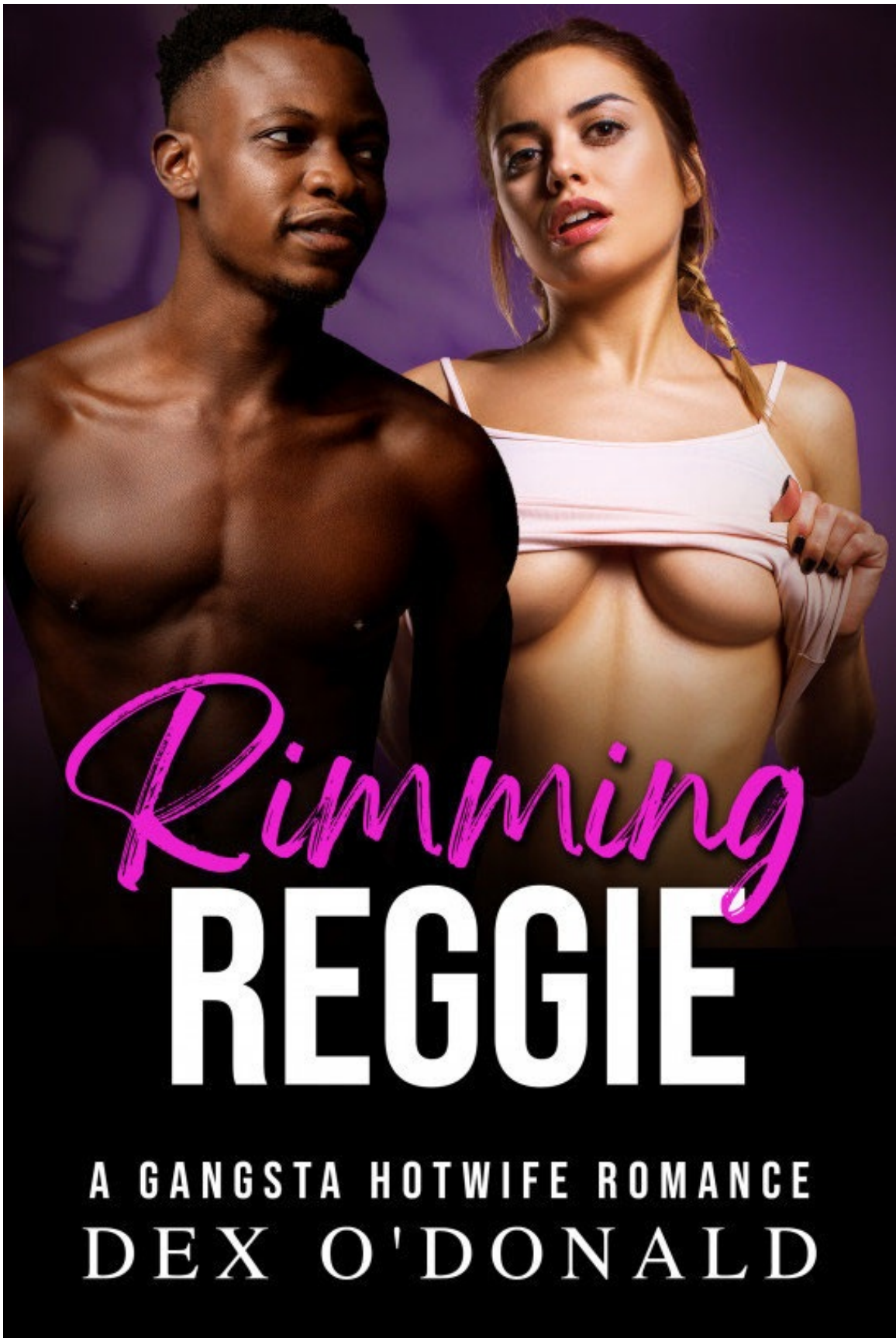


Rimming
REGGIE

A GANGSTA HOTWIFE ROMANCE
DEX O'DONALD



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Rimming Reggie: A Gangsta Hotwife Romance (Bully Betrayal Ep. 20)

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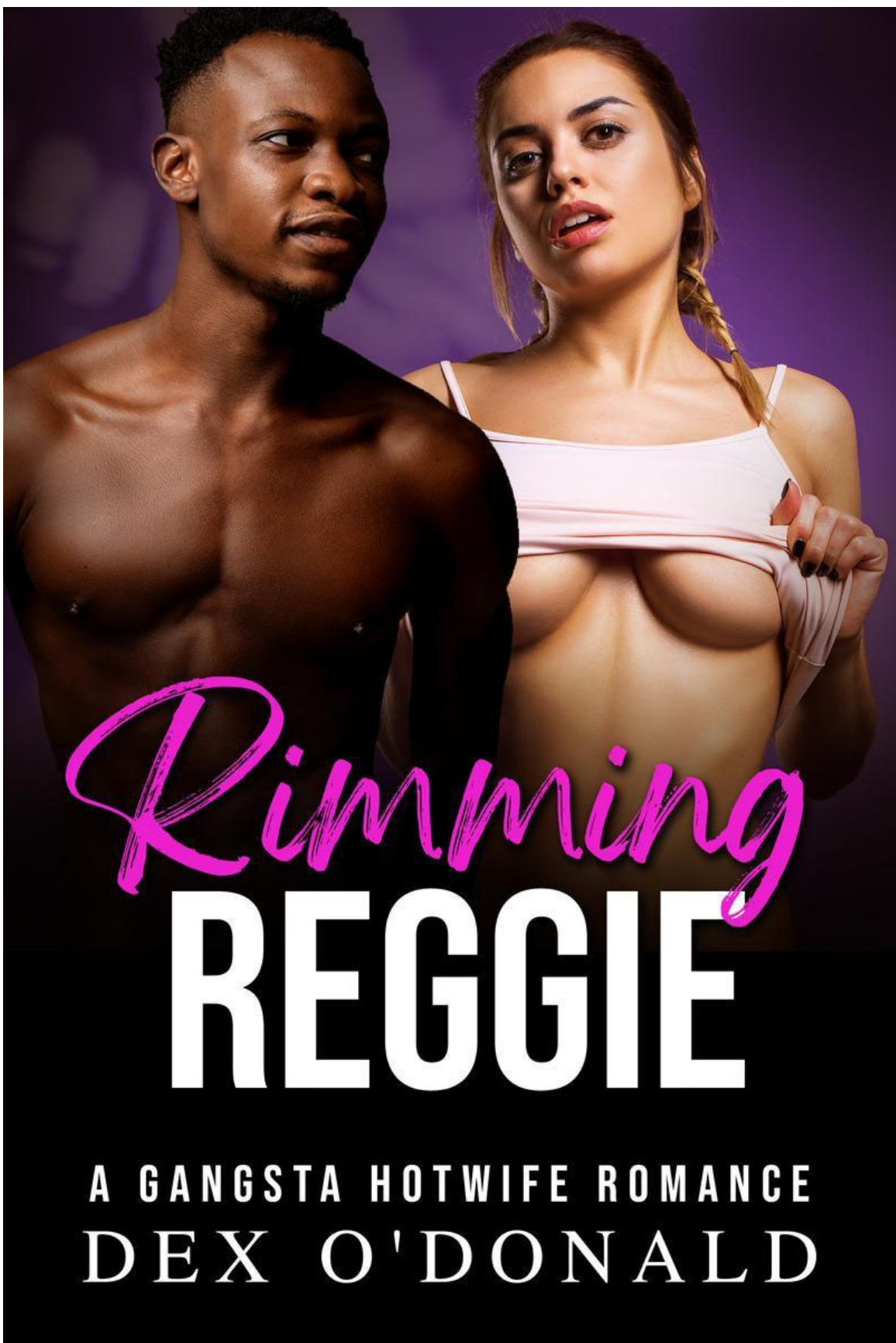
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Table Of Contents

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

Nicole knew her chances of fucking Reggie were high that day. It was a price she was prepared to pay if the circumstances dictated it. Her husband didn't need to know, and if anything, he was the one who stood to benefit from it. At the very least Reggie would let Stanley go...at best, Reggie might ease up.

She knew it was risky to go by herself. Anything could go wrong, and with the way she was dressed, it was more than likely that something would go wrong. It wasn't just dangerous for a scantily clad white girl like Nicole to waltz into that neighborhood alone....it was stupid, too.

"Somebody's got to stick up for Stanley," she whispered, adjusting a flimsy white halter top around perky tits. She puckered her lips in the rearview mirror and smiled, making sure none of the dark-red lipstick was on her teeth. Looking out the car window she surveyed the rainy city streets, the dilapidated brick walls layered with graffiti, the broken windows, the empty parking lots. Young black men stood on the corner smoking and snarling, selling drugs and flashing pistols.

She took a deep breath and got out of the car.

Nicole kept a rapid pace as she roamed the dirty sidewalk, arms folded under breasts and eyes forward. She'd forgotten an umbrella and the cold drizzle above had steadily turned to rain. Glancing down she noticed her nipples primed and poking through the soft fabric, stiff in the cool air. She smiled in spite of her nerves, the comedy of a wet t-shirt on the day she confronted her husband's nemesis not lost on her.

Corner boys cat-called from the other side of the street, familiar words from unfamiliar people.

"Hey baby girl! What you doin' all the way over there!" A young black man with the bold come-on.

Nicole smiled and waved dainty fingers at him, never slowing, sparing only a momentary glance in their direction.

Polite but firm, she thought. Exactly how I'll need to be with Reggie.

"Damn baby that ass too precious to be on display round' here!" he yelled after

her.

Nicole took it as a compliment. Not that she needed a stranger to tell her that her ass looked great in those shorts, but it didn't hurt to hear it, either. She was used to catcalls in New York City, had heard them all her life. And in Stanley's line of work, she was often around the nefarious sort of people who didn't even care if you were married...and they cared even less when your husband was the laughingstock of a petty crime ring. The advances of nine-teen year old kid shouting from a street corner did little to intimidate her, and she took it as a warmup for what was to come.

Confidence, Nicole. Stand firm. Hold your ground. She trudged on, the clouds above opening, rain turning to downpour.

She came to a convenience store with a sign above it that read Che's Mini Mart. Standing outside the derelict shop was a black man taller than the doorway behind him, about as wide, too. He held a brown umbrella overhead, and a grin spread across his face as the lonesome wet white girl approached him.

"I need to see Reggie," Nicole raised her voice over the escalating deluge.

"You forgot yo' umbrella baby," the giant smiled, "bad day to forget that."

His eyebrows danced and gestured, and Nicole looked down at her tank top. It was soaked through, sticking to her tanned skin, two perfect circles outlining bare breasts beneath, taut nipples dotting the center.

"Mind if I share your umbrella?" she feigned modesty, wrapping arms about her soaked tits.

"Come on in," his low voice rumbled, "we can't have you catchin' a cold girl."

Nicole shuffled under the limited coverage of the umbrella, pushing her petite frame against him to keep the rain off. She looked up, way up. His face had tattoos, but his smile seemed kind. He smelled like clove cigarettes and cologne. She didn't feel safe standing there, her head barely to his midsection...but she wasn't scared either.

"What's your name?" she asked, neck craned.

“Sugg,” he replied, “but you can call me daddy.”

“Is that so?”

“Sho’ nuff.”

“Well Sugg, I’m here to see Reggie. A little birdy told me this is his place.”

“You ain’t no cop...finest damn cop I ever seen. You a cop?”

“No...I’m Stanley’s wife.”

“Stan...Stanley? Oh hell nah. No fuckin’ way baby,” Sugg shook his head in disgust, unable to comprehend what he was hearing. “Stanley? But how in the fuck? Look baby girl, you gotta be honest with a nigga’. How in the fuck a dude like Stanley get a girl like you?”

“Every dog has his day I guess,” she shrugged, shivering.

“Damn. You cold baby? You look like you cold.” Sugg wrapped his tree trunk of arm around Nicole’s shoulders and pulled her tight against him. “There you go girl. Now you ain’t cold no mo.’

“You’re sweet,” she giggled, trying to adjust against the shotgun in his pants.

“Look Sugg...I need to talk to Reggie. It’s kind of important. Is he here?”

“He might be...” Sugg’s giant hand rubbed deeper into her shoulders.

“Can you go let him know I’m here?” she looked up at him with puppy dog eyes. “It’s important.”

“Why it important? Cus of Stanley?”

She nodded.

“That triflin’ ass white boy. We talkin’ about the same Stanley right? Weak ass white boy wit’ a bad haircut?”

“The very same.”

“Damn. How in the fuck...”

“Please, Sugg. I need your help. Can you please, pretty please let Reggie know I’m here? That I need to see him?”

Sugg looked up the block and Sugg looked down the block. The rain had scared everyone inside, even the corner boys were holed up in their shacks. He looked down at the trembling white girl clinging to him, at the way her breasts smushed together under the wet rag she called a tank top.

“I can help you baby,” he said, red tongue sliding over fat lips, “but you gon’ have to help me first.”

Nicole breathed deep, exhaled sharply.

“Can you feel it? Right there?”

Something moved against her stomach, and Nicole realized there was no gun in Sugg’s pants. “Whoa big boy,” she gasped, “let’s slow down a sec.”

“Shit. Wait for this rain to slow down. Wait all damn day to see Reggie and you ain’t gonna. Up to you. But I’m getting’ tired of sharin’ my umbrella.”

Nicole bit her bottom lip and thought of Stanley. She thought of the panicked voicemail...how she hadn’t been there to answer his call. What she’d been doing instead...

“Here?” her eyebrows raised.

“Good as place as any. Don’t worry baby, I’ll keep the rain off yo’ head.”

“Try not to take all day, OK?”

“That gon’ depend on you, girl.”

Nicole took hold of the front of Sugg’s blue jeans and found the button, sliding the metallic circle through its hole and tugging at them as she undid his zipper. The rain pounded off the top of the brown umbrella overhead, and Sugg glanced casually up the empty streets, checking both ways for passersby.

“Not a word to Stanley,” she said, pulling open the waist of his briefs and reaching a trembling hand into what lie below.

“Yeah, yeah whatever. Get to it already.”

She felt it before she saw it, wrapping as much of her palm around it as she could before pulling it over the boxers. Thicker than her forearm it sprang from his pants and protruded out into the rainy afternoon.

“Holy fuck,” Nicole gasped.

“Bigger than Stanley?”

“So much...”

“It taste good too, here try it,” Sugg took her by the back of the head and shoved it in, the tip of his black cock sliding across her timid tongue as the shaft filled both cheeks. Nicole put hands around the base and kept it steady as he fucked her mouth. It hit the back of her throat and she gagged there on the sidewalk, back arching, and stomach heaving.

“Gawk! Gawk!” she wretched each time he went too deep.

“That’s it baby, that’s it,” he twirled the umbrella over his shoulder as he plowed Nicole’s obedient face. “Help me help you. That’s it. Good girl.”

“Gawk gawk gawk!”

“Mmhmm. That’s how daddy like it. Gimme that throat. Make it sloppy baby.”

Nicole stared up at him like she’d been taught to, kept her watering eyes as wide as they could go. From above, Sugg watched his slick, veined monster as it disappeared and reappeared from the white girl’s throat, only half of it getting in with each push.

“Deeper baby, deeper. That’s it. Keep sucking. Don’t stop. This for your husband right? Show me. Show me how much you love little Stanley.”

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“Bottom out yah throat like the bitch you are, good girl. Ugh...”

“GAWK! GAWK!’

“Imma’ have to cum in yo’ mouth baby girl. Can’t be seein little Stanley with a nigga’s nut all over yo’ face.”

“Stanley’s here?” she wrenched herself off him, drooling and mascara running. Her once placid face was now a stringy mess of wet sex. “Stanley’s actually fucking here? At the mini mart?”

“Where you think he is?” Sugg asked incredulously, his dripping black rod inches from her wet lips.

“He’s upstairs?”

“Damn girl you deaf?”

“Oh my God what if he sees us?”

“He won’t,” Sugg said wrapping her blonde locks up in his hand, “trust me baby girl. He occupied.” The giant black man pushed himself back into her throat, using her hair as a joystick, jerking up and down.

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“Good white girl. Make daddy cum then you can go see Reggie. Go see Reggie about yo’ bitch ass husband.”

“GAWK!”

“Goddamn bitch...this why you white girls shouldn’t come to the hood by yo’ self. You be lettin’ nasty niggas’ like me get my hands all over you...”

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“Ugh, fuck. That’s it baby. You gon’ make a nigga cum.”

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“Ugh...fuck. FUCK!” Sugg buried it in her gullet without warning and held it there, fat black balls convulsing. Nicole’s face turned to shock as the thick, hot nut burst into the back of her throat. She coughed but there was nowhere for it go, so she swallowed, over and over, as fast she could.

“UGH! UGH!” he grunted in time with his shots, tiny droplets escaping her hungry mouth and running down his lengthy shaft. “Swallow it baby. Fo yo’ husband. Swallow that nigga’ nut! UGH!”

Nicole’s soft chin bobbed and gobbled as she tried to make room for the cum filling her mouth. No matter how much she was able to get down, Sugg had more.

“I don’t even know yo’ name, bitch,” Sugg shook her skull against the cock lodged in her maw, “you so nasty I don’t even know yo’ fuckin’ name.”

It drained out in her mouth. The flood turned to a trickle, and the monstrous head began to soften.

“Fuck that’s enough!” Sugg yanked her off his tip, overstimulated. “Goddamn girl you keep goin’ you gon’ suck my soul right out my dick.”

“Like I was saying,” Nicole said, getting to her feet and wiping her chin, “I need to see Reggie. Can you let him know I’m here?”

“You one eager white bitch,” Sugg rolled his eyes, “ain’t you gonna say thank you?”

“For?”

“For my nut, bitch. I thought you white people had manners and shit.”

“Thank you, Sugg,” she sighed exasperated, “for that fat load of cum.”

“Good little wife,” he looked her up and down, “follow me white girl. But don’t go getting yah hopes up. Reggie ain’t the kind to let some shit pass just for a blowjob.”

“Maybe not a blowjob...maybe something better.”

“Rain startin’ up,” Reggie licked the inside wrapper of a blunt and rolled it, “yo’ man might be late.”

“He won’t be late Reggie,” Stanley gripped the bars of the kennel and stared out, “I left a voicemail on Nicole’s phone, and I know she’s gotten it by now. If you’d let me have my phone back I could call and make sure- “

“Please white boy,” the gangster leaned back from his desk and sparked the cigarillo, “I know you be callin’ the damn po-lice if I give you yah phone back. We gon’ wait right here for yah man. Better hope that pretty little wife of yours got the message.”

Stanley’s face filled with uncertainty behind the bars of his tiny prison. Nicole hadn’t answered any of his calls, and he’d been forced to leave a quick, panicked communication. Call Vinny. Tell him Che’s Mini Mart at 2pm. Don’t be late. Easy enough directions but knowing Nicole it was impossible to say when she might have received it. Maybe she hadn’t heard it at all ...which meant she hadn’t called Vinny, either. Stanley had been staring at his cell phone sitting on the desk in front of Reggie and was yet to see the screen light up with a single notification. The hour hand on the clock moved dangerously close to 2, and Stanley didn’t want to think about what happened after that.

“I like you in a cage white boy,” Reggie stalked over to the kennel in the corner and blew pot smoke all over the man locked inside it, “its where yo ass belong.”

“I have to go to the bathroom, Reggie,” Stanley pleaded, “please just let me out long enough to stretch my legs and take a piss?”

“Ha...” Reggie chuckled to himself, puffing the blunt and walking to the window. He looked out over rainy streets from the second floor of Che’s Mini Mart, a temporary headquarters for his drug syndicate while the spot in Harlem was refurbished. “You gon’ learn what it means to lie to me, white boy. I don’t give no good goddamn bout’ what you tell these other nigga’s when you duckin’ them, but you best believe you ain’t gon’ pull that shit with me.”

“It’s like I told you, Reg...I just need a couple more days to move it and I’ll have your money. It’s that easy. I just need more time...the streets have been slow, you know that. I’m doing the best I can- “

“There you go lyin’ again,” Reggie puffed.

“I’m not lyin Reggie I swear its true. Look, I swear on my wife. That make you happy? I fuckin’ swear on my wife Nicole that I still got the shit. I’m moving it. I just need a few more days.” Stanley hunched over on his knees with his head pressed to the top of the cage.

“Shit done been sold white man,” Reggie turned from the window, “been sold for days. But shit, you know that.” The lanky black man strolled across the room in a cloud of his own smoke, puffing as he went, rushing for no one.

“Who told you that, Reggie? Tell me who told you that and I promise you they won’t be telling you no more lies by the time I’m done with em’.”

“Ha. Tough guy over here. Who the fuck you gon’ intimidate, Stanley? These niggas laugh at you. I laugh you. Shit, I’m laughing at you right now. Stuck in a dog crate like a bitch, prayin’ yo’ wife can call some other fuckin’ white guy to bale yo ass out.”

“Vinny’s Italian, Reggie. And he can set this whole thing straight, I swear. He can cover me while I sell the rest of the shit.”

“Ain’t about the money white man. Told you that.”

“What is it about then Reggie? I mean for fuck’s sake what else could it be about?”

“It’s about yo lyin’, triffin’ white ass. You sittin’ in my mothafuckin’ office, lyin’ to my face like a jerkoff. Treatin’ me like a jerkoff. If you just said ‘look Reg I spent yo’ money before I paid you’ I mighta’ just whooped yo ass and sent you on yo’ way. Seein’ as you a fuckin’ joke anyhow I don’t got to cap yo ass. But this lyin’ shit, even from inside a fuckin’ cage, that got to be dealt with. And ain’t no fuckin’ money you gon’ give me gon’ get yo ass off the hook for that.”

Reggie knelt down outside the enclosure. He drew deep on the last of his blunt and held it in his lungs before filling Stanley’s prison with it.

“You gon’ be dealt with, white boy. Severely.”

“What’s that mean?” Stanley whispered.

“Ain’t no Vinny Italian whoever the fuck comin’ at 2pm,” Reggie said, “I made sure of that.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean, Reggie?” Stanley stared up at him through the barred top. “What does that mean!”

“It means somebody else comin’ to bail yo’ dumbass out,” Reggie stood and unzipped his fly, casually pulling out his fat dangling dick, “and I gotta make sure she understand how serious the situation is.”

“Who’s coming?” Stanley stared wide-eyed at the black snake swinging limp above him.

“You know why them niggas don’t respect you, Stanley? You know why ain’t nobody in this business respect yo ass?”

Stanley shook his head.

“You a straight bitch, white boy. And everybody know no matter what they do to you, you ain’t gon’ do nothin’ back. Well...now you can’t do nothin’ back. You dug this hole yaself white boy.”

Reggie gripped his flaccid black schlong with both hands stacked along the shaft. He pointed it down at the cage blow and began to unload his bladder in a fierce, powerful stream. The piss flowed wide and clear, and the sound of it smashing off the metal cage was as violent as the piss itself.

“AWW NO! WHAT THE FUCK!” Stanley cried. The hot, broken spray of Reggie’s piss hit him in the face, the rest of it raining down through the bars in warm droplets. It doused his hair and clothes, sizzling trickles finding their way down his neck and back. He squirmed under the steady flow, thrashing against the cage but helpless to hide.

“You a dog, bitch boy. You worse than a dog,” Reggie called over the roar of his stream, “you a bad dog. And bad dogs got to be broken. Broken or put down. Imma’ let you decide.”

The stream weakened, and soon the hot piss was a trickle, then a shake. Reggie squeezed out the last drops into the cage before pulling his cock back into his jeans. Stanley tried wiping it from his face but realized the effort to be futile; he

was sitting in Reggie's urine.

Reggie walked back to the window and looked down at the entrance to the Mini Mart. "Look like Sugg ain't been bothered none too much by the rain," he laughed, "look like he makin' out just fine."

"I guess I'll just go in my pants," Stanley mumbled, "not like it will make any difference."

"I need you to keep somethin' in mind before our guest arrive," Reggie's eyes never left the window, "I can do whatever the fuck I want to yo' ass. I just did. So, if I tell you to shut the fuck up, you best listen. Otherwise shit about to get a whole lot worse for you. We clear?"

"What guest?" Stanley asked.

"You see."

A few minutes later the sound of footsteps on the old staircase outside came rattling through the office. Stanley sat up and looked at Reggie. Reggie smiled at him.

A knock came, three times.

"Who is it?" Reggie called.

"Sugg. White girl here to see you," came a thunderous voice from the other side.

"Send that bitch in!"

The door opened, blocking Stanley's view from where he lay inside the kennel. A pair of dainty footsteps clopped across the old wood and entered the room.

"What it do, shorty?" Reggie grinned.

"Hello, Reggie," Nicole's pink tongue danced in her open mouth, "I'm here to pick up my husband."

Sugg was halfway down the stairs when he heard the office erupt into a shouting match. For a moment he considered checking in to make sure Reggie had it covered, but returned to his post out front instead, happy to know he'd gotten his...with Stanley's wife no less.

In Reggie's office, things weren't so copacetic.

"What is she doing here! What the fuck are you doing here Nicole!"

"Stanley! Why are you in a cage?"

"Quiet yo' ass down white man I'm warning you..."

"Where the fuck is Vinny! Why didn't you get Vinny like I asked! Goddamnit Nicole what in the fuck are you doing here!"

"What's that smell?"

"I'm warning you white man...quiet the fuck down or else..."

"Is that urine?"

"Get the hell out of here Nicole! This is no place for you I want you out! Out! OUT!"

"Why are you all wet, Stanley?"

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE- "

Reggie was on the cage in the blink of an eye, flipping the latches on top and flinging the roof wide. When Stanley saw the look in the black thug's eyes he didn't attempt to escape, opting to cower further down into the cage instead. It was no use. Reggie laid hands on him, and turning the defenseless white man over, decked him hard on the right side of his face.

"UGH!" Stanley grunted, hitting the ground, grabbing his right eye.

"I told you to shut the fuck up white boy," Reggie spat, latching the roof of the kennel back in place.

“You hit me...” Stanley grumbled, pulling his hand away and revealing the early stages of a black eye.

“I do it again too if you make anotha’ fuckin’ peep,” Reggie turned towards the white woman standing in the center of the room, “me and this fine ass bitch got some talkin’ to do.”

Heather didn’t gasp or scream when Reggie hit her husband. On the contrary, she went quite quiet. She watched the way Reggie’s veiny, strong arms had grabbed hold of Stanley, the way he’d cocked back just enough to strike him but not hurt him. And as the gangster moved towards her, staring at her wet breasts, she found herself fighting back a dry smile.

“How bout’ it baby,” Reggie rapped, “Sugg wear you out or you still got somethin’ left for this nigga’.” His voice was different around her, deeper somehow but no less controlled. For the first time all day it was as if Stanley didn’t exist, as if he wasn’t locked in a cage a few feet away with a black eye and covered in another man’s urine.

“Sugg? What’s he got to do with this?” Stanley asked meekly from his cell.

Reggie smiled at Nicole and winked.

“Why don’t we back up a little, Reggie?” Nicole strolled to the window where the rain was back to a drizzle. “Why on earth do you have my husband locked in a cage?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Reggie stared at her plump ass and moist thighs, “it’s where a bitch ass white boy like him belong.”

“That’s not very nice,” she said, watching Sugg twirl his umbrella on the stoop below.

“You know what else ain’t very nice? Lyin’. Stealin’. Cheatin’.”

“You mean all those things you do on a daily basis?” Nicole raised her eyebrows and looked at him. “Funny Reggie, I had you pegged with a little more self-awareness.”

“Oh, you got a mouth on you,” Reggie cleared the few feet between the two of

them and hovered over her, “I like that. Bitches with a mouth be stubborn at first. But when they give in, they give all the way in.”

“Is that a fact?” I’m a little more than stubborn, Reggie. Not unless I can get what I want.”

“Mmm. Lemme guess. You want that bitch ass white boy over there in the cage let out to play a little while?”

“Is that so much to ask?”

“Man ain’t paid his price yet,” Reggie drug his finger along her bare forearm, “can’t be lettin’ him walk outta’ here without payin’ up.”

“Looks like he’s paid enough already,” she nodded at the cage, “did you piss on my husband, Reggie?”

“He fucking pissed on me Nicole,” Stanley said through clenched teeth, watching the way the gangster touched his girlfriend’s fragile, pale arm.

“Yah gotta go yah gotta go,” Reggie shrugged indifferently, “seemed like good a place as any.”

“Men,” she sighed, “everything’s a pissing contest with you.”

“If it’s a contest then I done won that shit,” Reggie clasped her around the front of her shoulder, long black fingers rough and cool. “But ain’t never gonna be no contest between me and yo husband. We ain’t in the same league. We don’t even play the same game.”

“What game is that?”

“The one I fuckin’ run, bitch. This game.”

“Is that any way to talk to a lady?”

“Ain’t gonna be no lady when I’m through wit cha’,” his voice turned to a growl, “just a sweaty slutty mess is all.”

Nicole tried to feign coyness, her breath catching in her throat. His aggression

startled her. She could smell the thug's breath, could feel the strength of his grip. When she looked into his vast brown eyes, she knew the things he said were no bluff. He meant them with an urgency that terrified her.

And excited her.

"Nicole go...please, go now before its too late..."

"Yeah Nicole," Reggie mocked, "go on and leave yah husband here. Walk out while you still got some dignity. While the only taste in yo mouth is that nigga Sugg."

"What's he talking about Nicole?" Stanley gripped the bars and spoke in panicked breathes.

Nicole barely heard her husband, unable to unlock her gaze from Reggie's.

"You look wet baby girl," Reggie eyed the t-shirt stuck to her tits, "might be best to change out them clothes before you catch a cold."

"I don't have a change," she shivered, "this is all I brought."

"We can set em' out to dry then. And have that bitch in the corner fold em' when they done."

"Are you going to let my husband out or not?" she tried to steer away from insults and stay on task. "Or is there somewhere more...private we could talk about it?"

"Nooo," the caged man moaned, "please anything but this noooo...."

"This place as good as any," Reggie said, "anything you got to say you can say in front of yo' husband, can't you?"

Nicole bit her lip and turned from the gangster, circling around the small, dusty office. Stanley followed her as she walked, his head swiveling between the bars and his mouth constantly parted in shock.

"I don't want him back in this cage again, do you hear me?" Nicole attempted a note of authority, but it sounded weak to her own ears. "Once he's out he's out..."

and he's paid his debt to you."

"As long as he don't go lyin' and runnin' his fuckin' mouth off again, he ain't got no cage to worry about. Neither do you. But somethin' tell me this white boy stay trippin'. If you tryna' keep him out of trouble best start by keepin' him out the hood."

Nicole's hard nipples poked through the thin, soaked fabric of her shirt and neither her husband nor her husband's nemesis could take their eyes off. Her tits sat like large water balloons, exposed beneath the shirt.

"Nicole go..." Stanley cried, "I can't take this...I can't..."

"What's it going to take then, Reggie?" she walked forward to get Stanley out of her peripheral. "I need him out of that cage right now, so I need you tell me what you want."

Reggie went silent, a large, toothy grin spreading across his ebony face. He walked to the cage in the corner and checked the locks. He pulled on every point of exit to be sure the kennel wouldn't open regardless of what force might come from inside.

"You ready for this white boy?" Stanley laughed through the metal bars. "You ready to watch yo' bitch get nasty with a street nigga?"

"Kill me...just kill me..."

"You keep it down or Ima' black yah other eye. Right before I finish blackin' yo' bitch...shit, my bitch now."

Nicole gasped, nearly screamed when Reggie rushed at her, his callous palm closing around her throat.

"Open yo' mouth, white girl," he commanded, pulling spit to the front of his tongue, "and swallow what I fuckin' give you."

4.

When Stanley saw Reggie spit into his wife's open mouth, his first instinct was to scream at the top of his lungs. But the throbbing in his right eye stopped him short, his swollen vision a handy reminder of the consequences. He accepted the fact that as bad as things were at that moment, there was always the potential for them to get a worse.

So, he kept his mouth shut.

"Now swallow it, bitch," Reggie held Nicole by the neck and shook her.

"I swallowed it," she gasped, "fuck, I swallowed it."

"Good white girl, now pull them titties out," he shoved her back.

Nicole tore the soaked tank top over her head, the sixth sense of Stanley's stare following her every motion. She dropped the garment like a used rag to the dirty carpet. The chilly rain had made her little brown nipples permanently hard, tiny water droplets dotted her bare, tan tits. Standing there in front of them she felt a wave of insecurity, pulling her arms over her chest in a useless attempt to hide her nudity.

"Look at yo' wife white boy," Reggie took Nicole by the wrists and wrenched her arms down, filling his eyes with her soft breasts. "Look at her getting' naked in my fuckin' office."

"Nicole..." Stanley squeaked.

"Stand right here," Reggie snatched Nicole by the hair and turned her so she was in line with Stanley's prison, "show yah man what happens to little lyin' ass white boys when they try and punk a real thug." Reggie's palm closed around her left tit. Nicole inhaled as the gangster's rough fingers squeezed one breast and then the other, taking the front of each and gnashing it. Stanley looked on horrified, black eye approaching its peak.

"So mean, Reggie," she gasped between tugs and pinches, "fuck, it hurts..."

"You want me to stop?" the gangster smiled back, snatching her nipple between thumb and forefinger, and pulling.

“Fuck...Oh...fuck, Reggie...”

“Look at yah’ husband,” he yanked up on her hair, casting her gaze forward, “tell him he’s a pathetic piece of shit.”

“You’re...pathetic, Stanley,” she stuttered as Reggie abused her breasts, “fucking pathetic...oh...oh my...you fucking idiot Stanley, look at you.”

“That’s it,” Reggie cupped her fat tit from below and slapped it up and down, “tell him. Tell that white boy he a disgrace.”

“You’re a fucking disgrace, Stanley,” her voice became vicious as Reggie’s hand cracked off the side of her hanging boob. “You’re in a cage watching a thug manhandle your wife...you fucking disgust me, Stanley...”

“That’s it, white girl. Now you see...now you ready.”

Nicole went to her knees suddenly, Reggie’s domineering strength offering no argument on the matter. She kneeled there with only a pair of denim short shorts on, her chest now red and splotchy and sore.

“Put both hands behind your back,” Reggie walked behind his desk and slid open a drawer, returning to Nicole’s side a moment later with a pair of shiny metal handcuffs. It took him no time to bind her wrists to her lower back, where nervous fingers played in sweaty palms.

Nicole stared straight ahead, hands bound behind, eyes on her trembling husband inside a dog kennel. Stanley saw what she could not; behind her, Reggie stripped out of his clothes, leaving only his sneakers on. He towered above them both, his undulating black cock swaying between hairless thighs.

Reggie blocked Stanley’s view when he stood in front of Nicole. All Stanley could see now was Reggie’s smooth ebony ass and lanky legs, dangling black balls and air Jordan sneakers. When the black gangster spread his stance wider, Stanley could see his wife’s hanging tits between the V of Reggie’s legs.

“Ever suck big nigga dick before, white girl?” Reggie stroked the length of it just inches from her face.

“Never,” Nicole’s breath quickened, the reality of Reggie’s size setting in now

that she could smell it.

“Ever seen such a big dick before in yo’ life?”

“Never...not even close.”

“Good. That mean I’m fidna’ to touch you in places you ain’t never been touched before.”

Reggie palmed either side of Nicole’s head, steadying her. The white girl tucked her petite feet under her ass and leaned into her heels, preparing for what about to happen. She was happy she could no longer see Stanley and hoped that perhaps he didn’t have the best view of her, either.

“Open wide, bitch,” Reggie commanded, “I want yah husband to hear it from his fucking cage.”

Nicole’s lips quivered, her tongue racing across them in a nervous dance as the black monstrosity swung closer. Reggie swung his hips and gripped Nicole’s skull. This stiff tip of his prick pushed into Nicole’s mouth, sliding across the front of her tongue, pushing her jaw lower open.

“Mmmm, fuck yes,” Reggie moaned, dipping himself into the wet hole of Nicole’s throat. “Eyes up here, baby. Don’t break it. Mmhmm, that’s it. Relax yah throat...fuck...”

Nicole’s eyes watered as she stared up at her husband’s attacker, feeling him ebbing in and out of her mouth, pushing further with each stroke.

“Goddamn yo’ wife’s throat nice, white boy,” he bragged, “let’s see how she do tryna’ get the whole thing down.”

Stanley wanted to pinch his eyes shut but found it impossible. He was mesmerized by the way Nicole’s tits jiggled as Reggie humped her face...by the way her arms stretched around behind her back and how she was helpless but to give in to the thug’s aggression.

Nicole gagged hard as it slapped the back of her throat, her bound wrists digging into the small of her back.

“Fuck yeah, baby. That’s it. Gag on it. Gag on that big black dick. I know you can’t do that shit wit’ yo’ husband.”

“GAWK!”

“Ugh...fuck yeah, baby...”

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“Make it sloppy, white bitch,” he picked up speed, his low-hanging ballsack swinging mad as he pummeled her windpipe. His tempo was matched by the sound of Nicole’s gags, each thrust two inches too much for her to take.

Stanley could hear it clear as day. Each wretch was another nail in his heart. He could see a long rope of drool dangling between her tits, and he wondered if it was attached to Reggie’s dick, or Nicole’s chin.

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“That’s it, bitch,” Reggie grunted, scrunching his fingers in her hair, pulling.

“GAWK!”

“Gag for yah husband...you want him free don’t you? Show me how much. Show me how fucking much you love yah man...”

“GAWK! GAWK! GAWK!”

Reggie reached down and found her tits once more, catching some of the spit falling from her mouth and rubbing it into her chest. He fondled and slapped Nicole’s breasts, all while palm-pumping her skull with his fat black dong.

Stanley saw the tit-slapping clear as day, and each time Reggie struck her it felt like he was digging an elbow into Stanley’s black-eye.

“GAWK!”

“Hold it white bitch,” Reggie plunged deep and held her throat, snot spraying from her nostrils and wrists straining against the cuffs. He pinched her nose shut and watched her face turn red, her eyes bug wide.

He pulled out suddenly and stepped away, giving Stanley a front row view of his messy wife. She gasped for air as drool greased her chin, she nearly fell over kneeling so awkwardly for so long. Before she could pull herself together, Reggie was at her side, choking her, forcing her to look at Stanley.

“Tell yah husband you love it white bitch,” Reggie spat.

“Fuck I love his black cock, Stanley...”

“Tell him you want to gag on it...”

“I want to gag on his big nigger cock baby...”

“Now tell me thank you, bitch...”

“Thank you, Reggie...”

Reggie stood over her once more, this time taking hold of her by the hair and fucking her side profile, removing all mystery from the equation for Stanley. The imprisoned husband watched it bottom out in her throat at a pace too rapid to count...watched the stringy hairs on Reggie’s black ballsack brush against her fragile neck with each swing.

“GAWK!”

“I’m just getting’ started with yo ass, girl,” Reggie grunted, “I’m fidna’ show you how to treat a gangsta’ with some mothafuckin’ respect!” He dug for spit and drool a while longer, destroying her face as casually as checking the mail.

Stanley held himself around the stomach, where an indescribable pain had settled.

Reggie pulled his drenched dick from Nicole’s gullet and slapped it against her face. She gasped for air as her tongue lolled out of her mouth, lapping, and licking at the fat dick slapping her in the face.

“Nasty bitch...that’s it...put on a show for yo weak ass husband...”

“So fucking big,” she whined, staring up at the thug, “so big and black and fucking hard...”

“Stanley don’t get hard like that do he?”

“Uh-uh...his dick is small and soft...you’re so much better...”

Reggie stooped down and scooped Nicole into his arms. Cradling her like a child he carried her over to the desk and put her on her back, head dangling over the edge. She squirmed about, repositioning on top of the arms bound behind her.

“Can you see this OK, white boy?” Reggie called over his shoulder. “This is what happens. You treat me like a punk bitch, I use yo wife like whore. Now, let me show you a new trick I know yo ass don’t know about.”

Reggie walked to where Nicole’s face hung upside, and he lifted a leg high and planted his foot on the desktop. He took hold of the back of Nicole’s neck and cradled her swinging head, leaning his raging black cock back into her mouth. Drool started to drip backwards across Nicole’s face as he skull-fucked her, slicking across her nose and eyes.

“This how real niggas’ get it white boy,” Reggie laughed, using a free hand to pinch and slap Nicole’s tits. His dangling black nuts came closer to her nose each time he plunged, the stray hairs tickling her forehead.

“No...no...” Stanley cried, too quiet to be heard over the sound of Nicole’s throat.

“GAWK! GAWK! GAWK!”

“You almost ready, bitch...almost ready for a fuckin’ treat...” Reggie swung his hips deep and his testicles pushed into Nicole’s vulpine nose. They rested there, two fat pears blocking her airway. When he pulled out, his brown scrotum drug across her forehead and stuck there. As Reggie’s rhythm became more vicious, his nuts slapping across Nicole’s face became audible.

“GAWK! GAWK! GAWK!”

“Look at yo’ wife Stanley!”

“GAWK! GAWK! GAWK!”

“Gaggin’ on my big nigga dick!”

“GAWK! GAWK!”

“She my fuckin’ slut now, white boy. Yo’ wife’s pretty face is my fuck toy. Look at her. Look at her Stanley! She fuckin’ loves my dick!”

“No...”

“GAWK!”

“Please...no...”

“Look at yo’ wife Stanley!”

“GAWK!”

“UGH!” Reggie went deep, holding and shaking Nicole while his balls draped across her face. He slapped her right tit three times, loud, before pulling out and stepping back from the desecrated white wife.

“Oh my God...” Nicole panted, squirming on the desktop and sucking air.

Reggie crowded her again, but this time he turned his back.

“Look me in the eyes, white boy,” Reggie called to the cage, squatting down over Nicole’s flushed, hanging face. “Don’t look nowhere else. Right in my mothafuckin’ eyes while yo’ bitch eats my nigga ass. You understand me? You look away and I’ll keep you in that cage anotha’ fuckin’ day.”

“I’ve never done it before...” she whispered from between his hind legs.

“Stick yo’ tongue out bitch it ain’t hard,” Reggie reached back and clutched her around the front of the neck. Looking at Stanley through the bars, he thrust his ass down. Her face disappeared between his black cheeks, and the thug’s eyebrows raised as he felt her wet tongue exploring his hole.

“Oh my God, Nicole...” Stanley whimpered.

“Oh Goddamn. Oh Goddamn! Yah wife is eatin’ my ass, Stanley. Her tongue is on my asshole...lickin’...mmm...that’s right girl, be a nasty bitch. Right in front of yah husband. Rim me...Rim Reggie...”

The thug jerked himself off as he fed the white wife his ass.

“How’s my asshole taste bitch? Hey Stanley ask yah wife how my ass taste!”

“How much longer...” Stanley groaned. “How much more do I have to see?”

“Until I cover this white girl’s face in my fuckin’ nut, how bout dat’?”

The thug removed his ass from Nicole’s hungry mouth and lifted the cuffed wife from the table. He set her down on her knees, inches from the door of the cage, the closest she’d been to her husband since arriving at Che’s Mini Mart. She wasn’t there for three seconds before Reggie was bending over, sliding his crack along the length of her face. His long black arm could reach behind and palm Nicole’s dainty head, keeping it still as he bludgeoned her with his buttocks.

“You get a good look white boy? Yo’ wife eatin’ my whole ass. She rimming Reggie. Like a good white bitch should!”

Nicole’s eyes peeked over Reggie’s rump, and she saw her beaten husband cowering in his cage. The sight of his shame seemed to give her a second wind, and her greedy tongue explored the entrance between Reggie’s toned cheeks with a newfound bravery.

“Eat my ass, girl. Eat it for yah’ husband. Let him see how much you love it.”

“No more please...”

“Fuck baby you got me close. Keep licking. Keep going.” Reggie jerked himself to bursting, clear white pre-cum trickling from his tip.

Nicole’s face shook, motorboating.

Reggie grunted.

Stanley began to cry.

Reggie turned around to face Nicole, and lifted his leg high, this time planting it on the top of Stanley’s cage. This gave the girl ample access to his hanging ballsack and the ass crack beyond. Reggie guided his sack into her mouth, jerking off on her face as she pleased him with her tongue.

“Lick them nigga’ nuts baby...I’m close...I’m gonna paint yah pretty little face right in front of yah little husband...”

“Cum all over me baby,” she huffed, black balls falling out of her mouth, “cover me in it. Please baby. Please Reggie.”

“Eat my ass again bitch,” he said, shoving her past his testicles. “Like that. Get yah tongue in there, don’t be afraid. Eat it. Eat it for Stanley. Ugh. Fuck. Yes.”

Reggie pinched his eyes shut and quick-jerked the top of his humongous black dick. Nicole bobbed at his asshole like it was a game at a Halloween party. Stanley ignored the growth in his pants, preferring to feign sadness.

“Fuck bitch...just...like...that!”

And then she was out from between his black cheeks, mouth open and tongue out, Reggie’s leaking black cock pointed directly at her.

“Hold still, bitch...keep yah fuckin’ mouth open...that’s it...UGH!”

Hot, thick streams sprayed across Nicole’s face and laced her tongue. She gagged when a pile of it shot to the back of her throat. White ropes of cum ran down her cheek and pooled on her forehead. She kept her eyes open until a wayward wad blinded her.

“UGH! On yah face bitch! UGH!”

Stanley looked on, horrified. He could see excess streams running off her cheeks in droves, dripping onto her shoulders, leaking across her battered tits. Nicole’s tongue flicked and a sticky mess of it dripped off her chin.

“Oh fuck, oh Goddamn,” the thug panted.

“Oh my God,” Nicole breathed open mouth, unable to do anything about the nut covering her face.

“Goddamn girl, you look good with that nigga nut coverin’ you...” Reggie squeezed the last steaming drop out onto her lips, before letting his elongated cock fall to the wayside, swinging like some black pendulum of doom. He walked over to his desk while Nicole knelt patiently beside Stanley’s cage. He

retrieved a key from his desk drawer.

“I can’t see,” Nicole sighed, “you got cum in my eye.”

“That’s what husbands are for,” Reggie laughed, tossing the keychain into the kennel. Stanley scrambled at it like a mad rat. “Make sure you give yo’ wife a kiss before you clean that nigga nut off her pretty little face...” The gangster headed for the door.

Stanley was able to unlock the cage, stepping out into freedom for the first time in nearly eight hours. He wanted to help his wife, but looking down at the mess she had become, he didn’t know where to start.

“Do you have any towels?” Stanley plead.

“Use yo’ clothes,” Reggie smiled, opening the door and heading for the stairs, “and get me my money, white boy. Else I’ll be payin’ you and that cum-slut a visit real soon.”

The door closed and the married couple was alone at last. Stanley had no choice but to take off his shirt, the one already stained with Reggie’s piss, and use it to remove cum from his wife’s face.

5.

“Those gangsters really scared the shit out of me, Nicole,” Vinny said, flexing his biceps through a black t-shirt one size too small.

“Sorry about that,” she sipped her coffee, “it was as sudden for you as it was for me.”

“I thought they were going to kill me,” Vinny looked ridiculous picking up his tiny espresso, “and poor Stanley, I thought he was a goner for sure.”

“Be happy they didn’t put you in a cage like they did Stanley,” she giggled, “though I’m not sure it would have held you quite as well.”

“No fuckin’ way,” his Guido aggression was on full display, “they put me in a cage they better kill me first. I ain’t goin’ out like no bitch.”

“You calling Stanley a bitch again, Vin?”

“What else you call a man whose wife needs an Italian stallion on the side to satisfy her?”

“A cuck?”

“Yeah, whateva’. That too, I guess.”

“Look Vin, we gotta talk,” Nicole set her coffee down and leaned over the tabletop, hoping the other patrons at the shop wouldn’t hear what she was about to say. “It’s been fun and all...fucking you for the last six months. It’s a miracle Stanley never found out...but I think it might be time...to quit while we’re ahead.”

“Whatta’ yah sayin’ Nicole?” Vinny’s eyebrows furrowed. “You trying to tell me you’re going back to your husband’s limp gabagootz? Don’t fool yourself. You’ll be back in my bed in two days. He ain’t man enough for a woman like you.”

Nicole bit her bottom lip, unsure of how to proceed. If she’d learned one thing from Reggie, it was that honesty was always the best policy. “Look, if I’m being frank,” her eyes shifted to the black coffee on the table, “it isn’t about Stanley... I’ve...found someone else...”

“You gotta be kidding me, Nicole. How many fuckin’ guys are you opening your legs for?”

“Don’t talk to me like that, Vinny, I’m warning you...”

“Why the fuck not?” he raised his voice, “you gonna act like some two-bit whore I’m gonna talk to you like one.”

“You won’t say a goddamn thing if I tell Reggie you been bad mouthing me...”

“Reggie? What’s he got to do with...oh...oh no, Nicole...you can’t be serious...”

“Something you need to say, Vin?”

“Nah...nothing,’ he swallowed his pride, “nothing at all, hon.”

“That’s what I thought.”

Nicole stood to leave, making sure to give Vin one last look at her cleavage before straightening up. As she turned to go, Vin tested her one last time.

“What’s Stanley gonna say when I tell him his wife’s been sucking my cock every Thursday afternoon while he’s been out on the streets getting his ass kicked?”

“He’d probably ask you why you didn’t fuck me better...because if you had, I wouldn’t be leaving right now to go stick my tongue in a thug’s asshole.”

Vinny Caputo was left speechless for the first time in his life, a deep red magenta coloring his face. He watched Nicole’s hot body walk away from him, and for a brief moment an image of Reggie Rod flashed in his mind.

“These fuckin’ thugs,” he mumbled, “takin’ all the good white girls.”

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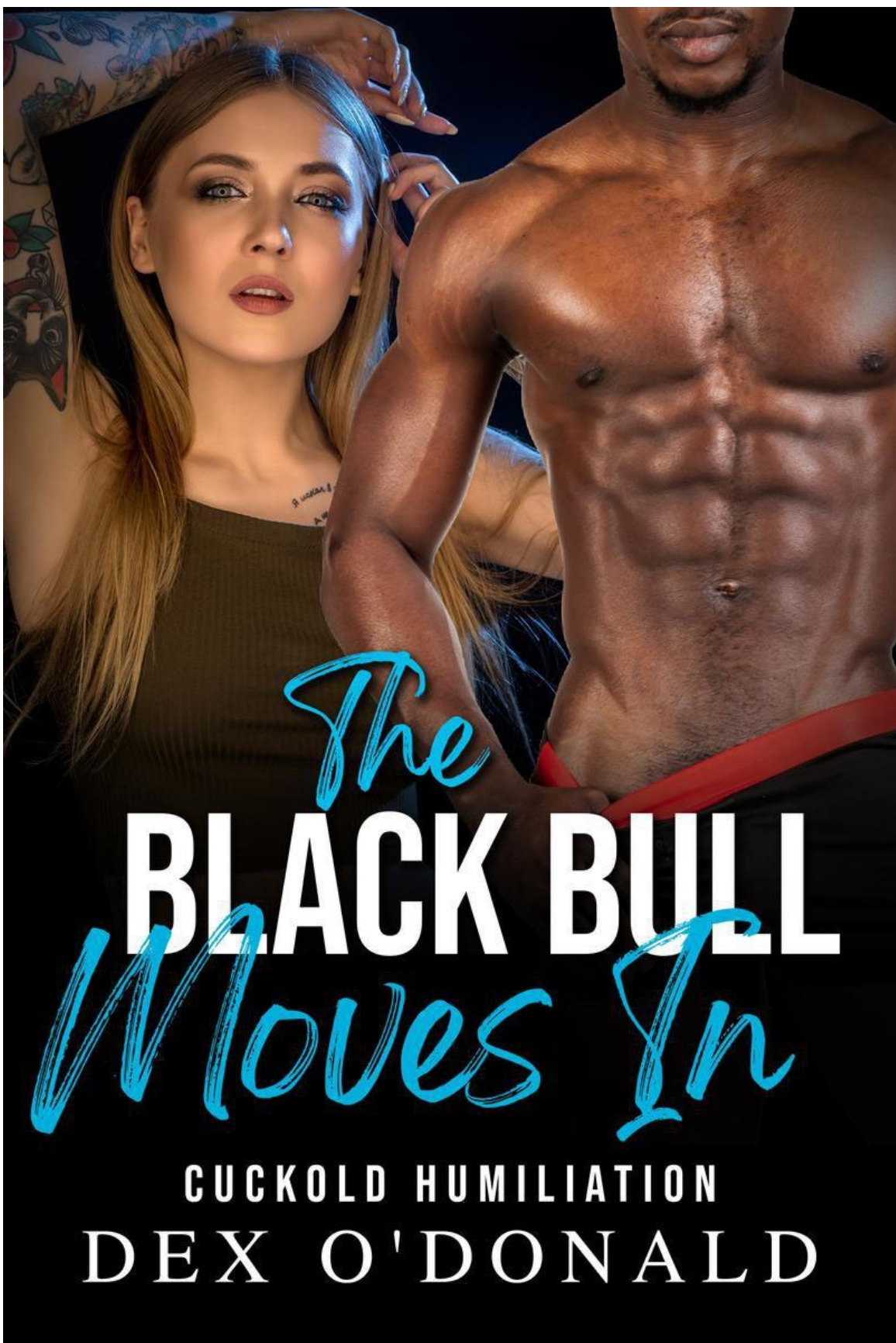


Hotwife Pimped
TO THE BLACK
New World Order

(BNWO)

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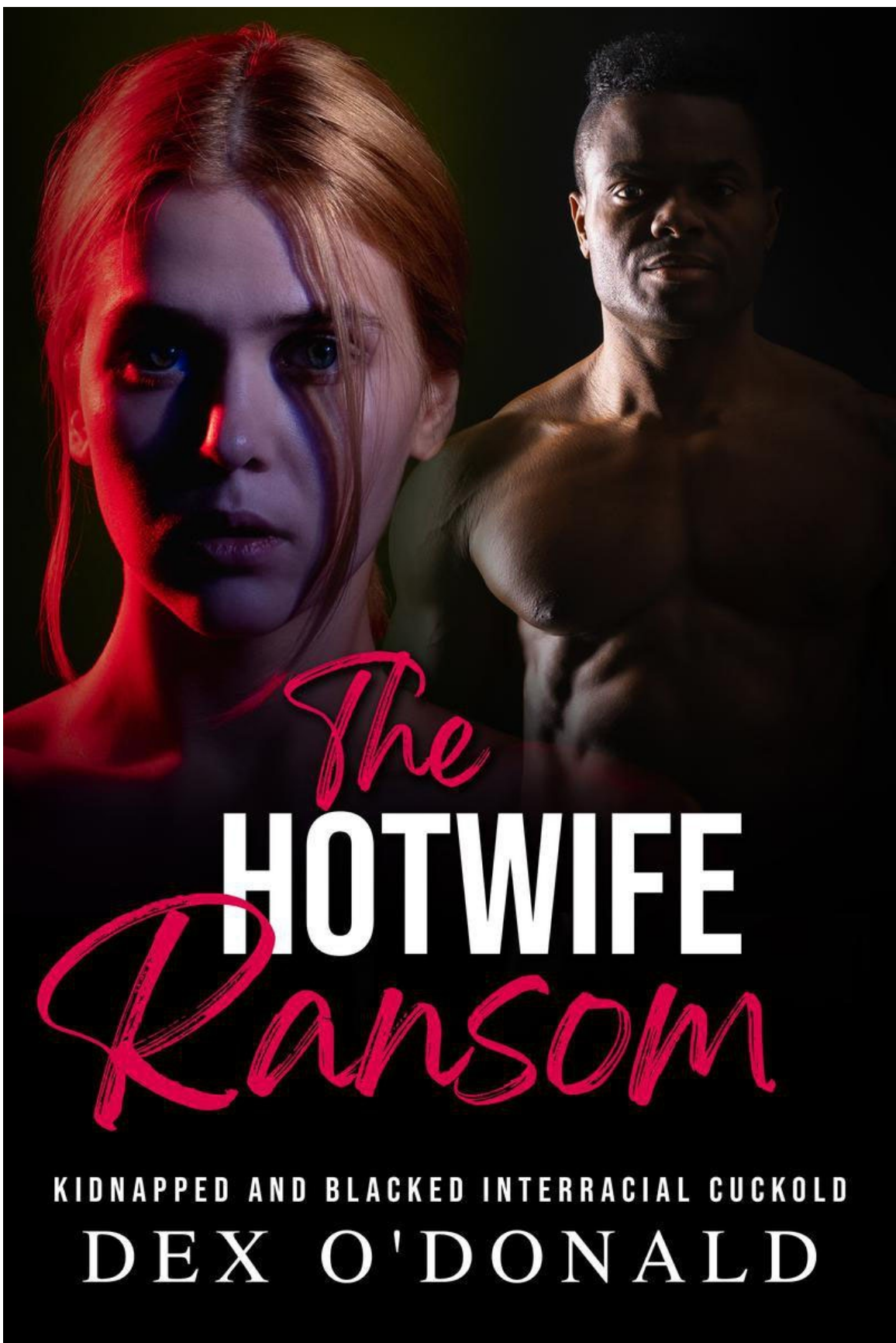
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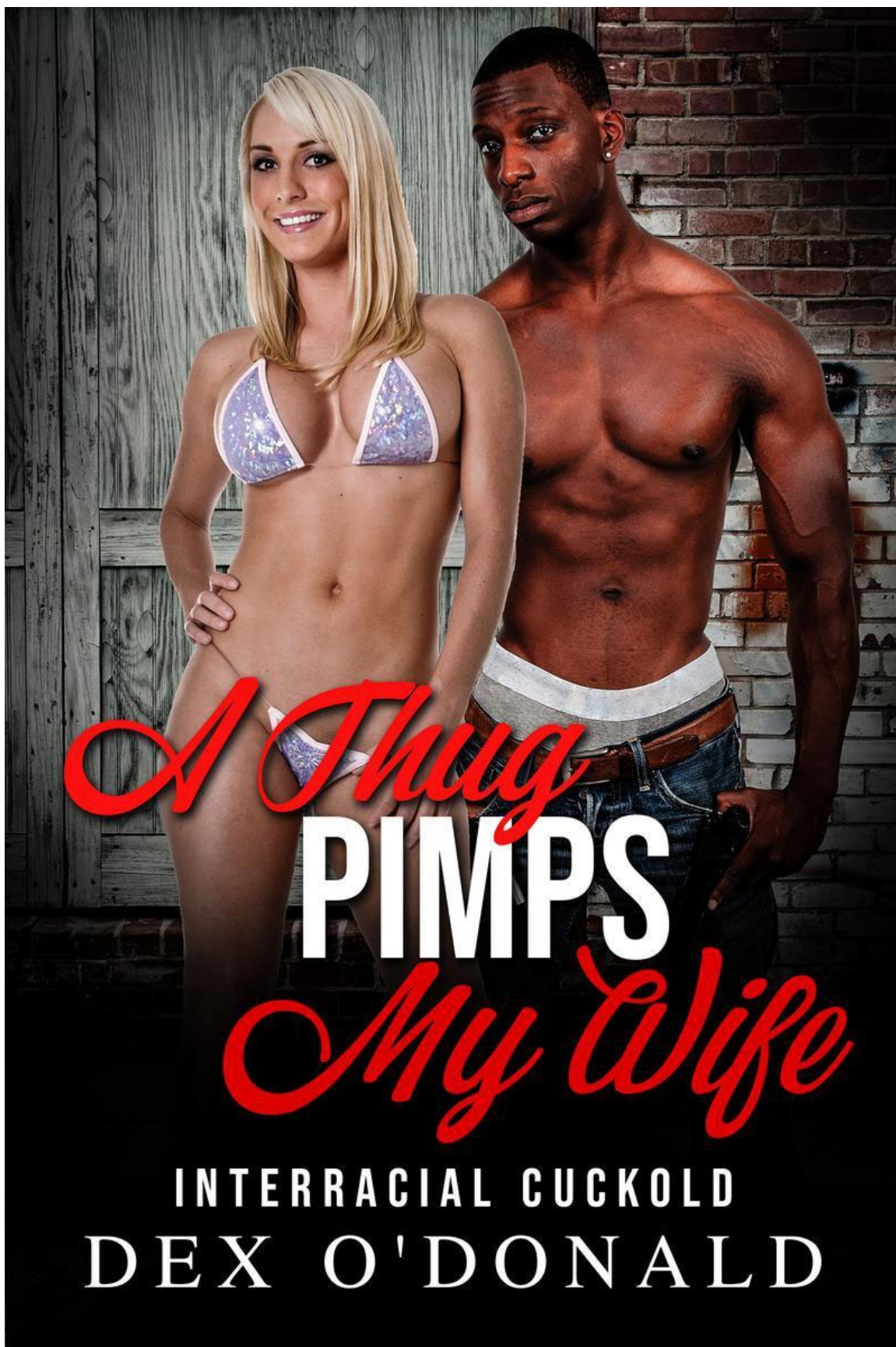


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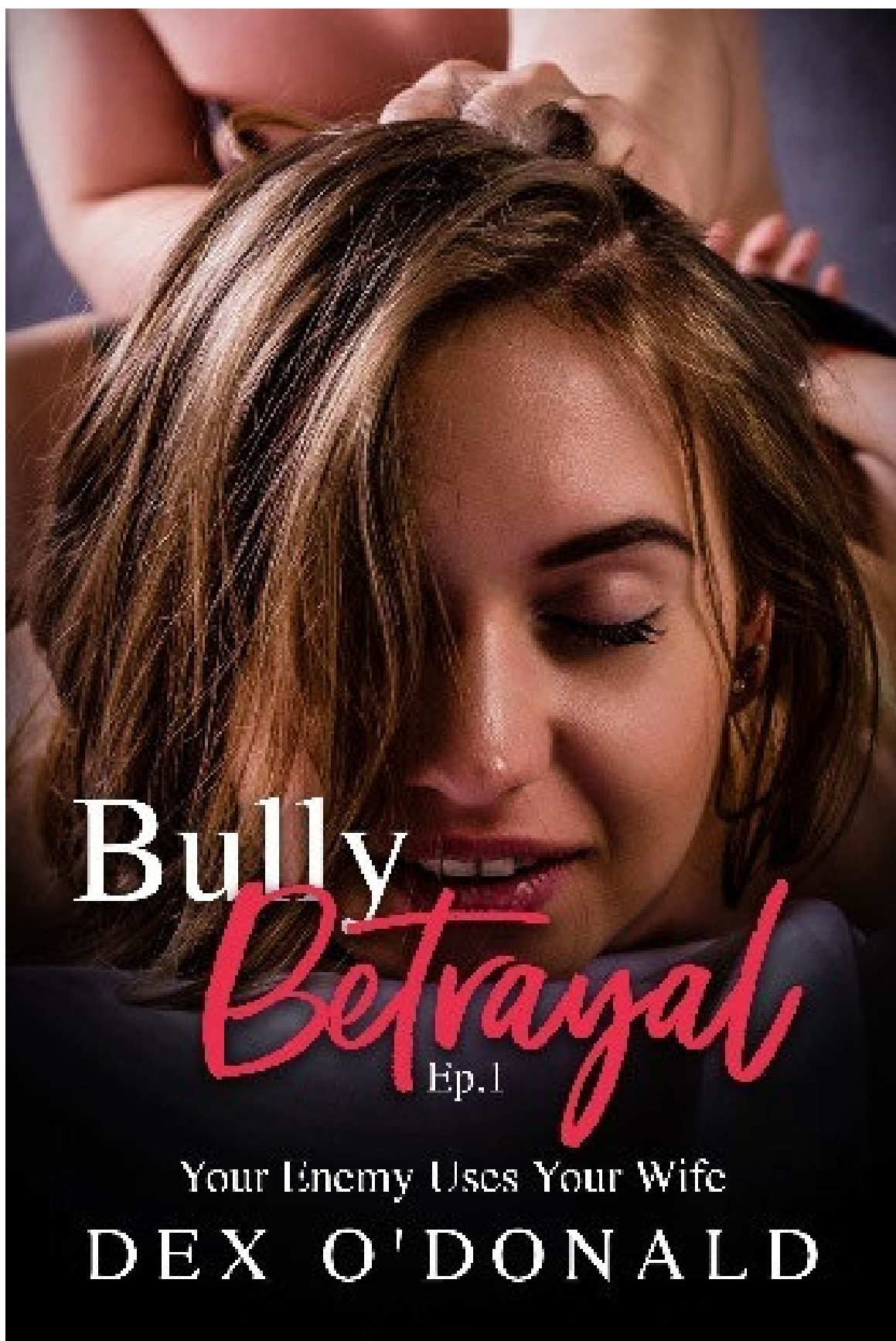
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Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

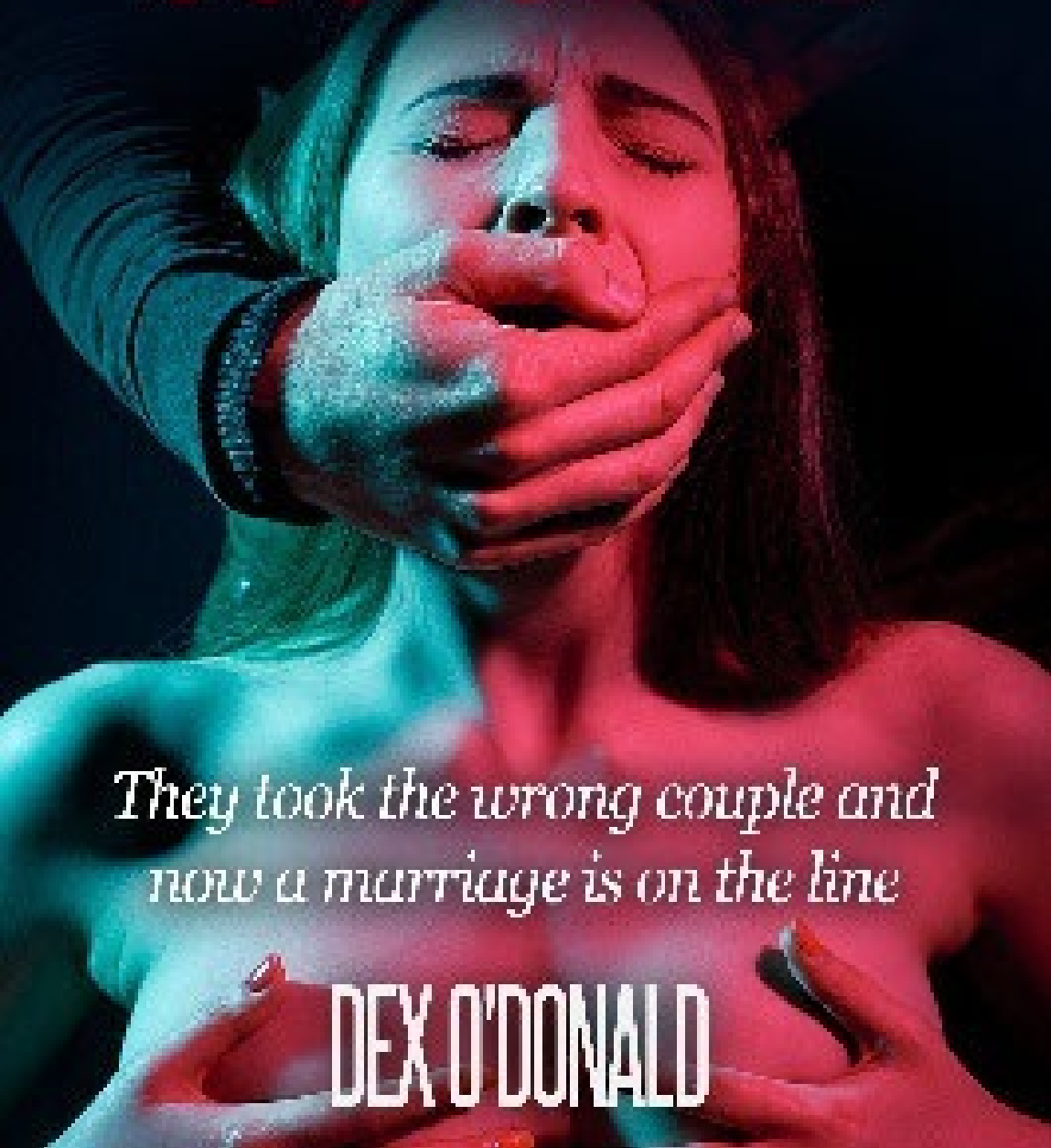
Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

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Kidnapped and Cuckolded

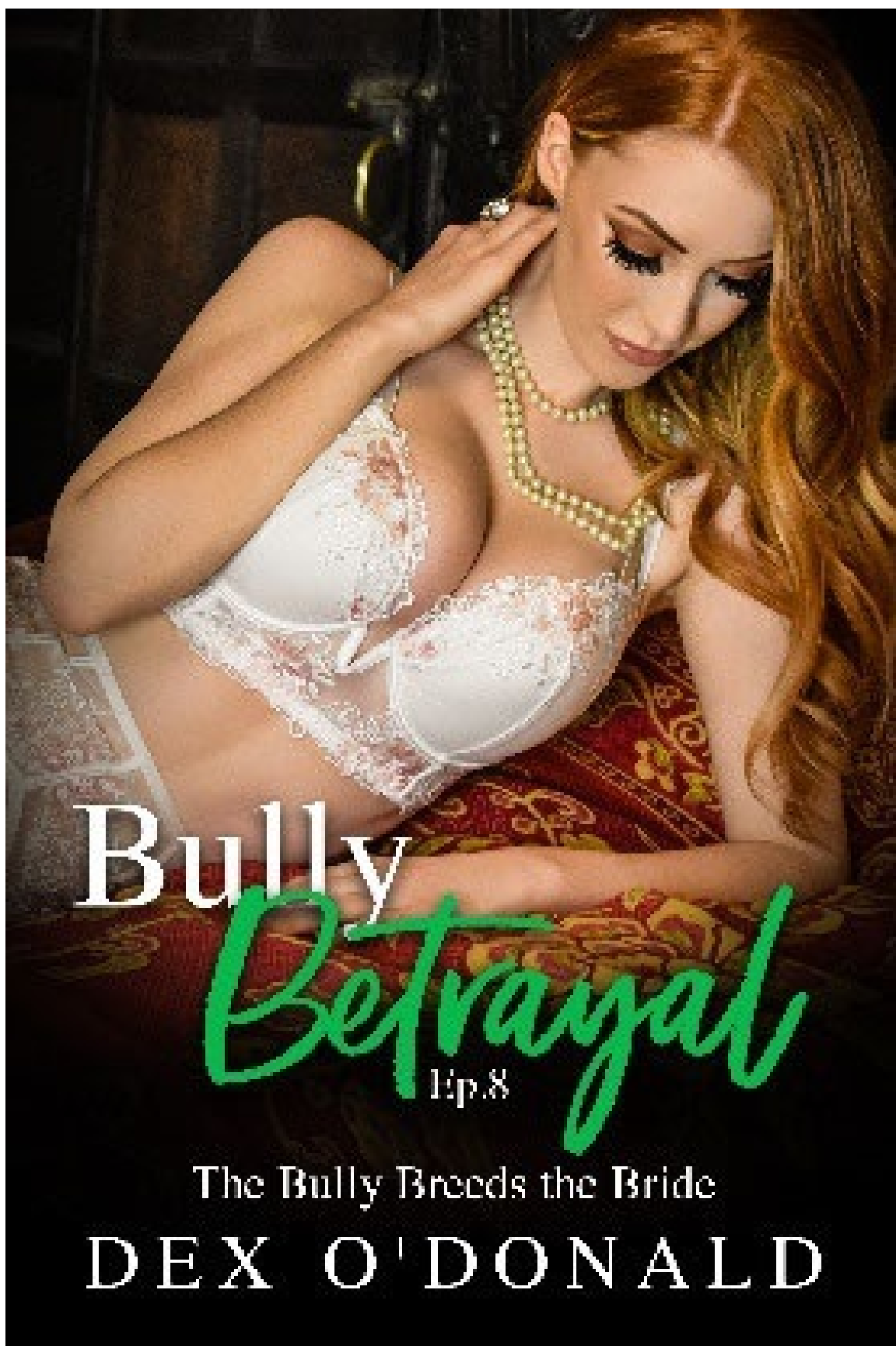
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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

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

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



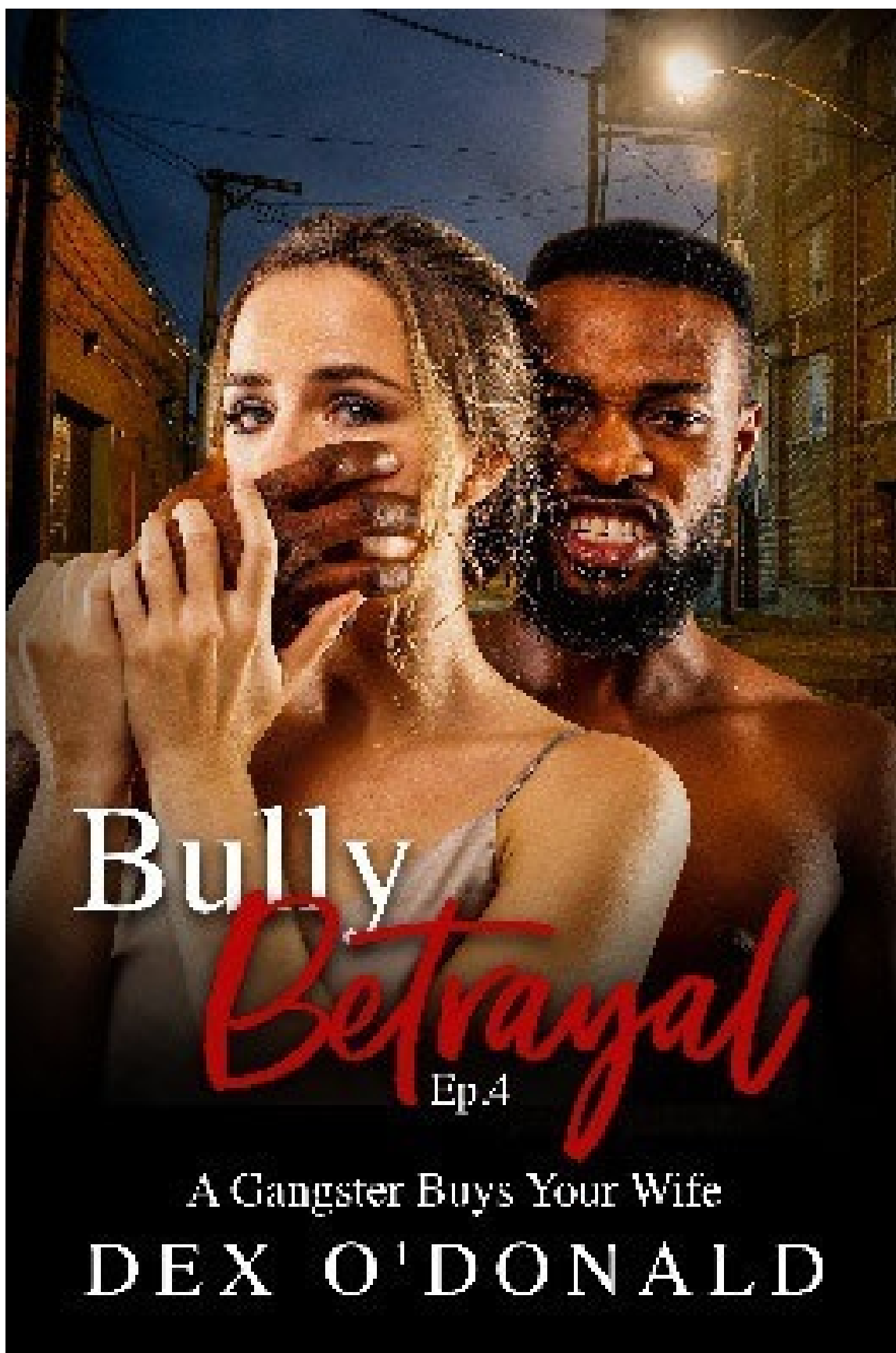
Bully *Betrayal*

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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