





**The Black New World Order Force the Sissy: Crossdressing Feminization
and First Time Hotwife (BNWO Ep. 13)**

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“I’m nervous, Trish. Like, really fucking nervous.”

“But babe you wanted this...”

“Did I? I thought this was all your idea...”

“Yes, but you agreed to it, Eric. Remember?”

Eric did remember, and he kicked himself for ever having been so foolish.

He should have just gone with his gut extinct the minute his wife mentioned banging her black boss in front of him. But he’d been horny. Extremely over the top pre-nut insanity sort of horny. So, in a rush of excitement, he told Trisha that she could do it, that he would even be down to watch them go at it.

But after their quick, vanilla sex that same night he started having second thoughts almost immediately. And now, here it was two weeks later, and he was watching his wife as she dressed for her ‘date’ with her boss - a man who Eric had never even met before.

“What time is he getting here?” Eric asked in a shaky voice, glancing up at the clock.

“Oh he’ll be here soon, sweetie. Probably fifteen minutes? Malcom is very punctual.”

“Jesus Christ, Trish,” Eric ran nervous knuckles through his mop of brown hair. “I don’t know if I can do this...”

“So what? So I should cancel?” Trish turned from the mirror and glared at her husband. “I can’t believe you would pull this, Eric! You are such an asshole!”

She was gorgeous, nearly perfect in a bright pink lacey dress that stopped well above her knees. Her ample, demanding chest filled out the strapless bust quite well - 34 double d’s that tested the very limits of the fabric. Blonde hair poured down her shoulders like a golden waterfall, and she peered at Eric with icy-blue eyes that could make your heart stop.

“Don’t look at me like that!” Eric plead. “Can’t you understand that this is

maybe something I'm not ready for?"

"But baby," she slinked across the room to him, sliding her arms around his neck and pulling him close. "I told you that if you let me do this, we could have a threesome. Remember? Any one of my friends you want, you pick! It's not even that big a deal anyway. Malcom's probably very basic in bed and I'm sure it won't get too intense or anything...that reminds me... there's something I wanted to run by you before he gets here..."

"OK? What's that?" Eric was distracted, staring at Trisha's mountainous cleavage, wondering if he was insane to share something so spectacular with anyone.

"Well, it's just, Malcom made this one small request and I agreed to it because I didn't think it was that big of a deal..."

"A request? From your boss? The one on his way over to my house to fuck my wife?"

"Yes, him," she pulled him close and nibbled at his ear, feeling the way his body trembled when she did it.

"What does he want?" Eric whispered from the palm of her hand.

"Well, he'd like you to come to the experience with an open mind, baby. He thinks it could be really fun for all three of us..."

"You mean I get to join in? We both could have you?"

"Oh no, not all," she laughed off the suggestion, "Malcom isn't going to share with you, honey."

"Oh..."

"You're going to watch...but Malcom would like it better if maybe you dressed up for the occasion."

"Dressed up? What do you mean? Like wear a suit or something? Why would I do that?"

“No, Eric. Not like a suit. Something a little more...provocative?”

Eric’s eyebrows raised, he pulled himself from her seductive grasp.

“I’m not so sure I follow.”

“Malcom just thinks that maybe it would be better if -

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Eric nearly jumped out of his skin when the banging came on the front door downstairs.

“That must be him!” Trisha squealed with excitement. “I’m sure he can explain all this better than I can - he has a real way with words. Let’s go greet him, baby!”

“Trisha I’m...I...I don’t think I can -

“Just come meet him, baby! You’re going to love him!”

Before Eric could protest any further, his wife took him by the hand and led him out of the bedroom. He watched her plump, dump truck ass sway side to side in her little pink dress as they walked down the stairs, through the living room, and straight to the front door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Trisha squeezed Eric’s hand for moral support and flashed him a sexy smirk, her pink tongue clicking in her mouth.

“Here we go baby,” she said, reaching out and grabbing hold of the doorknob, “just try to relax and enjoy yourself!”

Eric swallowed the lump in his throat and watched his wife open the door for her lover.

“Trisha,” the tall dark figure on the porch crooned, “you look ravishing, my dear. Absolutely stunning. As always.”

“Oh Malcom, won’t you come in?” Trisha’s voice was a breathless, hopeful

quiver.

Eric watched his wife's boss enter the house. The man had to duck when he came through the doorway, a towering ebony statue that seemed chiseled from portoro marble. He wore a dashing grey suit, fitted perfectly, showing off his deftly cut figure.

"You must be Eric," Malcom sighed. "But you're not changed. Why is that?"

"Excuse me?" Eric's voice gave away his nerves.

"I tried to tell him," Trisha took Malcom by the hand and led him deeper into the house, Eric following close behind like a lost puppy dog. "But he wasn't exactly keen on the idea..."

"Is that so?" Malcom raised his eyebrows, coming into the living room and turning to Eric. "Why not? Is there some reason for your petulance?"

"I...I..." Eric stared up at the black stranger, taken aback by the entire situation. "I'm not sure I follow what you're saying..."

Could this really be the man his wife intended to sleep with tonight before his very eyes? She'd said nothing about this Malcom's stature, his handsome jawline, his suave way of speaking and moving. She certainly never said anything about him being black!

Suddenly, Eric felt quite inferior standing in the man's presence.

"Eric let me explain something to you," Malcom's tone was gentle but firm. He placed a massive hand on Eric's bony shoulder and continued. "Your wife has brought me here tonight to give her something that you, her husband, cannot. Something that you've never given her, and if all the reports about your, er, manhood are true, it's something that you will never give her. Any idea what I'm speaking about?"

The words washed over Eric like rough waves at the beach, too overwhelmed to respond.

"An orgasm via penetration, Eric," Malcom said. "Not with your mouth, not with your hand, not with incessant rubbing of her clitoris. No, what I'm talking

about Eric is an orgasm from a big hard cock rubbing all the right places. Do you follow me?”

“I...I’m not sure I do...”

“Allow me to explain further...” Malcom took his coat off, handing it to Trisha who was only too happy to receive it. She left the room momentarily to hang it up. “You see, when a married women comes to me and asks, well in the case of your wife, begs me to show her my cock, I have to wonder what is going on at home that she would be so eager to suck me off during the workday.”

“Wait a minute,” Eric’s voice went high, “she’s...blown you? At work?”

“Too many times to count, Eric.”

“But that’s...that’s cheating we never talked about -

“Please hold all questions and comments till the end, Eric. We’ve much to discuss in a very short amount of time!”

Trisha sauntered back into the room, her pink dress lighting it up. She had high heels on and somehow, they seemed to accentuate the curves of her fat ass even more than the dress did. She came up beside Malcom, wrapping her willowy arms around his strong waist and holding him close.

Eric saw the way she touched him and winced a little.

“As I was just telling your husband,” Malcom went on, “when a woman of your beauty comes to me for extra help, I can’t help but wonder on the circumstances of her home life. Naturally I assumed her husband to be white, and I was correct. And I didn’t assume you were white because Trisha is as pale as a gallon of vanilla ice cream, I assumed it because she was and is, unsatisfied. Sexually.”

“Don’t look so glum, honey,” Trisha implored, her fingers locked together around Malcom’s muscular frame. “I know you want me to be happy...this will make me so happy...”

Eric’s heart raced in his chest, overwhelmed by the news of his wife’s infidelity, and more than a little confused by the oratory skills of her secret lover. He tried to speak but Malcom’s long, bony finger came up- motioning for him to be quiet.

“You see, Eric, a man like me has learned enough in his time, been with enough women to know that all white women crave black men. Whether they know it or not. Sometimes it’s innate from birth and a white women will seek out black men for the rest of her life...other times, as in the case of your wife, she only needed to see one big black cock in the flesh to know what she truly desired.”

“You’ve been with him, Trish?” Eric’s face was an open wound. “How could you? You lied to me!”

“It’s not like I cheated, honey!” Trisha whined. “It was just a few blowjobs. No sex or anything! I didn’t think you would mind! I was gonna tell you but then when you agreed to tonight, well, I just assumed it was no big deal!”

“No big deal?” Eric’s face darkened. “NO BIG DEAL!”

“Watch your tone boy,” Malcom’s voice a vicious, threatening whisper. “You’ve no right to talk to her that way...or to talk to anyone like that, for that matter. Lest you forget Eric, you are but a simple, small white man. Which puts you at the bottom of the totem pole.”

“I can’t believe what I’m hearing,” Eric’s voice shook. “This isn’t right. I can’t do this. I won’t do it! And neither will you, Trish! You’re my wife and I’m putting my foot down. Mr. Malcom, I...I want you to leave. I want you out of my house!”

Eric puffed his chest out, putting everything he had into the command.

“Do you wish me to leave, Trisha?” Malcom asked, his eyes ravaging her body.

“No, baby. I want you to stay right here with me.” Trisha flashed defiant eyes at her husband, daring him to retort.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this,” Eric cried, “this is insane! You really expect me to just stand here and let this happen! In my house of all places!”

“Best leave the big decisions to the bigger men, Eric,” Malcom wrapped a long arm around Trisha’s shoulder, his roaming hand now dangerously close to her fleshy cleavage. “I’m not leaving. Trisha isn’t asking me to leave. Which just leaves you, little guy. Are you going to stay and watch your wife find a satisfaction she’s never known, or are you going to scurry off into the night like

the coward you are?”

Eric thought about this for a moment, his wife and her black lover staring at him like a science project. If he left, things would take place that he couldn't possibly imagine on his own. He'd have no recourse, no way of helping his wife if she needed it, and most likely the curiosity of what was taking place would eat him alive after long.

But if he stayed...he would know everything. Even the parts he wasn't sure he wanted to know.

“I'm not going anywhere,” he said at last. “I'm going to stay and watch...”

“Which brings us back to my first point,” Malcom clapped his hands together. “Your attire. It won't do. Not for this occasion. We need you more invested in this experience, Eric. For your wife, for me, for yourself. Understand what I'm saying?”

“So...what am I supposed to wear then?”

Trisha started to giggle, covering her supple mouth with her dainty hand. Malcom noticed it, looking down on her with a wry smile forming on his lips. His arm cradled her shoulders, and his fingertips dangled and danced along the soft skin of her breasts, just barely touching her.

“We will start with you wearing nothing at all, Eric,” Malcom chuckled. “And then we will take it from there...”

“You're serious?” Eric asked. “You want me to strip naked?”

“Precisely,” Malcom said. “You do want to be involved in all this I take it?”

For the first time all night someone said something Eric actually wanted to hear. Sure, it was strange to have this man bloviating in his living room and feeling up Trisha, but it was also a relief to know that he, Eric, would actually be included in the festivities.

“OK, I guess that's fine...” Eric looked at the floor. “Did we want to like, I don't know, go to the bedroom or -

“Here is good,” Malcom’s eyes narrowed. “Now is fine.”

“Now?”

“Right now, Eric. Take your clothes off. Come now, we don’t have all night.”

Eric looked at Trisha, her wild blue eyes impossible to read.

“Go on, baby” she urged him. “It’s no big deal. We’ll all be naked soon enough. You first...”

Eric hesitated a moment, unsure of what to do because he’d never done anything like it before. He averted his eyes, removing his red collared shirt first.

“My, my,” Malcom said, taking in Eric’s soft physique. “Not one for exercising much, are we?”

“He’s really not,” Trisha chimed in, “no matter how much I ask he never goes to the gym. Not like you, Malcom...”

“Like a skinny-fat wimp with chubby man-tits and a women’s build.”

Eric felt suddenly self-conscious, freezing under the harsh criticism of their words. He looked down at his torso; white and doughy, no real muscle definition to speak of.

“Did I tell you to stop, Eric?” Malcom’s condescending voice from above.

“Don’t be such a wimp, honey,” Trisha clicked her tongue. “Take it all off and show us. Come on! Stop stalling!”

Eric found the button on his khaki’s and undid it, slowly pulling down the zipper. When he got his fingers into the waistband of the shorts he paused, unsure of how to proceed.

“Underwear and all, white boy,” Malcom said. “And don’t make us wait another second...”

Eric took one last deep breath and pulled the beige khaki’s down to his ankles.

He stood there before his cheating wife and her black lover, naked and

vulnerable, clinging to some faint hope that this would lead to a satisfying sexual endeavor sometime in the near future.

Malcom's laugh was a deep rumble, starting low and rising to a boisterous cackle.

"My God, Eric!" He exclaimed; eyes alight. "You call that a dick? You have got to be kidding me!"

"Hahaha!" Trisha suddenly lost it. "Malcom you are too funny! Now do you see what I've been dealing with?" Her cloudy blue eyes stared down at Eric's shame with a twinkle of cruelty in them. "His dick is so small!"

"Small?" Malcom continued guffawing, "it's fucking Tiny!"

"Hahaha!" Trisha squealed.

Eric looked down. He'd seen it a million times. So had Trisha. But somehow, standing there under their combined scrutiny, it was like seeing it for the first time. It certainly appeared smaller than usual - a little pink thimble, a flaccid little thumb atop a taut nutsack.

He felt his face go red with embarrassment, he stared at the floor.

"Typical sissy white boy," Malcom continued, "society gives you every privilege under the sun, but your genetics will never let you escape the sad truth: you are as pathetic and useless as that itty bitty thing between your legs!"

Trisha's giggling turned to outright laughter, gales of it washing over her naked husband.

"Jesus, Eric!" she wailed. "Is it actually getting smaller before my very eyes? And to think- you wanted to join in tonight! Join in? Hahaha! WITH WHAT, HONEY? HAHAHAHA!"

Eric backed up, trying to put space between himself and the hecklers. Malcom advanced on him.

"Now you're going to stand riiiiight... here," Malcom said, taking a retreating Eric by the shoulder and pinning him to the wall. "No leaving...and no touching.

Not unless I say.”

“Uh, um...ok, I...” Eric was a befuddled mess, his red-hot humiliation getting the better of him. He couldn’t focus, not over the sounds his wife’s cruel, ridiculous laughter. His hands came instinctively to cover himself, but Malcom slapped them away and put a long black finger right in his face.

“What the fuck did I just say, Eric? No fucking touching! You do that again and you’ll regret. Do you understand me?”

Eric nodded quickly, heart beating out of his chest.

“I can tell you’re nervous,” Malcom’s tone evened out, “but you won’t be naked all night. Don’t worry. I’ve little desire to see that microscopic little prick all night. So why don’t we get to the fun part?”

Trisha sauntered over to where Malcom cornered her terrified, naked husband. Her fingernails were painted to match the pink dress, drawing attention to the fact that she was reaching below the dress and wiggling out of a pair of purple panties.

She held the panties up for Eric to see.

“As I was saying, Eric,” Malcom smiled, “neither I nor your wife desire to look at that pathetic thing you call a penis. We’re going to need you to cover it up.” Malcom nodded to the fabric in Trisha’s hand.

“With that?” Eric’s eyes widened. “What do you mean?”

“I mean put the panties on, boy!” Malcom snatched the garment in question and pushed it hard against Eric’s mouth. “You’re awfully stupid even for a white man. If you keep on with all these questions we may have to do something about your mouth!”

Eric’s eyes shot to his wife, begging...

“Would you just do it already, Eric?” Trisha said, annoyed. “Like it’s even that big a deal. We’re just having fun, remember? It’ll all be over soon, and it will be like nothing ever happened.”

Eric's trembling fingers came to the panties pressed against his lips. He could smell his wife there, sweet and moist. An excitement in that scent he hadn't seen in her maybe ever.

Straightening the panties out, Eric put them on one leg at a time.

Before he could even stand upright, they were laughing.

"Hahaha, oh my God, Eric!" Trisha guffawed. "You really didn't put up much of a fight, did you? Hahaha. You must actually be interested in this sort of thing!"

"No, I'm not!" Eric retorted like an embarrassed child. "He was threatening me!"

"Threatening you with what, white man?" Malcom grinned. "Seems to me you couldn't wait to put those prissy little panties on. I think you like it."

"I do not!" he cried. "I only put them on because...because you told me to!"

"Oh Eric," Trisha sighed. "I'm learning so much about you, honey!"

"Go get your makeup kit, Trisha," Malcom's eyes narrowed. "I think little Erica here is ready for his makeover..."

"Makeover?"

A few minutes later and Eric found himself face to face with his wife as she brought a makeup brush full throttle at his cheeks. Every time he tried to speak or protest Malcom just talked over him. Eric took a little solace in the way Trisha's creamy, mountainous breasts jiggled in his face as she applied the makeup.

Trisha worked on Eric's eyeliner in front of the bathroom mirror, while Malcom's reflection preached.

"I've sometimes been known to work with an organization that specializes in helping white marriages reach their full potential," Malcom watched Eric's face as he spoke. "You may have heard of us - The Black New World Order."

For the first time, Eric's eyes left Trisha's tits and he glared at the black giant in

the mirror.

“Don’t look so scared, white man,” Malcom chuckled, “we’ve only done good in the community. Despite what the news may tell you we are actually quite legal, and quite good at keeping it that way. No wife, husband, daughter, or son was ever converted against their will. Each of them eventually saw the light and have stayed there ever since.”

Trisha pushed a tube of red lipstick up and brought it to Eric’s face - he flinched.

“Really, Eric?” Trisha rolled her eyes. “Now your gonna balk?” She grabbed his mouth with a rough hand and dragged him back, applying more makeup.

“And tonight, it is your turn, Eric,” Malcom grinned, “your turn to be converted. And it’s already going splendidly. You should feel honored actually, this particular practice is still somewhat new to the BNWO. Consider yourself our trial run.”

Trisha stood up and stepped back, admiring her work.

“This is too much,” she giggled. “My little hubby all dolled up!”

“Stand up, sissy,” Malcom commanded. “Look at yourself in the mirror.”

Eric had averted his eyes up until that moment, too afraid to see what waited for him in the mirror.

He stared at the glass and an effeminate, soft-jawed boy looked back at him. He looked younger, prettier, stranger...For a moment he had a crisis of faith, not entirely sure that it was actually him looking back. The eyeshadow was cotton candy, his lips a ruby red. His rosy, pink cheeks were ridiculous and flattering all at once. And those panties clinging to his little waist, wrapped tight around his chubby ass...his tiny shame still visible through the lace.

“Almost ready,” Malcom said, nodding at the sissy in the mirror. “It’s time for the final touch and then...showtime!”

The three of them came into the master bedroom and Eric was immediately ushered down to his knees in a corner of the room. Trisha waited at the foot of the bed, swaying side to side, her dazzling blue eyes watching Malcom’s every

move.

“Your name for the rest of the evening is Erica, do you understand me?” Malcom towered above the kneeling sissy, a firm hand squeezing the boy’s shoulder.

“And you will refer to me, as daddy. Do you understand me, Erica?”

Eric’s nervous eyes darted from Trisha to Malcom to Trisha again, humiliation bubbling up in his stomach as the words came to his lips.

“Yes...daddy,” he mumbled.

“Louder, Erica.”

“Yes, daddy,” he eked out.

“Good girl. Now you stay on your knees and keep your eyes on me. Me and your sexy little slut wife.”

Malcom walked to where Trisha waited for him, grabbing the petite girl around the throat and pulling her into him. Their mouths collided, wet and eager, a familiar passion.

Eric looked on, donning horror spreading across his feminized face. He watched Malcom’s huge red tongue lap across Trisha’s lips, watched it explore deep inside her mouth. His black hands engulfed her demanding breasts over the dress, the tops of his thumbs running across her milky cleavage.

Trisha moaned into his mouth, high and breathless.

“Oh Malcom,” she sighed, head tilting to the side as his eager mouth came to her neck. “Oh baby fuck it’s good...it’s good...it’s so fucking good...”

Malcom handled her firm and strong, searching her body for every curve and bit of juice his hands could find. Eric watched on, realizing he hadn’t touched her like that in years - maybe never.

For a moment Eric felt completely forgotten.

“On your knees, show him...” Malcom said, shoving Trisha down to the floor. He peeled his shirt off as she went to work on his belt buckle and front button,

eventually sliding the zipper down so fast that the sound of it startled Eric.

Then she was tugging, pulling his pants down, boxers too.

Eric's jaw dropped open, making him look even sillier than he already did.

Trisha's wild blues went wide with excitement, and a greedy grin spread across her lips.

"Take a good look white boy," Malcom sighed, wrapping one large hand around the back of Trisha's blonde head, "this is what a real man looks like!"

It dangled hefty and bloated and black. An ebony jungle snake waking from its slumber, pure predator in size and demeanor. The low-swinging ballsack behind was smooth leather, its cargo giant fruit.

"My God," Eric uttered, watching Malcom plunge it down Trisha's throat.

"Your wife gives exceptional head these days, Erica," Malcom grunted, swinging his hips forward and barreling into the girls' gullet. "Not that you would know. I instructed her to stop blowing you weeks ago. She's come a long way since the first time she sucked me on her lunch break. She can get so much more down these days! UGH!"

"GAK GAK GAK!" Trisha's throat as Malcom railed it. Bubbling ropes of drool spilled out of her mouth, dripped off her chin, greased her wavy cleavage bouncing in the dress. "GAK GAK GAK!"

Eric watched on; pale faced if it weren't for all the makeup caked there. His body trembled there on the floor, his knees burning into the carpet.

"Good white slut," Malcom grunted, under palming her throat with one hand and grabbing a fistful of her golden hair in the other. "Just like that. Suck down that fucking cock! Show your sissy bitch hubby what a fucking whore you are for it! UGH!"

"GAK! GAK! GAK! GAK!" Trisha gripped Malcom's thighs white-knuckled as he pummeled her face.

"Pull those fucking titties out, bitch," Malcom commanded, his brow working

over with sweat. “I wanna see em’ fucking bounce!”

Trisha’s hands came immediately to her bust, rolling the dress down and letting her giant jugs spill out. Pale and creamy, hints of blue veins here and there, wide pink nipples standing on end. The mixture of drool and pre-cum all down her neck and chest helped her breasts to glimmer in the low light of the room, sending Eric into an absolute frenzy.

He grabbed his dick over the panties.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID I SAY WHITE BOY!” Malcom screamed, his thrusts into Trisha’s face becoming more aggressive. “NO FUCKING TOUCHING!”

Eric dropped his hands to his sides, digging fingernails into his thighs.

“Look at your wife, white boy,” Malcom laughed. “My little fucktoy. She let you do this? Of course she fucking doesn’t. You’re pathetic! Think she respects a little white bitch like you? Get fucking real, ERICA!”

Trisha’s titties shook and clamored as the force of Malcom’s face-fucking rocked her little body. They bounced side to side, slick with spit, defiled.

Malcom pulled out of her throat and Trisha sucked wind. As she attempted to catch her breath he beat her face with it, black and dripping, rubbing it across her cute, innocent features.

“Look at her, white boy. She fuckin’ loves it. Loves that fuckin’ black dick. Lick it up, baby. Lick all that fuckin’ shit up. That’s it!”

“Oh fuck,” Trisha moaned, her face dripping drool. “It’s so fucking hot baby. I love when you fuck my throat.”

“Take that dress off, girl,” Malcom said, backing up. “Time to finish what we started with little Erica over there.”

Eric watched his wife slither out of the dress, now fully naked in front of the ebony extremist. She strutted across the room, her tucked pink pussy lips so tender and bare between her thighs. She tossed the dress directly in her husband’s face.

“Put it on, Erica,” Malcom commanded, stroking his glistening rod. “Put it on right the fuck now or I send your ass out into the streets wearing nothing more than those pretty little panties you have on. How do you think the neighbors would like that? And then I’ll make your wife cum so loud everyone on the block hears it!”

Eric stood shaking, holding the dress out in front of him. He looked at his wife, hoping for some sort of mercy.

“Would you hurry the fuck up!” she said cruelly. “I’m so fucking wet from sucking his cock and I want him to rail me!” Trisha returned to Malcom without a stitch of clothing on, dropped to her knees, and got back to work. “GAK! GAK! GAK! GAK!”

“NOW, Sissy!” Malcom screamed. “THE DRESS!”

“GAK! GAK! GAK! GAK!”

Bumbling and fumbling Eric did his best to squeeze into the dress. It was quite tight on him but almost the same size, pretty much everywhere but the butt and, more noticeably, the chest. He couldn’t possibly fill it out the way his wife did.

When it was finally on Eric looked down at himself in disbelief. It was the first time in his life he’d ever worn dress and he wasn’t prepared for how it made him feel. Within all the confusion and humiliation, he felt something stirring against the lace panties...something he wasn’t expecting, something he prayed would go away before anyone could notice.

“Look at him, look at your husband,” Malcom said, popping his cock out of her mouth and turning her to look. “There he is- the white man of your dreams. What a fucking joke!”

“Hahaha!” Trisha drooled. “You look like such a wimp, Erica! Cute little fagget, aren’t you? All dressed up for daddy!”

“Do you like your new dress, Erica?” Malcom chided.

“Yes, daddy...” Eric replied, defeated.

“I bet you do, little fucking bitch.”

Eric's hands dropped down to his crotch, casually trying to hide the tiny protrusion forming against the pink dress.

"Wait a minute," Malcom said, "put your fucking hands down. Let me see that... oh my..."

"Eric are you serious?" Trisha gasped. "Holy shit are you getting hard?"

"No I'm not I'm just nervous I'm not -

"Get your sissy ass over here right now, bitch!" Malcom snapped his fingers, and Eric shuffled across the room. "Lift up this fagget's dress!"

From her knees, Trisha grabbed the hem of the dress and rolled it up. Sure enough, there amongst the purple lace was a rigid four inches of white dick. For a moment she was speechless, her eyes traveling upwards to look her husband in the eye.

"You really are a closet sissy, aren't you?" her face pure disbelief. "Malcom was right all along. He was right about everything!"

"Trisha no!" Eric cried. "I don't like it I swear I'm -

"On your knees sissy bitch!" Malcom boomed, shoving Eric down so that the married couple knelt before him. "You're going to help your wife service this superior black cock, and from the looks of it - you're going to fucking like it!"

Trisha grabbed Malcom's throbbing member and pointed it directly at Eric's face.

"Open up," she snapped, "open your little fagget mouth right now!"

"I can't do this!" Eric flinched. "I'm not a sissy! I don't want to!"

"Oh yeah?" Trisha grabbed his taut little pecker over the panties and squeezed till he winced. "Then what the fuck is this, Erica? I don't want to hear another word out of you, you little liar! You little fucking slut! NOW SUCK!"

Malcom and Trisha forced the black club into his mouth together, shoving him down on it until his jaw clicked and drool ran down his lips.

“There you go little sissy,” Trisha taunted, “suck it all up. Thaaaat’s it. Like a good little slut does. Suck. Suck. SUCK!”

Malcom placed his hands on his hips, looking down at the wife feeding his cock to her scantily clad husband. Eventually he took hold of them both; directing Trisha’s supple mouth down to his swinging nutsack while Eric continued his service the cock.

“Look at you two,” Malcom grumbled, “serving your black master. Knowing your place. Paying your long-overdue reparations. Perhaps it would be prudent for me to move in for a while. Take over as man of the house, especially now that little Erica here has shown her true colors. We’ve accomplished so much in only one night...just think what we could get done if we had a month!”

Eric’s jaw strained as he struggled to take more of Malcom down his throat. His mind was a barrage of emotions and doubt, his tiny dick hard as stone. Was he really enjoying this? Not just the clothing but the black cock down his throat too? It was too much to process right then, so he committed himself to the task at hand - sucking off Malcom while his wife gobbled the man’s balls.

“You two make quite a team,” Malcom laughed. “Your wife is sucking the sweat off my nuts, Erica. And your jaw is going to ache tomorrow from all the strain you’re putting on it now. I want you think about how that makes you feel, white boy. I want you think about it long and hard...”

Suddenly, Malcom had them both by the back of the head, tossing them onto the bed like a pair of cheap toys. Snatching Trisha by the ankle he pulled her to the edge and flipped the girl onto her hands and knees.

Trisha’s ass came up instinctively, plump and protruding. The tucked softness of her cunt lips shimmered with wet as she shook it back and forth.

“I want you to see this, sissy,” Malcom barked, “crawl under your wife and don’t stop until you can see her cunt.”

Eric did as he was told, scooting in on his back below Trisha’s tabletop body, her massive hanging tits dragging across his face as he did so. He looked up, eye-level with her expectant sex, like a flower opening itself to impending sunlight.

And then Malcom’s massive cock came to the entrance, just beginning to spread

her.

“Watch it, sissy,” Malcom said, taking Trisha by the hips, “watch the very moment I enter your wife. Remember it. Because after this she’s never going to be the same again.”

“Oooohhhh,” Trisha started, high and pained as Malcom penetrated her.
“OHHHHHHH FUCK! OH MY GOD!”

Eric felt his wife’s body shaking above him. He watched as the black mushroom tip disappeared inside, and then inch by inch his pulsing, muscular cock.

“OH! OH! OH! OH!” Trisha tried to catch her breath as it sank deeper, her hands gripping fistfuls of bedsheet. “OH IT’S SO BIIIIIG! FU-HUCK! FU-HUCK!”

Malcom was soon deep enough inside her to allow his ballsack to drag across Eric’s forehead. The white boy flinched below them, still in disbelief about what was taking place mere inches from his face.

“See the way she melts on it, white boy?” Malcom said, sliding it back out for the first time. “She’ll never feel you again after this. She won’t want you after this. Not that it matters...we all know you crave cock now anyway. Just like your whore wife...”

“AAAHHHHH!” Trisha screamed head on as Malcom abandoned the slow and steady approach. Soon he was plowing her, mercilessly, driving in and out of her cunt with the power of an oil derrick into the earth. The squelching, wet sucking sounds of her sex sounded like a marching band through a bog.

“Good white bitch,” Malcom grunted, picking up speed. “Good fucking white bitch. Take it!”

“OOOHHHHH FUCK AAAAHHHH OW OW OW AHHHH OOOOHHHH
FUCK!”

Black balls slapped off Eric’s face. There was nothing he could do.

“FU-HUCK! OH GOD! OH OH OH FU-HUCK OOOOHHH!”

“You jealous down there, white boy? Jealous of the pounding your wife is

taking? I bet you are. Bet you're thinking what this dick would feel like in your little sissy pussy. Maybe if you're good little bitch I'll let you find out!"

Trisha's torso collapsed on the bed, only her ass still up and out behind her as Malcom used her like an animal. THWAP THWAP THWAP, the sounds of their bodies colliding, of Malcom hammering again and again. THWAP THWAP THWAP and suddenly she was convulsing, cumming, arriving like she'd never done in her entire life.

"OOOOHHHHH FUCK I'M CUM CUM CUM CUMMING OOOOHHHH!"

Eric watched it firsthand, watched the pleasure surge through his wife's entire being at the hands of another man. Felt the splash of her juices rain down on his face, felt his ears ringing from the constant screaming and moaning.

And all the while, Malcom never slowed, digging balls-deep on every thrust, a relentless assault on Trisha's convulsing cunt.

"OH OH OH OHHHHH MY GOD FUUUCK! FU-HUCK! FU-HUCK! FU-HUCK!"

Tears stung her eyes, temporary deafness set in, and every inch her skin felt static electric. Trisha's equilibrium left her, and for a moment all that existed was the pleasure coursing through her body.

"Good white bitch," Malcom grunted, still pounding away, "very fucking good. Are you ready for the first load of the night? Ready to feel it explode inside of you?"

"Yes daddy," she gasped, half-alive, flopping about on the bed below him an empty mess.

Malcom pushed himself all the way inside, with enough pressure to shove Trisha's reeling body further into the mattress. He palmed the back of her head, shoving her into the bed top as he held himself deep.

Eric felt the giant ballsack on his face begin to convulse; quick upward pulls, and slow, sagging drops. They came in time with Malcom's grunts.

"UGH! UGH! UGH!"

“Oooohhhh,” Trisha started up again.

Eric realized what was happening. That he was too late to stop it. He laid there, terrified as the black man inseminated his wife.

“UUUUGGGHHH! UGH! ALL IN YOUR WIFE’S PUSSY! UGH!”

“OOOOHHH I’M CUMMING AGAIN FUUUUUUCK -

“UUUUGGGHHHH!”

Eric couldn’t explain the erection in his dress, couldn’t comprehend why it was there. He felt nothing but betrayal and disgust at watching Malcom unload inside his dear Trisha...but there was something else, too. Something waking up inside him. It was too early to piece it all together, but it had something to do with the clothing he wore...and the man defiling his wife.

His wife’s body convulsed on top of him, cumming once more on the cock of another man.

Then the thick black snake slithered from her sex one spongy inch at a time until at last it was dislodged. The cock flopped out and smacked Eric across the face, sticky.

“Now it’s your turn, fagget.”

Malcom grabbed hold of Trisha’s plump ass and pulled her body down into Eric’s face. Her soaked, ruined cunt came directly against his mouth as the seed within began to pour out in droves

“Lick it all up, sissy. Every fucking drop! You know you love it. EAT IT!”

Salt and hot thickness in his mouth, pouring out in a ceaseless wave. Eric sucked and lapped, doing his best to catch it all even as it poured out the sides of his mouth.

Eric felt his wife begin to giggle above him, her pained pleasure finally subsiding.

“Oh my, Erica,” she laughed, “you really are an eager little sissy, aren’t you?”

“And still hard as a rock it seems,” Malcom chuckled. “When you’re done cleaning up my mess, I want you out of this room. You’re going to sleep on the couch tonight while I continue on with your wife. In the morning, maybe I’ll break you in. Or maybe we’ll take a little trip down to The Oasis so my BNWO brothers can have a shot at your virgin ass.”

Eric laid there beneath his wife, dressed in her clothes, eating another man’s cum out of her cunt... and suddenly, the confusion of his emotions was gone. It was no longer a mystery.

He liked it. And he wanted more.

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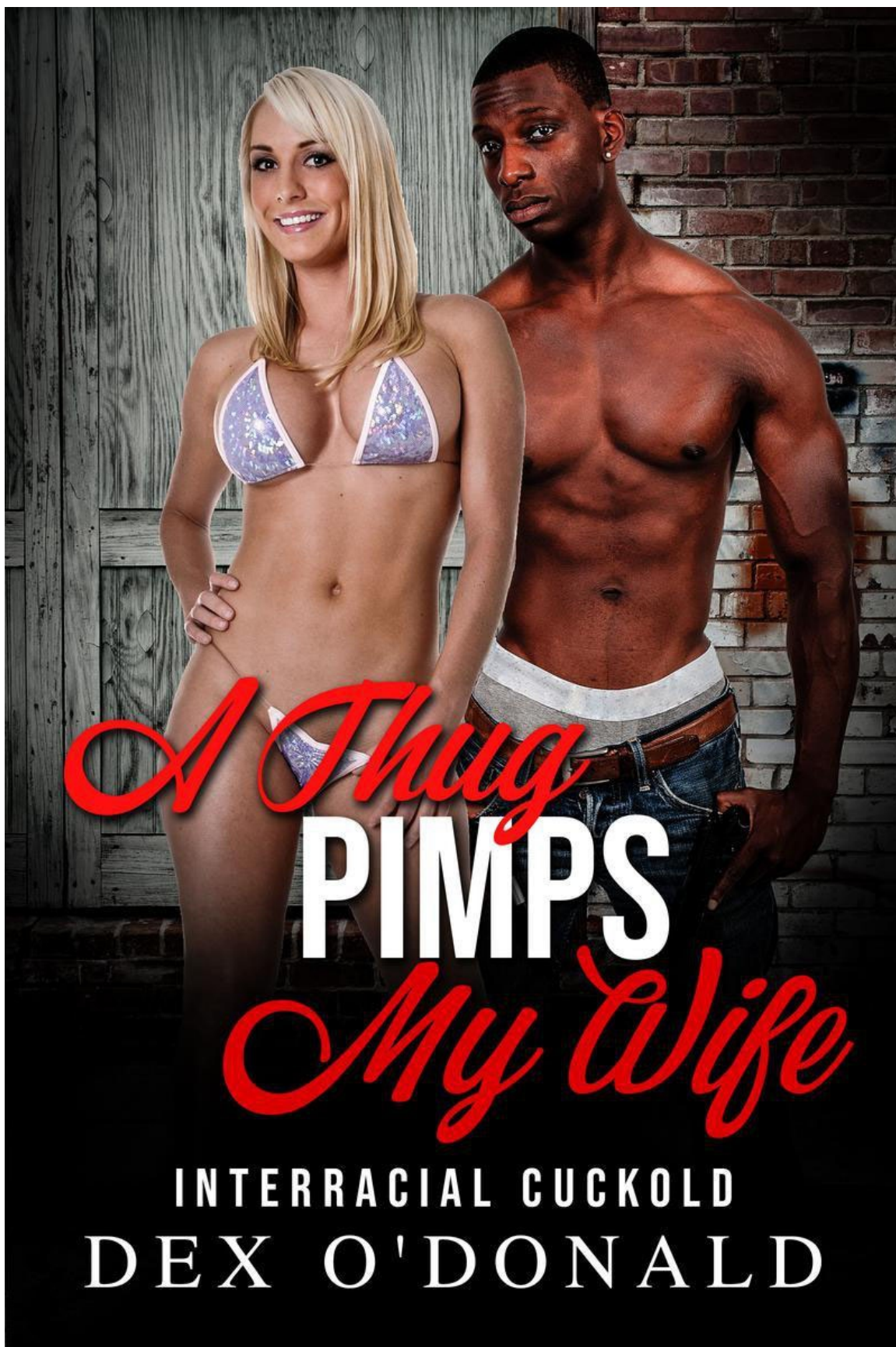


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KIDNAPPED AND BLACKED INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD

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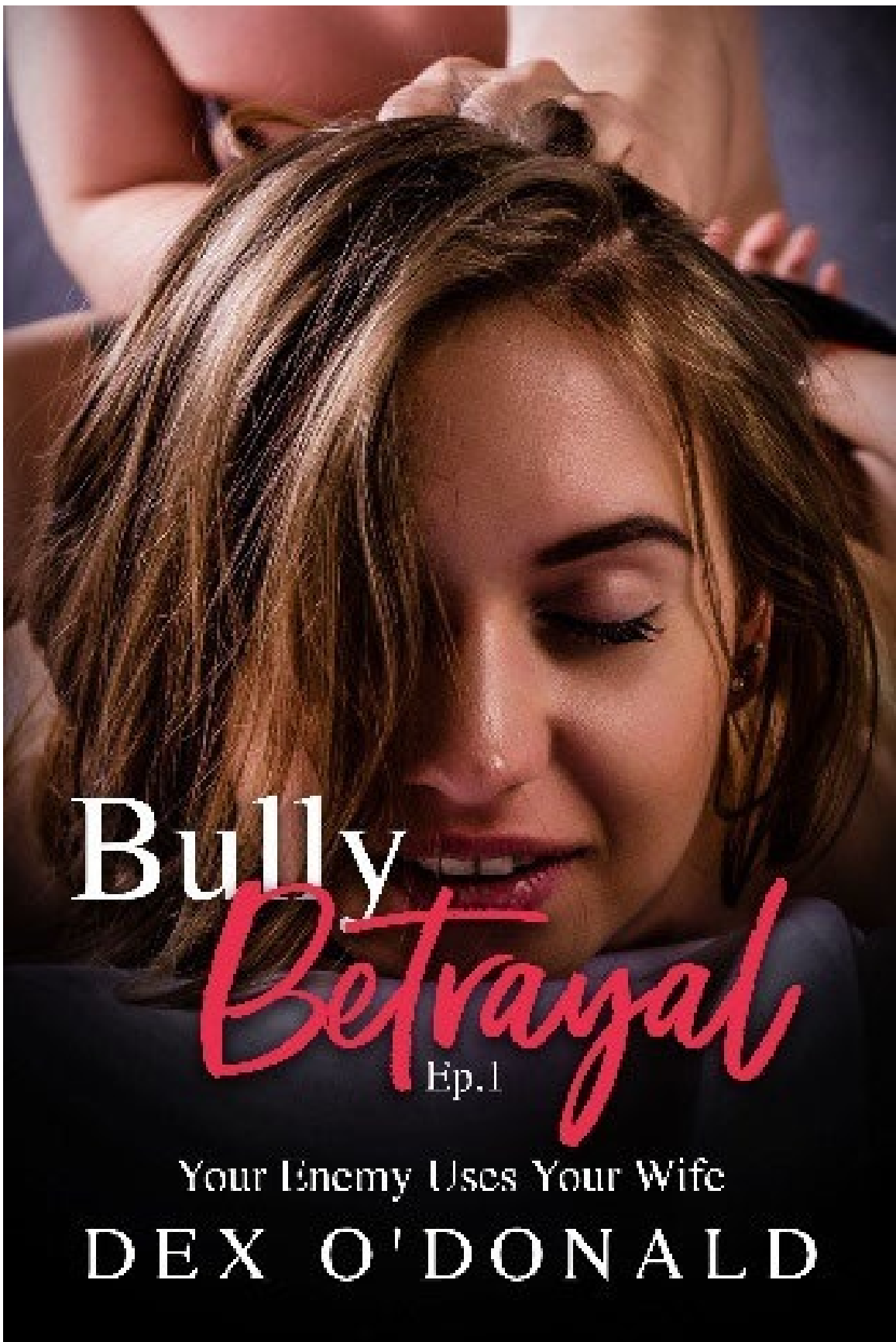
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Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

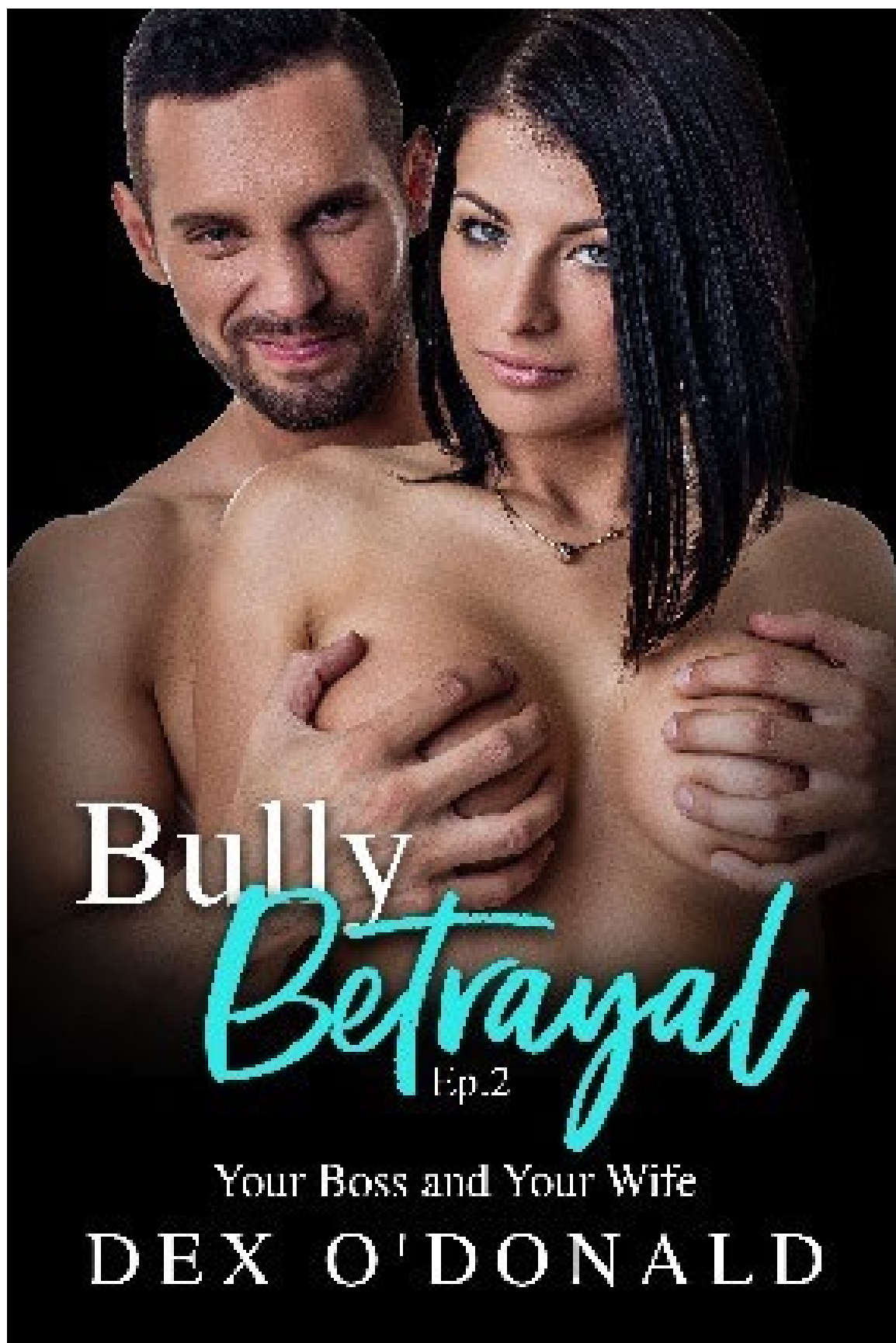


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Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



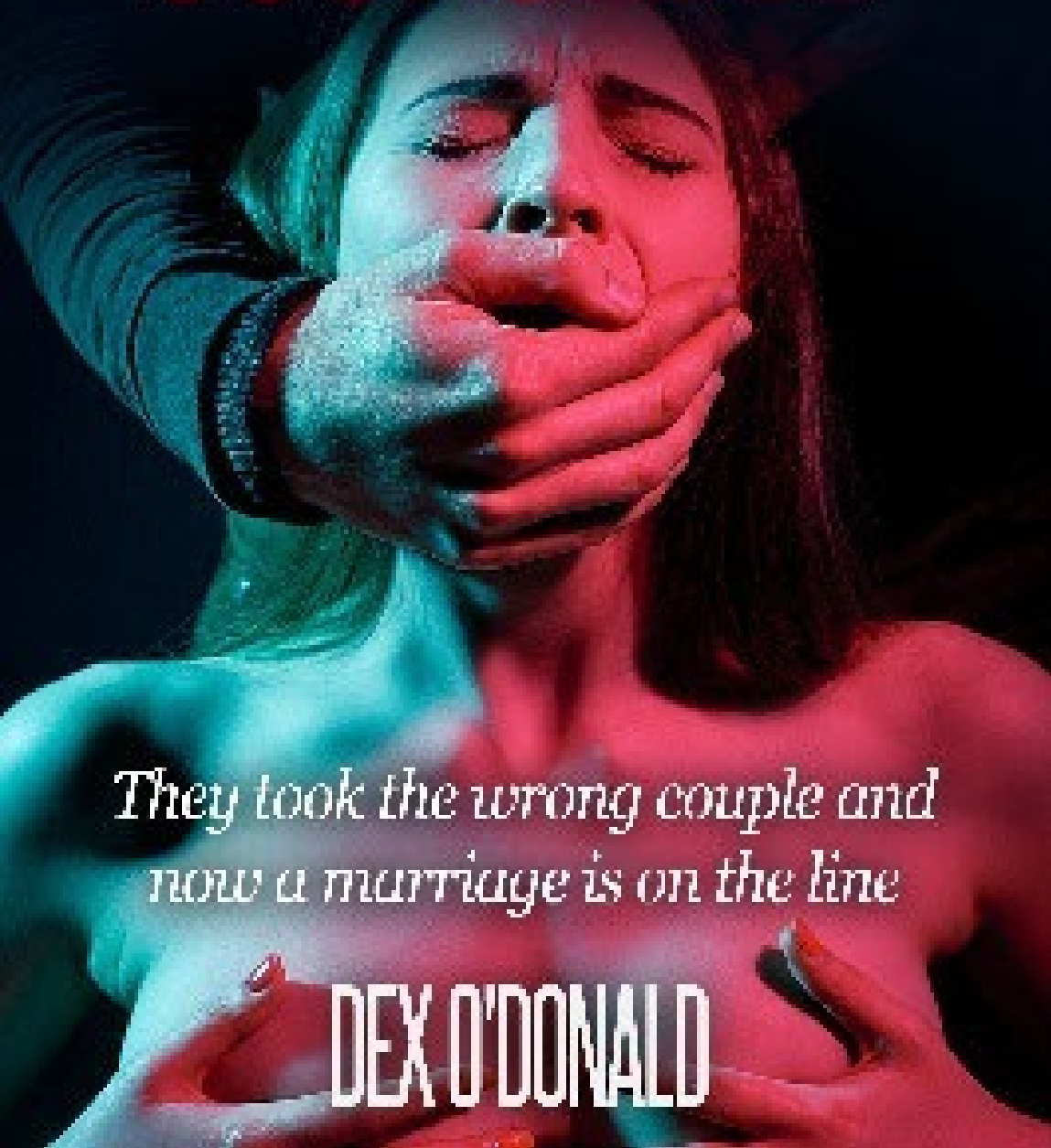
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Kidnapped and Cuckolded

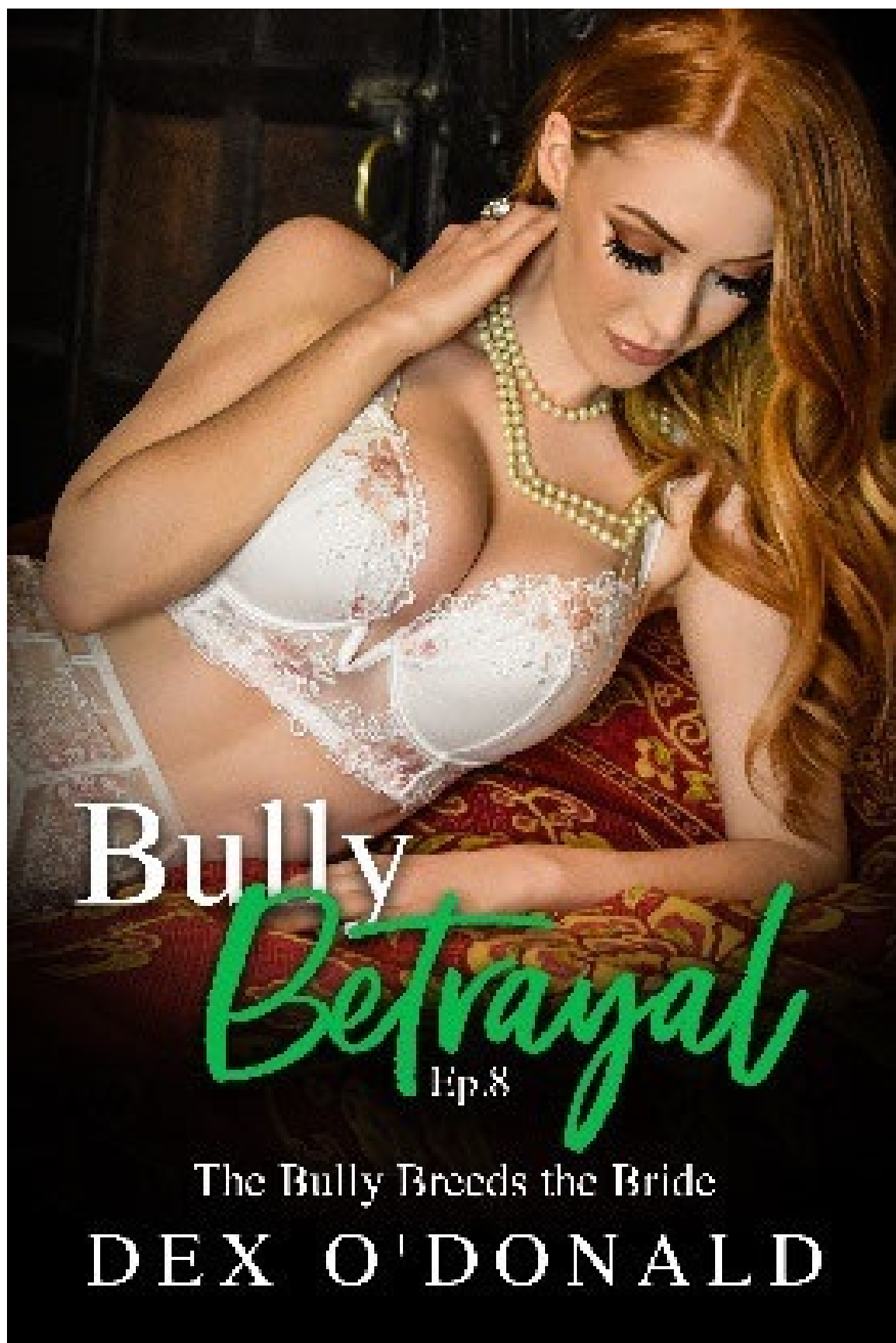
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is covered by a hand wearing a black wristband. The scene is lit with dramatic red and blue light, creating a somber and intense atmosphere. The background is dark.

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

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



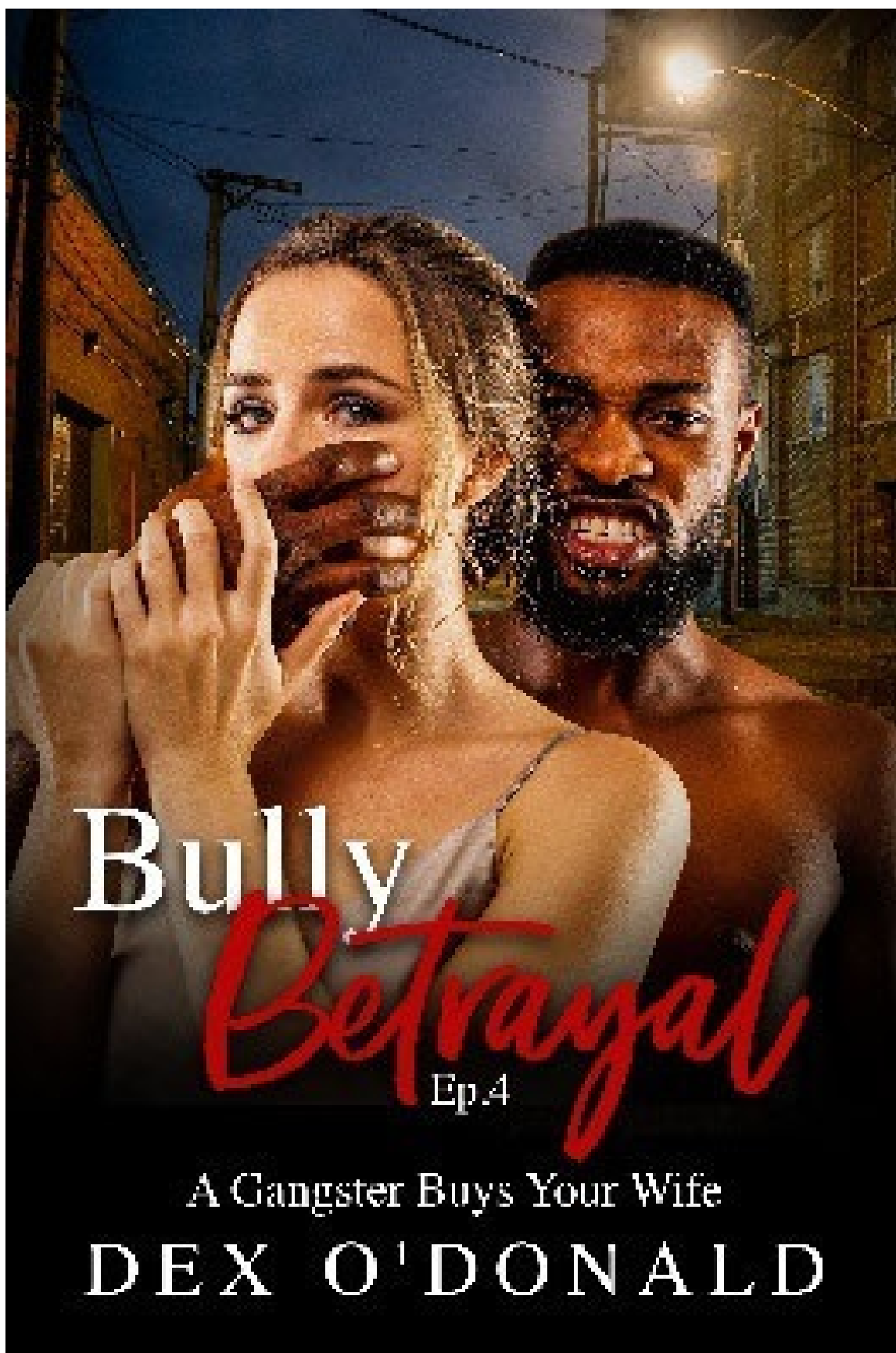
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Ep.8

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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