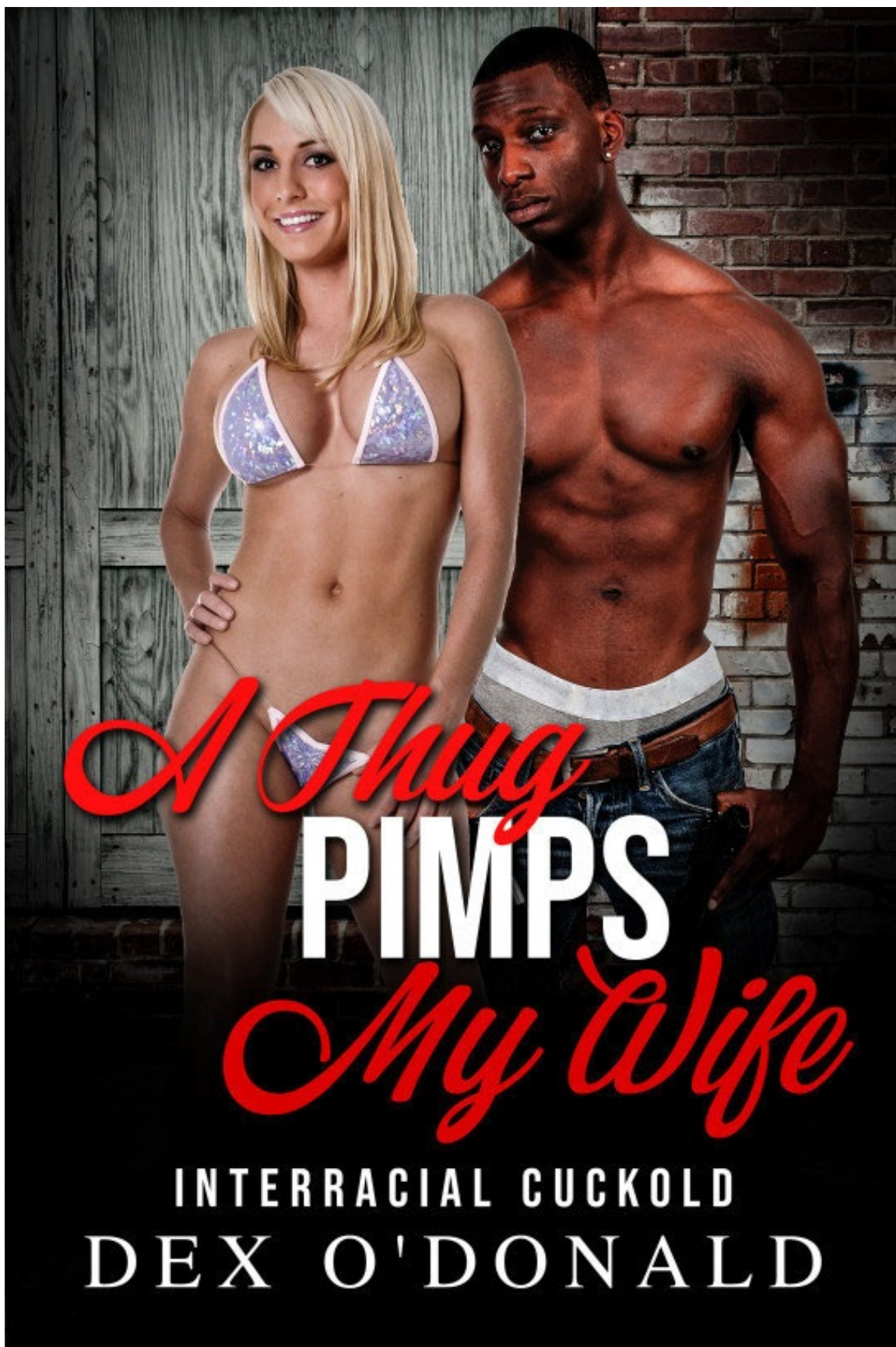


A Thug
PIMPS
My Wife

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



A Thug
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INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
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A Thug Pimps My Wife

Interracial Cuckold (Bully Betrayal Ep. 15)

By Dex O'Donald

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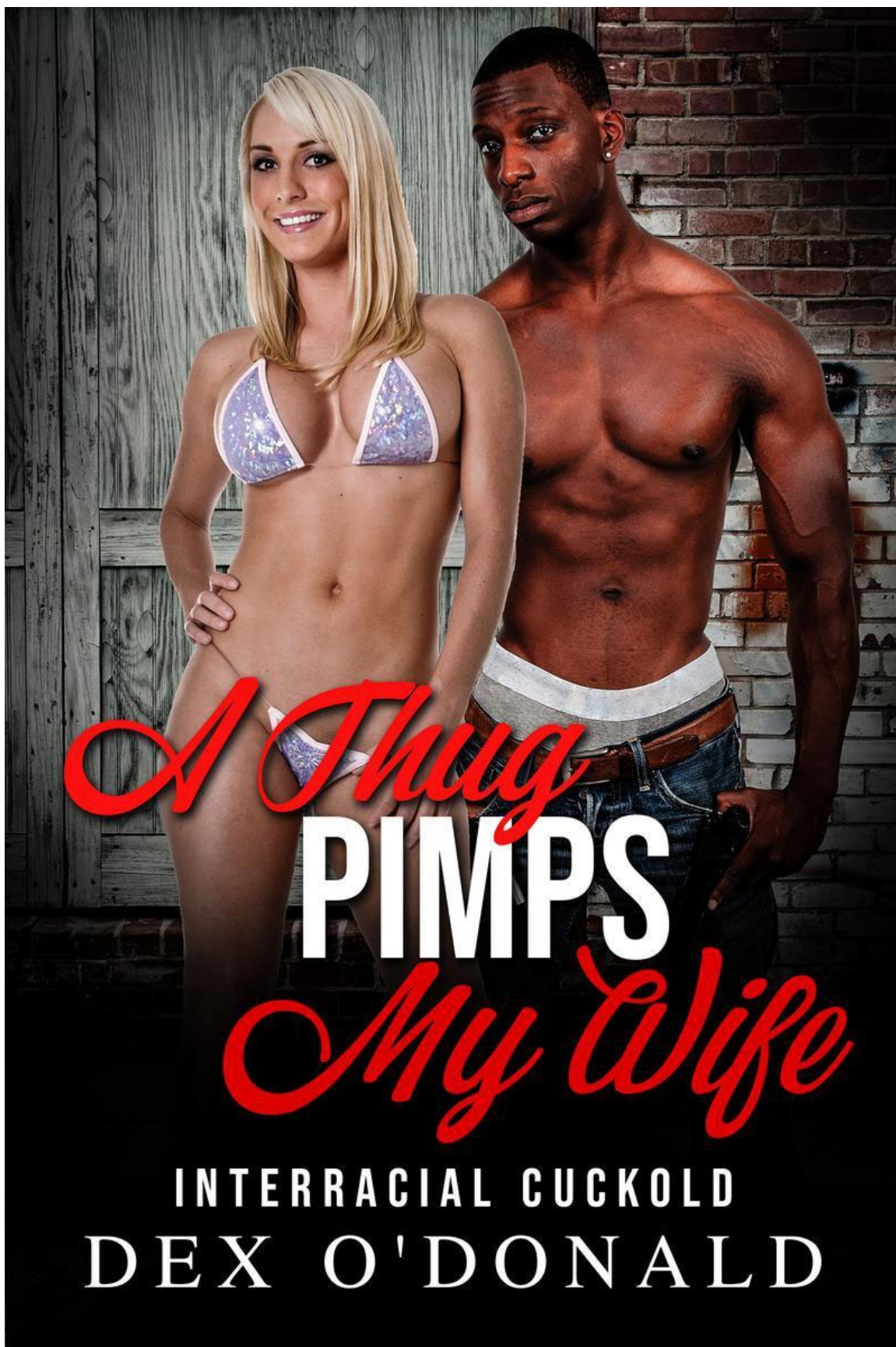
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“It’s a thirty-minute drive to the hood, and I gotta test yah’ wife out on the way there. So, you the one drivin’ us, white man.”

Brock’s knuckles were pale, gripped fists around a leather steering wheel. Glancing in the rearview mirror of the Explorer he saw his wife, Brittany, bundled up in a loose-fitting trench coat that spread wide at the top. It was obvious she didn’t have much on underneath. Next to her, stretching his long black arms out and kicking his feet up, was Smokey.

“Keep yah eyes on the road, don’t be getting’ into no accidents. We got niggas waitin’ for us. Waitin’ for Brittany, here.” Smokey snaked an arm around her shoulders and pulled her closer. Brittany’s eyes were nervous, glancing from her husband in the driver’s seat to the thug sitting next to her. “Which reminds me, you ain’t gonna be Brittany when you turnin’ tricks. Your name gotta be something short, something sweet.”

“Strawberry?” Brittany asked, her voice a nervous whisper.

“Nah, too long. Something with punch...Kiwi. Your name gon’ be Kiwi, white girl. That OK with you Mr. Brock?” Smokey taunted from the backseat, his tattooed fingers twirling through Brittany’s mess of blonde hair.

“It’s actually not OK,” Brock said through gritted teeth, flicking his blinker on and merging into traffic. “None of this is OK.”

“That right, whitey?” Smokey laughed. “Guess what? I don’t give a fuck. Matter of fact, I think Kiwi is perfect for yo’ bitch. Now, get up out them clothes, Kiwi.

Let me see what we workin' with today."

Kiwi bit her lip and nodded. She shrugged her soft white shoulders out of the coat and shimmied it down to her tummy.

"Goddamn," Smokey said, rubbing his ashy palms together. "All sorts of cake on this white bitch!"

Kiwi wore a flimsy purple bikini top, at least one size too small for her creamy, voluptuous tits. They burst at the sides and threatened to fall through the bottom, comically large in the tiny swimsuit.

"Go on, take it all the way, white girl. Don't be shy. I gots to see what I'm selling before I can put it on the streets. Know what I'm sayin?"

Kiwi looked tensely at the rearview mirror, scanning the reflection of her husband's troubled eyes for a sign of what to do. She hesitated.

"Don't look at yah fuckin' husband, look at me," Smokey grabbed her by the chin and pulled her face to his. "Yo' husband is just the fuckin' driver today, my eyes and ears on the ground. But I'm yah fuckin' Daddy today. You got that?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said, getting into character.

“Good. Now take the fuckin’ robe off and show me.”

Kiwi slithered out of the oversized wool, letting it drop in a pile on the Explorer floor. She scooted against the door and spread her legs a little, allowing Smokey to see her in full.

“Now we fuckin’ talkin,” Smokey filled both hands with Kiwi’s jiggling, fleshy tits. He squeezed roughly and she winced, squeaking out a nervous sigh.

“This wasn’t part of the deal,” Brock said angrily from the front, doing his best to keep his eyes on the road. “You said three grand from a day’s work and we were clear. You didn’t say shit about getting your rocks off.”

“Shut the fuck up, white man!” Smokey yelled, rubbing Kiwi’s taut nipples over the top of the bikini. “I don’t put nothin’ out on the street I ain’t tried yet. Whether it’s coke, weed, or your fuckin’ wife! I gotta check it for quality assurance.”

Brock snorted in disgust, accelerating south on the highway.

“You like that, Kiwi? You like when I play with your tits?” Smokey’s hands explored her chest, flipping the bikini top up so her boobs spilled across her chest. Kiwi’s pink, irritated nipples stood tall, and Smokey snatched one between thumb and forefinger, twisting it.

“Ow! Yes, ow! Yes, Daddy!” she sputtered to the thug fondling her. Smokey was

slender and tatted, with a single tear drop tattoo on his cheek. He was shirtless and his black, chiseled frame showed his prison yard frame. A mop of short dreadlocks sat on top of his head, and his soft brown eyes searched her nervous body.

“Good girl, open up,” he said, snaking two fingers into her lush mouth. Her lips were fat, especially the bottom one, and it stuck to his digits as he explored her. He rubbed the top of her tongue, pushing towards the back of her throat. She wrapped lips around them and sucked. “Good, Kiwi. Good, white girl. That’s how you fuckin’ do.” With his free hand Smokey pushed aside the tiny purple thong clinging to her delicious thighs and got a palm against the wet folds of her cunt.

“Ohhh,” she moaned into his fingers.

Brock’s view shifted relentlessly from the road to the rearview. The air conditioning in the car blasted cool but he was covered in sweat, his leg shaking against the gas pedal. The woman he loved was being degraded in the backseat of a thug’s car, right before his very eyes. Of all the men in the world to be using her like that, Smokey was far and away the last one he wanted doing it.

“Lemme see what that mouth do, Kiwi,” Smokey said, tearing at the button on his jeans and shuffling them down to his ankles. Lying there between sweaty black thighs was a half-hard, quickly lengthening black cock with a fat bush of curly pubes at the base. He grabbed hold of it stroking, letting Kiwi see how serious the size of it was.

“You suck nigga dick before, Kiwi?” he asked, expertly filling his free hand with her dirty blonde hair.

“Once, Daddy,” her eyes were wide and lustful, curious, anxious.

“Good thing I asked,” he chuckled, guiding her by the head towards his smooth ebony dick. “You need some practice before I put yo’ ass on the streets.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Brock grumbled.

Kiwi, formerly known as Brittany, checked the rearview one last time as she bent over to take Smokey into her mouth. Her husband stared back.

Brock and Brittany met Smokey by accident.

They were celebrating a friend's birthday at a dance club downtown. Around midnight their friend group ran out of blow, prompting the discussion to try and find more. Through some texting and friends of friends, Brock was able to track down a number.

"This guy's name is Smokey and he said he can do two balls for four hundred bucks," Brock told the unit, his arm wrapped tight around his skimpily clad wife. "We doing it or we doing it?"

Brock's first mistake, as far as he could figure it, was bringing Brittany with him to pick up the coke. He often thought about the fact that if just he had gone, Smokey would have been generally unimpressed and moved on to other nefarious endeavors. But drunk and high, Brock begged and convinced his stunning wife (who wore only a small piece of sparkling black polyester) to accompany him on a drug deal with a stranger.

"This is sketchy as fuck, Brock," Brittany carped, wrapping her bare arms about her shoulders. In the dim light of the alley her dress looked more like shadow than cloth.

"Just chill, babe. He'll be here any minute."

"I want to go back inside," she said.

The bass of the nightclub shook the night through brick walls, and a moment later headlights appeared high and bright at the end of street. The Explorer edged down the alleyway, the broken beat of trap music coming from its open windows. It stopped in front of Brock and Brittany, sandwiching them between the SUV and two dumpsters.

“You Brock?” asked the young black thug behind the wheel. Next to him in the passenger seat was a broad, severe looking black man.

“Sure am. Thanks for coming guys,” Brock made to handshake the man in the window, hoping to pass off the cash for the drugs the way he’d seen in the movies.

“Look at this white boy,” the black man chuckled, shaking his head. “You out yo’ damn mind.” This brought snickers from the dark passenger, and a smirk from Brittany. “Get in the car, we take you round the block.”

Brock paused, taking his wife’s hand.

“Hmm, can’t we just do it here?” Brock asked.

“You want the blow or not, white boy?” the man brokered.

The married couple consulted with stares.

“Maybe we should go back inside?” Brittany said delicately.

“Damn little lady,” the black driver chuckled, flashing white teeth, “I ain’t gon’ hurt yah. What you got to be scared of?”

Brittany bit her lip and shrugged her shoulders.

Brock opened the back passenger door for his wife, and the two of them got in.

“You can give my man the money now,” the driver said as they idled out of the dirty alleyway. Brock passed the wad of cash to the large African man who immediately counted it. After a moment he nodded his head and passed a baggie filled with white rocks to the backseat.

“Holy shit,” Brock said. “This looks fire!”

“Shit, it’s better than fire. It’s gasoline,” the driver smiled.

“Thanks for hooking us up,” Brock’s dilated pupils roamed the contents of the plastic bag. “You cool if I hit you up again in the future? We don’t get it like this.”

“What’s yah’ names?” the driver asked.

“I’m Brock and this is my wife, Brittany.”

“Brittany,” the driver drawled.

While Brock was enraptured with the cocaine, he failed to notice the way the drug dealer was staring at his wife. It was as if the man drove with one eye on the road, and the other glued to the rearview mirror.

Brittany noticed, too. She’d crossed her legs in modesty, fully aware that more than half of her tits hung out the top of her black party dress. When she tried to look away from him, she felt his stare. When she glared back, so did he.

“Brock and Brittany. You can call me Smokey.”

“Would it be OK if we bumped here real quick, Smokey?” Brock asked shamelessly.

“Brock!” Brittany slapped his shoulder.

“Shit yea, white boy,” Smokey winked at the rearview mirror. “Go on get ya’ self a bump. I’ll drop you two up here on the corner.”

Brock dug around in the powdery bag, gathering it onto the end of his house key. He brought the small mountain of white to his left nostril and snorted back.

“Woo! Woo!” he whooped, slapping his knee. “You want one babe?”

“I can wait...” she said, locking eyes with Smokey’s reflection.

“It’s all good, baby,” Trey flirted from the front. “Ain’t no rush. Go on and get ya’ self some.”

“Thank you...” she trailed off, offering up her nostril to Brock’s key.

Out on the sidewalk and heading back towards the club, Smokey pulled alongside the young couple one last time, sticking his head out of the window.

“I got plenty more where that came from. I can spot it to if you need some time to pay me back. It’s all good.”

“Well, damn!” Brock smiled, high out of his mind. “You’re fucking awesome, Smokey! We will definitely be in touch.!”

“You have a nice night, baby,” Smokey bowed to Brittany.

“You too, Smokey,” she said.

Eight months later Brock and Brittany found themselves back in the Explorer. Only this time, Brock drove, and Smokey sat in the backseat.

“Suck a nigga’s dick or something,” Smokey said, bringing his throbbing prick to her lips.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered. She marveled at the length of it, his dark black shaft disappearing into a jungle of wiry pubes. The slit on the head leaked clear, sticky cum. She felt his hand pushing her down, so she parted her lips, feeling his strength enter her wet little mouth.

“Daaaamn,” Smokey moaned, getting comfy in the backseat. “Yah wife’s mouth is bussin’, white man.”

“I don’t even know what that means,” Brock grumbled.

“It means she suckin’ my big nigga dick. Now keep yah fuckin’ mouth shut and drive!”

Brock did just that.

“You like that fat dick in yah mouth, Kiwi?”

“Mmhmm,” Kiwi moaned, a mouthful of cock. She could taste his pre, salty and warm, more of it dripping into her mouth as she wrapped a tiny white palm around the shaft, jerking up and down, Smokey’s nutsack rising and falling with each motion. He pushed her head further and Kiwi adjusted her jaw, trying to fit it.

“Oh fuck, bitch. We gon’ make some mothafuckin’ money today,” Smokey’s eyes were closed, head tilted back. “Let me hear you gag on it, Kiwi. Let me see how you do gettin’ throated.”

Brock glued his eyes to the road, cars all around them on the 6-lane highway. He’d seen enough to know that Smokey was having his way with his wife, but he wasn’t sure he could stomach what came next. Smokey scooped her messy hair into a balled-up fist. Then, savagely, he began to yank her up and down on the shimmering hard-on between his legs.

“UCK! UCK!” Kiwi gagged, drool spilling from her lips.

“That’s it, baby, like that,” Smokey glared into the rearview, daring Brock to look. “Take it, baby. Take it like that!”

“AWK! AWK!” she stretched her throat.

“You hear that, white man? You hear your wife gagging on my black dick? I told you. I told you I’d make her my bitch, but you wouldn’t listen. Now you gon’ listen. You gon’ listen real good.” Smokey smacked and slapped Kiwi’s hanging

titties, squeezing, and taunting as he plowed her face. Drool collected in his pubic hair, drenching his balls.

“Imma’ get this bitch started today with some nut in her fucking mouth,” Smokey grunted. “So she remember who her fuckin’ daddy is every time she burps my fucking cum. Yea, fuck. Hold still.”

Kiwi’s eyes went wide just as Brock dared to look at the rearview. He saw Smokey’s fat black nutsack convulse, unloading inside his wife’s mouth. Kiwi tried to gobble it the best she could but coughing and gagging caused much of it to spill out.

“Ugh! Fuck yea!” Smokey fucked her sopping wet mouth with abandon. “Swallow, bitch! Swallow, Kiwi! Ugh! Fuck!”

Smokey drilled her head down another inch, suffocating her throat with his erupting nut. Kiwi’s face was red and shocked, but she didn’t pull away. Smokey yanked her off his dick and she inhaled the biggest breath she’d had in minutes. Slop and cum hung from her chin. The alpha thug wrenched her to his eye level so he could admire his work.

“Look at you, baby,” he said, rubbing nut and drool around her face. “You’re a fuckin’ mess. I made a fuckin’ mess out of you!” He kissed her slick lips and she kissed back, their tongues dancing across Smokey’s sex nectar.

“We’re almost there,” came Brock’s broken voice.

“We gotta get you cleaned up, baby,” Smokey said, wiping the drool from her lips. “We gotta get you cleaned up so you can make daddy some money. You ready to get fucked baby?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whimpered, nibbling at his pouty black lips.

“You ready to make Daddy some fuckin’ money?” he slapped her playfully.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Brittany had a feeling early on that Brock's friendship with Smokey was one-sided. While her husband's eyes bugged out of his head the first time Smokey offered them "free" blow, she was skeptical. Why would a drug dealer, a thug, like Smokey give the two of them free drugs? When she tried to explain this to Brock during his next-day hangover, he shrugged her off.

"He's just a cool guy, that's all," Brock said, popping three Advil.

"Are you sure, babe? He didn't say anything at all when he gave it to you? Nothing about money or owing him or?"

"I don't know, Brittany. He might have mentioned something about putting it on credit, I don't remember. You're talking too much. I have a migraine coming on."

"Maybe you partied too hard last night?" she said sarcastically.

"Yeah, something like that."

So, she watched her husband slowly unravel. Each time they went out on the weekends, Brock would pull out another "credit" bag from Smokey. When they ran out, Brock could call, and Smokey would hook him up with another one. And so on and so forth, the weekends rolled by and so did the months. Brittany enjoyed the partying as much as Brock, but that lingering feeling that her husband was getting played remained.

And then, it was time to collect.

Brittany was tanning in the backyard the day Smokey came to their house. Until that moment she had no idea the thug knew where they lived. She heard some arguing from inside, an unfamiliar voice in a familiar place. It sounded heated. Without bothering to put a towel on over the purple bikini, she rushed into the house to see what the commotion was.

“You know I don’t have that kind of money, Smokey!” Brock yelled. He was circling the living room while Smokey made himself at home in the love seat.

“Well, you best find it white boy,” he said, “or shit about to get real fuckin’ real in this bitch.”

“What’s going on?” Brittany asked, walking in from the backyard. The sun streamed in behind her, illuminating her curves in the miniature bathing suit.

“Would you put a fucking towel on!” Brock screamed at her.

“What the fuck?” she responded, outraged at his anger.

“Watch yah fuckin’ mouth white boy,” Smokey jumped from the couch, advancing on Brock. “Else I’ll teach you some fuckin’ respect.”

Brock froze, chest heaving.

“Now, apologize to yah wife,” Smokey said.

Brock glared at the thug.

“You best fuckin’ apologize, white boy,” Smokey lowered his voice, squaring his shoulders. “Else yah wife find out how a man supposed to treat a bitch.”

“What did you say?” Brock spat.

“You heard me, whitey. Now apologize before I beat yah ass and take yo bitch to dinner.”

For a moment, it looked as if Brock would decide to escalate the situation.

“Sorry, Brittany,” he mumbled.

“What’s going on?” she asked again, this time vindicated.

“My best buddy Smokey here has come to get paid for all the free drugs he gave us,” Brock said incredulously. “Out of the fucking clear blue sky.”

“Watch yah tongue,” Smokey said, backing up and sitting down on the love seat once more. “I’ll wait here while you go get it.”

“I don’t have it!” Brock nearly screamed. “I told you that!”

“How much do you owe, Brock?” Brittany asked her husband.

“How much do we owe, you mean? We owe about three grand according to this thug. Three grand we don’t have.”

“I fucking told you,” Brittany shook her head and rolled her eyes. “You’re so goddamn stupid, Brock.” She felt Smokey’s eyes on her, scanning her bare skin. She crossed her arms underneath her full, round tits. “Staring at something, Smokey?”

“Just yo’ fine white ass, baby. That’s all.”

In spite of herself, she smiled.

And now, three months to the day, he was pulling his jeans back up, offering Brittany some napkins to clean his jizz off her face.

“Put that top back on too, bitch. They don’t get to see yah titties till they paid,” Smokey zipped his fly and exited the car. He walked around to the driver’s side window, where Brock sat disconsolate. “Pull down to the corner and wait. If I send a nigga over, that means he paid. When he gets in, you take him round the block, drop him when he’s done. Any questions?”

“When are we done?” Brock asked frankly.

“When yah wife done worked off three grand, white man.”

“What do you call cumming in her fucking mouth then?”

“Interest,” Smokey said, before turning his back and walking off.

Brock pulled the SUV to the corner Smokey pointed to, put the car in park, and left it running. When he could stand it no longer, he unbuckled his seat belt and turned to his wife in the back seat.

“What the fuck, Brittany!”

“What the fuck what?”

“What the fuck what! Are you serious! What the fuck...what!”

She rolled her eyes, looking out the window, ignoring his fury.

“How could you let him do that to you!” he cried.

Brittany’s skin flashed red anger under the teeny bikini, leaning forward in her seat she shoved a finger into her husband’s chest.

“Fuck you, Brock! This is your fucking fault! I warned you over and over again and you wouldn’t listen. Just sniff, sniff. Well, guess what? He’s a fucking drug dealer, surprise! He wants money for his...drugs!” She put both hands in the air, tits jiggling below, and shrugged. “So now you want to get mad at me because I had to blow him to fix your mistake?”

“Christ, Brittany. You can at least act like you don’t like it.”

“Kiwi, Brock. My name is Kiwi today.”

“How can you do this to me? Is this a joke to you?”

“No, Brock. You are a joke to me. Certainly not the black man who had his cock lodged in my throat five minutes ago. Or the next one for that matter. You do realize he’s pimping me out today, honey? I’m not done by a long shot. And neither are you.”

Tears stung his eyes. Brock sank trounced in the driver’s seat, pushing his forehead into the steering wheel.

“How did it come to this?” he asked.

Brittany watched the world outside the Explorer window. They were in a broken part of town. Dilapidated brick buildings with broken windows lined the streets. Empty lots with overgrown grass trapped inside chain-link fences. Abandoned, destroyed cars. Corner boys sold drugs here and there, bikes carrying nefarious folk passed by.

“This your first time in the hood, Brock?” she asked her husband, adjusting the purple top to cover her wide areolas.

“Are you going to laugh at me if I say yes,” he whined.

“I grew up in a black neighborhood, honey,” she said, retying the draw string on her thong. “My first boyfriend was black. Did I ever tell you that?”

“Maybe once...”

“Well, I guess it’s not really true when they say, ‘once you go black you never go back.’ Because I married you, so how could it be? But I’ll tell it to you straight, baby. Sometimes, when you get off too early and I don’t cum, I lay in bed next to you thinking about him, my first. Tyrone. He was nine-teen, and I was just out of high school- “

“Why are you telling me this?” Brock grimaced.

“Because I want you to know that I can’t fake it, baby. I just can’t. I still think about Tyrone’s big black dick. Even when you’re fucking me. I think about how he would make me cum, over and over... Maybe the saying should be, when you go black, you’ll always come crawling back.”

“BRITTANY!” he shouted, turning on her with hands raised.

“Careful, baby,” she smirked, unflinching, “we’ve got a customer.”

Catching hold of himself, Brock looked out the back window. Sure enough, a man was approaching the car. Further beyond him Brock could just make out the shape of Smokey on the corner. He was waving.

“I don’t know if I can do this,” Brock said, turning and fastening his seatbelt.

“You don’t have a choice,” she said, leaning across and unlocking the Explorer door. “And no backing out. I’ve already sucked a cock today. All you have to do is drive.”

“And watch...” he moaned.

“If you want to,” she giggled.

The rear passenger-door of the Explorer opened abruptly and a wave of heat tore into the car. A brown-skinned man with a slick mustache got in. Kiwi guessed him to be Mexican judging by his skin tone and the tattoos that colored his arms. He wore a basketball jersey and denim shorts, dirty sneakers with no laces.

“Vamos,” he said, his Spanish accent singing.

Brock put the car in drive and shoved off, not before giving an inquisitive look at the stranger in the back seat.

“What can I do for you, baby?” Kiwi asked, her voice relaxed like a veteran.

“Puedo follart en tu coño,” he said quickly, fiddling with the button on his shorts.

Kiwi caught her husband’s attention and raised her eyebrows. Brock shrugged, turning the corner into the alley.

“No hablo español,” she said.

“Fuck. Fuck your pussy,” the Mexican responded, yanking his shorts down.

“Here we go,” Kiwi exhaled, nervous and excited.

She turned so her back leaned against the rear door. Hooking her right leg over the back of the center seat, she spread her left leg wide in the other direction. The Mexican ogled her, jerking his brown dick quickly as he came up on his knees and scooted between her legs. She could tell he was thick down there, short and stout.

The Mexican buried his face in her barely concealed titties, stroking himself all the while.

“Oh baby,” she moaned, running her hands across his sweaty back and

whimpering in his ear. The Mexican's hands were urgent, yanking her top away and tonguing her nipples. He pushed her tits together, soft and milky, running his mouth back and forth between her pink areolas.

Brock drove sluggishly down the alleyway, every inch littered with trash and feral bums. When he got halfway down, he parked the car and adjusted the rearview mirror. He could see the Mexican on top of her, molesting her with his mouth and hands. He could see the fat brown pecker jutting from his crotch, rubbing against her fair thighs.

"You gonna give it to me, baby?" she moaned. "You gonna fuck me?"

The Mexican grunted, fidgeting with her purple thong, ripping it from her thighs. Brock saw his wife's soft, rosy lips folded against one another. The hair there was shaved into a curly patch of blonde, just above her clit.

"Oh, fuck yea, baby. Fuck me, fuck me," she pleaded.

Brock could tell the Mexican was worked up, thick drops of sweat falling from his forehead and landing on his wife's supple, silky body. As he watched the man rub all over the savories of her cunt, Brock felt a sick anger swelling in his stomach. He imagined himself lunging into the backseat and grabbing the stranger by the neck, strangling, and beating him.

But instead, he watched him push into his wife's wet cunt.

“Oh!” Kiwi cried out. She wasn’t used to something so thick, and she could feel him spreading her in a way that Brock couldn’t. He was breathing heavy, greasing her body with his perspiration. He grabbed hold of her large, fat tits to steady himself as he took her.

Brock’s eyes never left the rearview, unable to tear away from the plump Mexican cock gorging itself on his wife’s pussy. The man had little rhythm, and his fucking was too urgent to be passionate. He was squeezing his eyes shut, as if holding himself back for as long as he could.

“Cum for me, baby,” Kiwi whimpered beneath him, her body pulsing with every thrust. His speed picked up and her head began to knock against the rear window, thumping in time with the Mexican’s thrusts. “Oh fuck, fuck, cum for me!”

“On your tits, on your tits,” the stranger said in broken English, yanking his slick prick from inside her. Getting the hint, Kiwi pushed her knockers together, creating a perfect double bullseye for the Mexican to aim at. He scurried up awkwardly to her chest, dragging his taut ballsack against her stomach as he went.

“Me estoy acabando!” The Mexican shouted, unloading himself onto Brock’s wife’s titties. Two white ropes of it shot and splattered across her nipples, fat gobs slicked down her side-titty. He grunted with every spurt, the last of it clearing her chest and covering her neck.

“Oh that’s it, baby,” Kiwi encouraged him, “cover me with your cum!”

Brock rolled his window down and spit into the alley, disgusted. He saw the Mexican fall back, removing his dirty body from atop Kiwi. Putting the car in drive, Brock drove out of the alley and circled back around to where they picked the man up. Without a word, the Mexican hopped out, slamming the door behind him.

“You let him fuck you like a cheap whore, Brittany,” Brock cried. “I can’t believe you egged him on like that!”

“Sorry, I don’t respond to ‘Brittany,’ you’ll have to call me by my whore name,” Kiwi said. She was using a box of Kleenex to wipe her tits and neck. She found her thong and tried to tie it back together.

“I can’t take much more of this,” Brock said, turning around to face his topless wife.

“What other option do you think you have, Brock?” she asked, securing the purple top around her knockers. “Best to just grin and bear it, get it over with. And next time, maybe listen to your wife when she tries to tell you to knock it the fuck off.”

A knock came at the window.

“How’d my bitch do?” Smokey asked, exhaling the smoke from a black and mild into the open driver’s window.

“That Mexican man defiled her if that’s what you’re asking,” Brock said, waving the heavy fumes from his face.

“Damn right he did. He paid good money too, to fuck yah wife raw,” Smokey poked his head in to check on Kiwi. “You feelin’ good, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, licking her lips.

“You lookin’ fine as hell,” he said.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Brock rolled his eyes and tried to shield his face from Smokey’s black and mild.

“Next customer a big money nigga,” Smokey said, looking the husband up and down. “He gon’ use her all up so you best not lose your cool white boy.”

“If I can sit through that dirty man cumming on my wife’s tits I can sit through anything,” Brock argued.

“Yeah, we’ll see bout that,” Smokey smiled, giving Kiwi a wink.

At some point during the early days of Smokey's harassment, Brittany developed what she thought of as a "harmless crush" on the man. Sure, he was an asshole to her husband, with his antics escalating all the time. And yes, he did little to hide his staring and forward remarks about her body. But over the course of those last few weeks leading up to the deal, she found herself thinking about him. When she was alone. When she was in the shower. When Brock was out late.

Somewhere along the way she changed the batteries in her vibrator and started using her imagination instead of porn. Always, it was Smokey. On top of her, underneath her, his dreadlocked head between her legs. It wasn't something she would ever admit to Brock. But it was her secret, her fantasy. And as long as it stayed that way, nobody would get hurt.

And then, as was her custom on Sunday afternoon, she was sunbathing in that little purple bikini when she felt a shadow cross over her. She assumed it was a passing cloud and didn't bother to open her eyes underneath the dark sunglasses. It wasn't until he spoke that she realized she was no longer alone.

"What up, Shawty'," came Smokey's voice.

"You scared the shit out of me!" she shrieked, nearly falling out of the beach chair.

"Sorry, baby. I'm just lookin' fo' yah mans. Ain't nobody answer the door when I knocked.

"Did you call before coming over?" she asked annoyed, adjusting her

sunglasses.

“Yah man don’t answer my calls. He stay duckin’ me. Just like today.”

“Has he paid any of it back yet?” she asked, genuinely curious.

“Not a fuckin’ dime,” Smokey pulled up a lawn chair and sat down. “Shit gon’ get serious here pretty soon if he can’t pay up.”

“You’re not gonna hurt him, are you?” she removed the shades, batting eyelashes over bright green cosmic eyes. She found a pack of cigarettes under the chair and offered one to Smokey, who took one without remark.

“Depends,” Smokey said, accepting her light. “Depends if he takin’ me serious or not. If he ain’t, he gon’ find out.”

“There has to be some other way, Smokey,” she puffed white smoke into the summer afternoon. She wasn’t oblivious to the way he gawked at her chest, but she wasn’t hostile to it either. Just that morning Brock had gone out for groceries, and she’d slipped the little sensual vibrator from her side table.

“Oh, there are other ways, baby girl. Lots of other ways. But he ain’t gon’ agree to them without pitching a damn fit. And that’s where he gon’ get fucked up. Because if I don’t get my money...he gettin’ fucked up.”

“Maybe I can help,” she said, sliding forward on the beach chair and leaning forward, giving Smokey an even better view than usual. “If there’s another way, let me figure it out. Brock’s an idiot, you know that. I know that. I have to fix all of his mistakes half the time anyway, whether I put the toilet seat down or stop him from dumping bacon grease down the sink. Let me help, Smokey. Let me make this go away.”

Smokey puffed and surveyed the buxom white wife, a small tan line visible along her breasts.

“Only other way to pay it off is to work,” Smokey pulled a drag, “you willing to work for it girl?”

“I’m willing to work for you, Smokey,” she said.

Things moved quickly after that. Three weeks later Smokey showed up to their house in the Explorer, tossing the keys to Brock.

“It’s a thirty-minute drive to the hood, and I gotta test yah’ wife out on the way there. So, you the one drivin’ us, white man.”

And now, just a few hours since blowing the man in the backseat of his car while her husband looked on, Kiwi formerly known as Brittany was sitting in that very same bikini, waiting on the arrival of her next John.

She chuckled to herself, marveling at the way life could move.

“What’s so funny?” Brock asked from the driver’s seat.

“If you can’t laugh at this, I pity you, baby,” she sighed.

A shape moved quickly across the car mirrors and through the reflection of the tinted windows. Husband and wife straightened up, silently bracing themselves for the unknown, and waited for the rear door to open.

Instead, the rear lift-gate on the back of the SUV opened. Craning their necks to see, Brock and Kiwi’s expressions were simultaneously opposite. Kiwi’s face flushed, lips parted in disbelief and confusion.

Brock went pale, nearly green. For a moment, he stopped breathing.

Standing at the back of the Explorer were two, young black studs covered in tats and gold teeth, do-rags on their heads and handguns on their hips. Broad in the shoulders and towering, one with a scowl and the other with a snarl, they appeared like a news bulletin for inner-city crime.

Without a word, they folded the back row of seats down into the floor of the car, doubling the space. Then the two of them came around to the rear doors, one of the boys yanking Kiwi out and into the street. She stood there, virtually naked on a corner in a bad neighborhood, watching them fold the middle row of seats down into the floor.

Now the back of the Explorer was open and wide, empty, and roomy.

“Get in,” the thug growled. Kiwi crawled back into the Explorer, getting as far against the rear lift-gate as she could. The thugs followed, slamming the doors shut behind them.

“I’m Trey, this is my homie Darnell,” Trey said, peeling the shirt off his back. “I’m buying my homie some pussy for his twenty-first birthday’. Take us round the back.”

“Damn this bitch got some big titties,” Darnell said, stripping down to his boxers. Both were clearly young men, despite the viciousness of their appearance. Both were slender and lean, too, which Kiwi did not fail to notice.

As Brock drove at a snail’s pace to the alley, she noticed a change in her husband’s demeanor. She couldn’t tell if it was utter defeat, complete emasculation, or both. Either way, his silence was welcomed. She crawled between the two young thugs.

“What it is, baby,” Trey said, sliding a palm up her side and engulfing her fat, milky white titty. “You gon’ show us a good time for my homie’s birthday’ or what?”

“I can do that,” she giggled. Darnell found her free tit and massaged it, putting his swollen mouth to her frail neck and kissing. “Mmmm,” she moaned, wet from the touch of the younger man.

Brock parked and put the car in neutral. He blasted the air conditioning, hoping the sound would block out the roar of obscenity behind him. He crossed his arms, certain he would not look into the rearview.

In the backseat, the boys were all over her. Their sweaty hands roamed her body, grabbing and squeezing all of it from tits to ass, thighs to cunt. Brittany had never felt the touch of two men at the same time before, but it was obvious that Kiwi was certainly ready for it. She reached her hands down blindly, finding the cloth of their boxers and then the fat meat hanging inside. She stroked them over their underwear, shocked at the strength and size.

“Oh my God, boys,” she breathed.

“That’s right, girl, stroke it,” Darnell whispered.

“Lemme taste that pussy, bitch,” Trey said, placing the white girl on her hands and knees. He knelt down behind her, pushing on her lower back. “Ass up,” he commanded. Kiwi arched her fleshy, tanned butt. She felt Trey push the thong to the side, felt his massive hands take hold of her rump and lift. His mouth came to her moist, fleshy folds, his lips pushing into her sex, tongue roaming as he pressed his tongue inside.

“Oh, oh,” she cried softly, the boy’s eagerness making her legs shake. Darnell got in front of her, his back against the lift-gate. He was nude and his young, black prick already stood at attention between muscled legs. He came closer to Kiwi.

“Suck the birfday’ boy’s dick, white girl,” Darnell said, tapping Kiwi on the

forehead with his long, veined cock.

Trey gorged on her cunt, slurping and sucking and kissing, tongue fucking and spitting. She hadn't been eaten that way in a long time, and it was distracting her from the task in front of her face. She slid her lips over Darnell's pulsating member, the power of it pushing into the roof of her mouth.

"Oh damn, fuck," Darnell said, boxing Kiwi's ears and dribbling her head like a basketball, "this bitch suckin' my dick." Relentless at first, Kiwi tried to hold back her gags, but it was useless. It filled the SUV, along with Trey's lips smacking her cunt.

"AWK! AWK! AWK!" she heaved, the black dick bottoming out in her gullet.

"Damn this white girl pussy good as fuck," Trey claimed, smacking her ass hard and leaving a red welt. He spread her cheeks wide and traced a long line with his tongue, running from her clit all the way to the top of her ass crack, pausing over her perky butthole and flicking it.

Darnell pulled her up for air, smacking his sopping cock against her dangling tits.

"Fuck, bitch, you like that?" Darnell asked, holding Kiwi by the back of the head. "You like when I smack yah titties with my big dick?"

"Yes, baby," she moaned through slick lips. The truth was if Trey kept tossing

her like that she was going to cum soon. The feel of Darnell's powerful black dick slapping her titties was getting hotter, and the ache in her cunt demanded attention. "You gonna fuck me, birthday boy? You want to fuck my pussy?"

"You know I do, bitch. Turn around!"

Trey pulled his greedy mouth from her sopping cave, giving her ass one more brutal slap before she crawled on all fours to face the other direction. She got a quick glance at the rearview, just in time to see her husband looking away.

Darnell spread her labia wide, jerking his black cock and admiring that stunning pink that seemed to beckon him. He placed his fat tip against her lips and leaned in, penetrating her soaked twat with ease.

"You know I'm gettin' mines, baby," Trey said, shuffling his boxers down to his thighs and pulling out a lengthy ebony prick. Kiwi gripped it and sucked, working her tired jaw to get as much in as she could.

"Bitch is tight," Darnell grunted, clutching her hips, and pulling her back. As he slid deeper her thighs shook, her fat ass waving like the ocean on a rough day. "She shakin' on my dick, dawg. This bitch is horny."

"She suck dick real good," Trey grunted, allowing the white woman to do the work for him. He got comfortable, planting his ass on the Explorer floor, and spreading his legs wide. His leathery nutsack bounced as she sucked him, her body jostling with every thrust Darnell gave her.

Brock waited in the front seat for the boys to finish.

Darnell was in a trance, the sight of his giant black dick gliding in and out of the white girl's cunt, spreading her, getting deeper with each push. Thick layers of cunt cream were stacking at the base of his cock and coating her cunt. He spit down onto her asshole and pushed a finger in just for fun.

"Oh!" she cried, feeling the intrusion. "Oh fuck! His fingers in my ass!" she wanted Brock to hear. Wanted him to feel it.

The husband shifted uncomfortably in his seat, craning his neck in the opposite direction of his wife's defilement. He heard her heavy breathing, the boy's grunts, and insults. He smelled ball sweat and pussy.

"Bout to get my birthday nut, nigga," Darnell proclaimed, easily flipping Kiwi over onto her back and using his strong arms to spread her legs wide. Looking down at her, tits bare and sweating, he went deep, keeping her still by the hips so she had nowhere to go.

"Oh fuck! Fuck! It's so fucking big!" she cried.

Trey jerked himself with one hand, choking Kiwi with the other. He kept her face forward, pinned to the sight of Darnell ravaging her. Leaning into her ear he whispered viscously, "yeah, slut. Yeah, bitch. Take that fucking nigga dick. Take it like a fucking slut. Imma paint yah fucking face!"

Darnell hunched over her, fists driving into the floor of the Explorer, hips bouncing up and down, pile-driving her mercilessly. Kiwi got two fingers to her clit and rubbed fast, semi-circles that brought her right to the edge.

“I’m cumming I’m cumming I’m cumming,” she choked through Trey’s cruel hand. Her legs shook, and a cascade of her juices shot up and rained down on her body. Darnell never slowed, feeling his own nut approaching, pounding her wildly.

“OH OH OH” Kiwi went numb all over.

Trey pushed himself into her mouth from the side, fucking her shallow, savoring the feeling of his mushroom tip rolling across her pink tongue. His balls dragged against the floor and then her cheek, pasting her face in ball sweat.

When he could take the sound of it no more, Brock turned in his seat, seeing the men not as a reflection but in the flesh. The one fucking her was pulling out, aiming upwards, grunting. Brock expected the boy to cum on her stomach, but what he got was a shot of white rope that cleared her entire body and smacked Kiwi squarely in the face. She cried out, trying to wipe it away, but Trey snatched her arms and held her down. More streaks of hot cum from Darnell, splashing her fat tits and pooling on her belly.

“Oh shit! Oh fuck yea!” Darnell scowled, unloading every hot drop onto her body.

In disbelief from the nut that plastered her, Kiwi shrieked again as Trey dropped his load directly into her open mouth.

“On yah fuckin’ face, white girl,” he sighed, long stroking his 9-inch pole. “Take that nigga nut, keep yah fucking mouth open.”

Grimacing and gagging, she tried to keep still with her mouth open as the hot sticky mess plopped down onto her pretty face. Salty and stinging it got in her eyes, and she tasted it accumulating on her tongue. With every groan came another shot, dripping down her cheeks and coating her eyebrows.

Kiwi lay in the center of the Explorer, fresh semen covering her from cunt to brow. The strong young cocks of the thugs hung loosely between sweaty thighs, done for now.

Without a word, Brock put the car in drive and made his way back to the corner.

“I’ll be seeing you again real soon,” Darnell said, exiting the vehicle. He looked in on the mess he’d made one more time, relishing the sight of the stacked blonde girl wiping his seed away with flimsy paper towels.

“I sure hope so,” she laughed, removing a wad from her nose.

The doors slammed shut and the couple sat in silence.

“That better have paid the fucking debt, Smokey,” Brock said, rolling his window down. “And if it didn’t, I’m fucking done driving today. Get one your

homeboys to do it!”

“Shut yo’ ass up, son,” Smokey laughed, lighting another black and mild. “Two more satisfied customers. Know what we call that? Progress. Yo ass be off the hook pretty soon if yah wife keeps getting’ tagged like that.”

Kiwi leaned into the front seat, cleaned, and adjusting her top.

“I’m exhausted,” she said yawning, “I could take a nap after that.”

“Them youngin’s got you off, huh?” Smokey chided.

“They sure did,” she stretched.

Disgusted and annoyed, Brock opened the door and made to get out. Smokey quickly shoved him back inside, slamming the door in his face.

“Not so fast, chump. By the way I figure it, you halfway there. You still owe me fifteen. So, either you reach into yah wallet and hand it over, or you wait for the next fuckin’ nigga. What’s it gonna be?”

Broke rolled the window up silently and turned on the radio.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Dear Reader,

If you would like to see what happens next in this naughty tale, please take a moment to leave a review! It means a lot so thank you!

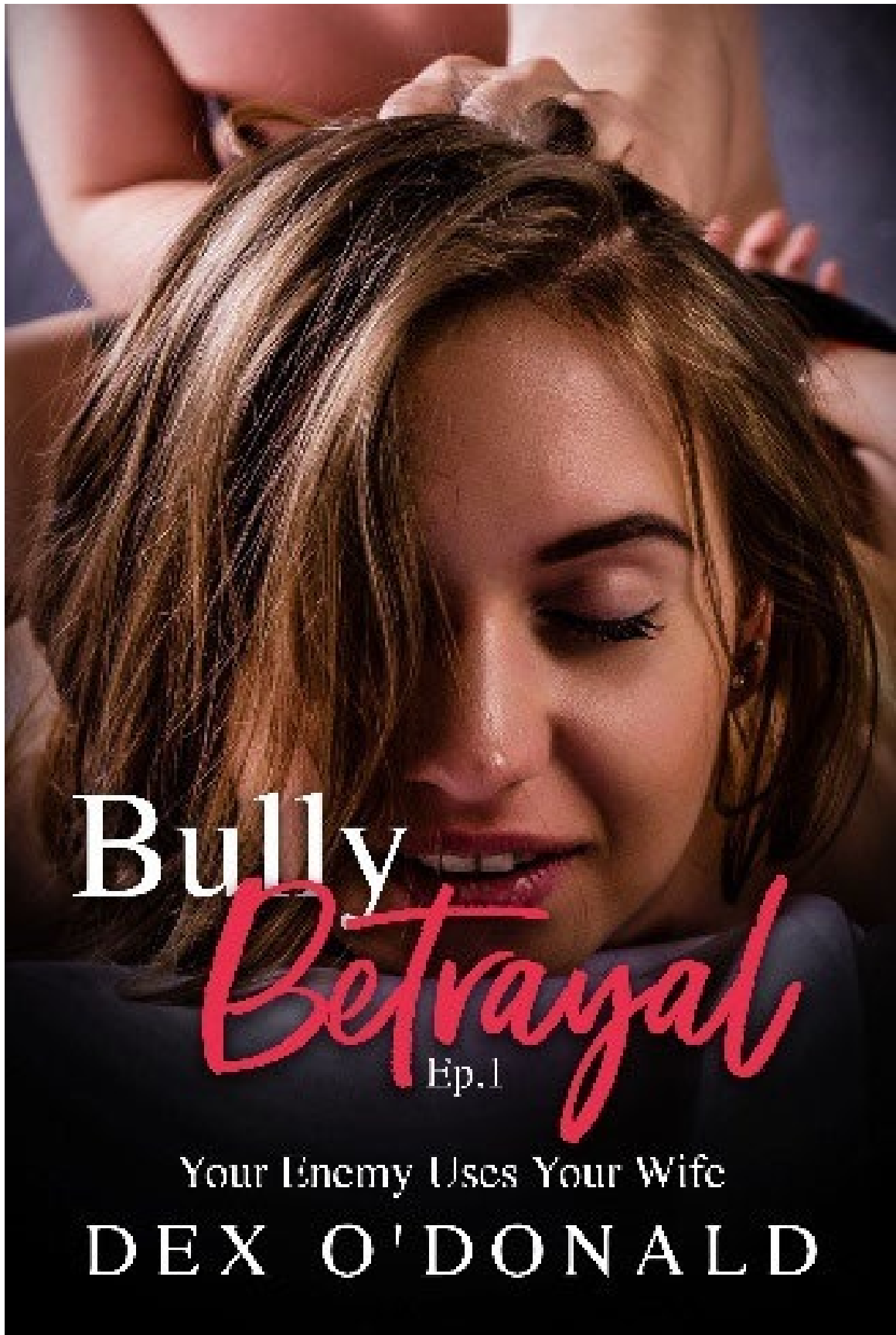
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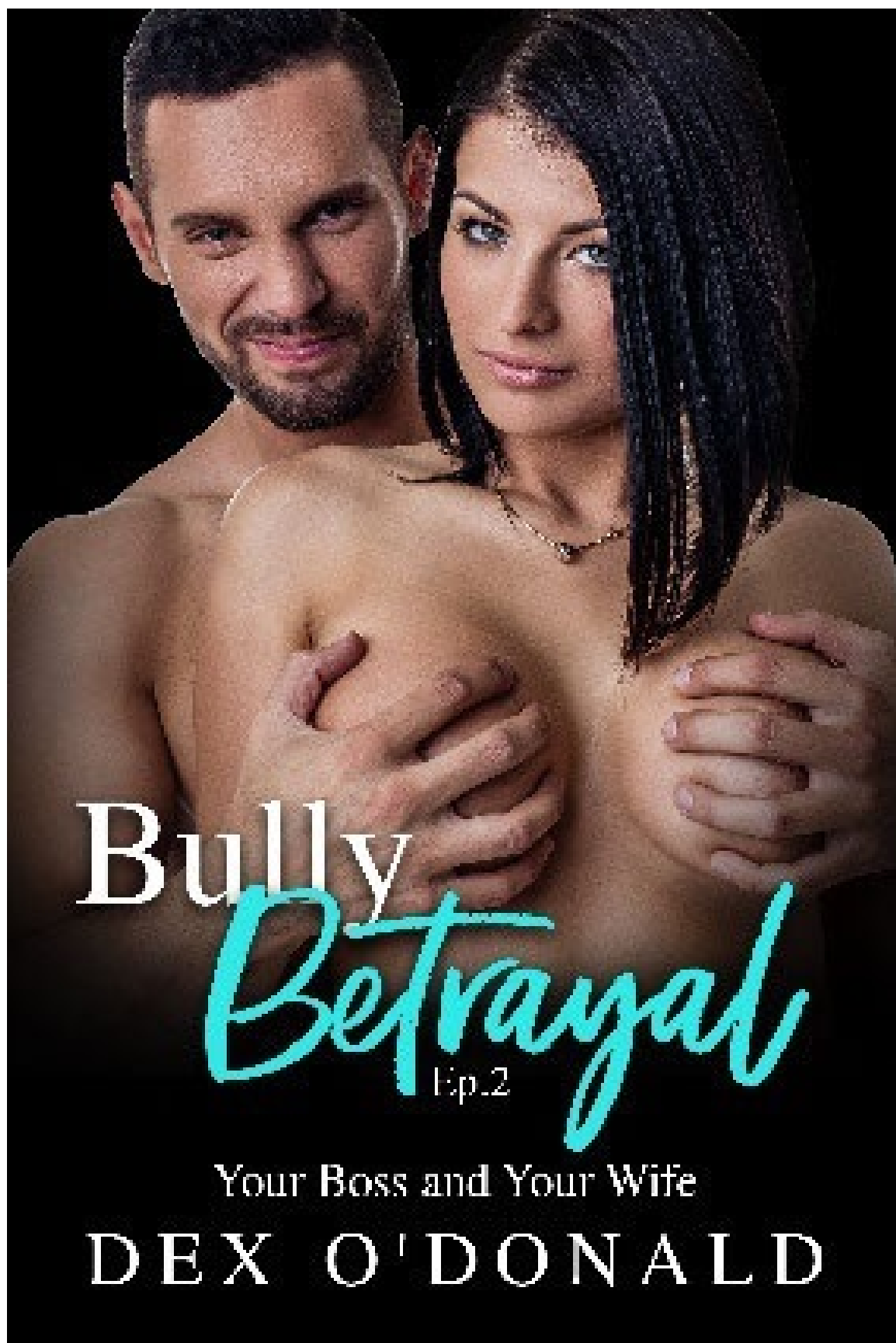
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Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



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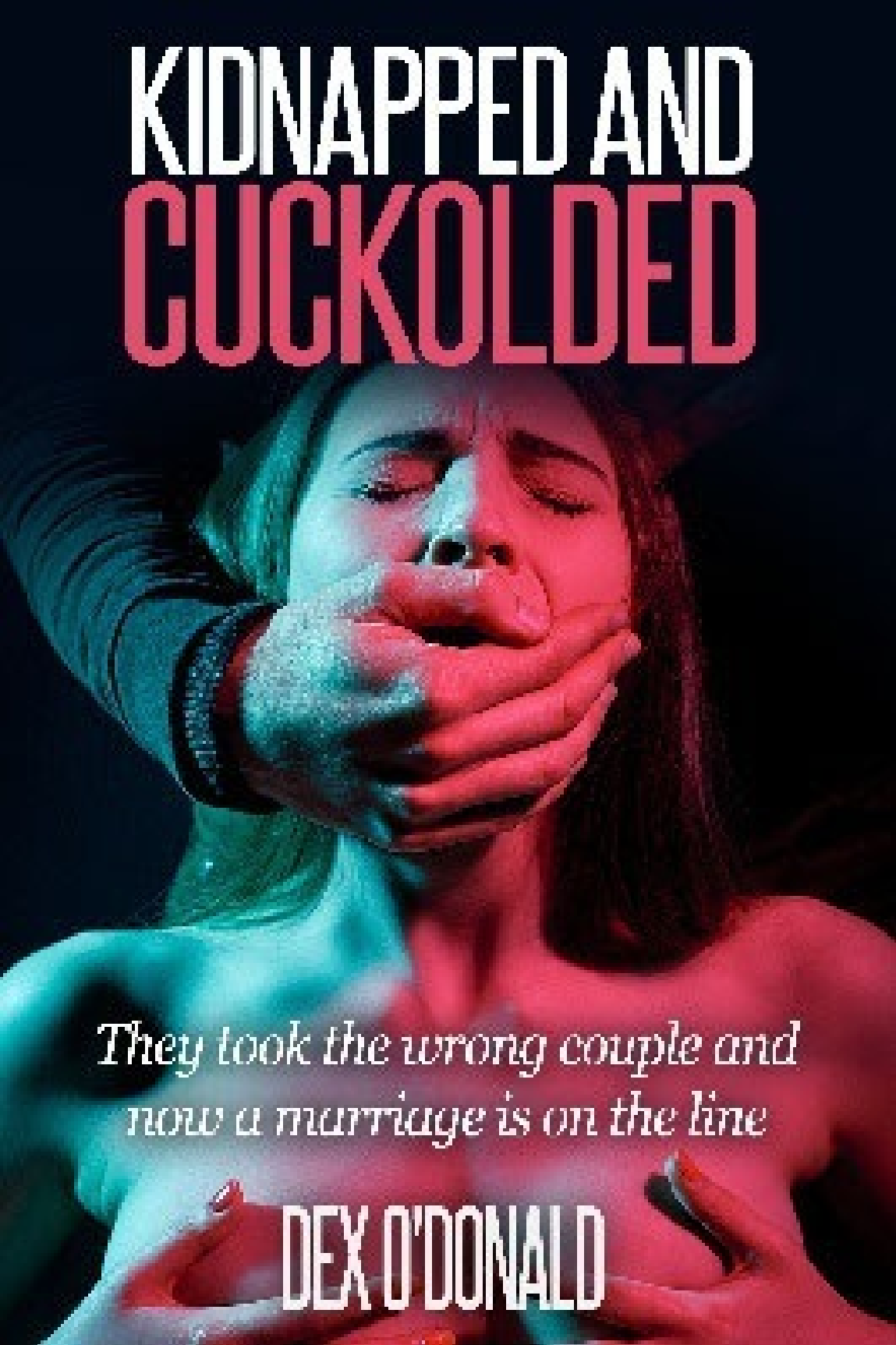
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Kidnapped and Cuckolded

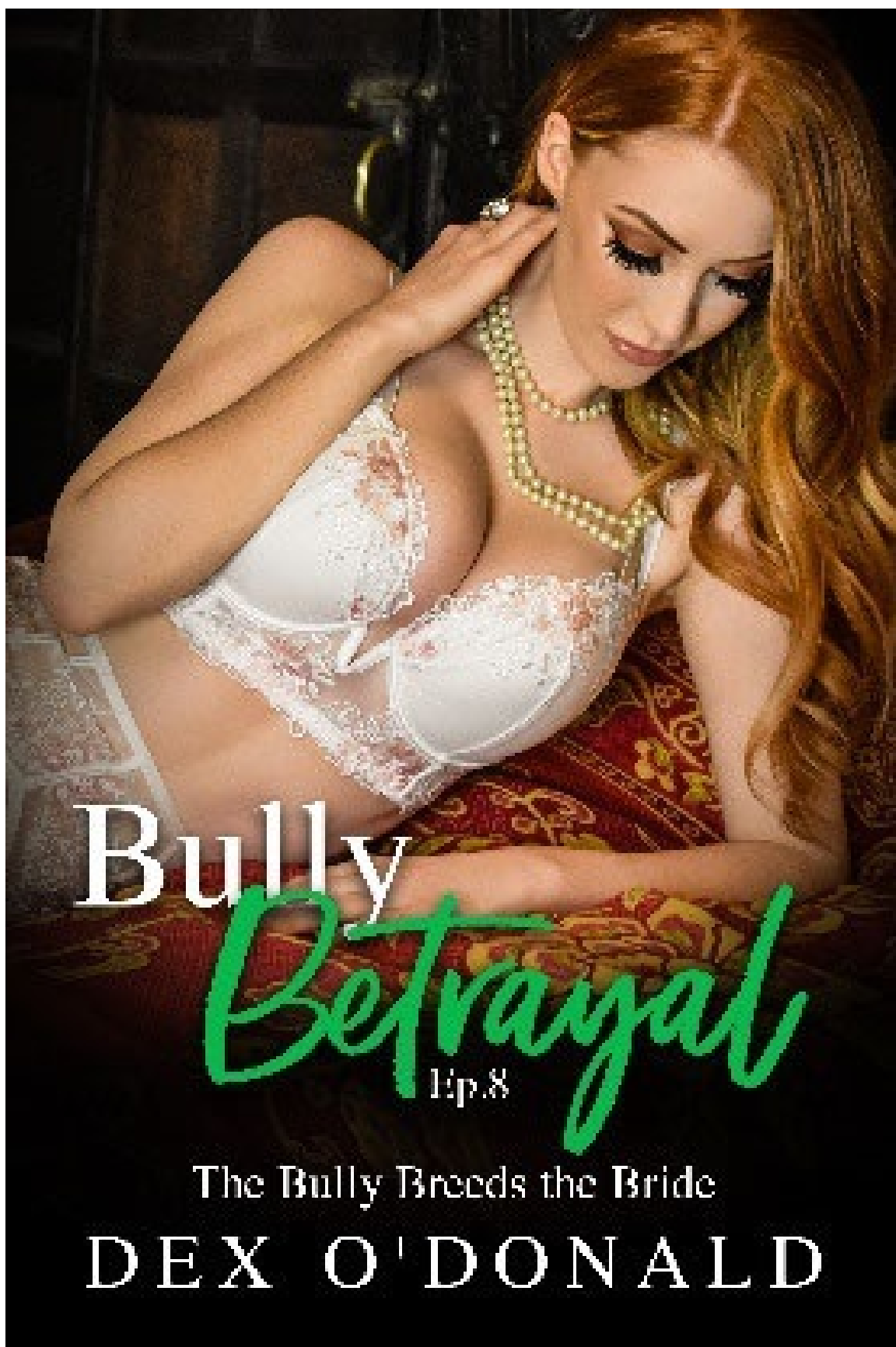
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is covered by a hand wearing a black wristband. The scene is lit with dramatic red and blue light, creating a high-contrast, moody atmosphere. The background is dark.

*They took the wrong couple and
now a marriage is on the line*

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



Bully

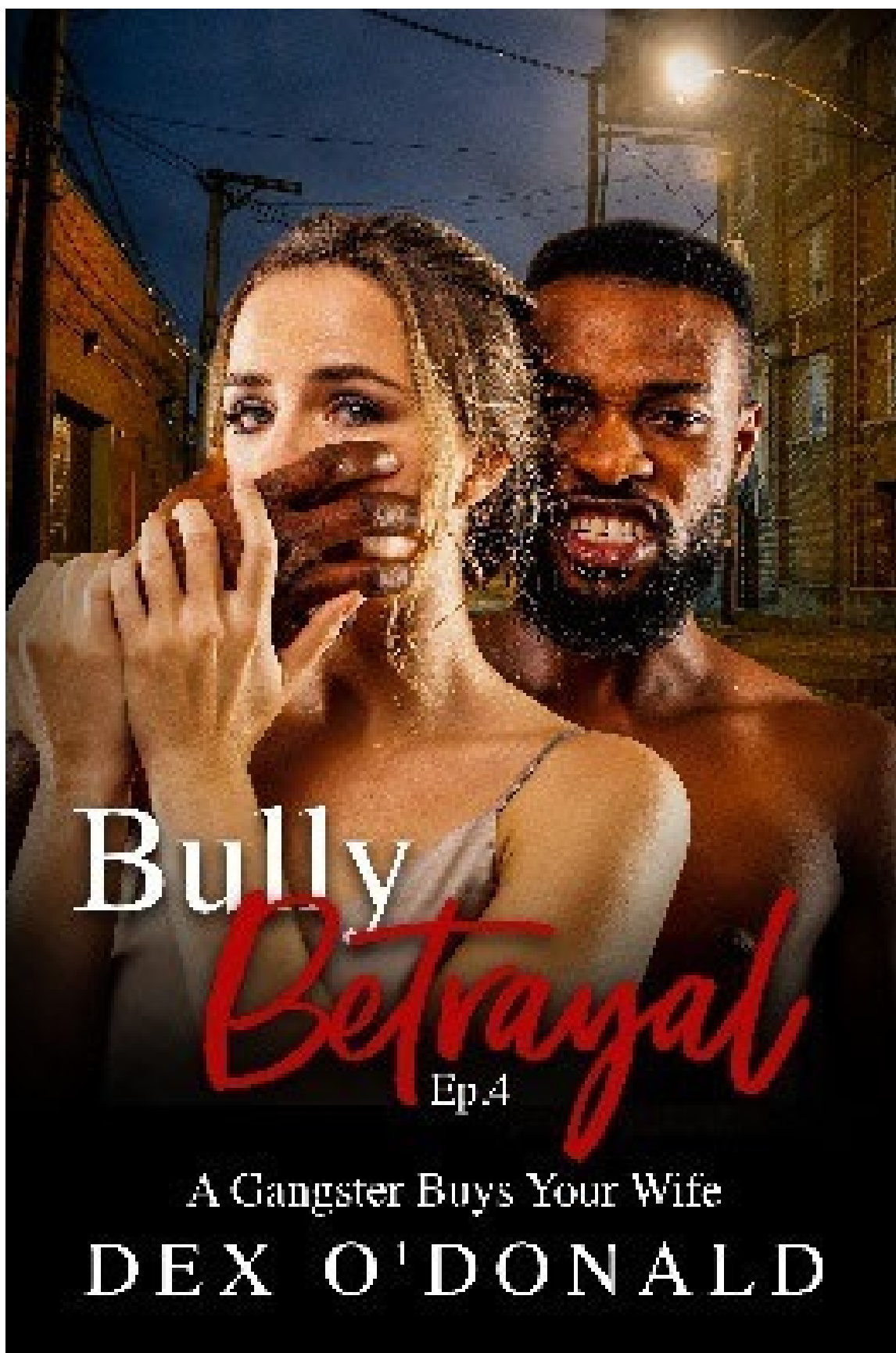
Betrayal

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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