

# The Cuckold

WRITTEN BY  
TINA MAJORS

ILLUSTRATED BY

RIAYH

# CONUNDRUM!



PRETTY HOT.  
PRETTY, PRETTY  
HOT.

EVEN IF  
I DO SAY SO  
MYSELF.

WHEN  
YOU'VE GOT IT...  
I GUESS YOU'VE  
JUST GOT IT.

**CRASH!**

ROBBIE,  
IS THAT  
YOU?

OH DEAR HONEY,  
DID YOU AND YOUR  
LITTLE FRIENDS DRINK  
TOO MUCH?

WAS YOUR  
GAMING NIGHT A  
LITTLE TOO  
WILD?

YOU LOOK SEXY.  
HOW ABOUT SOME...  
FUN?

STARE ANY  
HARDER AND YOU  
MIGHT END UP MAKING A  
STICKY MESS IN THOSE  
SHORTS OF YOURS!

HICCUP

GULPS



NAUGHTY BOY!

I COULD HAVE SOME *SERIOUS FUN* WITH THIS.

HANDS OFF!!

BAD LITTLE BOY.

COME WITH ME TO THE BED.



MMM... MAYBE WE COULD DO SOME... DIRTY TALK?

JEEZ. HE'S REALLY HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK.

DOES YOUR WIDDLE WEE-WEE WANT TO MAKE A MESS FOR ME?

...BUT NO CLUMMIES UNTIL YOU TELL ME YOUR FANTASY.

YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT SOMETHING IN MIND.

WHY OF COURSE HONEY.

I WANT YOU TO... CU... TO CLUCK... CUCKOLD ME...

WOAH!



KEEP GOING.  
TELL ME  
EVERYTHING.

I-I-I  
WANT YOU  
TO SUCK A BIG...  
B-B-BLACK...  
D-D-DICK.

WOW.  
I WAS NOT  
EXPECTING  
THAT!!

I WANT  
YOU TO SWALLOW  
THE WHOLE DICK.  
ALL OF IT.

KEEP  
GOING.

S-S-SIT  
ON IT.  
RIDE IT.

YES,  
AND?



SLOW  
STROKE!  
SLOW  
STROKE!  
SLOW  
STROKE!

I WANT  
TO SEE THE DICK  
FILL YOU, STA-  
STA-STRETCH  
YOU...

WHO  
THE HELL DID  
I MARRY?

BEFORE  
RIDING IT UNTIL  
YOU...

UNTIL  
YOU  
CLUM!

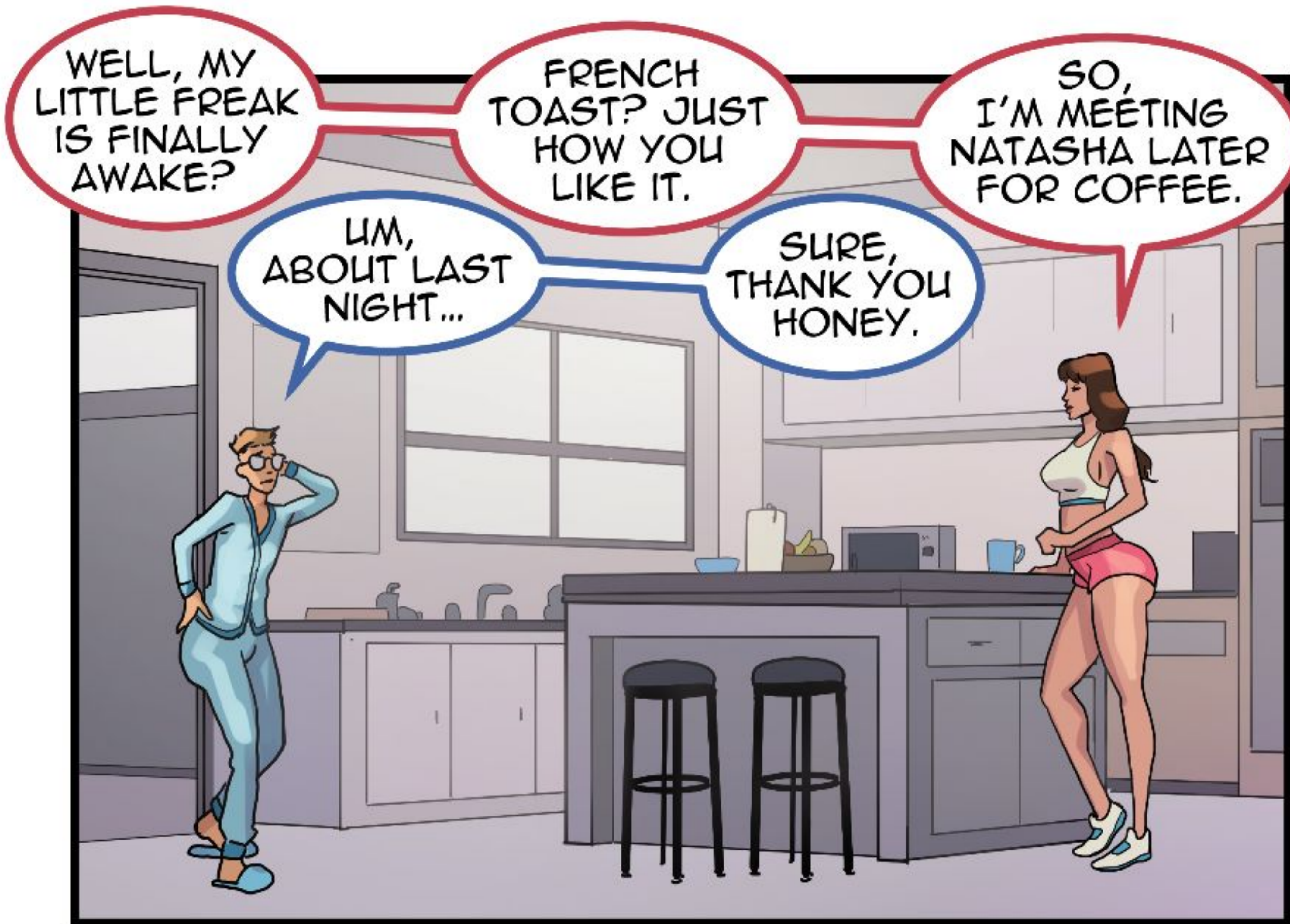
OH  
SHIT!

WELL, THAT  
CERTAINLY WAS  
DIFFERENT.

NO  
JUDGEMENTS  
FROM ME.

BUT HOW  
CAN I NOT  
JUDGE  
THIS?





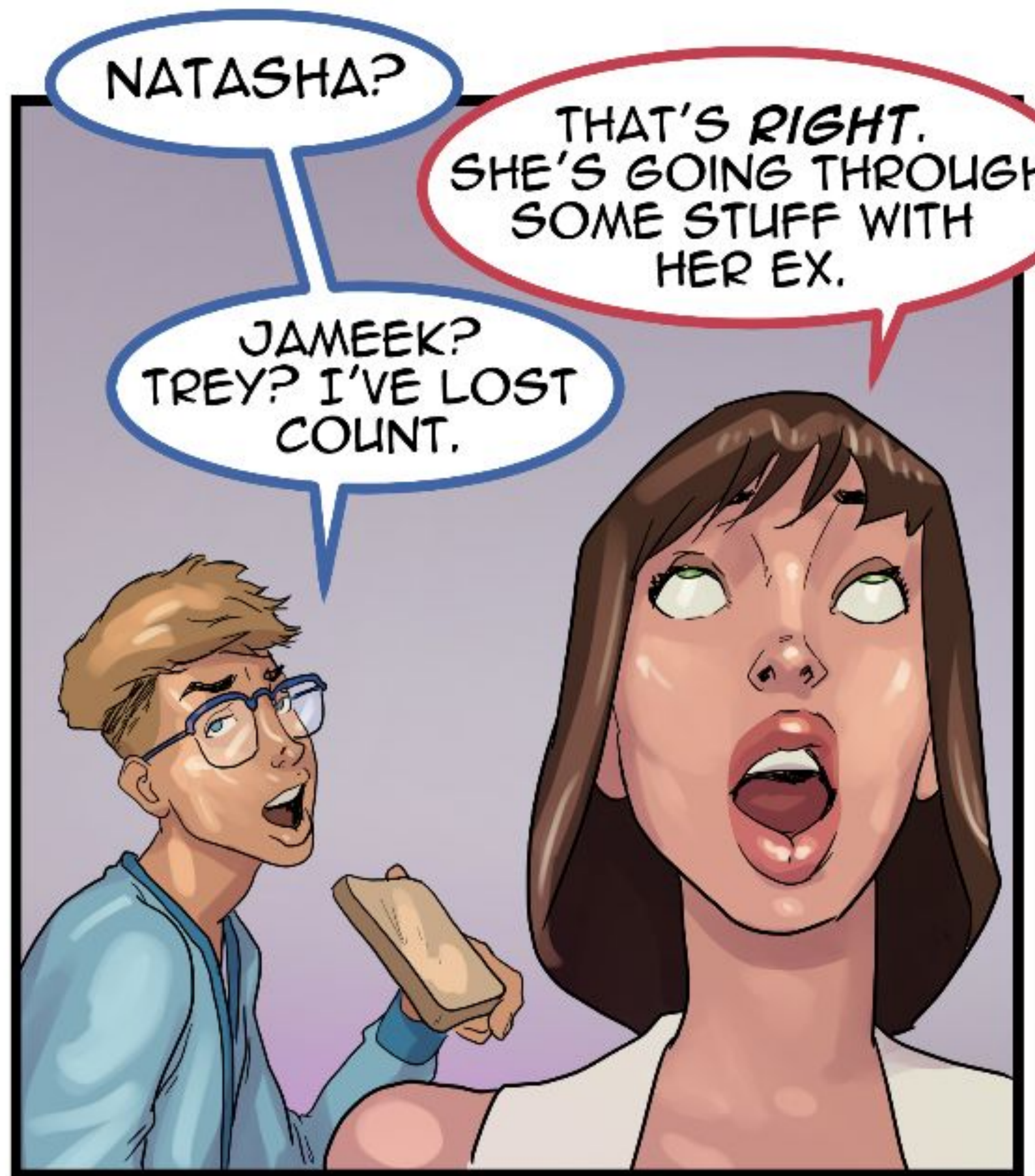
WELL, MY LITTLE FREAK IS FINALLY AWAKE?

FRENCH TOAST? JUST HOW YOU LIKE IT.

SO, I'M MEETING NATASHA LATER FOR COFFEE.

UM, ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

SURE, THANK YOU HONEY.



NATASHA?

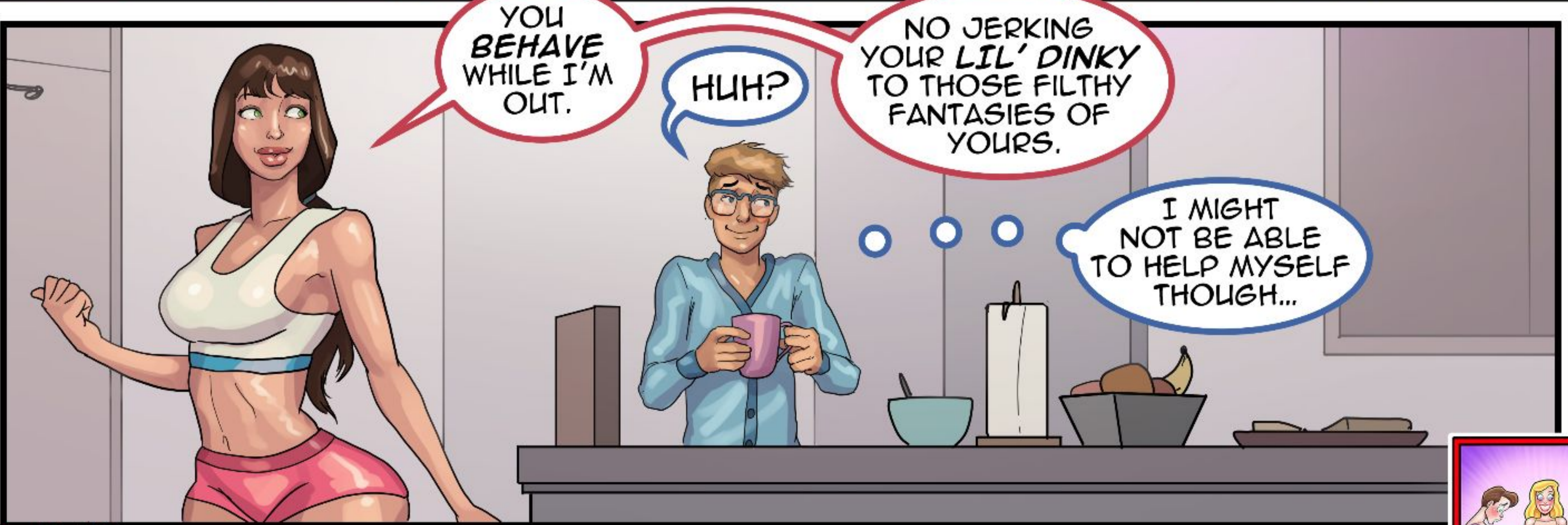
THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S GOING THROUGH SOME STUFF WITH HER EX.

JAMEEK? TREY? I'VE LOST COUNT.



DON'T BE RUDE HONEY. NATASHA JUST KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS.

AND HOW TO GET IT TOO.

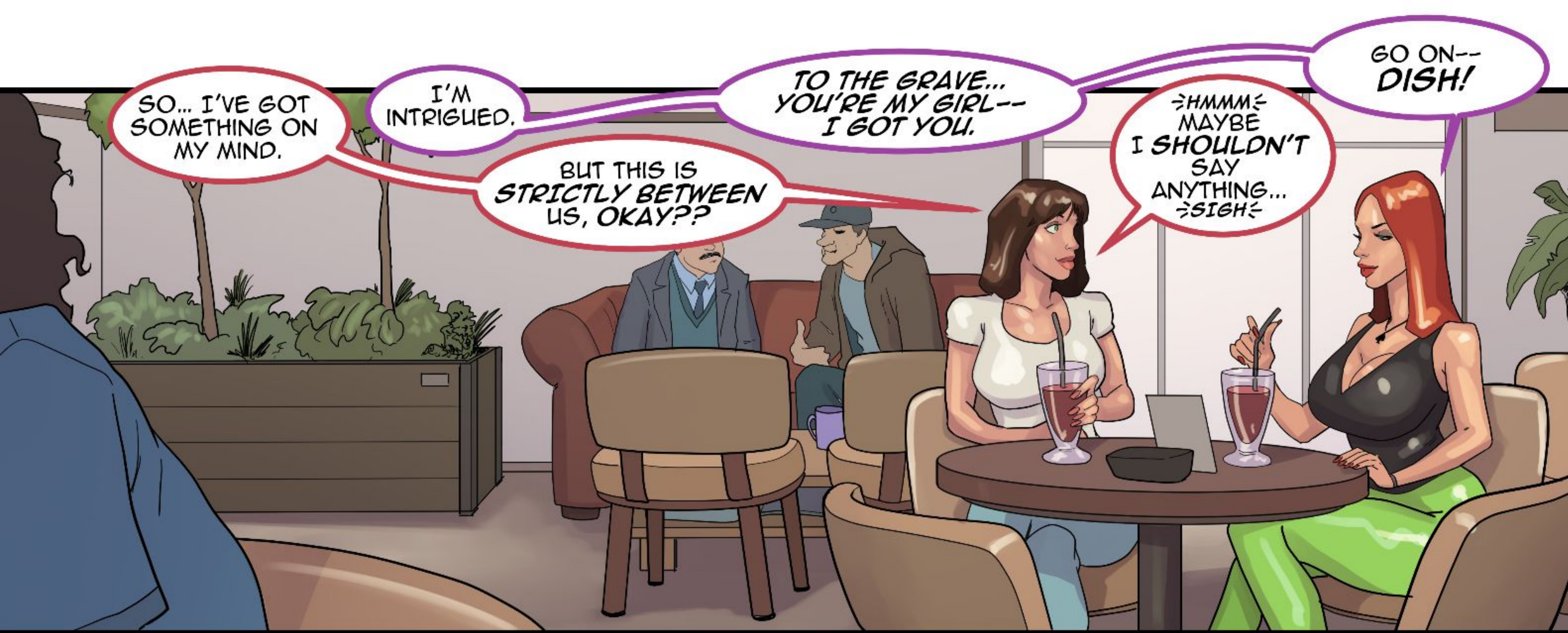


YOU BEHAVE WHILE I'M OUT.

HUH?

NO JERKING YOUR LIL' DINKY TO THOSE FILTHY FANTASIES OF YOURS.

I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO HELP MYSELF THOUGH...



SO... I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON MY MIND.

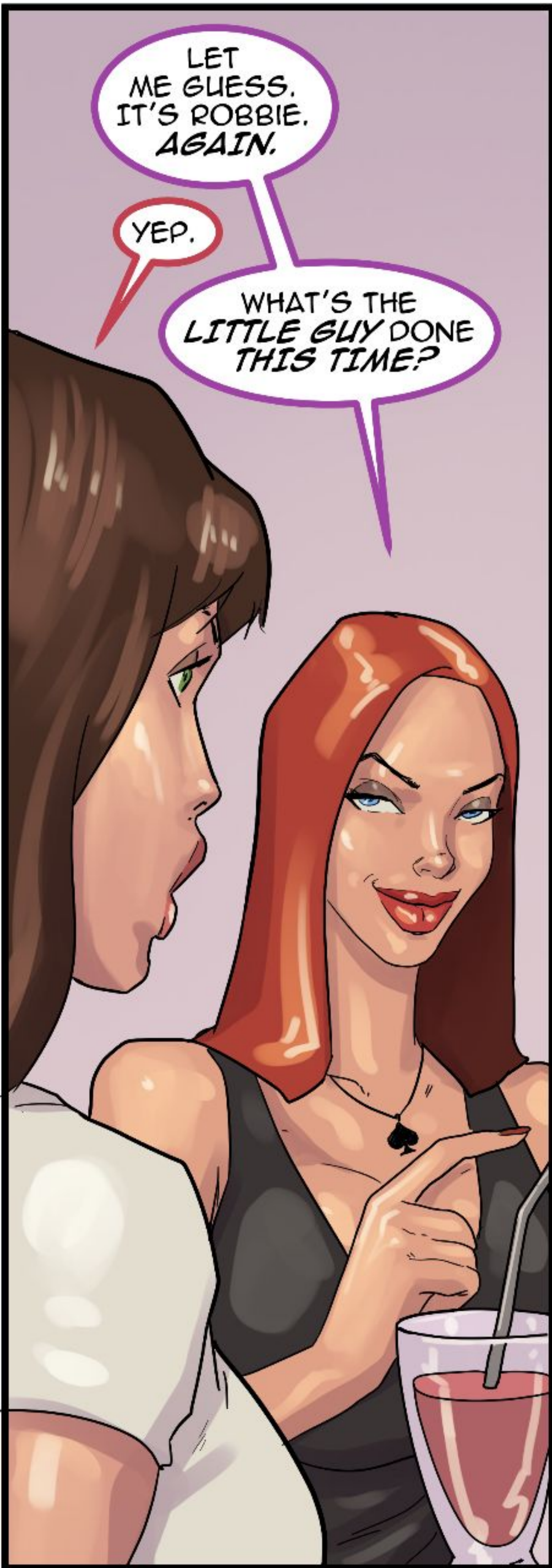
I'M INTRIGUED.

TO THE GRAVE... YOU'RE MY GIRL-- I GOT YOU.

BUT THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN US, OKAY??

⇒HMMM⇒ MAYBE I SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING... ⇒SIGH⇒

GO ON-- DISH!



LET ME GUESS. IT'S ROBBIE. AGAIN.

YEP.

WHAT'S THE LITTLE GUY DONE THIS TIME?



IF HIS LITTLE DICK ISN'T DOING IT FOR YOU, YOU COULD ALWAYS INVEST IN A BIG OL' DILDO?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...

DON'T TELL ME, HE'S REGRESSED BACK INTO HIS "ONE PUMP CHUMP" DAYS?

IF ONLY!



SO I WAS JERKING ROBBIE OFF.

YEAH, AND?

AND... HE CONFESSED HE WANTED ME TO...

YES?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GOING TO SAY THIS: ⇒DEEP BREATH⇒ CUCKOLD HIM!

**HAHAHAHAHA  
HAHAHAHAHA!**

SURE, LAUGH AT MY MISFORTUNE WHY DON'T YOU.

DAMN YOU ROBBIE. THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.



DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING!

**CUCKOLD HIM!**

WHAT?

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS?

OH, I AM DEFINITELY SERIOUS, GIRL.

JUST GIVE THE LITTLE-DICKED BITCH WHAT HE WANTS.

TRUST ME, THERE'S WORSE THINGS THAN TAKING A BRAND-NEW BIG DICK!

I COULD NEVER... OR COULD I?