



The Black
NEW WORLD ORDER
Submits Your Wife

INTERRACIAL CHEATING HOTWIFE
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Black New World Order Submits Your Wife: Interracial Cheating
Hotwife (BNWO Ep. 1)**

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“You’re clothing choice for our interview is...curious,” Malcom intones, his deep black baritone vibrating off the walls in the small office, “if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were trying to impress me, Mrs. Glock.”

“Oh my,” Lyndsey tugs at the useless white buttons of her blouse, “I didn’t mean to come off desperate, if that’s what you’re getting at. I just wanted to look nice for you, is all. For the interview, I mean.” Her cheeks turn rosy as she tries to smile away the embarrassment, accentuating the paleness of her supple, ample cleavage.

“No need to be apologetic,” Malcom leans over the desk between them, “I’m glad you want to look nice for me. For the interview. It’s important that our employees here at BAK tackle their job with professionalism...and style.”

“What exactly do you do here at BAK, Malcom?”

“You were referred to us by your friend...Katy Smith. Did she not fill you in on the particulars?”

“Not exactly,” Lyndsey crosses her legs and leans back in the chair, “she said you were big supporters of equal opportunity movements and organizations. That you were friendly with BLM and are looking to make a difference in the community...but she didn’t say how you go about doing it.”

“Does creating change and equal opportunity for the black race interest you, Mrs. Glock?”

“Lyndsey, please. Call me Lyndsey. And yes, it does. I’m nothing if not an ally.”

“Lyndsey,” Malcom smiles a wide wolf-grin and crosses his fingers together, “you have no idea how happy it makes me to hear that you are an ally.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

The two of them stare at each other and let the silence pass without discomfort. Lyndsey’s eyes are green fire set into a prim, pale face whose cuteness lies in its curiosity. Malcom is an oversized human, wingspan massive and chest broad.

The fluorescent light of the bulb glints off Malcom's slick head where tiny drops of sweat have formed. His dark eyes look her up and down.

"Let me ask you something serious, Lyndsey. If you don't mind."

"Please do," she licks nervous lips.

"Do you believe that it is the duty of every white person on this planet to make amends for the atrocities they or their ancestors have committed upon the black race?"

"Like reparations?"

"For starters," Malcom shrugs, "as an entry level apology, reparations will do just fine."

"Like I said, Malcom, -"

"Call me Sir, Lyndsey," he interrupts, "I think if you're an ally to the cause you can do that much."

"Sorry, Sir...of course, Sir. My apologies- "

"You are forgiven..."

"Thank you, Sir...Like I said, Sir, I'm an ally. I think black people deserve to be compensated for all of the horrible things us white people have done...or for what our ancestors did...Sir..."

"Do you really believe that, or do you just want the job here at BAK, Lyndsey?"

"No, sir. I really, truly believe that. I wouldn't just say it...I'm only here because my friend Katy told me you were all about it. Well, so am I."

"That's good, Lyndsey. That's very good. Because you see, to work her at BAK...to work for BAK, you must accept and trust our message with all your heart. All your being. If you're ready to look me and the other African kings and queens in the eye and admit your wrongs...and accept your debt...only then can we move forward. And I think you would be perfect for the job. But- "

“What does the job entail?” she smiles for a moment, but it vanishes as quickly as it came. Upon interrupting Malcom, his face shifted. The serene kindness that had been there was now something crueler.

“Do not interrupt me, Lyndsey. Ever. Do you understand me?” his voice a vicious whisper.

“I’m so sorry,” she breathes, “Sir...I’m so sorry, Sir. I didn’t mean to. I...I...”

“Shh,” he raises one long black finger, “I will forgive this time. You are new here at BAK, after all. Sometimes even I can be a little hard on the new recruits. You’ll have to excuse my stern manner.”

“It’s no problem, Sir. I shouldn’t have interrupted you...”

“No. No you shouldn’t have. But it is good that you realize it. Where were we? Ah, yes. It is one thing to say you are an ally, Lyndsey. You know that. Anybody can say it and say it they do. But when it comes time for real action, real change, the whites often whither and run from their share of the guilt.”

“Not me, Sir. No way. I’m an ally to the end. And I’m prepared to prove it.”

“How old are you, Lyndsey?”

“I’m 26, Sir.”

“My, my. What a valuable asset to the cause.”

“So...do I qualify for the job?” she breaks his lude stare. “I’m sorry, I’ll be totally honest, I don’t even know what it is I would be doing around here...it just sort of sounded like the right thing for me when Katy told me about you.”

“You would be working from home, actually,” Malcom stands and walks around to where Lyndsey sits, taking a seat on the desktop, “BAK is expanding. We need more room and a new local chapter for our members. It says on the application your house is a 3-bedroom 2 bath. That should work well...”

“Work well for what?” she giggles, confused. “You planning on moving your company into my house?”

“Something funny, Lyndsey?”

The tone in his voice silences her. She wants to look away from the strong black man looming above but with every passing second, she finds it harder to do.

“Like I said, Lyndsey. Many people talk the talk of an ally, few walk the walk. Part of this new position...if you are selected...is being an on-site manager for a new chapter of BAK. If this sounds like too much of a burden for you, you may leave. Now.”

“I don’t want to leave, sir...It’s no burden at all.”

“Good girl,” he reaches out and takes Lyndsey by her delicate chin. The flesh of his thumb rubs the spot just under her pouting lower lip; semi-circles that draw her mouth open and expose straight white teeth. “You do seem eager to prove your worthiness...”

“I am, sir,” she stares up at him, something stirring inside as his fingers caress her face.

“The job is yours under one condition, Lyndsey...”

“What is it?” her voice shakes.

“I need you to walk the walk, sweet Lyndsey. I need you to show me that you are the ally you say you are.”

Lyndsey opens her mouth for a tepid response but is silenced as Malcom’s thumb slips past her lips. The ball of his finger runs across the front of her tongue, the rest of his hand clasps her chin. Surprised at first, she flinches. But as Malcom caresses between her cheeks, she relaxes. Lyndsey closes around the digit and sucks, eyes never leaving his.

“Instinctive. I like that,” Malcom probes her mouth, “your mouth is certainly...eager. Let me ask you this Lyndsey, and you may respond with a nod or a shake of your head. Do not remove my thumb. Do you understand?”

She nods, tongue swirling around the salty ebony finger in her mouth.

“Does your husband know you are an ally to the black race?”

She nods again.

“Does he know that your rightful place is in the service of a Black King?”

She shakes her head no but keeps him between her lips. He pushes deeper into her mouth, and she nearly gags.

“He will need to know if you two are to serve the BNWO.”

Lyndsey pulls herself off his finger, a thin line of spit trailing from her bottom lip to his bony thumb. “What is the BNWO, Sir?”

Malcom’s hand shoots out and engulfs her delicate throat.

“The Black New World Order,” he says through clenched teeth, “and I gave you an order, Lyndsey. I told you the thumb stays. Why did you spit it out?”

She tries to speak but he tightens his grip.

“Do you wish to be an ally to the cause, Lyndsey?”

She nods fervently.

“Will you be a good white girl for me, and do as I say? Stop interrupting. Stop with the defiance?”

She nods.

“The Black New World Order owns BAK, Lyndsey. BAK is Black African Kings. And we are in the real estate business. And you and your husband and your home are on our to-do list.”

Malcom lets go of her throat and Lyndsey sucks air. He grabs her by the hair and pushes her to her knees.

“Hands behind your back,” he booms, fidgeting with his belt buckle.

Unsure of whether she is allowed to speak at all, Lyndsey does as she’s told, wrapping her hands together behind her back and kneeling.

“It will take some doing to bring your husband on board with our vision,” he

mumbles, pulling the black monster from his pants, “but he is much like any other white man. Weak in the presence of black dominance. Open your mouth, Lyndsey.”

The white girl stretches her jaw and accepts the new position at BAK Inc.

“How did the interview go, honey?” Parker calls into the bathroom.

“I got the job,” she squeaks over the hiss of the shower faucet.

“I knew you would!” Parker lets himself in and is immediately engulfed by a thick cloud of steam. Through the glass shower door, he can see his buxom wife running hands across her body, soap suds down every inch of her.

“Not only that, but I get to work from home!”

“You do?” Parker is both excited and confused, “how in the heck did you manage that? And what the heck is the job anyway? Katy didn’t really go into specifics about it...”

“They’re expanding and they want me to direct the new office!” Lyndsey cuts the shower off and slides the glass door ajar, peeking her freckled face out to look at her husband. “Isn’t that amazing?”

“It sure is, honey. But what exactly is the job? And how much does it pay?”

“It’s a nonprofit that advocates for minority rights,” she steps naked from the shower and slides into a nearby towel, “and they want me, a white girl, to help lead the charge from right here at home.”

“But how can there be a new office if everyone is working from home?”

“Not everyone,” she walks past him and into the bedroom, “just me. They want the office to be right here...at our house.”

“Huh?” Parker trails behind her, using a shirt sleeve to de-smog his glasses.

“How in the heck is that gonna work?”

“Pretty straight forward, Park. They’re going to set up here and work out of the house. Not much more to it than that.”

“I’m sorry, love,” Parker takes a seat on the bed and watches Lyndsey drop the towel at her dripping feet. “I think I’m misunderstanding something. It sounds like you’re saying there are going to be people in our house. Working from...our house?”

“You heard right,” she saunters closer to him, creamy white breasts swaying heavy. “They’re called BAK, and they think our house would be the perfect place to lead the charge against inequality and racism.”

Lyndsey wraps her arms about her husband’s head and presses him firmly into her breasts.

“Don’t you want to be an important part of the cause, baby?” she shuffles her shoulders, her swollen titties bouncing off the side of Parker’s face.

“I’m not sure I understand what that means…” his tongue flicks out instinctively, tasting the warmth of her areolas.

“It means we need to get the house cleaned and in good shape. My first day of work is tomorrow.”

“So soon?” he raises his hands to feel her, but she pushes him down.

“And no distractions until this place is spotless, Park. I promised my boss that our home would be in perfect working condition by the time he gets here tomorrow.”

“Who is your boss?” he looks up at her with puppy dog eyes, an eager face between pale double-d breasts.

“Malcom. And he’s a perfectionist, sweetie. We need to do exactly what is asked of us.”

“You mean you? I’ve got a job, ha. I’m actually going to be quite late to it if you keep standing here naked like this.”

“It’s our house, though. And if we’re going to be hosting so many new faces, I need you to support me. I need you to treat my job like it’s your job, too. Do you understand what I’m saying, Park?”

Parker nuzzles deeper into the ocean of her tits.

“Are you listening to me?” she asks.

“How many workers?”

“Malcom didn’t say,” she turns her back to him and walks to the closet, “but he said the first few days are always the busiest.”

“And they’re coming here? To our house?”

“How many times do I have to say it,” she giggles, “yes, they are going to be here. In our home. I’m thinking the living room and the pool deck will work for their stuff.”

“But baby...don’t you think it’s a little odd that they would hire you and then use your house as their office? What does BAK stand for anyways?”

Lyndsey pauses, standing in the doorway of the closet and examining the dresses hanging there. Her pale ass is facing Parker, two gallons of vanilla ice cream side by side. She licks across the top of her lips, remembering what Malcom tasted like. What he did to her...where he finished.

“Babe?” Parker repeats himself. “What is BAK and what the heck does it stand for?”

“Are you going to be home tomorrow? Maybe Malcom can tell you. He explains it better than I do.” She pulls a yellow sundress out and slips into it, all that creamy white skin disappearing into cotton.

“I was hoping maybe you had time for a quickie,” Parker’s face drops when he sees her dressed, “you kind of got me going there for a second.”

“I need to run to the store, Park,” she ignores him, “there are supplies we need for the first day of work tomorrow. I’m going to put it on your credit card, OK?”

“My card? Why not the company card? Or will they be reimbursing me?”

“Reimbursing. I think. Look, Park, I’ve gotta go. I love you, OK? Try and stick around tomorrow. I know Malcom and the others are eager to meet you.”

“Me? Why’s that?”

“Too many questions,” she plants a kiss on his cheek before leaving, “just be here tomorrow at noon. It will all make more sense then.”

Parker watches his wife stride from the room, leaving him with a raging hard-on and no method of relief other than himself. He lays back on the bed and finagles his little wide dick out of his boxers and strokes. In his mind he sees Lyndsey, on her knees, hands behind her back, blowing him like a good wife should.

Try as he might, he cannot cum. A name plays over in his mind.

Malcom.

In the morning, Parker sits sleepy-eyed at the kitchen table with a bowl of oatmeal as he scrolls through the Washington Post on his iPad. Stories of a black extremist group known as the Black New World Order is making national headlines and scaring the bejesus out of right wingers across the country. Unconcerned, he scrolls past looking for the weather.

“Good morning, Park,” Lyndsey says, slithering into the kitchen.

“Good morning...” Parker looks up from his tablet, trailing off. “Wow, babe...is that what you’re wearing for the job today?”

“Something the matter?” she chirps, pouring herself a fresh coffee and skipping the cream.

“It’s just that...it’s a little revealing...”

“Oh?” Lyndsey glances down at her outfit. The dress is black with a deep v-line that reveals her entire chest, along with the top and inner-sides of her pale breasts. It stops well short of her thighs; a tiny mini-skirt hugging her frame.

“You look like you’re getting ready to go dancing...not work your first day at a new job.”

“Thanks, I guess? If that’s a compliment...the dress code is pretty straight forward at BAK, honey. Professional with a twist I think they call it.” She takes a seat across from him and sips her coffee.

“About the new job,” he tries to focus on anything but her perky figure, “are you sure this company is legit? I searched everywhere this morning on google and couldn’t find much about them.”

“Of course it’s legit, honey. You worry too much,” she sits back and crosses her arms beneath her tantalizing assets.

“But why are they coming here? I’m sorry, I just don’t quite understand. And how long are they planning on staying? Surely they can’t be planning to work from our house five days a week.”

“Of course not,” she smiles, “I think you’d better talk about it with Malcom. He

has some great ideas that I think you will find fascinating. And if you don't want them in your house...just ask them to leave, it's as simple as that."

"I don't want to get you off on the wrong foot," he mumbles, "I'm just not sure our house is the best choice for a work office. I'll give them a few days but after that...probably best if they find a more suitable workplace. Yes?"

"Sounds fine to me, Park. Like I said, you'll just need to have a chat with Malcom when he gets here."

"And when is that?"

"Soon enough..."

Parker watches his beautiful wife drink black coffee as an uneasy feeling settles into the pit of his stomach. What in the hell is she up to he thinks. Why so coy and why can't she just give a straight answer?

"Can you hit the toilet one time with the scrub brush, Park? Before they get here, I mean...I want to make a good first impression on Malcom."

"The guest bathroom? I thought I scrubbed that yesterday..."

"Our bathroom, I mean."

"Our bathroom? But why on earth would they go upstairs and into our bedroom to use that bathroom?"

"They probably won't, Park. But just in case. I need your help on this one, babe. Please try to hold all the questions until the end of the day. For me?" she bats eyelashes at him and runs fingertips over the cleavage of her side-tit.

"This is all so strange...but sure. I'll go do it now."

"Thanks, Parker. I love you."

"I love you too, Lyndsey."

Parker is upstairs washing the toilet bowl when he hears three thundering knocks at the front door. The force of the strikes startle him, and he splashes toilet water

onto his shirt. Voices low and indiscernible float through the walls and that uneasy feeling creeps back into his stomach. Eager to meet this Malcom character, Parker puts the toilet brush away and trots downstairs.

“Welcome! Welcome everyone! Oh, my that looks heavy! Careful!” Lyndsey is holding the front door open as a line of large black men file into the home. They carry boxes on dolly’s and move furniture out of the way as they unpack computers and cables into the center of the living room.

“What in the...” Parker mumbles in surprise. Before his eyes, the place he once used to watch Sunday football games and Friday night television is converted into a makeshift, guerilla-style office where dark, ebony strangers build a wall of monitors and computer towers with snaking cables and cords going in every direction.

“What’s the Wi-Fi password white boy?” a stranger barks at him from the black mirage.

“Uh, its cheeseburgerinparadise all one word, all lowercase...” Parker floats from the scowling black man and looks for Lyndsey, hearing her voice amongst the cacophony but unable to see her over the broad shoulders of their guests.

“Malcom! You made it!” Lyndsey’s voice comes across the din.

Parker sees a towering, lanky giant dip into the house. Malcom, he thinks, staring at the black man’s shaved head and fat, full lips. 6’6 if he’s an inch. Parker watches Malcom put an arm around Lyndsey and squeeze, brown eyes tilted downward and staring at that delicious space between her exposed tits.

“You’re a good listener, Lyndsey,” Malcom says, “your outfit fits the dress code to a T.”

“I picked this one out special for today...” she coos at him.

Parker slips past the myriad of men with boxes and manages to slide in next to his wife. Malcom’s arm is still wrapped around her shoulders, and it takes Parker clearing his throat for the black stranger to pull his eyes from the busty housewife.

“You must be Parker,” Malcom grumbles.

“You must be Malcom,” Parker offers his hand in greeting.

“I’d like a sparkling water, Parker. Would you mind fetching me one?”

“Excuse me?” Parker’s face fills with confusion, his open palm still extending outward in greeting.

“Perrier if you’ve got it,” Malcom raises his eyebrows.

“They’re on the bottom shelf, honey,” Lyndsey says, a boney black hand on her shoulder.

“Chop chop, Parker,” Malcom turns his attention back to the view that is Lyndsey’s chest, “we’ve got lots to get done today. No time to waste.”

Parker retreats, glancing back more than once to see if his wife is still in the arms of Malcom. On his way to the kitchen, he catches snippets of the other men’s conversations as they set up their workstation in his home.

“White folks always got these nice ass houses...”

“For now, hehe...”

“That’s the truth...”

“Malcom says this job will be quicker than the last one...”

“The way I hear it, the job is already done. We just here to get the white boy in line, too.”

Their rough voices mix with the chaos in Parker’s head, and he catches very little of what they are saying. Refuses my handshakes and gawks at my wife right in front of me. What kind of game is this prick playing at? A seed of anger sprouts in his belly and Parker resolves to put an end to the madness. He jerks the refrigerator door open and snatches a Perrier from the bottom rack. Spinning on his heels and ready to confront the rude stranger in his living room, Parker takes two demonstrative steps forward and freezes in his tracks.

“Parker Glock,” Malcom strides into the kitchen, “husband of Lyndsey Glock. Man of the house...I’ll take that Perrier now if you don’t mind.”

Dumbfounded, Parker hands over the bottle of water with a stupid look on his face. All the words he wanted to use to politely but firmly tell Malcom to leave dry up in his throat. In the quiet of the kitchen, there is no friendliness in the dark man's stare. Parker finds himself quaking under that cold gaze.

"You have a large and beautiful home, Parker," Malcom twists the cap off the sparkling water and takes a sip, "with all the comforts afforded to you by your long-standing privilege."

"Thank you...I think..." Parker averts his eyes, "we like it here..."

"I'm sure you do. You should see where some of these men here today live. Nothing quite so...lavish."

Parker watches Malcom chug the water, his bulbous black Adam's apple dipping with each swallow. When the bottle is empty, Malcom tosses it over his shoulder where it clatters against tile.

"Is there something the matter, Malcom?" Parker stutters. "You seem...hostile."

"Do you know what we do at BAK, Parker?" Malcom steps forward and Parker steps back.

"Not really...Lyndsey mentioned something about equal opportunity and racial equity..."

"And what do you think of equal opportunity and racial equity?"

"That it's...good?"

Malcom smiles, patronizing. "Your wife is a true ally to the cause, Parker. Which begs the question. Are you as well?"

"Which cause is that?" Parker backs up more but this time his butt hits the dishwasher and there is nowhere left to go.

"The elevation of the black race back to its rightful stature. Lyndsey understands the superiority of the black race quite thoroughly. Indeed, she is willing to prove her loyalty beyond any measure," Malcom places large palms on Parker's shoulders.

“I’m not sure I understand what you’re saying...”

“You will soon enough. I promise you that, white man.”

“Are you...threatening me, Malcom?”

“And if I was?”

Parker can feel the strength in Malcom’s hands as they squeeze his shoulders. Something about that touch and the promise of power behind it stops Parker from any attempt at bravery. His head droops, his posture weakens.

“We are doing important work here today, but before we can begin it is imperative that you understand our mission...and your place in it.”

“I already have a job, Malcom,” Parker cowers, “I don’t have time for- “

“It’s not a job I speak of...Rather, a purpose. Your purpose.”

“Which is?”

“To serve the Black New World Order. To submit to your rightful black masters.”

Parker goes quiet in the dawning realization of who has entered his home. His brain recalls the news reports about black extremist groups, one such group dubbed the BNWO or the Black New World Order. Reports of them invading white people’s homes...rumors of voluntary slavery and obedience.

“You’re with the BNWO?” Parker whispers.

“I am the BNWO. As are the black brothers setting up shop in your living room right now.”

“I’m not so sure I’m OK with this, to be honest,” Parker flinches as the grip on his shoulders tightens.

“Your wife said you could be stubborn,” Malcom’s voice is tender and vicious, “but you are not the first obstinate husband that I will have broken. Nor will you be the last.”

“Let go of me,” it comes out rushed and panicked.

“And if I don’t?”

“Please...please just go...”

“I’ll go when your wife tells me too,” Malcom shoves Parker to the kitchen floor and sticks a toe in his gut, “and not a moment sooner. Do you understand me, white boy?”

“You can’t do this...this isn’t legal...”

Malcom gives Parker a kick in the ass and the white man crouches into action, crawling along the kitchen floor on all fours. He looks ridiculous, hands slapping the tile as he barrels towards the swinging door. Malcom follows behind, offering kicks of encouragement as they make their way into the living room.

From his limited new height, Parker sees his once comfy home now changed to a sea of computers and wiring. All around there are black men seated, navigating through lines of code, scrolling through live security camera footage, skimming Facebook profiles, and cataloging personal information.

“The new war is happening on the virtual front,” Malcom booms overhead, “and we plan to fight fire with fire. We’ve had our eye on you for some time, Mr. Glock. Keep moving. To your bedroom...”

Parker clops up the carpeted stairs, back aching and knees on fire. His eyes roam searching for his wife, trying to warn her, to tell her to run. To get as far away from the house as she could.

At the top of the stairs Parker feels a boot dig into his back and he fumbles, falling face first to the floor.

“If I have to restrain you I will, white man. Don’t forget that. But the men who will do the restraining are not so nice as I am. You would do well to keep that in mind.”

“You can’t do this...you can’t get away with this...”

“Watch me.”

The boot is removed and replaced by a foot in the ass, and a moment later Parker is crawling again, scrambling for his life towards the master bedroom. With so many thoughts rushing at him at once he found it difficult to decipher exactly why he should be forced to crawl to his own bedroom.

The door is agape when he gets there. Voices drift out to him, deep and thuggish, callous and laughing. Another voice too, sweeter, and delicate. Lyndsey's. She is giggling, nervous and giddy.

The door swings open and Parker scuttles in with Malcom close behind.

His wife sits on their bed, as gorgeous as when she first walked out that morning in her little black dress. To either side of her are two black men Parker has never seen before. They are both shirtless, and one of them has a bullet tattooed on his face.

“Oh hi, honey!” she shrieks as her husband enters the room on hands and knees. “This is Domino and Daequan,” she motions to the men frothing beside her. “They're here to walk us through our initiation. Isn't that great!”

“What is this, Lyndsey?” Parker cries, tears welling at the corners of his eyes.

“Oh honey, don't be upset. Everything's going to be alright. Didn't Malcom talk to you?”

“He is stubborn,” Malcom flicks the buttons loose on his collared shirt, “just as you said he would be...which means his training will need to be more... thorough.”

Suddenly Parker is pulled backwards by his hair. Crying out, he kicks and follows the cruel hand to the corner of the room. Malcom releases him and places his boot into the chest of the shaking white man.

“This is where you will sit. You will make no sound, and you will do as you are told. Do you understand me, white man?” Malcom's voice offers no quarter as it bounces off the walls of the master bedroom.

“What's happening? Lyndsey...help...”

“Quiet down now, honey,” Lyndsey says, her casual fingers dancing along the

black backs of Domino and Daequan, “it will be over soon. I promise...”

“Listen to your wife,” Malcom kneels down and snatches Parker by the collar, “and this will go a lot easier for you. When we’re done, all of this will make more sense...that or we will have to do it again.”

Parker watches Malcom move on his wife, watches the way she smiles at the strangers in their bed. As their greedy hands and hungry mouths descend on Lyndsey’s body, Parker opens his mouth to scream and thinks better of it.

He bites his tongue and watches the show.

4.

Domino and Daequan grope her from the sides, their wide palms engulfing her soft breasts still tucked into the little black dress. She kisses Daequan, red tongue out, his luscious black lips gorging on her mouth. In front of the trio stands Malcom, removing his shirt and undoing his belt.

“Lesson 1, white man,” Malcolm rips the brown leather belt from his waist, “your wife is now our fuck toy. If you need proof, simply behold the power black cock wields over her.”

Lyndsey makes out with Daequan, their tongues lashing together in an ancient dance. Malcom loops his belt and interrupts their kiss by sliding it over her head and tightening it around her neck. He hands the leash over to Domino who accepts it with a snicker.

“You can’t do this...you can’t fucking do this...Lyndsey, please...why...” Parker moans broken from the corner, unable to cover his eyes no matter how badly he wishes to look away.

“Quiet white boy,” Malcom unbuttons and unzips his pants methodically, “you will speak when spoken to. Or I’ll have those rough niggas from downstairs show you how to behave.”

Dae and Dom pull the shoulder strings of her dress at the same time, causing Lyndsey’s luscious white tits to slip and spill out. Her pink-freckled nipples are taut, her full areolas broken out in goosebumps.

“These some fucking titties,” Dae smiles, filling his hand with one and wringing it.

“Oh!” she squeaks, startled by his roughness.

“These them all natural white girl titties, dawg,” Dom leans in and takes her hard nipple into his mouth, sucking sloppy with thick ebony lips pressed to her fair skin. Dae mocks his buddy and applies his own hungry mouth to her other breast, nibbling and biting and lashing with his tongue.

“Oh my fuck,” surprise floods Lyndsey’s face and her breath catches in her chest. She wraps her arms around the black boys nursing at her teat, and she wiggles frantically as the pleasure comes over her in its first massive wave.

“Look how she shakes, white boy,” Malcom takes his dress pants off with patience and folds them along the seam, “she hasn’t even seen what these men are packing yet and she has already submitted to them.” He lays the pants on top of Parker’s dresser and stands in a pair of dark purple boxers. Something enormous swings below the fabric.

“Oh my God...Dae...Dom...oh fuck,” she moans.

Dom stands and pulls Lyndsey by her leash, leading her to the carpeted floor in front of the bed. She kneels before Malcom as the other two finish disrobing and take their places to either side of her.

“Tell your husband to watch,” Malcom commands, grabbing hold of the protrusion at the front of his purple boxers.

“Make sure you watch it all, honey,” she reassures her husband, tits dangling from the messy dress, “it’s the only way to pay your reparations.”

“Yeah, white fagget,” Dom chimes in as he drops his briefs to his ankles, revealing a staunch, angry black cock.

“Make sure you watch how we use your bitch,” Dae has his prick in hand, stroking the impossible length of it with measured movements.

Malcom takes Lyndsey’s leash and wraps it in his fist. He pulls her face into the cotton of his underwear, smothering her. Lyndsey’s tongue lolls from her mouth, slapping wildly at anything it can.

“That’s it, Lyndsey. Show your husband what a good little whore you are for the BNWO,” Malcom is speaking down to her, holding the leash taut and grinding his hips into her face. “Look at me and beg for my African cock, bitch.”

“Fuck my mouth, Master,” she whines, green eyes alight, “use my little white mouth however your superior black cock deems fit.”

“Tell your husband...”

“I want his black cock, Parker...I want it in my mouth...I want to gag on it,” she speaks to her husband, but her eyes never leave the alpha controlling her.

“Show him,” Malcom commands.

She digs her fingers into the waist band of his boxers and tugs frantically. Malcom’s fat black dick springs into action, his low-hanging nuts swinging in a leathery, ebony sack. Looking up at her Master, Lyndsey wraps both hands around the chocolate shaft, his dick-veins swelling under her grip.

“May I please suck your cock, Master?” she asks.

“You may.”

She plunges it into her mouth, the girth of it sliding against her cheeks and crashing into the back of her throat. She wretches on it; a loud gag that comes from the bottom of her belly. She keeps the rod still as she impales her face on it in a rapid-fire rhythm.

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-“ her eyes water and mascara bleeds down.

“Goddamn you hear this whore’s throat?” Dae says to Dom.

“She sound like a professional to me,” Dom laughs, “hey white man, your bitch do this on your dick? I bet not. Ha!”

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-“

“Hands behind your back white whore,” Malcom grunts, “now!”

Lyndsey obliges and laces her fingers behind her back. Malcom controls the rate of her gullet with the leash in his hand, tugging on it and feeling the girl’s wet mouth travel along the underside of his shaft.

“That’s fucking good,” Malcom breathes, “you’re even better than last time.”

“Last time?” Parker perks up, devastation in his eyes.

“Yesterday, white man,” Malcom chuckles, “when your wife sucked my black cock in my office downtown. I came in your wife’s mouth and told her to hold the nut on the tip of her tongue until I said she could swallow it. You should have seen her. Perhaps I’ll show you the pictures some time...”

“No, no, no...Lyndsey...how could you...”

Dom and Dae get hold of her arms and shove their pulsing dicks into her free hands. She strokes them the best she can as Malcom digs out her throat. Her heavy jiggling breasts sway across her chest as she’s yanked over and over again by the belt wrapped around her neck.

“Serve your black masters, whore,” Malcom hands the leash to Domino, “use her as you see fit.”

Domino slaps her across the face with his thick meat grabs her by the head with both hands. He jams himself inside, wild black balls swinging like a pendulum.

“That’s it, white girl. Open your fucking mouth. Wider. Wider. Good. Now let me hear you gag on that black dick!”

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-“

“Ugh, fuck yeah. Like that. Show yah’ husband how much you like it...”

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-“

Soon, Domino’s cock is slick with spit, and the excess is running down Lyndsey’s chin and streaking her pale chest. Parker lies on his side in the corner, silent and despondent.

“Let me get in that fucking throat too nigga,” Dae grabs the leather leash and yanks her over to his patient dick. “Swallow it, hoe!” The dribble of pre-cum leaking from his tip splashes against Lyndsey’s tongue as she stretches wide to take him. Dae buries himself in her gullet, holding her red-faced against the base of it. “Hold it, bitch. Show off fo’ yo’ husband over there in the corner. You see white man? You see yo’ bitch swallowing’ my big black dick?”

Lyndsey slaps his thighs in a wild tantrum, and he pulls her off his cock gasping. She grabs his black shaft and greases it with the wad of spit he dug out of her throat. She stares up at him giggling and stroking.

“You like that white bitch?”

“Yes, daddy,” she smiles.

“Get the fuck over here,” he grabs her again, sliding past wet lips and fucking her mouth. Domino fondles both titties from behind, pushing the flesh through his fingertips and pinching her tender nipples.

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-“

“Look at your wife, white boy,” Malcom sings in his bass, “utterly defiled by black men. How does that make you feel?”

Parker sits up with his back against the wall. He mumbles something too quiet to hear over his wife’s retching.

“Speak up, sissy. I can’t hear you.”

“I want to,” he trails off.

“Want to what?”

“I want to jerk it...”

Dom and Dae erupt into laughter even as they trade Lyndsey’s mouth back and forth.

“I’m sure you do, white boy,” Malcom smiles, sensing victory, “but no one here wants to see your pathetic white cock. Isn’t that right, Lyndsey?”

She tries to answer but Dae stuffs his hairy nutsack into her mouth.

“Keep it in your pants white boy. I will tell you when you are allowed to cum.”

Dom and Dae pull the white girl to her feet and finish tearing the rest of the little black dress of her body. Their greedy fingers find that little red tuft of pubic hair and the sopping cunt below it, smearing her wetness across her pale thighs and playing at the pink folds glistening there.

“Put her on Parker’s bed,” Malcom flicks his wrist, “face down and ass up.”

“Let’s see that wifey ass,” Dae yanks on the leash, leading her across the bed on all fours.

“Look at this good little white bitch doin’ what we say!” Dom pushes her face

into bedspread and smacks her plump white ass hard with an audible crack!

“Oh!” she squeals, pushing her ass up and drooling into the cotton bedding.

Malcom climbs onto the bed and stands over her, his smooth bald head not far from the top of the raised ceiling. A red handprint has formed against her pale white ass cheek. He steps forward and places his size 15’s to either side of Lyndsey’s body and squats down. His rigid black cock juts out and curves violently, positioned just beyond the moist creases of her pussy.

“Keep your eyes on me, white man,” Malcom wraps her long ginger hair around a clenched fist and pulls her face from the bed, “I want you to watch every second of this.” He leans forward and rubs the tip of his cock against her cunt. Her thighs shake and she lets out a choked, gasping moan.

“It’s so big,” she pants, “oh my God I can feel it...”

“Welcome to the Black New World Order, white bitch,” Malcom pushes inside, the whole of her sex stretching to fit him.

“Oh fuck,” she whimpers below him.

Malcom hinges at the hips, bends his knees, slides in further. Her screams come in time with his squats; pulling out only to push deeper with each thrust.

“FUCK! OH MY GOD! OH FUCK!”

“That’s it, whore,” Malcom grunts as he fucks, “let him hear it. Let your little white husband hear how much you love superior African dick.”

“OH! FUCK! OW! OW! FUCK!”

“Do you like it, bitch?”

“YES! OH FUCK! YES!”

“Yes, what?” Malcom dips deep and hold himself there, wrapping his free hand around Lyndsey’s fragile neck and squeezing.

“Yes, m-m-m-,” she tries to say.

“Yes, what?” He keeps her head still, gripping by throat and hair.

“Yes, m-m-m-master I’m cum-cum-cum-ooohhhh fuuuuck!”

Malcom chokes Lyndsey and resumes fucking her as the orgasm washes over. Her moans are drawn out and deafening, as if she were going into a religious trance, touched by God. Malcom power-fucks her and the bed shakes, the headboard slams into the wall repeatedly.

“Oh fuck! Fuck! Oh Master! Oh my God!”

Dae and Dom climb onto the bed and kneel where Lyndsey sings like a canary. Stroking it, the two BNWO members push the head of their ginormous cocks to her mouth, and she opens to accommodate. Her tongue flicks back and forth, kissing and sucking at each separately until Dae calls dibs, and begins to selfishly abuse her mouth.

Malcom sinks to his knees and leans back, admiring the sight of his black cock, coated in a thick layer of cream, stretching her raw pink pussy. He holds the leash with one hand, and cracks the other across her plump, creamy ass at random. Soon, her fair, pale cheeks are a splotchy, spanked mess.

“This my white girl now,” Malcom announces, “you hear me boy? This is my little whore now. And I’m going to treat her like one. I’m going to mark my fucking territory.” His pace intensifies until she can no longer focus on sucking dick, opting to howl at the top of her lungs as Dae and Dom drum her face with their black meats.

“Who else wants a turn with my white toy?” Malcom asks, dislodging from her guts and spanking her ass.

“Lemme get this bitch,” Dom jumps up and grabs the leash, pulling her off the bed and to the floor. He leads Lyndsey over on hands and knees to where Parker sits in the corner. Dom puts her on her back, inches away. “Look at your husband,” he says.

Lyndsey’s eyes flash upward, and she looks at her husband. Parker looks at his wife’s flush, nude body splayed before him.

“Tell him you want more black dick,” Dom straddles between her legs.”

“I need more black dick, baby,” she whines.

“Tell him again!”

“I need his black dick right now, Parker. I need him to fuck me. I need you to watch!”

Dom enters rough, filling his hands with her supple flesh, fucking Lyndsey inches from her husband. Her body rocks rough against the carpet, the splash of her sopping cunt is constant and noticeable. Parker flinches each time Dom goes deep, his black balls slapping the crack of her ass with each thrust.

“Oh God...I’m going to fucking cum,” Lyndsey gasps beneath her black lover, “oh fuck keeping going oh...”

“You like that black dick don’t you girl?” Dom licks at her mouth, kissing her softly between words.

“Yes, daddy oh fuck yes...”

“Cum on that black dick, baby girl. Show yah husband how it make you feel.”

“Oh god oh fuck I’m cumming...I’m cumming I’m cumming...” Lyndsey shivers electric, the orgasm rocking her being. Dom never slows, his rhythm a barbaric constant.

“That’s number two, white man,” Malcom strokes himself as he watches Dom get his, “two more than you’ll give her tonight.”

Dom stands up, his black rod slick with thick wads of cunt cream. He pulls Lyndsey along the floor on hands and knees, holding her leash just high enough so she has to keep her face upwards, a smeared mess of mascara and spit.

“My turn,” Dae takes the leash from Dom and pulls Lyndsey up. Her legs quiver upon standing, remnants of her last orgasm still cascading through her body. Dae turns the white girl around and shoves her onto the bed. She slithers up onto elbows and arches her lower back.

“Oh ah!” Lyndsey squeaks as Dae’s finger snakes inside her asshole. “Oh my... fuck...I don’t really do this ...”

“I bet with white boys you don’t,” Dae rubs his tip against the lips of her pussy while his forefinger disappears inside her asshole, two knuckles deep.

“You’ll be trying all sorts of new things for the BNWO,” Malcom chimes in, approaching Lyndsey from the front. “Getting a train run on you in front of your husband is only the beginning. We have so much more to accomplish for racial equity.” Malcom presents his raging hard-on to Lyndsey, and she takes him like a rare delicacy. He places his hands on his hips and lets her work him; jaw stretched taut and palms digging into the bed top.

Behind her, Dae spits on her spread asshole and rubs it around with the tip of his dick. When she feels his mass pressing at her backdoor, she tries to dislodge Malcom from her throat and protest, but Malcom’s steady palm comes to the back of her head and holds.

“Don’t be scared, white bitch,” Malcom jams himself down her gullet and keeps her there, eyes watering, “love is just on the other side of fear. Just as your race has no reason to fear and subjugate mine, you have no reason to fear that black king’s cock in your asshole. Are you an ally or not, Lyndsey?”

Lyndsey’s face is tomato red, her lips drip drool glued to the shaft of an enormous black dong. Just as she nods her head yes to Malcom’s question, he pulls out of her throat. She sucks wind as her lustful smile turns to nervous laughter.

“Keep her still, I’m about to get up in this white girl’s ass,” Dae taps her asshole with his threatening size. Dom uses two hands to keep her plump ass cheeks apart, Malcom wraps her leash in a fist and pulls her gaze skyward.

“Are you sure about this?” Parker whispers from the corner, trying desperately to catch his wife’s gaze. For a moment it seems as though Malcom will discipline him for speaking out of turn, but before he can, Lyndsey turns slowly and looks at her husband.

“I want Dae to fuck me in the ass, honey,” she spits, “I want to serve the black race with my body. They deserve to fuck my ass.”

“And what does your white husband deserve,” Dae asks, pushing his body weight against her near-virgin hole.

“To watch oh FUCK! OW! OW! OH!”

Dae’s head slides stubborn past her opening, spreading Lyndsey on impact. He keeps it slow, letting those three caramel inches at the front take all the time they need getting inside. Occasionally he spits on her, using the extra lube to bury it centimeter by centimeter.

“OH OH OH! FUCK! SLOW!”

“That’s it girl,” Dae encourages, “keep it relaxed. Take that black dick in yo’ asshole.” He gets the entirety of the head in and finds some give, the next inch sliding in with relative ease and only minor squeals from Lyndsey. He takes over her cheeks from Dom, able to spread them wide now that part of him is in.

“Tell your husband, bitch,” Dom joins Malcom at the front, “tell him you got a black dick all up in yo’ ass.”

“OH FUCK!” she screams, face aloft with two black schlongs pointing directly at her. “OH BABY THERE’S A BLACK COCK IN MY ASS! IN MY ASS! OH FUCK IT’S SO BIIIIIG!”

“Tell him!”

“Tell him white bitch!”

“Tell yo’ pathetic fucking husband!”

“OH HONEY HE’S FUCKING MY ASS! HE’S SO FUCKING BIG AND HE’S IN MY FUCKING ASS OH FUCK OW! OH!”

“Suck my fucking dick, whore,” Malcom silences her, shoving it back in, “and don’t you dare put your teeth on it. I don’t think you want to know the punishment for that.”

Lyndsey’s whimper screams come out muffled as they smash into a wall of cock. Dae takes her softly, getting enough inside so he’s able to pull back and reenter. He reaches underneath and lathers his hand against her cunt, using the cream there to soften the blow and lube her further.

“I’m in yo girls’ asshole, bitch ass mothafucka’. Got my whole dick in your

wife's ass you fucking pussy.”

“Taste these black nuts, bitch,” Dom stands shoulder to shoulder with Malcom, “that’s it white girl. Ugh. Nasty bitch.”

“Don’t be a greedy nigga,” Malcom pulls her from Dom’s sack and replaces it with his hanging, leathery balls. “Look at your wife, Parker. She’s got a mouthful of hairy black balls. How does that make you feel?”

“Pathetic,” he responds, absent and far away.

“I thought so,” Malcom chuckles, “but you’re going to sit there and watch anyway. Does it make your little white dick hard seeing your wife be a nasty whore for black men?”

“Yes...”

“Yes what, white boy?”

“Yes...sir...”

“Louder bitch. I can’t hear over the sound of your wife.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Louder!”

“YES, SIR!”

“Good boy,” Malcom trades his sack out for his cock and picks a vicious tempo to rail Lyndsey’s tired face at.

“Gawk-gawk-gawk-gawk-”

“Fuck this bitch’s ass is tight,” Dae grunts from the back, “you know her husband ain’t been up in this. You ever been in her ass before, white boy? She let you fuck her in the ass?”

“No...”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know...”

“Sure, you do,” Malcom grunts and passes Lyndsey’s mouth to Dom, “she doesn’t let you fuck her in the ass because you’re not worthy. Because you’re a pathetic white man with a pathetic dick. It doesn’t matter she’s only known Daequan an hour. He’s black and he’s got a big cock. So, her ass, is his ass. And it will never be your ass, again. Understand now, white man?”

“Yes, sir...”

“Fuck this bitch ass so tight I’m fixin’ to nut,” Dae dumps sweat as he uses a little more than half his length to probe Lyndsey’s butthole, “I’m gonna fill your ass up with nigga cum, baby. That OK with you?”

“Yes daddy,” she spits out between dicks.

“Oh fuck yea...fuck...fuck,” Dae’s mouth gapes open and his crooked white teeth part as he groans. He pushes inside her rectum, as far as he dares, and holds himself there. His hairy black ballsack hangs several inches off his torso, one plum-sized nut swinging slightly lower than other. They convulse upwards, hugging the skin of his sack and pulling to his body. He grunts. The balls fall slowly back towards earth, only to shudder upwards once more.

“OH FUCK HE’S FILLING MY ASS! FUCK!”

“UGH! All in that white girl’s ass,” Dae growls, unloading.

“OH IT’S SO WARM OH FUCK!”

Dae’s testicles fall for the last time and dangle while above them the last drop of nut empties into Lyndsey’s ass. Dae pulls back with tenderness, his black cock popping out of her tight cave.

“Hey white boy. Get yo’ ass over here. Now,” Dae commands, keeping Lyndsey’s ass cheeks spread wide. His dangling monstrosity swings between his legs but his focus is on the site before him. Parker comes to his side, soaked with sweat and shaking with nerves.

“What is it?” Parker cries.

“Look at this shit,” Dae nods at Lyndsey’s spread cheeks. Leaking from her puckered, gaped hole is a thick river of white fluid. It drips downward over soft pink lips. “That’s my mothafuckin’ nut all up in yo’ wife’s ass. You like that, bitch?”

Parker mumbles something inaudible before Dae shoves him back into the corner. Malcom takes hold of the exhausted wife and lays her across the bed on her back in such a way that her head hangs off the end. He grips her thin ankles with callous hands and spreads Lyndsey’s legs wide as Dom stands over her dangling face, his muscled ebony legs to either side of her.

“One in each hole tonight, white girl,” Malcom grabs at her milky, fleshy titties, “and you know which one I’m filling.” He penetrates her without mercy, sliding in with ease and taking what he wants.

“I’m good with her pretty little mouth,” Dom squats over Lyndsey’s face so that his rugged nutsack droops across her lips and nose, “she gon’ love the taste of my nigga nut all over her tongue.”

Lyndsey’s fat tits shake and sway with Malcom’s incessant strides, and her creamy white skin ripples whenever he slaps her side-tit. Soon her pure, blue-veined body is a mess of red rashes and handprints. She whimpers constantly, even as her eager pink tongue dances along Dom’s balls.

“Let’s see how dirty your wife is, white boy,” Dom raises his leg and plants it on the bed, allowing him to swing the crack of his ass down into Lyndsey’s face. He jerks frantically, his balls bouncing off her chin. “Eat my black ass, bitch!”

Parker sees it. Her flicking red tongue snaking between his chiseled cheeks. It disappears in the center, pushing in, pushing past...

“Yo’ wife is eating nigga asshole, white boy! How you like that!”

“Oh my God,” Parker whimpers.

“Fuck she good at it too...that’s it baby...eat it. Eat my black ass,” Dom uses his free hand to support her dangling head pressed to his crack. He slides and rubs her face in it, relishing every second. “You keep eating my ass like that I’m gonna cum in your fucking mouth, baby.”

“It’s time we got back to work,” Malcom pants, his nude black body dripping with sweat. “Let’s fill this white girl and get back to the cause. There is much work to be done still.”

Below him Lyndsey’s body is a train wreck, and she wets the bed as she cums for a third time. “OHHH FUCK!” she moans into Dom’s asshole.

“Goddamn girl,” Dom shudders, pulling her from his hole and redirecting his leaking cock at her face. “I’m gonna fucking cum...open your mouth. Wide...wider...like that...fuck...ugh!”

Shooting shots from a tight grip, the first ropes of white blast across her lips and dribble into her mouth. Fat streaks of hot nut splash off her cheeks, running backwards across her hanging face. She gags a little but lets it pool on her tongue, daring not to close her mouth until he finishes.

“Eat that fucking nigga nut, bitch,” Dom groans cumming, “bow down to your fucking black master! UGH!” he shakes it out in her mouth, letting the tip droop and fall against her sticky lips.

“Swallow that cum but keep it on your face,” Malcom commands, grabbing her by the legs and pulling her closer until they are in the center of the bed. “Show it to me.”

She sticks her tongue out carefully and displays Dom’s load. Her eyes never leave his, even as some of it leaks down her chin.

“Now swallow.”

Parker sees his wife pull her tongue back into her mouth and throw her head back. She sticks it back out, clean as a whistle.

Malcom’s speed resumes its hateful vengeance, the headboard once again smashing into the bedroom wall. Lyndsey shakes helpless in his grasp, the semen of another man still warm against her cheeks. The two other black men in the room are stroking themselves back to attention, and Parker begins to wonder if his nightmare will ever end.

“Are you ready for my King cum, white girl?” Malcom uses both hands to choke her, leaning into her fragile body.

“Yes, Master,” she squeaks through swollen lips.

“Are you ready to raise my child in your womb? A black King?”

“Yes, Master...”

“Mr. Glock,” Malcom calls to the cuckold but his eyes stay on the hotwife, “I want you to ask me nicely to cum inside your wife.”

“I can’t do this anymore,” Parker stutters out, standing from the corner and making a move for the door.

“The fuck you think you doin’, white boy?” Dae grabs him by the collar and wrestles him back to the ground. He smacks Parker upside the head twice before adding, “answer your black master, bitch!”

“Ask me nicely, white boy. Ask me to fill your wife’s cunt.”

“Cum inside my wife,” Parker rapid fires, shielding himself from anymore potential blows from Dae.

“Ask nicely,” Malcom smacks Lyndsey across the face, “say please.”

“Please cum inside my wife, Sir.”

“UGH! UGH!” Malcom buries himself inside her, wrapping his strong black arms about her trembling body. “FUCK! UGH! UGH! TAKE IT!” The bed squeaks and shakes with the power of it all, and Lyndsey’s eyes roll in the back of her head as she arrives again, helpless, and weak.

“Good white bitch,” Malcom breathes heavy in her ear, letting it drip inside of her. “You did well. Very well. You certainly are an ally to the cause, Lyndsey.”

“Thank you, Master,” she squeaks, teary-eyed.

When Malcom pulls out a river of semen flows from Lyndsey’s messy pussy. The bedspread where she lies is soaked through with piss and cum, some of it from her ass and some of it from her cunt.

“As for you white boy,” Malcom turns on Parker, with Dae and Dom joining him

in cornering the man, “It is time for you to prove your allegiance to the Black New World Order. Your wife has already paid her debt.”

Parker cowers below them, three swinging dicks.

“Go get on the bed with your wife and clean her,” Malcom commands, “now.”

“With a towel?” he asks, petrified.

The BNWO reach out and grab hold of their newest recruit, thrusting him into bed with his sweaty, ruined wife. They shove his head between her legs, and as he tastes salty man-nut in his mouth, he can hear his wife laughing.

“Now clean the other hole, cuck...”

Parker Glock licks his wife’s asshole for the first time.

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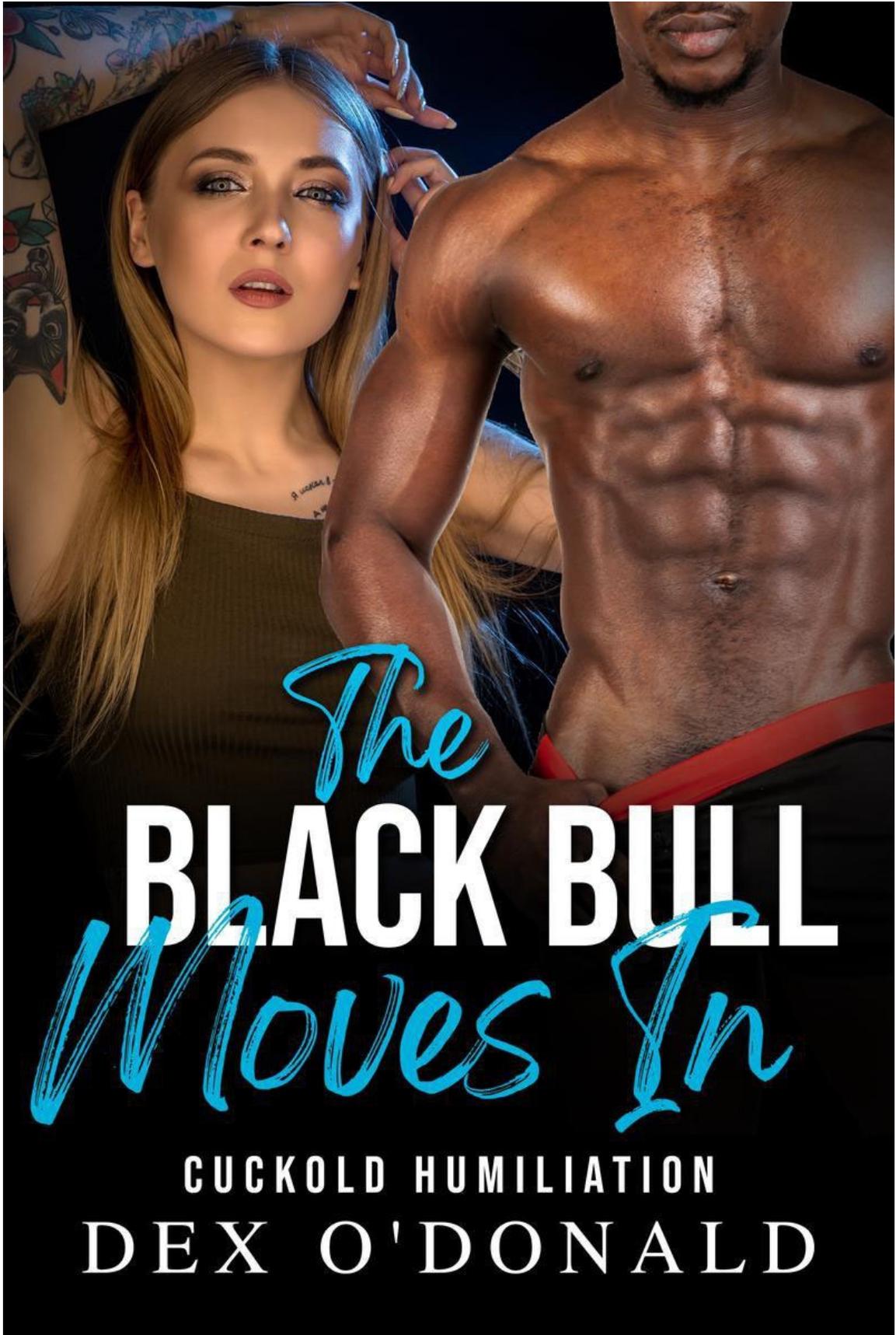
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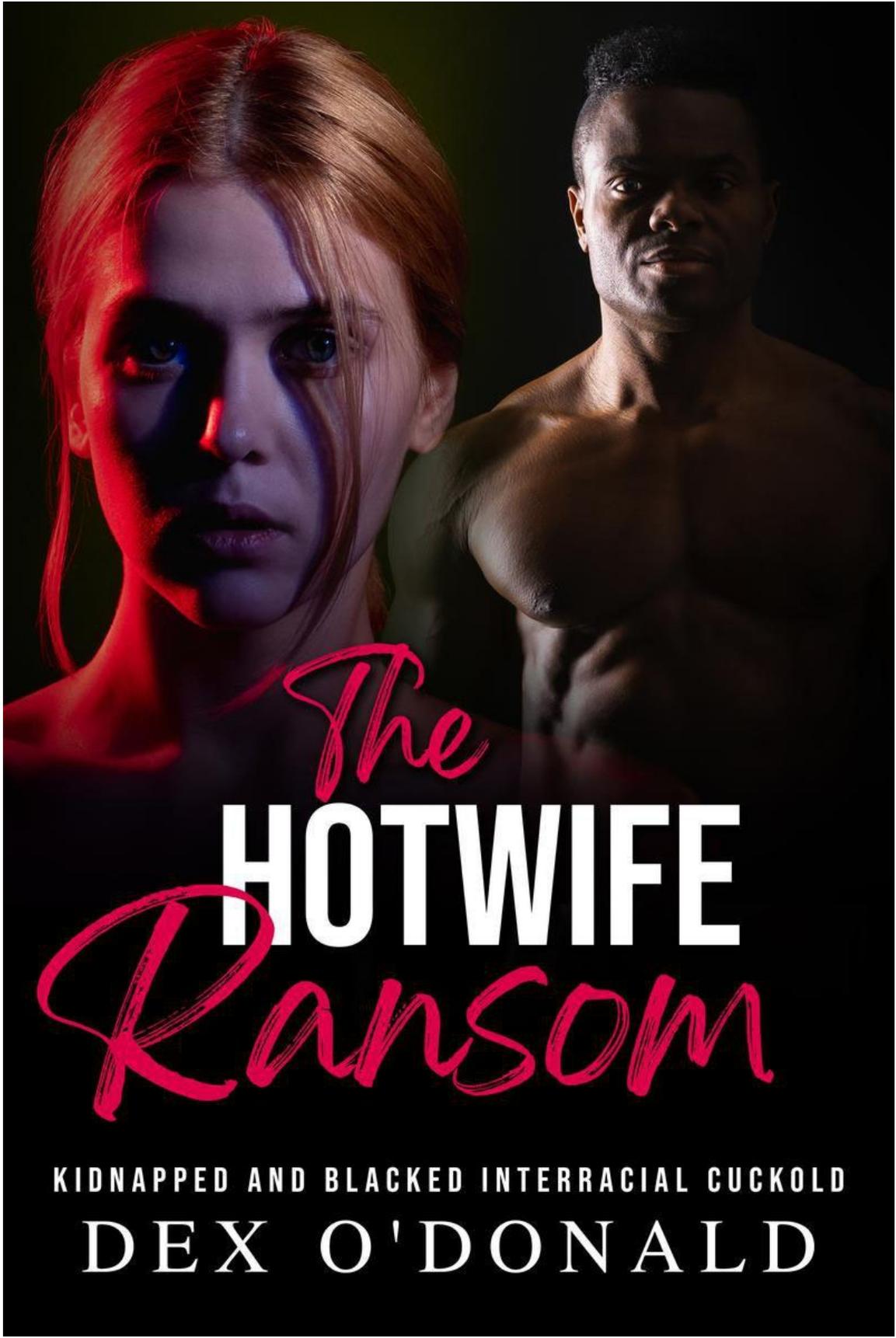
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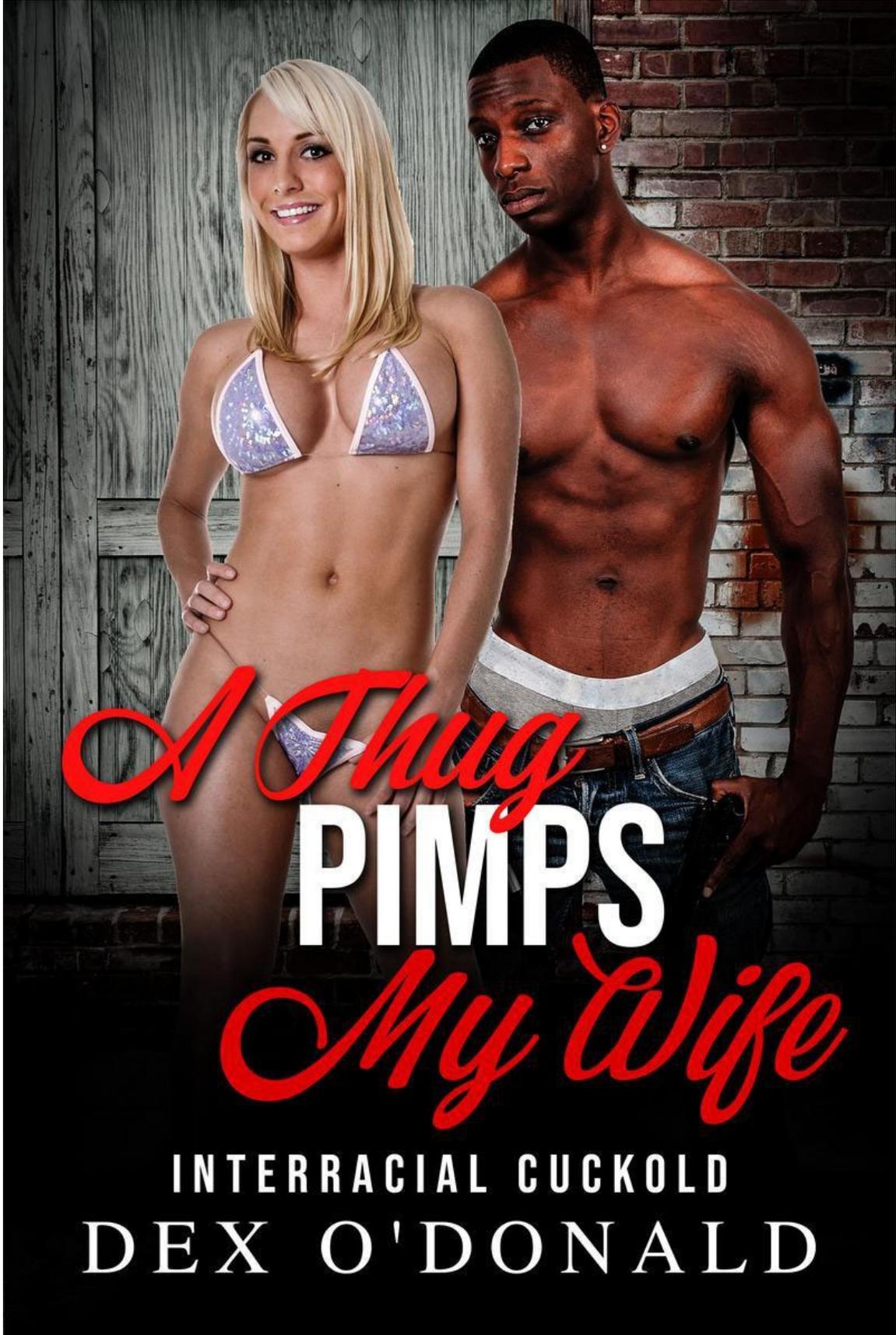
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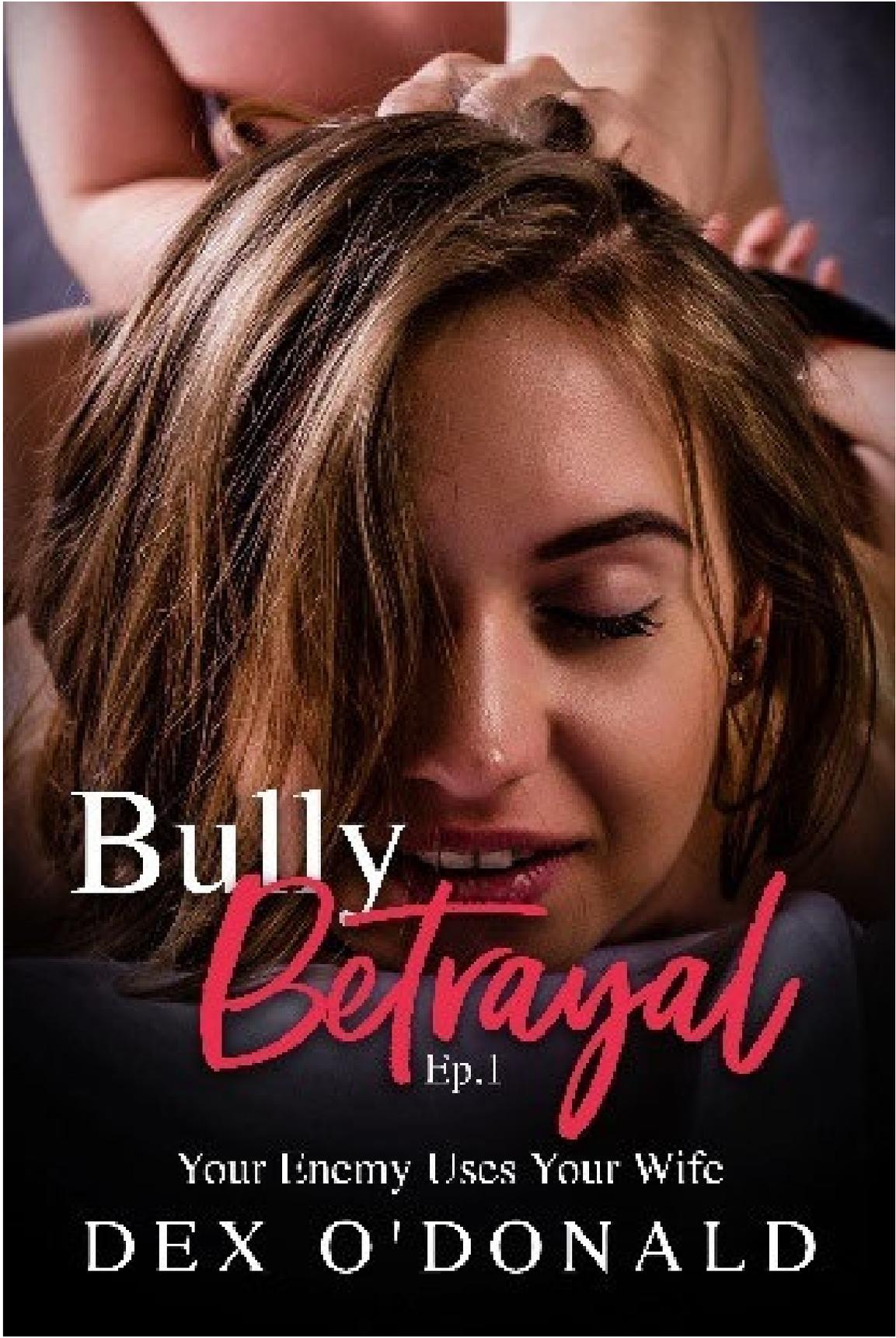
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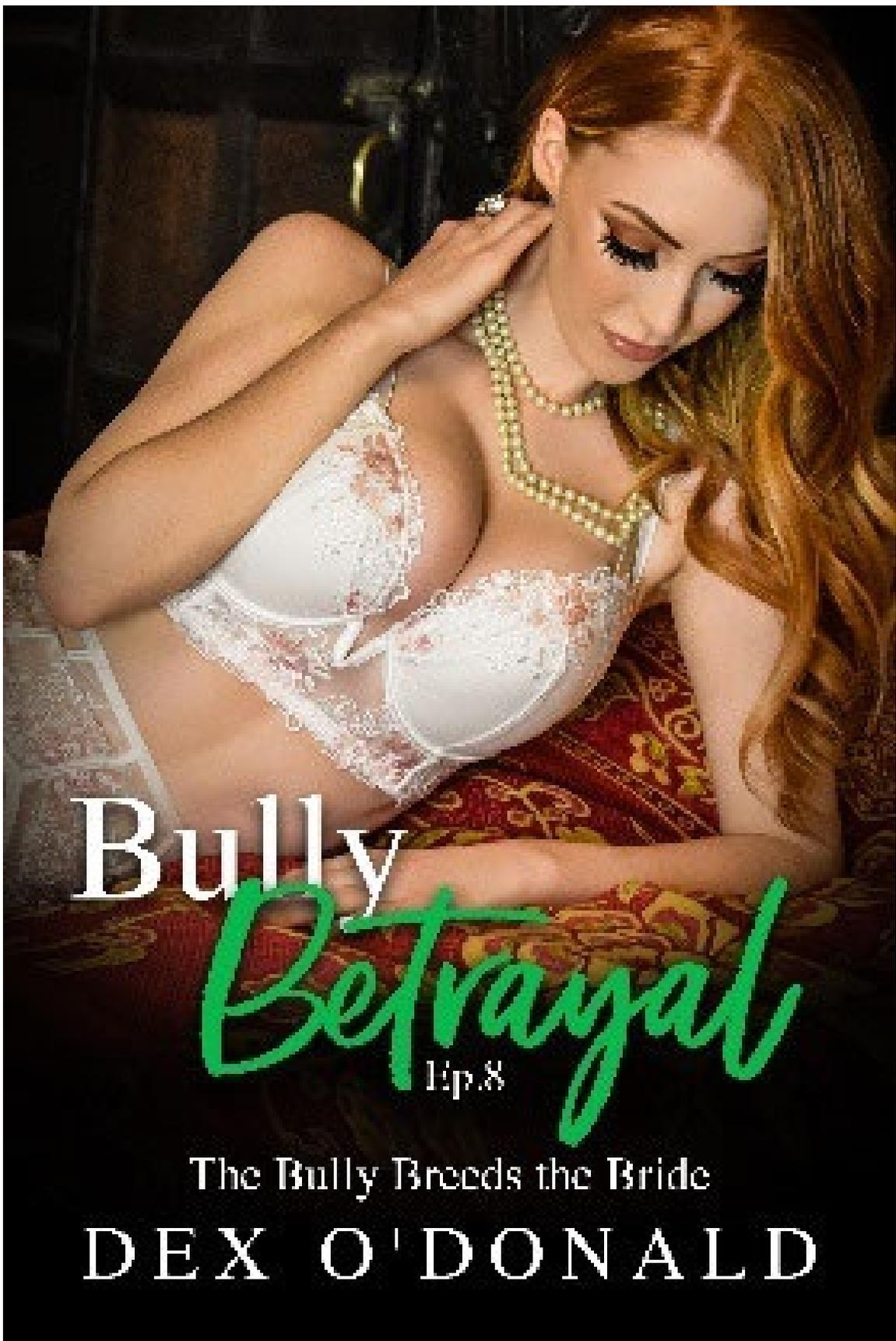
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KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

*They took the wrong couple and
now a marriage is on the line*

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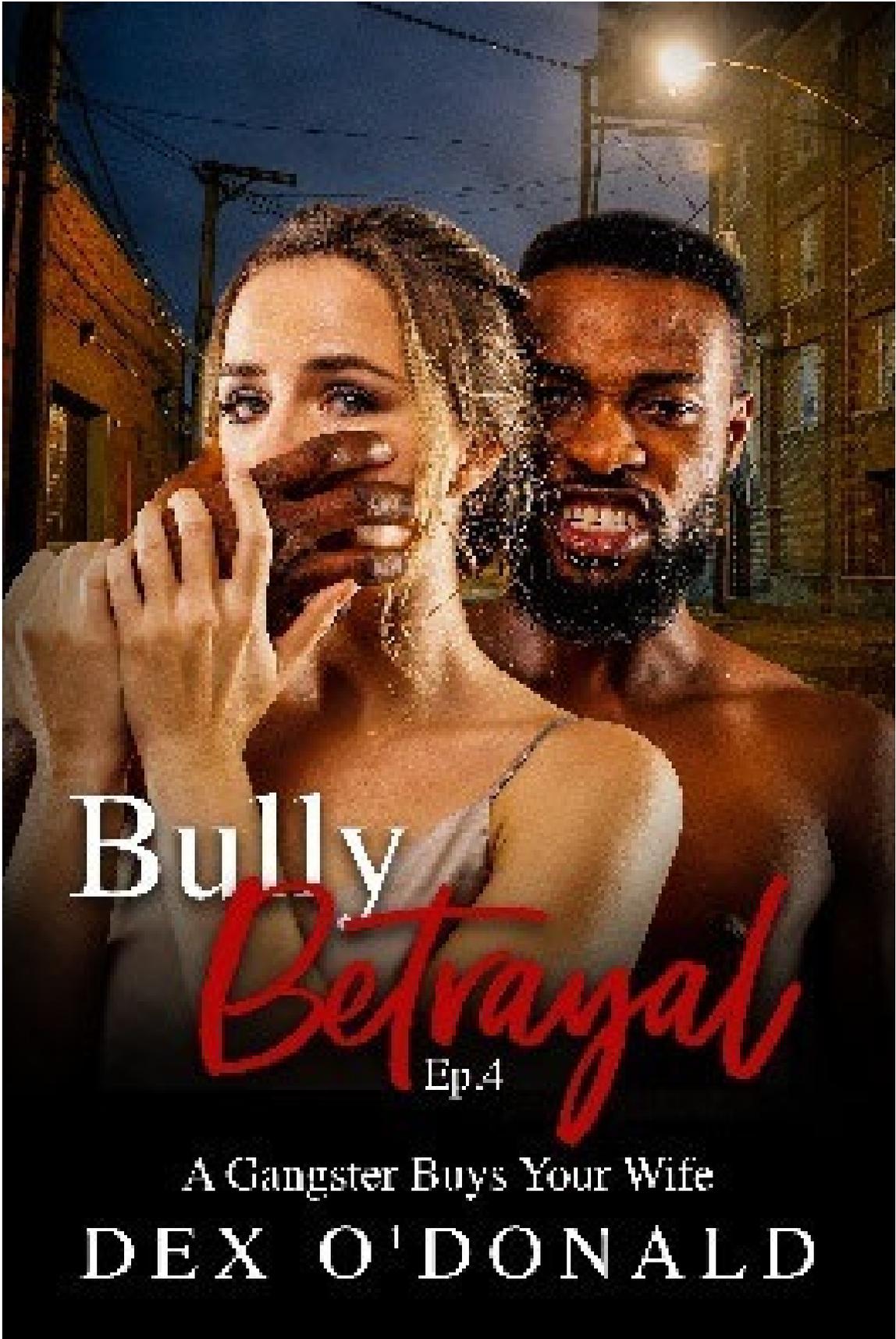
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