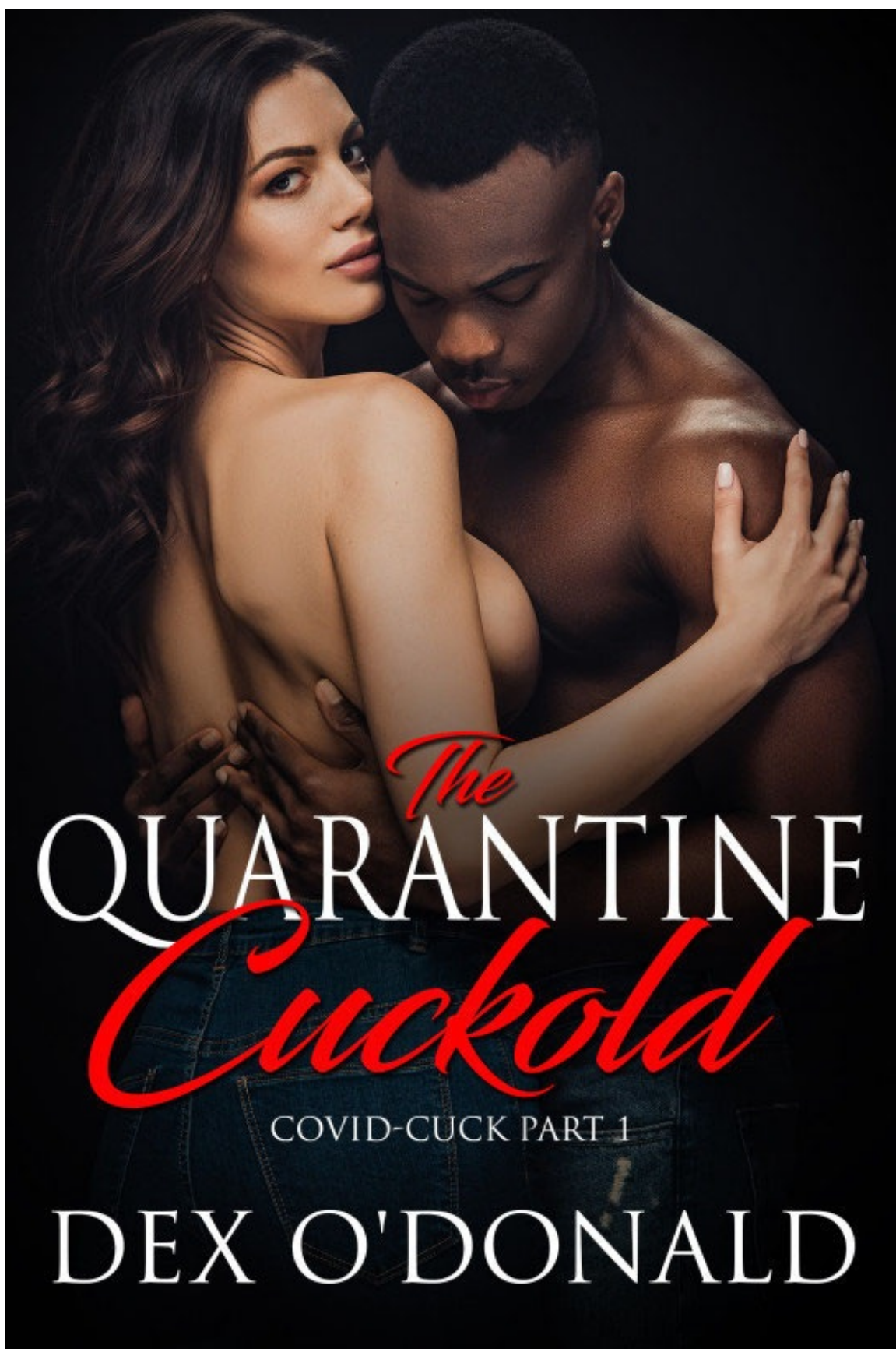


The
QUARANTINE
Cuckold

COVID-CUCK PART 1

DEX O'DONALD



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The Quarantine Cuckolding

Covid-Cuck Part 1

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

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1. Co-Vid

It took 7 days of Quarantine for Collin's world to be flipped on its side. A pandemic will scare people, make them act strange. Reflecting on it later, Collin would say he made some strange decisions based on the Virus, but that he made even stranger ones after Lockdown started. The man he was on day 1 turned out to be a vastly different man than the one on day 4. And the one on day 7, well... he would not recognize that man at all. Heather, his girlfriend, would probably say the same thing.

About Colin. And about herself.

Collin was watching Heather, the anxiety and excitement in her eyes and on her trembling lips. She was shaking like a leaf. The large hulking shadows of the three men were cast across her as she kneeled on the bed, the afternoon sun filling in the cracks. Music was playing downstairs, far away and bass booming.

The shadows loomed closer, covering everything. Collin sat down in his chair, his shirt stained with nervous sweat. The sound of zippers and lips licking, the shuffling of clothing to the floor.

Collin watched.

2. Lockdown

Collin and Heather were leaving the grocery store with enough toilet paper to supply a hotel in downtown Manhattan when Tom called with the news that would end up changing their lives forever.

“What’s the word, buddy,” Collin began, shifting his cell to his other ear.

“Did you guys leave the store yet?” Tom asked. He sounded off.

“Pulling out now, it’s a mad house in there so no way we’re going back in. What did you need?”

Heather sat in the passenger seat and hit Collin on the leg when he said this. She hated when Collin was impatient with Tom because Tom was always so nice to them. He really was the best roommate she had ever had, and such a great third wheel in the house to compliment Heather and Collin’s obnoxiously affectionate relationship. If Tom wanted something from the store, she was going to make Collin turn around and go back in and get it.

“How much toilet paper did you get?” Tom said, still not his usual self.

“Enough for a goddamn army, I told you. We could quarantine for a year with the amount I have, dude.” Collin could not put his finger on what was going on, but he could feel something coming. Something like Tom asking him for a favor or...

“Look, buddy, we gotta talk. Kind of crazy, I’d rather talk face to face. When are you home?”

Collin hesitated. What did Tom need to say? And if he wanted to talk face to face, why the panicked phone call? “Are you freaking out because of the virus buddy?” Collin began to giggle, “look, I’m not judging you if you’re scared. I’ll cuddle you bud!”

Heather laughed and rolled her eyes. She put her long dark hair back in a ponytail and looked out the window. The streets were empty except for the line into the grocery parking lot. It was officially Lockdown, which meant one thing for her and Collin and Tom: Quarantine. They were stocking up on every essential now and planned to wait out the virus at home. Luckily for them, a three-bedroom 2 bath with a fully furnished basement was going to allow them

plenty of room to stretch out. She said a quiet thank you to Collin's father who had bought them the house two years prior.

"Don't be an asshole," Tom said, and Heather could faintly make out his voice on the other end of the phone from where she sat, "Look...you remember when I told you about my buddies in Georgia? They worked with that construction company in Atlanta..."

"Yeah, I remember," said Collin, "what do you mean worked? I thought they were as good as gold there, I thought they had that job forever and always?"

"Yeah, well, not sure if you've heard on the news lately man but people have been losing jobs due to this thing called Corona and-"

"Alright, very funny. I get it. What does that have to do with me?"

Collin put Tom on speaker and the young couple listened to what he had to say. By the time they pulled into the driveway of the home they shared with him, the meaning of Tom's phone call was crystal clear. His three friends in Georgia (whom Collin had heard about for years but had never actually met) had been laid off due to the pandemic, and not only that, were not going to be able to pay their rent because of it. They had reached out to their old friend Tom to ask- could they ride out the quarantine with him for a few weeks.

Collin's initial reaction, which he did not verbalize, was you have got be fucking kidding me.

He killed the engine on the car as they parked in the driveway, car full of groceries for 3 but enough for 10. Collin turned to his girlfriend and looked at her for a long moment.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

"Shit, don't ask me, Collin," she seemed worried. "I don't know what to do. I mean it's crazy..."

"It's a crazy thing to ask anybody, frankly," Collin said.

"It is, yes," Heather began, wiping a lock of hair from her face, "but also, could you imagine losing your job right now? I mean, what if we didn't have your

Dad's house? What would we be doing right now?"

Collin loved her. And not just because she was beautiful and sexy. But because she was kind and nice, and always thought of others before herself.

"You're right," he said at last, leaning over the console and kissing her. "Should we do it? Should we let them stay? I mean, we've never even met them."

"How bad can they be?"

3. The Guests Arrive

Tom made them dinner that night while he tried to explain and profusely apologize all at the same time, even though Collin and Heather had already told him it was OK.

“I seriously owe you both one for this,” Tom said as he poured them wine and served mounds of pasta, “and I can’t thank you enough for agreeing to it. It means so much to me! They’ve been my friends...”

Heather made a face at Collin from across the dinner table as Tom babbled on. Collin laughed and thought of the love they were going to make that night, and he felt himself growing hard right there at the dining room table.

“When do your friends get in, Tom?” Heather asked.

“Sometime tonight, late. Not sure when exactly.”

“That’s quite a drive from Atlanta,” Collin said, helping himself to more wine, “just tell them not to make too much noise when they get in. Our room is right by the front door.”

“What are their names?” Heather said, stealing a meatball from Tom’s plate.

“I deserve that,” he laughed. “Well, let’s see. There’s Nate, and Jim, and Farooq. We all go way back to college days together.”

“So they are about the same age as us, then? Late 20s/early 30s?”

“That’s right,” Tom said, winding spaghetti onto his fork. “And if you hadn’t guessed already, that’s two white guys and a black guy. So don’t act all weird when you meet a black person, Collin.”

Collin rolled his eyes. “I’ve got lots of black friends, dumbass. I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh yeah, sure. Growing up here in Denver, I’m sure. Black people everywhere!”

Collin made to fling a meatball at Tom who pretended to take cover behind his water glass.

“Enough, boys!” Heather said, laughing. “Well, I’m excited to meet them. At least having new people around will liven things up a bit during quarantine.”

“Hopefully not too much, though,” Collin said, wiping his mouth. “No noise after 9 o’clock!”

His girlfriend and his best friend heckled him for that one, and the three carried on into the night. Somewhere around 11 O’clock Collin drifted off to bed and fell asleep, full of pasta and most certainly wine drunk.

At around 3 O’ clock in the morning, a commotion came from the living room and jarred him awake. Rubbing his eyes and beginning to feel the dull thud of a hangover in his head, Collin wondered what it could have been. Then the sleepiness subsided, and he remembered: The House Guests. He felt around in the dark for Heather but she wasn’t there.

“Babe?” He asked no one. Then he heard voices coming from the living room. Then a girl’s voice. Heather.

“Oh what the fuck,” he said, annoyed. He put some pants on and went out to greet the guests.

A din of laughter and greetings, bright lights causing him to squint, and the three tall strangers were enough to confuse the hell out of Collin in his current state. What he did see as he approached the group was Heather’s smiling face as Tom made a round of proper introductions. When Collin got to them, Tom started over.

“There he is! Mr. Sleepy Head himself! I want you to meet my friends, Collin!” Tom said. And so, he did. The first one’s name was Jim, and he was stocky and tall with spiked blonde hair. Tattoos clung to his forearms and disappeared under a shirt that was stretched taut against his big chest. His hand swallowed Collin’s own, and was warm and friendly. Then there was Nate, roughly the same height (tall) as Jim, but slenderer. Veins stuck out on his arms and his hair was jet black, with a 5 o’clock shadow beginning to show on his face. Lastly, he met Farooq. Taller than the rest and more muscular, he was black like indigo and his smile was flashy and friendly. He shook Tom’s hand and profusely thanked him. They were all thanking him.

“Did I miss anything?” Collin said, wiping his eyes.

“No, nothing at all,” Said Jim, “we just got to meet your beautiful fiancée, Heather.”

Heather blushed, and for the first time in his daze Collin realized nobody was really talking or thanking him at all. They were not even looking at him. It was Heather getting the platitudes, even if they were meant for Collin. There was no state of lucidity Collin could be in to not recognize the stares that Heather was getting from the new house guests. And at 3 o clock in the morning, hungover and in the middle of one of the strangest times in world history, this all added up to severe uneasiness for Collin.

“Well, you guys must be tired,” said Collin. “We’ll let you get settled. See you in the morning.”

The three men thanked him again, though eye contact was not to be had. They each shook Heather’s hand before the engaged couple walked back to bed. Later, lying in the dark, Heather broke the silence just as Collin was drifting back to sleep.

“They seem nice, huh?”

“They certainly do.”

The first days that followed typical of a group of young adults, under quarantine or “Lockdown”, with access to a big house that featured a billiards table, a movie area(in the basement), a sizeable backyard and of course, a swimming pool and hot tub. They drank, they ate, and they partied. And the strangers that were once “the house guests”, soon became Jim, Nate, and Farooq(or, ‘Rooq as Heather had affectionately called him on Day 2).

“We could always drain this pool and use it as a skate park,” laughed Nate. It was Day 3 and it was sunny and cloudless. The 5 of them lounged around the water, cocktails in plastic solo cups. Nate was on a floating raft in the middle of the pool, his browned skin gleamed in the sunlight and the cut of his abs was hard to miss.

“Oh, the skater boy would just love that!” Heather laughed, kicking water at him from the edge of the pool where she soaked her legs. She was incredibly revealing in her white and blue top, but it was day 3 after all and these were friends.

“How did you peg me for a skater, Heather?” Nate asked, smiling.

“Like it’s not obvious, dude. Yeah, bro.” Heather was giggling.

The others laughed and the two of them carried on. It was lightly flirtatious. Or at least, that is what Collin thought of it. Of course, people were going to joke around and carry on at a time like this, and hell, Collin felt lucky to have such a good group to pass the time with. But still, it did not help that Heather looked so good. Her bikini raised eyebrows the first day, Farooq even whistled when he saw her (though he covered it up as playfulness with a light punch on Collin’s arm). And there was no doubt Heather looked good. Collin was not an idiot and he knew what that meant to a group dynamic. Especially a group comprised of 5 men and one woman. But ultimately Collin also had to admit, it was fun. In a way, he relished the opportunity to see other men hypothetically drool over his trophy (soon to be) wife.

“No skate park, hell no,” laughed Jim, “The swimming pool stays!” He was walking through the water, waist deep. He was vastly muscular, with broad shoulders and big veiny arms. Said arms were sleeved and covered in colorful tattoos that ran onto his neck. He was stretching one arm over his chest as he walked, and Collin could not help but notice Heather’s gaze. It seemed to have been shifting back and forth between Nate’s abs and Jim’s arms all afternoon. Collin’s own body was no travesty, but Nate and Jim both seemed to have benefited physically from their line of work. In a way, it killed him to see her looking at them like that, but in another way, something further and deeper in the back of his mind, he enjoyed it. How exactly, he could not say. At least, not yet.

Farooq was sitting at the outdoor table, dripping from head to toe from his recent dip in the water. He stood out among the rest of the group; bigger and of course, blacker. Water droplets seemed to cradle in the curves of his muscles, then release quickly to stream against his dark skin. He stared at Heather on the edge of the water, splashing her feet.

“Heather,” Farooq called to her.

Heather pivoted where she was sitting and turned to look back at Farooq. She put a hand over her face to shield her eyes from the sun, and then she looked him in the eyes.

“Will you stand up?” He asked. Farooq’s voice had a foreign sound to it,

something like French and South African together.

Heather laughed. “What? Why?” Her smile was beautiful in the sunlight.

“I can’t tell you,” Farooq flashed his white grin, “it is a surprise.”

Collin was watching on with Tom at his side. The two were swimming around in the deep end of the pool, furthest from where Heather sat. He shot Tom a small look of trepidation, but Tom never saw it. He was watching the two together and there was something on his face...was it concern? Collin was not sure. What he did know was that Tom didn’t find the exchange nearly as funny as Jim and Nate seemed to.

“This better be a good surprise!” Heather said, laughing as she stood up on the edge of the pool.

Farooq stood up and walked over to where she was standing. Her back was to the pool, and all Collin could see of her was her partially exposed ass in that green bathing suit bottom. Every man here is staring at her ass right now, he thought. Either that or their gay and their staring at Farooq’s goddamn chest.

“Have you ever fly before, Heather?” Farooq asked, exotically.

“What do you mean?” Heather’s voice was closer to a whisper now, her face just inches from Farooq’s.

“I want to make you fly, if you’ll let me.” He said.

“I-, I’m, not sure, do you mean...” Heather trailed off, nervous in front of the group.

Farooq looked past her and nodded to Collin.

“I want to toss her in the pool is all,” Farooq said innocently. Or as innocently as a 6-foot 5 black man can sound.

Collin tried to lighten up.

“Go for it, babe!” He said. Please fucking don’t, he thought.

“Do it! Do it!” Jim chanted.

“Me next!” Nate said, defusing the situation. Everyone laughed and it seemed like the anxious air was cleared momentarily.

“Do you want to fly, Heather?” Farooq asked.

“OK, fuck it!” Heather squealed. She grabbed her drink and downed it. Then she presented herself to Farooq, tan tits gleaming in the sun. “Ready!”

Farooq smiled ear to ear and scooped her up under her legs in one motion. Collin saw immediately that her plump ass was resting on his forearm, and the bathing suit was being jostled. Then Farooq got his other arm underneath her neck, just at the top of her collar bone. His giant hand nestled in right next to her loosely floating breasts. Then he pushed her up into the air and above his head, the way one might hold a barbell.

Heather was laughing wildly as Farooq walked around the edge of the pool with her held high. All the guys were laughing except Collin. Collin wanted to play along and laugh like it was funny, but he could not take his eyes off of his fiancé. Her breasts were nearly exposed to the nipple as she dangled there, and there was another man, a much bigger and stronger man, holding her. His face was turning red as he tried to hold back the shame and anger.

Then Farooq launched her into the air. She was a tangle of hair and white limbs as she flew up into the air and then down into the pool. Everyone cheered. She came up with a smile covering her face and Collin felt himself exhale. He relaxed. You’ve had a lot to drink, buddy. He breathed deep. Just calm down, it’s no big deal.

The rest of the afternoon drifted on as the group kept drinking, swimming, and playing in the water. Collin relaxed and made himself another cocktail, and slowly began to accept the fact that things were going to be flirtatious for a while. It was only natural. The important thing was that everyone was respectful, and it stayed playful. After all, Farooq had basically asked his permission, right? And could he blame any of them for staring at her ass and tits in a bathing suit? It was not like she was naked, after all. Collin decided that tonight he was going to give it to her extra good once everyone had gone to bed.

At some point during the afternoon heat wave of alcohol and swimming, Tom

gott a phone call and retreated into the house. When he returned, Collin could see the look of concern on his face from across the pool. He quickly got out and approached him.

“What the fuck, Tom? What is it?” Collin said.

“I’ve gotta fly home. Tonight.” Tom said.

Collin stared at him in disbelief. “What do you mean? What’s going on?”

“My brothers got the corona virus,” he said, scratching at his head. “I’m sure he’ll be fine, he’s like 22. But still, I need to go be with family man. I’ve gotta fly home. Tonight!”

“Slow down, listen. I know you want to go-“

“NO MAN! I’ve gotta go. No but’s no if’s. My dad is already booking the flight. I’m sorry.”

“I get it man, I do,” Collin said, starting to get flustered. “But if you leave, then what? It’s just me and Heather and your old college buddies?”

“Look, I know it seems like I’m leaving you high and dry, but you see those guys...they aren’t bad guys. They are fine! They are easy! And I guess...I guess if you don’t want them to stay I can tell them. But honestly, I don’t know where they are gonna go right now with the country the way it is!”

Collin frowned. He turned and looked back over to the pool. The four of them had not realized anything was wrong yet. They were standing in the pool, closer together than Collin would have liked. Laughing, splashing...occasionally touching. What the fuck was happening?

“Look, you don’t have to tell them to leave,” Collin said. Tom sighed immediately with relief. “But I’ve got to ask you something. OK?”

Tom nodded, knowing what was coming.

“Can I trust these guys? I mean...look, they are cool and all, but it’s the way they look at Heather sometimes. The way they flirt with her...I know it’s nothing but. I need to know. Can I trust them?”

Tom took his best friend Collin by the shoulders. “Collin. Look at me buddy. Right in my eyes. Good. YES, motherfucker. You can trust them. I’ve known them for years. They are just three, occasionally horny dudes. And Heather is hot. You know all this. But yes, dude. Trust them. Please.”

Collin laughed then, and Tom laughed with him.

“OK, buddy? I wouldn’t leave you here with three dudes if they were lining up to bone your fiancé.”

“I hope not!” Collin laughed.

4. Then There Were 4

On Day 4 of Quarantine, there were 5 people left in the house. Tom left the night before, headed for the airport and then onto New Jersey. His absence was felt most noticeably by Collin, who upon waking up that fourth day, new instantly that things had changed.

Farooq, Jim, and Nate were noticeably different right away. While everyone had been playing fast and loose with clothing in general, it was typically centered on the pool. When not in the pool, shirts and pants were sort of agreed on. But that morning, the 4th morning, not one of the guys had a shirt on. It was dumping rain outside and the pool was out of the question. But 10 am came, then 11, then noon. Still the three of them sat around wearing no more than shorts, their toned stomachs and arms out and free.

Collin was also half-sure they were all free balling. Though he tried not to look, it was hard to miss the bulges that seemed to be swinging so freely around the house.

It was not just the way they dressed, though. The guys were shorter with him today, less smiley and more sneering. Collin tried to chalk it up to Quarantine stress. Except, when Heather came downstairs, they brightened right up. As a matter of fact, all talking that day seemed to be centered on Heather. What she was wearing, what she was doing, what she was eating, what her plans were, where she was from. So on and so forth. Suddenly Heather was the most interesting person in the world.

It was as if Collin had disappeared into thin air.

And it was not just changes in the guys. Heather was acting strange. She came downstairs that day in short shorts and a loose-fitting t-shirt. This might have been passably fine for Collin except that it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra under the shirt. Her nipples were taut and hard and pierced right the shirt, and the natural jiggle of her breasts was followed closely by all. She found herself with the guys in the movie room down in the basement, and from about noon on there was nothing but laughter from the guys and occasional surprised shriek from Heather.

Things were different now. Maybe Collin was different too. Twice he had gone to the bathroom to jerk off alone into the toilet, feeling overwhelmed by Heather's new attitude and the constant advances from the boys.

“Come on, girl, get over here.” Jim said. Heather was lying down on the couch next to him, with Farooq and Nate at either end of her. Collin watched them from the corner entrance of the movie” nook.” They all looked extremely comfortable together.

“What you want, boy,” Heather giggled playfully, rolling around a little on the couch and absent mindedly making her tits jiggle.

“Girl, get your butt over here and watch this movie with me. Your man ain’t here.”

“Oh stop it, you’re bad, Jim!”

“Come on!” Jim reached a big foot out and poked her in the stomach with his big toe. Heather squealed like a little girl and laughed. He kept doing it and asking her and she kept laughing. None of them knew that Collin was watching.

“Ok! Ok! Fine, stop! Stop!” Writhing and laughing, Heather got up and slithered across the couch, over Nate, and got into Jim’s lap. Jim put a big arm around her and pulled her close. They quieted down and kept watching the movie. The room was silent.

Collin watched them from the doorway for a long time, his stomach turning over, and over, and over...He retreated again to the bathroom to masturbate, this time picturing Jim fondling Heather, and after he came for the third time that day, hated himself for thinking something so horrible.

The rain poured on into the evening, trapping the 5 of them in the house. At 3 P.M. they started drinking.

“Open up, Heather,” Nate laughed, “try and catch my nut.”

Heather opened her pouty mouth wide and waited for Nate to try and throw his almond into her mouth. He tried to compose himself as he readied his hand to throw the Almond into Heather’s waiting mouth.

“You have to open wider to catch his nut, Heather!” Jim guffawed.

Farooq was laughing so hard tears were in his eyes.

“I’m fucking waiting!” Yelled Heather, drunk from the afternoon Hurricanes.

The three men laughed hysterically as Heather held her mouth open and Nate tried to shoot almonds at her. Collin was perched nervously just outside of the kitchen watching them goof off. Finally, Nate managed to toss an Almond at Heather’s open mouth. It bounced off her nose and went flying. The entire kitchen erupted into laughter. In the middle of the laughing fit, Heather leaned over and hung on the side of Farooq’s giant arm.

By 8 O’clock that night the rain had finally stopped but the drinking had not. Heather and the three guests were plenty drunk and had been hanging all over each other half naked for the entire day. Collin knew it was coming, but at long last his biggest fear of the day was being realized.

“Let’s get in the hot tub everybody!” Yelled Nate.

“Yes, hot tub now!” Resounded Farooq.

“Let’s go!” Screamed Jim.

As they all ran out the door to jump in the hot tub, Collin managed to get a hand on Heather and pulled her aside.

“Hey baby, wassup” Heather slurred her words.

“What’s going on, Heather? Huh? You’ve said two words to me all day and you’re hanging all over Jim.”

“Oh my God, please. Do not get so jealous. Jim is just my friend!”

“I don’t like you parading around without a bra and they’re barely dressed! It’s embarrassing!”

“Baby, please shut up and get in the tub with us. It’s gonna be so fun. Come on, I’ll show everybody I’m your girl.” She pushed into him and stuck her tongue in his mouth. He felt his jealousy ease about an inch. “And then later, we can fuck so good, baby,” she was whispering.

“OK, OK. You promise? Yeah? OK.”

The 5 of them crowded the hot tub. Heather sat in Collin's lap.

"So when's the wedding?" Nate asked, smiling as he sipped his margarita.

"Who the fuck knows!" Heather laughed, floating and falling out of Collin's lap in her drunken state. Every man in the hot tub noticed how her right nipple was slowly starting to creep over the confines of her bikini top, pink and puffy.

"Whoa, come on," Collin said, trying to lighten up. "We can't get married during this quarantine lockdown bullshit, right?"

"I don't know, Collin," Jim said, reaching over and snapping Heather's top at her shoulder. "If I had one like this, I'd want it locked in as soon as possible."

Heather splashed water at Jim and he splashed back. She stuck her tongue out at him and Jim laughed. Collin and Jim made eye contact, but Collin looked away first. "Sooner than later, Collin," Jim added. "I don't want to steal this one from you!"

The three men laughed while Collin faked it. Heather floated from Collin then, and landed right in between Farooq and Jim. She did it absently, but to Collin it was the coldest thing she had ever done to him. Farooq did not hesitate and put a giant arm right around her shoulders. Heather, unhinged and uninhibited, laid her tiny head against his giant shoulder.

"When we gonna fly again, Rooq'?" She asked.

"Whenever you're ready, baby," Farooq responded.

Collin realized now wasn't the time to discourage cute nicknames like "baby" and "Rooq." Every single one of them was drunk of their ass, and instead of adding fuel to the fire, maybe it was time to diffuse the situation.

"I think it's about that time," Collin said. "Heather and I are gonna hit the hay."

"What? Oh my God, come ON, you've got to be kidding me!" Heather yelled at him.

And then, shockingly, Nate spoke up.

“I think he’s right, actually,” Nate said, sliding out of the hot tub. “I think I’m gonna hit the sack.”

“Oh my God, don’t be lame!” Heather implored him.

Something passed between Farooq and Jim then while the others were looking away. Collin missed it by a second. And then suddenly, Jim was off to bed too.

“Don’t gooooo,” Heather begged, drunk and silly. “We partying!”

Jim and Nate blew her kisses as they disappeared into the house. Then there were three of them.

Farooq sat with an arm around Heather, and Heather was cuddled up against him tight like a cat. At the farthest end of the tub, Collin watched them.

Minutes passed in silence.

“I’m so horny,” Heather whispered. Then a fit of laughter erupted from her and did not calm for several minutes. Collin rolled his eyes and made a confused face. Farooq just looked back and forth from Collin to Heather. Slow. Calculated.

Heather floated back across the tub to Collin. As she got into his lap she reached down and grabbed his crotch, finding his balls and squeezing. He moaned, trying to stifle himself in front of Farooq.

She came in close to his ear.

“Baby...I know we’ve talked about it before...but what about tonight? A little... threesome?”

The last word was even quieter than the rest. But it was loud enough to make Collin’s heart jump out of his chest in terror. It sounded fun...yes. As long as there was nothing gay, right? It could be like porn, he thought. I mean, Farooq is big and black...but what would the others say?

Heather began to kiss Collins neck, and stroke his rapidly rising cock.

“Come on baby...let’s just try it...if you don’t like it...”

Farooq heard every word. And when Heather stood up and walked from the tub, half naked and dripping wet, both men followed her inside.

The three of them disappeared down into the basement.

5. The Quarantine Cuck

Heather sat between them down on the basement couch, drunk and quite clearly nervous.

“I’ve never done this before...we, have never done this before...” she trailed off.

Colin fidgeted in his seat, a million ideas racing through his mind on how to start.

“I guess, I could start kissing you, Jim...and, well,” her little hands were starting to slide over her own breasts, squeezing them with anxiety.

Farooq reached out and turned Heather’s face to his. They locked eyes only for a moment before he leaned in and kissed her. Collin could see his lush, fat lips pushing into his fiancée’s. Heather kissed him back and exhaled through her nose, her nervousness starting to dissipate. She reached a hand over and put it onto Collin’s thigh, gently pulling it towards his dick.

Heather pulled away from Farooq and made a move to turn to Collin, to include him in the “threesome” that she had suggested. And as she was almost facing him, opening her mouth again and getting ready to make him a part of it... Farooq reached his hand back out and pulled her from him.

Heather looked at Farooq with surprise in her eyes and tried to steal a glance back at Collin, maybe to apologize, but then Farooq was kissing her. She felt the strength in his hands as he pulled her arm away from Collin. He lifted her like a feather and cradled her small white body close to him as his tongue explored her mouth. Heather was moaning.

Collin could hear the slow sloshing of their spit and see the red of their tongues intersecting and gliding in the low light of the basement. His knees were shaking, and his stomach hurt, his body a violent mess of rage at what he had just witnessed...what he was witnessing.

Heather sat up into Farooq’s lap and straddled him. Her small white hands found his giant black chest and she ran her fingers across it, admiring his build and the strength underneath. They continued making out as Collin watched from just a foot away. He did not know what to do with himself...or the growth in his bathing suit.

Farooq's hands got more adventurous, sliding underneath Heather's top. He was playing with her nipples and kissing her when Heather felt him for the first time. It was a fat mass under his swimming trunks, and for a moment she thought it was a muscle in his leg. But no, this was not a leg. This was not like any dick she had ever felt. Already it was solid like a piece of brick, and the sheer size of it put butterflies in the pit of her stomach.

His hands found her ass, squeezing hard while his longer fingers seemed to tickle the edge of where her asshole was. Sucking and slurping sounds hit Collin's ears and he nearly whimpered out loud. Farooq tore away Heather's top and discarded it at Collin's feet. Then he went to work on her supple breasts, licking and sucking as she moaned and threw her head back. Farooq took her nipple softly in his teeth and began flicking it with his tongue. Heather moaned loud enough to wake the house, and Collin grimaced.

Upstairs in their beds, Tim and Nate smiled at the same time. Soon, their turn would come.

She was grinding on him now, slowly riding that mass she felt prodding her. Farooq's mouth was warm and wet and sent shockwaves through her body.

"I want to suck your cock," Heather whispered, as if she didn't want Collin to hear.

"Get it, baby," Farooq responded.

While she dismounted and got on her knees, Collin finally found his voice.

"I don't know about this, guys, I mean...am I going to join in? Do I get-"

Farooq cut him off, "Shut your damn mouth for a second, Collin," he said. "Always running your damn mouth. Try and appreciate this woman you got here, boy."

Collin had no idea what that even meant but he was quite sure Heather was drunk off her ass and had not heard a word of it. If she had, she was ignoring the situation...and Collin. She was on her knees and yanking the swimming trunks off Farooq as he stood up, towering above her.

It sprung out of the shorts at full mast. Dark and gigantic, just like him. Farooq's

cock was 5 of Collin's.

"Oh my God," Heather began laughing, almost hysterically. Certainly loud enough to wake the roomies, Colin thought. But then again, maybe they know. Maybe they already fucking know.

"Put it in your mouth," Farooq said in a low song, placing a massive paw behind her head. Then he guided her to it, and Collin could see how wide her mouth had to stretch. The black head of it passed her lips and felt her tongue. Farooq gave a low moan as he started to grind into her mouth.

Heather was eager to impress. She stroked it long and fast with both hands while she let him guide her head up and down. Farooq pumped his hips slightly, his muscular ass flexing. With one hand on her head and another on his hip, he looked like a King of old, being serviced by a courtesan. The tempo was too fast for Collin, who was starting to avert his eyes from the scene unfolding before him.

"Good, good. Very good," he said. "Suck it. Yes. Oh fuck yes." Farooq looked over at Collin, dejected and sitting. He laughed at him a little but said nothing. Farooq turned his attention back to the white girl sucking his cock. "No hands," he demanded.

Heather put her hands behind her back and began to voluntarily choke on him. Heather's gags and wretches started to fill the room. Every time she went for more than she could handle, she shuddered and gagged. Farooq would smile. Collin would cringe. Still, Heather kept at it. Unashamed of her weak gag reflex, she continued taking it as far as it could go. To Collin it looked like absolute self-defilement.

Spit was forming on the sides of her mouth and dripping down Farooq's giant black rod when Collin approached them. He timidly pulled his pants down and tried to edge in on what he thought was supposed to be a threesome. Farooq reached one giant arm out and pushed him back. He looked Collin in the eyes and shook his head. Collin took a seat across the room now, on the recliner. Then Farooq laid Heather down on the basement couch, on her back with her head hanging off the side, upside down.

Farooq got in front of her face and planted his feet on either side of her. Then he grabbed a handful of hair, steadied her dangling head, and shoved his giant cock

in.

“This is how we fuck in France, baby.”

He began to do rapid mini squats, causing his dick to slide down Heather’s throat, all the while using the handful of her hair to steer. Heather’s eyes were wide and spit was running down her face as she got her skull fucked upside down. Collin tried to speak. There were no words.

“Good, baby. Very good. You take it good.” Farooq’s voice getting lower and meaner.

“Play with your cunt, slut, play with it,” he said.

Collin had only seen this position in pornos. He had certainly never done it himself. And he most certainly had never seen someone do it to his fiancé. In a strange way it was hot. But in another way, it was incredibly frustrating. His own dick hung in confusion between flaccid and hard, unsure of what it wanted to do.

“Yes, pretty bitch. Suck that fucking cock. Let me fuck that mouth.”

Heather gasped for breath when he finally pulled it out of her throat. Upside as she was, the spit from it all ran backwards and across her eyes and forehead. Partially blinded and suffocated, Heather reached out and grabbed him; stroking the saliva all down his elongated shaft.

“So fucking hot, Farooq,” she cried.

“You dirty bitch, you fucking like it.” He got back into his squat position and resumed. He reached both hands down and grabbed her flopping tits roughly, pinching and squeezing them. He was getting deep enough down her throat that his low ball sack was slapping her forehead.

Farooq started to finger fuck her, using the leverage of this strange angle to rapidly scramble her pussy, and Heather had to pull his cock from her throat just to scream as she came on his palm, right there in front of her cuckold husband.

6. 3's a Crowd

Jim was in the doorway, silent as a ninja. From his view he could see Collin sitting there dejected and lifeless, partially shielding his eyes from it. Across from him, Farooq was humping Heather's face and there was a lot of spit hanging.

"I want to fuck your cunt, Heather," Farooq announced. He dismounted her and Heather tumbled clumsily to the ground. As she attempted to get up, drunk and horny, Farooq grabbed her by the hair and pulled her across the room. He half-threw her into Collin's lap.

"Look at this bitch," Farooq laughed. "I come into your home and fuck your wife? Really? You just gonna watch, bitch?"

Jim held his laughter in from the doorway, still unnoticed.

Heather giggled nervously and looked at Collin for the first time in a while. Collin saw nothing there but lust and desire, and the ring around her finger seemed to have gone invisible.

"Look at her now, Collin," Farooq said, grabbing her by the hair and waving her in front of Collin's face. "Look at your whore wife. I'm gonna fuck her!"

Heather thought Farooq's broken English was sexy. More than that, she thought Farooq was the epitome of sexy. His macho, alpha style was something Collin had none of. And it was something she found incredibly exciting, especially over the last few days. For the first time in a long time she had a real man in the house. And between the alcohol, the hormones, and the isolation...she was thinking maybe she needed a real man to stay in the house.

"Fuck me however you want," Heather said to Farooq, clawing at his chest. "I'm your little slut right now."

Farooq smiled and picked her up. He laid her down across Collin's lap; her big breasts spilled across her chest and her long black hair a tangle. Farooq held her legs open as he positioned himself between them, and his low hanging balls slid across Collin's bare thigh as he entered his fiancé.

Colin groaned. For a moment, he thought he might throw up, or worse, start crying.

Farooq fucked Heather in Collin's lap. His nutsack swung in a straight, long pendulum that sometimes hit Collin but more often slapped into Heather's ass. He was not getting himself all the way in yet; she wasn't ready for that. Farooq knew it. He could tell when he went too deep and her body would shudder against his.

He held her by throat and smacked her tit. Collin watched all of this.

"Look at your slut wife, Collin," Farooq implored. "Look how she takes my cock! She loves it! She drools for it!"

Heather was drooling a little.

"I'm gonna choke your wife while I fuck her, OK?" Farooq tightened his grip around Heather's neck and the streaks of her mascara deepened across her cheeks. Her eyes were bloodshot and her face flushed. "Yes, I'll do whatever I want to your wife. She's my slut now."

He fucked her hard and slow there for a while, in her husband's lap.

"Oh baby, he fucks me so good," Heather squealed. "He gives it to me so good baby. Thank you. Thank you, oh God. Thank you for letting me..."

"Suck it again, bitch. Taste yourself," Farooq commanded. Heather was back on her knees, this time with Farooq railing her mouth. "Keep your eyes on your husband, bitch. Look at him while I fuck your throat!"

Heather stared at Collin and Collin stared back. He looked for a sign of remorse in her eyes and found none. Her pupils were on fire like the rest of her. And as the couple locked eyes while the third pushed deep into her throat, they both knew things were never going to be the same again.

Collin could see a bulge in her throat every time Farooq went deep on her.

Then he had her bent over, on the floor, in the middle of the room.

"I fuck your wife like a bitch she is!"

Farooq held a handful of her long black hair and jerked her head upwards. He entered her from behind and wasted no time in tanning her ass red with slaps.

Farooq held his hand high in the air and brought it down hard enough for Heather to scream. After every scream was a softer moan, and the unmistakable sound of fucking as Farooq went deeper.

“I’m riding your bitch wife, Collin,” Farooq was beginning to sweat hard. “You fucking bitch,” he went on, “take my fucking cock. Dirty bitch. Take it while he watch!”

“Oh baby, I’m gonna cum on his dick,” Heather told Collin. “If he keeps fucking me like this I’m going to fucking cum.”

SLAP. CRACK.

“UGH!” Heather screamed. Her ass was red, and every additional hit was agony and glory together. She started to shake a little and went slightly limp. Farooq loosened his hold on her head so she could fall to the ground. After a little breather, he pulled her up again. This time he reached a hand around her head and covered her mouth, muffling her moans. She was looking right at her fiancé when Farooq began to quicken the pace.

Collin watched Farooq’s giant black hand cover his wife’s mouth and silence her. He gripped her around the face and fucked her faster. Collin’s mouth was hanging open and he was not even aware of it. Farooq pushed a long finger into her mouth and Heather accepted it, greedily. She sucked on it as he explored her mouth with it, deep dicking her all the while. Their rhythm had become succinct and efficient, and the sound of Farooq slamming into her was steady as a metronome set to 110 bpm.

For a while Collin watched his fiancé’s white ass turn to a deep red as the giant black man punished it. Sometimes he would choke her and call her names.

“I’m coming. Oh no, Oh God!” Heather had lost control.

Farooq quickened the pace and hate-fucked her as Heather cried out. For the first time in their entire relationship, Collin saw Heather begin to squirt. It shot straight down and soaked the floor beneath her. She was beet red and gasping. Her backside went limp and her legs began to shake.

Farooq pulled out and stood up. He watched Heather cum and convulse on the ground in a puddle of her own juices. Collin covered his head in his hands and

tried not to pass out.

Jim walked out of the doorway and into the center room.

“What the fuck?” Collin said. His voice was hoarse and practically gone.

“You guys are having all the fun without me,” Jim smiled, unzipping his pants. He dropped them to his ankles, leaving him only in boxer shorts. Heather had started to come around, and as she sat up, she realized Jim was in the room for the first time.

“Oh Jim, we’re just getting started,” she laughed.

Jim dropped his boxers. He came straight at Heather with his dripping, erect, uncut cock. Heather’s eyes widened and she smiled as he pushed it against her pouty lips. As she started to open and take him in her mouth, Jim leaned over filled his hand with her tits.

“Been waiting all goddamn week for this,” Jim said, “let me squeeze these titties.”

Collin stood up and tried to leave. When he got to the doorway, he turned around. He saw Heather was her knees, jerking off Farooq while pleasuring Jim with her mouth. Both Jim and Farooq were smiling, occasionally laughing as they stood over the little white girl with the big tits.

Jim turned to Collin while he used his wife’s mouth.

“Go get Nate up,” Jim said, “he’d kill us if he missed this.”

Collin tried to scream. He tried to say FUCK YOU and GET OUT OF MY GODDAMN HOUSE. But it just wasn’t in him. His masculinity had been wrecked, and he no longer had a say in anything.

What did happen was the sound of footsteps from above, and then someone coming down the stairs. It was Nate. And he knew.

“Better late than never, I say,” Nate said, as he strode past Collin wearing nothing but his tighy whites. When he reached the trio, he dropped his undies to his ankles.

“Let the fun begin!” Nate yelled. His very good friends Farooq and Jim high fived him. All while Heather sat on scuffed knees, trading their fat cocks in her mouth...one at a time.

Collin stared. He turned to leave.

“You not going any place, bitch!” It was Farooq. “You gonna sit back in your chair and watch! There’s a new boss in town!”

Collin turned to see the four of them looking at him. Even Heather had pulled Nate’s hairy cock from her mouth to see what he would do. Collin did the eye check again, staring deep into her soul. No remorse. Only impatience.

Collin took a seat.

“Good,” Farooq began, “it’s going to be a long quarantine, Collin.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Dear Reader,

If you enjoyed this story and want the fuck-filled sequel, please leave a review!

Dex