipples while his cock found its stride again in the new position. The Captain's Wife was starting to moan; high, whimpering noises that sounded like she was out of breath. The Deckhand kept at his pace, shaking her body with every stroke.

“She's cumming, lad! Look ye there! You're big ol' pegleg stretched her box a wide open! She can't handle it! She's cumming again! By jolly, matey! Ye 've got a magic cock if I ever seen one! No Deckhand o' mine has ever made me Beauty cum snake eyes before!”

The Deckhand was covered in sweat now, and his own sweat covered The Captain's Wife. They were sliding against each other in the hot, humid cabin of The Sea Bull. The Sea Bull was a magnificent ship with many fine living quarters. But the finest of them all was The Captain's quarters. And tonight, the Captain's quarters were filled with the moans of a bull, a hot wife, and the mad laughter of the cuckold that presided over the ship.

“If ye gonna shoot yer load, I have a special request! Stick it right in her arse! That's right, you heard me, matey. Flip her over...good, just like that...Now spread her box, that's right. Give it some of ye spit...oh very good, lassy. Now, ease it in...that's right, ease it in. Ease it right into ye bitches fartbox! Ha! There ye go!”

And the Deckhand fucked the Captain's Wife in her ass while she screamed at the top of her lungs. Half the ship would have awakened if it had not been for the ferocious storm raging outside. It was always during these terrible squaws that the Captain would hand select a Deckhand from the bottom of the boat...they were always the most eager to please.

The Deckhand buried his cock in her ass as he unloaded his cum. So much of it

that it spilled out the sides of. And when he pulled out, a fresh stream of it rain down her thigh and onto the sheets of the bed.

“Good, lass. Good boy. Now get ye stained trousers, put them on, and get ye off to bed. Ye’ve had a big night!”

The Deckhand dressed in silence and slipped from the room, but not before stealing one last glance of The Captain’s beautiful wife, lying on her stomach and cum running down her cheeks.

The Captain locked the door behind him and joined his wife in bed.

“Can I clean ye up, deary?”

“Aye aye, Captain,” she whispered.