

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | VOYEUR | DOMINATION

# UNDERCOVER

## CUCKOLD BLUNDER



WRITTEN BY

REMY LEONE

# Undercover Cuckold Blunder

Remy Leone

Copyright © 2018 Remy Leone

All rights reserved.

\*Disclaimer. For adult/mature audiences only.  
Stories contain dark themes of masochism/sadism  
such as humiliation, sexual submission/domination.  
All characters are consensual participants and are of  
legal age.

## CONTENTS

1 <a href="#">Detective Couple's Past</a>
2 <a href="#">Mission Accepted</a>
3 <a href="#">Sting Setup</a>
4 <a href="#">First Client</a>
5 <a href="#">Eric Does Nothing</a>

## DETECTIVE COUPLES PAST

Detectives Eric and Natasha Fox had met one another nearly seven years ago and married after the first year they were married. Eric knew the younger beautiful blond was out of his league and wasn't going to let her get away.

Most men in Natasha's life had failed with her by being too

intimidated, insecure or impatient. Too intimidated to approach her, too insecure to deal with her dangerous job or too impatient to wait to get her into bed. She had the body of a model with features that any heterosexual male lusted after.

Most men were confused by Natasha's distant attitude. However, Eric had found out that Natasha was abused by her father mentally and physically while she was growing up. Prior to meeting him, she had knocked out her own father out and kicked him out of the house to rescue her own mother. It was something that Eric had a hard time relating to. He had a much different upbringing, with a pair of loving parents that helped support him his entire way through the Academy.

Without the support, he would have never made it through it. He had been much too soft of a man to be considered tough and luckily was smart enough to do administrative work around the police station when he started as a cop. The most action he saw was waving vehicles by as he oversaw traffic and only when there was a local event.

It would be years later servicing his community that he would even be allowed to patrol like a normal officer. Natasha was on the force for two years herself when she joined the force. She rose a lot quicker through the police ranks than her soon-to-be husband which is why he was seven years older than herself when they met on patrol.

They each had their own partner, but he seemed to at least listen to her when she talked about her fight against female stereotypes. He always agreed with her, but was more interested in hearing stories about how the other officers were pig headed chauvinists.

Natasha's 32DD breasts, slim waist with wide hips, athletic toned legs and large butt made her any man's fantasy. Especially when she wore uniform that clung to her body and made her hourglass curves stand out.

She found herself constantly having to fight off other officer's advances and even criminals. She explained that men would stare at her cleavage or try and sneak around to catch glimpses of her body when she was in the shower or changing in the locker room.

One time Natasha even told Officer Eric that she had caught an officer stealing her underwear from time to time. There was the other time that her partner tried to throw himself on her during one of their patrols until he began to masturbate right in front of her.

She conveyed the annoyance of men attempting to take advantage of her as she was one of the only women on the force and felt alone. Having Eric to confide into over time had brought them together. Eric, finally unable to hear anymore had brought up the issue to Chief Pigsworth.

Chief Pigsworth was a short, bald, fat older man in his fifties who born in a time where women were considered less than men. He didn't want to see of any of his "boys" on the force losing their jobs especially to a woman. It was the first time Eric ever decided go against the authority as he never even had disobeyed his parents even as an adult. He was going to bring justice for his friend on the force, Natasha.

When Natasha got her partner and some of the bullies on the force kicked off, she had to admit to herself she was impressed with Eric. Chief Pigsworth was still the head of the force, but he surely would think twice before letting such a sexist and volatile environment took hold again. Even though Eric wasn't the typical muscular macho man she dated in the past he was still a protector of her in his own right.

They dated for less than a year before they were married. Natasha, being the more ambitious of the two of them had advanced them to close to detective and Eric had his newly wed wife to thank.

Natasha was a hardworking woman and knew how to stand out. Sometimes it was using her brain, but she wasn't shy about using

her body to distract someone during an investigation or imply something sexual to get information from an information. Eric was even a bit jealous of how she could easily influence males to do what she wanted.

Eric could see their bright futures with the amount of opportunities they were beginning to see. Chief Pigsworth never showed resentment for the past and had corrected his language around the both of them.

Natasha had suspected that Chief Pigsworth was still the same man underneath, but his warming attitude towards Eric caused some issues between their relationship early in their marriage. Natasha didn't like how close to the Chief who she knew deep down was still a sexist monster.

She was naturally suspicious of his recent objective he had given to them. The opportunity was a much darker case than they had normally seen. It was concerning a case of a man who was suspected of murdering some high-profile criminals.

## MISSION ACCEPTED

"C'mon, Natasha. Chief Pigsworth said this would be great for our careers.", Eric said.

Natasha sat back on the couch as she crossed her thick thighs over one another. She kicked her foot around thinking about the Chief's motives. She then looked up towards her husband with narrowed eyes.

"Why are you and Pigs so close?", She nicknamed her Chief Pigs

or Piggy sometimes.

"Well after everything happened. He now respects us.", Eric sat forward on the same couch sitting next to his wife.

"Oh yeah, he now respects us. After we got his closest friends kicked off the force for lewd behavior he all of a sudden wants to be our best friends.", Natasha sighed.

"But it's a real murder case. We're going to be able to track down *The Bronco*." The Bronco was the name they had given the hitmen in question, but his real identity was still unknown.

"He probably doesn't even exist. This Bronco guy. There is no proof, only a few references to the guy through weak communications between these criminals.", Natasha questioned.

"But what if he does exist, Natasha? What if we find this Bronco guy and you and I are able to track this man down and bring him to justice? Could you imagine what that would do for me? And for you... for us I mean.", Eric desperately explained. "If we don't accept this case... then someone else will."

"What do you mean? We will be partners? I thought that wouldn't be allowed? We're already getting away with being stationed together.", Natasha and Eric had never been real partners before this. She noticeably looked uncomfortable.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to be my partner?", Eric said.

"Well... it's just... you're not exactly Captain Commando.", Natasha didn't know how else to say it nicely.

"What's that suppose to mean?", Eric said offended.

"I'm just saying that I married you for your brain, not your braun.", Natasha added, "I've never really seen you in a situation that was escalated."

"I have so!", Eric replied defensively.

"Name one.", Natasha was already irritated that her husband was trying to force her on a case and was having a hard time not saying exactly what she was thinking.

"Well... there was once... when I was managing traffic there was a couple of drivers that escalated. It got so out of hand that it almost lead to a physical altercation.", Eric said. He knew that it even sounded as pitiful as it was.

"You've been on the force how long? And you haven't even seen a fight?", Natasha asked. "It's not like you weren't on patrol ever."

"Yes, but mostly my partners took care of it.", Eric shrugged realizing he really hadn't seen any sort of danger his entire time on the force.

"I just think we partner better with the tougher type.", Natasha said hoping that wouldn't destroy her husband's fragile ego.

"Yeah... well... I already accepted Pigsworth's offer.", Eric knew he wasn't going to convince his wife and had to be honest.

"You what?", Natasha said angrily surprised.

"I just thought you'd be okay with it.", He sighed.

"Why would you think that?"

"Because you're always ambitious and...", Eric was interrupted.

"That's right – I AM – what made you think you could do what I do?", Natasha couldn't hold back. She loved her husband, but he was not the adventurous type.

"I can easily do what you can!", Eric replied.

Natasha just rolled her eyes at her insecure husband, "Fine Eric. If this is what you think is right then we will. I trust you."

The next day the both of them met with Chief Pigsworth in his office. The office was clean compared to the rest of the department

that was lacking in organization. Natasha did her best to hold back her disgust for their terrible leader as he walked around his office as he spoke to them.

Eric and Natasha Fox were easily taller than the short man striding around the room, but while sitting they were at eye level with the man. He walked around like he owned the world and treated everyone as subordinates normally. He had been extra careful with the couple ever since the purge of the force happened.

"Natasha. Your husband has told me that you are eager for this task.", Pigsworth said under his mustache.

"Yes sir."

"Good. I am honoring you both with this opportunity and hope neither of you disappoint this department.", Pigsworth said, looking for a rise.

*Not sure how that would be possible.* Natasha thought. She couldn't help but look at the older man's shiny bald head. Before he stepped behind them.

Natasha and Eric felt his large thick hand on each of their shoulders. He was slowly rubbing them and Natasha had to admit it was uncomfortable for her, but she could see that Eric was eating it up.

"Eric. Bring out your phone.", Chief commanded. Still rubbing lightly on each one of their shoulders while he stood in between them from behind.

Eric did as he was told, before Pigsworth continued, "Now type in Hot Fling Ladies into your search browser and click on the first link."

Eric did as he was told. The site that he brought up on the computer was an escort site. Natasha looked it over with a confused look before tugging her shoulder away from Pigsworth's hand. He

seemed to enjoy the fight in Natasha, but let go of Eric's shoulder and waked around his desk to sit.

"What are we looking at?", Natasha said sternly.

"Prostitutes. Escorts to be exact.", Pigsworth smiled.

Natasha held back a sigh, "And why are we looking at escorts?"

"Because we have reason to believe that The Bronco has recently made contact with an array of escorts with similarities.", Pigsworth smiled a little wider.

"And what are those similarities?", Natasha questioned. Out of the corner of her eye she could see that Eric was investigating the website. A bit unnerved at the amount of times he checked out some of the lewd photos of women posing. She hit him in the arm to snap him to attention.

"Well, Nat, this hitman seems to enjoy blond women built like brick houses.", Pigsworth said.

"Brick houses?", Eric said innocently.

"Athletically toned and thick women.", Natasha interjected. Unable to believe her husband's naïve innocence.

"Yes. But women with large breasts and booty. He likes the word PAWG, from our sources.", Before Eric could question Pigsworth added, "PAWG means phat ass white girl. It's a saying that normally is slang for skinny white women with big butts."

Natasha spat, "What does this have to do with anything? I hope this isn't leading you into past bad behaviors"

Pigsworth eyes widened just a bit, "No, no, no, Nat.."

"It's Natasha. Or Detective Fox."

"Right. I'm sorry, Detective Fox. Sometimes words can escape me, but we've been down that path before. So how does this

correlate? Well, this is our only tip that we have....”

“Should we talk to the escorts, see if we can interrogate them? Maybe get one of them to talk.”, Natasha suggested.

“Tried that. We’ve come up with our own plan that we believe you’re perfect for.”, Pigsworth said with a disgusting look.

“Why me?”, Natasha didn’t quite follow.

“Well, your physique is something that might help lure our target’s attention.”, Pigsworth replied.

“So what?”, Eric said finally spoke up.

“Well, Eric. Your wife possesses physical charm, shall we say? We think she could pass as one of them.”, Pigsworth nodded.

“So you want me to be an escort?”, Natasha jumped back in.

“Yes.”

“Ok...”, Natasha said to her boss seeing how eager her husband was.

Pigsworth went into detail about the plan. They already had a hotel room and wanted to take some photos of her in some tight clothing and place it on the website as bait to see if The Bronco would bite.

Everyone seemed to be on the same page by the time they left. They’d have to move fast as to catch the perpetrator if they wanted to nab him before he picked off another high profile criminal.

*Time to get to work.* Natasha thought.

## STING SET UP

Natasha and Eric both made it to the hotel they were suppose to conduct their sting operation. They got to the hotel and were

genuinely surprised when they found Chief Pigsworth setting up the room.

"Chief? What are you doing here?", Eric asked.

Pigsworth waved them in as he set the room up. There were some bottles of alcohol that were opened and a glass of whiskey on the rocks sat on a night stand.

"Are you drinking on the job?", Natasha scolded Pigsworth.

"I'm the boss. I can do whatever I want. The rules are set for everyone else.", Pigsworth walked right to the glass of whiskey and took a gulp out of spite. He slammed it empty on the nightstand. The ice jingled as he continued, "Pour me another, Eric."

Natasha could feel herself losing respect for her own husband as Eric waited hand and feet on their boss. She watched him pour him a glass and go grab him another ice cube for the warm whiskey.

"Let's take some pictures.", Chief Pigsworth said with a grin grabbing his camera.

"You're taking the pictures?", Natasha questioned.

"Of course he is... he's The Chief. A perfectionist.", Eric said as though nothing was odd about the fact Pigsworth wanted to be the one to take the pictures.

Natasha looked at her husband oddly. *Are you an idiot?*

Natasha was hesitant as she looked around the hotel they were in. It was had cheap sheets and draperies that had stains on them. The tacky flowers on the covers and matching pillow sheets were not of Natasha's taste and the room hadn't been dusted for a while.

"I thought I'm suppose to be high-class.", Natasha said.

"C'mon. No time to waste, honey. I've put a few outfits in the bathroom to get something hot. Now go take your clothes off.", Pigsworth seethed through his teeth as he sucked down another sip

of whiskey.

Eric just nodded at her eagerly to do as their Chief said. Natasha thought he looked like such a tool holding the bottle of whiskey and serving another man.

“Fine.”, Natasha slammed the bathroom door behind her.

Natasha walked into the bathroom to find an arrangement of outfits. She found it odd that Pigsworth had so many clothing choices for her and expected there to be only a few she would put on.

She grabbed a pair of jeans and pulled them out. She found they were ripped all over. When she put on the skin tight jeans she could feel the threads ripping to fit her thick thighs and bubble butt into the back. A few rough tugs she got them on which caused her big butt to jiggle.

She then placed a tank top that revealed much of her cleavage. She left her bra on, as it was much too small and tight to leave anything underneath to the imagination. She exited the bathroom to nervously show her beautiful clothed body to her husband and their chief.

“Lose the bra.”, Pigsworth said immediately.

Natasha deep down knew he was going to say that. She didn't even fight him as she undid her bra underneath her tank top in front of them both. Eric looked almost as excited to see her in her outfit as Pigsworth was. Natasha did her best to keep her breasts from springing out and managed to keep her nipples covered the entire time. However, they were already poking through the tight fabric and she could feel both of their eyes staring right at her 32DD breasts.

Pigsworth got right to business. He was taking many pictures of her cleavage. “Push them together.”

Natasha looked over at Eric wondering if he would object, but Eric just nodded her to do as she was told.

Natasha pushed her big jugs together smashing her cleavage up out the top of her tank top. Her hands were covering her nipples over the white top, but threatened to let them fall out. Here she was, pushing her big tits together for the short, fat, bald Chief that she hated deep down. Worst of all, her husband was actually encouraging everything that was going on.

Pigsworth spun her around and pushed her onto the bed so she was bent over. He was taking pictures now of her ass. Natasha was a bit surprised at how strong the fat man was, but even more surprised when she felt his hand ripped the threads on her ass. She felt the cold air against her warm cheeks as Pigsworth continued snapping photos.

He tossed then tossed the camera to Eric. "Upload these, and save the rest in a folder."

Eric obeyed him like he was his master. Natasha didn't need to be told to go change into another outfit. It was a schoolgirl outfit and the skirt barely covered her ass. The went through the same routine of pushing her breasts together and bending over to show off her ass for Pigsworth to take photos.

"Upload to the website and save them in the folder.", Pigsworth said again.

Natasha went through a nurse outfit, sexy police woman outfit, leggings amongst a few other that she had forgotten about. For a few hours they were taking pictures and she realized she went through the entire rack of at least a dozen outfits.

Pigsworth began setting up the hidden cameras over the room by the time she came back out of the bathroom. Eric had finished with the website and now all they had to do was wait for a call.

"Now Natasha, lets go over the rules. There has to be clear

indication for sex to be a transaction. If he doesn't directly say he is going to pay for a sexual act then we can't prosecute. Now, this might not be The Bronco who calls us, but we will have to try and extract intel as best as we can. Sometimes these guys run in packs together and might be able to tip us off to something."

They role played a few situations where Pigsworth tried to get her to accept the negotiations, but she was too smart. Eric sat by the phone waiting for the call to come through. It didn't take long and there was a ring on the phone. Eric tossed the phone to Natasha.

"You're up babe.", Eric said.

Pigsworth stood up grabbing Eric and pulling him off the bed. Like a child he began to drag the both of them out into the hallway, pointing towards the room next door where they would be monitoring the situation.

Natasha watched them leave to the room next door before answering the phone.

"Hello?", She said in a perky tone.

"Are you free?", The calm voice said on the other end. He sounded older.

"Of course. \$500 for the hour.", Natasha said in a bubbly tone.

"Where are you?"

Natasha replied, "At the Short Suite Hotel."

"See you soon. Wear the police outfit.", The phone hung up.

The abruptness of him hanging up stunned Natasha. It was a bit ironic that the voice wanted her to wear the police outfit that came with a hat. However, she stepped into it.

It had a pair of see-through heels, blue top that had a deep

plunging V-neck that showed off her ample 32DD breasts. Her cleavage was pushed together due to the tightness of the outfit. The unconventional style of the outfit was that there were no pants. It was merely a thong that was tightly wedged between the flesh of her bubbly cheeks.

She couldn't help but be proud of her own body as she checked herself out in front of the mirror. She tried to block out the image of the dirty tacky cheap hotel that she would pretend to be prostituting herself out.

Natasha received another call and she answered it doing her best to play the role. She did her best to sound seductive, "Hello?"

"I'm here. What room?", The man was direct.

"255"

"Be up in a minute.", The phone hung up.

Natasha had never been hung up on before and was already disliking this man before he came over. She gave a thumbs up to one of the hidden cameras.

She received a text on her personal phone. She quickly went to go check it. It was from Eric.

"By any means necessary. Chief."

Natasha understood that it all fell on her now. Soon there was a knock on the door and she walked over to go answer it. She put her phone away right before the knock and slowly walked towards the door in her sexy police uniform outfit.

## FIRST CLIENT

The door swung open and Natasha and the tall, dark, handsome

man stood there both looking at one another surprised. The man surprised that his escort's picture were legitimate and Natasha was surprised that the man was black. She had slightly suspected the man on the other end might have been a minority, but wasn't sure.

Eric and Chief Pigsworth both watched the Detective in action. Eric could feel his heart beating out of anxiety, but when he looked to Chief Pigsworth for reassurance he received none. Pigsworth was too busy focusing the camera on Natasha's ass.

"Come in.", Natasha said sweetly. She spun on her heels and walked back into the cheap hotel. The black man watching her walk into the room and he followed shutting the door behind him.

"I'd say he's at least 6'3 in height. About your age? Wouldn't you say?", Pigsworth asked Eric.

"Yeah. Guessing about 220lbs? Large athletic built.", Eric said. Eric couldn't help, but compare his own physique to the black man who entered the hotel who was the same age. He was much smaller and looked like the man could break him over his knee if he wanted to.

"Wouldn't want my wife in a room alone with this guy.", Pigsworth grinned.

Eric was a bit caught off by that comment as he was the one who thought this was a good idea. He quickly looked over to his fat, short, bald superior who grinned under his mustache.

"Cool it, Detective. Just a joke. We're right here, what possibly could go wrong? Once we get what we need, we'll barge right in there and bust this fella'!", Pigsworth said confidently.

The tall black man had hair that were in corn rows on top of his head. He wore a black tank top and pair of jeans that were held up with a black belt around his waist. A black pair of boots adorned his feet as well as the silver rope chain that wrapped around his neck. He had a smooth face with large dark lips with a flat nose. His teeth

were quite white compared to his dark skin. The security cameras were still old equipment so the picture was of less quality.

The man was looking around the hotel before speaking up. "Jamal. What's your name bunny, you didn't put it on your site."

"I'm Barbi.", She said sweetly. She had always thought of herself as a doll when she was younger.

"Ah, Barbi. Great. I like that."

Natasha watched him look around the room. "What are you looking for?"

"Just making sure you're not a police officer.", He turned his gaze towards her. "Bend over the bed and show me that white booty."

Natasha was surprised by how quick he was to ask her that, but he understood she had to obey and quickly did as he was told. The black man walked towards the bed and let his hand grab at the firmness of her cheeks.

"Ah good my little Barbi-bunny. Mmm...", Jamal cooed.

Eric watched the black man's large hand run over his wife's ass as he walked around the bend while she rested on her hands and knees on the mattress. He could see Jamal reaching down towards his waist, but was facing away from the camera so was unable to see what was going on.

Natasha could hear the zipper and before long she was face first with Jamal foot long black cock dangling in front of her face. It wasn't even hard yet, but the head and shaft was at least three times the lengths of her husbands and at least two times as thick. Her eyes were widened.

"Kiss it. I need to make sure you're not a real pig-cop.", Jamal said.

Eric panicked a little, but Pigsworth grabbed his arm and squeezed it. "Settle down. He could be referring her to kissing anything."

Out of denial, Eric was willing to go along with the situation, but things were already beginning to get out of hands and Jamal just entered the hotel room.

Natasha leaned forward and pressed her lips against the side of the black man's cock. She could smell the musk of his sweaty black cock. She couldn't believe the situation her husband had put her in currently putting her bare lips on a black man's cock. Eric could hear the audio of her lips smacking against the shaft of his cock.

"Good girl.", Jamal smiled, before reaching forward and giving her breast a nice squeeze. Natasha hopped a little bit as this man groped and mauled at her like she was a piece of meat.

"Hmmm a little jumpy? This your first time?", Jamal said.

"No... it's just you're more aggressive than I'm use to.", Natasha's eyes were staring down at the wet marks she had left on his dark skin. His long dark shaft hanging out of his jeans and bouncing as he walked over to where the alcohol was. He poured himself some bourbon and took a sip while his cock was still hanging out standing in front of the open window. He looked around at the people walking in and out of the hotel and even let his hand rub at his shaft for a while as he drank his bourbon ignoring Natasha for a moment.

"Like watching me rub my cock?", Jamal said.

"Yes... it's big.", Natasha said. She didn't know what else to say.

"It gets bigger.", Jamal grinned confidently. He gave his shaft a nice squeeze. "So \$500?"

“Yep. Depending on what you’re looking for.”

Jamal nodded. He walked back over to Natasha and sat next to her on the old mattress, his cock dangling between his legs still hanging out of the folds of his jeans.

“Come here.”, His large hand wrapped around Natasha’s tiny wrist. He gave her a tug and pulled her towards him.

Natasha started thinking that this whole thing was becoming a major mistake rather than concentrating on the task at hand. She was wondering of how she could possibly escape this assignment as she was dragged towards the black man who’s cock was hanging freely out of his jeans.

Eric watched Natasha pulled over Jamal’s lap with her stomach in his lap pressing against he black man’s cock. Her ass was pointing up at the camera and Pigsworth even made a comment.

“What a beautiful ass your wife’s got there, Detective. I’ve wanted to get a handful of that myself, so I’m jealous.”, Pigsworth pointed to the scene.

Jamal’s black hand gave her ass a soft spank before letting his palm rub over her butt. Her cheeks were being smashed as he kneaded their flesh. Natasha could feel the black man’s cock hardening into her stomach and she was surprised that it could actually grow longer than 12 inches.

“Big ol’ white ass, girl. So fine.”, Jamal’s hand raised up and came down to smack it a little harder than he did earlier.

Natasha yelped. She had never been treated like this before, especially by her husband. Her husband would never dare treat her in such a dishonorable way, but something about it was secretly turning Natasha on. Natasha raised her ass towards Jamal.

Eric watched him pour a white powder on Natasha’s heart-shaped ass. It was placed in three lines on her ass.

"Don't move.", Jamal said.

Natasha obeyed. She could hear the snorting sound of Jamal and felt the suctioning coming against her ass. Her flesh being pulled into what felt like a tube made of something. Eric could see that the tube he was using was a \$100 bill.

"Jamal... we need to talk about money. You haven't paid me."

"Damn girl, already riding me like a Bronco.", Jamal said.

*Bronco! Bingo!*

"Bronco?", Natasha tried to play it cool.

"You know... like bucking Bronco.", Jamal side stepped her questioning.

Jamal grinned and slid the rolled up bill up Natasha's nose. She instinctively breathed in the white powder and knew that she had accidentally sniffed in something foreign to her body. Jamal laughed.

"Consider this a little tip babe.", Jamal leaned forward and let his tongue slide over the flesh of her big white cheek that the powder was on. The powder being lapped up by the black man's tongues and thicks lips before he pulled away.

Natasha finally pulled away and stood up and away from him. "We need to talk about payment."

"I thought we already did. \$500?", Jamal reached into his pocket grabbing a wad of cash. He tossed it to the night stand next to the mattress. "With a body like that, you should charge at least double. Maybe even triple."

Natasha took the black man's compliment with grace and tried not to blush. However, she remained focused, "And what are we going to be doing for that \$500?"

Jamal said. "You will be taking off those clothes."

"No, I mean like what do you want to do with me?"

Jamal grabbed at his bourbon again and sat on the bed. His cock had hardened as he snorted the powder of her ass. As he leaned back with the drink it rested against his stomach reaching his pectoral muscles. Jamal took off his shirt to reveal his six pack abs where the cock rested between the crevice down the middle.

Eric watched his wife stand there blankly staring at Jamal's big cock that was easily longer than a foot long. It was pulsating and bouncing around on Jamal's stomach and against his chest as it worked itself hard growing longer and thicker.

"The way you're staring at my cock makes me think you want it badder than me.", Jamal sipped on the bourbon. "Now take off your clothes I want to watch you strip."

Eric panicked. "No Chief. We can't let her go through with this."

"Detective. You are a subordinate to me and will obey my orders. My orders are to sit down and shut the hell up.", Chief Pigsworth said before shifting himself into a comfortable position as he waited for the scene to unfold in the room next door. Eric sighed and obeyed his current orders.

Natasha defeated being unable to think on her feet out of being in such an awkward situation, "Okay... but after I take my clothes off I want you to tell me what you're buying."

Jamal nodded then twirled his finger to hurry her up.

Natasha knew that there was no turning back now. She would take off her clothes slowly in front of Jamal as he waited. First, she grabbed at the zipper at the front and slowly brought it down her front. She could feel her breasts springing out of the tight blue outfit as well as the material of the outfit falling over her shoulders.

Eric watched the top of the outfit fall down his wife's shoulders. Her back to the camera, her 32DD breasts were now pointed directly at the black man. She continued to pry the outfit down her body and watched the thin strap un-wedge itself between his wife's beautiful ass. Natasha stood in front of Jamal in only her heels and her fake police hat.

"Keep that on.", Jamal could be heard through the microphone.

"I'd want her to do the same thing. Those heels make her ass really pop." Pigsworth chuckled to himself and began hitting at Eric's skinny shoulder. The Chief momentarily forgot that Natasha was Eric's wife for a moment and shut up when Eric didn't laugh at the joke. "Sorry. Look, Eric, all she needs is his consent to pay for sex. It won't be much longer."

"And these videos?", Eric questioned.

"Well, they'll be evidence.", Chief Pigsworth stated. "But don't worry, only I have access to them."

"Oh... well okay then.", Eric could see that Pigsworth was getting a little annoyed with him asking so many questions so he decided to shut up.

"Turn her around...", Pigsworth whispered to himself.

It was as though Jamal heard the Chief as he commanded Natasha to turn around. She began to spin around so Jamal and the camera could see her entire body. Her hourglass figure was accented by her tight body and made her look like a model or a porn star more than a normal woman.

"Yes... yes... perfect.", Pigsworth's hand went down to his own crotch. His beady little eyes were transfixed on his subordinate's large heavy breasts that hung on her chest and her perky ass that came from decades of staying active. Eric ignored his Chief hoping he was just scratching himself and really focused on his craft.

“Okay?”, Natasha stated. “Now that you’ve seen what I have to offer. Can we talk about what you want?”

Jamal was leaned forward and reached to grab at Natasha again. He was so much larger and stronger than the athletic busty wife. While she stumbled towards him when he leaned back against the bed her heavy boobs and butt bounced up and down for the camera’s view.

As Natasha stood next to Jamal who was laying back, Eric could see his black hand snaking around her and grabbing at her ass. His long finger slowly began rubbing up and down. His other hand grabbed her hand and placed it on his cock and held it firmly there.

“Stroke it while we talk.”, Jamal commanded.

Natasha began to do exactly as he said. She wasn’t sure if this was another one of his test and she didn’t want to blow her cover wondering if this was normal for escorts to be treated in such a manner. Her finger’s were unable to wrap around Jamal’s thick cock and she instantly compared it to her husband’s must thinner cock.

*This black man’s cock is huge. I’ve never seen a black man’s cock before. I’ve never see a cock this big. It must be at least 14 inches right now.... Oh my god I’m starting to get wet.* Natasha thought.

Jamal’s hand continued to rub at her ass more ferociously. His hand was going between her big ass cheek and reaching under her legs rubbing at her entrance.

“You love that black dick don’t you?”, Jamal grinned as he helped her small dainty hand rub his big black cock up and down to get his cock harder.

Natasha could feel the blood rushing into Jamal’s flesh as it hardened in her hand. Jamal started to pulled his jeans down farther to reveal the large black sack that contained two equally heavy balls. Natasha squeezed at the cock in her hand while she

reached down to cup his balls without even having to be asked.

Eric watched as this tall black man sprawled out naked on the bed. He was a large man and took up the entire queen-sized bed that was in the hotel with his beautiful wife rubbing his cock. He looked like a king while he sipped on his alcoholic drink while this beautiful blonde woman massaged his cock. He poured a little of the bourbon on his cock.

“Well seeing you’re not going to say anything... lick that up.”

Natasha realized she had lost herself in the immense size of the cock presented in front of her by the black man. Both of her hands containing his privates and knew that it only made sense for her to use her mouth to help get his approval; at least how she justified her hedonism.

“No...”, Eric said as he watched Natasha lean down.

“Shhh...”, Chief Pigsworth said. His hand still on his crotch and becoming more lively.

Natasha bent over Jamal’s waist and Eric could see her lips press against the head of Jamal’s mushroom head of his cock. He wondered how she could possibly think she could fit that thing in her mouth and continued to watch her lips press soft kisses against the wet trail of liquor Jamal poured earlier. Her tongue slid out and Natasha could taste the man’s cock mixed with the bourbon.

Natasha’s ass was still being mauled by Jamal’s large hand and she was shuffling on her clear high heels. Eric could only imagine that he was fingering his wife and the camera got a perfect silhouette to see her 32DD breasts bouncing by her ass being groped by the black man. Jamal reached up and grabbed at the bouncing breasts swaying back and forth as she leaned over to lap at his cock with her tongue.

“Love these big white Barbi titties.”, Jamal groaned as Natasha continued to rub his balls and stroke his shaft while licking and

kissing at the shaft and head of his cock.

Jamal grabbed at the back of Natasha's blond hair firmly bringing her cheek to his stomach. She could feel the flesh of her face against his washboard stomach before she felt a hard slap against her face. Another thump against her face surprised her before it was followed by a third and forth. Natasha scrambled on her heels and she reached forward to put her hands on the mattress.

Eric watch the black man slapping his big hard cock against his wife's face. His wife continued to scramble as he relentlessly beat his big cock hard against her face and by the time it was done, he was a good 16" inches big. This was easily four times as long as Eric's own cock and at least 2 ½ to 3 times the girth. Eric felt like a child as he saw this black man's cock, that looked more like a mini-baseball bat, continue to beat his wife's face.

"Damn, I bet that thing hurts.", Chief Pigsworth commented. He seemed to be actually enjoying what was going on. His hand roughly rubbing his own cock. He took off his jacket and unbuttoned his shirt rolling up it's sleeves.

"Sir?", Eric watched him not trying to look at the bulge in his superior's crotch.

"Just getting a little hot in here, wouldn't you agree?", Pigsworth stated in a nonchalant tone.

"Um... I guess.", Eric disagreed, but just wanted the Chief's big bulge out of his face and eye level and hoped that he would just sit back down. Which he did.

"Sir can we stop this?", Eric asked the Chief. "We have to have something by now."

"No Detective. Don't be such an amateur, we have to directly consent to the payment of sex. We have no such thing yet."

"Well is she going to stop? What did you tell her?", Eric couldn't believe what he had done. He wondered how he could have set his wife up in this situation.

"Detective. Sometimes you have to go above and beyond the law. Your wife has always been a badass, hardass and sexy ass cop that is known to get the job done. I'm assuming she's going to do whatever she thinks she needs to get some sort of information...", Chief Pigsworth's hand went back down to the hardening cock at his crotch. He knew Eric was watching him, but he didn't seem bothered by it.

"But sir, we haven't got anything yet and we don't have anything incriminating then this might all be done in vain!", Eric whined.

"Enough, Detective. You are going to sit there and watch her do her duty. Do you understand me?", Chief Pigsworth snarled. "Do you think I care if we find out any information? Look at what's on the camera! For god's sake, this is better than catching any man named The Bronco. He's probably not even real."

"Yes sir.", Eric obeyed dumbfounded.

## ERIC DOES NOTHING

"Open up.", Jamal had stopped slapping his big monster cock against Natasha's face. She was still stunned by the beating she received and couldn't believe the weight the flesh of meat had. The size of his cock reminded her of her baton that she carried while on patrol.

Jamal's hand roughly grabbed harder between her legs while rubbing her clit and Natasha moaned. Her lips being spread by the black penetrating cock that Jamal forced into her mouth. His hand grabbing her by the back of her blonde head he continued to shove her face down as far as he could down the massive black flesh spear between his legs.

Eric watched in horror as his wife's face was shoved down on the black man's cock. His wife flailed her arms and shifted her weight on foot to foot as she tried to angle her head down on the cock. He shafted her throat and it was visible that she could go no further. Eric from his angle watched saliva pour down from his wife's mouth onto the underside of Jamal's cock as he held it there.

"So, Barbi.", Jamal continued to speak to her using her escort name. "I think we have an understanding now don't we?"

Eric could see Natasha's eyes rolling in the back of her head as Jamal continued to shove his cock up into his wife's mouth. His big hand palming the back of her head like a basketball and holding her head so he could hump up at her face. Jamal's sack began flopping upwards like bulldozing balls and were hitting Natasha against the face as he continued to roughly pound up at her face. More saliva continued to pour down his cock as he continued his assault on the busty blonde's mouth.

Natasha remembered that she still didn't have the evidence she needed to incriminate Jamal on any charges. Her mouth was full of his cock and she could barely breathe as he choked her with his thick girth and length. His balls were smacking hard against her cheek. Her saliva continued to pour down his shaft and now was all over his huge balls which continued to berate her face. She could feel her own saliva being smacked back into her own face by Jamal's balls which stung from being wet.

The sounds of his balls smacking against her face could be heard on the audio by Eric and Chief Pigsworth in the other room. Eric also heard the sound of a zipper.

"Sir what are you doing!?", Eric looked over completely stunned.

Chief Pigsworth had his big fat 8 inch cock in his hand. It was the thickness of a bottle and was hard as a rock with dark veins running up and down the size. He was uncircumsized but his head

was pulled back showing the fist like head of his cock.

“What the fuck does it look like, numbnuts? I’m going to enjoy the show. I’ve been fantasizing about your hot little wife for years.”, Pigsworth said with a fistful of his cock pumping in his hand.

“Chief!”, Eric wasn’t sure if he should watch his wife being throat fucked or Pigsworth jerking off right next to him. “What should I do?”

“Make yourself useful.”, Pigsworth leaned over towards Eric and grabbed him by the back of his head. Before he knew it, his superior’s big fat cock was at his lips. Pigsworth finished unbuttoning his shirt and Eric’s face was smashed into his big hairy belly.

“I’ll describe to you what’s going on. Now suck it.”, Pigsworth said.

“Those big black balls are smacking against your wife’s cheek. And I’m pretty sure she is having an orgasm from her throat fucking her.... G’damn Eric. Suck my cock you little twerp.”, The chief shoved his cock forcefully into Eric’s mouth now before sighing in relief. “Ahhh that’s better. Now where was I?”

Eric could feel the big smelly cock being forced into his mouth. It smelled and tasted terrible as this big bear of a man held his head between his fat thighs with both of his hands and used his face like a flesh light toy.

“Okay... now he’s stopped. He’s sitting up.... And... oh good job Eric use that tongue.”, Chief Pigsworth was moving around in the seat as he used the pretty boy’s mouth while he watched his wife being used by the black man.

Chief Pigsworth was just lightly groaning and Eric could hear soft moaning coming from the audio of the room over. The sound of Chief made it hard for him to hear it as well as his own sucking of his cock. He tried to muffle something out, but it was incoherent.

He repeated himself again, but this time Chief Pigsworth didn't seem to care and chuckled to himself as he kept his mouth stuffed into Eric's mouth.

Eric finally pulled his head away, "What's going on sir?"

Pigsworth had an evil grin on his face. He was silent which made the sounds of the rhythmic moaning of Natasha fill his ears. Eric quickly lifted his head to look back at the screen to see what was going on.

He was stunned at what he saw.

Natasha was now laying with her back on the mattress. Her legs white form being covered by the large black muscular Jamal and her legs completely wrapped and locked around his waist. Jamal's hips were moving up and down on top of his beautiful wife and her eyes appeared to be in a fog as the man on top of her repeatedly speared her with his big black cock. He could see his muscular black ass tensing and clenching as he continued to drill himself into his wife's pussy.

"Get back down there.," Pigsworth said as he stuck his cock back into Eric's mouth.

Eric was on his hands and knees in front of his boss. Chief Pigsworth leaned back and spread his hair fat thighs wide around Eric letting his pants fall down around his ankles. Eric felt his face bouncing against Pigsworth belly as he moved his head up and down the cock.

It was the first cock that had ever been in Eric's mouth. He had to admit it wasn't all that bad and wondered why his wife never would suck his cock. Especially since he was able to suck on a cock much fatter than his own and he just watched his wife sucking on the big cock he had ever seen.

"Man that boy really knows how to fuck a slut.," Pigsworth said. "He's really fucking her now. Listen."

Pigsworth turned the audio down.

Through the walls Eric could hear his wife moaning from the rough pummeling his wife was getting from the massive cock. The old mattress creaking incessantly was much faster than Eric could suck his superior's cock. However, he could taste the salty bitter thick liquid that was beginning to leak out the groaning fat man's even fatter cock.

"Oh yeah, suck that cock you little bitch.", Chief Pigsworth growled.

Eric wasn't sure what had gotten into him. He wasn't sure if it was the sound of his wife being fucked by the black man in the room next door or the way Chief Pigsworth used him and his wife like toys, but he became enthused.

Eric now was quickly stroking his fat Chief's thick shaft and held onto his balls. His head was bouncing up and down quickly on the head and using his tongue to make quick circular motions. He felt proud of himself when Pigsworth leaned back in the chair completely and watched monitor in front of him. He had lost attention on directing Eric on how to suck his cock properly as he was doing a great job and now he could focus on Natasha who was brutally being fucked by Jamal next door.

"Fuck, I'm cumming again!", Natasha could be heard as Pigsworth turned the audio.

"Check it out, she's in a new position.", Pigsworth pointed out.

Eric looked back over his shoulder. To get a better view, he now moved so he was on the side of his Chief so he could watch Jamal fuck Natasha as he sucked off Pigsworth. Pigsworth gave him no time as he put his hand on the back of his head and brought his face down on his cock.

Natasha was on her hands and knees on the middle of the mattress. Jamal was positioned on his own knees and was fucking

her from behind. They were facing the camera and Natasha's tits were bouncing forward and backward on the camera. His hand was on her shoulder as he held her in place to keep her from sliding away from the rough pounding he was giving Eric's wife from behind.

Natasha was moaning and her eyes were rolled in the back of her head as her hair was grabbed by Jamal's hand and her head snapped back. She was staring straight up at the camera, but there was nothing in her eyes as Eric continued to suck Pigsworth cock sloppily. His small hand doing its best to squeeze the cock that was much too big for his hand and stroke it. He could feel the fleshy rolling flesh of the uncircumcised cock and taste the unwashed tip of the fat man's genitals.

"Keep sucking you little fagit.", Chief Pigsworth groaned. "Maybe soon I'll be taking the place of that colored boy on the T.V. here with your wife. What do you think about that?"

Eric thought about Chief Pigsworth's statement about him fucking his wife. It disgusted him deep down, but here he was on his hands sucking his cock to try and gain his approval even after he was the one who convinced his wife to take on this undercover operation. He had hoped to gain some respect from his superior at the beginning of this entire thing, but now at the end of it he realized all he would get was a wife that was stretched out by a big black cock and a mouthful of a sweaty cock of his fat Chief.

Natasha's ass jiggled as Jamal continued to hold her hair and fuck her in the doggystyle position. His hand came down to smack at her ass from time to time and he would reach forward to grab at her hanging tits as he used her hair like a leash taming his bitch.

"Fucking tight ass pussy. I'm going to give you a strong black baby.", Jamal said in the audio.

"Give it to her..", Pigsworth said. "Ready, twerp?"

Eric knew Pigsworth was talking to him. He could feel the big fat cock swelling in his mouth and hardening at its peak capacity. Pigsworth hand held the back of Eric's head and he was now humping his face as thick liquid began to squirt from his cock. Eric had no choice but to allow his mouth fill up with Pigsworth cum. Pigsworth didn't stop pistoning the cock in and out of his mouth which made the cum sloppily plunge in and out and splash everywhere. Eric began coughing and gagging and Chief continued to dump his load down his throat.

Eric's eyes were tearing from the depththroat cum dump his throat became. Pigsworth was snarling like the chauvinist pig his wife had told him he was. However, those weren't the only reasons why.

Natasha was being fucked like a rag doll all over the mattress by the much stronger man. She looked like she was unconscious as the black man was lifting her up and down on his cock as he fucked her like the black brute he was. Natasha's ass jiggled and her big white tits bounced and were only stopped by the firm groping and mauling by Jamal's strong large hands. Eric finally pulled his mouth off of Chief Pigsworth's cock with a plop finally to witness Jamal cum deep in his wife.

The black man began tensing up. His muscles in his abs, pectorals and biceps gleaming under the light of the cheap motel. The mattress was a mess and the sheets were beginning to fall off the corners of the bed as Jamal continued to ravage the blonde busty Natasha.

There was a loud roar from the other room. The sound of it coming from the audio almost deafened the two of them as they covered their ears. Although Eric didn't see Jamal cumming he could tell he was unloading his balls deep into his wife who laid there taking the monster cock's assault.

Jamal looked like a maniac as he continued to pump himself into her. He was making sure that every single drop of his seed was

being buried deep into the white woman. "Take all my cum, Barbi. My little fuck doll."

Jamal finally stopped pumping and was now slowly rolling his hips as he milked his cock into her. He was slowly groping and gently caressing her body one last time before he pulled his massive 16"inch cock out of Natasha.

Eric just rested on his knees as he watched Jamal dress and simply walk out.

"Are we going to stop him!?", Eric said.

"For what?"

"Solicitation!", Eric whined.

"He didn't buy any sex from your wife, Detective. This was a failed sting. We have nothing that can pinpoint this man did anything illegal. As far as evidenced suggests was that your wife, our detective, was so overcome by the size of his cock that she threw herself on him and that might be considered entrapment.", Chief Pigsworth said. He stood up and pulled his pants up while tucking his fat cock away that was glistening with Eric's saliva.

Eric could see that Natasha was laying there unconscious. Jamal had fucked her brains out; as the expression goes.

"I'm going to go check on your wife, Eric. Stay here."

Chief Pigsworth looked to have more devious intentions than just checking on his wife.

"No Chief!", Eric protested.

"Don't you ever say no to me, boy. I just got your wife on tape fucking a black man... as well as you sucking my cock. I think I can do what I want.", Pigsworth snarled.

"What do you mean?"

“Cameras weren’t just placed in that room. They were placed in this one too. What do you think Natasha is going to say when I show her footage of you sucking my cock the entire time she was being fucked by that thug? Especially when she finds out it was all for nothing?”, Chief Pigsworth held back his own evil laughter, “I’m sure some of the guys you got fired would love to see these videos. What do you think?”

Eric’s head was spinning. He couldn’t believe what Chief Pigsworth had just told him. He couldn’t be sure if this was some sort of elaborate plot of revenge or just Chief Pigsworth plan to control them both.

Either way... Eric knew that things weren’t going to get better from here when he heard Chief Pigsworth speak up, before leaving the room to go next door to where Natasha laid on the bed; cum leaking out of her pussy.

“I’m sure she’ll have better luck with her next client.”, Pigsworth slammed the door behind him.

Eric watched as Pigsworth slowly entered the room next door. He crept towards the wife who laid there covered in sweat and sex. Pigsworth slowly put his grubby little hand and palmed her large busty breast to begin tweaking at her nipples. His own hands was between his own legs to rub himself. Eric was hoping he was just trying to wake his wife up, but by now he was realizing that Chief Pigsworth had no concern for him or his wife. They were his subordinates that would be used for his own desire.

The fat, short, bald, hair man quickly reached down and fumbled with the belt. He quickly began to undress right in front of Eric on camera after making her husband suck his cock until he came. Eric was amazed that the older man who was in his mid-fifties was already hard again. The fat man began to wiggle out of his pants that fell around his ankles like a penguin. His hand pumping his fat cock to its complete erection; Eric could see Pigsworth’s saliva and cum covered cock splashing all over his wife

Natasha's body. Beads of it hitting his wife's face and tits and stomach as Pigsworth's hairy hand continued to grab at her tits and tweak at her nipples. He began to monologue to his busty blond subordinate's husband Eric in the other room as he continued.

"I'm going to fuck your wife better than you ever could. The sad part is that she'll never know that I'm going to be the one who really stretches her out. You'll know... and if you keep your fucking mouth shut, you will be the only one that knows. Like I said, don't make me show these tapes to anyone, twerp."

Chief Pigsworth had finally taken off all of his clothes. He climbed up ontop of the bed with a little bit of trouble do to his shorter height and heavy weight. His size made Natasha bounce a little on the bed as he crawled towards her and in between her legs. His big fat hand gripping at the shaft of his erect cock throbbing with multiple veins as he pressed his bulbous head towards his cock.

"The only evidence I might provide will be a baby... we'll see... I guess if he's black the thug wins... if its white, the law wins. Like they say white is right.", Pigsworth snickered as he began to penetrate Natasha.

Eric fully realized that Chief Pigsworth was going to have his turn with his wife and there was nothing he was going to do to stop him.

---THE END---