



The Black
NEW WORLD ORDER
Breeds Your Wife

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD HUMILIATION
DEX O'DONALD



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The Black New World Breeds Your Wife: Interracial Cuckold Humiliation

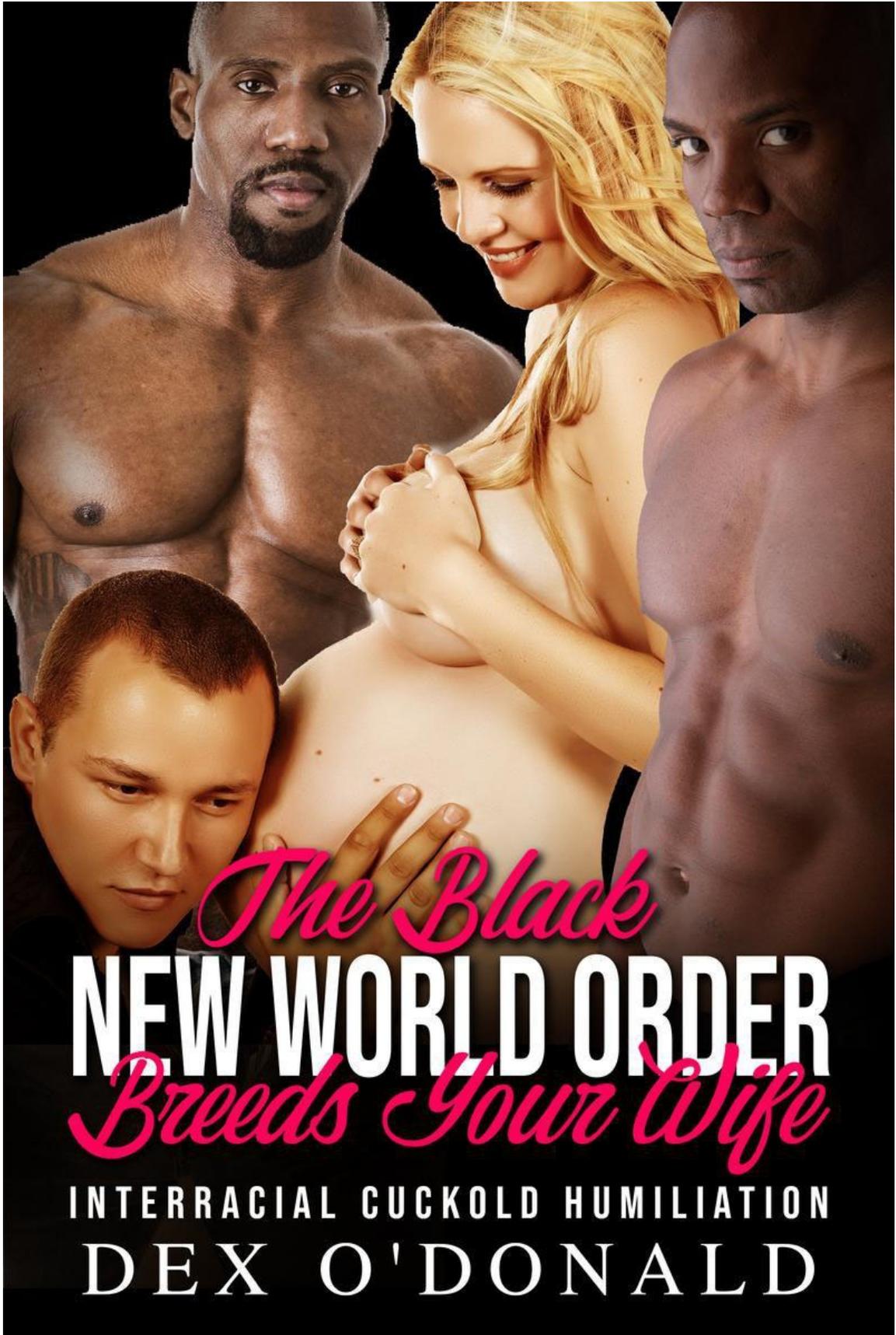
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“I want you on your knees...in front of me,” Malcom says, his tone brokering no argument.

“Yes, daddy,” Cassie slides from the bed-top and gets down to her knees in the high-ceiling hotel room. She crawls to where Malcom waits towering, tall and black, a pair of tight-squeezing briefs the only thing keeping his ebony glory from the world. She looks up at him from the floor – he is perfection in physical form. Every muscle is defined in dark detail, every abdominal like black marble. “You’re so fucking sexy, daddy.”

“Flattery? Really?” Malcom smiles like a shark and takes a moment to observe the white girl at his feet; blonde, soft eyes with thick, pouty lips. Cassie’s creamy breasts spill over the top of pink lingerie. She pokes her butt out over her feet so Malcom can see it all as he looms over her.

“What do you want me to do, daddy?” she whispers.

“Stick out your tongue,” he commands, “and open your ears.”

Cassie presents her red tongue from a quivering mouth, places hands in her lap and waits.

“Does your husband know you’re with me tonight?” Malcom asks.

Cassie nods, tongue dripping.

“Good girl. It’s best if he knows. You know that right, princess?”

Cassie nods.

“I want him to know that a black man is giving you something that he, an entitled white boy, could never give you. I want you to tell him all about it when you get home. Every little detail. And be sure to remind him that his little white dick could never satisfy you. Can you do that for me princess?”

Cassie nods once more, a long line of drool dripping from her open mouth.

Malcom reaches down and rubs the ball of his thumb against her tongue.

“Good girl. That’s it. Keep your whore mouth open for me.”

“Mmm,” Cassie moans.

“Open wider,” Malcom says, shoving his pointer and middle finger past her lips and to the back of her throat.

“Uck!” Cassie gags into his fingers.

Malcom squats down and grabs hold of her throat with his free hand, pulling her face to his as he finger-fucks her mouth. His chokehold tightens and turns Cassie’s face a bright red.

“Are you going to tell him how I used you like the white whore you are?”

Cassie attempts to speak but Malcom’s fingers run across her tongue and block her speech. She nods red-faced, straining to breathe.

“Will you tell him I did this?” Malcom pulls his dripping fingers from her mouth, opens his palm, and slaps her across the face.

Cassie’s mouth opens in shocked lust, eyes wide staring into her master’s face.

“Will you?” Malcom slaps her again.

“Uh-huh,” she chokes out, her head shaking a resounding YES with the help of Malcom’s powerful hand at her neck.

“Tuh!” Malcom spits in Cassie’s mouth and kisses her. Their tongues twist and dance. Cassie’s trembling arms wrap around his bulbous shaved head and pull him close, craving his warmth.

“Tell me,” Malcom urges her. “Tell me again.”

“The African race is superior,” she says, Malcom’s fingers finding her cunt as she kneels there on the floor. “The time of the white man is over. The time of the Black New World Order is here. And I will...oh fuck...fuck...I will serve my black masters and be a true ally to the BNWO...oh my God Malcom...I will serve with my body and my mind and...my body...oh fuck...I will be obedient and do as the BNWO says...and one day...so will...so will my...oh fuck

Malcom...”

“Say it,” he rubs her clit in circles, stuttering her speech, blurring her mind. “Say it...”

“...and one day...so will my husband...FUCK! I’m coming...”

Malcom pushes her over the edge, choking her, admiring the way her large breasts sway and shake as her body loses control.

“Fuck! Oh fuck!” Cassie sees white, the intensity of her orgasm slamming headlong into her lack of oxygen. On the verge of passing out Malcom lets go and she falls backward, landing awkwardly on her back.

Malcom turns and takes his cell phone from the bedside table. “To me, Cassie...”

Cassie finds her breathe and rolls onto all fours. Malcom drags her by the hair toward the east windows of the hotel room, all of New York City glittering beyond. He stops at the windows and signals for Cassie to get up on her knees.

“Little Timmy has been a good boy as of late,” Malcom says, aiming his phone at Cassie below. “No more nervous texts and repeated phone calls while I fuck your brains out. He’s learned patience. And for being such a good boy, we will send him a...special treat.”

“A video?” Cassie grins.

“Precisely.”

“You’re going to make his whole year,” she giggles. “He’s been begging for a video for months.”

“Has he now?”

“I mean, he loves the pictures you send. I catch him jerking off to them all the time. Although that one me licking your ass seems to upset him a little...”

“I’m sure it does,” Malcom laughs.

“But pictures only so much,” Cassie continues. “He always asks about video... even though I don’t think he can handle it, to be honest.”

“I don’t think he can handle it either,” Malcom says, thumb hovering over the record button on his phone, Cassie framed perfectly in the middle of the shot. “Which is exactly why we’re going to make him one.”

“How fun,” Cassie licks her lips.

Malcom hesitates, weighing his next words carefully.

“Before we do this, I want to make sure you are comfortable with our...plan. If you can’t convince him to follow through this whole operation could be made much more difficult...it is of the utmost importance he agrees to the terms exactly as you set them...”

“He won’t suspect a thing,” Cassie says from her knees. “As far as he knows you’re my big black bull and sex is where it begins and ends...”

“Foolish man...”

“I know,” she giggles. “Once he sees this video...he’ll be eating from the palm of my hand.”

“We better make it good, then.”

Malcom presses record and the video begins.

With one hand free, Malcom uses it to gather a fistful of the white girl’s golden hair and twist it taught around his wrist. He jerks her head upwards so that every bit of her face is clear to the camera.

“I got your fuckin’ wife, white boy,” Malcom’s voice cuts harsh over the video. “And Imma’ make her my fuckin’ slut so you can she what she do for black dick. You ready to put on a show for your little cuckold husband, white girl?”

“Mm-hmm,” she stares into the lens.

“Gonna be good little whore for the camera?”

“Mm-hmm,” her dainty fingers slide into view as she caresses her breasts.

“Gonna show your husband how much you like big black cock?” his hand slips from her hair, caressing down her face and then his thumb is in her mouth, Cassie’s plump lips suck, allowing Malcom to wag her head back and forth as he grips her chin. “Pull it out.”

“Yes, daddy,” she responds, getting her fingers into the waist band of his briefs and tugging. They get caught pulling across the length of his hard cock and Cassie has to pull side to side to free them. A fat black cock falls out of the underwear and hangs in front of her face.

“Pick it up. Show your husband.”

Cassie stacks both hands around the shaft. Several inches stretch past her white knuckles to a curved, lighter-skinned head that glistens at the tip.

“This is a huge cock,” Cassie says to the camera.

“Bigger than little Timmy’s?” Malcom asks.

Cassie’s eyes go wide, and she bursts into shrill laughter shaking her head back and forth. “It’s not even close,” she says.

“Give it a kiss.”

Cassie plants two wet lips along the side of his dripping cockhead, exaggerating the smooching sound of it.

“Tell your husband how much you love black cock.”

“Oh Timothy,” she sighs. “I love Malcom’s big black cock. It’s so much better than your little white dick. I can’t even feel you after he fucks me. And he makes me cum so fucking hard, baby. He makes me cum like you could never!” she jerks it up and down, pushing the head against the front of her mouth.

“Can you gag on his dick, baby?”

“Mm-mm,” she shakes her head.

“Show him, white girl. Show yah husband how you gag on that nigga dick.”

“Yes, daddy.”

Cassie stretches her jaw and pulls him into her mouth. Malcom grunts for the camera when he feels the white girl’s tongue slide along the underside of his shaft. She takes him to the back of her throat and holds him there, spit gurgling at the sides of her mouth.

“Good little white bitch,” Malcom whispers. “Hold it. Like that.” He palms the back of her head, pulling up on the camera shot, making sure Timothy will see the way he fucks her face. “Gag on it, bitch.” Malcom forces more of it down her throat and a retching gag comes from Cassie. Then he lets off the gas just enough so that she can cough and breathe a little, thick white drool dribbling down her chin. Malcom palms her skull and fucks her face with relentless, deep strokes.

“AWK!” Cassie gags.

“That’s it, baby. Show your little husband. Show him what you do for that black dick.”

“AWK! AWK! AWK! AWK!”

Malcom holds the camera impressively still for someone at the crux of so much movement. His arm flexes as he drives Cassie’s face back and forth on his dick, digging into her throat with each push. Thick, deep drool runs down the length of his member and fat strings of it hang off Cassie’s chin.

“Keep your eyes up, white girl,” Malcom breathes. “I want your husband to see. Want him to see how much you like that superior black dick.”

“AWK! AWK!”

“Love the way those titties bounce when I fuck your wife’s face, Timmy,” he grunted. Cassie’s disheveled breasts hang out over the top of her lingerie, hard little nipples at attention. Malcom stretches his palm out across the back of her skull, gaining more purchase and more grip, brutally fucking her face into oblivion.

“Tell your husband you love him,” he says, burying it as far as he can in her throat.

“Aye umf foo,” she utters through cock.

“Good white bitch,” he pulls her up gasping, giving her only a moment’s breath before resuming his pace.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“This what you wanted, Timmy? This the video you had in mind, little buddy? Your wife being treated like a common whore and loving it. Go on baby, tell him you love it.”

Cassie swallows a lungful of air and uses two hands to stroke the massive black meat before her. She looks dead-eyed into the camera lens and smiles with drool spilling over her lips.

“I love the way he fucks my mouth, baby. I love being a whore for his black cock!”

“Show him how much you love it, white girl. Don’t make me do it.”

Cassie winks at the camera, a cute little love letter to her husband in the near future. She drives the slick black rod into the back of her throat and impales herself on it over and over, gag after gag after wretch after wretch. The minutes pass and Malcom records every degrading, humiliating second.

“Open wide bitch,” Malcom says, taking his raging member in his own hand and stroking it inches from her face. “I got a nice little present I want to give you and I want your pathetic white husband to see it. Stick your fucking tongue out.”

Malcom’s thick white nut sprays across Cassie’s innocent face, streaking her cheeks and pooling in her open mouth. Wayward wads of it hit her cheeks and drip off her chin, dotting her supple white tits and greasing her little tummy. Towards the end of his primal ejaculation the fat white ropes turn to clear droplets that get stuck in Cassie’s hair and eyes.

“Good white bitch,” Malcom says, dragging his cock across Cassie’s face and smearing the mess around. Cassie takes his spongy black dick in both hands

and kisses the glistening head, her face a coated pile of black nut.

“It tastes so good, honey,” Cassie says to the camera. “I would never let you come on my face...”

“I would never let you come on my face...” Cassie’s voice comes through the iPhone speaker and the honesty in her voice causes Timothy’s stomach to wince. “It’s so fucking warm baby. I love Malcom’s come I – “

Timothy shuts the phone off. He’s seen more than enough and despite the erection poking at the inside of his pants he wants to wait for Cassie to get home. He would save his nut for her no matter how hard it was to hold. He can feel his dick all but leaking pre-cum, can feel that tight sensation in his testes threatening to explode. He takes three deep breathes and that edging feeling subsides.

“Intense,” he shakes his head, speaking to no one in the empty house. It seems like no matter how much he tells himself he likes it, part of him still won’t believe it. Sure, he gets off to it, who wouldn’t? Cassie is sexy as fuck and watching her blow another man like that was going to push Timothy over the edge no matter what kind of mood he was in...but still, fantasizing about it and seeing it were two different things. He’s wanted a video for as long as he can remember and now that he has it, he isn’t so sure he can stand to watch it again.

In his mind Cassie’s cum-covered face takes center stage, and his stomach goes sick. He tries to push it from his memory.

Timothy walks outside and takes a seat on the front porch. He is anxious for Cassie’s return but who knows when that will be. Sometimes Malcom keeps her late...too late, almost till morning. But Timothy knew sleep would never come with her out, so he pours himself a bourbon and resolves to wait.

At a quarter past three in the morning an Uber drops Cassie off out front and Timothy watches his wife walk purposefully up to the house.

“How was your night?” he asks from the shadows.

“Jesus Timothy!” Cassie starts. “You scared the shit out of me!”

“Sorry. I didn’t want to turn any lights on. Neighbors might wonder what I’m doing up so late...what you’re doing out so late.”

“Why don’t you follow me inside and I’ll tell you exactly why I’ve been out late.”

“Lead the way.”

Timothy walks behind his wife and admires her plump, fat ass as it sways back and forth in the little black dress she wears. Cassie’s blonde hair is a mess, like she made some small attempt to clean it up but couldn’t be bothered.

“Did you watch your video?” she asks, walking into their bedroom and taking a seat at the edge of the bed.

“I did,” Timothy clears his throat, trying to hide his discomfort. “It was...great, I guess...”

“You guess?” Cassie eyes him.

“Yeah it was great...it’s intense, you know? Watching some asshole talk shit to you while he cums on your wife’s face...”

“I thought that was exactly what you wanted?”

“I thought I did too,” Timothy takes a tentative seat on the bed next to his hot wife. “It’s just hard when you’re not here...when you’re with him...”

“I can’t get the video unless I’m with him, silly,” Cassie rubs his thigh, scoots closer and gives her husband a great view of her tits down the front of the dress. “Did it make you hard? Watching him use me like that?”

“Yes...”

“Did you jerk your little dick off watching him cum on my pretty face?”

“No...”

“And why not?”

“Because I wanted to save it for you...”

“Good boy,” she whispers, brushing the outline of his five-inch erection pressing at the fabric of his sweatpants. “But I’ve got some bad news for you tonight, little Timmy...”

“What...what’s that?” Timothy stutters when he’s worked up, and right now his

heart is racing.

“My bull told me you’re not allowed to cum tonight...he said you only get to cum when he says...”

“Fuck...I-I-I- don’t know if I can get on buh-buh-buh-board with th-th- that babe...”

“That’s too bad,” she flicks at the stick in his pants, “because he made an offer tonight...one I think you’ll like very, very much...but you’re going to have to do exactly as he says...”

“What offer?” Timothy can feel that familiar sensation in his balls, that pent-up orgasm waiting to explode. His wife ridicules his dick with her fingers and the feel of her breath on his neck edges him closer every second.

“He knows how badly you want to watch us...watch him fuck me with his big black dick...isn’t that right, cucky? You do want to watch, don’t you?”

“Fuck,” Timothy whimpers as his wife lets go of his cock entirely.

“Answer me...”

“Yes! Yes, I want to watch him fuck you...”

“How bad?”

“So bad...so fuck-fuck-fucking bad, God! Please don’t stop, please!”

“Malcom says he will let you watch, baby...you just have to follow a few simple rules...”

“Can I come, baby? Please, can I?”

“Maybe...maybe I’ll allow you to get off and it can be our little secret just this once...but you have to do something for me...”

“What is it? Anything...any-any-any-anything please just keep touching it...”

“You want me to keep playing with your little dick?”

“Yes...please...”

“Are you ready to watch Malcom fuck me, baby?”

“Yes, God Yes! I am!”

“He wants you to watch too...but under one condition...” Cassie runs her hands all over her husband’s body, working him into a frenzy.

“What is it...I’ll do anything...”

“He wants you tied to a chair...with nowhere to go...and he wants you locked in chastity...do you know what that is, little cucky?”

“I think so...”

“He wants your little white dick locked away so it can’t get hard or cum...and he wants you to watch me ravaged...think you can handle that?”

“I do-do-don’t know!”

“Do you want to cum tonight, little cucky?”

“Fuck yes...”

“Then promise me...after tonight you’ll let me lock you up and give Malcom the key...you’ll let me tie you to a chair so he can-“

“YES! OK YES! PLEASE JUST TOUCH IT!”

An evil giggle escapes Cassie’s lips as she tugs at the sweatpants fastened around Timothy’s waist. His unexceptional white dick pops out rigid and dripping, tiny blue veins ready to burst. She takes it between thumb and pointer finger and strokes fast where the head meets the shaft. Timothy tries to catch his breath but it’s too late.

“Oh-oh-oh-fuck!” he pants. At the last second his little penis seems to stiffen even more, and that is precisely when Cassie stops tugging.

“Don’t fucking touch it, Timothy,” Cassie says viciously. Timothy squeezes the bed cover as his dick spurts thin lines of white cum out in the air. “Hahaha,”

Cassie laughs shrill in her husband's face as he ejaculates.

"Ohhhh," Timothy wails, his orgasm ruined. As the last of it dribbles from his pink head Cassie gives it a hard flick for good measure and Timothy doubles over into the fetal position.

"Good little cucky," Cassie strokes his hair. "Do as you are told and it's easier that way."

"Oh my God," Timothy pants. "Fuck me..."

"Not tonight I'm afraid," Cassie laughs at him. "Malcom used me all up."

All at once Timothy feels exhausted. His eyes close as he lies there, dick dripping out onto the coverlet. Cassie turns the lights out and gets in bed next to her husband, playing big spoon to her wounded pet.

"Is it true?" Timothy asks, half-drifting into sleep. "He's going to let me watch?"

"As long as you follow the rules, honey..."

"Do I have to wear a cage?"

"You certainly do...and you're being fit for it tomorrow. I ordered the small one because, well, you know. You have a little dick...enjoy your sleep, sweet boy. It will be the last one without a cage, after all."

Timothy falls asleep and straight into a nightmare he will have trouble recalling in the morning.

The television is on in the living room, but Timothy is too worked up to hear what the news reporter is saying.

“And tonight, we have troubling reports coming out of several states including Florida, Texas, California, and right here in New York...”

Timothy pours a tall glass of bourbon up and drinks it neat. The barrel taste burns his tongue and closes his throat, but when the brown liquid hits his belly, he calms down just a tad. He pours another, lost in thought over the nights’ plans.

“Known as the Black New World Order or, B-N-W-O for short, they are a racial extremist group that has been wreaking havoc all over the country. Using highly secretive and manipulative tactics they target white married couples and families in an attempt to brainwash them into handing over their money, property, and more to the organization...”

Timothy shifts in discomfort. The cage around his shriveled white penis still feels unpleasant at times, and without the key there is literally no way to get it off. Yesterday, Cassie took a photo of him in it helpless and humiliated, and sent it to Malcom.

“One insider tells us that what often starts as an affair via the wife will quickly turn into something more sinister. Sources say the BNWO is so good at manipulating its targets that often they want the affair to be exposed so that they can then turn their sights to coercing or blackmailing the husband. How are they able to do this? Information about specific tactics are scarce but what we do know is...”

Timothy checks the clock. In ten minutes, Cassie will come downstairs and take him up to the master bedroom. Once he’s locked into the chair there will be no going back. The thought makes his stomach flutter, so he pours another bourbon. A double.

“Initiation into the BNWO is predatory. They scour the streets of high crime areas in major cities and recruit young men off the corners. After a hazing period in which the men are given specific tasks to carry out, they are inducted into the group by way of ‘proving themselves’ with white women. To date, no women have come forward with any information about the Black New World Order...”

A little drunk, Timothy snatches his phone off the counter and navigates to the hidden photos. Rows of tiny square pictures spill across the screen, a wash of black and white and nakedness. He clicks on one.

Cassie on her knees, black cock in her mouth.

Timothy swipes.

Cassie holding her cum-soaked tits up for display.

He swipes.

Cassie pinned below Malcom; he's sitting on her face as he feeds her his leathery black ball sack.

He swipes. His stomach turns.

Only Cassie's eyes are visible as the rest of her face has disappeared between Malcom's asscheeks.

He swipes.

Cassie's smiling face covered in cum.

He swipes.

Cassie on the floor holding Malcom's foot, his big toe in her mouth.

Timothy drops the phone onto the bar top. Upstairs a door opens and a moment later he can see his beautiful walking down.

"If you believe you or anyone you know is being targeted by the BNWO, the police urge you to come forward immediately..."

"Are you ready?" she asks from the foot of the stairs. Cassie wears a strapless black dress that struggles to hold her luscious breasts. The garment crisscrosses down her sides, showing tons of skin and stopping just past her ass. Timothy walks across the room, and she takes his hand. "Don't be so nervous, honey," she reassures him. "This is what you wanted, remember?"

Timothy nods, afraid that if he tries to speak he might throw up. They walk the

stairs hand in hand and Cassie leads him into their bedroom. The bed is made and clean, all the pillows discarded to the floor. Three feet from the foot of the bed is a wooden chair with padded arm rests. Chains and locks hang from it, glinting in the lamp light.

“You need to take your clothes off, honey,” Cassie tells him, “It’s part of the rules. Remember?”

“OK...” he shakes, stripping down to nothing.

“Oh my,” Cassie can’t help but laugh at the sight of his caged cock, “it’s even smaller in there, isn’t it?”

“I guess so...”

“You guess so?” Cassie narrows her eyebrows. “It was small before but look at it now, Timothy. Its tiny. Can you blame me for laughing at it?”

There’s something in his wife’s tone that gives Timothy sudden second thoughts. He looks at the chair with its chains and locks and starts to panic.

“Answer me cucku,” she prods him, flicking at the cage between his legs. “Can you blame me for laughing at your pathetic white cock?”

“I-I-I-“

“You-you-you what, cuck?” Cassie’s says cruelly. “Shut the fuck up and sit down in that chair. Right fucking now, Timothy!”

Unsure now of everything, Timothy shuffles towards his prison. His mind screams out red flags and warnings but it’s all happening so fast he can’t think straight. His humiliation overwhelms him as he sits down with his sad white cock caged in his lap. The cold touch of the chains wraps around his legs and arms, his wrists suddenly shackled to the arm rests.

CLICK goes the lock. CLICK...CLICK...CLICK...

“There we go,” Cassie tugs on the chains, her immobilized husband looking up at her. “I don’t think you’ll be going anywhere now.”

“Ca-ca-Cassie,” he manages.

“Yes?”

“Wh-wh-wh-what’s the safe word? You-you know, like, if I need to get out? If I n-n-need it to stop?”

“I almost forgot,” Cassie grins, “the most important part of your costume! Be right back!”

Timothy watches her disappear into the walk-in closet. He tests out the chains that bind him and finds no purchase. He grips the hilt of the armrests, knuckles turning white.

“Here it is,” Cassie returns with something in her hands. “You said something about words? We don’t need those from you tonight, baby. Just your eyes and ears. Say AH!”

Timothy doesn’t say AH, but he’s so stunned at his wife’s callousness his jaw hangs agape and Cassie seizes the moment to push a red rubber ball into his mouth. The straps wrap around his head and cinch in the back.

“How’s that fit, baby?” Cassie asks sarcastically, bringing her vast cleavage close to his face and jiggling it. “Don’t moan like a little pussy, OK? This is what you wanted and don’t you forget it. Besides, it’s too fucking late now.”

Timothy feels a disconnect from his wife, some plane of understanding now erased. There is a stranger in her body, someone he didn’t know existed. The sound of her voice, the insults, that maddening laugh...

The doorbell rings downstairs. Timothy’s stomach drops.

“I’ll just go and see who that is,” Cassie winks.

Timothy watches his scantily clad wife slink through the door and listens for the sound of her feet on the stairs. He can hear his heartbeat in his ears and can feel sweat running down his body. Sometimes his vision grows blurry, his nose gets runny.

This is it, he tells himself. This is what we’ve been waiting for...right? Right?

Voices from downstairs. Low and deep...more than one.

What the fuck? Drool spills out the sides of his gag. He closes his eyes and fights the panic, listening closely to the voices...Cassie...Malcom...

There's three people down there...not just Malcom and Cassie...

“Uhhhh,” Timothy moans into the ball gag.

Steps on the stairs, heavier and louder than his wife's. Their chatter becomes more distinct, clearer...

“Right this way gentlemen,” Cassie out in the hall. “I think you'll find what you're looking for in here...”

“Wait outside for a moment, will you princess? I want to have a little chat with your husband before we get started.”

“Of course, baby. Anything you want.”

“You wait with her, Maurice,” Malcom says. “Bring her in when I signal to you.”

“You got it, boss,” says the third voice.

Timothy's head pounds and his stomach is sick. A rainstorm of questions and doubts fill him and all he wants it to call the whole thing off, to be let out of the chains and to scream at the top of his lungs. He moans into the gag instead.

Malcom walks into the bedroom ducking at the doorway. He grins the moment he spies Timothy chained to the chair.

“Little Timmy,” Malcom crosses the room and stands towering over the seated husband. “We meet at last. Cassie tells me you've longed for the occasion. I wonder if you have that same excitement at this very moment?”

Timothy begs through the ball, shaking his head fervently back and forth.

“I'm not surprised. The fantasy is often different from the real thing.” Malcom squats so that he is eye to eye with Timothy. The top of Malcom's head is

smooth and shaven, his jawline and eye sockets well-defined, his eyes dark and enigmatic. Timothy is so taken aback by the man's gaze that his moans of protests whither to silence. "I'm sure you've got some questions for me right about now, I'm sure you're feeling a little confused. For starters, who is that man out in the hallway with your wife? I'm guessing that question is first and foremost in your brain. Am I right?"

Timothy nods feebly.

"The man out in the hallway is Maurice. A good friend of mine, a brother of the BNWO. As am I. And that man Maurice out in the hallway, because well, he my friend is going to fuck the living shit out of your wife tonight. With me. Comprende?"

"MMMMMMM..." Timothy's eyes are crazed, angry flashes of lightning.

"You see Timothy, we aren't here tonight just to fuck your wife. What we are really here for is a much higher cause. A higher purpose. And it is a purpose you are going to learn a lot about, and hopefully by the end of it you will understand everything in its complete form. But suffice it to say, tonight you will begin paying your reparations to the black race. To the superior race. Your days as a selfish, ignorant white man are over. Tomorrow you will rise a servant of the Black New World Order...and this, my dear Timothy, is what your purpose in life truly is. And I will be the one to help you realize it."

Timothy squirms in his bindings but it's no use. He can't move and he can't speak. He is an ornament. Old news reports play in his mind, something about a racial extremist group called the BNWO, something about white wives and brainwashed husbands...

"Now what do you say we get this little party started? Maurice! Bring in the slut!"

A moment later the bedroom door opens and Cassie struts in, her revealing black dress already a little disheveled. Coming in behind her is a man Timothy has never seen before; exceptionally tall and broad, a short afro and a tear drop tattoo under his left eye. He wears a tight t-shirt that shows off his muscled frame.

"Timothy, this is Maurice," Malcom says, "Maurice, this is the cuck."

“Goddamn,” Maurice laughs, his voice a deep bass. “If that ain’t the most pathetic shit I’ve ever seen I don’t know what is.”

“You should see him fuck,” Cassie giggles, taking a seat at the end of the bed nearest Timothy.

“Come now, Cassie,” Malcom sighs as he stands beside her. “Don’t be so mean to your husband...after all, he will be taking on some added responsibilities after tonight.”

“That’s one way to put it,” Maurice intones, rubbing his dry palms together and standing opposite Malcom on Cassie’s right side.

Timothy pleads through the ball gag, but no one seems to hear. Three feet directly in front of him sits Cassie, her plump ass resting on the foot of the bed. To either side of her are two black men tall enough to be professional NBA players. They fidget with their belts as the sexy white wife rubs their legs.

“Are you ready, baby?” Cassie glares into her husband’s teary eyes. “Are you ready to watch them fuck me? Fill me? Make me cum like you never could...”

“You talk to damn much, girl,” Maurice pulls his half-hard cock from his pants and lets it hang long and loose towards the floor. It’s seven inches soft if its an inch at all. “Open yah fuckin’ mouth and put a black dick in it, how bout dat?”

“Holy fuck,” Cassie exhales, reaching out and taking the fat member in her hand. She closes little fingers around the mid-shaft, unable to enclose it in her tiny grip. As she begins to stroke it to life Malcom drops his pants to the floor and steps out of them, his veiny black rod already rising on its own accord. Soon Cassie has an ebony dick in each palm, stroking in time, her tits jiggling inside the tiny black dress.

“Get them fuckin’ titties out,” Maurice mumbles, yanking the front of Cassie’s dress down so her fat breasts fall out over. He pinches a nipple and Cassie gasps. Malcom grabs the other tit and squeezes hard enough for the flesh to push out between his fingers.

“Suck it, white girl,” Malcom palms the back of Cassie’s head and pushes her onto Maurice’s cock.

“Mmm, that’s it,” Maurice agrees, peeling his t-shirt from his ripped frame. Cassie jerks him inside her mouth, sucking on the tip like a lollipop. Timothy can see her little red tongue slipping in and out along the underside, lapping at it and working the member to full strength.

“That’s it white girl, suck that nigga dick,” Malcom says. “Let your husband see what he’s longed to see. A real man, a black man doing what he pleases with your whore wife. That’s it. Gobble gobble, bitch!”

“You trained this white girl well,” Maurice says, stepping out of the last of his clothes and taking over for Malcom by grabbing the back of Cassie’s head. “She suck dick like a fuckin’ pro. Let’s get a little deeper, bitch. Uh-huh, like that. Like that...”

“AWK!” Cassie gags sudden and loud, and it draws a muffled scream from the man in the chair.

“Fuck yeah, bitch. Like that. Get that fuckin’ spit up I wanna see it...”

“AWK! AWK!”

“That’s it, baby. Let me fuck yah face. Let me fuck yah pretty face...you see this white boy? Got my dick down yah wife’s throat. You like that? You fuckin’ like that?”

Timothy does not like it.

“AWK! AWK!” Cassie holds her throat open for the black cock assaulting it. The ebony piece glistens with her spit as he plunges it deep inside over and over. She is still jerking Malcom as he plays with her fat tits, but the battering of her face is requiring most of her attention.

“Nice fuckin’ tits,” Malcom tells her, slapping them and twisting the nipple. His dick is rock-hard in her hand, his balls flailing wildly as she does her best to jerk him. “Look what I’m doing to your wife’s tits, white boy. They’re my own fuckin’ punching bags.” Malcom slaps them red and Cassie manages to moan in pain in between the gags that choke her. Timothy watches helpless as the two men ravage his wife.

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“Goddamn girl,” Maurice moans, taking hold of his cock by the base and sliding it out of Cassie’s throat. He rubs the tip against her wet, pouty lips.

“Oh fuck,” Cassie gasps. “Oh fuck it’s so good...I fucking love black dick in my throat...”

“Tell your husband,” Maurice turns her face towards Timothy, “look at that bitch ass white boy and tell him...”

“I fucking love black dick, baby,” she whines. “It’s so much better than yours. You could never gag me with your little dick...but Maurice can. Want to see?”

Timothy tries to scream NO through the gag but all that comes out is the same sound as before. Maurice gets it back in Cassie, this time pushing it against the inside of her cheek, holding it there and shaking it. A wet, messy sound comes from her mouth as he jabs it back and forth.

“Imma’ let you go first tonight, brotha’,” Malcom informs Maurice, “I’ve dicked this white girl’s pussy down too many times to count. Have at it my nigga.”

“You a real one for this shit,” Maurice says, gagging Cassie a few more times before pulling out of her throat.

Strands of drool hang from her chin as they lift Cassie off her knees and begin to tear at her clothing. It comes away in shreds of garment, revealing the entirety of Cassie’s pale, luscious body. As she stands there between the two men, they fondle every inch of her; grabbing at her double-d tits, smacking her ass, rubbing the audible wetness between her juicy pussy lips. The sight of it is almost surreal to Timothy, who has given up on his protests for the time being.

“Bend this bitch over the bed so her man can see,” Malcom tells Maurice.

They position Cassie on her hands and knees across the foot of the bed. Maurice moves behind her and squats low, pushing his long red tongue against her sex. Cassie lets out a high, shaking moan but is soon silenced when Malcom steps in front of and jams his dick into her wailing mouth.

“Look at your bitch, white man,” Malcom says, clenching tufts of blonde hair between his fists and deep-dicking Cassie’s gullet. “Your wife has been a loyal servant of the Black New World Order for months, Timothy. I’m sure this comes

as news to you as you are an absolute fucking idiot. I indoctrinated her long before you got your first picture of her with my dick in her mouth...and as of a week ago your whore wife swore her fealty to me and the rest of the BNWO. And she promised to do all she could to help convert you to the cause..."

CRACK! Maurice's red handprint forms on Cassie's left ass cheek and the girl whimpers into the dick in her mouth. He stands up and lolls his cockhead between her dripping pink lips, finding and teasing her hole.

"You see, white man, this isn't just for the good of the black race. It is good for you as well. Through your Conversion Therapy you will grow to understand your place in this world, and ours as well. You will learn that your true purpose is at the foot of your black masters, and that your women are ours to do with as we please..."

"AWK! AWK!" Cassie gags in time with Malcom's vicious throat thrusts.

"Every fuck, every blowjob, every load of hot nut on her face...she asked for all these things, Timothy. Do you understand what I'm telling you? Perhaps not, I noticed Fox News on in your living room when I arrived. Let me break this down for you..."

"AWK! AWK! AWK!"

"Oh this is fuckin' wet," Maurice exclaims, working his cock past Cassie's slit.

"The news will tell you that we brainwash and manipulate," Malcom continues, never slowing his pumps. "Yet they will not tell you the truth...the truth that every white woman we have conquered has begged for black dick like they would starve without it...and the men, well, the white men we convert can be stubborn but every single one of them comes around eventually...we hold no prisoners, and everyone is free to go as they please..."

"Except yo' dumbass," Maurice adds, slipping the first few inches into Cassie's cunt. "Yo weak ass ain't goin' nowhere."

"MMMMM," Cassie moans into a mouthful of cock as Maurice goes deep.

Timothy can hear Malcom speaking but much of it is hard to discern. The image of his wife being tag-teamed by two giant black men encompasses all of his

attention, and though he longs to look away from the fat dicks plowing both ends, he cannot. The white worm in his cage begins to squirm.

“Every deed, every property, every white suburban home that we now own was given to us by willing white families. Do you see the beauty of it, Timothy? The federal government can do nothing to stop us as we have done nothing illegal. The beauty of our masterplan is that you, the white man, will willingly hand over to us all that you hold dear...your daughters, your mothers...your whore wife...”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

CRACK!

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

CRACK!

Maurice holds Cassie by the hips, his thrusts pick up speed, his cock goes deeper. His leathery ballsack swings like a pendulum as he digs her out, the sound of her creamed cunt like horror music to Timothy’s ears. As he rails relentlessly, Malcom takes Cassie by the throat and chokes her, turning her face to the side to look at Timothy.

“You see your wife, cuck boy?” Malcom asks, sweat on his brow. “Look at her fucking face. She loves it. She’s never looked like this when you fuck her. And I think you know why...you’re too fucking small, and you’re too fucking white. Now watch and learn bitch boy!”

Timothy watches as they reposition his wife like a rag doll. They lay her down on her back so that her head hangs off the foot of the bed. Cassie’s long blonde curls fall in a mess about her face, streaks of black mascara run from eye to chin. Maurice gets on the bed and spreads her legs, inserting deep and continuing the same frantic-fuck pace. Malcom stands over Cassie’s dangling head, ass pointed at Timothy, and he cups the back of Cassie’s neck and lifts. She begins to suck Malcom’s massive dick upside down, all while getting plowed on the bed by Maurice.

“Can you see your husband?” Malcom asks from above, squatting and railing her throat.

Timothy gazes down at his wife, her eyes only just visible below Malcom's body. He can see the black dick going in and out of her throat, he can see the way the man's hairy ballsack pushes against her nose with every deep thrust. Cassie stares back, relishing the moment.

"We treat your wife like a whore and in turn she pays her reparations," Malcom grunts. "You watch us treat your wife like a whore, and in turn you start to pay your reparations...but your debt is a large one I'm afraid, Timothy. And just watching isn't enough to pay all of it."

Maurice and Malcom dap each other up over the writing white body below them. Malcom takes hold of Cassie's nipples in his hands and twists them as he rails her mouth in that awkward position. She screams and moans into his cock, but Malcom doesn't let go. He pulls her nipples high towards the sky, shaking her fat mammaries all about as he defiles her.

Maurice can feel Cassie's cunt convulsing against his cock, can almost hear the words she tries to form with Malcom so deep in her gullet.

"UGGHHH!" she cries.

"Yo' bitch is cumming on my dick," Maurice informs Timothy. "Look at her. Look at her fuckin' lovin' it white man..."

Malcom reaches across her splayed body and finds Cassie's clit, rubbing it frantically as her orgasm peaks. His cock pops out of her mouth, and she is able to breathe, though the intensity of it all prevents her from catching air.

"OOOOHHH FUUUUCK!" Cassie loses herself with the two black men on top of her.

Timothy looks at his feet, a failure.

Malcom turns around to face Timothy, his back to the couple fucking on the bed. He stares at Timothy and without a word squats at the knees, bringing his whole ass down to Cassie's dangling face.

"Lick it bitch," he commands.

Cassie's face is soon swallowed up by Malcom's muscular asscheeks.

“I can feel your wife’s tongue on my asshole, Timothy. How does that make you feel?”

Timothy gives a wimpy groan in response.

“She’s a hungry little whore, huh? She loves the taste of black asshole. Know how I know? Her little tongue is going a mile a fuckin’ minute that’s how!” Malcom strokes his humongous cock as the white girl eats his ass, his fat ballsack resting on her forehead.

Behind Malcom, Maurice’s thick black dick is ringed with thick pussy cream. He continues to slide deep, in and out, relishing every second of the married woman’s spread cunt. They keep her there for a while, fucking and defiling, pushing Cassie to her most extreme limits.

“I don’t think this little cuck fully understands what is happening here,” Malcom announces, standing up and removing his ass from Cassie’s face. “I think perhaps it is time he gets a little more acquainted with the process.”

Malcom lifts his size fourteen foot up in the air and places it directly against Timothy’s naked chest. He shoves forward and the chair holding the cuckold falls backward – smacking hard into the floor.

“OOF!” Timothy manages through the gag, the wind nearly knocked out of him. He sucks air fast and hard through his nose, staring at the ceiling.

A moment later Cassie is crawling over Timothy on all fours, his head just below her gaped, dripping cunt. He can see the pink folds of her lips, the cute bush of pubic hair just above her clit. It’s all there in perfect detail mere inches from his face. Then he sees Malcom’s veiny, terrifying cock come into view, pushing past the beautiful folds of his wife’s sex, sinking inside her.

“Can you see it better now, white boy?” Malcom calls from above.

Timothy’s eyes go wide. He can hear it clear as day, he can smell the sex and cum. Cassie’s pussy seems to welcome Malcom’s mass in such a warm way, inviting and pleading all at once. Malcom’s drooping nuts drag back and forth across Timothy’s forehead, sometimes bobbling into the sockets of his eyes. Timothy manages to turn his head a few inches towards the front of Cassie’s body, and just past her hanging tits he can Maurice settling down in front of her,

getting ready to be serviced by her tired mouth.

They tag team Cassie with her husband bound below, his exposed face catching every miscellaneous drop of cunt juice and pre-cum that falls out of his wife's pussy.

"Fucking your wife never gets old, Timmy," Malcom grunts from above. "My God the amount of times I've been inside her by now and you would think I'd be ready to pass her off to the homies..."

"I'm glad you fuckin' did," Maurice adds, sitting on his ass on the hardwood floor beside Timothy, feeding the girl his jutting cock. "How that pussy taste, bitch? You like suckin' it off my big black cock?"

"Mmhmmm," Cassie moans, lapping it up.

"Suck these nigga nuts then, bitch," Maurice commands, haphazardly shoving her face down into his sweating, hairy ballsack. "Eat it up!"

"There's one last surprise for you tonight, Timothy," Malcom grunts. "Did you know your wife is off birth control? That she has been for a month now?"

Timothy goes silent, what little color he has left draining from his face.

"I guess not," Malcom laughs. "She got off of it the second I told her to. Right around the time she stopped fucking you. Surely you've noticed the lack of sex you've been getting..."

"Oh fuck, Malcom!" Cassie screams, her face no longer buried in Maurice's sack. Maurice holds her by the neck, keeping her face upward, rubbing her mouth with the ball of his thumb. "Fill me baby!"

"The reason I told your bitch to get off birth control is very simple...I want her pregnant," Malcom picks up the intensity with which he fucks Cassie, the entirety of his cock disappearing inside her on every stroke. "But not by you white boy...though you will be the one to raise the child...after Maurice and I drop a fat fucking load inside of her of course."

Timothy screams into the gag but it is too late. The hanging hairy sack that has been rustling across his forehead now hangs still on his nose as Malcom holds

himself deep within Cassie's cunt.

"UGH!" Malcom grunts.

Timothy watches the great black ballsack convulse and lift off his nose, then slowly drop back down again.

"UGH!"

Another convulsion of the nuts, rising from Timothy's face and falling back down. Again and again Malcom's sack rises and falls in time with the hot spurts of semen he injects deep inside Cassie.

"I'M FILLING YOUR BITCH WHITE MAN!" Malcom screams releasing it all, draining his balls.

"OH MALCOM!" Cassie chokes out through Maurice's strangling grip. "FUCK! FILL ME! OH! OH! OH! FUCK!"

"UGH!" Malcom grunts.

Timothy watches as cum drips out of her cunt, falling in thick plopping wads down onto his own face. Some of it lands on the ball gag and slides down onto his lips. He tries to shake his head but it's no use, he's trapped.

"TAKE IT ALL BITCH! UGH!"

"OH MALCOM! FUCK! FUCK!"

"UGH!"

When Malcom slides his dick out of Cassie his cock drops heavy and slaps Timothy across the face. Then a mudslide of excess nuts appears against Cassie's pink hole, falling forward and dripping out, down onto Timothy's waiting face. Wads of white nut stick to his eyebrows and get caught in his hair.

The two men lift Cassie from the ground and toss her on the bed like a used condom. They pick Timothy's chair up and scoot the humiliated husband to the side of the bed where Cassie smiles in his face.

“You look like a fucking idiot,” she heckles him, guffawing at the leftover nut spread across his pained face. “I bet you like it don’t you, fagget? I bet you love that black nut all over your face...I know I would.”

Maurice climbs back onto the bed and gets between Cassie’s legs. This time when he enters her, he lays down, obliterating any sight of the lithe white girl below his massive frame. He power-fucks her missionary, her creamed cunt squelching and sucking as he bangs her out.

“OH MAURICE OH FUCK FUCK FUCK –“ Cassie babbles.

“Time for the grand finale, little cuck,” Malcom announces, wrapping his arm around Timothy’s neck and placing him in a tight headlock. He applies just enough pressure to disrupt Timothy’s breathing, to send him into a panic, to put him on the verge of passing out. “No looking away. Watch the whole fucking thing. Watch this hard ass nigga drop a load inside your wife...watch him breed her!”

Maurice grunts like a beast in the night, like some horrific thing waiting in the dark to attack its prey. Cassie screams beneath, another orgasm washing over her trembling body. Fat black balls smack against the crack of her ass with each thrust, her white legs splayed out to the sides and shaking.

“Like it, bitch boy?” Malcom whispers viciously in his ears. “This is what you wanted right? You wanted to fucking see it? I hope you fucking like it...”

“UFF!” Maurice grunts. “UFF!”

“ohhhh,” Cassie whimpers below.

“UFF! UFF!” It is low and guttural.

“Here it comes, fagget,” Malcom tightens the headlock on Timothy. “Time to breed your bitch...”

Maurice slams deep and holds it there. Long, rasping groans bark out as he unloads inside Cassie’s used cunt. His balls press tight against her asscrack, releasing every last drop.

“Oh my God,” Cassie cries. “Oh my fucking God...”

The last thing Timothy sees before passing out is Maurice's greased, fat black cock hanging between his legs, and a river of pure white semen running out of his wife's gaped pussy.

4.

A grocery bag filled with candy bars and donuts rips open at the bottom and sweet treats spill out all over the ground. Anxious and irritated, Timothy kneels to collect the Snickers and Milky Ways and Debbie Cakes from the dirt.

“Don’t scream when you walk in,” he tells himself, heading for the front door of his house. “Whatever it is, whatever they are doing...keep it together, man.”

The living room is empty when he enters. He sighs relief. Perhaps they’ve already left.

“That’s it, girl, suck it...” a faint, masculine voice from the kitchen.

“Goddamnit,” Timothy mumbles. Turning the corner from the hallway into the kitchen is like choosing to walk outside into a tornado, but Timothy does it anyway. When he lays eyes on what is taking place in front of his refrigerator, he nearly drops the groceries.

Cassie squats low, her milky breasts enlarged and trickling steadily like a dripping tap. White milk runs over her massive belly in thin streams. The perfect round oval of her pregnant stomach is almost enough to detract attention from the two black men standing over her.

“Just in time to make dinner,” Malcom says, feeding Cassie his fat black cock. “Your wife is very hungry, eating for two and all. And I’m afraid that even African cock isn’t enough to keep her satiated.”

“Hand me one of them candy bars, white boy” says the other black man, tall and tatted and a complete stranger to Timothy. His voice is raspy and rough, and he doesn’t bother to look at the husband of the woman he is currently defiling. He snatches Cassie by the hair and rips her mouth from Malcom’s glistening cock, replacing it with his own.

Timothy reaches into the grocery bag and hands the man the first candy bar he can find; a Snickers bar. The man takes it absently and tears the wrapping paper away, discarding it on the floor.

“We decided that with your wife so close to her due date we would give her cunt a rest,” Malcom announces matter-of-factly, helping himself to a squeeze of Cassie’s lactating titty. “So today she will suck black cock, and then you will do

your husbandly duty of getting her off with your mouth. If you can do that and make dinner, perhaps we will let you out of your cage for a few minutes to jerk off into the toilet. Is that agreeable to you, little Timmy?"

Timothy just nods, his throat dry and his eyes stinging. He watches the stranger fuck his wife's wet mouth, listens to those familiar gagging sounds as he plunders the recesses of her throat. Cassie just stares up, eight months pregnant and eyes wide, fat strands of drool hanging out of her mouth.

The stranger continues to hold the Snickers bar in his free hand, no bite taken.

"Let me get some more of that," Malcom says, tagging the man out and sliding back into Cassie's familiar face. "Mmmm, good white bitch. You get better every day."

The stranger jerks his dick at a feverish pace, bringing the head of his cock directly over the Snickers bar. He inches closer to Cassie so that her leaking breasts are the backdrop of this strange scene.

"Yo bitch hungry for a snack," he rasps. "Thought I'd give this white slut her favorite...ugh! UGH!"

Thick white strands of cum launch from his giant cock and coat the top of the candy bar. Some of the nut flies over the target and lands on Cassie's tits, some of it drips off and streaks across her bulbous belly. Soon enough the Snickers is dripping with semen, very little of the chocolate still visible.

"Looks like my brother Raspy has prepared a nice treat for you, Cassie," Malcom smiles, burying his cock in her throat and holding it there. "It's important for our child that you get as much protein as you can..."

Timothy's arms tremble as he stands frozen in position, grocery bags still cradled to his chest. He watches Malcom pull out of his wife's throat, watches Cassie cough and gasp for air. Malcom gives her a moment to collect herself before kneeling down and taking her by the throat, turning her to look at Timothy.

"Show your pathetic husband how much you love BNWO cum, baby."

"Open up, bitch," Raspy commands, bringing the cum-covered Snickers to her wet mouth.

Cassie winks at her husband and parts her lips. Raspy feeds her the treat, cum sticking to her lips and chocolate catching in her teeth. As she munches it down Malcom jerks off in her face, pressing his cockhead firmly against her cheek. His semen splashes out in a forceful explosion, coating her.

Cassie eats her treat happily, Malcom grunting and nutting all over her.

“You gonna stand there like a fucking idiot or you gonna make your pregnant wife some dinner, white boy?” Raspy yells.

Timothy snaps awake, pulling his eyes from the hideous scene.

“Make enough for leftovers, white boy,” Malcom says, squeezing out the last drop onto Cassie’s tongue as she eats the last bite of her snack. “I’m bringing whatever’s left to the brothers at the crib...who knows, might bring your wife too...”

Timothy sets water to boil, staring at the bubbles as they rise to the surface. Upstairs he hears the shower turn on, Cassie cleaning up no doubt. In the living room the television turns on and Malcom and Raspy take up conversation as if they didn’t just feed a cum-covered candy bar to a pregnant woman.

Timothy feels a sudden rush of excitement at the thought of being let out of his cage and resolves to make the Black New World Order the best damn dinner he can.

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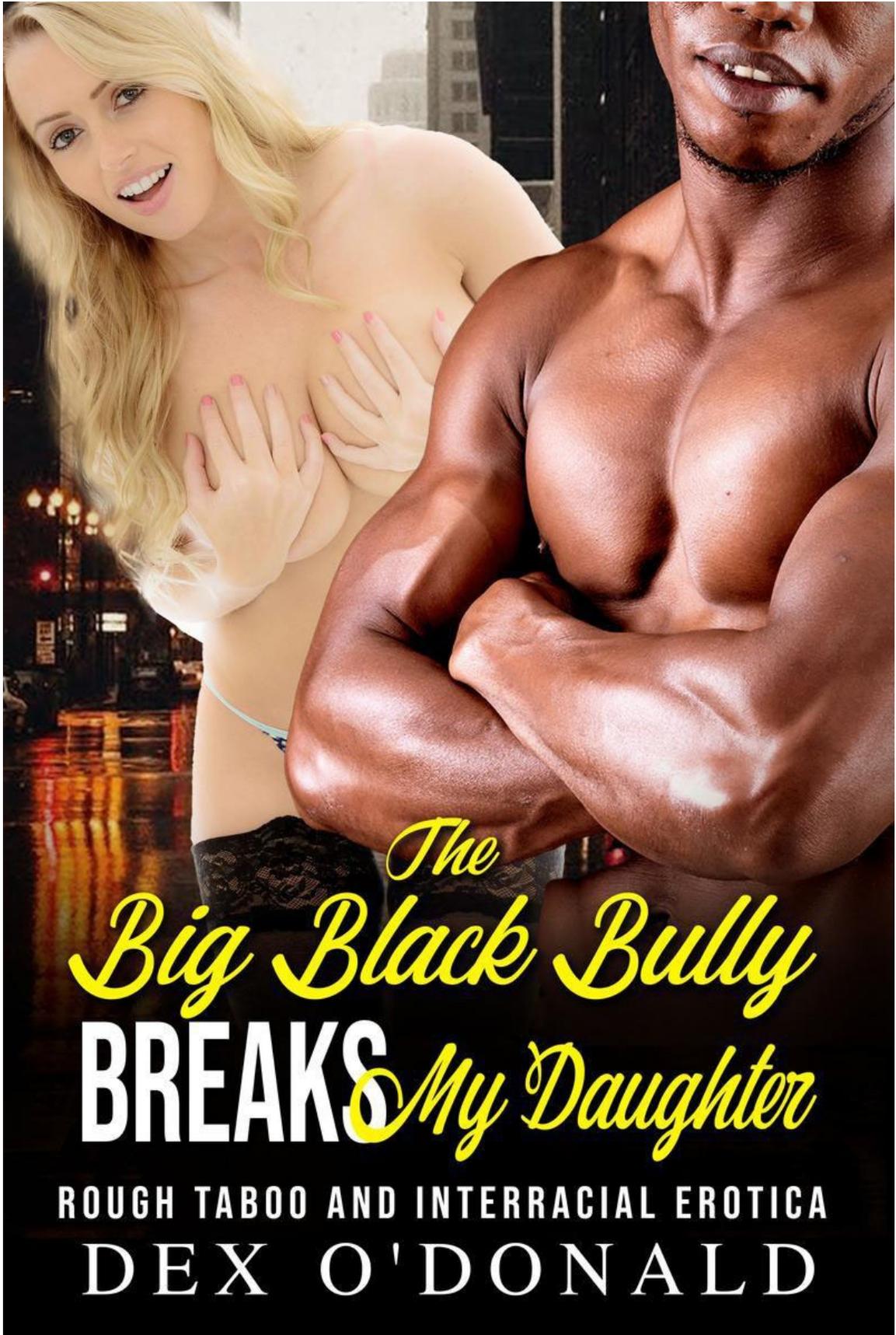
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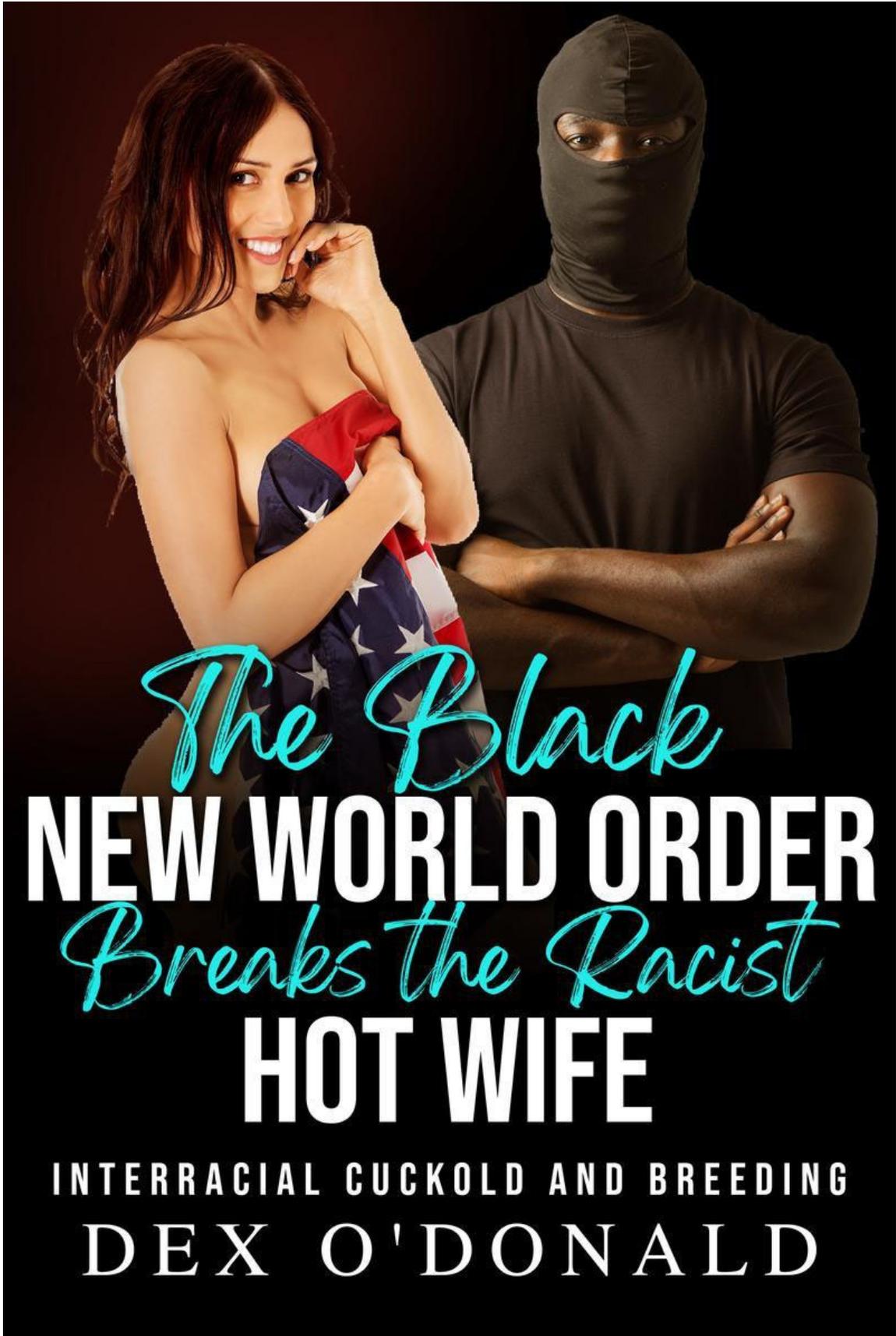
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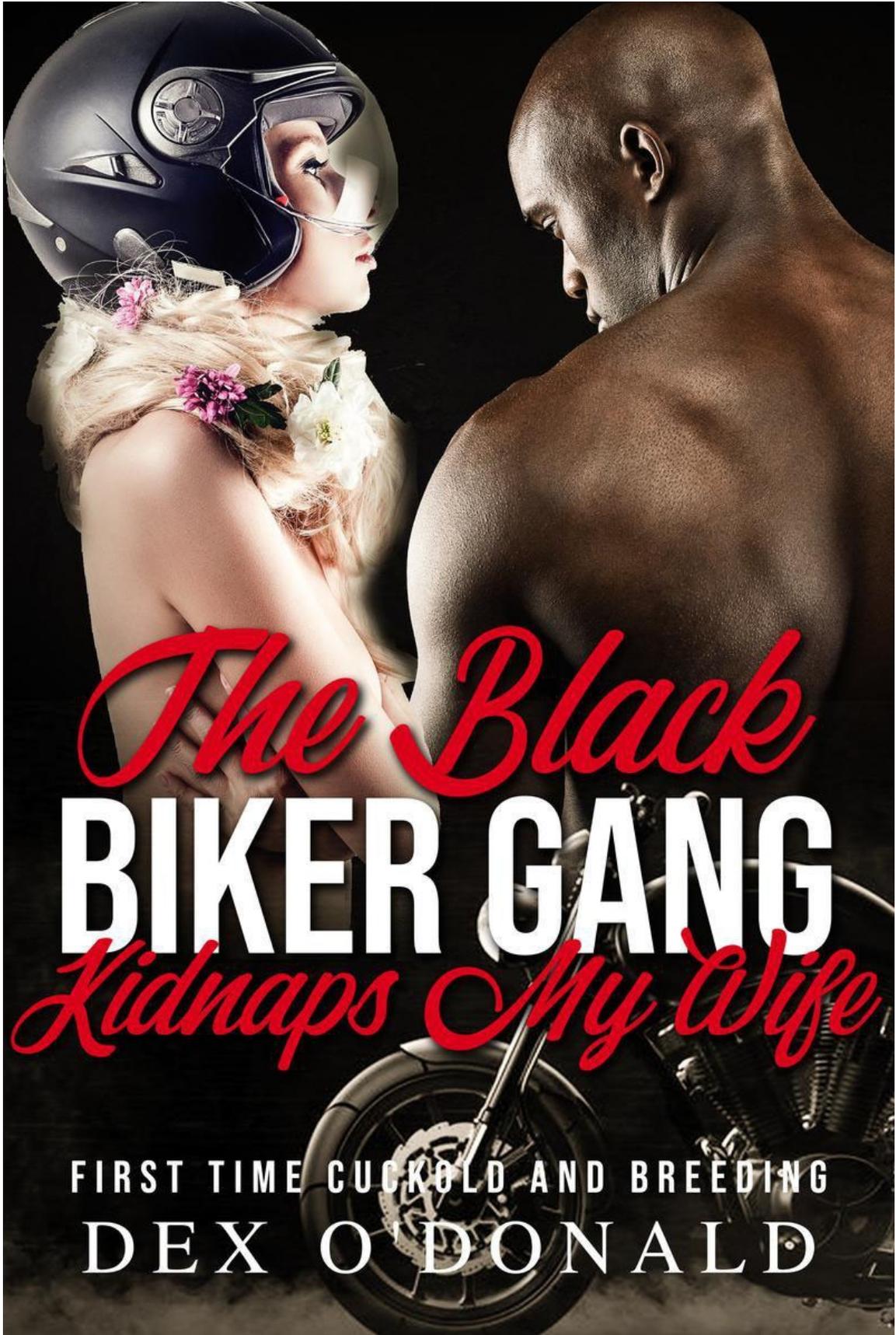
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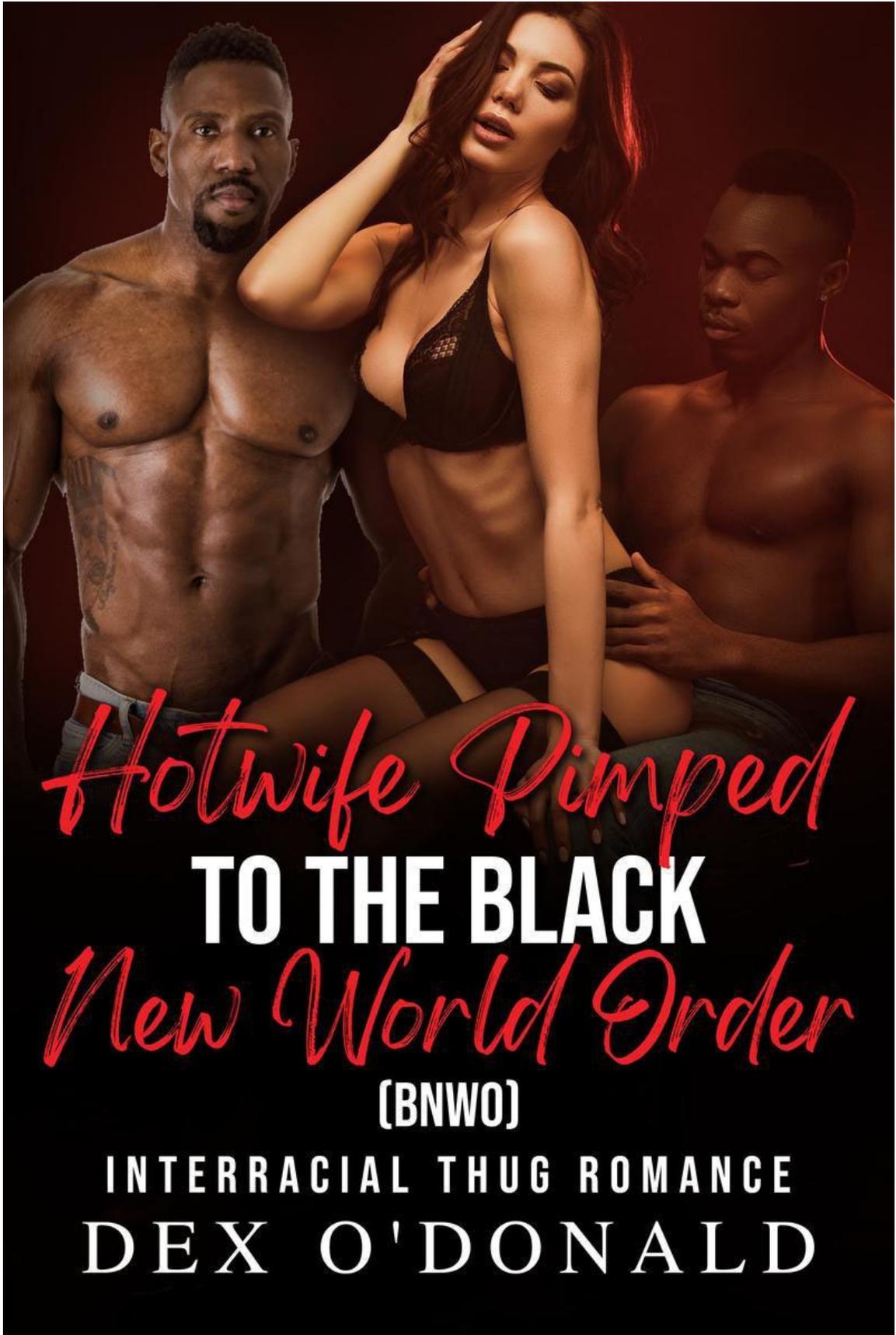
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