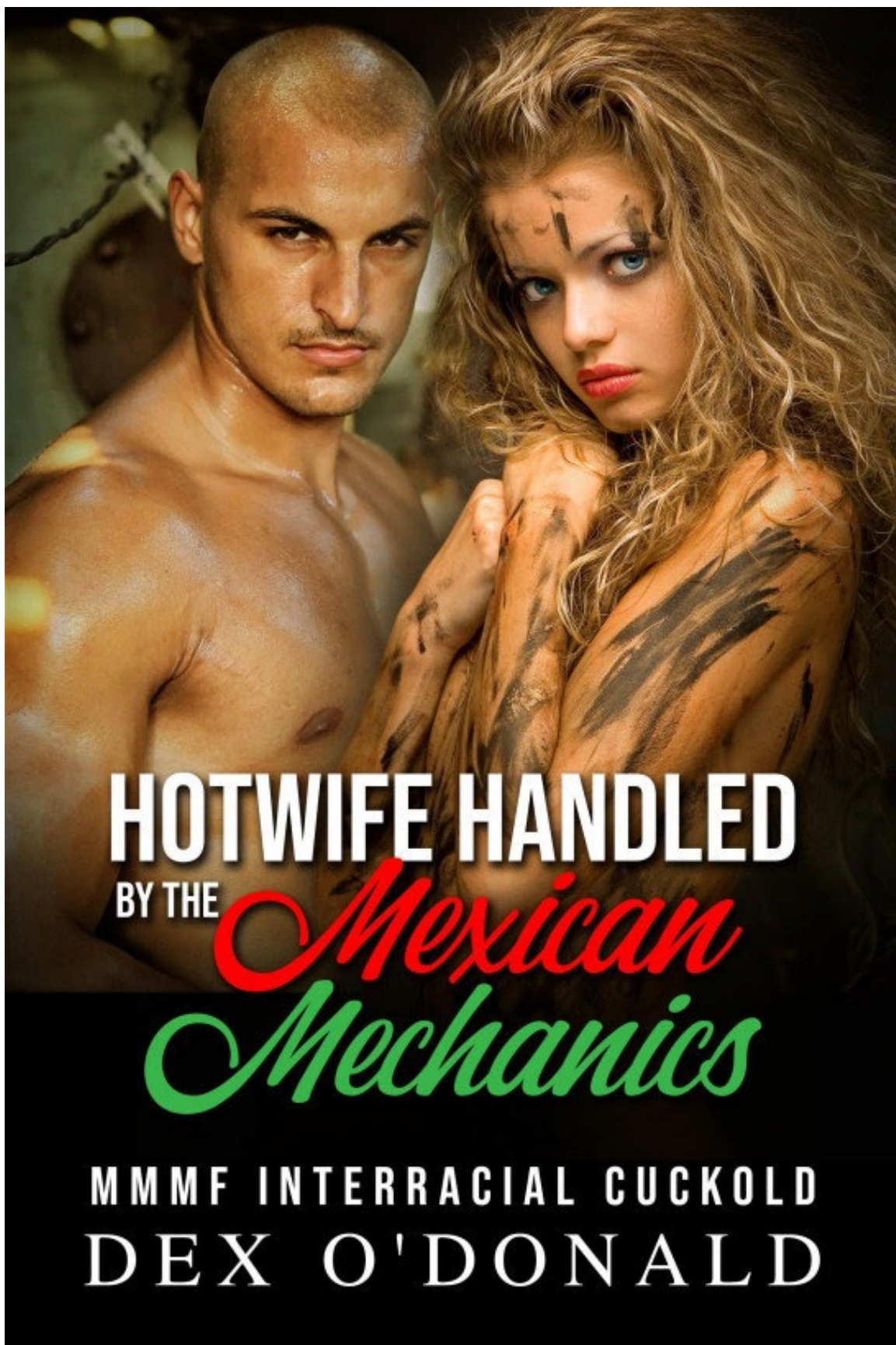


HOTWIFE HANDLED

BY THE

*Mexican
Mechanics*

MMMF INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



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Hotwife Handled by the Mexican Mechanics: Mmmf Interracial Cuckold

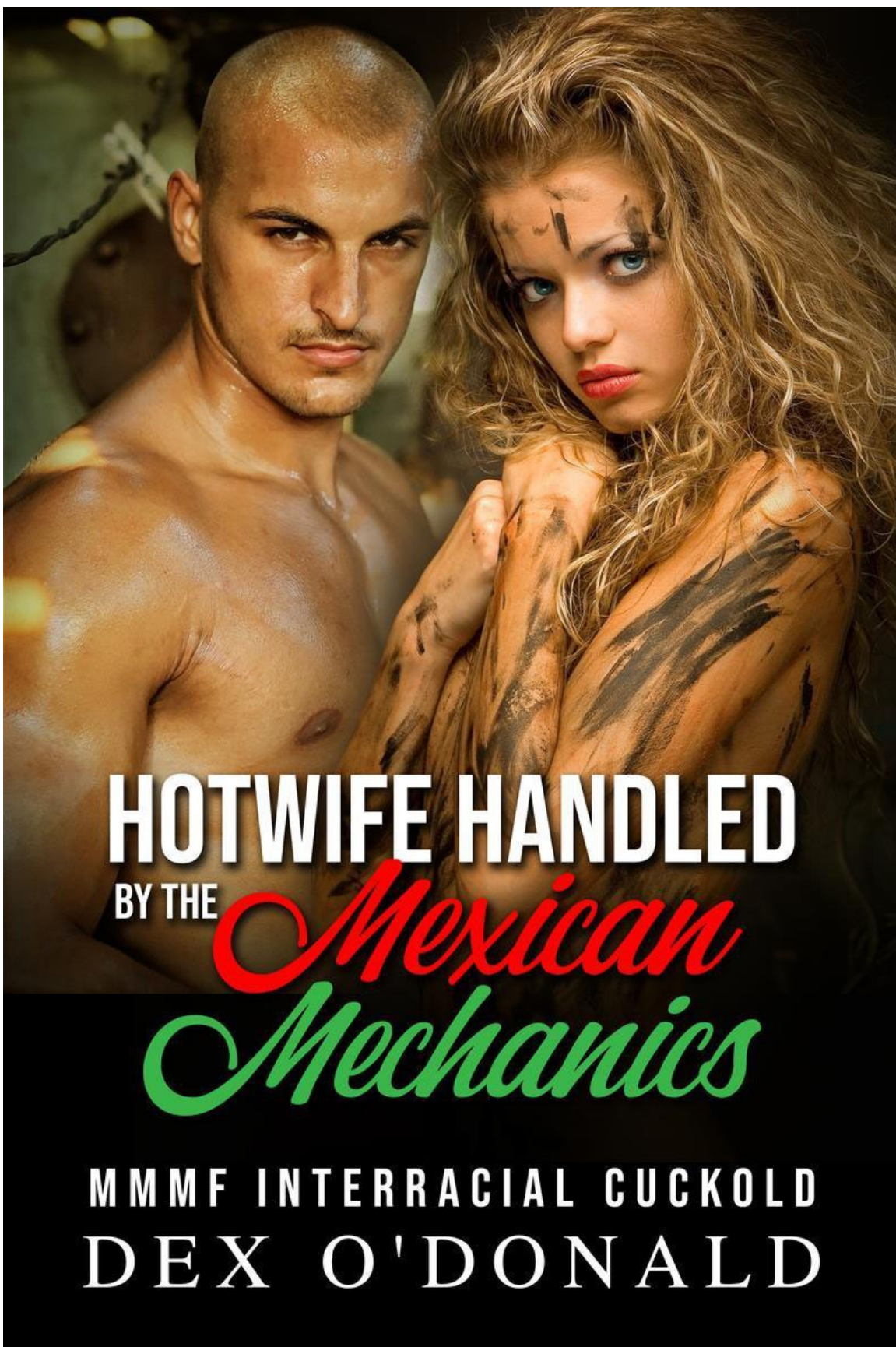
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DEX O'DONALD

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“If we aren’t simultaneously the unluckiest and luckiest couple in Colorado today, then I don’t know who is.” Connor steered the shaking sedan into the parking lot of a car repair shop and brought it to a rattling halt. When he shifted into park, something clunked awful beneath the hood and the engine revved like an old man wheezing.

“Jeez,” Naomi huffed, “that doesn’t sound too good.”

“Just be glad we found a mechanic in this godforsaken part of the state. I don’t think she would have made it another mile.”

Naomi looked out the dirty windshield and up to a sign that hung loose from the top of a dingy building. Mecánico de automóviles. There were no other cars parked in the lot, and for a moment she wondered if the shop was even open. She bit her plump bottom lip and ran a shaky tongue across it; a nervous habit she never realized she had until Connor called her on it.

“Don’t be so panicky, babe,” Connor killed the engine. “I’m sure it’s just a quick fix and then we can get the hell out of here and be on to Aspen by tonight.”

“Aspen seems a long way away.”

“We’re in eastern Colorado. Everything seems like a long way away.”

They left the broken-down Sedan parked beyond a garage bay door and walked around to the side of the building to a single door marked Entrada. They entered the shop with the jingle of a doorbell and stepped into a small, cramped waiting area with a few chairs and a counter with a cash register on top of it.

A bulky Mexican man turned from behind the desk and faced them.

“Te puedo ayudar,” he grumbled.

“Uhh,” Connor hesitated. “I don’t speak Spanish...”

“What the fuck you want white boy?” the disgruntled Mexican snapped back. Connor could see the name tag on the front of his uniform, it read Tito.

“Our car broke down,” Connor tried to ignore the man’s vulgarity. “We’re just

passing through on our way to Aspen, but our car isn't going to make it."

Tito narrowed his eyes and look at Naomi. She wore stringy denim shorts and a white tank-top. Her pale body looked out of place in the dingey waiting room, and the mechanic made no qualms about eye-fucking her in front of her husband.

"Think you can help us out?" Connor asked.

"We might could figure somethin' out, white boy," Tito licked at the thin black mustache resting atop his lip. "Eh yo! Ven a ver a este chico blanco y su puta esposa!" A moment later the door leading from the waiting room to the garage swung open, and in stepped two other Mexican mechanics. One was tall and broad shouldered with face tats and colorful sleeves running down his massive arms. His nametag identified him as Jesús. Next to him stood Ray-Ray, thin and wiry, inked and hard. The three of them stared at the white couple standing at the entrance.

"That your car out front?" Jesús asked.

"Sure is," Connor responded.

"Sounds fucked."

Naomi giggled in spite of the tension filling the room. All three mechanics gaped at her, even when they spoke to her husband. While it was certainly jarring, she wasn't intimidated. Flattered maybe, but not scared.

"Can you...take a look at my car then?" Connor stuttered.

"Gonna cost you," Ray-Ray raised his eyebrows. "Whole lotta money, white boy. You think you can pay it?"

"I guess I'll fucking have to," Connor sighed. "So...can you get to work?"

There was a brief, stunned silence that followed. A moment where what Connor had just said needed time to register in the ears of the glowering Mexicans. Then Jesús leapt over the counter in one fluid motion, grabbing hold of Connor and pinning him to the wall, a dirty hand gripping his shirt collar.

"The fuck did you just say white boy bitch?" Jesús growled in his face.

“Jesús Christ,” Connor uttered, shocked.

“My name is Jesús Gonzalez, white boy. And I guess you don’t speak Spanish but I sure as shit habla ingles. Did you just tell me and my homies to...get to work?”

“I just meant we’re in a hurry, that’s all,” Connor’s voice begged to defuse the situation. “I wasn’t rushing you or your...homies. Just been a long day and I want to get my car fixed so me and my wife can get down the road.”

Jesús sized him up, eyes drilling fire into the white man’s face. Then he backed up an inch and turned to Naomi standing beside them.

“You really married to this punk, huh?” Jesús looked her up and down.

“I really am,” she smirked, making her own attempt to keep things on the level. “He isn’t always the brightest bulb in the house though. Know what I’m saying?”

“Chico blanco es estúpido,” Jesús said. “Your husband runs his mouth like that again he’ll be payin’ up a lot more than cash. Understand?”

“Understood,” she said.

The three Mexican’s disappeared through the door and into the garage, a minute later Naomi and Connor saw them pushing the sedan in through the wide bay doors.

“I don’t know about these guys, babe,” Connor sounded worried. “Something about them is off.”

“Not many choices left, babe. And I’m sure as hell not spending the night in whatever the hell they call this town.”

“Cucos,” Connor sighed. “Cucos, Colorado.”

“Muy bien,” she grinned back, and Connor laughed in spite of himself.

There was a large window that looked out from the lobby into the dirty garage where the Mexican's worked on Connor's sedan. No more than a few minutes passed at a time without one of them shooting a glaring look at Connor. Sometimes they'd look at Naomi too, but the look on their faces was more like a promise than a threat.

"They only smiled when that big one nearly kicked your ass," Naomi sipped a sprite she'd bought from the vending machine outside. "Other than that, they just scowl. Must not like to work Sundays I guess."

"He did not almost kick my ass," Connor unbuttoned the top of his collar, "he only did that because he wants to fuck you and he knows there's no other place for us to get the car fixed. He's going to charge me out the ass for this just because he can."

"You looked scared," she giggled.

"I did not. Now please stop fucking with me about it, OK?"

"Aye-aye, captain!" she mocked a salute and sipped her soft drink.

In the garage a plume of acrid black smoke loosed from underneath the sedan's hood, and for a moment nothing was visible, not even the bright tattoos that lined Ray-Ray's arms. Something clanged loud off the concrete, and amidst a cacophony of coughing came something else - laughter.

"What now?" Connor mumbled, a sick feeling starting to rise in his stomach.

"Are you sure we can pay for this?" Naomi sounded anxious for the first time. "That doesn't look like a quick fix...and our royalty check doesn't hit again until next Friday."

"I've got it don't worry about it," Connor rubbed his temples.

"You're sure, Connor? Because what happens if you don't? Do those guys look like they're just gonna let you ride out of here and mail them a check?"

"I said I got it. For fuck's sakes Naomi, enough. It's bad enough they check in to eye-fuck you every five seconds, now I gotta listen to you bitch in my fucking ear too?"

“OK Mr. Grumpy pants,” Naomi sat back. “I just hope you have some sort of a backup plan...because God knows what their backup plan is.”

Connor put distance between himself and his wife. He walked to the large window and tried to make out what was going on in the garage. The three of them hovered over his hood like grave robbers at midnight. They spoke amongst themselves in Spanish, sometimes miming things with their hands.

Connor tapped softly on the window.

The three Mexican’s looked up in unison, irritation written across their face. They scowled at him. Meekly, Connor gave them a double thumbs up. They gawked back as if they’d never seen the gesture in their lives.

“All good?” he mouthed at them through the glass.

Tito just shook his head, indicating that in fact, things were not good. Not even close. Another hour passed in the cigarette-smelling waiting room before Jesús, Tito, and Ray-Ray came stomping back inside.

“Your car is absolutely fucked white boy,” Jesús said.

“You ever heard of an oil change, dumbass?” Tito added.

“Of course I get the oil changed,” Connor rolled his eyes and approached the desk. “So how much are we talking here? How much time before we can get it back on the road?”

“Oh we can get you road ready in a few hours,” Ray-Ray smiled, his thin mustache tweaking on his upper lip. “But its gonna cost you, white boy. This gonna cost big time!”

The Mexican’s chuckled, and constantly their eyes shifted to the scantily clad blonde girl sitting against the back wall. It was warm in the lobby, and tiny beads of perspiration stood out on her shoulders, neck, and cleavage.

“How much?” Connor asked again.

When they said the estimate out loud, Naomi shrieked in her chair.

“You’ve got be fucking kidding me,” the light left Connor’s eyes. “For the sedan? How is that even possible?”

“Like I said white boy,” Tito chided, “you ever heard of an oil change?”

“That can’t be right,” Connor insisted. “I can give you five hundred tops. Maybe six. But there is no way I can afford all of that.”

“Well then I hope you and your girl are ready to push that piece of shit down main street, homes. After you pay us the consulting fee of course. That will be five hundred dollars.”

“Five hundred!” Connor screamed. “For what exactly?”

“Consulting,” Ray-Ray grinned.

“Fuck this,” Connor glared. “I want my keys back and we are out of here. You didn’t say shit about a consulting fee when I brought it in!”

Jesús was over the desk quicker than earlier, and this time he grabbed Connor by the neck and pinned him to the wall directly next to where Naomi sat. She jumped from her chair at the show of violence, ready to scream, ready to call for help.

“You refusing to pay us, white boy?” Jesús snarled.

“It’s too much,” Connor choked out. “You didn’t say anything about –“

“Shut the fuck up, puta!” Jesús got both of his oily hands around Connor’s neck and squeezed. “You talk too much. I’d hate to have to kick your ass right here in front of your wife, but if you keep running your mouth, you’re gonna leave me no choice. Comprende?”

“Don’t hurt him,” Naomi squeaked. “Please. He’s just an idiot. He talks to much.”

“Get your hands off of me,” Connor eked out. “Or I’ll call the police!”

“Call em, stupido. They worse than we are by a long shot. Sheriff Dodd is a nasty son of a bitch, and Officer Bol might be worse. Shit, with your girl looking

all ripe for the picking, I wouldn't be surprised if they brought the whole station down for a turn with her."

"You son of a bitch!" Connor spit.

Jesús wrestled the white man to the ground with ease and pinned his shoulders down with cruel knees, sitting atop his chest.

"Insult me one more time white boy," Jesús warned, "and your wife will be pushing your ass out of here in a wheelchair."

Tito and Ray-Ray came from around the desk during the scuttle and got on either side of Naomi. They towered above her, standing to close for comfort, helping themselves to the easy view down her white tank top. She stared up at them with that nervous red tongue gliding across her fat bottom lip.

"Now you listen real close white boy. Me and the homies is gonna go in there and fix that bitch ass car you drive around. When we're done, you're gonna pay me the whole amount. And if you can't do that, well, then your wife is going to pay me. But not in cash, homes. Pagar en el culo!"

"Nah, not in cash," Ray-Ray agreed.

"Fuck the money," Tito licked his lips and stared at the trembling white girl's cleavage.

"Not in cash homes," Jesús said again. "She gonna pay me in ass. And your ass is gonna watch her. Do I make myself clear?"

There was a long silence from Connor as he lay on the floor, pinned and beaten.

"You wouldn't dare," he managed.

"What you think, chica?" Jesús turned to the worried girl. "Should we kick your husband's scrawny ass in, or you gonna suck some cholo dick?"

Naomi's eyes bounced around the room, restless and overwhelmed. The only reason it took her so long to answer was Connor's presence. Nothing more. She didn't mind Ray-Ray and Tito, and she especially didn't mind the dark and dangerous Jesús. But she couldn't let Connor know that.

“Don’t hurt him,” she said at last. “Just go fix the car, and we’ll try and get your money.”

“And if you don’t?” Tito asked.

“Well...” she bit her bottom lip, “we’ll just have to figure something else out then, I guess.”

“Smart girl,” Jesús laughed, getting off Connor and standing. “You should just let her do the talking from now on, white boy. She better at it than you.”

The Mexican mechanics disappeared through the garage door once more and got to work on the car. Connor picked himself and his pride up off the greasy tile and took a seat next to his wife.

He tried to speak to her, to plead, but she hushed him with a soft finger over the lips.

“I’m not staying here,” she whispered. “I want to be in Aspen tonight, Connor. And the only thing standing between us is that stupid car and those three Mexicans. If we have to fix all of them to get the hell out of this town...so be it.”

“You can’t be serious?” his voice was shocked and hurt. “For God’s sake, Naomi! These fucking...thugs? I can’t even look at you!” Connor trailed off and looked at floor.

“No but you might have to, babe,” she placed a soft hand on his knee and squeezed. “You just might have to.”

Ray-Ray pushed Naomi against the driver’s side door and kissed her – his prickly black mustache tickling her mouth and his eager tongue moistening her lips. She seemed caught off guard as his palms pinned her to the dirty sedan. Jesús and Tito laughed when she squealed in surprise; her eyes open and darting around the garage.

“She likes it,” Tito licked his lips.

“I want to get this bitch naked,” Jesús chimed in.

Connor watched the Mexican's crowd his wife as Ray-Ray grew more confident with his hands, searching the front of her white tank top and playing with her soft tits. Connor's stomach filled with rage when Naomi locked eyes with him, and he could see the uncertainty in her face even as her tongue collided with Ray-Ray's.

"No hogging the white bitch, homes," Jesús smacked his compadre on the shoulder. "Let me see how those titties feel."

Ray-Ray pulled back from Naomi's trembling body, but not before pinching the front of her breasts, clamping taut nipples between thumb and forefinger, tugging ever-so cruelly. Then the other two were on her, fondling her body roughly and taking all they could.

"These titties is soft, homes," Tito said, "imma' have to taste."

"Oh my God," Naomi uttered, looking down at the brown hands roaming her supple body. Ray-Ray dropped to a squatting position so that he was eye-level with the waistband of her tattered denim shorts, and he wedged open the space between her thighs, widening her stance, palming her sex over the shorts. Black oil smeared and stained her skin, filthy and slick.

"Go easy with her guys," Connor plead. "She's never been with more than one guy before. Please don't hurt her!"

"Shut yo' punk ass up white boy!" Tito yelled, closing his fingers around Naomi's thin neck.

"Stand there and watch your puta wife pay the fucking bills, chico!" Ray-Ray added, smacking the front of her cunt over the denim.

"Open your fucking mouth white bitch," Jesús leaned in and spat a perfect ball of white spit onto Naomi's tongue. She grimaced and swallowed, and Jesús laughed in her face. "Good white puta. Very good."

"Jesus Christ," Connor mumbled in agony.

Next came her clothes. Tito and Jesús helped to get the flimsy top off and over her head, exposing Naomi's blue bra and the white titties it barely contained. Two tan hands grabbed at her breasts and squeezed before tearing the brassiere

away and tossing it at Connor's feet.

"Fuck yeah!" Jesús yelled.

"Blanca, tetas bonitas!"

"Unas buenas tetas!"

They hung from her chest like two fat scoops of ice cream, soft and slicked with sweat from the stuffiness of the garage. They were exposed for no more than a few seconds before Jesús engulfed them in his dirty hands and brought them to his greedy mouth.

"Mmm, taste so good," he said, sucking at her nipples and drawing a gasp from Naomi. "White girl titties are the best!"

"To me, puta," Tito said, running his greasy fingers through her hair and directing her mouth to his, shoving his tongue to the back of her mouth. Down below, Ray-Ray had her shorts unbuttoned and pulled down past sweaty thighs. Pink panties exposed, he pushed two fingers into the wet fabric and found her clit, rubbing side to side.

Connor trembled in the doorway and watched them; one stranger gorging on his wife's tits, another making out with her, a third playing with her pussy...and the soft sighs escaping her mouth.

Ray-Ray tore the pink panties from her body in one harsh snap, and she cried into Tito's mouth. Ray-Ray smiled at the tucked lips of her cunt, at the curly bush of pubic hair so trimmed and manicured above her love button. Squeezing both thighs tight between dirty fingers, he dove in face-first, his mouth lapping and sucking at the whole of her sex.

"Oh fuck," Naomi managed between kisses, "Oh my God..." Dirt streaks appeared across her chest and neck, down her arms. Two perfect handprints signed in oil smudged against her pale thighs from where Ray-Ray groped while he ate her pussy. Naomi's hair was a frizzy blonde mess of crazy curls that teased up and out from her head, flowing down into long locks of gold that hung behind her shoulders. In the space of a few minutes her carefree summer-girl look had turned into something filthy and sinister, even her fragile cheekbones bearing the mark of the dirty mechanics.

“Time to see what your puta mouth does,” Ray-Ray said, standing and wiping the pussy juice from his chin. Tito and Jesús shoved her to the hard cement floor, where she knelt on old rags black with grease. The three Mexican’s peeled sweaty shirts from their bodies and tossed them ruthlessly at Connor in the corner. Then came leather belts clattering to the floor, and the unison scratch of zippers pulling down. Moments later the Mexicans stepped from jeans piled at their feet, naked and stroking. They ganged up on her.

Naomi’s eyes went wide when saw the three brown cocks, each different in size and hue. Ray-Ray’s was lengthy and veiny, blue and purple lines running along a rugged shaft to a fat pink head. Tito’s was shorter and fatter, with fat sagging balls swinging below. Jesús’s cock seemed to combine the attributes of his two compadres; impossibly long and thick, and when he smacked her across the mouth with it, Naomi screamed.

“Time to watch your puta wife serve a real man,” Jesús chided, filling his filthy hands with her frizzy hair, and directing her mouth to his hard-on. “She’s going to love it.” Jesús shoved his giant brown cock past Naomi’s surprised lips, grunting loud the moment he felt her tongue running along his undershaft. He filled her mouth with it and went as deep as she would allow in her frazzled state, and she coughed spit from her cheeks when it went too far back. “UGH,” Jesús moaned. “Good white puta!”

“She sucks good dick, homes?” Tito stroked himself, teetering closer.

“She fucking does,” Jesús grunted, fucking Naomi’s mouth through two greasy fists of hair.

“Look at your fucking wife white boy!” Ray-Ray laughed, leaning over and smacking Naomi’s swinging tits red. “On her knees like a fucking puta for me and the homies!”

Naomi’s chin pointed slick towards the floor as she stretched her jaw to its limit. Jesús long-stroked her throat over and over, digging out the thick spit hiding down there. His wiry pubic hair slicked with perspiration, and Naomi’s cute little nose tickled each time he went deep enough to touch her with it. She kept her throat relaxed, giving herself to the strange Mexican, allowing him all the pleasure he wanted with her subservient face.

“Good white puta,” he grunted as he face-fucked her. “Swallow that Mexican

dick for your husband to see. He's a bitch little white boy. And you my fucking puta white bitch now! UGH!"

Naomi gagged on it, coughing up spit but never closing her gaping mouth. From behind, Tito pinched and played with her tits while Ray-Ray squatted once more, so as to finger-fuck her sopping cunt with filthy fingers.

Connor ran his hands through his hair and sighed long and loud.

Jesús pulled from her throat, his cocking dragging long ropes of spit from her lips. He dragged her by the hair, and she followed on sore knees until he placed her on all fours in the center of the dilapidated garage. He wasted no time smacking her thighs apart until she spread wide for him. As he squatted down behind Naomi, feet planted to either side of her body, Jesús held onto her thin hips, preparing her for landing.

"Eyes up here puta," Ray-Ray spat, positioning himself in front of Naomi, whose palms dug into the cold garage floor, blackened at the knuckles. "Open your puta mouth bitch," he slapped his long brown dong across her face until her lips parted in a sharp gasp. "Good fucking puta. Suck it. Show your husband how much you love my Mexican cock!"

Jesús entered her from behind, the shocking girth of his penis drawing a low wail deep inside Naomi. It came out muffled against Ray-Ray's cock inexplicably blocking her airway. Connor stood nearby, leaning against his repaired sedan, hand covering his eyes.

Tito lit a cigarette and blew the acrid smoke against the double-team unfolding on the garage floor.

"Suck my motherfuckin' dick, bitch," Ray-Ray moaned, one-palming the back of her head as he crouched slightly at the knees, deep-dicking her straining gullet from above. At the very same time, Jesús power-fucked her tight cunt from behind, swinging at the hips and holding her in place for maximum depth. Naomi's moans were strained muffles against the never-ending onslaught of Ray-Ray's brown cock.

"Look at that shit homes," Tito puffed a black and mild. "Your wife is a fucking slut, man! She straight up fucking my homies no questions asked. She do you like that, white boy? I bet not. She gaggin' and shit. Jesús barely fits, homie."

“Fuck my life,” Connor mumbled.

“That is some good fuckin’ pussy, ese,” Jesús panted, getting down onto his knees behind her. “She take this dick like a fuckin’ champ!” He stared down at his fat long cock as it slid in and out of the white woman’s pussy. The walls of her cunt gripped him, stretched beyond comfort. He smacked her ass sudden and stinging, relishing the feel of her body wriggling against him.

“Scoot over homes,” Tito said, clenching his cig between his teeth and jostling in next to Ray-Ray, replacing his cock in Naomi’s mouth. “That’s it, baby. Show me how much you love to suck cock. Suck it!”

Naomi stared up at them wide-eyed, body shaking with each hard pump from Jesús. She let them take turns fucking her mouth, gagging her, slapping her. Sometimes she felt Jesús’s hands underneath her, reaching around to fondle her tits as he took her.

Eventually, Jesús pulled out and flipped her over. She lay flat-backed against the filthy shop floor, the grease of a thousand oil changes sullyng her body. The Mexican mechanic shoved his giant brown cock inside her once more, his pace quickening, his pumps more vicious. Naomi’s tits shook and swayed as he plowed her missionary, and the two men to either side of her never squandered the opportunity to cop a feel or slap their throbbing dicks against her face.

“I’m going to fucking nut, puta!” Jesús yelled, pulling out and jerking it across her torso. It came in fast, long white ropes that streaked her tummy. Wayward wads clogged her belly button, and some of the nut mixed with the dirt on her skin. “All over your puta wife white boy! UGH! She take my fucking nut!”

After Jesús shook out the last of it from the tip of his swollen prick, he was quickly replaced by Tito, who had lit a fresh cigarette for the occasion. The velvety smoke of his black and mild filled the space, and as he started to fuck Naomi (Jesús’s nut still fresh on her body), she began to let out little choked coughs that soon turned to moans.

“Oh fuck man this pussy so tight,” Tito puffed, “I know that white boy got a little ass dick. Bitch ass little dick. Fucking pussy. That’s why I’m fuckin’ his puta wife right the fuck now!” Tito wrapped his pudgy fingers around Naomi’s thin neck and squeezed. She choked out a whisper, and he held her in place on the dirty garage floor as he fucked her hard and shallow. “Open your mouth,

puta,” Tito commanded, and then spit right down her throat when she obliged. “Fucking slut!” When he pulled from her cunt he gripped his cock tight like he were preventing a bomb from exploding, and brought it directly to the side of her face. His fat white nut came in fast, spurting globs that coated the left side of her face, greasing her cheek, blinding her left eye. “UGH! TAKE IT PUTA BITCH!” It ran across her trembling lips, and she gagged, the last few spurts finding their way into her mouth. She swallowed with a grimace. Sweating and spent, Tito backed up, not before ashing his black mild in the white girl’s hair.

“My fucking turn hombres,” Ray-Ray rushed between her legs, “and you know we done saved the best for last.” He deep-dicked her, the loads of his two friends still sticking to her body, dripping off her ruined face. His calloused hands held onto her by the tits, and he stared deep into her eyes when he spoke. “You like that bitch? Yeah you fuckin’ do. Look over at your pussy ass husband in the corner. He watching. Cus that’s all that pussy bitch gets to do. Watch me fuck his puta wife. And she fuckin’ loves it. Tell him. Tell yo pussy ass white husband you love getting’ fucked by Ray-Ray.”

“Oh baby I love it,” Naomi moaned, turning her cum-stained face to look at Connor across the room. “I love how Ray-Ray is fucking me.”

“Tell him how much better a fuck I am,” Ray-Ray slapped her tit.

“Oh! Ow! Fuck. Oh baby, Ray-Ray fucks me so much better than you. So much fucking better...oh...oh fuck...I’m fucking cumming...” Naomi trembled, her mouth opened in sweet anguish. Ray-Ray picked up speed and drilled the orgasm out of her, never slowing even as it subsided. “Oh fuck fuck fuck, oh my God Ray-Ray...”

“Listen to this puta bitch moan on my cock,” Ray-Ray went on. “She moan like that for you, white boy? Didn’t think so. You a fuckin’ pussy ass bitch, white boy. Pussy ass motherfuckin’ bitch. You stupid motherfucker. Ugh. I’m grinding in yo bitch’s pussy!”

Tito and Jesús laughed, idly putting their clothes back on as their homie finished his work. Connor checked his watch, praying for the end of it all.

“You want my nut white bitch?” Ray-Ray asked her.

“Yes please...”

“Hold the fuck still then bitch,” Ray grunted, closer, “cus I’m gonna fuckin’ fill you up! UGH! UGH!”

“What the fuck!” Connor cried, realizing what was happening.

“Oh my God,” Naomi came again, screaming, feeling the release deep inside.

“He nuttin’ in yo bitch!” Tito guffawed.

Ray-Ray disappeared inside her, buried to the hilt, his hairy brown ballsack convulsing against the bottom of her slit. “UGH!” he grunted. “IN YO PUTA BITCH’S CUNT! UGH! FUCK!”

“Ohhhh,” Naomi moaned.

“Take it all white bitch!” Jesús added.

“UGH! UGH!” Ray-Ray released deep, each spurt of it hot and strong and lining her insides with strange semen. The moment he pulled out, a thick river of cum ran fresh down the crack of her dirt-stained ass. “Look at that fucking shit, white boy!”

Connor watched. His once pristine wife lay squirming on the disgusting garage floor, the semen of three different men dripping on and out of her. Her chest rose and fell quickly as she tried to catch her breath, to catch some sort of handle on what had just happened. The Mexicans were already dressed, and the only evidence that remained of their gangbang was the blonde girl on the ground.

“Now get the fuck out of here,” Tito grunted, tossing jangling car keys through the air, watching them land in a puddle of cum pooled on Naomi’s belly.

“Vamanos,” Jesús added, “before I decide to do some more repairs on your car, and yo’ bitch!”

Connor helped his naked, trembling wife to the car where he found her some napkins and a fresh pair of underwear. An hour down the road he turned to her to say something, to say anything about what they’d just been through.

But Naomi slept soundly, and not a word passed between them until they arrived in Aspen that night.

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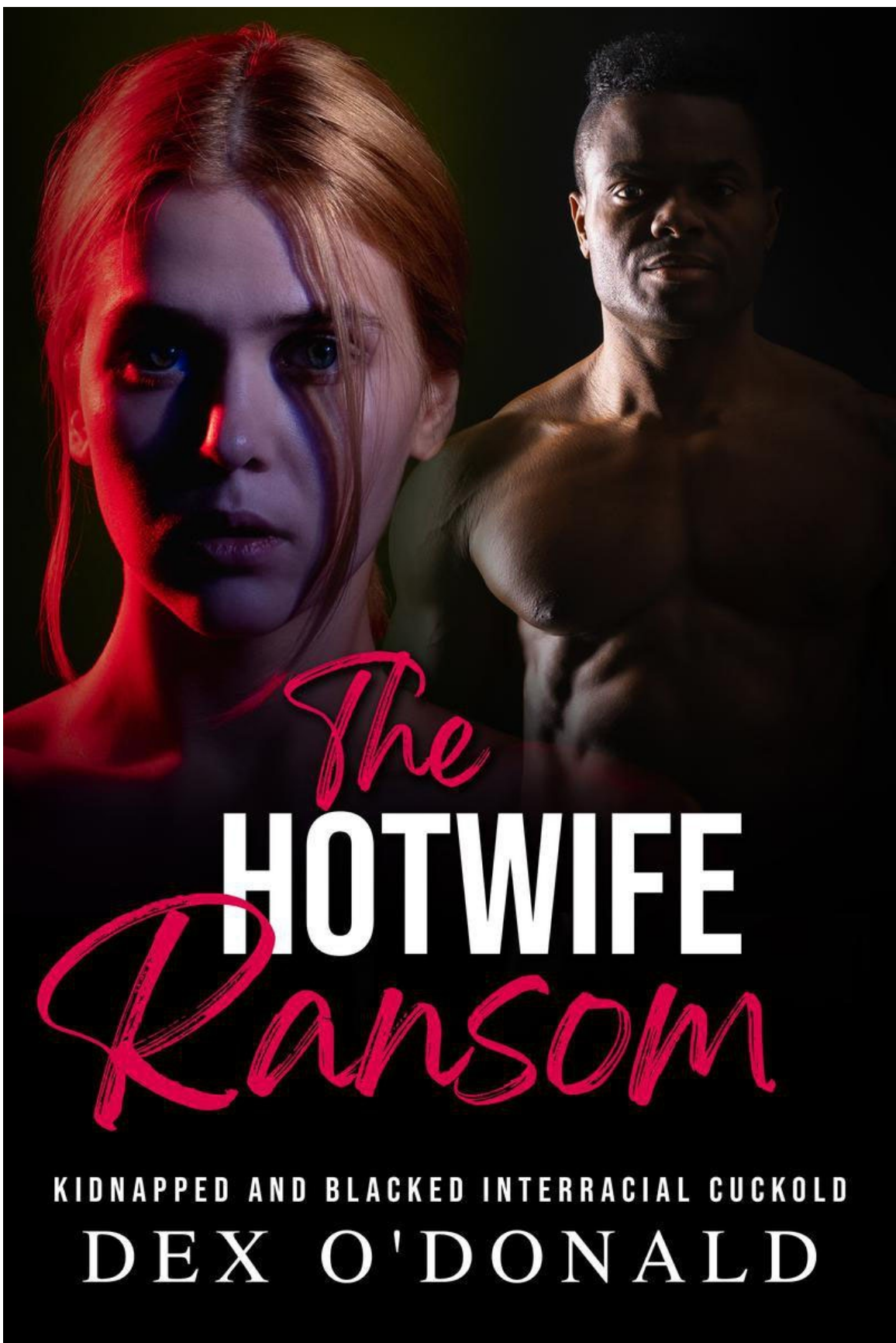
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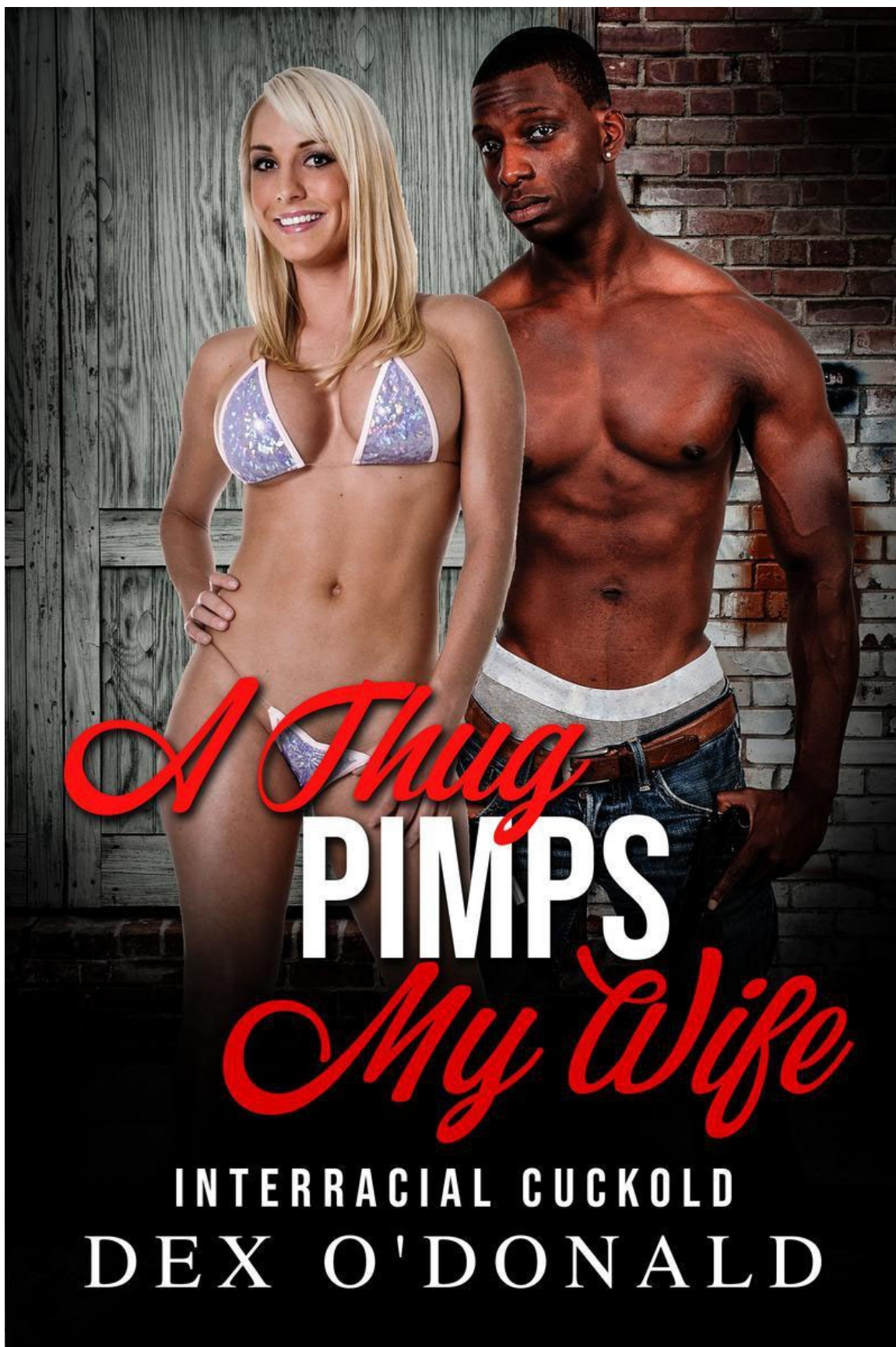


The
HOTWIFE
Ransom

KIDNAPPED AND BLACKED INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD

DEX O'DONALD

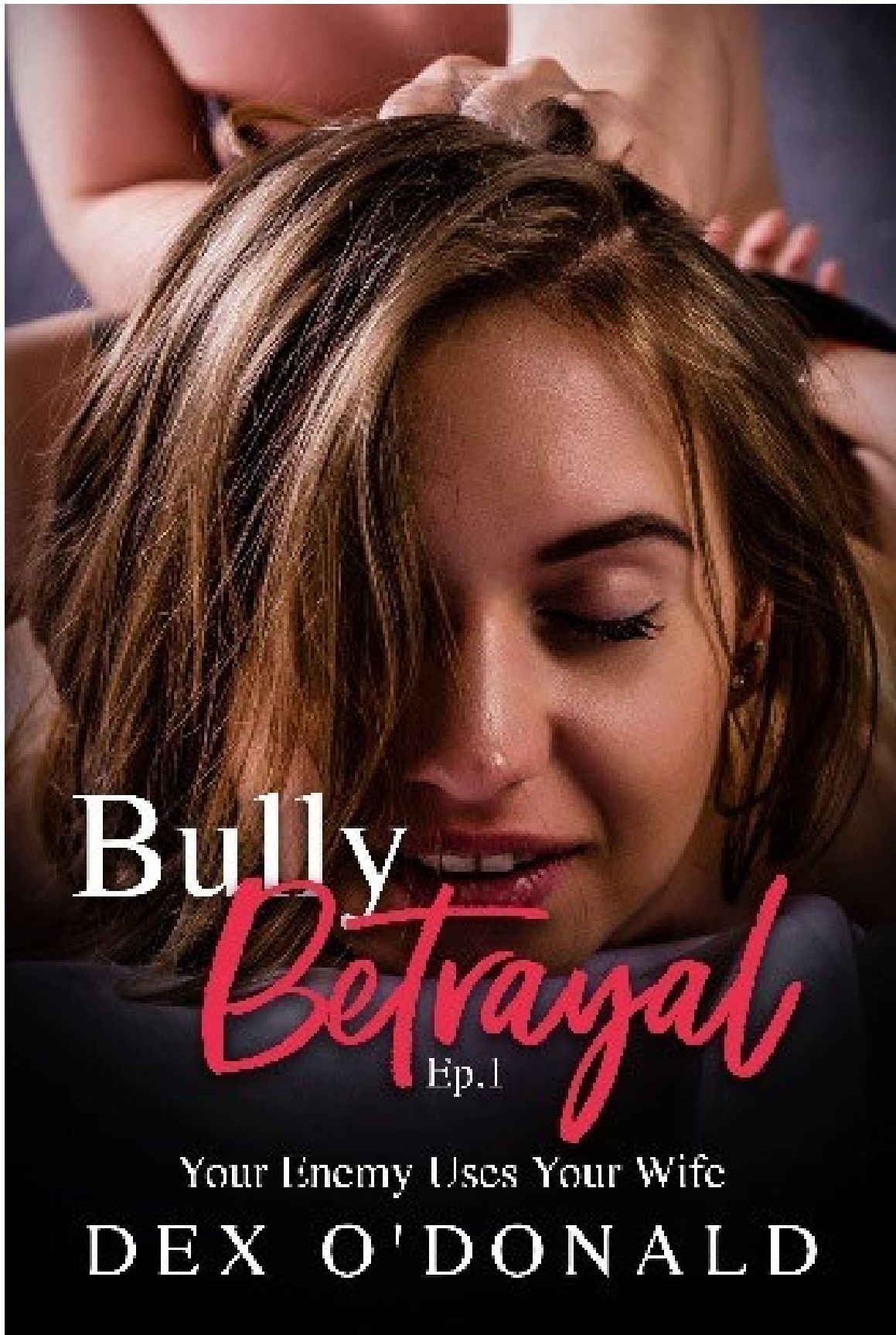
[A Thug Pimps My Wife](#)



A Thug
PIMPS
My Wife

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 1: Your Enemy Uses Your Wife



Bully

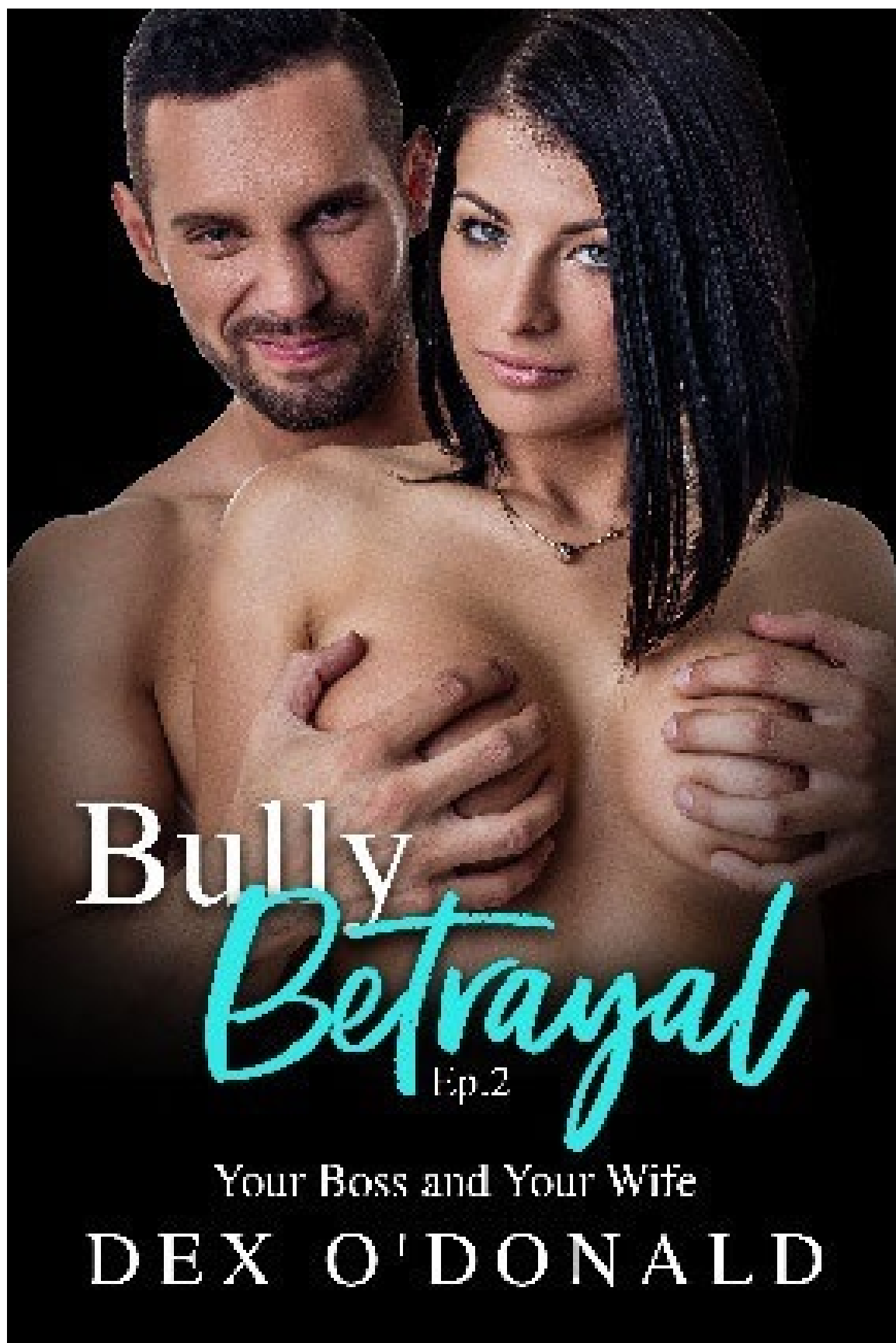
Betrayal

Ep.1

Your Enemy Uses Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



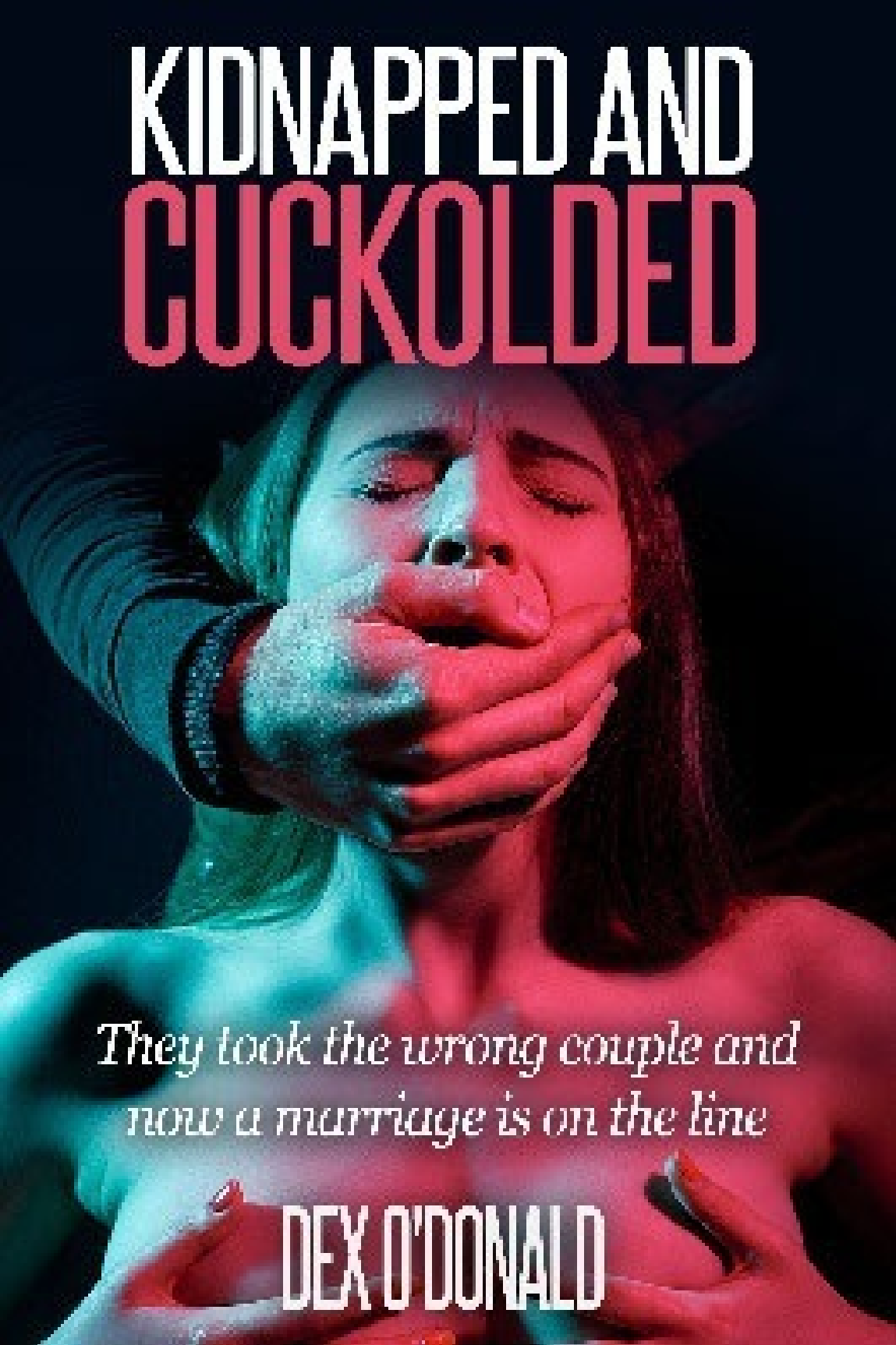
Bully
Betrayal
Ep. 2

Your Boss and Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD

Kidnapped and Cuckolded

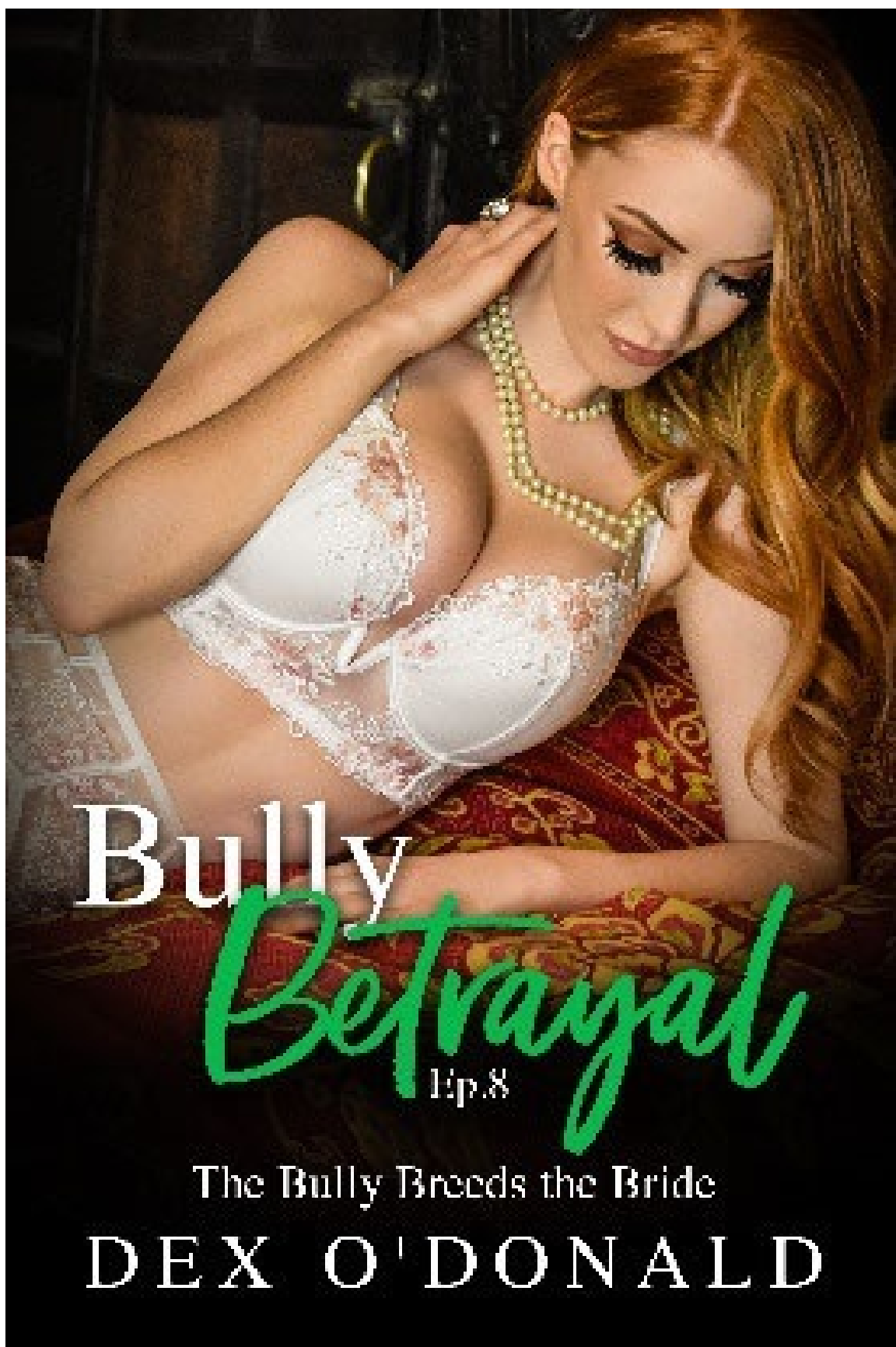
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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

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

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



Bully

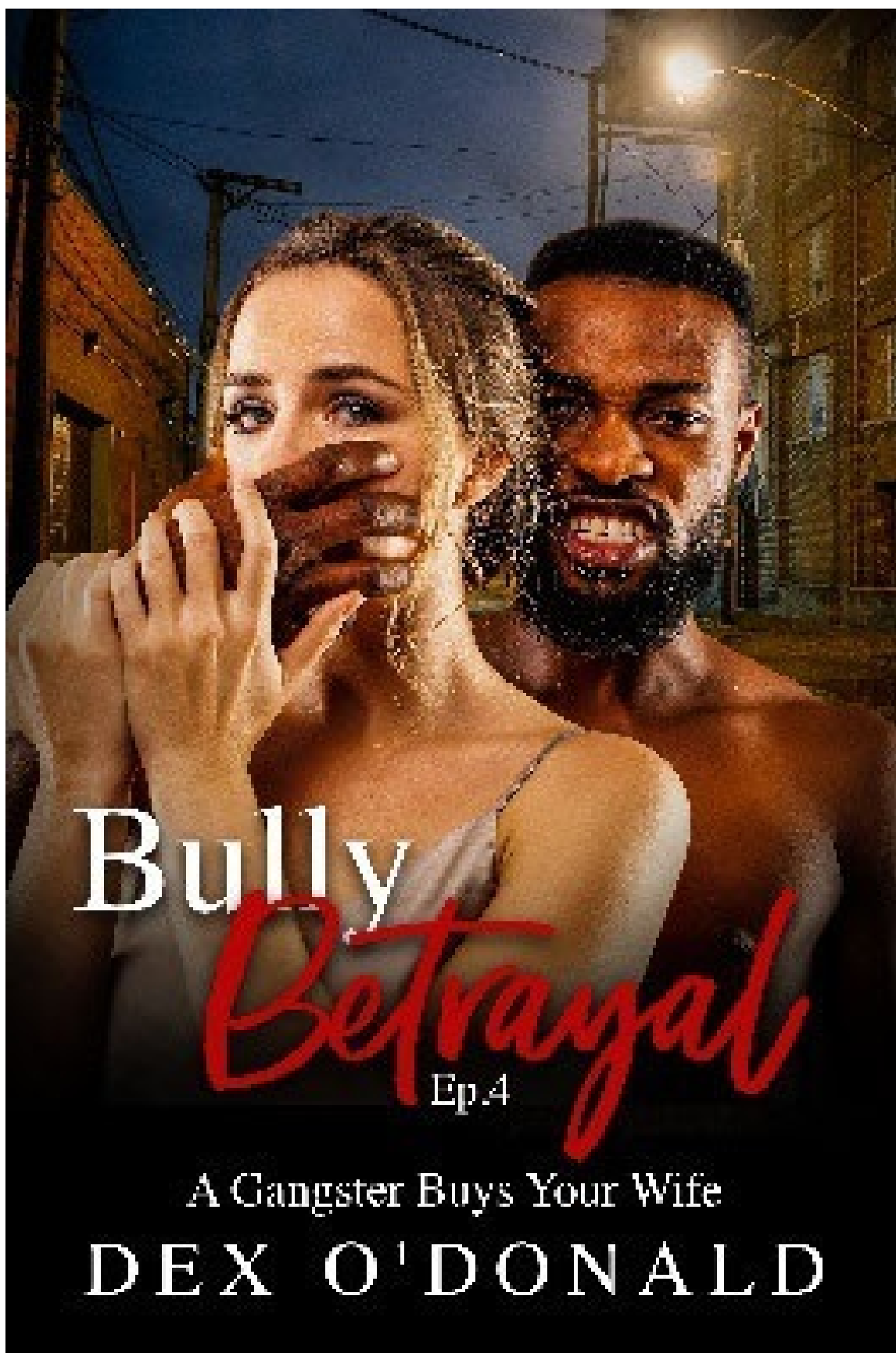
Betrayal

Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

DEX O'DONALD

Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

Betrayal

Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

DEX O'DONALD