

The Cuckold

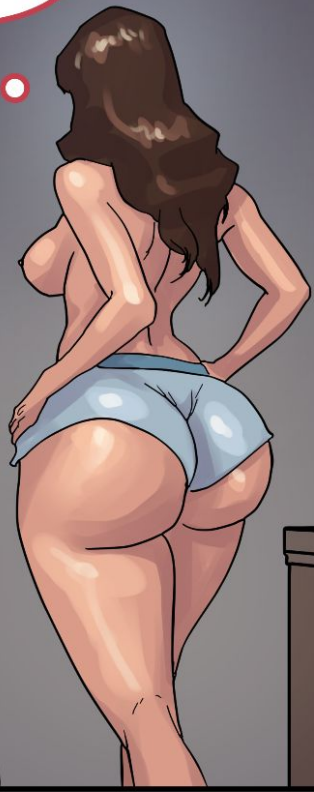
WRITTEN BY
TINA MAJORS
ILLUSTRATED BY
RIAYH

CONUNDRUM!



PRETTY HOT.
PRETTY, PRETTY
HOT.

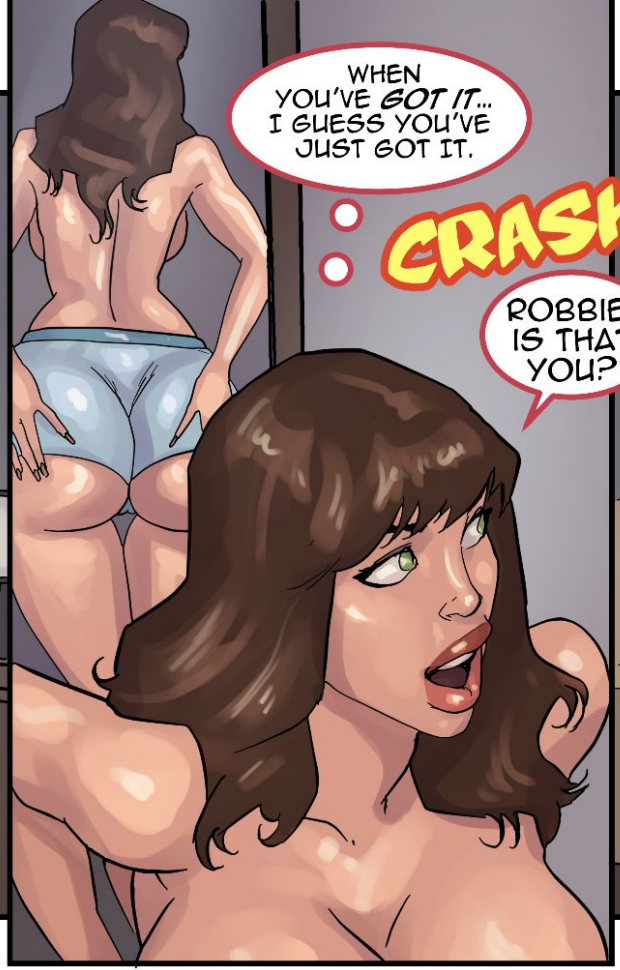
EVEN IF
I DO SAY SO
MYSELF.



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?

HICCUP

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

GULPS





NAUGHTY BOY!

I COULD HAVE SOME SERIOUS FUN WITH THIS.

HANDS OFF!!

BAD LITTLE BOY. COME WITH ME TO THE BED.



FAP!

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 CUMMIES UNTIL YOU TELL ME YOUR FANTASY.

YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT SOMETHING IN MIND.

WHY OF COURSE HONEY.



I WANT YOU TO... CU... TO CUCK... 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!

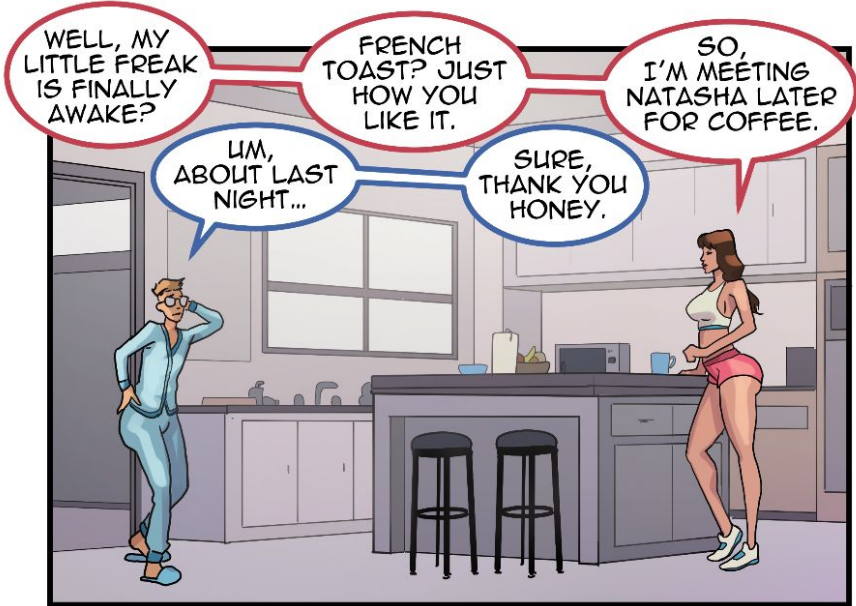
WELL, THAT
CERTAINLY WAS
DIFFERENT.

NO
JUDGEMENTS
FROM ME.

BUT HOW
CAN I NOT
JUDGE
THIS?

SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!
SPEW!





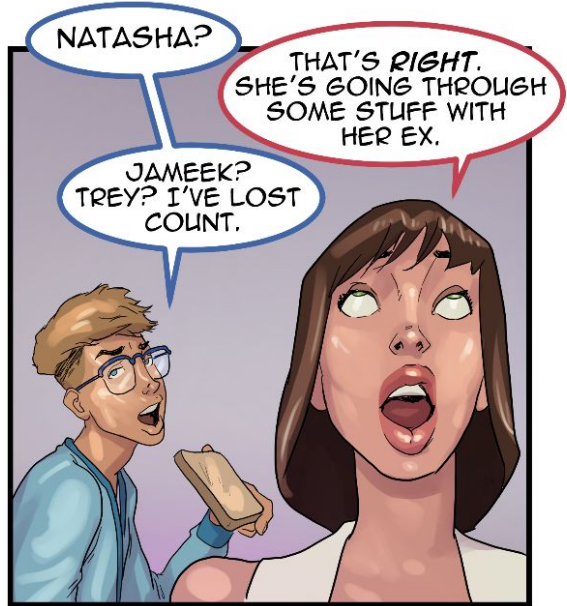
WELL, MY LITTLE FREAK IS FINALLY AWAKE?

FRENCH TOAST? JUST HOW YOU LIKE IT.

SO, I'M MEETING NATASHA LATER FOR COFFEE.

UM, ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

SURE, THANK YOU HONEY.



NATASHA?

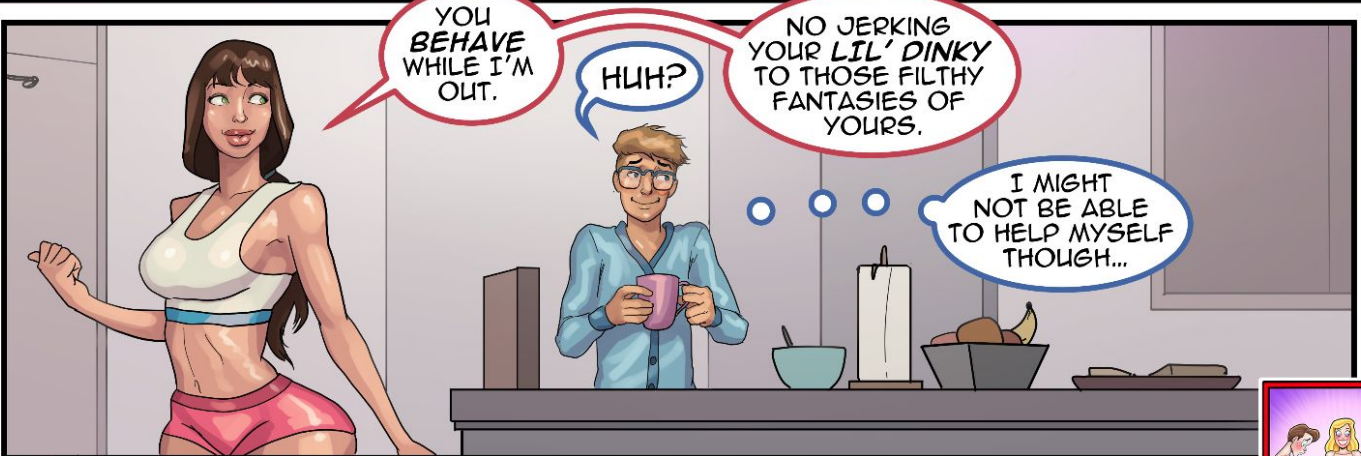
THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S GOING THROUGH SOME STUFF WITH HER EX.

JAMEEK? TREY? I'VE LOST COUNT.



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

AND HOW TO GET IT TOO.

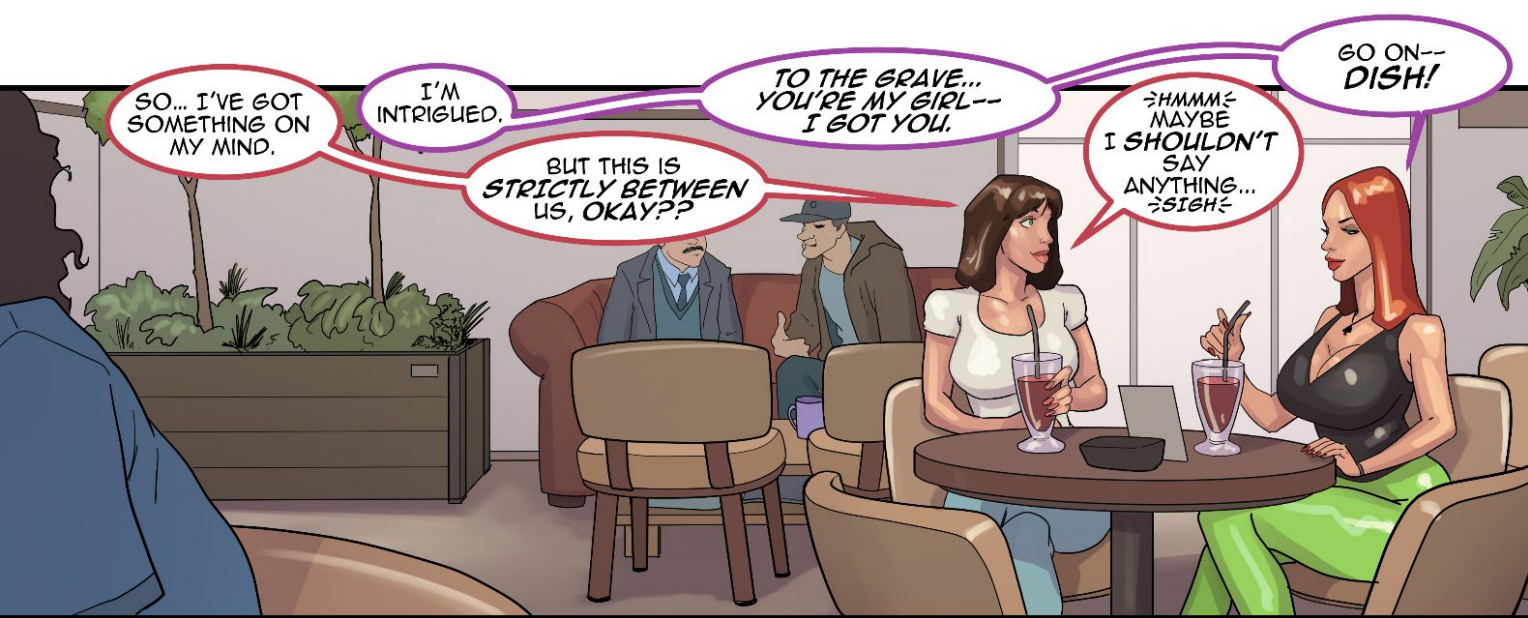


YOU BEHAVE WHILE I'M OUT.

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.

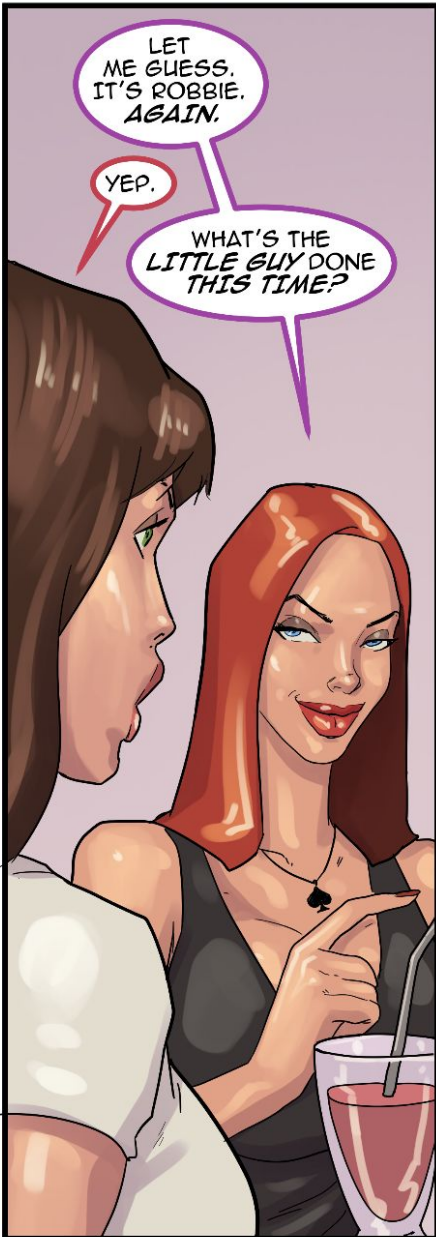
I'M INTRIGUED.

BUT THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN US, OKAY??

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

>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?

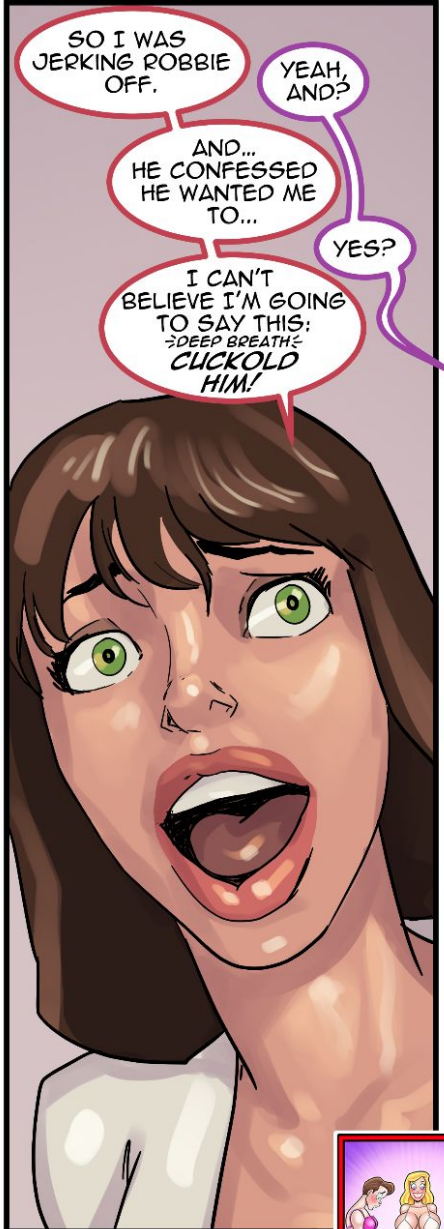


IF HIS LITTLE DICK ISN'T DOING IT FOR YOU, YOU COULD ALWAYS INVEST IN A BIG OL' DILDO?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...

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