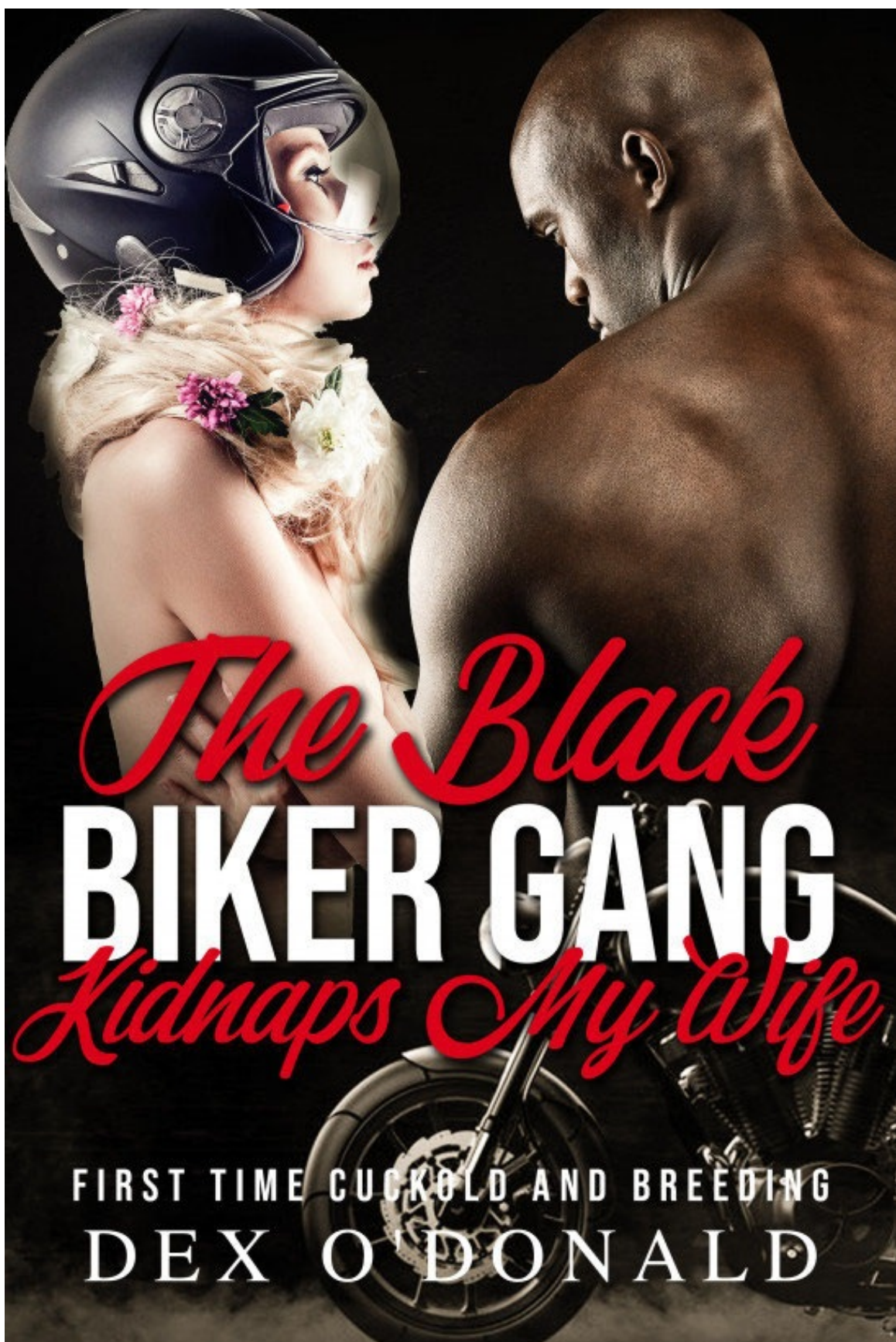


The Black
BIKER GANG
Kidnaps My Wife

FIRST TIME CUCKOLD AND BREEDING
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Black Biker Gang Kidnaps My Wife: First Time Cuckold and Breeding
(BNWO Ep. 3)**

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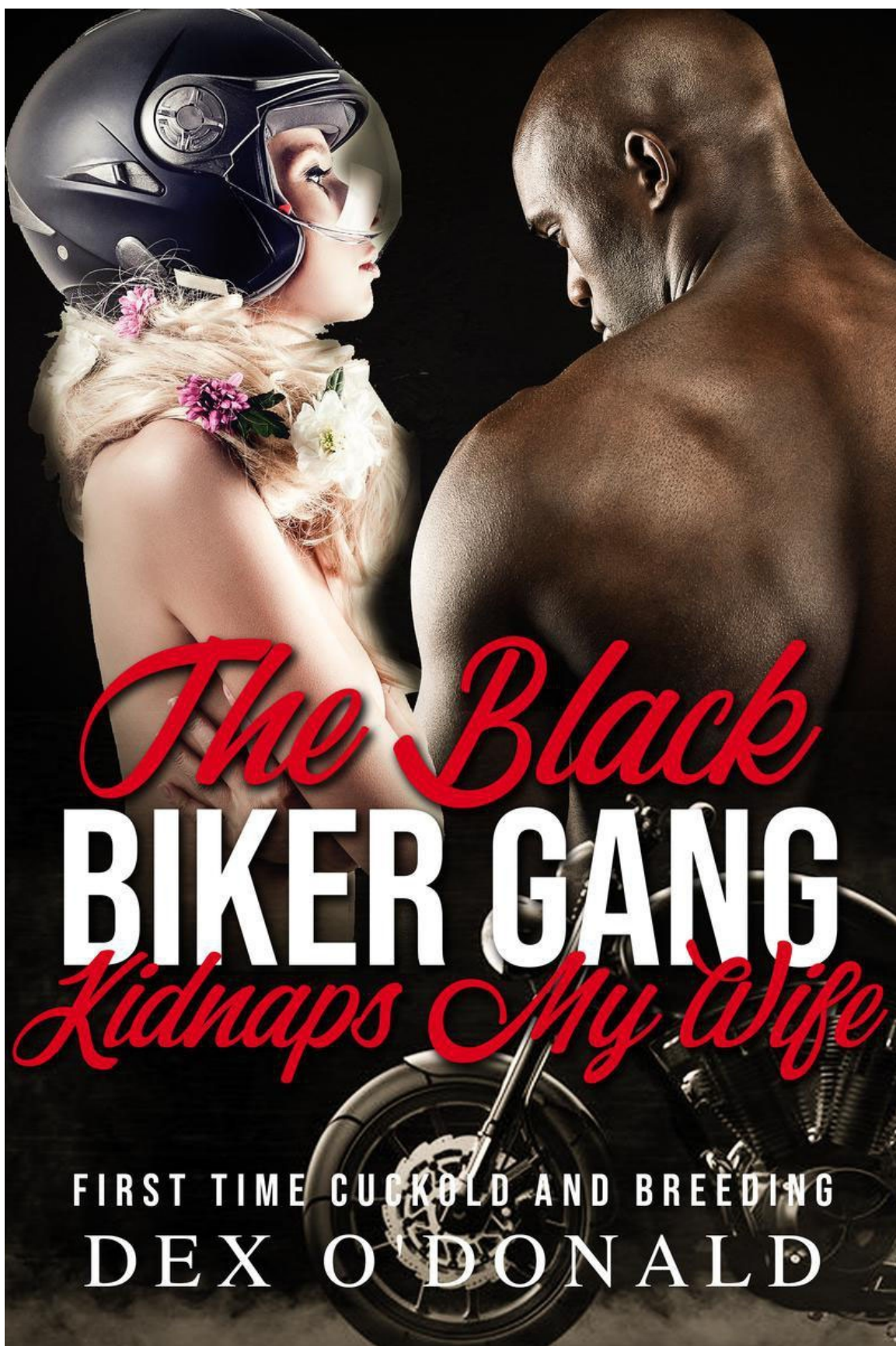
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“Last stop for fifty miles,” Dena read the sign in a sleepy drawl, “guess we better gas up babe. What do you think?”

“We’re good on gas actually,” Jeff eyed the dash, “but if you need to stop off to pee or snack, we can do that.” They approached an old gas station on the left-hand side of the road, and Jeff took his foot off the pedal long enough for Dena to make up her mind.

She scrunched her nose in consternation, unsure of the call to make. It seemed like one of those inconsequential decisions, the sort you make twenty times a day that don’t seem as though they’ll have any major consequences. After all, if she had to pee, they could pull over further up the road. If she needed a snack, there were always sandwiches in the Yeti cooler in the backseat.

“But babe they have ice cream!” Dena nearly yelled. A sign for home-made ice cream swung in the wind over the gas station.

“Anything for my beautiful bride,” Jeff grinned, flicking on the turn signal. “You were really out cold there for a few hours. I had to wipe away your drool a few times.”

“And what did you do with it?” she raised her eyebrows, smirking.

“Your drool?”

“Mm-hm.”

“Nothing you need to know about...”

“You naughty boy,” she whispered, leaning over the center console and grabbing Jeff by the crotch. “Next time you even think about touching yourself you better wake me up.”

“Yes ma’am,” he gasped, parking the car outside the store. Jeff looked down his wife’s shirt and admired the tiny beads of sweat clinging to her cleavage.

“You know we’ve yet to consummate this little betrothal,” she reminded him, tightening her grasp, finding the shape of his balls beneath the khaki shorts.

“We were at the courthouse five hours ago, babe,” he breathed, “give it a little longer and we’ll consummate this thing ten times over.”

“Is that a promise?”

“I’ll take you right here...”

“Not before I’ve had my ice cream,” she let go of his manhood, “maybe when we get to the next town, we can find a vacancy sign at a corner motel. You buy the room and I’ll take care of the rest.” Dena winked at him and slid from the car, throwing a taunting glance over her shoulder as she strutted away.

Jeff sat there a moment longer, his hard-on pushing painful into the zipper of his pants. He closed his eyes and tried to get a hold of himself, all too aware that it might be a little obscene to walk around a small-town gas station with an obvious erection in his pants.

He watched his newly-wedded wife disappear into the mini-mart. As of 8 am that morning she was his and he was hers. Forever. It had taken them six months of dating to decide that their love was the type that didn’t need vetting, or a years’ worth of arguments about dishes and toilet seats to know that it was patient and everlasting. Were there red flags? Sure. There would always be. But they were easy to ignore when she was in his bed without a stitch of clothing on, her luscious body crawling all over him. She’d convinced Jeff to take the rest of the week off work so they could do an impromptu honeymoon, and that was before she got him in her mouth. Once he was there...or between her legs, there wasn’t much she couldn’t convince him of.

“Baseball games, cold showers,” Jeff mumbled, acutely aware that daydreaming about his wife’s all-star blowjobs wasn’t going to help the tent in his pants. A few minutes passed in the blast of the car air-conditioning, and eventually Jeff was able to calm himself enough to get out.

The cracked pavement of the parking lot was uneven below his sandal-clad feet, and two solitary gas pumps stood neglected and quiet in the center. Beyond them was the mini-mart, which didn’t look to be much bigger than Jeff’s garage back home in Denver. The sign that made Dena all giddy in her panties hung from the roof in sloppy handwriting, it read; Homemade Ice Cream Six Different Flavors.

As he crossed the lot to the mini-mart a distant roar came from the East. He

turned to the sound of the noise and looked down that vast, empty stretch of road, highlighted by craggy mountain ranges and low-hanging plumes of cloud. Motorcycles. More than a few. From where Jeff stood, they looked to be riding two abreast, each shape a sleek, black chrome mirage barreling against the furious afternoon sun.

The thunder of the engines grew louder; the bikes got closer. Close enough for Jeff to see sunlight glinting off glass visors on helmets. When they were within a hundred yards of the mini mart, Jeff saw one of the men out front extend his left arm, palm down. The machines cracked and growled, and the six motorcycles came gliding into the cramped, cracked parking lot.

Jeff shook himself from his trance, realizing he was gawking at a biker gang. Before turning and entering the mini mart, he glanced the insignia embroidered across the leather shoulders of the MC's jackets, it read: BNWO.

"They have triple chocolate chip, Jeff!" Dena squealed as Jeff walked in, the ding of the front door announcing his arrival. She stood across the small shop in front of a glass display case that held six different cartons of ice cream within it. A short and grizzled male clerk waited behind the display, holding a sugar cone with carefully piled scoop upon scoop of dark, chunky ice cream.

"I'll do vanilla," Jeff smiled, walking to Dena, wrapping his arms about her waist.

"Vanilla is so boring. I mean, what are the chances of finding homemade ice cream all the way out here? Don't you want to try something at least a little different?"

"I know what I like," he nuzzled his face at her neck.

"You sure do," she squirmed beneath his kisses.

The clerk nodded at the couple with a blank expression on his face, handing over the cones.

"We got married this morning," Dena told the man, handing him a ten-dollar bill.

"Well, isn't that special," he mumbled. "I just finalized a divorce to my third wife."

“Can’t win them all,” Jeff made eyebrows and Dena had to contain a fit of giggles that threatened to fill the store.

The front door dinged and a blast of hot air rushed in. The door stayed back on its hinges as one giant, lumbering figure after another pushed inside the small space. Black leather, black helmets, and black, serious faces. Six of them in total, crowding the limited aisles filled with junk food and soft drinks. Their insignia was all the same, and it flashed constantly as the men roamed the store. BNWO.

Jeff held his ice cream with one hand and put the other in the small of his wife’s back.

“Ready to head out?” he whispered to Dena.

Dena didn’t hear him. The sugar cone she clutched in her dainty palm dripped chocolate ice cream across her knuckles, but she didn’t notice that either. At the moment, she was distracted. There seemed to be a massive, hard looking black man walking right towards them, and his very presence seemed to demand all her attention.

“Chocolate ice cream,” the black man said with eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses, “we have the best chocolate in the whole state, lil’ mama. Wouldn’t you agree?” His voice was deep and rolling, grave but not without kindness.

Dena stared at the biker with her husband at her side. Her lips parted in a delicate line, and her eyes lit with curiosity. It took her a moment to realize that the strange giant was speaking to her.

“I haven’t tried it yet,” Dena said soft as the wind.

“Well go ahead,” the biker said, “have a lick.”

The black man had yet to acknowledge Jeff’s presence. The other bikers roamed the store but kept an ear to the conversation. The man speaking, the one Jeff assumed to be their leader, took a step forward and cast the couple in shadow, blocking their view of everything with his massive shoulders.

The faint ding of the door came again as someone, impossible to say who, momentarily left the mini-mart.

“Go ahead,” he repeated. “Have a lick. Taste the chocolate.”

Dena brought the cone to her mouth and revealed her wet little tongue; a long lick down the side of the three stacked scoops. The ice cream disappeared into her supple mouth, swallowing.

“You like that, lil mama?” the biker asked.

“Mmhmm,” she nodded, allowing a nervous smile. “It’s delicious.”

“It sho’ is,” he extended his gloved hand, “I’m Daddy Haze. It’s a pleasure to meet you, lil’ mama.”

“I’m Dena,” she squeaked, allowing the stranger to take her dainty palm in his massive paw.

“I’m her husband,” Jeff interrupted at last, the hot anger in his voice hard to miss. “And we were just leaving.”

The other bikers crowded them. Three men positioned themselves behind the couple, and another joined Daddy Haze at the shoulder, grinning nasty. This man’s stare was less modest than Haze’s, and he stared down every inch of the white girl with the ice cream cone.

“Where are the two of you off to?” Daddy Haze pulled a cigar from his jacket pocket and placed it unlit between his thick lips. Haz

“Into Arizona,” Jeff stuttered, feeling the bikers behind him bearing down. “On our honeymoon.”

“Honeymoon,” Haze intoned, eyebrows reacting. “Newly-weds then?”

“That’s right,” Jeff took a deep breath. “As of this morning.”

“Ain’t that sweet,” the sidekick chimed in, nasally and cruel. “I bet you two been fucking like rabbits since then. Am I right? Shit...I know I would be if I had a hot little piece like that –“

“Forgive my brother in arms,” Haze said through his cigar, “he says the first thing that comes to his mind. He doesn’t mean anything by it. Right, Chainz?”

“I don’t mean nothing at all,” Chainz licked his lips. “Yo’ ice cream is melting, girl. Might wanna get to licking.” This brought chuckles from the other bikers.

The front door dinged once more, someone returning from the parking lot.

“We were just getting back on the road,” Jeff muttered, trying to change the subject. “You gentlemen have a nice day.”

“Are we done talking?” Daddy Haze flashed hard eyes at the white man. “I think we were just getting started. What say you, lil mama? Are we done talking?”

“If you want,” Dena shrugged, taking a staggered, slow lick of the ice cream trickling into her sticky palm. “Mmm. This is good chocolate.”

Jeff looked over at the divorced store clerk huddled behind the register. Something about the look in the man’s eyes told Jeff that these men had been there before, and that perhaps they weren’t the nicest customers in town.

“Your wife loves chocolate,” Haze said, his eyes trained on the petite blonde. “Make sure you give her all the chocolate she can handle. Be a shame to deny a pretty little thing like her anything at all.”

“I think I got some extra chocolate out on my bike,” Chainz grinned. “Wanna come take a look with me, girl?”

“You gentlemen have a splendid day,” Jeff ignored the remark and tried to take a step forward. “We’ll just be leaving.”

The leader stared down at Jeff for a long, hushed moment. Then his dark, ebony face broke apart into a toothy grin, and he slapped Jeff on the shoulder, almost like an old friend.

“Be careful out there,” Haze laughed, stepping aside. “Not another town for fifty miles or so. Make sure you got plenty of gas.”

Jeff and Dena snaked through the forest of hulking black bikers, forced to slide against their leather bodies as they made for the exit. Just as the newly-weds got to the front door, Daddy Haze called after them.

“Make sure you finish that ice cream before it melts, lil’ mama. It’d be a shame

for all that chocolate to go to waste.”

The door dinged behind them as Jeff and Dena made for their car, the ruthless cackles of the biker gang following them across the parking lot.

“Now that is something you don’t see every day,” Dena rolled the car window down and threw the remnants of her melted cone out the window. “Black activists on motorcycles threatening a little blonde girl with an ice cream.”

“What makes you say they’re activists?” Jeff pushed the gas pedal into the floor of the Mazda. He found it difficult to hide how annoyed he was...with the situation. With the bikers...with her.

“BNWO,” she sighed, curling up in the passenger seat. “It stands for Black New World Order. You hear about them on the news sometimes, but I’ve never heard of a biker gang with the same moniker.”

“You seem to know quite a lot about them,” he clicked his teeth. “Is that why you put on a little show back there?”

“Excuse me?”

“Your little show with the ice cream? All the...licking?”

“How exactly do you eat ice cream, Jeff?”

“That’s not the point!”

“It kinda is the point.”

Jeff gripped the steering wheel and shook his head. He kept seeing them in his mind, especially the big one, the leader, staring at her. Telling her what to do.

“You antagonized them,” he said finally, “and you did it on purpose.”

“I ate my ice cream like a normal person, Jeff. You’re acting crazy!”

“Am I?”

Dena crossed her legs, one tan limb over the other, short denim shorts baring everything but the goods. She folded her arms below soft breasts and pressed her face to the passenger window. Beyond the pane wild countryside stretched on forever, a constant reminder of how far away they were from anything civilized.

“What’s this Black New World or whatever you call it...what’s it about?” Jeff

broke the silence, hoping to get off the subject of ice cream.

“I don’t know. Google it if you want all the answers.”

“OK...”

“They’re like some extremist group or something. You hear about them on the news sometimes, stealing people’s wives and taking over houses...I read one story where a guy signed his house over to them. For free. Crazy shit like that.”

“And that’s who was cornering us just now at that freak show ice cream shop?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. I’ve never heard anything about a biker gang but the way I understand it they are pretty well connected. Some think they have people as high up as Federal government. Wouldn’t be out of the question for them to have a biker gang too.”

“MC. They call it an MC. Biker gangs are illegal.”

“Sounds like you know more about it than I do,” she yawned.

The newly-weds headed west towards the Colorado-Arizona state line. Jeff took his eyes off the road as much as he could allow himself, savoring the sight of his wife as she dozed off. Watching the way her pouty lips drooped as she dreamt. He was ready to consummate, that much he was sure of. The adrenaline from their brush with the BNWO had gotten his juices flowing even more than they were before, and if he didn’t get it in soon, he feared he might bust right there in his pants doing eighty on a two-lane highway.

His mind drifted. He dreamt of Dena naked in the moonlight, small fingers over the curve of her breast, wild blonde hair flowing out all around, legs spread and that fragile, moist spot between them beckoning him forward. His. All his. From now to eternity. If he could just find a goddamned hotel...

Ding... Ding...Ding...

Jeff jumped from his distracted daydream. For a split second he thought he was back at the mini-mart surrounded by leather-clad criminals. When he checked the temperature gauge on the dashboard, he almost wished he was.

Ding...Ding...Ding...

“Damn it all to hell,” Jeff grunted, flicking his blinker on.

“What’s going on?” Dena lifted her head in a daze.

“Overheating. Damn it all!”

Jeff maneuvered the car over to the right shoulder and parked it half on the pavement and half in the dirt. The moment he pried the hood open a cloud of noxious smoke billowed up and out, leaving behind the sizzling remains of a cracked block.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” he leaned over the engine, surveying the damage. “This thing was running pristine the last two hundred miles. Why now? Why today?”

Dena saddled up next to her husband, hands on hips, her bare, tanned tummy exposed. She scrunched her nose and looked from the engine to her annoyed husband and shrugged. “I’m no mechanic but I’ll take a wild guess and say, unless your phone has service, we’re thumbing it to the next town.”

“Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jeff threw his hands up and walked towards the brush lining the side of the road. Holding his cell phone to the sky he scanned for bars and found none. He looked east, then west. No cars in site.

“It’s hot out here,” she sighed. “Hopefully someone comes along soon.”

Jeff looked at his wife standing in the middle of the country road. Her blonde locks fell about her shoulders in a wild mess, and her plump, red lips pouted even as she seemed mostly unconcerned with their current predicament. Despite her inexplicable actions sometimes(including provocatively licking ice cream in front of strangers), he admired her temperament and the way she took things in stride no matter the circumstances.

In that bleak moment of indecision, when two lovers faced one another across a deserted strip of Colorado highway, there came the dull thrum of engines in the distance. East. From whence they had come.

A moment later a line of black motorcycles appeared on the horizon.

Their eyes met and she saw his fear.

“We can’t,” Jeff stammered.

“We don’t have a choice,” she smiled reluctantly. “Not unless you want to spend the rest of this honeymoon consummating on the side of the road. Knowing you, we’d both die of thirst by the time you got to second base.”

“This isn’t a time for jokes, Dena,” he raced to where she stood and grabbed her by the waist. “We can’t accept help from...those people.”

“And why not?”

“You know why not!”

“How many other cars did you see since we left the gas station, babe? Probably the same amount I saw. Zero. If we let them pass by now who knows how long we’re going to be stuck here.”

The thrum of engines grew nearer. Jeff’s face went pale scanning the horizon; six motorcycles hurtling straight for them.

“If you don’t do it, I will,” she shrugged. “We can get a tow truck out here by the afternoon and save this honeymoon. We could be in a roadside motel in a few hours with the blinds drawn...our clothes in a pile on the floor, you between my legs...doesn’t that sound like fun, baby?” Her green eyes radiated sunlight and offered little reproach on the matter. Instead of waiting for his answer she spun on her heels, raised her arms over her head, and waved down the biker gang just a few hundred feet up the road.

“Dena, wait...” he tried shouting. It was too late. The bikes slowed, their cacophonous machine orchestra filling that little stretch of roadside. Jeff rushed to Dena, wrapping an arm about her thin waist, and pulling her close. The bikes stopped within a few feet of them, all six forming a loose line as they killed the engines.

The helmets came off. Hard, sneering men beneath.

“Have we met?” Daddy Haze chuckled, pulling a fresh cigar from his jacket pocket and snatching it between his teeth.

“Hello again,” Dena’s voice sounded tiny in the open air, “boy are we glad to see you guys.”

“Is that a fact?” Chainz grinned from behind Daddy Haze’s shoulder.

“Look fellas, we don’t want any trouble,” Jeff raised his voice over a gust of wind that came ripping down the highway. “Our car overheated. The way I figure it we’re about twenty miles to the nearest town. Any chance you guys could send a tow truck at your next stop?”

“Twenty-five miles, white boy,” Daddy Haze addressed him without lifting his eyes from Dena’s supple, sweating body. “You twenty-five miles from the nearest town in either direction.” He lifted his massive, hulking frame from the bike and booted the kickstand into the dirt. He removed his helmet, revealing a smooth ebony cranium that glinted in the afternoon sun.

Daddy Haze’s bootsteps crunched on gravel as he approached them, stopping short, casting both in his wide shadow.

“So how about it, uh, Mr. Haze –“

“Daddy Haze, white boy. Don’t make me correct you again.”

Laughter from behind, mumbled jokes from his biker cohorts.

“Alright...Daddy Haze,” Jeff continued with a sigh, “we’re kind of stuck here. I’ve got no reception and I’m afraid my wife might start to feel ill if we’re in this heat much longer. Could you send for a tow-truck at the next town?”

Haze removed a torch lighter from his pocket and lit the toffee-colored stogie, thick as a nickel is wide. Pinning it between plump lips his mouth spread apart into a crooked white grin. “How about your wife rides with us into town and she calls the tow-truck for you?”

Dena stood there next to the group of men, staring up with curiosity at the black biker that seemed so intent on intimidating her husband. When he mentioned her for the first time, an uneasy, excited feeling swam through her belly. So much so that her body language shifted, swinging her bony hips out and arching her back.

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” Jeff said.

“Oh, no?” Daddy Haze raised his eyebrows. “It ain’t even noon yet. Still getting hotter while we stand here jawing. What you think, lil mama? You feel like standing out in this heat, or you wanna ride into town? I hear they got a helluva’ scoop.”

“It’s not such a bad idea,” Dena admitted, ignoring her husband’s immediate, irritated expression. “If one of us goes, we can make sure the tow-truck gets out here, and the other can stay with the car. Whoever goes can catch a ride with the tow-truck driver and...voila. Problem solved.”

“Smart girl, your wife,” Haze mused. “She figured it out first.”

Jeff grilled Dena for the outlandish suggestion, but the strained look on his face dissipated when he realized their choices were dwindling.

“I’ll go,” he said. “I’ll ride into town with you, and she can stay here with the car.”

“Like hell you will, white boy. Ain’t no man riding bitch on my bike, or my brothers.” A murmur of agreement came from the cronies in the back.

“And I’m not being left out here to die of heatstroke either,” Dena said, returning her husband’s dour glare. “You stay with the car, and I’ll go.”

“That sounds about righteous to me,” Daddy rasped.

“You know what?” Dave’s voice shook. “We’re actually good. You fellas head on. I can search for a cell signal along the road and get a truck out here within the hour. Really, it’s fine. Thanks for stopping. But you can go now.”

“You deciding when we get to leave now, white boy?” Daddy Haze took a step forward and bumped Jeff in the chest with his own. “Think we need permission from a little white man like you?”

“That’s not what I meant –“

“It sho’ sound like that’s what you meant –“

“Enough, Jeff!” Dena grabbed her husband’s wrist and squeezed. “The longer we stand here the less time we have for our honeymoon...Look. It’s a twenty-

minute ride into town, tops. From there maybe another hour to get back to you with a tow. The sooner I go, the sooner I'll be back. OK?"

A wind ripped down that desolate stretch of road, blowing Dena's wild blonde locks all about her stubborn, cute face. Jeff's final protests died on the breeze, and when he hugged his wife goodbye, he had no idea that their relationship was about to change forever.

"I love you," he mumbled to no one, watching Dena wrap her arms around the big black biker. She held on for dear life as the MC shot off down the highway. They were headed west.

Once he was alone with the harsh wind and the desolate highway, Jeff wondered if perhaps he'd made a mistake.

As he looked west, scanning the highway for any sign of a tow-truck, it occurred to him that if those six bikers wanted to take Dena for themselves, there was nothing he or Dena could do about it. He wasn't close enough to protect her, and even if he was, how could he take on Daddy Haze by himself let alone five other hardened criminals? It hit him all at once that he had no control over the situation. That he had actually handed over control the moment Dena wrapped her lithesome arms around Daddy Haze's waist and disappeared down the highway.

Jeff leaned over, head between his legs, and vomited on the side of the road.

He checked the time. Thirty minutes had passed since the six bikers and his wife had disappeared around a bend in the road, headed for the next town. If he had faith in his wife's timeline, that meant in another hour, two tops, he'd see a tow-truck riding towards him.

But the hour came and went. The one after that, too. He'd watched three cars pass him by and a fourth actually pull over long enough to ask if he needed help. Not wanting to miss Dena should she be enroute, he waved them off. As the sun began its slow decent from its zenith, he wondered if turning down a ride to town had also been a mistake.

Lots of mistakes, Jeff, he thought to himself. Lots of silly mistakes. Time to get your head in the game.

Three hours. Dena was gone three hours and that's when Jeff decided it was time to start walking. He tried not to assume the worst, but still, he was terrified; scared that he'd allowed his wife to fall victim to a tribe of violent bikers; scared that she was in the arms of another man at that very moment, being asked to do things she didn't want to do...surrounded by the lot of them.

Jeff's walk turned into a jog, and he raced down the road with every intention of covering the twenty-five miles to town on foot. As luck would have it, two miles on a black pickup truck pulled over onto the shoulder, window down, offering help.

“Figured that was your car when I saw you running,” the old geezer said from behind the oversized wheel of his truck. “Long way back to town. You’re lucky I saw you!”

“Thanks for the ride,” Jeff mumbled, mind elsewhere. The old man was driving painfully slow, at least five under the speed limit which put him about twenty under what Jeff wanted him to be at. He stared out the passenger window listlessly, trying to gain control of that sick feeling in his stomach. It was regret mixed with anger and topped with helplessness. It hurt to breathe.

“You say your wife is in town already then, ay?” the old one droned on, wiry gray hair sticking out from beneath a straw hat. “How in the heck did you two get separated?”

“I made a mistake.”

“Ah! Don’t be so hard on yerself’. Ain’t like you sent her off with some looney...by the way, who did yeh send her to town with?”

“I’m not feeling so good...”

“Gotta be careful in these parts. Nasty little biker gang lives out past town on some filthy compound. I shouldn’t be callin’ em’ little, neither. They anything but. Perverts, too. The whole lot of em’. Filthy perverts they is!”

The old man skirted to the side of the road with Jeff’s head hanging from the window, puking up all the was left in his broiling stomach.

“Sorry about throwing up on your truck,” Jeff wiped his mouth.

“It’s fine, young lass. Nothing a good hose won’t rinse off!”

When at last they made it to town, looking like grandfather and grandson, Jeff thanked the kind old man for the ride and darted inside to a lone diner; the only restaurant on a sad strip the locals called Main Street.

“Has a woman been in here to use the phone?” Jeff asked the server, doing his best not to sound desperate.

“Ain’t yah got a cell phone?” she smacked, pink chewing gum in her mouth,

messy hair in a brown bun.

“She was with some bikers...some...black bikers...”

When he said it, the three patrons inside the diner lifted their heads from their plates and gawked at him. The server stopped smacking her gum long enough to raise her eyebrows in a slow arch, her jaw ajar.

“You talkin’ bout them BNWO fellers’?” her voice was quiet.

“Yes. Them. Have they been by?”

“Your wife is with the BNWO?”

Jeff stared at her; jaw clenched. He didn’t want to say it out loud. Not even in front of the po-dunk server and her po-dunk customers. He could feel their prying eyes burning his skin. Could feel them leaning forward, waiting for his answer.

“Yes, ma’am she is. And I need to find her. Right now.”

The server looked over at her customers lined along the bar-top. One shrugged, another shook his head and returned to the bowl of soup in front of him.

“If they got her...she ain’t your wife anymore I’m afraid,” the waitress’s eyes were consoling, but the frown on her lips spelled disappointment.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Jeff tried to maintain composure.

“It means once they go black...well, you know the rest,” the server turned her back and walked off.

“They were supposed to bring her to town so she could call a tow-truck. I’m not —“

“They got her at that damn plot of land out south, more than likely,” a customer spoke up. “That band don’t pass through here unless they looking for trouble...If they have your wife, they already got what they want. No need to come to town. Probably went straight for that damned compound.”

“Are you...are you saying she’s in danger?” Jeff stuttered.

“Depends on what you mean by danger,” the man swallowed a spoonful of tomato soup. “From the sounds of it, the only thing in real danger here is your marriage.”

“This can’t be happening,” Jeff felt like he was going to be sick all over again. “Where’s the compound? Aren’t there any police in this goddamned town?”

“Police don’t go out that way, everybody knows that,” said the soup man, as plain as if he were ordering a side of white bread for his lunch.

“Here’s the thing,” Jeff sidled up to the man and put a hand on his shoulder. “That gang of barbarians has my wife. And if I don’t get to her soon something terrible might happen...can you tell me where this compound is? Can you give me a ride? Or get me close at least?”

The man surveyed the trembling husband before him. He set his spoon down and smacked his lips.

“I’ll take you within a mile. You’re gonna have to walk the rest of the way. They don’t like the whites poking around their playground.”

“Thank you...Christ, thank you so much. I’m running out of options.”

“But if I were you,” the man continued, finishing the last of his red soup, “I’d forget all about it. Ain’t no white girl that ever went out that way come back the same.”

Ignoring that last comment, Jeff followed the man out to his car parked along the silent Main Street. They left town headed south, the sun dipping behind the mountains in the west. Soon it would be dark.

4.

The old man dropped Jeff a mile out of the compound just like he said he would. No words passed between them on the drive, and Jeff barely gave a wave as the car sped off the way it had come.

That last lonesome mile to the compound had Jeff's knees shaking and his mind racing. He had no plan. Was he going to simply knock on the front door of this place and ask for his wife back? He doubted that would work. Checking his phone there was, predictably, no signal. Calling the cops wasn't an option, and if you believed what the locals said, it wouldn't make a difference anyway.

A quarter of a mile out and he saw it in the distance, illuminated in the final traces of sunlight before dark swallowed the world. A high chain-link fence, bonfires blazing within, cruel, pitched laughter floating on the night air. When he was within a hundred yards, he ceased his march and tried to survey the task before him.

She's in there somewhere, he thought. And if you love your wife...if you really love her, you'll find a way to get her out. No matter the cost!

Jeff crouched low and followed the chain fence east, noting the rutted barbwire knotted along the top. Music blared low and bass heavy, indiscernible voices spoke and made merry. At no point did he detect a woman's voice even though his ears were on high alert for any such tambor. As he reached the corner of the property, where the fence wrapped north, he spotted a weakness in the chain-link, wide enough and low enough for him to slink under.

His shirt tore down the back and he was covered in dirt, but he was in.

Time to find Dena.

Trailers littered the property. At once he came to a sort of bone pile of old engine parts, old pieces of past motorcycles and even a lawnmower or two. Peering between the junk he saw into the center of the compound; a raging bonfire surrounded by black vests and tall men, hands in the air clutching whiskey bottles, screams and shouts and stark laughter. He watched for a while, trying to pinpoint Daddy Haze or any one of the thugs from earlier. When he saw neither them nor his wife, he continued his skulking, moving around dilapidated trailers and deeper into the BNWO unknown.

Past the bonfire it grew darker. The only lights around hung dim from the doorway of campers and double-wides. The night was cool, so windows were open, and as he slid past those mobile homes he kept an ear to them, hoping against hope for a sign of his wife.

He didn't dare call her name out, for fear of being caught before he found her.

With the racket of the bonfire well behind, he realized in the ever-brightening moonlight that he had reached the back of the property; that same chain-link fence lined the north end too, and back here there were no trailers or campers or car parts. Just empty land.

No wife. No hope.

And then a voice. No, not quite. More of a whimper. High and constant like a song on the radio.

Jeff darted into the dark, forgetting all about his soft footsteps and silence, stomping through tall grass and breathing heavy. He followed the sound of it, that slight whimper, his mind a blur of panic and mounting relief. Moving between a small grove of aspen trees he felt his way through the dark and emerged on the other side, eyes adjusting.

There, in a clearing. A tent large enough to be a home, staked on all sides and glowing white from the inside like a giant crystal ball.

The whimpers were coming from there...only, now that he was closer, he didn't quite think the word whimper suited the sound.

It was Dena. She was moaning.

Forgetting his place, forgetting where he was, forgetting everything except that awful sound filling his ears, Jeff stumbled forward to the tent, the sound of his wife growing louder...another sound, too. Deeper, more vulgar. Grunting. Growling.

"Oh Daddy," Dena cried.

Jeff's eyes went wide in the blackness.

He called out her name with all the energy left inside of him. It had been the worst day of his life and he hadn't realized it yet...he would soon enough, though. Jeff repeated Dena's name over and over, noisy, uncontrolled...and suddenly he could hear her, too. Calling his name. But someone else was speaking too. Someone familiar and awful.

The zipper on the tent slid down, cutting the night with its sharp sound.

“GET THAT WHITE BOY!”

In the dark Jeff couldn't tell how many of them there were, but he felt their calloused hands as they closed in on him. Grabbing his neck. Choking. Beating. Black.

“I'm impressed, white boy,” that awful voice spat in his ear, “and I'm glad you made it. Just in time for the show.”

Somewhere nearby, Dena was laughing.

5.

Jeff felt his body leave the ground, felt them carrying him up and away. He couldn't see. At some point in the fray, they'd covered his face in a heavy cloth bag and bound his wrists behind his back. His shoulder hurt, his jaw too. Voices came from every direction, harsh and demeaning.

Beneath the masculine growling there persisted Dena's sweet giggling, jovial and mirthful...almost cruel. It wasn't the Dena he knew. The one he'd married. There was something else in her now. Something that unnerved him more than the bag over his head and the rope digging into his wrists.

"Look what we found brothers!" a familiar voice, Chainz, shouted over the rising din.

"Fresh white meat!" bellowed Daddy Haze.

An uproar of approval sounded all around, and Jeff's stomach dropped ten feet. It seemed like there were twenty men near him now. Behind the cloth bag he could make out the orange dance of flames in fire, feel the warmth against his cold skin. He realized at once that this was the bonfire, the one he'd passed on his way in to find Dena.

They dropped him to the ground. Insults came from all sides.

"You done fucked up white boy!"

"Look at this wimp tied and on his knees. The way all white men should be!"

"Cracka' ass piece of shit!"

"That's right white boy you stay in the motherfucking dirt!"

Jeff heard their boots scuff the ground, kicking dirt onto his helpless frame. Their words were a steady flow of degradation, and though no one touched him he flinched and cowered in the shadow of their anger.

"Take off the bag," Haze called from somewhere overhead, calm and collected.

Then it was off, and Jeff was squinting against the dazzling light of the fire. Dark shapes of denim and leather moved in and out of the shadows; black skin and

wolf-like sneers on the edges of his vision.

“You a brave little white boy,” Daddy Haze stepped into Jeff’s line of sight, cigar blazing between plump lips. “Braver than most.”

“Where’s my wife,” Jeff demanded, his voice a shaking leaf. “Where’s Dena?”

“I’m here, baby,” her voice came like a song on the night air. Dena appeared from the crowd of black bikers, slithering between them, gliding to Daddy Haze’s side.

“Baby you look so scared,” Dena stuck out her bottom lip, “ there’s nothing to be worried about. Daddy and his men are here to help you, not hurt you.”

Jeff could see something was wrong. Her blonde hair was a mess around her shoulders, like it’d been torn and tugged at. She wore the same clothes as earlier, but they were filthy, the white tank top a scrunched muddy mess, the denim shorts unbuttoned and unzipped.

“Dena what’s going on,” Jeff plead, “what have they done to you?”

“Nothing she didn’t want, white boy,” Daddy Haze interjected, “and it ain’t nothing compared to what’s to come.”

“Let us go right now,” Jeff shot back, “I don’t know what this is and I don’t want to know. If you let us go right now no one has to know. The police don’t need to get involved and –“

“You hear that, brothers?” Daddy haze gave a taunting smile, sliding his thick arm around Dena’s delicate shoulders. “The white man says he won’t call the pigs on us if we promise to play nice. What do you hard ass niggas think of that?”

“FUCK THAT!”

“Don’t take orders from no white boy!”

“No police neither!”

“Show that white boy what’s up!”

Daddy Haze grinned ear to ear as he pulled Dena closer. Jeff watched her wrap her arms around his massive frame, cradling him, nestling her face into his broad chest.

“What the fuck?” Jeff cracked.

“You can leave when your wife is ready to leave,” Haze boomed. “But I don’t think she’s ready yet, are you lil’ mama?”

Dena licked her lips and shook her head, inclining delicately as she wiggled on her feet, rubbing her thighs together, keeping her denim shorts bunched and tucked at the crotch.

“You see white boy,” Haze continued, “we had a real productive conversation with your wife on the way into town. She wanted to know what BNWO stands for, and being the proponent of change in the world that I wish to see, myself and the brothers offered to explain it to her.”

“They explained it real good, baby,” Dena pulled her eyes off Daddy Haze and looked pitifully at her husband. “They were so patient with me. Honest. You wouldn’t believe how gentle.”

“What are you saying?” Jeff searched his wife’s face for any sign of normalcy.

“Means brother Haze here went down on yo’ bitch,” Chainz yelled from the throng, stepping forward and sandwiching Dena between him and Daddy. “For hours. Yo’ bitch came like six times. I sucked on her titties, too!”

Laughter went up into the night, so deafening that Jeff felt like his head might cave in from the pressure of it all. He could see Dena’s soft chin bobbing as she snickered at the joke, could see Daddy Haze’s careless hands roaming her body.

Jeff tried to digest the words Chainz had just spoken but felt that familiar sickness churning once more in his stomach.

“You wouldn’t believe the things your wife says when she’s cumming for black men, white boy,” Haze cut through the cacophony. “Shit, she’s not just an ally for the black race...she’s an instrument of change.”

Jeff opened his mouth to scream but tasted fabric instead. Three bikers held him

around the shoulders, tying a gag across his mouth.

“I think you’ve done all the talking required of you, white man,” Daddy Haze raised his hands and the biker gang fell silent, “now it’s time for you to listen. Listen and watch.” Haze snapped his fingers and a moment later Jeff found himself on his side, ankles fastened together so that all four of his limbs were now bound.

Dena stood center stage in front of the bonfire, a crowd of black bikers emanating out from her in all directions. Daddy Haze gripped the back of her neck, his pale fingernails visible in the campfire light, softly squeezing her white flesh.

“Your wife didn’t need much convincing,” Haze went on, “in fact she was converted within the first hour. But you should have seen the way she squirmed against my tongue, white boy. I played her like a fucking fiddle. I took my time with your bitch.”

Jeff cried through the gag.

“Then I asked her if she would help in converting her pathetic, wimpy white husband. I asked her if she could help you to see that you are a product of white privilege and institutionalized racism, and that unless you are actively working to undo those things then you are part of the problem!”

A murmur of agreement went around the camp.

“And with my tongue buried in her pretty pink snatch she said yes. She screamed yes. Have you ever seen your wife squirt, Jeff? It’s a rhetorical question, idiot. She told me you haven’t because you don’t know how to make her cum. Isn’t that right, lil’ mama?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she sighed, her fingertips roaming his bare black chest.

“So tonight, white boy, your wife is going to show you the way. She is going to show you how and why you should be serving the Black New World Order. And the first thing you are going to learn is that all we need from you, little Jeff...is your complete subservience to the black race. Understand?”

Jeff didn’t understand. He didn’t understand anything. The only thing that truly

got through to him was when Daddy Haze snatched Dena's right breast in his cruel paw and squeezed. When Dena opened her mouth to moan, Jeff screamed like a ghoul into the cloth blocking his mouth.

"Cry all you want, bitch boy," Daddy haze growled, "no one can hear you."

And then they were on her, swarming like lions to a fresh kill. The bonfire raged behind, its flames licking at the night sky, illuminating everything in stark, eerie detail.

Dena was on her knees in the dirt, countless black bikers surrounding her. Three men in particular began to strip their waists of their belt buckles and jeans – Daddy Haze, Chainz, and a third Jeff didn't recognize. The rest of the bikers drank beers and whiskey, puffing cigars, watching the scene unfold.

"Ready to thank Daddy Haze and his friends for making you cum, white girl?" Haze pushed his jeans down, bending over to get them all the way to his ankles. When he stood straight again, the bloated black cock between his legs seemed to swing of its own accord, a low-sagging nutsack barely visible behind its girth. He stroked as he palmed the top of Dena's head – she stared up at him from the dirt with something like love in her eyes.

Chainz and the other, both lanky and long, took their jeans all the way off. In the next instant, there were three black cocks hovering inches from Dena's manic, glowing face.

"Open up white girl!" came the call of one of the many men watching.

"Yeah hurry up and start sucking bitch! I want a turn!"

"Me too!"

"You know I'm getting a piece of that!"

That's when Jeff realized the other bikers weren't merely watching, but rather, waiting their turn. He screamed into the cloth gag again but found his energy leaving him; a sloth-like fog had settled on his mind and with each passing moment Jeff questioned whether any of it was really happening.

Dena's searching hands reached up and in her left she took Chainz, lengthy and

veiny. In the other she cradled the stranger, fat and uncut. Daddy Haze brought it to her mouth, and she opened instinctively.

Haze paused, holding his fat tip just out of reach of Dena's eager lips.

"Make sure that white boy got a good few," Haze nodded at a few of his men standing nearby. "I want him to see it. All of it. Everything we're about to do to his bitch."

They were on him again, dragging him closer, the heat of the bonfire escalating and warming the cold sweat that had broken out along his body.

"Are you ready to suck black dick, white girl?" Haze asked her.

"Yes Daddy," she bit her bottom lip, arms cranking at the sides, palms slicking over with sticky pre-cum.

"Open wide," he commanded. Daddy Haze fed it to her, holding his fat cock by the base and driving it past her lips. Jeff's eyes bugged out of his skull, watching the way his new wife stared and never broke eye contact as she took the strange black man.

Haze let go of his meat and placed both hands on top of her head. He pumped her mouth while keeping her still.

"There it is, white man," Haze said, "right in front of you. Your little wife paying her reparations to the black race. You know she told us all about how you hadn't fucked her yet. Married this morning but no consummation. Ha! It's pathetic really..."

Dena struggled to get him down, jaw stretched taut and eyes watering. Sometimes she'd forget that she was jacking off two men at the same time, and they had to remind her by smacking at her lazy wrists. Jeff continued to moan through the cloth; the men holding him in place never easing their grip on him.

"But it's better this way, don't you think?" Haze continued, never taking his eyes off the blond girl sucking his dick. "Married and given to black men first is a better way. For you. For her. For the entire white race. Your inferiority is why your girl is sucking a black man's dick right now. Your inferiority is why you don't get to fuck your wife tonight, tomorrow, maybe not ever again. Not after

we're done wit her. Not after tonight."

Drool leaked out the sides of her lips, hanging in long strands off her chin. Daddy Haze hadn't taken his meat out of her mouth since he'd started, and Dena was forced to breathe through her nose. He kept feeding it to her; palming the top of her head to keep her even, plunging to the back of the tongue but stopping just short of the throat.

"Suck that nigga dick white girl!"

"Look at this pathetic white man watchin' his girl get handled!"

"Get them titties out I want a feel!"

Haze's fat black dong popped out of her mouth and pointed skyward, pulsing and shimmering in the campfire light. His shaggy balls were easier to see now that his cock was fully erect, and they looked the size of two overgrown lemons stuck together. Random men came from behind and grabbed hold of Dena's white tank top, tearing it off her body and tossing it into the fire to burn.

Dena's soft white breasts were exposed, nipples erect. Black hands engulfed them, exactly whose it was impossible to say. They squeezed her milky flesh, the overflow of her tits running through the space between greedy fingers. Then the hands let go, smacked at her under-tit and moved on, only to be replaced by a new set of hands a moment later. This continued as she got Daddy Haze back in her mouth, and her skinny arms on the black poles to either side of her.

Jeff watched Daddy Haze become more brazen with his throttling of Dena's face. Gone was the introduction of his cock to her gullet; now he wanted more. More spit. More throat. More of the white wife until there was nothing left of her.

"Let me hear it white bitch," Haze snarled, gagging her. "Let your husband hear it! Good bitch. You like that sound white man? Your wife choking on nigga' dick. Listen carefully!"

Dena's eyes strained in their sockets as she accepted him deep, deeper than any man had ever gone. She'd given up entirely on multitasking the black dicks that surrounded her, and so Chainz had taken both of her wrists and pinned them to the small of her back. He kept her still as Daddy Haze gripped her by the neck

and head, fucking her face without remorse.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!” her gags came in quick succession, violent and loud.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“Good fucking white bitch swallow it,” Haze went deep and held it there.

A chorus went up among the black biker gang.

“Suck that nigga dick white bitch!”

“Look at yo’ wife white man!”

“She look good with a black dick in her pretty little mouf’!”

Dena’s face turned red, straining against the thing blocking her windpipe. She stared upwards, a frenzy in her eyes, directly at the man punishing her.

“Are you my little fuck doll now, white girl?” Daddy Haze asked, still lodged deep.

Dena nodded her head up and down, the black rod spreading her glistening lips.

“Look at your husband,” Haze commanded. Dena’s wide stare drifted slightly to where her husband lay held against his will in the dirt. “Tell him you love him.” Daddy Haze pulled enough of himself from her throat so that she could speak.

In stuttered, desperate breaths she managed, “I hruf ou...”

The bikers erupted into laughter and Daddy Haze pulled his dripping, soaked member from Dena’s face. Even as she sucked air in giant, grateful gasps, the men surrounding her were lifting her from the ground, carrying her towards some new defilement.

Some of the bikers had pulled what looked to be an old weight-lifting bench from one of the piles of rubble nearby. A ripped pad of leather lined the top of it, and it was across this dirty piece of junk that they laid Dena on her back.

Jeff was pulled through the mud to lie on his side, just a foot from where his newly-wedded wife wriggled naked and wet.

“Stick yah tongue out,” Chainz spat, standing at the head of the bench and smacking Dena’s grinning face with his eight-inch prick. Other, newer black cocks were appearing out of the darkness and finding some part of her body to touch. Chainz slid the head of his past her shiny lips, savoring the feel of her warm tongue as it flicked at the hole of his member.

Strange men grabbed at Dena’s pale legs and spread them, holding them wide as Daddy Haze positioned himself in front of her. He laid the length of it along her belly, his fat dangling ballsack pushed to the soaked flesh of her cunt lips. She smiled up him even as Chainz side-fucked her mouth.

“Are you ready to take my superior black dick, white girl?” Haze asked, dragging it off her stomach one inch at a time.

“Please fuck me, Daddy,” she squeaked, her mouth being traded over to another raging black pole.

“Did you hear your wife white boy?” Haze glanced at the defeated man in the dirt. “Did you hear what she said?”

Jeff mumbled into the gag, helpless and alone.

“You will watch and you will clean,” Haze brought his thick prick to the pink of Dena’s pussy. “And you will serve.”

Dena’s mouth opened and she cried out against the head of a black biker dick when Daddy Haze entered her. The sheer girth of it surprised her more than the dull ache it caused, and as he pushed further with little resistance from her soaked cunt, she felt her skin go electric; a wave of anxious sexual energy releasing across her entire body. At the same time there were hands at her breasts, stomach, and thighs...touching, feeling, taking. It was too much for her to take and as Haze began to really fuck her, she felt it all let go in a blinding wave of pleasure.

“OH MY GOOOOOD – “ the scream died on the air when her eyes rolled back to white, legs shaking madly of their own accord, someone’s hand and she could never say whose, finding her clit and spinning it like a vinyl record. Her cunt released waves of her juice, soaking the vast black member that never slowed in its drilling.

Jeff watched his wife cum. Watched her devoured by the black men ravaging her body.

Dena's body seemed paralyzed with the tidal wave of her orgasm, a plaything of usable limbs chattering against the force of Daddy Haze's pumps. A line had begun to form behind him; ebony bikers dressed in denim and leather, boots and bandanas, shining bald heads and short dreads and afros. Each either naked at the waist or pulling their manhood through and over the tops of their pants, stroking, rock hard and waiting for a chance. Waiting for a turn with the fragile white wife.

"She fucking loves it white boy," Haze panted, picking up his pace and holding Dena by her small, tucked waist. "Don't you white girl? Don't you love that black nigga' dick?"

"Oh, oh, oh, Daddy," she hiccupped. A man stroked his bloated black cock an inch from her face, the mass of his curly pubic hair covering the shaft almost entirely. When she turned her face to suck him, the man gave her his hairy nuts instead, filling her palette with tickling pubes.

Daddy Haze began to grunt, and his pounding quickened to a violent pace. The hairy ballsack filling Dena's mouth popped out when she began to scream again, lustful moans filling the night.

"I'm gonna fill this white bitch," Haze growled. Leaning over the weight bench, he wrapped Dena in his arms, affectively pushing out every other prying hand and cock. The entire MC watched their leader claim what was his.

Jeff saw Haze fill her, the entirety of his impossible cock disappearing between her taut, stretched lips. His sagging testicles convulsed, raising in unison and dropping, raising and dropping.

"UGH!" Haze yelled in her face, smothering her with his body. "UGH! UGH!"

"Fill me up daddy," Dena moaned beneath him. "Give me all your cum daddy!"

The licking light of the fire combined with the adrenaline coursing through Jeff's body, and he saw one thing in absolute, perfect detail: Daddy Haze's testicles dragging along the crack of Dena's ass, contracting upwards as he unloaded inside her.

“My white bitch now,” Haze kissed the top of Dena’s head like she was his prized possession. “My white bitch now.” He pulled out and stood up. Between Dena’s legs was a wad of white emerging from the folds of her cunt. It began to dribble down, slinking between her lips and running into her ass crack.

For a brief, foolish moment, Jeff thought perhaps that was it. As horrible as the day had been, perhaps the “finishing” of the leader was the final trial. Perhaps now, he and Dena could leave.

“Get that white boy over here to clean up that mess,” Chainz’s voice came through the nightmare. “I want them sloppy seconds cleaned the fuck up if you know what I’m saying.”

Jeff was manhandled again, the same cruel hands pulling him to where his wife lay on her back. In an instant he was eye to eye with Dena’s sloppy, leaking cunt.

“This the closest that white boy been to his wife’s pussy all day!”

“Clean that shit up white boy!”

“Time for dinner!”

Laughter and heckling came from everywhere, some voices more familiar than others. To Jeff it was all underwater. He looked from Dena’s sex to her face, and when she saw him there, she smiled a grin that would wake him up in the middle of the night for years afterward.

Jeff felt a palm come to the back of his head, angry fingers gripping his skull, and then his face was thrown into the mess Daddy Haze had made.

“Eat it white boy!”

“Clean that shit up!”

“Cuck!”

“How that nigga cum taste bitch!”

It was hot and sticky against his face; his cheeks and lips glistening with their fuck. He tasted salt and copper, and then his wife pushed something thick and

viscous into his open mouth. He swallowed. The hand at the back of his head stayed there, shoving and bullying him into the creampie without remorse.

“Get it all out white boy unless you wanna raise my kid!” Haze’s voice came distant on the tide of insults.

“Clean it up for me white boy!” Chainz yelled. “Clean yo’ wife’s pussy up so I can fuck it. Then you gone clean it up again!”

“And again!”

“And again!”

Jeff was thrown down into the dirt, wads of nut hanging from his face. By the time he looked up, Chainz was plowing his wife. The young black biker had a hand wrapped around her throat and the other clutching her soft, fleshy tit. His strokes were long and deep, his youthful energy carrying him on and on until he his voice grew shaky, his insults becoming raspy whispers. Chainz pulled out and blew it all over Dena’s pussy lips and lower tummy; thick, warm ropes that became dotted with the last drops as he shook it out all over her.

“Time to eat white boy!”

“Clean that fucking mess up bitch!”

And then Jeff’s tongue was out, lolling along his wife’s sweating skin, lapping up another man’s nut one shot at a time. He sucked it from her labia and swallowed it when they told him to. By the third load he’d found a way to breathe through his nose and found the task not so difficult as before.

The line of bikers stretched, the campfire casting cruel shadows against the dirty ground. One finished and another began. Jeff watched their hulking ebony bodies consume her, watched his wife cum for them over and over. Sometimes he sucked it out of her, other times he licked it off her nipples and cleaned the inside of her belly-button with his tongue.

“This white boy is learning almost as fast as his wife,” Daddy Haze called amongst the cacophony. He’d taken a permanent place beside Dena’s head, occasionally helping himself to her mouth as his cock grew hard for the second time. “She fucks. You clean. Such is your existence now.”

Dena's tired eyes gazed up at Daddy Haze as he stroked himself off in her face. The line to her cunt was diminishing and there was no way to know how many men had taken her. Jeff was certain Dena had come more in the last hour than she had in the last year and judging from her body language seemed as if she could go again. When Haze's second load unleashed onto her waiting face, Jeff could hardly believe the sheer amount of it, considering how much of it he'd swallowed already.

Fat, white gobs covered Dena's lips. Wayward sprays splashed her cheeks, and hot, thick nut ran down her face and onto her neck. Dena's body glimmered slick with semen in the light of the campfire, the leavings of too many men to count.

"Take a long look at your wife, white man," Daddy Haze sighed, staring down at Dena and admiring his work. "I want you to look at your wife as she is right now. With ten nigga's nut dripping out her pussy and a fresh load on her pretty fucking face. You think she would let white men handle her like this? No? Me either. She is black owned now, white boy. Do you understand? She belongs to the black race. And so do you. The both of you will serve a greater purpose than yourselves. Now get on your knees next to your blacked wife."

The last thing Jeff remembered before blacking out was the look on Dena's cum-covered face as she watched the biker gang unload on him. Even as the warm spray of their urine soaked his clothes and hair, she never pitied him. She never offered an encouraging word or failed to giggle at the cruel jokes flying overhead.

When Daddy Haze blinded Jeff with a fresh stream of hot piss across the nose, Dena turned her ruined face to the night sky and squealed with laughter.

6.

“We need you at Headquarters,” Khalil’s voice crackled through the cell phone. “Big things are happening faster than anticipated...we need the entire MC in New York by Tuesday.”

“That won’t be enough time to seal this one,” Daddy Haze calmly replied. He was parked with six of his cohorts off the side of Route 9, watching a young white couple through binoculars as they entered the mini-mart. It was a hot summer day and they’d been following the blue Buick since Boulder; all off a tip they’d gotten from Headquarters in New York.

“What of the other couple? The newlyweds?” Khalil asked.

“Signed sealed and delivered,” Haze chuckled. “Husband is cleaning up the compound and the wife is probably still passed out in my bed.”

“Good. Your current assignment is of no importance then. Head east. New York. Tuesday. Understood?”

Daddy Haze hesitated.

“I need you to tell me you understand, Haze,” Khalil sounded impatient. “We all know your commitment to the cause is...strong. But this couple will have to wait for another day. Understood?”

“Understood, Captain,” Haze sighed, hanging up the phone. “Change of plans,” he called to the troops, huddled, and waiting for his direction. “We head for New York.”

“When?” Chainz asked, leaning over the handlebars of his bike.

“Now. We head back to the compound and gather the rest of them up. Bring the white girl, too.”

“Which one?”

“The new one.”

“And her man?”

“Leave him.”

Haze saw the white couple exit the mini-mart. The girl, red-hair flowing in the bright afternoon sun, had chosen chocolate; three scoops piled high and already melting. She strutted long pale legs across the parking lot and duck back into her car. She rolled the window down. With his binoculars Haze could almost make out the freckles on her cleavage, the blue veins beneath her fair skin.

“Goddamn shame,” he mumbled, firing up his Harley.

The bikers peeled out onto the highway and the redhead in the Buick watched them go, her tongue lazily licking the sweating ice-cream.

“B.N.W.O,” she mused to her husband. “Wonder what that stands for.”

“Black New World Order,” he rolled his eyes, “and the media would have you believe they are coming for all the white women of the world! Muahaha!”

“Hmm,” she eyed the MC as they disappeared down the highway. “Don’t think I’d mind too much.”

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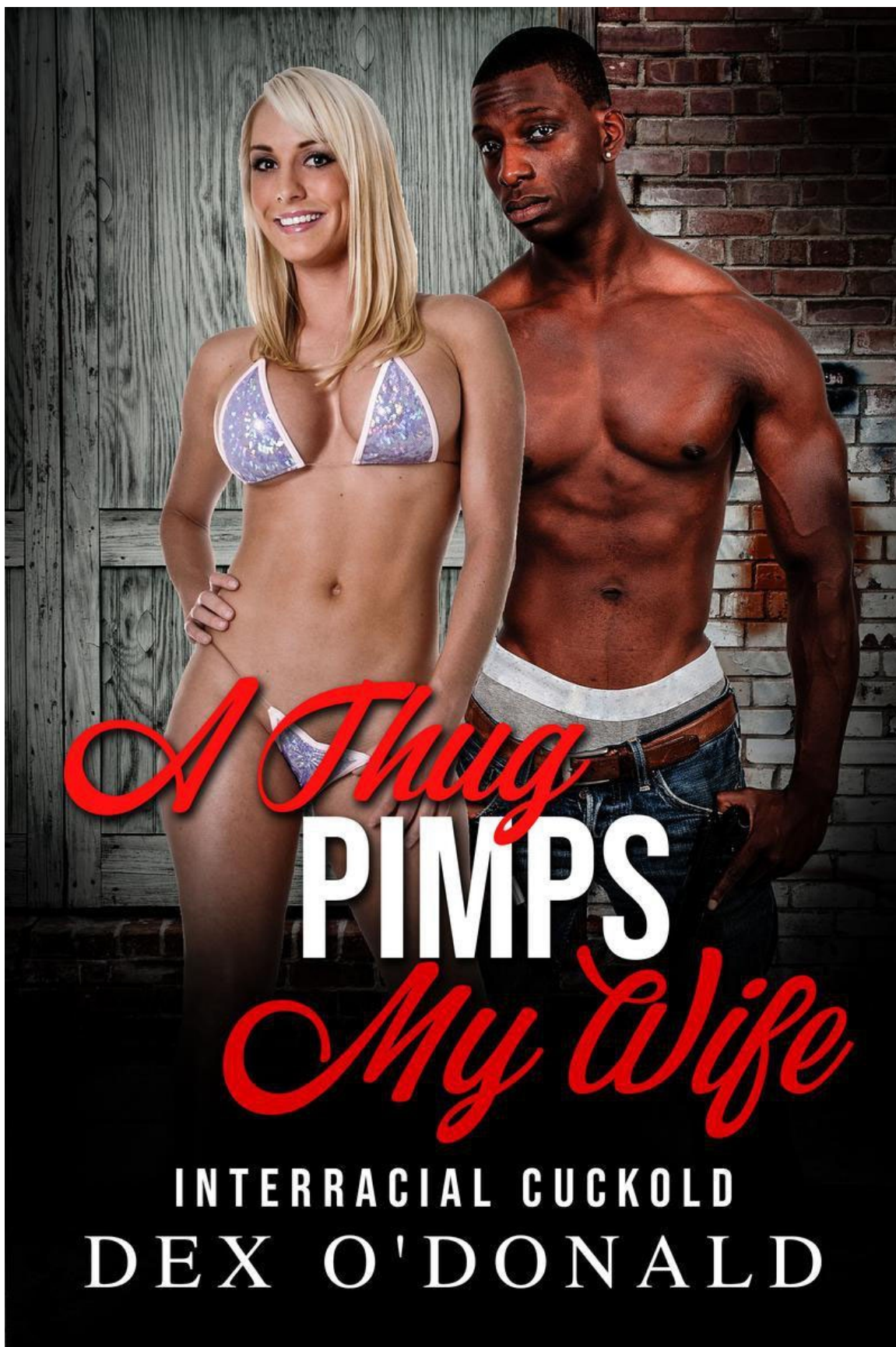


The
HOTWIFE
Ransom

KIDNAPPED AND BLACKED INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD

DEX O'DONALD

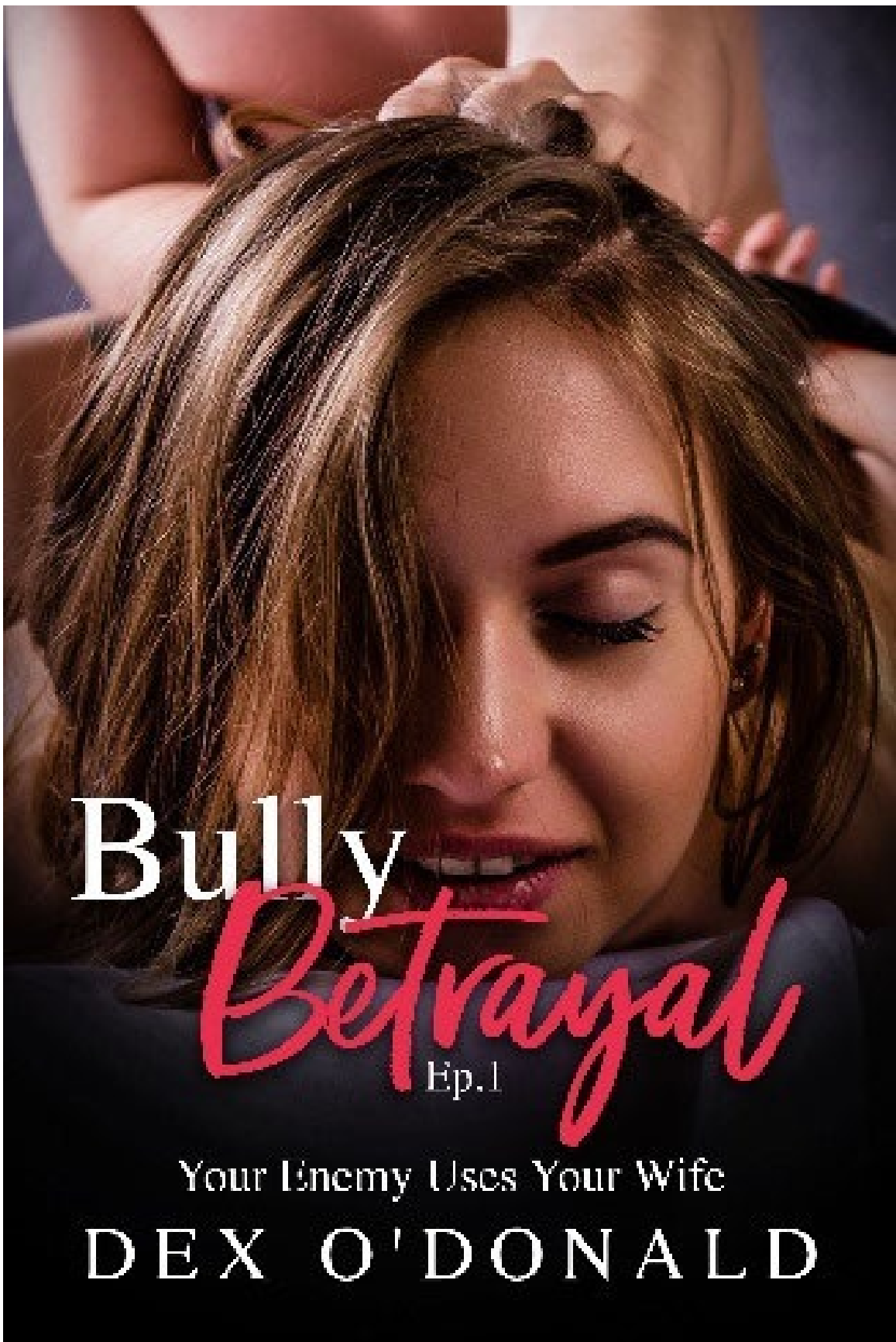
[A Thug Pimps My Wife](#)



A Thug
PIMPS
My Wife

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

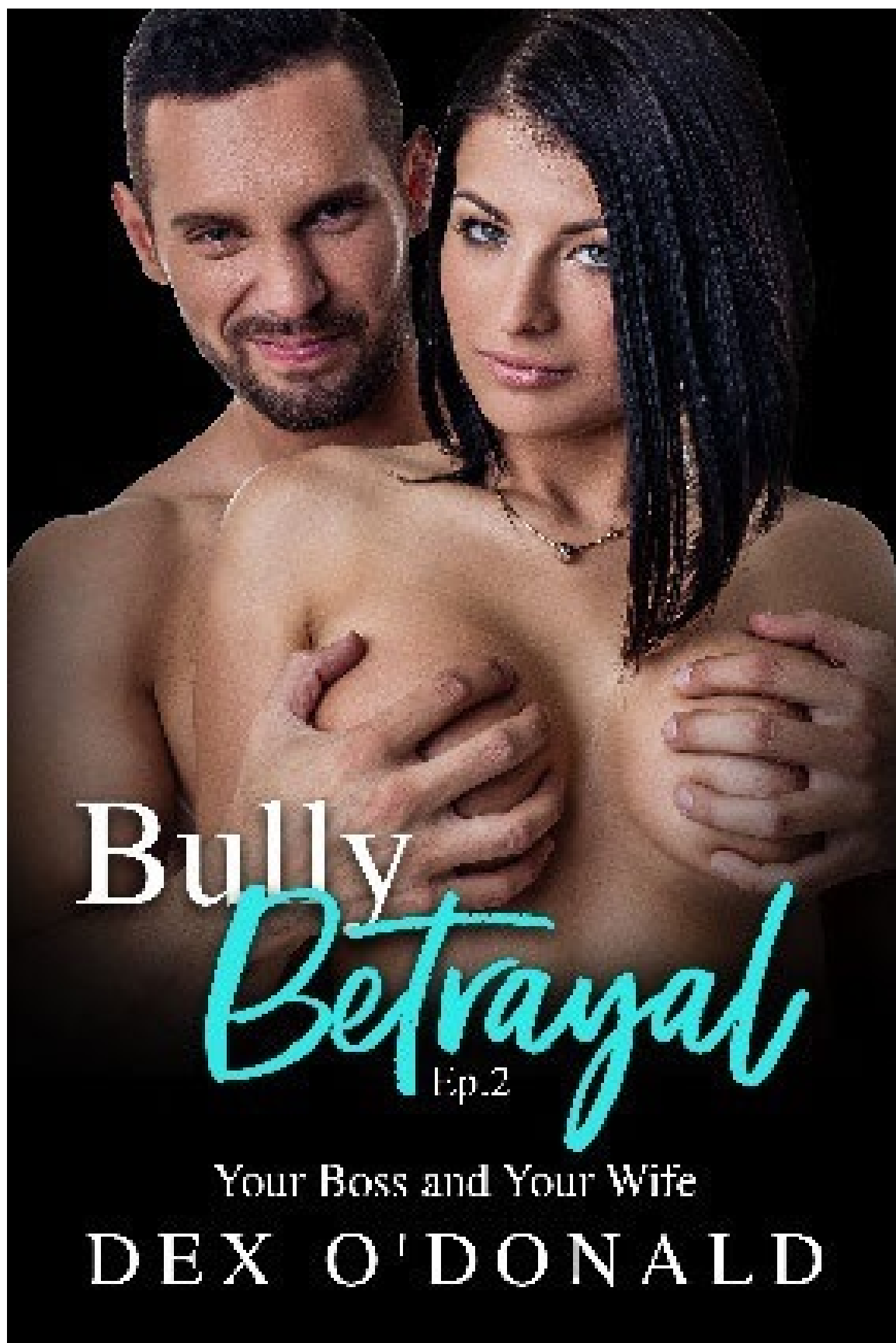


Bully
Betrayal
Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

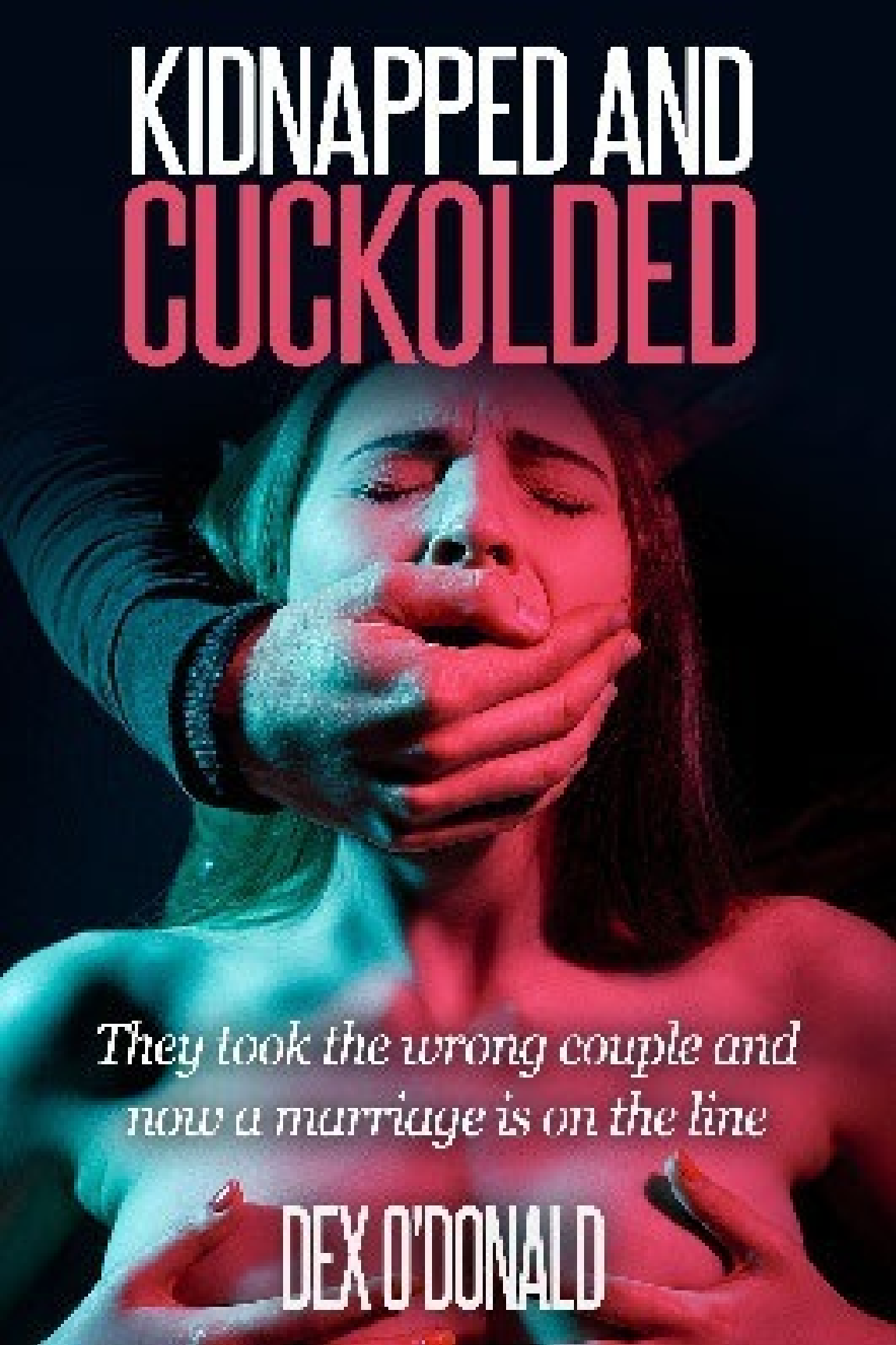
Ep. 2

Your Boss and Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Kidnapped and Cuckolded

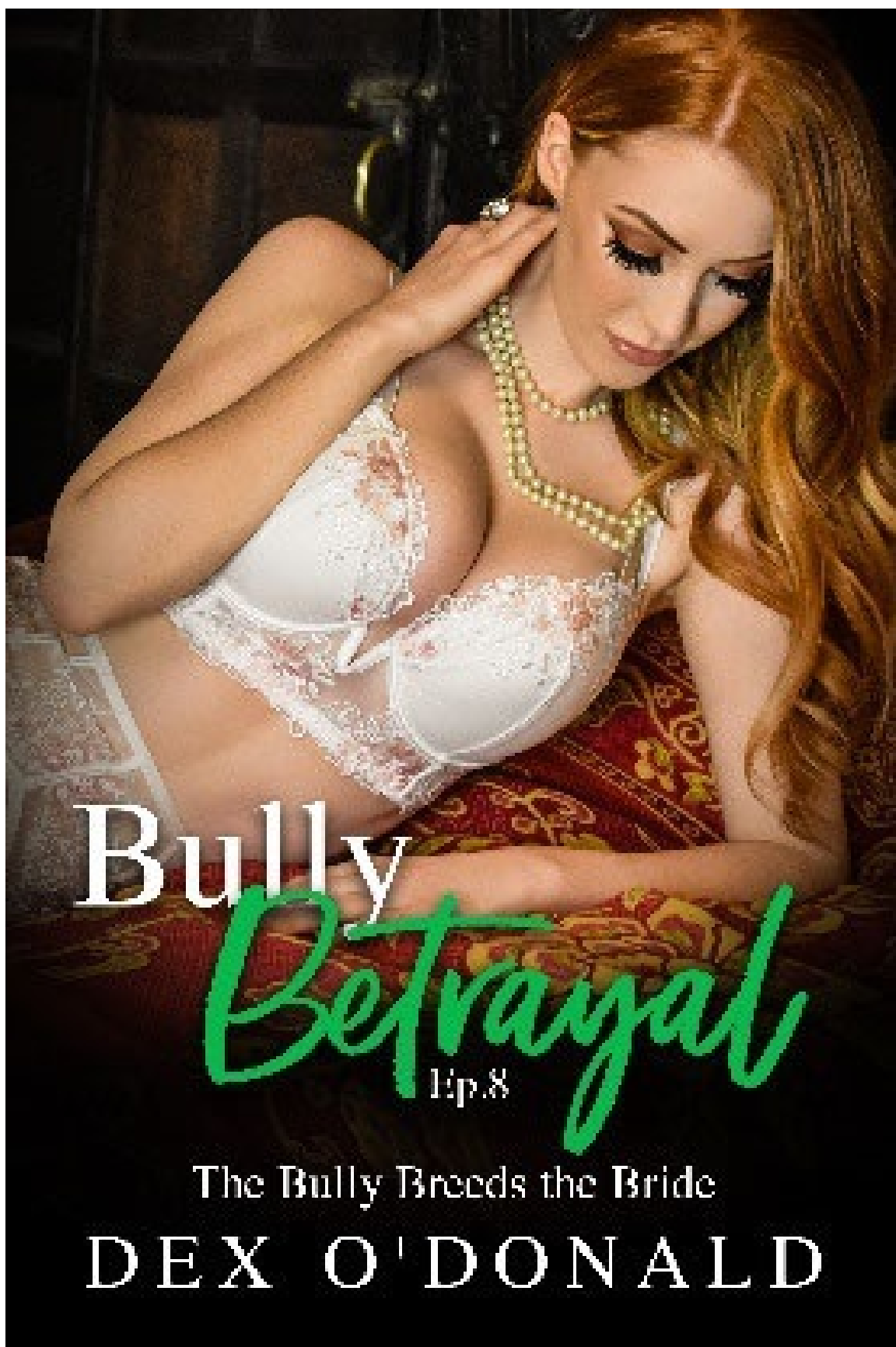
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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 high-contrast, moody 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



Bully

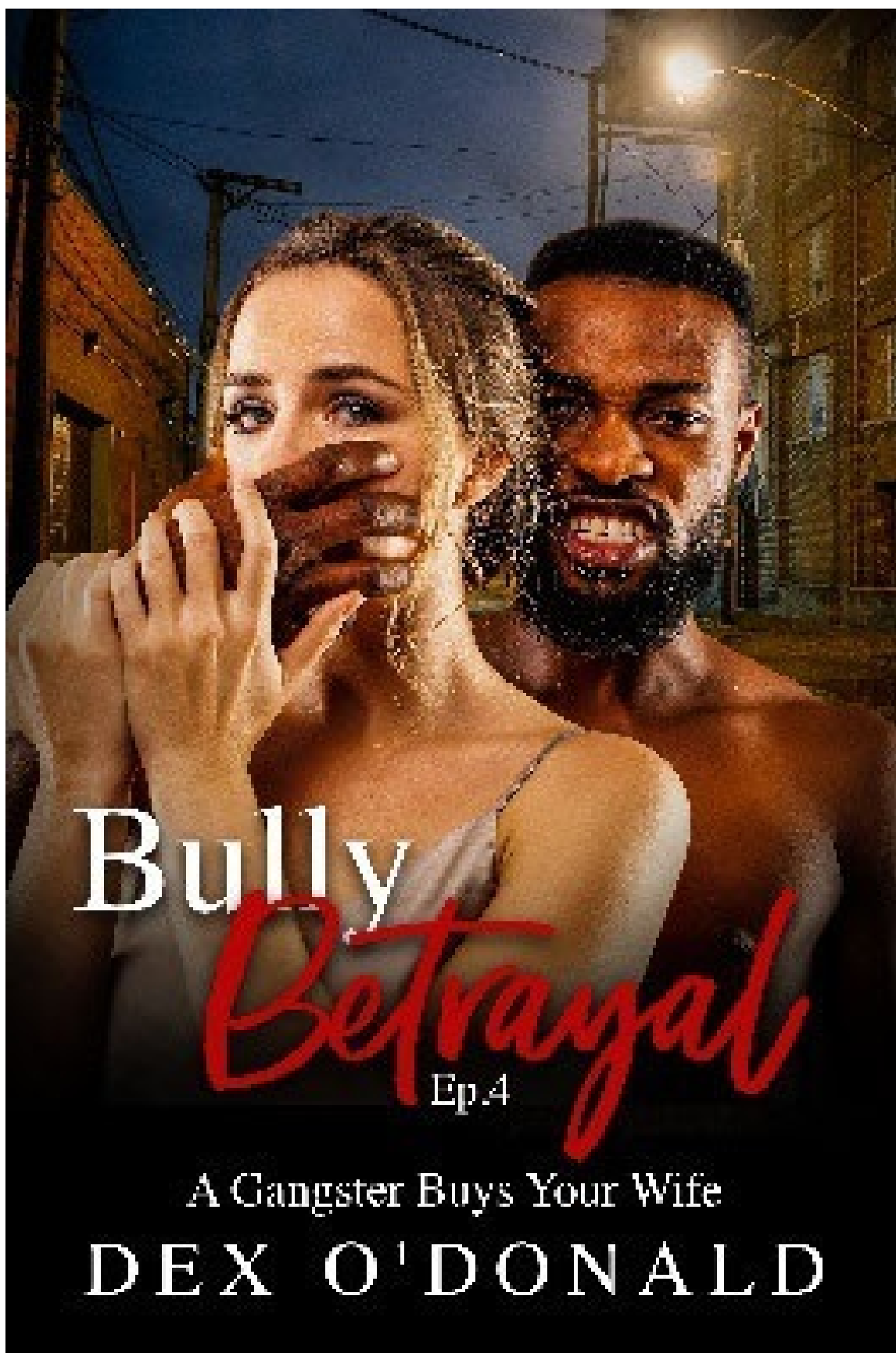
Betrayal

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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