

# ***CUCKOLD COUPLE BLACKMAILED***

Wife submits then enjoys it; husband's penis gets locked.

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*Note: co-authored by Kitty, who penetrated my brain so deeply she "virtually" cuckolded me into writing her story.*

It figures that her name is Taylor. Are all Taylor's hot?

This one is. Sizzling. And she knows it and flaunts it. She has long, clean, straight blonde hair. A beautiful face with a little ridge on her adorable nose. A fit, firm figure with perfect 36C breasts and her butt is *PERFECTION*.

Taylor's boyfriend Marcus is hot, too. A handsome 6-3 athletic dark-skinned and fit male.

Both could easily get laid whenever they wanted. But they mainly sleep with each other. However, sometimes they go looking for vulnerable married couples to 'fuck' with.

Dipika is pretty: dark, almost black hair, olive skin, a perfectly round ass and proportional breasts. She is exotic looking and knows how to enhance her appeal with burgundy lipstick and dark eye shadow.

But so far in life, her wonderful physical appearance is most often hidden. Tonight for example, Dipika was conservatively dressed in a long evening gown that covered almost every inch of her skin from neck down. But even in this conservative attire her nice figure clearly emerged and her shapely ass announced its presence.

Raghav is Dipika's husband. They are from India and the product of an arranged marriage. He is 5-8 and average looking. Their marriage to date has been monogamous, but that is about to change. The two minute missionary fuck with his small penis is no longer going to be the only way this married couple has sex.

At Raghav's staff party--where everyone is drinking heavily--Dipika notices the gorgeous, young blond--Taylor--who interns at the company where her boyfriend Marcus is an executive.

Taylor was in a very short cocktail dress and no bra as it was backless.

Many others notice her too. Mostly the men, who are distracted by her appeal, but some women can't take their eyes off her, also. This reinforces the concept that all Taylors are hot.

Taylor is clearly aware of her manipulating influence and exerts it regularly. This staff party, where everyone is drinking, is the perfect example.

Taylor likes to flirt with and control women who are attracted to her. Tonight's victim is Dipika. After some small talk, the two inebriated women were trying to show off their tongue skills to each other by tying cherry stems into a knot in their mouth.

Taylor challenged Dipika to a best of three competition.

D: What do I get if I win?

T: Oh, that'll be fun to decide!

D: What happens if I lose?

T: I don't know, we'll see. That might even be more fun!

Taylor won the first two cherry stem knot ties easily. She'd been holding back how her excellent tongue skills really were.

T: I have an idea. Why don't you let me demonstrate to you how this is actually done.

Taylor proceeded to pick another cherry out of the pile. She plucked the red orb off the stem with her teeth in a very sexually suggestive way. Then after chewing it and swallowing, she opened her mouth to prove it was empty, again, sexually implying that swallowing is sexual.

Dipika was stunned by what happened next. After Taylor placed the cherry stem in her own mouth, she approached Dipika and French kissed her, pushing the stem into Dipika's mouth.

Dipika offered no resistance; Taylor, somehow knew she wouldn't. The gorgeous, hot blonde circulated her tongue all over the inside of Dipika's mouth. It was difficult for Dipika to pretend like she didn't want to kiss her back. There was no mistaking who was in charge of this little french kissing escapade. Taylor was dictating all of it. Dipika was thankful the two were off to the side and unlikely to be seen.

After several minute passed, Dipika slightly backed away.

D: We probably shouldn't be kissing each other.

T: Who is kissing? I'm teaching you how to tie off a cherry stem. Besides, I didn't think you were kissing me back.

Taylor was teasing Dipika. She knew she had her right where she wanted her. And, with Taylor's friend Brittney secretly recording their make out session, she'd have leverage to get what she wanted next. Then to ensure that the evening's trap was set the way Taylor envisioned it, one more kiss would find Dipika completely ensnared.

T: I need to pee, I'll be right back. Do you want another drink?

D: Sure.

T: Don't go anywhere.

Taylor didn't need to pee. The excuse was just to buy time. She found Marcus right away and brought him up to speed. Taylor told Marcus to bring Dipika her drink and that he should try to get Dipika to kiss HIM, too. Taylor was sure the trap would be set.

Marcus loved these challenges and knew what could become of them.

M: Hi, I'm Marcus. Taylor asked me to bring you this drink.

D: I'm Dipika. My husband works here.

Right as Dipika took a sip, Marcus's next comment had her choking and trouble swallowing.

M: Taylor peed in her panties. She's running home real quick for a wardrobe adjustment.

D: Oh, I see.

M: She was telling me how you two are really hitting it off. You want to come over after the party?

D: My husband will be too tired.

M: I wasn't inviting Raghav; I was just inviting you.

Dipika's heart was pounding in her chest. Was Marcus coming on to her? He was standing so close. He was so good looking. She

couldn't help but notice the outline of his large penis in his tight jeans. Does he have a hardon? He caught her looking at his crotch.

M: Look, I know you kissed her. It's okay. She told me.

Dipika thought she should walk away, but her legs wouldn't move and her gut told her to stay. The tension in her stomach told her to wait and see what Marcus would say or do next. Her mind attempted loyalty and common sense.

D: I really should go.

M: Awesome! This'll be fun.

D: Oh no, I meant I should go back to my husband.

M: Oh. Ah, I see. A rain check, maybe?

Marcus could read the interest in Dipika's body language. He moved in close to her. Their legs were touching. Marcus placed his hand softly on Dipika's shoulder. He lowered his face until it was inches from hers.

Marcus placed his lips onto Dipika's. She opened her mouth first. Marcus inserted his tongue. They were french kissing passionately.

Dipika had never experienced something this tantalizing, this bold, this exciting. But she was completely unaware of the trap being set. Taylor wasn't running home to get panties. She was strategically hidden and now recording Dipika and Marcus kissing.

Dipika was fucked. Or perhaps, it should be said, she was about to be.

Taylor was now in possession of two compromising Dipika kissing videos. One was with Dipika kissing Taylor; the other was of Dipika kissing Marcus. These first two videos were insurance. And served as proof that the dominating couple could easily snare a new third--Dipika--to be the bottom in their next sexual threesome.

The third video was manufactured. (Think on the lines of fake news.) Taylor's devious mind continued planning how to trick this unsuspecting couple into real sexual submission by creating a



third video of something that wasn't real, but would guarantee their submissive outcome.

While Taylor was not 'running home to get panties,' after filming the kiss, she began flirting with Dipika's husband Raghav. Taylor playfully swindled Raghav's phone from him as she flirted with him about his contact list and 'why wasn't she in it.' When she went to use the bathroom she took Raghav's phone with her.

Taylor added a lot more than just her contact info; she used his phone to take a quick "upskirt" video from an angle that gave the appearance that Raghav's must have sneaked a video peek up Taylor's short skirt without her permission.

Taylor completed her dirty trick by having Raghav text to Taylor's phone the video with a comment about 'good girls' wearing panties. Which, of course, she was not. She took them off for this nasty video trap she was setting.

When Taylor returned to find Dipika, her boyfriend Marcus winked at her and Taylor winked back. It was non-verbal acknowledgement that the plan was on, full-speed-ahead.

The next step was to be a discussion about what naughty things couples keep hidden in their phones. Taylor had returned to quiz

the trusting and unsuspecting Dipika. Dipika swore she didn't have anything on HER phone.

T: I don't believe you.

D: I don't have anything naughty stored in my phone!

T: Not even a hot random guy? Wow. Okay. Maybe you want to see some of mine? I have dirty pics on my phone.

D: Okay.

Taylor opened her phone to a real photo of Marcus' large black cock. Dipika choked on the cherry she just put in her mouth. She had never seen a penis so big. She didn't want to admit it, but she didn't even know a penis could be that big.

D: Is...that Marcus'...penis?

T: That's not a penis, dear. That's called a cock! I can tell by your reaction that Raghav has a penis. And probably a small one, at that. I can see you need a little education.

A penis is an appendage between a guy's legs that's four inches or smaller.

A dick is 5 to 6 inches.

A cock is 7 or more inches.

Small penis men only masturbate.

Penises eventually get locked in chastity because they have no functional use.

Dudes with dicks eat pussy; they occasionally get laid.

But men with cocks fuck chicks.

They fuck deep. And it feels awesome; there is no other feeling like it. Is any of this beginning to make sense to you?

D: y...e...s...

Dipika was having trouble processing her body's reaction to seeing this amazingly hot and sexy picture of Marcus' big black cock. Taylor seized the moment and talked Dipika into submission.

T: Raghav's penis is small isn't it? It's okay dear. Don't feel ashamed. Help me understand. Tell me how small his little penis is. I won't tell anybody. It'll just be between us girls.

Dipika couldn't find a way to say it out loud, so she held up her hand and separated her index finger from her thumb. The space created was about four inches. Taylor was giggling under her breath as she spoke teasingly, condescending yet lovingly.

T: Oh dear. You poor thing. Oh my. I'm sooo sorry (giggle). And I'd bet Raghav is your first. Shit, girl. You've never been properly fucked!

Dipika nodded yes when Taylor said 'I bet Raghav is your first.'

T: I'm sorry girl, but the upper half of your vagina hasn't been fucked yet. We used to call girls like you in high school 'Virgils.' Girls who thought they were cool because they weren't virgins, but they'd only slept with a small penis dude. The word virgin is cut in half to 'vir' to represent that half of her vagina is still virginal. The word girl is shortened to gil to represent a short penis. Hence, 'Virgil.'

Taylor continued to flip through her phone showing Dipika picture after picture of Marcus' sexy athletic body and impressive black cock while continuing to tease Dipika.

T: Men like Raghav don't want women to know what cocks are. Over time, they often fall prey to small penis humiliation. They come to realize their penis is useless to a woman and end up just masturbating all the time. I'm so sorry, dear, to have to be the one who opened your eyes to all of this. But hey, just because you married as a Virgil, doesn't mean you can't still get properly fucked!

The night was winding down. The two couples: Marcus & Taylor and Raghav & Dipika were about to exchange goodbyes to each other when Taylor blurted out in front of all of them a question to Raghav.

T: Dipika tells me you hide hot sex pics in your phone!

This, of course, was not actually true before tonight. It was the continuation of the trap. A bait, if you will. And foolishly, the couple took it.

D: No he doesn't!

R: No I don't!

T: Ha, I bet you're lying.

What happened next caught almost everyone by surprise, including Marcus. Who seemed bored with the goodbyes until he looked down at Raghav's phone and saw a peek of Taylor's hairless pussy in a series of upskirt photos strung together into a short video montage.

It wasn't that Marcus wasn't aware of Taylor's sneaky phone plan. It was just a little weird to see Taylor's perfectly soft, shaved pussy as an upskirt video on Raghav's phone--which Raghav had foolishly unlocked for everyone to see.

There was an awkward silence from everyone. Until Marcus spoke.

M: I'm going to have to report this to Human Resources. Like this is just NOT okay.

R: Wait, I can explain.

D: You can?! How? What the HELL, Raghav!

Raghav and Dipika got into a big argument in front of Taylor and Marcus. Raghav started begging Marcus to not tell on him. 'I'll do anything,' he said.

M: Will Dipika do anything?

R: What the hell does that mean?

D: Yes, what DOES that mean?

M: Hang on a second.

Marcus and Taylor huddled a few feet away, as if to pretend to briefly discuss the details of the plan they had already set up perfectly. They returned with their proposal.

M: I won't report you to HR, if Dipika is Taylor's for the night. She leaves the party with us and you pick her up tomorrow at noon at our place.

R: What makes you think she'd even think about that?

T: Oh, I dunno, maybe this!

Raghav was trying to stick up for his wife when Taylor pulled out her phone and showed Raghav the two videos of Taylor vigorously tonguing Dipika and Dipika french kissing with Marcus.

Dipika hung her head in speechless shame. Taylor grabbed Dipika's hand and began escorting her away. Raghav was speechless, too. Marcus spoke up to seal the deal.

M: Do we have an agreement?

The only thing Raghav could think to say was stupid.

R: What clothes will she have to wear?

Like the only thing he could think of was his wife not having a suitcase.

M: Who says she needs to wear anything? Don't worry, Taylor will dress her appropriately.

T: Yes! Yes, I will.

M: So, do we have an agreement? Or should you start thinking about how you're going to explain yourself to H.R. Monday morning to save your job?



Raghav didn't have the courtesy to even ask his wife. Maybe it was because he was so pissed to see her kissing Taylor & Marcus. Maybe it was because he is just a bit of a chauvinist.

R: It's a deal.

When the three arrived at Taylor's apartment, Dipika was still a little tipsy. She wasn't sure if the alcohol was clouding her judgement when she willingly took off all her clothes following Taylor's exact demands. Her mind couldn't process how it felt to be under Taylor's spell. Like, she let the woman make out with her at the party, after all, and she felt something inside her groin area tingle. Her pussy was getting moist.

T: Take off your clothes. While you are here, you'll only wear this.

Taylor handed her a laced black bra that magnified her breasts and showcased her dark nipples and matching tiny black thong. Dipika looked in the mirror and thought she looked like a hot stripper. The outfit boosted her confidence as her slight belly--from birthing two children--was barely noticeable. Her confident sexy feeling foreshadowed her pending journey of sexual enlightenment.

Marcus could be heard in the background. He said something like 'that's gotta go,' referring to Dipika's thick, hairy, dark bush of pubic hair. Like the good, obedient Indian woman she is, she let Taylor boss her around just like Raghav does in their marriage. Taylor ordered Dipika to the bathroom to shave her pussy completely bald and returned even more aroused to hear Taylor start explaining the overnight agreement.

Taylor could see through the front of the lacy thong that Dipika had removed all of her pubic hair.

T: Nice job on your first task. All you have to do is whatever I say. It's that easy. And you're actually going to have fun. So, it's really no big deal.

Dipika just nodded her head yes in submissive agreement.

T: I've chosen a theme for you. It's called, 'To Give and to Receive,' and it goes like this. You 'Give' to Taylor; you 'receive' from Marcus. You 'Give' me your tongue wherever I want it. You 'Receive' Marcus's cock wherever he wants to put it. Just think, you won't be a Virgil anymore! Although, he's going to want to fuck your sexy butt in that thong.

Dipika was warm all over. It was like her body temperature was rising. Taylor continued.

T: Come here and give me a kiss. Her thong slightly shifted when Dipika moved towards Taylor and the newly bald pussy area was very sensitive and aroused by this. Dipika proceeded to french kiss the completely clothed Taylor while standing in her very revealing thong and bra. The two women kissed for several minutes with their tongues darting around in each other's mouths until Dipika was startled by a very hard smack on her ass.

T: You'll receive a spanking from Marcus each time you don't comply. You don't want to be spanked, do you?

Dipika did not. A strong compliance incentive was in place as Dipika found nothing erotic by having her exposed butt cheeks swatted for not complying.

Taylor took off her top and undid her bra to reveal her perfect 36C breasts.

All Taylor's are hot!

T: Suck on my tits. Give TayTay some nipple pleasure. If you're lucky, I might give you some milk.

Dipika didn't know that Taylor was only kidding about the milk part, but the act of sucking on Taylor's breasts and alternating nipples had her heart pumping at an accelerated rate. And when Taylor reached down and slightly touched Dipika's clit through the lace thong, Dipika felt sparks go off in her brain. Her newly shaved pussy area was intensely aroused by any friction.

Good thing Taylor stopped the fingering. Dipika didn't want to get her ass spanked for coming without permission.

It was hard to tell who enjoyed the nipple sucking more.

Taylor began to caress Dipika's silky black hair, running her fingers through it like she was combing it with her fingers. Dipika was giving Taylor a wonderful sucking of her nipples; both women were getting a substantial amount of pleasure from this erotic bond.

Taylor gently pushed Dipika flat on her back and stood over her and finished disrobing. Taylor's bald pussy and perfectly round ass were on full display for Dipika to stare at while Marcus

smirked from across the room. He knew he'd have his turn and seemed almost bored with the lesbian sex taking place in front of him.

As Taylor squatted over Dipika's face, the hot blond slightly opened her pussy lips while positioning her cunt hole directly over Dipika's open mouth. Dipika had never licked a woman before and had no idea what to do.

T: Give TayTay a nice pussy cleaning. My hole is really dirty. Get your tongue up in there and clean me.

Dipika did not disappoint. Her tongue went at Taylor's cunt like a kid licking the icing out of the bottom of a baking bowl.

There were times years ago where Dipika attempted an awkward blow job on Raghav. And consequently, she did know what cum tastes like. She learned. So when she dug way up into Taylor's pussy, she recognized the taste of cum. Was it Marcus's? Did the couple fuck before Dipika tongued Taylor's pussy? Dipika was kind of grossed out yet erotically turned on from the submissive act of licking Marcus's cum out of Taylor's hole. When she started imagining--perhaps hoping--that she was eating Marcus's cum, she absentmindedly started touching herself.

T: Now, now...little girl. You don't get to do that.

Taylor gently moved Dipika's hand away from frigging her own clit. And just then, the truth was revealed. A large chunk of sperm almost choked Dipika's effort.

D: Ohhh...gawd...

Taylor shifted her hot butt back about one inch placing her swollen clit right at Dipika's lips.

T: Time to give TayTay an orgasm. Suck me off! You know you want to.

Dipika approached the clitoris sucking just like Taylor's nipple sucking. Her tongue worked back and forth while lightly pulling Taylor's clit into her mouth with the upper lip.

Dipika was so turned on with her 'giving' assignment, she started masturbating again. Taylor was too aroused--and in her own world--to notice. Dipika knew she might get spanked for frigging, but she figured it would be a price she'd be willing to pay.

And even though her eyes had been closed almost the entire time, for some reason she briefly decided to open them in a moment of wonderment of this crazy sexual experience.

Well, oh, fuck.

Marcus was standing directly over the two filming this incredibly hot lesbian sex. Dipika was giving Taylor an orgasm from her excellent tongue work; Dipika was giving herself an orgasm from her own masturbating fingers.

It was very late and time for everyone to get some sleep. Dipika went to bed wondering if she'd get spanked tomorrow for cumming without permission.

It's awkward to be in a sexually submissive situation with another couple when you wake up the next morning stone cold sober yet still expected to sexually serve.

Dipika wandered out to the kitchen. She had a headache. Marcus was already there making coffee. He was wearing really sexy underwear that clearly outlined a large flaccid cock. Dipika thought he was even hotter, almost nude. She wasn't expecting to be sexually aroused this early and could feel her vagina moistening as if preparing itself for what it wanted.

M: You look nice. Did you sleep okay? I made us coffee.

D: Yes please. Uh...you look nice, too.

M: That was quite something to watch last night. I wouldn't have guessed you were bi.

D: I'm not.

M: Well, you fake it well. Unless you changed your mind.

D: Where's Taylor? Is she still sleeping?

M: It's just you and I this morning. She is running errands. I was wondering how you'd feel about blowing me after I make us breakfast? I like a little sexual release before a physical release at the gym.

Dipika wasn't expecting to be asked so politely. She thought she was supposed to do whatever she was told and wasn't expecting to be asked. It turned her on even more. She was intensely attracted to Marcus and wanted to be his slut and embarrassingly blurted out an unrefined response.

D: I'd love to suck your cock! And I'll swallow, too!



She couldn't believe she just said that. Like out loud with so much enthusiasm. Her dark olive skin was reddening in flushed embarrassment.

Marcus just smiled while preparing a mushroom, tomato and cheese omelet.

After breakfast, Marcus reached for a kitchen towel and placed it at his feet.

M: The floor can be a little hard on the knees.

That was her sign to squat down and get started. She didn't need to be reminded that she was there to 'receive Marcus's cock wherever he wanted to put it.' She was excited and wanted to serve.

Dipika rarely gave blowjobs to her husband; she actually hated it and would only occasionally suck him off out of the obligation of being a good subservient wife. Plus, Raghav's cum tasted like ammonia and she always spit out his gross sperm after her husband came. Somehow, she knew this was going to be different.

Dipika got on her knees and fished Marcus's impressive black cock from the opening of his jockey shorts. His large ebony cock was more impressive in person than the pictures she'd seen of it

on Taylor's phone. She was imagining it inside of her. She wouldn't be a Virgil when Raghav picked her up, she thought.

She put the sizable semi hard tool in her mouth and began sucking on it vigorously.

M: Woah, woah, woah...slow down a little. We are in no rush. I can see you're excited. It's okay.

Marcus ran his fingers through Dipika's hair.

To her it was a sexy acknowledgement in balance expectation: for her to give him a proper blow job. Dipika was having trouble processing her body's reaction to sucking this amazingly hot and sexy big black cock. She wanted this. She needed this. She calmed down and settled into a rhythm.

It was the first and only time she ever enjoyed sucking a cock. And from the sounds Marcus was making, she realized she might actually be good at it. She felt like she was serving a man who deserved to be served. She wanted to be obedient to him and be his slut. She wanted to 'receive Marcus's cock wherever he wanted to put it.'

So when Marcus started ejaculating, Dipika was very focused on pacing and swallowing. She wanted every drop of his cum. She

wanted Marcus's sperm to slide down her throat in rhythm with his ejaculating spurts.

When the blow job was over, he thanked her for it. And he never mentioned anything about a spanking.

It was time for Raghav to pick up Dipika. Marcus casually reminded Dipika that their sexcapade wasn't over.

She knew. And deep down she was excited. She was going to get properly fucked--she wouldn't be a Virgil anymore--and her husband was going to watch. He'd forever be defined as a cuckold. Dipika felt some satisfaction knowing that. She was pretty sure Raghav had been unfaithful during their marriage. The late nights at work that one winter when he hired a new secretary; another year when his "work" trips seemed to be unexplainable.

M: Taylor is texting Raghav to come over. Do you think he'll be able to handle this?

D: Probably not. What will he have to do?

M: Unfortunately for Raghav, two things are going to have to happen to keep him from getting fired. First, he is going to have to watch me fuck you. Second, he'll get locked in chastity the minute he walks through the door. And he'll stay locked for days--perhaps

weeks even--depending on Taylor's whims. She'll have the only key to his penis freedom.

Raghav figured he was just going to pick up his wife and this ordeal would be over. He was still pissed at Dipika for her slutty behavior Friday night and had already decided that whatever happened to her, she deserved it. In his mind, she brought all this onto herself.

And he was going to set some new rules in their marriage about her behavior. Like, she was not ever going to be allowed to kiss anyone again.

Of course, the reality of what was about to happen was 180 degrees different. And to make sure Raghav was in compliance, traps had already been set.

He arrived at Marcus & Taylor's place to find a note on the door. It had very clear instructions, none of which Raghav read or intended to follow.

Poor Raghav. Things were about to go very poorly for him.

He barreled through the unlocked door demanding to have his wife handed over to at once.

Not only was Marcus standing just inside, but his buddy Clarence was standing there, too.

M: You've not followed your entry instructions.

R: FUCK YOU! You got what you wanted, now give me my wife back!

Clarence and Marcus both folded their arms.

M: Are we doing this the easy way...or the HARD way?

R: Oh, so you're going to assault me now? You're going to commit a crime over this?

M: The only crimes committed have been yours and your job is on the line. I'll give you one more chance. Are we doing this the easy way...or the HARD way?

Raghav realized he was fucked and in a lose-lose situation. He had to decide which losses he was willing to suffer. He got real quiet.

M: That's what I thought. Go back outside. Read and follow the instructions. Then come back inside.

It was like Raghav had completely started over. He went outside and then followed the instructions exactly.

\*Strip naked and lock your penis in the chastity device on the bathroom counter.

\*Sit naked in the bedroom chair and watch your wife cuckold you.

\*Give the only key to your penis lock to Taylor.

It seriously turned Dipika on to see Raghav's little penis locked in a chastity cage. She felt power over him. She didn't know such a device even existed. She wanted to own his key. A short man with a tiny penis about to watch his wife submit to superior cock. Black cock, no less.

She was very much looking forward to a slutty, wonderful deep fuck from Marcus while her tiny penis husband became a cuckold. She wouldn't be a Virgil anymore and Marcus would have to see up close what a real cock looks like.

Dipika was on hands and knees in the doggy style position with her face just at the height of the chair Raghav was sitting in. Her dark nipples on her shapely breast pointed in excitement. His little locked penis would be the first thing she'd see if she lifted her head to look at her humiliated husband.

Raghav was also leery of looking at Dipika. So far, he hadn't seen her nipples get all pointy and hard. His wife was about to get

fucked and he was about to be cuckolded. He'd always worried that the day could come where Dipika realized what a real cock looked like and how his small little penis really is. He was a small Indian man with an even smaller penis.

And deep down he was afraid of how much she was going to enjoy this fuck.

Ironically, Dipika already knew she would.

But--or perhaps butt--both Dipika and Raghav were in for a huge surprise.

Figuratively and literally: a huge black cock was about to penetrate a tight Indian woman's ass. Because she was there to 'receive Marcus's cock wherever he wanted to put it.' That was the agreement. And Marcus knew exactly where that was.

Marcus wasn't about to fuck her bald pussy. Nope. He wasn't going to fuck her newly shaved pussy at all. He was preparing to fuck Dipika's tight little asshole. True virgin territory. Every inch of her rectum--to this moment--had gone unexplored. And everyone in the room knew that NO one had ever been THERE before.

And speaking of baldness, Dipika's hairless pussy strangely turned Raghav on. But he couldn't see that the wispy traces of black pubic hair that have always adorned her puckered butt hole were still there. That wonderful view only belonged to Marcus who was daintily dripping saliva from his mouth directly onto his bullseye.

When Dipika felt the spit hit her butt hole, she suddenly tensed up.

Taylor returned and was now watching strangely laughing like a wicked witch. She knew what was coming. She took her right hand to land one hard smack on Dipika's ass as a reminder of what punishment comes if she doesn't properly receive.

The last person to understand exactly what was going down was Raghav.

Marcus lined up his triangular head to the spit-lubed entrance of Dipika's virgin rectum and pushed. His massive cock slid in easily and instantly bore several inches deep.

It was Dipika's turn to make a strange sound. It wasn't a laugh, more like a groan of acceptance.

Raghav hadn't ever heard anything like it ever come out of her mouth. Now, he knew. His wife's virgin ass was getting penetrated



by Marcus's substantial black cock. He was intensely jealous but weirdly turned on. (He'd always wanted to fuck his wife's ass, but she would not let him.)

Now, instead of being cuckolded in the traditional way, Raghav was watching his wife being fucked...but in the ass, not the pussy. He was getting anally cuckolded.

For Taylor, it was the perfect finale for Dipika's submission.

For Marcus, it was a perfect, tight fit to bring him off a second time.

For Dipika it was perfectly humiliating. Not only the act of being taken anally, but the real fact that it was in front of her husband and in front of Taylor...well, that was enormously embarrassing.

For Raghav it was a series of extreme opposites:

He felt his wife deserved this punishment of sorts. Maybe sluts should get butt fucked. This weirdly excited him, but he wished it was he who was dominating her.

And his submission was emasculating and humiliating. Watching his wife with another man was infuriating, yet seeing her enjoy it weirdly excited him. And the penis lock was the ultimate submission.

Marcus slid his hard, black cock slowly in and out of Dipika's rectum. Sometimes he'd work the depth until his balls were tapping against her pussy. Other times he would only go in halfway two or three times in a row to line up Dipika's pinching sphincter with the most sensitive underside of his large cock. On the strokes that reached the fullest depth, Dipika would groan. She was experiencing an intense rectal fullness that mixed discomfort with some erotic pleasure. With the tapping of Marcus balls against her pussy, she was getting stimulation which made her really hot.

There was a raw submissive feeling to all of this for Dipika. Being bent over and being used by a gorgeous man was crazy enough but doing this in front of her husband was mind altering excitement. Even if it meant she wasn't getting her pussy fucked.

Raghav could barely look up. That was until Marcus hoisted her up like a sack of potatoes interlocking his biceps under her armpits. To hold on, Dipika's natural instinct was to wrap her legs around Marcus muscular thighs.

Marcus was standing up and ass fucking Dipika while she was in this wrestling grip with her legs spread fully open.

T: Oh my gawd...oh my gawd...

Taylor kept whispering her pleasure of her visual treat. Raghav heard this and looked up to see a most unusual sight.

Dipika's empty pussy was stretched so wide and so open Raghav could see the inner membranes of Dipika's vagina tracing the outline of each stroke of a thrusting cock.

Dipika's nipples were rock hard; her clitoris was swollen and wet. It looked like it was begging to be touched. Taylor did not disappoint. She licked her index finger and slightly traced it over Dipika's clit.

Intense waves of pleasure shot through Dipika's body every time Taylor barely touched her button. Taylor wasn't masturbating Dipika. She was merely adding an intermittent finger swipe to Dipika's yearning clitoris. With the tension of her pussy spread wide open--as if begging to have a cock in it--finger swipes would be all it would take to completely break Dipika's body down to a crumbling orgasmic mess.

Dipika completely lost control physically and mentally. She was groaning loudly while having an intense orgasm, her mouth emitting sounds Raghav has never heard. And with that orgasm came a spasm after spasm of her clenching butt hole. The

rhythmic pinching down from Dipika's sphincter onto Marcus cock sent him into an orgasm.

He later said that it felt like her butt hole was masturbating his cock.

Marcus shot spurt after spurt of cum up Dipika's ass with her tight butt hole gripping down hard which kept all the sperm inside her rectum.

Dipika's orgasmic show completely overshadowed that Marcus was coming, too. No matter. Taylor knew. She could read the signs. Dipika knew. She could feel the warm jism enema filling her anal cavity. And obviously, Marcus knew.

That only left Raghav to find out, which didn't take long because Taylor ordered him to lie on the floor right after Dipika's orgasm. Which was followed by Dipika being told to squat over his face.

T: Cuckolding is the touchdown. Cum eating is the extra point. True cuckolding is not complete until the cuckold eats the bulls cum.

Taylor did have a way with analogies.

Before Raghav had any chance to complain or contest this detesting idea, he found his wife's swollen blood engorged asshole an inch above his mouth.

Taylor got down on her hands and knees because she really wanted to see this extra point! She wanted to see Raghav eat Marcus's cum as it dripped out of Dipika's ass. She did and it was an awesome sight!

Raghav felt like he had no choice in this matter. He was trying to save his job and even though he'd not ever licked his wife's ass--and he certainly NEVER ingested cum--he'd pay these dues and get the fuck out of there.

And so Taylor got the show she wanted. Raghav licking Dipika's ass each time a dollop of sperm presented itself.

Dipika was feeling like she was actually in charge of her husband...for once! Looking down on him and his little penis all locked up. And he was pathetically tonging her butt hole. She loved this.

Marcus didn't care for any of this and went off to shower.

Raghav completed the extra point, ingesting all over Marcus' cum.

Dipika felt like a new woman.

If there was a scorecard, Taylor had now completed another couple dom; which clearly she was quite good at.

All that was left was the negotiation for the key to Raghav's penis lock.

R: I ate his cum. Can I please have the key...now?!

T: The payment is way higher than that. Besides, I can tell your marriage needs some role adjustments. Having you locked gives Dipika some power that I can tell you need to relinquish.

R: I'd like to leave here without this fucking thing on! What do I need to do?!

T: I'd unlock you right if you sucked Marcus off.

R: No. No way. That'll never happen.

Taylor always loved it when men use the word "never" with her.

T: Okay, here's what we are going to do. I'm giving Dipika the key. She gets to wear it around her neck for a week. 7 days. During that time all sexual decisions are made by her and you have to follow them. If you honor this, you'll get your penis freedom back. If I find out anything different happens, you'll be dealing with Marcus and Clarence. Understood?

R: Yes.

T: I'm not kidding. You want a way more humiliating couple experience than you've already had, then just test me.

UNDERSTAND?!

R: Understood.