

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 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
CLIM!

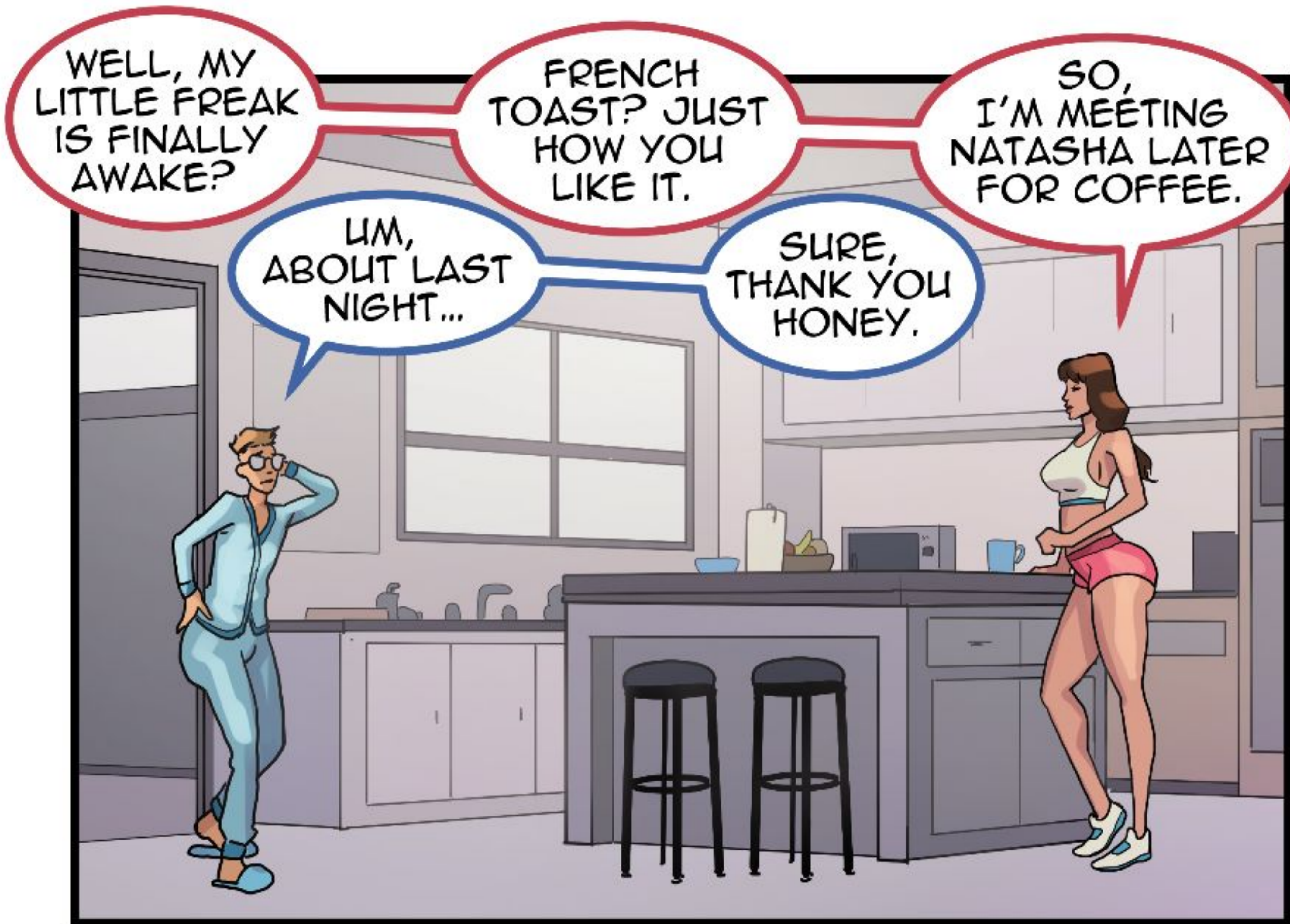
OH
SHIT!

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?

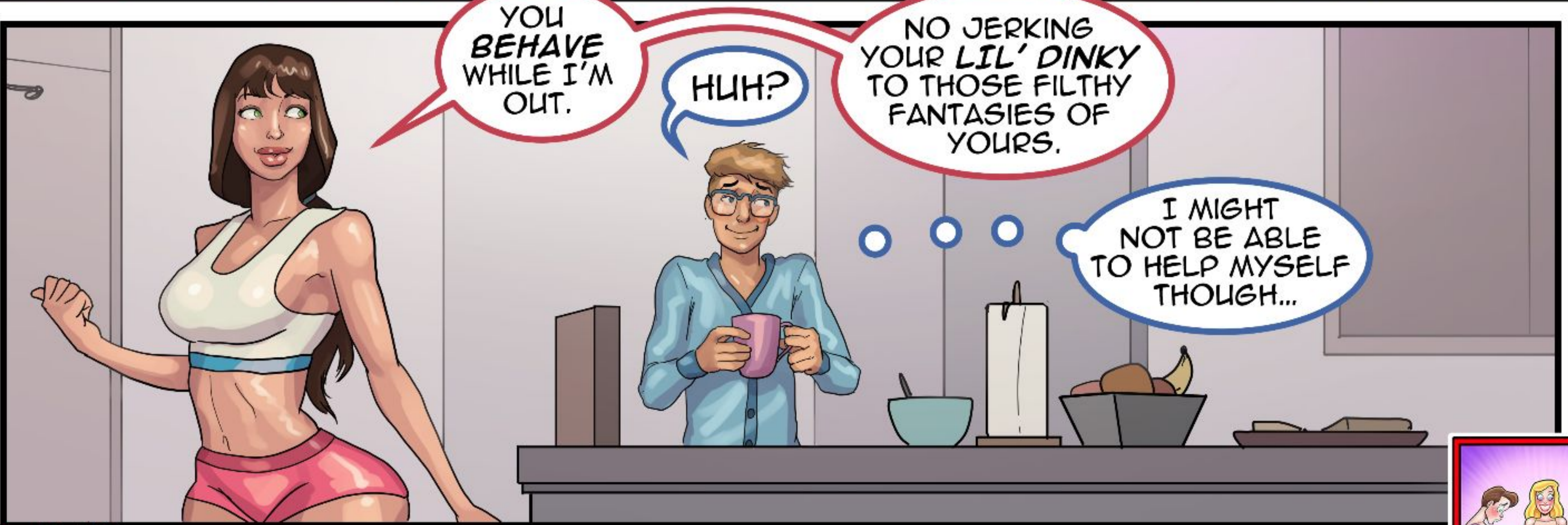
THAT'S RIGHT. SHE'S GOING THROUGH SOME STUFF WITH HER EX.

JAMEEK? TREY? I'VE LOST COUNT.



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

AND HOW TO GET IT TOO.

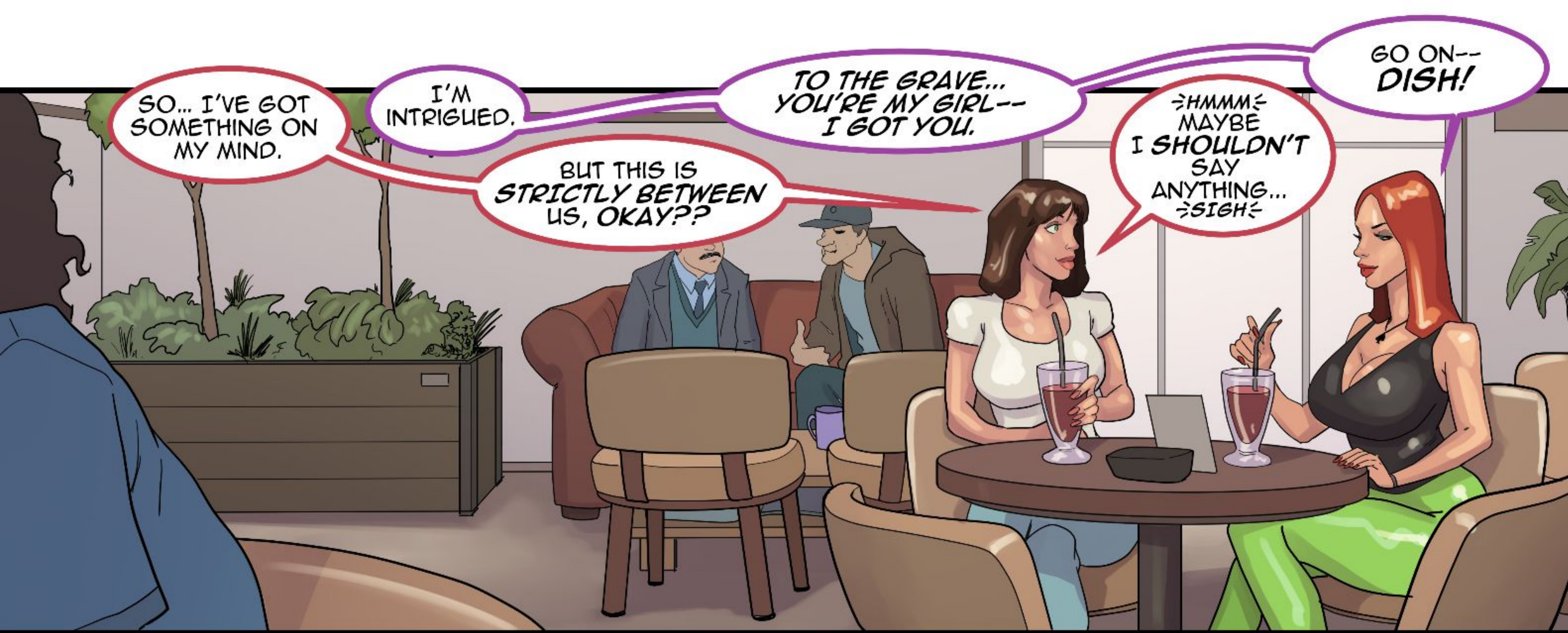


YOU BEHAVE WHILE I'M OUT.

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.

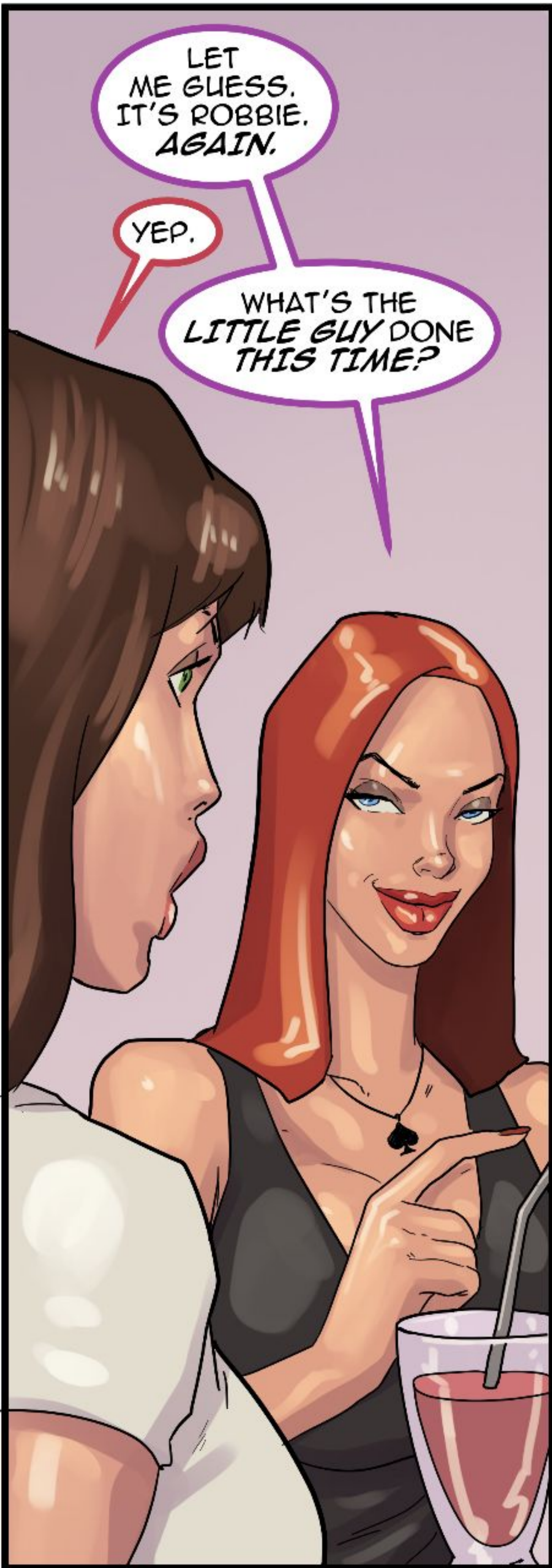
I'M INTRIGUED.

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?

TRUST ME. GET YOURSELF A BIG, STRONG BULL WITH AN EQUALLY BIG DICK.

SHOW ROBBIE EXACTLY WHAT LIFE IS LIKE AS A DORKY LITTLE CUCK.

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO IT. COULD I?

MOST WOMEN WOULD KILL FOR THE CHANCE TO HAVE TEN INCHES OF BBC INSIDE THEM.

WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?

I DON'T KNOW, I SUPPOSE I COULD THINK ABOUT IT.

HMMM...



JUST GOOGLE QUEEN OF SPADES FLUFFING, CUCKOLDS AND LET THE INTERNET DO THE REST.

REALLY?

TRUST ME ON THIS. YOU CAN THANK ME LATER.

WEAK LITTLE OMEGAS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING. ROBBIE'S THE SAME.

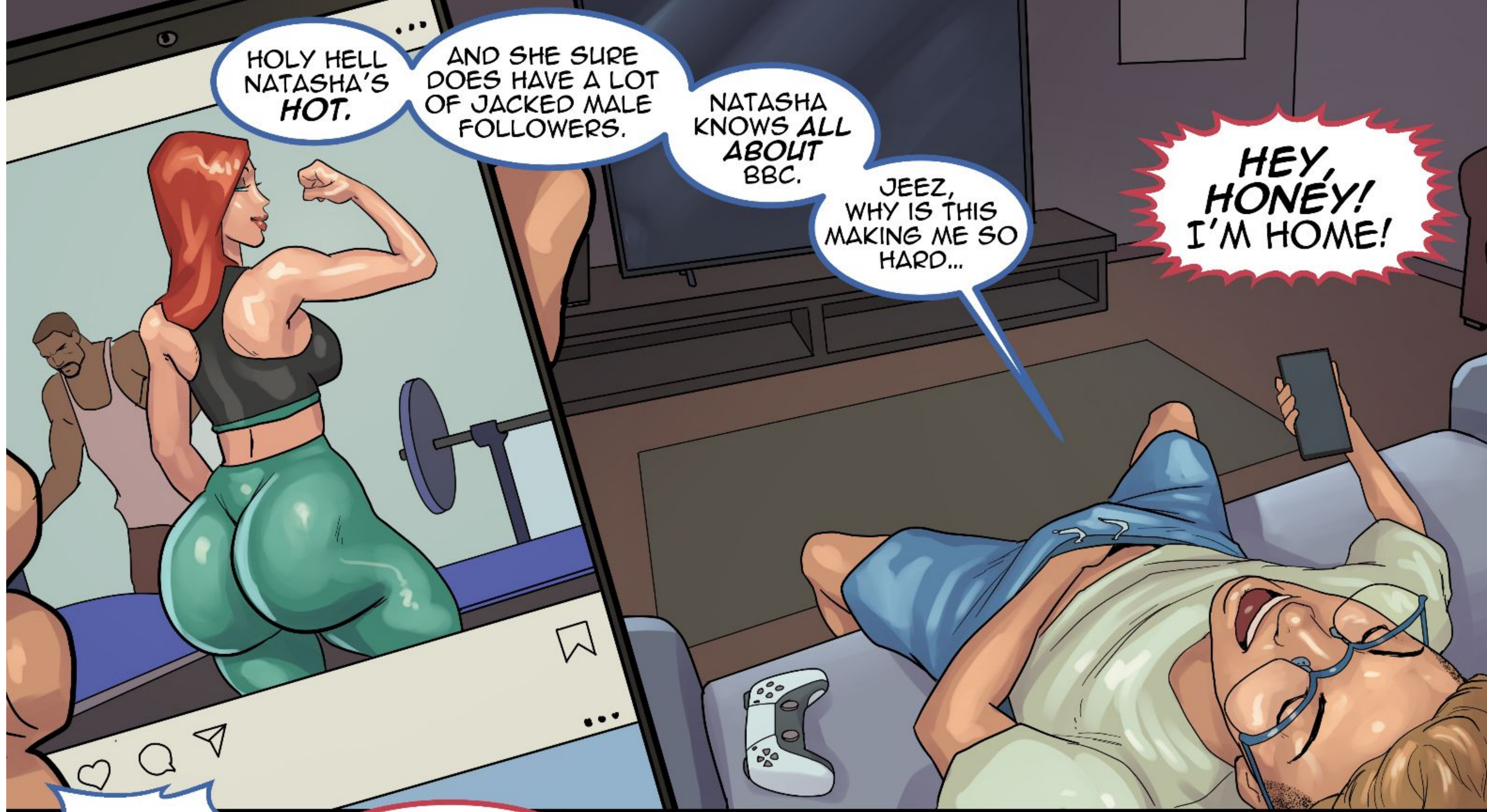
OH MY!

THEY NEED TO BE PUT IN THEIR PLACE... AND HARD.



The Cuckold CONUNDRUM!





HOLY HELL NATASHA'S HOT.

AND SHE SURE DOES HAVE A LOT OF JACKED MALE FOLLOWERS.

NATASHA KNOWS ALL ABOUT BBC.

JEEZ, WHY IS THIS MAKING ME SO HARD...

HEY, HONEY! I'M HOME!

OH, HEY, YOU'RE BACK!

HOW WAS THE NEW COFFEE SPOT?

WHAT THE HELL DID I JUST WALK IN ON?

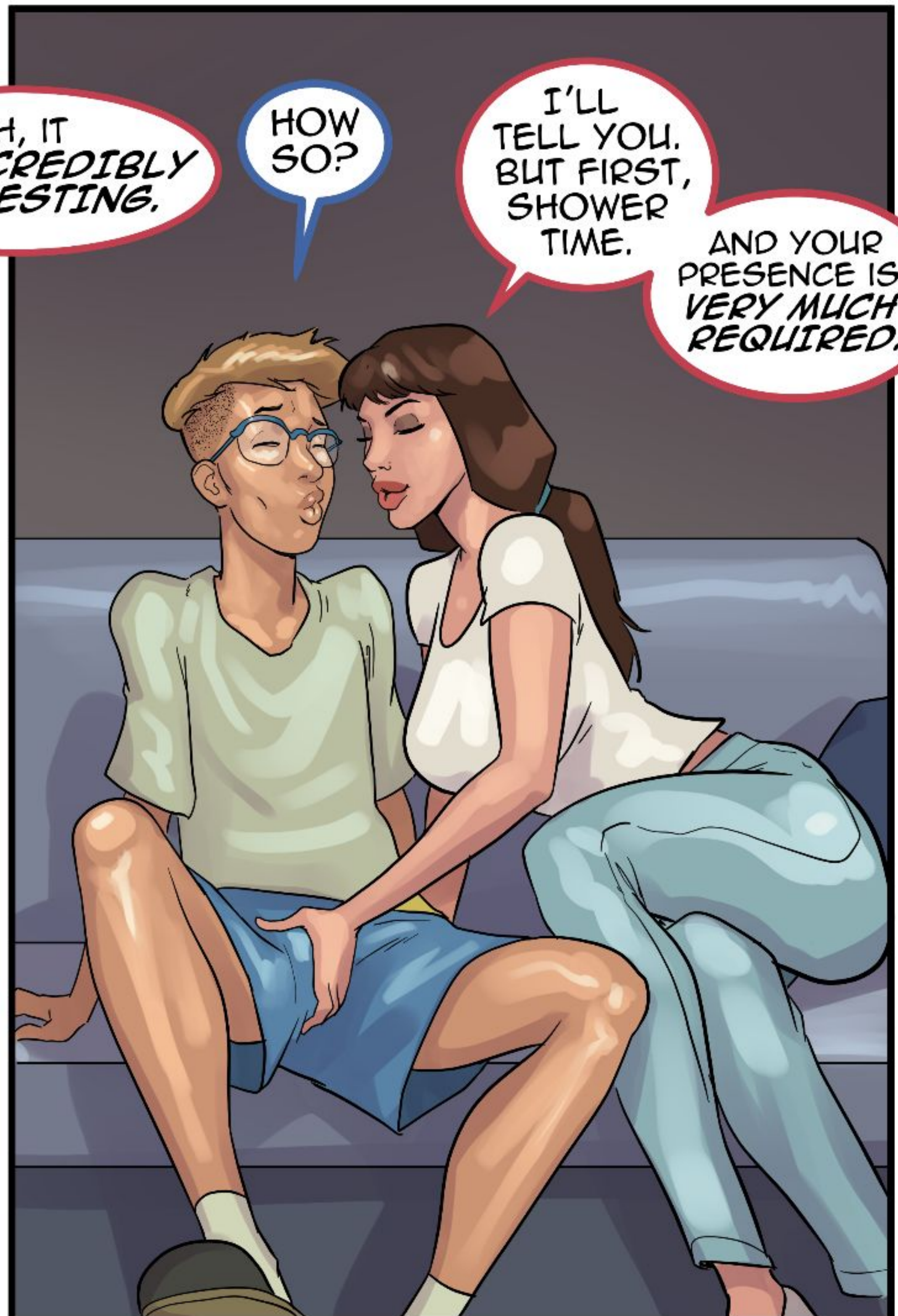
PLAY IT COOL.

OH, IT WAS INCREDIBLY INTERESTING.

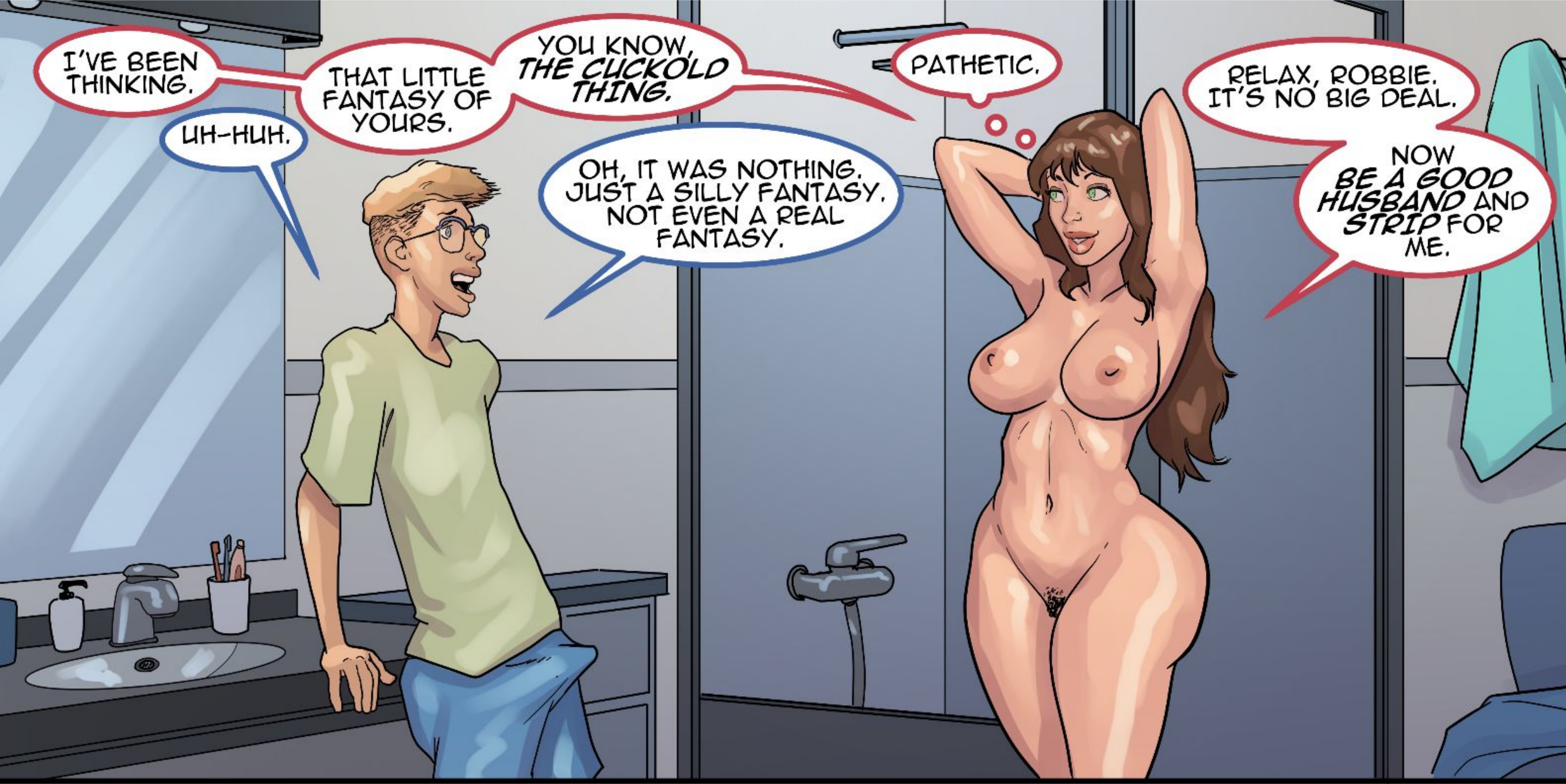
HOW SO?

I'LL TELL YOU, BUT FIRST, SHOWER TIME.

AND YOUR PRESENCE IS VERY MUCH REQUIRED.



The Cuckold CONUNDRUM!



I'VE BEEN THINKING.

UH-HUH.

THAT LITTLE FANTASY OF YOURS.

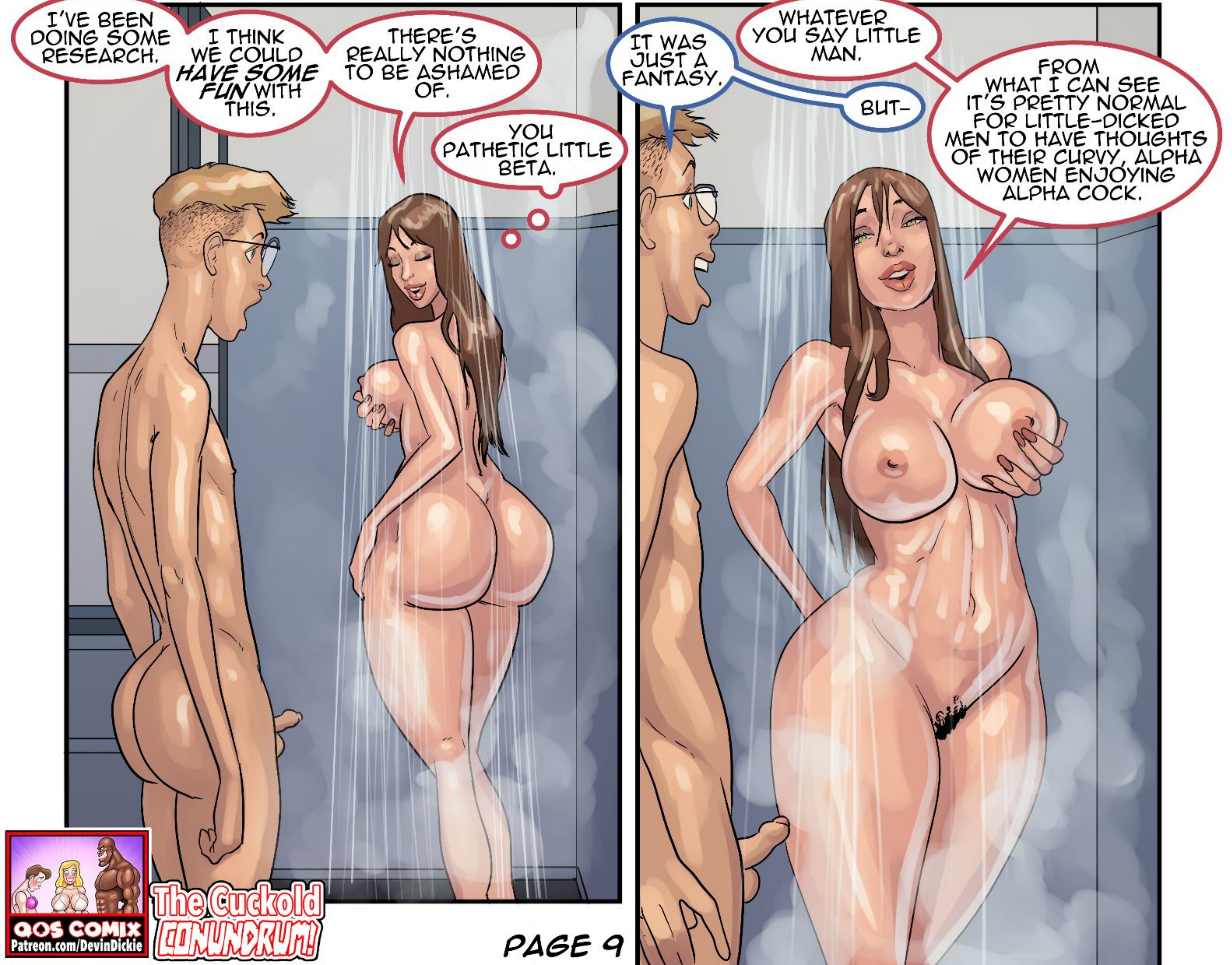
YOU KNOW, THE CUCKOLD THING.

PATHETIC.

RELAX, ROBBIE. IT'S NO BIG DEAL.

NOW BE A GOOD HUSBAND AND STRIP FOR ME.

OH, IT WAS NOTHING. JUST A SILLY FANTASY. NOT EVEN A REAL FANTASY.



I'VE BEEN DOING SOME RESEARCH.

I THINK WE COULD HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS.

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

YOU PATHETIC LITTLE BETA.

IT WAS JUST A FANTASY.

WHATEVER YOU SAY LITTLE MAN.

BUT-

FROM WHAT I CAN SEE IT'S PRETTY NORMAL FOR LITTLE-DICKED MEN TO HAVE THOUGHTS OF THEIR CURVY, ALPHA WOMEN ENJOYING ALPHA COCK.



The Cuckold CONUNDRUM!

AWWW!

DOWNSTAIRS NOW. PREPARE MY LUNCH FOR ME.

WHAT THE-

BE A GOOD BOY OR THERE'LL BE NO FUN LATER. CHOP-CHOP!

FAP!

OH, MY, GOD.

ROBBIE COULD NEVER DO THAT.

COULD THIS BE... ME???

OH GOD, I'M GOING TO-

FLUCKKKKKK!

THIS JUST HAS TO HAPPEN NOW. I NEED THIS FOR REAL.

THE NEXT DAY...



NATASHA, I HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR ADVICE. LIKE, *SERIOUSLY*.

OH GIRL, I *KNEW* YOU'D LOVE IT.

I CAN'T UNSEE THOSE MONSTER COCKS. SUDDENLY ROBBIE'S LITTLE DICKY IS MORE LIKE A MAGGOT.

FUTURE SIZE QUEEN ALERT!

I HAVE TO GO NOW, BUT I'LL HAVE ANOTHER UPDATE SOON.

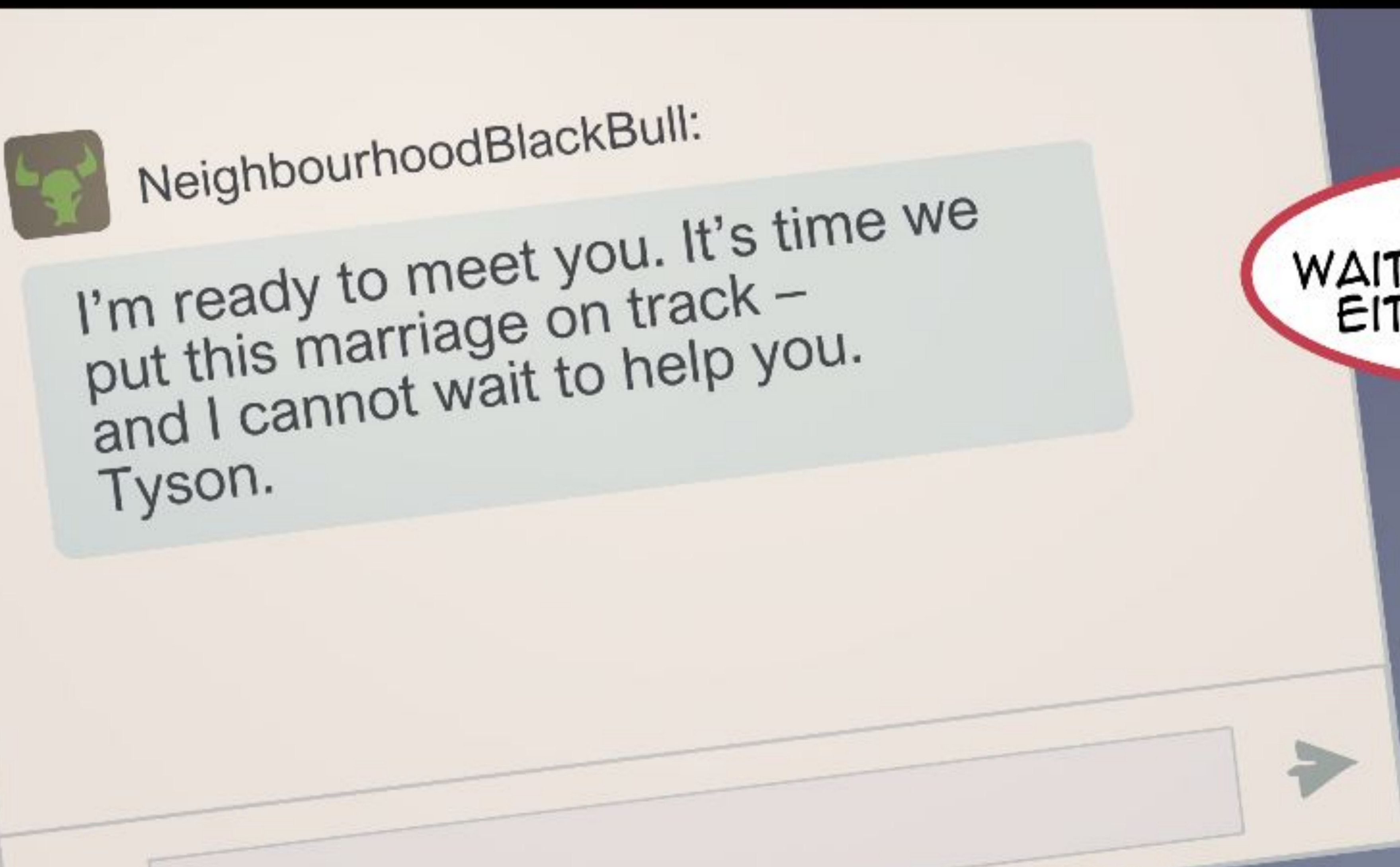
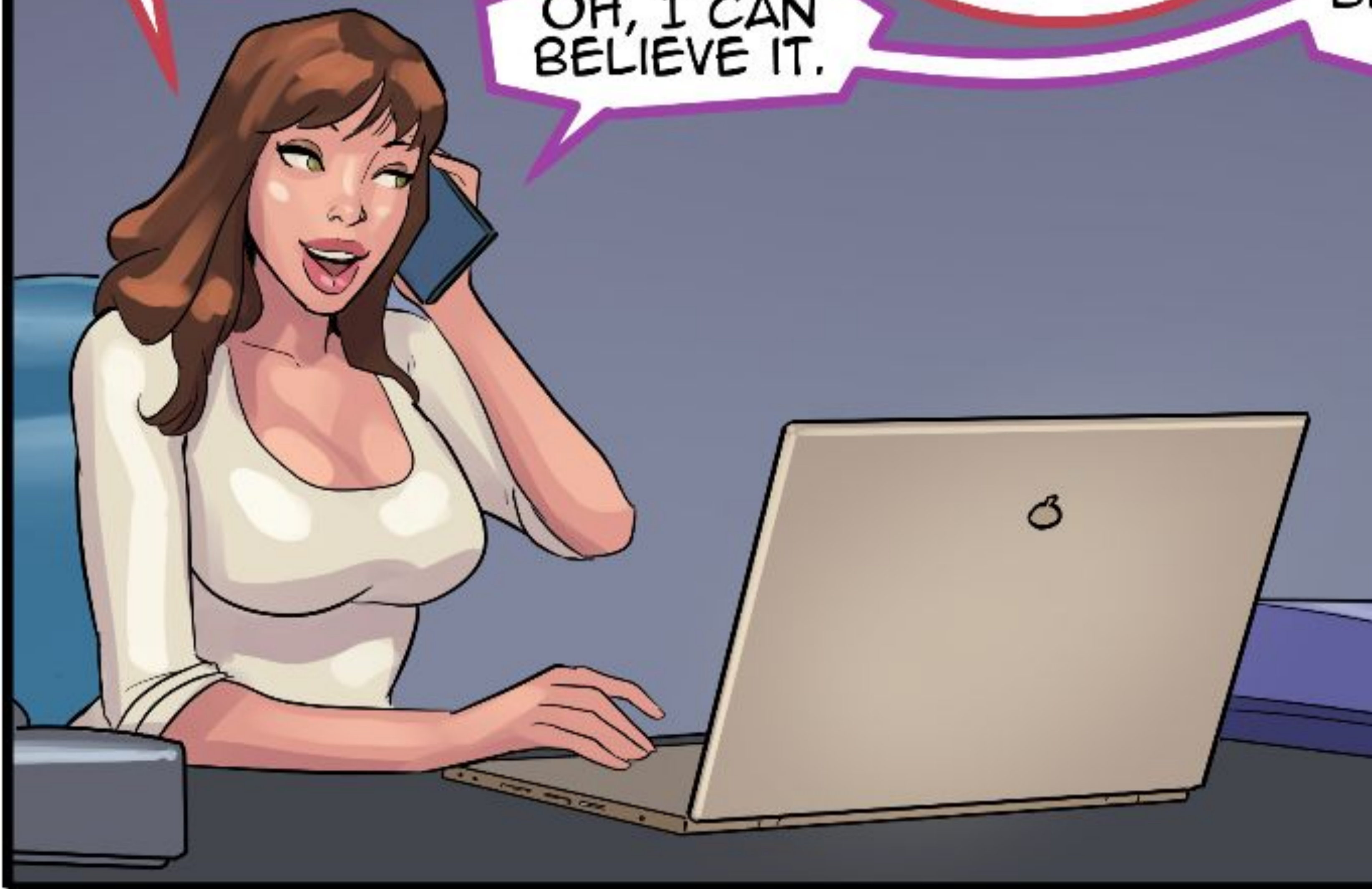
OH, I CAN BELIEVE IT.

SOME OF THESE BBBS THOUGH...

GIRL, WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT YOU BEING A *SIZE QUEEN IN TRAINING?*

OKAY, GOTTA GO. SPEAK SOON.

LOVE YOU, HOE!



I CANNOT WAIT TO MEET YOU EITHER TYSON.



A FEW DAYS LATER...

CAN I GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

I DO LOVE ROBBIE...

BUT THIS WAS HIS FANTASY, SO...

HEY THERE. YOU CERTAINLY LIVE UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

AND GREAT TASTE IN COFFEE TOO.

WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG JUST FINE.



IF I'M BEING HONEST, I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS.

DON'T WORRY, I DON'T BITE. MUCH.

SO, LET ME EXPLAIN HOW I OPERATE.

30 MINUTES LATER

SO, WE'RE AGREED? YOU'LL FOLLOW MY GUIDELINES TO THE LETTER?

OF COURSE. ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR. WE'LL WHIP THIS SISSY CLUCK INTO SHAPE IN NO TIME!



"SISSY CLUCK??"



ONE WEEK LATER

ROBBIE, GET YOUR ASS IN HERE. LIKE, NOW!

JEEZ, KAYLA.

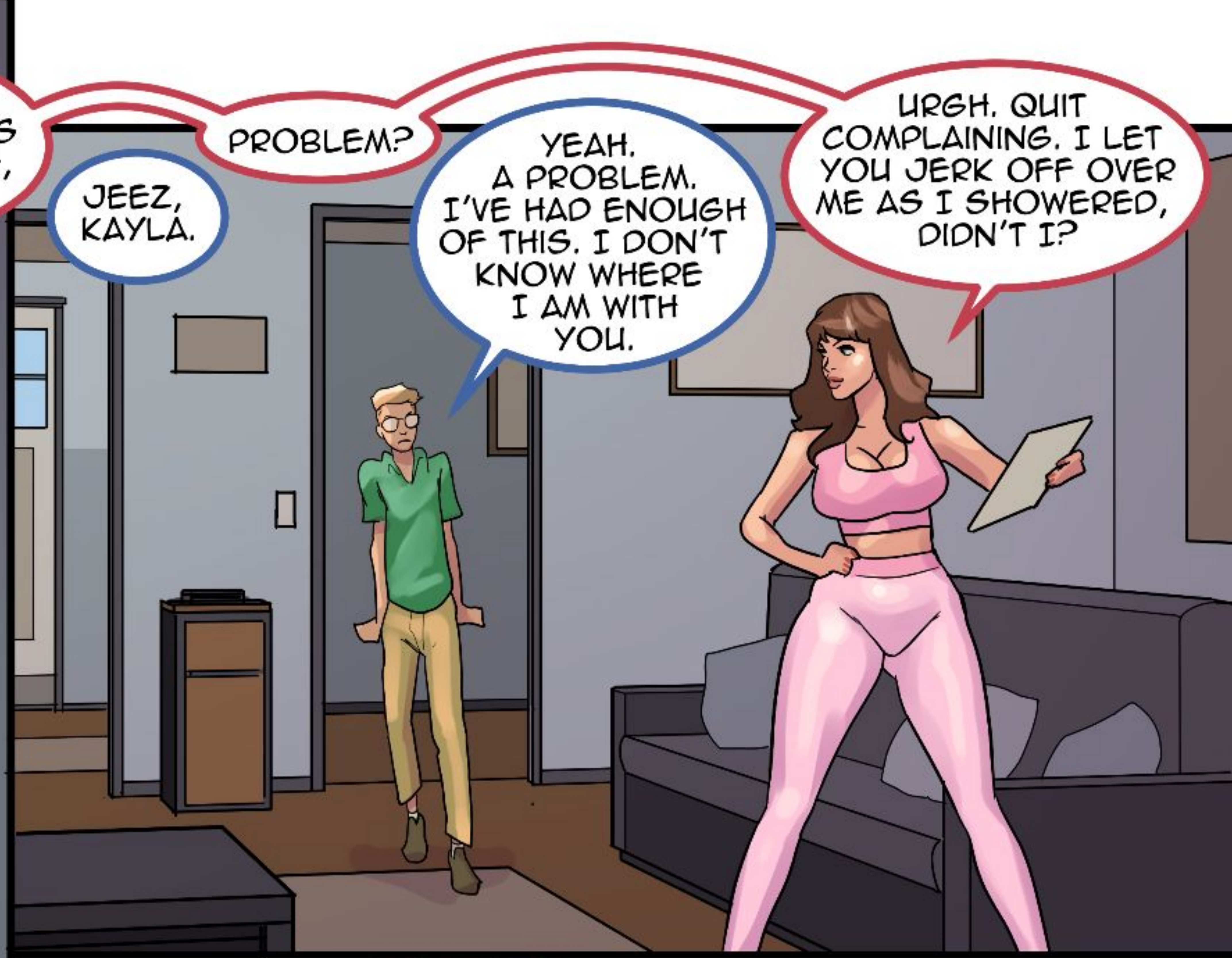
PROBLEM?

YEAH, A PROBLEM. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM WITH YOU.

URGH. QUIT COMPLAINING. I LET YOU JERK OFF OVER ME AS I SHOWERED, DIDN'T I?

SO FAR, SO GOOD. ROBBIE HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S COMING HIS WAY.

EVEN TALKING ONLINE WITH TYSON IS HOT.

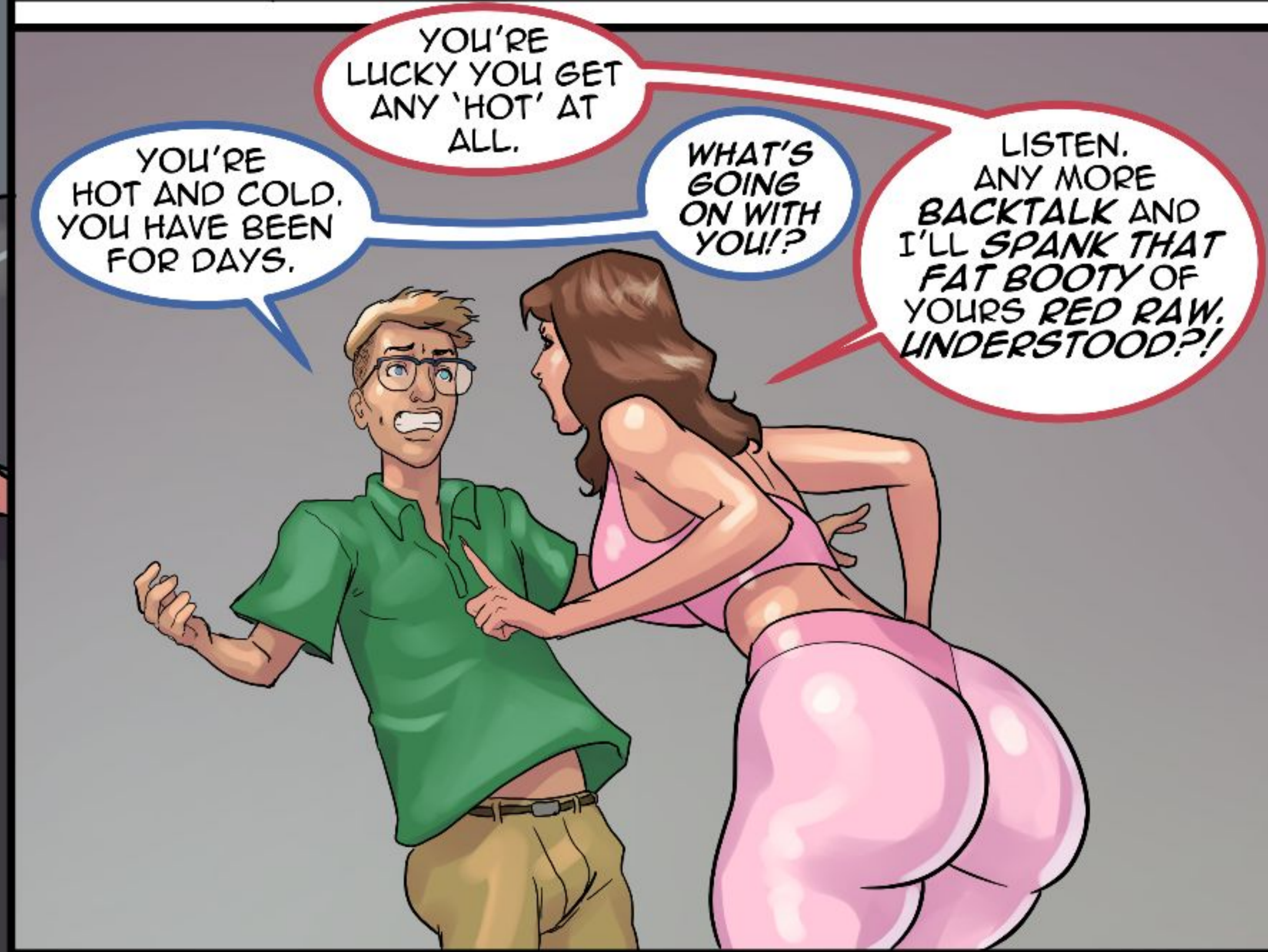


YOU'RE LUCKY YOU GET ANY 'HOT' AT ALL.

YOU'RE HOT AND COLD. YOU HAVE BEEN FOR DAYS.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU!?

LISTEN. ANY MORE BACKTALK AND I'LL SPANK THAT FAT BOOTY OF YOURS RED RAW, UNDERSTOOD?!



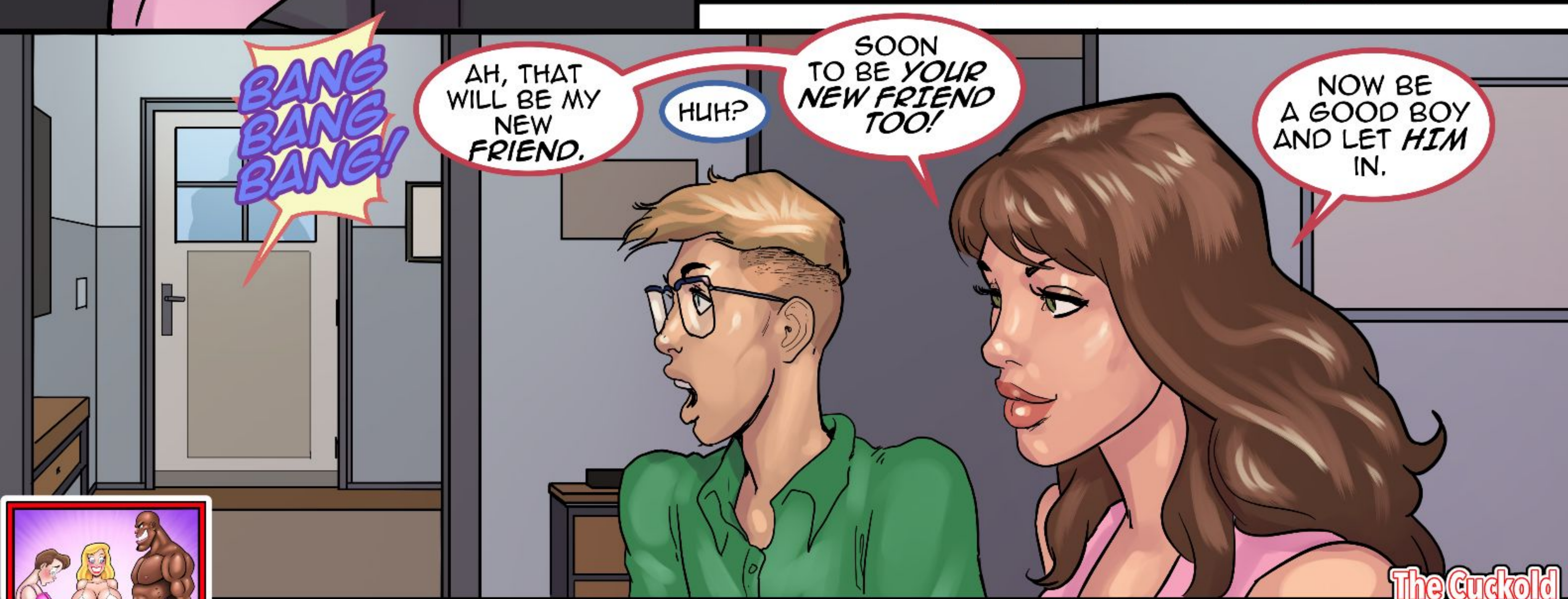
BANG BANG BANG!

AH, THAT WILL BE MY NEW FRIEND.

HUH?

SOON TO BE YOUR NEW FRIEND TOO!

NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND LET HIM IN.





KAYLA, LOOKING FINE AS ALWAYS. I'M THIRSTY.

ROBBIE! FETCH OUR BEST CHAMPAGNE. NOW!

W-W-W-WHAT?

RIGHT THIS SECOND. **FETCH!**

HAHAHAHAHA! PERFECT.



HURRY UP WITH THOSE BUBBLES. WE'RE THIRSTY.

DAMN, GIRL. YOU'RE A NATURAL.

THANK YOU, TYSON.



ROBBIE IS JUST... PATHETIC.

HE'S JUST LETTING ANOTHER MAN WALK INTO HIS OWN HOME, AND DRINK HIS BEST CHAMPAGNE,

AND SIT NEXT TO HIS WIFE?

UM, WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!



ROBBIE. KAYLA TELLS ME THAT YOU WANT TO BE A **CUCKOLD?**

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A **BIG SISSY-CLICK YES.**

ROBBIE,
ANSWER
TYSON RIGHT
THIS SECOND.
OR ELSE.

P-P-P-P-PLEASE,
N-N-N-NO, KAYLA.

TYSON
IS HERE TO
HELP.

I'M NOT GOING
TO TOLERATE ANY
SULKING FROM
YOU EITHER.

SAY
IT WIFEY.
LAY IT
DOWN.

WHAT... IS...
HAPPENING??

AND BEFORE
YOU TRY TO DENY IT,
I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING
AT ONLINE.

NO. NO.
I'M SORRY TYSON,
WE'VE WASTED YOUR
TIME.

LET ME PAY
FOR AN LIBER TO
TAKE YOU
HOME.

HAHAHA
HAHAHA!

CUCKOLDS *DO*
NOT DISRESPECT
THEIR WIVES LIKE
THIS

I WON'T
TOLERATE
IT.

KAYLA
HAS EMPLOYED
ME TO HELP
& THAT'S WHAT
I'M GOING
TO DO.

WHETHER
YOU LIKE IT
OR NOT.

GOT
IT?!

BUT... I... I...
DON'T KNOW
IF...

AS LONG
AS IT'S *JUST*...
TALKING...
I GUESS...

JUST
TALKING.
SURE!

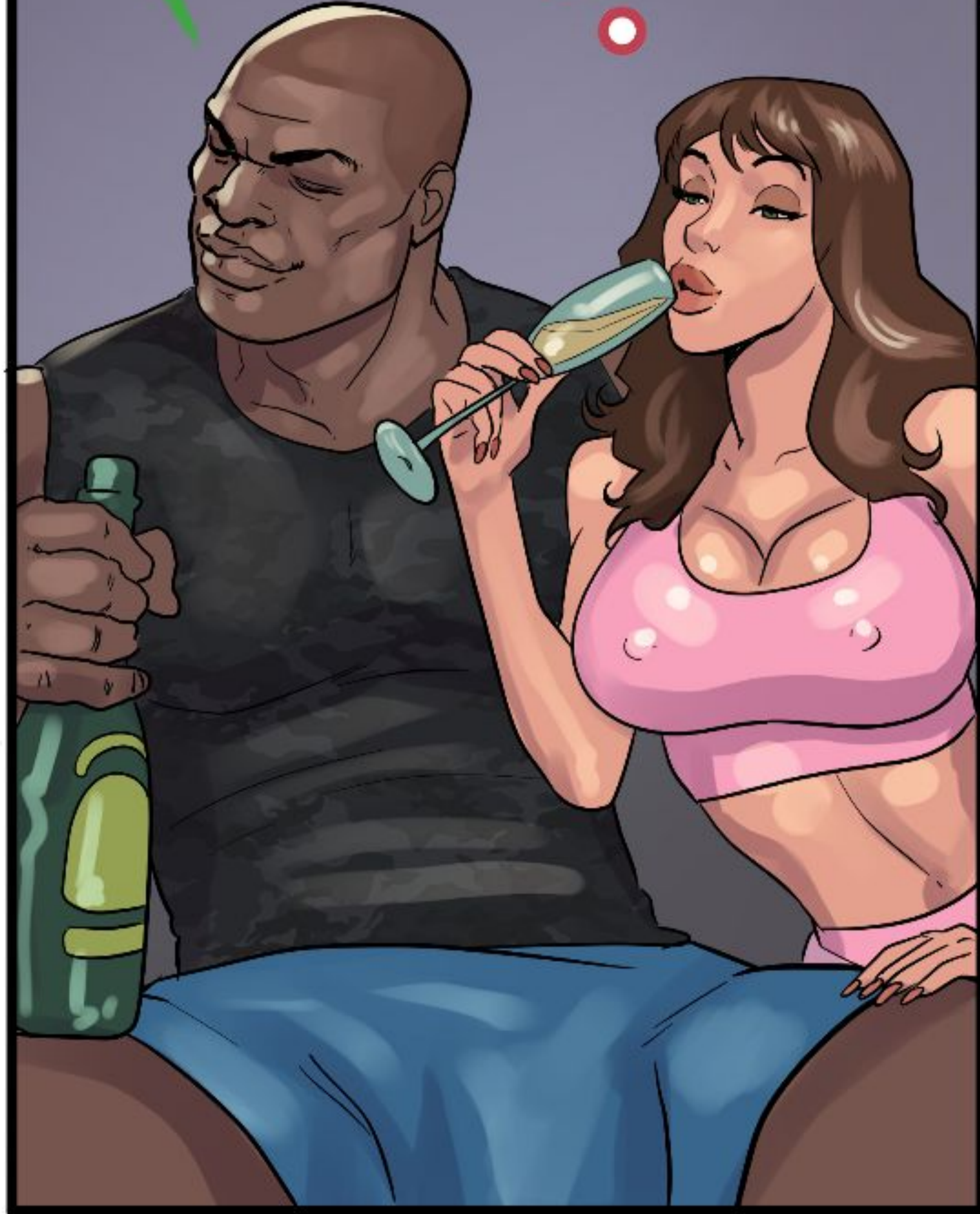
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHA!



THAT'S A GOOD CLUCK.

THIS IS TOO HOT.

NOW IT'S TIME TO SHOW ME WHAT WE'RE WORKING WITH. **STRIP!**



ROBBIE, IT'S PART OF THE PROCESS.

BUT-

YOU'VE GOT TWENTY SECONDS BEFORE I RIP THOSE WHITEBOY RAGS OFF MYSELF.

IT'LL BE FINE. YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE.



PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS.

I'LL DO ANYTHING. BUT-

SORRY HONEY, TYSON'S IN CHARGE.



TYSON, PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES FOR MY HUBBY'S DISRESPECT.

I'M ALMOST ASHAMED TO CALL THIS RUDE LITTLE JERK-OFF MY HUSBAND.

IT'S OKAY. BETA HUSBANDS OFTEN STRUGGLE TO BEGIN WITH.

BUT MY PATIENCE WILL RUN OUT. STRIP, CLUCK. NOW!



SEE. I TOLD YOU IT WAS TINY.

LOTS OF THESE WHITEBOY CLUCK-TYPES COME BUILT WITH SMALL DICKS.

IT'S PART OF WHAT MAKES THEM... SPECIAL.

I GUESS SO.

C-C-CAN I PLEASE PUT MY CLOTHES BACK ON NOW??

SO, ROBBIE HERE MUST BE, WHAT, 3 INCHES FULLY ERECT?

I...N-N-N-N-NO!

CERTAINLY GOT A CUTE LIL' PASTY BOOTY THOUGH. >HEH HEH<

ROBBIE, DON'T BE RUDE, LET TYSON GRAB A HANDFUL.

I SHOULDN'T BE ENJOYING THIS AS MUCH AS I AM.

OH WHAT THE HELL-- THIS IS WHAT ROBBIE JERKS OFF TO AND HIS PENIS SEEMS TO LIKE IT.

I SHOULD ENJOY MYSELF TOO-- SERIOUSLY!

PLEASE DON'T GET HARD. PLEASE DON'T GET HARD. PLEASE DON'T GET HARD.

P-P-PAH PLEASE... D-D-DON'T >MMMMM<

SEE, YOUR CLUCKY HUSBAND UNDERSTANDS.

UNDERSTANDS??

JUST HOW POWERLESS HE IS TO STOP ME DOING WHATEVER I WANT TO HIS BODY.

>MMMMM< OH MY!!

