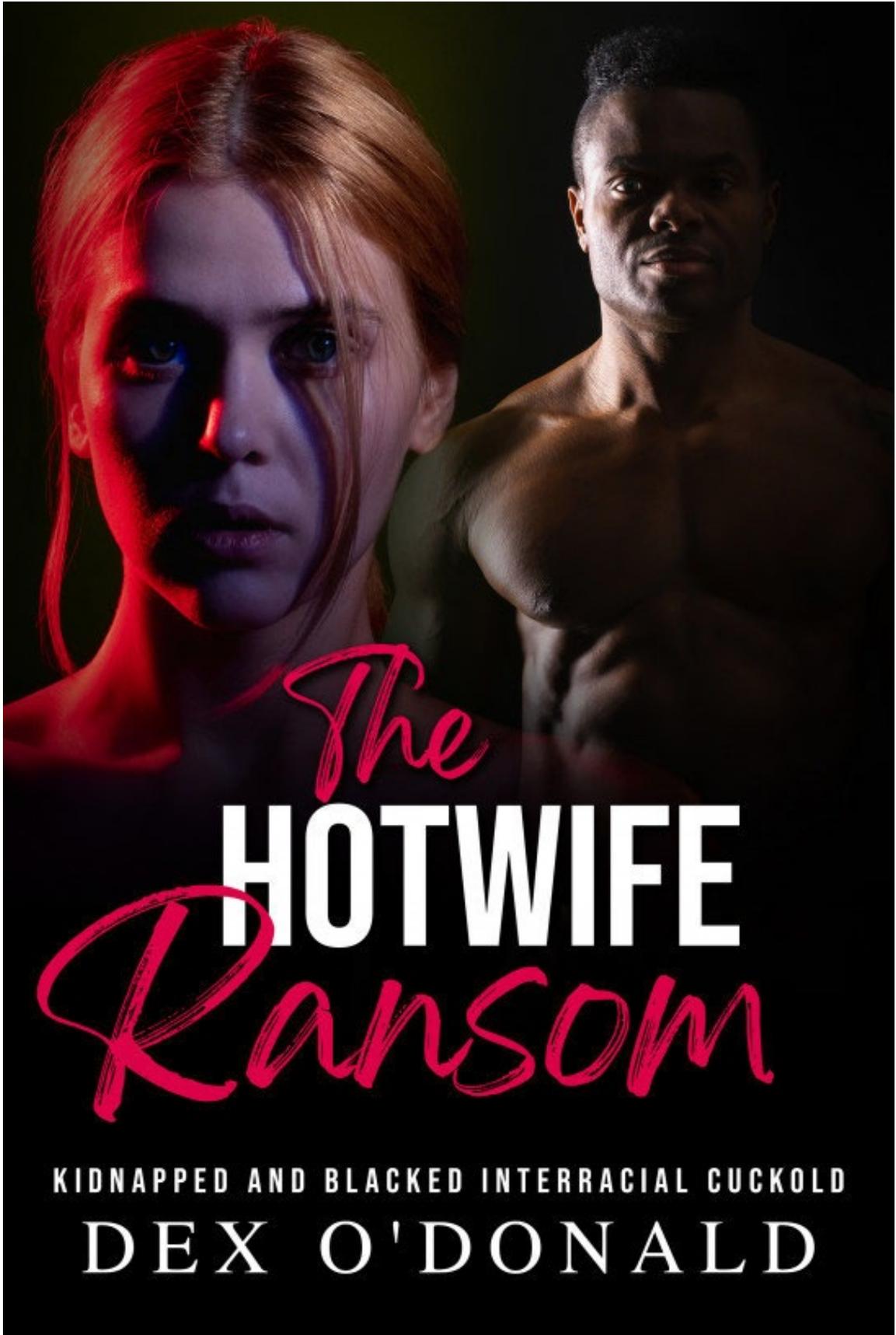


The
HOTWIFE
Ransom

KIDNAPPED AND BLACKED INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



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**The Hotwife Ransom: Kidnapped and Blacked Interracial Cuckold (Bully
Betrayal Ep. 17)**

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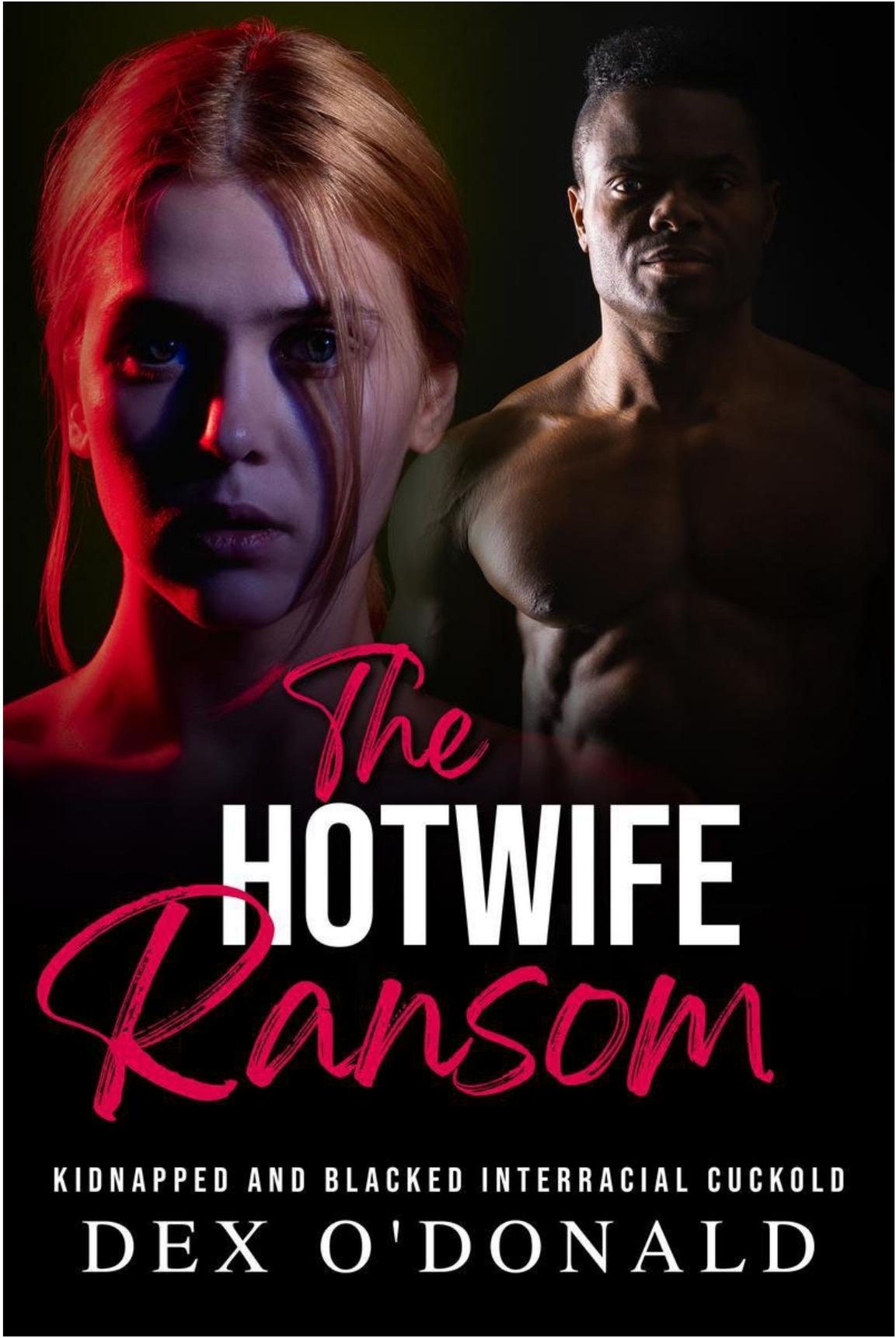
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Table Of Contents

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

Todd was late again.

It was pushing 2 am when the Uber dropped him at the plush suburban home on the southside of Denver. He expected the typical quiet of his house to be waiting for him, the sleepy silence of his oblivious wife. Instead, light poured from the front windows, kitchen and dining room illuminated. She was awake after all.

“Fucking hell, Claire,” he sighed, taking a whiff of his shirt, hoping to God it didn’t smell like Chanel No. 5. Like Alyssa. It was unusual for his wife to still be up, because as wives went Claire wasn’t inclined to suspicion. If Todd said he was working late and home by ten, she smiled and nodded. If he got home at 2 instead of 10, well, she would have been asleep by hours at that point, and it wouldn’t matter anyway.

Todd lumbered up the paved driveway, one foot in front of the other performing the tequila shuffle. Those shots at the bar were certainly tasty, especially the one Alyssa pushed between her tits and dumped into his mouth. God, she just smelled so damn good. And the way she’d blown him...such a scandalous, naughty little slut. Not at all like sweet Claire, his enchanting, boring wife.

Todd got to the front door of his home and paused. Something was...different. He couldn’t put his thumb to it, but something was off. And it wasn’t just the tequila coursing through his bloodstream. He pulled keys from his pocket and rattled them out, bringing the housekey to the deadbolt. The moment the key touched the lock, the door swung in on its hinges, creaking loudly.

“What the fuck?”

Todd rushed into his house, eyes glossy with confusion. His five o’clock shadow lost its handsomeness after midnight, the later hours revealing him to be a modest looking 40-year-old man with lines in his face. Coupled with mounting panic, he appeared years older.

“Claire! Claire! Everything alright? Claire!”

He barreled into the living room and stopped dead. The white leather sofa was turned over on its back, cushions strewn across the space. The glass coffee table was smashed in, a million tiny shards dotted with red.

“Oh my God...CLAIRE!”

Todd bolted into the kitchen calling out his wife’s name, fumbling madly for the cell phone in his pocket. Kitchen cabinets hung ajar, drawers were yanked from their tracks with glass and silverware littering the floor, three barstools were overturned and destroyed.

“What the fuck is going on!”

Holding his shaking iPhone, Todd’s clumsy fingers navigated to the phone icon on the bottom of the screen. His thumb circled the dial pad searching for those three magic numbers. Suddenly, his phone dinged loudly, a green text box appearing at the top of the screen. A number he didn’t recognize.

It read simply, *Your office.*

“What in the fuck?”

For a tenth of a second, he almost ignored it. His thumb pounded 9-1-1 into the dial pad and hovered over the Call button.

Your office, it came again.

He blinked twice, shoved the phone back into his pocket, and hauled ass up the stairs to his office. He thundered heavy on the carpeted staircase, losing his balance halfway up and slamming his knee into the edge of a step. There was an audible crunch when he did it, but in his adrenaline-fueled terror he barely flinched.

“Claire!” he called in vain, scouring the hallway as he limped to the double doors at the back of the house. “Claire what’s going on! Where are you!”

The oaken doors swung wide, and Todd stumbled in, drunk and bleeding profusely from the knee. The floor was beginning to slide toward the ceiling, and he briefly wondered if that last shot with Alyssa had been one too many. He planted his hands on the cherrywood desk in the center of the room, searching for balance.

He squeezed his eyes tight, shaking off the drunk. He opened them.

A black envelope with red lettering lay against the rose-colored top of his work desk.

Todd the Liar it read in large, flowing cursive.

Trembling fingers lifted the black envelope from the desk, the top lip came away easily and Todd pulled a folded piece of white paper from inside. His vision struggled to keep the words straight, many of the lines doubling as he read them.

Dear Todd the Liar,

I have your wife. If you call the police I will put a black baby inside of her. Go to your bedroom and watch the movie we made you. I hope you enjoy.

Yours Truly

The BNWO

Tears welled in his eyes and the paper floated from his hands. In a fog he drifted from his office and down the hallway, slamming into a door and tumbling into the master bedroom. His knee screamed at him, the trickle of blood soaking his socks.

The TV was on. The screen blue. He found the play button on the silver panel of the Phillips DVD player. At first it was blurry, a single shot of a familiar looking place. The focus pulled, and there before him was the exact image of the bedroom he stood in. There was someone on the bed.

“Claire,” he pawed at the screen.

She was on her back, head hanging off the side of the bed, completely naked. Her milky, tender tits hung on her chest, pink nipples pointing to the ceiling. She stared at the camera upside down, her wide green eyes saucers of shock and fear.

And then a man was speaking, walking into the shot.

“Hey white man,” the voice was rough and violent, it belonged to a man in a black ski mask with black skin. He was absurdly muscular and long, naked from the waist down. The obscenity of his ebony cock swung between strong thighs. “On behalf of the Black New World Order, I want to thank you for your white

wife. She will make a good little whore for me until you pay up. Until you pay your reparations!”

The masked man turned his back to the camera, advancing on Claire.

“Claire...”

“Open your mouth, bitch,” growled the man in the mask.

“CLAIRE!”

“Hello, Claire,” Martin raised his voice over the booming music, “it’s good to have you. You too, Todd. You’ve got mustard on your shirt, by the way.”

“Aw come on,” Todd lifted the smudged collar to his shirt, the yellow stain plain to see. “I just bought this shirt!”

“Oh Martin! It’s so good to see you again!” Claire flung her fragile arms about Martin’s broad shoulders, planting a wet kiss on his high, ebony cheekbone. “Thank you so much for the invite we love live music! And this box is just amazing!”

“Don’t mention it,” Martin said casually, taking Claire by the waist and hugging her close, “a little birdy told me you white kids like luxury suites and black music.”

“You stop it right now, Martin!” Claire shrieked, wiggling in his strong arms. “You know you will send my husband right over the edge if you keep on with that talk.”

“Ah, yes. Todd the Privileged. Or should we call you Todd the Privilege-Denier? I’m not sold on any one nickname yet, but perhaps Todd the White Guy would be most appropriate.”

“Stop it!” she ripped into another gale. All around them the private luxury box filled with people, most of them taking notice of the shrieking white woman in the arms of the gracious host.

“Very funny, Martin,” Todd muttered, sliding his arm around Claire’s shoulders, pulling her from the African’s embrace. “Mind if I have my wife back?”

“For now,” Martin smirked, “but I might ask for her back in a little while.”

“You are so bad, Martin!”

Martin bid them adieu and made his way around the rest of the luxury box, welcoming and introducing people to one another. The club seats looked out across the arena and to the stage below where the opening band was tearing into the intro of a Bad Brains song. Even over the din of punk rock you could hear Martin’s reverberating, bass-filled voice.

“Does he always greet you that way?” Todd asked, signaling the bartender for two vodka tonics.

“And what way is that?” Claire raised her eyebrows, her painted-red lips a pouty wonderland.

“With his hands?”

“Some people are huggers, Todd. You used to be too, you know.” She whipped her blonde hair off her shoulder and looked around the club box. “I can’t believe he can afford this. Kind of crazy right? There must be twenty people in this suite.”

“Can’t be too difficult when you have friends in...questionable places,” Todd took their drinks from the passing bartender and handed one to his wife. “After all, didn’t you say he’s involved with those thugs from the BLM protests?”

“Lower your goddamn voice if you’re going to say racist shit like that, Todd,” she spit at him in a vicious whisper. “He isn’t involved with any thugs, and I’d appreciate it if you pretended to be nice to the guy who bought our tickets tonight.”

“Still...you did say he’s a member of that gang? What do they call themselves? The BNWO?”

“They aren’t a gang,” she rolled her eyes, bringing her drink to her fat, curved lips. “It’s the Black New World Order and they aren’t petty criminals...they’re an activist group that advocates for political change and equal opportunity.”

“Annnd white genocide,” Todd looked the other way, ready to dodge his wife’s ire.

“For your information I met several of the men you’re calling thugs and they were very nice people.”

“Oh, I bet they were nice to you, Claire. Blonde, white girl in a crop top at a BLM rally. I bet they were just peachy with you.”

“Are you trying to start a fight? Really? Here? Of all fucking places. I wanted to go out and have a nice time tonight, Todd. Not listen to your racist, jealous

bullshit.”

“So, are you saying we can leave?” he grinned.

“I’m saying you can go...I’m sure I can get a ride home with Martin,” she flashed defiant eyes at him.

“That’s not funny, Goddamnit. Don’t joke about that shit, I’m serious. You think it’s a joke, but I see the way he- “

“Todd and Claire!” came a familiar voice, shouting over the cacophony. “Come up here! I want you to meet someone!” Across the room, Martin beckoned the two of them to join him.

“Not another word about it,” Claire warned him in hushed breath, “or I’ll tell Martin you think reparations are a scam.”

“I do think reparations are a scam!”

Winding their way to the front of the box, Todd and Claire found themselves among two other couples, white and young like them. At the head of the circle Martin stood with a glass of champagne in hand, his dapper collar flush against his wide black neck.

“Claire and Todd, I want you to meet Frank and Erika, Lizzy and Walter,” Martin waved his hand amongst them.

“So nice to meet you!”

“Hello, I’m Walter!”

“Frank.”

“Hello, I’m Todd. Nice to meet you.”

“I think the six of you have much in common,” Martin continued, commanding more of their attention than the band downstairs did. “Secure, privileged young white people with every opportunity in the world. I believe, and I think you’ll all agree, that it is your responsibility, as the privileged class of society, to use your voice and influence to help bring about equal opportunity and change for the

black community!”

Not one to buy into Martin’s propaganda, Todd caught eyes with one of the other men in the circle, Frank, and made a funny face. Frank ignored him, returning his interest to the bloviating black man in the three-piece suit. Todd looked around at the girls in the circle; all three doe-eyed and enraptured with their host. Frank and Walter seemed to have puppy faces, as if their responses were trained or worse, engrained.

They actually buy this shit, Todd thought.

“I will tell you all, and I don’t mean to single him out,” Martin nonchalantly placed an arm around Claire, “that Todd here believes white privilege is...a myth. That black men are not disenfranchised, just...what, Todd? Lazy? Insidious?”

“Now wait just a minute, Martin,” Todd cleared his throat, “I never said any of that. All I said was that I am not necessarily- “

“And you can see, he’s ready with the excuses,” Martin interrupted him, “so full of them his belly hangs over his belt.” The off-hand remark sent a wave of giggles through the girls, and outright laughter from Frank and Walter.

“I’m telling you, I’m not a racist,” Todd continued, going red in the face, “I’m just trying to say that just because I’m white doesn’t make me a bad guy. I’m actually not racist at all and- “

“Here comes the ‘I have a black friend’ alert, folks,” Martin’s black lips spread apart into a wide, white toothy grin. “I’m sure your friends are very interesting, Todd. But I would be hard pressed to find a black man among them. Am I right?”

Todd was getting so worked up he failed to notice Claire staring up at Martin, her dainty fingers tracing circles in the small of his back.

“As a matter of fact, I have two black friends, Martin. And they both- “

“The mailman doesn’t count,” Walter butted in, his wiry eyes desperately seeking Martin’s approval.

“That’s a good one,” Martin chuckled, squeezing Claire closer, “perhaps the other is the janitor at your office building.”

“Well, I guess I can’t say anything if you’re all going to gang up on me like this,” Todd said, hot in the face. “I’m getting another drink.” He stormed off, oblivious to his wife and Martin’s public affections.

“Now that the racist is gone,” Martin turned on Claire, wrapping her in both arms, “perhaps you and I can finish our conversation? The one we started at the Black New World Order rally last week?”

“I’d love to,” Claire’s eyes sparkled.

At the bar, Todd ordered a double vodka tonic and took a seat as far from the crowd in the box as he could. Glancing over his shoulder he peeped Claire in intense, focused conversation with Martin. Probably discussing multi-racial babies and reparations, no doubt. He laughed at his own bad joke and fished his cell phone from his pocket. Drunk and more than a little perturbed, he punched in a text message to a contact labeled Bob from Work.

Hey sexy, his thumbs danced across the screen.

...Hey there handsome – came a quick reply.

Can I see you tonight?

You tell me...

What if I faked sick? Got the hell out of this place.

Hmmm. Won’t she be suspicious?

Ha. Doubt it. She’s pretty distracted at the moment.

I’m not surprised. She’s ALWAYS distracted.

But not you right, baby?

Come over here...I want to show you something

Todd frowned, biting his lip. He searched the room for his wife, finding her in

the same exact location as a moment ago, only now Martin had his hands on her knees. As he spoke, Martin's fingertips danced and swayed, caressing her in a way that made Todd feel dirty.

"Sorry to interrupt your fascinating conversation," Todd butted in, finishing the last of his double vodka tonic. "But I think I'm going to head home." He didn't bother with an excuse, too frustrated to hide it.

"Stop it right now, Todd," Claire stood, and Martin's hands fell from her legs. "We were just talking you know how I get. I don't shut up! Let's get another drink and finish the show."

"No, I think I'll be leaving," he tore his arm from her reach, "not my favorite music anyway."

"Don't be silly Todd the headliner hasn't even come on yet! We're not leaving!"

"I know you're not going anywhere," Todd raised his voice, the people around them starting to gawk, "I'm sure you can catch a ride home with Martin here. I'm sure he would love to give you a ride."

"No need to be disrespectful," came Martin's low voice as he stood up, "certainly no reason to raise your voice to such a beautiful woman." He towered over them all, house music blaring between acts.

"She's my wife, Martin," Todd reminded him, "I think I can talk to her anyway I want."

"Not in front of me you can't," Martin took a step forward, dwarfing the white man and his drunken entitlement.

Todd gulped, glancing from Martin to Claire.

"Just apologize and stop, Todd," Claire pleaded softly, "you're just drunk is all. Say your sorry and we'll stay for the show."

"Fuck this," Todd slammed his glass down and stormed off, bursting through the exit door and out into the hallway.

"So fucking embarrassing," Claire put her head in her hands, sinking down onto

the leather sofa.

“Now, now,” Martin took her by the shoulders, “you mustn’t blame yourself. Jealous men are little men, and little men try to make others feel as small they are. You deserve so much more than a little man, Claire.... Claire, look at me,” he took her chin with two fingers and lifted her countenance to his, “did you hear what I said?”

“Yes...” she bit her bottom lip, Bigg as a bee sting.

“What did I say?”

“I don’t deserve a little man...”

“Correct,” he brushed her hair, “you deserve so much more.”

In the center of the camera shot was Claire, head hanging off the side of the bed and blonde hair cascading down to the floor. Her wide, upside-down mouth parted when the masked man moved on her. Claire's trembling body disappeared behind a mass of ebony muscle, only her dangling face reappearing as her captor spread his legs.

"Pay attention, whitey," he said through cheap TV speakers, "watch how I treat your white bitch."

"This can't be happening," Todd blinked at the screen.

A cruel hand found the back of Claire's swaying head and gripped. He held her there, battering her face with his swollen black prick. It bounced off her nose and lips- a thin white line of sticky pre-cum smearing across her forehead. Claire's breath was short, quick gasps, often cut off by the piece of black meat smacking her mouth.

"I'm going to tell you exactly where your wife is, Todd," said the familiar voice as he cock-whipped Claire's face, "but not until I'm done with her. Not until you're done watching. If you try and fast forward, you'll miss important information about where I'm keeping her...and how you can get her back. So don't you dare touch the volume OR the stop button."

"Todd...Todd..." she squeaked between cock-slaps. "Todd help me...help me..."

"CLAIRE!" Todd screamed, his nails tearing across the indifferent television screen.

"Todd where are you...why aren't you here..."she moaned.

Todd broke down, face in hands.

"Listen to your wife, Todd," the kidnapper chided, "listen to her call for her weak husband who is no where to be found. Why aren't you here, Todd? Why aren't you protecting your helpless little whore wife?" The man shoved the head of his wide, hard cock into her pleading mouth, cutting off her cries. "There you go, bitch. Call for your pathetic husband now. Go ahead."

Todd watched the man's knees bend, watched his ass flex as he pushed into Claire's throat.

"MARTIN! YOU SICK FUCK!" Todd bellowed in an empty room. "I SHOULD HAVE FUCKING KNOWN!"

"This is the first payment on your reparations, Todd," he grunted, fucking Claire's mouth with savage precision. "I told you, white boy. One day you will all pay your reparations. And today, it's your wife's turn." Todd watched the kidnapper pinch and slap his wife's milky, pale tits, turning them red with abuse.

"OB! OB!" Claire pushed sounds out the sides of the fat black dick lodged in her throat, incoherent groans. Every time he pulled on her breasts or slapped them, she winced, her body shaking beneath.

Todd couldn't see her arms, they seemed stuck to her sides, and he became convinced she was bound. There was no way she would just lay there like that without a fight, letting Martin do that to her.

"Still watching, Todd?" Martin said, dipping at the knees and swinging his hips, "still watching me fuck your wife's pretty face? Good. When this video is over, you're going to drive Uptown, to the Northside. I'm going to meet you in the parking lot of the Good Will. But don't you dare come empty handed, white boy."

Martin pulled his spit-soaked piece out of Claire's throat, and she sucked air. Long, thick lines of drool ran from her puffy red lips to the ebony pecker poking her in the face. He tilted his black dick upwards and let his drooping nutsack fall against her diminutive, little nose. He drug it over her nostrils and across her mouth, Claire's red tongue snaking out to catch them.

"Good white bitch," Martin grunted, "suck my fucking balls. Suck my fucking balls or else. You're my little white whore tonight. All fucking night. Until your pathetic husband comes to take you home. Do you think he will, Claire? Do you think Todd will protect you?"

Claire's eyes were closed, and as she pulled one nut at a time into her hungry mouth, a small moan escaped her. It was too quiet for Todd to hear over his own labored breathing.

“Look at your nasty wife, Todd,” Martin continued, palming his thick black meat and stroking, “look how she sucks my balls. I went to the gym today, Todd. I haven’t even showered yet. That’s pure fucking sweaty nuts she’s eating. Sweaty nigger nuts. How’s that make you feel?”

Todd whimpered, his face inches from the TV.

“Back on the cock, bitch,” Martin commanded, repositioning his pecker, and plowing past her lips once more. “We’re going deep this time so open the fuck up,” he pushed in hard, Claire’s face going red and a trickle of spit escaping her mouth, dripping down over her eyes. Soon, Martin had her deepthroating it, and with ever plunge down her gullet, his nappy black ballsack came to rest on her nose, covering both nostrils.

“Look at this bitch with my nuts on her face,” Martin laughed cruelly, “look at your fucking wife with nigger nuts all over her fucking face. She look pretty like that, Todd? Or does she look like a fucking idiot?”

“OB! OB! OB!” Claire gobbled, gagging on each thrust.

“Listen to your fucking wife, Todd!”

Todd felt faint, falling back onto his ass. He noticed his bleeding knee for the first time and forgot about it just as quickly.

“You’re going to bring that nice fucking Mercedes you drive, Todd,” Martin railed Claire’s upside-down face, “and you’re going to give me the fucking keys. I want ten grand, too. You bring those things to the Good Will parking lot tonight on the North Side, and I’ll give you your fucking wife back. But I’ve got news for you, whitey. She won’t be the same. Not when I’m fucking done with her!”

Grunting, Martin picked up the pace, his swinging sack slapping off Claire’s forehead.

“First things first, I’m gonna ruin this white bitch’s face. Hold still, Claire. Time to pay your reparations!” Martin started ejaculating suddenly, pulling himself out of Claire’s skull and soaking her face in long, thick strands of white nut. As she sucked air, wads of it ran down her face, coating her cheeks and sticking to her hair. “UGH! UGH! That’s right white bitch! All over your fucking face. Look at your fucking wife, Todd! UGH!”

Todd watched Martin squeeze the last hot drop out onto Claire's trembling lips. Then the man grabbed the camera and brought it in close, filling the frame with Claire's beautiful, ruined face.

"Look at your fucking wife, look at her!"

"Todd...Todd help me..." she was moaning, almost drunkenly.

Todd's eyes welled with tears as he traced the ropes of semen splattered across his wife's rosy complexion. Spit and cum dripped off her face in the video, and Todd looked down at the floor of his bedroom, realizing he was sitting in those very stains.

"Bring the car and the money tonight, white boy," came Martin's cruel voice off screen, "and maybe I'll let your wife have a towel to clean that nut up with."

The video cut off, and the television went blue once more.

4.

“Thanks for coming,” Claire opened the front door and ushered Martin into the house, “I didn’t know who else to call.”

“I’m glad you reached out,” Martin ducked at the doorway and stepped inside Claire and Todd’s comfortable suburban home. “Have you told anyone else about this yet?”

“No...not yet. I was going to call my sister and tell- “

“I wouldn’t make any rash decisions just yet, Claire,” Martin strode through the house as if it were a property he’d owned for years. He surveyed the living room, carefully considering the furniture and the glass coffee table. “Sensitive matters like these are best kept private until the right decision can be made about what to do.”

“I’m not sure there is much left to do, Martin,” she came in close behind him, “my husband is cheating on me. Some woman he has labeled as Bob from Work in his phone. Who knows how long its been going on. I’m just so torn up I don’t think- “

“Shh. Claire, listen to me.”

Martin turned and took her by the arms, pulling her by the elbows into his wide, domineering presence. She could smell him; spicy, amber notes that clung lightly to his clothes. When she looked up into his eyes, Claire felt protected. That awful sinking feeling from Todd’s lying seemed to ease, her head felt clear again.

“You should be angry right now, I won’t tell you not to be,” Martin’s intense hands tightened on her bony elbows. “I’m angry, mad as hell. I always knew Todd was a wimp and a weakling, but now we know he’s a slimeball, too. I want to take this anger we are both feeling and turn it into something good... something powerful.”

“What do you mean, Martin?” Claire’s lost eyes searched his, her bee-sting slips trembling with sniffles. “What can I do? File for divorce? Move out? Give him another chance...I don’t think I can!”

Martin drew Claire to his chest, his giant black arms engulfing her fragile frame.

“I think we can do more than that, Claire. I think we can do right by you and this sick society by teaching Todd a lesson. Teaching him that his privilege and entitlement won’t go unchecked...that we are in a new age. And today he will pay for his trespasses.

“But how?” she whispered into his clothes, filling her lungs with his masculine smell.

“It’s not so hard, Claire,” he steadied the white wife and penetrated her gaze once more. “When we ask how we are really just making excuses. Leave the how to me. What I need from you is...resolve. Commitment. I have to know you not only want Todd to pay for his misdeeds, but that he must pay for them. Not just for you, Claire. For everyone. The days of unchecked privilege are over.

Claire’s eyes brimmed with tears but the red in her face burned anger. She took a long, staggered breathe and exhaled.

“What do I have to do?” she said.

Martin took her by the hand and led her into the kitchen. She took a seat at one of the barstools, clasping both hands together.

“Wine?” Martin asked, rifling through the cabinets for glasses and leaving them ajar.

“We have whiskey,” she offered.

“Even better.”

“It’s in the-” Claire paused, furrowing her brow. “What are up to, Martin? What’s this all about?” She watched as he pulled drawers from their tracks, upending the contents on the floor. Any cabinet he opened he left that way, and when he finally found the whiskey, he popped the cork off and discarded it on the kitchen tile. Approaching Claire, he handed her the bottle. Then, he kicked over the barstool standing next to her.

“Drink,” he motioned to her. “Good. Let me tell you a little about what it is I do at the BNWO, Claire. We aren’t just a movement for equal opportunity and the propagation of our people and culture. We are much more than that. Do you remember the couples I introduced you to at the concert? Frank and Erika, Lizzy

and Walter?”

“Sure,” she sipped the brown water from the bottle. “They were really nice people. They liked you a lot.”

“They sure do. And do you know why, Claire? My organization, the Black New World Order helped their marriages. Saved their marriages, to be precise. And I assure you Claire, they were worse off than you and Todd when we found them. But through our work at the BNWO, we not only brought them back from the brink, we made them stronger than ever.”

“How?” her hopeful green eyes lit up.

“I want to show you, Claire. But the only way to show you is to show Todd. I need you to write...a letter.”

The two of them made a mess of the living room, overturning the couch and smashing the glass coffee table to bits. Claire added some red food coloring to the mess just as Martin told her to. Then, they made their way upstairs and into Todd’s office.

“Leave the letter here,” he told her, tapping the top of the rosewood desk. “We’ll make sure he finds it.”

“What if he calls the cops?” she asked, her nerves giving way to excitement as she watched Martin’s plan unfold.

“So let him,” Martin smiled, “either way you win.” The towering black man strode to the other side of the desk and pulled Todd’s leather rolling chair out. He took a seat. “Come here Claire.”

Claire went to him and stopped short, nearly at eye level despite the fact that Martin was sitting and she standing. She studied him. The kindness in his face had ebbed, replaced now by something firmer.

“Sit, Claire,” he commanded, motioning to his lap. Delicately, she slid between his legs and planted her soft rump on his right thigh. Martin slid a large palm onto the small of her back, and with the other he cradled the side of her face, his long black thumb caressing her cheek. “If we do this, we do it all the way. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand,” her wet lips parted.

“Do you like it when I touch you like this, Claire?”

She bit her fat bottom lip and nodded fervently, like an excited secret.

Martin let his thumb travel across her gentle cheekbone and to her lips, pushing against them and rubbing. He dipped the tip of his thumb into her mouth, running it along the top of her teeth and across her tongue.

“Suck,” he said.

Her eyes closed, so did her lips. She took his finger into her mouth, slow and succulent.

“Good girl,” Martin watched her, “this is what he deserves. Your pathetic husband. He deserves to have you with another man where he works. Obeying. Serving.” He pulled his thumb from her greedy mouth and replaced it with middle and forefinger, probing into the back of her throat. “Relax your throat, Claire. I’m not sure if Todd has taught you this, I can’t imagine how he could have. But when you take something large down your throat, you have to relax.”

Claire coughed, gagging just slightly as his long black fingers traveled deeper.

“Relax. Good.” Martin slid them out, slick with spit. He rubbed the saliva across her face, making a mess of her makeup. “Are you ready to commit, Claire? Are you ready to go all the way and teach your white, racist husband a lesson?”

“Yes, oh fuck. Yes,” she trembled in his lap, grinding her thighs together.

“You will call me Master, Claire. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Master,” she repeated, her petite hands roaming his massive chest.

“And I will call you whatever I want...Now, do you have a video camera?”

5.

It was almost 4 am when Todd pulled the Mercedes into the empty parking lot of the Goodwill. In the passenger seat was a duffle bag filled with ten thousand dollars cash, all hundreds he'd pulled from the safe in the basement. His knee was wrapped haphazardly, no longer bleeding but throbbing hard enough that walking was difficult.

"You motherfucker, Martin," he said disgusted, popping four Advil into his mouth and swallowing them dry. "After I get my wife back your ass is going to jail. And I'm going to laugh and laugh."

Five minutes passed before a pair of headlights lit up the dark west end of the parking lot. It approached Todd's Mercedes, high beams flashing three times.

"What the fuck is this," he mumbled, grabbing hold of the duffle bag, and exiting the car.

"Leave the bag in the car," came an unfamiliar voice, calling through the open window.

"I'm not so sure I want to do that," Todd put a hand over his eyes, trying to see into the mystery vehicle.

"Leave the bag in the car with the keys, unlocked."

Todd considered it for a moment, knowing he had no upper hand. He wanted his wife back plain and simple, and he wanted the man who had taken advantage of her in jail. If that meant playing along with their sick game, so be it.

He opened the car door and tossed the duffle bag and the keys inside. He slammed it shut.

"Get in," came the voice behind the beams.

"With you?"

"I'll tell you again and then I'm leaving. Get in the fucking car white boy."

Todd walked to the back passenger door, his vision adjusting as he went. It was a black Lincoln; he was unsure of the year. He slid into the backseat, the smell of

stale cigarettes and old fast food hitting him in the face. There was a large person in the passenger seat he couldn't make out. The man behind the wheel, a young black kid with a mammoth afro, put the car in drive and ambled out of the parking lot.

"Put these on white bread," came a raspy voice from in front, the mystery fat man in the passenger seat. He tossed a pair of steel handcuffs into the back, where they landed with a jingle at Todd's feet.

"For fucks sake," Todd grumbled, slipping his wrists into the cuffs, and locking them.

"Tighten them up white boy," said the driver, "we don't want any of your little Caucasian tricks fucking everything up."

"Are you taking me to my wife?" Todd asked impatiently, tightening the bindings.

"What you think, white boy?" the driver replied.

"I don't know what to think," Todd winced.

"That's OK," the driver cackled, "we can do that for you."

The Lincoln made a right turn about three blocks from the Goodwill, pulling past a gate and onto a ramp leading into a massive parking garage. In soft fluorescence they wound down into the basement level, rows, and rows of empty parking spots and not a car in site.

"Where are we going?" Todd stuttered, a sinking feeling settling in his belly.

"You about to find out."

There, up ahead, a Van was parked in a corner, cold concrete walls on all sides. The Lincoln pulled in front of it, double parking the vehicle.

"Get out," the Afro commanded, unlocking the doors.

"Here?"

“Nigga you deaf or something? Get the fuck out my car!”

Startled, Todd yanked the door handle and limped out. The white Van sat silent, no engine running. The faint sound of voices came from inside, one of them softer, higher.

“Claire?” he asked the Van.

The side door swung open with a whir and a crack, and out stepped the massive, hulking figure of Martin.

“Todd the Liar,” he said, “so good of you to join us.”

Todd advanced on the man instinctively, raising his cuffed wrists up in front of him and lunging at the his throat. He was caught before he ever got close, the Afro driver from the Lincoln snatching him by the arms and wrapping him up.

“You must be out yo’ fucking mind, white bread,” the Afro spat viciously in his ear.

“Let me go!” Todd struggled. “I want to see my wife! I want to see Claire NOW!”

Martin watched him struggle, a wide, toothy grin forming across his black face. “Such anger, Todd. It’s cute. Laughable, even. If I wanted to, you’d be a broken pile of bones on the floor right now, but then you’d miss the show...and we wouldn’t want that now, would we?”

“Where’s my wife you sick fuck!” Todd bared his teeth, the heavy night of drinking written all over his face.

“Did you enjoy our little movie?” Martin closed the gap between the two of them, getting right in Todd’s face as his cohort kept the man still. “I’ll admit, it wasn’t the best lighting but I’m sure you got the idea. I must say, Todd, your wife knows how to suck a cock. Does she suck you like that?”

“BASTARD!” The white man railed on, surrounded by Martin and the two younger black men, each amused at the pathetic fight he put up.

“Enough, Todd,” Martin commanded, “save your energy, you’re going to need it.

Now, would you like to see your wife? I'm a man of my word. My fellow Black Kings here have informed me you brought the car and the money. Very wise of you to take me seriously. Very wise indeed."

"Where is she?" Todd pleaded, his voice a scratchy struggle.

Martin grinned. "Claire. Would you come out here please?"

Suddenly, Todd froze. The black man gripping onto him stayed latched like vice, but the fight had gone from him. Something in the way Martin called to her, the affability of it, didn't sit well with him. He knew something was wrong, felt it in his gut.

A door opened on the opposite side of the van, two small feet appeared underneath and made their way around. Rounding the back of the massive vehicle, Claire walked into view wearing a white, shoulder-less party dress that stopped at the top of her thighs. The chest was wide and revealing, her fleshy tits pushed together.

"You called, Master?" she never even looked at her husband.

"Claire?" Todd whimpered.

"You may address your wimp husband now, Claire," Martin flicked his hand.

She turned on him, eyes narrowing and jaw rigid. Her heels clicked and echoed in the dank, giant garage as she cleared the space between them, raised her hand high, and struck Todd across the face. The crack of it bounced off the cold concrete walls, followed by the whistles of the three black men.

"Damn!" the Afro said.

"HAH!" the giant one said.

Martin nodded his approval.

Fear and betrayal donned in Todd's eyes simultaneously, the gravity of what was going on settling on his brittle mind.

"How's Bob from Work, Todd?" Claire asked him.

“What?” he stuttered back.

“Martin always told me how pathetic you are...what a little wimp you are. But I never thought you’d stoop this low. And what’s worse, you thought I wouldn’t find out? You must think I’m a fucking idiot, Todd.”

“Claire...no...I...I...”

“Did you like the tape, baby? I know I liked making it. I came three times while he fucked my mouth. Could you see that? I tried to hide it, but it was difficult. It’s hard to hide it when a man...a real man is using me like that. I’ve never felt anything like it before. Certainly not from you.”

“Claire...no...please, stop...what is this?”

“The good news for you, is I’ve decided to give you another chance. Martin’s idea, not mine. He pities you, Todd. He pities your weakness. Do you want another chance, baby? Another chance to make things work between us? A chance to apologize for being such a nasty, weak little man?”

“Claire...I would do anything...I just want to take you home...please...”

“Keep your eyes open, Todd. And do as your told. If you can do that, I’ll be home in the morning. If you can’t, you’ll never see me again.”

Suddenly he was ripped backwards, two sets of strong arms bullying him into a corner. He heard a clink and looked up; his cuffed wrists were locked to a steel loop protruding from the wall. His arms now hung above his head, and he had to plant both feet, and squat uncomfortably to make the angle work.

“This is Twon,” Martin nodded to the black kid with the afro, “and this is Bigg,” he motioned to the fat one. “They were kind of enough to offer their help tonight, so you’ll be paying for their time, Todd. That’s what the cash is for.”

Todd watched the three black men surround his wife. Her white, sparkling party dress dazzled in the filthy light of the garage, her enormous cleavage drew every set of male eyes like a moth to a flame...and their hands, too.

“Please, no! I can’t take any more of this!” Todd cried, struggling against his confines.

Martin came from behind her, his strong black hands sliding over her tits and squeezing, scrunching the fabric, digging his fingertips into her milky flesh. She bucked against him, eyes lolling behind her lids. Twon and Bigg explored her bared legs, black hands disappearing under the hem of her dress.

“Like a bitch in heat, Todd,” Martin said, licking her neck and behind the ear, “you can see how bad she wants it. How bad she needs it. You’re going to learn that there are things white men simply cannot do, things that they need black men, real men, to do for them. Starting with your slut wife, Todd.”

“Claire please...please help me...”

Claire’s mouth was open and Martin’s long, crimson tongue snaked in, pulling the sex from her the way a pungi draws a Cobra from its lair. Bigg had her dress rolled up, exposing her bare, shimmering pussy lips. Twon palmed her moist cunt, his dirty black hand rubbing aggressively as she tried to keep her balance in three-inch heels.

“The last payment on your reparations is your wife’s pussy,” Martin said, pushing Claire against the side of the black Lincoln’s hood. He took hold of the brown leather belt around his waist and began to unbuckle it methodically. “I’m going to fill her up from the inside while you watch, Todd. I’m going to breed your fucking wife right in front of you and you’re going to sit there and take it. Then you can take her home and hope for the best.”

“For the love of God please, please stop it. Claire...help me...Claire...”

Martin dropped the pants to his ankles. Claire spread her legs, lying on her back with feet hanging over the side of the hood. Her eyes never left Martin’s body as he whipped out, drawing it from his boxer briefs like a weapon.

Todd couldn’t help but notice how much larger Martin’s cock appeared in person vs the video he’d watched. Even seeing it plunge down his wife’s throat hadn’t prepared him for the sheer girth of it in real time. As he watched Martin mount her and bring the colossus to her entrance, he tried with all his weight to break the chains from the wall. Nothing gave.

“You like it bitch?” Martin asked her directly, staring into Claire’s eyes as he rubbed his fat black cock against her pink folds. “Tell your husband you fucking like it. Tell him your pussy belongs to me.”

“I love Martin’s Bigg black cock, Todd,” she craned her neck to look at him where squatted chained and beaten, “I love it so much. So much more than your pathetic white dick. I hope you enjoyed fucking Bob from Work, because that’s the last pussy your white dick will ever touch. My pussy belongs to Martin now.”

“Spread her legs fellas,” Martin nodded to Twon and Bigg, the bulbous head of his black prick now pressed firmly against her opening. Twon got on the hood of the car and took hold of Claire’s right leg, Bigg walked to the front of the car and got hold of her left. “Go on fellas, treat his wife like a filthy slut. Show him you own his bitch.”

“Fuck yea,” Twon said, grabbing Clair around the throat and shaking her back and forth, “look at yah fuckin’ bitch white bread.”

Bigg grabbed Claire’s dress by the wide neckline and tore it in half, her swaying tits spilling across her chest. He immediately filled his chubby fingers with her fleshy mounds, squeezing painfully and pinching her nipples. He slapped her right breasts hard, three times, and she cried out, wiggling against Martin’s immovable cock. “Look at these fat white girl titties,” Bigg breathed heavy, “got my hands all up in yah wife’s titties white man. How that make you feel?”

Twon smacked her lightly across the face and Claire’s mouth parted into an O of shock. Staring dizzy into the young black man’s eyes, she presented her small, pink tongue to him. He leaned in, puckered his lips, and spat a whit gob into her mouth, slapping her again after she swallowed it.

“Look at the young black brotha’s using your wife up,” Martin droned on, spanking her clit with his nine-inch black dick. “They treat her like a common whore, your beautiful wife. Because in reality, Todd, she is just another white whore for me and my fellow black kings to use. And the best part of all...she fucking loves it.”

“STOP!”

Martin pushed into Claire’s spread snatch, his fat tip disappearing into the ocean of her labia. A cry rose out deep from her belly, crooning loud enough to echo off the walls of the basement garage. Martin grunted as went deeper, half of his mass impaling her as the other two continued to debase her.

“I can tell you’ve got a small dick, Todd,” Martin said, sliding out and fucking her with half his meat. “It’s tight as a virgin in your wife’s cunt. You’d know that if you weren’t out being a cheating, entitled piece of shit. I mean look at it, Todd. Her legs are fucking shaking from the size of my cock!”

Twon choked her as Martin fucked, and Bigg fished his bloated black dick out of his jeans and started slapping it against her hanging tit. Claire was red in the face and chest, a savage blur of lust and passion. Her watery eyes stared up at her master, spittle shaking down the side of her cheek.

“Does your husband get this deep, Claire?” Martin took her by the waist and sank it inside her. She screamed out, sharp and painful. Twon fish-hooked her from both sides, yanking at her cheeks with curved index fingers and revealing her teeth and tongue. Claire’s tits swayed in time with Martin’s brutal thrusts, the thick cream of her cunt building up along his shaft. “Tell your husband, Claire. Tell him how it feels to have a real man deep inside of you.”

“Oh THOD! ITH THO FUCKING BIG!” she stuttered through Twon’s fingers. “You canth get thith deep!”

Martin’s sagging black nuts swung wildly, slapping off the crack of Claire’s plump white ass. Bigg had hold of her by the head and fed her his dick from the side. Her tiny mouth could barely get around it, her cheeks expanding and tongue working overtime.

“My dick don’t fit in yah wife’s mouth white man,” Bigg grunted, “gotta shove it in.” Twon gave a helping hand, palming her skull and fucking her face onto Bigg’s mammoth cock. Her screeches and grunts were muffled now, as Martin buried himself to the hilt with every stroke.

Todd was reduced to a sniveling mess, his arms tired and bound above his head. He had a great view of Martin’s strong ass cheeks, and his wife’s angry cunt. He could see the way her pink walls gripped his girth, how difficult it was for her body to accommodate him. He wondered if she’d ever feel him inside her again.

“Young brothers, get yours,” Martin said, pulling out of Claire and stepping back. Bigg, with cock already in hand, seized the opportunity. He waddled his overweight, round frame between her legs and shoved inside with reckless abandon.

“OH FUCK!” came Claire’s loudest scream of the night, her back arching as she felt herself spreading. Bigg was...big. Especially around. He was sweating profusely, large drops of it splashing onto Claire’s white skin. He fucked her clumsy, fast, cruel. “OH FUCK FUCK FUCK OW!”

“We runnin’ a tran on yo’ bitch, white bread,” Twon laughed, getting in line behind Bigg.

“Fuck yeah we is,” Bigg grunted, “this bitch is wetter than a motherfucka’. Ugh. Ugh. Where can I nut on this bitch, Martin?”

“Anywhere except inside,” Martin boomed, walking naked over to where Todd pressed himself against the wall, “that spot is for me this evening.”

“Fine by me,” Big humped away, “I wanna nut on these white girl titties anyway. Get on yah fuckin’ knees bitch.” Bigg pulled out and took a blundering step backwards. Claire slid off the car hood and got to her knees, enjoying the momentary comfort of not having Bigg’s whale cock inside her. The fat black man jerked off over her tits, and she held them together for him.

“Look how she serves her black masters, Todd,” Martin said, grabbing Todd by a handful of hair and forcing him to watch. “See how she begs for it? How she knows it’s the right thing to do. All it took was your pathetic ass cheating on her to show her that white men are trash.”

“Why are you doing this?” Todd pleaded.

“Me? Why Todd, you brought this on yourself.”

“UGH! UGH!” Bigg panted, a fat white rope of white cum leaking from his swollen tip and dragging hot across Claire’s white tits. With each burst came a slow, hanging wad of nut that took its time coating her nipples. Wayward drops dotted her double-d’s, and she smiled up at him all the while.

“My turn to get in this shit,” Twon said, pushing Claire in the back so that she fell forward on her knees, planting both palms on the filthy floor. “Spread yah fuckin’ legs, slut,” he shouted, mounting her from behind. His long, veiny black cock jutted from a bushy black mound of pubic hair, his nuts shaggy and unkempt.

Claire bent like a dog, her face to her husband. Todd saw the way her eyebrows lifted when Twon entered her from behind, he saw how she struggled to keep her balance as he railed her cruelly. Her tits swung erratically like broken pendulums in a storm, the hot semen on them streaking downwards.

“Yeah! Fuck yeah! This pussy fuckin’ bussin!” Twon celebrated, his puffy afro like a prop in a stage play. “Look at yah bitch, white bread! Look at me fuckin’ her like a dog. Yeah, she fuckin’ like it. Shit is wet, son. So fuckin’ wet. Tell him, bitch. Tell yah man you fuckin’ love this nigga dick!”

“I-love-this-nigga-dick-ba-by,” she stuttered in time with his drilling.

Martin kneeled down in front of her, forcing his black cock into her moaning mouth. Claire’s eager lips parted, taking as much of him as she could, often gagging when Twon fucked her forward onto the long black meat. Todd watched them double-team her, a fragile pale body between two dark, hard men.

“That’s it, bitch, suck that fucking dick,” Martin grunted, filling his fist with her thick, golden hair. “Dirty fucking bitch, work it. Work it. Fuck yeah.”

Hanging out the driver’s window of the black Lincoln parked a few feet away, Bigg sparked a smokey blunt that instantly covered the basement in the stench of pot smoke. He smiled, half naked and puffing, enjoying the show.

The pain in Todd’s knee seemed far away. In his ears rang the sounds of grunting and moaning, the wet squelch of Claire’s pussy as Twon bottomed out inside her, the sloppy gags of her throat. He focused on Claire’s tiny hands, pressed to the dirty concrete, constantly moving and repositioning as her body was ravaged. The insults of the three black men seemed underwater now, unimportant next to the things they were taking from him.

“I’m fiddin’ tah’ nut!” Twon announced, standing up and grabbing Claire by the back of the head. Claire followed, settling on tired knees, staring up wide-eyed at the young, afro black. “Open yah’ mouth, bitch. Stick outcha’ tongue!” Claire obeyed, tilting her chin up as she squeezed her breasts together between her arms. “FUCK!”

Twon’s nut came out sharp and hot, jagged white shots that sprayed Claire square in the face, drenching her. It shot across her tongue and coated her lips, the follow-up sprays gluing her eyes shut.

“UUUGH! Yeah, bitch! All ova’ yah pretty fuckin’ face. Fuuuuck!” He shook it out, getting every last drop into her mouth where a white puddle had formed. “Show yah husband my fuckin’ nut bitch,” he grabbed her by the top of the head and turned her face to Todd. She inclined towards her husband, showing him Twon’s cum but careful not to spill any. “Now swallow it, bitch. Swallow that nigga nut!” Claire obliged, grimacing as the hot white wad slid down the back of her throat.

Todd said nothing, empty eyes, mute.

Martin had Claire back on the hood the of Lincoln, her cum-stained face staring up at the ceiling as he shoved himself inside once more.

“He’s going to fill me with his cum, baby,” Claire whined, staring at her emasculated husband. “Does Bob from Work let you come inside her? I bet she doesn’t. Why would anyone? Your pathetic white dick...oh fuck, Martin, that’s so good. Fuck me like that, Master. Fuck me like that!”

“Dirty fucking bitch,” Martin scowled, getting closer to the edge.

“I love his black cock, Todd,” she railed on, “it’s so fucking big. I only want black cock inside me from now on, baby. Not your little shrimp dick. Oh fuck, I’m coming. I’m fucking coming. Oooohhh!” Her body shook on the car hood, Martin’s lengthy black pole ripping the orgasm out of her body.

“IN YOUR PUSSY BITCH!” Martin screamed, burying himself half-mast into her spread cunt, his fat sagging ballsack convulsing upwards as he loosed one shot after another inside her canal. The two of them came in unison, Claire’s cunt convulsing against Martin’s ejaculating monster.

“Oh Martin! Fucking fill me up, baby!”

“Take it! Take it! Take it bitch!”

“OH!”

“UGH!”

Martin pulled away, a fat river of white nut seeping out, flowing down into the crack of Claire’s ass. He moved over to give Todd a better look, placing a hand

to either side of her pussy and stretching it open. Pink walls coated in white, a thick stream pouring from where he'd stretched her out.

“Look at all that cum in your wife’s pussy, Todd,” Martin said. “Do you see it? Do you see what a little whore your wife is for black dick?”

Todd lay motionless against the wall.

“Your husband looks sad,” Martin laughed, dragging Claire from the hood by her hair. “Go give him a kiss to cheer him up.”

Todd watched his wife’s naked, greased body close in on him. Felt her lips. Smelled them. Heard her voice, faint as a leaf.

“Kiss me baby...”

“Claire...why...please...”

“Clean me up...pay me ransom.”

6.

Todd and Alyssa arrived at the concert late, the opening act already halfway finished when they took their seats in the luxury suite. All around them people shuffled about, ordered drinks, caught up on old times. Todd knew most of them, Alyssa almost none.

“So do you want to tell me why your fucking wife is here, Todd?” Alyssa grilled him, adjusting her tits over the halter-top.

“I told you, it’s not a big deal. She knows about you. She isn’t going to cause a scene.”

“It’s still fucking weird,” she looked around the room, “and why is she so cozy with that big black guy? Did you two open your marriage up?”

“Not exactly.”

“Yeah, I can tell,” she rolled her eyes. “You haven’t tried to fuck me in a week.”

“That’s complicated.”

“Doesn’t seem complicated for her,” Alyssa swallowed, watching the way the tall black guy scooped Claire into his arms and nuzzled her neck. “As a matter of fact, it looks pretty fucking easy for your wife.”

“No low blows, OK?”

“Why not? Might wake you up.”

“Look...I need to introduce you to someone. He bought our tickets, this is his box and...he wants to meet you.”

“Meet me? How does he know about me?”

“I told him about you...”

“Oh? And what exactly did you say?”

Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder, strong and confident. She looked up at him, tall and black and handsome. She smiled.

“You must be Alyssa,” he said, his voice low and soothing, “It’s so nice to finally meet you.”

“And you are?” her voice softened.

“Todd, run along and get us some drinks like a good boy, would you?” He shooed him off.

“Oh my,” Alyssa giggled, watching Todd scramble to the bar, “you’ve got him trained like a little dog, don’t you?”

“Something like that,” the black man grinned.

“And his wife? Do you...have her trained as well?”

“Such a brash little thing, aren’t you?”

“You didn’t tell me your name.”

“I’m Martin...and I want to get to know you, Alyssa.”

Todd returned with their drinks, handing one to each of them. He lingered a moment, listening to their conversation, hoping to be acknowledged, hoping that perhaps Alyssa would scoot over and offer him seat. Or maybe just glance in his direction.

She didn’t.

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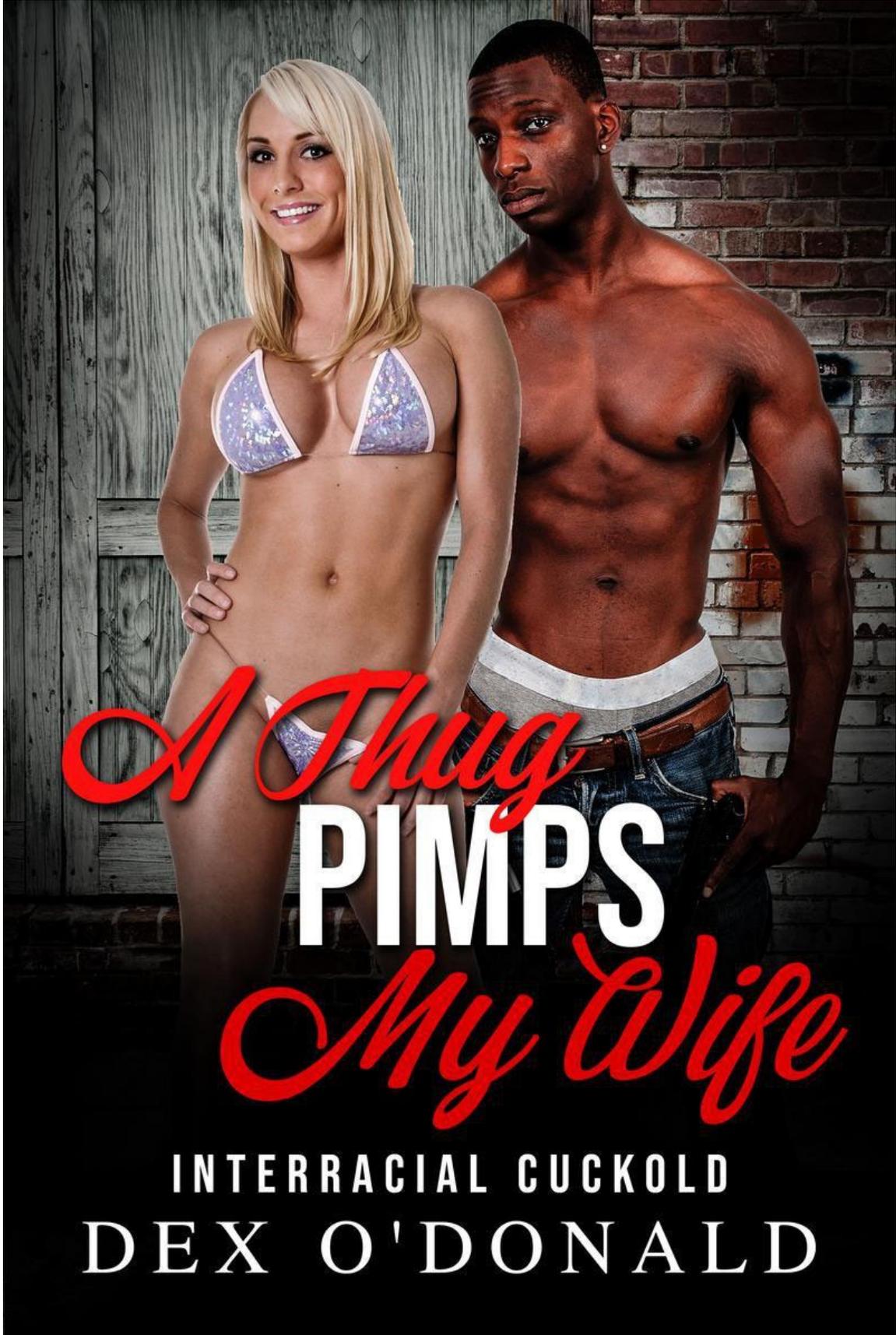
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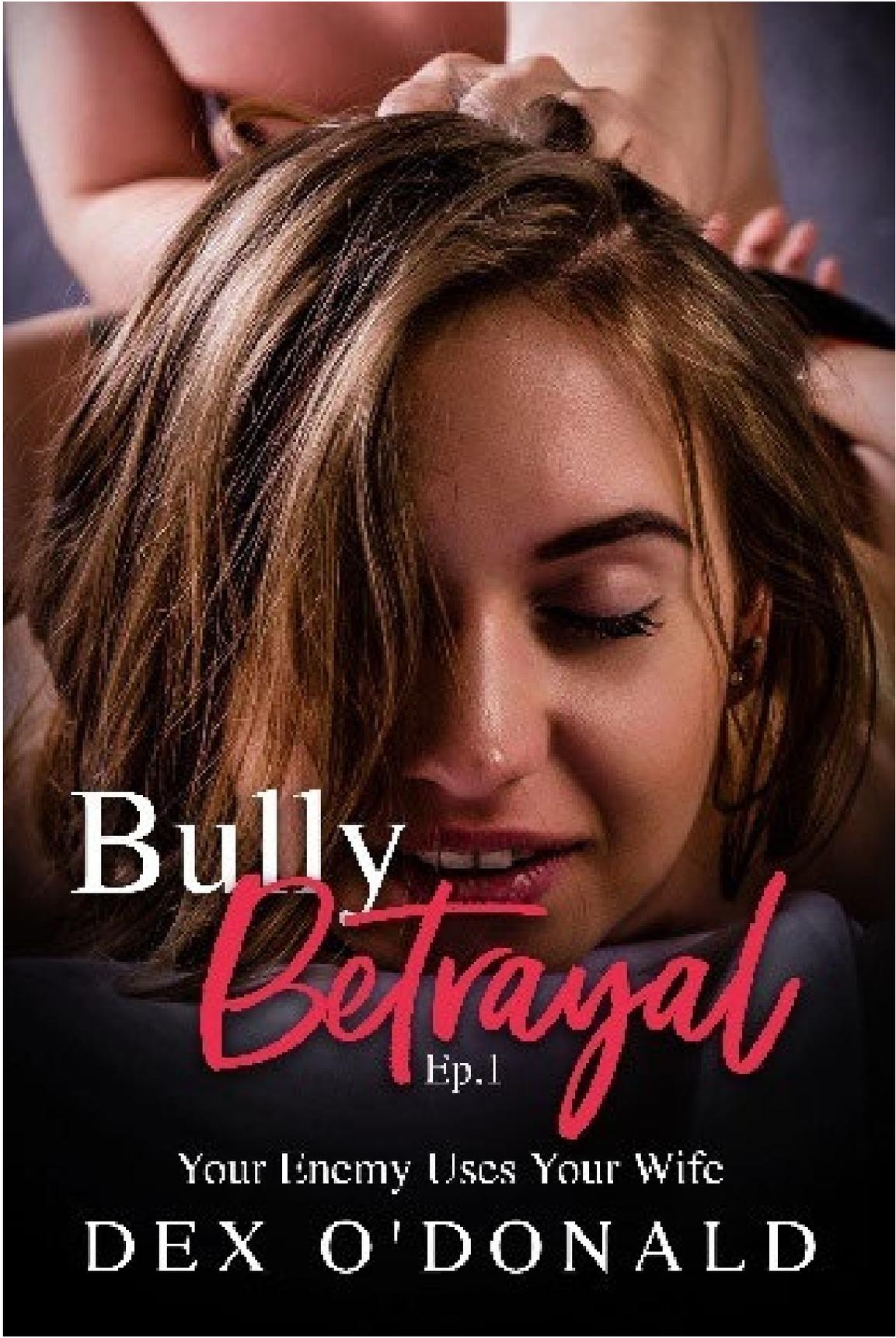
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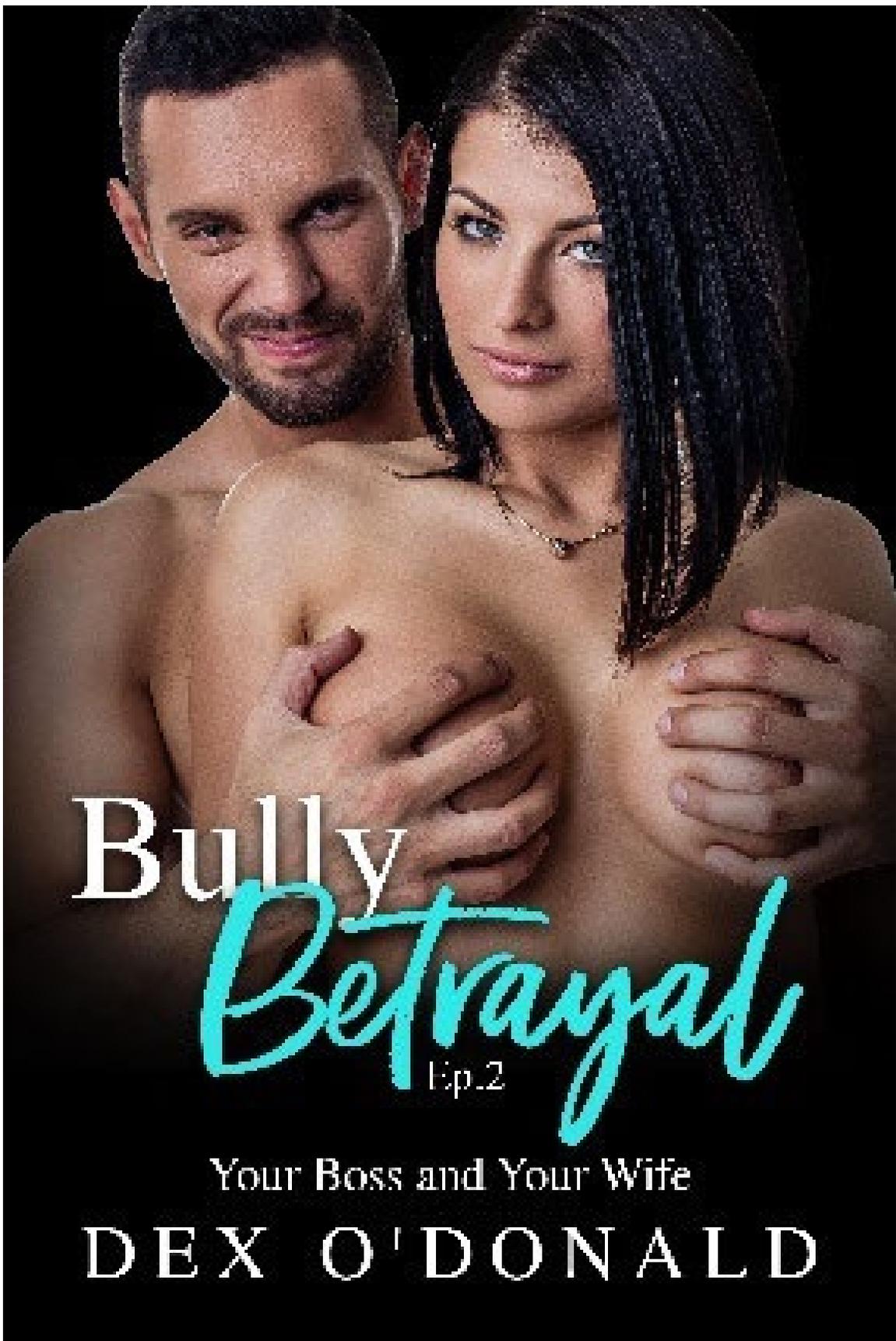
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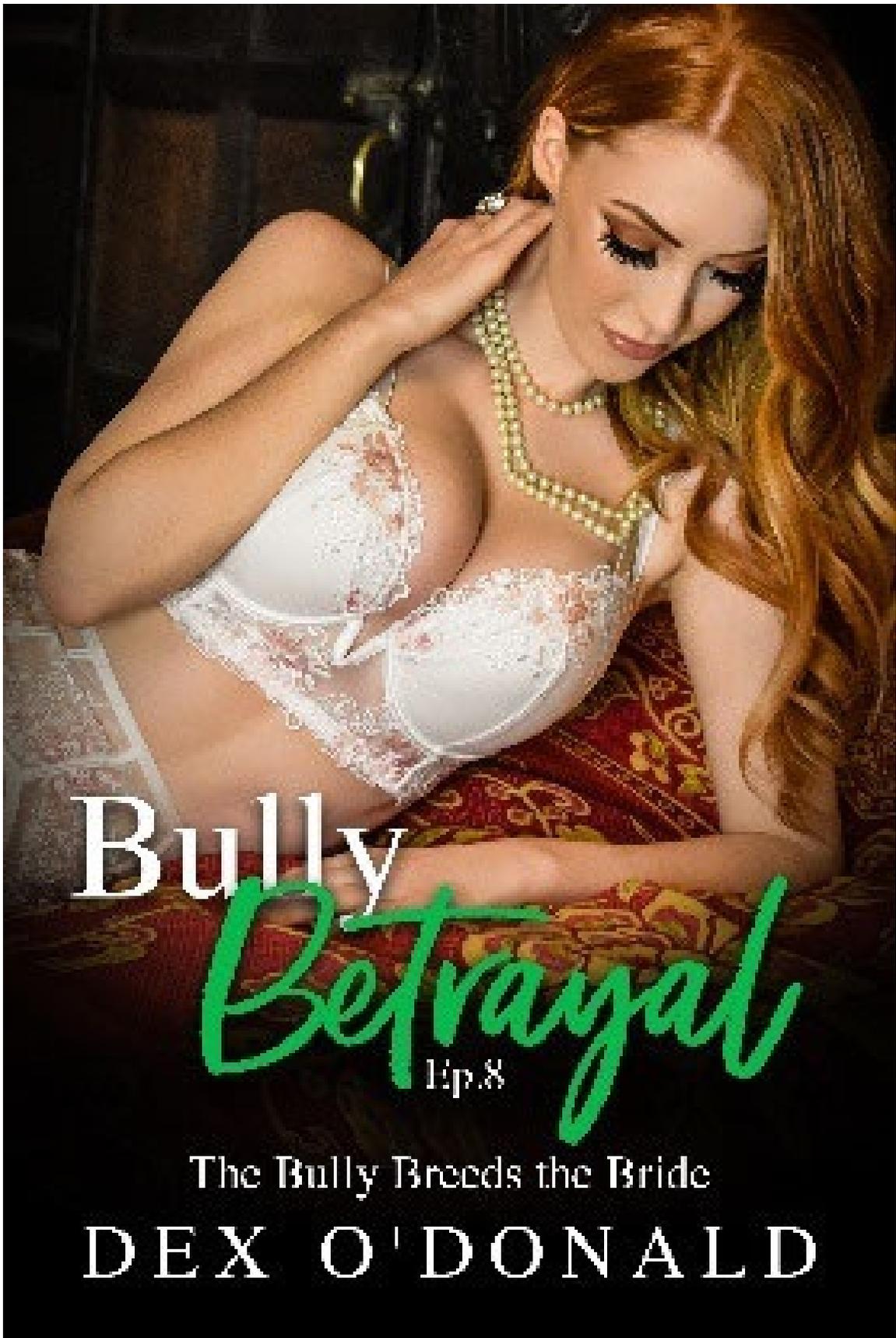
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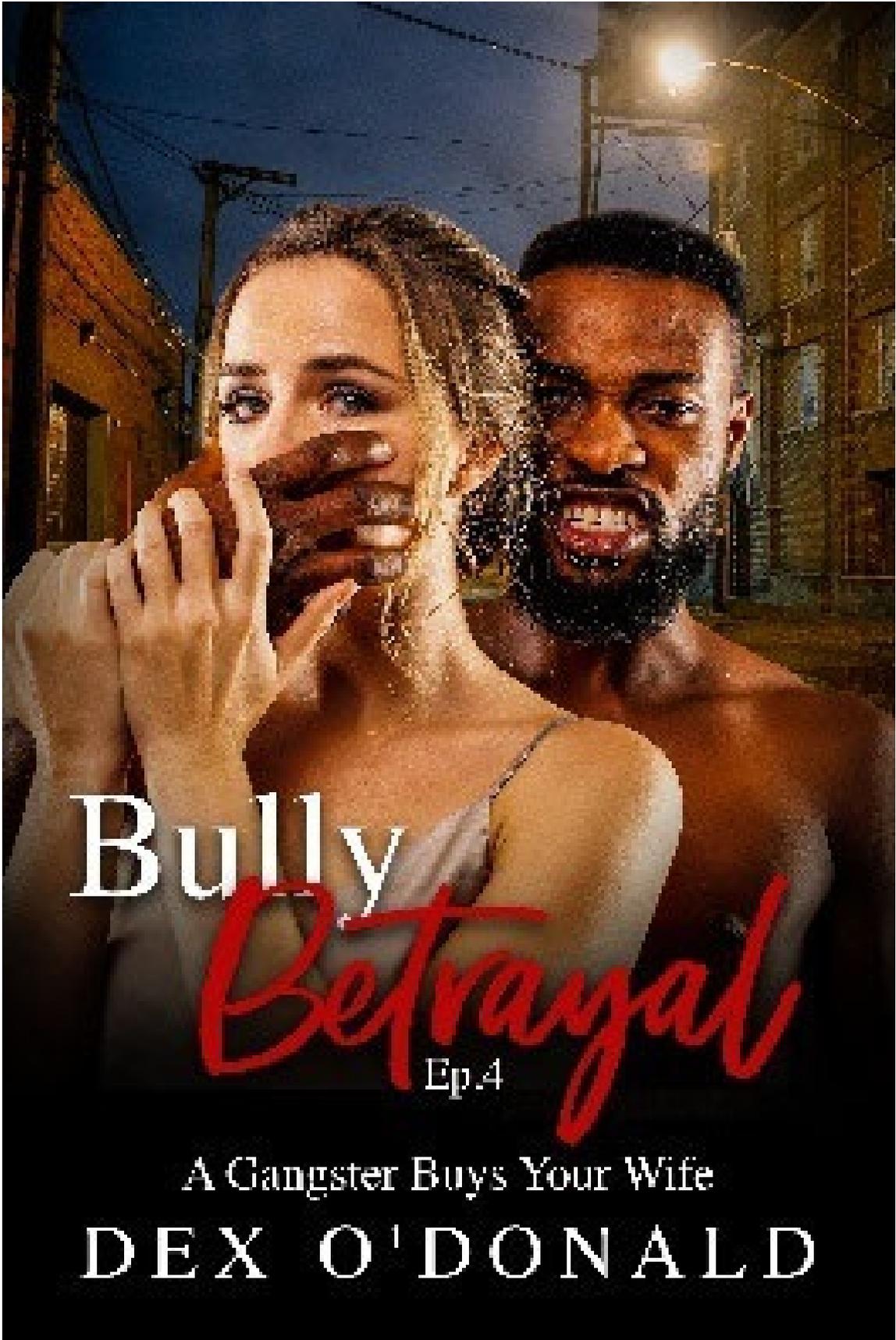
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