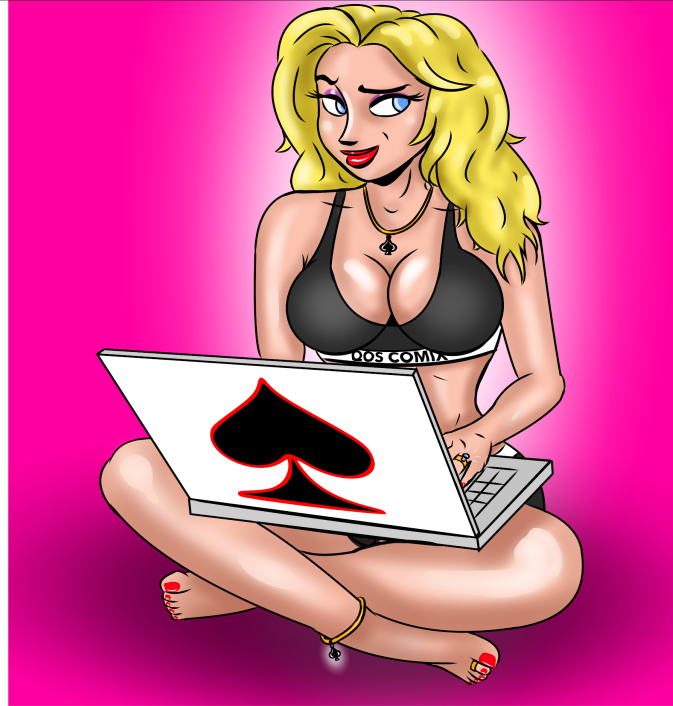


CUCKOLD TRAFFIC STOP

Written By Throne

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Dilbert Merkin's small hands tightened on the steering wheel. For the next minute he continued driving along the dark road, so far out that there were no street lights. He pointedly did not look at his wife Mina, who was sitting placidly next to him. If he had turned his eyes toward her, he would have seen her lovely profile, with its pert nose and naturally puckered lips. He wouldn't have been able to miss the two sets of long artificial lashes that drew attention to her wide blue eyes. All of that was highlighted by long blond hair that fell in shimmering waves to her bare shoulders. Most of all, however, he would have been eyeballing her heavy thrusting bust, which was barely contained by the scoop neckline of her dress and the lack of a bra. That bosom had been avidly observed by every guy at the party they had just attended.

Dilbert was still fuming about it.

"You know," he said, finally breaking the silence he had maintained since they left the event, "you didn't have to act so flirty with every man who got near you."

"I wasn't flirting," she calmly told him. "I was merely being friendly. It's my nature."

"That wasn't what it looked like to me," he grumbled.

That was when something else caught his eye. In the rearview mirror he spied flashing red lights.

"Oh, crap," he said. "There's a cop behind us."

"You'd better pull over to let him past."

"Yeah. Maybe he's just on his way to somewhere further up the road."

But the prowl car got right on his tail and the siren gave a few whoops. Dilbert pulled onto the shoulder and cut the engine. For long moments the official vehicle just sat there. Presumably, the officer was sending his license plate number to be checked. Then the door opened and a tall figure emerged. He came up to where Dilbert sat and tapped on the glass.

Mina told her husband, "He wants you to lower the window."

"I know that," he said with forced composure that did little to hide the underlying anger.

As the window went down, the cop bent over and his face appeared. It was broad and heavy-jawed, with a drooping mustache. He peered at Dilbert. The uniformed man was Black.

"May I see you license and registration, Sir?" he asked formally.

"Yeah, sure," Dilbert grumped.

Mina offered, "Don't get nasty with the nice man, dear," her tone innocent.

The driver handed over his documents. After a minute, they were given back.

Dilbert wanted to know, "Is there some problem?"

His wife suggested, "Just let the policeman talk, Dilly."

He hated it when she used the version of his name. He flashed her an angry expression. "Can't you just shut it, Mina?"

"Sir," the officer said, "please focus on me. Have you been drinking?"

"No, of course not."

Mina amended, "You had a few, Dill."

He wanted to snap at her again, but remembered what the cop had said. "Well, yes.

Technically, I did drink."

"Please step out of the car."

Dilbert had some trouble with his seat belt before he was able to get out. He was so much shorter than the cop. The man-in-blue went to Mina's side of the car.

Standing there, he was gazing down on her deep cleavage and the tops of her inviting boobs. She tilted up her pretty face and smiled.

"Good evening, Miss." He didn't sound business-like with her, the way he had with her spouse. "How are you this evening?"

"Oh, I'm fine," she said cheerily. "Please excuse my husband." She lowered her voice and added, "He has issues with... persons of color."

Dilbert's whole body tightened up. Why had she said that? It was true but not necessary to bring up. He could see that the officer's crotch was level with Mina's window, and it was impossible to miss the generous bulge in the front of his tight pants.

"Would you like me to get out?" she asked politely, taking a deep breath that made her breasts rise.

"That won't be necessary at this time," he told her.

Just then, a second police car appeared, slowed down, and pulled in behind the first. Another Black officer got out and joined the other. He was a bit shorter, but more broadly built. They conferred in hushed voices for a few sentences.

The new arrival decided, "It would be better to take this off the road. There's a side lane just ahead, right after that old billboard." He stepped close to Dilbert. "Are you able to drive, Sir?"

"Of course, I am," he snarled. "You don't have to take an attitude with me."

The two cops eyed him with concern. The first one said, "I think he can manage it, Jace."

The other noted, "I'm worried about him trying to flee, after the way he just talked to me, Nick."

They allowed Dilbert to drive but cautioned him to go slowly and not attempt flight. Once they were out of earshot, he said to his wife, "It would help if you didn't blab anymore, Mina."

"You know," she pointed out, as if talking to a slow-learner, "it's always better to come clean with the police."

"And you don't have to be so schmoozy with them."

"Would you prefer that I growl at the nice men, like you've been doing?"

He pulled into a narrow unpaved track, just beyond the faded old billboard. It led to a clearing, where he parked. The two cop cars followed, ending up where they would block any attempted escape. They shut off their headlights. The area was bathed in pale moonlight.

Jace went to Dilbert's window and Nick returned to Mina's. The original officer bent down, so he was looking directly into the car. He wanted to know, "Do you have any opened liquor containers? Any recreational drugs?"

Dilbert swore softly. "You can't accuse me like that."

Jace told him, "He didn't accuse you. It was just a question."

Nick said, "And I wasn't speaking to you. I was addressing this pleasant woman."

"I'm Mina," she introduced herself. Her hand reached out and touched Nick's lower arm. "Thank you for understanding Dilly's poor social skills."

"Hey," the husband objected. "Can't we just get this over with?"

Even though no one told him to, he got out of the car again. Jace tried to reason with him, but Dilbert blurted something about wanting to get home. He took a step toward the officer and, without meaning to, bumped into him. Jace reacted instantly, grabbing him and spinning him around, slamming Dilbert into his own car. Seconds later, the stunned man was cuffed. He started to say something but when Jace jerked his arms upward, sending pain stabbing into his shoulders, it silenced him.

"Oh, my," said Mina. "You officers are so strong. I hope you won't put my husband in jail." Nick had straightened up. She put her hand on the side of his thigh. "I hope we can avoid that, some way or other."

"Well, Ma'am..." he began.

"It's Mina," she reminded him playfully. "And you're Nick."

"Yes, Mina. I'm sure that Jace and I would be willing to discuss the situation."

Her fingers ran suggestively up and down. "Thank you, Nick. That's awfully BIG of you. I wouldn't want Dilly to face a LONG list of charges."

She was hungrily considering what obviously waited in his pants. Her fingertips brushed lightly over it.

"What were you thinking of doing, Mina?" he asked amiably.

"You know," she told him, "this reminds me of when I was single, before I got hitched to Mister Grumpy over there. I used to park in this special place where it was nice and shadowy, like right here. Me and one of my girlfriends would do what's called 'dogging'. Have you heard of that?"

Naturally, Nick had, but he played dumb and professed ignorance. She explained, her whole hand now exploring what he was packing, that it was when a guy stood alongside the car and the girl seated inside gave him a blowjob. Dilbert was horrified to hear her talk like that. He knew she had been rather wild in her single days, but wasn't aware of anything as dirty as she was confessing to.

He told her, "Mina, just shut your mouth."

She said, "That's exactly what I'm NOT going to do, Silly Dilly. These nice gentlemen are trying to save you from an arrest. Do you want to end up in a cell with some big dude who rapes your ass?"

Just hearing her say that made him gag. The thought of anything gay turned his stomach. All at once he couldn't speak.

Mina concluded, "It sounds like Dilly-Boy understands." She toyed with Nick's belt buckle. "So, why don't we get started?" She fluttered those heavy eyelashes at him and licked her plump lips.

Nick could see that her nipples had gotten hard. He helped her open his pants. Jace shoved Dilbert's head and shoulders through the opposite window, so he could see what his wife was about to do. He trembled with bottled up jealousy and rage. She slowly freed Nick's cock. OMG, it was a monster. So long and thick and dark, with a heavy head.

"Don't worry," she assured the lawman. "I had lots of practice with super-size cocks back in the day. I can take the biggest of them without choking, and this is among

the biggest." She massaged it into full stiffness. "What my husband has, on the other hand, is nothing but a joke."

Dilbert was so upset by having his penile shortcoming brought up that he forgot himself and raised his voice. "Mina, that's enough!"

Jace drove his knee into Dilbert's crotch from behind. The cuffed man grunted and couldn't draw a breath. The edge of the window-opening dug into his chest. He was pushed further in, so that the frame was cutting into his middle. His own weight pressed down, adding to his discomfort. At the same time, his wife angled herself so that he could see it as she held the base of Nick's rigid tool and licked its considerable length. Her full lips engulfed the knob and she sucked hard enough to hollow her cheeks. Dilbert had to keep looking as she demonstrated those deep-throat skills about which she had bragged. Mina swallowed that ginormous rod up to the owner's heavy balls. She went after it like a whore eager to earn a big tip. Dilbert couldn't look away. She sucked the head while pumping the shaft. Nick groaned with pleasure. Suddenly his hips jerked and Mina had to struggle to gulp down his load.

Nick swore appreciatively. "I never had a bitch who could take my entire Johnson like that."

After he was done, Mina slid her mouth off his glistening, chocolate-brown cock. She swiveled unexpectedly, grabbed Dilbert by the ears, and fastened her lips to his. Jace saw what was happening. He could tell from the husband's muffled protests that he was attempting to keep his mouth shut. Jace grabbed his balls and squeezed. Dilbert's lips parted and Mina shoved her tongue past them, making sure to push in plenty of semen. She maintained the lip-lock and even pinched shut her spouse's nose, until he had to glug down a mouthful of cream. Only then did she back off.

"There you go," she declared triumphantly. "That felt good, after having to put up with your baby dick so often."

Jace looked past Dilbert's trapped form, at her. "Is he honestly that tiny?"

"Pull down his pants and see," she offered.

The second cop laughed and did exactly that. Dilbert wailed and jerked around like a hooked fish, succeeding only in hurting himself some more. Soon, his pants were down around his ankles. His genitals were still hidden, due to his position. Jace unceremoniously dragged him back out of the window and stood him up.

"Holy crap!" the cop marveled. "That belongs on a miniature-poodle puppy."

Mina laughed. "Now you can see why I'm so disgusted with him, Jace. Do you want some of what I gave Nick?" As a joke she added, "Or would you rather have Dilly blow you? He's always been such a wimp that I suspect him of being secretly fruity anyway."

To her surprise, Jace said, "I've had a few fairy blowjobs. You know what they say, about how nobody knows how you want your cock sucked as much as another guy does."

The wife clapped her hands, making those big tits bounce. "Oh, goody. You can make him do it, as long as I can watch."

"No problem." Jace pinched Dilbert's ear and twisted it. "That is, as long as Dilly has no objections."

Dilbert appeared ready to break down and cry. "Please. Not that. I can't. I'm straight."

Mina added, unhelpfully, "And you have problems with Black men."

Jace observed, "I could try to convince you with a few more shots to those tiny balls of yours. They're a damn small target, but I can hit them. How about if we start with a half dozen from my knee?"

"Yeah," encouraged Mina. "Wreck his little nuggets, so he'll never bother me at bedtime again."

"Don't ruin me," Dilbert pleaded.

Jace went on, "I saw a good spot right over by those bushes. Let's go."

With his hands cuffed behind his back and those powerful fingers gripping his ear, Dilbert had to let himself be walked to the chosen spot. He shuffled along, trying to think of some way out of this nightmare. There was a puddle of muddy water. Jace kicked Dilbert's feet out from under him, so the guy with his pants down landed on his knees in the muck. Jace stood on the edge of the puddle and opened his pants. His prick was shorter than Nick's, but girthier. Mina came over and fondled him until he was hard, all the while leering at her helpless husband. She even pushed Dilbert's head forward until the end of the massive cock entered his mouth. It stretched his lips wide. Jace held his hair and worked his hips forward and back.

Mina coached, "Do some sucking, Dilly. Don't make Jace do all the work. Get that mouth in gear or I'LL be the one to kick you in the balls."

In desperation, Dilbert began to apply suction to the monster cock that had invaded his mouth. His wife instructed him to run his tongue around the widest part of the knob, and he did that too. She told him he looked like the perfect little faggot, who was thrilled to get a Big Black Cock. Jace began to huff and puff and then he exploded. His copious cum filled Dilbert's mouth and ran down his throat, with enough left over that some oozed down his quivering chin. At last, Jace pulled out. He shoved the well-used loser over backward, into the puddle. Then Jace dragged him out and used the front of Dilbert's shirt to wipe his feet on, leaving him muddy front and back. Finally, his cuffs were removed.

"I'll have to drive him home. Let me open my trunk and you fellows can get the drop-cloth that's in there, to spread out on the passenger seat. Then he can put on his seatbelt, so he won't flop around, if he faints from the sheer joy of sucking Black cock."

"Really," seconded Nick. "And I think he's one of those freaks who gets off on seeing his wife do the same thing."

Mina mused, "We should find out if he enjoys seeing me get boned by a BBC."

"How about this Wednesday?" asked Nick. "We could have another traffic stop. I'd bring our Prisoner Transport Van, which has lots of room in the back."

"Sounds terrific," Mina opined. "And now that I know Dilly loves the taste of spunk, I'd let him lick me clean after you bone me, Nick."

Jace said, "And I'd like a shot at his soft sissy ass. After he has my fat cock in there, he'll be addicted to it."

"Even if he's not," offered Mina, "I'll keep bringing him back until he gets hooked."

They put the drop-cloth in place and let Dilbert sit on it. He fastened his seatbelt.

"That's good," Nick offered. "I wouldn't want to have to ticket him for not being buckled up."

Three people laughed. The fourth one did not. Dilbert's head lolled to the side and a streamer of semen drooled over his lower lip and onto his filthy shirt. He was already dreading his next visit to this dark road. His wife was going to be ravished by that Black cop and he was going to have to lap the Black man's cream from her pussy, and then have his ass violated by the other one. Without being told, he knew that Mina would never again let him enjoy her in their marital bed. It was going to be a very different life for Dilbert Merkin, from then on.
