



Coerced
at the

MUSIC FESTIVAL

CHEATING GIRLFRIEND INTERRACIAL MFM

DEX O'DONALD



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**Coerced at the Music Festival: Cheating Girlfriend Interracial MFM (Bully
Betrayal Ep. 22)**

For Bobby

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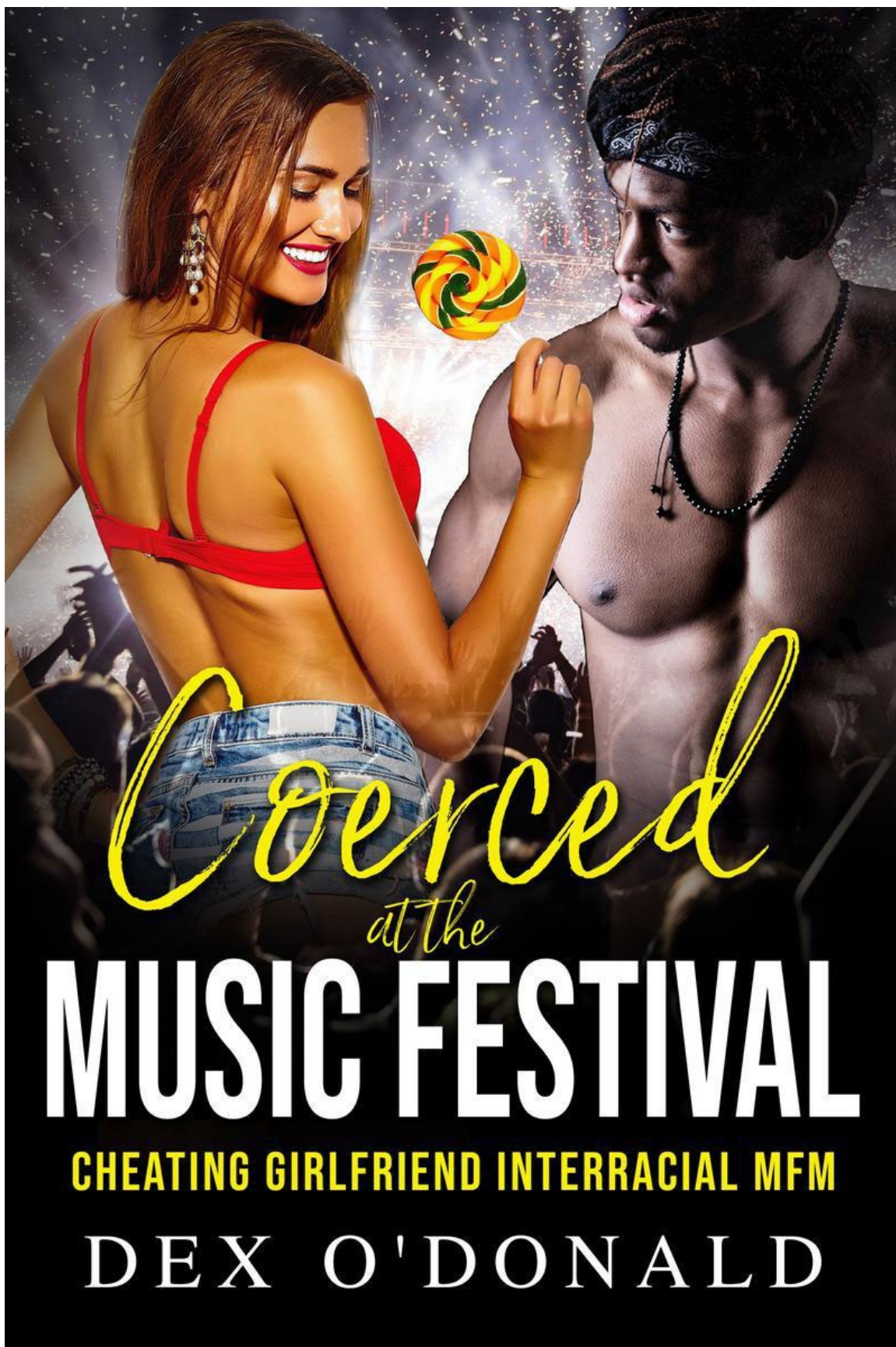


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“Stop worrying about the shorts, Trish! Your ass looks amazing in them!”

Trish frowned at her boyfriend’s enthusiasm, craning her neck to see how the neon booty-shorts fit in her reflection.

“I mean hot damn girl!” Robert continued, “you’ve got the nicest booty in the whole festival!”

“Do you have to be so loud, Robert?” she scolded him.

They were at their campsite on the event grounds, blocked in by rows of tents and cars, the hustle and bustle of the third annual Dance to Forget EDM Music Festival all around them. It was mid-morning and already droves of electronic music fans were enroute to multiple stages set up around the massive, sprawling property. The faint pulse of bass and drum music simmered beneath everything, growing louder all the time.

“I don’t know about these,” Trish said under her breath, “they are so tight.”

“Which is exactly why you should wear them, babe! You don’t know how sexy you look in those, I promise you!” Robert, tall and gangly, pale skin and bones without a shirt, couldn’t take his eyes off his girlfriend as she checked her reflection against the back window of the car.

“You know I’m insecure about it, Robert,” she rolled her eyes, “why do you have to pressure me?” Even as the words left her mouth, she found herself distracted by the body in the window. Her body. Petite but not too short, thick thighs with a round, fat ass. The top she wore exposed her entire back, tanned and lithe and defined. She swung around to check her front; exposed, flat belly and voluptuous, heavy breasts. Her flowing red hair hung about her shoulders like a superhero from a Marvel movie. It occurred to Trish that very little of her body was covered, and that never in a million years would she have dared to wear something like that back home.

But they weren’t back home. They were at music festival a thousand miles away, their very first music festival to be exact. She found an immense, strange comfort in knowing that no one they knew would be there. It was the only reason she’d even considered Robert’s pleas of “dressing more provocatively.”

“My girlfriend is so fucking hot,” Robert’s silly laugh in her ear, wrapping his arms about her bare waist and hugging close. “I might not be able to wait until after the show with you dressed like this. We might need to find a porta-potty –”

“Disgusting, Robert, OK?” she shook him off and walked to the beer cooler stationed just outside their tent. She snagged a White Claw, blackberry, and cracked it open.

“Don’t be salty, babe,” his skeleton-frame and dull smile approached her, “I’m just saying you have nothing to be insecure about. Flaunt it because you got it!”

She smiled, a little.

“There she he is,” he crooned, “you know it’s true. Every guy in this place is going to be staring at you!”

“And you like that?” she raised her eyebrows. “What happened to the jealous, possessive Robert from Omaha?”

“He’s in Omaha, duh,” Robert tapped her bare waist with clicking fingers, “and besides, they can look but they sure as hell can’t touch. They can see what a hot piece you are and then they can see the lucky guy who gets to enjoy it.”

“Big talk for somebody who can’t keep it up after a little coke,” she poked.

“Oh come on that was one time. And besides, that coke was shit. If we find some good stuff you better watch out because I will go all night long!”

“Joy,” she breathed. “When does Zedd go on anyway?”

“He plays tonight at midnight for the late show it’s going to be so bomb!”

“I can’t fucking wait,” the first hint of excitement showing through in her voice, “we got these tickets so long ago. I can’t believe it’s finally here. Oh Robert, this is going to be the best night ever!”

“You’re damn right it is,” Robert peered into Trish’s hazelnut eyes, “and we get to share it together. I love you, Trish.”

“I love you, too,” she softened up, her third white claw beginning to ease her

anxieties about tight clothes and revealing skin. She looked around the campgrounds and saw other couples just like them; young and good-looking, lots of skin, lots of muscles...or bones, if you were Robert.

A knot of excitement tightened in Trish's stomach. She polished off her White Claw and opened another, intent now on getting a good buzz on. Robert did the same and the young, loving couple drifted into the afternoon drunk and stoned and infatuated.

The early shows were no less rowdy than the late-night sets, there was just more sun and more sweat. Trish and Robert made their way to the stages, part of a throng of people, herds of twenty-somethings covered in glitter and body paint, halter-tops and short-shorts, sunglasses and fuck-boy haircuts. And even though Trish and Robert fit this look to a T, there was one thing separating them from so many of the other young couples attending the festival that year: Trish's fat, scene-stealing ass.

Even on the short walk to see Louis the Child, unbeknownst to either Trish or her boyfriend, three men had been slapped by their girlfriends for failing to hide their blatant, longing stares at Trish's juicy, thick cheeks.

"I feel really good," Trish said with glee. They laid a blanket out on the wide, sprawling green space in front of the stage and waited for Louis the Child to start his set.

"You look really good," Robert stood next to her, his hands constantly roaming her body, finding those show-stopping cheeks, and squeezing.

"You stop it right now, Mr.," she giggled. "You'll get what's coming to you later. Right now, I want to dance!"

Louis the Child took the stage, and the green went wild. The music began with a simmering high-hat rhythm, a bass drum slamming on two and four. Trish closed her eyes and moved to the music, her cute, flushed face smiling in sunlight. Robert danced beside her but always he scanned the area, searching for the eyes of the men who couldn't help but stare at his girlfriend's ass in those bright, skin-tight neon shorts.

There were many of them. Even those with sunglasses standing nearby seemed to have their head inclined in the direction of the couple. Robert grew fidgety,

using his dance moves to cover any view of Trish's ass that he could.

"What are you up to back there," she slurred, twisting the top off a tequila mini she'd snuck in.

"Just dancing with my girl," he whispered in her ear.

She could feel him grinding on her from the back, his half-chub alive in his shorts and rubbing along the crack of her butt. The music blared and all around them, hula-hoopers and fire-dancers lined the periphery, sweaty bodies closed in as the DJ ripped into another song. Trish tilted her head back and slammed the tequila mini, a rabble of approval going up all around them in their little dance space.

"Get it girl!" yelled a shirtless stranger beside them.

"Party party!" yelled another, eyes glued to Trish's backside.

Trish lifted her hands overhead and screamed with delight, swaying in time with the music, heavy breasts jiggling and bouncing with each hop.

To Robert, the swarm of sweating bodies around them looked like hyenas; white teeth showing through shark-smiles. He knew what they were looking at, and suddenly he was no longer sure about the outfit his girlfriend wore.

"Maybe we should head back to camp," he whispered in her ear, pulling Trish's petite frame closer. "It's going to cool down tonight...maybe we could put more clothes on."

"Fuck that!" Trish squealed with glee as Louis the Child ripped into another burner. "Who needs clothes when you've got tequila!"

The men surrounding them clapped and hooted in approval, more than ten of them now peering down at the petite party-girl in their midst. Her eyes were alive with a young vitality, and the alcohol had turned her into some sort of lithesome, prancing fairy with curves like perfect clouds on a hot day.

Robert grew desperate, the eyes of those horny men like hot coals laid across his pride. He tried to wrap his arms about her again and pull her tight, but Trish's thick dancing ass bucked into him and sent him stumbling backwards. She was

oblivious to it...but the men around them all laughed, watching the skinny weakling fail to control his blossoming girlfriend.

“You need to calm down a little,” Robert panted, trying to keep his voice quiet enough that the gawkers nearby wouldn’t hear.

“Why the hell would I do that?” she looked up at him, the intoxication written across her face. “Do you know how long I’ve been looking forward to this? I’m not holding back anymore, Robert. This weekend we let it all loose!”

She didn’t wait for his response. Instead, she reached her arms to the sky and moved her hips with seduction, her body a writhing, heated sensuality.

“That girl got a fat fucking ass...” a stranger’s voice came from behind, “ain’t no way that skinny wimp knows what to do with all that.”

Robert swallowed his pride and pretended he didn’t hear it. Eyes forward, he watched the show in jilted, stationary silence.

“Where to next, baby?” Trish’s face was a giddy delight of passion and adventure.

“I’ve got go to the bathroom,” Robert said somewhat distracted. The crowd was filing out all around them but some of the gawkers lingered nearby, playing off their stares as loitering.

The two of them walked hand in hand to a line of porto-johns lined along the west end of the field where a multitude of other festival goers were either waiting in line or chatting with like-minded strangers.

“Wait here,” Robert told her, “and if anybody tries to talk to you tell them you have a boyfriend!”

“Sure, whatever you say,” Trish replied. Too drunk to notice her boyfriend’s obvious insecurity she looked around, taking in the sites, the different people, the distant din of another electronic set starting up somewhere across the field.

Robert lingered a moment longer, trying to assess just how drunk his girlfriend was. He knew he was positively buzzed, and at much less body weight he was certain Trish was feeling the effects more than he was. Determined not to leave her alone for too long, Robert rushed to the porto-john nearby to take care of business.

As he opened the plastic door into the hot, muggy restroom, he glimpsed two men standing about twenty yards out, talking to each other, both black, both shirtless.

He frowned. It was an odd sight at music festival with so many white people. They stood out. And not just because of the color of their skin (which made him instantly more nervous), but their height, too. They had a rough look about them, bare torsos lined with muscle and sweat. Robert glanced back at Trish who stood alone in the field of green, swaying at the hips, skin tanning in the bright afternoon.

He entered the bathroom, nervous hands fumbling a loose belt-buckle. In the dim light of the privy, he pulled his flaccid penis out, most of it covered in a thick bush of wiry pubic hair. He closed his eyes and tried to relax. Things never worked out well for him when he got jealous, and he knew it. Trish knew it, too.

He thought it would be easy to walk around a festival where nobody knew who they were, his girlfriend dressed skimpy in a way she never would normally, enjoying the feeling of having her while everyone else could only look. But as usual, it wasn't that easy for him. The jealousy made him angry, and the anger made him impotent. He thought of the time he'd done coke at the behest of a good friend who told him it would "make you fuck like superman." And it almost did, too. But his average white cock failed him that day...and it had nothing to do with the drugs. Just before he'd taken Trish into the back room at that party to try and get it on, one of their acquaintances had pinched Trish's ass. She giggled when he did it, and that asshole just smiled back at her. Once they were in the back room, alone, it just wouldn't work for Robert. As hard as he tried, his dick wouldn't cooperate. He kept seeing that arrogant jerk's face instead of his girlfriend's fat white ass in front of him...and he failed her. He was pretty sure everyone at the party knew when they came out, too. The annoyed, disappointed look on Trish's face was hard to miss, and she'd promptly chatted with Mr. Pinch-your-ass the rest of the evening.

He looked down at the sad penis in his hands, dribbling out piss, too timid to unleash the stream of a man.

Get a hold of yourself, Robert, he thought. You're at an amazing festival with an amazing girl. And you two will dance and then you'll go back to the campsite later...and fuck. And that's all there is to it, OK buddy? So stop overthinking this. And stop with the jealousy. It only turns her off, anyway.

He shook it off in the urinal bowl, a breeze of confidence blowing into his stride from his own little pep talk. Robert put it away, but not before giving it a few quick strokes to get the blood flowing. His dick responded in kind, growing a whole inch, a tad more of it now visible over that overgrown bush of pubes.

"You got this," he said to himself in the sweltering bathroom. "Now go out there and show your girl a good time."

Robert flung the porta-john door wide and stepped out into the heat of the day. He searched the area quickly for his busty, fat-assed girlfriend. He was going to scoop her up in his arms, lift her right off the ground, put his tongue in her mouth.

And there she was. Two towering black men standing over her. Shirtless.

Grinning ear to ear.

“What the fuck?” Robert was drunk.

That familiar anger flared inside, and he took long, clumsy strides across the green to where Trish stood between the two ebony strangers.

“How many subscribers do you have?” she asked the taller of the two when Robert caught up to them.

“Bout to hit 20k’,” the black man said, his voice a raspy tenor.

“No way!” Trish’s eyes lit up and her jaw dropped, pure intoxicated energy.

“Hey babe,” Robert’s shaky voice interrupted, “making friends?”

The two lumbering black men turned to the sound of his voice and surveyed the lanky, pale white boy trying to sidle in next to Trish.

“Who the fuck is this?” the one with dreads said, annoyance across his face.

“Hey, baby!” Trish shrieked with casual excitement. “Guys this is my boyfriend, Robert! Robert this is Lil B,” she put a small hand on the dreaded one’s veiny forearm, “and this is Mo’!” Mo was beefy and cut, a smooth, hairless black cranium glinting in the sun.

“This yo’ boyfriend?” Lil B’ raised his eyebrows, his luxurious dreadlocks falling about his face. “You must be joking.”

“Excuse me?” Robert asked, hurt.

“Damn girl,” Mo’ added, “you breaking my heart with this boyfriend shit.”

“Oh you guys!” Trish giggled, her fat titties jiggling as she bounced up and down. “How great is it to be here at Dance to Forget! This is like the most epic weekend ever!”

“You guys enjoying the festival?” Robert squinted, trying to ignore their first remarks.

“Enjoying the views, shit,” Lil’ B said, watching as the puny white boy put an

arm about his girlfriend's shoulders.

"Lil' B and Mo have a YouTube page, baby!" Trish smiled up at them, nonchalantly shaking her boyfriend's arm away from her shoulders. "They get like ten thousand viewers on every video they put up and they said I could be in their next one!"

"Yeah we was just about to do a little shoot before you showed up, kid," Mo' grunted.

"Only room for one in the video, homie, feel me?" Lil' B raised his dark eyebrows at Robert. The two black men's chiseled abs and veiny pelvises looked almost identical, each sporting a pair of basketball shorts, obvious obstructions beneath.

"What kind of video?" Robert asked warily, trying again to hold his girlfriend's hand.

"You can find out white boy," Mo' said without taking his eyes off Trish's bouncing bosom.

"I want to know what the video is first," Robert said with as much bravado as he could muster. "It's my girlfriend after all."

For a moment Lil' B's face went dark, as if a storm cloud had passed overhead.

"Don't be such a stick in the mud, babe!" Trish interrupted the tense moment. "It's our first EDM festival and we get to be in these guys video!"

"You get to be in it," Mo' added. "Not that kid, though."

"I'm not so sure I like the idea," Robert spoke up. "We've got a show to catch anyway. You guys have a great festival."

"Aw, babe! Please! Pretty please!"

"Listen to yo' girl, white boy," Lil' B said. "Matta' of fact. How bout you go get yah girl a drink from the beer tent. We'll just do our lil' video right quick and be on our way."

“Great idea, Lil’ B!” Trish bubbled. “Get me one of those vodka lemonades, baby!”

“We can get one on our way to the show,” Robert insisted. “Which we’re heading to right now.” He snatched his girlfriend’s hand and made to leave but her sweaty wrist slid from his grasp.

“I’m ready to be interviewed now,” Trish smiled at Lil’ B, ignoring her boyfriend.

“Tight,” said Mo’, pulling his cell-phone from his baggy shorts and training the camera eye onto Trish.

“Excuse me but there’s not going to be any video,” Robert’s voice was high, whining. “We’ve got a show to catch.”

“Shut the hell up and go get yah girl her damn lemonade, kid,” Mo’ said, framing up the shot.

“Yeah, don’t make her tell you again, white boy,” Lil’ B shooed him with a wave of his hand.

Robert opened his mouth to protest but Lil B’ put a long ebony arm out and pushed him out of the camera shot as if he were no more than a little boy trying to skip ahead in line.

Trish turned around briefly to look at him. “It’s just a little interview, Robert,” she rolled her eyes. “For YouTube. How cool right? Go get my drink and we can head over to the next show after. I promise.”

“Go on then, white boy,” Lil’ B chided. “Go get yah girl a damn drank.”

Robert began backing up, each footstep an awkward, painful decision. A voice inside told him not to leave her alone. Not to leave her with them. But something in the look Lil’ B gave him, coupled with the reassurance of Trish’s voice, sent him running across the field to retrieve a vodka lemonade.

Fucking black guys he thought, out of breath as he reached the line for alcohol stretching across the green. Since the day I started dating her it has always been the goddamn blacks. And here they are again...dirty, smelly, fucking harassing

my girl. I'm going to show those spooks who she belongs too.

“One vodka lemonade,” he shouted at the baffled bartender. Robert took the drink with shaking hands and started his sprint back to where he'd left Trish. When he was halfway, he spotted them, black and white and close together. He increased his speed, nearly spilling the drink in the process, covering the ground that separated him from them.

“Let's do one more take,” Mo' grinned. “I don't know if we got the shot...”

“Damn for real?” Lil' B played along. “That ok with you, baby girl? Can we do it one more time?”

“Fine by me,” she giggled madly, unaware that Robert had returned. Mo' walked forward, framing his shot with an extreme closeup of Trish's creamy chest.

“Action,” Mo' called.

“What up Black Kings,” Lil' B said into the camera, snaking his long black arm around Trish's shoulders, “it's yah boy' Lil' B all up in the Dance to Forget festival 2022. I'm here with a white girl I just met, go ahead and tell em' yah name, baby.”

“I'm Trish!” she shrieked.

“You be lookin' fine as hell, Trish,” Lil' B rubbed his palms together, “you into black dudes, Trish?”

Robert stood frozen a few feet away, anger building in his chest.

“Well, I have a boyfriend,” Trish said timidly, “but...I do think black guys are like, so hot.”

“I bet you do,” Lil' B smiled. “Turn around and let em' see what you got in the trunk, baby girl.”

Trish spun on her heels and the camera came in close on her round, neon ass.

“Goddamn now that's a white girl wit' a booty,” Lil' B gloated for the camera while simultaneously pointing to her ass. Trish tried to stifle a guffaw and failed,

her merry laughter ringing out.

“You gotta let a nigga’ get a squeeze, baby girl,” Lil’ B licked his lips. “You gonna show off for my followers?”

“Well,” she held the L on the word for a long time. “Why not!”

Robert opened his mouth to ruin the take but Mo’ raised his palm to silence him, fully aware of Robert’s presence but offering no discussion on what was about to happen.

“Stick that fat ass out, girl,” Lil’ B commanded, spreading his fingers wide.

Trish pushed her plump cheeks up with an arch in her back, and Lil B’s wide, ashy palms slapped down onto her ass, bony black fingers squeezing, shaking her flesh wildly.

“Oh my!” Trish squealed.

“Fuck yeah, girl,” Lil B’ was entranced with the fat neon booty. “This shit shake like it hydraulic.”

“FUCK THIS!” Robert found his voice at last, and it came out in a cracked, pre-pubescent shriek. He stormed into the shot, Lil B’ still holding onto Trish’s ass like a lifeboat in the middle of the ocean. “Get your hands off my girlfriend!”

“What you gon’ do about it, white boy?” Lil’ B let go of her ass and stood tall, advancing on Robert with his chest out. Mo’ cut the video and he too jockeyed up on the scared, skinny white kid.

“You can’t grab my girlfriend like that,” Robert said, the force gone from his voice.

“Says who?” Lil’ B grumbled.

“Stop it, Robert!” Trish pushed at her boyfriend’s flat stomach. “We were just having fun it’s no big deal!”

“No big deal!” Robert shouted. “He had his hands all over you!”

“I asked white boy,” Lil B’ stepped forward and bumped Robert with his cut chest. “She didn’t let me touch nothing she didn’t want touched.”

“Don’t matter anyway,” Mo’ added with a sneer. “We got the shot two takes ago.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Robert asked, turning to his girlfriend, and snatching her by the arm. “What the fuck does that mean, Trish?”

“You’re being a dick and ruining my fun!” she yelled, yanking from his grasp. “We were just playing around! They are just my friends! GOD!” Her pupils were huge, and constantly her little red tongue licked at her lips.

“Did you do coke or something?” Robert asked her in a panic. “Why are your eyes so fucking big?”

“I did a little molly with them, Robert! Big fucking deal!”

“What?” Robert couldn’t believe his ears.

“Yah girl like the candy, kid,” Mo’ said. “She took a big old lick right of my finger.”

“WHAT!”

Trish looked as though she was going to pounce on her boyfriend just then, but her wild, serotonin eyeballs rolled 360 and she promptly turned and stomped off.

“Trish wait!” he called after her, moving to follow.

“Hold the fuck up white boy,” Lil B’ put his hand against Robert’s bony chest and stopped him in his tracks. “Don’t let me catch you grabbing her like that, again. Or I whoop yo’ fucking ass.”

“You threatening me?” Robert’s eyes were dark fury.

“Goddamn right, kid,” Mo’ added. “Don’t be layin’ yah hands on the girl like that. Ain’t her fault she want it black.”

“I’ll call security on you both if you touch me again,” Robert backed away. “You

hear me? Keep your goddamn hands off of me! And keep your goddamn black hands off my girl, too.”

“Big mouth white boy,” Lil B’ called after him as Robert jogged away. “We’ll see how brave you is tonight.”

But Robert didn’t hear that last part. He’d lost Trish and he needed to find her. If she really had done molly, there was no telling what she would get up to without him nearby to protect her.

“I should have never bought her those shorts,” he mumbled, his jog turning to a sprint.

Robert lost sight of her. As he stared around the massive festival ground conflicting sets of electronic music washed over his ears, waves of people headed in every direction, and he didn't have the slightest clue where to begin his search for his girl.

She took a big old lick right of my finger...

He walked to the eastern stage where Tiesto was about to start, keeping his eyes peeled and searching every direction for any sign of those neon booty-shorts or Trish's overflowing tits in a tiny halter top.

Nothing. A sea of white people and fair skin, drunken conversation, random dance-offs.

As Robert walked what felt like miles back and forth across the large green, he began to sober up. The buzz from earlier in the day had worn off and now his head hurt, the stress of the situation only compounding the pain. The undulating bass of the DJs scattered across different stages throbbed in his skull, and he could only get so close to the crowds of people to search for his lost girlfriend.

Accepting defeat, Robert found an empty space amongst the fairgrounds and sat down in the dirt. He fished his phone from his pocket and tried Trish's number. Nothing. He tried again. Same.

"For fucks sake just answer your phone, Trish," he mumbled angrily, dialing her number for a third time, and getting the same results. As he sat there, hangover already setting in from his day drinking, the images of Lil' B and Mo' harassing his girlfriend played in his mind. He saw the thug's greedy fingers engulfing Trish's fleshy asscheeks, squeezing them red.

...we got the shot two takes ago...

How many times had they touched her like that? At least three, maybe four, Robert guessed. What was worse, they surely planned on posting that video to YouTube. What if someone back home saw it? What if his friends saw his girlfriend acting like a slut for...black guys? The humiliation was too much to think about, and so Robert took a deep breath, resolved to find his girlfriend, and not lose her again.

He set out for the main stage, the sun setting behind him, hoping that by some miracle he would spot that beautiful ass standing alone, waiting for him.

“Trish!” he yelled randomly into crowds of people. Rarely did anyone turn their head, and not once did his petite girlfriend appear from the mob of festy-kids. The lights from the stages were getting more pronounced as the daylight faded, and Robert knew that finding her in the dark was going to be almost impossible.

Still, he persisted.

“Trish! Hey Trish! Where you at! Trish!”

Dirty looks from girls who thought he was yelling too loud. Smirks from asshole boyfriends who seemed to delight in Robert’s fuck-up. He even went as far as showing a group of twenty-somethings a picture of her and asking if they’d seen her anywhere.

“Haven’t seen her,” said a blonde bombshell dressed in a bra and skirt. “Have you tried looking back at your campsite?”

Robert shook his head.

“Well, I would try there first, cutie,” she winked at him, “if you don’t find her you can always come dancing with us.”

Robert grinned, momentarily forgetting his predicament. It didn’t sound like the worst second option in the world, considering the way the blonde was staring at him.

“How’d you lose her anyway?” the girl asked, straw in her teeth.

“Lover’s quarrel, I guess,” Robert tried to peer at the girl’s cleavage, but she was already turning her back to him.

“We’ll be at Zedd tonight in about an hour. Stage right!” The girl called it over her shoulder and disappeared into the wave of Caucasians. For a split-second Robert considered running after her, taking her by the hand and enjoying the rest of his night with someone else.

It’s not my fault Trish acted like a slut for the blacks, he thought with venom. I

deserve to go dancing with a hot babe like that.

But in the end, Robert decided to check the campsite. If she wasn't there, he would give up till morning...and enjoy the Zeds Dead show with that pretty little thing stage right. It took him close to half an hour to get back, painfully aware that he was missing music from some of the acts he had been so looking forward to seeing.

As he started to wonder what he would do if she wasn't back by morning, a faint voice caught his attention from up ahead, amongst the parked cars and array of tents.

“-Oh my gosh and then he was like you can't let him do that and I was like oh my gosh like you stood there and like watched him pinch my ass and then you couldn't even like do your job as a man you like can't even get up and then like-“

Robert's eyebrows raised and his ears went flat against his head. He knew that voice. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew what she was talking about. But there was something different. Something fast and frantic and wild about the way she was speaking.

“Trish?” he asked himself. He followed the sound of the ranting between cars and through a few modest campsites, none of which he recognized. Soon he was lost amongst the campground, doubling back and unsure of where exactly the voice was coming from.

“-and I don't like I love him so much but sometimes he can be such an asshole and like I'm only twenty-two and haven't been with a lot of guys so its like you should embrace my freedom and not like get all mad at me anytime a boy talks to me and like-“

Robert's heart was beating through his chest, and he wanted to call her name out like he'd done earlier but he knew she was doing something she shouldn't be... with people she shouldn't be with. And if that was really Trish talking a mile a minute, he wanted to catch her red-handed. Jealousy spilled like acid in his belly and suddenly he was intent on catching her.

“-and like I'm usually so self-conscious about my body and whatever but you guys are so nice and make me feel so good about it that I – SNORT – oh wow

that's good my teeth are numb can I have another one you guys – SNORT – oh fuck! You guys are so nice to share with me seriously like I'm really feeling the positive vibes right now and –“

In the end, Trish's drug-induced rambling led Robert right to her, where he stood directly outside of the large, spacious tent that her voice was clearly coming from.

“-fuck I've never done molly and coke before this is so fun seriously guys this is like the most epic night ever I'm so glad you found me and I really can't wait to see the YouTube video when you post it and-“

“Trish,” Robert said it firm, his face inches from the tent. He could tell there were people inside with her, who he did not know. Trish hadn't stopped talking long enough for anyone else to get a word in.

After a long, sudden silence within tent, Robert called her name again.

“Robert?” she called back, her voice less than enthused.

“Yeah, Trish...it's me. I've been looking everywhere for you,” he tried to hold onto some semblance of rationality as he spoke to her through the canvas. “What are you doing? Did you make some friends or something?”

The zipper shot across the tent door suddenly, a ripping sound clear and fast and violent. The flimsy tent-door blew open on a faint breeze, revealing the three people within.

“Hi baby,” Trish said, biting her bottom lip. The halter-top she'd picked out at Target last month and had been wearing all day was nowhere to be found. Instead, her bare, swaying tits hung on her chest like white birthday balloons. Beside her sat Mo', the mirror in his hand covered in lines of cocaine.

Lil B' knelt behind her, his strong black fingers rubbing circles into her naked shoulders.

“Don't be mad, baby” Trish said breathless, “they're like, so nice to me. And they promised free molly if I took my top off. You're not mad...right?”

Robert's brain thumped against his skull.

“Get in the tent white boy,” Mo’ smiled. “We got somethin’ special for you.”

Against his better judgement to run and never look back, Robert knelt down and crawled into the hot, crowded tent.

4.

Trish's tits were illuminated by a battery-powered lantern hanging from the inner-dome of the tent. Wide, pink areolas and hard little nubs poked forward. Faint blue veins, almost indiscernible, ran here and there along the milkiness of her breasts. When she spoke, she did so with gyrating hand movements that caused them to sway blissfully.

“-I looked for you everywhere babe I really did and then I ran into these guys again like an hour later and they were like hey let's go do some molly so I was like yeah duh let's do it and then they didn't make me pay or anything and -“

The voice of his girlfriend garbled in his ears like marbles in the mouth, and at no point did he even feign interest in the story she told. Instead, he stared at her nakedness and the black men who'd put her in that position. They made no qualms about filling their eyes with her flesh, and at no point did Lil' B remove his hands from her elegant shoulders.

“Where's your shirt?” Robert asked through dry gulps of air.

“-I told you babe they said I didn't have to pay if I took my top off and besides its not cheating or anything if I let them touch right I mean its not like -“

“Here you go white boy,” grinned Mo', crooked white teeth spilling out of his mouth. “One line of this and you'll turn that frown upside down.” He handed Robert a different mirror, with similar looking white powder spread across it. Only, this stuff had a glimmer to it. A spark.

Robert took the mirror in a daze, an angry scowl across his face as he was unable to articulate just how humiliating it was that his girlfriend was sitting there, exposed for all to see. He didn't even ask what it was. He picked the straw off the mirror and sniffed back two fat lines of it, helping himself to the drugs as if he were owed them.

“Greedy ass white boy,” Lil' B said, his hands traveling down Trish's tiny biceps and rubbing closer and closer to where her breasts hung like quarts of vanilla ice cream. “Think you can come in here and do our shit fo' free?”

“If you're going to sit there and fondle my girlfriend I am,” Robert replied, fucked out of his mind. “That's not cocaine, is it?”

“Nah, it ain’t,” Mo’ said, taking the mirror from Robert. “That there is ketamine, kid.”

All of a sudden Robert’s vision shrunk down to a tunnel, and a wave of euphoric numbness began to radiate out from his core. His body felt warm and comfortable even as his mind clawed at his current reality. They were watching him. All three.

“I thought it was coke,” Robert said, his voice far away.

“Just sit back and relax, white boy,” Lil’ B’s voice came from the next continent over. “You ain’t gotta do nothin’ but sit there and wait for yah girl.”

Lil B’s thick black lips smooched tenderly at Trish’s neck, just below the ear.

“Hey what are you doing –“ Robert’s voice was slow motion, a slur of sounds.

“It’s OK, baby,” Trish called to him from a million miles away inside the tent, “it’s not cheating if he just touches...”

Lil B’s hands snaked around from behind and gorged on her free-swinging breasts, squeezing the soft flesh between his fingers. Trish’s saucer-sized pupils blinked, and then she closed her eyes with lips parted, the heat of the thug’s body washing over her. She stopped talking for the first time in a long time, sitting there squirming against Lil B’s advances.

“Stop...stop...stop...” Robert tried to plead.

“It’s OK, baby,” she moaned, hands reaching up and back to find the black man fondling her. “It’s not cheating...” she trailed off, overcome. Soon Lil B’s long red tongue was hanging out of his mouth, licking a trail from her earlobe to collarbone. His calloused black hands took liberties with her flesh, pinching and occasionally slapping, feeling the sway of her tits. She looked small in his arms. A fragile pale thing overcome by lust and high-quality drugs.

“Let me see them titties too, girl,” Mo’ set the mirror down and wiped his hands off as if he were about to play an instrument. Lil B’ repositioned to Trish’s side with Mo’ sandwiching her on the other. Each of the thugs had their own double-d titty to fondle and suck, and that they did. Their luscious, greedy lips drooling and kissing, powerful hands tugging and squeezing.

“Oh my,” Trish shuddered, holding on to the last word for a beat. She squirmed slow in their arms, feeling the touch and the kiss of two men at once for the first time in her life.

Robert lay in the corner of the tent amongst sleeping bags and discarded clothes. Every time he tried to complain, he found his mouth too heavy. His brain too foggy. At times, watching those strange hands desecrate her was so surreal that he questioned the very nature of his reality. Surely these loathsome strangers they’d met only hours before were not seducing his girlfriend before his very eyes?

But when they pushed her over onto hands and knees, grabbing at those sticky neon short-shorts, she looked into Robert’s face, and he knew then that this was no dream. No hallucination brought on by drugs. It was happening. And there wasn’t a thing he could do about it.

“Time to see this fat white ass for real though,” Lil B’s broad, cut chest smooth as dark chocolate in the low-light of the tent. He wrenched down on the skin-tight shorts, revealing Trish’s plump, creamy butt. It took another moment for him to wiggle the bright garment around her delicious thighs and then off at the ankles, but the moment she was totally nude in their tent the two thugs descended on her like she was their first meal in days.

“Yah little boyfriend eat ass, white girl?” Lil’ B called from behind, smacking her robust cheeks double handed, pulling them wide and exposing her taut, secret hole. Before Trish could answer his tongue was there; dancing, twirling, pushing.

“Oh Lil’ B,” she whined, dropping onto elbows, and keeping her ass high.

“Call me Daddy, white girl,” Lil B’ spoke into her butthole, slapping her ass hard enough that she winced.

“Eat my ass, daddy please...” she was mumbling into the tent floor now, words streaming from her mouth as the drugs coursed through her system and Lil B’s tongue flicked. Mo’ busied his hands with her dangling tits, reaching under, pinching and pulling as she bucked against Lil’s face.

Robert felt that blissful, unaware feeling spread to his loins. Warmth. The sight of her white skin against the ebony. Black muscles moving in the dark. From the

recess of his overgrown pubic hair Robert could feel his dick betraying him, responding in real time to the scene unfolding before him.

Lil' B moved to the moist folds of her cunt, licking the length of it before tongue fucking her from behind. His fingers found the top of her twat and rubbed that tender spot, fast and lubricated.

Trish's body started shaking.

"White bitch about to come," Mo' announced with a smile, massaging her fat titties in time with his homie's tongue-fucking. "Come on white bitch, cum! Cum! Cum you know you want to! Show yah boyfriend!"

"Oooooohhhh," she squealed, thighs shaking, Mo's grip tightening and pushing the flesh of her tits through the space of his fingers, Lil B's tongue and fingers working her past the point of pleasure. "Oooooohhhh!"

"Cum! Cum!"

A line of drool ran from Robert's mouth, his pupils ballooned out.

"OOOOOHHHH FUUUUUCK!" Trish fell over onto her side, convulsing, her soaked cunt spraying. Lil B' got his fingers inside of her in a blink, scrambling, using his other hand to rub her clit. "OOOOHHHH!"

Robert watched his girlfriend cum and squirt and shake there on the tent floor, covered in four black hands pulling every drop out of her. Her eyes were blank white canvases, and the intensity of her orgasm was multiplied by ten as the last dip of molly she took began to peak.

Trish slapped Lil B's persistent hands away, unable to take any more from him. The two thugs kneeled over her in the limited height of the tent, watching as the last of her orgasm shook out. She panted fast and hard, like a broken dog.

"Don't go fallin' asleep now," Lil B said, tugging at his basketball shorts, "we just gettin' started with yo' pretty ass." His fat black cock shot out of his shorts, pulsing erect. Mo' did the same, his long brown shlong hanging between hairy thighs. They grabbed the white girl by the ankles and drug her closer, her wild eyes floating around the confined space.

It was the first time Robert saw black dick in the flesh, and even in his stupefied state he could recognize the difference in size between his own ordinary member and their gargantuan, masculine dicks.

It was also the first time he saw his girlfriend suck another man's cock.

"Right like that, baby," Lil' B whispered, positioning himself to the side of her face. Trish lay flat on her back, milky tits spread across her chest, eyes looking straight up at the two men crowding her. Their big black cocks pointed to either of her cheeks, both men stroking it in her face. The smell of sweat and balls.

"Your cocks are so fucking big," she whimpered in a voice almost unrecognizable. "I've never seen a cock so fucking big."

"I bet you ain't," Mo' licked his lips and began to tap the head of his caramel cock against the corner of her mouth.

"Yo' boyfriend got a little dick don't he?" Lil' B chuckled, massaging his head against Trish's quivering lips.

"It's a small white dick," she said unprompted. "Small white dick for a small white boy..."

Lil' B and Mo' erupted into laughter. Chuck would never forget their sneering smiles, glancing at him only long enough to snicker in his face, then turning their full attention back to his girlfriend.

"It's not cheating if I just suck on it," she tried explaining to Robert, even though she hadn't seen or looked at him in minutes.

Lil' B pushed into her mouth, spreading her jaw, putting her wet pink tongue to work. Her cheek pushed out with the shape of his cock head, and he fucked the side of her mouth slow, enjoying the feel of her licks against the underside of his shaft.

Mo' kept stroking, his hands never far from her red, ruffled tits. Once his homie had taken a good turn with Trish's drooling mouth, Mo dug out her throat, pushing himself in until she coughed, gagging against his manhood. They took turns with her, stopping occasionally to take another line of blow from the mirror, or finger-feed Trish more molly between dicks.

“You let yo’ boyfriend fuck you in the ass, baby?” Lil’ B asked her, staring down, running the length of his cock across her face.

“Uh-uh,” she moaned, “never.”

“You love yah little boyfriend?” Lil’ B continued.

“Yes, very much,” she wrapped both hands around the base of his shaft and pulled him into her throat.

“Ugh, fuck,” Lil’ B clicked his teeth. “Since you love yah boyfriend so much, we can’t have you cheating on him, right? That would be some fucked up shit. Right?”

She nodded, mouth full.

“Good girl...remember, it ain’t cheating if I fuck you in the ass. You know what I’m sayin’ to you, white girl?”

Trish’s bright green eyes were mostly black with the wide span of her pupils, but she shook her head yes with conviction.

“Get this bitch on all fours,” Lil’ B nodded to Mo’, who was rubbing his pre-cum sticky across her left nipple. It took them only a moment to get her back on hands and knees, this time Mo’ making sure she stayed on her palms so that her face was available for using.

Robert did the only thing he could think of considering the circumstances. He placed a numb hand against the rock in his pants and began to rub over his shorts.

“This bitch is tight,” Lil’ B said, spreading her ass and spitting a wad of white onto the puckered hole. He rubbed it in with his forefinger before penetrating her, pushing two knuckles inside.

“Oh owie,” Trish winced.

“My homie gonna play wit’ yo ass, white girl,” Mo slapped her across the face with his dick. “Don’t you go using your teeth on my dick or we gon’ have problems. Understand?”

“Yesh,” her speech slurred, tilting her neck to look up at the sweaty thug looming over her.

Lil’ B finger-fucked her asshole. He used his other hand to stay hard, long-stroking his thick black meat. He glanced over at Robert in the corner, clearly playing with himself. “Look at lil’ white boy over there playin’ wit’ his lil’ dick!”

Both Trish and Mo’ looked at him, and he was far too slow to hide what he was doing.

“You bad boy, Robby,” Trish winked at him. “Don’t worry though this isn’t cheating, OK?”

Mo’ silenced her, pushing himself into her mouth, exploring the back of her throat.

“It ain’t cheating if I put it in her ass, Robby,” Lil’ B mocked him, removing his finger, spitting once more onto her asshole. “You heard yah girl. She loyal. So I’m gonna fuck her in the ass, you know that thing she won’t let you do? That way it’s all fair. Feel me, white boy?”

Faint sounds came from Robert in reply, but the strength of the ketamine kept him still and docile.

Lil’ B brought the tip to her virgin hole and started pressing. Her body shuddered against him.

“Keep yah fuckin’ mouth open white girl,” Mo’ said irritated, “wide fucking open. Like that. Good.” He had her long red hair balled up in his fist, and he used it to steer her on his cock. He bravely pushed into her gullet, where she gagged and wretched against it, unable to get more than half of it down, the fragile white girl breathing through her nose.

“I’m about to put this shit in,” Lil’ B glanced at Mo’, “you might wanna get yo’ dick out her mouth for the first part.”

Mo’ wrenched out of her and she exploded into a fit of coughing, long strands of spit dripping from her face. He wrapped his ashy palm around her thin neck and squeezed hard enough to keep her still.

“Here we go, white girl,” Lil’ B said, “just relax. Daddy gon’ take care of the rest.”

“Oh Daaaaady,” she cried, his fat tip spreading her, entering her rectum, fucking her.

“You like that black cock in yo’ ass, bitch?” Mo’ said savagely, his face right in hers. “Open yo’ fucking mouth white bitch!” Her shaking jaw opened as he choked her, and then Mo’ spit, sending it right onto the top of her tongue.

Robert tried to scream but a dull moan came out instead.

“That’s it, baby girl,” Lil’ B breathed harder, watching as another inch dug inside.

“OHHH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK!” she wailed, still in Mo’s grasp.

“It ain’t fucking cheating, that’s fo’ sho’!”

After a few minutes of the inch-game, with lots more spitting and rubbing, Lil’ B began to slide out...then back in, her anal virginity disappearing one pump at a time.

“OH FUCK DADDY OH DAAAADY!”

“Scream louder white bitch,” Mo’ smacked her across the face. “Louder for yah wimp boyfriend in the corner!”

“OH DADDY FUCK FUCK FUCK ME IN MY ASS PLEASE OH DADDY PLEEEASE!”

“Ugh,” B grunted, “so fucking tight. Keep still.” He pumped her slow, but his pace quickened all the time, seven of his nine inches deep-dicking her, taking her body in a way she’d never experienced.

The molly numbed the pain and soon her screams were wails of desire. Confident she was past the biting stage, Mo’ planted himself back in her gullet, and she took their blackness simultaneously, embracing their ravaging of her curvy, pale body.

“Goddamn this bitch suck good dick,” Mo grunted. “How the hell she learn to suck dick so good with that white boy over there?”

“Look at my dick white boy,” Lil’ B called over to Robert. “Look at is disappear inside yah girl’s crack. She love my big black dick in her asshole. You love that big black dick don’t you baby?”

“EEEEHHHHSSHHH,” it came out muffled and incoherent, a black cock blocking her windpipe. Mo’ was picking up speed on his own, his sloppy soaked cock impaling her face again and again.

“This white girl finna’ make me nut,” Mo’ growled. “That’s it baby, suck it just like that. Show off for yah mans. Oh fuck...goddamn I think ima’ nut on this sluts face!”

“No...no...no...” at last Robert could speak. As the words left his mouth he released inside his pants, hot sticky goo spreading out over his pubes. He hadn’t even touched it skin to skin and here he was nutting in his pants, watching his girlfriend violated by multiple strangers.

None of them heard his request, and even if they had it would have changed nothing.

Mo’ pulled out, his hand a black blur as he stroked furious in Trish’s flushed face, her body thrown to and fro’ with the force of Lil B’s ass-pounding. Mo’s cum came out in fat, thick spurts, streaking her face and dripping into her mouth.

“UUUUGHHH,” Mo’ yelled. “FUUUCK! All in yah fuckin’ face. Keep yah mouth open. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK!” He emptied his balls onto her cheeks and lips, savoring her soft grimaces as it pooled against her tongue. “Got my nut all up on yo’ bitch, white boy!”

Mo’ fell back from the cum-covered girl, her tits and hair and body jostling as she took Lil’ B ever deep inside her butthole. Robert saw every line of cum, every dribbling drop, every hot splash plastered across her face.

“Yo girl a straight fuckin’ slut, white boy,” Mo’ wiped sweat from his brow. “You should be proud of her.”

Lil’ B held her by the waist, locked in a trance, plundering her butt. Trish’s fat

round cheeks were red with handprints and jiggled madly. The thug's grunts became louder, more frequent. He was getting close.

"It ain't cheatin' if I nut in yo' girls' ass, white boy," Lil' B panted. "And that's exactly what I'm finna' do! UGH! UGH! OH!" Lil' B pushed himself deep down in her ass, his hanging ballsack convulsing upwards.

"OH I CAN FEEL IT DADDY!" Trish screamed, the rhythmic pulsing of his cock exploding inside of her, filling her canal with hot, thick semen.

"UGH! ALL IN YO GIRL'S FUCKING ASS WHITE BOY!" Lil' B screamed.

"Look at yo bitch covered in my nut," Mo' added. "Now she filled with that nigga' nut too!"

Trish collapsed against the floor, her ass still pointed up, a black cock still wedged inside it. When Lil' B dismounted, popping his manhood from her buttocks, a fat white river of cum leaked out and ran, greasing the top of her cunt lips.

"Look at it white boy," Mo' chided, flipping Trish around like she were a ragdoll, exposing her ruined asshole to her immobilized boyfriend. The horror on Robert's face was plain to see, the remnants of his girl's anal cream pie on full display. Mo shoved her over onto her side, where she collapsed gratefully, exhausted.

"Take yo' girl home and clean the bitch up," Lil' B said, kindly unzipping the tent door for them. "I already got her number, so we'll see you at the show tomorrow." The thug tossed her neon shorts out into the dirt and the white couple gathered themselves, intoxicated and complete messes, stumbling out into the night.

The tent zipped closed behind them, followed by the sounds of cruel laughter and more drugs going into nostrils. Trish felt around in the dark and found her bottoms, clumsily putting them on. Her shirt was nowhere in sight, gone forever. She stood there amongst the campsites topless, quickly drawing the attention of nearby festival goers.

"We need to get back to camp," Robert mumbled, his sticky load cold in his shorts. His girlfriend looked up at him then and he realized she was still covered

in that thug's load. It clung to her face like icing on a donut, and somehow, she didn't seem to mind.

"Nice tits!" came a call from the dark. Random strangers moving about in the night. The thudding bass of Zeds Dead starting up at the clock tolled twelve.

As Trish stumbled back to camp, taking the lead in front of Robert, the boy glimpsed the back of the neon short-shorts he'd bought her special for this trip. Painted across the ass was a wide wet spot growing larger as Lil B's nut continued to leak out of asshole.

By the time they crawled into their tent hundreds of festival goers had peeked a glimpse at Trish's bare tits, and only Robert seemed to mind as he hurried her along silently to where their sleeping bag waited for them, to put the night out of its misery.

Spooning her angry boyfriend in the warmth of their tent, falling fast asleep, Trish brokered one last attempt at easing her crushing betrayal.

"It's not cheating baby..." she mumbled sleepy, "if I let him cum in my ass."

Robert dreamt that night of black skin and big loads. And in the morning when he woke his girlfriend was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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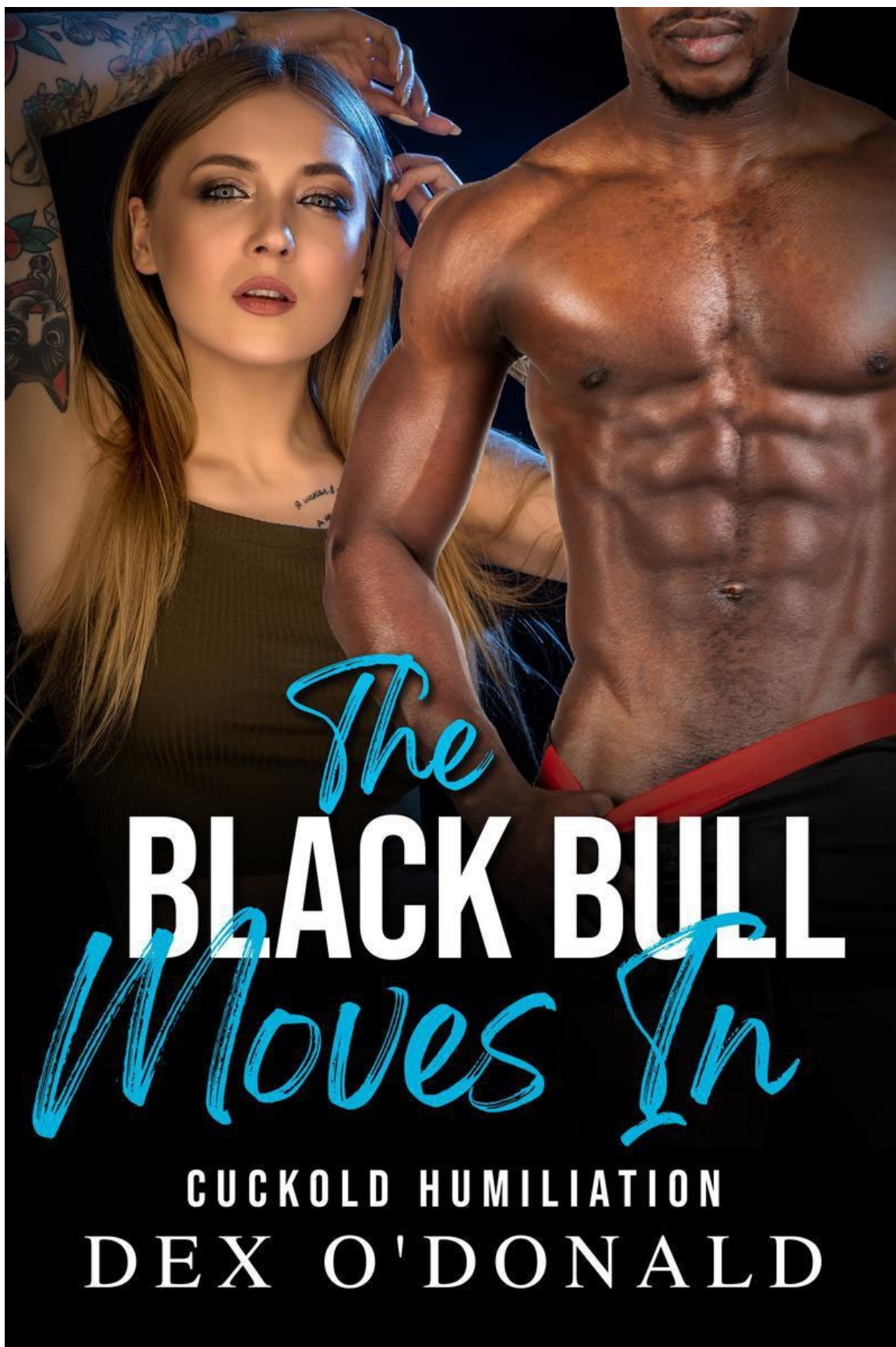


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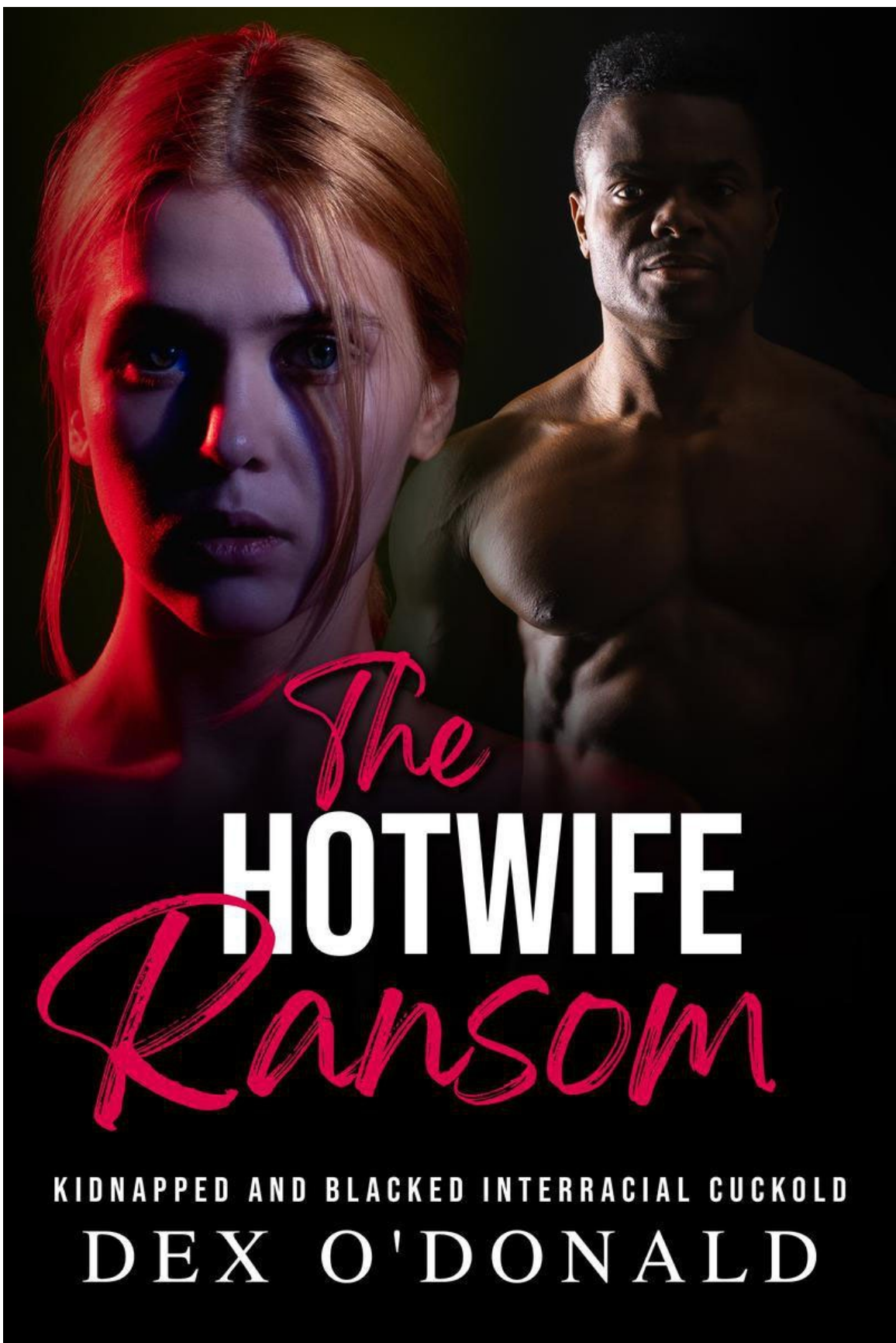
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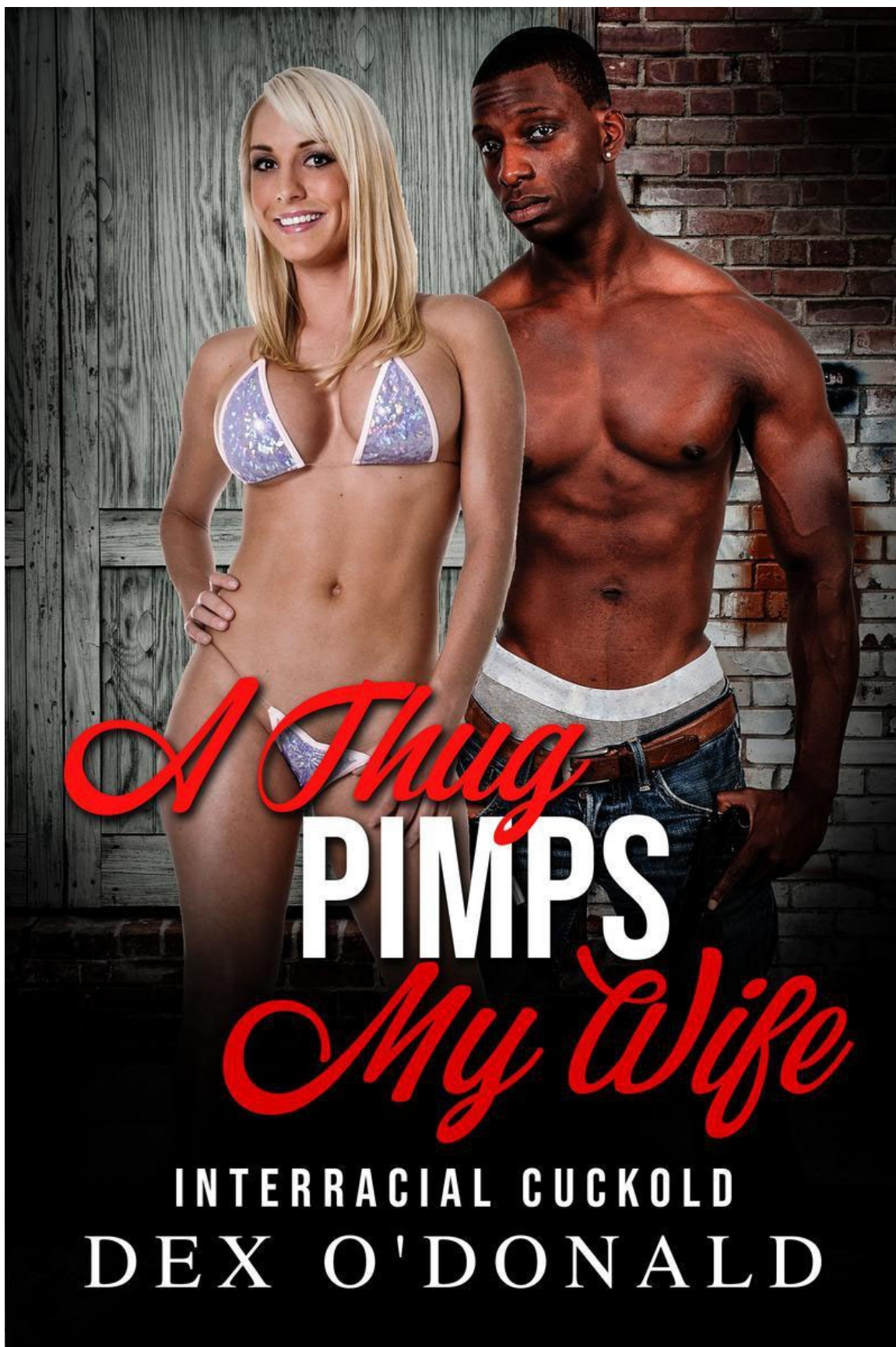


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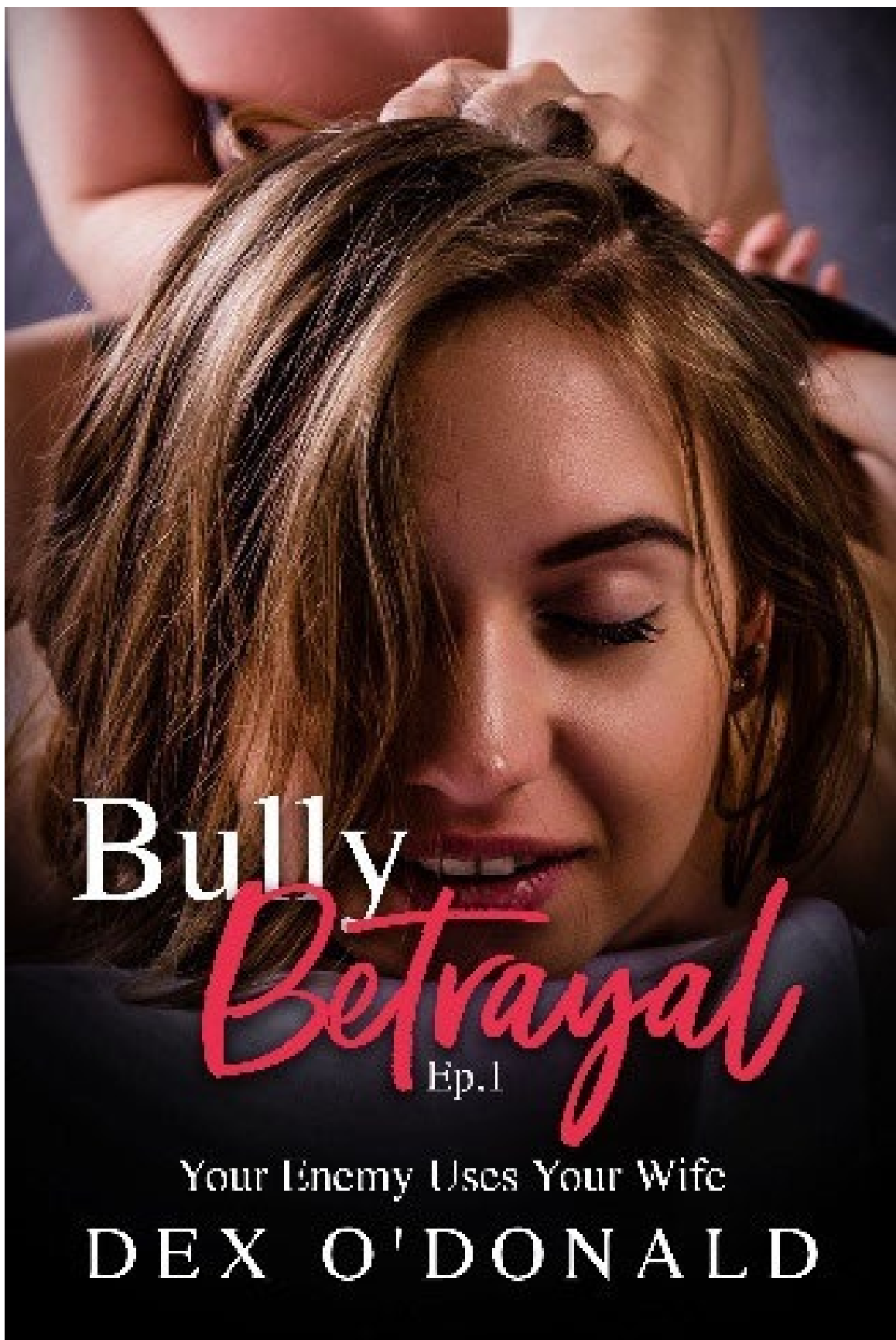
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Bully

Betrayal

Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

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