



*Hotwife Pimped*

**TO THE BLACK**

*New World Order*

**(BNWO)**

**INTERRACIAL THUG ROMANCE**

**DEX O'DONALD**



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**Hotwife Pimped to the Black New World Order (BNWO): Interracial Thug  
Romance (Bully Betrayal Ep. 19)**

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“Stand up for yourself today, John,” Hannah gave her husband a half-hearted smile, “it’s the only way you’ll ever get them to respect you.”

“But what if they fire me?”

“They won’t.”

“But what if they do?”

They were parked under the unlit neon sign that read The Oasis. When the strip club opened at noon, that sign would dance purple and green and the LED readout below it would advertise a lunch buffet with discounted private dances.

“Then just ignore them, baby,” Hannah pushed aside fiery locks of red hair, revealing freckled, creamy cleavage above a low-cut top. “I can’t work this one out for you, you’ll have to do it yourself. You won’t even let me come in there and talk with them so- “

“Are you out of your mind?” John cut her off as he unbuckled his seatbelt, “if those thugs saw you...things would go from bad to worse.”

“Don’t use words like that, John. It’s...insensitive.”

“What word? Thugs?” John hesitated, “you wouldn’t care what I called them if you saw how they treated me.”

“But you won’t let me see, John. Maybe if you introduced me to your manager, he might at least see you as a real person, worthy of respect and dignity.”

“No. No way. They think you’re made up. A figment of my imagination. And I want it to stay that way. I can’t imagine the things they might say or make me do if they knew I not only had a wife, but a gorgeous one at that.”

“You’re sweet, Johnny boy,” she smiled at her husband, “I’ll try and remember how sweet you are when I pick you up tonight. 5 O’clock sound good?”

“As long as they don’t make me work late again,” he opened the car door and stepped into the chilly morning air. “I’ll call you if they do.”

“You got this, baby,” she leaned over the center console, her milky breasts threatening the confines of her t-shirt, “just keep a happy thought when things get rough.”

“I love you, Hannah.”

“I love you, too.”

John watched his wife drive off, leaving him at the front door of The Oasis. He sighed heavy and walked through the purple double doors, into dim light and questionable morals. Into all the things he hated about his day, and all the people that filled it.

*The Oasis was a large, open-floor plan that included countless chairs positioned around stages of different sizes. Each stage, from the private booth in the corner to the Main Act stage in the middle, had a sparkling pole rising from the center of it. John knew those poles well, as he had wiped and disinfected each and every one of them innumerable times.*

He made his way across the desolate club, the only sound coming from backstage where the early girls were chattering. He spotted Tiny, the club bouncer, behind the bar. Tiny was a wide, fat black man that kept his arms crossed over the top of his gut. He wore sunglasses inside, even when the lights were dimmed.

“Is Dom back there?” John asked Tiny.

“He ain’t gone home,” Tiny grunted, “and he waitin’ for yo’ ass. Get back there. Now.”

John scuttled from the rumbling bass of Tiny’s voice and headed for the door marked Employees Only.

Behind the showroom was a long hallway that held several dressing rooms to either side of it. Back here the chattering of the showgirls was louder, higher-pitched and annoying. It smelled like perfume and cigarettes, and fluorescent lights made the ambience unbearable. John tried his best to sneak past the girls as they readied for the lunch rush, but the dancers never missed a chance to berate him.

“Oh, look who it is now,” Candy giggled, straightening her dirty-blonde hair.

“It’s Piss Boy himself,” Kiwi chimed in.

“Back to clean more piss, Piss Boy?” Asia heckled him.

“Good morning girls,” John mumbled, “just on my way to Dom’s office. How are you all today?”

“Don’t let me catch you staring at my tits again, Piss Boy,” Kiwi said, applying eyeliner in the mirror.

“Yeah! Don’t let us catch you staring. Otherwise, we might have to tell that imaginary wife of yours that you got the hots for a stripper,” Candy guffawed.

“Nothing’s free here, Piss Boy,” Asia swiveled on her chair and glared at John, “not even the views. Especially not for a little Piss Boy like you. Now move along, find a shitter to clean. I’ll call you in when it’s time to change our trash.”

John shuffled past the dressing room with his head down. Up ahead was Dom’s office, a placard on the door read Manager. John heard the girls giggling behind, and he could hear Dom and Trey raging ahead. For a split second he thought about quitting, turning, running out, and never going back.

Instead, he knocked three times on the Manager’s door.

“Get yo late ass in here, Piss Boy!” came a shout from the other side.

John walked into the office. Had it been his first time he would have been appalled at the scene taking place before him, but as it was probably the hundredth, he merely averted his eyes from the debauchery. Trey, dark and shirtless, was huddled over a wide-top desk with a bill in his nostril and a line of coke quickly vanishing on the other end. Dom, a mass of ebony muscle, sat in a leather chair while a woman John had never seen before serviced him from her knees. From where John stood, he couldn’t make out what she looked like or what it was she was doing, but he figured he could probably make an educated guess.

“You late, Piss Boy,” Dom said wide-eyed, “what you late fo’?”

“Sorry, Dom...I thought you said 10 am, it’s only just now 9:45 so...”

“WOO!” Trey yanked his head back, pinching his white-dusted nostrils, “Goddamn that shit good! Feel like I could fuck for days on this shit!”

Dom reached down and wrapped his fingers through the woman’s golden hair, cranking her up and down. “I told you Piss Boy, if you on time you late. If you early, you on time.”

“Yes, sir,” John acquiesced, realizing the futility of such an idiotic conversation.

“You late again I’m gonna have to dock yo’ pay,” Dom breathed, watching the woman below.

“Yeah, white boy,” Trey said, cutting up another line on the desk, “that shit gon’ come out yo’ pocket!” Trey shot another rail of white straight back. He danced around the room for a moment before coming in next to John and putting an arm around his shoulder. He pulled the white man close, close enough for him to smell the party on his breath. “We got lots of fun shit for you to take care of today, whitey. Them bathrooms need cleaning, them poles need wiping, them urinals need new fucking cakes. Know what I’m sayin’?”

“Scrub them toilets good, Piss Boy,” Dom held the girl on his meat, buried deep in her throat, “and then change the trash in the girls’ rooms. I can’t be listenin’ to them bitches complaining again. UGH! UGH!” Dom released himself inside, her white palms slapping wildly against his thighs. “That’s it white bitch, suck it down. You want Friday night stages you gon’ earn it. UGH! Every fuckin’ drop. That’s it. UGH!” Dom yanked her off by the hair and tossed her aside.

“Thank you, Daddy,” the blonde girl smiled, white nut dripping off her chin, “you know I love to please you.”

“Get yah ass on outta here, girl,” Dom stuffed it back into his pants, “see you Friday night.”

“Oh! Thank you, daddy!” The dancer stumbled from the room, topless and dripping.

“Got a special job for you today, Piss Boy,” Dom slurred as he joined Trey in cornering John, “special job you gon’ fuckin’ love.”

“Hope you brought yo’ gloves, white boy,” Trey laughed steadily in John’s face, his nose touching his cheek.

“Tiny done clogged up the employee bathroom,” Dom mused, “and it done overflowed. You believe that shit?”

“Hope you brought a mask and gloves white boy...”

“Got anything to say, Piss Boy?”

The black men loomed, and below their 6-foot frames John went silent like a beaten dog.

“Didn’t think so,” Dom slapped him softly on the cheek three times, “you just do as your told. You pathetic, Piss Boy. Make sure you stay that way.”

“He stay a clown,” Trey pinched John’s face, “and that’s how we like our white boys.” The thug walked back to where a pile of coke lay like Mt. Evans in the winter, and cut up another line.

“May I go, sir?” John asked Dom’s shoes.

“Go clean the piss, Piss Boy,” Dom turned his back and joined Trey at the table, “I’ll call you when I need you to do some other nasty shit.”

John got to work.

After he finished the employee bathroom, he polished and disinfected the stripper poles. From the bar, Tiny watched him work, sipping from a tiny glass filled with a dark liqueur. Some of the girls came out to warm up, periodically taking breaks to harass him.

“You missed a spot, Piss Boy!”

“Don’t let me catch you staring, bitch.”

“I wouldn’t even let you smell my pussy,” Asia spat, “let alone touch it.”

When he finished the poles, he got to work on the customer bathrooms. Sink and toilets, floors, and lights. It was 11:45 when John finished. Tiny opened the

doors early for the lunch rush, and by 12 the place had ten customers inside. It was a typical, slow Monday afternoon when Asia and the girls got to dancing on the stages.

John spotted some trash under an empty table and grabbed a broom and dustpan. As he swept, Kiwi danced on an elevated stage nearby, where one of The Oasis' regulars watched her every move.

"Very sexy, very sexy indeed," Herb drooled, "I like my Kiwi peeled, if you catch my drift."

Kiwi winked at him, sliding down the pole upside down, legs spread, a tiny patch of blonde just above her exposed, rosy lips.

"That's it girl. Make it look sexy. You know how I like it..."

Kiwi twirled to the floor and crawled across the stage, eye level with Herb's twisted, smiling face.

"Here's a dollar, naughty girl," Herb grasped the bill between dirty fingers and waved it out over the stage. Kiwi rolled over, legs extending out to either side of Herb's head. She brought her powdered cunt in slow, giving Herb the view he wanted.

"You want a private dance, Herb?" she whispered to him, "you know I can fix you up real nice.

"Just the dollar for now, whore," he spat, absently tossing it onto her pussy, "maybe after lunch. If you're worth it."

John took his lunch break out back in the alley, the only place he could escape the constant bullying of his workplace. Alone, sitting on a milk crate and leaning against the brick wall of The Oasis, he took a bite of his sandwich and chewed with eyes closed. He took in the silence. The respite. The shelter from the storm that was his shitty job.

The back door of the club swung open unexpectedly, and Dom came stomping out into the alley, barking into his cellphone.

"Don't play wit' me on this one, nigga," he growled, "you get him here on time.

Ain't no way I'm catchin' shit for you. The big dawgs is comin' on this one, and I can't be lookin' like no goddamn clown!"

Dom's back was to John, who had stopped chewing, preying he wouldn't be noticed.

"Yeah well it is what it is," Dom continued, "just make sure you bring boss man round 9 tonight. I got the girls ready, they know he gets whatever he wants. Him and his homies. So don't be late. Khalil hates that shit. You feel me, nigga?"

Dom got off the phone and stomped down the alley, mumbling angrily to himself. John seized the moment to evade his boss and crept back inside the club, where the music grew louder as the day got on.

As the clock ticked closer to 5, John said his usual prayers. He prayed that Dom had gone home to sleep, and that perhaps Trey had overdosed in the back office. It was that time of day when he would have done anything to finish out his shift without being spotted by the two thugs masquerading as business owners.

"Asia needed to talk to you about something," Candy waved him down as she got off stage, "said it was important and not to leave until she'd seen you."

"Well Candy, with all due respect, Asia isn't my boss. And I'm done at 5, so..." John shook his head.

"Is that so?" Candy raised her eyebrows, "you wouldn't mind me telling Asia you said that then?"

"Candy..." John frowned. "It's 5 O'clock for God's sake. I'm done. Let me out of here."

"Asia said you could wait for her at the bar, she'd be right out," Candy pushed past him, her double D tits swinging.

Defeated, John made his way across the now crowded showroom, where three times as many dancers were occupying stages. As he went past one group of customers, he heard the familiar sound of Herb's voice calling after him.

"Down in front dumb fuck!" he yelled, "don't you gotta toilet or somethin' to go clean?" The men seated nearby laughed, their eyes never leaving the young

performer on stage in front of them.

John ducked down, trying to navigate between tables and chairs.

“Look at him walking like a eunuch! You’d have to be fuckin’ nutless to work in a shithole like this!”

*I really hate that man, John thought to himself as he took a seat at the bar. He pulled out his cellphone and typed a hurried, panicked text to his wife that read: Be right out. One last thing to do. Do not come inside.*

“There you are, John,” it was Asia’s voice, but something was off. It was softer...nicer. And since when had she called him anything but Piss Boy? Confused, John turned slowly from the bar to face her.

Asia stood topless, red, star-shaped stickers covering her small brown nipples. Next to her, in the same clothes from earlier that morning when she’d dropped him off, was Hannah.

“Hannah?” John’s voice cracked, terror filled him.

“Hey babe!” Hannah wrapped her arms about his shoulders and pulled him close. “I was waiting out front, and Asia spotted me and introduced herself! You didn’t tell me you had such beautiful co-workers!”

Asia’s mischievous eyebrows arched, and she smirked an evil grin at John.

“It’s so nice to finally see the place!” Hannah’s eyes roamed the club, “You must be so proud to be such an important part of the team!”

“John takes good care of the place,” Asia slid her hand against the small of Hannah’s back, “we all depend on him. It just wouldn’t work without John.”

“Isn’t that sweet, John?” Hannah implored, shifting uncomfortably against the stripper’s touch, “I hope you take notice of the nice things people say about you around here!” She nodded her head towards Hannah, imploring John to say something.

“Thanks Asia...I guess,” John scratched out.

Asia looked through him for a moment, something catching her gaze in the back of the room. The smile on her lips snaked higher, red tongue sliding across white teeth. “Well, it was so nice to meet you, Hannah. I’ve got to get back to work, but please, stop by anytime.” She slinked off, a glittery cloud floating across the showroom.

“Let’s get out of here, now,” John said, taking Hannah by the arm.

“Jeez, John! Not so rough!”

“We have to go now!”

“Alright I heard you but stop being so pushy- “

“We have to get out of here before- “

“Before what, babe? Stop rushing me, you know I hate it when you- “

John stopped short, something immense blocked his path. It was Tiny. Arms crossed over a bulging stomach, black sunglasses, and a dark frown.

“Can you please move, Tiny?”

Tiny’s brow raised behind his shades. He shook his head no.

“Well, well, well...” came a voice. Suddenly, Dom appeared from behind Tiny’s right shoulder, a moment later Trey was on the left. “This must be that sexy little thing you been talking about, Johnny boy. Where he been hiding you at, mol?”

“Hi there, I’m Hannah,” she cleared her throat, moving past John and offering her hand.

“Pleasure’s all mine,” Dom wrapped her dainty white palm in his ebony fingers, bringing the back of Hannah’s hand to his plump black lips. He kissed softly, and John grimaced. “I’m Dom. I run this little establishment.”

“John told me all about you,” she stared up at the lanky giant with something like awe in her big green eyes, “but he didn’t mention you were so tall.”

“He didn’t mention you were a redhead,” Trey chimed in, reaching his hand out

in acquaintance, “I’m Trey. I’m yah husband’s manager.”

“Nice to meet you, Trey,” her voice soft and playful.

“We were just heading out fellas,” John feigned nonchalance, “late for dinner with the parents.”

“Is that so?” Dom grinned at Hannah, his eyes roaming her freckled tits, “you in a rush, lil’ mol? Or you got time for a drink?”

Hannah blushed under their collective gaze.

“Yeah how bout it, girl,” Trey moved closer, “let us by you a drank.”

She looked at John who stood fidgeting at her side.

“Matta’ fact,” Dom licked his lips, “why don’t you go wait outside Johnny boy? Get the car warm for yah bitch...yah girl, I mean.”

Tiny, Trey and Dom stared at the petite white girl before them. John stared at the black men sizing up his wife. Though house music blared through overhead speakers, an uneasy silence passed amongst the group.

Dom’s phone began to ring.

“Ah, shit,” he said, checking the caller ID. “I gotta take this,” he motioned to Trey who understood immediately and headed backstage. “Sorry we gotta cut it short today, mol. But I still owe you a drink. You come by anytime, cool?”

“Sounds good,” she said relieved, happy to have the attention off her.

“And I’ll see you bright and early tomorrow, Johnny boy,” Dom winked.

“See you then, Dom...” John took Hannah by the hand and the two of them skirted around Tiny’s silent, massive frame. As they headed for the exit, John chanced a glance back over his shoulder. Past the stages, near the Employees Only door, Asia was chatting with Kiwi and Dom. The trio was staring at him... or more precisely, his wife.

“They seem like really nice people, babe,” Hannah said as they walked across

the parking lot.

“Well, they’re not. Not even close.”

“Don’t be so negative all the time! Maybe if you gave them a chance you might find out that they care about you more than you think and...”

John stopped listening as Hannah prattled on. The only thought in his mind was they’ve seen her. God help me they’ve seen her and there is nothing I can do about it now.

“There is to be white girls only. Is that understood, Dominique?”

“Yes sir,” Dom replied, the usual aggression in his tone gone.

“This is a chance for our fellow black Kings to rejoice in the reparations of the white race. Through their degradation and humiliation we can eradicate white guilt and racism.”

“Yes sir,” Dom pretended to know what Khalil meant even though he hadn’t a clue.

“Tell your girls that they will address every member of the Black New World Order as either Master, Sir, or King.”

“Whatever you want, Khalil.”

“Good. We will be there this afternoon. Close the club down before 1.”

Dom got off the phone with Khalil and walked backed inside The Oasis. The first thing he saw upon entering the showroom was John the Piss Boy wiping down a pole in the back corner. Nearby, Kiwi and Asia watched him work, snickering and cracking jokes.

“We got the bosses comin’ down today, ladies,” Dom called across the room, strolling to where John was cleaning, “get yah asses in the back and get all pretty and shit. We can’t be fuckin’ this one up.”

“How many?” Asia asked, a tinge of anxiety in her voice.

“However many niggas they feel like bringin’, don’t ask me questions, bitch. Get yah’ ass in the dressing room and put somethin’ nice on.”

Asia and Kiwi slid from the booth and disappeared backstage, leaving their half-empty drinks on the tabletop for John to clean up.

“Yo ass gon’ need to be working hard the whole time they here, Piss Boy,” Dom warned. “They don’t like to see no white man lazin’ about. They take a piss, you scrubbin’. They spill a crumb, you sweepin’. They tell you to jump, you say how high. Understand, white man?”

“Are these the owners or something?” John paused his work and turned to Dom. “Everybody seems really nervous.”

“Not that it’s any of yo’ fuckin’ business, but yes. They the owners. And everybody should be nervous. These niggas don’t fuck around. Keep yah eyes down, don’t be starin’ at nothin’ but that mop. You feel me?”

“Yes sir...” John resumed stroking the stripper pole.

Dom ground his ashy black palms together and grinned. “How’s that lil wife of yours, Piss Boy?”

John scrubbed on, ignoring the question.

“Jokes on me, I guess. You had a wife after all...she fine as hell, too. Shit, I’d let her dance the main stage if she wanted to.”

John gulped.

“How much you think she need to dance for the club, Piss Boy? How much to get that little ginger bitch to take her top off?”

John squeezed the pole through the dirty rag in his hand, skin tightening across white knuckles.

“I asked you a question Piss Boy,” Dom came closer, “how much to get yo’ bitch to dance for me?”

“Don’t talk about her like that,” John whispered.

“What was that? The fuck you say bitch?”

John looked up at Dom. His black boss hovered, sneering and snarling, daring him to get out of line. “She doesn’t dance, sir,” John mumbled, “she wouldn’t dance, I mean.”

“Everybody got a price, Piss Boy. Even you. When you finish wit’ these poles get yah ass back to the employee bathroom, Tiny made a mess again.”

“Yes, Sir.”

John deep-cleaned the employee bathroom and then took his lunch break in the alley. He scarfed down a peanut butter and jelly sandwich Hannah had prepared for him that morning, washing it down with a cold coca cola. He thought about how on edge everyone at the club was, especially the girls. He wondered who this “boss man” was and who might accompany him.

*There is no way in hell he's any worse than Dom or Trey, he thought. Besides, I'm only their Piss Boy. I can quit anytime I want to. I can walk away anytime. "Big black boss doesn't scare me," he mumbled into the crust of his sandwich.*

Back inside the club, things were tense. They had already closed shop for the day in preparation for Khalil's arrival, but the lack of patronage made things no less stressful. Tiny cleaned glasses and prepped the bar, while the girls, six in total, changed and prepared for the private showings. Talk was stiff and jittery, and even Trey seemed out of sorts as he stalked the hallway.

“Don't be hagglin' prices with these niggas',” Trey explained to the room of topless women, “and if you smart, you try and impress them. These niggas' love white girls, especially obedient ones. So do what you told and you might find yaself' with a big fuckin' bag at the end of the night.”

“I remember Khalil from last time,” Kiwi applied eyeliner in the mirror, her massive tits hanging loose and free, “he's rough but he can be sweet. I wonder if Shane will be with him. He's like the hottest meanest black dude I've ever met.”

“The fuck bitch?” Trey challenged her, “I know you meant to say my name, not some nigga' name Shane.”

“Sure, baby,” she rolled her eyes at Candy seated next to her, “whatever you say.”

“And watch yaself with Khalil,” Trey went on, “that nigga' get in yo' head and stay there. I seen what he do to white girls...worse, what he do to they man. Watch yaself round that nigga'. That's all imma' say.”

“They some kind of cult or something?” Asia asked absently, perfuming her snatch with a little glass bottle. “I've heard things about that Khalil guy. Hasn't he been in the news for some extremist shit?”

“Ain't no cult, bitch,” Trey stomped over to where she sat with legs spread, “it's

the Black New World Order, and you do best to take notice. Shit. I'm fiddin' to be a member soon, just gotta finish my initiation."

"So it's a gang?" Asia looked up from her twat.

"Ain't no gang neither. But it sho' as hell gon' have its dick all up in yo' mouth today. You can tell me what you think the BNWO is through a mouthful of nut. How that sound, bitch?"

"Sounds hot," she batted her lashes.

"I bet it do, you nasty bitch," he smirked.

John took his position in the men's bathroom just before 1pm, with specific instructions from Dom not to leave unless he was spot checking under tables or helping Tiny with the bar. He had already cleaned the bathrooms that morning, so there wasn't much left to do except pretend to be busy. John got comfortable on the floor next to a clean toilet, ready to scrub the moment someone entered the restroom. He was prepared for a long day of avoiding eye contact and mumbling apologies.

A few minutes passed before he heard their arrival out in the showroom. He tiptoed from the stall to the bathroom door and pushed his ear flat against it. Muffled voices, low and raspy, serious, and harsh. Music came on over the house speakers, presumably for the girls to start dancing, and John could no longer hear them talking at all. Curious, he clasped the door handle with both hands and gently inched it open. He peeked out.

Asia, Kiwi, Candy and the other girls were all over the black men in suits, while Trey, Dom and Tiny looked on. One of the sharp dressed men was particularly eye catching, cornrows across a massive cranium, shoulders wide enough to shoot a movie on. Asia sat in his lap, staring into his eyes, listening as he spoke words indiscernible. Occasionally she nodded, her countenance hypnotized by whatever it was the large African was saying to her.

Quietly, John pulled the door shut and scampered back into the stall. Sitting on the toilet, he fished his phone from his pocket and texted Hannah.

*I'll be late tonight. I can call a taxi.*

...OK no sweat hon! How's your day?

*Hell as usual. I hate it here. I want to quit.*

*What! Why?*

*You know why. It's always the same. I'm sick of it.*

...

As he waited for her reply, the door to the bathroom swung wide and booming music filled the small space. John jumped up and nearly dropped his phone before sinking to his knees and scrabbling for the toilet brush. As the door closed, the music died, and the bass-filled chatter of large men bounced off the tiled floor.

“These white bitches know how to serve Black Kings,” one intoned.

“If only they were all trained so well...”

“Soon, brother. Soon all white women will beg for black domination and their white husbands and fathers and brothers will beg for it too. Patience is the only bridge between that reality, and this one.”

“Patience and action, brother. Don't forget action.”

“Action goes without saying.”

The roar of piss streams spraying urinals. Long, moaning sighs. And then, a knock at the stall door. John froze, shit scrubber in hand.

“Open this door. Now,” came the callous, dark voice.

John dropped it and rushed to open the stall door. Blocking his exit was the black man he'd seen with Asia, cornrows and a barrel chest, his head was nearly to the ceiling.

“I'm sorry, sir. I was just finishing up- “

“You may continue, white man,” he said. Though his face was harsh, it was not unhandsome. A faint teardrop tattoo hung just below his right eye, and his suit

was ironed to perfection. His eyebrows were perpetually furrowed.

“Did you want me to um...finish after you finish?” John asked confused.

“You will get on your knees and continue scrubbing the toilet, which is exactly where you belong.”

“Is Piss Boy giving you trouble, Khalil?” came Dom’s voice from beyond.

“Ah, so you are the one they call Piss Boy,” Khalil sized John up with a glance, “I’m not surprised. Weak white men get weak titles...Why are you still standing there, Piss Boy? On your knees and scrubbing. Now.”

The tone in Khalil’s voice offered no quarter and sent John back to the bathroom floor. As he washed, he felt Khalil moving into the stall with him, so he scrunched and shuffled to the side of the bowl, pinning himself between the stall wall and the toilet.

Above him, at the head of the toilet, Khalil unbuckled his belt.

“Scrub the back of that toilet, white man,” Khalil said as he unzipped his grey dress pants, “you can scrub the inside when I’m done with it. Since you are in my employ, I wanted to take this moment to have a chat with you. We hired you, a white man, to do menial and demeaning tasks because we, the Black New World Order, feel it is the only job you are worthy of doing.”

Khalil pulled it fat long and black from his underwear and used two hands to aim. John could only duck back as a wide, clear stream of piss shot forth into the toilet bowl, splashing up and dotting his face and arms.

“Dominique has informed me that you are married,” Khalil unloaded his bladder, “and that she is quite attractive. You know, married white couples are something of a specialty of mine. A specialty of the BNWO. I think I’d like to meet her, actually. Do you think you could have her come here to The Oasis?”

“Now?” John asked horrified, covering himself with both arms and hiding as far back as he could.

“Now is as good a time as any for reparations, Piss Boy,” Khalil’s stream died off at last, and the droplets of urine covering John twinkled in the fluorescent

lights. Khalil shook himself off, but not over the toilet. The last hot drops landed in John's hair.

"She's at work," John moaned.

"I'm sure she is," Khalil put it away and zipped himself, "we shall finish this conversation later. Now, clean my mess."

The gang of men left the bathroom and John sprinted to the sink, covering his arms, face, and neck with pink disinfectant soap. He used hot water and coarse paper towels to clean himself of Khalil's urine before returning to the toilet to scrub it free of Khalil's urine. When he finished, he sat once more on top of the toilet, face in hands as if he were the lowest life form alive. His cell vibrated in his pocket, and he read the text from Hannah.

*But they all seem so nice hon! Maybe you're being too sensitive?*

John closed his eyes and prayed for relief.

It was almost midnight when Trey told John he could come out of the bathroom. The BNWO had shut down The Oasis for eleven hours, and John had spent the vast majority of that time by a toilet that was reused again and again by different angry black men. When he emerged into the desolate, dim showroom, he saw Kiwi, Candy and Asia seated at the bar together. The topless trio was staring at him.

John braced himself for impact.

“You look like you could use a drink, Johnny boy,” Asia said.

John tripped over his feet and fell into a table.

“Oops! Watch that, don’t hurt yourself,” Kiwi said, glittered knockers jiggling.

John steadied himself and approached the girls cautiously.

“Don’t look so scared, John,” Candy rolled her eyes, “we just want to buy you a drink.”

“Is everything...OK?” John puzzled.

“We’re fine,” Asia’s perky nipples were taut and distracting, “but it sounds like you had a rough day.” She walked over to John and hugged him close, pressing her bare chest to his. “We can relate, trust me. Those guys are not the nicest.”

John’s arms hung limp at his sides as Asia cradled him against her naked body, disbelief in every inch of his face.

“Drinks on us,” Kiwi smiled, pouring tequila into a shot glass, “you’ve earned it.”

Asia took John by the hand and led him to the bar. He sat on a stool between Kiwi’s giant swinging tits and Candy’s small, tatted breasts. They handed him a drink, they toasted, and they shot it back.

“Let’s have another,” Kiwi wiped her pouty lips and reached for the bottle, “always best back-to-back.”

“We want to apologize to you John,” Asia whispered in his ear, her curious hands digging into his shoulders, “we’ve been hard on you. We know. But you’re one of us now...”

“Yeah John, one of us,” Candy leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

John felt the tequila burning in the pit of his belly. His head felt light, and the girls’ constant onslaught of affection was both distracting and exhilarating. His attempts at speech were railroaded and collecting his thoughts in the face of so many bare breasts became all but impossible.

“Time for another shot,” Kiwi came in close, squeezing her massive tits together, “a special shot for the special boy.” Candy placed a tequila between Kiwi’s melons. “Come and get it Johnny boy.”

Asia grabbed John by the back of the head and thrust his face forward into the sea of Kiwi’s tits. He smelled soft perfume and sweat as he wrapped his lips around the jigger, tilted his head back, and swallowed.

“Woohoo!” shrieked Candy.

“Drink up Johnny boy,” Asia winked at Kiwi.

“You missed a drop,” Kiwi whispered, clutching John by the ears, and plunging him back into her chest.

“Having fun, John?” Asia giggled.

“Whoa, look, hold on,” John clamored at last, “this is great, and you girls are so sweet for buying me a drink but...jeez, we gotta slow down. I’m a married man after all.” John felt hot shame when he saw the line of drool across Kiwi’s nipples.

“Nobody has to know anything,” Candy came from behind, running her arms down his chest and nuzzling his neck. “We just want to thank you for everything you do around here.”

“It’s no big deal, John,” Asia slithered between his legs and melted to her knees, “no need to make it one. It’s just a little thank you...” she reached her hands up and clasped the front of his belt.

“Look I can’t do this, really...I want to, I do, but...” he stammered on.

“Just let it happen, baby,” Kiwi whispered in his ear, “we want to.”

“What if Dom and Trey see?” he looked down at Asia, who was dragging his jeans towards his ass.

“They left for the night,” Candy licked the back of his neck, “it’s just us, Johnny.”

“Are you...are you...” John short circuited.

Asia tugged at his boxers, easily sliding them over John’s rigid five inches.

“You’re so hard, Johnny,” Kiwi stood to his side, kissing his neck and rubbing his thighs.

“We just want to say thank you,” Asia said, engulfing his white dick in her hand, “for everything you do around here.” She stroked hard, slamming her fist down into his crotch with each pump. The head of John’s cock was a purple bruise, leaking clear.

“Oh fuck...oh my god...” John panted, staring down at the stripper between his legs.

“Do you want me to suck on it, John?” Asia gazed up at him.

“Oh fuck...”

“Let her suck your cock,” Candy urged, “she’s so good at it.”

“Suck my titties while she does it baby,” Kiwi presented her knockers, one in each hand, bringing them to John’s mouth. “Go on baby, suck my titties. Do it.” She wrapped his head in her arms and smothered him.

“I want to suck your cock,” Asia breathed, “wrap my wet little mouth around your dick and blow you till you cum...let me baby...”

“It hurts...it hurts a little,” he said between gulps of tit.

“What hurts, John?” Asia asked, jerking him violently.

“Your hand, ow...it hurts, just a little softer- “

“What did you say John?” she asked, using her free hand to clench his hairless white balls.

“OW!”

“Settle down,” she said, juggling his nuts roughly, “you want me to suck it, John? Are you ready for my mouth?”

“Fuck...”

“Suck my titties, baby...”

“Are you ready for me to suck your little white dick?” Asia said sternly.

“What the fuck?” John breathed heavy, he tried to pull from her grip, but the other girls were holding him.

“I asked you if you want me to suck your little white cock?”

“I...I...”

“Well, John?” she slapped his balls. “Well!”

“Oh fuuuuck,” John moaned.

“Here it comes,” Asia let go all at once, John’s stiff white dick reaching for the sky.

“Don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop,” he begged.

Asia stood up, an evil grin across her face. “Like I would ever suck Piss Boy’s little dick,” she spat. “You fucking loser.”

Asia brought her foot back and swung her leg forward, kicking John squarely in the balls.

His lungs emptied of air, and he fell to the ground with a deafening thud. Curling into the fetal position John gasped for breath, his cock convulsing and spurting cum all over the strip club carpet. The wave of pain rose from his testicles,

settling sickeningly in his lower stomach.

“Look at that fucking idiot,” Candy guffawed, “so fucking pathetic!”

“Little dicked loser!” Kiwi teased.

“You’re gonna have to clean up your mess,” Asia added.

The door to backstage opened and Dom and Trey swaggered out, toothy grins from ear to ear. They joined the girls in the middle of the showroom, the gang of them hovering over the broken man.

“Now that was a good fuckin’ show,” Dom said, “bravo, ladies. Khalil will be very happy with you.”

“Look at Piss Boy’s little fuckin’ dick,” Trey nudged John in the back, “ain’t nobody surprised by that shit.”

“It was too easy,” Asia shook her head, “horny as schoolboy. It’s a wonder a little beta like him snagged such a sexy wife.”

“Hotwife soon enough,” Trey snickered.

Dom knelt down next to John, who was just starting to regain control of his breathing and slapped him over the head. “I need you to listen to me carefully, Piss Boy. Very fuckin’ carefully.”

“Stop...stop...” John gasped, “I quit...I fucking quit...you can’t...”

“Oh, you quitting. You hear that everybody? Piss Boy here is quitting. Can you believe that shit?” Dom shook his head, “we got you on video, dumbass. Video of you cheating on that fine ass wife of yours. You should be ashamed.”

“No...no I didn’t want to...they made me...”

“We didn’t make you do shit, beta boy!” Asia snapped. “I’ll need to disinfect my hand for even touching your nasty little dick.”

John shook his head back and forth, refusing to face the reality bearing down on him.

“Khalil is a crafty nigga’,” Dom laughed, “when he sees a white couple he likes, he takes them. I’ve seen it over and over. When he heard how fine yo’ bitch was, and trust me, Asia gave him a very, very detailed description, he decided then and there that yo bitch, was his bitch. And now, you my bitch. Do you understand what that means, Piss Boy?”

John rolled onto his back, five cruel faces floating above.

“It mean you gon’ do whatever the fuck we say,” Trey barked, “startin’ with that fine ass wife of yours.”

4.

It was after 2am when a taxi dropped John off in front of his condo. He stepped through the front door, head down, spirit shattered. He collapsed on the couch and attempted to process the last fourteen hours.

*Scrub the fuckin' toilet white man...*

*Dominique tells me you have a wife...*

*We have you on video Piss Boy...*

Their voices played through his mind on a loop. When he closed his eyes he saw Khalil's hanging, bloated black cock dripping with piss.

*We got you on video, dumbass...*

John pulled himself to the shower and let the steam engulf him. There were things he would have to say to Hannah tomorrow that he didn't think he had the power to. Things that went against every fiber of his being. Things he neither felt or wanted or would dream of in his worst nightmares...but he was still going to say them. Hannah was all he had, and if it meant lying to her face just to keep her, he would do it.

Even if it killed him.

"Good news, honey," John walked into the kitchen where Hannah was making breakfast, "I'm off work today."

"You are!" Hannah's face lit up over a bowl of pancake batter, "that's so great! You never get a Wednesday off!"

"I know, can you believe it?" John cleared his throat and sat in a stool at the kitchen counter, "things have really...things have really changed over at The Oasis."

"You're kidding?" she was dumbfounded.

"Yeah, like you wouldn't believe," John snatched a slice of toast and crunched it dry, "everybody's been so nice. It's like a whole new place."

“Oh, John!” she rushed from the batter and wrapped her arms about him, “that’s such great news, baby. You must be so happy!”

“You betcha’,” John avoided her eyes, munching more dry toast.

“Dom and Trey have been nicer, too?” she pushed into his shoulder, breasts threatening to escape the cotton robe she wore.

“Yes and honey I really think...I think it was because of you. You coming in that day made quite the impression on them.”

“Oh!” she kissed the top of his head, “I just knew it. I knew they needed to see you in a different light. Oh, John. This is just the best news!”

“Yeah, they’re just really great guys,” John nearly wretched, “and I can see being really good friends with them...they like you a lot. I mean, they wouldn’t stop talking about how pretty you are, Hannah.”

“Oh stop it,” she blushed beneath her freckles. “Me? There’s so many beautiful girls that work there, I’m sure they see better all the time.”

“You wouldn’t know it by listening to them,” he sucked down some orange juice, “they think you are gorgeous. They tell me in a respectful way of course... they aren’t bad guys.”

“No, they certainly aren’t,” she giggled. “I think you three got off on the wrong foot. Sometimes tall, handsome black men can come off as intimidating, but that’s just our own projections. Know what I mean?”

John tried to restrain himself.

...tall, handsome black men...

“So, you think their handsome now, huh?” he feigned to flirt.

“I mean...I didn’t want to say anything because you like, hated them, but yeah, duh. Dom is sexy and Trey is just hot. Totally innocent of course, but also very hard to miss.

John wrapped trembling arms about her waist, and pulled Hannah close to him

as if it were the last time he would see her.

“You’re not jealous, are you?” she bit her lip.

“Oh, not at all,” he lied, “like you said...it’s hard to miss.”

“I think we take the day to celebrate!” Hannah jumped from John’s arm and hurried to the refrigerator, where she pulled a bottle of champagne out and began to untwist the cork. “Mimosas! In honor of a new leaf turned, and a better work environment for everyone!”

“Sounds good,” John tried to smile, barely managing one. In his mind he replayed the steps that Dom and Trey had gone over with him last night. The rehearsed lines. The self-inflicted gaslighting. It was supposed to take longer than this to get her to start drinking, to get her talking about Dom and Trey. But it was barely 9am and here they were. Barreling towards a cliff with no brakes.

After breakfast they sipped champagne in a small bath, toe to toe. Hannah’s pale thighs treaded water, white bubbles played off her knees. Her creamy breasts broke the surface, and her wide, freckled nipples pointed forward.

“It’s nice to have you home like this,” she said lazily, the three glasses of bubbly getting to her.

“It’s nice to be home with you,” John said firmly...too firmly. He reminded himself of what was at stake, and that if he didn’t perform well enough, Hannah was going to see that tape.

He watched the way her eyes drifted, drunk and slow like tired headlights.

“Can I ask you something, Hannah? Promise not to judge?” he flashed his best plastic grin, rubbing his toes along her inner thigh under the water.

“Oh my, this sound juicy,” she snapped from her daze, “I love juicy.”

“Don’t get so excited,” he blushed, “it’s just a little...idea I wanted to throw at you. If it sounds dumb just tell me.”

“What are you up to?” she flicked water at him with her toe, the excitement in her face undeniable.

“So like...you were talking about Dom and Trey earlier...”

“Yeah?” she drew out the word, eyebrows raising.

“And you said how they were like...handsome...”

“Right...”

“Well it’s just...would you like, ever like...consider like...”

“Oh my God Johnathan just spit it out!” she threatened to burst.

“you know like...maybe- “

“Fucking them?”

John’s breath caught in his throat, his heart tying up his vocal cords, unable to utter the word. He nodded instead.

“Wow,” Hannah sat up in the bath, the entirety of her voluptuous tits out of the water and decorated with soap suds.

“I’m sorry if that’s weird, baby...really, I don’t know why I said it. Maybe just the champagne. Really, I’m sorry- “

“Hell yes I would,” she said incredulously, a smirk her husband would never forget spreading across her face. “Wow, John. I’m so shocked...and impressed that you would suggest something like that.”

“Really?” he stuttered out, his heart rate approaching terminal velocity.

“Did you talk about this with them or something?” she ran fingertips up his leg and past his knee.

“Not so much...but I don’t think it’s a secret that they would be open to it...”

“One at a time...or?”

“Whatever...whatever...” John stared at the bath water, mind unravelling.

“I think a threesome would be kind of hot,” she got on her knees, splashing

water over the tub rim, and getting between John's thighs. "What's your role in all this, honey? What do you get out of it?"

"I think...I'd like...to...to..." his heart locked him up again, trying desperately to repeat the words Trey and Dom had taught him last night.

"Watch?"

"Uh-huh."

"Mmmm. My little voyeur," she found his cock in the hot water, taking it against her palm and rubbing along the shaft with her thumb. "You want to watch me get fucked, John?"

"Oh God..." he closed his eyes, trying to push it all away, feeling his body betray him.

"You want to watch me suck their big black dicks, baby?" she found his sore ballsack and squeezed, any harder and he would have screamed.

"Oh fuck, Hannah...Hannah..."

"Let's fuck baby," she kissed him, "fuck me right here."

As she went to mount him, an image from the previous night cast a shadow over him.

*And remember, Piss Boy. That pussy belong to Khalil now, even if she don't know it yet. It sure as fuck ain't yours no mo.' So, keep that little white dick out his property...cus if he find out you disobeyed him...shit, even I would pity you...*

"Hold, hold, hold," he stuttered.

"What is it baby?"

"I want to go down on you."

"You do?"

"You deserve it, Hannah. Let me go down on you, please..."

They stumbled drunk and dripping from the bathroom to the bed, Hannah landing on her back and spreading her pale legs wide. John's rigid dick poked the bed top as he put his mouth to the wet, thick folds of her ginger cunt.

"Oh John," she sighed, "kiss my pussy, baby. Get me wet...get me ready..."

"Tell me about it," he whispered, sliding his middle finger inside.

"Get me ready, baby...get me wet..."

"Tell me..."

"Get me wet for them baby..."

"For who?"

"Mmmm. For Dom...and Trey...for their big black dicks...they're going to be so big baby...so fucking big...they're going to fuck me...while you watch..."

John serviced his wife, and in so doing he serviced the will of the BNWO.

5.

Three days after the Black New World Order blackmailed John into grooming his wife, The Oasis held its first ever staff party in the name of appreciation and hard work. Everyone was invited, their friends too. It was meant to be a party for all, brought to you by the kind and generous managers of the Oasis.

Or at least, that was how John explained it to his soon to be hotwife.

When the married couple entered the club that night around 8pm, about fifteen people were already there. All black, all large, and altogether overwhelming. There wasn't another female in sight unless you counted the framed nudes adorning the wall.

"I'm like the only girl," Hannah giggled nervously as they walked through the entrance, "they're going to eat me alive."

"Don't say that" John's voice cracked. His face was a clammy, balmy mess and he'd already sweated through his undershirt. He looked Hannah up and down; fair, pale perfection. Her red locks fell about bare shoulders, the soft milky skin of her breasts seemed to sway like the ocean under a full moon. The black dress she wore revealed a plump, juicy ass and long, white legs.

"YO YO!"

The couple looked up and saw Trey from across the room, informal as ever in grey sweatpants and a white wife-beater clinging to his slender, chiseled frame. He pointed at them, and every man in the club followed the direction of his finger. When they saw Hannah, they stood.

"Right on time," Tiny was at his side suddenly, cruel hand wrapping around John's arm. "Boss man wants a chat with you, John. You come with me while Hannah makes friends."

John turned and tried to pull from his grasp. Tiny swatted him like a fly, yanking him from Hannah's side.

"It's fine babe," she smiled, "if the boss wants to talk with you, it's probably something good!"

"I don't want to go," he struggled as Tiny pulled him, "this wasn't part of it. This

wasn't what they told me!"

"Shut yo damn mouth," Tiny grumbled.

Dom and Trey appeared at Hannah's side; two towering black pillars dressed like thugs at Christmas.

"What it do, baby?" Trey said, sliding an arm around her shoulders.

"You look fine as hell tonight," Dom bit his lip, and planted a kiss on Hannah's freckly cheek.

"You boys look nice, as always..." she blushed.

John watched horrified as they crowded her, Tiny dragging him further and further away.

"You tryna' back it up, girl?" Dom ran his hand along her back. "We got a dance floor, why ain't you on it yet?"

"You wanna dance with me, Dom?" she teased.

"Hell yeah, I do."

"Yeah me, too," Trey added, staring down her dress.

John's last view of Hannah was Dom's long, bony fingers wrapping around her fat ass cheek and squeezing it like a balloon. He tried to scream but Tiny grabbed him around the neck and pulled him backstage.

Dragging John kicking down the hallway, Tiny burst into the manager's office and tossed him to the floor.

"Don't make this difficult," came a familiar voice. "You may leave, Tiny. I can handle it from here."

"Yes, suh," Tiny's fat face spread into a wide grin, and he rushed from the room.

"Stand up, Piss Boy," Khalil said, "stand and face your new master."

John lunged to his feet with every intention of bolting, but as he turned for the

door, he glimpsed Khalil standing behind the desk, his powerful arms crossed over a broad chest. John froze, terrified of the physical consequences for trying to flee.

“Good boy. Now, sit,” Khalil motioned to a chair.

John sat trembling, the implications of what was happening out in the showroom covering him in panic.

“We made a deal, Piss Boy. And how did I know that you would get cold feet when the time came? I knew because you are a weak, pathetic white man. And you need to be shown the way by your black master.”

“What is this?” John panted, “Why do this to me? Why Hannah? And just who in the hell are you?”

“You do not get to ask questions less I allow it, white man. And you are to address me as Master. Or King. But as you have been overwhelmed these last few days, I will allow you this one trespass. Why you? Because you are a white man with a white wife, and you have not yet paid your reparations or respect to the superior race. Tonight, you will begin the process of repaying your debt. I am Khalil, and I am the CEO of the BNWO. I am here to break you, and then, remake you.”

“You can’t do this...you can’t get away with this...”

“It is hard for you to submit because you do not yet understand your place. But you will soon enough...your wife on the other hand, she seems to understand quite well. Have a look.”

Khalil turned a laptop sitting open on the desk. On the screen was live security cam footage of the showroom dance floor. Hannah was in the middle of the picture, surrounded by a wave of leering black men. Bent over at the waist, she shook her ass against the front of Trey’s loose sweatpants while the others clapped and cheered. Trey ran his palms down her back and slapped her hard across the butt cheek. A moment later she was grinding against Dom, his hands reaching from below, engulfing her fat tits.

“No...Hannah...” the fight left him, and he fell from the chair.

“As I said, Piss Boy, it is quite easy for your wife to accept her place. Often, we teach dogs how to act by using other trained dogs to show them the way. Tonight, you will learn from your bitch wife exactly how to accept your place. Follow me, white man. Follow me now and I will break you...but I will rebuild you. Into something better. Something that serves not only a purpose, but a truth. Or leave, I really don't care. Either way I will be fucking your wife tonight. Your presence is a necessary evil, not a requirement.”

Khalil walked from behind the desk and headed for the exit, stepping over the pile of John on the way. He left the door open behind him, never sparing the white man a backwards glance.

John heard Khalil's boot heels recede down the hallway, followed by the blaring trap music from the showroom as he went out to the party. John got to his feet and huddled over the light of the laptop screen. She was taking turns with them, dancing while their dirty black hands did whatever they pleased. Suddenly, Khalil walked into the frame. He turned to the camera and pointed at John through the screen, motioning him on.

John slammed the computer shut and ran for the showroom.

“These are some nice ass titties,” Trey said, groping them from behind and pinning her against his chest. “These some all-natural white bitch titties!”

“You red down there too, girl?” Dom asked, feeling her thighs, his hands disappearing under the hem of her dress. All around them the other members of the BNWO waited their turn for a dance and a feel, joining in on the catcalling mob.

“That's it white girl, dance for a nigga!”

“She like em' black, that's fo' sho'!”

“Let me get up in them titties too!”

John came to the edge of the dance floor, lights flashing and music blaring, and saw his wife wriggle and squirm against their advances. Khalil was circling the scene, like an alpha wolf watching his pack feed.

“Hannah,” John squeaked from the sidelines.

“Tell yah husband you just havin’ fun,” Trey said, sliding his hand around her thin, pale neck.

“Oh my God, John,” she panted, three different pairs of hands roaming her body, “where did you go? Are you...oh God, baby. Is this OK? Is this what you wanted? Oh fuck...”

“Hannah what’s happening? What are you doing?”

“The fuck it look like she doing?” Trey sneered.

“Enough out of you, white boy,” Khalil strode through the crowd and stood in front of Hannah. He reached down and grabbed the front of her dress, tugging at it roughly until one pale, fat tit fell out the top. The BNWO went wild as he snatched it in his hand and squeezed. “You like being a whore for black men, bitch?”

Hannah, shocked at his audacity, could only gasp under the firm caress of his calloused hand.

“Answer me, white bitch. Do you like being a whore for black Kings?”

“Oh...yes, yes, fuck...” she looked him up and down, overwhelmed but not blind, able to see his build, feeling his strength.

“Call me Master,” he commanded, “and beg for my black dick.”

“Yes, M-M-Master,” she shot a nervous, uncertain glance at John standing alone on the sidelines.

“Don’t look at yah bitch husband,” Trey shouted, grabbing her by the head and turning her to face Khalil

“Beg for it,” Khalil said, unzipping his pants. “Beg for it in front of your husband.”

“Please...Master...please let me see your big black- “

“On yo knees bitch!” Dom shoved her down by the shoulders, her one free tit swinging madly.

“Please Master, give me that black dick. Please!” she looked scared but eager, trembling below Khalil, surrounded by the lot of them.

Khalil unbuttoned the dress pants and let them sag to his knees. A pair of black, cotton briefs strapped something long to his body. He took Hannah by her red head and pulled her towards it.

“Lick,” he commanded, “show your husband.”

She put out a quivering pink tongue and licked along the cotton, feeling the power of what lay just beyond. Hannah could tell it was veiny, feeling each rigid line as her tongue found them.

Trey pulled the front of her dress down as she licked Khalil over his underwear, both of her pale knockers now free and dangling. He filled his hands with them, pushing the skin through his fingers, squeezing till she bucked.

“You may pull it out now, white girl,” Khalil announced.

Hannah placed fingertips along the waistband of his briefs and pulled. The stiffness below the fabric fought with her as she tried to get them down. First came a large swathe of curly pubic hair, then a black cock so long and thick Hannah screamed when it fell out.

“Suck that black dick!” called a man from the crowd.

“Open wide, bitch!”

“She drooling fo’ it!”

Khalil grabbed hold by the shaft and shook it in her face. Hannah’s eyes went wide and her jaw dropped.

“Time to serve the BNWO, white girl,” Khalil used his freed hand to snatch her red hair in a fist, “open your fucking mouth.”

Before she could react, Khalil pushed her into it. The ebony cock flooded her mouth, stretching her chin and sending tears to the corner of her eyes as it touched the back of her throat. Hannah stared straight ahead at the wiry pubes covering the base of his dick, noticing how far away it was compared to how

much was already lodged in her gullet.

“Eat black cock white bitch,” Khalil grunted.

John shifted endlessly from one foot to the other, watching his wife’s face turn red as she tried to handle Khalil. He felt powerless. Forgotten.

“That’s it,” Khalil continued, “choke on black dick in front of your husband. You know he likes it almost as much as you do.” He slid his slick dick from her mouth, allowing her to take a deep swallow of air. Then he pushed back in, finding a rhythm with about half of it, fucking her fair face.

“Imma’ have to try some of this white girl throat,” Trey said, pulling it out over the top of his grey sweats.

“Get in line nigga,” Dom said, stepping out of his jeans with fat black cock in hand. The two gangsters stroked themselves to either side of Hannah’s face as she allowed herself to be face-fucked by Khalil. They each grabbed hold of a titty, slapping, and pinching it as they jerked.

“Good white bitch,” Khalil grunted, lengthening his strokes, gagging her relentlessly. As he worked, his nutsack drooped lower, swinging like a double ended pendulum, slapping her in the neck with each thrust. “You will serve your black masters well. Fuck yes you will. You dirty white bitch.”

Khalil pulled from her throat suddenly and the gang of men were on her, tearing at the dress, ripping it to pieces and pulling it from her body. Hannah’s skin was comically white, making it seem as if their hands were merely shadows groping her, exploring that small patch of red pubes, and palming her supple snatch.

“Back on yah knees, girl,” Trey said, yanking her around by the hair. He slapped her across the nose with his brown cock and rubbed the head against her pouty lips. “Let me hear you gag on it bitch!”

Dom put Hannah’s hand to his thickness and got her to multitask. The other members circled them, cheering them on in a frenzied roar.

“Hannah...” John cried meekly.

Her face was a mess of makeup and passion, spit and drool. Trey savagely

plowed her mouth and then passed her to Dom who fed her his hairy nuts. His wide black cock drooped across the length of her face as she gobbled him from below, blue eyes transfixed on her crush above.

“You like them nigga nuts huh girl?” Dom grinned down at her, “I knew you was a nasty bitch the moment I saw you. I knew you couldn’t wait to get a real man in yah mouth.”

“Look at yah husband, bitch!” Trey laughed, “he look like he gon’ cry, watching you with that black ballsack in yah mouth.”

Hannah spared John a quick glance, choosing not to see the anguish in his eyes. A moment later, Dom replaced his nuts with his cock, and went mining for gags in the bottom of her throat.

“You dumb white bitch,” Dom humped, “look at me when I fuck yah face. That’s it. You a pretty white bitch, you know that? Too pretty for little white dicks!”

“Clear the table,” Khalil pointed to a four top nearby, “it’s time to fill this white girl. White man, get your ass over here. You will watch every second of this!”

Five of the BNWO descended on John, taking hold of him by the arms and shoulders and legs, dragging him across the room as the others laid his wife naked across a dirty strip club table. Trey and Dom kept her legs wide as their swinging cocks danced inches above her wide, red nipples. Khalil got between her legs and came in close, laying the length of his member along Hannah’s little white tummy, covering her belly button, stretching to her ribs.

The BNWO put John on his knees, inches from Khalil’s cock.

“I’m going to put this in your wife, Piss Boy,” he said, “and you’re going to watch her take every inch...and then beg for more.”

“Look at your wife white boy!”

“She in love!”

“She ain’t gon’ feel yo’ little white dick after this white boy!”

Khalil drug it across her stomach, leaving a sticky trail of pre in its wake. He placed the bulbous black head at the pink folds of her cunt lips,

“Oh Master, oh Master, it’s so big. It won’t fit,” she squirmed.

“I’ll make it fit,” Khalil said, pushing against her opening.

Hannah looked over at her husband, the pain in his face too obvious to miss. As she tried to ask him if he was OK, she felt Khalil push past her entrance, and her words of condolence turned to an open-mouth scream that pierced John’s ears.

“OOOHHH! AHHHH!”

“That’s it bitch,” Trey fondled her tits, “on yo back for the black King!”

“Hold still,” Dom wrapped his fingers around her fragile neck, “take that black cock like you suppose to girl!”

Khalil filled her wall to wall, pushing deep into her stubborn cunt. The men holding John in place taunted him, not allowing him to look anywhere but at the behemoth snake impaling his beautiful wife.

“Look at it white boy!”

“They got yo wife white boy!”

“She love the black dick! Look at it! Look at it!”

Khalil was three quarters of the way in before he began to pump, long-stroking her near-virgin cunt as she moaned at the top of her lungs.

“OH MASTER! OH FUCK! OH! OH!” she tried to look at her husband below, but as Dom choked, Khalil immobilized her by grabbing the hair on top of her head. The other BNWO members periodically reached over and slapped her tits, pinched her nipples, dug angry fingers into her wet mouth.

“Your wife’s pussy is tight, Piss Boy,” Khalil grunted, “just as expected. Soon, she will only ask for black cock. Soon, it will be the only thing she can feel.”

Trey brought his throbbing prick up and, turning her face to the side, jammed it

inside her mouth, fucking her from that angle as Khalil took her. She squealed into Trey's shaft, doing the best she could to work her tongue against it, even as the ache in her cunt demanded all of her attention.

John watched them use his wife. Fondle her and degrade her. They hurled insults and pushed her to the brink. Khalil kept Hannah on her back for a long time as Dom and Trey traded her mouth, and when the men holding John down grew bored, they let him go to fill their hands with Hannah's fair skin and fleshy tits.

"Let's get another King in this cunt," Khalil boomed, sliding his slick dick from inside and stepping back. Trey grabbed her by the hair and spun the white girl around, placing her face down on the tabletop.

"Get yo ass up, bitch," Trey directed. Hannah got on all fours, ass up and tits swinging. Trey found her used pussy and slid in, forcing himself to the hilt on the first push.

"OH!" she squealed. "OH!" with every pump.

"Yeah, white bitch," Trey laughed, "take that black cock in front of yo' man. Show him how much you love it." He drilled her fast and violent, his smooth black ballsack a blur.

"Taste yourself," Khalil said, filling her mouth, "on my superior black cock!"

Dom had John by the back of his neck, dragging him over to see Hannah sucking Khalil's dick up close. "You clean toilets and we fuck yo' bitch," Dom snarled, "that's how it work round' here white boy. You get pissed on while on we get yo' bitch!"

John watched the spit drip from her chin, heard the way she gagged when Khalil smacked the back of her throat. He saw her reach a hand down between her legs and find the clit he had so delicately sucked on the day before.

"We tag-teaming yo' bitch!" Trey heckled.

"Fuck that white girl!"

"Show that white boy how we do!"

“Look at them titties bounce!”

Dom joined Khalil at the front, sharing Hannah’s mouth and feeding her hairy black balls. Trey turned her white ass to a stinging scorpion red, and every time he cracked his palm across her rear she screamed. He pulled it out pulsing, the black member looking as if it might erupt at any moment. Trey switched ends with Dom, burying his cock down Hannah’s throat once more.

“My turn,” Dom growled, his thickness filling her from behind, “this bitch ain’t gon’ feel you no more, Piss Boy. She my bitch now.” Dom pounded her, Hannah’s beaten ass jiggling on impact.

Trey grabbed her around the throat and dislodged himself from her gullet. He turned her sweating smeared face to John so that they were inches from one another. “You see your husband? You see him? Tell him thank you.”

“Thank you baby,” she choked out, smiling madly.

“Tell him you love nigga dick!”

“I love nigga dick!”

“Now tell me thank you,” Trey turned her face to his.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she moaned.

Trey pursed his lips and shot a dripping white wad of spit directly into the center of her face. She gasped as it splashed across her cheeks.

“Now tell me thank you for spitting on you, bitch,” Trey commanded.

“Thank you Da-Da-Da-“she tried to speak but Dom’s fucking broke her words apart.

John’s face was anguish. The moment he saw his worst bully spit in his wife’s face, something inside of him shattered. After the others saw Trey treat her like that, more spit bombs started to land across her back and ass. Too many too count, no way to know who it was coming from.

“Do you want to cum, white bitch?” Khalil slapped her across the face with his

cock.

“Yes Master!” she wailed, taking it strong from behind.

“Tell me black cocks are superior.”

“Black cocks are better!”

“Tell me black lives matter.”

“Black...Lives...oh fuck...fuck...Matter!”

“Do you live to serve your black Masters, white bitch?”

“Yes...oh FUCK! Yes, Master...oh God God God”

“Make this white bitch cum, Dominique, she has earned it.”

“Aye aye captain,” Dom panted, finding her cunt with a free hand, and rubbing semi-circles over her clit as he railed her harder.

“Oh fuck, oh God,” she moaned, finally free of cock in her mouth. “I’m going to fucking cum, oh fuck.”

“Watch her, Piss Boy,” Trey said, holding her once more by the neck and displaying her to John like a piece of meat, “watch how she get off on that nigga’ dick!”

“OH FUCK! I’M CUMMING!” her body shook, and she collapsed on the table top. Dom never slowed, burying himself with each pump, ripping the orgasm out of her body like a root from the earth. “OH FUUUUUCK!”

“Look at yo’ bitch!” Trey shook her by the neck, before spitting in her face like he owned her.

Khalil lifted her from the table easily and set Hannah down on the floor next to her husband. There was an awkward moment when she turned to John, covered in the fluids of other men, and smiled at him.

John could see Trey’s spit on her lips.

Khalil, Trey and Dom crowded in, Hannah on her knees between them and John cowering even lower. Their big black cocks glistened with the white wife's pussy juice, their bloated ebony nutsacks swinging as they jerked.

"You ready for some King nut, white girl?" Khalil smeared his leaking head across her face, plastering it with pre.

"We gon' glaze this bitch!"

"Ready to watch your cumdump wife, white boy?"

"Beg for it bitch," Khalil said, thumping her mouth, "beg for black seed."

"Cum all over me Kings," she looked up at them, wild blue eyes overwhelmed. "Cover me in cum...cum all over my tits!"

"We will cum where we want to, bitch," Khalil said stroking.

"Imma' glaze that pretty fuckin' face," Trey panted, close to the edge. He took front and center, hinging at the hips and bending at the knees, lining up his shot for a center hit.

"Cum all over me!"

"Tell yo' husband to watch!"

"Watch John! Watch them cover me in cum!"

"Call him Piss Boy!"

"Watch their big black cocks cover me, Piss Boy!"

John's heart broke at last.

"Hold still bitch!" Trey cracked, the first full shot of white spurting forth. Hot and creamy, it landed in a long rope across her nose and lips. It lined her cheeks and forehead, fat lines of African nut steaming on her pale white face. "UGH! UGH!" It kept coming, thick droplets falling from her chin, puddles of it pooling under her eyes.

"Double dose, bitch!" Dom came from the side, thin streaks spurting

horizontally across her precious cheeks. Hannah pinched her eyes shut and held her breath, feeling each warm load stick to her face. “Fuck yeah! All over yo wife’s fuckin’ face Piss Boy!”

“Ugh!” Trey squeezed his last drop onto her pursed lips.

“Take it!” Dom unloaded wad after wad onto her cheeks, the excess falling onto her shoulders and dripping down between her beaten pink breasts.

“Her face is ruined,” Khalil announced, dragging her back to the table by her long red hair. She fell onto her back as Khalil mounted, careful not to get any semen on himself. “I’m going to fill your wife’s cunt, Piss Boy, so you know exactly who it belongs to.” The leader of the Black New World Order went deep once more, fucking harder and meaner than he had previously. Hannah’s cum-covered face fell back and hung off the table bobbling, screaming, moaning.

“Fill that white bitch!”

“Give her a black baby!”

“Watch white boy!”

“UGH! UGH!” Khalil went balls deep, and John watched as his sack convulsed in and out with each grunt, massive black balls rising and falling rhythmically, unloading evil deep inside Hannah. “UGH! UGH!”

“OH FUCK I’M CUMMING AGAIN!” she screamed from beneath the black body.

They brought John in close as Khalil pulled out, inch by inch, slow as a train leaving the station. When his impossible black dick finally dropped from her ruined cunt, a river of thick white nut poured out, leaking down across her ass crack.

“Eat it up, Piss Boy!”

“Clean yo’ wife white boy!”

“Serve the Black New World Order!”

A cacophony of cries and cheers went up as John's face shoved between his wife's thighs. Hannah looked down at her husband, his face now as messy as hers. She laughed at him, tilting her head back and guffawing to the heavens.

"You are now the property of the Black New World Order," Khalil announced, the multitudes of black Kings with their clothes on now disrobing, a room full of black cocks suddenly alive and stiffening. "Both of you are our property now. And you will serve us...to pay your debt to the African race!"

The sea of naked black men converged over the white couple, and the gangbang went well into the night.

**6.**

It was a slow Wednesday afternoon when The Oasis' newest dancer, Ginger, got on stage to work the lunch crowd. There were only a few men in attendance, but each of them gawked at the new dancer: red hair and pale, freckled breasts.

"Goddamn look at this slut," Herb shouted, smoking a cigarette over a gin and tonic, "I might have to pay for the private dance so I can get my hands on this whore's tits."

Ginger jumped high on the pole and caught it with arms and legs, sliding down slowly and giving the men a perfect view of her plump, creamy ass.

"Look at that piece of ass," Herb puffed, "I wonder if she'd let me lick her."

Nearby, the maintenance man scrubbed a beer stain from the carpet with hot soap and water. Though he tried to keep his eyes from the stage where his wife was dancing, he found it more and more difficult to do with each passing insult Herb made.

"You seein' this Piss Boy?" Herb called over, eyes never leaving the redhead on stage. "You see the way this whore dances? What are the chances a redheaded slut like this is married? I'm serious, what do you think the chances are?"

John kept his head down, trying his best to pretend he could ignore Herb's shouting.

"Get your pretty little twat over here, darling," Herb hoisted a five-dollar bill into the air. Ginger responded by planting both hands on the stage floor, and cat crawling over to where he sat. "That's it, whore. Nice and slow. That's how I like it."

Ginger swiveled on her ass and placed her knees over Herb's shoulders.

"Hey Piss Boy," Herb shouted, tickling Ginger's pouty pink twat with a dirty bill, "I think your wife wants me to give her a kiss. A big wet kiss right on the cunt. What do you think? Should I do it? Hey Piss Boy, I'm talking to you!"

The rest of the club was laughing outright, their stares shifting between the stripper and the pervert, to the man scrubbing the carpet.

“I think I’ll take a private dance,” Herb said, absently tossing the five-dollar bill across her tits. “But I want full contact. I ain’t payin’ full price unless I can suck on your titties.”

“You can do a lot more than that to me, baby,” Hannah bucked her hips, “don’t let Piss Boy over there distract you, either. I want your undivided attention.”

“Darlin’, you’re about to have my undivided dick wedged halfway up your asshole!”

John tossed his scrub brush in the bucket and took his lunch break.

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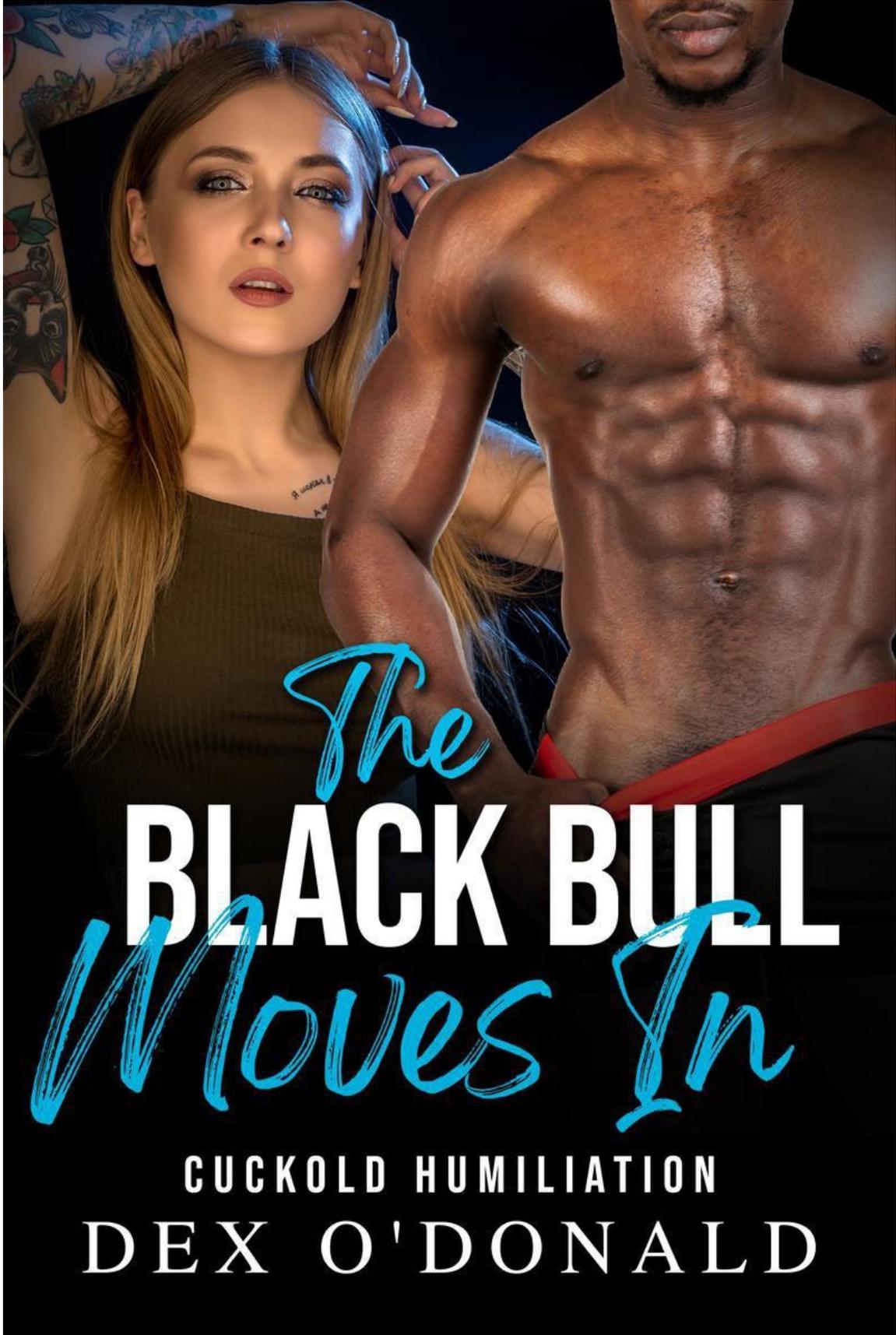
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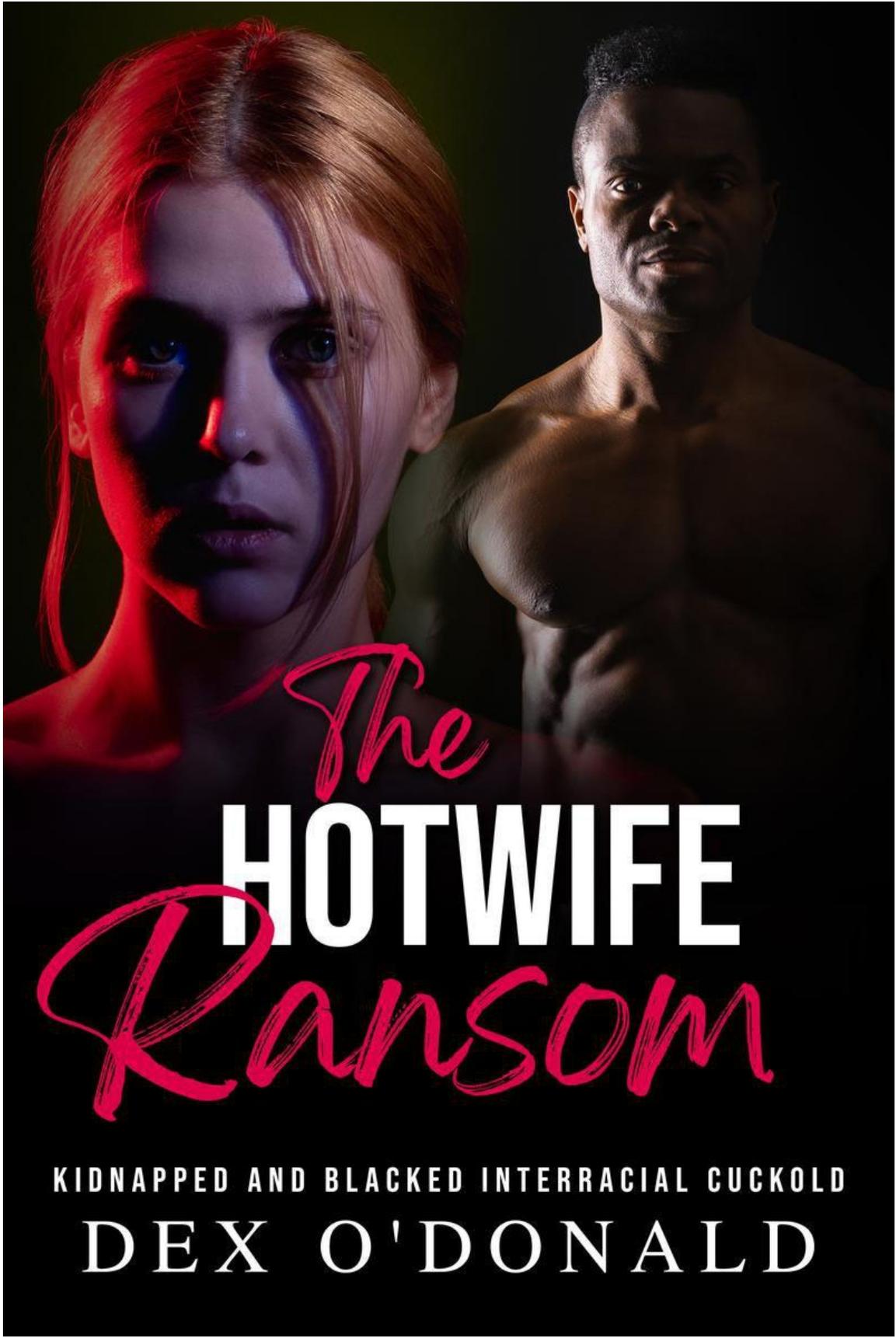
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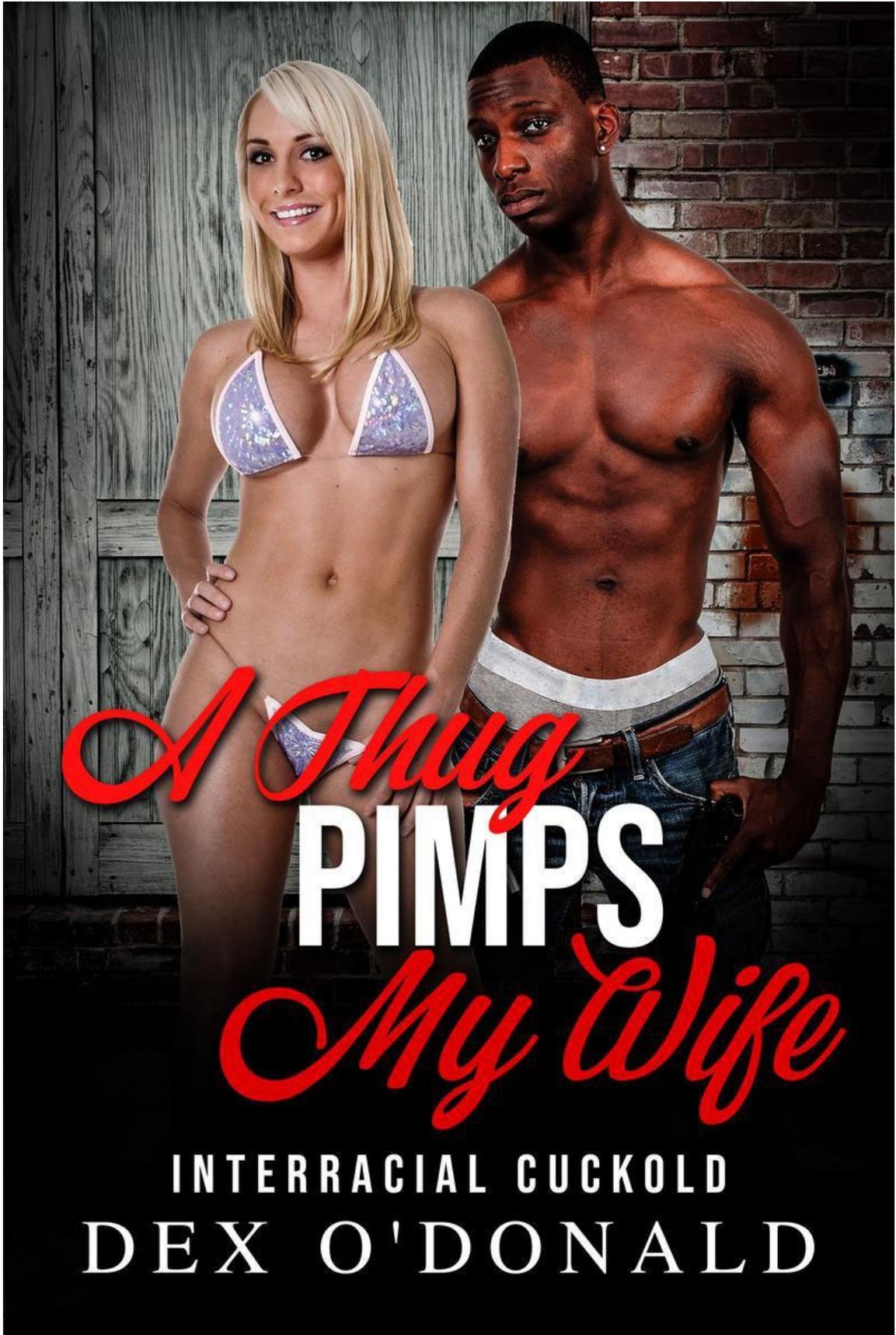
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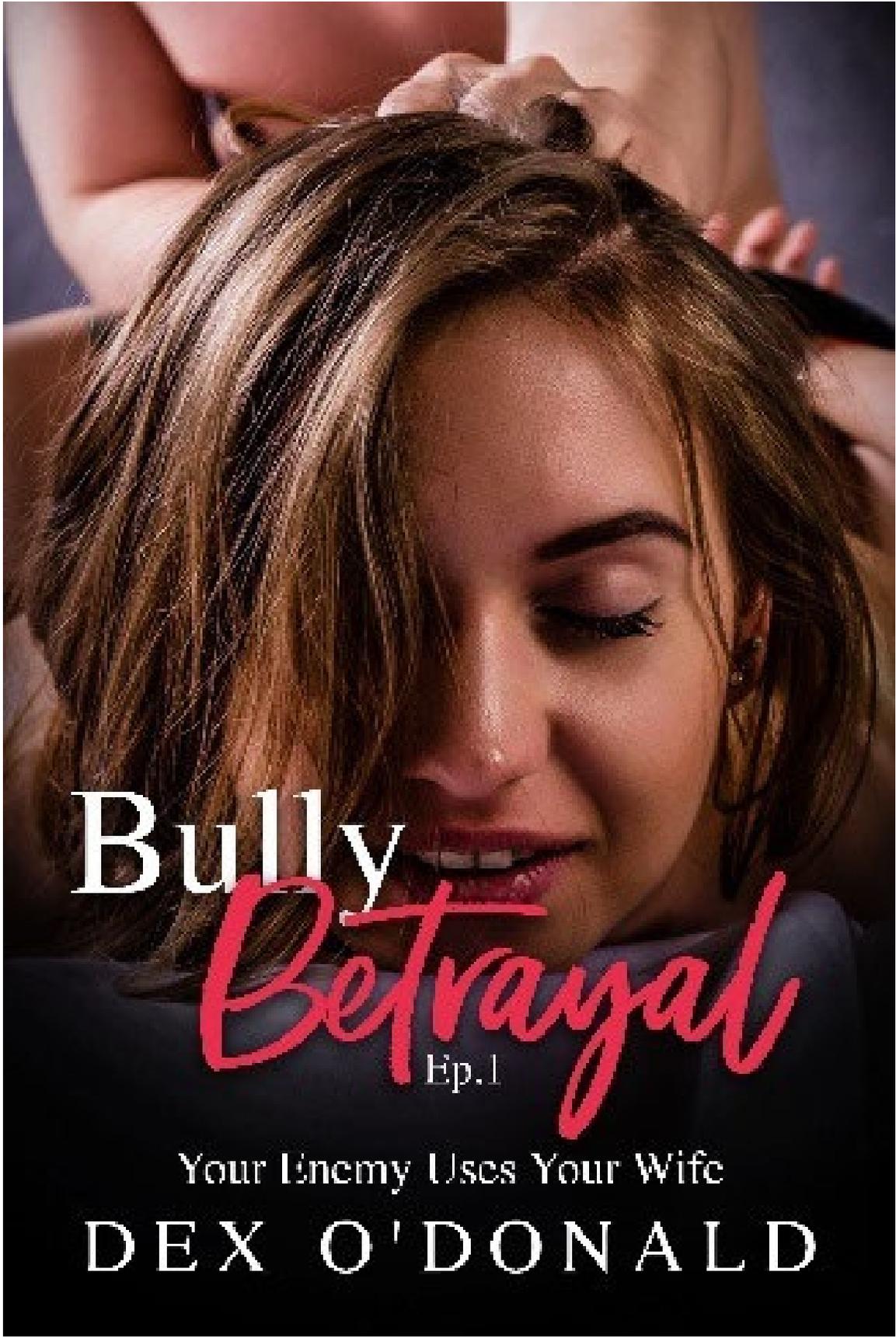
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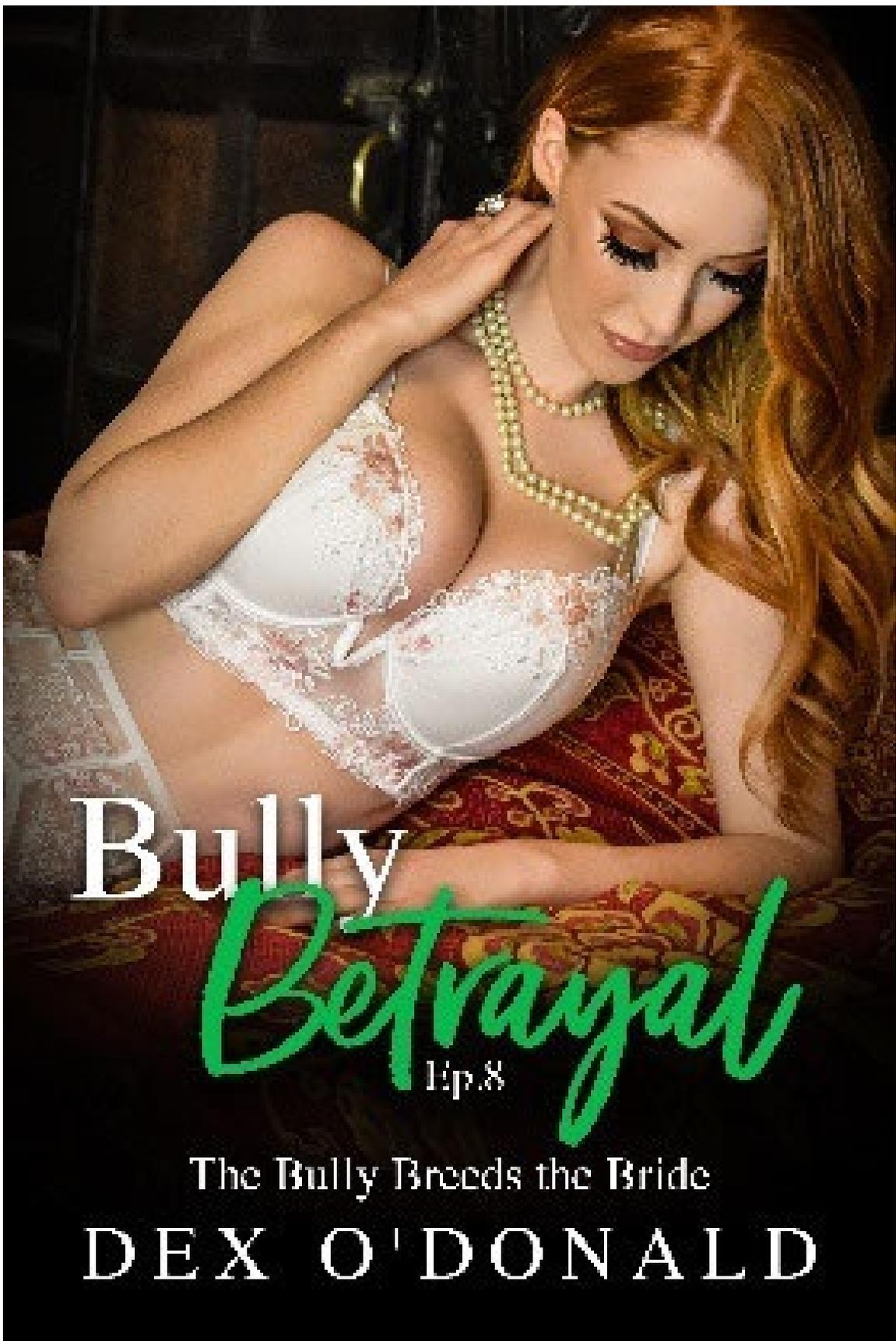
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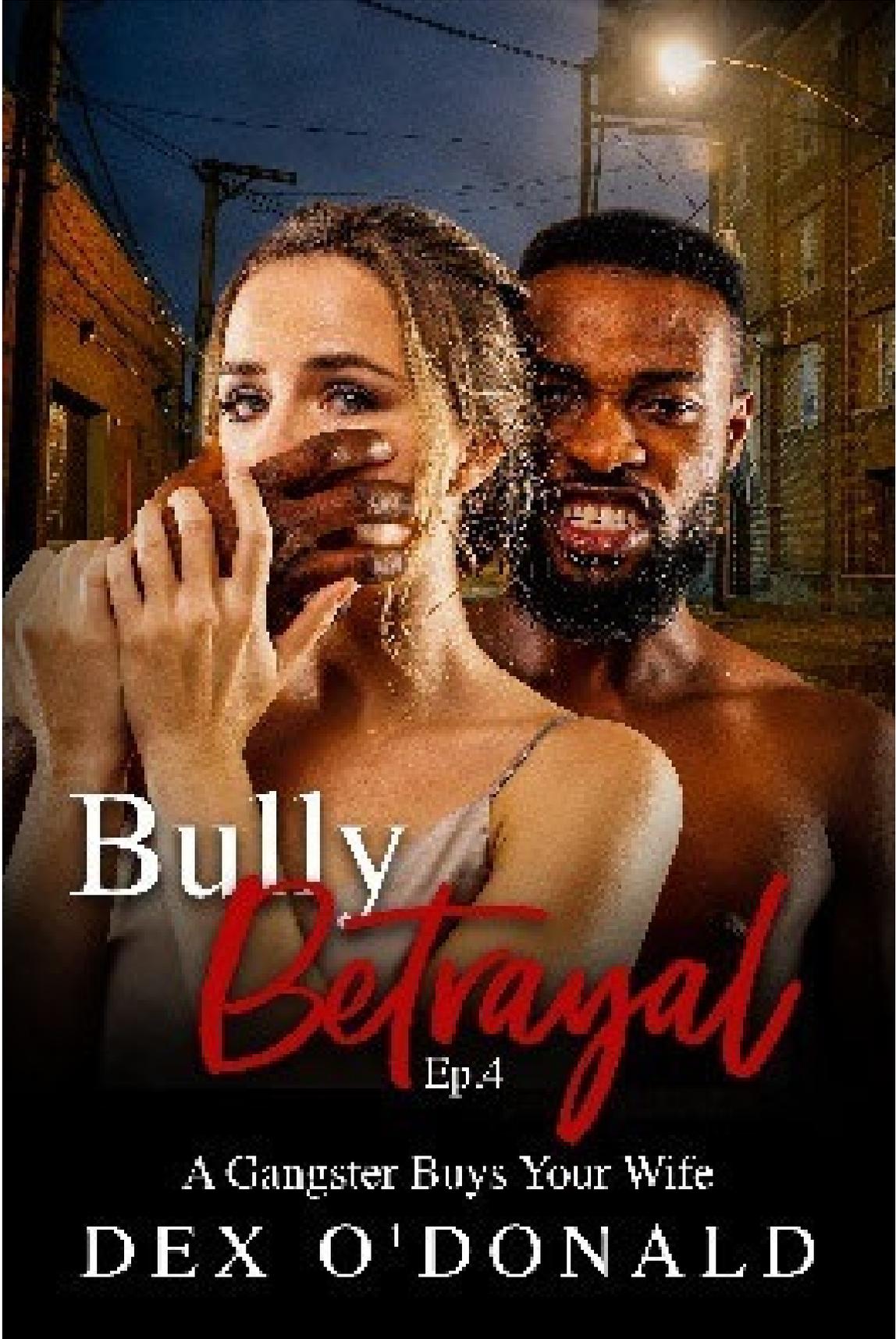
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