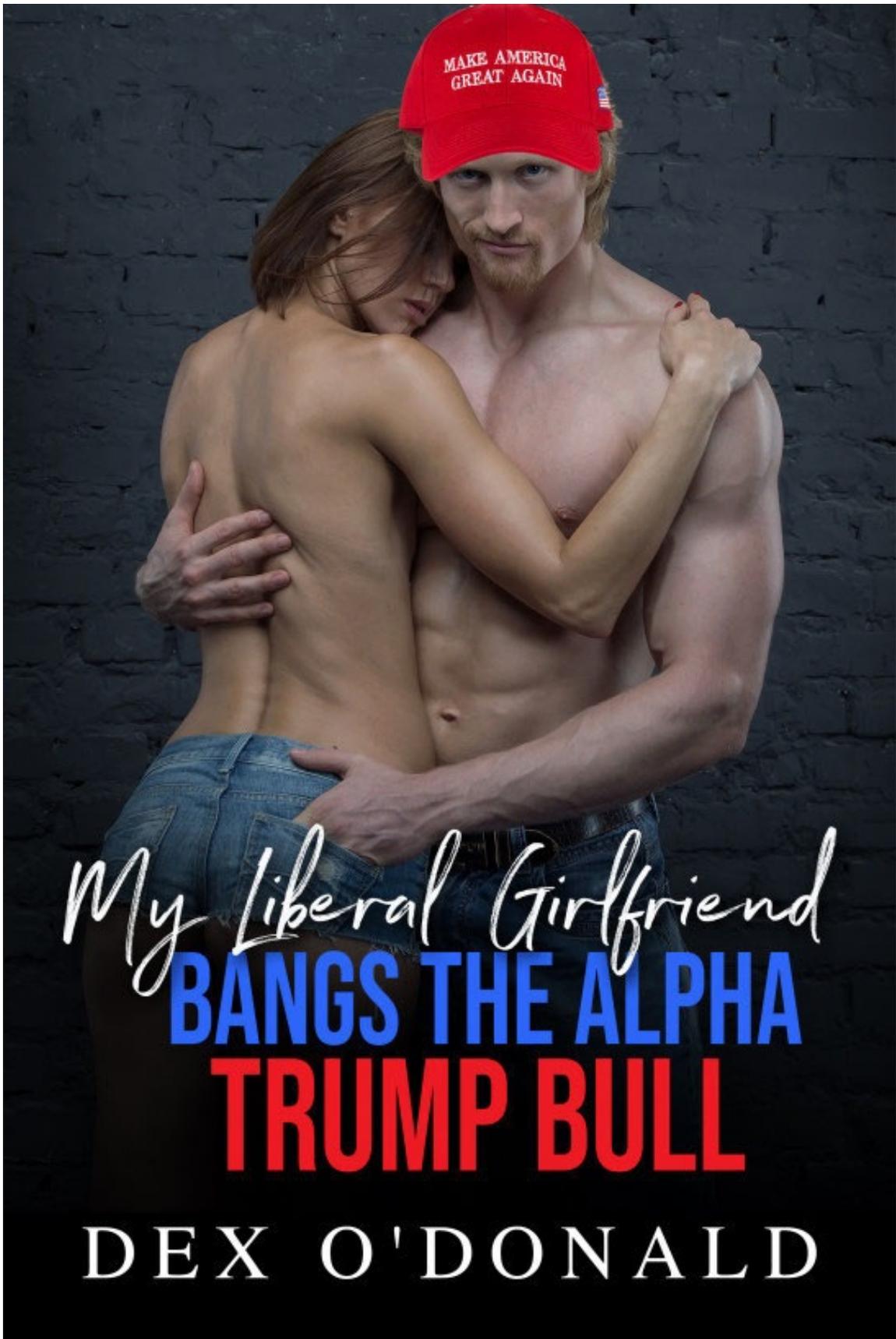


My Liberal Girlfriend
BANGS THE ALPHA
TRUMP BULL

DEX O'DONALD



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BANGS THE ALPHA
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My Liberal Girlfriend Bangs the Alpha Trump Bull (Bully Betrayal Ep. 13)

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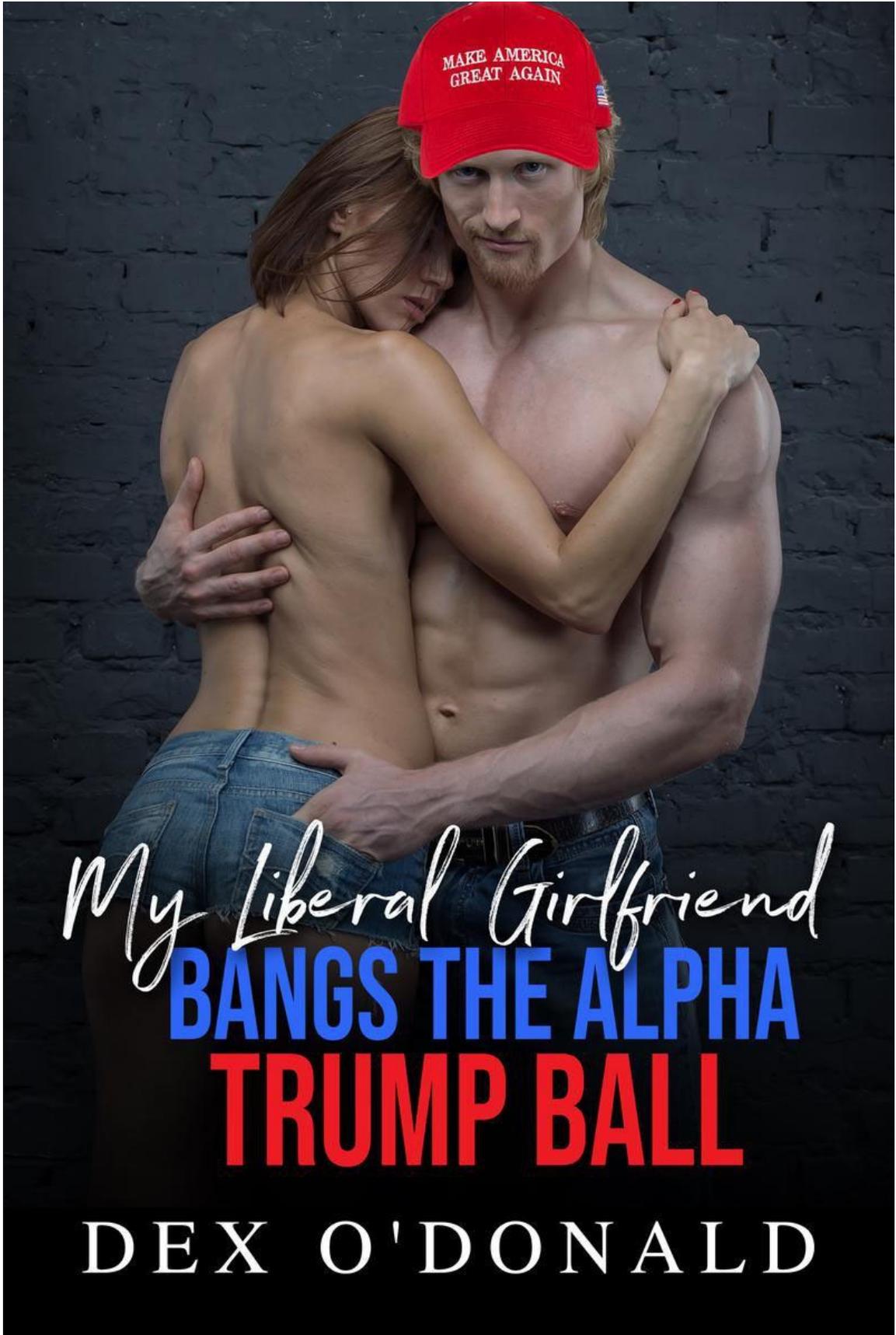
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My Liberal Girlfriend
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“Can we count on your vote for Joe Biden?” Katie’s voice was mirthful and friendly, a song on agreeable ears.

“You sure can young lady!” said the homeowner leaning out of his front door, taking a political pamphlet.

“Take two!” said Tanner, his large white teeth all in a row. “One for you, one for that stubborn conservative uncle who is on the fence!” The three of them laughed together at that, and after ensuring another democrat vote, Katie and Tanner moved onto the next suburban front door. And the one after that. And the one after that.

By mid-afternoon Katie and Tanner were getting further outside of the city’s main suburbs. The area they were assigned to canvas ran from the southeast side of Jacksonville down into the rural areas of the county, out in the woods. The people in the boonies were, as anticipated, not so receptive to the young couple’s political advocacy.

“Well, aren’t you a pretty little thing,” a leering local man said, slack-jawed. “But not much for brains, are you?” He laughed, his yellow teeth behind cracked lips. “Why in the hell would I vote for a damn liberal like Joe Biden?”

“Well sir,” Katie jumped in, ignoring the untoward remarks, “Joe Biden has a healthcare plan, an education plan, he’s- “

“Oh save it,” the man rolled his eyes, “you one of those beta liberals too, boy?” He was looking at Tanner now, his eyes piecing the young boyfriend and

girlfriend together. “You just gonna let your woman walk around saying this crazy shit about feminists and queers? Dress like that?”

“We don’t use that sort of language, sir,” Tanner stumbled.

“What sort of language? Feminists?” the local man replied.

At another home, one of the rural residents seemed almost afraid of the young woman with the purple in her hair. “I ain’t coming outside,” the woman said through the crack of her door. “A group of that damn antifa been burning rebel flags. How do I know you ain’t antifa?”

“I assure you we had nothing to do with those burnings,” Tanner said as sweet as he could. “And we are not antifa. Look! No mask!”

The woman closed the door in their face and Katie and Tanner moved on.

“If I have to see one more of these inbred rednecks look you up and down,” Tanner huffed, “I’m going to freaking kill somebody.”

“Just relax, honey,” Alicia rubbed his thin arm as they walked into the next yard, “we’ve only got a few more houses and then we’re done. Done until next year!”

“You shouldn’t have worn that skirt today,” he ignored her silver lining, “or that

top. These hicks out here have no respect for you or me.”

“Excuse me, Tanner?” Katie’s voice changed on a dime, gone was the jovial tune. Her eyes narrowed and she stopped walking. She stuck a finger in his bony chest and exploded, “don’t you ever fucking dare to tell me how to dress. Do you understand me? You have no right to tell me a goddamn thing so check your male privilege, little boy. Or I will dump your ass so goddamn fast it will make your little white boy head spin. Do you understand me?”

Tanner agreed meekly, cowering from the red rising in his girlfriend’s cheeks. Her small but perky cleavage was dotted with sweat, the shirt she wore mostly see-through, especially at the breasts which revealed a blue bra beneath. The skirt was denim, and it rode just a breath past the bottom of her plump ass cheeks. Stitched on the left back-pocket was the insignia for Black Lives Matter.

It was hot under the Florida sun when Katie and Tanner walked the long dirt driveway to a house tucked back behind the trees. A Confederate flag hung limp in the still air, held to a makeshift flagpole of wood and nails. The summer was noisy with insects and bird call, and as they approached the front porch a chorus of dogs erupted from somewhere behind the home.

“Maybe we should leave,” Tanner said, reaching for Katie’s arm.

“We have to see if someone is home first,” Katie walked ahead, “every vote counts, Tanner. You should know that by now.”

Tanner followed his girlfriend up to the screened-in porch.

“Hello?” Katie’s sweet song resumed, “is anyone home?”

The dogs barked back, then a voice from inside came sudden and aggressive -
“Shut the hell up! Shut the hell up!”

Tanner flinched at the sound of the man shouting. Katie stood steadfast at the screen door, determined and unmoving, pamphlet in hand with that disarming smile plastered across her face.

“Who the hell is it!” came the voice again, angry and masculine. The front door to the house swung open and out stomped the owner, approaching the screen door with an outstretched arm before flinging it wide to face the disturbers of the peace.

“Who the hell are you?” the man asked.

He stood 6’6 if he was an inch, and his shaved bulbous head glistened with the Florida humidity. His chest breached the white t-shirt he wore, like a barrel breaking the surface of water. His arms were a muscled sea of colors and lines, too many tats to count. His eyes burned fierce warning, even as they searched the young girl’s body in front of him.

“Hello sir, we are with the Jacksonville chapter of Democrats,” Katie sharpened her gorgeous smile, “we wanted to know if we could count on your vote for Joe Biden on November 6th this year?”

The man stayed silent, a small smirk cracking his hard features.

“We, um,” Tanner’s voice broke, his arm extending with a pamphlet in hand, “we have some information here if you’d like some...more, um...information.”

The hard man’s eyes flashed at the boy for a moment before returning to the blue haired liberal girl.

“We’d be happy to talk with you as well, if you have any questions about Joe Biden’s policy and campaign.” Katie gave it all her perk, standing straight with eyes forward.

“Well now,” the hard man spoke at last, the southern twang of his voice like sugar in tea, “how and the hell did two libtards like you find yourself at the door of a god-fearing, country-loving patriot, such as myself?”

Though Katie and Tanner expected this sort of ideology out in the boonies, they were none the less surprised by its bluntness.

“We’re canvassing for the Democratic party,” Katie said through clenched teeth, trying her darndest to ignore the insult. “And we’ve come a long way to talk with you. So, if you have a few minutes, we’d be happy to- “

“We can also come back at a better time,” Tanner interrupted, “you seem busy.”

“Don’t interrupt- “

“-her”

Katie and the hard man froze awkwardly, speaking at the same time and saying the same thing.

“Don’t interrupt me,” Katie shook off the cringe, “I was speaking.”

“Yeah, beta boy,” the hard man warned, “let your libtard girlfriend finish what she was saying.”

“There’s really no need to speak like that,” Tanner mustered, trying to meet the gaze baring down on him, “no need to be so insulting.”

“Do you need a safe space, liberal?” the hard man chided, “too fuckin’ bad. You’re on my goddamn property. Get the hell off if you don’t like it.”

“Let’s go,” Tanner said, eyes welling with tears, “he’s told us to leave so we’re leaving. This is pointless.”

“I didn’t say you had to leave, girl” the man chuckled, leaning in the doorway of

the porch, and making no attempt to hide the direction of his stare. “I’d be happy to sit down and chat with you about anything you’d like.”

“If you give me fifteen minutes and an open mind, I think you’ll love what I have to say about our presidential candidate,” Katie bit her lip and stood on tippy toes, swaying slightly forward. “But you need to be nicer,” she finished, “we’re not here to insult you.”

Tanner’s posture slouched, defeated.

“Well come on in then, kids. I’ll show you around the place and you can show me...whatever it is liberals show people.”

The democrats followed him inside.

Cool air blasted the couple as they followed the man into his house. The sweat on their bodies chilled and Katie shivered as she passed into a kitchen.

“My name’s Trevor by the way,” he called over his shoulder, “I can read so I’m assuming from your name tags you’re Tanner and Katie.”

“You’ve got a good eye,” Katie flattered him.

“That ain’t all I got that’s good honey,” he grumbled.

Tanner pulled up the rear as the trio walked from the kitchen into a homely living room, furnished with leather couches and a love seat. On the walls were assorted Confederate flags and buck skulls. A shotgun hung above the mantle.

“We can talk out back unless it’s too hot out for you soft liberals,” Trevor laughed, sliding open the glass door that led into the backyard. “Dogs are locked up on the side of the house so don’t piss yourself when they bark, Tanner. Tanner. What kind of fuckin’ pussy name is that by the way?”

“I’m not going to stay if you’re going to be rude, sir,” Tanner said, stepping into the backyard and standing beside his girlfriend. “As a matter of fact, I think we’ve overstayed our welcome, I think we will just be going.”

“Oh ain’t that sad?”

“No, we will not be,” Katie interjected. “I promised this man fifteen minutes of our time and we will be patient and moral and...”

“Blah blah blah,” Trevor rolled his eyes, crossing his tatted sleeves across his wide chest. His smile was goofy but charming. “More liberal nonsense.”

Tanner watched the two begin their argument, mostly made up of Katie explaining condensed versions of policy while Trevor rolled his eyes or lazily molested her body with his stare. Standing in the heat, Tanner couldn't help but notice the way Katie had inched closer to Trevor as they spoke. She tended to speak with her hands a lot, and often her fingers splayed and pointed directly at Trevor's chest. The man's bulbous bald head was streaked with sweat, and occasionally he wiped it away with the palm of his hand.

“This is MAGA country, baby,” Trevor flirted, his lips always on the move. “Don't need no damn Joe Biden muckin' up the works. Puttin' all these silly ideas in your pretty little head. Your boyfriend here, he's a cuck too?”

“So insulting, Trevor,” Katie sighed, exasperated, “I'm trying to have a reasonable discussion with you. What is it specifically you prefer about Trump to Biden?”

Trevor stood on tip-toes, his height ever more ridiculous, and craned his neck as if to look at Katie's back.

“I'd prefer to see that little skirt you got on from the other side,” he smirked.

“You’re sexualizing me, Trevor,” Katie said, dropping all pretense of good manners. “Which isn’t surprising since your president is also misogynist, not to mention racist and transphobic. If you would open up and give new ideas a chance, you might see that you’ve been influenced by the media and raised in a white privilege society.”

“So yer’ a damn feminist to boot?” Trevor rolled his eyes and took a stroll through his backyard. It was littered with old car parts and rusted mowers. A shed hung dilapidated against a tree on the back of the property. Forest encroached on every corner. “You crazy feminists say you hate men till you need one. Shit. Whose gonna protect you little lady? Tanner? Don’t make me laugh!”

Katie glared at Tanner who stood hunched and alone in the stranger’s backyard.

“Are you going to say anything, Tanner?” she asked annoyed.

“What?” he said meekly.

“He’s insulting you and you’re just taking it...stick up for yourself already!” she pleaded.

“That liberal pussy ain’t gonna do shit, darlin’” Trevor guffawed. “Look at his puny little arms and bird chest. Why do feminists always date these guys? Is it cus’ yall are gay but not gay enough to be with a woman? I don’t rightly get it.”

“Why do men with large muscles and cocky attitudes always vote Republican?” Katie shot back.

“What you got against guys with large muscles?” Trevor flexed, showing Katie the backside of his arm and the bicep bulging there. “And if I’m cocky it’s because I got the cock, darlin’.” Trevor squeezed the bulge in his jeans and nodded at the girl. Then, almost as if daring him to do something about it, Trevor scowled into Tanner’s eyes until the boy looked away.

“Don’t you think this show of masculinity is a bit toxic?” Katie fired back at him, brushing green locks from her face. “You’re just being a bully instead of being progressive!”

“Shit girl, you on my damn property tellin’ me who to vote for and I’m the damn bully?”

“If you’re not going to vote for Biden, at least don’t vote for Trump,” she said. “He’s everything wrong with the world today. Don’t you have a mother? A girlfriend? Why vote for a man that hates them?”

Trevor laughed and reached into his back jean pocket. A flash of red appeared and then the shine of his shaved head was covered by a ballcap.

“Trump 2020, libtards,” Trevor grunted, straightening the MAGA hat on his head. “And there’s nothing you and your beta boyfriend can do about it.”

At last, Katie stood silent with Tanner. She sighed, loud and exasperated. She looked at her boyfriend who already had one foot out the door. Katie didn't know if she was more annoyed at this stranger's brashness, or her own man's weakness. And even as she debated turning and leaving, her eyes fell more than once on the front of Trevor's denim jeans.

"What's the matter, libs? Pelosi got your tongue?" Trevor's goofy grin and crooked white teeth flickered beneath the red Trump hat. He stood with the lean of an old cowboy, John Wayne returned in a body harder, vascular, crueller.

"What would it take for you to not vote for Trump?" Katie broke through his jests. "What do I have to say or show you that would make you believe Trump is a bad man? Or at least...enough that you wouldn't vote for him in November?"

"You're a feisty little lib, aren't you?" Trevor drawled. "Be careful what you offer around here girl. We don't play as nice as you safe space pansies."

"It's time to leave, Katie," Tanner found his voice. "The longer we stay the ruder he gets. Besides, he just wants to ogle you anyway. We're leaving and that's ... that's final."

Katie's eyes never left the Republican giant, and it was as though her ears were deaf to her boyfriend's voice. Trevor taunted them with his confident grin and anger raged inside of Katie, she desperately tried to hold on to control of herself, of her emotions. She knew if she let him get the better of her it would all be over. No chance of turning the tide of right-wing opinion and defeating her arch-nemesis; Donald Trump. There was something else raging inside her, too. Perhaps it was the loss of respect for Tanner, or perhaps it was the way Trevor looked at her...

“If I can’t convince you to change your mind I’ll leave,” she said, her voice quiet now under the roar of the summer insects. “But if there is anything I can tell you...anything I can do to make sure you don’t cast that vote for Donald Trump in November...you should tell me now.”

“Katie...”

“Goddamn Darlin’,” Trevor straightened the red bill of his ballcap, “there’s all sorts of things you can do. But I’ve got a better idea. How about you let me try to convince you? And if I can’t...my vote is yours.”

“Deal. But we’re not staying here all day. You’ve got 3 attempts to prove it.” Katie raised her eyebrows, indicating she would not barter on the subject further.

“Three is all I need, darlin’. And I know just where to start.”

Trevor stood in the middle of the yard, his t-shirt now a crumpled rag at his feet. His masculine frame glowed in the sun, streaks of sweat ran from under his Maga hat and down his hard cheeks. Perspiration ran in rivers from his deep armpits and down the sides of his defined abdomen.

Tanner stood across from him, frail and boyish.

“The first test is strength,” Trevor rubbed his hands together, his eyes narrowing on the skinny boy before him. “Little Tanner here is going to fight me, and we are going to see who is physically stronger. And by that, I mean more likely to protect you, Katie. The woman.”

Katie rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest.

“This is stupid,” Tanner said, raising his palms as Trevor began to advance on him. “I don’t want to fight it doesn’t prove anything!”

“It’s just a little wrestling for God’s sake, Tanner!” Katie yelled at him, her eyes on fire. “At least show him you aren’t a coward! Go on and fight him!”

“Yeah soy boy,” Trevor bared his teeth, “show your idiot liberal girlfriend you aren’t a complete pussy.”

Katie watched the conservative stranger as he advanced on her boyfriend. He was so much taller than Tanner. Wider too, and all muscle. Katie knew Tanner

didn't stand a chance, but some part of her wanted to see him at least try... another part of her needed to see what Trevor was capable of.

“Hold still bitch boy,” Trevor said, slapping Tanner’s hands to the side and grabbing hold of him by his bony shoulders. Tanner tried to squirm from his grasp, but Trevor was too strong, and as the muscled MAGA man pivoted on his feet, Tanner left the ground sudden and swift.

BOOM. Tanner was on his back in the dirt. Trevor was straddling him, and a moment later he had Tanner’s skinny arms pinned up above his head. The bully held the boy’s wrists in place with one hand and used the other to slap him in the face.

“Stop!” Tanner screamed like a girl.

“There yah go, soy boy,” Trevor smacked the boy hard across the cheek, “cry for your girlfriend. Show her what a little liberal bitch you are. That’s it.”

SMACK!

“STOP IT!” Tanner cried.

SMACK!

“OW! NO!”

Trevor leaned in and lifted his elbow high, exposing his sopping wet armpit hair. He brought it down and smothered Tanner’s face in it, choking out his cries.

“Smell my fucking stink, beta boy,” Trevor growled. “Right in front your woman. Look at her standing there with barely any fuckin’ clothes on. Look at you getting manhandled. Fuckin’ bitch boy.”

Katie watched in shocked silence. She’d seen Tanner get picked on before, but nothing like this. Her boyfriend’s skinny frame had all but disappeared under the hulk of man that was now suffocating him. She could Trevor’s sweat greasing Tanner’s face, could see Tanner’s weak body struggling underneath.

“Get the fuck up,” Trevor said, grabbing the boy by the hair. Tanner had no fight left in him and put up no protest when Trevor got behind and placed him in a headlock.

“Look at your fuckin’ girlfriend, Tanner,” Trevor snarled, pointing Tanner’s face at Katie. “Looks like she wants to laugh at you while you get your ass kicked... get your ass kicked by a real fucking man. Ain’t that right, Tanner? Say it. Say you’re a little beta boy and I’m the alpha.”

Tanner grimaced and kept his mouth shut, his eyes pleading with Katie for help.

Katie looked away.

“Say it soy boy, fucking say it!” Trevor tightened his grip and Tanner’s face went purple.

“I’m a beta,” Tanner choked, “you’re the alpha.”

“Pussy!”

Suddenly Tanner was on the ground and coughing, his face stuck with dirt and dust. Trevor placed a boot in the boys back and pinned him to the ground.

“Test one is over, Katie. I’m voting Trump because he stands for strength and men being men! Look at your...boyfriend. Look what a weakling you have. He’s going to protect you when the bad guys come? I fucking doubt it.”

“Please let him up,” Katie sighed, “he’s crying.”

“Gladly,” Trevor smiled, spitting in the dirt. When he removed his boot from Tanner’s back, the boy scrambled to his girlfriend’s side. He stayed on the ground at her feet, nursing his wounds and drying his eyes.

“You haven’t proven anything except that you’re a giant asshole,” Katie said, stepping towards the sweaty behemoth. Her eyes traced the lines of his arms and his red abs, the cut of his jaw and the not unhandsome face beneath that hateful hat. “You’ve got two more chances to prove your bullshit...and then your vote is

mine.”

“This next one should seal it,” he laughed, striding past her. He stepped over the sobbing Tanner and flung his sliding glass door to the right, disappearing into the house. “Follow me, libtards,” he called back.

Katie was happy to be inside once more, even if it was some crazy conservative’s house out in the middle of nowhere. The heat was oppressive, and she was thankful for the cool air of Trevor’s living room. Tanner took a seat on the couch, clutching his left shoulder. His face was caked with dirt and his eyes were red.

“Can we go now?” he pleaded, looking up at his girlfriend.

“Suck it up,” she said, “a few more minutes and we’ve secured a vote against Trump.”

“Is it worth it?” he whispered.

“Of course, it’s worth it, Tanner. Don’t be a baby!”

Trevor reappeared from the kitchen with a Budweiser clutched in his giant palm. He strutted across the room and positioned himself between Katie and Tanner.

“I woulda’ gotten you two something to drink but I don’t have sparkling water,” he cracked the can and took a long sip of cold beer.

“What’s next?” Katie asked, searching the living room for any sign of normality.

“Next we talk genetics,” Trevor said, taking a step towards Tanner. “I know you libs love to harp on that shit. So, let’s take a look at the genetics of a liberal beta male vs an alpha conservative patriot.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” she started, but trailed off when Trevor once again laid his hands on her man.

“Up we go little Tanner,” Trevor yanked him to his feet, “time to show off the goods.”

“What do you mean?” Trevor asked teary-eyed, trying to pull from the Maga bully’s grasp. “I want to go home!”

“We’re going to whip it out like men and your stupid liberal girlfriend is going to decide who is built better for breeding. For leading. For being a real goddamn patriot!”

“No!” Tanner tried to run.

“You’re not going anywhere weakling! You’re staying right the fuck here! Now drop your pants!”

“No!”

“Tanner!” Katie screeched, and for a moment Tanner looked hopeful she would finally put an end to this madness. She grabbed him by the mouth and shook him. “Just fucking do what he says so we can get out of here! Besides...you’re not so small yourself. Show some courage already!”

“This is crazy...” Tanner said, staring disbelieving into his love’s eyes.

“You fuckin’ heard her boy, now don’t make me do it!”

Trevor shoved Tanner into the center of the room, grabbing hold of his own belt buckle and sliding it from around his waist. Katie watched with avid interest as Trevor handled the leather belt.

Tanner stood motionless.

“Just fucking do it, Tanner!” Katie spat impatiently. “Stop being such a little pussy!”

Trevor laughed and Tanner began to fidget with his zipper.

Trevor inched his jeans down, his toned ass revealed in tight white fruit of the looms. When it got past his groin Katie's eyebrows raised at the package that pushed into the white fabric.

Tanner undid his own waistband, timid and intimidated, and began to pull his pants down. Trevor waited for the boy to get to his boxers before reaching fingers into his own waistband, preparing for the reveal.

"Count three Katie, think your little liberal brain can handle that?"

"One," Katie licked her lips, "two...three."

She didn't have time to see the scared flaccid penis that flopped out of her boyfriend's boxers. She was instantly and immediately transfixed by the thing hanging out of Trevor's tighty-whities.

"Wow," she breathed.

"Wow is fucking right," Trevor said, taking his limp fatness by one hand and swinging it around like a rolling pin. "This is one hundred percent patriot cock. Conservative cock. Maga cock! Get over here and see, lib bitch!"

Katie heard his insults but found her anger subsiding, now replaced by something uncertain in the pit of her stomach. She got closer to the two exposed

men, still not having spared a glance for her boyfriend's worm. The sheer monstrosity of Trevor controlled her curiosity.

"Go on, pick them up. Compare them."

Katie pulled her eyes from the hooded, veined monster hanging from Trevor and locked eyes with her boyfriend.

"Please...can we go?" Tanner groaned.

"Hold still," she said. Katie reached out and scooped her boyfriend's wiener into her palm. Then, with a shaking wrist, she went for Trevor's inflating Pringle can. Her fingers brushed along the top of it, and she sucked air, running her tiny palm along the length and trying to take it by the shaft.

"It's heavy," she said, mesmerized. She managed to cradle it from underneath, tipping it upwards like a python waking from a nap. She brought her hands closer together and looked at the cock in each.

"Well?" Trevor gloated.

"You're much bigger," she said, "he looks tiny compared to you."

"Fuck me," Tanner groaned.

“That’s what I fucking thought,” Trevor continued. “Look at it, beta boy. Your girlfriend is holding my cock and she fucking loves it. Can’t believe how much bigger my right-wing cock is than your little lefty loo.”

Katie bobbed each in her hand, noticing the weight difference.

“Get a closer look, lib bitch,” Trevor said, placing a hand on Katie’s shoulder and shoving her down to the carpet. She got situated on her knees and glared at the member, eye-level. “What am I? 3 times bigger? 4 times? Hard to say. That’s a real man’s cock, honey. A god-fearing patriots’ cock.”

Katie eyed every inch, from the uncircumcised tip, along the thick, demanding shaft. The curly blonde pubic hair created a large bush at the base but did nothing to hide its length. It was growing bigger in her hand. Stronger. She adjusted her grip so that her fingers ran along the top, her thumb underneath.

She tugged.

“Yep, that’s fucking right,” Trevor bragged, looking down at her. “Typical liberal whore. Put an alpha cock in her face and she forgets all about feminism.”

“It’s just so fucking huge,” she pleaded. “I’ve never seen one like it.”

“I can’t take anymore, I’m going home!” Tanner said suddenly, slapping his

girlfriend's hand away and yanking his shorts back up. "This is fucked up!"

Trevor reached out his massive arm and grabbed the fleeing liberal by the back of the neck, hauling him back in one swift motion.

"You're not going anywhere till we done talking, soy boy! Sit the fuck down!" Trevor shoved him hard, and Tanner stumbled forward, his loose shorts falling to his ankles and tripping him up. He lost his balance and face-planted on the living room rug.

Katie laughed hysterically at her boyfriend's collision with the floor, both hands wrapped around Trevor's meat.

"What's the third test?" she asked, looking up at Trevor with a smile spreading across her face.

"This is the third test, you dumb liberal cunt. Now open your fucking mouth."

4.

The day had not gone how Katie had planned. Not at all. She had envisioned the day ending on a high note of victory, with her values and morals still well intact. If there was anything in all her existence that she would not have envisioned, it would have been exactly what she was now currently doing.

Sometimes it's best not to talk politics, she thought. Her knees were already starting to burn.

“Sit right the fuck there and look at it, Tanner,” Trevor adjusted the bill of his MAGA hat and swung his hips. Katie was on her knees, both hands wrapped tightly about his shaft. Trevor’s fat, sweating ballsack hung low and swung gingerly as the liberal girl slowly pumped it.

“It keeps growing,” Katie said, wide-eyed.

“Give it a kiss, let yer’ boyfriend see,” he commanded, shuffling his feet and turning to the side, giving Tanner a better look. Tanner was holding himself against the sliding glass door, his eyes glued to the spot where his worst nightmare became reality.

Katie held the cock-monster still when she leaned in, lips puckered, and planted a wet kiss on the head. She stuck out her tongue and ran it against the soft, sensitive skin there and she felt Trevor’s body tense. She could smell him; ball sweat and man. A hard day’s work. She opened wide and brought it to her lips, jaw stretching further than it had in a long time. She tasted him. Salt and heat. Cock and cum.

“That’s it libtard, suck it. You know you want to. When’s the last time you sucked off a real fucking patriot?”

Tanner groaned, burying his face into his arms.

“Look at your girlfriend, soy boy. Look at her sucking my fucking cock. She was a good girl until she saw this fucking alpha cock. Now she’s my little lib trash fuck-slut!”

Katie’s hands let go of his prick and found the sopping wet nutsack beneath. She cradled his massive testicles while she kept him in her mouth, just a few inches so as not to choke. The moist curls of his pubic hair tickled her palms. She felt him flex his girth between her hungry cheeks.

“I want you to wear this, lib-slut,” Trevor spat, removing the MAGA hat from his head. He brought the cap down slowly, savoring the sight of the purple-haired girl slobbering on his tip. He placed the red ball cap down on her head and patted it for good measure.

“You can’t...” a cry from the corner.

“Look at my little MAGA whore,” he said, wrapping a hand around the back of Katie’s neck, being sure not to obstruct the new accessory adorning her head. He started to push deep into her mouth, gripping harder around her neck. “Suckin’ my fuckin’ cock like a good little liberal bitch. She knows her place. Look at her Tanner. She’s wearing the fucking hat! Your girlfriend is wearing the fucking hat and she’s eating my fucking dick!”

Trevor used both hands to steady her skull, using it like a fuck-hole. He plowed his uncut member past her mouth and into her throat, holding it there and savoring her wrenching gags. He kept her still, plowing her mouth faster, causing spit to rain from her chin and cover the see-through shirt she wore.

Yanking himself from her gullet, Trevor gave the girl air. He grabbed the top she wore and yanked it over her head, discarding it across the room at Tanner. He yanked the small blue bra upwards, her petite, pink tits falling out. His hands found them quickly.

“Nice little titties, nice fuckin’ handful. She let you do this Tanner?” he shouted at the boy, pinching his girlfriend’s nipples hard enough for Katie to cry out. “This is how you treat liberal cunt, Tanny. Take it from your old pal Trevor. Keep your fucking eyes open you might learn something!”

He was back down her throat, pumping himself ever deeper. Katie’s eye makeup ran in streaks, just like the spit from her chin that now slicked her red chest. Her vision focused on the wide swath of blonde pubic hair in front of her, coming closer to tickling her nose with each forceful hump from the patriot.

“She’s my slut now, Tanner. You liberal cuck. Watch this.” Trevor replaced his throbbing cock with his leathery, sweaty ballsack. He fumbled his gargantuan nuts into her mouth one at a time, letting her suck like it was candy. “She licks my sweaty fuckin’ nuts, buddy. She’s a dirty bitch. She’s a dirty stupid bitch and I’m going to fuck the stupid right out of her.”

Trevor took his time with Katie’s mouth. Katie thought about the way this man had handled her boyfriend. The way he spoke to her boyfriend. She squeezed her

thighs together. Her throat relaxed. Trevor went deeper. Katie couldn't deny the way she felt, watching Tanner get owned that way. And when Trevor had pulled it out, she couldn't deny what she wanted.

"Tell your boyfriend he's pathetic," Trevor had her by the throat, firm and threatening. He turned her head to look at Tanner cowering across the room. "Go on and tell him he's a fucking wimp!"

"You're a loser, Tanner," she gasped, face red and eyes on fire. "You're a fucking joke!"

"Now open your mouth," Trevor commanded, turning her back to face him. When she opened, he pursed his lips and spit down her throat. "Good libtard. You're my fucking bitch now." Trevor drug her over to where Tanner sat pinned to the wall, terrified to move. He put her on hands and knees, eye to eye with her boyfriend.

"Ass up, bitch," he commanded from behind, yanking the denim skirt down past her knees, revealing Katie's creamy, plump ass. "I like what I'm seeing here, Tanner. Look's fucking prime!"

"Why are you doing this?" Tanner asked her, face to face. "Why is this happening? You're doing so many awful things..."

"Shh," she whispered, rocking back and forth on her hands and knees. "We have to do what he says right now, Tanner. You can't do anything about it."

“I thought you hated people like this?” Tanner pleaded, disgust filling him as he laid eyes on the red ballcap on her head.

“Enough fuckin’ yappin’,” Trevor raged, beginning to rub Katie’s entrance with his club. “I want you to look in your girlfriend’s fuckin’ eyes when I go inside. I want you to see the fuckin’ difference between me and you. Liberal and Conservative. Cucks and fuckin’ MAGA!”

Trevor pushed into her soft, delicate folds. She was more than moist, and the Trumpster could feel the inside of her along his shaft before long. Katie’s eyes went wide as she gazed into her boyfriend’s face, her breath caught in her throat. As Trevor began to probe deeper, his rough hands crept to her face, his fingers exploring her mouth.

Tanner was white as a ghost.

“Fuckin’ tight liberal pussy,” he grunted, “my fuckin’ favorite. Know why it’s so tight, Tanner? Because your little beta dick can’t reach very far. I’m already past what you can reach, little buddy. I’m touchin’ your girl in places you never will. Listen to her. Listen to your fuckin’ bitch. My fuckin’ bitch.”

Katie was moaning, no doubt about it. When she tried to turn her face down so as not to do it in Tanner’s face, Trevor’s rough fingers yanked her up by the mouth. With the pointer fingers on each hand, he pulled back on her cheeks, fish-hooking her as he filled her from behind.

“Listen to your fuckin’ girlfriend,” Trevor ranted on, displaying her teeth and tongue in his vice grip, “listen to her fuckin’ moan.”

“Ung. Ung. Ohhh,” Katie grunted through dirty fingers. Trevor’s fat stick plowed deep. Tanner watched his girlfriend’s eyes roll back, watched her tongue lolling in an open mouth.

Trevor shoved her down, breaking the two lovers’ gaze. With Katie’s head to the carpet, Trevor rose up behind her, planting his feet on the floor and positing her ass just so. He entered her again, this time from a higher angle and with all the force of his massive thighs. He kept a hand to the side of her face, pushing her into the carpet. The other he used for constant, cruel spankings.

“Would you fuckin’ look at this, you two fuckin’ liberals,” Trevor panted, his smooth white cock moving in time with his hips as he long-stroked. “Typical lefty cuck watches his slutty feminist girlfriend get plowed by a real man. It’s fuckin’ poetic.”

Tanner winced every time he caught sight of the thing deep-dicking his girlfriend’s cunt. He jumped a little every time the man’s cruel hand slammed open-palmed against Katie’s plump, virgin ass. And every time Trevor opened his mouth to speak, Tanner longed to run screaming.

“Hold still lib-bitch,” Trevor said, adjusting his right leg. He carefully placed his foot directly next to Katie’s pinned face, his hairy big toe making it to her wet lips and drooling tongue. “Suck it, liberal. Suck my fucking toe. You know you want to.” He finagled it past her lips, ignoring her slight grimace. She soon sucked it hungrily, the feel of her greedy tongue against his foot pushing him to fuck her harder.

Katie moaned into Trevor’s toe. Her MAGA hat slipped a little and Trevor

removed it, placing it back on his own head.

“Woohoo! Yeehaw!” Trevor screamed. Sweat began to pour off his body and land on the trembling democrat below him. “Take it bitch! Show your boyfriend! Show him you’re my slut now!” He removed his toe from her mouth, and with one final, careful adjustment, Trevor placed the length of his foot flat on Katie’s face. The bottom of his size 14 was planted firmly against her cheek and head, pinning her further as he hate-fucked her from behind.

“Katie...no...” Tanner said, looking away.

“Oh-my-god-oh-my-god” Katie stuttered. Her arms clung uselessly to the carpet, as if she might push herself up at any moment. But that was impossible. Trevor was strong like an ox, and his sweaty foot alone was enough to overpower her.

“Look at your bitch under my fucking foot, cuck, look at it!”

“Oh-my-god-oh-my-my-my”

“Where should I nut, cuck? On her face? In her mouth?”

“Please stop!” Tanner screamed, his girlfriend’s defilement nearly on top of him. He saw the way Katie’s lips squished under the pressure of the Republican’s foot, the way it mushed her beautiful features.

“No. I don’t like to waste Alpha seed. Patriot seed. I’m gonna fill her cunt up,” Trevor was bottoming out in Katie’s guts, his nutsack convulsing.

“I can’t watch this!”

“Oh-my-god-oh-my-god”

Trevor slid his slick foot off the girl’s face and planted it back on the carpet. He wrapped an arm around her waist and in one fluid motion he stood, taking Katie with him but not dislodging dick. He carried her to the couch, his curved anaconda half-buried in her cunt from behind. He dropped her on the leather sofa.

“Flip over,” he said, stroking the glistening rod between his legs.

Katie got on her back and Trevor got between her legs. When he pushed inside, she cried out, causing him to place his palm over her open mouth. Silencing her, he picked up speed and resumed the hate-fucking.

“Good girl,” he whispered, almost tenderly. “Be a good fuckin’ girl for daddy. Keep your legs spread. I’m gonna fill you up with a real man’s seed. I’m going to get you pregnant. Do you understand me?”

Katie nodded under the force of his hand.

“What’s happening?” Tanner asked meekly.

“Are you ready, libtard trash? Are you ready to take my fucking nut?”

Katie nodded once more.

“UGH! UGH!” he began to grunt, holding himself inside her. “UGH! FUCK!”

Tanner could see his sagging balls draped across his girlfriend’s asscrack. They convulsed with each shot he unloaded inside her. Katie screamed into his hand, the feeling of it undeniable inside her. Warm and wild.

“UGH! TAKE IT! TAKE ALL OF IT!”

Trevor pulled his hand away and she gasped for air. The two of them lay covered in each other’s sweat, a small drop of white dripping down her ass crack. Trevor sat up and dislodged his cock slowly. As each inch was unveiled, more and more sperm began to run out of Katie’s slit. Hot, gooey.

“Get over here liberal cuck,” Trevor commanded. He let the head of his uncut cock slither out of Katie’s cunt gleaming, and he watched the river current of semen that followed.

Trevor grabbed the back of Tanner’s head and thrust the boy between his

girlfriend's legs. Katie lay there, legs shaking.

“Eat it up cuck boy. Not a drop goes to waste.”

Katie looked up at the man in the MAGA hat and smiled. Though Trevor was steering Tanner to the sopping mess between her lips, his gaze never broke hers. They panted in unison while the cuckold ate his dinner.

“Well, well, well,” Trevor laughed, “did I convince you or what? You gonna join the Trump train after all?”

“And if I don't?” Katie giggled, feeling her boyfriend's tongue squirm between her thighs.

“Well might be that I take the Trump train to you, little darlin'.”

“And what is that supposed to mean?” Katie sat up on her elbows, admiring the cock dangling between Trevor's tattooed thighs.

“It means do I have your vote or do you need some more...convincing?”

Tanner lapped at the alpha cum between his girlfriend's ass cheeks.

“I think it’s a...what do you call it? A recount. We might need a recount.”

Trevor smiled a wide, goofy grin.

“As a matter of fact, that is just what I had in mind.”

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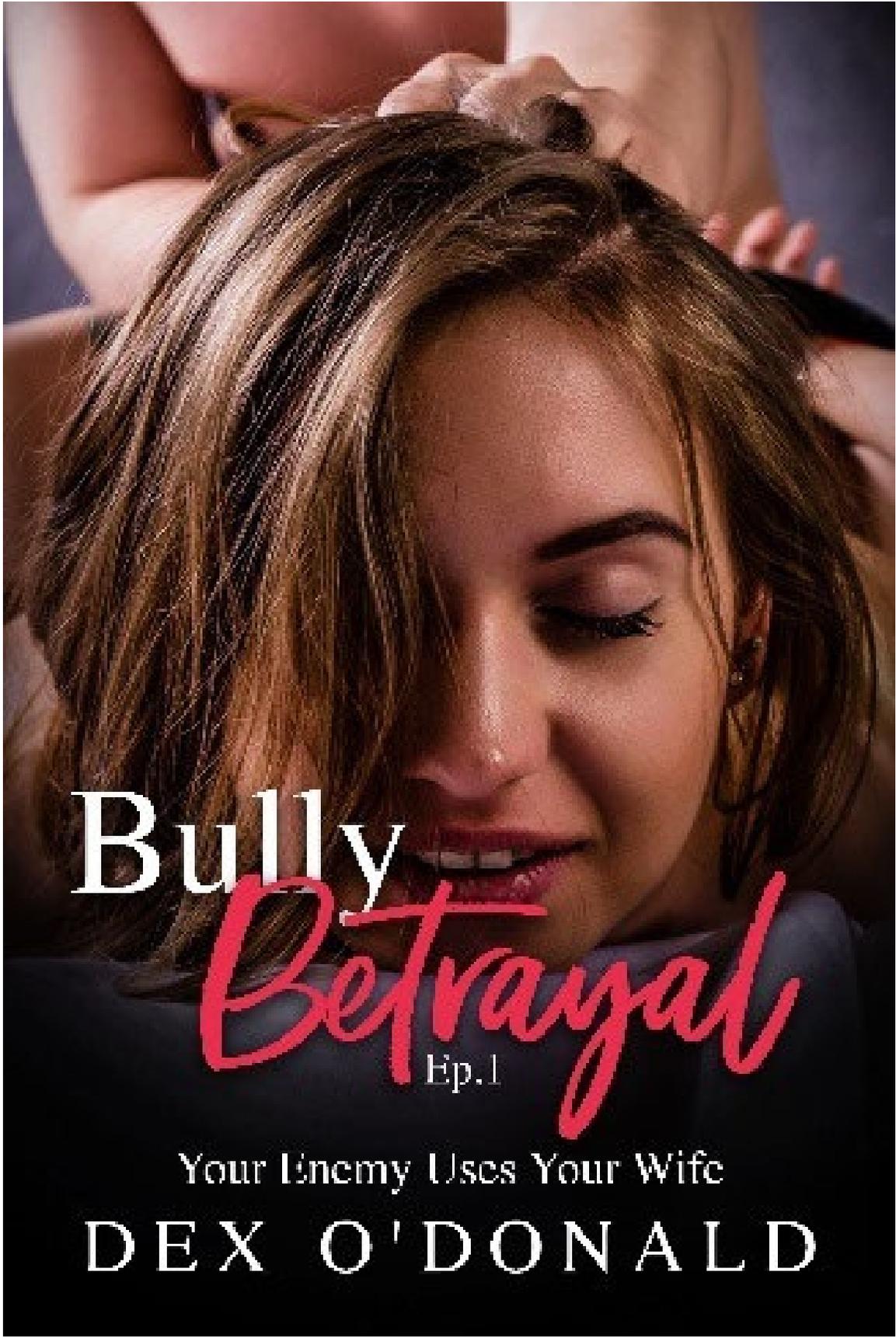
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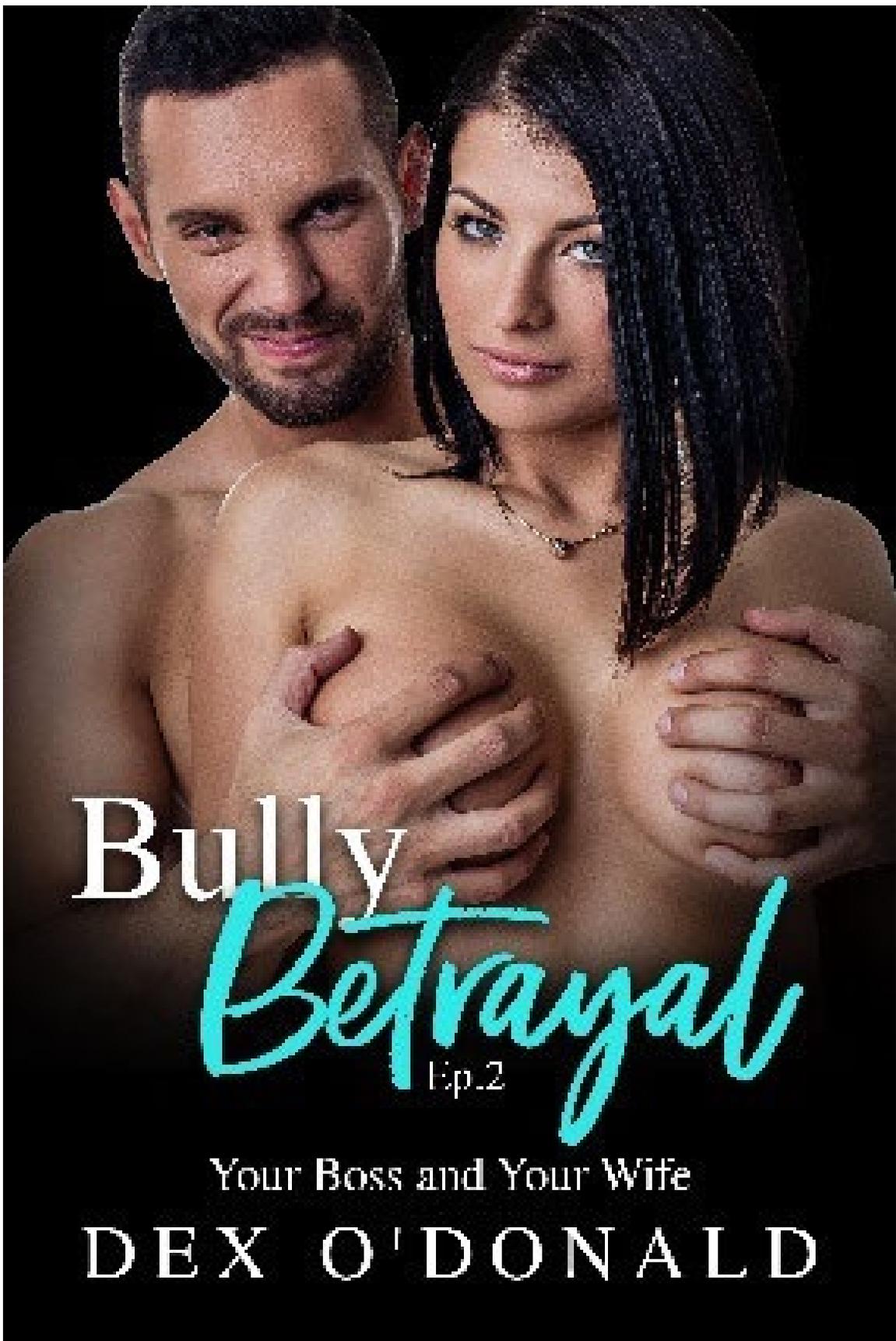
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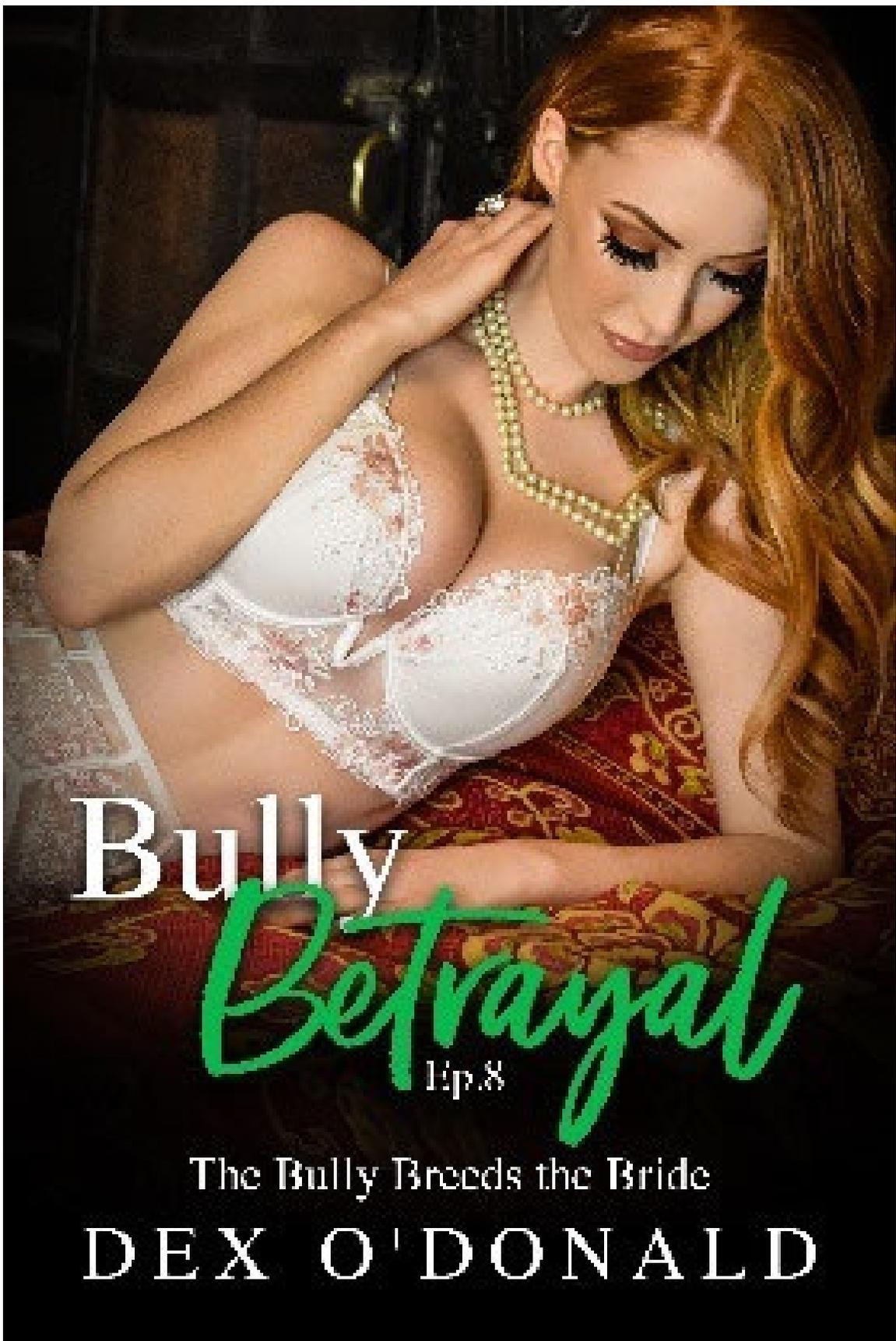
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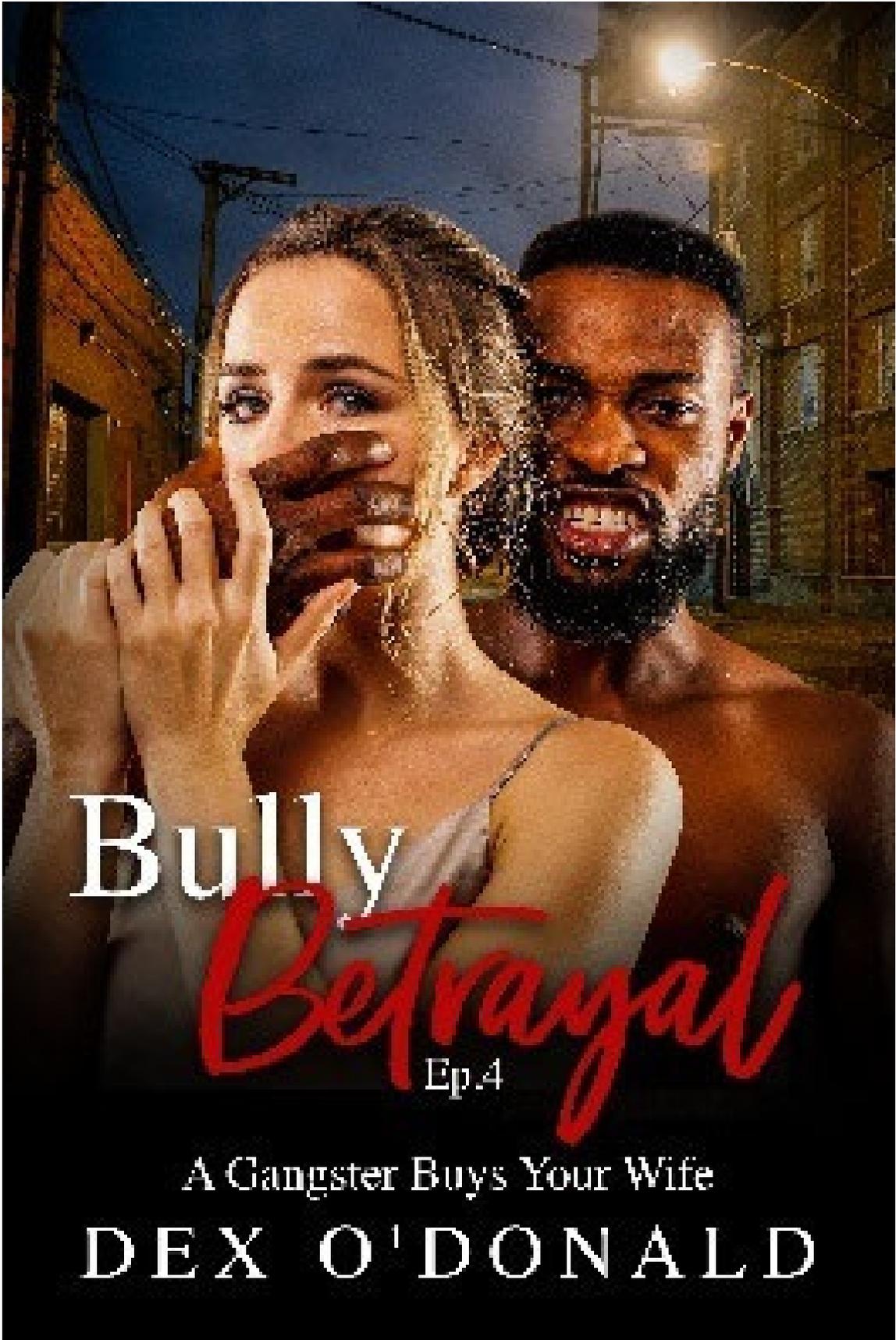
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