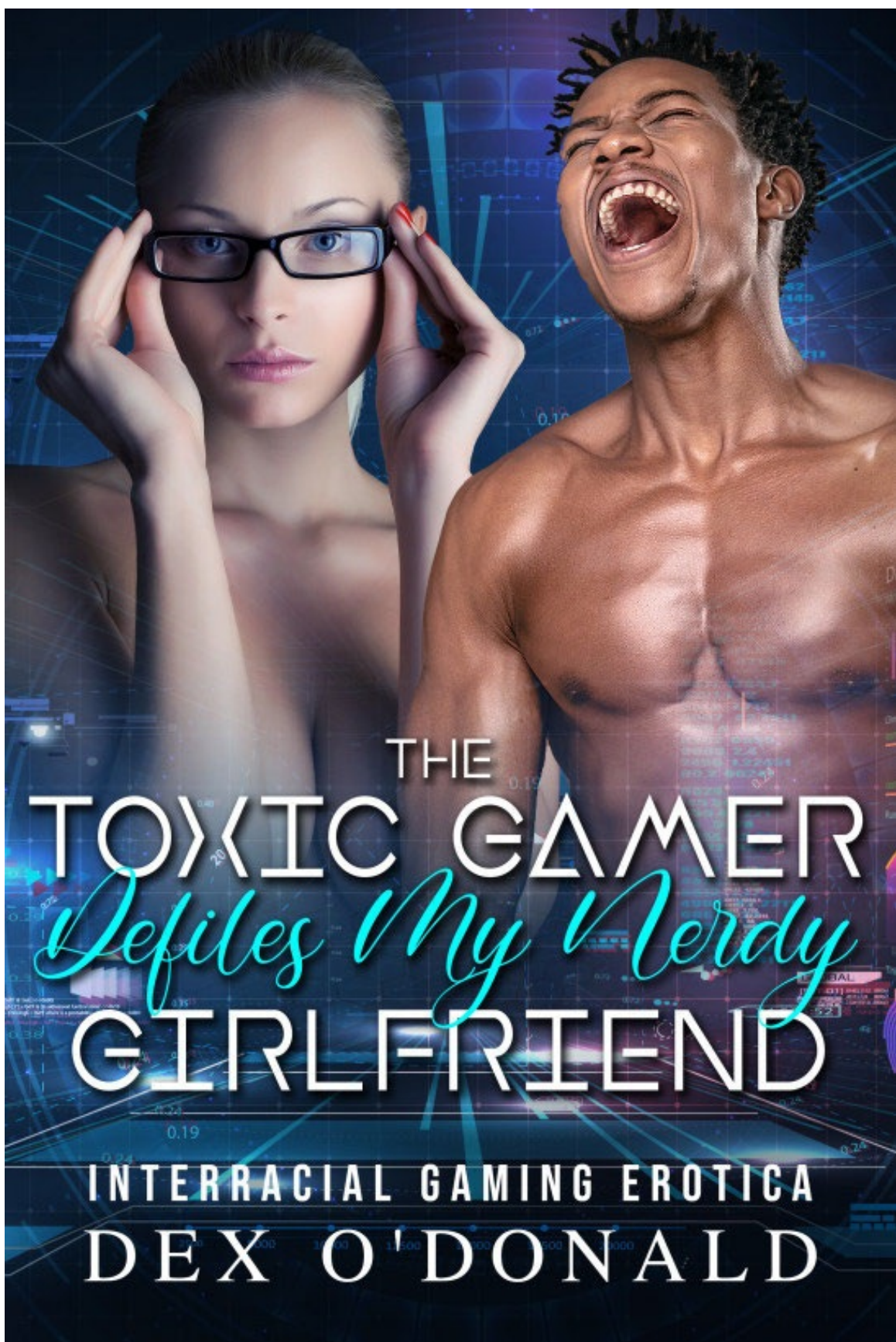


THE  
TOXIC GAMER  
*Defiles My Nerdy*  
GIRLFRIEND

INTERRACIAL GAMING EROTICA  
DEX O'DONALD





THE  
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**The Toxic Gamer Defiles My Nerdy Girlfriend: Interracial Gaming Erotica  
(Bully Betrayal Ep. 25)**

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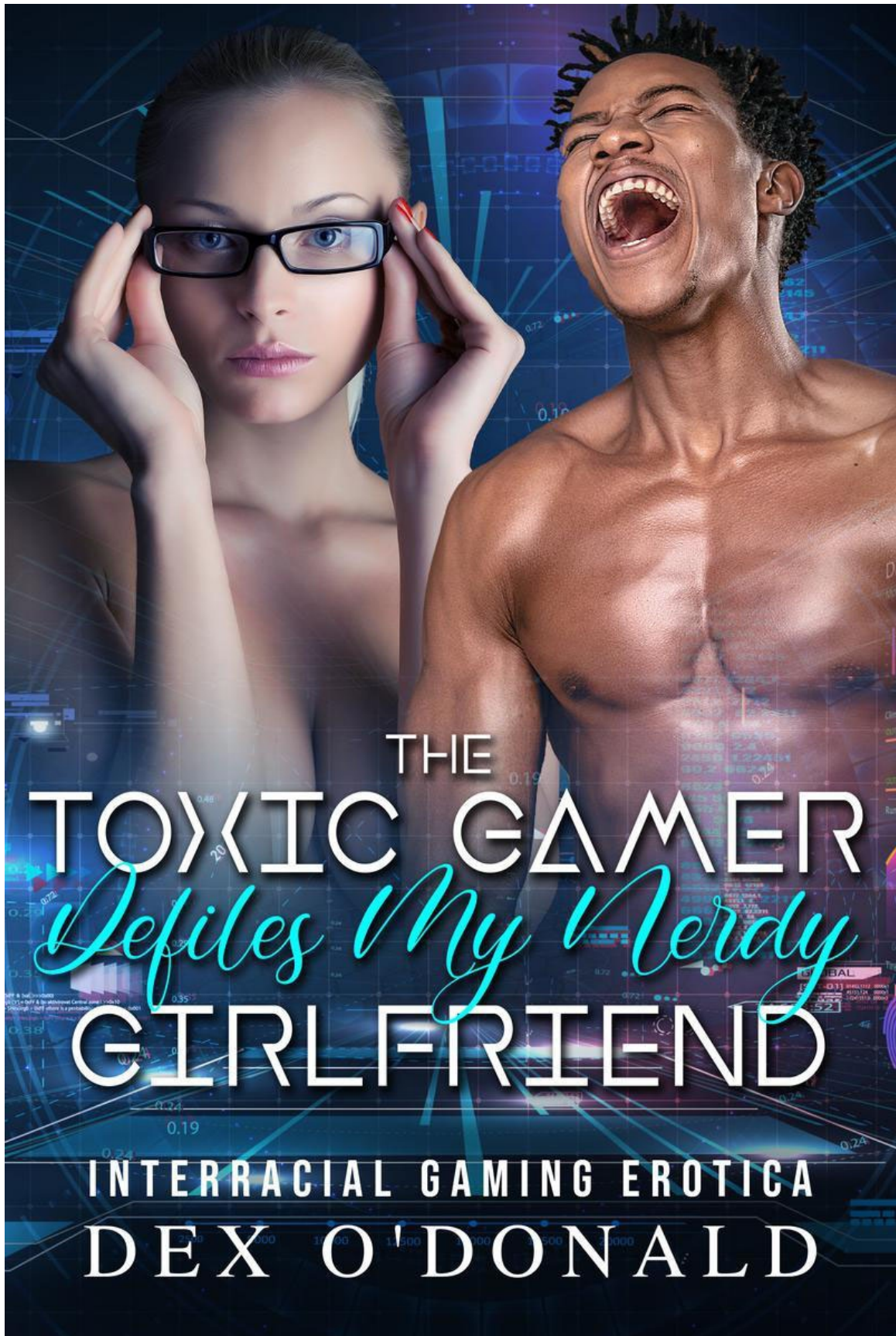
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## Table Of Contents

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

“What’s the haps what’s the haps, chat,” Mila snuggles into her large, overtly pink gaming chair and clasps over-ear headphones around her blonde head. She wears a green crop-top that leaves her flat tummy exposed and voluptuous tits on display. Glancing at the viewer count for her Twitch stream she sees the number hovering around seventy-five. Not bad for going live only minutes ago.

“Mic check, mic check,” Ron articulates into the microphone, confirming the volume of his own headset. His face is squirrely excitement, his voice a sharp yammer.

A camera positioned at the head of their gaming room shows Mila and Ron as they want the audience to see them; boyfriend and girlfriend, juxtaposed on either ends of a massive desk, monitors back-to-back and faces aglow with the light of 240 FPS. Two other cameras act as face-cams and alternate between Mila and Ron, though it is Mila’s face that gets the most airtime.

“What are we playing today, babe?” Mila speaks into the microphone fastened inches away from her lips.

“Hmmm, what does Chat think? What should we play Chat?”

The Chat window on the right side of the screen moves constantly, a myriad of usernames and messages with varying degrees of spelling inaccuracies and grammatical errors. They respond in kind to Ron’s question, happy to be noticed.

Chimp435: Fortnite!

Rev\_king\_89: Its gotta be Fort!

shadow\_bo: Play COD or APEX

GamingM725: Fort!

Libtardbag02: Among Us

“I think Chat wants us to check out the new Fortnite update, babe,” Mila looks tiny in the arms of her gaming chair, a bronzed blonde bombshell who would seem more at home on a fashion runway than a PC lobby, save for the black-rimmed nerd glasses adorning her elvish, adorable face.



“Let’s give the people what they want then,” Ron scans the Chat, ignoring some of the more blatant remarks about his girlfriend. He looks up and past his monitor to the space between Mila’s screen and her computer tower, where he can see her playful, sexy grin. He watches her tender line of cleavage as it leads inside the green crop-top. Fucking her with his eyes is necessary sometimes; a way to reclaim what so many voiceless viewers tried to take from him.

Strangerdang30: You look fine as hell today Mila

Spockking32: Try and watch a Mila stream without nutting...

Dripwillstick043: how this nerdy dude land such a hot babe?

“What skin should I be, babe?” Mila asks her boyfriend.

“Something with a nice ass,” he grins, “since you always go rouge and I get stuck following you from behind!”

“I do not always go rouge!” she squeals to Chat’s delight, “Chat tell him! Do I? Do I really? No way!”

Chameron420: You just trying to go off

Babyjesusbearpig1: do you baby don’t let that man hold you back

Smokinghash382: you might go rogue sometimes...

Chimp435: your better than Ron anyway

“They know it’s true, they’re just being nice because you look so pretty today,” Ron winks.

“Complimenting me now that you’re finished trolling?”

“Oh, my dear, the trolling has only just begun!”

“I’m sorry Chat, Ron is out of control today,” Mila giggles with delight. “Let’s see if his confidence translates into wins. Gotta get them dubs know what I’m sayin’!”

Ron and Mila join each other’s lobbies and que up for a game of duo Battle

Royale. The live camera stays on Mila as they play, occasionally switching to the wide view of the two of them; rarely at all to Ron's cheeky smile.

"Nice shot, babe!" Ron pumps his fist in the air, momentarily letting go of his mouse.

"What a noob!" she giggles, looting the dead body and upgrading her shotgun.

"20 people left we got this," Ron's eyes zero in, "lets focus up."

"There's a team West by the house on the ridge..."

"Tagged one for thirty damage..."

"Knocked one..."

"I'm pushing!"

"I'm with you!"

The gaming couple take down another team, moving into the final zones with eight kills each and six opponents left on the map. They build into a one-by-one and wait to get eyes on the remaining teams.

"Fighting East," Ron calls out, "we might be able to third-party this for the win..."

"Those guys seem pretty good," Mila is unconvinced, "I say we hold zone and see where the next circle pushes."

"They're weak...I'm going. I'm launching over. Now!"

"Oh fuck! With you!"

Mila launches with Ron across the map to where a build fight climbs to the sky. As they land a John Wick skin obliterates two opponents in the blink of an eye, then disappearing into a labyrinth of builds before either Mila or Ron can get a shot off.

"He's the last guy!"

“We get him we win!”

LongDonSilver: they got this

Gamingj\_king\_89: this game is in the bag

shadow\_gb: 2v1 FTW!

As the two of them push the final opponent, they are quickly separated by the lone gunman who floats through a myriad of walls and stairs to retake the high ground.

“He’s on me I need help!” Mila shrieks.

“I can’t find you!”

“He’s ON ME!”

“Fuck! Where!”

“FUCK! He knocked me!” Mila pushes away from the desk, angry but not out of the fight, eyes focused on Ron’s every move as he pushes the last player for the win.

“Shit, he’s fast...” Ron mumbles.

“You got this babe, don’t forget to reset your edit!”

“Fuck...fuck...”

“Nice shot! Oh shit...heal...heal babe you gotta heal!”

“Oh Fuck!”

“NO!”

Ron’s playable character explodes into a cloud of guns and ammo as he is defeated, 2nd place appears across the screen, along with the gamertag of the winning player.

*IWreckdUrGrl Eliminated You!*

“Pretty apt name I think,” Mila giggles, letting go of the loss as she always did.

“What a fucking prick!” Ron slams his fists down on the desk.

“Oh boy, Chat, here we go! Another one of Ron’s famous rager moments!”

“It’s not funny!” Ron says annoyed, “that guy was trash and I almost had him!”

“Some guys are just better I guess, babe,” Mila winks at the camera and Chat goes wild.

“I’m going to report this asshole for smurfing. What’s his tag again?”

“I wrecked your girl,” Mila reads off the screen as the player does a victory-dance over Ron’s dead body.

“I guess he did...” Ron smirks.

“And he wrecked you as soon as he finished so...”

“Ha. Ha. Ha.”

LongDongSilver: damn he whooped yalls ass

Chimp435: Ron kinda blew it there

Dynomite69: this is big yikes

Gamercop187: damn check that gamertag though

The cute, bickering couple continue with their marathon stream and push past the four-hour mark. Between each game Ron looks his girlfriend up and down, savoring her body and the fact that a girl so attractive not only enjoys playing video games, but is his. All his.

“I think it’s time to switch modes,” Mila announces after their third straight loss, stretching her arms over her head and giving their four hundred Twitch viewers a fantastic view of her double-d’s. “How about some 1v1 in creative?”

“How about 1v1 with some of our loyal followers?” Ron turns to the camera and gives Chat inquisitive eyebrows. As expected, they react in kind with countless



gamers submitting their names for a chance to play against Mila and Ron in a head-to-head match of Fortnite.

“Alright guys you know the rules,” Mila grins white teeth as she ques up a game against a randomly chosen subscriber, “no racism, and nothing too pervy on the mic...”

“Nothing too pervy,” Ron rolls his eyes, “keep it in your pants today guys, we don’t want to have to perma-ban anyone like last time.”

“He was a nasty little shit, wasn’t he?”

“Too much G-Fuel maybe...”

“OK, whose first?” Mila bounces in her chair, boobs bobbling for 1k viewers.

“Looks like...,” Ron scrolls through Discord as Mila loads into a private lobby, “a subscriber named HellaSweet420.”

“Hello?” comes a timid voice from the in-game chat.

“HellaSweet?” Mila shrugs at Chat.

“Oh wow it’s really you,” the shy young voice giggles, “I didn’t think I would get picked.”

“Well, you did! And now we get to 1v1. Go easy on me, OK?”

“I’ve been subscribed to you for almost a year,” HellaSweet says, “there’s no way I can beat you. You’re way too good.”

“Only one way to find out” Ron twirls his fingers in the air, “so off to the races.”

Mila and HellaSweet420 go at it for ten rounds with the streamer taking nine of them. There is a throw away round in which Mila tries to trick shot the nervous gamer but she dies to fall damage instead.

“It was so fun playing with you, Hella,” Mila swoons into the mic, “and thanks for being such a loyal subscriber.”

“Thank you so much...you really made my day,” the faint teenage voice

disappears into server oblivion.

“Not a bad start, babe,” Ron sips some freshly brewed coffee, “but let’s see if we can get you some real competition.”

LuigiSphagetti: pick me pick me

Chimp435: she pretty fast for a girl NGL

LordDickerton: lemme play Ron Ill embarrass him...

GuptaMupta20: I got Mila let me play Ron 1v1

“No, chat. You only get to 1v1 me if you get through Mila first,” Ron reminds them. He looks across the desk and makes brief eye contact with girlfriend; she offers him a docile, controlled smirk.

Yokazuma02: I would destroy you

SnookKing32: Ron ain’t that good!

shadow\_gb: Play me on Mortal Kombat see what happens...

Gametogame725: Lemme fight you Ron winner gets Mila!

“I’m sure you would all just totally kick my ass,” Ron jokes, “but you’ll need to kick Mila’s first.”

Three more opponents fall to Mila’s window-edit-1-pump. She breezes through them like she’s warming up, her breasts barely swaying even as her right arm traces wide angles on a black mousepad.

“Who’s next?” she cracks her knuckles and stretches her neck left to right.

“Looks like...oh wow,” Ron’s face drops in disbelief, “you’re not going to believe this one, babe.”

“What is it?”

“Says here that one IWreckdUrGrl was chosen to play you in a 1v1,” Ron looks up from the screen and into his girlfriend’s wild blue eyes, “I guess it’s your

lucky day.”

“The guy who beat us earlier?”

“The very one.”

Snakeeyes420: stream sniper for sure

spinchforpopeye: don’t even bother with this loser

gordonlightbutt30: time for some revenge...

GoPowerRangersGo: don’t waste your time!

“What is he like a stream sniper? What are the chances, Chat?” Mila puzzles.

“Your call, babe,” Ron shrugs, “you can always mute him if he’s toxic.”

“We’re doing it,” she grins, “I want a vote from Chat first though. Is this a nice guy or a toxic bro? What do we think everybody?”

Chimp435: TOXIC!

Rev\_king\_89: he is a troll for sure

shadow\_bo: Toxic gamer bro

GamingM725: might be trying to apologize?

“Fingers crossed,” Mila sighs, entering the private lobby with IWreckdUrGrl.

The battle island comes on screen; a flat green plane with a black line in the middle signaling where to start the fight. As Mila runs to the center of the map, a second playable character enters the island and stops adjacent to her on the other side of the black line.

The cackle of a microphone. A smoker’s cough. A deep, muffled voice.

“Hello?” Mila holds the O on the word like a song. “IWreckd? You there? Are you ready to get your ass kicked by a girl?”

Silence and heavy breathing, then – “the fuck you say, bitch?”

Chat explodes.

“And if there was any doubt, it has been removed!” Mila snickers, readying for battle.

“I smell a perma-ban coming,” Ron shakes his head.

“Don’t waste my time with this bullshit,” IWrckdUrGrl’s voice blares in-game and on-stream, “lemme fight that pussy ass white boy sitting across from you! Don’t need to waste my time with no noob ass white bitch unless she sucking my dick.”

“Definitely muting this asshole,” Ron, red in the face, navigates to the audio options looking for levels.

“Don’t,” Mila says irritated, “let him talk his shit. I want to hear what he has to say when I triple-edit-1-pump his ass.”

“You ain’t editing shit white bitch,” the toxic stranger spits, “I’m too fast. I’m too good. Make you a deal. You win one of these rounds and I’ll donate fifty bucks. But if you lose all ten, you gotta come suck my big black dick while I teach your man how to play Warzone.”

“What an asshole,” Ron pants wide-eyed, the stranger’s aggression rattling him.

“Fuck you white boy! I’m coming for your ass next. After I wreck your girl.”

Faylen320: shots fired!

LukeBiWalker: damn this dude trying to cuck ron LOL

Snakeeyes420: this dude can’t be serious tho...

simpforqueen: Ron just gonna let him talk to her like that?

“Big talk for a coward behind a keyboard,” Mila says, the countdown to the start of their match moving backwards from 10.

“Gonna be big talk when I got my dick in your mouth,” the troll chides, “you



taking my bet or not white girl?”

“Go fuck yourself, troll,” Mila shoots back. The countdown is at 5.

“Nah bitch...that’s what I got you for.”

The timer hits zero, the two gamers attack.

Mila cranks three straight 90’s and pushes from the front, making a bold move for high-ground. As her stair crosses over his, she is suddenly boxed in by four walls not her own. As she turns to edit out, IWreckdUrGrl takes her wall.

The troll corner edits fast as lightening and hits Mila head on for 220 damage, killing her instantly.

“Too bad you didn’t take that bet bitch,” he trolls, “my big black dick would be in your mouth right about now.”

“Lucky shot,” she insists, “run it back.”

“I’ll run it back then I’m run it all over your ass, how about that shit?”

Ron watches the viewer count on their stream sky-rocket as he tries to get handle on the situation. He tries to motion to Mila and ask her if she is OK, but her eyes are fixed to the screen; enthralled by the competition.

The timer hits zero once more and Mila renews her patented attack, this time coning the top of her stair to avoid getting boxed in. As she side jumps out to retake high ground, she hears the blast of a shotgun from her right, followed by the chinging sound of shield falling from her health bar. He’s hit her and she has no idea how. Before she can process what has happened and box up, he is spraying her walls with SMG fire. A moment later he takes her roof, drops in on a stair, reverse-edits, and one pumps her to pieces.

“Eat my whole ass white bitch,” IWreckdUrGrl drones, “and tell that bitch ass boyfriend it’s his turn to get wrecked. I’m done wasting my time with your noob ass.”

Red in the face, Mila cracks her neck.

Chimp435: this dude is pro level

Revking89: Mila look like she getting upset...

Boxersboy45: let Ron defend your honor girl

“I say we mute this asshole, Mila,” Ron pleads, “he’s probably some stream-sniper doing this for clout. The longer we leave him on the mic the better it is for him.”

“Back off, Ron,” she says absently, “I can take care of myself.”

“I ain’t no fucking stream-sniper,” the disembodied voice continues, “but I am a bitch-sniper. After I finish kicking her ass I’m gonna kick yours. Then I’m gonna steal your bitch. Then I’m gonna wreck your bitch. Hence the name, fuckface!”

“You really are a fucking troll,” Mila runs forward into round three, cranking to the sky.

“After I spank your white ass red this round, you gonna call me WUG. That’s short for IWUG, but I got sick of hearing bitches moan the I. Wonder what your boyfriend gonna think when he hears you moan like he ain’t never heard before.”

Mila is a pile of loot and ammo by the time WUG finishes talking. She shakes with anger and the pale scoops of her cleavage are flushed red. The timer counts back from ten.

“That’s four-zip, bitch,” WUG rails on, “how many times I gotta destroy you before you let me spank your little boyfriend?”

“I’m just getting warmed up,” Mila spits, “we still got a long way to go till we reach ten.”

“And who knows what this psycho will say between now and then,” Ron interrupts as the viewer count reaches 10k. “Let’s block him.”

“Enough, Ron,” Mila shakes her head, “stop being such a coward!”

delimeats: OH DAMN

flamagrafan: Ron such a beta boy

louts\_flys: lovers quarrel?

“You talk to your man like he a little bitch,” WUG takes round 5 with ease, “wait till I get a hold of him.”

“Do you ever shut the fuck up?” Mila stammers as she dies for the sixth straight round.

“I’ll shut up when my mouth round your pussy, girl,” WUG guffaws as he takes round seven.

Chefdonglong3: this dude really got big balls huh?

debutanteball: ban this toxic a-hole

icarusrising: IWUG coming for a shot at the title

michalickyoud: Ron gonna stick up for his girl or?

diseaseandfamine: this is getting hard to watch

“You talk a lot of shit for a keyboard warrior,” Ron shoots at WUG, “I doubt you’d have the guts to say any of it in person.”

“Motherfucker I’m six foot four with a gym membership. I’ll stomp your ass in the virtual world, and I’ll stomp it in the real one, too. I ain’t no wimpy fucking dork like you, batting way out his league.”

“So you know who I am,” Mila huffs as she loses again, “and you watch the stream. And you sort of just kind of, maybe almost, complimented me.”

“Shit baby, I see a pair of titties I’m gonna stay and watch. You feel me?”

“Were you stream-sniping us today? Earlier when we were playing?”

“Focus up white girl,” WUG ignores her, “this your last chance to win a round. Don’t get shutout in front of your little audience.”

dinglecherrydelight: she got no chance of winning this

strangesoundsstein: sadly this toxic troll is just too damn good

midgetmuffins: BAN HIM

leblobelive: don't ban this is too good

The timer hits zero for the last time and Mila takes a defensive position, huddling in a box and waiting for WUG to push. As he pickaxes her wall, she quick edits and pops him for 150 with a gold shotgun. Seizing the moment, she edits out the opposite corner- only to explode into loot once more as WUG pre-fires Mila in the head for 220.

“Ten straight loses,” WUG laughs, “you a noob white girl. Should of listened and saved me some time. Now put yah bitch ass boyfriend on the map. It's his turn.”

Mila tears her over-ear headphones off and tosses them down on the desk. She stands up and takes an angry walk around the gaming room, trying not to lose her cool on stream but failing miserably. The live cam switches over to Ron's face; sweat and nerves.

“He-hello?” Ron stutters, queuing into the 1v1 lobby.

“He-he-he-hello,” WUG mocks him, “shut yo dumbass up white boy. You about to get fucking wrecked because you suck. Tell your girlfriend to sit her pretty little ass down and watch this. I want her to see how bad I fuck you up.”

“Your trolling won't work on me,” Ron says without conviction, “just shut up and play the game. I've had quite enough of your trash mouth.”

“Listen to this white boy acting all tough,” WUG charges straight at him as the timer hits zero, “we see how tough you are when I embarrass you on your own damn stream. Look at this shit. I'm toying with you, white boy.”

WUG takes three straight rounds before Ron has a chance to get his bearings. The rounds roll by, and the losses stack up; Mila watches in disappointment as her boyfriend gets manhandled.

“You know why you suck at this game, white boy? Because you got a little dick. I bet it don't even get hard for that nerdy bitch. I bet she sit there stroking your



little meat and it just dribbles out like a broken squirt gun.”

Ron shifts uncomfortably under the weight of WUG’s words. All communication with Chat has ceased even though they rage on without him.

dandanglerdanger: he got a mouth on him

Revking89: Ron kinda getting cucked NGL

shadowbop: I can’t believe they giving this guy free airtime

Gam725: lmao broken squirt gun

“Nine straight, fuckface. You must be a pussy. Sit there and watch me wreck your girl and then wreck your ass even easier. Gaming couple. Fucking joke. How about you invite me over and I’ll show you how a pretty piece of ass like that supposed to get worked? I’ll wreck her for you, homie. I’ll leave her stretched out and sweating for you.”

“THAT’S ENOUGH!” Ron screams, smashing his keyboard on the desktop and loosing a hundred flying mechanical keys in every direction. The riotous, evil laughter of WUG rings out across the stream – right up until the moment Ron rage-quits out of the game.

Silence.

Mila stares at her boyfriend red in the face. For a moment, Ron thinks she is so upset with him she’ll strangle him right there in front of their audience. But then he sees her finger, sees where she is pointing.

It’s the viewer count. It passes 20k.

Mila slips out of her bathrobe and slinks naked into bed next to Ron. She opts to lay on top of the covers, her lush body aglow in a lavender light cast from the Hue lamp above. The curves of her body are almost cartoonish in their perfection, her soft skin a neon daydream.

Ron is agitated, sitting upright in bed with fingers laced. Mila lays her head against his protruding gut and looks up at him.

“It’s hard to believe,” Ron starts, “that our best viewed stream to date is also our worst.”

“Was it that bad?” Mila says casually.

“It was worse, I think.”

“You’re being hard on us. On yourself. I think twenty thousand viewers is twenty thousand viewers. The amount we made on donations alone eclipsed any week total we’ve had.”

“At what cost?”

“Playing video games all day? Taking some heat from a miserable little troll and making money. Ron - I’m ashamed of your austerity.”

Mila hitches onto her shoulders and her heavy breasts swing on full display; pouty, swollen nipples waiting in the purple glow.

“Maybe you’ve got a point,” he grins, eyes downward and alive, “after all...I’m the one who gets to enjoy the famous Mila. Naked in my bed, no less.”

“Stop it,” she giggles, “you’re just as famous as I am after today.”

“Not me...No way. Maybe whoever the hell that troll is. I’m sure kicking your butt ten straight times got him a few new subscribers.”

“You mean the guy who made you rage quit in front of twenty-k viewers?” she scoots up on his chest, dragging her opulent melons along with her.

“He was pretty good I guess...”

“You think?” she licks across the front of his mouth. “He’s one of the best I’ve ever seen.”

Ron falters.

“Something the matter?” she asks, nibbling at his bare bird-chest.

“Nothing I guess,” he scratches to back of his head, “it’s just...you’re laying here with me and you’re talking about some asshole who shit-talked you...shit-talked me.”

“You brought it up,” her eyebrows raise, unamused.

“OK well can we not like, talk about him? It’s literally the furthest thing from my mind.”

“I can tell,” she patronizes, “he’s not taking up any room in your head. Right?”

“Only thing taking up space in my head are those delicious titties...”

“Is that a fact?”

“You know it is...”

“Show me...”

Ron pushes his girlfriend back against the mattress so that her shoulders open up and her massive tits spill across her chest. She looks up at him and she is stunning, beaming blue eyes and glistening lips, a small waist below swaying breasts.

“Only for you, baby,” she whispers, tiny fingertips tracing circles on flesh.

“Only for me,” he puts his mouth to her areola, savoring it, sucking it.

“Oh Ron...” she trails off, eyes closed and arms wrapped about his head. He fills his hands with them, letting his tongue trace lines between each nipple. She likes it best when she can feel her nipples pressing into the roof of his mouth, so she forces his face further into the ocean of her breasts, filling his mouth with supple flesh.

For a brief moment, a voice echoes through Ron's mind.

...shit baby, I see a pair of titties I'm gonna stay and watch...

He shakes his head hard between her tits, pushing out the intrusion.

"Lick my pussy, baby," she whispers, pushing at his shoulders, "give it the same love you give my titties baby."

Ron kisses down her ribcage and past her flat tummy, stopping short of Mila's modest folds, nuzzling the playful blonde patch of pubic hair curled there. She giggles against him and he can feel himself bursting at the seams, his cock dying to see daylight. As he slides his lips across the top of her cunt, he finagles his pulsing dick through the hole in his Batman boxers. Her hands find his hair and double-fist, grinding into his hungry mouth.

"Mmhmm, baby," she moans, "I'm so wet. Slurp it up baby...show me how bad you want it..."

Ron's chin is soaked. He tries to look up at Mila but his view is blocked by her swaying breasts. He pushes two fingers inside, pulling along the top of her canal - just the way she showed him.

"That's it, baby. Now suck it...suck my clit..."

Ron does as he's told, Mila steering him by the hair. The soft skin of her pelvis goes taut as she grinds into his face, her plump ass cheeks rising off the mattress each time she pulses. Her mouth opens and she shows the ceiling the inside of her throat.

"Put your mouth around my pussy, Ron," she whimpers, "put your mouth around my cunt..."

And suddenly that voice echoing once more.

...I'll shut up when my mouth round your pussy, girl...

Ron tries to shake it.

...I ain't no wimpy fucking dork like you...

His penis goes soft as she calls for it, demands it.

...I bet it don't even get hard for that nerdy bitch. I bet she sit there stroking your little meat and it just dribbles out like a broken squirt gun...

"Fuck me, Ron," she moans, "fuck me right now...oh please, Ron, fill me up!"

Ron strokes a limp snake in a closed fist, panic setting in as he sees the beautiful woman before him spreading her legs wider.

...how about you invite me over and I'll show you how a pretty piece of ass like that supposed to get worked...

"I can't feel it," she pants, face to the sky, "fuck me, Ron. I need to feel it please..."

"I don't know what's happening," he whispers in disbelief, his shriveled dick visibly cowering before her glistening snatch. In the abnormal glow of the room his purple dick looks silly, child-like even.

...I'm gonna steal your bitch. Then I'm gonna wreck your bitch...

"What's wrong?" Mila sits up suddenly. "Oh..."

"It's not you," he hides his shame, "fuck I don't what it is. Something in my head...I'm not in the right mindset tonight..."

"This isn't about that troll, is it?" she asks, the tragedy of her naked body closing up on him. "I told you to forget about that guy!"

"It's not that," Ron sits on the corner of the bed, devastated.

"What is it then, Ron?"

"Nothing..."

"A lot of guys would love to be in your position, that's all I know," Mila speed walks from the bed to the bathroom and slams the door, her muffin-top ass bouncing briefly before disappearing.

"It's not you!" he calls after her, but it's too late. When she returns to bed she's

in pajamas, the fair flesh of her body mostly covered. The cartoon lights go out and she turns her back to him; when he reaches out an arm to cuddle, she recoils.

Ron lies awake for hours. A highlight reel of all of his gaming deaths from the day play on repeat in his head, all of Mila's too. And as he drifts in and out of sleep, one name, one voice plays over all of it.

IWreckdUrGrl.

“Alright, Chat. It’s a new day. Time to put yesterday behind and have a great stream!” Mila’s girlish voice sings to the camera, making simultaneous eye contact with thousands of people across the world. The viewer count hovers at 10k and they’ve only just gone live, promising another record breaking stream.

“And I need to apologize to you all,” the live-shot switches to Ron’s and he speaks directly to Chat, “I lost my cool yesterday to an absolute jerk. I should have kept it together better, but what can I say? He bested me, and it was hard to listen to his toxic ranting. But like Mila said, today is a new day. So, let’s put all that nonsense behind us and get after it!”

“It’s time to game!” Mila squeaks.

ZaphodB\_V: Lets play some Apex!

1Khawx\_23: damn Mila look good as hell today

jonty\_quinn: shake it girl

ZaphodB\_V: Play Fortnite!

“I think I had about all the Fortnite I can stand yesterday,” Ron says, browsing his gaming library.

“I’m thinking it might be a good day for a little Call of Duty, babe,” Mila scans suggestions from Chat, “we love our battle royale. How about a little Warzone?”

“Is it still rampant with cheaters, Chat?” Ron asks them.

SisterBoobs: most definitely

Sparkyboy1: it’s worse than its ever been

Gamingj\_king\_89: prepare to get aimbotted

“That’s what I thought,” Ron chuckles, booting Warzone on his PC.

Mila gives Ron a rare, on-stream wink from across the table. Ron catches it and a smile breaks the tension on his face. The viewer count hits 20k and the gaming couple select the Squads option for Warzone.

“Let’s do squad fill,” Mila sips a cold brew and bats eyelashes at Chat, “maybe we could do subscriber fills in a little bit!”

**Breakalopalyss31: YAS!**

**Mronepumpmagoo: Dooooo it**

BilboScraggins: cus that went great the last time yall did that

The lobby ques up. As the game loads, it searches for random teammates to bring Mila and Ron’s squad total to four.

“Hopefully we get some decent teammates,” Ron sighs.

“And no cheaters! Right Chat?”

Woofy435: yeah whatever you say Mila...

Dumpbagger: she needs to make her camera bigger I wanna see them titties

Bulbosaraurs: at least if you find a cheater he will be on your team

“It’s taking awfully long to fill our party,” Ron sniffs, “wonder if there’s something up with the servers.”

Suddenly, a crackle comes over the party chat and two more players are added to the squad. Four characters now walk on screen as they load into a game of Warzone.

“Looks like we’re playing with...” Mila furrows her eyebrows,  
“OnePumpKing69...and...”

“That’s strange,” Ron says, “it’s not showing the gamertag for our other teammate.”

“Give it a few seconds,” OnePumpKing69’s voice chat icon blinks as he speaks, “it’s some glitch with players who are exploiting the servers.”

“Exploiting the servers?” Ron asks confused.

“I’ve heard about this,” Mila squeaks, “it’s used by stream snipers, right?”



“Exactly,” OnePumpKing6 says, “but you’ve gotta have all sorts of hacking software to pull that off.”

Mila and Ron stare at the empty nameplate below their fourth teammate.

shadow\_gb: something fishy goin on here

GamingMCoop725: I got a bad feeling about this

Leirbag1985: oh lawd they already finding the cheaters

White text blinks where before there was none. It’s too fast to make out, but something familiar about the spelling.

“Don’t tell me...” Ron’s voice dies off.

“No fucking way,” Mila gasps.

*IWreckdUrGrl blinks into focus on their gaming monitors and across the screens of twenty-five thousand viewers.*

“Hey white boy,” a familiar voice from the virtual ether, “since we on the same team this time, how about I let you watch when I drop a fat fucking load of cum in your girlfriend’s pussy?”

Heaveyweightcheesechamp: it’s the same dude!

Boogiedabeat21: damn this dude comes out swinging

Redditrobber: they about to get banned by twitch for this shit

“I’m reporting this asshole right now,” Ron clicks rapid-fire at the screen.

“For what though?” OnePumpKing69 asks.

“For verbal harassment!”

“How in the fuck are you doing this, WUG?” Mila asks in sincerity, total disbelief. “I’m serious - what kind of hacker piece of shit are you?”

“How bout I show you, white girl?” WUG taunts, “you bring that fine ass over

to my place and I'll show you all my tricks."

"Do you two know this guy?" OnePumpKing69 asks, following WUG's lead in-game and landing with him at the Airport.

"He's an online troll who just stepped into stalker territory," Mila laughs, "and he thinks we're going to give him free clout by playing with him."

"Shut the fuck up white bitch!" WUG yells, clipping the mic, "your ass gonna be playing with me real fucking soon. And you gonna find out I don't play nice like your little boyfriend."

"Are we actually still playing with this guy?" Ron goes red in the face, exiting out of the party and pulling Mila with him. Their playable characters return to the lobby screen, the distant din of in-game music plays in the background.

"You could have asked first," she crosses her arms below her cleavage, "just because you didn't want to play doesn't mean I didn't."

"How am I supposed to focus on playing when some fucking troll is saying shit like that?"

"It would be good practice for you," she adjusts her pink halter top and her tits jiggle a little, "try and keep your cool under pressure. Lord knows you suck at it."

"I'm just trying to have some fun playing video games. I don't need to practice shit. What I need is some good teammates who don't verbally abuse strangers."

"Whatever you say," she sighs, eyes on Chat. "Let's load into a different squad."

"Fine."

Moments later the server searches and auto fills their squad with two more players. The first teammates gamertag comes up right away; SendNoodles420. The second teammate joins the lobby, but the gamertag is unavailable.

"Oh for fucks sake," Ron sighs.

"No way. There is just no fucking way," Mila's bright blue eyes fill with nervous

anticipation.

The text flickers and the name appears on-screen.

“You stupid bitch,” WUG reenters the game chat, “I should spank your ass raw for bailing on the game like that.”

To Ron’s horror, Mila laughs at the troll’s comment.

“You laugh like its funny,” WUG continues, “but ain’t gonna be funny when my nuts all up in your mouth. Dumbass white girl!”

“That’s enough, buddy,” Ron rushes in, “I think I’ve listened to you say all you’re gonna say. You need to shut the fuck up right now.”

“Or what bitch? I will fuck you up so bad you holdin’ an ice pack to your face while I plow your bitch!”

“You’re a fucking coward, kid!” Ron loses his temper.

“Enough, Ron...” Mila warns.

“Listen to your girl white boy, before something bad happens. We playing or what? Person with the most kills get they dick sucked by Mila the Slut.”

Ron pulls them out of the game suddenly.

“Ron! What the fuck!” Mila yells.

“Why do you want to continue playing with that prick?”

**Principalbalding: couples quarrel here folks**

Inthebagbro: she angry wit him he ain’t getting no head tonight

Jacob8254: take it outside girls

“Don’t you find it interesting how he keeps matching into our game?” Mila implores. “I want to know how the hell he is doing it.”

“And I want to play a different fucking game. One that this fucking...IWUG

hasn't ruined for me."

"Fine, Ron. What game would you like to play?" Mila fails to hide her anger as tensions rise in the gaming room. She raises her eyebrows at her boyfriend, daring him to backtalk her in front of twenty-five thousand people.

"How about...Apex?"

"Apex Legends it is," she sounds exhausted.

"No chance he gets to us here," Ron says, loading the game up.

"Yeah well if he does no bailing," Mila says half-heartedly, "I want to know how he's doing what he does."

"I don't want to hear about him again at all."

The gaming couple load into a trio match of Apex, letting the game fill their third and final teammate. A heavy silence settles on the desk as the two young lovers refuse to make eye contact with one another.

3ZaphodBV: this getting uncomfortable

1Khawx\_3: that troll really got the best of them damn

jontyuinn: Ron done fucked up. If my girl was that hot I'd be simping

3ZaphodBV: dude look like he might cry

Ron pretends as if he isn't concerned with who their third teammate might be. Mila, however, stares at the screen, waiting for what comes next.

This time, they hear IWUG's voice before they see his gamertag.

"If you want my dick so bad you ain't gotta stalk me white girl," his deep baritone fills the couple's headphones. "I'll break you off right now if you want to come by."

"This can't be happening," Ron puts his face in his hands.

"If it isn't Mr. WUG," Mila slips into conversation, always an eye on the viewer

count (ticking steadily up).

“That’s my name white bitch...soon you’ll be calling me daddy.”

“Now why the hell would I call a little shit like you daddy?”

“You like to cum don’t you? Or does your little boy over there not get you off? Cus I’ll make you cream your fucking jeans. But you gotta call me daddy first.”

“Keep dreaming, asshole,” Mila smirks.

“Do we have to do this?” Ron slips in. “I’d rather have a fucking giraffe as my partner than this idiot.”

“Nobody talking to you fuckface. Sit there and be quiet like a good boy while I chat up your girl.”

“How are you getting into our lobbies?” Mila cuts Ron off before he can retaliate, “I’m legitimately interested. You’ve got to be hacking...”

“I just got a big black dick is all,” WUG chortles as he’s made Jumpmaster for their match of Apex, “all sorts of magical shit happens when you got one of these things. All sorts of magical shit gonna happen in your guts when I plant this big dick in there.”

“Charming,” Mila rolls her eyes.

“I’m not playing a fucking thing with this asshole,” sweat pours from Ron’s crimson brow, “count me out.” He storms off stream and out of the room, slamming the door behind him so hard that all three cameras shake. ‘

“Ha! Fucking pussy. I knew it!”

“You’re such an asshole, WUG,” Mila shakes her head. The two of them land together at Landslide and loot up. Ron’s character is motionless and quickly killed, leaving Mila and WUG at a disadvantage early.

“I bet yah man is in the other room watching the stream right now,” WUG pushes a team of three alone, making quick work of them. “How’s it feel bitch boy? I got your girl in my lobby while you sit there like a fucking loser...”

probably playing with your little dick.”

“Stop it,” Mila pleads, “you’re such a fucking troll. Like seriously, why even treat people like that?”

“Ain’t stopped you from playing with me. I think you like the way I talk girl.”

“Keep dreaming,” Mila glances at the viewer count as it casually pushes past thirty thousand. “You must live close by to get into our lobbies every game. What’s your secret?”

“You keep asking and I’m gonna tell you the same thing. I got a big black dick, that’s my secret...but I live in Los Angeles, too. Just like you.”

“And how do you know I live in Los Angeles?”

“I might be checking on your stream from time to time...”

“You mean stream sniping me from time to time?”

“Bitch you need to be gaming with me more often. You be losing games and shit all the time cus of that pussy. Look here, we already in late game, first match of the day, and you know I’m fixing to carry your ass to the W.”

“You’re certainly a gifted gamer,” she admits, “but that doesn’t mean you’re not an asshole.”

“Oh I’m gifted all right, white girl. But gaming is the least of my gifts.”

The duo push the last team on the map together in a 2 vs 3. Mila is downed early in the fight, ultimately finished off by one of their opponents, leaving WUG in a 1 v 3. As the game switches over to WUG’s POV, Mila finds herself in awe of the toxic male’s ability. He single-handedly finishes the team off as the screen washes over in victory.

“There you go, girl. Free win. On me.”

“Gee, thanks I guess. I think that’s all the WUG time we have for today though, so do me a favor...and stay the fuck out of my games?”

“Keep running your bitch mouth and I’m gonna stick my big black- “

Mila exits Apex before he can finish his sentence.

woofy435: this dude is crazy

Gamingj\_king\_89: IWUG better than Ron

shadow\_gb: I think she kinda like him

GamingMCoop725: toxic Chad steals nerd’s hot girlfriend

Leirbag1985: damn IWUG giving her what Ron can’t. The W.

“OK Chat, give me a sec. I’m going to go see if we can get Ron to come out of his hole for some Rocket League.” Mila stands up, her plump ass stretching a pair yoga pants to its limit. Thirty-five thousand people watch that ass as it saunters out of the room.

Ron is in the living room sitting on a white leather couch, face in hands. Mila crosses her arms and stands in the doorway, surveying her beaten boyfriend.

“The boogie man is gone,” she says, “I got rid of him for you.”

“You played out the whole game with him...you won with him.”

“You were watching the stream?”

“How could I not?”

Mila rolls her eyes and sighs. “We’re live right now with the most viewers we’ve ever had. Either get it together and join me or sit out here like a crybaby. I’ve had enough of it, Ron.” She turns to leave and calls over her shoulder, “we’re playing Rocket League.”

Ron’s head perks up and he sees his girlfriend’s juicy butt as it swaggers back into the stream room. Feeling like a fool, Ron follows her back to the stream.

Passthedutchio21: damn Ron doin that walk of shame back to the game

MortalTechniColor: he salty AF

PleabsbowbeforeMe: F in the chat for this cuck

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, Chat. Enough already, OK? Nobody likes getting picked on after all,” Ron wipes the sweat from his forehead as he takes his seat.

“Luckily there is no voice chat with the opponent on Rocket League,” Mila says as she loads the game up, “so even if that little shit-bird hacks into our lobby again we won’t be able to hear him.”

“Not to mention the fact that I am the fucking master of Rocket League,” Ron’s eyes light up as they que into a game, “doubtful that asshole would get a single goal on me.”

A sarcastic comment comes to the tip of Mila’s lips, but she thinks better of it and pushes it away.

As they load into the game their vehicles appear on screen across a massive football arena with two goals at either end. A timer counts backwards from 3 and the game begins. Ron plays out front with Mila tending the goal. He charges the soccer ball at center-field while his opponent does the same from the opposite side. It looks like a clear and easy shot as Ron boosts in to take it, but in the millisecond before he gets there, the ball is knocked clear over his head.

“Coming your way,” he calls to Mila, “this one is aggressive.”

“I got it,” she focuses in. The car that won the tip-off is coming straight at her, juggling the soccer ball in the air with deft precision and a smart use of boosters. Mila drives in to block on the right side, but at the last moment the black car reangles the ball and shoots it left. It sails over the hood of Mila’s car and lands in the goal.

Across the screen comes the message IWreckdUrGrl scored!

“Oh my fucking God,” Mila is stunned. She looks across the desk at Ron.

“That’s it,” he mumbles, “that is fucking it. I want this asshole and I want him now.”

As the replay of the goal plays across the screen, a familiar voice enters the game chat.



“Yall bitches can’t fucking hang with me!” WUG screams into the mic. “You fucking suck! You both fucking suck!”

“How in the hell are you -“ Mila tries speak but Ron loses it.

“YOU MOTHERFUCKER YOU BETTER NOT- “

“SHUT YOUR WHITE BOY MOUTH YOU PUSSY ASS- “

“FUCKING FUCK YOUR MOTHER YOU STUPID- “

“PUSSY!”

“FUCK YOU!”

Mila sits back in her gaming chair; mouth wide in shock. The Chat fires on all cylinders, a constant stream of reaction to the toxic meltdown taking place before them.

“You and me motherfucker,” Ron’s heart rate is through the roof as he tries to gain control of his voice, “you and me one on one winner takes all.”

“Ron!” Mila whisper-screams at him.

“Oh really, white boy? We gon’ 1v1? I don’t waste time with noob gamers unless we make it interesting. Real fucking interesting.”

“Name your terms, Troll.”

“Name yours bitch.”

“I want you gone. I want you out of our lobbies and I want you to uninstall the games you ruined for us. I want two new gaming computers with the fucking works when I beat your ass. So that I can burn these ones for ever having played against someone as disgusting as you.”

“Deal, bitch,” WUG’s voice is deep and even, unphased by Ron’s steady barrage of vitriol.

“Fortnite. 1v1 build battle. Tonight at 8.”

“We haven’t discussed my terms yet, fuckface.”

MrSmithersHimself87: Ron done fucked up

ILikeToWatchHer7989: You can do it Ron!

BilboSaggins: Don’t be challenging this dude to Fortnite bro he already whooped yalls ass

“Knock this off right now, Ron,” Mila stands up and leans over the desk, her finger pointed directly at her boyfriend. “Knock it the fuck off before you do something you regret.”

“I’ve got this,” he stares deep into his girlfriend’s bright blue eyes, “let me handle it the way I want to.”

“Don’t be stupid, Ron!”

“Listen to yo bitch,” WUG chimes in, “she trying to save yo ass...and hers.”

“Name your terms and get on with it, asshole. I’ve had enough of your fucking mouth!”

**Gamingj\_king\_89: this shit hard to watch**

BonAmiBoner: damn that viewer count out of control

TastyTreatsForMe: angry white dude alert!

“I’m gonna need both your white asses to listen real fucking carefully,” WUG’s voice changes, something darker hides in its spit. “Don’t be stopping your stream neither. I want your followers to know, too.” As WUG lays out his terms, he mindlessly destroys the gaming couple in round after round of Rocket League. “You beat me in a 1v1 and I’ll uninstall every fucking game I own. No point in playing anymore if a little fag like you can beat me. I’ll throw in two new gaming computers on top of that. I’ll even put the cash in on a Virtual Bookie so you know I can’t back out.”

“Perfect. Your terms then, troll fuck?” Ron pants heavy into the microphone.

“You know my motherfucking terms, bitch...your girlfriend and every ounce of dignity she got. When I beat you, she’s mine for a night. And I want you there too, bitch boy. I want you to see it. See the moment when I take your girlfriend’s fucking purity.”

Mila and Ron shake their heads across the desk at one another for different reasons.

“What say you bitch boy?”

Ron mutes his mic and Mila does the same. They stand up from the desk so that their faces are off stream.

“You knew he was going to say some shit like that,” she chastises him, “now look what you’ve done!”

“I’m obviously not going to take the terms, Mila...unless...”

“Unless what? Unless I agree to let that asshole put his hands on me?”

“Mila...I’ve got this. You know I do!”

“Do you, Ron? Because he kicked your ass last time. It was fucking embarrassing to watch.”

“I resent that, Mila...I wasn’t focused that day. With so much on the line I would be better. So much better...but if you don’t want to...”

“You don’t get it, Ron. You just don’t fucking get it. But you know what? Maybe you will after you lose your little pissing contest. Maybe then you’ll realize the consequences of letting your anger get the best of you.”

“So...does that mean...”

“Yep. Go for it. See what fucking happens.”

For a brief moment Ron seems to reconsider, the shadow of rage passing over his face as he considers what Mila just said. A moment later the two of them sit back down and unmute their mics. Chat goes wild.

\*(chat log)

Bring\_Bo\_Gilbon: this gotta be staged

GamingMCoop725: I can't believe she's actually going to agree to this

**TranslationObsolete: This dude must want to get cucked**

“Are you still there, troll?” Ron says, a newfound confidence building in his belly.

“Speak, bitch.”

“We accept the terms. It's fucking on.”

Chefdonglong3: NO WAY!

debutanteball: Oh lawd this is tragic

icarusrising: I hate to say it but Ron just lost Mila to a troll

michalickyoudgood: WTF is wrong with this dude

diseaseandfamine: This can't be real!!!!

“Is that so, white boy? It's my lucky day I guess...but don't be thinking I'm just gonna beat your fucking ass and let you renege on the fucking deal. We gonna use a Virtual Bookie and you gotta put collateral in that shit before I agree to the fight.”

“What sort of collateral?” Mila asks, her voice shaking with excitement as the viewer count reaches new heights.

“Personal shit. Naked pictures and bank account numbers. That way if you bail on me after I whoop his ass, you ain't got no choice but to fulfill your end of the deal.”

“Done,” Mila raises her eyebrows at her husband in defiance, relishing the irritation on his face at her punctual agreement.

“Damn you two easy,” WUG flips through the air in his car and lands a final

goal, handing the gaming couple another humiliating defeat. “When’s the showdown, bitch boy? When do you want me to kick your fucking ass?”

“Tonight, at 8 O’clock,” Ron replies, “and the only ass that’s going to be kicked is yours. Fucking troll.”

“I like your confidence, white boy. It will make fucking your girl that much more fun.” WUG leaves the game abruptly. Silence fills the void of his cruel voice.

“Looks like it’s time for Fortnite,” Mila exits Rocket League, “you’ve got some practicing to do.”

“It’s only noon, Mila,” Ron says, “we can play something else first.”

“You’re going to need to warmup, Ron. And lots of practice. Lots.”

“You have little faith in me, my love. Frankly, I’m offended.”

“If that offends you...well, let’s just hope you win.”

DilbertCalling911: Might as well pray at this point

**Londonsnapsback: yall gonna stream the cucking too?**

Toxicwifibretheren: this shit almost better than PornHub

4.

Eight O'clock approaches quick as a flick-shot on high sensitivity. Mila's stream reaches the eight-hour mark, a large part of it dedicated to Ron practicing Fortnite. The viewer count holds steady at 50k, with the number ticking upwards the closer the clock gets to 8.

"All of the collateral is in," Mila wears a white tank top that does little to hide her erect nipples, "and the site is totally legit so there won't be any leaks if you win."

"When I win, you mean?" Ron's eyes are glued to the screen as he cranks 90's and triple-edits.

"Right of course, love. When you win..."

"I'm locked in right now, babe...no fucking way he beats me."

A notification pops up in Ron's game: IWreckdUrGrl has invited you!

"It's time," Ron breathes out, "time to show this fucking Troll that you can't just bully people and get away with it."

"Remember to play your game, Ron," Mila warns him, "don't let him bait you into box fighting. Get the high ground and use it against him."

"Damn right, babe."

Ron joins IWUG's lobby. It's oddly quiet, vacant of his usual bullying.

"Hello? Troll boy? You there?" Ron antagonizes.

Nothing.

"Sounds like troll boy is spooked," Ron smirks at Chat, "wonder why."

ShawtygotGame: aint nobody scared of your dumbass

Goodoldstnick: his confidence way up. Ron might actually pull this off

DelraySnitch: I'm praying for you Ron

The game ques up, putting Ron and WUG in a private match together.

“First to 5,” Mila sips a glass of red wine, “you know the rules, Chat. Winner takes all.”

“Hope you’re ready for that new gaming computer, Mila,” Ron says with confidence, “the second my win count hits 5 those PCs are as good as ours.”

The 1v1 map loads. Ron trots to the center where the match is set to begin. His opponent meets him there. IWUG’s player throws up an emote: a cartoon garbage can.

“Very funny,” Ron wipes the sweat from his palms onto his pant leg, “let’s see how garbage I am after I one-pump your ass.”

IWUG places a wall between the two of them before doing a T-edit.

The fight begins.

SatchmoLips: ouch

Borderlineimpala: oh no

Prettykittycoolkitty: come on Ron

Mastertraperscout: this fight was over before it started

TopdownSurroundSound: is it me or does Mila look excited

Saintelmosfire: I went for a piss how the hell Ron already lose twice

BordelloofSmut: they gonna sell the sex tape and make a billion

**BigYikesAlert22: F in the chat for Mila’s box**

**TalibanTotaler: daaaaam pumped for 220**

The color drains from Ron’s face and he goes down 4-0. The sickness mounting in his stomach makes him unable to make eye contact with his girlfriend in between rounds of fighting. If he had, he would have seen the way her blue eyes glimmered each time WUG took him down.



“And that’s fucking that, white boy,” WUG’s voice comes clear through the headset for the first time, “five to fucking zero. You know what that means, bitch?”

Ron removes his headphones and stands dejected, a broken shell of his former self. All the life is gone from him, all of the trash talking now just a foolish reminder of his overconfidence.

“It means your bitch is now my bitch...”

The defeated boyfriend slouches from the room, shoulders slumped and head down.

Mila looks directly into her face-cam and makes eye-contact with 60k viewers. She shrugs once before cutting the stream to black.

**5.**

Something changed in those days following the showdown. Something in the way Mila saw Ron came loose, like old screws and bolts that start to squeak when they are forgotten about. She no longer saw him as the alpha gamer protector; it was a fragile visage to begin with.

“We should probably talk,” Ron steps onto the back patio where Mila is tanning topless in the California sun. When she sees him, she grabs her bikini top from the ground and covers her flowing tits, the gushy sides of them difficult to hide.

“Now?” she says annoyed, “I’m trying to have a few minutes of peace before... do we really have to do this now?”

“When would you like to do it?” he says firmly, “he’s going to be here on Saturday...I think we should probably talk it through one time...as painful as that might be.”

She sighs, overtly loud and long. “You had to take that fucking bet, didn’t you?”

“Mila I am so, so sorry...”

“You know it’s all your fault, right? If you could have just gotten control of yourself for five fucking seconds- “

“I know, I know- “

“You wouldn’t have put us in this situation...put me in this situation.”

“I can’t imagine what you’re going through,” Ron squints, “but it’s not like this is going to be easy for me either...”

“Oh fuck off, Ron,” she secures her sweaty tits inside the bikini top, “you’re not the one who has to do anything. He isn’t gay.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means whatever you want it to,” she looks him square in the eyes, her expression offers no shelter from the truth. “But you haven’t fucked me in like three days, and I’ll be honest Ron...I doubt you’re going to get the job done before Saturday, either.”

“It’s hard for me, Mila,” Ron’s voice cracks.

“Is it?” she raises her eyebrows. “How about for me?”

“Goddamnit this isn’t funny...it’s difficult to make love to you when I know what’s around the corner...all those horrible things he said. He must be bluffing.”

“I sure hope so,” Mila’s bright blue eyes dazzle in the sunlight, “for your sake, Ron. I really do.”

The next twenty-four hours pass like molasses and Ron spends most of his time pacing around the house. Mila closes the door when she showers and draws the curtains when she sunbathes. The gaming couple are like a duo team with one man knocked and the other at 1 HP. They slog into Saturday with butterflies filling their belly... and for one of them, an unspoken excitement.

Around 10am Ron’s cellphone rings. Mila and Ron look up from their respective bowls of cereal and lock eyes. He goes pale, swallowing a mouthful of milk. Mila nods at his vibrating phone, her countenance stern and concealing.

“He-he-hello?” Ron stutters in spite of himself.

“Put me on speaker you stuttering white fagget,” WUG barks.

Ron taps the speaker icon with a trembling finger and lays the phone down on the tabletop between him and Mila.

“You’re on,” Ron says it fast, avoiding another stutter.

“Is my bitch there?”

“If you’re referring to my girlfriend, she is not a bitch...”

“Mila is here,” she sings, “you can call me Mila or Princess. Up to you.”

“Nah. I like bitch better. And that’s what you gonna answer to today. Do you understand me, bitch?”

“The terms don’t start until you get here, WUG,” Ron interjects, “anything

before that is harassment and outside the terms of the deal.”

“Your bitch can answer to bitch, or I can make her answer to something a lot worse when I get there. You feel me?”

Ron sighs, defeated.

“What you wearing for me tonight, bitch?”

“Whatever you want,” Mila sighs, “you’re the boss, right?”

“Goddamn right I’m the fucking boss. Boss of both of you...that outfit you had on the day I whooped your ass in Fortnite. That lime green fucking thing...”

“My halter-top?”

“Yeah, that. The one that shows your fat titties hanging out. Wear that. And panties. Nothing else.”

“OK...any preference on the panties?”

Ron shoots her a disgusted look. She shrugs.

“White. So I can see how fucking wet you get with my dick down your throat.”

Ron chokes on his cereal, hearing WUG’s words for the first time not as a troll-threat but as a promise. Mila seems unfazed, silently agreeing to the bullies demands.

“I’m coming round about 8 o’clock. I want both you waiting at the door to greet me.”

“Anything else?” Mila says. “Anything else we can do for you, WUG?”

“You can call me daddy, bitch. Understand?”

Mila looks Ron in the eyes, then casts them to the side in shame. “Yes...daddy,” she says a little embarrassed. Ron gets up from the table and leaves.

“See you little bitches tonight!” WUG hangs up, leaving Mila alone with her butterflies.

The hours pass like loading screens on an old console. Ron paces through the stillness as if he were a Newtons Cradle, back and forth and endless. He can barely speak to Mila and when he does his voice is cracked and dry. Mila watches Ron in his pain and resents him; was he sick with worry over his own shame or hers? It was hard to tell. Perhaps their shame is intertwined; one and the same.

“Did he send a picture or anything?” Ron asks for the hundredth time.

“Nothing yet...kind of strange we won’t know what he looks like until he gets here.” She wears the top WUG instructed her to wear. Green and tight and struggling to contain her voluptuous chest. Two perfect dots where her nipples push through the fabric. White cotton panties adorn her chubby ass cheeks. Her blonde hair is pulled back in a tight ponytail, and black-rimmed eye-glasses sit on her slight nose.

“We know he’s black. And that he’s got a foul mouth.”

“And apparently he’s...large...”

“Why would you say something like that?” Ron is visibly wounded, the last of the color draining from his face. “Are you trying to fuck with my head or something, Mila? Because I can’t figure out why the fuck you would say something like to me.”

“Don’t talk to me like that, Ron...”

“Do you hear the way you talk to me? The things you say?”

“You’re being way too sensitive about this...I don’t know how to tell you this, but shit is about to get real. If this guy is who he says he is...I mean, I can’t imagine what his plans are for us...for me. You need to be prepared to face some harsh realities tonight.”

“Just stop talking,” Ron collapses on the couch, “I can’t listen to any more of this shit. I don’t think I can do this, Mila...” He takes an Xbox controller off the coffee table and slides his fingers across the buttons and joysticks. Fear etches itself in every line of his face; terror sickens his stomach to the pit.

“It’s too late to back out now. I tried to tell you...I tried over and over again.”

She walks to the front door of the condo and stands on tip-toes to look through the peephole. She checks the time. Fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes till a stranger from the internet shows up to claim his prize. Just another timer counting down to the start of another game. Only this time there were no skins or playable characters. Just them. Flesh and bone. Skin on skin.

At 8pm sharp the front door shakes on its frame and a knock echoes through the condo. Ron shoots up from the couch like a cartoon; from lying face down to standing upright in a blink. Mila shuffles like a child to the front door and grasps the knob. She looks back at her boyfriend.

“Ready?” she asks.

Ron nods, a trembling mess.

Mila faces the door and takes a slow, deep breath. She pulls the door wide.

“Me oh motherfuckin’ my,” the dark-skinned stranger smiles, “if it isn’t the adorable little gaming couple...in the flesh.” His hard face holds in the doorway, his towering frame filling it from floor to ceiling. Curly twists of short dreadlocks stick out from the top of his head.

“WUG the one and only,” Mila’s nervous giggle is a breathless wisp. She shifts on her feet and cranes her neck to look up at the stranger in the doorway. “It’s so weird...hearing your voice in person, I mean.”

“It’s about to get a whole lot weirder,” WUG says, walking past Mila and into the home. He wears an LA Lakers jersey with a pair of loose-fitted basketball shorts to match. His vascular, muscled arms have a wingspan of disastrous length. When he sees Ron, he can’t help but grin, the size difference between the two of them almost comical; Ron two inches shy of six feet in WUG’s shadow. “Ron the beta bitch,” he chuckles, “thanks for the invite.”

“Getting right to it are we?” Ron’s voice shakes as he tries to hold eye contact with the giant in his living room.

WUG ignores him, glancing around the spacious flat, rubbing his dry palms together and nodding. He wanders through the space while Mila and Ron watch him with bated breath, ready for the worst at any moment. When he sees the PlayStation 5 below their television he snickers, picking up a controller from the

coffee table.

“What’s your game, pussy?” WUG spits at Ron.

“NBA 2K,” Ron says coolly, “and I’m automatic with Curry.”

“Is that so, bitch boy?”

Mila steps between them and the two men shift their gaze simultaneously, devouring the scantily clad girl with glasses and big tits. “Maybe we can try to talk nice with each other since we’re all here in person...you know, no cameras or live streams or anything...”

“Fuck that,” WUG reaches out and takes Mila by the hand, touching her for the first time, “I ain’t tryin’ to be friends. I’m tryin’ to fuck.” He pulls her close, Mila’s soft chest pushes against his body. His fingers roam her white flesh. WUG winks at Ron as he nears the exposed flesh of her breasts.

“Fuck this, man,” Ron shakes his head, the sight of her so close to WUG repulsing him, “I can’t do this. I’m fucking out of here!” He turns his back on them and makes for the door, compelled to leave but with no idea of where to go or what to do.

“Bad idea, dumb-fuck,” WUG calls after him, “don’t forget - that collateral folder doesn’t get deleted until the conditions are met. Until the clock strikes twelve. And the condition is you watch, bitch boy.”

Ron pauses, anger welling up like bad Indian food. He isn’t sure he can turn around and see them. The way he touched her made his stomach turn over. Regardless of any “collateral”, he isn’t sure he can take it.

“Get your ass back here and load up some NBA 2K. I feel like kicking your ass to start the night off!”

“It’s just until midnight,” Mila calls to her husband, her gaze transfixed on WUG overhead, “this doesn’t need to be so difficult, Ron. You took the bet after all...”

“That’s right,” WUG’s charming smile beams down on Mila below, “time to pay your debt like a man. Get your ass over here and put 2K on.” The top of the white girl’s head reaches the bottom of WUG’s bulging bicep.



Ron scuttles to the television and turns the PS5 on, averting his eyes from Mila and WUG. He can hear the dry skin of WUG's palms as they slide along Mila's tender, fragile arms. Ron wishes she wasn't taking it so well, and in fact hoped she might bail at the last minute, collateral be damned. Ron dares a glance at them and regrets it immediately; WUG's fingers dance around her soft neck, his eyes glued to the cleavage pouring out of her green halter-top.

"You ready to watch me kick your boyfriend's ass again?" WUG asks her.

"I guess so," she replies, a little less breathless but still the occasional tremble.

"Call me daddy, girl. Don't make me tell you again..."

"Yes...Daddy..."

"Yes Daddy what?" WUG slides a hand up to Mila's neck, gripping it like she was made of whip cream.

"Yes, I want to see you kick my boyfriend's ass, Daddy," she goes red in the face, shocked that she could say such a thing in Ron's presence.

"Jesus Christ," Ron mumbles.

"Good white bitch," WUG moves his hands down her backside, finding her plump, squishy ass and squeezing.

"Oh!" Mila squeaks in surprise.

Ron swallows and looks away. It's happening, he thinks with a sickening despair.

"Your girlfriend gotta juicy booty for a white girl," WUG laughs, lifting Mila from the ground and carrying her over to the couch where he takes a seat with her in his lap.

"Holy shit," Mila squeals with delight, "I was not expecting that!" she wriggles in WUG's lap, one delicate arm thrown over his shoulder. The black gamer spreads his legs wide, taking up most of the room on the couch. Ron stands nearby, staring at the 70-inch television, praying that video-games might get WUG's hands off his girlfriend for a little while.

“Pick your team,” WUG says absently, rubbing two fingers against the front of Mila’s mouth. She goes rigid when he tries pushing a finger in, terrified of what Ron will think. “Don’t be nervous, girl. Your boyfriend put you up for grabs and lost...least you can do is enjoy yourself. Open up.”

Her nervous lips part and WUG explores the inside of her mouth.

“Ready when you are,” Ron mumbles, still averting his eyes.

“Stick your tongue out,” WUG’s voice is oddly tender with Mila, “Good girl. Just like that.” He rubs along the length of her little red tongue with two fingers, spreading her spit and moistening her lips. “Daddy is gonna be right back to keep playing with you, but I gotta beat up on your boyfriend first.”

Mila’s wide blue eyes sparkle like wild crystals as she looks into WUG’s face. She can feel her boyfriend’s anger as if some of it were her own but something else pushes it from the forefront of her mind. As WUG’s rough fingers trace lines along her tongue she feels her body betraying her, that soft, neglected spot between her legs starting to ache.

“Can I sit on the couch?” Ron asks, humiliated.

“You can sit your ass on the floor, bitch,” WUG changes into gamer mode, “this game gonna be over by the 2nd quarter anyway.”

“We’ll see about that...”

The massive television displays an animated NBA court where the Golden State Warriors play the Milwaukee Bucks. The tip-off animation begins, and a moment later WUG has the ball and is dribbling up court.

“I’ll make you a bet white boy,” WUG turns his attention to the television, Mila lounging in his lap, “team with the first bucket of the game gets they dick suck by Mila. Deal?”

“No deal,” Ron fumes, his focus on the defensive end of the court.

“Too fucking bad bitch, it’s a deal anyway. Bet I know who your girl be rooting for, too.”

WUG calls a pick and roll at the top of the key with Jrue Holiday, and Giannis moves up to set the screen. Ron goes over the screen and loses Jrue who cuts in for an easy layup and 2 points.

“Fuck...” Ron grimaces.

“Well it’s my lucky day,” WUG looks at Mila, “get between my legs and pull my fat dick out, bitch.”

“Yes, daddy,” she slides from his lap and gets on her knees, his tree-branch legs extending out to either side of her.

“You don’t have to be so fucking eager, you know,” Ron spits at his girlfriend as he inbound the ball, “you’re practically giddy.”

“Fuck you, Ron! Who put their girlfriend up on a bet again?”

“HA!” WUG guffaws, stealing the ball from Ron and dribbling up court for a fast break dunk. “Your bitch is giddy, white boy. She gets to taste a real man’s cock for once.”

As the two play on, Mila grabs hold of the waistband on WUG’s basketball shorts. He sits up to allow her to tug them down to his thighs, eventually working them to his ankles.

“Oh my...” she whispers in awe.

A girthy, coiled penis sleeps along WUG’s groin. Shaggy black balls pool against the couch cushion in a leathery pile. Mila’s eyes go wide, her bottom lip moistens. She turns to her boyfriend, seated just a foot away, his pale face staring right along with her.

“Shit I’m gonna have to give your sorry ass some free buckets,” WUG sets the controller down, “while I watch your girl suck my big black dick.” He picks up the soft black python and unravels it for Mila. “Don’t mind me, bitch boy. I’ll just be getting throatied by your girl.”

Before Mila can apologize to Ron for what she is about to do, WUG has her by the ponytail and steers her onto his bulging black dick. The soft flesh of his head pushes against her reluctant mouth, and she feels the sticky warmth of pre-cum

greasing her lips. Eye to eye with his bushy black base, Mila opens up and lets the toxic gamer in.

“Oh fuck,” WUG moans, “she sucking my dick, bro. Your girlfriend got my dick up in her mouth. Fuck...” Mila’s excited tongue slides along the undershaft, tasting him. WUG can feel it like a jolt of electricity to his body.

Ron’s eyes flick back and forth from the game to his girlfriend, trying his hardest to score points while WUG is distracted. He drops a layup in and gets within six, waiting for the 5 second violation on WUG to get the ball back.

Mila wraps dainty hands around the base of the stiffening cock in her mouth. She uses her tongue to slobber along the shaft while WUG control’s tempo with her ponytail in hand. She can see the drool dripping down his ebony meat, wetting the curly black pubes below. As he grows harder it becomes difficult to get him down, his thickness bottoming out at the back of her throat.

“That’s it, white bitch. Choke on it. For your boyfriend. Let him hear it...”

She gags, a delicate retching sound that makes her stomach heave in towards her spine.

“That’s it girl. You take over. Don’t make me do it for you. I gotta get back to whooping your man’s ass.” WUG picks the controller up and Mila continues her task of blowing him. As the game continues, Ron finds it difficult to focus with the sound of his girlfriend’s slobbering so close and defined.

“I’m gonna dribble down court and pop a three in your face, white boy,” WUG threatens and then promptly delivers. “Told you. Goddamn you suck!” In between plays WUG takes hold of the ponytail bobbing in his lap and gives it a dozen hard pumps, each accompanied by Mila’s guttural gags.

“I can’t play like this,” Ron gives in, the controller falling from his hands like a white flag in battle.

“Pick that fucking thing up and take your whooping like a man!” WUG yanks Mila off his meat, drooling and gasping. “Tell yah boyfriend to take his ass whooping like a man!”

“Pick the controller up, Ron,” she looks at her boyfriend, eye makeup running in

black streaks across her cute face, “let him finish destroying you in 2K. You fucking suck anyway.”

“Ha! I didn’t tell her to say that last part!” WUG shoves her face down into the drooping ballsack below his fat dick. “Don’t forget them nuts, baby girl. I want them licked clean. I went to the gym today.”

Ron picks the controller back up while his girlfriend drools over WUG’s testicles. Down by almost thirty points he knows the game is futile, which is fine because that is exactly how he feels.

“Getting your ass whooped by the nigga with his balls in your girl’s mouth,” WUG cackles, “that’s some next level sissy shit. You fucking loser cuck. Swear to God I’ll be telling the homies about this shit.” WUG finishes the game on three straight three-pointers, his bloated black cock sticking straight out from his lap, Mila’s face buried in his sack. Her tongue whips a constant assault against the lemon sized testicles; her eager mouth trying to fit them both at once.

“You win...” Ron whines, trying his best to keep his eyes off of them.

“Run it back beta boy,” WUG commands him, pulling Mila off his balls by the hair and dragging her into his lap. He cradles her, his slick black rod pushing against the back of her thighs as she wiggles against him.

“Do we have to?” Ron protests.

“Do we have to?” WUG mocks him in a nasally tone. “If I gotta remind you of the deal one more time you gonna wish I didn’t. Am I clear white boy?”

Ron is silent, eyes cast to the floor.

“Look at me when I talk to you!”

With hatred painted across his defeated face, Ron turns his head to the scene on the couch. WUG is looking at him, but Mila is staring at WUG. Ron can see the way the man’s giant dick touches his girlfriend’s pale thighs, streaking them with her own spit. He can see Mila’s halter top is now a mess, her large tits on the verge of spilling over the top at any moment.

He can see the mouth full of white teeth in WUG’s face as he taunts him.

“I asked you a fucking question. Am I fucking clear?”

“Yes.” Ron’s jaw clenches.

“Call me sir motherfucker!”

Ron looks as though he may vomit. Then replies, “Yes...sir.”

“Now tell me thank you for sticking my nuts in your girl’s mouth.”

Mila lets out a sharp giggle, surprising herself. She covers her mouth with a chastising hand and looks away from Ron, a little ashamed of laughing at him.

“Thank you...for sticking your nuts in Mila’s mouth.”

“Good little bitch. Now. Run it the fuck back.”

Ron navigates to the main menu and then to the team selection screen. WUG selects his team with a mindless flick of the analog while Ron takes due diligence in picking a team that he thinks might be able to overcome WUG’s offensive assault. As the game loads, WUG returns his attention to the gamer girl in his lap.

“Get this fucking top off already,” he says, grabbing at the green piece of fabric. “I’m trying to see these fat fucking titties for myself.” The garment comes away easy, pulled over Mila’s upstretched arms. Wide, jiggling white titties spill out across her chest, the pink of her nipples bumpy and hard. WUG tosses the halter top at Ron without a glance and proceeds to fill his hands with her savory breasts.

“Holy shit,” Mila breathes, jaw open and looking down at the fondling taking place on her chest.

“Mmm,” WUG groans, “you like that white girl? Yeah? You got some nice fucking titties. Natural as fuck.” The flesh pushes through the space between his ebony fingers, the tip of her nipples poking taut into the center of his palms. WUG licks at her neck and Mila tilts her head back, giving him full access. She tries hard not to moan again but can feel it coming. She tries to block out Ron’s presence, but she can feel his quick glances and disgusted stares.

WUG's mouth travels down across her collar bone and to that limited space of chest just before her gushing tits begin. His thick black lips place kisses across tender skin, tasting her and savoring it. He pushes her breasts together and begins to feast; tracing lines with his tongue and suckling at her pleading nipples.

"Ooohhh," she lets loose, high and stuttered. "Oooohhh. Fuck WUG..."

From the floor, Ron can't seem to look away. He watches the way Mila wraps her arms around his shoulders and head, cradling him as he gorges. Her eyes are closed, and he knows that she can feel him watching, and in that moment, he realizes that perhaps she doesn't care anymore.

The game begins with a tip-off and the virtual referee throws the ball in the air. It lands on the court without either player making a move on the ball. The controllers are forgotten.

"WUG," she moans. "Like that..."

WUG's mouth is filled to the brim with titty. His tongue lolls and licks across the white flesh and he can feel Mila shaking in his lap. His strong black dick pulses like living steel against her thighs, his calloused hands keep his meal at the ready as he moves from one tit to the other.

Ron glances down at the white panties Mila wears. The fabric is soaked through at the front, the shape of her folds easy to see. They disappear when WUG places his bear paw over her snatch and starts to rub.

"OOOHHH!" Mila's voice is irritatingly high to Ron's ears.

WUG's hand starts to work in circles, waxing fast.

"OH FUCK!"

WUG's tongue works in time with the fingers at her clit, opposite directions whirling her sexual energy into a frenzy.

"Oh God oh God I'm...I'm..."

Tears sting the corners of Ron's eyes as he watches his girlfriend lose herself in

the arms of another man.

“I’m coming...” it lets out sharp and quick, with little air to project the words. Mila’s head tilts to the sky and long, wispy screams float over the volume of the television. WUG never slows, pulling Mila’s orgasm out over the top of her soaked cotton. “Ohhh...Ohhh WUG...”

WUG pops the titty out of his mouth, chin soaked in drool. He grins as he watches her cum, his bicep flexing with the motion of his rubbing. Her hands shoot to his wrist, grabbing and pulling, overwhelmed by the force of it. WUG’s hand comes away and her body writhes in his lap, tits swaying and hips bucking.

“Look at your girl white boy. Look how much she loves it.”

Mila comes back to reality with blurry vision. She breathes heavy and rushed, sweat dotting her forehead.

“Get those fucking panties off.”

WUG pushes her out of his lap and she topples to the floor. Ron is so startled by the thud of her body hitting the carpet that he almost objects. Almost. But Mila is on her feet in an instant, unfazed and stripping the last of her clothing off.

“Give your panties to little Ronny. A present for being such a good sport about all of this.”

Mila is compelled to look at her boyfriend sitting on the carpet even though it is the last thing she wants to do. She holds the soaked panties out in a crumpled ball, but Ron just stares up at her, dumbfounded.

“Take yah girls’ panties and hold them for her bitch boy!”

Ron does as he’s told, wincing at the wet feel of her underwear ruined by some other man.

“Let’s finish the fucking game,” WUG announces, kicking off his sneakers to reveal ankle-high white socks on his size 14 feet. “Get on your knees and take my motherfucking socks off white girl!”

Still reeling from her orgasm, Mila drops to the carpet a foot from her appalled



boyfriend and begins to remove WUG's socks. She is on her knees and sitting back on her legs, double-d tits crowded between her arms.

"Suck on fucking toes bitch."

"Oh come on now," Ron says without thinking. "This is going too far I don't think that's –"

"Did I ask you for your fucking input bitch boy?"

"No..."

"No what?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't think so."

Mila looks uneasy for a moment, looking from her boyfriend to WUG, to WUG's giant feet.

"Well go on bitch," he spits. "They ain't gonna suck themselves."

Mila's little fingers wrap around the arch of his foot and WUG spreads his toes instinctively. She leans in unsure of herself; the basics of toe sucking alluding her as she's never done it before. Mila opens her mouth and wraps soft lips around WUG's big toe, taking it into her timid mouth.

"Your girlfriend sucking my fucking toes motherfucker! While I kick your fucking ass in yet another video game. Better focus up bitch because if you lose this game I'm coming for your girl's pussy next!"

Ron plays NBA 2k as if in a dream, watching the events happen on screen but not really comprehending them. Out of the corner of his eye he can see Mila bent and naked, cradling a giant black foot and sucking on the toe. His fingers seem clumsy on the controller, his shots are off, and he turns the ball over often.

"Play with your pussy while you suck nigga toes bitch!" WUG shouts as he tosses up an alley-oop for an easy two points. Mila's hand travels to her bare cunt where she can feel the ocean of her juices still flowing from the orgasm

WUG gave her minutes ago. As her tongue traces the space between his toes she feels herself warming again, feels the excitement building in her belly...finds herself enjoying the humiliation in her mouth.

As her tongue travels along the bottom of his foot, Mila looks up at WUG. A chiseled, ebony hunk of man on her couch with a fat black cock jutting up from his lap. She marvels at his member, the way it holds its strength without any touch. She watches his eyes; the focus there, the way they fidget across the television screen. She marvels at his eye-hand coordination, how adept his fingers are as they manipulate the controller in his hand. She gets wetter.

Ron goes down by twenty points heading into the third quarter. More and more he is unable to look at anything else but the foot in his girlfriend's mouth and the alpha bully connected to it.

"Your girl worshipping my fucking feet, Ronny. Look how she play with herself with my toes in her mouth. You like that shit white boy? Tell you what, you can come sit up here with me. Get a real good look at your bitch!"

Ron knew better than to resist this time, slouching to his feet and plopping down onto the couch about a foot from WUG's spread legs.

"Get closer little buddy," WUG mocks him, "we're basically best friends now." He stretches out and wraps an arm around Ron's shoulder, pulling him across the couch with ease until they are side to side. WUG relaxes his arm so that it hangs over Ron like a cape. "Look at her, Ronny. Look how she love my fucking foot."

Mila's bright blues peer up at them from the floor, but it's as if Ron doesn't exist. She never breaks eye contact with WUG, even as he pushes his big toe deeper into her mouth, rotating his foot at the ankle so that her head has to follow it in circles; plump lips wrapped around a black toe.

"Get on your hands and knees white girl," WUG takes hold of his standing pecker and gives it a few deliberate strokes. "You gonna be my fuckin' footrest for the rest of this game right here." With reluctance, Mila takes his foot from her mouth and the hand from her cunt. She turns to the side and gets on all fours. WUG crosses one foot over the other, legs outstretched, and rests them atop Mila's lithesome back.

Ron looks at the clock. 9 pm.

Mila holds his legs with obedience, her colossal tits hanging towards the floor. She can feel the carpet starting to burn her elbows and knees as the boys' game of NBA 2k finishes at the fourth quarter buzzer. She doesn't need to see the score to know who won.

"While I've got you here alone I want to get to know you a little better, bitch boy," WUG is so close to Ron's his breath bounces off his face. "So take out that little white pecker and let's see who is bigger."

For the first time, the vapid white of Ron's face explodes with color. He's as red as Mario's overalls.

"Go on cuck. Don't be shy. Let's see that little thing side by side with a real man's dick."

Below, Mila cranes her neck to the side. She can see her boyfriend sitting next to WUG, only as high up as his crotch. She feels WUG adjust his feet on her back, which has begun to ache with a dull, submissive pain.

"You're bigger...can we just leave it at that?" Ron struggles to make eye contact with the man leering over him.

"No we fucking can't. Pull it out. Right the fuck now!"

Ron unbuttons his pants, and he can see Mila on the carpet watching him, her side-eye peering through a loose strand of blonde hair that has escaped her ponytail. He can feel the humiliation mounting in his guts as he pulls his flaccid white penis out over the top of his boxers.

Next to WUG's towering cock it looks like a sad joke, like a Level 1 player going against the final boss. The black stranger on the couch barks vicious laughter, letting his superior dick stand hands-free, as if to cast a shadow across the limp thing in Ron's lap.

"Get yo' ass up here girl," WUG uncrosses his feet and removes them from Mila's trembling back. She stands up, relieved, massaging the spot where his feet rested for so long. "On your knees. Pick them both up."

Mila wraps her whole hand around WUG's girth, but her thumb and fingers fail to touch on the other side. In her other hand she lifts Ron's dick with thumb and

forefinger as if she were removing a field mouse from the house.

“What you think white girl? How do they compare?”

“They don’t,” she says, looking back and forth between the two.

“Why not?”

“Because yours is thick and black and huge...and his is just tiny and soft...and white.”

WUG lets loose another gale of laughter. “Tell your boyfriend. Look at him and tell him.”

Mila turns her gaze to Ron and forgets her frailty, drilling a look of fire into him. “You’re tiny Ron. Look at it. Look at him. You can’t compare. Your dick is a fucking...joke!” This time, she laughs. At Ron. She waggles his useless white cock before flinging it back to his smooth-shaven pelvis. Then she double-grips WUG below the head, stroking.

“Go get me G-Fuel out the fridge white boy,” WUG commands. “I fuck like Duke Nukem when I drink one of those.”

Ron jumps from the couch, tucking his penis back into his pants and happy to be relieved of sitting so close to them. As he walks across the living room to the kitchen on the other side of the flat, he can hear WUG raising his voice when he speaks.

“Lift that dick out the way and tongue them balls. Like that. Good bitch. Now lift them balls up. You see that black crack? I want to feel your tongue against it. I wanna feel it in there.”

Upon hearing the vulgar command Ron snatches a can of G-Fuel from the fridge and speed-walks back to the depravity unfolding on his couch. By the time he gets there he is unable to see Mila’s face; WUG’s leathery ballsack is draped across her cheek as she dives down into that forbidden area below.

“Gimme that fuckin’ drink!” WUG snatches it from Ron’s hands and pops the top. He takes a long full swig off it and then burps loud enough to startle Ron. “Yah girl got her tongue in my ass, homie. How that make you feel. Imma’ need

the whole couch for this next part so you gon' have to stand there like a fucking idiot!"

Ron watches WUG finish off the G-Fuel, belching after each swill. He thinks he can hear Mila's tongue lapping at the man's black ass cheeks, but he tries to ignore it, letting the lobby music from 2K fill his ears the best he can. WUG tosses the empty can across the room, and it tumbles to the ground. He snatches Mila by the ponytail and rips her from his asscrack.

"Give Ron a kiss," WUG says.

"What?" Mila asks, her expression shocked.

WUG smacks her across the mouth firm but light and her sparkling blue eyes open all the wider. "Did I stutter bitch? Give your boyfriend a fucking kiss on the lips!" He shoves her in Ron's direction and she stumbles to her feet. Naked and perspiring, Mila leans in on tippy toes to plant a kiss on Ron's mouth.

Ron takes it, scowling.

"How my ass taste, motherfucker?" WUG howls with delight.

Though she tries not to, Mila lets a riotous giggle loose directly in Ron's face. He shakes his head in denial, as if none of this is actually happening.

"Get yo' fine ass over here and take this controller girl. I wanna see you play yah fucking boyfriend. Let's see if you beat his shit up too."

WUG stands up and beckons her with a finger, she trots over obediently. He leads her around the couch and proceeds to bend her over the back of it so that her elbows support her from underneath as she faces the television. Her legs stretch behind, back arched slightly so that her fat ass is on full display. Her tits rest over the headrest of the couch, pooling together on top of the pillows there.

"Pull up Fortnite on split screen. You two gonna go 1v1 while I eat yo' bitches' whole ass out."

Mila navigates to the game, excitement building steady in her tummy. Ron takes a seat beside her, eye-level with her resting breasts smothered against the pillow-tops. He is painfully aware of the fact that he's never kissed her there, and when

Mila starts to moan in his ear it pushes him to his breaking point.

WUG kneels behind her, alone with Mila's privates. He spreads her cake apart and spits on the puckered hole hiding there. He attacks it with his tongue. He devours all of her.

"Mmm. Oh. Mmm," Mila struggles to hold it in, all too aware that Ron can hear her every gasp. But as WUG pushes inside her with expert-like finesse, she finds keeping quiet an impossible task. "Oh! Oh! Fuck...God damn..."

The game starts on screen and Mila's character stands frozen. As does Ron's.

CRACK!

"AH!" Mila screams.

Behind her, a bright red handprint blooms against the pale skin of her right ass cheek. "Get to playing my little bitches or there gonna be hell to pay!"

Mila jumps into action, cranking 90's and editing cones. She tries to focus on the fight but WUG's tongue has found the soft folds of her cunt and begun its work there, making aiming a shotgun difficult.

Ron pushes his girlfriend on-screen, feeling as though a sudden opportunity has presented itself. A drain for his aggression. A target for his anger. In that instant when Mila coos haughtily in his ear he decides to annihilate her. He finds her confused and standing inside her own box, clearly distracted but it makes no difference to him. Ron takes her wall with three swings of his pickaxe and edits out the corner. When he one-pumps Mila in the face for 220 he realizes that her controller is lying abandoned on the couch next to him, fallen from her hand.

Ron turns to look at them.

One of WUG's long ebony arms has reached up her torso and found her left titty, squeezing the flesh there like it were made of a giant slab of butter. Mila's eyes are closed and she's having a hard time standing, her hips weak and knees buckling. When Ron looks back behind her he can see WUG's face buried between her cheeks, tasting everything she has, eating her from behind.

"Fuck fuck fuck. WUG. FUCK!"

CRACK!

“OH!”

CRACK!

“AH!”

WUG stands up and admires the beet-red beating of her supple ass cheeks. He grabs the ponytail dangling from her head and pulls Mila from the couch down to her knees. He slaps her hands away when she tries to grip the cock he is shoving into her mouth, palming the top of her head with strong arms and taking control of her throat.

“AWK!” Mila gags on the first stab.

“Enough of these fucking games,” WUG’s eyes change, his voice turns harsh. “It’s time to wreck your fucking girl white boy. OPEN UP BITCH!”

“AWK!” Mila grips his thighs for support. “AWK! AWK! AWK!”

Ron stands nearby, watching the giant black stranger pummel his girlfriend’s throat.

“That’s it white bitch. Just like you promised. Gimme that fuckin’ throat. Open the fuck up. Let me hear you take it. Let yo’ fuckin’ boyfriend here it!”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“MMMMM,” WUG growls. “FUCK!”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

Ron has his hands on his hips, looming like a moron, unable to speak or act.

“Swallow it. Swallow!” WUG buries it in her gullet, holding it there, pinching her nose shut. Mila’s face goes red and her hands slap at his chiseled legs. Finally, he dislodges, only to pull Mila to her feet coughing and gasping. “Open your mouth!”

Mila obliges, her lips already slick with spit.

WUG spits a wad of white directly onto her tongue, following it up with a slap across the face. His raging hard-on stretches towards the sky, bulbous veins pressed taut against the ebony skin. WUG shoves three fingers inside her mouth while he grips her neck with his other hand, finger-face-fucking her as he chokes her.

“What the fuck is this?” Ron cries.

“This yo’ fuckin’ bitch gettin’ wrecked!” WUG growls raspy. Mila’s innocent blue eyes gaze helplessly at her defiler, her body squirming on nervous feet. Each time WUG removes his fingers from her mouth to slap her she cries out but its more akin to a moan than a shout of pain. “Grab my fucking dick bitch!” And then Mila is stroking him, two fists stacked on top of one another, pumping with a vice-like grip, jerking him off as if she were trying to break it. “Like that bitch. Good girl. You learning fast.”

They stare into each other’s eyes while he desecrates her. The intensity between them fills the room, chokes out the air, leaves Ron a fidgeting, disbelieving mess. Ron watches WUG slap his girlfriend’s tits, those voluptuous and cherished features that for so long made him feel like a king, now red and sore with the strikes of a cruel, strange hand.

When WUG points at Ron and orders him to sit at one end of the couch, he barely hears him. It isn’t until he is actually sitting there against the warm leather with hands in his lap that he realizes what is about to happen.

“Look at your girlfriend, Ron,” WUG’s eyes focus as he bends Mila across the couch on hands and knees, her flush face just inches from her boyfriends’. “I said look at your fucking girlfriend white boy! That’s right. Don’t let me catch you closing your eyes. Look at her face. You see it? Good. Don’t fucking look away!”

WUG brings it to the soaked opening of her pink pussy. He presses it there, just the tip, opening her.

“OH my gosh,” Mila sighs, feeling it. “OH, fuck. It’s...big.”

Ron watches the expression on her face change, hears the words from her lips, but the shock of it all numbs him.



“Watch close cuck boy. You’ll know when my dick is in yo’ girls’ guts.”

The absurd lobby music of Fortnite sings in the background. Ron glances up and over his girlfriend’s anxious face to the ripped black bully straddling her. He takes a deep breath and looks into Mila’s cosmic blue eyes, resolving not to look away.

Mila’s face breaks. Her cheekbones rise and her eyelids disappear, black lashes curved towards the ceiling. As her mouth opens her jaw dips down, way down, and a visible tremble runs through her body. For a moment, pain marks her expression. As she begins to howl, pleasure washes over the innocence of her face, engulfing her.

Ron sees it all.

“OOOOHHHH!”

“That’s what I fucking thought,” WUG smacks her butt cheek where it has already welted. His ebony dick lies halfway inside her, pink lips squeezing the shape of it. He digs. Deeper in, pulling back only to jockey further. There is no more easing, he fucks her like a dog there on the couch in front of her boyfriend.

Ron sees Mila’s tits bouncing madly below her as WUG’s pace increases. Her head snaps up when he takes her by the ponytail, not allowing it to droop in a way that Ron couldn’t see. Her mouth hangs open, fast breath in and out, tongue dancing.

“This some good fuckin’ pussy,” WUG grunts. “Tight as hell. Knew it would be. She ain’t gonna feel you after this, homie. Not one bit. This my pussy now. Mmm. So fucking good. Spreadin’ yo’ bitch in yo’ motherfuckin’ house. You a straight fuckin’ clown, Ron!”

“OOOHHHH! I’M CUM-CUM-CUM-“ it washes over her like a tidal wave under a full moon.

“That’s it bitch let it out! Scream it in your mans’ fuckin’ face!”

“FUCK! OH MY GOD! WUG!”

“CALL ME DADDY BITCH!”

“OH DAD-DAD-DAADDDYYYY!”

WUG looks down at the pained expression on Ron’s face, sitting on the opposite end of Mila. He laughs. He gets an idea.

“Crawl under here white boy,” WUG says. “Get yo face right up under your girl’s pussy, eye level with my fat dick. I want you to see it up close.”

With Mila’s screams ringing in his ears, Ron gets down off the couch and slinks to exactly where WUG is fucking her. WUG politely lifts her leg so Ron can do as he told. He lays flat on his back below his girlfriend, his face the space of a breath from where she is being taken.

“Get a good luck cuck? Watch this.”

Before his very eyes a big black cock pushes inside his girlfriend, stuffing her, bottoming out. When it reels back the sex of it splashes his face, streaking his cheeks. Sweaty, hanging balls drag across his forehead. The smell of cunt and cock and cum is pungent. He feels Mila give out above him, laying her torso along the lower half of his body, powerless against the force of WUG.

Above it all, the toxic gamer grips white hips and fucks pink pussy. G-Fuel courses through his veins as he rips another orgasm from the fragile girl below, sending its excess down to drip on her boyfriend’s face.

“That’s fucking right. Cum on that black dick! Let yah boyfriend see! Mmmm. Fuck yeah bitch!”

CRACK!

“OH!” Mila screams in suspended agony.

Thick, wet sopping squelches emanate from Mila’s cunt, like mac and cheese stirred in a pot. Ron grimaces when a wad of her cunt cream smears across his nose. The black cock impaling her is balls deep with every pump, which means Ron’s eyes are covered three times a second by WUG’s fat sack.

“White boy like the view. I know that. Mmmm. I could fuck you like this all night white girl.”

“Oh fuck! WUG...it’s so good, baby. Baby it’s so fucking good. Ba-by. Ba-by. Daddy!”

WUG cracks Mila’s ass hard enough for Ron to wince and pulls out. Wasting no time, he drags Mila to the center of the couch where he sits down first, then pulls Mila over and on top of him. His glistening black rod juts from his lap like blunt club, and the girl’s lithe frame maneuvers on shaking knees to aim her cunt over the top of it. Her creamy skin strikes stark contrast against the ebony hunk of man sitting below her, and as she guides him inside she tilts her head to the sky and gasps a silent whimper.

Ron watches her slide down the length of it - stretching, disappearing. She collapses inside WUG’s muscled arms and he bear hugs her, pinning her to his chest as he begins to grind from below. Ron checks the clock – 10:00 p.m.

“You feel that black dick, girl?” WUG kisses her.

“Yes daddy,” she cries. “It’s so fucking big.”

“Gimme those titties, girl.” WUG feasts on her wild red breasts as her jiggling ass bounces on his ballsack. Something’s changed in the way of their fucking. The brutal domination of WUG reigns over everything, but something more akin to love-making is happening now. The two strangers explore each other’s mouths with eager tongues, their lips collide slowly, they savor one another.

Ron sees it happening and can do nothing.

WUG picks up the pace from below. His powerful hips find a rhythm like an oil drill and soon his nuts are cascading up and down as his dick plunders deep. Mila’s high-pitched moans are uncontrollable, and she shivers head to toe as another orgasm releases on WUG’s cock.

“OH MY GOD WUG! OH DAAADDYYYY!”

WUG has her nipple clamped in his jaws, biting and sucking and fucking all at once. The sound of Mila’s cunt is audible below her moans, wet and sticking and creamed. The red welts on her ass shimmer with the sweat glistening there.

When it subsides, WUG tosses her like a rag doll towards her boyfriend and stands up. Mila, still reeling, finds herself suddenly lifted from the ground. The

black gamer has her in his impossibly long arms, with each of her legs hanging over his elbows at the knees. With keen precision WUG pulls her body to his, impaling her on his muscular cock.

“Fuck,” she whispers in his face, “no one’s ever taken me like this before.”

“Standing?” WUG asks.

“All of it.”

WUG’s ass flexes and his balls dangle like lemons from a fruit tree, power-fucking Mila like she weighs no more than twenty pounds. Her arms claw and grab at his frame, tits and head bobbling like a tinker toy as he drills faster.

Ron checks the clock every few minutes and finds time behaving strangely. Five minutes pass. Then thirty seconds. Then 10 minutes. All the while his mind tells him it will all be over soon.

In the center of the living room sweat courses down WUG’s back and ass, streaking across the muscles in his legs. Mila is no more than a limp frame of white flesh, sliding slick against WUG’s perspiring chest and abs. She stares at him. It is love. For what he’s done to her, what he continues to do.

“I’m cumming again,” she whimpers in his arms, almost too quiet to hear. He never slows. It rips out of her in long, slow whines. She sees stars. She forgets Ron is in the room. “Oh baby fuck yes...I’ve never gotten it like this before. Oh my God...”

“Do you want me to stop?” WUG kisses her.

“No baby. Take me. All of it. It’s yours.”

WUG pulls out of her raw cunt and lays Mila down on the couch on her side, tits falling towards the cushion and stacking on top of each other. He points at Ron to sit with her at the end of the couch, allowing her head to be supported in his lap. Mila’s ponytail drapes across Ron’s thighs. WUG reenters, taking her sideways, holding onto her top thigh and riding like a giant black jockey.

“That’s right white boy. Watch a real fuckin’ man take yo’ bitch. Watch a real fuckin’ gamer game yo’ bitch!” WUG fills his palms with her tit, berating the

flesh with pinches and slaps. Mila cries out with every cruel strike across her titty but moans every time she feels WUG's length disappear inside.

"OOOHHH!" Mila starts in, the pleasure and pain of it all coming to a head.

"Louder for your boyfriend white bitch!" CRACK!

"OOOOHH FUUUCK!"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

WUG deep strokes Mila quicker and quicker until his verbal abuse ceases altogether. His eyes pinch shut, his teeth show in a clenched grimace. He holds it back as long as he can, just as he's done the last two hours, and when at last he can keep it no more, WUG slides out of Mila's used cunt and stands, leaning over the trembling gamer couple.

Turning Mila over onto her back, head still in her boyfriend's lap, WUG squats low and brings his pulsing black cock directly to her face.

"Open your fucking mouth!"

It unleashes in fast, jerking spurts, propelled forward by WUG's own stroking-grip. Mila's face flinches when the first thick rope coats her from nose to forehead, warm and heavy and sticky. Another splashes off her cheeks and sprays Ron's pants with wayward cum.

"Ugh!" Ron yells, sickened. "Watch it!"

"FUCK!" WUG shouts, unloading his balls on Mila's cute, terrified face. Her lips tremble and her tongue flicks when he manages to shoot a wad of it directly into her mouth. It keeps coming; stringy ropes of juicy white nut, coating her. She grimaces, her face a frozen viscous mess.

"Oh my God," Ron mutters, disgusted and disbelieving.

"UUUGHHH!" WUG shakes out the last of it directly in Mila's blinded face. Cock still raging, he drops back and spreads her legs once more. The glistening, cum-covered tip of his black cock disappears inside her cunt.

“Oooohhh,” Mila trembles, blinded and covered.

“Look at your girlfriend, cuck!” WUG spits, resuming his assault as if he’d never left. Mila is a lifeless fuck-doll in her boyfriend’s lap, WUG’s nut running down her cheeks as he takes her. His hands slap across her breasts, rage-fucking, the sensation of his milked manhood almost too much to stand as her wet cunt accepts him again and again. “Look at her face!” WUG screams, turning Mila by the neck so that her ruined face is shown to Ron. “Look at my cum on your girl’s pretty fucking face. I got another for this tight pussy, too!”

WUG buries himself inside her and Mila’s glazed eyelids shoot open. She sees Ron’s anguished face looming over her.

“He’s cumming inside me,” she says, thin trails of semen webbing her lashes.

“UUUGH HH!” WUG fills her, coming again while the load on Mila’s face is still warm. His ballsack convulses against the crack of her ass, squeezing every drop inside her fertile, unprotected cunt.

“This wasn’t part of the deal,” Ron moans.

“Shut the fuck up bitch boy!” WUG grunts. He stays there, his alpha cock softening only slightly as the last of it drips into Mila. He leans back on the couch, his mass dislodging half-way, a trail of white leaking out the sides of Mila’s taut pink lips.

Mila whimpers, half-blind.

Ron stares at the mess across his shorts; a stranger’s cum.

WUG shakes it off inside of her before pulling it the rest of the way out. Her gaped, spread pussy unleashes a river of thick semen that trails down her ass-crack and pools on the couch cushion below.

“I didn’t know guys could do that,” Mila pants, a small hand moving to her pulverized pussy and consoling it.

“Do what?” WUG wipes sweat from his forehead.

“Cum back-to-back like that.”

“They can’t,” he grins. Then to Ron, “you gonna get yah girl a towel or what bitch boy?”

While Ron is away, WUG stands and fetches Mila’s halter top from the floor. He uses it to wipe the sweat off his body. He looks over at Mila lying on the couch and catches her staring. She smiles. He smiles back, shaking his head.

“What time is it?” Mila asks, using the towel Ron brought her to wipe the nut out of her eyes.

“It will be midnight in three minutes,” Ron answers, more to WUG than to Mila. “So anything else you want to do is going to have to be quick. Then I want you out. Gone. From our lives, forever!”

WUG narrows his eyebrows at the boy, and for a moment both Mila and Ron are convinced that WUG will use his final moments to install a real-life ass-whooping on Ron. Instead, his face softens. He turns to Mila and nods.

“I’ll leave right now if she tells me too.”

Ron turns to his girlfriend. She looks like she’s run two marathons in a row. He can’t tell where WUG’s bodily fluids end and hers begin. His eyes implore her.

“Was there anything else you wanted?” she asks. “After all...you won the bet...”

“What the fuck is this, Mila?” Ron stands, angry and looming.

“Sit yo’ ass down white boy!” WUG stomps across the short space between them, his half-flaccid penis a massive swinging pendulum. He shoves Ron and the boy stumbles backwards, tripping over his own feet and hitting the ground hard.

WUG stands over Mila’s aching body as it lounges on the couch. He strokes his cock slow, all man and muscle and testosterone.

“You ever been fucked down in your ass before, white girl?”

“Mmm,” Mila shakes her head. “Never.”

WUG shoots a threatening stare at Ron as the boy opens his mouth to protest.

Ron shuts up. And as the clock passes midnight and the game ends, the bet over and fulfilled, WUG turns a trembling Mila over onto all fours for one more go.

“Slow,” she whispers over her shoulder. “Please.”

“I got you baby,” he says, tongue sliding between her spread ass-cheeks.

With a donning certainty Ron realizes he no longer has to watch. It’s after midnight. And that officially, his girlfriend is cheating on him. Or is she? He can’t make up his mind about it, as there is certainly no secret about what it is she is doing, or what is about to happen.

When WUG mounts her, a new fear instills itself across Mila’s tired expression. When she feels the impossibility of it at her virgin hole she starts to have second thoughts. For a moment, she considers calling it off.

“OH!” she screams. “FUCK! OW!”

“Shhh,” WUG whispers in her ear. “Relax.”

Mila gives in to him, offering herself on a platter. In his arms she feels safe, even if the monster knocking at her back door seems to promise only pain.

WUG kisses her cheek.

Mila smiles, eyes closed. Something like love.

Ron watches Mila’s mouth open, winces at the sound escaping from it. And as WUG begins to grind inside her, Ron picks himself up from the floor and heads for the exit.

“My dick in your girl’s ass white boy!” WUG calls after him. “She fucking love it, too! Don’t you girl!”

“OOOOHHHHH FUCK!”

“I’m gonna leave a special treat in her ass just for you, Ron. You can suck it out when I’m done with her!”

As Ron leaves his own home, slamming the door shut behind him, the shrill



screams of his girlfriend follow him into the lonely night.

**6.**

“Enemy at the gas station,” WUG calls out, pinging the location in-game, “put pressure on them while I flank...oh, fuck goddamn girl...”

“I don’t see them,” Ron says panicked, “where am I supposed to shoot!”

“At the fucking gas station dumbass!” WUG hollers, “fuck girl you got the tongue going and everything...”

“Oh, there they are I see them now,” Ron tries to ignore WUG’s blatant moans.

“That’s it, girl. Deepthroat it. Take it all the way back...downed two of them there’s one left he’s coming at you, white boy! He’s running with a shotgun!”

“He’s on me...fuck! He knocked me!”

“Guess I gotta do everything,” WUG sighs, rushing in to save Ron and melting the enemy with an SMG. “How you let a fucking noob like that down you?”

“I don’t know...” Ron mumbles as WUG revives him.

“That’s it baby, get the balls. Don’t forget about them balls...”

“Is all the talking really necessary?” Ron whines.

“How the hell else you supposed to know where the enemy is, dumbass?”

“Not the game comms...the other stuff...”

“What other stuff, white boy?”

“You know...Mila...”

“Sucking my dick?”

“Yes...”

“Nah, I like for you to hear. So you know exactly where your girl is, and with who...and what she doing...ugh, fuck, baby. I’m gonna nut soon. I want you to swallow all of it...”

Ron checks the viewer count for his solo stream. Numbers are lower than usual with Mila off the air today, but still a massive amount by any normal means. The Chat rages in a steady flow of text, a mixture of outrage and ridicule dedicated to Ron.

BrocktheBest: Ron just a stay at home cuck now

WUGFan2108: This dude the best gamer alive

StrandedSam: luckiest dude on the planet if Mila giving him top

**BilboBagginsBag: imagine being as pathetic as Ron**

Accustomed to ignoring them, Ron keeps his eyes on screen as he and WUG move into the final circle of their game of Warzone.

“Don’t get fucking lasered, white boy. You got that? I need you alive as bait...”

“I think they’re hiding in that last building on the East side of the map...”

“No fucking duh, dumbass...Ugh...UGH...UGH!”

“What the fuck!”

“That’s it, bitch. UGH! UGH! Swallow that fucking nut. Be a good slut for WUG.”

“Fucking hell...”

“UGH! UGH!”

TinsleTownUsa: How they not been banned for this yet?

WUGtheDrug: Mila must give good head

DreamersandWeavers: look at Ron’s face he gonna cry

ILiketoWatch: I heard they recorded the bet. Supposed to leak soon.

In the background of WUG’s mic is the faint sound of a girl gagging. They come out in wretches and high-pitched squeals that are both faint and crystal clear. As

WUG pushes the last team alone, Ron is too distracted by the ASMR coming through his headset to properly function as a teammate.

“Got one...got two...and that’s fucking game!” WUG yells into the mic as the match ends, he and Ron victorious. “Lick that shit off my balls, baby. Don’t waste a fucking drop. Get all that cum!”

“GG, WUG...”

“How many kills you get white boy?”

“Three...”

“And I got twenty. How in the fuck you a professional streamer you only got three kills?”

Ron sighs, out of words to combat WUG’s constant onslaught.

“Tell you what, white boy. You can come get your bitch now. I’m done with her...for today.”

“I’ll be right over...”

“Good boy. Stop and pick me up some more G-Fuel on your way.”

Ron ends the stream early that day, promising Chat that Mila will be back that night for a late session. He exits out of the game without reading a single comment from Chat. Before he leaves to pick his girlfriend up from his bully’s house, he jerks off into the toilet and flushes it, just as WUG told him to when he gets horny. His phone vibrates in his pocket as he wipes the dribble from his tip.

A snapchat from WUG. Ron opens it.

A picture: Mila’s messy makeup-face smiling at the camera, drool greasing her chin. Wads of cum in her hair and plastered across her tits. The caption reads: Come get your girlfriend, noob. I’m finished.”

Ron pulls his pants up and shuffles out to his car.

*Dear Reader,*

*Please take a moment to navigate to the site you purchased this book from and leave a review. It means the world to me!*

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Bully

*Betrayal*

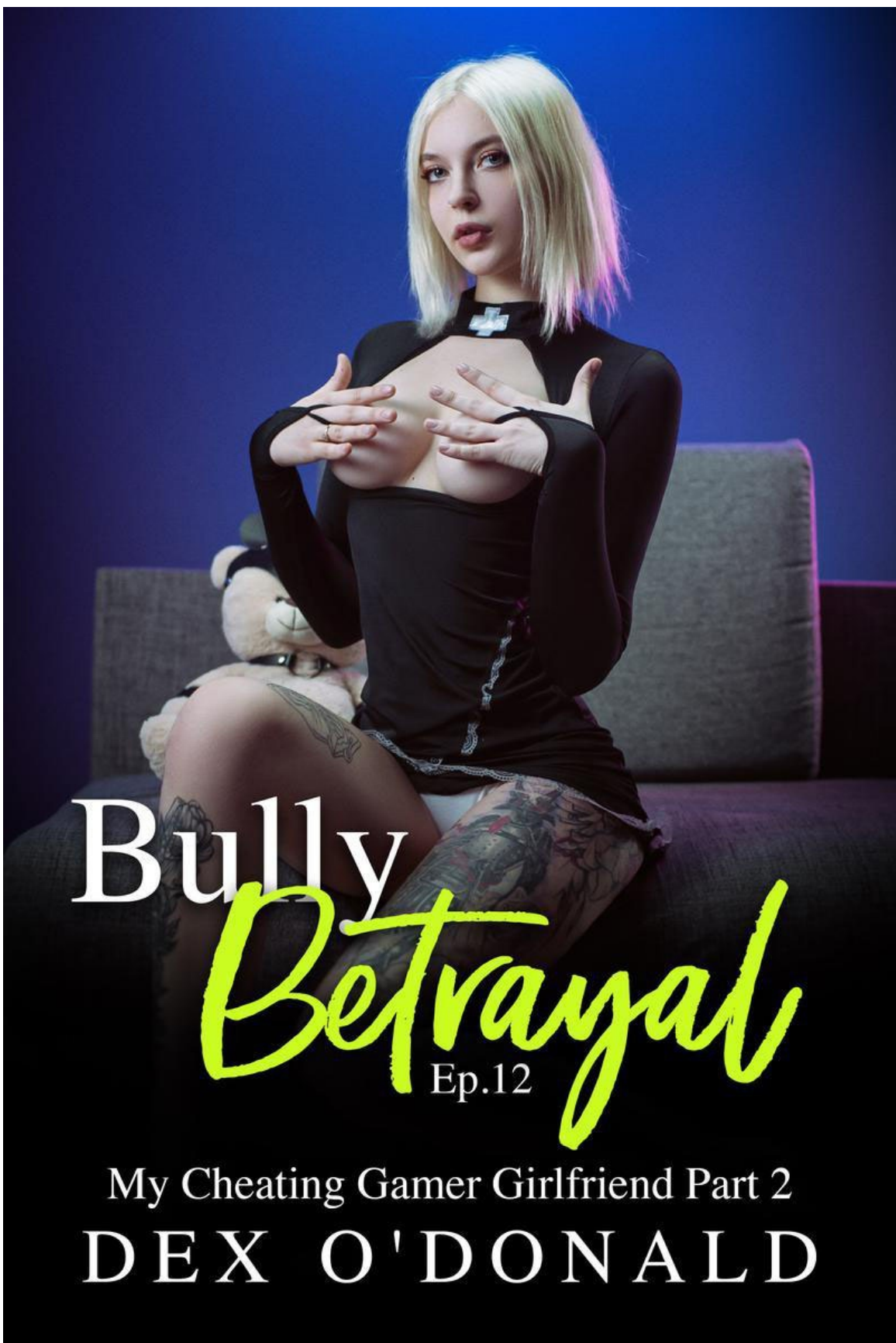
Ep.11

My Cheating Gamer Girlfriend Part 1

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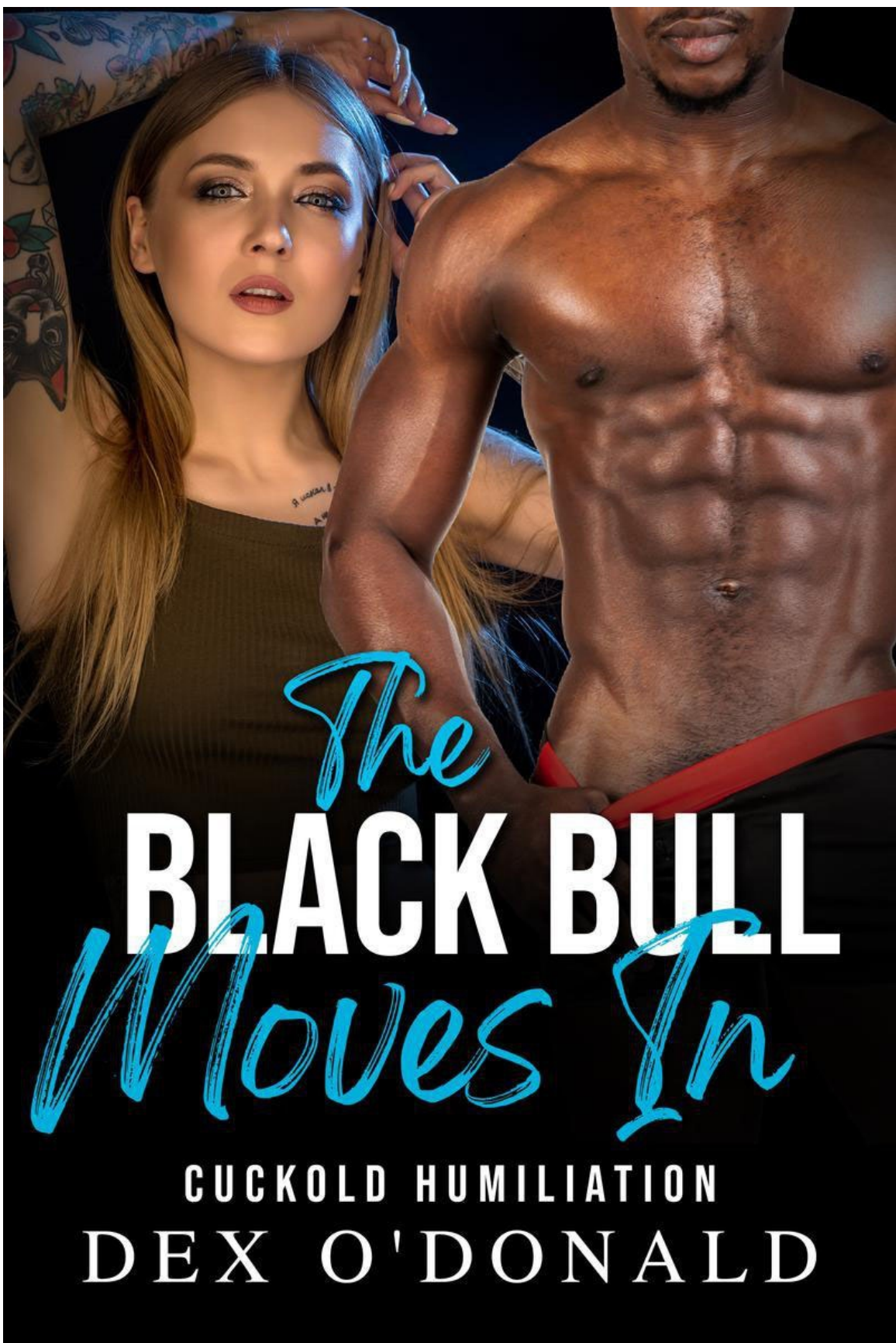
*Betrayal*

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My Cheating Gamer Girlfriend Part 2

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## The Black Bull Moves In

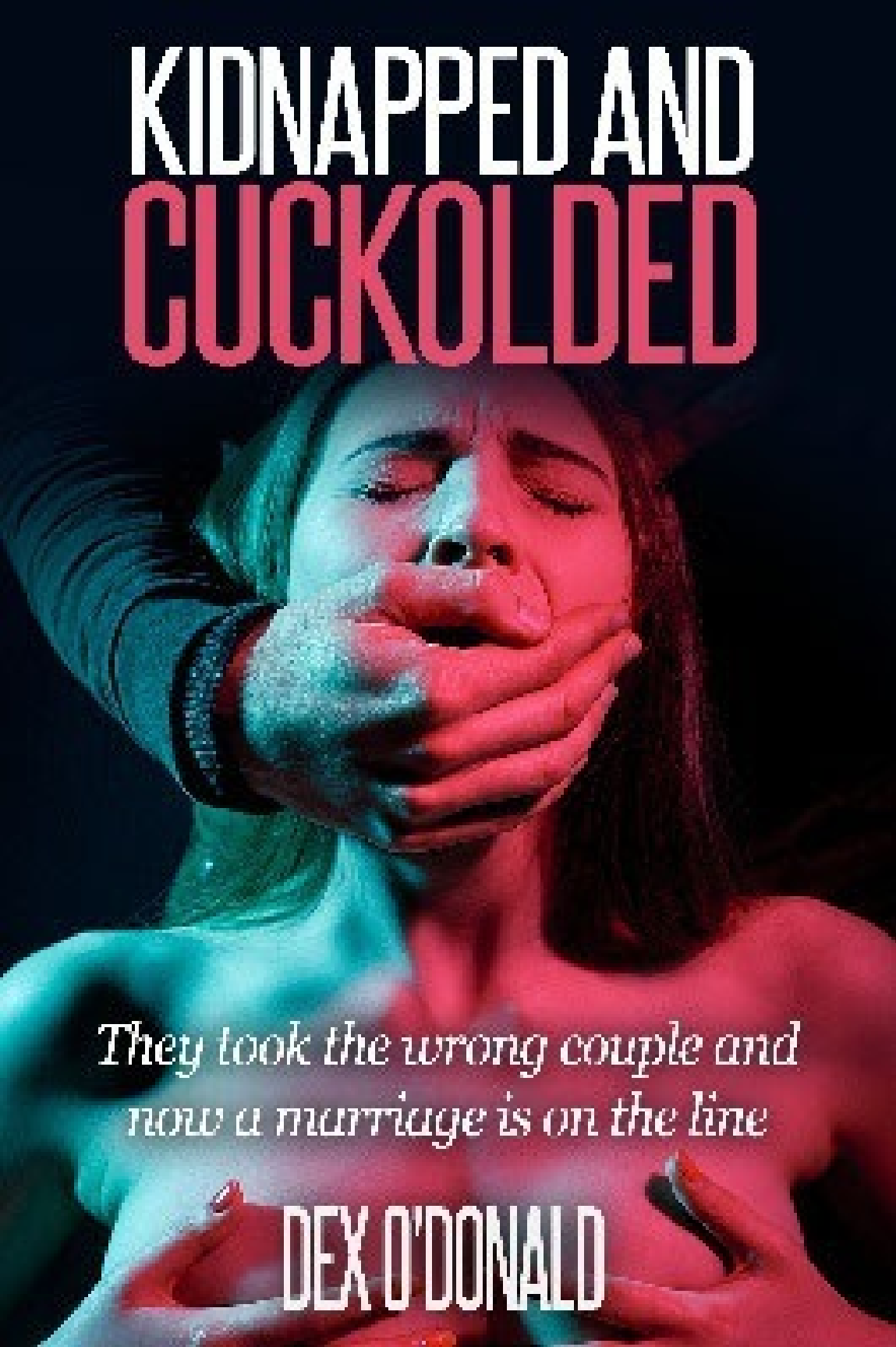


*The*  
**BLACK BULL**  
*Moves In*

CUCKOLD HUMILIATION  
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## Kidnapped and Cuckolded

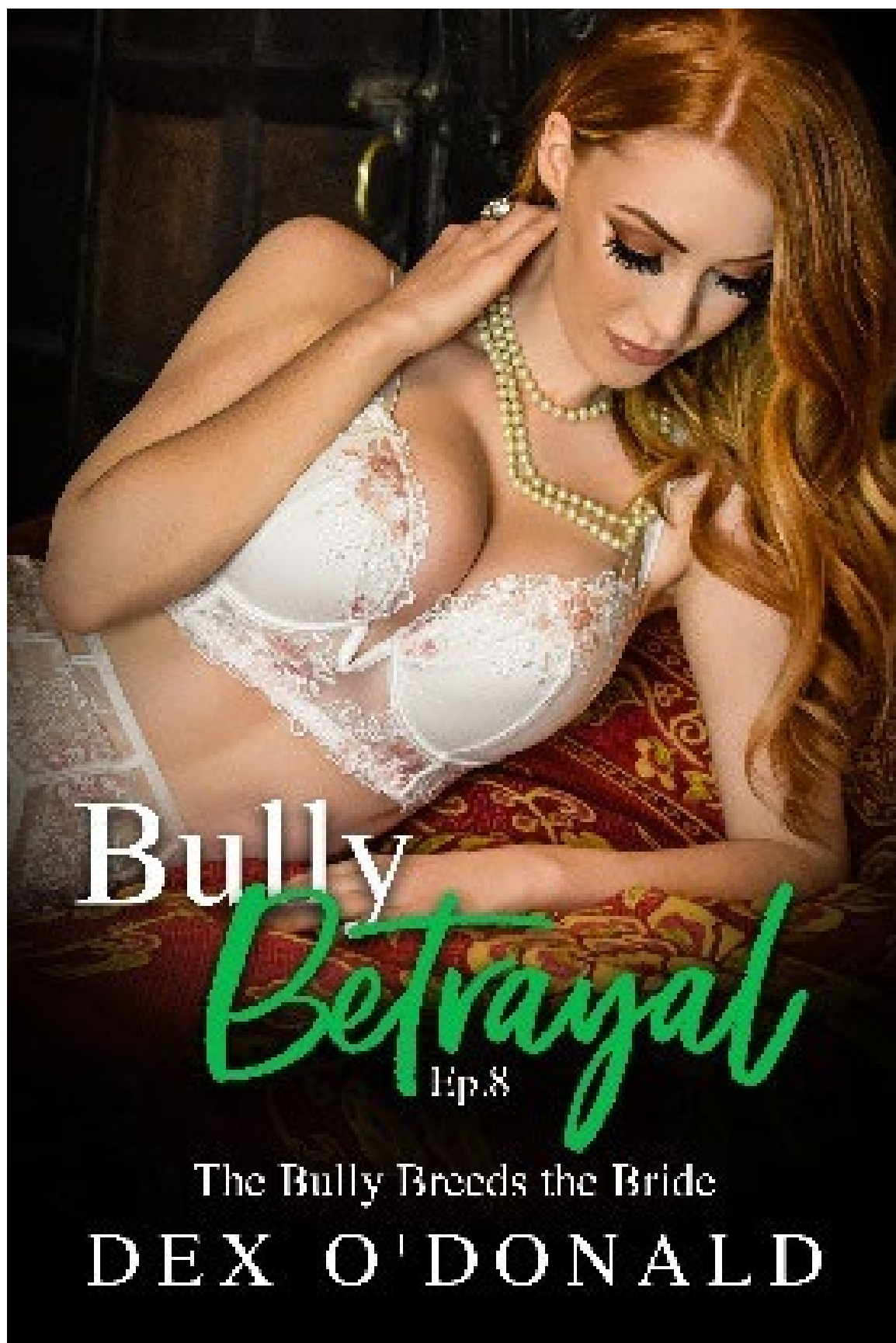
# KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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 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*

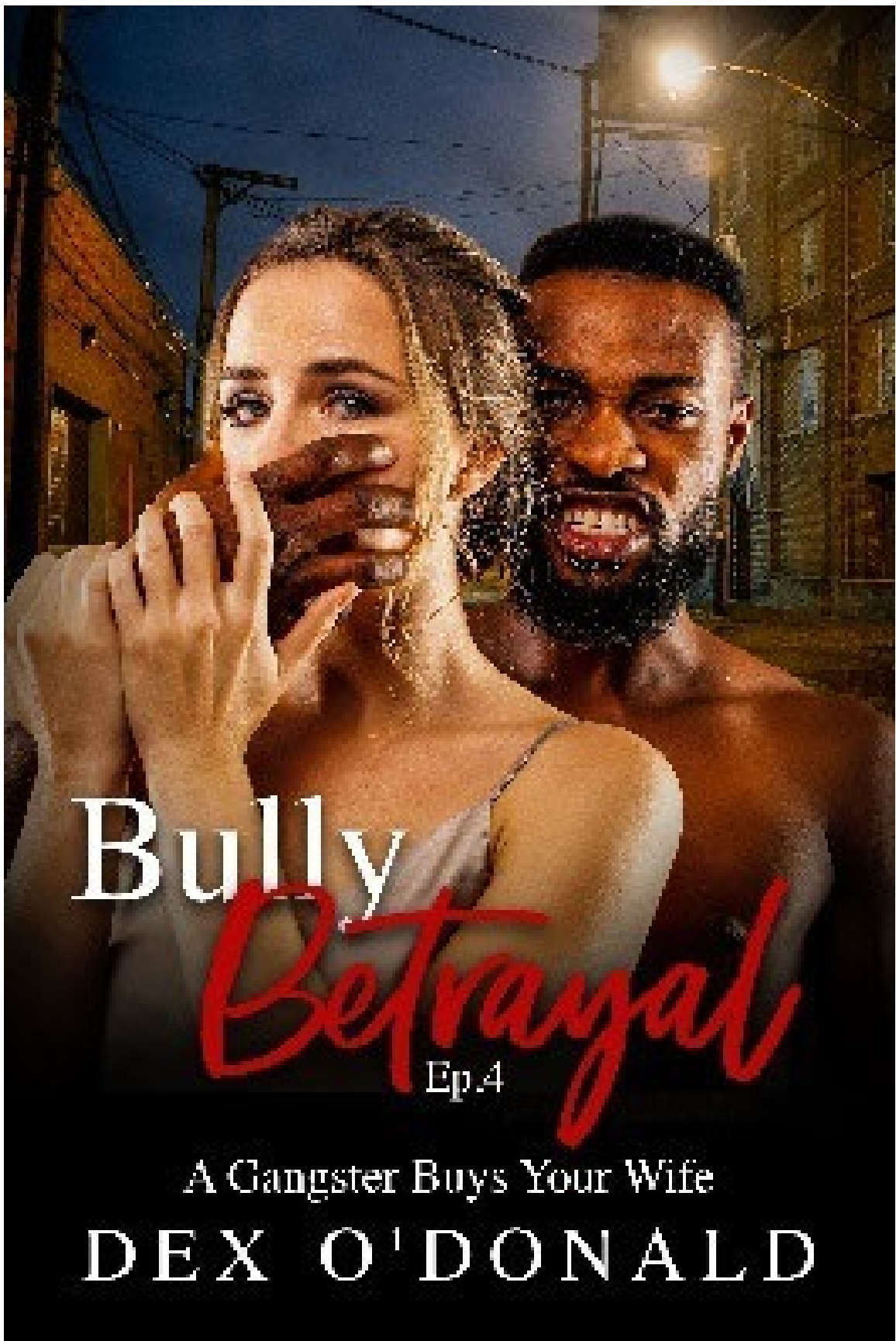
Ep.8

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

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