



*The Black*  
**NEW WORLD ORDER**  
*Milk Your Wife*

FIRST TIME HUCOW BREEDING BY ROUGH OLDER MAN  
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Black New World Milk Your Wife: First Time HuCow Breeding by  
Rough Older Man (BNWO Ep. 14)**

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Wayne knew that all he needed was a chance to explain himself. To tell Khalil and Malcom and the others that he had made a mistake. That he regretted sneaking out on them, and that he would never do it again.

But would they believe him? Would they even give him the time of day?"

"Stand up straight," Lynne snapped, "they already don't take you seriously. You're gonna go in slouching like that?"

"Sorry," Wayne muttered, "I'm nervous."

"I bet you are."

Lynne wore a white tank top, tight-fitted and low cut. Her untamed tits were full to bursting as she walked alongside her husband, passing through the main room of the strip club known as The Oasis. Lynne had no bra on, and the dark pink of her large nipples were not only visible, they were moist.

Typically the club opened at 1pm, but the bosses had delayed the opening to make time for Wayne. Wayne and his wife of course. They would never deem to see Wayne alone, and Wayne knew that. He'd watched Khalil and Malcom use Lynne's body in every way imaginable more than once, and he knew full well that it was likely to happen again after their meeting that very afternoon.

In many ways he was numb to it, their casual carnal desires acted out on Lynne...and he couldn't deny that it was the very reason he'd left The Oasis in the first place.

"Remember not to talk back," Lynne whispered. They came into the back of the strip club, where a long hallway ran past changing rooms and into a door marked B.N.W.O. "Just nod your head, say 'yes sir' and 'no sir' and accept whatever decision they hand down. It may be your last chance at finding employment."

"There's no maybe about it," Wayne sighed. "Not a place in this city will hire me now, not even a damn fast-food joint. They've seen to that. Somehow every place I put an application in at denies me the same day."

"No more whining, Wayne," Lynne turned to Wayne outside the office door. "Once we go in there your fate is up to them. If you want your job back you'll

have to beg for it...and you'll probably have to watch them fuck me.”

“I'm well aware.”

“Are you? Because the last time they double-teamed me you freaked out. Swallow whatever pride you have left and just get this done, OK?”

Wayne straightened up and braced himself, and the married couple entered the office.

Both Lynne and Wayne had seen the inside of the main office too many times to count, its lush leather seating and giant oaken desk, the low lighting, and the scent of cigar smoke. Wayne had once watched Malcom and Khalil bend Lynne over that wide desktop and take her until she was a shaking sweaty mess. Wayne had prepared himself mentally to see one or both of the domineering BWO members sitting behind that desk and waiting with a sneer and a smile to put him in his place.

But neither Khalil nor Malcom was there.

Instead, an older black gentlemen Wayne had never seen before sat puffing a gigantic stogie while leaned back in a chair with feet propped up on the desk.

“Bout' damn time,” the older man grumbled, dark cigar clenched between his white teeth. “Close the damn door behind yah'!”

“Who are you?” Wayne asked confused, shutting the door.

“Names' Sanford,” he said, puffing a thick white plume of smoke out into the stuffy office. Sanford had a head full of grey, curly hair, with eyebrows to match. He wore a banded dress shirt that clung to his long, muscular arms and removed any doubt as to the condition of his impressive physique. Wayne guessed the man's age to be around sixty, give or take a few years.

“Hello, Sir,” Lynne nodded at Sanford, eyes transfixed forward. “It's a pleasure to meet you. My name is Lynne, this is my husband Wayne.”

Sanford leaned forward in his chair, grabbed the cigar out of his mouth with two gnarled fingers and regarded the married couple before him. His eyes lingered on Lynne; the gold of her shoulder-length hair, the vastness of her blue eyes...

the obvious, symmetrical stains on the front of her white tank top.

“You the one with the baby, that right?” Sanford narrowed his dark eyes.

“Yes, Sir,” Lynne replied. “A child of the Black New World Order...he is almost a year old now.”

Sanford smiled and turned his gaze to Wayne.

“How you like raising our baby, white man?” Sanford chuckled.

“Its...” Wayne sighed and pushed ahead, “an honor, sir...”

“Goddamn right it is,” Sanford popped the stogie back into his mouth. “Give a white boy like you more of a damn purpose than yah got any right to havin’.” He leaned back in the chair and pushed out from the desk. He wore grey dress pants, and he was startlingly tall, even sitting down. He pointed at Lynne. “Bring yo’ fine ass right on around here and come sit on Sanford’s lap. And can it with that ‘sir’ shit. You gon’ call me Mr. Sanford. Got it?”

“Of course, Mr. Sanford,” Lynne said breathily, leaving her husband’s side and walking around the large oaken desk to take a seat in Sanford’s lap.

Wayne felt the familiar pang of jealousy and anger colliding in his stomach as he watched Lynne crawl onto Sanford’s thigh, leaning back against his broad chest and getting comfortable. Wayne tried to focus on the absurdly long ash forming at the end of Sanford’s cigar as the black man’s calloused hands came to her demanding chest.

“Mmm, nothing like milky white girl titties,” Sanford grumbled, filling his palms and squeezing roughly. “Damn girl you leaking’ all over the damn place, ain’t yah! Mmhmm. Full uh’ milk you is. My lucky day!”

“Ohhh,” Lynne sighed, submitting under the older man’s groping.

For a moment Wayne was completely forgotten.

“Um, Mr. Sanford,” Wayne cleared his throat, averting his eyes from the way Lynne wriggled in the man’s lap. “I was under the impression I was to be speaking with Malcom or Khalil this afternoon...about my job?”

Sandor breathed tobacco smoke out all over the girl, his hands still probing her fleshy chest. The more he squeezed the more Lynne's breasts dribbled, and soon her white tank top was far wetter than it had been when they first walked in. The garment was mostly see through now, her milk soaking the cotton.

"Don't know nothin' bout' no damn job interview," Sanford grunted, lifting Lynne's shirt off and over her head. "Dem' young bucks told me I could come in today fo' some fresh milk, and that's exactly what I intend to have!"

Lynne's soaked shirt landed with a FWAP! on the desktop. The pale, blue-veined flesh of her tits jostled and squeezed between Sanford's fingertips, and she constantly wriggled under his grasp.

"Excuse me, sir?" Wayne said, now unable to look anywhere else but at the dots of white fluid dripping from the black man's fingers.

"It's Mr. Sanford to you, white boy!" he snapped.

"But Mr. Sanford, I was told I could have an audience with-

"You got yah damn audience boy! Now do what an audience does – watch."

Wayne struggled to find the words, panic rising in his belly as the older man's plump, eager mouth came to Lynne's neck and began to lick and bite.

"I'm not sure I understand, Mr. Sanford," Wayne's voice shook like a leaf. "You see, I can't find a job. Anywhere. I'm pretty sure that is thanks to Khalil and Malcom...no one, and I mean no one will hire me. So I'm here to ask for my job back...can I talk to you about that?"

"Submit it to the complaint department or some shit," Sanford said absently, wiping his milky hands off on Lynne's flat tummy and then reaching for a coffee mug on his desk. "You know what pairs well with a good cigar, white boy?"

"What's that, Mr. Sanford?"

"Coffee. Lotta people think you gotta have a whiskey or a scotch, some people even like a nice rum. But me, I like strong black coffee. Really sets off the flavors in the tobacco, know what I mean? But coffee in the afternoon just too damn bitter for me...gotta sweeten it up a bit!"

Sanford took his white coffee mug (marked BNWO in large black lettering) and positioned it just below Lynne's swollen pink nipple. He grabbed her breast carelessly and gnashed it between his fingers, expelling white fluid directly into the mug.

"OW!" Lynne flinched, tensing up under the man's rough grasp. "OUCH!"

"Settle down, girl," Sanford ignored her discomfort. "What good is these milk-filled titties if we can't use the damn milk!"

Wayne watched horrified as his wife's breast shot fluid into the stranger's mug.

"There we go! Make it nice and sweet for me girl. Fresh off the line!" Sanford let go of Lynne's tit and the girl relaxed. Then he brought the cup to his mouth and drank long loud and deep. When he pulled the mug away a small milk mustache had formed on his upper lip. "Yo' wife's titty milk sweet as pie, white boy," he grinned at Wayne. "The black baby you raisin' gonna grow big and strong off this stuff. You wife gon' make sure o' that! HAHA!"

Sanford set the coffee cup down on the desk and picked his cigar up from the ashtray. The twirling foggy smoke rose in the air as he puffed at it.

"Don't like the way you lookin' at me white boy," Sanford glared at Wayne from across the desk. "Don't like it one bit. Half a mind to teach you a lesson!"

"No please Mr. Sanford," Wayne stuttered, "that won't be necessary. I'm not looking at you anyway! I swear! I'm just a little confused is all. I thought I was here for to beg for my job back..."

"Beg you say?" Sanford's constant hands came once again to Lynne's massive chest as he helped himself to great handfuls of her. "I like the sound o' that. Sure do. Nothin' like a white man beggin' while his bitch servin' a strong black man...tell you what – you go right on ahead and beg for yo' job. And I'll listen, too. What was the job you said?"

"I didn't, Mr. Sanford," Wayne's eyes were worry. "I was the custodian here at The Oasis. I cleaned the dancers' changing room, scrubbed the toilets, mopped the floors..."

"I bet you did," Sanford chuckled. He tugged Lynne's tits downward, unleashing

a flood of dripping milk. “Bet you clean them toilets nice and shiny for yo’ black masters, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Mr. Sanford I did...”

“How’d you lose yah job then?”

“I left sir...the club I mean...”

“Oh you did now? Bet Malcom loved that. Why’d you leave, white boy?”

Wayne saw the way Lynne closed her eyes, the way her plump lips parted. She was grinding in Sanford’s lap, rubbing her supple ass against his crotch. Her tits jostled and jiggled as Sanford played with them, slapping and tugging and pulling.

It was enough to make him want to run screaming from the office.

“I was overwhelmed, Mr. Sanford,” Wayne said at last. “Overworked, I think...”

“Mmhmm,” Sanford laughed. “I can see all that on yah face. Don’t like it none too much watchin’ yah wife in the arms of another man, of a black man no less. Ain’t that right, white boy? Go on and tell the truth, ain’t no reason to lie. I ain’t stupid!”

“It can be difficult, Mr. Sanford,” Wayne’s voice dropped quiet. “To watch her with other men, I mean...”

“Hehehe...they told me you was a stubborn one. And I can see it clear as day. You can’t stand the fact I’m milkin’ yo’ bitch, can you? You don’t like it one bit...”

“Please, Mr. Sanford. I’m just here to ask for my job back...”

“Then by all means, white boy. Ask.”

Suddenly- Sanford grabbed Lynne around her bare, lithe waist and flung her out of his lap and onto the desk where she landed with a thud.

“OH!” Lynne exclaimed in shock.

“Hold still, white bitch,” Sanford grumbled, grabbing Lynne’s black skirt and tearing it from her body. She wore no panties; her plump pale ass exposed in the low light of the office. Sanford cracked his open palm across her cheeks and a high ringing filled the ears of all within.

“AH!” Lynne screamed. A red handprint began to form directly across the crack of her ass.

“You a mute or somethin’, white boy?” Sanford said viciously, pulling the belt buckle from his waist. “I said ask for yo’ damn job back!”

Wayne’s mouth was open in shock, watching as Lynne adjusted herself on the desktop. It triggered memories of the day Malcom and Khalil had double-teamed her – the first time they’d bred her. The day she conceived her first child.

Sanford wrapped the leather belt around his fist twice, and then ran the tail of it along Lynne’s fleshy cheeks. “Guess you don’t want yo’ job back then, huh?”

*WHAP!*

“OOOHHH FUCK!” Lynne screamed out as the leather belt cracked off her ass.

“MR. SANFORD PLEASE!” Wayne found his voice. “I’D LIKE MY JOB BACK!”

“Hehehe,” Sanford chuckled. “On yah knees then white boy. Beg for it.”

Wayne fell to the carpet on his knees and clasped his hands together in prayer. He looked up at his wife bent over the desk, and at the giant black man towering behind her.

“Please, Mr. Sanford. Please I beg you...give me back my job!”

*WHAP!*

“AAAHHHHH FUCK!” Lynne cried, pulling herself across the desk as if to escape, her massive breasts falling over the edge and dangling as she gripped the edges.

“Where you goin’ girl?” Sanford asked, reaching out snatching a handful of her

blonde hair. “Where the fuck you runnin’ too?”

Wayne watched Lynne’s breasts rain milk out onto the carpet as her tits swayed loose over the edge of the desk. Her eyes came to look the ceiling as Sanford yanked her hair back. Sanford’s free hand still held the belt, and he used it to deal two more resounding cracks against her bare flesh.

*WHAP! WHAP!*

“OOOOHHHH FUCK OWWWW!”

“MR. SANFORD PLEASE GO EASY!” Wayne begged from his knees.

“Easy? Easy like this?”

*WHAP-WHAP-WHAP!*

“AHHHHH FUCK OWIE OW OW OW!” Lynne’s entire body shook and tried to cower from the blows but there was nowhere to go- Sanford kept her immobilized by the hair. The girl’s once innocent flesh was now red and welting, the mark of each strike so obviously apparent on her skin.

“MR. SANFORD PLEASE GIVE ME MY JOB BACK!” Wayne didn’t know what else to say.

Sanford picked what was left of his short stogie out of the ashtray on the desk and popped it back between his teeth. As he smoked he unraveled the belt wrapped around his hand and then made a large loop through the buckle. Sanford placed the loop over Lynne’s head and fastened it around her neck, drawing it tight.

“Oh fuck,” Lynne moaned, feeling the leather snug around her throat.

Sanford let the belt lay across her back as he went about the button and zipper of his own pants.

“You know your way around the bar out in the showroom, white boy?” Sanford fumbled at the waistband of his pants, pulling them down. “Sure you do. I bet you done mopped back there a million times. In the cabinet below the sink is a couple of empty jars. Go on and grab em’. Maybe if you can follow some simple

orders I'll put in a good word with the boys about getting' yah job back! HA!"

Wayne didn't move, stunned horror across his face. The old black man didn't have any underwear on, and when he dropped his pants his uncut, bloated black cock swung exposed and hairy. His ballsack drooped low, so incredibly low and fat that Wayne was sure he'd never seen one like it before.

"I said get the damn jars, boy!" Sanford shouted.

"Yes, uh, yes sir, Mr. Sanford..." Wayne stood up stunned and backed out of the office. Before exiting he saw Sanford pick the belt up that was looped around Lynne's neck, watched as Sanford began to slap his gargantuan meat against her red-stained ass cheeks.

Wayne ran down the hall and through the door that led into the main showroom. The club was dark and empty, eerily silent. He trotted to the bar and immediately went to the sink about halfway down. Digging through the cabinet underneath he found what he was looking for: two tall glass jars with lids. The type you might keep cocktail mixers in, or juice, or water...or milk, even.

By the time Wayne burst back through the office door things had progressed. Lynne's face was red, the brown leather taut around her throat. Sanford tugged at it, so she had no choice but to arch her back and look upwards. Lynne's succulent, dripping tits hung suspended in the air, pattering milk along the top of the desk.

Sanford gripped his black meat with his free hand and ran it along the pink folds of her cunt from behind.

"I got the jars, Mr. Sanford," Wayne announced.

"I can see that," Sanford concentrated, his eyes cast downward at the throbbing white pussy in front of him. "Now you just hold tight while I stick my black cock inside yah wife."

Wayne gulped, standing there stupidly with two glass jars in his hands.

"Oooohhh Mr. Sanford," Lynne whined high and breathless. "Oooohhh it's so

fucking FAT oh my GOD...”

“Hehehe,” the older man chuckled. “Thighs are already shakin’ and shit. You fuckin’ love it don’t you, white bitch? Ready for me to deposit another black baby in that belly?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Sanford fuck...breed me baby...”

“Hehehe...”

Wayne couldn’t believe his eyes. Was it really happening again? Was his wife actually begging for another man to breed her? He turned and looked at the exit door directly behind him. Now was his chance to run if he wanted to, to run and never look back...

“Eyes forward, cuck!” Sanford barked, pulling on the collar around Lynne’s neck while simultaneously sinking deeper into her sex. “And get them fuckin’ milk jars ready!”

“Oh my fucking God, Mr. Sanford! OOOHH IT’S SO FUCKING BIG BABY!”

“Hehehe!”

Lynne’s words were coming out choked and wet; Sanford was careless in the way he handled her collar. Wayne watched in horror as the man began to pummel her cunt, smacking his body into hers so hard that the desk walked forward an inch at a time.

“OH! OH! OH!”

“UGH! UGH! TAKE IT WHITE BITCH! UGH! LIKE THAT! UGH!”

“OH! OH! OH FUCK! AH! AH! AHHHH!”

“UGH! UGH! UGH! UGH!”

The end of the belt wrapped around Sanford’s fist, and he tugged on it like he was training an uppity dog. His free hand clamped around the fat flesh of her red ass cheek, and he railed her like a cheap prostitute in front of her teary-eyed husband.

“FUCK FUCK FUCK!” Lynne choke-screamed.

“Obedient white bitch ain’t cha’?” Sanford spat, leaning over her pale body as his hips did all the work. “I can feel how bad yah cunt want this black nut. You ready to raise another black baby for the BNWO?”

“FUCK YES MR. SANFORD OOOHHHH FUUUUCK!”

It rang in Wayne’s ears like poison and he tried to avert his eyes, but it was no use. It was everywhere. The pitter-patter of her leaking breasts on the desktop, the wet squelching of her cunt as Mr. Sanford rammed inside, the smell of their sweat and sex, the screeching of the desk moving on its legs.

“Gonna blast a fucking load of King cum all in yah fertile young pussy,” he breathed in her ear. “How old are you, white girl?”

“I’m 23, Mr. Sanford,” Lynne gasped, sweating.

“Hehehe, that’s nice. Real nice. More than twice your age, girl. But still able to put a baby in that belly...now, Mr. Sanford needs some milk. You gonna be a good little cow and let me milk you, baby?”

“Oh fuck yessss Mr. Sanford, anything you want Ooohhhh...”

“Hehehe...”

Wayne watched the old man’s hips plunder with surprising youthfulness, his long black sack dragging across the desktop as his thick cock spread Lynne wide.

“The jars, white boy. Hand em here!” Sanford went deep, all the way in, and Lynne howled red-faced and shaken up. He leaned across her body and snatched one of the open jars from Wayne’s trembling hands. Letting go of the belt leash, Sanford reached around the small white girl and took one of her fat titties in his hand. With the other he held the jar below her swollen, bee-stung nipple.

“Here we go, white bitch. Mr. Sanford needs his milk. Hot and fresh...hold still.”

Still buried inside her, Sanford milked Lynne’s tit from behind, squirting the

fresh liquid into the empty glass jar. Wayne watched it spray and crash into the bottom of the jar, quickly beginning to fill it from the bottom. Sanford's hands were surprisingly steady, and when the jar reached about a quarter of the way full, he began to rock his hips in and out again, slow-fucking the girl as he took her nectar.

"Look at yah wife's sweet, sweet milk, white boy," Sanford panted.

"Oh baby, Oh Mr. Sanford..." she moaned.

Wayne watched the level of the white fluid rise inside the glass jar, watched up close the way Sanford's cruel fingers pinched Lynne's tit and drew forth her warm milk.

"Oh, ahhh," Lynne grimaced a little, the pain in her breast temporarily too much.

"Relax white bitch,' Sanford soothed in her ear, "relax and let Mr. Sanford take it. This milk belongs to me now...you, belong to me...to the Black New World Order...Mmmm...Hehehe..."

When one jar filled, Sanford passed it off to Wayne without a word, and Wayne put the lid back on and set it aside. Then it was the other tit's turn, an empty jar below her swollen pink nipple, and Mr. Sanford's prying fingers back to work, tugging, milking, emptying...

"Look at yah wife's titty, white boy," Sanford went on, still fucking, his thumb and pointer fingers clamped around the front of her breast. "Look at all that milk. All for Mr. Sanford. And you don't get none of it. No milk for the white boy. No sir...Mmmm, baby. This pussy is nice..."

Lynne stared down at her breasts open-mouthed and in more than a little shock. The site of her own milk emptying out into the glass jar below seemed to turn her on even more, and the squelch of her cunt grew thicker in sound and depth, and soon enough it seemed like Sanford's cock was popping bubbles inside of her, like he was stomping around in a muddy swamp barefoot.

Sanford tugged and tugged, pinched, and pulled.

"OW! OH! AH! OW!" Lynne whined.

“Shhhh,” Mr. Sanford kissed her sweaty cheek. “Let me have it, bitch. Let me have all that fucking milk. And if you’re a good girl I’ll drop a fat fucking load inside that tight pussy...Hehehe...”

“AH! OW! OOOOHHHH FUCK I’M CUMMING OOOHHHH!”

“HEHEHE!”

The flow of milk from Lynne’s titty seemed to double in intensity as the orgasm rocked her body, and as she cried and screamed the milk overflowed the glass, running down the sides, soaking Mr. Sanford’s black, gnarled fingers.

“FUCK OH OH FUUUUCK!”

“HEHEHE!”

Wayne took the jar from Sanford and put a lid on it. He held the two warm bottles of milk to his chest as he watched his wife’s orgasm rock her body and then subside. Sanford stood up again, no longer laying across her back, and Wayne saw how much sweat the old man had left on his wife’s body. It sickened him. He turned away.

“Got my milk,” Sanford grunted, “time to get my mothafuckin’ nut!”

Lynne whimpered face down on the table, her thighs shaking involuntarily. Sanford picked the belt back up and cut off her airway, deep-dicking her one violent stroke at a time.

“Good white bitch,” Sanford licked the excess milk from his fingers as he pounded away. “Gonna drop a load in your slut wife and let you raise the baby, white boy!”

Wayne forgot all about his job prospects. In a way he was working again, following orders, carrying out menial but important tasks at The Oasis. He accepted the fact that part of the job was watching his wife get milked, even helping the process in what limited way he was allowed. He longed to reach out and grab one of her tired tits, to caress it, maybe even taste the sweet nectar for himself...but he didn’t dare, not in the presence of the hulking, sweaty, older

black man currently throttling her.

Lynne's face was red going on purple when he let go of the belt. She gasped for air, sucking in great mouthfuls of it, exhausted and perspiring. Her arms flailed and pens and cups and ashtrays went flying. She tried to rise up on her hands, but Sanford shoved her down again, flattening her petite frame against the desktop.

Then he laid on top of her and pushed deep, one hand covering her mouth and the other gripping a fist of hair at the top of her scalp.

“ALLLL IN THAT YOUNG PUSSY!” Sanford grunted, low and rumbling and deep.

Lynne's muffled scream vibrated his palm as she felt him unload inside of her.

Wayne nearly dropped the milk jars, staggering on his feet, forced to sit as Sanford came.

“UUUUUGGGHHHHH AHHHHHH!” The old man's tongue lolled out of his mouth, dripping spit onto Lynne's strained face. His elongated, saggy old sack rolled up and down as he convulsed cum deep inside her hot cunt, one fat leaking load at a time. “UUUUGGGGGHHHH FUUUUCK! FUUUUCK! FUUUUCK YEAAAHHHH BITCH! UUUGGGGGHHH!”

Lynne continued moaning and whining into Sanford's hand, her pleased screams muted agony.

“UUUUGGGGGHHHHH FUCK YEAH! TAKE IT! EVERY LAST FUCKING DROP! UUUUGGGHHH!” He shook her head in his hands, drooling on her face.

“Jesus,” Wayne said softly, overwhelmed and helpless. In his wife's eyes he saw something that he himself could never do. Total, complete pleasure. The sort of passion that Wayne just wasn't capable of.

“FUCK YEAH WHITE GIRL UUUUGGGGGHH! UGH! UGH! UGH!”

Sanford planted his hands in the small of Lynne's back, shoving to push himself back to standing. Lynne grunted from his body weight.

“Hand it over white boy,” Sanford panted heavy and fast, wiping sweat from his brow. He snatched a bottle of milk from Wayne and popped the lid. He brought it to his mouth. He drank with his fat cock still lodged inside of Lynne.

“Oh fuck baby I can feel it,” Lynne cried, exhausted. “He’s still inside me, Wayne...he’s still leaking...”

Sanford continued to chug until half the bottle was gone. He put the lid back on and set it on the desk beside Lynne’s face. Her eyes fell on the jar, disbelieving. Sanford took hold of his softening shaft and slid it soaked and creamed from Lynne’s throbbing cunt. Fat white globs of cum began to leak free, running off her pussy lips and pooling on the desktop.

“Good news white boy,” Sanford sighed, walking around to where Lynne’s drained face hung over the desk. “You got yah job back!” Sanford pushed his half-flaccid coke can cock into Lynne’s mouth and she sucked up the final drops of his seed. “And your first job is to get the bitches’ milk in the refrigerator. Then you can come clean my fuckin’ nut up off the desk.”

Wayne lingered a moment longer, observing the passionate, loving way his wife took Sanford in her mouth, the way she greedily sucked up every last drop of him. Sanford reached across the desk, across her body, and slapped one of the red marks the belt had left on her butt.

“MMMM!” Lynne screeched; her mouth full.

“Finest piece of 23-year-old pussy I done had in a minute,” Sanderson chuckled. “Gonna let Khalil and Malcom know I like this one. Once a week should do, hell, maybe even twice...Hehehe...”

Wayne sauntered out of the office, milk jars in hand.

He was back on The Oasis payroll.

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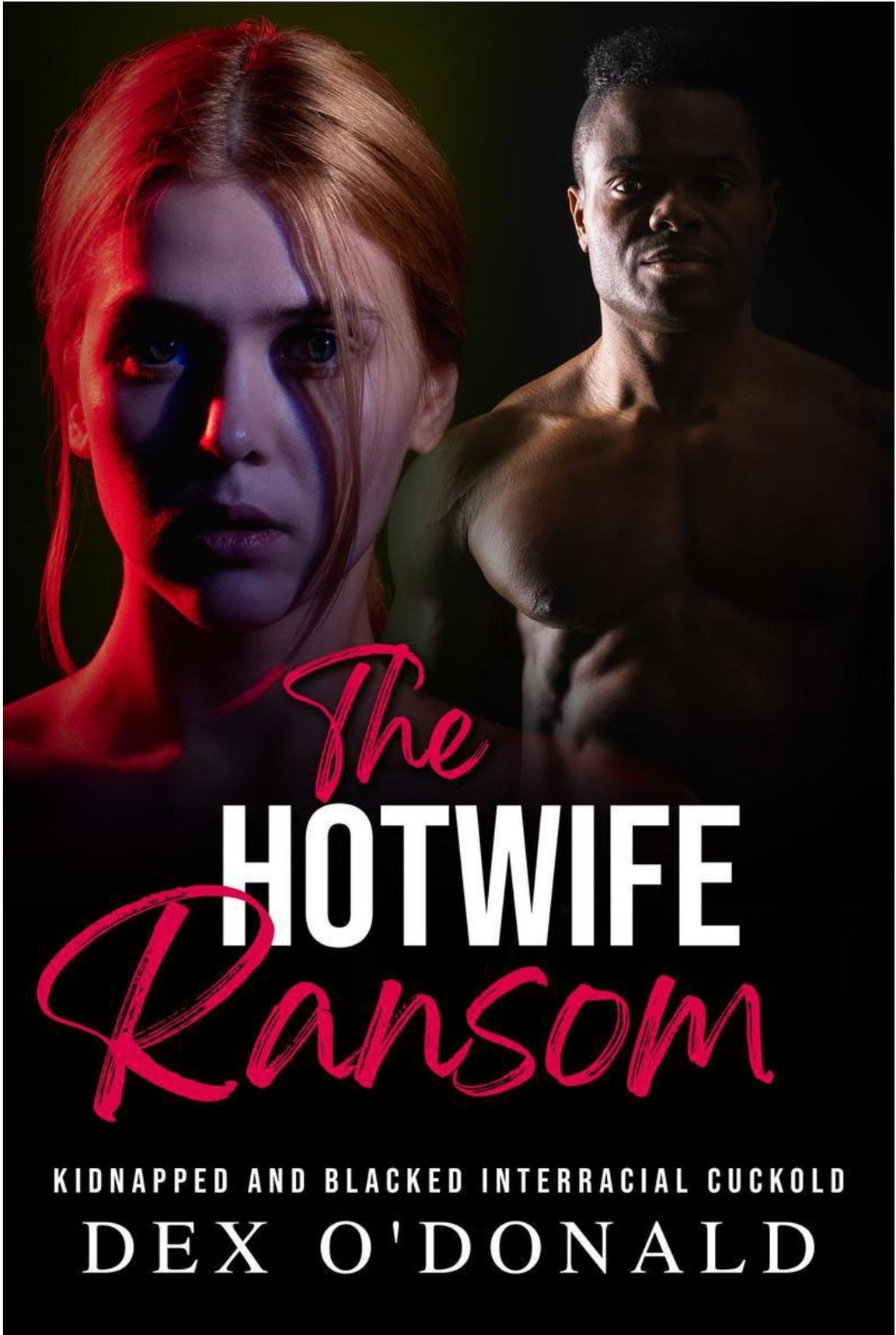
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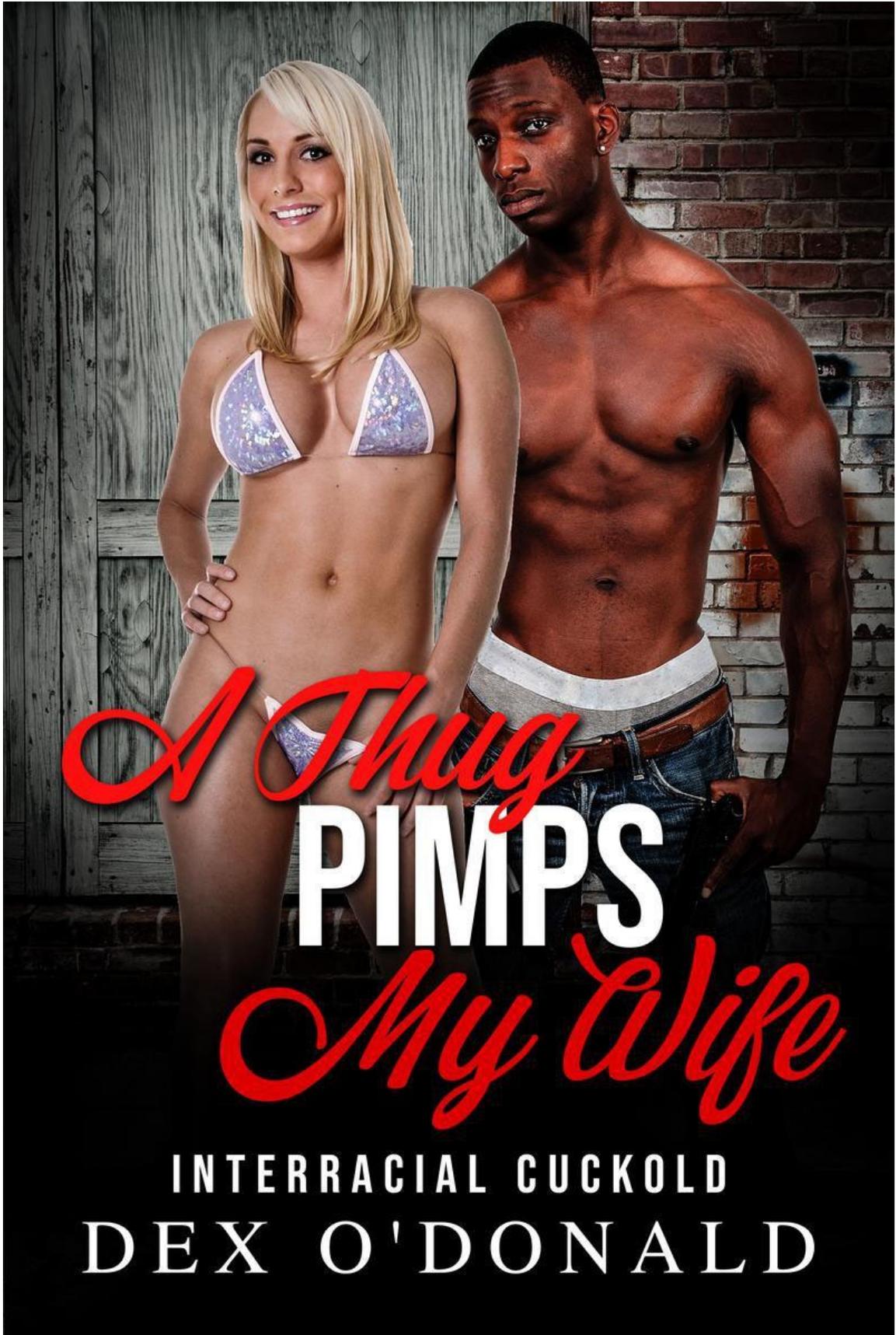
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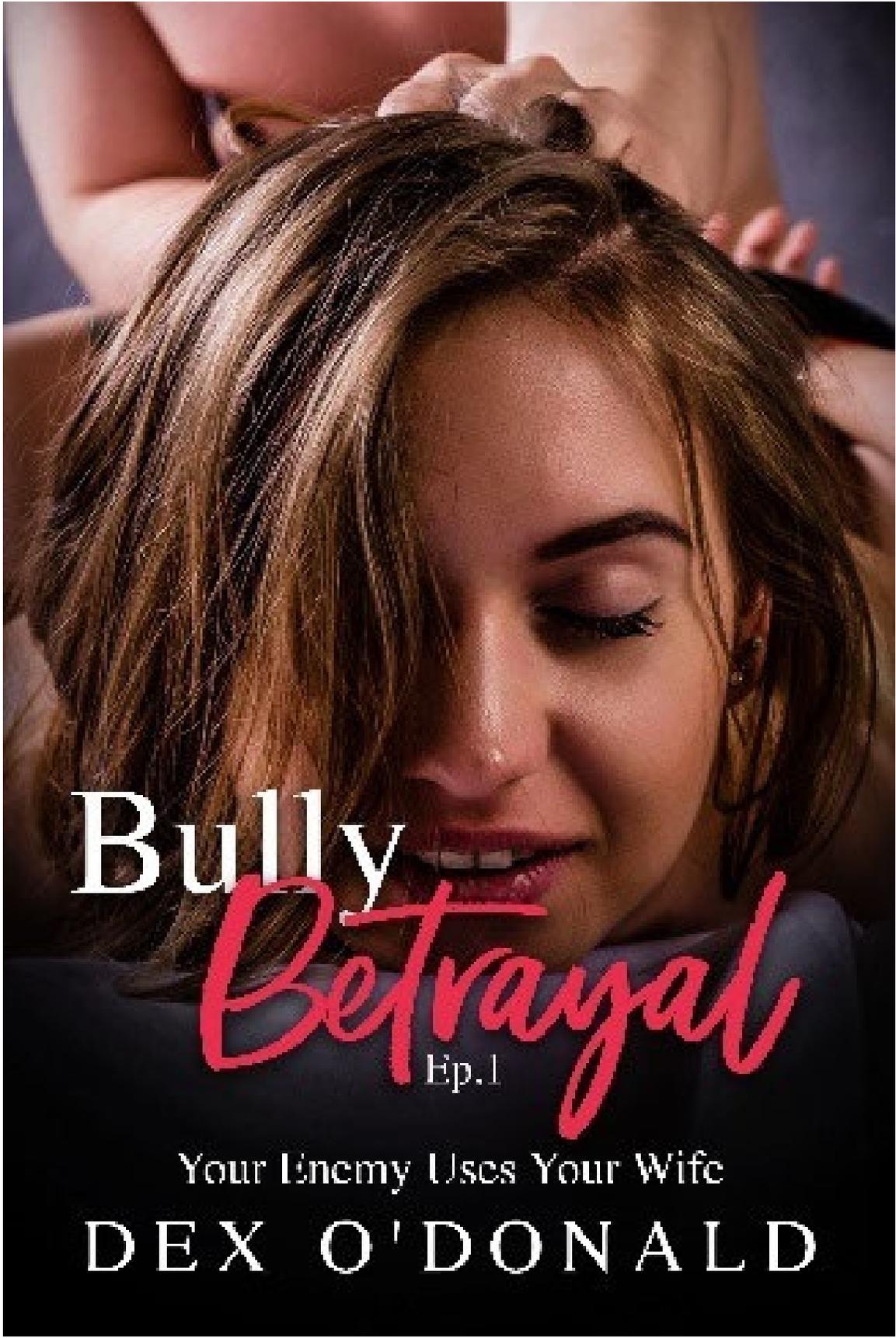
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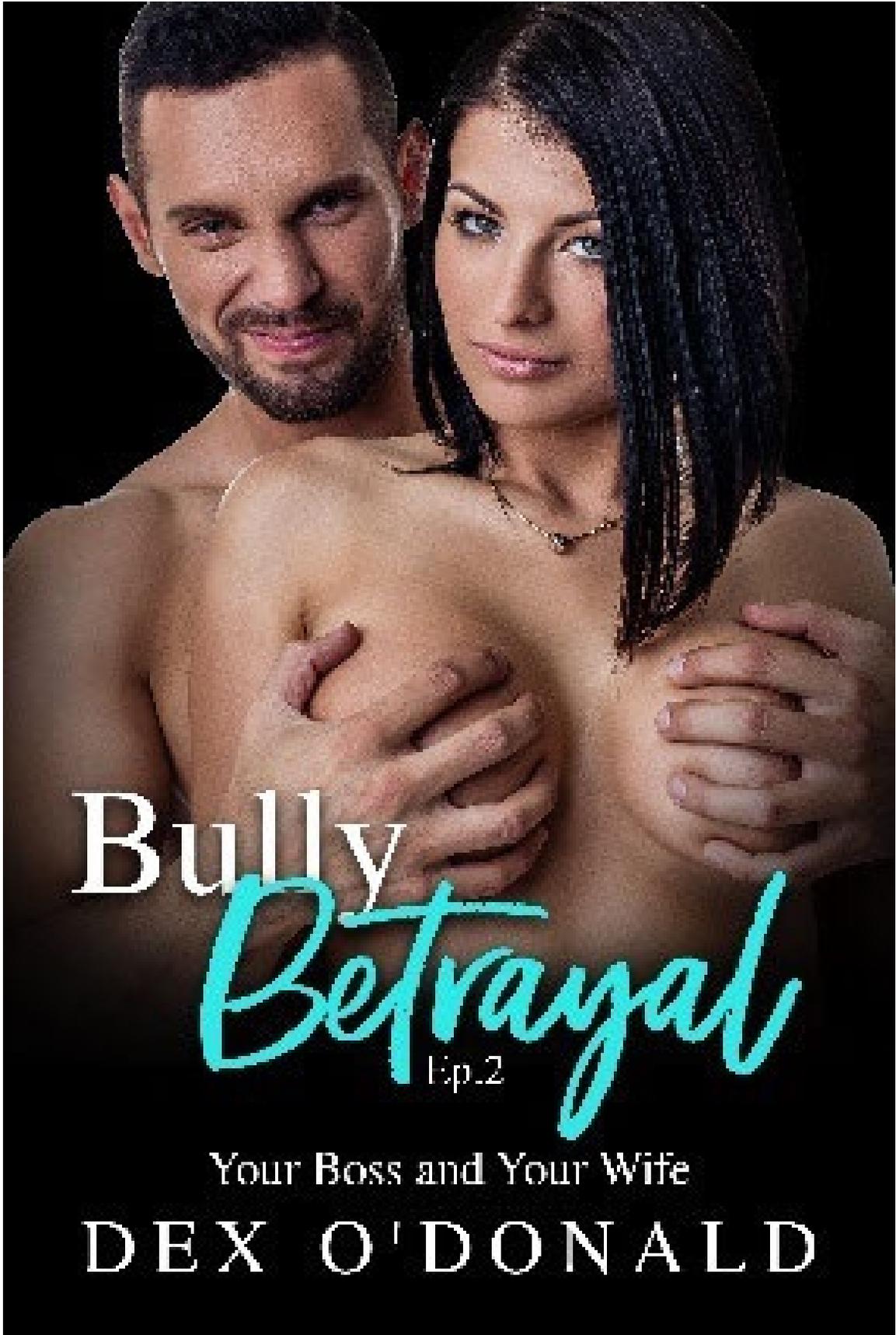
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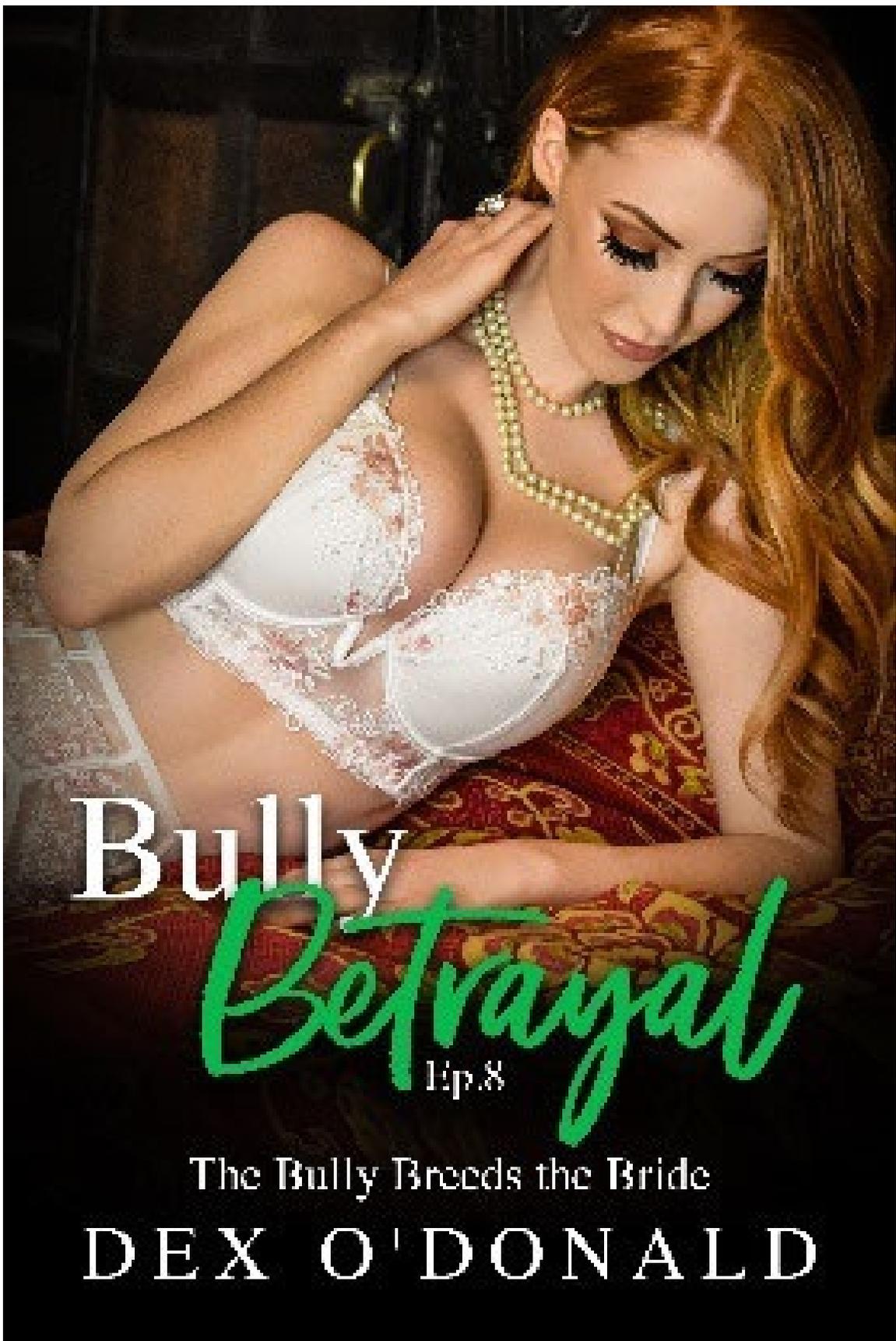
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# KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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

DEX O'DONALD

[Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride](#)



Bully

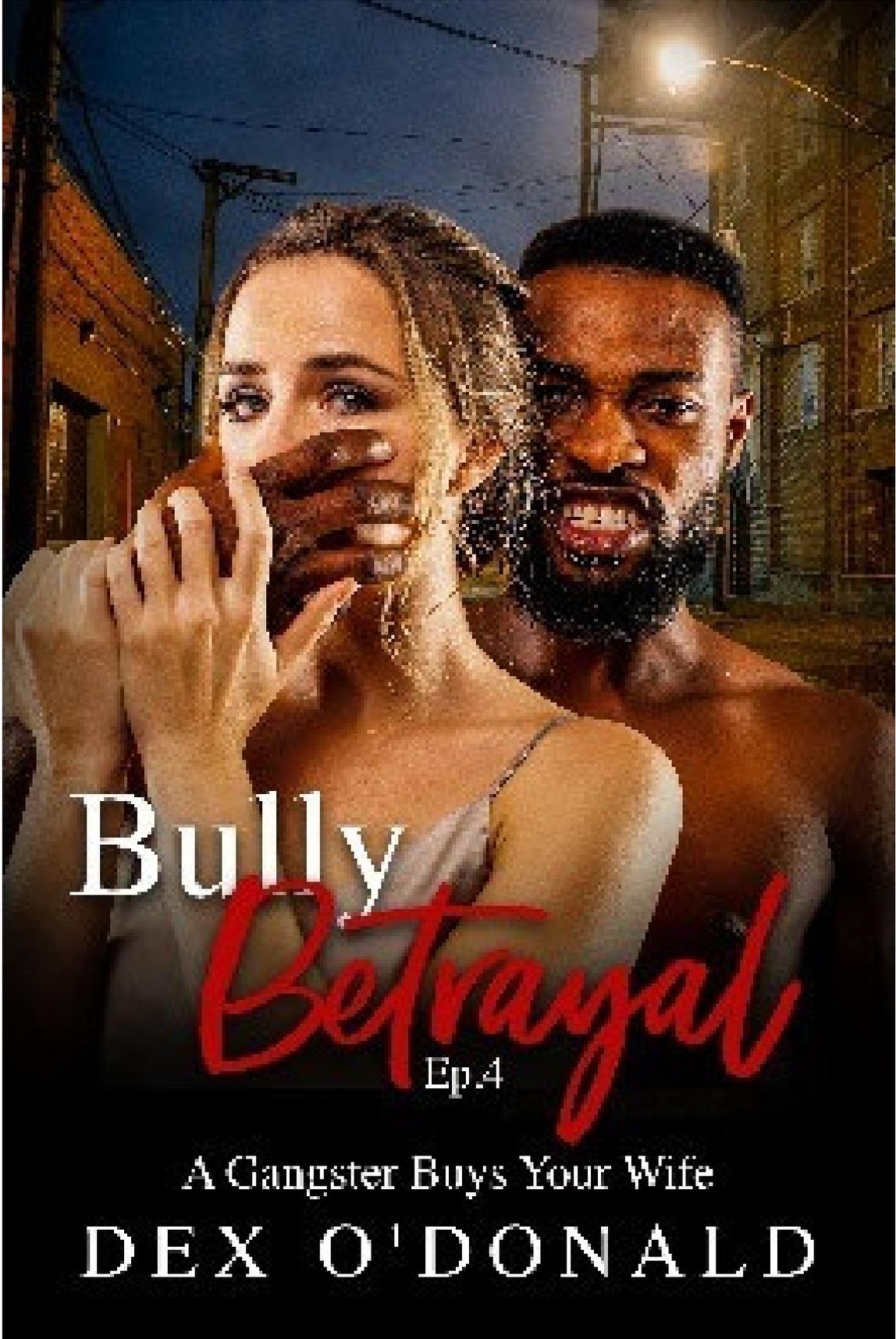
*Betrayal*

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Bully

*Betrayal*

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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