



*The Black*  
**NEW WORLD ORDER**  
*Breaks the Racist*  
**HOT WIFE**

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD AND BREEDING  
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Black New World Order Breaks the Racist Hotwife: Interracial  
Cuckold and Breeding**

**(BNWO Ep. 2)**

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“Tara and Mark Hartford. Age 33 and 36. White, republican, and...” Malcom’s dark face spreads apart into a wild grin, “racist as a Jim Crowe law. Lofty donors to the 2020 Trump campaign.”

“Our work is cut out for us then,” Khalil crosses canon-sized biceps over his barrel chest and scrolls down on the laptop screen, “racist white girls can be difficult to break.”

The two muscular black men lounge on the back patio, laptops at the ready, faces focused on their newest project. The sliding glass door to the house opens and outsteps Lyndsey Glock, an innocent looking white woman dressed in nothing more than a few strips of black tape; two definitive X’s covering both nipples, and a crude sharpie drawing across her bare chest that reads Property of the Black New World Order.

Her wedding ring glints in the California sun as she drops to her knees.

“May I suck your big black cock, Master?” she asks Malcom with a pleading smile, the hunger in her eyes transparent.

“How rude of you to not offer our guest first,” Malcom says, eyes never leaving the computer screen. “Be a good girl and crawl to Khalil, would you?”

“Yes, Master,” she does an about face, her plump white ass tanning in the sun, and slinks over to where Khalil reclines a few feet away. “Would you like your big black cock serviced, Sir?”

“As a matter of fact,” Khalil closes the computer and sets it aside, “I would.”

Lyndsey fumbles with the front of Khalil’s pants, tits jiggling, tongue sticking slightly out of her mouth. The sliding glass door opens once more, and Parker Glock steps into the heat of the day with a maid’s apron on and a pair of purple panties that hide his caged, white penis. He drops to his knees and approaches Malcom.

“May I be of service, Master?” his voice is an obedient song, well-trained and seasoned.

“Did you come out here to watch your wife suck Khalil’s dick, white boy?”



Malcom asks, pulling himself from his work and glaring at the man kneeling beside him. “I didn’t call for you, yet you seem to magically appear every time your wife gets hungry for black cock.”

“You know he did,” Khalil grunts, kicking his pants off his feet. He lays back against the beach chair as Lyndsey crawls between his legs and grips his thick meat with both hands.

“Well?” Malcom admonishes, “is that why you came outside, sissy boy? To watch your wife suck black dick?”

“I’m sorry, Master,” Parker drops his eyes, “I couldn’t help myself.”

“You will be punished,” Malcom growls, “but lucky for you I am busy with God’s work today. And that work comes before your pathetic existence. Go away. Now.”

Parker scuttles back inside, sneaking one single glimpse of his beautiful wife stretching her jaw to suck another man’s dick.

“Back to the matter at hand,” Malcom returns his attention the file open on his computer screen, “Tara and Mark. White bread fresh out the oven. Who do we want for this job?”

“Hmm,” Khalil considers this question long and hard, watching the white girl between his legs stare up at him with electric blue eyes, dripping drool from pouty lips. “Maybe it’s time to test one of the young brothers...maybe it’s time for Shaggy to earn his stripes.”

“Not a bad idea,” Malcom glances up at the two love birds and he sees the moist folds of Lyndsey’s glimmering cunt. “What makes you say Shaggy over the others? Why not Trey or Tiny or Dom?”

“Shaggy is a hard nigga,” Khalil runs his hand through Lyndsey’s flowing blonde hair and finds the base of her skull, gripping. “If this white bitch is racist...he’ll pull it right out of her. And if her husband is racist, too, well...he’ll be able to break that white boy like a Kit-Kat.”

“Too true,” Malcom says distracted, caught between the work in his lap and Lyndsey’s luscious pussy just an arm’s reach away. “He’s a thug from the streets

of Chicago. I doubt there's much he hasn't seen." Malcom stands and undoes his belt.

"He's a hairy nigga, too," Khalil guides Lyndsey's gagging face up and down on his slick shaft, "let that white man see his wife suck some hairy nigga nuts and then we'll ask him what racial inequality really means."

"Too true," Malcom bellows a hearty laugh, dropping his pants to his ankles and moving behind Lyndsey. He rubs the tip of his pulsing cock against the curves of her labia, and she shakes against it. Lyndsey moans and gags simultaneously as Malcom pushes inside her, worn and familiar.

"That's it white bitch," Khalil sighs, impaling her face.

"Always wet for black cock," Malcom groans, his fierce nutsack swinging as he moves inside her. The two heads of the Black New World Order tag team the married white woman on her own property while her husband cleans inside. Malcom and Khalil have taken over the Glock residence for the last six weeks, and in the process have reduced Parker Glock to a caged sissy, and Lyndsey Glock to a subservient black cock addict.

Now, they plot their next conquest.

"What's our in? Gonna have to be more than just some porn search history to turn a couple like this." Khalil pulls his towering ebony penis up along his cut stomach and feeds Lyndsey his sweating ballsack.

"The gated community they live in," Malcom pants, bent at the knees and hinging his hips as he plunders Lyndsey's cunt, "it's on a golf course. There's a club house there that they frequent."

"You posting Shaggy up as a cook or something?" Khalil strokes himself as Lyndsey's face drops lower, disappearing under his leathery balls and attacking his ass-crack with an eager tongue.

"Fuck no, nigga," Malcom smacks Lyndsey's ass and she shrieks into Khalil's buttohole. "You think this is still some small-time startup? The BNWO has come a long way since your days of turning tricks in New York."

"OK what then?" Khalil plants his cock back in Lyndsey's throat. "What's the in

at the country club?”

“I bought the country club, nigga,” Malcom pushes deep, his balls retracting upward, filling Lyndsey from the inside.

Two red hats face the ocean on a sunny Saturday afternoon. White, bold lettering screams a familiar slogan on both of them: Make America Great Again. Underneath one hat is Mark Hartford, a white man approaching middle-age at the speed of sound. His aggressive headwear is practical, serving to cover the rapid approach of baldness.

Underneath the other, is Tara Hartford. Long, hazelnut hair pours from beneath her crimson ballcap and falls well past bare, browned shoulders. The black halter-top she wears has a cutout in the center of the chest, where her side-boob bulges in two perfect, fleshy orbs. Denim short shorts fit loosely about her waist, tied by a black cloth belt.

“What are they doing over there?” Tara says over the din of ocean waves washing against the beach.

“Up to no good, I’m sure,” Mark adjusts in his chair, sitting up to get a better look at the group of teens further up the beach. “There’s...Christ, five or six of them. All...black...”

“Surprise, surprise,” Tara’s eyes roll lazily. She grabs her iPhone and navigates to the video camera. “Just in case these little thugs try anything...”

“Careful with that now,” Mark warns her, “lots of women on the news lately being ridiculed for exactly what you’re doing...which is being a good Samaritan, but the Goddamn news makes it out like you’re the villain. Careful with the camera, babe. You might be the one that ends up getting filmed.”

“Oh, for crying out loud, Mark,” Tara sips a bud light from a plastic cup, “always with the conspiracies. I’m going to film those little...hoodlums, and if they try anything I’ll have it for the police. I’m tired of their kind ruining it for the rest of us.”

“Just call them niggers, Tara,” Mark spits, “instead of dancing around it.”

“Mark! What a nasty word!” she looks at her husband with honest disappointment. “What kind of a way is that to talk?”

“Yeah yeah,” Mark coughs, “just be careful laying out with that top on. You know how they can get with a white woman around.”

“Well, this white woman only goes for white men. White American men, to be exact.”

“God Bless the USA,” Mark settles back in his chair and the teenagers disappear around the pier, leaving the whitely wedded couple to enjoy their beach day in peace.

“Turn the speaker up I love this song!” Tara shrieks, shuffling awkwardly to the R&B beat. “This is The Weeknd, I love this guy. He’s sings so good...and God he’s just so sexy.”

“Don’t make me barf, Tara,” Mark sneers, turning the Bluetooth speaker down a notch. “It’s bad enough you won’t let me put some Garth Brooks or George Strait on. Even worse you got me sitting here listening to this stupid rap shit. I don’t need to hear you prattle on about how hot some black rapper is, too!”

“Don’t be such a buzzkill,” she closes her eyes and sways in time to the music the best she can, her lithe body undeniable against a backdrop of ocean and sand. “I love The Weeknd. And Drake and Kanye and – “

“Enough already!” he scolds her. “Christ almighty you’re gonna want to fuck one of those hoods before too long!”

“You’re a fucking asshole, Mark!” she flings a handful of sand into his face, and he cries out, toppling backwards and out of the beach chair.

“You got sand in my eyes!”

“Good!” Tara jumps to her feet and kicks another load of white sand onto Mark, who still can’t see the ground in front of him.

“Bitch!”

“Asshole!”

Tara storms from the beach and doesn’t stop speed walking until she reaches their SUV parked down the road. She punches in the passcode and climbs into the passenger seat, crossing arms over her chest and scowling.

The ride home passes in silence. As they pull up to the gated community in

which they live, Mark rolls his window down and brakes at the keypad stationed before a massive black gate. He punches in the gate code.

*Please Try Again comes an electronic voice from the speaker.*

“The fuck?” Mark says, punching the code in once more with hard, smudging strikes.

“You probably put it in wrong,” Tara glares at him. “Because you’re an idiot.”

“I put it in right,” Mark bites his tongue, “it’s not working.”

*Please Try Again*

“This is fucking bullshit!”

“You gonna cry, little baby?” Tara antagonizes. “Maybe if you yell at it louder it will work. Have you tried that? Have you tried yelling at it really loud, Mark?”

“Would you like to enter the code, darling?”

“If I have to get out of this car and walk over there and punch in four fucking numbers, I’m going to divorce you and take everything you love in this life.”

“This is fucking splendid,” Mark sighs, pulling his phone from his pocket and dialing the Country Club. “They better have a good explanation for why they changed my fucking code because I swear to God so help me, I will fucking – “

With its usual screech the iron gate swings on its frame and starts to open.

“About fucking time,” Mark puts the car in drive and idles into their neighborhood, confusion painted across his face.

“Strange stuff, Marky boy,” Tara rolls her eyes and snaps open the glovebox. She reaches under a stack of papers and pulls a clear plastic bottle of Jim Beam from the compartment, half full. “I swear to God you’re going to make an alcoholic out of me. You’re such a fucking asshole!” She pops the top and swigs deep.

“It’s not even noon yet, Jesus,” Mark huffs. “So dramatic. Always with the drinking. Anytime we have a tiff.”

“It’s not a tiff when the man you’re married to is a vicious prick...you know what? I take that back. There is actually nothing vicious about your prick, believe it or not. Trust me, I would fucking know.”

Mark’s foot gets heavy on the gas, and the white SUV quickly outpaces the speed limit signs lined along the residential street. Million-dollar homes pass by them in a blur, the steady green haze of the golf course beyond races alongside them.

“If I had to describe your cock,” Tara continues after another sip of Beam, “I think I’d be more inclined to use words like dainty and shy...or sad and limp.”

“FUCK YOU CUNT!”

The car with the screaming couple arrives home and parks crooked in the three-car garage. Tara storms into the house and slams the door behind her, leaving Mark to do the very same thing after her. The last thing Mark hears before the bedroom door upstairs smashes shut is another expletive from his now-nude wife. A moment later the sound of the shower hisses faintly, and Mark sighs, free at last.

Exhausted, he snags a Bud Lite from the kitchen and plops down on the living room couch. He looks out wide glass windows and into the green ocean that is Pale Hills Country Club and Golf Course. On the shores of that emerald sea sit palatial homes three and four levels high. Sand traps decorate the vista, as do multitudes of carts and old white men moving about. A sense of pride swells inside Mark’s belly as he looks out over his community. His people.

The doorbell rings suddenly, and Mark hops up from the couch with an exasperated sigh. He half-waddles into the entrance hallway and pulls the front door open.

“Can I help you?” Mark asks a little confused.

“Special delivery,” says the black deliveryman, though his clothes are like no delivery uniform Mark has ever seen. The lanky giant is dressed in a two-piece suit, and at a glance Mark is unable to place its tailor.

“From...?” Mark squints.



“See you tonight,” the young man smiles straight white teeth. He hands Mark a large purple envelope and abruptly turns and walks off.

“Are you UPS?” Mark calls after the man. “Excuse me!”

But the sharp-dressed stranger is gone, disappearing around the bend.

“Who the fuck is letting these people into Pale Hills?” Mark walks back inside the house raving. “The fucking gate won’t open for me, but some black kid is roaming about freely?”

“What are you on about?” Tara walks into the living room behind her husband, a feathery white robe wrapped around her dainty waist.

“Some fucking nig...sorry, some fucking African American man just walked right onto our property and handed me...handed me this fucking thing!” He slaps the purple envelope down on the glass coffee table with a loud smack!

“It’s just an envelope for God’s sake,” she snatches it up and flips the lip on the envelope, “probably something from the clubhouse.” Tara fishes a folded piece of paper out and reads it aloud.

*Dear Mark and Tara Hartford,*

*Your presence is required tonight at the Pale Hills Country Club at 8 O’clock sharp. Dress is formal. Do not be late.*

*Sincerely,*

*Your Best Interests*

Tara frowns and hands the letter to her husband, who reads it twice before flipping it over to be sure there isn’t more on the back.

“That’s it?” he asks. “No return address or name?”

“Odd,” she says, “a mystery letter on a Saturday afternoon. Who’d have thought?” Tara struts drunk across the living room to the bar cart and fills a glass with ice.

“It says required. Presence is required. Not requested. From...your best interests. What kind of condescending malarkey is that?”

“It’s rather exciting, isn’t it?” Tara fills her rocks glass to the brim with bourbon. “A mystery date. It can’t possibly be worse than the dates you and I have.”

“I bet it’s Ron or Chris playing a joke,” Mark ignores his wife, “it has to be. Who the hell else would send a black kid in a suit to my house?”

“You didn’t say he had a suit on,” her eyebrows raise, “a high-class black? Oh my. You know, I may not be able to contain myself around him, Mark.”

Mark crumples the letter into a red fist and throws it at her, storming from the room, red ballcap retreating upstairs. Tara grins, proud of herself for pushing him over the edge. She refills her bourbon and moves out to the back patio, where she quickly and quietly falls asleep.

“Lamar, Shane, Donny and Blockhead,” Shaggy points a thick finger at each of them as he says their names. “You got a real important part in this little soiree tonight, if you know what I’m sayin’. When it’s time I’m gonna need you niggas to show up and get a hold of that man.”

The four young gangsters stare up at Shaggy with something like awe in their eyes. Even though Lamar, Shane, Donny and Blockhead have spent their fair share of time on the streets, it is Shaggy’s reputation that precedes them all.

“You did real good with that letter, Lamar,” Shaggy scratches at his grizzly forest of a beard, “if she up to it I might let you hit it one time if you know what I’m sayin’.” The five black men stand in a circle in the center of the dining hall at Pale Hills Country Club. The usual crowd of white families has been turned away at the door by a sign reading Under New Ownership Closed Until Further Notice. Tables sit empty and the low, cruel voices of the men speaking reverberate off high ceilings.

“What was it like in Chicago, Shaggy,” Donny asks, the youngest of them at just 18 years old.

“Nigga now ain’t the time,” Shaggy scowls and the boy cowers, “this an important job for the boss man. And fuckin’ it up ain’t an option. I need you nigga’s focused. We can talk about remember when’s once that white pussy is filled with black nut, if you know what I’m sayin’.”

“Sorry...” Donny mumbles, his cohorts nudge him silently for speaking out of line.

“You young niggas play yo’ cards right you gonna go from street hoods to some suit-wearin’ BNWO mothafucka’s. Shit. I did it. If I can do it, you can too... Now, which of you little niggas got them PDF’s.”

“That be me,” Lamar says, pulling a tablet from his suit coat pocket. He swipes at the screen one time and shakes his head, “this white boy be watching all sorts of nasty shit.”

“Let me guess,” Shaggy chuckles, “it’s the one where the white boy watch his bitch get blacked.”

“Damn right!”

“Ha! You know it!”

“Shit!”

They cackle together, a mix of highs and lows echoing in the giant empty dining hall. Behind them, massive, elegant windows look out onto the 18th green shrouded in the darkness of a new moon. Only a small swatch of grass is illuminated from the lights of the dining hall, leaking into the night.

“You niggas take yo’ places. I don’t need these white bread bitches getting spooked when they see five hard niggas waitin’ for them.” Shaggy snaps his fingers, and the boys disperse. Blockhead, Donny, and Shane disappear into the kitchen while Lamar walks down to the foyer to accept their guests. Shaggy steps onto the small, elevated piano stage in the middle of the dining hall. He takes a seat on the piano bench, plays a few chords, and waits.

Downstairs in the foyer, Lamar studies himself in the wide mirror adjacent to the entrance. A long, lanky young black man looks back at him and grins.

And then - confused, anxious voices coming from outside the entrance doors.

“It’s showtime,” Lamar whispers, checking his watch and seeing 8 on the dot. He unlocks the front door of the country club and cracks it, peering out to verify the visitors. The moment he sees the red Trump hats adorning their heads he realizes Tanya and Mark Hartford have officially arrived, and he swings the door open.

“Who the hell are you?” Mark Hartford practically yells, the whiskey on his breath discernible for miles.

“Welcome to Pale Hills Country Club, you must be Mark,” Lamar says with something like sweetness in his voice.

“He asked you a question, boy,” Tara elbows her husband out of the way and takes center stage in the doorway, her white party dress stuffed to the brim with bronzed, fleshy tits. “Who are you and why does it say the club’s got a new owner? Just what are you playing at?” She’s drunker than her husband but fiercer, and she cranes her neck up at the young man without fear.

“I’m Lamar,” his voice loses some of its cheer, “and if you’d like to meet the new owner, I’d be happy to introduce you. He’s sure excited to meet you. Both of you.”

“What new owner,” Mark slurs behind his wife, “what in the hell are you talking about boy? And what do you think? You think you work here now or something? Cus boy let me tell you –“

“I’ll knock that red hat right off yo’ fuckin’ head white boy,” Lamar spits low and fast, undercutting their raised voices.

“What did you just say?” Tara’s jaw drops. Mark stares at the black man like an apparition.

“I said no hats in the dining hall,” Lamar lies, “new rule from the new owner.”

“The new owner can suck my dick,” Tara says, pushing past Lamar and waltzing into the foyer. Lamar moves out of the way for Mark to follow and watches as the drunken white couple stumble towards the staircase.

“He’ll be waiting for you in the dining room, folks,” Lamar calls after them, finding that sweet tone once more. “Just up the stairs, I’m sure you know the way.”

“I know the fucking way, black boy,” Mark mumbles curtly under his breath.

“You see how you supposed to talk to them?” Tanya straightens her tits at the top of her dress. “You can’t let them get a tongue with you or tell you what you can and can’t do. That little thug telling me to take my MAGA hat off. Good fucking luck!”

“Yeah, good fucking luck,” Mark hiccups.

They reach the top of the stairs and hang a hard right along the mezzanine, traveling through two towering entry doors into the silent, almost empty dining hall. Tara scans the room as her drunken hubby walks into a table. Her vision is drawn to the magnificent windows on the west wall, overlooking the 18th green, the beauty in the darkness blanketing it.

A soft melody twinkles out, the first few notes of All of Me.

Mark and Tara zero in on the baby grand in the center of the room, and the black man sitting behind it.

“Who the fuck are you!” Tara stomps wild and inebriated through the hall, dodging tables and chairs and lifeless serving carts. “I asked you a question, boy. Who the fuck –“

“You will call me Shaggy, to start,” he stands from the piano bench and with the added height of the stage appears as an African giant, “but if you call me boy again, we’re going to have some problems.”

Tara considers her next words. The red shade of her lipstick matches the color of her hat, and her mouth makes silent shapes as she stares up at Shaggy. Somewhere behind her she can hear Mark fumbling around, trying to get to her, but somehow, he seems unimportant as she locks eyes with the enormous black alpha.

“Hello Shaggy, I’m Tara,” she gulps away her sass, “and I’d like to know what is going on. Who the hell are you, for starters? Why the hell you’re sending letters to my house. And just what in the fuck is going on at my country club.”

“Yeah!” Mark trips over his feet and wipes out atop a circular tabletop nearby.

“Those are all very important questions, lil mama,” Shaggy says, stepping down off the piano stage and moving towards Tara. “But I think there’s some questions that are even more important. Questions you ain’t even asked yet.” He grins ear to ear, a dashing smile regardless of the black and grey beard trying to hide it.

“What did you just call me?” Tara drones, disbelieving.

“You heard me just fine,” he winks.

“Where in the hell do you get off talking to me like that in a place like this?” Tara’s otherwise pretty face is an angry shadow beneath the bill of her MAGA hat.

“This is the part where I ask you what a statement like that means,” Shaggy says.

“I can tell you exactly what it means,” Tara’s eyes flash, “it means get your... black ass out of my country club right now if you know what’s good for you.”

Silence falls like a thousand-pound weight and even Mark cringes at the verbal blow. Tara flinches involuntarily, as if ready for the knee-jerk reaction.

Shaggy's face is unchanged, a calm passiveness across his brow.

"Did you hear me?" her voice shakes. "I said get."

He looks her up and down. Despite the obnoxious hat, her figure is delicious in the white sparkling dress. Her extravagant cleavage dares you to look and then dares you to look away. The black man smiles and rubs his palms together.

"Going to stand there and stare at my tits in front of my husband or are you going to leave?" she barks.

"Yo' husband don't seem to mind," Shaggy nods at the fool splayed across the table.

"No, he doesn't," she says disgusted, shaking her head at the man she married five years prior. "You fucking fool. You're fucking worthless, you know that, Mark? You're a drunk worthless asshole and I don't know why I married you. There's a big black guy standing here raping me with his eyes and you're just lying there. Fucking asshole!"

"OK so you that kind of crazy," Shaggy scratches his beard, "good to know. This gon' be easier than I thought."

"What the fuck is that supposed to me?" Tara is red in the face.

"It means yo' husband is sittin' over there watchin' me eye his bitch because he likes it."

"What?" she freezes in the face of Shaggy's new tone and directness.

"Hey yo Lamar!" Shaggy shouts and his voice echoes through to downstairs. A moment later Lamar comes jogging into the dining hall, tablet in hand. Mark has been trying to stand up the last five minutes but continues to find himself belly up on a dining room table. He watches in stunned silence as the young black man hands the scary black man the tablet, who then hands it over to his gorgeous, seething wife.



“What the fuck is this?” she says quickly, snatching the tablet from Shaggy.

“Yo’ husband’s search history. And the videos he loves, too.” Shaggy walks back to the piano and takes a seat, resuming a nice two-feel version of All of Me. The music plays over the shock and revulsion taking over Tara’s face as she scrolls through pages and pages of her husband’s pornography addiction.

“You motherfucker...” she breathes, “you fucking slimeball...”

“All of me,” Shaggy rasps over his piano chords, “why not take all...of me...”

“I can’t fucking believe this,” she’s nearly cross-eyed when she flings the tablet at her immobilized husband.

“Fuck!” Mark screams, grabbing at his eye where the iPad hit him, dripping a thin trail of blood down the side of his face.

“How could you do this!” she screams, body on fire.

“They’re lying!” Mark is on his feet at last, hobbling towards his wife.

“Oh bullshit I saw the usernames! You think I’m a fucking idiot!”

“No it’s lies! Baby, please! Tara!”

Shaggy plays out the last four bars of the tune as Tara slaps her husband across the face and stomps long-legged from the room. The music stops abruptly as Mark Hartford clumsily tries to follow his wife. He sees Tara disappear into the night as she bolts through an exit door at the west end of the dining hall. He’s certain he can catch up to her when he feels the vice grip of Blockhead and Donny grabbing him by either arm. His red hat is knocked off the top of his head and flies away forgotten.

“Not so fast white man,” Shaggy says from behind.

They get him to the ground with ease where Blockhead wrestles him into a headlock. Mark tries to protest but only spittle flies from his lips. His confused , terrified eyes fall on Shaggy looming above.

“Your days are numbered white boy,” Shaggy says.

“Who the fuck are you,” Mark manages to choke out.

“I am your new owner. And as of right now, you are the property of the Black New World Order...and in just a few mins, your wife will be too... Pull him to the window.”

The four black boys beat and drag Mark across the dining room until his face is pressed against the giant western windows. Looking out he sees the 18th green covered in night, and one lonely swatch of grass illuminated by the bright lights of the dining hall.

Tara stands there, texting on her phone. Fuming.

“Keep your eyes peeled white boy,” Shaggy calls over his shoulder as he walks out the same exit Tara went through, “you might just learn something.”

Mark struggles against his captors, their cruel hands grasping him by the hair and forcing his face against the glass. Down below, Tara looks up and then takes a step back as something approaches from the night. Shaggy walks into view and closes the gap between them with a few lengthy strides.

“You gon’ watch white boy,” Blockhead whispers.

“Watch what Shaggy do wit yo’ bitch,” Shane laughs.

“Maybe he’ll pass that white girl over here when he done...”

“Keep yah eyes open white man!”

Mark is a face in the window and nothing more.

4.

Tara sees him appear from the darkness like a predator pouncing in on its kill. Just as she's certain he's going to mow her over without a second thought, he halts, this tower of muscle and man, and stares at her.

"Is that what this is then?" she snuffles, "you get me alone and take advantage of me?"

"Not unless that's what you want," Shaggy says low.

"Why the hell would I want that?"

"I didn't say you did..."

"Well, I don't. OK?"

"OK."

They glare at one another in the silence. Above them in the dining hall Mark struggles in the arms of four black men who force him to watch the scene unfold. The double-glazed glass windows mute his screams, and his wife hears nothing but crickets on the air.

"Any reason you're still standing here?" Tara crosses her arms beneath luscious breasts.

"I think you want me to stand her, girl. Matter of fact, I think you like it."

"Is that a fact?"

"Sho' is."

"Well, I don't like it. And I don't like you. So fuck off already."

Shaggy exhales slowly, hiding his mounting frustration. "Let me ask you one thing and you gotta answer honestly. Then I'll go."

Tara raises her eyebrows in anticipation.

"Does your husband make you cum?" Shaggy asks.

A shrill laugh escapes Tara's mouth before she can catch it.

"I'll take that as a no," Shaggy grins.

"What kind of question is that?" the smile on her face lingers.

"With all the porn he watches he can't be a satisfying lover," Shaggy shrugs, "and I'm sure his little white dick disappoints at every turn. Know what I'm sayin'?"

Tara shakes her head in disbelief, not in disagreement.

"You ever fuck a black dude?"

"There you go with your crazy ass questions again," she blushes.

"Seriously. Ever try it?"

"No, I never tried it."

"Why not?"

"Because –"

"Because why?"

"Because –"

"Because you a little racist white girl too scared to try some big black dick. It's OK. I get it. You ain't the first white woman with a trump hat on to fantasize on the down low about nigga dick."

"What in the hell are you talking about! I'm not scared of anything. I'm certainly not scared of you!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Yes!"

"Prove it then white girl," Shaggy steps closer, casting her in his shadow.

“You’d love that wouldn’t you?” Tara’s curious eyes twinkle in the dim light.

“I know you would love it. Shit. You’ll be stalking my ass when I’m through with you.”

“Oh yeah? Why’s that?” she stammers.

“Because I make that pussy cum so hard yo’ fuckin’ legs be shakin’. You probably go numb the first time...and when you can finally walk straight again the first thing you be doin’ is looking for my ass so I could do it to you all over again. Know what I’m sayin’?”

Tara swallows hard, surveying the man in front of her. His eyes burn dark fury, and for the first time she wonders what it might be like to run her fingers through his lush, curly beard.

“What it is white girl,” Shaggy whispers soft, “you gon’ let me show you the light or you gon’ go home and fall asleep next to yo’ little husband.”

Tara’s heart seems to catch in her throat and her mind runs a blank. Words fail her and she can only gawk at his boldness.

“Look at you, white girl,” he leans in close enough for his lips to brush her cheek, “you sweating you want it so bad.” He reaches out suddenly and gropes her, engulfing her fat tit inside his brown palm. Tara squeals and raises her hand as if to slap him, but the strike freezes in the air. Shaggy squeezes sensually, his calloused thumb running across the soft skin along the top of her breast.

“What are you doing?” she pants, squirming but not pulling away.

“Tell me stop then white girl,” he licks her across the mouth, and she flinches. “Tell me to let go of you and leave.”

“No...” she whispers.

“What’d you say?”

“No...don’t go...”

Shaggy pushes his lips against hers, taking the first kiss as his own. Her mouth is

timid and soft, undecided but hungry. Again, he shoves his fat ebony lips against her, this time feeling Tara's curious tongue as it snakes out in a drunken dance. Shaggy finds the top of her dress and tears it down, freeing her soft white breasts in the cool evening air.

"Oh fuck what if he sees," she exhales into his mouth.

"Fuck that white boy," Shaggy tells her, gorging his hands on her supple tits. "If he got a problem with it, I'll kick his Caucasian ass."

"Would you really?" she softens.

"I'd kick his ass and then I'd fuck you right in front of him," Shaggy snatches her nipples between thumb and forefingers and begins to pinch, "I'd fuck you like you were my property."

"Oh-oh-oh," she moans fast against his rough hands pulling and twisting at her areolas.

"I'd make you tell that white boy how much bigger and better my black dick is."

"Fuck-fuck-fuck-" she gets louder as he pinches harder.

"Would you like that white girl? Would you like me to use you up in front of your racist husband?"

"Fuck-fuck-fuck-yes-yes-yes-"

"I'm gonna fuck the racist right at yo' ass white girl. And that bitch-ass husband of yours is gonna watch." Shaggy slaps the red ballcap off the top of Tara's head and she cries out. He grabs her by the waist and spins her around, forcing her to face the Club House for the first time. "Look up there, in the window."

Tara's countenance drops when she sees him; smushed against the glass, surrounded by black limbs and black faces.

"Blow little Mark a kiss, white girl," Shaggy growls in her ear, his fingers snaking up her dress. He finds her cotton panties and wriggles past them to her warm, moist cunt. "Goddamn girl you already wet...you want this worse than let you let on."



“Oh my God, Mark...” she starts to say, but her cries turn to whimpers as something fat and hard digs into her back.

“You feel it baby?” Shaggy breathes in her ear. “You feel that big black cock?”

“Oh fuck what have I done...” she tilts her head back, eyes closed, and lets the black man run his hands over every inch of her. She doesn’t dare open her eyes to look at Mark above. She loses herself in Shaggy’s scent, drifting closer to the edge as his tongue slides along her neck.

Tara’s dress is a mess; her tits hang over the top and the bottom hem rides higher and higher as Shaggy pulls it up. She bucks her hips back into that throbbing mystery in Shaggy’s pants, feeling its promise pressed firmly to her buttocks.

“Who’d you vote for white bitch?” Shaggy pins her to his body, Tara’s hands reaching up and behind, fingertips finding his full beard and grasping.

“Trump,” she whimpers.

“You a racist white bitch ain’t you?”

“Yes...”

“Say it!”

“I’m a racist white bitch...”

“Say it again!”

“I’m a racist white bitch!”

Shaggy takes her by the throat and holds her steady, tightening his grip and cutting off her air supply. Fear and lust fill Tara’s face as she struggles to breathe, Shaggy’s one free hand slipping fingers inside her.

“Tell me you’re sorry for being a racist white bitch!”

“I’m sorry for being a racist white bitch!”

“Call me daddy, whore!” Shaggy removes his hand from her throat long enough to slap her across the face, and then quickly puts it back.

“I’m sorry, daddy!” she chokes out.

“Look at your husband up there...I think he cryin’.”

“He’s so fucking pathetic, daddy...”

“You gonna show me how sorry you are for voting for Trump? You gonna get on your little knees and suck my big black dick for yo’ husband?”

“I’ll do whatever you tell me too daddy,” she tries desperately to grind against that pulsating member poking her in the back, but the angle isn’t right. In her drunken daze she flops against him like a fish out of water, even as he tightens his hold on her little white neck.

“On your knees then white bitch,” he releases her and shoves Tara down to the manicured grass. Tara is a confused, inebriated whirlwind as she tries to find some footing on the dark 18th green. There is some subtle tapping coming from the glass above in the dining hall as Mark has temporarily gotten loose of his captors and attempts to get her attention. But as she goes to look, she feels Shaggy pulling her by the hair. A moment later it’s in her face, hanging and growing as she lays eyes on it the first time.

“Give it a kiss you racist white whore,” Shaggy calls out over the closed golf course.

When Tara’s eyes adjust, she is able to make out the shape of it inches from her face, redolent of heavy sweat, an elongated black penis with girth the size of her forearm. Its head rises like some monster from a Lovecraft story, vast and hungry. An impossible mound of curly black pubic hairs shrouds the base of it like a forest, and a pair of unmistakable black balls hang heavy and fat, blending in with the night surrounding them.

“Oh my God,” her voice cracks. “It’s too big...I didn’t know they got so big.”

“I bet yo’ white ass didn’t,” he tells her, wrapping her gorgeous hair around his fist. “I bet yo’ husband and every little white dick you sucked before his were little tinker toys compared to mines. Now stop stalling. Give that nigga dick a kiss.”

She looks up at him, scared and nervous, and then at the cock jutting towards her

face. She hesitates another moment before puckering her lips, leaning in, and planting a soft kiss on the fleshy ebony head.

“Now tell me thank you,” Shaggy says.

“Thank you, daddy,” she trembles.

“Give it another kiss.”

This time she wraps her bony fingers around the shaft, feeling its energy, warmth, and stray hairs. As she rubs her lips against it, she can feel it pulsating against her mouth. “Thank you, daddy,” she weeps, a drunken tear falling from her eye as she starts to stroke.

“Mmm. Good white bitch. You won’t be racist much longer. Not when I’m through with you. Put it in yo’ mouth. I wanna see what that bigoted little tongue do.”

Stray hairs tickle her palms as she lifts it to her open mouth. It slides along the top of her tongue and barely fits between both cheeks. She can feel her husband’s gaze on the back of her neck but somehow, he seems far away. As if what her husband thought mattered so little that it wouldn’t make a difference if he was sitting right beside her. As she bobs on it, Shaggy flexes, constricting between her lips and pressing into the top of her mouth.

“That’s it white bitch, suck that nigga dick. Suck it like you sorry for voting for Trump!” He tugs at the rope of hair in his hand, causing Tara to dip too far. She gags a little and manages to squirm off of it to get some air.

“Oh fuck,” she burps, a thin line of spit trailing from her pouty lower lip. “Too deep.”

“No such thing,” Shaggy says, shortening her hair leash and slapping her in the face with his cock. He gets it back in and immediately gags her with it, only this time she can’t get away from it. “That’s it racist whore. Breath through yah nose. You gonna learn all sorts of little tricks tonight.”

“GAWK!”

“Fuck yeah...”

“GAWK!”

“Like that, bitch...”

“GAWK!”

If Mark were on the 18th green with them, he would hear how wet her throat is, would see the way her powerless hands gripped Shaggy’s bare black thighs for support. But from where he sits, confined, all he sees is his wife’s head moving violently up and down.

“That’s it, girl. Get that spit up. Drool on it.”

“GAWK!”

He pounds her face, tossing her hair aside and taking control with both hands wrapped around the sides of her skull. He uses Tara like his plaything, fat ropes drool hanging from her mouth and falling to her bare tits below. Shaggy face-fucks her hard enough that her breasts sway angelically in the cool night air, pink nipples erect and glistening.

“GAWK-GAWK-GAWK-“

“You gag on white dick?” he screams in her face, pulling Tara off of his cock and slapping her. “Bet you don’t do you?”

“No daddy,” she pants, gasping for air.

“You gag on your husband’s dick?” he fondles her titties, wiping the spit across every part.

“No daddy!”

“Why not!”

“It’s too small. It’s too fucking small!”

“You want it back in your throat?”

“Yes dad-“

He cuts her off by giving Tara what she wants. He towers above her, looking down, pummeling her face. As her throat relaxes, she drops two fingers to her clit, savoring that weak feeling in her knees as she starts to rub, letting Shaggy control her gullet.

“Show him...he watching you right now...show him what a good little slut you are for black dick.”

Tara buries it in her throat and holds him there, three-quarters of the way down, superior black dick.

“Fuck yeah baby girl that’s right,” Shaggy moans, “you a fast learner.”

She comes off it gasping, and Shaggy lifts his soaked member up, showing off his leathery ballsack below. Tara sees it but is hesitant, unsure of exactly what he is asking her to do.

“Don’t just state at em’ bitch,” he yells, “eat em!”

She locks eyes with him, unsure of how to proceed. It’s the largest pair of testicles she’s ever seen, and certainly the hairiest.

“Here let me show you, whore,” Shaggy grasps the sack in his hand, pushing both plums taut against the grizzly sack, two perfect ovals decorated with curly black pubes. Controlling Tara by the back of the head he shoves his sack in her mouth. Her faces grimaces momentarily, but soon her tongue is working, wagging back and forth across each nut, kissing them lovingly.

Shaggy lays the length of his prick across her face as she sucks his sack. Over-stuffed and veiny, the black shlong drips a steady flow of pre-cum into Tara’s blow-dried hair, mucking up her bangs and matting them to her forehead.

“Look at me while you suck my nuts, bitch” he tells her. From the darkness two green eyes appear, locking on with his and never straying. “You like them nigga nuts in yo’ mouth, girl?”

She nods and moans.

“You like yo’ limp dick husband watchin’, don’t you?”

She replies the same.

“You ready to feel it, girl? Inside your guts...”

The fear in her face is real but she tells him she’s ready all the same. Shaggy tilts his head back and releases a deafening, mirthful hoot into the night sky. From where Mark sits he can make out Shaggy’s white teeth as he gloats arrogantly over Tara. He tries to scream but the brothers of the BNWO choke it dead.

On the 18th green Shaggy positions his prize on her hands and knees. All that’s left of her white dress is a scrunched mess that encircles her waist, leaving her top and bottom halves exposed. He takes the rest of his clothing off and for the first time in the history of Pale Hills a black man stands in the nude on their precious, sanctified golf course. In the bleeding light of the dining hall his muscled, tatted ebony skin is like a moving statue, the impossible thing between his legs like a long forgotten holy artifact.

He cracks his palm hard across her plump white ass, kneeling down onto the golf green and straddling her.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she cries, the sudden sensation of it dragging along her slit.

“Look at this white pussy,” he grunts from behind, “so soft. So pink.” The gleaming head of his cock runs against the soaked folds of her cunt, pausing at her clit and smacking. She is facing the glass that her husband stares out from, but she doesn’t close her eyes this time. Instead, she stares into him, through the window and past his soul. The fight goes out of his eyes and Mark falls limp in his attackers’ arms.

“OH!” she cries into the night, so loud that lights come on in the houses down the street.

“So fucking tight, white girl,” he moans, forcing the rest of his tip inside her.

“FUCK! OH FUCK!”

“Mmhmm.”

“SO FUCKING BIG! OH...oh...fuck it hurts...”

“Hold still racist bitch,” he says, taking her by the hips and palming her fragile waist. He pulls her back onto his meat, applying pressure forward, sinking another black inch inside.

“OH GOD FUCK!”

“I like it when you call me God,” he grunts.

“OH-OH-OH!” She slams a fist in the manicured grass over and over. Shaggy cracks her ass so loud it sends an echo out across the fairway, but she’s so enthralled with the dick drilling inside her she barely notices.

“Head up and ass down,” he says, the mirth gone from his voice. He reaches out and over the top of her head, his hand sliding down over her face as he hooks middle and ring finger into her mouth, pressing against the top of her palate. He pulls her gaze upward and even though her vision is obstructed by his hand she can still see Mark above, crying his eyes out.

Shaggy starts to raw-dog her and she bites down on the two fingers in her mouth.

“The harder you bite the harder I fuck bitch, don’t forget that!” Shaggy finds a rhythm and takes her in short, hard strokes that spread her walls wide. She is screaming into his hand, drooling and tongue lolling and though she tries not to bite she can’t help it, the mass moving inside her too great to take with ease.

“Look at you,” Shaggy continues, “taking black dick out on the golf course. What would your racist friends say, bitch? I bet I know. Your girlfriends would get in line for their turn, and their white husbands wouldn’t do shit about it. Ugh...that’s it bitch. Take it deep.”

“AHHH!” Tara is screaming outright into the digits defiling her mouth. It’s hard to catch her breath as the thick black cock plunders over and over, taking more with each pump.

“Lettin’ a strange nigga raw-dog yo’ ass...you nasty bitch.”

“OH! OH!”

Shaggy’s testicles flap around in a constant pendulum rhythm. Thick lines of cunt cream have formed along the base of his shaft, and his name-sake pubic



hair is matted and soaked. She bucks back against him, savoring the pain and the thrill of it.

He pulls out and pushes her over onto her side. Lifting Tara's leg up he stretches her again, penetrating from that sideways angle that allows his easy access to her jiggling white tits. He smacks at her titty he takes her, pounding so hard the grass rips up and out, sticking to Tanya's electric white skin. She screams a pleased agony as he breaks her, her legs shaking involuntarily and the whites of her eyes discernible in the dark.

"I'm fucking cumming," she manages to stutter. Shaggy pins her to the ground with both arms as she loses control. Her lithe tan body bucks and trembles all at once, and her moans are a mixture of cries and whimpers. Shaggy never slows. Her orgasm radiates outward, the most present she's felt in all her adult life.

The monstrous black man stands and lifts Tara from the ground as if she were no more than a grocery bag. He cradles her against his perspiring body, his arms running beneath her knees. She wraps her arms around his bulging neck and comes in close, losing herself in his beard as their tongues dance against one another. She can feel it, pushing inside, and she realizes this is the first time a man has ever fucked her standing.

Tara melts in his arms as he penetrates, a ragdoll jostled and beaten.

"Oh my God oh my God oh my God--"

"Ugh! Ugh!" he grunts.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck--"

"UGH! UGH!"

Shaggy's movements are controlled and powerful, hips doing all the work, controlling that ebony python completely as it plunges in and out of Tara's married pussy. She loses herself again, falling over the edge in his chiseled, titanium arms.

"That's it white girl. Get it all out. Get all that racism out yo' body. After tonight you gon' serve the Black New World Order...if you know what I'm sayin'..."

“OH GOOOOOOOD!”

Ever the gentlemen, Shaggy lets her finish cumming before laying her down on the now torn-up green. She faces the night sky, and as she tries to catch her breath, ass against the cool golf-course grass, he is on her once more, his terrifying, handsome face filling her vision. He wastes no time gorging on her supple white tits, feasting on them as he enters her once more.

“I can’t take much more,” she cries, nervous fingers scratching his back.

“Almost there now, white girl,” he grunts.

“I can’t feel my legs...”

“Told you...”

Shaggy takes her there, missionary, and violent. For the first time his dick is bottoming out inside her, filling her to the hilt, black balls pressed firmly to her ass crack with each stroke. Her screams lack the pain of earlier, but the lust is doubled. She tries to find her clit, but he smothers her, wrapping her fragile body in his and covering.

Mark can no longer see his wife save her jittering legs, the rest disappearing below the black mass that is Shaggy.

“I’m gonna fill your pussy tonight white bitch,” he scowls in her ear. “A drop of cum for every time you’ve ever said the word nigger.”

“Oh fuck fill me up daddy...”

“Keep talkin’...”

“Fucking fill my white pussy daddy...”

“Tell me you want that nigger cum...hard R bitch...”

“Give me that nigger cum daddy!”

“You racist slut,” he places his wide palm over her mouth and nose cuts out her screams. His pace quickens to a merciless pounding, and she squeals into his

hand. “I’m gonna fill that fucking...pussy...up! UGH!”

Tara cums for the third time, feeling his hot load release inside her. She savors the sound of Shaggy’s helpless grunts in her ear, the tickle of his beard, the smell of his sweat. It pours out inside of her, shot after shot breeding her in a way that Mark never could. Reaching places she didn’t know she had.

“That’s it racist white bitch,” he grunts, “take it all. Filling you up like a fucking donut you dumb whore!”

“Thank you daddy...” her high-pitches squeals die on the evening air.

Shaggy gets off of her, slipping his spongy cock out, a glistening pool of white beginning to seep from between pink lips. He stands over Tara and looks down at his conquest.

“Tell me you serve black cock, white girl,” Shaggy points his deflating cock at her nude, supple body.

“I serve black cock,” she whispers, a changed woman.

“I’ve marked my territory,” he says, two hands steering his deflated cock as he aims for her breasts. “And so you don’t forget who you belong to, I’ve got a little surprise for you.”

A thick, clear jet of piss spurts from his black dick, raining down onto the white wife below. In her post-coitus daze Tara starts to giggle as the hot liquid splashes her tits and neck and traces a line down her stomach to her wrecked cunt. She squirms underneath his stream, a puddle of piss forming below her in the dirt.

Up above in the dining hall, Mark screams so loud it nearly penetrates the double-glazed glass windows.

**5.**

“You have done well, Shaggy,” Malcom says, lining his driver up for a swing at the 9th hole. “To be honest with you, the job was completed much faster than I thought it would be.” He rears back and swings the club, crushing the ball straight down the fairway.

“It was easy enough,” Shaggy pulls the golf cart up alongside them and Malcom and Khalil both get on. “She ran her mouth real good until I stuck my black dick in it.”

The ebony trio speed off towards the back nine.

“Your work has opened up a lot of opportunity for the BNWO,” Khalil lights a cigar and blows the smoke freely, “we’ve got thirty other houses here in Pale Hills now. Wouldn’t have been possible without the Hartford’s place.”

“I appreciate you saying that, brother,” Shaggy smiles, “but you don’t need to remind me how busy we are in this neighborhood. I nutted six times yesterday, and by the last load I wasn’t sure if anything was going to come out.”

“I’m sure the husband was disappointed!”

“But for real,” Shaggy cackles with laughter, “we need some more brothers up in these white folks houses. I got four hard ass niggas right now that are ready to join ranks.”

“And you feel they are ready to become members of the Black New World Order?” Malcom’s laughter dies down and he gets serious.

“No doubt about it...should of seen the way they fell on that racist white girl when it was their turn...them boys packing and they know how to use it.”

“I’ll take it under consideration,” Malcom shares a passing glance with Khalil who nods in approval at the idea. “But for now, no more shop talk. Today we enjoy our new golf course.”

“And eat at our new country club,” Khalil adds.

“And fuck a white bitch in her husband’s bed,” Shaggy guffaws.

The day goes just as they planned it.

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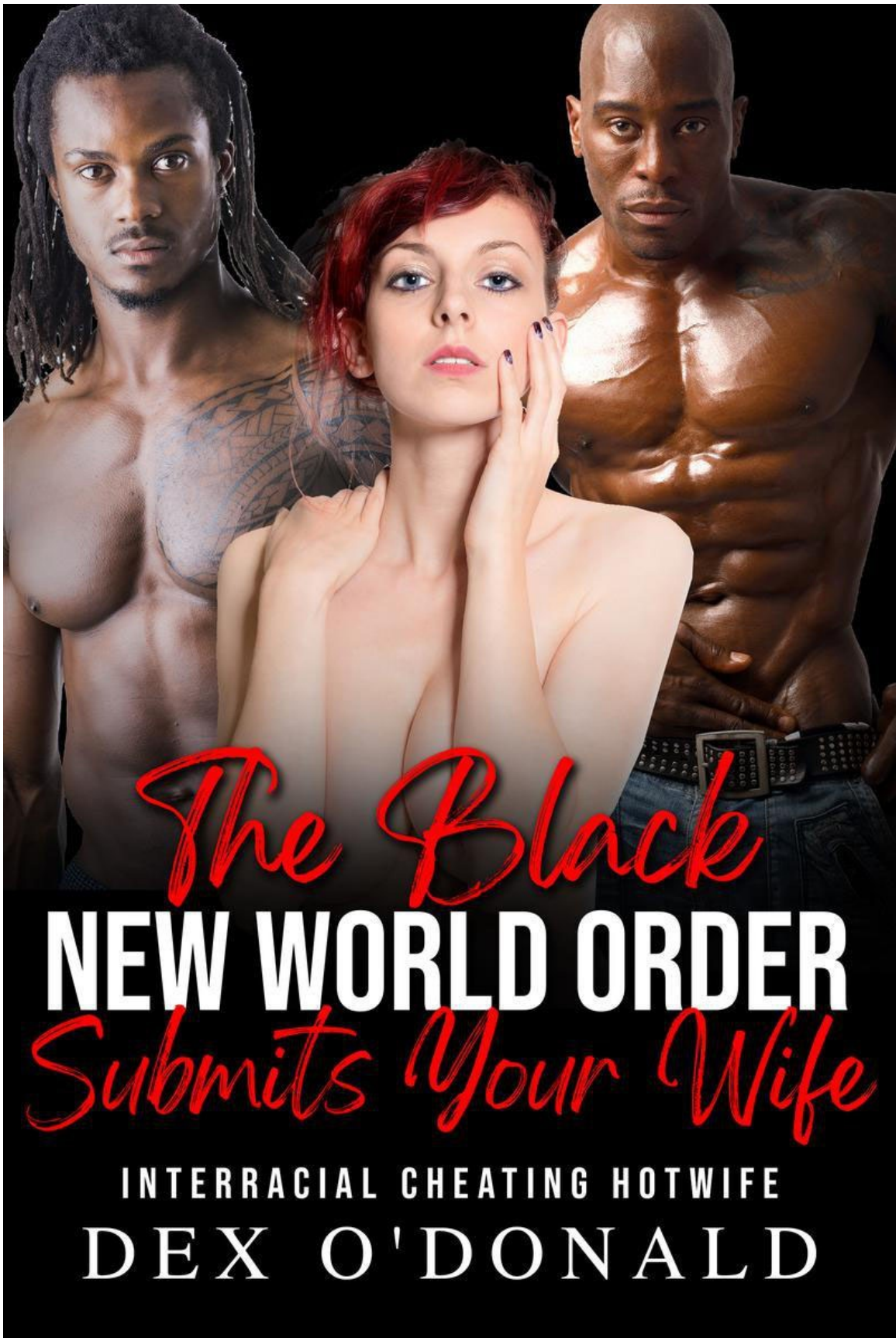
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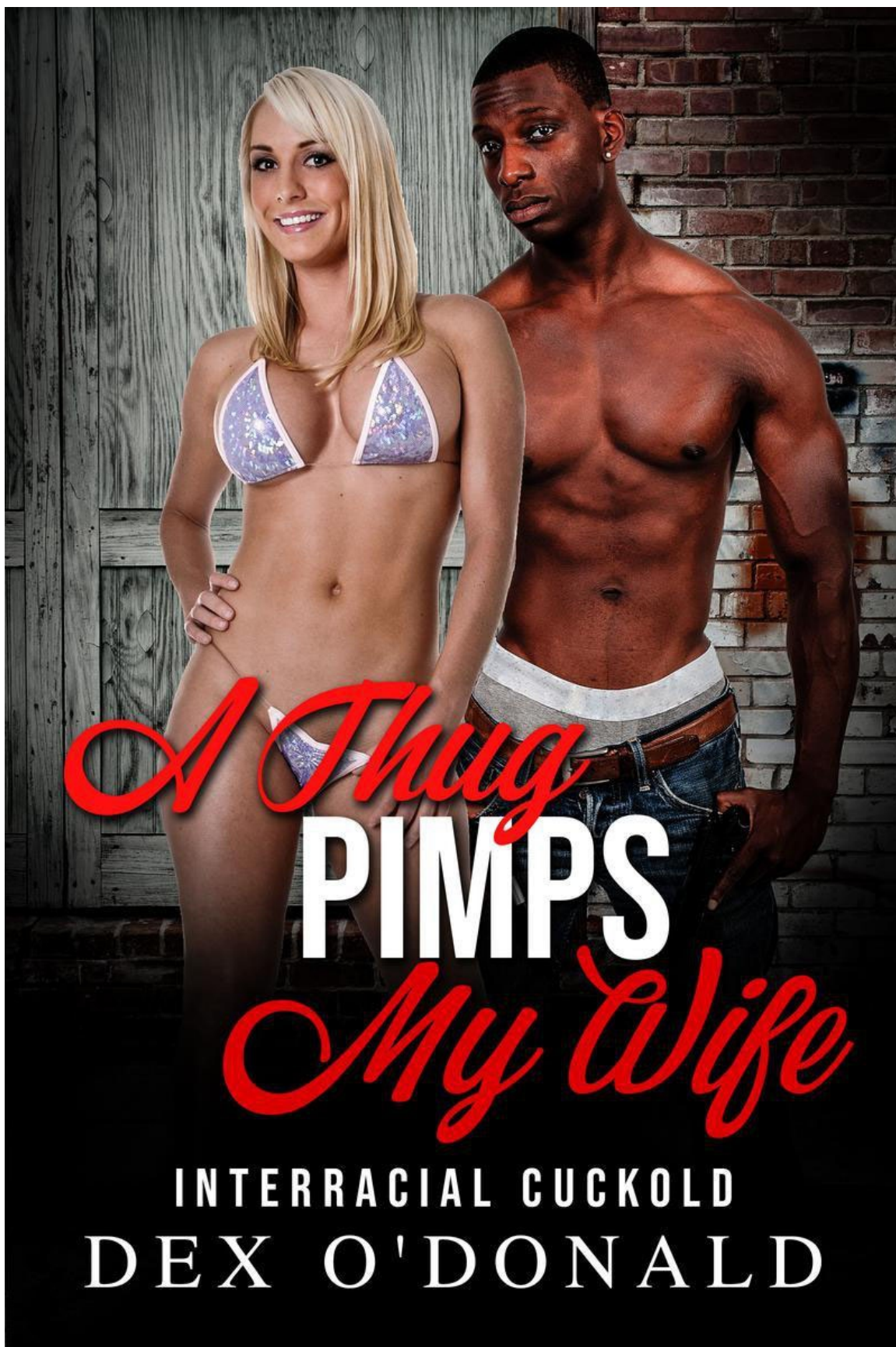


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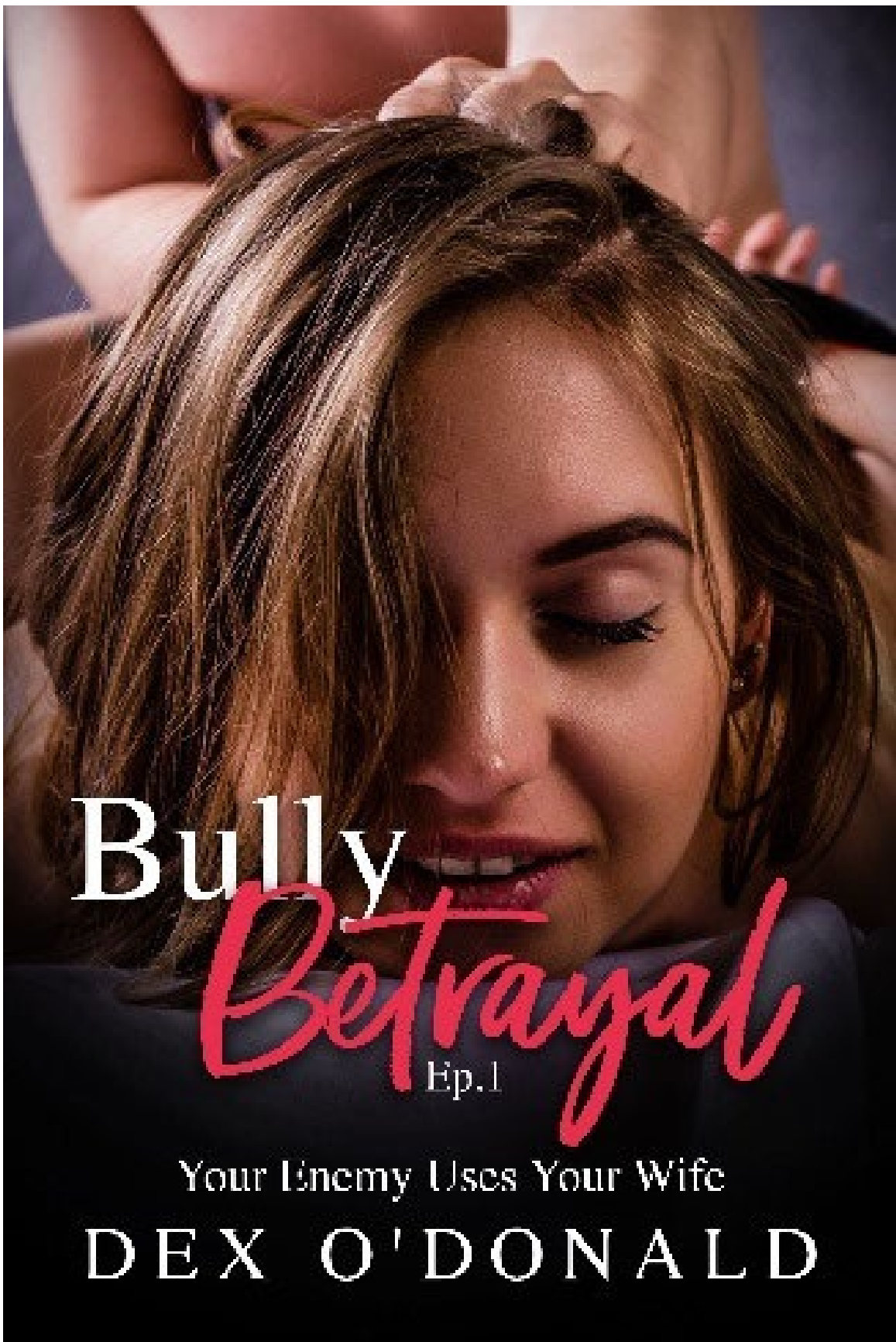
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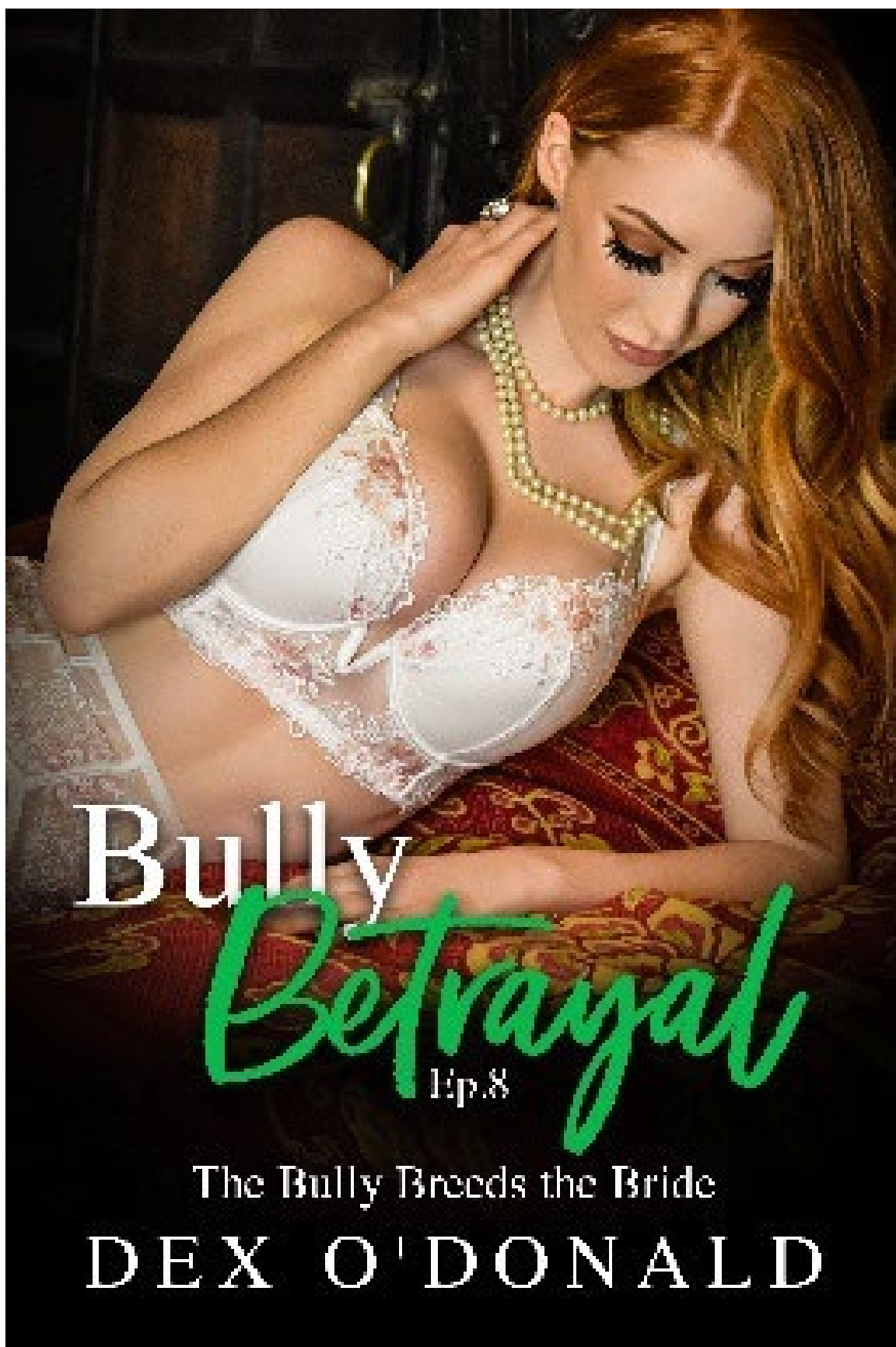
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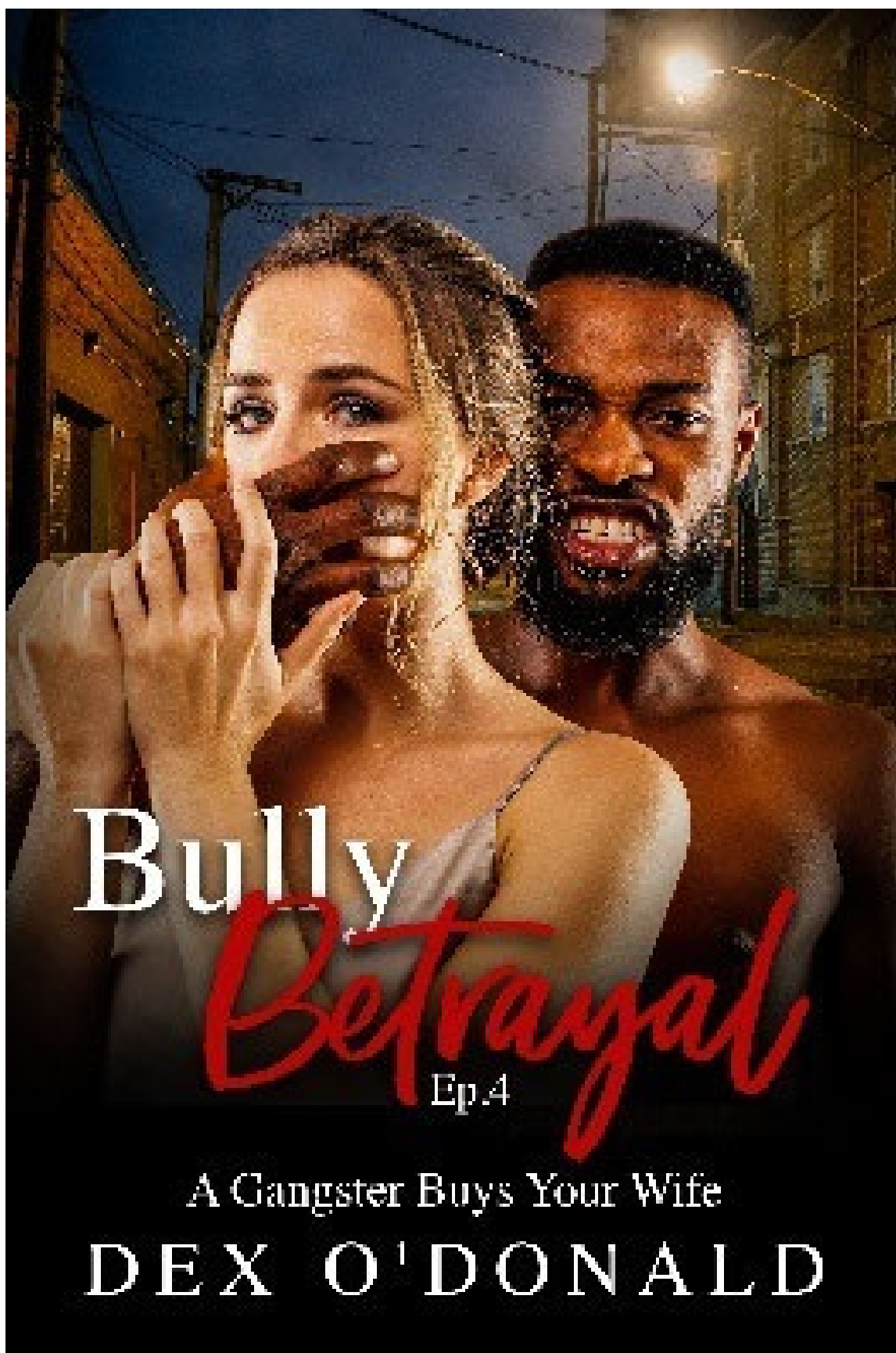
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