



The Black
NEW WORLD ORDER
Break Your Wife's Backdoor

ROUGH FIRST TIME AND INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Black New World Break Your Wife's Backdoor: Rough First Time and
Interracial Cuckold**

(BNWO Ep. 9)

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“Come in,” Malcom’s deep voice comes from the other side of the door like a death knell in Peter’s mind.

“This is it,” Peter whispers to Eva, squeezing her hand tight. He grips the door handle that leads into Malcom’s office and freezes, unsure if he can go through with what waits for him and his wife on the other side.

“It’s fine, Peter,” Eva reassures her husband. “We’ve been over and over this...if you would just give in things would be so much easier.” Eva places her hand on top of Peter’s and helps him to turn the handle. The massive oak door swings inward.

“Ah. Eva and Peter. Come in. Your appointment is long overdue.” Malcom stands from behind a wide-topped desk wearing a dashing grey suit that shows off his muscled, ebony figure. Massive windows line the back wall of his office, where the borough of Manhattan stands brilliant in the mid-afternoon sun.

Peter lags behind Eva as they enter the office, his anxiety already palpable.

“Have a seat,” Malcom motions to two chairs as he sits along the corner of the desktop. The married couple sit down and look up at him like two kids in trouble at the principal’s office.

“It’s good to see you, Master,” Eva clears her throat, knowing full well that she isn’t to take her dazzling blue eyes off of Malcom when speaking to him. “Thank you for making time for us today.”

A brief silence passes, and Eva jabs her elbow into Peter’s side.

“Yes,” Peter starts, “thank you...for having us...”

Malcom smiles wide and white-toothed. He looks down the front of Eva’s flowery blue dress, low-cut and revealing of her supple white tits. Her skin is pale and untarnished, just the way Malcom likes it. Her hair runs in messy golden locks to her shoulders.

A nervous, caustic silence fills the luxurious office. There is Peter, nervous to the point of sweat staining his shirt at the armpits. There is Eva, also nervous but increasingly keen on the whole thing...and then there is Malcom, who knows

precisely how this meeting is going to play out.

“You two have made much progress since your initial introduction,” Malcom begins, his black, masculine voice so powerful and calm. “It’s been six months since you two swore your fealty to the Black New World Order, and in that time your Conversion Therapy Sessions have been...abundant and productive.”

Peter’s mouth goes dry remembering some of those CT Sessions...remembering all the things those men of the BNWO did his wife.

“We’ve seen much progress in both of you, and for that we are encouraged, to say the least.” Malcom reaches out and takes a strand of Eva’s blonde hair between his fingers, twirling it around as he speaks. “And for all that you have given, there is still more that we ask. For we of the Black New World Order believe that a white person’s debt can never truly be paid until they have given everything. Do you understand what I’m saying? Do you understand why you are here today?”